RERUM BRITANNICARUM MEDIÆVI
SCRIPTORES,

OR

CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND

DURING

THE MIDDLE AGES.
On the 26th of January 1857, the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury a proposal for the publication of materials for the History of this Country from the Invasion of the Romans to the Reign of Henry VIII. The Master of the Rolls suggested that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, without mutilation or abridgment, preference being given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable.

He proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an Editio Princeps; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS.

To render the work more generally useful, the Master of the Rolls suggested that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities; that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.
The works to be published in octavo, separately, as they were finished; the whole responsibility of the task resting upon the editors, who were to be chosen by the Master of the Rolls with the sanction of the Treasury.

The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, after a careful consideration of the subject, expressed their opinion in a Treasury Minute, dated February 9, 1857, that the plan recommended by the Master of the Rolls "was well calculated for the accomplishment of this important national object, in an effectual and satisfactory manner, within a reasonable time, and provided proper attention be paid to economy, in making the detailed arrangements, without unnecessary expense."

They expressed their approbation of the proposal that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings. They suggested, however, that the preface to each work should contain, in addition to the particulars proposed by the Master of the Rolls, a biographical account of the author, so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value.

In compliance with the order of the Treasury, the Master of the Rolls has selected for publication for the present year such works as he considered best calculated to fill up the chasms existing in the printed materials of English history; and of these works the present is one.

Rolls House,
December 1857.
THE

BUIK OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND;

OR

A METRICAL VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF
HECTOR BOECE;

BY

WILLIAM STEWART.

EDITED

BY

WILLIAM B. TURNBULL, ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S
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VOL. II.

LONDON:
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1858.

181857-C

2
THE BUlk OF THE CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

VOL. II.

Heir endis the SaxeT BuKe and BegaNNis the SevinT, conTenAnd mony sindriE [thingis]
of the Romanis and of the DistructiouN of Rome be the Gotis, and of the cumiNg agane of the Scottis in thair awin land be the SecundiFergus.

Fra all the Scottis prescribit war ilkone
In sindrie landis out of Albione;
Sum in Denmark, and sum in Norowa,
Sum in the Ylis, and sum in Orkna,
So fremmitlie in mony sindrie land,
Sum be the se, and vther sum be the sand,
With soir travell than baith with barne and wyfe,
Richt mony da leidand ane langsum lyfe.
This Maximus, of quhome befoir I tald,
In all his tyme baith bellicois and bald,
Walkryfe in weir, in all thing wyss and war,
Richt circumspect and weill culd se on far
Quhat wer to cum or apperand to be,
Be thing bygane so greit ingyne had he.
And quhen he knew richt weill that it wes sua
In Albione that tyme he had no fa,
Into na steid his stait that durst ganestand,
Baith ill and gude war all at his command.

VOL. II.
THE BUlk OF THE

HOW MAXIMUS HELD ANE COUNSALL IN EBORAC,
QUHAIR HE DEWYDIT SCOTLAND, DEILLAND IT
BETUIX THE BRITIS AND THE PECHTIS.

Sone efter that, in Eborac I weyne,
The lordis all befoir him gart convene
Of Brit and Pecht into ane parliament,
Quhair he diuudit with their haiill consent,
The Scottis landis baith be land and se.
Syne euerilk man efter his facultie,
Als far that tyme as he culd vnderstand,
Rewardit hes than with the Scottis land.
To Pecht and Brit, Romane and all the laif,
Full greit reward oft syis he thame gaif.
So full he wes of liberalitie,
And vst so his greit auctoritie,
In Albione bayth with knaif and knicht
He louit wes aboue all vther wicht.
So large he wes, so humull and so wyss,
So meik also and full of gentreiss,
So plesand als in ernist and in pla,
That all the Romanes in Britania,
Bayth ill and gude, with thair auctoritie
Declarit him thair emprioure to be.

HOW MAXIMUS WAS CROVNIT ENMPRIoure IN
LONDOUN.

Col. 2.

In Lundoun toun with hie laud and honour,
With diademe maid him thair emprioure;
And sevintene zeir or thair about so lang,
As emprioure in Albione he rang.
At his command haif[and] boith les and moir,
As neuir ane vther had his tyme befoir,
In Albione the haiill auctoritie,
Na zit sen syne I wait nocht quhat will be.
HOW THE EMPRIoure GART WITH BATELL PERSEW
MAXIMUS.

In Rome that tyme thair rang ane emprioure,
Hecht Walentyne, qhilk wes of grit honour.
This emprioure, quhen that he hes hard tell
How Maximus agane him did rebell,
In greit contemptione of his majestie,
Declarand him ane emprioure to be;
Quhairfoir with thame till him alway wes trew,
With mort battell he gart thame oft persew.

Bot of his purpois he culd nocht prevaill,
Far oftar ay he wes maid for to faill,
And tyne the feild no victour for to be,
Quhylis be strenth, quhillis be subtilitie.

Quhen tua houndis richt oft hes other preuit,
Into bergane quhill tha be baith mischeuit,
And none of thame can haif the victorie,
Tha wilbe fane ilkane to go other by.
 Siclyik that tyme I say heir be thait tuo:
Quhen ilk of thame had previt other so
But victorie, than war thai fane to ceiss,
Betuix thame tuo syne mak gude rest and peice.
Than Maximus, as victour him allone,
Ane emprioure he rang in Albione.

HOW MAXIMUS, EFTER THAT HE HAD SUBDEWIT
ALBIONE, PASSIT IN GALLIA WITH ANE GREIT
ARMIE OF Pechtis, Romanis and Britis,
AND SYNE WAS SLANE BE THEODOCUS.

Bot men that ar in greit auctoritie,
Richt schort qhilde standis in prosperitie;
For quhen thai ar most heiche vpone the quheill,
And traistis than that all thing standis weil,
Than thae misknew God and Fortoun so far,
Na wounder is suppois tha get the war,
That stryvis baith aganes God and mycht,
And Fortoun als that brocht him to the hicht.
Men sould be war sic tymne and gyde thame weill,
For quhen ane mane is heast on the quheill,
He sould be wyss and beir him self rycht law; 20,315
Quha fallis heichast getitis the grittest faw.
Be Maximus I say this thing for-thy,
Quhen Albione culd nocht him satisfy,
Bot sone efter he dressit him till go
To Gallia and other landis mo, 20,320
For to subdew thame to his senzeorie,
For his vane gloir and for na vther quilie,
With mony Pecht and mony Romane knycht,
And mony vther worthie war and wicht;
And all the strenthtis into Albione 20,325
He stuffit thame, syne furth his way is gone.
To schip burd went syne cifer on ane da,
Out our the pais tuke land in Gallia;
And how he furth that tymne in his travell,
It war our lang and tariesum to tell, 20,330
And I haif nocht that mater in memorie,
It is sua lang sen that I saw that storic.
That mater ais pertenis nocht to me,
Thairfoir as now heir I will lat it be.
Bot for to tell zow schortlie of his end, 20,335
Gif it be trew as my author me kend,
Efter he had subdewit Gallia,
And mony landis in Germania,
And slane also had nobill Gratianus,
Vincust he wes be Theodocius 20,340
In plane battell quhair he lost the lyfe;
Thus endit he that maid so mekle sryfe.
Lat him go now sen that he is gone,
And turne agane to tell of Albione:
Sic aventure amang thame as befell, 20,345
Will ze tak tent and ze sall heir me tell.
How Octaveus, the Son of Octaveus, said, come forth of Gallia in Britane, desyrand to be maid King.

Ane nobill man of fredome and of fame,
Octaveus quhilk callit wes to name,
Octaveus son, as I befoir shorth quhile
Schew to zow heir, that fled in Mona Yle,
For to remane with gude Eugenius,
And his bruther the young Ethodeus,
Schew to zow heir, that fled, as my author di sa,
Fra Maximus far furth in Gallia.
Syne quhen he knew that Maximus wes slane,
Weill ma ze wit thairof he wes full fane.
In Britane als that tyme thair wes na king
Of Britis blude, thairfoir but tareing
Bownit in Britane thair or he wald blin,
His croun agane and kinrik for to win,
Quhilk wes his eldaris heretage of ald,
And his fatheris, befoir as I haif tald.
Befoir the lordis that tyme in Britane,
Into ane court quhair that counsall began,
Thair he hes maid, with richt lang sermoning,
Ane sair complaint in wanting of thair king;
And that the realm sa lang wes destitute,
Without ane king cumit of the Britis blude,
Quhilk wes his fatheris heretage of ald;
His will it wes thairfoir gif that thà wald
To mak him king at thair plesour and will,
As he that had most rycht and clame thair till.
And als he schew, how that the Romanes strang
Had thirlit thame in seruitude so lang,
And maid thame all bot bondis for to be
Quhair thai wer wont befoir for to leve frie.
Thairfoir, he said, gif he richt wnderstude,
Had thai ane king wer of thair awin blude,
That he wald suffer greit travell and pane,
For to reskew thair libertie agane.
And sen that he wes of the blude royall,
And narrest air descendand lineall,
And sone also to gude Octaeus,
Quhilk wes so constant and so curt[e]us,
That for thair saik sufferit sa mekle pane
For to reskew thair libertie agane.
Thus and siclike in presence of thame aw
He said, and mair than I will to zow schaw.

**How this Octaeus, be the Perswasioune he maid to the Britis, was crownit King in Londoun.**

Thro quhais sueit and subtill perswasioun,
In rob royall with sceptour, sword and crowne
Octaeus thair haif thai crownit king
Of all Britane amang thame for to ring.
The Romanis all into Britania,
Keipand the strenthis in that tyme that la,
Resistit thame than als far as tha mocht,
And euirilk da hes done all that tha docht.
Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald nocht be,
The Britis wer so blyth of libertie,
And had sic curage als of thair new king,
Tha set the Romanis bot at lytill thing;
And euirilk da hes done thame grit injure,
Dischargand thame of all office and cuir,
Puttand thame out of all auctoritie,
And maid the Britis alway to leve fre.

**How the Emprioure Theodocius send ane Armie in to Britane to dantoun this foirsaid Octaeus.**
The emprioure than Theodocius,
Quhen that he hard how that Octaeus
Rebellit had in Britane of the new,
Than sone he send, the Romanis to reskew
Into Britane remanand that war than
Within strenthis, richt mony nobill man,
And to reduce the Britis les and moir
To Cesaris faith siclike as of befoir,
Or with mort battell planelie thame persew.
And so thai did, quhair mony ane thai slew
On eerilk syde, or tha weiris wald ceiss,
Syne at the last betuix thame wes maid peice.
With thir conditionis endit wes\(^1\) thair stryfe:
Octaueus, for terme of all his lyfe,
Sould bruik the croun without ony discord,
Of all Britane be callit king and lord;
And all the strenthis that wer in thair landis
Suld all be put in the Romanis handis,
Evin as thstude at that tyme ane and aw,
With haill power to execute the law,
And siclike tribute for to gif alsua,
As tha war wont to Maximus to pa.

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\(^1\) In MS. with.
And Victoryn, as my author did tell,
In Eborac for to remane and duell,
To execute the law in Romane stylis,
Fra Eborac evin vnto the North Ylis.
And so thai did that tyme in Albione,
Ouir all pairtis but contradictione.

**How Victorius commandit the Pechtis to vse the Romane lawes and forbeir thai awin.**

In this same tyme to 3ow now that I schaw,
The Pechtis zit wer vsand their awin law,
As Maximus thame grantit of befoir.
This Victoryn thame manassit with grit schoir,
In pane of deid, tha sould sua hardie be
As to hald law of their auctoritie;
Sen of the Romanis that tha held their land,
Tha war our hardie for to tak on hand,
And semit weil that stude bot litill aw,
At their awin hand to execute the law,
As tha to Cesar suld pertene nothing,
Thair self, their law, their landis, and their king.
Quhairfoir, he said, wnder all charge and pane,
To execute sic barbour lawes agane,
In tyme to cum Romanes sould judgis be,
And tha ansuer to their auctoritie;
Of na les pane na wanting of his heid
Incontinent quha that maid pley or pleid.

**Heir followis how Hargustus, the King of Pechtis, was so subdewit with Victoryn, for greit displesour on aue tyme quiet-lie in his Chalmer slew him selff.**

Hargust thair king, that wes baith waik and ald,
Quhen that he hard thir tydenis to him tald,
So greit displesour thairof that he take,
The lang nycht our but ony sleip he woik.
Fra end to end oft sleipand neur ane wynk,
The day also withoutin meit or drink;
So noyit he wes with sic melancolie,
That of him self almaist he set nocht by.
Sobband full soir oft syis sayand allace!
Into his eild to haif sa havie caice,
To lois his law and als his libertie,
And all his legis bondis for to be
To the Romanis, quhilk wes his mortall fo.
" Allace! " he said, "thairfoir that I did so,
" Wnto the Scottis that I wes so vntrew."
" Wa wirth the wicht in quhome that tressoun grew,
" Tha[t] causit me so sone to faill to thame,
" Quhilk wytiles wes anent ws of all blame!
" Perfitlie now I knaw and wnderstand,
" Als lang as we to thame keipit oure band,
" And tha till ws, and we to thame, wer trew,
" That the Romanis durst nocht ws than persew;
" And quhen thai did, tha come bot hitill speid,
" So trew tha war and traist to ws at neid.
" The quhilk throw ws ar brocht both les and moir,
" To nocht for euer. Alace! " he said, "thairfoir,
" Had tha bene now as tha war wont to be,
" In Albione at thair awin libertie,
" At sic freindschip as we war of befoir,
" The Romanes durst full lytil mak sic schoir."
" Bot now," he said "fairweill; that help is gone!"
Thus secreitlie oft syis he maid his mone
Vnto him self, vpoune the same maneir,
Weipand full soir that pitie wes till heir.
And quhen he saw that thair wes no remeid,
With sic desyre than of his awin deid,
Vpone ane tyme secreit be him awin sell,
Gif it be trew I hard my author tell,
In his wodnes ane lang knyfe furth he drew,
Quhairwith richt sone him awin self he slew.
How Victoryn, heirand of the Deith of Hargustus, commandit the Pechtis wnder the Pane of Deith that tha sould mak na ma Kingis agane.

This Victoryn, quhen he hard of that thing, The greit mischance and fortoun of that king, And how he had maid sic ane wickit end, Rycht sone ane herald he hes to thame send, Commanding thame nane be so pert to prewe, 20,505 In tyme to cum, without the Romanes leve, Of thair awin blude to mak ane king agane, In pane of deid and wnder na les pane. And quhen the herald had maid his proclame, He tuke his leif, and syne he sped him hame. 20,510

HOW THE PECHTIS CROWNIT ANE KING ATTOUIR FORBIDDING.

The lordis all that war into Pechtlanland, That tyme wald nocht obtemper his command, The quhilk so far declynit fra the rycht, Thair hartis war so full of pryde and hicht, Thair curage als that tyme wes so quik, 20,515 With ane consent contempnit that edik. Syne at ane counsall in Camelidone, Quhair thai convenit in the tyme ilkone, And crownit hes ane king wes callit Drust, That sone and air wes to this ilk Hargust, 20,520 Quhome of befoir shorth quhile I maid 3ow kend Off his deidis and his vnhappie end.

HOW VICTORIN, HEIRAND OF THE PECHTIS HES MAID ANE KING, COME WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE VNWITTAND OF THE PECHTIS, AND SET ANE GREIT SEIG TO THE TOUN OF CAMELIDONE.

To Victoryn quhen thir tydenis wer tald, Withoutin lat no langar than he wald
Mak sojournig; in all the haist he mocht, 20,525
Into Pechtland ane greit armie he brocht.
This new maid king and his lordis ilkone
Remanand war into Camelinone,
Takand thair plesour in all sport and play,
Deliciouslie in meit and drink allway, 20,530
Or thay war warnit thair be ony wicht,
This Victorin, with mony Romane knicht,
Hes vmbeset thame baith be land and se,
That thay had nother tym nor place to sle.
And quhen thay wist that thay micht nocht go 20,535
hens,
Stuffit thay toun and maid thame for defence:
Greit stalwart stonis laid vpone the wall,
Drew draw briggis, and lute portculzeis fall:
Closand the portis baith be land and se,
Syne forsit thame with mony stone and trie. 20,540

HOW VICTORIN SEIGIT AND WAN THE TOUN OF CAMELIDONE.

Be that the Romanes war alreddie boun,
And laid ane seig evin round about the toun,
Of bowmen bald with bent bowis in hand,
Syne maid ane sailzie baith be se and land.
And thay within hes maid defence richt lang, 20,545
Baith arrowis schot, and greit stonis outslang
Attour the wall that wounder wes to se;
Als thick as haill the braid arrowis did sle.
The Romanis than sic prattik had in weir,
And als thay war so garnist in thair geir, 20,550
Of instrumentis richt so thai had no falt,
That neidful war to mak sailzie or salt;
And weil thay wist that thair wes gude to wyn,
And better will, thairfoir or thay wald blin,
Into the town thai leit thame tak no rest,
Quhill force it wes to thame syne at the lest
Gif ouirth the town, and put thame in thair will,
Quhat euir it war than other gude or ill.

HOW VICTORYN DELT THE SPUŁĘE OF THE TOUN
TO THE ROMANIS AND SEND THE KING OF
PECHTIS TO ROME.

This Victorin, after the town wes wyn,
All gold and riches that he fand thairin,
Withoutin delay he hes gart in that tyde
Richt equalie amang his men diuyde.
The young Drust and his lordis also
War principall, he hes maid thame till go,
Fast bund in band to Lundoun toun the way,
And syne to Rome, as my author did say,
To Cesar send and put into his will,
Sic auenture dame Fortoun send thame till.

And all the laif that he fand thair that tyme,
As pairtkaris accusit of that cryme,
Sum he gart hang, and vther sum he gart heid;
With lytill pley thus endit all that pleid.
So war tha puneist all baith les and moir,
For tha war fals to thair freindis befoir.

HOW VICTORIN MAID BONDIS OF ALL THE PECHTIS.

In tyme to cum that thai sould nocht rebell,
This Victorin, as my author did tell,
Hes bondis maid of all the nobill blude,
And all the laive put in vyle servitude.
At his plesour, but ony dome or law,
In cart and wane he gart thame drag and
draw,
With greit displeasour and with mekle pyne;
Out of the erth thai gart thame metall fyne,
And out of craigis gart thame stonis hew,
And euirilk da torment thame of the new.
The ferd part 3eirlie of thair gude alsua,
To procuratouris of Cesaris gart thame pa;
Of corne and crop, of cattell and of stoir,
Of all thair wynning siclike les and moir,
In pane of deith, gif ony wald defraude,
Or war so pert ane pennyworth to had.
Syne gart thame pas richt far into the North,
With wyfe and barne beyond the watter of Forth,
Thair to remane for euir, baith man and page;
Syne to the Britis gif in heretage
The landis all that thai had in the South,
Lyand fra Forth southwart to Tuedis mouth.
Syne efter that gart big into that tyde,
Fra Abircorne vnto the mouth of Clyde,
Of erd and stone ane mekle heiche strang wall,
With fowseis braied that war rycht deip withall.
That cassin war that tyme on euirilk syde
The Britis fra the Pechtis to devyde.
Syne gaif command wnder the pane of deid,
And no les pane nor wanting of his heid,
That ony Pecht soould be so perth to preve,
To pas that wall without the legatis leve,
Bot all thair tyme beyond that wall remane.
God wait or nocht gif that tha sufferit pane,
In langsum lyfe withoutin libertie,
Halding thair handis to the hevin on hie.
Cryand of Christ, and his mother also,
Thame to deliuer of that endles wo,
And help thame out of all that cruell pane,
Or in this word no langar to remane!

1 In MS. is.
The Duke of the

For the war puneist in that tyme so soir, 20,615
Aneuch the said for all the falt befoir,
Tha[t] the had maid in breking of their band,
Agane the Scottis quhen the take on hand
For to be fals withoutin caus or querrell,
To pleis the Romanis, lukand to no perrell. 20,620
As resson wald and petie als thairfoir,
Sen thair awin wand hes dung thame than so soir,
Than tyme it war that God sould on thame rew,
Sen in his faith tha war ay leill and trew.
In this wrest I lat thame heir remane, 20,625
And to the Scottis turne I will agane:
Withoutin lat quha lykis now till heir
Of aventuris that I can tell perqueir,
My purpos is now at this tyme to tell,
The fassoun how and in quhat tyme tha befell. 20,630

Heir efter followis how the Successioun of

Ethodeus in Denmark, quhilk wes Bruther to Ewgenius, and of his sone Fergus; how he was at the Distructioun of Rome, and of his cuming in Scotland.

It is weill wist how gude Ethodeus,
That bruther wes to king Eugenius,
Be Maximus wes baneist Albione,
In Denmark syne for to remane is gone.
For caus he wes cume of so nobill blude, 20,635
The king him tretit like ane man of gude,
And gaif him landis quhair he had most levar,
In heretage to him and his for euir:
Quhair he remanit that tyme all his lyfe,
In greit abundance baith with barne and wyffe. 20,640
Ane sone he had, quhilk hecht Fergus to name,
Borne of his wyfe or that he come fra hame,
Quhilk wes his air succeedand in his steid,
Ane lytill quhile efter his fatheris deid
Spousit ane wyfe, as my author did sa,
The quhilk to name that callit wes Rocha,
That dochter wes to nobill Rorichus,
The grittest lord, my storie tellis thus,
In all Denmark he wes except the king;
He weddit hir at kirkdur with ane ring.
He gat on hir ane sone callit Fergus,
In all this world wes nane mair curious;
Qhiilk afterwart tuke greit travell and pane,
For to reskew his heretage agane,
As I to zow sall schaw with Goddis grace,
Heir sone efter quhen tyne cumis and place.

HOW ALARICUS, KING OF GOTHIS, PASSIT WITH
ANE GREIT ARMIE OF DAYNIS, NORROWAIS,
GOTIS AND GERMANIS TO ROME, AND SEIGIT
THE TOUN OF ROME, AND SONE EFTER WAN IT
AND HELD IT AT HIS PLESOURE.

In this same tyme the men of Cithea,
Of Denmark, Gothland and Sar[matia],
Of Germanie als, with ane will and consent,
Agane to the Romanes all to the weir tha went.
Alaricus, that wes of Gothis king,
Had all his ost that tyme at his gyding,
At his counsall and als at his command,
Ay as he wald to weild wnder his wand.
The haill counsall with consent of the lave,
As principall to him that tyme tha gaif
With thair consent the haill authoritie,
Of all the laif at his command to be.

HOW FERGUS WAS MAID CAPTANE TO THE DANIS.

Out of Denmark thair weschosin than,
With him to wend richt mony nobill man,

VOL. II.
This young Fergus, of whom before I told,
Wes chiftane maid that wes baith big and bald,
And mony Scot with him that tymé is gone,
That exulat wer out of Albione

Into Denmark, and mony vther mo,
With young Fergus that tymé wer maid to go,
With him to byde and be at his bidding,
As principall nijt Alaric the king.
Of thair passage this wes the caus and quhy,
Tha had the Romanis at so grit invye,
That throw thair pryde, thair power, and [thair] hicht,
Ouir all this warld but ony caus or richt,
With injust battell spilt sa mekle blude,
Puttand sa mony to vyle seruitude,
And mony one maid exull for to be
In vncouth land, richt far fra hame to fle,
At thair plesour but ony caus or quhy,
That all this warld culd thame nocht satisfie.

HOW ALARICUS WAN MONY FIELDS IN ALMANY, AND SYNE FINALLIE SEIGIT THE TOWN OF ROME.

Alaricus, of Goth this that wes king,
Furth that he went with all his gay gadderin; And how he [sure] adpertenis nocht to me
To tell this tymé, thairfoir I lat it be.
It wer so langsum for to put in ryme,
And occupie als wald sa mekle tymé,
To my purpois impediment also,
Thairfoir as now sic thing I will lat go.
It will I tell, for I haif space and tume,
How efterwart he set ane seig to Rome.
Efter lang battell and greit victorie,
Decrettit hes with all his senȝorie,
To Rome ane seig richt suddanelie to la;
And so he did sone efter one ane da,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With all devyiss quhairby he mycht prevali,
The citie scharplie than he did assaill,
With gun and ganzie, and sic ganand geir,
All instrument that neidfull war in weir,
With bow and slung to cast arrow and stone,
Quhat neidfull war thairof tha wantit none.
And.tha within, as richt weill ma be kend,
Wantit richt nocht that sould ane toun defend,
Quhilk dantonnit had sa mony king and prince.
War put that tyme into so hard defence,
And sufferit hes sic outrage and ouirthraw,
With the outwaill than of this world aw,
That neuir sensyne attenis to sic gloir,
Na sic honour as that tha had befoir.
To tell this tyme ouir lang it war to me,
The grit mister and the misericie;
Thair is no clerk can write with pen and ink
The greit distress tha had of meit and drink,
Within the toun ane weill lang tyme thai had,
That mony one of mennis flesche wes fed.
The mother thocht that tyme bot lytill harme,
To eit hir child that la into hir arme;
No zit na terrour in hir mynd it kest
To eit his fiteis that suckit hir breist,
And in hir wame for to ressaue agane
The child scho bur with grit dolour and pane.
With so greit hunger lang tyme in the toun,
Tha war oirset and brocht to confusioun;
In falt of meit thair deit than far ma
Within the toun, nor sword or knyfe did sla.

HOW ALARICUS WAN ROME THE FIRST DA OF APRILE THE ZEIR OF GOD FOUR HUNDRETH AND TUELF ZEIRIS.

That seig it lestit till ane weill lang quhile,
And syne, vpoun the first day of Aprile,

Lib.7, f.103.
Col. 1.
The toun wes tane with greit difficultie, 
Quhair mony ane was maid that da to de. 
Four hundreth zeir it wes efter also, 
That Christ wes borne tuelf zeiris and no mo. 
Ane thousand zeir, ane hundreth and saxtie 
And four zeiris that tyme wer passit by, 
Fra Romanes first foundit had the toun, 
To that ilk da of their confusioun. 
Tane wes the toun that tyme and all ourharld, 
The quhilk throw strenth befoir tuke all the warld.

How Alaricus, efter the Toun wes tane, gaif 
Command to abstene fra Slauchter, and 
Specially in the Kirk.

Alaricus, quhen that the toun wes tane, 
Richt strait command hes gevin euirilk ane, 
Fra all slauchter that tyme for till abstene, 
In sanctuar siclyke that nane war sene, 
Fleand folkes thair into hurt or ska, 
No spulze mak nor zit to tak no pra. 
In sanctuar that all suld be maid fre, 
Baith young and ald that tuke refuge to fle. 
At his command tha war alredddie boun, 
Syne efter that the spulze of the toun, 
To all his men wer present in the tyde, 
Richt equalie amang thame gart diuyde. 
To young Fergus that tyme amang the laif 
Richt larglie of that spulze he gaif. 
In that spulze thair he[s] fell to his part 
Ane courtlie kist wes closit with greit art, 
Wes full of buikis\(^1\) contenand mony storie, 
For to reduce agane into memorie

\(^1\) In MS, mony.
The greit weiris that war befoir bygone,
Of the Romanis richt lang in Albione,
With Britis, Pechtis and Scottis also;
All thir war thair and mony vther mo.
Vpoune this kist he hes maid greit expenss,
For to be keipit with greit diligence,
Syne hame with him he brocht in Dania,
With greit travell throw all Germania;
Syne efterwart within ane litill space,
To Iona Yle in ane religious place,
Quhilk callit is this da Ecollumkill,
With all thau buikis tha kist hes brocht till,
Thair to be keipit with greit diligence,
That men efter micht haif rememberance
Of this Fergus and his nobill deid,
Quha hapnis efter of sic thing to Reid.
That tyme also he gart put in memorie,
His elderis deidis writtin in ane storie,
Fra thair beginnyng ay wrnto tha dais;
Syne put thame all, as that my author sais,
For to be keipit in Ecollumkill,
Quhilk to this da remanand ar zit still.
In this mater I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie pas I will agane.

**HOW ALARICUS SEND FERGUS TO CICILIA WITH ANE GREIT NAVIN, AND HE LOISSIT BE STORME OF THE SE THE TUA PART OF HIS SCHIPPIS, AND SYNE RETURNIT AGANE IN YTALIE.**

The thrid day efter that the toun wes win,
Alaricus, or he wald langar blin,
This foirsaid Fergus causit hes to ga
With ane greit armie in Cicilia,
For to subdew that leid and a[l]s the land,
Him to obey and be at his command.
Throw adventure of stormis in the se
In his passage so troublit than wes he,
That or he come richt lang to Cicill cost,
Of his naving the tua part neiwr wes lost.
Him self also into that tyme wes fane
In Ytalie for to returne agane.
Or he come thair Alaricus wes deid,
And Ethaulphus maid king into his steid,
Qwhilk tretit him ane king as he had bene,
With all plesour did till ane prince pertene.

HOW FERGUS TUKE HIS LEIF, AND PASSIT HAME
IN DENMARK WITH MONY RICHE REWARD.

Sone efter that with mony riche reward,
He tuke his leif and went hame with his gaird,
Throw Italie and throw Germania,
Syne at the last come hame in Dania.
At his plesour thair will I leif him still:
Of vther mater talk ane quhile I will.

OF THE FAYTH OF HALY KIRK; OF SANCT AUGUSTYNE, AMBROS, Hieronimus, AND S. MARTYNE, AND OF THAIR HALEINES IN THAT TYME.

In that same tyme the faith of halie kirk
Wes maid richt cleir, withoutin ony mirk
Of all error that lang befoir had bene,
Lyke ony sterne than wes it maid to schene,
Clengit richt clene of all error and cryme,
Be halie doctouris that war in that tyme.
Sanct Augustyne wes ane into tha dais,
Gif it be suith of him that all man sais,

1 In MS. In that same tyme. | 2 In MS. dolie.
Richt mekill error in his tyme confoundit,
So greit science and faith in him aboundit,
Bairt naturall and of diuinifie,
Of halie kirk the strangest wall is he.

S[anct] Ambrosa a[l]s, that samyn tyme to conclude,
In sapience and als in sanctitude,
Ouir all the warld he schene as any sterne,
That euerie man thairby micht weill decerne
The suith fra leis without difficultie;
Of halie kirk the cheif pillar is he.
S[anct] Jerome a[l]s, the well of eloquence,
Of sanctitude and eik of sapience,
As the bricht sone into the Orient,
He schend als cleir and in the Occident;
The cheif matres of all moralitie,
Historiographe of halie kirk is he.
Sanct Martyn als he wes into tha dais;
And Sanct Niniane, as my author sais,
Biggit ane kirk than into Galdia,
Quhilk Quhitterne now is callit at this da.
Ouir lang war this tyme to tell 3ow heir
Thair halines, and I haif nocht perqueir
Thair lyvis all writtin in my buke,
And at this tyme I list nocht for to luke.\(^1\)
In sic reiding I will nocht now remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.

**How the Pechitis quhilk war in vyle seruitude, heirand thie Storie of this Fer-gus, send for him to cum in Scotland to win his Kinrik and Croun.**

The Pechitis dalie beand soir opprest
With seruitude, and erast ay the best,

\(^1\) In MS. *take.*
To thair power wes alway importabill,
With greit torment quhilk wes intollerable.
And quhen thai hard the greit distructione,
Of Rome the seiging and the casting doun,
And als with trew men in the tyme hard tell,
Agane the Romanes mony did rebell,
Perfitlie as thae wnderstude and knew
How young Fergus, of quhame befoir I schew,
In thae weiris sa meikill honour wan,
In all his tyme sen first weiris began,
Wes neuir proud of sic auctoritie
Moir wirschip wan, nor in that weir wan he.
The Pechtis tuke greit plesour of that thing,
Because he wes apperand air and king
Of Scottis, and of Scotland for to bruik the croun,
That flemit war out of thair awin regioun;
Traistand throw him and his auctoritie,
Of seruitude for to deliuerit be.

HOW THE PECHTIS SEND ANE HERALD TO FERGUS.

Thairfoir ane herald secreitlie tha send,
With humbll mynd and hartlie recommend;
Beseikand him that he wald mak prepair
In Albione sen he wes prince and air;
And thocht thair fatheris of befoir wer fals,
Ane part of thame that levand than war als
Onto the Scottis quhilk wes to thame so trew,
Full sair sen syne that micht thae ilkane rew
Thair awin deid had puneist thame so soir.
Beseikand him richt hartfullie thairfoir,
For to remit all malice and invye,
And all injure befoir wes passit by;
And plesit him to cum in Albione,
His croun and kinrik for to reskew agone,
Traist weill he sould haif thair help and supple,  
In his querrell tha sould all erar de,  
Out of the feild or tha sould fle him fro,  
And follow him quhair euir he list till go.

How Fergus promist to the Pechtis to cum  
in Scotland, and first or he wald tak  
that Jornay on Hand, he send to all  
the Scottis in other Partis to wit thair  
Myned.

This young Fergus quhen that he understode  
That thair desyre wes honorable and gude,  
He thankit thame richt oft of thair gude will,  
Sayand he sould all thair desyre fulfill.

Sone efterwart, quhen he his tyme might se,  
As he had said traist weill it sould so be.

Zit thocht he nocht that purpois till persew,  
Quhill he perfytlie wnderstude and knew

Gif all the Scottis thairof wald be content.  
In that mater to wit quhat that tham ment,  
On to the Scottis war in Ybernia,  
Orkna, the Ylis, and in Norrua,  
His secreit seruandes he hes send thame till,  
In that mater to wit quhat war thair will.

How all the Scottis that war in Sindrie  
Partis promittit to Fergus to tak his  
Part baith in Lyffe and Deid.

The Scottis all, perfitlie quhen tha knew  
That Fergus will and mynd wes to persew  
His heretage, as I haif to zow tald,  
Amang thame all wes nother young nor ald  
Promittit nocht in his querrell to l',  
Or to reskew baith land and libertie;
Thank and greet God that send to thame sic one.
With this answer the herald hame is gone.
All thair promit he schew till him perqueir,
Ilk word by word as I haif said zow heir.
Zit neuirthles young Fergus did remane
Still in Denmark, quhill that he hard agane
On fra the Pechtis sum vther tydenis new,
Or he that purpos forder wald persew.
Stone still he la and schupe nocht for to steir,
Qhill efterwart hapnit as 3e sall heir.

HOW MARTIUS THE LEGAT WAS SLANE BE GRATIAN, AND IN HIS PLACE ENTERIT CONSTANTYNE, QUHILK WES SLANE EFTER IN GALLIA, AND THAN VICTORIN TUKE ALL THE CUIR IN BRITANE.

This Martius of quhome befoir I schew,
Bot schort quhile synes wes legat as ze knew,
Into Britaine richt suddanelie wes slane
Than be ane Brit wes callit Gratiane.
Efter his deith the Romanis in Britane,
Ane vther legat haif tha choisin than,
The quhilk to name wes callit Constantyne,
In Gallia that efter passit syne,
And slane he wes thair be Constantius.
Fra Cesar send callit Honorius.
In Eborac, the legat Victoryne,
Quhen that he knew that slane wes Constantyne,
To Lundoun toun he passit to remane,
And dalie had greit travell and grit pane
At Romane faith the Britis to contene,
In that same tyme as my author did mene.
The Pechtis sone efter that this wes done,
Knowand for thame that tyme wes oportune.
Ane herald sone to zoun Fergus [tha] send,
Qhilk schew to him ilk word fra end to end,
With circumstance at lenth and greit lasvir,
In forme and sett as I haif said zow heir;
Exhortand him, sen tyme wes oportune,
In Albion that he wald speid him sone,
His heretage agane for till reskew.

Traist weill, tha said, that tha sould all be trew
In that querrell, and erar suffer to deid,
Of that injure or tha gat nocht remeid,
Of mekle wrang with sic calamitie,
Vyle seruitude and greit miseritie,
So wranguslie on thame the Romanis wrocht;
And als thairwith gif that he traistit nocht
To that tha said wes suith and verriement,
Tha suld be sworne all by the sacrament
In sanctuar, be euerie belland buik,
Quhill thai micht all thair heltht and lyvis bruke,
Tha sould be trew, thairof haif he no dreid,
In tyme to cum baith into word and deid.

How ZOUNG FERGUS COME FURTH OF DENMARK
WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE IN SCOTLAND TO
RESKEW HIS RICHT.

Than zoun Fergus, quhen that he hard and knew
Thair will wes gude, trowand tha suld be trew,
And als thair with he had sic appetyte,
So greit desyre with curage and delyte,
For to conqueish his kinrick and his croun,
In gudlie haist than hes he maid him boun.
With schip and boit, with bark and ballingar,
With carvaill, craik, haifand baith saill and air,
Ane greit navin he furneist to the se,
With men and meit, and with artalzerie.
He sparit nocht that tyme for no expens,
Pairt of his awin, and part of his prince;
Riches he had of gold and vther geir,
That he befoir had wyn into the weir;
Bot most of all wes he supplieit than
Be his grandschir, quhilk wes the grittest man
In all Denmark that tyme except the king,
Qubilk fortifeit this Fergus in all thing,
With greit plesour evin at his awin intent.
Syne on ane da to schipburb all tha went;
The wynd wes fair, and tha leit saillis fall,
And saillit furth our mony wyndy wall;
With greit tranquill of Neptune in the tyde,
Lord Eolus richt fanelie did thame gyde,
Frathair passage efter the auchtane da,
All in the firth than of Moravia.
Sum set to schoir and vther sum to sand;
Sum with thair boittis passit all to land.

HOW THE SCOTTIS COME TO FERGUS FRA SINDRIE

Fra it wes knawin he wes cumin thair,
Fra all pairtis that tyme baith les and mair,
The Scottis gatherit to him da by da,
Sum fra the Ylis, sum fra Ybernia;
Fra Orkna als richt mony men of gude.
Wes neuir nane that wes of Scottis blude,
That tarie maid quhen that tha hard sic thing,
That he wes cumit the quhilk sould be thair king.

With wyffe and barnis, insicht and all stoir,
Tha come to him richt glaidlie les and moir,
In that beleif for to sit doun agane,
Qubahair thair fatheris war wont for to remane.
Tha thocht na perrell sic prattik to preve,
In young Fergus tha had so gude beleve.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW THE PECHTIS, HEIRAND OF FERGUS CUMING, CROWNIT ANE KING, AND SYNE SEND TO FERGUS AND RENEWIT THE BAND BETUIX THAME AND THE SCOTTIS.

The Pechtis als of this cuming wes proude, Traistand agane rich[t] suddantlie tha soud Fra seruitude and bondage be maid fre, And to releve agane to libertie. In that beleif thai haif crownit ane king, Syne send richt sone withoutin tareing Ambassadouris, the quhilk war men of gude, That wysast war and of the nobill blude, To this Fergus, of quhome befoir I schew, The band agane and peice for till renew, Syne at thair will ane mendis for to mak Of the greit falt thair fatheris maid befoir, Efter thair power all thing to restoir; Beseikand him that tyme to tak na cuir Of all the wrang, the harmsis and injure, Wes done to thame with Hargustus thair king. Him self thai said wes wyt of all that thing, And nane vther thair wes to wyt bot he; Qubahairfoir, tha said, his greit iniquitie Richt sone efter turnit him to tayne, And all the laif sen syne richt soir to meyne, Sen thai war puneist for thair falt soir. Beseikand him for to remord na moir Of sic injure, bot lat it all pas by, But ony yre, malice or invye; And to convene in siclike vnitie, As thair fatheris befoir had wont to be, Agane the Romanes wes thair felloun fa. Richt weill tha wist, tha said, and he did sua.
THE BUlk OF THE

Amang thame self and tha wald all be trew,
Richt eith it war agane for to reskew
Than all thair richt out of the Romanes handis,
Considderand in all pairt out it standis,
With richt trew men, tha said, tha haif hard tell
Agane the Romanes mony did rebell;
So far contempnit wes thair majestie,
In Albione tha micht send no supplie,
Tha wist richt weil, other les or moir,
As tha war wont in tyme bigane befoir.
Tha knew also the Britis had ane ee
With greit desyre agane to libertie;
And sen it wes thair tyme wes oportune,
Beseikand him richt suddantlie and sune,
Sic cuir on him that he wald wndertak,
With quhat conditioun that he pleis to mak.

HOW Fergus maid Ansuer to the Herald.

This ilk Fergus, haiffand auctoritie,
Be wyse counsal of greit maturitie,
Of his lordis richt plesand and benyng,
Sic anser maid agane wnto that thing.
Sayand he wald at thair plesour fulfill
All the desyre that tha had laid him til;
So that thair wald resing into thair handis,
Without alledgeance all and haill thair landis
In heretage thair eldaris had befoir,
Withoutin sturt agane for to restoir.
Of that conditioun tha sould reddie be,
In just battell all on ane da to de,
Or ellis tha sould agane to thame restoir
Thair libertie siclike as of befoir.
HOW THE PECTHIS COME TO FERGUS GRANTAND
HIS DESYRE, AND RENEWIT THE BAND BETUIX
THAME AGANE.

With this answier tha passit hame agane,
Qubairof the Pechtis joyfull war and fan.
Syne king and lordis come all on ane da,
To this Fergus into Morauia,
Oft thankand him with all humanitie,
So far for thame he saillit ouir the se
Into wynter, haifand no dreid of perrell,
So kynd he wes to thame into that querrell.
And moir kyndnes than I haif said 3ow heir,
Tha schow to him no I can tell perqueir.
The band also that tyme tha did renew,
And ilk ane swoir to vther till be trew;
And all injure, rancour and invye,
For to postpone, forzet and lat pas by.
Than, to conferme all that tha said befoir,
The Scottis all thai did agane restoir
To their steidis, all that war fra thame tane,
In quhome befor their fatheris duelt ilkane.
The strenthis als that war into thair handis,
Restorit thame agane with all the landis;
Than war thai maid that samin tyme als fre
Into Scotland as thai war wont to be.

HOW ALL THE SCOTTIS PASSIT TO ARGATILL, AND
CROWNIT THIS ILK FERGUS TO BE KING.

Quben this wes done, the Scottis, to fulfill
That tha had said, went all to Argatill,
And set this Fergus on the marbell stone;
Syne with consent of all wes thair ilkone,
In rob royall with sceptour, croun and ring,
Tha crownit him of Scottis to be king.
Fourtie 3eir and foure also bygone,
Efter that Scottis war flemit Albione;
The ziir of God, twentie and tua also,
And four hundreth withoutin ony mo,
Sevin hundreth ziir and sewintie als bygone,
Sen first Fergus wes king in Albione.

**How Fergus Wan the Strencitis Fra the Romanis.**

This beand done he raid ouir all his landis; 21,085
The strenthis all war in the Romanis handis,
Contrair thair will on force thair hes he tane,
Syne leit thame pas vnharmit hame ilkane
To Victoryn, quhilk schew to him full sone,
At lenth all thing as zi haif hard wes done. 21,090

**How Victorynus Send Ane Herald to the Pechtis.**

Quhairof he wes commouit than richt far,
Traistand richt sone that it sould turne to war.
With prouisioun that he doucht to mak,
He sped him sone that tyme to Eborac;
Syne suddantlie ane herald hes he send
Wnto the Pechtis wicht prattik till pretend,
Richt wyslie than for to lat thame wit,
With greitrequeistand mony fair promit,
Of land and law, and libertie agane,
At Romane faith so that thay wald remane, 21,100
And leve the Scottis that war thair felloun fa;
Richt weill he wist, and thay wald nocht do sua,
Sone efterwart quhen thay thair tyme mycht se,
Quhen eiur it war and thay mycht maisteris be,
Tha sould revenge with all power thay mocht 21,105
The grit injure the quhilk to thame wes wrocht
Be 3our fatheris, bot schort quhile of befoir,
Quhilk in thair1 mynd remanes 3it full soir.

1 In MS. 3our.
"That rancour is so rowstit in thair\(^1\) hart,
"With sic ruittis festnit fast inwart,
"And in thair breist bowdin with sic ane blast,
"That force it is it man out at the last.
"And thocht tha gif zow fair langage as now,
"In thame is nother for to trest nor trow.
"Tha ar the leid culd neuir 3it be leill
"For band or aith, for saw or 3it for seill.
"Quhen euir tha list tha find ane caus to brek;
"Thair lawtis ay wes bot litill effect.
"We war neuir fals nor 3it culd neuir fenzie;
"And gif ze think that ze haif caus to plenzie,21,120
"In ony thing that we haif zow offendit,
"At zour ain will it salbe weil amendit."

HOW THE PECHTIS WALD NOCHT CONSENT TO
BREK FRA THE SCOTTIS FOR NA REQUEIST OF
THE ROMANE LEGAT.

Quhen this wes said that I haif said and mair,
The Pechtis all that present than wes thair,
Bayth king and counsell that tyme gude and ill, 21,125
For na requeist that micht be maid thatirtill
Wald nocht consent, bot said tha wald defend
Thame selffis and Scottis to thair lyvis end,
And ay to thame for to be leill and trew;
That tha war fals to thame that micht tha rew. 21,130
Thair awin wand hes dung thame than so soir,
In tyme to cum tha wald be fals no moir;
Na lippin nocht in him that wes so sle,
That put thame all in sic misiritie,
At his plesour, but ony caus or quhy, 21,135
Aghanis thame wrocht all tyme so wrangusly.
And of ane thing tha said he sould be suir,
Tha sould revenge all harms and injure
That he had wrocht agane thair libertie,
Or all atonis on ane da sould de. 21,140

\(^1\) In MS. 3our.
THE BUIK OF THE


Quhen this was schawin befoir this Victoryn,
That tha wald nocht to his willis inclyne,
Than\(^1\) all the power he micht be that da,
Fiftie thousand, as my author did sa,
In curage cleir he had at his command, 21,145
Quhome with richt sone he come into Pechtland.
Ouir Carroun flude, neirby Camelidone,
Thair he remanit with his men ilkone.
Than king Fergus, herand that he was thair,
With all his power that tyme les and mair, 21,150
And king of Pechtis, for tha war in the north,
Tha passit sone attour the watter of Forth,
With mony berne that war baith bald and wicht.
Syne in the morning, or tha micht se licht,
Or at the nicht departit fra the da, 21,155
In rayit battell quhair the Romanis la,
With birny, brasar, bricht brand and braid scheild,
On fit and hors thair haif thai tane the feild.
This Victoryn, that weil thair cunning knew,
As of befoir his spyis to him schew, 21,160
He put his men all reddie in array,
Bydand battell ane litill forrow day.
Quha had bene thair that tyme for till haif sene
Thair semelie schroud likeas siluer scheine,
Thair baneris bricht, that wer all browdin new, 21,165
Thair staitlie standertis of mony diuerrss hew,
With trumpet, talburne, and with clarion cleir,
And buglis blast that hiedeous wes till heir.
The bowmen bald syne enterit in the feild;
Thair schunitting scharp hes persit mony scheild. 21,170

\(^1\) In MS. That.
The fedderit flanis than tha flew so thik,
Quhair euir tha hit tha markit in the quik,
Out-throw thair birneis bait or tha wald blin,
Syne throw thair breist tha maid the blude to rin.
The men of armes interit in the feild
21,175
With sic ane rousche, quhill mony targe and scheild
At thair counter all to pecis claue;
Sa mony duchtie to the grund tha dраue.
Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,
With egir will and force thair faucht so lang,
That Carroun water, quhilk wes neir thame than,
Into that tyme all of Reid blude it ran.
So feill slauchter, as my author did mene,
Into ane feild befoir wes semdill sene.
But victorie thair faucht ay still quhill none;
Syne at the last ane schour of haill full sone,
Als mark as midnicht fra the hevin discendit,
That baith the pairteis gritlie hes offendit.
In falt of licht micht nane ane vther se,
Bot drew abak and leit the battell be.
21,190

HOW THE ROMANIS AND THE ALBIONIS ABSTENIT
LANG EFTER FRA WEIR.

This bergane wes so bludie to thame baith,
On eueries syid tha gat sa mekle skaith,
That lang efter, as my author did mene,
That baith the pairteis did fra the weir abstene.
This Victoryne, syne on the other da,
21,195
No langar baid bot passit hame his wa,
With the few folk wes left to him vnslane,
To Lundoun toun quhair that he did remane.
The strendhis all he hes gart stuf alsua
Into Pechtland and in Saluria;
21,200
And als the laif of landis les and moir,
To Scot and Pecht that did pertene befoir.
The Buik of the

Fergus sidlike, quhen that he saw and knew
Thair power wes so brokin of the new,
In that battell tha had sa mony slane,
And wes ouir few for to gif feild agane;
Thairfoir tha kest the best way that mycht be,
The land tha had to bruik with libertie;
And in the tyme the pepill for to leir
Vse and prattik of battell and of weir,
And all sic thing that neidfull war to ken,
Qhill that young childer grew vp and war men;
Syne efterwart quhen tyme wes to persew,
Thair heretage agane for till reskew.

How the Pechtis war of sic Multitude thair awin landis micht nocht suffice thame,
Qhairfoir thair duelt mony in Athoill.

That tyme the Pechtis, as my authormenit,
Sa mony war tha micht nocht be sustenit
In Othlylyn and in Orestia,
In Ernywall and into Gowria;
Qhairfoir that tyme wes grantit thame to duell,
Alhaill the landis callit is Athoile.
Ane lang quhill thair than that tha did remane,
Qhill conquiest wes thair awin landis agane,
The qhillik that lay besouth the watter of Forth,
Sua lang tha duelt that tyme into the north.

Lib.7,f.105b.

How Victoryne gart mend the Wall fra Abircorne to Clyde.

In that same tyme, as ze sall wnderstand,
This Victorin hes giffin strait command,
Without delay no langar to abyde,
The wall wes biggit to the mouth of Clyde
Fra Abircoorne richt sone for to compleit,
In euerie place quhair faltis war to beit,
Fra Scot and Pecht the Britis to defend,
Richt sone efter thair purpos tha pretend.
Syne craftsmen for to compleit that wall,
In sindrie pairtis semlit hes thame all,
And stankis kest that war baith wyde and
deip,
And men of weir the craftsmen to keip,
Fra Scot and Pecht that thai sould tak na skayth.
Bot sone efter, of Scot and Pechtis baith,

HOW THE SCOTTIS SLEW ALL THAME THAT WAR
SET TO BIG THIS WALL, AND ALL THAME THAT
WAR PUT THAIR TO KEEP THAME.

Ane multitude convenit in the tyme,
With thair chiftane the quhilk wes callit Gryme,
And suddantlie, as ny author me schew,
Thair craftsmen and all the laff thae slew.
Syne in the boundis that war nei'hand by,
Tha raisit fyre with mony schout and cry;
Greit spulze maid ouir all baith far and nei' 21,245
Of men and beist, that wouner wes to heir;
Brocht hame with thame so grait ane multitude
Off gold and siluer and of other gude.
This nobill Grym, of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author dois me mentiouin mak,
Borne that he wes ane man of Dacia,
Of Algone als wes his familia,
Ane Scot, quhilk wes borne of the royall blude,
His father wes, quhilk wes ane man of gude,
And his mother ane grait nobill alsua, 21,255
Ane lordis dochter wes in Dania;
And he himself, as ze sall wnderstand,
Had to his wyfe ane ladie of that land,
Quhilk buir to him ane virgin amorus,
That quene wes than to this ilk king Fergus; 21,260
Quhilk buir to him, as my author did sa,
Or he and scho come furth of Dania,
Thre ȝounȝ sonnis rïcht plesand and preclair.
The eldest sonne and his apperand air,
Callit he wes to name Eugenius,
The thrid Constant,\(^1\) and the secund Dongarus:
Of thair deidis efter, be Goddis grace,
I sall schow zow quhen I haiftyme and place.

**HOW THE SCOTTIS THAT WAR DISPER Sith IN SINDRIE LANDIS, HEIRAND OF KING FERGUS, COME HAME ALL AGANE IN SCOTLAND.**

In this same tymne that I haift schawin heir,
Fra sindrie landis ouir all far and neir,
As Spanȝe, Spruiss, and eik Germania,
Fra Ytalie and Portingalia,
Richt mony Scother and of Fergus fame,
In Albione to Fergus than come hame
In his support, and for to mak supple
For to reskew thair land and libertie,
Quhilk fra thair fatheris reft wes of befoir;
All in ane will at that tymne les and moir,
In his querrell baith for to leve and de,
And of the Romanis to revengit be.

**HOW FERGUS RESSAUIT ALL THE SCOTTIS THANKFULLIE THAT COME HAME AGANE.**

Of thair cummg so hie his curage rais,
For to revenge him that tymne of his fais,
Sone efter that he hes send one aye da,
Ane greit armie into Saluria,
Quhilk enterit in with greit anger and yre
Amang the Britis, baith with blude and fyre.

\(^1\) In Ms. *Tristan*.
The Romanis than, that knew thair cuming weill,
Ane greit power, in planeplait of steill,
Gaif thame battell richt pertlie on ane plane;
On euerilk syde thair wes richt mony slane.
Sa lang tha faucht thir worthie men and wycht,
But victorie quhill twynnit thame the nycht,
In that semblie so mony than wes slane,
That euerie syde refusit to fecht agane.
That samin nicht, als far as tha micht wyn,
Ilkone fra vther drawin hes in twyn.
Syne on the morne, richt sone or it wes da,
Baith Scot and Pecht hes left Saluria,
And in thai boundis wald na langar byde,
Or dreid the Romanis on the vther syde,
Thair power daliesould grow and increas,
And thairis ay be menist and maid les;
And of the zeir it wes so lait also,
Qhill efterwart that wynter wer ago,
This king Fergus and all his men ilkone,
The narrow way to Argatill ar gone,
At his plesour thair to remane and byde,
Qhill etterwart into the symmer tyde,
That men for1 cald micht walk vpon the plane,
And ganand tyme for to mak weir agane.

**HOW THIS FERGUS AND ALL HIS LORDIS THE NIXT**

**SYMMER HELD ANE COUNSALL IN ARGATILUM.**

In symmer syne, quhen euerie schaw wes schene,
And euerie garth with gerse wes growand grene,
The Scottis lordis than baith ald and zing,
In Argatill befoir Fergus thair king,
To ane counsall convenit thair full sone,
For to devyss quhat best war to be done.
In that counsall thair wes amang the laif
Richt mony man that for best counsall gaif,

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1 Sie in M.S. *fra*
With Victoryn that tyme quhair that he la,
With all his power into Galdia,
But ony proces pertlie to persee
In plane battell thair strenthis of the new;
For to reskew agane out of his handis,
That wrangaslie he held fra thame, thair landis;
And tak the chance that God wald send thame till,
Quhat euir it war than other gude or ill.
And vther sum, that better wnderstude,
Said to the king that counsall wes nocht gude;
Thinkand it wes ouir perelous to preve,
Without wisdome in sic ane louss belieue,
The commoun weill to put in jepardie,
All on ane da it war ane greit folie;
Sum other way moir wyslie for to wirk
With countering and carmuische thame to irk;
Baith nicht and da to hald thame euir on steir,
With sic wisdome to put thame ay in weir,
Quhill efterwart that [tha] thair tyme micht se,
Quhen euir it war so hapnit for to be;
Quhilk wald be sone tha said, as thai presume
Sa mony than rebellit agane Rome,
In euirilk land lyand neirhand than by.
Tha wist richt weill that Victoryn for-thi,
Sone efterwart of sic weiris sould ceis,
And be content to bruke Britane in peice:
Than micht thai weill at thair plesour but pane,
Thair richtis all for to reskew agane.
The counsall all thocht than that that wes best;
Than suddantly devysit wes and drest
Ane greit power in haist for to provyde,
Of men of weir vpoune the bordour syde,
For to debait the boundis tha war in,
And preis na forder at that tyme to win.
And thus tha wrocht ane lang tyme of the þeir,
Quhill efterwart hapnit as þe sall heir.
How Victoryn thought to haif fled quietlie of Britane, heir and the Emprioure [wes] displesit at him; and syne, throw Counsell of his Freindis, was crownit in Lundoun, callit him selff the Emprioure of Britane.

To Victoryn wes schawin be ane man, Honorius that emprioure wes than, By wrang reherss held him than rycht suspect. Dreiand it sould sone follow in effect, He schupe richt sone, gif na better mycht be, Out of Britane richt quyetlie to fle, To saue him self wnto ane better tyme, Or dreid he-war accusit of that cryme. And sum to quhome his counsell that he schew, Him counsell gaif richt sone for to persew The haill impyre of Britane for to bruke. At thair counsell richt sone on him he tuke The purpure habite that tyme with honour, In Lundoun toun that tyme gart croun him empirioure.

How Heraclius wes send in Britane be Honorius, and how the Romanis, heir and of his cuming, tuke Victoryn and deliuerit him bund to Heraclian.

Honorius, of this quhen he hard tell, How Victoryn in Britane did rebell, Ane man of gude, callit Heraclian, With greit power he send into Britane. The Romanis all in Britane les and moir, That fortifeit this Victoryn befoir, Greit terrour tuko of this Heraclian, Thinkand he wes so fortunit ane man.
And to vmschew Heraclianus schoir,  
Agane the faitht that tha had maid befoir,  
This Victoryn tha tuke richt sone in handis,  
And all the laif fast bundin into bandis,  
War principall that tyme the leist ane man,  
Deluierit thame syne to Heraclian.  
And he thame send sone efter that to Rome,  
In capitall quhair that tha sufferit dome;  
All to the deid wantit thair heidis syne;  
So wes the end of this ilk Victoryne.

HOW HERACLIAN PASSIT HAME AGANE.

Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,  
Heraclian he passit hame his wa  
To Rome agane, and left into Britane  
Ane Planctius, quhilk wes ane rycht soft man,  
Without ingyne or jeopardie in weir;  
Of sic prattik that tyme he wes to leir;  
Ilherall, and richt semdell wes twew.  
This king Fergus, that his conditionis knew,  
Thinkand for him that tyme wes oportune,  
Ane multitude convenit hes gart sone,  
Of mony berne that worthie war and wicht,  
Buskit for battell than in armour bright.  
The king of Pechtis that tyme, that Drustus hecht,  
With mony freik he fuir with him to fecht,  
And sone tham enterit into Saluria.  
With fyre and blude, and als in Galdia.  
Thair wes na Brit befoir thair tham thand,  
No zit Romane, other be se or land,  
Baith young and ald, of heis or law degrie,  
Without debait tham thame all to de.  
Syne in Pechtland and eik Dyeria,  
In Vicomage and Ordulucia,
In thair rancour amang the Romanis raid;
With fyre and blude so grit distrucctioun maid
Of men and beist, of corne, cattell and stoir,
Was neuir sene siclike zit of befoir.

**HOW FERGUS WAN PLANCTIUS IN FEILD, AND CHAISSIT HIM TO EBORAC THAT TYME.**

This Planctius, quhen he hard this wes done,
With greit power than hes he sped him sone
Into Pechtland, with mony nobill man;
Ane bitter battell thairwith sone began.
This king Fergus with mony cruell knicht,
And king of Pechtis with mony worthie wicht,
In curage cleir manlie hes thame met;
With brandis bricht vpone thair basnetis bet
Thir bernis bald with mony bitter blaw.
The fedderit flanis in the feild that flaw,
Als fers as fyre out of the flynt dois found,
Quhilk wrocht the Romanes mony werkand wound,
Throw birny bright and habirschone of maill,
The fitmen all into the feild gart faill.
Tha micht nocht weill sustene agane thair force,
Bot drew abak behind the bardin hors.
Than all the strenth and haill force of the feild
With speir and lance, with scharpe sword and
with scheild,
The bardin hors assaileit all atonis,
Qubair mekle blude, and mony brokin bonis,
And mony steid la stickit in the feild,
And mony knicht full cald wnder his scheild.
So mony duchtie thair wer maid to die,
That force it wes the Romanis for till fle,
And leif the feild, thocht tha war rycht vnfname;
Fleand that da war mony of thame slane.
THE BUIK OF THE

This Planctius, as my author did sa,
To Eborae with few he fled awa;
But skarslie als he chunpit wth his lyfe,
He wes so straitlie sted into that stryffe.

HOW FERGUS GART DIUYDE THE SPULZ OF THE FEILD.

This king Fergus, the spulze of the feild,
Baith bow and brand, coit armour, targe and scheild,
Richt equallie amang the men of weir,
Distribute hes with horss, harnes and geir.
This Planctius, qubilk prenit had the pith
Of Scot and Pecht, and manlines thairwith,
The qubilk on force had maid him for to faill,
Wittand so weil that he micht nocht prevail
Agane the power that wes of sic pryss,
And greit folie to set on synk and syss
The grit honour befoir the Romanis wan,
Dreidand also the tynsal of Britane,
Als in that tyme with trew men he hard tell,
Agane the Romanis sa mony did rebell,
In sindrie land with greit power and pryde,
In euerie part ouir all the warld wyde.

HOW PLANCT[1]US SEND ANE HERALD TO FERGUS FOR PEAX.

And for that caus he stude into greit dout,
For to mak weir with his nichtbouris about.
And to compleit the purpois he pretend,
Richt suddantlie ane herald he hes send
To king Fergus, to treit with him for peice,
And king of Pechtis, to gar thair weiris ceis:
That tyme betuix thame lang trewis to tak,
With quhat conditioun that tha pleis to mak.
On this condition than the piece was maid,
With many band and seillis that war braid:
That is to say, baithe Scot and Pecht sal haue,
Without cummer in ony thing to craue,
The landis all that time baithe les and moir,
That their fatheris lang bruikit of befoir,
Of their ald termes for to be content,
Gif plesit thame thartill to gif consent,
And clame na thing within the Britis landis.
Of that condition bund war than thabandis,
Confirmand peice withoutin ony stryfe,
Betiuix thame all for terms of thair lyfe.
Peice beand maid, as I have said 30w heir,
Quhilk lestit efter lang and mony zeir,
Thir kings baithe hes\(^1\) done all that thay mycht,
With diligence and travell da and nycht,
For to reforme\(^2\) all faltis maid befoir,
And thair kinrikis agane for to decoir
With luif and lautie, libertie and law,
And put thame out of bondage and ouirthraw,
And servitlude that thay war in richt lang,
Be the Romanis that wrocht thame mekle wrang.
Tha war all maid agane for to leve frie,
To vse thair law and thair awin libertie.

**HOW FERGUS DIUYDIT SCOTLAND THE SECUND TYME, GEVAND ILK REGIOUN ANE NEW NAME.**

Quhen this was done, and thay war brocht to peice
In Albione, and all the weiris ceis,
This king Fergus, that tyme I wnderstand,
The secund tyme diuydit hes Scotland.
To euerie man he hes gevin aue daill
Efter his deidis as he wes of availl;

\(^1\) In MS. *had.*  \(^2\) In MS. *reformis.*
And changit all the namis les and moir
Wes gevin thame be first Fergus befoir;
And euerie land, as my author did sa,
Gaif it the name that it hes this same da;
Sum etter flude, sum etter montane hie,
Sum etter men for thair nobilitie.
The causis quhy ar langsium to reherss,
And tydeous this tyme to put in verss;
Quhairof thairof as now I hald me still,
And forder moir of Fergus speik I will.

HOW FERGUS REFORMIT THE KIRK OFF CHRIST.

As he wes flour and cheif of cheualrie,
Siclike he wes in religiositie.
The kirkmen als that flemit war befoir,
Baith preist and prelat, monkis les and moir,
Brocht hame agane with laud and dignitie,
With honour, reuerence and benignitie;
Ressauyng thame with countenance bening,
With fair calling and hamelie cheresing.
Syne plesand places gart for thame provyde,
Qubah thair thairfuir might remane and byde,
Godis service thairfoir to say and sing:
That neidfull war thai wantit thair nothing,
At thair lyking, with greit larges and luke.
And thair agane the pepill till instruct
The faith of Crist and halie kirk to knaw,
And for to keip commandis of the law,
And idolrie for to abhor alhaill.
Into the tyme, that thai sould no tyme faill,
In Iona Yle, of quhome befoir I spak,
Ane fair abbay of black monkis did mak,
And biggit hes richt mony plesand cell
Within dortour quhairat thair sould dwell.
All vther houssis that war necessair,
He hes gart big richt plesand and preclair.
That plesand place syne poleist hes within
With chaleis, crowat of siluer and tyn,
And vestimentis of siluer claitth and silk,
Sum Reid, sum grene, sum quhit as ony milk.
And in that place the kingis sepultuir,
He ordand hes with diligence and cuir;
And so it wes richt lang and mony da,
And 3it is sene the places quhair tha la.

**How Fergus biggit the Strethtis agane.**

The streththis all, baith castell, tour and toun,
Distoryit war befoir and cassin doun,
He hes gart big far strethheir agane;
And dalie waigeouris thairin to remane,
Off his awin coist thair to remane and byde,
Into the streththis on the bordour syde,
Neirby the boundis of the Britis la.
Ane better king nor he, I darweillsa,
I can nocht find in na storie I Reid,
Quhilk previt alway richt weill by his deid.
Now will I pas of him into this place,
And of the Romanes speik ane litill space.

**How Walentenianus succedit to Honorius the emprioure, quhilk send ane legat in Britane efter the deith of Planctius was callit Castius.**

Honorius of Rome the emprioure,
That tyyme with seiknes staid wes in ane stour,
Aganes quhome he had no streth tostryfe,
Bot take his leif out of this present lyfe.
His sister sone, hecht Walantenian,
Plesand and proude, and ane rycht fordwart man,
Quhilk wes the sone of Theodoc[i]us,
And lauchfull air to this Honorius,
Into his place efter that he wes deid,
As emprioure succeedit in his steid.
This Planctius, of quhome befoir I tald,
Throw sair skines that tyme as weirdis wald,
Set him so soir that he micht nocht ourset,
To God and nature quhill he payit his det.
Ane Castius, efter that he wes deid,
To gyde the Romanes enterit in his steid,
Into Britane that thai suld nocht rebell.
This king Fergus, thairof quhen he hard tell,
And Drustus king of Pechtis to for-thi,
Sayand the tyme of peice wes passit by
That tha had maid with Planet[i]us of befoir,
Sen he wes deid than it suld lest no moiir.
Thairfoir tha said that tha wald nocht forga
All Cummerland and als Westmawria,
The quhilk thair fatheris bruikit of befoir;
Without the Romanis wald to thame restoir,
Declarat thame that thae sould haif no peice,
Quhill that war done fra battell suld nocht ceis.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS AND THE KING OF
PECHTIS HEREIT ALL WESTMURLAND.

And for that caus with [all] power and mycht
Of Scot and Pecht richt mony worthie wicht,
Thir tua kingis, sone effer on ane da,
Greit heirschip maid ouir all Westmaria.
In that land wes nother ill nor gude,
That ony sparit for to spill his blude;
Young or ald, other barne or wyffe,
Withoutin reuth tha ref fra thame thair lyffe.

Col.2. Wes neuir hard, nother be land nor se,
In no weiris so greit crudelitie
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Of reif and raip, of blude and als of fyre;
Tha war so full of malice and of yre,
Tha sparit nothing in thair gait tha fand,
In Cumbria and als in Westmureland.

HOW THE ROMANE LEGAT SEND ANE HERALD TO THIR KINGIS.

The word of this to Castius is went,
Quhairof that tyme he wes nothing content.
His levir wes for to haif peice nor weir,
For of ane thing he tuke so greit ane feir;
The quhilk sone followit efter in effect,
Or euer hewist it straik him in the neck.
Full soir he dred than Deonethus,
Quhlkg wes the sone of the last Octaneus,
Off Britane king, befoir as ze micht heir,
Deceissit wes into that samin zeir.
This Castius richt soir thairfoir he dred,
For Deonethus to his wyffe than hed
King Fergus sister, that schort quhile of befoir
He weddit hes with grit honour and gloir,
The quhilk he louit alway with his hart;
Thairfoir he dred that he sould tak his part.
Thairfoir ane herald sone to him he send,
Commandand him of tha boundis to wend,
Puttant till him than silence for to ceiss,
Gif he desyris of him to haif peice;
And wald he nocht, he promist him rycht sone
He sould forthink the thing that he had done.
Remember him how lang befoir tha war
Fra Albione maid exull bene so far;
And how the Pechtis, for thair ingratitude,
War put in bondage and vile seruitude.

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THE BUIK OF THE

Richt so, he said, with thame it sould be done,
And thae agane maid nocht amendis sone. 21,020
Quhen this was said before thame that wes thair,
Amang thame all wes nother les nor mair,
Quhen thae hard speik of sic vile schruidude,
All with ane schout than schortlie thae conclude
With the Romanis no way for to mak peice: 21,025
Fra fyre and blude sayand thae suld nocht ceis,
Quhili thae suld resigne in to thair hand
All Cumbria, and also Westmureland,
In peice to brake but ony boist or scoir,
As thae thair eldaris visit of befoir. 21,030

HOW THE LEGAT MAID PROUISIOUN FOR BATTELL,
AND HOW IN THE SAME TYME WAS SCHAWIN
HIM THAT DIONET WITH MONY BRITIS WAS
PASSIT TO SUPPLE THE SCOTTIS.

This Castius, quhen he hard thair desyre,
Commouit wes als hett as ony fyre.
Sayand, richt sone he suld revengit be
Of that injure, or mony ane sould die.
With all the power that tymhe that he hed, 21,035
Richt spedelie on to thame he him sped,
Him to revenge of that injure and cryme,
Richt suddantlie, and schew him in that tymhe
How Dieonet the lord of Cambria,
Quhomeof schort quhile befoir ze hard me sa, 21,040
The eldest sone of king Octaueus,
That weddit [had] the sister of Fergus,
With all the power he mishet be that da,
Of Cambriens and of Icinia,
Baith ill and gude that tymhe that he mycht be, 21,045
Come to king Fergus for to mak supple.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW FERGUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, FAUCHT WITH CASTIUS THE LEGAT, AND WAN THE FEILD, AND CHAISIT THIS LEGAT CALLIT CASTIUS.

This Castius thairof he tuke greit cuir;
With sic prouisiun fordwart ay he fuir,
Withoutin tarie other da or nicht,
Qhill that he come into his fais sicht
Quhair that king Fergus with his grit ost la,
And king of Pechtis in Westmaria,
And Dionethus come in thair supple,
In the best ordour that tyme that tha mycht be.
Ane quhile tha stude arrayit all at rycht,
On euirilk syde ilkone in otheris sicht;
The bowmen bald syne enterit in the feild,
Thair scharpe schutting hes persit mony scheild.
The fedderit flanis in the feild that flew,
Throw birneis bricht richt mekill blude tha
drew.
The lansis and grit speiris with [thair] force,
Maid sic ane brusche vpone the bardit horsis,
Qhill speiris brak and all thair scheildis claif,
Birneis did brek and all in pecis raif.
Steidis la stickit stark deid on the grund,
And mony knicht, with wyde and werkand wound,
In that counter lay cald vnder his scheild,
And mony freik wes fellit in the feild,
Throw force that da that rais neur vp agane;
On euirilk syde richt mony man wes slane.
That stour it wox baith stalwart, stif, and strang,
But victorie of ony part richt lang;
This king Fergus thairto that did intend,
Than suddantlie of euerie wing he send
Lycht lyuer men to cirkill thame about,
Syne haistelie set on thame with ane schout
Or euir tha wist baldlie behind thair bak,
Quhilk causit thame greit terrour for to tak.
This Castius thairof wes soir adred;
For feir of thame out of the feild he fled.
Of his fleing the laif wes so agast,
Out of the feild thai followit all rycht fast.
The tother syde quhen that tha saw thame fle,
Trowand thai war in sic securitie,
Throw victorie tha wan into that place,
Withoutin ordour pait followit on the chace;
Als mekle skaiith gat in that chace agane,
As tha did than and had als mony slane.
Ane vther part, that keipit ordour still,
Did mekill skaiith and gat bot litill ill;
Of the Romanis and Britis that war bald,
Tha tuke and slew als mony as tha wald.
Syne all the spulzie in the feild that la,
This king Fergus vpone the tother da,
To Scot and Pecht, and Cambriens that tyde,
Richt equallie amang thame gart diuyde.

_**How Castius efer the Feild fled, and syne efer he was passit the Britis crownit Deonethus King of Britane.**_

This Castius to Kent that tyme he fled,
With sa few folk thair levand that he hed,
Out of the feild passit with him awa;
Syne Cumbirland and all Westmawria,
He left thame than into thair fais hand,
Without defens vther be se or land,
Or zit supplie, fra tyme that he wes gane,
Do as tha wald of him tha wald get nane.
Syne efter this incontinent wes done,
This Dionet thai haif set in ane trone,
In purpure cled and diadem condid,
And crownit him of Britane to be king.
Syne tuke the feild with mekle boist and schoir, 21,710
With Scot and Pecht, the langar ay the moir;
Agane the Romanis than tha dalie wrocht, 21,715
With fyre and blude, all the injure tha mocht;
Quhilk put thame all in sic penuritie, 21,720
With haill purpois out of Britane to fle,
Seand thair fortoun maid sua oft to faill, 21,725
Without beleif agane for to prevail.
So sould haif bene, as apperis to me,
War nocht the sonner that tha gat supple.

How Ettheus, the Romane Legat in Gallia, 21,730
send ane greit man of gude into Britane
callit Maximian, to supplie the Romanis
war thair.

Ane greit Roman wes callit Ettheus, 21,735
In Gallia, my author tellis thus,
That all Romanis that da that levand war,
In worthines precellit than richt fur,
For to supplie the Romanes in Britane,
Ane man of gude callit Maximian,
That coursing wes als to the emprioure,
Into his tyme that wan so grit honour,
With greit power to thame richt sone ho send,
To fortifie thair richtis and defend.
The Britis all, that tuke the Romanis part,
Richt blyth thai war that tyme in to thair
hart,
Quhen tha hard tellof this Maximian,
With sic power wes cuming in Britane.
On fot and horss with greit solempnitie,
Tha met him all as he come fra the se;
Oft thankand him that cuming wes thame till, 21,740
Sayand, tha sould with hartie mynd and will
With him ay wend quhair that he wald alway,
For his plesour in all thing that tha may,
And to be traist to him in enerie steid,
And tak his part baith into lyffe and deid.
He thankit thame richt curtiadie agane;
Sayand, he wald for thair plesour be fare
Thame for to pleis with all power he ma,
At thair plesour other be nicht or da.

How Maximian proclamit that euerie man
sould be reddie at set da and place,
and syne with all his armie come to
Eborac.

Sone efter that, this ilk Maximiane
Proclamit hes that tyme ouir all Britane,
That euerie man within the tuentie da,
Suld reddie be to wend with him alwa.
And so thair [war] within the tuentie nicht,
Off Britis bald and mony Romane knicht,
And mony vther out of Gallia,
And feill folk als out of Germania,
Sic multitude other with les or moir,
In Albione wes neuir sene befoir.
To Eborac he passit on ane da;
Syne efter that onto Westmawria,
Quhair king Fergus and Drustus in that tyde,
And Dionet togidder all did byde;
All in ane will and purpous tha pretend,
Fra all injure tha landis to defend.
With Dionet thair come that samin da,
Itiniens and men of Cambria;
Tha followit him with gude will and fre hart,
In all Britane wes na mo take his part.

\[1\text{ In MS. Contyngens.}\]
How the Romanis and the Albionis come in Sicht of vther.

Syne on ane da, ane litill forrow licht,  
Ilkone of vther coming ar in sicht;  
Vnder ane bank besyde the bentis broun,  
Vpoun ane plane plantit thair pal\begin{comment}3\end{comment}conis doun.  
On euerie syde stark watchis maid that nicht,  
Quhill on the morne that it wes fair da licht,  
In gude ordour syne passit till array,  
In that intent some vther till assay.

How King Fergus maid his Oresoun.

I list nocht now to zow this tymre rehers,  
So langsum war to me to put in verss,  
Of king Fergus the grit persua\begin{comment}sion,  
He maid that tymre, and eik his oresoun,  
Vnto his men so ornatlie he spak,  
Quhilk causit thame all curage for to tak.  
The tymre is schort, I may nocht lang dwell  
In sic talking; thairfoir I will nocht tell  
His oresoun, nor put it in memorie,  
Ilk word by word contenit in the storie.  
Bot of ane thing that I dar wnder\begin{comment}tak;  
So plesandlie to thame that tymre he spak,  
Tha war content alway to wirk his will,  
Quhat euir it wes than other gude or ill.

Heir followis the greit Battell betuix Col. 2.  
Maximian and Fergus, King of Scottis.

The lawe siclyke wald nothing pretermit;  
Than to the feild tha fuir all fit for fit,
The bowmen big, with bent bowis in hand, Befoir king Fergus in the feild did stand. Of fedderit flanis into randoun richt, Fra thame thair flew richt mony felloun flycht,
Als ferce as fyre out of the flynt dois fair,
And thik as snav thai flew in to the air;
Evin lyke ane cloude adumbrít all the lycht,
So thik tha flew into ane randoun richt,
Into the air makand ane awfull sound,
And ferce as fyreflaucht throw the feild did sound,
Throw all thair weid tha wrocht thame woundis wyde.

That bikker wes so awfull till abyde,
Into the feild the Romanes that faucht first,
Tha gart the blude out-throw thair birneis brist;
And skaillit mailzeis in the feild full wyde,
For all thair pryiss tha parit of thair pryde.
And had nocht bene tha gat sonner reskew,
Gif it be suith that my author me schew,
Tha had forthought that da that thair come thair,
That schutting wes to thame so scharpe and sair.

\[\text{How the Romanis had bene distroyit had nocht the Legat soner send Supple.}\]

Maximiane, thairto quhen he tuke heid,
Ane new battell buskit in weirlike weid,
In thair supple, with all the haist he ma,
He send to thame faucht nocht befor that da.
Thir bernis bald that stalwart war and strang,
Tha enterit sone into the thickest thrang;
At thair coming wes sic ane counter maid,
That mony berne bled of his blude full braid;
And mony schouder schorne out throw the scheild,
And mony freik als fellit in the feild;
And mony proude man laid vpoun the plane;
Sum ill woundit, and vther sum than slane.
Richt lang thai faucht with egir will in hart,
Quhill that the Romanis had the fairast part,

\[^{1}\text{In MS. abumbrít.}\] \[^{2}\text{In MS. Thair.}\]
Persand the feild quhairat the ondour brak,
And enterit syne behind king Fergus bak
Quhair that he faucht, and king Drustus also;
Richt haistelie withoutin ony ho,
Tha cirklit thame richt suddantlie about,
In that beleif that thai suld nocht wyn out.

How thir tua kingis renewit the feild agane, and how gude Fergus wes slane.

Thir tua kingis, quhair tha faucht in the feild,
Richt haistelie quhen tha sic thingis beheld,
Wittand so weill that na better micht be
Into that tyme bot other do or de;
And weill tha wist that thair wes no remeid,
And, for to be revengit of thair deid,
The battell baldlie did agane renew,
And of the Romanes mony that tyme slew.
Suppois thai war baith stalwart, stout and stuir,
Zit neuirtheles tha nicht nocht ay induir
Into that stour fechtand so strang tha stude;
The Romanis als wes of sic multitude,
And in ane cirkill closit thame about,
That be no way tha micht that tyme wyn out,
And with the Romanes tha wald nocht be tane,
Quhairfoir tha faucht to deid that da ilkane.
Thair deid that da it wes full deirlie sauld,
Gif it be trew that my author me tald.
Suppois the Scottis that da tynt the feild,
For tua of thame thair wes thre Romanis keild.
The laue of thame, richt sone and suddantlie,
Quhair that thai faucht in other feildis by,
Into the tyme tha wer so soir adred,
Out of the feild richt fast away tha fled.
The Romanis folloit richt fast vpone the chace
Wit[h] grit slaughter in mony sindrie place,
All da to end als lang as tha had licht,
And ceissit nocht quhill twynnit thame the nycht.
To Scot and Pecht that wes ane cairfull feild,
Thair kingis baith that samin da war keild;
The maist pairt thair of thair lordis all,
Into that feild wer maid that da to fall;
And all the laif syne, throw that greit míschief,
That samin tyme wer put in sic beleif,
Quhen euir the Romanis plesit thame invaid,
Fra Albione all exull to be maid.
This wes the end of gude Fergus the king,
The sextene ȝair than efter of his ring.
This Dionet, into that samin da,
Out of the feild with few men fled awa;
Vnto the se, the quhilk wes neir hand by,
Richt haistelie that tyme he did him by;
Into ane shchip, as my author did sa,
Sone efter that passit in Cambria.¹

**How Maximian, efter the Feild, brint all Pechtland and Galdia.**

Maximiane, or he wald stanche of yre,
All Galdia he hes brint in ane fyre;
All Pechtland als, and eik Dieria,
All Wicomage and Ordolucia,
And slew thairin alhaill baith wyffe and man.
Camelidone he seigyt syne and wan;
Baiith young and ald that he fand in that steid,
Without petie gart put thame all to deid;
Baiith Scot and Pecht compellit to the North,
Without fauour, beyond the watter of Forth,
And gart thame sueir thair ay to remane,
And neuir mair for to persew agane,
By richt or clame ather by nicht or da,
To ony land besouth ald Forth that la.

¹ In MS. Cumbria.
Of the Britis thair wes richt mony than,
Sic counsall gaif to this Maximiane,
Baith Scot and Pecht alhaill for to distroy,
Or the Romanis withoutin sturt or noy
In Albione sould be bot rycht schort quhile,
Qhill that war done, or than all maid exyle,
In \textsuperscript{1} vther landis suddantlie to fle
Fra Albione richt far without pitie.

\textbf{HOW MAXIMIAN ABSTENIT FRA WEIR QHILL WYNTER WES DONE.}

Maximiane, becaush he saw appeir
Sic ill weddar and winter als draw neir,
With frost and snaw, with greit wyndis and rane,
That nane for cald mich[t] walk vpone the plane;
And Scot and Pecht that weil thame self culd

keip
In montanis hie, and mossis cald and weit,
Fra him all tyme withoutin ony skait,
He knew that weill of Scot and Pechtis baith.
And for that caus qhill gone wes wynd and rane,
Postponit all qhill symmer come agane.

\textbf{HOW LICENS COME FRA ROME, SCHAWAND MAXIMIAN HOW SA MONY REBELLIT AGAINE ROME, QHAIRFOIR THIS MAXIMIAN GART CROWN HIM SELF EMPRIoure OF BRITANE.}

In Aprile quhen lenthit wes the da,
His purpos wes to pas in Cambria,
With all power befoir as ze hard tell
On Deaneth aganis him did rebell.
Him for to dant his purpos wes alhaill,
Syne of that purpos he wes maid to faill.
Ane freind of his come furth of Rome and schew,
Our all the warld sa mony of the new

\textsuperscript{1}In MS. Or.
Agane the Romainis, ze sall wnderstand,
Rebellit had in mony sindrie land,
And euerie Romane that tyme mair and myn,
Held to him self all landis he micht wyn.
Ane Beneface that tyme wes callit sua,
Rebellit had than ouir all Affrica,
And tua legatis of Walentinian
Thair he had slane and mony vther man.
Siclike that tyme tha letteris to him shew,
In Gallia wes cumin of the new
The Frenschemen, and tane at thair awin hand
Of Orliance and Pareis all the land,
And fixit thair thair settis to remane,
In that belief neuir to remoif agane ;
And pleneist had, withoutin ony pley,
Fra Rynis mouth to the mont of Peroney,
Alhaill thair landis at thair awin lyking,
Syne crownithes ane of thame to be king.
Maximian, fra he tha letters red,
His freind fra Rome to him that tyme send hed,
With his counsall in quhome he did confyde,
Thinkand he wald than for him self prouyde,
And hald the honour to him self he wan,
As emprioure than for to bruik Britane.
And cr he wald to that purpois proceid,
In gud[e] belief the better for to speid,
Thinkand that tyme he wald obeyit be
With the Britis be sum affinitie,
Be ony way gif he micht win thair hart,
To that purpois that tha sould tak his part.

How Maximian weddit the ȝoungest Dochter
of Deonetus, quhilk was callit Otilia.

This Dioneth, of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Tu a dochteris had and childer than no mo;
Otilia, the yongest of thae tuo,
The lustiest that levand wes on lyfe,
Maximiane hes\(^1\) weddit till his wyfe.
The eldest sister, as my author sais,

Hecht Vrsola, the quhilk in all hir dais
Ay leuit cleine in pair virginitie,
And for the faith ane martyr maid to be,
As I saill schaw to zow with Goddis grace,
Sone efter heir at ganand tyme and place.
Maximian, throw that affinitie,
With all the Britis louit weill wes he;
And Deoneth of most honour was than,
In all Britain nixt this Maximian.
And thus the harte he hes conquiest all,
Of all the Britis that tyme bayth grit and small.
Heir will I mak ane paus into this place,
And of the Scottis speik I will ane space.

**HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNING OF EWGENIUS,**
**THE SONE OF FERGUS, QUHILK WES ANE NOBILL KING ALL HIS TYMIE, AND SONE EFTER SUBDEWIT THE BRITIS.**

Col. 2. Efter the deith of king Fergus schort quhile,
The Scottis all forgadderit in Argyle,
And crownit hes Eugenius to be king,
Gude Fergus sone that wes baith fair and zing;
Prayand to God that tyme baith ane and all,
Sic fair fortoun and grace sould him befall,
And wisdome als, that he micht worthie be
to keip thair land in law and libertie.
Ewgenius, the first zeir of his ring,
Within schort quhile efter he wes maid king,
His fatheris cors he hes tane vp agane,
Neirby the feild befoir quhair he wes slane,

\(^1\) In MS. *his.*
Quhair he wes bureit in ane prevat place;  
Syne efterwart within ane litill space  
To Iona Yle with mekle pomp and pryde,  
With laud and gloir gart it convoy and gyde,  
And sesit him thair in to sepulture,  
With all reuerence takand of him greit cuir;  
And stablit him into the samin steid,  
Quhair he dewysit lang befoir his deid,  
Into the abbay of Ecolumkill;  
Richt weill he wist that wes his fatheris will.  
Syne ordand seruice thair to sing and sa  
Solempnitlie quhill on the auchtane da,  
The sevin psalmis thairfoir to sing and reid,  
With latony, placebo, and the creid;  
And euerie da ane mes for to be sung  
Solempnitlie, and all the bellis rung.  
Syne fra that furth with honour, laud and gloir,  
The kingis all, till king Malcum Canmoir,  
Wer bureit thair with greit solempnitie,  
Quhair takynis zit remanis for to se.

How Eugenius gatherit ane armie for to  
reskew his landis out of the romanis  
handis, and quhen his power was our  
small he skaillit thame agane.

This being done as ze haif hard me sa,  
Eugenius, sone efter on ane da,  
In that belief for to reskew his landis  
On southwart Forth out of the Romanis handis,  
Hes gart proclame than with ane voce full cleir,  
That euerie man wer passit sxtene zeir,  
And within sxtie, that micht harnes weir,  
Suld reddie be weill graithit in his geir,  
Furneist richt weill for all thing fourtie dais,  
To wend with him quhair euir he wald alwais.
And so thai did, as my author did sa, Convenit all at ane set place and da. Quhen tha come thair all and thair misteris schew, Wyiss men of weir that all sic thingis knew, Quhen tha had sene thair ordour ane and aw, 22,035 Tha thocht thair power wes that tyne ouir smaw, Agane the Romanis for to mak stryfe or weir, Quhomeof that tyne that all the warld tuke feir, Tha gaif counsell so to pas hame awa, And to defer all wnto ane other da, 22,040 Quhill that they saw thair tyme mair oportune. And so thai did, as my author said, richt sone.

Onto the place syne ilk man, les and moir, Passit agane quhair he come fra befoir.

HOW MAXIMIANUS MAID PEICE WITH EWSGENIUS.

Maximiane, of quhome befoir I tald, 22,045 With so gude will thinkand that tyme he wald Richt suddantlie, withoutin ony moir, Compleit the purpos that he tuke befoir; And for to be out of the danger and dreed, In that beleif to cum the better speid, 22,050 And for to bruke all Britane into peice, And all that weir for to gar stanche and ceis. Richt so he knew his power wes than brokin With Scot and Pecht, befoir as ze hard spokin, Into the feild quhair gude Fergus wes slane; 22,055 Thairfoir he thought he wald mak peice agane With Scot and Pecht, and all weiris forleit, Or he micht nocht his purpos than compleit. Then suddantlie ane herald he hes send To king Ewgene with hartlie recommend, 22,060 And king of Pechtis, the quhilk this peax hes maid, Syne bund it weill with letters seillit braid.
How Maximiane passit furth of Britane,
And tuke with him all the nobillis of
Britane and all the riches, and syne
passit and wan Armorica.

Quhen that wes done, this ilk Maximian,
With all the nobillis that war in Britane,
And with consent of euerie Romane knicht,
In purpure cled and diademe so bricht,
In Lundoun toun with greit laud and honoure
Tha crownit him to be thair emprioure.
And thair he did rebell agane the richt
Of the Romanis, as ane fals vntrew knicht.
Sone efter that he chesit in Britane
The nobillest men that wes amang thame than,
And to the se causit with him to ga,
In that beleif to conqueis Gallia.
This Dioneth he left that tyme at hame,
For to defend the Britis fra all blame,
With ane legioun war nobill men of weir,
That Scot no Pecht sould do to thame no deir.
Than to the se he passit on ane da,
And syne tuke land into Armorica;
With lytill stryfe that cuntrie all he wan,
At his plesour subdued euerie man
In all the partis by the se that la.
Quhen that wes done, syne efter on ane da,
With greit power syne inwart is he gone
To seig ane citie callit wes Radone.
Out of tha places or he passit than,
He stuffit all the strenthis that he wan,
And all the laif wer oblist to be trew,
Or euer he wald that citie than persew.
That toun it wes so stuffit and so strang,
Maximian la about it richt lang,

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And of his purpois na way culd prevail,
Bot euerylka da far lykar for to fail,
He left the toun that tyme I wnderstand,
And heirschip maid about our all the land.

How Etheus causit Armorica to rebell agane
Maximian and tuke all the strenthis agane.

In Gallia ane legat wes their than,
Hecht Etheus, quhilk wes ane nobill man.
Maximian richt soir that tyme he dreed,
Herand so weill in all partis he sped,
Quhilk causit hes, as my author did tell,
Armorica aganis him to rebell,
And brek to him their obleissing and band,
And all their strenththis tuke in their awin hand.
The men also war left their for to keip
Tha strenthhis all, sua sound tha gart thame sleeip,
And suddantlie, and of so nyce ane wyss,
That tha forget agane sit for to ryss.

How Maximian, heirand quhat was done in Armorica,
Sped him sone agane in Armorica and cruellie distroyit all the armoriens.

Maximiane herand how tha had wroucht,
He sped him hyne in all the haist he mocht;
And maid no tarie that tyme nicht nor da,
Quhill that he come till Armorica.
Baith wyfe and barne befoir him that he fand,
Young and ald, withoutin ony ganestand,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
Lyke doggis all he maid thame for to de,

1 In MS. zewing.
Withoutin mercie that tyme baith ill and gude,
That he culd ken wes of Armorien blude.
The word thairof throw all Armorica,
It ran als swift as ony hart or raa.
Of that danger the laif all tuke sic dreid,
Tha fied als fast as spark gois out of gleid,
To sindrie landis that war neir hand by,
So soir tha dremd that tyme his tirrany.
Thus flemit wes and slane all that natione,
The land als left but habitatioun.

HOW MAXIMIAN BROUGHT OUT OF BRITANE ANE 
HUNDREHTH THOUSAND MEN AND WEMEN FOR 
TO INHABIT ARMORICA.

Maximian quhen he perfytlie knew
Into that tyme the Britis war ouir few
He had with him into Armorica,
Quhairfoir richt sone he send agane for ma
Into Britane that tyme, I wnderstand,
That micht compleitlie pleneis all that land.
Ane hundreth thousand than of zoun and ald,
Into that tyme tha war by taill weill tald,
That come to him out of Britania,
For to remane in to Armorica.
Compleitlie than tha pleneist vp and doun
All haill that land, baith castell, toure and toun.

HOW MAXIMIAN MAID CONANUS, THAT WAS ANE 
GREIT NOBILL, KING OF ARMORICA, QUHILK 
NOW IS CALLIT BRITANE.

Ane nobill man that Conanus wes cald,
Borne in Britane of the best blude and ald,
To Dioneth the qhilk wes neir of kin,
Maximian, or he wald langar blin,
With haill consent of all, baith ald and zing,
This Conanus hes crownit to be king.
Syne all that land callit Britania.
Efter the Britis, the quhilk on to this da
Zit changit neuir be na auctoritie:
I wait nocht weill how efter it will be.

**HOW MAXIMIAN, WITH HIS GREIT ARMIE, PASSIT TO BURGON.**

Maximian, quhen that he had done so,
Vnto Burgon he tuke his leve till go.
With all the Romanis thair with him he had,
On to Burgon richt sone he hes him sped,
For to supple, my author sais thus,
The Burgundaris aganis Etheus,
The Roman legat in to Gallia.
Sone efter that, Conanus on ane da,
With all his lordis hes decreitit than,
That tha wald send agane into Britan,
Of zounge wemen to bring ane multitude;
Tha thocht it best than of the Britis blude
Wyffis to tak, and weddit for to be
With thame that war of purir virginitie.

**HOW VRSOLA, THE DUCHES OF DIONETHUS, WITH ANE ELEVIN THOUSAND VIRGINIS, WAR HAD OUT OF BRITANE TO ARMORICA, AND WAR ALL MARTERIT IN COLANIA FOR THE FAITH OF CHRIST.**

This Dioneth, befoir as ze micht heir,
Departit wes bot laitlie that same zeir,
Tua dochteris had, as ze haif hard me sa.
Of thame the zoungest callit Vrsola,
Qahilk vowit had to keip virginitie,
And yuke habit of religiosisitie,
And mariage in all hir tyme forsuik,
Magir hir will out of hir cell hir tuik,
For to be quene to this Conanus king.
And elevin thousand siclike of ald and ʒing,
Qahilk keipt had ay clene virginitie,
With mony seruandis send wes to the se,
With bark and barge, and mony gay gala,
For to be weddit in Britania.
Leit saillis fall, and ankeris vpdraw,
Syne saillit furth betuix baith wynd and waw.

HOW VRSO L A ND HIR MADYNIS WAR PUT BE
ADVENTURE OF WEDDER INTO THE MOUTH OF
THE WATTER OF RYNE, QUHAIR THAI PASSIT
ALL TO LAND.

As pleisit God, and so all thing man be,
That tyme tha war so vexit on the se,
Preissand to pas to Armorica,
Throw force of flude and greit tempest alsua,
Ay seikand succur baith be North and South,
Qahill tha arryuit into Rynis mouth,
Into ane hevin befoir thame that tha fand,
Thir virginis all thair passit to the land:
On fit and hors thair purpois wes to ga,
With thair seruandis on to Armorica.
Sum men thair is that wrytis to my dume,
Thair purpois wes that tyme to pas to Rome,
For caus thai had vowit virginitie,
Agane thair will that tha sould weddit be,
Vnto the Paip thairfoir for to complane,
Of his gude grace gif he wald him dedane
In that mater to mak thame sum reneid,
To thame wes force to do or suffer deid.
HOW VRSOLA AND ALL THE LAIF WAR MARTERIT
BE ANE TIRRANE, CALLIT OTHILA OF THE
HWNIS BLUDE.

In that same tyme into Colonia
Ane bellomy, wes callit Othila,
Ane Hwn he wes and borne of Hwnis blude,
Of Hwnis had with him ane multitude,
Quhilk passand war that tyme in Gallia,
In feir of weir, as my author did sa.
The virginis all quhilk clene war of intent,
For thai wald nocht to thame that tyme consent,
Nor to thair purpois na way wald apply,
Thair appetye to stanche and satisfie;
Thir Hwnis all war paganis wnbpateist,
And thir virginis war of the faith of Christ;
And for that caus, without ony remeid,
Thir virginis all thair haif thai put to deid.

Of thai virginis in halie kirk diuyne,
Ar sung and said solemnitlie sensyne
In sanctuar solemnitie observance,
Ilk zeir sensyne in thair rememberance;
And ay salbe, gif that I richt presume,
Continuallie wnto the day of dome.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE MANER HOW THE SCOTTIS
AND THE PECUTIS SUBDEWIT THE BRITIS
ETHER THE PASSAGE OF MAXIMIAN INTO
ARMORICA, AND SYNE IN BURGONE.

Eugenius, that wes of Scottis king,
Quhen that he knew perfitlie all that thing,
How all Britane that tyme wes maid to be
Of all Romanis without help and supple;
And eik also of mony nobill man
Denudit wes of the best in Britane;
Thinkand thair power that tyme wes so small,
That eith it was for to ouriccum thame all.
Quhairfoir richt sone, withoutin tareing,
He set ane tryst to meit with Drustus king
Of the Pechtis, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Than for to speik and sindrie thing began.
And at the last thairat to him he schew
Than was best time thair richtis to reskew,
And of the Britis to revengit be,
Of the injure and greit inquitie,
That tha had wrocht thair fatheris of befoir,
And to thame self, the quhilk [wald] nocht restoir
The braid landis tha' fra thame withhald.
He thocht it best that tymie gif that he wald,
Or euir sic thing wer to the Britis knawin,
Richt suddantlie for to persew thair awin.
For weill he wist richt eith it micht be done,
So thai war wyiss in haist and sped thame sone,
Or thair purpos war to the Britis [k]end,
With litell pley bring that purpos to end.
This king Drustus thairof wes weill content,
And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent,
Settand ane da and place quhair tha suld meit;
Syne gart proclame in eruie toun and streit,
That euirilk man within ane lytill space,
Sould reddie be to meit at da and place,
On fit and hors weill garneist in thair geir,
With sword and ax, bow, buklar and speir,
And victuall als to steid for fourtie dais,
To wend with thame quhair that thawald alwais.

HOW THIR TUA KINGIS MET [IN] CALIDONE WOD.

And so thai did within ane lytill space,
In Calidone wod tha met at da and place,
With mony bernethat wes baith bald and wicht;
Wit 3e that tymie tha war ane semelie sicht.

' In MS. the.
Fourtie thousand thai war be taill weil tald,
In armour bricht, with mony berne full bald.
Quhen thai war gatherit thir grumes that war gay,
Amang thame all withoutin ony delay,
Eugenius, with ane loud voce and cleir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw zow heir.

HOW EUGENIUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, MAID HIS ORESOUN.

"My friendis deir, I traist ze knaw rycht weil,
"How oure fatheris befoir, as I haiff feill,
"So mekill wrang, so grit injure and lak,
"Of Britane, Romane, wes maid on force to tak;
"Loissand alway baith land and libertie,
"In servitude and grit miseritie,
"With dalie wo, and mekill oppin wrang,
"So war thai maid with [thame] to leve so lang.
"Syne gude Fergus reskeward of this land,
"My fader deir, as ze sall wnderstand,
"Bot schort quhile syne slane in his awin defence,
"And zit sensyne dalie grit violens
"Tha wirk on ws with mckle oppin wrang;
"Haldand fra ws oure heretage sua lang,
"So vnjustlie throw grit maistrie and mycht,
"But ony clame, without titill of richt,
"And thinkis nocht agane for to restoir.
"My counsall is," he said to thame, "thairfoir
"To tak oure tyme that now is oportune,
"For weil I wait it ma be rycht weil done,
"Quhen euir we pleis that purpois for to preve.
"I knaw so weill tha ar out of beleif
"Of the Romanis to get help or supple;
"As for this tyme I wait it will nocht be.
"Also," he said, "with trew men he hard tell
"Agane Rome sa mony did rebell,
"And worthelie reskewit had thair richt;
"Quhairfor," he said, "thair power and [thair] micht
"Extendis nocht to sic ane quantitie,
"That tha ma mak the Britis now supple.
"For Rome," he said, "he[s] now bene seigit twyis,
"Win and destroyit on sic ane wyiss,
"That it may neuir regres haif to sic gloir
"In to oure tymes as that it had befoir;
"In all partis als far fra thair faith tha fle,
"Ouir all the wordl exceptand Italie;
"Thus none to thame perfittie will obey,
"In all partis tha hald thame at grit pley.
"Britane also withoutin inhabitour,
"Neirby maid waist I wait at this same hour,
"And that thair power this tymes is so small,
"With lytill sturt we may ouircum thame all.
"Thairfor," he said, "I zow besik ilkone,
"Think on the lak our fatheris gat bigone:
"The greit injure, the harmes and the skayth
"That thai haif done to thame and to ws bayth;
"And sen it is that so is now befall,
"That we may haif thair bakis at\(^1\) the wall,
"Without defend that ar oure commoun fà,
"And haif thame self and landis to our pra,
"Now at oure will as that oure awin self wald;
"Quhairfor," he said, "I wald nocht it war tald,
"Syne efterwart quhen that we haif no micht,
"We sat ouir far into oure awin licht.
"Quhairfor," he said, "ilkone I zow besche,
"Ze wald apply to my purpos and speche,
"Sen ze ma wyn so grit riches and gloir,
"Sic as oure faderis wan neuir zit befoir,
"Into na tymes sen weiris first began;
"Thairfor," he said, "heir I besiek ilk man,

\(^1\) In MS. all.
"For his honour, and for his profit\textsuperscript{1} bith,
And for to be revengit of the skaith
Is done to ws, and oure eldaris bipeast,
Now at this tyme to be nothing agast;
Bot for to think of the honour thawan,
And euerilk one now press to preve a man."

**How all the Scottis and Pechtis consentit to tak Eugenius part quhat euir it war.**

Quhen this wes said, than with ane schout and cry, Ilkone that tyme that standand wes than by; With greit confort and curage at thair hart, Tha gaif counsell ay for to pas fordwart On to the purpois he had tane on hand, Sayand tha sould be ay at his command: Siclike the Pechtis that tyme did apply To that purpois, all with ane schout and cry. Withoutin lat, that tyme tha war nocht lidder, Thir tua kingis bith in ane will tigidder Has enterit sone in to Pechtlandia, In Kyll, [in] Carrik, an[d] in Gallowa, And all the landis that la in the south, Fra Forth streikand recht on to Eskis mouth; The Britis all befoir thame that tha fand, Baith young and ald that duelt in to that land, Thair brandis baldlie baithit in thair blude. Wes none so stout into thair gait that stude, Bot like ane dog tha maid him for to de, Or fra thair face recht far awa to fle. Into greit haist tha fled fra hand to hand, Throw Cumbria and als throw Westmureland, Baith young and ald that tyme into greit number, Richt haistelie all ouir the water of Humber, Or euir tha durst in ony place remane, Sic dred thai had for to be tane or slane.

\textsuperscript{1} In MS. \textit{perfsit}. 
So greit injure amang thame thair tha wrocht, 22,385
That all Britane had sone been put to nocht
At thair plesour but ony pley or pleid,
War nocht the sonner that thae gat remeid.

HOW THE BRITIS SEND ANE HERALD TO ROME TO
THE EMPRIoure VALENTINIaN, Schawand to
HIM HOW THA WAR OPPRESsIT WITH Scot
AND PechT.

Into all haist thae send ane herald than
To Rome that tyme to Valentinian, 22,380
And schew to him how that thae war ourithrawin
Be Scot and Pecht ilk da within thair awin;
Beseikand him of his help and supple,
And thae to Rome perpetuallie sould be
Subjett for ay, but ony pley or pleid, 22,385
So that thae wald defend thame fra the feid
Of Scot and Pecht, that set on thame so soir;
Help now, thae said, or releis¹ neuir moir.
Quhen this wes said to Valentinian,
In Gallia quhilk wes in Pareis than, 22,370
He hes gart pas the Britis to supple,
With greit power that tyme he tuke the se,
And enterit syne in Britane on ane da.
Thir tua kingis into Westmawria
Beleuit weill that he micht nocht lang byde 22,375
Into Britane, and speciallie that tye,
To mak the Britis lang help or supple,
Quhairfoir thae fenzeit that tyme for to fle,
Quhill that thae saw thair tyme mair oportune,
Traistand the Romanis soould leif Britane sone, 22,380
For greit mater thae had ado that da,
So greit rebellioun wes than in Gallia.

¹In MS. rollis.
And for that caus with greit anger and yre,
Tha boundis baidlie brint all in ane fyre,
Baith tour and toun, with all cornis and hay,
Syne scheip and nolt with thame turst away.
All kynd of thing wes lichtar than the stone,
That wald nocht birne, with thame away hes tone.

How the Romane Legat, followand the
Scottis and Pechtis, tuke rest at Forth,
And syne wes send for with Etheus to
cum to him in all haist.

This Romane legat, herand thai war past,
With all his power followit efter fast,
With Britis gyde fur into the North,
Quhill that he come on to the water of Forth.
Ane weill lang quhile syne in that place he la,
With countering and carmuscene euerilk da,
Of Scot and Pecht richt pertlie on the plane,
Quhill mony one on euerie syde wes slane.
It hapnit efter in that samin tyde,
That Romane legat micht no langar byde;
This Etheus, that wes in Gallia,
He send for him that same tyme quhair he la,
For he of him had sic mister and neid
Exhortand him richt haistelie to speid,
And all the Romanis bring with him also.
This Gallio, who wald hither go,
He hes gart big agane into the tyde,
Fra Abircorne wnto the mouth of Clyde,
Of erd and stone the wall agane full wicht,
Aucht cubit thik and tuelf also of hicht.
With mony turet of erd, stone and tre,
He hes gart big that wall baith grit and hie,
Quhair men micht stand to fecht and mak defence,
To weir the wall fra wrang and violence,
Or dredit thair fais sould mak it for to fall.
Syne ordand men to walk vpoun the wall,
To warne thame all about baith far and neir.
Syne ordand thame richt sone for to cum all,
Baith young and ald, for to defend the wall;
Quha did nocht so it sould coist him his heid.
Syne efter that gart pleneis euerilk steid
War brint befoir, and castell, tour and toun,
Gart big agane wes laitlie cassin doun;
And pleneis all agane fra Forth to Humber,
With cattell, corne, and pepill out of number.
Quhen that wes done, syne passit on ane da
To Etheus agane in Gallia;
No Romane legat efter he wes gone,
Come zit agane sensyne in Albione.

Now FOLLOWISTHE FASSOUN HOW THE SCOTTIS
AND PECHTIS WAN THE WALL BIGGIT BETUIX
ABIRCORNE AND THE MOUTH OF CLYDE, AND
ENTERIT SYNE WITHIN THE LANDIS.

Eugenius, heirand that he wes gone,
And king of Pechtis, thair power baith in one
Richt haistelie that tyme hes put togidder;
Without leithin thai war nither sueir nor lidder.
Syne to the wall with mekle boist and schoir,
And grittar feir nor euir tha did befoir,
Tha passit syne sone efter on ane da,
Neirby the wall thair with thair grit ost la.
The Britis than [that] woik vpone the hicht,
Of that greit oist sone quhen tha gat ane sycht,
Baillis tha brint, and greit hornsy syne blew,
Quhill reik and low ouir all the land it schew.
And thai siclike that duelt within the land,
Greit bekynnis brint ay on fra hand to hand;
Proceidand sua richt far and mony myle,
Continiewalie onto ane weill lang quhile,
With schout and cry and mony buglis blast,
Syne to the wall thai come all at the last.
Thir kingis tuo that tyme quhair thai la,
Ofchosin men syne on the secund da,
Devysit hes ane seig vnto the wall,
Seand on force gif that tha can gar it fall.
Ane nobill man wes callit Grym that tyde
Thair gounour wes maid thame for to gyde,
Come with king Fergus furth of Dania
Schort quhile befoir, as ze haif hard me sa.
The king of Pechtis that tyme befoir thame all,
Promittit hes quha first zeid ouir the wall,
He suldbemaid for his reward anone,
Provest and principall of Camelidone.
This nobill Grym, of quhome befoir I tald,
Went to the wall with all tha bernis bald,
With bowis big into thair hand weill bent;
Thair wes no want of euerie instrument
Men could devyss, that ganit for ane salt,
Quhat neidfull war thairof tha had na falt.
Syne loud on hicht he cryit hes his seinze;
With that ane flicht of mony fleand ganze,
Alse ferc as fyrre, amang the Britis flaw,
That bydand war for to debait the waw.
The braid arrowis, like ony schour of haill,
Flicht efter flicht ilkane on vtheris taill
Tha flew als ferc as fyrre dois of the flynt;
Greit danger wes for to induir that dynt:
And tha within, that stalwart war and strang,
Out ouir the wall richt mony stanis slang.

1 In MS. gart.
The men that stude vpone the tourishie,
Out ouir the wall lute mony flanis flie;
And tham without vpoune the tother side,
On thame within lute mony ganjie glyde,
Heidit with steill that scharp as rasure schair,
That mony Brit out throw the bodie bair,
That stude abone for to debait the wall,
Law to the grund tha maid thame for to fall,
That bicker wes so awfull till induir,
For to debait the Britis all forbuir
The wall abone, and drew thame fra the hycht.
Then nobill Grym, with all power and mycht,
Doun of the wall quhen that he saw thame went,
Assayit sone syne with all instrument
At euerie part the strentsis of the wall,
And suddantlie he hes maid it to fall.
So eith it wes for to brek doun that tyme,
For-quhy that wall wes nocht biggit with lyme,
Bot with 'dry mow that wes of lytill effect,
Quhairfoir it was the eithar for to brek.

How THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS ENTERIT
OUR THE WALL.

At sindriepartis quhair tha brak the wall,
Baith Scot and Pecht hes enterit in thair all,
And fand the Britis vpoun the tother syde,
In rayit battell bergane for to byde.
This nobill Grym than with ane shout and cry,
He set on thame sua sone and suddantlye,
That tha micht haif no lasar for to fle,
That force it wes other to do or dia.
Richt mony fled quhen that tha saw sie dout,
The laif that baid war all eloisset about;
Syne suddantlie, with lytill dyn or stryfe,
In that same place thai loisset all thair lyffe.
THE BUIK OF THE  

Efter this tyme, as my author did sa,
That wall is callit zit on this da,
Grymis dyke, as I wnderstand,
With all the duellaris zit into this land.
This beand done as ze haif hard me sa,
Throw Wicomage on to Pechtlandia
Engenius fur, and king Drustus also,
And all thair power maid with thame till go,
And prayis tuke about fra hand to hand;
With fyre and blude thair waistit all that land,

HOW ANE NAVIN SEND BE KING FERGUS ENTERIT AND LANDIT IN PechtLAND.

That samin tyme, as my authour did sa,
Ane greit navin fra Ethelenia
Wes enterit than with mekill bost and schoir,
Be the command of king Fergus befoir,
Of Scot and Pecht that tyme into Pechtland,
Moir rigorous than as I wnderstand,
Be far that tyme nor war tha kingis tuo,
Onto the Britis wirkand sa mekle wo.
So furiuslie revengit hes thair feid,
No levand thing tha sparit fra the deid;
Quhair euir tha come tha did richt mekle skayth.
Syne efterwart tha and thir kingis baith,
Ar met togidder syne vpoone ane da,
And passit all to Ordolucia.
The Britis all tha fled fra hand to hand,
Baith 30ung and ald richt sone tha left the land,
And left all waist for fanenes for to flie,
Tha war so red for thair crudelitie.
With wyffe and barne and all thair gude fled hyne,
Far fra thair seit attouir the watter of Tyne.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW ALL THE GUIDIS BETWIX TYNE AND TUEID WAS MAID FOR THE MEN OF WEIR.

Thir tuo kingis than maid ane opin cry,
Fra Tyne to Tueid baith corne, cattell and ky, Nolt and scheip, gold and vther geir,
Sould all be fre wnto the men of weir.
Ilk man suld haif all that he docht to wyn;
The tyme wes set quhen that he sould begin.
Quha had bene thair that tyne for to haif sene
So grit slauchter, that cruell wes and kene,
Amang the Britis that tyne as tha maid;
Of 300ng and ald withoutin ony baid,
With grit heirship baith into fell and firth,
Sa mony slane gat nother grace nor girth.
Ane lang qubile so, at lasar as thame lest,
Tha waistit all fra the Eist to the West.
The Britis qihilk wist of na vther wane,
Ouir Adrianis wall tha fled ryucht fast ilkane,
That biggit wes richt stark of stane and lym';
The qihilk thai tuke for thair defence that tyme,
And stuffit hes the touris that war hie,
With mony stone and with artalžerie;
And mony men that weill culd' bowis draw,
And stonis cast, tha set to keip the wall.

How thir tua kingis left the seiging of
The wall quhill symmer, and in the
Meane tyme causit the scottis and
Pechtis to inhabit all the land with-
Out the wall.

Thir kingis tuo than with thair power all
Hes left that tyne the seiging of the wall,
For caus it wes so lait tyne of th'zeir,
Quhill wynter went and symmer suld draw neir.

1 In MS. cald.
Quhen that wes done thir kingis gaif command 22,565
Baith wyffe and barnis to bring in that land,
With corne, cattell, and all vther geir,
To occupie that tha had wyn by weir,
Tha landis all liand of leinth and breid,
On fra the wall ay fordward sa to Tueid. 22,570
And so tha did richt sone I wnderstand;
Within schort space tha pleneist all that land.
Syne all the strentsis that war neir the wall,
Tha stuffit thame richt stranglie aane and all;
Becaus that wynter that tyme wes so neir,
Out of tha steidis syne wald na forder steir,
Bot in tha boundis bownit for to byde,
That biggit wes vpoun the bordour syde,
Qubilk strentsis war biggit of lyme and stone,
Thair to remane qhull all wynter wer gone. 22,580

HOW THE BRITIS SEND AGANE IN GALLIA FOR HELP.

In that same tyme, as my author did sa,
The Britis send agane in Gallia
Ane messinger to Etheus, qubilk schew
How Scot and Pecht so laitlie of the new,
In thair boundis with far mair bost and skoir, 22,585
War cumit agane nor euir thai did befoir;
With fyre and slaughter had distroyit all
Fra Forth ay South to Adrianis wall;
And in thair boundis schupe [for] to remane,
Qubill wynter went and symmer come agane, 22,590
And syne with battell thocht thame to persew;
And gat tham nocht of him that tyme reskew,
Tha war bot loist, thair power wes so small.
Than Etheus sic ansuer maid with all:
"Gude freind," he said, "forsuith I can nocht se, 22,595
"How I this tyme may mak help or supple.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"Thairfoir I wald ze did the best ze may,
"Quhill efterwart on to sum vther day,
"Quhen hapnis me for till haif les ado,
"Per aduenture than I will cum 3ow to."

22,600

HOW THE BRIT HERALD SCHEW HIS ANSWER IN LUNDONE.

With this answer the herald hame is gone
Without delay quhill he cum till Loundone;
In to that tyme thair counsall thair did hald,
Befoir thame all his answer thair he tald,
Word be word how that he said him till.

22,605

Quhairof the Britis lykit than richt ill
Of that answer quhen that tha hard and knew
Of Ettheus tha wald get na reskew,
Quhilk had thame left into thair grittest neid,
And for that caus thai qualkit all for dreid.

22,610

And that tyme thai war so wo and will of wane,
In that counsall togidder all ar gane,
For till aduyss quhat best is till be done.
And sum thair wes that counsall gaif rycht sone,
For ony thing that efter midst befall,

22,615

Manlie to meit thame at the foirsaid wall,
With all the power thai docht to be,
And in that querrell other to do or die,
Erar with thame nor for to be opprest.
Richt mony than thocht that counsall wes best.

22,620

HOW CONAN CAMBER DISCENTIT TO THAT COUNSALL.

Ane man that tyme of greit auctoritie,
Conan Camber callit to name wes he,
Richt neir he wes als of Octaueus clan,
Amang thame all he wes the wysest man,
Quhilk to that counsall descentit rycht far;

22,625

Full weill he wist efter it wald be war.
84

THE BUIK OF THE

That vp he stude that tyme amang the laive, Befoir thame all this counsall he thame gav:
"Richt weill ze knaw, quhen we had strenth and mycht
"Of hors and men, and als of armour bricht, 22,630
"And of the Romanis had help and supple,
"And docht alway oure awin worthit be;
"Thir barbour bodeis that now ar so bald,
"Docht nocht of force than for to gar ws fald,
"No in that tyme no trewis with thame tak, 22,635
"Nor zit no peice bot at oure plesour mak.
"Bot now," he said, "allace, and harmissa!
"For all that welthis went full far awa.
"Ze knaw full weill how that Maxim[i]an,
"That tressonable tratour and fals tirrane, 22,640
"Denudit ws of all power and micht,1
"Of wisdome, wit, and mony nobill man
"Of the best blude that wes in all Britane.
"Allace!" he said, "that euir sic thing sould fall;
"Quhairthrow oure power parit is so small, 22,645
"That we ma nocht oure innimies resist,
"Fra blude and battell quhairin rycht grit th
th[rist].
"With sic haitrent and with sa greit invy,
"Thair appetite on ws to satisfie,
"Off the injure oure faderis did beforne, 22,650
"Full mony zeir or ony heir wes borne.
"Thair is no travell that ma gar thame tyre,
"Nor zit na want of meit, or drink, or fyre.
"Hungar and cald to thame is litill pane;
"To walk thairout baith into wynd and rane, 22,655
"Frost or snaw, ma do thame lytill deir;
"To ly thairout tha ar nocht for to leir.
"Thair is nothing that tha think half so gude,
"No moir desyrrous nor the Britis blude,

1 Here a line seems to be wanting.
"With cruel slaughter dalie to exercise,
That horrible is to me now to rehearse.
Saif better counsell, I say for me this da,
To lat thame be als far now as we ma,
Quhill afterwart that we oure tyme ma se;
Perauenture that sone efter may be;
And nocht this tyme to temp Fortoun our far.
Full weill I wait that we will get the war
And we do so; for oucht that I can see,
Sall loiss oure land, bayth law and libertie."

How the Britis rebutit Conan for his gude counsell.

Quhen this Conanus had his taill so tald,
The Britis all richt bitterlie and bald
Rebalkit him, standand about, full soir,
Of tha wordis that he said of befoir;
And all in euill that langage than tha tuke,
Richt so his counsell in the tyme forsuik.
With haill consent decreittit syne hes so,
Baith young and ald to battell all to go,
And wemen als, that waldin war and wicht,
And euirilk berne that mich[t] weir harnes brycht;
Fra that semblie sould no man exceptit be,
Young or auld, of hie or law degrie;
All to be reddie in ane lytills space,
For to convene at set da and at place.

How Conanus was slane with evill adwysit men becaus he wald nocht consent to thair young counsell.

This Conanus quhen he hard thame say so,
Out of his mynd neirhand as he wald go,
"Allace!" he said, "soray and wo is me, 
That I so lang on lyfe sould levand be, 
To se sic folie as ze wndertak, 
To zour confusioun with greit schame and lak. 
And ze do so, adew Britane for euir!
"Allace!" he said, "or so war I had levar 
Ane thousand tymes on ane gallous de, 
No be on lyfe so greit mischief to se. 
"Forsuith," he said, "als far as I can juge, 
This nobill realme without ony refuge, 
Richt suddantlie it salbe put to nocht. 
And all oure barnage into bandone brocht. 
"God I tak witnes, and the lawe heirto, 
"In this counsall that I haif nocht ado!"
Then furth he zeid frathameanelitillspace. 
The lawe of thame war present in that place, 
Throw grit malice full of malancoly, 
Tha anseruer maid to him agane in by. 
Of litill motiue rais ane suddane stryfe, 
That euerie Brit hes drawin out ane knyfe, 
That thair about war standand neirhand by, 
To this Conanus, sone and suddantly, 
Gaif mony wound war deidlie in that tyde, 
Quhilk persit him than baith throw bak and syde; 
Amand thame thair, as my author sais, 
He closit hes that tyme his latter dais.

HOW THE FREINDIS OF CONANUS WAR DISPLESIT 
of his Deith.

In that counsall wes mony men of gude, 
To this Conanus war richt neir of blude, 
Commouit war richt far into that tyne, 
Thinkand to be revengit of that cryme. 
Amand thame than or it micht weill be gydit, 
The haill counsall in tua wes zone diuydit,
And suddantlie lang knyvis out tha drew,
On euerie syde syne sindrie that tha slew
Ane lang quhile so in furiositie,
With greit crabling and sic crudelitie,
That scantlie weill with all into that place,
It micht be stanchit to ane weill lang space.

HOW ANE MESSINGER COME TO LONDOUN, AND
SCHEW TO THE LORDIS HOW GRYM HAD
CASSIN DOUN THE WALL.

Sone efter that within ane litill quhile,
Ane messinger that had run mony myle
Our hoip, our hill, our daill and mony doun,
Into all haist he come to Lundoun toun;
And schew to thame into that same tyme,
This nobill man the quhilk wes callit Gryme,
Quhome of I schew short quhile of befoir,
Had cassin doun with mekle boist and schoir,
Fra Abircornc the wall passand to Clyde,
And neuir ane stone left standand in the tyde.
And efter that fuir fordward in the South,
Withoutin stop ay on to Tynis mouth,
And planeist had that tyme our all that plane,
In that beleif that neuir Brit agane
Into that place fra that furth suld releive.
Syne on the Britis hes done grit mischeif,
In euerie place befoir that tha fand,
At leist befoir wes levand in that land.

Sone efter that, he said, this being done
Thir tua kingis, richt suddantlie and sone,
In sindrie partis with thair power all,
Then brokin had this Adrianis wall.
For-quhy, he said, it wes rycht eith to do,
All instrument that neidfull wes thairto,
Or zit ingyne in warld that micht be wrocht
With mannis wit, thairof thai wantit nocht.
Syne in tha boundis enterit in with sic number,
Fra Tynis mouth all to the water of Humber, 22,760
Baith wyffe and man with greit anger and feid,
And 3oung and ald thai haif put all to deid;
Thair is no leid in that pairt left in lyffe,
3oung or ald, other man or wyffe,
With cruell hart and greit crudelitie, 22,755
Of thair injuris for to revengit be.
And tha, he said, that fled that multitude,
War droundilk one passand attour the flude.
Baith seik and waik and ald that micht nocht fle,
Lykedoggis all tha maid thame for to de; 22,780
And tha that baid for to defend the wall,
War tane or slane that tyme baith ane and all.

How the Britis, heirand the cuming of thir
Kingis, greitlie war afferit that tha
wist nocht quhat till do; syne at the
last tha send tua heraldis, ane to
Etheus in Gallia for Help, and ane
vther to thir tua Kingis for Peax.

The Britis all so greit terroir tha tuke,
Quhen this wes said, tha trymlit and tha shuke,
Togidder syne to counsell all ar gone, 22,765
Ilkone to vther makand full sair ane mone,
Devysand than quhat best wes to be done.
Syne at the last decretit thair wes sone,
Quhen tha had argud lang tyme to and fro,
In haist the heraldis in that time till go, 22,770
Onto thir1 kingis thair qulainrat th la,
Quhilk said to thame as tha war orland 2 sa,
Fra Humber mouth wnto the watter of Tued,
The2 landis all lyand in lenth and breid,
In heretage the sould haif for to mak peice, And sober thame fra sic slaughter and ceiss, Baith gold and siluer and all other geir, To laue in pece and no moir to mak weir.
To Etheus, that samin tyme also, Ane vther herald haif tha maid till go, That wes richt traistand in all thing to trow, Quhilk said to him as I sall say to zow.

HOW THE HERALD MAID HIS ORESOUN TO ETHEUS THE LEGAT.

" Etheus, to the it is weill knawin,
" We war ay frie befoir within oure awin,
" And to no leid maid subject for to be,
" Bot leuit ay at oure awin libertie,
" Quhill' pairt be force, and far mair be fre will,
" Zour celsitude [we] war subdewit till.
" Ze war protectour and the suir port,
" The consolatioun and the greit confort,
" The hie refuge than baith to gude and ill,
" For ony succour that tyme send zow till;
" And we," he² said, "wnder zour celsitude,
" At zour fauour lang befoir ay stude,
" Quhill efterwart the fals Maximian,
" Quhilk spulzeit ws of mony nobill man,
" Of gold and siluer, and all vther geir,
" And of all thing that neidfull war in weir;
" Quhairfor we ar invaidit now rycht far
" Without fais the langar ay the war,
" That all thair tyme hes ay bene euill adwysit,
" And now with zow neglectit and dispysit;
" And to be maid als withoure mortall fa,
" At thair plesour baith presoner and pra.

¹In MS. Quhilk. | ²In MS. tha.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "be this same argument, 22,805
"Onto ws all it ma be document,
"That changit is zour greit nobilitie
"To fals deceptioun and crudelitie;
"Or ellis zour power parit is so far
"That ze are lichleit and put to the war,
"With greit contempioun of zour majestie,
"As weill apperis at this tyme to be:
"And gif Fortoun hes decernit so,
"The nobill land of Britane for to go
"So fremmitlie into thair fai's hand,
"Without supple of 3ow, or 3it ganestand,
"To Scot and Pecht quhome that we most detest,
"Throw fyre and blude tha lat ws tak no rest;
"Quhairfoir of force we ar maid for to flie
"Fra sted to sted quhill we come to the se,
"And thair on force we man byde and remane,
"Or ellis droun, or ellis with thame be slane.
"Tha bludie bouchouris all tyme ar so bald,
"Baith seik and sair, decreepit, 3oung and ald,
"And febill folk fra thame that ma nocht fle,
"Without mercie hes maid thame all to de
"Richt cruellie with sic ane multitude,
"Bayth tour and toun this tyme that thame gane-
study,
"Hes cassin doun, and brint all in ane low;
"Thus haif tha wrocht oure landis throw and
"throw.
"Heir we beseik," he said, "thi majestie,
"Gif reuth, or faith, or pitie in the be,
"Or for the treuth thow aucth the empriour,
"To rew on ws and send ws sum succour.
"It be nocht said of 3ow into na tyme,
"That zour falsheid, zour tressoun and zour cryme,
"And sic beleif hes done ws far mair skayth
"Na war or wrang of Scot and Pechtis batth.
"And do ye nocht it will exempill be
"To all this warld, quhen that tha heir and se 22,840
"With sic tressoun 2e haif maid ws ane trane,
"Neuir for to haif in 2ow beleif agane."

HOW ETHEUS MAID ANSWER AGAINE TO THE LEGAT.

This Etheus that epistill quhen he red,
Grit reuth and petie in his hart he hed;
And said, "Deir freind, I pray apardoun me, 22,845
"For at this tyme I ma mak no supple.
"In Ytalie I trow ze haif hard tell,
"Contrair our e faith sa mony dois rebell,
"And I my self als standis in greit dout
"With mony rebellis that ar heir about.
"Thairfoir," he said, "it standis1 so with me,
"That at this tyme I ma mak 2ow no supple;
"Na 2it na way I ma debait 2our querrell,
"Without I put my self in ouir greit perrell.
"Thairfoir I wald, alsueill as that 2e ma, 22,855
"Debait 2our self wnto ane vther da,
"With grace of God it ma stand so with me,
"That I sall send 2ow greit help and supple."

HOW THE HERALD COME HAME TO LUNDOUN
AND SCHEW HIS ANSWER; QUHAIROF THE
BRITIS WAS RICH EUILL CONTENT.

The messinger hame with this ansuer sped,
In Lundoun toun befoir thame all it red; 22,860
Quhairof the Britis wes rich euill content
Of that responst that Etheus thame sent.
That samin tyme the messenger also
Come hame agane thair fra thayingis tuo;
Sayand thai wald heir nane of thair desyre, 22,865
So full tha war of malice and of ire,
Of na profer that tha can put thame till,
Quhill that tha haif all Britane at thair will,
Of thair injustis to revengit be,
So full thai war of crudelitie.
The nobillis all quhen he that anser schew,
For verrie dreid tha changit all thair hew;
Wittand no way quhat tha soould say thair till,
Into ane studie ane lang quhile so sat still,
Without langage that tyme of ony on,
Quaikand for dreid tha war so will of wone.
Syne at the last thair spreitis did respyre,
And suddantlie, throw greit anger and yre,
Reprevit hes thair awin vngudelines,
To be so blunt throw beistlie basitnes,
Quhill causit thame to get grit skayth and lak
Ane ennimeis grit curage for to tak.
Syne with consent of all wes present thair,
Decreittit hes all man micht armour bair,
Baith young and ald, other ill or gude,
With all thair power and thair multitude,
Thir kingis meit at Adrianus wall,
And tak the chance that eftir ma befall,
Quhat euir it war, other good or ill,
As plesit Fortoun for to send thame till.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND THE PECHTIS, HEIRAND THE ANSUEIR SEND FRA ETHEUS TO THE BRITIS, INCONTINENT ENTERIT WITHIN BRITANE, MAKAND GRIT HEIRSCHIP.

So quietlie this thing wes [nocht] done,
Quhen king of Scottis and Pechtis als rycht sone,
Sone efter than he hard tell of all that,
And of the anser also that tha gat,
Fra Etheus thairout of Gallia;
Than suddantlie thir foirsaid kingis tua,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Thair poweris baith togidder that hes drawin,
Onto the Britis or it wes kend or knawin,
With sic ordour of all thing les and moir,
As tha come neuir in Britane of befoir, 22,900
All Gallowa and Walis of Annand,
And all the dalis on the efter hand,
The Mers also that tuki the feild befoir,
And formest fuir with grit triumph and gloir;
At hoill, Argyle and Calidonia, 22,905
All Othelyn, and als Orestia,
Wicomage, with princes of grit Pechtland,
The secund wyng that tyme hes tane on hand.
Thir tua kingis, with mekill schoir and bo[i]st,
In middis led the grit staill and the oist, 22,910
With baneris braid ay wavand with the wynd,
And all thair cariage cumand syne behind.
Syne efter all thair come ane mekle rout
Of mony wemen stalwart war and stout,
And men that war nocht ganand for the weir, 22,915
Sum ȝoung, sum ald, that mycht na harnes beir.
Sum for to se the aventur of battell,
And vther sum to carie away cattell;
Sic wes thair vse an lang tyme of the ald,
Gif all be trew that my authorme tald. 22,920

HOW THE BRITIS FIRST TUKIE PURPOIS TO FECHT,
AND SYNE CHANGIT THAIR MYND.

The Britis bald sone efter on ane day,
Thame to resist with all power tha may,
Hes tane the feild, baith vpone fit and hors,
With curage cleir richt mony clemelie cors.
Sone efter syne, quhen that tha wnderstude
Thair ennimeis war of sic multitude,
And of thair purpois than culd cum na speid,
Togiadder all in counsall than thar ȝeid.
Sum said, als far as tha culd wnderstand,
Greit folie wes to tak sic thing on hand,
Sen that thair power wes sempill and small,
In auenture atonis to put thame all;
Bot erar byde quhill tha micht efter se
Ane better tyme quhen euir that it micht be.
In present tyme trewis with thame to tak,
With what conditioun that tha pleis to mak,
Tha said it wes expedient richt far,
Or efterwart it wald turne thame to war.

