Rerum Britannicarum Medii Ævi 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He proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an Editio Princeps; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed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They expressed their approbation of the proposal that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no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.
How Malcolm efter the deceis of King Lib.13, f.198.
Dauid was crownit King, and of his prudence and chest lyfe, and of greit darth and hungar that fell in Scotland, and how the erle of Angus faucht with Symmerleid, Lord of Argyle, quha tynt the feild and fled.

Efter the deid of gude Dauid the king,
The sone of Henrie, Malcome richt benyng,
Prevenit wes as ze haif hard be deid,
Succedid syn into king Dauidis steid,
Ane prettie cheild of threttene zeiris of age.
Thocht he wes 30ung he wes of his curage,
As efterwart rycht weill sic thing did preve;
Quhairfoir ilk man of him had gude beleif,
Thocht he that tyme wes bot so 30ung ane cheild,
Throw greit vertu quhen that he come to eild,
As weill appeirit be his his prudence,
That he suld preue ane nobill king and prince.
And so it wes syne as my author sais,
Ane clene virgin he leuit all his dais,
Without corruptioun into thocht or deid,
Gif all be suith in my author I reid.
In his first year, as ye sall wnderstand,
Sic darth and hungar wes ouir all Scotland,
For falt of fude richt mony man and wyffe,
Baith young and ald, that tyme loisset the lyfe,
And mony one, that had aneuch befoir,
To pouertie wes put for euir moir.
The samin tyme now that ze heir me reid,
Lord of Argyle wes callit Symmerleid,
Knawand the king so far wes within zouth,
And he him self inclynit wes till stouth,
To reif and slauchter and to all mischeif,
In cumpany with mony commoun theif,
Of all the baronis la him neir about
Gret heirship maid, with mony cry and schout;
And mony one into the tyme he slew,
That schupe himself or guidis to reskew.
The lord of Angus of richt nobill fame,
That Gillecristus wes callit to his name,
With mony berne that wes baith bald and wicht,
Buskit for battell all in armour bricht,
This king Malcome hes furnesit for till go,
But ony baid, with mony vtheris mo,
Quhlck gaif ane feild syne to this Symmerleid,
Quhair mony berne richt baldlie tha gart bleid.
Tua thousand men of his that da tha slew,
And he himself than wist of na reskew,
Bot the few folk [that] in the tyme he led,
To saue him self than into Irland fled.
And so he hapnit throw sic chance and cace,
Ontane or slane to chaip out of that place.
The king of Ingland Stevin that tyme wes deid;
Henrie the secund rang into his steid,
The emprice sone, befoir as I zow schew.
Of this triumph quhen that he hard and knew
That king Malcolme of his fais wan,
So prysit wes with euerie wyfe and man,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

And so greit honour of him that tha spak,
Traistand thairof sic curage he suld tak,
Now into zouthheid quhen he wes ane cheild,
That efterwart syn e quhen he come to eild,
For Huntlyngtoun and eik Northumberland,
And Cumbria, as ze sall wnderstand,
No homage mak nor zit till him obey,
Bot dalie hald him in greit sturt and pley.
Thairfoir that tyme to king Malcome he send
In haist ane herald, quhilk till him did wend,
Commandand him, as I sallschawzowheir,
In Lundoun toun befoir him to compeir
Richt haistelie, without ony demand,
For Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland
Obedience thairfoir to maik him till;
And wald he nocht, in magir of his will,
Tha landis all that he sould lois for euir;
Cheis him, he said, quhilk of thame he had leuer.
This king Malcome that wes so zounge ane
cheild,
Quhilk scantlie than wes fourtene zeir of eild,
Suppois he wes of the imperiall blude,
And naturallie inclynit ay to gude,
Gentill and meik, large and liberall,
Zit nevrirtheles his wisdome wes bot small.
Semdill or nocht is sene, sa Christ me saue,
Sa zounge ane man greit wisdome for to haue.
Wisdome requyris dalie diligence,
With greit ingyne and lang experience,
Considerance, with greit subtillitie,
Quhilk in zouthheid nocht kyndlie is to be.
So wes this Malcome of Scotland that wes king,
Without wisdome, of zeiris wes so zing,
Siclike also as oft hapnis to be,
His counsall all than wer alszounge as he.
TheBulkOfThe

So is the natur bairth of puir and ryik,
As wysmen sayis, ay lyke drawis to lyke.
And so did he this Malcolme that wes king,
Applyit him to men that war ouir zeing.
Throw sic counsall as I haif said dow heir, 42,660
In Lundoun toun that tyme he did compeir,
Qubair that he micht, but ony skaith or blame,
Be commoun law remanit weil at hame;
For-quahey this Henrie as I schew befoir,
And als king Stevin, all clames les and moir 42,665
Of Huntlyngtoun and als Northumberland,
Frelie gaif ouir vnto king Dauidis hand:
Zit neuirtheles for perrell of moir pley,
That causit him that tyme for till obey.
Befoir king Henrie into Lundoun toun, 42,670
Comperit hes with protestatioun,
That his presens so far wes within aige,
Suld no wa hurt the richt and privulege
That he and his had to Northumberland,
To Huntlyngtoun and also Cumberland, 42,675
And for na det that he mycht at him craif,
Bot for kyndnes that he thair presens gaif.

How King Malcolme Passit with King Henrie
In France, aganis Lodovick, and seigit
the Toun of Tollos, and how the Scottis
Lordis war discontentit and efter misit,
and of the Weiris that fell betuix King
Henrie of Ingland and King Malcolme
of Scotland, for the Reskew of North-
umberland.

That samin tyme it hapnit vpone chance,
This ilk king Henrie passit into France,
With mony rynek that ryall wes and ryke,
In plane battell aganis Lodowyke
The king of France and saxyt wes of that name,
Agnis quhome he had so greit ane clame.
For moir effect his forwardtis to fulfill,
This king Malcolm full soir aganis his will,
Without ressoun, as he aucht nocht do so,
In France that tyme hes maid with him till go;
In that beleif withoutin variance,
To brek the band betuix Scotland and France.
Into that land ane lang tyme thair he la,
With countering and carmusche euirilk da;
To Tullois sone ane seig than set he,
Quhair he compellit king Malcome to be
In proper persones sair aganis his will,
Throw neid and force constrainit him thairtill.
Richt litill honour in that seig he wan,
For-quhy he loissit mony nobill man;
Aman the laue, as my author recordis,
He loissit thair tua worthless nobill lordis,
Ane hecht Williame, quhilk wes ane nobill
prence,
King Stevynnis sone erle of Bellomens,
Of Glocister the nobill erle also,
Callit Honan, and mony vther mo.
And quhen he saw that he culd nocht prevail
Off his purpous, bot ilk da maid to faill,
Come hame agane, but stop or zit ganestand,
To Lundoun toun and Malcombe to Scotland.
The lordis of Scotland all into tha dais
Convenit hes, as that my author sais,
In parliament befoir Malcombe the king,
Richt soir complaynt makand of all that thing;
Schawand the maner and the circumstance,
How he him self aganis the king of France
THE BUIK OF THE

Faillit so far, but ony caus or quhy,
Takand so plane part with his awin enmity
Aganis thair freind, as it mycht eith be sene,
So lang befoir to Scotland ay had bene.
This king Malcome suppos that he wes zing,
Wyslie agane he anserit to that thing,
And soberlie sayand agane thame till,
All that he did wes soir aganis his will,
Quhilk wes includit in his fais hand,
Brekand to him baith obliissand and band,
And of sic power wes that tyme for-thi,
That in that tyme he micht nocht him deny.
The lordis all quhen that tha hard that thing,
Considderit than that saikles wes the king;
That neid and force constranithim thairtill,
And weill tha wist it wes aganis his will,
And als on force that tyme in France wes led,
Qubahirfoir of him the moir patience tha hed.
Siclike in France to gude Lues the king,
He send to him and schew him all that thing;
Excusand him of all thing les and moir,
Schawand to him the caus quhy and quhair--
In forme and effect as ze haif hard ilk deill.
The quhilk king Lues hes considderit weil
Into the tyme and, for the samin quhy,
Remittit all thairfoir wes passit by.
This ilk king Henrie quhen he hard sic thing,
So soir accusit wes Malcome the king
With all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
For his passage with him in France befoir,
Content he wes of sic thing quhen he kend,
And suddantlie ane herald to him send,
Commandand him rycht sone incontinent
In Eborak, on to his parliament,
Befoir him self that he suld sone compeir:
And so he did as ze sall efter heir.
Quhair that he wes accusit in the tyme
With king Henrie of greit tressoun and cryme,
Quhilk fenzeit wes with all the circumstance,
Sayand with him quhen that he wes in France,
Throw greit tressoun that he committit than,
In tha weiris he loissit mony man.
Quhairfoir, he said, he mich[ ] weill wnderstand,
All Huntlyntoun and als Northumberland,
And Cumbria withoutin ony faill,
For that tressoun he had forfaltit haill:
Zeit neuertheles he said it suld nocht be
Done at that tyme with his auctoritie
Allanerlie, nor zeit at his command,
Bot be the counsall that tyme of Ingland,
That present war into that parliament.
Quhairtill richt sone tha gaif alhaill consent,
For na defence that king Malcome culd mak,
Thocht all wes resson in the tyme he spak,
It availlit nocht his power wes so smaw,
Thocht he alledgit mony sindrie law.
Than force it wes thair sentence to sustene,
Was no man thair that wald hime help or mene.
All1 this wes done, as ze sall wnderstand,
To caus the lordis that tyme of Scotland,
Gif all be trew I hard my author tell,
Agane thair king richt sone for to rebell.
For moir effect sic thing suld cum till hand,
Or he come hame befuir him in Scotland,
Ane haistie word ouir all the land gart spred,
That king Malcolm that tyme resignit hed,
Withoutin caus compelland him thairtill,
Tha landis all of fre motiue and will.

1 In MS. As.
Quhilk causit hes his lordis les and moir,  
At him ilkone to be aggreuit soir;  
Ane quiet counsell for that samin thing,  
Conspyrit hes that tyme agane thair king.  
Quhen he come hame syne efter on ane da,  
In Barth a toun quhair that king Malcome la,  
Then of Stratherne the nobill erle and lord,  
And mony vther I will nocht now record,  
Hard tell befoir how all that thing wes done,  
About the toun tha laid ane seig full sone,  
All in ane will and ane auctoritie,  
Of king Malcome for to revengit be,  
Into the tyme commouisit wes so soir,  
For the same caus that ze haif hard befoir.  
This king Malcome that wnderstude full sone,  
Be wrang relatioun all that thing wes done;  
Than sone to thame his innocence he schew,  
Wyss agit men the veritie thay knew,  
And suithfast men that tyme that said thame till,  
That all wes done richt soir aganis his will,  
Quhairfoir of him tha sould compassioun haif:  
And so tha did, lordis and all the laif  
Remittit hes all malice and dispyte,  
Quhen that thay knew thairof he had no wyte:  
Syne efter that ay than the nobill blude  
But ony pley at his opinioun stude.  
Syne king Malcome efter ane lytill we,  
Of king Henrie for to revengit be,  
For the greit falt that he maid him befoir,  
And for the landis also les and moir  
He held frs him withoutin caus or quhy,  
Proclamit hes than with ane oppin cry,  
Ouir all Scotland, richt suddantlie ilkone  
Suld reddie be with fourtie dais lone,  
To follow him quhair that he fuir of toun.  
And so tha did richt mony bald barroun,
Lang in that weir, as my author did sa,
At countering and carmusche euerie da,
On euerie syde, as ze sall wnderstand,
Grieit slauchter maid into Northumberland,
And mekhill blude on baith the sydis spilt,
In tha weiris that saikles wer but gilt.
And quhen tha knew, as it is rycht weill kend,
Of all weiris peax is the latter end,
And for that caus boith the parteis, but leis,
Hes set ane da quhair tha suld speik of peice,
Neir Carlill toun, quhair that the kingis met
At tyme and place quhair that the tryst wes set;
And on this wyiss concordit than wer tha,
That Huntlyngtoun and also Cumbria
This king Malcolme suld frelie haif agane;
Northumberland with king Henrie remane,
Bot ony clame of king Malcolme thairtill.
Qhillk wes full soir aganis his lordis will;
Zit neuirtheles rycht weill that tyme tha wist,
Without grieit skayth tha micht him nocht resist,
For ony way that tha culd mak thairtill;
Thairfoir as than tha gaif him all his will.
Thocht tha had at tham grieit malice for-thy,
Zit neuirtheles, for that same caus and quhy,
Dissimulit with him all his dais
In that mater, as that my author sais.
In this same tyme now that ze heir me sa,
Ane callit Angus, lord of Gallowa,
Carrik and Kyle, and Cuninghame also,
Perturbit hes, and vther landis mo,
With thift and reif, grieit slauchter and with fyre,
Rycht cruellie with grieit malice and yre.
With grieit power wes send him to resist
Ane nobill man wes callit Gillecrist,
Of Angus lord, befoir as ze mycht reid,
In plane battell quhilk vincust Symmerleid,
THE BUlk OF THE

Lord of Argyle, in Ireland that wes fled,
This Gillecrist in Gallowa him sped,
And twyss or thryis with this Angus straik feild,
On euerie syde richt mony man wes keild,
Syne vincust him in feild besyde ane firth.
This ilk Angus in Quhiterne than tuke girth,
Quhair he wes walknit all tym eyround about,
That be no way that tym he mycht wyn out.
Quhairfoir he come into the kingis will;
His eldest sone in pledge syne gaif him till;
Syne for his falt, as ze sall wnderstand,
He loissit hes ane greit part of his land,
Depryuit als of all his dignitie.
And quhen he saw that no better micht be,
All warldlie honour in the tym eyforsuik,
And on his corce religious habite tuik
In Halieruid hous, as my author sais,
Diuotlie thair remanit all his dais,
In the same will quhair that he first began,
And syne endit ane gude religious man.
Sone efter this, as ze sall wnderstand,
Ane hecht Godwyn into Murra land,
In Ross, in Buchane, and in Gariot,
Bayth reft and staw, and cuttit mony throt:
That tym ey in Mar and in the Mernis also,
Greit wrang he wrocht and vther landis mo.
The king Malcome quhen that he knew and kend
Sic wrang wes wrocht, on[to] him sone he send
Ane mesinger into the samyn tymey,
Commandand him, for his greit gilty and cryme,
Befoir the king to enter and thoill law.
This Godowyn that stude bot litill aw
Of king Malcolme, or his auctoritie,
That mesinger he hes hangit richt hie,
And all the laue that tyme, bayth gude and ill,  
Fra king Malcolme sic message brocht him till;  
Quhairat king Malcome, wes richt far com-
mute,  
Gude Gillecrist, the quhilk so weil wè sìte lute,  
In Murra send with greit power that tyme,  
To be revengit of Godvynis cryme.  
This Gillecrist, syne efter on ane da,  
In Murra land, as my author did sa,  
So hie he wes and full of arrogance,  
Throw negligence and greit misgouernance,  
With Goldowe vincust wes and chaist.  
Quhilk to the king wes schawin into haist,  
That with greit power efter on ane da,  
He come him self into Morauis,  
At Speyis mouth with this Goldowe met,  
And suddanelie syne maid ane greit onset,  
And stalwartlie on euery syde tha stude,  
Qhill mony berne la bulrand in thair blude,  
Syne as God wald [and] so all thing man be,  
This Goldowe wes maid that tyme to fle,  
Syne in that chase slane quhair that he fled,  
And all the laue siclike with him he hed.  
The quhilk to do the king than gaif command,  
And all the laue that duelt in Murraland,  
Nane sould be saif, bot all suld loisst the lyvis,  
Except ald men, barnis, and ald wywis.  
And so tha did with greit crudelitie,  
Till all vther exempill for till be,  
Agane thair king so oft for to rebell  
As tha haif done, befoir as ze hard tell.  
On euerie part of Scotland syne tha socht  
For husband men, syne in Murra thame brocht,  
And euerie man into his place hes plaist,  
In fault of laubour it suld nocht ly waist.
This beand done as ze haif hard of new, 42,925
This Symmerleid, of quhome befoir I schew, 42,926
Lord of Argyle, in Ireland that wes fled, 42,927
With all the power in that tyme he hed, 42,928
At the west se he enterit on ane da 42,929
Into Scotland out of Ybernia, 42,930
With all his power that tyme lees and moir, 42,931
And tynt the feild siclike as of befoir. 42,932
Syne at Renfrow, sic wes his chance and 42,933
grace, 42,934
Him self levand wes tane into the chace; 42,935
Syne etterwart, that mony man mycht se, 42,936
Vpone anegallous hangit wes richt hia. 42,937
Quhen all this thing wes passit and bygone, 42,938
King Malcome hed few fais than or none; 42,939
His purpois wes than for that samin quhy, 42,940
In tyme of peax for to mak policy, 42,941
And to reforme all faltis wer bigone. 42,942
Of his tua sisteris first he wald dispone; 42,943
Margaret the eldest, ze sall wnderstand, 42,944
To schir Florence, that erle wes of Holand, 42,945
In mariaige that samin tyme gaif he; 42,946
The secund sister in the same degrie, 42,947
On to the duke of Bertanze tha dais, 42,948
In matrimony, as that my author sais. 42,949
This beand done ane counsall syne wes set, 42,950
Quhair all his lordis thair togidder met, 42,951
All in ane purpois that tyme to prouyde, 42,952
The commorn weill how tha suld reull and gyde. 42,953
Ane nobill man of greit auctoritie, 42,954
Of Sanct Androis bishop that tyme wes he, 42,955
Ane faithfull father and of nobill fame, 42,956
Qhilk callit wes Arnaldus to his name, 42,957
Richt greit persuasioun in the tyme did mak 42,958
To king Malcombe, quhair mekle gude he spak 42,959
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Of marriage, of his or law degree
So good it was one wedded man to be.
This ilk Malcome, as that my author sais,
Ane virgin clene he leuit all his daies,
Without corruption ay of his bodie free;
Richt clene he was in purit virginitie.
And for that caus Arnald this nobill man
Persuadit him in all thing that he can,
Be the consent and counsell of the laue,
Of his bodie successioun for to haife,
To tak ane princes that might be his peer.
Sayand far moir than I will say 3ow heir,
That he had sene in mony sindrie storie,
Quhilk I haife nocht this tyme into memorie:
And thocht I hed, I thinkit litill speid
Now to my purpos forder to proceed.
Quhen he had said befoir thame all in plane,
Than king Malcome sic ansuer maid agane.
Sayand, sen he discretioun had thairtill,
For to decerne betuix gude and ill,
His mynd wes ay, and zit, he said, sulde be,
For to leif chest in purit verginitie.
Sen Christ, he said, as the scripture dois mene,
Ane virgin wes, and of ane virgin clene
Wes borne in, and als virginitie
Heir in this tyme grittie commendit he,
" Thairfoir," he said, "I think for to fulfill
" As I haife said, quha lykis weill or ill."
Quhen this ansuer wes hard with everie man
Into the tyme that present wes thair than,
Tha said no moir, or dreid it sulde him greve,
Bot laulie than ilk man hes tane his leve,
That present war that tyme les and moir,
Syne went all hame quhair tha come fra befoir.
Sone efter this Malcolme ane litill we,
Of Sanct Androis the kirk foundit he;
THE BUIK OF THE

