



THE  
ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE  
OF  
ALEXANDER.

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УНИВ. БИБЛИОТЕКА  
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THE  
ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE

OF

**ALEXANDER,**

FROM

THE UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

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VICAR OF LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

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## PREFACE.

THE alliterative poem contained in the following pages belongs to that widely diffused cycle of romantic fiction of which the emperor Alexander of Macedon is the hero. Traces of its existence occur in the literature of nearly every nation of Europe from Greece to Scandinavia; and the poets of Turkey, Persia and Arabia have celebrated the exploits of this great conqueror.

The source to which the poem, with which we are at this time more immediately concerned is to be referred, is undoubtedly the Latin version of the Greek romance written by Simon Seth, the keeper of the Imperial wardrobe in the palace of Antiochus at Constantinople, about the year 1070, under the emperor Michael Ducas. This in its turn, is to be referred to an Oriental prototype. The Latin version rapidly obtained great popularity throughout Europe, and became the groundwork of many poems in the languages of France and England. There is some obscurity in many of the details connected with these versions, more especially as to those written in the French language; but on these questions we are not concerned to enter. Our remarks shall be confined to the poem now before us.

There is no evidence to enable us peremptorily to decide from what source the outline of the story is derived, whether



from the French or the Latin, nor can we come to any very accurate conclusion as to the name, the quality, the date, or the locality of its author. That it is a translation, more or less close, is rendered certain by the poet appealing to the authority whence he obtained his information. He tells us, in several places, that he conducts his narrative "as the buke tellis," or "as the text recordis." He follows the arrangement of the manuscript formerly belonging to the Duc de la Valliere, (No. 2702.) in separating the whole narrative into two great divisions, of which the former contains an account of the birth and youthful exploits of Alexander, and the second embraces the conclusion of his career.\* The whole is divided into "fitts"† or "passes,"‡ and ends abruptly and imperfectly in the middle of the Twenty-seventh Passus. It appears however that but little was required to complete the narrative, and it is probable that not more than one gathering, or at most two, have been lost. Nor can this deficiency be supplied from any other authority, since the Ashmole manuscript is unique. Another fragment, yet less perfect than that from which our text is derived, is preserved in the Library of the University of Dublin, but it ends at an earlier period of the narrative. An account of it is given in the note below.§

\* See De Bure, Catalogue des livres de M. le Duc de la Valliere, tom. ii. p. 158. and compare the present volume, p. 118. The same arrangement is observable in the early metrical romance published by Weber in his collection, see ii. 197.

† See pp. 109. 137. 161. 192.

‡ See pp. 97. 178.

§ This manuscript, lettered, D iv. 12. is a small quarto volume, written upon paper towards the end of the fifteenth century. It contains a copy of the Visions of Piers Plouhman, which ends imperfectly in the Seventh Passus. The Romance of Alexander then follows, commencing with line 678 of our text, and ends with the line 3426. This fragment consists therefore of 2748 lines. I am indebted for my acquaintance with it to the kindness of Sir F. Madden.

Of the author nothing is known from either external or internal evidence. If any weight can be assigned to the few remarks which occur towards the beginning and end of several of the "fittes," it would appear that this romance was intended to be recited for the amusement of the auditory who gathered round the minstrels of the middle ages.

The period when it was composed is also uncertain. There is no reason to conclude that it is anterior to the date of the manuscript from which it is here printed, the middle, namely, of the fifteenth century. The Dublin fragment is of a still later period. The poem exhibits archaisms, it is true, which might be referred to an earlier stage of our language; but it is certain, from what we know of our early literature, that these peculiarities of expression afford no certain criteria from which to argue as to the age of a poem written in alliterative metre. The writers who adopted that form of composition assumed to themselves the liberty of employing a conventional mode of expression which embodies a vocabulary and a construction pointing at a period long anterior to that in which they themselves lived, and of which we find no traces in the final-rhyme poetry or the prose of their contemporaries. Upon these therefore, viewed singly and apart from other evidence, we can come to no certain conclusion.

Still more obscure is the information which we possess as to the locality in which this poem was written. Speaking with that diffidence which the obscurity of this portion of the subject demands, we may hazard the conjecture that this romance was written in one of the north-eastern counties of the midland division of England, some district in which the Anglian dialect had originally prevailed, untinged however by those peculiarities of vocabulary and construction which characterize the language of ancient Northumbria.



The manuscript from which the text of the present volume is printed is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, No. xlv., of its history previous to its acquisition by the founder of that collection nothing is known. It is on paper, written by a hand, coarse, rough and irregular, without any attempt at neatness and without much regard to accuracy. The errors into which the scribe has fallen seem to indicate, in some instances, that he was unable to read correctly the copy which he had before him, while others would appear to shew that he wrote from dictation.

Appended is a fragment also written in alliterative metre which treats of the exploits of Alexander, and which it has been thought expedient to include in this volume. It is given from the well-known Bodleian Copy of the French Alexander (MS. Bodl. 2641.) a deficiency in the text of which it supplies, according to the explanation furnished by the following memorandum.

“ Here fayleth a prossesse of this romaunce of Alexander, the wheche prossesse that fayleth ye schulle fynde at the ende of this boke, ywrete in Engelyche ryme; and whanne ye have redde it to the ende, turneth hedur aȝen, and turneth ovyr this lefe, and bygynneth at this resoun, ‘ Che fu el mois de May qui li tans renovele,’ and so rede forth the romaunce to the ende, whylis the Frenche lasteth.”

This French romance was finished by its transcriber in the year 1338; the illuminations by Jehan de Grise, were not completed until 1344.

This seems the most appropriate place to mention the existence of another alliterative poem, upon the same subject, the only remaining portion of which is contained in the Graves

Manuscript, No. lx.,\* written late in the sixteenth century. It is entitled “ The gestes of the worthie king and emperour Alisaunder of Macedoine,” and commences thus,

Yee that lengen in londe/lordes and oother  
Beurnes or bachelers; that boldely thinken  
Outher in werre or in wo/wightly to dwell  
For to lachen hem lose/in hur life time  
Or dere thinken to doo/deedes of armes  
To be proved for pris/and prest of hemselve  
Tend yee tytely to mee/and take goode heede  
I shall sigge forsothe/ensaumples ynow  
Of one the boldest beurn/and best of his deeds  
That evir steede bestrode/or sterne was holden  
Now shall I carp of a king/kid in his time  
That had londes and leedes/and lordshipes feole.†

The narrative proceeds in much the same manner as the poem here printed; they differ however in this respect, that the Graves fragment dwells at greater length upon the incidents which preceded the birth of Alexander. It consists of about 1400 lines. The author tells us that his original was the Latin.‡ It is conjectured by Sir F. Madden (to whom I beg leave to offer my thanks for his kindness in making me acquainted with this manuscript) from internal evidence that this romance (of which the original copy is probably lost,) must have been written by the same versifier who translated the poem of William and

\* No. 3832. in the General Catalogue of the Bodleian Library.

† Fell feole MS.

‡ Of what kinne he comme / can I nought fynde  
In no booke that I bed [had] / when I beganne here  
The Latine to this language / lelliche turne.



the Werwolf into English verse from the French. If this conjecture be admissible, and there seems every reason to adopt it, the poem, of which this fragment is preserved, must be referred to about the middle of the fourteenth century.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

Leighton Buzzard,  
*June, 1850.*



ALEXANDER.



Romance of Alexander the Great.

When folk ere festid and fed/fayn wald thai here  
Sum farand thinge efter fode/to fayne thare herte  
Or thai ware fourmed one fold/or thaire fadirs other  
Sum is leve to lythe/the lesing of sayntis  
That lete ther lifis be lorne/for oure Lordes sake 5  
And sum has langing of lufe/lays to herken  
How ledis for thaire lemmans/has langore endured  
Sum covettis and has comforth/to carpe and to lestyn  
Of curtaissy of kny3thode/of craftis of armys  
Of kyngis at has conquirid/and overcomyne landis 10  
Sum of wirship iwis/slike as thame wyse lattes  
And summ of wanton werkis/tha that ere wild hedide  
Bot if thai wald one many wyse/a wondire ware et els  
For as thair wittis ere within/so ther wille folowis  
And I forwart 3ow alle/ettitlis to schewe 15  
Of ane emperoure the o3efullest/that ever armys hauntid  
That was the athill Alexsandire/as the buke tellis  
That a3te evyn as his awyne/alle the werde ovire

B





For he recoverde quills he regnyd/the regions alle clene  
 And alle rialme and the riches/in to the rede est 20  
 I salle rehers and 3e will renkis/rekyn 3our tongis  
 A remnant of his rialte/and rist quen us likis

Oute in the erth of Egipt/enhabet umquile  
 The wysest wees of the werd/as I in writ fynde  
 For thai the mesure and the mett/of alle the mulde couthe 25  
 The sise of alle the grete see/and of the gryme wawys  
 Of the ordere of that odde home/that overe the aire hingis  
 Knew the kynd and the curses/of the clere sternys  
 Of Articus the aghill/Treairis and othire  
 Of the folde and of the firmament/wele the fete cuthe 30  
 And Antarticus also/that all apone turnys  
 The pasage of the planettes/the poyntes and the sygnes  
 Thai ware the kiddest of that craft/knawyn in thaire tyme  
 And the sotellest undere son/segis in thaire lyfe  
 Thus ware thai breved for the best/as the buke tellis 35  
 Alle thai lerid of that o lare/that it lere walde  
 As wide as the werd was/went worde of thaire teching  
 Of sorsery and slike werkis/sle3tes enoghe  
 And the kyng of that contre/was a clerke noble  
 The athelest ane of the werd/and Anec was hatten 40  
 He was wyse enoze/wirdis to reken  
 When he the hevyn beheld/of lede opon lyfe  
 The japis of alle gemetri/gentilli he couth  
 And wele as Aristotille/the artis all sebyn  
 There preved never nane his prik/for passinge of witt 45  
 Plato nor Piktagaras/ne Prektane him selven

Emang his duykis on a day/as he on dese syttis  
 Than was him bodword unblyth/bro3t to the sale  
 That Artaxenses was armed/with the men of his rewme  
 The proud king of Persy/to pase him agayn 50  
 Tho3e he tha sawis herd say/3it samyd he na princis  
 Ne eft ordand he nane/of na kyd kny3tis  
 Bot airis even furth him ane/and entirs his chambre  
 To know by his clergi/the come of his faa  
 He takis a boll of bras/burneschid fulle clene 55  
 And fulle he fillis it of the flode/at felle fraye heven  
 On hijt in his a hand/he haldis a wande  
 And kenely be conjurisons/callis to him sprites  
 Into this water as he waites/was he ware sone  
 Of his enimys in that element/ane endles nombre 60  
 He sa3e thame in the hi3e see/sailand togedire  
 Was never sene slike a some/undir the son bemys  
 Carrygis comand he knew/kervand the ithis  
 Dromonde dryfes over the depe/with dukis and erles  
 Gales and grete schipis/full of grym wapens 65  
 And fulle of breneid bernes/bargis a hundreth  
 Of slik a nave is noy/to here or to tell  
 For all the largenes of lenth/at he luke my3t  
 Slik was the multitude of mast/so mekil and so thiike  
 That alle him tho3t bot he treis/a hare wod or myd 70  
 At the enteris of Egipt/as Anec had beden  
 Ware peris of his provynce/and princes of his cytes  
 Was comandid of thaire kyng/to kepe tha landis  
 That nane aproche it to paire/of Persy ne othir  
 Than was a wardane ware/oute in the wale stremys 75  
 Of all the nave and the note/I nevenyd before



Laȝt liȝtly his ledis / and levys his warde  
 Comes to courte to the kyng / and on kneys fallis  
 Anec bi his awyn name / he onane gretis  
 Sais ȝare the now ȝapely / or ȝild up thi rewme 80  
 Artaxenses is at hand / and his ane ost reryd  
 And resyn up with all his rewme / to ride us agayn  
 For he himself is one the se / with sicke a somme armed  
 That any hathill under heven / ware hardy to rekyn  
 For thare is comyn with him knyȝtes / of landis dyverse 85  
 Segis of many syde / oute of sere remys  
 The Perseyns and a pupill / that Panthy is callide  
 Men of Mesepotayme / and of Mede bathe  
 Of Syre and of Sychim / a selle noimbre 90  
 Of Capidos and Caldec / kene men of armes  
 Felle feȝtand folke / that Faire doe calle  
 The Arrabiens / and alle tha that Oȝigyne  
 Bernys out of Batary / bataile arayed  
 And othir out of the orient / many od hundrethe  
 Then Anec onane / riȝt efter thire wordis 95  
 A lowde laȝter he loȝe / and to the lede said  
 Have thou na care quoth the kyng / bot kepe to the merche  
 As I have demyd the to do / and dred thou na ferryre  
 For soth it is unsemely / slike sawis of a prynee  
 I kan noȝt knaw at thou carpis / as a knyȝt suld 100  
 But as a frek at ware ferid / and feynes riȝt now  
 Ert thou noȝt hurtles and hale / lat noȝt thi hert faile  
 For vertu vailes noȝt alle / if thou abaied worthe  
 Emang the multitude of men / quare mane ere togidder  
 Bot ther aboute as thai ere blend / with bignes of wille 105  
 If thai be folke bot a fa / oft tydis tham the better

Or eles wate thu noȝt wele / the witles berne  
 How it is comonly carped / in contries aboute  
 That ane lepy leone / that over the land rynnys  
 Will make to fange to the flȝt / and flay many hertes 110  
 With that the segge all him selfe / silis to his chambre  
 And in the brasen bolle / fulle blak water  
 He shapis him of shire wax / litille schipis many  
 And ȝapely ȝarkid in his hand / a ȝerd of a palme  
 Thenne conne he chater and enchant / with alle his chefe miȝtes 115  
 Avysid him in the vesselle / and was avaiied sone  
 How the powere out of Persy / pellid doune his knyȝtis  
 And how his land suld be lost / withoute lett mare  
 When he was ware of this wathe / how it worth sulde  
 Than wendis he wiȝtly furth / and his wede changes 120  
 Clede him alle as a clerke / and his croune shavys  
 And with a bytand blade / he his bered voydes  
 Then takes to him tresoure / and trusses in baggis  
 As many besandis on his bake / as he bere miȝt  
 And othire necessari notes / as nedis to his craftes 125  
 To sike Salmay Dangel / as him self reyses  
 He toke trammes him with / to tute in the sternes  
 Astralabus algate / as his arte walde  
 In a curious corven / all of quyte silvyr full quaynte  
 Mustours and mekil quat / mare then a littill 130  
 When he was grathed with his gere / a gladen he waytes  
 And passis furthe at a posterne / privaly alane  
 Furthe on his fete withouten fole / he passis his way  
 Unwetandly to any wee / that wont in his wanes  
 Thus airis he out of Egipte / and his erde levys 135  
 Fled for ferd of his fais / fer fra his kythis



It was na bote him to bide/ne batille to 3elde  
 For alle his kyngdome he knew/suld be kast under  
 Fra the partis of Persy/he past bot a littill  
 And evyn so thur3e Ethyope/and ther him eft clethis 140  
 All his liche in lyn clathe/for ledis suld trowe  
 And alle the puple persayve/a prophete he were  
 Then metes he furthe to Messadone/full unmete gattes  
 And quen he come to that kith/as the chance telles  
 Oft with his instrumentes out/he openly devynes 145  
 And nother hild he it ne hid/bot here qua sa likid  
 Bot than was methe for to mele/thur3e men of his bury  
 That he byhind him at hame/withoute hede levyd  
 Slik care kindils in his curte/quen thai thair kyng myssid  
 That it ware tere any tonge/of thair tene to rekyn 150  
 Princes of his palas/preses into chambre  
 To laite thair lord at was lost/with lates unblythe  
 Kairis in to closettes/kny3tes and erlis  
 Sekand thair soverayn/with many salt terys  
 Barons and bachelers/balefully gretes 155  
 Sweirs swemyle/swouned ladys  
 And many was the bald berne/at banned ther quile  
 That ever he dured that day/undede opon erthe  
 Bot quen thai wist he was went/and wald no3t be fond  
 Couth thai na bote tham ebland/how best for to wirke 160  
 Bot silis to sir Sirraphis/at sittes in his trone  
 That was ther god althire graythist/one the ground samen  
 Him thai supplied and so3t/and him ensence castes  
 Honoured him with offyrings/and elkend him fayre  
 That he suld say tham the sothe/and sorely tham teche 165  
 Qyeder thaire kyng was becomene/at thair care kyndils

Than sayd Syraphis him selfe/he sayd tham thir wordis  
 Anec 3our athill kyng/is out of his awyn land  
 For Artaxenses a3e/is alle him ane foundid  
 The proude kyng of Persee/that passes us agaynes 170  
 Full wele he wist or he went/quat suld worthe efter  
 And alle the fourme of the fare/that fall 3ow behovys  
 For alle the erth of Egipt/fra ende unto othir  
 Bees conquirid and overcomyn/clene altogedre  
 The puple out of Perse/is purvaid all same 175  
 The kyng is comand fulle kene/with his kene osten  
 That sall our renkes alle rayme/and our rewme bathe  
 And we be alle at thare wille/thus is wirdis schapen  
 Sen it is sett to be soo/and slipe it ne may  
 Ne schewid to be na nothir schape/ne we to schount nouthire 180  
 Bot gefe thaim up the girdill/us gaynes no3t ellis  
 Bot seses serris of your syte/and soru3es na mare  
 For certayn quod Syraphis/myselfe I it knawe  
 3our king sall in a nothir kithe/kast out his elde  
 And come agayn eft 3onge man/3it to his rewme 185  
 Than sall that victoure 3ow venge/over your vile fais  
 And the province of Persee/purely distruye  
 And gett agayn his awyn gronde/at he forgais nowe  
 And ane of the oddist emperours/of the werde worthe  
 When he this talis had tald/then tuke thai belyfe 190  
 And efter Anec onane/ane ymage gert make  
 The buke sais of blake stane/alle the bode ovyre  
 With corone and with conyschances/as it a kynge were  
 Quen it was perfite and pi3t/a place thai it waytede  
 And stallid him in a stoute stede/and stytled him faire 195  
 Lordis lift him over loft/and lawe to him bowid





In reverence of the riche kyng/at had ther rewme gydid  
 Quen he was semely up set/with septoure in hand  
 Thene ledis at wur lettird/one lawe at his fottes  
 Alle the sawis of thair syre/as Siraphis tald 200  
 Thare gan thai graithly tham grave/in golden lettirs  
 Alle the wordis at he thaim werpid/of thair ware kyng  
 Thair thai wrate tham iwis/as the buke tellis  
 Supposand thaim in sum tyme/for sothe to be knawen  
 And men to make of thame mynd/ever mare efter 205  
 Be that thair enmes there erde/was entird with in  
 The power oute of Persee/with many proude ostes  
 Bot of ther bataile to brefe/it botis me na ferrire  
 For alle thai conquirid clene/this cithe at thaire wille  
 And Anec is alle his ane/ferre of his awyn landis 210  
 With in the merris of Messedoyne/there na man him knewe  
 Bot will 3e herken hende/now sall 3e here  
 How he kide him in the courete/and quaynted him with lades

### Secundus Passus Alexandri.

Syre it betid one a tyme/the text me recordis  
 That the mode kyng of Messedone/with mekill noubre 215  
 That was sir Philip the fers/farne out of toune  
 For to fejt with his fais/out of fere landis  
 Quen he was boune oute of bur3e/and his bake turnid  
 As tite as Anec him amed/out of his awyn kythe  
 He paste up to the palais/and prevaly entirs 220  
 That he mi3t lend thare on loft/and luke on the qwene  
 Sone as him selfe was in the sale/and sa3e hir with e3e

He beheld Olympadas/that honorable lady  
 Hir bewte bitis in his brest/and his bodi thrillis  
 And drifes thur3e his depe hert/as he ware dart-woundid 225  
 The lede lawid in hire lofe/as leme dose of gledis  
 Put up his hand to his hare/and heldid it bot littille  
 Haile modi qwene of Messidoyne/he maister-like said  
 Thar deyned him na daynte/madame hir to call  
 Because he knew him a kyng/he carpid on this wyse 230  
 For if he come as a clerke/with a croune schavyn  
 And di3t as a doctour/in drabland wedis  
 3it all the erth of Egipt/had he bene aire ovire  
 Than answers him the qwene/with full myld speche  
 Haile maister quoth that myld/and made him to sytt 235  
 On a sege hir besyde/of silkyn clathis  
 And thar hir spakid with his speche/and spird of him wordis  
 Quen he was sete in his sete/that semely qwene  
 Ai of Egipt erd/enquirid if he were  
 Tho3t him like of that lede/be langage and othire 240  
 Forthi scho wetis if he wald/wete hire to say  
 A athel qwene quod Anec/ai be thou joyed  
 If thou a wirschipfull worde/has werpid and spoken  
 A riall rounne thou me redis/a resone of blis  
 Quen thou mynnys of that marche/and with thi mouth tellis 245  
 For thare enhabetes in that erd/that thou are sayd  
 The wisest wees in this werd/the welken undire  
 For thai can swyth of a sewevyne/all the swepe telle  
 Whethir it be sele or soro3e/in a sete quile  
 And thai can certifi and se/by sygnes of the hevyne 250  
 Quat sall befall apon fold/withine a fewe 3erys  
 Sum understandis in a stounde/the steven of the briddis



To say the by their sapience/quat ther sange menys  
 Sum can thi consaile declare/thofe thou it carpid nevire  
 The poyntes of all thi privates/pertly can schewe 255  
 Sum can the brefe belife/the birth of thine childire  
 Be it hee be scho/haly thare werdes  
 And if I say it myselfe/slik sotellte I have  
 Sa clere a witt and sa clene/my Creatour I lofe  
 That all the notes at I nevyn/nobly I cane 260  
 As any prophet aperte/to prove 3ow the sothe  
 Quen he thire sawis had sayd/he in his sege lened  
 In stody still as a stane/and starid in hire face  
 Beheld haterly that hend/that had his hert percid  
 With depe desire of delite/apon that dere waytes 265  
 Sone as hir selfe it sawe/at he hir sa behald  
 Then scho talkis him to/and titely him fraynes  
 Quare on muse 3e sa mekill/maister scho sayd  
 3e behald me sa hogely/quare on is 3our mynd  
 My frely fode quoth the freke/no3t bot the werdes 270  
 Of my gracious goddis/the grettest on erde  
 Thai have tald me befor this tyme/that now I trew fynd  
 How I suld lange in a land/and loke one a qwen  
 Than out of his bosom he brayed/a blesand table  
 Of evoure and of othire thinges/odly fourmed 275  
 Of bras and of brynt gold/and o bry3t silvere  
 That thre serclis sere/in it selfe had  
 In the first compas I ken/as me the claus tellis  
 Stude the xij undirstandings/stoutly engraven  
 In this othir dra3t ware devysid/ a dusan of bestes 280  
 And semely sett was in the thrid/the son and the mone  
 Sethen he clekis out of a cas/seven clere sternes

To tell him tokens of the tymes/and talis of our werdes  
 And seven stele-gravyn stanys/and stoute othire tway  
 That wald for hurte or for harme/any hathill kepe 285  
 Thus as he tuke furth his toylis/and his trammys schewes  
 If I sall lefe on thi lare/quoth the leve qwene  
 Say me the day and the same 3ere/and the selfe tyme  
 Of the birth of the bald kyng/that I best lufe  
 Than ansvars Anec onane/sayd is ther o3t ellis 290  
 At 3e wald hend of me here/or at your he3t willis  
 For any cas that is to com/to knaw if the likis  
 I sall as namely 3ow nevyne/as it war nowe done  
 Than will I quoth the wale qwene/3e wete me to say  
 Quat me and Philip/sall falle us betwene 295  
 For bowe he fra the bataille/bernys me tell  
 Then will he wed anothire wife/and wayfe me for ever  
 Nay no3t for 2y quoth the freke/ther have thai fals spoken  
 Bot 3it I find for all his fare/fleme he salle the tothire  
 Never the latter or o3t lange/salle lympe as thou sayd 300  
 And wild 3our self to wille/nylle he so will he  
 Than was awondird of his wordes/the worthe lady  
 Beso3t sekirly this sire/if he safe vouchid  
 That scho my3t weterly wete/the wille of alle thingis  
 Quat kyn poynt or plyte/predestend hire were 305  
 Athill qwene quoth Anec/as I am enfourmed  
 Ane of the grettist of oure godis/of grace and of mi3t  
 I fynd or it be fere to/fleschely the knaw  
 And efter in alle adversites/is amed the to help  
 Than sayd Olympadas/now honourable maister 310  
 I beseke the my sire/if thou me say walde  
 Quat kyn fygore on fold/or forme at he beris





That demyd is or destaned/this dede for to worche  
 That will I wele quoth the wee/and nojt a word leje  
 This myjty god at I me/is of a medille age 315  
 Nojt of youth nor of eld/nor jerris to many  
 Bot evyn so betwene twa/and to of nouthire  
 How he is merkid and made is mervaile to nevyn  
 With tachid in his for-toppe/twa tufe hornes  
 A berd as a besom/with thyn bred haris 320  
 A mouthe as a mastif hunde/unmetely to shade  
 Bot dame if he be thus dijt/drede the never the more  
 Bot je be buxsom and bayite/and boune to his will  
 Be nyjter-tale he salle the neje/this note to begyne  
 And je be merryd never the mare/bot mete him in sodeyn 325  
 Now certayne sir sayd the qwene/selly me thinke  
 Bot may se this be sothe/at je me say here  
 Nojt as a prophet ne a prest/I prays salle thi selfe  
 Bot rehers the as hiere gode/and hie the for evire  
 With that rysis up the renke/and his rowme lefis 330  
 Lajte leve at the qwene/for a litill quile  
 Gase him doune be the greces/agayne fra the sale  
 Furthe to make his maistryse/and mose in his arte  
 Thus passis he fra the place/to prove his slejtis  
 Silis furth all him selfe/the cyte withouten 335  
 Drafe into a depe dissert/and drewe up herbis  
 The cholest for inchantment/at he chese couthe  
 Quen he had gedird his grese/and grune thaim esundire  
 For japis of his gemetry/the jous out he wrenGIS  
 Erve tille exorjise/and ethis ever elike 340  
 That it suld worthe as he wald/and ever na way faile  
 He clatird one conjurisons/and calid to him devyls

And alle the enchesone of his charme/with that the chese qwene  
 The same nyjte in hir slepe/suld se with hir ejen  
 Amone hir awyn god/in hire armes ligge 345  
 And dreme at he didd hir swa/and quen he done hadde  
 Than suld he say to hireselfe/sadly thire wordis  
 Now has thou woman iwys/within thi twa sydis  
 Consayved him at in all thi care/thi cors salle defende  
 This ilke evyn overjede/and arly one the morne 350  
 As arly as the riche qwene/was resyn fra slepe  
 Then efter Anec one ane/scho al aboute sendis  
 Takes him betwene tham twa/tald him hir swevyn  
 Ja quoth he comly qwene/I couthe and thou walde 355  
 Prevaly in thi palais/lat me a place have  
 Make the to se the same gode/and thi selfe wakande  
 Face to face alle his forme/and his effecte clene  
 This grete god full of grace/sall glide to thi chambre  
 In a dredfulle devys/a dragons fourme  
 And than the figour of a freke/he sall take eftir 360  
 And prevaly in that part/apere zowe beforne  
 Than answers him the swete quene/and sone him it grantes  
 Sir chese the a chambre/quare the chefe thinkes  
 Nowthire myne awen ne na nothire god/lat the nojt spare  
 Or any place at zow plece/my palas within 365  
 For may thou hald me this hest/as thou here tellis  
 And profe thus in my presens/as a propire sothe  
 Then salle I chersiche the with chere/as thou my child were  
 Loute the lovely and love/alle my lyfe days  
 Graunt mercy quoth the grete clerke/to the gude lady 370  
 Thankes hire full thraly/and then forth wendis  
 To loke and layte him a loge/quare he lenge myjte



And fraynes him fast on this fare/how it befallē sulde  
 Phylip quoth the phylysofyr/thi fere is with childe  
 And with no gett of na gome/bot of god selfe 435  
 And gudman the gold ryngē/the thre graven thynges  
 Thai ere thus mekill to mene/as me my mynd tellis  
 To the lyone hede quoth the lede/then liken I one first  
 The birth that scho bere salle/als best it besemys  
 That chefe salle to a chiftane/and slike a chefe maister 440  
 As to be halden hevyed-man/of alle the hale werde  
 Now salle I clerily declare/the course one the sonne  
 That sygnfyys the same mane/that sette is be wirde  
 So many provynce to pas/thurȝe prowis of armys  
 That he sall hit with his hede/in to the heghe est 445  
 So now of this bytand brand/berne will ȝe here  
 And alle is bot this hathill man/as I are sayd  
 That sall sa fele men afray/with fauchon in hande  
 And out of nombre to nevyn/of nacions wynn  
 Than foundis Philip to the fyȝt/and the fild entres 450  
 And sone in delinges of dyntes/a dragone aperis  
 That streȝt befor him in the stoure/strikes doune his faas  
 And all his enemys in that erde/he endid in a stounde  
 When Phylip with his fair folke/had the fild wonne  
 Than metis he him to Messadone/ther metis him the qwene 455  
 Kyssis comly hir king/and of his come joys  
 And how he fore scho him fraynes/ferly ȝerne  
 Wele graunt mercy quoth the kyng/my god I him love  
 Bot how that ȝe ga sa grete/gud dame he sayd  
 Thou has ragid quoth the rengenē/with unryd gestis 460  
 Now hafe I lede alle to lange/lengid fra hame  
 Thus to bre hire o bourde/he brevys thir wordis

To quam has thou the tane tille/telle me the sothe  
 Outhir mete has mendid the full mekill/as may I noȝt trowe  
 Or ane has stollen in my stede/sen I was stade thare 465  
 Thus bayst he the bryȝt qwene/that alle hir ble changid  
 To skyre skarlot hewe/skyftes hir face  
 Hir cher at was chalke quyte/as any chaffe worthis  
 So was scho schamed of the schont/that hir the schalk made  
 Nay quoth the comly kyng/cache up thine hert 470  
 Thofe thou have forfet na force/so has fele othir  
 Thou has gilted bot noȝt gretly/it grevys me the les  
 For god has geten the this gett/aganes thi will  
 All that was done the bedene/was me be dreme schewyd  
 I saȝe it surely as my selfe/slepe in my tentes 475  
 And ovr god alltogedir/is ground of the cause  
 Of me worthis the the wite/ne of na wee ellis  
 Then tyd it Anec one a tym/a lytill terme eftir  
 This der kyng on a day/on his dese syttes  
 Had parreld him a proude feste/of princes and dukis 480  
 With maisterlingis of Messadone/and many othir nobles  
 Thus as he sat in his sete/softly by his qwene  
 In schene schemerand schroude/all of schire stanes  
 He kest up his contenance/and knyȝtly he lokes  
 And gladis gudly his gestis/as his degre walde 485  
 Thane Anec analey on ane/in althire maiste joy  
 Did on him his dragone-hame/and draffe thurȝe the sale  
 With slike a rowste and rerid/the romance it wittnes  
 That nere had bernes for that bere/bene broȝt out of witt  
 He was sa hatter and sa hoge/quen he the hall entird 490  
 Lete sa lathely a late/and sa loude cried  
 That all the fest was aferd/and othire folke bathe



To the chefe chair of the qwene/he chese him belyve  
 And laide as hendly as a hunde/his hede in hir arme  
 Sethin kyssis he hir elene mouthe/inclynes hir lawe 495  
 And braydis with a brym bre/out at the brade zates  
 Then sayd Philip to his fere/and alle his fre gestis  
 3one selfe dragon forsothe/I sa3e with myne e3en  
 Quen I was stad in the stoure/he strenthid alle myne oste  
 And there the floure in the filde/I fangid thur3e him selfe 500  
 Anothir ferly ther fell/within fewe days  
 The king was sett in his sale/with septer in hand  
 Then come ther in a litill brid/into his arme fle3e  
 And ther hurkils and hydys/as sche were hand-tame  
 Fast scho flekirs about his fete/and flejtirs aboute 505  
 And ther it nestild in a noke/as it a nest were  
 Qwill scho had layd in his lappe/a litille tine egg  
 And than scho fangis hir flj3t/and flo3e away swyth  
 This egg or the kyng wyst/to the erth fallis  
 Brak and so it wele burde/and brast all esoundir 510  
 Than wendis ther out a litill worme/and wald it eft enter  
 And or scho hit in hir hede/a hard deth suffirs  
 Than was sir Philip of that fare/ferly mekill sturbid  
 Callis to him a kid clerke/declaris to him this wonder  
 Beso3t him quat it sygnified/to tell him the treuthe 515  
 That graunt I gudly quoth the gome/and thus gate he spekes  
 Sire there salle borne be a barne/of thi blithe lady  
 That dri3tyn eftir thi day/has destaned to regne  
 The quilke sall walke alle the werde/and wyne it himselfe  
 And hent salle a full hetire werth/or he may hame cover 520  
 Thus he undid him ilka a dele/and him the dome reched  
 Said it was sett to be so/he sa3e by his artes

And if 3ow like of this lare/to lesten any forthire  
 Sone sall I tell 3ow a text/how it betid efter

**Cercius Passus Alexandri.**

Now it te3t the tyme/at travald that qwene 525  
 Quen scho suld bryng furth/hir birth to the werd  
 Scho bidis many hard brayde/baret endures  
 What of wandreth and wa/as wemen dose alle  
 Thik schouris hir thrat/tholid mekill soroz3e  
 Many peralus pull/grete payne suffirs 530  
 Sa sare werkis hire the wame/and slik unwyn dreis  
 That all scho dredis hir dede/and doute for the werst  
 Than efter Anectanabus/scho on ane clepis  
 And he was boune at hire bode/and bowes to hire chamber  
 Gais him up at the gree/and gretes him faire 535  
 Fond hire sett in a sege/and soroz3e ay elike  
 A Anec quoth the qwene/me ar3es of my selfe  
 I am alle in aunter/sa akis me the wame  
 Of werke well ne I wede/and slike wa tholis  
 That me ware derer to be dede/and dure thus on lyfe 540  
 3a wynnes 3ow up quoth the we/and walkis a littill  
 For the aire nowe and the elementes/ere evyn in this tyme  
 So travailid out of temperoure/and troubild of the sone  
 That makes thi grippis and thi gridis/a grete dele the kenere  
 Than faris scho up and farkis furth/a fute or tway 545  
 And sone sesis all hire syte/in a sete quyle  
 Now bod the doune quoth the berne/and scho his bone fillis  
 And syttand so in hir sege/was softly delyvered



Bot now is mervail/to me of this wondire  
 Quen this man fra his modire wombe/on the molde felle 550  
 For alle the erd evyn over/sa egirly schakis  
 That teldis templis and towris/tomble on hepis  
 The list lemand late/laschis fra the hevyn  
 Thonere thrastis ware thra/thristed the welkyn  
 Cloudis clenely to-clefe/clatird unfaire 555  
 All blakeind aboute/and boris the sonne  
 Wild wedirs up werpe/and the wynd ryse  
 And all flames the flode/as it fire were  
 Nowe brijt nowe blaa/nowe one blase efter  
 And than overqwelmys in a qwirr/and qwater ever elike 560  
 Than slike a drekness ther drafe/and demyd the skewys  
 As blesenand as bale fyre/and blake as the helle  
 That that was never bot as nyjt/fra the none tyme  
 Till it to mydday was meten/one the morne efter  
 Gife this ware mervale to myn/3et emange othir 565  
 Then rekils it unrudyly/and raynes doune stanes  
 Fell fra the firmament/as a hand lyftyng  
 And some as hoge as thi hede/fra the hevyn falles  
 Sa ferd was Philip of that fare/that his flesche trymblid  
 For sere sygnes at he sa3e/as selly ware ellis 570  
 As wyde as alle the werd was thur3e/warnyng thai hadd  
 That houre that Olympadas/was of hire sonne lister  
 Than lendis him up the leve kyng/his lady to vysite  
 Quoth the man to his make/I am in many tho3tis  
 That this frute sall have na fostring/ne be fed nouthire 575  
 I ges it be no3t of my gett/bot of god fourmed  
 Be many cause at I kenne/I kan no3t supose  
 It be consayved of my kynde/ne come of myselve

I sa3e so in the same tyme/he sevyrd fra thi wambe  
 The erd and alle the elementes/so egirly schouted 580  
 And quether 3it for any quat/a quyle latt him kepe  
 And norish him as namely/as he myne awyn warre  
 3it wille thare make of him mynde/and myn it here eftire  
 Hathils swilke a haly sonn/I hade in my tyme  
 Another barne quoth the berne/I of my blode have 585  
 Ane of my sede I supose/and sibbire of the twa  
 That I wan on myne othir wyfe/that I wede first  
 Lat him as ayre quen I am erthed/enherit my landis  
 And stall we him in stede of this/to st3tell my rewme  
 For he is borne of my blode/and a bore nerre 590  
 And fede we this othire that folke/quen we ere fay worthide  
 May sitt and carpe slike a knave/thaire last kyng hade  
 Thai did all as he demed/and his domes plesed  
 Chrest thai this 3onge child/and chosely him kepid  
 Thai ware as besy him aboute/birdis and ladis 595  
 As he had bene their hi3e god/for sa thai hopid alle  
 This barne quen he borne was/as me the boke tellis  
 Mi3t wele aprefe for his aport/to any prince oute  
 Bot of the lyfe that he list off/he like was to nane  
 Nouthir of fetoure ne of face/to fadir ne to modyr 600  
 The fax on his faire hed/was ferly to schawe  
 Large lyons lockis/that lange ere and scharpe  
 With grete glesenand e3en/grymly he lokes  
 That ware as blyckenand brijt/as blesand sternes  
 3it ware thai sette unsamen/of serelyppy hewys 605  
 The tane to brene at a blische/as blake as a cole  
 As any 3are 3eten gold/3elow was the tothire  
 And he walde e3ed was/as the writt schewys



3it it tellis me this tale/the tethe in his hede  
 Was as bitand breme/as any bare tuskis 610  
 His stevyn stiffe was steryn/that stonayd many  
 And as a lyon he lete/quen he loude romys  
 His felle fygoure and his fourme/fully betakend  
 The prowis and the grete pryse/that he aprevyd eftire  
 His hardynes his hyndelaike/and his hetter mystes 615  
 The wirschip that he wan/quen he wex eldire  
 Than sembled his syb menne/be sent of thame alle  
 To consaile of this kyng son/how thai him call suld  
 And so him nevynd was the name/of his next frendis  
 Alexandire the athill/be allirs acorde 620  
 Than was he lede furthe belyfe/to lere at the scole  
 As sone as to that sapience/himself was of elde  
 Onane unto Arystotill/that was his awen maister  
 And one of the coronest clerkes/that ever knew letter  
 Than was he brojt to a benke/a boke in his hand 625  
 And faste by his enfourme/was fettild his place  
 For it come nojt a kyng son/3e knaw wele to sytt  
 Doune in margone and molle/emange othir shrewis  
 Sone wax he witter and wyse/and wonder wele leres  
 Sped him in a schort space/to spell and to rede 630  
 And sethen to gramer he gase/as the gyse wald  
 And that has he alle hale/in a hand quyle  
 In foure or in fyfe 3ere/he ferre was in lare  
 Than othir at had bene thare/sevynte wynter  
 That he suld passe him in that plite/unpussible semed 635  
 Bot at god will at gaa furth/qua may agayn stande  
 In absens of Arystotill/if any of his feris  
 Raged with him unridly/or rofe him with harme

Him wald he kenely on the croune/knok with his tablis  
 That alto brest wald the bordis/and the blode folowe 640  
 If any scolere in the scole/his skorne at him makis  
 He skapis him fulle skathely/bot if he skyppe better  
 Thus with his feris he fajt/as I fynd wretene  
 As wele in letter and in lare/as any laike ellis  
 Thus skillfulle lange he scolaid/and the scole used 645  
 Till he was evyn of elde/ellevyn wynter  
 He had na pere in na place/that proved so his tyme  
 For the principalte of all the pake/he of aprefe wynnys  
 And qwen it tejt to the tyme/of ten 3ere of age  
 Then was him kend of the kynde/and craft of bataile 650  
 Wele and wigtly in were/to welden a spere  
 A preke one a proude stede/proudly enarmed  
 That lare was him lefe to/and lerid in a qwile  
 Was there na lede to him like/within a fewe 3eris  
 So chevalres a cheftan/he chevys in a stonde 655  
 That in aunteers of armes/all men he passes  
 Quen Philip see him sa fers/in his first elde  
 His hert and his hardyness/hizely he lofed  
 Comendid mekill his kny3thede/and him callid one a day  
 Betwene tham selfe one a tyme/and talkis thir wordis 660  
 Alexander quoth the kyng/I angirly prayse  
 Thi wirschip thi worthines/thi wit and thi strenth  
 Es nane so teche of thi tyme/to tryi now o lyfe  
 How suld I lede for thi lofe/bot lufe the in hert  
 Bot I am sary for sothe/my sonne at thi fourme 665  
 Is lickened one na lymme/ne like to my selfe  
 Oft storbis me thi statore/and stingis me 3erne  
 That thi personale proporcion/sa party is to myne



This herd hire the hend quene/and heterly scho dredis  
 Sent efter Anec/and askis him belyve 670  
 Beknew him clene all the case/how the kyng sayd  
 And frayns him fast quat the freke/of hir fare thingis  
 Then con he calke and acontē/and kest on his fyngirs  
 Lokis him up to the lifte/and the lady swares  
 Be noȝt afriȝt quoth the freke/ne afrayd nouthir 675  
 It sall the noȝt a neg/nane of his thoȝtes  
 With that he hevys up [his] hede/and to the hevyn lokis  
 Hedis heterly on hiȝe/behelde on a sterne  
 Of the quilke he hoped in his hert/sumquat to knawe  
 Quat evir he wald wete/of his will alltotedire 680  
 Quoth Alexander to this athill/as he his arte fandis  
 Quat is the planet or the poynt/ȝe purpose to seme  
 Quat sterne is at ȝe stody one/quare stekis it in hevyn  
 May ȝe oȝt me in any maner/to that sterne schewe  
 That can I wele quoth the clerke/ellis couthe I littill 685  
 Noȝt bot sewe me sone/quen the son is to reste  
 Quen it drevyn to the derke/and the day fynyst  
 And thou sall sothely se/the same with thine eȝen  
 Is oȝt thi werid to the wissed/quoth the wee than  
 For that I covet to ken/if thou me kythe wald 690  
 Sir sothely of myn awene son/slayne mone I worth  
 So was me destaned to dye/gane many winter  
 As tye as Anec/this aunter had tald  
 Then treyned doune fra the toure/to tute in the sternes  
 Than airis sir Alexander/efter his fadir 695  
 That ever he kyndild of his kynde/kend he bot litille  
 Thus led he furthe his leve childe/late on ane evene  
 Sylis softely him selfe/the cite withouten

Boȝes him up to a breke/as the buke tellis  
 To the hiȝt of the depe dike/and to the hevyn waytes 700  
 Alexander athil sonne/quothe Anec his syre  
 Loo ȝondir behald over thi hede/and se my hatter werdis  
 The evylle sterne of Ercules/how egirly it soroȝes  
 And how the mode Marcure/makis sa mekill joy  
 Loo ȝondir the gentill Jubiter/how jolye he schynes 705  
 The domes of my destany/drawis to me swythe  
 Thik and thrathly am I thret/and thole mone I sone  
 The slayter of myne awen son/as me was sett ever  
 Unethis werped he that worde/the writt me recordis  
 Thanne Alexander as sone/was at him behind 710  
 And on the bake with slike a bire/he bare with his handis  
 That doune he drafe to the depest/of the dike bothom  
 Sayd lo unhappeiste undire hevyn/that thus on hand takis  
 As be the welken to wete/quat suld come efter  
 Thou has feyned the for wyse/and fals all to gedir 715  
 Wele semys slike a sacthell/to syeȝe thus of lyfe  
 Than Anec as him aȝt/wele angirly granys  
 Dryves up a dede voyce/and dymly he spekis  
 Wele was this cas to me knawen/and kyd many wynter  
 I suld dee slike a dethe/be dome of my werdis 720  
 Sayd I the noȝt so/my selfe here before  
 I suld be slayn of my son/as now sothe worthis  
 Thof I this wirschip the wayfe/as wald thine astate  
 Lat thou thi hert never the hijer/hale into pride  
 For it was wont quoth the wee/as wyse men tellis 725  
 Full hiȝe thingis overheldis/to held other quile  
 Slike as ere now brot abofe/nowe the bothum askis  
 And slike as list ere on lawe/ere lift to the sternes



Sa ma aydens quoth that othire man/thou tellis me treuthe  
 Son this ensample of thiselfe/thou sais me I trowe 730  
 Unbehalde the wele one ilk halfe/and have a gud e3e  
 Les on thine ane here efterward/thine ossynges list  
 Than Alexander alle in ire/angrile spekis  
 Hy the hethenward thou hathill/and hove thou na langir  
 For nathing as anente me/thou has no3t to mell 735  
 Ne with thi domes me to dele/dole undire sonne  
 Nowe is sir Nicollas anoyed/and nettild with ire  
 As wrath as waspe/and wode of his mynde  
 Reviles he this othir renke/with unrid speche  
 Behald quoth he hedirward/and herken how I say 740  
 Now be the hert and the hele/of my hathill fadire  
 And be the God quoth the gome/that gafe me the saule  
 Asprent my spittyng/a speeke one thi chere  
 Thou sall be di3t to the deth/and drepid of my handis  
 Quen he had spoken so for spyte/he spittes in his face 745  
 Dispises him despetously/dispersons him foule  
 Hent the thare quoth the hatill/as the to harme semes  
 Cure for thi kene carpe/cache nowe a schame  
 Than went him furthe Alexander/and his ande takis  
 Lete aswage or he sware/the swelme of his angirs 750  
 Bese3is him how he say wold/or he his sa3e 3eld  
 And turnes him then to the tulke/and talkis thire wordis  
 For thou has no3ted me now/Nicollas he sayd  
 I swere the be my syre saule/and by his selfe pite  
 And be the worthe wombe/of my wale modre 755  
 That I was geten in of gode/and graithely consayved  
 Thou seis me lede or o3t lange/in thi lande armed  
 And othire recovyre me thi rewme/or reche up the girdille

Than set thai tham slike a day/to semble and to fi3t  
 And therto take up thair trouthis/and twyned esoundre 760  
 Then 3ode him furthe the 3ong manne/3apeli and swythe  
 Into the marche of Messedone/and manly asemblis  
 Of saudiours and sekir men/a somme out of nombre  
 That was the baldest and the best/breveyd in armes  
 He perrails him a proude ost/of princes and othire 765  
 Farkes to sir Philip/and fangis his leve  
 And than Bocifilas his blonke/he bremely ascendis  
 And bounes on with his bataill/out at the brade 3ates  
 The same day at was sett/the sembling of bathe  
 Aithire with a firs flote/in the fild metis 770  
 The nounbre of sir Nicollas/it noyes me to reken  
 And Alexander was ane oste/of angird many  
 With that thai take up thaire trompes/apone the twa sidis  
 Braidis banars abraide/buskis to mete  
 So kinlid the clarons/that alle the cliffe rynges 775  
 The holtes and the haire heer/and the hillis schevyr  
 Ilk a hathill to hors/hizis him belyve  
 Stridis into stele-bowe/sterts apone loft  
 Has a helme one his hede/and honge over his swyre  
 A schene schendirhand schild/and a schaft hentis 780  
 Quat of stamping of stedis/and stering of bernes  
 Alle dymed the dale/and the dust ryses  
 With sli3k a bront and a brusche/the bataille asembild  
 As the erth and alle the elmentes/at anes had wrestild  
 Now aithir stoure on ther stedis/strikis togedir 785  
 Spurnes out spakly/with speris in hand  
 Breks into blasons/bordren shildis  
 Beris into bri3t stele/bitand lances



Sone in scheverand schidis/schaftis ere brosten  
 Alto sprynges in sprotes/speris of syris 790  
 Dryfuis doune duchepers/and doynes of thair horses  
 Fellis fay to the fold/many fresch knyptes  
 Quat dose now this Nichollas/bot nymes him a spere  
 Kest him on this jong knyjt/to covire him a name  
 And Alexander with anothinge/airis him agayne 795  
 Girdis grymly togedire/grevosly metes  
 Sa sare was the semble/thire seggis betwene  
 That alto wraiste thair thair wode/and werpis in sondire  
 Alto clatirs into cavels/clene to thair handis  
 There left nouthire in their hand/the lengthe of an ellyne 800  
 Then lilted thair na langer/bot laschid out swerdis  
 Aithire a blesynand brand/brait out of schethe  
 Hewis on hatterly/had thurgh mailles  
 Many starand stanes/strikes of thair helmes  
 Then Alexander in ane ire/his arme up liftes 805  
 Swythe swyngis out his swerde/and his swayfe feches  
 The nolle of Nicollas the kyng/he fra the nebb partis  
 That doun he felle fra his fole/and fynyst for evir  
 Thus was him destand that day/as drijten had shapide  
 So hent him the hijere hande/of his athille fais 810  
 Thair slike wirship he waan/ware wondir to telle  
 Had of that hije kyng/the hede fra the shuldirs  
 Then was him geven up the 3erde/and 3elden the rewme  
 And alle at left was o lyfe/lordis and othinge  
 Come to that conquerore/and on knese fallis 815  
 And in his mercy and meth/mekely thaim put  
 This ronke and his rounsy/thair reche up a croune  
 As gome at has the garland/and all the gre wonne