How the Britis send ane Herald to thir Tua Kingis, schawand thame thair Mynd

With thair desyr ane messinger is gone
[On to] thir kingis and thir lordis ilkone;
To lat thame wit quhat wes the Britis will,
With sic command as than [thai] gaif him till.
Thir tuo kingis wald nocht heir thair desyre,
Nor zit no way obtemper wald thair ire,
Without the Britis laulie come thame till
Ilkone that tyme, and put thame in thair will.
And wald thai nocht, than schortlie to conclude,
Tha sould nocht byde fra battell and fra blude,
Into that tyme quhill other man or wyffe
Of Britis blude war levand vpoun lyfe.
The messinger quhen he this ansuertald
To the Britis, tha grew so het and bald,
Half in despair, and half in good beleif,
Tuke aventure the battell for to preif.
That tyme tha war into so greit dispair,
Tha¹ rakit nocht than other quhen or quhair,
Seing thame self in sic danger tha stude,
To gif battell to all that multitude.

¹ In MS. Than.
Heir followis the Ordoure of the Battell of Scottis and Pechtis on the aene Pairt, and the Britis vpoun the tother Part, as ȝe sall now hear.

Be this the Scottis cuming war in sicht, And Pechtis proude with mony baner bright, With schalmis schill and mony buglis blast; Quhairof the Britis war no thing agast, Ire and invy so movit had thair thocht, Of thair awin self tuke litill cuir or nocht, And all th[a]t da disposit for to de, So greit dispair thahad of libertie. But ony mour, richt sone and suddantlie, Tha tuke the feild all with ane schout and cry, On fit and hors with mony speir and scheild, Richt manfullie into the formest feild. In that counter that cruell wes and fell, Richt manfullie togidder tha did mell, Qhillspeiris brak and all in fienderis flew; Thair coit armours that war so cleir of hew, And basnetis, war brodin ouir with blude, Into that stour so stalwartlie thai stude. In that battell the Britis war so bald, Richt mony freik tha maid on force to fald Of Galloway men and of Annandia. The Britis all tha war so bald that da, Had nocht bene than tha gat soner supple, Tha had bene loissit euirilkane but le.

How Eugenius send Gryme to reskew the Scottis.

Eugenius commandit hes¹ gude Gryme, With new power to pas into that tyme

¹ In MS. hes commandit.
On to his men, thame\(^1\) for to mak reskew,
That faillit fast and als tha war rycht few.
This nobill Grym richt haistelie him sped,
Of Ylis men ane rout with him he had,
On to the feild for to mak thame reskew,
Quhen that he come the battell did renew.
The Galloway men, the qhilk befoir that fled,
Of his cuming so grit curage tha hed,
Turnit agane als bald as ony boir,
With grittar strengt nor euir tha had befoir,
Of Ylismen aneroutwith him he had,
Quhen that he comethe battell did renew.

Col. 2.

**22,990**

The Galloway men, the quhilkbefoirthatfiled,
Of his cumingsogritcuragetahaed,
So stoutlie syne into that stour tha stude,
Baithand thair brandis in the Britis bluide.
Richt mony als la gruffingis on the grund,
In thair bodie buir mony bludie wound,
Start vp agane richt sturdelie and stout,
And raikit in syne in the thikest rout,
And sic ane counter at thair cuming maid,
That mony Brit than tha gart bleid full braid.
The secund oist, als fast as tha midst frak,
Come in behind syne at the Britis bak,
Quhenthat that war forfocht in and confoundit;
Fra bowis bent the braid arrowis aboundit,
Into the air ay fleand by and by,
*Quhill that tha cled the cloudis of the sky.*
Thir tuo kingis, with all thair royall rout,
Hes closit than the Britis round about
On eueriesyde, als thik as ony snaw.
The Britis than quhen thai beheld and saw,
So awfull wes for to induir thair dynt,
Tha fled als fast as fyre dois out of flynt
On to ane moss wes neir hand by besyid.
The Scottis carlis that present wes that tyde,
Qhilk litill vse or prattik had in weir,
With staf and sting, withoutin armes or geir,
Followit richt fast efter tha war gane,
With staf and sting syne slew richt mony ane,

\(^1\) In MS. "than."
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

In mos, in marres, and in mony myre,
As quha wald fell doun fewall to the fyre.
Of all Britane the greit nobilitie
Deit that da without help or supplie.
Foure thousand men, as my author did sa,
Of Scot and Pecht deit thair that same da;
And fyftene thousand of the Britis bald.
Siclike that tyme, as that my author tald.
Conanus counsall wes commendit than
With all the Britis ill and gude ilk man.
Tha rewit sair that tha did nocht his reid,
Quhen tha doucht litill for to mak remeid;
As worthie wes, it maid thame all to rew
That sic a nobill for gude counsall slew.

HOW THE BRITIS SEND ANE HERALD TO THIR TUA KINGIS.

Sone eftersyne, as that my author writis,
The haill barnage that left wes of the Britis
Vnslane that da, the quhilk war verrie few,
Quhen tha that tyme perfitlie saw and knew
Into sic dout and danger as tha war,
Negleccit als with fals Fortoun sua far;
And als thairwith tha wist of no supplie,
No zit apperand in that tyme to be;
Knaawand richt also in thair intent,
Thair ennimeis had no impediment
To wirk on thame thair willis as tha wald,
Quhilk war that tyme so bellicois and bald;
Quhairfoir in haist than haif tha maid till go
Ane oratour wnto thir kingis tuo,
Beseikand thame of thair benignitie,
For peice and rest, concord and vnitie;
Betuix thame thair than trewis for to tak,
With quhat conditioun that tha pleis to mak.

VOL. II.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW THE KING OF SCOTIS AND THE KING OF
PECHTIS GRANTIT PEAX TO THE BRITIS, WITH
THIS CONDITION AS FOLLOWIS HEIREFTER IN
VERSIS.

Thir tuo kingis of greit auctoritie
Compassioun had of thair miseritie,
And in that tyme richt weill thair vnderstude
That grit destructionoun buttell wes of blude;
Full weill thair knew, for thair had lossit than
In to that feild sa mony nobill man.
To thame also it wes weill knawin and kend
Of all weiris peice wes the finall end;
Thairfoir to thame thair grantit peice that da,
With thir conditionis as I sall zow sa.
Into the first, the land with lenth and breid,
Fra Humber water to the mouth of Tueid,
That Scot and Pecht sal haif in heretage;
And euerie Brit, baith man, wyfe and page,
Tha sall remoif and na langer remane
Out of that land, and neuir cum thair agane.
And secundlie, neuir for to crowne ane king
Of Britis blude in Britane for to ring.
Sextieth thousand of gude money also,
Incontinent gif to thir kingis tuo;
Sex thousand zeurlie for to pa but pleid,
Into tribute of fynest gold so reid;
And no stranger in Britane to ressauc,
Romane legat or ony of the lawe;
No with no leid mak weir or do offence
Without thair leve, but in thair awin defence;
And ny to be reddie at thair command,
To wend with thame in ony vther land,
Quhen euir thair wald, other in peice or weir,
And of thair awin cost, hors, harnes and geir.
Thrie hundreth pledgis also to thame ʒeild,
Of quhomethe youngste auchetene ʒeir of eild ¹
Suld be no les, for-quhy than thocht it neid,
The eldest als rocht threttie suld exceid.
Quhen thir conditionis, as my author writis,
Rehersit war ilkone befoir the Britis,
Suppois thocht thar war richt euill to vse,
ıt neuirtheles thar durst thame nocht refuse:
For dreid and danger thar war in alone,
At thair plesour fullit thame ilkone.
Fra thar da furth the gret nobilitie
Of all Britane, and als auctoritie,
Wes wynt to be of sic honour and gloir,
Decressit thar langar ay the moir.

OFF FYN MAKCOULE, THE GREIT GIANT.²

Thre hundreth sax and fourtie also than,
Efter that Christ incarnat wes ane man,
And in the ring of Eugene the sevint ʒeir,
All this wes done that I haifs said ʒow heir.
Gif it be suith, als that my author sais,
Fyn Makcoule wes in thar samin dais.
Of Scottis blude ane gret giant wes he,
Mekill by mesour, of gret quantitie,
Quhairfoir his name remanis in memorie.
Bot I find nocht into na famous storie
His lyfe, his stature or nobilitie,
Quhairfoir richt loud of him I trọw thar le.
And I am laith ane lesing for to mak,
Thairfoir as now I will nocht wndertak
To tell ʒow mair, or dreid ʒe sa I lie;
Sen it is best, now I will lat it be.

¹ In MS. ald.
² In MS. Off Marlinus, the
Propheitt of Britane.

Col. 2.
How the Archibishop Pauladinus was send in Scotland fra the Paip callit Silis

tinus.

That samin tyme, my author sais thus,
Ane archibishop callit Paladinus,
Fra Silistene the paip of Rome wes send
Into Scotland, as it wes richt weill kend,
Thame to instrunct into the faith of Christ,
And to confirme all bairnis war baptist:
Sanct Patrik als into tha samin dais,
Into Yrland, as that my author sais.

Richt langsum war, thairfoir I will nocht dude,
To tell 3ow heir of all thair sanctitude,
And the gude werkis in thair lyfe tha did,
The girt wonder and miraclis that tha kid.
It will transcend the strenth of my ingyne,
To tell 3ow all thair godlines diuyn ;
To man in erd that mater is ouir hie,
Thairfoir as now my self will lat it be.
Quha lykis heir thair legend tha ma luke :
Loving to God heir endis the sevint buike.

Lib. 8.

Heir endis the Sevint Buik, and begynnis the
Aucht Buke ; the quhilk treittis of greit
Weir and Battell betuix the Britis on
the tane Part, and the Scottis and Pechtis
on that vther Part.

As 3e haif hard into the sevint befoir,
How all the Britis that tyme les and moir
Subdewit war to king Ewgenius,
And king of Pechtis that callit wes Drustus.
The nobillis all and alls the multitude,
Continewallie in to sic seruitude.
Ten ȝeir and moir tha war but ony pley, 23,140
Durst none of thame thir kingis disobey.
And than ane man, Conanus hecht to name, 23,145
Of all the Britis gitterst wes of fame,
And of Conanus sone he wes also,
Qhomeof I schew ȝow schort quhilie syne ago,
And lineallie descendit als wes he
Fra Octaueane and his genealogie,
Of Britis blude quhilk wes the hindmest man
That woir the croun and king wes in Britane.
This ilk Conan, of quhame ȝe heir me tell,
In purpois wes that same tyme to rebell
Agane thir kingis; sic desire had he,
For to redeeme the Britis libertie.

HOW THE BRITIS MAID ANE QUYET COUNSALL.

Into Kent schire ane lytill toun thair stude
Vpoun ane plane besyde ane rynnand flude,
Within ane wod, quhair he ane tryst hes set;
The nobillis all of Britanethair him met
At his requist sone efter on ane da,
To heir and se quhat he wald to thame sa.
Or dreid sic thing sould opinlie be krawn,
Richt quietlie thairfor that draucht wes drawin,
Saying, for hunting thai sould all pas hidder.
Syne quhen tha war convent altogidder,
Richt secreitlie into that place alone,
Thus hes he said amang them all ilkone.

HOW CONANUS MAID HIS ORESOUN BEFOIR THA LORDIS.

" Lordis, forsuith I truist richt weill ȝe knaw,
" Sum tyme we had baith libertie and law,
THE BUICK OF THE

"To use alway at oure auctoritie,
"With riches, honour and nobilitie,
"Far worthiar that tyme nor I can ruiss,
"Of all the warld thocht we be now refuiss.
"In euerie land with all leid we are lakkit,
"With zone¹ barbouris sen that we war subject

"Ten zeir and moir, with sic miseritie
"That horribill is other to heir or se.
"Quhairof," he said, "thair is no leving man,
"That hes the wyit bot fals Maximian,
"Quhilk spulzeit ws of all riches and michit,
"That ay sensynewe haif tane litill richt.
"Bot now," he said, "within thir zeiris ten,
"Into Britane richt mony nobill men
"Ar growin vp to richt greit quantitie,
"With strenght and micht and animositie,
"Into sic number quhat of moir and les,
"Without," he said, "that oure wnworthines
"Restrenze ws, we ma with litill pane,
"Baith land and law, and libertie agane,
"For to reskew for all thair bost and schoir;
"Sen that oure fatheris schort quhile of befoir,
"At thair plesour expellit thame ilkone
"Richt far to pas than out of Albione.
"And now," he said, "sen we haif strenght and mycht,
"Siclyke as tha, and als the samin rycht,
"Sen we want nocht bot curage and gude will,
"My counsall is we reddie ws thair till;
"And tak the chance that God will to ws send,
"Quhat euir it be, and byde the latter end."

¹ In MS. young.
How mony of the Britis allowit his Counsall, and mony mo allowit it nocht.

Quhen this wes said, richt mony that stude by 23,195
Commendit him, syne sone and suddantly,
To his counsall thairto gaif thair consent.
And mony mo thairof wes nocht content,
That' had thair freindis liand into pledge,
And for sic caus that tyme thai did alledge 23,200
Tha wald nocht brek thair obliissing and band,
That thai had seillit with thair awin hand.
Richt weill tha wist, tha said, and tha did so,
It wald thame turne sone efterwart to wo.
And thus ilk pairtie pleyit for thair richt, 23,205
Qhill da wes gone and cuming wes the nicht;
Syne wnde cydit, my author did sa,
Ilk man tuke leve and passit hame his wa.

How the Britis Counsall was Schawin to the Scottis.

So secreitlie zit this thing wes nocht done
Amang thame self, qhill ane of thame rycht sone,
Of all that counsall that all the mater knew,
To Scot and Pecht his secreittis all he schew.
Qhairrof thir kingis war richt ill content,
And suddanelie ane herald to thame sent,
Declarand thame that tha war all wntrew; 23,315
Richt weill, tha said, thair counsall all tha knew
Be rycht traist men that tyme that did thame tell,
How tha presume agane thame to rebell,
Commanding thame for it that tha had done,
Thair pledgis all for to fetche hame richt sone, 23,220

"In M.S. And."
And tuyss als mony for to send agane,
That youngar war, with thame for to remane;
And no stranger amang thame to ressaue,
For any falt or mister thà micht haif;
Or zit counsayl amang thame self to mak ;
In tyme to cum thai sould not wnder tak,
Without their leve sic thingis for to do,
And wald thà nacht, thà said, consent thàrto,
Declarit thame richt sone or euir thà wene,
Thir kingis baith in Britane sould be sene,
With sic power and sic crudelitie,
Sic of befor zit saw thà euir with ee.
Syne finallie, he said, than to conclude,
Neuir for to stanche fra mort battell and blude,
Qhìll all the Britis levand ar on lyfe
Be slane ilkone, baith man, barne and wyfe.
Quhen this wes said befoir the Britis all
That present war, that tyme bayth greit and small,
So greit rancour zit kendlit in thàr mynd,
With ane assent amang thame all defynd,
Or thà did sua thà sould far erar dc
All on ane da and out of trubill be,
No for to leve and be into sic pane.
All this decreit the nobillis war agane;
Suppois it was richt soir aganis thàr will,
Of force it wes for to consent thàr till,
With fair wordis misit the multitude,
And causit thame siclyke for to conclude;
That efterwart richt sone thà did fulfill
Thir chargis all thir kingis laid thame till.

**How the Commonis of Britane rebellit aganis the Lordis.**

Sone efter this that I haif said 3ow heir,
Within the space of thre or foure of 3eir,
The commonis all that duelt into Britland,
Convenit all togidder in ane band,
All on ane da said er thair wald de, 23,255
No for to leif in sic misericrie;
Agane thir kingis thocht for to rebell.
The nobillis all thairof quhen thair hard tell,
Dreidand full soir than for thir kingis tua,
And for thair freindis that in pledgis la, 23,260
Trowand on thame thar sould thair harme revenge;
Of that counsall thame self thair for to clenque,
That euerie man micht wit in verrament,
Of that counsall that thair [wer] innocent,
Tha gaif command, wnder the pane of deid, 23,265
The pepill all suld peice sone of that pleid.
The commonis than of thame stude litill aw,
Bot haistelie to armis all did draw,
And gaif thame battell pertlie on ane plane,
On euerie syde quhair mony ane wes slane. 23,270
The commonis thocht thar had greit multitude,
Thair ordinance and ordour wes so rude,
With lytill force thairwar confoundit all,
And in the feild richt mony maid to fall.
The laifs syne fled als fast as thay mycht fle, 23,275
Sum to the mos, sum to the montanis lie.
Tha followit fast efter quhair thar wer gone,
And in that chace thair slew richt mony one.

HOW THE COMMOUN PEPILL REBELLIT THE SE-
CUND TYME.

The commoun pepill, thought thair tint the feild,
And had the moist part of thair power keild, 23,280
Zit sone efter with mort battell agane,
Thar met the nobillis pertlie on the plane,
And in that feild thair war thar all confoundit,
Mony war slane and mony richt euill woundit;
And all the laifs war skaillit heir and thair, 23,285
Than for to fle thar wist nocht rycht weill quhair.
That tym theire power wes so far opprest,
That efterwart the leit theame tak no rest;
Vpoun the plane thee durst nocht byde nor be,
Bot hid in woddis and in hillis hie,
Qhill syne that force compellit thame thairtill,
That thee put thame all into the nobillis will.
The nobillis als of thame thea had sic want,
But thame nicht nother police nor zit plant;
On euerie syde theairfoir the war richt fane,
Atheir with other to agrie agane.
This inwart battell that tym of the Britis,
Withoutin weir, as that my author writis,
It did mair skaith that tym into Britane,
Nor all the spulze of Maximiane,
He had with him into Armorica,
Schort quhile befoir as 3e haif hard me sa.
Efter this feild thair follouit 3eiris thre
Into Britane of sic penuritie,
That throw grit hunger mo lossit the lyfe,
No did befoir other be sword or knyfe.
Syne efter that thair follouit 3eiris thre
So fructuous with sic fertileitie,
In Britane siclike wes thair neur sene
Lang quhile befoir, nor zit sensyne hes bene.
Qhilk causit thame that tym baith auce and aw,
To leve vertew and to sic vices draw,
Syne efter that, richt lang and mony 3eir,
That horribill wes to ony man to heir.
Of hurdome, hasart, and of harlatrie,
Of dansing, drinking, and full gluttony,
Adultrie so litill than tha dred,
That forniciation for na vice wes hed.
And, to my purpois forder to apply,
Wes neur vice than ringand wnder the sky
That knawin wes, or zit befoir richt lang,
Aman the Britis in that tym tha rang.
And speciallic the prelattis of the kirk,
Than of thame all maist wranguslie did wirk;
Castand fra thame of halie kirk all curis,
In drinking, dansing, and with commoun huris,
Visit thair lyfe into sic harlarrie,
And at all thir [thai] had richt greit invye,
That visit vertu into word or deid.
That wes the caus thairfoir, as sais Sanct Beid,
With the Saxonis tha war etter ourthrawin,
And ay sensyne dishereist of thair awin,
Suppois thai war baith stalwart, stout and strang,
And zit are so, I wait nocht weill how lang.

**HOW EUGENIUS DEPARTIT OUT OF THIS LYPPE.**

In all this tyme that I haift tald zow heir,
Eugeniusthis nobill cheuilleir,
Richt equallie his kinrik gydit he
In peice and rest, and greit tranquillitie.
Gude faith and fredome in him so wes foundit,
All welth and weilfair in his [realme] aboundit;
His leigis all him luifit ouir the laif,
And to the kirk greit fredome that he gaif,
And causit thame obeyit for to be
In all his tyme with greit tranquillitie.
Four hundreth treir and saxtie efter Christ
In Betblem wes borne and syne baptist,
And of his ring quhilk wes the threttie treir,
This nobill king of quhome I schew zow heir,
He take his leif and to his graif is gone.
For him thair murnit that tyme mony one,
Into his tyme so weill louit wes he
With zoun and ald for his humilitie;
To freindfull men wes gentill to behold,
And to his fa baith bellicois and bald.
In Iona Yle I leve him liand still,
With his father into Eolumkill.
THE BUIK OF THE

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF DONGARDUS
AND OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS. THIS DONGARDUS WES BRUThER TO THIS FOIRSAID EUGENIUS.

This king, of quhome his deidis I haif schawin,
No childer had that tyme that wes his awin.
Qubahoir his bruther, hecht Dongard to name,
Ane nobill man withoutin ony blame, 23,360
With hail consent of yarnge and ald ilkone,
Wes crownit king vpoun the marbell stone.
Ane man he wes all tyme of counsall gude,
And far affectit to the noble blude,
Begouth alway qubahair that his bruther left; 23,365
Richt mony place he foundit and syne feit
In halie kirk, in ilk pairt of his ring,
And ordand preistis for to say and sing,
And service mak ilk da at tyme and hour.
Pauladius he held in greithonour; 23,370
And with his nobillis causithim to haif
Greit reuerence, siclike of all the laif
That come with him, qhilk of the kirk had cuir,
Ilkane in ordour as tha office buir.
Syne sindrie judgis for to keip the lawes, 23,375
Knewledge to tak of euerie mannis causs,
And to decerne betuix the richt and wrang,
To heid for slauchter, and for thift to hang,
And no trespas wpoun for to be,
Into his tyme sic lawes ordand he. 23,380
Sone efterwart, at greit laser and lenth,
He gart reforme ilk castell, tour and strenth,
And biggit new wpoun the bordour syde.
For weir in peice he thocht wes best to prouyde,
Quhen that sic thing micht best cum till effect; 23,385
The quheill of Fortoun he held ay suspect,
Thairfoir with wisdome he wes all tyme gydit,
So that nothing he hes left wnprouydit.
In peice and rest I lat him heir remane,
And to the Britis turne I will agane.

HOW THE BRITIS WAR PUT TO FREDOME, EFTER
THAI WAR SUBDEWIT WITH THE SCOTTIS AND
PECHTIS THRETTIE ZEIR, BE THE COUNSALL
OF CONANUS QUHOME OF I SPAK BEFOIR.

Neirby the space that tyme of threttie zeir,
In sic bondage as I haif said 3ow heir,
The Britis war with greit miseritie.¹
So far with thame that tyme thai war ouir
thrawin,
Skantlie durst say thair saull wes thair awin. 23,395
The landis als tha lay in lenth and breid,
Fra Humber water to the mouth of Tueid,
Tha occupyit as all thair awin had bene;
Within tha boundis durst neuir Brit be sene;
Ten thousand pundis of gude money alsua,
In tribute zeirlie syne th a gart thame pa.
Moir miserable that tyme tha led thair lyfe
Na I can say, baith man, barne and wyFFE,
With soir complaint, with piteous voice and stevin,
Haldand thair handis ilk da wnto the hevin,
Cryand on God, law kneilland on thair knE,
To bring thame out of that miseritie.
Ane lang tyme so thair prayer wes ouir all,
Syne efterwart it hapnit so to fall,
This ilk Conan, of quhome befoir I spak,
Ane quyet counsall causit thame to mak:
Befoir thame all wes present thair that day,
He said to thame as I sall to 3ow say.

¹ Here a line seems wanting.
"Lordis," he said, "I knew richt weill for-thi,
"Vnto my counsall had ze done apply,
"That I zow gaif lang syne befoir ago,
"With ws I wait it had nocht now stand so,
"We had bene fred, and maid for to leve frie,
"Brukand oure land, oure law and libertie,
"Wnder ane king with plesour of oure awin,
"Qhailor now we ar oppressit and oure thrawin.
"For than we had hors, harnes and geir,
"Manheid and strenth, and armour for the weir :
"Thair lakit nothing that langit thairtill,
"Bot manheid, curage, hardines and will.
"And now," he said, "in oure weiris bygone,
"Oure strengthis all ar faillit far ilkone ;
"With darth and hunger, and infirmitie,
"Richt mony ane sensyne wes maid to de.
"And now," he said, "I se richt weill appear
"Oure greit distructiouneuerilkzeir by zeir,
"That finallie, and we remeid it nocht,
"Or euir we wit we wilbe put to nocht.
"Thairfoir," he said, "I zow beselk ilkone,
"Remember how oure fatheris bigone,
"Zone barbourbodeis vincust oft in feild,
"Syne exult thame, baith man [and] wyfe and ch[e]jild,
"Fra Albione richt far in other land,
"Sic aw tha stude that tyme of thair command.
"Qhailorfoir," he said, "gif curage in zow be,
"Or zit desyre of land or libertie,
"Or zit in zow be other strynd or blude
"Of oure eldaris, so nobill war and gude,
"Than lat ws nocht so far degenerat be
"Fra thame quhilk wes of sic nobilitie ;
"Sen that we are cuming of the Romane blude,
"Cast of this zok of sic vyle seruitude,
"Wnder zone barbouris no langer to be,
"And mak ws all to leve at libertie.
"Richt eith it is oure purpois to fulfill,
"So we wald all concord into ane will."

HOW THE BRITIS DECREITTIT TO SEND IN ARMO- RICA FOR SUPPE AGANIS THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS, AND FOR TO HAIF ANE KING OF THAT CUNTRIE.

Quhen he had said as I haif said to zow,
His langage all richt greitlie did allow;
And ilkone said that that wes best to do,
And suddantlie gaif all consent thairto,
Incontinent without ony delay,
To tak the feild and fortoun till assay.
So had thai done richt sone and suddantly,
Had nocht bene ane that wes standand neirby,
Qihilk said, "Forsuith this is the mater indeid,
"And we do so we will cum lidder speid,
"Agane zone princes of power and pryde,
"Without ane king ws to convoy and gyde.
"And we oure seif diswsit is in weir,
"But hors, harnes, or ony other geir,
"Without ordour, or ony ws to gyde.
"My counsall is thairfoir that we provyde
"In ony place quhair we ma get ane king,
"Or we temp Fortoun our far in sic thing."
Than euerie man thocht that counsall wes best,
Syne tuke to reid withoutin ony rest,
This ilk Conanus sould him dres to ga
With thair desyre onto Armorica,
And Guyltilene ane man but ony cryme,
Qihilk bishop wes of Lundoun in that tyme,
On to that king the quhilk wes of thair blude,
Beseikand him of his greit gratitude,
He wald prouyde for thame ane king or prince,
In gudlie haist to cum in thair defence;
Sen he him self wes narrest to thair croun,
Fra Dioneth the fourt grie cuming doun.

HOW THE BRIT LORDIS PASSIT TO ARMORICA.

In that mater wes nother stop nor strywe:
Sone war tha graithit on to the gait belyve,
With greit triumph syne passit to the fame.
The secund da this Conanus be name,
So alterit wes throw caldnes of the se,
Qhill that he fell in greit infiritie,
On the thrid day, withoutin ony remeide,
He sufferit hes the strang panis of deid.
Guytillean richt greit displesure tuke
Of his diseis, and for his saik forsuik
Meit and drink tua dayes or thre.
Syne efterwart, quhen he come of the se,
Richt gloriouslie gart graith him in his graif,
With all honour that sic ane man sould haif.
Syne efterwart quhen that he had done so,
To Androan he dressit him till go,
That king that tyme wes of Armorica,
Of thair awin blude descendit wes alsua.
Syne quhen he come befoir this crownit king,
Ilk word by word the fassoun of all thing
At lenth and lasar schew to him richt plane,
That I neid nocht heir to reherss agane.
His oresoun, the quhilk wes so prolixt,
Wald mar my mynd and I had with it fixt,
And tydeus to 3ow also to reid,
And hinder me richt far als of my speid,
And I no tyme hes now thairinto tarie:
With help of God and his deir moder Marie,
My purpos is to lat sic process pas,
And tell 3ow schortlie how the mater was.

HOW THE KING OF ARMORICA SEND HIS SONE
CONSTANTYNE IN BRITANE WITH ANE GREIT
ARME, FOR TO SUPPLE THE BRITIS AGAINIS
THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS.

Off his desyre the king wes weil content;
Of his awin coist that tyne incontinent
Schir Constantyne he send to the flude,
Qhilk wes his sone, with ane greit multitude
Of nobill men that vsit war in weir,
With bow and brand, with sword, ax and speir,
And with all thing quhariof tha micht haif neid,
In that jornay micht caust thame for to speid.
Quhen thawar put syne in ane gude array,
To schip thawi ght without ony delay,
And in thair passage perrell fand thair none,
Qhilk that thawar richt saif in Albione.
The pepill all that duelt baith far and neir,
Of thair cuming als fast as thawar culd heir,
Thawar gadderit fast, and come to the se coist,
At his cuming thawar met him with ane oist,
With sic desyre thawar had that tyne to se
This Constantyne, that cometh thair king to be.
Guyillian quhen thawar come to land,
Qwhair mony lord befoir thair he fand,
Than word be word he schew to thame ilkone,
How he had sped in his travell bigone,
And how sa weil he treittit was alsa
With Androgen, king of Armorica;
And of the honour that wes done thair tair,
And all his ansuer ilk word les and mair.

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The pepill als beheld this Constantyne,
Amang thame self ilk said to vther syne,
" This is the man we traist this tyme salbe
" The haill reskewar of oure libertie;
" And do he nocht, traist weill in all ouir dais
" It beis wndone;" ilkone to vther sais.

HOW THE BRITIS CONVOYIT CONSTANTYNE TO LUNDOUN.

With honour, renurence, and with greit renoun,
Convoyit [him] syne on to Lundoun toun,
Thair, with consent baith of ald and zing,
This Constantyne thair haif tha crownit king;
Prayand to God his dais lang to induir,
And send him fortoun and gude aventuir.
Befoir thame all than wes he sworne to be
Baith leill and trew in his auctoritie,
And with all power that he micht in plane,
Thair libertie for to reskew agane,
Siclike befoir as tha war wont to be;
That suld he do, he said, or ellis de.
Syne gart proclaime within the fourtie da,
That euerie man als gudlie as he ma,
Sould reddie be that doucht armoure to weir,
Baith 30ung and ald weill graithit into thair geir,
As tha micht furneis, baith on hors and feit;
At Humber flude the tryst wes set to meit.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS, HEIRAND OF THE CUMING OF CONSTANTYNE, GART HANG ALL THE PLEDGIS THAT THA HAD THAT TYME OF THE BRITIS.

Baith Scot and Pecht quhen tha hard tell that thing,
The pledgis all tha haif gart heid and hing:
And vyldardeidhesmaid mony to de
Richt cruellie without humanitie.
The Britis all thairat had sic dispyte,
Thinkand thair deid and harmis for to quyte,
Thairfoir the sonner quhair the tryst wes set,
Tha sped thame all quhill tha togidder met.
In that same tyme thir nobill kingis tua,
With all thair power efter on ane da,
On fit and hors ane meruelus multitude,
Plantit thair pal泽onis neirby Humber flude.
And thair tha baid with mekle bost and schoir,
Vpone ane spy that tha had send befoir
Into Britanefra thir tua kingis send,
Qihilke come agane and hes maid to thame kend
The Britis all with thair king war cumand,
Within four myll in all haist at thair hand.
Thir kingis tuo than to array is gone,
And put thair men in ordour thair ilkone;
Syne be tha war arrayit weill at richt,
The Britis all apperit in thair sicht;
Qhat movit thame it is wnkend to me,
Tha left the plane, and tuke the hillis he,
Neirhand besyde, baith of greith hicht and lenth,
And thair thai stude arrayit on ane streth.
Thir kingis tuo qubilk did thair passage se,
Traistand the battell sould postponit be
Qhill on the morne or to sum vther da,
This king Dongard, as my author did sa,
To all his men, with ane loud voce and cleir,
He said to thame as I sall say 3ow heir.

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS MAID HIS ORESOUN.

"Mervell," he said, "nothing now of 3one sicht,
"Qahairfor the Britis dryuis to the hicht."
"It is weill kend to 3ow oft of befoir,
"Tha war ay full of bost, of brag and schoir,
"Behind ours bak, into all tyme and place,
"Syne fane to fie quhen that thae se our face.
"Far manliar ane slayis with thair word
"Ma men, ze wait, no other knyfe or sword.
"Zisternyloud thae cryit all on hie,
"Quhair ar thai gone? quhair saull we now thame se?

"Quhair saull we find thae fals trautouris so strang,
"That we haif socht richt mony da so lang? 23,605
"And now this da quhen thae cum in oure sycht,
"And dos behald oure strentsis and oure micht,
"Thair greit curage now culit is so cald,
"That [thai] dar nocht oure faces weill behald;
"For verra dreid, as ze zour self ma se,
"Fled fra the feild onto ane montane hie.
"Dreid nocht this tyme," he said, "as I suppois,
"To fecht with theame ar so meticolois,
"And full of dreid, for all thair boist and schoir,
"So oft with ws wes vincust of befoir.
"Zone ar the leid that lawtie hes forlorne,
"Faithles and fals, and oft syis mensworne;
"Withoutin faith thai ar, baith man and cheild;
"Sic falset zit fuir neuir weill in feild.
"And thocht," he said, "ze knaw ane lytill we,

"Now at this tyne thair power eikit be;
"That is na caus now that thae suld preuaill,
"Nor zit no quhy quhairfoir we suld faill.
"Richt weill I knaw thair chifane maid of new,
"That neuir befoir thair fassone kend or knew,

"For na requeist, teiching or document,
"Ma caus tha harlottiis to tak hardiment,
"For na admonitioun he can to thame mak,
"Of ws this tyne so greit terrour tha tak,
"Sa oft befoir that preuit hes oure strentch,
"That garris thame ly so far fra ws at lenth.
"Traist weill," he said, "the hair drieit neur the hound,
"No zit the sheip the wolf, in to na stound,
"Quhen scho is put till all hir grittest speid,
"So soir befor this da as tha ws drieit.
"Giff hapnis so this da that we get feild,
"Se that no Brit, suppois he wald him zeilid,
"Ze tak or saue quhile all perrell be past;
"Tak tent and byde on to the latter cast,
"And quhen tha fie, or drieit tressone be wrocht,
"Without ordour se that ze follow nocht;
"For and ze do, ze ar abill to tak
"Throw sic wnnisdom baith greit skayth and lak."

Heir followis the ordour and the maner of the greit batell betuix Dongardus, King of Scottis, and Constantius, King of Britis, quhair the Scottis wan the feild and thair king was slane throw misgyding.

Be this was said, the watchis walkand by
Come in agane, and schew richt suddantly
The Britis war descenit fra the hicht,
And cumand war in gude array full richt,
Towart the place quhair at the Pechtis la.
Than Dongardus, in all the haist he ma,
He put his men into ane gude array,
And fordwart fure without ony affray.
Onto the place richt sone he gart thame pas,
Qhairat the feild syne efter strikin wes,
With buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir,
And schalmis schill with clarionis clinkand cleeir,
With baneris braid, and pynsallis of greit pryde,
And staitlie standartis vpone euerilk syde.
Fra bowmen bald, with bent bowis in hand,
The flanis flew richt scharpe and weil scherand;
On euirilk syde, withoutin ony feinzie,
The cruell dartis with mony awfull ganze,
Lyke thunderquhisland flew into the air,
The dais licht adumbrit1 our all quhair.
Syne efter that, with mony speir and scheild,
The laif richt fraklie enterit in the feild,
With sic ane dois togidder that thair draif,
Quhill all thair scheildis into pecis raif;
So thralie than togidder that thair thrist,
Quhill speiris brak and birneis all did brist.

HOW BAITH THE WYNGIS OF THE BRITIS FLED.

The wyngis baith than of the Britis oist
Inlaikit fast, and in the tyme neir loist,
In that counter sa mony thair wes keild;
The laif syne fled rycht far out of the feild.
Than all the pais la on the middill ward,
Quhair young Constans that tyme faucht with
his gaird,
He brocht with him out of Armorica;
Tha preuit weill, as my author did sa.

HOW DONGARDUS SOCHT CONSTANTYNE IN THE
FIELD TO FECHT WITH HIM HAND FOR HAND,
AND AS HE WAS SLANE.

This nobill Dongard as I wnderstand,
Sic curage had for to fecht hand for hand
With Constantyne, of quhome he had na dout,
Into him self so stalwart wes and stout,
With sic desyre greit honour for to wyn;
Than with ane raice amang thame encertin,

1 In MS. a Humbrit.
Into the feld richt fraklie on his feit,
Trowand that tyme with Constantyne to meit, 23,685
Richt unauisit followit in oure far
Into the feld quhair that his fais war.
Or euir he wist, with few in cumpanie
That followit him, richt haistelie in hy
With his fais he wes closit about, 23,690
So that no way he had for to wyn out.
Syne faucht so lang, for he wald nocht be tone,
Quhen all his feiris war slane euirilk one,
Him self that tyme that stalwart wes and strang,
With speiris scharp that war bayth grit and lang,
On force wes borne than braidlingis on his bak;
And as he rais defens agane to mak,
With speiris lang that war bayth grit and squair,
Out throw the bodie in the breist him bair.
This wes the end of gude Dongard the king, 23,700
Quhilk wes that tyme the fyft zeir of his ring.
Richt mony cowart of his deid so dred,
Out of the feild richt fast awa tha fled.
The laif, qubilk war moir stalwart in that steid,
Thinkand to be revengit of his deid, 23,705
Bald as ane boir in that feild tha fuir;
Thair deidlie dyntis war awfull till induir,
Wes none so awfull of the Britis all,
Bot with ane straik tha maid thame for to fall.
The Pechtis proud that da war of sic pryss, 23,710
So manlie als, and of thair gyding wyss,
So hardie war, and of thair curage hie,
Out of the feild ane fot tha wald nocht fle;
And thus tha faucht the space of half a da,
But victorie, as my author did sa.
Syne at the last the Britis tük the flycht;
Langar to byde thá had no strenth nor mycht.
For sixtene thousand in that feild wes slane,
Without reskew la deid vpoun that plane;
Of Scot and Pecht, as my author did sa,
Fourten thousand la deid that same da;
And gude Dongard, that wes of Scottis king,
As I zow schew, the fyft zeir of his ring.
This Constantyne quhen he had tynt the feild,
And had sa mony of his knichtis keild,
For him that tymé wald nocht convene agane,
Na langarth than thairfoir he durst remane;
Syne efterwart, vpoun the second da,
Onto Kent schire he passit hame awa.
The Scottis all for the deid of thair king,
So sorrowfull and said wes of that thing,
Tha preissit nocht to follow on the chace,
No zit the Pechtis far out of that place,
Bot passit hame within ane litill quhile,
With gude Dongard thair king to Iona Ile.

In Eculumkill syne graithit him in his graue,
With all honour that sic ané prince suld have.

How Constantinus, the Bruther of Dongardus,
efter his Deid, was crownit King of Scottis,
quhilk previt wnworthelie in all his Tyne.

Ane sone he had of zouthheid within eild,
Congallus hecht, quhilk wes ane prettie cheild,
That wes ourir young that tymé to be ane king,
That all the lordis for that samin thing,
And commoun pepill that tymé did delyne
The kingis bruther, callit Constantyne.
With haill consent of all wes thair ilkone,
Tha crownit him vpoun the marbell stone.
Of him that tyme tha had better beleif
In all his tyme no he did efter preif.
Fra his father, and fra his bruther als,
Degenerit far, baith subtil, sie and fals;
Voluptuous, full of gulositie,
And louit men well that culd fleche and le.
Adulterie and fornicatioun,
Rapt, and incest, and defloratioun;
Stuprion to him wes sic plesour,
With dansing, drinking, euerie da and hour,
With harlatrie and hurdome mony zeir,
That horribill wes into this erd to heir.
Of him this tyme quhat sould I say zow moir?
In Albione wes neuir king befoir,
So vitious wes in all his tyme as he,
Foullar infectit with faminitie.
For no request that the lordis culd mak,
No deid of armis wald he wndertak,
No in his tyme wald justice keip or law;
Richt few thair wes of him stude ony aw.
For no persuasioun the lordis culd mak,
Bfoir his face or zit behind his bak,
For quhat promit that tha culd mak him to,
No for no thing that tha sould sa or do,
Tha culd nocht all into ane feild him bring,
Qhailr blude wes drawin or apperance of sic thing.
And als thairwith, as that my author writis,
He grantit peice skant askit be the Britis;
At thair plesour gaif oour siclike alsua
The tribute zeirlie that tha war wont to pa,
Richt quietlie, but aduiss of men of gude,
And mony strent that on the bordour stude.
Qhuen all this thing oour Scotland wes weill knawin
As he had done, and to the lordis schawin,
Tha thocht ilkone agane him to rebell; 23,780
So had tha done, as my author did tell,
Had not bene than the nobill gude Congall,
Of Galloway lord, and wysest of thame all,
The quhilk to thame sa mony lessoun schew,
Greit perrell wes sic battell till persew 23,785
Amang thame self, knawand that it wes sua,
The Britis than quhilk wes thair mortall fa,
Redemit had that land and libertie,
And had ane king thair gouvernor to be,
And bad also bot waittand on thair tyme, 23,790
Lib.8, f.118. " For to revenge the grit injure and cryme
" That we haif wrocht to thame this tyme befoir.
" Also," he said, "the Pechtis les and moir
" Ar perelous to lippin in, for-quhy
" Tha fauour thame ay hes the victory. 23,795
" My counsall is," he said, "for dreid of war,
" Till better tyme this mater to defar."
And so thai did at his counsall ilkone,
Skaillit that court, syne hamewart all ar gone.

HOW THE KING OF PECHTIS, SEING THE UN-
WORTHINES OF THE KING OF SCOTTIS, HAIF-
FAND NO BELEIFF OF HIS HELP; QUHARFOIR
THA GART SLA THE KING OF BRITIS WITH
TRESSOUN.

The king of Pechtis and his lordis all, 23,800
Considderand quhat efter nicht befall
Of Constantyne that wes of Scottis king,
Wes so unworthie into euerie thing;
Traistand richt weill gif war hapnit to be,
Of him tha sould get richt sober supplie. 23,805
The Britis als, vpoun the vther syde,
Quhilk war that tyme of sic powar and pryde,
And so rejoist of thair libertie,
And thair new king and his auctoritie,
And tham mycht nocht aganis thair purpois

stryve;
Quhairfoir tha haif conducit than belyve
Tua fair young men, the quhilk on hand hes tane,
For greit reward and giftis mony ane,
To sla this king of Britis Constantyne,
Throw greit dissait and throw subtill ingyne. 23,815
Syne fenzeit thame as tha Britis had bene,
In Brit langage, as my author did mene,
Perqueir tha war in nothing for to leir,
That causit thame to tak the far les feir.
First in the court tha maid ane quhile repair,
And etterwart, the langar ay the mair,
Fra thai culd tak and tell of mony thing,
Quhairthrow thai gat sic quentance of the king,
Tha war nocht warnit nother tyme nor tyde,
Quhen plesit thame to cum till his bedsyde. 23,825

HOW CONSTANTYNE WES SLANE WITH TRESSOUN.

Syne quhen tha saw thair tyme wes oportune,
That ganand wes quhen sic thing sould be done;
In his chalmer richt quietlie ane da,
The stikkkit him in his' bed quhair he la.
Syne, or tha culd diuyde thame of that land,
Tha war baith tane and fast bund fit and hand;
Syne in ane fyre war baith brint to deid,
For thair reward wes no vther remeid.
The fourtene zeir deposit of his ring,
This Constantyne of Britis that wes king. 23,835

' In MS. hic.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS WAS SLANE WITH THE
LORD OF THE YLIS.

Sone eftersyne, as 3e sall wnderstand,
This Constantyne that king wes of Scotland,
Richt suddantlie wes slane into ane place,
At set purpois and nocht of suddante cace,
Be ane that tyme qubilk wes of nobill blude,
Lord of the Ylis and ane man of greit gude,
For the defoulling of his dochter deir,
Magir hir will, syne of ane vyle maneir.
And how it wes I can nocht, except I le,
Tell 3ow the cace, for it wes nocht tald me.
My author said, as I can richt weil trow,
The lordis all thairof did him allow.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF CONGALLUS
THE SONE OF DONGARDUS FOIRSAYD, AND OF
HIS NOBILL PRINCELIE DEidis, AS 3E SALL
FTER HEIR.

Quhen he was deid as I haif said 3ow heir,
Qhairaft his ring wes than the threttene 3eir,
The lordis all, within ane lytill quhile,
Convenit hes togidder in Argatyle;
Crownit hes Congallus to thair king,
The sone of Dongard, plesand and benyng.
His fatheris way he folloit as he micht,
To euerieman to do justice and richt;
Theif and revargart baith heid and hing,
Without counsell that tyme he did na thing;
And presit ay for to mak peice and rest,
In all his tyme he thought sic thing wes best.
Richt manlie als he wes in tyme of weir,
At no man wisdome neidit for to leir;
In his stait royall heir I leve him still,
And to the Britis turne agane I will.
HEIR FOLLOWIS THE DISCRIPTIOUN OF THE KING OF BRITIS THEE SONIS, CONSTANTIUS, AMBROSIIUS AND VTER.

This king of Britis, callit Constantyne,
Three sonis had baith fettis, fair and fyne.
The eldest hecht Constantiues to his name,
Ane basit barne ay full of draid and schame,
Without makdome vther of lym or lith,
And richt vnnaturall he wes thairwith.
And for that quhy he ganit nocht to be
Ane king or prince, to haif auctoritie.
Thairfoir his father, for that samyn caice,
Maid him ane monk in ane religious place.
He thocht he wes mair ganand for sic thing,
Na for to be ane governour or king.

HOW WORTIGERNUS TUEK CONSTANTYNE OUT OF RELIGIOUN, AND MAID HIM KING OF BRITIS.

Ane greit nobill, hecht Wortigern to name,
In all Britane he wes grittest of fame,
Efter the deith of Constantyne the king,
Out of religioun his sone hes gart bring,
Magir his will, be his auctoritie,
Syne crownit him of Britane king to be.
In that beleif traistand he sould be maid
Greit governour of all Britane so braid;
For-quhy this king for sic thing wes vnable,
This tirrane wrocht that tyme so tressonable.
As he supponit, syne with haill consent,
Of all Britane he wes maid haill regent
And governour, baith be land and se
To reule and steir at his auctoritie.
Ane hundret Scottis stalwart and rycht stout,
Als mony Pechtis knycht into ane rout,
Conduct he that time for meit and fie,
To keip this king and at his bidding be;
And of his corce daliè for till haif cuir,
And keip him weill fra all misauentuir.
For greit disceptioun all this thing he did,
That his tressoun the clossar mczt be hid;
As efterwart it previt weill in deid
With Wortigerne in storie as we Reid.
This sempill king, quhilk wes ane saikles wycht,
In to his bed gart murdreis him on the nyacht.
That samin nyacht quhen it wes kendi and sene,
Of all sic thing as he had saikles bene,
Ouir all that place he reirdit vp and doun,
In his wodnes like till ane wyld lyoun,
As he wald ryve the flesche than fra the bane,
For sic displesour thairof he had tane,
All for the slauchter of that saikles king;
Bot in his thocht thair wes ane uther thing.
Baith Scot and Pecht that wes into his gard,
He hes gart tak and put thame all in ward,
Quhill on the morne till keip in fetteris fast,
Quhen da wes cuming and the nycht wes past,
In Lundoun toun syne airlie on the morne,
Baith Scot and Pecht gart present him beforne,
Quhair mony lord that tyme wes to se,
And the maist part of the commoneitie.
Befoir thame all the Scottis he accusit,
And Pechtis als, of sic tressoun thair sit,
Into the slauchter of ane cromnit king;
To quhome thair gait sic traist into that thing,
Thir saikles men, quhilk war richt innocent,
Condampnit war to schamles deid and schent:
Vpoun ane gallous made thame all to de,
For that same deith, without reuth or pitie.
HOW THE BRITIS, AFTER THE DEATH OF CONSTANTIUS, BECAUSE AMBROSIIUS, HIS BROTHER, WAS SO YOUNG, CHESIT WORTIGERNUS TO BE THE KING OF BRITANE.

The Britis all as tha richt wnderstude, Traistand that he had done all that for gude, Commendit him, sayand ilkane that he Was richt well worth to haif auctoritie, Baith yong and ald, als far as thai had feill, 23,930 So able wrocht ay for the commoun weill. The secund bruther of Constantius, Callit he wes to name Ambrosius Aurelius, ane wonder prattie chield, Bot he wes yong and of richt tender eild. 23,935 This Wortigerne, that knew full weill that he Wnabill was to haif auctoritie, Befoir thame all proponit hes that thing, Gif plesit thame this Ambros to mak king. Than said thai all ilkone that tyme, that he 23,940 Was all to yong ane king or prince to be, Consdidering all thing baith ill and gude, In so greit doubt the commoun weill than stude. Thus anserit tha the lordis and all the laif. Said he agane, "Quhome plesis zow till haif?" 23,945 For force it wes this tyme to cheis ane king. Than with ane voce thai said, baith ald and zing, "Thy awin self we lyke above the laive; "Thou ar most worthie sic office to haif."

HOW WORTIGERNUS WAS CROWNIT KING.

With sword, sceptour, and rob royall so reid, 23,950 And croun of gold syne set vpoun his heid, And grit blythnes that tyme of ald and zing, This Wortigerne thair haif tha crownit king.
Schort qhile after that he the crown had tane,
Distroyit hes the friends euerilk ane
Of Constantyne, the quhilk wes king befoir,
Flemit or slane thai war baith les and moir;
Throw fein'keit faltis as he fand ane new,
Waill secreitlie richt mony that he slew.
The young childer to Constantius wes brother,
Ambrois the tane, and Vter hecht the tother,
That sonis war to nobill Constantyne,
Quhome of befoir I schew schort qhile syne,
Quhan that thak new this cruell king did sua,
Fra him tha fled intill Armorica,
Amang thair freindis for to leve in lie,
Quhill efterwart that th thair tyme micht se.

HOW CONGALLUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, AND
GALANUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, HEIRAND
HOW WORTIGERNE HAD SLANE THAIR MEN,
PERSEWIT HIM INCONTINENT.

The king of Scottis Congallus, quhen he knew,
As Galanus the king of Pechtis him schew,
How Wortigerne without ony remeid,
So cruellie had put thair men to deid,
With fals tressoun his king quhen he had slane,
Without respect no langar wald remane.
Amang the Britis baith with fyre and blude,
Tha enterit in with sic ane multitude,
With sic desyr of greit cruelditie,
Of the injures to revengit be,
Wes nothing freie, ather in fell or firth,
Of Britis blude that tyme gat ony girth
Baith wyffe and barne, young and ald ilkane,
Seik or ȝit haill, that tyme tha sparit nane.
Quhairfor the Britis euirilk da by da,
Tha lost thair guidis and fled richt fast awa
To Wortigerne, and tald him how it stude,
How thia had left baith wyfe, barnis and gude; 23,985
And all war slane that tyme docht nocht to fle
Fra Scot and Pecht, with greit crudelitie.

How WORTIGERNE SEND GUYTILYN TO RESIST THIR KINGIS.

This Wortigerne herand that it wes so,
Richt haistelie gart furneis for to go,
With Guiltilyn wes lord of Cambria,
Ane greit armie for to resist thir tua.
In Lundoun toun that tyme him self baid still,
To wend till weir he had bot lytill will;
For he wist nocht, thairfoir he wald nocht go,
Quha was his freind or zit quha wes his fo.
This samin tyme that ze haif hard me sa,
This Guiltilyn sone efter on ane da,
Come with his power as I wnderstand,
Quhair Scot and Pecht war skaillit in the land,
Without ordoure in mony sindre place,
Vp and doun, nocht wittand of that cace.
Or euir tha wist thair wes tua hundreth tane
In handis all, and syne richt sone ilk ane
Condampnit all as theuis for to die;
On gallous syne sone hangit all full hie.
Quhen this was schawin to thir kingis tuo,
How Guiltilyn thair liegis slane had so,
With all thair power on the auchtane da,
Come neir the place quhair that the Britis la.
At quhais cuming, at the first sicht and luke,
The Britis all so greit terrour thai tuke,
That tha refusit all that da to fecht,
So weill tha wist that euerie Scot and Pecht,

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The victorie of thame and thamich thau,
Thair wes na gold nor ransoum mycht thame
sane.
Guytilien, quhen [he] than wnderstude
So far than faillit wes thair fortitude,
With manlie wit and animositie,
He confort thame with curiositie;
And sic ane sermone that tymo thame schew,
That euerie man new curagetill him drew,
Sayand with him tha soould all erar die,
Out of the feild ane fit or tha wald flie.

HOW GUYTYLYN MET THIR TUA KINGIS IN FEILD.

And or tha durst the greit battell assaill,
For to temp Fortoun with thair power haill,
With countering and carmusche mony dais,
Tha la richt lang, as that my author sais.
Syne at the last, with hail power tha met
Into ane place quhair at the feild wes set,
With baneris braid weill brodit of the new,
And mony standart all of sindrie hew;
With buglis blast vp to the hevin on hicht,
In breist plait, birny, and in brasar bricht.
Togidder syne so stalwartlie tha straik,
With sic ane schow gart all the schawis schaik;
Thair speiris scharpe that war baith grit and
squair,
In splenderis sprang aboue thame in the air.
Thir wicht men weildit thair waponis so weill,
That euerie straik out-throw thair stuf of steill
Thay gart the blude brist out vpoun the grene,
That petio wes quha had bene thair and sene.
Then baith the wyngis of the Britis syde
War put abak, and nicht no langar byde,
And did releve, be thousandis sevin or aucht,
On to the feild agane Congallus faucht;
And eikit hes the Britis power far,
And put Congallus also to the war;
For all the force, and all the fortitude,
Of the hailfeild that da agane him stude.
The king of Pechtis persauit that in hy,
Into ane wing quhair he wes fechtand by,
Richt sone he send behind the Britis bak,
Wicht waillit men ane counter for to mak;
With sic prattik seand gif he culd preve,
Fra that perrell Congallus to releve.
The Britis quhilk about thame had ane ee,
Richt suddantlie, quhen tha sic thing did se,
Tha tuke the flightand wald no langer byde,
On to thair tentis fled fast in the tyde.
The king of Pechtis that persauit weill;
Richt stalwart men that war cled all in steill
He gart prevene the Britis thair ane space,
Quhairfoir tha fled all to ane vther place.
Thir kings tua tha follouit on so fast,
Qhill tha war all ouirtane syne at the last.

How the Britis kest thair Armour awa, and
Come and askit Grace.

And quhen tha saw thair wes no place to fle,
In grit despair, trowing all for to de,
As witles men out of thair wit richt wa,
Thair armour all thak kest that tyme thame fra:
And syne on kneis come thir kingis till,
And richt puirlie put thame all in thair will.
Thir kingis tuo baith presoner and pra,
That tha had wyn into the feild that da,
To eueri man efter his facultie,
Distribut hes thairof ane quantitie.
This battell wes richt bludie to the Britis,
For tuentie thousand, as my author writis,
And ma that da, wer slane into the feild;
Of Scot and Pecht war neir foure thousand keild.
Quhen this wes doue, thir tuo kingis at lenth,
Seigit and wan richt mony toun and strenth,
And rycht greit slaughter maid ouir all that land
Into that tyme without ony ganestand.

HOW WORTIGERNE, HERAND THE FEILD WAS TNYNT, HAD FLED OUT OF BRITANE, WAR [IT] NOCHT [FOR] COUNSALL OF FREINDIS.

In Lundoun toun quhen this wes schawin plane,
How Guytilyyn and all his men war slane,
This Wortigerne than of na way he wist
Thir kingis tuo how that he sould resist;
Than in his mynd richt sone deliuerit he
Richt secreitlie out of Britane to fle.
To his freindis quhen thatapurpois [he] schew,
Tha said ilkone, that counsall is wntrew,
To mak him self thairfor to lycht so law,
Fra sic ane hicht takand so grit ane faw,
To all the warld it wald derisioun be,
And he did so without battell to fle.
Throw thair counsall he changit hes his thocht,
Ane vther way syne efter that he wrocht;
Ane messinger, as my author did sa,
Sone efter that send in Germanias,
With gold and siluer in greit quantitie,
For men of weir that wald tak meit and fie,
Agane his fais for to mak defence:
He bad him spair for no coist nor expence.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE MANER AND CAUS QUHY THE SAXONIS COME FIRST IN ALBIONE, QUILK WAS BE THIS WORTIGERNE, KING OF BRITIS.

That samyn tym in Saxonia,
Of blude royall than wes thair brethir tua;
Hungast to name than hecht the eldest bruther,
Orsa also als callit wes the vther.
Thir tua tha had greit wisdome intoe weir,
At none tha neidit prattik for to leir;
Full mony feild and greit fechting had sene,
And had siclike in mony battell bene.
Thir tuo brether befoir this messinger,
Hes tane on hand, that mony one micht heyr,
For thair reward to mak all Britane frie
Of Scot and Pecht, or ellis for to die.
This messinger thairof wes weill content,
And prayit thame richt sone incontinent,
With all thair power tha suld reddie be;
Than threttie schippis tha laid to the se,
Ten thousand men that waillit war and wicht,
In breistplait, brasar, and in birny bricht,
With helme and habrik, and all ganand geir,
Tha tuk with thame that neidfull war in weir.
To se tha went, the wedder wes at will;
Befoir the wynd tha saillit lone and still,
Tua dayis or thrie togidder ay in one,
Qhill at the last thai come in Albione:
Syne set to schoir thair schippis by ane sand,
And with thair boitis passit all to land.
This Wortigernus thairof he wes richt sane,
And causit thame all at quyet to remane
Ane lytill quhile, refreschit for to be
Of thair travell tha lad tane on the se.
Syne efterwart, vpoun the auchtane da,
He furneist him, and syne fuir furth his wa,
With tua oistis weill garneist all tegidder,
Of Saxonis one and of Britis an vther;
Ane multitude tha war into greit number,
And in all haist syne passit ouir Humber.
The Scottis then, and the Pechtis also,
Ouir all tha landis as tha list till go,
Reman and war withoutin pley or pleid,
Haiffand na dreid of ony Britis feid.
Bot quhen tha knew richt weill, and wnderstude,
Tha war na matche agane that multitude,
Tha fled ilkone except thame that mycht nocht flie,
As walk and seik men in infirmitie;
And mony mo thraw sleuth and raklisnes,
That baid ouir lang then throw fule hardines,
Syne war all tane in mony sindrie steid,
Without discretioun all war put to deid.
The Saxonis said that wes ane taikin gude
Of victorie that thai gat the first blude:
And so thai did, distroyand in their yre
Tha boundis braid than baith with blude and fuire.
Thay sparit nane in quhome that tha fand lyffe,
Young or ald than, other barne or wyffe;
In greit despyte ouir all that land tha zeid,
Fra Humber water north ouir Tyne to Tueid,
And enterit syne into Dieria,
Amang the Pechtis with fuire and blude alsua.
How Galanus send ane Herald to Congallus, schawing him of the cuming of the Saxons.

The king of Pechtis Galanus quhen he knew
Of thair cuming, as suith men to him schew,
To Congallus ane messinger he send.
The quhilk to him that tym e fra end to end,
The haill maner hes schawin les and moir,
Of this Hungast, as I haif said befuir,
First of his cuming fra Saxonia,
With so greit power in Britania;
Of Brit and Saxonis syne in sic number,
He cuming wes attour the water of Humber;
And all the landis, baith of lenth and breid,
He had distroyit to the watter of Tuied.
Als[o] that tym e he did him wnderstand,
How that he la richt far within thair land,
Vsandon thame richt greit crudelitie
Of fyre and blude without humanitie,
Richt mekle skaith into that tym e had done;
And war he nocht, he said, resistit sone,
His purpois wes, baith Scot and Pecht ilkone
Exull to mak far out of Albione.

Heir followis the Ordog and the Maner
of the Battell betuix Hungast and Galanus, and how Hungast wan the Feild.

Quhen this wes said, as I haif said 3ow plane,
Or ony anuer culd cum hame agane,
The king of Pechtis tha haif gart wnderstand,
That this Hungast wes cumand at the hand,
Within les space tha said than fourtene myle.
The king of Pechtis in that samin quhile,
With all the power that he doucht to get,
Richt manfullie this ilk Hungast he met
In plane battell, quhair mony burdoun brak;
And mony big man wes laid on his bak;
And mony berne doun of his blonk wes borne,
And mony schulder throw the scheild war schorne.
Full mony Pecht that da bled of his blude,
This Hungest had with him sic multitude,
Quhilk in the feild so stalwart war and strang;
The Pechtis als that fouchtin had so lang,
And thair withall wer of sa few menzie,
That force it wes that tyme to thame to fle.
Of this battell quhat sould I say zow moir?
The Saxonis gat the victorie and gloir.
The Britis all so basit war that da,
That this Hungest, as my author did sa,
For no treittie he culd mak or trane,
Into the feild skant culd he gar remane.
Amang thame all wes nother mair nor les,
That da in feild that schew grit hardines.

HOW HUNGESTUS, CONSIDDERAND THE BRITIS OF SICK LITILL VALOUR, CONSAUIT IN HIS MYND QUHEN HE MICH'T SE TYME TO CONQUEIS ALL BRITANE.

This Hungest syne, quhen he considderit haill
The Britis war bot of sa litill vaill,
Than in his mynd richt sone considderit he,
Quhen euir it war that he his tyme nicht se,
Syne efterwart the Britis all ilkone
For till expell far out of Albione;
Within him self richt far he hes defynd,
The quhilk remanit ay still in his mynd.
HOW GALANUS SEND ANE HERALD FOR HELP TO CONGALLUS.

This king of Pechtis as I said of befoir,
To king Congall, his help for to imploir,
Ane herald send into all haist and speid,
Beseikand him of his supplie in neid,
Schawand to him, how be this ilk Hungest
His\(^1\) power wes that tymie so soir opprest,
With tha Saxonis full of crudelitie,
Busteous and bald, without humanitie;
And that thai war withoutin men also,
Of gentill faith, and also Cristis fo;
The quhilk to him had done greit skayth and noy,
And schupe him self and landis to distroy;
And come he nocht with his supplie belyve,
Than force it wes to thame baith man and wyve,
With schame and lak, and greit miseritie,
Fra Albione in vther landis fie.

HOW CONGALLUS PROMITTIT HELP TO GALANUS.

This king Congall agane than said him till,
Intill all haist, richt hartlie with gude will,
That he sould cum richt sone in his supplie;
Biddand him of gude confort [for to] be,
And for to mak the best defence he ma.
This king Congall syne eafter on ane day,
With mony man that worthie wes and wicht,
Buskit richt weill all into armour bricht,
In Pechtland with king Galanus met,
Into ane place quhair at the tryst wes set,
With fourtie thousand furneist for the feild,
Baith bald and wicht that waponis weill culd w[eild].

\(^1\) In MS. He.
Devoitlie syne, as that tyme wes the gyss
Of Cristin men, thae maid thair sacrifice;
Prayand to Christ, that for thame sched his blude,
In thair defence to send thame fortoun gude
Agane thae paganis wes his mortall fo,
And ennimie alse to thae kingis tuo.

_How the King of Scottis and Pechtis hangit
all thame that fled for Feir, to gif
Exempill to vtheris nocth to flie._

Syne furth thae fuir in till ane gude array,
Neirby the place quhair thris Hungestus lay,
With baneris braid displayit vpoun hicht,
Quhill ather of vther cunning ar in sich.
Of Scot and Pecht that tyme at the first luke,
Of thair nummer richt mony terrour tuke,
Of quhois sight thae war so far adred,
To craig and cleuch richt mony of thame fled.
Quhen that wes knawin to thir kingis tuo,
Rycht haistelie hes efter thame gart go,
In handis tane and richt sone brocht agane;
For thir war passing ilkone on the plane
Vpoun ane gallous war all hangit hie,
To all vther it sued exempill be
In tyme to cum, how euir that fortoun fawis,
So cowartlie to fle withoutin caus.

_Heir followis the gritt Battell betuix the
Scottis and the Pechtis on the ane Part,
and Hungest with the Saxonis and Britis
on the tother Part._

Be this wes done the bowmen big and bald
Hes tane the feild out of number wntald,
Vpoun thair fute quhair that thae fuir befoir;
Thair scharpe schutting maid mony sydis soir,
In the vanguard quhair that the Britis faucht, 24,270
Agane the Scottis quhair mony rout wes raucht,
And mony scheild war schorne all in schunder,
And mony breist maid bludie that wes wnder.
The Scottis quhilk wer wicht as ony aik,
Or ony vther enterit within straik,
Tha buir the Britis in the feild abak, 24,275
And so greit slaughter of thame thair did mak
That force it wes to thame, or ellis die,
Out of that feild richt suddantlie to flie.
And so thai did but ony baid that tyde,
Left all the feild and wald no langar byde.
In that same tyme, richt sone and suddantly,
Ane schour of haill discendit frome the sky,
With so greit mirknes and obscuritie,
Than neuir one ane vther than micht se;
25,285
The Scottis than weill wist nocht in that caice,
Qhidder to byde or follow on the chace.

HOW THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS TUKK AND SLEW
OF THE BRITIS AT THAIR PLESOUR.

So at the last the cloude ane lytill we
Discouerit wes, that tha micht better se,
Baith Scot and Pecht trowand the feild wes 24,290
wyn,
Efter the Britis langar or tha wald blyn,
Without ordour tha maid on thame ane chace,
And vp and doun in mony sindrie place,
Tha tuke and slew thair of the Britis bald,
At thair plesoure als mony as tha wald. 24,295
Qubill at the last the mirknes of the sky
Illuminat wes and all the blast gone by,
Qubilk clengit hes the mirknes of the air,
That men micht se richt scharplie ouir all quhair.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW THE SAXONIS SET ON THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS QUHEN THA WAR OUT OF ORDOURE.

This ilk Hungest quhair he stude in array, 24,300
And all his men wnfouchtin war that day,
Into that schour that he sould nocht ane loiss,
He gart thame togidder byde richt cloiss.
Bot quhen he saw sone efter and beheld,
Without ordour his fais in the feild 25,305
Vp and doun war skaillit heir and thair,
He gaif command withoutin ony mair,
To sla thame all quhair tha mycht be ouirtane,
And in that tyme se that thai suld saif nane.
The Saxonis than, richt sone and suddantlie, 24,310
Hes set on thame with ane greit schout and cry;
And mony Scot and Pecht als hes slane;
The laif langar that mich[t] nocht weill remane,
Tha fled richt fast quhen tha knew the cace,
Without returne intill ane sober place. 25,315

HOW HUNGAST EFTER THE FEILD PASSIT HAME
INCONTINENT TO WORTIGERNE AGANE.

This [Hungast] thair no langar wald remane
Into that land, bot sped him hame agane.
Becaus that wynter drawand wes so neir,
And euill wedder he saw that tyme appeir;
And most of all that tyme the causs wes quhy, 24,320
On to his purpos that he micht apply,
The Britis all sone efter to expell
Out of Britane, as ze haif hard me tell.
That wes the causs sua sone away he fuir
Out of that land, doand no man injure. 24,325
The mo fais the Britis had to dreid,
He thocht that he micht cum the better speid.
With all his men passit to Lundoun syne,
To Scot and Pecht betuix Tueid and Tyne,
He left to thame all for to occupye,
As ye sall heir the caus after quhy.

**How Hungest in Lundoun befoir the King**

_schew all the Fassoun of this Battell and his Victorie._

In Lundoun syne, befoir this Britane king,
He schew at lenth with greit loving all thing
That he had done, and wyn sic victorie
In thair honour agane thair ennimie;
And sufferith hes richt greit travell and pane
In his jornay or he cume hame agane.
Quhairfoir he said, out of Germania,
Or somer come, hame without langar delay
So greit power sall bring in Albione,
Sic of befoir zit saw tha neuir none.
Quhen thir power and thairis wer togidder,
Without lat tha suld be nothing lidder;
Baith Scot and Pecht, at thair plesour ilkone,
Suld exull mak richt far fra Albione.
The nobillis all for most part into Britane
Wes nocht content quhen tha knew certane
How this Hungest dissauit so the king,
So mony Saxone in Britane to bring.
Tha held his lawtie in that thing suspect,
Dreidand full soir it suld cum to effect,
That tha suld lois baith land and libertie,
And he baid lang in sic auctoritie.
Wes none so pert durst planelie speik sic thing,
Becaus he had sic credens of the king,
And wes with him auctoreist than so hie,
Bot held thair toung and lute sic talking be:
And vther sum that tymes wes with the king, Wes weill content and gaif him grit loving. The king himself that tymes aboue the lave 24,360 Commendit him, and greit giftis him gaive, Of gold and riches and all vther geir; And, for to haif the haill power of weir, That euerie [streight] suld be at his command
Ouir all Britane, baith be se and land. 24,365 This ilk Hungest thairof he wes full fane, And curtaslie he thankit him agane, And richt fair langage all that tymes him gaif; Dreidand thairfoir that mony of the laif Louit him nocht suld change the kings mynd, 24,370 Aganis his way seand tha war inclynd, Or dreid thair counsall suld do him sum ill, Thair with the king him self remanit still. Fywe thousand men in battell weill durst byde He hes gart send thame to the bordour syde, 24,375 To keip the strenthis and the pepill baith, Of Scot and Pecht that tha suld tak na skayth. Tha tynt the pryis that tymes for all thair pryde, In mony bargane on the bordour syde; In schort quhile efter ilkone thair wes slane; 24,380 This ilk Hungest thairof he wes full fane.

Lib.8, f.121. Quhat euir he said, it wes ay in his thocht To pair thair power in all [thing] that he mocht; In that beleif sici-like for to be slane, Evin tuyiss alss mony he gart send agane 24,385 Within schort quhile; thair cace wes itill better, Mony war tane and haldin fast in fetter, And tuyiss alss mony of thame thair wes slane; The laif all fled na langar durst remane.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW TEN GRIFF NOBILIS OF SAXONE, WITH FIVE THOUSAND MEN WITH WYFFE AND BARNIS, IN PURPOIS TO REMANE, COME THAT Tyme IN BRITANE TO THIS ilk HUNGEST.

In this same tyme now that ze heir me sa, 24,390
Fywe thousand men out of Saxonia
Vpoun the se come sailland, on the sand
In Britane all that tyme tha tuke the land,
With wyfe and barne as tha suld ay remane,
In that beleif neir to pas hame agane, 24,395
Bot in that land ay for to leid thair lyfe.
With thame that tyme tha brocht Hungestus wyfe,
And his dochter the plesand Roxsana,
Of pulchritude, as my author did sa,
Qubilk in hir tyme, as I hard mony tell, 24,400
Of hir persone all vther did excell;
And ten nobillis, qubilk war men of grit gude,
Wyiss men in weir and of the nobill blude.
The king thairof rycht blyth and glaid wes he,
Traistand be thame he suld revengit be, 24,405
And victorie wyn also than of his fa;
Welcum tha war and tha had bene far ma.
Then grit blythnes into his mynd he tuke,
Traistand richt weil all Britane for to bruke
In peax and rest, and greit tranquillitie, 24,410
And of his fais victour for to be.
Richt mony nobill on the tother part,
Richt greit displesour tuke in to thair hart,
That this Hungest wes tholit be thair king
So mony Saxone in Britane for to bring; 24,415
Trowand richt weil and he his tyme mycht se,
That he sould make thame bondis all to be,
The Britis all into Britane ilkone,
Or for to fle than out of Albione.

VOL. II
How Hungest obteinit at Wortigerne the King the Landis be North Humber to the Saxonis to mak thair Duelling, quhair tha did first remane.

This ilk Hungest he passit to the king, and schew to him the fassoun of that thing. With vipros vennum inwart in his mynd, With lauchand luke, and plesand wordis kynd, Dissaitfullie that tyme he gart him trow, That he wrocht ay for his plesour and prow: Desyrand him of his hienes and grace, He wald prouyde for him sum land and place, For wyfe and barnis quhair [that] thamycht duell But fallowschip of ony bot thame sell, In ony cuntrie quhair sic land wes kend, Qhill all tha weiris war brocht till ane end. This Wortigerne, the quhilk wald not deny All his desyre, I can nocht tell 3ow quhy, Qhither it wes, thairof haif I no feill, That he durst nocht, or than lude him so weill, He grantit him, as my author did sa, Ane land that thyme callit Londisia, Neir Eborak, liand by Humber flude. The Britis all, with housit geir and gude, Out of that land he gart richt far remove; To Saxonis syne that land for thair behuif Grantit, and gaif thame landis as tham lest, To plant and police quhair thame lykit best. Into that land ane stark castell thair stude Vpoun ane craig besyde ane rynnand flude, Thuyn castell gart call it in that tyme, Vpoun ane strenth biggit with stone and lyme; In tham boundis the blude of Saxone Thair duelling maid first into Albione.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW HUNGESTUS, IN THE NEXT SOMER, WITH ALL HIS SAXONIS, AND WORTIMERUS, THE SONE OF WORTIGERNUS, WITH MONY BRITIS, PASSIT TO THE FEILD VPOUN SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS.

This beand done as I haif said 3ow heir, 24,450
This ilk Hungest into the symmer cleir,
With mony berne that wes bayth bald and wycht,
Of Saxone blude, all into armour bricht,
That worthie war thair waponis for to weild
He furnecist hes with him to fuir on feild. 24,455
This Wortigerne siiclike ouir all Britane
Contractit hes richt mony nobill man,
That waillit war and worthie for the weir,
And all other than that micht harness beir,
To Wortymer his eldest sone and air,
Betaucht thame all to pas with him alquhair,
And this Hungest lieutenand for to be,
Of all the ost to haif auctorite.

On the thrid [da] quhairat the tryst wes set,
Young Wortimer and this Hungest is met; 24,465
Sextie thousandis, as my author did sa,
Of fechtand men tha war that samin da.
Fra Eborac tha sped thame waill gude speid,
Ay north ouir Tyne qhill that tha come to Tueid.

HOW CONGALLUS AND GALANUS COME WITH ANE GRIT ARMIE FOR TO RESIST THIS HUNGESTUS.

Than king Congallus and Galanus that da, 24,470
With thair power neirby that place tha la,
Vpoun ane fell neirby ane montane syde,
With mony tent and palzeoun of grit pryde,
Bydand thair tym for to resist thair fa.
This ilk Hungest knew weill tha wald do su.

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Thairfoir he thocht the battell to pospone,
Qhill Scot and Pecht suld irkit be ilkone;
For hunger, cald, and grit necessitie,
Tha suld be fane hame bakwart all to fle;
Trowand richt weill that tha nicht nocht prouyde,
Sic multitude ocht lang fra hame to byde.
This Congallus quhilk knew in till ane part,
Qhat this Hungestus had in mynd inwart,
How that he thocht the battell to pospone,
Qhill thai war tyrit and all thair victuall gone;
And quhen he knew this Hungest so did mene,
He thocht thairfoir the battell to prevene,
Or dreid his men of lang lying suld tyre.
Betuix thir oisits thair wes ane mekle myre,
Qhilk be no way that tyme mycht be our past;
This Congallus deuysit at the last,
That euerie man ane flaik sould mak of tre,
And faillis delf into greit quantitie,
Syne on the nycht, with mony stak and stour,
Gart mak ane brig qhuhair tha passit all ouir;
And on the morne, by that the da wes lycht,
Tha come neirby into Hungestus sycht,
Qhair that he la and maid him nocht to steir.
Thairfoir Congallus that tyme come nocht neir,
Bot leit him ly qhuhair that he la that qhuhile,
Into his mynd consauit had ane wyle.
Be the Saxonis ane grit montane thair stude,
Baith large and braid, and of greit altitude;
This Congallus, that tyme as he pretendit,
With all his oist vp in the mont ascendit,
And thair he tuke purpois to ly all nicht,
Qhuiill on the morne that it wes fair da licht.
This ilk Congall, of quhome befoir I spak,
Richt mony fagald all that nycht gart mak
Of falling wod, quhairof tha had anew,
And vther herbis that in the mont than grew,
And glak and glen in hole and mony hirne,
Widrit and dry that richt baldlie wald birne.
Thairof tha maid into greit quantitie,
Syne buir thame vp on to the montane hie,
Stude richt aboue this Hungest quhair he la;
That samin nicht rycht lang befoir the da,
Full mony fagalde leit doun on thame fall
Birmand in fyre, and mony bleis withall,
That all the stra and litter quhair tha la,
It set in fyre richt lang befoir the da,
Qhill all thair palseonis brint vp in ane bleis.
Thame[self] also that tymc had greit vneis;
Or tha micht wyn richt weill out of that steid,
Richt mony ane in that fyre brint to deid.
The clamorous cry, the zoulling and the beir,
Of man and beist wes horribill for to heir;
Out of the fyre micht nocht weill wyn awa,
Bot lay ay still thairin birnand quhills da.
The langar ay the fyre fastar doun fell,
Flag for flag far ma na I can tell,
That for no way that tymc that culd be wrocht,
That felloun fyre for thame stanche wald it nocht.
And quhen tha saw it micht na better be,
Out of that fyre that force it wes to fie,
And wist nocht weill than quhair awa till go,
Sic dreid tha had that tymc than of thair fo,
And sic ane feir tuke of that felloun fray,
Grit pane it wes to bring them to array.
Syne this Hungest, with greit travell and pane,
Arrayit thame bysyde vpoun ane plane,
And pat thame sone all into ordour gude;
Vpoun thair feit synce all that nycht tha stude.
HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE FASSOUN
OF THE GREIT BATTELL BETUIX CONGALLUS
AND HUNGESTUS; AND HOW HUNGESTUS WAN
THE FEILD BE DISSAIT.

This ilk Hungestus, that tyme quhair he la,
Diuidit hes his greit oist into tua. 24,666
To Wortymer, as that my author writis,
The vangard gaif to leid with all the Britis:
Him self besyde remanit with the staill,
And all the power of the Saxonis haill.
Siclike king Congall in that samin da,
Diuidit hes his hail power in tua;
Salamis the king, with mony nobill Pecht,
In the vangard diuisit wes to fecht
Agane the Britis that tyme for the best;
And he him self aganis this ilk Hungest,
With mony Scot that worthie war and wycht,
Hes tane the feild all into armour brycht.
Quba had bene thair that tyme for to haif sene
The fedderit flanis that flew so thick betuene,
Blak as ane cloud, and scharpe as ony haill,
Ay flicht for flicht ilk ane on vtheris taill.
The tua wangairdis togidder synce tha met,
Witht brandis bricht ilkane on vther bet;
So awfull was to bye thair bitter blaw,
At ilkane flap tha maid ane freik to faw.
Gude Galanus, that worthie wes and wyss,
And his Pechtis that da war of sic pryss,
The Britis all richt far abak tha bair,
Syne gart thame fle for thay mycht fecht na mair;
Heir and thair in the fleing thik fald,
Tha tuke and slew als mony as tha wald.
Or that wes done, richt sone but ony lat,
The greit battellis togidder baith tha met
In gude ordour, with sic ane race and reird,
Qhill schawis schuke and trymlit all the erd;
And mony burdoun all in pecis brak,
And mony berne wes laid vpoun his bak;
So doggitlie togidder that tha draive,
That birneis togidder and all in pecis raive.
Into that stour so stalwartlie tha stude,
That mony berne hes loisit of his blude;
Wes neuir sene with na berne that wes borne,
Ane fellar faucht with sua few folkis beforne.
The Saxonis than with that ane litill we
Satlit abak and wes reddie to fle;
Had nocht Hungest the sonner blawin his horne,
The Saxonis all that da had bene forlorn.
How Hungestus Men with ane Blast of Horn in rayit Feild come in behind the Scottis Bak.

For with the blast into that tymne he blew,
Fywe thousand men, in curage cleir of hew,
Out of ane glen into ane buschment braik
In gude ordour behind the Scottis bak.
The Scottis all, seand thameself in dout,
So vmbeset of euerie syde about,
Nocht wittand weill quhome to that tyid to turne,
For lidder speid cumis of airlie spurne;
And so thocht tha, their hartis wes so hie,
For all that fray tha thocht nocht for to fle.
For-quhy tha had sic wirschip wyn befoir,
And for that caus their curage wes the moir,
Ane bargane baid lang efter bydand beild,
Because the Pechtis wynnyng had thair feild,
Lyp[ng]ing richt lang that tha suld thame reskew:
It wes nocht so thairfoir that mycht tha rew.
And quhen tha saw that na better mycht be,
Tha fled ilkone als fast as tha mycht fle
Vnto the Pechtis sune and suddantlie,
In rayand feild quhair tha war standand by.
This Congallus, all bludie and forbled,
Soir woundit than out of the feild wes hed;
Magir his will, suppoisit wes on force,
On to the hicht tha had him on ane hors.

How Hungest thocht to gif Feild to Gallanus.

This Hungestus, quhen he saw and beheld
That Gallanus that tymne had wyn his feild,
Trowand he wes brokin with the Britis,
And so tyrit, as my author writis,
And of his men so mony than had slane,
He schupe in haist to gif him feild agane.
Because it wes so neir that tyme the nyght,
Postponit all quhill on the morne wes lycht.
King Galanus, that weill his counsall knew,
Thinkand that tyme that he wald nocht persew
To temp Fortoun into that tyme present,
For of his part he held him than content;
And for that caus fra end to end that nycht,
Richt mony fyre and balis gart burne brycht;
And mony blast gart blaw of buglis horne,
As he sould byde all nycht quhill on the morne.
That samin nycht, richt lang befoir the da,
Richt quyetlie he passit hame awa
Wnto ane strength that tyme wes neirhand by,
Without perrell quhair he mycht rycht weill ly.

HOW HUNGESTUS, SEAND ON THE MORNE EFTER
THE FEILD SO MONY OF HIS MEN WAR SLANE,
TURNIT AGANE TO EBORAC AND LEFT HIS
MEN THAIR, AND PASSIT HIM SELF TO LUN-
DOUN.

Syne on the morne, quhen it wes fair da lycht,
And Hungest saw he had na fa in sicht,
He told his men ilkone vpoun that plane,
And fund he had foure thousand of thame slane
That Saxonis war, as that my author writis,
Foroutin all war tane and slane of Britis,
Thairfoir na langar wald he thair remane,
Bot in all haist he sped him hame agane
To Eborac, and gart ane armie byde
At Londesia, neirby the bordour syde.
Passit him self to Lundoun to the king,
And at greit lenth he schew him euerie thing,
Of all his weiris and his chevalrie,
Of his greit battell and his victorie,
And of sic perrell also he wes in,
So manfullie the feild syne he did wyn;
Of his fairs sa mony he had slane,
Sa mony als he loissit hes agane.

HOW WORTIGERNE RESAUIT HUNGEST WITH BLYT[Ho]NES.

This Wortigerne thairof he wes full glaid,

To him than richt freindfullie he said;
"Welcum be thow, oure gyde and gouernour,
Welcum be thow, of all knichthcid the flour,
Welcum be thow, oure scheild and oure defence,
That weiris' ws fra wrang and violence."

To him that tymel grit rewardis gaif,
Far' mo no he desyrit for to haif:
Siclike to him the haill auctoritie,
Of all Britane the gouernour to be;

And grantit hes the Saxonis in Britane,
That orabil wes to euerie Cristin man,
On to thair idolis of the pagane wyis,
In proophane places to mak sacrifyis.
Wnganand wes to ony Cristin prince,
Without faith to thoiill sic offence,
Within him self so wickitlie gart wirk
Agane the faith of Christ and halie kirk.
The bischopis all that tyme wer in Britane,
The kirkmen als, and all gude Cristin men,
Displesit war rycht far, and all the laif,
That he to thame so greit indulgence gaif,
Sic pagane pepill that war vnbaptist,
In greit contemiptiou of the fayth of Christ.
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HOW IT WAS SCHAWIN TO WORTIGERNE THAT
AMBROSIUS AND VTER HIS BRUTHER, SONIS
TO CONSTANTYNE, WALD PERSEW HIM WITH
BATTELL.

That samin tyme to Wortigerne wes schawin,
That secreitlie be freindis of his awin, 24,695
Sayand to him that zoun Ambrosius,
Quhilk callit wes also Aurelius,
That sone and air wes to king Constantyne,
Quhome of befoir I schew zow schort quhile syne,
Prouydit wes into Armorica,
24,700
With schip and boit and mony gay gala:
Quhilk thocht richt sone in Britane to persew,
His croun and kinrik gif he micht reskew,
With so greit power and so mekle schoir,
In Britane zit sic saw tha neuir befoir.
24,705
This being said, this ilk king Wortigerne
Abasit wes and culd nocht weill decerne
Into the tyme quhat best wes till be done.
This ilk Hungest callit befoir him sone,
Beseikand him thair of his counsall gude,
24,710
In so greit dout and danger as he stude.
Richt plesandlie he said to him agane:
" Dreid nocht thairof, heir I promitzow zow plane,
" Als lang as I haif sic auctoritie,
" Baith cuir and travell I sall tak on me, 24,715
" Of this conditioun I sall to zow tell;
" On the south cost neirby the se to duell,
" Wald ze grant ws of zour excellent grace
" Ane plesand land, with mony sicker place,
" Quhair we mycht byde ay reddie for to be,
" And to defend the portis of the se,
" So that no schip ather be se or sand,
" Without oure leve suld cum into that land."
Off this desyre the king wes weill content,
And suddantlie thairto gait his consent.

The Saxonis all, the quhilk wer of grit number,
Remanand war beyond the water of Humber,
On to Kent schire translatit hes ilkone,
With wyfe and barne togidder all ar gone.

The Britis all that duelt into that land,
How euir it wes, without ony demand,
With all thair gude remoifit far awa,
And to quhat place that can I nocht weill sa.
Syne efterwart, within ane lytillspace,
The Saxonis all sat doun into that place.

Quhen this Hungest his purpos had cumd till,
And gottin had all his desyre and will,
Sone efter that, within ane lytill quhile,
He vmbethocht him of ane grittar wyle,
How that he micht of his purpos prevail,
And mak the Britis dalie for to fail.

Ane sle Saxone, that wes ane subtill freik,
That wes perfitt the Brit langage to speik,
This ilk Hungest that tyme he did him leir
How he sulde sa, as 3e sall efter heir.

To Wortigerne he gart him pas in hy,
With fals fictioun and feinzeit fantasy,
Syan to him in Pechtland he had bene,
And in that tyme thair he had hard and sene
So greit prouisioun for battell and weir,
Of men and hors, harnes and vther geir,
Of Scot and Pecht, with sic blythnes and gloir,
In Albione sic saw he neur befoir.
Without of force tha had bene maid to fail,
Richt sone thay think thir boundis to assail,
With so greit curage and crudelitie,  
That auffull is othere to heir or se.  
Ane hundreth men that waillit war and wycht  
Waponis to weild all cled in armour bricht,  
Rycht hardalie this tyne hes wndertane  
On this Hungest alluterlie allane,  
" Ay for to wait quhair thow gois in the feild,  
" Neuir to tak rest quhilt thow be tane or keild.  
" The thing in erth this da tha desyre maist,  
" It is thi deid, I warne the weil, Hungest.  
" Full weil th a wait and th war quyte of the,  
" Within schort quhile that all Britane suld be,  
" And all the Britis also thairintill,  
" Without reskew at thair plesour and will."  
Quhen this wes said that tyne befoir the king.  
Quhilk wes absait richt far of that thing,  
Far fra the rycht suppois he hard him raif,  
Zitin all thing richt grit credens him gaif;  
And in the tyme he said to this Hungest,  
" My afald freind, this da that I luif best,  
" I zow beseik of zour gude counsall heir,  
" In so grit perrell as I se appeir,  
" On euerie hand with sic danger and dreid,  
" Without zour help I will cum lidder speid."  
This ilk Hungest to him agane said he,  
" At zour command I sall ay reddie be,  
" To quhat purpois ze pleis to put me to,  
" In word and wark and all thing I can do."  
Ane vther Saxone standand wes besyde,  
That this Hungest befoir had gart prouyde  
Into that caus quhat counsal he sould give,  
Onto the king he said, "Sir, with zour leve,  
" Commove zow nocht, ze ar in litill dout  
" Of Scot and Pecht, or ony berne about,  
" So ze will do my counsall in this cace."  
And thus he said vnto the kingis grace:

_LIB. 8, F. 123._
_COL. 1._
HOW ANE SAXONE GAIF COUNSALL TO WORTIGERNUS.

"Tak gude Orsa\(^1\) quhilk is Hungestus bruther,
"To do sic thing abillest of ony vther;
"Gar him remane foirnent Armorica,
"With all the Saxonis in Britania,
"With wyfe and barnis their to byde and be,
"Endlang the coist in strenthis be the se,
"Quhair tha ma pleneiss and mak polcie
"Within thame self, but ony cumpany.
"Sua at all tyme tha ma all reddie be,
"Gif ony navin cumis to the se,
"Into Britane out of Armorica,
"Ressaue 3our freind and to repel 3our fa.
"Hungestus sone, callit Occa to name,
"Wyss into weir and fluresand in fame,
"Caus him to cum into Britania,
"With new power out of Saxonia,
"For to remane beyond the watter of Humber,
"And mak 3ow quy of Scot and Pechtis cummer.
"Hungest him self remane heir with 3ow still,
"All 3our desyr and plesour to fulfill;
"On euerie syde so sal 3e soner be
"In pece and rest and greit tranquillitie;
"Sen 3e ma haif so greit supple in ncid,
"Thair is no caus quhairfoir that 3e sald dreed."

HOW OCCA, THE SONE OF HUNGESTUS, COME IN BRITANE FRA SAXONE, AND BROCHT WITH HIM TEN THOUSAND MEN OF WEIR TO SUPPLE WORTIGERNUS.

This Wortigerne, that thocht his counsall gude,
To Hungestus he said quhair that he stude,

\(^1\) In MS. Wint.
"I now beseik, in all the haist ze ma,  
"Send for your sone the nobill young Occa,  
"With new support to cum in our supple;  
"Richt riallie he sall ressaut be."

Hungest he said, "Thocht I dar nocht deny  
"Your grace, this tyme for this ressoun and quhy  
"That ma I nocht, without damnage and skayth  
"Into Saxone of land and freindis baith;  
"No gyde tha haif into that land bot he."

All that he said of greit subtillitie,  
As it had bene richt far aganis his will,  
Syne at the last consentit hes thairtill.

Sone efter that this ilk foirsaid Occa
Ten thousand men out of Saxonia
In Britane brocht, that war bayth bald and wicht,
Bodin for battell all in armour bricht,
With wyffe and barne richt mony out of number;
Syne sat all doun beyond the water of Humber,
Richt peceablie without ony demand,
Syne callit it to name Northumberland;
And ay sensyne, quha lykes for to luke it,
Continewalie that same name it hes brukit.

**How Hungest Requeistit the King to Pas with Him to Londissia.**

Quhen Hungest knew that tha war cuming thair,  
As he dewysit richt weill of befoir,
Thair boundis all and bigging but ganestand
War vacand than and reddie to thair hand,
Fra Hummer water that tyme evin to Tueid,
It wes our sawin with the Saxonis seid.

This ilk Hungest reuyrit than the king,  
Beseiking him of his gude grace benyng,  
To pas with him on to Londoisia,  
To se his wyse and dochter Roxana:  
His sone Occa with mony nobill man,  
In his supple he hes brocht with him than,
This Wortigerne thairof wes weill content,
With greit triumph syne to Londesia went,
With knicht, squyer, and mony bald barroun,
In gude array tha raid all to the toun.
To Tuyn castell this Hungest had the king,
Quhair that his wyffe and Roxana the zing
Ressauit him at all poynt with plesance,
And all the honour pertening to ane prince.
This Wortigerne, as my author did sa,

Throw fantasie of this Roxiana,
Of hir sic plesour he had in that tyde,
That nicht at supper sat him self besyde,
Talkand of love and makand merrie cheir,
Betuix thame tua that plesand wes till heir.
Quhill at the last dame Venus cruell dart
Hes persit him quhair he sat throw the hart,
Quhilk causit him his honour to neglect,
And in his fame to put so foull ane blek;
His awin ladie vnmaculat and clene,
Quhilk wes his wyfe and als his lauchfull quene,
Repellit hes but ony caus him fra,
And weddit hes this ilk Roxiana,
Quhilk wes ane gentiell that tymne vnchrist,
And enemie als to the faith of Christ:
Vnsemand wes to sic ane Cristin king,
For beistlie lust for to commit sic thing.
Kent schyre al haill, as plesit him to haif,
To this Hungest that samin tymne he gaif,
With boundis braid to bruke baith vp and doun,
And strentsis all, baith castell, tour and toun;
And all the Britis gart remoif richt far
Into that land that tymne that duelland war.
Syne to Hungest and to the Saxonis seid,
Tha landis gaif to pleneis and possed:
To Lundoun toun syne efter[wart] is gone,
With this Hungest and Saxonis mony one.
HOW ROXIANA, THE DOCHTER OF HUNGESTUS, WES CROWNIT QUENE OF BRITANE INTO LUNDOUN.

Roxiana, that wes baith bricht and schene, 
Into Lundoun hes crownit to be quene. 
Schir Wortimer, of quhome befoir I spak, 
The kingis sone, into his mynd did tak 
Richt greit anger that his fader the king 
Injustlie that he hes done sic thing: 
To the bischop of Lundoun for the tyme, 
Maid sair complaynt of his faderis falt and 
cryme.

This ilk bischop, Wodyinus hecht to name, 
In all Britane of sanctitude and fame 
Had no compairand of his auctoritie, 
This Wortigerne thairof soir blamit he; 
For he that wes ane Cristin king and prince, 
Agane his faith had done so grit offence, 
To tak ane pagane for to be his peir; 
His lauchfull wyfe sum tyme to him so deir, 
For fie[s]chlie lust and beistlie appetyte, 
Withoutin caus to do hir sic dispyle, 
For to expell furth of his bed and bour 
In all hir tyme that wes of sic honour. 
Grit lak it wes to him in all his lyfe, 
Ane infidell syne to wed on to his wyffe. 
Quhen he had said and schawin his intent, 
This Wortigerne richt soir than did repent 
Agane his faith so far he suld offend, 
In tyme to cum sayand that he suld mend. 
Throw greit displesour that he tuke betuene, 
The bitter teiris birst out fra bayth his ene, 
With mony sich and sob into the tyde. 
This ilk Hungest, that wes neir hand besyde, 
Or ony wist, into the tyme drew neir; 
And fand this king makand so mad ane beir,
And blamit him into the tyme richt soir,
Quhat wes the caus sayand, quhy and quhairfoir,
His wedding feist he had so maculat
With mad murning and with so soir degrat?

How Hungest Gart Slay the Bishop of Lundoun, because he repreuit Wortigerne that put his Wyfe away and tuke ane vnfaithful Woman.

On this bishop gart handis la in hy,
Baith preist and clerk that standand wes thairby,
And had thame all into ane quyet place;
Quhen he thocht tyme without mercie or grace,
But dome or law, be his auctoritie
Richt saikleslie he maid thame all to de.
Young Wortymer, the kingis sone, also
For that same caus he hes gart seik to slo;
And had nocht bene he fled into the tyme,
He than [had] deit for the samin cryme.
Quhen this wes done, syne efter on ane da
This Hungest wrait vnto his sone Occa
Richt secreitlie, and gaif to him command,
That all the strenthis into Northumberland,
Gif that he culb be slight or zit ingyne,
Fra Eborac onto the water of Tyne,
In his keipinig to tak thame all ilkane;
And for to stuff ilk castell maid of stane,
And moir and moir the Britis euerie da,
For to molest in all thing that he ma.
To Scot and Pecht he sould do na injure,
Bot all the landis leve into thair cuir,
To occupie at thair plesour and neid,
That tyme liand betuix Tyne and Tucid.
HOW OCCA DID THE COMMAND OF HIS FATHER.

This Occa did all his father's command; The strenthis all into Northumberland, Sone efter that, or fourtie dais wer gone, Throw slicht and force he tuke thame all ilkone: Syne fenzet causis as he culd anew, And all the nobillis of that land he slew, And flemit mony for richt litill thing. Syne quhen he wes accusit with the king, He said, als far as he richt wnderstude, All that he did wes for the kingis gude. For-quhy, he said, the men all that he slew, War tratoriris all and to the king vntrew: The strenthis all war in Northumberland, Tha thocht to put into the Scottis hand; And had he nocht remedit in the tyme, That knew so weill thair counsell and thair cryme, Lang or that tyme, he said, richt weill he knew, Britane for euir tha had maid for to rew. With fenzet falsheid and with flattering, This ilk Occa so plesit hes the king.

HOW HUNGEST PAT ORDOURE AMANG HIS MEN IN KENT.

Sone efter that, this Hungest on ane day Onto Kentschire he tuke the reddie way, For to mak reule and ordour in his land; To euerie man than gaif ane strait command, In pane of deith that tha sould ane and all, Fra that tyme furth the king of Kent him call. Of all tha boundis neirby his land that la, Baith man and wyfe he flemit far awa;
With bigging bair that tyme, baith but and ben,
Tha left all waist to Hungest and his men.
Ouir all the land the kirkis gart distroy,
To kirkmen als he did richt mekle noy.
Tha that wer young, and big of bone and blude,
He put thame all into vile seruitude,
And all the laif richt far he hes gart fle,
Or with sum stres than maid thame all to de.
Devoit wemen that war of religioun,
Defoullit thame and kest thair placis doun;
So wranguslie thus he ane lang tyme wrocht,
Qhill that Britane all wes put to nocht.

HOW ALL THE LORDIS OF BRITANE, IN LUNDOUN ON ANE DA, REPREUIT WORTIGERNE FOR THE MANTEINYNG OF HUNGEST.

The nobillis all than of Britania,
Befoir the king in Lundoun on ane da,
The soir compla[n]t tha maid of this Hungest,
Sayand be him tha war rycht far opprest:
And how the pepill puneist war so soir
Be this Hungest, as I haif said befoir,
That I neid nocht heir to rehers agane;
Repreuithes richtschortlie into plane
This Wortigerne, bairand on him the feid,
Sayand richt sone, without he fand remeid,
Britane for ay he wald gar bring to nocht,
For ony way that efter can be wrocht;
Qhairof, tha said, that he liad all the wyte.
Into his face richt lang with him tha flyte,
That paneful wes to heir thair pley and pleid,
Sayand richt sone, and he find nocht remeid,
That all Britane, richt weill ilkone tha knew,
That he wes borne for euirmoir wald rew.
How Wortigerne wes disparit baith of
Hungest and the Britis, that he wes so
perplexit that he wist nocht quhat
suld be done, puttand of the tyme.

This Wortigerne of wane that wes so will,
Wist nocht richt weill quhat he suld sa thairtill.
Richt sad in mynd and havie into hart,
Suspect he wes richt far of euerie part.
Richt weill he knew this Hungest, and he mocht,
For his distruccione all his tyme he wrocht;
The Britis all richt so for the most feit,
In all his tyme he held thame ay suspect.
For weill he wist that tha luifit him nocht,
For the greit tressoun that himself had wrocht,
So saikleslie Constantius quhen he slew,
Schort quhile befoir as I heir to 30w schew.
With grit silence he lute the tyme pas by,
Disparit for with greit melancoly,
That he wist nother quhat to do nor sa,
With sleipand sleuth dryvand ouir da be da,
That he wist nocht at quhat end to begin,
Throw negligence lattand the tyme ouir ryn.

How Wortigerne wes depryuit of his Croun,
and his [Sone] Wortimerus crownit King
of Britis.

Off all Britane the lordis on aue da,
In conventioun, as my author did sa,
Depryuit hes this Wortigerne thair king
Of his kinrik, his sceptour and his ring.
Syne in the Walis in aue presoun strang
Tha closit him, quhair he remanit lang.
Sone efterwart, as I sall schaw 30w heir,
Syne crownit hes his sone young Wortimer,
With hail consent of Britane to be king,
Decretit so wes baith with ald and zing.
The Saxonis than, that war baith fierce and fell,
Fra Albione tha schupe for to repell;
And or tha wald to that battell proceid,
Of thair purpois for to cum better speid,

How Wortimerus, eftir he was crownit
King of Britis, send ane herald to the
King of Scottis, askand at him supple
Aganis Hungestus.

To king of Scottis ane herald sone tha send,
At grit laser all thing fra end to end
Qulilk schew to him, as I haif said zow plane,
That I neid nocht heir to rehers agane,
Of this Hungest and his enormitie,
Of Wortigerne and his miseritie,
Of Wortimer how he wes crownit king,
And thocht to be revengit of that thing.
Beseikand him of his help and supple,
Richt freindfullie with all humanitie,
Agane the fa of Christ and halie kirk,
So wranguslie ane lang quhile had done wirk.
The haill fassone he schew to him at lenth,
With fals tressone as he had tane ilk strenth
Into Kent schire and als into Northumberland,
Wes none so stout that durst mak him ganestand.
And how he had gart cast the kirkis doun;
Baith men and wemen of religioun,
Destroyit hes ane richt greit multitude,
Syn ane laif put in vile seruitude.
And war he nocht resistit be sum way,
Sone eftir that he wist weill, and he may,
Fra Albione or he thocht to disseuer,
The kirk of Christ he sulld destroy for euir.
Beseikand him, as he wes Cristin prince,
For halie kirk he wald mak sum defence.
Also that tyme he gart him knaw perfyte,
How Wortigerne wes all the caus and wyte
Of baith the battellis that war last gone by;
Beseikand him that tyme richt reuerentlie,
For to considder baith the gude and ill,
And wyte thame nocht it wes agane their will.
Promitting a[ll]s the landis les and moir,
At thair plesour evin as tha had befoir,
Fra Tueidis bank on to the water of Humber,
Fra euir moir but ony clame or cummer.
So wes decreittit in the parliament,
In Lundoun toun with all thair haill consent,
Of king and lordis ilkane be thair name,
For euir moir withoutin ony clame.

HOW CONGALLUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, GAIF ANSWER
BE COUNSALL OF HIS LORDIS TO THE BRITANE HERALD.

This king Congall, be counsell of his lordis,
To him agane thir wordis he recordis:
" Gude freind," he said, "befoir I haif hard tell,
" How that the Saxonis furious and fell,
" In Albione so wranguslie did wirk
" Agane the faith of Christ and halie kirk,
" And how tha schupe with grit injure and noy,
" In Albione the faith of Crist distroy;
" And how tha war thair ennimie and fo.
" Soir I forthink," he said, "that it is so.
" And for to schaw my grit humanitie,
" To 3ow this tyme of lufe and cheritie,
" Quhilk I am oblist of the law to wirk,
" In the defence of God and halie kirk."
How the Herald syne passit to the King of Pechtis, and syne efter Hame to Lundoun with his answer.

Quhen this wes said, the messinger in hy
To king of Pechtis sped him spedely;
With sic respons that tyme as he him gaif,
At his plesour thair wes bot ask and haif.
The messinger thairof he wes full fane,
And in all haist he sped him hame agane
To Lundoun toun, on [to] the king richt sone,
And schew to him how that all this wes done.
Quhairof this king wes richt hartlie content;
In Lundoun toun with all thair haill consent,
In parliament befoir thame all in plane,
With Scot and Pecht new peax wes maid agane,
With ilk conditioun I spak of befoir;
The spulze all tha gart agane restoir
On euerie syde als far as tha mycht get,
Syne all injure forgevin and forget.

How the King of Scottis and King of Pechtis come to the feild.

This beand done as ze haif hard me schaw,
Richt haistilie till armis all did draw;
The king of Scottis and Pechtis tuke the feild,
With eueri wicht that wapin weill culd weild,
And maid na stop that tyme without ganestand,
Qhill that tha come into Northumberland.
Occa that tyme that weill thair cuming knew,
With all the Saxonis pleneist had of new
All haill that land, at their plesour and will,
Richt haistelic tha gatherit all him till.
Syne quhen he saw apperand of sic skayth,
That da to fecht agane tha kingis baith,
Of nobill men had sic ane multitude,
Thairfoir rycht weill that tyme he wnderstude,
He wes ourfew to fecht agane thame all,
For-quhy that da his power wes so small.
Quhairfoir he thocht the battell to delay,
Quhill efterwart that he durst thame assay,
Quhen that he saw his tyme mair oportune.
With that the Scottis and the Pechtis sone,
He set on thame thair with ane schout and cry,
In gude array quhair tha war standand by.
Thair wes noch effis bot other to do or de;
The fedderit flanis in the feild did fle,
So baldlie bait vpoun thair armour brycht,
Vpoun the land richt mony law gart lycht.
The speiris lang, that war baith traist and trew,
Aboue thair heid all into flenderis flew,
Throw birneis bricht quhair all thair ruvis
raue,
Baith scheild and targe all into pecis claue.
This Occas men, thocht tha wer neuir so wycht,
Vpoun the land tha war maid law to lycht;
So vmbeset thar war on euirilk syde,
Tha tuke the sicht and micht na langar byde.
Richt mony Saxone in that feild wer slane,
And thryis als mony in the chace agane.
For gold nor ransoun that da chapit nane
Of Saxone blude, quhair euir tha war ouirtane.
Ooca him self on to the mouth of Humber
He fled awa, bot with ane litill number;
Syne to his father efter on ane da,
Into Kentschire he passit quhair he la.
How Wortimerus, King of Britis, vincust Hungestus in plane Battell, as after followis.

The Britis all richt blyth war of that thing,
And speciallie gude Wortimer the king,
He wes richt fane, 3e ma weill wnderstand,
Quhen he hard tell into Northumberland,
How that king Congall had put than to confusioun
The Saxonis all that war of sic abusioun.

Displayit hes his baneris vpoun hie,
Thairin wes Crist vpoun ane croce of tre,
Naikit and bair naliit on the rude,
With fyve woundis bleidand for ws his blude.
Syne with cleir voce proclamit ouir all quhair,
That all quhilk leuit vpone Christis lair,
In his defence sould follow and proceid.
Our all Britane tha come to him gude speid;
Fiftie thousand, as my author did sa,

Of Britis bald he wes that samin da.

Syne with Hungest besyde ane montane met
In plane battell, quhair that the feild wes set,
And vincust him without ony reskew;
Ten thousand als thair of his men he slew.
Chaisit him self on to ane strenth neirby,
Without perrell that tyme quhair he micht ly.

Syne efter that, as 3e sall wnderstand,
With all his men into Northumberland
He passit syne, to rest and to remane,
Quhill his armie renewit war agane.
And this he did, as my author did sa,

All be the counsall of his sone Occa.
Bot thair richt lang he durst nocht weill remane,
Dalie his men with Scot and Pecht wer slane;
Qhairfoir richt sone, efter ane litill we,
At Humber mouth he passit to the se.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW HUNGEST AND HIS SONE OCCA FLED IN SAXONE, AND HOW WORTIMERUS LEUIT ALL THE SAXONIS TO PAS HAME, AND OF TUA HALIE BISCHOPPIS BROCHT OUT OF GALLIA IN BRITANE.

Syne efterwart he and his sone Occa,
With all the laif onto Saxonia.
The Saxonis all into the feild war tone,
This Wortimer he fred thame all ilkone,
Without ransoun or zit captiuitie,
To pas all hame at thair awin libertie.
Hungestus dochter, fair Roxiana,
With child consauit, my author did sa,
In Lundoun toun gart keip hir as ane quene,
Quhill efterwart the suith thairof wes sene.
This Wortimer syne efter on ane da,
Tua halie bischoppis out of Gallia
In Britane broucht, amang [thame] to remane,
The faith of Christ for to renew agane.
The tane he hecht Germanus to his name;
The tother Lupus' of richt nobill fame.
Grit diligence vpoun thame bayth tha tuke,
And mony lang nycht without sleip tha woik,
The faith of Christ agane for to restoir
To sic perfectioun as it had befoir.
The Britis war of so grit vanitie,
That all thair tyme thai loutit neweltie,
And reddie ay thair awin faith to refuss,
And Gentill ryte, idolatrie, till vss.
Thir halie men tha sufferit mekle pane,
Or tha culd weil reforme all thing agane
On to sic stait as it wes wont to be,
With thair wisdome and thair auctoritie.
This Wortimer, qubilk wes ane nobill king,
Richt diligent [he wes] into sic thing.

1 In MS. Vpeis.
And da nor nycht that tyme he ceissit nocht 
Quhill all Britane on to the faith wes brocht. 
In all Britane wes neuir ane better king, 
Quhill he had tyme and lassar for to ring: 
Bot fals Fortoun at all thing hes invy 
Quhen it gois richt, and for that samin quhy, 
Doun of her quhichill scho gait him sic ane faw, 
And on his bak scho gart him lyfull law, 
With sic onrest that he rais nocht agane ; 
Qubahrof all Britane micht be richt vnfane.

How Roxiana gart poysoun Wortimerus the King. 
Quhen he had brocht all Britane in to rest, 
Roxiana, the dochter of Hungest, 
Sic menis had with seruandis of the king, 
Bud and reward that gydis euerie thing, 
Hes causit thame for ony dreid of feid, 
This Wortimer to poysoun to the deid. 
Quhat soould I say zow moir into this thing? 
Quhen poysound wes gude Wortimer the king, 
Be the tressoun of this Roxiana, 
Schort quhile befoir as ze haif hard me sa, 
His suddant deith, so haistelie of new, 
Throw Albione swyft as ane swallow flew. 
The Britis all thairat lykit full ill, 
Weipand for wo of wane tha war sa will, 
Vncertifieit tha war into sic thing 
Into that cace quhome that tha wald mak king.

How Wortigernus was restorit agane to his Croun. 
Decretit syne wes with baith les and moir, 
This Wortigerne agane for to restoir

1 In MS. hit,
On to his crow, with sword, sceptre and ring,
As he was wont of Britaine to be king.

In Lundoun town into plane parliament,
Ressay with all their haill consent,
Quhair he was sworn before [thame] all that tyde
At their counsell in all thing for to abide;
And all the feid he had at thame before,
For till forgif for than and euirmoir;
And neuir agane remember of sic thing,
In handis schuikand maid gude suithning.
Quhen this was done, with grit triumph and gloir,
This Wortigerne, as he was wont before,

Our all Britane he rangoure king and prince,
And gart reforme all wrang and violence.
Thair was all thing was neidfull till be done,
At his command it was fulfillit sone,
And hes all Britane into peax and rest;
Syne efterwart it haptit at the last,

HOW HUNGESTUS, HERAND THAT WORTIMERUS
WAS DEID, COME AGANE TO BRITANE WITH
ANE GREIT ARMIE.

This ilk Hungest of quhome before I spak,
As that my author did me mention mak,
To Tames mouth ane rycht gret multitude,
Richt mony schip he brocht attour the flude;
Occa his sone and his awin brether tua,
With mony nobill in Germania,
In sic ordour with grit triumph and gloir,
In Albione as he come neur before.
Quhen this was schawin to Wortigerne the king,
Rycht far he was commouit at that thing,
Full well he wist it was for litill gude,
That he come thair with sic ane multitude;
For he had kend of his tressoun before,
And for that caus he dred him all the moir.
Incontinent proclamit with ane cry,
That euerie man suld redde be in hy,
On the best wayis als gudlie as he may,
To meit in Lundoun on the auchtane day.
And so thae did withoutin ony ganestand,
The lordis all and baronis of that land,
And commoun pepill than bayth les and mair,¹
Micht wapin weild or ony harnes bair.
In Lundoun toun the lordis all ilkone,
With Wortigerne to counsall all ar gone,
Amang thame all for to devyss the best,
For to provyde aganis this ilk Hungest.

**How Hungestus send ane Oratour to the Britis for to schaw thame his Mynd, the quhilk Hungest that tyme was richt far dissimulat.**

Off thair counsall quhen this Hungestus knew,
He thocht it wes grit perrell to persew
His purpois than be strenth and way of deid,
Traistand thairof for to cun lidder speid.
He knew so weill the haitrent and invye
The Britis had at him, and for that quilh,
He durst nocht weill so grit thing wnder tak,
Or dreid he turnit him baith to schame and lak:
Quhairfoir he thocht sen it stude him in sic neid,
Be way of slicht to his purpois proceid.
Ane oratour than hes he maid to go
To Wortigerne and his lordis also;
In Lundoun toun, befoir thame all in feir,
He said to thame as I sall say 3ow heir.

¹ In MS. *meir.*
"O royall prince! in thi hie majestie,
"Hungest my lord richt gudlie greitis the,
"And all the nobillis that ar in their land,
"Lattand zow wit this tyme and wnderstand,
"That his cuming sua haistelie wes zow till,
"Is all for gude and no way for zour ill.
"For quhy ze knaw ilkone boith les and moir,
"So oft for zow he bled his blude befoir,
"And in his mynd no other zit will mene,
"Bot keip kyndnes siclike befoir hes bene,
"That thinkis ay quhill he hes strenth to stryve,
"To all Britis than levand ar on lyfe.
"The caus quhy wes of his cuming heir,
"As ze sall wit but ony dout or weir,
"Now at this tyme, wes for na other thing
"Bot for to help gude Wortigerne the king,
"Revengit be of tha tratouris wntrew,
"Gude Wortimer his sone with poysoun slew.
"And mair attourir, ze knaw be commoun law,
"As ressoun Wald, of proper det he aw
"On to his oy, sone of Roxiana,¹
"Apperand prince now of Britania,
"Tutour to be as ressoun wald and skill.
"For thir caussis, and for na other ill,
"Ze sall beleif this tyme that he come heir,
"He hes in mynd thairof, I zow requier,
"To grant him self in Britane to remane,
"Quhair plesis zow in previe or in plane,
"With so mony as plesis zow to void,
"And all the laif at zour command this tyde,
"At zour plesour for to pas hame agane,
"And in this land na langar to remane.
"And als thairwith he dois zow wnderstand,
"He covettis nother castell, toun nor land; ²

¹ In MS. Roxiana.
² In MS. Roriona.
“Nor na lordschip at zow this tyme will craue,
"Siclike befoir as he wes wont to haif,
"Except thair riches and thair proper gude,
"Tha boucht befoir rycht deir with thair awin blude,
"The quhilk tha left behind thame in Kente schyre;
"Na vther thing this tyme tha will desyre.
"The thing this tyme that most desyris he,
"At commoning with Wortigerne to be,
"Quhair plesis him in ony tyme or tyde,
"With equale number vpoun euerie syde;
"And thair the mater all baiith moir and les,
"At lenth and laser commoun and redres,
"And all faltis, gif ony war befoir,
"And peax to mak perpetuailie euirmoir;
"And freindlie love ilkane to vther schaw,
"As he that wes his darrest sone in law,
"And to forgiff all feid that wes befoir:
"At zow this tyme he will desyre no moir.”

HOW HUNGESTUS DESYRE WAS SCHAWIN TO WORTIGERNUS, AND HOW WORTIGERNE DRED HIS TRESSOUN.

Quhen this was said into plane parliament,
Quhair all the lordis at that tyme war present
In audience of Wortigerne thair king,
Tha tuke ane da to anise thame of that thing.
The lordis all that tyme for the most fecht,
Tha dred Hungest and held him richt suspect,
With sic petie he did than imploir,
Tha knew so weill his falsheid of befoir;
Dreidand also, and he his tyme micht se,
Gif efterwart so hapnit for to be,
Be strenth or slicht, or ony subtille charme,
He sould revenge the greit injure and harme.
Into Kent schire wes done him of befor.
This said tha all the lordis les and moir,
And counsell gaif into that tyme that he
With gold and richesould rewardit be;
And mak freindschip for ald feid and for new,
In tyme to cum ay to be leill and trew;
Ilkane to vther ay curtas and heynd,
And this Hungest to callit be thair freind;
But pleid or pley for to pas hame thair wa,
With all thair power into Germania.
Assurand him gif that plesit him nocht,
That he suld find far scharper than he brocht.

HOW HUNGEST AND WORTIGERNUS MET AT COM-
MONYNG, AND HOW HUNGEST DISSAUIT WOR-
TIGERNUS.

Richt mony wes into that multitude,
Apprevit weill that that counsall wes gude;
Zit neuirtheles consentit to that thing,
That this Hungest suld commoun with the king.
For thai wist weill it micht hurt thame rycht nocht,
Bot for to knaw the secreit of his thocht,
Gif his desyr wer honorabil and gude,
At thair counsall and at his plesour till dude;
And gif it war agane the commoun weill
Be his desyr, as tha ma richt sone scill,
He neidit nocht to do bot as him lest;
The haill counsall thocht all that that wes best.

OFF THE MEITTING OF WORTIGERNE AND HUNGEST.

Ane plesand place, as that my author sais,
Qhilk callit wes Sares into thae daís,
Neirby the se quhair foundit wes ane ferrie,
Now in this tyme callit is Sarisberrie,
Vpoun ane planke the tyme and place wes set,
Quhair that the king and this Hungest[us] met. 25,390
Thre hundreth nobillis vpoun euerie syde,
Without wapone or armour in the tyde,
Dreidles of harme that tyme or ony skaith,
Amiddis the feild betuix their oistis baith;
And this Hungest wes suornet to be trew,
Without tressone for ald feid or for new.
Syne Wortigerne and this Hungest is gone,
Hand for hand togidder thame allone;
Siclike ilk Saxoun as I wnderstand,
Ay with ane Brit togidder hand for hand,
In sindrie pairtis vp and doun the plane,
At commoning ane lang quhile did remane;
And quhat it wes I can nocht richt weill tell,
Bot harkin and heir how efterwart befell.

Lib.8,f.126.  Col. 1.

HOW THE SAXONIS SLEW THE BRITIS WITH TRESSOUN.

This ilk Hungest that ordand had befoir,
That ilk Saxone with him baith les and moir,
Richt quietlie, quhairof nane had beleif,
Ane lang dager suld turss into his sleif:
Syne suddantlie, quhen he ane taikin maid,
That euerie man withoutin ony baid,
But ony stop or studie in that steid,
Suld stik his marrow in the tyme to deid.
And so thai did quhen he ane taikin schew,
Richt suddantlie the Britis all thae slew;
Or euer tha wist, fra thame chapit nane
Of all the Britis in the tyme bot ane,
Heddol to name, richt stoutlie in that stryfe,
Qubilk fra ane Saxone ruidlie raf his knyfe,
And sindrie Saxonis thairwithall he slew,
Syne manfullie him awin self did reskew.
HOW WORTIGERNE\(^1\) WAS TANE AND LED TO THEIR TENTIS.

Quhen this wes done the multitude all fled;
The king wes tane and to their tentis hied,
And festnit fast with fetteris, fit and hand;
Syne all his armie that lay on the land,
Into Kent schire richt sone he hes thame brocht. 25,425
The Britis all seing sic tressoun wrocht,
Thair king that tyme so tressonable wes tane,
And all the lordis slane siclike ilkane,
Throw fals tressoun with greit crudelitie,
Traistand thairof for to revengit be,
With all thair power pertlie on ane plane,
Convenit hes to gif him feild agane,
Contrair Hungest and his auctoritie;
In that intent all erar for to die,
Or than to be revengit, gif tha mocht,
Of that tressoun that this Hungest had wrocht.
Syne quhen tha saw thair power wes so small,
Without ane king and captane als with all,
Or governour than other les or moir,
Thair lordis all war slane ilkane befoir
With fals tressone, as ze aboue ma reid,
Traistang thairfoir thasulcum hulie speid,
Skailit thair ost; syne tuke ane uther reid,
And euerieman zeid hame to his awin steid.

HOW WORTIGERNUS GAIF OUR ALL THE STRENGTHS IN BRITANE TO HUNGEST, AND PAST WITH ALL THE BRITIS [IN] WALIS, AND REMANIT THAIR ALL HIS Tyme.

This Wortigerne the quhilk in presoun la,
Sic dreid of deid had boith nicht and da,

\(^1\) In MS. Hungest.
Throw greit monisioun that tha to him maid,
The strenthis all into Britane but baid,
With gold and riches ilkane as it standis,
Deliverit hes in this Hungestus handis.
Quhen that wes done, Hungest gaif him command,
With all the Britis that war in that land,
Pas to the Wales and thair to remane,
And in tha boundis neur to cum agane;
With wyffe and barne thair to remane and duell,
Richt solitar all tyme amang thame sell.
With public voce proclamit syne in plane,
Attour command quha did langar remane
Efter the da affixin wes and sett,
All his guidis to tyne of proper dett:
Him self also be in Hungestus will,
To quhat torment he pleis to put him till.

HOW WORTIGERNE FOR DREID OF HUNGEST STAW
IN THE WALIS, AND OF ANE NEW ARMIE
THAT COME OUT OF SAXONE.

This Wortigerne, full of defence and cair
With all the Britis that tyme les and mair,
Of this Hungest he stude so mekill aw,
Richt quietlie on to the Walis he staw,
Without wapone or armour for to weir,
But bow or brand, buklar, scheild or speir,
And durst nocht turs, or be so pert to preve,
With thame moir geir nor he wald gif thame leve.
This Wortigerne syne, as my author sais,
Remanit thair in trobill all his dais.
Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me sa,
Thair come fra Saxone efter on ane da,
To this Hungest qubair he wes in Britane,
With wyffe and barne richt mony nobill man,
With men of craft and lauboraris of the land, 25,480
In so greit number as I wnderstand, 25,485
That Wortigerne with all his power hail, 25,490
To his power wes of litill availl.

Syne efterwart in Lundoun on ane da, 25,495
This ilk Hungest, as my author did sa, 26,500
Ressauit hes into plane parliment
Sceptour and eourn, with all their hail consent,
In stait royall amang thame for to ring,
Our all Britane of Saxonis to be king.
Syne changit hes the name I wnderstand,
And efter him gart call it Hungest land;
And all his pepill als gif I rycht ken,
Efter him self gart call thame Hungest men:
And now Ingland and Inglismen with all,
Be corruptioun of langage now we call.

HOW HUNGEST GART SLA ALL THE BRITIS THAT
REMANIT IN BRITANE EFTER THE PASSAGE
OF WORTIGERNE IN THE WALIS, AND OF THE
GRIT DISTRUCTIOUN HE MAID OF HALIE KIRK.

Quhen this wes done, withoutin ony baid,
Ouir all Britane greit inquisitioun maid,
Quhair ony wes fund of the Britis blude,
That this edick or zit command ganestude,
Without discretioun quhair euir tha war fund,
Baith ȝoung and ald in ony garth or grund,
That had no strenth nor power for to fle,
Richt doggitlie he maid thame all to de.
I can nocht weill heir expreme to ȝow plane,
In this mater suppois I wald remane
Ane ȝeir and moir continewalie to wirk,
The grit injure tha did till halie kirk.
The tempillis all, that war of lyme and stone,
Distroyit hes and kest thame doun ilkone;
The kirkmen als, that dalie thairin sang,
Sum tha gart heid and ȝther sum tha gart hang.
And sum thae pat into vyle seruitude;
With sic destruction of the nobill blude,
In till all part of Britane far and neir,
That horribill wes into that tyme till heir.
War all the marteris put into memoritie
Tha maid that tyme, as I fynd in my storie,
Tha wald exceed of number, be my dome,
The marteris far that maid war into Rome.
My wit this tyme is vsufficient
For to expremes sua mony innocent
That tholit deid thair for the faith of Christ,
Be tha bouchouris quhilk war vnbaptist.
In kirk and queir syne of the pagane wyss,
Quhair Christ wes offerit into sacrificys
With preist and prelate euery da befoir,
Thair idollis thair tha set vp les1 and moir,
With all thair micht thairfoir to magnifie
Mahoun thair maister with fals mamontrie.

HOW AMBROS AURELIUS COME FRA ARMORICA WITH
ANE ARMIE IN THE WALIS, AND WAN WOR-
TIGERNE, THE KING OF BRITIS.
In this same time Ambros Aurelius,
That bruther wes to king Constantius,
And sone also to Constans of greit fame,
With his bruther that Vter hecht to name,
In bark and barge, and mony gay gala,
Come furth thae tyme out of Armorica,
With ane greit armie furneist to the se,
Of Wortigernus to revengit be;
Quhilk saikleslie his eldest bruther slew,
Constantius, as I befoir heir schew,
With ane fals trane that he wrocht by tresone,
Syne wrangualie he held fra him his croun;

1 In MS. yp and les.
Into the Walis sone eftwr tuke the land.
This Wortigerne that reddie wes at hand,
In rayit battell bydand with the Britis,
That samyn tyme, as that my author writis,
Quhen that the feild wes reddie for to june,
And all the trumpettis blawand vp in tune;
The Britis all that tyme for the maist part,
This Wortigerne so haittit with thair hart,
Into the feild thal left him thair alone,
And to Ambros thal come that tyme ilk one.

HOW WORTIGERNE FLED TO ANE STRENGTH, QUHAIN
HE WES SEIGIT AND BRINT WITH WYFFE AND
BARNIS TO DEITH.

This Wortigerne thairof wes soir adred;
Out of the feild richt sone away he fied
On to ane castell of his awin nearby.
This Ambross than him followit hasteyle,
And laid ane seig about the hous richt sone;
Thair lang thal la and litill thing wes done.
That hous it stude vpone ane strenght so strang,
Quhen thal had lyne at the seig so lang,
Ambrosius he gave command in hy,
On fra ane wod that wes neir hand by,
That eurie man richt mony tre suld bring,
About the hous syne nar the wallis fling.
And so thal did into grit quantitie,
About that hous thal laid richt mony tre,
Qhill thal excedit all the wall on hicht,
Syne set thame sone into ane bleis full bricht;
Qhillik brint the hous that tyme in poulder
small,
And Wortigerne with wyffe and barnis all.
Thus endit he that so greit tressoun wrocht,
Quhairby he put all braid Britane to nocht.
Aurelius quhilk did till him concerne,
Efter the deid of this ilk Wortigerne,
Of all Britane the crom to bruke the richt,
To him thair come richt mony worthie wicht,
Baith zoun and ald that war of Britis blude,
Dalie tha come into greit multitude;
Exhortand him agane for to reskew
His heretage that laitlie of the new,
And his pepill that wes so far opprest
Be the fals tressoun of this ilk Hungest;
So wranguslie alway that he did wirk
Agane the law and faith of halie kirk;
Quhairof thair said tha wald revengit be,
Or on ane da all into battell de.

HOW AURELIUS MAID PEAX AGANE WITH THE
KING OF SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS, AND GAT
THAIR SUPPLE AGANE THE SAXONIS OR HE
MICHTE PREVAILL.

Aurelius considderit weill and knew
Be thair talking that tyme he wes ouir few;
Thairfoir he thocht he micht with better will,
At his plesour his purpos to fulfill.
And or he wald in that mater proceid,
Into gude hoip for to cum better spied,
To Congallus ane messinger he send,
Besekand him of help for to defend
The faith of Christ, as he wes Cristin knycht,
Of halie kirk for to debait the richt,
And for the faith he aucht to Jesu Christ,
Agane thair broubis that war vnbaptist,
And fra Hungest that tratour so vntrew,
That he wald help his kinrik to persew.
This Congallus thairof he wes content,
And all the laif that tyme that war present,
Promittand him richt hartlie with gude will,
At tyme and place that he sall cum him till,
Efter his power with help and supple,
In all the haist that he mycht reddie be.
The messinger thairof he wes content:
To king of Pechtis passit incontinent,
Qhilk callit wes Lothus that tyme to name;
In Alblione wes none of grittar fame,
Stalwart and strang, and of ane large stature,
Baith zounge and fair, and rycht plesand of nature;
Qhilk wes richt blyth that tyme quhen he did
heir
All the desyr of this ilk messinger;
And grantit him rycht glaidlie with his hart,
In that purpois all tyme to tak his part,
Efter his power hartlie with gude will;
Syne set ane da quhen he suld cum him till.

**HOW THE MESSINGER PASSIT TO AURELIUS AND SChEW HIS ANSWER.**

This messinger quhen he hard him sa so,
Thankit the king and tuke his leif to go;
Syne passit hame withoutin ony moir,
And schew all thing that he had hard befoir,
Ilk word be word to this Aurelius;
How he wes treittit with this Congallus,
With euerie Scot siclike and euerie Pecht,
And how thir kingis baith hes to him hecht
At tyme and place to meit him with gud will,
Qhair plesis him for to assigne thame till.

**HOW THE BRITIS COME FURTH OF SINDRIE PARTIS TO AURELIUS.**

The Britis all that tyme, baith les and moir,
In sindrie landis qhair thai duelt befoir,
Ay everilk man quhair that him lykit best,
For to vmschew the danger of Hungest,
Into that tyme, my storie tellis thus,
Tha come ilkoneto this Aurelius.

Quhilk wes content rycht weill of all tha thingis,
And of the ansuer also of tha kingis;
Syne sped him sone, in all the haist he mycht,
Agane Hungest for to reskew his richt,
On fit and hors and mony nobill man

Of Armorick and also of Britane,
With birny, brasar, bow and feddrit flane,
All in ane will for to reskew agane
Kynrik and croun with law and libertie,
And of Hungest for to revengit be,

The ennimie of Christ and haliekirk;
Without tarieneuir for to tyre nor irk
Quhill he war slane, and all his men ilkone,
Or exull maid far out of Albione.

How the King of Pechtis and the King of Scottis Bruther Conranus met Aurelius with ane greit powar.

Syne efter that, vpoun the saxtane da,
The king of Pechtis hes met him in the wa,
With greit power that tyme of ane and vther,
And Conranus the king of Scottis bruther,
With mony Scot that worthie war and wicht,
With bow and brand, brasar and birny bricht.
Quha had bene thair that tyme for to half sene
The grit kyndnes and thanking thame betuene,
The curtosiethat this Aurelius
Schew to thir tua with thanking meruelous,
And brasit thame richt oft into his arme,
With plesand vult and tender wordis warme.
With sic talking tha drew the da to end,
Syne on the morne with all power did wend
Toward the place quhair that Hungestus la,
With all his Saxonis on the secund da;
Syne in ane place neirby the revar syde,
Forgane Hungest thir princes of grit pryde,
With mony roy wes royall of renoun,
Vpoune ane plane plantit thair palzeoins doun.
Syne in the field, as that tyme wes the gyiss,
Met in the middis with mony interpryiss,
On fit and hors ilk man chesit ane maik,
To just and turnay for his ladeis saik.
With mony raiss tha did the feild renew;
Raiss efter raiss ilk vther did persew.

HOW THE TUA WYNGIS WAN BAITH THAIR FEILDIS.

Syne at the last, with mony fedrit flane,
The bowmen bald hes bikkerit on the plane;
Richt scharpe schutting on ilk syde mycht be sene,
Quhen mony grume la gaippand on the grene.
Behind thair bak, the bowmen for to beild,
The grit power syne enterit in the feild.
The king of Pechtis as my author did sa,
With all his Pechtis the vangard led that da,
On the richt hand of this Aurelius;
Siclike also the nobill Conranus,
With mony Scot, that stalwart war and stuir,
On his left hand on to the feild he fuir.
Thir grumes gay qhilk war nothing agast,
War reddie all syne at ane buglis blast;
Into the feild tha enterit with grit force,
In birny bricht and mony bardit hors;
Thair scheildis raiff and all thair speiris brak,
That countering wes lyke ane thunder crak.
Than mony grume la gruffling on the grund,
And mony wycht man with mony werkand
wound;

1 In MS. *raiss.*
Richt mony freik war fellit in the feild,
And mony knicht la cald wnder his scheild.
Aurelius thairto he tuke gude waucht,
Betuix the Scottis and the Pechtis that faucht,
With all the Britis that war thair that da,
And thame he brocht out of Armorica,
Of worthie men that waponis weill culd weild,
So cruell counter maid into the feild,
And buir thame self so stalwart in that stound,
That mony freik were fellit to the ground.
Baith Scot and Pecht in the tua wingis faucht,
So rude routtis amang the Saxonis raucht,
That force it wes that tyme to thame to fle,
Or in the feild all fechtand for to de.
The middill ward quhen that the wingis fled,
Quhair Hungest faucht, tha war so soir adred,
Tha tuke the flicht, and wald no langar byde,
Efter thame fast but tarie in that tyde.
Hungest him self, with mony wyle and trane,
Requyrit thame oft for to returne agane;
For na treittie that he culd mak that tyde,
Nor ȝit for bost tha wald no langar byde.
And quhen he saw that that mycht nocht amend,
He kest fra him, that he suld nocht be kend,
His coit armour quhairin that he wes cled,
Syne on ane hors fast after thame he fled.