Translatit it fra secular preistis syne
To channonis regularis of Sanct Augustyne;
And of Cowper the abba in tha dais
Foundit and feit, as that my authors sais.
This being done this worthie nobill king,
Into the tuelt zeir eftor of his ring,
And of oure Lord ane thousand zeir also,
Ane hundreth sextie and fyve zeiris mo,
Throw soir seiknes quhilk persit hes his hart,
His blissit saull did fra the bodie depart.
The quhilk bodie into Drumfermling,
With all honour pertenit to ane king,
Ingrauit wes than in ane sepulture;
With mad murning than to the erd him buir.

HOW WILLIAME, BROTHER TO KING MALCOLME,
wes CROWNIT KING EFTER HIM, AND OF HIS COMPERANCE BEFoir KING HENRIE OF INGLAND TUEICING NORTHUMBERLAND.

William his bruther, efter his deceis,
Ane plesand prince that all tyme louit peice,
With ane consent of eueriel lord ilkone,
Wes crownit king vpone the marbell stone.
Ane man he wes, alss far as I haiffeill,
In all his tyme ay for the commoun weill;
So full of justice and of equitie,
Thairfoir the Lyoun callit than wes he.
Sone eftor he ressauit had the croun,
Ane herald syne he send to Lundoun toun,
To king Henrie, asking him to restoir
Northumberland with fredome les and moir,
Quhilk he befoir without proces of lawis,
Fra Malcolme tuke but ony quhy or caus,
Quhairfoir he aucht it to restoir agane.
Quhen this wes said, king [Henrie] than rycht plane
Sic ansuer maid as I sall schaw zow heir:
Bad him that tyme in Lundoun to compeir
Befoir himself withoutin ony demand,
For Huntlyngtoun and also Cumberland
Obediens thairfoir to mak him to,
Siclyke befoir as wont wes for till do.
That beand done he suld weill wnderstand
Ament the richtis of Northumberland,
All clame or richt that he culd haif thairtill,
That ressoun war, he suld thame all fulfill.
Quhen this ansuer to king William wes tald,
Without dilay no langar leindhewald;
With mony nobill that wes of renoun,
Befoir king Henrie into Lundoun toun,
Comperit hes richt haistelie and sone,
And did till him that aucht for to be done
For Huntlyntoun and als for Cumberland;
Desyrand syne at him Northumberland,
As he that had richt just titill thairtill,
As promittit wes be him for to fulfill.
This ilk king Henrie that tyme for ane trane,
To king William sic ansuer maid agane,
Sayand tha war in congregatione
Of his lordis annexit to the croun;
And sen sic thing with thair consent and will
Wes wrocht, he said, he mycht do nocht thairtill,
Without it war with all thair hail consent,
Agane retreitit in the parliament.
Thair he said sone, quhen efter that he ma,
Tha suld convene togidder on ane da,
Quhen he had lasar as fast as he mycht,
Quhair he suld haif all that he aucht of rycht.
He micht nocht tarie in that tyme for-thi
His purpois wes to pas in Normondy,
For greit mater thair that he had till do,
Requyring him for to pas with him to.

**How King William passit in Normondy, and puneist Men Murderaris and wickit Levaris quhen he come Hame in Scotland, and of greit Weiris and Skaith in Northumberland on baith the Syidis be Inglismen and Scottismen.**

This king William that michthim nocht gane stand,
Into the tyme quhairfoir at his command
In Normondy he passit with him hidder,
Thir tua kingis with greit triumph togidder;
And thair ane lang tyme that tha did remane,
But ony word of hame cuming agane,
Na to king William nothing les no moir
Wes done of all promist wes maid befoir.
Quhairfoir king William efter on ane da,
His leif he tuke for to pas his wa;
Suppois it wes with greit difficultie,
It neirtheles sic leif that tyme gat he.
Sone efter syne, without stop or ganestand,
Baith haill and feir come hame into Scotland,
Quhair mony theif and revar in the tyme,
Of throt-cutteris and all sic cursit cryme,
And murderaris of leill men be the way,
Abundant wer into that samin day.

This king William greit diligence hes done,
Quhill all sic cryme he clengit hes full sone;
Or he wald sober in that tyme and ceis,
He maid all Scotland for to leif in peica.

\* In MS. *all all.*
As zehaifhard all things be and done,
To king Henrie he send agane full sone,
Askand at him, siclike as of befoir,
Northumberland agane to him restoir,
Be his promit schort quhile befoir ago.
This king Henrie quhen he considderit so,
Than force it wes to fulfill his desyre,
Or to sustene greit malice and his yre
In plane battell, quhilk he wes laith till do,
Thairfoir sic anwer he maid him to;
That he agane resigne sould in his hand
Alhaill the boundis of Northumberland,
That his foirgudschir king Malcome Canmoir
In his possessione brukit of befoir.
The quhilk king Williame glaidlie did ressaue,
Sayand the richt that he had to the laue,
That be no way for that he wald remit,
Schortlie that tymhe he did him weill to wit.
This ilk king Henrie syne after richt sone
Repentit he that he sic thing had done;
With secreit counsall thairfoir than he wrocht,
For to perturb king Williame and he mocht,
Perswadit hes richt mony wer duelland
Within his boundis of Northumberland,
Vpone the Scottis on thair bordour syde,
Ilk da be da in plane heirschip to ryde;
And tak all guidis tha mycht les and moir,
And neuir ane stirk agane thame to restoir.
All this wes done in to the samin effect,
To caus king Williame trewis for to brek,
That he micht fynd ane just titill belyve,
Of all the landis him for to depryve.
Sone efter syne in previe and in plane,
Tuke mekill gude and nothing come agane;
And for na wardane other les and moir,
Of all that gude wald nocht agane restoir;
And of thair reif and ryding wald nocht rest,  
Bot mair and mair ilk da tha war oprest;  
And no remeid tha culd get of that thing.  
Quhill it wes schawin to gude Williame the king.  
Quhill to the Scottis that tyme gaif command,  
Remanand war into Northumberland,  
And all the laif vpoun the bordour syde,  
With haill power in Ingland for to ryde,  
And haisteele revenge thame of thair skaith.  
And so tha did with fyre and blude than  
bayth,  
Ouir all the bordour of Ingland so braid,  
Baith tuik and slew, and rycht greit heirschip maid.  
Becaus it wes so lait than of the zeir,  
Also the sessoun drawand wes so neir,  
That men suld wyn baith thair corne and hay,  
Thairfoir as than tha thocht best to delay  
Farder to pas, and of thair purpois blin,  
Quhill efterwart that thair cornis war wyn.  
And so tha did as it wes rycht weill knawin,  
Passit all hame for to defend thair awin,  
Till efterwart quhill thair mair lasar hed,  
Tha war content that tyme as tha had sped.  
Syne efterwart quhen thair laubour wes done,  
All winter ouir with licht of sone and mone  
Baith brint and slew, rycht mony slew and  
chaist,  
Quhill [all] the bordour of Ingland la waist.  
In symmer syne quhen fair flouris will spred,  
This king Williame with all power he hed,  
Quhilk gydit wes with mony lord and knycht  
Bodin for battell all in armour bricht,  
In that purpois richt pertlie to persew,  
Northumberland agane for to reskew.  
Gude Gillecrist, of Angus that wes lord,  
Quhome of befoir 3e hard me oft record,
Quhilk in his tyme that helpit oft in mister,
And weddit had also the kingis sister,
Als with his fais greitlie ay wes dred,
At his gyding the vangard than he hed.
Ane greit nobill neir of the kingis blude,
Callit Rannald, that wes ane man of gude,
The secund wyng vpone the tother syde,
The nobill king gaif this Rannald to gyde.
The middill ward he tuke him self on hand,
Syne enterit sone into Northumberland;
So greit power with him that tyme he hed,
That all the pepill far fra him than fled.
The king of Ingland callit wes Henrie,
Remanand wes that tyme in Normondie,
Qhahirfoir of Ingland that tyme les and moir,
The pepill all king Williames red rycht soir,
And of his cuming quhen tha knew and wist,
Gatherit richt sone his power to resist,
Ouir all Ingland that tyme bayth far and neir.
And quhen tha saw thair power wes no peir
Till his power in ordour and in strentch,
Than to postpone the battell to moir lenth,
That thae mycht haif moir lasar tyme and space,
For to convene togidder in ane place,
Tha soucht king William with ane subtill wyle,
With giftis grit gif thae mycht him begyle.
Syne send to him ane herald that did proffer
Gold infinit in kistis and in coffer,
For to ressaeue at set place and at da,
Out of thae boundis for to pas his wa.
Quhen this herald had schawin thair his will,
This king Williames sic ansuer maid him till;
Sayand, for gold, as it suld rycht weill pruif,
His mynd wes nocht sic battell for to muif;

\footnote{In MS. Malcome.}
No zit, he said, as weill wait mony man, 43,186
It wes nocht he tha weiris first began.
His will wes nocht bot to debait his richt, 43,188
Quhilk tha, he said, with greit falsheid and slicht,
Gart brek the peax the weiris to begin.
" And quhen ze se na vantage thair to win,
" Bot mair and mair greit danger, skayth and
lak,
" Now ar ze fane sic men[d]is for to mak.
" Zeit neuirtheles," he said, " ze sall find me
" Into this case nothing cruell to be,
" So that tha will all dampange les and moir,
" Redres agane that tha haif tane befoir,
" And frelie syne, without stop or ganestand,
" Resigne agane ouir all Northumberland.
" This beand done, withoutin ony leis,
" Of me ze sall haif baith fauour and peace :
" Se to thame self gif tha will nocht do so."
With this anser he tuke his leif to go,
No langar thair as than he wald remane,
Syne to the lordis passit hame agane,
And all his anser did to thame rehers,
Ilk word be word as I haif put in verss,
And all his credencericht so to thame schew.
The lordis all weill be his anser knew
He wald nocht stop of his malice and yre,
Col. 2.
Qhill he of thame had gottin his desyre,
As [he] befoir proponit had thame till.
The quhilk that tyne tha doucht nocht to fulfill.
Also thairto perfitlie than tha1 wist
His greit power tha micht nocht weill resist,
Thair king being that tyne in Normondy.
Ane counsall maid than for that samin quhy,

1 In MS. he.
Quhairinth a fall and substill wyle,
How that thowould this king William begyle;
And how it wes tak tent and ze sall heir.
To him thae send that tyme aye messingeir,
Promittand him quhat that he list to haue,
Quhat euir it wes at his plesour to craue.
All his desir that he had to thame schawin,
Bot ask and haif, for all suld be his awin;
And mekill moir nor euir wes on the mold,
As men wald sa, greit montanis of fyne gold;
Beseikand him to hurt thame in nothing,
Quhill thae agane gat ansuer fra the king,
Than suld he haif all his desir but lane.
Oft syis fair hechtis makis fuillis fane;
So did it him that tyme throw thair dissait,
And all his wisdome come him syne to lait;
All this thay dyd hydand the veritie,
Quhill efterwart that thay tyme mycht se.
This king William giffand sic traist thairtill,
Into his camp richt quietlie la still;
Farder ane fit that tyme he wald nocht steir,
Traistand richt sone gude tydenis to heir;
He thocht him self sicker out of any dreid,
To watche and walk trawand thair\(^1\) wes na neid.
The Inglismen seand that it wes so,
Richt quietlie thay dressit thame till go
Toward his oist wnder scilence of nycht,
Onwittand than of any Scottis wicht.
Than equallie diuydit hes thair men
In tua partis, the ane half in ane glen
Richt clois wes laid, ane counter for to mak,
Ane signe wes maid behind the Scottis bak.
The tother half, sone as the da wes licht,
Tha gart apeir into the Scottis sicht,

\(^1\) In MS. that.
In gude ordour with mony pymsall proude,
And schalmes schill with bugillis blawand loude.
Quhen bayth the feildis reddeillis blawand june,
Gaif thame command all1 for to fle rycht sone
In gude ordour onto the same effect,
To caus the Scottis out of ordour brek,
For fercenes than to follow on the chace:
Rycht weill tha knew it was thair commoun cace.
And so it wes as ze sall wnderstand,
As tha diuysit efter come till hand.
And of thair oistis sone efter the da,
Neir by the place quhair that king William la,
Apperit pertlie thair into his sicht,
With helmis cleir and mony basnet brycht;
With speir and lance weill schrowdit wnder scheild,
In gude array evin reddeill for the feild.
Quhome of the Scottis at the first luke
Astoneist war, and richt greit terour tuke,
To se thame thair with so greit bost and schoir,
Heirand no word of sic thing of befoir,
Trowand alway tha had bene traist and trew.  
Thairby richt weill thair wnderstude and knew,
That thair fair hechtis befoir that maid thame fane,
Translateit wes in sic ane subtill trane.
Thairoir in hy with all the haist tha ma,
Out of the tentis that tyme quhair thae la,
Richt mony wy that waponis weill culd weild,
Fordwart than furth thairfuir to gif thame feild.
And as tha war reddie than for to june,
The Inglismen richt suddantlie and sune
Turnit thair bak out of the feild, and fled
In gude ordour with all the speid thae hed.
The Scottis, so it hapnit vpoun cace,
Without ordour fast followit on the chace,

1 In MS. and all.
And left thair king but ony but or beild,
With few feiris remanand in the feild.
The Inglismen that la into the slak,
Quhen it wes so, come in behind thair bak
In gude array with mony pynsall proude,
Rycht suddantlie with mony schout full loude.
Qubahrof greit terrou in the tyme did tak
The Scottis all, seand behind thair bak
So braid ane battell cumand neirhand by,
Behind thair bak with mony schout and cry.
The Inglismen, that fled fra thame befoir,
Turmit agane with mekill bost and schoir,
Rycht suddantlie quhen tha saw sic supple;
The Scottis all tuke puropois than to fle,
Befoir thair face seand so greit ane rout,
Behind thair bak heirand so mony schout.
Qubahrof that tyme richt mony men of gude
Fled to the king middis the feild that stude,
And all the laif quhilk war out of array,
Tha left the feild and fled out of the fray.
This king Williame efter his folk war fled,
With the small power in the tyme he hed,
On euerie syde with his fa sett about,
Weill wist he¹ nocht quhair than he suld wyn out.
Ane lang quhile so at his defence he stude
Rycht manfullie agane that multitude,
Qubahoir mony sutheroun in that tyme wer keild,
Quhill [he] on force wes tane syne in the feild.
Syne all the laif that tyme with him he hed,
Seand him tane out of the feild tha fled,
With litill skayth suppois tha war bot few,
Syne till ane strenth wes neirhand by tha drew.
So beand done as I haif said all thing,
In Normondy tha hed Williame the king

¹In MS. he wist he.
To king Henrie, quhair he did lang remane,
Quhill efterwart till he come hame agane.
The Inglismen haifand sic victorie,

So proude tha war than for the samin quhy,
With all thair power pertlie did persew,
Gif tha agane mycht Cumberland reskew.
Gude Gillechrist of Angus that wes lord,
And als Rannald of quhome I did record,
With mony freik agane thame maid defence,

Thir worthie men, that wer bayth wyss and wycht,
Rycht manfullie debaittit all thair richt,
Quhill all tha weiris cuning war and gane;
Syne at the last betuix thame trewis wes tane.