Thus with the floure in the fild/he fangid his enmy  
 And haldis one with hale here/hame to his fadire 820  
 Than fyndis he Philip on his flett/with a fest huge  
 Had wed him another wyfe/and wayfid his quene  
 Ane Cleopatras he caled/a grete kynges do3ter  
 And had Olympadas/and openly forsakene  
 Fadir quoth this fell knyjt/quen he this fest entirs 825  
 The palme here of my first price/I pray the resayfe  
 Forthe to the weding or I winde/of my wale modire  
 And kaire me to anothinge kyng/to couple hire to wyfe  
 For the to felsen ne to folo3e/fallis me na mare  
 Ne here to duell with thi douce/deynes me na langer 830  
 Now thou mas the slike a mangery/and macchis changes  
 And I to consaile uncallid/I can no3t there on  
 With that there crapis to the kyng/a knyjt at the table  
 Ane Lesias a lede/and on loude speches  
 Cleopatras a knafe child/consayve sall and bere 835  
 That demed is efter thi deth/duly to regne  
 Than Alexander at this knyjt/angirs unfaire  
 Wynnes him up a wardrer/he walt in his handis  
 So hard him hittes on the hede/his hernes out weltis  
 And sa he lost has the lyfe/for his lether wordis 840  
 Than was the wale kyng wrath/as wondir ware ellis  
 Braydis him up fra the borde/and a brand clekis  
 Airid toward Alexander/and ames him to strike  
 Bot than him failis the feete/or he firste wenys  
 He stakirs he stumbils/and stande he ne mi3t 845  
 Bot ay fundirs and fallis/as he ferde ware  
 The faster forward him he faris/the faster he snapirs  
 Quat was the cause of the case/that knawes oure Lorde



Quat now quoth athill Alexander/quat ailis the to falle  
 Has thou na force in thi fete/ne fele of thi selfe 850  
 For a freke to be ferd/or afraid outhire  
 And thou the governer of Grece/that ware grete wondire  
 Then sittis he doune in that tene/the tablis ilk ane  
 Out of the halle be [her] hare/halis he the bride  
 And so the wee in his wreth/wrekis his modire 855  
 And Philip faln sare seke/and alle the fest strubled  
 As sone as Alexander/of angir he slakis  
 He lendis o loft to the lede/a litille days eftire  
 Cairis up with comfurth/the kyng for to vysite  
 He comes to the curten/and carpis this wordis 860  
 Philip quoth this ilke freke/and forwort him standis  
 Thof it unsemely me sytt/the so for to calle  
 Nojt as thi suget and thi son/my sawe I the 3elde  
 Bot as a felawe or a frynde/fallis to anothingire  
 Sire latt thi wreth awai wende/and with thi wyfe sajtil 865  
 And the los of Lesias/litille thou charge  
 I did bot my devir/to drepe him me thinke  
 For it awe him nojt sa openly/slike ossing to make  
 And sir unworthely thou wrojt/and that thou wele knawis  
 Quen thou was boune with a brand/my bodi to schende 870  
 Then rewis the riche kyng/of unride werkis  
 Blischis up to the berne/and braste out at grete  
 Then airis him one Alexander/to his awen modir  
 Bees not agloped madame/ne greved at my fadire  
 If all 3e synned him besyde/as youre selfe knawis 875  
 Thereof na we may wite/it was godis will  
 With that he fengis hire furthe/to Philip hire ledis  
 And he comly hire kist/and cordis with hire faire

Anes with Olympadas/and the tothire woydis  
 And lofes hire lely/to his lyfes ende. 880

### Quintus Passus Alexandri.

Sone efter in a seson/as the buke sais  
 Come drivand fra Darius/the deyne empereure  
 Heraudes on heje hors/hendly arayed  
 To sir Philip the fers/to feche their trouage  
 Litille kyngis there come/as the clause tellis 885  
 Lijt doune at the loge/ and their blonkis leves  
 Caires in to the curte/to crave him thair dettes  
 Touchis titly thair tale/and tribute him askis  
 3a caires hame quoth Alexander/agayne to 3our kithes  
 And sais 3our maister he make/na ma sandis 890  
 For sen Philip had a fresch sonn/that fast now encressis  
 That bees nojt suffird I suppose/nane slike him to 3elde  
 For sais 3oure lord the lefe henne/that laide hir first egg  
 Hire bodie nowe with baraute/is barely consumede  
 And is Darius so of his dett/duly deprieved 895  
 And be this titill him tellis/na tribute him fallis  
 Then mervalid tham the messangirs/mekill of his speche  
 His witt and his wisdom/wonderly prayed  
 Faire at sir Philip the fers/fangen thair ther leve  
 And syne clene of alle the curte/and caris to ther landis 900  
 To the palais of the proude kyng/to Persie thair went  
 Dose tham in to Darius/ther he one dese syttes  
 And telles him how his trouage/is tynt altogedire  
 As Alexander awyne mouth/had thame alle enfourmed



Then messangirs to Messedoyne/come in the mean qwile 905  
 To Philip the felle kyng/and freschly him talde  
 That alle the erthe of Ermony/erles and princes  
 That sule be suget to himselfe/wale seke him with armes  
 And Alexander belyfe/as athil man suld  
 Undirfangid to fejt/for Philip to wende 910  
 Gedirs him a grete ost/graithes him in plates  
 And aires toward Ermony/that erde to distroy  
 Than was a man in Messadone/in the marche duellid  
 A proved prince and a proude/Pausanna was hattene  
 A big berne and a bald/in brenys to ryde 915  
 The sone of ane Cerastis/as the buke witnes  
 This freke alle his franche/of Philip he haldis  
 And was a suget to himselfe/and serves him ayt  
 Bot thanne he depely many day/desired to have the quene  
 And lyes unlapped with hir lufe/many lange wynter 920  
 And by that cause to the kyng/he kest slik a hate  
 That he desiris his dethe/and dijtes tharefore  
 Alle the folke of his affinite/he freschly asemblis  
 And sekis furth with a hoge some/asaile him to zelde  
 Quen Philip heris of that fare/gret ferly him thinke 925  
 Ferkis furth with a fewe folk/him in the fild metes  
 Seis the multitude sa mekill/of men at he bringes  
 Braidis on his blonke toward the burze/and thaim the bak shewis  
 Then schrikis schilli alle the schalkis/and schoutes him at anes  
 And Pausanna the prince/apon a proude stede 930  
 Sprengis out with a spere/and spedes him efter  
 And thurgh the bac in to the brest/him beris to the erd  
 All ware he wondirly wondid/he wendis nojt belife  
 His men and all the Messadones/full maynly ware stourbed

Quat of doloure and dyn/quen thai him dede hopid 935  
 Pausanna than for the prowis/slike a pride hentes  
 Unethes wist he for welthe/wirke quat he mijt  
 He prekis into the palais/to pull out the quene  
 Wenys to wild hire at wille/and away lede  
 Than comes Alexander in that cas/the crona[c]lis tellis 940  
 With a riall ost/of many able princes  
 Airand out of Ermony/and had alle the erth wonne  
 Sees slike a rottilynge in the rewme/and ridis al the faster  
 Than past up the proude quene/into preve chambre  
 Waynes out at wyndow/and waytes aboute 945  
 Sa3e be the sygnes and be sike/as with hire sonne comys  
 And be the alyens armes/at he was alle maister  
 With that scho haldes out hire hede/and he3e to him callis  
 Quare is thi werdes my wale sone/thou wanne of thi godis  
 Thou suld be victore and venge/and vencuste nevire 950  
 If thou have any hert here/help now thi modir  
 Sone as Pausanna the prince/within the palis heris  
 The comyng of the kene knyzt/he caires him agaynes  
 Presis out of the palais/with a pake armede  
 And metes him in the mydfild/with a mekill noimbre 955  
 And Alexander belyve/quen he on him waites  
 He swynges out with a swerd/and swappis him to dethe  
 And the renkes alle the route/reches up thaire wepene  
 Unto this kid conquiroure/and cried efter socure  
 Than was ther ane in the ost/one Alexander callis 960  
 Sayd Philip thi fadir/is in the fild drepide  
 And he halis furth on hede/and halfe dede him fynds  
 Brusches doune by the berne/and bitterly wepis  
 A Alexander quoth the kyng/naw am I at ane ende



A litille liftis up his liddis/and lokis in his face 965  
 Bot ȝit it gladis me quoth the gome/to ga thus to deth  
 To see my slaar in my sijt/be sa sone ȝolden  
 A wele be the my wale son/and wagede with his hede  
 Thou has baldly on my bane/and bremely me vengide  
 With that he blothirs in the breste/and the breth stoppis 970  
 And in a spedfulle space/so the sprete ȝeldis  
 And Alexander ay onane/angirly he wepis  
 And gretes for him as grevously/as he him geten hade  
 With barons and bachelers/him broȝt to the cite  
 And erdis him in his awen erd/as emperoure fallis 975  
 The day efter his deth/drerely him wendis  
 Alexander his aire/and syttes in his trone  
 A clene croune on his hede/clustird with gemmes  
 To se how him seme wald/the sete of his fadire  
 He seis doune in the sete/with septer in hande 980  
 Makes a crie that alle the curte/knijtes and erles  
 Suld put thaim into presens/his precep to here  
 And alle comyn at a kall/and on kneis heldis  
 Than blisches he to his baronage/and breves thir wordis  
 Lo maistirs of Messedone/sa miȝty men and noble 985  
 ȝe Traces and of Tessaloyne/and ȝe the trewe Grekis  
 How likis ȝow nowe ȝour lege lord/lokis on my forme  
 And letis alle ferdship atflee/and fange up ȝour hertes  
 And aires for nane alyens/quils Alexander lastes  
 For with the graunt of my god/I gesse or I dye 990  
 That alle the barbare blode/sall bowe to my selfe  
 Thaire is na regione ne rewme/ne renks undire heven  
 Ne nouthire quare na nacion/bot it sall my name loute  
 For we of Grece sall have the gree/with grace ay to wild

And anely be over the werd/honoured and praysed 995  
 And quilk of alle myne athille men/that any armes wantes  
 Lat pas into my palais/and plates him delyvire  
 And he at of his awen has/harnas him swythe  
 And make him boune illa berne/to bataill to ride  
 Thanne answard him with voice/alle his proud princes 1000  
 And erles in his empire/that ware in eld striken  
 Hathils of hiȝe age/auncient knijtis  
 Barons and bachelers/and brysside ware in armes  
 Sir we hafe farne to the fiȝt/and bene in fild preved  
 With sir Philip ȝour fadire/mony fele wyntere 1005  
 And now us failis alle our force/and oure flesch waykis  
 For be the floure never sa fresche/it fadis at the last  
 Sire all the ȝeris of oure ȝouthe/es ȝare syne passide  
 And we fortravailed and terid/that now oure topp haris  
 Al to hevly to be hildid/in any here wedis 1010  
 Or any angwische of armes/any mare suffire  
 Forthi lord with ȝoure leve/we lawe ȝou besechis  
 We may noȝt stande now in stede/oure strenthe is febille  
 Wale ȝow othir werriouris/that wiȝt ere and ȝongere  
 Slike as ere stife in a stoure/strakis to thole 1015  
 Nay be my croune quoth the king/my covatyng is eldere  
 The sadnes of slike men/than swyftnes of childere  
 For barnes in ther bignes/it baldis thame mekill  
 Oft with unprovedness in presse/to pas out of lyfe  
 Forthi oversijt of alde men/I anely me chese 1020  
 Be connyng and be constaile/thai kyth ai ther werkis  
 The sleȝt of ther sapience/thai selcuthely prayse  
 And clene acordis to his carpe/knijtes and othire  
 Then dose him furthe this dere kyng/a litille dais efter



Alexander with ane ost/of many athille dukis 1025  
 Samed a unsene somme/to saile he begynnes  
 Over into Ytale/tha yles to destruye  
 Into the coste of Calodone/he comes him over first  
 And ther a cite he asailes/and in sege lengis  
 Bot wees wigtly within/the walles ascendide 1030  
 Freschely fendid of/and fersly withstude  
 3e Calodoyns quoth the kyng/he callis fra withoute  
 Outhire macches 3ow maynely therto/or mainely dies  
 And f3ytes fast with 3our fais/to 3e fey worthe  
 Or 3efes 3arely up the 3erde/and 3eld me the cite 1035  
 So chaunes it this chiftan/or he acheved thine  
 That fele he breves of tha bernis/and the bur3e wynnes  
 And caires so out of Calodone/quen he it coverid hade  
 Over the ythes into Italee/and that ile entirs  
 Thenne ware the rede/alle redd of his come 1040  
 Prays him alle of the pees/and presandes him faire  
 Sexti thousand thai hime send/of sekire besandes  
 Of clere gold of thaire kist/and coruns a hundrethe  
 Thare tuke he tribute that tyme/the titill recordis  
 Out evyne into the occident/of alle at thare duellid 1045  
 Of qwilke the erde and the erthe/Europe was callide  
 And ames than to Affrike/and alle at esse leves  
 Than ra3t he fra tha regions/and remowed his ost  
 Cachis into anothire kythe/and crossis over the stremes  
 Aires into Affrike/with many athille prince 1050  
 Anothire wing of the werd/and wynnes it belyfe  
 That syde sodanly and sone/that sir he Athenes  
 For ther he funde bot fewe/that felly withstude  
 Na ridars in tha regions/ne rebelle bot littill

He laches it the l3tlyere/as was the les wondir 1055  
 Than kaires he fra the contres/and kerve over the stremes  
 Furthe to Frantites he ferd/slike a ferre ile  
 Seches ther to a synagoge/himselfe and his princes  
 Amon ther awen god/at thai honoure my3t  
 And so to the temple as he t3yt/with his tid erles 1060  
 Than metis him myddis the way/was mervale to sene  
 A hert with a huge hede/the hareest one erthe  
 Was to behald as a harow/forhelid over the tyndis  
 And thane comande him the kyng/kenely to schote  
 Bot ther was na man so nemyll/that him hit couthe 1065  
 A hilla haile quoth Alexander/and him a narawe hent  
 Dro3e and at the first dra3te/him drepid for evir  
 Fra thethen to this ilk day/than is that ilke place  
 The stede ther this stith mane/strikes this hert  
 Sagittarius forsoth/men gafe it to name 1070  
 And wille do for that ilk werk/ay qwen the werd turnes  
 Then aires him one sir Alexander/tille Amone temple  
 Offirs to his awen gode/and honours him faire  
 Gevys him garsons of gold/and of gud stanes  
 And hald hestes him to hete/him hetterly besekis 1075  
 Than passes he thethen with his princes/to sich a place wends  
 Capho Resey we rede/the romaunce it callis  
 And therin fyndes him the freke/fyftene burghes  
 And glidane to the grete see/xij grymme waters  
 Of ilka bilde sais the buke/barred was the 3ates 1080  
 Stoken stifly without/with staplis and cheynes  
 Thare lengis him lefe the kyng/and logis alle a neven  
 And sacrifice ther eftsones/to many sere godis  
 The same ni3t in his slepe/Seraphis aperis



Anothir of his grete godis/in a grym fourme 1085  
 Cled in a comly clathe/of castans hewes  
 And silis evyn to himselfe/and said him ther wordis  
 Alexander athill kyng/and asperly spekis  
 Toward a miȝt montayne/him myntes with his fynger  
 May thou oȝt lede the ȝonder lawe/lyft one thi schulder 1090  
 And stere it oute of the stede/and stable in a nothir  
 Nay qua miȝt that quoth the manne/for mede undire heven  
 Sir as ȝone ȝondire hiȝe hille/sall ay hald his place  
 So sall thi name fra now furthe/be mynnd in mynde  
 And ay to the day of dome/thi dedes be remembrede 1095  
 Than Alexander belyve/him askis a demaunde  
 I beseche the now Syraphas/if thou me say walde  
 For any hathille undir heven  
 The prophecy or thou pas/of alle my playn werdis  
 How me is destayned to dye/and quen my day fallis 1100  
 Sir certayne quoth Seraphis/as to myselfe thinkes  
 For any hathill under hevne/I hald for the better  
 Withouten wa to noȝt atwete/the wathe of his ende  
 Then know the cas or it come/and aye in care lenge  
 Bot nevertheles I sall the neven/sen thou me now prays 1105  
 Thou sall be drechid of a drinke/a draȝte of unsele  
 And alle thi ȝeris ere ȝeten ȝare/and thi ȝouthe fenyse  
 Lange or thou have meten the merke/of thi mydill age  
 Bot quen ne in quat time/sal qwaite the this aunter  
 Enquire me noȝt that question/for I queth the it never 1110  
 For outhire out of the orient/salle openly here efter  
 Undo the dreȝt of thi days/and thi ded tell  
 Than waynest him this vayne god/and voidis fra the chambre  
 The modi kyng on the morne/alle monand he ryse

The mast parti of his princes/and of his proud ost 1115  
 Hastis thame in to Ascoiloym/and ther thai him bydis  
 Than callis he to him carpentaris/and comandes thair swythe  
 In mynde and in memory of him/to make a cite  
 And nevenes it his awen name/that never syne changide  
 Bot Alexsander ay furth/eftir himselfen callid 1120

### Sertus Passus Alexandri.

Now airis he furthe with his ost/to Egist he thinkes  
 And clene alle the contre/quen thai his come herd  
 As he had bene a hiȝe gode/thai ȝode him agayn  
 Resaved him with reverence/and to ther rewme lede  
 There entirs him that emperoure/and in that erde findis 1125  
 Of Anec his awen sire/ane ymage of sable  
 A berne was of blake stane/alle the body hewen  
 With conyschance of a kyng/with corone and septere  
 Than askis of tham Alexander/as he theron lokes  
 Quat maner of man apon molde/it was made efter 1130  
 Sire Anectabus/quoth alle with a steven  
 That alle the erthe of Egipte/everid umquile  
 With that the flamande flode/felle in his eȝene  
 That Anec quoth this athil kyng/was myne awen fadir  
 Than fallis he flat on the folde/and the fete kyssis 1135  
 On the stane quare it stode/stilly he mournes  
 Syne into Sirie with his seggis/he soȝt at the gayneste  
 And thai as baratours bald/hem bigly withstandis  
 Set on him sadly/and sloȝe of his kniȝts  
 Bot ȝet ȝarely are he ȝode/thai ȝald him the regne 1140



Than drafe he sa to Damac/with dukis and princes  
 And sone he sesyd alle that syde/and Sydoyne he takis  
 And then trussis him to Tyre/and thare his tentes settes  
 Besyde the cite with a some/and in a sege lengys  
 Thare he lies with his ledis/lang or he foundes 1145  
 Before the burje with his bernis/and mekille bale suffis  
 Quat of ane quat of othir ost/his oste pleynes  
 For wele wist thai thame nane/to wyne to the cite  
 It was sa stiffe and sa strange/and stalworthly wallid  
 And thai so hedously hije/it was a huge wondir 1150  
 Tildid fulle of turestes/and toures of defence  
 Batailid and bretagid/aboute as a castelle  
 The wawis of the wild see/apone the wallis betes  
 The pure populande hurle/passis it umby  
 It was enforced with sa fele/fludis and othire 1155  
 It semed never sege undir son/be saute it to wynne  
 Than etils him sir Alexander/and belyve makis  
 Beside the cite in the see/to sette up a loge  
 A hije tilde as a toure/teldid one schippis  
 That miȝt na nave for that note/neȝe to the cite 1160  
 Quen he this baistell had bild/up to the burje wallis  
 And tijt him as tyme was/the toune to assaille  
 Slik mischife in the mene quile/emang his men fallis  
 For megire and for meteles/ware marvaile to here  
 Ther was princes in poynt/to perish for evire 1165  
 Alle in doute to be dede/dukis and erlis  
 In fere to be famyschist/many ferse kniȝtes  
 For ther is na wa in the werd/to the wode hunger  
 Than pleyins him the proud kyng/the pete of his men  
 And sendis out his sandismen/with selid letters 1170

To Jerusalem to Jandis/at the Jewes teches  
 That was the bischope that burje/brevyd in tha dais  
 Him moneste as a maister/him maynly to sende  
 Fresch folke for the fiȝt/and fode for his oste  
 And all the trouage thare to him/tittly to wayne 1175  
 That he Darius of dewe/was dangirde to paye  
 And ȝit comande he this clerke/the kyng in his writtes  
 For many richas him redis/rathere to thole  
 The mayntenance of the Messedoyns/and of the meri Grekis  
 Thane thaiem of Persy to pay/or to plese authere 1180  
 Thane takis the bischop the breve/and buȝes to a chambre  
 Resayved it with reverance/and redis it ovir  
 Gase him doun be begrece/agayne to the sale  
 Swiftly to the swiars/and tham his sware ȝeldis  
 Sirs airis agayn to Alexander/and all thous him tellis 1185  
 That me was done many day/depely to swere  
 Never Persy to poure/to pas with myne armes  
 In damaging of Darius/durande his lyfe  
 Sone as the wale kyng wist/he writhis him unfaire  
 Now be that god quoth the gome/that gatt me on erthe 1190  
 I sall anes on the Jewis/enjoyne or I die  
 Salle ken tham quas comandment/to kepe at tham falle  
 Yit for na torfar him tid/Tyre wolde he noȝt leve  
 Bot chese him out a chiftane/and charge him belyve  
 A mody man sir Meliager/a maister of his oste 1195  
 To fande him furth with a flote/of five hundrethe knyȝtes  
 And joynes him to Josaphat/his journey to take  
 And alle the pastours and the playnes/prestly to drive  
 And bring in all the bestaille/barayne and othire  
 That he miȝt se on any syde/the cite of Gadirs 1200



Than movys he on sir Meliager/this miȝtifulle prince  
 With a soume of sekir men/and Sampson thame ledis  
 A renke at in tha regions/had redyn oft sythis  
 And knew the costis and the kitthis/clene alle togedire  
 Thus ȝede thai furthe egirly/and entirs the vaile 1205  
 And slike a prai tham aproved/as pyne were to rekene  
 Brynges furthe sayd the boke/bestes out of nounbre  
 And trottes on toward Tyre/with taite at thaire hertes  
 Bot or thai meten ware a myle/the meris withouten  
 Ther metes thaim with a mekille flote/the maister of the playnes  
 He that was duke of the droves/and of the derfe hillis  
 Ane Theosellus a tulke/that tened tham unfair  
 He girdis in with a ginge/armed in plates  
 Alto bruntes oure bernis/and brathly woundid  
 Fellis fele at a frusch/fey to the gronde 1215  
 And many renke at he rove/rase never efter  
 Than was sir Meliager moved/and maynely debates  
 Flinges out on a fole/with a felle spere  
 Gers many grete syre grane/and girdis thurȝe maillis  
 And many bernis at a braide/in his brath endis 1220  
 And Sampson on anothir side/setes out belyve  
 Bruschi furth on a blonke/brymly he smytes  
 Betes one with a brande/broken was his lance  
 Hewis doun of tha hirdis/hurtes thame unfaire  
 Arystes ane athill man/ai elike fiȝtes 1225  
 Spirris out with a spere/and spedis his miȝtes  
 And noyed of thaire notemen/at the nete kepide  
 And many bald or he blan/broȝt out olyve  
 Caulus anothire kniȝt/one a kene stede  
 One Theosellus in twa/his tymbre he brekis 1230

And than he dryfes to the duke/as demys the texte  
 And with a swyng of a swerd/swappis of hes hede  
 When he was drepid and dede/at the droves ȝemyde  
 The prekars of the pastors/and of the proude landis  
 Alle the folke of his affinite/at fresche ware unewondide 1235  
 That outhir fote had or fole/to the fiȝt foundide  
 Thus Meliager with his men/the menske has achevyd  
 For the fairer of ther faes/and the feld wonne  
 Raschis with rethere/and rydis bot a quyle  
 That ne neȝis tham anothir note/as new as the first 1240  
 Thare was a maister of the marches/miȝtest of othire  
 Ane Beritius a berne/as the buke telles  
 Come girdande out of Gadirs/out of the grete cite  
 With the selcuthest soume/that semblid was evir  
 Slik amynd unto me/ware mervaille to reken 1245  
 Thretti thousand in thede/of thra men of armes  
 Slike as was buskest on blonkes/in brenys and plates  
 And othire folawand on fote/fele withouten noimbre  
 The multitude was sa mekille/as mynes us the writtes  
 Of wees and of wild horsis/and wapened preuys 1250  
 Sa stithe a stevyn in the stoure/of stedis and ellis  
 As it was semand to siȝt/as alle the soyle trymblið  
 Than ware the Messedones amayd/quen tha see sa many  
 Sire Meliager in gret mynd/a man out to sende  
 To sir Alexander belyve/thaire allire maister 1255  
 To come and help with his here/or thai to hande ȝode  
 Thare was nane that was glad/that message to gange  
 Bot ilka lathir and othire/to leve thaire frynde  
 Fest ther forward in fere/that fewe at thai ware  
 To do as driȝten wald deme/and dyi alle togedir 1260



To tell thaire torfer entyre/it taryed me swythe  
 Bot so the mode Mellager/and his men feztis  
 That sir Beritius the bald/thai bretned to dethe  
 And Sampson on this side/was slay ther agaynys  
 Then mournes all the Messedones/and mayntene him 3erne 1265  
 Makis ther mane for that man/and many othire noble  
 For maistris and mynistris/menere and grettere  
 That was in morsels magged/and martrid a hundrethe  
 And that left ware one lyfe/bot a litille me3ne  
 Ware als malstrid and mased/and mated of thaire strenthes 1270  
 Sa waike and so wyndles/and very forfo3ten  
 That thai were wille in this werd/qwat thai worthe sulde  
 Sir Meliager and othir maa/mayned were sare  
 Alle bebled and tobrissid/that ne3e ther breth failes  
 Thai ware sa feble and sa faynt/and fulle of thame selfe 1275  
 That alle in fere was in fourme/the filde for to 3elde  
 Than aires him forth Arestes/was angrily wondid  
 To Alexander onone/thas auntirs him tellis  
 The morth of alle the Messedone/and of the many Grekis  
 Rekens him ther resons/that reuthe was to here 1280  
 With that the semely kyng/chacches his bernis  
 Semblis him a huge somme/and fra the sege wendis  
 The toure of Tire and the toune/titly he leves  
 And joynes him to Josaphat/fulle joyles he rydes  
 Ay he gretes as he gase/for grefe of his kny3tes 1285  
 Ay he pleynys as he passes/the pite of his erlis  
 Ay he wepis as he wendis/for his wale princes  
 And soveraynly for Sampson/he sorowis ay elike  
 Whenne he was tane toward Tyre/toward the vaile  
 The werke at he wro3t hadde/that water whytin 1290

That he had sett in the see/the cite without  
 Ther in he lefte had a lede/the loge for to kepe  
 Bot than sir Balaan a berne/at in the bur3e lengis  
 Ane of the terandes of Tyre/atyres him belyve  
 Buskes him in breneis/with big men of armes 1295  
 With trammes and with tribochetes/the tild to asaile  
 He bekirs out at the bild/within the bur3e wallis  
 And thai without in the werke/wi3tly defendis  
 Schot scharply betwene/schoures of dartis  
 Weeis wondirly wele/werpis out stanes 1300  
 Bot Balaa in the barmekene/sa bitterly fi3tis  
 Alle tocombirs tham elene/with cast of engynes  
 Sone the top of the toure/he tiltes into the water  
 And all the tulkis in the tilde/he termens olive  
 And than in bates and in bargis/he bownes him swyth 1305  
 To the bothum of the baistelle/he buskis him withalle  
 Bretens doune alle the bild/and the bernys quellis  
 Drenches hire in the hi3e see/and drawis hire on hepis  
 Quen it was smeten in smalle/with the smert wajes  
 Ilka gobet his gate/glidis fra othire 1310  
 Thus was the strenth ilk stike/was in a stounde wasted  
 And Balaa bowis into the bur3e/and barris to the 3ates  
 Be this oure kyng with his kni3t/is comen into the vaile  
 Alexander with ane ost/his kni3tes to help  
 Fyndis a fewe of his folke/fe3taned 3erne 1315  
 And ay a segge be himselfe/sett alle a hundreth  
 With that Bucifalon his blonke/he brased in the side  
 Springis out with a spere/spillis at the gaynest  
 Ridis even thur3e the route/ther rankest thai were  
 Be rawe of ther rabetes/he ruschid to the erthe 1320



He strikis all fra ther stedis/strejt him beforne  
 Was nane sa stiffe in that stoure/mijt stande him agayn  
 Quare althire-thickest was the thrange/thurje thaim he rynnnes  
 And makis a wai wyde eno3e/waynes to mete  
 He laschis out a lange swerde/quen his launce failes 1325  
 Threschis doun in a thrawe/many threvyn dukis  
 Stirs him sa in a stonde/and his stithe erlis  
 That ther was [na] berne on bent/bott bretenede or 3oldene  
 The seggis on his awen side/that he slayne fyndis  
 He mas to grave sum in grete/and sum in gray marble 1330  
 And tha that laft ware of lyve/he lokis ther woundis  
 And faire fangis his folke/and fra the filde wendis  
 Than bowes he to the baistalle/and brymly it semblis  
 Gedirs of ilke glode/grettere and smallire  
 And prekis furth with his prey/and passes fourward Gadirs 1335  
 And tijt agayne toward Tyre/to termen his sege  
 Quen he was drevyn over the dales/and drewe to the cite  
 With that he blisches to the burje/and sees his bilde voided  
 Als bare as a bast/his baistelle away  
 But outhir burde or bate/bot the brade watter 1340  
 Than mournes alle the Messadones/and maynly was sturbid  
 And Alexander also/was angrely grevyde  
 So ware thai troublid out of tone/quen thai thaire tilde mist  
 That of the taking of Tire/trest thai na langire  
 And so himselfe in his slepe/the same nijt efter 1345  
 Him tho3t he had in his hand/and helde of a vyne  
 A growen grape agrype/a grete and a rype  
 The quilke he flange of on the flore/and with his fete tredis  
 And quen he broken had the bery/als the berne semes  
 Ther folowis out of fresche wyne/feetles to mete 1350

So largely and so delauyly/of licoure him thinkis  
 Of ane rasyn to ryn/it was a ryfe wondire  
 The kyng callis him a clerke/kenely on the morne  
 Als radly as he rase/to reche him his swevin  
 Sire bees adred never a dele/the divinore said 1355  
 I undiretake on my trouthe/Tire is thine awen  
 For the bery at 3e brake sa/is the burje even  
 Thai sall be sesid the fulle sone/and to thiselfe 3olden  
 For thou sall eft alle on earnest/entire on the wallis  
 And foulire under thi feete/within a fewe days 1360  
 Now compas kenely this kyng/and castes in his mynde  
 How he mijt covere in any cas/to come to the cite  
 Devynes depely on dais/dropis many wiles  
 If he cuthe seke any slejt/that he serve walde  
 And makes to sett in the see/ri3t in the same place 1365  
 Ther as the bild at he bidid/biggid wasse first  
 To stable up a grete strenthe/alle on store schipis  
 Huger be the halfe dele/and hijer than the tothire  
 And that he fiches and firmes/sa fast to the walle  
 So nere unethes at ane eld/mijt narrowly betwene 1370  
 And band hir as the buke sais/bigly togedir  
 With that scho flisch nothire fayle/fyve score annkirs  
 Quen he had tijt up this tram/and this tild rerid  
 Hit had of bradnes abofe/to breve out of mesure  
 And to hede be a huge thing/hijer it semed 1375  
 Than was the wallis sais the writt/of the wale touris  
 Than Alexander alle his ane/anane he ascendis  
 Closed alle in clere stele/and in clene plates  
 And monestis ilke modire son/maynly and swyth  
 That alle be bowne at a brayde/the burje to assaile 1380



And alle the ost evyn over/he openly comandis  
 To be radly alle arayd/and redy to fyt  
 And quen thai saze that himselfe/the cite was entrid  
 Wan up wistly on the wallis/ilk wee him efter  
     Now tevelis up tabures/and alle the toun rengis      1385  
 Steryn stevyn up strake/strakid ther trumpis  
 Blewe bemys of bras/bernis assemblis  
 Sezes to on ilke syde/and a saute zeldis  
 Thare presis to with panes/peple withouten  
 Archars with arows/of atter envemonde      1390  
 Schotes up scharply/at shalkes on the wallis  
 Lasche at tham of loft/many lede slejen  
 And thai zapely azayne/and zildis tham swythe  
 Bekir out of the burze/balde men many  
 Kenely thai kast of/with kastes of stanys      1395  
 Drives dartes at our dukis/dedly tham woundide  
 Than passe up our princes/prestly enarmed  
 Into the baistell abofe/bremely ascendide  
 Sum with lances on loft/and with lange swerdis  
 With ax and with alblaste/and alkenis wapen      1400  
 Alexander ai elike/angrily feytes  
 Now a schaft now a schild/now a scheve hentes  
 Now a sparth now a spere/and sped so his mijtes  
 That it ware tere any tonge/to of his turnes rekyne  
 And thai within on the walle/worthili withstude      1405  
 Fersly defende of/and fellid of his knytes  
 Thristis over thike fald/many threvyn berne  
 And doun bakward tham bare/into the brade watter  
     With thatoure wees without/writhis thame unfare  
 Went wode of thair witt/and wrekes tham swythe      1410

For na wounde ne na wathe/wand thai na langer  
 Bot alle wirkes him the wa/and wrake at he cuthe  
 Sum braidis to ther bowis/bremely thai schut  
 Quechirs out quarels/quikly betwene  
 Strykis up of the stoure/stanes of engynes      1415  
 That the bretage above/braist alle in soundir  
 Girdis over garetts/with gomes to the erthe  
 Tilt torettes doun/toures one hepis  
 Spedely with sprygaldis/spilt thaire braynes  
 Many mijtfulle man/marris one the wallis      1420  
 And be the kirnells ware kast/and kutt doun before  
 Be that the baistelle and the burze/ware bathe elike hije  
 And alloure werke without the wallis/weterly semed  
 The sidis of the cite/to se to o fernes  
     Than Alexander belyf/on tham alle entirs      1425  
 Bruschis in with a brand/on bernis a hundreth  
 Thrange thurze a thousand/thare thickest thai were  
 Wynnes worthly over the wallis/within to the cite  
 The first modir son he mett/othir manne outhir  
 Was Balaan the bald berne/as the boke tellis      1430  
 And him he settes on asaute/and sloze him belyve  
 And werpid him out over the wall/into the wild streme  
 Sone as our athils behind/saže ther he entrede  
 His men and alle the Messedones/maynly ascendis  
 And thai of Grece gredely/girdis up eftir      1435  
 Thringes upon a thraw/thousandes many  
 Sum stepis up on sties/to the stane wallis  
 On ilk staffe of a staire/stike wald a cluster  
 And qua sa leddirs had nane/as the lyne tellis  
 Wald gett tham hald with ther hend/and onloft clyme      1440



Sa frejt ware ther othire/that festes within  
 For Balaan ther bald duke/that brojt was of lyve  
 That all failis tham the force/and so ferd worthe  
 That nothir with stafe ne with stane/withstand thai na langer  
 Sir Alexander with his athils/and his awen slejtes 1445  
 The toune of Tere thus he take/and othir twa burjes  
 In the quilke the Siriens of this sire/so many sorojes hade  
 As wald bot tary alle oure tale/thair tourment to reken  
 Sone as this cite was sesid/and slayne up and soldene  
 Then ridis furth the riche kyng/and remowed his ost 1450  
 Gais him furth to Gasa/anothir grete cite  
 And that he settes on asaute/and sessis it belyve  
 And quen this Gasa was geten/he raythis him swythe  
 And joynes him toward Jerusalem/the Jewis to distroy  
 And 3e that kepis of this carpe/to know any ferre 1455  
 Son sall I neven 3ow the note/that is next efter

### Septimus Passus Alexandri.

Als hastily as thai herd of/in the Haly Cite  
 And bodword to the bischop/brojt of his come  
 For Alexander a3e/almast he even deis  
 For he had nite him a neraud/nojt bot o new time 1460  
 And now him thinke in his thojt/him thurt nojt have carid  
 In all his maste myster/nad he that man faylid  
 When he for socure to the cite/sent him his letter  
 And he soyned him be his sorement/that sare him forthinkes  
 For me had lever quoth the lede/be lethirely forsworn 1465  
 On as many halidoms/as opens and speris

Than anys have grevyd that gome/or warned him his erand  
 That ever I warned him his wille/wa is me that stonde  
 Thus was Jaudes of joy/and jolite depryved  
 And all the Jewis of Jerusalem/he joyntly asembles 1470  
 He said Alexander is at hand/and will us all cumbre  
 And we ere dredles undone/bot Dri3ten us help  
 Than bedis the bischop alle the burje/barnes and othir  
 Athils of alle age/eldire and yongire  
 Comandis to ilka creatore/to crie thurje the stretes 1475  
 To thre dais on a thrawe/be threpild togedir  
 Ilk a frek and ilk a fante/to fast and to pray  
 To occupy ther oures and orisons/and offir in ther temple  
 And call up with a clene voice/to the kyng of hevyn  
 To kepe tham at this conquiroure/encumbrid thaim never 1480  
 Now se3en thai to ther sinagoges/all the cite ovir  
 Ilka bodi ther bedis/that in the burje lengis  
 Putt tham to prayris/and penaunce enduris  
 The vengeance of this victoure/to voide if thai mi3t  
 The ni3t efter the note/and tellis me the writtes 1485  
 Quen alle the cite was on slepe/and sacrifis endide  
 In ane abite of the aire/an aungell aperis  
 To Jaudas of Jerusalem/and him with joy gretis  
 I bringe the bodword of blis/sir bischop he said  
 With salutes of solas/I am sent fra the trone 1490  
 Fra the maister of man/the mi3tfulle Fadere  
 That bedis the nojt be abaist/He has thi bone herd  
 And I amonest the tomorne/as I am enjoyned  
 That thou as radly as thou rise/array alle the cite  
 The stretes and in alle stedis/stoutly and faire 1495  
 That it be onest alle onise/and open up the 3ates





Lett than the pupille ilka poll/apareld be clene  
 And al manere of men/in mylk quyte clathis  
 And pas thou and thi prelates/and prestes of the temple  
 Raveste alle on a raw/as 3our rewille askis 1500  
 And quen this conquireore comes/caire him agaynes  
 For he mon ride thus and regne/ovir alle the ronde werde  
 Be lordschip in ilka lede/into his laste days  
 And then he dijt to the deth/of Dri3tins ire  
 Sone the derke ovidrafe/and the day springes 1505  
 Oure bischop bounes him of bed/and buskis on his wedis  
 And then jogis alle the Jewis/and generale callis  
 Avaies thaim his vision/how the voice bedis  
 Than consals him the clergy/clene alle togedir  
 And alle the cite asentis/Sarazens and othir 1510  
 To buwne furth with alle the bur3e/and buske tham belyve  
 As him was said in his slepe/this soverayn to mete  
 Than rynnnes he furth in a rase/and arais alle the cite  
 Braides ovir with bawdkins/alle the brade stretis  
 With tars and with tafete/there he trede sulde 1515  
 For the erth to slike ane emperour/ware ovire feble  
 He pleyes ovir the pavement/with pallene webis  
 Mas on hijt ovir his hede/for hete of the sone  
 Sylours of sendale/to sele ovire the gatis  
 And sammes thaim on aithir side/with silken rapis 1520  
 And then he caggis up one cordis/as curteyns it ware  
 Even as the esyngis 3ede/ovire be the costes  
 Alle the wawis withoute/in webis of ynde  
 Of brit blasand blewe/browden with sternes  
 Thus atired he the toune/and titely ther efter 1525  
 On ilka way widopen/werped he the 3atis

And qua so lukis fra without/and within haldis  
 It semyd as the cite to se/ane of the sey hevyn  
 Now passis furth this prelate/with prestis of the temple  
 Revested him rially/and that in riche wedis 1530  
 With erst and abite undir all/as I am inforemede  
 Full of bridis and of bestis/of bise and of purple  
 And that was garnest full gay/with goldene skirtis  
 Store starand stanes/strekillande alle ovir  
 Sandid fulle of safirs/and othir sere gemes 1535  
 And poudird with perry/was perroure and othir  
 And sithen he castis on a cape/of kastand hewes  
 With riche rabies of gold/railed bi the hemmes  
 A vestour to vise one/of violet floures  
 Wro3t fulle of wodwose/and othir wilde bestis 1540  
 And than him hijtildde his hede/and had on a mitre  
 Was forged all of fyne gold/and fret fulle of perrils  
 Sti3t staffulle of stanes/that strajt out bemes  
 As it ware shemerand shaftis/of the shire sonne  
 Doctores and divinores/and othir dere maistris 1545  
 Justis of Jeury/and jogis of the lawe  
 Ware tired all in tonacles/of tarrayne webbis  
 Thai were bretfulle of bees/alle the body ovir  
 And othir clientes and clerkis/as to the kirke fallis  
 Ware alle samen of a soyte/in surples of raynes 1550  
 That slike a sijt I suppose/was never sene efter  
 So parailed a procession/a person agaynes  
 Now bowis furth the bischop/at the bur3e 3ates  
 With prestis and with prelatis/a pake out of nombre  
 And alle the cite in sorte/felowis him efter 1555  
 Quirris furth alle in quite/of qualite as aungels



Maistirs marchands and maire/mynistris and othir  
 Worthi wedous and wenchis/and wyves of the cite  
 Be ilka barne in the burgh/as blaȝt ere thaire wedis  
 As any snyppand snawe/that in the snape liȝtes 1560  
 Ther passis the procession/a piple beforne  
 Of childir alle in chalk quyte/chosen out a hundreth  
 With bellis and with baners/and blasande torchis  
 Instrumentis and ymagis/within of the mynstire  
 Sum with censours and so[m]/with silveryne cheynes 1565  
 Quare of the reke aromatike/rase to the welken  
 Sum with of the sayntware/many sere thingis  
 With tablis and topoures/and tretice of the lawe  
 Sum bolstirs of burnet/enbrounden with perille  
 Bare before the bischop/his buke on to lig 1570  
 Sum candilstickis of clere gold/and of clene silver  
 With releckis fulle rially/the richest on the auutere  
 Thus seyis alle the semle/the cite withoute  
 Unto a stonen stede/streȝt on the temple  
 Scopulus by sum skille/the scripture it callis 1575  
 And thare the come of the kyngge/this covent abidis  
 Sone Alexander with ane ost/of many athill dukis  
 Come prekand toward the place/with princes and erlis  
 Sees slike a multitude of men/in milke quite clathis  
 And ilk seg in a soyte/at selly him thinkis 1580  
 Than fyndis he in this othire flote/fanons and stolis  
 Practisirs and premates/and prestis of the lawe  
 Of dialiticus and decre/doctours of aythir  
 Bathe chambirlayn and chaplayne/in chalk quite wedis  
 And as he waytis in a wra/than was he ware sone 1585  
 Of the maister of that meneyhe/in myddis the puple

That was the bald bischop/abofe all the Jewis  
 Was grathid in a garment/of gold and of purpree  
 And than he heves up his eȝe/behaldis on his mytere  
 Before he saȝe of fyne gold/forgid a plate 1590  
 Therin graven the gretteste/of all Gods names  
 This title Tetragramaton/for so the text tellis  
 With that comandis the kyng/his knyȝts ovir ilkane  
 Bathe berone and bachelor/and bald men of armes  
 Na nere that place to aproche/a payne of ther lyvys 1595  
 Bot alle to hald tham behynd/heraud and othir  
 Than airis he furth alle him ane/to this athill meneȝe  
 Bowis him doun of his blonke/the bischop beforne  
 And kneland on the cald erth/he knockis on his brest  
 And reverenceȝ His haly Name/at he seis wreten 1600  
 Than the Jewis of Jerusalem/justis and othir  
 Lordis and ladis/and the litill childere  
 Enclynys tham to the conquiroure/and him on kneis gretes  
 Kest up a kene crie/and carpis ther wordis  
 Ay moȝt he lefe ay moȝt he lefe/quothe ilka man twyse 1605  
 Alexander the athill aire/undir the hevyn  
 Ay moȝt he lefe ay moȝt he lefe/quothe the lege emperour  
 The wildire of all the werde/and worthist on erthe  
 Ay moȝt he lefe ay moȝt he lefe/quothe loude all at anys  
 Overcomere clene of ilka coste/and overcomyn never 1610  
 The grettest and the gloriosest/that ever God formed  
 Erle or emperoure/and any erdly prince  
 Thare was comen with him kynges/as the clause tellis  
 Seneiours out of Sireland/was to himselfe holden  
 And thai mervailed tham mekille/as the buke tellis 1615  
 When thai it herd so beheryde/and held it in wondir



Than Permeone a proude kniȝt/and prince of his oste  
 Aires to sir Alexander/and askis at him swythe  
 Syn him adoured alle men/eldire and ȝongere  
 Qui he obeschide so lawe and bende/the bischop of Jewis 1620  
 Nay quoth the comly kynge/and the kniȝt swaris  
 Nouthir haylsid I him/ne hildide him nouthere  
 Bot it was Gode at I grete/the governoure of alle  
 Of quam in the abite and the armes/he was alle clethid  
 For in the marche of Messedone/me mynes on a tyme 1625  
 That slike a segg in my slepe/me sodanly aperid  
 Evyn in slike a similitude/and this same wendis  
 For alle the werd as this wee/wendis now atired  
 And then I mused in my mynde/how at I myȝt wynn  
 Anothire auelle of the erth/that Aysy we call it 1630  
 And me thret to be thra/and for na thing turne  
 Bot tire me titely therto/and tristly to wende  
 And syne saȝe I na segg/that sa was arayd  
 And sekirly thone semys/the same to se  
 The same Gode at I in my slepe/saȝe in my days 1635  
 And now I hope me thurȝe the helpe/of the haly Fadir  
 Of quam the herid haly name/is ȝondir on hiȝe wreten  
 To do with Darius or I dyi/how so me dere thinke  
 And the pride of alle the Persens/purely distroy  
 And ȝit I sothely supose/quat so my sale hopis 1640  
 That sall falle apon fold/slik fyaunce I have  
 In the grace of grete God/at gyes alle the sternes  
 That it salle be in my will/and on na way faile  
 Now tas the bischop the berne/and to the burȝe wendis  
 With sange and solempnite/him to the cite ledis 1645  
 He was resayved as I rede/with reverence and joye

As he ware duke of ilk douth/and drevyn doun fra hevyn  
 Than gas he furth with his ginges/to Godes awen temple  
 That of sir Salamon the sage/sett was and foundid  
 And thare he lythis of thaire lare/as the Law wald 1650  
 He offird in that oratori/and honoured oure Lorde  
 And Jaudas of Jerusalem/and alle the Jewis efter  
 Bringis out a brade buke/and to the berne reches  
 Was plant fulle of prophasys/playnely alle ovir  
 Of the doctrine of Daniell/and of his dere sawis 1655  
 The lord lokis on the lyne/and on a lefe fyndis  
 How the gomes out of Grece/suld with thair grete miȝtes  
 The pupille out of Persye/purely distroy  
 And that he hopes sall be he/and hertly he joyes  
 Than partis he to tha prelates/many proude gifts 1660  
 Was nane sa pore in that place/bot he his purse fillid  
 Geves tham garsons of gold/and of gud stanes  
 Rife riches enoȝe/robies and perles  
 Besands to the bischop/he bed out of noimbre  
 Reches him of rede gold/ransons many 1665  
 Tas him to his tresory/talent him to shewe  
 Bad him wale quat he wald/and wild him the tother  
 Hit bedis he him the bald kyng/as the buke tellis  
 Sire quat thou will in this werd/to wild and to have  
 Noȝt bot aske at it Alexander/quat thou will apon reson 1670  
 And I sall grant or I ga/with a gud will  
 Than bowis doun the bischop/and him a bone askis  
 Sir this I depely disire/durst I it nevyne  
 That it be levefull us oure lare/and oure law use  
 As oure fadirs has folowid/forwith this tyme 1675  
 As of ȝour grete gudnes/at ȝe grant walde



To lat us sitt be safe/bot for this sevyn wynter  
 But tribute or trouag/quils the terme lastis  
 Than were we halden alle the hepe/to hiȝe the for ever  
 And ȝit I will be ȝour leve/a worde and na mare 1680  
 That the men of Medi/man be ȝoure leve  
 Lang alle in oure lawe/lely togedir  
 And thai of Babilon bathe/and bede I nan othir  
 Quoth Alexander belyve/alle this I graunt  
 And els any othir thinge/aske and be served 1685  
 Nay now na mare quoth the man/and mekly him thankid  
 Bot ay thi lordschip and thi love/quils my lyfe dures  
 Now kastes this conquirere/to caire fra the cite  
 And mas to bide in the burȝe/a berne of his awyn  
 A messagere to mynne on/quat men of him said 1690  
 Ane Ardromacius a gome/as the buke tellis  
 Than bowis to the bischop/his benyson to fange  
 Takes luflyk is leve/and lendis on forthere  
 To sere cites ther besyde/he soȝt with his hostis  
 And thai frendly and faire/frely resayved him 1695  
 Than of the Siriens summe/in the same tyme  
 Folow fra the felle kinge/as fals men suld  
 Did tham to sir Darius/and depely tham playnt  
 Quat errour of this emperour/and evill thai suffirde  
 And he tham faire undirfonge/and fraynes thaim ȝerne 1700  
 Askis tham of sir Alexander/alle at he cuthe  
 Bathe of his statoure and his strenth/if he were store bon  
 His qualite his quantite/he quiryrs alle togedire  
 And thai in parchement him paynted/his person him shewid  
 Ane amlare ane asaleny/ane ape of alle othire 1705  
 A wirling a wayryngle/a wawil-eȝid shrewe