How Hungest tynt the Feild and fled, and
how Aurelius quirtuke him and slew him
manfullie with his awin Handis.

Aurelius persauint that richt weill,
Of his fleing that tyme qubilk had ane seill,
And efter him he drawe with all his force,
Syne with ane speir he dang him of his hors;
Out throw the bodie straik him deid to the grund,
Syne left the speir still stickand in the wound.
Occa his sone, quhilk fled into the tyde
On to ane mont wes neirhand by besyde,
Vpoun ane bay out of the feild him bair,
With mony wound that warkand war full sair.
Aurelius syne, vpoun the tother day,
To Lundoun toun he tuke the narrest way.
The soulddouris thairin that did remane,
Quhen thà hard tell Hungest thàir king wes slane,
And Occa fled with woundis werkand soir,
To saif thàme self into that tyme thàirfoir,
Aurelius thà met without the toun,
Syne on thàir kneis at hisfeit fell doun,
Beseikand him, for his greit victorie
And nobilnes, of thàme to haif mercie,
Syne thà war all in that tyme at his will,
As plesit him quhat pane to put thàme till.
Sayand thà knew that thàir iniquitie
Sertit richt weill withoutin reuth to die;
Beseikand him as he wes gratious prince,
For to remit the injure and offence
That thà had done, and freith [thàme] for to go
To thàir awin land quhàir thà befoir come fro,
Naikit and bair, baith with barne and wyffe,
But gold or gude that tyme, and saue thàir lyfe;
And thài suld sweir befoir thàme all in plane,
In Albione neuir for to cum agane.

**HOW AURELIUS THOLIT THE PUIR PEEPILL TO BYDE IN BRITANE.**

Aurellius so gratious wes and gude,
So full of meiknes and of mansuetude,
Hes sufferit thàme of his benignitie,
With[out] crabing or ʒit crudelitie,
But ony harme in thàir bodie or hurt,
To pas agane withoutin stop or stunt,
With wyffe and barne hame to Saxonia.
And so thae did syne efter on ane da
Baith gude and euill that abill war for battell,
But hors [or] harnes, withoutin corne or cattell;
The puir pepill with all houshald and geir,
Without prattik or policie in weir,
Leit thame remane thair still, I wnderstand,
As thae war wont to laubour in that land;
And all that wald turne to the fayth of Christ,
And trewin Jesu that tyme, and be baptist.

HOW AURELIUS DISTROYIT ALL THE IDOLLIS.

Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir,
Ouir all Britane he hes gart spy and speir
Quhair tempillis war biggit of manoutrie,
Quhairin thir Saxonis did oft sacrifit;
And suddantlie hes distroyit thame all,
Syne brint the idollis in poulder small.
The preistis all thairin maid sacrifit,
With all torment men culd with wit devyiss,
Richt riallie that tyme without petie,
He puneist thame for thair iniquitie.
The kirk of Christ syne gart agane restoir
To all possessionis that it had befoir,
And dot thame with far moir dignitie,
Na euir thae had and more auctoritie;
And ilk kirk man in his awin kirk set doun,
That fled befoir in mony far regioun.
The kirk of Crist wes nevir at sic honour,
Sen God wes borne, into Britane befoir.

Col. 2. HOW AURELIUS GAIF THE SCOTTIS AND THE Pechtis
ALL THE LANDIS BETUIX HUMBER AND TUEID.

This beand [so] than into Lundoun towm,
With erle and duke and mony bald barroun,
The king of Pechtis and nobill Conranus,
And speciallie be this Aurelius,
Wes tretit so be thair auctoritie,
Qhiilk schew to thame so greit humanitie,
With greit reward and honour ouir the lave,
As did pertene to sic princes to haif.
The landis all tha did befoir posseid,
Fra Humber flude on to the water of Tueid,
Tha gaif to thame, with strenthis les and moir,
In heretage evin as tha had befoir.
Perpetuall peax betuix thir kingis thre,
Confermit hes with greit affinitie.
Aurelius tua sisteris fair and gude,
That tyme he had of plesand pulchritude,
Porterit but peir, full of formositie,
Vnmaculat in clene virginitie.
Anna, the quhilk wes eldest of the laif,
In matrimonie to king of Pechtis gaif ;
Qhiilk efterwart buir to him sonis tua,
And ane dochter wes callit Cymeda,
As I sall schaw, and God will gif me grace,
Sone efterwart at ganand tyme and place.
The secund sister callit wes Ada,
To Conranus in mariag alsua,
That plesand wes full of spesiositie,
With gold and riches in grit quantitie,
Gaif to Conrane, with grit honour and gloir,
In matrimonie as I haif said befoir.
Confirmand syne with thir kingis ilkone,
Perpetuall peax ay into Albione ;
And euirmoir with asfald will and hart,
Ilkone in neid for to tak vtheris part ;
Euir to inforce with all thair fortitude,
And speciallie aganis the Saxonis blude.
The king of Pechtis, and Conranus also,
Syne tuke thair leif and baith hamewart did go.
HOW ADA, CONRANUS WYFE, DEPARTIT.

This young Ada, of quhome I spak befuir,
Conranus wyffe, ane zeir efter or moir,
Of hir first child befuir his tyme rycht lang.
The cruell dart of awfull deith so strang,
Hir and hir child, with mekill pane and wo,
Out of this warld he gydit for to go:
And so faillit that grit affinitie
Of Scot and Brit, throw lois of that ladie.

HOW CLAUDOWUS, THE KING OF FRANCE, WAS BAPTIZIT UNDER REMEGIUS, AND TUK THE FAITH OF CHRIST.

In that same tyme it hapnit ypoun chance,
Claudoweus the quhil kwes king of France,
And the fyft king als of the Frenche blude;
He wes the first, gif I richt wnderstude,
Off Frenscemen that tuke the fayth of Christ;
In that same tyme this king he wes baptist
Be ane bischop callit Remegius,
Qhubilk now in hevin ane sanct is gloriis,
Fyve hundreth zeir efter the Virgin buir
The sone of God, qhubilk hes all thing on cuir.
Thre halie bischopis in tha samin dais
In Scotland rang, as my author sais;
Ane callit Colman of greita auctoritie,
Modan and Meden war halie men all thre,
Qhubilk in thair tyme wald nocht tyre nor irk
To fortifie the faith of halie kirk;
That had grit grace into this warld thairfoir,
Tha ring in hevin now in eternal gloir.
Gude Congallus, of quhome befuir I tald,
Into that time wes febill, waik and ald,
And viscit wes with sad seiknes and soir,
Into this tyme that he mitcht leve no moir.
Syne of his ring after the tuentie zeir,
He tuke his leif and baid na langar heir;
In Ecolumkill syne graithit wes into graif,
With all honour that sic ane prince suld haif.
Ane better king I trow nor he wes one,
In all his tyme wes nocht in Albione;
Manlie in weir, and plesand into peice,
And with all leid weill louis wes but leis;
All thing zeid richt that wes wnder his cuir,
Equale he wes ay baith to riche and purir.
Me neidis nocht at this tyme him to love,
Richt weill I wait his awin deidis will prove
His nobilnes, quha lykis for to luke.
Heir endis baith his deidis and the aucht buke.

HOW CONGALLUS DEPARTIT, AND OF THE CROWN-
YNG OF CONRANUS HIS BRUThER GERMANE,
AND OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS.

Efter the deith of worthie Congallus,
His bruther germane, callit Conranus,
Crownit he wes of Scotland to be king,
Becaush his sonis that tyme wes ouir zeing.
The eldest sone he hecht Eugenius,
The seckund als wes callit Conuallus,
The zoungest brutheralso of the thre,
To name Kynnatill callit than wes he:
As I sallschaw after, be Godis grace,
Of thir brethir quhen I haif tyme and place.
This Conranus, of quhame befoir I spak,
Greit travell dalie did vpoun him tak.
To keip his kinrik into rest and peice,
That da no nycht wald nocht sojorne nor ceis
For no travell, sa lang as he micht lest,
Qhill he put all into gude peice and rest.
THE BUIK OF THE

OFF ANE MERVELOUS MONSTOURE SENE AT THE
HUNTIS.

Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me tell,
Tak tent and heir of ane wounder befell.
This king being in hunting on ane da.
With mony nobill in Atholia,
Ane hart wes sene that or greit quantitie,
Baiith grit and fatt, with hornis lang and hie.
Quhen he wes bertnit to gif the houndis blude,
Out of his wame ane meruelus multitude
Of foule serpentis into that tyme thair threw,
Baiith grit and lang of mony divers hew.
Quhairof that tyme the pepill wondrit all,
Col. 2. Sayand it wes of thingis to befall
Ane grit taikin, other of ill or gude;
So said tha all, gif tha richt wnderstude.
Als of this hart the hornis meruelus,
For byt or stang of beistis venemous,
Wer medicyne in ony tyme or tyde,
And quhair tha come mycht na sick beist abyde.
This king he wes the first that maid that act,
Befoir the air ane dittay for to tak
In euirilk schyre, as my author did sa;
Qulilk lawis ʒıt ar keipit at this da.
In rialtie¹ I lat him heir remane,
And to the Britis turne I will agane.

HOW AMBROSUIS AURELIUS FELL IN GREIT SEIK
NES, AND HOW OCCA AND HIS BROTHER
PASSINGIUS COME WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE
OUT OF SAXONE IN BRITANE.

Aurelius, of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Vexit he wes with grit infirmitie,
Be constillatianne of the planetis hie.

¹ In MS. rialtie.
Ilk da be da his seiknes grew so soir,
That he micht nother gang nor ryde no moir;  25,910
And all his bodie, or my author leis,
He grew als hair and lene as ony treis,
That euerie man that tyme for the most effect,
Than of his deith tha held him rycht suspect.
Syne suddantlie this grit seiknes wes schawin  23,915
Onto Occa be freindis of his awin,
Into Saxone quhair that he did remane;
Quhairof that tyme he wes joyful and fane.
With his brother callit Passingius,
Quhilk sonnis war befoir to Hungestus,  25,920
Aurelius with his awin handis slew,
Nocht lang gane syne as I did to zow schew,
With the haill power that tha purches ma
Of all the princes in Germania,
Aurelius trowand for to fynd deid,  26,925
Or ony king was crownit in his steid,
Richt suddantlie, as my author did sa,
Into Britane tha come all on ane da.

HOW THAT THE BRITIS PASSIT ALL TO COUNSALL.

Thairof the Britis abosit war ilkone,
And suddantlie to counsell all ar gone,  25,930
For to devyss richt haistelie and sone,
In that matter quhat best is to be done.
Thair king with seiknes vexit than wes so,
That he micht nother rycht weill ryde nor go;
Vter his brother in the Walis la  25,935
Richt seik that tyme, as my author did sa;
Amang thame self thair wes grit discord,
Quhome that tha suld mak governour and lord;
Tha had na grace that tyme for to agrie,
Bot stude richt lang at sic diuersitie.  25,940

VOL. II.
Aurelius that richt weill wnderstude
That thair diuisioun wald do litill gude,
Thairfoir to gar thair myndis cord in one,
The hail mater vpoun him self hes tone.
Thocht he wes waik, and waponis mycht nocht 25,945
weild,
Betuix tua hors gart turs him to thie feild
On ane litter, that bair him lie ou-loft,
Within ane bed quhair that he la full soft.

How Aurelius straik Feild with Occa or
Ansuier come agane.

To king of Pechtis ane herald sone he send,
And king of Scottis, the qhilk that maid 25,950
thame kend
Ilk word by word as I haifsaid zow heir,
Beseikand thame that wes his freindis deir,
Of thair supple richt sone incontinent.
Quhairof thait baith that tyme\(^1\) war [weill] content,
Promitting baith that thai sould mak supple, 25,955
In als grit haist as thait micht reddie be.
Or thait ansuier come to Aurelius,
Occa that tyme and als Passingius,
Thir tua brether, sa grit distructioun maid
Into Britane ouir mony boundis braid, 25,960
That force it wes than for to gif thame feild
With euerie wicht that waponis than mycht weild.
Aurelius besyde ane mont tha met
In plane battell quhair thait the feild wes set;
Quhair mony freik wes fellit thair throw force, 25,965
And mony berne borne bakwart fra his hors,

\(^1\) In MS. tyne.
And mony man in the tyme euill woundit.
The Britis all that tyme wer neir confoundit;
And bad nocht bene this ilk Aurelius,
Throw his curage, my author sais thus,
Quhen that he saw thame drawand all abak,
Quhilk causit thame sic confort for to tak,
And in the feild syne maid ane new onset,
And with thair brandis on the Saxonis bet.
Thair wyngis all that warkit of befoir,
Into that tyme tha fele thame nothing soir,
Na in thame na febilnes culd feill,
But als fierce and waldin than as ane eill;
And in that stour richt stalwartlie tha stude,
Spilland richt mekle of the Saxone blude,
And wrocht thame wo with mony woundis wyde.
The Saxonis than vpoun the tothersyde,
Turnit thair bak ilkone and tuke the flicht.
Aurelius, for it wes neir the niet,
Forbad to follow forder of that plane,
In gude ordour gart thair still remane,
Qhill on the morne that it\(^1\) wes fair da licht.
Syne equalie that tyme to euerie wicht,
Efter his grie and facultie that tyde,
The haill spulp\(\) amang thame gart provyde.
Syne maid ane moustour efter on ane plane,
Numberit his men and fand so mony slane,
He thocht he wald no moir battell persew,
Of Scot and Pecht qhill that he gart reskew.
And for that caus, for tua monethis and ane,
Trewis that tyme with the Saxonis hes tane;
Skaillit his oist, syne passit is anone
Onto ane place wes callit Gouentone.
Into that place quhair that he did remane,
This ilk herald come hame to him agane,

\(^{1}\)In MS. is.
Fra Conranus and king of Peichtis also,
Schort quhile befoir he maid to thame till go,
Within les space sayand na moneth this thre,
That tha wald send him grit help and supple.

**Col. 2.**

**How Occa send his Bruther for new Power into Saxone, and of his agane cuming with thame, and as ane Monk poysnit Aurelius be Tressoun.**

Occa that tyme, quhen he knew that it wes so, 26,005
Passingius his bruther hes gart go
For new supple out of Germania.
With new power than fra Saxonia
He come agane within ane litill space,
On to his bruther in that samin place.
In that same tyme, as my author did sa,
Be the persuasioun of this ilk Occa,
Ane mensworne monk, full of ingratitude,
Sayand he wes ane of the Britis blude,
Ane fals Saxone and fenzech als we[8] he,
And rejectit fra religiositie,
On to this king in to Gwyntonia
He come that tyme, in seiknes quhair he la;
Sayand he wes ane potingar richt fyne,
And had grit pratik of all medicyne,
Quhilk tuke on hand that tyme, for litill thing,
Of that seiknes that he suld haill the king.
The king him self, rycht so did all the laif,
To this fals monk richt grit credence tha gaif;
Trowand that he sua sicker wes and suir,
Tha pat the king alhaill into his cuir.
That samin nicht he poysnit him or da,
Syne thiftuouslie he staw fra him awa;
On to Occa syne passit hes richt sone,
And schew to him all thing how he had done.
HOW \textsc{OCCA}, \textsc{EFTER AURELIUS} \textsc{WAS} \textsc{POYSONIT} \textsc{BE} TRESSOUN, \textsc{ENTERIT} \textsc{IN} \textsc{BRITANE} \textsc{WITH} GRIT CRUDELITIE \textsc{THAT} \textsc{ALL} \textsc{THE} \textsc{BRITIS} \textsc{FLED} \textsc{IN} \textsc{OTHER} \textsc{PARTIS}.

Quhen Occa knew Aurelius wes deid, 
But successour that tyme into his steid; 
Except Vter nane vther than had he, 
Qubilk viseit wes with grit infirmitie, 
That tuichit him weill scharplie and rycht soir, 26,036 
Into the Walis as I said of befoir. 
And or thair power suld removit be, 
Of Scot or Pecht or thar get moir supple, 
This ilk Occa, with mekill bost and schoir, 
Moir cruellie nor euir he did befoir, 26,040 
Richt grit distrucțioun, and with amaritude, 
Ouir all Britane maid of the Britis blude; 
Without discretioun other of young or ald, 
Tha bludie boucheouris busteous wes and bald. 
The Britis all thar fled fra hand to hand, 26,045 
Sum in the Walis, and sum into Pechtland; 
All febill folk that tyme that mycht nocht fle, 
Without reuth tha maid thame all to die.

HOW \textsc{THE} \textsc{SCOTTIS} \textsc{AND} \textsc{THE} \textsc{PECHTIS} \textsc{CUMAND} \textsc{TO AURELIUS}, \textsc{HEIRAND} \textsc{OF} \textsc{HIS} \textsc{DEITH}, \textsc{PASSIT HAME AGANE}.

That samin tyme, into ane ordour gude, 1. Lib.3, f.122. 
Of Scot and Pecht ane rich[t] greit multitude, 26,050 Col. 1. 
Qubilk cumand war to this Aurelius 
In his supple, my author sais thus. 
Syne quhen thar hard Aurelius wes deid, 
And nane vther succcidand in his steid.
To gyde the laif, bot fleand to and fra,
And thae knew nocht thair freind than thair fa;
And for that caus thae turnit all agane,
In gude ordour syne passit hame ilk ane.
Off Ambross ring into the auchtane zeir,
All this hapnit as I haif said zow heir.
The Britis all fra he wes put in grave,
Baith young and ald, lordis and all the lave,
Onto the Walis passit in ane ling,
And crownit hes this Vter to be king.
Quhen he wes crownit with the haill consent,
With all the lordis syne incontinent,
Proclamit syne hes with ane opin cry,
That euirilk man richt sone and suddantly
Suld reddie be, als gudlie as he micht,
Agane Occa for to defend thair richt.
And so tha did, within the tuentie da
Semblit richt sone, as my authord did sa,
With mony wicht that waponis weill culd weild,
Ane grit power weill furneist for the feild.
Vter him self as knawin wes that tyde,
So seik he wes nicht nother gang nor ryde,
And for that caus committit all the cuir
Of that battell, and [all] the auenture,
Vnto ane man hecht Natolay to name,
Of sempill blude without honour or fame.
And for that caus, as that my author writis,
Displesit wes the nobillis of the Britis,
That sic ane man of law birth and valour,
Sould thame prevail into so grit honour,
And with thair king haldin so deir and leif;
Quhilk wes the caus effer of thair mischeif.
How Gothlous, Lord of Cornewall, left the Feild, for Invy he had at Natholoy thair Captane.

Quhen the battell wes reddie for to june,
And trumpettis all blawand in sindrie tune,
The lord of Cornewall, callit Gothlous,
In all his tyme ane freik wes richt famous,
With all his folk he left the feild that da,
And wald not fecht, as my author did sa.
On him [he] had so grit rancour and noy,
For the preferring of this Nathaloy,
Quhlk wes unworthie intill all degre,
To Gothlous ane fallow for to be.
The Britis all persaueand he wes gane,
And thae in feild wer left but help allane,
And vmbeset with Saxonis on euerie syde,
Tha tuke the flight and wald no langer byde:
In gude ordour, at greit laser and lenth,
Tha fled richt fast togidder till ane strenth.
This ilk Occa quhen that he saw thame fle,
Trestand that tymе it soould for tressone be,
Seand befoir Gothlous fled so sone,
Or ony thing into the feild wes done;
Than for ane trane trowand that it wes wroacht,
And for that caus farder he follouit nocht,
Or dreid tha suld begyle him with ane slycht.
For that same quhy into the feild all nychт,
Remanit still in ordour and array,
Qhill on the morne that thae micht ken the day.
Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes cleir,
And he saw none into his sicht appeir,
He knew full weill than that the Britis fled;
Fra that tymе furth the weill les he thame dred.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW OCCA, EFTER THE FEILD WAS WYN, SEND ANE HERALD TO VOTHER, COMMANDAND ALL HIS BRITIS TO PAS IN THE WALIS AT ANE DA VNDER THE PANE OF DEITH, AND SO HE DID.

To Vtersyne ane herald sone he send,
Command[and] him richt haistelie to wend
With all his Britis that tyme to the Walis
Within ane da, thairof gif that he falis,
That ane1 wer fund thair other les and moir,
Into the boundis his fader had befoir,
Young or ald without restrictioun,
Tha suld all de for thair transgressioun.

Vter that tyme thairof he lykit ill,
Zit neuirtheles he thocht he wald fulfill
All his desyr, for his plesour sum part
Into that tyme, quhill he saw efterwart
Of his purpois he micht cum better speid:
Into that tyme it stude him in sic neid.

And to the herald said agane in feir,
Thir samin wordis as I sall schaw zow heir.
"Gude freind," he said, "sa to my cousing deir,
"I am content now of his cuming heir,
"And lykis weill that he haif to remane,
"Quhair plesis him, in his land or in plane,
"Boundis richt braid for him and all his men,
"Off that conditioun so that he will ken,
"That we ressaue him alway for oure freind,
"At oure plesour in oure landis to leind; 20,140
"And nocht be force, na zit throw sic maistrie,
"As ze this tyme of ws had victorie,
"Bot as oure freind quhome we love with our hart,
"Agane all other for to tak oure part.

1 In MS. nane.
"And we to him sail obleiss ws siclike,
To tak his part quhill we ma stand and stryke;
Foure wyiss lordis to cheis on euerie syid;
And obleis ws at thair decreit to byde,
Quhat eurit it be, without ony repreif."

With this anser the herald tuke his leif,
And to Occa he schew baith les and moir,
The wordis all that I schew zow befoir.

**How that Vter and Occa met at ane Tryst,**
**And be the Aduiss of Lordis on ilk Syde diuydit Britane betuix Vther and Occa that Tyme.**

Off this respons Occa wes weill content:
Without delay richt sone incontinent
Tha set ane da quhair sic thing suld be done,
Into ane place quhair that tha met rycht sone.
Foure lordis syne chesit on euerie syde,
That wysast wes for to convoy and gyde
The haill mater, and tak on thame the cuir.
Syne four for four togidder than tha fuir,
And sone all aucht, with rype knawlege and cleir,
Accordit hes as I sall schaw zow heir.
The eistmest part of Britane to the se,
On to the middis with toun and touris hie,
Saxonis sal haue thairin for to remane,
Without reclame [of] ony Brit agane.
Britis the laif of all Britane to bruke
In peice and rest; syne sueir on bell and buik,
That euerie on to vther sould be trew
In tyme to cum for ald feid or for new.
Quhen this wes done as 3e haif hard me sa,
Ilk man tuke leif and passit hame his wa.
THE BUlk OF THE

How Vter, King of Britis, haldand his 3ule
in Lundoun, tuke fra Gothlous, Lord of
Cornewall, his Wyffe, and gat on hir
in Adultrie Arthure that wes King.

Lang efter that tha leuit in peice and rest.
Sick ydlines [as] that ma nocht weill lest,
Bot insolence and vther vices mo; 26,175
The Britis all wer in that time rycht so.
Efter lang peice to grit riches tha grew,
Syne efterwart to vices all tha drew,
Lyke brutell beistis thair appetit fullfill;
Oftymis welth garris wisdome to go will. 26,180
This ilk Vter, syne efter mony 3eir
How hapnit him, tak tent and 3e fall heir.
At Lundoun toun in the natiuitie
Of Christ Jesu, with grit solemnitatie,
In mid winter quhen that the wedder is cuill, 26,185
This ilk Vter that tyme he held his 3uill,
With mony lord and mony ladie bricht,
That curtas war, and mony nobill knycht.
Amang the laif, my author sais thus,
Thair wes that tyme the nobill Gothleus, 26,190
Of Cornewall lord, befoir as I 3ow tald,
In all his tyme that wes ane berne full bald.
With him that tyme thair wes his lady cleir,
In all Britane of plesance had no peir;
Of quhome Vter sic plesance tuke that tyme, 26,195
That he for lufe wes lampit in the lyme,
And Luiffis dart thirlit his hart so soir,
Into that tyme he suffer micht no moir.

How Vter send to Gothlous Wyffe.
To hir he send ane seruand of his awin,
Richt quyeltie ane tryst for to half drawin. 26,200
At his plesour quhair he and scho suld meit;
The fyre of lufe him handlit with sic heit,
He tuke no rest quhill that sic thing wer done.
Thairof hir lord than warnit wes rycht sone;
Syne quietlie, as my author did sa,
That samin nycht he staw with hir awa.
Quhen Vter knew that scho wes passit so,
Foroutin schame richt haistelie but ho,
On fit and horsse he followit efter rycht fast,
Quhill he ouirtuke that ladie at the last.
Hir lord that tyne his lyfe so soir he dred,
Onto ane castell of his awin he fled
To saue him self, he wes into sic dout.
Vter ane seig gart la the hous about;
Syne at the seig quhair that he la sa lang,
And wan the hous, thocht it wes neuir so strang,
It biggit wes so stark of lyme and stone.
Out of the hous quhen Gothlous wes tone,
With king Vter accusit wes full soir,
Quhairfoir he fled out of the feild befoir
Fra Natholoy befoir richt mony zeir,
Bot schort quhile syne as I haif said 3ow heir.
And for that caus with grit crudelitie,
And his awin wyffe, this Vter gart him de.

THE COMMENDATION OF ARTHURE.

That samin tyme he tuke his wyfe him fro,
He gat with hir, my author sais so,
Ane sone wes callit Arthour to his name;
In all Britane wes none of grittar fame.
Thocht he wes gottin in adulterie,
Zit efterwart he wan grit victorie,
As I sall schaw within ane litill space,
Sone efterwart quhen I haif tyme and place.
And of his getting vther sum men sais,
Be meane of Merling in tha samin dais;
The qulilk Vter transforвит mervelus
Into the figour of this Gothlous,
Syne in his liknes with his wyfe he la.
Gif this be suith I can nocht to 3ow sa.
Becaus sic thing is nocht kyndlie to be,
Thairfoir my self will hald it for ane lie.
This ilk Arthure, fra tyme he grew to eild,
In all Britane wes nocht ane farar child,
And all prattik he preissit ay to prewe;
In him Vther had so gude beleif,
That he sould be baith worthie, wyss and wycht;
And so he wes quha reidis of him richt.
Gif it be suith heir as my author sais,
No lauchfull sone Vter had in his dais;
That wes the caus, alss far as I haiffeill,
This 3oung Arthour he louit than so weill.
For love of him richt far he brak the law,
As I sall tell, and tak tent to my saw.

How Vter, for inordinat affectionoun that
he had to this Arthure, gart all the
lordis of Britane sueir in plane parl-
liament, that efter him tha sould mak
this Arthour thair King.

Vpoun ane tyme, the lordis him beforne
In parliament he gart thame all be sworne,
Efter his tyme tha suld mak Arthure king,
And no vther in Britane for to ring.
The king of Pechitis, hecht Loth, into tha dais,
Had to his wyffe, as that my author sais,
Vtersis sister, baith plesand and fair,
Qulilk wes to him narrest and lauchfull air;
And of Vter he wes richt euill content, 26,265
And sindrie syis his seruandis to him sent, 26,265
Beseikand him with plesand wordis fair, 26,265
That he wald nocht defraud the rychtuous air, 26,265
Cristane his wyfe, that wes ane ladie brycht, 26,265
Wittand so weill that scho had all the richt. 26,265
For no requeist that he culd send him till, 26,270
This ilk Vter wald nocht brek of his will 26,270
Nocht worth ane hair, bot at his purpois baid, 26,270
And wald nocht heir requeistis that war maid. 26,270
The king of Pechtis that tyme quhen he knew, 26,275
That justlie than he micht nocht weill persew, 26,275
Als lang as Vter levand war on lyfe, 26,275
No kynd of richt pertenand to his wyffe, 26,275
All Vteris tyme this ilk schir Loth thairfoir, 26,275
He held him cloissand spak thairof no moir.

HOW THE BRITIS GREW TO YDOLATRIE BE CUMPANY OF THE SAXONIS.

The Britis all, quha had greit cumpany
With the Saxonis, grew to ydolatrie;
Efter thair law levand the faith of Christ,
And left thair barnis alway vn baptist,
And leuit all tyme at thair faith and lair.
Sic wes the vse of Britane ouir all quhair,
In greiterrour richt lang and mony zeir,
Of 3o ung and ald that odious wes till heir.
For clerk or preist, or 3it religious man,
Na for na bischop that wes in Britane,
So wnfaithfull that tyme wes all thal folk,
Thair greiterrour culd nocht gar thame revoik.
Ane halie bischop, callit Germanus,
And his collige, to name hecht Sevarus,
Into Britane Vter agane he[s] brocht,
Quhilk for na travell that tyme tyrit nocht.
Preichand our all in previe and in plane,
Reformand mony to the faith agane;
Quhilk clengit thame richt clen of all thair cryme,
And mony miracle kyth into the tyme;
Quhilk brocht the Britis all, baith les and moir,
To the same faith that tha war at befoir.

**How Perdix and Kynricus come to Occa with greit Power.**

In this same tyme now that se heir me sa,
Tua grit nobillis out of Germania,
Perdix the one, and Kynricus hecht the vther,
I can nocht tell gif that he wes his bruther,
Bot weill I wait, with mony nobill man
To this Occa tha come into Britane.
Of thair cuming this Occa wes full fane;
In sindrie landis quhair tha sould remane
Maid ilk ane lord of his awin gratitude,
Becaust to him tha war so neir of blude.
Vter thairof he wes nothing content:
Ane herald syne to him incontinent
He send, and schew how he had gottin wit
So wranguslie that he brak his promit.
Gif mister be, he askit him to preve,
For to ressaue sic strangearis but his leve;
That wes agane the obllissing he maid,
Quhilk seillit wes with baith thair seillis braid.
And he did so, he said it wald distroy
Peax and concord, and gender stunt and noy;
Within schort quhile it sould occasioun be
That naine might leif into tranquillitie.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW OCCA MAID ANSER TO VTERIS HERALD.

Quhen this wes said, as I haif said zow heir, 207
Befoir Occa ilk word by word perqueir, 208
He wes displesit richt far at that thing, 208
And said, "Gude freind, say now wnto thi king, 208
" That he is far this tyme into the wrang; 26,325
" That sall he wit I trow, and I leif lang. 26,325
" Agane the richt so far I heir him rave, 26,330
" That blaimes me because I did ressaue 26,335
" My tender freindis in my awin land; 26,340
" As I of him sic dreib and aw suld stand, 26,345
" That I durst nocht, but his plesour and will, 26,350
" Ressaue na freind cumis on caice me till; 26,355
" As he war king and governit ourir all, 26,360
" And [I] to him war sympill bund and thrall. 26,365
" And mair attouir, se thow sa to thi king, 26,370
" I faillit neuir to him into nothing; 26,375
" Na in my tyme thocht I neuir till do, 26,380
" Qhill he on force compellis me thairto. 26,385
" Thairfoir," he said, "and I leif half a zeur, 26,390
" He sall forthink that euir he send the heir, 26,395
" Or causit the sic langage for to sa; 26,400
" No moir as now, thairfoir pas hame thi wa."

HOW VTER WAS A BASIT FOR FEIR OF OCCA.

Befoir Vter quhen this epistill wes red, 208
Of this anser he wes richt soir adred 208
For aventure that etter micht befall, 26,345
Into that tyme, so wes his lordis all. 26,350
Ane vther herald sone send Occa till, 26,355
With grit reward to satisfie his will;
At his plesour gif tha mycht purches 1 peice, 26,360
In tyme to cum to gar all weiris ceiss. 26,365

1 In MS. purchest.
All the reward into grit thank tha tuke,
Bot his desire richt shorthlie tha forsuirk.
Without answer the messinger wes fane,
Saiiff of his lyf, for to pas hame agane.

HOW THE BRITIS, SEAND THE FALSHEID OF SAX- 
ONIS, MAID THAME ALL FOR BATTELL.

The Britis all, fra tyme tha hard and knew 26,355
That be no way the Saxonis culd be trew,
For no condioun, oblishing or band,
No ȝit for otht or halding vp of hand,
Lib.9,f.130b.
Col.1.
Wald sicker be, for signet or ȝit for seill,
For quhy thair kynd wes neuir ȝit to be leill; 26,360
Thairfoir that tyme this Vter gart pracle
Ouir all Britane, that nane soulde byd at hame,
Bot to convene within ane lytill space,
Of thair best wayis at set da and at place,
To pas with him quhat way that he wald wend, 26,365
Off all thir weiris onis to mak ane end.
Siclik the Saxonis, on the vther syde,
Buskit for battell wald na langar byde.
Tho king of Pechtis that thair divisioun knew,
Becaus the Britis to him wes so wntrew, 26,370
As to defraude him of his heretage,
Modred his sone, the quhilk wes within age,
And for that caus the Britis him forsuirk,
With this Occa richt plane part than he tuke;
Of quhome Occa wes richt hartlie content, 26,375
Quhen that he knew how this king Lothus ment.

HOW KING LOTH SEND TO CONRANUS FOR HELP
AGANE VTER

The king of Pechtis, that callit wes Lothus,
Ane herald send onto this Conranus,
The king of Scottis, for his help and supple;
Sayand, that tyme so gret mister had he
Agane the Britis sic wrang that had him wrocht,
Contempnand him and his power to nocht,
His barnis als, the quhilk wes lauchfull air
To this Vter the quhilk his sister bair,
King Lothus wyffe, Cristina hecht hir name,
Quene of the Pechtis of greit honour and fame.
This king Vter no lauchfull sone had he;
Arthur his sone, into adultrie
Gothleus wyffe to him befoir scho bair,
Off all the Britis he wes maid prince and air,
To bruik the croune efter king Vteris deid;
That wes the caus this Loth held him at feid.
Of him that tyme for to revengit be,
Desyrit hes at Conranus supple.

**HOW CONRANUS DENYIT TO HELP LOTH.**

To this desyre Conranus into plane,
And his lordis sic anser maid agane.
Sayand, tha culd be no titill of richt
Agane the Britis to move battell or mycht,
Without tha wald be fals bayth and mensworne,
Brekand the aith that tha had maid beforene
Onto the Britis, quhilk for no stres or neid
Faillit to thame vther in word or deid.
Ane vther thing tha said tha dres far moi,
Qhilk in thair mynd than movit thame rycht
soir,
And in thair conscience wes ane stang and
brome,
For to tak pairt with ennimeis of God
And halie kirk, in contemptione of Christ,
With tha barbouris the quhilk war vn baptist,

**VOL. II.**
Agane the Britis, memberis of halie kirk;
Greit wrang it wer with thame sic thing to wirk,
And tha did so, tha said, it scruit blame.
With that respones the herald passit hame
On to king Loth, and tald him all perqueir,
Ilk word by word as I haifsaid now heir.

With this Ocea, foroutin ony lat,
With mony freik that tyme he fuir on toun,
Agane Vter to battell maid him boun.
Thairof Vter he dred this tyme full soir,
And lordis all of Britane les and moir,
For be no way of no wisdome tha wist
Thair grit power how that tha suld resist.
Makand thair mone vnto this Germanus
The halie bishop, and to Sauerus,
Qahome of to zow I schew schort quhile befuir,
The help of God that tyme for to imploir.

This Germanus bad thame tha sould nocht be rod,
Bot haif gude hoip and put thair help in God
In thair defens, and of his faith also.
And follow him and he suld formest go
Into the feild, and he suld windertak
That tha suld nother suffer skaith no lak;
Traistand in God, and fecht in his defens,
Tha suld prevailt but ony violence.
In that beleif king Vter gart proclame
Ouir all Britane, wnder the paice of blame,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

That euirilk freik war habill for the feild,
And all vther that waponis doucht to weild,
On thair best wayis within ane litill space,
Suld reddie be to meit at da and place.  

On the same da quhen that the tryst wes set,
The Britis all togidder thair tha met
Vter thair king vpoune ane plesand plane.
The halie bishop, callit wes Germane,
And his collige Sauerus that same da,
With all the kirkmen in Britania,
Convenit wes into that samin place,
Within the grit solemnitiie of Pace.
Wes baptist thair that same da of the Britis
Richt mony thousand, as my author writis,
Levand the law of superstitioun,
Quhilk war befoiro all conditioun,
Vsand the law of fals ydolatrie,
Dalie with Saxonis had sic companie.

How thai schew to Vter that the Saxonis
wes so neir, and of the Counsall of
Germanus.

To thame that tyme thair come ane spy and
tald,
How that Occa with mony berne full bald,
And king of Pechtis in his cumpanie,
With greit power wer cumannd neirhand by.
Tham king Vter, suppois that he wes rod,
Zit neuirtheles he had sic traist in God
He put his men in till ordour gude;
All in array syne in the feild tha stude.
This Germanus the vangard tuke to leid,
With stalf in hand, and myter on his heid;
Weill cled he wes in his pontificall
Into that tyme, so wes the kirkmen all.

Lib.2,f.131.
Col. 1.
Enirilk man according to his stait,
In kirk habit withoutin maill or plait,
Ane crucifix of birneist gold so bricht,
Befoirthair face he gart bair he on hicht.
Syne gaif command to all man les and mair,
Our all the oist that tyme wes present thair,
Tha suld tak tent quhen that tha hard him cry;
Syne euerie man for to reherss in hy
The samin word, and in the samin tone,
With loud voce se that it sould be done.

How VTER AND OCCA MET IN PLANE BATTELL,
AND VTER WAN THE FEILD WITHOUT ONY STRAISK BE ANE MIRACLE OF ANE HALIE BISCHOP GERMANUS.

Be this wes said the Pechtis war in sycht,
And Saxonis all with mony baner bricht,
In gude array evin reddie for to june;
The trumpetis blew in mony sindrie tune.
This halie bishop Germane gaif ane schout,
And all the kirkmen standand him about,
Alluleya! with ane schout tha sang;
And sic ane sond with all the rochis rang.
Syne all the laif of Britis that war by,
Siclike tha sang, all with ane schout and cry,
That throw the sound, the rumord and the reird,
The schawis schuik and trimlit all the erd,
With sic rebous reboundand fra the bruke,
The Saxonis all thairof greit terror tuke;
And Pechtis als siclike amang the laif,
Semand to thame the erd opnit and claif,
And all the cragis that wer standand by
Suld fall on thame, thairfoir rich suddantlye
In that effray thair armour kest thame fra,
And fled richt fast our mony bank and bra,
Onto ane flude quhair tha thocht ouir to found,
Quhair mony thousand of thame thair wes dround.
In sic affray thai war than of thair lyfe,
Tha tynt the feild but straik of sword or knyfe. 26,500

HOW THE SAXONIS TYNT THE FEILD AND FLED
WITHOUT STRAIK, AND HOW THE BRITIS FOLLOWIT AND MAID GREIT SLAUCHTER, AND SYNE TUKE ALL THE SPULZE

With greit blythnes the Britis than beheld,
And tuke with thame the spulze of the feild.
Syne efer that, vpoune the second da,
Ilk man tuke leif and passit hame his wa:
Seand the Saxonis cum so lidder speid,
Fra that da furth tha had of thame no dreib.
The Saxonis als, thocht the Britis wer few,
Fra that da furth tha durst thame nocht persew
Efter all that richt lang and mony zeir,
Qhill at the last hapnit as ze sall heir.

Thir tua bishopis, of quhome befoir I spak,
Sone efer that thair levis bayth did tak,
And saillit furth ouir salt se and ouir sand,
With greit blythnes hame in thair awin land.
In Gallia, with greit honour and gloir,
To thair citeis quhair that tha war befoir.
Syne efer that Vter the king of Britis,
And all his lordis, as that my author writis,
Fra tyme tha war diswsit fra the weir,
Sic viuarie and euil laittis did leir

Of drinking, dansing, hurdome and harlatrie,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell 30w quhy
Into the tyme that sic thing suld be done,
That tha changit fra nobill men sa sone
To vyle bodeis without ressone or skill,
Lyke brutell beistis takand ay thair will.
For no preching of prelat, preist or clerk,
That tha culd schaw, other in word or work,
Tha wald noch leve thair wickit mynd and will,
For no exempill culd be schawin thame till. 28,530

**How Occa was slane in the Feild agane the Britis.**

Thair vicius lyfe quhen Occa wnderstude,
He thocht the tyme wes ganand than and gude,
For to redeme the greit honour and gloir
He tynt throw thame into the feild befoir.
Syne on ane da, quhair that the feild wes set, 25,535
In plane battell with baith thair poweris met,
With eueriewicht that micht ane wapin weild,
Quhair that the Saxonis richt sone wan the feild.
Fyftene thousand of Britis thair was slane,
The laif all fled na langar wald remane; 26,540
Into the feild no langar than durst byde.
King Occa als, vpoune the tother syde,
Throw misgyding wes slane into the feild.
In his defens wes mony Saxone keild,
And so greit skaith into the feild thae gat, 26,545
Richt mony da ane lang quhile after that,
In plane battell the Britis to persew
Durst nocht agane, quhill that thair strentsis grew.

**Efter the Deid of Occa, his Bruther Sone callit Occa was crownit.**

Quhen that this king, as 3e haif hard, wes deid,
His bruther sone tha crownit in his steid, 26,550
Quhilk in his tyme ane freik wes of grit fame,
And Occa als he callit wes to name.
The Saxonis seand how into that feild
Thair king that tyme and mony no war keild,
Of that mischeif, as my author did wryte,
To king of Pechts alhaill tha gaif the wyte,
Into that tyme alledged than that he
In that battell the Britis suld supple,
Agane the aith he maid to thame beforne;
Qurhairfoir, tha said, he wes fals and mensworne:
And for that caus this ilk Occa pretendis,
Gif that he ma, of him to haif ane mends.

**How Colgernus come fra Saxone in Britane Lib.9, f.131b.**

*Col. 1.*

And sone efter ane chiftane cheualrus,
The quhilk to name wes callit Colgernus,
With greit power furth of Saxonia,
He brocht that tyme out of Germania.
Syne gaif to him than for rewaird and meid,
The landis lyand betuix Tyne and Tueid,
With all fredome of firth, forrest and fell,
Baith Scot and Pecht so that he wald repell
Be strenth and force, other of blude or fyre,
And he thairof for to be lord and syir.
And so thai did sone efter on ane da,
This Colgernus and als the king Occa,
With ane greit ost, richt large of lenth and
breid,

Tha enterit syne betuix Tyne and Tueid:
Baith Scot and Pecht that tha sand in that steid,
Richt suddantlie tha pat thame all to deid.
Than all the laif tha fled richt fast awa.
Sum in Pechtland and sum in Gallowa,
To thair kings with greit reuth and petie,
Schawand to thame all thair calamitie.
QUHEN THIS COLGERNUS HAD FLEMIT BAITH SCOT AND PECHT OUT OF NORTHUMBERLAND, THAI PASSIT TO THAIR KINGIS AND SCHEW THE GREIT TRUBILL THA WAR IN.

Thir kingis boith, with all power tha mocht,
Richt suddantlie towart the Saxonis socht,
Without delay other nycht or da,
Quhill that tha come quhair that the Saxonis la.
Into that tyme, as that my author writis,
With thir tua kingis thair wes rycht mony Britis,
Come thair that da of thair auctoritie,
Agane thair fa thair freindis to supplie,
Qubilk in that oist richt greit wounderis that schew
Of thir Saxonis, and tha had all bene trew;
Sayand tha war of so greit quantitie,
So stark and wicht, full of crudelitie,
And so awfull with visage grym and wan,
Ane luke of thame wald flie ane vther man.
Throw sic langage ouir all that ost tha spak,
Into the tyme so greit terrour tha tak,
Ilk man that da than, baith of Scot and Pecht,
Present wes thair refusit for to fecht.
Syne at the last throw curage of thair kingis,
Qubilk schew to thame by mony sindrie thingis,
That tha that tyme wes richt abill to speid,
The Saxonis als wer no men for to dreid,
No zit so bald for all thair bost and schoir,
Qubilk vincust war richt oft ayis of befoir,
Be ressonis quhy tha schew thame in that tyde,
Qubilk causit thame all baldlie for to byde,
And all thair dreid changeit into yre,
Birnand in anger het as ony fyre,
As wod lyonis into the tyme tha fuit.
Thir kingis tuo than tuke on thame grit cuir
To put thair men than into ordour gude,
In till array syne neir the Saxonis ȝude,
All in ane mynd, ane will and ane intent.
The Saxonis baldlie baid thame on the bent,

**How thai faucht quhill the Nycht Twynnit Thame.**

In plane battell with mony birny bricht,
And faucht al da quhill tuynnit thame the nycht.
On euerie syde richt mony than war keild
Of nobill men la deid into the feild.

Thir tua kingis that samin nycht lang or da,
Out of the feild tha passit hame thair wa,
With all the laif richt haistelie in hy.
The Saxonis held tham the victory,
Vpoun the morne seing thir kingis fled,
Out of the feild sua suddantlie thame sped.
This beand done, ane litill etter syne,
Baith Scot and Pecht betuix Tueid and Tyne,
Out of tham landis richt fast gart thame fie,
Vsand in thame so grit crudelitie
In fyre and blude, with mony warkand woundis,
Quhill tham war baneist all out of tham boundis;
And Saxonis sone in thair saittis set doun,
Inhabitand baith castell, tour and toun.
Syne Colgernus, for his reward and hyre,
Of tham landis tha maid him lord and syre,
And for to half the gyding of all thing,
Ouir all the laif nixt hand Occa the king.
This ilk Occa richt weill that tymhe he knew
In Albione freindis he had waille few,
In any syde, that wald him ony gude,
Thairfoir he knew quhen thai thocht tymhe to dude,
That all the princes into Albione,
Suld him assay with thair power ilkone.
And for that cause, dreaded it suld be trew,
Right mony strength hes biggit of the new;
The ald strengthis distroyit war befoir,
Gart big agane at lasar les and moir.

**How Occa Gaif Vter Feild and Wan the Feild, and Compellit Him and All His Britis to Pas to the Walis, and Left All the Landis to Occa Quhilk Hungest Had Befoir.**

Syne turned hes his anger and his yre
On to the Britis als het as ony fyre,
Agane the aith that he had maid befoirne,
Settand nocht by for to be mensworne.
For trow me weill, tha culd neir ȝit be trew,
Quhen plesis thame thair partie to persewe;
Haiffand na draid other of schame or lak,
Thair is no band that mannis wit can mak
Ma fessin thame in forme or ȝit effect,
Quhen plesis thame the find ane caus to brek.
And so thae did that samyn tymes to the Britis,
In tymes of trewis, as my author writis,
Sayand that thae with sa girt bost and schoir,
To Scot and Pecht into the feild befoir,
Quhair mony ane of thame wes maid to de,
Incontrar thame thae maid so girt supple;
And for that caus thae gaif king Vter feild,
Quhair mony Brit that samyn da was keild,
And all the laif war skatterit far in tuyn.

This [Occa] syne quhen he the feild did wyn,
Vpoun ane da to Lundoun maid him boun,
But ony seig ressait hes the toun.
Syne all the Britis thairin that he fand,
And all other withoutin ony ganestand,
Into the Walis compellit for till go,
And this Vter quhilk wes thair king also.
The boundis all in Britane les and moir,
The quhilk Hungest inhabit of befoir,
This ilk Occa he brukit in tha dais
At his plesour, as that my author sais,
Callit Ingland, into gude peax and rest,
And biggit strenthes quhair him lykit best.

How that ane Saxone poysonit King Vter.

Vter that tyme, as my author did sa,
Into the Walis seik in the febris la,
Of quhome the nature, het as ony fyre,
Is ay cald watter erast to desyre.
Richt so did he, as my author did meyne,
Ane fals Saxone trowand ane Brit had bene,
Out of ane wool descendand fra ane spring,
He send that tyme cald water for to bring.
This fals Saxone, that subtil wes and sle,
Into the water rank poysoun pat he;
Of the quhilk Vter drank for to cuill his thrist,
At greit lasar alss oft tyme as he list;
Quhilk efterwart swelliit him fit and hand,
With so greit sturt micht nother ly nor stand;
Fra syde to syde ay turnand to and fro,
Out of this warld quhill he wes maid till go.
Than of his ring into the auchtene zeir,
Thus endit he, as I haif said zow heir,
The zeir of God fywe hundreth wes and ane,
And tuentie als into that tyme bigane.

How Congallanus spak Prophecie of the Saxonis, the Pechtis and the Britis,
(Quha was Abbot of Ecolmkill).

Ane nobill man, hecht Congallanus to name,
Ane faithfull father of honour and fame,
Quhilk abbot wes than of Ecolmuckill,
Quhome to sic grace God in his tymne gaif till,
Be inspiratioun of the Halie Spreit
Of thingis to cum culd gif ane suith decreit,
Evin als perfyte as it war all gone by;
Perfite he wes into sic prophecye.
He tald richt lang, as that my author writis,
Befoir the tymne, the distrucioun of the Britis;
And of the Pechtis did siclike also,
Als perfiltie as it had bene ago;
And of Scotland how that it sould succeed
In heratage, as provit weill be deid,
Richt lineallie descendit hes ay.doun,
Sen first Fergus of Scotland tuke the croun.
Als of the Saxonis in the tymne said he,
Lang efterwart tha sould richt asfald be
In the honour of God and halie Kirk,
Wounderfull werks efterwart sould wirk,
Syne finallee, syne etter to conclude,
Of thair ending he spak bot litill gude.
Richt mony thingis in his tymne he schew,
Quhilk efterwart war all fund vera trew.
Ane halie virgin wes in that same tyde
Borne in Scotland, callit wes Sanct Bryde.
Be that scho come to fourtene zeiris of age,
In Christis faith scho had so hie curage,
That for his saik the world scho forsuik,
And in the tymne religious habit tuik;
Ressauit wes into that samin quhile,
Be ane bischop duelt into Mona Yle;
Efter hir deith syne bureit in tha dais,
In till Yrland of ane religious wais,
In Duna abba, as my author did sa,
In the same graif quhair that Sanct Patrik la.

1 In MS. In.
Marling also wes in tha samin dais
Into Britane, as that my author sais,
Ane incubus with subtil sorcerie,
Quhilk be illusioun of the ennimie,
Quhen that him list to round into his eir,
Culd tell perfitlie baith of peax and weir:
And sindrie thingis be nature mycht be knawin,
Of quhome the secreittis oft syis wes him schawin,
Quhilk the euill angellis knawis by nature,
That till all man is hie and richt obscur.
In this mater no langar will I dwell,
Bot turne agane my storie for to tell.

HOW THE BRITIS, AGAINST THE COMMOUN LAW,
EFTER THE DEID OF VTER CROWNIT HIS
SONE ARTHURE; THE QHILK WES ANE
BASTARD.

Efter the deith of Vtter king of Britis,
No lauchfull sone, as that my author writis,
Into that tyme he had to be his air.
Anna his sister, plesand and preclair,
Schir Lothus wyfe quhilk to him sould succeid,
Gif all be suith in storie as we reid,
To him scho buir schir Modred and his brother
Gawane the gay, als gude as ony vther,
And Cemeda hir one dochter also,
That mother wes to halie Sanct Mungo.¹
The king of Pechtis schir Loth into tha dais,
On to the Britis, as my author sais,
Ane greit ambaxat suddantlie he send,
Beseikand thame with hartlie recommend,

¹ In MS. Nungo.
Him to ressaue vnto thair prince and king,
Sen be his wyfe he had richt to that thing,
Qhill that his barnis war of lauchtfull age,
Qhillk aucnt the croun of verra heretage
Of commoun law and proper det, for-thi
Be consuetude tha micht him nocth deny.

How the Britis gaiiff Anser to the Herald.

The Britis all thairat rycht lichlie leuch,
With greit heidding and scornyng als anneuch; Sayand, schir Loth nor nane of his ofspring,
Qhillk Pechtis war, sould be thair lord and king:
Na nane vther, thairto thair war all sworne,
Without he war ane verra Britane borne.
With this anser, with loud lauchter and blame,
That samintyme thasendtheheraldhame;
Synewranguslie, agane the commoun law,
With haill consent than baih of ane and aw,
This young Arthure, borne in adulterie,
Tha crownit king and put the richt air bye.
That wes the caus, as ze ma wnderstand,
Quhy this schir Loth send in Northumberland
To Colgernus, of quhome befoir I spak,
Promitting him his plane part for to tak
Agane the Britis intill euirilk thing,
And speciallie agane Arthure thair king,
Qhillk wranguslie vsurpit had the croun,
In contrair him and his successioun.
All thir conditionis richt weill Arthure knew,
Be sindrie men thair secrettis to him schew;
And weill he wist his power wes ouir small,
In plane battell to fecht agane thame all.
How Arthure and Occa met besyde Lundoun
in feild, and Arthure wan the feild
and chaissit Occa and slew mony of his
men.

Fra Armorik richt mony nobill man,
For that same caus he brocht into Britane.
Ane nobill man that callit wes Hobell
Thair chiftane wes, as my author did tell.
Syne king Arthure, as my author writis,
With all the power he of the Britis
And Armorik, richt sone he tuke the wa,
For to gif feild onto this king Occa,
Or the Saxonis beyond the water of Humber,
And Pechtis als sould cum and eik his number,
Richt haistelie, or tha suld all convene,
Causit Arthure with battell him prevene.
Besyde Lundoun, quhair that the feild wes set
Within ten myle, thir tua kingis thair met,
In plane battell standand sa lang at stryfe,
Quhill mony Saxone loissit hes the lyffe.
The duchtieast that da wes maid to de,
And all the lawe on force than for to fle.
With so greit grace this king Arthure began,
For the first feild that euir he straik he wan
Greet victorie, quha lykis for to luke,
The Britis all of him sic curage tuke,
Within schort qhile traistand throw [him] to be
Restorit all agane to libertie.
To Lundoun toun syne on the secund day,
With all power he tuke the narrest way;
Befoir the zettis thair he lichtit doun,
With lytill travell syne he wan the toun,
And enterit in at his plesour and will;
With his lordis thair he remanit still.
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At greit laser als lang tyme as tha lest,
Aduisand thame quhat thing to do war best.

HOW OCCA, EFTER THE FEILD WES\textsuperscript{1} TYNT, PASSIT TO SAXON AND BROCHT WITH HIM NEW POWER, AND, OR HE COME AGANE, ARTHURE VINCUST THE SAXONIS BE NORTH HUMBER.

Col. 2. This ilk Occa out of the feild that fled,
Of ȝoung Arthure he wes so soir adred,
Seand he had so gude fortoun and chance,
Out of Britane he passit into France.
Syne tukethese sone efteron one da,
And passit hes on to Saxonia,
His power thair agane for to renew.
All this cousall quhen that king Arthure knew,
Intill all haist he sped him with greit number,
On to the Saxonis duelland be\textsuperscript{2}ond Humber.
He thocht he wald with battell thame persew,
Or Occa come hame with his power new.
The king of Pechtis, schir Loth, or he come thair,
With all his power that tyme les and mair,
And Colgernus, nocht far fra Humber flude,
Tha met Arthure with ane greit multitude.
This gude schir Loth the wangard led that da,
Agnis him men of Armorica,
With thair chiftane, Hoell that hecht to name,
Ane berne full bald withoutin ony blame.
With bernis bald, that waponis weill culd weild,
Agane Colgerne king Arthure tukethe feild.
Quha had bene thair that da for to haif sene
Sa mony berne la bleidand on the grene,

\textsuperscript{1} In MS. \textit{spn}.

\textsuperscript{2} In MS. \textit{be\textsuperscript{3}ond}. 
Sa mony steid la stickit in the feild,  
And mony knicht full cald wnder his scheild.  
Tha nobill men than of Armorica,  
Into that feild tha did so weill that da,  
That force it wes the Pechtis for to flie,  
Of thame tha had sic superioritie.  
The Saxonis saw quhen that the Pechtis fled ;  
Into greit dout so soir tha war adred,  
For basitnes tha durst no langar byde,  
Bot left the feild and fled richt fast that tyde.  
With all the haist tha doucht awa till hy  
To Eborac, that tyme wes neirhand by.

How ARTHURE SEIGE EBORACK AND WAN IT NOCHT.

About the toun Arthure ane seige gart sett;  
With diligence tha haif done all thair dett.  
For thre moneth that seig lestit still,  
And king Arthure that tyme gat nocht his will,  
That toun it wes so stalwart, stark and strang.  
Quhen king Arthure had lyne thair so lang,  
Ane messinger sone come to him than and schew  
How king Occa with greit power of new,  
Fra Saxone come with schippis out of number,  
And had tane land into the mouth of Humber;  
And all the Saxonis in Northumberland,  
He had with him togidder in ane band:  
The king of Pechtis, schir Loth, that wes nocht lidder,  
With haill power were cumand baith togidder.  
Fra thir tydenis war to king Arthure tald,  
Thair at the seige no langer ly he wald;  
Seand his power also ilk da faillis,  
Richt sone he passit hame on to the Walis;  
And left his men in strenthis thair to ly,  
On to the bordour quhill winter war gone by.

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And syne him self with honour and renoun,
And mony lord, passit to Lundoun toun;
And in the toun all wynter did remane,
At thair counsall, quhill symmer come agane.
This king Arthure, as my author did sa,
In Lundoun toun that wynter quhair he la,
He visit hes sick liberalitie,
Of gold and siluer in sic quantitie,
That ilk man said he rakkit nocht of gold
No moir that tyme than muldis of the mold.

HOW ARTHURE WAN THE FEILD TWWYSS AGANIS OCCA
AND COLGERNUS, AND SYNE WAN EBORAC
THROW ANE TRANE OF ANE BRIT WITHIN THE TOWN.

Syne into ver, quhen that the da grew lang,
This king Occa, with all his power strang
He brocht with him out of Saxonia,
He tuk the feild syne after on ane da.
And Colgernus, quhilk wes at his command,
With all the Saxonis in Northumberland,
Aman the Britis raisand fyre and blude,
Distoryand all thame that in that tyme ganestude.
This 3oung Arthure, that wes baith het and hie,
Of thame that tyme for to revengit be,
Richt mony ane that waponis weill weild,
Fra Lundoun toun he tuke with him on feild,
And gaiff thame battell tuyss on ane plane.
In ilk battell wes mony Saxone slane;
And thocht king Arthure loisit mony man,
Tha feildis baith with greit honour he wan.
To Eborac sone thairefter maid him boun,
And set ane seig richt sone about the toun.
Within the toun biggit with stone and lyme,
Ane Brit thair wes remanand in the tyme,
And for ane Saxone haldin than wes he,  
  Amang thame quhilk had greit auctoritie.  
  Of euerie port he knew richt weill the gyn;  
  Vpoun the nicht he lute king Arthure in,  
  And take the citie sleipand as tha la,  
  Greit slaughter maid syne lang or it wes da,  
  Baith young and ald that war of Saxonis seid,  
  Richt blyth thai war quhen that tha saw thame  
    bleid.  
  And had nocht bene Arthure the nobill king  
    Had in his hart sic pitie of that thing,  
    That stanchit thame quhen that he hard thame  
      mone,  
    Richt cruellie tha had bene slane ilkone,  
    Baith man and wyffe withoutin mair mercie;  
    The Britis bald at thame had sic invye.  
  Syne in the toun remanit hes thair still,  
  All symmer ouir, at his plesour and will;  
  With mony carmusche oft on euerie hand  
    Of the Saxonis dwelt in Northumberland,  
    Quhile to persew and quhile to defend,  
    Quhill that symmer passit wes till end.

HOW ARTHURE AND ALL THE NOBILLS OF BRITANE  
REMANIT IN EBORAC THE NIXT WYNTER.

In wynter syne this nobill king Arthure,  
  Within that toun that sicker wes and sure,  
  And all the nobillis that war in Britane,  
  Remanit thair with mony vther man,  
  Conducit war to pas into his weir,  
  With hors and harness, and all vther geir.  
In Eborac, sen first on ground it stude,  
  Wes neuir sene so greit ane multitude,  
  As in that toun remanit euirilk da,  
  With dansing, singing, feisting, sport and pla,
Drinking, dyis, and all sic wrang abusioun.
For multitude oft makis greit confusioun;
Throw ydilnes, in greit gulositie,
Tha faill richt far without humanitie,
Or zit ressone; als het as ony fyre,
Lyke brutell beistis takand thair desyre.
This same king Arthure, as my author sais,
In Eborac into tha samindais,
He wes the first with glutony and guill
That euir begouth to mak sic feist in Zule;
In Eborac, that wynter quhair he la,
Continuand wnto the threttene da.
Qhilks wes the cans thairfoir that all the Britis
Fell in sic folie, as my author writis,
That tha forget thair greit honour and gloir,
And victorie that tha had win befoir;
Qhilks maid thame all vnabill for the feild,
To walk and fast, and waponis for to weild.
All that wynter, quhen th vaist sic glew,
This king Occa his power did renew
With nobill men out of Saxonias,
Him to supplie brocht in Norththrumbris,
That wortthie war thair waponis for to weild.
In symmer syne, quhen Arthure tuk the feild,
The Britis all, war wont so bald to be,
War sopit so with sensualitie,
With gluttony and lichorus appetyte,
Qhair in that tyme tha put thair haill delyte,
Of weir that tyme tha had no moir desyre,
Nor for to put thair feit into the fyre.
For that same caus, as my author judgis rycht,
This king Arthure thocht he wes wyss and wycht,
Qhilks in his time sic fortoun had and chance,
Qubahoirfor richt mony dois him now advance,
Agane his fa richt semdill culd prevail,
And of his purpois oft wes maid to faill.
How Arthure maid ane Band to Loth, that
after Arthuries Tyme Loth and his airis
suld succeid to the Kinrik of Britane
for ay.

And for that caus, quha richt can vnderstand,
With kyng Lothus kyng Arthure maid ane band,
Agane Oca than for to tak his part;
Syne all malice and rancour in his hart
Glaidlie forgif, without ony invye,
Stryfe and injure in tymes passit by.
Of that conditioun I sall to 3ow schaw,
Concord wes maid be cours of commoun law;
That is to say, foroutin ony stryfe,
That kyng Arthure for terme of all his lyfe,
Evin as him list, and at his awin lyking,
Sould bruken the croun of Britane and be king.
Efter his deid the croun suld than retour
To schir Modred, quhilk wes of hie honour,
King Lothus sone and als his lauchtfull air,
The quhilk his wyfe Cristina to him bair,
That sister wes to king Vter also,
And lauchtfull air withoutin ony mo.
Schir Gawin als, that wes young Modredis
bruther,
Bot he alone that tyme tha had na vther,
With kyng Arthure he sould remane ay still,
And for to haue, at his plesour and will,
Lordschip and land of Arthour in his fie,
And in the court richt greit auctoritie.
Decretit wes also amang the lawe,
That Modredus in mariage sould have
The fairest ladie that wes in Britane,
That dochter wes than of on nobill man,
Quhilk callit wes Gualanus to his name.
The fair ladie of all bewtie but blame,
Into Britane that tymes scho buir the bell,
Gif all be trew that I hard of hir tell.
Hir father als, of honour and renoun,
Grittest he wes in Britane nixt the croun.

The caus it wes, gif I richt wnderstude,
Modred suld wed into the Britis blude,
His barnis borne and fosterit be also,
Into Britane quhill tha culd speik and go;
And all thair tymesould haldin be for Britis,
And no Pechtis, as that my author writis;
And first Brit langage for to speik and vse,
So that the Britis culd nocht weill refuse,
Quhen that tymes come, Modred to be thair king,
And his barnis to succeed to his ring.

**ARTHURE PROMITTIT ALL THE LANDIS BE NORTH HUMBER AGANE TO THE SCOTTIS AND PECHTIS.**

Promittit wes sielike that tymes in plane,
That Scot and Pecht sould haif alhaill agane
The landis all be north the water of Humber,
As tha war wont, but ony clame or cummer,
But ony fraude, as tha war wont als frit,
Agane the Saxonis for to mak supple.
And mekle mair wes done into that tymes,
No I listheir to put in verse or ryme.

**HOW ARTHURE, KING OF BRITIS, AND CONRANUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, WITH THE KING OF PECHTIS, MET TOGIDDER.**

This beand done, within an litill we
Convenit hes thir nobill kingis thre,
Arthur and Loth with mony vther mo,
And Conranus the king of Scottis also,
At Tyne water with mony worthie wicht,  
In basnet, brasar, and in birny bricht;  
With helme and habrik, and all vther geir,  
On hors and fit with mony bow and speir,  
Of fals Saxonis for to revengit be,  
But faith or law full of iniquitie.  

This king Occa, that knew richt weill befoir  
All thair prouisioun that tyme les and moir,  
Traistand richt weill he micht na powar be  
In plane battell agane tha kingis thre,  
For that same caus out of Saxone he brocht,  
Witht greit power, in all the haist he mocht,  
Ane nobill man of grit honour and fame,  
The quhilk Cheldrik wes callit to his name,  
Off all Saxone of knichtheid wes the flour,  
Into his tyme he wan so greit honour.  

This king Occa of thir thre kingis knew,  
Lang of befoir as secreit men him schew,  
Thair wald be thair with all power tha mocht;  
Thairfoir that tyme I trow he tareit nocht,  
Bot in greit haist, with all power he ma,  
Prevenit thame at set place and at da;  
Airlie at mornie, sone be the da wes lycht,  
Ather of vther cuming ar in sycht.

How the greit armie was diuydit in thrie battellis; the king of Scottis tume the vangaird, the king of Pechtis the reirward, and Arthure in the midward.

This king Arthure without tarie that tyde,  
In thrie battellis thair power did divyde.  
To Conranus, quhilk lykit him to haue,  
With mony Scot the vangard he him gave;  
To king Lothus, wpoun the tother syde,  
The secund wyng with Pechtis gaif to gyde.
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Betuixthame tuo he rayit his awin feild,
With mony Brit that waponis weil culd weild.
Siclike king Occa, on the tother syde,
In thre battellis his armie did diuyde;
To Cheldrik, as flour of all the laif,
At his gyding the vangard than he gaif,
Him to obey and be at his bidding,
In feild to fecht aganis the Scottis king.
To Colgernus the tother wyng also,
Agane Loth in battell for till go;
With mony Saxone waponis weil culd weild,
Agane Arthure him self syne tuke the feild.

HOW COLGERNUS COME FURTH FRA THE LAIF AND
REPREUIT LOTH, AND PASSIT AGANE BUT AN-
SUER.

This Colgernus vpone ane cursour wycht,
With speir in hand all cled in armor brycht,
Befoir the lawe furth in the feild he raid,
Toward king [Loth] wnder his baner braid,
And with ane voce richt loud on him did cry,
" Fy on the king! fy on thy falsheid, fy!"
" Withoutin caus that brokin hes thi band,
" And oblisssing thow maid with thi awin hand,
" To ws that faillit neuir [ʒit] to the,
" In word nor werk as weil ma previt be;
" And makand freindschips quhair thow had greit feid,
" Of thy injure without ony remeid,
" The quhilk to the sa oft befoir hes faillit,
" And of thair purpois also had prevalit,
" Had nocht bene we, for ony thing thow docht:
" Now weil I wait thi kyndnes is for nocht." And mekle moir dispitfullie he spak :
To him king Loth no ansuer than wald mak.
Schir Colgernus than prickit ouir the plane,
Without ansuer, on to his men agane.

**How Arthur and Conranus with Lothus Gaif**

_Heild to Occa and Colgernus and wan_  
_the heild, quhair Occa fled and Colgernus was slane._

On euerie syde the trumpetis blew on hycht.  
With baneris braid that brodin war full brycht,  
And standartis waffland with the wynd full wyde,  
The cruell Scottis wes awfull till abyde.  
Of fedderit flanis in the feild that flew,  
Heidit with steill als thik as ony dew,  
And fercy as fyre out of the flynt dois found,  
Quhair euir tha hit tha maid ane werkind wound.  
With speiris lang, and mony schynand scheild,  
The men of armes enteritin in the feild;  
So thravalie togidder that tha thrang,  
And sic ane raiss that all the rochis rang,  
Quhair mony berne wes laid vpoune his bak,  
And mony speiris all in spalis brak;  
With kene knokis ilk ane on vther quellit,  
Quhill mony freik into the feild wes fellit.  
In the vanguard quhair that the Scottis faucht,  
So mony rout amang the Saxonis raucht,  
Schir Childrik, thocht he wes neuir so wycht,  
Wes slane that da; the laif all tuke the flicht,  
And left the feild without ony remeid,  
Quhair mony Saxone thair that da la deid.

**How Colgernus straik Loth fra his Hors, and how Colgernus was slane with Tua Pechitis.**

Schir Colgernus vpoun ane cursour wycht,  
Agane schir Loth he ran ane cours full richt.
Or he wes of him warnit in that tyde,
He hit king Loth vpoun the farrar syde,
And festnit hes his speir into his scheild,
Doun of his hors syne draif in[to] the feild.
Tua pert Pechtis on hors wer huvand by,
Schir Colgernus richt sone and suddantly
With thair speiris him stickit in that steid,
Doun of his hors syne to the ground fell deid.
King Loth thair lord, withoutin ony pane,
Boith haill and feir syne horsit hes agane.
Colgernus men, seand that he wes slane,
Into the feild no langar wald remane:
Of his slaughter so greit discomfort hed,
Out of the feild richt fast away tha fled.
The middill battell into king Occais feild,
Persauit weill the wyngis baith wer keild,
And thair but help wer left vpone the plane,
Into the feild no langar wald remane:
For ocht Occa culd outhar do or sa,
Tha left the feild and fled richt fast awa.
Occa¹ him self onto the se he fled,
Syne in ane schip, quhilk reddie thair he had,
Richt quyetlie, soir woundit, on ane da
That samin tyme fled in Saxonia.

How the Saxonis, efter tha had tynt the
Feild, come all to King Arthure beseik-
And him of Grace, and of his Ansuer
Agane.

Sone efter that, within ane lytill space,
The Saxonis all convenit in ane place
To thair counsell efter tha tynt the feild.
Syne quhen tha knew thair captanis all wer keild,
And in the feild sa mony als war slane,
Without beleif to gif battell agane;
For-quhy thair power sempill wes and small,
And thai thail tyme but chiftane war withall,
For thai that same caus, or than my author leis,
Befoir king Arthure all vpoun thair kneis
Richt piteouslie his grace tha did imploi,
For to remit all faltis of befoir.
Beseikand him of his hienes and grace,
That he wald grant thame in sum quyet place
For to remane withoutin skaith or lak,
At his plesour gude service for to mak.
Quhen king Arthure hard thair desyr and will,
Into thail tyme sic ansuer maid thame till:
Gif that tha list to tak the faith of Christ
Withoutin baid, and for to be baptist;
Of halie kirk als for to keip command,
Tha sould be fre to duell into his land,
At thair plesour ilk ane baith les and moir,
With all fredome sic as tha had befoir,
In peax and rest all tyme baith evin and morne;
Syn e bodelie ilkane for to be sworne,
Britis agane neuir mair till persew
In plane battell, for ald feid or for new.
Quha lykis nocht for to keip that command,
In pane of deith he war fund in that land;
And no les pane, as my author did sa,
Quha did remane attouir the fyftene da.

HOW THE SAXONIS PASSIT ALL FRA ALBIONE ONTO
SAXONE AT THE COMMAND OF ARTHURE.

Sone efter that ane company full large
Of Saxon men, with mony bark and barge,
Tha tuke the se all efter on ane da,
Syne passit hame on to Saxonie.
The men of gude that duelt about neirhand,
Seand the Saxonis cumand to the land,
Lyke to pereis baith of hungar and cald,
Tha swoir and said amang thame mony fald,
That efterwart, and tha thair tyme might se,
Of that injure tha sould revengit be.
Richt mony Saxone, efter tha war gone,
Remanit still lang into Albione,
Qhilik fenziwit war takand the fayth of Christ,
With fraudfull mynd tha war ilkane baptist,
With greit corruptione still into thair thocht,
Into that tyme suppois tha said richt nocht.

HOW THE SAXONIS DUELLAND IN VECTA ILE THAT 
LEVIT WWR BE ARTHURE SEND IN SAXONE, 
AND BROCHT ANE GREIT POWER OF MEN IN 
BRITANE, MAKAND GRIT DISTRUCTIOUN.

This being done as I haif said zow heir,
Gude king Arthure, richt lang and mony zeir,
Greit diligence he hes done da and nycht,
The Christiane faith with all power and mycht,
And Christis kirk, agane for to restoir
To the same forme that it wes of befoir.
And hes gart big kirkis that war cassindoun,
Prelattis and preistis of greit deuotioun,
Solempnitle thairin to sing and sa;
The commoun pepillon the halieda,
Diuyne servuce and word of God to heir,
All ceremoneis efter the law to leir.
Baith da and nycht ane lang tyme so he wrocht,
Qhill all Britane vnto the faith wes brocht.
My author sais in the samin quhile,
The Saxonis duelland into Victa Yle,
Fra Albione that lyis sum thing south,
Evin richt foirnent the water of Tamis mouth,
Out of Saxone ane greit power hes brocht.
So quietlie amang thame it wes wrocht,
Or Arthure wist, tha wrocht richt mekle noy
Ouir all Kentschyre quhilk tha schupe to distroy.
And quhen that caice to king Arthure wes kendi,
To king of Scottis and Pechtis sone hes send
For their supplie, siclike as of beforne,
Agane thair fais fals war and mensworne,
The faithles doggis gif that he culd dant.
All his desyre tha tua kingis did grant;
Ten thousand men fra euirilk king also,
To king Arthure that time wer maid till go.
Ane man of gude callit Ewgenius,
The sone and heir of nobill Congallus,
Quhilk king of Scotland wes into his dais,
Conranus bruther, as my author sais,
Vnkill also wes to this ilk Ewgene,
Quhilk captane wes to all the Scottis men.
Schir Modred, king Lothis sone and air,
Prince of the Pechtis, baith plesand and fair,
Quhome to his father gaif the oist to gyde
Of proude Pechtis that war rycht full of pryde.

How Eugenius, Prince of Scotland, and
Modred, Prince of Pechtland, passit to
Lundoun to Arthure.

Thir tua princes, withoutin ony baid,
Towart Lundoun to king Arthure tha raid.
Of thair cuming richt blyth and glaid wes he,
Welcumand thame with all humanitie,
And thankit thame with hartlie mynd and will,
In his supplie at sic neid come him till.
Towart Themys vpoun ane plesand plane,
Neirby Lundoun, he gart the ost remane,
Quhair tha plantit all thair palzeonis doun;
And he him self syne passit to the toun.
And lordis all war with him thair ilkone,
Baith les and moir to counsall syne ar gone.
Efter counsall, thre dais in the toun
Remanit still thair at thair oratioun;
Syne finallie, efter on the fourt da,
Solempnitle he gart baith sing and sa
Diuyne seruice with prelat, preist and clerk.
In his baner syne all of brodin wark,
Porterit perfite the Virgin clene and puir,
Of hir bosum the quhil that Jesu buir,
Fra that tym e furth, as that my author sais,
In his baner he buir hir all his dais.
Syne furth of Lundoun tuke the narrest wa,
Onto the camp quhair his grit ost lay,
Commendand him on to the Virgin brycht,
That Jesu buir, for to manteine thair rycht.

How it wes schawin to Arthure that the
Saxonis was neirhand, and how he send
Modred and his Gude-father Guallanus
to spy thairof, and of the fals tressoun
of the Saxonis that tyme to Modred
and Guallanus.

Ane man to Arthure schew into that quhile,
The Saxonis all within les nor fyve myle,
Evin at thair hand war huvand by ane hicht,
On fit and hors, all cled in armour bricht.
Schir Modred, ane chiftane cheualrous,
And his gude-father nobill Guallanus,
Thir tua freikis quhilk war of mekle force
Passit befoir than with fyve thousand hors,
In curage cled, that burneist wes full bricht.
So as thar raid furth ypoun randoun richt,
Fra Saxonis send ambassadouris to meit
To king Arthure, quhome gudlie the haif greit,
Traistand richt weill but perrell to remane
In that same place quhill that tha come agane; 27,270
And for that caus vpoune the samin feild,
Traistand no ill, tha baid baith man and cheild.
Quhen this ambaxat come king Arthure till,
And schew to him all thair desyre and will,
Quhilk in the tyme 3it thai obtenit nocht, 27,275
Traistand for tressoun that it sould be wrocht;
Richt weill he wist that thai culd nocht be leill,
Thairfoir les will he had with thame to deill,
To thame no answr in the tyme he gawe,
Quhill that he war aduysit with the laif. 27,280
That samin tyme the fals Saxonis wntrew,
Schir Modred, that na disceptioun knew,
Or euer he wist that, with ane cry and schout,
In rayit battell set him round about.
Quhen Modred saw it micht na better be, 27,285
Withoutin schame also he micht nocht fle,
Suppois his power in that tyme wes small
In feild to fecht agane tha Saxonis all,
3it neuirtheleis that tyme he tuke to reid
That euerie man revenge suld his awin deid; 27,290
Gif weidis wald of force sic thing to be,
Throw fals tressone tha suld be maid to de.

HOW MODRED TUKE FEILD AGANIS THE SAXONIS.

Syne in the feild tha enterit with ane crak,
Qubair mony berne war laid vpone thair bak,
And mony ane war maid full braid to bleid, 27,295
Into that stound la steikit wnder steid.
Schir Modred, his power wes so puir,
Into the feild no langar micht induir;
Thair of his men the tua part than wer slane,
The laif all fled no langar mycht remane. 27,300
To the gritois richt fast tha take the flycht,  
And stynit neuir quhill that tha come in sycht.  
Schir Modred wes brocht away of force,  
And Guallanus, but ony hurt on hors;  
Haill and feir, suppois thair men wes slane,  
To king Arthure thir tua come hame agane.  
Quhen this wes schawin to gude Arthure the king,  
Quhill gritlie wes aggreeuit at sic thing,  
The Saxone herald thair remaning maid,  
Zit wndeluiuerit on his answr baid;  
Then king Arthure with his captanis ilkone  
That present war, to counsell all ar gone,  
Efter decret in presens of the lawe,  
To that herald sic answr than he gawe.

**How Arthure gaif answr to the herald.**

"Zour greit falsheid oft befoir I kend,  
"That broucht zow ay wnto ane wickit end,  
"And ay will do, I bid nocht for to heill,  
"For in my tyme I fand zow neuir leill.  
"Ze schaw zour self wnsfaithfull, fraudfull schrewis,  
"Now wnder traist, quhen ze war takand trewis,  
"Out of beleif trowand of zow no ill,  
"So greit injure as ze haif done ws till.  
"Quhairfoir," he said, "heir I command in plane,  
"Ze send to me no message[?r] agane,  
"In tyme to cum we will thame nocht ressaue.  
"And thow thi self this answr now sall haue:  
"For the fals tressoun this tyme ze haif wrocht,  
"And I may leif it salbe full deir bocht;  
"Fra blude and battell I sall neuir blin,  
"Quhill thair is ony of zour cancarit kin  
"In Albione, that I mak God avow.  
"Na vther answr sall thow get as now."
This beand said befoir that multitude,
Thair come fourtie of the grittest men of gude,
That wes that tyme in all the Saxone oist,
To king Arthure, lawlie but ony boist
Excusand thame of all wes done him till;
Sayand, it wes aganes the nobillis will
All that wes done, as tha sould gar him ken,
Vnhappelie be ill asposit men,
That knew nocht weil quhat that the nobillis
Nor $it of thame had counsall nor consent.
Arthure, that dred thair greit falsheid and fraude,
Into the tyme he gaif command and bad
Without ansuer tha sould be keipit still,
Quhill etterwart that he had wroch his will.
And so thadid that tyme at his command,
Gart thame remane thair still without ganestand.

HOW ARTHURE LANG FORROW DA TUKE THE SAXONIS ALL SLEIPAND, QUHAIR THA WAR ALL SLANE FOR THE MOIST PART, AND ALL THE LAWE WAR CHASIT.

That samin nycht, ane lang quhile forrow da,
This ilk Arthure, quhair thae the Saxonis la,
With all his power movit in schort quhile,
Quhair that tha la within les nor thre myle.
In thre partis the greit oist than diuydit;
The fornest ost this ilk schir Modred gydit
In gude ordour, with egir mynd and will,
Quhill that he come neirby the Saxonis till.
The vtter watche war sone in handis tane;
The inwart watche war slane and chaist ilk ane;
Onto the camp all sleipand quhair thay lay,
Ouir all the oist thae maid ane felloun fray,
With so greit dreid amang thame all ilk deill,
Quhat for till do tha wist nocht ane than weil.
Thairfoirth tha dreid ilkone full soir,
For the injure tha did Modred befoir;
Wittand richt weill thair wes na dome bot deid, 27,365
Richt will tha war how tha suld find remeid.

Than, or tha micht be grathit in thair geir,
With breistplait braid, with bow, bukler and speir,
Richt mony thousand war maid for to de;
Without armour als all the lawe to fle
Heir and thair, with mony cairfull cry.

Than efter thame king Arthure sone gart by
Horsmen in haist, with speirs scharpe and lang;
Quhair tha ouirtuke thame in the thickest thrang,
Withoutin respite, reuth, or sit remeid,
Richt doggitlie tha dang thame all to deid.

HOW THE SAXONIS THAT FLED DROUND IN ANE FLUDE.

The lawe that chaipit fra thair hand that tyde,
Into ane flude that wes neirhand besyde,
Bot fra the feild that wes ane lytill we,
Tha dround ilkone for fercenes ourir to fle.
Quha had bene thair that da for to haif sene
Sa mony grume la granand on the grene,
Greit petie wes to luke vpoun that plane,
Sa mony thousand in that tyme la slane,
With sic abundance bleidand of thair blude,
Sa mony als wer dround into the flude;
The cairfull cry wes hiddeous for till heir
Of woundit men and sic that micht nocht steir,
Sum but the leg, and sum wantit the arme,
To ony hart it wald haif done grit harme.
For to behald the reid blude as it ran,
And mad murning of mony woundit man.
The Saxonis all that into strenthsis la,
To Arthure come sone efter on ane da,
With all the lawe that levand war on lyve,
On kneis bair ilkane, baith man and wyfe,
With soir sobbing, richt oft saying allace!
Beseikand him of his excellent grace,
With piteous voce he wald for thame provyde
Within his boundis to remane and byde,
And thai suld be gude seruandis ay him till,
At his plesour in all thing as he will:
Sayand richt litill it micht him availl,
Sic puri pepill quhilk to him neurid faill,
For to perische with hunger or with cald,
That mycht thame weild evin as him awin self
wald.
Quhen Arthure hard as tha haifsaid him till,
Ryccht gratiuslie he tuke thame in his will,
Without offence other of 30ung or ald;
Thair wes no Brit that tyme durst be so bald,
For ony feid of Saxone or injure,
For till offend other riche or pure,
Quhill tha war fred and passit euerilk one
Without injure hame into Albione.
The puri pepill that tuke the faith of Christ,
That fen3it war suppois tha war baptist,
Tha war levit all at the kingis will,
Into Britane to lawbour and byde still,
And grit tribute and victigall alsua,
Ilk 3eir by 3eir to king Arthure till pa;
And neurid till vse hors, harnes or geir,
Or 3it waponis that neidfull war in weir;
And neurid agane the Britis till persew,
Bot euirmoir sworn to be leill and trew.

q 2
THE BUIK OF THE

LIB. 9, F. 135 B.

Col. 1.

HOW ARTHURE PASSIT TO LU[N]DOUN, AND GAIF
GREIT REWARDIS BAITH TO THE SCOTTIS AND
PECHTIS, AND HOW THAI TUKE THAIR LEVE
AT ARTHURE AND PASSIT HAME.

Quhen this wes done king Arthure mad him boun,
And all the nobillis onto Lundoun toun,
Qanhair tha remanit quhill the tuentie da,
With dancing, singing, feisting, sport and pla.
To Scot and Pecht rycht grit rewarde he gaif,
Tha wantit nothing that tha list to haif.
Ewgenius, and gude Modred also,
Tha tuke their leif and hamewart bayth did go,
With greit blythnes thairby, 3e ma weil ken,
In thair travell thalossit richt few men:
Syne hail and feir, without ony ganestand,
Ilkone of thame come hame in thair awin land.
Fra king Arthure so worthelie anone
Of Saxone blude had changeit Albione,
He maid the Britis alway to leiff re
Ouir all Britane, with land and libertie,
In peice and rest, richt lang and mony da.
That samyn tyme, as my authordid sa,
Gude Conranus without stop or ganestand,
In pece and rest he gydit all Scotland.
Equale he wes ay baith to riche and puri,
Qhill he wes 3oung and mitt travell induir,
Vnder his wand he let b rocht na wrang;
And syne wox ald mitt nother ryde nor gang,
On to ane man committit all the cuir,
Quhilk wnder him than all the office buir,
Ouir all Scotland wes justice in thae dais,
Callit Toncet, as that my authur sais.
Suppois he had so greit auctoritjie,
3it borne he wes bot of ane law degrie,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Infected far with auerice that syn; 27.455
Quhair euir he knew gold or gude to wyn,
Wald find ane falt suppois thair had bene nane,
And wranguslie distroyit mony ane,
Gat he thair geir he set nicht ellis by;
Quhairat ilk lord dispitit had and invye, 27.460
And luikand ay quhill tha thair tyme wicht se,
Of this Tonceit for to revengit be.

HOW TONCETUS, HALDAND ANE AIR IN [F]OREST-TOUN, FOR COUETUSNES GART SLA TUA SAIK-LES MEN, QUAIRFOIR HIS FREINDIS SLEW TONCET ON ANE DAY.

This ilk Tonceit, of quhome befoir I tald,
It' hapnit him in Murrolland to hald
In Forest toun that tyme ane justice-air, 27.465
And for na petie riche and purt wald spair,
Quhat euir tha war, to mak thair pak full thin;
Quhair euir he wist that thair wes gude to wyn,
Richt saiklislie sa mony he gart die.
So in the toun thair hapnit for to be 27.470
Thre riche merchandis duelland in the tyme,
Quhilk wer condampnit for ane causles cryme,
But ony falt, haifand no c to treuth,
Syne put to deid but pitie or reuth,
For causse he knew that thair wes gude to wyn. 27.475
Thairfoir thre nobillis of thair awin kin,
This ilk Tonceit ane da quhair tha did meit,
Richt cruellie thae slew him on the streit,
Syne of the toun fled to thir hillis hie, 27.480
To saue thame self, it micht na better be;
Knaeand so weill how that the king wes sett,
For no requiest thair wes, no grace to get

1 In MS. In.
That levand wes thairof, man or wyffe,  
Als lang as he micht leve and bruke the lyfe.  
And for that causs, knawand it wald be sua,  
Deceittit hes thair king and prince to sla,  
And tak thair chance gif that wald be remeid;  
No vther wa tha micht evaid his feid.

OFF THE TRESSONE OF THE LORD OF ATHOILL,  
callit Donald.

Ane lord of Athoill, callit wes in tha dais  
Donald to name, as that my author sais;  
With this ilk king weill louit [than] wes he,  
And of him had richt greit auctoritie,  
Zit neuirtheles he keipit ane euill part  
To that same king he louit with his hart;  
At him that tyme he had richt grit invy,  
Qurat wes the causs I can nocht tell zow quhy.  
Into Lochquhaber, ane toun sum tyme of fame,  
Qhil Inverlochtie callit wes to name,  
Qhair that the king remanit for the tyme,  
And this Donald committar of the cryme,  
Withoutin caus, as that my author schew,  
He send for thame that this Toncetus slew  
Richt quietlie, and bad thame cum him till,  
Gif that [thai] thocht thair purpoist to fulfill,  
Than wes best tyme gif tha list to do ocht,  
And he sould help thame als far as he mocht.  
Richt quyetlie syne efter on ane nycht,  
Qhen all war cloiss, onwist of ony wicht,  
This fals Donald that knew full weill the gin,  
In the chalmer quhair that the king la in,  
Into ane bed besyde him quhair he la,  
He leit thame in, syne staw him self awa  
Richt quietlie, as none knew his intent,  
Of all sic thing as he war innocent.
HOW CONRANUS ASKED THE MAID MERCY ON HIS KNEIS.

This saikles king in his bed quhair he la,
Persauint weill richt lang befoir the da
The greit tressoun that tyme wes to him wrocht,
And what till do rycht weill than wist he nocht.
Out of his bed he lap with all his cuir,
On kneis bair syne sat doun on the fluir
Richt piteouslie befoir thame in that place,
Beseikand thame of thair mercie and grace.
On kneis bair befoir thame that he sat,
Haldand his handis to the hevin with that,
Beseikand thame than for to saif his lyfe,
Ilk ane of thame out throw him thrang a knyfe,
On wittand syne tha passit all awa:
Thair he la deid syne on the fluir quhill da.
Sic wes his chance, as I haifsaid zow heir,
Then of his ring the fyve and threttie zeir.
With greit dolour syne, bayth of gude and ill,
Tha buir his bodie to Ecolmillk,
Of kinglie wyiss takand thairof grit cuir,
Syne sesit him thair into sepultuir,
Than of our Lord fyve hundret zeir ago,
Threttie and fyve withoutin ony mo.
Ane nobill prince in all his tyme wes he,
Except in eild with sic partialitie
He gydit wes as zë ma heir me mene,
Qhiilk till ane prince of na way suld pertene,
Thair counsall vse qhiilik war of law degrie.
For-quhy ane man that is in pouertie,
The qhiilk pretendis to ane heair stait,
For to win riches all tyme air and lait,
Swyfter nor ane swallow will by ressonc ryn,
On to him self ma he get gude to wyn.
That was the cause, as it was well known,
This noble king maid sic an haste end.

**How Ewgenius the Sone of Convallus, after the Deid of Conranus, was crownit King of Scottis, the quhilk Ewgenius was with Arthure at the Wynnyng of the Saxonis, as ze haif hard befoir.**

Quhen he wes deid as I haif said 30w heir,
The lordis all of Scotland far and near, 27,550
Convenit hes into that samin quhile,
To croun thair king togethir in Argyle.
But contrapleid ther of al or 3ing,
Ewgenius tha crownit to be king.
The eldesh sone of worthie Congallus, 27,555
And als he wes that ilk Ewgenius,
With king Arthure than wan sic laud and gloir
In the last feild, as ze haif hard befoir,
Quhair mony Saxone deit on ane da,
Schort quhile befoir as ze micht heir me sa. 27,560
Sone efter syne that he wes crownit king,
Perswadit wes with wordis richt benyng,
Of men of gude in mony sindre steid,
For to revenge this gude Conranus deid,
His deir vnkle so tender of his blude, 27,565
In tyme to cum till ken all other gude,
So cruelie without caus or offence,
For to put hand other in king or prince.
Eugeniusthiscounsall did neglect:
Thairfoir the pepill held him all suspect 27,570
That he sould be assistar to that cryme,
Suppois he wes richt saikles in the tyme,

1 In MS. as.
For- quyh the king he louit as his lyfe.
Zit neiurtheles this ilk Conranus wyfe,
With tua sonnis sone efter on ane da,
For dreid of him fled in Ybernia.
This fair ladie, quhilk wes of fame vnfyld,
Departit thair syne with hir eldest child.
The young[er] child, richt plesand and benyng,
Remanit thair in keiping with the king,
Ane bony barne, withoutin ony blame,
Quhilk callit wes Adamus to his name.
Ewgenius, the first 3eir of his ring,
So worthelie he had him in all thing,
To riche and puir with greit equalitie,
Aboue all vther louit than wes he.
Baith gude and ill than stude of him sic aw,
So just he wes without rigour of law;
Humbill and meik, and curtas till all man,
With love and fauour all thair harts he wan.
And gif it hapnit ony innocent
Be partiall way be hurt in jugment,
Thair caus gif tha mighty find [na] refuge,
Committit suld be till ane hiear judge,
For to reforme be his auctoritie
Sic wrang sentence agane to equitie ;
And gif it hapnit ony to be so puir,
Process of law that micht nocht weill induir,
In falt of riches, gold, substance or mycht,
Without power for to defend thair richt,
The coist allsaill to be in his expenss,
So that the puir man sould thoill na offens.
No man ane wedow fra hir hous suld caw
Attour ane myle for to thoill the law.
Richt [mony] that he maid into his tyme,
That I list nocht heir for to put in ryme;
Thairfoir of him heir I will hald me still,
And to king Arthure turne agane I will.
How the Britis, efter lang Peax, grew to riches, quhair throw tha misknew baith God and thame self, quhair throw tha causit Arthur to brek the band to the King of Pechitis, as etter followis.

Lang peax and rest causis greit policie,
Quhair throw oft syis their cumis grit plentie
Of gold and riches in till abundance,
Of meit and drink, with sporting and plesance,
In sic acces quhilk causis mony men
The world, thame self, and God for to misken.
This suith example, as my author writis,
I verifie ma richt weill be the Britis;
Quhilk throw lang peax to sic riches and mycht
Tha grew that tyme and efter till sic hicht,
With greit abusioun than our all Britane,
That tha misknew richt far bayth God and man.
Quhilk causit thame, withoutin caus, wnrrhaith
To brek their band with oblassing and aith
On sacrament in sanctuar wes sworne
To king Lothus, as je haif hard before,
Efter the tyme of king Arthuris ring,
That Modred than of Britis suld be king,
Quhilk efterwart revoikit and forthocht;
Of all tha said ane word tha keipit nocht.
Arthur him self na laufull sone had he,
For-quhy his wyffe ay in sterilitie,
All his dais scho wes withoutin cheild,
Alls weill in zouthheid as scho wes in eild.
Becaus Arthure had no successioun
For to succed efter him to his crown,
Into Britane thair king and prince to be,
The Britis all but oportunitie,
Cronicles of Scotland.

Hes causit Arthure in the tyme declair,
Qhillik efter him of Britis suld be air
Of all Britane, qhillik war ane man of gude.
All in ane voce togidder tha conclude,
That king Modred sould neuir bruke their croun,
Nor zit nane of vther of his successioun,
Agane the aith and obllissing befoir
That tha had maid the Britis les and moir.

How Arthure declarit Constantyne, S[chi]r Cadrochis Sone of Cornewall, King of Britane efter him.

Tha gart Arthure richt sone declair that thing,
Efter his tyme quha sould be lord and king.
At thair desyre that he wald nocht deny,
Ane man of gude that standand wes neirby,
Qhillik Constantyne to name callit wes he,
Schir Cadrochis sone, of greit auctoritie,
Of Cornewall lord, ane greit nobill tha dais,
This ilk king Arthure, as my author sais,
Hes namit him for to be prince and king,
Efter his tyme ouir all Britane to ring.
Fra that tyme furth ouir all Britane wes he
Haldin for prince with greit auctoritie.
Ane quhile befoir, as that my author sais,
Schir Loth the king of Pechtis in his dais,
The qhillik Pechtland efter that samin da,
Efter his name callit it Loudonia,
Departit wes ane quhile befoir nocht lang;
Modred his sone into his steid than rang.
How Modred, King of Pechtis, herand how Arthure and all the Britis had brokin thair band maid befoir to his Father Lothus, was richt commouit, and or he wald invey Battell, [send] to thame ane Herald.

Quhen Modred knew thair greit perversitie, 
Unfaithfulnes with sic fragilitie, 
The band and aith to him that tha had brokin, 27,665
He wist nocht weill how that he sould be wrokin, 
Of thair falsheid for to revengit be, 
He knew so weill thair instabilitie. 
And thocht to him tha had done sic offence, 
3it wald he nocht be way of violence 
Into that tyme his purpos till persew, 
Perfitliar thair myndis quhill he knew. 
With agit men that culd of curtasie, 
He send to Arthure for that samin quhy, 
Him to requeir with Britis les and moir, 27,675
To keip promit that tha had maid befoir. 
The quhilk to do he micht nocht weill deny, 
Sen he nor his had nother caus nor quhy 
To brek the band that tha had maid beforne, 
With mony aith thairto obleist and sworne. 27,680
Befoirthameallthathairwesplane, 
This king Arthure sic answer maid agane.

How Arthure gaif ansuer to the Herald.

" Gude freind," he said, " 3e be in wrang for-thy, 
" That blamis ws withoutin caus or quhy, 
" Sayand to 3ow we haif brokin promit; 
" That is nocht trew, as thow sall rycht weill 27,685 
    wit."
"And for this caus, our band and oblishing
"Wes to schir Loth and to na vther king,
"Quhilk all his tyme we keipit richt perfite.
"Thairfoir," he said, "we ar nocht for to wyte, 27,690
"Efter his tyme thow ma weill wnderstand,
"Suppis to 3ow we keip nocht that same band."
This was the ansuer that king Arthure gait,
With loud lauchter and scornyng of the laif;
Syne but reward, with mekill bost and blame, 27,695
To king Modred the herald passit hame,
And schew to him ilk word, both les and moir,
At greit lasar, as I haif said befoir.
This king Modred quhen he thair ansuer knew,
And his lordis all, in sic anger grew,
Into the tyme ilkane baith said and swoir,
Other to die or of that grit injure
Revengit be, micht tha haif tyme and space,
Richt suddantlie with help of Goddis grace.

How MODRED ASKIT HELP AT EWGENIUS.

In that mater, or tha wald moir intend,
To king Eugene ane herald sone tha send,
And schew to him the mater all and how,
Ilk word by word as I haif schawin 3ow;
In sic effect befoir as tha war spokin,
And how Arthure his aith and band had
brokin.
Beseikand him of his help and supplie,
Of tha injuris for to revengit be;
Saying also, Arthure ressauit hed
All flemit men furth of Scotland that fled,
And furneist thame baith into hors and geir, 27,715
And all waponis that neidfull war in weir;
Quhilk with the Britis on the bordour la,
Greit heirschip maid oft into Gallowa;
Sayand richt sone, and he his tyme mycht se,
Of Scot and Pecht he wald revengit be
For the inyure wes done to thame beforne,
Richt mony ane þeir or ony of thame wes borne.

**HOW EWGENIUS GRANTIT HELP TO MODRED.**

Ewgenius considderit than richt weill
All that wes trew, and also had ane feill
That Arthour thocht sone efter, and he mycht,
All Albione, supposi he had nocht richt,
Weild at his will for the inyure and wrang,
To his eldaries wes done befor richt lang.
For that same caus rycht hartlie with gude will,
All his desyre moir gladlie grantit till;
Sayand, he suld within ane litill space,
With all power meit him at da and place.
With his answor the herald hame he þeir
To the king of Pechtis callit wes Modreid,
And schew to him ilk word, baith les and
moir,
Of his answor as þe haif hard befoir.
Quhairof that tyme rycht weill content wes he;
Syne gart proclame be his auctoritie,
That euerilk man, als gudlie as he ma,
Sould reddie be within ane certane da,
For to convene at sett da and at steid,
On thair best wayis, wnder the pane of deid.
And so thair did, kepíte the place and da;
King Ewgene als, as my authord did sa,
With greit power of Scottis out of number,
He met Modred vpoun the water of Humber;
Vpoun ane plane wes on the water syid,
Tuik purpois thair togidder for to byde.
How Arthure downit to the Battell aganis, Lib.9, f.137.
Modred with Supple of Ewgenius, and how the Pechtis met Arthure in feild.

Arthure richt weill that all thair counsall knew,
Richt suddantlie that tha suld him persew; 27,750
For that same caus, out of Armorica
Ane armie brocht that come with him that da;
And euerie Brit that waponis docht to weild,
On fit and hors he brocht with him on feild.
Full mony berne that wes baith bald and wycht,
In curage cleir that burneist wes full brycht,
On to that feild wnder his baner brocht,
Of glitterand gold that worthelie wes wrocht.
The proud Pechtis on the tother syde,
In rayit battell on the bent did byde,
Weill cled in curage and cot of armour cleir,
With buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir,
And staitlie standertis strickit vpon hicht,
Thair face for face stude in thair fais sicht.

How the Bischospe 3eid betuix thame

Off Scotland, Pechtland, and Britane also, 27,765
In to that tyme betuix thame thair did go
Richt mony bischop with thair oratioun,
And famous men als of religioun.
And first of all onto thir kingis tuo,
Beseikand thame that tha sould nocht do so, 27,770
Bot to be wyiss and at gude counsall byde,
For greit dangeir that efter micht betyde
On to thame all, gif sua hapnit to be
That da to meit in to that mad mellie.
Ouir all the warld, quhen it war kende and spokin,

Of Albione the power wes so brokin,
That tha micht nocht thame fra thair fa defend;

" On to the Saxonis syne quhen it is kende,
" Quhilk hes zoow all at malice and invye,
" Traist weil tha sall, richt sone and suddantlye,
" Of Albione haif haill auctoritie,

" Or mony thousand on ane da sall de."

Quhen this wes said befoir thame all present,
Baith Scot and Pecht thairof wer weil content;

So that the Britis wald keip thair aith and band,

Tha maid befoir subscriuit with thair hand,
Forder as than tha sould thame nocht invalid,
And keip to thame conditione that tha maid;
And wald tha nocht, quhat euir efter fell,
The wyte of all sould licht amang thame sell.

Quhen this wes said befoir thame all ilkone,
To Arthur syne thir prelatis all ar gone,
And schew to him siclike as of befoir,
With greit effect the danger les and moir;
The greit perrell of battell and the chance,

To him tha schew with all the circumstance.

Syne efterwart tha schew to him also
The gudlie answere of thir kingis two,
All thair desyr als far as tha culd knaw,
Wes all bot richt according to the law,

And of allill als tha war innocent.

Arthur thairof thay tyme wes weil content
To keip the band that he had maid but leis,
With Scot and Pecht to leif in rest and peis.
Into that tyme war standand neir besyde 27,805
Britis full bald, presumpteous, full of pryde,
To Constantyne that war of kin full neir,
The quhilk befoir, as I haif said 3ow heir,
Declarit wes of Britane to be king,
Efter the tyme of this king Arthuris ring;
Quhilk haldin war of greit auctoritie,
Baith with the king and the commwnitie;
Into the tyme maid greit impediment,
And be no way wald grant, or 3it consent,
To keip the band that thahad maid befoir;
For-quhy tha said, with mekle bost and schoir,
Thir kingis tuo alleged hat sic lawes
Aganis thame withoutin ony caus,
Or ressoun quhy, just battell till inveife,
Quhilk in that tyme tha offerit thame to preve. 27,820
All this tha said with greit affectioun
Of Constantyne, and no way be ressoun,
Quhilk efterwart tha mycht forthink full soir
The Britis all, and sail do euir moir.
For no requiest or intercessioun
Thir bishopis maid oft with greit oratioun,
The Britis bald be no way wald conceid
To the desyr of this king Modreid.
Richt scharpe langage to thir bishopis tha gaif,
Sayand, tha come king Arthure to diissaue; 27,830
Out of thair sicht tha bad thame by thame sone,
Or tha suld rew that euir sic thing wes done.
Sic manassing tha maid thame with grit boist,
Quhairthrow that tyme thair raiss throw all the oist

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Sic rude rumour of all war standand by, 27,835
That euerie syde richt sone and suddantlye,
With mony one that waponis weill weild weild,
On fit and horses enterit in the feild.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE BATTLE OF THE BRITIS,
betuix King Arthur on the one syde
and Scottis and Pechtis on the other syde, strikin at Humber water.

The bowmen bald, that war bayth strang and stuir,
Of Scot and Pecht into the feild tha faur. 27,810
Thair scharp schutting maid sydis for till sow,
Throw all thair geir tha gart thame grane and grow.
The Britis bald into that stour that stude,
For all thair bost tha bled richt mekle blude.
The Scottis bowmen and the Pechtis 1 baith, 27,815
Into the feild tha did richt mekle skaith.
Lang efterwart of thame it had bene spokin,
War nocht tyme that thair array wes brokin
With men on hors, couerit with targe and scheild,
That skaillit thame richt wyde into the feild, 27,850
In sindriepartis vp and doun the plane,
That thae culd nocht cum till array agane.
Be that the vanguard of the Britis syde,
Thair prince that tyme, schir Constantyne, did gyde,
With all thair power enterit on the plane, 27,855
Of Ordolus the lord faucht him agane.
Gude schir Gawane that da, with Arthur king,
The secon wing he had at his gyding,
Tytest that tyme he wes of ony vther
Agane Modred, suppois he wes his bruther. 27,860
Ewgenius and schir Modred also,
Into the feild agane Arthure did go

\(^1\) In MS. Scottis.
With sic ane counter, like ane thunder crak,
Quhill scheidis rawe and mony speiris brak;
Birny and basnet brist wer all in schunder,
Heidis war hewin in pecis that war wnder.
Tha rappit on with mony rout full rude,
Quhill breistis brist and bockit out of blude;
Full mony freik war fellit thair on force,
And mony stout man stickit on his horss;
Full mony berne lay bulrand in his blude,
And mony stalwart stickit quhair he stude.
Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,
With dyntis dour ilkane on vther dang,
Quhill all the water into Humber flude,
Als reid as roissi\textsuperscript{1} ran all ouir with blude,
And all the coist full of deid corsis la.
Continuallie fra morne airie that da,
Tha faucht ay still quhill nune wes passit by,
And no man wist quha had the victorye;
Qhill at the last ane stalwart Scot and stout,
In Brit langage full loud he gaif ane schout
That all the Britis vnderstude richt plane;
"Allace!" he said, "oure nobill king is slane!"
"Arthure, allace! for euir now art thow gone!"
"And slane this da oure nobillis ar ilkone.
"Is no remeid to all the laif bot flie,
"Or doultles all ilk man heir man we die."
Full mony Brit quhen that thà hard that cry,
Tha kest fra thame thair harnes haistielie,
But ony stop or tha wald langar stynt,
Syne fled als fast as fyre dois out of flynt.
The lawe that knew that cry wes for ane trane,
Still in the feild ay fechtand did remane,
Suppois that tyme thair power wes bot small,
Qhill synge on force thà wer confoundit all.

\textsuperscript{1} In MS. roissit.
And slane ilkone for all thair senzeorie:
To Scot and Pecht so fell the victorie.
This battell wes richt bludie to thame baith,
Wes none that da that chapit but greit skayth; 27,900
Of Scot and Pecht that da into the feild,
War twentie thousand and king Modred keild.
King Arthure als vpoun the tother syde,
And schir Gawane with mony vther gyde,
With threttie thousand best war of the Britis, 27,905
Wer slane that da, as that my author writis.

HOW EwGENIUS HELD THE FEILD THAT NYCHT,
AND ON THE MORNE PARTIT THE SPULZE
AMANG HIS MEN.

Eugenius he held the feild that da,
Syne on the morne quhair all the Britis la,
Richt mony nobill fra the feild that fled,
Within thair tentis lyand in thair bed, 27,910
Thair with thair quene, Gwanora\(^1\) hecht to name,
And hir ladeis vmmaculat of fame,
Eugenius, thair sleipand quhair th a la,
Into thair bed he tuke thame lang or da,
And all the riches in the tyme th a had. 27,915

Col. 2.
Syne haistelie on to the feild him sped,
And all the spulze in the feild he fand,
Richt quietlie, without stop or ganestand,
To euerie man into the tyme he gaif,
Efter his deid as he lies wrocht to haif 27,920
Arthurs wyssfe was callit Gwanora,
That in hir tyme wes fair as dame Flora,
Onto the Pechtis quhilk plesit thame to haif,
This ilk princes Eugenius to thame gaif,

\(^1\) In MS. Gwanora.
And ladeis all, suppois tha had bene may,
With mony vther presoner and pray.
Syne all the laif, quha lykis for to heir,
In Scotland brocht baith pray and presoneir.
Siclike the Pechtis with the quene Gwanoir,
And presoneris that tha had les and moir,
Tha send to keip into Orestia,
Quhilk callit is now Angus at this da.
Into ane castell callit Doun-bervie,
Qubahirof the fundament restis ʒit to se,
Quhilk biggit wes richt weill with lyme and
stone,
Tha presoneris war keipit thair ilkone,
Remanand thair ilkone quhill tha war deid.
Thair graifs ʒit apperis in that steid,
By Megill toum, ten myle aboue Dundie,
Thair graifs ʒit remanis for to se:
Off quene Gwanoir all tymé amang the laif,
Be the scriptour weill knawin is the graif.
This wes the end, as I haifsaid zow heir,
Of king Arthure the thre and tuentie ʒeir
Than of his regnne, and of Eugene also,
The auchtene ʒeir withoutin ony mo,
And of oure Lord fyve hundreth als but faill
Foutrie and tua, that wes the number haill.
In no storie autentik that I reid,
ʒit hard I neuir of this Arthuris deid,
No of his werk, als far as I can speir,
Moir worthines nor I haifsaid zow heir.
Thocht mony fule affectit to him be,
Thaat rakkis nocht to fenzie or to le
In his loving, trowing richt weill thairfuir
To bring his name to sic excellent gloir;
Thairf rof begylit weill I wait thai war,
For-quhy thair fablis fenüzit ar so far,
And ar so lyke impossibill for to be,
That all men wait rycht weill thairfuir tha lie.
The Buke of the
Off Fyn-Mak-coull, and als of Robene Hude,
And of Arthure als schortlie to conclude,
The suithfastnes quha knew of all thir thre,
Off thame richt oft ar maid full mony le.
As for my self, sa ilk man as tha will,
Off king Arthure quha sais gude or ill,
Moir in effect nor I haif said 3ow heir,
He fenzies far, that wait I weill but weir.
Off quhome the name is zit in memorie,
Richt famous men befoir that wait this storie,
Efter thair mynd, siclike as tha me schew,
Irk word be word out of thair werk I drew,
Qulilk haldin is of greit auctoritie,
Thairfoir trow thame, gif 3e will nocht trow me.
I wait nocht weill how it come first in vse;
Considdering all his infelicitie,
Haif e to richt and lat affectioun be,
I hald him for the maist vnhappie king
Off all the Britis that did in Britane ring.
For-quhy he wes so faithles and wntrew
To king Modred, befoir as I 3ow schew,
And manesworne als, the hand of God thairfore,
As resson wald, it tuechit him full soir.
Britis bifoire qulilk wes of sic renoun,
Sensyne tha tynt baith thair kinrik and croun;
As plesis God, till all men weill is kend,
Falsheid come neuir till ane better end.

How the Britis, efter the Deith of King
Arthure, in Lundoun Toun crounit
Constantyne thair King.

Efter this tyme that I haif said 3ow heir,
The Britis all convenit far and neir
To Lundoun [toun] into ane parliament,
And crounit hes with all thair haill consent
This Constantyne, of quhome befoir I tald.

Syne efter that thir bludie bouchouris bald,
In vilipensiou of this king Modred,
That his airis suld nocht to thame succeed,
His tua sonis wes keipit in the cuir
Of Gallanus, the quhilk his dochter buir,
Tha slew thame baith with greit cruelitie
In hir armes but reuth or ʒit petie:
And so endit the haill successioun
Of king Modred, the quhilk had richt to the croun.
This saikles slauchter and ingratitute,
The cruell deid, the vengence of thair blude,
Abominable hill other to heir or se,
Vnpuneist lang God wald nocht suffer it be.
Ouir all the warld the word it wrocht rycht plane,
Richt suddanelie how king Arthure wes slane,
With all the nobillis of Britania,
In that same feild wer tane and slane that da,
And of the pepill slane wer out of number,
In that conflict ypoun the water of Humber.

HOW THE SAXONIS, HERAND THE DEITH OF KING ARTHURE, COME AGANE IN BRITANE WITH RYCHT GIRT POWER.

The Saxonis sone thairfoir in bark and barge,
To Albione with greit power and large,
Tha sped thame sone with all the haist tha ma,
Quhill that tha come into Britania,
Into ane place quhairat tha tuke the land,
With litill stryff, but stop or ʒit ganestand.
The Britis all quhometo that fortoun falsis,
Tha maid on force to pas all to the Walis:
Saxonis sensyne, as ʒe sall wnderstand,
Inhabite hes the boundis of Ingland,
Withoutin pley, at plesour les and moir,
That callit wes Britania of befoir.
I mervell quhy that men sould so commend
Arthure, the quhilk maid so wnhappie end,
For quhais falt sic infelicitie
Remanis1 zit, and ay like for to be.
Throw his vnhap, his falsheid, and his gilt,
So mekle blude richt secroitlie wes spilt;
The Britis als than tynt honour and gloir,
Kinrik and crown, and will do euir moir.

How Constantyne, the King of Britis, passit
in Yreland, and tuke Religious Habite
thair vnknewin.

Col. 2. This Constantyne quhilk efter him did ring
Into the Walis of Britis to be king,
Ane man he wes of religiositie,
And quhen he saw the greit calamitie
And seruitude tha Britis war in brocht,
He traistit weill the greit falsheid tha wrocht
In the defrauding of the king Modreid,
Qhilk richteous wes till Vter to succeid;
Into his mynd thairfoir he dred so soir,
That wes the caus that tha war puneist foir,
Within him self richt havelie he buir,
So wranguslie he tuke on him sic cuir,
In the defrauding of the richteous air.
Thairfoir his ladie, plesand and preclair,
The quhilk he loutil ouir all erthlie thing,
And sonis als quhilk efter him suld ring,
The hand of God departit hes him fro,
And left him self richt destitute in wo.
Syne quhen he knew the caus quhy and quhairfoir,
Qhat wes the caus he puneist him so soir,

1 In MS. Remanit.
Richt quyetlie on to Ybernia,
Into ane bark he passit on ane da;
Kinrik and croun and all the wrld forsui,k
And syne on him religious habit tuke
Amang the monkis thair in ane abba,
To greit knawlege syne grew ilk da be da:
Syne efterwart, preichand with greit desyr
The faith of Christ, wes martyrit in Kyntyre.
Sic wes his chance, his fortoun and his werd,
Quhilk now ane sanct is haldin in this erd,
And of Kynnoule the patroun als is now,
And Govane als, bot tua myle fra Glasgow.
Of this mater heir will I speik no moir,
Bot turne agane quhair I come fra befoir.

HOW JURMAURIK RANG IN BRITANE THE TYME
OF CONSTANTYNE.

This Jurmaurik, of Saxonis that wes king,
Into Ingland that samin ty me did ring,
The first degrie fra Hungest wes discendit,
In all his tyme greit pece he ay pretendit.
With Scot and Pecht, as my author did sa,
He keipit pece onto his ending da.
Ewgenius, quhilk wes of Scottis king,
In pece and rest syne all his tyme did ring;
Syne efterwart, as I sall schaw 3ow heir,
Than of his ring the aucbt and threttie 3eir,
And of our Lord fyve hundretht and saxtie,
And aucbt also, compleit war and gone by,
Departit hes into that samin quhile.
His bodie borne wes syne to Iona Yle,
With all sic pomp ane prince pertenit till,
And bureit wes into Ecolumkil.
THE BIUK OF THE

HOW CONVALLUS, THE BRUTHER GERMANE OF EUGENIUS, WAS CROWNIT KING EFTER THE DEID OF EWGENIUS HIS BROTHER.

Quhen so departit wes Eugenius,
His bruther germane callit Convallus,
Richt circumspect and wyss into all thing,
Wes crownit than of Scotland to be king.

Vnsufficient my mynd is for to dyte,
My hand walde irk, my pen wald tyre to wryte,
Gif that I sould perfitlie put in verss,
His greit vertew my authordid reheras.

Als far as Phebus with his bemis bricht
All vther sterne excedes into licht,
Siclike this king, baith into word and deid,
In godlines all other did exceld.

The crucifix he held in sic honour,
Aboue ilk set of castell, toon and tour,
In purpura, asure, and in gold sa bricht,
In audience he gart be set on hicht;

Quha gois by on fit, and als on hors,
Suld honour him that deit on the croce.

Forbad also in paithment or in streit,
To mak ane cors quhair men theid on thair feit,
That it sould nocht dishonorit be so far,
Vnder thair feit to stramp into the glar.

Ane crucifix of birneist gold so bricht,
With rubeis reid and dymantis weil dicht,
Vpoun ane staff weil cled with siluer clair,
With poleist perle, and mony gay sapheir,
Quhair euir he raid that corce he gart be borne,
Into his sicht ane lytill him beforne;

And as he on lap, or lichtit of, his horss,
Vpoune his kneis he kisit ay that cors.
Into the kirk quhill that he sat or stude,
Vpoune his heid come nother hat nor hude;
And richt semdill, bot gif my author leis, 28,115
Into the kirk he wes sene of his kneis.
To kirk men als richt greit honour did he, 28,120
And causit thame obeyit for to be
Intill all thing wes ordand thame to haif,
And greit reward richt oft to thame he gaif
Off buik and chaleis, and of vestiment,
Of gold and siluer, and of vther rent.
Throw the greit vertew in him self he had,
The fame of him ouir all the world it spred,
In Ingland, Yreland, and Armorica, 28,125
In France, in Flanderis, and Almonia,
That mony one desyrit him till se,
For his gude lyfe tha prasit him so hie.

HOW ANE HALIE MAN, CALLIT COLUMBA, COME
FURTH OF YRELAND IN SCOTLAND TO SE THE
HALIE KING.

Ane halie man, Columba hecht to name, 28,130
Into Ireland quhen he hard of his fame,
This halie man of ane religious place
Abbot he wes ane weill lang tyme and space,
With ten brether of greit auctoritie,
In Scotland come Convallus for to se.
With all honour that sic ane man suld haif,
This Convallus Columba did ressaue,
Quhilk of his cuming wes richt blyth and glaid,
And freindfullie richt oft to him he said,
" WLucum ze ar, my deir father, to me,
 " With all my hart, and euir moir salbe. 28,140
 " And all zour brether that ar with zow heir,
 " To me alway sall tender be and deir."
And in his armes tenderlie hes tone
This halie man and his brether ilkone.
THE BUlk OF THE

Col. 2. So did the lordis all that stude him by,  28,145
Imbrasit thame that tyme full tenderly.
Ouir all Scotland tha come baith far and neir,
This halie man Columba for to heir,
Ilk da be da into greit multitude
Of riche and puir ouir all, baith ill and gude.  28,150
He thocht him happie into na degrie,
This halie man that come nocht for to se.

HOW CONVALLUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, ORDANIT
ANE PLAC[E] IN IONA YLE TO COLUMBA.

Ane fair tempill thair wes in Iona Yle,
That biggit wes befoir ane weill lang quhile
Be secund 1 Fergus as I said lang syne,  28,155
Qhair ordand wes the sepulture diuyne
Of euerie king with greit solemnnitie,
Qubilk wes ane place of greit auctoritie.
This plesand place wes presentit thair in plane
To this Columba quhair he suld remane,  28,160
Of his brother, siclike of all the lawe
Wes thair befoir, auctoritie to hawe.
That place sensyne quhair he remanit still,
It callit wes to name Ecolmunkill.

HOW BRUDEUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, SEND FOR
COLUMBA TO PREICHE INTO HIS LANDIS GODDIS
WORD.

The king of Pechtis, callit Brudeus,  28,165
The bruther sone that wes of Modredus,
Of quhome befoir schort quhile to 3ow I schew,
Of this Columba quhen he hard and knew,
Richt greit desyr he had him for to se,
And send for him with all humanitie;  28,170

1 In MS. Beseikand.
Beseikand him with hartlie mynd and will,
For his plesour that he wald cum him till,
The word of God in his boundis to schaw,
And to him self, quhairby that he mycht knaw
The faith of Christ and law to vnderstand.
This halie man wes reddie at command:
Syne with his brether\(^1\) efter on ane day,
To Lowtheane passit the narrow way,
And fand the king into Camelidone,
Qhilk wes richt blyth, sua wes the laue ilkone,
Of his cuming, alss blyth as thà micht be,
So greit desyr thà had him all to se;
Ressauceand him with reverence, laud and groir,
That present wes that tymé baith less and moir.
First with the king in commonyng he zeid,
With lordis syne ilkane as thà thocht neid;
Syne efterwart thai passit vp and doun,
Preichand the faith in euery place and toun,
In Wicomage and als Loundonia,
And all the pairtis of Siluria.

\(^{1}\) In MS. bruther.
270  THE BUIK OF THE

Deflorit hir, for scho nicht not him lat,
This halie man that tym with hir he gat. 28,200
The halie man callit wes Columba,
With this Mungo convenit on ane da,
Into Glasgow quhair tha remanit still,
At greit laser ane lang tym with that will.
Syne to ane place to giddy baith ar gone,
That callit wes the castell of Calidone,
Quhair that the king Convallus for the tym,
Ane fair tempill gart big with stane and ylme,
Richt neirhand Tay vpoun ane plesand plane,
With vther lugeing quhair men nicht remane, 28,210
Within that tempill for to sing and say,
Quhair now standis ane fair tempill this da,
Of ony hit that cuir I hard of tell,
The quhilke to name is callit now Dunkell.
Thir halie men ane lang quhilte did remane 28,215
Into that place richt opinlie and plane,
The faith of Christ instructand eruerie da
To Atholl men and of Orestia,
Of Calidone and vther partis by;
Without mesour did ilk da multiply 28,220
Of Scot and Pecht, our all part far and neir,
The word of God of thame that tym to heir.
Thair tha remanit neirhand by the space
Of half ane zeir into that samyn place,
In greit glaidnes, quhair none did vther greif, 28,225
Syne tenderlie than haff the tane thair leif.

How Sanct Mungo and Columba Departit;
The Tane Passit to Glasgow, the Tother to Iona Yle.

The halie bishop callit wes Mungow,
He passit hame agane onto Glasgow.
Columba als in the samyn quhile,
Without sojorne passit to Mona Yle; 28,230
And in that place bot schort quhile did remane,
Syne on to Yrland passit is agane.
Into Yrland agane quhen he come hame,
Of his cuming the rumor and the fame,
Ouir all the land it zeid baith far and neir;
Richt mony come of his tydenis to speir.
At him that tyne tha sperit euerie one
How he wes tretit into Albione?
Quhat wes the vse, thair fassoun and thair law,
And quhat mervell amang thame thair he saw?
And he agane sic anser maid ilk deill,
Sayand, with thame he wes resauit weill,
With king and quene, lordis and all the laif,
With mair honour nor he wes worth to haif.
Sayand also, tha keipit weill the law;
As for farleis richt few thairin he saw,
Exceptand ane all vther did exceid
That euir he saw or in his tyme did reid;
This Convallus, that wes of Scottis king,
At his desyre haiffand all erthlie thing,
With greit plesour of sporting and of pla,
In meit and drink richt delicat ilk da,
Qhilik causis men richt far for to misknaw
God and him self, and till abuse the law;
And ay the moir thairin that he wes vsit,
The warld euir the farrar he refusit,
And ay the moir to vertew that he grew,
And sic exempill to the laif he schew,
That neuir man micht sa in word and deid
That he did wrang, without thairof tha leid;
And all the kirkmen in that land that war,
In godlines he did exceid richt far.
Rejosit wes thairof baith ald and zing,
Herand sic loving of that nobill king;
For oft of him tha hard speik of befoir,
How that his name extollit wes with gloir.
THE BUIK OF THE

Ane man with vertew that is kend and prouit,
With euirilk man richt gritlie wilbe louit;
So is all thing that in the self is gude.
And for that caus, heir schortlie to conclude,
So wes this king, quhair that his deid wes kend,
Into the mouth of all men with commend.

HOW CONVALLUS CAUSIT COLUMBA TO BRING OUT
OF YRELAND ADAMUS THE SON OF CON-
RANUS, THAT FLED FRA HIM BEFOIR WITH
HIS MOTHER INTO YRELAND.

Nocht lang gane syne as that I schew 3ow heir,
Conranus sone, befoir richt mony 3eir,
For king Eugene that tyme wes soir adred,
With his mother into Yreland that fled,
The quhilk to name wes callit Adamus,
At the command of this king Convallus,
The halie man Columba hame hes brocht
In Albione with all honour he mocht,
Efter the tyme of this Convallus deid,
In Albione to ring into his steid.
And as he come than sailland ouir the sand,
In Albione quhair that he tuke first land
The nychbour men that duelt into that steid,
Tha schew to him that Convallus wes deid;
Sayand the lordis of that land ilkone,
To Iona Yle on with his corss ar gone,
With ceremonie to put in sepulture.
So¹ Columba tuik on him greit cuir
And bissines, suppois he wes wnblyth,
To Iona Yle quhill that he come rycht swyth.
The lordis all that tyme baith les and mair,
Richt blyth tha war than of his euming thair;

¹ In MS. To.
And still remanit quhilk the auchtane da,
Obsequies thairfoir to sing and sa.
Quhen that wes done, within ane litill quhile,
The lordis all convenit in Argyle,
With haill consent than baith of ald and ʒing,
For to declar quhome that tha wald mak king.

How KYNNATILLUS, THE BRUTHER OF CONVALLUS, WES CROWNIT KING EFTER THE DEID OF CONVALLUS, AND OF HIS TYME.

Efter the deid as I haif said ʒow heir
Of Convallus, quhilk wes in the tent ʒeir
Then of his ring, syne of the ʒeir of God
Fyve hundreth ʒeir, sevintie and aucht als od,
With haill consent thair baith of gude and ill,
Convallus bruther callit Kynnatill,
Ane plesand man richt lustie and benyng,
Of Scotland than wes crownit to be king.
Of his deidis I can nocht tell ʒow heir,
For quhy his tymes wes lytill ouir ane ʒeir.
Schort quhile efter he did his crowne resaue,
In the presens of the lordis and the lawe,
This Adamus, of quhome befoir I spak,
Richt freindfullie into his armis did tak,
And bad he suld of gude confort than be,
Richt weill he wist within schort quhile that he
Thair sould succide into his faderis steid,
And bruik the crowne but contrapley or pleid.
And as he said, richt sone it come to hand;
The tuentie day efter, I wnderstand,
He wes crownit and tuke on him the cuir,
Throw sair seiknes, thocht he wes stark and stuir,
He tuke that tyme, quhilk maid him ay on steir
Continuallie tua moneth and ane ʒeir,

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Langar to suffer had nother strenth nor mycht, 28,325
He tuke his leif and bad thame all gude nycht.
In Iona Yle tha pat him in his graue,
With all honour siclike as wes the laue.

HOW ADAMUS WAS CROWNIT KING BE THE
HANDIS OF THE HALY MAN COLUMBA EFTER
THE DEITH OF KING KYNNETILLUS.

Efter his deid within ane litill quhile,
The lordis all convenit in Argyle; 28,330
With thame that tyme Columba haif tha brocht,
But his aduiiss the lordis wald do nocht.
With haill consent of all wes in that steid,
The diademhe hes set vpoun the heid
Of Adamus, with sword, sceptour and ring, 28,335
And crownit him of Scotland to be king;
Quhome of that tyme greit prophecie he spak,
Quhairof as now I list no mentioun mak.
Ouir lang it war gif I suld all report,
And weil je wait my tyme is verie schort. 28,340
In that mater now I will mute no moir,
Bot turne agane quhair I come fra befoir.
Quhen this wes done tha tuke thair leif ilkone,
And euerie man ane sindrie gait is gone.
This ilk Columba in the samin quhile, 28,345
To his bruther passit in Iona Yle.
This Adamus, as my authordid sa,
With ane armie passit in Gallowa.
Richt mony cheift that tyme in to that land,
Of Britis blude befoir him thair he fand; 28,350
Sone efterwart, within ane litill we,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to die,
And put that land into gude pece and rest,
With tha theuis wes puneist and opprest.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW ADAMUS MAID THRE JUGIS INTO SCOTLAND.

This beand done he ordanit in that tyde, 28,355
Thre gude judgis the haill realme for to gyde:
Ane in Caitnes and ane in Gallowa,
The thrid siclike into Locquhabria,
Justice and law quhairfoir to execute
To puir and riche, without ony refute.
This ilk Columba, clene and innocent,
Gart sit besyde thame into judgment,
To heir and se that tha sould nocht do wrang.
The lawis thus wes led in Scotland lang,
That thift and reif, and slauchter all did ceiss;
Greit plentie wes in Scotland lang of peice,
Into all part but ony oppin wrang.
Bot fals Fortoun, that will nocht suffer lang
No stait to stand into stabilitie;
Efter sic peax and grit tranquillitie,
Richt sone tha grew into greit insolence,
Quhilk efterwart did Scotland greit offence.

HOW THE LORDIS OF SCOTLAND DISCORDIT AT
THE HUNTIS, QUHAIR THROW THAIR FOLLOWIT
RICHTE GREIT SKAITH.

Greit men of gude at hunting on ane da,
Of licht motiou, as my authord did sa,
Contendit hes, I can nocht tell the caus,
Quhill that the waikest zeid sone to the wawis,
And greit slauchter wes maid into the tyme.
Syne tha that wes committaris of the cryme,
Quhen tha war socht for to thoill law thairfoir,
In Loutheane tha fled baith les and moir
To Brudeus, quhilk wes of Pechtis king,
Beseikand him with wordis richt benyng,
Within his landis for to lat thame leind
With his fauour, and be to thame ane freind.
For saikles men tha said that tha had slane,
Within Scotland tha durst nocht weill remane.

HOW ADAMUS SEND TO BRUDEUS ANE HERALD.

Quhen Adamus hard tell that tha wer fled,
To Brudeus richt sone efter he sped
Ane messinger, desyring to restoir
Tha flemit men that fled fra him befoir,
Throw the conditioun that wes maid beforne,
Quhen ilk till vther bodalie wer sworne;
And in that poynnt most speciall of the laue,
No flemit men of vtheris till ressaue.
For no requeisit that he culd mak thairfoir,
This Brudeus wald nocht agane restoir,
So greit petie of thame that tyme he had,
Sen tha for girth so far to him hed fled;
Als in the tyme he treittit thame richt weill.
This messinger, quhilk had ane richt gret feill
For no requeisit to be that tyme ontred,
Come hame agane and his erand vnsped,
And schew the king sic anser as he gat.
This Adamus wald nocht zit leif with that,
Bot sindrie syis he send agane him till,
Ane lang quhile so la waitand on his will.
Syne quhen he saw he gat nocht his desyre,
He grew in anger hett as ony fyre,
And maid ane vow he suld revengit be
Of that injure richt suddantlie, or die.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW ADAMUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, SEND ANE GRIT ARMIE IN ORESTIA, AND TUIK AWAY GREIT SPULZ.