On this maner as I sall to 3ow sa:
That Huntlyngtoun and also Cumbria
Scotland sall haif without ony demand;
Ingland siclike alhaill Northumberland,

Ay and quhill that this king William be
Deliuerit furth of his captiuitie.
Ane thousand zeir and ane hundreth also,
Sextie and four withoutin zeiris mo,

Of Christ Jesu, that done wes all this thing.
And the nynt zeir of this king Williams ring.

Col. 2. In Cantirberrie, as all the world knawis,
Ane halie bispoch wes, as my author schawis,
In all his tyme withoutin cryme or blame,
Quhilk callit wes Thomas to his name,
The kirk of Christ did in his tyme decoir;
Quhilk flemit wes with king Henrie befoir,
The libertie becaus he did defend

Of halie kirk, as it is rycht weill kend.

In Ms. Cantirberie.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Befoir the tyme the space than of tua þeir,
That this wes done, as I haif said þow heir,
At the requeist than of the paip of Rome,
Hecht Alexander, gif I richt presume,
And Lues als, the nobill king of France,
Also Philip gudlie till advance,
The nobill erle of Flanderis in his dais,
At thair requeist than, as my author sais,
This halie bishop, laulie and benyng,
Ressautit wes in Ingland with the king.
Thocht he forgaif him with his word outwart,
3it neuirtheles richt clois in to his hart
It stak full still als het at ony fyre,
Lurkand full law with greit malice and ire,
Of this bishop the greit stabilitie
In the defence of richt and libertie
Of halie kirk, the quhilk he did defend.
Quhairfoir this king, as it wes rycht weill kendi,
Foure of his men most honest and preclair,
Into that tyme wer most familiair,
William Bretone on of the he was,
Hugo Morvill and Regenald Fetas,
William Tracie the ferd of thame wes he,
Send fra this king full of crudelitie,
Of this bishop for to revenge his yre.
Thir foure feiris, as het as ony fyre,

HOW KING HENRIE OF INGLAND CAUSIT SLAY
THOMAS, BISCHOPE OF CANTURBERRIE, AND
DENYIT QUHEN HE HAD DONE.

In Cantirberrie of þule the fyft da,
Into the kirk, as my author did sa,
This ilk bishop, of quhome befoir I schew,
At the hie altar cruellie tha slew.
THE BUIK OF THE

Quhilk 1 afterwart this cruell king Henrie Baith men and deid richt faslie did deny. In Rowane syne, after the secund zeir That this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir, Into the kirk, gif that I richt presume, Qubah present war tua cardinallis of Rome, Also of vtheris ane greit multitude, Into the tyme neirby thame thair that stude, Befoir thame all this king his God forsuke, And swoir also vpoun the evangell buik, That he wes saikles of this bischopis deid. Sone efter [that] forthocht and socht remeid, The stang of conscience broddit him so soir, That he forthocht all that he did befoir; 43,395 Syne sark allane, for mair mereit and meid, And barfeit als to Canterberrie zeid, Befoir his graif, or than my author leis, Richt humblie thair sittand on his kneis, In that same place quhair that his blude wes spilt, Greit tand for grace, confessit all his gilt. This ilk bischepe, as halie kirk now grantis, Rycht hie in heven is numberit amang the sanctis, And for ane martir also haldin is he Be halie kirk quhilk hes auctoritie. 43,405 Quha list of him to heir now ony mair, Gang luke his legend, tha will find all thair The nobill werkis in his tyme he did, And ilk miracle efter sensyne he kid. Richt lange sum [wer] to me to tell for-thi, Thairfoir as now I lat thame all go by; Sic to reherss I will noctht heir remane, Now to my purpos pas I will agane.

1 In MS. Quhilk.
So beand done as I haif said sic thing,  
Dauird the bruther of Williame wes ouir king,  
Qhilk erle that wes than, as my author sais,  
Of Lewcester in tha samin dais,  
Of king Henrie had sic auctoritie,  
Qhaire euir he zeid with him thair wes he,  
Qhilk leif of him obtenit but demand,  
That samin tyme to cum into Scotland,  
Into the absence of Williame his bruther,  
As he that wes narrest of ony vther,  
Into his steid to haif auctoritie,  
To reule and gyde and gouernour to be.

**How Dauird, Bruther to King Williame, Come in Scotland and Wes Governour in Absence of His Bruther, Quha Rewlit the Cuntreat Rest, and How Thaise Andane Ambassadour For to Redeeme and Bring Hame King Williame.**

Qhilk in Scotland resauit wes rycht weill,  
In all his tyme, as far as I haif feill,  
Plesit the pepill ay with equitie,  
In ilk mater so trew and just wes he,  
Qhen to gude poynt than put wes euerie thing,  
With haill consent for to redeeme thair king,  
Ane ambaxat¹ send into Normondy  
Of nobill men onto this king Henrie:  
Thair principall, as that my author sais,  
Wes ane hecht Richard, bishop in tha dais  
Of Sanct Androis; ane nobill man wes he,  
And all his tyme of greit auctoritie.

¹ In MS. greit bishop.
Thir nobill men of quhome to zow I spak,
With king Henrie his ransoun thair did mak;
On this same wyiss accordit than war tha:
Ane hundreth thousand pundis for to pa
Of stirling money, quhairof in his hand
Sum pairt suld haif, and for the laue ane pand
Quhill all the laif in handis war laid doun;
Northumberland and also Huntlyngtoun,
And Cumbria, withoutin pley or pleid;
And als to sueir, for favouir or for feid,
Neuir to reuoik the handis that war maid,
Na for na landis Ingland to invaid,
For ony feid that efterwart micht be.
Of all that thing for mair securitie,
Or dreid tha suld sum falt efter alledge,
Four strang castellis tha suld gif into pledge,
Beruik, Roxburch, neirby the bordour stude,
Stirling, Edinburch; syne, schortlie to conclude,
Deluierit wes king William by his name,
With his lordis in Scotland syne come hame.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Ane callit Fergus, lord of Gallowa,
Ane sone he had callit Gilbert to name;
In that same tyme that king William come hame,
I can nochttell zow richt weill gif I lie,
Quhat wes the quhy thairfoirspeir nocht at me,
He wes so hardie for to tak on hand,
He held him self for king than of Scotland;
And euerieman than, baith be land and se,
Assistit nocht to his auctoritie,
He leit thame leve bot into litill eis,
With all thair power that wald nocht him pleis.
All brokin men that hereit, reft and staw,
And murdereris that mycht nocht byde the law,
And sueir swyngeouris that haue [na] will to wirk,
Oppressouris als of God and halie kirk,
That durst nocht cum befoir ane equall judge,
To him tha drew for succour and refuge:
Vnnumerabill that mycht nocht weill be tald,
Qhilk better war to hang no for to hald.
His one bruther that wes wyiss and bening,
Becaus he him repreiit of sic thing,
This fals tirrane, throw cruell yre and tene,
Dispytfullie gart put out bayth his ene;
And baith his handis gart stryke him fro,
Syne gaif him leve quhaireuir he list to go.
Ilk da be da he wrocht sa mekle wrang
That he mycht nocht be sufferit weill so lang.
Gude Gillecrist, of quhome 3e hard befoir
In mony feild wan greit honour and gloir,
With greit power wes maid that tyme to pas
Agane Gilbert in Galloway that wes,
Quhair baith thair power sone togidder met;
With brandis brycht ilkone at vther bet,
Quhilk mony freik wes fellit thair on force,
And mony kene man keillit throw the cors.
This Gilbertis men richt werie all forbid,
Tha take the flicht out of the feild and fled
Vp and doun to mony sindrie place;
Gude Gillerist fast efter maid ane chace,
And in the fleing thair wes far ma slane
No in the feild quhair tha faucht on the plane.
This ilk Gilbert into the samin qubile,
To saue himself he fled to Mona Yle,
Sone efter syne into Ybernia,
Thair to remane, as my author did sa.
No moir of this; for heir I think to tell
Of adventure that etterwart befell.
THE BUIK OF THE

OFF ANE CARDINALE THAT\(^1\) COME TO REFORME
THE KIRKIS OF INGLAND AND SCOTLAND OUT
OF ROME.

The second yeir efter as I presume,
Ane cardinall that tyme wes send fra Rome,
Into ilk land with haill power in plane
The kirk of Christ for to reforme agane;
And Scotland als fra faltis les and moir,
Gif ony war committit of befoir.
In Ingland syne quhen endit wes and done
His legacie, he summonid efter sune

Col. 1.

Of all Scotland the prelattis les and moir,
In proper persoun to cum him befoir.
At Northamptoun qhailr that the place wes set,
In that counsall togidder all tha met,
Ilk da be da with greit wisdome tha wrocht,
Quhill all thair mater till ane end wes brocht.
Quhen all wes done, as I haifsaid but lane
This cardinall proponit into plane
The bischopis all of Scotland for to mak,
To the bischope that tyme of Eborak,
Obediens, and ay fra that furth he
Of thame to haif the haill auctoritie.
For-quhy in Scotland, as my author sais,
No archibishop thair wes into thla dais;
And for that caus it semit weill, said he,
All wnder him as suffragans to be;
Gif hapnit sua, as oft syis sua hes benc
Actioun or pley be movit thame betuene,
Moir esie war to thame intil all tyde,
Sic materis all richt sone for to decyde

\(^1\) In MS. that that.
Befoir this bischop into Eborak
No into Rome, quhair tha behouit mak
Sumpteouse expenss and grit travell thairto,
In Eborak war nocht neidfull to do;
And lang persuasioun maid thame in that thing,
To his purpois gif that he culd thame bring;
For his opiionioun alledgand mony law,
That is nocht neidfull at this tyme to schaw.
Ane Scottis clerk, that callit wes Gilbert,
In all science richt cuning and expert
Of ony vther in his tyme wes kend,
To that counsall fra king William wes send,
To heir and se that tha did no injure
To him or his than other riche or puir,
Sic anserue maid withoutin ony mair
Befoir thame all that wes present than thair:
" Forsuith," he said, "as ze sall vnderstand,
Sen that the fayth come first into Scotland,
The kirk of Scotland ay sensyne wes fre,
Within our self haifland auctoritie;
Quhame be all faltis hes bene ay correctit,
And to nane zit wes euir subjectit
Except the paip, withoutin ony pley,
Christis vicar quhame to we suld obey.
Unconsonand is to the veritie
To do to ws so greit inormitie,
That ze pretend now in this tyme till ws,
The quhilk of ressoun we ma weill refus.
To fortifie thairfoir," he said, "this thing
That I haif said in the name of our king,
Heir I protest, quhat ze sa or alledged
That hurt nocht him nor zit our priuledge."
This ilk Gilbert, of quhome I schew ȝow heir,
Within les space efter nor thre ȝeir,
Bischop of Caitnes consecrat wes he,
And had thairof the haill auctoritie.
Of sanctitude the quhilk that did exceid
Into his tyme all vther as we reid,
Quhilk now in gloir into the hevin so hie,
Amang the sanctis numberit now is he.
Neirby this tyme now that ȝe heir me mene,
In Albion greit wonderis than wes sene.

At midsomer, as my author did tell,
Of hailstanis ane felloun schour that fell;
Quhilk stonis war of so greit quantitie,
Bayth man and beist, bot gif my author lie,
Beand thairout als lang as it did lest,
Throw violence of that schour wer oprest.
Of September efter that this wes done,
In the idus neirby the hour of none,
Of tua houris the space it did induir,
The sone it wes als mirk\(^1\) and als obscur,
Bayth blak and dym withoutin ony lycht,
As it had bene about the mirk midnycht.
Withoutin clippis this adventure befell;
Quhat wes the caus wes no man than culd tell.
Of Eborakall in the dyocie,
So aufull thunder fell doun fra the sky,
And fyre-flaucht als, as my author did sa,
The quhilk distroyit mony fair abba,
Into that tyme without ony refuge:
Quhat wes the caus I leif to ȝow till judge.

\(^1\) In MS. meik.
How King Williame Foundit and Felt the Abbey of Abirbrothok, and His Mother the Abbey of Haddingtoun.

This king Williame into tha samin dais Foundit and felt, as that my author sais, The fair abba of sic auctoritie, Of Arbroth standand neirby the se: And Sanct Thomas, of quhome befoir I spak, Of that abba the patrone he did mak; Quhome with befoir into his lyfe had he Quentance and greit familiaritie. The quhilk abba ay sensyne hes bene Of greit honour, as zit ma weill be sene. This samin zeir this king Williamis mother, Gude Adama, quhilk did exceid all vther Of perfectioun, as my author did sa, Of Haddington quhilk foundit that abba, Aganis deid that had no strenth to stryve, Departit hes out of this present lyve. Neirby this tyme, gif that I rycht presume, This king Williame ambaxat send to Rome Ane faythfull father withoutin ony cryme, Quhilk bischop wes of Sanct Androis that tyme, That callit wes Joannes to his name; And Regenald of greit honour and fame, Ane man that tymie of greit auctoritie, Of Arbroth the first abbot wes he; On to the paip, as tha war wont till do, Obediens than for to mak him to. Paip Alexander, thrid wes of that name, Thir tua prelatis of greit honour and fame Ressanuit hes with all humanitie, Of thair cuming so blyth that tyme wes he,
For the greit wirship, honour, laud and gloir
Of king William that ȝe hard speik befoir.
Ane rois of gold rycht gudlie to commend,
To king William with thame agane he send,
Of balsamon fullillet and repleit,
Semlie sauour and als of odour sweit;
To represent ane greit taikin and sing
Of singular love that he had to that king.