The caiteste creatour/that cried was evire  
 And than as he leves/and lokis on his fourme  
 His litillaike and his lickness/he laythy dispiced  
 And thre thinges of his thede/ he thoȝt sa feble 1710  
 He dressis to him in dedeyne/and in dispite sendis  
 First a balle says the buke/the barne with to play  
 A herne panne es of a berne/of brend gold yeven  
 For hottre and for hethinge/a hatt made of twygges  
 Sayd that was benere him to bere/than a briȝt helmet 1715  
 Slike presandis out of Persy/he to the prince sendis  
 His brefe with a brade sele/and biddis hum ga swythe  
 And qua sa will has to wete/how it worthis eftir  
 Now sall I neven us here next/the note of his letter

### Octabus Passus Alexandri.

Sire dere Darius on dese/the digne emperoure 1720  
 The kyng without comparison/of kynges alle othire  
 Of all lordis the lord/that leves in erthe  
 Predicessore of princes/and perree to the sonne  
 The soverayne sire of my soyle/that satis in my trone  
 In fang with my faire godis/that I affie maste 1725  
 To Alexander that of alle/so angrily him letes  
 Oure subject and oure servand/thus we oure selfe write  
 For it is wayned us to wete/that wickedly thou have  
 Thurȝe enmyte and envy/elacoun of pride  
 Be vanyte and vayne glori/that in thi wayns kindlis 1730  
 Purvayd the pletours/oure partis to ride  
 For thou has samed as men may sais/a selly noimbre



Of wrichis and wirlinges/out of the west endis  
 Off laddis and of losengers/and of litille thevys  
 Slike sary sorozis as thi selfe/to seke us agaynes 1735  
 And wenes to wild alle thi will/and that worthis ful late  
 The provynce and principalte/of Persye la Graunt  
 For thou ert fere alto faynt/oure force to minister  
 Thof thou had gedird alle the gomes/that evir God fourmede  
 So man rived is our rewme/that thou may rest lycken 1740  
 The store strenthe of oure stoure/to sternes of the heven  
 And slike a nekard as thi selfe/a nojt of alle othir  
 Is bot a madding to mell/with mare than him selven  
 Forthi is better unbynd/and of the brathe leve  
 And feyne alle with fairnes/and fayne at thou may 1745  
 For mare menseke is a man/to meke him be tyme  
 Than efter made to be meke/malgreue his chekis  
 For all the gracious godis/and gudnes one erthe  
 That sanys cete and soile/and sustaynes the erthe  
 Prayses ay the Persyns/passing all othir 1750  
 And for the oddiste of ilka ost/honoures oure name  
 And slike a dwinyng a dwa3e/and a dwer3e as thi selfe  
 A grub a grege out of grace/ane erd-growyn sorowe  
 Will covet 3it as a king/with catifes to lyte  
 To cover at combrid alle the kynges/undir the cape of heven 1755  
 Ri3t as a flaw of felle snawe/war fallyn of a ryft  
 Of a wysti wonne waghe/with the wynd blawen  
 So with a flote of Fresons/followand thi helis  
 Thou sekis fraword Sichim/thi selfe wrothir-haile  
 And levys as a lorell/thus our lande to entire 1760  
 And maa thi lepis and thi laikes/and quat the liste ellis  
 As ratons or ru3e myse/in a rowme chambre

Aboute in beddis or in bernys/thar baddis ere nane  
 Bot I have wilily waited/thi wiles and thi castis  
 And quen thou hopis allther hiest/to have alle thi will 1765  
 I sall the sett one a saute/and sla the my handis  
 Forthi for pompe or for pride/thi purpose avise  
 Turne the trechoure betime/that thou na treson have  
 And drawe agayn to thi den/undir thi dam wynges  
 Se quat I send to the sone/thi selfe with to laike 1770  
 A hatt and a hand ball/and a herne panne  
 Slike presandis to play with/as pertines to babbis  
 For ai a child mothe chese/to childire geris  
 For mestir and miserie/unnethe may thou forthe  
 Thine awen caitefe corse/to clethe and to fede 1775  
 And supposis as a sott/to sese oure land  
 And outhir Darius to drepe/or dryfe fra his kythis  
 Bot by the grace and the gude/that God gave my fadir  
 So rived is the rede gold/oure regions within  
 That qua sa had it on a hepe/haly togedir 1780  
 It wald us let as I leve/the lijt of the son  
 Forthi bide I the badriche/one bathe twa thine e3en  
 And one the plegg and the payn/and perill as folowis  
 Alle thi vanyte to voide/and thi vayne pride  
 And mew agayne to Messedone/or any mare falle 1785  
 For be the saule of my sire/bot if thou sone turne  
 We salle the send sike a somme/of segis enarmed  
 Nojt as Philips fant/salle fare with thi selfe  
 Bot as a prince of proved theues/pyne the to dede  
 Als sone as his sandismen/to this sire come 1790  
 Thai present him the playntes/the pistill him rechis  
 And Alexander belyve/before alle his princes



To alle his ost evyn one/he openly declaris  
 And quen his knytis of this clause/the carpe undirstode  
 Then ware thai frekly afrayd/of the felle sajes 1795  
 And as sone as himselfe saje/his seggis amoved  
 In bilding of his bachelers/he brevys thire wordis  
 Quat now my worthi werriours/sa wjzt and sa noble  
 Mi bernes and my baratours/the best undir heven  
 Lettes nevir it brojt be on brade/for upbraide of schame 1800  
 3e doute for the indityngs/of Darius pistils  
 I sett 3owe ane ensample/3e se it alle daye  
 In thorps and in many thede/ther 3e thur3e ride  
 At ilka cote a kene curre/as he the chache walde  
 Bot as bremely as he baies/he bitis never the faster 1805  
 Bot in sume I suppose wele/that sothe is the letter  
 Thare as he tellis quyche a tunne/of tresoure he havys  
 Forthi us buse to be bigger/and bataille him zeld  
 The grete garisons of gold/salle gedir up oure hertes  
 With that comands the kyng/his kny3tes belyve 1810  
 The donesmen that fra Darius come/with the derfe letter  
 That thai suld titly tham take/and by the to3e throtis  
 And for thaire soverayne sake/tham send to the galawis  
 Than was tha messangers amaied/as mervaile ware ellis  
 With kene carefuller crie/this conquirere thai said 1815  
 Allas quat lake lyse in us lord/if it be 3oure wille  
 Thus causeles for oure kyng/encumbird to worthe  
 The sajes of 3our soverayne/said the kyng thennen  
 Nedis me to slike notes/as I had never etlide  
 That has 3ow sent to myselfe/nojt sa as him a3e 1820  
 Loo litille thefe in ilka lyne/his letter me callis  
 3a quoth thai comly kyng/and on knees fallis

Thase ditis endited to 3owe/sir Darius himselvyne  
 For he knew nojt of 3ore kny3thede/ne of 3ore kid strenth  
 Ne wist nojt of 3our worthenes/and wrate all the baldir 1825  
 Bot wald 3e grant us to gaa/and gefe us 3ore lefe  
 Then suld we bremely yore bille/to the berne shewe  
 Then lete the lord tham allane/and went till his fest  
 Takis tham with him to his tent/and tham at ese makis  
 Sone as thai in his sale/were sett at the table 1830  
 Sire Alexander athill kyng/quoth alle with a stevyn  
 Comande with us to caire/kny3ts a thousand  
 And we salle surely oure sire/the send in thaire handis  
 3a make we blis quoth the kyng/blithe mote 3e worthe  
 For as for takyng of 3ore lord/salle na lede wynde 1835  
 To Darius another day/endites he a pistill  
 A crest clenly inclosid/that consayved this wordis  
 Alexander the aire/and eldest childe bathe  
 Of kyng Philip the fers/the fender of Grece  
 And als of Olimpades/that honorable lady 1840  
 To the Darius on dese/thus dite I my letter  
 Thou prince of alle the Persyns/that peres to the sonne  
 The conquireure of ilka cost/callid of thiselfe  
 With all thi gracious godis/graitbid in thi trone  
 Alle thus I send to 3owe I my sawe/undir my sele wretene 1845  
 Sir if we se with a suth/surely me thinke  
 Oure facultes oure faire fees/oure fermes and oure landes  
 We may nojt chalang tham ne clayme/ne call thaim oure aweyn  
 Bot all I deme it as det/and to a day borowid  
 For sen we riden on the rime/and on the ringe seten 1850  
 Of the qwele of fortoun the quene/that swiftly changes  
 Ofte pas we in povert/fra plente of gudes



Fra mirthe into morenyng/fra morenyng into joye  
 For now us wantes in a quirre/as the quele turnes  
 Quen we suppose in our sele/to sit alther-heist 1855  
 Than fondis furth dame Fortoun/to the flode 3ates  
 Drazes up the damme borde/and drenchis us evir  
 Forthi a we that has wit/thofe he wele suffir  
 So sadly in soveraynete/he set nevir his hope  
 For pride of na propirite/ne prise at him folewis 1860  
 To olle ay on his undirling/for over-laike a quile  
 For any sele undir son/a sott I him hald  
 That ay has deyne and dispite/at dedis of litille  
 Sen of the haven lest here/is hoven to the sternes  
 And he that graithist is of gudis/gird alle to poudire 1865  
 Forthi a depe dishonoure/3e do to 3oure name  
 Ane emperoure that on erth/is evyn to 3oure selfe  
 To me sa litill and sa lawe/slike letters to sende  
 And presand out of Persy/bot for a pure hethynge  
 For thou enherestes alle this erth/and evens to the sonn 1870  
 And callis the kyng of ilka kithe/undir the cape of heven  
 And therto sittes as thou sais/in sege as ane aungell  
 Togedire with thi grete gods/and on a gilt trone  
 Bot syn gostid goddesses and gods/ere graythid nevir to dye  
 Bot ai sall last furth elike/on lyve evire mare 1875  
 Thai nane no wille to my notis/ne wilnyng to have  
 No dole ne no daliance/of dedely bernes  
 Bot I knaw I am corruptible/and caire 3ow agaynes  
 Als with a dedly duke/to do my bataill  
 Bot thou thof thou the victor availe/na vaunte sall arise 1880  
 Ne lose bot as a litill thefe/3ow limpid to encumbre  
 Bot chance it me that am a child/the chever to worthe

So that be gevyn me the gree/grete glorie is myn awen  
 For than salle spring up the speche/and sprede out of mynd  
 How I have conquered a kyng/the kideest of the werd 1885  
 Bot a tale 3e me tald/I trow be na faile  
 Of the ryfenes of the rede gold/3ore region within  
 Quilke plente is in Persey/of perelle and of ellis  
 The somme of silver and of siche/and of sere stanes  
 Thare withoure wittes has ther wele/and our wille sharpid 1890  
 And blid with thi besands/the bataille to 3eld  
 Made us corageous and kene/3our clere gold to wyn  
 And put awayoure povert/3e plede us to halde  
 Bot as touchand the trufils/that 3e to me sent  
 The herne-pan the hand-balle/the hatt made of twiggis 1895  
 Thar has thou prophesid apart/and playnely us schewid  
 And faire affirmed us before/that sall falle efter  
 For by the balle sir I breve/alle the brode werd  
 The erthe at to myne empire/enterely bees 3olden  
 And be the hat that is holewe/before the heved bowed 1900  
 I constru that ilka kyng/salle clyne to myself  
 Than hope I be the herne-pan/that the hede covirs  
 Overcomere to be callid/and ovircomen nevir  
 Now thou the grettest under God/graithis me trouage  
 With all this dignites bedene/3t I divined have 1905  
 This brefe bedis thai him bere/and besands tham rechis  
 And efter armes alle his ost/and airis one efter forthir  
 Sir Darius for the ditie/nere died he for angire  
 To twa of the derrest of his dukes/ditis he this pistill  
 I the corounest kyng/of kynges all othire 1910  
 To the sir Primus a prince/of Persye the grettest  
 And als to sir Antagoynne/mvn awen athill dukis



The soveraynest of my seignourie/my Saroparis hatten  
 Se here I send 3ow my seele/with salutes of joye  
 Fra Alexander the kyng/as I am inforemed 1915  
 Is entrid with oure enmys/an endles noimbre  
 The anglies of Asie/and has tham alle stroyed  
 Forthi of life and o lym/my lege men I charge  
 To prestli 3ow apparail/and pas tham agaynes  
 With alle the hathils and the heris/and the hi3e maistris 1920  
 That 3e may semble in the sidis/saudiours and othire  
 Then chese 3ow furth my chiftanes/and me the child take  
 Laches me this losengere/and ledis me him hedir  
 That I may him skelp with a skorge/and then of skire pourpure  
 A side slavyn him sewe/and send him to his modire 1925  
 For now he proches for pride/and propurly he wedis  
 Forthi him bose to be bett/as a barne fallis  
 For it a3e no3t slike ane asald/nane adventures to off werre  
 Bot at the bowlis as a brode/or with a ball playe  
 Thire princes sone as the pistill/was put thame in hand 1930  
 Than part thai the proud sele/the prince thai ad honrede  
 Unlappis listly the lefe/and the line redes  
 And thusgate agynward/thai graithid him anothir  
 To the kiddest kyng to acount/of kynges alle othir  
 Sir Dari with thi dere godis/drifed one thi trone 1935  
 Governoure of ilk a gome/and god alle thiselfe  
 Thi Satrapairs thi seiniours/with servage obeschen  
 Sire wetis it wele 3our worthines/and wenys it na langir  
 That this child with his chiftans/that 3e charge us to take  
 Has reden alle oure regions/and raymed oure landis 1940  
 Deperted alle oure provynce/and purely it wastid  
 And we than lift up a lite/and lent him agayne

Ferd forth with a flote/and him in the fyld metis  
 Bot sone we bed him the bake/and him besely we shapid  
 Out of the handis unhewyne/of our hatill fais 1945  
 And now haly all the hepe/at 3e 3oure help callis  
 Unto 3oure mekille majeste/we mekely beseke  
 That us 3oure lege and 3oure lele men/it likid 3ow to forthir  
 Or thanne oure wirschip atwynde/and wastid be the regine  
 As radly as the riche kyng/had red over this pistill 1950  
 Be that mevis in a messangere/and maynly him tellis  
 That Alexander was at hand/and had his ost loygid  
 Apon the streme of Struma/that strekis thur3e his landis  
 Sire Darius for tha ditis/was depely agrevyd  
 Callis him his consail/a clause he him endites 1955  
 Mas a brefe at a braide/and it in brathe sendis  
 To Alexander as belyve/and alle thus him gretes  
 I sire Dari the deyne/and derfe emperoure  
 The kyng of kynges I am callid/a conquirore bathe  
 Of all lordis the lord/alose thur3e the werd 1960  
 And ane of the soverayne sires/undir the vij sternes  
 To the my servand I send/and suthely thou knawe  
 And wete thou wele thur3e alle the werd/is wirschip oure name  
 For alle the gracious gods/at the ground visitis  
 Alle ere done me to doute/duccses and othir 1965  
 How burde the than be sa bald/for blod in thi heved  
 To move thus ovir the mounteyns/and ovir the many waters  
 With slike a somme one the see/a saute so to zeld  
 Or any maistrie to make/my majeste agayne  
 For well a wide ware the wele/wete thou nan othire 1970  
 Bathe thi glorie and thi grace/thi gladnes in erthe  
 Mi3t thou the marches of Messedoyne/mayntene thi selfe



And governe bot thine awen gronde/agaynes oure wille  
 For thi ware better unbynde/or thou bale suffir  
 Remowe agayne to thi rewme/and rew of thi werkes 1975  
 For certayne nys my seignurie/ne I my selfe nouthir  
 Alle the werd myzt a wedowe/wele thanne be callid  
 Forthi tourne the betime/or any tene worthe  
 Or at the hate of my hert/apon thi hede kindille  
 Lend agayne to thi lande/nowe quen thou leve havys 1980  
 That I mete the in my malicoly/my meth be to littille  
 Forthi to ken the to know/my kyndnes here eftere  
 Bath my grace and my glori/and my grete strenthe  
 Loo here a glove full of graynes/I graythe the to take  
 Of the chesses of a chesbolle/chosen for the nanys 1985  
 For may thou sowme me thire sedis/surely thou trowe  
 Thou mizt acount alle our knizts/and oure kyd ostes  
 And thou truches thaim to telle/then tidis the na nother  
 Bot move agayn to Messedone/and meve the na forthire  
 Fyne fole of thi fare/and fange to thi kythis 1990  
 For this sede I the send/unsowmyd bees nevir  
 So ere we of all folke/folke to be nombrid  
 Or any wee to acounte/undire the clere sternys  
 Now aires furth his athille men/to Alexander wendis  
 Unto the streme of Struma/strejt with tha letters 1995  
 And he tham redis in a rese/and reches to the sedis  
 Tastis tham undir his tuthe/and talkis thir wordis  
 Here I se quoth this sire/be thir ilke cornes  
 That the pupill out of Persy/ere passandly many  
 Bot thame semes to be softe/as ther sedis provys 2000  
 Forthi how fele be alle the flote/it forces bot litille  
 Be this was men of Messedone/fra his modir comen

And said that semely was seke/and semed to die  
 And he the waest of the werd/wald worth hire to visite  
 Bot jit to Dary or he went he dijt thus a letter 2005

### **Ponus Passus Alexandri.**

Alexsaunder the athille/aire oute [of] Grece  
 The son of Philip the fers/and of his faire lady  
 Honoured Olimpadas/the oddest undir hevyn  
 To the sir Dari one thi dese/this dities I write  
 For I am sent by the sure/many sere letters 2010  
 And namly now on newe time/fra myne awen kithe  
 Out of the marche of Messadone/that mekill me greves  
 All other wais to wirke/my wille likis  
 Bot I warne the or I wynd/and will at thou know  
 That for na drede I withdraw/ne doute of thi pride 2015  
 For baisting of thi bobance/ne of thi breme wordis  
 Bot for to see that is seke/my semely modire  
 Bot wete thou wele this iwis/within a wale time  
 Fra that I fraist have that faire/of my fayre lady  
 I sall the seke with a sowme/of seggis enarmed 2020  
 An ost to noy thus to nevyne/alle of new knizts  
 And for the sake of thi sonde/thou sent with thi letter  
 Loo here a purse full of pepire/my power to ken  
 To se thiselfe a similitude/how alle thi soft grayns  
 Sall undirput be all the pake/unto ther peper cornes 2025  
 This pistill to Persons/he with his peper takis  
 Partis prestly tham to/many proude giftes  
 And thai have lojte tham ther leve/and the letter fangis



And passis on to Persy/the princes to schewe  
 Than Alexander belyve/with his athill dukis 2030  
 Rais him radly to ride/and remowis his ost  
 Fra the streme of Struma he streȝtes/and still mournes  
 And mevis him toward Messedone/his moder to visit  
 He aires thurȝe Arabie/and armed ther he findis  
 A duke of Darys the kyng/that drafe him agayne 2035  
 A pere out of Persy/and prince of his ost  
 A maister man in tha marches/Amont was hatten  
 He girdis him with a ginge/the Grekis he asailes  
 With Alexander alle day/asperly feȝtis  
 Marres of the Messedons/miȝtfulle kniȝhts 2040  
 Dinges doun of the dukes/deris tham unfaire  
 Fra morne to the mirke niȝt/maynly tha cocken  
 Seȝes doun on aythir side/segis out of noimbre  
 Begynnys sone in the gray day/as any gleme springes  
 And so to sett of the son/sesid thai nevir 2045  
 Thus thre dais out a thraw/thai threpe ay elike  
 So lange sais me the lyne/lastid the bataille  
 Sike scoures were of blude/of schondirhede bernes  
 That foles ferd in the flosches/to the fetelakis  
 Sa store and stithe was the stoure/the story me tellis 2050  
 That for sorȝe of the siȝt/the son one the heven  
 Kest away his clerete/and his clippis suffirs  
 For bale to blische on the blode/at on the bent floȝes  
 With that oure gomes out of Grece/gedirs up ther hertes  
 Fey fallis in the filde/fele of thire othire 2055  
 The powwere of Persy/in partis many  
 Seȝes sidlings doun/slayn of thaire blonkes  
 And quen the duke of sir Darys/tha dedis behaldes

Amonta the miȝtfulle/his men than he fanges  
 And uneth limpid him the lee/the lyne me recordes 2060  
 Fra his faes with a fewe/the filde to devoide  
 And slike a pas sais the prose/to Persy he ridis  
 That hit the selfe sandismen/he in the sale fyndis  
 That fra the streme of Sturma/were apon stedis wysed  
 Fra Alexander and his ost/with his athille pistill 2065  
 And ȝit sire Dary on his dese/tha ditie avisis  
 Held the letter in his love/at at the ledis fraynes  
 Quat he said of the sedis/that he himselfe sent  
 And thai swiftly him sward/and swyth thus him tellis  
 The king him kajt quoth the kniȝts/and on the cornes bites 2070  
 And wele he geses be the graynes/ȝoure gomes ere fele  
 Bot a thing he said he saȝe/that solast him maste  
 Thai ware bot soft he suposed/for so the sede proved  
 Than pullis him up the proude kyng/and on tfe pepir tastes  
 Said as it tuke him by the tonge/his tulkis ere fewe 2075  
 Bot be his kniȝts as kene/as me this cornes shewis  
 Al the werd ware to waike/his wrothe hert to stand  
 The mody man Amonta/than melis thir wordis  
 ȝis he ledis bot a lite/lord with ȝoure lefe  
 There is bot fewe at him foloȝes/bot feȝtand bernes 2080  
 Bot mare fersere in feld/felle nevir of modire  
 For I my selfe with a sowme/set thaim agayns  
 With of the Persyns proude/a pake out of noimbre  
 Fewire than his folke/be fulle fyve thousand  
 And ȝit us fell aile to ferre/the faynter to worthe 2085  
 For thai have hedid of oure hathils/and a hepe woundid  
 Fey falne to the fold/many fers erlis  
 Bet doun oure bachelers/my baner torased



And a selly somme/slayne of my kniȝtes  
 Quethire days thre thurȝeout/thraly we foȝten 2090  
 Derfe dintes and dreȝe/delt and takene  
 And ȝit the lawest at the last/us limpid to bee  
 And unethis savyd I myselfe/unslayne of ther handes  
 Bot treuly sir quoth the duke/gret tresore me thinke  
 At Alexander the athille/for of alle ware he maistere 2095  
 Avanced with the victore/and vengid on his faes  
 Was never the heȝare of a hawe/his hert fulle of pride  
 For mekely ilka modir sonn/his awen men and othire  
 Als wele the pure Persens/as the grete Grekis  
 All the douthe at was dede/bedene he comands 2100  
 To gedir tham up ilka gome/and tham in gravys ligg  
 Now Alexander and his ost/armed one ridis  
 And sone Cicile/he with his seggis entirid  
 Ther sere citis of tha sidis/to himselfe sweren  
 And saudiours him to sewe/seventene thousand 2105  
 Than rede he ovir into ane ile/Yssanna was hatten  
 And that was ȝapely him ȝevyn/and ȝolden belyve  
 Than up he clame to a cliffe/that to the cloudis semed  
 The Top of Tare to taken/the tretis it callis  
 There fand he tildid on the top/and tild up a cite 2110  
 The proude tounne of Persopole/and to the place he neȝes  
 There saȝe he selcuthes sere/as the buke sais  
 The muses of musicke and the merke/how it was made first  
 Than aires he into Asie/and ai as he foundis  
 Alle the cites of tha sidis/he sesis tham clene 2115  
 So fares he furth to Frigien/anothir faire ile  
 And ane ther of his ald gods/he honourd in a temple  
 Than ferd he furth to a flum/was fyve cubetes brad

Scamandra the elire flode/the scriptore it callis  
 Now happy be ȝee quoth the hathill/alle in hert beris 2120  
 The honouris of that odd clerke/Homore the grete  
 Mekelle dere quod ane Doctoneus/of ȝow I deme sall  
 And he of the takyng of Troi/tald alle his lyve  
 Nay I wold more worth quod the/a wyseman disiple  
 Than the honore that Acheles/aȝt alle his time 2125  
 Than moves he him to Messedone/with his mony princes  
 Amendid of hire malidy/his modire he fyndis  
 A litill dais with hire lengis/and of hire lyfe joyes  
 And graythes him than with his gere/and agayn fondis  
 He passes on toward Persy/and piȝt down his tentes 2130  
 Besyd a burȝe att the buke/Abandra men callis  
 Thai falle on frescly/the folke of the cite  
 And barris bremely at a burȝe/the four brad ȝates  
 Than takis the kyng his kniȝtes/umlapis the wallis  
 Settes up on asaute/one sidis enoȝe 2135  
 Bot for the cite was unsure/the seggis within  
 Miȝt noȝt the braidis abide/of bernes enarmed  
 Than cries all to the kyng/sire conquireore thai said  
 Ne steke we noȝt oure stiff ȝates/ȝour strenthe to defend  
 Bot for dred of sir Dary/the derfe emperoure 2140  
 Lest had we helde it to ȝore hest/he had us eft wastide  
 ȝa werpis tham up quoth the wee/and wide open settes  
 If at ȝe shap ȝow to shount/unschent of oure handes  
 For quen I done have with Dary/and my dede fenyschid  
 Than salle I tell ȝow my tale/how it salle tide efter 2145  
 So baiste tham the bald kyng/with his breme wordis  
 That thai unȝarked him the ȝatis/and ȝald him the keys  
 The burȝe thus of Abrandra/he with his men takis



To take and leve quat him list/and lendis one forthire  
 Then wyndis he to a wath toune/was Wyothy hatten 2150  
 And come so to Caldipol/another kid cite  
 So to the Water of Winter/as it the writte callis  
 Thare nere was fey for defaute/enfamyschist his ost  
 Knizts kest up a crie/and kenely tham meves  
 Loo oure foles ere in fere/fodeles to dye 2155  
 Thai pleyne more the poverte/and the pite of ther horsis  
 Than the soroze of tham selfe/by the sevynt parte  
 Quat ailes 3ow quoth Alexander/to his athill dukes  
 Mi barons and my baratorus/the biggest in erthe  
 That has the angwisch of armes/ay to now suffird 2160  
 Quethire evire 3owre hertes I hope/for horsys abates  
 May us nojt limp if any life/lenge in oire brestes  
 To covir be cas at a cleke/courseres a thousande  
 And us domed be the dome/to die of the werde  
 Than standis in stede nojt of a stra/alle the store stedis 2165  
 Forthi I rede quoth the renke/we ride one forthire  
 And pas to sum othir place/thare plente is in  
 That we may fange at the fulle/the fude at us wantes  
 Than prekis he furth with his princes/to slike a playn wendes  
 Luctus it hijt the leiterure/and the line thus it callis 2170  
 Thare his forayouris fand/the fulth of vitaille  
 Bathe to berne and to blonk/bide quen him likid  
 When he was fulle thare and fedd/he flittes with his ost  
 To Tergarontes he teje/thare tijt was a mynstre  
 He pijt down his pavilion/and passis to the temple 2175  
 Sire Appoline to adoure/and othir odde goddis  
 To offir in that oritorie/with honore he wyndis  
 And sum of tham at to spire/how he spede suld

Bot sone ane 3acora him said/a semely summe  
 Than was nane honoure of answaringes/bot on another bide 2180  
 Than dose him furth the dere king/and on the day efter  
 He sejis to the synagog/and sacrife makes  
 And Appoline als belive/him aykeywordly swaris  
 Sire Ercules the emperoure/he evir in ane callis  
 Than Alexander alle in ire/angrily spekis 2185  
 Now fynd I wele quoth the freke/that fals ere thi wordis  
 Now thou nevyms me a new name/at I nevir hijt  
 And thou a god quoth the gome/that is grete joye  
 Than sekis he furth with a somme/and to a cite wyndis  
 The toun Thebea/the Creces it callis 2190  
 And thare he biddis alle the burje/that foure bald kniztes  
 Suld be lett with him lende/and lenge in his weris  
 Then tened the Thebees folke/and tynd to the 3atis  
 And to withstand his strenthe/stejid to the wallis  
 Bad him bowe one belyve/and bide thare na laingire 2195  
 For if he did withouten dome/the deth thai him hijt  
 Than fangis him up the fell kyng/a fuylle feyned lajter  
 Said 3e of Tebet ere tried/the techiest on erth  
 Of all the seggis undir sonne/that citizens hatt  
 Mast hije 3e ere hersid/and herid of 3oure strenthe 2200  
 And nowe sa 3ape men as 3e/the 3atis hase stoken  
 And me and the pruddest of my princes/proferne us werre  
 And at 3e so will iwis/wondir me thinke  
 For thus wald never at 3e wrojt/the wirschip of armes  
 It contraries knizthede/3e knaw wele 3ore selfe 2205  
 To any wijt werriours/in wallis tham to close  
 For he that kid is and kene/and covettes a name  
 Will fejt fersely in filde/his famen agayns



Than Alexander belive/alle aboute the cite  
 Makes foure thousand/with flanes and bowis 2210  
 Biddis tham to bend up/brathly with arowis  
 To wonde the wees within/that on the wallis hovys  
 And twa thousand be tale/he titely comaundis  
 Of wele buskid berns/in brenys and platis  
 Alle the sidis of the cite/that Sechus had biggid 2215  
 And Amphion an athill kempe/onane to distruye  
 A fulle thousand he fangid/to fire the foure 3ates  
 And thre thousand of thra men/to thraw with engynes  
 Himselfe of slingis and slike/asemblis a men3e  
 To heede and help of his hyne/if any harme lympid 2220  
 Now ere his seggis alle sett/and the saute ne3is  
 Were wakens betwene/werbilde in trompis  
 Oure pepill with payns/pressis to without  
 Halis up hemp cordis/hurled out arowis  
 Othir athils of armes/albastes bendis 2225  
 Quiryrs out quarrels/quappid thur3e mayles  
 Sum with gunnes of the Grekis/girdis up stanes  
 To tene the Tebis folke/that on the touris fe3ts  
 Sum braide on the barrers/in blasand wede  
 And faire fest on a fire/alle the foure 3atis 2230  
 All the bur3e at a braide/was on a bale kyndild  
 And tha that sounde were unslayn/als sottes tham 3eldis  
 Than without in oure ost/as the buke tellis  
 A sire at Sicistrus/was callid be name  
 A meri man a messangere/that maynly was joyd 2235  
 To se the cite be sa sone/sindide to brandis  
 Anothir hathill undir hand/ that Hismon was callid  
 Ane a maistre of musike/a man of the cite

Aires to sir Alexander/and in his hert wepis  
 As qua sai prince of our place/sum pete thou have 2240  
 Than lokis the lord to the lede/said lettrid berne  
 Quare to feynys thou this fare/for with myn e3en  
 Sire conquireore quoth the clerke/3our corage to bend  
 And in ridding of oure riche toun/3ore reuth for to call  
 Than was the wale kyng wrath/and wistly comaundis 2245  
 To bete into the bare erth/alle the bur3e walles  
 And quen alle kynd was on colis/and kast upon hepis  
 Than airis he on with his ost/mare honore to wynn  
 A gentill man fulle joyles/journais him efter  
 Folo3es thare fare/ai on fote as thai ride 2250  
 A sege at of the same toun/sire was and maistre  
 Ane callid was Cletomacus/to crie efter socure  
 His ledis at left ware alyve/a lite of the cite  
 Than askid at sir Appoline/al with a steven  
 If evir it worthe salle to wee/quen the werd stand 2255  
 Oure bu3e agayne for to bigg/the bretted is to no3t  
 Than gales thaire god/agayne and thus spekis  
 The tulke that tilld 3our toun/salle tielld up and rere  
 Sall thre times have the thra/of sum threyvne gome  
 Of were ore of wristillinge/for thus has wurd shapene 2260  
 And quen that wurschip is won/within a wale time  
 Than salle he sett up himselfe/the cite as beforne  
 Thus answers thame thair old gode/and osses one this wyse  
 And thai als fayne alle the flote/as fowell of the day  
 Than aires on sir Alexander/with his athille princes 2265  
 To the castell of Corynthis/he comes with his ost  
 With the pers of tha partese/to play on the toures  
 As alle the sires of tha sidis/himselfe had required



The multitude ware sa miche/of men for to reken  
 That thare was sembild and sett/that sijt to behald 2270  
 Quoth Alexander belyve/to alle at thare stode  
 Quat come sall this gamene/begin apon first  
 Than comes forth Cletomacus/and to the kyng swaris  
 The tulke out of Thebie/I tald 3ow beforne  
 If it 3oure mekille majeste/mijt any thinge plese 2275  
 I wald to wacken 3our welthe/now wirstille a twine  
 Than mas the prince him a place/and prestly him matches  
 And he him girde to the grounde/and the gree wynnes  
 Now faithely quoth the felle kyng/falle the so thrise  
 Thou sall be crowned or I caire/for kiddest of the gamen 2280  
 Than 3ede he to eftsones to/and his even kastis  
 Thringes to the thrid time/and the thra wynnys  
 And than comandis him the kyng/a coroune on hede  
 As for the prise of the play/putfull of stanes  
 Than bad him beddels belyve/breve us thi name 2285  
 Sirres by my sothe quoth the segge/Otiles I hijt  
 Qui so my worthe werstillare/the wale kyng said  
 How tidis it the and Toules/thi toname is callide  
 Mi lovely lorde quoth the lede/and law him declines  
 Befor 3e come slike a kyng/and the croune werrid 2290  
 I had a cite myselfe/and seggis inowe  
 And sethen 3e a3t this enpire/I am it alle prived  
 Than trowid trewly the kyng/that Theby he menyd  
 And beddels and bailyfs/he bad on brad crie  
 Before his pupill apart/the power him grauntes 2295  
 To sett his cite up agayn/and of himselfe halden  
 Than passis he to a proude toun/Platea was hatten  
 Thare was stijld ane Stratageras/that was a stiffe prince

Duse him in with his dukis/to Dyanaas temple  
 And fand a pure prophetas/aparaild in vailes 2300  
 And scho as sone as scho him saze/said him ther wordes  
 Welcom we at alle the werd/salle wyn with thi handes  
 The secund day before the sonn/he at the cite wildide  
 Into the temple he turned/tythand to herken  
 Quat ware thi will sire to wete/the woman frayned 2305  
 Thou lesis all thi lordschip/within a lite dais  
 Quat and has thou ossed to Alexander/this ayndain wurd  
 And me thus ille unably/thine abet thou weris  
 Nay tene 3ou nojt for treuly/thus tide bose it nede  
 And so it worthid for in a wrath/the wale kyng swythe 2310  
 Him of his principaete prived/and than the prince fondis  
 Onane to Athenas/and one the athille playntes  
 And thai said soure suld him sewe/bot he the cite 3eld  
 And Alexander with his osten/aires on forthire  
 Ateynes him toward the termes/and of ther tene heres 2315  
 And slike a word he thaim waynes/be writ fra himself  
 And qua so will has to wete/how it worthid efter  
 Here sall I telle tham at loves/to here forthire

### Decimus Passus Alexandri.

I Alexander the aire/and eldest childe hattene  
 Of kyng Philip the fers/that fest am in Grece 2320  
 And of the quene Olimpades/the oddest under heven  
 To all 3ow of Athenes/thus etill I my sazes  
 Fra that my fader was fey/and farne out o lyve  
 And I was sett in his sege/with septour to regne



Sethen went I with my werriours/into the west endes 2325  
 And ay with out any armes/thaim at anys 3olden  
 Alle Europe to myn enpire/enterely thaim geven  
 Evyn to the occiane/out of alde Rome  
 Qua that us rekinly resayves/na riddoure thai chose  
 And alle at othir wais wro3t/we wast thame for evir 2330  
 And now fra the marche of Messedone/I meved opon late  
 Thur3e the anglis here of Afle/with myne athille dukis  
 And so the Thebies tham t3t/the toun to defende  
 And I ther ponpe and thair pride/to poudire declined  
 To 3ow now write I on this wise/that wald 3e me send 2335  
 Ten fyne philosophers/to fand with my wittes  
 3oure bur3es ne 3ore bri3t bees/bidd I than nothire  
 Bot at 3e knaw me for kyng/and call me 3ore lorde  
 For and 3e nyk now to myn empire/3ore neckes for to bowe  
 Than bos 3ow bigger to be/then alle my bald princes 2340  
 Or laite anothir ladisman/alosed mare of strenthe  
 Than I myselfe or my segges/be the sevent dele  
 Thir athils of Atenes/thir angard clerkis  
 Than reverenst thai the riche seele/and red over the pistill  
 Syne kest up a crie/with a kene voice at anys 2345  
 Sum in comending of his carpe/and on clene it spillid  
 A filisphur than one first/before the folke risis  
 Ane Oschilus in erde/and ernstly he spekis  
 The douth and all divinours/bedene he comaundis  
 That thai suld corde be na cas/unto the kinges hestes 2350  
 With that alle samen on a sopp/semblis the pupill  
 A doctore ane Domystyne/thai derely beseke  
 To consaile thaim als in the cause/and ken tham the best  
 And he rekenly rase/and rekyns thire wordis

I beseke 3ow now my citizens/if that 3e safe vouche 2355  
 Bot sobirly a sete quile/my sa3es for to here  
 Sirs if ye fele 3ow so fers/his force to withstand  
 Aires agaynes him with armes/admitts no3t his sa3es  
 And if 3e fynde 3e be to faynt/fulfillis his will  
 Unto his mekill majeste/mekely 3ow bowe 2360  
 For Sexes in sum time/surmountid alle kynges  
 3it li3t he law at the last/for alle his lethir pride  
 Bot Alexander with his armee/in alkin rewmys  
 Has happend 3it ai hedire/to the herre of his faes  
 Unnombirable ere the notes/to neven of his weres 2365  
 And 3it betid never the time/that evir tuke he schame  
 Ware no3t the tulkis out of T3re/the tidiest on erth  
 The kiddest kni3tes to acount/undir the cape of heven  
 Quat bathe for corage and kene/and connyng in armes  
 Loke quare it profet tham a pease/alle thair proud strenth 2370  
 Was no3t the Thebes therto/the threest of othir  
 The worthiest wees of the werd/and of witt clerest  
 Fra that thair cites ware sett/the sotelest of weres  
 Quat servyd alle thar sapienc/or sle3t of batalle  
 Of Poliponenses the pupill/with this prince fo3tene 2375  
 And that tham lethirly con like/by the latter ende  
 For ther the king of thair kythe/was killid down and heded  
 His renkis raymed alle the route/and alle the rewme 3olden  
 Wate 3e no3t wele thur3e alle the werd/how werdes with him cheves  
 Hase he no3t cites butt saute/sesyd out of noimbre 2380  
 And for Strasagirs the strange/he of his strenth prived  
 3e meve al thus malicoly/his majeste agayn  
 Thare do 3e no3t 3oure devire/that dare I wele prove  
 It was the gilt alle of the gome/and no3t of the gud lorde



Ne had he trispast him to/I take it on my trouthe 2385  
 Had nevir his cite ne his soile/be sesid fra him nouthire  
 For the avaunt sir Alexander/is alle the werd famyd  
 For ane of the curtast kyng/that evir croune werid  
 And wete the wele at slik a wee/at is wyse haldene  
 He wald nevre suprise/no sege under heven 2390  
 With that all of Atenenys /this auncient maister  
 And clene alle the clergy/comen sure and othire  
 This divinore Domestyne /bedene thai comendid  
 Acordis thaim to his consaile /and kendly it prased  
 Than amed thai to sir Alexander /onane for to send 2395  
 A croune alle of clere gold /clustrid with gemmes  
 Of fifty ponde with the payse /as the prowse tellis  
 This tresoure tire thai him to /and tribute him hetes  
 Nowe ere the sandismenne /sett on thaire horsis  
 A jintill man that jowell /enjoynd was to kepe 2400  
 That was full sekirly and soft /alle in silke falden  
 Bot clerkis to the conquirore /caired with thaim many  
 Than movis furth the messagere /of mylids bot fewe  
 That thai nere lijst as belyve /at the kynges tentes  
 Knelid down befor the kyng /and him the croune rechid 2405  
 And jereyly tribute him to geve /japely him hetes  
 Than takis the gudman the gifte /and gretly tham thankis  
 And undirstandes in a stound /how it stude clene  
 Of the egginge of Eschilus /that ertid his feris  
 That thai withsitt suld his sajes /and serve nojt his pistille 2410  
 The dities of Domestiane /so did he bathe  
 That comaunid and his comandmentes /to kepe in alle wyse  
 3it nevre the latter to tha ledis /a letter he foremed  
 In presidine with his awen prince /reportand tha wordes

I kyng Philip sone the fers /and his faire ladis 2415  
 Honoured Olimpades /that I obesche maste  
 I kepe nevir king to be callid /ne cache me that name  
 Till alle the barbarine blude /abowe to the Grekis  
 I etill never Athenes /with armes for to entre  
 Bot 3ow to question enquere /and qwete with my wittes 2420  
 I purpose ay out of repreve /3oure persons to leve  
 And 3e the countri clene /3oure concience it opence  
 Bot quilk as first of 3ow foundes /a fote us agayne  
 Sall never devoide my dedeyne /ne my derfe ire  
 And 3e at wickid ere within /ay wickidly 3e thinke 2425  
 For as the grayne is in the grape /growis the frutes  
 The Tebies talked us with tene /atired tham in armes  
 3it rad for alle thaire rebelte /resayved thai thaire medis  
 And for Strafagera the stoute /3e stithli me blamed  
 Thare as he gilt me agayns /and I him gradid have 2430  
 I wrate to 3ow at me to wayne /be tene wyse clerkes  
 3e kest out comandmentes /3e knew nojt my strenth  
 I mi3t acoupe of that cause /if I it kythe wald  
 Bot I forgeve 3ow alle the gilt /and greves me na mare  
 Forthi bees glad now alle the ginges /3e salle na grefe have 2435  
 The divinore Domestyne /for 3e his domes held  
 Fra thai consayved had the clause /and construed the letter  
 Thai ware the meriest modirsons /on morene mi3t ryse  
 Now foundis furth the felle kyng /and fittes with his ostes  
 Lendis him to Lacedoyne /a litille fra the cite 2440  
 Withoute the bur3e on a bank /he bildes his tentes  
 And thare himselfe with a some /in a sege lengis  
 The ledis out of Lacedone /belyve tham asemble  
 Said bow we never to his bode /for bale apon erth



Ne lat us never be sa lethire/at we like worthe 2445  
 To tham of Ateynes/it is oure opyn schame  
 For thai ware baist of his bost/bredid for noȝt  
 Bot be we kniȝtly and kene/our corage to schew  
 With that thai ȝarkid to the ȝates/and ȝode to the wallis  
 Sum in jopons sum in jesserantes/sum joyned all in plates 2450  
 A grayne of the grete see/thaim aboute glidis  
 Forthi buskis tham the burgh/at bataill withoute  
 Preses furth at posternes/into the porte wyndis  
 Schalkis scott into shipis/alle in shire mailes  
 Archars with arows/with attrid barbis 2455  
 Gais tham into galays/and grathis tham beforne  
 Bowes bernes into bargis/with basinettes on hevede  
 Sparrethis spetous to spend/and speris in handes  
 Thai crosse over toward the kyng/as kynd men sulde  
 With as feyle on the flode/as foȝten within 2460  
 The lord him lokis on the ledis/and a litill smyles  
 And sent twa undire his seele/thir saȝes in a pistill  
 I Philip sonne the felle kyng/as I first sayd  
 And als of Olimpades/I anely ȝow rede  
 That the end of ȝoure eldirs/enterely ȝe behald 2465  
 And roomes noȝt at the raynbowe/that reche ye ne may  
 And the powere of the Persens/so truly ȝe traist  
 Lat se now getes ȝow a name/and naytes ȝour stre[n]the  
 Bot bowis first fra ȝour bargis/and blythly thaim wayfe  
 For fest I alle on a fire/the foly is ȝoure awen 2470  
 Ledis out of Lacedone/quen thai the letter redd  
 Were drery bot for alle the dole/tha diȝt thaim to fiȝt  
 With that the kyng and his kniȝtes/umclappis the cite  
 Settes alle the gales on gledis/and girdis doun the wallis

The citeȝens and serjantes/at uneslayne ware 2475  
 Bowis tham to this baratore/bodis and lyvys  
 ȝe knaw wele quoth the conquirour/my comyng was esye  
 Bot for ȝe fangid me noȝt faire/fired is ȝour schippis  
 ȝour burȝe is bretind and ȝour bernes/I bed ȝow myselfe  
 ȝe suld noȝt stody ne stem/the sternes for to handille 2480  
 For he that steppis on a stee/quen the staves failis  
 Than fautes him festing to his fete/and falle him behoves  
 So riȝt as Sexis was slayne/sum time with ȝour eldirs  
 So ettild ȝe sir Alexander/bot thare ȝoure ame failes  
 Quen he this saȝe had tham said/the cite he tham grauntid 2485  
 Fondis furth with his folke/ther fraunches tham leves  
 This soverayn with his seggis/thurȝe Sycile he wyndes  
 Thoȝt to ride and to rayme/the regions of Barbres  
 Than was sir Darius dred/and sembled derf osten  
 His kniȝtes his consaille/and carpis thire wordis 2490  
 Said lo my siris now may se/ȝoreselfe with ȝore eȝen  
 How Alexander in his armes/alleway enceses  
 In valore and in victori/and vertues so noble  
 Thare as I thret him as a thefe/thedis to dispoyle  
 Now werrays he fulle worthily/as wiȝt man suld 2495  
 Constreyne with his contenance/kniȝtes to him bowe  
 The mare I speke him dispite/and in my speche hindir  
 The hiȝer I here him enhansed/and hersude his name  
 A ball and a hernepan/I to the barne sent  
 For burde and for bobance/the bab with to play 2500  
 Him that I counted bot a knave/may now be cald maister  
 For quare he fondis on fold/dame fortune him foloȝes  
 Forthi us have bos in hert/the hele of our pipille  
 And for na pompe ne na pride/his person dispite



For his lose for alle his litillaike/is loved thurȝe the werd \* 2505  
 And the mare I myn oure majeste/the mare it abates  
 The grace of the grete god/I ges wille him help  
 Of prise the hiȝe provynce/unto this prince leves  
 Quen we hope althire hiȝest/to hery him with armes  
 Than am I redd alle oure rewme/be reft us for evir 2510  
 Son as sir Dary till his dukis/devysid had thir wordis  
 Than answers him ane Oriathire/ane of his awen brethire  
 Thou has this gome out of Grece/so gretly enhaunsed  
 That we Elanda suld leve/and he this landes entre  
 Bot wald ȝore majeste the maners/of this man sewe 2515  
 ȝe miȝt ȝoure rewme have in ryst/and othir rewmes wynne  
 For Alexander alleways/or any of his erles  
 Naytes himselfe in ilke nede/and so his name rysis  
 Quat salle I take of him my temes/tittir than he myne  
 Sire on my perell quoth a prince he passes all othir 2520  
 The wee wikkis alle be witt/he worthis the better  
 Forthi of the lion as I leve/laȝt is his birthe  
 Quat knawis thou that quoth the kyng/and then the kniȝt swaris  
 Sire I was sent on a sand/my selle on a time  
 To Philip his fader/to feche oure trouage 2525  
 Thare had I siȝt of the segg/his sapienc I herde  
 Forthi plese it to ȝore person/ȝoure princes asembles  
 Of Mede of Mesopotane/the men of Itaile  
 The pupill of Appolomados/the Panthis folke  
 And ma that hoves to ȝore hest/a hundreth and fifti 2530  
 Lat us gedire thus oure gomes/oure gods will us help  
 And quen he sesse us sike a sowme/sare wille he drede  
 ȝa bot a wolfe quoth a wee/will were many flokkis  
 And so the grace of the Grekis/ovirgos the Barbers

Be this sir Philip sonne the fers/of feȝtand folk 2535  
 Had semblid ane unsene sowme/as the buke sais  
 Twa c. ȝl. in thede/alle of threven kniȝtes  
 Ridis furth in aray/removis his tentes  
 Unto a water he wendis/as the buke tellis  
 That with tha marchesman/Mociane was hatten\* 2540  
 It was clerir than cristalle/and cole as a chille  
 Tharein covet oure kyng/his cors for to bathe  
 With that than wan of his wede/and weschid him alle ovir  
 Quarethurȝe he hent slike a harme/at haterly him greved  
 This chele efter chaufing/enchafis so his hernes 2545  
 That he was fallen in a fevire/or he first wend  
 Than mourned alle the Messedons/as mervail ware ellis  
 Thai saȝe him so to be seke/said ilkane to othir  
 Be this disese to sir Darie/and his dukis knawen  
 He salle us sett on a saute/and surely en[c]ounbre 2550  
 If thai were sary and so/na selly me thinke  
 For ay the hele of the hede/helpis all the menbris  
 Than callis to him the conquirore/a clerke of his awene  
 Ane Philip his fesisiane/his fare to behald  
 Of al manere of medecyne man/that maste couthe 2555  
 A ȝonge berdles barne/as the buke tellis  
 Said lat lystly my lord/for in a litille stonde  
 Myself with a serop/salle save ȝow belyve  
 Than Permeon the proude/a prince of his ost  
 That held the erth of Ermony/and enmyte hadd 2560  
 Unto this clerke of the kynges/and be no cause els  
 Bot for the lede was loved/and with the lord chereest hest  
 Than ames he to sir Alexander/onane slike a pistille  
 Kepis ȝow quoth he conquirore/and caches noȝt his drenke