Syne efterwart gart tak vpoun ane da,
Richt grit spulzie out of Orestia;
Wes nothing fre befoir thame that tha fand,
And slew the men that maid stop or ganestand.
The Pechtis als siclike vpone ane da,
With greit power passit in Gallowa;
Makand heirschip ouir all baith far and neir,
And greit slauchter that horribill wes till heir.
The Scottis synethat micht nocht suffer weill,
With mony stalwart that war clad in steill, 28,420
In Wicomage richt suddantlie thai send.
The Pechtis quhilk weill [of] thair cuming kend,
Wes reddie bydand in till ordour gude,
And gaif thame battell neirby Carroun flude.
On eueries syde so stalwartlie tha stude,
Quhill all the brume wes browdrit ouir with blude;
And mony semelie wnder scheild wes slane,
So pertlie than tha previt on the plane.

HOW THE PECHTIS TYNT THE FEILD, AND FLED EFTER THAT THAIR KING WES SLANE.

The Pechtis proude, thocht tha war bald and wycht,
Out of the feild tha fled and tuke the flicht 29,430
On till ane mos that wes richt neir hand by,
And left the Scottis with the victorie.
Qubahof that tyme tha war bot richt vnfane,
For-quhy thair prince into the feild wes slane,
The eldest sone wes of this Adamus,
Arthure to name, ane chiftane cheualrus;
Than of his deid moir drieie wes ilk man,
Na tha war blyth of victorie tha wan.
THE BUIK OF THE

How the halie Man callit Columba blamit
Adamus, the King of Scottis, for injust Battell he mout againis the King of Pechtis.

Quhen thir tydenis wer to Columba tald,
Withoutin baid na langar byde he wald,
28,440
Qhill that he come to Adamus the king,
And blamit him richt soirlie for that thing,
Quhy that he sould, without caus or querrell,
Dispone him self into sic dout and perrell;
And wirk sic wrang, quhair that he had na 21,445
caus,
At his plesour, without ordour or lawis,
Brekkand the band to Brudeus he maid,
Without caus his landis to invaid;
And for to wirk sic wrangis and injure
Vpone the pepill innocent and puir,
28,460
Qhilk faillisit neuir to him in thair tyme.
Quhairfoir, he said, the grit injure and cryme,
Richt weill he wist, wer it nocht mendit sone,
He suld forthink richt soir that he had done;
For-quhy, he said, for sic wrang and wrnycht, 28,455
The hand of God on him richt sone suld licht,
That efterwart he suld exemplill be
To all this warld for his iniquitie.
Syne tuke his leve, bad him gude nycht in plane,
No langar thair sayand he wald remane; 28,480
For-quhy he dredsone efter for to se,
The hand of God with sic crudelitie
Wald licht on him sone efterwart, he knew
Sould mak all Scotland euir moir till rew.
HOW ADAMUS, FOR GREIT DISPLESOUERE THAT HE
HAD DONE WRANG, GRAT BEFOIR COLUMBA
THE HALIE MAN.

Quhen this wes said as 3e haif hard me mene, 28,465
The bitter teiris fra Adamus ene,
Evin lyke ane strand out of ane well thae sprang,
Weipand for wo that he had wrocht sic wrang.
Dreidand thairfoir the hand of God suld lycht
On him richt sone, for sic wrang and vnrycht, 28,470
With sobbing soir Columba did beseik,
Richt piteouslie with wordis myld and meik,
Of his counsall how that he sould amend;
Sayand no moir agane he sould offend
To God or man, so far as he had mycht, 28,475
And to reforme all wrangis and wnrycht;
All skaith and dampnage also to restoir,
In tyme bigane committit wes befoir.

HOW COLUMBA MAID PEAX BETUIX THE TUA
KINGIS.

This halie man had greit compassioun,
Quhen that he hard his lamentatioun, 28,480
Takand on him greit bassines and cuir,
And sindri syis betuix thir kingis fuir.
Ane lang quhile so richt wyislie that he wrocht,
Thir kingis boith in concord till he brocht,
Reformand all the faltis maid befoir; 28,485
The spulzie als agane he gart restoir;
The band siclike he gart agane renew,
And ilk syde sworne for to be leill and trew;
Malice and yer forgiffin wes alhaill,
In tyme to cum nane suld to vther faill. 28,490
Syne tuke his leif within ane litill quhile,
And passit hame agane to Iona Yle,
THE BUlk OF THE

Vpone his [fit], alss oft hairfeit as schod,
Amang his brether in honour of God,
And his moder the Virgin most bening,
Dalie thair service for to say and sing.
Sone efter that I find into my buik,
Quhen he come hame ane greit seiknes him tuke,
Qhilk him dalie vexit with gute and gravell.
Fra that da furth he docht no moir to travell,
Bot tuke him rest, as my authour did sa,
Into the closter quhill his latter da.
Heir will I leve him into Iona Yle,
And to the Saxonis turne agane my style.

HOW THE SAXONIS, EFTER THE DEID OF JURMAURIK, DIUYDIT INGLAND IN SEVIN KINRIKIS.

This Jurmeurik of quhome befoir I tald,
The king of Saxonis bellicos and bald,
Quhen he departit of this present lyfe,
No barne he had that tyme borne of his wyfe
That lauchfull wes to him for to succeid.
For that same caus, as sais my author Beid,
And als thairwith for mair auctoritie,
Of mony kingis, for greit securitie,
The Saxonis ring, qhilk wes of pomp and pryde,
In sevin kinrikis that tyme tha gart diuyde,
To sevin kingis of greit power and micht,
So that the Britis for to reskew thair richt,
In Albion quhat euir efter befall,
Sould haif no strenth aganis thir kingis all.
The northmest king, as 3e sall wonderstand,
Wes Edelfred, king of Northumberland.
Ane subtill man and of ingyne richt hie,  
In all his tyme he wes baith fals and slie.  
Baith da and nycht it wes ay in his thocht  
For to delait his kinrik and he mocht;  
Wes nocht to him moir thankfull in his lyfe,  
Na vther kingis for to fecht and stryfe;  
Rejosit wes quhen he hard sic thing spokin,  
Traistand richt weill quhen thair power wer brokin,  
To vincust thame with litill sturt or dyn,  
With sic wayis thair landis for to wyn.

How EDFRIDUS, KING OF NORTHTHUMBERLAND,  
causit the KING OF PECHTIS TO MAKE WEIR  
WITH THE SCOTTIS.

And for that causo Brudeus he send,  
Desyring him with Scottis to contend,  
Fra tha did nocht the haill spulʒie restoir,  
That wranguslie tha tuke fra him befoir.  
And for that causo he micht, without reprove,  
Ane just battell agane him for to move,  
Quhen euir he thocht expedient to be,  
Of him he sould haif greit help and supple.  
This Brudeus, that knew weill his intent,  
Till his desyre wald nocht gif his consent;  
Quhill efterwart he causit wes till dude  
Be his lordis, the quhilk wer men of gude,  
In quhome that tyme he did richt far confyde,  
Corruptit war be this king Edilfryde,  
Throw greit reward he gaif thame to thair  
meid,  
With Brudeus his mater for to speid.  
To Adamus tha send richt sone in hy,  
Gaif ouir the band and did him than defy;  
And for that causo he did nocht [thame] restoir  
The haill spulʒe wes tane fra thame befoir;
And secundlie, richt mony Scottis cheif
Within thair boundis had done grit mischeif,
And hereit had tha partis moir and les,
Quhairof agane tha culd get no redres.

How Adamus, the King of Scottis, maid ane band with the Britis aganis the Pechtis.

Then king Adan, quhen that he kend and knew
Venkyndlie wes the Pechtis till be trew,
In quhome no man micht traist or zit confyde,
And the dissait als of this Edilfryde,
Thairfoir with Britis he hes maid ane band,
Gif Edilfryde and Pechtis in his land
With battell come to seik thame or persew,
Richt haistelie he suld in thair reskew
Come thair him self, with all power and mycht;
And tha siclike defend him in his rycht,
Gif efterwart so hapnit for to be,
That tha suld cum siclyke in his supple.

How Edfridus and Brudeus passit in weir on the Scottis.

Col. 2. King Edilfrid that knew [richt] weill that thing,
Convenit hes with Brudeus the king,
Of bernis bald, with mekle brag and bost.
In feir of weir with ane greit royall ost,
Withoutin stop or ony moir ganestand,
Syne enterit hes into the Britis land,
For that same causs, as wes the commoun fame,
The king of Scottis to draw richt far fra hame.
Be sic wayis and wylis he did wirk,
Traistand the Scottis for till tyre and irk,
In mos and mure, in montane and in myre,
Throw sic travell trowell that tha suld tyre.
Sit neuirthelest the nobill Scottis king,
With mony freik weill furneist in all thing,
Come their richt sone the Britis to supple,
On the best ways that he culd bodin be.
This Edilfrid and Brudeus also,
Postponit hes to battell for till go;
Ilk da be da that wes their hail desyr,
With lang tarie the Scottis for till tyre,
Quhill that the victuall wer consume in hail;
Quhairthrow on force the sulde be maid to faill,
And euirilk day their power be maid les,
And their power sulde grow and increas.

How FYNLYNUS, THE KING OF WEST SAXONE, WAS VINCUST WITH ADAMUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS.

That samin tyme of West Saxone the king,
Callit Fynlyn, come with ane gay gadering,
In the suppl of this king Edilfrid;
Syne rayit him vpoun ane reuer syde,
In breist plait, braser, and in birny brycht.
This king Adan of him quhen he gat sycht,
He gaif command na langar for to byde,
Bot gif thame battell suddantlie that tyde,
Or Edilfrye or he wer met togidder.
Thairto the laif wes nothing sweir nor lither:
Suppois he wes into the gittar number,
Tha counterit him, and countit of na cummer,
With sic ane rusche that all the rochis rang,
Quhill speris brak, and all in spalis sprang
Aboue thair heid, richt heiche into the air;
And brandis bricht, that scharpe as rasour shair,
Richt baldlie thair thai baith in vtheris blude.
Into that stour sa stlawltie th waitde,
And previt vther pertlie on the plane,  
Quhill that Cuta, Fynlynus sone, wes slane;  
His narrest air, of West Saxone the prince.  
The laif no langar baid to mak defence;  
Out of the feild that tyme on fit and hors  
Tha fled richt fast, to thame it wes sic force,  
Sa mony thousand of thame their wes slane;  
Fra tyme tha fled tha durst neur luke agane.  
The Scottis fast that followit on the chace,  
Griet slauchter maid in mony sindrie place,  
Qhair that tha fled heir and thair ouir aw.  
Adanus\textsuperscript{1} than ane trumpet hes gart blaw,  
Qhilk causit thame for to returne agane,  
Syne pat thame all in ordour on that plane;  
In gude array gart thame remane thair still,  
Qhill that he wist this Edilfridus will,  
In tha boundis gif he wald langar byde,  
And gif battle or pas his way that tyme.  
And for that caus he gart thame thair remane,  
In gude ordour stand still vpoun that plane.  
Mellefluat than wes the melodie  
Tha maid that tyme, for the greit victorie  
In that feild fechtand that tyme thai wan,  
With menstralie and mirth of euerie man.  
Than as tha war at sic sporting and pla,  
This Edilfrid, as my author did sa,  
And Brudeus with power les and moir,  
And Fynlynus the quhilk that fled befoir,  
With all thair power knit in ane togidder,  
Toward Adanus sped thame richt fast hidder,  
With mony berne buskit in armour bricht.  
Syne quhen tha came into the Scottis sicht,  
At the first blenk tha did vpone thame luke,  
Of thair attyre so greit terrour tha tuke,

\textsuperscript{1} Sic, et postea, in MS.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

That tha forget all blythnes and all bourd;
Aman thame all wes nocht spokin ane word,
Bot in the tyme tha held thame, all and sum,
Als still and quyet as tha had bene dum.
This Adanus thairof he thocht greit ill,
Quhen he thame knew so quiet and so still,
Dreindand full soir that all suid nocht go richt;
And for that caus ascendit to ane hicht,
Into ane place aboue thame all full hie,
Quhair euerie man micht him baith heir and se;
Syne in the presens of thame all wes thair,
He said to thame thir wordis les and mair.

HOW ADANUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, MAID HIS ORESOUN TO HIS MEN BEFOIR THE FEILD.

"O ze," he said, "that victouris wer richt now,
So suddantlie quhat is it causis zow
Disconfort tak so sone heir at ane sicht,
Withoutin pruif of thair strenthis or micht,
Quhilk vincust thame that power had far moir,
In the last feild quhair that ze fauchtbefoir?"  
Quhairof we aucht the moir curage to tak;
On to ws all it war ane lestand lak
For euir moir, with greit reprief and schame,
Heir in this place beand so far fra hame,
Withoutin straik, of sic ane mad menze
So schamefullie to turne oure bak and fle.
Quhairfoir," he said, "se we haif all the rycht,
And sic power, ordenance and micht,
Of men and horss into sic multitude,
Knawand so weill that oure querrell is gude.
Thair is no causs quhairfoir that we suid dreid;
Sen euerie man micht weif this tyme to meid
Greit victorie, with honour, laud and gloir,
Sic in this warld wes neur zit wyn befoir."
THE BUIK OF THE

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND THE FASSOUN OF THE FEILD BETUIX ADANUS AND ED-FRIDUS.

Be this wes said, richt fraklie in the feild
Tha enterit all that waponis doch to weild.
King Adanus, as my author did sa,
The vanguard led into the feild that da,
With mony Scot of greit power and pryde.

King Brudeus vpoun the tother syde
The vanguard led, that wes baith fals and sle,
With Pechtis proude that haltane war and he.
The tother wyng siclike on to ane Pecht,
Directit wes againis ane Scot to fecht,
With mony man that waponis weill culd weild,
Of Scot and Pecht that faucht into that feild.
King Edilfryid in the mid feild he faucht
Agane the Britis, with his standert vpstraucht.
Fra\(^1\) bowmen bald that bikkerit on the plane,
That da thair flew richt mony fedderit flane,
That persit hes thair plaven plaitis throw,
And mony grume maid grislie for to grow.
The speiris scharpe persit baith targe and scheild,
And Millane malteis skaillit in the feild.
Into that stour that wes baith stif and strang
With dyntis dour ilkane at vther dang.

HOW BRUDEUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, WAS WOUNDIT, AND FLED OUT OF THE FEILD.

So at the last it hapnit for to be,
King Brudeus wes woundit in the thie,
With sic vneis that he dought nocht to stand,
That with ane hors wes reddie at his hand.

\(^1\) In MS. The.
Out of the feild tha haistit him in hy
On to his tent that redde wes neirby.
The Pechtis all that da had bene wndone,
Had nocht than bene the Britis fied sa sone.
Throw thair mischance it haptopit so to be,
The Pechtis fled quhen that tha saw thame fle.
King Adanus, that baid behind to fecht,
His 3oungest sone, the quhilk Dongarus hecht,
Reskewit him throw his manheid and force,
Out of the feild he put him on ane hors,
Qhill he wes saiflie passit ouir the plane.
In his reskew this Dongarus wes slane,
And Brenyus the lord of Mona Yle,
Into his tyme that wes his richtast style;
And Theobald vpone the tother syde,
The bruther germane of this Edilfryid;
And he him self thair with ane straik full sie,
That samin da thair loissit hes ane ee.
And Cutha als, ane plesand prince and zing,
Fynlynus sone, of West Saxone the king,
Qhaidoif his father micht be rycht wnfane,
That da befor into the feild wes slane.
At Deglastoun, quhair mony knichtis wer keild,
Into Britane thair strikin wes this feild.

**How Adanus, the King of Scottis, passit in Gallowa and slew Edelfryid, the King of Northumberland.**

King Edelfryde, that culd nocht be content
Of victorie that God had to him sent,
Bot sone after, into the symmer tyde,
Arrayit hes ane royall ost to ryde
In Gallowa, with buglis blawand loud.
King Brudeus with all his Pechtis proude,
In gude array, bot stop or hit ganestand,
He met with him syne vpone Sulwa sand,
And baith thair power jonit hes togidder.

King Adanus, that tyme that wes nocht lidder,
With all his power sped him in the tyde,
To meit the Britis on the bordour syde,
Quhair tryist wes set, richt lang befoir the da,
To meit thame thair, as my author did sa.

HOW EDELFRIYD VMBESET THE GAIT.

This Edelfryid, as ze sall wnderstand,
He furneist hes the furdis of Annand,
And all places quhair strenthis war to ly,
So be no way the Scottis micht wyn by
To meit the Britis baid thame at the coist.

King Adanus that tyme and all his oist,
Chesit ane place quhair tha micht byde all nycht,
And strengthis maid about thame quhair tha la,
As thasuld byde into that place quhill da.

Syne wnder silence in that samin nicht,
Quhen all thair balis birnand wer full bricht,
Be gude gydis tha gat into that land,
Passit ourir Esk richt lauch ourir Sulwa sand,
And Annand baith, on to the tother syde,
And met the Britis quhilk thair on thame did byde;

And enterit syne into Northumberland,
And sparit nocht befoir thame that tha sandard
That levand wes, other ill or gude,
Distroyand all thing baith with fyre and blude,
With greit heirship, that hiddeous wes till heir,
In till all part tha maid baith far and neir.
HOW KING EDILFRYID LEFT THE WALIS OF ANNAND AND SPED HIM SONE TO NORTHUMBERLAND.

Quhen this wes schawin to the king Edilfryde, Withoutin tarie ony tyme or tyde, 
And Brudeus siclike with him also, That haistit thame that tyme, but ony ho, On fit and horss richt fast ouir Sulwa sand, 28,765 
Quhill that tha come into Northumberland, Without tarie vther da or nycht, Quhill that tha come into the Scottis sicht, In gude ordour togidder quhair tha la.
Syne efterwart, vpoint the secund da, 28,770 
Thir proude princes, with mekle pomp and pryde, 
Bownit for battell vpoint eueries syde, With baneris braid that browdin war full brycht, . And staitlie standartis streikit vpone hicht, 
And pensillis proude, of mony diuerss hew, 28,775 
Glitterand as gold with mekle game and glew 
Of trumpet, talburne, and of clarion cleir, 
And schalmis schill that hevinlie wes to heir. Thir proude princes syne pertlie on that plane, Preuit thair pith ilkane other forgane. 28,780 
The fedderit flanis in the feild that flew Throw birneis bright, richt mekle blude tha drew; 
The speiris scharpe, that war baith grit and lang, Throw all thair armour in thair flesche tha thrang, With mony wound that wes baith deip and 28,785 wyde, 
In breist, in brow, in bak, and als in syde, Quhill mony bowell brist out on the grene. Ane scharpar sembla ȝit wes neuir sene. 
Richt mony Saxone deit thair that da, Throw thair folie, as my author did sa, 28,79 

VOL. II.
Contemnand Scottis, seand thame sa few,
Without armour the battell did persew.
The Scottis men, that armit wes so weill,
At euerie straik ane Saxone knyght did keill.
With dyntis dour tha draue thame to the deid,
And ay agane thair enterit in thair steid,
Richt mony kniicht into the feild agane,
Prevand thair pithitis pertlie on that plane
But victorie, that wounder wes to se,
Thoicht mony Saxone thair wes done to die.

HOW ADANUS BLAMIT HIS CAPTANIS.

This Adanus thairto tuik heid a lyte;
Traistand richt weil thairof had all the wyte
His four captanis that he had with him thair,
Accusit hes thair negligence richt sair,
Seand thair fa in poynth thairfoir to tyne,
And victorie on to thame self inclyne,
That scharpliar wald nocht thair fa persew,
Leithand wes thair awin folkis to reskew.
The Scottis captanis, the quhilk that war nocht
lidder,
Murdow the tane, Congamis hecht the tother;
The tother tua als, as my author writis,
The quhilk that tyme wer captanis to the Britis,
The tane of thame was callit Allencryne,
The tother als to name hecht Constantyne;
At his command, als wod wes as ane wyld boir,
For to reforme the falt wes maid befoir,
Fers as ane lioun enterit in the feild,
Quhair mony Saxone in the tyme wes keild.
On force the laif out of the feild than fled,
No moir reskew into the tyme tha hed.
Baith Scot and Brit fast followit on the chace;
Quhome tha ourgat, but ony girth or grace,
Young or ald, for petie sauit none
Of Saxone blude that tyme mycht be ouirtone.
Into the chace that da wer slane far mo
Nor in the feild, my author said me so.
Fynlynus, king quhilk wes of West Saxone,
Deit that da and vtheris mony one.
Ane greit nobill, Cailus hecht to name,
Quhittellus als of greit honour and fame,
With mony thousand of the Pechtis blude,
Deit that da and Saxonis to conclude.

HOW ADANUS DIUYDIT THE SPULZE OF THE FEILD.

King Adanus quhen he had wyn the feild,
Quhair mony Pecht and Saxone als wer keild,
The spulze first he gart thame agane restoir
Of Gallowa that tha had tane befoir.
The tent part syne on to the kirk he gaiue,
But ony fraude, that left wes of the laue.
The baneris bricht into the feild he wan,
And staitlie standertis of ilk nobill man,
That tha that da had wyn into the feild,
The cot armour, the targis and the scheild,
He gart send thame into Ecolmkill;
Perpetuallie thair ay to remane still,
That it soold lest in memorie euir moir,
Of thair triumph sic victorie and gloir.
Syne all the lawe remanand wes behind,
Rycht equalie, als far as I can fynd,
Be the leist prick of hors, harnes or geir,
Distribute hes amang his men of weir.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW SANCT COLUMBA, BEAND IN THE YLIS, SCHEW THE VICTORIE OF THE BATTELL IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

Off this battell in the samin quhile,
Columba, being in to Iona Yle,
The victorie vnto his brether schew,
As efterwart tha fand baith leill and trew.
The tyme, the vse, quhen the battell did june, 28,855
The victorie quhen that the feild wes done,
Off Adanus the honour that he wan,
The deid also of euerie nobill man,
As all wes done he schew thame euery deill,
Quhilk efterwart tha fand als trew as steill. 28,860
Mony than said, as I can richt weill trow,
And zit siclike richt mony sais now,
Be intercessioun of this halie man,
King Adanus the victorie thair wan.
Syne efter that, into the secund zeir, 28,865
This Columba of quhome I schew 3ow heir,
With murning mad than baith of man and wyfe,
He tuke his leve out of this present lyfe.
In Iona Yle syne graithit wes in his graif,
With all honour that sic ane man suld haif, 28,870
Intill ane place callit Ecolmkill,
Qubahir that his bodie restis zit thair still.
Thocht mony man that speikis out of tune,
Quhilk dois alledge that he lyis in Dunwn,
Within Ireland, into Sanct Patrikis graif, 28,875
Siclike Sanct Bryde, I hald thairof tha raif.
As tha alledge be mony sindrie vers,
Quhill at this tyme I list nocht now rehers,
For-quhy I gif moir credeit to Sanct Beid,
No ony vther of thame all I reid. 28,880
How Sanct Augustyne, with his Collige Melletus, prechit the Faith of Christ into Ingland.

That samyn tyme, as my author me kend,
Tua halie bischopis in Ingland wer send
Fra paip Gregour, the fayth of Christ to preiche,
The rude pepill till instruct and teiche,
Ay to that tyme levand of gentill ryte, 28,885
Ane Augustyne, the tother hecht Mellyte.
The king of Kent, quha lykis for to luke,
He wes the first the faith of Crist that tuke,
Syne efer him siclike, with greit desyre,
Did all the laif that duelt into that schire, 28,890
With eueriescitiethat wes neir besyde.
The pepill all, and princes of greit pryde,
In sindriepartis beleuit all in Christ,
Syne tuke the faith ilkane and wes baptist,
Throw the instructioun of thir halie men, 28,895
Qhilik war the first, quha lykis for to ken,
Into Ingland prechit the faith of Christ,
Fra idolatrie the pepill for to tyst,
Four hundreth zeir and moir I wnderstand,
Efter the faith come first into Scotland. 28,900

Col. 2.

How Sanct Baldr[reid] departit out of this present Lyfe.

The samin tyme in Scotland, as I reid,
Ane halie man that callit wes Baldreid,
Of Scottis blude ane greit nobill he wes,
And in ane craig that callit is the Bas,
Within the se on Forth on the South hand, 28,905
Tua myle and mair evin furth fra the mane land,
Thair he remanit mony of his dais
Amang the Pechtis, as my author sais,
Instructand thame the law of halie kirk,
And for na travell than wald tyre or irk,
Quhill finallie he tuke his leif to pas
Out of this lyfe, departit in the Bas.
Of thre kirkis the pepill for him straif,
Quhen he wes deid, quha suld his bodie haif.
Aldem, Prestoun, and Tynnyghame also,
With so greit stryfe that tha war like to go
In plane battell withoutin ony byde,
Had nocht than bene the bishop wes besyde,
Quhlilk causit thame befoir all be sworn;
In hoip of concord, quhill the tother morn
For to pas hame, syne on the morn to meit,
And thair to byde ilkane at his decreit.
Syne on the morn to gider quhen tha met,
Tha fand thre bodeis in thre beris set,
Of similitude, cullour and quantitie,
Of forme, and figour, and equallitie,
That no man culd, for ony takynis derne,
Ane by ane vther in the tyme decerne.
Quhairof tha thankit greit God of his grace,
And ilk paroche tuke ane vp in that place,
And had it hame with diligence and cuir,
Solempnitle put it in sepultuir.

Off the halie Man Convallus.

Ane halie man of Scotland of greit fame,
That samin tyme, hecht Convallus to name,
Discipill als he wes of Sanct Mungow,\(^1\)
In Inchchennane, schort gait bewest Glasgw,

\(^1\) In MS. *Nungow*.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

His bodie lyis, quhair I my self hes bene
In pilgremage, and his reliques hes sene.
Now to my storie turne I will agane,
And all my purpos saile mak to zow plane.

This king Adane of quhome befoir I schew,
Quhen that he hard the maner all and knew
That Columba the halie man wes deid,
So he that tyme he take it in his heid,
Throw grit displeasour and throw seiknes soir,
He tuke his leif for he micht leif no moir.
Nane nobillar in all his tyme did rax.
The zeir of God sex hundrethsynexandsax,
And of his regynne the sevin and tuentie zeir,
To Iona Yle tha buir him on his beir,
With mekle murnig baith of gude and ill,
Syn e bereit him into Ecolmkill.

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CROWNYNG OF KYNNETHUS Lib.3, f.142b.
KEIR EFTER THE DEID OF ADANUS THE KING. Col. 1.

Quhen he wes deid, efter ane litill quhile
The lordis all convenit in Argyle,
Kynnethus Keir, ane man baith traist and trew,
Convalthus sone, of quhome befoir I schew,
The halie king thair in that parliament
He crownit wes, with all thair haille consent.
Of him na thing I can tell in this place;
For quhy he had so litill tyme and space,
Qubahairthow he micht to vice and vertu draw,
In word or werk by ony sing to schaw,
Qubahairby he micht get lak or zit commend,
Till all men zit his deidis ar vnkend.
The fourt moneth syne efter of his ring,
Throw sair seiknes, and throw na vther thing,
He tuke his leif and passit to the laue;
In Iona Yle syne graithit wes in his graue.
The Buke of the Heir Followisthe Crownyng of Eugenius Efter the Deid of Kynnethus Keir.

Syne efter him Eugeniusthe zing, With haill consent wes crownit to be king, 28,970
Adanus sone of quhome befoir I spak, That all his daies levit ay but lak.
Sielike his sone did efter him succeed, This nobill king, quha lykis of him to reid, 28,975
Eugeniusthe fourt king of that name, Ane nobill prince of grit fredome and fame,
And keipit all commandis les and moir, Wes teichit him be Columba befoir.
Gratious he wes and full of gratitude, Acceptabill ay to euerie man of gude:
Theif nor revargat of him no girth, Qubahir tha war fund in ony feild or firth.
In pece and rest all his tyme he rang, But outwart weir or ony inwart wrang.
Heir will I rest of him ane litill quhile, 28,985
And to the Saxonis turne agane my style.

How the King of Marche wan Edilfred.

This Edilfred king of Northumberland, The king of Merche that tyme, I understand, 28,990
And his pepill, quhilk that his nychtboures war, With weir and wrang oppressit hes rycht far.
And for no quhy it wes, gif I richt ken, Becaus that tyme that thai war Cristin men,
With Augustyne befoir had bene baptist, And Edilfred wes ennimie to Christ;
For that same caus, and for na vther quhy, 28,995
Injurit thame for malice and invy.
Tua Saxone kingis of the Orient Of Ingland, than baith of ane haill intent,
Ane Ethalbrech, ane freik wes of grit fame,
Redwald the tother callit wes to name,
For to revenge the harmes and injure
That Edilfrid wrocht on the pepill purr,
In the contemplion of the faith of Christ,
He baneist had richt mony wes baptist;
For that same caus into Northumberland,
Thir tua kingis togidder in ane band,
With all thair power sped thame in that tyde,
With mort battell agane king Edelfryde,
And vincust him thair fechtand on the plane,
Quhair he him self and mony ma wer slane.
Thir tua kingis, efter that he wes deid,
Hes crownit thair, to ring into his steid,
Ane Edwynus wes of the Saxone blude,
Ane greit nobill and als ane man of gude.
This Edilfrye sevin sonis had that tyme,
And ane dochter that clene wes of all cryme,
Baith zoyng and fair, and furesand in fame,
Quhilk callit wes than Ebba to hir name.
Thir sevin sonis this Edwyn so tha dred,
Into Scotland to king Eugene thà fled;
Suppois thair father had done mekle skayth
To king Eugene and to his father baith,
Zit neurtheles that tyme, for purr pitie,
Ressauit thame with all humanitie;
With laud and gloir siclike of all the laif,
As did pertene kingis sonis [for] to haif.
Thair on sister that taikin wes in hand,
In prisoun syne wes festnit fast with band.
Qubat wes the quhy I can nocht schaw to zow,
As scho chaipit, or zit the maner how,
Bot gif it wes onlie be Goddis grace,
Deluerit wes out of that panefull place.
Syne on ane bot, on Humber water la,
But falloschip so saillit furth hir wa
To Forthis mouth, that tyme quhair that scho fand
Ane lytill craig that la richt neir the land,
Within the se, quhair of scho wes richt fane.
Syne all hir tyme thair scho did remane,
In fasting, prayer and in oresoun,
With mony wemen of religioun,
In that same place, as my author did sa,
Qupilk callit is Sanct Abbis heid this da.
The sevin brother, of quhome befoir I tald,
The first Eufred, the secund hecht Oswald;
As for the laue, I like nocht to reherss
Of thair names heirfoir to put in verss;
Bot as my authour did me mentione mak,
Thir sevin brethir, of quhome befoir I spak,
Into Scotland that tyme tha war baptist,
And weill instructit in the faith of Christ,
Be halie men of greit perfectioun,
And mony vther of religioun.
Sone efter that Ewgenius the king,
The fyftene 3eir the quhilk wes of his ring,
He tuke his leif than bayth at gude and ill,
And grauit wes than in Eolumkill.

Off the Tua halie Men in tha Dayis, Sanct Boneface and Sanct Moloc.

Tua halie men that samin tyme thair wes,
Ane hecht Moloc, the tother hecht Boneface.
Thair sanctitude it war our lang to schaw
To me this tyme, gif I suldt tell it aw,
Our langsum war, sen that my tyme is schort,
Thairfoir as now I will no moir report.
Bot finallie tha maid thair latter end,
Baith into Ross, as it is richt weill kend;
In Rosmarkiesynebureitbaith in graue; Quha lykis moir go thai and luke the laue.
Euge[n]ius, of quhome befoir I tald,
Thre sonis had baith bellicois and bald:
Ferquhard to name than hecht the eldest bruther,
Fyacrius als callit wes the tother,
And Donald the youngest of the thre.
In Mona Yle that tyme within the se,
Thir thrie remanit at the studie than,
With the bishop that callit wes Conan,
Vertew and science dalie for to leir,
In thair zouthheid befoir richt mony zeir.
Feacrius, that wes the secund bruther,
Most abill wes that tyme of ony vther,
And kest him ay to vertew and doctryne,
Fra vices fled, to vertew did inclyne.
In him that tyme wes nocht for to accuiss,
Syne at the last the warld he did refuiss:
Sone eftersyne, be auenture and chance,
Richt quietlie he passit into France
Fra kyn and kith, levand all wes his awin,
In vyle habite thair for to be vnknawin.
Sone eftersyne into ane quiet place,
Predestinat to him be Goddis grace,
Ane armit lyfe he levit mony da,
Heir afterwart as I sall to zow sa.

His eldest bruther, Ferquhard hecht to name,
Gottin of ane man and borne baith of ane wame!
Quhairof thair nature differieth than richt far,
In all this warld wist I neuir nane war
Na wes Ferquhard, fra tyme he wes maid king,
Befoir, sensyne, or in his tyme did ring.
For schame this tyme I dar nocht to zow tell,
The greit mischeif into his tyme that fell,

1In MS. woman.
Of murthure, slauchter, reif and commoun thift,
That nane micht thryve, nor zit haif e to thrift. 29,100
With greit discord amang the lordis als,
Held nane vp heid bot he that culd be fals:
With sic oppressioun baith of ald and zing,
And all the falt wes in this vicius king.
For ma vices thair rang into his cors, 29,105
Nor thair wes hairis on his gittest hors;
And speciallie ane vice did in him ring,
Qohilk rang neuir zit into na Scottis king,
Fuill arrosie, as that my author writis,
That he leirit fra kirkmen of the Britis,
Than be the Saxonis wes amang thame brocht,
And tha for succour that tyme to him socht.
Of quhome that tyme it wes the commoun fame,
The quhilk richt oft wes laid vpone his name,
That baptiziq regeneratioun, 29,115
The sacrament als of confessioun,
He said richt oft, quhair he wald tell his taill,
Tha war bot fenzieit and of litill vaill.
The prelattis than, and all the men of gude,
Displesit war quhen tha that wnderstude, 29,120
Sic commoning that tyme of thair king,
That wes infectit with sa foull ane thing.
Thairfoir richt sone, with consent of thame all,
Ane counsall set and hidder did him call;
And he agane that did thair counsall heir, 29,125
Wes contumax, and sic wald nocht compeir,
Wittand sa weill that he wes in the wrang.

Col. 2
Syne in ane strenth, that stalwart wes and strang,
He held him cloiss fra he thair myndis kend,
Wald nocht compeir for na summondis tha send; 30,130
Within that strenth he held him thair stand still.
The lordis all with ane consent and will,
Richt sone ane seig about the hons tha set,
With all ingyne that gudlie wes to get;
With litill lawbour syne the houes thà wan,
And in thair travell than tynt nocht ane man.
Syne tuke the king and put in presoun strang,
Fetrit richt fast, quhair he wes keipit lang
Closit in cuir, quhair he wes keipit weill,
With sicker men that wer als trew as steill.

**How the Lordis of Scotland send in France for Feacrius to mak him King.**

The lordis syne in parliament togiddar,
Decretit hes for Feachar his bruther
To send richt sone, and no tari to mak,
Quhome of befoir schort qhile to zow I spak,
Far furth in France into ane heremetage,
Quhair he remanit sen he wes ane page,
In prayer, pennance and penuritie,
In fasting, walking and necessitie,
In Goddis service richt contemplatiue,
Remanit thair the terme of all his lywe.

Sone eftersyne, throw fortoun and throw chance,
This messinger is cumin into France:
Feacrius, that of his cuming knew,
Quhilk secreitlie the Halie Spirithim schew,
Throw intercessioun that he hes maid than,
Transformit wes into ane lipper man,
Abhominable to ony man to se,
With plowkie visage, bowdin brow and bre.
This messinger quhen he hes fund him so,
Desyrithim no forder for to go,
Bot tuke his leve and left him thair allane;
In Scotland syne passit is hame agane,
And schew to thame the maner all and how,
Ilk word by word as I haifsaid to zow.
The samin tyme that done wes all this thing,
Into presoun this curst vnhappie king,
THE BUIK OF THE

Throw greit dispair as Sathan to him schew,
Richt suddanelie him awin self thair he slew,
The threttene zeir quhilk wes than of his ring.
Thus\(^1\) endit he that ill wnfaitfull king. 29,170

HOW DONEWALDUS WAS CROWNIT KING OF
SCOTTIS EFTER THE DEPARTING OF FER-
QUHA[RD].

Donewaldus, syne efter he wes deid,
His bruther syne wes crownit in his steid,
Quhilk did reforme all faltis les and moir,
That his bruther king Ferquhard maid befoir.
The puir pepill he keipit vnopprest,
And held his kinriik in gude peax and rest.
The secund zeir syne efter of his ring,
Ane hecht Penda, that wes of Marchis king,
And Gadwallane that king wes of the Britis,
Baith in ane band, as that my author writis, 29,175
Edwynus, king wes of Northumberland,
That samin tym as ze sall wnderstand,
Vincust in feild, for all his greit renoun,
Depryving him baith of his lyfe and crow.

Lib.9, f.143b. Col. 1.

HOW DONEWALDUS, THE KING OF SCOTTIS, SEND
TO GADWALLANE, THE KING OF BRITIS, AND
CAUSIT TO RESTOIR ELFRIIDUS SONE TO HIS
HERETAGE.

Fra that this case to Donewaldus wes kend, 29,185
Ane herald sone to Gadwallane he send,
Richt famous wes, that tyme as to his freind ;
Beseikand him richt curtasie and heind,

\(^1\) In MS. This.
Eufred, the sone of Edelfred befoir,
On to his croun he wald agane restoir,
Quhilk wranguslie fra Edelfrid wes tane
Be this Edwyn that laitlie now is gane:
The landis all now of Northumberland,
He wald resing into Elfridus hand,
At the requeist of Donewald the king.
This Gadwallan content wes of that thing.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Thir kingis hes diuydit into tua
Northumberland, baith firth, forrest and fell;
Qubat wes the caus I can nocht to zow tell.
To this Eufride the northmest part tha gaif,
To ane Osrik syne gaif tha all the laif.
Thir tua kingis, but stop or zit ganestand,
With peax and rest rang in Northumberland;
And, for the mair securitie of peice,
All weir and wrang and seisma to gar ceis,
Osricus dochter, fair and young of age,
This Eufridus hes tane in mariage.

HOW OSRIK LEFT THE FAITH OF CHRIST.

This ilk Osrik, quhilk wes ane vicious man,
Richt sone efter ane wickit lyfe began.
The Cristiane faith, suppois he wes baptist,
Renuncit hes, and left the faith of Christ.
This Eufred all quhilk leirit at his loir,
Forzetand quyt all doctryne of befoir,
Into Scotland quhen that he wes' richt zing,
With Conanus and gude Eugenius king,
The faith of Christ he hes forzet full quyte,
And turnit hes to ydolrie full tyte;

'In MS. that hes.
304 THE DUKK OF THE

Wirkand the warkis of iniquitie,
Throw greit affectioun of affinitie
To this Osrik, and to his wyfe he had.
Wes neuir none war in no storie I red
Na wes thir tua, quhill that thair tyme mycht lest,
Kirk and kirkmen so far that tyme opprest;
And all vther that cristnit wes that tyme,
Accusand thame of Cristin faith as cryme,
Sum puneist soir, and sum tha pat to deid,
And vther sum tha flemit but remeid.
Lang thus tha wrocht, but stop or zit ganestand,
Our all the partis of Northumberland.

HOW GADWALLANE AND PENDA SEND TO THIR TUA KINGIS TO CAUS THAME TO REFORME THAIR FALT.

Then Gadwallane, that king wes of the Britis,
And king Pendaricht soir blamis and witis
Thair negligence richt far into sic thingis,
Promouit had sic tua vncristin kingis,
Frutles but faith, cursit and Cristis fo,
Depredaris alss of halie kirk also.
This Gadwallane richt oftsyis to thame send,
Beseikand thame to leif sic falt and mend,
And halie kirk to the awin stait restoir,
Keipand the faith that tha had tane befoir.
Thir tua kingis, richt cursit and misknawin,
Fra tyme this charge on to thame bayth wes schawin,
For wickitness so wranguslie tha wrocht,
The messingeris that thame the bodwart brocht,
Sum tha gart hing, and vther sum tha gart heid;29,245
Sum to the kirk that fled to get remeid,
Baith kirk and queir tha set all into fyre,
Within the girth syne brint thame bane and lyre.
And all the kirkis in Northumberland,
And preistis als thair in that tyme tha fand,
Tha brint thame ilkane in to pouluer small,
And syne the laif of kirkmen ane and all;
And all the laif tha maid richt far to fle,
That cristnit wes, or than like dogis die.

**How all the Kingis in Albione mouit Weir aganis thir Tua evill Kingis.**

Quhairof the kingis into Albione,
Commouit wes at that tyme richt far ilkone;
Of that injure for to revengit be,
Committit hes the haill auctoritie
To Gadwallane, that king wes of the Britis;
And all thair power, as my author writis,
Thir tua kingis with battell did persew,
And vincust thame and mony Saxone slew.
Syne put thame baith into ane presoun strang,
Ay efter that quhair that tha la full lang;
Syne throw dispair, dreiband for gitar pane,
In that presoun ilkone hes vther slane.
Wes none of all moir special in the tyme,
To be revengit of that cursit cryme,
No gude Oswald, that tyme tytest of other
Into the feild agane Eufrid his bruther.
Faithfull he wes thairby ze nicht weill ken,
And captane wes to all the Scottis men,
And of thame had the haill auctoritie
Come thair that da the Britis to supple,
Be Donewald the quhilk war hidder send.
This ilk Oswald that da gat sic commend,
With haill consent, but stop or zit ganestand,
Tha maid him king of all Northumberland,
For to succeid vnto king Edelfryde,
His father wes befoir in to sum tyde.
**How Oswaldus, King of Northumberland, Send in Scotland for Clerkis to Preiche the Faith.**

This gude Oswald, quhen he wes crownit king,
In Scotland send desyrying sic ane thing
At Donewald, that he wald to him send
Devoit doctouris the faith of Crist best kend,
Qihilk wer expert into the halie writ,
In theologicie and canoun law perfyte,
His rude pepill to instruct and teiche,
All neidfull thingis planelie for to preche.
At the request of gude Oswald the king.
This Donewald, quhome plesit sic thing,
With hail consent than of his lordis all,
Ane famous clerk ane did Cormanus\(^1\) call;
In halie scripture richt expert wes he,
Ane doctour als he wes in theologicie;
To king Oswald he send into that tyme,
To clenge his kinrik out of all sic cryme.
Qhair he remanit still compleit ane zeir,
In teching, preching and devoit prayer,
In greit laubour ilk da ouir all that land,
Qhair litill frutt or fauour zit he fand;
For all his preching come bot hulie speid,
And mekill mager gat als to his meid.
The pepill qihilk wes of ingyne so rude,
Of his preching full litill wnderstude:
He schew to thame thingis that wer so hie,
The inwart secreittis of the Trinitie,
Incomparable qihilk wes of excellence
To thair wisdome and rude intelligence.
The pepill all thairfoir, baith riche and puir,
Qhat euir he said tha take bot litill cuir.

\(^1\) In MS. Cormanus.
And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid
Of his purpois, nother in word nor deid,
He tuke his leif, but stop or zit ganestand
Come hame his wa agane into Scotland.
Befoir the king and prelattis all togidder,
He schew to thame how first quhen he come hidder,
Richt frultles folk but ony faith he fand
In all the partis of Northumberland;
And how he went amang thame and he woik
Ilk da be da moir travell [that] he tuke
To teiche and preiche, and halie scriptour reid,
Syne of his purpois he culd cum no speid.
Moir eith it war, he said, I bid nocht le,
To bring the Bas and May out of the se,
Na caus tha pepill of nature sa nyce,
To trow in Christ and for to leif thair vice.
The prelattis all that tyme that war present,
All in ane voce tha said with ane assent,
No moir agane, as thalculd wnderstand,
To send to preche into Northumberland,
Amangethe pepill of ingyne so rude,
So well tha wist itwald turneto na gude.

How Adanus repreuit Cormanus of his preching.

Ane halie bishop full of grauitie,
Amang thame all of most auctoritie,
Ane frutfull father, full of faith and fame,
The quhilk Adanus callit wes to name,
For suith, he said, it war ane greit pitie,
That gude Oswald withoutin help sould be
Left desitute into so greit ane thing,
That halie prince so lawlie and benyng.
To this Cormanus than agane said he:
"I dreid me, sone, thi greit subtillitie,
How the King of Scotland and the Kirk-Men causit Adanus to pas to Oswald the King.

The prelattis all war present their ilk deill,
Thocht all ilkone that he had said richt weill, 29,370
And wes content to stand at his decreit;
Beseikand him, sen that he wes maist meit,
That he him self wald tak on hand sic thing,
For the plesour of gude Oswald the king.
Than Adanus, in presens of the lawe,
Wald nocht ganestand the counsall that he gawe;
He tuik on hand that tyme to fulfill,
To satisfie all thair desyre and will.
Sone efter that, as ze sall wnderstand,
He passit syne into Northumberland
To king Oswald, quhilk him ressauit than,
With all honour that he culd do or can.
The lordis all sielike baith far and neir,
And commoun pepill, come ilk da to heir
This Adanus, his counsall wes so gude,
And plesand als quhen tha him wnderstude.
Adanus than, as my author did wryte,
In Saxone langage wes nocht richt perfyte,
The quhilk to him wes greit impediment
To schaw to thame quhat wes in his intent.
The king quhilk leirit, quhen that he wes z0ung,
The Saxone langage and the Scottis toung,
Sevintene zeir fra his father wes slane,
Continiewallie in Scotland did remane.
Of Scottis langage he wes als perfyte
As of his awin, and culd baith reid and wryte,
And all the langage, to his pepill rude,
Of Adanus, that tha nocht wnderstude,
Ilk word be word he schew to thame agane
In thair langage, richt plesandlie and plane.
Qubahiry that tyme, as I traist weill be trew,
The pepillis hartiis haiill to him he drew;
And did all thing that he gaif in command,
At his plesour without stop or ganestand.
That samin tyme, as that my author sais,
This Adanus he baptist in sevin dais,
Of men and wemen into taill wntald,
Then fyftene thousand baith of z0ung and ald;
With greit blythnes, baith of ald and zing,
And speciallie of gude Oswald the king,
This Adanus that tyne without ganestand,
Wes maid bischop of all Northumberland.
Richt mony men than of reliquioun
And secular men of greit deuotioun,
To Adanus out of Scotland tha þeid,
Him to supple in his mister and neid,
The faith of Christ amang thame for to plant,
For in that land the kirkmen were rycht skant.
Within schort qhile to sic vertew tha grew,
Be his doctryne and miraclis that he schew,
Northumberland that samyn tyme, we reid,
Into the faith all Ingland did exceid.
Syne fals Fortoun qhilis no thing lest
In ane staît, oft qhuen that ane man is best,
Traistand he is in most tranquillitie,
Throw hir fauour set on the qheill so he,
Or euir he wit scho makis him to fall
Doun fra the licht, garrand him licht so law.
The king of Marchis in the samyn tyde,
Callit Penda, of greit power and pryde,
In all his tyme that wes baith fals and sle,
Had greit invye at the prosperitie
Of gude Oswald, that wes baith lele' and trew,
Fençezit ane caus, syne efter did persew
This king Oswald with mort battell in feild,
Vincust his men, him self also hes keild.
For puir invie, this gude Oswald the king
Deit that da, and for na vther thing;
Qhilis efterwart, that micht nocht weill be hid,
Richt mony miracle in tha partis kid;
Into his tyme wes countit amang kingis,
Qhilis now in hevin amang the sanctis ringis
In joy and blis, with greit blythnes and gloir,
Withoutin end, and sall do euir moir.
HOW DONEWALDUS, THROW MISGYDING ON THE WATER OF TAY, WAS DROWNIT IN ANE BOIT.

Sone efter this that zé haif hard me say,
King Donewald vpoun the water of Tay,
Into ane bot, throw rakes misgyding,
The fyftene zeir quhilk wes than of his ring,
And of our Lord fourtie zeir and fywe
And sex hundreth, agane the strene did strywe; 29,450
Quhair he wes dround into the samin quhile.
Syne efter that, syne into Iona Yle,
His bodie borne and bureit into graif,
With all honour put in amang the laif.

HOW THE HERETICK CALLIT MOHOMEIT DEIT.

Schort qubill befoir his dais war compleit,
The scismatik callit wes Mohomeit,
In Arrabie closit his latter dayis,
Gif all be suith heir that my author sayis.
He wes the first this foull faith that began,
Quhairby this da thair levis mony man
But Christis law, or zit but Cristindome,
Quhilk restitat ar fra the kirk of Rome,
As Turkis, Pagane, and Seresane also,
And mony vther in this warld mo.
His lyfe and law quha lykis for to heir,
Pas the thame self wnto sum man and speir,
Moir lasar hes nor I haif to remane;
Now to my purpos turne I will agane.

HOW FERQUHARD, THE SONE OF FERQUHARD FOIR-SAID, WES CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS.

The bruther sone of this king Donewald,
Ferquhardus sone of quhome befoir I tald,
Nocht lang gane syne befoir as ze haif hard,
This young man alss he callit wes Ferquhard,
Into Argyle with sword, sceptre and ring,
Of Scott's hair was crowned to be king.
Or that he come to that authority,
Richt large he was and full of liberty;
Fra that fassoun syne changit hies rycht far,
And callit wes with all man father war,
Gif war might be, and war, and war again.
Heir I abhor for to report in plane
Sa mony faltis and vices as did ring
Vncorrigill into this wnyiss king.
One halie bishop, callit wes Colman,
And mony vther in the tyme wes than,
For na command nor counsell that him gaue,
No for reuest of lordis and the laue,
He wald nocht mend of all that worth ane mytte,
Quhairat his lordis had rycht greit dispyte;
Ane counsell set how tha suld him corrack,
Decretit syne in handis him to tak.
So had tha done richt weill I wait as than,
War nocht the counsell of this ilk Colman,
Into the tyme quhilk said to thame and schew
The hand of God suld schortlie him persew,
Richt suddantlie, and with far scharper pane
Na thai culd do, he promeist thame rycht plane.
And so it wes be ordenance diuyne,
Within ane moneth at the hunting syne,
Wnder ane buss quhair he sat him alone,
With¹ ane wod wolf wes bettin to the bone,
Into his syid ane deip wound and ane soir,
Into his tyme quhilk mendit neuir moir.
Thair wes no leich culd mak his panis les;
Ilk da be da his dolour did increas,
With foull fetor that wes intollerabill,
And humor als that wes abominable;

¹ In MS. Within.
Moir horribill als that tyme for till abhor,
No canker, fester, gut, or zit grandgor.
Tua zeir and moir, I bid nocht for to lane,
He puneist wes still with sic cruell pane;
Syne at the last his vices did repent,
Confessand him with ane clene intent.
The halie bishop callit wes Colman,
His confessour quhilk in the tyme wes than,
Confessit him of all his crymis clene;
The sacrament of the altar betuene;
Ressanit hes with clene and contrei hart;
Syne suddantlie the cruell auffull dart
Of dulefull deid, quhair that he la rycht warine,
Perfit his hart in this Colmanis arme.
Thus endit thair this ilk Ferquhardus king,
The auchtene zeir efter that he did ring.
That samin zeir, gif I richt wnderstand,
The halie bishop of Northumberland,
Ane Scottis man richt faithfull of gude fame,
Qhillk callit wes Adanus to his name,
To king Oswald the quhilk befor wes send,
He take his leif out of this warld to wend.
One holie bishop in Scotland wes than,
Qhillk to his name that callit wes Fynane.
This Fynanus into Adanus steid
Succeedit syne sone efter he wes deid,
And bishop wes maid of Northumberland,
Richt mony folk befor him quhair he fand,
That vicius wes, suppois tha war baptist,
With litill credence to the faith of Christ.
Thair he on him dalie greit travell tuik,
Out-throw the land vpoun his feit he woik,
With mekle pane in mony sindrie rod,
Instructand thame into the faith of God.

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1 Bedene?  |  2 In MS. for tuik.
In euerie paire quhair that he prechit in,  
He causit thame to leve thair vice and syn,  
And turne to Christ, and keip the commoun law,  
Part for his love and ither part for aw  
Of bitter pane, he schew to thame preichand,  
Sould be reward quha keipit nocht command.

**How the halie Man Fenanus Baptizit Penda.**

The king of Marchis callit wes Penda,  
He baptizit him, as my author did sa,  
And syne confirmit with his awin hand,  
And all the laift that wes into his land.  
And thus he wrocht wnto his latter end,  
Ouir all that land as it wes richt weill kend.  
The halie bishop callit wes Colman,  
Efter his deid succeidit to him than,  
Ane Scottis man befoir as I zow schew,  
Ane greit doctour and full of all vertew,  
Bishop wes maid than of Northumberland,  
Fra Eborac north on to Sulwa sand;  
His greit vertew all ither did exceld  
In operation baith of word and deid;  
His sanctitude I can nocht to zow sa,  
Thoicht I wald walk all ouir this sumin da;  
I can nocht schaw, nor put heir into write.  
His perfection and halie lyfe perfyte;  
Ouir all the partis into Albione,  
With greit instructione on his fit is gone.  
This Pendas' sone, of quhome befoir I spak,  
Of this Colman the Cristiane sayth did tak;  
And mony ither of the Saxone blude  
He baptist hes befoir that war nocht gude.  
Heir will I leve ane litill and remane,  
And to my storie turne I will agane.

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1 In MS. *Pendeus.*
HOW MALDOWYN, THE SONE OF DONEWALD, EFTER THE DEITH OF FERQUHARD, WES CROWNIT KING.

Efter the deith of Ferquhard, as I tald,
Young Maldowyn, the sone of Donewald,
With hail consent into the samin quhile,
Wes crownit king of Scottis into Argyle.
Ane lustie man he wes withoutin leis,
In all his tyme had greit desyre of peice;
With Brit and Pecht, and Saxone to also,
He maid gude peax withoutin ony fo.
In all his tyme richt gude justice their rang,
Wes nocht ane wicht [that] durst do vther wrang.
So hapnit it into the samin quhile,
The Lennox men and nobillis in Argyle,
With greit contentioun baith of lad and lord,
For litill caus fell into greit discord.
The Ylis men, wer nychtbouris to Argyle,
Tuke their plane part into the samin quhile,
And to the Lennox siclike Gallowa
Tuke their plane part, as my author did sa.
Richt mekle euill betuix thame had bene done,
War nocht the king, quhilk maid remeid rycht sone
With greit power, of quhome sic aw tha stude,
That all the favoraris schortlie to conclude,
Of him that tyme so soir tha war adred,
To saue thame selfis on to the Ylis tha fled.
The Ylis men quhilk of the king stude aw,
Or he on thame suld execute the law,
For to accuis als of the samin cryme,
The trattouris all tha tuke into the tyme,
And send thame bundin ilkane to the king;
Qubilk efterwart he hes maid for to hing
Vpoun ane gallous but reuth or remeid;
Thus finallie their endit all that feid.
Fra that tyme furth wes none so pert to prewe 29,605
Sic Prattik moir, or zit ane vther grewe
In work or word that wes agane the law,
Of this gude king tha stude sa mekle sw.
That samin tyme, as ze sall wnderstand,
The bishop Colman fra Northumberland, 29,610
With mony kirkman in his cumpny,
In Scotland come, and for the samin quhy,
Will ze tak tent, as I sall tell 30w heir,
Ouir all the warld into that samin zeir,
The pepill haill, for thair falt and offence, 29,615
War puneist sair with plaig of pestilence,
Deand ilk da be thousandis out of number,
And speciallie into the land of Humber.
For that same caus this ilk Colmanus dreed,
And in Scotland than hame agane he fled, 29,620
Within the Ylis syne in ane abba,
With his brether, as my authord ids sa;
And in gude concord without sturt or stryfe,
Remanit thair the laue of all his lyfe.

How THE SAXONIS AND THE Pechtis Invaidit
The Scottis, and of the manlie defence
Agane of the Scottis.

Sone efter this the Pechtis in ane band, 29,625
And Elfridus king of Northumberland,
With all injure into the tyme tha dar,
Invaidit hes the Scottis than rycht far.
The Scottis als siclike to thame agane;
In thair defence wes mony Saxone slane. 29,630
Ane lang qhile so into sic stryfe tha stude,
On euerie syde qhill spilt wes mekle blude.
The king of Scottis that wes baith wyss and wycht,
That samin tyme wes murdreist on ane nycht
Be his awin wyfe, and to that same effect,
Because of hurndome scho held him suspect.
This cruell quene wes tane in the same tyme,
And all the laif gaif counsall to that cryme;
Syne in ane fyre, vpoun ane hill full hie,
Tha war all brint that mony man mycht se.
Thus endit he, as I haif said 30w heir,
Than of his ring into the tuentie 3eir,
And of oure Lord sex hundreth and fourscoir,
And four zeiris, withoutin ony moir.

HOW EUGENIUS THE FYFT, THE SONE OF DON-
GARUS, EFTER THE DEID OF KING FERQUHARD,
WES CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND, AND OF
HIS NOBILL DEIDIS.

Ane nobill man callit Eugenius,
Fyft of that name, the sone of Dongarus,
Quilkh bruther wes to this foirmnit king,
Wes crownit than in Scotland for to ring.
Quilkh to Edfrid king of Northumberland,
Ane epistill send subscriuit with his hand
With ane herald, desyrand at him peice,
Quilkh Edfridus grantithim, but leis,
Of this conditioun so he wald restoir
The spulxe all that tane wes of befoir,
Be1 Scottis men furth of Northumberland,
And Pechtis als, quilkh wes baith of ane band,
And he of thame sould desyr na redres
Of oucht wes tane of Scottis mair or les;
And ellevin moneth gif that he ast to haue
Of peice and rest, and no moir for to craue.
All this he did, withoutin ony leis,
With fraudfull mynd dissimuland sic peice,
As he that wes full of subtillitie,
Onto the tyme that he micht reddie be

1 In MS. The.
With mort battell the Scottis till persew.
Eugenius, that weill his purpois knew,
Commandit hes with diligence and cuir,
For till abstene fra all wrang and injure,
Fra Edfridus and the Pechtis also,
Quhill tyme of trewis war passit and ago.
Als gaif command that tyme to eueri man,
For to provyde alse gudlie as he can,
For hors, harnes, and al sic ganand geir,
That neidfull war into the tyme of weir.
Or the tent monet[h] passit wes compleit,
This Edfridus quhilk reddie wes and meit
For mort battell, with all thing as him lest,
He causit hes withoutin ony rest,
Full mony Saxone efter on ane da,
Richt muckle gude tak out of Gallowa;
And sindrie men into the tyme tha slaw,
That maid defence their guidis to reskew.

**How Eugenius send to Edfridus.**

Eugenius quhen that he knew that thing,  
Ane herald send to Edfridus the king,  
Askand agane the spulze to restoir,  
Be the condition maid wes of befoir.  
Siclike the men for to deliuerit be,  
The slaughter maid, to his auctoritie,  
As ressoun wald, for to be in his will,  
On to quhat pane that he wald put thame till.  
Quhen this wes said, the quhilk wes all in vane,  
This Edfridus this anser maid agane;  
"Gude freind," he said, "to the I say full suir,  
"This tyme to zow we haif done na injure,  

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1 In MS., et postea, *Egifridus.*
"For-quhy," he said "it is in oure defence, 29,695
Befoir to ws ze did sic violence
In tyme of peax and wald no mendis mak;
Sen lefull is agane to ws to tak
At our awin hand, sen ze will keep no law,
For band or aith, for seill or zit for saw. 29,700
Thairfoir," he said, "zow sall gif traist to me,
Of zow no way sen we can sicker be,
Within aucht daits, and I be levand man,
In zour boundis with all power I can,
I sall persew zow baith with fyre and blude; 29,705
Tak thair thi answyr schortlie to conclude."

_How Eugenius, the King of Scottis, passit in Gallowa with ane armie aganis the Saxonis and Pechtis._

Eugenius, quhen he this answyr knew,
Ilk word be word as the herald him schew,
Held vp his handis to the hevin on hicht,
Beseikand God that all perrell and plicht 29,710
To licht on him and on na vther man,
In quhomo that fraude and falsheid first began.
Contraccit syne ane greit power togidder,
Quhairto that tyme wes no man laith no lidder,
Baith young and ald that waponis docht to weild,
On fit and hors to follow him on feild.
To Gallowa syne tuke the gait full rycht,
With staitlie standertis streikit vpone hycit.
King Edfridus, or he came thair befoir,
And king of Pechtis with mekle bost and schoir, 29,720
By the se coist with all thair power lay,
Segeand ane castell callit wes Dunskey.
This Edfridus that tyme quhen he did heir
The king of Scottis cumand wes so neir,
He left the seig and passit to the feild,
With mony man that waponis weill culd weild,
The quhilk in battell oft befoir had vse,
And met the Scottis on the water of Luse,

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE ORDOUR AND MANER OF
THE GREIT BATELL BETUIX EUGENIUS AND
THE SAXONIS.

With mony baner brodin wes full bricht,
Lyke ony lanterne kest ane aureat lycht,
And staitlie standertis streikit in the air,
Agane the face of Phebus flamand fair.
The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde,
Decernit wes in battell for till byde,
Of thair injuris to revengit be,
And neuir ane fit out of that feild to fle,
Suppois thair lyvis sould all be forlorne;
Thairto ilkane war bayth oblister and sworne.
With baneris braid that brodin wer all new,
With gold and siluer, and with asur blew,
Palit with purpure, plesand and perfite,
Qhahir on to luke it wes ane grit deylte.
The trumpettis blew with sic ane mirre sound,
Qhill that thair beir gart all the bankis rebound.
The bowmen bald syne enterit in the feild;
Thair scharp schutting hes schorne mony scheild,
Doand grit skayth in the breist of the oist,
Qhahir throw richt mony in the tyme wes lost.

HOW THE PECHTIS FLED OR THE FEILD ENTERIT.

The Pechtis all, or euir the feild did june,
In rayit battell till ane montane sone,
Qhat wes the caus I can nocht to zow sa,
In rayit feild tha fled rycht fast awa.
Quhen Saxonis saw the Pechtis war all fled,
Doutles that tyme tha wer rycht soir adred;
Quhairfoir abak tha zeid ane litill we,
With greit apperance that tha suld all fle.
This Edfridus thairof wes nocht content:
Amang his men, to gif thame hardiment,
With bair visage he passit to and fro,
Quhair perrell wes he sparit nocht till go;
Syne at the last, throw aventure and caice,
With ane arrow wes woundit in the face,
With [sic] power that persit hes his heid,
Syne af his hors amang thame fell doun deid.

HOW EUGENIUS VINCUST THE SAXONIS IN FEILD.

The Scottis than all with ane cry and schout,
That in that tyme war baith stalwart and stout,
Vpoun the Saxonis dourlie that tha dang,
With sic ane reird quhill all the rochis rang.
Langar to byde the Saxonis had no micht;
Out of the feild tha fled and tuke the flicht.
The Scottis fast syne follouit on the chace,
And vp and doun in mony sindrie place,
In euerie pairt quhair that tha war ouirtane,
Of Saxone blude thair chapit neuir ane.
Richt mony than, to swome that had na vse,
Wes drownit that da in the water of Luse.
Tuentie thousand, as my authord did sa,
Of Saxone blude deit thair that da,
That stalwart [war] sum tyme to mak ganestand.
And Edfridus, king of Northumberland,
For his falsheid, as it wes richt weill kend,
Amang the laif he maid ane febill end.
Sex thousand Scottis in the samin tyde,
Deit that da vpoune the tother syde.

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Eugeniws, with greit honour and goir,
Of that gret feild the spulze les and moir,
To euerie man after his facultie,
Richt equallie distribut than hes he,
And gaif amang thame mony riche reward.
Syne passit hame, with greit triumph and glore,
To the same place that he come fra befoir.

How King Brudeus, efter the Saxonis had
tynt the Feild, passit and destroyit all
Northumberland.

King Brudeus of Pechtis quhen he knew,
In that baltell that laitlie wes of new,
Sa mony Saxone slane wes in the feild,
Of Edfridus the king also wes keild,
And of the Scottis sa mony wer slane,
That eselie tha micht noch weil agane
To thair strenthis within schort quhile restoi,
With sic power as tha bad befoir.
Thairfoir richt sone, but stop or zit ganestand,
He enterit hes into Northumberland,
With all the power that he douch[t] to be,
Crabit and kene, full of crudelitie;
Qhilke vsit [hes] that tyme into his yre
Richt greit distruccione baith of blude and fyre.
Tha sauit nane befoir thame that tha fand,
Ouir all the pairtis of Northumberland.
With greit oppressioun in that tyme tha wrocht,
Northumberland had all bene put to nocht
Richt haistelie, I wat rycht weill as than,
Had nocht bene Cuthbert that same halie man.

1 In MS. Kingis.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Throw his request and wayis that he fand,
Quhilk bishop wes than of Northumberland,
Throw his prayer he mesit hes his yre,
And stanchit hes baith battell, blude and fyre.

**HOW THAT THE PECHTIS DISCORDIT AMANG THAME SELFFIS.**

Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,
Amang thame self, for pairting of the pra,
Richt suddanelie tha fell into greit stryfe,
Quhair throw that mony loisset hes the lyfe,
And mony berne als for to bleid full braid,
Amang thame self richt mekle slaughter maid,
That force it wes, gif I rycht wnderstand,
Pas hame agane and leve Northumberland.
Schort quhile efter that done wes all this thing,
Eugeniuss, the fourt 3eir of his ring,
With greit murning, as that my author sais,
Of eueri man, closit his latter dais.
His bodie syne with all honour tha buir
To Iona Yle and put in sepulture.

**HOW EUGENIUS THE SAXT, AND SONE OF FERQUHARD, EFTER THE DEID OF THIS ILK EUGENIUS, WES CROWNIT KING OF SCOTTIS, AND OF HIS NOBILL DEIDIS.**

This beand done befoir as ze haue hard,
Eugeniuss the sone wes of Ferquhard,
The saxt king also wes of that name,
With Adanus ane father of greit fame,
That bishop wes that tyme of Mona, Yle
Wnder his cuir he wes into that quhile,
With haill consent of all man to sic thing,
He crownit wes of Scottis to be king.
Deuoit he wes, as that my author sais;
Greit honour als he did in all his dais
To kirk and kirkmen quhill his tyme mycht lest;
The puir pepill he keipit wnopprest,
In peax and rest quhair euir tha lest to go,
With euerie lord weill lout wess also.
The halie bishop callit Adanan,
Of Mona Ile the quhilk wes bishoch than,
And bishoch Cuthbert of Northumberland,
Thir tua togidder baith into ane band,
Causit this king gude peax and rest to mak
With all Saxone, and trewis for to tak.
Bot for na thing that tha culd sa or do,
With Brudeus he wald neuir grant thairto
Trewis to tak, for-quhy tha wer so fals
To Scottis ay and to the Saxonis als;
As previt weill schort quhile befoir in deid,
Left thame in feild quhen that tha had most neid.
3it neuirtholes thir holie bishopis than,
With deuoit mynd and all the cuir tha can,
Greit diligence tha haif maid nycht and da,
For gude concord betuix thir kingis tua.
So at the last reveillit wes thame till,
As plesit God that tyme he wald fulfill,
Thir kingis tuo ilk other sould invaid,
3it for thair saik sic intercessioun maid,
It grantit wes be gratius God so hie,
Betuix thame tua na mort battell suld be.
And so it wes with mekle sturt and stryfe,
For all the tyme of this Eugenius lyffe,
With mekill sturt and euerie da on steir;
Quhill of his ring syne efter the tent zeir
He tuke his leve and passit to the laif;
In Iona Yle syne closit wes in his graif.
HOW AMBRIGILLUS, THE SONE OF THE FYFT EUGENIUS, EFTER THE DEID OF THIS EUGENIUS, WAS CROWNIT KING.

Efter his deith with hail consent and will
Of euerilk man, ane callit Ambrigill,
Qhilk wes the sone of fyft Eugene the king,
Wes crownit than in Scotland for to ring.
Befoir this tyme with ilk man wes weil lude,
So gentill wes, so gratius and so gude,
So leill, so large with liberalitie;
Syne quhen he come to sic auctoritie,
Ane war king syne, as that my author sais,
In Albione wes nocht into his daiss.
His vicis all I list nocht now to number,
For quhy to me it war our mekky cummer.
Of sic rehers thairfoir heir will I rest,
Sen gude it is ay for to say the best.
The king of Pechtis, callit wes Garnard,
Off Ambrigillus quhen he knew and hard
With his liegis all how he wes ill lude,
And speciallie with grittest men of gude,
Traistand his tyme wes than most oportunity,
For to revenge injuris that war done
To him befoir, without stop or ganestand,
With ane greit oist he enterit in his land;
And greit destructioun in the tyme he maid,
Birnand thair boundis that war lang and braid.
The Scottis lordis, quhen tha hard and knew
So greit destructiouin maid wes of the new,
Convenit thame with thair king Ambrigill,
And causit him, richt sair agane his will,
Than for to pas with all power and micht,
Agane his fa for to defend his richt.
Syne vpoun Tay, besyde ane lytill toun,
Remainit thair and set thair palzeonis doun.
That samin nycht this ilk king Ambrigill,
With tua feiris that he had chosin him till,
Onto the closit quyetlie 2eid he
Richt secreitlie to his necessitie.
Be auenture as he wes sittand thair,
Ane small arrow, that scharpe as rasour schair,
It maid his hart that tyme to brek and brist;
Bot quha it wes thair wes 3iit name that wist.
The secund zeir of this ilk kingis ring,
So endit he that doucht bot litill thing:
To Iona Yle than had wes to the lawe,
With all honour wes graithit thair in graue.

**How Eugenius the Sevint, and Bruther of this Ambrigill, efter his deid wes crownit King.**

Eugenius, of that name the sewint king,
With hail consent [than] baith of ald and zing,
Of Ambrigill the bruther als wes he,
Wes chosin than thair\(^1\) king and prince to be,
With hail consent of 3oung and ald than bayth,
Into that tyme that thauould tak na skaith,
Perfitlie than so that he micht provyde
The hail armie for to convoy and gyde.

This king Eugene richt weill he kend and knew,
For to gif feild that tyme he wes ourf few.
For that same caus ane shorth trewis tuik he,
Qhill efterwart gif so hapnit to be
Peax and rest betuix thame for to mak;
Of this titell betuix thame trewis tha tak.
This beand done, as ze haif hard me sa,
Ilk man tuke leve and passit hame his wa.
Tak tent to me and ze sal beir me tell
Of sick freindschip betuix thame efter fell.

\(^1\) In MS. his.
HOW EWGENIUS WADDIT GARNARDUS DOCHTER.

Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,
Garnardus dochter callit Spontana,
Of pulchritude richt plesand and decool,
For to conferme the trewis tane befoir,
And for that caus moir kyndnes thame betuene,
Eugeniuses tane to be his quene.
Syne sone eftter into the secund zeir,
It hapnit syne as I sall say zow heir.
Into Atholl condampnit wes ane man,
And put to deid, quhilk wes of ane grit clan;
Tua sonis had wes of ane cursit kynd,
Thair fatheris deid thai buir ay in thair mynd,
Into thair hart ascending ay so hie,
Off that injure for to revengit be.
Syne secreitlie, sone eftter on ane nycht,
The slew this quene wnwist of ony wicht,
Into hir bed, saikles of all sick thing,
Trowand that tyme that scho had bene the king.
Sua of thair pra thai war richt far beylit,
Slayand this quene consauit greit' with child,
To fyle thair handis with so greit ane cryme,
Syne of thair purpois come no speid that tyme.
This cruell caice quhen it wes herd and knawin,
To all the lordis of the realme syne schawin,
The wyit and caus of all that cruell thing
The pepill put alhaill vpoun the king,
Richt sone gart set ane counsall in the tyme,
For till accusss him of that samin cryme,
As he the wyit of all that thing had bene,
With euerie man so louit wes the quene.
Syne as God wald, thir folk thaf t so offendit
That same tyme wer ilkane apprehendid,
Befoir ane juge syne broch[t] into the tyme,
Convictit wes thair of that cruell cryme,
Syne on ane gallous hangit war full he,
And doggis meit all efter maid to be.
The pepill all richt blyth wes of thair king,
That he wes fund so saikles of that thing;
And had nocht bene the bishop of Annane,
Quhilk causit him to pretermit as than,
He had persewit scharplie in the tyme
The lordis all that put to him sic cryme.
Thairof that tyme he clengit wes richt clene,
For so God wald ane innocent had bene.
Eugenius syne efter all his dais
In peax and rest, as that my author sais,
With Pecht and Saxone all his tyme wes he:
Ane man he wes of greit yrbanitie.
Of his faderis preceidad him befoir,
Of ill and gude thair deidis les and moir,
He gart collect togidder in ane storie,
That tha suld be in euir lasting memorie.
Thair nobilnes and all thair duchtie deidis,
That euerie [man] that heirs thame or reidis,
Lib.9.f.147.
Honour to win and to wmschew greit lak.
Of Romanis, Saxonis, Pechtis and of Britis,
Collectit hes siclike, my author writis,
In Albione thair deidis les and moir,
Onto that da preceidad him befoir.
In Iona Yle syne in Ecolmunkill,
Put thame to keip at all plesour and will;
That euerie man quha lykis for to reid,
Micht efterwart knaw his foirfaderis deid.
OFF [ANE] HALIE SCOTTIS ARMEIT CALLIT DONE-WALD.

That samin tyme, as my authour me tald,
Ane Scottis man wes callit Donewald,
Amang the Pechtis in Orestia,
In wildernes he duelt richt mony da.
In grit penance ane scharpe lyfe thair he hed,
With breid of beir and cald water wes fed;
Quhairof that tyme rycht weill content wes he, 30,005
Onis of the da for to refreshit be.
Nyne dochteris als into that tyme he hed,
Of siclyke fude the samyn tyme wes fed,
Quhilk virginis wer withoutin ony blame,
The eldest hecht Mažota to her name,
The secund sister callit Fyncana;
Quatl hecht the laif I cannot to 3ow sa,
For-quhy my author schew thame nocht to me;
Thair namis now thairfoir I will lat be.
Of thir virginis, bot gif my author leid,
In legend of [the] virginis that I reid,
I fand neuir zit in no autentik write,
Of nane vther moir holie and perforfe.
Efter the deid thair of thair father1 syne,
Be ordenance of the greit God devyne,
Tha war promouitt till ane vther place
At will and plesour of the kings grace.
Ane greit village hecht Othilenia,
Quhilk Abirmethie callit is this da,
The kirk of Pechtis metropolitane,
Into the toun foundit and fett wes than;
Translatit syne into the Scottis dais
To Sanct Androis, as that my author sais.
The king2 of Pechtis, quhilk Garnard hecht to name,
Thir nyne sisteris quhilk wer of so greit fame, 30,030

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1 In MS. fatheris.  
2 In MS. king king.
At thair requeist ane proper manesioun
He biggit thame into that samin toun,
With kirk and queir, to sing and for to sa
Thair obseruance and ouris of the da.
Thair tha remanit lang and mony zeir;
In fasting, walking, and devoit prayer,
With perseuerance to thair latter da.

Syne erdit all, as my author did say,
Wnder ane aik that wes baith grit and hie,
Quhilk standis zit as sum sais to se.

Eugenius, of quhome befoir ze hard,
That weddit hed the dochter of Garnard,
Tha keipit ay richt gude affinitie,
In peice and rest with lufe and cheritie,
In gude concord withoutin ony feid;
Schort quhile befoir thir halie virginis deid,
This king Eugene with all humanitie,
Come to thair place thair obseruance to se,
For the greit fame of halines tha had,
Quhilk in the tyme our Albione it spred.

This king Garnard, quhilk hapnit to be thair,
And all his lordis with him baith les and mair,
Ressauit him richt blythlie and benyng,
With all honour pertenyng to ane king,
With greit triumph, with mekle pla and sport.

Bot sic vane gloir, the quhilk lestis richt schort,
It endit sone with cair and greit murnyng.
Within schort quhile this ilk Eugenius king,
That samin tyme asailllit wes so sair
With greit seiknes, that he micht leve na mair,
Quhilk of his ring wes than the sevint zeir.
With mony lord his bodie on ane beir,
In Iona Yle quhair that tha buir him till,
He bursit wes into Ecolmkill.

1 In MS. erdit.
How Murdo, the Bruther Sone of this Eugenius, efter his Deid, was crownit King of Scottis.

His bruther son, efter that he wes deid, Callit Murdo, succeidit in his steid. Ane man he wes of religiositie, For all his tym fwith greit tranquillitie With his nictbouris in peice and rest he rang, But outwart weir or ony inwart wrang. The kirk of Christ he gart agane restoir Till all fredome sic as it had befoir. The kirkis [all], the quhilq war fallin doun In weir befoir, and brocht to confusionu, Than tuys all weill he biggit hes agane, With neidfull thingis for preistis to remane, Thair observuance thairfoir to say and sing, That neidfull ar that tha sould want nothing. Into Qhiterne all in the samin tym, Ane fair tempill biggit of stane and lyme, Quhilk in greit weir distroyit wes befoir; Syne fete he hes, thair to remane euir moir, Religious men thairfoir to sing and sa, Quhilk religiou remanis thair this da. Syne efterwart quhen endit wes this thing, The saxtenit zeir that tym fhis ring, He tuke his leif than baith at gude and ill, And grauit wes into Ecolumkill.

How Ethelyn, the Sone of Eugenius the Sevint, efter the Deid of Murdo, wes crownit King.

Ane nobill man that callit wes Ethelyn, With haill consent of all baith mair and myn, Of sevint king Ewgene sone also wes he, And crownit king of Scotland for to be.
In all his tyme he louit weill ay peice,
All weir and wrang he causit for to ceis;
Thift and reif, and all sic oppin cryme,
Durst nocht be visit intill all his tyme.
In Albione wes nocht ane better king,
Qhill he micht steir or had 3outheid to ring.
Syne efterwart he grew into sic eild,
As he wes wont he micht nocht walk on feild;
Sic travell than he micht nocht weill induir,
To foure lordis thairfoir he gaif the cuir,
With haill consent of all the lordis than,
The lord of Athole callit wes Colan,
The second, Donald lord wes of Argyle,
Conraithe of Mar quhilk lord wes in that quhile,
The fourt, Murdo lord wes of Gallowa;
On thir four committit wes alwa
To reull and steir all Scotland at thair will,
With equale justice baith to gude and ill.

Lib.9, f.147b. On thir four committit wes alwa

HOW ANE MAN IN THE YLIS, CALLIT DONALD,
REBELLIT AGAINIS THE KING THAT TYLE.

Some efter this, as my author me tald,
Ane of the Yliss callit wes Donald,
Ane plesand persoun and of large stature,
3it neutheless he wes rycht eull of nature;
In all his tyme he lukit neuir to ressone,
Bot thift and reif, murthur and opin tressone;
In Gallowa he wes committit than,
With grit oppressioun of richt mony man.
Ane lang quhile so at his awin will he wrocht,
And mony man he to confusion brocht.
This lord Murdo, that regent wes that tyme,
Maid na remeid agane that cruell cryme,
At his awin plesour thoillit him rebell,
Qhat wes the caus I cän nocht to zow tell;
How Ewgenius, the Sone of King Murdo, 
Wes Crownit Efter the Deid of the King Ethfyn.

Eugeniaus, the sone of king Murdo,
The auchtane king wes of that name also,
At ane counsell togirdder in Argyle,
Wes crownit king into that samuin quhile.
Sone eftersyn that he wes crownit king,
Richt diligent he wes in that same thing;
Nycht nor da na sojorne Wald he mak,
This ilk Donald quhilk that he hes gart tak,
And all the laif that caus wes of that cryme;
Syne on ane gallous in the samuin tyme,
He maid thame all without remeid to de.
Sone eftersyn of his auctoritie,
This lord Murdo, of quhame I spak befoir,
Accusit hes of all thing les and moir
That Donald did, giffand him wyte of aw,
For he on him wald nocht exercise the law;
Quhairfoir he said he had moir wyte no he,
And for that caus condampnit wes to de.
The tother thre of regentis gart accusis
Sone eftersyn, becaus tha wald not vss
Justice and law be thair auctoritie,
As wees decreitit for that tyme to be;
THE BUIK OF THE

And speciallie for caus that [thai] no wald
Resist the wrang than of this ilk Donald,
The quhilk that tyme tha war oblist to do.
And tha agane sic anssuer maid thairto,
Sayand no wyit thairof to thame redundis,
For-quhy sic wrang wes nocht done in thair
boundis,
And tha aucht bot anssuer for to mak,
Of no moir cuir nor tha did wndertak.
Be sic resoun that tyme tha fend remeid,
Quhairby tha war deliuerit fra deid;
Zit neiirthesles for thair grit negligence,
Wald nocht resist agane so greit ane offence,
Or that tha culd be clengit of that cryme,
Richt mekle gold tha gaif into the tyme
Onto the king, or that thai culd be fred
Out of that feid and of thair purpoiss sped.
This beand done withoutin ony ganestand,
Thair wes no lord that tyme in all his land,
That for his lyfe ane vther durst injure,
Or be so pert for to oppres the pur.
Quhairfoir that tyme rycht weil louit wes he
With auld and young of hie and law degre,
And as thair father in that tyme had bene;
Wes none so maid that durst euill of him mene.

Col. 2.

HOW THE KING EUGENIUS SONE EFTERWART
CHANGIT FRA ANE NOBILL PRINCE TO ANE TIRRANE.

Sone eftersyne, as my author did wryte,
I can nocht tell thairof quhat had the wyte,
He changit syne into ane vther man,
And left the way in quhome he first began.
With fornicatioun far he wes infeccit,
With auerice so blindit and so blekkit,
He countit nocht quhair riches wes to wyn, 
At richt or wrang be¹ conscience to begyn.
Set at the last befoir his lordis all,
Ane innocent for to condemnne gart call,
For his riches to put him self to deid.
Quhairfoir thair rais gret murmour in that steid,
With sic ane schout, and sic ane schouder and schow,
That euirilk one that tyme ʒeid other throw:
All this that tyme wes done bot for ane trane,
With sic ane slight quhill that the king wes slane.
Amang thair handis deid thair he fell doun,
The thrid ʒeiir efter that he tuike the croun.
His ill counsell in handis all were tane,
And on ane gallous maid to de ilkane;
His bodie als into the samin quhile,
Wes borne and bureit in to Iona Yle.

**How Fergus the Thrid, the Sone of Ethfyns, Efter Eugeniws, was Crownit King of Scottis.**

Ethfyns sone with haill auctoritie,
Fergus the thrid than of that name wes he,
Efter the tyme that king Eugene wes deid,
He crownit wes syne efter in his steid;
And fit be fit vpone king Eugeniws tred
He folowit syne, of him gif I richt red.
In all his tyme wes neuir nane ʒit war,
To fornicatioun affectit wes so far,
Puttand his plesour into cuerie huir,
That of his wyfe he tuke richt litill cuir.
His quenethairofr richt grit displesour tuik,
And mony nicht at his bed syde scho woik,

¹ In MS. ñc.
Beseikand him that he wald nochtsa do;
And he agane tuik litill tent thairto,
Bot ay the mair fulfillit his delyte,
Takand him plesour and full appetyte.
This quene seand thairof he wald nochtmend,
Throw greit rancour did in hir hart ascend,
Into the nicht the thrid 3eir of his ring,
With hir handis scho mordreist this ilk king:
And so that tyme scho plaid him lill for law;
Gif scho did weill God wait or nocht 3e knaw.
Vpone the morne the kingis cors wes deid,
Tha brocht it furth into ane opin steid,
Into the presens of the pepill aw,
Lib.9,f.148. Quhair tha war wont to executethelaw; 30,225
And of his seruandis mony tukethattyme,
Accusand thame richt planelie of that cryme,
Quhill tha war neir condampnit to [the] deid,
Without delay but respit or remeid,
As that tyme tha culd mak than no defence.
The quene richt weill that knew thair innocence,
Into hir hert scho had richt greit petie
For hir awin deid to se thame saikles de.
Befoir thame all scho did hir than confess,
And euirilk thing scho schew than moir and les,
How that scho did, and als the caus qhairfoir,
Ilk word be word scho schew than les and moir.
Befoir thame all scho tuik on hir that tyme,
Tha men wer all rycht saikles of that cryme:
Quhen scho had said, ane lytill knyfe scho drew,
Thairwith hir self rycht suddantlie scho slew,
To put hir self out of that pley and pleid;
Amang thame all syne to the ground fell deid.
The kingis cors into the samin quhile,
Tha buir and bureit in to Iona Yle.
How Solwatheus, the Sone of Eugenius, efter the Deid of this Fergus, wes crownit King of Scottis.

Ane nobill man callit Solwatheus,
The sone also wes of Eugenius,
Off that ilk name that wes the auchtane king,
Wes crownit than in Scotland for to ring.
Ane man of gude in all his tyme wes he,
Fra that he come to sic auctoritie.
The wynter syne wes efter that thre 3eir,
Into the snaw at hunting of the deir,
The fervent frost so bitter wes and bald,
Into the tyme with sic acces of cald,
Wnder the wand allone quhair that he woik,
The podagra in baith his feit he take;
Quhair throw he wes vnahill all his dais,
To ryde or gang, as that my author sais.

How Makdonald rebellit aganis the King.

In this same tyme that I haif to 3ow tald,
Ane of the Ylis callit Makdonald,
Into ane Yle that callit wes than Tyre,1
Quhairof that tyme he wes bayth lord and syre;
Ane man also of greit auctoritie,
Of all the Ylis in his tyme wes he;
Richt circumspect he wes intill all thing.
And quhen he hard and knew weill that the king
With seiknes vexit in the tyme wes so,
So soir that he micht nother ryde nor go,
The strenthis all into the Ylis ilkone,
Be strenth and falsheid in the tyme hes tone.

1 In MS. Kyntyre.
So1 grit desyre he had of staitlie stylis,
Callit him self the king of all the Ylis:
The Ylis als, withoutin pleid or pley,
On force that tyme he gart thame all obey.
Quhairof that tyme he culd nocht be content;
Sone efter syne he come in continent,
First into Lorne, syne efter in Kintyre,
With greit destructione bayth with blude and fyre.
Solwateus, als fast as he that wist,
Sone hes he send his power to resist
The lord of Athole, callit wes Duchquhain,
And of Argyle the lord callit Cullain.
Syne into Lorne within ane litill space,

Col. 2.
Out of the feild, quhair mony men wer slane
Off his that da la deid vpoun the plane.
Banis Makdonald, quhen he tint the feild,
He and his men that levand war wnkeild,
Richt speideleie tha sped thame in the tyde,
On till ane strenth that wes neirhand bsyde,
Betuix ane watter and ane hingand hewche,
Wes closit in with mony craig and clewche;
Except ane entrice closit round about,
Bot at that place mycht nane wyn in na out.
This ilk Banis into that strenth he la,
His contra part than keipit that entra:
Without thair leve micht nane pas out na2 in,
The entrice wes so strang and euill to wyn.

HOW BANIS SEND TO THE LORDIS FOR PEAX.

Quhen Banis saw it mich[t] na better be,
That force it wes of hunger for to de,

1 In MS. To.          | 2 In MS. outhea.
Or for to cum into thair grace and will,
Richt suddantlie than hes he send thame till.
Sayand, thasould rycht sone and suddantlie,
All kynd of armour in that place cast by,
And waponis als, with bow, sword and knyfe,
Into that tyme sa tha wald saue thair lyfe,
Syne lat thame fre in the Ylis hame go.
Of that conditioun and thawald do so,
Richt suddantlie thasould all cum thame till,
And at thair plesour put thame in thair will.
Thir tua lordis that knew full weill that cace,
How thawar lokkit in so strang ane place,
With mony craig wes closit round about,
And but thair leif weill mycht thaochty wyn out,
And force the caue that tyme [thairin] to be
Into that same place of hunger for to de,
Or than to cum and put thame in thair will,
On to quhat pane thalpleis to put thame till;
To thair desyre thawald not grant ane word,
Without ilkane come with anenaikitsword
Vpoun his kne, withoutin pley or pleid,
And thair willis offerit vp his heid,
As plesit thame other to saue or sla.
And thagane the quhilk wald nocht do sa,
Bot gaif thame battell haistilie agane,
And faucht that da quhill thawar ilkane slane.
Sone efter syne quhen that the feild wes done,
Thir tua lordis passit hes richt sone
Onto the Ylis with thair power plane,
And put thame all in peax and rest agane.
In the same tyme that I haif to sow tald,
Young Gillecam, the sone wes of Donald,
Eugenius of that name the aucht[ane] king,
Schort quhile befoir, as ze haif hard, gart bing,

1 In MS. tyne.
To be revengit of his faderis deid,
In Gallowa richt mony toun and steid,
Weill biggit war, hes brint all in ane fyre,
Bayth hall, chalmer, baghous, barne and byre. 30,340
Thir tua lordis, of quhome I schew befoir,
This Gilquhnam and his men les and moir,
Sone efter that, withoutin ony hurt,
Tha tuke thame all with litill pane and sturt,
Syne maid thame all vpone ane gallous de: 30,345
To his reward sic end that tyme maid he.

Lib.9,f.148b. In this same tyme, as that my author writis,
Betuix the Pechtis, Saxonis and the Britis
Dalie in weir and mekle stryfe tha stude,
With heirschip, fyre, and spilling of thair blude. 30,350
That wes the caus, my author sais but leis,
So[1]watheus had so greit rest and peice,
In all his tyme but ony weir or wrang.
For tuentie zeir the tyme wes that he rang.
And quhen tha zeiris war compleit and no mo, 30,355
He tuke his leif out of this lyfe till go;
The zeir of God aucht hundreth and four scoir,
And sewin zeiris compleit war, and no moir,
He grauit wes into Ecolumkill,
In that same place zit quhair he lyis still. 30,360
In that same tyme, as that my author sais,
Four halie men in Scotland war tha dais,
The quhilk exceedit into sanctitude,
And borne tha war all foure of Scottis blude.
Ane halie bishope hecht Makcarius, 30,365
Ane vther archidene callit Deuuintius;
And tua abbottis wer of religioun than,
Conganus ane, the tother hecht Dunstan;
In halines all vther did exceed
In word and werk, in thocht and als in deid, 30,370
In thair legend as ze ma reid and luke.
Loving to God heir endis the nynt buke.
HOW ACHAYUS, THE SONE OF ETHFYNS, EFTER
THE DEITH OF SOLWATHEUS, WAS CROWNIT
KING OF SCOTLAND, AND OF HIS NOBILL
DEIDIS.

Ane nobill man wes callit Acha[y]us,
Ethfyns sone, my storie tellis thus,
Into Scotland wes crownit for to be
Thair king and prince with haill auctoritie.
In Scotland than betuix lord and lord,
And lang befoir, thair wes rycht grit discord:
This nobill king sic inwart battell dreed,
Richt fane concord amang [thame] wald haif
hed.

With Pecht and Saxone first he hes maid peice,
All outwart weir to sober and gar ceiss;
Syne misit hes all rancour and discord
Amang thame self, betuix lord and lord:
Throw greit rewardis he gaif to thame than,
With love and fauour all thair hartis wan.
This samin tyme now that ze heir me sa,
Ane multitude out of Ybernia
Off theif and riuer, with malice and yre,
And hereit all the landis of Kyntyre;
Baith brint and slew; syne all thing that tha fand,
Tha tursithame with thame in thair awin land.
To king Achay fra that this thing wes kend,
Ane herald sone in to Yrland he send,
With sair complaint makand to thame amang,
Withoutin caus quhy that tha wrocht sic wrang
To him the quhilk that neuir faillit to thame,
Qhairfoir he said that tha war soir to blame.
To euer yman he said that it wes best,
Withoutin stryfe to leve at pece and rest,
No for to be in to discord and weir,
In dreed, in danger, and in dalie feir
Ay of thair lyfe, baith be land and se;
Gif that thay lyke in peax and rest to be,
Brek nocht the band that thay had maid befoir; 30,405
For it wes done he countit nocht ane hoir,
Thairof nothing he suld displeit be,
Sui it come nocht of thair auctoritie;
Bot prayit thame with hartlie mynd and will,
In tyme to cum to mak remeith thair till,
And new trewis betuix thame for to tak,
And peax and rest into thair tyme to mak.
The lordis all sic anser maid thairtill,
Sayand, that thing wes done aganis thair will;
3it neuirtheles tha wald nocht than, but leis,
Into that tyme ane word commoun of peice,
Qhill that tha war revengit of that cryme;
Syne efterwart, quhen that tha saw thair tyme,
Tha sould do so that tha sould be content.
With this anser the herald hame is went.
In this same tyme now that 3e heir me sa,
Into ane yle, that callit is Yla,
Out of Yrland thair come ane naving large,
Of schip and bote, with mony bark and barge.
Syne in that yle, as my author did sa,
Tha left na gude that tha mycht turs awa,
Baith far and neir that tha fand in that Il[e];
To schip than went within ane litill quhile,
For to pas hame with presoner and pray.
Syne as God1 wald sone efter hapnit sway,
Ane grit tempest, as my author did tell,
Doun fra the hevin of ill wedder th[a][ir] fell.
Throw wynd and waw tha 2 wer so will begone,
Baith schip and bote were dround that tyme ilkone,
With all the gude out of the yle tha brocht. 30,435
It wes weill set, for tha the tresone wrocht

1 In MS. gold. 2 In MS. thair.
Into the tyme quhen tha war treitand trewis.
I pray to God that all sic vther schrewis,
Of sic purpois cum neuir better speid
No thai did than, I pray to God so beid.

HOW ACHAYUS WALD SEND NO MOIR IN IRELAND.

Achayus, quhen he hard it wes so,
Diuysit hes that nane agane sall go
Into Yreland to treit agane for trewis,
In tyme to cum, becaus tha war sic schrewis:
Full [weill] he wist richt sone after, but leis,
Tha suld be fane to send to him for peice.
And so tha did within ane litill space;
To Enverlochty, quhair the king on cace
Into that tyme thair hapnit for to be,
Ane nobill man of greit auctoritie,
Out of Yrland to him that tyme wes send,
With greit requeist and hartlie recommend;
Beseikand him all malice and invy,
Wrang and injure, and all melancoly,
For to remit quhilk tha had done befor,
Sen gratius God had puneist thame so soir.
His halie hand so soir on thame did smyte,
" For-quhy," he said, "we war all in the wyte;
" Sen it was sua, now we forthink full soir.
" In tyme to cum we sall do so no moir,
" Now of zour grace, and ze will ws forgeif,
" Gif plesiszow now for this anis to preif;
" In tyme to cum and we do so agane,
" We obleis ws now wnder the heat pane
" To puneist be, and of the scharpest wyiss,
" Than mannis wit can in this erth devyiss."
This nobill king quhen he hard him sa so,
So will of wand, and weipand for greit we,
THE BUIK OF THE

So greit petie he had of him that tyme,
Forgevin hes the greit injure and cryme,
And all offence that tha had done befoir,
And grantit peax withoutin ony moir.
Quhairof the herald in the tyme wes fane,
Syne tuke his leif and passit hame agane.
Fra that tyme furth, as that my author sais,
Tha keipit peax richt lang and mony dais.

HOW CHAIRLIS THE MANE, KING OF FRANCE AND
. EMPRIOUR OF ALMANE, SEND ANE HERALD TO
. KING ACHAY THAN IN INUERNES.

That samyn tyme it hapnit vpone chance,
Chairlis the Mane, the quhilk wes king of France,
And emprioure als wes of Almane,
Into his tyme had sic auctoritie,
To king Achay ane herald he hes send,
Of friendli wyis with hartlie recommend,
In Inuernes, ane citie of the se,
Qubair he that tyme thair hapnit for to be.
This oratour he come and fand him thair,
And all his lordis that tyme les and mair;
Befoir the king and his lordis ilkone,
Thir wordis all he recknit hes anone.

HOW THE HERALD MAID HIS ORESOUN TO THE
. KING ACHAY AS FOLLOWIS:

" Chairlis the king and michtie empreoure,
" Into his tyme that wyn hes sic honour
" On Christis faith ay into this day,
" Gretis the weill, O nobill king Achay !
" The thing in erth that maist desyris he,
" With the and thyne for to confiderit be.
"Ouir all the world is hard ȝour nobill fame,
"ȝour wisdome, honour, and ȝour nobill name,
"So magnifieit with sic excellent gloir;
"So mony fa as ȝe haif had befoir,
"Quhilk had sic power, streth, riches and mycht,
"ȝit to this da ȝe haif keipit ȝour richt,
"And maid ȝour self all tyme to leif frie,
"With land and law, honour and libertie.
"In Albione the Saxone blude that ringis,
"And cursit than contrar all Cristin kingis,
"To ȝow and ws, and Pechtis to also,
"Hes bene and sall be ay ane mortall fo.
"Charlis the Mane, with diligence and cuir,
"The fayth of Christ ay quhill he ma induir,
"For to defend fra ony opin wrang,
"The Sariȝenis invaidit hes so lang,
"In Affrick, Egypt, and in Arraby,
"And laitlie now als into Lombardie,
"Richt mony toun quhilk wallit war with stone,
"With greit power be way of deid hes tone,
"And spilt also hes mekill Cristin blude;
"Richt mony nobill in yyle seritude,
"Tha had with thame at thair bandoun to be,
"Sumtyme befoir had greit auctoritie;
"Charlis the king, of quhome befoir I tald,
"In mony battell with his bernis bald,
"His blude hes bled the faith for to defend,
"And brocht his purpos narrest to ane end;
"War nocht, he said, the wickit Saxone blude,
"In Albione with thair ingratitude,
"That waitis him quhen that he is fra hame
"In his weiris, with all the best and blame
"That tha can do, baith be land and se,
"Tha failȝe nocht that tyme quhair euir tha be.

1 In MS. Cristint,
"Quhairfoir," he said, "O nobill prince and king!
"His most desyre is ouir all vther thing,
"Agane the Saxonis, that ar fals and sle,
"With the and thyne for to confiderit be.
"Sua thow wald grant richt glaidlie with thi h[art],
"And euerilkone ay to tak otheris part,
"In tyme of neid, agane the Saxone blude,
"This is his mynd now schortlie to conclude,
"The quhilk to the is proffeit and honour,
"To be confiderit with the warldis flour,
"And cheiffest chiftane in this erd that ringis,
"At his command ma haif sa mony kingis;
"It neuirtheles this tyme ouir all the laive,
"Hes chosin the as narrest freind to haif,
"Quhome of thow ma haif grit help and supple
"Agane thi fais into necessitie.
"Quhairfoir methink it war bot litill wrang,
"Agane tha folk hes bene thi fa sua lang,
"For to colleg with sic ane emprioure,
"Quhairthrow thow ma haif proffeit and honour."
Siclike as this, and mekle mair perqueir,
He said to him no I will tell zow heir.

HOW KING ACHAY SET ANE DA TO GIFF ANSWER TO THE HERALD.

Quhen this wes said with all the circumstance,
This nobill king of his deliuerance,
He set ane da with consent of the laue,
Of his desyre ane answer for to haue.
With all the plesance in the tyme he micht,
Hunt on the da, and syne ypoun the nycht,

\[1\] In MS. mething.
In dancing, singing, and in sport and pla,
He held him still quhill on the auchtane da,
That tyme wes set the lordis sould convene.
The da wes fair, the wedder richt and ameyne;
This oratour with feiris ane or mo,
That da in hunting he hes maid till go,
Into that tyme that he suld nocht be nei,
Of thair counsell other to se or heir.
The lordis all that cuming than wer hidder,
At thair counsell quhairat tha sat togidder,
To this herald to gif deliuerance,
Befoir thame all in oppin audience,
The lord of Mar, that callit wes Cullan,
The king commandit be his name as than
In that mater his counsell for to schaw.
Ane man he wes expert into the law,
And als that tyme of greita auctoritie;
Befoir thame all thir wordis than said he.

HOW THE LORD OF MAR, CALLIT CULLAN, GAIF HIS COUNSALL TO THE KING.

"Excellent prince and worthie nobill king," 30,575
"I wnderstand nocht richt weill of this thing."
"Suppois the Scottis haif richt greit desyre"
"To be allyit with the his impyre,"
"And gude Chairlis the michtie king of France,"
"In all Europe most singular of substance," 30,580
"And most of honour also in this tyde,"
"Of ony other in this world so wyde,"
"So mony princes hes at his command,"
"With so greit power baith be se and land,"
"To the and thyne it ma greit honour be,"
"Ouir all Europ with sic ane prince as he,"
"To be collegit baith into ane band,"
"Sic power hes in mony sindrie land."
"Ouir all the warld the fame of ws wald spring,
War we considerat with that nobill king,
And with princes into the realme of France,
Of honour, riches, and of daliance,
In all Ewrop this da hes no compeir,
In ony part or kinrik that I heir.
Though this opinioun, as I can weill trow,
Be most allowit of zow all as now,
Zit, neuirtheles, apperis weill to me.
The contrarie of all this thing to be;
And for this caus, and ze will understand,
With France this tyme now and we mak a band,
Than force it is to haif the Saxonis feid,
For euir moir with mort battell and pleid;
With dalie sryfe, and tynsall of our gude,
With thift and reif, and spilling of grit blude.
Is nocht in erth ane mair vsicker lyve,
Na with my nychtbour ilk da for to sryve,
For quhois feid it is richt euill to fle;
Sen it is so, it semis weill to me,
Giff ony man lykis to do the best,
With his nyghtbour be ay at pece and rest;
Quha dois nocht standis ay in grit dreed,
And spurnis oft quhen he trowisto speid.
And secundlie, I say also for me,
With France this tyme and we allyt be,
Quhome to no tyme ma other cum or go,
No tha till ws, bot evin out-throw our fo;
The quhilk I wait ze haif all a grit feill,
Without greit skaith can nocht be done weill.
Quhairfoir I traist, other in peice or weir,
Tha[i]r feid to ws ma do bot litill deir,
Or thair faunour in oure necessitie,
So far fra ws ma mak bot small supple.
And mair attour one thing is that I dreid,
Perauenture quhen that we haif maist neid,
"Gif hapnis so oure power parit be, 30,025
"So far fra ws ma mak bot small supple,
"And all oure power brocht to sic ane end,
"Without strenght ourse self for to defend,
"Quhen standis ws in sic necessitie,
"That tha till ws sall mak bot small supple. 30,630
"For suith," he said, "I wait nocht weill but fenzie,
"And tha do so quhreme to we sall complen'ze,
"Or quha ma gar ane mendis to ws mak,
"Quhen we haif tane grit skayth with thame and lak.
"And for this caus, gif I rycht wnderstand, 30,635
"I hald far better that we mak ane band
"With Pecht and Britis, and the Saxonis to,
"Siclike befoir as we war wont till do,
"And our fatheris richt mony da befoir;
"In this mater, schir, I can sa na moir." 30,640

How THE COUNSALL REFUSIT CULANUS SPEIKING, AND HOW THE LORD OF YLIS MAID ANSWER.

Quhen he had said all that he wald sa than,
Amang thame all that tyme wes nocht ane man,
Bot of his talking he wes so aggrevit,
Wes neuiran eword of all he said apprevit.
Tha thocht his ressone wes nocht worth ane fle, 30,645 Col. 2.
Nor had no strenth for till admittit be.
The lord of Ylis, callit Albiane,
Into that tyme quhilk wes ane nobill man,
And als thairwith had grit auctoritie,
Befoir thame all on this same wyss said he. 30,650
"It is weill kend on to zow all ilkone,
"Foure kynd of pepill is into Albione,
"The quhilk hes bene [richt] mony zeir ago,
"As Scot and Pecht, Saxone and Brit also,
"Qubilk neuir zit amang thame self culd ceiss, 30,655
"But weir or wrang, to leve in rest and peice.
"Amang oureself and we culdleve in rest,
"As he hes said, I think that it war best,
"That euerilk ane sule kyndnes keip till vther,
"With lounie and lautie as he wer his bruther, 30,660
"We neidit nocht to seik help or supple
"At Frenche men so far byond the se.
"Bot well I wait, qubilk that oure fatheris knew,
"The Saxone blude wes neuir leill no trew,
"For aith or band, or zit for oblishing, 30,665
"For conscience, kyndnes, or for cheriesing,
"Se tha thair tyme thair awin vantage to tak,
"Or to thair nichbour ma do skayth or lak ;
"Qubill that tha knaw the perrell all be past,
"Thair is no band that dow to hald thame 30,670
fast,
"No neuir wes, als far as I can reid,
"Bot gif it war on verra force and neid.
"As preuit weill in all thair tyme bigone,
"And of thair cuming into Albione,
"Quhen that the Britis brocht thame thair 30,675
intill,
"Ressauand thame at¹ thair plesour and will,
"And grit rewardis in the tyme thame gawe,
"With all plesour tha lykit for till hawe,
"Agane thair fa thame to help and defend,
"Qubill all the weiris brocht war till ane end, 30,680
"The Saxonis swoir for to be leill and trew ;
"Within schort quhile the contrair than tha schew.
"Sone efter syne, quhen tha thair tyme mycht se,
"Turnit thair kyndnes in crudelitie,
"Denudand thame bayth of kinrik and croun, 30,685
"Lordschip and law, honour and renoun,

¹ In MS. ar.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"And put thame all in sic necessitie,

Now at this tyme as your awin self ma se.

As to ourself, I neid nocht for to schaw

Falset sa oft, as weilly your self ze knaw,

And to the Pechtis and the Britis als.

Force is to thame on nature to be fals,

Amang thame self the qhilk can nocht be trew,

For land and lordschip ilkane other alew,

With poysoun, tressoun, and subtillitie;

Is none so wyis ma sicker of thame be.

Thocht tha be festnit fast with grit effect,

Se th a thair tyme th a find ane caus to brek,

Of thair injure sayand to tak ane mendis,

And als so lang as thair power extendis,

To do thair nychtbour other lak or skayth,

Be slycht or force or ony tyme with bayth,

For no trettie th a will no trewiht tak,

Als lang as th a ma do other skayth or lak.

Sen it wes neuir nor neuir jìt wilbe,

No tyme with thame leue in tranquillitie,

Bot waittand ws other with skayth or lak,

Neid is till ws with sum natioun to mak

Band and colleg, that ma mak ws supplie,

Quhen standis ws in sic necessitie.

Quhair can we find moir gudlie till avance,

No with Chairlis the michtie king of France,

Qhilik riches hes and power infinite,

And mony prince of policie perfyte,

Scheild and defence qhilik is of halie kirk?

I can nocht wit moir wyislie for to wirk,

Na mak oure freind of all Ewrop the flour,

Qhahrainthrow we may haif proffeit and honour,

Agane oure [fais] as oft greit neid haif we,

Freindschip and fauour, greit help and supplie;

As for my self, I hald this best till do,

Lat ilk man say quhat plesis him thairto."
Quhen this wes said befoir thame all wes thair, 30,725
Bayth king and lord ilkane than les and mair, Of all he said with hartlie mynd and will, To euerie word consentit hes thairtill:
Syne to conclude decretit hes that thing, To mak ane band with gude Charlis the king. The oratour befoir thame syne gart call;
The nobill king, in presens of thame all, Of his awin wit, be counsall of the lawe, As ze sall heir, sic anser to him gaue.

HOW KING ACHAY AND HIS COUNSALL GAIF 30,730
ANSWER TO THE HERALD.

" Forsuith," he said, "ze ma weill wit that I, " And all thir lordis that standis heir me by, " Thinkis we haif grit fortoun, grace and chance, With gude Charlis the nobill king of France, " For to be bund as brethir in ane band. " And mair attounir, I do zow wnderstand, " In all Scotland is nother wyfe nor maid, " But scho thairof is wounder blyth and glaid To grant to zow now all thing that ze crave, " Quhairthrow tha traist grit honour for to haue; " And ze of ws sicle like on the same mak, " Sall proffeit haue withoutin schame or lak, " Syne efterwart, to oure posteritie, " Freindschip but feid for euir moir to be."

HOW THE HERALD TUK HIS LEVE AND PASSIT 30,745
TO THE KING OF PECHTIS.

This oratour thairof wes weill content;
Syne tuke his leif and on his way is went
To king Hungus, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
King of the Pechtis in the tyme wes than;
Siclyke of him desyrand for to be
In that colleg of thair fraternitie,
Quhairthrow he micht haif grit honour and gloir,
And to his kinrik proffeit euirmoir.

HOW HUNGUS, THE KING OF PECHTIS, GAIF AN-
SUE TO THE HERALD.

This king Hungus than ansuer maid him till,
Richt oft thankand the kyndnes and gude will
Of king Charlis, desyrithim to be
Of that colleg and thair fraternitie.
And syne agane to him so said this king,
Without lang vysment in so grit ane thing,
Quhair sic perrell apperit for to be;
Thairfoir he said, that neidfull wes that he
War weill adwysit and his lordis all,
For grit perrell that efter micht befall.
Als far, he said, as he culd wnderstand,
Agane the Saxonis for to mak ane band,
For nichtbour weir he thocht rycht perrellous,
So dreidfull als and ilk so dangerous,
With sic apperance of greit skayth and ill,
That he culd nocht weill gif consent thairtill.

HOW THE HERALD TUIE HIS LEIF FRA HUNGUS,
KING OF PECHTIS, AND PASSIT AGANE TO
KING ACHAY.

The oratour, quhen he that ansuer knew,
In that mater no moir wald him persew,
Becaus he was so schort into that thing,
Bot tuik his leif; syne to Achayus king
Come hame agane richt suddantlie and sone,
And schew to him ilk word how he had done.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW KING ACHAY DELIIVERIT THE HERALD, AND SEND HIS BROTHER GERMANE, CALLIT GILLEMUS ALIAS GILMOURE, WITH FOURE THOUSAND MEN IN FRANCE.

This king Achay heirand that it wes so,
He furneist hes with him in France till go
His bruther germane of honour and fame,
Quhilk callit wes Gillelmus to his name;
Ane vther storie I haif red befoir,
That he to name wes callit Gilmoir;
And foure thousand of nobill men in weir,
With hors and harnes, and all vther geir,
To gude Chairlis quhen lykis him to ga,
To fortifie him agane Christis fa.
Foure greit doctouris he hes with him syne,
Johnne and Clement, Rabone and Alkwyne,
In cannoun law, in theologie and art,
And all science richt plesand and expert.
Thir four feiris, quhilk war of Scottis blude,
In Athenis lang at the studie stude,
In Scotland syne had grit auctoritie;
Thairfoir that tyme tha war send our the se,
With king Chairlis for to devyss this band.
Sone efter syne, as ze sall wnderstand,
Be grace of God sic wes thair hap and chance,
Befoir the wynd tha saillit sone in France.

HOW CHAIRLIS THE MANE, KING OF FRANCE, WES REJOSIT OF GULIELMUS, KING ACHAYUS BROTHER, AND HIS CUMPANY, AND MAID THE BAND BETUIX THAME AS FOLLOWIS.

Off thair cuming gude king Chairlis the Mane
Rejosit wes, richt wouder blytht and fane.
This Gulelmus with grit honour and gloir,
And all the laif wes with him les and moir,
Ilkane that tyme efter his facultie,
Ressauit wes with all humanitie.
In greit blythnes, with mekle sport and pla,
He held thame still quhill on the auchtane da;
And syne tha maid the tennour of thair band,
With seillis braid subscriuit with thair hand,
Betuix thir kingis gudlie till advance,
The nobillis als of Scotland and of France,
For euirmoir with diligence and cuir,
But ony fraud in that forme till induir.
This wes the tennour that tyme of thair band:
Lib.10, f.150b. Col. 1.

Gif ony Saxone come into Scotland,
In feir of weir for to do ony wrang,
The king of France suld, with ane army strang,
Cum him awin self, gif mister war to be,
Into Scotland for thair help and supple.
Siclike also gif hapnit vpoun chance,
In ony tyme the Saxonis come in France,
The land of France with battell till persew,
The king of Scottis siclike in thair reskew,
With his power sould cum on thair expens,
Richt suddanelie in France for thair defence.
Decretit wes, gif so hapnit to be,
Gif ony Scot maid help or zit supple,
Or Frenchemen to the Inglis blude,
In tyme of weir quhen it in neid thame stude,
That he sould be declarit for sic thingis,
Tratoure and rebell than to bayth thir kingis.
All fugatouris als far fra the law that fled,
Sicylke for rebell to thame bayth be hed.
Syne finallie this wes the hynmest act,
That none of thame suld peax or trewis tak
With the Saxonis without vtheris consent,
Schort or lang, bot gif tha war content,
And tha siclike concludit war thartill,
Of baith thair myndis it sould proceid and will,
As neidfull war withoutin ony enorme.
In Latyng letteris and in dowbill forme
Tha wrait it, synesubcriuit with thair hand;
The tane part thairof send into Scotland,
The tothir part at thair plesour and will,
Tha gart remane with thair awin self thair still.
Quhilk band and leig, withoutin ony cryme,
Wnmaculat remanis to this tyme.

HOW GUILLIELMUS, ALIAS GILMOUR, WITH HIS
CUMPANY AND TUA OF THE FOURE DOCTOURIS
REMANIT WITH KING CHARLIS IN
FRANCE, AND THE VOTHER TUA DOCTOURIS
COME HAME IN SCOTLAND, AND OF THE
VICTORIOUS DEIDS OF GUILLIAME AND THE
TUA DOCTOURIS CALLIT JOHNE AND CLE-
ME[N]T IN FRANCE.

Quhen this wes done as I haifsaid 3ow syne,
Thir tua clerkis, Rabone and Alkwyn,
Come hame in Scotland agane with gude chance.
The tother tua remanit still in France,
With gude Chairlis the nobill king and prence.
This foirsaid Johnne, and als this ilk Clemens,
Into Pareis that vniuersitie
Wes foundit than of thair auctoritie,
Thay war the first that euir take ony cuir
To reid or teiche, other to riche or puir;
Science or vertuin that place to plant,
Quhairof befoir it had grit falt and want:
The quhilk sensyne increscis to this hour,
Of all studie is apersie and flour.
This Guillielmus siclike, and all the laue
Of men of weir he did thair with him haue,
For all thair tyme remanit ay thair still,
With king Chairlis at his plesour and will.
And quhair he went, with him in all his weir
Tha wer formest, and oftest did maist deir
On to thair fa, into all kynd of thing,
And best louit with gude Charlis the king.
To Guillielmus now will I turne my styl,
And tarie heir to tell of him ane quhile,
Nixt Chairlis our all the realme of France,
Wes haldin most of honour till advance,
As previt weil ay be his nobill deid,
In his storie quha lykis for to reid.
Now at this tymne it come into memorie,
Bot laitlie now I Reid in till ane storie,
In Lumbardy how far Florence that toun
Distroyit wes, and put till confusioun,
Be the Gottis perforsce that held it than.
This Guillielmus syne worthilie it wan;
To the awin stait syne did agane restoir,
With mair fredome na euir it had befoir.
The citineris that scatterit wer full wyde
Ouir Italie far vp and doun that tyde,
He brocht thame [syne] agane into the toun,
Gart euirilk man in his awin sait sit doun,
With land and law, and with all libertie,
Siclike befoir as thair war wont to be.
The wall befoir, the quhilk wes cassin doun,
Gart big agane evin round about the toun,
With mony toure and turat les and moir,
Far strenthhear nor euir it wes befoir.
And mekle land and townis neir hand by.
He subjugat wnto thair senyeory,
And eikit hes thair honour and thair gloir
To far mair fame nor euir tha had befoir.
Syne ordand hes in the rememberance
Of gude Chairlis, the nobill king of France,
Quhair brought [war] all agane to libertie,
In thair armes to weir the reid lillie,
QUHILK HES BENE AY THE KING OF FRANCES FLOUR,
AND THIS ARMES PROCEIDAND TO THIS HOUR.
AND MAIR ATTOURIR HE ORDAND HES IRL ZEIR,
IN AUDIENCE QHAIR ALL MA SE AND HEIR,
SOLEMPNITLIE TO SET ANE REID LYOUN,
SYNE ON HIS HEID TO PUT ANE GOLPIN CROUN,
AS HE TO THAME WER PRINCE ALWAY AND KING,
ETERNALLIE IN TAKYN ¹ OF THAT THING,
THAT HE THAT BUR IN HIS ARMES,
FRAN JURES, DAMPNAGE, SKAYTH AND HARMES,
REDIMIT THEAME AGAINE TO LIBERTIE,
ALSS FRE BEFOIR AS THA WAR WONT TO BE.
QUHILK CEREMONIE, AS SUITH MEN TO ME SAIS,
IN FLORENCE ZIT AR KEIPIT IN THIR DAIS.

HOW GUILIELMUS WAN Grait HERETAGE AND
FOUNDIT AND FEFT MO FAIR ABBAYIS, AND
DID MEKILL ALMOUS DEID IN HIS DAIS.

This ² GUILIELMUS, QHUILK WES ANE NOBILL MAN,
INTO THE WEIRIS GREIT HERETAGE HE WAN,
IN ALL HIS TYME HAD NOther BARNE NOR WYFE,
FOR-QUHY HE WES EXERCIT ALL HIS LYFE
INTO THE WEIR WITH GUDE CHAIRLIS THE KING,
IMPEDEMENT WES TILL HIM IN SIC THING.
AND FOR THAT CAUS, AS MY AUTHOR DID SA,
FOUNDIT AND FEFT RICH MONY RICH ABBA;
INTO HIS TYME DID MONY ALMOUS DEID,
BECAUSE HE HAD NO BARNIS TO SUCCEID,
GOTTIN OF HIM SELF HIS HERETAGE TO BRUKE.
MY AUTHOR SAIS, QUAH LYKIS FOR TO LUKE,
FYFTENE ABBAYS THAT WAR OF LYMNE AND STANE,
HE FOUNDIT HES WITH RICH INFETMENT ILKANE.
SYNE THEIR FUNDATIONI ORDAND FOR TO BE
WRITTIN IN IRISCHE, QHUILK SCHAWIS ZIT TO SO

¹ IN MS. TALKING. ² IN MS. THE.
To none of thame ane abbot suld succeed,
Bot he the quhilk the fundatioun culd Reid.
In that beleif sic ordinance maid he,
That Scottis men soould abbotis of thame be,
And no vther, as my author did sa;
Qhilk keipit is zit to this samin da.
Heir will I leif of him ane litill quhile,
And to Achayus turne agane my style.

**HOW HUNGUS, KYNG OF Pechtis, SEND ANE HERALD TO ACHAYUS FOR HELP AND SUPPLE.**

Neir by thistyme, my authorsaisthus,
The king of Pechtis callit [wes] Hungus,
Ane herald sone to Achayus send he
Beseikand him of his help and¹ supple.
The king of Ingland callit Ethalstone,
In his boundis bot laitlie now bygone,
With reif and spulze, with grit slauhter and fyre,
Richt grit distructioun, formalice and ire,
He maid thairin ane lang tyme quhair he la,
Syne with grit spulze pas[sit] hame his wa;
Qhair that he thocht nocht lang for to remane,
Ryght weill he wist he wald cum sone agane,
With mair power, and with far grittar schoir,
In his boundis nor euir he did befoir.
Beseikand [him] thairfoir of his supple,
For the afectioun and affinitie
Betuix thame ay all tyme in to thair lywe.
This Hungus sister wes Achayus wywe,
Qhilk Fergusana callit wes to name,
Scho buir to him of grit honour and fame
Gude Alpinus richt plesand and benyng,
Qhilk efterwart of Scotland that wes kyng.

¹ In MS. and and.
How King Achayus send Ten thousand Men to help Hungus, King of Pechtis.

Into this tyme Achayus hes gart waill
Ten thousand men, and tald thame weill be taill;
Syne till ane captane did thame all commend,
Quhome\(^1\) with till Hungus rycht sone syne he send.
Thairof king Hungus blyth and glaid wes he, \(30,965\)
Ressauit thame with all Humanitie;
Syne mony berne that worthie wer and wycht,
Buskit for battell all in armour bricht,
He semblit syne togidder on ane grene:
Ane fairrar sicht richt semdill hes bene sene. \(30,970\)
Syne in the tyme, without stop or ganestand,
Passit with thame all in Northumberland;
Ouir all tha boundis that wer lang and braid,
Bayth da and nycht grit heirschip thair tha maid.
This king Hungus so gentill wes and gude, \(30,975\)
Wald raiss na fyre, nor zit wald spill na blude;
Curtas he wes without crudelitie,
Than of the puir he had so greit petie.
\(30,980\)
Richt grit spulze gart turs with him awa
For his redres into that tyme for-thy,
For that same caus and for na vther quhy.
Quhen this wes done as I haifsaid zow heir,
In Loutheane syne come hame [baith] haill and feir.

How King Ethilstone, was gritlie displest
Of the Heirschip done in Northumberland, come with ane greit Army in Loutheane.

Col. 2. Quhen this wes schawin to king Ethalstone, \(30,985\)
Out of his mynd as he war maid begone,

\(^1\) In MS. Quhane.
As rampand lyoun, bald as ony boir,  
He swoir and said, with mekle bost and schoir,  
Of king Hungus he suld revengit be,  
Or on ane da richt mony one sould de.  
With mony knicht syne cled in armour cleir,  
And buglis blawand with ane busteous beir,  
He tukena rest without stop or ganestand,  
Quhill that he come into Northumberland.  
Or he come thair king Hungus wes awa;  
Into that place thairfoir schort quhile he la.  
With all his power sped him on richt fast,  
In Lowdeane quhill he come at the last.  
Then king Hungus, as my author did sa,  
Besyde ane burne with all his ost he la,  
Vpoun ane plane quhair he wes plantit doun,  
Tua myle and les that tyme fra Haddingtoun,  
Into that place tuke purpois thair to byde,  
The haill spulze amang thame to devyde,  
Richt equallie, without ony demand,  
Tha brocht with thame out of Northumberland.  
King Ethalstone that weil thair counsell knew  
As of his awin, his spyis to him schew,  
He sped him on in all the haist he ma,  
Syne on the morne come in thair sicht be da,  
In rayit battell reddie for to june,  
And mony trumpet blawand in to tune,  
And baneris braid that borne war rycht he:  
Thair multitude wes marvelous to se.  
This Ethalstone syne with ane opin cry,  
Proclamit hes that none be so hardy  
To saue or tak other man or cheild,  
Of Scot or Pecht that wer fund in that feild,  
For ony ransoun, reuth, or zit remeid;  
Withoutin petie put thame all to deid.  
Quhairof the Pechtis so grit terrour tuke,  
For verra drieid tha trymlit all and schuke;
Into the feld that tyme quhair that thà stude,
Quha had bene thair and sene thair multitude.

Into the tyme king Hungus gaif command,
That eueryk man sould labour with his hand,
To mak ane strenth about thame quhair thà la;
And so thà did als haistie as thà ma.

This Ethalstone with all his multitude,
In rayit feld befoir thame quhair he stude,
With mony semblie schrowdit vnder scheild,
That reddie war to enter in the feld.
And or he wald the grit battell assay,
First in the feld for to mak thame ane fray,
Men vpoun hors neirhand thame he gart ryde,
To preve and se gif thà durst langar byde.

The Pechtis than richt pertlie on that plane,
Siclike on hors hes riddin thame forgane;
And mony counter in the tyme thà maid,
Qhill speiris brak, and scheildis that war braid
War maid to fall into the feld on force,
And mony berne borne bakwart fra his hors
On to the grund rycht lauch than quhair he la.

With sic ryding thà draf to end that da,
Withoutin feld thair preikand on the plane,
Qhill that the nicht departit thame agane.

Amang thame all wes nother Scot nor Pecht,
Bot he decreittit on the morn to fecht,
And tak the chance that God wald send thame till,
Qubat euir it war, and put thame in his will,
As plesishim vther to leve or de,
Out of that feld ane fit or thà wald fle.
And euerie man hes left [of] vousting vant,
Into that tyme beseiking mony sanct,
With humbl mynd richt lawlie on thair kne,
Implorand thame for thair help and supple
Agane thair fà wald reif fra thame thair richt,
Qhilk had sic strenth, sic multitude and mycht;
Into that tyme it stude thame in sic neid,
Without thair help tha wald cum hulie speid.

HOW KING HUNGUS PRAYIT TO SANCT ANDRO,
AND HOW SANCT ANDRO APPERIT, AND OF
HIS CORS IN THE AIR.

Than king Hungus prayit and maid ane vow
To the apostill halie Sanct Androw,
With greit kyndnes quhilk suld nocht be to crawe,
Of his kinrik the tent part he suld haue,
Richt peceable in frie regalitie,
For euir moir with all auctoritie,
And all fredome is neidfull to be had,
Of his purpois that tyme and he war sped.
For verrie [drei] syne piteouslie did weip,
Quhill at the last he fell richt sound on sleip.
Syne in his sleip thair did till him appeir
Sanct Andro than, and bad him mak gude cheir,
And haue no dreib, for all thing suld go rycht,
Quhilk grantit wes be the grit God Almycht;
Vpoun the morne quhilk sould nocht be to
crawe,
Honour and gloir, and victorie to haue.
Sanct Androis corce apperit in the air
That samin tyme, quhilk sene wes our ir alquhair,
Aboue the Pechtis quhair that [thai] did ly,
As bureall brycht, as cleir into the sky;
Out of that place wald nother move nor wend,
Quhill that the battell brocht wes to an end.
The watchis standand on thair feit that woik,
Grit wonder had vpone that cors to luke,
Amang thame self with greit talking betuene,
Imaginand than quhat that cors suld mene.
How King Hungus schew his visioun, and how he sould win victorie be the apperance of the croce in the air, off the quhilk he tuke greit confort.

Quhen that the king syne walknit quhair he la,
He schew to thame, as ze haif hard me sa,
How in his sleip Sanct Andrew did appeir,
And said to him, as I haif said zow heir, 31,090
How on the morne he sould haif victorie
The quhilk his cors that tymne did signifie,
Into the air than that he saw so cleir.
Then war tha blyth all and maid a mirrie cheir,
And put away all dreddour and all dreid, 31,095
In gude beleif of thair purpos to speid:
Amang thame self richt blythlie than tha sang,
With sic ane noyis quhill all the skyis rang.
The Inglis men that standand on the streit,
Quhilk all that nicht had walkit on thair feit, 31,100
Quhen that thair hard thame mak so mirrie cheir,
And saew the croce aboue thair heid appeir,
Of thair takynnis grit terrour thay tuke,
Lyke onyleif thay trimlit and thay schuik;
With quaikand hart dreidand thay tymne far 31,105
moir,
No Pecht or Scot vpoun the nycht befoir.
Than king Hungus proclamit with ane cry,
That euerie man, be he miicht ken the sky,
Sould reddie be, weill graithit in his geir,
That neidfull war vpoun his cors to weir, 31,110
With bow and brand, with braid buklär and scheild,
Agane thair fa syne for to gif thame feild.
How Hungus the King Ordourith his Men and set Suddantlie on the Saxonis.

And so thae did syne intill ordour gude,
And syne set on the Saxonis quhair tha stude,
Richt suddantlie with ane greit schout and cry,
Quhill all thair noyis rang vp to the sky;
All with ane voce tha cryit in that tye,
"This da Sanct Andro beoure gratius gyde!"
Syne straik togidder with so rude ane reird,
Quhill rochis rang and trumlit all the eird,
Thair scheildis raif and all thair speris brak,
Full mony berne wes laid vpone his bak,
And mony knicht wes maid full law to kneill,
Into the tyme wist nother of wo nor weill.
The Saxone blude that da wer hail confoundit,
Mony war slane and all the laif ill woundit.
The laif that fled tha gat bot litill girth
Quhair tha war fund, other in fell or firth;
Of all thae Saxonis, my author did sa,
Scantlie fywe hundreth chaipit wes awa,
Bot all the laue other that tyme wer tane,
Or in the feild fechtand wer slane ilkane.
King Ethilstone full cald wnder his scheild,
Amang the laue la deid into the feild:
Deit that da, as eith is to presume,
The samin deith as he him self gave dume.
Out of the feild syne haif tha tane his cors;
Syne to ane kirk wes careit on ane hors,
Wes neirhand by, and syne put in to grave,
With mair honour nor he wes wont to hawe.
That samin place, as my author did sa,
Quhair he wes slane is callit to this da,
Efter his name quha lykis for to heir,
Ethilstane-furd, gif that ze list to speir
In Haddingtoun, and ze sall find anew
Can tell zow weill gif that this thing be trew.
How King Hungus Partit the Spulze Equalie of the Feild Amang His Men and Maid His Pilgramage to Sanct Andro.

Quhen this wes done, the spulze of the feild,
Richt equallie to euerie man and cheild
Diuydit hes into greit quantitie,
To puir and riche after his facultie.
Syne king Hungus and all the men of gude,
Siclike the lawe als of that multitude,
Onto Sanct Andro be the leist ane page,
Tha passit all ilkone in pilgremage.
This gude Hungus richt laulie on his kneis
Befoir the altar passit vp the grees,
And syne kissit the relict of Sanct Androw,
Completit thair baith pilgremage and vow.
Siclyike the laue, ilk man in his degre,
Richt lawlie thair inclynand on his kne,
Kissand the relict of Sanct Androw sweit,
His pilgremage and offerand to compleit.


Quhen this wes done, than all the Scottis gard
Tha tuke thair leve with mony riche reward
Hungus thame gaif, with mekill vther thing,
Syne passit hame till Achayus thair king;
And schew to him the maner all and how
Of the battell, as I haif schawin zow,
Ilk word be word quhilk I neid nocht reherss,
No mak to tarie for to put in verss.
To king Hungus, sen it is in memorie,
Now will I turne and tell zow of his storie.
How King Hungus gart big Sanct Androw of new, and dotit it with riche Rent and mony Relict and Ornament, and grit Privilege gaif thairto, and of his Ring and King Achayus departing.