Neir by this tyme that ȝe heir me record,
Gude Gillechrist, of Angus that wes lord,
His weddit wyfe suspectit so hes he
In to that tyme of greit adulterie,
Out of his hous he gart hir sone be hed,
And fra his hous bayth of burd and bed.
Judge ȝe or nocht gif that he did hir wrang.
Sone efter that than he maid hir to hang
In till ane place, efter ane littill we,
Callit the Manis standand neir Dundie.
This king William thatairof wes nocht content,
Quhen that he hard his sister so wes schent;
With greit power come in the tyme and nocht:
This Gillecrist, bot ȝit he fand him nocht:
Quhairfoir that tyme with greit crudelitie,
In to his ire and furiositie,
His fair castell biggit of stone and lyme,
Law to the grund gart cast it doun that tyme:
Confiscat syne baith his cattell and corne,
Him self also he hes put to the horne.
Sone efter this now that ȝe heir me mene,
King Williams wyfe, of Scotland that wes quene,
In to this lyfe that micht no langar lest,
Departit hes and passit to hir rest.
For caus my authour schew it nocht to me,
I can nocht tell this tyme bot gif I lie
Quhat wes hir name or quhat scho wes, thairfоir
Of hir this tyme now I will speik no moir.
Efter all this that I haifsaid 3ow heir,
It hapnit so in to the samen zeir,
At the reuest than of ane nobill man,
Bishop of Durhame in the tyme wes than,
The quhilk Hugo to name callit wes he,
Ane man all tyme of greit auctoritie,
This king Henrie, of quhome I spak befoir,
To king William agane he gart restoir
The Madin Castell, as my author sais,
Now Edinburgh is callit in thir dais.
This samen tyme ane ladie of greit fame,
Qhilk Emanagard wes callit to birk name,
The dochter barne of William Bastard king,
The first of Normanis in Ingland did ring,
The erlis dochter also of Muntbell,
This king William, as my author did tell,
That samen tyme he weddit to his wyfe,
In joy and peax quhome with he led his lyfe.
That samen tyme this king Henrie and he
Greit bandis maid throw that affinitie;
And sic ane law tha maid amang the laue,
That nane of thame within thame self ressaue
Of fugatouris other ald or young,
That rebell war or exul to the king.
This Gillecrist of quhome befoir 3e reid,
Furth of Scotland in Ingland that wes fled,
Of tha lawis fra tyme that he hard tell,
 Into Ingland no langar than durst duell.
In vyile habit as that himself deyuysit,
With his tua sonis that tyme disagysit,
Of Ingland for dreed of skayth and blame,
Rycht quyettie in Scotland syne come hame.
Far\(^1\) out of sicht he held himself wnschawin
In wildernes quhair he wes lang wnknavin,
Withoutin fude, quhilk wes the moir pitie,
Bot cald water and frute grew on the tre.
Meit or drink no vther than he hed;
With his tua sonis lang tyme so wes fed.
In his distres I lat him heir remane,
And to my purpois turne I will agane.
In this same tyme now that ze heir me tell,
In Affrica greit harmes than befell:
King Saladyn, ane wickit infidell,
Perturbit hes thairof the commoun weill,
With greit distrucutioun in the Halie Land
Of Cristen men that tyme wer thair duelland:
Jerusalem hes seigit alss and wan,
Quhair he distroyit mony Cristane man;
Judea als and Palistyne also,
Seigit and wan with mony townis mo,
That Cristen men inhabite in tha dais;
Quhome of neuir ane, as that my author sais,
He left levand, without ony remeid
Like vyle serpents he hait thame to the deid.
King Guedo als, quhilk in ane feild wes tone,
And gude Rannald with vtheris mony one
Of thir princes, with yre and greit dispyte,
To satisfie his cruell appetyte,
That bludie bouchour with ane birneist brand,
Thir princes baith bernit with his awin hand.
And of fit men threttiethousand also,
Sidlike of horsmen tuelf thousand and mo,
Come in that feild, without ony remeid,
Richt cruellie gart put thame all to deid.
That samintyme of France come of the new
Ane messinger that all thir tydenis schew;
Sidlike in Ingland to Henrie the king,
Rycht piteouslie reportit all that thing,
Of that mischance and infidelitie
At tha princes askand help and supple.
Quhome to king Henrie grantit hes rycht sone,
Richt weill I wait that tyme so hed he done,
For-qhy it wes his purpois and intent,
War nocht so greit he gat impediment.
His eldest sone, callit Henrie to name,
Fraudfull but faith, without dreid or schame,
With mony lord, as my author did tell,
Aganis his father thocht for to rebell.
Suppois he suld succeid into his steid,
He thocht ouir lang to byde his fatheris deid,
Quhilk causit hes this king Henrie but blame,
With his awin sone that tyme to byde at hame.
At this purpois I let thame heir remane,
And to·king Williame turne I will agane.

OF TUA RANK REVARIS THAT DID GREIT SKAITH
IN CATNES AND IN ROS.

Into the Ylis in tha samin dais,
Tua rank revaris, as my author sais,
MakWilliame ane and Makbrene the vther,
Weill wait I nocht gif that he wes his bruther,
That samin tyme with greit power and force,
Thir tua tha come in Catnes and [in] Ross,
In Murraland ouir all the boundis braid,
With thift and reif greit heirschip thair thamaid.

On Catnes cost that tyme thair schippis la,
To that purpois that tha mycht pas thair wa
Hame in the Ylis quhen tha list to fle,
Gif hapnit so that ony neid sould be.
This king Williame quhen that he hard and knew
Of thair refuge, as traist men to him schew,
Rycht quietlie that tyme decreittit he
Ane greit navin of schippis to the se,
Quhilk quietlie in Catnes on ane da,
Or euir tha wist, come quhair tha schipis la;
And suddantlie, with greit malice and yre,
Tha schipis all tha brint intill ane fyre;
And all the schipmen thairin that tha fand,
Tha slew thame all without ony demand;
Syne still remanit in the samin place,
Quhill efterwart as 3e sall heir the cace.
As I haif saith, thirsehipps beand lost,
That samin tyme king William with ane ost,
Or euir tha wist, come into Murrland,
Aganis quhome tha durst mak no ganestand;
With all the haist into the tyme tha hod,
Throw Ross to Catnes to thair schippis fied,
Trowand to fynd thair schippis at the schoir,
In the same place quhair tha left thame befoir.
Quhen tha come thair and fand it wes nocht so,
Remanit thair and durst na forder go;
Neirby ane wod tha ludgit all that nycht.
Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,
This king William come to the samin place,
The quhilk all nycht had follouit on the chace.
The men of weir that brint thair schippis befoir,
In gude array come raikand fra the schoir
Behind thair bak, and wald no langar byde;
King William als vpoun the tother syde,
With mony man of greit nobillitie,
And gif thame nother tyme nor place to fle.
Than war tha lost thocht tha had bene far ma,
Thair wes nothing that tyme bot tak and sla.
Of thame that da slane war mony one,
And all the laif in handis als wer tone;
Syne on ane gallous maid ilkone to die,
The maister men aboue the laif richt hie,
Gat sic reward as thae scrut to haif,
In tyme to cum quhairby that all the laif
Ane suith exemplill by sic thing mycht tak,
Agane thair king sic insolence to mak.
This beand done with sic honour and fame,
With all his oist king Williame turnit hame;
On till Arbroth neirby his gait that la,
Quhair he befoir foundit that richt abba,
As he wes wont richt oft to do befoir,
Requeistit hes his werkmen les and moir,
With diligence ay to thair laubour gang,
Of all that werk that nothing suld go wrang.
Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me tell,
Tak tent and heir quhat efterwart befell.
Sone efter that king Williame on one day,
Than fra Arbroth rydand furth the way,
Besyde him saw ane ald man and ane hair,
Neirby the gait wes makand dykis thair,
Delfand full fast with ane spaid in his hand,
For febilnes scant on his feit mycht stand,
Befoir sic thing wes neuir wont till do,
Thocht neid and force compellit him thairto.
His tua sonis that war baith young and fair,
Proper of persone, plesand and preclair,
In vyle habit siclike that tyme as he,
With spaid in hand war makand dykis all thre;
Tha thocht no ill to wirk and weir sic weid,
For to releif their father of his neid.
This nobill king quhen he beheld thae thre,
Greit pitie had then of their pouertie;
That agit man he thocht richt sone suld irk,
For falt of mister that so soir did wirk;
His tua sonis so plesand tha war and fair,
Thocht tha had bene ane prince or kingis air,
For so greit neid and mister that tha hed,
To wirk so soir in sic vile habit cled.
And as the king did luke on to thame so,
This agit man then and his sonis tuo,
Onto the king come rakand on ane race,
Syne laulie doun befoir the kingis face,
On kneis fell. This aigit man and hair,
That sevintie zeir of age wes and far mair,
Richt piteouslie than with ane havie cheir,
Said to the king as I sall say 3ow heir:
"O, royall prince! gif that thair be in the
"Mercie or reuth, as I traist weill thair be,
"Gentres or grace, or zit kyndnes withall,
"For Cristis saik that drank the bitter gall
"Vpoun the croce, syne sufferit for to de,
"So greit kyndnes to mankynd than hed he,
"To rew on me and of my sonis tuo,
"And gif us leif at peice and rest till go
"Into this land oure lyvis to defend,
"With sic laubour onto oure latter end,
"Quhairof," he said, "we may nocht irk no tyre.
"At the," he said, "we list nocht to desyre
"Lordschip no land, gold, riches no gude;
"Bot gif us laif to wyn oure lyvis fude
"At sic laubour vnpersewit of the,
"Or ony vther of thy auctoritie."
Quhen that the king hard his desire and will,
Richt sone agane sicansuermaid him till:
"Quhat hes thow done, or quhat man may thow be,
"So piteouslie that askis grace at me?
"Tell me," he said "the caus how that it standia."
This agit man haldand vp baith his handis
Into the hevin for to imploihr his grace,
Syne quhen he luikit in the kingis face,
Baith fit and hand trymlit for verra dreid
To schaw his mynd, quhill that grit force and neid

\[1\text{ In MS. Or.}\]
Compellit him aboue the tother part,
That tyme to schaw sic thing la in his hart.
Quaikand for dreid as ony leif of tre,
With piteous voce thir wordis than spak he:
" Unhappiast this da levand am I
Of ony one that euir wes borne, for-quhy
Thocht I be now so law and wratchit wicht,
Sumtyme I wes of greit honour and micht;
Haiffand all welth at grit plesour perfite,
Lordschip and land with riches infinite.
I, Gillecrist, quhat causit me till dude,
So cruellie into the kingis blude
In my wodnes to wirk so mekle wrang,
Withoutin caus my awin wyfe to gar hang!
Syne for that caus maid exul to thy grace,
Far furth to fle in Ingland fra thy face,
Qhahair thair [bot] schort quhile I durst well remane,
" With my tua sonis sped me hame agane,
In sic habit as thow thi self ma se,
So disagysit wnknavin for to be.
In wildernes syne euerilk symmer tyde,
Qhahair wse wnknavin micht remane and byde;
Sic wse oure lyfe, we had no vther bute,
Withoutin fude bot grene herbis and frutt;
Fameis for falt haiffand na vther fude,
Hunger and force compellit ws till dude.
And I myself, so febill now and ald,
Full oft wes fane to drink the water cald,
Qhahairof richt oft I gst nocht hal my fill,
Of riche wynis sumtyme had welth at will.
In wynter syne, quhen that the nycht grew lang,
In frost and snaw, with wynd and weit amang,
Hungar and cald, and wnkynndlie distres,
That caus[it] ws to leif the wildernes.
And draw to toun, as thow thiselh hes sene,
With sic laubour oure lyvis to sustene.
Now haif I talde the haill maner and cace,
Do as zewe will, I put me in your grace.
Quhen this wes said, with sad and havie cheir,
Sobbit full soir that harme wes for to heir.
This humbull king, quhen he behold and saw
Gude Gilchrist with hair ass quhit as snav,
Werie forwrocht, and richt weilsom of wane,
Greit reuth in harte had for to heir his mane;
Quhen he considderit also of befoir
The greit wirschip, the honour and the gloir,
In mony jornay worthelie he wan,
In sic distres quhen that he saw him than,
For puir pitie and greit kyndnes betuene,
The bitter teiris brist frome baith his ene.
And fra his hors descendit haistelie,
And in his armes hint him vp in hy;
And said to him, "Gude Gilchrist, lat be
All thi murning, and put thy traist in me.
All thi offence that thow hes done befoir
Heir I forgif the now and euirmoir.
And thow thyselh siclikesalbe with me
Familiar as thow wes wont to be.
And for thi galt I think the neuer to greif,
Thy pouertie also I sall releif."
Quhen this wes said and all thingis we[s] done,
Thre hors in haist the king has gart fet sone
To Gilchrist and to his sonis tuo,
With him till Forfair causit thame till go.
Syne on the morne befoir all that wes thoir,
All thingis wes done as I haif said befoir
Be Gillicrist, the greit offence and cryme,
Freie the king remittit in that tyme;
Als frie befoir as he wes wont to be,
To siclikes honour and auctoritie.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Into that tyme the maist part of his landis
Remanand still wes in the kingis handis,
The laue of thame, as my author did say,
He gaif befoir onto this ilk abbay
Of Arbroth, quhilk he foundit and feift.
Syne all the laue in his handis wer left,
Frelie agane to Gillecrist he gaif,
With all fredome as he wes wont to haif;
Qhilke efterwart richt weill his prince did pleis,
Levand alway at greit honour and eis.
Syne efter sone as that the case befell,
Ane of his sonis, quhilk I can nocht tell,
Befoir him self throw greit seiknes and soir,
Departit hes, for he micht leif no moir.
The tother sone vnabill wes to haue
Wyfe or barnis, thairfoir that tyme he gaue
Of his landis, as my author did sa,
Ane greit portioun on to that same abba
Of Arbroth, to magnifie the rent,
Qhuairof his sone wes richt hartlie content.
Qhilk he appreuit weill but ony pleid;
For all the laue efter his fatheris deid,
Qhilk wes richt sone efter ane litill space,
Richt frelie gaif onto that samin place.
Qhair his father, his bruther als, and he
Ingrauit war with greit solemnitie,
Befoir the altar thair of Sanct Katherene,
Qhuair sung and said is servicie richt diuyne.
Thair sepulture of greit auctoritie,
Remanis zit still in that place to se.
Neirby this tyme as ze sall wnderstand,
The empryss sone, Henrie of Ingland,
For-quhy his dais cuming war till end,
He tuke his leif out of this world to wend.
His eldest sone, that callit wes Henrie,
Befoir him self departit, and for-thy
THE BUIK OF THE

His secund sone of greit honour and fame,
Wes crownit king, quhilk Richard hecht to name,
Hed sic desire to honour, laud and gloir,
The croce¹ quhilk his father tuke befoir,
Of his passage into the Halie Land,
Richt hardelie this Richard tuke on hand,
With greit power of hors, harnes and geir.
Of men and meit, and all thingis for to weir
That neidfull war, or belangit thairtill,
Thar wes na want, he hed aneuch ane.
And or he wald pas fordwart in that tyde,
He thocht it best for peax than to provyde,
In his absence that his revyne suld tak
Of his fais [n]other skaith or lak.
Thairfoir in haist for to declair his will,
This king Williame he hes gart cum him till,
With him that tyme treittand for rest and pece,
To caus freindschip and mak all weiris ceis.
The thre castellis, as ze sall wnderstand,
Of king Williams he had into his hand,
Beruik, Roxburch, and Stirling of stone,
To king Williame gaif frelie thame ilkone.
Richt so alsua he gaif him but demand,
Al hail the partis of Northumberland,
The quhilk he tynt into the feild befoir:
Siclike also he gart agane restoir
All Huntlytoun and also Cumberland,
Except the streithis he hed in his hand.
Quhairfoir king Williame suld gif him agane
Ten thousand pundis for all pledgis and pane,
In his voyage for to mak him supple;
Fra that tyme furth tha landis ay be frie.

¹ In MS. tuke.
As I haifsaid, quhen all this thing wes done,
This king Williamerychts suddantlie and sone,
On to his bruther Dauid than gaif he
All Huntlyngtown in heretage and fie.
The quhilk Dauid into tha samin dais,
Fyve hundreth men, as that my author sais,
With him awin self and mony vther mo,
Furneist that tyme with king Richard to go.
This beand done as I haifsaid anone,
This king Richard vnto his bruther Johne
Committet hes of his kinrik the cui,
In his absence than baith to riche and purr
Justice to keip, and equall for to be,
Without fauour or zit crudelitie.
Syne tuke his leif and fuir that tyme of toun,
With this Dauid, erle wes of Huntlyntoun;
Of Cantirberrie and Serwyne also
With him he tuke thir halie bischopes tuo.
Of Glocister the nobill erle than was,
Schir Hubertus, he tuke with him till pas,
And mony vther worthie nobill men.
Sevin scoir of schippis into the tyme and ten,
Furneist richt weill he hes put to the se;
That neidfull war thairof aneuche had he.
To schip tha went, the wynd wes loud and schill,
Haiffand all wedder at thair awin will,
Evin as tha wald withoutin variance.
That samin tyme Phillip the king of France,
Throw Italie that samin tyme zeid he,
Quhill that he come to Jannes by the se;
The nobill duke of Burgundy also,
The quhilk to name that callit wes Odo,
Of Flanderis erle [Phillip], ane worthie man,
And ane hecht Henrie, erle wes of Campan,
And Theobald, that erle wes of Blasens,
And mony bischop of greit excellence,
THE BUIK OF THE

And mony vther nobill man also,
With king Phillip that tyme wer maid till 44,045

go.
At Ptolome ane reddie port tha sand,
Quhair tha with boittis passit all to land;
Vpoun ane plane plantit thair palʒeonis doun,
Syne set ane seig evin round about the toun.
Than king Richart in the samin quhile,
With his navin landit in Cipris Yle;
On him that tyme tuke greit travell and pane,
Quhill he reskewit all that Ile agane
Fra Sarasenis, that wan that Yle befoir,
To Cristin men syne did agane restoir;
To Ptolomon syne tuke the narrest way,
Quhair king Phillip than at the seig thair lay.
And as he wes than cumand on the se,
Into his gait ane greit navin met he
Of carvell wark, with mony bark and barge,
To Ptolomon fuirand ane fraucht full large
Of neidfull thing the toun for to supple,
Quhairof thai had richt greit necessitie.
This king Richart, or he wald forder gone,
He gaift thame feild, baith men and schippis 44,065
ilkone
Distroyit [hes] with litill force or pley,
Quhen this wes done passit to Ptolomey.
Thair with his armie passit syne to land,
Quhair he king Phillip at the seiging fand.
With baith thair power went syne in one,
Onto that toun so strang of lyme and stone,
Tha laid ane seig quhilk lestit mony da.
The Sarasenis within the toun that la,
Maid sic defence, suppois than of that toun
The vter wallis win war and put doun,
The inwart wall so stalwart wes and strang,
That wes the caust that seig lestit so lang.
How Oliveir and Johne Dewar met, and quhair and how the tryist wes set.