For Darius efter his deth/his doȝter has him hiȝt 2565  
 And ȝow to sla be som sliȝt/to sese him his landis  
 ȝit was the berne noȝt a bene/baist of his wordis  
 He asurid him so sadly/the serep he takis  
 The licor in his awen loove/the letter in the tothire  
 And into Philis face/fast he behaldes 2570  
 He bad him dred nevir a dele/and it drink swyth  
 And than the pistille of the prince/he put him in hand  
 The leche lokid ovir the lynes/my lording he said  
 I am noȝt gilty of this gile/be alle the grete gods  
 As fast was he fysche-hale/and Philip he callis 2575  
 Halsis him fulle hertly/and of his hele thankis  
 Said wele knew thou my kynd/lufe thi concience  
 First suppid I of thi serop/syne sesid the the letter  
 Mi lovely lord be ȝore leve/lattes him apere  
 The tulk at sike a trayne/has touchid to my selfe 2580  
 Than efter sir Permes his prince/prestly he sendis  
 And thare the trechoure was tane/and for his trayne hedid  
 Than movys he furth with his men/and Medy he wynnys  
 Entirely to his empire/and Ermony the mare  
 Till a dissert than he drafe/was dry and na watere 2585  
 Thurȝe Adriac till Eufraten/and ames thare his tentes  
 And mas a brig ovir the bourne/of barges with cheynes  
 Comandis his kniȝts ovir to caire/and ther thai eachid hertis  
 Thai saȝe the streme so stife/it stonaid tham alle  
 For ferd the festing suld faile/and thai in the flode droune 2590  
 Than mas he laddis ovir to lend/and lokars of bestis  
 And monestes tham ilk modirson/him maynly to telle  
 ȝit was his baratours abaist/and then the berne writhis  
 Fandis him first on before/and alle foloȝes efter

Than passid thaire out of Paradese/twa proude flumes 2595  
 Thurȝe Medy and Messopotane/thai move as I fynd  
 And so to Babilon thai bowe/ane is the bourne of Tygre  
 The tothir is Eufrates fulle even/and rynes so to Sylus  
 Than tutis the kyng into the tablis/and to his kniȝtes sais  
 Lo thof us fall now to flee/we may na ferryr weind 2600  
 Thare I rede quoth the kyng/oure bakis never to turne  
 And if we did withouten dome/to die alle at anes  
 For he that folowid has ai the floure/and he at fled nevir  
 Bees liȝt and laches ȝow alose/it is a lord gamen  
 For I make a vow at Messedone/we salle na mare see 2605  
 Till alle the Barbres us bow/than may we blith turne

#### Undecimus Passus Alexandri.

Now has sir Darie the derfe/of dukis and princes  
 Heved up a hoge ost/and five hundreth kniȝtes  
 Ere chosen to chiftans/and chargid thaim to lede  
 Trottes him to Tigre/and thare his tentes settes 2610  
 Than mett thai on the othire morne/with a mekill nombre  
 Sire Alexander the hathille/armed on blonkis  
 The multitude ware to me/mervaile to reken  
 That samed was on aither side/many sadd thousande  
 Now ere the baners outbred/and the bate neȝis 2615  
 Blew bemys of bras/buskis togedire  
 The crie of the clarions/the cloudis it persyd  
 For the dewt of the dyn/dauncid stedis  
 Bathe the twa batails/bremely assemblis  
 And aithire segg with his sowme/soȝt unto othire 2620



Kniȝtes on cursors/kest than in fewtire  
 Taches into targetes/tamed thair brenys  
 Thare was stomling of stedis/sticking of erles  
 Sharpe schudering of schote/schering of mailes  
 So stalworthy within a stond/sterid thaim the Grekis 2625  
 That of the barebyne blod/alle the fild flowis  
 Sone as sir Darie the deth/of his douth sees  
 The pite of the Persens/him prickis in his saule  
 Sees his meneȝe so mynesch/and his men fangid  
 A few that fresch ware undefoulid/and to the fliȝt tournes 2630  
 ȝit was ane of his ost/ane odd man of strenth  
 A burly berne and a bald/as the buke tellis  
 A segg at he ensurid had/to sese him his doȝter  
 If he miȝt sla with any sleȝt/the seniour of Grece  
 He cled him alle in clene stele/a conyschaunce ovire 2635  
 That made was and merkid/on the Messedone armes  
 Aires him to sir Alexander/in allthermast puple  
 As he a hathill ware of his/behind him he stelis  
 A briȝt brynnand brand/he braides out of shethe  
 And thurȝe out the helme into the hede/he hurt him a littille 2640  
 And the kniȝtes of oure cost/as thair the cas saȝe  
 Than fange thair this ilk freke/and before the kyng brynges  
 Quat now my worthi werreores/the wale kyng said  
 He wend wele at he ware/ a wee of his awene  
 Qui has thou brest so my brayn/and with a brand wondid 2645  
 ȝour sekire servant in same/alle were I sire callid  
 Alle ware I halden as for hede/ȝour helpere at nede  
 Nay hope ȝe nevire quoth the hathille/sire hiȝe emperoure  
 Me any Messedone to be/thou ames of thine awen  
 Bot of cruelle kind/comen of barbres 2650

And this I did for sire Darius/his doȝter me hiȝt  
 And cordid on this condicon/to couple hir to wyfe  
 And he went out of the werd/to wilde alle his regne  
 To hew thi hede fra thi hals/and anys it him shewe  
 Than callis oure kyng him his kniȝtes/thaire consaile to frayn  
 Quat salle be done him for this dede/and thair bedene sware  
 Sum at he hangid suld be hiȝe/sum the hede prived  
 Sum bedis in a bale fire/brin him to poudire  
 Quat has he fauted quoth the frek/thof he him forced have  
 The charges of his chiftan/chefely to fille 2660  
 He that him demes to the dede/he dampnes himselfe  
 And diȝts him his awen dome/and that dare I prove  
 For demed I any of my douth/sire Darye to spille  
 As ȝe this gentille man enjoyne/suld him be jugid thenne  
 He lates the Persyn in pesse/pas with his hele 2665  
 Mekill for his mayn strenth/and for his miȝt praysed  
 As sone as Darye the derfe/of this dede heris  
 That he was savyd unslayne/he semblis his knyȝtes  
 Up to a miȝti mountayne/his men thair he schewes  
 And gessis him wele thare to degrayd/the Grekis maister 2670  
 Than fandis he furth into the fild/and fled als belive  
 And Alexander with his ost/him asperly folowede  
 Riȝt to the buȝe of Batran/and bildid thare his tentes  
 Mas him glad with his ginge/and to his godis offirs  
 The cite than he assailed/and sesid on the morne 2675  
 With alle the burȝes thare aboute/and busked thare his sete  
 Thare fand he tresour untald/and als the trew spouse  
 Of sir Dary bath his dame/and alle his dere childire  
 Now dose him fra Darius/a dereworth prince  
 Aires to sir Alexander/adoures him lawe 2680



I have erdid with 3oure enmy/sir emperour he said  
 As sojet served have I that sire/many sere wynter  
 And alle my travaill I tint/for tuke I no gudes  
 Bot wald it now 3our worthines/to wend with myselfe  
 A ten 00l. us take/of tulkis enarmed 2685  
 I sall 3ow hete in 3our hand/to have at 3oure will  
 Sire Dary with the mast dele/of his derfe erles  
 Nay leve lat ane quoth the lord/then leven the no straungers  
 That thou be willi in thi witt/to werray thine awen  
 Ne tell thou me nojt that tale/I trow nojt thi wordis 2690  
 Be this sire Dary fro his dukes/devysid his pistille  
 The kyng of kyngs was callid/and clere god bathe  
 Thus undirstand I was the stile/and stijt in thare estir  
 3our satrapairs 3our servaunt/with servand obeschen  
 Sir we have wayned to 3ow writtes/jit write we the same 2695  
 How this maister of Messedone/has on our marchis entrid  
 Brynd up oure bigginges/bretted oure knijtes  
 And we ovirsett be to sare/to suffir any langire  
 Forthi 3our dignite bydene/we drerily beseke  
 Agayns the force of our faa/us forthir a quile 2700  
 Quen he had red alle the rawis/for rancore he swellis  
 And out onane to Alexander/alle thus he writis  
 I Dary with the dignite/the diademe of Persee  
 Of alle the kynges the kyng/that corouned was evir  
 To the my servand I say/as me was sent late 2705  
 How thi lawnes and thi litillaike/thou lickyns to my hijt  
 Bot herde thi providence/impossible it semes  
 A hevyn as to be hovyn/up to the sternes  
 A thing threvyn is and thike/and tharves the wyngis  
 And fautes the fethirhames/and the flijt loomes 2710

Forthi thi mynd never the mare/lat mounte into pride  
 For chance of na chevalry/that thou acheved hase  
 For vertu ne no victori/ne vant nocht thiselfe  
 He that enhansis him to heje/the heldire he declynes  
 I have herd of thi hendlaike/of herauds and of othir 2715  
 Of thi noblay now o newetime/anentes my modir  
 Bathe to my wyfe and to my barnes/quat bounte thou shewis  
 Quat curtassy and kindlaike/I ken altogedire  
 Bot surely alle the seson/that thou tham so plesis  
 Thou fangis me nevire to thy frynd/fyne quen the likes 2720  
 And if thou wirke thaim alle the wa/and wrak at thou may  
 The mare unfryndschip therefore/fall salle the nevir  
 Forthi to put tham to pyne/I pray the nojt wande  
 For myn angir on thine arrogance/salle at the last kindille  
 Quen he had lokid ovir the lines/he lajes at his wordis 2725  
 And ditis agayn to sire Dary/this dete that folojes  
 I Alexander the eldest/and alle myn ane  
 Of kyng Philip and his fere/that frely lady  
 Honourd Olimpades/that anely me fosterd  
 To the kyng of Persy/this prolouge I write 2730  
 Sire vanite and vayneglori/and vices of pride  
 Tha ere the gaudis as I gesse/that all gods hatis  
 And ilka dedly douth/thai driffe tham to punesch  
 That has drijten of undedlynes/drazen thaim to name  
 This similitude to thiselfe/I say alle togedire 2735  
 That ansuris so in thi surquinty/and sesis nevir mare  
 To bost ne to blasfeme/blyn will thou nouthire  
 Bot for thi gold and thi gudis/a god thou the makis  
 Thou upbraydis me for the bente/that I thi blod schewid  
 As to thi modir I mene/and to thi mery childir 2740



Thare mas thou the to malicole/and meenes for litille  
 I wrojt it nothir for thi will/ne for thi wale threte  
 If I kid tham curtassy/it come fra myselfe  
 Haly of oure awen hert/and of our hynd thewis  
 Ne we prid us for na prouwis/presdestayned we ere 2745  
 Oure gods gayn us thareto/that gretly thou spises  
 Latt now this lettre be the last/and loke to thiselfe  
 For sekire and on my surement/I seke 3ow agayns  
 This brefe he bedis tham to bere/that brojt him the tothire  
 And takes thame of his tresoure/and twynnes with thaim faire  
 Quen thai to Persy ware past/a pistille he enfourmes  
 Wrote a writt to his will/so sendis to his princes  
 His servandes and his seneschalls/out of sere rewmes  
 And thus comandis he tham clene/the kyng his stile  
 I Alexander that as aire/avaunced is in Grece 2755  
 The sonn of Philip the fers/as I first tald  
 And als of Olimpades/myne honorable modire  
 Thus send I to my satraparis/my princes and my dukes  
 My peris out of Siphagoyne/salutes and grace  
 Of the sele of Surry/my seggis and myne erles 2760  
 My knijtes out of Capados/and alle my kid lordis  
 The ledis out of Landace/and alle the landis out by  
 I comand 3ow on the clere faithe/that 3e my croune a3e  
 That belyve to Alysaundire/that is myn awen cite  
 That ilkane of 3ow send be 3ourselpe/of sere slayn bestes 2765  
 Of fresche of fyne wrojt/fellis a thousand  
 Sum grayne to be nethire gloves/graythid to my knijts  
 Sum pured pelloure depurid/to put in our wedis  
 Lat kest tham apon camels/that in that kith lengis  
 And aires with thaim to Eufraten/this erand haves in mynd 2770

Than was a man as me mynes/in the morne quile  
 Was of sir Daris a duke/the derfe emperoure  
 Ane that Nostanda was named/and a noble prince  
 That certified his soverane/ther sajes in a pistill  
 Sire Dari duke of ilk a douth/and drijten thiselfe 2775  
 The grete glorius god/graythid in trone  
 Nostanday to 3our nobilnes/that ay my nek bowis  
 With servaje to 3our seinourtie/myselfe I comand  
 It semed nojt 3oure servand/sir undistreynd  
 Unto 3our mekille majeste/this mater to write 2780  
 Bot I am depely distressid/this dede for to wirke  
 And made this myscheffe to myne/malegreffe my chekis  
 For wete it wele 3our worthines/that of our wale princes  
 Twa of the tethiest ere tint/and termynde of lyve  
 That lost was now the last day/a litill fra Tygre 2785  
 In batail apon bent fild/in bland with the Grekis  
 Thare was I gird to the grond/and grevously woundid  
 Unnethe it chevyd me that chance/to chape to the filjt  
 And othire many of oure men/mijtfull knijtes  
 And erlis of all 3our empire/enterely devydide 2790  
 3oure lore and 3our legaunce/lethirly forsaken  
 Aires thaim to sire Alexander/and onane 3eldis  
 And he thaim faire undirfange/enfeffid thaim belyve  
 In palais in province/in principall regnes  
 Then to Nostanda one next/thus notes he a letter 2795  
 That he suld semple him a sowme/and set thaim agaynes  
 Anothire pistell lete he pas/to Porrus of Ynde  
 To come and helpe with his here/and he him thus swaris  
 I Porrus that possessid am/the partyse of Ynde  
 And am the corone be kynd/of clene alle that iles 2800



Sir Dary with thi dyademe/drest on thi trone  
 To the that salutes I send/the sele of myn armes  
 Thou prays unto my person/my power to sempble  
 And 3ow enforce with my folke/3our faes to withstand  
 And I am boun at 3our bode/and buxom was evire 2805  
 To he3e and to help 3our hest/quen I my hele lastis  
 Bot now a langour me lettes/that I la3t have  
 Slike a seknes forsothe/is on myselfe haiden  
 That I ne may streyne me ne stere/for stondis so hard  
 Bot lyse in langwysches and lokis/quen my lyfe endis 2810  
 And as warysche I my warke/that I am in wonden  
 As me is wa for thi wo3e/and thi wrange bathe  
 I may no3t ryde 3ow to reschow/my reuthe is the mare  
 Bot I salle leve and be lechid/forthi be li3t hertid  
 And I be covird of my coth/care for na Grekis 2815  
 Amay the for na Messedoynes/ne men undir heven  
 For I salle hele alle in hast/and hale to 3oure kythis  
 With ten legions at the last/and alle of lele kni3tes  
 Be this Rodogars the riche/that renommed lady  
 The dere dame of Dari/of this dede heris 2820  
 That hir awen child with Alexander/amed eft to fe3t  
 And sorowis selcuthly sare/and sendes him a pistill  
 To kyng Dary the derfe/the derrest of my childire  
 Rodogoras the riche quene/this rauth scho him writes  
 Bald baratour on bent/borne of my bosom 2825  
 Here send I the my swete/salutes and joy  
 Thou has hevvd up thi huge ost/as I have herd telle  
 Samed alle thi saudours/and semblid thi pupille  
 And etils to sir Alexander/eft to assaille  
 Wete thou wele it is no3t worthe/ware the be tyme 2830

For had thou gedir alle the gomes/I gesse of the werd  
 3it to withstand him a stonde/thi strenthe ware to litille  
 For Godis providence apart/ay prestly him helpis  
 Savys and sustenes himselfe/and socurs him evir  
 Forthi hoo with thi hautes/and thine unhemed wittes 2835  
 Availe of thi vanite/and of thi vayne pride  
 Obey the to the baratour/the best I con rede  
 Magnifie him with thi mouthe/and meke thi hert  
 For any hathille undir heven/that at he ne hade may  
 Mare sekire it ware him to forsake/then sewe any forthir 2840  
 In pese and in pacience/possede at he mi3tes  
 Be excludit out of his erd/and evir mare duelle  
 Quen he this rawis had rede/he rewfully wepid  
 His eldirs and his ancestris/als he remembris  
 Tho3t how pride thaim deprived/and here a passe ende 2845

#### Duodecimus Passus Alexandri.

Then aires him on sire Alexander/furth with his princes  
 To the citeward of Susys/himselfe he aproches  
 Tharein sir Darius duellid/with his derfe ostis  
 So ne3e he come to tha cliffis/he kend ovir the cite  
 With that comaunds he kni3tes/to cutt doune belyve 2850  
 Bowis of buskis and of braunches/of bolis and of lindes  
 And bynde to thaire horse feete/of bobis of herbis  
 Bath to meeris and to mulis/and alle manner of bestes  
 The popille out of Persy/that slike a pake sa3e  
 Beheld on he to the hillis/and heterly was stroubid 2855  
 Thai ware so woundird of that werke/and weterly it semed



As alle the gronde and the grenes/had glide thaim agayns  
 So neje the cite he sojt/and sett up his tentes  
 That thre days to that thede/him tharve and na mare  
 Said let ane dryve to Dary/and bede him dryffe sone 2860  
 Or put him to my power/and plede we na langire  
 The same niyt in his slepe/him sodanly aperid  
 Amone his awen god/in aungls wyse  
 In a mery mantill/of mervailous hewis  
 Mevand as a Messedone/in Marcure fourme 2865  
 Said unto Susys my son/na sandisman thou send  
 Bot fange my figure to the fast/and fand furth thi selfe  
 Clethe the with my conyschaunce/and for na care drede  
 I hete the haly my help/na harme sall thou suffire  
 Than slade he slijly away/and he fra slepe ryse 2870  
 A breme blasand blis/in his brist rysys  
 He knew his kniytes that cas/and thai him clene redd  
 That he suld graythe him to ga/as him his god chargis  
 Than callis to him this conquirere/ane of his kid prince  
 Emynelaus that his erlis/and his ost ledes 2875  
 Hend and hardy of his hand/a huge man of strenthe  
 And thareto lede lelist to his lord/levand of lyve  
 He bad him boun him belyve/and on a blonk worth  
 Anothire foole with him fange/and founde with himselfe  
 Strad up himselfe on a stede/in starand wedis 2880  
 And on a cursoure the kniyt/on with a colt folojes  
 To the grete flode of Grantone/togedire thai ride  
 Thai fand it forsen thaim before/a fote thiike yse  
 That is the streme of Sturma/with many stods clepid  
 And jit the pure propure name/in Percynne tonge 2885  
 Than Alexander belyve/his wedes he changis

This renke with his ronsees/he ridis ovir and levys  
 A lat me lend with 3ow lord/the lede him besekis  
 For drede that angire or aventour/or any slike falle  
 Nay hove thou here quoth the kyng/unto my hamecome 2890  
 He that I saw in my slepe/sall be my sekire helpe  
 With that he braides on the blonke/and brochis him in the syd  
 Bowis him toward the burje/as brijt as ane aungelle  
 This reveere at I first rede/be rewle of his kynde  
 As wele in seson of somere/as in the sad wintre 2895  
 And that is never bot on niyt/so naytely it fresys  
 Till any power to pas/or preke on with stedis  
 Jit has the floume as I fynd/a forelange obrede  
 And evire ilke mornyng it meltes/for miyt of the sonn  
 With slike a reryd than it remes/the romance it witnes 2900  
 That qua so tuke it in that tyme/tint ware for evir  
 Be this enproched him oure prince/unto the proude cite  
 Band his blonke at a barrere/without the burje jates  
 The Persyns of his passag/was passyngly wondird  
 And gesses him to be gode/for glori of his wedis 2905  
 Quat donesman thou ert quoth Dary/and drafe him agayne  
 Sir Alexander quoth this athill/has alle thus me sent  
 Bedis buske the to batell/quat bade makes thou here  
 Outhire jare the japely therto/or till his jokke bowe  
 Qwethire than be he quoth the hathill/so hately thou spekis 2910  
 Thou melis nojt as a minister/a messangere bowis  
 Thou carpis evyn as a kyng/that closed ware in pride  
 Bot I am dred nevir a dele/of alle thi bald sajes  
 Bot for thi soverayne sake/that sent the thus hedir  
 Jit sall thou sit with myselfe/and soupe or thou wynde 2915  
 He rajt him than be the arme/and reverence him makes



And to his palais apart/with princes him ledis  
 Thaire aires him in sir Alexander/and alle thus he thinkes  
 This ilke barbryn berne/grete bente me schewys  
 That here thus hyndly be the hand/ledis to his innes 2920  
 This hame with help of my god/I have sall he[r] after  
 So silis he furth with the sire/into a somere halle  
 Thare sesonde was a soper/the sotelast undire heven  
 Sire Darius drawis to the dese/and other dere princes  
 Settes this sire with himselfe/lete serve thaim togedire 2925  
 That bild was all of brynt gold/as the buke tellis  
 With the bath the bordis and the benkes/beten of that ilke  
 The wesselle to vyse on/was verryly the same  
 And alle the sale of a sute/set full of stanes  
 The popille of Persy/apon this prince waitis 2930  
 The litillaike of his like/lathely that thai spyse  
 Bot the wisdom and the worthenes/and of the wale thewis  
 That in that cors was enclosed/kend thai fulle litill  
 Butlers fulle besely/brojt up the wyne  
 In grete goblettes of golde/graythid fulle of zymmes 2935  
 And Alexander belyve/as he had ay dronkene  
 With that he clekis up the coupe/and puttes in his bosom  
 Anothire boll was him brojt/and bathe he devoydid  
 And jet he threw to the third/and thrast in thare efter  
 Sone as the clientes that knew/at of the coupe served 2940  
 Thai knele down before the kynge/and him the cas tald  
 Than has sire Dary dedeyne/and derfely he lokes  
 Rysys him up renysche/and rejt in his sete  
 Quat faris thou with quoth he frynde/a fone the besemes  
 Quy voydis thou my veselle/it is a vile schame 2945  
 Sire it is the custum quoth the knijt/in oure kynges fest

That be it ane be it othir/that thai of drinke  
 The gestis sall have the goblettes/and thaim gud thenke  
 To wild and wende with away/and wirke quat thaim likes  
 Bot sen this use is here unhonoureaable/here I thaim leve 2950  
 Bradis thaim furth withouten bade/the butlers thaim yeldes  
 Now sothely quoth than ilk a segge/softly togedire  
 This maner at he melis of/is menskefulle and noble  
 Than was thare ane proude pere/a prince at the table  
 Anepo that on Alexander/alle way behaldis 2955  
 Than mynes him anes in Messedone/he had the man sene  
 Quen he was sent to his syre/to feche thaire trouage  
 His vertuse and his vysage/his voise he remembris  
 His forme and his fetoure/his figure avysis  
 He studis and he stuynes/he stemes within 2960  
 Is this nojt Philip sonn the firs/the fedare of Grece  
 With that he slejly up sojt/and his sete levys  
 Drojt him evyn to sire Dary/thare he on dese bydis  
 Said surely sire this sandisman/that sitted 3ow beforne  
 Is Alexander him awen self/or alle myn ame faillis 2965  
 Sone this governore of Grece/is of this gaude ware  
 He torkans with and undirtuke/he touched of himselfe  
 Herd a nyingkiling of his name/and naytes him to ryse  
 Buskis him up at a braide/and fra the burde rysis  
 He tas a torche fra a tulke/that by the table standis 2970  
 Felly fangis it in his fist/and to his fole wyndis  
 Fyndis him faire him before/thare he him feste hade  
 Rajt him radly the reyne/and one his rige worthis  
 With that he brochis his blonke/that the blode fames  
 Sparis out spacky/as sparke out of gledis 2975  
 Be the list at he led/laches he the way





And fand fast to the flijt/with a fers will  
 The pepille of the palais/quen thai his passe saje  
 Rusches up in a res/rynnes into chambres  
 Sum araies thaim in ringes/and sum in row brevys 2980  
 With hard hattes on thaire hedis/hied to thaire horsis  
 Prekis efter the prince/prestly enarmed  
 Bot now was niȝt on tham neȝed/that noyd thaim sare  
 Sone ware thai willid fra the way/the wod was so thik  
 Sum on buȝes and on brerys/blemysched the face 2985  
 Sum ware dreven down in dikes/sum in depe myrys  
 Bot Alexander at myn ame/thaire aȝe is aschapid  
 Ay trottes him to the trodgate/as him the torche wyssis  
 Sir Dary as a drery man/duellis at hame  
 With princes in his palais/alle pense he sittes 2990  
 The baldnes of this baratoure/he besyly remembris  
 That skapid so sone skatheles/fra alle his schathill dukes  
 Than was an ymage within/as I am enforemede  
 Of Sexers that sum quile/that cite had to welde  
 Forgid alle of fyne gold/and fettilde his seete 2995  
 Undir the soverayne sege/thare sett ere the lawis  
 And sodanly that semylacre/as tellis the textis  
 It all to paschis into peces/and to poudire dryvys  
 Than was the wale kyng waa/and wepand he said  
 This betakens trombling of my tild/and tene of my regne 3000  
 And Alexander alle that quile/asperly rydis  
 To the grete flode of Granton/and it one a glace fyndis  
 Or he was soȝt to the side/ȝit sondird the qweryns  
 His hors it hunyschist for evir/and he with hard schapid  
 Than aires he with Emycielows/even to his princes 3005  
 And derfely on the tother day/a douth he assembles

Twa hundreth thousand on a throme/all of threven knijtes  
 Cairis him to a cliffe/and comfurthis his hostes  
 Sall never the Persyns pake/be pere to the Grekis  
 And if thai ma ware be many/mayes noȝt ȝour hertes 3010  
 Full many flees may felle/bot a fewe waspis  
 And all the company clene/comendid his wittes

### Terciusdecimus Passus Alexandri.

Be this sir Dary wast diȝt/whit his dere erles  
 Hevyd up a huge ost/and hast him to ryde  
 His ging and alle his garysons/in glyssynand wedis 3015  
 Gaes him on to Granton/and graithes thare his tentes  
 His stoure was so stalworthe and store/and strange to abyde  
 He had of men out of mynde/many mayne hundreth  
 That sike a siȝt and a sowme/of seggis enarmed  
 Was never sene I suppose/sen the sege of Troy 3020  
 The chiftayne had chariotes/chosen for the nanes  
 Ten thousand be tale/tried for the were  
 And thai ware sett athire side/fulle of sythe bladis  
 Kene kervand as knyfes/and cursers tham drewe  
 The next day be the none/new note ryses 3025  
 Aithire freke with his folke/in the fild metes  
 And bald bernes on bent/banars unfaldis  
 Put pennons on pollis/paintid of silver  
 Alexander as belyve/is armed up clene 3030  
 Bonnes him to his blonke/the best undire hevene  
 That was the blonk Bucifale/as the buke tellis  
 A foole worth fyfty of the firste/that in the flode drounede



He spyntes him out a grete space/fra his peris alle  
 Covers him full clenly/and closed in his gere 3035  
 The power out of Persy/quen thay the prince saȝe  
 Frayed was of his forme/so ferdfulle him semede  
 Now ere the batails bonne/with braggins in trumpis  
 The breme bemen blaste/beres to the welken  
 Alexander allethire first/on thaim alle he settes 3040  
 And aithire ward at a wapp/wiȝtly injoynes  
 Archirs and alle men/asperly fiȝtes  
 Thare was justing oȝoy/jopous atamed  
 Siles down on aithire side/selcuth kniȝtes  
 Sum darid sum dede/sum depe wondid 3045  
 So felle fliȝt was of flans/as I fynd wreten  
 Of arrowis and of alle quat/that alle the aire blindid  
 Hogere on to behald/than of haile stanes  
 And alle the fild fulle of folke/fyve mile large  
 Als sone as the son up soȝt/the slaȝtere begynnes 3050  
 And so to the sonnesett/slakid thai nevir  
 Be that the barbryne blode/began to discende  
 The proudest of the Persyns/past out of lyve  
 Sone as sir Dary it devysid/and seȝis his foke faile  
 With that he bedis tham the bake/and bidis na langer 3055  
 Then quen thai fange to ȝe fliȝt/was furth in with evyn  
 And mirke out of mesure/na man thaim apered  
 Forthi the chariotes in the chace/choppid thaim to deth  
 The cartes that I carpid of/with the kene sythis  
 Thare fell as fele tham before/of fotemen and othire 3060  
 As risoms in a ranke fild/quen riders it spillen  
 Sire Dary dryve in the derke/and his douth folows  
 Gaes him on to Grantun/unto the grete burne

Fand it frosen him before/as fell for the time  
 Past him on with his pers/a pake out of nombre 3065  
 His folke fellis alle the flode/a forelange o brede  
 The streme fra the a strande/streȝt to that othire  
 Sone fra himself was at the side/it wonders behind  
 And alle at lent ware on loft/loste ther the swete  
 Thus many deed that day/as the buke tellis 3070  
 Of pollis out of Persye/withouten the Grekis  
 Thre hundreth  $\text{M}$ . thra men/that tharved thaire lyves  
 With the fooles and the folke/that the flode drowned  
 This seiniore out of Susys/to his cite wendis  
 Fallis down on his face/flat in the sale 3075  
 War is me quoth he wriche/wa is me unhappy  
 Siȝis selcuthely sare/and sadly he wepis  
 I that was straȝt to the sternes/am streken now to grond  
 Now cratone now caitefe/naw am I kast undir  
 That had of the orient alle ovir/homage umqwile 3080  
 Wist any we quat him suld worth/this werld wald he leve  
 Full sympill in a sete qwile/seke to the cloudes  
 And thai at mast ere of miȝt/smyten alle to poudire  
 With that reufully he rase/and renkes out he sendis  
 To Alexander belyve/and alle slike a pistill 3085  
 I drery kyng on my dese/Darius of Persy  
 To Alexander that aire/that alle has to wilde  
 The lege lord of my lyfe/to lose or to save  
 Thus send I to my soverayne/salutes and joy  
 So wyde is the wisdom/that wonnes in ȝour saule 3090  
 That wele ȝe wate of alle men/at I worthed here before  
 Of alle the notes that ere now/and quat on next sewes  
 Forthi ȝour werke ay be witt/ȝe wirke unreproved



Sir I knowlage me a creatour/and come of a woman  
 Heves nojt 3our hert up to hi3e/take hede to 3our end 3095  
 It limps nojt alleway the last/to licken with the first  
 Quat suld a kni3t mare to kepe/bot conquire his ennemy  
 Was nojt Sexes himselfe/the sovereynest in erth  
 And cheved him of chevalry/chekis out of nombre  
 3it for his will out of worde/was wonne into pride 3100  
 In the lede here of Elanda/litherly he feyned  
 Thinke that allanely of God/this ovirlaike thou have  
 Forthi have mercy on thi men/thi methe we beseke  
 Als of 3oure grete gudnes/to grant us oure modire  
 Oure bride oure barnes out of bande/for besandis eno3e 3105  
 For all the feete at oure fadirs/in the folde hade  
 In Battri and in this bild/the bur3e of Elanda  
 The maistri and the majeste/of Mede and of Persy  
 With alle the jolyte and or joy/that Jubiter us leves  
 The seggis at fra Susses/was sent with the pistell 3110  
 Aires to sir Alexander/onone hit him reches  
 And he dos on before his ost/openly to rede  
 And alle his kni3ts for the carpe/ware kenely rejoysed  
 Then was ane Permeon a pere/a prince of his oste  
 Enclynes him down to the kyng/said kid emperoure 3115  
 Resayve this risches I rede/that 3ow this renke bedis  
 And lyvers him his ladis/and alle his lele childire  
 Than Alexander belyve/tha hathels he callis  
 The berne at bor3t him the brefe/said bowis to 3our lord  
 And say me wondirs iwisse/if he it wete wald 3120  
 For any Mede apon mold/his meneyhe to lyvire  
 If he be fallen undire fote/and his folke streyned  
 And vencust of our violence/quat vailes him his hestes

His person and his provynce/he put it in my wille  
 And 3eld him undir my 3oke/than 3erne I na mare 3125  
 And if grant him nojt degrayd/bot for the gre threpi3  
 Bid buske him eft to the bent/us bataille to 3eld  
 Thus monest he the messangers/thaire maister to say  
 Gevys tham giftes fulle gude/and lete tham ga swyth  
 And than comands he his kni3ts/the corses up to gedir 3130  
 Of alle the douth at was dede/and di3t tham in graves  
 And at wondid was iwis/as the writt tellis  
 To serche thaire salvys and ther saris/with surgens noble  
 At the grete flode of Grantone/now graythis he his tentes  
 Honoured thare his ald gods/and offirs tham nouches 3135  
 Thare fand he palais up pi3t/and many proud hames  
 Sumquile of Sexes ware sett/the sire of the landis  
 Tha bildis he bedis tham to bryn/sonne of his bone rewis  
 And bad na beren be sa bald/a brand for to kyndill  
 Thare was a brade bent fild/was beried fulle of kni3tes 3140  
 Of ald peris out of Persy/prince and dukes  
 The Messedones in the mold/mynes to the graves  
 Fand coupis all of clene gold/and costious stanes  
 The sepulture of a sire/that of Surre was kyng  
 Him was the name Ninus/was in a noke fonden 3145  
 Was of ane athill amatist/and alle within graven  
 Plantid full of palmetres/and many proud fowles  
 And slike a clerete it kest/thu3e kynd of itselfe  
 Thai mi3t have kend without the kist/the corps alle togedire  
 Thare was a tenefulle toure/and tulkis inclosid 3150  
 Sum ware the handis of hewen/and sum wondid ho3es  
 Sum the e3en sum the eres/and egirly cries  
 On Alexander efter help/and he tham all livers



He wepis on tham for wa/said wa is me my childire  
 And ilkane of his talentes/he takes ten thousand 3155  
 Thus ware thai dijt of sire Dary/for he dedeyne hade  
 That thai ware comen doun of kynges/and be no cause ellis  
 Be now the douth of sire Daris/the derfe messangere  
 Fra Alexander agayn/his answare him brojt  
 And he than girdis out to Grece/eft graythis him to fyjt 3160  
 To the honoryd here out of Ynde/thus ordans a pistill  
 That the sceptoure and the soile/sesid am of Persy  
 To Porrus undir my present/plesance and joy  
 First wrate I to 3our worthines/3it write I the same  
 To help us at thire hathille men/that have wald my regne 3165  
 And be 3e sure the same way/is to 3oureself ettild  
 For he that werrais us with/the wildare of Grece  
 Is wrawid and wrathfulle of will/and wode as a lyon  
 And if I saude men and sammen/seggis out of nombre  
 And cokke with the conquirour/till I be cald drepid 3170  
 3it me is better on the bent/in bataile be slayne  
 Than se the lose of my ledis/and ay leve in sorowe  
 Forthi 3oure lordschip as lege man/I lawly beseke  
 As I that am in angwisch/myne askyng to fille  
 Ten schilling of my trew gold/a man that is armed 3175  
 And five to a fote man/faithely I hete  
 3it sall I ordane to 3our ane/quare evire oure ost liggis  
 A ix. score of new geere/of nurtirid maydens  
 Bucifalon the bald stede/salle bathe be oure awen  
 And the armes of Alexander/and alle the pilage 3180  
 Now flees ther fra the fell kyng/a fone of his knijtes  
 To Alexander belive/and alle thus him tald  
 How that sir Dary with his dukis/eft drissis him to fyjt

Had prayd efter power/to Porrus of Ynde  
 Than ordans him this honorable/with his ost flites 3185  
 Agayn the Persyns king/him ordans to ride  
 For the name of ane emperoure/ne wald he nevir fange  
 Or then that soverayne ware slayne/or 3ild him his regne  
 Sone as the kyng of that kith/of his come herys  
 Than was he ferly afrijt/and his folke bathe 3190  
 Than kest tham twa of his knijtes/him causeles to spille  
 Thai trowid than of Alexander/to adille thaim a mede  
 Thire traitours on this trechoure/trowthis has strakid  
 Lendis thaim on loft to the lorde/lajt out swerdis  
 Quat sall I dre3e quoth sire Dary/my dereworth childire 3195  
 First cald I 3ow my clyentes/that I call lordis  
 Semes 3ow nojt it suffice/my sorowe without  
 That as a bitand brand/me brettens within  
 And slaa 3e me thus sudanly/the seinour of Grece  
 3e will me wreke on 3oure werke/wers than of thefes 3200  
 Thair mevyd thai him na mercy/bot maynly him woundid  
 That doun he hildis alltohwyn/thaire handes betwene  
 Than dryfes furth the dones men/and halfe dede him levys  
 Famand out of fresche blod/and here a fut ends

#### Quartusdecimus Passus Alexandri.

Quen Alexander of his athill/this aunter had herd 3205  
 How he was dijt of his douth/and to the dede woundid  
 He strejt him to Sturma/and ovire the streme ridis  
 Sojt him in Sussys/himselfe with his ost  
 The pepill out of Persy/quen thai our prince see



Than ȝode thai furthe and unȝarkid/the ȝates of the cite 3210  
 Resayves him full rially/with reverence and joy  
 Said welcum be thou werriore/that alle the erd loutes  
 Sone as ther weried wiȝtes/was ware of hes come  
 That sloȝe so thaire soverayne/that nevir sake hadd  
 Thai heȝe thaim to holes and hynes/and hydys thaim belyve 3215  
 Thoȝt or thai wist of his will/thai wald noȝt apere  
 Than gase he up be degrece/the Grecen maister  
 Passis into the palais/a paradyce semed  
 Was on the make of that mote/noȝt mervalled a litille  
 That compast was of Cusys/that kynge was of Persy 3220  
 The flore undire the fote/fynely was paved  
 Coverd alle of cristall/and othire clere stanes  
 ȝit ware the wawes of the wanes/wroȝt as I rede  
 Polischid alle of pure gold/and of plate werkes  
 And that was streken fulle of sternys/and of sere gemmys 3225  
 With briȝt blasynand bees/as bemes of the sonn  
 The hathille hedis up on heȝe/and hogely he wondirs  
 That evir suld emperoure in erth/slike ane herde wild  
 Quen he had ferlyd his fill/apon that faire hame  
 Thurȝeout the sale than he soȝt/into the selfe chambre 2230  
 Thare quare the lord in lay/with laythely woundis  
 Girdid out as gutars/in grete gille stremes  
 ȝit was thare lyfe in his like/litill if it semed  
 At ilk blast of his breth/the blode fra him glidis  
 Sire Alexander him avysis/and authly him thinkes 3235  
 The pure pete of his payne/persid his hert  
 Than nymes he fra his awyn neke/an emperours mantille  
 And that he covirs ovir the kyng/and claspis him in armes  
 With grym gretyng and gro/and grysely terys

Bad comfurth the sire conquirour/and of thi care ryse 3240  
 Don aȝayne the dignite/the diademe of Pers  
 And alle the riȝts of thi rewme/resayve as before  
 My pure powarfull gods/I prestly pavoure  
 Thine empire and thine erytage/enterely the to yeld  
 Suld never na gome be to glade/thofe he grete ware 3245  
 Of his neȝbour noy/enentes himselfe  
 Quen fortune foundis him fra/and him the fete schewis  
 And alle the welth him atwendis/and the werd changis  
 Bringe furth thi banes and with my brand/I salle the dede venge  
 This saȝe sobband he said/and the segge wakyns 3250  
 Hyndely hildis him up/and his hand kyssis  
 The brest and the bare necke/and breves thire wordis  
 A Alexander athille faie/and angrily granys  
 The depe distruccon of ȝour dome/has many day been knawyn  
 That alle the welth of the werld/worthis at the last 3255  
 To caryayne and corrupcon/clene alletogedir  
 The warnes of thi wale god/that wist alle before  
 And fully feld alle the fare/that falle suld on erthe  
 On this maner made he man/thurȝe his miȝt first  
 Suld noȝt be foun in him fast/ne ferme ne stable 3260  
 Bot hovande here a handqwile/and hing and in payse  
 Now in levelle now on loft/now on lawe undire  
 All werdly thing iwis/thurȝe the wille of oure lord  
 Into the contrare clene/is at a clampe turned  
 For had he worȝt ay to wees/welth and na nothir 3265  
 So grete had bene vayne glorie/glotomy and pride  
 Suld nane have gessid that grace/come of God bot of thaim selfe  
 So fra the makar o mold/suld many man have erryd  
 So feyle had bene the frelettes/foloȝand oure kynd



We had bene drawn alle bedene/into disspaire clene 3270  
 And of the godness of God/nojt a grew traisted  
 Forthi he wald of his wille/werke to be changand  
 That quen a hathill ware ovire hiȝe/in happ and in welthe  
 That he knew nojt his creatoure/bicause of his pride  
 In to the dike of debounte/droune bud him nede 3275  
 This was his will at it worthid/wene thou nan othir  
 The gome his god at forgatt/for any grace here  
 His welth to wite alle away/and wickidnes apere  
 To ken the caytefe to know/qua caused him on first  
 The same ensampill of myselve/naw is betid thou sees 3280  
 So grete I grew of my gods/and gold in my cofirs  
 That kindly gods creatoure/I kend nojt myselve  
 Bot for his feloȝe and his fere/faithly me leved  
 Thus prosperite and pride/so purely me blyndid  
 I couthe nojt se fra my sege/to the soile undire 3285  
 That at me failed than to fynd/fast at myne eȝen  
 Be the mirroure now of meknes/I may a myle knawe  
 If any hathill be so hard/with unhapp woundid  
 So at he hopis him no helpe/of the heȝe fadire  
 Than liftes oure lord him on loft/his langour he breggis 3290  
 Inhanses him in handquile/and heves him to welthis  
 So heȝe that he for unhele/seȝes nojt his driȝten  
 Lat than him know his creatour/in kindling of joy  
 That he that lawene has a lede/may lyst if him thinke  
 And he that bringes him on loft/breten all to poudir 3295  
 Thi saule sonne into surquitery/lat seke nevir the hiȝhare  
 For gre the grauntes ere of god/and nojt of thi grete strenthis  
 If all the limp as the list/loke to thine ende  
 For die the bose quen all is done/and ay thi day scortes

Me think me my lyfe as to the lenȝth/is like to this werkes 3300  
 That this coppis opon kelle wyse/knytt in the woȝes  
 With the lest winde of the werd/that the werd touches  
 The note anents ilk ane/and all to nojt worthis  
 Lo so the quele of qwistsumnes/my qualite has changid  
 I that was ȝustirday so ȝape/and ȝemed alle the werld 3305  
 To day am dreven all to dust/to dolour and paynes  
 Has nojt o maistri so meche/as miȝt of myselve  
 My dere sonn quoth Darius/it drawes nere the tyme  
 My banes on my benyson/bery with thi hand  
 With the proved princes out of Pers/and with the proude Grekes  
 And the maisterlings of Messedoyne/ȝe me to mold bring  
 Lat than oure kyngdomes acorde/and cock we na lange  
 Bot ay perpetual pes/oure partys betwene  
 Unto ȝoure mekill majeste/my modire I comande  
 Rodogarus the rialle/and rewis on my bride 3315  
 My doȝter Rosan the riche/resayves to ȝour spowse  
 It comys wele of hiȝe kyn/kynges to descend  
 Tak tent to that at I tell/be tendire of my kniȝtes  
 And with this speke at he spake/the sprete he ȝeldis  
 Than was his body enbawmed/and as he bede graven 3320  
 This bald baratoure him bare/and as a barne gretes  
 So did the pepill out of Persy/bot for his pite mare  
 Than for the dethe of Dary/be dowble of the twa  
 And Alexander belyve/as he was enterid  
 He meves agayn to the mote/and on the morne efter 3325  
 Up to the soverayne sege/with septoure he wyndis  
 That Cusus the conquirere/of clere gold maked  
 The mody men of Messedone/the maisters of Persy  
 Than put tham into presens/as the prose tellis



Sir Darius awen dyademe/thai did on his hede 3330  
 A coron ane the costious/that ever kyng weryd  
 On the propurest of projecte/that evir prince bere  
 The massy werke was the menest/made of the noble  
 The pride therof for to prove/it pyned any Cristene  
 It gave so glorious a gleme/of gold and of stanes 3335  
 That as the loge for the list/lemed as of hevене  
 The sete thare himselfe satte/in soyte with the croune  
 That was lift apon loft/on othir litill segis  
 Seven cubet of clere gold/was countid the hijt  
 And vij. degrece was ther grayd/for gate up of kinges 3340  
 And thai ware jentilly joyned/in a joyly wyse  
 The first an athil amatast/as I am infourmed  
 And of a smeth maragadan/smyten was the tother  
 The thrid of a topas atyred/and trelest and graven  
 The ferd degre a granate/a gracious gemme 3345  
 The fyfte was of ane adomant/altogedir makid  
 The next of gleterand gold/gayle was forgid  
 The ovirmast alle of the erth/without othire werkes  
 Apon this wyse ware thai grayd/and for grete cause  
 The first was of an amatist/that all thaye demes 3350  
 Riche said the romance/and ronkenes of wyne  
 Latts na dronkynnes thaim dere/that douth at it beris  
 The same wyse mon a wee/waite to himselfe  
 A knijt at covettes to clym/to kyngs astate  
 Him bus have warnes him with/of wit and of mynd 3355  
 That he wirke nojt on the wethir halfe/for wathe apon erth  
 The scunde was of smaragdone/that ay the sijt kepis  
 Quat berne as beris it him on/it bristens his ejen  
 So bus a kyng to consaile/have a clere hert

To se at syttes him to see/and sagely to wirke 3360  
 The thrid was a topas I trow/at to the trone lengis  
 That is so clere of his kind/the clause me recordis  
 That quasumevir in that ilk/his ymage behaldes  
 The face is to the foldward/the fete to the firment  
 So comes it wele for a kyng/to know till his end 3365  
 How ay the top to the taa/is turned at the last  
 Quen fortune festis him/he fendis believe  
 And alle his dignite bedene/drives into poudire  
 The ferd was a granate I gesse/goules althire fynest  
 Is nane so redy as I rede/of all the riche stanes 3370  
 Slike color aje a kyng wele/in conyschance to bere  
 That he schape to na schavadry/that schend suld his fame  
 The fift was all of adamant/as the buke tellis  
 That is he that is so hard/that hurt may nane tole  
 Is nothire stele ne na stane/so stife it may perce 3375  
 And growis out of the grete see/in graynes and in cragis  
 If any nave to it neje/that naylid is with iryn  
 Then clevis it ay to the clife/carryg and othire  
 Bot blode of body sais the buke/bees it nevire percid  
 Or the natoure of anothire thing/that nedis nojt to rekene 3380  
 That same kynd suld a kyng/of his craft use  
 So stable and so stedfast/to stand in his werkes  
 That for na prayer ne pres/ne plesaunce on erthe  
 Out of the rake of ristwysnes/renne suld he nevire  
 The sext was of gold/graciously hewen 3385  
 Of alle metals o mold/the maister and the syre  
 The same cure is a kyng/be kind of his leggis  
 To gy and governe his gomes/the grettest he is makid  
 The sevint up to the sege/was of the selfe erth



That is na mare for to mene/as me my mynd tellis 3390  
 Bot ilka kyng suld him knaw/cried of the soile  
 And to the same sustenance/sodanly to worthe  
 Thus sete oure syre in his sete/with septoure in hand  
 In pelore and in pall/and proud men him by  
 Than lete he lettres belyve/with ledis out to send 3395  
 Thurje alle the provynce of Pers/promicid this werdes  
 The kyng withouten compere/of kyngis alle othire  
 Of alle the lordis now the lord/that lefis upon erth  
 Sire Alexander athill sonne/of Amone his drijten  
 And als of Olimpades/anyly consayved 3400  
 To the soverayns and the senescalls/the sires and the maistris  
 And all the pers out of Persy/princes and dukes  
 The justis and the gentils/and jugemen of lawe  
 Bathe citizens and serjant/salutes of grace  
 Syn it lokid has the largenes/of the lord of heven 3405  
 That me this diademe of Dary/demed is and graunted  
 And to be here thus enhansid/in his hijs trone  
 Je sall be glad of my degre/and gretly rejoyd  
 And ordans aiquare ovir alle/honorable princes  
 Governors and gardens/of alle the grete burjes 3410  
 As was in Darius days/to deme men the rijt  
 And clene alle the clientes/to kepe thaire demayndes  
 Ilka pepill his possession/in pes mojt he browcke  
 Armoure and actons/ther latt all that be kepis  
 Caires tham to castells/and in kinge houses 3415  
 And none so bald ere I bide/to bere tham na mare  
 And fra this marche to Messedone/quils I am maister here  
 The passage in aithir part/salle playn be and open  
 The comers out of aithire coste/to caire undistrobbed