Nixt is to wit, without fabill or faill, Sanct Androis kirk wes of rycht liltill vaill Befoir this tyme, as my author ma schew, Quhill king Hungus gart big it of the new, Richt plesandlie of poleist stane and lyme, Baith kirk and queir all new into the tyme. Syne dotit it with mony riche rent, Adornit well with euerilk ornament, With buik and chalice, and with all the laue, In sic ane place that neidfull war till haue; Prelat and preistis ay quhill domisday, Thair observuance thairin to sing and say. Ane cors of gold that wes bayth lang and braid, For the relict of Sanct Andro he maid, Adornit wes with mony pretious stone, With diamentis ding, and margretis mony one. To represent the tuelf apostolis Of Jesu Christ, richt sone syne efter this, Tuelf images into that kirk he maid Of fyne siluer, quhilk war baith hie and braid. The image als quhilk wes of Sanct Androw, Wes gilt with gold for to compleit his vow. Quhen this wes done, syne amang all the laue, Onto the kirk greit priuledge he gaif, To all kirkmen quhilk wes ane greit refuge, Sould nocht be callit with ane secular juge, For to theill law in causis criminall, Or ony actione efter micht befall.
THE BUIK OF THE

This priuiledge lestit bot few dais:
The fourt king eftet, as my author sais,
Quhilk Feredeththus callit wes to name,
Into his tyme thocht nother syn nor schame,
All priuiledge and proffeit les and moir,
Quhilk to the kirk king Hungus gaif befoir,
Baith priuiledge, possessioun, and all mycht,
To reif fra thame without resson or rycht.
Quhilk wes the caus, as mony said sensyne,
Be the prouisioun of greit God diuynye,
Pechtis befoir quhilk wer of sic renoun,
Schort qhile eftet tynt bayth kinrik and crowne;
As ze sall heir, quha lykis for to luke,
Sone eftet now into this same buke.
This king Achaty, as that my author sais,
And king Hungus syne eftet, all thair dais,
Rang with gude rest in thair auctoritie,
In peax and rest and grit tranquillitie.
Syne gude Achay, as ze ma eftet heir,
Into his ring the tua and thrsett zeir,
And of oure Lord aucht hundreth and nyntene,
So greit and nobill in his tyme had bene,
Of Hungus ring the sixt zeir also,
With mekle menynge, murnynge and greit wo,
Of euery lei, baith barne, man and wyfe,
He tuke his leif out of this present lyfe.
In Iona Yle, with mekle pomp and pryde,
Ingrauit wes into the samyn tyde.

HOW THIS RANG IN SCOTLAND FOUR HALIE
DOCTORIS IN THA DAIS, AND CALLIT AS
FOLLOWIS.

Into Scotland thair rang into thae dais
Foure halie doctouris, as my author sais;
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Geruatius as ze sall wnderstand,
Bischip and prechour into Murra land;
Glacianus als of grit auctoritie,
Ane archibishop and grit prechour wes he;
And tua brether wer of grit faith and fame,
Moden and Meden callit wer to name.
Thair halie werkis culd nocht weill be hid,
So mony miracle in thair tyme tha kyd;
Syne efterwart, as halie kirk ws grantis,
Ar numberit now in hevin amang the sanctis.

HOW ANE NOBILL MAN CALLIT CONGALLUS WAS
CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND EFTER THE
DEITH OF KING ACHAY, AND OF HIS DECEIS.

Ane nobill man wes callit Congallus,
And sone he wes also to Dongallus,
Ethyynus bruther, and the patruell
To king Achay als far as I haiffe ill,
Schort quhile efter king Achayus deid,
Of Scotland king wes crownit in his steid.
Qhilk with king Hungus, as my author sais,
Familiar wes and tender all his dais.
Sic lowe and lawtie as wes thame betuene,
Betuix tua kingis hes bene semdill sene:
Wes nane of thame, other ane or vther,
That wald do oucht but counsallof the tother.
And Hungus syne in to his latter dais
So febills wes, as that my author sais,
Befoir Congallus of Scotland that wes king,
Baith croun and kinrik than he did resing
To Drostolog, quhilk wes his sone and air,
Out of this lyfe syne tuke his leif to fair.
This Congallus efter that he wes gone,
For him ilk da sic murning maid and mone,
With sic displeisour detestand all playis,
Qhilk wes the caus of schorting of his dais.
Sone eftir syne of his ring the fyft 3eir,
He tuk his leif and baid na langer heir;
Ingraunit wes syne in Eculumkyl,
With all honour belonging wes thairtill.

**How ane man of gude callit Dongallus wes crownit king eftir Congallus, and of the 3oung Scottis lordis that rebellit aganis him.**

Ane man of gude wes callit Dongallus,
Qubik wes the sone of king Solwatheus,
Schort quhile befoir as 3e ma reid and se,
Wes crownit king with haille-auctoritie,
Into Argyle eftir Congallus deid;
Syne peceable he rang into his steid.
Ane nobill king in all his tyme wes he,
Richt just also in his auctoritie,
And equall als without ony injure
In his office baith to riche and puir.
That samyn tyme, as my author recordis,
Into Scotland thair wes richt mony lordis,
3oung and wantoun, and full of reuery,
At his justice had rycht full greit invy,
And durst nocht tak thair plesour ay at neid,
Of his justice tha stude sic aw and dreid.
For that same caus, or tha thair will suld want,
Tha fand ane way this Dongallus to dant.

**How the 3oung Scottis lordis perswadit 3oung Alpynis, sone to Achayus, fra Dongallus to tak the croun.**

Ane plesand child of greit honour and fame,
Achayus sone, Alpyinus hecht to name,
Persuadit him fra Dongallus the king
To tak the croun and occupie his ring,
Justice and law siclike and all the laue,
His heretage the quhilk he aucht to haue;  
At thair power with hartlie mynd and will,
At his plesour tha sould mak help thairtill.
This Alpynus tuke litill tent thairto,
Bot did ilk da sic as he had till do;
His mynd wes set rycht far agane that thing,
So louit he Dongallus the gude king;
This king to him keipit so gude ane part,
And for that caus he louit him with his hart.
So on ane da it hapnit for to be,
Thir same lordis quhair thair wes none bot he,
All him allane intill ane quyet place,
With drawin swordis and with austrun face,
Tha boistit him scharplie bayth sad and suir,
Without richt sone he tuke on him sic cuir
As tha commandit, and auctoritie,
Of thair handis than doultles he suld die.
This z0ung Alpyn that tyme for aw and dreed,
As force it wes it stude him in sic neid,
At thair command consentit than thairtill,
Suppois it wer richt far aganis his will;
Syne tuke the feild with mony cankerit knaif,
Qhilk lykit weill ane lous warld to haif,
And mony rebald in ane mekle rout,
With greit vneis of all the land about.
Syne efter that, within ane lytill quhile,
With this Alpyn tha passit to Argyle,
Qhair tha that tyme thocht to croun him king;
Bot z0ung Alpyne that lykit nocht that thing,
Vpoun the nycht, as my author did sa,
Richt secreitlie he staw fra thame awa,
Quhen that tha wist richt litill of sic thing,
Syne come agane to Dongallus the king,
And schew till him the maner all and how,
Ilk word by word as I haif said to zow;

Col. 2.
How all that wes done sair aganis his will, 31,325
That force it wes him to consent thairtill,
Or than till de, thair wes na vther dome,
That it wes so richt weill he mycht presume.
This Dongallus of him he wes rycht blyth,
And in his armes hint him sone and suyth; 31,330
Syne freindfillie that tyme he said him till,
"Welcum to me with hartlie mynd and will!"
"All is your awin amang our handis heir;"
"Quhen plesis zow to tak the reull and steir,
"I salbe reddie all tyme at command,
"For till resing all richt into zour hand;
"As resoun wald that ze zour rycht suld haif
"Withoutin pley, quhen plesis zow to craif."
This young Alpin, with hartlie mynd and will,
Requyrit him for to continew still, 31,340
As he wes wont, withoutin any stryfe,
Into that cuir for terme of all his lyfe;
And he also sould service mak him to,
Sick as the sone sould to the father do,
And in all thing alls blythlie him obey,
At his plesour withoutin any pley. 31,345
The pepill all thawar richtblythand glaid,
Quhen that tha hard how ilk till vther said;
Of that concord and [of] thair meitting than,
Rycht blyth and glaid wes mony wyfe and man. 31,350
Quhen this wes done, syne on the secund da,
Thir rebellaris, as my author did sa,
Ane message send to Dongallus the king,
Beseikand him than of his grace bening,
All ire and rancour, malice and invy, 31,355
For to remit, postpone, and lat pas by;
And thame agane of his humanite
Resaue agane, quhilk traist and trew suld be.

1 In MS. than
Off thair desyre nothing the king wald heir; 31,360
Bot said agane within les nor ane 3eir,
And plesit God thairto, ane vow maid he
Of that injure for to revengit be.
And so he wes far sonner nor tha trowit,
Or euir tha wist, as euerie man allowit,
As tha had seruit in the samin tyme,
War tane ilkone and puneist for that cryme.
Fra that tyme furth, withoutin ony leis,
In all his tyme he leuit ay in peice.
Heir will I paus and leve ane litill quhile,
And to the Pechtis turne agane my style.

How the King of Pechtis callit Drostoolog
was slane be his Bruther, quilk
vsurpit the Croun and marcit his Brutheris Wyffe that wes Quene, quhome
scho slew on ane Nycht.

The king of Pechtis hecht Drostoolog to name,
His on bruther la with him in ane wame,
So greit desyre he had to be ane king,
He slew his bruther syne occupite his ring.
And for that caus he held with him ane gard, 31,375
And gaif to thame richt mony riche reward
Of land and riches, gold, siluer and fie,
To tak his part gif neid hapnit to be.
Brenna the quene richt plesand and benyng,
Oswynus dochter, of West Saxone king, 31,380
That tyme, to stanche hir malice and hir stryfe,
In matrimonie he tuke his brutheris wyfe,
Quilk quietlie at him had ay grit feid.
Syne efterwart, for to revenge the deid

1 In MS. and.
THE BUik OF THE

Of Drostolog hir husband wes befoir,
With greit malice increassand moir and moir,
Richt subtillie with grit sorcerie and slycht,
Into his bed scho slew him on ane nycht.
Thair faillit all the succession and seid
Of king Hungus, gif it be suith I Reid. 31,389

HOW DONGALLUS SEND MESSAGE TO THE
PECHTIS.

This young Alpyne, quhilk wes his nepos neir,
His sister sone befoir as ze midst heir,
Acha[y]us sone of Scottis that wes king,
Quhome to the richt of all the Pechtis ring
Be commoun law, efter thir tua war deid,
Redoundit haiil withoutin pley or pleid.
And for that caus, Dongallus the gude king
Considerit weill he had richt to sic thing,
Tua wyiss lordis that all thair richtis kend,
With greit triumph onto the Pechtis send,
Beseikand theame rycht hartlie and benyng,
For to ressauethan as thair prince and king
This Alpynus, the quhilk had be his mother
The richt thairt[o] that tyme had and na vther.
Qhahairfoir thai aucht rict blyth and glaid to
be,
And for to lowe the gratious God sa hie,
That baith thair kinrikis vnite had in ane,
That of befoir into the tyme bigane,
Rycht saikleslie, but ony caus or gilt,
With abundance sa mekle blude had spilt.
" And sen Fortoun hes schawin ws hir face,
" And gratious God, of his excellent grace,
" Had ordand ws wnder ane king to be,
" Of baith oure blude and oure genealogie,

1 In MS. thame.
"The quhilk that hes so greit ressone thairtill, 31,415 "Quhairfoir we aucht richt hartlie with gude will "For to love God that is in hevin so he, "Provydis so foroure posteritie, "For euir mair to leif in peice and rest; "As plesishim sosuldwe think it best."

HOW THE Pechtis CHESIT thame ane King.

The proude Pechtis that knew weill sic thing, Amang thame selfis chesit thame ane king, Quhilk Feredethus callit wes to name, Or Alpynus¹ his croun come for to clame. Quhairthrow tha mycht, gif he sic thing suld craif, Him to resist moir strenth and power haif; For-quhy richt ill it lykit thame sic thing, That ony Scot sould be thair prince and king.

HOW THE MESSINGER SCHEW HIS CREDENS TO THE Pechtis IN CAMELIDONE.

The messinger on to Camelidone Is passit syne, quhair he fand thame ilkone With Feredeth, quhosome to his credens schew, Befoir thame all quhair that thair wes anew, Ilk word be word to thame baith les and moir, With all the tennour that ze hard befoir. Quhen this wes said, with mony mow and knak, Amang thame self greit dirisioun tha mak, With rude rumour and with so loude ane noyis, As it had bene of bairnis² and of boyis, That neuir ane, throw the murmour tha mak, Mycht heir ane word than that ane vther spak.

¹ In MS. Alpynus. ² In MS. bairdis.
Quhen of thair breist our blawin wes that blast,
And ceissit syn with scilence at the last,
This Feredethus with ane voce so cleir,
Sic anser gaif as I sall schaw zow heir.
" With lang adwysing we haif considderit hailh, 31,445
" Nixt the successioun of king Hungus faill,
" And Alpynus be narrest of his blude;
" Zit neuirtheles we haif ane consuetude,
" Incontrar quhairfoir that ze [hailf] no aw
" To clame ourcoun be ony richt or law. 31,450
" For-quehy we find ane act into oure buik,
" Wes maid lang syne, that na stranger sall bruik
" Oure coun or kinrik to be king ws till,
" Without it be with our consent and will.
" As for my self, siclike dois all the lawe, 31,455
" We lyke him nocht as for our king to haue.
" Als we haif power, gif that neid so be,
" For to translait be oure auctoritie
" Alhaill the rycht fra ane hous to ane vther,
" Full weill ze wist zour self or ze come hither. 31,460
" Sen all the richt we haif translait now,
" Fra Hungus hous, as ze haif hard heir how,
" Onto ane vther with haill auctoritie; 31,465
" Quhairfoir," he said, "ze ma weill wit that ze
" Hes itill richt, suppois ze haif grit will,
" To ask ourcoun or zit haif clame thair till,
" Thocht he be narrest of king Hungus blude.
" Tak thair zour anser, schortlie to conclude."

HOW THE MESSINGER COME TO DONGALLUS AND SCHEW HIS ANSUE, AND HOW HE HES SEND AGANE TO THE PECHTIS.

Befoir thame all quhair that thair wes anew,
This messinger come hame agane and schew 31,470

1 In MS. Quhill.
Ilk word be word sic anser that he gat.
This Dongallus, that wald nocht leve for that,
Thair myndis better quhill he knew and kend,
To thame agane the samin herald send,
To get knawledge of all thair mynd moir cleir,
For he wald nocht put so greit thing in weir.
In that purpois gif tha remanit still,
Commanding him that he sould say thame till,
Within ane moneth and les, gif he mitcht,
With all power he sould persew thair richt.
This Feredeth, that knew full weill sic thing,
That sic message come fra the Scottis king,
He hes send men to meit thame be the way,
Commanding thame sone be the seconday
Out of thair land to pas but ony pleid,
Richt suddanelie wnder the pane of deid.
This messenger that durst nocht disobey;
Richt weill he wist, and he maid ony pley,
Thair cruelnes it wald cost him his lyfe,
And for that caus he maid thame na mair
stryfe,
Bot said he sould all thair command fulfill.
Quhen that wes said, syne efter said thame till,
"Heir in the name of Dongallus oure king,
"Alpyne oure prince, and lordis of our ring,
"And all the laif als of oure men of gude,
"Heir we defy 30w baith of fyre and blude,
"And plane battell within the tuentie da."
Syne tuik his leif and passit hame his wa,
And tald the king the mater all and how,
Ilk word be word as I haifsaid to 30w.
Quhen this anser befoir thame all wes schawin,
All in ane voce, or tha war sa ouirthinkin,
Tha maid ane vow for no perrell to spair
Baith land and lyfe in that querrell to wair;
For weill tha wist it wes baith just and gude.
Richt so that tyme said all the multitude;
In all Scotland wes nother gude nor ill, 31,510
Gaif nocht consent and gude counsell thairtill.
This Dongallus, of quhome befoir I spak,
On him that tyme greit travell he did tak
Ouir all Scotland, and maist of his awin coist,
For to furnéis ane grit armie and oist,
To fortife Alpinus in his richt,
Greit diligence he hes done da and nycht.
That samin tyme vpoun the water of Spey,
Throw misgyding, or than the man wes fey,
Quhilk of the tua I can nocht tell zow heir,
Into ane boit [he] drownit than but weir,
The saxtenit zeir the quhilk wes of his ring.
Quhen he wes deid that wes so gude ane king,
This Alpinus, sone efter that schort quhile,
Gart bair his bodie on to Iona Ile;
With grit honour of kirkmen and grit cuir,
Solemnitlie put it in seulptuir.
Quhen this wes done, syne out of Iona Ile,
The lordis all convenit in Argyle,
This Alpinus that wes baith fair and zing,
With hail consent wes crownit to be king:
Syne to compleit that tha had tane on hand,
This Alpinus he gaif richt strait command
That euerie man within the fourtie da,
Suld furnéis him als gudlie as he ma,
And syne convene withoutin ony lat,
At tyme and place quhair that the tryst wes set.
And so tha did neirby Arrestia,
Convenit all at [ane] set place and da,
Without oppressioun that tyme of the puir,
And fit for fit to Forfar all tha fuir.
Into that tyme tha stanchit fra all yre,
Nother spilt blude, nor zit wald rais no fyre,
Quhill that tha come at grit laser and lenth
To Forfar toun, that tyme quhilk wes ane strenth;
Vpoun ane plane plantit thair palzeonis doun,
Syne set ane seig evin round about the toun.

HOW ALPINUS, KING OF SCOTTIS, AND FEREDETH,¹
KING OF PECHTIS, MET IN BATTLE AT RESTENNOT, AS FOLLOWIS.

This Feredeth, of Pechtis that wes king, 31,545
Wes neirhand by and knew full weill that thing,
With greit power, as my authordidsa,
Then in thair sicht come on the secund da.
Than Alpynus quhen he saw it wes so,
He left the seig and to the field did go, 31,550
With baneris braid, and buglis blawand loude,
With staitlie standartis, and with pensallis proude.
At Restennoth thir freikis met in feild,
And knokit on quhill mony ane war keild,
And birny brist, and mony burdoun brak, 31,555
And mony bald man laid vpoun his bak,
And mony freik wes fellit thair throw force,
And mony knicht wes keillit throw the cors.
Into that stour so stalwart wes that stryfe,
That mony leid hes loissit thair his lyfe, 31,560
War neirhand lost, and als had tynt that ward,
War nocht ane new fresche armit gard,
With Fenedech of Athoill that wes lord,
And four hundreth weill knyt in ane concord
Off nobill men, renewit that feild agane, 31,565
And met the Pechtis richt pertlie on the plane
With sic curaige that mony Pecht war keild,
Trowand befoir that tha had wyn the feild.
Amang the Scottis, quhair tha war maist thrang,
Or euir he wist wes closit thame amang, 31,570

¹ In MS. Federeth.  |  ² In MS. The.
Of mony nobill of the Pechtis blude,
For his defence into that stour that stude,
And faucht quhill tha war so wereie begone,
In his defence that tha war slane ilkone,
And he him self, quha lykis for to luke. 31,575
Quhairof the Pechtis no disconfort tuke,
Bot manfullie with all thair strent and mycht
Tha faucht stane still quhill twynnit thame
the nycht;
Syne drew abak quhen na better mycht be,
On baith the sydis becaus tha mycht nocht se, 31,580
And to thair tentis raikit on full richt.
The Pechtis than sone efter that same nycht,
Quhen that tha knew how that thair king wes lost,
With him also the maist part of thair oist,
Thair haill cariage and tentis quhair tha la, 31,585
And all the laif tha left richt lang or da;
For grit dreddour out of that place tha zeid,
Sum heir, sum thair, thas ped thame waill gude
sp eid.
Till Alpinus quhen1 this wes schawin sone,
Or dreid sic thing for tressoun suld be done, 31,590
Men vpoun hors he hes gart haist in hy
To hillis hie, about thame for to spy,
With diligence baith for to spy and speir,
In ony part gif thai saw thame appeir.
And soo part gif thai saw thame appeir,
Tha come agane and schew how tha had done
All the command that he had gevin thame till,
And how tha raid fra euerie hill to hill,
Bot tha culd nocht se, other far or neir,
No levand leid into thair sicht appeir. 31,600
Then Alpynus, and all his cumpany,
Rejosit wes of that greit victory;

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1 In MS. than.
And all the spulze that tyme that tha wan,
Richt equallie he hes distribut than
To euerilk man, withoutin fraud or faill,
Efter his deidis as he wes of availl.
Syne hes decretit or tha partit thair,
In tyme to cum that tha wald fecht na mair
With haill power, without mair be ado,
Bot tak the tyme ay as tha micht win to.
Syne scallit hes and passit hame ilk man,
And tuke with thame the haill spulze tha wan.
This Alpynus, or he fuir of that feild,
King Feredeth in that battell wes keild,
With all honour that sic ane prince sould haue, into Forfair gart put him in his graue.
Syne efterwart, ouir all Arestia
Greet heirschip maid, and spulze euirilk da,
Of corne and cattell, and all other geir,
Of gold, siluer, and claithis for to weir.
Ilk da in Athoill hame with thame syne brocht,
Qhill all that land wes waistit haill to\(^1\) nocht,
And the induellaris flemit all and fled,
For no reske\(\text{w}\)\(\text{e}\) in all that tyme tha had.
Bridus, the sone of Feredeth the king
That eldrest wes, suceedit to his ring;
Ane freik he wes for litill thing wald feir,
And luifit nocht for till heir tell of weir;
For no counsall nother of man or cheild,
Wald neuir consent to cum into ane feild.
Syne how it wes, I can nocht tell 3ow plane,
Amang thame self sone efter he wes slane;
And for quhat caus, quhy or zit quhairfoir,
Or how it wes, I can tell 3ow no moir.
Bot gif it wes, as I can richt weil ges,
Becaus he wes of sic unworthines,

\(^1\) In MS. nocht.
That all his lieges thocht of him grit lak.
Gif it wes so, it wes the far les rak.
His secund bruther callit Kennethus,
Quhilk wes the sone of this ilk Feredethus,
Wes crownit syne efter his brotheris deid,
For to be king of Pechtis in his steid;
Ane kyndlie cowart, as it wes weill kend,
Sone efter that that maid ane far war end:
And how it wes tak tent and I sall sa.
Vpoun ane tyme into Arestia,
Quhair he wes causit, soir aganis his will,
With all his power for to pas thairtill,
Quhair king Alpyanus, with ane mekle oist,
Lay in that tyme endlang the Eist se coist;
Fra this Kennethus come into thair sicht,
And syne beheld sa mony basnet bricht,
In rayit battell on ane feild that stude,
Vnmensurable hethocht that multitude.
Quhairof that tyme so greitterrour he tuik,
And wes so frayit alss at the first luik,
He kest fra him baith cot armour and scheild,
Or euir tha wist syne fled out of the feild,
All him allane, withoutin ony feir:
And how it hapnit efter ze sall heir.

How Kennethus fled out of the feild for
Fleitnes, and wes slane be the Schiphird
Carle, and how Bridus wes crownit
Efter him King of Pechtis.

Ane schiphird carle keipand a flock of fe,
Ane grit burdoun vpoun his bak buir he,
Quhilk of this king na knowledg than he had,
Bot weill he wist out of the feild he fled;
And in the tyme rycht neir he did him go,
Reprevand him quhy that he suld do so,
Out of the feild than fra the king to fle.
He said agane, "Quhat makis that to the?"
And suddantlie thai\(^1\) fell into ane pley.
This schiphiroth carle he gaif him sic ane swey
With that greit burdoun on his bak he buir,
This carle that wes baith stalwart, stark and stuir,
Doun of his hors he drawe him to the erd,
And slew him thair; sic wes his hap and werd.
The Pechtis syne quhen tha knew he wes fled,
No other chiftane in the tyme tha hed
To be thair gydar other in or out,
That da to fecht thae thoicht it our grit dout;
Thairfor bakwartis in gude ordour ar gone,
And left the feild, syne passit hame ilkone.
Efter the deid syne of this Kynnethus,
Ane nobill man that callit wes Bredus,
Amang thame all of most auctoritie,
Wes crownit than of Pechtis king to be.
To Alpynus quhilk send ane messinger,
Richt reuerentlie that tyme did him requeir,
At his plesour, withoutin bost or schoir,
For to reforme all faltis maid befoir,
Syne paeax and rest and gude concord to mak,
Sicyke befoir as it wes wont to be,
In peax and rest and perfect vnitie.
This Alpynus sic ansuer maid him till,
And all his lordis siclike in ane will,
Sayand, of thame that tha suld neuir haif peice,
No zit fra battell thocht tha neuir to ceis,
Without respect tha wald richt sone resigne
His croun to him, and knaw him as thair king,
Syne him obey, and for thair prince to knaw,
As ressounwald be courss of commoun law.

\(^1\) In MS. \textit{thair}.
That messinger syne passit hame agane,
Befoir thame all syne schew his anser plane
To king Bredus withoutin ony moir,
Ilk word be word as ze haif hard befoir.
Quhairof that tyme he wes nothing content,
Quhen that he hard the anser that he sent,
And in his mynd remordit oft and knew,
Richt suddanelie that he suld him persew.
For that same caus, as ze sall wnderstand,
To Edwenus, that king wes of Ingland,
Of gold and siluer ane grit quantitie,
Into the tyme with ane herald send he;
Beseikand him richt humblie with his hart,
Aghanis the Scottis for to tak his part,
And he siidike agane all vther wicht,
Sould tak his part at all power and micht.
This Edwenus, that rycht weill wald heir haue,
Into the tyme the money did ressaue,
Promitting als that he sould send him to
Richt grit power when he had oucht till do.
The messinger syne passit hame agane,
And schew to him how he promittit plane,
So friendfullie, and with so gude ane will,
Richt greit supple that he sould send him till;
Withoutin thairof haif he [than] no dreid,
Quhen euir it war thairof that he had neid.
Of this anser richt blyth and glaid wes he,
So wes the laif als blyth as tha mycht be;
In him that tyme tha had so grit beleif,
With mort battell quhen plesit thame to preif
The cruell Scottis that war baith big and bald,
As thair awin will to weild thame as tha wald.
Zit neuirtheles thair wes richt mony Pecht
Gaiff lytill traiost or credence to his hecht,
Trowand he buir into his mynd full soir,
The cruell slauchter that wes maid befoir
Be thair fatheris, quhen tha slew Ethilstone
Without mercie and vtheris mony one;
Sayand he wald revenge that, and he mycht
Se he his tyme, other be strentch or slicht.
In this same tyme now that ze heir me sa,
In all the pairtis of Arestia,
Fra Grampione evin onto Tayis flude,
Wes neutir one left of all the Pechtis blude
Without ane strentch, or he that did obey
To Alpynus withoutin ony pley.
This king Bredus quhen he did wnderstand,
How Alpynus had conquiest so his land,
Ane herald sone to Edwenus he send
Richt freindfullie with hartlie recommend,
Beseikand him with hartlie mynd and will,
Of his supplie sone for to send him till,
In all the haist that he micht gudlie speid,
For-quhy, he said, it stude him in sic neid;
And gif it war that no better micht be,
Send he the men and he sould pay thair fe.
Edwenus than sick ansuer maid thairto,
Sayand, him self sa mekle had ado,
That he that tyme mycht help him [in] na thing,
And Lues als of France the nobill king,
Qhilk wes his freind quhome he mycht nocht deny,
Requeistit him richt oft and tenderly,
Scottis no way as than for to invaid,
The quhilk conditioun to him he had maid.
" Bid him postpone vnto ane vther zeir,
" And sa my self befoir him sail appeir,
" Quhen euir he will, at set place and at da,
" With all the power in the tyme I ma."
Than king Bredus that tyme and all the laue,
Quhen that thar hard sic ansuer as he gaue,
Wareit the wycht in quhome that wisdome grew,
To trow in him or traist he culd be trew.
Difficill is, tha said that tymt ilk ane,  
Bring throw the fleisch thst bred is in the bane;  
Qhometh that mater gaif sic proprietie,  
Withoutin faith to be baith fals and sle.  
This king Bredus, without ony deley,  
Proclamit hes vpoun the mintie day,  
That euerie wicht that wapin docht to weild,  
Suld furneist be to follow him on feild,  
In Calidone qhhair da and place\(^1\) wes set.  
That samyn tymt togidder all tha met,  
On to the castell syn of Calidone,  
Syne fit for fit togidder all ar gone,  
And passit their all ouir the water of Tay,  
And syny neirby qhhair that the Scottis lay  
Vpoune ane plane besyde ane hill richt hie,  
Qhail standis now the gude toun of Dundie,  
Qhill that tha come ilkane in otheris sicht.  
This king Bredus, throw counsall that same  
nycht,  
Vpoun ane plane qhail thar war plantit doun,  
Baith wyffe and barne, lad, lymmer and loun,  
With sic armour into that tymt tha had,  
And all the laif with lynnyng clayth syny cled,  
The quhilk on for to ony wald appeir  
As thit had bene gude harness new and cleir;  
Syne euerie man into his hand gart beir  
An greit burdoun, as thit had bene ane speir;  
The carriage hors syny gaif ilkane thame till.  
Syne in ane schaw beyond ane litill hill,  
Rycht quietlie gart hyde thair all nycht,  
Qhillk on the morne neuir ane suld cum in sicht,  
Syne tak gude tent quhen thar maid thame a signe,  
Than suddantlie to speid thame at that spring.

\(^1\)In MS. places.
Quhair that tha la ilkane out of that slak,
In gude ordour behind the Scottis bak.
Ane hundreth horsmen but rangat or noy,
Tha send with thame that mater to convoy;
And so tha did as I sall after schaw.
Syne on the morn quhen that the Scottis saw
The Pechtis bydand in so gude array,
This Alpynus without ony delay,
He put his men all into ordour gude,
With rayit feild syne narrar thame he zude,
With mony baner flammend war full fair,
And mony standert streikit in the air,
And mony pensall panetit wer full proude,
And mony bugill blawand than full loude.

THE JOYNYNG OFF THE BALD BATTLE BETUIX
ALPYNUS AND BREDUS.

In birneis bricht, with mony speir and scheild,
Thir forcis freikis enterit in the feild,
So stalwertlie togidder syne tha straik,
With sic ane schow quhill all the schawis schak.
Thair speris grit, that war baith scharp and lang,
In spailis all aboue thair heid tha sprang.
The strenth of Pechtis in the vangard stude,
Quhair spilt that da war mekle Scottis blude,
And had that da bene haill put to the war,
Had nocht Alpynus, in the tyme bene nar
With grit power, that tyme did thame reskew;
Quhair throw the battell did agane renew,
And with sic force begouth agane to fecht,
For all thair power that tyme euirk Pecht
Had in that feild bene other tane or slane,
War nocht the tressoun of the subtill trane,
The quhilk tha wrocht on the nycht befor.
Thir bernis all, with mekle bost and schoir,
Out of ane glen in ane buschment tha brak
In rayit feild behind the Scottis bak;
Thair lynnyng claithis agane the sone so brycht,
As cleir harness it semit in thair sicht;
Thair burdenis big, that² stalwart war and strang,
Tha schew to thame as tha war speiris lang;
It semit als into thair sicht betuene,
That euirilk meir ane bairdit hors had bene;
Quhairof that tyme tha war so soir adred,
Turnit thair bak out of the feild and fled
Heir and thair to mony sindrie place.
The Pechtis syne than followit on the chace;
Into the chace thair wes als mony keild,
And mony that da not fecht and in the feild;
Quhoma tha ouirtuke that tyme thair chapit nane.
The king Alpyne into the chace wes tane,
And baith his handis bund behind his bak;
Wes [nane] to him that tyme reskew to mak.
Syne quhen tha comè [wer] onto the nixt steid,
Set him doun thair and syne straik of his heid.
That steid and place, quha reidis rycht sensyne,
With ald eldaris is callit at Pas-Alpyne;
Alpinus heid² in that langage to sa,
Pitelpe now is callit at this da.

As I haif said, so hapnit all this thing
In the fourt zeir of this Alpynus ring,
Aucht hundreth, zeir threttie and four also,
The zeir of God wes that tyme and ago.
The Pechitis syne, after Alpynus deid,
Vpoun ane speir tha haif gart beir his heid,
Befoir thame thair onto Camelidone.

Lib.10, f.155. Decreittit wes syne with thame all ilkone,
Vpoun ane staik, richt heich vpoun the wall,
Tha festnit it quhair that it micht nocht fall.

¹In MS. than. ²In MS. deid.
In tyme to cum ane taikin for to be
Of thair triumpe and grit nobillitie.
The Scottis all into that samin quhile,
Convenient hes togidder in Argyle,
For to decreit into that samin thing,
Quhome tha wald cheis to be thair prince and king.
Elpynus sone, qubilk wes of lauchtfull eild,
Kenneth to name so callit wes that cheild,
In all his tyme richt worthie and conding,
Of Scottis than wes crownit to be king.
31,875
His fatheris cors syne in Ecolmumkil,
With all honour that micht pertene thairtill,
On gudlie wyiss he hes gart put in grave,
Siclike befoir as done wes with the laue.
That samin tyme into Camelidone,
31,880
Quhair the Pechitis hes convenit ilkone
That nobillis war, that tyme bayth ald and zìng,
At the command and requiest of thair king,
Throw greit presumptione in thair mynd thà tuke,
Tha tuichit all ilkane the Evangell buik;
31,890
Decretit as that tyme in ane intent,
And sadlie als that tyme in ane intent,
Neuir for to rest fra battell, fyre and bludie,
In all thair tyme, ay quhill tha wnderstude
Of Scottis bludie wes nother man nor wyfe,
31,895
Young nor ald, left levand vpoun lyfe.
Sìne gait command wnder the pane of deid,
And no les pane no tynsell of his heid,
In tyme to cum quhat euir he wes that spak
Of peax agane, or trewis for to tak.
31,900
Zìt nevirtheles thair wes amang thame than,
Wes wyiss aneuch richt mony agit man,
Quhilk disassentit richt far to that thing;
And for that caus, with lordis that war zìng,
The Buik of the

Tha war rebawkit in the tyme and blamit,
And far ouirschot amang the laue and schamit.
Qhuen all this thing discouerit wes and schawin
Ilk word by word, and to the Scottis knawin,
Qhair of that tyme tha terrour nathing tuke,
Bot sowir ilkane, mycht tha thair lyvis bruik,
That tha sould find far scharpar na tha brocht;
Of all thair vowis tha rakit bot rycht nocht.
Into thair hart it kendlit sic ane heit,
With so greit ire and malice in thair spreit,
Tha thocht ilkone far leva haif bene deid,
Or tha war nocht revengit of that feid.
That samin tyme, with greit power and mycht,
This king Bredus buskit in armour brycht
Richt mony man that waponis weill culd weild,
Agane the Scottis furneist to the feild:
Syne passit furth, with mekle bost and schoir,
For to compleit thair vowis maid befoir.
Amang thame selfis rycht suddantlie thair fell,
Qhbat wes the caus I can nocht to zow tell,
Richt greit discord betuix tua men of gude,
Of greit power and of richt nobill blude;
Qhairthrow tha drew to sic parteis that da,
That all the oist deuydit wes in tua.
For euirilk freind that tyme tuke part with other,
Sum with the tone, and sum ails with the tother.
Qhill at the last tha tuke the feild on breid,
With brandis bricht gart mony bernis bleid.
On eueriesyd thair wes richt mony slane,
Or tha culd weill be put in tune agane:
And or the oist culd stablit be at rest,
The nicht wes cuming and all the da wes past.
This king Bredus greit travell on him tuke,
All the lang nycht fra end to end he woik;
Vpoun his feit gangand fra lord to lord,
To mak agane amang thame gude concord.

Col. 2.
Bot all for nocht; that tyme it wald nocht be,
On euery syde so het thau war and hie;
In vane that nycht he lauborit still quhill da,
Syne left it war and passit hame thair wa.

OFF THE DEID OF BREDUS, AND OF DRASKEN
HIS BRATHER THAT SUCCEID IN HIS STEID.

Bredus thair king sone efer that for-thi,
For greit displesour and melancoly,
That he wes warnit that tyme of his will,
His purpos als he micht nocht weill fulfill,
Within thre moneth efter that and les,
Departit hes into that grit distres.
His bruther germaine efer he wes deid,
Callit Drasken, succeedit in his steid;
Qhilk labourit hes, richt lang and mony da,
With diligence and all the cuir he ma,
And tuik on him greit travell and grit pane,
Qhill he brocht thame in gude concord agane.

HOW TUA SCOTTIS MEN QUIETLIE TUK AWAY
ALPYNUS HEID AND BROCHT IT TO HIS SONE
KING KENNYTH, QHILK CLOSIT WAS WITH
THE BODIE IN IONA YLE.

That samin tyme thair wes tua Scottis men,
And quhat thau war I culd neuir wit nor ken;
Bot weill I wat thau wer richt expart,
So he that tyme ascendit in thair hart.
Alpynus heid, so nobill wes and gude,
With lak and schame vpoun ane staik that stude
Aboue the portis of Cameldone;
Thir tua togidder to the toun ar gone
Then fit for fit, but fallowschip in feir, 21,965
The Pechtis langage tha culd weill perqueir,
And fenʒeit thame than merchandis for to be,
With merchandice wer new cumit our the se,
And merchandice tha brocht with thame to sell;

This taill is trew now that þe heir me tell. 31,970
Syne in the toun thair tham remanit still,
Ane weill lang quhile at thair plesour and will,
And merchandice tham maid into the toun,
As plesit thame in all part vp and doun.

Syne on ane tyme quhen tham thocht it wes best,
Vpoun the nycht quhen all men wes at rest,
Vpoun ane ledder passit vp the wall,
And quietlie awa the heid the stall;
The samin gait quhair tham þeid vp come doun,
Syne priuatlie tham passit of the toun.

Into ane cace wes ordand for sic thing,
Tha put the heid, syne passit to the king,
In Caracconne that tyme quhail that he la,
Broch[t] him the heid, syne on the secund da
Wes efter that within ane litill quhile,
With greit triumph borne to Iona Yle;
Syne closit wes into that samin steid,
Besyid himself befoir that aught that heid.

This nobill king syne gevin hes thir tua 31,980
Richt grit reward that brocht this heid awa,
In heretage efter thame to succeid,
For to remember of thair nobill deid;
So that thair fame sould lest in memorie,
Into ane taikin of thair laud and glorie.
Quhen this wes done as I haif tald this tyde, 31,990
The strenthis all war in the bordour syde,
This Kennethus [he] hes gart furnis weill
With men and meit, and stiff waponis of steill,
With gun and ganze, and with all the laue;
Thair wantit nocht that neidfull war to haue.
Into that tyme richt strait command gaif he,
That euerie man all tyme sould reddie be
With hors and harnes, and all vther geir
That neidfull ar for ony man of weir;
And to compeir befoir him ane and all,
At da and place quhat tyme that he wald call,
Quhen he thocht tyme his richtis to reskew.
Of his lordis that tyme thair wes richt few,
That wald thair mynd apply vnto his will,
For no requeist that he culdmak thame till,
The greit mischief remanit in memoir,
That thair had tane into the feild befoir,
Quhair Alpynus thair nobill king wes slane.
Quhairfoir thair said thair wald no moir agane
To battell went as thair wer wont befoir,
The Pechtis strenth that tyme thair dred so soir,
And thocht aneuch thair awin for to defend,
And fordermair on na way wald thair wend.
Thre zeir and moir withoutin rest and peice,
On nother syde thair schupe thame for to ceis;
Bot euerilk da, with pray and prisoineir,
Grit heirschip maid ouir all bayth far and nei.
This Kennethus synf efter quhen he knew,
That he no way his purpois micht persew
Without in slicht and greit subtillitie,
Ane nyce ingyne devysit synf hes he.
And how it wes, quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent this time and I sall tell 3ow heir.
How Kennethus callit his Lordis to ane Counsall and maid his Oressoun to Thame, fra quhilk thae disassentit, and off his subtill Ingyne diuysit thairanent.

This Kennethus his lordis hes gart call
to ane counsall, quhair thae convenit all;
Desyrand thame at thair power and micht,
To tak his part and fortifie his richt,
Agane the Pechtis held fra him sa lang
His heretage, thae wist richt weill, with wrang.
Quhairof he said that he micht haif remeid,
And for to be revengit of the deid
Of his father, and vtheris mony ane,
Efter the tyme in handis thae[t] war tane,
Richt cruellie, but mercie or remeid,
Without petie thae war put all to deid.
Wald thae consent ane mendis for haif,
That deet, he said, suld nocht be lang to craif;
Quhilk to thame all wer grit honour and gloir,
Perpetuallie induring euermoir.
Quhen he had said, sat down and held him still,
Ryacht few thair wes that wald consent thairtill.
Tha thocht aneuche for to defend thair awin
Into sic thrang, and keip thame vnouirthrawin.
Richt weill thae wist that thair wes nocht to wyn,
Tha saw appeir sa grit perrell thairin,
Be ane exempill quhilk sat thame richt soir,
Nocht lang gane syne into the feild befoir,
Quhairof thae said thae micht grit wisdome leir
In tyme to cum, other in peice or weir,
At sufficencet to hald and than cry ho:
Quhen men ar weill best is to hald thame so,
And nocht ouir far in ony thing exceid,
Quhen thae thair is no indigence and neid.
Than Kennethus, quhen he knew thair intent,
That be no way thae wald to him consent,
Be ane ingyne, befoir as I zow schew,
Richt\(^1\) some he schuip thair wittis till persew.
Vpone the morne gart call thame to the dyne,
And to remane still to the supper syne.
Befoir the king at none into the hall,
Qhail that he sat into his stait royall,
With mony ding lord sittand at his deishe,
And mekill wiletth of mony costlie meiss;
Thair wes no wyn quhail of that thae had want,
No zit na coursis that tymne to thame stant.
Efter the dyne thae bownit all to pla,
With mirlinest thae drawe to end that da,
Qhill to the supper thae war set all syne;
Tha maid gude cheir and drank the riche wyne,
And of grit danteis in the tymne thae had,
Tha maid gude cheir and syne went to bed,
In mony chalmer ilkane by and by,
Dewysit wes qhail that thae all sould ly.
That samin nycht, this ilk Kennethus king
Diuysit hes ane wounder subtil thing;\(^2\)
Of fischis skynnis, that in the self hes licht,
The quhilk will schyne about the mirk and nycht,
With all greit licht as it wer ane lantern,
Withoutin low, als bricht as ony sterne,
Gart cloikis mak, and sindrie thairin cled;
Syne quyetis before ilk lordis bed,
Vpoun the flour that nycht he gart thame stand,
And euirilkane that tymne had in his hand
Ane roittin tre, the quhilk siclike caist lycht,
As dois ane sterne into ane frostie nycht:
And ane grit horne, that borit wes all throw,
Qhail[en] thae spak richt hideuslie and how.

\(^1\) In MS. richtis.
Syne efter drink, quhen tha war sound on sleip,
Quhair to that tyme tha tuke ilkane gude keip,
And in the horne tha blew sa grit ane blast,
Out of thair sleip tha walknit at the last.
Syne lukit how and saw so grit ane licht,
Tha trowit weill it wes na erthlie wicht;
Like ony sterne it semit than as cleir,
With vncouth vose that awfull wes to heir;
Syne as tha la sic tent to thame to tak,
Out throw the horne ilkone that tyme tha spak
Richt vncouthlie, and with sic awfull sound,
Qubill that thair beir gart all the bed rebound:
And said to thame than with ane vose mair cleir,
Ilk word by word as I sall schaw zow heir.
Lib.10, f.156. " I am ane seruand send doun frathe hicth
Col.1. " Of God, in quhome is all power and micht,
" At his devyiss all thing in erth is done.
" Thair is no stait ma stop or zit ganestand
" To disobey or brek his hie command;
" Quhat euir he be wirkis nocht at his will,
" Tak tent," he said, "quhat follouis some thairtill.
" The Pechtis proude, with thair subtillitie,
" Wald him begyle, and mak him blind to be;
" The hie sentence quhilk his awin mouth hes spokin,
" Tha think on force agane it salbe brokin.
" As he hes said, traist weil it man be sua,
" Magir thair will thocht tha war neuer so thra;
" That is to sa, thair kinrik and thair crown,
" To Kennethus and his successioun,
" He gevin hes of his hie prouidence,
" Aganis him tha mak vnjust defence,
" And wrangluslie tha hald fra him his richt
" Is grantit him be gratius God of micht,
“Qhilk schaips now to wirk on thame his will.
"For that same caus he hes sende me sow till,
"Commanding sow, aboue all vther thing,
"For till obey to Kennethus your king,
"And failte nocht to fulfill his desyre;
"For gratius God will so exerce his yre
"Agane the Pechts that the pley began,
"Of all thair blude sall nother wyfe nor man,
"Yeung or ald, be left in Albione,
"Traist sow richt weil, or all the weir begone.
"Dreid nocht," he said, "thair power and thair pryde."

Quhen this wes said, richt suddantlie that tyde
Turnit his cloik that it mycht cast na lycht;
His staf also he hid than out of sicht
Wnder his lap, and leit it nocht be sene,
Out of his sicht as he had vaneist bene.
Syne quyetlie withoutin ony dyn,
Opnit the dur, for he knew weill the gyn,
Behind his bak syne closit it agane,
But ony tent of making of that trane.
In sindrie partis quhair thalath na nycht,
To euirilk one wes schawin sic ane sycht
Be sindrie men that culd thair craft perqueir,
To do and sa as I haif tald sow heir.
The lordis all, ilkane baith gude and ill
That saw that sicht, grit credence gaif thairtill;
Trowand that tyme ane angell it had bene,
Qhilk of befoir sic semdill had tha sene.
Syne on the morne tha schew all to the king,
Ilk word be word, the maner of that thing,
With grit credence traistand that all wes trew;
And he agane siclike the same thing schew
That he had sene, and ilk word that tha spak,
Perfytliar and of ane planar mak.
And syne," he said, "my counsall is that we,
To keip this clois and quyet for to be,
And schaw nothing of all we said befoir,
Quhairthrow we may tak ony hie vane gloir,
And crab nocth God to ws sic grace hes send,
Bot wirk his will onto the latter end;
And lichtlie nocth his hie excellent grace,
For to postpone onto ane langar space,
Or dreid he think ws negligent and sueir,
And so for him we will nocht thryfe this
We can nocht faill sen we haif his supple;
My counsall is thairfoir richt sone that we
To put his will, sen it is all bot richt,
To executioun als far as we micht."
Quhairfoir that tyme tha war rycht weill content, But contrapleid thairto gaif thair consent.
At his plesour within ane litill space,
Tha set a day quhair tha suld meit his grace,
Syne euirilk lord that thair wes be his name,
Thankit the king, tuke leve and passit hame.
This Kenethus, that no langar walde ly,
Proclamit hes syne with ane opin cry,
That euirilk man als gudlie as he ma,
Suld reddie be agane the tuentie da,
With hors and harness the best that he mycht get,
Syne to convene quhair da and place was set.
The lordis all with all power and micht,
Greit diligence tha haif done da and nycht,
To fortifie and furneis to the feild
Baith young and ald that waponis docht to
The samin tyme quhair at the tryst wes set,
At da and place togidder all tha met
This nobill king and all his men of gude,
In greit number and of sic multitude
Of bernis bald, buskit in armour bricht,
Wes none that da that euir saw sic sight.

HOW KENETH, KING OF SCOTTIS, AND DRUSKENUS, KING OF PECHTIS, FAUCHT IN FEILD, AND HOW THE SCOTTIS WAN THE FEILD.

Quhen tha had maid thair mustur on a mure,
To Vicomage togidder all tha fuir;
With fyre and blude tha waistit all that land,
Wes nane that tyme mycht stop thame or gane—

Quhill Druskenus with all power and mycht,
Come thair him self sone efter on aneycht,
And euirilk Pecht that docht to ryde or go;
Of Inglismen ane greit armie also.

Syne on the nycht passit the Scottis by,
Betuix the camp quhair tha saw thame ly,
And thair awin land, as tha that tyme wald sa,
Quick with thair lyfe suld neuir ane wyn awa.

Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,
The Pechtis pertlie apperit in thair sycht
With mekle malice, mager and invye,
And set on thame syne with ane schout and cry,
Without ordour of takin or command,
So stoneist war tha mycht no langer stand,
And macchit hes als airlie as tha mocht;
Thair haistie fair it furderit thame rycht nocht.
The Inglismen richt sone and suddanelie,
In rayit battell thatº wer standand by,
Sick fray tha tuke, and wes so far adred,
Out of the feild onto ane montane fled,
For to behald onto the latter end.
Sone efter thame Druskenus hes gart send

1 In MS. Drustrenus. | 2 In MS. that tha.
Ane man on 1 hors with mony jolie Pecht,
To turne agane onto the feild and fecht,
Of gold and siluer in grit quantitie,
And leve thame nocht in that necessitie.
For all thair hechtis and thair fair promit,
Tha said agane tha wald nocht fecht a fit:
To men of weir tha said it did pertene,
Erar to fle quhair perrell ma be sene,
And keip thame self onto ane better hour,
Na byde and fecht and tyne sa grit honour.
Far better war fra sick perrell to blyn,
Quhair weill tha wist wes na wirschip to wyn.
The Pechtis than that faucht into the feild,
Throw grit curage thocht thair wes mony keild,
Quhen that tha saw the Inglisman wer fled,
On thair richt hand no help that tym thae hed;
The Inglisman had left that town full bair
Of Inglisman 2 that sould haif fouchtin thair;
In rayit feild awa tha wald hae thae fleed.
The Scottis than richt speedelie thame sped,
With so grit force and gaif thame sic a fray,
Incontinent thae gart thame brek array;
Out of the feild syne gart thame fle on force,
Sun vpone fit and vther sum on hors.
This Druskenus be aventure that da,
Out of the feild he wes had saif awa;
Vpone ane hors that reddie wes neiury,
On to ane strenth he wes had out of cry.
This Kenethus hes gevin command that nane
Of Pechtis blude be other saue or tane,
For ony resoun, reuth or zit remeid;
Bot for to think on gude Alpynus deid,
And mony vther efter tha war tane,
So cruellie but mercie all war slane.
The Scottis than so bremit war and bald,
That da tha sauit nother young or ald,
Riche or pur, other ill or gude,
Als bald as boris to spill the Pechtis blude;
Ay followand on quhill that tha come to Forth,
Behind thair bak richt neir wes in the North,
Quhair tha that tyme no farder docht to fle.
The Scottis than, with grit crudelitie,
Into that place ma Pechtis haif tha keild,
Neirby or ma no fechtand in the feild.
The Inglismen that standand hit war by,
Quhen tha saw that tha haistit thame in hy
Fast hame agane, richt warlie with gude will.
Quhen tha war passit hyne behind ane hill,
Far out of sicht seand that tha wer fled,
Kenethus than into that tyme he dred,
That tha did so he trowit for ane trane,
In rayit battell syne to releue agane,
Without ordour his men quhen that tha saw;
And for that caus ane trumpet he gart blaw,
At quhais sound and bidding tha war bane,
Returnit all in gude ordour agane,
Richt to his hand that tyme bayth man and
cheild,
And all that nycht tha woik into the field;
Quhill on the morne that tha wist weill but lane,
The Inglismen war all gane hame agane.
The spulze all that he fand in the feild,
Rycht equallie to euerie man and cheild,
Efter his stait and his nobillitie,
Diuydit hes in siclike quantitie
To euerilk man that tyme bayth les and moir:
Syne passit hame with grit triumph and gloir.
How the Pechtis Send Ane Herald to King Kenneth, and of his Answer Agane.

Some after this that I haif said ȝow heir,
To Kenethus thair come ane messingeir
Fra Pechtis send, richt lawlie than but leis,
Beseikand him agane for to mak peice,
With quhat conditioun he lykit to craue
Wes ressonabill thairwith bot ask and hane.
And he agane maid answer to that thing;
Without he war ressauit to be king,
And to his croun he aucht of heretage,
"Traist weill," he said, "for ony ȝther wage,
Or ȝit reward, beleif ȝe w[e]jill but leis,
"At weir agane neuir moir to purches peis."
The messinger said, weill he wist thair will,
For na gardon that tha wald grant thairtill.
Commandit him he suld sa to thame thant,
Amang thame all quhill levand wes ane man,
Or ȝit ane lad on lyve amang the lawe,
Thair croun and kinrık he suld ay [to] craue.
He tuik his leve than bayth at les and moir,
And left it war na euir it wes befoir.
Out of tha place tha gart him speid him sone,
And passit hame and his erand vndone.
For that same caus the Scottis all thair dais
Moir cruell war, as that my author sais;
Into thair hart the hiear ay ascendit,
Of that answer thinkand thair war offendit;
Quhairof tha thocht ane mendis sone to haif,
The quhilık rycht lang suld nocht be for to craif.
How Kenethus subdewit the Pechtis in sindrie pairtis, with cruell slauther on baith the sydis.

Kenethus syne sone efter on ane da
Subdewit hes alhaill Orestia;
And Othelyne, baith castell, toun and toure,
Ressauit him with reuerence and honour,
As king and prince, and swoir thae suld be trew,
For ony malice other al or new;
And all the strendhis war into thae landis,
Resignit hes alhaill into his handis;
To hald of him withoutin plye or pleid,
At his plesoure and to forget all feid.
Syne efterwart with grit power and large,
He passit syne richt sone to Vicomage,
Quhair mony ane that tyme come in his will,
And all the laue als cumand wer him till;
Ane da wes set of meitting and concord.
That samintyme, gif that I rycht record,
Ane messinger thair come to him and schew
In Othelyn and Orest of the new,
The Scottis all war slane thairin ilk man,
Be the decepitioun of the Pechtis than:
Lee no mair was neuir ane left on lyve
Without ane strength, other man or wyve;
Sick plesour had to spill the Scottis blude.
This Kenethus quhen he that wnderstude,
Withoutin tarie other nicht or da,
He come richt sone into Orestia,
Quhair that he sparit nother wyfe no man;
For thair falsheid thae gat na fauour than.
Till all vther to be ane document,
For to be fals and fenzeit of intent,
And brek the fayth that thae had maid beforne,
The quhilk to keip ilkane of thame wer suorne.

CC 2
How Druskenus, King of Pechtis, come with ane army to Scone, and send his ser-
uand for speich to Kenethus quha la
neirby with his cumpany.

This Druskenus, of Pechtis that wes king,
Rycht weill that tyme considerit all that thing; 32,350
So did his lordis all that time ilkone,
That force it wes their kinrick to forgone,
Or all thair rychtis in that tyme resigne
To Kenethus, and hald him as thair king.
Considerand that tyme that as it standis,
Or manfullie debait it with thair handis,
Sen ane of thame wes neidfull for to be,
Tha chesit all far erar for to die
Without ransoun or thae gaiourthair richt,
For boist or schoir to ony erthlie wicht.
And for that caus bayth young and ald ilk
cheild,
That worthie wes ane wapone for to weild,
Ilkone that tyme, and tha had bene far ma,
Furneisit for feild to set agane his fa:
Betaucht thame syne into dame Fortonis will,
Quhat chance that tyme that scho wald send
thame till.
Syne furth tha fuirquhill that tha come rycht
sone
Onto ane place the quhilk is callit Scone,
In Gowrie land, quhair now this samin da
Of Sanct Michael thair standis ane abba.
This Kenethus, that weill his cuming knew,
Wes neir hand by with nobill men anew,
Bayth big and bald for to debait his rycht;
Syne ilk of other cuming are in sicht.
The king of Pechtis that weill the perrell kend, 32,375
To Kenethus ane servand sone he send,
Beseikand him, gif that it wes his will,
Out fra his oist that he wald cum him till;
And he siclike for his plesour agane
Suld meit him thair in middis of the plane,
For sic thingis he had with him till do,
Gif plesit him he prayit him thairto.

**HOW KING KENETHUS AND DRUSKENUS MET TOGIDDER FOR INTERCOMMONING.**

Kenethus then thocht he his mynd wald heir,
And tuke with him sic fallowschip in feir
As plesit him, quhair that the place wes set,
With lykenumber with this Druskene he met.
This Druskenus than of ane gude maneir,
He said to him as I sall schaw zow heir.
" Keneth, king and victor invincibill,
" To the and thyne it wer mair honourable,
" And proffeit als, ws to thi freind now haue,
" With quhat condition as zs list to crave,
" Baith in ane band as we wer wont to be,
" At all plesure in perfite vnitie,
" No for to be ilk da into sic stryfe,
" Quhairthrow rycht mony loissit hes the lyfe,
" And baythoure power brokin is so far,
" Rycht eith it is to put ws to the war.
" The Saxoun blude that neuir zit wes trew,
" Oure commoun fa, to thame it is grit glew:  
" The thing in erth that tha wald erast se,
" Is ours mischeif and infelicitie;
" For weill I wait, and we so perseueir
" As we haif done, within les nor ane zear,
" That baythoure riches andoure power haill,
" Sall sone be brocht on to ane litill vaill;
" Magir ourewill we salbe maid till gone,
" Quha chaipis best, far out of Albione,
"Or to the Saxonis be maid bund and thrall,
"But libertie, and lois oure landis all;
"And euirmair wnder thair bondage be,
"With greit mischeif and sic miseritie.
"Cheis 3ow," he said, "now or we tua disseuer,
"Qubilk of thir tua this tyme that ze had lever;
"For to haue ws zour fallow and gude freind,
"In love and lautie euirmoir to leind,
"No haue the Saxonis as zour mortall fo,
"Qubilk ma nocht suffer zow for to do so,
"But euirmoir zour maister tha wilbe,
"And tak fra 3ow all zour auctoritie,
"Or than to fieme 3ow far out of this land;
"This will be trew ze ma weill wnderstand.
"As for redres of king Alpinus deid,
"Richt equalie can no man mak remeid;
"For all the gold and [all] the silver bricht,
"And all the riches and all vther micht,
"Into Pechtland and als all vther thing,
"Ma nocht redres the deid of sic ane king.
"Siclyke agane war it possibill to haue,
"Of Feredeth at 3ow redres to craue.
"And sen we knaw be just equallitie,
"Wnpossibill is that sic thing weill ma be,
"And for that caus we spak thairof no moir
"Into the tyme that it set ws richt soir,
"Na preissis nocht thairof for to mak pleid,
"Sen none bot God ma mak mendis for deid.
"Gif all sic thing as I haif said so be
"Of litill vaill or 3it plesour to the,
"For to redres or satisfie thi will,
"Richt fre vaill or fraud heir we sall gif the till
"Alhaill oure landis liand in the North,
"Fra Grampione onto the water of Forth,
"As Othelyn and all Orestia,
"In heretage euirmoir quhill domisda.
Croniclis of Scotland.

"Quhairthrow thow ma haif mair honour and gloir.
"Na euir had king in Albione befoir."
Quhen he had said at his pleisour and will,
Sic anser than Kenethus maid him till,

The Anser of Kenethus agane to Druske-nus, in Maner following.

"Sen gratius [God] that hes all thing in erd,
"At his well[dling]e to well or zit wan werd,
"And hes no reule nor mesure be this will,
"Of hes greit grace now grantit hes ws till
"Zour croun and kinrik into heretage,
"Quhilk suld be mine be law of rycht lynage
"Of Hungus blude, and narrest air suld be
"For to succeed to his auctoritie;
"And ze," he said, "hes done me sic offence,
"The gift of God of his hie prudence,
"Rycht gratiuailie now hes me grantit till,
"Wald reif fra me in magir of my will.
"Without battell as it is rycht weill knawin,
"Of zow this tyme I can nocht get my awin;
"And sen I haif ane just querrell and caus,
"As is allegit into mony lawes,
"The man that ma nocht get his awin by rycht,
"Than lefull is be way of deith or mycht,
"Gif he hes power for to tak his awin,
"Gude conscience wald that no man wer ourirthrawn.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "rycht weill ze wait I haue
"Ane just querrell at zow my croun to craue; 39,470
"And sen it is injustlie ze deny,
"Quhairfoir this tyme ane just querrell haif I
"For to move battell to cum to my awin;
"And dout ze nocht, or I be sa ouirthrawn,
"Ryicht mony thousand on ane day sall de."
"Traist weill," he said, "that this rycht trew salbe,
"Without rycht sone in presence of thame all,
"Thy crow, thy sceptour, and thy rob royall,
"Ryicht frelie our agane fra the resigne,
"And thame resaus me as thair prince and king,
"And all the strenthis that ar in zour landis,
"To put thame all ryicht frelie in my handis.
"Quholl this be done traist weill to haif no peice;
"Na zit," he said, "we schaip neuir for to ceis
"In all our tyme fra battell, fyre and blude,
"Quholl that ane boy be levand of zour blude."
Quhen this wes said thae tuke thair leif to pas,
And left the mater wa[r] no euir it was;
And partit hes ryicht schortlie on the plane,
And euerilk man zeid to his camp agane.

How Kenethus decretit Battell to the Pechtis or he departit, and callit his Counsall thairto, and maide his Oresoun to thame.

Kenethus than ascendit to ane hycht,
Befoir thame all ryicht planelie in thair sycht,
Proclamat hes than with ane voce so cleir,
And saide to thame as I sall schaw zow heir.
"Decretit is be me and euerilk lord,
"This samin da, but peice or zit concord,
"For to decyde our querrell and all rycht
"Ryicht manfullie with our power and micht.
"But ony stop now heir into this steid,
"Sall endit be the lang stryfe and the feid.
"Sen it is so, thinke on the schame and lak,
"And skayth befoir that thae gart ws tak,
"Quhen gude Albyn zour king wes tane in hand,
"And mony nobill as ze wnderstand,
"So cruellieth tha put thame all to deid;
Syne for dispyte Alpynus my fatheris heid
With ane braid ax for grit scorne of tha straik,
Syne set it vp full lang vpon ane staik,
Aboue the wallis of Camelidone;
That this be suith ze wat rycht weill ilkone. 32,510
"Quhairfoir," he said, "quhill this revengit be,
On sic ane way that euerie man ma se
That we agane hes quyte thame all thair meid,
We will ay be bot lakit with ilk leid.
Syne efter that, richt sone as ze w[e]ill knaw, 32,515
Ane counsall quhair that thae convenit aw,
And swoir ilkane, and thair godis forsuik,
Tha laid thair handis on the Euangell buik,
Within schort quhile that nother man nor wiffe
Of Scottis blude tha sulde leve vpoun lyfe. 32,520
Zeit traist ze weill, and tha mycht cum thair to,
That samin thing suld nocht be lang to do.
And now," he said, "ze se weill how it standis,
The victorie is haill into oure handis.
Quha previs weill, greit honour, laud and 32,525
gloir,
And greit reward sall after haif thairfoir;
Quha dois nocht, he sall haif lak and schame,
For euir moir greit scander and defame,
And als of me he sall haue but remeid,
"Stryfe and greit sturt perpetuallie, and feid." 32,530

How Kenethus diuydit his Armie in Thre Battellis, and wan the Feild.

Quhen this wes said, with his auctoritie
Diuydit hes his greit armie in thre;
Ane nobill man to name wes callit Bar,
Quhilk into weir that wes bayth wyss and war,
Into that tyme he\(^1\) wes nocht for to leir
Off policie and prattik into weir,
As chesin man that tyme of all the laue,
In his gyding the vangard than he gaue.
To ane Dowgall vpoun the tother syde,
The secund \(\text{wyng}\) he gaif him for to gyde,
As he that wes abillest of ony vther.
The mid battell to Donald syne his bruther,
To reule and steir, quhilk rayit wes at richt.
And syne him self with mony worthie knycht,
That waillit war and waponis weill culd weild,
Behind the laue he come into the feild
Richt neirhand by, gif mister so suld be,
That he to thame mycht mak help and supple.
In euerilk battell that war big and bald,
Ane thousand bowmen in the tyme weill tald
He hes gart place befor thame qhaur th thai stand,
With big bowis weill bend into their hand.
Syne efter thame the speris grit and lang,
That stalwart war to stryke in ony thrang;
Syne last of all the stif axis of steill,
That wer full big, and als wald byte full weill.
The trumpettis all than the blew with sic a blast,
Qhill that the Pechtis gritlie wes agast,
And schupe to fle or euir the feild began.
This Druskenus amang [thame] fast he ran,
With bissie cuir neirhand out of his wit,
Exhortand thame, with mony fair promit,
Of better confort in that tyme to be,
And nocht sa sone withoutin straik to fle.
Ane flicht of flanis of grit lenth and breid,
Qhillk flew als fercse as fyre dois of the gleid,
Amang the Pechtis lichtit in the feild,
And persit hes richt mony targe and scheild.

\(^1\) In MS. *hcs.*
Ane vther syne sone followit on the taill,
Als thik as snae and scharpe as ony haill.
Thair stuff of steill that da maid lytill steid,
Tha dyntis dour sa mony dang to deid;
Thair speiris syne that war bayth grit and squair,
In splenderis sprang aboue thame in the air;
Thair scheildis rawe, and all thair speiris brak
At that counter, as ony thunder crak.
Thair meittinng than sic rude rumour and reird,
Wes neuir hard befoir into this erd.
Into that stour so stalwartlie tha stude,
Qubill all the bankis war browdrit ouir with
blude;
Als thik as dew discendis in the daill,
Pechtis that da wer maid to fall and faill.
Thair wyffis than that standand war neirby,
With mony schout and mony ca[i]rfull cry,
Ryvand thair hair, restlis without remeid,
Befoir thair ene to se thair husbandis deid,
And sonnis als of thair bosumis tha bair,
With deidlie woundis bleidand war full sair.
Thair wes no Pecht gat outher girth or grace,
So cruell wes the Scottis in that caice.
The Pechtis than in the vangard that faucht,
Heir and thair be hundrethis sevin or aucht,
Out of the feild tha fled richt fast and far.
The Scottis captane, quhilk wes callit Bar,
In gude array he followit on the chace,
Quhome he ouir tuik gart nother girth na grace.
Ransoun that da of thame tha wald tak nane,
Bot swel ay doun quhair euir tha war ouirtane.
This Kenethus quhen he saw tha war fled,
Ane greit battell with him that tyme he hed,
Of mony wicht man waponis weilll weilld,
Omouchtin that da [zit] in ony feild,
That he ordanit, gif sic mister suild be,
In tyme of neid to mak help and supple.
This battell that tyme [than] behind the Pechtis,
Into the feild quhair that his bruther fechtis,
He enterit thame, baith on fit and hors,
Behind thair bak with mekle strentth and force,
With sic ane schout quhill all the schawis schuik;
Qhairrof the Pechtis all grit terrour tuik,
And kest fra thame bayth cot armour and scheild,
And harnes als, syne fled out of the feild
To sindrie pairtis, in mony sindrie rout,
To sindrie strentthis that war neir about.
The watter of Tay that tyme behind thair bak,
Hes stoppit thame thair passage ouirt to mak;
[And] for that caus, richt soir aganis thair will,
On force behuifit on that syde byde still.
Kenethus than, knawand that it wes so,
In gude array maid efter thame till go
The freshest men onfowllit wer in feild,
Waldin and wicht that waponis weill culd weild;
Syne efter thame to follow on the chace,
Se that tha gawe thame nother girth no grace,
Bot stalwartlie in sic extremis stryve,
Qhill one of thame be levand vpone lyfe.
Into the feild him self thair did remane
With greit power quhill that tha come agane,
Becaus it wes that tyme so neir the nycht.
The laue with that wes passit out of sycht,
In gude array to follow on the chace,
Qhill at the last tha come into ane place,
And fand Druskenus on the water syde,
Qhair he on force behuvit for to byde;
And mony barroun with him that he hed,
Out of the feild 1 that samin da that fled,
And mony knychtis that suld keip hiscors,
Weill bodin war than bayth on fit and hors.

1 In MS. fled.
HOW THE SCOTTIS FOLLOWIT ON THE CHACE, 
quhill at the last Druskenus was slane, 
and thairefter distribut all the Pechtis 
Landis to the Scottis, and changit thame 
frA the ald Name efter the Name of 
euerie nobill Scottisman at that Tyme.

And thair tha straik ane new battell agane, 
Qhill at the last this Druskenus wes slane, 32,640
And all the laif that war with him in feild, 
That tyme thair chapit nother man nor cheld. 
As sum man sais, in sevin placis or aucht, 
That da the Pechtis and the Scottis faucht, 32,645
And neuir ane feild that da the Pechtis wan, 
Bot tynt thame all and slane wer euerie man, 
Bot gif it wes richt few amang thame aw, 
Out of the feild richt quyetlie that stav.
Syne on the morne tha came ilkone agane 
To Kenethus, and schew how tha had slane 32,650
Drusken thair king, and als with thame tha 
brocht
His cot armour that worthelie wes wrocht;
With baner braid that browdin wes richt weill, 
And all his armour of richt nobill steill;
The quhilk efter within ane litill quhile, 32,655
The king gart offer into Iona Yle, 
Into the tempill of Eculomkill, 
Into ane takin to remane thair still, 
Of the triumph and victorie tha wan. 
Syne equallie baith to lad and man, 32,660
As he wes worthie in the tyme to haif, 
Ane quantitie of that spulze he gaif; 
And braisset hes ilk captane in his arme 
Richt tenderlie with wordis that war warme, 
And maid ane hecht, hald it gif that he mocht, 32,665
That tyme thair travell sould nocht be for nocht.
Quhen this wes done he said syne to thame aw,
"My freindis deir, rycht weill ze ken and knaw
"Oure interpryiss wnendit is and done;
"Quhairfoir," he said, "my counsall is rycht 32,670 sone,
"With diligence dalie to do oure det,
"Sen weill we wait na ganestanding to get:
"And for expensis also to spair nocht,
"Quhill that oure purpos to [ane] end be brocht.
"Greit danger is oucht langar to defar, 32,675
"Sone efter this, or dreid that it be war.
"The proude Pechtis that ar so fals and sle,
"Se tha thair tyme quhen tha ma maister be;
"Quhen that thair strenthis growin ar agane,
"And thinkis on how thair fatheris wes slane; 32,680
"Traist weill," he said, "and tha ma se ws sua,
"Thair is no gold that oure ransoun will pa.
"Thairfoir," he said, "wald ze now leif but stryfe,
"My counsall is leve neuir ane on lyfe:
"Than ar ze sicker, quhen thai ar all deid, 32,685
"Baith of the father and of the sonnis feid."
Quhen this wes said, that tyme bayth gude and ill
Hes suorne ilkone his counsall to fulfill.
Sone efter syne. without ony ganestand,
Ouir all the partis of the Pechtis land, 32,690
In euirilk steid than bayth of ill and gude,
With sic distructioun of the Pechtis blude,
Except tua thousand, my author did sa,
That tyme in Ingland that wer fled awa,
Wes not ane Pecht left into Albione, 32,695
Levand on lyfe out of Camelidone.
Quhen this wes done than all the weir did ceis;
This Kenethus, to mak gude rest and peice,
Distributt hes to every man and lord,
Rycht equallie without ony discord, 32,700
The Pechtis landis as he wes of vaill.
All Othelyn he gaif ane to his daill,
Quhilkwes ane freik of greit honour and fame,
Fyffe Duffe that tyme wes callit to his name;
Quhilk efter him, as my author did sa,
This Othelyn is callit Fyfe this da.
Orestia siclike amang the laue,
To tua brether for thair rewardis gaif;
Ane Angustius, quhilk wes ane man expert,
And efter him he namit hes his part,
The quhilk to name gart callit Angustia,
That samin name zit callit is this da.
The secund hecht Merninus to his name,
Ane freik he wes rycht famous of gude fame,
Siclike his part, as my author did sa,
Efter his name wes callit Merina.
The nobill chiftane that wes callit Bar,
The best weirman amang thame all be far
He wes that tyme, as my author did sa;
Thairfoir the landis by the Merchis that la
He gaif to him, and thairof maid him lord.
Also that tyme, as I hard mak record,
Ane fair castell standand on the se skar,
Is callit now the castell of Dumbar
Efter his name, than to reward gat he,
With mony landis neir la by the se.
Rycht lang efter his successioun,
Ay lineallie fra him descendand doun,
Of greit honour come mony, erle and lord,
Rycht nobill war quha wald the rycht record,
Lang efter him descendand doun rycht far,
The quhilk surname is callit zit Dumbar.
To every man siclike ane part he gaif,
Into the tyme as he wes worth to haif.
Syne changit hes the name of euirilk toun,
Of euirilk land and euirilk regioun;
And principallie the maist part of thame all,
Efter ane water to the name gart call,
Till all the daillis liand in the South, 
Fra the West se rycht on to Tueidis mouth, 32,740
As Cliddisdaill efter the water of Clyde,
And Nethisdall, quhilk is bayth lang and wyde,
Now efter Nyth, and Tevedaill also
Fra Teveot, quhilk throw the land dois go.
Siclike the laue, quha lykis for to speir, 32,745
That I lyke nocht now at this tym tell heir.
All this wes done, as I richt wnderstand,
To change the name of euerie toun and land,
To put the Pechtis haill out of memorie,
Thair land, thair leid, thair deidis and thair storie.
And so it wes, within ane little we,
Wes neuir ane of thair genealogie,
Yeung or auld, as that my author sais,
In Albione wes left within few dais.

How the King of Scottis seigt sone efter
the Toun of Camelidone.

Quhen this wes done, within few dais anone, 32,755
He laid ane seige vnto Camelidone.
The quene [of Pechtis] into that toun, than la,
And mony ladie with hir thair that da,
of quhome the lوردis slane wer les and moir,
As ze haif hard into the feild befoir. 32,760
Into that toun wes mony wyfe and cheild,
And all the men levand efter the feild;
With mony clerk and preist than of renoun,
And mony wemen of religioun,
And mony burges that war clad in steill, 32,765
The toun that tym that furnest had full weill,

1 In MS. Quhilk.
And forcit had the fowseis and the wall,
At euerie part, and eik the portis all;
With wyne at welth, and victuall at grit south.
The nobill toun that stude on Carroun mouth,
Of policie and plesour in tha daies
Had no compeir, as that my author says,
In Albione of riches and renoun,
Into that tyme exceptand Lundoun toun.

**How King Keneth Come to Camelidone and send to the Toun ane Messinger, and of thair Ansuer agane, and thairefter maid thairto ane grit Assault; and off Trevis takin be the Toun, and syne of thair fals Tressoun; and how the King maid his Vow and wan the Toun of Camelidone rycht valiantlie, and put all the Pechtis to Deid being thair into; and how the Quene of Pechtis staw away and fled in Ingland out of the Toun on the Nycht; and destroycit and kést doun the Wallis of Camelidone for euir and maid End of it.**

This Kenethus quhen he come to that place
Quhail this toun stude, within ane little space,
Vpoun ane plane that la rycht neir Carroun,
His tentis all thair hes he stentit doun,
Quhail tha micht be refreschtit with the flude.
And quhen all thing wes put in ordour gude,
Ane messinger on to the toun he send,
To spy and speir quhat purpois tha pretend.
Giff that tha wald rander the toun him till,
And cum ilkone and put thame in his will;

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1 In MS. he.
Gif tha wald nocht he vowit tha sould haif
Sicliike reward as he gaif all the laif.
All in ane voce, with ane consent and will,
Into that tyme sic anser maid thairtill:
" Traist weill," tha said, "quhill we haif strenth
or [micht]
" Vpoun oure bodie to weir armour bright,
" Or ouir the wallis for to cast ane stone,
" Aman g ws all quhill levand is sic one,
" Or zit hes strenth to beir in hand ane stoure,
" Traist weill," tha said, "it beis neuir gevin ouir,
" For ony chance that efter may befall.
" Far better is we think within this wall
" In oure defence with grit honor to de,
" No in his power levand for to be,
" Sa mony saikles of our blude hes slane;
" Quhairfoir in him we dar neuir traist agane,
" No neuir sall in so cruell ane king;
" As plesis God lat him gyde all that thing."
Quhen this anser wes to Keneth us schawin,
And all thair willis he had hard and knawin,
With bowis big, quhairof thair wes no falt,
All vther thing belonging to ane salt,
Into the tyme that he mycht gudlie get,
Onto the toun richt sone ane seig he set;
And mony fane lute fle attour the wall.
And tha within leit stanis fast doun fall;
With mony slung, quhairwith tha war full sle,
Like fyre fra flynt tha gart the stonis fle.
And tha without vpoun the tother syde,
Into the tyme leit mony ganze glyde,
With felloun force attour the wall that flew,
As it wes said, richt mony ane tha slew.
And thus tha wrocht thir weir men that war
wycht,
Quhill da wes gone and cuming wes the nycht;
Syne on the morn, and mony dais mo,
Continuellie ane lang quhile hes wrocht so,
Qhill tha without fillit the fowseis all,
At thair plesour mycht cum on to the wall,
And sowis maid the wall to wndermynd,
And instrumentis of mony dierss kynd.
Than thawithinquhen thattha saw and knew,
So scharplie than the Scottis thame persew,
Tha tuik trewis, as my author did sa,
To be aduisit on to the thrid da,
Into the tyme gif that tha wald or nocht.
Gif our the tow or gritter skayth wer wrocht.
This Kenethus than glaidlie with gude will,
All thair desyr glaidlie hes grantit till;
Syne gaif command on to the Scottis all,
For till abestne fra seiging of the wall.
At his command, as resoun war and richt,
Tha left the seig and tuke thame rest that nycht.
The citineris that war within the tow,
Subtill and slie and full of fals tressoun,
Rycht quietlie that nycht tha tuke gude keip,
Qhill that the Scottis war rycht sound on sleip,
Into that tyme belevand of na ill.
And quhen tha saw tha wer sua clois and still,
Furth at ane port wes on the water syde,
Rycht quetlie tha ischit in the tyde
Ane greit power buskit in armour brycht;
Syne secreitlie, wnder scilence of nycht,
Onto the camp quhair that the Scottis la,
Tha passit all rycht lang befoir the da.
The wachmen, or euir tha wist, ilkone
War other slane or ellis in handis tone;
Syne with ane schout tha set on and ane cry,
Amang the tentis quhair the laif did ly.
Or euir tha culd arrayit be at rycht,
So mirk it wes withoutin ony licht,
Richt mony Scot, as my author did sa,
Wes slane that nycht in thair camp quhair tha la.
And as the da begouth for to schaw licht,
That euerie on of vther mycht get sicht,
The Pechtis than with all the speid tha hed,
Onto the toun rycht haistelie thame sped;
And or tha mycht ressauit be agane
Within the toun, rycht mony ane wes slane
Befoir the port and put to confusioun;
And in the tyme also had tynt the toun,
War nocht the men stude on the turetis hie,
Maid sic defence with scharp schuting and sle,
With mony ganze that wes grit and lang,
And stonis greit doun of the wall tha slang.
At sick defence tha stude vpoun the wall,
Qhill closit war thair portis ane and all.
Kenethus than gart number all the men
War slane that nicht, the compt of thame to ken,
Syne tald and fand he had sax hundreth slane,
Befoir his ene la deid vpone that plane;
And for that caus maid ane solemnit vow,
And euir he war to traist in or to trow,
Neuir for to leif the seig of that toun,
Qhill it war wyn, distroyit, and put doun;
And all within that tyme, bayth man and wyffe,
Qhill ane of thame wer levand vpon lyffe.
The fals tressoun to him that tha had wrocht,
To thame, he said, it suld be rycht deir bocht.
Sex hundreth men syne effer on ane nycht,
Waillit thairfoir, that war bayth bald and
wycht,
Into ane schaw that wes the toun besyde,
Rycht quietly thir men he hes gart hyde,
With ledderis reddy that war grit and lang,
Attouir the wallis for to clym and gang;
And all that nycht thair still he gart thame byde.
Syne on the morne, vpoun the tother syde,
Gart set ane seig of mony worthie wycht,
Quhilk sailzeit thame rycht scharplie all that nycht.
Syne on the morne ane lytill befoir da,
Thir sax hundreth into the wod that la
Wes neir the toun, rycht quietlie tha staw
With lang ledderis rycht sone attouir the waw;
For tha within that tyme had no beleif,
That ony man than suld presume to preif,
Be ony craft, ingyne, or subtil art,
To seige the toun or salze in that part:
And for that caus the farlescuirtha tuik
To keip that part stude on sa stark ane nuik.
Sum men that tyme tha[t] passit touirthewaw,
Ryacht quyetlie on to ane port tha staw,
Wes closit fast, and no man neir hand by;
The lawe thairout wes reddie within cry,
And tha that tyme that knew rycht weill the gyn,
Opnit the port and lute the laue cum in.
The citineris that faucht vpoun the wall,
Richt suddantlie discendit ane and all,
At sindrie partis quhair tha passit doun,
For to defend the streittis of the toun,
And gatherit all togidder on the gait,
In that beleif thairfoir to mak debait.
Bot all for nocht, thair power wes so small;
With litill force tha war confoundit all,
Syne in the toun war skaillit sone full wyde.
Bayth king and lord commandit in the tyde,
To keip the vow that he had made befoir,
But reuth or mercie other to les or moir
Of Pechtis blude, quhair eurir tha war ouir tane,
Within that toun to sla thame all ilkane.
422 THE BUIK OF THE

The Scottis, quhilk remordit of the trane
Tha maid befoir quhair their fatheris wer slane,
Within their hart it kendiit sick desyre,
Wod as ane wolf, and het as ony fyre,
Ouir all the streittis of the toun tha ran,
Preist or clerk, or zit religious man,

Lib.10,f.159b. And mony wedow that war wo begone,
With their brandis tha britynnit thame ilkone.
The young ladeis that plesand war and fair,
Wringand their handis and ryvand doun their hair,

Col. 1. To heir and se grit pittie wes and harme,
Their naikit babes beirand in their arme;
With brandis bricht that bait thame to the bane,
In pecis small tha hewit thame ilkane.
Religious men and prelatis of renoun,
Bayth preist and clerk that war within that toun,
Monk or freir, or ony of the laue,
Gat no moir girth nor did the leist ane knave.
Into the streit tha la stickit like swyne,
Heir and their be hundretis aucht or nyne:
Als copius their blude ran in the streit,
As ony burne effer ane schour of weft.
Ane rycht lang quhile in sic wodnes tha fuir,
And tuik on thame grit bissines and cuir,
Qhill all the Pechjis in Camelidone
War put to deid that samin da ilkone:
War neuir ane leff their levand in that steid,
To greit ane teir for all the laiffis deid.
The quene of Pechis schort quhile befoir that da
The seige begouth, scho passit furth her wa
Out of the toun rycht quytelie ane nycht,
For dreid of her that men sould get ane sycht,
To ane castell biggit with stane and lyme.

The Madyn Castell callit wes that tyme,
Vpoun ane craig stude in Loudonia,
Qhilik Edinburth is callit at this da.
And quhen scho hard the maner all and how
Camelidone, as I haifsaid to 3ow,
Wes wyn be force, and all war put to deid,
For to be fre out of the Scottis feid,
Tha left the hous richt quyetlie ilkone,
In Ingland syne togidder all ar gone.
Qhen this wes done as I haifsaid 3ow now,
Kenethus than, for to compleit his vow,
The wallis ilk one of Camelidone
On to the erd gart cast thame doun ilkone,
Out of that place or he wald farder pas.
The biggingis all he hes gart burne in ass,
The tempillis als, qhilik war of poleist stone,
In pulvers small gart birne thame euerie one;
Leit nocht remane pertening to that toun,
Vnbrint in ass or ellis cassin doun.
This royall toun sa mony zeiris befoir,
Qhilik had sick riches, honour and grit gloir,
Fra the begynnyng lang and mony zeir,
Distroyit wes as I haif said 3ow heir,
And tynt the name, the honor and the tryne,
Qhilik neuir wes biggit 3it agane sensyne.
Ane ellevin hundreth zeir, als fiftie and one,
Fra the Pechtis come first in Albione,
And of our Lord qhilik wes aucht hundreth zeir,
Threttie and nyne, as I haif raknit heir,
Distroyit wes this nobill foirsaid toun,
And Pechtis tynt bayth thair kinrik and croun:
With sick distruction of the nobill blude,
Of riche and pur, and als of ill and gude,
Syne efterwart, as I fynd in my storie,
Tha war forget full quyte out of memorie,
With euerie man that tyme als clair and clene,
Into this warld as tha had neuir bene.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW THE BISHOPIS STALF TUNE NEIDFYRE
AND BRINT ALL IN HIS HAND; OF GREIT
BATELLIS THAT APPERIT IN THE AIR; OF
LAWIS AND STATUTIS, PEAX AND POLICIE;
AND OF KENETHUS DEPARTING OUT OF THIS
LYFE.

Col. 2. In Albioun, befoirth that samyn 3eir
That all wes done as [I] haif said 3ow heir,
Vpone 3ule da into Camelidone,
Qhair king Drusken with his lordis ilkone
Into the tempill present at the mes,
Solempnitlie quhen it sacreit than wes
With ane bishop in his pontificall,
That tyme his stalf, in presens of thame all,
It tuik neidfyre richt thair into his hand,
Singand the mes that tyme quhair he did stand,
And wald nocht stanche at that tyme for thame all,
Qhill it wes brint all into pouldr small.
Siclyke wes sene, as my author did sa,
Ouir all Pechtland about none of the da,
Quhen that the sone wes schynand fair and brycht,
Into the air richt mony armit knycht,
Strykand ane feild as did to thame appeir,
With greit noyis that hideeous wes till heir,
Qhair mony mony ane tha thocht to deid war dicht;
Syne suddanely all vaneist out of sicht.
Qhat this takynnit I will nocht tell 3ow heir,
Gif 3e wald wit, pas on 3our self and speir:
In sic mater I lyke nocht to remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.
All beand wyn as I haif said 3ow heir,
Still efter that, richt lang and mony 3eir,
This Kenethus, of quhome befoir I spak,
With plesour, peax and policie gart mak,
And was the first, that dar I hardlie sa,
In Albione that had monarchia
Of tua kinrikis, as my author did sa,
Quhilk ȝit siclike ar keipit in this da.
That samyn tyme, quha ȝykis for to luke,
Gude lawis maid, syne wrat thame in a[ne] [buik],
Quhilk vsit ar ȝit in thir samyn dais.
Sone efter syne, as that my author sais,
The bishopis sait be his auctoritie,
Fra Abirnethie translatit hes he,
The quhilk befor that wes ane royall toun
With weir that tyme distroyit and put doun,
To Sanct Androis that standis on the se,
Metropolis of all Scotland to be.
And biggit hes the kirk that tyme far moir,
And far farar nor euir it wes befoir.
Rycht riche fundatioun bayth of kirk and land,
And vestimentis of mony sindrie stand,
With chalice[s] of gold and siluer bricht,
Bayth kirk and queir arrayit hes at rycht,
With tapestrie of mony sindrie hew;
Bayth butt and ben wer all reformit new.
Ane better king, the suith of him quha sais,
In all Europ wes nocht into his dais;
In peax and weir, and in vrbantie,
In godlines and in humanitie,
In fame, in wisdome, and in fortitude,
In manheid, gentres, and in gratitude,
In lautie als and in liberalitie,
In gentres, meiknes, and humanitie,
All other king he did exceed alss far,
As bricht Phebus the bemis of the star.
The tuentie ȝeir syne efter of his ring,
Deprit hes this gude Kenethus king,
With mad murning of euerie man and wyfe,
Baith riche and pur, that levand wer on lyfe.
THE BUIK OF THE

Lib.10 f.160. Our all Scotland for him tha maid grit mone,
To Iona Yle syne till his graif hes gone.

HOW DONALDUS, KING KENETHUS BRuther,
EFTER HIS DECEIS WES CROWNIT KING OF
SCOTTIS, AND OF HIS VITIUS LYFE.

Ane litill quhile efter his departing,
Donald his bruther crownit than wes king;
Of kin and blude suppois tha war so nar,
Of condtioun tha differit than richt far.
This ilk Donald, in all his tyme wes he
Infecit far with foull faminitie,
Sleipand in sleuth, as ony sow als sueir,
His plesour wes of hurdome ay to heir;
Vnsaturabill als of gulositie,
In meit and drink, and sleip also wes he
Inmensurabill and out of temperance.
I can nocht tell zow all the circumstance
Of his vices; thocht I sould walk a zeir,
Ouir litill war for to rehers thame heir.
Quhairof displesit wes the men of gude,
And erast tha [wes] of the eldest blude,
Dreidand full soir the vices of their king.
Als[o] with him ane counsell had so zing,
Qhilk had no knawledge mair no had ane kow,
Bot eit and drink, and fill the bellie fow,
Sould efterwart, quhen it wes war to mend,
Bring all thair werkus to ane wickit end.
And so it wes within les no four zeyir;
And how it hapnit tak tent and ze sal heir.

1 In MS. his.
How the rest of the Pechtis that war fled in Ingland desyrit help of Osbre, King of Ingland, to reskew thair landis agane; quha come with ane greit armie and power of Britis and Saxonis aganis the Scottis, and the Scottis siclyke aganis thame with greit power.

As ze haif hard, the Pechtis les and moir Distroyit war with Kenethus befoir, Except waill few that fled war in Ingland, Into this tyme amang thame wer duelland, Quhen that tha knew and hard tell of that thing, So far misgydit wes the Scottis king, And mony lord als weill that tyme as he Infectit wes with his infirmitie, And of thair king tha stude so litill aw, The land also without justice or law, Tha thocht that tyme wes than rycht oportunity For to compleit the thing tha wald haif done. Till Osbretus, of Ingland king tha dais, Tha passit all with ane consent and sais, Gif it war pleasure to his majestie, To thame that tyme to [mak] help and supple, Thair kinrik haill agane for to reskew, Scottis fra thame reft laitlie of the new, And had thair king and all thair lوردis slane. Wald he, tha said, of his gude grace agane, Expell the Scottis out of ilk regioun, And in thair saittis set thame all fre doun, Ilk zeir of thame, quhilk sould nocht be to crave, Ane greit tribut in heretage sould haue; And tha sould hald him for thair lord and king, At his command obey him in all thing.
This ilk Osbret thairof wes weill content,
And suddantlie that to gaif his consent;
With Illa than of West Saxone wes king,
And Britis als for that same caus and thing.
At thairof countall he wrocht that tyme alhaill,
And causit [thame] thairof to tak thairof daill.
Syne etterwart, with grit power and micht
Of Brit and Saxone into armour bright,
Ane large ost quhilk wes of lenthe and breid,
Rycht sone that tyme tham passit all ouir Tueid,
Within the land that samyn tyme that la,
Quhilk callit is now Tiuidaill this da.
This Osbret syne ane seruand send in hy
To king Donald, and bad him suddanely
For to remoif out of the Pechtis landis,
And all the strenthis also in his handis
For to resigne in his handis agane;
And wald he nocth, he leit him wit in plane,
That he sould sone, and all that multitude,
Invaid his landis bayth with fyre and blude.
Quhilk Donald than sic terrour tuke.
That he durst nother scantlie speik nor luke;
And in the tyme for nothing did provyde,
Seikand ane hoill quhair that he mycht him hyde;
Quhill that the lordis causit him on force
To tak the feild than bayth on fit and hors,
With all the power in the tyme tha hed,
Or doustles than this ilk Donald had fed.
That samyn tyme thairof semblit in his sycht,
Bennis full bald all into armour brycht,
With grit power that come furth of the North,
And passit syne all ouir the water of Forth,
Withoutin tarie other nycht or da,
Quhill that tha come quhair that Osbretus la
Vpoun ane plane wes neirby Jedburgh toun.
Tha lichtit thairof and set thairof carrage doun,
And la thair still to rest thame thair that nycht;
Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,
The Scottis all, that waponis dochto weild,
Arrayit thame and gaif this Osbret feild.


The Scottis than, the quhilk war nocht to leir
Of all pratik and policie in weir;
Expert tha war thair bayth of les and moir,
With Kenethus tha had sic vse befoir;
At the first counter in the feild tha maid,
Burdonis all brak, and mony scheildis braid
With swordis scharpe war schorne all in schunder,
And mony breist maid bludie that wes wnder;
And mony knycht wes killit throw the cors,
La deid that da walterand wnder his hors,
And mony grume la gruiflingis on the grund,
But ony bute, with mony bludie wound.
The Scottis war so crwell in that tyde,
This Osbretus doucht na langar to byde;
With all the speid in[to] the tyme he hed,  
Onto ane hill out of the feild he fled.  
Syne all his men sone efter at the last,  
Out of the feild tha followit him rycht fast,  
Vp and doun in mony sindrie place.  
The Scottis than fast followit on the chace,  
And in the chace their wes alss mony slane,  
As in the feild qubair tha faucht on the plane.  
Syne on the morne, to euerie man and cheild,  
Distribute hes the spulȝe of the feild;  
Thair passage maid syne all to Tuedis mouth,  
Qhahir mony schip war cumand fra the South,  
And in ane hevin arryvit be the se,  
With wyne and victuall in greit quantitie;  
With gold and riches, and all vther geir  
That neidfull war to haif in tyme of weir.  
The Scottis men with lytill Prattik than,  
Or euir tha wist, tha schippis all tha wan.  
That samyn tyme gart lois thame all ilkone,  
Bayth wyne and victuallis out of thame hes tone,  
And all the gold and all the siluer bricht;  
Ane equall part syne gaif to euerie wicht.  
Syne euery da tha drank of that same wyne,  
With sic exces als drunkin as ane swyne;  
Ilk da by da in sic gulositie,  
That horribill wes other to heir or se;  
In dansing, drinking, putting all thair cuir,  
In cumpany with mony commoun huir,  
Ilk nycht with thame amang thair palȝonis la,  
But dreid or schame quhill on the morne wes da;  
And specially this ilk Donald the king  
Of all the lave wes foulllest of sic thing;  
As brutell beistis takand appetye,  
In venerie putting thair haill delyte,  
Withoutin schame or dreid of God betuene.  
Within schort quhile sone efter so wes sene,
This king Osbret, quhilk hard of all this thing,
Of the misgyding of Donald the king
And his young lordsis that tyme quhair tha la,
With new power sone efter on ane da,
In all the haist that he mycht hidder wend,
To ony Scot or that sic thingis war kend;
Qhilk in the tyme tuke lytill tent thairtill,
Lyke brutell beistis takand ay thair will,
Out of beleif of ony battell moir,
Tha war so proud of victorie befoir;
Vpoun ane nycht quhen tha war all rycht fow
Of michtie wyne, and sleiping lyke ane sow,
And gone to bed and falling sound on sleip;
The watchmen that ordand war to keip
The ost that nycht, that it sould tak na skayth,
Tha war so drunkin and so sleipry bayth,
To walk that tyme no power had no mycht,
Bot tuke thair bed and sleipit all that nycht;
Amang thame all wes nother watche nor spy.
This king Osbret, rycht lang befoir the sky
Vpone the morne or he culd ken the da,
Amang the palzeon sleipand quhair thaila,
He enterit in rycht stoutlie in that steid,
And all the tentis stude aboue thair heid,
Cuttit the cordis into pecis small,
And leit the tentis doun vpoun thame fall.
With brandis bricht quhilk war of mettell fyne,
Qhail thaila drunkin as ony swyne,
Out of thair bed had no power to steir,
Tha bar[t]nit thame lyke ony bludie deir.
Quha had bene thair that tyme for [till] haue sene
Sa mony berne la granand on the grene,
Bulrand in blude, makand ane hiddeous beir,
Ouir all the oist that petie wes till heir.
The bludie bouchouris quhilk that war so bald,
That tyme thaila sparit nother young no ald;
Quhill tha had power for to stryke or stand,
Tha bart nit thame with mony awfull brand,
Into thair bed than naikit quhair tha la.
Of this mischance quhat suld I to zow sa?
I trow of Troy quhen takin wes the toun,
And all the Trojanis put to confusioun,

So foul slaughter with sic crudelitie,
So horribill als without humanitie,
Wes nocht committit, I dar suithlie sa,
In Troy that tyme as wes zonder that da.
Nakit and bair; without ony clais,

Out of thair [bed] tha slew thame as thais.
Sum heid, sum hals, had hakkit all in sunnder,
Sum breist, sum bellie, and bowellis brak out
[under];
Sum gat ane bat that breissit all thair bonis,
Quhill all thair bowellis brissit out atonis;
Sum with ane culmische clevin to the belt,
Quhill livar and lungis, modereid and melt,
Boldin and brist, and bruschit on the grene;
Sum out-throw the spald and sum out-throw the
splene;
And sum the arme had fra the schulder sched,

And vther sum la bludie all forbled,
And sum on groufe la granand on the grene;
So sorrowful sycht befoir wes neurir sene.
For tuentie thousand, or the da wes licht,
Without defence tha murdreist that same nycht.
The king Donald thair sleipand quhair he la,
In handis tane, syne nakit led awa;

And mony zoong lord in that samin tyme,
Out of thair bed tane sleipand lyke ane swyne.
Rycht few or nane chaipit thair than that da,

Bot he throw speid that passit saif awa.
This bead done as ze haiff hard this tyde,
This king Osbret the spulze gart diuyde.
Rycht equallie to euerie man wes thair,
Efter his stait to all man les and mair.
Syne passit fordwart to Loudonia,
Siclike the Britis on to Gallowa,
But ony stop that tym es zit ganestand,
At thair plesour possessit all that land.
Thaboucheouris bald sa brodin wer of blude,
Young or ald, schortlie to conclude,
Preist or clerk gat nither girth nor grace;
Quhome tha ouirtuik in ony toun or place,
Seik nor sair that tym gat no remeid,
Like doggis all tha dang thame to the deid.
This king Osbret than weildit at his will
All on to Forth, wes\(^1\) no ganestand thairtill,
At his plesour at grit lasar and lenth,
Baith toun and tour, with ilk castell and stren[th].
Siclyke the Britis, on the samin syde,
Hes conquerist all on to the water of Clyde,
But ony stop that tym e zit ganestand,
And tane the strentsis all in thair awin hand.
The Scottis than that levand war on lyf,
Tha[t] chaipit had out of that stour and stryfe,
Efter lang murning and rycht havie mane,
Bayth man and wyfe hes maid sa lang ilkane,
Into all partis our all bayth far and neir,
That I list nocht now for to tell zow heir.
For and I wald, thairof I wait rycht weill,
Suppois that thi hart wer hard as ony steill,
That it wald brek and all [in] pecis clewe,
For te heir tell thair murning and mischewe.
Sen that the pane the plesour dois exeed,
Now at this tym e other to heir or reid,
Of sic talking no moir now I will tell;
Tak tent and heir quhat efter syne befell.

\(^1\) In MS. hes.
Quhen that thà hard how Osbret in the North,
With all his power thocht to pas our Fyrth,
In that intent syne efterwart in Fyffe,
For to distroy bayth man, barne and wyfe,
In Loutheane siclike as he had done;
The Scottis than heirand thair of rycht sone,
Than every man that mycht ane burdoun bair,
And euerilk lad also bayth les and mair,
And euerilk one ane wapin docht to weild,
On fit and hors tha come all to the feild,
In that intent all on ane da to die,
Out of that dreid or to deliuerit be.
Than king Osbret, quhen he hard it wes so,
Deliuerit hes no farder for till go,
Of thair gadderings sic aw he stude and dreid;
Far mair that tyme I trowth ane had he neid;
Traistand thair power wes of so greit vaill.
Syne quhen he knew the veritie alhaill,
It wes nocht so, as ane traitour him tald,
Than in his breist he grew moir hie and bald.
Ten thousand men in schipping to the North,
He furneist hes attour the water of Fyrth;
Throw auenture that tyme in wynd and wall,
On the South coist thair war tha pereist all;
Fywe thousand men war suckin be the sand,
With grit vneis the lawe come to the land,
Bursin and boldin ilkane lyke ane taid,
Throw grit travell in wynd and wall thà maid.
Of wickitnes and grit crudelitie
God quit thame than of his auctoritie,
Withoutin straik other of swerd or knyfe,
That da sa mony loisit hes the lyfe.
Quhen Osbret knew how all the maner wes,
To Striuiling brig tuke purpois for to pas,
Agane the streme no moir than wald he stryve,
To Striuiling brig syne passit hes belyve.
In that same place, as that my author wrytis, 33,340
Convenit hes togidder with the Brytis,
And everilky one syne schew till vther sone,
Into thair travell how that tha had done,
And syne take purpoist to pas to the North,
With mort battell attour the water of Forth.
Syne as tha war neir reddy for to wend, 33,345
That samin tymne ane oratour wes send
Fra the Scottis, with credence for to trow,
Qihilk said to him as I sall sa to zow.
"O king Osbret, ar thow nocht zit content
"Of sic honour as God hes to the sent," 33,350
"As plesis him, and nothing throw thi mycht,
"No zit thi streneth, thi power or thi richt?"
"Bot most of all for our misgouerance,
"Qihilk plesit him to send to ws sic chance,
"As wes decretit be him self in hevin; 33,355
"For we no way cucld hald the ballance evin.
"Thairfoir greit God to our damage and skayth,
"To puneis ws and for to preve zow bayth,
"Nocht for zour gude, bot erar for grit ill,
"Sic victorie this tymne hes send zow till. 33,360
"Befoir," he said, "sum tyme we war als hie
"Vpoun the quheill siclike as now ar ze,
"And heiar als ascending to sic hicht;
"Beacaus that we considderit nocht the rycht,
"Qihiln we war grittest of auctoritie, 33,365
"Misknawand God that set ws up so hie,
"Or euir we wist, he maid ws law to lycht
"To grit mischeif rycht far doun fra the hycht.
"Qihiln men ar weill that tymne is to be war,
"And lippin nocht in fals Fortoun ouir far; 33,370
"Be sic exempill as my self hes sene,
"Quha dois nocht, it' sall him turne to tene.
"Thairfoir," he said, "considder how it standis,
"Sen God hes put sic honour in zour handis,
"And victorie at his plesour and will,
"Nocht for na thank that ze haif done hym till,
"Or worthie ar of him to haif sic thing,
"Bot principalie for to puneische our king,
"And his lieges siclike all for his saik.
"Traist weill," he said, "sen God can do the maik
"Onto zour self and he find caus thairto,
"As weill I traist sone efter he sall do
"And [ze] proceid to put zour self in perrell,
"Incontrar ws in quhome ze haif no querrell;
"Quhairthow ze ma sone crab his majestie,
"For to proceid with sic crudelitie.
"For mercie is aboue his work and mycht,
"And but mercie thair can no erthlie wycht
"Posses the gloir that he is ordand till.
"Thairfoir," he said, "than sen it is Godis will,
"In sic distres ay mercie for to haif,
"This tyme at zow na vther thing we crave,
"Bot grant ws peax with the skayth we haif tane,
"Thairfoir redres at zow we sall ask nane,
"In tyme to cum and ze will lat ws be,
"As we war wont with oure awin libertie.
"Or traist ze weill we sall our strenthis preve,
"Quhairin this tyme we haif ane grit believe,
"The hand of God ws puneist hes so soir,
"Is satisfeit and will noch snyte no moir.
"And sen he hes now gottin his desyre,
"Thairfoir we traist his malice and his yre
"Is stanchit now of his mercie and grace,
"And he agane sall turne till ws his face.
"Also," he said, "no honour is to the,
"So puri pepill in sic miseritie

1 In MS. az.
"For to oppress, considerand how it standis,
"Sen that thow hes oure king into thi handis,
"And lordis als sould mak remeid thairtill;
"Quhairfoir," he said, "now gif it be thi will, 33,410
"Of this desyre thi anser I wald haif,
"Nocht ellis now at this tyme I will crawe."
When this wes said befoir thame all in plane,
This wes the anser that he gat agane:
Efter thair counsell lang into sic thing, 33,415
Decretit wes be Osbretus thair king,
With manlie vult and with ane voce so cleir:
"Gude freind," he said, "we haif considderit heir
"To graunt zow peax, bot no way for zour rycht;
"Thocht we this tyme of oure power and
mycht,
"At oure plesour agane zow ma proceid,
"Without ganestand of zow or ony dreid,
"Sit neuirtheles, gif lykis zow but leis,
"Of this conditoun we will grant zow peice.
"Sua that zow will gif ouir alhaiil the landis, 33,425
"That we and Britis hes now into our handis,
"Withoutin clame beond the water of Forth,
"And zow in peice to bruik the laue benorth;
"The Britis merchis for to be at Clyde,
"And Alcluth1 als vpoun the tother syde, 33,430
"To gif to thame of thair auctoritie,
"Fra that tyme furth Dunbritane callit to be;
"And so proceidand fra the West se bank, 33,435
"On to the Eist with richt gude will and thank.
"The water of Forth also we will that be
"Fra this da furth callit the Scottis se;
"And tuentie thousand of gude money alsua,
"Zeirlie to ws of tribut for to pa;
"And to observer thir thingis I alledge
"Sixtie zyung lordis to be laid in pledge; 33,440

1 In MS. Alchof.
"And that no Scot sall cum into oure land,
Without oure leif, licence and command;
And gif he do, now kennand how it standis,
"Baith lyfe and gude sall bayth be in our handis;
And pleis ze noch as I haif said 3ow heir, 33,445
"Cum nocht agane ma tydenis for to speir."

HOW THE ORATOUR SCHEW HIS ANSUE, AND OF ANGUS LORD CALLIT CULENUS.

The oratour with his deliuerance
Is passit hame, and all the circumstance
Ilk word by word he schew to thame agane,
The hail report in wordis that war plane. 33,450
Quhairof that tyme tha war rychte euill content,
And mony said, or tha gaif thair consent
To lois thair land and tyne thair libertie,
All on ane da far erar tha sould de.
And vther sum, that louit peax and rest,
Tha said agane that counsall wes nocht best;
That force it wes for to consent thame till,
And at this tyme to brek far of thair will,
Or than dispone bayth honour, lyfe and landis,
In greit perrell into thair1 fais handis. 33,460
Ane weill lang quhile into sic stryfe tha stude,
Quhill at the last ane nobill man of gude,
Of Angus lord, Culenus hecht to name,
Fra Bar wes send that tyme of greit fame;
Of quhomer befoir I schew 3ow in his tyme, 33,465
As ze ma fynd in meter and in ryme,
His nyne sonnis, that worthie war and wycht,
With king Donald war all slane on ane nycht;
Him self that tyme wes ancient and ald.
This Culenus, of quhomer befoir I tald, 33,470
With his counsall he send him to the laue,
Befoir thame all this counsall he thame gau.

1 In MS. owre.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW CULENUS, LORD OF ANGUS, GAIF COUNSALL TO THE SCOTTIS TO TAK PEAX.

"Sen to show all it knawin is full richt,
"Sum tyme the Romanis of sic strenth and micht,
"Of sick power, sic puissance and sic pryde,
"Qubilk lordis war of all this warld wyde,
"In Gallowa befoir Galdusoure king,
"Tha thocht na schame, ze ken full weill that thing,
"Quhen it stude thame in sic necessitie,
"Rycht laulie thair befoir on thair kne,
"With piteous voce than peax at him tha crave,
"With quhat conditioun plesit him to have.
"Sen tha," he said, "thocht nother lak no schame
"To ask sic peax, to ws is lytill blame
"Now at this tyme to ask at thame sic thing,
"Sen that we ar withoutin prince or king.
"Considder als this tyme how it standis,
"Bayth king and lordis ar all into thair handis;
"Also this tyme oure power is so small,
"That scantlie now thair is amang ws all
"Fyve thousand men that waponis dow to weild,
"Or zit hes strenth to stryke in ony feild;
"Bot boy and barne, as ze zour self ma se,
"And agit men in richt small quantitie,
"But hors and harnes, and all vther geir
"That neidfull is vpoun thair cors to weir;
"Qubilk hes no strenth intill ane stour to stand,
"Na dow to weild ane wapin with thair hand.
"Full eith it is sic catiues to ouricum,
"In sic distres will baith grow deif and dum.
"Knew I," he said, "that we had strenth or mycht,
"Or zit power for to debait oure rycht,
"Or I this tyme thair myndis suld fufill,
"I suld be fornest that da with gude will."
Quhair that we mycht debait ws with our e handis.

Bot now," he said, "ze se weill how it standis;
Our power is this tyme brokin so far,
" Thairfoir," he said, "or dreed that we do war,
" My counsall is, gif thame this tyme thair will;
" Peraduenture we may cum eftter till
" So gude ane tyme, thocht it be now vnknavin,
" With litill maistrie to redemeoure awin.
" Moir manlie is for to vnschew ane perrell,
" Thocht thow haif neuir so gude ane querrell,
" No for to fecht quhen all the warld ma se
" Thow hes no power partie for to be.
" Full hardines, quhilk neuir had zit gude chance,
" Cumis alway of ill considerance;
" And fals presumptioun, cumis of thame bayth,
" Oft in this warld hes done rycht mekle skayth.

" Thairfoir," he said, "considder zour awin mycht
" And thair streththis, suppois ze haif the rycht,
" Is no compair with thame for to mak stryfe,
" Without to thame ze wald offer zour lyfe.
" Grit harme it war and so hapnit to b e;
" Aduise zow now, for I haif said for me."

---

**How the Scottis consentit to Peax, and of King Donaldis Deliuerance.**

To this counsall consentit euerie man;
No contradicitioun wes amang thame than.
Ane legat syne send to Osbretus king,
For to convoy and compromit all thing.
With tha conditionis peax tha maid, and band
With letteris braid subscriuit with thair hand;
Syne pledgis tuik, and king Donald hame send,
And all the laue quhair plesit thame to wend.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW KING OSBRET DIUYDIT THE CONQUEST LAND BETUIX SAXONIS AND BRITIS.

Quhen this was done as I haif said this tyde, 33,535
This Osbretus garte equallie diuyde
The conquest land betuix Saxonis and Britis,
For to compleit the first promit and writis.
The landis all, quhilk war baith lang and wyde,
Fra Cumbria onto the water of Clyde, 33,540
And the West se to Striuiling so inwart,
The Britis gat tha landis to thair part.
Syne all the laif without stop or ganestand,
Fra Forth so South onto Northumberland, 33,545
And fra Striuiling straucht on to the Eist se,
This king Osbret wnto his part gart he,
And of Stirling the strait castell of stane,
Wes cassin doun bot schort quhile bigane
In to the weiris, as my author me schew;
And he agane gart big it of the new. 33,550

HOW KING OSBRET STRAUK THE STIRLING MONEY AND GART BIG THE BRIG OF STIRLING, AND OF ANE STANE CROSS SET THAIR VPONE, AND HOW THE PECHTIS STAW OUT OF INGLAND IN Lib.10,£.162.

DENMARK, AND OF KING DONALDIS VICIUS COL. 1.

LYFFE AND END.

And in that castell that tyme causit he
The Striuiling money for to strickin be,
Quhilk efter Striuiling beris zit that name,
As knawin is be commoun voce and fame.
That tyme on Forth thair wes ane brig of tre, 33,555
But pend or piller, vpone trestis hie,
Quhair he that tyme ane mekle better brig,
With pend and pillar of stane and lyme gart big,
Attour the watter in that tyme wes set,
Of thre kingis quhairat the merchis met, 33,560
Of Scotland, Ingland, and of Britis als.
For mair effect that this thing wes nocht fals,
Into the place quhairat the merchis met,
Vpone the brig ane croce of stane tha set;
In Latin syne, qua lykis to rehers, 33,565
Vpone the croce wer gravin thir same vers:
Anglos\(^1\) a Scotis separat\(^2\) crux ista\(^3\) remotis;
Arma hic stant Bruti; stant Scoti hac sub cruce
tuti.\(^4\)

Qhilk is to sa in our langage perqueir,
Of Scot and Brit standis the armis heir, 33,570
And Ingland als, vpone this corce of stane,
Qhair metis now thair merchis all ilkane.
The puir Pechtis quhen that tha kend and knew,
Thir thre kingis so cordit of the new
With so grit peax, syne delt hes all thair
lands
Amang thame thre, than seand how it standis
The Ingliismen, thair freindis war befoir,
Ourschot thame than with mekle bost and schoir,
Forget freindschip and held thame ay at feid,
And euerilk day imaginand thair deid; 33,580
And for that caus, the maist part of thame aw
Rycht quietlie than out of Ingland staw,
And passit syne in Denmark ane and all,
For thair begouth thair first originall,
And in that land amang thame did remane. 33,585
To king Donald now will I turne agane.
Efter the tyme sone of his cuming hame,
Qhen passit wes the murmour, and the schame.

\(^1\) In MS. Angalos.
\(^2\) In MS. separat.
\(^3\) In MS. est a.
\(^4\) In MS. tali.
Of his mischance forgot we and laid down;
For wonder lestis bot nyne nycht into town;
But schame or dreed, as my author did sa,
Grew war and war the langar euerie da,
With ma faltis na euir he had befoir,
Inressand euir the langar ay the moir.
And in that tyme so mekill wrang wes wrocht,
That all the kinrik put doun wes to nocht,
With grit discord and spilling of grit blude,
And erast ay amang the men of gude.
Quhairof the nobillis war displesit far;
Or dreed efter rycht sone it suld be war,
This king Donald in handis tha haif tane,
Syne with consent of all the lordis ilkane,
Tha haif gart put hym in ane presoun strang,
Quhair he that tyme remanit nocht rycht lang;
Him awin self, and my author be trew,
That samin tyme in the presoun he slew.
The saxt zeir quhilk wes than of his ring,
So endit he this ilk Donaldus king.

HOW CONSTANTyne, THE SONE OF KING KENETHUS,
EFTER THE DEITH OF DONALD WES CROWNIT
KING IN SCONE, AND OF HIS WISDOME AND
STATUTIS AGANIS VICE.

Efter the deith than of this ilk Donald,
This Kenethus of quhrome befoir I tald,
Quhilk in his tyme sic honour wan and fame,
Ane sone he had hecht Constantyne to name,
That samin tyme into ane place hecht Scone,
Wes crownit king vpone the marbell stone,
The quhilk his father of befoir schort quhile,
On to that place had brocht out of Argyle.
Syne on ane know, that wes bayth round and hie,
In that same place zit standis still to se,
That stane wes set vpone ane deis conding,
And in that place thair crownit wes the king,
Into the taikin of victorie and gloir,
That he had wyn into that place befoir.
This Constantyne, quhilk wes wyiss and expert,
Rycht hevelie he buir into his hart
The grit ourthraw and thirling of his ring,
With sic subjectioun of Osbretus king,
And of the Britis so abhominabill,
To him all tymes wes so implorabill.
And for that caus, with all power and mycht,
His purpois wes for to redeeme his rycht,
Askand counsell be haill auctoritie
Of his lordis, with thair help and supple.
And tha agane sic ansuer gaif him till,
Sayand, tha wald rycht hartlie with gude will,
In ony thing quhen tymes wes oportune,
Quhen lefullie that sic thing mycht be done.
Bot than, tha said, thair strenthis wer so small,
With sic discord amang his lordis all,
And so ill reule wes than ouir all his ring;
Onto the tymes reformit war sic thing
With wyiss counsell, at grit laser and lenth,
And recreat agane als war thair strength,
Sic thing, tha said, than mycht nocht weill be done.
This Constantyne, syne efter that rycht sone,
Ane generall counsell haistelie gart call
Into ane place quhair tha convenit all.
With thair consent and counsell he gart mak,
Wes necessar, rycht mony gudlie act,
Rycht profittabill for the commoun weill.
The first it wes, als far as I haif feill,
That no kirkman suld haif auctoritie,
No zit tak cuir in temporalitie;
Bot vse his office as ane man of kirk,
No seruiall werkis with his handis wirk;
Als on his corss na armour for till beir,
No zit waponis that mycht do ony deir;
And euerie kirkman also of his rent,
Efter his stait suld hald him weill content.
Quhat euir he wes that keipit nocht command,
Sould puneist be and pay ane opin pand.
Siclyke that tyme forbiddin wes exces
Of meit and drink, till all man moir and les,
Without he war within ȝouthheid ane cheild;
Riche or pur that wes of lauchfull eild,
Commandit war gude temperance to keip
In meit and drink, with sobernes in sleip,
Anis ilk da for to refreshit be,
But gredines or zit gulositie:
Pluralitie of meit and drink siclike,
Forbiddin wes bayth for puriand ryke;
All fedder beddis forbiddin wes also,
But bed or bowster to lig on the stro,
With litill happing, nocht to ly our warme,
That neidfull war to keip thair corpis fra harme;
Wnder the pane of lyfe and als of land,
Quhat euir he war that maid ony ganestand.
Syne efter that, within ane litill quhile,
Tha left thair vices that war vane and vyle,
And vasit hes tha lawis war maid new,
And to greit vertew and perfectioung grew.
Quhair thawar wont affaminat to be,
And gredie gluttonis with gulositie,
All tymel but wisdome, full of negligence,
Sleuthfull and sueir, withoutin diligence;
Now ar tha maid als bissie as ane be,
Walkryfe and war, with greit agelitie;
Detestand all the vices les and moir,
In quhome tha had sa grit plesour befoir;
And so perfítlie in that stait tha stude,
That wonder wes in ony man of gude.
To find ane falt quhair on that men mycht plențe,
Without of him rycht falslie he did feinție.
Bot lang sic lyfe may nocht lest for invy :
Harkin and heir how hapnit syne for-thi.

HOW ANE LORD CALLIT EWENUS, WITH ¹ CERTANE
LORDIS OF HIS FACTIOUN, REBELLIT AGANIS
KING CONSTANTYNE AND HIS STATUTIS, QUHA
WAS TANE AND HANGIT AND THE LORDIS OF
HIS PARTIE PUT IN PRESOUN.

Ane young greit nobill in the samin quhile,
Ewenus hecht, wes lord of ane grit yle;
Of meit and drink rycht delicat wes fed,
Bayth warme and soft, and costlie wes his bed;
He said, the man ane fuill wes to profes,
Withoutin neid wald tak him self sic stres,
Or sla him self withoutin ony caus;
Full lychtlie than he lett of all tha lawis.
The lordis all that duelt into the Ylis,
He tretit thame with mony subtill wylis,
In Ross, in Catnes, and in Lochquhabria,
In Murraland, and mony vtheris ma,
That is nocht neidfull at this tyme to tell,
He causit thame agane the king rebell,
And disobey his lawis and commandis;
And schupe also on him for to la handis,
Decretit wes rycht haistelie and sone,
And quyetlie quhen tyme wes oportune.
Sone eftter that quhen all this thing wes schawin
To Constantyne, be freindis of his awin,
Quhairfoir rycht sone, or that the word sould spreid,
With greit power rycht suddantlie him speid

¹ In MS. with aye.
On to Ewone, into Lochquhabria,
Quhair that Ewenus in the castell la,
And all the lordis that wer of his band,
In company than reddyt at command.
This kingis cuming wes to thame vnknawin,
So secreit wes, be no man it wes schwawin.
Quhill on the nycht, unwittand quhair tha la,
He set ane seig about the houss or da,
With litill force the houss that tyme he wan,
And tuke thame furth that wes thairin ilk man.
Syne this Ewenus for his mekle wrang,
Vpone ane gallous maid him thair to hang;
And all the laif that war thair of his gard,
He put ilkone into ane sindrie ward,
Quhill he war weilladuysitin sic thing,
Of thair punitioun and thair pane conding.
For this rebell he fand rycht sone remeid;
Grit stabilies syne maid in euirilk steid,
And put his kirk in gude peax and rest.
Tranquillitie, the quhilk no tyme will lest,
Wes changit sone to trubill and grit wo,
Within schort quhile that thame wes all ago.

How the Pechtis that fled out of Ingland
Purchest Supple fra Gadanus, King of
Denmark, quha send his tua brether
Hungar and Hubba in Scotland with ane
greit armie.

In Denmark than thair wes ane rycht riche king,
Of land, lordschip, gold, siluer and all thing;
Ane man he wes of grit honour and fame,
Gadanus als wes callit to his name.
That samin tyme the Pechtis les and moir,
Out of Ingland that fled had of befoir
Into Denmark, tha passit to the king,
Beseikand him of his gude grace bening,
That he wald mak thame sum help and supple
Agane the Scottis war but humanitie,
Had reft fra thame thair kinrik and thair croun,
And put thame self all to confusioun.
Withoutin mercie in greit miseritie,
Sen tha war all of ane genelogie,
Cumd of ane blude richt mony da ago.
This Gadanus, quhen he hard him sa so,
His tua brether of grit auctoritie,
Hungar and Hubba, into thair supple
He furneist hes thame with ane navin large.
Of carvell, craik, with mony bark and barge,
And thretie thousand in thair cumpany;
Tha tuik thair leif and passit to the se.
Lord Eolus maid thame no stop no stryfe,
Bot with grit faavour brocht thame sone in Fyfe;
Quthair that th set thair schippis to ane sand,
Syne with thair boittis passit all to land,
Quthair th la still als lang tyme as th list,
With grit injure, for none mycht thame resist.
With thame that tyme so greit power th had,
That all the folk for feirdnes fra thame fled.
That pagane pepill that war wnbaptist,
Rycht grit injure did to the kirk of Christ;
Of preist and clerk, and men of religioun,
Rycht mony than tha put to confusioun.

How the Kirkmen fled into the Yle of May,
and thair [wer] marterit but Remeid be the Danis, and how King Constantyne come to Fyffe, and of the Stryfe that fell amang the Scottis.

Into that tyme tha tuke of thame sic fray,
Tha fled all fast into the Yle of May,
Within the se, in ane religious place; 33,775
Trowand that tyme thair to get girth and grace,
Greit confuence into that place did fie.
Thir cankerit cut-throttis of crudelitie,
Tha followit thame within ane litill space
Onto the yle, syne in that samin place,
For Christis saik tha sufferit all the deid, 33,780
And marteris maid withoutin ony remeid.
Of quhome the names remainis in memorie,
Rycht mony zit as I find in my storie:
Sanct Audreane of maist auctoritie,
Of Sanct Androis the bishop than wes he,
And Monanus the archidene of the same,
And Glodanus als meik as ony lam,
Stobrandus als and Gayws wes his feir,
And mony mo I can nocht tell the heir.
All Scottis men tha war into thadais,
Gif it be suith heir that my author sais;
Thairsfoir me think rycht far tha do bot varie,
That sais tha Sanctis come furth of Hungarie;
Quhair euir tha come tha wer rycht halie men,
Efter thair deid be thair miracles we ken.
In this mater I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.
This Constantyne efter that he hard tell,
How that thir freikis furius and fell,
Infernall feindis, fais of halie kirk,
Within this warld so wranguslie did wirk,
Rycht stoutlie than, but ony stop or stryfe,
With mony freik he fuir that tyme in Fyffe;
And fand the Danis syne vpoun ane da,
Into ane place togidder quhair tha la,
On euerilk syde vpone the water of Levin;
Quhen sic ane schour discendit fra the hevin,
Qhilik causit hes the water for to grow
So greit that tyme, with furdis deip and how,
That nane that tyme mycht wyn ouir to ane
vther,
Hungar to Hubba, nor Hubba to his bruther.
This Constantyne, with grit power of pryde,
His men arrayit on this samin syde
Quhair Hubba la, and gaif him feild in hy,
Quhair mony berne vpoun his bak did ly;
And mony burdoun brokin wes betuene,
And mony grume la granand on the grene.
The doggit Danis, suppois that tha war dour,
The kene Scottis hes maid thame law to lour,
And quit thame weill, for all thair bost and
schoir,
Of grit injure tha did in Fyfe befoir.
Thocht tha war bald tha mycht no langer byde;
Rycht mony than fled to the watter syde
For to pas ouir, syne all into that flume
Tha drownit ilkone becaus tha culd nocht swym.
This ilk Hubba that culd that craft perqueir,
With leg and armes bayth to row and steir,
Saiflie he swame ouir to the tother syde,
Quhair Hungar than his bruther did abyde;
Quhilk of his cuming that tyme wes rycht fane.
To Constantyne now will I turne agane,
The quhilk that tyme wes blyth as ony be,
And all the laif so prydefull war and hie
Of victorie that tha had wyn that da,
Trowand no moir, as my author did sa,
Of thame agane to get battell or feild.
In that beleif bayth lad, man and cheild,
Tha tuik na cuir to ordour to array,
Bot sang and drank and dansit all the day.
Siclyke that nicht, quhill on the tother morne,
With mony blast of bugill and of horne,
And all that da with grit glaidnes and glew,
Dansit and sang, and mony trumpet blew;
Traistand that tyme quhen that the flude war 33,845

fawin,
Withoutin straik that all sould be thair awin.
Tha socht the fische rycht far befoir the net,
Qhilk causit [thame] the les gardone to get.
About Hubba and his bruther Hungar,
Amang thame self discordit than rycht far, 33,850
As tha had baith that tyme bene in thair handis;
Sum bad bynd and hald him fast in bandis;
And vther sum bad baith [him] hang and draw,
Rycht haistelie for ony mannis aw;
And vther sum that tyme amang the lave, 33,855
Wes nocht content and vther counsell gaeve;
Sayand forsuith, that ane victour sulde be
Curtais and clement, but crudelitie;
That man zoldin that ma nocht stryke agane,
It semis nocht thit sic ane sulde be slane. 33,860
And thus tha strave about [ane] wnbocht gait;
Bot other wayis it hapnit than, God wait.

HOW KING CONSTANTYNE PASSIT OUIR THE WATER
OF LEVYN AGANIS HUNGAR AND HUBBA, AND
MAID FOR BATTELL.

In the thridda quhen fallin wes the flude,
This Constantyne, with all his multitude,
In gude array did ouir the water ryde. 33,865
This ilk Hungar vpone the tother syde
Diuydit hes his feildis into thre.
To this Hubba the vangard than gaif he:
Ane Inglisman that callit wes Branus,
Qhilk flemit wes, my author sais thus, 33,870
The tother wyng vpone the farrar syde,
To this Branus he gaif that tyme to gyde:
And all the Pechtis that war levand than,
He had with him into that wyng ilk man.

Col. 2.
This Constantyne siclike he did divyde
In thre battellis his armie in that tyde:
His bruther germane, quhilk that Ethus hecht,
In the vanguard diuysit him to fecht:
The lord of Athole, callit wes Duncane,
The secund wyng with mony nobill man
He gaif to him, thair governour to be,
And for to gyde with his auctoritie.
Ten thousand men, as my author did sa,
In euerilk wyng thair wes that samin da;
With mony wycht men that waponis weill culd
Him self that da faucht in the midwest feild.

HOW THE SCOTTIS WAR ARRAYIT, AND HOW THE
DANIS STUDE IN THAIR SICHT.

Quhen tha war all arrayit sone at rycht,
On euerie syde standand in vtheris sycht,
The Danis all thair cot armour than weir
Of lynnyng clayth that tyme aboue thair geir,
New and clene, als qhuit as ony milk,
War sowit all and brodin with reid silk:
Agane the sone castand ane plesand lycht,
Quhair that tha stude in to the Scottis sycht.

HOW CONSTANTYNE CONFORTIT HIS MEN, AND
HUNGAR ALSO ON THE VTHER SYDE.

This Constantyne, with greit humanitie,
On to his men into that tyme said he;
" I thank zow all that heir, les and moir,
" Previt so weill into the feild befoir;
" Standard with me into so strang ane stour,
" And conquest hes sic loving and honour.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "I zow beseik ilkane,
"Tyne nocht the honour zë haif wyn bigane,
"With so greit labour and so greit distres,
"In falt of curage now and manlines.
"Believe zë weil this tyme as it standis,
"The victorie is gevin inoure handis:
"Sen it is sua I neid nocht sa na moir,
"Bot euerilk man think on his fame and gloir."

This Hungar als vpoun the tother syde,
With mony standartis waifand than full wyde,
And mony baner brodin war full bricht,
And mony bugill blawand loude on hycht,
His men instructit in the samintyde,
With pensit langage full of hycht and pryde.
"Dreid nocht," he said, "to me it is weill
knowin,
"All Albione rycht sone salbe our awin,
"With gold and siluer, and all vther gude;
"Quhairfoir," he said, "heir schortlie to conclude,
"That euerilk man amang ws the leist knave,
"Sall haif sic part as he is worth to haue;
"And he this tyme that is nocht worth his part,
"Traist weil," he said, "rycht glaidslie with my
hurt,
"And I haif hap of him maister till be,
"Withoutin dume of my handis sall de."

How the Scottis and Danis faucht, and the
Scottis fled and tynt the feild, and lib.10,f.163b.
King Constantyne tane, and efter slane Col. 1.
be the Danis.

The Danis all befoir their feildis stude,
With cors-bowis of ballane that war gude,
Rycht mony ganze ouir the grene leit glyde.
The Scottis bowmen on the tother syde,
Rycht big and bald, with mony nobill bow,
And stringis stark qhilk war of rycht teuch taw,
The fedderit flanis heidit with hard steill,
Within their fleschis rycht far tha gart thame feill.
Syne all the laue that waponis docht to weild,
With so greit force tha enterit in the feild,
Qhill all the scheiddis into pecis clawe,
And birneis brist, and ribbis vnder raua,
And mony bowell brist out on the grene;
Ane scharpar sembla zit wes thair neuer sene.
Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang,
But victorie that tyme tha faucht rycht lang;
Qhill at the last it hapnit so betyde,
The wyngis bayth vpone the Scottis syde,
Langar to byde had na power no mycht;
Out of the feild thairfoir tha tuke the flycht.
The Danis than, it hapnit so on cace,
Ane fitt schupe nocht to follow on the chace;
Bot bayth the wyngis everilk man and cheild,
Come in behynd the bak of the mid feild,
Qhair Constantyne that da amang thame faucht,
And mony rout vpone the Scottis raucht.
And quhen tha saw thame self with so grit schoir,
So vmbeset behind and als befoir,
Tha tuke the flycht, for thae mycht fecht na mair,
And fled als fast as fra the hund dois hair.
Into that chace thair slane wes mony ane,
And Constantyne in handis also tane;
And to ane coif wes had into that tyde,
Into ane craig that stude be the se syde,
And for dispyte into that samin steid,
With ane wod-ax thair thastraik of his heid.
The Blak Cove than wes callit, I hard sa,
The Feindis Coif is callit now this da.
This was the deid of Constantyne the king,
The threttene zeir quhilk than wes of his ring.
Ten thousand men that waponis weill culd weild,
Deit that da of Scottis in the feild;
Far ma siclike vpone the tother syde,
La deid that da with mony woundis wyde.


The Scottis lordis than suddantlie and sone,
With this Ethus tha passit all to Scone;
And with consent of all wes thair ilkane,
Tha crownithim vpone the marbell stane.
This ilk Ethus, bot gif my author lie,
Als swiftof fit as ony hors wes he;
For speid wald tak ane hart agane the bra,
Als swyft he wes as ony hair or ra.
Of him ane quhilenow will I heirremane,
And to the Danis turne I will agane.
Quhen tha had tane all Fyfe than at thair will,
But ony stop or 3it ganestand thairtill,
To Loutheane tha passit syny rycht sone,
And as in Fyfe siclike thair haif tha done;
Tha left na leid thair levand vpone lyfe
Than, 3oung or ald, other man or wyfe,
Clerk or preist, amang thame that tha fand;
Syne passit southwart to Northumberland,
Osbret and Ella baith in battellis slew,  
Of quhome befoir bot schort quhile heir I schew;  
And king Edward of Suffok that wes king,  
And Northfolk als he had at his gyding;  
Ane faythfull man and richt famous wes he,  
And for the faith refusit nocht to de;  
Rycht constantlie, as ane gude Cristin man,  
For Christis saike ane martyre wes maid than.