Sa on ane tyme it hapnit him on cace
Walk on the wall neirby the samin place,
Quhair erle Dauid of Huntlyngtonis men
Woik in the tyme, of quhome ane he did ken,
Quhilk of befoir, as my author did mene,
Into the court his companzoun had bene
Into Scotland quhen that he wes at hame,
And Johnne Dewar he callit wes to name.
This Oliueir that stude vpoun the wall,
In Scottis langage loude on him did call,
With so hie voce that he mycht rycht weill heir,
Sic plesour had at him that tyme to speir
Of his freindis in Scotland how tha fuir.
44,110

In sic talking ane lang quhile he take cuir;
Syne at the last this Johnne Dewar said he,
Promittand him, gif that sic thing micht be,
Lordschip and land, greit honour and eis,
This toun to thame so that he wald betreis.

44,115
This Oliueir sic ansuer maid him sone,
Of that conditioun said it suld be done,
So he wald caus thair erle Dauid, but leis,
All his offence remit and grant him peice;
And causs king Williame to him till restoir
The landis all he take fra him befoir.
The quhilk he hes than hecht him for till do,
His treuth in pledge promittit hes thairto;
And euirilkone till vther maid ane band,
Obleist and sworne wes ilkone be his hand;

44,120
Syne set ane tryst that nicht quhair tha suld meit,
At that same place thair purpois to compleit.
To king Richard quhen all this thing wes schawin,
Betuix thir tua how sic ane tryst wes drawin,
To erle Dauid he gaif richt sone command,
With his armie to tak that thing on hand.

44,130
This king Richart, as I think weill micht be,
Of all that ost had maist auctoritie,
For-quhy befoir it hapnit vpoun ane chance,
That gude Phillip, the nobill king of France,
Sic seiknes take he micht nocht thair remane,
Quhill into France he passit hame agane.
The erle Dauid, quhilk manlie on him tuke
The watche that nycht, in that same place he woik,
Quhair Oliueir with litill noy or dyn

44,135
Opnit the port and leit thame enter in.
Ouir all the toun syne sone and suddantlie
Greeit slauchter maid, with mony schout and cry,
Of young and ald quhair their wes na refuge,
Bayth gude and ill without sentence or juge,
Or zit lokman, but respect or remeid,
Richt cruellie tha pat thame all to deid.

In the morning syne be the da wes licht,
This king Richart with mony cruell knycht,
At his bidding with mony bald barroun,
So aufullie syne enteritin the toun,
With greit distraioun baith in fyre and blude.

Into the toun ane strang castell their stude,
With greit travell quhilk tha seigit and wan,
And in thair travell loissit nocht ane man.

This beand done, the castell and the toun
Tha brint in ass, and kest the wallis doun.
Sua had tha done with mony townis mo,
Qhillik pitie wes, war nocht it hapnit so
For ambitioun, my author did record,
Amang thame self diuisioun and discord.

Qhia had the wyit it wes richt ill to ken,
Qhither the Ingliss or the Frenche men.
The Inglismen thocht thae war most conding
For to prefer, becaus tha had thair king;
The Frenche men the contrair did conclude,
Becaus thair power and thair multitude
Richt fur, in valour also and in deid,
The Inglismen at all tyme did exceed.

This royall ost of sic honour and fame,
Skaillit that tyme and ilk man passit hame.

King Richart with all his greit armie,
So stormested wes that tyme vpone the se,
That all his schippis drevin war fra vther,
Thair sum [but] saill and vther sum but ruther.

His awin schip wes drevin on ane sand
In Ytalie, quhair he him self tuke land.
The empriour, callit Henrie th'a dais,
Be ane fals tratoure as my author sais,
Quhilk schew to him how that sic thing sould be,
Tuik this king Richart in captiuitie,
And keipithim in ane strang wallit toun,
Quhill efterwart he payit his ransoun.
The schip also that erle Duaid wes in,
Fra all the laif wes drevin far in twyn;
Intill Egipt, on ane craig by the cost,
This nobill schip with all the men war lost,
Except him self, as ze sall wnderstand,
With few vther come levand to the land.
And how it hapanit efter ze sall heir,
How he wes tane than as ane presoneir,
And haladin thair, quhill efter on ane day
That he wes hed to Alexandria,
Quhair he wes keipit in ane presone strang;
Quhill efterwart, quhen he wes keipit lang,
The men of Vennus that tyme by the se
In merchandicethair hapnit for to be,
Quhilk lousit him out of that strang presoune,
Payand for him also ane greit ransoun.
Syne into Vennuis brocht him hame agane,
For his ransone quhair he did thair remane,
Quhill Inglesmen come thair in merchandice,
Bocht him agane and pait the samin price
At his plesour syne maid him till pas fre
On hame agane out throw all Italie
To Flanderis, syne, as my author did sa,
Quhen he come thair, syne efter on ane da,
Feit ane schip and pat her to the fame,
Into Scotland agane for to cum hame;
Throw aduenture so hapnit him to be
Richt soir trublit with storme in the se,
And drevin away neirhand to Norrowa cost,
Quhair schip and men neirhand had all bene lost.
Quhat suld I langar tarie heir to tell?
That storme it wes so furius and fell,
Ouir wynd and waiv so fast it did thame dryve,
That euerie man in dreid wes of his lyve,
Seand the se so furius and enorme.
Gude erle Dauid, quhen strangest wes the storme,
Onto the Virgin Jesu Christ that buir
Ane vow he maid, syne put all in hir cuir,
Quhair euir scho brocht him saiffie to the land,
In hir honour that euirmoir suld stand
Ane tempill big of poleist stone and lyme,
Syne schort quhile efter in the samin tyme,
But saill or ruthir in the mirk midnycht,
And mvneles als withoutin ony licht,
Neirby Alectum at ane roche of stone,
Thair schip tuke land but skaith of ony one:
At that same place arryuit in the mirk,
Quhair now standis Sanct Nicolas kirk;
Syne at da licht tha passit all to land.
This erle Dauid thair with his awin hand
Foundit ane kirk in ane feild at that cost,
Qihilk in that tyme wes callit the Quhit Cross,
In to the honour of the Virgin puir,
Eternallie in that place till induir.
Thairof in taikin and memoriall,
That place to name Dundie he hes gart call
In Erss toung, als mekle for to sa
The gift of God in oure langage this da.
The qihilk to name sall callit be euirmoir,
That callit wes Electum of befoir.
Than king Williame quhen that he knew that cace,
How his bruther tuke land into that place,
Throw help of God the qihilk he did imploir,
Sa oft had bene in greit perrell befoir,
As he had ryssin new fra deid to lyfe,
Als blyth he wes as ony be in hyfe.
This king Williame no tarie than maid he,
Intill all haist quhill he come to Dundie,
With his bruther erle Dauid quhen he met,
On gudlie wyiss ather hes vther gret.
This king Williame, for grit blythnes and jo,
He[s] hint his bruther in his armes tuo,
And kisset him as he ane barne had bene,
With bitter teiris bristand fra bayth his ene,
Quhylis for joy, quhylis for havines,
Quhen he rememberit of the greit distres
That he sufferit in mony sindrie part,
Sobbit full soir and sicht with his hart.
And syne agane, for greit blythnes and jo,
That he wes chaipit fra sic perrell so,
Both haill and feir, without ony harmes,
Richt tenderlie wald tak him in his armes,
Ane lang tyme so quhill all his pane wes past
And syne to him he said this at the last:
" Thankit be God that all thing hes in cuir,
" His blisset moder also that him buir,
" Of greit triumph and honour thow hes win,
" And greit perrell syne efter hes bene in,
" Of his greit grace hes brocht the haill and feir,
" Now hame agane in gude heill to ws heir.
" Quhairfoir we aucht the God omnipotent,
" Ilk da to luif with clene mynd and intent."
And mekle mair syne to his bruther deir,
He said that tymes na I will tell zow heir.
This beand done as 3e halif hard me sa,
Quhair present war the lardis all ane da,
This king Williame vnto his bruther gawe
Landis and fredome quhair he list to haue;
Quhairwith this village dotit than hes he,
Quhilk he foundit that callit wes Dundie;
And mony vther priuilege thame gaiif, 44,285
That neidfull wes to ony toun to haif.
Into this tyme remainis 3it to se,
That nobill toun of greit auctoritie.
Sone after this now that 3e heir me sa,
Of Lundoris the nobill riche abba
This erle Dauid, as my author sais,
Foundit on Tay, the quhilk in thir dais
Religious like ay sensyne hes bene
Fra all faltis wnnmaculast and clene.
Neir by this tyme the nobill king Richard,
Of quhosome befoir rycht schort quhile syne 3e 44,290

hard

The empriour hed in captiuitie,
With greit [ransoun] redemit than wes he.
Quhairof his lieges joyfull war and fane,
Into Ingland quhen he come hame agane,
Ressueuand als his hie magnificence 44,300
With all honour pertening till ane prince.
His bruther Johnne in his absence that buir
The paiz of all and had the gyde and cuir,
Befoir his bruther Richart in that tyme
Accusit than wes of ane deidlie cryme. 44,305
His bruther being in captiuitie,
Richt wranguslie aganis his majestie,
With subtil mene and conspiratioun,
Intrusiit him self and tuke on him the crown,
And lute his bruther for the pledge remane.

Quhairof this Johnne hes clengit him rycht plane 44,310
Befoir thame all that present war that tyme,
And schew him saikles of that gilt and cryme.
THE BUIK OF THE

How King William and Erle David His
Bruther with mony nobill Man passit
to Lundoun to meit and welcum Hame
King Richart, of Ingland King.

Than quhen king Williame vnderstude and knew,
But ony dout as suith men to him schew, 44,315
That king Richart wes cuming hame agane,
Withoutin rest na langar wald remane.
Syne with his bruther David maid him boun,
And mony nobillis, on to Lundoun toun
He passit hes, with greit honour and fame, 44,320
This ilk king Richart for to welcum hame.
Of Stirling money in the same time also,
Tua thousand merkis and vther jowellis mo,
He had with him king Richart for to gewe,
Of his ransoun to help him and releue. 44,325
This king Richart, as that my author said,
Of his cuming richt blyth he wes and glaid,
Ressaue and him with greit honour betuene,
And all plesance micht till ane prince pertene.
For the present that he till him brocht, 44,330
Richt weill he wist that he forgët him nocht,
Quhen that he wes into so greit distres,
That schew to him so hartlie sic kyndnes.
Of erle David siclike also wes he,
Into that tyme als blyth as he micht be, 44,335
Traistand he had bene tynt for cuirmoir,
In the greit storme of quhome I tald befoir.
Thir tua kingis togidder mony da,
Remanit thair with greit sporting and pla;
And all solace that neidfull is to haif. 44,340
Tha wantit nocht quhairof tha list to craue.
Off King Williames Seiknes in Ingland, of
the Stryiff and Debait than was in
Scotland, and how King Williame con-
valescit and come quietlie in Scotland,
and apprehendid all Misdoaris and
puneist thame as tha deseruit.

That samin tyme as ye sall wnderstand,
This king William beand in Ingland,
On aventure so hapnit him to be
Viseit richt soir with greit infirmitie;
Qhailrof the fame ouir all Scotland than flew,
Swift as ane swallow, of tha tydenis new,
That mony one trowit he had bene deid,
Qhilk at thair nictbour malice had and feid,
Than to revenge thair greit anger and ire,
With thift and reif, with slauchter and with fyre,
Ilkone vther dalie did invaid;
Ouir all Scotland greit heirschip than wes maid.
Richt mony theif befoir of force wes leill,
Into that tyme 3eid new agane to steill;
And mony revar into glak and glen,
Murdreist and reft richt mony leill trew men.
The lord of Catnes, Herald hecht to name,
And of Orkna; withoutin dreid or schame,
Without conscience into the tyme wes he
Als full of vice as ony man might be;
In Ros that tyme with all his power la,
Heirschip and slauchter makand euirilk da,
Richt cruellie ouir all part far and neir,
That horribill wes to ony man to heir.
Ane nobill man, as that my author sais,
That bishop wes of Catnes in tha dais,
For cases that he him tech[i]t in the tyme
For to decist fra sic wnhappie cryme,
Schawand to him how efterwart it wald be,
This angrie eddar full of iniquitie,
Throw greit invie and birmand ire betuene,
With greit dispite gart put out baith his ene.
To king William quhen this thing wes maid knawin,
Into Ingland as suith men hes him schawin,
Than haill aneuche baith for to ryde and gang,
No tarie maid nor zit lethit rycht lang.
Or word suld ryss other be se or land,
Richt quietlie he come hame in Scotland;
Syne suddanelie with all power he hed,
To Ross that tyme richt spedilie him sped;
Or this Herald wes done till wnderstand,
Gude king William wes enterit in that land.
Than this Herald with all the speid he hed,
Sone out of Ros to Catness syne he fled,
With all his men to mony sindrie place.
This nobill king fast followit on the chace,
Without tarie quhill tha war all ouirtane,
And hynt in handis in that tyme ilkane.
Herald thair lord, throw mony subtilly wyllis,
With waill few men vmschewit to the Ylis,
And all the laif, as tha seruit to haif,
Rewardit war than be the leist ane knaif.
Sone eftersyne with men of tha same landis,
This ilk Herald wes taikin into handis,
And suddantlie on[to] the king syne brocht.
This nobill king, the quhillk forzet him nocht,
Rewardit him that tyme amang the laue,
With sic reward as he seruit to haue;
As he befoir in his greit ire and tene,
With greit dispyte pat out the bishopis ene,
Siclike to him that tyme hes gart be done.
Syne efters that within schort qubile richt sone,
Vpoun ane gallous hangit him richt hic,
In audience that euerilk man mitcht se.
In the detesting of his cryme and fame,
For to distroy for euir efter his name,
All the menkynd of his surname and clan,
Gart lib thame all than be the leist an man.
Wes neuir ane that tyme that he wald saue,
That abill wer successioun for to haue,
That efter him suld neuir ane spring or spreid
Of all his clan, sic haitrent at him hed,
In the detesting of his cruell cryme.
Thus endit he and his surname that tyme.
All beand done as [I] haif said zow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund zeir,
So greit scantnes our all Scotland thair fell,
None wald gif treuth to ony oung wald tell.
Gif all be suith as that my author tald,
Ane boll of beir for fyve crownis wes said;
Baith quhit and meill in thair awin kynd als deir.
So greit abundance [syne] in the nixt zeir,
Wes neuir sene in all kyn kynd of corne.
That samyn zeir wes Alexander borne,
King Williams sone, richt lustie and plesand,
Eldest and air, and prince als of Scotland.
The king of Ingland, Richart, that same zeir
Deparithe s and bad na langar heir.
His bruther Johnne efter that he wes deid,
With haill consent wes crownit in his steid;
For he him self efter that he wes gone,
Of his bodie successioun than had none.
The thrid zeir efter Alexander wes borne,
The lordis all beoir the king war sworne,
Efter his tyme, as that my author schew,
To Alexander to be leill and trew.
That samyn zeir, gif that I richt presume,
To king William than fra the paip of Rome
Ane sword wes send, nane farar on the mold,
With hilt and plumbet all of massie gold;
The scalbart wes of purpure poleist new,
With perle and stone of mony diuersse hew
As protectour of halie kirk to be,
For all his tyme gaif him auctortie.

That samin zeir decreittit wes and done
In ane counsall, that Setterda fra none
Suld halie be fra all laubour and werk,
Alsumeill of secularis as of preist or clerk.
To fortifie the pepill in sic thing,

On Setterday at tuelf houris suld ring
[At] nune, and halie baith in kirk and queir,
In audience that euerie man micht heir.
Into this tyme, or thair about neirhand,
This king Williame is passit in Ingland;
Befoir king Johnne, but ony lat or baid,
In Lundoun toun obedience thair than maid
For Cumberland, and alss Northumberland,
The quhilk king Williame had than in his hand,
His band and faith agane for to renew.

This ilk king Johnne of quhome befoir I schew,
Quild kes so full of pryde and arrogance,
That samin tyme proponit to pas in France,
Agane Phillip quhilk wes his mortall fo;
With him that tyme desyr for till go,
This ilk king Williame in his cumpany.
The quhilk king Williame schortlie did deny
Into that tyme for other bost or schoir,
For-quhy, he said, to king Phillip befoir
He maid promit, the quhilk he wald nocht lane,

To tak his part, and he siclike agane
To byde with him bayth into weil and wo;
Thairfoir with him that tyme he wald nocht go.
Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me sa,
He tuke his leif and syne come home awa.