With message and marchandise/and almanir of nedis 3420  
 Now is his pistils all past/and pese he comandis  
 Quilke of my fryndis ere the folke/that my faa sloje  
 That was the drepars of Dary/now doo tham apere  
 That thai may weld for this werke/wirschip to mede  
 My mekill mijsfull gods/I maynly sove swere 3425  
 And on the lay at I leve/and be my lufed modir  
 The worthe wage thai wayne/that thai have wele served  
 Than all the pepill out of Persy/pouret out to wepe  
 Bathe Besane and Anabras/as the buke tellis  
 That ware the banes of his body/baldly tham shawis 3430  
 Said we tohewid him oure handis/hije emperoure  
 Thai wend wele thaim to wynn/a waryson for evir  
 Than bad he bernes thaim to bynd/and bringe thaim belyve  
 Unto the gudmans grave/and hewe of thaire hedis  
 Allas my lord quoth tha ledis/and je so late sware 3435  
 To your worthi gods your wale dame/we suld no waa suffire  
 Siris as je worthi ware iwisse/I wate wele I hijt  
 And bot your harmes ware unhid/I held nojt myne athis  
 For sen I wan into the werld/my witt has bene aye  
 Quen treid was a trechory/the tulkis to be hedid 3440  
 Than he did thaim to deth/as drijten him praysed  
 The province pijt is in pes/and princes ere maked  
 And ald derlinges of Darius/was dukes made of peres  
 Request of the rials/ane of his riche uncles  
 Our emperoure quen this was endid/erly on the morne 3445  
 With alle tha alyens him by/and ancient lordis  
 He gase agayne to degrece/up to the gilt trone  
 Dobbid in his diademe/and dijt as before  
 As Dary demed or he deid/his dojter he comandes



Mad Rosan the riche/radly to apere 3450  
 Hire hede unhelid was on hije/and hild all in tressis  
 Umbyclappid with a coronacle/of costious stanes  
 As the maner of that marche was/he wedd her to wyfe  
 And in the sege with himselfe/to sitt he hir makes  
 Comands hire as a conqyres/of knyghtes to be louted 3455  
 And all the pepull out of Persy/was passandy joyed  
 Thai gone agraythen up thaire gods/on gilten segis  
 Sayed thou ert duke of ilk dome/and drijtin thiselfe  
 Than was he fraid in his flesche/bad feyne of 3our wordis  
 I am a corruptible kyng/and of clay fourmed 3460  
 Than out anone to Aristotil/and to his awen modire  
 Of all his weris and his welth/he wrate altogedire  
 And 3yt daies alle bedene/he dites in his pistill  
 For reverence of Rosan/to revelle and halowe  
 Al be the metire bot mene/thus mekill have I joyned 3465  
 Forthi lordis be 3our leve/list 3ow to suffire  
 Now will I tary for a time/and tempire my wittis  
 And He that stize to the sternes/strijtill us in heven

**Quintusdecimus Passus Alexandri.**

Lordis will 3e me lithe/and lestin a stonde  
 Now sall I kithe us a carpe/of a kyng riche 3470  
 Of the auntours of sire Alexander/that aire was of Grece  
 How alle the werd at his will/he wan or he deid  
 The latter end of his lyfe/me list 3ow to tell  
 For alle the first is in fittis/and folowand the letter  
 And he that made 3ow this mirth/oft mynes his saule 3475

That Drijten deyne him to dele/a dele of His blis  
 Sone as sir Dary was deid/and done out of lyve  
 And Alexander as aire/had alle for to wild  
 Resayved to his riche quene/Rosan his do3tere  
 And was the croune bekend/of clene all ther ends 3480  
 He gedird him a grete ost/and graythid him to ride  
 A power of the Persens/and of the prowde Grekis  
 The Messedones and all men/he comandis  
 On kyng Porrus to preke/and prese him with armes  
 Now gase he furthe with his ginges/the gaynest into Ynde 3485  
 Thare many daies be dissert/he dryfes with his ost  
 Be hije hillis and howis/and be holu3e dounes  
 Be wast and be wildirnes/and be waterles bournes  
 Sone was he wery of the way/so was his wale kni3tes  
 Mevyd thaim the Messedones/emange thaimselfe 3490  
 Thai said it mi3t be sufficient/the sesyng of Persy  
 And him that trouage on tyme/has tane of our eldirs  
 Quat suld we fonde any ferre/naw faylis oure strences  
 This erd of Ynde is ilk dele/enhabet with bestis  
 And he bot willis alle the werd/be weris him to loute 3495  
 His flesche is fostard and fedd/be fi3t and be sternes  
 And were his person in pes/bot for a pure tyme  
 Than suld he faile as a freke/at the fode wantes  
 Bot lat us leve him at longe/and lend to oure hames  
 And pass quedir as him plese/with the proud barbres 3500  
 Sone as oure kyng of his kni3ts/this carpe undirstondes  
 He mas to stand all the stoure/and standis up in the myddis  
 Bald baratours on bent/blythly me heris  
 All the pepille out of Persy/ere put in my will  
 All ware rebelle in arest/naw is the rowme 3old 3505



And I 3our kyng as 3e knaw/with croune and with septour  
 And now 3e leve me thus lityly/bot for a litill pyne  
 To caire agayne to 3our kithid/I can no3t thare one  
 Knaw 3e no3t how in 3our care/I cumfurth 3ow anys  
 Quene 3e dout so the dities/of Darius in his pistille 3510  
 Eft quen we ferd into fild/and with our faes mett  
 I was the first 3ow before/that the fild entrid  
 So3t into Sussys/myselfe for 3oure hele  
 In the habet of Amon/and oure allirs dri3ten  
 Put my person in plegg/and perils a hundreth 3515  
 And into tourment ontald/me tuke for 3our sake  
 Bot wetis it wele without wene/I wene in my saule  
 As I hit have hedir toward/heried all my faes  
 So sall I gete hus ay the gree/with my gud helpe  
 And for na tene at may betide/tourne sall I nevire 3520  
 If 3e will lend into 3our landis/loke at 3our hertes  
 Bot me to do slike a dede/dri3tin it schilde  
 I sall nevir graithe me to Grece/gase quen 3ow likis  
 Or mare wirschip I have wonne/for wathe undire heven  
 Quen he this reson had redd/than rewid his princes 3525  
 And of forgenes of thare gilt/his grace thai beseke  
 Kni3tes callis him on kneys/said kid emperoure  
 All our life and our lose/is lent in 3our handis  
 Oureselfe and oure servage/is surely 3our awen  
 Ai at 3oure beding to be/oure bodi and oure gudis 3530  
 Quare ever 3e wend in all the werd/in water or in erthe  
 Ay mekely at 3our mandment/3our majeste to folowe  
 If we suld die allbedene/at ane day tyme  
 We sall never spise 3ow ne sporne/in speche ne in dede  
 Ne nevire 3our rialte renay/bot rede to sewe 3535

Quils an blast of oure breth/in oure brest lenges  
 Than 3ede he furth into Ynde/and in thase iles weres  
 Quen all the jolite of Gingue/and Iulus was endid  
 And messangers apon the marche/him metes belyve  
 Fra kyng Porrus the proude/this pistill him bro3t 3540  
 I Porrus that as principall/possessid am in Ynde  
 To this michare out of Messedone/this mandement I write  
 Thou Alexander thou ape/thou amlare out of Grece  
 Thou litill thefe thou losangere/thou lurkard in cites  
 Sen thou ert destayned to die/and dedely thiselfe 3545  
 That agayn dri3tin of undelynes/quat may thi dede vaile  
 Madding marrid has thi mode/and thi mynd changid  
 Sin god has sent the with to see/and 3it thi witt failes  
 I hope thou wenes at we be like/to thire lethire Persyns  
 That thou the lordschip to loute/has now on late strayned 3550  
 And for thou fellid has in fi3t/a fi3t at was sympill  
 Now muses thou to thi miserie/my majeste to bowe  
 If gomes be governors of gods/than mai thi gesse worth  
 And if the land here on lawe/be licked to the heven  
 The ministracione of men/to me were to febill 3555  
 All dri3tens and dewessis/ere dute of my name  
 Ane sire Denys a duke/gane many wintere  
 He bed us bataill on bent/and the back turned  
 And or that Sexes himselfe/sesid was in Persy  
 At the marche of Messedone/made us trowage 3560  
 Bot for the partise ere unprophetable/us plese thaim na langir  
 Ai wald the wise have wale soile/mare than a wast lee  
 Caire agayn to thi kith/caiteffe I bidd  
 Here na lordschip the limpis/quat list the disyre  
 Sone as this clause to oure kyng/comyn and delivere 3565



Before his bachelers on brade/he bedis it to rede  
 His tulkis of this titill/quen thai the tenour herd  
 Than ware thai sory of the sawes/and selly frayed  
 Quat now my worthe werrayoures/the wale kyng said  
 For Porrus pistill I pray/ne for his proud wordis 3570  
 No for na manas he mas/mayes nojt 3oure hertes  
 Did nojt sir Dary to us write/his pistill with pride  
 And all the berbrens bernis/in bestis tham affyed  
 As lebardis lesards and lexis/lions and tigris  
 With comfurth of his countenance/his knyghts he gladis 3575  
 And than to Porrus apart/this pistill he writis  
 I that the kyng am of kyng/and crowned of lordis  
 The eldest child of Amon/that alle has to wild  
 And honored Olimpades/with him ane geten  
 To the oddest aire out of Ynde/this answere I make 3580  
 Iwis our wittes with thi wordis/thou has wele scharped  
 And made us bald with thi bost/the bataill to yeld  
 Oure boundis ere barrayne/and bare and thine full of wele  
 The kener is our corage/3oure kyngdome to wyn  
 To put away oure poverte/and pas to 3our hijtes 3585  
 And ga nojt as the gude ware/agayn 3ow to fist  
 Bot a berne full of bost/a barbrene prince  
 Wenand me and all the werd/to waike to 3owselfe  
 Quen Porrus with his preve men/this pistill had redd  
 Than was he wondirly wrathe/and wigtly assembles 3590  
 The knyghtes and the captayns/of alle the coste by  
 His champions his chiftans/his chevalry togedir  
 He feris him a faire flote/was fed for the nanes  
 Of unicornes of olyfauntes/and wondirfull bestes  
 As ilkane usyd with in Ynde/umquile with to fiste 3595

And aires agayne Alexander/with armes him to mete  
 The power of sir Porrus/was passandly many  
 A stour stiffe undir stele/the strangest of the werde  
 Of sithid chariots him sued/a selcuth nombre  
 At the fewest as I find/a fourtene thousand 3600  
 Withouten bachelers on blonks/and bowmen on fote  
 Four hundreth olyfantis in fere/followid him evare  
 With ilkane bunden on his bake/a bordene castell  
 And thretty tulkis in ilk toure/tired in plates  
 Oure meyhe out of Messedone/quen thai so many sa3e 3605  
 Than ware thai storbet of that stoure/so was the stythe Persyns  
 All the athils of sir Alexander/was ar3ed in thaire hertis  
 To mache with sike a multitude/of men and of bestes  
 Than was ther chiftans chosen/chevalous knyghtes  
 That buskid ware on hathe halfe/the bataill to reule 3610  
 With that thai take up the trumpis/be thretty at anes  
 Agrydis grymly togedir/the Grekis and barbres  
 Sir Alexander was armed/and askis his stede  
 That was the bald Bocifalon/and on his bake worthes  
 Mare than a stanecast at a count/before his knyghtes alle 3615  
 He standis up in his stereps/in starand maylis  
 Then men out of Medy/he mas and of Pers  
 To enverome alle the vaward/of all the vile Yndes  
 And he was graythid a ginge/of Grekis knyghtes  
 And maistres out Messedone/this meyhe to helpe 3620  
 The pepill out of Persye/ware petuflly woundid  
 Of olifauntes over all/with horrible hurtes  
 All at unweriede away/wynnes in the stoundis  
 Durst never his face to his faes/eft on fold bide  
 Sire Alexander him avisis/and ames in his wittes 3625



How he miȝt bring it aboute/thire bestes to devoide  
 And mas to beete alle of bras/as bernes it ware  
 And fulle of glorand gledis/thaim to the gorge fillis  
 Ane instrument alle of iren/thare ymage to bere  
 Was compast on cartwise/and cursoures thaim dreȝe 3630  
 Thir olifantes of Ynde/quen thai thareon waite  
 Thai wend thai ware wees/and wyndis thaim agayn  
 To drepe thaim as thaire first did/disclosed thai the chaviles  
 And sone was snaypid on the snow/with the suart hetes  
 With that thai fonge to the flȝt/be fifty at anes 3635  
 Of ilkan athill ware thai aȝed/that any armes werid  
 Sone as sir Porrus of the poynte/and o the police waytes  
 Than was he tangid with tene/and turbled unfaire  
 Than preses in the Persyns/and of the proud Medis  
 With arowis and with othir armes/agayn all the Yndis 3640  
 Tolls of the tirants/and termynd o lyve  
 Seȝes doun on aithir side/a sowme out of nounbre  
 Thretti dais on a throme/thai threpid evir elike  
 So lange at the lest way/as lasted the bataill  
 Thare was the Medis martird/and many of Perses 3645  
 Gorred and gais thurȝe/and grysely woundid  
 Oure mody kyng of Messedone/the myschefe behald  
 Seis thaim faile so eyfully/and felly was greved  
 Apon the bald Bucifelon/brant up he sittes  
 Springes out a spere/sperid all the plates 3650  
 The brest of the bataill/he baldly aprochid  
 Girdis doun of the grettis/and the gree wynnys  
 His awen men of Messedone/maynly thai feȝt  
 So did his gomes out Grece/and gate a grate name  
 Sone descendid thare doun/the duȝtiest of Ynde 3655

And Porrus prikis fra the place/and the playne voidis  
 His ledis at left ware o lyve/lendis him efter  
 And Alexander in that angle/all the niȝt logis  
 Offirs all his old gods/his honour tham thanks  
 As wele the Ynde as his awen/he grave thaim all 3660

### Sertusdecimus Alexandri.

The secund day with asaute/a cite he takis  
 The proddest ane at Porrus/possessore was evir  
 He past into his palais/and in the place findis  
 That semed noe synfull saule/the selcuthe to trowe  
 First fand he thare of fyne gold/a foure hundreth postis 3665  
 With crafti coronals and clene/corven of the samen  
 Betwene the pelers was piȝt/with precious levys  
 Gilden wyves with grapis/of gracious stanes  
 Sum were of cristall clere/clustrid togedir  
 Sum made ware of margarits/the mast of the werd 3670  
 Sum was smeth smaragdins/and othir small gemmes  
 And new nychometes/nemellus endentid  
 That ware as semely/quen thai ware samen  
 And all pargeste of plate/as pure as the noble  
 The Messedons in tham merkid/with thair mekill brandis 3675  
 And the thinnest was a nynche thicke/quen thai ware thurȝe persed  
 And tho ware strenkild with stanes/as sterne o the hevynn  
 With charbokle on the champ/and with chefe perles  
 Smeten was smaragdans/into the seveth werkis  
 And athill amyntistes als/in aungels licknes 3680  
 Of evor and of olifante/was ordand the ȝates



With barrers of ane ebyntree/bonden with cheynes  
 The ebyn as the buke sais/brin will never  
 And growis in the iles of Ynde/as Isodry tellis  
 The solers was of sypirs/alle of a soyte makid 3685  
 And symolacres in the sale/was sett up on trones  
 All of glitterand gold/as gomes it ware  
 Dischevaler with chaplets/of changand hewes  
 And ilka tulk a tabernacle/tilded was ovire  
 And that was graven all grayd/of gilden platis 3690  
 Flamband all in filour/and fewlis enblanchid  
 Mekely merkid and made/of alle maner of kyndis  
 And tha ware proudly depaynt/the pennes and the wingis  
 Of all colors to accounte/as thai ere clad here  
 Of fethirhame and all fare/as feettly enjoyned 3695  
 As thai ware shapen o the schelle/to schew to oure ejen  
 Bot was all of brent gold/the billis and the chavyls  
 And quen as Porrus conne plese/in presens of lordis  
 Thai made as mery melody/and musik thai saunge  
 As in the moneths of Mai/or mydsomer evyn 3700  
 Thare fand he vessals of value/to vyse out of nombre  
 Gurdy and goblets/of gold althire finest  
 Coupis all of cristall/and othir clere gemmes  
 Thai fand bot a fewe dele/forged of silvere  
 Than rade he fra tha regions/and remewid his hostes 3705  
 To the 3atis of Caspy he come/and sett doun his tents  
 A lande as the buke tellis/a large and a noble  
 All savand bot serpents/and othire sere bestes  
 To the mode qwene of Amazoyne/than makes him this pistill  
 I that the kyng am of kyngs/and kiddist of lordis 3710  
 Alexander athil child/of Amon oure drijtin

To Calistride the conquirese/comfurth and joye  
 Oure weris and oure wirschips/and of oure wale notes  
 Howe we have done sir Dary/and drepid his kni3tes 3715  
 Coverd all his kyngdoms/and conquirid his landes  
 I leve it to 3our ladyschip/this lange no3t unknowen  
 With Porrus in the playne fild/proved have my strenthis  
 And othir fele that ware to faynt/oure force to withstand  
 Forthi 3our landis if 3ow list/to liver fra oure handis  
 Tas tite unto 3our tresory/and tribute us pays 3720  
 Than writes agayne the wale quene and on this wyse spekis  
 I Calistride the conquirese/that kepis all this endis  
 With the mery maidons of Amazoyne/the mi3tist in erthe  
 And othir birdis ebland/the biggest in erthe  
 To the modi kyng of Messedone/message of blisse 3725  
 3oure saule sa full of sapienc/sedis and floures  
 That all the present is apert/puttes thou in mynde  
 And has of cases that ere to come/a knowlage in dole  
 Forthi oure soile or thou seke/umse the be tyme  
 Quat tene and torfar may tide/and tent to thine ende 3730  
 Thare werraid never with us na we/that wirschip achewid  
 That he ne was herid in hast/or had a he3e schame  
 For ilka lered man of lyve/him so lethir haldis  
 If he that for distruccon doun/into the depe fallis  
 Bot oure werkes and of oure wonyngestede/if 3e wald knawe  
 I sall declare 3ow the cas/clene by thire writtes  
 Oure inhabetting sire is in an ilee/and amed as a sercle  
 With rynand all aboute oure erd/an endles watre  
 And we ere of females at the fewis/foure and xxii. 301.  
 And twa hundreth therto/and alle of tried ladis 3740  
 A preve planke is at a place/to pas and to entre



Oure bernis bildis nojt us by/bot over the bourne wyndis  
 Bot 3et bezonde ilka 3ere/make we us festis  
 And thiretti days alle bedene/oure delites hautes  
 If any consave ther a knaf/than kepis him his modire 3745  
 Vij. 3ere within ourselfe/and sendis him his fadir  
 And be scho lyver of a lasse/scho lenges in our bur3e  
 And is oure thewis of oure thede/thryfandly enformed  
 Quen we to fejt with oure faes/fares out of wanes  
 A hundreth thousand I hope we be/on horses enarmed 3750  
 Ther leves in oure lede/our lithis to defend  
 Quen we repaire with the palme/than prayses us our feris  
 And buske 3e to oure bondsward/us bataill to 3eld  
 Yet sall we maynly on the marche/mete 3ow in armes  
 To lithe us all if thou limpes/na lovyng thou gettes 3755  
 For thou wynnes nojt bot wemen/thareof na worde rysis  
 Bot and God graunt us the gree/grete glorie have we than  
 For the athelist emperoure we wan/even at oure will  
 Be nojt to sturten with thi sturte/to stryve us agayn  
 For many leres may the limpe/slik as thou nojt wenes 3760  
 Quen he had lokid one the lyne/he la3es at hire wordis  
 And to that lady belyme/this lettere he writes  
 I Alexander that am aire/of Amon himselfe  
 To the maistres out of Amazo3yne/manyfald joyes  
 Thre partys of the proud werde/I playnly have wonn 3765  
 Affrike and Asye/and Europe that othire  
 3it was nevire man aponn mold/oure mi3tes to withstand  
 And fejt with us in the fild/3owe fallis the same  
 Bot because we lufe 3our comyng/we consall 3ow blyth  
 To pas out with 3our paramours/and pere us beforne 3770  
 On Amon our athill sire/an othe I 3ow make

Of us to suffir na care/to savely to wende  
 Bathe our gold 3ow to gefe/and of oure gud kni3tes  
 To mary to 3our maidens/and make tham avaunced  
 Sone as thai wist of his will/thai wigtly him sent 3775  
 Ten uncorsayd coltes/the clenest of the werd  
 And as mony to amend/of milk quite stedis  
 Of mony and of mekill quat/mayne giftis  
 Dame Calistride the conquiris/comes with hire ladis  
 Mas hire pes with oure prince/and pas to hir landes 3780

**Decimus septimus Passus Alexandri.**

Then come a sande to this sire/in the same tyme  
 That kyng Porrus the proud/with pers out of Ynde  
 Was in the bonds of Batriane/and oft had assemblid  
 Anothire ost of od men/him eft one to ride  
 As hastely as he it herd/his ostes he flitts 3785  
 And athils harnest on hors/a hundreth and fifti  
 Was chosene to chiftans/and alle of chefe dukes  
 Ordand of our emperoure/his ostis to lede  
 Thus pass he furth with his princes/sir Porrus to mete  
 In August eftir Juli/as the boke tellis 3790  
 All ware thai swollen of the swete/and swelid on the son  
 Sum in thair harnais for hete/was honest for evir  
 Thai went be waldis and be wastes/ther waters ware nane  
 And armed bud tham all bee/for angwisches o bestis  
 As colwers and for coktris/and crabbid snakis 3795  
 And othir warlajes wild/that in the wod duelled  
 As ai stremand sternes/stared alle thaire wedes



Of gai gliterand gold/glesenyd thaire schildis  
 Thai droȝe furth be dissert/and drinkles thai spill  
 Was nouthire wald in ther walke/ne water to fynde 3800  
 A kniȝt that ȝephall was callid/fand in a cole schade  
 A litill drysnynge of dewe/was droppid fra the heven  
 ȝet it was in a holȝe stane/and in his helme fillis  
 And bringes it to oure bald kyng/to brigge with his hetes  
 Than Alexander to this athill/alle thus he spekis 3805  
 This solayne sope if I suppe/quethir sustene it may  
 The menbris of the Messedones/and of the many Persens  
 Or I myselfe sall be served/and thai sitt with nyfils  
 Sire ȝe sall first be refreshid/faythy he sayd  
 Quat and ȝe perisch quoth the prince/and pas out o lyve 3810  
 Quether evir me list than to lefe/with langour and sorowe  
 And hilds it down out of the helme/before his athils alle  
 Than slike a comfurth tham enclosed/for his kynd wordes  
 As all the water of the werd/ware in thaire wombe hellid  
 Than ferd thai furth till a flode/and findis all the strandis 3815  
 Full of redis as I rede/rughere than thornes  
 His folke fell to it fast/and freschly thai drynke  
 Bot was na renke at to it ran/at evir rase eftire  
 It was so kervand and kene/than was his kniȝts stroubid  
 Mare for the bale of thaire bestes/and brist of thaim selfe 3820  
 For with his florantes olifants/him folowid a thousand  
 Of sithid chariots and soo/and sextene hundreth  
 With coȝrres and with clene floure/camels and mules  
 And out of noimbre of nowte/at nedid to his ostes  
 Thre c. 00l. in thede/of thra men of armes 3825  
 Be now thai ware so neȝe tane/that thai for nede supposed  
 Sum of his awen bryne/and sum on iren lickid

That it was sorowe any segge/the siȝt to behald  
 Than aires him on sir Alexander/with angwischis and payne  
 Ay foloȝe furth by the flumme/at I first tald 3830  
 And at the aȝtand houre/I ame of the day  
 Than comes thaim to a castell/was closed in the borne  
 It was a mervalous mote/made alle of redis  
 And foure forlange I finde/the flode was o brede  
 A fewe within the forslet/of folke thare aperid 3835  
 Waiteand out at wyndows/to wondir on his ostes  
 Sir Alexander bad his men/aske thaim of Ynde  
 And frayn quare thai find miȝt/any fresch water  
 And thai thane hent in thaire hedes/and hidd tham belyve  
 And he felly with flane/flinges at the wallis 3840  
 ȝit for na spell at he spirid/spek wald thai nevir  
 And than comandes he his kniȝt/kenely to swymme  
 And thai alle bare save the breke/with brandes in hand  
 Than thringes in on a throw/thretty and sevyn  
 Als fast as thai the forthing dole/had of the flode past 3845  
 Than girds thare up fra the ground/and grymly thaim woundis  
 Of seeles and of see bules/a swyth grete noimbre  
 Droȝe tham doun into the depe/and drowned tham for evire  
 Than ȝede he thine with his erles/and egirly him thristes  
 Lebards lendes thaim agaynes/leons and beres 3850  
 Dragons and dromondaris/and oyther derfe tigers  
 Fra morne in the mirke niȝt/thaim maynly assailed  
 Thus rayt he fra this rever/be many ruȝe waies  
 To it was meten to the mere/to myd over undorne  
 Than come he streke on a staunke/the store me tellis 3855  
 Was never na hony in na hyve/undire heven swetter  
 A foure furelange or fyve/it was of fulle brede



Umbythonred with a thike wod/thre mile aboute  
 Was alle of the rede ryse/as I redd first  
 And that he cutts doun clene/and kyndils in fyris 3860  
 He gert tild up his tentes/be that terne syde  
 Thoȝt thare a longe quile to lie/and lachen his esee  
 The mone over the montayns/meryly it schynes  
 Or he miȝt drinke any drope/and then his dole neȝes  
 Than comes thare out crevesses/of manykins hewis 3865  
 Scorpions thaim to scere/and scalid neddirs  
 And thai so large and so laith/and so lowd schrikes  
 That all the soile of tha sidis/of the sound rynges  
 Dragons dryfes doun o driȝt/fra the derfe hillis  
 With kene carefull crie/and cresties on thare hedis 3870  
 Grisely gapand and grim/with gilden brestes  
 And flawmes fervent as fyre/floȝe fra thaire eyen  
 Thai drewe toward oure douth/with dedly blastes  
 Sir Alexander and his ost/was arȝed unfaire  
 Was thare na freke in the fild/that faithly ne leved 3875  
 To be devowrid and devoidid/and vencuste for evire  
 The kyng than comforthid his kniȝtes/alle if he care tholed  
 Mi bald baratours he bad/abaste noȝt ȝoure hertes  
 Seis ensampill at myselfe/and seke ȝe na ferrire  
 Bot hedis haly to my hand/and harmes ther eftire 3880  
 A brand and a briȝt schild/bremely he hentes  
 Feȝtes freschly and fast/with tha felle bestes  
 Dasches dragons doun/gevys thaim depe woundes  
 Slaes of tha serpentis/many sadd hundreth  
 Than bildid of his bachelers/and braidis to thaire wapen 3885  
 If thai war mased and amayd/maynely thaim feȝt  
 ȝit was ther twenti that time/tangid to dede

And that the comliest kniȝtes/at the kyng ledis  
 Of athill archars als/as the buke tellis  
 Aboute a thretty in that thede/tharved thair lyfes 3890  
 Thus many deid of his douth/as the buke tellis  
 And him limpis alle the loose/be the lattire end  
 Now comes a company of crabbe fische/as calves gret  
 Mevand of this marras/oure men to assaille  
 With backis as the buke sais/bigger and hardere 3895  
 Than ony comon cogille stane/or cocatryse scales  
 Quen kniȝts of oure conquirours/kest at tham lances  
 Was nane so wele steled poynt/at tham perse miȝte  
 Bot gomes with thair greves in twa/in the gledis spoured  
 And all at left ware o lyve/into the loȝe entirs 3900  
 Be thai had fyneschid this fiȝt/was ferre in with evyn  
 Four houres full farne/and the fite neghes  
 And leons quyte as lylly/lent tham agayn  
 Of bodis bigger than bules/berand unfaire  
 Oure kniȝtes at the first come/clenly thaim sloȝe 3905  
 Alto bretind thaim on bent/and broȝt thaim one fiȝt  
 Wild berys in the wast/fra the wodd comes  
 With ilka tenefull tothe/as tyndis of harowis  
 A cubete lenth sais the clause/cald was the lest  
 Thai seke out be sundres/sexti togedir 3910  
 With wild men of the wast/and women ebland  
 With sex handis and soo/sett out of kynd  
 Thai held in hettirly/and hurtes of his kniȝtes  
 And thai with brandis and bowis/bremely thaim woundes  
 Sloȝe of the savagyns/a sowme out of nombre 3915  
 And many ecoped into the scoghe/without scath mare  
 Sir Alexander and his ost/angwisch enduris



Was waik as na wondire was/and wery forfojten  
 And tham he bedis at a braide/to beet up the stank  
 Without his ost ovir all/horrible fires 3920  
 Than come a beste of a busche/with a blak hevede  
 Mad and merkid as a meere/the mast of the werde  
 Ferre fersere than an olifant/as we find writtene  
 Stayrand on to the staunke/the stour to asaille  
 This breme best bare/as the buke tellis 3925  
 Before forme in the fronte/thre fell tyndis  
 Hedous horns and hoge/and hijt in thaire tonge  
 Adanttrocay with alle men/as I am in enforemed  
 Before scho drank of this dam/his douth sho assaild  
 And oure king with his carpe/his knijtes he gladis 3930  
 Ajt and tuenti men of armes/onone scho delyvird  
 Bernes was dijt the deth/with dints enoghe  
 Than mys out of this marras/as any mayn foxes  
 Come furth and fedd thaim in fere/of the ded corses  
 All at was bitten of the best/was at a brunt dede 3935  
 Bot jit thai noyed bot a nykid/to nane that was ermed  
 Than floje ther by the firmament/of the foule buckes  
 Als store and as stalword/as thire sedill dowis  
 With mekill majten teeth/as it of men ware  
 And at unarmed was/thai asperly woundid 3940  
 Of sum thai nyppid fra the nebb/the nose be the ejen  
 Of sum thai ete of their eris/even by the rotis  
 Sum thai luggid of the lippis/the lire fra the chekis  
 Bot ther bites as the buke sais/blemest na knijtes  
 Than come a fljter in of fowls/as fast as it dawid 3945  
 To vise on as vovtres/as vermeone hewid  
 Thair boukis and ther bathire fete/was of blak sable

And did bot plaid by the pepill/and fed thaim on fyschis  
 Quen he had voidid this vermyn/and vencusyrt of Ynde 3950  
 Out of this perlaous place/he past with his ost  
 Into the boundis of Bactry/ther bilded he his tentes  
 Thare reches was of redd gold/and many riche gemes  
 And clene alle that contre/qwen thai his come wist  
 Thai mett him fulle manerly/and mekely resayved 3955  
 With presentes of pirre/and many proude giftes  
 And thretti dayis in that thede/he tholes and abidis  
 A sertane folke was in that soile/that Serres ere callid  
 And all the lyndis in that land/with leves as wolle  
 And so thire Serres at I said/thaim in the somere gedirs  
 And makis thaim wedis therof/to were for wintris blastes 3960  
 Thire baratours bawers/ere bremlly rejoyed  
 Of the conquest of thire cocatrices/and of tha kene bestis  
 And now he caire fra that kithe/and comes in a stounde  
 Quare Porrus with his powere/on a playn lengis  
 Sire Alexander and his ost/a caires thaim agayne 3965  
 With brade baners and brijt/and bragging of troumpis  
 Apon the bald Bocifalon/before his men alle  
 He flinges out a forelange/his feris to assaile  
 The Persens putt thaim in pres/and the proude Grekis  
 The Medis and the Messedons/maynely thai fejt 3970  
 Thai swey down as swiftly/tha swart men of Ynde  
 As evir did corne in a croft/before a kene sithe  
 Quen sir Porrus saje his princes/in the prese faile  
 Than aires he out before his ost/on Alexander callis  
 It comes he said to na kyng/ne kidd emperoure 3975  
 To latt his pepill thus pas/and perish in ydille  
 It fallis mare faire him the fjt/to fynesch himselfe



Forthi lat stedille all oure stoure/and stedd tham esoundir  
 Thi semble o the taa syde/and myne on the tothire  
 Let us twa termyn the taite/betwene us alane 3980  
 If I be vencust in the vaile/and voidid of my lyfe  
 Lat alle my seggis and soile/be thiselfe 3olden  
 And if thou failis in the fild/and I the floure wynn  
 Latt thanne thine erlis and thine erd/myne empire obeyin  
 Thus Porrus in his hi3e pride/to oure kynge spekis 3985  
 For he was litill and laghe/him laythly dispices  
 For quen he wan to wax/the writt me recordis  
 Thre cubettes fra the croune doun/his corse had a lenghte  
 The person of sire Porrus/past him that hi3t twyse  
 He feetis him forth in his force/and in his faire hi3te 3990  
 Bot the prowis and the providens/and of the pure thewis  
 That lurkis within this lede/full litille he kennes  
 Now is the partise in pes/and thai the place dele  
 Aithire kyng with his cause/encontres one othir  
 Sire Porrus with a proude swerd/him on the pann strikis 3995  
 So snelle at he snatirs with/nere snaypid him for evire  
 Than kastis up a kene crie/the kni3tes out of Ynde  
 For he was dased of the dint/and half dede him semyd  
 Porrus as a prince suld/persayved ther latis  
 Turnes him toward his tulkes/and titely rehetes 4000  
 Sir Alexander him avises/and his aande takis  
 As bald barratour and breme/his brand up he liftes  
 With bathe his handis into the brayne/his basenet he cleveys  
 The pepill of sir Porrus/quen thai pas sa3e  
 With all manere of men/maynly thai fi3t 4005  
 A wriches quoth the wale kyng/and wisely he spekes  
 Eftere the deth of 3our duke/quat deynes 3owe to stryve

Wete 3e wele quoth the wee/be werrayours la3es  
 That quen the governoure is gone/thane is the gomes wastid  
 Sire it is better for to bate/and one the bent faile 4010  
 Than se this rewthe one 3our renkis/and reft be 3our gudis  
 Sirs blynes of 3our bataile/and bowes to 3oure landis  
 3oure fermes and 3our fraunches/I frely 3ow grant  
 For 3e have cockid for 3our kyng/3e salle no care suffire  
 And thai callid him on knese/and kest doun thare armes 4015  
 Thai come to this conquirour/comend him as dri3ten  
 Than sett he sales up of silke/and sacrifice makis  
 Sire Porrus as him wele fell/he proudly enteris  
 And alle the fey in the fild/and here a fitt ends

**Decimus octavus Passus Alexandri.**

Than aires he furthe with his erlis/and enters an ile 4020  
 Quare ther Exidrases as ermete/inhabet in caves  
 A progenie of pore men/that nevir pride hautes  
 And 3it the gentill Genosophis/tham in the gest callis  
 Is thare na bost thaim ebland/ne bataills usyd  
 Nouthar cites in to sytt/cellis nor na tounes 4025  
 Bot crepis into crevesse/and craggis on hillis  
 And ay is naked a nedill/as natour tham schapis  
 The kyng of that contre/quen he the come heres  
 Of this prince and his parray/this pistille he him sendis  
 We corruptible creatours/and cald as before 4030  
 To the mode man of Messidone/alle thusgate I write  
 Sir it is sayd to oureselfe/with sere mens tongis  
 How thou comes into oure kithward/to cumbre us with care



And that us wondre iwis/for wyn may 3e nouthire  
 Nouthire gold ne na gude/at ever God fourmed 4035  
 Sen at we joy nouthire gemmes/ne jewels in cofirs  
 Pelour pirre ne perle/ne na proude wedis  
 Ne savand bot to sustene with/oure awen sary craftis  
 Quat in this time may 3e take/if we oure termes entre  
 If 3e will seke into oure soile/and sett us agayne 4040  
 Our simplnes and our sobirte/forsake sall we nevire  
 Quen he had lokid ovire the lefe/a letter he indites  
 That he aproched alle with pes/and in na plite ellis  
 Quen he was entird ther erde/and sees thaim alle nakid  
 And won as it ware wildernes in/wastes and greves 4045  
 Darke in dennes undire dounes/and in derne holis  
 And bath ther brides and ther barnes/with bestes on the fellis  
 Than Alexander at tham askis/and alle him awoundres  
 Have 3e na houses ne na hames/ne holes into bery  
 And ther thai schewid him in schurrys/to schellis and to caives  
 Said here we ilka day duell/devyse how 3ow likes  
 Quen he thair simplnes sees/he soro3es in his hert  
 Pleynes of thair poverte/and profurs thaim full faire  
 Quatevire 3e will in all the werd/or I wend askis  
 And I sall gladly 3ow geve/with a gud will 4055  
 Sir nevir to dee quoth thai than/bot evir dure o lyve  
 That we desire 3ow bedene/and than do us na mare  
 Be dri3ten sirs I am a duke/dedelike myselfe  
 Forthi undelynes to dele/I dowe be na ways  
 Now sen it worthis quoth tha wees/wriche for to die 4060  
 Quarto hi3is thou fra half to halfe/and alle this harme wirkes  
 Sire be my croune quoth the kyng/the cause at I have  
 Is purly Gods providens/predestayned it is before

3e se wele seldom is the see/with himselfe turbild  
 Bot with ther walowand windis/my will ware to rifte 4065  
 Bot another gast and no3t my gast/therof my gast lettes  
 And wendis away with that word/and wemles thaim levys  
 The secund day with up son/he with his sowme nejes  
 Quare thir imagis ere that Arculious/had in an ile rerid  
 The tane was alle athille gold/of silver the tothir 4070  
 Twelfe cubettes fraye topp doun/and twa was the brede  
 He made his pepill thaim to perse/to prove tham within  
 Quethir thai ware hologiche or hale/and hale he tham fyndis  
 Saje thaim thike thur3e out/and aithire thrill stoppis  
 And fillis tham florentes/a fytene hundreth 4075  
 Than drafe he thine with his dukis/in a deyne entris  
 A wilsom wast and wild/and wondirly colde  
 As mirke as any mydny3t/quen the mone failes  
 That unneths ken may a kni3t/to se to his fere  
 Fifty days be desert/he foundis with his folke 4080  
 Till he come blesenand on a brym/was welland hate  
 And on the ferre halfe of the bourne/was wemen on hors  
 That frely faire ware of face/bot foule ware clethid  
 Sum beris alle of brent gold/brandis in thair handis  
 Sum bataillaxes and with bowes/alle of bry3t silver 4085  
 For brase is nane with tha bonds/ne no bige irene  
 Ne nevire na berne tham ebland/as the buke tellis  
 Than wald his pepill and his princes/have past ovir the bourne  
 And mi3t no3t for the morsure/and maynyng of bestes  
 It was so borely and brade/and bred full of ydres 4090  
 Of dragons and of othire devyls/and doukand neddirs  
 Than caires furth oure conquirere/with his kid ostes  
 Lede tham be the left side/of the lande of Ynde



Sone was he drevyn with his dukis/into a dryi meere  
 Was full of gladen and of gale/and of grete redis 4095  
 Than suyjes ther out of that suyth hille/as with a snayles pas  
 A burly best with a bake/as bedelle as a saze  
 Kene tethe as a knyfe/a cowdrife breste  
 Of semblaunce as a seebule/and sloze him twa knijtes  
 Wald ther na brande in him bite/ne no bigge launce 4100  
 Bot alto maukid hire with maces/and mellis of irene  
 A twenti dais ovir ten/with torfare thai ride  
 To the formast forest of Ynde/our folke all approchid  
 Evyn at the flode of Eumare/oure emperoure logis  
 And at the xj. heure/I ame as it ware 4105  
 Of olifants out of the ways/ane endles nounbre  
 Come with a carefull crie/oure knijtes to assaill  
 Apone the bald Bucifalon/he bremely ascendis  
 Bedis of his swiers ga swyth/and swyne with thaim take  
 Thai ware abaiste alle belyve/as the buke tellis 4110  
 That durst na berne on the bent/abide bot himselfe  
 Be nojt abaist my bachelars/the bald kyng said  
 For with the sweling of the swyne/we sall thaim alle voide  
 And so thai did all bedene/and sum oure douth sloze  
 Tuke out the tuskis and the tethe/and ternen of the skinnes 4115  
 That other dai be desert/tham destaned to ride  
 Be the wild Ynde woddis/and wemen thai faunde  
 With bare hedes as a barne/and berdis to the pappis  
 And had na hatter tham to hele/bot hidis of bestes  
 His seggis sesid of tham sum/and to himselfe brojt 4120  
 And he than askid tham of Ynde/and at tham enquires  
 Quat was thair viannce in tha vales/sire venyson thai said  
 Slike as we haunt in ther holis/with hunting in tymes

Then ferd thai furth all in fere/and to fild comys  
 Evyn to the hevye of Eumanre/as I first rekend 4125  
 Than fand thai bernys and bridis/and all bale nakid  
 At was resild as a resche/and roghe as a bere  
 3it was the custom of ther kinde/as the clause telles  
 Als wele to bide in the bourne/as on the brade lande  
 Onone as thai on Alexander/and on his ost waites 4130  
 Thai flee as fast into flode/and to the founce plangid  
 Than ferd thai furthe be the frithis/fiftene dais  
 And sa thai willid into a wod/was fulle wild bestes  
 Rynoceros as I rede/the romance tham callis  
 And thai assembild on oure seggis/bot thai ware sone drepid 4135  
 Than sexti days with his seggis/he sojt be disert  
 Till he was won into a werd/all of wast fildis  
 Quare nouthire holtes was ne hilles/ne no hije eggis  
 Bot all as planere and as playn/as a playn table  
 Even at the ellevynt heure/or evynsange tyme 4140  
 Quen he had tild up his tentes/turbils the welken  
 The semblant sorowis of the soile/and the sonne wadis  
 The werd wannes at a wappe/and the wedire gloumes  
 Than felle a flijst and a fire/betwene the foure wyndis  
 Aquilon and Affrike/and Ewrus the thrid 4145  
 Vulturnus the violent/that voidis doun the levys  
 The south and of all sydis/sadly thai mete  
 A breme a blast on the bent/as the buke tellis  
 That all thair tents it toterid/and turned down the hallis  
 Ther pavylyons of pիրrer/thaire payntid clathis 4150  
 It altoschatird and toscaild/tham insondir  
 Than was knijts of the case/kenely affraid  
 And ilka segge be himselfe/said unto othir



The writhe of the wale god/I wate on us lijtes  
 For oure founding ovir his forbod/so ferre to the est 4155  
 Than comforthis thaim the conquire/and carpis on this wyse  
 Bad baise 3ow nojt my baratores/ne bates nojt 3ore hertes  
 It is na greme of oure gode/ne grefe at us fallis  
 Bot the entring of the equinox/it evire elikedele kyndils  
 Sone as the wedire wex wele/and the wynde pesid 4160  
 As be the bale never so breme/it blynnes at the last  
 Than ferd thai forth fra fild to fild/and freschly assemblis  
 All at was sperpelid on the spene/and spik with the blastes  
 Than fandis he furth as I fynd/fyve and twenti days  
 Come to a velanus vale/thare was a vile cheele 4165  
 Quare flaggis of the fell snawe/fell fra the heven  
 That was a brade sais the buke/as battes ere of wolle  
 Than bett he many bryt fire/and lest it blin nold  
 And made his folk with thaire feete/as flores it to trede  
 The hete was tham a hoge helpe/and hetterly it voides 4170  
 And 3it was perischist or he past/a part of his knijtes  
 Than umbyclappis thaim a cloude/and covirs all ovir  
 As any pynannnd pik/the planets it hidis  
 And that so thester and so thik/a thre dais efter  
 Thai saje na leme of the lyft/ne lijst of the sonn 4175  
 Than fell ther fra the firmament/as it ware fell sparkes  
 Ropand doun o rede fire/thanne any rayne thikir  
 Thaire cabons and ther covertours/it kindils on a lowe  
 And all ther pavillions of pall/it to poudir wastes  
 It tinds on tend lowe/trappore of stede 4180  
 And many costious costis/consumes into askis  
 Bages and baners/it blemyschid and swellis  
 And quare it nejes on the nakid/it noyis for evir

Than knelis doun our conquire/and callis on his drijtins  
 Giffe tham silver and so/and insens at thaim castes 4185  
 Unneth his prayer was past/quen purid alle the cloudis  
 And stint was alle the stikill stormes/in a stand quile  
 Then rade he in aray/remowis his ostis  
 To the grete flode of Gangem/and graythid ther his tents  
 His bernes blischis over the bourne/and on the banke saje 4190  
 Quare thre wees in a wraa/welk thaim allane  
 Sir Alexander bad an athil/asked them of Ynde  
 Quase thai were quethin thai were/and of quat kind  
 And thai him swiftly sward/with a swete stevyn  
 We ere bald Bragmenys/that never bale thojt 4195  
 Than list the lord on his life/have with that ledis spoken  
 Mijt he have won over the water/for wounding of bestes  
 As seebule and serpentis/and soukand leeches  
 Bathe eddirs and ascres/and atterand wormes  
 Thire cocatrice in crevessis/ther kindiles thai brede 4200  
 Scorpions many score/scoutand neddirs  
 And allway bot in angwische/as the buk sais  
 And save the jolite of July/thai jowke in tha strandes  
 Quen he persayved be na poynt/at he pas mijt  
 Than was he sary in that sithe/and sadly he pleyned 4205  
 Callid to his carpentars/and of his kid wrijtes  
 Bad make him bon at a braide/a barge alle of redis  
 Quen it was done at his divyse/and drazen over with hidis  
 Pared and pereld at his pay/pickid and taloghid  
 Than bowes therin a bachelor/to Bragmeyn he wendes 4210  
 To the soverayn sire of the soile/and sesid him this pistill  
 I that kyng am of kynges/and crowned of lordes  
 Alexander the aire/of Amone our drijtin



And of the quene Olimpades/that I am of sproungene  
 To the sir Dindyn one thi dese/dities of joye 4215  
 Sen we chapid out of childhede/and cheved to eldire  
 That we cuthe anygates gesse/betwyx gud and ill  
 Syne was our will ay with witt/to warisch oure saule  
 And kest out alle unclennes/and clene it devoidid  
 For the philosophoure in his fourme/us feetly declares 4220  
 That saje withouten sapience/it seldoum aproves  
 And it is wayned us to wete/and wariced now late  
 That all oure levyng and our lajes/3e weterly dispice  
 And 3our manars fra alle othir mens/so mekill ere deffirrid  
 That nouthir in see ne in soile/seke 3e na helpe 4225  
 Bott deynd it 3our doctryne/bedene us to write  
 3oure customes and 3our conscience/and of 3our clene thewis  
 We mi3t sum connynge per cas/chach of 3oure wordes  
 And 3our lare of a leke/suld nevir the les worth  
 Slike similitude of science/is sett as of kynde 4230  
 As of a blesand brand/or of a bry3t candill  
 For many lijtes of a lij3t/is lijtid othirequile  
 And 3it the lij3t at tham lij3tis/is lijtid as before  
 Quen he had wayted over this wittes/his mynd he remembires  
 And be the same sandisman/him send sike anothire 4235  
 I sir Dindimus a duke/that nevir deere wro3t  
 Blith berne on my benke/the Bragmeyns maister  
 To the modi kyng of Messedone/this maundment I write  
 Sir Alexander the athille/at alle the werd loutis  
 Sire the tenore of thi titill/I trow be na mare 4240  
 Bot any wisdom and witt/thou willis in your saule  
 And better it is to thine bose/thann buschels of silver  
 And mare passand of prisse/than alle thi proude rewmes

Sen the discretion desire/we depely 3ow pray  
 For a kyng withouten cunnynge/he can no3t distreyne 4245  
 His subjectes and to be subjectes/as subjectis a3e  
 Bot subjectes till his subjects/his subjectes him makes  
 Thou prays us to thi person/a pistill to write  
 Of alle oure lefyng and our lajes/and oure land techis  
 Quareof the proces to prove/unpossible it ware 4250  
 And if we did it to dome/it dose 3ow na gude  
 For thi tent is all on terrandry/and tourment of armes  
 In bost and in bobans/in bataills and stryvys  
 A craft till oure condicions/at acordis bot litille  
 For simplnes and surquetry/asewis no3t togedir 4255  
 Bot leve 3e no3t we be to he3e/ne haunten of will  
 To steryn or to sturtyn/or sterid to envy  
 A partie of oure propertes/and of oure pure thewis  
 3it sall I send 3ow to say/sen 3e me so3t have

**Decimus nonus Passus Alexandri.**

Sire we the Bragmeyns blode/birdis and othir 4260  
 A lowly lyfe in our land/we lede and a clene  
 All ydolatris in oure ile/ere uttirly devoidid  
 And to na syn undir son/asent we us nevire  
 All that ovir mesure is to mekill/emell we declyne  
 And nouthir covet we na corne/bot that us kind leves 4265  
 That is the filling of fode/that ilk flesch askis  
 And ther it suffirand ourselfe/and sobire as a mayden  
 Hald we no hors for na harow/ne na horned stottes  
 Ne nouthir sondire we the soile/ne na sede sawis



Seke we nevir no sustenance/to save with our lyvys 4270  
 Set we na saynes in the see/ne sese we na fischis  
 Ne nouthir hunt we ne hauke/ne hent we na foules  
 Bot sike as growis on the gronde/withouten gomes werke  
 And that we fede us with in fere/and fillis full our tables  
 A dayntefull diete/that damage tis nevire 4275  
 Have we no cures of courte/ne na covitte sewes  
 Swanes ne na swete thing/to swell oure wames  
 All superfluyte of soule/and surfet us wlattes  
 To pegge us as a peny hoge/that praysis nojt oure lajes  
 Forthi failis us alle infirmits/of fevyre and of ells 4280  
 Ne for na febill at we fele/na fysyke us nedis  
 Us mistris nevire na medcyne/for malidy on erthe  
 Bot ay as fresche and as fere/a[s] fische quen he plays  
 Our Lord has lemett us elike/the lenthe of oure days  
 For ther leves na lede in oure lande/langire than othire 4285  
 If he be sexti jere of sowme/that a segge lastes  
 His successoure has bot the same/and than the saule zeldes  
 We chaufe us at na chymneys/for chelis of winter  
 Ne comes na clathis on oure corps/for na cald wyndis  
 We bede nojt to blemysch oure blode/with bodely dissires 4290  
 Perseveraunce of pacience/and pes we reserve  
 Oure inward enmys ilkane/we inwardly drepis  
 That is to say alle the syn/at solp may je saule  
 As surfet surquidry and slawth/the sevyne alle bedene  
 So that our werraores without/us worthis nojt at drede 4295  
 For wele soner is a cite/sesid or a castell  
 That segid is on bath sidis/that segid is without  
 And thou wirkis bot on tha witerwarde/and worthis thaim ovire  
 And suffirs so within thi flesche/the faes of the saule