Syne Elarud of Suffok that wes king,  
That efter him succedit to his ring,  
Agane Hungar he straik rycht mony feild,  
Quhair he and Hubba bayth that tyme wer keild.  
Lang efter that this gude king Elarud,  
In dalie battell with the Danis stude,  
As efterwart I think, with Godis grace,  
To schaw to 3ow quhen I haiftyme and space.  
Thairfoir I will tell no moir of this thing,  
Bot turne agane vnto Ethus the king,  
Quhlk fra his father wes degenerit far.  
In Albione that tyme wes nocht ane war  
Of sleuth, and sueirnes, and gulositie,  
Without curage or animositie;  
In harlatrie he had rycht grit delyte,  
And in huredome with beistlie appetyte,  
That he oursaw the honour of his ring,  
The commoun weill neglectit in all thing.  
For no persuasioun the lordis culd mak,  
No cuiir or travell he wald on him tak;
Bot eit and drank, and fillit his bellie fow, All nycht with huiris syne sleip[it] lyke ane sow. The lordis seand him sa obstinat, Amang thame self ane quiet counsall set, Decretit syne for finall conclusiou, Him to deprev bayth of kinrik and croun; For weill tha wist [that] he wald neurir mend. Syne suddantlie, or that sic thing wes kend, Tha tuke himself and put in presoun strang; Syne all his gard on ane gallous gart hang, And set ane da to cheis ane vther king. This ilk Ethus quhen that he knew that thing, On the thrid da, for verrie tene and wo, His hart than brak and bristit into tuo; Qhilk of his ring that wes the secund zeir, He maid sick end as I haif [tald] 3ow heir.

**How Gregorius was Crownit King in Scone**

Ane greit nobilland of the royall blude, The sone he wes of Dongallus the king, Befoir Alpyne into his tyme did ring, With haill consent of eueriel lord ilkane, Wes crownit king vpone the marbell stane. Baith young and ald in him had gude beleif, So wyiss he wes in nothing for to preif. In cumpany plesand and amiabill, In word and werk honest and honorabill, Laulie and meik and of consall rycht gude; Justice, temperance, prudence and fortitude,
Thir hie virtus callit are cardinall,
Fixt. rycht fast in him wer foundit all.
Wnsufficient I am for till discryve
His nobilnes and eik his halie lyve,
His wit, his wisdome, and his hie prudence,
His travell, laubour, and his diligence,
And so greit cuir as he vpone him tuke.
In wynd and weit richt mony nycht he woik,
For cald and hungar that tyme sparit nocht,
Quhill he all Scotland to gude rest hes brocht;
As efterwart, quha lykis for to knaw,
Tak tent to me as I sall to zow schaw.
Quhen he in Scone resauint had the croun,
With all his lordis fuir on to Forfar toun;
Quhair he that toun in ane consall gart mak,
For commoun weill and justice, mony act.
And in the first, that kirkmen suld nocht be
No way subjectit to secularitie;
That no secular suld haif power to caw
Ane preist or clerk befoir him to thole law,
Or ony actioun to the kirk belongit;
And he did so the kirk rycht far war wrangit.
Also the prelattis suld nocht stoppit be
To vse their law and their auctoritie;
Quhat euir it war, no way that tha sould want it,
As priuiledge to thame befoir wes grantit.
The secund wes, that euerrilk king suld sueir
At his crowning, quhill he mycht armour weir,
The priuiledge of kirk he sould defend,
And kirkmen als vnto his lyvis end.
And mony mo that I haif nocht perqueir,
He maid that tyme that I can nocht tell heir.
How King Gregoure with his Power passit in Fyffe, and thairefter in Loutheane and other Partis, and Plantit and Ple-neist as he passit.

Quhen this wes done, without ganestand or stryfe,
With all his power passit on to Fyffe,
Qubah that the Pechtis war remanand than,
Bayth les and mair that war levand ilk man.  
The quhilk the Danis had possessit their,
As I schew heir bot schort quhile of befoir.  
Qubilk of his cuming wes so soir adred,
Ilkane our Forth rycht far awa tha fled.
This Gregour than, without ony ganestand,
Rycht peceable gart pleneis all that land,
Ouir all the partis that war in the north;
Syne with his power passit hes ouir Forth
In Loutheane quhah he had done siclyke,
Wes nane sa stout agane him thair did stryke;
And all the strent[h]is that war in that land,
Part on force and part without ganestand,
He tuke that tyme at his plesour and will.
Syne forder mair his purpos to fulfill,
He furth ay furth quhill that he come to Tueid.
The Danis all of him tha had sic droid,
By Tuedis mouth with ane grit armie la,
Of Dayne and Pecht rycht mony that same da,
Tha thocht that tyme to gif this Gregour feild.
Sone efterwart, quhen tha saw and beheld
His multitude and ordenance sa gude,
And als rycht weill tha knew and wnderstude
The Inglismen siclike as he also,
Saw tha thair tyme, siclike suld be thair fo,
Col. 2. And for that caus as than tha wald nocht fecht.
The men of gude that tyme bayth Deyne and Pecht,
On to the castell of Beruik is gone,
34,105
And to the toun into the tyme ilkone,
Thair to remane quhair tha war out of dreid;
Syne all the laue that nycht passit our Tueid.

HOW KING GREGOURE SEIGIT BERUIK AND WAN IT, AND SLEW THE DANIS AND PECHTIS THAT WAR THAIRIN, AND THA THAT WAR WITHOUT FLED TO NORTHUMBERLAND.

This king Gregoure, herand how tha had done,
Vnto Berwick he sped him than rycht sone;
Syne laid ane seig withoutin ony ho,
About the castell and the toun also.
The Inglismen thatrof wes blyth and glaid;
Amang thame self ilkane to other said,
Rycht quietlie that tyme that it wes spokin,
34,115
Of tha fals Danis tha sould be rycht weill wrokin;
Tha maid ane vow without ony demandis,
Tha suld put thame all in the Scottis handis.
The Inglismen that tyme that war thairin,
Of euerilk port tha knew full weill the gyn;
And on the nycht tha opnit thame ilkone,
Quhair that the Scottis mony ar in gone,
And in thair beddis sleipand quhair tha la,
Baith toun and castell tuik rycht lang or da.
Syne on the morne, quhen that the da wes
34,125
lycht,
This king Gregoure, as ressone wald and rycht,
Thir Inglismen he gaif thame at thair will,
Gif plesit thame into that place byde still,
Or quhair thae plesit with riches and gude,
With haill consent of all that multitude.
34,130
The Danis than and Pechtis les and moir,  
Siclike reward as their awin self befoir  
Gaif Constantene, quhen tha straik of his heid,  
Tha gat that tyme without ony remeid. 

The laif of thame war liand beyond Tueid,  
Quhen thahard that thatukesicterrour and dreid,  
As ony spark out of ane fyrie brand,  
Tha fled als fast all to Northumberland  
To Heirduntius that tyme quhair that he la,  
The grittist Dayne amang thame all that da.

This Heirduntus to him quhen this wes tald,  
Lyke ony lyoun he wes als brym and bald;  
And mony aith into the tyme he swoir,  
And his dais doucht langar to induir,  
Within schort quhile, for that lak he had tone,  
That neuir Scot intill all Albione,  
Than gude or ill, other man or wyfe,  
Young or ald, be left levand on lyfe;  
And all the laif thair hartis wer so hie,  
That samin tyme tha swoir siclike as he.

HOW KING GREGOURE PASSIT TO NORTHUMBERLAND AND FAUCHT WITH HEIRDUNTUS, QUHA TYNT THE FEILD AND FLED, QUHAIR MONY DANIS WAR SLANE.

This king Gregoure with power les and moir,  
Quhen he had done as I haifsaid befoir,  
He passit furth onto Northumberland,  
Traistand thairin for to get no demand,  
Qubilk waistit wes all with the Danis weir,  
Withoutin men or ony vther geir;  
Quharthrow he had ane grit presumptioun,  
That land alhaill to subdew to his crowne.  
Withoutin stop that tyme or ony cummer,  
He passit furth neir to the water of Humber.
Quhair this Heirduntus at the samin da,
With ane greit armie neirhand by he la.
Sone efter syne, with haill power and mycht,
Ilkane of vther cuming is in sicht,
With mony wycht men waponis weill cuuld weild,
In gude ordour evin reddie for the feild.
With sic desyre of battell and of blude,
Of Scottis than wer all that multitude,
In to thair mynd remanit þit full soir,
Thair faderis deidis schort quhile of befoir,
Thair wes no neid that tyme thame to exhort;
Deliuerit wes all in thair mynd richt schort,
Thair fatheris deid than suld revengit be,
Or in that battell all that da to die.
Syne with ane cry thà enterit and ane schout,
Qhill all the erth trimlit neirby about;
So dourlie than ilkane at other dang,
Qhill all the rochis with thair reirding rang;
Thair speiris scharp that war bayth grit and lang,
Abone thair heid in spaillis all tha sprang;
The scheildis crakit and in schunder clawe,
Breistplait and birny all in pecis rawe;
Helmes war hewin and hakkit all in sunder,
Bayth heid and hals siclike that tyme wer vnder;
Qhill breistis brist and bokkit out of blude,
Into that stour so stalwartlie tha stude.
The Danis thocht grit lak and schame to fle,
The qhilk befoir that vowit had so hie.
The Scottis faucht with diligence and cuir,
To be revengit of the greit injure
Wes done to thame bot schor[t] quhile of befoir,
Qhill in thair mynd remanit than full soir.
And for that caus the moir stoutlie tha stude,
The langar ay with moir desir of blude;
And in sic wodnes than tha wox so wycht,
Langer to byde the Danis had no mycht,
Bot fled rycht fast to mony sindrie place.
The Scottis followit so fast on the chace,
Efter the Danis quhair tha gat no beild,
And slew far ma nor wes slane in the feild.

This Heirduntus, with grit labour and pane,
Vpone the morne gatherit his men agane,
Of quhome and mo the maist part than wer keild
The nycht befoir into the samin feild.
And quhen he saw his power wes so small,
For greit perrell efter that mycht befall,
To Rasenus tuke purpois for to pas,
With ane armie far south in Ingland wes.
This Rasenus he wes most principall,
Tha[t] tyme in Ingland of the Danis all.
And as he wes syne passand furth the way,
He met ane man vpone the second day,
Qhilik him that tyme rycht hastie tydenis schew
Of this Rasenus, laitlie of the new,
And Alarud of Suffolk that wes king,
Qhosome of befoir I schew to zow sum thing,
With all thair power met vpoun ane plane,
In that same feild this Rasenus wes slane.
And all the laif that tyme put to the war,
Out of that feld than chaisit wes rycht far,
Vp and dountomony sindrie place,
And rycht greit slauch[t]er maid wes in the chace.
Rasenus heid, for scorne and greit despyte,
Buir on ane speir to Lundoun toune syne tyte:
Syne on ane port tha set it vp rycht hie,
Qhair that it standis on 1 zit still to se.
Qhuhen thir tydenis wer to Heirduntus tald,
Suppois he wes baith bellicos and bald,
Wes so affrayit of that hastie fray,
Ane word that tyme he wist nocht quhat to say.

1 In MS. stone.
Vpone ane feild ane litill fra ane toun,
He plantit thair than all his palzeonis doun;
And thair he baid and doun his tentis set,
Quhill efterwart new tydenis for to get.

How King Gregoure partit the Spulze and
ressauit the Strethsis, and passit bak
to Berwick agane.

This ilk Gregoure, of quhome I spak befoir,
Distributhes to all man les and moir,
Thair all the spulze in the feild tha wan,
Rycht equalie to euerie lad and man;
That euerilk man rycht glaidlie with his hart,
Into that tyme wes plesit of his part.

This beand done, withoutin moir demand,
The strethsis all war in Northumberland,
Ressauit hes at his plesour and will,
And all the laif he leit remane thair still,
For small tribut 3eirlie to him to pa.

Syne all the laif, quhen that he had done sua,
And maid gude reule in all part vp and doun,
Bakwart agane he come to Berwick toun,
Gaif all men leif for to pas hame thair wa.
Syne in that toun all wynter ouir he la,
And mony lord into his cumpanie,
Quhill all wynter wes passit and gone by.

How Gregoure gatherit agane ane greit
Power to pas vpone the Britis, and of
ane Herald send be thame, and how the
Scottis gat thair Land agane.

In symmer syne he gatherit sone agane
Ane grit power and passit to the lane,
Agane to conqueis, as my author wrytis,
The landis all war holdin be the Britis.
Of length and breid thà samin landis thà[t] la
Fra Stirling brigge even south to Sulwa,
The Scottis landis lang and mony zeir,
War all befoir as ze þour self mycht heir.
Quhen that the Britis wnderstude and knew
So scharplie than he schupe thame to persew,
And of his loving als hard tell, and gloir
And victorie that he had wyn befoir;
Als in the tyme perfittlie weill tha wist,
Tha had no strenth his power to resist,
The Danis had thame so ouirset befoir,
And for that causs his help than till imploir,
And als that tyme to satisfie his will,
Rycht hastelie ane herald send him till;
With commendatione humlie fra thair hart,
Beseikand him that he wald tak thair part
Agane the Danis had thame sa ouirthrawn,
And all the landis that sould be his awin
At his plesour, and als all vther thing,
Into his handis glaidlie sould resing,
That samin tyme but ony stop or stryfe:
Than all the Britis euerie man and wyfe,
That duelland war that tyme into that land,
Tha suld remove but stop or zit ganestand.
Quhairof this Gregoure wes rycht weill content,
And sone thair till that tyme gaif his consent;
So did the laif without ony demand;
Off that conditioun bund wes thair that band.
Quhairof that tyme ilk partie wes rycht fane,
The Scottis als gat all thair land agane.
In Albione than wes gude peax and rest,
Bot rycht short quhile tha leit it rax or lest.

CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

VOL. II.
THE BUIK OF THE

How Constantyne, King of Britis, efter his Fader deit, come in Scotland with ane Armie in Annand, and how King Gre- goure met him at Lochmaben.

The king of Britis, with Gregour maid this band,
Departit efter some I wnderstand,
And Constantyne, etter he wes deid,
His sone wes crownit in his fatheris steid.
This Constantyne vnconstant in all thing,
Quhen that he knew how Alarud the king
Than vincust had the Danis euirkone,
So lang befoir had vexit Albione,
Thair he forthocht in his mynd rycht soir,
That tha gait our the landis of befoir
To this Gregoure, as ze haif hard me sa;
And for that caus some efter on ane da,
With all his power, but stop or ganstand,
He enterit sone into Vallis of Annand,
And suddanelie he raisit fyre and blude.
This king Gregoure quhen he hard how it stude,
Da na nycht that tyme he tareit nocht;
With waill greit power southwert ay he socht.
This Constantyne that samin tyme send he
To Alarude for his help and supple,
The quhilk that tyme he did him sone deny,
As it wes said, for that same caus and quhy
He louit Gregour rycht weill with his hart,
Agane the Danis tuke so stout ane part.
This Constantyne, his ansuer quhen he knew,
That he had done begouth rycht soir to rew;
Of king Gregour that tyme wes so adred
With all the spulze hame agane he sped,
Quhen he hard tell king Gregour wes cumand.
This¹ ilk Gregour in Valis of Annand,

¹ In MS. Thc.
How King Gregoure gaif King Constantyne feild, and slew him with mony Britis, and how Harbert his bruther wes crownit King of Britis efter him, and of ane herald send to King Gregoure be Harbertus than King of Britis.

And suddantlie this Gregour gaif him feild, And knappit on quhill mony ane wes keild. Rycht mony Brit wes laid vpone thair bak, And mony burdoun on thair banis brak; Full mony one rycht cald wnder his scheild, That samin da la deid into the feild. The Britis bald, for all thair pomp and pryde, Into thatt battell mycht no langar byde. This Constantyne thair king, that maid the trane, That samin da into the feild wes slane, And the tane half and far mair of his oist, Into thatt feild siclike that da wes lost. The laue rycht sone wes syne put to the war, Out of the feild syne chaissit wes rycht far. The Scottis syne quhilk followit on the chace, Quhair tha ouirtuik thame into ony place, Without fauour thair, as thair mortall fa, Scharpe swordis than thair ransone tha gart pa. Quhen that the Britis knew thame self so war Of power brokin, and of strentch rycht far, Thair king and lordis slane war in the feild, Of all the laue the most part all war keild; Also tha knew that tyme in Albione, Freindis rycht few as than tha had or none; And for that caus this Constantinus bruther, Harbert to name, wysast of ony vther,
That samyn tyme, as that my author writis,
With haly consent wes crownit king of Britis.
To king Gregoure ane herald sone send he,
Beseikand him of his hie majestie,
With what condltioun he plesit to mak,
Trewis that tyme betuix thame for to tak.
Sayand also, that he forthocht full soir
Of the grit wrang wes done to him befoir,
And said the wyit wes all into his bruther,
He wist rycht weill, that tyme and in na vther.
He had the wyit and gottin als the war,
And for his falt wes puneist than rycht far.
Thairfoir, he said, sen Constantyne is deid,
And all his malice passit wes and feid,
Beseikand him of his gude grace so hie,
For peice and rest, and lat all weiris be.

**How King Gregoure gaif Answer to the Britis Herald.**

King Gregoures sic ansuer maid agane:
"Forsuith," he said, "we haif considderit plane
"Your grit falsheid and infidelitie,
"Your variance and instabilitie;
"As it hes previt rycht weill of befoir,
"Ze se[t] nocht by how oft ze be mensworne;
"Ze haif no fayth, than how suld ze be leill
"For band or aith, for oblissing or seill,
"On buke and bauchill so oft is mensworne?
"Quhairfoir," he said, "your lautie is forlorn;
"Of me," he said, "no peax now sall ze have,
"Thocht ze that ilk list neuir so weill to crave,
"Without," he said, "ze resing in my hand
"All Vmbria and also Westmureland,
"To occupie at my plesour and will,
"And all the strenthis siclike thair intill,

\(^1\) In MS. lautis.
"Or than," he said, "I will nocht with 3ow deill.
"And als, quhairwith to caus 3ow to be leill,
"Sextie 30ung lordis for pledgis I will haue,
"Nocht ellis now I listat 3ow to craue.
"And gif ze think that sic thing can nocht be,
"In tyme to cum send nocht agane to me;
"For and ze do, dreed les ze sall bair blame."

With this answyr the herald passit hame;
Befoir thame all schew his deliuerance,
Ilk word be word with all the circumstance.
Quhairof the Britis abasit wes rycht far,
It neuirtheles for dreed efter of war;
So weill tha wist, and Scottis wer thair fa,
In Albione no uther freind haif tha;
And als thairwith, thair power wes so small,
Or dreed on force tha war maid bondis all,
And brocht rycht sone on to ane lawar stait,
Thairfoir that tyme tha wald mak na debait.
All his desyre than haif tha grantit till,
Quhat euir it wes rycht hartlie with gude will.

Off the Band maid betuix King Gregoure Lib. 10, f. 165b.

Off the Band maid betuix King Gregoure Lib. 10, f. 165b.

Off the Band maid betuix King Gregoure Lib. 10, f. 165b.

And Harbart, King of Britis, and of ane
Messinger send fra Alarude, King of
Suffok, to King Gregour, and of his
Answyr; and how the Ireland Men come
in Gallowa, and off King Gregoris pass-
ing in Ireland, and of his Vassalage
and Victorie wyn thair.

In that conditioun bund wes in that band
Westmaria and also Cumberland;
Baith toun and touris with thair pledgis 3ing,
Deliuerit war to gude Gregour the king.
Syne the Britis that duelt into that land,
Gart thame remoif without ony demand,
Baith young and ald into that tyme ilkone,
Syne all togidder to the Walis ar gone.
The Scottissyne in thair saittis sat doun,
With pece and rest that tyme in euirilk toun.
This king Gregour, syne eftter on ane da,
To Carraccone he take the reddy wa,
Qhair he remanit for ane weill lang space.
The samin tyme that he wes in that place,
Fra Alarud thair come ane messinger,
Quhilk said to him as I sall sa 3ow heir:
"O king and conquerour, of he Majestie!
"King Alarud rycht gudlie greetis the.
"Lattand the wit, O thow Gregour!" he said,
"Of thi weillfair he is rycht blyth and glaid;
"And bad me sa, als far as he hes feill,
"Of Constantyne the deid thow hes quit weill.
"Rycht grittiuslie also he thankis the
"Of supportatioun, help and grit supple,
"Thow hes maid him agane his mortall fo,
"Heirdunt that Dayne, and mony vther mo,
"Victoriuslie he[s] wyn thame all in feild,
"And mony thousand of thair men hes keild:
"Thair wes no travell that mycht gar the tyre.
"Qhairfoir," he said, "this is his most desyre,
"With the to mak ane colleg and ane band,
"In vnitie and concord for to stand
"Into all tyme, with glaid myndis and hart,
"And euerrilkone for to tak vtheris part
"Aganis the Danis ar our eccoun fo.
"Gif plesis the," he said, "for to do so,
"Northumberland and als Westmaria,
"In peax and rest, and also Cumbria,
"In heretage for euir to be thi awin,
"But ony clame of ony vnouirthrawin."
This king Gregour, the quhilk wald nocht deny,
To his desyre consentit suddantly,
Syne maid that band with letters selit braid.
With thir conditionis than that band wes maid:
In heretage than that this ilk Gregoir
Suld bruik that land, as said is of befoir;
And gif the Daynis cum into Ingland,
This ilk Gregour withoutin moir demand,
With all the power he mycht gudlie be,
This Alarud suld cum for to supple.
And Alarud suld do siclike agane;
With all his power for to cum rycht plane
In[to] Scotland, quhen mister wer to be,
Agane the Danis for to mak supple.
The last condition, quhillk wes thrid in ordour,
Gif theft or reif wes maid ypon the bordour,
Suld be na caus thair bandis for to brek,
Bot tak the theuis and hang thame be the nek.
This king Gregour, of quhome befoir I spak,
In purpois wes for to seig Eborack:
So had he done than, schortlie to conclude,
War nocht this herald come fra Alarud,
So freindfullie that maid with him this band.
For that same caus, as ze ma wnderstand,
In that mater he wald proceid no moir,
Bot left the purpois he wes in befoir.
This beand done, as I haif said but leis,
All Albione wes in gude rest and peice;
Bot[th] Scot and Brit, and Ingismen also,
Quhair that tha list at thair plesour till go;
Ilkone to vther for to cum and gang.
With king Gregour this lest[it] nocht rycht lang.
Syne efter that, as my author did sa,
Out of Ireland thair come in Gallowa
Ane grit navin that tymes attouri the fluid,
And cruelly than baith with fyre and blude,
Rycht grit distructiones maid ouir all that land;
And for quhat caus I can nocht wnderstand,
Bot gif it wes, as I can weill beleve,  
The hand of God and for thair awin mischeif,  
And to extoll this ilk Gregour betuene.  
Sone efter syne as it wes rycht weill sene,  
The manner how syne efter of this thing,  
Quhen it wes schawin to gude Gregour the king,  
Rycht suddantlie, withoutin ony baid,  
In Galloway with grit power tha raid,  
Of bernis bald that stalwart wer as steill.  
The Ireland men that knew thair cuming weill,  
Into that land na langar wald remane,  
But with grit spulze passit hame agane.  
Quhen that tha saw it micht na better be,  
With all his power passit to the se,  
With barge and bark, and mony gay galay,  
To Yrland syne he tuik the narrest way.  
Syne at ane hevin, the narrest that tha fand,  
At his plesour thair passit to the land;  
Syne suddanelie with grit anger and yre,  
Ouir all tha partis bayth with blude and fyre,  
Throw crabitnes with grit crudelitie,  
Greit slauchter maid that petie wes to se.  
The Irland lordis quheth tha knew sic thing,  
Tha dreed rycht soir becaus Duncan was thair king  
So 3oung he was, and tender age that tyde,  
That he douch[t] nother for to gang nor ryde.  
And mairattour, rycht weill that tyne tha wist  
That tha docht nicht this Gregour to resist,  
Victour had bene in mony feild befoir  
Agane far grittar, and had wyn sic gloir.  
And for that caus, of all thing mair [or] les,  
Tha thocht agane to him to mak redres  
Of all injure wes done befoir him till,  
And put the doaris ilkane in his will.  
In that counsall wes mony lordis zing,  
That be no way wald consent to that thing;  

3 In MS. Fergus.
Into that tyme alledgand mony lawis,
For-quhy thair self of all that thing wes caus,
And wes begun be thair counsall and will,
And for that caus wald nocht consent thairtill.
And so that cuntrie in that tyme wes gydit;
The lordis all in tua parteis diuysit,
And euerilk part ane chiftane of thair awin,
Hes maid that tyme in sindrie partis drawin.

Ane hecht Cornell, of greit honour and fame,
Lib. 10, f. 174.3
Col. 1.

Brenus the tother callit wes to name,
Thir tua that tyme betuix thame trewis hes tane,
Syne baith to feild aganis Gregoure ar gane.
Ane greit montane into that tyme thair stude,
Callit Futes, rycht neirhand Banus flude;
Betuix the mont and this ilk flude also,
The passage wes richt narrow for till go;
And vther passage neir that place wes nane,
For mont and mos, and myris mony ane.

The Irland men soirment that passage lay
In tua greit oistis, for to keip that way,
That weill tha wist the Scottis be no gyn
That tha culd mak, that passage docht to wyn.
Betuix the montane and the water cost,
So narrow wes, ane rayit feild or oist
Rycht perrelous than wes to leid and gyde,
Seand thair fais on the tother syde.
In that beleif the Ireland men thair la,
Traistand king Gregour soould pas sone awa;
In falt of victuall micht nocht tarie lang,
And for that caus the soner hame wald gang.
It wes nocht sua, thairof tha had no feill,
For fiftie dais tha war furnestry rycht weill

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1 In MS. Cornall.
2 This, and the next seven folios, misnumbered.
In meit and drink, and in all vther thing,
As wes commandit by Gregour thair king.
Thair vse wes than in oisting, quhilk wes gude,
To suffeis thame with litill sleip and fude,
Quhen mister wer, and in greit neid thae wald,
With litill meit and drink the water cald;
Of soft sleiping thae tuik rycht litill cuir,
And doucht rycht weill grit travell to induir.
Thair still at laser so thae la ane quhile,
Quhill at the last this Gregour fand ane wyle,
With greit prattik thair passage for to wyn,
Withoutin straik to enter and pas in.
Tua thousand men, that waldin war andwycht,
Rycht quietlie that montane on the nycht
He gart ascend wnto the tother syde,
And all that nycht amang bussis thame hyde.
Syne on the morne, ane lytill efter day,
Ane garneist battell gart the strentch assay
In gude ordour, at grit laser and lenth.
The Irelandmen that keipand wes the strentch,
Vnder the fute of that grit mont thae stude
In gude ordour ane rycht grit multitude.
The Scottis than vpoun the hicht abone,
Tha schew thame all and come in sycht rycht sone.
Rycht mony craig and mony stone withal,
Aboue thair heid gart tummill and doun fall;
With so greit force descendand fra the hicht,
Exceidand than all mannis strentch and micht,
That strangest wes to stand wnder thair straik,
Thocht he had bene als stark as ony aik.
Amang thair palzeonis with sic force thae fell,
That wonder wes to ony toung to tell.
Ane thousand [than], without ony reskile,
Of Brenus men into that tyme thae slew;
And all the laif thae war so soir adred,
Out of that feild withoutin straik thae fled.
And left their tents in the time alone
Stand and their still, and passit hame ilkone.
The Scottis follow on the chase rycht fast;
This Corneill than rycht soir he wes agast,
Quhen that he saw thame follow on the chase;
He left his tentis standand in that place,
With all the power in the time he had,
In gude ordour richt fast awa he fled.
The Scottis men that followit on the chase,
Up and doun in mony sindrie place,
Rycht mony tuik and few of thame wes slane,
And syne to Gregour brocht thame [hes] agane.
Quhen this wes done the nobill king Gregoure
Distributesthe spulze, les and moir,
To euerie man as he wes worth to haif;
Wes none exceptit be the leist ane knaif.
The captane Brenus in that samin steid,
Into his palteone than wes fundin deid;
Baith heid and hals wes hakkit all in schunder,
With crag and coist, and all the bonis wnder,
War brissit and brokin in pecis small ilkone,
All throw the straik than of ane mekle stone.
His men wes tane desyrit thame to haue
His deid bodie to burie into graue:
The quhilk the king hes grantit with gude will,
And he him self hes maid grit help thairtill.
This being done, king Gregour gaif command,
Bayth far and neir ouir all part of that land,
Bad tak and spulze haistelie with speid,
Quhairof that tyme tha had mister and neid;
Fra fyre and blude he bad tha suld abstene;
Wemen and barnis and agit men betuene,
To preist or clerk no violence to mak;
All other men commandit for to tak,
Withoutin hurt other of lyth or lym,
That fensabill war and bring thame all to him.
And so thà did within ane litill space;
Both he agane so meik wes of his grace,
Quhome euir thà brocht, bot ony harme or ill,
He leit thame pas at plesour quhair thà will. 34,620

HOW THE MEN OF GUCE IN IRELAND COME TO KINNG GREGOUR, AND HOW HE WAN TUA TOWNIS THAIR AND WAS MERCIFULL TO KIRKMNEN AND COMMONIS.

The men of gude that duelt into that land,
Quhen thà sic thing wes done thame wnderstand,
How Gregour wes so manesuetude and meik,
So courtas, laulie, and so gentill eik,
Into that tyme richt mony come him till, 34,625
Bayth gude and bad,1 and pat all in his will.
Rycht curtaslie he did thame all ressaue,
And mony giftis in the tyme thame gaf;
Quhairthrow the streththis that war in that land,
Richt mony war resignit in his hand; 34,630
Mony of force and mony of frie will,
Bot ony tretie maid that tyme thame till.
Dongard and Pont, tua strang townis war than,
Seigit thame bayth and in the tyme thame wan.
Quhen thà war wyn and put into his will, 34,635
He wald thoill no man for to do thame ill,
In ony thing pertening skaith or lak;
Out of the town no spulpè wald let tak,
Exceptand mony, harnes, and sick geir,
For to diuyde amang his men of weir. 34,640
Wes none so pert, in pane than of his lyfe,
That durst defoull wedow, virgin or wyfe;
Preist nor clerk thair durst no man displeis;
Siclyke as thir thà leit thame leif in eis.

1 In MS. laud.
HOW KING GREGOURE THOCHT TO SEIG DEBYLEYN AND WAS STAYIT, AND HOW CORNEILL GATHERIT AGANIS HIM ANE GREIT ARMIE OFF IRELAND MEN.

Quhen this wes done he purposit for to pas To Debyleyn within schort space, that was The fairest citie and the grittest toun In all Ireland, and most wes of renoun, Of gold, and riches, and of all honour; So is it zit wnto this samin hour. Onto this toun ane seig he thocht to lay; And as he wes so passand by the way, Ane spy that time thair come to him and schew Of captane Corneill, laitlie of the new Lieutenand maid wes than of all Ireland, And with greit power cumand at his hand, And mony bald men with greit bost and schoir, In so greit number saw tha neuir befoir. Quhen this wes tald to gude Gregoure the king, As he richt weill considder culd sic thing, Thair he tuke purpois all nycht to remane, And planetit palzeonis on ane plesand plane; And all that nycht with mony watche and spy, Still at thair rest quhill on the mornie did ly. Syne on the mornie, be that the da wes licht, The Irland men apperit all in sicht, Diuydit war into thre battellis bald, In ilk battell ten thousand men weill tald. Siclike the Scottis on the vther syde, In thre pairtis thair power did diuyde; With mony standart streikit in the air, And mony baner browdin wer full fair, And mony pynsal of pictour rycht so proude, And mony bugill blawand than full loude.
Off the Battell betuix King Gregour and Corneill, quha fled and tynt the feild, and how tha askit Peax.

Be this the bowmen in the feild befoir, With scharpe schutting maid mony sydis soir; The speris syne, tha[t] war baith greit and lang, Tha enterit all into the gritttest thrang. So thralie thair togidder that thair thrist, That scheildis raif and mony birny brist; Helme and habrik schorne war all in schunder, And mony berne maid bludie that war wnder; And mony schulder out-throw the scheild wes schorne, And mony bald man of his blonk wes borne. This Corneill syne it hapnit vpone cace, For to luke vp with ane discouerit face, Into the feild for to behald and spy; Or euir he wist, rycht sone and suddantly Ane fedderit flane that in the feild did fle, Smyt him so soir ane lytill by the ee, In to the face, with sic ane werkand wound, That force it wes out of the feild to found On ane grit hors neirby reddie he hed. Quhen that his men knew weill that he wes fled, So grevit wes thairof and so agast, Out of the feild tha folloitt all rycht fast. The Scottis than that knew full weill that cace, Efter thame than tha maid a rycht lang chace, Heir and thair in mony sindrie sort, Of Debalyn quhill tha come to the port; With dyntis dour dingand thame euir doun, Quhill tha war all ressauit in the toun.

1 In MS. Cornall.
Of Ireland men sa mony than wes slane,
Without beleif in tyme to cum agane
To haif power, or zit for to pretend,
To gif thame feild or zit mak ony defend.
This king Gregour syne on the secund day,
To Debalyn he tuik the narrest way,
And syne laid ane seige round about the toun,
Quhair mony lord and mony bald barroun,
And mony ladie semelie wes be sycht,
And mony wyse and mony vther wycht,
And mony berne into the toun wes bred,
And mony freik out of the feild wes fled,
Within that toun, quhilk wallit wes with stone,
In to that tyme remanand wer ilkone.
This samin seig syne, as my author sais,
Indurit efter bot waill few dais,
So mony pepill wes within the toun,
Sic multitude in sic confusioun,
Quhair thair vittall grew bayth scars and skant,
Of meit and drink amang thame wes grit want;
In falt of fude sic stres thair haif thà tane,
Tha war in poyn to perische than ilkane.
And quhen thà saw it stude thame in sic neid,
To counsall all rycht suddanelie thà zeid,
For to advise quhat best wes to be done;
And sum thair wes that counsall gaif richt sone.
Agane Gregour with battell to contend,
And tak sic chance as God wald to thame send,
And nocht to cum that tyme into his will.
And wysar men that thocht that counsall ill,
Tha said agane, tha wist full weill but dreid,
And tha did sua tha wald cum lidder speid;
To put that citie and that royall toun
In jeopardie of sic distructioun,
As God forbid, and so hapnit to fall,
But ony dout than war tha lossit all.
"And be this toun now suir [is maid] but skaith,
"Throw quhome ouir honour and ouir profit bayth
"Will grow agane rycht sone als and restoir
"To als grit stait as euir it had befoir.
"Heirfoir," he said, "my counsall is bot leis,
"To preif with him gif that we can mak peice,
"And quhat conditioun lykis him to haif;
"Be he curtas, he will nocht ouir far craif."

**How ane Message wes send to King Gregoure, and of his Answer agane, and how the Kirkmen met King Gregoure with Processioun and randerit him the Toun of Debleyn, and of his Diuot Offering, and how he puneist the Defoullaris of Wemen.**

Efter this counsall wes euerie man content.
This ilk Cormak in message syne tha sent,
The counsall gaif, ane man of grit renoun,
Archibishop als wes of that samin toun.
This Cormacus rychth humill and benyng,
Quhen that he come befoir Gregoure the king,
Rycht laulie than befoir him on his kne,
Thir samin wordis in the tyme said he:
"O royall king, and hie excellent prince!
"Sen we forthink the falt and grit offence,
"Offendand the that done wes of befoir,
"Throw quhome," he said "we puneist ar rycht soir;
"And thow far moir als gottin hes thi will,
"Na euir thow trowit in ony tyme cum till;
"Sen gratius God, the gevar of all gloir,
"Hes grantit the of ws to be victoir.
"Thairfoir," he said, "it semis weil to the,
"Of vincust pepill for to haif pitie,
"Without defence lyand amang thi feit, 34,765
"In quhome," he said, "is nother pryde nor heit.
"Also oure king the quhilk is within age,
"Quhometo tha aucht be law of rycht lynage,
"Sen ze ar baith of ane genealogie,
"His governour and protectour till be. 34,770
"And als," he said, "this nobill royall toun,
"No honour is to put to confusioun,
"The quhilk thow aucht [for] to defend of rycht.
"Thairfoir," he said, "sen thow art curtas knycht,
"And als in the sic lautie is but leis, 34,775
"We the bessik of thi kyndnes and peace,
"And tak ws all this tyme in [to] thi will,
"With quhat conditioun thow will put ws till."

Quhen this wes said befoir thame all in plane,
This wes the anser that he maid agane: 34,780
"Forsuith," he said, "as I ma rycht weill prove,
"I haif just caus this battell for to move,
"For ze 3our self begouth in me sic thing.
"As for 3our toun, and 3oung Duncane 3our king,
"In that mater gif I haif oucht ado, 34,785
"No anser now that I will mak 3ow to,
"Quhill tha be baith first put in to my will,
"Syne I wilbe aduysit thair intill,
"And thairefter ze sall haif anser than;
"And will ze nocht, the best way that ze can 34,790
"Defend 3our self als guulie as ze ma."

With this anser he passit hame his wa;
Syne in the toun befoir the nobillis aw,
This Cormacus that same anser did schaw.
Suppois thairof tha war nocht weill content, 34,795
3it neuirtheles, with all thair haill consent,
Tha opynit than the portis of the toun,
Syne passit furth all in processioun.
Baith preist and clerk thairin wes les and moir,
In that processioun formost come befoir;
Syne Cormacus come bairand in his hand
Ane crucifix of birnand gold schynand,
In quhome the image of our Saluiour
Affixt wes with perfit portratour;
Syne all the nobillis come efter on breid,
Ilkone that tyme in thair awyn ordour zeid.
This Gregour syne he met thame be the way;
That samin tyme, as my author did say,
Commandit hes his men all for to stand
In gude ordour thair round about his hand.
Syne he him self descendit from his hors,
And on his kneis kissit hes that cors
Rychtreuerentlie, syne rais vpoun his feit,
Into the toun syne steppit furth the streit,
Amang the lawe in that processioun,
Quhill that he wes ressauit in the toun;
And passit all syne baith on fit and hors,
Quhill that tha come onto the mercat croce.
Syne mony bald men into armour brycht,
In all that tyme that wes bayth wyss and wycht.
This king Gregour into that place gart byde,
For aventure that aftericht betyde.
Syne passit is withoutin ony tarie,
Onto the tempill of the Virgin Marie;
Diuotlie thair his offerand he maid,
Syne raikit on withoutin ony baid,
Till all the kirkis [that] war in the toun,
Of secular preistis and religioun,
Rycht reuerentlie thair kneilland on thair kne,
With grit deuotioun his offerand than maid he.
Quhen this was done, with his lordis ilkone,
On to ane castellar ar togidder gone,
Rycht strenthe wes into the toun that tyme,
That biggit wes of poleist stane and lyme;
And thair intill thu take thair rest all nycht. 34,835
Ane grit armie than into basnetis brycht,
In sindrie partis vp and doun that streit,
All the nycht ouir stude walkand on thair feit,
With mony wache that nycht vpoun the wall,
For aventure that efter mich befall. 34,840
That samin nycht mony wemen or da
Defoullit war, as my author did sa,
Agane thair will be thame that woik that nycht:
Syne on the morne, quhen it wes fair da lycht,
Rycht soir complaynt thair wes maid to the 34,845
king,
Quilt wes commouit rycht far at that thing.
Grit diligence thairfoir he hes gart mak
To seik and find, in handis syne gart tak
All thame that tyme wer doaris of that deid;
The widdie syne he gaif thame to thair meid. 34,850
Qhilk causit him the moir favour to haif
Of Ireland men, lordis and all the laif.

HOW KING GREGOURE WAS MAID TUTOUR TO
. DUNCANE, KING OF IRELAND, AND ALL HIS
STRENGTHS GEVIN IN HIS HAND WITH PLEDGIS,
AND COME HAME IN SCOTLAND, AND OF HIS
NOBILNES AND DEID.

In that samin tyme in that toun quhair he la,
The lordis all convenit on ane da,
Of Irland men than be the leist ane lord, 34,855
With king Gregour to mak peice and [con]cord.
Efter lang auisment into mony thing,
Accordit wes betuix thame and the king
That young Duncane suld be thair king and prince,
Thame self also without fraude or offence,
Into thair keiping and thair cuir suld haif,
Quhair no disceptioun doch him to dissaue.
And king Gregour suld to him tutour be,
And judges mak of his auctoritie,
As plesit him all tyme, bayth ane and aw,
Ouir all Ireland to executethelaw.
Syne all the strenthis that war in that land,
To be resignit ilkane in his hand.
No Brit nor Saxone that come be these,
Within that land for to ressauit be;
Without his leif se tha ressauit nane.
Syne sextie pledgis of thame he hes tane,
Into ane takin tha suld all trew be;
Syne with his armie passit to the se,
With all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
Come hame agane with grit honour and gloir.
This worthie, nobill, hie, excellent prince,
In all his tyme did neuir none offence;
No violence be him wes neuir wrocht,
Without rycht far on him that it war socht.
Syne all his tyme quhilk efter wes rycht lang,
In peax and rest, withoutin ony wrang,
With law and justice and greit equitie,
And luif also, his kinrik gydit he.
Of halie kirk protectour and defence
Fra opin wrang and frome all violence.
All febill folk at him gat ay refuge,
To riche and puir he wes ane equale judge,
At all power without partialitie,
So just he wes in his auctoritie.
Wes neuir one moir equale led his lawis,
And les detractit with ilk mannis sawis,
Or les invyit in his tyme nor he,
Qubilkhad sichonour and auctoritie,
In all Europe had nother maik no peir.
Syne of his ring the tua and tuentie zeir,
And of our Lord aucht hundreth wes compleit,
Nynnie and thre to mak the number meit,
With grit murning of euerie man and wyfe,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe.

In Iona Yle syne in Ecolumkill,
With all honour that mycht be done him till,
In gudlie wyiss tha put him in his grave,
With moir triumph nor ony of the lawe.
My pen wald tyre and als my self wald irk,
My rude ingyne wald bayth grow doll and dirk,
And occupie the maist part of my lyfe,
Gif I suld heir his worthines discryfe.
My wit also insufficient is thairto,
And I myself sa mekle hes till do,
That I ma nocht weill tarie in sic thing;
Bot weill I wait, ane better prince or king
Wes neuir nane of all the nobillis nyne,
Nor lang befoir nor zit hes bene sensyne.
The Ireland men and Britis to also,
And Danis strangar no the tother tuo,
Thir thre nationis he maid thame till obey;
The fourt als grit durst neuir mak him pley,
That is to say the wickit Saxonis blude,
In all his tyme of him sic aw tha stude.
And he had bene into Homerus tyme,
Qubilkh maid in Drew sa mony vers and ryme,
And he him self also ane Greik had bene,
Rycht weill I wait, and nothing for to wene,
His name had spred ouir all the warld als
wyde
As Cesaris did for all his pomp and pryde.
Sen I am nocht expert for to discryve
His nobill deidis and his famous lyfe,
Quhairfoir ilk man tak 3e gude tent that reidis,
Quhen 3e haif hard and considderit his deidis,
Than mak 3e ruiss as 3e think maist avale,
For I will turne agane now to my taill.

How King Donald was crownit efter the
deceis of King Gregour, and of his
worthie deidis and gude justice, and
his departing.

Donald the fyft, the 1 sone of Constantyne,
Of quhome befor I schew 30w short quhile syne,
Efter Gregour, with consent of ilkone,
In Scone wes crownit on the marbell stone.
In law and justice and [in] equitie,
No les no Gregour in his tyme wes he.
Ane man he wes that keipit ay gude peice,
Stoppit all wrang and gart all weiris ceis.
In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,
Fra his begynnyng to his end 2 rang he;
And mony gude werk in his tyme he wrocht,
Honorand God in all thing that he mocht.
To kirkmen als he did grit reuerence,
Wes nane durst faill or do to thame grevance.
The name of God in sic honour held he,
Qubat euir he wes, of hie or law degrie,
The name of God blasphemit ony tyme,
And he war notit with sic falt or cryme,
With ane hett yrne wes brint vpone the mouth;
Fra that tyme furth sic sythis wes not couth.
War thair sic lawis vsit in thir dais,
Ryczt weill I wait, in ernist and in plais,
Men wald be lownar in thair langage fur,
And meikar als than now on dais tha ar.

1 In MS. the fyft. | 2 In MS. ending.
I pray to God, remeid ar of all thing,
Gif I mycht se in my tyme sic ane king.
Bot weill I wait thir wordis ar in vane,
Thairfoir I will turne to my taill agane
Now at this tyme, and lat sic talking be,
Sen weill I wait it will nocht mend for me.
That samin tyme in my storie I fand,
How that ane man come fra Northumberland,
And schew the king of ane that hecht Gormond, 34,985
Ane fallar freik wes nane that mycht be fond,
Ane Dane he wes new cuming ouir the sand,
Arryuit had into Northumberland,
With greit power into that land he la,
To quhat purpois he culd nocht to him sa,
Bot in that land he left him liand still,
Without offence to ony man or ill.
This king Donald quhen he saw him sa so,
In gudlie haist he graithit him till go,
Withoutin stop that tyme or zit ganestand,
With greit power into Northumberland.
And as he wes syne passand be the way,
He met ane man, the quhilk to him did say
That this Gormond, but ony stop or cummer,
Than fourtie myle beyond the water of Humber, 34,980
Far south that tyme wes passit in Ingland.
This ilk Donald quhen he did wnderstand
His purpois wes, quhen it wes rycht to ken,
That tyme to pas agane the Ingldmen,
Fyve thousand men that walit war rycht wycht, 34,985
In breist[plait], braser, and in birny bricht,
To Alarud, of Ingland king, he send,
Agane Gormond him to help and defend,
As the conditoun maid wes of befoir,
With Alarud and nobill king Gregoir. 34,990

1 In MS. &s.
This Alarud syne efter that few dayis, 
With this Gormond, as that my author sayis, 
With mort battell tha met vpoun ane plane, 
Quhair mony thousand on ilk syde wes slane 
Into that feild of mony nobill man, 
Thocht Alarude the victorie thair wan. 
And thocht the Danis fled and left the place, 
That he durst nocht follow vpoun the chace, 
For-quhy his power parit wes to nocht, 
The victorie to him wes so deir boucht; 
Rycht soir he dret be this Gormondus menis, 
Into Ingland that he sould bring ma Denis; 
Perfitlie als he knew thairwith and wist, 
And he did so, he micht him nocht resist, 
And for that caus with him he hes maid peice, 
Of this conditioon as I sall heir reherss. 
That this Gormond sall tak the faith of Christ, 
And allhismen ilkone, and be baptist, 
Of halie kirk for to fulfill command, 
And vse sic law in Ingland as tha fand. 
And Alarude the kinrik sould diuyde, 
Tak him the tane, leve him the tother syde, 
In heretage for euirmoir to bruke; 
Of this conditioon trewis than tha tuke. 
Than this Gormond and all his men ilkone 
Wes baptist syne, and him self Ethalstone 
Callit to name into the tyme wes he, 
And left the name [syne] of gentilitie. 
Quhen this wes done tha weiris than did ceis; 
For all his tym he levit in gude peice. 
That samin tym, as my author did sa, 
Betuix Rosmen and men than of Murra, 
For litill caus thair fell ane greit discord. 
Within schort qhile, gif that I richt record, 
Dalie in feild without armour or geir, 
Tua thousand men war slane into that weir.
This king Donald of that quhen he hard tell,
With mony freik he fuir attouir the fell,
Weill bodin war all into armour brighth,
Withoutin tarie other da or nycht,
In ony tyme than other mair or les,
Quhill he come to the toun of Inuernes.
Off euirilk syde that tyme the pairteis all,
Befoir him self in jugement than gart call;
And sone tha fand the foundaris of that wrang,
And thame also manteinit it so lang;
Syne sentence gaif, as seruit weill to be,
For that same falt ilkane of thame till de.
And so tha did; syne on the secund da,
Quhen this wes done the king passit his wa,
Into quhat place that tyme plesit him best,
And left that land into gude peice and rest.
So wes it ay for terme of all his lyfe;
In all Scotland wes nother man no wyfe
That maid ane falt, fra tyme that it war kend,
Bayth puneist war and compellit to mend.
In all his tyme so equallie he rang,
Wes neuir one durst do ane vther wrang;
His fais als of him had ay greit dreid;
Helplike he wes to euerie man in neid,
Full of largnes and liberalitie.
Syne all his tyme in greit tranquillitie,
In peax and rest, as I haif said 3ow heir,
Quhill of [his] ring quhilk wes the ellevint 3eir,
Departit hes and passit to the lave,
In Iona Yle quhair he wes put in grave;
Of him that tyme grit travell that [thai] tuik.
Loving to God heir endis the tent buik.
How Constantyne was crownit King of Scotland after this King Donald, and how Edward, King of Ingland, send to him ane herald, and of his answerr agane, and how King Edward was constranit to tak Peax.

Ane nobill man wes callit Constantyne, Thrid of that name efter this Donald syne, 35,080
The sone he wes of Ethus Alapes, He crownit wes into that tyme but les, 35,060
Quhilk lout peax above all vther thing. That samin tyme Edward of Ingland king, 35,065
Efter his father Alarud wes deid, Wes crownit king succeidand in his steid. This ilk Edward ane herald sone hes send
To Constantyne with hartlie recommend, Quhilk in that tyme hes done him wnderstand, 35,070
All Cumbria and als Northumberland, Without agane that he did thame restoir, 35,075
The quhilk king Gregour reft fra thame befoir, He schew to him than, schortlie to conclude,
He suld persew him bayth with fyre and blude. This Constantyne sic answerr maid him till,
"He salb met, cum on quhen euir he will." And bad him [sa] that he sould schortlie schaw
Of him he stude full litill dreed or aw; Prayand to God that all the perrell lycht
Quhilk of thame tua, withoutin titill of rycht, 35,080
That presit first sic battell till persew. The messinger zeid hame agane and schew
Ilk word by word as I haif said zow heir. Continiewalie the space syne of ane zeir,
On euerilk syde with presoner and pra, 35,085
But mort battell, dalie wer doand sua.
The Inglismen fra that that weir began,
Ilk da be da tha tynt mair na tha wan,
And of thair purpos come rycht hulie speid,
And of the Danis war in to sic dreid,
Seand thair power convales and stoir
Ilk da be da the langar ay the moir,
And for thir causis than tha war rycht fane
With Constantyne for to mak peax agane.
Syne to the Danis turnit hes thair ire,
And mony theif into the tyme did byre
To steill and reif out of the Danis land,
To fynd ane caus, as ze ma wnderstand,
To caus the peax betuix thame to be brokin,
With so greit wrang vpone thame to be
wrokin.
And so thai did richt oft quhill thar war tane,
And syne on ane gallous hangit than ilkane.
The Inglismen thairof thocht greit dispYTE,
In Lundoun townsynan thaim thar tyme rycht tyte,
Rycht mony Dene that in the toun wes than
In merschandrice, thaslew thame euerie man.
Cithircus than of Danis that wes lord,
Of this greit wrang quhen he hard than record,
Syne on the morne or it wes houris ten,
Gart sla als mony of the Inglismen,
Brent\(^1\) thair bigging and brocht awa thair gude.
Syne at the last with all thair multitude,
On euyry syde quhar at the da wes set,
Vpone ane feild the parteis bayth thair met.
And had nocht bene the mediatioun
Of mony bischop, with intercessioun,
Rycht mony thousand that da had bene slane,
Quhilk causit thame for to concord agane,

\(^1\) In MS. Brocht.
Syne handis schuke, and all thing wes gone by
Remittit wes without melancoly.
This king Edward that tyme he had na air,
Bot ane dochter rycht plesand and preclair,
Ane virgin clene and vnffyllit of fame,
Qwhilk Beatrix wes callit to hir name,
To Cirthircus\(^1\) in mariage he gaif
Till be his wyfe; gif hapnit him to haif
Ane sone of hir, promittit wes that he
Of all Ingland the king and prince sud be.
Of that conditioun bund wes vp that band,
As traistit wes for euir moir sould stand
In greit favour, for sic affinitie
As resson wal betuix thame tua sud be.
This king Edward, in storie I haiff fund,
Ane bruther had that callit wes Edmund;
This Cirthircus\(^2\) rycht subtil[ie] he wrocht,
For to destroy this Edmond and he mocht.

Col. 2.
And so he did sone efter, wait ze how,
His bruder Edward he gart fermlie trow,
That he schupe him with poysoun to distroy,
Qwhilk causit him to tak thairof greit noy,
And for that caus in Flanderis he him send,
Into ane schip that mycht nocht weil defend,
Suppois the se wes neuir so soft and sound:
In that passage this ilk Edmund wes dround.
This king Edward that sonis than had none,
Bot ane bastard wes callit Ethalstone;
And quhen he knew how that his eme wes deid,
So soir he dreed for thair falsheid and feid,
Rycht quietlie he passit on ane da
Out of Ingland into Armorica;
And thair he did ane weil lang quhile remane,
Qwhill efterwart that he come hame agane.

\(^1\) In MS. Cirthircum. \hspace{1cm} \(^2\) In MS. Cirthircum.
How Cithircus¹ thocht to haif slane King Edward, and how this Cithircus¹ wyfe reveillit the Tressoun to hir father, quha poysounit the said Cithircus for that Caus.

This Cithircus,¹ quhen that he knew anone
Edmound wes deid and Ethalstane wes gone,
He traistit weil, and Edward had bene deid, 35,165
Of all Ingland withoutin ony pleid
For to be king, and weild it at his will;
Decretit syne, and he micht cum thairtill,
This king Edward that he suld put to deid,
So secretitlie that he sould haif no feid. 35,160
Cithircus wyfe, fra smo this counsell kend,
Rycht quietlie to hir father scho send
Ane secreit seruan and schew him all the case,
Ilk word be word at lang lasar and space.
Than king Edward quhen he his consall knew, 35,185
How that it wes as this seruan and schew,
For verytene commoit with greit ire,
And fulle of fume as hot as ony fyre,
With atrie visage and with glowrand ene,
Out of his mynd almaist that he had bene. 35,170
And so it wes, as semit weil but lane,
That samit tyme him awin self he had slane
For verra tene, had nocht bene tha by stude,
Quhilk stoppit him and wald nocht lat him dude.
Syne etterwart, for that same caus and quhy, 35,175
Hes awin dochter he hes gart preualy
This Cithircus² with poysoun put to deid;
And so scho did and so endit his feid.
The Saxonis feid wes neuir leill na trew,
As ze ma knaw be this woman that slew 35,180

¹In MS. Cithercus.
²In MS. Cithicum.
Hir awin husband, that hir sic credence gaif;
Beleif ze weill siclike of all the laif.

HOW CITHIRCUS\textsuperscript{1} TUA SONIS PAT HIS WYFFE TO
DEID, AND HOW THA MAID BATTLE AGANIS
KING EDWARD AND SLEW HIM IN FEILD.

This Cithircus\textsuperscript{2} tua sonis had that tyde,
Ane Aweles, ane vther Godefryde.
Thir tua brethir etter thair fatheris deid,
Rycht equalie tha rang into his steid,
In governyng and haill auctoritie,
With haill consent so ordanand wes to be,
Bayth of thame self and all thair multitude.
Quhen that wes done than, schortlie to con-
clude,
Greit diligence ilk da with greit desyre,
Thair fatheris deith to speir and to inquyre.
Qhill at the last richt cleirlie it wes shawin,
That sami tyme, be seruandis of his awin,
How that his wyfe, but ony caus or feid,
With hir awin handis had poysonit him to deid.
Qhairof tha thocht ane mendis for to haif,
And so tha did, qhilk wes nocht lang to craif.
Tua rostit eggis, het as ony fyre,
Wnder hir oxtaris in hir tender lyre,
Tha band thame thair, qhilk brint hir to the
deid.
Thus endit scho that first begouth that pleid.
Syne efter this the tua brether so bald,
And king Edward, of quhome befoir I tald,
With baith thair poweris met vpone ane plane,
Qhahir mony one on euerie syde wes slane,

\textsuperscript{1} In MS. Cithercus. \textsuperscript{2} In MS. Cirthircus.
Of nobill men that waponis weill culd weild.
The Inglismen, suppoist hawan the feild,
It wes deir bocht, that dar I hardlie sa,
Edward thair king wes slane thair that same da.

And thocht the Daynis fled out of the feild,
Fratymethaknew that king Edward wes keild,
Prouydithesanenewpoweragane,
To gif thame feild becaus thair king wes slane;
Traistand thairfoir, withoutin ony dreid,
Of thair purpois for to cum better speid.

HOW AWELES PASSIT IN SCOTLAND TO KING CON-
STANTYNE AND PURCHEST TEN THOUSAND
MEN OF SCOTTIS FOR HIS SUPPLE AGANIS
INGLAND PURPOSING TO SUBDEW IT, AND OF
ETHALSTANE, BASTARD SONE TO EDWARD,
KING OF INGLAND, AND HIS DEIDIS.

This Aweles qihilk wes the eldest bruther,
Into that tyme decretit hes the tother,
The qihilk to name wes callit Godefryde,
The Danis all in Ingland for to gyde.
This beand done him awin self passit syne
Vnto Scotland wnto king Constantyne.
With fair hechtis and mony greit reward,
Corruptit hes b/ayth king, lord and laird;
Qihilk causit thame but caus to brek the band
Wes maid befoir to kingis of Ingland.
Ten thousand men that worthie war and wycht,
Of nobill blude, all into armour brycht,
With Aweles in Ingland than tha send,
Qihilk afterwart that maid ane febill end.
Malcome, the sone of gude Donald the king,
Thir men that tyme had into governing.
Quhen Aweles come hame syne to his bruther,  
With sic power as he culd than considdere,  
Of nobill men and in sic multitude,  
And of sic strenth, as tha all wnderstude  
No maistrie war but straik of sword or knyfe,  
To subdew Ingland, man, barne and wyfe.  
Syne with thair power put all into one,  
Far furth in Ingland fordward ay ar gone;  
With fyre and blude that wonder wes to se,  
Full mony one ilk da tha maid till de.  
Preist or clerk that tyme tha sparit nane;  
Full mony one tha maid rycht will of wane.  
Ane richt lang quhile so that thair will tha  

wrocht,  
That all Ingland had haill bene put to nocht,  
For euirmoir also maid for to rew,  
War nocht the sonar that tha gat reskew.  
This king Edward, of quhome befoir I tald,  
Ane bastard had bayth bellicois and bald,  
Of quhome befoir schort quhile to 3ow I schew,  
Wes crownit king bot laitlie of the new,  
For lauchtfull childer that tyme had he none.  
This king to name wes callit Ethalstone,  
With mony man that waponis weill culd weild,  
Onto ane place wes callit Brommynfeild,  
Vpone ane mure tha met vther forgane,  
And swapit on quhill mony ane wes slane  

On euerie syde with grit rancour and tene.  
The Inglismen that micht nocht weill sustene  
That multitude, the qubilk sic streththis hed,  
Out of the feild in gude ordour tha fled,  
Onto ane strenth that wes neirhand besyde.  
Bayth Scot and Dane richt suddantlie that tyde  
Brak thair array, and all to spulze zeid,  
Of Inglismen tha had so litill dreid
Traistand agane that tha durst nocht persew
Battell no moir, for oucht efter of new
It mycht befall, and speciallie that tyde.
Tha war begyld for all thair heicht and pryde.
This Ethelstane quhen he beheld and saw
Baith vp and doun as tha war scatterit aw,
Without ordour into the feild so wyde,
In gude array returnit in the tyde,
With all his power in the feild agane,
Qubair mony Scot and mony Dayne wes slane,
Without ordour war scatterit in the feild,
Richt cruellie but mercie than war keild.
The Scottis war of sic nobillitie,
Greit schame tha thocht for so few folk to fle,
Without ordour so lang faucht on that plane,
For the most part quhill tha war ilkone slane.
Malcome, thair captane as 2é hard befoir,
Into the feild than woundit wes so soir,
Out of the feild with greit danger he fled
That samin tyme; syne efterwart wes hed,
Betux tua hors vpone [ane] litter borne,
Onto Scotland vpone the tother morne;
So soir woundit he wes into the tyde,
That he doucht nother for to gang nor ryde.
Sone efter syne this ilk king Ethelstone,
With all his power haistelie is gone
Ouir all the partis of Northumberland,
Withoutin stop, quhair ony thair he fand,
Subdewit hes, with litill sturt or pane,
Bayth land and liegis to his fayth agane;
With Cumbria siclike and Westmurland,
Reskewit hes withoutin ony ganestand.
How King Constantyne was grittumelie commouit of the Tyntall of his Lordis, and resignit ouir his crowne in Malcolmus hand, and zeid and did penance amang the Kirkmen in Sanct Androis thair all his dayis.

Quhen Constantyne qubilk wes of Scottis king, 35,300
Quhen that he knew perfitlie all that thing, 35,305
How of Scotland the nobillis war distroyit,
Ilk da by da he studeit moir and noyit;
Wittand so weill him self had all the wyte,
That causit him moir furious to flyte
With his awin self, quhen that he wnderstude 35,310
Distroyit wes so mekle nobill blude,
Throw auerice and throw na vther thing.
The fourtie zeir qubilk than wes of his ring,
Kinrik and crowne, but stop or zit ganestand,
Resignit hes in this Malcolmus hand.
In Sanct Androis syne efter did remane, 35,315
Into the kirk than metropolitane,
Amand the kirkmen rycht contemplatyve,
In greit penance, the terme of all his lyfe.
Syne finallie, as that my author sais,
In peice and rest closit his latter dais.
In Iona Yle syne graitith wes into grave,
With greit honour siclike as wes the lave;
Into his graue quhail he dois zit remane.
Now to my purpos turne I will agane 35,320

How Malcolm ressaught the Crowne of Scottland, and of his Deidis.

This ilk Malcolme, of quhomo ze hard befoir,
With hail consent of all man les and moir,
Fra Constantyne ressauit hes the croun.
Ane man all tyme he wes of gude fassoun,
And euerilk da hes done grit diligence,
Aganis his fais for to mak defence,
And wes content in pex to bruke his awin,
And full layth he wes also to be ouirthrawin.
And for that caus with Ethelstone, but leis,
His purpos wes than for to tak peice,
Dewysit syne to Ethelstone to send.
And as tha war than reddie for to wend,
Ane faithfull man thair cum to him and schew,
How Ethelstone and Aweles of the new
Accordit war, and maid ane sicker band,
That Aweles alhaill Northumberland
Suld haif that tyme rycht frelie with his hart,
Aghanis the Scottis for to tak his part.
Also he said, rycht sone he wnderstude,
Tha suld persew him bayth with fyre and blude.

Quhairof this king that tyme wes nocht content,
Zit neuirtheles rycht sone incontinent,
Quhen that he hard how thir kingis did mene,
His lordis all togidder did convene,
For till aduiss quhat best wes till be done.
Amang thame syne decretit hes rycht sone,
Or tha suld loiss thair libertie and landis,
For till debait it balslie with thair handis,
Or thar war maid to be bondis and thrall.
Suppois that tyme thair power wes rycht small,
As fortoun wald, sic aventure to tak,
Or thar wald thoill so grit ane schame and lak,
Sen battell wes bot aventure and weir;
And how it hapnit etter ze sal heir.
How Ethelstané and Aweles, with bayth thair greit poweris, purpòsit in Scotland agane King Malcolme, and of the discord that fell amang thame, quhair-throw mony ane was slane; and how Aweles fled.

This Ethelstané, of quhome befoir I tald,
And Aweles thir bernis that war bald,
With thair poweris of greit multitude,
Convenit hes togidder neir ane flude,
Bayth in ane will as ze sall wnderstand,
In ferme purpois to cum into Scotland.

Syne suddantlie, the quhilk culd nocht be smord,
Than as God wald, ane grit stryfe and discord
Betuix thame tua into the tyme thair fell;
Qhat wes the caus I can nocht to zow tell.
Qhilk causit thame in tua pairteis to draw,
In battell syne, with mony bitter blaw,
That freindschip endit with grit sturt and stryfe,
Qhail mony thousand loissit hes the lyfe.
The Danis all that da war put to nocht,
And Ethilstone the victorie deir bocht,
Sa mony nobill in the feild wes slane.
This Aweles no langar mycht remane;
Out of the feild with walli few folk is gone,
Syne in ane boit fled to the Yle of Mone.
Rycht litill favour in that place he fand,
Quhairfoir he sped him rycht sone in Ireland.

How King Malcolme causit the Kirkmen to pra and thank God.

Quhen king Malcolme that vnderstude, and knew
So greit mischeif wes fallin of the new,
Betuix the Danis and this Ethilstone,
Ouir all Scotland the kirkmen all ilkone,
Baith preist and prelat in the tym to pra,
Thankand greit [God] to thame that had done sua.
Considderand als how all the mater stude,
Deliverit thame without battell or blude
Out of the handis of thair mortall fs,
Quhomo to tha dred sum tym to halxe bene pra.

HOW PEAX WES MAID BETUIX MALCOLME, KING OF SCOTTIS, AND ETHALSTANE, KING OF INGLAND.

Sone eftersyne as I haifsaid 30w heir,
Fra Ethilstone thair come ane messingeir
To king Malcolm and euerie Scottis lord,
Beseikand thame of gude peice and concord,
Siclike in fayth as tha war wont to stand,
With all condioun and with euerilk band.
Quhairof this Malcolm wes rycht weill content,
And all his lordis intill ane assent,
Renewit peax with lettres seillit braid,
With this condioun peax this time wes maid:
Northumberland with Ingland suld remane,
And Cumbria and Westmurland agane
To king Malcolm thasuld agane restoir,
A尔斯 fre in peax as euir tha war befoir,
And fra that furth the prines land sould be
Of Scotland ay in heretage and fs;
Quhairfoir he suld to kingsis of Ingland
Obedience mak without ony demand,
Without [it] war in his awin defence,
Siclyke also of Scotland and his prence.
To euerie man, as nature hes maid kend,
Of thre thingis is lefull to defend;
That is to say his kinrik and his croun,  
And him awin self out of subjectioun.
Off this conditioun maid wes than this peice;
Fra that tyme furth the weiris all did ceis.

OFF ANE NOBILL MAN INDULPHUS, AND HOW
KING MALCOLME WAS MURDREIST AND SLANE.

Ane nobill man of grit honour and fame,
Indulphus than wes callit to his name,
Richt mekill gude into his tyme that did,
The sone he wes of Constantyne the thrid;
Of Cumbria and eik of Westmurland
He wes maid lord, and prince of all Scotland.
Fra that tyme furth this gude Malcome the king
In peax and rest did all his daiss ring,
And equallie exercit hes his cuir,
Without complaynt other of riche or puir.
In Murra land it hapnit after syne,
Into ane toun that callit wes Vlyne,
Becaus he wes of justice so extreme,
Freindis of quhome befoir that he did fleme,
Vpoun ane nycht tha murdrest him or da,
Richt quietlie in his bed quhair he la.
Thir deid-doaris, sone efter to regard,
War tane ilkone and hangit till reward.
The sxtene zeir of this Malcolmus ring
So endit he that wes of Scotland king,
Becaus he wes so equale in his cuir.
Rycht semdill is that sic men ma be suir
Fra fals fortoun, and all the caus is quhy,
Sic fals tratouris at just men hes invy.
Syne efter that within ane lytill qubile,
Ingravit wes syne into Iona Yle.
HOW INDULPHUS WAS CROWNED KING OF SCOTLAND AFTER THE DECEASE OF KING MALCOLM, AND HOW AWELES SEND FROM NORWAY TO INDULPHUS FOR SUPPLE, AND HOW HE COME IN NORTHUMBERLAND WITH GREAT POWER AGAINST INGLAND, AND OF INDULPHUS ANSWER TO HIS HERALD, AND OF ELGARYN, LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND, AND HOW KING EDMOND SEND ANE HERALD TO INDULPHUS FOR SUPPLE AGAINST AWELES AND THE DANES.

This Indulphus of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my authordid me mentioun mak,
With haill consent that tyme of ald and zing,
Was crownit than of Scotland to be king.
Ane man he wes without crudelitie,
Equale in justice but partialitie;
With diligence exerceand ay his cuir,
And greit compassioun had also of the puir;
Syne efterwart, the fyft zeir of his ring,
This Aweles of quhome befoir I schew,
Fra Norway send till him of the new,
Beseikand him of his help and supple,
Of the injuris to revengit be
In Brymmynfiedl wes done than of befoir.
For-quake, he said, he trowit neur moir
Suld be forset, as he culd wnderstand,
Qhill ony Scot war levand in Scotland.
King Ethilstone into the tyme wes deid,
His sone Edmond than rang into his steid,
And Malcolme als departit wes and gone;
Qhairfoir, he said, betuix thir tua alone
The band wes maid, qhilk no langer suld lest
No[w] tha war deid, qhairfoir he held it best
That [he] that tyme suld tak on him greit cuir,
For to revenge sic harmes and injure.
And plesit him, he said, sic thing till do,
Traist weill he suuld mak him grit help thairto;
Sayand, this Edmond wes nocht worth ane fle,
Without wisdome ane king or prince till be;
Infestit als with every vice and cryme,
And he culd neuir get sa gude ane tyme.
This king Indulfes sic anser maide thair till,
That force it wes the band for to fulfill,
The qubilk wes maid with thae kingis beforne,
Without he war bayth fals and als mensworne;
Qubilk, and he did, it war bayth syn and schame.

With this anser the herald passit hame
To Aweles into the tyme and schew.
This Aweles, quhen he his anser knew,
Rycht sone efter, without stop or ganestand,
Ane greit armie brocht in Northumberland
Fra Norrowa, with mony berne ful baid,
With thair captane qubilk callit wes Rannald.
Ane lord thair wes than in Northumberland,
Hecht Elgaryn as ze sall vnderstand,
As cryvand him to be of Danis blude,
And for that caus, now schortlie to conclude,
This Aweles he hes resaunt than
At greit plesour with his armie ilkman:
Promittand him rycht glaiddlie with his hart,
Agane Edmond ay for to tak his part;
Syne all the strenthis that war in that land,
Resignit thame ilkone in till his hand.
This king Edmond thairf quhen he hard tell,
How Algaryn agane him did reblle,
And Aweles had gottin but ganestand
The strenthis all war in Northumberland,
To Indulphus ane herald sone send he,
Requyrand him of his help and supplie
Agane the Danis war thair commoun fo
His traist it wes Indulfus suuld do so,
To keip the band that wes maid lang befoir.
This Indulfus withoutin ony moir,
Ten thousand men that tyme be taill weill tald,
In armour bricht, bayth bellicois and bald,
And gold and silver with thame for to spend,
Into Ingland till king Edmond he send.
Of quhois come this nobill king Edmound,
As bird on breir wes blyth and letabund,
Or ony be that biggis into hyve,
Withoutin let than sped him on belyve
With greit power onto Northumberland.
This Aweles als on the tother hand,
With mony wy that worthie war and wycht,
Appeirit thair richt sone into his sycht;
Syne in that tyme ane herald sone he send
To king Edmond with hartlie recommend,
The quhilk herald than did him wnderstand,
Wald he lat him hald still Northumberland,
With all fredome as it wes wont till haif,
Siclike befoir as Ethelstane him gaif,
Betuix Scotland and Ingland for till be
Ane mid persone haifand auctoritie,
To stanche all stryfe and gar all weiris ceiss,
For euirmoir tha mycht leif in peice.
And mairattour he did him wnderstand,
Gif that thair come in Scotland or Ingland
Ony stranger to move battell or weir,
Into that tyme he offerit him to sweir,
Quhat euir tha war, rycht glaidlie with his hart
Agane all sic he sould ay tak thair part.
This king Edmond so weill his falsheid knew,
Traistand thairfoir that he culd nocht be trew,
Maid anser sone that he wald nocht do so.
With that responce the herald hyne did go
To Aweles, and schew him les and moir
All his responss as 3e haif hard befoir.
Than Aweles withoutin ony baid,
Amang his men gude ordour [than] hes maid.
This Elgaryn, as se sall wnderstand,
Aucht thousand men had of Northumberland
At his bidding into the feild that da.
Then king Edmond, with all the haist he ma,
With mony targe and mony glitterand scheild,
In gude ordour aganis him hes tane feild.
The men that tyme all of Northumberland,
Seand thair king agane thaire cumand,
Quhome of that tyme tha war so soir adred,
Out of the feild in gude ordour tha fled.
Quhairof the Danis sic disconfort tuke,
That mony ane thair armour of thame schuke,
Out of the feild syne efter follouit fast.
This Aweles thairof na thing agast,
And all his nobillis standand him about,
Into the feild tha enterit with ane schout,
And faucht ane quhile als lang as it mycht be,
Quhill force it wes efter the lawe to fle.
Rycht few war keillit in the fechting place,
Bot mony ane wer slane into the chace;
And neuir man wes of the Danis blude
Wes tane that da, other ill or gude;
And also'lang as tha had ony lycht,
Greit slauchter maid quhill twynnit thame the nycht.
Thus fortoun wald it hapnit vpone cace,
This Elgaryn wes tane into the chace,
Bayth fit and hand fast festnit syne and bund,
And presentit wes befuir this ilk Edmond.
Quhilk efterwart, as justice wald and ressoun,
For his defalt, his falsheid, and his tressone,
In Eborak, efter that he wes schrevin,
With foure wyld hors in foure partis wes revin.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

The men of gude als in Northumberland,
Ryacht mony than war hangit all fra hand;
Siclike reward as thae seruit to haif,
Into that tyme it wes nocht for to craif.
This king Edmond the morne efter the feild,
Ryacht equalie to euerie man and cheild
The haill spulze amang thame gart diuyde,
Bayth ill and gude that present wes that tyde;
And speciallie that tyme, attourie the lawe,
To Scottis men ryacht greit rewardis gawe,
And thankit thame ryacht hartlie with gude will,
In his supplie that tyme that come him till.
Tha tukethairleve quhen done wes all this thing,
And passit hame to gude Indulf the king.

HOW AGONE AND ELRIK COME IN ALBIONE OUT OF NORROWAY.

Echter this tyme the space of neir four zeir,
As hapnit syne tak tent and ze sall heir.
Of Norrowa ane grit nobill of one.
The quhilk to name that callit wes Agone,
And of Denmark siclike their wes ane vther,
Callit Elrik, in armes wes his brother.
With greit power thir tua hes tane the se,
In Albione for to revengit be
Of thair freindis that slane wes of befoir.
Syne into Forth, with mekill bost and schoir,
Be aduenture the wedder did thame dryve,
Vp in the firth quhair tha thocht till arryve,
In sindrie partis quhair tha schupe to land;
And ay tha gat so greit stop and ganestand,
Throw men of weir that come to the cost syde,
In Forth that tyme tha wald na langar byde.
Syne with thair schippis efter on ane da,
Tha enterit all into the mouth of Ta.
So mony folk into that place tha fand,
That in no pairt tha lute thame thair tak land.
Syne saillit furth into the north rycht far,
By Murra, Buchquhane, the Mernis als and Mar,
And fand na place quhair thair durst tak the land,
So mekill stop tha had ay and ganestand.
Quhairfoir that tyme tha haif wrocht with ane wyle,
How tha mycht best the Scottis to begyle,
And drew thair saillis to the top rycht hie,
And tuke thair cours rycht eist throw the mane se,
In that beleif tha passit war awa.
Syne efterwart tha come on the fourt da
Into Boyne, ane land by Buchquhane cost,
And thair at lasar landit all thair oist.
Airlie at morne [syno] sone, or ony wist,
Tha landit thair at grit lasar and list.
The nychtbour men that duelt neirhand about,
Tha gatherit furth that tyme in mony route;
Becaus thair power so litill wes and small,
Tha wald nocht be resistit for thame all,
Bot in that land thair thare remainit still,
With greit heirschip at thair plesour and will.
Quhill Indulfesone efter on ane da,
Come thair him self, as my author did sa,
With bernis bald that waponis well weild,
On fit and hors that tyme and gaifthame feild.
Vpone ane mure besyde ane mont tha met,
With brandis brycht ilkane on vther bet;
Bald as ane bair tha bernis all did byde,
Without sunge that tyme in ony syde.
Into that stour ane lang quhile so tha stude,
Quhill mony berne had bled rycht mekill blude,
And mony grume la granand on the ground,
And mony ane buir deidlie werkand wound.
So at the last the lord than of Dumbar,
And one hecht Gryme, quhilk cuming hed rycht far
Fra Loutheane supple thair for to mak,
Come in that tyme behind the Danis bak,
In rayit battell reddie for till june.
The Danis than persauit that richt sone,
In sindrie partis skaillit heir and thair,
In greit danger the langar ay the mair,
Sum in mos and vther sum in myre,
In grit trubill quhilk causit thame to tyre,
Into the tyme quhill tha war all ouirtane,
Syne cruellie thair war tha slane ilkane.
This nobill king so hapnit him to ryde,
With ane armie in by ane montane syde,
Ouir all the feild mo Danis for to spy;
So in ane glen than liand wes thairby
Ane wyng of Danis, as my author did sa,
Qhillik in the feild had nochtouchten that da,
And suddanelie again the gaif thame feild.
The Danis all ilkone that tyme wer keild,
And gude Indulf than with ane fedderit flane,
Throw aventure in that same feild wes slane.
As I haifsaid so hapnit all this thing
Into the nynt 3eir of Indulfus ring,
And of oure Lord that tyme nyne hundreth 3eir,
Saxtie and aucht, no moir to rekkin heir.
Of gude Indulf the bodie syne tha buir
To Iona Yle with bissines and cuir,
With all honour that sic ane prince suld haif,
In sepultuir syne put besyde the lawe.
Syne eftter that that all this thing wes done,
The lordis all convenit into Scone.
HOW DUFFOIS, SONE OF KING MALCOLME, WAS CROWNIT KING EFTER INDULFUS, AND OF HIS DUCHTIE DEIDIS AND JUSTICE DONE IN THE YLIS.

Ane lustieman rycht plesand and benyng,
Duffois to name, sone wes of Malcolme king,
  Quhome of 3e hard bot schort quhile of befoir,
  With hail consent that tyme of les and moir,
  In rob royall, with sword, sceptour and ring,
  That samin tyme wes crownit to be king.
The eldest sone than of gude Indulfus,
The quhilk to name wes callit Culenus,
  Declarit wes of Cumbria to be
  The lord and prince, with hail auctoritie,
  And to Duffois the successour and prince,
  Be hail consent without fraude or offence.
This beand done as 3e haif hard me say,
He tuke his leif syne passit on his wa
To Cumbria, fra that place mony mylis.
The king also than passit in the Ylis,
  For mekill sturt that tyme that wes on steir
  Ouir all the Ylis than bayth far and neir.
The laborus men into the Ylis that war,
  With ydill men oppressit war richt far;
Ilk da by da that tyme tha war ourithrawin
  Be gentill men that had nocht of thair awin.
In all thair tyme tha had no will to wirk,
  Bot plukkit ay fra puri men and the kirk,
  Tha comptit nocht, gat tha the gold to spend,
  How it wes wyn or quhat suld be the end.
The king thairfoir into the samin quhile,
The lord and thane that wes of every yle,
  Befoir him self that tyme he gart compeir
In audience that tha mycht ilkane heir.
He said, and swoir be his rycht hand and croun,
Hard he ought mair of sic oppressioun,
Tha suld haif all mair, magir to thair meid,
Na tha befoir war doaris of the deid.
Rycht weill he wist that sic thing culd nocht be,
Bot gif it war of thair auctoriitie;
And that tha war manteinit weill thairin,
Qubilk war to thame so neir of blude and kin,
Relaxand thame withoutin law so large;
Do as tha list it sould ly on thair charge.
Rycht mony lord thair wes into that land,
Obeyit weill his edick and command;
With diligence and bissie cuir tha woik,
And mony trucour in the tyme tha tuik,
Part be force, and vther part throw slycht,
Syne on ane gallous hangit thame on hycht;
And all the laif that culd nocht be ouirtane,
Tha baneist thame in Ireland than ilkane.
And mony vther wes of nobill blude,
Throw greit requiest of sindrie men of gude,
Tha fand borowis\(^1\) fra that furht to be leill,
In all thair tyme no moir to reif or steill.
And so tha did in mony sindrie landis,
Wynnand thair leving dalie with thair handis;
The best craft and of the grittist blude,
To sober men maid seruice forthair fude.
Becaus tha war so euill teichit in thair 3outh,
Haiffand weilfair and wantones at fouth,
But disciplyne with sic vndantonit rage,
Qubilk causit thame haif powertie in age;
That force it wes in sic necessitie,
To reif or steill, or than of hungar de,
Or with thair handis dalie for to wirk,
Sic force it wes mycht nother tyre no irk.

\(^1\) In MS. baronis.
Quhairat thair freindis had richt greit invy,
Amang thame self compleinit and said, fy
Vpoun thair king! wes nother wyss no gude,
Maid sic distruction of the nobill blude,
Quhilk thoillit thame sic vyle seruice to mak
To carlis blude with so grit schame and lak,
In vilpentioun of the nobill blude.
Quhairfoir tha said all, schortlie to conclude,
He ganit nocht to be ane king or prince,
So extreme wes alway in the defence
Of carle and kirkmen war bot of law birth,
That nobill blude at him gat no moir girth
Nor the leist knaif for taking of ane cow;
Sic law tha said wes nothing to allow.
Quhat wes the end, quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell zow heir.

How King Duffois was vexit with soir Seirnes, and in that tyme of greit oppres-
sioun maide be Men of Gude.

Sone efter this it hapnit for to be,
This king Duffus with greit infirmityes
Soir vexit wes, with bitter panis strang,
That he doucht nother for to ryde nor gang;
But appetyte other of meit or drink,
And all the nycht he sleipit nocht ane wynk.
Richt oft he fell into ane glowand heit,
With sic abundance of excedand sweit,
His cumlie cors, befoir wes corpolent,
Laithlie and lene wes maid, and macilent.
Grislie and grym lyke ony gaist he grew,
With paill visage discolorat wes of hew;
Of medicine he wes out of beleif;
For no prattik that men culd on him prewe
Tha culd nocht leis him of his pane ane myte,
In medicine toocht thar war rycht perfite.
Disparit wes than of his lyfe ilkone,
Micht no man help that tyme bot God alone.
In this tyme now that ze heir me tell,
In Murra land richt mony did rebell,
And speciallie the gritttest men of gude,
Quhen that thar hard how with the king it stude.

Richt mony one wes reft of his possessioun,
And mony pur man spulzeit with oppressioun,
And mony wyfe an wedow oft wes wrangit,
And mony theif, that seruit to be hangit,
Of meit an drink richt delicat wes fed,
Quhen leill men oft wnsowpit zeid to bed.
Richt closlie zit thar keipit all this thing,
Zit unreveillit to Duffus the king,
Or it sould lat him for to convales,
And caus his cair the moir for to incres.
And for that caus thar keipit it als cloiss,
As men wald keip balme riche in ane boiss.
Sone efter this, I can nocht tell zeow how,
Gif that my author thairof be till trow,
Thair raiss ane word amang thame suddantlie,
Sayand the king that tymes suld witchit be
Be ane auld wyfe duelland in Forres toun,
Rycht quyetlie amang thame lang did wound.
Syne at the last it brak out with sic feir,
Quhill that it come vnto the kings eir.

All seik men hes ane vse an consuetude,
To seik all thing thar trow ma do thame gude,
And euerie man of counsell to inquyir,
Of noveltie thar haif so greit desyre.
That saumin tymes so did Duffois the king:
He ceissit nocht fra tymes he knew sic thing,
To Forres toun quhill he send to exploir,
Gif all wes suith wes said to him befoir.
How King Duffois was witchit be advise of his Lordis with ane Witche Carling that duelt in Forres.

In Forres toun ane fair castell of one
Thair stude that tyme, quhilk wes rycht strang of stone,
The kingis castell lang wes of the auld;
Ane nobill man, wes callit Donewald,
Had it in cuir and keipar of that hous,
Ane traist seruand wes to this king Duffus.
This kingis men that secretlie him schew,
Knavand so weill that he wes verratrew,
Desyrand als his counsall and supple,
Off this ald wyfe to wit the veritie.
This ald carling ane prenteis had that tyme,
Knew weill the craft, and also of that cryme
Wes particeps quhen thair wes oucht till do,
Perfit scho wes and helpit weill thairto;
In the castell thair wes ane fair young man,
Hir peramouris quhilk in the tyme wes than.
This Donewald he knew thair kyndnes weill,
And traistit als scho wald to him reveill
All kynd of thing that in hir mynd than la;
Quhairfoir richt sone syne efter on ane da,
He causit him at hir to speir all thing,
Rycht tenderlie, of gude Duffois the king
Quhat wes the caus of his infirmitie,
His complexioun, also his qualitie?
Or gif it wes that men mycht mak remeid,
Quhat traistit scho than, quhiddar lyfe or deid?
As wemen will, thair toung gois so wyde,
Fra thair luifaris nothing in erth can hyde.
And so did scho the samyn tyme I trow,
Ilk word be word tald him the maner how,
Throw sorcerie and throw na uther thing,
Distroyit wes so gude Duffus the king.
And how it wes all wrocht vpoun the nycht.
This ilk young man quhen he considderit rycht
How all thing stude, thairof nothing he spak,
Dreidand thairof scho sould suspitioun tak,
And turnit hes thair talking fra the king,
To sport and pla and mony sindrie thing.
Syne tuke his leif and bad hir than gude nycht,
And to the castell raikit on full richt,
And tald to thame that tyme how he had sped.
That samin nicht, quhen all wes gone to bed,
The kingis seurandis furth with him he tuik
On to the hous of this ald wyfe to luik,
Gif tha culd spy that nycht gif ought wes done.
So at the last ane hes persauit sone,
Out throw ane boir quhaire he mycht rycht weill se,
This ald carling vpone ane speit of tre,
Of wals ane image rostand at the fyre.
That ald trattas for turning wald nocht tye,
And as soho turnit ay about scoho sang,
Als on the image scoho leit drop amang,
Out of ane pig, ane wounder fat liooir
Continuallie; than ordand wes thairfoir,
Quhen tha persauithow it wes, ilkone
Rycht quyetlie on to the dur ar gone,
And with ane dunt the dur sone vp tha dang.
Syne on the flure ben to the fyre did gang,
And tuik this carling and hir prenteis bayth
Reid-hand that tyme, thocht tha wer neuir so wrayth,
Evin as tha sat with euerie instrument,
Syne to the castell all with thame tha went.
This Donewald he did at thame inquyre,
Of the image tha roistit at the fyre,
On to quhat thing that it suld signifie.
The ald carling than ansuerit suddantlie
Till him agane into the samin thing,

Sayand, it wes the image of the king:

"Quhat wes the caus, tell me syne, I desyr,
"Thow rostit it so," he said, "at the fyre,
"Turnand as oft vpoun zeone speit of tre?"
"Forsuith," scho said, "that sall I, and nocht lie.
"To caus the walx to melt and [to] consume,
"Quhairthrow his bodie wox bayth lene and tume;
"Zond liquour als I zeet vpone it syne,
"Fat as the oyle and cleir as ony wyne,
"It causit him continuallie to sweit
"In sic abundance, with exces of heit,
"That force it wes to him to walk as lang,
"Withoutin sleip, thir versis quhen I sang;
"And ay the langar of his bodie faill,
"Quhill that this image wer consumit haill;
"Quhen that wes done, without ony remeid,
"Than force it wes to him to suffer deid."
"Quha causit the," he said, "to do sic thing?"
"Greit men," scho said, "that louit nocht the king."
"Quhat war tha men, fane wald I wnder-
stand?"

Scho said agane, "The nobillis of this land,
"Is none of thame for till except this tyme,
"Throw thair counsall committit wes this cryme,
"Quhilk causit me be gift and greit reward,
"Wes gevin me be mony lord and lard,
"For to commit this to the kingis grace,
"Quhairthrow thamycht haiff facultie and space
"Quhill that he wes in sic extremitie,
"And so soir vexit with infirmitie,
"To vse thair willis qubilk wes neir gude.
"This wes the caus now, schortlie to conclude."
How the Image of Walx was brokin, and it and the Wytche Carlinge cassin and brint in the Fyre, and the King conva-lesect and justifeit the Causaris and Counsallouris of that Cryme.

This beand said withoutin ony dout, Commouit war ilkane that stude about, And brak the image into pecis small, Syne in the fyre flang and the wyfe with all; And held hir thair quhill scho wes brint in ass, Out of that place or tha wald farther pass. That samin hour that this same thing wes done, The king he alterit suddanelie and sone, And left his sueit that tyme, and tuke gud rest, Sleipand rycht sound quhill all the nycht wes past, And on the morne, quhill it wes neir fuir-dais, Rycht soft and sound, as that my author sais, And walknit syne, and vp with that he rais; With greit blythnes gart put on all his clais, And fand himself that tyme als haill ane man, As euir he wes quhen his seiknes began. And in his persoun also weill dispost To eit and drink, als blyth and als rejosit, And in him self that tyme als crous and kant, Except he wes baith febill, lene and fant. Syne da be da to moir curage he drew, Quhill all his strenthis did agane renew, Quhairby he micht, as he wes wont till do, Bayth ryde and gang quhair plesit him thairto, In ony part quhair that him list to found; And of all seiknes wes maid haill and sound, Without murmour in ony part to mene, As he had neuir into sic seiknes bene.
With greit power syne eftter on ane da,
This king Duffus passit into Murra.
Quhome of the nobillis war so soir adred,
Far furth in Buchquhane in the tyme tha fled;
In Catnes syne tha passit moir and les,
In woddis wyld and mony wildernes.
This king Duffus sone eftter thame is gone,
With greit travell quhill tha war tane ilkone;
Syne brocht agane war ilkane mair and les,
Into the toun and castellof Forres,
Quhair that this king than with his lordis all,
Exercit justice in his tribunall.
Thair war tha maid, be his auctoritie,
Vpoun ane gallous euerie one till de.
That samin tyme wes sindrie men of gude,
Rycht fair and young, of Donewaldus blude,
Throw ill counsarll of lordis in that land,
Rebellaris war all of that samin band.
This Donewald oft previt in that place,
With fair trettie for till obtene thame grace,
Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald nocht be,
Without mercie tha war all hangit hie.
Quhairof that tyme consaunt hes greit yre
Into his mynd hettar than ony fyre,
With appetite for to revengit be,
And euer he mocht, with greit crudelitie.
Dreidand to be suspectit of that cryme,
With plesand vult dissimulat that tyme,
At all power ay for to pleis the king,
As he had rakkit rycht litill sic thing.
This Donewald that tyme he had ane wyffe,
Qhilk tenderlie he louit as his lyfe,
Persaunt weill hes be his said maneir,
His countenance, his sad and havie cheir,
That he wes warnit of his will that far;
The longar ey apperand to be war,
Dreidand at him dispesit wes the king,  
Ryacht oft at him scho askit of sic thing.  
This Donewald, as kyndlie is to be,  
Onto his wyfe, so tender luif had he,  
As leill luifaris to vther sould be kynd,  
He schew to hir the secrete of his mynd,  
How that he wes commoit at the king;  
Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing;  
And he culd nocht his purpos weil cum till,  
That causit him to want part of his will.  
This wickit wyfe quhen scho hard him so tell,  
Into hir mynd baith furius and fell,  
Persauit weil his haitrent at the king;  
Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing,  
For-quhy hir self wes of the same intent.  
For hir freindis the king that tyme had schent  
For their tressone, befoir as I haif tald,  
This wickit wyffe, that bitter wes and bald,  
Consauit hes with greit crudelitie  
Ane wickit wyle for to revengit be.  
And to hir husband in the tyme scho said,  "Blyn of your baill, se ze be blyth and glaid,  "And slaik also of all your syte and sorrow:  "All salbe weil, I find zow God to borrow,  "To my counsell, and heir I tak on me,  "Of all injure thow sall revengit be.  "Considdier now thow hes at thi command,  "Of all this castell ilk syre and servuand,  "Ryacht bisselie for to obey the till,  "To satisfie all thi desyre and will,  "At thi plesour intill all gudlie haist,  "Hes thow nocht Duffus for to be thi gaist,  "Without beleif of tressoun in thi cuir,  "Quhilk hes the wrocht sic malice and injure?  "Hes thow nocht servuandis also at thi will,  "All thi command at plesour to fulfill?
"How can thow find," scho said, "ane better tyme
"To be revengit of this cruell cryme?
"Hes thow nocht now this Duffus in thi cuir,
"Hes done ws baith so greit harme and injure?
"Dreid nocht," scho said, "suppois he be ane king,
"Tak litill tent or terrour of sic thing,
"Sen mony ane with litill red full sone,
"Siclike befoir to sic tirranis had done.
"Thairfoir," scho said, "as all the case now standis,
"And he vmschewat at this tyme fra thi handis,
"In all thi lyfe, thocht thow wald neir so fane,
"Thow sall nocht get so gude ane tyme agane."

This Donewald quhen he hard hir sa so,
Oft in his mynd revoluand to and fro,
Syne at the last deliuerit hes rycht sone,
To tak his tyme sen it wes oportune,
Throw hir counsell quhilk causit hes sic ire
Into his breist, hettar no ony fyre.
Keipand full cloiss all thing within his spreit,
Zit neirtheles with dulce wordis and sweit,
Rycht jocundliewald commoun with the king,
That he suld nocht suspect him of sic thing.
The king him louit also ouir the laif,
And in the tyme moir credence to him gaif
No ony vther, so courtes wes and heynd,
And held him ay for his maist afald freind.
Is none that better mai dissauqe ane vther,
No he in quhome he traistis as his brother,
And of his lantie is nothing suspect,
Als of his mynd knawis the haille effect:
That is the man, traist weill, ouir all the laif,
Tha[t] eithast ma his creditour dissauqe.
That samin tyme so wes this Donewald,
Most credence had befoir as I haif tald,
Qubilk in his mynd deliuerit hes sic thing,
Rycht cruellie than for to sla the king.
Four of his freindis that he kend wes trew,
Of all that thing his mynd to thame he schew,
And gaif thame gold, with grit riches and land,
For to mak help and tak sic thing on hand.
Gold is so glittis, as ze knaw and ken,
Qhilk of befoir hes causit mony men
To tak on hand, and rycdt pertlie persew,
The thing efter that maid thame for to rew.
So did thir seruandis in the samin tyme,
Consentit hes to sic ane cruell cryme,
The gold and land that tyme tha thocht so sweit;
Syne set ane terme thair purpois to compleit.

How King Duffus vsit Twyss on the day to pra in his oratour, and of Donwaldis decepfioun and tressone aganis King Duffus.

That samin nycht quhen sowpit had the king;
Baithe in and morne he vsit ay sic thing,
For to postpone all kynd of warldlie cuir,
And on his kneeis in his oratour,
Diuotlie thair ane lang quhile for to pra;
That samin nycht this gude king hes done sua,
Qhailk thair wes nane bot Donewald and he
Into that tyme and othir tua or thre,
Qubilk with the king all tyme wes best belude,
Of sindrie thingis talkand togidder stude.
This Donewald thair in his talking schew
How to the king that he had bene so trew,
And euir sould be other for weill or wo;
" It wes his part," he said, "for till do so,
" For-quhy he wes aboue all erthlie thing,
" So far addettit to that nobill king;
" Wes neuir none of hie or law degre,
" With sic ane prince so weill lout as he,
"Gettand of him so mony riche reward;
"Wes neur one of all the kingis gard,
"Rewardit wes so weell amang thame all,
"Suppois," he said, "that my service be small."
Far mair nor this he said with greit effect,
That efterwart na man sould him suspect,
Gif hapnit so as he had tane on hand,
Traistand sic wordis sould be his warrand.
Syne efterwart, quhen that the king had done
His deuotioun, than vp he rais rycht sone,
This Donewald on to him he did call,
So kyndlie thair in presens of thame all,
With hail affeictiounhartlie with his spreit,
He treittit him with plesand wordis sweit,
And schew to him into that samin thrall,
Far moir kyndnes nor ony of thame all.
This Donewald than for ane subtill trane,
Hes thankithim moir hartlie than agane
No I can tell, or put this tyme in verss.
Ouir langsum war tha wordis to reherss,
The plesand langage and the countenance,
The fair flesching, with all the circumstance,
With so gude ordour into eueriething,
This Donewald that he1 schew to the king,
Qhbairthrow of him he sould no ill suspect.
That samin nycht syne followit in effect,

How King Duffus was mordrest in his bed
be the Tratour Donewald and his fals Gaird.

Quhen that this king wes laid into his bed,
With all the servautis in the tyme he hed,
That ordand war his chalmer for to keip,
Quhen tha war cloiss and all rycht sound on sleip,
This Donewald, quhilk had the place in cuir,
Knew weill the gyn of euerilk chalmer duir,
And opnit hes, with ane rycht subtilly slycht, 36,005
The chalmer dur quhair the king la all nycht.
With his seruandis that stalwart war and suir,
Rycht quyetlie syne enterit on the fluir,
Syne raikit ben onto the kingis bed,
With drawin knyffis ilkane in hand tha hed; 36,100
Out-throw the oeris thair sleipand quhair he lyis,
Ilkone of thame the straik him tuyss or thryiss,
Quhilk all the bed abundit so with blude,
Syne in the fluir quhair that the tratouris stude,
That blude royall quhilk ran amang thair feit, 36,105
Lyke ony loch maid all the fluir als weit.
O curst Cayin! O subtill Sathanis seid!
O ganzelon! hoy durst thow do that deid?
O fals Judas! quhat wes it that movit the,
Into thi mynd so cruel for to be? 36,110
O mad monstour! marrit out of thi mynd,
Onto thi king that wes to the so kynd!
Quhair wes thi wisdome, quhair wes thi prudence,
To faill so far and do so greit offence
Attourire mesour, with sic crudelitie, 36,115
To thi swin prince quhilk faillit neuir to the?

HOW DONEWALD AND HIS FALLOWIS THAT NYCHT BURYIT THE KINGIS BODIE, AND HOW HE SLEW THE KINGIS CHALMER BOY, AND OF HIS GREIT DISSIMULATION, OFF QUHOME THE LORDIS TUK SUSPITIOUN.

This beand done as I haifsaid zow heir,
This Donewald and his fallouis in feir,
At ane postrum quhairof rycht few tuke cuir,
The kingis cors rycht quyetlie tha buir. 36,120
Vpoun ane hors that ordand wes theirfoir,
Furth of that place ane myle that tymne and moir,
Tha had his bodie till ane water syde.
Vnder ane bra quhair tha thocht it to hyde,
Tha maid ane graif that wes bayth deip and

lang,
Syne suddantlie the deid corpis in tha flang;
And syne kest on the muldis on the clay,
The grene erd syne, and dycht the laif away,
Nane mycht persaueth an other les or moir,
That ony erd wes brokin thair befoir. 36,130
Quhen this wes done he passit hame full rycht,
Amang the men that walkit all the nycht,
Vpone his feit that nycht to end he stude,
Of this ilk king speikand so mekle gude,

Col. 2. And schew him thair so freindfull to the king, 36,135
As he had Bene rycht saikles of that thing.
All that he did on to the same effect,
Of that ilk deid no man sould him suspect.
Syne on the morne, sone be the da wes lycht,
The child that la besyde the king all nycht, 36,140
Quhen he walknit sone efter it wes da,
Syne luikit vp and saw the king awa,
And fand his bed so bludie all begone,
God wait or nocht gif he wes willof wone !
With ane loud schout, and with ane Cairfull
cry,
He walknit all the laif that la neirby,
Qhilk come rycht sone to wit quhat he wald.
Rycht piteouslie quhen he that cace had tald,
Tha weipit all with sic ane duilfull cheir,
And mony schout that all the place did heir. 36,150
The watchis all that walkand wer without,
Quhen that tha hard sa mony cry and schout,
Tha war affrayit of the suddane cry,
Syne in tha come rycht sone and suddanly.
This Donewald quhilk wes amang thame than, 36,155
Amang thame all he wes the formest man
Come to the dur quhair that he hard that dyn,
Syne suddantlie amang thame enterit in.
And quhen he saw the caus of all thair cair,
For verrie wo as he wald ryve his hair, 36,160
Dissimulat syne for to fall in swoun,
As he wer deid thair to the erth fell doun.
Sone eftersyne quhenthat he did retorn
Out of his swoun, he stude lang in ane horn;
Syne at the last ane lang knyfe out he drew, 36,165
Quhairwith rycht sone the chalmer child he slew,
And said, "Tratour! wa worth the for thi trane!
"It hes bene thow this nobill king hes slane."
Syne vp and doun, als lycht as leif of lynd,
He ran to se gif he his cors culd fynd, 36,170
Fra place to place quhair that it suld be hid,
With mony schout ay squeilland like a kid.
Than at the last, to mak my purpos schort,
He fand him self the postrum and bak port,
He knew rycht weill thair be his blude that 36,175
la,
Out at that port tha tursit him awa.
Syne come agane into the tyme full tyte,
And laid the pais thairof and all the wyit
On thame that nycht in keiping had the keyis,
Rycht lang with thame makand grit pleid and 36,180
plevis.
The nobillis all thairof tha war so will,
Wittand no wane quhat suld be done thair till;
The king wes slane in his bed quhair he la,
His bodie stollin out of the place or da,
The quhilk tha reput for als grit ane blame 36,185
As his slaughter, and also far mair schame.
The lordis all that tyme for the most fecht,
Amang thame self held Donewald suspect,
Becaus they saw him mak sic diligence,
Attouir mesour doand so greit offence;
Quhairof tha tuik suspitioun in the tyme,
It wes him self wes maist caus of that cryme,
And for to schaw that he wes innocent,
That causit him to be so diligent.

36,190

Zit neuirtheles for d Reid etter of war,
Becaus that tyme tha war fra hame so far,
Amang his freindis in ane vncouth land,
Without ane king to tak sic thing on hand,
Tha thocht tha wald dissimull in that cace,
Qhill efterwart that tha saw tyme and place.
And so tha did into that tyme ilkone,
Skaillit the oist and hamewart all is gone.

OFF GREIT MARVELLS AND TAKYNNIS SENE IN
THE AIR AT THAT TYME IN SCOTLAND.

This beand done as I haif said zow heir,
Ouir all Scotland, the space of half ane zeir,
Vpone the da the sone it gaif no licht,
No zit the mone, nor sternis on the nycht.
And all the lift 1 baith dirk and nubelus,
Perturbit wes with cloudis mervelus,
And mony blast als blawand in the air,
With felloun fyre als fleand ouir all quhair.
Quhilk causit all man that tyme to presume,
Rycht neirhand wes the dreidfull da of dome;
That wounder wes so awfull to sustene,
Siclike befoir wes neuir hard nor sene.

36,200

36,205

36,210

1 In MS. 'kaill.'
How Culeanus, the Prince of Cumbria, was brocht to Scone to be crownit, and how he requyrit the Kirkmen of the Takynis in the Sky, and of thair Ansuer, and how Culeanus maid his Vow.

Indulfus sone the prince of Cumbria,
Culenus hecht, befoir as ze hard as,
With haill consent of the lordis ilkone,
Wes brocht that tyme fra Cumbria to Scone,
Into that place, siclyik as did the laue,
His croun and sceptour thair for to ressaue,
This Culenus befoir the kirkmen all,
Into that tyme wer present greit and small,
Inquyrit hes the caus quhairfoir or quhy
Sic perturbation wes into the sky,
Ouir all the air with sic obscuritie,
That horribill wes till ony man to se!
And the agane sic ansuer maid that tyme;
Qhill puneist war the greit offence and cryme,
And cruell deid of gude Duffus the king,
Qhillk wes so just and gratius in all thing,
That all Scotland, bayth be land and se,
With that same plaig suld euirmoir puneist be.
Without also it war remeidit sone,
Tha wist rycht weill that gratius God abone,
Ane sarar plaig sould sone amang thame send,
With greit furor qhillk sould thame all offend,
This Culenus befoir thame maid ane vow,
Into the tyme and he war for to trow,
The croun of gold sould neuir cum on his heid,
Qhill that he had revengit Duffus deid.
With all the power syne efter [that] he ma,
Provydit hes to pas in to Murra.
In Murra land quhen thir tydenis war tald,
With so greit dreid this tratour Donewald
Fra wyfe and barnis passit on the nycht,
Out of Forres unwist of ony wicht.
Of euerie man he had so greit suspitioun,
Rycht weil he wist without ony remissioun,
And he war tane in ony toun or steid,
Thair wes no gold mycht sae him fra the deid.
Quhen this was kend that Donewald did fie,
Than euerie man wist weil that it wes he,
That fals tratour, committit had the tressoun,
Fyllit him self as it wes mekill ressone.
This Culemus, of quhome I spak befoir,
36,255
And all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
To Murra land and syne to Forres toun,
He come that nycht with mony bald barroun.
Syne in the castell enterit hes belyve,
Quhair he gart tak this Donewaldus wyve,
36,260
And thre dochteris war in that hous of stone;
Syne all the laif that war thairin ilkone,
Baith young and ald, but ony remeid,
Rycht cruellie gart put thame all to deid;
To caus all man for to detaist sic thing,
36,265
As to put handis in ane crownit king.
The castell also wes of stane and lyme,
Law to the ground gart cast it doun that tyme,
For to revenge the cruell deid and pane,
Of gude Duffus saikles thairin wes slane.
36,270
Exeminit hes syne of this Donewald
The wickit wyfe, quhilk euerie word has tald
Fra end to end and all the process how,
Schort quhile befoir as I schew heir to 30w.
And how scho wes the caus of all that thing,
36,275
That gart hir husband that tyme sla the king,
Ilk word be word scho schew than les and moir,
How that it wes, the caus quhy and quhairfoir;
And quhair he wes als erdit in the tyme,
Befoir thame all confessit hes hir cryme.
36,280
Quhen this was said, the pepill that stude by,
At hir tha had sic malice and invy,
With greit fervour accessand to sic feid,
Doutles that tyme tha had dung hir to deid,
Quhen tha hard hir confess hir cruell cryne,
And tha had nocht bene stoppit in the tyme
Be Culemus, diuysit hir to de
Ane scharpar deid with moir crudelitie,
That nycht he ordand ilk man to tak rest;
Syne on the morne to boun thame all thair best,
With reuerence all that dought to mak,
Gude Duffois cors out of that place to tak.
Syne on the morne as tha culd ken the da,
And reddie war ilk man to pas thair wa,
To Culemus thair come ane man and schew
How Donewaldus laitlie of the new,
Throw aduenture [and] tempest of the se,
Into ane schip quhair he hainpitt to be,
Within foure myle wes brokin on ane sand;
Qubah air him self come levand to the land
Wes tane and bund be nychtbour men besyde,
The quhilk to him war bringand in the tyde:
Qubah air of thayme als blyth and glaid wes he,
As possibill wes to ony man to be.
Be this was said, within ane lytill quhile,
Ane messinger that had run mony myle,
Come furth of Ross to Culemus and tald
How the foure beirnis, that busteous war and bald,
That slew Duffus that tyme wer tane in Ross,
Syne harlit war ilkone after ane hors,
Bringand to him but ony stop or strye;
He wist rycht weill tha wald be thair belyve.
As he hes said, so hes it hainpitt sone,
Tha war brocht thair ilkane lang or none.
And Donewald rycht lang or tha come thair,
Wes brocht that tyme on harland be the hair;
To the tolbuith this Donewald wes hed,  
His wyfe and dochteris also with him led,  
With the foure feiris followand at his bak,  
Into the tyme with mekle schame and lak.

Lib.11, f.181. Qhairro that thair war condampnit of that cryme,  
Syne with four hors war revin ilkane that tyme;  
Thair bowellis syne war brint all in ane fyre,  
In powlder small, the banis with the lyr.

To euerilk part ane pece that tyme wes send,  
To all the warld to mak it knawin and kend,  
Qhat perrell is to put handis in ane king,  
In tyme to cum for to vmschew sic thing.

This Donewald quhilk fortoun hes nocht spaird,  
As he seruit siclike he gat reward.

I pray to God the blissit Trinitie,  
That all siclike get sic reward as he!

HOW CULENUS WITH GREIT HONOUR TUKE VP  
THE CORPS OF KING DUFFUS, QUHAIRO EFTER  
ANE KIRK WES BIGGIT CALLIT KILFLOS AND  
NOW KINLOS, SYNE HAD TO IONA YLE.

Quhen this was done as I haif maid record,  
This Culenus with mony knycht and lord,  
And mony prelat that war present thair,  
With all the pepill also les and mair,  
In processioun with mony bell and buik,  
Of gude Duffus the corps agane vp tuik.

That saimin tyme quhilk was als fresche and fair,  
Without corruption into hyde or hair,  
Vnmaculat, and als haill of the skyn,  
As the first hour quhen it wes new laid in.

The sone also, befoir that kest no lycht,  
Into that tyme it schane moir cleir and brycht  
Ane hundreth fald no euir it did befoir,  
And flouris spreidand that tyme les and moir,
Of diuersshew, with mony cullour cleir,
Quhilk wes agane the sessoun of the zeir;
In Februar, quhen few flouris will spring,
In that same tyme so hapnit all this thing.

Qohair he wes erdit in that samin place,
Ane brig wes biggit eftir ane lang space;
Ane kirk also, quhilk callit wes Kilflos,
Qohair standis now the abba of Kinloss.
Kilflos in Erische is als mekle to sa,
As the Flour Kirk in oure langage this da.
In lynnyng clayth, als quhit as ony milk,
Tha wand his cors and syne into reid silk,
Wnder ane carpet of ane cullour cleir,
To Iona Yle syne borne wes on ane beir;
Intumulat thair wes amang the lawe,
With all honour that sic ane prince sould haif.
Nyne hundreth zeir and sevintie to record,
And tua also than eftir that oure Lord
Wes borne in Bethlehem of the Virgin cleir,
And of his' ring quhilk than wes the fourt zeir,
This ilk Duffus into his latter dais
Departit so, as that my author sais.

HOW CULENUS WAS CROWNIT KING IN SONE, AND
THAIRREFTER GREW IN NEGLIGENCE OF HIS
AUCTORITIE, AND OF THE LORDIS SUPPLICA-
TIOUN TO HIM, AND HOW HE GAIF ANSUEIR
AGANE AND CONTINEWIT IN VYCE AND SYN,
AND OF HIS SLAUCHTER AND ENDING.

As ze haif hard quhen all this thing wes done,
The lordis passit than [all] on till Sone,
Quhair tha convenit in the tyme ilkone.
Syne crownit hes vpone the marbell stone,
In rob royall, with diadem condyng, 
This Culenus of Scotland to be king.  
Ane nobill prince trow and that he shoulde be,  
Becauses he vsit sic extremitie  
For Duffus deid into this Donewald,  
Bleuit war than baith with ȝoung and ald.  
Of that beleif that war begylit far:  
Sone eft after syn he wox ay war and war,  
Sleipand in sleuth, with so greit negligence,  
Without punitioun of ony offence;  
Of murthure, slaughter and of [all] sic cryme,  
Wes nane accusit intill all his tyme.  
Than euerilk man had libertie and will,  
As plesit him other to gude or ill;  
Was no man than restrenzit be the lawis, 
Quhilk gart the wailkest oft ga to the wawis.  
And mony ane out of his awin hous chait,  
And mony sted wynpleneist lyand waist,  
And mony barne als for to beg thair breid,  
And mony wedow maid full will of reid.  
Quhairof the lordis thocht rycht mekill ill,  
Seand the realme in sic ane poynyt to spyll.  
Befoir him all convent on ane da,  
Syne ane of thame that ordand wes till sa  
Thair myndis all, as th a gaif in decreit,  
To him that tyme with sober wordis sweit:  
"Excellent prince, gif it plesit thi grace,  
"Thy lordis all heir present in this place,  
"Hartlie beseikis thi gratius excellence,  
"That thow wald tak moir cuir and diligence  
"In execution of justice and law,  
"And caus thi liegis for to stand moir aw,  
"Quhilk dalie now vsis but discretioun  
"Thift and reif, murthure and oppressioun;  
"And all," he said, "is in the falt of the,  
"So negligent in thi auctoritie;
"Throw ill counsell abusit is so far,
"Ilk da by da the langar ay the war;
"Beseikand the rycht humelie heir this tyde,
"For sum remeid thairof thow wald provyde."

Quhen he had said and schawin him thair will,
This was the answer that he maid thairtill:
"Forsuith," he said, "wald ze considder weill,
"And tak gude tent as I haif done ilk deill,
"Ze wald nocht sa thairof I war to wyit,
"Suppois with me ze be now set to flyte.
"For-quhy," he said, "it war folie to me,
"In law or justice ouir extreme to be;
"Ze knaw zour self," he said, "better nor I,
"How gude Duffus bot laitlie now gane by,
"Becaus he wes in his auctoritie,
"So rigorous with sic extremitie,
"That gart him de rycht lang befoir his day;
"And gude Indulf," he said, "siclike alsway,
"And mony mo than I will rekkin heir.
"Beleif ze weill, my tender freindis deir,
"And I tuke nocht exempill be sic thing,
"I war not wyiss, na worthie to be king.
"I knaw myself best quhat I haiftill do,
"And neidis nocht of thair counsell thairto.
"Ze ma weill sa at all tyme as ze lest,
"Bot I will do as my self plesis best."

Quhen that thir lordis hard him [to] sa só,
Tha tuik thair leif and ilkane hame did go:
No langar thair that tyme tha wald remane,
And to the court come nocht that zeir agane.

This Culenus, as he wes wont befoir,
Moir vicious wes the langar ay the moir;
Rycht lubricus with sic lust and delyte,
As brutell best takis his appetyte,
Without ressoun other or temperance,
That schame it war to schaw the circumstance.
For and I do this tyme ze wald abhor;
With sic langage, richt weil I wait, thairfoir
My will is nocht thairwith zow till offend;
Tak tent and heir how that sic thing tuk end.
This Culenus, of quhome befoir I schew,
So glittous was than into chalmer glew,
With sic exces takand sua large ane fill,
The seiknes hecht the gentill mannis ill,
Throw sic burding, it causit him tak bed,
That euerie man wes of his lyfe adred.
Rycht lang he la in that infirmitie,
Quhill he grew lene and laithlie for to se.
Ilk man abhorrit on him for to luke,
His skowdrit skyn wes blak as ony ruke;
His visage lene and haw as ony leid,
His ene rycht how and suckin in his heid;
And all his bodie fra the top to ta,
Without blude it was baith blak and bla;
That sic ane monstour, sen that God wes borne,
Was neuir sene into this warld beforne.
The lordis all fra tyme tha knew and kend,
Of his maneris he maid him nocht to mend,
To sic faltis affectit wes so far,
So that he wes the langar ay the war;
Quhairfoir ane counsall haif tha set full sone,
Togidder [hes] convenit syne in Scone,
To that effect he sould depryvit be
Baith of his croun and his auctoritie;
Tha thocht greit lak and schame of sic ane thing,
So vyle ane monstour to haif to thair king.
This Culenus that weil thair counsall knew,
As secreit seruandis of his awin him schew;
And quhen he hard that tha pretendit so,
Vneselie thocht [that] he mycht ryde or go,
Dissimuland greit curage in his spreit,
Than vp he rais rycht fraklie on his feit,
As he had bene that tyme als haill and feir
As euir he was, than with dissimulat cheir,
With few freindis syne on the secund da,
To Scone that tyme he tuke the reddie wa;
To that effect, as my author did mene,
The lordis counsell gif he mycht prevene,
To meisthair mynd and satisfiethair will,
In all purpoist that tha wald put him till.
That samin tyme thair in ane quyet glen,
Quhen that he wes rydand by Methwen,
The thane thairof, with mekle bost and schoir,
For the revenge of his dochteris befoir,
Quhilk causit wes be his auctoritie
With mony mo defoullit for to be;
And for that caus, as my author me schew,
This Culenus rycht cruellie he slew.
Into the fyft zeir of Culenus ring,
So endit he this ilk vnhappie king.
Thairof the lordis war content ilkone,
That for his falt so passit wes and gone;
Zit neuirtheles into the tyme tha war
Of the fassoun displesit all richt far,
So cruellie as he wes maid to de,
Without justice or zit auctoritie.
Syne efter that within ane lytill qubile
Tha buir his bodie onto Iona Yle;
Ingrauit was syne with honour and gloir,
As tha war wont to sic kingis befoir.

How Kenethus was crownit King of Scottis
Efter Culenus Departing, and of his
Gude Lyfe and Maneris, and Zeill of
Justice.

Ane nobill man wes callit Kenethus,
That bruther germane wes to gude Duffus,
And to king Malcome eldest sone and air,
Wes nane that tyme moir plesand and preclair,
That tyme in Scone vpone the marbell stone,
With haill consent of lordis all ilkone,
And all the laif qhilk blyth war of that thing,
He wes crownit of Scotland to be king.
This Kenethus fra tyme he wnderstude
Sic vicis rang amang the men of gude,
With ill exempill alsua to the lawe,
Qhilk wes the caus quhairfoir that mony knave,
And mony lad and mony idill loun,
Put all the kinrik to confusioun.
Qhilk wes the caus of vicis les and moir,
The ill exempill of the king befoir;
So hes the vse bene ay of ald and ȝing,
For to conforme thair fassoun to the king,
Qhhat euir it be than, other ill or gude,
Traistand of him for to haif gratitude,
And rakkis nocht quhometo he do offence,
Qhhat euir it be, and he ma pleis the prince.
In happie tyme he thinkis he wes borne,
Can pleis his prince other at evin or morne.
This Kenethus than rycht weill wnderstude,
That king or prince and euerieman of gude,
Or ȝit prelat that hes auctoritie,
Suld honorabil and of gude lyfe ay be.
With sick exempill all tyme to the lawe,
Qhairrof tha micht richt gude occasioun haif,
Be sic exempill for to ken and knaw,
Vicis to leif and to all vertu draw.
It hes bene said, as mony men weill knaw,
The ȝounge kok leiris as the ald kok craw,
This Kenethus siclike that tyme did he.
Gentres, meiknes and liberalitie,
Law and justice, withoutin ony wrang,
And all vertew into his persone rang,
Of morall maneir maistres and mother,
With sic exempill that tyme till all uther,
So equall was in his auctoritie,
Of Albione he wes the apersie.

Hishoushald men and seruandis als ilkane,
So gude exempill at the king hes tane;
And mony uther of the nobill blude,
Qubilk naturallie inclynit war to gude,
Within schort qhile tha war of his professioun,
So full of wisdome, gentres, and discretioun,
With fredome, faith, and greit stabilitie,
Greit plesour wes into that tyme to se.

Sit mony one that no way culdbe trew,
For no exempill that Kenethus schew,
Or no monitioun he culdmak thame till,
Wald nocht forbeir thair wickitnes and will,
Quhairof so lang tha had sic consuetude,
And neir of kin war to the greit men of gude,
For that same caus, for nothing that mycht be,
Tha wald nocht leve thair greit iniquitie.
Kenethus than, that knew full weill the caus,
Decreittit hes to execute the lawis
Into Lanerk, quhair that tyme ordand he,
Of the lordis all conventioun to be.

Baith theif and revar also les and moir,
Arreistit war that tyme to cum thoir;
And borrowis als of euerilk man wes tane,
Tha suld compair thair to thoill law ilkane.
To men of gude tha war of kin richt neir,
The qubilk that tyme wald nocht lat thame compeir,
Tha knew so weill for fauour no for feid,
And tha come thair, ilkane wald want thair heid;
And for that caus tha gart thame fle ilkone,  
In sindrie pairtis quhill that air wes gone.  

In Lanark syne quhair that the place wes set,  
This nobill king and all his lordis met,  
And neuir ane comperit in the tyme,  
That arreistit was to tholl law for his cryme,  
Than les or moiir, other ill or gude.  

This Kenethus than rycht weill understude  
Quhat was the caus, as quietlie was schawin  
To him that tyme be frendis of his awin.  
Quhairfoir he thocht it nocht expedient  
Into the tyme to schaw all his intent,  
Or lat thame wit that he sic thing knew,  
Dissimuland and fair langage than schew,  
Into that cace sen no better mycht be,  
Qhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se,  
Skaillit the tyme syne after the third da,  
Ilk lord tuke leve and passit hame his wa;  
Kenethus than, with few feiris alone,  
In pilgramage to Sanct Ninianis is gone.  
Thir frendis ay war to him traist and trew,  
To quhome that tyme his secreittis all he  

schew,  
And at that counsall askit in the cace,  
And hes devysit baith the da and place  
For to remeid so greit enormitie,  
Quhen that he had maist oportunitie.  
Qhill secreitlie into thair mynd tha buir,  
And to na leid thair counsall wald discuir,  
Continewalie the space all of ane zeir,  
Qhill efterwart hapnit as ze sall heir.
How King Kenneth causit convene ane counsall in Scone, and how he causit the Lordis to bring thair Freindis and Faltouris to the commoun weill to thoir the Law.

In Scone ane tyme ane counsall he gart call,
For to convene thair with his lordis all,
For sindrie thingis that he had till do,
Qhene the cum thair as he sall schaw thame to,
The quhilk pertenit to the commoun weill.
The lordis all gaif him sic traist ilk deill,
Qhilk causit thame for to compeir anone,
Befoir the king that tyme in Scone ilkone.
The nycht befoir the lordis did compeir,
Ane multitude cled all in armour cleir,
Of beirnis bald that worthie war and wycht,
Rycht quyetlie the king garthyd all nycht,
Into ane place quhair thamycht ly unkend,
Qhill on the morne that he did for thame send,
Rycht haistelie than for to cum him till,
Qhuilteuir it was his purpois to fulfill.
Syne on the morne quhen that tha did compeir,
Befoir the king the lordis all in feir,
Qhailair that he sat vpone the marbell stone,
Befoir thame all wes present thair ilkone,
Proclamit than thair with ane voce full cleir,
The lordis all on to him sould draw neir,
To heir quhat thing that he wald to thame sa,
And all the lawe to pas rycht far awa.
Into ane cirkill neir the king tha stude,
The lordis all quhilk were men of gude,
Into ane place quhair that thamycht als neir,
Qhat he wald sa into the tyme to heir,
Or euirthawist, ofarmit men ane rout
In gude ordour hes circulit thame about,
Quhairof the lordis hes tane sic affray,
Wist nane of thame that tyme quhat he sould say;
Quhairfoir as than, but ony dyn or noy,
Ryacht closlie than tha held thame all full quoy.
The quhilk Kenethus hes persaute weill,
Re thair fassoun, gif tha had ony feill
And countenance into the tyme tha hed,
It semit to him tha war rycht soir adred.
And for that caus tha suld presume na ill,
Rycht soberlie thus hes he said thame till:
"My deir freindis, no farlie is to me,
"Of this aspect befoir 3our face 3e se.
"Thocht 3e haif dreid, and in sum part stand aw,
"For weill I wait neuir ane of 3ow 3it saw
"Sic executioun of the law befoirne,
"In ony tyme sen 3our fatheris wer borne,
"Na 3it befoir in no storie 3e reid;
"No farlie is thairfoir suppois 3e dreid.
"Bot and 3e knew perfitlie all my thocht,
"Ryacht weill I wait that 3e wald dreid rycht nocht.
"For-quhy," he said, "my mynd, na 3it my will,
"Is nocht this tyme to do 3ow skaith or ill.
"Greit God forbid such schame suld me befall!
"Sa tratourlie for to betrais 3ow all,
"At my command sen 3e ar cuming heir,
"The quhilk to me so neidfull ar and deir,
"Till all Scotland and commoun weill also.
"How ma we leve and 3our supple forgo?
"Dreid nocht," he said, "for no aduersitie;
"All this is done als weill for 3ow as me,
"And for Scotland, and for the commoun weill.
"As I presume thairof 3e haif ane feill,
"Without correctioun, justice or 3it law,
"Rycht few thair is will dreid or 3it stand aw.
"Also thair is in this kinrik ze ken,
"Rycht mony ill this tyme asposit men,
"Dalie committand mony cruell cryme,
"The quhilk begouth into Culenus tyme,
"As ze ma se zit dalie still induir,
"With greit oppressioun bayth of riche and puir.
"The husband men full lytill now ar ment,
"Qhome be we ar vphaldin and sustent,
"Tha haift the labour and the bissines,
"And we the rest, the eiss of ydines.
"Tha haift the pane and the penuritie,
"And we the plesour and the greit plentie.
"Tha suffer pane, and we get all the pelf;
"It is for ws and nocht for thair awin self,
"Tha mak greit labour dalie with sic cuir,
"To mak ws riche, and syne we mak thame puir.
"We haift the honour, dignitie and gloir,
"And all the proffeit that tha labour foir;
"And tha till ws subject ar maid and thrall,
"Their labour greit and eik thair wynnyng small.
"Sen it is so, it semis weill to me
"We ar vnworthie thair maisteris to be,
"It that tha wyn at our plesour to spend,
"And syne dow nocht our vphaldaris defend.
"Thir revand rukis, memberis of Mahoun,
"Puttand this kinrik to confusioun,
"With ws this da is haldin of moir pryss,
"Moir necessar, moir manlie, and moir wyiss,
"No gud leill men quhilk ar haldin lawborius,
"The haill vphaldar of ws andoure hous.
"Without tha labour we can haift na rest,
"Quhilk dalie now ar puneist and opprest,
"Agane my will, ze wait zour self, full soir.
"Into Lanark bot schort quhile of befoir,
"Qubaher that I thocht to execute the law,
"That tyme of me ze stude bot litill aw,
"Ze wait zour self, and neidis nocht to speir,
"Quhair ze wald nocht lat na faltour compeir, 36,710
"In greit contemptioun of me than with scorne,
"And syne ze bad gar put thame to the horne.
"The quhilk I haif dissimulat quhill now,
"Quhairof the skaith redoundis all till zow
"Moir no to me, with all the lak and schame, 36,715
" "Wytles thatrof thocht I beir all the blame.
"Zit neirtheles traist nocht this tyme of me,
"That I thairfoir crabbit or cruell be,
"With sic desyre ane vengence for to tak,
"The quhilk to me war ouir greit skayth and
"lak,
"And greit distruction to the realme for euir;
"Or I did so, dountles I had far levar
"Freie resing the cround heir in this steid,
"Syne all my dais go and beg my breid.
"My will it is into this tyme for-thi,
"That every man mak help als weill as I,
"Sen that the skaith pertenis to ws all,
"The quhilk this tyme that ze sould nocht gane-
call.
"This is the caus, gif ze wald at me speir,
"That I haif brocht thir bernis with me hear ; 36,730
"For that same caus and for na vther thing,
"Gif me credence as I am leill trew king,
"Quhill this be endit that I now begin,
"With thir same men I think nocht for to twyn ;
"And ze all so sall remane with me still, 36,735
"Quhill that zour freindis all this thing fulfill.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "now schaw zow siclike men,
"That all the warld ma haif gude caus to ken
"That ze ar saikles, innocent and clene,
"Of all the trubill in this tyme hes bene." 36,740
Quhen this was said as ze haif hard me tell,
The lordis all on kneis doun thal fell,
That present war at that tyme les and moir,  
Rycht reuerentlie the nobill king befoir;  
And said to him, "O hie excellent prince!  
" Quhair we haiff aillitorhes maid offence,  
" Agane thi grace in oucht suld the offend,  
" We ar content at thi plesour to mend;  
" Beseikand the all rancour at this tyde,  
" And all malice out of thi mynd lat slyde,  
" And tak ws now into thi gratius will,  
" And heir with the we sall remane ay still,  
" Wnder thi traist quhill thi tratouris be tane,  
" Syne bund and brocht to thi presents ilkane.  
" As plesis the quhen tha ar brocht the till,  
" As plesis the 3ow ma wirk all thi will.  
" It salbe knawin bayth with ald and zing,  
" That we ar all rychtsaikles of that thing."

Qubairof Kenethus held him weill content,  
And skaillit the tyme that tyme the parliament.

At Awmond mouth vpoun the water of Ta,  
Thair stude ane toun that callit wes Birtha,  
Into the tyme was weill wallit with stone;  
Onto this toun the nobill king is gone,  
With all his lordis thairfoir to remane.  
This nobill toun stude on ane plesand plane,  
With wall and water strenthit wes about,  
Withoutin leif mycht nane wyn in na out.  
This nobill king, as ressoun wald and rycht,  
With the men of armes gart walk the toun all  
nycht,  
And all the da richt so vpoun the gait,  
Closand the portis quhen that it wes lait;  
So be no way, be ony wyle or gyn,  
Withoutin leif mycht no man wyn thairin.  
The lordis all within the toun that leindis,  
Rycht tenderlie than wrait all to thair freindis,
The Buik of the

Beseikand thaire thaire purpos for to speid,
And think on thaire that la into sic dreid,
To pleis the king and for the commoun weill.
Thaire freindis all quhilk had thairof ane feill,
Without the king war plesit in the tyme,
Tha wald be all accusit of that cryme,
And for that caus als bissie as ane bie,
Into all pairtis bayth be land and se,

Tha haif ay socht quhill tha faltouris war found,
And syne to Bartha brocht thame ilk ane bund.
Within schort qhile, the quhilk wes than greit
wounder,

Of sic faltouris thaire haif tha brocht fyve hunder,
The quhilk war condampnit ilkane for to de,
And syne on ane gallous hangit war full hie:

That euirilk man mycht exempill tak,
For to be just and no oppressioun mak,
And to keip lautie and all tyme be leill;
He knew his dome gif he wald reif or steill.

This nobill king than gaif rycht greit reward,
Into the tyme to euerie lord and lard;
Thaire freindis als that tyme forzet he nocht,
Into the tyme that tha forfaltouris inbrocht.
Sum he gaif gold and vther sum he gaif land,
And syne ilkone he hes tane be the hand,
And gaif thaire leve for to pas hame ilkone;
Tha bad gude nycht and hame thaire wa is gone.
Quhen this wes done, than bayth be land and se,
Ouir all Scotland wes greit tranquillitie,

With abundance of all plesour with peice;
In all Scotland thaire wes no lord, but leis,
Into that tyme that durst his nychtbour noy,
Or zit do wrang to ony lad or boy.
Bot semdill is that ony man can se,
Without trubill in greit tranquillitie,
That ony stait into this erd ma stand,
At lang plesour other be se or land.
This Kenethus quhen he wes all his best,
At gude plesour into greit peax and rest,
Than fals Fortoun, withoutin caus or quhy,
Put him rycht sone into greit jeopardy.
\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 36,815}}\)
\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize Zit as God}}\)\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 1}}\) wald he chaipit of the weir,
And how it wes tak tent and \(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 3e}}\) sull heir.

**HOW ANE GREIT POWER OF DAYNIS COME OUT OF DENMARK INTO SCOTLAND, AND MAID GREIT SLAUGHTER AND HEIRSCHIP.**

Out of Denmark ane navinbe the se,
In Albione for to revengit be
\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 36,820}}\)
Of thair freindis war slane thairin befoir,
Ane greit power, with mekill bost and schoir,
Off mony berne that wes full big and bald,
Qubilk threttie thousand war with taill weill tald,
Makand thair vow quhen tha set schip to sand,
In Albione quhair that thair first tuik land,
Tha sould nocht leif wnbrint and cassin doun
Citie nor strenth, castell or wallit toun;
Na suld nocht spair the barne no \(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 3it}}\) the mother,
Nor leve ane levand for to greit for vther.
\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 36,830}}\)
Ane strentthie toun, biggit of stane and lyme,
Qubilk callit wes Seluria in the tyme,
In till Angus standand vpone the se,
Wallit richt weill with stane and lyme richt he,
Ane prettie toun, as my author did sa,
\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 36,835}}\)
Qubilk callit is Montros now at this da.
Into that place as \(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 3e}}\) sall wnderstand,
Neirby that toun the Danis first tuke land;

\(\text{\textit{\footnotesize 1}}\) In MS. gold.
And plantit hes thair palpeonis on a plane, 
Quhair tha tuke purpois all nycht to remane. 
The nychtbour men that duelt about neirby, 
Fra hand to hand tha fled rycht baistely 
On to that toun rycht fast with all thair gude, 
So strenthie wes than as tha wnderstude. 
Syne on the morne, sone after the sone rais, 
The Danis all in gude ordour than gais 
Onto the toun, and laid ane seig thairtill.