Sone eftersyne, for malice of that thing,
This ilk king Johne of Ingland that wes king,
With great power our all Northumberland
Great heirschip maid, quhair none mycht mak
  ganestand,
And Cumbria evin at thair awin will,
That samyn tyme fra Scotland come thame till.
Than gude William of Scotland that wes king,
Richt suddantlie revengit hed that thing,
Had nocht the lordis of Ingland tha dais
Remedit sonar, as my author sais,
That all the spulze that wes tane befor,
Be the leist stirk, tha gart agane restoir.
In winter syne into the samyn ȝeir
All this wes done, as I haif said ȝow heir,
So strang ane storme doun fra the hevin fell
Of frost and snaw, as my author did tell,
Continewallie all winter throw and throw,
That neuir ane ox wes ȝokkit into bow,
Bot lay full still into thair stall wnstirid
Quhill that mid Merche come neuir pleuche in ȝeir
  eird.
So furius ouir all part wes that frost,
Of bestiall that thair wes mony lost;
The starkest aill of malt that mycht be browin,
Thocht it war keipit neuir so clois and lowin,
It wald congeill and freis into hard yis.
The thing of all me[n] thocht wes than most nys,
That this be weycht, and nocht mesour, wes sauld
That tymne for drink, as that my author tald.
Quhen passit wes than the E[pe]pheny,
Quhill Januar passit wes all neirby,
Anis on the da with greit rumour and reird,
In sindrie partis trymlit all the eird.
In symmer syne quhen the wedder grew fair,
This ilk king Johnne, of quhome I schew ȝow air,

1 In MS. and all.
Vpone king Williame seikand occasioun 44,510
Of weir and battell maid perswasioun,
Foirnent Beruik neirhand by Tueid that tyme,
Ane strang castell biggit with stone and lyme.
Sone of sic thing quhen that king Williame wist,
Send to king Johnne to caus him to decist, 44,515
Sayand to him, sic noveltie and newis
Wald mak occasioun for to brek thair trewis.
The quhilk king Johnne wald nocht grant thame till,
No be no way wald gif consent thairtill. 44,520
Quhairfoir king Williame in the winter neist,
Law to the ground that castell doun he kest;
Leit neuir ane stane with vther thair remane,
That it micht nocht be biggit weill agane.
Quhen this king Johnne knew that that thing wes done,
With all his power sped him on richt sone 44,525
Agane king Williame with ane greit armie,
Of the injustis to revengit be;
With mony berne or he wald langar byde.
In gudlie haist come to the bordour syde.
Onto king Williame quhen that this wes tald, 44,530
With mony berne richt bellicos and bald,
Come to that place sone efter on ane da,
Quhair this king Johnne and all his armie la,
In rayit battell wald no langar byde.
King Johnne also vpoun the tother syde, 44,535
Rayit in feild evin reddie for till june,
Ane bludie battell thair had been rycht sone,
Till euerie syde qubilk had bene deirlie coft,
Had nocht greit lordis 3eild betuix thame oft,
With fair tretie and greit terour also, 44,540
Qubilk causit thame to hald thair hand and ho

1 In MS. thairto.
Into the tyme, and new trewis to tak.
Syne set ane tryst thair concord for to mak,
With baith thair handis subscriuit and indost;
In that beleif ilk king skaillit his ost.

**HOW PEAX WAS TAIKIN BETUIX THIR TUA KINGIS, AND OF GREIT MARIAGE TO BE MAID BETUIX KING JOHNIS SONE AND KING WILLIAMES DOCHTER.**

This beand done togidder baith ar gone
To Eborac with lordis mony one,
And thair agane tha did the peax renew,
First of befoir as I first to zow schew.
And to conferme all in effect to stand,
This gude Williame, that king wes of Scotland,
Tua dochteris had, richt fair and of gude fame;
Margaret the eldest callit wes to name,
And Issobell the youngest hecht also.
This ilk king Johnne that tyme had sonis tuo,
Henrie hecht ane, qihilk wes the eldest bruther,
Richart to name as callit wes the vther.
Deuysit wes in that counsall and sped,
Thir tua brether thir tua sisteris suld wed,
To that effect, for moir affinitie,
Betuix thame tua moir peax and rest suld be.
King Williame als thairof him to releif,
In mariaghe with his dochteris suld geif
Ane sowme of gold quhairof tha did accord,
Qihilk is nocht neidful now for to remord.
Becaus tha war than of so tender age,
And wnlauchtfull to tak in mariaghe,
This king Williame was obleist to fulfill
That band he maid, and gaif pledgis thairtill.
Accordin als wes in that conventioun,
The New Castell king Williame gart cast doun,
At sic ane poynit it suld ay still remane,
In tym to cum vnbigit vp agane.
In that counsell withoutin ony demand,
All Cumbria and als Northumberland,
This king Williame as he wes wont to haif,
Wnto his sone young Alexander gaif:
Quhilk to king Johne, as vse wes than to be,
For tha landis obediens maid he.

HOW ANE MAN OF GUEDE HAD ANE DOCHTER
THAT SULD HAIF BENE HIS AIR, AND WES
SA DEFORMIT THAT SCO WES CRUKIT, DEIF,
DUM AND BLIND, AND HOW KING WILLIAME
BE HIS INTERCESSIOUN TO GOD ALMIGHTIE
HAILLIT HIR AS FOLLOWIS.

Ane man of gude into tha samin dais,
Neir Eborac, as that my author sais,
Ane dochter had quhilk suld haif bene his air,
In hir bodie deformit ouir all quhair;
Baith in hir ene and in hir bandis also,
With toung or feit micht nother speik nor go.
Wes no chirurgeane of his craft so alie,
Na medicine that micht mak hir supple,
Suppois richt mony tuik hir wnder cuir,
Of hirseiknes the1 caus wes so obscur.
This ilk king Williame to that place zëid he,
Quhair that scho wes that farlie for to se;
Quhen scho wes brocht and presentit in his sicht,
Befoir the face of mony gudlie wicht,
Vnto the hevin he held vp bayth his handis,
Beseikand God to louss hir of tha bandis.

1 In MS. thea.
Syne on hir brow, withoutin ony baid,  
The croce of Christ thair with his hand he maid,  
Beteichand hir to him that bocht ws deir;  
And with that word scho rais vp haill and feir  
Vpoun hir feit withoutin ony moir,  
As scho had aillit neuir ill befoir.  
The pepill all that standand thair wer by,  
Quhen that tha saw sa sone and suddantly  
That zyoung virgin restorit to hir heil,  
Richt weill tha knew God wald nocht lat  
conceill  
Sic halines into that king wnknawin,  
At his requeist that greit miracle hes schawin.  
Fra that tyme furth, as that my author sais,  
In moir honour tha held him all his dais,  
With all the pepill reput for ane sanct,  
The quhilk to resson e wes so consonant.  
In Scotland syne, efter that he come hame,  
All halie place of honour and of fame  
He viseit syne in gude and clene intent,  
And dotit thame with mony riche rent.  
Of Lesmorens the bischop in Argyle,  
Fundit and fect into that samin quhile.  
Heir will I leif ane litill space and tell  
Of adventure befoir this tyme befell.

Off ane greit spait and tempest of weit  
that did greit skayth in bartha toun,  
and sindrie pepill thairin did droun be  
the efflux of amond and tay.

Off bartha toun quhilk in that samin da  
At amond mouth stude on the water of ta,  
Weill wallit wes with stone and lyme about,  
And mony foussie cassin als without;
Schort quhile befoir into the samyn seir,
Sic thing wes done as I haif said 3ow heir, 44,625
Vpoun ane nycht quhen it wes mirk and lait,
Out of the hillis thair come sic ane spait,
With so greit force als fast as it mycht flow;
Qhilk causith hes the tua fluidis to grow,
Amond and Tay, into sic quantitie,
That throw the greit impetuositie
Of tha fluidis it brak the wallis doun,
Syne with greit force it enterit in the toon.
Qaha had bene thair into the tyme to heir
The autfull schout, the greit noyis and beir, 44,635
Quhen that the flude, with sic ane hiddeous sound,
Richt mony ludging law buir to the ground;
And mony one into the streit that stud;
Disconfeist war and drownit in the flude;
And mony one into thair bed that la,
With that same flude war borne quynt awa,
Or euirthawist, or walknit of thair dreme,
Nakit and bair lay fleittand in the streme.
The samyn tyme now that se heir me mene,
Gude Amengard, to Williamethat wes quene, 44,645
Remanand wes within the samyn toon,
Quhen hapnit all this haistie confusion.
Hir awin self, withoutin ony leis,
With greit perrell wmschewit fra that preis;
Hir 3oung sone Johnne in his credill that lay, 44,660
With his nureis, war borne baith till Tay;
And tuentie also of hir houshald men,
And of hir madynnis other nyne or ten,
And mony vther worthie nobill wicht,
All into Tay wer dround that samyn nicht. 44,655
Of this mater heir will I mute no moir.
This king William, of quhome I spak befoir,
Sone after this, as se sall wnderstand,
That he come hame now laitlie fra Ingland,
To, Bartha toun and saw it so distroyit;
Quhairof than he wes greitlie anoyit,
The veritie thairof quhen he did ken,
Baith for the toun and also for the men
Destroyit wes that tyme into the flude,
With gold, riches, and makle vther gude.

How the Toun of Sanct Johnistoun callit
Perth was foundit and tuke beginnyng
be King William.

This nobill king tuke purpos to remana,
Quhill that he gart reforme the toun agane.
Syne when he knew in sic perrell it stude,
On euerie syde of greit watter and flude,
Changit his mynd within ane litill space,
Translaittand it intill ane vther place
Doun vpoun Tay into the samin quhile,
Out of that steid the space neir of tua myle.
Syne foundit thair of greit honour and fame
Ane nobill toun, callit Perth toun to name,
Efter the name than of ane nobill man,
Callit Perthus, quhilk wes the first began,
Of frie motiue without compulsioun,
Landis or rent for to gif to that toun.
The toun of Perth zit to the name is calld,
With derogatioum to the name of ald;
The quhilk befoir that callit wes Bartha,
Sanct Johnistoun is callit now this da.
This king William that foundit hes and felt
This nobill toun, that tyme or he it left,
Greit priuiledge and fredome to it gawe,
That neidfull war to ony toun to haue,
Into the eiking of thair increment,
Possessand it with landis and greit rent.
This thing wes done as I haif said 3ow heir, Quhen of oure Lord tua hundreth and ten 3eir, Ane thousand than to eik to thame also, Compleittit wes perfittie and no mo. The secund 3eir efter that this wes done, Subjectit wes vnto this ilk king Johnne The Waillis all, as my author did sa, The best part als than of Ybernia. In this same tyme now that ze heir me reid, Ane rank revar that callit wes Gothreid, Mak-Williames sone of quhome befoir I tald, Come into Ross with mony berne full bald, And greit injuris wrocht ouir all the land. Quhen to king William done wes wnderstand, That this Gothreid, with mony commoun theif, Within his landis had done sic mischeif, Quhair that he spairt nother man no wyfe, Than gude MakDuff the nobill erle of Fyiff, And of Athoill the worthe erle also, And thane of Buchane with thame for till go, Sex thousand men that stalwart war and strang, With thir lordis king William maid till gang. Baith da and nycht ouir mony mont and moss, Tha passit syne quhill that tha come till Ross, That samin tyme quhair tha this Gothreid fand. In battell syne with mony birneist brand Tha vincust him, fechtand vpoun ane plane, Quhair mony one than of his men war slane; Him self in handis taikin wes also Richt sair woundit, and mony vther mo Into the tyme all bludie and forbled; And hed nocht bene he wes the soner sped Onto the king, withoutin ony stryffe, So woundit wes he had lossit the lyfe.

And quhen the king knew he wes neirhand deid, Richt haistelie he gart stryke of his heid,
Syne on ane staik gart set it vp full hie,
In publict place quhair euerie man mycht se.
The laif also than of his men war tane,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all to grane.

**How King Johnne of Ingland spulzeit the Kirk, and tuik all in his awin hand, and baneist the Bischope of Canterberrie with all his convent.**

Neirby the tyme that all this thing wes done, 44,730
The king of Ingland, that callit wes Johne,
Richt wranguslie begouth than for to work
With greit oppressioune vpoun halie kirk.
This wes the thing that he did at thame craue,
Of all thair rent the tent part for to haif; 44,735
Quhilks chortlie all thae did ilkone deny.
Of Canterberrie for the samin quhy,
The nobill bishop, callit Stevin to name,
He baneist him but ony vther blame.
The monkis all, and priour to also, 44,740
All sindrie gaitis maid thame for till go,
With pouertie to leif that tyme richt pur;
And of thair rentis tuke the gyde and cuir.
Bayth of thair kirkit also and of thair land,
The fructis all he tuke in his awin hand 44,745
Till his awin vse, withoutin ony caus,
As he lykit for to alledge the lawis.
Of Sistersens sidlike ane fair abba,
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Beauss thae monkis wald nocht gif him till 44,750
Tua thousand pund at 1 his plesour and will,
He gart thame all within ane litill space,
Excludit be ilkane out of thair place,

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1 In MS. as.
In sindrie partis vp and doun the land.
The jowellis all into that place he fand,
With ornament and all sic precious geir,
As it had bene into the tyme of weir,
He tike away richt oppinlie and plane,
In that beleif neuir to restoir agane.
Paip Innocens, the thrid paip of that name,
Into that tyme ane father of greit fame,
Herand in Rome how that sic thing wes done,
Ane legat send wnto this ilk king Johnne;
Perswading him with wordis richt bening,
At his requeist for to reforme sic thing.
Qhilk for till do he wald nocht grant him till,
Nor satisfie worth ane myte of his will,
Bot leit him pas and maid him na outred,
Hame to the paip of his erand onsped.
On[to] the paip this legat schew richt sone,
Of his erand how he had sped and done;
Thairof the paip that tyme wes nocht content;
Richt sone agane ane uther legat sent,
With scharpar langage nor he did befoir,
Sayand agane, and he wald nocht restoir
To halie kirk the spulze all richt sone,
And syne reforme all faltis he had done,
Traist weill, he said, that he suld huke no burd
And he did vse of halie kirk the furd,
And [suld] smyt him be his auctoritie,
Till all uther it sould exemplill be,
In tyme to cum so wranguslie to wirk,
In the contempitioun of the halie kirk.
This ilk king Johnne rycht pertlie than in plane,
With als scharpe langage send he him agane,
With lytill les na he did him defy;
Quhairfoir the paip richt sone and suddantly,
The greit cursing without ony refute,
On this king Johne he hes gart execute;
With interdictioun, edick and command,
Ouir all the realme and regioun of Ingland,
No mes nor matenis suld be said or sung
In audience, nor ȝit no bellis rung;
Deid cors¹ erdit, nor ȝit barnis in font
Baptist to be, siclike as tha wer wont;
No kynd of seruice with oblatioun,
Of sacrament with ministratioun,
In Ingland maid, wnder all pane and charge
Micht efter follow quhilk [that] wes richt large.
Quhen this king Johnne perfitlie vnderstude
Of that proces the strenth and fortitude,
Also he knew that euerie Cristin prence
Commovit wes richt far at his offence
Agane the kirk of Christ that he had wrocht;
Thairfoir richt sone it come into his thocht,
Without thairof ane mendis he wald mak,
Richt sone of him ane vengencetha wald tak.
So weill he knew be the paipis desyre,
In contrair him he wald thame all requyre,
The quhilk he knew tha wald him nocht deny;
This ilk king Johnne for that same caus and quhy,
Forthocht full soir all thing that he had done;
Syne to the paip richt suddanelie and sune
He send and said, withoutin tarie moir,
He wald reforme all faltis maid befoir,
At his plesour but ony pleyd or pley,
The kirk of Christ for all his tyme obey,
Desyrand him of his auctoritie,
Fra that proces for to relaxit be.
Quhome of the paip wes in ane part content;
ȝit wald he nocht thairto gif his consent,
For the greit falt that he had maid befoir,
Without he wald in taikin and memoir,

¹In MS. croce.
He, and his airis after him alsua,
Ten thousand pund of pensioun for to pa,
Ilk sevin zeir onis to the kirk of Rome,
Perpetualie wnto the da of dome,
For Ingland sevin and alss for Ireland thre.
Quhen this king Johnne saw no better mycht be,
Rycht glaidlie than consentit hes thairtill,
To satisfie all his desyr and will.
Syne oblist him with mony aith and band,
In forme and effect that all that thing suld stand
Perpetuallie, as that my author sais;
This quhilk pensioun is payit in thir dais.
This being done and brocht to sic ane end,
Paip Innocens onto king Johnne he send
Ane nobill man with his auctoritie,
His dekyn Phillip callit than wes he;
Ane man he wes of policie and pax,
Fra that proces quhilk did king Johnne relax,
And all Inglend he did agane restoir
*In integrum* siclike as of befoir.