And we sit allway so sure/be sand and be watter 4300  
 That na supowell undir son/seke we us nevir  
 Ne schroude to scheld with oure schap/bot the schire banes  
 And with the braunches of the bowis/that beris us oure fodis  
 Have we na deliteable drinke/of diverse wynes  
 Bot water of a wale well/or of a wild bourne 4305  
 And that sullepe sire/at sette all the werde  
 In him we lely beleve/and in na laje ellis  
 In all oure dizans on daies/that duke we comend  
 Wele wenand in anothire werd/to wone ay olyve  
 And quat as pertenyys to na profe/us plese nojt at lestene 4310  
 Ne mekills mellis nojt our mouth/bot mesure oure wordis  
 Quen as we speke any spech/we speke ai the treuth  
 And than is still as a stane/and stirs it na ferryn  
 Riches ne no rede gold/rose we tham nouthire  
 Bot ay voide of envy/and of vayne thojttes 4315  
 Is ther na berne us ebland/bigger than anothire  
 Of land ne of lordschip/bot all elike simple  
 The povert of our persons/for plente we hald  
 The quilke is part us all the pake/be parcells evyn  
 Is ther na brag in our bondis/ne bering of armes 4320  
 Bot ay perpetuall pes/pijt in oure landis  
 Ne nouthir jugement ne jayll/ne justice of aire  
 For dose na douth ther no dere/to dome to be callid  
 Ne custome in oure contre/contris oure lajes  
 Is ther na mercy ne methe/in oure merche usyd 4325  
 And I sall quethe the for qui/and quat is the cause  
 Ther dose na modirsonne omys/na mercy to crave  
 For avyrice and errogance/and all we devoide  
 And to na licherous lustes/leeve we oure membris



Avowtri ne na vayne glorie/ne na vice hautes 4330  
 Ne nevir to plijt worth a perle/to ponysche before  
 Fynd we na faute in na freke/that us amange duellis  
 For ay on reson and on rijt/rewelle we oureselfe  
 Ne sejes na segge of oure sede/sodanly of lyve  
 For the aire within oure habitacle/is ai uncorumpid 4335  
 Nouthir to toly ne to taunde/transmitte we na vebbis  
 To vermylion ne violett/ne variant litted  
 Our paramours us to plese/ne pride thaim bewenes  
 Nouthir furrers filets ne frengs/ne frettes of perle  
 Is tham na surcote of silke/ne serkis of raynes 4340  
 Ne kirtils of camlyne/bot as tham kynd leves  
 Ne neze we nevir thaim on nijt/to naite for na luste  
 Bot for to sustayne oure sede/and syn ay to voide  
 Make we na salves for na sares/ne na somer bathis  
 Bot with the wale dewe/and with the warme sonn 4345  
 Howe durst any be so bald/to blemysche for schame  
 The handwerke of that hijs Gode/that all our happe haves  
 List us na lordschips lache/of ledis as oure selfe  
 For all oure libertes elike/er lante us and paised  
 And to sett him into servitute/a syn us it thinke 4350  
 That God has fourmed to be free/and to his face licknud  
 Make we na vessull of virre/ne of na clere silver  
 Ne store staned strenthis/ne na stithe hames  
 Maner mynstre ne mote/ne marbryn werkis  
 Bot duells here in disolates/in dennes and in cayvs 4355  
 Ne nouthire housing we have/ay quilts we here duell  
 Bot at is fetid of flesche/and of na fraunche piers  
 That is the carions kistis/that covers the saule  
 A full faynt forcelett/and of fenne makid

We ere na sailers on the see/to sell ne to by 4360  
 Ne rede we nevre na retorik/ne rial to speke  
 Bot certis in all simplines/sett we our wordis  
 That lates nevir lesing/in oure lippis springes  
 Ne folojs we na ficesyens/ne philisophors scolis  
 As sophistri and slik thing/to sott with the pepille 4365  
 It is bot wiles and wrenkis/at thai with dele  
 And alle thare fete and ther fare/in falshede it endis  
 Lufe we no laike in our lede/ne lajand mirthis  
 Bot quen us pleses to play/we passe and we rede  
 Of the actis of our auncestours/and of ther athille thewis 4370  
 And quen we gamen suld and glade/we grete and we pleyne  
 And othir sertis wee see/that solace oure hertes  
 First the faire firmament/fixhid full of sterris  
 The rede son quen he ryses/and rynnys in his sercle  
 That alle the land with his leme/lewis and cleres 4375  
 The playne purperyne see/full of prode fischis  
 For tide ne for tempest/it touchis nojt oure kythis  
 Ne nevir sondres oure soile/bot sesis at the brinkes

#### Uicesimus Passus Alexandri.

Anothire mirthe is in May/that us maiste joyes  
 The faire floryscht filds/of floures and of herbys 4380  
 Quareof the breth as of bawme/blawis in oure noose  
 That ilk sensitife saule/mast sovorly delyte  
 As in the woddis for to walke/undir wale schawis  
 Quen all is lokin ovir with levys/as it ware littille heven  
 Than have we liking to lithe/the late of the foules 4385



The swojng of the swift wynde/and of the swete wellis  
 The kind of thire customs/we kepe evire mare  
 The quilk I hope sire the to hald/unhalesome it ware  
 If thou will chalange thaim be chaunce/chese if the likis  
 For here is written all thi will/and we na writh serve 4390  
 As the tenore of 3our titill is/our techis have we schawid  
 Oure dedis and of our disciplyne/a dele of thaim aythir  
 And of thi lare a litillquat/likis me to write  
 For the sothe of oure solitude/will serve the stille aftir  
 Sire 3e have la3t now on late/within a lite 3eres 4395  
 All Europ and Asie/and Auffrik the mare  
 That seising burde sufficient/thofe so3t 3e na ferre  
 Bot ay mekill wald have mare/as many man spellis  
 The sone for sake of 3our synn/sesys his list  
 Because of 3oure covatice/to clyme to his bounds 4400  
 And 3e with wodnes of weris/all the werde fretes  
 And 3it forfe3tils 3oure face/alle fasting it semes  
 Anothir la3e is in 3oure lande/at oure lord hates  
 As slaa 3our sonnes in sacrifice/and othir synnys many  
 To sawe emang 3our simpill men/sedis of debate 4405  
 And make a terant of a tulke/that nevir tene tho3t  
 The soile ne the foure sees/suffice 3owe nouthir  
 Bot if 3e mi3t kenne the costis/of the clere heven  
 3oure giltes growis of 3our gods/or god geve tham sorowe  
 For many modirson thai marre/mi3t ellis have bene safe 4410  
 Avise 3ow now be Venus/quat vertous him folo3es  
 The jafule of Jupiter/and of his japis als  
 Dame Proserpine a prophetese/of 3oure praysid la3es  
 Lates this be witnes of my wordis/and waites now ther tetchis  
 Venus was avowtrere/and many vice hauntid 4415

And Jupiter a jettoure/that japid many ladis  
 Dame Proserpine in preve place/playid as hir liked  
 Loo sary sottes slike a sowme/of synnars 3e lufe  
 3e lett men of ther libertes/at tham oure lord grauntid  
 Thrynges tham into thraldom/and of thair thede spoiles 4420  
 Unjust is 3our jugementes/so is 3oure jugis alle  
 The dedis of 3our domesmen/3e for dere halde  
 Is thare na renke in 3oure rewms/that othir rewill kepis  
 Bot thus me thinke and so me thinke/and threpi3 it is lawe  
 Thus fra the rote of ri3twisnes/ravyst ere 3e clene 4425  
 And to the way of wickidnes/be warla3es gidid  
 3e hald na wee of the werd/of witt worthe a myte  
 Bot he can practise and paynt/and polisch his wordis  
 For all 3oure wisdom iwis/is wrokene to 3our tongis  
 And all the savour of 3oure sauls/is sattild in 3our mouthis 4430  
 3oure grete garisons of gold/ungasthly 3e spende  
 In biggings of burgis/and bilding of toures  
 And quen 3e sitt in 3oure sale/with syris and dukes  
 Than have 3ee seggis 3ow to serve/sowmes enoghe  
 Than as a mare at a moghe/3oure mawis 3e fill 4435  
 With bakin mete and with briddis/bolnes 3oure paunches  
 Stuffis so 3our stomache/with stullis and of wyne3  
 That unethis haldis be 3e hos/the hide of 3ow hale  
 Quat dewus 3ow than thire diates/and all this dere fode  
 3oure sowing in unseason/3our surfete of drinkes 4440  
 Bot settes 3ow into sekenes/of serelepy kyndes  
 And gers 3ow die or 3oure day/many dre3e wynter  
 Than 3e covett and crave/castels and rewmes  
 And thristes efter alle thinges/at in 3oure tho3t rynnes  
 Jaspre juwels and gemes/and jettand perle 4445



And alle sall leve 3ow at the laste/and into laire worth  
 And maydese 3it for all 3our molle/that modir ws cried  
 That fourmed the flode and the flynt/and the faire lyndis  
 And as I brefe it in this bull/the Bragmeyns takens  
 Surmountes all your sapientes/and our assemy thewis 4450  
 And other werkis of wast/is wro3t in 3oure landis  
 As graffis garnyscht of gold/and gilten tombis  
 Thurghis to thrawyn in/quen 3e thraa worthe  
 Sum of silver sum of sipirs/sum of sere gemmes  
 Thus make 3e vessels in vayne/to your foule corses 4455  
 To crome in 3oure carionns/that kind 3ow defendis  
 That ilk slymand slughe/quen 3e ere slide hyne  
 And will no3t suffir the erth/to have at him fallis  
 For jolite of Jupiter/3e joyene up templis  
 With imagis of 3oure ydolatry/all within payntid 4460  
 Symolacres up sett/of Seropis and othire  
 And sleeves into the sacrificis/many sere bestis  
 Quen 3e have tilded up/on 3our trouthles gods  
 Sum of gold sum of glas/sum of gray marbill  
 Sum of laton and of lede/and sum of li3t silver 4465  
 And sum ere tiffid alle of tree/and sum of tyn pured  
 Than fall 3e flatt on the fold/with fees thaim adoures  
 Bath Amon and Appolyne/and asskis at tham welthys  
 Of any gud at 3e geet/a gift ye tham offir  
 A quantite of allquat/of quike and of ellis 4470  
 3e latt as thai mi3t all leth/at ony lede wald  
 And thai may send 3ow bot unsele/and no3t other godis  
 Thus 3e comende thaim on knees/as cocards suld  
 That nouthir si3t has ne saule/bot of segge werke  
 3e have na savour I suppose/how that the kyng of hevene 4475

He has na hert us to here/ne no hathill ellis  
 For calves ne for kidis blode/ne for na crispe wethris  
 Bot anly for our orisons/and for nan othire giftis  
 God se3is our sa3es for his sonne/at in himselfe duellis  
 For sekire god is the sonn/that all oure sede loves 4480  
 And sothly by the same sonn/we ere him all like  
 And all he sustayned of that sonne/that any saule wildis  
 Forthi unhappy we 3ow hald/that in 3oure hertes leves  
 Oure kind with slike a conquirour/to comen or to even  
 And othire harlotry 3e hant/that heris the goste 4485  
 Of fornicacion and filth/and many foule synnes  
 Maumentry and manslater/mosardry and pride  
 That dose 3ow dompe to the devill/quen he ere dede hethen  
 And we the contrari clene/kepis all our lyve  
 That we may bowe to that blis/that never sall have ende 4490  
 3e grounde 3ow no3t on a god/that all of glett foremed  
 That note newid all of no3t/that nevire sall have ende  
 Bot othire many do 3e menske/ere him na mare sibbe  
 Than was the flesch of the fysch/to the faire membree  
 Ilk lede that li3t is of 3our lede/3e call the litill werde 4495  
 And gesse wele as many gods/as growes in him membres  
 Ilk a parcele of his person approvid/is a part dri3tin  
 And evirilk lym it awne lust efter/as him list craves  
 For Marcure was mansla3t/a mainlere of wordis  
 3e grath him to be govenour/and god of the tonge 4500  
 And Arculos has aythir arme/in his awen warde  
 For the xij. wondirfulle werkis/he wro3t with his handes  
 Mars for his maisteris/and for his many weris  
 Him brefe 3e for 3our his baratris/the breste to defend  
 Dame Juno was a jetter/and joyned full of iree 4505



Forthi scho hedis to the hert/and has it to 3eme  
 Bacus he was brayne wode/for bebbing of wyne  
 Forthi swire and the swalowe/that swier he kepis  
 Cupido has the custodi/and cure of the mawe  
 For he was covatus and cursid/unclene of himselfe 4510  
 Serenon is sustenore/and sire of the wambe  
 For him was quarters of qwete/umquile out of nombre  
 Dame Venus the averous/for vices opon ni3tes  
 Is possessore and principale/of all the preve membris  
 Thus ilk cantell of 3oure cors/3e calle tham dri3tins 4515  
 Wendis it into duesses/and othire devels many  
 Of ilk gobet of that glett/3e a god make  
 And leves no3t as mekill as a lyme/3ore liches on to stand  
 3e have na hoping in that hathill/at on hi3e sittes  
 How he 3oure nase and youre nebb/and all of no3t cried 4520  
 Bot thinkis on ther othir thefis/and tham as thrall servys  
 And sacrifice to ilk a segge/a serelepy gifte  
 To Mars in his mynster/at maynteines the weris  
 3e bring him a wild bare/for his wale dedis  
 The carcas of a fatt kid/that carayne is worthe 4525  
 That bringe 3e to sir Bacus/to bere up his drinke  
 And Jupiter that joglore/sum jape bos have  
 A bullok or a fell bule/is bro3t to his temple  
 And Juno the jentill/for joy of his pride  
 3e presand hir a pakoke/with penne of an aungell 4530  
 Minerva was a maistres/of many kinges werkes  
 A ratland ni3t ravyn/is him to rent 3olden  
 To Venus the vowtrier/may no3t ells availe  
 Bot ilk moneth to mede/a mike quite doufe  
 Appollo with a quite swan/is paid him to tend 4535

A manere of corne to Mercure/that we thi muld calle  
 And Serenin is sone served/that sees to the paunche  
 Have he a boll full of bran/bedis he na mare  
 And Ercules as emperour/emyddis all he standes 4540  
 And for he prevyd ay the prise/in prowis of armes  
 He has a hatt on his hede/hiztild o floures  
 Of palme and of parvyk/and othir proud blossoms  
 The kirke of Cupido/is clenly arayed  
 The stallis and in all stedis/strowid with rose  
 Lo to so many mayned gods/3our menbris 3e dele 4545  
 And will no3t knaw 3our creatour/at 3ow of clay fourmed  
 Thire deme 3e for 3our dri3tins/that drepis the saule  
 For thai may sende 3ow na sele/bot sla 3ow within  
 As many of that feleschip/as 3e trow and adoures  
 As many turmentes and tene/3ow tidis in hell 4550  
 Advise 3ow now quat velany/and vices thai 3ow teche  
 Ane leris 3ow to be licherus/and leris 3ow to synn  
 Ane to be grindand guttes/and glorand dronkin  
 And ane to bragg and to bost/and bate with the pepill  
 If 3e be herd of 3our happe/unhappe thai 3ow kenn 4555  
 Forthi bot harlotry or harme/is at 3e here crave  
 And if the hede to 3our hestes/3our hertes is ameved  
 So quether thai here or els quat/it hurtes ay the saule  
 3our doctours ere 3oure duesses/thair ditis aleges  
 How that thai hampire in 3our here/with many hard payne 4560  
 Thai cause all unkindnes/and corporal lustes  
 As surquetry and sacrilages/and othir sere tetches  
 Constrene 3ow into cavatise/to clame all the werde  
 To rayvine to robry/to rayme men thaire godis  
 Wailaway to wriches/and wa is 3ow in erthe 4565



Herefore 3e hinge monne in hell/quen 3e ere hethen passed  
 Than was the kyng of his carpe/crabbid unfaire  
 For he was spetous of speche/and spised his drixtins  
 Quen he had lokid one the lyne/he lappid it togedire  
 And notid to him anothir new/that now next fologhees 4570

**Vicesimus primus Passus Alexandri.**

The kyng crowned of kyngis/o lordes alle othire  
 Sire Alexander the athelest/of Amones childire  
 And of the quene Olimpades/that I was of geten  
 To the best of Bragmeyns/blissing and hele  
 Sire by this sothe at 3e say/of alle seggis oute 4575  
 3e may be sett be 3ow selfe/for syn doo 3e nevire  
 Bot sothely slike a simpilnes/as me my saule demys  
 It comes bot of acoustumes/and of na clene thewes  
 And owther 3e gesse at 3e be gods/for 3oure gud werkis  
 Or deynes with our drixtins/for that we tham dere hald 4580  
 3e say 3e sawe nevir soile/ne na cites biggis  
 How suld 3e telle withouten toles/or any tild rere  
 Is ther non instrumentes of iren/in alle that ile founden  
 Ne nakin metall of to make/messelyne ne othire  
 For quy as bestes on the bent/3e growe on the grenys 4585  
 Refete 3ow with refuse/of rotis and of herbys  
 The same wyse dose a wolfe/that wantes of his prey  
 Quen he has faute of his flesch/he fallis to the soile  
 Lo if me list into 3oure land/with all my ledis entre  
 Quat wisdom at 3our wricchidnes/or witt mi3t I lere 4590  
 The lede is litill to love/that levys ay in sorowe

Bot mekill mare he is menskid/that in a mene duellis  
 Ware thai so wyse that has waes/qua ware so wide prayed  
 As tha that lepros ere and lame/that nevir of leth knowe  
 If I 3oure perties aproche/and pi3t up my tentis 4595  
 If I it mi3t as I ne may/for missyng of schipis  
 Thare suld my folk for defaute/be famyscht for evire  
 And worthe in a wale quile/to wricchis as 3our selfe  
 3e say 3our women has na wedis/the werd with to plese  
 Garlands ne no gay gere/to glyffe in 3our e3en 4600  
 Silke of Sipris ne say/ne saffrond kellis  
 For quy thare is nane to gete/nou nevyn I the cause  
 Adultery on all wise/als 3e devoyde  
 Echchewis ay that caffare/as castite wald  
 If 3e na will have to that werk/it wondres me letill 4605  
 How suld 3e nayte ever that note/that ne3es never the fode  
 Slik lust is lang ou the lever/and likand spices  
 Mast cherischid and encheson/of chastenand metis  
 And 3e bot fede 3ow with frute/at flays no3t 3oure hongere  
 Forthi nevir ailes 3ow that apeteite/ther artes with to dele 4610  
 Is ther na lare in 3oure land/laboure of scolis  
 Fesike ne no filosofy/ne no fourme ellis  
 Piromancie ne poisei/ne practyse of lawe  
 Ne nevir na mercy 3ow emell/as mynes me 3our pistill  
 All this condicions I call/bot comon of bestes 4615  
 That has no senc in thaire saule/ne savoure in na gude  
 Bot we that fouremed is and fast/and has a fre will  
 Differris as in our fraunches/fere fra 3oure kynde  
 It ware no possible poynt/to paise in my witt  
 That all mi3t ay be efter ane/withouten any chaunge 4620  
 For efter baret or bale/blis us aperis



And efter wele comys wa/for so the werd askis  
 Over wild is many ways wraiste/as the wedire skiftes  
 For a clere cloudless day/mas a clene mynde  
 Quen it is brijt all abowte/it blithis oure hertes 4625  
 And be ther gold in oure gate/or any gud stanes  
 We do bot foules it with oure fete/us fayns it na more  
 And quen it walows and waunes/all our thestres  
 3et ere we toghid to and fra/be turnyng of eldris  
 For quilk a frek is bot a fant/than is first simple 4630  
 And quen he preves fra that prike/than is he proud lokid  
 Metes one the medill merke/and thare his mynd stablis  
 Mekill variaunce of vertus/enveroins oure saules  
 For we ere fetid full faire/and has oure fyve wittes  
 Ane oure sijt with to see/and savoure at the nasee 4635  
 And ane to tast and to touche/and then oure twa eris  
 Of all the frutis on the fold/we fange at oure will  
 Bath venyson and volatile/and variand fisches  
 If 3e refreyne 3ow ther fra/it falis bot of pride  
 Or ellis 3ow writhis with 3oure wele/for 3e na welth have 4640  
 Be many opynion I prefe/that pure is 3oure teeche  
 Mare fonden apon foly/than ficchid one resone  
 Sone as the kyng of the kith/the clause had devysid  
 He settes him down full sobirly/and sendis him anothire  
 I sir Dyndyn the derrest/at duellis in this ile 4645  
 The beste of the Bragmeyns of bounte and of thewis  
 To Alexander that aire/that erles all the werd  
 The soverayne sire of all the soile/salus and joye  
 Sire we erd nojt in elementes/as evermare to duelle  
 Bot as qua pas a pilgrymage/fra Parysch to Rome 4650  
 To othir hames us hi3e/quen we ere hethen voided

And in the cites of synne/than sitt we na langire  
 Use we nane epocrise ne ire/ne no theftis  
 Ne nothere gesse we us gods/ne grymme at oure drijtin  
 For many seerties we seet/that sysed alle the werde 4655  
 And wrojt the will of ilk we/to wale as him likid  
 And he that waynes ay the werst/and wirkis the better  
 That gome is gods gud frend/and god nevir the hildire  
 And this solitude that oure sede/thou settes my pistille  
 The same ensampill as me semes/into 3oureself touches 4660  
 For so the qwele of qwistonnes/3oure qualite enceses  
 That nother gesse 3e governoure/no god bot youreselfe  
 3e brixsill 3our benignite/our bonerte repreves  
 And beris apon us blasfeme/that nevir bale thojt  
 All be we suggets in oureselfe/and simpill oure lates 4665  
 Voide and vacand of vices/as virgyns it ware  
 Nevirtheles of a la3e/hald we us drijtins  
 It is 3oureselfe and nojt oureselfe/that ai the selfe hantes  
 Aboundance of avoure/3ow all has englaymed  
 For 3e bot fage ay the flesche/and felsen it is wele 4670  
 3e bide no besynes of bedis/bot to the body clethe  
 Els 3e may cast 3ow to be coynt/3e count for na ferrer  
 With soft serkis of silke/3oure sidis underloke  
 Doubeletes of damaske/and sum of dere tars  
 With ilka fingire on 3oure fist/fillid full of rynges 4675  
 Schard al of shire gold/as it a schryne were  
 Quat profetes 3ow this paraile/and all this proude jettes  
 For nouthir saves it the saule/ne 3oureselfe fedis  
 Bot we that knawis wele and ken/the kynd of the noble  
 Quen we ere drinkeles and dry/we draw to the bourne 4680  
 And be ther gold in oure gate/or any gud stanes



We do bot foulis it with oure fete/us faynes it na more  
 For neither purgis it oure plijt/ne prives it oure hunger  
 Ne nouthar salves it oure sares/ne sesis it our thrift  
 For folowid it slike a fraunchis/at it fede wald 4685  
 The cursed laike o covatis/ware clene with it drenchid  
 Ye vise 3ow ther of vessell/for vanyte and pride  
 As gud ware crestyns of clathe/the caryon to serve  
 I se na godlaike in gold/bot grefe to the saule  
 For the faster it fallis on a freke/the faster he covettes 4690  
 Sir Alexander all at ese/avisis him on this pistill  
 And waynes to him anothir writt/at one this wyse spellis  
 Hi3e kyng without comparison/of kynges all othire  
 Of all lordes the lord/that leves undire heven  
 Sir Alexander the aire/of Amon oure dri3tin 4695  
 To the sire Dydyn on thi dese/this dities I write  
 In slike a side of the soile/3oursel3e is inclosid  
 May wele na wee if he wald/wyn to 3our kithis  
 Forthi enhabete 3e in angwysch/at 3oure unthankes  
 And all 3oure lesing and 3oure lare/at 3e so loude prayse 4700  
 It coms bot of a kyndnes/and of na clene thewys  
 And als 3e fonde may na forthire/to hi3en youre name  
 Bot pyned ther in a parroke/inperkid as bestis  
 Thus pere to ther presons/that ay in payne lenges  
 And he that se3is to us sage/3e bot a sott call 4705  
 Bot the grace of my god/mi3t I 3our grond entre  
 I suld 3ow ken to be kni3tes/and clethe 3ow with armes  
 Than pi3t oure prince in that place/a pelar of marble  
 Quareon a tulke with a toile/this titill up he wrate  
 Sum langage on Latene/and lettres of Ynde 4710  
 Sum was graithid o Grew/that thus togedir spekis

I Philip sonne the fell kyng/the fonder of Grece  
 Sir Alexander the athill/that a3e alle the barbres  
 Efter the day and the dethe/of Dary and of Porrus  
 Thus fer I folo3ed have my faes/and here a fitt endes 4715

**Vicesimus secundus Passus Alexandri.**

Now gase he fra Gangane/and all his ging efter  
 Fondis forth with his folke/and a fild entirs  
 Umfaldin with a faire wod/florischt out ovire  
 Of appils and almands/and all maner of frutes  
 All the chiere of the champe/was chargid with floures 4720  
 Acrea sais our autour/that angill is hatten  
 3it wont men in tha woddis/as the buke tellis  
 Of joynttours as jeants/in jopons of hidis  
 And thai ware fedd all of frute/and of na fude ellis  
 Of grapis and of gernets/and othire gude spices 4725  
 Of sike as growis in the grewis/I told of before  
 Thai ware as rughe as a resche/the bake and the sidis  
 Quen thai persayved of oure prince/and sli3 a pake armed  
 Than stode thai glorand on his gome/with grisely mawis  
 And ha mas heraud and heres/to hant for the nanes 4730  
 And sett up a scharp schoute/at all the schaw rynges  
 And thai for skere of the srike/into the schaw fledd  
 For thai hadd herd nevir of how/ne of mans noyse  
 And foure and threti as I find/was in the fild drepid  
 And iiij. score on this side/and seven at was armed 4735  
 Was with the churles in the chace/choppid to deth  
 Thus thre daies in that thede/thurgheout thai lengid



And dietes tham with damysens/and other dere frute  
 Than ferd he furth to a flumme/and sett thare his tentes  
 And newly efter the none/or nere thare aboute 4740  
 Thare coms a bonde of a brenke/and breed thaim unfaire  
 A burly best and a bigg/was as a man shapen  
 Umquile he groved as a galt/with grysele lates  
 Umquile he noys as a nowte/as a nox quen he lewes  
 Jarmand and jarand/a joten him semed 4745  
 And was as bristels as a bare/alle the body ovire  
 Dome as a dore nayle/and derfe was he bathe  
 With laith leggis and lange/and twa laue eres  
 A hevye hede and a hoge/as it a hors ware  
 And large was his odd lome/the lenthe of a jerde 4750  
 With that comands oure kyng/his knijtes him to take  
 And thai asailid him sone/bot he na segge dredis  
 For nouthere fondis he to flee/ne na fens made  
 Bot stude and stared as a stott/and stirrid he na forthire  
 Than callis to him the conquiroure/a comly mayden 4755  
 Bad hire be brojt before the best/and bare to be nakid  
 And he beheld on that hend/and hisses as a neddire  
 He wald have strangild hire strejt/ne had stiffe men bene  
 He wald have showid on that schene/had nojt men halden  
 And to the prince pavelion/prestly him lede 4760  
 Quen he had ferlied his fill/on his foule schappe  
 He gers thaim bynde him at a braid/and brent him to poudire  
 Then rade he fra that rever/and remowid his ost  
 Intill a brade bent fild/and bilded up his tentes  
 Thare fand he linds on that lande/the lenthe of a spere 4765  
 And thai were fretted full of frute/the fairest of the werde  
 It ware to tere any tong/to tell of tha trees kinde

For thai wald sett with the sonn/and with the sonn rise  
 Fra morewane to the mydday/merely thai springes  
 And than discende thai doun/as the day passis 4770  
 Lo this was a wondirfull werk/bot gods awen will  
 That thai suld wax soe and wane/within a wale time  
 For fra it drojte to the derke/ay till it dawid efter  
 It was bot vacant and voide/as vanite it were  
 The kyng in his caban/with his knijtes he ligis 4775  
 Tutand out of his tents/and the trees waites  
 A bade a berne of a bobbe/bring him a nappill  
 Than bowis furth a bachelor/his bedinge to fill  
 And he was sodanly sesid/and slane with a sprete  
 With that envenomis all the vale/a voice fra the heven 4780  
 Said qua so fanges o this frute/bees fey in a stounde  
 Jit bred ther briddis in tha braunches/at blith was and tame  
 And if a man had thaim hent/or with his hand touchid  
 Than floje ther flawmes out of fire/before and behind  
 And quare it list on his like/it lithid him for evire 4785  
 Now bowis furth this baratour/and bidis na langir  
 Up at a martene mountane/he myns with his ost  
 And viij. daies bedene/the drije was and mare  
 Or he mijt covir to the copp/fra the cave undire  
 Quen he was comen to the crest/his knijtes wald have esid 4790  
 And namely a new note/neghis on hand  
 Of dragons of domondaris/and of diverse neddirs  
 Of lioness and of leoperds/and othire laith bestes  
 Thare was hurling on hijs/as it in hell ware  
 Quat of wrestling of wormes/and wonding of knijtes 4795  
 As gotes out of guttars/in golanand wedors  
 So voidis doun the vemone/be vermyns schaftes



At othir time of our tulkis/was tangid to dede  
 And slayn with tha serpents/a sowme out of noimbre  
 So hard thai hampird oure heere/and herid our erles 4800  
 Unneth it chansid thaim the cheke/the cheffir to worthe  
 Quen he sckenfet and skerrid/alle tha skathill fendis  
 Then metis he doun of the mounte/into a mirk vale  
 A drere dale and a depe/a dymme and a thester  
 Mi; thare na saule undir son/see to anothire 4805  
 Thai ware umbethonrid in that thede/with slike a thiike cloude  
 That thai mi;zt fele it with thaire fiste/as flabband webbis  
 With all the bothom full of bournes/bri;st as the silvire  
 And bery bobis on the braes/brethand as mirre  
 Thus drafe thai furth in derknes/a ne;en daies even 4810  
 So lange thaim lakis at the last/the li;st of the son  
 Thane come thai blesnand till a barme/of a brent lawe  
 Ne;e throtild with the thik aire/and thange in thare andes  
 Thai labourde up agayn the lift/an elleven dais  
 And quen thai covert to the crest/then clerid the welkyn 4815  
 The schaftes of the schire sone/schirkind the cloudis  
 And gods glorious gleme/glent tham emanngge  
 Than past thai doun fra that pike/into a playn launde  
 Quare all the gronde was of gols/and growen full of impis  
 A cubete lenthe sais the clause/cald was the maste 4820  
 Quareof the feloure and the frute/as fygis it saivourd  
 Thare fand thai revers as I rede/ricchest of the werd  
 Thof it ware joly Jurdan/or Jacobs well  
 Was never no meden no milke/so mild undir heven  
 Ne cliffe of cristall so clere/at evir God fourmed 4825  
 A hundreth daies and a halfe/he held be tha playnes  
 Till he was comen till a cliffe/at to the cloudis semed

That was so staire and so stepe/the store me tellis  
 Mi;zt ther no wee bot with wynges/winne to the topp  
 Hit fand he cloven thur;e the clynt/twa crasid gates 4830  
 Ane to the noke of the north/anothire to the est  
 Sire Alexander him avises/and all him awondires  
 And trowid it was wro;st/of na lede werkes  
 With that stairis he forth the stye/that stre;zt to the est  
 And seven dais with his men/he so;zt be tha costes 4835  
 And on the a;ztent day/efire the prime  
 A basilisk in a browe/breis thaim unfaire  
 A stra;sttill and a stithe worme/stinkand of elde  
 And es so bitter and so breme/and bicchid in himselfe  
 That with the stinke and the strenth/he stroyes no;zt allane 4840  
 Bot quat he settes on his si;zt/he slaes in a stonde  
 He vemons in the vaward/valiant kni;stes  
 Maistirs out of Messedone/of Mede and of Persee  
 Thai se;e doun sodanly/slane of thaire blonks  
 To steppe and to stand dede/and in the strete liggis 4845  
 With that areris all the route/and radly thai said  
 The writh of the wale god/us of the wai lettes  
 The kyng to knaw of that case/up to the cliffe wendes  
 Sa;e quare the same serpent/slepit in a roke  
 Than mas he bonds in a braide/at sall na pepill pas 4850  
 In bole and in balane/buskis he his fotes  
 A blasone as a berne dure/that all the body schildis  
 And fiches in a fyne glas/on the fere side  
 The screwe in the schewere/his schadow behaldis  
 And so the slayter of his si;zt/into himselfe entris 4855  
 Than cals our kyng him his kni;stes/and comandis him to bryn  
 And thai as sone as thai him sa;e/him for his sle;st thankes



Sone as this balefull best/was broȝt out of lyfe  
 Than ridis furth oure riche kyng/and remowis his ost  
 And of this way at he went/sone worthis him anende 4860  
 So at he flitt may na ferre/ne his folke nouthire  
 Thare was so hedous and so hoge/hillis tham befor  
 Clozes at was cloude/he clynterand torres  
 Rochis and reghe stanes/rokkis unfaire  
 Scutes to the scharpe schew/sckerres a hundreth 4865  
 Than ȝaris he him ȝapely/and aȝayne turnes  
 And past into the proud playn/I proved to ȝow first  
 That all was brett full of bowis/and blossoms so swete  
 That badome ne braunche o aloes/better was nevir  
 Fra thens oure note men be northe/nymes thaim the way 4870  
 And that thanne fonde all the flote/fiftene dayes  
 And thai croke ovir crosse/to cache thaim anothire  
 That led tham to the left hand/and that a lange quile  
 And thus thai dryfe furth the driȝt/of daies foure score  
 Till at thai come till a cliffe/as the clause tellis 4875  
 Ane egge that was all ovire/of adamand stanes  
 With hingand in the rughe roches/rede gold cheynes  
 Than was thare graythid of degreces/for gomes up to wynde  
 Twa thousand be tale/and fyve trew hundrethe  
 And thai ware sett so in soute/of safers fyne 4880  
 That of the noblay to neven/it neyd any Cristen  
 Thare logis the leve kyng/late on an even  
 Undire this maȝte montayne/and on the morne efter  
 Thare setts he furth of sere gods/a selle noimbre  
 That he honours and his ost/and offirs ilk ane 4885  
 Syns tas he with him titly/his twelve tried princes  
 Gas him up be degreces/to the grete lawe

Treues to the topward/that touchid to the cloudis  
 That he miȝt lend ther of loft/and waite efter wondirs  
 Upon the top of the cliffe/a closure he fyndis 4890  
 A palais ane of the preciousses/and proudest in erth  
 A bild as the buke sais/with twa brade ȝates  
 And seventy wyndowes beside/of serelepes werkes  
 The ȝates ware of ȝoten gold/ȝarkid of platis  
 The windows on the selfe wyse/as the writ schewes 4895  
 And thai ware corven full clene/and clustrid with gemmes  
 Stiȝt staffull of stanes/stagis and othire  
 ȝit was a mynster on the mounte/of metall as the nobill  
 Umbegildid with a garden/of golden vynes  
 Was chatrid full of chese frutes/of charbocke stanes 4900  
 Withouten mesure emanngge/of margrite grete  
 This hame at hoves on this hill/was in the hize est  
 Forthi ȝit hedirto it hat/the Hous of the Son  
 It was so precious a place/and proudly atired  
 Thar was na place it a pere/hot paradyse itselfe 4905

#### **Uicesimus tertius Passus Alexandri.**

Then aires furth sir Alexander/into this athill temple  
 With Caulus and with Cleopas/and othir kidd princes  
 And fand a berne in a bedd/bawnand alane  
 Ane of the graciosest gomes/that evir God fourmed  
 All lemed of his letere/the loge as of heven 4910  
 For it was gayly begane/with golden webbis  
 A blewe bleant obofe/brad him al ovir  
 Was browde all with brent gold/full of briȝt aungeles



The testre trased full of trones/with trimballand winges  
 The sillour full of seraphens/and othir sere halows 4915  
 With curtyns all of clene silke/and coddis of the same  
 With cumly knottes and with koyntes/and knopis of perle  
 It ware to tere me to tell/the tirement togedir  
 Or an any clerke/the cost to devise  
 And he that ristes in that rowme/the romance it tellis 4920  
 Was ane of the borliest bernes/that evir body hade  
 With fell face as the fire/and ferly faire schapen  
 Balgh brade in the brest/and on the bely sklendir  
 His chevelere as chavale/for changing of eld  
 And as blajt was his berd/as any brijt snaw 4925  
 Sone as oure prince with his peris/his person avyses  
 He gesse him wele to be god/and of na gome kind  
 He knelis down with his knijtes/on the cald erthe  
 With haile him hailis on heje/and other hend wordis  
 The renke within the redell/than raxsils his armes 4930  
 Rymed him full renyschely/and rekind ther wordis  
 Haile Alexander quoth this athill/at all the erth weledes  
 Thou ert welcum iwis/and all thi wale princes  
 Sire thou sall see with thi sijt/slike signes or thou passe 4935  
 As nevire segge undire sonn/saje bot thine ane  
 And thou sall here apon harpis/or thou hethen fonde  
 That nevire hathill undire heven/herd bot thiselfe  
 A a happy haly here man/quoth this hathill thann  
 How that thou nevyne my name/and thou me nevire kend 4940  
 3is sothly sire saied the segge/thiselfe and thi werkes  
 Or any drope of thi delume/drechet had the erd  
 List the nojt loke on the lindis/that levys evire mare  
 That has the surname of the sonn/and of the mone alls

That is to mene bot of the mone/and mijt has to speke 4945  
 And tell the trewly alle the text/quat tide sall here efire  
 3is by my croune quoth the kyng/and kyndly was joyed  
 This word I wald be 3our will/nojt all the werd lever  
 Sire waite at thou be wemles/for woman touching  
 Than may 3e levely onn tham loke/and lesten 3our wirdis 4950  
 For be 3e pure of that plijt/3e may this place entre  
 That is the sette of that sire/that sett all the werd  
 Sire I am clene of that craft/I knaw wele myselfe  
 Be thou oure gide to the grenys/aponn Gods name  
 With that bowne him that berne/and fra his bed ryses 4955  
 Cled all in clene gold/kirtill and mantill  
 A grym grisely gome/with grete gray lokis  
 Al glittered the ground/for glori of his wedis  
 Sirs 3e that will has to wend/3our wapens devoidis  
 Nymes of 3our nethir glove/and nakens 3oure leggis 4960  
 Pesan pancere and plates/alle to youre preve clathis  
 Jopone and jesserand/and radly me folows  
 The kyng at his comaundment/with his knijts him spoilis  
 Puttes of to the selfe serke/senture and othire  
 Takes with him sir Telemow/ane of his princes 4965  
 And Antiet an athill duke/and efter him wendes  
 Thai ferd furth all in fere/ther foure all togedire  
 The lede at was ther ladisman/the lord and his knijtes  
 Went thur3e a wale wode/ther was wondire of to tell  
 As it ware hijtild in that hill/with handis of aungels 4970  
 For thare ware tacchid up trees/the triest of the werd  
 A hundreth fote to the hede/the hijt was and mare  
 Lyke olevs out of Lebany/and lores so grene  
 With sichomoures and sipresses/and sedrisse eblande



Ther trekild doun of tham/teres of jemmes 4975  
 Boyland out of the barke/bawme and mirre  
 Of scence and of othir salve/as sechis out of wellis  
 That rase nevir of aromitike/sike rekils in erth  
 Thai fande a ferly fare tre/quare on na frute groued  
 Was void of all hir verdure/and vacant of leves 4980  
 A hundreth fote and a halfe/it had of lejt large  
 Withouten bark outhir bast/fulle of bare pirnes  
 Ther bade a brid on a boghe/abofe in the toppe  
 Was of a port of a paa/with sike a proude crest  
 With bathe the chekis and the chavyls/as a chyken brid 4985  
 And all gilden was hir gorge/with golden fethirs  
 All hir hames behind/was hewid as a purpure  
 And all the body and the brest/and on the bely undir  
 Was finely florische and faire/with frekild pennys  
 Of gold graynes and of goules/full of gray mascles 4990  
 Than waites on hire the wale kyng/and wondir him thinke  
 Was in the figure of hir fourme/nojt ferlid a littill  
 Quat loke 3e quoth the ladisman/do lendis on forthir  
 3one is a fereles foule/a fenix we call  
 Thain bowe tha forthe alle ebland/and to thire treis comes 4995  
 The plants of the proud sonn/and of the pale mone  
 Behalds now quoth this hare man/to ther haly bowis  
 And quat thou will of thaim to wete/wis in thi saghe  
 Appose thaim all in prevate/bot make na playn wordis  
 And thou may swythe have a sware/at swike sall the nevir 5000  
 Than may thou gesse in thi gast/it is a gude sprete  
 That sends the sike asouerance/and sees to thi tho3tes  
 Thire boles was as the boke sayes/borly and hi3e  
 The lind of the list sonn/lovely clethid

With feylour as of fyne gold/that ferly faire lemes 5005  
 That other loken ovir with leves/as it ware list silver  
 Than Alexander at this athill/askis a demande  
 In quatkyn maner of lede/sall me ther tres sware  
 Sothly sire the son tree/said the segge than  
 Entris in with Yndoyes/and endis in Greke 5010  
 And mastquat ay the mone tree/thur3e mi3t of hire kynde  
 Quen it kithis us any carpe/the countrare spekis  
 For scho begynes all in Grew/and endis in Ynde  
 And thus be twinlepi tongis/tell thai oure wirdis  
 Than knelis doun the conquirour/unto the cald erthe 5015  
 And aithire bole efter bole/blithly he kisis  
 And tho3t if he suld with tha thra/of all the thedes wete  
 If he suld move agayn to Messedone/quare his modir duellid  
 Than schogs hir the son tree/and schoke hir schire leves  
 And with a swe3and swo3e/this sware scho him 3eldes 5020  
 Sire thou ert lele of ilk lede/the lorde and the fadire  
 Bot thi sire soile in na side/see sall thou nevire  
 For thi modir nor 3it Messedon/thou se3is thaim na mare  
 Than list him lithe of his lyfe/and of his last ende  
 So maideux quoth the mone tree/thi meere bees na langer 5025  
 Bot out this anelepi 3ere/and after viij. monthis  
 Than sall he duale the with a drinke/at thou full were traistis  
 Than makis he morening and mane/and in his mynd thinkes  
 Qua suld that trecherous trayne/of treson him wirke  
 He said hende haly tree/and halsid hir in armes 5030  
 Quat person sall do me depresse/I pray the me tell  
 Sire sothely said the son tree/if I the sothe nevened  
 Qua suld the wite out of the werd/and the thi werdis dele  
 Than suld thou slaa the same segge/and so my sawis faile



And that may worthe be na wai/for ay my wordis standis 5035  
 Than lokid on him his ladisman/said lefe of thi wordis  
 For writhing of ther wale trees/and willne thaim na mare  
 Bot graythe the gome on Gods behalve/and again turne  
 For ovire the lemetes of ther lindis/may no lede founde  
 Then bownes agayn the bald kyng/baldly he wepis 5040  
 That he so skitly suld skifte/and for his skars terme  
 So did his princes sais the profe/for pete of himselfe  
 With 3edire 3oskinges and 3erre/3ett out to grete  
 Than bedis that the baratour/on bathe thaire e3en twa  
 That thai suld nevire this note/to nane of his ost neyn 5045  
 Quat thai beheld in the hill/and herd with thaire eres  
 And he than styntes of his stoure/and steris his hert  
 If 3e will gange quoth this gide/agayn to 3oure kni3tes  
 Moves 3ow to the nether ward/next I it hald  
 Than passis he to this proud place/and oure kyngleaves 5050  
 And he gose doun be grece/agayn to his tentes  
 Ther logis he fra the late ni3t/till efte the li3t schewes  
 With sare sighinges and sadd/for sake of his wurdis  
 Costreynes him with his countenance/to with his kni3tes play  
 Bot that bot sprang of the splene/the sprite was unesid 5055  
 Sone as the dayrawe rase/he risis up belyve  
 Riches him radly to ride/and remowis his ost  
 Drives on with his dukis/day efter othire  
 Till he was meten to the meere/quare he the monte entrid  
 That was the proud playn fild/I proved 3ow before 5060  
 Quare all the face of the fild/was of fyne goules  
 Thare pi3t he doun his pavylions/and with his princes bidis  
 And the dri3t of a day/he duellis in tha costis  
 Betwene tha styes in a stound/that strekis thu3e the mountes

He mas twa pylars doun to pynche/all of playn marble 5065  
 And tacchis up of trew gold/a pelar in the myddis  
 With a prologue in that place/on aithire post writen  
 I Alexander the athill/efter the date  
 Of the prince and Persye and Porrus/thire pilars enhaunsid  
 Qua list this lymit over lende/lene to the left handes 5070  
 For the rake on the ri3t hand/that may na mann passe  
 This titill was of twa tongis/tane out and grave  
 Of Ebru and of Yndoys/and of thire ald lettres  
 Of Latine and of othire lare/and leves out of Grece  
 Proudly prikid all in prose/and here a pas endis 5075

#### **Vicesimus quartus Passus Alexandri.**

Now strekis he furth with his store/and steris with his tentes  
 He levys all the marche gats/I nevened 3ow before  
 And nymmes anothir on the north/the next to his kith  
 That to the marche of Messedone/was him mast qweme  
 Sone was he lent in a lande/a large and a noble 5080  
 Preciosa the precious/the prose thus it callis  
 And clene all that contre/quen thai his come wist  
 With sike as provid in tha partis/presentes him faire  
 Sum fellis of fischis/ferly to tell  
 Was like as of leperds/and lions skynnes 5085  
 Sum with lions on lyve/and lampreys slo3is  
 That sex cubettes clere/was of clene lenghe  
 Ther was a cite in that side/asisid all with gemes  
 Withouten lyme or laire/a lady it kepid  
 A worthi wedow and a wlonk/with thre wale childire 5090



That qwene Candace the clere/was callid in tha bonds  
 Now sall I sothely of hire sonns/say 3ow the names  
 The first was Candoyle callid/a kni3t althire fairest  
 The medilmast of the men/was Marci3y hatten  
 The thrid Caraptus is cald/that kepid all hire landis 5095  
 Sone as the kyng of hire knew/a clause he hire writes  
 An image all of athill gold/of Amon hire sendis  
 To mete him in the montayns/that mild he besechis  
 That thai mi3t sacrife samen ther/to his sere dri3tins  
 Sone as this princes of pris/this pistill had devysid 5100  
 Than sendis scho to him sandismen/with selid lettris  
 With tribute and trouage/and many tried giftes  
 And thir the wordis of hir write/at on these wyse spekes  
 To the kiddist kyng/of kyngs all othir  
 Sir Alexander the athilest/of Amons strinde 5105  
 I Candace the conquires/corowned of Mede  
 To 3our honoure with obeyaunce/me ane I comaunde  
 For it was pourveid apart/of the kyng of heven  
 Predesteyned of his provydence/and of his pure mi3t  
 That 3e suld pas into Pers/and prese it with armes 5110  
 Itale Egipt and Ynde/and all thire iles ovire  
 3our wirschip and 3our worthenes/alle the werd spronges  
 3our curtassy 3our kni3thode/and all 3oure clene thewis  
 And that with menne of the mold/no3t meled us alane  
 Bot dri3tins and duesses/3our dedis declaris 5115  
 Forthi like it to 3our lordschip/and lathis no3t my sawis  
 We at ere voide ay of vice/and vacant of syn  
 Quat suld we move into the montts/that mysters bot litill  
 Outhir Appole to adoure/or any othire dri3ting  
 Bot sen it syttes no3t to oure simpilnes/3our sa3e to withstande

Ne nother to mele ne to mote/3oure majeste agayn  
 3it sall I send 3ow fra my soile/a sertan of giftes  
 For reverence of 3our rialte/and of 3oure rosid werkis  
 I drysse 3ow here a diademe/3oure dritts to were  
 The gaiest gift undir god/of gold and of stanes 5125  
 And to 3ow selfe of the same/o serelepy hewis  
 A hundreth in a hale heere/hi3tild with crestes  
 And twa hundred and ten/be tale at the leste  
 Of rekanthes of rede gold/railed of gemmes  
 With pellicans and papejoyes/polischt and graven 5130  
 With cambs and with coronacles/all of clene perle  
 Thretti gobletts of gold/the greattest in the worde  
 Fyve hundreth all of evyne elde/of Ethyops childir  
 Rynoseros a roghe best/with raggid tyndis  
 Ane a3te to 3our empire/I fra myn erd wayne 5135  
 Berrers of ane ebyn tres/and brilles a thousand  
 Four hundreth olifants in fere/this fardill to bere  
 And thretti hundreth of my thede/that threven ere and tame  
 I presand 3ow of panters/full of proud mascles  
 Foure hundreth fellis 3it to fee/that finely ere tewid 5140  
 Of leperds and of lionesses/this lady him sendis  
 A purtrayour in prevate/scho prays with tham to pass  
 And his personele proporcions/in perchemen hire bring  
 All was done as scho demed/and at hir dere thankes  
 And graithes hir gifts agayn/the gaiest undire heven 5145  
 The payntour presentes his aport/and shoo was proud thenne  
 For scho had depely many day/desyrid him to see  
 Then wendes furth hire dere sonn/a litill dais efter  
 That was sire Candoile the kene/that was hire kidd aire  
 His wife and his women/and with his wale feres 5150