Rycht mony dart and ganze with gude will, 
And braid arrow tha schot attour the wall; 
And thai within greit craigis leit doun fall, 
Rycht manfullie, with greit power and mycht, 
Maid sic defence quhill cuming was the nycht; 
Keipand the toun for thre dais or four, 
Quhill force it was than for to gif it ouir, 
And cum that tyme into the Danis will, 
The quhilke war sworne for to do thame no ill, 
Bot lat thame pas quhair tha list vp and doun 
At thair fredome, for to gif ouir the toun. 
Thir folk but fayth rycht sone tha war mensworne, 
Breikand the ayth that tha had maid beforne. 
Bayth zoungh and ald that war into the toun, 
Slew thame ilkone and kest the wallis doun; 
Syne all the lave that wes within the wall, 
That samin tyme brint into pouldar small, 
Quhilk semit syne within ane litill space, 
As neuir toun had bene into that place. 
With sic furor out throw the land tha fuir, 
Bayth gude and ill of quhome tha mycht haif cuir, 
Zoungh or ald, other lad or las, 
Tha slew ilk man and brint the townis in ass, 
With fyre and blude ay ilkone da be day, 
Quhill that tha come onto the water of Tay, 
At Amond mouth, besyde Bartha that toun, 
Vpoun ane plane tha set thair palpeonis doun.
Oure nobill king into Struiling that da,
With his lordis thair at thair counsell la,
To quhat effect I can nocht tell zow now;
Bot quhen he hard, as I haifsaid to zow,
How that the Danis waistit had his land,
That samin tyme without stop or ganestand,
Proclamit hes in all the haist tha ma,
All man be reddie at ane certane da,
With all prouisoun gudlie tha ma get,
For to convene quhair that the tryist wes set.
Sone efter that ane rycht greit multitude,
At Ernis mouth with mony men of gude,
Bayth fit and hors, come furneist to the feild,
Of beirnis bald that waponis weill culd weild.
Ane suithfast man, that wes bayth leill and trew,
Come to the king that samin tyme and schew
The Danis all with greit power that da,
Seigand the toun about Bartha th a la.

How King Kenethus faucht with the Danis
At Loncardie, and of his Exhortatioun
maid to the Scottis.

This nobill king no langar than wald ly,
To Bartha toun he sped him haistely.
Into ane place vpone ane strenthie ground,
Neir Loncardy ane litill aboue Amond,
Vpone ane plane besyde the water of Ta,
Into thair tentis all that nycht thair th a la.
Vpoun the morne quhen that the sone schynit
brycht,
Apeirit hes ilkane in otheris sicht,
Thir birnis bald, that waponis weill culd weild,
On euerie syde reddie for to gif feild.

1 In MS. Out.
Gude Malcums Duff, the prince of Cumbria,
The vangard led into the feild that da;
Duncane, the lord of Athoill in that tyde,
The tother wyng led on the farrar syde.
The nobill king with mony men of gude,
Betuix thame tua in the mid feild he stude;
Commandand thame than with ane voce so cleir,
In audience quhair tha mycht ilkane heir,
That da in battell baldlie for to byde,
For any chance that after micht betyde,
And in the feild erar with honour die,
With laket and schame for to vmschew and fle,
Syne efterwart tane with thair fais all
Hangit and drawin or than maid bond or thrall.
" Tak tent in tyme or ze be put in thrist,
" Sone efter syne or ze sa, had I wist
" So suld haue bene, I had far levar bene deid,
" Thairfoir bewar quhill ze ma mak remeit.
" Quhat euir he be now, other gude or ill,
" Ane Danis heid this tyme bringis me till,
" Doultis of me he sall haif greit reward
" Of fynes gold, the quhilks sall nocht be spaird."
Throw that same langage that Kenneth spak,
Greit curage than the Scottis all did tak,
With gude beleif into the tyme for-thy,
Of greit rewaird and als of victory.
The Danis all, quhilks stude vpone ane hycht
In gude ordour with mony basnet brycht,
Traistand the Scottis vpwith to the hill,
Suld tyre ilkone than or tha come thame till.
The Scottis than arrayit on the plane,
At thame leit flie rycht mony fedderit flane,
And mony ganze in the tyme leit glyde,
Quhill that thamaid richt mony sowand syde,
Agnisi quhome thamyccht nocht weill defend.
The Danis than, quhen that tham knew and kend
Without danger tha mycht nocht their remane,
In gude ordour discendit to the plane.

HOW THA ENTERIT IN THE FEILD.

Than with ane schout, and with ane felloun cry,
Tha enterit all rycht sone and suddantly,
With sic ane schow qhill all the schawis schuik;
Thair busteous beir reboundit fra the bruik.
So dourlie thair togidder that tha dang,
With sic ane reird qhill all the rochis rang,
Thair speiris brak and scheilidis raif in schunder,
And mony stout man stickit that wes wnder;
Richt mony freik wes fellit than throw force,
And mony knycht was keillit throw the cors,
Without confort la cald wnder his scheild,
And mony berne wist nother of bute no beild;
And mony stout man stickit war that tyde,
Bleidan full soir with mony woundis wyde.
Tha Scottis all rycht bisselie tha go
Tha Daynis heidis for to cut thame fro;
With sic dispYTE wes neuir one tha spard,
Traistand thairfoir to get thankis and reward;
Rycht mony hundreth hingand by the hair
Of Danis heidis into thair handis bair.

The quhilk ane Deyn into the tyme did spy,
With ane loud voce he gaif ane schout and cry;
" Other," he said, "debeit zow with zour handis,
" Now at sic tyme into sic neid it standis,
" Or none of ws, traist weill, efter this da,
" Fra Albione sall levand pas awa."
The Danis all quhen that tha hard that cry,
Tha grew in ire with sic melancoly,
Into tha tyme quhen tha the perrell knew,
Qhill all thair strenthis did agane renew;
THE BUlk OF THE

Quhair throw tha wox alls waldin and als wycht, 36,975
Into thair mycht ascendand to sic hycht.
And quhen tha knew thair strenthis did restoir,
Moir furius nor euir tha war befoir,
With all thair power pertlie on the plane
Renewit hes the battell than agane,
With all the force into the tymen that he led.

The Scottis men than in the vangard fled,
The qubilk na langar in the feild micht byde:
The wyng also vpone the tother syde, 36,980
So lytill strenth into the tymen that he led,
Out of the feild fast efter thame that he fled.

Than gude Kenethus in the middill feild,
With mony wicht man waponis well cud weild,
Stone still thaukth and thairof rakkit nocht, 36,985
For all thair fleing wes no tymen in flockt.

Lib.11,f.167b.  
Col. 1.

HOW ANE HUSBANDMAN CALLIT HAY WITH HIS
SONIS TWay FAUCHT CRWELLIE WITH ZOKKIS
IN THAIR HANDIS, AND KEIPIT THE PASSAGE
QUHAIR THE SCOTTIS FLED, AND MEKILL
DANIS BLUDE THAT DA HE SCHED, AND
RENEWIT THE BATTELL AND WAN THE
FEILD.

Ane husband man qubilk wes callit Hay, 36,990
Busteuous and big thocht he wes nothing gay,
Tua sonis had that war bayth stout and sture;
Of husband lawbour doand was thair cure;
At pleuch and harrow neirby that samin hour;
Seand the king into sa strang une stour,
And so thik fald war fleand than him fra,
For him that tymen his heart it wes richt wa.
With that he hint the zok into his hond
Out of une pleuch, and syne he gaif command
To his tua sonis that tyne to do siclyik.
Betuix ane fousie and ane stalwart dyke
The passage wes quhair all the Scottis fled;
Than with the 30k into his hand he hed, 37,000
This busteous berne that stalwart wes and stout,
Keipit that strenth that no man mycht get out.
The Danis als that follouit on the chace,
He slew richt mony in the samin place,
And sparit that tyne nother freind nor fa, 37,005
Out of that passage preissit for to ga.
With his sonis keipit the passage lang,
And neuir ane out by thame wald lat gang;
That all mycht heir, syne with ane schout and cry,
With ane loud voce he cryit mony fy! 37,010
"Cheiszow," he said, "sen force it is sic thing,
"With new power hes cumit to oure king,
"Now cowartlie heir with thame to be slane,
"No manfullie now for to turne agane,
"And victorie for till haif of zour fo."
37,015
The Scottis aw quhen tha hard him sa so,
And Danis als, trowand that it war trew,
That cumand wes sic power of the new,
The Danis all rycht joyfull war and fane,
That maid the chace, to turne abak agane. 37,020
And tha that fled maid syne on thame ane chace,
Quhill that tha come to the fechting place,
And thair agane the battell did renew,
Hay with his 30k full mony Dayne he slew;
That forsie freik wes nother waik no lene, 37,025
At ilkane straik that da he slew ane Deyne.
How the Battell renewit, and of the Scottis Curage, and how the Daynis fled and Tynt Curage, and how Kenethus wan the Feild be the greit Help of that happie Hay and his Sonis Tway.

This nobill king with mony man of gude,
Fechtand stone still zit in the feild tha stude,
Suppois it wes that tyme with mekill pane.

Quhen that he saw the feild renew agane,
So fair langage than to his men he spak,
Qhilk causit thame new curage for to tak,
That tha agane grew als ferie and wycht
As euir tha war, with far moir strenth and mycht,
And with greit force tha did the feild renew.

The Danis than trowand that all wes trew,
Sic new power was cuming thame forgane,
Into the feild no langar wald remane,
And sone tha fled rycht fast out of that place.

The Scottis follouit fastar on the chace,
Without mercie that tyme thair chapit nane
Tha[1] Danis war quhair euir tha war ouirtane.
So greit slauchter wes neuir sene befoir,
Was maid that da of Danis les and moir.

Qhail that tha fled in mony moss and myre,
The Scottis wes fulfillit with sic yre,
And had sic thrist than of the Danis blude,
That neuir ane than, other ill or gude,
Gat girth that da quhair euir he wes ouir tane.
Fra morne airie quhill all the da wes gane,

This foirsaid Hay and sonis with thair 30kis,
Vpone the Danis laid sa mony knokis,
With so greit force the wecht of thame leit feill,
That none of thame mycht efterwart do weill.
That samin nycht rycht lang or it wes da,
The Danis passit quhair [thair] schippis la,
Vpone ankeris was rydand on the se,
Neirby the place is callit now Dundie,
Qubilk war nocht than into comparesoun,
Scantlie the fourt part that tha brocht of toun.
Syne passit all on [to] the se that nycht,
And or the morne war saillit out of sycht;
And quhair awa that tyme I can nocht tell,
Bot weill I wait, as ze ma judge your sell,
Thair wes greit blythnes at thair coming hame,
Quhen euerie man wes missit be his name.
No moir of this now will I put in ryme,
Becaus it is so greit tarie of tyme;
Thairof as now I think to hald me still,
And to my purpos turne agane I will.
This Kenethus baid in the feild all nycht,
Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht,
The Danis palzeonis with rycht mony tent,
Qubilk furneist war rycht riche and fertilent,
With gold and siluer and all vther geir,
And riche cleithing that ordand wes to weir,
With hail consent that tyme of all the lave,
Most pretious part on to this Hay he gave,
Of riche cleithing, gold and siluer bricht,
And his tua sonis that war bayth bald and wycht.
Syne all the laif wes spulze of the feild,
To euerie man that wapin docht to weild,
Efter his deidas he wes worth to haue,
Rycht equallie he delt amang the laue.
How King Kenethus passit to the Toun of Bartha, and thair maid this Hay Knycht and gaif him the Landis of Erroll; and of the Discord and Stryfe that fell betuix the Lord of Angus, callit Cruthlyntus, and Lord of the Mernis, callit Alsua, and how Kenethus puneist and pacifeit that Feid, and how Malcum Dufe was put down be Kenethus.

Lib. 11, f. 168. Quhenthis wes done, passitto Barthatoun
37,085
This nobill king with mony bald barroun.
With hail consent that tyme of every wicht,
This foirsaid Hay thair hes he maid ane knycht,
For his support he maid him in sic perrell;
Syne gaif to him the landis all of Erroll,
37,090
Into the cars of Gowrie quhair tha la;
The quhilk his airis brukis zit this da.
Erl of that ilk is callit at this hour,
Quhilk is ane hous of greit fame and honour.
I prato God that lang tyme so it be,
37,095
In sic honour all that genealogie.
This beand done, as ze haif hard me sa,
Gude Kenethus richt lang and mony da,
In peax and rest and greit honour he rang,
Quhill etter syne, I can nocht tell how lang,
37,100
Gif [it] be trew the storie tellis ws,
Ane lord of Angus, callit Cruthlynthus,
Ane dochter had wes callit Fenella,
Quhilk had ane sone Cruthlynthus hecht alsua,
Lord of the Mernis in the tyme wes he.
37,105
So hapnit him with his grandsire to be
In to the castell than of Dalbogy;
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht tell zow quhy,
Betuix his servandis and men of the place,
Rycht greit discord fell of ane suddane cace,
37,110
Quhair in the tyme he had tua seruandis slane,  
Quhairof he wes nothing content nor fane.  
This Cruthlynthus that na langar mycht fen festive,  
To his grandsire he passit for to plenye;  
Quhilk ansuer maid to him with grit dispyte,  
Sayand, him self thairof had all the wyte,  
Quhairof that tyme he sould na mendis haue;  
And callit him bayth harlot, loun and knaue;  
War noct he wes his dochteris sone so neir,  
He maid ane vow he sould haif bocht it deir.  
Rycht fureousthus did he with him flyte,  
Syne to the 3et gart put him for dispyte;  
That [he] was fane, as my author did sa,  
Out of that place to chaip levand awa.  
This Cruthlynthus he tuke full hie in hert  
The greit repulss that he gat in that part;  
Wnto his mother callit Fenella,  
To Fettercarne he passit on ane da,  
And schew to hir the maner all and how,  
Ilk word by word as I [haif] schawin 3ow,  
How all wes done and in the samin sort,  
And how hir father did him sic dischort.  
This Fenella, throw the report he schew,  
Rycht hie and het intill hir mynd scho grew,  
Quhilik in hir breist the hiear ay ascendis,  
Perswadand him rycht sone to tak ane mendis.  
Sayand, scho suld rycht hartlie with gude will,  
At all power mak greit supplie thair till,  
Commandand him for to mak no delay.  
And so he did sone efter on ane day,  
With all the power that tyme that he mycht,  
Come to Dalbogy quietlie ane nycht,  
And suddantlie the castell synne hes tone.  
Bayth ill and gude that war thairin ilkone,  
He slew thame all than be the leist ane knaif;  
His grandsire gat no moir girth nor the laif.
The castell syne gart cast doun to the ground,
And all the riches in that place wes fund,
Gold and siluer, and all other geir,
Distribut hes amang his men of weir. 37,150
Quhen this wes done syne fordwart furth he fundis,
Makand greit heirschip in Cruthlynthus boundis;
Syne in the Mernis hes all with him tane
Richt mony berne that mycht nocht thoill this blane.
Into Angus, qubilk wes of Cruthlynthus clan, 37,155
He gart convene togidder mony man,
Qubilk in the Mernis maid ane haistie raid,
And in the tyme greit spulze also maid.
The Mernis men was gatherit than foirgane,
Of adventure\(^1\) syne met ypone ane plane, 37,160
And straik ane feild the spulze to reskew,
On eueries syde richt mony ane tha slew.
Fra that da furth, as my author did sa,
With counterings and carmusche euerie da,
Tha previt vther oft syis on the plane, 37,165
On euerie syde quhair mony ane wes slane.
Had tha stand lang at sic abusioun,
The pairteis baith had gane to confusioun,
But ony dout, or endit war that pleid,
Had nocht Kenethus maid soner remeid. 37,170
Qubilk suddanelie ane herald send thame till,
And chargit thame at his command and will,
Tha suld compeir befoir him all rycht sone,
The fyiftene da for to thoill law in Scone,
Vnder the pane of lyfe, land and gude, 37,175
Qhat euir he wes that this command ganestude.
This Cruthlynthus the law so soir adred,
With all his men rycht far awa he fled;
Befoir the king that da wald nocht compeir:
How hapnit syne sone efter 3e sall heir. 37,180

\(^1\) In M.S. Adventurne.
This Kenethus on thame ilk da be da
Followit richt fast, syne in Lochquhabria
This Cruthlynthus and all the laif war tane,
And brocht agane to Dunsenen ilkane,
This kingis castell wes into the tyme,
Quhair tha war all accusit of that cryme.
The men of gude that had auctoritie,
With Cruthlynthus condampnit war to de,
For-quhy tha war the caus of all that thing.
Syne at command of Kenethus the king,
The commoun pepill quhilk war till excuiss,
Thair maisteris charge that durst nocht weill refuiss,
Quhen he considderit that tyme how it was,
For that same caus vnpueneist leit thame pas.
This bead done as I haif said zow than,
Richt tenderlie wes louit with all man
In all that tyme Kenethus the gude king,
So circumspect and just wes in all thing.
Louit he wes with euerilk man on lywe,
Als tenderlie as other barne or wywe:
So just he wes in his auctoritie,
To euerie man with sic equalitie,
And sic perfectioun, schortlie to conclude,
That men of him ma sa nathing bot gude.
Quhill efterwart the tua and twentie 3eir
Wes of his ring, as I sall schaw 3ow heir,
His bruther sone as 3e sall wnderstand,
Gude Malcum Dufe, the prince of Cumberland,
King Duffus sone in storeis as we reid,
Quhilk efter him wes narrest to succeed.
This Kenethus than, as my author demit,
For to be trew richt weill also it semit,
On to his sone affectit so wes he,
Efter his tyme to haif auctoritie,
And bruke the croun withoutin ony pleid,
This Malcum Dufe with poysoun put to deid.
Into the tyme thocht it was nocht weill knawin,
The suith fastnes thairof rycht sone was schawin.
This Malcum Duffe that tyme in Cumberland,
Tuke sic seiknes that nane culd wnderstand 37,220
Quhat mycht him help, or mak him ony remeid,
It handlit him so hetlie to the deid.
Into the breist so stoppit was and bun,
And all his bodie swellit lyke ane tun,
Quhill that his cors all [to] brist and clawe, 37,225
And fra the bane the lyre bowdin and rane,
Throw strang poysoun, as euerie man wist weill,
Bot be quhat man wes none that had ane feill.
The men of gude that tyme for the most fect,
Of that ilk deid tha held the king suspect, 37,230
For the same caus befoir that I zow tald;
Bot thair wes nane amang thame, young or ald,
Quhat euir he thocht, that durst reveill sic thing,
Sic aw that tyme tha stude than of thair king;
That mony als of men of gude that tyme,
Into thair mynd him clengit of that cryme,
For mony vertewis into him tha saw,
So just he wes to execute the law,
Without rigour, full of benignitie,
So equale ay in his auctoritie, 37,240
Bayth word and werk wes ay to gude effect;
And for that caus tha held him nocht suspect.
Ane vther caus how that tha knew sic thing,
Quhen that his deid was schawin to the king,
So greit displeour in the tyme he tuik,
But meit or sleip rycht lang fastit and woik.
So mony teir come tringland fra his ene;
Sa oft wald sob and sich full soir betuene,
Into his mynd so dolorus and dirk;
So greit suffrage also in halie kirk,
Quir all Scotland he hes gart sing and sa,
In euirilk kirk onto the auchtane da,
For gude Malcome the prince of Cumberland.
Quéhairby that tyme tha mycht weill wnderstand,
And knaw perfittie als in thair intent,
Of Malcolmis deid the king wes innocent;
And for that tyme than all the nobill blude
Left suspitioun and traistit nocht bot gude.

HOW ANE MESSINGER WAS SEND OUT OF INGLAND
TO KING KENETHUS, AND OF HIS ANSVER
AGANE QUHA SOULD BE PRINCE OF CUMBERLAND.

That samintyme, sone efter all this thing,
Fra gude Edward that wes of Ingland king,
Wes marterit efter with his awin step mother,
Becaush ir sone, quhilk wes king Edwards bruther,
Efter his deid was narrest to succeid,
Thair come that tyme, in storie as we reid,
Ane messinger to Kenethus the king,
Beseikand him rychthartlie of that thing,
That he wald cheist the prince of Cumberland,
As mediatour betuix thame for to stand,
For peax and rest and greit tranquillitie;
And to thame bayth rycht leill and trewtill
be,
Without tressone als traist as ony steill,
To baith the kinrikis for the commoun weill.
This Kenethus sic ansuer maid agane,
"Forsuith," he said, "thairof I am rycht fane,
"And als content his plesour to fulfill
"In all poyntis that ze haif put me till;
"Now wait I weill, that ay befoir I weynd
"This nobill king hes euir bene my freind;
"And for his saik, als haistie as I ma,
Of zour ansuer I sall gar set ane da."
In Scone that tyme, as my author did mene,
The da wes set quhair tha suld all convene,
Baith king and lordis in the tyme ilkone;
Syne gude Kenethus on the marbell stone,
As president thair sittand in his chair;
Of eloquence he wes nocht for to lair,
Qhilik in the tyme, as ze ma richt weill trow,
He said to thame as I sall sa to zow.
" My lordis all, ze knaw richt weill ilkone,
" So lang befoir richt mony zeir agone,
" How gude Fergus, the foundar of this ring,
" Sic lawis maid in chesing of thair king;
" That is to say, efter ane kingis deid,
" Gif that his sone suld succeed in his steid,
" Without perfectiouin that tyme war ane child,
" The narrest man qhilik war of lauchtfull eild
" Onto the hous, sould that tyme crownit be,
" For all his tyme bruik that auctoritie,
" Syne efterwart to succeed in his steid,
" The lauchtfull air efter that king wes deid.
" Thus euir mair the king sould be ane man,
" And for sick caus the lawis first began;
" Bot weilI wait, quha that rycht wnderstude,
" That wes the caus of far moir ill na gude;
" And causit oft richt greit aduersitie,
" And mekle trubill in the realme to be.
" Witnes," he said, "first of king Feretar,
" And Ferlegus qhilik wes king Fergus air,
" The richteous prince and of the royall blude;
" Throw sic lawis, now schortlie to conclude,
" Tha war the first that sic trubill began,
" And Ferlegus that wes ane nobill man,
" Wes maid exulland baneist for to be,
" In vther land with greit miseritie,
" The qhilik to Scotland wes lak and offence,
" So schamefullie suld be thair king and prince,
"Wes bond and thrall so lang to carlis blude,
"Makand thame service for his lyvis fude.
"Witnes also," he said, "of Nothatus,
"And young Rewthar, causit be Dowalus;
"And of Novans Ferquhard the quhilk wes lord,
"Betuix thame tua that kendlit sic discord.
"For that same caus, now schortlie to conclusion,
"Quhilk brocht Scotland to vter confusion,
"And Pechtland als siclyke, for to conclude,
"Betuix thame baith of all the nobill blude
"Wes nocht ane left, as it wes rycht weill kend,
"To gyde the laif and fra thair fo defend.
"Quhairthrow the Scottis and the Pechtis all,
"Onto the Britis was maid bond and thrall,
"Or all to fle without ony remeid,
"In uther landis for to beg thair breid.
"Than threttene zeir without auctoritie,
"So lang tha war in sic miseritie,
"Lang efter that siclike with Romanus,
"And Ethalmac, the storie tellis thus,
"And Angustiane bruther sonis all thrie,
"Throw thair discord for sick auctoritie,
"Scotland, that tyme quhilk wes into greit rest,
"With Romanis soir wes puneist and opprest;
"Syne finallie out of Scotland to fle,
"And fourtie zeir maid exull for to be.
"Now ma ze ken, heir schortlie to conclude,
"Thairof the ill exceidis far the gude."

Also he said, "Now for the samin quhy,
"Bot laitlie now in tymis ar gane by,
"How mony men war of the royall blude
"Feinzeit rycht far as tha had bene rycht gude,
"Withoutin vice, of greit vertu to be,
"Haiffand respect to sic authoritie;
"Sone efter syne, God wait and nocht rycht lang,
"Fra tyme tha gat the thing quhairfoir tha sang,
"Tha changit sone into ane vther man,
"Levand the way in quhome tha first began;
"Vsand ill lyfe and sic vice and abusioun,
"Quhilk brocht this kinrik richt oft to confusioun.
"And for that caus my counsall is thairfoir,
"To abrogat, and vse that law no moir,
"And vse conforme wnto the commoun law
"In vther landis vsit is our aw.
"The kingis sone, thought he be neuir so žing,
"Efter his fader in his sted to ring,
"Quhat euer tha be, madin or man chyld,
"Withoutin ee to wisdome or to eild,
"As God plesis to send into the tyde,
"Is none as he so weill that can prowye;
"I hald it best in sic ane doutsam cace,
"To put oure traist ay into Godis grace.
"Becaus," he said, "of all zour cuming heir,
"Now in this place that I gart zow compeir,
"Mest special is, as ŋe sall wnderstand,
"To cheis the lord and prince of Cumberland,
"Quhilk ordand is betuix king and king,
"For to keip peax and gar reforme all thing
"That is done wrang be Scotland and Ingland,
"Ony to vther, be vertu of the band,
"The quhilk wes maid be ouir progenitoir,
"Že knaw zour self, in all tymes befoir;
"The quhilk also is lauchtfull to suceed
"To this kinrik, quhen tyme beis or neid.
"In this mater, but ony circumstance,
"Rycht sone I wald heir zour deliuerance."
Tua nobilis than, war grittest men of gude
Of all Scotland and of the royall blude,
Ane Constantyne, the sone of Culenus
That last wes king, the tother hecht Gremus,
The bruther sone of gude Duffus the king;
Thir tua that tyme that knew full weill all
thing

Imaginat into the kingis mynd,
The circumstance, the ordour and the kynd,
How all wes said, and als to quhat effect;
Suppois thame selfis thair till had ane aspect
On to the croun be thair awin writtin law,
It neuritheles that tyme tha stude sic aw
Of Kenethus that wes thair prince and king,
To contray him or crab in ony thing;
And thocht that tyme tha wald sa na thairtill,
Rycht weill tha wist that he wald haif his will,
And of his purpos alway cum gude speid.
And syne tha haif, bot magir to thair meid,
For that same caus consentit baith thairtill,
And put it all into the kingis will,
And war the first that tyme of all the laif,
Onto the king that sic ane ansuer gaif,
As plesit him that tyme, at his command,
Quhoma that he wald mak prince of Cumberland,
And abrogat thalawis les and moir,
Wes maid in chesing of the kingis befor,
And keip the law wes maid into the tyme:
Sic ansuer gaif bayth Constantyne and Gryme.
Quhen tha had said, than all the multitude,
All in ane voce than, schortlie to conclude,
" Malcolme," tha said, "without ony demand,
" Kenethus sone, mak prince of Cumberland."
And so he wes, with halil auctoritie,
Of Cumberland promovit prince to be;
And take his leif than bayth at gude and ill,
And with the herald than wes send thairtill,
Quhilk in the tyme that come for the same thing,
Fra gude Edward that wes of Ingland king.
This beand done but ony violence,
Kenethus knew weill be experience,
And be the law quhome to tha gaif consent,
Quhilk than wes maid without impediment,
For euirmoir that his posteritie
Suld ay succeid to his auctoritie.
And for to haue thair fauour in sic thing,
Waill tenderlie he treittit ald and zing;
To euerielord and als to mony lard,
Into his tyme gaif mony greit reward;
With diligence exercit ay his cuir,
At all power to pleis baith riche and puir.
Rycht equallie he held him till all man,
With puir and riche weil louit wes he than,
And with all leid that leuand wes on lyve,
Moir tenderlie than other barne or wyve;
That thair wes no man, schortlie to conclude,
That said or thocht of him all tyme bot gude.

Off the Visioun that apperit to Kenethus
the King on the Nycht in his Sleip,
and of his Confessioun, Pennance, Almous Deid, and Devotioun, and off the wickit Wyffe Fenella.

So hapnit [it] syne efter on ane nycht,
In his sleip be ane visioun and sycht
Him thocht that tyme he hard ane voce apeir,
Quhilk said to him with ane loud voce and cleir;
"O Kenethus! tak tent heir to my sawis.
"Thow trowis God thi cruell cryme misknawis,
"That thow committit with sic violence,
"Quhen thow gart poysoun Malcum Dufe the prince
"Of Cumbria, qhilk air wes to Scotland.
"For caus," he said, "thow tuke sic thing on hand,
"Throw sic desire that thi prosperitie
"Suld bruke the crown with haill auctoritie.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "the God omnipotent
"Decreitit hes be his rycht judgment,
"Rycht sone on the sic ane vengence sould tak,
"Till all thi realme salbe greit skayth and lak;
"And to thi airis rycht lang efter the,
"Rycht greit trubill without tranquillitie."
Quhen this wes said the voce vaneist awa.
This Kenethus, in his bed quhair he la,
Sichit full soir with mony langsum thocht,
Fra that tyme furth that nycht he sleipit nocht;
So greit terrour in his mynd he tuke,
That all that nycht he wolterit and he woik,
And thocht full lang qubill that he saw the lycht.
Than vp he raisand raikit in full rycht
To his chapell with humbill intercessioun,
In ferme purpois to mak his haill confessionioun
Of all the synnis he had done beforne,
On to that tyme sen the hour he wes borne.
Ane halie bischop into Scotland wes than,
The quhilk to name wes callit Mouean;
Cunning he was all caissis for to knaw,
And richt expert into the canoun law,
For ony dout that men mycht at him speir;
And in all vertew, schortlie to conclude,
He did exceids siclyke in sanctitude.
This Kenethus for this ilk Mouian
He send that tyme, quhilk sone come till him than;
To quhome that tyme he hes maid his confessioun,
Ilk word be word in ordour, but degressioun;
And all his mynd and secreit to him schew,
Nothing obscure, als planelie as he knew,
And speciallie of Malcolme Duffus deid;
Askand at him quhat mycht be best remeid.
This nobill man agane he said him till;
" Sic ordinance is ay in Godis will,
" Nothing in erth vnpuneist to lat pas;
" Decretit hes for all vice and trespass,
" Ane cruell pane correspondand thairtill,
" For euirilk falt quhilk force is to fulfill.
" Quhilk pane," he said, " suppois it cruell be,
" He puttis all into oure libertie,
" And reddie ay thairof to gif remissioun,
" Thairof perfittie and we haif contritioun,
" With perfite purpos to forbair and mend,
" And neuir agane his majestie offend.
" And we do so into all tyme and place,
" Traist weill of him to haif mercie and grace,
" Mercie him causit ane mortall man to be,
" Syne thole grit pane and naturalie to de.
" The prophet sais, that we Sanct Dauid call,
" His mercie is aboue his werkis all;
" The quhilk to him is ay sic propertie,
" Without mercie God can nocht rycht weill be.
" Haif in zour mynd gude consolatioun;
" Tak nocht this tyme sic desperatioun;
" Traist weill sic thing cumis no way perforce,
" Sen gratius God quhilk is misericors,
" Is reddear to gif mercie and grace,
" No for to puneis for the grittest case.
CRONCLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"Quhilk is committit be ane mortall man."
Than throw the counsall of this Mouian
He tuke confort and put awa all cair.
With greit deuotiooun ilk da mair and mair,
In orisoun baith for to heir and reid,
Diuoit he wes with mony almous deid;
To kirk and kirkmen dalie with grit cuir,
Ryght helplike was, and also to the puir.
In pilgramagge passit to mony place,
Beseikand sanctis to obtene him grace
At gratius God, in his he Majestie,
Sen tha with him war better hard nor he.
In pilgramage syne to Palladius,
Into the Mernis, my author sais thus,
In Fordwy quhair that his banis lyis,
As he befoir wes wont to do oft syis,
With greit diuotioun to that halie Santt,
Beseikand God thairof his grace to grant
Fre indulgens of all thing les and moir,
Aganis him committit wes befoir.
This beand done as I haif said zow heir,
Than passit hes with mony gudifie feir
By Fettercarne into ane place to hunt,
With men of gude befoir as he wes wont,
And houndis als that war baith gude and fyne; 37,535
Tak tent and heir how efter hapnit syne.
This Fenella, of quhome befoir I tald,
That wickit wyfe baith bellicois and bald
Causit hir sone hir awin father to sla,
Schort quhile befoir zeicht heir me say sa, 37,540
The qubilk Cruthly nthus callit wes to name;
Qubairfoil efter he thoillit lak and schame,
For that same deid than wes he maid to de,
As ressoun wald for his iniquitie.
His deid rycht his scho buir into bir mynd, 37,545
So is the nature of all wemen kynd;
Without knowledge, full of crudelitie,  
Desyrand ay revengit for to be,  
Suppois the falt be baith litill and lycht,  
So full tha ar of malice and of hycht.  
So wes this wyfe than for the samin caus,  
The quhilk wes done be just decreit and lawis;  
3it neuirtheles that scho considderit nocht.  
Bayth da and nycht that wes ay in hir thocht,  
This nobill king how scho mycht put to deid,  
Withoutin caus scho had at him sic feid.  
Syne in hir breist consauit hes ane trane;  
Tak tent and heir, and I sall schaw 3ow plane  
In forme and effect, and all the fassoun how  
My authour sais as I sall sa to 3ow.  

**How Fenella biggit ane new Work in Fettercarne, and how King Kenethus come to viesie it, and their suddantlie slane.**

In Fettercarne, quhilk wes hir duelling place,  
Scho had gart big befoir ane lytill space  
Ane prettie tour, bot of small quantitie,  
Rycht curious and plesand for to se,  
Proper perfite, quhilk wes of poleist stone,  
In Albione sic semdill wes or none.  
Rycht clene thickit was than all this tour,  
Weill gilt with gold, quhairon rycht mony flour  
Depanetit war with mony bird on breir,  
And mony rachis rynnand at the deir.  
The craft richt far the mater did excell  
Of all this tour, the treuth gif I suldt tell,  
So curiouslie as it wes cled within.  
And at the tapetis first I will begin,  
Of fynest silk of mony diuress hew,  
Burneist with gold, purpure and asur blew,
Depanetit all with greit plesance and joy,
The ald storie of Thebes and of Troy.
The sylar alss wes of the sypar tre,
Porterit perfite that plesand wes to se;
Richt curious carvit with mony ane knot,
Wnmaculat, withoutin ony filth or spot;
As ony lanterne castand anehevynlie lycht
Of purpur, asur, and of siluer bricht.
Greit corce bowis, that war bayth strang and
stout,
Within the wall wes rayit round about,
Fast to the knok war buklit vp in bend,
With ganȝeis schardie reddie fra thame to send.
Off bras ane pillar in the fluir thair stude,
Vpone the heid of plesand pulchritude
Ane copper image of small quantitie,
Qihilk proper wes and plesand for to se.
This lytill image buir into the hand,
Of gold ane spill as the sone schynand,
Qihilk plantit wes with mony pretius stone,
As jesp, jasink, and margaretis mony one;
With turcas, topas, and with amerandis brycht,
With rubeis reid, and diamontis wes dicht;
With amates that courtlie war and cleir,
And mony mo than I will reckin heir.
This work quhilk wes als subtiill wrocht as reche,
With sic diuyss gif ony man wald tuiche
The goldin apill that the image buir,
The bent bowis that war bayth strang and stuir,
Ilkone of thame richt haistelie but ho,
Out of the nok ane ganȝe wald lat go,
Schot at him, without ony ganestand,
Tuichit the apill in the image hand.
This fals Fenalla knew rycht weill perfite,
This nobill king greit plesance and delyte,
And greit desyre had awaie for to se
Sic coistlie werk of curiositie;
Thinkand agane and he comen thair till hunt,
Neirby that place befoir as he wes wont,
He wald desyre sone for to cum and se
Sic plesand werk of greit speciositie.
This samyn tymen than hes it hapnit so,
This nobill king on fra the hunting go
To Fettercarne, to visie that new werk,
And lef the laif still huntand in the park.
With few seruandis he comen thair forrow none,
Quhair that he wes ressauit than rycht sone
With Fenella and hir seruandis ilkane,
Rycht reuerentlie within that hous of stane,
With all seruice into the tymen thairto
To his princeheid war plesand for to do.
At ganand tymen scho causit him to dyne;
With coistlie spycis and mony mychtie wyne,
Of diuers cullouris into cowpis cleir,
Weill ma ze wit scho maid him rycht gude
cheir;
Bot syne allace! scho gart him pa weill ford.
This gude Keneth, the nobill prince and lord,
So courtas wes, so lawlie and benyng,
Into the tymen held hir suspect nothing,
Efter the dennar quietlie is gone,
Bot he and scho rycht secreitlie alone,
Within the tour that plesand werk to se,
Wes so perfite with sic speciositie.
Of euerilk thing he speirit hes the quhy;
And scho agane rycht sone and suddantly,
As wemen hes ane haistie ansuer sone,
Schew him quhairfoir that euerie thing wes done.
The image als vpoun the pillar heid,
Quhilk buir the apill of the gold so reid,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Wes his image into the tyme scho schew,
To signifie that scho wes traist and trew,
And louith him at all power and mycht,
Thairfoir his image present in hir sicht,
Scho thought so plesand to behald and se.
The apill als of sic speciositie,
Qubilk pleneist wes with mony pretious stone,
Scho ordand hes for his hienes alone,
Into the self qubilk wes so riche ane thing,
That it might be ane reward for ane king.
Beseikand him of his excellent grace,
He wald ressaue the apill in that place,
At his plesour out of the image hand.
This nobill king, the qubilk wald nocht ganestand,
The goldin apill in his hand he tuik:
With that the pillar and the image schuik,
And all the hous begouth also to rok,
And all the stringis slippit out of nok
Of ilk cors bow, the qubilk befoir wes bend,
Syne throw his cors ilkane ane ganze send;
That suddantlie without help or remeid,
Doun on the fluir this nobill king fell deid.

HOW FENALLA FLED AWAY EFTER THE KING WAS SLANE, AND HOW HIS SERUANDIS WAITITT LANG ON HIS OUT CUMING, AND AT LANG TAREING COME TO THE DUR QUHAIR HE WAS, AND THAIR FAND HIM SLANE, AND OF HIS BUREALL.

This wickit wyfe seand that it was so,
Out at ane postrum of the tour did go;
Syne in ane forrest that wes neir besyde,
Amang the rammell quhair scho did hir hyde;
Syne on ane hors that ordand wes thairto,
Nane bot ane seruand in that tyme and scho,
Fre fra all perrell passit ouir the fell,
And quhair awa I can nocht rycht weill tell.
The kingis seruandis byland on his grace,
Quhill neir hand evin tha farleit on that cace,
Quhat wes the caus he baid so lang thairin;
Syne at the dur, wes closit witht ane gyn,
Softlie did knok, trowand that he suld heir,
Bot thair wes nane wald anser mak, or speir
Than quha wes that that callit at the dur,
So oft but anser knokit with sic cuir.
Quhill at the last, thocht it wes stark and strang,
All with ane dunt the dur sone vp tha dang;
The nobill king with bludie woundis reid,
Vpoun the fluor thair tha sand liand deid.
Ze ma weill wit that tha war rycht wnfane
To se the king befoir thair face ly slane,
Quhillk treittit thame sa tenderlie and weill.
Suppois ane hart had bene all of hard steill,
Or also stark as ony marbell stone,
It wald haif brist to heir thair piteous mone.
Rycht weill ilkone into the tyme tha knew,
It wes Fenella that thair maister slew,
For to revenge Cruthlyn hir sonis deid;
Quhair scho wes fled, into what place or steid,
With diligence ilk da richt lang wes soucht
Fra place to place, bot 3it tha sand hir nocht.
The commoun voce wes than for the most fect,
This Constantyne, the quhilk tha held suspect,
Quhome of befoir schort qubile to zoow I schew,
Greit malice had at Kenethus ze knew,
For his sone Malcum, as ze wnderstande,
Declarit wes the prince of Cumberland,
To bruke the croune efter to that effect,
Quhome to himself than had so greit respect,
To him wes said into the tyme [scho] fled,
Syne efterwart onto Ireland wes led,
Quhair all hir dayis thair scho did remane;
I hard nochtt tell that scho come hame agane. 37,710
The lordis all syne efter with greit cuir,
The kingis corps to Iona Yle tha buir,
Off the same vse as wont wes of befoir,
Intumula[t] with greit honour and gloir,
Than of his ring the fyve and threttie zeir,
And of oure Lord quha lykis for to heir,
Ane thousand compleitlie war ago,
Into that tyme withoutin ony mo.

Lib.\textit{I}, f.170b.

Col. 1.

\textit{How Constantyne was crownit efter King Kenethus be certane lordis that war his freindis aganis Malcolme, King Kenethis Sone.}

This Constantyne of quhome befoir I schew,
Als suddantlie than as he hard and knew 37,720
This nobill king Kenethus so wes deid,
He raid about fra euerie steid to steid
To his freindis, requyrand thame sic thing,
Into that tyme to cheis him prince and king,
Qhillk had the rycht as tha knew weill ilkone 37,725
Be the auld law wes maid richt lang agone;
Thocht tha consentit to Kenethus law
Qhillk in the tyme wes moir for dreid and aw,
No of the kinrik for the commoun weill.
Thairfoir he said, als far as he had feill, 37,730
Sick law as that sould nocht obeyit be,
The qhillk wes maid be sic auctoritie.
His freindis than qhillk that tyme war nocht few,
Be sick ressone into that tyme he schew,
So neir of kin also tha war him till, 37,735
Consentit all and gaif him thair gud will.
Syne into Scone with thair consent ilkone,
Tha crownit him vpoun the marbell stone;
The tuelt day efter gude Kenethus deid,  
The goldin crowne set vpoun his heid.  

**How Malcolme the Young Prince come to Loutheane with ane greit power to resist Constantyne, and syne skaillit his oost for Feir.**

Had nocht Kenethus wes his bastard bruther,  
That louit him than best of ony vther,  
With greit power at Striuiling brig he la,  
This Constantyne thair warnit of the way,  
Quhilk at that brig wald nocht lat him ouir gang.  
With young Malcolme it wald haif bene all wrang.  
This Kenethus, quhilk at the brig did byde,  
And maid him tarie so lang in the tyde,  
Quhill all his victuall waistit wes and gone,  
That force it wes for to pas hame ilkone.  
This Constantins, thocht he wes layth thairtill,  
Skaillit his ost that tyme agane his will.  
In sic diuisioun lang and mony da  
This kinrik wes diuydit into tua;  
This Constantyne had all into the north;  
And young Malcolme besouth the water of Forth  
Into the tyme thay take his part ilkone;  
And in the north richt mony wes anone  
That louit him rycht afald with thair hart,  
Thocht thay so planelie durst nocht tak his part.  
Lang thus thay war in sic diueriesitie,  
That 1 da be da with grit crudelitie,  
Ather did vther cruellie invaid,  
Quhair rycht greit slauchter and heirship wes maid,

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1 In MS. They.
That Scotland haeill wes to confusioun brocht;
The commoun weill was waistit all to nocht;
The puir pepill war haillelie distroyit;
Wedowis and wyffis wrangit war and noyit;
And mony virgin that wes of honest fame,
Deflorit wes, and loissit hir gude name.
The kirk and kirkmen wer distroyit haille;
The best of thame durst skantlie tell his taill
To the leist loun that wes in all the land,
Bot gif he held his heid into his hand,
And call him schir, bekkand with bayth his
kneis.
This is rycht suith, or than my author leis.

HOW YOUNG MALCOLME, PRINCE OF CUMBIRLAND,
COME IN SUPPLE OF EDWARD, KING OF INGLAND, AND HOW HE AND THE DANIS AGREIT.

This samin tyme as ze sall wnderstand,
This gude Edward, that king wes of Ingland,
Ilk da be da, the langar ay the moir,
Than with the Danis vexit wes richt soir,
That force it wes than schort quhile efter syne,
All on ane da other to wyn or tyne.
This young Malcolme, of quhome I spak befoir,
With rycht greit power that same da come thoir
In the supple of gude Edward the king,
Quha wes richt blyth and joyfull of that thing.
Quhaierof the Danis richt greit terrour tuke,
To fecht that da, as sum man said, forsiuk;
And wes content for to agre and cord,
At the requeist of mony gude kirk lord.
And so thai war with bayth their haille consent;
So that the Danis suld hald thame content
In peax and rest to bruke alhaill the landis,
Possessit war that tyme into thair handis.
Moir to desyr tha sould nocht ask nor crawe; 37,705
Ane sowme of gold als in the tyme to haif,
And neuir on ane vther to invalid.
Of this conditioun peax that tyme wes maid.

**HOW 3OUNG MALCOLMIS BRuther, CALLIT KENETHUS, Metic CONSTANTYNE AT CRAWMOUND, quhair the tane slew the tother Hand for Hand.**

This samin tyme now that ze heir me sa,
That Malcolme wes out of the land awa 37,800
Into Ingland with power les and moir.
This Constantyne, of quhome I spak befoir,
Trowand his tyme was than maist oportune,
Qhahirfoir that tyme with greit power rycht sone,
Tuentie thousand he brocht out of the north, 37,805
Qhohome with he passit ouir the water of Forth,
For to subdew tha landis all him till.
Kenethus than with egir mynd and will,
Malcolmus bruther befoir as I tald,
With mony berne that wes bayth big and bald, 31,810
Than at the mouth he met him of Amond,
Qhair standis now the gude toun of Crawmond.
Thir bernis bald ilkone on vther bet,
Qhill all thair waponis in thair blude wes wet;
And dourlie than ilkane on vther drawe, 37,815
Qhill all thair helmis into pecis rawe.
Of wynd that tyme thair blew ane suddane blast
Out of the eist, qhillik draue the sand rycht fast
Into the eue of Constantins men,
And blindit thame that tha mycht scantlie ken 37,820
Qhua wes thair freind or quha than wes thair fa,
That force it was thame bakwart for till ga,
Out of the feild than fled with all thair force.
That Constantyne come fordwart on ane horss,
And with Kenethus in the feild he met;
So scharplie than ilkane [on] other set,
And ran at vther with so rude ane reird,
Baith hors and men war drevin to the erd.
Syne start on fut and pullit out tua brandis,
And manfullie debaittit with thair handis,
Ay prevand other pertlie on that plane,
And sonzeit nocht quhill that tha war baith slane.
In the thrid zeir of Constanti[n]us ring
Thus endit he wes bot intrusit king.

OFF GRYME AND HIS CROWNYNG OF MALCOLME,
AND HIS PERSEWING AFTER CONSTANTINE WAS
DEID; BETUIX THIR TUA FELL DEIDLIE FEID.

Than Gremus syne, of quhome befoir I schew,
Quhen he hard tell the veritie and knew
That Constantyne his consent wes so deid,
Kenethus als slane in the samin steid,
Malcolme the prince rycht so wes in Ingland,
Traistand to haif na stop nor ganestand;
To all the lordis that tyme les and moir,
This Constantyne that faurit of befoir,
Rewardit thame richt freindlie with his hart,
And treittit thame quhill that tha take his part.
As I haifsaid quhen that all thing wes done,
That samin tyme tha passit all to Scone,
And set him doun vpone the marbell stone,
And crownit him with thair consent ilkone.
This Malcum Keneth quhen he hard and knew
How all that thing wes hapnit of the new,
And how Grymus also wes crownit king,
Rycht far he wes commouit at that thing,
And thoicht he wald him scharplie thame persew.
His freindis than, quhilk wnderstude and knew
That all his werke wald be of litill vaill;  
And of his purpois he wald nocht prevaii,  
Tha saw this Gryme into sic fauour stand  
With mony lord that wes into that land,  
With [giftis] fra him that turnit [hes] thair mynd,  
And chereis thame to him for to be kynd,  
Quhairthrow he mycht haif thair help and supple,  
Or than, tha said, sic thing wald neuer be.  
Throw thair counsall, quhilik wes rycht trew he kend,  
Rycht secreitlie ouir all Scotland he send  
Treittand the lordis for to tak his part,  
Promittand thame rycht kyndlie with his hart  
With all power to quyt thame weill thair meid,  
Sua that the wald supple him in his neid.  
Rycht mony wes thairof that tyme content,  
Baith da and nycht syne wes rycht diligent,  
For to perswaid rycht glaidlie with thair hart  
The laue siclike for to tak Malcolmis part.  
Rycht mony than so wickit was of will,  
The seruandis all that Malcum send thame till,  
Tha tuke and send to Grymus in the tyde,  
Quhilk he in persone gart remane and byde.  
This Malcolme syne, quhen he knew it wes so,  
With mony grome he graithit him till go  
At all power with possibilitie,  
Of that injure for to revengit be.  
Rycht mony wicht man that waponis weill culd weirld,  
The fyftene da he furnesist to the feild;  
On fit and hors furth with thame he fur  
To Loutheane ouir mony mos and muir.  
Ane spy thair come and schew to him that  
How that this king, the quhilik wes callit Gryme,  
With all the nobillis that war in the north,  
Evin fra the Ylis to the watter of Forth,  
Wes cumand than, as he rycht wnderstude,  
With so greit power and sic multitude,
That all his power into thair respect,
Na vaill [wes] and bot of litill feat.
Quhen this wes schawin in the ost that tyme,
With so greit power cumand wes this Gryme,
Rycht grit rumour ouir all the oist thair rais,
With [sic ane] terrour that tyme of thair fais,
And speciallie than of the merchand men,
The quhilk that tyme, that wes full eith to ken,
That wes nocht wont to vsit be in weir,
And in the tyme but waponis war and geir,
This young Malcolm perswadit hes\(^1\) in plane,
To skaill his oist and for to turne agane.
For caus that he wald nocht consent thairtill,
So schameles wes thocht nother lak no ill
To greit als fast and wringand bayth thair
handis,
As onybarnis that war dung with wandis.
Rycht mony than wes of the men of gude
Was present thair, knew weill and wnderstude
Into battell with sic men to proced,
Of thair purpois to cum bot litill speid
And for that caus tha haif decreittit than,
The commonis all for to pas hame ilk man;
Quhairof that tyme tha war content and fane.
The men of gude with Malcum suld remane,
And husband men to Stirling than ilkone
Suld pas and keip that stalwart brig of stone,
The furdis als, with ferrie and all the laif,
That Grymus ost na passage ouir mycht haif.
Ane halie man, Fothadus hecht to name,
Ane faithfull father and of greit fame,
Of Sanct Androis wes bischop in the tyme,
This halie man that passit to this Gryme
Into processioun with his clergie all,
Himself also in his pontificall,

\(^1\) In MS. wes.
And schew to him as lay in his intent, be naturall ressone and be argument, Perswaidand him that tyme with euerie lord, For to mak freindschip, peax and gude concord, With Malcun Keneth prince of Cumberland; And in sic stryfe no langar for to stand, For greit danger that after mycht befall To him, he said, and to his liegis all. To quhome this Gryme sic anser heis maid than, Declarand him, quhill he war levand man, " Thocht all," he said, "sould gang to confu-

" This richt this tyme that I haif to the crow, " For ill or gude, for weill or hit for wo, " Into my tyme I think neuir till forgo. " Thocht Malcun Keneth be so diligent, " I think rycht weill that he ma be content " Of Cumberlant, as weill myself I knaw " Sulde be his awin now of the commoun law. " Hald him content thairf gif that he will, " And will he nocht, heir I promit him till, " He salbe suir of my malice and feid, " Doultles but dreid quhill ony of ws be deid." This Fothadus quhen he hard him sa sa, To Malcun Keneth dressit him till go, Requyrand Grymus thairfoir to remane Quhill that he come with his anser agane. To Malcum syne he passit hes fra Gryme, And mony ressoun schew him in the tyme, Quhat danger was into sic dalie weir, Greit harme and skaithe and of thair lyfe ane feir, Thift and slauchter and all sic mischeif, And fostering of mony commoun theif; Beseikand him of gude concord and peice, To caus sic weir and wrangis for to ceis. This prince Malcome sic anser maid him till, Sayand, he wald richt hartlie with gude will
To skail his ost, and Gryme wald gif consent,
Of mediatouris quhome of thae war content,
Quhilk soold be sworne to tak sic thing on hand,
At thair delierance syne to byde and stand,
Vnreucabill, withoutin fraude or gyle,
At thair plesour sic peax for to compyle.
With this ansuer he passit syne agane,
And, as he said, he schew him all in plane.
Rycht weill content [thairof] than wes this Gryme,
So wes the laue was with him in the tyme,
Syne skaillit hes, and passit hame ilkane,
Oft thankand him that sic travell hes tane.
This Fothadus, that litill rest than tuke,
Greit travell maid and mony nichthe woik,
And in the tyme wes nochtleithand nor lidder,
Quhill that he brocht the lordis all togidder
That chosin wes to tak sic thing on hand,
And gart thame sweir at thair decreit to stand,
Without fraude how euir tha wald haif done.
In this conventioun quhilk wes maid richt sone,
Delieverit wes syne ryplie in that thing
That this Gremus for his tyme soold be king,
Becaus he wes possessit with the croun;
Thinkand it wes greit vilipensioun,
To put him doun fra his auctoritie.
Syne efter that, d Reidand that he soold be
At sic derisioun haldin and sic scorne,
That he had better for to haif bene vnborne,
Or efterwart for to be levand on lyve,
And for that caus tha wald him nocht de pryve.
Syne efter him Malcolme and his offspring,
To bruke the croun of Scotland and be king,
In heretage for than and euirmoir,
And keip the law Kenethus maid befoir.
And prince Malcolme, but stop or zit ganestand,
Fra Forth all south wnto Northumberland,
Fra Cumbria siclyke evin wnto Clyde,
Fra the west se on to the eist se syde,
For all his tyme in his gyding sould haue
In peax and rest; and Gryme suld haif the lawe
Of all the landis that la in the north,
Ylis, and all evin to the watter of Forth.
Quhairof wes content baith Malcolme and Gryme,
And gude peax maid betuix thame in the tyme.

HOW GRYMUS RANG ANE QUHILE IN PEAX AND REST, AND SYNE FELL IN VICE AND VICIOUS LEVING.

Syne efter this that 3e haif hard me sa,
This ilk Grymus richt lang and mony da
In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,
He rang ane quhile without adversitie.
Syne efterwart into sic vices fell,
That I for schame this tyme dar skantlie tell;
Off anerie and lichorie also,
And gluttony with mony vther mo;
Richt full of sleuth, and as ane sow als sweir,
Qihilk Wald offend 3our eiris for to heir.

Col. 2.

Thairfoir as now sic thing I will lat pas,
And tell zow furth the mater how it wes.
Quhairof the lordis was richt ill content,
Settand ane counsell with thair haill consent;
Syne chosin hes the wysast in the tyme,
With thair counsell and send [on] to this Gryme;
Qihilk said to him with greit humanitie,
Beseikand him of his auctoritie
Justice to keip, and execute the law,
And gar his liegis haif moir dreid and aw;
The qihilk had wrocht so greit wrang and injure,
In falt of justice bayth to riche and puir;
CROMICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

So mekhill wrang ilk da be da wes wrocht,
All was, tha said, becaus he pueneist nocht.
This ilk Gremus, quhat euir wes in his thocht,
At thair wordis he movit him richt nocht;
Bot said agane that he sould do gude will,
In all he micht thair plesour to fulfill.
Oft said he so with wordis richt benyng,
Bot in his thocht he had ane vther thing,
Thinkand thairof he sould revengit be
Of thair wordis so helie wes and he.
With fair wordis syne hes he maid thame fane,
Requeistand thame all nycht for to remane,
Qhill on the morne to byde with him, and dyne,
Qhair tha suld drink the michtie nobill wyne,
With Marche aill and also doubill beir,
And for thair saik he suld mak better cheir.
Ane vther dennar wes into his thought;
To thame that banquet had bene ouir deir coft.
So had bene said lang or the morne at none,
War nocht tha war thairof warnit rycht sone
Be thair freindis, quhilk gart thame fie that nycht
Rycht lang or da out of the kingis sycht,
Onto Bartha quhair the laue did remane,
Bydand his ansuer quhill tha come agane.
Syne quhen tha come and schew to thame sic thing,
Tha war commouit rycht far at the king,
And maid ane band agane him to rebell.
This ilk Gremus, thairof quhen he hard tell,
Baythsaid and swoir he suld revengit be
Of thame ilkone, or 1 doubtles he sould de.
With greit power syne efter on ane day,
To Lowtheane he tuk the narrest way;
Into his passage mony tour and toun
Law to the grund gart cast thame ilkane doun; 38,080

1 In MS. out.
And all the tounis in his gait that wes,
With corne and hay, he brint thame all in ass,
And mony saikles in the tyme he slew;
Fre fra his hand their chaipit than rycht few.
Preist or clerk, nor ȝit religious men,
Gat no moir girth no vther guiss or hen.
The prince Malcome that samin tyme, we reid,
In Ingland wes than with the king Eldreid,
Edwardis bruther wes marterit of the new
Be his noverk, as I befoir ȝow schew,
For that same caus weill knawin wes that thing.
Eldred hir sone sould efter him be king.
And so it wes be hir tressoun and meanis,
This ilk Eldred that same tyme with the Deonis
Opresst wes, throw thair greit violence,
And for that caus gude Malcum the ȝoung prince
Of Cumberland, in his help and supple,
Wes thair that tyme my author tellis me.

HOW ANE MESSINGER SCHEW TO 侔OUNG MALLCUM
HOW GRYME MAID GRIT TRUBILL AND DIS-
TRUCTIOUN IN HIS LANDIS, AND OF HIS
CUMING IN LOUTEANE, AND TUE THE FEILD
AGANIS GRYME.

Till him thair come ane messinger that tyme,
And schew to him how that his cousin Gryme
Ilk da be da withoutin rest he raid,
And sick distructioun in his landis maid,
Was none that tyme that mycht sustene his feid;
Without richt sone he come to mak remeid,
For ony way that eftir can be wrought,
Scotland for ay distroyit war to nocht.
This gude Malcūm the prince of Cumberland,
Into the tyme without stop or ganestand,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

He maid na tarie in the gait as than,
Quhill that he come rycht sone in Loutheane. 38,000
Of his cuming tha war rycht blyth and glaid,
Baith puir and riche all in the tyme and said,
" Welcum be 3ow, our scheild and oure defence,
" Oure governour, our rychtteous king and prince! 
" Qhair hes 3ow bene fra ws awa sa lang? 38,095
" Welcum be 3ow sould weir ws fra all wrang!"
The prince Malcum weill vnderstude and knew
Tha lordis all to him war leill and trew,
As he mycht knaw rycht weill be experiment,
And at this Grymus als at sic haitrent, 38,100
Traistand thairfoir tha sould him nocht begyle;
Qhairfoir efter within ane lýtill quhile,
With mony nobill that war traist and trew,
He tuk the feild this Grymus to persew.
This ilk Grymus quhairof quhen he hard tell 38,105
How his lordis agane him did rebell,
And in the tyme had tane Malcolmis part,
Wod as ane lyoun and furious in hart,
With euerie wicht that mycht ane wapin weild,
That he mycht furneis, passit to the feild, 38,110

OFF THE FEILD BETUIX PRINCE MALCOLME AND
GRYMUS, AND HOW PRINCE MALCOLME WAN
THE FEILD, AND GRYMUS TANE AND THAIR-
EFTER SONE DECEISSIT AND BUREIT WITH THE
LAIF IN IONA YLE, AND HOW MALCOLME
COME TO SCONE TO BE CROWNIT.

Withoutin tarie other da or nycht,
Quhill ather of vther cuming ar in sycht.
That samin da in battell tha contendit
That Christ Jesu onto the hevin ascendit:
This ilk Malcolm thon thocht he wald retrak 38,115
Quhill on the morne, and hald the feild abak,
And keip that da solempnit in all thing.
So wald nocht Gryme that tyme that wes the king.
Than forrow none, richt airlie of the da,
He gaif thame feild in thair camp quhair th
la,
With all his power baith on fitt and hors.
This prince Malcolme with litell sturt or force,
Or zit grit skaith, that da the feild he wane,
Quhair this Gremus than loisit mony man.
Into the feild him self fecht and wes tane,
Of bayth his ene the sycht he hes forgane,
Throw ane greit hurt he gat into the heid,
The thrid day efter quhilk that wes his deid.
Than of his ring the nynt 3eir wes also,
To Iona Yle tha maid his bodie go;
In sepulture laid in besyde the laue,
With sic honour as he seruit to haue.
The fiftene da after this wes done,
The lordis all convenit into Scone,
And speciallie the caus wes of that thing,
To crowne this Malcolme for to be thair king.
And or he wald the crowne that tyme ressauie,
With haill consent of lordis and the laue,
Bayth ill and gude wer obleist all and sworne
To keip the law his father maid beforne,
Into the crownyng alway of thair king,
The narrow air, thocht he be neuer so 3ing,
Man or woman quhateuir he be,
Suld ay succeed to thair auctoritie.

How Malcolme, King Kenethus Sone, wes
crownit King in Scone, and of his wor-
thie Deidis.

Quhen this was done befoir thame all ilkone,
Tha set him doun vpoun the marbell stone
In robroyal we alle of scarlat reid;
Ane crowne of gold syne set vpoun his heid;
Ane schynand sword syne put into his hand,
In the tother the goldin sceptour wand;
Prayand to God, makar of hevin and erd,
Send him gude fortoun, chance, and happie werd.
This gude Malcolme quhen he wes crownit king,
Richt diligent he was into all thing,
And specialie sa far as he had feill
The quhilk pertenit to the commoun weill.
And maist of all to put away discord,
Quhilk was that tyme betuix lord and lord,
For sindrie causis than baith les and moir,
And greit slaughter amang thame wes befoir
Maid in the feild quhen this Grymus wes slane.
This gude Malcolme reformit all agane,
And als gude freindschip, as my author sais,
As euir thair wes in ony mannis dais,
Ouir all Scotland within schort quhile maid he,
Bayth peax and rest and greit tranquillitie.
So equallie he execute the law,
That euerieman him louitand stude aw
Him to displeis in ony kynd of thing,
So laulie wes, so courtas and benyng;
So leill and trew, so stedfast and so stabill;
To all his pepill als so profittabill;
That he wes louit that tyme in all part,
Als tenderlie with ilk man as his hart.
Heir will I leif my self and hald me still
Of gude Malcolme, and tell 3ow now I will
Of the Danis, sen it is in memorie,
And of Ingland comixit to my storie,
That I can nocht the veritie 3ow schaw,
Without of thame the haill proces 3e knaw.
How that it wes, and 3e wald knaw rycht cleir,
Tak tent to me and I sall schaw 3ow heir.
Off ane wickit King of Denmark, and how he was excludit fra his croun, and come in Scotland and gat supple, and syne come to his awin auctoritie, and thair-eftir contendit againis Ingland.

Ane king in Denmark wes into tha dais, Was callit Swein, as my author sais. Ane man he wes full of iniquitie, And distroyar wes of religiositie, And counfoundar wes of the fayth of Christ, And baneist all amang thame wes baptist Out of his realme without ony remissioun; And for that caus to superstition Right mony turnit that tyme for his schoir, And left the fayth that thay had tane befour. For sic falsis sone efterwart he fell In sic trubill war cairsum for to tell, Quhairof as now I will sa no moir heuir,1 Bot ane in mynd sen that I haif peruir.  

Lib. 11. f. 172b. Col. 1.  Thryis with his fa in mort battell wes tane, With ransoun ay redemit was agane; Syne finalle brocht to confusion, Quhill that he was excluidit fra his croun. With Olawes contemnitz als wes he, With Norrowa seikand at him supple, And with Edward of Ingland king also; In Scotland syne he dressit him till go, Into the fayth quhair that he wes instructit, Syne efterwart sa weil with him it lukkit, Throw help of Scottis that he than implorit, Onto his croun he wes agane restorit

1 In MS. heuir.
In sic honour as he wes wont to be,
With peax and rest in his auctoritie.
Quhilk rais efter so hie vpoun the quheill,
Quhen that he wes at all his grittest weill,
Decreittit hes ane mendis for to tak
Of Ingland quhilk wald no supple him mak;
And of Eldred quhilk wes thair king also,
For greit injure bot laitlie than ago,
With so greit tressoun and with subtill meanis,
That he had done in Ingland to the Deanis.

HOW ANE GREIT MULTITUDE OF DANIS COME IN
ALBIONE AND LANDIT IN INGLAND, AND WAS
VICTOURE OF KING ELDRED.

Off Denmark, Suadrik, and of Norroway,
And of Goteland, as my author did say,
Ane mervelus excedand multitude
He gart convene; syne schortlie to conclude,
With hors, harness, and all vther geir,
And all waponis that neidfull war in weir,
He tuk the se, syne etterwart is gone
With all his power into Albione;
In Ingland syne arruyit at ane sand,
With all his power thair passit to the land.
Quhairof his purpos he come richt gude speid,
And victour wes of this king than Eldreid,
Quhilk flemit him into Northumberland.
Qhuen he come thair ane greit power he fand
Of mony Scot, that worthie war and wicht,
For bBattle buskit all in armour bricht,
To him thair cumand for to mak supple,
Qahomeof he wox so haltand and so hie,
And of thair cuming wes so glaid and fane,
With greit curage returnit hes agane.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW KING ELDREID SRUKKE BATTELL AGANE WITH
THE DANIS AND TYNT THE FEILD, SYNE FLED
IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

In Owson water, neirby Eborak,
This ilk Eldred his ludging thair did tak,
And plantit hes his palzeonis on ane plane;
To Sueno syne gaif battell thair agane,
And tynt the feild siclike as of befoir.
Syne in ane schip wes reddie at the schoir,
In Owson water neir the land did ly,
Passit richt sone syne into Normandy.
The nobill duke quhilk did him weill ressaue,
With all honour that sic ane prince sould haif,
The duke, the quhilk Richardus hecht to name,
Treittit him weill thocht he wes far fra hame,
Quhair he remanit lang and mony zeir,
Quhome of as now I will sa no moir heir,
Qubill efterwart, bot lat him evin alane.
Now to this Sueno turne I will agane.

HOW THE DANIS SUBDEWIT INGLAND, AND OF THAIR
GREIT OBEDIENCE AND COURTASIE GEVIN TO
THAME.

Col. 2. This ilk Sueno, quhen he perftlie knew
Eldred wes fled, and in Ingland wes few
Agane his power durst mak ony pley,
Traistand that blude sould neur weill obey,
Als lang on lyfe levand as thair wes one
Of Inglis blude left into Albione;
Thairfoir he hes decreittit for conclusioun,
The Inglis blude to put all to confusioun,
Be slight or richt, or zit be way of deid;
He rakkit nocht quhat way he mycht proceid.
The Inglis lordis that his counsell knew,
Levand on lyve the quhilk war verra few,
Befoir him all, or than my author leis,
Richt humlie than tha sat doun on thair kneis
Law at his [feit] for pitie in that place,
With mony teir greittand on him for grace.
Beseikand him than of his excellence,
As he that wes thair protectour and prince,
And had of thame the haill auctoritie,
To vse mercie and nocht[ ] cruelitie;
And gif thame leif to leve into Ingland,
Ay in all case to be at his command,
But herestage, but castell, toun or tour,
But libertie, but riches or honour,
And saue thame selfis, thair barnis and thair
wyvis,
In seruitude ay for to leid thair lyvis.
At thair request, thocht he wes proude and
hie,
He slaikit hes of his cruelitie,
And grantit thame but libertie thair lyvis,
In seruitude with barnis and with wyvis;
And gif fra thame all armour and sic geir,
And all waponis that ordand war for weir,
All gold and siluer that tha had in pois.
Than force it wes, tha had no vther chois,
Without office in Ingland or honour,
But land or lordschip, castell, toun or tour,
With thair awin handis for to wyn thair meit,
In dailie laubour with greit travell and sweit.
In ilkane hous he gart thame hald ane Dene,
To heir and se gif that tha wald complene,
Or gif tha maid agane him to rebell;
Giff it war so that he micht ken and tell,
That tha suld haif nother place nor tyme,
Wnwist of him for to commit sic cryme.
So ilkman had ane Dene into his hous,
That none durst be so hardie and so crous
To speik of him all tyme, I wnderstand,
Without he had his heid into his hand,
Bekkand to him and calland him schir lord;
Did he nocht sua he wald rycht sone discord.
Thairfoir ilkane callit him the lord and Dayne,
With sic ane vse that tha culd nocht refrayne,
That zit sensyne quhair tha se ane Dane man,
For greit dispyte tha call him ane Lurdan,
The quhilk suld be mair proper ane lord Dene.
Thus war tha maid with so grit caus to plepe,
But king or prince, or lord of thair awin blude,
Subdewit war in sic vile seruitude.
The Inglis men, sum tyme of greit renoun,
Than loisith hes thair kinrik and thair croun,
Thair land, thair law, and als thair libertie;
Of quhome Sweno had haillauctoritie,
And callit wes of Ingland king also,
Quhair that the word do go.
That samin tyme, as ze sall wnderstand,
He send to Malcolme king wes of Scotland,
With him that tyme desyrand to confidder,
Baith in ane band than to be bund togidder,
Ather to vther with gude will and hart,
Agane all vther for to tak thair part.
Quhair till Malcolme and siclike all his lordis,
Wald nocht consent, as my author recordis,
And gaif to him ane ansuer negatiiue;
With that ansuer he passit hame belyue.
Quhen Sueno hard sic ansuer as he gat,
Richt far that tyme displesit wes thairat;
To Olawes syne send in Norrowa,
And in Denmark to Ene tus alsua,
Commandand thame richt suddanelie, but baid,
At thair power the Scottis to invalid.
And so thà did with caruell,1 bark and barge, Of mony schip ane greit naving full large, Fra Denmark brocht, and out of Norrows, In Speyis mouth syne landit on ane da With all thair power into Murraland, Qhair that thà gat na stop nor ìt ganestand. The cuntremen, quhilk for thair danger dred, Richt far awa into the tyme thà fled, With wyffe and barnis, and with thair gude also, That gan and westhà tyme with thame till go. Thà mad monstouris without humanitie, Qhilk usit hes so greit cruelitie, With greit furor bayth with fyre and blude, In young and ald, in ill and als in gude, That kirk or kirkmen2 gat of thame no girth, Moir nor the fox that rynnis in the firth. Ane strang castell biggit of stane and lyme, The quhilk Narmyn wes callit in the tyme, That Danbu[r]g now is callit to the name, So wes it callit that tyme efter thame, With all thair power rycht lang thair thà la, Seigand thà hous; quhill efter on ane da, Ane schew to thame king Malcom wes rycht neir, With mony knycht all into armour cleir. Qhaurof the Danis wes richt weill content, Desyrand feild, battell and tournament, Thà left the seig and come fordwart on feit, In gude ordour the Scottis for to meit. The Scottis than that cuming war full clois, Vpone ane feild that wes richt neir Kinloss, That samin nycht thair in thair tentis la, With greit desir, quhill on the morne wes da, With greit curage than bayth of man and cheild, And sic desyre of battell and of feild,
That all the nycht ane wynk th' sleipit nocht
For greit desyre that wes into thair thocht.
This king Malcolm the nycht befoir he send
To the Danis withoutin recommend,
Speirand the caus at thame quhairfoir or quhy,
To him thair freind, quhilk oft did fortify
Sueno thair king quhen that he wes rycht puir,
To wirk on him sic malice and injure.
The messinger the Danis tuke full tye,
And hangit him that tyme for greit despyte.
That wes the caus, as I haift said befoir,
All nycht the Scottis maid sic bost and schoir,
So cruell war that tyme to wndertak,
For to revenge that greit injure and lak.
Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht,
Seand the Danis all into thair sicht,
In sick ordour as th' war les and moir,
With sick power as th' saw neuir befoir,
Of thair attyre so greit terour th' tuke,
To fecht that da the Scottis all forsuk;
Trowand that tyme to cum bot hulie speid,
Becaus the Danis did rycht far excide
That tyme the Scottis into multitude.
And for that caus, than schortlie to conclude,
The king Malcum that all the fassoun knew,
So gude ressoun to thame that tyme he schew,
And sic persuasioun that tyme maid thame till,
Quhilk changit hes thair myndis than and will;
And causit thame of greit curage to be,
With sic desire and animositie,
Evin as ane lyoun lowsit out of band,
Without ordour or zit ony command,
Vpone the Danis ran into ane race.
The Danis than that knew full wirll that cace,
Thairof that tyme rycht litill aw th' stude,
Baid all togiddar intill ordour gude.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

How the Scottis and Danis enterit in the Feild, and how the Scottis tynt, and how the Danis passit to the seig of Normyn and wan it.

So cruell counter in the tyme tha maid,
Quhill basnetis bricht and mony scheildis braid
Raue all in raggis, throw greit strenth and force,
And mony knicht wes killit throw the cors;
And mony breist rycht bludie maid and bla,
And mony heid hackit the bodie fra.

Into that stour ane lang quhile so tha stude,
The Danis war than of sic multitude,
Ane new power out of ane buss thair brak,
In gude ordour behind the Scottis bak,
And than the feild agane tha did renew,
At that counter richt mony Scot tha slew.
The cruell Scottis pertlie on that plane,
Ane rycht lang quhile debaissit hes agane,
Qhyth king Malcolme into the heid wes hurt,
Qhythk in the tyme did him sic noy and sturt,
Agane his will, throw strang hand and force,
Out of the feild tha careit him on hors.
His helme of steill wes dung so in his heid,
That rycht mony suspectit him of deid,
Into the tyme that standand war about,
With sic danger or tha micht draw it out.
Out of the feild quhen tha saw him ryde,
The Scottis than na langar thair wald byde;
Of his ganging so greitlie wes agast,
Out of the feild tha followit all richt fast,
And thoicht that da tha tynt the victorie,
That tyme the Danis followit nocht, for-thi
Into that feild loisset sa mony men;
Also that tyme it wes richt ill to ken,
To thame quhilk wes into ane uncouth land, 38,435
How sone the Scottis mycht haif help at hand.
And for that caus the spulge of the feild
Tha tuke to thame, syne euerie man and cheild,
With all thair power passit hes rycht plane
Vnto Nermyn to seige that house agane. 38,440
The souldeouris quhen that thahard and knew
Of all the feild the fortoun, as men schew,
Gaif ouir the hous that tyme to saif thair lyvis,
And all thair gude, thair barnis and thair wyvis,
The quhilk the Danis war obleist thairtill. 38,445
Syne quhen thagat the hous into thair will,
In raipis rude richt heich attour the wall,
Without petie thahangit thame thair all.
Tha faithles folkis for that same darg and deid,
Wes quit rycht weill sone etter to thair meid. 38,450
Tua strang houssis biggit of stone and lyme,
Elgin and Forres, quhilk keipit wes that tyme
With greit defence out of the Danis handis,
Syne quhen thaknew how all the mater standis
Into Nermyn, as thahad hard befoir, 38,455
Gaif ouir the houssis without bost or schoir,
Syne fled ilkone to gude Malcum the king,
Quhilk causit thame quhilk grene levis did spring
Still to remane, as ze sall etter heir,
Quhill the begynnyng of the secund zear. 38,460
The Danis than, as my author did sa,
Ouir all the partis of Morauia,
At thair plesour hes passit vp and doun,
And euirilk strenth with castell, tour and toun,
Withoutin sturt or ony stop hes tone, 38,465
And stuffit thame into the tyme ilkone.
Syne etter that, as my author did sa,
Send in Denmark and als in Norrowa,
For wyfe and barnis, this is trew I tell,
Perpetuallie thair to remane and dwell. 38,470
HOW KING MALCOLME AND THE DANI FEILDIT
AGANE, QUHAIR MONY NOBILL SCOT WAR
SLANE; AND HOW THE SCOTTIS FLED, AND
OF KING MALCOLMIS PRAYAR, AND HOW HE
RENEWIT THE FEILD AGANE AND FAUCHT.

Off thair tydenis quhen king Malcolme did heir,
In the begynnyng of the seund ʒeir,
Or dreed tha sould get moir help and supple,
With all the power that he doucht to be,
Syne at Murthloch thir tua oisisthair met, 38,475
Ane toun in Mar quhair that the feild wes set.
Quhen ather of vther cuming ar in sicht,
With baneris braid and mony basnet bricht,
With buglis blast and mony schalmis schill,
On eueriesyde with egir mynd and will, 38,490
So dourlie than ilkone at other drave,
Qhill schawis schuke and all the craigis clawe.
So doggitlie ilkone ât vther dang,
Qhill all the rochis round about thame rang,
And mony one buir woundis that war wyde, 38,485
Sum in the breist, sum in bayth bak and syde,
Sum in the halss, and sum into the heid,
That mony thousand in the feildis la deid.
Thre nobill chiftanis in the samin da,
Kenethus ane, that lord wes of Yla, 38,490
The seund Gryme, the quhilk wes nothing war,
Lord of Stratherne, and Patrik of Dumbar,
Lord of that ilk and best of all the thre,
The haill vangaird with thir tua gydit he.
In the first feild this Patrik of Dumbar, 38,495
Gryme and Keneth, quhilk preissit ouir far,
Into the feild fechtand agane thair fo,
Seand sic chance and fortoun with thame go,
As tha suld haff, without ony ganestand,
The victorie all haill into thair hand; 38,500
Or euir tha wist tha war circulit about
With thair fis, that tha micht nocht wyn out;
And manfullie tha faucht ane rycht lang space,
Qhill tha war slane all thre into that place.
The hail vanguard quhen that tha saw thame
de,
For feirdnes all out of the feild did fle;
The Danis efter maid ane suddane chace,
With greit slaughter into the samin place.
This king Malcolm that in the tyme beheld,
And saw sa fast tha fled out of the feild,
Fast efter thame he prickit our the plane,
With greit tretie to gar thame turne agane,
And left his men still fechtand in the feild.

Col.2. Ane passage wes that tyme quhair he micht heild,
Richt narrow wes quhair that tha fled all out,
This king Malcolm that stalwart wes and stout,
In the passage with drawin sword in hand,
Still thair he stude, and maid thame sic demand,
Neuir ane of thame he wald lat furth by,
Exhortand thame with mony schout and cry
To tak curage, and for to turne agane.
Of Sanct Moloc ane chapell on that plane
Neirby him stude, biggit of stane and lyme;
Qhhome to this Malcolm luikit in this tyme,
And held his handis to the hevin on hicht,
Beseikand God of his greit grace and micht,
And Marie myld, the virgin clene and puir,
Of hir bosum qubilk Jesu Christ that buir,
And Sanct Moloc his mediator to be,
To caus his men no forder for to fle,
Bot turne agane with hartlie mynd and will,
And in the tyme sic curage send thame till,
Agane thair fis for to mak defence,
To halie kirk wirkar of sic violence;
"And heir I vow, as I am leill trew knycht,
"To Sanct Moloc, will thow defend my richt,
"And keip my honour this tyme haill and sound,
"Into thi honour ane bishop I sall found,
"And big ane kirk of greit auctoritie,
"And thow thi self thairof patrone sall be."  
Be this wes said he gaif ane cry and schout,
"O, ze," he said, "my knychtis bald and stout,
"Turne zow agane for to debait zour lyvis,
"Zour land, zour law, zour barnis, and zour wyvis;
"And ze do so, traist weil as it standis,
"The victorie this da is inoure handis."
This beand said, ane rycht greit multitude,
Befoir his face into that passage stude,
Of stalwart men that war bayth stark and stout,
By him that tyme he wald nocht let pas out.  
And mony mo war standand on the plane,
With greit curage he hes gart turne agane,
And maid the Danis for to be agast,
Quhilk etter thame that followand war so fast;
And suddanelie tha did the feild renew,
At that counter richt mony Dene tha slew.

**How King Malcolm vincust the Danis, and slew Enetus thair Chiftane, and partit the Spulze of the Feild at his Plesour.**

Than Enetus thair capitane and thair lord,
Vpone ane hors, gif that I richt record,
With bair visage luikand him about,
Of victorie as he than had na dout,
This king Malcolm that wes bayth stout and stuir,
With ane bricht brand into his hand he buir,
Richt to the schulderis doun he claif his heid,
Doun of his hors syne to the grund fell deid.
Qubairof the Danis war so basit all,
Deid of his hors quhen that tha saw him fall;
The Scottis als so pertlie turnit agane,
And faucht so fast quhill mony Dene war slane;
\[\text{38,565}\]
\[\text{38,570}\]
\[\text{38,575}\]
\[\text{38,580}\]
\[\text{38,585}\]
\[\text{38,590}\]
\[\text{1 In MS. than.}\]
How Sweno, King of Ingland and Denmark, causit Camus, his Cousin, cum in Scot-land with a great armie and naving of schippis, and how King Malcolm come to Barrie with his armie, and of his Exhortatioun maid to thame.

This ilk Sueno, of quhome befoir I schew, King of Ingland and Denmark, quhen he knew of his armie in Scotland how had sped, doubtlest that tyme he wes rycht soir adred, or dreid he tynt his honour and his name. This king Malcolm wes haldin of greit fame, for greithonour in the feild he wan; so wes the Scottis in that tyme ilk man. And to reskew the honour and the gloir, that he had tynt into the feild befoir, ane greit naving of mony loun full large, of craik and coluin, of mony bark and barge, furth of Denmark lie furnieist for till go. That samyn tyme fra Tymes mouth also, ane1 other naving that moir large wes, to Scotland baith he maid that tyme to pas, for to revenge the greit lak and the schame that he had tane, and to reskew his fame. Camus his cousing, for most traist that tyde, this greit armie he gait that tyme to gyde. Neirby Bamburch, quhair that the tryst wes set, thir tua navingis togidder thair tha met; syne set thair coursis lustie in the north, quhill that tha come onto the mouth of Forth, and saillit vp syne by Sanct Abbis heid. Ane heuyning place tha fand syne in that steid,38,620

1 In MS. that.
Quhair that tha purposit to pas to land;
And their that gat sua greit stop and ganestand,
of mony freik befoir thair than wes,
Compellit thame agane bakwart to pas.
Tha saillit syne all vp into Inchekeith,
38,625
Set saill and raid on ankeris befoir Leyth;
And sindrie tymis quhair tha thocht to land,
Tha war stoppit than ypoune euerie hand.\(^1\)
Out of that place tha saillit on the nycht
To the Reid Heid, or that the da wes lycht,
38,630
Into Angus without ony ganestand,
Neirby Arbroth passit all to land.
Syne ouir all Angus passit vp and doun,
Bayth kirk and tempill, village and ilk toun,
Ouir all the land that tyme quhair tha did 38,635
pas,
Tha spulzechit fast, syne brint the toun in ass.
Baith preist and clerk, and men of religioun,
And ȝoung and ald, without ony discretioun,
Col. 2.
Moir none ane dog that tyme tha sparit nane,
In ony steid quhair euir tha war ouirtane.
38,840
To Brichin than, quhilk wes ane nobill toun,
Of honour, riches, and of greit renoun,
Tha passit syne with greit furor and yre,
Spulzechit the toun, syne brint it all in fyer;
Except ane stepill quhilk that maid defence,
38,645
Baith kirk and queir with so greit violence,
And all the toun, tha brint in poulder small,
Syne to the ground tha kest doun euerie wall:
Except that stepill lute na thing remane
Of all that toun, the quhilk sensyne agane
38,650
Wes neuir befoir of sic honour and gloir,
Na sic fairnes as that it wes befoir.

\(^1\) In MS. heid.
That samit tyme ane come to thame and tald,
With king Malcolme and mony berne full bald
Passit was Tay into that samit quhile,
And cumand wes that tyme within ten myle,
With far ma folk, and grittar bost and schoir,
No euir he had in ony tyme befoir.
This ilk Camus, traistand weill that wes trew,
Doun to the se neirhand his schipis drew;
Thair by ane toun that callit is Panbryde,
He tuke his ludging into the samit tyde.
This king Malcolme that wes bayth wyss and wycht,
Ryicht suddanlie he come that samit nycht,
On to ane toun into the samit tyde,
Callit Barrie, bot tua myle fra Panbryde,
And thair he maid his ludging all that nycht.
Qhill on the morne that it wes fair da lycht,
And all the air wes clengit fair and clair,
And birdis singand with ane mirrie cheir,
This king Malcolme, gif I be for till trow,
Thir wordis said that I sall sa to 30w:
" O ze," he said, "my tender freindis deir,
Now in this place ar present with me heir,
I 30w beseik, think on the laud and gloir
Ze wan with me in the last feild befoir.
" Traist weill," he said, "tha ar no better men,
Be gude ressoun as ze ma rycht weil ken,
So wranguslie into all thing tha wirk,
The ennimes of God and halie kirk;
Also to ws withoutin ony caus,
But clame of richt or jast titill of lawis,
Waistand our land of greit cruelditie.
Thairfoir," he said, "traist weill this tyme that
we
" Hes als greit richt and power in this place,
Help and supple siclike of Goddis grace,
"In all thing neidfull this tyme les and moir,
"As that we had into the feild befoir.
"My freindis deir, now traist ze weil for-thi,
"To ws is promittit the victory
"Be gratius God, that knawis richt and wrang."

Quhen this wes said his lordis all amang,
Of that counsell so greit curago tha tuke,
And said ilkone, quhill he his lyfe micht bruke,
He suld be fund rycht fraklie ay thairtill.
At all power richt hartlie with gude will.

HOW THE BATTLE JUNIT,
AND EUERIE SOUND SO TUNIT,
AND HOW GUDE MALCUM WAN THE FEILD,
AND CAMUS STRICKIN DOUN AND KEILD,
AND THE REST OF DANIS AT THE CHACE,
SLANE SICLIKE BUT ONY GRACE,
AND THA THAT WES LEFT VNSLANE,
MAID TO THAIR SCHIPPS WITH ALL THAIR MANE.

Quhen this was said, the baneris browdin brycht
On euerie syde was raisit vpone hicht,
Into the air full lie aboue thair heid,
The rampand lyoun of ane cullour reid
Into ane feild of birneist gold so bricht,
That all the land illuminat with greit licht;
And mony standert of rycht staitlie hew,
Agane the schyning of the sone that schew.
The buglis blew with sic ane busteous beir,
And hornis hie, that hiddeous wes to heir;
The schalmis schouttit with so schill ane sound,
Quhill all the bruik tha gart agane rebound.
The Danis als vpoun the tother syde,
With greit power rycht pensit full of pryde;
Quhometo this Camus said with voce full hie,
"Other this da heir man we do or de."
"Thair is no help bot all in thair awin handis,
"So far fra hame heir into uncouth landis,
"Without refuge or supple in this place,
"Amang the Scottis but mercie or grace."

Be this wes said, fra bowmen bald and wicht,
Of fedderit flanis flew ane felloun flicht
Amang the Danis with sic dyntis dour,
That mony ane tha maid full law to lour.
Ay flycht for flycht, als thik as ony snaw,
And scharpe as haill, lang in the feild tha flaw;
Throw all thair geir that glitterand wes ar gane,
Quhair euir tha hit tha bait thame to the bane.
Sone efter syne the speiris greit and lang,
Into the feild tha enterit with sic thrang,
That mony brak, and all in flenderis flew,
Vpone thair birneis that war bricht of hew.
With brandis bricht ilkane on vther drave,
Quhill breist plait brist and ribbis wnder rave.
Thair mulane melzeis mendit nocht ane myte,
Thair brandis brycht so bitterlie did byte.
Thir grumis gay in nothir syde agast,
Into the feild so lang tha faucht and fast,
Quhill all the reuer quhairby than tha stude,
Callit Lochy, it ran all of reid blude.
The Danis than for all thair pomp and pryde,
Tha had no strenth langar thair to byde;
Thair power than wes parit all to nocht
And fochin had als lang thair as tha mocht;
Of thame sa mony thair wes maid to de,
That force it wes to leif the feild and fle.
This ilk Camus out of the feild he fled,
The nobillis all with him that tyme he hed,
Onto ane montane neirby into sicht;
Bot gude Malcolme he rest him than the hycht,
Within tua myle thair wes he stricken doun,
Into ane place that callit is Camustoun,
And all the laue that wes with him ilkane.
In that same place thair standis thair ane stane,
Quhilk baris witeness to that samin deid;
Thairon is written, quha lykis to reid,
This Camus name, quhilk wndern it dois ly,
That callit wes syne Camus-stane for-thi,
And langer efter than with the pepill all,
Quhill Camstoun now for moir schortnes tha call.
At Abirnyth into that samin quhile,
Ane toun fra Brichin standis bot four myle,
Quhair that the Danis siclike war ouirtane,
And slane also into the tyme ilkane,
Bayth young and ald, but mercie or grace,
Siclike ane stane thair standis in that place;
Quhairon all man that lykis for to reid,
May, and tha will, thair names and thair deid.
Syne fordward furth, withoutin ony reskew,
Into that chace richt mony. Dane thae swel,
Into sum tyme that war bayth bald and wycht,
And ceissit neuir quhill twynnit thame the nycht.
That samin nycht the few Danis that fled,
With Scottis gydis in the tyme thae hed,
Quhometo thae gaif greit reward and fe,
Rycht secreitlie thame gydit to the se,
Into the place quhair thair schippis la,
Syne passit in and tuke the se or da.
Vpoun the morn the quhen that the day was licht,
And fair Phebus, with mony bemis bricht,
Rycht blythlie blenkit our ilk buss and breir,
This king Malcolm with mony chevilleir,
Into the feild he tuke the narrest way,
And all the corsis deid thairin that la,
Of Scottis men, out of the feild hes tane,
And bureit thame in kirkis all ilkane.
The Danis als, within ane litill space,
Gart burne thame all in[to] the samin place

Col. 2.
Quhair th' war slane, ilk ane bayth man and cheild;
Syne all the spulze that wes in the feild,
Richt equallie amang thame gart diuyde.
Ane fair young man wes callit Keyth that tyde,
The qhilk Camus with his awin handis slew,
And mony mo, and my author be trew,
So worthely he buir him in that da,
That king Malcolme, as my author did sa,
With gold and land rewardit him full rycht;
Him self also than hes he maid ane knyght.
Fra him sensyne ane surname is discernit,
Qhilk in thair tyme thair prince neur offendit,
In sicker stait ay in all tyme th' stude,
Qhilk now in Scotland ar greit men of gude,
The Erle Merschell of heretage and fe;
I pray to God that rycht lang so he be.

HOW THE REST OF THE DANIS SUPPONIT TO SAILL
TO MURRALAND AND WAR DREVIN BE FORCE
OF CONTRARIE WYNDIS IN CATNES, AND HOW
THA WAR SLANE THAIR.

Syne the nixt morne the Danis that war fled,
Onto the se with all thair raipis red
Wand saill to top, and saillit syne fra hand
To Olawaus quhilk wes in Murraland.
Neptunus than the goddis of the se,
And Eolus quhilk blew his horne so hie,
That samin tyme within four dais or fyve,
In Catnes all tha maid thame till arryve
Vpoun ane cost quhilk wes to thame vncouth,
Without ane havin or zit ane reuer mouth.
And had nocht bene sa mony buss and beuch,
Quhairby thair towis that war lang and teuch
608  THE BUIK OF THE

Tha festnit fast, that grew neir hand the cost,
But ony lat tha had bene ilk ane lost.
For storme that tyme into the se that wes, 38,815
Out of that place ane lang tyme mycht nocht pas,
Quhill that thair victuall wer consumit haill,
And tha for falt wer like all for to faill.
Fyve hundreth men with bow, buklar and brand,
Furth haif tha send to fetche fra the west land 38,820
Nolt or scheip quhair that tha mycht be sene,
Or ony thing thair lyvis to sustene.
The cuntie men that duelt that tyme weirby,
At thair cuming gaif mony schout and cry.
The lord of Catnes callit Mernacus, 38,825
With greit power, my storie tellis thus,
Lib.11,f.183, Col.1.
Richt suddantlie that tyme he come thame till,
And stoppit thame thair purpos to fulfill.
Hago that tyme thair chiftan chevalrus,
Most principall the quhil k wes next Camus, 38,830
Quhen that he saw the Scottis cuman and sua,
Rycht fast he fled and gart thame leif the pra.
On to ane hill ascendit vp ilkane,
Quhair that thair stude ane mekle carne of stane;
And thair thau stude rycht lang at thair defence, 38,835
Castand greit stonis with sic violence,
That mony Scot tha hurt that tyme and slew.
This Mernacus seand tha war so few,
His men that tyme rycht soir that he hes blamit,
And cryand, fy! saund tha war all schamit, 38,840
To lat sa few mak sic defence so lang,
And thoill of thame so greit injure and wrang.
At his wordis, als het as ony fyre,
The Scottis grew in sic anger and yre,
All vp the hill ascendit with ane schout, 38,845
And circuit hes the Danis round about,
Than peltit on thair powis ane lang space,
Quhill tha war slane ilkone in that same place.
Syne all the laue vpone the se that la,
To thame thair come into that samin da
Ane man, and schew how all the laue had sped;
Quhair o fthat tyme tha war so soir adred,
Without tarie or ony moir demand
Tha passit all syne into Murraland
To Olawus into the tyme, and schew
Sic aventure wes hapnit of the new,
And of thair fortoun also in the feild,
Sa mony men thairin as tha had keild,
Vpone ane sand liggand be the se cost,
And gude Camus thair chiftane thair wes lost.

HOW THAIR COME ANE NEW POWER OF DANIS AGANE IN SCOTLAND, SEND BE SUENO THAN KING OF INGLAND.

Quhen this Olawus knew sic thing and kend,
Ilk word be word to Sueno sone he send
Into Ingland, and schew to him than how,
Baith les and moir as I haif schawin 3ow.
This ilk Sueno, baith furius and fell,
Quhen he thir tydenis in the tyme hard tell,
Out of his wit neir wod as he wald go,
Into his mynd revolwand to and fro
To be revengit thairof and meocht.
Syne at the last he slaikit hes his thocht,
And in Denmark hes send agane full sone
On to Canutus and schew how all wes done,
His bruther germane in the tyme that wes,
Commandand him rycht sone that he suld pas
With all his power that tyme to the sc,
Into Scotland for to revengit be
Of his deir cousing, hecht Camus, thair wes slane,
And mony thousand come neuir hame agane.
This ilk Canutus qihilke keipit his command,
Fra Norrowa, Denmark, and als Gotland,
In bark and barg, and mony ballingar,
Tha tuke the se with anker, saill and air.
Baith da and nycht befoir the wynd is gone,
Qhill that tha come in Scotland syne ilkone,
Into Buchane qhill that tha all tuke land.
By the se cost vpoun ane richt far sand.
Syne round about ouir all the land tha 3eid,
With fyre and blude tha landis all on breid;
Bayth tourand toun tha landis tha come to,
Tha waistit all as tha war wont to do.

HOW KING MALCOLME AND THE NEW POWER OF
DANIS MET AGANE, AND GREIT SLAUCHTER ON
EUERIE SYDE, AND HOW THE DANIS FLED
AND SEND FOR PEAX.

Col. 2. And king Malcolme quhen he thair cuming
knew,
Into the tyme as suith men to him schew,
He maid no tarie nother nycyt nor da,
Qhill that he come qhail that the Danis la.
Becaus he thocht, as semit to be trew,
Greit perrell wes with haille power [to] persew
Into the feild with mort battell agane,
Sua mony men befoir of his wes slane.
And for that caus an lang quhile thair he la,
With greit scrymmyng and carmusche euerie da,
Qhill that his men war gatherit all him till.
Syne on ane da, all in ane mynd and will,
Richt furebund, than bayth on fit and hors
Tha tuke the feild thir freikis with grit force,
With all thair power pertlie on the plane,
And suappit on qhill mony ane wes slane.
Tha bernis big sa baldlie all tha baid,
On euerilk syde so greit slaughter wes maid,
That pitie wes other to heir or se
On euerilk syde sa mony nobill de. 38,910
Quha had bene thair that tyme tha mycht haif sene
Thair blude like burnis rynnand on the grene,
That all the strandis neirby quhair tha stude,
Lyke ony burne abandit all with blude.
The Kent men, that war baith stiff and cald, 38,915
La deid als thik as euir la scheip in fald.
Syne at the last the stour it wox so strang,
This Canutus, quhilk fouchin had so lang,
And of his folk levand war than so few,
Seand his fa sa pertlie him persew, 38,920
With the small power in the tyme he hed,
Turnit his bak out of the feild and fled.
The Scottis than, quhilk war neirby confoundit,
Mony war slane and mony rycht ill woundit,
And fouchin had so lang into that place, 38,925.
Forder on fit micht noch[t] follow on the chace;
And in the tyme had bled so mekle blude,
Into that place thairfoir stane still tha stude.
The Danis all that fled out of the feild,
So werie war that waponis mycht nicht weild; 38,930
Als in the tyme tha war so farlie few,
Dreidand the Scottis suld thame sone persew,
On to ane forrest that wes neir by besyde
Tha bownit thame all nycht thairin to byde.
And thair tha la with greit dolour and dreid, 38,935.
With bludie woundis opnit out on breid,
Qhill on the morne that tha mycht ken the da;
And quhen tha saw tha mycht not wyn awa,
Bot gif it war debaittit with thair handis,
Seand that tyme in sic danger it standis, 38,940
This Canutus foroutin ony leis,
Send to the king beseikand him for peice.
THE BUIK OF THE

With quhat conditioun plesit him to haue; 38,945
Except his lyfe and honour for to saue,
He countit nocht for gold or other geir,
To mak an end of all that stryfe and weir.
Quhairof king Malcolme wes rycht weill content,
So wes the laue with all thair hail consent,
For till be quyte of all thair wrak and wrang,
And greit injure hes wrocht on thame so lang,
In tyme to cum for spilling of moir blude;
Als in the tyme rycht weill he wnderstude,
So mony men war loissit in that weir,
And greit riches of gold and vther geir,
In tyme to cum tha mycht nocht weill defend
For falt of men and money for to spend,
And for that caus rycht weill content wes he
For to mak peax and lat all weiris be.

Lib.11,f.183b.

HOW PEAX WAS MAID BETUIXTHESCOTTIS AND
THE DANIS.

Off this fassoun as ze sall heir but leis,
Betuix thame tua that tyme thair wes maid
peice;
That all the Danis into Murra land,
And Buchane als, withoutin ony ganestand,
Sall pass thair wa and leve that land als fre,
Befoir that tyme as it wes wont to be,
And neuir agane the Scottis to invaid.

Siclike to thame the Scottis also maid
Ane obleissing, the quhilk be than richt trew,
With mort battell tha sould neuir thame persew;
In tyme to cum thair gude freindis to be,
Aganis thame make no help nor supple
With no natioun, to do thame lak or skayth:
Of this conditioun content than war tha bayth.
The second was, that all the place and plane,
Into the field quhair all the Danis war slane,
That king Malcolme of his auctoritie,
Suld cause that place all dedicat to be,
And big ane kirk, and fet preistis to pray
For all thair soullis ay quhill Dumisday:
For quhy the Danis all, baith les and moir,
Had tane the faith bot laitlie of befoir:
Off this conditioun than tha haif maid pece.
The Danis all syne tuke thair leve but leis,
And ilkane vther hes tane be the hand;
Syne with the laue that wes in Murraland,
Vpoune ane da tha fuir all to the fame,
Befoir the wynd in Denmark syne past hame.
This wes the end of gude Malcolmus weir;
Fra that tyme furth tha did him no moir deir.

How King Malcolme foundit ane kirk quhair the Danis that war slane war bureit; and how he causit the kirkmen and clergie convene ane counsall for reformation of all faltis, and gude ordour to be tane thairin.

Syne in the field ane kirk he hes gart found,
And dedicat it into ane compas round,
About the kirk into ane cirkill braid;
Olavus syne to thame patroun he maid
Of that same kirk quhair bureit war tha men,
Qhilk at this da is callit now Crowden:
That is to say in this langage perqueir,
The Danis slauchter, quha lykis to heir.
This beand done, withoutin ony moir,
The kirkis all distroyit war befoir
Be the Danis, he hes gart big ilkane
Farar befar of lyme and poleist stane;
And euerie village, tour and toun also, 
He hes gart big, and mony vther mo. 
Syne to the clergie he gaif than command, 
With all the prelattis that war in the land, 
Into Bartha, of quhome befoir I spak, 
Ane generall counsall in the tyme to mak; 
To clenge the kirk of all vices and cryme, 
And to reforme all faltis in the tyme, 
For to fulfill the lawis les and moir, 
Be halie faderis that war maid befoir; 
And caus the kirkmen of sick lyfe to be, 
Be gude exempill and auctoritie, 
Siclike be ressounas tha aucht to haue, 
That tha ma be exempill to the laue; 
Quhilk said haif knawledge of ill and gude to ken, 
And teich the lawis to wnletterit men, 
With gude exempill baith in word and werk, 
Quhilk is the office of all preist and clerk.

How King Malcolm convenit ane counsall in Scone, and rewardit his liegis honestlie; and how the Lordis grantit their wardis, releiffis, and mariagis to vphald and honour the King.

Quhen this was done and brocht all till effect, 
This gude Malcolm that tyme wald nocht neglect 
His liegis all that tyme bayth les and moir, 
Sa oft with him had bene in feild befoir, 
And sufferit had greit travell, skayth and pane, 
And tha also that had their freindis slane, 
For thair reward he hes diuysit sone 
Ane generall counsall for to hald in Scone.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

For to diuys with his auctoritie,
How euerieman rewardit than suld be.
And so he thocht his pepill all to pleis,
So lang befoir had bene at giet vneis.
Syne into Scone, quhair that the tryist wes set,
With all his lordis in conventioun met,
Quhair that he gaif to euerie lord and laird,
As did effeir to haif for his reward;
And all vther efter his nobill deid,
His landis all that war of leinth and breid,
Except small rent his houshald to sustene,
To euerie man, as my author did mene,
Gaif in reward, the quhilk wes nocht to crave,
To euerie man as he wes worth to haue.
And euerilk man ane barroun than he maid,
To quhome he gaif thairof his landis braid,
Without exceptione bayth to ane and aw,
With sic power to execute the law,
Be court and plane as vsit in thir dais;
And all siclike, as that my author sais,
Of priuiledge as barronis vsis now,
Wes maid that tyme as I haif said to 3ow.
Considderit than wes with the lordis all
The kingis rent ouir sober wes and small,
Vnsufficient ane king for to sustene
In sick honoure befoir [that] tha haif bene;
And for that caus, sen he wes thair cheif,
Tha maid till him all wardis and releif
Of euerie land, as I haif said to 3ow,
And marriage as tha ar vsit now.
With wit, wisdome, thus, and liberalitie,
He maid ilkman rich[t] weill content [to] be.
Off the Law, Ordinance, and Ordour of Officiaris, Their Reward and Fe.

That samyn tyme, as that my author sais,
He maid the law quhilk keipit is thir dais
Of ordinance in houssald with the king,
Ilk officiar and als all vther thing,
Thair name, thair office and auctoritie;
And for thair servise thair reward and fe,
Of euerililk office, baith in hall and bour,
Quhilk keipit is vnchangit to this hour,
In forme and effect siclike as tha war than,
In nothing changit sen tha first began.

How King Malcolme Foundit Ane Kirk in Wirschip of Sanct Moloc, and Doittit to It Mony Landis, and Thairefter Levit Lang in Peice and Rest.

Quhen all sic thing wes with sic wisdome wrocht,
The vow he maid that tyme forget he nocht
To Sanct Moloc in sic necessitie,
Lib.11, f.184.
Col.1.

Lib.11, f.184.
Col.1.

Befoir at Murthlocht maid him sic supple,
Aganis the Danis laitlie as I schew.
This gude Malcome thair foundit of the new
Ane plesand kirk of poleist stane and lyme,
Ane bishopis sai maid eft[er] in the tyme.
And all the land betuix Die and Spey,
He gaif thairtill withoutin ony pley,
With mony kirk and mony barony,
In that same land that lyis neirhand by.
This ilk bishop, as that my author sais,
Than Murthlesens was callit in tha dais;
Sone efter syne, siclike as he did mene,
He callit wes bishop of Abirdene.
The first bishop that euir wes of that seit,
Wes Beanus, als my storie dois treit;
Ane halie man, as now my author grantis,
And numberit now in hevin amang the sanctis.
In halie kirk we sing of him and sa,
Ilk 3eir by 3eir vpone his offerand da.
All beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,
This gude Malcome rycht lang and mony 3eir,
At peax and rest with greit prosperitie,
With his liegis in greit tranquillitie,
His kinrik ay foroutin ony cryme,
Fra that tyme furth he gydit all his tyme,
And als befoir, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Fra the begynnynge to the latter end.
Thocht sum man said, quhilk semis weill to be
Of lytill fecc or 3it auctoritie,
As I can nocht trow sic [ane] thing wes trew,
In to his eild to sic auncan he drew,
With sic horror that I can nocht rehers,
No 3it with plesour put this tyme in vers.
For-quhy I traist, as semis weill to me,
For puir invy that it sould fen3eit be,
Becaus he wes of justice so extreme;
Be all ressone I can na vther deme,
So gude ane king as he wes in his dais,
So godlie als, as that my author sais,
So just, so leill, so full of libertie,
Wes neuir 3it nor neuir 3it salbe,
To all this warld as it is rycht weill kend,
So just ane man without ane blissit end.
Semdill is sene, quhair euir men ryde or saill,
Ane lamb to haff ane fraudfull fox[is] taill,
Quhilk salbe sene als sone, sa Christ me saue,
As vertuous men ane wickit end to haue.
Vnsemand is to wryt in ony storie,
Quhilk sould remane ay efter in memorie,
For no relatioun other ald or new,
Without it be apperand to be trew,
Or dreid men sa it be for greit invie.
Of gude Malcome siclike this tyme trow I,
For caus sumtyme he wairnit thame thair will,
Thairfoir of him that gart thame speik sic ill;
As weill ma be, he that that storie drew
Louit him noct, as I traist weill wes trow,
For sum displesour he had done befoir
To him or his, other les or moir;
Qhillk causit he so far than for to fenze,
Suppois he had bot litill caus to plenze.
And how it wes, as my author said me,
Heir sall I tell, judgede the veritie,
Bot I myself can nocht traist it be trew.
Into his age to sic auerice he drew,
That he forthocht in the tyme full soir
All the reward that he had giffin befoir,
Becaus he wes in his substance so thyn,
Fenze and ane caus quhair riches wes to wyn,
And rakkitt nocht, suppois it wes nocht trow,
With colorit law rycht mony saikles slew,
And mony als put to perpetuall pane,
His land and riches to recouer agane.
Qhailfoir the lordis, my author did tell,
Conventioun maid and thocht for to rebell
Agane Malcome, that wes thair prince and king,
So vertuous wes in mony sindrie thing.

1 In MS. tyme of.  
2 In MS. to.
How gude King Malcolme was slane, and how tha that slew him endit, and of his Buriall in Iona Yle.

That samyn tyme in Glames on ane nycht,
This ilk Malcolm lang or the da wes lycht,
Freindis of thame be justice he had slane
Into his chalmer enterit with ane trane
Be his seruandis, as that my author schew,
And in his bed this king Malcolme tha slew,
Syne staw away quhen that the deid wes done.
On fit and hors syne war tha socht full sone,
Qhilk wes in wynter in ane kne deip swaw,
Qhuairfoir the way wes wunreddie to knaw.
Thir murderaris than for thair deid that dret,
With so greit haist into the tyme tha fled,
And tha that tyme war nocht rycht weill b-kna-"win,

The swaw also leit nocht the gait be schawin,
Or euir tha wist on Forres loch tha ran,
Wnder the ische syne drownit thair ilkman.
Lang etter syne quhen that the ise wes fawin,
Thir deid bodeis out of the loch wer drawin,
And on ane gallous hangit syne rycht he,
Ane weill lang tyme that mony man mycht se;
Syne of the gallous etter war tane doun
And quarterit war, and send to euerie toun.
Of sum ane leg, and other sum ane arme,
To represent the greit tressone and harme,
Tha[t] tha had done with sic crudelitie,
And till all vther exempill to be,
In tyme to cum to wirk sic violence,
As to put handis in any king or prince.
The zeir of God ane thousand and fourtie,
And of his ring als threttie wes gone by,
With greit murnyng than bayth of riche and puir,
In Iona Yle wes put in sepulture.
As for his deid I traist weill it wes trew,
Be sick tressoun as that the storie schew,
And for sick also rycht weill trow I,
He wes so just and for na vther quhy,
Sum of thair clan that of thair deid thocht
schame,
To clenge the laif of sic tressoun and blame,
Rycht subtillie hes fent* zeit sic ane caus,
Sayand it wes for breking of the lawis.
As mister is sum son* ze to be hed,
Quhen that ane barne befyllit hes the bed,
With so greit schame dar nother speik or luke.
Loving to God heir endis the elevint buik.

| Lib.12,f.184b. Col. 1. |

HOW DUNCANE, OY TO GUDE KING MALCOLME,
was crownit King efter him, and of his
deidis; and how BANQUHO was send to
MAKDOUNALD with MAKCOBEY, and of thair
deidis.

Efter the deith of gude Malcolm the king,
Duncane ¹ his oy succeidit to his ring,
His dochteris sone, be my author to trow,
Quhilk weddit wes with the Abthan of Dow,
That all the Ylis had also in cuir.
This ilk ladie Duncane to him scho buir,
Quhilk crownit wes vpoun the marbell stone,
With haill consent of euerie lord ilkone.
The secund dochter of gude Malcolm the king,
The Thane of Glames weddit with ane ring,
That Makcobey, quhilk wes bayth strang and
stuir,
This ilk ladie to that same lord scho buir;
Of quhome efter within ane litill space,
I ² sall schaw 30w quhen I haift tyme and place.

¹ In MS. Donald. ² In MS. And.
This king Duncane so arch a man wes he,
Meticulus without strenuetie,
So mercifull into justice and law,
That his liegis stude of him lytill aw.

To reif or steill tha sparit nocht that tyme,
Wes no punitioun for sic deid or cryme;
That euerie man, at his plesour and will,
Did as him list than vther gude or ill.
Ane man of gude, my author tellis so,
The quhilk to name wes callit than Banquo,
Off blude royall ane nobill man wes he,
So hapnit him in Lochquhaber to be,
Gatherand the kingis fermis and his maill,
That samin tyme withoutin ony faill,
To him tha did richt greit injure and wrang,
Reft him his geir and put him self in thrang;
Scant with his lyfe he chaipit than awa.
Quhen he come hame, as my author did sa,
Befoir the king and all the lordis schew
Ilk word by word as hapnit on the new.
The king, thairof the quhilk wes nocht content,
Richt suddantlie ane herald to thame sent,
Commandand thame to cum, bayth ane and aw,
Befoir the king thair for to thoill the law;
The quhilk herald, as that my author schew,
Rycht cruellie that samin tyme tha slew.
To be revengit of that lak and schame,
Ane nobill man, callit Malcolme to name,
The king hes send with haill auctoritie,
Of that injuris for to revengit be.
Of thir tratomic of quhorne befoir I tald,
Ane bellomye wes callit Makdouald,
With greit power into the samin quhile,
Of Lorne, Lochquhaber, and also of Argyle,
And of the Ylis in the samin tyme,
Quhilk counsallooris befoir wes of that cryme,
And gaif this Malcolme battell on ane plane,
Quhair that the maist part of his men war slane;
Him self also wes tane into the steid,
Syne efterwart put cruellie to deid.
Quhen all the case syne of this cruell cryme,
To king Duncane wes schawin in the tyme,
So full of dreed and dreed [he] wes that da,
Scant[lie] he wist ane word than quhat to sa.
And suddantlie ane counsall he gart call,
Exponand syne the caus befoir thame all,
And of thair counsall hes diuysit sone,
Into that case quhat best is to be done;
And euerie man, ay as he vnderstude,
Gaif his counsall apperand to be gude.
This Makcobey, of quhome befoir I tald,
Ane berne he wes richt bellicois and bald,
Befoir the king that tyme he tuke on hand,
Plesit his grace for to resing that land
To him that tyme, with hail l auctoritie,
And to Banquho his collig for to be,
Of quhilk Banquho I schew 3ow of befoir,
He maid ane vow withoutin ony moir,
This Makdouald, for all his freindis feid,
To bring to him sone other quick or deid.
Thairof the king wes rycht hartlie content,
And suddandelie thir samin tua he sent
With greit power, syne efter on ane da,
Qhill that tha come into Lochquhabria.
The men of gude that wes with Makdouald,
Of his coming fra tyme that tha hard tald,
For feir of him so soir that tyme tha dred,
Richt far awa in sindrie partis fled,
For the most part that men of gude war all,
And left Makdouald with ane power small.
Syne efterwart, the quhilk to him wes force,
With Makcobene, bayth on fit and hors,
He faucht in field vpone a plesand plane,
For the maist part quhair all his men war slane;
Him self also, with few feiris that tyde,
Fled to ane castell that wes neir besyde.
This Makcobene fast followit with gude will,
And suddantlie he laid ane seig thairtill.
This Makdouald rycht weill that tyme he knew,
And Makcobene lang seiging wald persew,
Magree his will that he wald win that hous,
Thairfoir to him without ony rebous,
Richt suddantlie ane seruand he hes send
To Makcobene, the quhilk hes maid him kend,
This Makdouald, and he wald saue his lyfe,
His barnis als, his seruandis and his wyfe,
Into the tyme without stop or ganestand
He suld resing the hous into his hand.
For Makcobene thairto wald nocht consent,
This Makdouald, rycht cruell of intent,
Agane his will or dreid he suld be tone,
Baith wyfe and barnis in the tyme ilkone,
Rycht cruellie with his awin handis slew,
And syne him self, as my author me schew,
He slew also into the samyn tyme:
So endit he committit had sic cryme.
This Makcobene at greit lasar and lenth,
Syne tuke the hous that wes of so grit strenth,
This Makdouald quhair he fand lyand deid,
Quhomeof that he hes gart stryke [of] the heid;
The bodie syne he hes gart hyng rycht he
Vpoune ane gallous that all man mycht se.
The heid to Bertha till the king he send,
And all the laif, quhair tha war knawin and kend,
He puneist hes ilkone as tha maid caus;
So just he wes to execute the lawis.
Quhen this wes done thà weiris all did ceis,
And all Scotland wes in gude rest and peice;
Qhill efterwart, as I sall to zow tell,
Sic aventur as in Ingland befell.
Schort quhile befuir, as I schew to zow than,
This king Sueno, the quhilk that Ingland wan,
Thre sonis had rycht pleasand and preclair;
His eldest sone quhilk wes his lauchtfull air,
Heraldus hecht, as þe sall vnderstand,
Efter his deid he maid king of Ingland.
The secund sone, that callit wes Sueno,
Siclike of Norrawa maid him king also.
Qnwtus the thrid and last of his ofspring,
That ȝoungest wes, of Denmark he maid king.

Than king Eldreid, of quhame befuir spak I,
The quhilk Sueno baneist in Normony,
Quhair he remanit ay still in that steid
Onto the tyme that this Sueno wes deid;
Syne in the thrid zeir of Heraldus ring,
Quhilk efter him of Ingland that wes king,
Come hame agane with povery of the new,
And in the feild this ilk Herald he slew,
And conquest hes his kinrik and his ring.
Kneutus that tyme of Denmark that wes king,
Quhen that he knew how his bruther wes slane,
Withoutin rest no langar Wald remane,
With greit power he come into Ingland.
Sone efter syne, as þe sall wnderstand,
This ilk Eldreid in plane battell he slew,
And occupyit all Ingland of the new.
Eldreids sone neirby that samyn tyde,
Quhilk callit wes Edmound of Irnesyid,
That samin tyme with greit power and mycht
Agane Canutus to resekew his richt,
And to reveng his fatheris deid also,
He tuik the feild aganis him for till go.
With bernis bald that waponis weill culd weild,
On euerie syde tha stude in rayit feild, 39,350
Reddie to fecht thir freikis that war fell.
This ilk Edmound, as my author did tell,
Vnto his streth so greit credence he gaif,
Of Canutus desyrand for to haif
Singular battell betuix thame hand for hand, 39,355
And all the laif still in array to stand,
And tha to fecht in middis of the feild,
Betuix thair oistis thair with speir and scheild,
And nocht to spill so mekill blude, for-thi
Quhilk of thame tua that wan the victory, 39,360
Without demand to briuke Ingland for euir:
Cheis him, he said, quhilk of thame he had lever,
Hand for hand with him in battell go,
Or ost for ost gif he wald nocht do so.
This Canutus thairof wes weill content; 39,365
Syne suddanelie of ilk syde with consent,
Thir beirnis bald that waponis weill culd weild,
Betuix thair men in middis of the feild,
Ane lang quhile faucht quhill tha wox irk and tyrin;
Syne at the last this ilk Kneutus desyrit 39,370
This ilk Edmound to ho and bald his hand,
To heir his talk ane little quhile and stand.
This ilk Edmound agane said, "With gude will."
This wes the talk quhilk that he said him till:
"Gif plesis the this kinrik to diuyde 39,375
"Betuix ws tua rycht equalie this tyde,
"Quhairthrow all wrang and sic weiris ma ceis,
"Syne euirmoir to leif in rest and peice,
"And leif sic battell and sic tornament."
This ilk Edmound thairof wes weill content; 39,380
Syne suddantlie befoir thair men ilkone,
Ather hes other intill armes tone,
And maid freindschip without impediment;
The laif thairof war all hartlie content.
Betuix thame tuo the kinrik to diuyde,
The southmest part la narrest France that tyde,
This ilk Canutus gat than to his daill,
The tother part this Edmound gat alhaill.
Emma, the wyfe of Eldred last gone by,
The dukis dochter wes of Normondy,
His latter wyfe, to him tua sonnis buir,
In Ingland than the quhilk scho had in cuir,
Alarud and ȝoungh Edward also,
Seand sic peax betuix thir kings tuo,
Scho tuke hir leif that samin tyme for-thy,
With baith hir sonis passit in Normondy:
And thair scho did with hir father remane,
Come neuir in Ingland ȝit sensyne agane.

HOW SUENO, KING OF NORROWA, PURPOSIT IN
INGLAND TO VISIE HIS BROTHER CANUTUS,
AND THAIREFTER COME IN SCOTLAND; AND
HOW KING DUNCANE MET HIM WITH GREIT
POWER AT CULROIS.

Canutus bruther, callit wes Sueno,
Of Norroway king, my author sais so,
And eldar als, befoir as I ȝow schew,
In that same tyme quhen he perfetlie knew
How Canutus, than ȝoungr wes no he,
Into Ingland had sic auctoritie,
For to be equall with him in impyre,
This ilk Sueno that tyme had greit desire.
Quhairfoir he set ane naving to the se,
With all the power that he dought to be,
With plane purpois to pas into Scotland;
Trowand that tyme, but stop or ȝit ganestand.
For to subdew at his plesour and will
Scotland alhaill, and ilkman thairintill.
Syne on the [se] with mony bark and barge,
And saillit on ane lang tyme and ane large,
Quhill that tha enterit in the water of Forth.
Syne on the syde that narrest wes the north,
Tha saw most ganand for to tak the land;
And so tha did withoutin ony ganestand
In that same place, gif tha rycht suppois,
Quhair standis now the abba of Culrois.
Fra thair cuming wes to king Duncane tald,
Without respect no langar tarie wald,
He come and met thame with ane greit armie
Of all the power that he dought to be.

HOW KING DUNCANE MAID BATTLE WITH SUENO,
KING OF Norroway.

And Makcobey the vangard had to gyde;
Banquho the wyng ypoun the tother syde.
Duncane him self into the middill ward,
With mony lord wes gydar of that gaird.
In that same place of quhome befoir I schew,
Rycht mony standart wes of staitlie hew,
And mony baner that war brodin bricht,
Aboue thair heid war haldin vpon hicht:
And mony pynsall payntit wer full proude,
And mony bugill that war blawand loude,
And mony trumpet into sindrie tune,
Sum into bas, and sum in alt abone.
With felloun force thir freikis syne tuke feild,
And knokit on quhill [mony] knycht wes keild;¹

¹In MS. knychtheid than kneild.
And mony berne, with bludie woundis Reid,
On every syde that samin da la deid. 39,440
Still that tha faucht quhill cuming wes the nycht;
The Scottis than, becaus tha wantit licht,
Tha drew abak all inndil ordour gude;
Siclike the Danis than in ordour stude,
Neirby the feild as my author recordis. 39,445
This king Duncane, throw counsell of his lordis,
That samin nyght skaillit his oist on da,
And syne him sel to Bartha tuke the wa.
This Makcobey, quhill wes for to commend,
For new power on the north he send, 39,450
And mony vther in that tyme betuene;
Lib. 12, f. 185b. Syne set ane da quhen tha sould all convene,
Col. 1. And he and Banquo in the samin tyde,
Qhill that tha come, baith in Bartha suld hyde.
The Danis quhill stude on thair feit all nycht, 39,455
Bydand for battell qhill the da wes licht,
Syne on the morne, quhen that the da wox cleir,
And tha saw no man in thair sicht appeir,
Tha traistit all the Scottis than had fled,
And for that caus the moir curage tha hed; 39,460
Trowand so weill without stop or ganestand,
At thair plesour for to weild all Scotland.
And for that caus that I haif to 3ow schawin,
As all Scotland that tyme had bene thair awin,
This ilk Sueno gart in his oist proclame, 39,465
In tyme to cum no man suld start on plane
The puir pepill quhill in his grace that stude,
With na injure nother of fyre nor blude.
To Bartha syne he tuke the narrowst way,
To seig the toun quhair that king Duncane lay. 39,470
Syne to the toun rycht mony salt gart set,
With all ingyne than that tha dought to get,

1 In MS. qhill.
Continuallie quhill aucth dais to end.
Than king Duncane, as this Banquho him kend,
To Makcobey he send into the tyde,
Commandand him still with his ost till byde
At Tulenum, thair to remane ay still,
Onto the tyme that he send word him till.

How King Duncane send ane Messinger to Sueno, and how Sueno send ane agane to King Duncane, and of his Answer.

To Sueno syne ane messinger he send,
Qhilk schew to him as Banquho had him kend,
That is to say, he wald gif ourir the toun,
Sua that he wald richt frelie, but ransone,
Mak his till pas and all the laif thairin,
With wyfe and barne and guidis mair and myn;
Sua that he wald gif pledgis to do sa,
Syne grant ane herald of his awin till go
To king Duncane, for to conclude this thing.
Content thairof wes this Sueno the king.
This ilk herald, quhen he come in the toun,
Befoir king Duncane on his kne sat doun,
And hailit him than of ane humbhill wyiss.
The king agane hes causit him till ryiss,
With feinzeit fair he gart him trow and weyne,
That he no langar mycht that seig sustene.
Syne quietlie togidder tha did roun
The fassoun how he wald gif ourir the toun;
And for his kyndnes also wald him send
Bayth wyne and aill, sayand rycht weill he kend
That Swenois victuall growand wes rycht scant;
He had aneuch, thairof he sould nocht want
Of wyne and aill, and als victuall at will,
Qhuairof aneuch that he sould send him till,
So he wald be courtas to him agane.
This messinger no langar wald remane,
Bot passit hame and tald the maner how
To king Sueno, as I haif tald to zow;
Quhairof king Sueno wes rycht weill content,
So wes the laif quhill wer so indigent
Off meit and drink, quhill wes thair lyvis fude,
And all sic thing that tyme micht do thame gude.

How King Duncane send the Wyne and Aill brownin with mukil Wort to King Sueno,
Quhairwith thai war all drokin; And
How Makcobey come to thair Camp and
Slew thame sleipand.

Ane\' herb in Scotland growis heir at hame,
Quhill callit is the mukilwort to name,
Is of sic kynd, quha lykis to tak keip,
Quha previs it so sadlie garris thame sleip,
Quhill puttis thame in perrell of the deid,
Without richt [sune] that tha get sum remeid;
And als thairwith this herb is of sic kynd,
It makis men as tha war by thair mynd.
This ilk Banquho, the quhill the aill gart brew,
Of thir herbis, quhairof he had anew,
In sindrie partis growand quhair he gat,
Amang the aill gart tune\* thame in the fat;
Ac leit it stand at greit laser and lenth,
Quhill that the aill tuke all the jus and strenth
Out of that herb, and wes of that same kynd,
To gar men sleip or than go by thair mynd.
Of thae herbis also richt mony one,
He hes gart bra into ane mortar stone,
And throw ane claith drew all the jus out syne,
And in the tunnis gart put amang the wyne;

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\* In MS. In.
1 In MS. In.
Quhairof the wyne tuke all the nature haill
Of that same herb, siclike as did the aill.
This wyne and aill syne haill tha maid till go
Abundantlie vnto this king Sweno;
New baikin breid, and beif that wes rycht salt,
Quhairof the Danis had that tyme greit falt,
And all sic thing micht gif thame appetyte,
Thairof to drink and for to tak delyte.
This king Sweno quhairof he wes richt glaid,
And courtaslie to tha seruandis he said;
"Of my behalf," he said, "gude freindis, thank
3our king,
"The quhilk to me so glaidlie send sic thing,
"Abundantlie of so gude meit and drink,
"The quhilk I traist that he sall nocht forthink
"Within schort quhile, and I be for to trow."
Quhilk wes richt trew suppois he wist nocht how.
That samin da quhair tha sat at the dyne,
Tha eit and drank bayth of the aill and wyne,
Richt mirrely ay wauchtand round about;
At euirilk draucht tha playit ay cop out.
Sueno him self, with all his strenthis strawe,
In his drinking for till exceed the lawe;
So did tha all, quhill tha war als bout fow,
And also slepie, as wes ony sow.
The fair wordis tha gat with sic effect,
It causit thame to hald no man suspect;
Traistand that tyme all sould haue bene thair awin,
So greit kyndnes to thame that tyme wes schawin,
So1 thankfullie and hartlie with gude will.
Greit folie wes to gif sic traist thairtill,
And of thame selffis to tak sic litill keip,
That lang or midnycht fell rycht sound on sleip:

1 In MS. To.
THE BUIK OF THE

Throw greit exces tha tuke of aill and wyne,
That all that nycht tha sleipit still like swyne.
This king Duncane all that caus weill knew,
To Makcobey he send richt sone and schew
Alhaill the fassoun that tymes les and moir,
Ilk word be word as ze haif hard befoir;
Commandand him in all the haist he ma,
To Bertha toun to speid him lang or da,
With all his oist se that it sould be done,
And tak the tyme sen it wes oportune.
This Makcobey, in all the haist he mycht,
Come to the toun lang or it wes midnycht;
Syne throw the toun all passit in array,
On to the place quhair that thir Danis lay
All sound on sleip, drunkin as ony swyne,
So greit exces tha tuke of aill and wyne.
The tentis all quhair that the Danis la,
Richt sone tha smytit the cordis all in tua,
And leit the tentis fall abone thair heid,
Syne in thair beddis dang thame all to deid.
Or thà walknit, as my author did sa,
Rycht mony thousand war slane quhair thà la;
And tha that walknit that tymes out of sleip,
Thà war als blait and basit as ane scheip;
And æther sum war of æther kynd,
Rycht mad and mangit, wod out of thair mynd.
Without defence sua war thà all ilkone,
Quhill all war slane, rycht few or none wer tone,
Exceptand ten that nycht that tuke na sleip,
The qubilk war maid that nycht the king to keip,
And for that caus drank nother wyne no aill,
Into thair cuir in dreed that thà suld faill.
Thir few feiris, first quhen thà hard the fray,
Thà passit all to Sueno quhair he lay,
To walkin him that tyme quhail he did ly,
Qhillk for thame all, nother for schout nor cry,
He walkin wal, or zit ane word wal heir,
Or for na styrking fit or hand wald steir;
Bot sleipand la, ay snorand lyke ane sow,
Of all and wyne wes fillit than sa fow.
Than vp tha tuke him sleipand in that steid,
Sum be the feit and sum als be the heid,
And buir him sleipand evin on sa he la,
On till ane boit wes neiand by on Ta;
To Tayis mouth, quhail all thair schippis raid,
Tha rowit syne richt bizellie but baid.
Syne on the morne passit to Norrowa,
All in ane schip wes left levand that da,
Of the greit oist king Sueno with him broccht,
Fra Norrowa sa far wes put to noctht.
The schipmen als come to the camp alhaill,
To get thair part of that gude wyne and aill,
Qhillk efterwart tha mycht forthink euirmoir,
The Scottis countit thair lawing so deir:
That samyn nycht that I haif said zow heir,
Exceptand ten thair king awa that hed,
For thair lawing held all the laif in wed.
The schipmen als of thame wer left so few,
And in that tym e the wynd so heich it blew,
Tha war so scant, as my author did sa,
Tha passit all into ane schip awa,
And king Sueno also with other ten.
Thir schippis all, without victuall or men,
Tha left on Tay rydand neiiry the cost,
Within schort quhile quhail thair war ilkane lost.
On the third da, as my author me schew,
So stiff ane storm into the se thair blew,
Withoutin gyde quhail that thair war alane,
Furth bevor Tay th a drownit thair ilkane;
THE BUIK OF THE

Within tua myle and les to the se bank,
Into ane place togidder all tha sank.
Syne with the passage inwart of the flude,
And outwart als, in that place qubahir tha stude,
As that the flude come rynnand by the land,
Amang tha schippis warpit in the sand,
The quhilk remanit ay still in that place,
Ay moir and moir onto so lang ane space,
With sic abundance on euerilk hand,
Quhill that it grew in ane greit bed of sand.
Quhair efterwart schippis and b ottis b aith,
Sailland thairby gat mekle harme and skayth;
Quhair perrell is zit forto saill or to row,
And for that caus it callit wes Dround-low.
Lang efter that in Norrowa I trow,
The new maid knychtis maid ane solempnit vow,
For to revenge, with all power tha ma,
Thair freindis deith that slane wes at Bartha.

Col. 2.

HOW CANUTUS, KING OF INGLAND, COME IN SCOTLAND WITH ANE NAVIN AND POWER FOR TO ASSIST SUENO HIS BRU THER, AND WAR REPULSIT AND PUT ABAK TO THAIR SCHIPPIS; AND MONY DANE THAIR WAS SLANE BE MAKCOBEY AND BANQUHO.