**OFF THE DECEIS OF KING WILLIAM, QUHA WAS BUREIT IN ABIRBROTHOK, AND OF TUA HALIE MEN THAT WAR LEVAND IN THAT TYME.**

Col. 2.  
Sone eftersyne quhen done wes all this thing,
This gude William of Scotland that wes king,
Of sevintie zeiris than, as my author sais,
That samin tyme completit wes his dais,
[And] of his ring the nyne and fourtie zeir,
He take his leif and bad na langar heir,
Into Stirling gif that I richt record,
One thousand zeir quhilk wes than of oure Lord,
And tua hundreth with fourtene zeiris also,
Completit wes perfitle and ago.
In Abirbrothok syne efter that wes he
Intumulit with greit solempnitie,
Of his lordis also and all the laue,
As reasoun wald that sic ane king suld hauc.
Quhilk did prefer all vther, to conclude,
In policie and als in sanctitude;
Thocht now to ws tha ar wniknawin and hid,
Richt mony miracle in his tyme he kyde.
Tua halie man than, as my authour sais,
Levand their war into tha samin dais,
Sanct Dominik ane, quhilk in tha samyn 3eiris
He wes the first and foundit the blak freiris;
And Sanct Frances, the tother of the tua,
Quhilk wes the founder of the freiris gra.
And mony mo no I will heir report
Now at this tyme, becaus the tyme is schort;
And mekill moir no I haif in memorie,
The quhilk pertenis nothing to this storie.
Thairfoir sic thing I lat it pas as vane,
And to my storie turne I will agane.

HOW YOUNG ALEXANDER WAS CROWNIT KING
EFTER KING WILLIAM HIS FADER DECEISSIT,
AND TIKE ON HIM THE DULE WEID, AND
FOR HIS SAIK DEILT ALMOUS DEID.

As I haifsaid quhen done wes all this thing,
Efter the deid of gude William the king,
Alexander that wes his sone and air,
Ane proper prince, baith plesand and preclair,
With haill consent of his lordis ilkone,
In Scone wes crownit on the marbell stone.
Syne in Abirbrothok efter fyihtene dais,
Thair he remanit, as my authour sais,
Qhailr euirilk da solempnitlie wes sung,
Solempnitlie and all the bellis rung,
Matennis and mes with contemplatioun,
With almous deid, fasting and oratioun,
With humbill mynd richt lie hartlie and benyng,
For his father gude Williamethat wes king.
And on him self the murning weid he tuk,
For z'eir and da all sporting he forsuik;
And gaif command ouir all Scotland richt sone,
Ilk man to do siclike as he had done.
Quhen this wes done as z'e haif hard me sa,
In Edinburgh syne efer on one da,
In conventioun quhen the da wes set,
This Alexander with all his lordis met,
Quhair [he] confermit thattyme lesand moir,
The lawis all his father maid befoir;
And euerie man with office that wes cled,
Quhilk of befoir of his father he hed,
He sulde remane into his office still,
But contrapleid, at his plesour and will.
Allane the lord that tyme of Galloway,
Qubilk of Scotland the constabill wes that day,
And of Dunblane the gude bishop also,
The qubilk to name callit wes Basso,
The chancellar of Scotland than wes he,
Onthir tua the haill auctoritie
Committit wes, to haif the gyde and cuir
Of all Scotland baith to riche and puir.
This beand done, that tyme amang the laue,
Onto his mother Armengard he gawe
The toun of Forfair thairin to remane,
At hir desyr with mony plesand plane;
And all tha landis lay about the toun,
He gaif to hir in frie possessioun;
And mony vther greit communitie,
That scho sould nocht fall in necessitie.
Heir will I leif of this ane litill quhile,
And to king Johnne turne agane my style.
Off King John of Ingland, and of his Oppressioun and Avariciousnes, and of his Statutis and Lawes for Greidines of Geir, and how his Lordis rais aganis him.

The saminking Johnne of quhome tozow I 44,920
tald,
Qhilik of befoir infectit wes of ald
With auerice, that baith to man and child,
The moir perfite it growis now in ild;
Qhair vther vices in age ar maid les,
Than auerice begynnis to incres. 44,925
This ilk king Johnne, of quhome befoir I schew
So enmulant with auerice, of new
Ouir all Ingland richt greit extorsioun
'Maid on the pepill with oppressioun,
'Makand new lawis euerie zeir by zeir, 44,930
Abhominabill till ony man to heir.
And in the first he maid ane law, but leis,
Gif man or woman hapnit to deceis,
Had he ane air vther to land or gude,
That ather to him suld gif ane gratitude 44,935
Or he succedid other to gude or land,
Or than forfalt all in the kingis hand.
Als in the tyme he maid ane vther law,
No man of gude sould, other greit or smaw,
For his barnis with mariage dispone,
Without he did first with the king compone,
And gif ane tribute for the kingis leif:
Quha war so pert the contrar for to preif,
It suld be repute for ane falt and cryme,
And all his gude confiscat in the tyme. 44,940
The thrid law maid, quhilik be the worsh of all,
Gif policie, other greit or small,
As bishop, abbot, dene, archidene also,
Hapnit to vaik, with mony vther mo.
The haill restis in his hand suld remane;  
Qhill that [thai] war provydit new agane,
The haill proffeit thair of him self soude haue.
Ane zeirlie pensioun also he did crawe
Fra' ilk prelat withoutin ressoun or skill,
So far he wes affectit to his will.
Qhailroir the lordis that tyme of Ingland,
Convent all togidder in ane band,
For to remeid the wrang and greit injure,
That he had wrocht bainth agane riche and puir.
Syne to Phillip the king of France tha send
For his supple to bring that thing to end;
To Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
Tha send also for supple of that thing.
Thir kingis baith richt hartlie with gudewill,
Promittit hes that tha suld cum thame till,
Aman thame self sua that thawald be trew,
And perseveir thair purpos till persew.
This ilk king Johnne of that quhen he hard tell,
How his lordis agane him did rebell;
Also he knew his power wes ouir small,
For to resist aganis thair poweris all;
And for that caus he send his lordis till,
Promittand thame, at thair plesour and will,
All wrangus thing he suld agane restoir,
And als reforme all faltis maid befor;
In tyme to cum na mater suld be sped,
Without thair counsell in the tyme wer hed.
For moir effect in writ he put this band,
Subscryuit it syne with his awin hand,
His chancellor withoutin falt or cryme,
To him he gaif tha writtis in the tyme,

1 In MS. That. | 2 In MS. counsellouris. | 3 In MS. thame.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With all the lordis as it wes deseruit,
In his keipng most straitlie be conseruit.
Sone efter this that all sic thingis wes done,
The auerice 3it of this ilk king Johnne,
That men trowit wes meneist and maid les,
Begouth agane to grow and to incres,
With puir invie and greit cruelitie
Of his lordis for to revengit be.
For that same caus, as ze ma weill presume,
Ane seruand send onto the court of Rome
With his desyr, the quhilk wes put in wryte,
Of fynest gold ane sowme als infunyte.
This messinger directit wes till go
Vnto ane man that callit wes Guallo;
Ane cardinall he wes into that tyme,
Full of all vice and conscius of that cryme;
With sindrie vices thocht that he wes blekkit,
With auerice I hald him maist suspectit.
This ilk Gu[a]llo considderit hes full sone,
So greit reward wes send him fra king Johne,
Presentit' hes onto the paip in write
His soir complaint with dolorus indyte;
Quhilk I pretend this tyme to tell 3ow till,
In forme and effect the tenour of his bill.
Into the first he menis him full soir
Of all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
That wrangualie tha did him greit injure,
Restrenze and him fra regiment and cuir
Of his kirkmen, without ressoun or quhy,
At thair plesour for malice and invy.
All that he did, he said, bayth moir and les,
Wes for the profeit of his halines,
And for the weill also of halie kirk.
Traist weill, he said, he wald nocht ellis wirk,

\[1\] In MS. He presentit
And for the best it wes ay that he wrocht.
Quhairfoir that tyme his halynes besocht
For sum remeid to kep him vnouirthrawn.
In his kinrick, sen that it wes his awin,
Withoutin noy of ony nictbour by.
Pap Innocens for that same caus and quy,
And greit reward that he had send him till,
Promittit hes his plesour to fulfill,
At all powere richt glaidlie with his hart,
In that purpois ay for to tak his part.
This cardinall, that callit wes Gualo,
Blindit the paip and mony vther mo;
For greit reward king Johnne had to him send,
In that mater he gaif him sic commend,
To thame that wes most inwart with the laif
Into the court richt greit reward he gaif,
Qhilk causit mony to corruptit be,
In Rome that tyme quhilkhedauctoritie.
Becaus in Rome, as I hard wyiss men tell,
Baith richt and wrang wes all tyme for to sell; 1
So is it zit, as mony suithmen sais,
In Rome siclike into the samyn dais.
This messenger than passit hame full sone
Onto the king and schew how [he] hed done;
And how the paip rycht glaidlie with his hart,
Promittit hed that he suld tak his part,
And wryttin aiss into the tyme also,
With greit credence than fra this ilk Gualo.
To qubome that tyme king Johnne aboute the laif,
Throw his ansuer so greit confidence gaif;
And suddantlie, withoutin ony moir,
Begouth agane evin quhair he left befoir,
To his lordis so wranguslie to wirk,
And greit injure alse to halie kirk.

1 These two lines precede the former couplet in MS.
Quhairfoir his lordis gudlie till advance,
For young Lues, quhilk Dolphene wes of France,
Rycht sone tha send than for that samin thing,
And Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
Be the promit befoir to thame tha maid,
Gif that thair king thocht mair thame till in-
vaid.
This young Lues, with greit power he hed,
Richt sone to Ingland in the tyme him sped,
With wrytting synne diuysit hes to wend
In haist ane herald, to king Johnne he send,
Quhilk schew to him into the tyme, but leis,
Gif he of him plesit for to haif peice,
And his lordis withoutin ony moir,
Reforme all falt that he had maid befoir,
Siclike also in tyme to cum betuene,
Fra all injure and faltis till abstene;
And gif, he said, it plesit him do so,
His eldest sone and vther freindis mo,
To ly in pledge, or than, he said, but leis,
That he suld leif in lytill rest and peice.
Than this king Johnne that wes nothing adred,
In this Gualo so greit beleif he hed,
Into the tyme sic anser maid him till,
Sayand he wald all his plesour fulfill
In spyte of him, rycht so of all the laif,
Quhome of he thocht ane mendis for to haif.
With this anser, as ze haif hard heir plane,
He passit on to young Lues agane;
Iik word be word he did to him rehers,
As I befoir hes put now into vers.
This young Lues than quhen he hard and knew
The anser all, as the herald him schew,
With his armie, as my author recordis,
To Lundoun toun he come and met the lordis.
Of his cuming richt glaid wes les and moir,
Ressaue and him with greit honour and gloir,
Pretendand syne richt sone for to corrak
This ilk king Johnne, for the grit skayth and lak
That he had done on to thame all ilkone.
Quhairfoir this Lues send to him anone,
And bad him meit quhair he ane tryst hes maid, 45,090
And gif him battell withoutin ony baid.
Than this king Johnne, quhilk that perfittie knew
In all Ingland freindis he had richt few,
Him to supple than other les or moir,
For greit injure he had done thame befoir,
Rycht weill aduy sit in that samin cace,
He drew him sone onto ane sicker place;
And suddantlie the battell than refusit,
Syne efterwart his awin devyss he vsit.

Col. 2.

HOW KING ALEXANDER PASSIT THREW INGLAND TO KING LUES, DOLPHENE OF FRANCE, QUHAIR HIS ARMIE LA IN INGLAND FOR THE TYME, QUHA OF [ILK] VITHER WAR GREITLIE REJOSIT, AND EFTER LANG TALKING LEFT THAIR ARMEIS IN INGLAND, SYNE PASSIT BAYTH IN FRANCE.

Than Alexander of Scotland that wes king, 45,100
Into Scotland quhen he hard tell sic thing,
How that king Lues into Lundoun la;
With greit power sone eftet on ane da,
Out throw Ingland richt haistielie him sped,
To Lundoun toun ane greit ost with him hed, 45,105
Without danger other of riche or puir,
In his passage but skaith or zit injure,
Quhill that he come sone eftet on ane da,
Onto the place quhair this ilk Lues la.
Thir tua princes togidder quhen tha met, 45,110
Ather hes other into armes plet;
Als tenderlie ilkone hes braissit vther,
As it had bene ane zoungh child with his mother;
With all plesour that neidfull wes to haue,
Siclike wes done that tyme amang the laue. 45,115
Efter lang talk and counsell thame amang
Betuix thir tua togidder had bene lang,
Decreittit wes, or ony moir wes done,
Thir tua princes suld pas thame self richt sone
In France to Phillip, to conferme the band 45,120
Wes maid befoir betuix him and Scotland.
Sone efter syne thir princes bayth zeid hidder,
And left thair oistis liand baith togidder,
Of greit power at reule and ordenance;
Thir princes tua syne passit baith to France. 45,125

HOW KING ALEXANDER AND KING PHILLIP MET
IN FRANCE, AND OF THAIR BAND MAID BETUIX THAME.

Richthaisteliewithoutinhovir,
In sax schippis tha passit ouir at Dover.
In Bolon syne, quhair that the tryst wes set,
This Alexander and king Phillip met.
Quha had bene thair that tyme for to haif sene 45,130
So greit kyndnes as wes thir tua betuene,
The greit triumph, the honour and the gloir,
That this king Phillip ordand had befoir.
At thair meitting wes mony men of gude,
Syne all in counsell, schortlie to conclude, 45,135
Confermit hes ilkane baith les and moir,
The band and leig that maid wes of befoir.
As ressoun wald tha thoocht it wes bot skill,
New actis also eikand than thairtill.
The first of thame it wes amang the laif, 45,140
That nane of thame within thame suld ressane
That rebell was or onfreind to the tother;
Siclike also that tyme tha maid ane vther,
That no man of gude out of ane far cuntrie
In France or Scotland sould ressauit be, 5,145
The Buirk of the Hebre"ws.

But ytheris leif and with his haill consent;
Qhuair o fthalymethawarhartlie content.
This beand done thatuake theirleiftillgo,
Ilk man aganetotheplacehecomefro.
Thir tua princes with thair lordis ilkone,
To Lundoun toun rycht sone aganeis gone.

Off the Deith of King Johnne, of Ingland
Kine, throw hie displeasour.

This ilk king Johnne, of quhome I spak befoir,
Throw his displeasour and seiknes richt soir,
With greit blythnes of mony man and wyffe,
Departit hes out of this present lyffe.

Sum did alledge that samintyme that hie
Intoxicat with ane blak monk sulde be,
For quhy he had distroyit of befoir,
Of thair places richt mony les and moir.
Giff it wes trew Ican nocht tell, for-thy
Now at this tyme I lat sic thing go by,
Becaus I haif nocht sic thing in memorie,
And tell sow furth now the lawe of my storie.

How King Alexander returnit in Scotland,
And how be the Way the Ingismen he
Fand, and of thair skaith done to him,
And of King Alexanderis revenge.