Out of the cite thai sojt/to solace ther hertis  
 The kyng of Bebrikes the bald/him on the bent metis  
 With a company clene/of kniȝtes enarmed  
 Maynes many of his men/and him his make refis  
 For he that lady had loved/many lange wintre 5155  
 He gers a berne on a blonke/hir bremely to cast  
 Before a bald bachelor/on a bigg stede  
 Scho gaffe skirmand skrikes/at all the skowis range  
 It miȝt a persid any hert/to here how scho wepid  
 Than was sire Candoile in that cas/kenely distrourbid 5160  
 Aires on as bely/to Alexander tentes  
 Thoȝt he wald sewe to that sire/and seke him of grace  
 If he wald helpe with his heere/that hend to reschewe  
 Be he the pavylion aprochid/it past within even  
 And sone the wacchemen without/quen thai him thare sawe 5165  
 Thai tuke him and to Telomew/titte thai him ledd  
 The mast praysed of the pers/bot the prince selfe  
 Quat dous man ert thou quoth the duke/and quat dos thou here  
 Quat is the cause of thi come/do kith us thi name  
 Sire Candaces sonn the conquires/and Candoile I hiȝt 5170  
 And clene tald him [of his] care/the cause alltotedire  
 Than turnes on sire Telomew/and fra his tent windis  
 Comands sir Candoile to kepe/in a kniȝtes warde  
 Cairys in to a cabayne/quare the kyng ligges  
 Fand him slowmand and on slepe/and sleely him rayses 5175  
 And tellis him of that tithandes/the tale how it standes  
 How ther was comyn slike a kniȝt/to crave him of help  
 The sonn of Candace the quene/the kepare of Mede  
 And how the Bebrick kyng/had him his wyfe refid  
 ȝa aire agayn quoth Alexander/into thine awen tent 5180

Do on thi hede a dyademe/the derrest at I have  
 A croun all of clene gold/and a kyngis mantill  
 A seȝes the doun in my sege/as thou myselfe ware  
 Lat com aboute the my kniȝtes/and call the my name  
 D . . . . with liȝt lions lates/as a lord suld 5185  
 Say thi selfe is my selfe/and thane my selfe call  
 As I ware Antioc that athill/non aghe of me thou stand  
 And I sall hiȝe to thi hest/as thi hathill ware  
 Quen I come to thi call/and knele the before  
 Thou sall declare me the cas/of Candals aunter 5190  
 Before his person apart/ilk poynt as he touchid  
 Be noȝt abaist quen I bow/ne bede me noȝt to ryse  
 Bot lat thi semblance be sadd/quen thou thi saȝe ȝildis  
 And sai than Antioc myn athill/quen thou has all tald  
 Latt se thi witt in this werke/and wysely me rede 5195  
 Than turnes furth sire Telomew/and tyris him belyve  
 In emperours aparell/his person he clethis  
 And Alexander as belyve/in Antioks name  
 Quen he was callid with a kniȝt/he comes in a stounde  
 Than tellis to him sire Telomew/the tale alltotedire 5200  
 Before sire Candale the kene/his consale him askis  
 Ware it ȝoure will quoth the wee/wale emperoure  
 Than wald I fare with this freke/his fere to reskewe  
 And bid the Bebrike/on bathe twa his eȝen  
 Withouten bade to this briȝt/his brid to restore 5205  
 And say that sire on thi behalf/bot he hire sone ȝeld  
 We sall his cite and himselfe/synge into poudire  
 With that inclynes the kniȝt/and kyndly him loves  
 Said Antiok of all men/ay be thou joyed  
 It semes the for thi sapiencie/to sit in a trone 5210



And to be cled as a kyng/with croune and with septer  
 Than aires him furth sir Alexander/as Antiok it ware  
 Caires on with Candoile/and cajt him his leve  
 Sojt furth the same nijt/and to the cite wan  
 Quare the Bebrik kyng/with the bird lengis 5215  
 Sone the wacchis on the wallis/tham wijtly ascryes  
 Qua thai ware and of quethen/and quat was ther errande  
 It is sire Candoile quoth the kyng/is comyn for his spouse  
 And I am messangere made/that mild to delyvire  
 The maister out of Messedone/3ow maynly enjoynes 5220  
 If 3e 3oure cite will save/to sese him his brid  
 Than was the burgaige abaiste/and brest up the 3ates  
 Of the palais of the proud kyng/his paramoure him take  
 Sire Candoile to oure conquirere/carpis thire wordis  
 And adoures him for his athill dede/and Antiok him calls 5225  
 I pray the prince with me pas/to my praysid modir  
 That thou may merote have and menske/and mede for thi werkes  
 Than was oure kyng of that carpe/kyndly rejoied  
 For him had list on hir to loke/many lange winter  
 He said aire we to Alexander/and askes him his leve 5230  
 And I sall fayn with the found/and felsyn thi will  
 Than turnes he to sir Telomew/at in his trone sittes  
 Lajt his leve at the lede/as he his lorde ware  
 This kid he for a coyntise/and kest slike a wile  
 Lest he ware knawyn for the kyng/the knijt for to blinde 5235  
 Than caires he furthe with Candoile/up at a cliffe wyndis  
 A hidous hill and a hi3e/that to the heven semed  
 Was loken all in lange lindis/like to the cedres  
 Growand full of gernetts/and gracious frutes  
 Thare fand thai bery buskis/and braunches with grapis 5240

That unethes bere mi3t a berin/a bole on his schuldire  
 With hesils hild of hoder cloud/hangen tha appills  
 And all the woddis full of wolfes/and of wild apis  
 Thai bow up to a banke/and the burgh ne3es  
 And Candace the conquires/quen she the cas heris 5245  
 How bathe hir barne and his brid/was brojt hame sond  
 Than was scho glad in hir gast/and gretly rejoised  
 Into a chambre scho chese/and changid hire wedis  
 A robe alle of rede gold/and than a riche mantill  
 A croune and a corecheffe/clusteret with gemmes 5250  
 And doun of hir closer/with kni3tes him to mete  
 A grete gate be degree/agayn thaim scho foundes  
 Kys me sire Candoile/and clappis him in armes  
 Said welcum be thou wale sonn/and thou my wale do3ter  
 And I am glad of 3our gest/as gode geffe me joye 5255  
 Sire Alexander hire avises/and all his hert li3tes  
 Him tho3t hire like at a loke/his lady his modire  
 Scho was so faire and so fresche/as faucon hire semed  
 And elfe out of anothire erde/or ellis an aungell  
 Hire palais was full precious/thof it parades ware 5260  
 Plied over with pure gold/alle the plate rofes  
 And that was joyned full of gemes/and of joly stanes  
 With breme blasenand bemes/bri3t as the sonn  
 The kyng with dame Candace the castell he entres  
 Silis in with that semely/into a somer hall 5265  
 A strenthe was sti3tild all of stagis/the stithest of the werd  
 Was nane so comly a close/undire the canpe of heven  
 The bild was alle of brent gold/the beddis of the same  
 Pi3t fulle of pentests/and othir proude stanes  
 Of onycles and orfrays/and orient perles 5270



For I na wapen have iwis/my writh with to venge  
 Nowe bald baratoure on bent/if thou a brande hade  
 Quat prowis miȝt thi person/apreve in this stounde  
 For I unwarly quoth the kyng/am to your will taken 5330  
 I suld the slaa thare thou sittes/and than myselfe efter  
 Now be my croun quoth the quene/as kniȝtly thou sweris  
 Bot neverthelatter ȝit be liȝt/and lete of thi sorowe  
 For thou has broȝt my son wife/of bebricans handis  
 And I sall surely the save/unsesid of the berbrens 5335  
 For ware it knawen of thi come/thai walld thi cors schind  
 For oppressing of the gud prince/Porrus of Ynde  
 And Caratros my kid sonn/has couplid him to wyfe  
 The doȝter of this dere kyng/that thou to dethe broȝt  
 With that scho sesis this sire/and to the sale ledes 5340  
 Sendis efter hire sons/and soberly tham tretes  
 This athill of sir Alexander/as thai ware alle halden  
 At thai suld menske him and mirthe/and make him at esee  
 I knaw it wele quoth Caratros/my comly modire  
 That he my brothirs brid/has out of bands levird 5345  
 And how the kyng be that cauce/has to this kith sent  
 Bot my wyfe will ga wode for wa/bot I this wee spill  
 Ne ware he a messangere/and ȝit mare for ȝourselfe  
 Sure suld him sowe for his sake/at him has sent hedire  
 So sall his maister and I may/be my dire saule 5350  
 For he the fadire of my fere/has in the feld drepid  
 A quoth this lade leve son/if we this lede sloȝe  
 Suld we us nymme any name/oȝt bot of sorowe  
 ȝa Cartros quoth Candoile/this kniȝt has me saved  
 And I sal lede him on lyve/unto his lord tentes 5355  
 Quat baites thou me so my brothir/with thi breme wordis

Lift ye we stryfe in this stede/and strike aithir other  
 That kepe I noȝt quoth Candoile/ȝit for na cas nevened  
 Bot if the langis to that laike/lo me here redy  
 Than callis Candace the kniȝt/in consaille him takes 5360  
 Sees hire sons wald him sla/and radly scho pleynes  
 Lord Alexander thine are/quare is thi wittes  
 I prairie the for thi providence/pesse now my childire  
 Than bows this baratour/thir brethire to stere  
 Fand Carators and Candale/at knyfes todrawen 5365  
 Bad blyns bernes of ȝoure brathe/and of ȝour breme wordes  
 ȝe fare bot with folite/quare ere ȝoure fyve wittes  
 Than carpis he to sire Caratros/and kythis on this wyse  
 Sire if thou lessen my life/na lower thou wynnes  
 For Alexander of his awen/has many athill kniȝtes 5370  
 That ere mare sekir at a say/than slike seven houndreth  
 For if I ware fallen fey/him forced bot littill  
 For ware I a tresour to that tulk/trowe wele thiselfe  
 That me so sodanly that sire/had naȝt sent hedire  
 Withouten wees me to warde/nay wene thou that never 5375  
 Bot if the list on that lede/loke with thine eȝen  
 Sir Alexander the athill/thine aldfadir bane  
 The thare bot graunt me to geve/quat guds as I crave  
 And I sall prestly that prince/present into thi handis  
 Than ware thir brethir full blithe/thus ware thai bath pesed  
 And Candoile callis to the king/and kindly him thankis  
 Had I ȝow ay with me here/happy ware I thanne  
 Than wald I wene with ȝoure witt/to wast alle my fais  
 With that scho kend him a croun/clustrid with gemmes  
 With amatists and adamands/and an athill mantill 5385  
 Sterind and stiȝt fulle of stanes/sithin stelis to him cussis



With othir prevates him plesis/bad pas on with hele  
 Nowe aires furth our conquirour/and Candoile him gidis  
 Drives furth alle the dai/till down was the sonn  
 And so thai come till a cave/was out of course hoge 5390  
 Betwene twa hillis in a hope/and herberd alle niȝt  
 Sire quoth Candoile the kene/and to the kyng said  
 All sprites in this spelonk/here speke thai togedire  
 Here is thaire comon consaile/and this the kyng heris  
 Makes he graces to his goddis/and than the grofe entres 5395  
 Quen he was down in the depe/he saȝe a dym cloude  
 Full of starand sternes/and stȝtild in the myddest  
 A grete grysely god/on a gay trone  
 That liȝt lemand eȝen/as lanterns he had  
 Oure mode kyng was so maied/myndles him semed 5400  
 Haile Alexander the hende/quoth that hiȝe driȝtin  
 Sir qua ere ȝe said our sire/Synches I hiȝt  
 And to my power undirputt/is all the playn werd  
 For thi name a cite has thou sesid/bot thou settes me na temple  
 Sire if I miȝt merke to Messedone/a maister I the hiȝte 5405  
 Sall nane be like it in na lede/nay nan lange noȝt ther eftere  
 Thou sall never loke on that land/ga lawer and behald  
 Than kend him quare anothire cloude/was full of briȝt stanes  
 And quare anothir grym god/was graythid on a seȝe  
 Sire quat ert thou said the seȝe/sire Sirapis iwis 5410  
 The grond and the beginninge/of all the godis oute  
 Now I beseke the Serapis/said our kyng thanne  
 Quat seȝe is sett me to slaa/the sothe thou me tell  
 Sire I have nevened the or now/that ware that note knawen  
 Till any douth of quat dome/then died I for sorowe 5415  
 Thou has a blisfull burȝe/biggid to thi name

Quare many bernes sall debate/and bald emperoures  
 Thare sall thi berynes be bildid/and thi body graven  
 Than come up our kidd kyng/and fra the kniȝt partis  
 Thus kaires he fro Candele/bad kepe wele him driȝtin 5420  
 Moves him on to his meny/and on the morne efter  
 Than dryves he furth with his dukis/into a deyne entris  
 A vale full of vermyn/and alle of vile neddirs  
 And thai ware crokid and coynt/with coronas on hede  
 As it smytten alle of smythis/of smaragdens fine 5425  
 ȝit ware thai pasturde of peper/as the prose tellis  
 Of gyloffre and of ginger/els joyed thaim na fodis  
 For all ovir coverd was the cove/claggid with spices  
 That makes thir wormes so wele/and wond in thaire kyndis  
 That ilka twelmonth a turne/thai tournay togedire 5430  
 Ilkane mellis with his make/and so thare many dies  
 Than pas thai thethen till a place/of perlious bestis  
 With cloven clees sais the clause/as kynd of the hoggs  
 Thai ware thike and theuen wele/thre foote o brede  
 Quarewith thai faȝt with in fers/and fellid of his kniȝtes 5435  
 Thai ware so brefe at a blisch/borely and grym  
 On ilka best a bares hede/fulle of breme tuskis  
 Thus ware thai fourmed all before/and farand behynde  
 Like as it ware leperds/and lions with talis  
 ȝit was ther gedird out of gripis/and griffons emange 5440  
 That felly flappid at the faces/of the fell erles  
 And ever ilka best was so bigge/of body and of wyng  
 That he miȝt bere away a blonke/and a kniȝt armed  
 The kyng was on his couresere/to comforth his dukes  
 On the bald Bucifalon/eblande thaim he rydis 5445  
 Prekis fra place into place/bad plukes up ȝoure hertes



And cherishest his chiftans/with chelous wordis  
 He baldes of his bachelers/and his bowmen he cheris  
 To flay with flanes of the fowlis/and the fell bestes  
 And it was done at his dome/withdrewe thai na langer 5450  
 Bath archers and ablastes/and all thaim asailed  
 The bataile on bathe halfes/brymly begynnys  
 Our seggis and the synagyns/semblid unfaire  
 Gripis gripis of oure gomes/out of gilt sadils  
 Tuk tham in thaire talons/and tilt fra thaire blonkes 5455  
 Bot 3it oure kyng with his kni3tes/so kenely defendis  
 And with his ginge out of Grece/that he the gree wynnes  
 Bot 3it was herid of his here/twa hundreth and ovire  
 Thus gafe up the gaste/with gole on thai heles  
 Than ferd he furth till a flode/and that a ferly hoge 5460  
 Twenti forelang and ferre/it had of full breede  
 And all the strands of the streme/stode full of stithe reedis  
 Quareof he beds at a braid/him bargis to make  
 Quen it was hewyn at his hest/with heggis ovir folden  
 Than enters in of his erles/and ovir the ee passis 5465  
 And alle that kith of our kyng/quen thai his come wist  
 Thai perid to him with presands/the proudes of that land  
 Sum spends on him of the spon/a sparles noimbre  
 Of mirre and of mekill quat/milke quite  
 Sum men muscles him mett/and with so mekill schellis 5470  
 That sex pond mi3t of paise/have in of watre  
 Sum of seelis of the see/sendis to him cotis  
 Sum bees at ware blode rede/and borely wormes  
 As large as a mans lege/and lamprays of we3t  
 Twa hundreth pond ay a pece/and past it be fifty 5475

3it was ther wonand in this water/as woman it semed  
 That ferly faire ware of face/with haare to thaire heelis  
 Ovire stride ther any stronge man/or be ther strandes sailed  
 Thai dro3e tham down into the depe/and drowned thaim for evire  
 Or els thai tillid thaim to the trees/as the buke tellis 5480  
 And gert thaim laike with thaim so lange/till thaim the life wantes  
 Oure men tuke of thaim twa/was ten foote of hi3t  
 Als bla3t as any bri3t snaw/and as biche sons tothid

### Uicesimus sextus Passus Alexandri.

Than aires furth sire Alexander/and with his arte closis  
 Of terands of ther Tartaryns/twa and twenti kyngs 5485  
 He stekis tham up with ther stoures/in a strate lawe  
 And I sall neven 3ow ther names/if 3e thaim nevire herd  
 Gog and Magog the grete/he with ther gomes pyndis  
 Agekany and Anafrage/and Almade bathe  
 Sire Camour and sire Cacany/with all ther kidd ostes 5490  
 And ane sire Celambert the kene/was kyng of ther ostes  
 Gamarody the goblyn/anothire grymme sire  
 Marthyney the mi3tfull/and Magen his fere  
 Appedanere Olaathere/and Alane the grete  
 And ane sir Nathy onone/he the nabb speris 5495  
 He lockis in ane sir Limy/with a laith meyne  
 And Raryfey a riche ray/he in the roche stoppis  
 Sire Filies a fell kyng/with all his fers kni3tes  
 And ane sir Bedwyn the bald/with many bri3t helmes  
 Arteneus ane athill kempe/also he inparkis 5500



And ane sir Tarbyn a tulke/with many toore thousandes  
 Sire Salcary anothire sire/now is the sowme reckend  
 All thire he closis in that cliffe/and cairis on forthire  
 To the occyann at the erthes ende/and ther in an ilee he heres  
 A grete glaver and a glaam/of Grekin tongis 5505  
 Than bad he kniȝtes thaim unclethe/and to that kithe swymen  
 Bot all at come into that cole/crabbis has thaim drenchid  
 Than sewis furth that soverayn/ay by tha salt strandis  
 Toward the setting of the sonne/in seson of wynter  
 Sexti daies with his sowme/sadly he ridis 5510  
 Rajt on to the reede see/and rerid thare his tentes  
 Thare was a miȝti mountayne/at to the mone semed  
 He gessis it gayner to god/than to the grounde undire  
 And slike a founed fantasy/than felle in his hert  
 How that he liftid miȝt be fra the lawe/unto the liȝt sternes 5515  
 Than made he smithies to gaa smert/and smethe him a chaiere  
 Of blake iren and of bigge/and bind it with cheynes  
 A sekire sege in to sitt/and sett him on loft  
 And four griffons full grym/he that graythe festes  
 He makis to hinge one thaire hede/in hokis of iren 5520  
 Flesche on ferrom thaim fra/at thai miȝt noȝt to reches  
 To make thaim freke to the fliȝt/that fode for to wynne  
 For thai ware fastand before/halden for the nanas  
 Now is he won thurȝe ther wingis/up to the wale cloudis  
 So hiȝe to heven thai him hale/in a hand quile 5525  
 Midilerth bot as a mylnestane/na mare to him semed  
 And alle the water of the werd/bot as a wrethen neddir  
 The vertu of the verray god/environis him swythe  
 And than thai fell on a fild/as ferre fra his ost

As any freke miȝt founde/in fiftene daies 5530  
 And he unhurt with mikille unhome/he to his ost wynes  
 Anothire wondirfulle witt/ȝit worthid in his hert  
 How he miȝt seke doun sounde/into the see bothome  
 To see quat selcuthe is seet/in the salt water  
 How many kinds of creatours/that in the cole duellis 5535  
 Than gert he gomes for to gang/and grayth him a tonne  
 Of grene glitterand glas/with gerrethis of iren  
 That he miȝt sitt in himselfe/and with his seȝt persee  
 Ane and othir and all thing/at out with it lengid  
 Sone was it blawen at a braide/and broȝt him beforne 5540  
 All boun as he badd/and bunden with cheynes  
 Than of his bald bachelers/the biggest out callis  
 And rajt to thaim thir rekenthis/to rewle and to hald  
 He makis a covand with his kniȝtes/and kend thaim the time  
 Howe lange him likid fra the lande/to lenge in the depe 5545  
 In at a wicket he went/and wysily it speris  
 Princes pointid it with pik/and he the plunge entres  
 Thare saȝe he figours of fischis/and fourmes diverse  
 That kend he never so many kindis/ne of so qwaynt hewis  
 Sum ferd alle on foure feete/and farand as bestes 5550  
 Bot quen thai blischt on this berne/than bade thai na langer  
 And other sellis he saȝe/at sai wald he never  
 That ware unlikly to leve/to any man wittes  
 Sone so the setne was gane/that himselfe made  
 Thai dreȝe him up to the drye/and he na dere sufird 5555  
 Than raikis he by the reede see/and rides ay the saund  
 Ferly ferre with his folke/and ficchid his tentes  
 Thare fand he bestes on the brym/with bemes as sawis



That ware as bitand breme/as bladis of swerdis  
 Thai sett in a sadde sowme/and sailid his knightes 5560  
 Porris doun of his princes/and persys ther schildes  
 3it fellid his folke of thaim fey/foure score hundreth  
 And foure hundreth and ferre/be fifti thai drepid  
 Than drives he thethin with his dukes/into desert landes  
 Is rijt betwene the reede see/and Arrabic costis 5565  
 A wilsom wast and a wild/and wons full of neddirs  
 And thai ware hedously hoge/and horned as tupis  
 Thai turred doun of his tulkes/and with ther tyndis slo3e  
 Bot the dre3est deele of thaim died/of his dukes handes  
 Than past he to another place/and pi3t doun his tentes 5570  
 And fand a bataill of bestes/as breme as the first  
 Thai ware of figoure and of fourme/as fendis of hell  
 With hevy hedis and hoge/as horses it were  
 And thai ware tacchid full of tethe/as tyndes ere of harows  
 And fell flames as of fire/flo3e fra thaire mouthes 5575  
 A selly sowme of his seggis/was slane or he wist  
 And he then hertes his here/biddis hewis on my childire  
 And ferly ferd of his folke/was in the fild strangild  
 Bot all the dre3e of tha devels/thai drenchid or thai past  
 Than fondis he furth with his folke/into a fild entris 5580  
 And ther he logis with his lordis/and lengis for a quile  
 For slike a fell infirmite/was in his hors bunden  
 Bucifalon the bald stede/that he for bale dies  
 The berne blischis on his blounke/and se3es his breth faile  
 Sighis selcuthly sare/and sadli he wepis 5585  
 For he had standen him in stede/in stouris full hard  
 Won him wirschip in were/fra many wathe saved

The kynge to this carione/he castis his e3en  
 Said fare wele my faire foole/thou failid me nevir  
 Sall now thi flesch here be freten/with fowlis and with wormes  
 That has so do3tyly done/nay dri3tin forbede  
 Than bilds he thare a berynes/this beste in to ligg  
 Of schene schemerand gold/as it a schrine ware  
 A tombe as a tabernacle/and tildis up a cite  
 In reverence of that riche stede/and efter him it callis 5595  
 Than ridis he to a rever/a ruyde and a hoge  
 Detiraty the depe/the men thare it callis  
 Fyve thousand olifants in feree/tha frithmen him bro3t  
 A hundreth ml. hevy chargis/ware hewen for the were  
 Than pas he to a proude place/a palas of joye 5600  
 Of Sexis at sum time/was senyoure of Persy  
 Ther fand he garettes all of gold/and gilden chaumbres  
 And many a miracle in the mote/that miche ware to reken  
 Ther fand thaim bridis in tha bilds/borely and quite  
 Of fether fresch as any fame/as ere ther fowill dowfis 5605  
 That se wald of a seke man/or any sorow ailid  
 Quether he suld warisch of that waa/or of the werd tourne  
 For if thai blithly up blenkid/and blischt on his face  
 Than suld he cover of his care/men knew by the takens  
 And if thai chaungid opon chaunce/his chere to behold 5610  
 Withouten doute he was dede/than durid he na langer  
 Now bowis furth this baratour/and Babiloyn he wynnys  
 Brettenes the bald kyng/and bringes him of lyve  
 Ane Nabijanda was named/and a noble kni3t  
 Was ane the proudest of his pirs/and prince of his ward 5615  
 He lenges in lithis and in lee/to his lyves ende



A seven monethis in sonde/and sende out a pistill  
 To his modire into Messedone/and to his maister als  
 Of his aunts of his angwisch/and of his athill werkes  
 And Aristotill belyve/him anothing writes 5620  
 To the kyng of kynges quoth this clerke/comand I myselfe  
 Sire quen I wartid on your werkes/I wex all affraid  
 Sum grayne of godhede I gesse/was growen now within  
 For thou has said that never did segge/ne saje bot thine ane  
 3it myt never I lofe oure lorde/my lege now wistande 5625  
 Sir blissid be all thi bachelers/at the bales helpid  
 And now fynes here a fitt/and folowis another

**Vicesimus septimus Passus Alexandri.**

Oure bold kyng in Babilone/nowe bildis up a trone  
 The postis with all the apurtynance/as pure as the noble  
 That was so wondirly wrojt/of werkis diverse 5630  
 That slike a sege undir son/was nevir sene efter  
 So grete garisons of gold/the Grekis in brojt  
 The Medis and the Messodons/many horsis chargid  
 That thai out of Ynde and elsquare/with olifants lede  
 It wald have wlated any wee/that welth to behald 5635  
 Twelwe cubetts fra the cald erth/he castes it on hijt  
 And xij. degreces all of gold/for gate up of lordis  
 And twyse sex semylacris/sesid he ther undire  
 That held on hije with thair handis/all ther hevy werke  
 And ther was gravyn in thos gomes/with Grekin letteris 5640  
 And titild in the tried names/of his twelwe princes

With ilk a statute that ther stude/stoutely enarmed  
 And ever ilk a person a prince/paynted was efter  
 All the sete of the sege/was smaragdins fyne  
 Off tried topaces and trewe/tyrid was the wawes 5645  
 A tabernacle over the trone/tildid up on loft  
 And than with stanes of ilka state/in all the stoure clustrid  
 A charboele as a chasse/was in the chefe bolle  
 That brynt in bely blind nigt/as bryt as the sonn  
 With imagis undire in ilka nend/and impid in the names 5650  
 Of all the provynces and the places/that he was prince ovire  
 And thai ware visid all in vesire/in variant letters  
 Sum in Latens lare/sum langage of Grece  
 Assid all of sex foote/and sett in betweene  
 Ay thre paire on a place/qware a poynt ristes 5655  
 Now sall I nevyn now the names/note se the wordis  
 The pepill out of Panthi/is plant in first  
 Pruto Picard and Pers/and Pamplalie bathe  
 Portingale and Paiters/it paies me trouage  
 Arrabe and Artoyes/and Assie the mare 5660  
 Abbeone and Aufrike/and Acres anothing  
 Effosynie and Ethiops/thir Ebrues folke  
 All Ermony and Ewrope/enterely me serves  
 Inland Itaile and Yndee/and Ireland costes  
 Mede and Mesopotayme/and Massedoyne eke 5665  
 Turke Tuscan and Troy/and Tartary clene  
 Surre Sysyll and Saarde/and Syres all ovire  
 Gyane Garnad and Grece/and Gascoyne I have  
 Bathe Bayone and Burdeux/and Bretayn the graunt  
 Capidos and Calde/the Canony pepill 5670



Russe Romayn and Ramys/a rent thai us 3eld  
 All Calabres and Corwaile/our coron obien  
 Bathe Naples and Norway/thir nanernes alle  
 The heeris out of Hungry/and out of haythen Spayn  
 Frigie Flandres and Fraunce/and Femony us loutes 5675  
 Ascalion and Arcagee/alle of us haldis  
 Tiree and Tasse and Tessale/our tributars ere  
 Poliponens and Pentapol/and Palestyne the riche

\* \* \* \* \*

## APPENDIX

FROM

THE BODLEIAN MANUSCRIPT.



How Alixandre partyd thennys

W<sup>h</sup>an this weith at his wil/wedering hadde  
Ful rathe roumede he/rydinge thedirre  
To Oridrace with his ost/Alixandre wendus  
There wilde contre was wist/and wonderful peple  
That weren proved ful proude/and prys of hem helde 5  
Of bodi wente thei bar/withoute any wede  
And hadde grave on the ground/many grete cavys  
There here wonnyng was/wyntyrus and somerus  
No syte nor no sur stede/sothli thei ne hadde  
But holus holwe in the ground/to hiden hem inne 10  
The proude Genosophistiens/were the gomus called  
Now is that name to mene/the Nakid Wise  
Wan the kiddeste of the cavus/that was king holde  
Hurde tithinge telle/and toknyng wiste  
That Alixandre with his ost/atlede thidire 15  
To be holden of hem/hure hiejest prynee  
Thanne weies of worschipe/wittie and quainte  
With his lettres he let/to the lud sende



Thanne southte thei sone/the forsaide prynce  
 And to the schamlese schalk/schewden hur lettres 20  
 Thanne rathe let the rink/reden the sonde  
 That newe tithinge/it tolde in this wise  
 The gentil Genosophistiens/that goode were of witte  
 To the emperour Alixandre/here answerus wreten  
 That is worschipe of word/worthi to have 25  
 And is conquerour kid/in contres manie  
 Us is sertefied seg/as we soth heren  
 That thou hast ment with thi men/amongus us fare  
 But jif thou king to us come/with caire to fighthe  
 Of us getist thou no good/ gome we the warne 30  
 For what richesse rink/us might thou bireve  
 Whan no wordliche wel/is with us founde  
 We ben sengle of us silf/and semen ful bare  
 Nouht welde we now/but naked we wende  
 And that we happili her/haven of kynde 35  
 May no man but God/maken us tine  
 Thei thou fonde with thi folk/to fighthe with us alle  
 We schulle us kepe on cautj/oure cavus withinne  
 Nevere wercede we with/wijth upon erthe  
 For we ben hid in oure holis/or we harm lacche 40  
 Thus saide sothli the sonde/that thei sente hadde  
 And al so cof as the king/kende the sawe  
 Newe lettres he let/the ludus bitake  
 And with his sawus of soth/he sikured hem alle  
 That he wolde fare with his folk/in a faire wise 45  
 To biholden here hom/and non harm wirke  
 So hath the king to hem sente/and sithen with his people  
 Kairus coffi til hem/to kenne of hure fare

But whan thei sien the seg/with so manie ryde  
 Thei were agrisen of his grym/and wende gref tholie 50  
 Faste heiede thei to holis/and hidden hem there  
 And in the cavus hem kepte/fro the king sterne  
 Thanne weren from hem went/wifis and children  
 With othir bestus aboute/that hem bi ferde  
 After ferde Alixandre/and askede hem sone 55  
 By ludus of the langage/how thei leve mihte  
 And jif thei ne hadde none holis/on the holw erthe  
 As hadde the weies that were/here wordliche makus  
 Thanne thei caire with the king/hur cavus to schewe  
 And kennen the conquerour/hur costumus alle 60  
 And saide seg to us silf/sofisen this cavus  
 Of othur hous than her arne/have we no nede  
 Whan alle thei til Alixandre/hadde answeere ijoulde  
 The king cortais ikid/cofliche saide  
 For I have founde 3ou folk/faithful of speeche 65  
 Me to lere of 3our lif/without les tale  
 3ernes now of my 3ift/that 3ou leve were  
 And what it be that 3e bidde/3our bonus I graunte  
 Thanne saide thei Wordlich weij/we wische of thei 3ifte  
 Ai lastinge lif/to lacchen upon erthe 70  
 That us derye no deth/desire we nouthe  
 For othur wordliche won/at wille we have  
 Nai sertus saide the noble/that may not be graunted  
 Of me that mihteles am/myselfe so to kepe  
 I am sikur of my silf/to suffre min ende 75  
 I ne have no lordschipe of lif/to lengthe my daies  
 Seg saide thei again/syn thou so knowist  
 That the is demed the deth/to dure nouht longe



Whi farest thou so fihunge/folk to distroie  
 And for to winne the word/wendest so romme 80  
 How miȝht thou kepe the of sekathe/with skill and with trouthe  
 Aȝeins ryht to bireve/rengnus of kingus  
 Thanne agayn saide the gome/with a good chere  
 Thorou the grace of God/I gete that I have  
 Thei han demed me or deth/thorou dintus of miȝhte 85  
 Of erthe to be emperour/in everych a saide  
 Sin I have grace of that graunt/grimmest to worthe  
 I wrouthe wrethelie now/ and wrathede drihten  
 ȝif I for dul of any deth/my destene fledde  
 That is markid to me/and to no mo kingus 90  
 Men seth wel that the see/seseth and stinteth  
 But whan the wind on the watur/the wawus arereth  
 So wolde I reste me rathe/and ride ferthe  
 Nevere to gete more good/no no gome derie  
 Bute as the heie hevene goodus/with herteli thouhtus 95  
 So aweccen my wit/and my wil chaungen  
 That I mai stinte no stounde/stille in o place  
 That I ne am temted ful tid/to turne me thennus  
 And sin we wetin hur wil/to worschen on erthe  
 We mowe be sothliche isaid/hur servantus hende 100  
 ȝif God sente every gome/that goth upon molde  
 Wordliche wisdam/and wittus iliche  
 Betur miȝhte no burn/be than an othur  
 A pere miȝhte the pore/to parte with the riche  
 Thanne ferde the worlde as a feld/that ful were of bestes 105  
 When everi lud liche wel/lyvede upon erthe  
 For that enchesonn God ches/other chef kingus  
 That scholde maistrus be maad/over mene peple

And me is markid to be/most of alle othur  
 For thi Y chase to cheve/as chaunce is me demed 110  
 Whan this sawe was said/the semliche prynce  
 Fro the foresaide folk/fondes to ride  
 Thanne he farus to a feld/ful fair and ful large  
 That stod on an hie stede/astored with frutus  
 There sai he semliche tres/with the sonne woxe 115  
 That frut baren hem above/on bowus ful thikke  
 And al so sone as the sonne/sesede to schine  
 That siȝt don was the day/fordon of the cloudus  
 The tres seseden of siȝht/and sonken to gronde  
 That frekus miȝht no frith/no no frut kenne 120  
 As rathe as the sonne ros/and reed gan schine  
 That his lem on the loft/liȝht ȝaf aboute  
 The tres spradden hure spraies/and spronngen on hiȝthe  
 In grete groundede frut/on the grene braunchus  
 Thanne comaundede the king/cofli to feche 125  
 Of that freliche frut/that the frekus siee  
 Thanne a bold kniht/in to a bow stirte  
 The sote saverede frut/sone to pulle  
 But as so rathe as the rink/gan the ris touche  
 Doun fel he with dul/ded in the place 130  
 And sithen sent was a vois/sone fro hevene  
 That non trinde the tres/last thei taried were  
 For everi grene growe tre/that on the ground spronge  
 Hadde bremliche a brid/the braunchus alofte  
 That whan ther buskede a burn/a bow for to touche 135  
 Thei spatten sparclus of fir/and spildin him rathe





**How Alixandre remetwid to a flod that is called Phison.**

As sone the king sai/that it so ferde  
 He dide him forth to flod/that Phison is called  
 That writen is in Holi Wriht/and wrouht so to name  
 From perlese Paradis/passeth the stronde 140  
 In cost there the king was/men callede hit Gena  
 As was the langage of the lond/with ludis of Inde  
 There made the Mascedomus king/his men for to stinte  
 And bi the banke of the strem/he biggede his tentus  
 Thanne the Mastredomus men/in the men tyme 145  
 Biçonde Phisonus flod/saien folk rome  
 Forthi bad the bolde king/that burnus of Inde  
 Scholde talken him til/and tidliche enquere  
 The name of hure nacion/nedli to knowe  
 For muche wilnede the weijht/to witen of here fare 150  
 Ride miçhte nouht the rink/over the rounne stronde  
 For the wormus that were/bi the water founde  
 For outtaken viij. wokus/of al the twelf monthe  
 That is sothli to saie/the sesoun of Juli  
 And heruest that hastily/aftter him folweth 155  
 Dredful dragonus/drawen hem thiddire  
 Addrus and ypotamus/and othure ille wormus  
 And careful cocodrillus/that the king lette  
 For skathe of the scorpionus/askape thei ne miçhte  
 So rive romede thei/the river biside 160  
 As prest as the pris king/sai his pres stinte  
 That he fer with his flok/fare ne miçhte  
 For the bestus of bale/that bi the watur ferde  
 And harm of the houndfich/that hovede there inne

Of the seggus that he sai/biçonde the side stronde 165  
 Ho dide calle for to come/to carpen him tille  
 Whan thei hurden is houp/hastiliche aftur  
 A lud to a litil boot/lepus in haste  
 And rathe to the riche king/romwus alone  
 And aftur of Alixandre/asketh his wille 170  
 A wël langaged lud/let the king sone  
 Asprien ful spedliche/bi speche of the lande  
 In what kyth were thei kid/and what hit called were  
 And ho were lord of hur land/and ledere of alle  
 We were in Bragmanie bred/saide the burn thanne 175  
 In Dindimus the dere king/our demere is holde  
 Sertus saide Alixandre/the sawe me quemus  
 Me hath longe to çour land/liked to wende  
 With çou to carpe in this kith/covaited Y çorne 180  
 For miche ludus of çour lif/listned Ic have  
 Thanne let the lordliche king/lettres endite  
 And thereon settus his sel/and sithen hem takus  
 To the burn on his bot/and bad him in haste  
 To the king of hur kith/carien his sonde  
 Than whit the weiht/over the water sterus 185  
 And the lettrus to his lord/ledus ful sone  
 As sone as his king saye/that sonde him yprofred  
 He hit lacchus of the lud/and lokus ther inne  
 And çif çe ludus have list/the lettrus to knowe  
 Tendeth how this tale/is titeled ther inne 190  
 The kidde king Alixandre/that couth is in erthe  
 That name hath of noblete/and nevere man dradde  
 That grete god Amon/in gracious timus  
 Bigat on Olimpias/the onerable quene



Dindimus the dere king/doth for to grete 195  
 That lord of Bragmanus lond/and ledere is holde  
 And in this same wise saith/and sendeth him gon  
 And til alle that arn/aftur him thare  
 We han ludus of 3our lif/listned ful ofte  
 That michil ben 3our manerus/from other men varied 200  
 For 3e non erthe ne eren/that erne 3ou mi3hte  
 Fode for to fare with/as othur flok usen  
 On se saile 3e nouht/in sasoun of 3ere  
 For to fi3che on the fom/or finde any praie  
 But litil leve we that/lud I the warne 205  
 Forthi biseche Y the seg/3if it soth were  
 Send me tynige tid/and tel me the sothe  
 That Y may witen of 3our werk/and of 3our wonus alle  
 For 3if men saith bi 3ow soth/the sawe that Y hirde  
 Of more marvailouse men/mi3hte I nouht kenne 210  
 3if Y wisdam or wit/in 3our werk finde  
 That God aloweth 3our lif/and liketh 3our dedes  
 Y schal your costumus king/covaite to holde  
 And fonde for bi mi3ht/3our fare to sinke  
 For fram the 3outhen of my 3er/3erned Ic have 215  
 Of wide werkus to wite/and wisdam lere  
 We weren tauht in oure time/and tendide lorus  
 Of oure doctourus dere/demed for wise  
 That non hathel undur hevne/so holi is founde  
 That mihte alegge any lak/our lif to reprove 220  
 But for Y ludus of 3oure lif/swich a los hurde  
 That we discorden of dede/in many done thingus  
 And that 3our doctours dere/don 3ou to knowe  
 The best lorus of lif/and lawus of wise

And we 3ou praien sire prince/prestly me sende 225  
 Alle the lorus of 3our lif/in lettres aseled  
 And Y bihote 3ou her/unharmd to leve  
 For more may hit in cas/3ou menske than greve  
 Whan may hit greven a man/that mich good knowith  
 To carpe of his konninge/and kenne it til othere 230  
 For the wers is no weih/wis 3if he seme  
 Thou3 he finde othur folk/folewen his dedus  
 Of a torche that is tend/tak an ensample  
 That thou3 ludus of the lem/lihtede an hundred  
 Hit scholde nouht lesen his liht/no the latur brenne 235  
 While the weke and the waxe/onwasteth lasteth  
 And so it farus bi flok/that fain is to teche  
 Hit wasteth no wisdam/weihes to lere  
 Forthi busiliche burn/we bidde the nouthe 240  
 Withoute tariginge of time/tithinge sende  
 Of that we 3ernen of 3ou/ful 3are to kenne  
 To witen of the wisdam/that 3e with faren  
 Whan dereworthe Dindimus/the enditinge hurde  
 Of Alixandre askinge/as he write hadde  
 Othir lettrus he let/of hur lif writte 245  
 And agyn to the gome/goodliche he sente  
 As cof as hit come was/there the king dwelde  
 In this manner did the man/the message arede

**How king Dindimus sent lettrus to king Alixandre.**

The dere king Dindimus/the doctour of wise  
 That lord of Bragmanus loud/alosed is thare 250



To emperour Alixandre/egrest of princes  
 That is grimmet igrowe/and grettest of kingus  
 Sendeth lettres of lowe/and to the lud writes  
 Miche gretithinge of grace/and grauntinge of joie  
 Bi thi message man/that thou to me sentest 255  
 Whan we sihen thi sonde/with thi sel prented  
 We kenden thi covaitise/and that thou king wilnest  
 The rihtewisnesse wite/that to a weih longus  
 In that alowe I the lud/that the lef were  
 The beste lawe to lere/and lorus of witte 260  
 For riht wisdam is worth/al the world riche  
 For non emperour on erthe/that evere was founde  
 That wantede wisdam/his wihses to gye  
 Mihte lordschipe lache/of othur low peple  
 Bute the loweste that livede/his lord mihte worthe 265  
 And with him fare as a fol/that failede his wittus  
 Netheles sire noble king/Y the now warne  
 To oure painede peple/inpossible hit semeth  
 That 3e oure manerus mihte/mekliche endure  
 Or in the lif that we live/laste any while 270  
 For oure lif and oure lawe/unlich is to 3oure  
 And al luthur bileve/we lothen in herte  
 Al the dedes that 3e don/discorden til oure  
 For we ne grete noht the godus/that 3e gode holden  
 Of that thou senteste sire king/to say the truhe 275  
 Of al the lore of our lif/without long dwelle  
 Hathel for thin hendschepe/have us exkused  
 For we ne konne the nouht kenne/our costumus alle  
 Though I lud of our lif/lettrus the sende  
 Prince hit profiteth nouht/to preche of oure dedus 280

3e ne have no tome no tune/to tende my sawus  
 For 3e so busiliche ben with/aboute the werre  
 But say thou nouht sire king/for sake of envie  
 That me were loth of our lif/ludus to teche  
 For as michel as Y may/in minde bithenke 285  
 Bi this aselede sonde/sothliche I telle  
 We bredde brethurne in God/Bragmanus pore  
 Leden clanliche our lif/and libben as simple  
 We ne wilne in this world/to wolde no more  
 Bute as we simpleliche our lif/sostaine mowe 290  
 We ben to penance iput/and poverte drien  
 We holde hit nedful to nime/that nouht may be wastid  
 Hit is no leve in oure lawe/that we land erie  
 With no scharpede schar/to schape the forues  
 Ne sette solow on the fled/ne sowe non erthe 295  
 In any place of the plow/to plokke with oxen  
 Ne in no side of the se/to saile with nettus  
 Of the finned fihes/our fode to lacche  
 For to hauke ne hunte/have we no leve  
 Ne foure fotede best/ferke to kille 300  
 Ne to faren in the feld/and fonde with slythe  
 For to refe the brod/of briddus of hevene  
 And whan we faren to fed/we finde no faute  
 We han so michel at the mel/that we no more wiine  
 Othir goodis to gete/give we no tente 305  
 Ne othir dainteys dere/desire we none  
 Than oure moder of mete/may us forth bringe  
 That we kennen for kinde/and callen the erthe  
 Sche us norscheth at nede/and inow sendeth  
 Withoute swet othur swink/swich as we haven 310



Hit ne is no leve in our land/that ludus therinne  
 Scholde more of hure mete/than mesure take  
 Forthei sounde we be seie/and sike in no time  
 Bute helthe have we hir/til we henne passe  
 To godus pay is our peple/in bettur point founde 315  
 Him to loven as hur lord/and like him to serve  
 Than fale othir folk ben/that fillen hure wombe  
 And nimen more than inow/whan no ned were  
 We maken no medisine/no no man prayen  
 With ony hathelene help/to helyn oure bodius 320  
 We han a sertaine somme/asingned of 3erus  
 Whan we schulle lese this lif/and laste no more  
 For we mowe tellen our time/whan the time fallus  
 For litil lengure a lud/liveth than an othir  
 But bi comminge of kynde/as hevene king demus 325  
 We schal doute the deth/whan the day fallus  
 Bi an ordre of oure kinde/whan we holde waxen  
 Whan mihte lakken our limus/and lesen our hete  
 We schulle forleten oure lif/and leve that the soule  
 To him that schop us to schap/schal fare to blisse 330  
 For no cold that us cometh/in oure kinde age  
 We ne faren to no fir/our fingrus to warme  
 Of bodi hole we ben/and no bale fele  
 Ay we founden to fle/flechliche lustus  
 We maken thorou mekenesse/alle manir thingus 335  
 That miht us soile with sinne/sese in a while  
 I rede that the riche emperour/ful rathe that thou founde  
 To ovyrcomen enemis/that arn 3e withinne  
 For haddest thou fenked the fon/that in thei flech dwellen  
 None mihte the now/nye withoute 340

But thou fihstest with thi fon/that faren the biside  
 And hem that in thei bodi ben/ay berest with the  
 But if we ony enimis/withinne us asprie  
 We nolle sclepe in no sclowthe/til we hem sclain have  
 Therfor we al overcomen/that arn us withinne 345  
 We ne have fere of no fon/that faren withoute  
 Ne we agayn hem do go/ne of no gome prince  
 Ne of no hathel undur hevene/any help seche  
 We ne doute none douhtie/ne no dede sterve  
 Ne we no wilne no win/of watur no of londe 350  
 With trene bowus we ben/on the body keverid  
 And us findeth the frut/fode at oure nede  
 Of mylk have we miche whon/amongus our peple  
 That we no wante no wite/of wordliche fode

**How Dindimus endited to Mirandre of here lebvg.**

Whan we ludus in this land/liste to drinke 355  
 We turnen tid to flod/Thabeus is called  
 Thereof we taken a tast/what time that us nedeth  
 And herie the heie God/with herte and with tounge  
 What so we worchen in this worlde/or waken or slepe  
 Or in ertheliche ese/eten othur drinke 360  
 For his sake that it sente/sothli we worchin  
 To sustaine his servantis/as himsilf likus  
 We hopen have the lif/that come schal heraftur  
 And derely without deth/dure schal evere  
 Tale tende we non/that turneth to harme 365  
 But hit be preched for prow/and proceed to goode



We no spende no speeche/but whan we speke weele  
 We ne sain but soth/and sesen by time  
 We no recche of no ricchesse/no renoun of landus  
 No catelus covaitise/comyth at oure herte 370  
 For that is sothliche a sinne/that seggus haunteth  
 And to miche mischef/many men bringeth  
 Al we libben in love/and lothen envie  
 And hit paieth our peple/in povert to libbe  
 For we hit rekenen for riche/and redileche finden 375  
 That hit foleweth oure folk/til thei fare hennus  
 Ay ar we in pes/and armus forsaken  
 And to no wikkede werk/woned be we fare  
 Ther nis no lawe in oure land/ludus to chaste  
 For we no dede no don/domus to tholie 380  
 We holden hit a vertu/at hom in oure lande  
 Among the men of our march/mercy unknowe  
 For we ben meved to no man/mercy to grave  
 We ne gilte noht God/no no gome here  
 Wherefore we mosten have in minde/mercy to crye 385  
 That God scholde of oure gilt/forgiven us the sinne  
 Of ony wikkede werk/that we wroute evyre  
 Ne we for sake of our sinne/no sacrifice maken  
 To oure galfule God/with gold nor with silver  
 As 3e dulfully don/to develus of paine 390  
 To make hem glad of 3oure gilt/and glose 3ou here  
 Alle leccheries lust/us lotheth to founde  
 Or to bringe us in brigge/for to breke spouce  
 Or any misdede make/wherefore we miht aftur  
 Ben ypiniched in paine/and parte blisse 395  
 And thus we gaynsaie 3oure gilt/and 3oure godus false