In this same tyme, as ze sall wnderstand,
This Canutus that king wes of Ingland,
Ane greit naving of mony bark and barge,
In Scotland send with greit power and large,
For to supple this Sueno wes his bruther;
Bot all to lait thair cuming syne wes hether.
Neirby Kingorne, vponge ane large sand,
With boittis thair tha passit all to land.
Than king Duncane quhilk that thair cuming knew,
Be sindriem men the veritie him schew,
This Makcobey and Banquo he gart pas
With greit power quhair that thir Danis was,
And gait thame feild quhair tha war neir all slane;
The laif long efter mycht noch weill remane,
Bot to thair schippis fled syne at the last.
The Scottis men that followit efter fast,
Betuix thair schippis and the fechting place
Richt mony Dane tha slew into that chace.
The laif that fled, syne efter quhien tha knew
How all thing stude, as other men thame schew,
That all thair coming wes bot into vane,
Sueno wes fled, and all his men war slane,
And tha siclike that sami tyme had lost
Into the feild the tua pairt of thair oist,
Quhairof rycht mony wer greit men of gude,
And for that caus syne, shortlie to conclude,
With Makcobey than trewis haif tha tane,
Quhill all thair men suld erdit be ilkane
Into an yle callit Emonia,
Sanct'Colmis hechtnow callit is this da.
Quhair that thair banis restis zit to se
In sindrie partis in so greit quantitie,
Ouir all the yle quhilk makis zit sic cummer,
Weill ma the wit ze men were out of number
Tha banis aucht, quha that can weill considder,
Into ane place war tha put all togidder;
As I myself quhilk hes bene thair and sene.
Ane corce of stone thair standis on ane grene,
Middis the feild quhair that tha la ilkone,
Besyde the croce thair lyis ane greit stone;
Wander the stone, in middis of the plane,
Thair chiftane lyis quhilk in the feild wes slane.
To Makcobey, for his leif and gude will,
Rycht mekle gold that tyme tha gaif him till;

\(^1\) In MS. Sanctonis.
At his requiest als in that samin qubile
With ane bischop gart dedicat the yle;
Syne sworne war all and oblist be thair hand,
Neuir agane for till invaid Scotland;
Syne take thair leif and fuir attouir the fame,
With les honour nor quehen tha come fra hame.

This beand done, this king Duncan rycht lang
In peax and rest in greit plesour he rang,
Quhill lang after that sic ane case befell,
And how it was tak tent and I sall tell.
In Forreis toun, quhair that this king Duncan
Hapnit to be with mony nobill man;
Quhair Makcobey and Banquho one ane da
Passit at morne richt aile for to pla,
Than hand for hand intill ane forest grene
Thrie women met, that wyslie war besene
In thair cleithing quhil kwes of erlitche hew,
And quhat tha war wes nane of thame that knew.
The first of thame that Makcobey come to,
"The Thane of Glames, gude morne to him,"
said scho.
The second said withoutin ony scorne,
"The Thane of Caldar, Schir, God zow gude morne!"
The hyndmest, with plesand voce benyng,
"God saue zow, Schir, of Scotland salbe king!"
Than Banquho said, "abyde ane litill we;
"Ze gif him all, quhat ordane ze for me?"
Than all thae thrie maid answer to that thing,
Said, "Makcobey of Scotland salbe king.
"Syne sone efter, be aduenture and stryfe,
"With lak and schame sall loiss bayth croun and
lyfe;
"And neuir ane of his successioun
"Fra that da furth of Scotland bruik the croun.
"And thow Banquho, tak gude tent to this thing,
"Thow thi awin self sall neuir be prince no king,
"Bot of thi seid sall lineallie descend,
"Sall bruke the croun onto the warldis end."
Quhen this wes said tha baid all thre gude nycht,
Syne suddantlie tha vaneist out of sycht;
And quhail awa, qubither to hevin or hell,
Or qubat tha war, wes no man zit can tell.
This ilk Banquo, of quhome to zow I mute,
Forbear wes to Lord Stewart of Bute,
Frome quhome sensyne descendit hes rycht doun
James the fyft that weirs now the croun:
I pray to God for to conserue his grace.
Now harkin and heir how hapnitsyn the cace:
Vpone the morne ane schew into that steid
To Makcobey that his fader wes deid,
The Thane of Glames befoir as I zow schew,
That weill he wist the first sister said trew;
For-quhy he wes his eldest son and air,
Be that he knew that hirs sentence wes clair.
In Inuernes, syne efter that schort tyme,
The Thane of Calder for tressoun and cryme
Forfaltit wes, and syne put to the deid;
His heretage with euerie toun and steid,
Into that tyme withoutin [ony] pley,
The king gaif all vnto this Makcobey.
That samin tyme this Banquo to him schew,
The second sister said to him rycht trew,
And bad traist weill the thrid suld nocht lie,
Thocht he culd nocht tell quhen sic thing suld be.
It hapnit so syne efter at the last,
The thrid fortoun approchand wes rycht fast.
The kingis sone that eldest wes and air,
Callit Malcolm, ane plesand prince and fair,
This king Duncane as ze sall wnderstand,
This ilk Malcome maid prince of Cummerland,
In that beleif, in storie as I Reid,
Immediatlie he sould to him succeid.
This Makcobey thairat had greit invy
That he did so, as ze ma wit weill quhy,
For he traistit efter the kingis deid,
Immediatlie to succeed in his steid;
And thocht king Duncane did him greit offence,
Of Cumberland that wald nochtmak him prince,
Efter the law that maid wes of beforne,
Rycht mony zeiris or thair fatheris wer borne.
Quhairfoir he thocht he did him greit vnyght,
Quhilk in his hart ascendit to sic hicht,
And far hiear than ony man can trow;
For this same caus that I haif schawin zow,
Bayth nycht and da it wes ay in his thocht,
Thairof to be revengit and he mocht.
Than to his wyfe he schew the fassoun how
Thir sisteris said, as I haif schawin zow,
And of [the] werd as tha that tyme him gaif:
Quhairof his wyfe did in her mynd consaif
That he wes wrangit rycht far with the king;
Syne him awin self scho blamit of that thing.

HOW MAKCOBEY'S WYFE BE SUBTILL TRANE PER
S WADIT MAKCOBEY TO SLA KING DUNCANE.

"Thow neidis nocht," scho said, "vther presume,
"Bot it man be as God hes gevin dume,
"In to the self quhilk is so just and trew."
Be sindrie ressones that scho till him schew,
"Traist weill," scho said, "that sentence is so leill,
"Withoutin place fra it for to apeill,
"That it ma nocht retreittit be agane,
"Quhilk in the self so equall is and plane."
Quhen this wes said, than scho begouth to flyt
With him that tyme, and said he had the wyit,
So cowartlie that durst nocht tak on hand,
For to fulfill as God had gevin command.
"Thairfoir," scho said, "revenge 30w of 30n king;
"Sen gratius God decreittit hes sic thing,
"Quhy suld thow droid or stand of [him] sic aw,
"So blunt, so blait, berand himself so law, 39,800
"That war noch thow and thi auctoritie,
"With all his liegis he wald lichleit be?
"And now to the sen he is so wnkynd,
"Thairfoir," scho said, "I hald the by thi mynd,
"To droid the man the quhilk for the is deid, 39,805
"And throw thi power oft of his purpois speid.
"Now tarie noch thairfoir; speid hand, haif done,
"And to thi purpois se thow speid the sone;
"And haif na droid, for thow hes all the rycht
"Grantit to the be gratius God of mycht." 39,810

This wikit wyfe hir purpois thus hes sped,
Sic appetite to be ane quene scho hed;
As wemen will, the thing that tha desire,
Into thair mynd burnis hettar nor fyre,
Bayth da and nycht withoutin ony eis, 39,816
Quhill that tha get the same thing that tha pleis.
Ressoun in thame hes na auctoritie,
For appetyte and sensualitie;
Foull appetyte hes ay thair will to gyde,
For most plesour thair purpois to provyde, 39,820
And causis thame oft till go by the rycht.
This Makcobey, quhilk wes bayth wyss and wycht,
Strang in ane stour, and trew as ony steill,
Defendar alswith of the commun weill,
So just ane juge so equale and so trew, 39,825
As be his deidis richt weill befoir ay schew,
Syne throw his wyfe consentit to sic thing,
For till distroy his cousing and his king;
So foull ane blek for to put in his gloir,
Quhilk haldin wes of sic honour befoir. 39,830
To his friendsis his counsell than he schew,
Quhome in he traistit to him wald be trew,
And speciallie to his cousing Banquo,
And mony uther in the tyme also.
The quhilk promittit glaidlie with thair hart,
In that purpoise that thair suld tak his part,
And in his querrell stoutlie for to stand,
So that him self wald tak the deidon hand:
Syne afterwart, quhen that the deid wer done,
At his command thair suld be reddie sone
To wirk his will in all thing as he wald.
This Makcobey, that wes ane berne full baid,
Into the tyme quhen he thair myndis knew,
Traistand to him thair suld be leill and trew,
And for that caus wald no langer deley,
At Ernis mouth syne efter on ane day,
Quhen that he saw his tyme wes oportune,
Befoir the king apperit hes richt sone.
First he begouth in sporting with him thair,
And syne of him for to complene richt sair,
Defraudit haid him sua of Cumberland,
Sa oft for him in mony stour had stand;
Without he wald that tyme revoik rycht sone
All thing thairof befoir that he had done,
Traist weill thairof and mony of the lawe,
In tyme to cum sic service for to haue.
And so tha fell ay fra the les to the moir,
Qhill tha crabit on euerie syde so soir,
Accusand uther bayth of word and deid,
Qhill at the last evin to the werst it zeid.
On euerie syde to paiteis than tha drew;
This king Duncane that had with him sa few,
Amanyis thair handisuddenlie wes slane;
This Makcobey, the quhilk that maid that trane,
Prouydit wes rycht weill into all thing,
Or he come thair for slauchter of the king,
Than of his ring, quhilk wes the sevint zeir,
And ofoure Lord, quha lykis for to heir,
Ane thousand fourtie and sex zeir also,  
The number haill that tyme wes and no mo.  

**How Mackobey was crownit in Scone, and of his Deidis thairefter done.**

Some after syne quhen all thir deidis war done,  
This Makcobey passit into Scone  
With all the power that he doucht to be,  
Wes crownit thair with haill auctoritie.  
Than well he wiste the thrid sentence wes trew,  
The last sister, as ze haif hard, him schew.  
This ilk Duncan tua sonis had on lywe,  
With Oswardis dochter qhillk that wes his wywe,  
The lord sumtyme qhillk wes of Northumberland;  
Malcome the eldeat prince wes of Cumberland,  
And Donald Bay qhillk callit wes the vther,  
To this Malcolme qhillk wes the second bruther.  
Fra tyme tha knew how thair father wes slane,  
In Cumberland ane lang tyme did remane,  
Of Makcobey tha stude sic dreed and aw,  
Qhill efterwart as I sall to 3ow schaw.  
This Makcobey fra he wes crownit king,  
Rycht circumspect he wes in till all thing,  
And greit rewardis to the lordis gaif  
His freindis war, sidlike to all the laif,  
On fra his fayth no way that tha suld faill,  
And conquiest hes thair hartis than alhaill.  
Rycht equallie he execute the law,  
Bot in sum part that tyme he stude sic aw  
For to persew, or 3it mak diligence,  
Rycht mony one had done richt greit offence,  
Weill lang befoir in to king Duncanis tyme,  
Wald nocht forbeir thair vices and sic cryme.  
To apprehend thame douhtsum wes and cummer,  
And als thae war of sic power and number,
Thairfoir he dred and held his hand abak,
So planelie than to puneis and corrak.
Sone efter syne he fand ane subtil wyle,
But ony gilt how he suld them begyle;
And so he did within les nor ane zeir,
And how it wes tak tent and ze sall heir.
Inducit hes thair nyctbouris in the tyme,
For to accuse thame of tressoun and cryme;
And of thame than with thair hand to preve
That all wes snith, and ask thairof na leve,
In plane barras befoir the kingis grace,
Quhair plesit thame to set the da and place.
The tother part thairof wes weill content,
Knewand thairof that tha war innocent
Of that tressone, so litill wnderstude,
Giffand sic traist that thair querrell wes gude.
And for that caus the da and place wes set,
Befoir the king in Bartha quhair tha met,
All on ane da convenit les and moir.
The king, the quhilk prouydit wes thairfoir
With armit men, at his command wes boun,
Gart tak thame all that same da in the toun,
Quhometo he sucht no surance for to geve,
For-quehy tha come without his traist or leve,
Of aduenture and of thair awin fre will,
But ony man compelland thame thairtil.
Quhen that tha war in handis tane also,
Richt mony one wer innocent leit go,
And all the laif of hie and law degre,
Vpoun ane gallous hes gart hing full hie,
To Scotland dalie that tyme maid grit cummer,
Neirby tua thousand or ma into number.
This beand done than, schortlie to conclude,
Ouir all Scotland sic aw of him tha stude,
Into na part, as my author did tell,
Wes nane so bald agane him durst rebell;
Except Makgallus into Galloway,
In that same tyme, as my author did say,
Fechtand in feild that tyme wes tane in handis,
Syne to the king wes brocht fast bund in bandis: 39,940
And for his falt he gart him loiss the heid.
All Galloway, syne eftor he wes deid,
In peax and rest levit eftor richt lang.
This Makcobey, that wes bayth stout and strang,
Gret diligence he hes done nycht and do,
To mak gude peax with all power he ma,
And viseit hes the ylis in the north,
And all Scotland syne to the water of Forth,
Besouth also onto the bordour syde.
He sparit nocht for no travell to ryde,
Or for no trubill that tyme he mycht tak,
Amang his liegis peax and rest to mak.
Baith speir and scheild to all kirkmen wes he,
And merchandis alls that saillit on the se;
To husband men that lauboriton the grund,
Ane better king in no tyme mycht be fund,
No moir convenient for the commoun weill,
And his begynnynge had bene of gude 3eil,
Into his tyme quhilk maid so mony lawis,
Efter decreit of sindrie doctouris sawis.
And quhat tha war quha lykis for to speir,
I ma nocht tarie for to tell zow heir,
So langsuum war, and my tyme is bot schort,
Quhairin I fynd litill plesance or sport,
Bot tedious for to heir of sic talk.
Now to my purpoist thairfoir will I walk.

HOW MAKCOBEY CHANGIT HIS CONDITIONIS, FRA HIS FIRST BEGYNYYNG TO WICKITNES TILL HIS ENDING.

This Makcobey the quhilk so weill began,
He changit sone intill ane vther man:
All his clemence in greit crudelitie
He changit syne, without humanitie.
This ilk Banquo of quhome I spak befoir,
Into his mynd suspectit hes full soir,
Traistand all thing of him suld be fund trew,
Be prophecie the sisteris of him schew,
As ze haif hard bot schort quhile ago.
This Makcobey, dreidand it sould be so,
Of this Banquo that his posteritie
Suld bruke the croun, and his distroyit be;
And for that caus decreittit in his mynd,
This ilk Banquo, so leill, so trew, so kynd
To him alway, bayth into word and deid,
Suppleand him rycht oft quhen he had neid,
With fals tressone for to distroy rycht sone;
And finallie syne efter so wes done.

HOW MAKCOBEY BETRASIT BANQUHO AND GART SLAY HIM.

Vpoun ane nycht with him self in the hall,
This ilk Banquo to the supper gart call,
With his ane sone wes callit Eleank,
With fair wordis, greit cheresing and thank,
So greit fauvour and in so gude effect,
That he of tressone suld him nocht suspect.
Efter supper he tuik his leif to go,
With Eleank for to pas hame also;
And on his passage hamewart as he zeid,
He hed ordand for to be done to deid,
Ane cunpany thair he befoir him fand,
Weill boidin war with bow, buklar and brand,
Quhilk suddantlie this gude Banquo tha slew.
This Eleank, as my author me schew,
Into the mirk throw aventure and cace,
Withoutin skayth chaipit out of that place.
This Makcobey so air efter he dred,
Into the Walis rycht far fra hame he fled;
Of quhome efter, quhen tyme cumis and place,
I sall schw 3ow as God will gif me grace.
This beand done in sic forme and effect,
This Makcobey wes haldin richt suspect
With all the lordis that war in Scotland,
Quhen tha his tressone so did vndirstand,
That euirilk man fra that tyme furth him dred,
And he siclike suspitioun of thame hed,
That neuir ane durst traist intill ane vther;
Semdill or nocht thatairfoir tha met togidder.
Than Makcobey quhilk had so greit suspitioun
Of all his lordis, than changit his conditioun:
Qhailr he wes wont rycht curtes for to be
to all his liegis with liberalitie,
Now is he alterit in ane vther kynd,
Rycht fals and sle, and subtil in his mynd.
To fenzefalt isocht nothir schame no syn,
Qhailr gold or gude or riches wes to wyn;
Or of thame quhome that he held suspetc,
With litill pley quhome he plesit to blek.
Richt mony so, the qhilk war men of gude,
Hes put to deid be sic ingratitude;
Syne held ane gaird, his awin cors for to keip
Fra all perrell, baith walkand and on sleip,
And grit strenthis he held ay in his cuir,
Traistand be thame till sicker be and suir.

**How Makcobey biggit the Castell of Dunsenen, and how Makduff fled in Ingland to Malcolm Canmoir.**

That samin tyme he foundit hes of one,
Into Gowrie ane strang castell of stone,
Vpoun the hicht thair of ane montane he,
Dunsenen hecht, remanis zit to se.
With greit labour ilk da that werk wes wrocht,
Sic travell wes or that the stufe wes brocht
Vp to the hicht, quhilk wes bayth strait and strang;
The coist wes greit and als the labour lang.
And euirilk lord ane sessone of the zeir,
Into that place dalie hes gart compeer,
Auctoritie and cuir thairof to tak,
And for his tyme the haill expenssis mak.
With circulatioun sa about tha zeid,
For les expenssis and for grittar speid,
Fra euerie part bringand rycht far the stuff.
The thane of Fyffe, that callit wes Makduff,
Into his tyme that micht nocht present be,
Of that labour to tak auctoritie,
For so greit mater that he had to speid,
Into the tyme it stude him in sic neid,
On to the werk men gaif rycht strait command,
And hecht rewardis for to tak on hand,
Ilk da be da with cuir and diligence,
To speid the werk far moir in his absence,
Na tha wald do quhen him self wer present.
"That salbe done," said all with ane consent.
That samin tyme this Makcobey come he,
His awin werk to visie and to se,
And fand Makdufe than fra the werk absent,
Qubahirof that tyme he wes nothing content.
Befoir thame all, behind Makduffis bak,
Rycht suspect langage that tyme of him spak,
Waill crabbitie and into greit effect;
Fra that tyme furth he held him ay suspect,
And neuir on him with patience moir mycht luke.
This ilk Makdufe the quhilk suspitione tuke
Of Makcobey, that he wald him na gude,
Be vther men far better wnderstude,
The quhilk to him the veritie that schew,
Of Makcobey tha wnderstude and knew,
Saw he his tyme, than doules but remeid
The thane of Fyffe Makdufe wald want the heid,
This Makcobey so soir that tyme he dread,
To prince Malcolme into Ingland he fled.
Off this Malcolme I schew 30w of befoir,
Qhilik in his tyme that callit wes Canmoir,
Eldredus sone as ye sall wnderstand,
Callit wes Edward than king of England.
This wes Eldred that Canutus slew,
Bot schort quhilwe syne befoir as I 30w schew,
Befoir this tyme now that I say 30w heir,
I wait nocht weill how lang and mony zeir,
Qhill efterwart as ze sall wnderstand,
The Danis all wer put [out] of Ingland,
And all thair power put wes than to nocht,
This ilk Edward fra Normondy wes brocht,
And crownit king qhillik in his tyme that rang,
And als befoir I cannochttell how lang;
Bot efterwart the fassoun of that cace,
I sall schaw 30w quhen tyme cumis and place.
This Malcome Canmoir, ze sall wnderstand,
With this king Edward than wes in Ingland,
The qhillik with him in great honour we[s] hed,
Fra Makcobey fra Cumberland he fled.
Makcobey be suspitioun he knew
Makduffe wes fied, also to him tha schew
Ilk word be word how that Makdufe had done;
This Makcobey thairfoir he sped him sone
In Fyffe that tyme, to this Makduffis place,
Thocht it wes stark zit to the kingis grace;
His wyfe that tyme, but bargane or rebous,
Rycht reuerentlie to him gaif ouir the hous;
Traistand that tyme he sulldo thame no ill,
Scho put the hous and all into his will.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW MAKCOBEY SLEW THE WYFFE AND BARNIS
OF MAKDUFFE AND FORFALTIT HIM SELFF
AND TURK ALL FRA HIM, AND HOW MAK-
DUFFE MENT HIM TO MALCOLME CANMOIR,
AND OF HIS ANSSER MAID AGANE AS FOL-
LOWIS HEIR.

This cruel serpent, wod and venemous,
Quhen this lady had geven ouir the hous,
Hir self and barnis but ony reneid,
And all the laue, pat till ane cruel deid.
Syne all the riches wes the hous within,
Gart turuss away that tyme be the leist pyn:
Syne ouir all Scotland siclike vp and doun,
Proclamit him ane rebell to the crow.

This ilk Makdufe, of quhome I schew befuir,
All this he schew to gude Malcome Canmoir,
Ilk word by word, and in nothing wald lane,
How Makcobey bayth wyfe and barnis had slane,
To him sum tyme so tender war and deir,
So lamentabill that pitie wes to heir;
And schew also his greit crudelitie
To his lordis, without humanitie,
And of the vices that into him rang,
With sic excess continuallie so lang;
How with his liegis he wes so ill lude,
And speciallie with all the men of gude
So haittit him for his tirranye,
" And all," he said, "is in deasal of the;
" The quhilk will nocht cum and persew thi
awin,
" Lattand thi liegis dalie be ouirthewrin
" With zone tirrane, full of ingratitilde,
" Makand distructione of the nobill blude,
That horribill is other to heir or se.
Greit wonder als to euerie man of the,
That ma sa weill, haifand power and mycht,
Will nocht persew thi heretage and rycht,
So wranguslie haldin fra the so lang,
And mak thi liegis for to leif but wrang.
Thocht this to the war no plesour no steid,
Zit neuirtheles thow suld revenge the deid
Of king Duncane, quhilk wes thi father deir,
Zit vnrevengeit hes bene mony 3eir,
Zone1 tiriane slew with greit crudelitie.
Gif strenth, or wit, or manheid be in the,
And als thow hes thi time so oportune,
With litill sturt sic thing ma weill be done;
Bot gif thow be so febill of estait,
But hardines, without wisdome so blait,
Meticulo, and dar nocht se blude drawin,
Richt eith this tyme thow ma cum to thi awin.
For weill I wait the nobillis with thair hart,
Of all Scotland this da will tak thi part,
And stand no aw for the to bleid thair blude,
So that thawist that thi willis war gude."
All this he said that I haifsaid zow heir,
And mekill moir na I haif now perqueir,
To this Malcolme in greiteffect he said,
Till his purpois gif he culd him perswaid.
This ilk Malcombe for his dissait that dred,
For Makcobey befor richt oft so hed
Gart him persew with mony substill trane,
Quhairthow he micht this Malcome to haiff slane,
And for that caust this Malcome dres hes ill,
And lather wes to lippinhim intill.
And or he wald schaw him his counsell haill,
Zit first he thocht his lautie to assaill;

1 In MS. 3a1e.
As he had bene wnfenzetit and rycht plane,
This same anser he maid to him agane.
" Forsuith," he said, "full soir forthinkis me
" Of your great noy and it micht mended be,
" The quhilk for me I wait will nocht be done,
" For-quhy I krow I am inoproute.
" I ken my self, qua ha equalitie can wey,
" Hes far ma faltis nor cuir had Makcobey,
" And war inclynit into mony thing,
" And les convenient for to be ane king;
" So lecherus aboue mesour am I,
" And thocht I waal I ma nocht weill deny,
" The quhilk in me can neuir be correctit,
" To that plesour so far I am subjectit.
" Rycht weill I wait, had I auctoritie,
" As he hes now, with als greit libertie,
" In all Scoattland thocht tha be neir so ryfe,
" Virgin or wedow, madin or mannis wyfe,
" Bot I waal preiss hir onis for to preif
" Quhat cuir scho war, and ask bot litill leif,
" And thus with me ze waal sone fall in stryfe,
" Sum for his dochter and sum for his wyffe,
" And call me war nor cuir wes Makcobey;
" Than suddantlie thair waald ryiss sic ane pley,
" That ze suld be fanar me to forgaue
" Ane hundret fald, nor ze ar me till haue.
" Thocht to me now ze haif so greit desyre,
" Agane me than ze waald richt sone conspyre,
" And put me doun with far moir lak and schame,
" Nn now with honour ze can bring me hame.
" Ane vther falt I haif that is far war,
" Te tratlaris I am infectit far,
" And reddie is to gif to thame credence,
" The quhilk that is ane perelus pestilence;
" And speciallie into ane prince or king,
" For to gif credence to sic vane tratling,
"As I myself louit hes ay weill to do,
"For-quhy nature compells me thairto. 40,200
"For no wisdome I can forbeir or leif,
"The gift of nature is so ill to reif:
"Rycht hard it is, other for boist or blame,
"Bring fra the flesche that is bred in the bane.
"Rycht eith it is ane tratlar gar me 1 trow 40,205
"The plane contrair I wald haif sworne rycht now;
"The thing that I gif most credens now to,
"Incontinent the contrair I will do;
"My mynd als lycht is euirmoir on flocht,
"As woddercok or ony womanis thocht. 40,210
"Sen all thair faltis vglie and horribill,
"The quhilk in me I knaw incorrigill,
"Wittand so weill, but fictioun or fabill,
"Qhilk to 3ow all walde be intollerable,
"Qhairfoir at me ze wald haif greit dispyte, 40,215
"And euirilk da ze wald me blame and wyte,
"And luif me war, I bid nocht for to fen3e,
"No Makcobey, and haif moir caus to plenze;
"Qhilk wald nocht fail," he said, "that I
forsend,
"To bring me sone to ane vnhappie end. 40,220
"Thairfoir," he said, "ane mekill fule war I,
"Gif that I suld, haifand sic caus and quhy,
"Wilfullie to tak on hand sic thing,
"Qhilk wald nocht fail to haif ane ill ending."
Quhen he had schawin his mynd to him in 40,225
plane,
This ilk Makdufe he replicat agane:
"Gif it be so," he said, "that thow hes schawin,
"Grit mervell is so lang it is vnknavin;
"For I haif spirit als far as I can,
"And findis nocht that thow art sic ane man. 45,230
"Now in youth, when thou must earnest be,
Instruct farthest to familiar,
To lust and pleasure always give consent,
When as thou art innocent;
Thither in yeld when pass is the rage,
Sic wit in the soil dig it be and suage,
And every day to vertu and increase,
And thou shalt grow, vertu and meid,
Thank and reward thereof half thou no dreed.
"Qubairfoir," he said, "I can nocht understand,
Thou must forsake to take such thing on hand."
When he had said, and saw [to] him his will,
This ilk Malcolme sic answer made thair till:
"I haif hard sa that greate terrour and dreed
Causis ane man [to] mak vertu of neid;
For qubair ane man standis grite dreed or aw,
Hydis his wise, and wilte laith to schaw,
Suppois natur contranze him thairto,
\( \frac{\text{40,235}}{} \)
So scharpe ane wand is terrour, aw and dreed,
The plane contrar quhen it standis in neid.
Rycht mony men that we hald now full leill,
\( \frac{\text{40,250}}{} \)
And dreed of deid, quhome of thair sic aw.
And mony virgin that ar of gude fame,
War nocht for dreed of thair freindis and blame,
Richt well I wait wald tak thair wantoun will,
Sen neid throw kynd constranze thame thair-
By dalie prattik as we ma weill se,
Sone efter syne quhen tha haif libertie,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"Of thair awin plesour for thame self provydit,
"Did schaw or nocht how mony ane ar gydit.
"Myself," he said, "now in that same stait standis,
"So far fra hame heir into vnouth landis,
"Without pronisioun in ane strange place,
"Qubilk dois bot stand in the kingis grace,
"That causis me waill oft on force to fenë,
"And with greit pane my appetyte constrenzœ;
"Bot and I war, as thow wald now haif me,
"Haiffand sic fredome and auctoritie,
"Without presume ony suld mak me pley,
"I wald be war nor euir wes Makcobey.
"Thairfoir," he said, "for ony rycht or querrell,
"I purpois nocht to put my self in perrell;
"And neidis nocht, haifand all that I pleis:
"He levis weill that levis into eis.
"Thairfoir," he said, "persuaid me nocht thairto,
"My self wait best quhat that I haiftill do.
Quhen Makdufe hard sic ressome as he schew,
[]Quhen this wes said he turnit syne his bak,
And in the tyyme, for verrie wo and tene,
And said, "Allace! that I wes borne of wyfe, "Or zit so lang sould leifand be on lyfe, "Of my kyndlien natiou for to heir and se, "With zone tiraane so far oppressit be; 40,300 "Now of my self I tak bot litill cuir, "Sen weill I wait that I wes borne so puir, "Witles and waik, and richt febill also, "Out of this warld als puir syne mon [I] go. "O gratius God! thow sould se to thi awin; 40,305 "Sen fra thy sicht nothing ma be vnschawin, "And euerie thing opin befoir thi ee, "Quhy thoillis thow thi pepill puneist be "With greit oppressioun and sa oppin wrang, "And zone tiraane to rax and ring so lang?" 40,310 This ilk Malcolmethansaid, quhen he had sene The bitter teiris rynnand fra his ene, Attourir his cheikis that war paill and wan, Onto his feit like ony rane doun ran, "Gude freind Makdufe, be of ane comfort gude, 40,315 "Thow hes no caus to murne sa in thi mude; "All that I said wes bot to preif thi thocht, "To ken and knaw gif thow wes leill or nocht. "It that I said I fenzeit to the than; "Traist weill of me, I am ane vther man, 40,320 "And sall promit the bayth with mynd and hart, "In that purpois at plesoure tak thi part." God wait or nocht gif this Makdufe wes glaid, Quhen that he hard so freindlie as he said, Turnit agane and tuke him be the hand, 40,325 Betuix thame tua than bund wes vp the band; Richt sadlie sworne, as my author me schew, Ilkone till vther suld be leill and trrew. This ilk Makdufe syne in the samin tyde, Come and remanit at the bordour syde, 40,330
And secreitlie to all his freindis send,
Qhiilk all thair counsall hes maid to thame kend.
Qhiairof rycht many blyth wes at thair hart,
And hes promittit for to tak thair part;
Syne to him senid bayth letter and seill,
And obissing that tha sould all be leill. 40,335
This gude Makdufe, that wes bayth leill and trew,
To Malcolme come and all the seillis schew,
And all the anser ilk word that tha send.
This ilk Malcolme fra he thair anser kend, 40,340
Traistand richt weill that tha suld all be leill,
For moir effect had thair letter and seill
To king Edward, the qhiilk he leit him se,
Askand at him his counsall and supple.
This gude Edward that wald him nocht deny, 40,345
Hes promeist him that samin tyme for-thy
Ten thousand men that wailit war and wycht,
Ouir all Ingland buskit in armour brycht,
That in ane stour durst baldlie stryke and stand,
His couising Suard, erle of Northumberland, 40,350
Thair gyde suld be and chiftane in the tyde.
Syne gart proclame for all thing to provyde,
Bait hors and harnes, with sic ganand geir,
And all waponis that neidfull war in weir.
Quhen this wes schawin onto this Makcobey, 40,355
Ouir all Scotland thair rais greit stryfe and pley,
Sum for the tane and als sum for the tother:
With this Malcolme rycht mony did confidder,
With Makcobey had bene rycht soiropprest.
Than euerie man, quhair that he louit best, 40,360
Tuik part that tyme, as my author did sa,
Qhihairthrow the realme diuydit wes in tus,
That force it wes, thocht men wer neuir so lidder,
For to tak part other with ane or vther.
This Makcobey with all his power haill, 40,365
Oft previt hes his partie to assaill
With bernis bold that waponis weill culd weild;  
His contrapairt no way wald gif him feild,  
Qhibl Malcolme come with his auctoritie  
Out of Ingland, with greit help and supple:\n\nAnd so he did done efter on ane da.  
This Makcobey, qhibl at Dunsenane la,  
With all his power wer into greit dreid,  
Seand the tyme approcheand of sic neid,  
Sum gaif counsall with Malcom for to mak  
Peax, and he mycht, and trewis for to tak,  
With quhat conditioun plesithim to haif;  
And vther sum that tyme amang the laif,  
Gaif counsall on to the Ylis to fle,  
Qhibl efterwart that he his tyme mycht se.  
This Makcobey illudit wes so daft,  
Sic credence gaif to witchis and thair craft,  
Qhibl gart him trow that he sould neuer de,  
Qhibl Birnan wod, quhairin grew mony tre,  
Onto Dounsenane suddantlie wer brocht;  
His fals beleif that tyme wes all for nocht.  
This ilk Malcom the qhibl that rycht weill knew  
Sic thing of him, as Makdufe to him schew,  
With all the power he had with him thoir,  
To Birnan wod passit the nycht befoir  
The da he thocht that the battell sould be,  
And euerie man ane greit branche of a tre,  
Vpone his bak than other les or mair,  
That samin nycht gart to Dunsenane bair.  
Syne on the morne, sone be the da wes lycht,  
This Makcobey beheld into his sicht  
So greit ane wod, quhair neuir none hit grew  
Sen he wes borne, na of sa grene ane hew,  
Traistand it wes ane taikin of his deid,  
Hit neuirtheles, restles but ony reid,  
Rayit his men that waponis docht to weild,  
And suddantlie syne gaif this Malcom feild.
And as tha war baith redde for [to] june,
Out of the feild he fled awa full sone;
His men that tyme quhen that thà sa him
wànd,
That wald nocht fecht him awin self to defend,
Thà thocht folie with sic an man to stryfe;
To Malcolm than thà come ilk man belvye
Withoutin straik, and put thàme in his will.
This ilk Malcolm so clement wàs thàme till,
Baith gude and ill into the samèn place
Rycht glaidlie than ressàit in his grace.
That tyme Makdufe, quhen Makcobey had fled,
Follouit richt fast, sic malice at him hed,
The narrest way quhair he knew he wes gane;
Syne at Lumfanane thàir he hes him ouirtane,
And said to him, "Now fals dog thow sall de !"
Såd he agàne, "Thàrof thòw sall lè !
" No levand man this da borne is of wyfe,
" That hès power other with sword or knyfe,
" Or ony wapin, me for to schent or slo."
" I am content," said he, "that it be so ;
" For I wes neuir zit of my mother borne,
" Quhen scho wes deid out of hir syde wes
schorne.
" This is rycht suith, traist weill that I am hé,
" Of my handis, fals tratour, thòw man de !"
Syne suddantlie without mercie or grace,
Rycht cruellie he slew him in that place;
This prophecie availlit him richt nocht.
Vpoun ane speir his heid syne hes he brocht
With greit blythnes onto the oist agàne;
Quhairof his fàis war that tyme full fane.
Than of his regnne quhilk wes the saxtèn zëir,
He-maid sic end as I haif said 3ow héir,
And of oure Lord anè thousand zëir and one,
And sixtie als compleit war and bygone.

Vol. II.
That samin ʒeir wes auchtane of his ring,
Of gude Edward of Ingland that wes king.
Sen neidfull is to vnderstand the storie,
To tell ʒow heir, sen it is in memorie,
Of the Danis the space and tyme how lang,
How mony als in Ingland of thame rang
That kingis war, and how tha did succeid,
Heir saw I tell as ʒe ma after reid.
This Canutus quhilk that Eldredus slew,
Bot schort quhile syne befor as I heir schew,
Syne with his sone Edmound of Irnesyde,
Betuix thame tua the kinrik did diuyde.
And so tha stude in Ingland lang togidder,
Lib.12, f.189b. Withoutin stryffe, in dreid ilk ane of vther,
Col.1. And euirilkone of vther warse suspect.
Ane Inglisman quhilkwes of litill fecht,
Ane bludie bouchour, faithles wes but fame,
Edrecus als wes callit to his name,
Of this Canutus to rewardit be,
This gude Edmound richt tratourlie slew he,
Vpoun ane draucht doand his naturall det.
This fals tratour wnder the schield wes set,
Qhilk to his cuiming tuke gude tent and cuir,
With ane lang speit qhilk in his hand he buir,
Amang the bowellis vpwart in the breist,
Straik him to deid withoutin clerk or preist;
And to Canutus passit syne full sone,
And schew to him that tyme how he had done,
For luif of him his awin prince hes nocht spard,
Traistand thairfoir of him to get reward.
This Canutus considderit weill and knew,
This fals tratour that his awin maister slew,
That naturallie wes nother kynd nor leill,
Greit danger wes with sic ane dog to deill;
And for that caus, as he seruit to haif,
That samin tyme siclike reward him gaif,
Into the streit quhair euerie man mycht se,
Vpoun ane gallous hangit him full hie,
Into the tyme with mekill schame and lak,
That all vther exemplill thair micht tak,
In tyme to cum, with wrang or violence,
For to put hand other in king or prince.
The Inglis lordis syne quhen that tha knew
So greit justice Canutus to thame schew,
Of Edmoundis deid sic vengence he had tone,
With haiill consent of the lordis ilkone,
Maid him tutour to governe and to gyde
Of all Ingland ; also the samin tyde,
Edward and Edwyn within zouth richt far,
Of king Edmond the lauchtfull sonis war,
In matrimonie quhilk that his wyfe him buir,
Deluierit hes into Canutus cuir;
Quhome he ressauit blythlie and bening,
And treittit thame as sonis of ane king.
Sone eftersyne he changit his intent,
And send thame bayth onto the president,
Valgarus hecht, that tyme of Swadyn land;
Syne quyetlie he send to him command
Rycht suddantlie for to distroy thame bayth.
This president, thinkand grit syn and skayth
Sic innocentis for to condaime to deid,
Send thame rycht far baith to ane vther steid,
To Salomone, of Hungarie wes king.
Thirtuachilder that plesand wes and zing,
Remanit thair richt lang and mony zeir,
Quhill efterwart as I sall schaw zow heir.
After the deid syne of this Canutus,
Ane sone he had wes callit Heraldus,
As it wes said wes in his tyme als swift
As ony [h]air that ran wnder the lift,
Thairfoir Hairfit, bot gif my author le,
With vulgar pepill callit than wes he,
Tua 3eir he rang and no moir as I reid.
Heirdecanutus efter did succeed,
His bruther wes, to his auctoritie,
For-quhy that tyme na vther air had he.
Wes none so proude levand wnder the sky,
At Inglismen quhilk had so greit invy,
Herald his bruther that wes deid befoir,
For caus sum tyme he manist him with schoir,
Out of the erth his deid bodie hes tone,
Syne of the heid he hes gart stryke, anone
In Lundoun toun, quhair euerie man mycht se,
Vpoun ane staik gart set it vp full hie:
In Tames water, rynnis bayth deip and fast,
Of the deid cors the laif he gart in cast.
Ane law he maid, bayth be way and streit,
Quhair euir tha hapnit ony Dane to meit,
Tha suld him halss as ane man of gude,
And in his hand still for to hald his hude,
At euerie word kneill and mak curtasie,
Ay still and quhill that he war passit by.
Commandit als that nane of thame suld meit
Vpoun ane brig, other on hors or feit,
The sempillest Dene in all Ingland wes kend,
Bot to remane ay at the brigis end,
Without sterge ay still as ony stone,
Quhill that the Dene wes passit ouir and gone,
And bek to him syne as he goith by.
The Inglismen, quhill that his tirany
Mycht nocht suffer without humanitie,
Diuysit hes with greit subtilitie
The Danis all, with litill sturt and noy,
Vpoun ane nycht in Ingland to distroy.
And so tha did ouir all Ingland ane nycht,
In euirilk hous ane greit supper wes dycht,
Quhair all the Danis callit wes thairtill,
Of wyne and aill takand thame sic ane fill,
With sic excess quhill that tha war als fow, 40,545
Syne fell on sleip als sound as any sow;
And also fow and drokin as ane mous,
The Danis war than into euirilk hous;
That samin nycht syne, lang or it wes da,
Tha war all slane thair sleipand quhair thà la. 40,550
The Inglismen syne on the morne tuke feild,
With euirilk wicht ane wapin docht to weild,
And all the laif syne of the Danis slew.
Heirdecanutus, quhen he hard and knew
The fassoun all how tha his men gart slo,
And him awin self wer seikand than also,
Knavand so weill than as the mater standis,
That he micht nocht avaid out of thair handis,
And for that caus or he come in thair will,
And thoir sic pane as tha wald put him till, 40,580
With ane lang knyfe that hang be his awin belt,
He slewhim self thair suddantlie and suelt.
The Inglismen, quhen that tha hard and knew
So suddantlie him self as he than slew,
In tyme to cum tha war quyte of his ill, 40,585
And tha also had thair fredome and will,
Ane Godowyn, ane greit nobill that wes,
In Normondy that tyme tha1 haif gart pas
For Alarude and Edward in that tyde,
Qnihilk brethir wer till Edmond of Yrnesyde, 40,570
Sonis also wes to the king Eldred,
And gude Emma his latter wyfe, I red,
Ducke Richardis dochter wes of Normondy,
As I schew 3ow bot schort quhile syne goneby.
This Godowyn, of quhome heir that I schew, 40,675
That samin tyme ane tratour wes vntrew;
Canutus dochter, of quhome befoir I tald,
Ane sone him buir quhilk callit wes Herald,

1 In MS. that.
Qubilk wes the caus of tressone as I reid;  
In that belief this Herald suld succeid  
Efter his guid-schir for to bruke the croun,  
He promeist [hes] thir childer to poysoun.
Gude Alarude the eldest wes and air,  
Wes none that da moir plesand and preclair,  
He hes gart poysoun in that samin place;  
And gude Edward, as it wes Goddis grace,  
Saifflie did his tressoun than wmschew,  
And how it wes I can nocht tell 3ow now.  
Bot sone after, as ze sall wnderstand,  
This ilk Edward wes crownit in Ingland,  
Eldredus sone wes narrest to succeid.  
This ilk Edward syne after, as I reid,  
Ane nobill king he wes in all his dais,  
Wes none better as that my author sais,  
This Godowyn for him so soir that dred,  
Schort quhile befoir of Ingland he had fled,  
So meik he wes, within ane litill space  
Ressauit him agane into his grace,  
And gart all thing agane to him restoir,  
Bayth land and gude all that he had befoir;  
Gart him remane with him self nycht and da;  
Herald his sone, duke of Oxonia  
For his plesour he maid into the tyme.  
Bot gratius God, the quhilk all gilt and cryme  
Rycht equallie, thocht he desire ane space,  
Will puneis heir or in ane vther place,  
And so he did to this fals Godowyn;  
Tak tent and heir how that it hapnit syne.
How Godowyn Worreit Himself to Deid in Presence of Edward King, because he maid ane greit lesing.

Vpoun ane da with mony senziet fabill,
With king Edward quhair that he sat at tabill, 40,610
Of sindrie thingis speikand ill and gude,
Thair talking than wes most of Alarude,
This Godowyn that tyme with greit effect,
Traistand the king thairof had him suspect,
He said, and suoir richt mony aith betuene, 40,615
Of that tressoun he wes saikles and clene.
And in his hand he tuke ane peice of breid,
Before thame all syne he held vp his heid,
Vnto the king on this same wyiss said he,
"I beseik God ma' this my poysoun be,
"Gif euir I had, without ony remeid,
"Art or part of Alarudus deid."
Syne in his mouth he pat the breid with that,
Quhen in his hals, that same tyme quhair he sat, 40,620
[It] stak so fast without ony remeid,
Or euir tha wist, it wirreit him to deid.
Thus endit he the quhilk menswoir alhallowis,
Syne erdit wes efter wnder the gallous;
Into this mater I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane. 40,625

How King Malcolme was Crownit King of Scotland, and how he rewardit his Lordis and maid Erlis and mony gude Lawis.

This gude Malcolme of Scotland than wes king,
The auchtane zeir of this Edwardus ring,
Throw his supple, befoir as I zow schew,
His heretage in Scotland did reskew.
Qhillk crownit wes the fyue and tuentie da
Of Aprile, as my authordid sa,
And of oure Lord ane thousand and sixty
Zeiris and one compleit war ane gone by.
To Forfair synhe passit thair and baid,
Qhair he that tyme rycht mony lawis maid;
To thair freindis that Makcobey had slane,
Richt richlie than rewardit hes agane;
To euerilkone that tyme baith les and moir,
That tuik his part so planelie of befoir.
In that counsell, as ze sall wnderstand,
The first erlis that euir war in Scotland
Wes maid that tyme with his auctoritie,
Befoir wes wont bot thanis for to be.
Of quhome the names I haif nocht perqueir,
Of pairt of thame zit sall I schaw zow heir.
Fyffe and Angus, Mar and Morauia,
Buchane, Catnes, Menteith, Atholia,
The Lennox, Ros, without ony gane-call,
In that counsell thae war maid erlis all;
And mony surename also les and moir,
Wes maid that tyme quhillk wes nocht of befoir;
As Calder, Lokart, Gordoun, and Setoun,
Gallowa, Lauder, Wawane, and Libertoun,
Meldrum, Schaw, Leirmond, and Cargill,\(^1\)
Stratherne, Rattray, Dundas als thairtill,
With Cokburne, Mar, and Abircrumby,
Myretoun, Menzieis, and also Leslie.
All thir surnamis that I haif schawin zow heir,
Weill ma ze wit, withoutin ony weir,
That the tuke part withoutin ony pley
Into that tyme aganis this Makcobey,

\(^1\) In MS. Gargill.
With gude Malcome of Sootland that wes king.
And for that caus, and for na vther thing,
Richt greit rewards to thame all he gaif,
Efter thair deidis\(^1\) as tha war worth to haif. 40,670
To gude Makduffe the erle of Fyffe gaif he
Ane priuiledge, and his posteritic;
The first, quhilk wes ane priuiledge conding,
The erl of Fyffe quhen crownit wes the king,
Onto his chyre suld him convoy and leid, 40,675
The croun of gold syne set vpoun his heid
With his awin hand, all servise for to mak,
As president most principall of that act;
The secund wes, that battell in ilk steid
In his gyding the vangard for to leid; 40,680
The thrid also, that neuir ane of his clan
Suld judgit be wnder ane vther man,
Quhair euir he war, bot with the erle of Fyffe,
Quhen that he war accusit of his lyffe.
With mony lawes also hes maid than, 40,685
Richt commendabill bayth to God and man,
And abrogat all lawes les and moir,
That Makcobeyus maid had of befoir.

**HOW LAUCHLAT, MAKCOBEUS SONE, WES CROWNIT KING IN SCONE, AND HOW MAKDUFE SLEW HIM RYCHT SONE.**

Rycht sone efter that done wes all this thing,
Thair come ane man the quhilk schew to the 40,690
king
Of nyce newis in the tyme wes done,
Ane callit Lauchlat wes crownit into Scone,
Qwhilk wes the sone of foirsaid Makcobey.
The erle of Fyffe send wes to red that pley;

\(^1\) In MS. deith.
The quhilk at Esk that tyme hes him ouirtane, And alyed him thair with his fairs ilkane.

Be this wes done, onto the king wes tald

Ane bellomy that bousteous wes and bald,
In Loutheane had seruit mekill blame,

And quhat he wes I can nocht tell his name, With mony revar, that war bald and stout,

He spuilzeit had the land all round about, Baith in the Mers and Loutheane richt far.

Ane nobill man, Lord Patrik of Dumbar,

At Colbrandispeth this captane carle he keild, And sax hundreth of his men into feild;

Fourscoir he tuik quhilk to the king he led, The carlis heid also with him he hed

Thair captane wes, and presentit to the king,

Quha wes rejsot gritlie of that thing. This Lord Patrik the erle of Merche he maid;

Of Colbrandispeth the landis lang and braid Gaif him that tyme, and thairwith ordand he,

In his banar ane bludie heid to be, Perpetuallie in ane taikin and sing

Of his honour the quhilk that did sic thing.

Syne etter this it hapnit vpone cace,

This king Malcom at hunting in ane place, Of sindrie men quhome of he wes suspect,

As secreitlie wes schawin him in effect,

Conducit war than with his mortall fo,

For greit reward this king Malcom to slo.

The king him self that knew rycht weill thame all,

The men of thame that wes most principall,

Richt quietlie the king with him is gone

Furth in the wod than hand for hand alone,

Waill secreitlie wnder ane buss of breir,

Quhair thair wes nane other to se or heir.

This gude Maleom than to that man said he,

" O fals tratour! without humanitie;
"O brutell beist! but kyndnes in memoir
"Off all kyndnes that I did the befoir.
"Traist weill, tratour, of the I haif hard tell,
"With fals tressoun thow schaipis to rebell
"Aganis me, and is my mortall fo,
"And tratourlie thow schaipis me to slo,
"Quhen I sall haif na power to defend.
"Thy cruelnes is richt weill to me kend."
With that he drew ane brand bayth braid and brycht,
And said till him, "Cum on! God schaw the richt!
"Now is moir tyme quhen no man is to red,
"No for to sla me sleipand in my bed.
"Defend the, tratour, ane of ws sall die!"
With that the tratour fell doun on his kne,
And held his handis to the hevin in hy,
Syne piteouslie on him mercie did cry.
Malcolm wes meik and wald do him na ill,
And suddantlie he said agane him till,
"Of thireat this tyme full soir I rew;
"In tyme to cum so that thow wilbe trew,
"Heir I forgif the all faltis bygone."
And be the hand that tyme syne hes him tone:
Syne raikit furth befoir as tha war wont,
Aman the laif into the hillsis to hunt.
Heir will I rest ane lang quhile and remane,
And of king Edward tell sum thing agane.
How Edward, King of Ingland, was aigit and had no airis of his bodie, send for Edward his bruther sone, quha was in Hungary, to resigne the croun to him and be King of Ingland efter him.

This ilk Edward as ye sall wnderstand,
That samyn tyme that king wes of Ingland,
Weill aigit wes and cuming to greit eild,
And of his awin had nocht ane lauchfull cheld 40,760
Efter his dais the kinrik for to gyde.
His eldest bruther Edmond of Yrnesyde,
His tua sonis quhilk war in Hungarie,
As I schewzow botschort quhilesynegone by,
Edmound the eldest deit without air.

Edward, ane virgin plesand and preclair,
Weddit ane wyfe wes callit Agatha,
The kingis dochter wes of Hungaria;
To him scho buir Edmond anesone, also
Margaret and Cristiane, and na barnis mo. 40,770

This king Edward that samyn tyme send he,
For this Edward his sone and air to be.
At his command this Edward come belyve
Into Ingland with his barnis and wywe,
Quhome that the king resauit with renoun;
Befoir thame all syne offerit him the croun,
Becaus he wes his eldest bruthers cheld,
And he him self also wes of gude eild,
And for that caus he profferit him the croun,
Befoir his deid to gif him possessioun.

This zounyng Edward so curtes wes and heind,
His darrest eme, so tender wes ane freind,
He thankit hes that tyme rycht reuerently,
To tak the croun refusit hes, for-thy
He wes eldest and gritttest of renoun, 40,785
And in possessioun also of the croun,
The quhill he thocht wes nocht semand to be,
For greit degraiding of his majestie.
The pepill all quhen that tha hard sic thing,
How young Edward refusit to be king,
For sic kyndnes till his vnkill he hed,
Withoutin his purpois [eithlie] nicht haif sped,
Quhen oft hes bene befoir that the tone bruther
For heretage distroyit hes the tother,
And for that caus that he sic thing forsui,
The pepill all greit plesour of him tuke.
Sone eftersyne, as my author did tell,
This young Edward, as aventure befell,
Departit hes befoir Edward the king,
That sorrowfull wes and sorie of that thing,
Ay moir and moir with greit langour and wo,
Out of this word quhill he wes maid till go.
Sone eftersyne, as hale kirk now grantis,
Now in till eird is numberit amang the sanctis
Richt sie in hevin, with blythnes and grit
Withoutin end, and so and euirmoir.
The lordis than of Ingland euirkone,
To Lundoun toun togiddar all ar gone
To cheis ane king to be thair governour;
This young Edmond quhill wes of grit honour,
This Edwardis sone borne wes in Hungarie,
Neglectit wes that tyme and far put by
The heretage, to quhill he had sic richt,
Part than for wrang and vther part than by
slicht,
Corruptit wes be gifts of Herald,
Quhome of befoir shhort quhile to zow I tald,
The eldest sone of Godowyn bygo,
And dochteris sone to Canutus also.
For his reward of greit riches and mycht,
This young Edmond wes frustrat of his rycht,
And this Herald without rycht of sic thing,
For Canutus\(^1\) that da wes crownit king.
Thair allegatioun wes as I wnderstude,
For he wes narrest of Canutus blude,
And for that caus the Danis wald nocht pruif, \(^{40,825}\)
Vnjust battell aganis thame till mufe.
The fenziet this to be the caus and quhy;
It wes nocht so, and that rycht weill wait I.
That Canutus thairof had all the wyt,
Qhairat greit God had efter greit dispyit, \(^{40,830}\)
And brocht thame all, as it wes rycht weill kend,
For thair falsheid onto ane febill end.
And how it wes quho\(^2\) lykis for to speir,
Tak tent this tyme and I sall tell 3ow heir.

**HOW HERALD MAREIT THE DUIKIS DOCHTER OF NORMONDY, AND HOW HE COME IN INGLAND, MARTERIT THIS FAIR LADIE, AND SEND [HIR] TO HIR FATHER RICHT SCHAMEFULLIE, AND OF THE DUIKIS CUMING IN INGLAND.**

This ilk Herald sone efter he wes king, \(^{40,835}\)
Into his mynd consaith hes sic thing,
That he wald pas, I cannocht tell 3ow quhy,
Into Flanderis, bot gif it wes for-thy
As God hes said sa all thing man be done.
This ilk Herald to schipburd passit sone, \(^{40,840}\)
Syne ankeris drew and leit saillis downfall,
Befoir the wynd syne went our mony wall.
Sone efter syne, within ane lytill we,
So greit ane storme thair fell into the se,
That force it wes ay sailland by and by, \(^{40,845}\)
For till arryve than into Normondy.
This ilk Herald thairof he tuke the land,
The quhilk that tyme richt weill did wnderstand

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\(^{1}\) In MS. *Conatus*.  
\(^{2}\) In MS. *quhy*. 
Williame, Bastard quilk wes of Normanony,
At him he had greit malice and invy,
For his father distroyit Alarude,
His cousing deir, so seir wes of his blude.
And for that caus to counsall he is gone,
 Decreittit wes syne with thame all ilkone,
Herald suld fenxe that he come to wed
The duikis dochter, to bring to his bed
In matrimonie vnto his wyfe and quene,
To mak friendschip quhair lang grit weir had bene.
Quhairrof this duke richt hartlie wes content,
And gart compleit all thing incontinent
Of his desyre that he plesit to haif;
His dochter syne in mariage him gaif
With greit devyss; quhen all thing wes done so,
He take his leif hame with his wyfe till go.
And quhen he come in middis of the way,
Vpoun the se, as my author did say,
The Normanis all that come hir till convoj,
Into that tyme withoutin noy,
Except hir self that tyme and othir thrie,
Send all agane hame bakwart ouir the se.
In Inglandsyne, sone efter he come hame,
To this ladie hes done greit lak and schame,
Of hir father for malice and invy,
Magir hir will, gart laddis with hir ly.
Hir plesand one syne as the cristell stone,
For greit dispYTE out of hir heid hes tone;
Syne cuttit of hes baith hir eiris tuo,
Hir lustie lippis and hir nois also;
Hir plesand face, that pitie wes to se,
Deformit hes with greit crudelitie;
Onto hir father in his lak and schame,
On that same fassoun than he send hir hame.
This Williame Bastard syne after rycht sone,
Of that injure Heraldus had him done,
With greit power, as my author did sa,
In Ingland come syne efter on ane da,
With bernis bald that waponis weill culd weild,
And slew Heraldus fechtand into field.
Depryuit him of his kinrik, lyfe and croun,
Of greit injure and of the fals tressoun,
To him befoir so wrangualie he wrocht,
And his dochter full deir than hes he bocht.
And euir moir in storie as I reid,
The Normond blude sensyne hes done succeid
Into Ingland, haifand auctoritie,
Baith of the croun and all greit dignitie:
As God prouydis so all thingis is done.
This William Bastard after this rycht sone,
Thair with his lordis into Lundoun toun,
Ressauit hes of all Ingland the croun;
And all the lordis also ill and gude,
Ouir all Ingland qibilk war of Inglis blude,
Dishereist hes withoutin ony dreid,
And maid ane Normane in his place succeid.
The vulgar pepill leit thame leif als fre,
And far better nor tha war wont to be,
With thair awin law, langage, and all thae laif,
Sielike befoir as tha war wont to haif;
The kinrik als as it wes wont to be,
Callit Ingland be his auctoritie.
Qibilk causit thame fra that tyme furth but pley,
To him and his euir moir for to obey,
And zit hes done, I can nocht tell how lang,
As plesis God the qibilk can do na wrang.
This young Edmond, the sone wes of Edward,
Quhen that he saw the kinrik wes transferd
Fra his natioun wnto the Normane blude,
Perfitlie than he knew and understude
That all his labour wes [but] waist and vane,
In Ingland than na langar wald remane.
In ferme purpoisto pas in Hungarie,
With baith his sisteris syne went to the se;
Thair passage maid than out of Thamis mouth.
The wind it blew so stark out of the south,
Ay be ane burd it draifthame to the north,
Quhill tha tuke land richt far vp into Forth,
Into ane place, as my author did sa,
Sanct Margaretis-hoip is callit at this da.
To king Malcolme quhen this wes schawin syne,
Remanand wes into Drumfermlyne,
To thame he send for to inquyre and speir
Of thair cuming the fassoun and maneir.
As he [wes] bad this messinger hes done;
Syne come agane and schew to him rycht sone,
Quhat that tha war and how that tha come
thair,
And all the fassoun ilk word les and mair,
The qhillik befoir that I haif put in verss,
Is nocht neidfull agane for to rehers.
This king Malcolme, qhillik wes nocht immemor
The greit kyndnes that gude Edward befoir
Schew him in Ingland quhen he did remane,
And for his saik thairfoir he thoicht agane
Onto his freindis recompance to mak,
Qhillik causit him moir kyndlie with him tak.
And so he did with greit honour and gloir,
And all his lordis that tyme les and moir
That present war, tha princes richt potent,
With king Malcome onto the schip tha went.
This young Edward that knew full weill sic thing,
Richt reuerentlie he come and met the king,
With his mother and with his sisteris tuo,
Qhillik salust him syne all the laif also.

1 In MS. As as.
This nobill king hes tane him by the hand,
His mother syne, qubilk nixt [to] him did stand,
He kissit hes thair, with his sisteris tuo,
To Drumfermling syne maid thame all till go;
In greit blythnes an lang tym of the zeir,
Qhair tha remanit ilk da with grit cheir.
As plesis God so all thing man be done:
This king Malcolme consideirit hes rycht sone
Of this Margaret the greit humilitie,
Hir pulchritude and hir speciositie,
Hir greit vertu, the qubilk that did exceed
All uther virgin in hir tym, I reid;
And for that caus, as my author did mene,
This king Malcolme hes tane hir to hir quene,
With haill consent of the nobilitie,
In matrimony his lauchtfull wyfe to be.
The zeir of God qubilk send sic grace fra hevin,
Ane thousand sxtie als thairto and sevin,
This ilk Margaret of quhome befoir I mene,
Of Scotland than wes crownit to be quene.
This beand done as 30 sall wnderstand,
Than Williame Bastard, king wes of Ingland,
Quhen that he knew how all this thing wes done,
He flemit hes out of Ingland richt sone
The friendis all wes of this ilk Edgair,
That levand war ilkane baith les and mair;
Qubilk of thair lyvis wes so soir adred,
That samin tym in Scotland all thae fled.
Qhoumeto king Malcome greit rewardis gaif,
Of gold and land as tha war worth to haif,
The qubilk sensyne geid neuer 3it hame agane,
Bot ay in Scotland stone still did remane;
And qhut tha war, qhua lykis for to speir,
Thair surnames als now I sall schaw 30w heir.

\^ In MS. This.
Lyndesay, Wallace, Touris, [and] Lovell, Ramsay, Prestoun, Sandelandis, Bisset, Soullis, Maxwell, Wardlaw, Giffurd, Maule, Borthuik also, Fethikran, Creichtoun, all thir and no mo. 40,990
Fyve of thir last, als far as I can spy, Come with this Edgar out of Vngary;
And all the laif of thir, as eith is to ken,
Of thir ilkone tha war all Inglismen.
This Williame Bastard quhen he wnderstude, 40,995
This king Malcolme with so greit gratitude
Ressauit hes thir men baith les and moir,
To him he wrait with rycht greit bost and schoir,
In heichtie langage that wes all to large,
Commandand him, wnder all pane and charge 41,000
Of his perrell that efter midst be fund,
This ilk Edgair he sould send to him bund.
Than king Malcome, in fair termis and plane,
Als hett and hielie anser maid agane;
Sayand, als far as he culd wnderstand, 41,005
He wes nocht oblist to keip his command;
No zit, he said, of his desyr and will,
Nocht worth ane fle thairof he wald fulfill.
"As for his bost I set richt litill by,
"Do that he dow," he said, "I him[1] defye." 41,010
With this anser the messinger richt sone,
Went hame agane and schew how he had done;
And all the anser that he gat agane,
Ilk word by word[2] in termis that war plane.
This Williame Bastard herand it wes so, 41,015
Ane greit armie he furneist hes till go
With ane hecht Rodger, as I vnderstand,
Ane Normane wes into Northumberland,
For-quhy gude [Suard] that tyme thairof wes lord,
To king Malcome, gif that I rycht record, 41,020

[1] In MS. am.
THE BUIK OF THE

His mother brither in the tyme wes he,
And tuik his part at possibilitie.
This ilk Rodger than for to keip command,
He enterit sone into Northumberland,
Quhair he that tyme wes sone put to the war,
His men war slane, him self chaisit rycht far,
And in the chace, as it wes rycht weill knawin,
Throw tressoun slane thair be men of his awin.
This Williame Bastard, of Ingland that wes king,
Quhilk litill sturt than tuke of all that thing,
Ane grittair armie sone efter he send
In Cumberland, syne maid with thame to wend
The erle Richart, of Loncastell wes lord,
To be thair gyid¹ and keip thame in concord.
The erle of Merche, gude Patrik of Dumbar,
And of Menteith, thir tua erlis send war
Be king Malcolme that tyme in Cumberland,
Quhilk stoppit him and maid him sic ganestand,
Scant worth ane hog tha leit him takawa;
Quhair he tuke ane tha tuke agane ay tua.
This Williame Bastard seand it wes so,
Ane greit armie he hes maid till go,
Gif it be trew that my author tald me,
With ane bischop thair governour to be,
And wes² his brither, Oden hecht to name,
The erle of Kent, ane man of nobill fame,
Quhilk enterit sone into Northumberland,
Wes nothing fre befoir thame that tha fand,
Baith brint and slew, as my author did sa,
Syne mekill gude tha tuke with thame awa,
Evin as tha wald at thair plesour and will.
Syne king [Malcolme], quhilk sone thair³ sped
thame till,

¹ In MS. kynd.
² In MS. with.
³ In MS. thair than.
Arreistit thame, syne with ane maissar wand,
Or tha passit out of Northumberland,
Richt mony thousand of thame thair wes slane,
And all the laif war chasit hame agane.
This bald bishop, for all his schavins croun,
Durst nocht than byde to heir thair confessioun.

Zit William Bastard, quhilk that wald nocht tyre,
Ane grittar armie and with moir desyre,
With his sone Robert wnto Northumberland,
With thame he send to be at his command.
This ilk Robert, as my author did sa,
He come to Tyne and thair stane still he la:
The New Castell he gart agane restoir
Till the awin strenth distroyit wes befoir.
Into that tyme he did no vther thing,
Bot passit hame but ony tareing.

This William Bastard, quhilk ould nocht proceid,
To his purpoois cumand so hulie spied,
All that he did befoir richt far he rewis,
With king Malcolm wes fane for to tak trewis,
Of this conditioun I sail to zow sa;
That all the land fra Stanemure inwart la
North onto Tueid, without ony ganestand,
All Cumbria and also Westmureland,
This king Malcolmseuld haif in peax and rest,
For euirmoir withoutin ony molest:
Makand thairfoir aith of fidelitie
To this William and his posteritie.

Into Stanemure ane cors of stane wes set,
Quhair the merchis of thir tua kingis met;
And on the cors, as ze sall wnderstand,
Tua crownit kingis with sceptour in to hand
Depanetit wer richt proprilie that tyde:
The king of Scotland on the northmest syde,
The king of Ingland also on the vther,
Haldand thair faces euerilk ane fra vther,
I wait nocht weill quhither on fit or hors,
Qhilik ay sensyne wes callit the Re-cor.

And Suardissone, erle of Northumberland,
Hecht Wordyas, maid mariage and hand
With ane ladie of fame that wes wnfyl,
To Williame Bastard that wes dochter child;
And this erle Sward in tyme to cum suld be
For tuentie zeir of all tribute maid fre,
Fra Williame Bastard, of Ingland that wes king,
Qhilik grantit wes to him and his ofspring.
This beand done as I haif said zow heir,
Sone efter syne within les nor ane zeir,
Into the Ylis and in Gallowa,
Baith thift and reif, as my author did sa,
Slauchter and murthur with mekle oppin wrang,
With all ill vices in that tyme tha rang.
And or I tell zow quhat wes the remeid,
Heir mon I la ane stra into this steid,
And of Banquho sum mentioun for to mak,
Of quhome befoir in this same buik I spak,
Qhilik Makcobey with sa greit tressoun slew,
Siclike befoir in that same tyme I schew
With fals tressoun he quit him to his thank.
He had ane sone wes callit Eleank,
Qhilik, with the substance in the tyme he hed,
Fra Makcobey into the Walis he fled;
Qhair with the lord he tretit wes rycht weill,
And to his dochter wes so deir ilk deill,
As kyndlie is thatrof sould no man wonder,
Richt sone efter wes brocht in sic ane blunder,
Judge 3e or nocht gif that scho wes begyld,
That sone efter scho wox rycht greit with
child;
Qhairrat hir father wes richt far displesit.
This Eleank, or that he wald be mesit,
CRONICLES OF SCOTLAND.

Richt cruellie without mercie gart alo;
His dochter als, quhen that he had done so,
In seruitude for terme of all hir lyfe
Maid hir to be ane symplll mannis wyfe.
Qhill efterwart ane young sone that scho buir
To Eleank, of quhome scho tuke sic cuir,
Qhill he wes leirit baih to gang and ryde,
Qhillcallit wes to name Walter that tyde,
In Albione wes nocht ane farar child;
Syne efterwart, quhen that he come till eild,
On to Scotland to king Malcome come he.
Sone efter syne, throw greit nobillitie,
And worthines in mony stalwart stour,
Gret fame he wan with riches and honour,
And with king Malcome haldin wes of price,
Becaus he wes so nobill and so wyce.
This ilk Walter syne efter on ane da,
With greit power wes send in Gallowa,
For to resist the traitouris did rebell,
Quhome of befoir schort quhile 3e hard me tell.
This young Walter with litill sturt or noy,
He maid thame all to be as clois and quoy.
Thair greit chiftane, MakGlavis hecht to name,
Of all thair deidis quhilk that buir the blame,
Fechtand in feild, and mony mo he slew,
The laif wes sworne than all for to be trew.
Syne efterwart he passit in the Ylis,
And part throw strenth, and vther part throw wylis,
He maid thame all als waldin as ane wand,
For till obey and byde at his command.
Becaus he wes of sic nobillitie,
This king Malcome of his auctoritie
His land-stewart in the tyme he maid
Ouir all Scotland that wes baith lang and braid;
Syne till his surename Stewart did him call,
And gaif to him the land[is] liand all
In Cuninghame, that my author did sa,
Quhilk Stewartoun ar callit at this da.
His hous and famell, efter as I schew,
Onto sic riches and greit honour grew,
And spred richt far also hes his ofspring,
Of quhome sensyne descendit is our king,
Heir efterwart, quhen I haif tyme and space,
I shall schaw 3ow as God will gif me grace.
Sone efter this that 3e haif hard me tell,
Ane hecht Makduncane in Murra did duell,
Perswdait hes all [papill] moir1 and les,
The Mernis, Mar, Ross, Buchane and Caitnes,
For to conspyre agane Malcome thair king,
And disobey him into euerie thing,
Without he leit thame hald thair landis fre,
But ferme or mail, at thair awin libertie;
And greit injure agane the king hes done.
Makduffe of Fyffethairfoir wes send rycht sone,
With greit power that perrell to prevene.
The men of Mar qhillk hes his power sene,
Driedand his streth tha tempit him for-thi
With greit reward gif tha culd beir him by.
That samyne tyme king Malcome at thair hand,
With new power wes cumin in the land;
Syne with Makdufe togidder baith in one,
To Monymusk richt haistelie ar gone,
And plantit hes thair palcheonis on a plane.
Ane qhill at counsall syne thair did remane.
This king Malcolme that samyn tyme gaif
To Sanct Androis, with haill auctoritie,
Of Monymusk alhaill the baronie,
Of his fai to send him victorie.

1 In MS. moir moir.
Syne with his oist he passit furth but pley,
Quhill that he come on to the water of Spey,
Quhair all his fais in the samyn tyde,
Remanand wer vpoun the tother syde.
In gude ordour appeirit in thair sicht,
In breist plait, birnie, and in basnet brycht;
Sic multitude of thame as he hes sene,
He trowit nocht in all Scotland had bene.
The man that tyme the kingis baner buir,
Stoppit and stude and no forder than fuir,
Sum thing adred, as my author did mene:
The king that rof richt crabit wes and tene,
And hint the baner sone out of his hand;
On to ane vther by him self did stand,
Ane berne full bald quhilk wes of blude and bone,
Quhilk callit wes Alexander Carone,
He gaif the baner in his hand to bair;
In heretage syne eftir euir mair,
His surname syne wes callit Scrymgeour,
Quhilk surname hit tha keip to this same hour.
This beand done the king passit our Spey,
Quhair mony freik that da had bene full fey,
War not the kirkmen, my author did mene,
With intercessioung gangand oft betuene,
Quhilk causit thame than of that stryfe to ceis.
Of this condition freindschip maid and peice;
The commonis all soul'd skail awa but stryfe,
The nobillis all ilkane, saiffand thair lyfe,
Suld cum that tyme into the kings will,
To quhat penance him plesit put thame till.
This Makduncane that all the stryfe began,
And vther mo wes no [les] wities than.

1 In MS. And mo vther wes no wities than.
Sone efter syne he did thame all denude
Of land and lordschip, and all vther gude;
Syne all thair tyme with grit pennance thair la.
In strang presoun vnto thair latter da.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said zow heir,
The king Malcome richt lang and mony zeir,
In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,
Ane lang quhile so efter leuit he.
Off halmes [deidis] all vther did exceid
In Albione in his dais, I reid,
Of godlynes and of richt perfite lyfe,
Be the instructioun of Margaret his wyfe,
Quhlilk in hir tyme had nother maik no peir
In Albione, als far as I can heir.
Insufficient I am for to discrywe
Hir sanctitude, and eik hir halie lyfe;
Hir greit diuotioun and hir godlie werkis,
As writtin is be mony famous clerkis:
And of king Malcome and his nobill deidis,
Witness will bair quha that his legend reidis.
Thairfoir as now I will lat sic thing be,
Ouir langsum war heir at this tyme to me;
Thair werkis all heirfoir to put in write
My pen wald irk, my self also to dyte
Wald grow als dull and sad as ony stone,
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing alone.
The gude exempill of thair halie lyfe,
He[s] causit mony with thame for to tryfe
In greit perfectioun and in cheritie,

Preissand with thame thairin equale to be.
Quene Margaretis mother, Agatha hecht to name,
Cristiane hir sister wnfyllit of fame,
Throw gude exempill of thir tua tha tuke,
All warldlie pomp and riches tha forsuiik;
And all the dais efter of thair lywe,
Religious like leuit contemplatywe.
Edgair his brither, as I wnderstand,  
That samin tyme he passit in Ingland  
To William Bastard, quhilk did him resaif,  
And greit lordschip, quhair he plesit to haif,  
He gaif to him in all part vp and doun,  
And syne gaif ouir all richtis to the crow
To William Bastard hartlie with gude will,  
And neuir agane to haif reclame thairtill;  
And all his tyme withoutin sturt or stryfe,  
He leuit so to ending of his lyfe.

Off William Bastardis Deceis, and of his  
Thrie Sonis, how King Malcome biggit  
The Kirk of Durham, and of the Seige  
Of Anwik, and of and how King Mal-  
come Deceissit.

Neirby this tyme as ze sall wnderstand,  
William Bastard, that king wes of Ingland,  
Than of his regnne quhilk wes the twentie zeir,  
He tuik his leif and baid no langar heir.
The zeir of God ane thousand and fourscoir,  
And sex zeiris compleit war and no moir.
Quhilk had thre sonnis plesand and preclair,  
William Rufus, that eldest wes and air,  
King of Ingland he maid efter his deid,  
The quhilk succeddit syne into his steid;  
The secund, Robert, duke of Normondy;  
The youngest sone quhilk callit wes Henry,  
The fairest thing that euir wes on the mold,  
To him he left his riches and his gold.
This king Malcome into that samin tyme,  
The kirk of Durham foundit of stone and lyme,  
That faillit wes ane lang tyme of befoir,  
Reformit hes syne all thing les and moir,
In forme and feit as it wes wont to be,
With als greit fredome and auctoritie.
Ane faithfull father of honour and fame,
Priour thairof, hecht Torgatus to name,
Ane letterit man profound in all science,
Just and deuot, rycht haill of conscience;
The king Malcome this halie Torgotus,
He maid him bishop of Sanct Androis;
The quhilk that wrait the legend and the lyfe
Of king Malcolme and gude Margaret his wyfe.
Wes none culd do that thing so weill as he,
Quhilk wes so just and neuir ane word culd le.
And all thair lyfe perfittie weill he knew;
Thairfoir I traist all that he said wes trew
Of thame ilk word, as semis weill to be,
Be thair gude lyfe and his auctoritie.
By counsall of this ilk Torgotus syne,
King Malcome biggit into Dunfermlyne
Ane fair tempill [the best] of the countre;
Syne ordand hes perpetuallie to be,
Into that kirk with diligence and cuir,
All kingis grauit into sepulture.
This Williame Rufus ze sall wnderstand,
Sone efter he wes maid king of Ingland,
Rycht wickitlie that tyme begouth to wirk
Agane the fredome than of halie kirk;
And mony abba als gart distroy,
To kirk and kirkmen greit injure and noy,
Ilk da be da he wrocht without ony remeid,
Quhairthow rycht mony sufferit hee the deid.
The halie bishop, just and glorious,
Of Canterberrie callit Anselmus,
Becaus this king meikle he did corrak
Of his vices, quhairof he thocht sic lak,
And grew so hett withoutin ony remeid,
That efterwart he thocht to haif his heid;
War nocht the soner onto Rome he fled,
So wait I weill into the tyme he hed.
Suppois he knew that rycht just wes his querrell,
Zit neuertheles he wald vmschew that perrell,
Althocht he wes rycht saikles of that cryme,
To saue himself onto ane better tyme.
William Ruffus [of] quhome befoir I tald,
Rycht greit displesour oft and mony fald
Of Cumbria and of Northumberland,
So peceable wer in the Scottis hand,
Rycht greit dispyte into his mynd had he.
Thairfoir rycht sone ane wonder greit armye,
In contrair his promeis and his band,
Rycht sone he send into Northumberland;
And Anwik castell that wes starge and strang,
He wan that tyme suppois the seig wes lang.
And Malcome than of Scottis that wes king,
Whan he hard tell the fassoun of that thing,
With greit power he passit on ane da,
Toward Anwik with all the haist he ma.
The Inglismen of his cuming hard tell,
Tha sped thame hame rycht sone attour the fell,
Ilkone that tyme richt haistelie agane,
Except the men did in the hous remane,
Quhilk schupe to byde at grit laser and lenth,
With all thair power to defend that strenth.
Than king Malcolme sone efter this wes done,
Onto the hous ane seig gart set rycht sone,
And so scharplie ilk da did it assaill,
That thae within on force behuvit faill;
Sone efter syne within thre dayis or four,
Force wes to thame the hous for to gif ouir.

1 In MS. thus.
Within the hous that tyme thair wes ane man; quhat wes his name as now tell I nocht can, Bot, for to sa of him the veritie, Ane freik he wes ful of audacitie, Gif all be suith of him heir that I reid, As efterwart it' previt weill indeed; Richt humlie, but rancour or rebous, On ane swyft hors he come furth of the hous, With ane scharp lanse that wes bayth stif and squair, Qubahuron the keyis of the hous he bair, Sayand, he wald without tareing Tha key is all deliuier to the king, Als suddantlie as he mycht cum him till: Syne horss and men put all in to his will. Qubahorf the Scottis war rycht fane ilkone, And furth with him towart the king is gone; Qubah that he la that tyme into his tent. Of his tydenis wes mony diligent To ryn and speir, richt mony than rejois, Qubill that the ost redoundit of thair noyis. The nobill king quhair he la in his tent, Come furth to se quhat all that noyis ment, And greit wounder that tyme had of that thing. This Inglisman knawand that he wes king, As Scottismen that tyme had till him schawin, Ane sober pais towart him hes he drawin, Kest doun the lance that wes lang and squhair, Qubahiron the keyis in the tyme he bair, Evin as he wald deliuer in that place The keyis all onto the kingis grace. Syne with scharpe spurriss in the tyme he hed, Spurrit his hors quhill bayth his syidis bled,
Quhilk causit him go leip furth in ane ling,
Evin at the face syne markit of the king;
Than with the speir that wes o' sir trie,
He hit the king richt in at the e,
The scharpe sokkat syne throw his heid is gone.
In that same tyme, or he micht be ouirtone,
Onto ane wod, the quhilk wes neirhand by,
Spurrit his hors and sped him spedely,
And wan the wod in magir of thame all.
This nobill king sic havie chance did fall,
Amang his men without ony remeid,
That samin tyme thair sufferit hes the deid.
Syne in Tynmouth, ane abba neirhand by,
Tha burdit him thair richt solempnitly;
Quhilk Alexander gart tak out of that place,
That wes his sone, efter ane weill lang space,
In Drumfermling syne hes gart put in graue,
With all honour that sic ane king sould haue.
This samin tyme now that ze heir me tell,
Ane vther plaig vpone Scotland thair fell;
Edward the prince, bayth plesand and preclair,
To king Malcome wes eldest sone and air,
At ane carmusche into Northumberland
Wes woundit sair, quhair throw I wnderstand,
For ony leich that micht mak him remeid,
Sone efter that he sufferit hes the deid.
Quhen this wes done as I haifsaidzow than,
Skaillit the oist and passit hame ilk man.

Off Quene Margaretis Deidis.

To quene Margaret quhen this wes schawin plane,
How hir husband and sone also wer slane,
In Edinburgh within that castell strang,
With greit seiknes quhair scho wes viseit lang,
Throw sic dolour, as my authord did sa,
Departit efter on the fourt da.

Quhais blissit saull, that wes so clene but syn,
Ascendit allis as hie as cherubyn.
Of Malcolmus ring the sex and threttie 3eir,
All this wes done that I haif said 3ow heir,
And of oure Lord completit wes than evin,
Ane thousand 3eir thairto nyntie and sevin.

Off aue greit storme that fell be Se in Albione, and did grit skaith.

That samin tyme now that 3e heir me tell,
In Albione sic aventure befell,
Be storme of se all endlang the cost,
Full mony toun into the tyme wes lost;
And mony place, and mekle pleneist land,
Distroyit wes and turnit all in sand.
The qubilk remanis 3it [on]to this da
In that same stait, as my author did sa.

The number of King Malcomes sonis gottin
with Quene Margarett.

This ilk Margaret, that meik wes and bening,
Sex sonis buirt to gude Malcome the king.
Edward the eldest, as 3e hard me sa
Of his departing and his latter da;
The secund sone wes callit Ethaldreid,
Qubilk in 3outhheid departit as we reid;
Edmound the thrid, as in storie we schew,
Qubilk Donald Bane sum tyme in presoun slew;
The fourt Edgair, of greit honour and fame;
And Alexander the fyift callit to name;
Dauid the saxt, and ȝoungest of thame all,
Of halie kirk the cheif pillar and wall,
As I sall schaw to ȝow with Goddis grace,
Heir efterwart quhen tyme cumis and place.
To tell of him I will nocht now remane,
Bot to my purpois pas I will agane.

HOW DONALD BANE PURPOSIT TO CLAME THE CROUN, QUHILK BRUTHER WES TO KING MALCOLME.

This king Malcome, at Anwik quhilk wes slane,
Ane bruther had wes callit Donald Bane,
Quhilk in the Ylis wes fled lang tyme befoir,
Sic dreid he had than of Malcolmis schoir,
And all his daist hair he did remane.
And quhen he knew that king Malcome wes slane,
And Edward als that wes his sone and air,
He tuik purpois than hamewart to repair,
Sen he wes narrest as he wnderstude
To clame the croun be law of consuetude,
And abillest als that tyme of ony vther,
Efter the deith of gude Malcome his bruther.

HOW DONALD BANE WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND, AND OF ORGANUS AND HIS COMPETITOUR.

This ilk Donald, as my author did se,
Convenit with the king of Norrowa,
Promittand him, for his help and supple,
The Ylis all liand within the se.
Be quhais help syne as I wnderstand,
Crownit wes he that tyme king of Scotland,
At his plesour, but contrapleid or pley,
The baronis all so did him than obey.
The samyn tyme to sow now that I mene,
Edgair, bruther of gude Margaret the quene,
Into Ingland quhen that he hard sic thing,
How Donald Bane of Scotland wes maid king,
Richt seoretlie in Scotland on ane da,
Sone efter that, as my author did sa,
Ane message send, quhilke¹ cauisit hes thairfoor
The thrie sonis of king Malcome Canmoir,
And tua dochteris richt plesand and bening,
Quhilke Margaret buir to gude Malcome the king,
Out of Scotland fra Donald Bane to fle,
Syne cum to him, with greit humanitie
He tretit thame als gudlie as he mocht,
Quhat neidfull war thairof tha wantit nocht.
Bot puir invy that suffer ma na thing
Lang into rest at plesour for to ring,
Quhilke waititis alway euerie man with schame,
Ane knycht wes callit Organus to name,
Accuisit hes this Edgair on ane tyme,
Befoir the king of greit tressoun and cryme,
Sayand, he had agane his hie renoun,
In prejudice of him and of his croun,
King Malcolmis sonis into Ingland brocht,
And seoretlie amang thame sa had wrocht,
That etterwart quhen tha thair tyne mycht se
For to conspire agane his majeste,
Him to distroy that wes of sic renoun,
Syne he and his for euir to broke the croun.
Ane man that tyne of greit honour and fame,
Ane knycht he wes, I knaw nocht weill his name.

¹ In MS. quhair.
Apeillit hes, my author tellis thus,
Into barras this samin Organus;
Befoir thame all thair with the kingis leif,
He proferith him thair manfullie to preif
In plane battell, or he schupe to ceis,
All that he said of that Edgar wes leis.
Syne kest his gluif to preif that all wes trew,
And in that querrell this Organus he slew.
With greit honour into the samin tyme,
He clengit hes this gude Edgar of that cryme,
And causit him moir gudlie in all thing
For to be treittit eftir with the king.
The tyme is schort I ma nocht weill remane;
To Donald Bane now will I turne agane.
This ilk Donald of quhome I schew befoir,
Vpone ane tyme he manast with grit schoir
Richt mony barroung gangand to his bed,
With barus mantill wes he thair\(^1\) weill cled,
So far that tyme he stude into hir grace;
Sayand to thame rycht planelie in thair face,
Bot gif tha sueir all till him to be trew,
Richt suddantlie he suld mak thame to rew,
And all thair airis eftir thame ilkone.
The quhilk wordis in thair heidis ar gone
Hiear befar nor tha wald schaw him till,
Quhill efterwart that tha ma get thair will.

\textbf{How Duncane, bastard sone to King Mal-colme Canmoir, tuke the feild aganis Donald Bane, quha fled in the Ylis and na langar did remane.}

This king Malcome, as that my author sais,
Ane bastard sone he had into tha dais,

\(^{1}\) In MS. wes.
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Quhilk wan in France greit honour and fame,
In Ingland als, and Duncan was his name,
Richt opolent of horss, harnes, and geir,
Manlie and wyss in policie of weir.
That samin tyme into Scotland come he,
Out of Ingland with greit help and supple;
Vpoun ane da syne pertlie tuke the plane,
For to gif battell to this Donald Bane.
Siclile this Donald on the tother syde,
Bald as ane boir he bownit him to byde.
Quhen baith the feildis than rayit war at rycht,
And ilk of other cuming war in sicht,
The lordis all of Scotland euirilkone,
Tha left Donald and to Duncan is gone.
Quhen Donald saw it micht na better be,
Out of the feild with few feiris did fle,
And left the laif into the feild allone,
Syne in the Ylis with his gude is gone.
Bot half ane zeir efter he tuik the crowne,
And no langar, than lestit his renoun.

HOW DUNCANE WAS CROWNIT KING OF SCOTLAND
AND WAS WEILL GEVIN.

This ilk Duncan, of quhome befoir I tald,
Quhilk in his tyme wes bellicos and bald,
Wes crownit king vpoun the marbell stone,
With hail consent of all the lordis ilkone.
Ane man he wes, alss far as I haiff feill,
In all his tyme ay for the commoun weill;
Of him wes said so equale that he wes,
No falt vnpuenest in his tyme leit pas.
With mony man he louit was the war,
And speciallie in Murra and in Mar,
And vther landis as 3e ma weill deme,
Becaus he wes in justice so extreme;
And for that caus, as my author did tell,  
In sindrie partis schupe for to rebell.

**HOW KING DUNCANE WES SLANE BE DEYSS OF DONALD BANE, AND SYNE EFTER HIS DEID SAT DOWN AND RANG INTO HIS STEID.**

To Donald Bane quhen that this thing wes schawin,  
Rycht quietlie to ane freind of his awin,  
Lord of the Mernis callit Makpendar,  
Ane servand send that wes bayth wyss and war,  
With greit reward and hechtis mony one  
Of gold and siluer and of pretious stone,  
Agane this Duncan for to tak his part.  
And he agane richt glaidlie with his hart,  
Promittit him rycht hartlie with gude will,  
To mak him quyte sone of this Duncanis ill.  
And so he did, gif I the suith suld sa,  
Into Menteith sone efter on ane da,  
Vpoun the nycht, gif my author be trew,  
This ilk Duncan into his bed he slew  
Rycht cruellie without ony remeid;  
And neuir sensyne accusit of his deid.

Thus endit Duncan that tyme of his ring,  
The secund zeir efter that he wes king.  
Syne Donald Bane, efter that he wes deid,  
Come hame agane and sat doun in his steid,  
In staitt royall siclike as of befoir;  
Of his gyding quhat suld I say 3ow moir?  
I can nocht find, heir schortlie to conclude,  
In all his tyme quhair he did ony gude,  
And say of him bot siclike as I heir.  
Sone efter syne into the secund zeir,  
Mangnes, the king that tyme of Norrowa,  
With ane greit armie come vpoun ane da,
And all the Ylis tuke at his awin hand,
Without debeit of ony or gane stand,
With all the strenthsis also les and moir,
Be the promit Donald maid him befoir,
And gaif thame lawis, as my author sais;
Qubilk lawis lestit zit into thir dais,
Within the Ylis in the occident se,
Vnabrogat, bot gif my author le.
Quhairfoir the lordis [all] that at the king
War all dispesit rycht far of that thing,
Syne efterwart, as my author did tell,
Ane counsall maid quhair tha did all rebell
Agane Donald, as ze sall wnderstand;
Richt suddanelie syne send into Ingland
Ane messinger, as my author did mene,
To Edgair, sone of gude Margaret the quene
And king Malcolme, quhilk wes of sic renoun,
To cum in Scotland for to tak his croun,
His heretage and richtis till persew,
And tha till him suld all be leill and trew.
Than zounig Edgair to wit his vnkill will,
Ane messinger syne hes he send him till,
Schawand to him how that he had no richt
To hald his croun be sic maistrie and micht,
Qubilk he knew weill wes greit vnrycht and
wrang,
Belevand weill it mycht nocht lest richt lang.
Beseikand him thairfoir of his frie will,
His croun agane he wald restoir him till,
And he thairfoir to his reward suld haif
All Loutheane, quhilk sould nocht be to
creane,
And vther landis quhair him lykit best,
Quhair he mycht leif at grit plesour and rest.
This Donald Bane so cruell wes and ill,
The oratouris zounig Edgar send him till,
Agane the law, haifand to God no e,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to die.
Quhen this wes schawin to zoun Edgair the prince,
How his vnkill had done him sic offence,
Out of Ingland with greit power and micht
In Scotland come for to persew his richt.
And as he wes hame cumand be the way,
Into Durame, as my authour did say,
Reueillit wes to him into his sleip,
Be ane visioun quhairto he tuke greit keip,
Sanct Cudbertis baner that tyme in his neid
Suld bair with him, quhairthrow he suld cum speid:
And so he did, the suith gif I suld sa.
In Scotland syne come efter on ane da,
With mony wy that worthie war and wicht,
In breist-plait, brasar, and in birny bricht,
Be way of deid his richtis to persew.
This Donald Bane that weill his cuming knew,
Arrayit him vpoun the tother syde,
With mony berne that battell weill durst byde.
Syne quhen he saw apperand in his sicht,
Sanct Cudbertis baner borne so hie on hicht,
And the reid lyoun all in gold so reid,
Wes streikit vp agane him in that steid,
Sic fortoun than he had that tyme and grace,
His lordis all wer with him in that place,
Tha left him thair into the feild allone,
And to zoun Edgair passit syne ilkone.
This Donald Bane, quhen he saw and beheld
His men allone had left him in the feild,
With haill effect tuik purpois for to flie
Onto the Ylis in the occident se.
Żit neurtheles it hapnit so on cace,
Or he come thair he wes tane in ane chace,
And syne deliuerit to Edgair the prince.
The quhilk Donald for his wrang and offence, This ilk Edgair, as my author said me,
In presoun maid sone efter for to die.

How Edgair was crownit, and first aoynitit King of Scotland than in Scone with ane Godrick.

Quhen this wes done as I haifs said befoir, The lordis all that tymé baith les and moir, Edgair the prince to Scone than haif tha brocht, In rob royall that worthelie wes wrocht, And croun of gold, with sword, sceptour and ring, Into Scotland wes first aoynitit king Be ane Godrik, as that my author sais, Of Sanct Androis wes bishop in tha dais. The quhilk quene Margaret quene scho wes on lyfe, To king Malcolme that princes wes and wyfe, At paip Urbane purchest sic facultie, Kingis of Scotland till aoynitit be, Into hir tymé, as that my author sais, Quhilk consuetude is keipit in thir dais. My purpois is heir for to paus ane quhile, To vther mater for to turne my style: Of aventure that in that tymé befell, Tak tent to me and 3e sall heir me tell.

How the Princes of Ewrope conventit with greit Power, and passit in Halie Land quhair Christ was borne.

The princes all of Ewrop in tha dais, All in ane will as that my author sais,
Convenithes with greit power and mycht
The halie land quhome to tha had sic rycht,
Quhair Christ wes borne and king wes of th' landis,
For to reskew out of his fais handis,
And Robert duke of Normondy tha dais,
And Godefredus, as that my author sais,
Of Lorenc duke, thir nobill princes tua,
Of Blasone als the nobill erle also,
And of Flandris the michtie erle and lord,
And mony mo me neidis nocht remord,
Lordis of France and vther lordis mo,
With this armie wer chosin for to go.
Of thair passage quhat suld I to3ow tell,
So fair fortoun in thair way than befell?
Throw Greece tha passit into Asia,
Oure the mont Tawr to Anteochia;
The qhilk citie tha seigt sone and wan,
Quhair tane and slane that tyme wes mony man;
And in that citie fund wes in that tyde
The speir qhilk woundit Christ into the syde,
Vpoun the croce effer that he wes deid,
Qhuen that he bled water and blude so reid.
This beand done, without stop or ganestand,
Tha passit syne ouir all the halie land;
Jerusalem syne seigt on ane da,
And wan the toun, as my author did sa.
And euerilk citie into Joury land
Subdewit hes to be at thair command;
And mony mo, the qhilk durst nocht rebell,
Wes neirhand by, as my author did tell.
Throw strentch and micht that God had gifin thame till,
Tha weildit all thing at thair awin will.
This beand done quhair nane durst mak demand,
With [full] consent, without ony ganestand,
Thir princis all quhen tha war boun till go
Hame to thair landis quhair that tha come fro,
Thair haif thàchosin, as my author sais,
Robert the duke of Normondy thà dais,
Behind thame thair for to remane and byde,
The greit armie for to convoy and gyde,
Of Jerusalem the king and prince to be
In heretage: zit neurtirtheles than he
Excusit him richt far into that thing,
For-quhy his bruther Williame, of Ingland king,
Wes deid but child of his awin to succeed.
This duke Robert thairto the quhilk tuke gude heid,
Sen he to him wes narrest lauchfull air,
Moir plesour thocht in Ingland to repair
And Normondy, to his and his ofspring,
No for to be of Jerusalem the king.
The haill lectioun that thà had gevin him till,
To Godefryde rycht hartlie with gude will,
Of Lorenceduke into the tyme, he gaif,
Quhairof hartlie content wes all the laif.
This Godefryde that Cristin wes maithan,
In the weiris so greit honour he wan,
That moir honour wan neuir ane sensyne;
Quhilk numberit is amang the nobillis nyne,
Gif all be suith that sindrie storeis sais,
Gothra Bullen callit is in thir dais.
This ilk Robert, duke wes of Normondy,
His youngest bruther callit wes Henry,
Or he come hame, efter his brutheris deid,
Wes crownit king succedand in his steid;
For-quhy befoir thà hard tell of sic thing,
His eldest bruther Robert wes maid king
Of Jerusalem quhair he suld ay remane,
In that beleif neuir to come hame agane;
And so this Robert incurrit greit skayth,
And frustrat war than of tha kinrikis bayth.
To young Edgair now will I turne agane,
And of my storie tell zow to remane.
This ilk Edgair, of Scotland that wes king.
Tua sisteris had baith plesand and bening,
Quhilk in thair tyme exceidit ony vther,
Mateldis ane, Maria hecht the vther.
The quhilk Mateld, as my author did mene,
With king Henrie wes spousit and maid quene,
Ouir all Ingland, as that my author sais,
Mauld the gude quene wes callit all hir dais;
Quhilk to king Henrie beand in his cuir,
Four fair childrene into hir tyme scho buir;
William and Richart quhilk war sonis tuo,
Eufreme and Matild quhilk war sisters tuo.
The second sister callit Maria,
Till ane Eustach erle of Bolonia
That samin tyme in mariage gaif he,
To this Ewstach his lauchtfull wyfe to be;
Scho buir to him that samin tyme also,
Bot ane dochter withoutin childer mo,
Into hir tyme wes plesand and preclar,
That efterwart syne wes hir fatheris air,
Syne weddit wes than for that samin quhy,
With ane hecht Stevin, quhilk wes to king Henry
His sister sone, of Ingland ane greit lord,
Gif all be suith my author did record.
That samin Stevin, as that my author sais,
Wes king of Ingland efter in his dais,
As ze sall heir within ane litill space,
At mair laser quhen tyme cumis and place.
This king Edgair, of quhome I schew befoir,
Of gratitdue wald nocht be immemoir,

1 In MS. Bouenia. | 2 In MS. space.
Quhilk that Sanct Cuthbert schew to him as than,

Be his baner quhen he the battell wan

Into the feild aganis Donald Bane.

This king Edgair rewardit him agane,

With sic reward as halie kirk suld haif;

Of Coldinghame the baronie he gaif

To Durhame kirk in heretage and fie,

Ane cell of monkis ay of that kirk to be.

And Beruik toun siclike amang the laif,

To the bishop of Durhame also gaif,

Canulfus hecht to name into the tyme;

Quhilk afterwart of greit tressoun and cryme

Convictit wes, and Beruik tane him fra,

Depryvit syne out of his sait alsua.

This beand done than gude Edgair the king

In peax and rest did all his dais ring,

Weill louit aiss with his leigis ilkone.

Sone efter syne in ane castell of stone,

Callit Electum, standing be the se,

Quhair now standis the gude toun of Dundie,

Quhen of his regnne completit wes the nint zeir,

He tuik his leif and baid no langar heir,

And of oure Lord ane thousand zeir ago,

Ane hundreth als with nyne zeir and no mo.

Syne grauit wes with greit honour and tryne,

Sone efter that into Drumfermlyne.

HOW KING ALEXANDER SUCCEEDIT EFTER KING EDGAIR, AND OF HIS WORTHIE DEIDIS DONE IN HIS TYME, AND OF THE SCRYMGEOURIS AND THAIR VPCUMING.

Syne efter him Alexander his bruther,

Narrest to him that tyme of ony vther,
Efter his deid succeed in his steid,
Fra this Edgair withoutin child wes deid.
Fers Alexander, as my author sais,
Syne after that wes callit all his dais,
And for that caus, as my author did mene,
Becaus he wes of justice so extreme.
Zit neurtheles the first zeir of his ring,
For-quhy he wes so humbill and benyng,
Diuote and full of religiositie,
Richt mony man thair demit him till be
Baith blait and blunt, of wit rycht waik and puir,
And vnbill to sic office or cuir;
And for that caus, as that my author sais,
The men of Ross and Murra in tha dais,
Perturbit hes the north baith far and neir,
With greit heirschip that horribill is to heir.
This nobill king thairof quhen he hard tell
So greit discord amang his leigis fell,
Rycht suddantlie, but ony schoir or boist,
Enterit amang thame with ane rycht grit oist.
Or euir tha wist, the maister men ilkane
That war in wrang war all in handis tane,
And on ane gallous maid ilkone to de:
So endit thae and thair inquitie.
This beand done as ze haif hard me sa,
This Alexander efter on ane da,
Than cumanthame thair hapnit in the streit,
In to the Meirnis with ane woman to meit,
Befoir the king on baith her kneis fell;
"For him," scho said, "that maid bayth hevin and hell,
"Heir my complaynt or thow go forder by!
"Wes neuir wicht so far wrangit as I,
"In termis schort as I sall sone declair.
"The lord 1 of Mernis eldest sone and air,

1 In MS. lordin.
"My deir husband and eldest sone also,
Richt cruellie this tyme he hes gart slo,
Befoir ane judge because tha did him caw,
For det he auccht to answyr to the law."

This nobill king quhen he had hard hir mone,
And soir complaynt befor thame all ilkone,
Doun of his hors he lichtit in the tyme,
[And soir to be revengit of that cryme.]
Befoir thame all solempnit vow did mak,
Qhill that war done, agane vpone hors bak,
For ill or gude, suld neuir man him se,
Qhill that his vow completit than had he.
And sic punitiou of that thing he tuke,
That euerie man that saw it then forsuik
In all his tyme, other puir or ryke,
For ocht micht fall, for to commit siclike.
Quhen this wes done efterincontinent,
This nobill king on to Balledgar went,
Ane castell than quhilk into Gowrie stude,
Thair to remane he thocht plesour and gude,
With mony lord and nobill in the tyde,
For peax and rest the pepill to provyde.
That samin tyme that he did thair remane,
The Murra men that had thair freindis slane,
Ilk for his falt as ze haif hard befoir,
Into thair mynd the langar ay the moir
Consuit hes with greit subtillitie,
Of the gude king for to revengit be.
His chalmer chield, of simpill blude and puir,
That of his chalmer had alhaill the cuir,
And vther sex siclike the tyme as he,
That wnder him had greit auctoritie;
Thir Murra men for gilt and grit reward,
This chalmer chield conducit with his gard,
Vpoun the nycht quhen the king wes on sleip,
Out throw ane closet for to lat thame creip
Into ane pairt that unsuspect wes hed,
Quhill that tha come on to the kingis bed.
Syne on ane nycht togidder all did meit,
At that same place their purpos to compleit. 41,885
Be Goddis grace the tyme than hapnit he,
In that same sessoun wyde walkand for to be,
And in the closet hard ane noy and dyn
At the samin place quhair tha war cumand in.
Thairfoir that tyme, for tressone that he dred, 41,890
Rycht lichtlie than he lap out of his bed;
Syne with ane sword [that] hang at his bed heid,
His chalmer chielid and all the laif, to deid
Without ganestand he pot thame all ilkone,
Quhair their wes nane bot he and tha alone. 41,895
Within the hous sic noyss raiss and cry,
Tha walknit all in chalmeris liand bi,
Quhome by the law that wes thairout ilkane,
Or euir tha wist, war all in handis tane,
Syne to the king wer brocht all in the tyme. 41,900
And quhen tha war accusit of that cryme,
Rycht planelie thair tha schew him but ganestand,
Quha causit thame to tak sic thing on hand,
Ilk word be word tha schew withoutin chesone,
Quha causit thame for to commit sic tressone; 41,905
And schew the king of ilk man be his name,
In Murra land quhair that tha duelt at hame,
And quhen the king than wnderstude and knew
That all wes suith to him that tyme tha schew,
No tarie maid without stop or ganestand, 41,910
Quhill that he enterit into Murra land.
Syne ceissit nocht quhill ilkane les and moir
War hangit all that maid the falt befoir,
Be the leist lad that tyme buir ony blame;
Quhen that wes done tuke leif and passit hame. 41,915
Ane man of gude into tha samin dais,
That tyme in Murra, as my author sais,
THE BUIK OF THE

Lib.12, f.195b. Wes with the king of greit honour and fame,
And Alexander Carrone hecht to name.
Sic vassalage that he committit than,
And in the weiris sa greit honour wan,
Throw sic vertew and deidis of honour,
Syne callit wes to name Scrymgeour.
Quhilk surname 3it succeedit hes sensyne
To heretage be richt succes and lyne,
Quhilk is an hous of greit auctoritie,
Laird of Dudop and constabill of Dundie.
This Alexander so dred wes all his dais,
Wes none so hardie, as my author sais,
Ill or gude, as ze sall wnderstand,
Agane the law to brek the leist command.

HOW ALEXANDER KING FOUNDIT THE ABBAIS OF
SCONE AND SANCT COLMIS-INCHE, AND HOW
HE WAS SUSTENIT THAIR BE ANE ARMEIT FOR
THE TYME WITHIN THE YLE.

Syne Alexander, efter this wes done,
Foundit and feft ane fair abba in Scone,
Onto this da remanes 3it to se,
Ane plesand place of greit auctoritie.
Syne efter that the king passit ouir Forth,
So strang ane storme thair blew out of the north
Quhilk draif the king wnto ane litill ile,
Within the se in that menetyme and quhile,
Quhilk callit wes that tyme Emonia,
Sanct Colmis-insche is callit now this da.
Into that yle, as that my author sais,
Ane halie armet duelland war tha dais;
Besyde ane chapell of Sanct Colme also,
Within the yle remanand wes no mo.
This king throw storme compellit wes that tyde,
But meit or drink thre dayis thair to byde;
None of his awin he had my author menit,
Zeit neurtheles he wes richt weill sustenenit,
This king him self and so wes all the laif,
At sufficiency that neidfull wes to haif,
With sic prouisiooun that that armet had,
Tua kysis milk quhair with that tha war fed;
Quhilk haldin wes ane greit miracle as than,
Be intercessioun of that halie man
Sanct Colme him self, quhilk in that samin quhile,
And zit siclike, wes patrone of that yle.
Thairfoir that king; as my author did sa,
Into that place ane plesand fair abba
Foundit and felt for hospitalitie,
In sic distres gif ony hapnis be.
Sune efter syne amangis all the laue,
The landis all to Sanct Androw he gaif,
Als fre as man with hart and mynd can think,
Quhilk callit wes that tyme the Boris-rink;
And to Drumfermling siclike all the laue,
Greit priuiledgewith mony landis gaif.
The samit tyme that done wes all this thing,
Daudiud, the bruther of this nobill king,
Remanand wes in Inglend, as I wene,
With his sister Mateldes the gude quene.
This ilk Daudiud, be fauour of the king,
Weddit ane ladie plesand and bening,
The lauchtfull air wes, as I wnderstand,
Of Huntlyngtoun and all Northumberland,
Quhilk did exceid of fairnes and of fame.
This fair ladie, Mateldes hecht to name,
This ilk Daudiud, be hir auctoritie
Declarat wes our ir all Inglend to be,
Of Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland
Baith lord and syre but ony ganestand.
That samin tyme, as my author did mene,
Matheld the dochter of Matheldis quene,
And of Henrie that king wes of Inglond,
Weddit scho wes, as 3e sall wnderstand,
The empiriour hecht Henrie in tha dais,
Fourt of that name as that my author sais.
As 3e haif hard syne sone efter all this,
The nobill quene of Inglond callit Matildis,
Scho tuke hir leif out of this present lyfe,
With greit murning of mony man and wyfe.
Hir 3oungest sister callit Maria,
Quhilk duches wes als of Bolonia,
Within thrie 3eir and les etter ago,
Siclike as scho deparit than also.
Thair sepulturis, of greit auctoritie,
Remanis 3it in Inglond for to se.
This king Henrie throw aventure and chance,
Sone etter that greit weirs had in France,
And oft in France amang his fais 3eid,
And als come hame without perrell or dreid.
Ilkone other ane lang quhile did invaid,
Syne at the last betuix thame peax wes maid.
The samin tyme as that 3e heir me mene,
The thre childer of Mateldes the quene,
Scho buir that tymbe brend wnder his band,
To this Henrie that king wes of Inglond,
William, Richart and Ewffama,
Thir thrie childer sone efter on ane da,
It hapnit thame throw aventure and chance,
Efter thair father cumand out of France,
Throw greit tempest and stormis in the se,
That samin tyme all pereist for to be.
And all the laif als in thair cumpanie
Chaipit neuir ane, and for that samin quhy
This king Henrie than after all his dais,  
In murning weid, as that my author sais, 
He levit ay, withoutin play or sport;  
Wes nane mich\-t caus him for to tak confort,  
For ony way that tyme that culd be wrocht,  
Thair deid so soir it lay into his thocht.  
Out of beleif he wes that tyme also,  
So agit wes for to haif barnis mo,  
And for that caus, with mony sich full soir,  
Ilk da be da his murning wes the moir.

How King Alexander deceissit, and how his 
Bruther Dauid succeedit King efter, and 
of his vertewis and nobill Deidis.

This samin tyme as I haif said zoow heir,  
This Alexander in the sevintene ȝeir  
Than of his regnane completit wes and no mo, 
And of oure Lord ane thousand wes ago,  
Ane hundreth als with sevintie ȝeir and fyve,  
He take his leif out of this present lyve; 
Syne in Drumfermling put in sepultuir,  
On princeliew wyss deuotliew with honour;  
Withoutin cheild to him for to succeid.  
Thairfoir his bruther Dauid as we Reid,  
With haill consent that tyme of ald and ȝìng,  
Wes crownit than of Scotland to be king.  
This ilk Dauid, as that my author sais,  
He did exceid all vther in his dais  
Of singular justice and of sanctitude;  
With all his liegis all tyme weill wes lude.  
Godlike he wes, full of deuotiou,  
And mony fair place of religiou  
Foundit and feist, as my author did sa,  
Qhillk ȝit remainis to the samin da:
Of quhome the names I sall reckin heir,
Into my mynd that I haif now perqueir.
Dundranane, Jedburgh and Calco vpone Tueid,
Newbottill, Melross also, as we reid,
Halyrudhous, Camkynneth and Kinloss,
Drumfermling, Home, and also Lanarcois.
Thir tua last places that ze hard me sa,
Besyde Carliill standis in Cumbria.
And mony mo than I will heir report,
To reckin heir becaus the tyme is schort.
And four bischipis, as my author sais,
Foundit and feft into the samin dais,
Of quhome to zow the names I sall tell;
Ross and Breichin, Dumblane and als Dunkell.
And Abirdene at his auctoritie,
That samin tyme also translatit he
Fra Lowmworthloch, as my authour did mene,
To that ilk place now callit Abirdene;
And mony vther worthie nobill deid,
As ze ma heir quha lykis efter reid.
Henrie his sone that eldest wes and air,
Ane prince he wes baith plesand and preclair,
Woddit ane wyfe that tyme and brocht hir hame,
Qhillk Adama than callit wes to name,
The erlis dochter of Warrania,
Qhillk buir to him, as my authour did sa,
Malcome, William, and Dauid also,
Three dochteris als scho buir him and no mo;
Of quhome efter within ane litill space,
I sall schaw zow quhen tyme cumis and place.

1 In MS. Halyrudhous.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW KING DAVID WYFFE THE QUENE DECEISSIT, AND HE LEVIT CHEST EFTER HIR AND NEUIR MAREIT AGANE.

Sone eftir this that I haif said zow heir, Within les space nor tua or thre of zair, The nobill quene, as that my author sais, So gude and godlie wes in all hir dais, And so weil lout with all man and wyfe, Departit hes out of this present lyfe, With greit displesour baith of auld and zing, And speciallie of gude Dauid the king, Qwilk lout hir, as resson wald and richt, Into hir tyme aboue all vther wicht; And for hir saik the wedow habit tuik, Fra that da furth all wedding he forsuk, And euirmoir, as my author did sa, He levit chest wnto his latter da. Efter hir deid deoultlie with honour, Gudlie wes grauit in hir sepultuir, In Scone abba, with greit triumph and gloir, As scho desyr in hir lyfe befoir; Qwilk to this da remanis zit to se, In that same place of greit auctoritie. Neirby this tyme that I haif said zow heir, Mathildis dochter to Henrie Bellicleir, King of Ingland, qwilk wes of sic honour, Weddit befoir wes with the empriour Henrie the fourt, qwilk in tha samin dais Departit hes as that my author sais, Withoutin chyld borne of this ilk empryce, In all hir tyme that wes baith gude and wyss. This king Henrie no mo childer had he, For all the laue, as ze hard, in the se Pereist ilkone bot schort quhile gane by. This ilk Matildes for the samin quhy,
The king his father, hecht Henrie to name,
Sone efter that into Ingland brocht hame.
The lordis all of Ingland in tha dais 42,110
He gart thame sureil all, as my author sais,
With euerie man vphaldand his awin hand,
Efter his deid all at hir faith to stand.
Decernit wes into that parliament,
Into that tyme with all thair haill consent, 42,115
This ilk Matild of quhomen now that we reid,
Efter his deid to him scho suld succeid.
This beand done as I haif said anone,
His purpois wes of hir for to dispone.
Richt laith he wes to wed hir on aie lord 42,120
Into Ingland, becaus of greit discord.
Ane man thair wes that tyme amang the laif,
Callit Godfrid, erle wes of Antigaif,
Into his tyme of greit honour and fame,
Weddit this ladie and syne send hir hame. 42,125
Scho buir to him ane sone that wes his air,
Callit Henrie, richt plesand and preclair,
The quhilk Henrie as that my author sais,
Wes king of Ingland efter in his dais.
Robert the duke that tyme of Normondy, 42,130
That bruther wes to this ilk king Henrie,
Withoutin cheild than take his leif to fair
Out of this lyfe, for he micht leve na mair.
The landis all thairfoir of Normondy,
Of heretage fell to this king Henry. 42,135
The quhilk Henrie within schort qwhile also,
Out of this lyfe he take his leif to go;
And for this caus as I haif said gow heir,
Ouir all Ingland that tyme baith far and neir,
The commoun weill wes puneist and maid puri, 42,140
Ilkone on other wrocht so greit injure,
In falt of ane the commoun weill to gyde.
This ilk Matildis in the samyn tye,
The quhilk thairof suld haif auctoritie,
Hir lord that tyme with sic infirmitie
In Antigave wes vexit at the hart,
Tha scho fra him no way than mycht depart:
Henrie hir sone that wes hir eldest cheild,
In to that tyme wes bot of tender eild.
Ane nobill man wes callit Stevin to name,
Erle of Bolone quhair he than duelt at hame,
Weddit the dochter of Marie I wene,
That sister wes to gude Matild the quene ;
Ane proper ladie, plesand and preclair,
And eik also that wes hir faderis air;
Als sister sone he wes to king Henrie.
This samin Stevin, for that ilk caus and quhy,
In Ingland come and askit for to be
Thair governour with haill auctoritie,
And tutour be onto Matildis cheild,
Onto the tyme he war of lauchtfull eild,
Sen he to him wes narrest in that tyde,
And ablist\(^1\) als sic office for to gyde.
Quhairof the lordis war richt weill content,
And maid him tutour with thair haill consent,
Into that tyme without debait or chasoun,
For-quhy the thought it wes bot rycht and resson.
Sone efter syne, within anelitill we
That he had gottin sic auctoritie,
So greit fauour he had of auld and tiing,
Pretendit hes of Ingland to be king,
And gart the lordis sueir into the tyde,
For all his tyme ay at his faith to byde,
And nane vther for till ressaue bot he,
Into Ingland thair king and prince to be.
To ratifie all thing that he had done,
Ane herald syne into Scotland richt sone

\(^1\) In MS. oblist.
Onto king Dauid, quhilk did him command
All Cumbria and eik Northumberland.
On to this Stevin, as of Ingland the prince,
In Lundoun toun to mak obedience;
And wald he nocht, than schortlie to conclude,
He suld persew him baith with fyre and blude.
To that herald befoir thame all in plane,
This king Dauid sic answer gaif agane:
“Gude freind,” he said, “sa thow onto thi lord,
“He is no king as thow hes done record;
“Bot wranguslie vsurpit hes the croun,
“At his awin will but richt or zit resoun.
“To my nevoy Matildis, that hes richt
“Till all Ingland intill hir faderis sicht,
“I haif maid homage, sworne with aithis deip,
“The quhilk I think for till observer and keip.
“No vther answer of me sall thow haif.”
To this king Stevin quhen that answer wes tald,
Dilay that tyme no langar that he wald;
Ane richt greit armie, as I wnderstand,
Richt sone he send into Northumberland,
And greit distroictioun in the land hes maid,
With fyre and blude of all tha boundis braid;
Wirkand sic wrang withoutin ony wyte,
The quhilk I trow wes nocht richt lang to quyte.
The erle of Merche that tyme wes maid till go,
The erle of Angus and Menteith also,
In the reskew than of Northumberland,
With mony berne that weill culd weild ane brand,
Rycht manlie war quhen that it stude in mister.
That samin tyme than the erle of Glocister,
With mony thousand wnder speir and scheild,
At Alertoun he gaif the Scottis feild.

1 This line precedes the former in the MS.
2 In MS. Alectoun.
The bowmen, big and bald as ony boir,
Sic scharpe schutting maid in the feild befoir,
With fedderit flanis scharp as rasure schair,
That throw thair scheildis maid thair syidis sair. 42.215
Syne all the laif hes tane the feild on breid,
With bright brandis gart mony bernis bleid,
That mony freik wes fellit throw girt force,
And mony knycht than keillit throw the corce.
The Scottis kene so cruell wes that tyde, 42.220
The Inglismen docht na langar to byde;
Out of the feild tha fled with all thair speid,
Als fast as fyre or spark out of ane gleid.
Rycht mony thousand of thame thair wes keild,
Na fewar als of thame wer tone in feild, 42.225
With thair captane and nobillis all ilkone,
That samin da into the feild wes tone.
Syne hed in Scotland wes the spulze haill,
Quhairof ilk man syne efter gat his daill,
Baith young and auld than, be the leist ane
knaif;
Ilk man that tyme as he wes worth to haif.
Vnto king Stevin this infortunitie
Quhen it wes schawin, with greit mortalitie
Of thair armie that wes maid thair that da,
And all the nobillis tane and led awa, 42.235
Richt weill he knew but thair help and suppel,
In peax and rest he mycht nocht rycht lang be;
And for that caus as it micht rycht weill seme,
Ambassadouris he send thame till redeeme.
For thair ransoun conditioun thair wes maid, 42.240
And letteris writtin with seillis that war braid,
Subscryuit als with this king Stevynis hand;
That is to say, that all Northumberland
And Cumbria he sould frelie resing,
Into the handis of this David king. 42.245
With all the rycht that Ingland had thairto,
And neurir agane thairwith till haif ado;
Bot euirmoir of Scottis grund till be,
Without reclame of superioritie.
This beand done without ony reclame,
Thir presoneris ilkone passit hame.
This ilk king Stevin sone efter did repent,
And suddantlie he changit his intent,
Revoikand all befoir that he had done;
Thairfoir in haist rycht suddantlie and sone
Ane greit armie, with mony bow and brand,
He send that tyme into Northumberland.
Of thair cuming the Scottis weill that knew,
Waill fraklie than, suppois tha war rycht few,
Tha gatherit out at greit laser and list,
Thair ennimye that tyme for to resist,
And gaif thame feild rycht manlie on ane mure.
Sa few tha war tha mycht nocht lang induir
Into that feild agane sic multitude,
Zit neuirtheles into that stour tha stude,
Quhill that tha micht nocht weill ganestand that sturt.
Syne at the last with litill skaith and hurt,
Out of the feild in gude ordour tha fled
Onto ane strenth neirhand that tyme tha hed.
This beand done, syne etter da be\(^1\) da
With small battell, as my author did sa,
Richt oft tha met ilk vther till persew.
The Scottismen, suppois tha war bot few,
In all that tyme tha keipit weill thair awin,
And with thair fais wald nocht be ouirthrawin.
This king David quhen that he kend and knew
That it wes so, rycht sone for till reskew
Northumberland into that stait that stude,
Contractit hes ane richt grit multitude,
Ouir all Scotland that tyme that he micht be,
In that intent all on ane da to do,

\(^1\)In Ms. \textit{dulce}. 
Or to posses with fredome but ganestand,  
All Cumbria and eik Northumberland.  
In Zork thatair wes ane nobill bishop than,  
Onto his name that callit wes Turstan.  
To Roxburch to king Dauid come he,  
Trewis that tyme he tuke for monethis thre,  
And obleist wes to him thair be his hand,  
To leif in peax than all Northumberland  
To zounge Henrie thairof wes richteous air,  
And Inglismen no moir for to repair.  
This beand done as I haif said zow so,  
This nobill bishop tuke his leif till go,  
Qhither or nocht he wes thairof to blek,  
Off all he said come nothing till effect.  
Than king Dauid fra he sic falsheid knew,  
Richt suddanelie, his purpos till persew,  
Passit that tyme into Northumberland;  
Hys fais all befoir him that he fand,  
Richt cruellie withoutin ony reskew,  
At his plesour that tyme bayth tuke and slew.  
Quhen this king Stevin than hard that it wes so,  
Richt haistelie withoutin ony ho,  
With all the power that tyme he micht be,  
To Roxburgh richt haistelie come he.  
Richt sone agane for that same causand quhy,  
That his lordis wald nocht to him apply,  
Into Ingland he did agane retour,  
But his desire and with richt small honour.  
This beand done that I haifsaid zow heir,  
Sone efter syne into the secund zeeir,  
Richt nobill men betuix thame till mak peice,  
War richt solist to gar tha weiris ceis,  
And with greit treitie oft zeeid thame betuen,  
Of Sanct Androis, Glasgow and Abirdene,  
Thirth rebischopis, and of Scotland no mo,  
Of Canterberrie and of Zork also,
Thir tua bischopis bayth wyss and circumspect,
That weill culd bring sic mater till effect.
This ilk king Stevin byrand on that concord,
In Durhame lay with mony erle and lord;
Siclike king Davuid in the samin tyme,
In the New Castell standis vpoun Tyne,
With mony nobill gudlie to command,
Remanit thair quhill all thing tuke ane end.
And on this wyiss as I sall zow declair:
That king Davuid as to the richeous air,
His sone Malcome as zel sall wnderstand,
All Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland
Resigne to him, and he till wndertak
On to king Stevin obedience to mak
For tha landis, and nocht ellis to pa.
The landis als siclike of Cumbria
This king Davuid sould hald that tyme als fre,
Siclike befoir as tha war wont to be.
Quhen this wes done with all thair haill consent,
The king of Ingland passit hame to Kent;
Siclike king Davuid in the samin tyde,
To Carlill toun thair to remane and byde;
And biggit hes than round about the toun
New strang wallis befoir wer cassin doun.
The castell als, at greit lasar and lenth,
Reformit hes, with mony sindrie strenth
In Cumberland that tyme baith les and moir,
That faillit had rycht lang tyme of befoir.
Of this king Stevin that I haifsaid zow heir,
All this wes done into the first thre zair
Than of his ring, as my author did tell;
Syne efterwart quhat adventure befell
To this king Stevin syne efter the fourt zair,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell zow heir.
How Matildis the Empryce come in Ingland with greit power agane King Stevin, and of the lang stryfe that was betuix thame, and efter appoyntit and ageirit.

Mathild the empryce that wes lauchtfull air, And dochter als of Henrie Belliclair, Schort quhile befoir as 3e haif hard me sa, Weddit the erle of Antygauia

Godfride to name, als in that tyme wes he Vexit full soir with greit infirmitie. This ilk Matild sone efter on ane da, With greit power, as my author did sa, In Ingland come hir partie to persew, Thairof hir richtis gif scho mycht reskew; With help and fauvour, 3e sall wnderstand, Of tua lordis that tyme war in Ingland. Richt planelie than Mathildis part tha tuke, Quhair all the laif hir seruice haill forsuk, And with king Stevin and his auctoritie, Plane part tha tuke bayth for to leif and die. Richt lang thir tua at greit stryfe tha stude, With mort battell quhair spilt wes mekle blude, In all Ingland ouir all part far and neir, Continewallie the space of fourtene 3eir. That young Henry, richt plesand and preclair, To this Mathildis eldest sone and air, And to Godfride as 3e haif hard me sa, The nobill erle of Antygauia,

Qubilk of befoir that wes so young ane cheild, Wes cuming than to perfite aige and eild, And weddit wes than with ane ladie fair To Picardie and Turyn als wes air, Ane duches dochter of honour and fame, That Helenor wes callit to hir name.
This ilk Mathildis in tha samin dais
So causit him, as that my author sais,
To cum till hir with greit help and supple,
Qhilk come with him for greit affinitie
Of Helenor that wes his weddit wyfe.
The commoun weill of Ingland than belyfe
Had bene perturbit in the tyme rycht far,
Wer nocht wyiss men richt sane thairof wes war;
Qhilk causit thame agrie and to concord,
Of this same way gif that I richt record.
That this king Stevin, as my author sais,
Sall bruik the crown of Ingland all his dais;
Syne younge Henrie, as yhe ma efter reid,
Efter his tyme sould to the crown suceed.
And so it wes as I sall schaw zow heir,
In peax and rest lang efter mony zeiir,
Without discord of ony erthlie wycht,
At all plesour ilk man brukit his richt.

HOW HENRIE THE SONE OF KING DAVID DECEISSIT
AND WAS BUREIT IN THE ABBA OF CALCO,
AND OF KING DAVIDIS HIE DISIBLEOUR, AND
VEXIT IN HIS MYND FOR HIS ONLIE SONIS
DEPARTING, AND OF HIS WISDOME AND RES-
sONE AGANIS HIS DIPLEISOUR MAID TO HIS
LORDES.

Sone efter syne [that] wes done all this thing, 42,400
Henrie the sone of gude Dauid the king,
Of euerie wicht with greit weiping and wo,
He tuke his leif out of this lyfe till go.
Wes neuir poet zit with pen or inke,
Culd wrt or dyte, or zit with hart culd think, 42,405
The greit beleif of vertew but offence,
That euirilk man had of this plesand prince.
Off God Almichtie he had so greit ane grace,
Wes neuir man that saw him in the face,
Bot he him louithartlie fra the splene,
As he his brother or his sone had bene.
My pen wald tyre and eik my self wald irk,
My mynd also wald grow baith dull and dirk,
To occupie so lang ane tyme and space,
The greit vertew and mony spetiall grace,
That rang in him gif I suld now report.
Thairfoir as now, sen that the tyme is schort,
Heir will I leve and tell zow furth the laue.
Into Calco quhair he wes put in graue,
Than of oure Lord ane thousand zeir and tuo,
Ane hundreth fiftie and no zeiris mo,
In that same place intumulit wes he,
Quhilk sepulture remainis zit to se.
This nobill king that had na sonis mo,
No wonder wes suppois his hart wes wo,
And so it wes, suppois he buir it fair,
So sonne to lois his onlie sone and air,
To him alway so tender wes and deir,
Zit neuirtheles he changit not his cheir;
Sic vse of ressource in all his tyme hed he,
And dantit so his sensualitie,
To God and man, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Did neuir thing trowand thame till offend
In word or deid, quhairthrow that tyme that he
With vice or falt micht apprehendit be.
The lordis all of Scotland les and mair,
All come till him to keip him out of cair,
With play and sport, and consolatioun,
To keip him furth of disperatioun,
And causshis cair with confort to decres,
Quhilk helpis mekill in sic havines.
This nobill king, as my author recordis,
Richt tenderlie ressauit all his lordis,
THE BUlk OF THE

With blyth visage and countenance rycht kynd,
Suppois he wes sor vexit in his mynd.
Befoir thame all syne with ane voce so cleir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw 3ow heir:
" Lordis, beleue sic trubill and wnest
" Of syis," he said, "sic cumis for the best,
" Sen euirilk chance be greit God is ay gydit,
" Baith ill and gude at his plesour prouidit.
" Quhat man in erd hes sic auctoritie,
" So weill, so wyslie, can prouide as he?
" And sen his will so equale is and richt,
" In all this word wes neuir so wyss ane

" Of all his werkis that culd mend ane myte,
" Thocht mony fuill throw folie with him flyte.
" Sen euirilk thing, as it is richt weill knawin,
" Of proper det be resson is his awin,
" Bayth ill and gude this tyme vnder the lift,
" Syne lent [to] ws, and nocht frelie as gift
" In heretage ay with ws to remane.
" Syne quhen he list to haif his awin agane,
" He is ane fuill, I say thairfoir for me,
" Onto his God wald so wthankfull be,
" To hald fra him, other be bost or schoir,
" So thankfullie that he lent him befoir.
" Quha dois so I hald him for to blame;
" Forlane, tha sa, suld ay cum lauchand hame.
" And weill I wat all thing heir ws amang,
" Is lent be God, and I wait nocht how lang,
" At his plesour and at his awin fre will,
" And for na dett that he can aw ws till;
" Than ressoun wald I bid nocht for to lane,
" Quhen plesis him to haif his awin agane.

1 In MS. ane ane.
"Thair at no man sould any murmoir mak, " Na in his mynd sould no displesour tak. " Sum thing on force sen that sic thing man be, " Thairfoir," he said, "I hald it best for me, " For to be blyth, thair is no better mendis, " And ay thank God of all thing that he sendis. " This samin tyme," he said, "and so sall I " My sonis deid ressaue als thankfully, " As euir man [did] ony grace or gift " Gevin be God this da wnder the lift." 42,480

Siclike as this than on ane fair maneir, And mekle mair na I haif said 3ow heir, He said to thame, na I ma now report, For-quhy zeknaw my tyme is verrie short, And I haif mekill mater for till speid, 42,490

And of ane lang tarie had bot litill neid. Now to my purpos thairfoir I will pas, And tell 3ow furth the storie as it wes. Quhen he had said thir wordis all in feir, Ilk word by word as I haif said 3ow heir, 42,495

In forme and fect befoir as 3e haif red, The lordis all thairof greit ferlie hed Of his prudens and greit patiens also, Syne tuke thair leif and hamewart all did go, Withoutin stop ilk man to his awin steid. 42,500

The eldest sone of this Henrie wes deid, Malcome to name, ane prettie plesand page, Quhilk threttene zeir that tyme wes of aige, This king Davuid than maid with him till go, The erle of Fyffe, with mony vther mo, 42,505

Richt glaidlie than at the kings command, Ouir all the partis that tyme of Scotland, With greit triumph and of the kingis expence This zoun young Malcome ressauft as thair prince, Promittand than with haill auctoritie, 42,510

Efter his tyme thair king and prince to be.

VOL. II.
The second son of this Henrie also,
Callit Williame, that same tyme maid to go
In Huntlyngtoun, and eik Northumberland,
Quhair he ressauit mony aith and band,
Of all the nobillis into ane concord,
Him to ressauve as to their cheif and lord.
Sone after syn that all this thing wes done,
To Carlill toune he went him self rycht sone,
And with Matild his nevoy thair he met,
Quhair euirilkone rycht gudlie other gret,
His sister dochter to him wes so deir,
Wes empryce befoir as ze micht heir.
Hir sone Henrie scho brocht with hir alsua,
The erlis sone of Antigauia,
Apperand prince also of all Ingland,
Quhilk to king Dauid that tyme maid ane band,
That he suld bruik, ay as him awin self lest,
Northumberland in gude peax and in rest,
At his plesour, without stop or ganestand,
With Huntlyntoun and also Cumberland,
Lib.12,f.198.
Col.1.
And thair gaif ouir richt hardlie with gude will,
All kynd of richt that Ingland had thairtill.

How King Dauid maid Henrie his Nevoy Knicht, and how the said King Diuotlie and Godlie deceissit.

Into this tyme now that ze heir me sa,
With greit triumph in Carlill on ane da,
With ane gilt spur of burneist gold so brycht,
This ilk king Dauid maid zounge Henrie knycht.
Quhen this was done as I haif said zow so,
Ilk man tuke leif and hamewart than did go.
This king Dauid of quhome I schew zow heir,
Syne of his regnne the nyne and tuentie zeir,
Soir vexit wes with greit infirmitie,
That euerilk man knew weill that he wald de.
So knew himself, and for that samin quhy,
Into his bed that tymhe quhail he did ly,
The sacrament wald nocht lat to him bring,
He thocht he wes wnworthie to sic thing;
Betuix tua preistis with ryacht clene intent,
Led on his feit on to the kirk he went,
Diuotlie thair remanit quhill neir none,
On bayth his kneis syne quhen the mes [wes] done,
In hart contreiit with reuence and honour,
The blissit bodie of oure Saluiour,
Ryacht penitent into that samin place,
Ressauit hes to his greit gloir and grace.
This beand done syne hame agane wes hed,
And softlie syne laid doun into his bed;
Syne efterwart within ane litill space,
Befoir thame all into that samin place,
Quhair that he lay that tymhe in Godis bandis,
His spreit commendit into Christis handis,
The croce of Christ syne in his armes imbraist;
Quhen that wes done la still and gaif the gaist.
Vnsufficient I am in all my lywe,
His nobilines and vertu till discryve;
Sic thing till do difficill is to me,
Thairfoir as now heir will I lat it be;
And of the tuelt buik heir I mak ane end,
Loving to God that me sic grace hes send.

END OF VOL. II.
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