As 3e wolde fare by 3oure fon/that 3e fals knewe  
 We ben rihtful of red/and resoun alowen  
 Forthei ne se we no seg/sodainly deie 400  
 For we ne lijthe noht our lif/with no luthur dede  
 Wherefore we scholde with schame/be schorted of daies  
 We don deie no cloth/of diverse heuys  
 No in no worschipful wede/oure wivus atiren  
 Wherefore a lud mihte like/to loven hem the bettere  
 Or thai fairere than afore/folk miht seme 405  
 So to hihten hem her/we holden hit sinne  
 To maken hem comelokur corn/than hur kynde askyth  
 Therefore thei haten to be hiht/on hed or on face  
 With ony wachinge of watur/or ony werk ells 410  
 Or fonde with fals craft/hure face to enouie  
 For to bliken of hur ble/the blithure of chere  
 Or hem schenure to schene/than thei schape were  
 Of him that lente hem hur lif/and hure limus made  
 For they that craven by craft/comelokur seme  
 Than thei ben kindeli coren/as hevene king likus 415  
 God scholde that him schop/schine by rihte  
 For his children hem to chese/that changede his schappus  
 For be he burn othur burde/that hure bodi hihten  
 Othirwise than it was/in this word schape  
 They gaynsain hure Savioure/that hem so made 420  
 And ben aschamed of his schap/and schewen hem ellus  
 Thou douhty doutede king/we don the to knowe  
 That oure bodies ne ben/in no bath wahche  
 We han while we here ben/hete of the sonne  
 And us bydewen aday/the dewus of hevene 425  
 We ben busy of no swink/nor no burn maken



For to wirchen our wil/and wordliche serve  
 Us no liketh of no lud/lordschipe have  
 Non is sternere of stat/ne stouter than othir  
 Sin we ben bretheren of brod/brouht into this worde 430  
 Alle comen of a king/that kid is in blisse  
 Whi scholde any schalk/that God schop on erthe  
 Have maistrie of men/more than anothir  
 We ne han none hous bote holus/in the holou cavus  
 Undur hillus ful hie/to holden us inne 435  
 There cometh no wawe of the wind/no watur of the rainus  
 Hie holdus to bulde/be we not snelle  
 To legge lym othir ston/loth is us alle  
 Us ne liketh no lome/in oure land use  
 As othir erthliche men/usen aboute 440  
 We lin whan us sclepe list/lowe undur erthe  
 Al withoute ony swink/of ertliche werkus  
 Swich housinge we han/to holde out the wederes  
 And leden therinne our lif/the lengthe of our daies  
 Whan God liketh from lif/lede us to blisse 445  
 We liggen doun in our den/there we ded worthen  
 Thanne is us graythed no grave/in the grounde dolven  
 But there we lin as we laie/whan we lif hadde  
 With us schineth every schalk/in schippus for to saile  
 For to winne on the watur/wordliche fode 450  
 For thei that sailen on the see/as we soth knowen  
 In gret peril ben iput/and perichen ful ofte  
 We ben lered in oure land/lore of no scole  
 Ne to no sience iset/us silue to wisse  
 That mihte us kenne in this kith/to carpen as wise 455  
 But that cometh us by kinde/we konne noht ellus

We ne faren to no philozofrus/to fonden hure lorus  
 For ay longeth that lore/to lesinge and jangle  
 Alle oure sawus ben simple/that we soth tellen  
 And for to lie is us loth/or lutherly wirche 460  
 But swiche wordus of wise/we wilnen to lere  
 There nis no jargoun no jangle/ne juggemetis falce  
 Us ne schewith no schalk/schamfule tacchus  
 Wherewith we mihte misdo/or ony man gile  
 We ne loven in our land/no laik nor no mirthe 465  
 But whanne we meven our mynde/mirthe to here  
 We raiken to oure romauncus/and reden the stormus  
 That oure eldrene on erthe/or this time wroute  
 And whan we tenden any tale/that turneth to bourde  
 That were gaine for a gome/or good of to lauze 470  
 We sesen of solas/and sorwen in herte  
 And maken mourninge of mirthe/whan men scholde glade  
 Of othur wondrus we witen/in this word here  
 That lileth us to loken on/on the loft heie  
 We sen selkouthe thing/that is ta sain hevene 475  
 There as lem is of loft/and lisse to Gode  
 The sonne set in his cours/and the seve sterres  
 And alle that seggeus mowe/sen sithen on skurus  
 That to hure schappere hem schewen/schining rede  
 An sithen liht fro the loft/to the land caste 480  
 The side se we mow sen/set upon erthe  
 That in kinde colour/acordeth to purple  
 But whan the watur with the wind/the wavirus up casteth  
 And thouh hit turne any time/to tempest of windus  
 Hit ne awecheth no wawe/nor no watur rereth 485  
 As hit amongus 3ou men/is many time founde



That stive stormus of the wind/stiren up the wawus  
 But here whan the wind hath/his hugeste blastus  
 The clere watur he bielipth/and closeth hit inne  
 Ther inne sothli we sen/selcouthe kindus 490  
 Of the fletinge fihs/that in the fom lepen  
 There maken dolfinus dive/and diverce fihches  
 That there swimmen ful swithe/and swangen aboute  
 We han mirthe ful miche/in medus and feldus  
 There faire placus and plain/han plente of flourus 495  
 That sote saveron til us/and with the siht clene  
 We ben as fulsom ifounde/as thou; we fed were  
 Us is likful and lef/in landus to walke  
 There won walleth of watur/in the wellespringus  
 Miche wilne we wende/in the wodus thikke 500  
 For to rome under ris/that rif is of levus  
 There we mowe graspen on the grene/and gret joie here  
 Of brem briddene song/the braunchus alofte  
 This is oure costum of kinde/that we kythen alle  
 And deliten in no dede/that doth men to sinne 505  
 Sire emperour Alixandre/this arn oure lawes  
 Bothe oure reule and our riht/that we the rede holde  
 3if thou our lif wole alowe/and oure lawe use  
 Hit schal the profite prince/whan thei pres failleth  
 Hit is noht long in us lud/thei hit loth seme 510  
 For Y have sent the my sonde/as thou theiself bade  
 But be thou nouht bolde king/balful no tened  
 That thou miht trystli trye/the treweste lawe  
 For we schulle munige the man/swiche manir lorus  
 That thou miht lihtliche lud/the beste lawe kenne 515  
 Whan thou hit wisliche wost/wilne hit in herte

And lothe thi lordschipe/and thi lif mende  
 Asie and Aufrik/and Europ the grete  
 Thou hast lowed to the lud/in a litil while  
 The lem of the sonneliht/thou letttest to schine 520  
 So brem bringest thou thi men/all in bryht armus  
 And the guldene ger/that thi gomus usen  
 With the blasinge ble/blenden the sonne  
 Thou hast robbed with thi rout/two riche strondus  
 There the gravel of the ground/was of gold ore 525  
 That on was called Erenus/and that othur Large  
 The peple callede Paccolus/that thou pore madest  
 So fale folewen the folk/to fonde thi heste  
 That with hure drinkinke drawht/whan thei drie thirsten  
 3e maken stinte of his strem/a stronde ful huge 530  
 That Nilus the noble flod/namued is wide  
 So miche holdest thou the man/of miht and of strenke  
 That thou miht over Oxian/with thin ost saile  
 So wis wenst thou the be/that thou by wit mihhest  
 Thorou thi maistrrie miche/maken to sclepe 535  
 Tricerberus the helle hound/that holden is kene  
 Bothe wakrong and wikke/and wardain of paine  
 3e no fonde no fast/but fillen 3oure wombis  
 Eten evere whan 3e list/and in ese libben  
 Unkinde kithe 3e 3ou/to kille 3our children 540  
 To queme qued fulle godus/that quenchen 3our blisse  
 And to 3oure soverain of sinne/sacrifice maken  
 With that unblissful blod/that thei bled haven  
 Miche maugre 3e maken/among many kingus  
 And grett werre in this world/to waste the peple 545  
 Many men upon molde/ful mek and ful simple



Throu the proude prince/ful proude ben woxe  
 3e wene winne noht inow/on this worde one  
 But 3if 3e hevene might have/and holden hit else  
 Michel gilte 3e gome/bi 3our godus falce 550  
 As thei were woned in this word/to wirchen in hure live  
 For ensample bi my sawe/soth mow 3e fonge  
 Of Jubiter the joilese/jugged to paine  
 He was alosed in his lif/lechurous of kinde  
 That in his licamus lust/as a lie brente 555  
 He hadde while he here was/to hordom ieged  
 Gret won in this word/ of wommen alive  
 Forthei 3e holde him a god/that in helle lengus  
 And that sorwful sinne/for his sake usen  
 Y prove hit by Proserpine/that 3e praisen alle 560  
 And holden godesse god/to gien 3ou here  
 Hure was lecherie luf/the while hue livede else  
 And many lud by hure lay/hur lust to fulfille  
 Many men upon molde/made hure by slithe  
 To haunte hure in hordom/hur hol liftime 565  
 Of hure tenful tach/3e taken ensample  
 And ay wilnen hire wone/in werkus to fonde

**How he spareth not Alexandre to telle him of his  
governance.**

Alle 3e usen unrith/and after that wirchen  
 3e ben luther of 3our lif/and lawus 3e change  
 Of more make 3e avaunte/than 3e mow forthen 570  
 Wis holde 3e no whi/but 3if he wel conne

Faire tempren his tounge/his tale to schew  
 Swiche matere of wit/minegeth 3our tounge  
 But betere holde Y a burn/that bereth him al stille 575  
 3e gederen 3ou gret won/of gol and of silver  
 And miche likus 3ou lache/lordliche holdes  
 And sithen many servantis/3ou silve to abowe  
 To be kecere ykid/than any kouth peple  
 And 3it Y live that 3e live/thorou lasse fode  
 Than other seggus that semen/simple in irthe 580  
 Of richesse and of renoun/romme be 3e kidde  
 And ben baldere ywist/than any burn elles  
 But oure kinde konninge/3ou overcometh nouthe  
 In alle dedus that 3e don/in 3oure daies time  
 We witen weies ful wel/that 3e were alle 585  
 Bremliche ybrouht forth/and bred of that modur  
 That is stable to stonde/and stonus engendreth  
 And the erthe is called/that every man helpeth  
 Whan god demeth 3ou deie/3our daies to tine  
 Gravas of gret prys/3e graythe 3ou tille 590  
 And but hit fair be and fin/folie 3e holden  
 To legge in 3our licam/that lodileche is founde  
 And so 3our bodies 3e buren/that bettur riht hadde  
 In rouh erthe to be reke/to roten hure bonus  
 And by the dedus that men don/to the dede bodies 595  
 Ludus keneth huo hem loven/to hure livus ende  
 We for love of the Lord/that we liven inne  
 None bestus iboren/balfulli kille  
 Ne no tidi atir/in templus araie  
 No figure of fin gold/fourme therinne 600  
 Wherefore the heie hevene God/heren us scholde



Whan any burn to him bad/is bove graunde  
 But so folliche folk/your fals godus alle  
 Wilfully worschipen/with wordliche godus  
 For thi scholde hasteli you here/and you help kithe 605  
 Whan 3e greden your grace/to graunte your wille  
 Whan 3e for sake of your sinne/sacrifice maken  
 And quellen any quik best/to queme the develus  
 3e ne understonde nouht that stounde/the storie of this wordus  
 That God hereth no gome/but for his goode dedus 610  
 And for no bestene blod/that any burn quelleth  
 Nothir of kide nothir of calf/nothir of kild oxe  
 But he hereth every hathel/that hertely biddeth  
 And with mekenesse of minde/minegeth his nede  
 Godus wordliche word/as we wel trowen 615  
 Is sone sothliche of man/that in himsilf dwelleth  
 By which molde is ymaad/and man upon erthe  
 And al that weihs in this word/scholde with fare  
 Al bestus ther by/that lif bere mowe  
 Ben sothliche isustained/as himsilf likus 620  
 That ilke worthliche word/we worschipen alle  
 And hit lelliche loven/as our lif likus  
 God is spedful in speche/and a spryt clene  
 Bothe blessed and blythe/that blendeth alle sorwe  
 He clameth nouht but clenness/and clepeth to is joie 625  
 Clene mindede men/that meke ben founde  
 Wherefore we holde you folk/folus echone  
 That 3e ne leven in that lord/that lengeth in blisse  
 And lede clanly your lif/in no luther wirche  
 As 3e hath of us herd/holly the dedus 630  
 But 3e in lechoures lust/al your lif spende

And serve sory idolus/that you in synne brynge  
 With othir folies fale/3e foulen your soulen  
 And so 3e duren in your dede/til 3e ded wortheth  
 Thanne schulle we for your sinne/soffre paine 635  
 For we unclene bi cleped/and cleven in your sinne  
 There may you borewen of bale/no bost nor no pride  
 Ne no god that 3e given/to your godus falce  
 Ne no sory sacrifice/that 3e so maken  
 With any bestene blod/that evire burn schadde 640  
 3e ne herien nouht herteli/the heie God alone  
 That hevene holdeth and hath/to his hole regne  
 But al so fale falce godus/3e fonden to queme  
 As a burn bereth now/in his body membrys  
 For 3e liknen a lud/to a litil wordle 645  
 And this sawe 3e sain/sothliche echone  
 That al so many as a man/hath membrys yschape  
 Him falleth al so fale godus/faithfully herie  
 And so 3e sacrifice don/to selkouthe fendus  
 For every lime that a lud/longeth to have 650  
 3e kythen carefule godus/and kallen hem nowthe  
 Aftur dedeus that thei dede/diverse names  
 Michel holde 3e of miht/Minerva the falce  
 For he foundede first/folies manye  
 And this is seggus your sawe/as 3e sain alle 655  
 Hue was engendred with gin/of Jubiterus hede  
 Forthei 3e holden hure wis/and hollyche segge  
 That hue the hilthe of the heed/hath for to kepe  
 The jandewin Jubiter/joyful 3e holde  
 For he was wrathful iwrouht/and wried in angur 660  
 Gomus holden him god/that gieth the herte



For there ariseth in a renk/the rotus of wraythe  
 A god mihtful of mani/Martis 3e holden  
 For he was fihtere fel/and founderer of werre  
 He is alosed in lande/lord of the breste 665  
 For there the miht of a man/most is isene  
 For Mercurie miche spak/to mentaine jangle  
 3e holden him galful and god/and god of the tounge  
 For Hercules the endelese/that evere is in paine  
 Diviside here on his day/a dosain of wondrus 670  
 That 3e avowen verraie/and vertuus holden  
 That a man moste do/with mihte of his armus  
 A god holde 3e him/helplich of grace  
 That hath 3our armus to 3eme/and may 3ou give strenke  
 For Bacus the bollere/that 3e abowen alle 675  
 Englaymed was in glotenye/and glad to be drounke  
 3e callen him kepere of the throte/and kinde god holden  
 And wis witiere of win/that alle won bryngus  
 Cupidus the corsede/that is in care punched  
 3e worchen al worschipe/and in this wise tellen 680

**How he telleth Mirandre of his maumentrie**

That for he leccherie lovede/in his lif time  
 And that folie full/foundede on erthe  
 A bryht brenninge brond/he bereth on his hondis  
 And alle lechurus lust/of the lem tendeth  
 And so 3e sain that he is/a sothe god iproved 685  
 That hath the stomak in stat/stify to kepe  
 For there the hete that men han/is holden withinne

That enforceth the flech/folie to wirche  
 Also seggus 3e sain/that Ceres the falce  
 Is a goodesse god/and gieth the wombe 690  
 For hue tilede in hur time/on the touh erthe  
 And whete sothliche sew/or any seggus elles  
 Ful verrai of vertue/Venus 3e holden  
 And for hue lady was alosed/of leccherouse dedeus  
 3e holden hure a goodesse god/that hath for to kepe 695  
 He proveth membrus of a man/that marke is of kingus  
 Juno the joilese/3e juggen for noble  
 And weihus sain that he witeth/in his worde one  
 A spild spirit of the air/that may speke wondrus  
 And telle what bitide schal/of tene othir of welthe 700  
 3e leven alle in Appolin/and also 3e tellen  
 That for he medisine made/and minstrelus craftus  
 3e holde hin giour ful good/and god of the handus  
 So ther leveth no lime/lasse no more  
 That in 3our power is put/but parted to fendus 705  
 3e ne leven not on a Lord/that lengus in hevene  
 That al the membrus of a man/made at His wille  
 And thou3 3e falce godus folk/founden to serve  
 Thei ne graunte no grace/but greven 3ou ofte  
 And taken of 3ou tribit/that traie is to paie 710  
 Of 3oure offringus alle/ofte in the 3ere  
 To Martis the mithtelese/men ofren in time  
 A gret bor and a bold/as burnus han used  
 To Bacus the balful/men bringen in temple  
 A kide as is costum/of comine peple 715  
 A fair pokok of pris/men paien to Juno  
 And him wirchen therwith/worschipe on erthe



The offrin of Appolin/as 3e alle knowe  
 Ys a swan swithe whit/swich as 3e bryngen  
 3e schullen bi ordre of on us/offren to Vectus 720  
 A ful derworthe douve/on his den take  
 Minerva men worschipen/in othir maner else  
 And bringen hure a nihtbrid/a bakke or an oule  
 To Ceres the sorwful/3e sacrifice maken  
 And carien bi costum/corn to hure temple 725  
 3e mensken alle Mercurie/with mirthe and with joie  
 And him a chalis ful chois/with good chere bringen  
 The hauter of Herculis/alle 3e hihten  
 And hit spraden with sprainus/of springinge braunchus  
 Cupies the corsed/with comeliche flourus 730  
 3e herien ful hertely/and hihten is temple  
 Thus manye mihteles godus/and mo than Y telle  
 For the hope of hur help/3e herien on erthe  
 And 3it may ther no man/in any maner wise  
 With solepne sacrifice/serve hem at onus 735  
 But everi wile of a wehy/his owene wone have  
 Be it bole othur bor/betur othur werse  
 Of swiche bestus that ben/of burnus Y of reed  
 Thei han miht upon molde/and of no mo thingus  
 Whi favere 3e thanne falce godus/and folliche seggen 740  
 That thei han power of peple/that pacen on molde  
 Whan thei ne han miht of no mor/nor no maistire on erthe  
 But of hur owne offringe/and onliche of bestes  
 For 3our errours on erthe/sire emperour riche  
 And for the dedus undingne/that 3e don alle 745  
 As 3e ben worthei of wo/whan the word failus  
 3e schulle be punched and put/in paine for evere

3our godus ful of gile ben/that 3e so good holden  
 On hem is help of non harm/no hap of no grace  
 But bochours ben thei echon/3our body to dismembre 750  
 And everich pinchen his part/there paine is unended  
 As many mihtese godus/as 3e on molde serven  
 As fale painus in fir/3ou fallus to drie  
 For 3our ydil idolus/don 3ou ille wirche  
 Summe to lechorus lust/3our likinge turneth 755  
 Summe 3ou strenkthen to strive/and straiten 3our minde  
 And somme eggen in ese/to eten and to drinke  
 Thei bysette 3ou so/in sinne and in gile  
 That 3e wirchen hur wil/and worchipen alle  
 And seggus for 3e so don/3e semen unwise 760  
 Hem to serven in sinne/that mowe no seg helpe  
 Thei beth unmihtful ymad/men for to wisse  
 And kunnot save hemself/fro sorwful painus  
 Whan 3e hem greden of grith/to graunt 3our bone  
 Whether hey hit heren or nouht/to harme hit 3ou turnus 765  
 Whan 3e hem praierre profre/3if they prest heren  
 Thei casten in 3oure consience/corsede thouhtous  
 And ludus 3if hem loth be/to listne 3oure bonus  
 Hit 3ou norcheth an y/for thei 3ou nouht heren  
 So whether thei graunte hit or gruche/thei greven 3ou ofte 770  
 For everi time hit 3ou turneth/to tene and to harme  
 Tho ben 3oure gostliche godous/that gon to do wirche  
 Aftur ludene lif/for hure luthur werkus  
 For thei schulle in this word/wirche for sinne  
 Whan that burnus are bured/that balfully wrouthe 775  
 Tokne of that tourment/tolde 3oure eldren  
 How wrethe scholde ben wrouht/for wrongful dedes



And dul aftur the deth/your doctourus saide  
 That seggus scholde for sinne/suffre in this worde  
 And 3e ben sothli the same/of wham thei so tolde 780  
 That scholde lenge aftur lif/in lastinge paine  
 For 3if 3e seggus 3ou lif/sothli bithenke  
 Wers wirchen no folk/than 3e weizes alle  
 For sake of 3oure Savyour/3e ne soffre no paine  
 But liven in 3oure likinge/and lutherli wirchen 785  
 3e waken for wikkednesse/and worchen but ille  
 3e speden for to spille men/and spoucebreche fonden  
 3ou is lechurie luf/and liben with stalthe  
 To robbe men of hure riht/ful redy ben alle  
 3e ben glotounius gle/glad for to haunte 790  
 And han no mesure on molde/of mete ne of drynke  
 3e ben to the hellehond/holliche ilike  
 Triceberus the tenful/of wham I tolde have  
 Foure hedus ben on him/that hath but on wombe  
 And so it fareth by 3ou folk/that fillen 3ou silven 795  
 For alle the godus that 3e geten/of gomus upon erthe  
 Serven for to sustaine/3oure unsely wombe  
 Also 3oure docturus sain/in sawus ful olde  
 That an addre is in helle/that Thydra is called  
 To cache is covaitous/corsede soulus 800  
 And fonde he fewe othur fale/ful is he nevere  
 Thanne mow 3e ludus of lif/be likned him tille  
 For 3e ben covaitouse kid/and kunne nouht blinne  
 But evere wenden to winne/wordliche godus  
 And al is burnus aboute/3our body for to fede 805  
 Alle the folius folk/that 3e sain wirchen  
 Ben purchas of penance/whan 3e parte hennus

To bale were 3e paune bore/for bannede werkus  
 That schulle schamly be schent/and schapen to paine  
 Thus Dindunus the dere king/enditeth his sonde 810  
 And God bysecheth to save/the souveraine prinse  
 Whan emperour Alixandre/with erene hit hirde  
 And tendede the tithinge/that Y told have  
 He was wroth for the writ/of wrong gan alose  
 His godus that he held/to gyen the peple 815  
 But noutheles anonriht/amed in his herte  
 Sone sente he again/his sel and his lettrus  
 Withoute tarynge tid/this tithingus come  
 To Dindimus the dere king/that the dite radde  
 Now lithus 3e that listene wele/the lettrus to the ende 820  
 For thus redely the rink/aradde the sonde

#### How Alixandre sente answere to Dindimus by lettre.

The athel king Alixandre/of armus alosed  
 That noble is and namekouth/and nevere man dradde  
 That grete god Amon/in graciouse timus  
 Bygat on Olimpias/the honorable quene 825  
 Ful derely to Dindimus/enditeth his sonde  
 And his sawe to the seg/saith in this wise  
 3if alle the lorus that thou lud/in lettrus me sentest  
 Ben trewe to be trowen on/and trysty to leve  
 Thanne be ye syker to be saf/for sake of 3oure werkus 830  
 For 3e ben burnus of lif/best upon erthe  
 3if 3e nouht wirche but wel/in this word here  
 Hit cometh 3ou bi custum/so clanly to libbe



Whi deme thanne that we don/no dede upon erthe  
 But sinne that is sorwful/oure soule to spille 835  
 Whi seth 3e seggus al so/that sinne 3e holden  
 Any werkus to wirche/of wordliche craftus  
 Whi be 3e ludus so lef/to lakke the werkus  
 That mankinde hath ymad/on molde to be used  
 3if hit be soth that 3e sain/hit semeth by 3oure dede 840  
 That 3e no given of no gome/no none godus trowe  
 Or 3e en[v]ye to hem han/and hatien hur sondus  
 For to libbe in 3our land/as ludus aboute  
 Many wondrousful wonus/wisli we knowen  
 That 3e amongus 3ou men/in 3our march usen 845  
 3e telle us that 3e tende nauht/to tulthe the erthe  
 Ne place erie with plow/no plaunte winus  
 Ne bulde boldus an hih/for burnus to wonye  
 Ne non erthely note/nedfully wirchen  
 In that thou leredest me lud/that 3e no land erien 850  
 3e ben exkused echon/for iren 3ou wantus  
 Wherewith mihte 3e men/maken any boldus  
 Or tren plaunten in place/or any plow dryve  
 Whan 3e mow take no tol/to tilien on erthe  
 No swiche werkus to swinke/as othir swainus usen 855  
 Forthei bihovus 3ou hathel/harde to libbe  
 And wo drie in this word/for wante and for nede  
 So mowe 3e ludus 3our lif/leden as bestus  
 In gret mischef of mete/as 3e mote nede  
 3e witen wel whan a wolf/wanteth is fode, 860  
 That he ne fundeth no flech/to feden him uppe  
 Of the erthe he et/for ellus he scholde  
 Be with hunger yholde/and happily sterve

Thanne mow 3e weies to the wolf/ful wel ben ylikned  
 That for 3e finde no fode/as othir folk usen 865  
 Swich hunger as 3e han/byhovus you tholie  
 And be 3ou lef othir loth/libben in wante  
 Therefore no like no lud/of his luthur fare  
 No hope for his harde lif/to have no mede  
 For almusede do 3e non/as 3e demen alle 870  
 But skarsete and skathe/unskilfully fonden  
 3if we lengede in 3oure land/ful loth were oure bestus  
 To ben so simple of us silf/and suffre that tene  
 We scholde folewe othir folk/and fonden echone  
 To acorde of oure costum/with comme peple 875  
 But 3e han dainte in dul/3oure daies to spene  
 And ben ysustained so/with sorwe in this worde  
 But 3e ben litil to alowe/of 3oure luthur fare  
 For nouht but nisete/nedful 3ou makus  
 3oure owne folie folk/doth 3ou ful ofte 880  
 In hungurus and in hard lif/to holde 3oure peple  
 Also 3e sain in 3our sonde/that sothly 3oure wivus  
 Ne gon in no gay tyr/as gise is of othure  
 And that ludus in 3oure land/no lecherie haunten  
 But sparen alle spousebreche/the space of hure livus 885  
 And thou 3e wonde swich werk/me wondrus ful lite  
 How miht 3e lecherie love/or likinge have  
 Whan luthur fare hath alaid/3our lustus echone  
 That 3e megre ben maad/with mischef and hungur  
 For 3e so simple ben seie/and semen so pore 890  
 3ou wantus wordliche won/3our wivus to hihte  
 Therefore as bestus 3e ben/and of body chaste  
 Unmihty for mischef/to medle with burdus



That nis no chariteus chois/so schast for to libbe  
 Sin 3e maugray 3our miht/mote hit withdrawe 895  
 Also 3e sente us to saie/in the same time  
 Of othir manerus mo/miche for to lakke  
 That 3e no stidie in no stounde/ne no stat wilne  
 Of clergie that clene is/to claimen in scole  
 And that 3e mercy on molde/in no maner wilne 900  
 No mercy don to no man/amongus 3ou founde  
 Thanne hit semeth by 3oure sawe/3if 3e soth tellen  
 That kindly 3oure consience/acordeth to bestus  
 For as bestes 3e ben/by no skile reuled  
 Ne hem of kinde no cometh/no konninge of witte 905  
 So be 3e ludus bylad/and laweles also  
 That han no reward to riht/but redlese wirchen  
 But we faithful folk/that faren as wise  
 Ben ydemed to do/dedus of rihte  
 Forthy us kenneth our kinde/to acorde in trowthe 910  
 In swiche lawus to live/that longen to Gode  
 For to sowe and to sette/in the sad erthe  
 And othir wordliche werk/wisly to founde  
 Sin mankinde is ymaad/so michel and so rive  
 Among so perles a peple/impossible hit were 915  
 But somme were reuled by ryht/as resoun hit axeth  
 Hemself to sostaine/with selkowthe thingus  
 For to live by the land/as ludus ben schape  
 To have welthe aftur wo/as the word farus  
 For tenen sumtime tid/and sumtime mirthe 920  
 And aftur swaginge of swinc/swithe cometh joie  
 But so weihuus as 3e witen/that weduringe chaungeth  
 Now broun and now briht/and now breme stormys

So is the wit and the wil/of wordliche peple  
 In selkouthe sesounus/fain for to chaunge 925  
 Whan wedur waxeth al bryht/that wel is to like  
 Mirie ben men of mod/in minde and in herte  
 But whan the daies dunne ben/hit doth hem to mourne  
 For riht of the sesoun/that semus unblithe  
 3it chaungeth wit of a weih/in otherwise alle 930  
 Throu the grete degre/that groweth in age  
 For whan he is innocent/that ille can lite  
 Thanne hath he solas of himsilf/simple to worthe  
 For betur likede him a bal/than a borou riche  
 And he is hardy to non harm/but hauntus his gamus 935  
 When he is eldure of age/that auht is his strenke  
 Thanne wol he proven him proud/and prys of him holde  
 And wexe wilde of his wil/and wikke to staunche  
 Whan he is fare so forth/fer in his age  
 That stoute is he stedefast/and stille of his herte 940  
 Huo wole a cherched child/chese for hardy  
 Or a 3oung man meek/that mirthe covaiteth  
 Huo wolde wene that a weih/woxen on elde  
 Were wist for unstedefast/of word or of dede  
 Manie mirthus on molde/that othur men usen 945  
 3e leven throu 3our luthur wit/that longen to peple  
 Summe in riht that we sen/saver of mouthe  
 Summe in handlinge of hond/and heringe of ere  
 Summe that longen to a lud/of likinge smellus  
 And queminge of quaintise/that quencheth our tene 950  
 And in menskinge of mouth/mirthe we haven  
 In tendere touchinge of thing/and tastinge of swete  
 And sin we frekus ben so fre/that we frut haven



And al that growus in the ground/of graciouse thingus  
 We finde fiich in the se/that us fedeth alle 955  
 We lachen likinge ynow/of the lof briddus  
 And 3if 3e wonde of that won/to winne 3our fode  
 3e schulle be demed that 3e don/dispit to the kindus  
 Thanne schewe 3e to hur Schappere/schame for His sondus  
 That so schinden His schap/that He 3ou scheweth here 960  
 Or 3e han hertely hate/to oure hole peple  
 For we ben betere of our lif/and swich bote finden  
 Sin swiche godus as we sen/ben sen to us alle  
 And nouht so do 3ou now/nedful burnus  
 Alle the dedus that 3e don/Y deme that it turnus 965  
 More to folie than to faith/of any ful witte  
 This sonde that Y said have/sire Alixandre riche  
 Let bringe with his brode sel/to Bragmanus prince  
 And rathe whan hit rad was/ful redy with othir  
 To this adoutede duk/Dindimus sente 970  
 Whan hit was sent to the seg/he dide hit sone red  
 Now how hit goodly bygan men givus tente

**How Dindimus sendyd an answere to Alixandre by  
letter**

Dindimus the dere king/the docktour of wise  
 That lord of Bragmanus land/and ledere is holde  
 To emperour Alixandre/egrest of princes 975  
 That is grymme ygrowe/and gretest of kingus  
 Joie graithus with grace/and gretinge of mouthe  
 As to the kiddeste ycore/that corone weldus

We do the namkouthe king/to kenne and to here  
 That in this wastinge word/we ne wone nouht evere 980  
 For erthe is nouht our eritage/that evere schal laste  
 Ne we ne ben nouht ibor/to abide therinne  
 But we ben pore pilgrimus/put in this worde  
 For we by destene of dome/schulle deth tholie  
 Thanne schulle we hie to the hous/that hie is in blysse 985  
 And karre to oure kinusme[n]/to kenne of oure fare  
 We ben ofset with no sinne/for unsely godus  
 Ne we sitte in no sete/there sinne is yhanteth  
 But for oure kinde consience/that kenneth us to goode  
 We wonde wikkede werk/and wende fro skathe 990  
 We ne sain noukt king be thou sur/for sake of our pride  
 That we bolde godus ben/burnus to gie  
 Ne envye to hem han/ne hate in this worde  
 For we ne give us to no gilt/that scholde God wrathe  
 Ne nouht nien Him her/by niht no by day 995  
 God that alle gomus schop/and alle gode thingus  
 Made here upon molde/many manere choisus  
 For maad mihti hit nouht be/there men scholde dwelle  
 Withoute diverce dedus/of many done thingus  
 But al that badde is for a burn/here aboven erthe 1000  
 Huo so hath chauce to echue/and chese the betture  
 As men han wit for to wite/the wikke and the gode  
 He may nouht claime to be cleped/clene god of mihte  
 But Godus frend may the freke/frely be called  
 For we leden wel our lif/and loven to be simple 1005  
 In 3oure sonde sire king/3e saide this wordus  
 That we alle godus arn/as 3e deme nouthe  
 Or evere elles til hem/envye we have



But the same that 3e so/by us silf trowe  
 Longeth ludus to 3ou/that liven so in ese 1010  
 For 3e leden 3oure lif/in lordschipe and in myrthe  
 Of noble kinde for 3e come/and kid ben of Grece  
 In clene clothus 3e gon/and claimen to be riche  
 Al 3oure minde is on mirthe/and most upon goodus  
 3oure fingrus of fin gold/3e fullen with ryngus 1015  
 As is wommenus wone/for wordliche glose  
 But turnus be 3e ful sur/tho bostful dedus  
 Wherfore 3e holde 3ou her/hiest on erthe  
 Schal 3ou procre to pryde/and to no profit ellus  
 But skathe for 3oure unskile/whan 3e skapen hennus 1020  
 Gold fedeth no gome/ne no good soule  
 But we that selkouthus sen/and sothus mow knowe  
 And kenne the kinde of the gold/that corsed is founde  
 We faren alle to the flod/there we finde mowe  
 Gret plente of gold/on the ground ligge 1025  
 Thanne we wollen of the watur/wilfully drinke  
 And defoule with our fet/the fine gold schene  
 For gold thoh it gay be/hit gaynus ful lite  
 Of hard hongur and thirst/to helpe any peple  
 Have a man nevere so miche/mischef of hounger 1030  
 He may hit staunche with mete/and menden his paine  
 Thoh thirst dreche him with drouthe/drink may hem helpe  
 A litil wetinge of watur/his wo wol amende  
 3if gold were to a gome/so good of his kinde  
 Whan men hit helde in here hand/or hadde in here warde 1035  
 So scholde it be to a burn/bote of his nede  
 His corsede covaytise/coflye to sese  
 But now the more that a man/may therof winne

The more 3ernus he 3it/to 3eme at his wille  
 And he is mensked the mor/amongus 3ou alle 1040  
 For wel lovus every lud/that liche is him tille  
 We sain that 3our sory godes/of wham 3e so helpe  
 Mow no manyr ded thing/thorou hure miht hele  
 3e tenden michil in 3our time/templus to bulde  
 And riche auterus rive/rere thereinne 1045  
 Thanne founde 3e 3our falce godus/with sorw for to here  
 And quellen for to quemen hem/of 3our quike bestus  
 And in that same sacrifice/3e seggen the name  
 Of what burn that hit be/that wolde bone have  
 Thin aldurfadur Alixandre/al this hath used 1050  
 And alle kydde of 3our kin/kenden this dedus  
 This is amongus 3ou men/in this manere knowe  
 For thus 3e erren echon/in erthliche werkus  
 Wherefore seggus we sain/forsake of 3our dedus  
 How lutherly 3e liven her/litil 3e knowen 1055  
 How 3e with sinne be ofset/suffre ne nolle  
 That we bywepe in this word/3our wikkede dedus  
 And miche thinketh us a man/mensketh anothur  
 That a gome for his gilt/goodly bywepeth  
 For ho so woneth in this word/and wol nouh yknowe 1060  
 That him is demed to deie/and doom schal abide  
 Hit is riht that the rink/be reufully ended  
 And smite to the smethe ground/with a smart poudur  
 As on sinful was seie/that Salonienus hijte  
 And evyl endid on erthe/and wrout ful foule 1065  
 For the lud on his lif/alosed him so noble  
 That he hevene hadde miht/what handus to reche  
 For thei bothe for hur bost/ben ybrend nouthe



With fir in the firhil/to fendus bytauhte  
 Thus mowe 3e finden in fablus/of philo3ofrus olde 1070  
 That spoken how tho spild men/spenden hur time  
 Thus was the lettere of the lud/that he last sente  
 And Mascedonius mihty king/menskliche hit radde  
 Whan he the sonde hadde sethe/he sente forth newe  
 That was to Bragman ye-brouht/and prest for to rede 1075  
 Thanne radde cofly the king/this karded sonde  
 That thus titbinge tolde/and tauhte this wordus

#### How Alixandre sente Dindimus anothur letter

The emperour Alixandre/of armus alosed  
 That noble is and namekouth/and nevere man dradde  
 By godus chaunce that ys chose/chef over kingus 1080  
 And of burnus ybore/baldest of mihte  
 That Amon the grete god/in graciouse timus  
 Bygat on Olimpas/the onurable quene  
 Bykenneth king Dindimus/in kith there he dwellus  
 His a fledde sonde/and saith in this wise 1085  
 3e sain burnus that 3e ben/best echone  
 That in 3oure lothliche land/libben by kinde  
 For so seggus 3e ben/byset in an yle  
 That ther may comen in 3our kith/non unkouthe peple  
 Ne 3e ne mowe of that march/in no manere wende 1090  
 But be thou loth othur lef/lenge ther inne  
 And for 3e weihuus of that won/wende ne mowe  
 Wel alowe 3e 3our lif/and 3our land also  
 Al the nede and the noy/that 3e now suffren

By asent of 3oursilf/3e sain that 3e dryen 1095  
 And by the sawe that 3e sente/to segge of 3oure fare  
 3e arn liche of 3oure lif/to swiche lothe burnus  
 That ben in dep prisoun don/al hure daies time  
 And han mirthus on molde/missed ful elene  
 But lawe lereth us in skile/that 3e ben lethur alle 1100  
 And mow for 3oure mischef/no mede have  
 For it cometh 3ou of kinde/in care to libbe  
 Sin 3e wonen in that won/there wante is of goodus  
 Thanne seggus semeth hit nouht/that 3e so wirchen  
 For sake of the same god/that sittus in blisse 1105  
 Therefor to wo that is wers/wenden 3e schulle  
 Whanne 3e parten fro this paine/that pinncheth 3ou here  
 Thanne be 3e men upon molde/most to bewepe  
 That here to schame ben schape/and ay schulle aftur  
 3it wolen wikkede men/in this word glade 1110  
 Thou3 thei ben damned to dul/whan hure day endus  
 Tho that ludus in oure land/alosed arn wise  
 3e holde folus in faith/and falce of byleve  
 Hit longeth ludus til us/3our lif to bywepe  
 And make for 3oure mischef/mouringe sichus 1115  
 For wers faren no folk/founde upon erthe  
 Than frekus that no frut/han frely to libbe  
 God that juge is of joie/hath jugged 3ou alle  
 To lenge aftur 3our lif/in lastinge paine  
 And he hath marked 3ou men/mischef on erthe 1120  
 Though 3e wene 3ou wise/and wittie of lorus  
 Therefore seggus as Y saide/for sake of 3our dedus  
 Mede mowe 3e of God/in no manere fonge  
 3e ben unbleded of lif/for burnus Y warne



- That 3e holden so her/holsome dedes 1125  
 Gret wante is of wo/and wikkede paine  
 The whiche the heie godus haten/and hure hole peple  
 Now tende we to touche more/of this tale aftur  
 For of this egre emperour/thus endeth the lettere  
 Whan this makelese man/that most was adouted 1130  
 The roume riden Alixandre/richest of kingus  
 Hadde legged there longe/and lettrus the while  
 Endited to Dindimus/as him dere thoute  
 There his burnus he bad/bulden of marbre  
 A piler sadliche ipicht/or he passe wolde 1135  
 And that thei wrouhten a wrytte/and writen ther aboute  
 Hidur have Ic Alixandre/with myn help fare  
 Whan grave was the grie ston/the grime king rydus  
 And alle meven his men/fro the marke evene

**How Alixandre picht a pelyr of marbpl there**

\* \* \* \* \*

## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



The words quoted from the BODLEIAN FRAGMENT are distinguished by having † prefixed to them.

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- A, one, 57.  
A, have, 5159.  
AANDE, breath, 4001. See ANDE.  
ABAIED, afraid, 103.  
ABAYSTE, to depress, terrify, 402. 3878.  
4110. 4112.  
ABLEYD, made miserable, 402.  
ADILLE, to earn, 3192.  
AGHILL, noble, 29.  
AGLOPENE, surprised, 874.  
AIR, to turn, to go, 53. 135. 407. 695.  
795. 843. 873. 942. 989.  
A3E, fear, 169. 1459.  
A3T, owed, 918; ought, 717.  
A3TE, possessed, 18.  
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ALDURFADUR, an ancestor, † 1050.  
ALLIRE, ALLIRS, of them all, 620, 1255.  
ALTHIRE, of them all, 486.  
AME, to purpose, 309, to go, 1047, to  
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AMLARE, a vagabond, 1705, 3543.  
ANALEY, singly, 486.  
AND, than, 1258.  
ANDE, breath, 749. 4813. See AANDE.  
ANE, his ane, alone, 210.  
ANE, to agree, 879.  
ANELEPY, one, single, 109. 5026.  
ANELY, only, 995.  
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ANGIRLEY, passionately, 972. 1726.  
ARE, mercy, 5362.  
AR3ED, afraid, 3607. 3874; ME AR3ES,  
I am afraid, 537.  
ARLY, early, 350. 351.  
ASALD, an ass, 1928.  
ASALENY, a little ass, (?) 1705.  
ASKIS, ashes, 4181.  
ASPERLEY, sharply, 1088.  
AT, who, *sing.* 101. 197. 349. 1203.  
*plur.* 10. 199. 1227. when, 636. 1216.  
which, *sing.* 468. 683. 1290. *plur.* 202.  
AT, that, 100. 346. 525. 1192.  
AT, to, 636. 4310.  
ATAME, to pierce, 3043.  
ATFLEE, to fly away, 988.  
ATHIL, noble, 17. 40. 167. See AGHILL.  
ATLEDE, attempted to go, †15.  
ATTER, poison, 1930.  
ATTERAND, poisoning, 4199.  
ATTRID, poisoned, 2455.  
ATWETE, to know, 1103.  
ATWIND, to depart, 1949. 3248.  
AUHT, increased, † 936.  
AUNTER, doubt, 538.  
AUTHLY, fearfully (?) 3235.  
AWE, became, behaved, 868.  
AYNDAIN, consisting of breath, (?)  
2307.



- BADOME (?) 4869.  
 BADRICHE (?) 1782.  
 BAISTE, to terrify, 2146. 2447. 4157.  
 BAISTELL, a fortress, 1161. 1339.  
 BAISTING, fear, 2016.  
 BAKKE, a bat, † 723.  
 BALE, fire, 2231.  
 BALE, sorrow, 396. 2444.  
 BALEFULLY, sorrowfully, 155.  
 BALE-NAKID, stark-naked, 4126.  
 BALGH, a bladder; BALGH-BRADE, broad as a bladder, 4923.  
 BANE, a murderer, 969. 3249. 5377.  
 BARATOUR, a champion, 1799. 2158.  
 BARAUTE, strife, 894. See BARET.  
 BARE, a boar, 610.  
 BARET, strife, 527.  
 BARME, the bosom, 4812.  
 BARMEKEN, a fortress, 1301.  
 BARNE, a child, 396. 585. 597.  
 BAST, the stem of the linden tree (?) 1339.  
 BATHIRE, of them both, 3947.  
 BATTES, flocks, 4167.  
 BAWNAND (?) 4907.  
 BAYITE, obedient, 323.  
 BAYST, frightened, 467.  
 BEDELLE, divided, 4097.  
 BEES, dwellings, 2337.  
 BEES, will be, 892.  
 BEGLOMRDE, deceived, 417.  
 BEHERYDE, praised, 1616.  
 BELYFE, immediately, 382.  
 BELE-CHISTE, the womb, 423. (cf. 386.)  
 BEME, a trumpet, 1387. 2616. 3039.  
 BENERE, more appropriate, 1715.  
 BERE, noise, 489.  
 BERNE, a man, 157.  
 BERYNES, a grave, 5592.  
 BESOM, a broom, 320.  
 BICCHID (?) 4839.  
 BIGG, to build, 2215. 2256.  
 BIGLY, respectfully, 423.  
 BILD, a building, 1080. 1297. 1338. 2926.  
 BILDING, encouragement, 1797.  
 BIRE, impetus, 711.  
 BLAA, livid, 559.  
 BLAȝT, whitened, 1559.  
 BLAN, stopped, 381. 1228.  
 BLAND, in, together, 2786.  
 BLASON, a fragment, 787.  
 BLEANT, a bluish covering, 4912.  
 BLEE, colour, complexion, 394. 466.  
 BLEND, blinded, 105.  
 BLESNAND, flashing, 562. 802. 4081 (?) 4812 (?)  
 BLIKEN, to make fair, † 411.  
 BLICKENAND, glancing, 604.  
 BLISCHE, a glance, 606.  
 BLISCHE, to glance, 872. 984. 1338. 5608.  
 BLONK, a horse, 767. 886. 928. 1222. 2057. 2172.  
 BLOTHIR, to choke, 970.  
 BOBAUNCE, presumption, 2016.  
 BOBB, a branch, 4777.  
 BOD, rest, 547.  
 BODWORD, a message, 48. 1458.  
 BOȝES, bends, goes, 699.  
 BOLLER, a drunkard, † 675.  
 BOLNE, to swell, 394.  
 BORDREN, made of boards, 787.  
 BORE, one born, a child, 590.  
 BORIS (?) 556.  
 BOSE, behoves, 1927. 2309. 2503. 3299.  
 BOSE, behoof, 4242.  
 BOTE, remedy, 137. 160.  
 BOUNE, ready, 870.  
 BOURD, a jest, † 469; O BOURDE, in jest, 462.  
 BOWE, to come, 256. 534.  
 BRAG, strife, (?) 4320.  
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- BRAIDIS, rushes, 496. 842. 928.  
 BRAIDIS, unfolds, 774. (See OUTBRED.)  
 BRAIT, drew, 802.  
 BRANT, upright, 3649.  
 BRAST, burst, 872.  
 BRATH, anger, 1220. 1744. 1956. 5366.  
 BRATHLY, in anger, 1214. 2211.  
 BRE, to tease, to vex, 462.  
 BRE, brow, countenance, 496.  
 BREDFULL, full to the brim, 4090. See BRETFULL.  
 BREGGIS, abridges, 3290. See BRIGG.  
 BREME, fierce, keen, 610. 2146. 4002.  
 BREMELY, keenly, sharply, 969. 1805. 1828.  
 BRENE, 606, read BREVE, which see.  
 BRENEID, provided with breastplates, 66.  
 BRENY, mail, 915. 1247. 1295. 2214. (cf. 2980.)  
 BRETFULL, quite full, 1548. See BREDFULL.  
 BRETNE, to cut to pieces, destroy, kill, 1263. 1307. 2256. 2479.  
 BREVE, to record, 984. 1172.  
 BRIGG, to abridge, 3804.  
 BRIGG, strife, † 393.  
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 BRIM, fierce, 496.  
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 BRODE, a child, 1929.  
 BROSTEN, broken, 789.  
 BUD, behoved, 3275.  
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 BURDE, play, 2500.  
 BUSE, behoves, 1808. 3355. 3359.  
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 CAIRE, to turn, 859. 887. 889. 1501.  
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 CHAVILL, the jaw, 3633. 3697. 4985.  
 CHESBOLLES, the poppy, 1985.  
 CHESSES (?) 1985. Perhaps an error of the scribe for CHEFFES, heads.  
 CHEVE, to thrive, 655. 2379.  
 CHEVELERE, hair, 4924.  
 CHEVER, more prosperous, 1882.  
 CLAGGID, stuck, 5428.  
 CLEKE, to snatch, 282. 842. 2937.  
 CLEKE, a snatch, 2163.  
 CLEPE, to call, 533.  
 COCARD, a foolish fellow, 4473.  
 COCKEN, to fight, 2042. 3170. 3312. 4014.  
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 COF, quickly, † 42.  
 COFLI, COFLICHE, quickly, † 48. † 64. † 1076.  
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 CORVEN, something carved, 129.  
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 DERFE, powerful, 2091. 2140. 2607.  
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 DRABLAND, trailing, 232.  
 DRAFFE, drove, dashed, 487.  
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DRECHE, to drench, 1106. 4942. †1032.  
 DREIE, to suffer, 531. †857.  
 DREJE, tedious, 2091.  
 DREPAR, a slayer, 3423.  
 DREPE, to kill, 1233. 1777. 3170.  
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 5115. 5119.  
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 DUTE, afraid, 3556.

EBLAND, among, between, 160. 3724.  
 3911. 4024.  
 EE, water, 5465.  
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 EGGING, influence, 2409.  
 ELD, a period of life, 657; old age, 316.  
 1001.  
 ELD. See NELD.  
 ELDERE, rather, 1016. See HELDER.  
 ELIKE, ever alike, constantly, 340. 560.  
 ELKEND, (?) 164.  
 ELLYNE, an ell, 800.  
 EMELL, among, mutually, 4264.  
 ENENTES, concerning, 3246.  
 ENGLAYME, to cloy, 4669. †676.  
 ERD, the earth, 551. 975.  
 ERDIS, buries, 975.  
 ERDIT, dwelt, 2681.  
 ERTID, buried, 588.  
 ERTID, excited, 2409.  
 ERVE, possession (?) 340.  
 ESTIR, abode, 2693.  
 ETHIS, swears (?) 340.  
 ETTIL, to attempt, 1157. 1819. 2419.  
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 ETTILLIS, attempts, 15.  
 EVERID, ruled (?) 1132.

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