King Alexander seand, as weill it pruifit,
King Johnne wes deid quhome for thawar
must,
And all Ingland quit of his ill for euir,
He tuke his leif that tyme and did disseuer
At zounyng Lues and lordis les and moir,
Qhilk causit him at thair requiest cum thoir.
That samintyme as zelall wnderstand,
As he wes cumand hame into Scotland,
Quhair he offendit nother riche nor pur,
Als of him self haifand no dreid nor cuir;
Thairfoir his men baith quhen tha woik and sleipit,
Had litill dreid and far les other keipit,
Traistand to thame that no man ill had meind;
Thairfoir sum men that wes king Johnis freind,
That fand his men into ane quiet place,
Rycht suddanelie, withoutin mercie or grace,
Into that tyme richt mony hurt and slew.
Than Alexander quhen he hard and knew
To him wes done sic lichtlines and lak,
Richt sone thairof ane mendis he did tak
Of thame ilkone war doaris of that deid,
Fordwart ane fit or he wald than proceid.
Syne in thair gait, withoutin any tarie,
All kynd of thing that tha micht turs or carie,
Quhat cuir it wes befoir thame that thair fand,
Without reskew tha brocht all in Scotland.
That samin tyme, as ze sall weill presume,
Paip Innocens ane counsall maid in Rome,
Quhair present wes thairat richt nobill men,
Four hundreth bishopis in that tyme and ten,
Aucht hundreth [abbottis] siclikethan also,
War present thair with mony prelat mo.
Paiip Innocens of his auctoritie,
In this counsall concludit than hes he,
And all the laue appreuithes the same,
To curs and widdill, warie and condame,
Bayth ill and gode, the quhilk that tyme wes done,
That enimie wes to this ilk king Johnne.
The cardinall that callit wes Gualo,
With that proces in Ingland maid till go,
With hail power, fra quhome wes na refute,
That ilk proces thairfoir to execute.
This ilk Gualo, as ze sall wnderstand,
Sone efter syn quhen he come in Ingland,
King Johnis sone that callit wes Henrie
He crownit hes; syne sone and suddantlie
He cursit hes thair be thair name ilkone,
That ennemie wes to this ilk king Johne,
And speciallie this Lues be his name,
In Ingland wes that tyme wnpasit hame.
This young Lues than, shorltlie to conclude,
Quhen that he knew richt weill and wnderstude
That all the maist part of Ingland as than,
Greit fanour had onto that samin man,
This cardinall that callit wes Gualo,
To Henrie alss thair new maid king also,
Dreidand sum thing for haistie chang and newis,
That tyme with thame he hes tane peax and

trewis.
Ane sowme of gold syne to this Gualo gawe,
As pleit him into the tyme to haue,
And wes absoluit of all charge and blame;
Syne take his leif richt sone and passit hame.
This ilk Gualo, without tribute or tax,
Fra that proces wald nocht tyme relax
No lord of Ingland that wes ennemie,
To that king Johne, and for that samin quhy,
Ilkane thairin had intermissioun,
Hes payit for his absoluition
Ane sowme of gold that tyme, sum les, sum moir,
Suppois it wes agane thair will full soir.
This ilk Henrie of quhome befoir I tald,
Into that tyme richt bellicois and bald,
With mony berne or he wald langar byde,
Richt suddantlie come to the bordour syde,
Syne into Scotland baith with blude and fyre
Greit wrang he wrocht in his crabling and ire.
King Alexander quhen that he hes hard tell,
How this king Henrie, furius and fell,
Within his boundis sic wrangis had wrocht,
In gudlie haist, als sone than as he mocht,
Collectit hes ane greit power of men.
The quhilk rycht sone quhen king Henrie did ken,

He sped him hame rycht sone into the tyde;
Of his cuming he had no will to byde.
This Alexander that tyme neuirtheles,
Thocht he wes gone thocht he wald haif redres,
Of peax or weir cum as it wald to hand;
Richt sone he enterit in Northumberland,
And thair he la at greit laser and lenth,
Seigit and wan ilk castell, tour and strenth;
Syne to the erd richt law he kest thame doun,
Quhen that wes done passit to Carlill toun.
With litill sturt baith toun and castell wan,
Of that conditioun, thairin euirilk man
Sould leuit be to pas but ony skaith
Of thair bodie, and of thair guidis baith.
And sua he did richt frelie leit thame go,
Syne in the toun and the castell also,
Left men of weir and watchis for to keip
Vpone the wall quhen vtheris war on sleip.
To Norhame¹ syne the narrest way he tuke,
About that hous he watchit lang and woik,
Of stone and lyme that stude so wonder strang.
Quhen he had lyne about that hous so lang,
Withoutin furder other nicht or da,
He left the hous and syne come hame his wa.
Syne king Henrie with mekle brag and bost,
Quhen he hard tell that skaillit wes his ost,
Quhilk with his power than bayth nycht and da,
La waittand still quhill he wes past awa,
Richt suddanlie syne enterit in Scotland.
The toun of Beruik on the se did stand,

¹ In MS. Morhame.
With the castell into the tyme hes' tane;
Syne forder mair furth with his ost hes gane,
With fyre and spulze baith by daill and doun,
Withoutin stop ay onto Haddingtong.
Dumbar castell, becauss it wes so strang,
He wald nocht seig nor zit tarie so lang;
He stude greit aw thair langar to remane,
Thairfoir rycht sone he sped him hame agane.
Neirby the tyme that thir kingis did so,
The cardinal, that callit wes Guallo,
Of all thir weiris quhen he hard rehers,
That samyn tymey his office did exerce,
And cursit hes by his power of law
King Alexander and his lordis aw.
Syne interdytit all Scotland siclike,
Declairand ilk man for ane heretike,
As he alledgit, sayand thae sould wirk
In contrare the fredome of halie kirk.
Zit neuirthles king Alexander sone,
To be revengit of the thing wes done
Be king Henrie bot laillie of befoir,
Collectit hes ane power than far moir
Na that he had befoir wnder his band,
Quhen that he hereit all Northumberland.
That tymey he thocht for to revengit be,
Or mony one vpoun ane da sould de,
The archibischop of Zork in tha dais,
And Sarisberrie, as my author says,
Thir tua gude men with mony vther mo,
Dreidand full soir that all to wrak suld go,
Thir tua greit princes beand at so greit feid,
Without richt sone tha saw for sum remeid,
Thairfoir that tymey, thair purpois to fulfill,
In Scotland com king Alexander till,

1 In MS. hed.  |  2 In MS. agane.
Haiffand that tyme the power of Ingland,
Trewis till tak, to obliss, and mak band,
And to compone for all thing moir and les,
To gif agane and for to mak redres.
And so tha did into that samin place,
Or tha departit fra the kingis grace,
With solistatioun of thame and greit cuir,
Tha take trewis for lang tyme till induir.
Of this conditioun, without pledge or pane,
That Alexander suld restoir agane
The toun of Carliill, and the castell to,
Till king Henrie, and he siclike till do
The toun that tyme and castell of Beruik,
Till him agane for to restoir siclike;
And Alexander suld haif all the cuir
To the Re-Cors that standis in Stone-mure,
In heretage, siclike as wes befoir
Possessit wes with gude Malcome Canmoir.
Quhen this wes done with all thair haill consent,
Thir tua bishopis hame onto Lundoun went,
Confermand thair all thing that tha had done;
To Beruik syne tha come agane full sone,
Thair in that place quhair that the tryst wes set,
With Alexander and his lordis met,
Absoluand him and his lordis ilkone,
Fra all proces wes led on thame bigone.
The interdictioun of Scotland also,
Relaxit hes be power of Gualo.
Off Zork the bischop, ane rycht nobill man,
Wes executor of the office than.
Fra his power the kirkmen les and moir
Exceptit wes, for-quhy Gualo befoir
Considderit weill that tyme that he suld haue
Far moir jurisdicioun nor ony of all the laue:

1 In MS. in in. | 2 In MS. wed.
And for this caus that I haif said 3ow hear, 45,345
He summond thame in Anwik to compeir, 45,345
And so thae dide bofore him self richt sone, 45,346
To hear and se how all thing suld be done; 45,346
Befoir him thair quhen thae war all present, 45,346
This ilk Gualo declarit his intent, 45,346
Sayand, without thae maid him condiцииoun, 45,350
Ilk man till pa for his remissiou 45,350
To him ane sowme efter his facultie, 45,356
Tha suld for him all wnasoluit be. 45,356
Into the tyme richt mony hes done so; 45,356
3it neiurtheles, of all the laif far mo 45,356
To his desyr wald nocht consent ane fit, 45,356
Sic symonye wnefull till commit: 45,356
Sayand it wes expres agane the law 45,356
Of God and man, als far as thae culd knaw, 45,360
Sic spirituall thing other to selle or by. 45,360
This ilk Gualo than for that samin quhy, 45,360
Fra his handis that thae suld nocht sua chaip, 45,366
Thair absoluioun that tym to the paip 45,366
Referrit heis thair till absoluit be, 45,366
Or than at hame all in sic proce dse, 45,366
Or than the sowme that he taxit thame so; 45,366
Cheis thame, he said, ane of thir thre till do. 45,370
Thir bischopis\(^2\) all, quhen thae hard him sa sua,
So stomatak at him ilkone war thae,
Or thae wald byde at his sentence and dome, 45,370
Tha chois erar for to pas to Rome, 45,370
Fra that sentence thair for to be relaxt, 45,370
Agane the law or thae wald pa sic taxt.
And so thae dide sone efter syne but fenzie, 45,375
Onto the paip of Gualo did compleţe; 45,375
Schawand to him the haill fassoun in feir,
Ilk word be word as I haif said 3ow hear.

\(^1\) In MS. do. \hspace{50pt} \(^2\) In MS. princes.
ThatsamintymetheInglismenalso,
The soir complaynt wes maid of this Gualo,
Befoir the paip than oppinlie hes\(^1\) tald,
With semony how he bayth bocht and sauld
Sic spirituall thing, wnlefull till be done.
Quhairfoir the paip, richt suddantlie and sone,
Out of Ingland this cardinall gart call
Befoir him self sittand in tribunall.
The justice sait that da him self had vsit,
Quhair this Gualo befor him wes accusit
Be ane prelat of Scotland come to plein\(\z\)e,
Befoir thame all war present in that sen\(\z\)e,
Richt quyetlie his vices did rehers,
In sic ordour as I sall now rehers.
So he begouth, and leit him wnderstand,
Quhen this Gualo come first into Ingland,
With sic indult and so greit facultie,
Qubilk grantit wes be his auctoritie,
Into that tyme he execute all wrang,
For auericethathe had vsit lang;
Quhairin the first, the fais of king Johnne,
That secularis war, absoluit thame richt sone
War penitent and tuke pennisance thairfoir,\(^2\)
But ony money other les or moir:
The kirkmen all without tribut or taxt,
With him that tyme wes neuir ane relaxt.
The secund thing quhairof he him accusit,
Throw his ill counsall that king Henrie vsit,
He causithim to brek the peax and band
Wes maid befor betuix him and Scotland,
And with his power Scotland syne invaid,
Quhair greit distructione in the tyme wes maid;
Of men and beist richt greit mortalitie,
With fyre and blude that pitie wes to se.
\(^1\) In MS. wes.
\(^2\) In MS. thairf\(\z\)r.
"Syne Alexander, quhilk did him self defend
"Fra sic injure, as it wes richt weilk kend,
"But any caus that tyme to him he hed,
"Of halie kirk the proces on him led,
"And on his lordis, withoutin caus or wyit
"Of ony cryme, and syne for moir dispyit,
"At his plesour, withoutin zour command,
"He interdytit that tyme all Scotland.
"And [all] but cryme, thocht tha war penitent,
"And efterwart till him obedient,
"King Alexander and his lordis ilkone
"Had absoluion that tyme at him tone
"Gratis but gold, for weill he wist himsell,
"Thairtill on force he micht nocht thame compell.
"Syne the kirkmen that wer vnder his cuir,
"Saikles on ws the wyit alhaill he buir;
"For-quhy that tyme he knew rycht weilk and wist
"Agnis him we micht nocht all resist;
"And for that caus he wald ws nocht releif
"Fra that proces, without ilkane wald geif
"Of gold ane sowme efter his facultie;
"The quhilk we thocht wes nocht lesum to be.
"With auerice quhairwith he wes infectit,
"Incomparabill of cunze hes collectit;
"The privilege of halie kirk all wrang
"At his plesour thus he hes vsit lang."
"Befoir thame all quhen this wes said rycht tyte,
Quhairof Gualo could nocht himself weilk quyte,
The money all in Ingland than he wan,
Fra [tyme] thairin his legacie began,
And mekle moir, to this paip Innocens
That tyme he gaif for his beneuolence.
Far better war he had biddin at hame,
For-quhy he tint all his travell and fame.
The prelattis all that come of him to plenze,
Thair with the paip into that samin senze
Relaxit war, and absoluit ilkone,
Fra that cursing, and syne all hame ar gone.
Sone eftersyne, into that samin þeir
That this wes done as I haif said þow heir,
The gude erele Dauid than of Huntlyngtoun,
At Ptholomey wes seigt and put doun,
That wan sic gloir and honour in thadais,
Syne all his tyme, as that my author sais,
Alss weill in peax as into weir wes he,
Ane man of wisdome and auctoritie,
That bruther wes to king William also,
That samin tyme he tuke his leif till go
Out of this lyfe, and did his saull restoir
Onto the King of all honour and gloir.
This king Henrie syne quhen he wes of aige,
And moir wisdome than quhen he wes ane page,
Iik da be da alls wisdome moir did leir,
With moir desyr alway till pece nor weir;
And for that caus in þork than hes he met
With Alexander quhair the tryst wes set,
Into the tyme quhair that gude peax wes maid,
With subscriptioun and mony seill full braid,
Befor ane legat, callit Phillop to name,
Ane cardinall of greit honour and fame.
To fessin all with moir affinitie,
This ilk Henrie ane þoung sister hed he,
Callit wes Jane, plesand of he parage,
To Alexander gaf her in mariaghe.
King Alexander of Scotland also,
At hame that tyme he hed þoung sisteris tuo,
For thair wedding that tyme aggreit he,
With Inglis lordis heast of degrie.
All this wes done qhillk þeir me record,
Into the þeir of Jesu Christ ourc Lord,
Ane thousand þeir and tua hundreth also,
And tuentie aile withoutin ony mo.
In Cantirberrie, in the secund seir
Efter this tyme as I haif said 3ow heir, 45,485
Qhaur present wes that tyme king Henreis grace,
And mony prelat in that samin place,
Be thair support togidder all at onis,
Of Sanct Thomas translaitit wer the bonis
Intill ane ferter that tyme fra his graif, 45,490
With all honour that ane martir suld haif.
Neirby this tyme that 3e heir me subsume,
Honorious, the quhilk wes paip of Rome,
To Innocens the quhilk that did succeed,
Ane legat send in Scotland, as we reid, 45,495
At king and lordis askand thair supple,
At thair plesour efter thair facultie;
Richt laulie than the quhilk did thame exhort,
With part of money that thawald support
The Cristen men quhilk war than for to ga 45,500
In Halie Land to fecht with Goddis fa.
Thairtill ilkone ryche glaidlie thair did grant,
Suppois thame self thairof sould haif moir skant,
Ilkone that tyme efter his facultie,
Ane sowme of gold gaif in greit quantitie, 45,505
Qhaur with this legat tuke his leif till go.
Sone efter syne than as it hapnit so,
Nocht ane penny thairof to Rome wes brocht;
I can noch[t] tell gif it wes trew or nocht,
Bot as he said so sall I to 3ow sa, 45,610
That he wes reft with thevis be the way;
This wes the son3e in the tyme he schew,
Judge 3e or nocht gif that sic thing wes trew.
Honorious, quhen he this knew and kend,
Ane vther legat synge agane he send 45,515
Into Scotland desyrand the same thing;
Qhaurfor the lordis that tyme and the king
Ane counsall maid, quhair tha decreittit sone,
In that mater quhat best wes till be done;
Concludit wes with king and all the laue, 45,520
No mo legattis tha wald agane ressaue
Into that cace, for-quhy tha dred rycht soir,
That he suld do as done wes of befoir;
And for that caus tha leit him nocht remane
Of his erand, bot sped him hame agane. 45,525

HOW KING ALEXANDER MAREIT THE SISTER OF
KING HENRIE, AND HOW HUBERT, GREIT
JUSTICE OF INGLAND, MAREIT KING ALEX-
ANDERIS SISTER, AND HOW GILLESPIE RE-
BELLIT AGANIS THE KING, AND HOW THE
ERLE OF BUCHANE, JOHNNE CUMING, WES
SEND TO HIM.

Sone eftersynethat done wes all this thing,
Gude Alexander, of Scotland that wes king,
King Henreis sister weddit to his wyffe,
Thairwith in joy for to leid his lyfe.
Ane greit nobill as ze sall wnderstand, 45,530
Callit Hubert, greit justice of Ingland,
Of Alexander the sister than did wed
To be his spous, and brocht hir to his bed.
Confermit wes, throw that affinitie,
Sic peax and rest and greit tranquillitie 45,535
Betuix thir prencis, but pledgis or pane,
That no man traistit to se weir agane.
Zit neuirtheles aue man but fayth or fame,
That callit wes Gillespie to his name,
Into Catnes aganis the king he rais, 45,540
With greit power to Inuernes syne gais:
Into his gaitis bairt hereit, brint and slew,
Fra his handis thair chaipit than rycht few
Tuke nocht his part, and gaif to him consent,
Rycht suddantlie be him tha war all schent: 45,545

Col. 1.
THE BUIK OF THE

Syne Inuernes in his wodnes and ire,
Baith kirk and toun, he brint all in ane fyre.
The erle of Buchane, bellicos and bald,
Johnne Cuming, of nobill blude and aid,
Ane nobill man as it wes rycht weill kend,
King Alexander in the tyme hes send,
With [greit] power haiffand auctoritie
Of this Gillespie to revengit be,
In gude ordour baith on fit and hors,
Throw Mar, Buchane, and also in throw Ross,
Seikand richt far quhill he Gillespie fand,
Syne chaissit him throw mony sindrie land,
Withoutin rest in na place till remane,
Quhill he tua thousand and him self hes slane;
And all his men that tyme be the leist ane,
War other slane or than in handis tane.
Gillespeis heid, that maid sa febll end,
With his tua sonis to the king wes send.
That samin tyme, or neir thairby I ges,
Rycht cruell men that duelt into Catnes,
Thair bishop than, quhilk wes ane man of gude,
That cursit thame than, schortlie to conclude,
For to the kirk no teyndis tha wald pa,
With haill consent becaus that he did sua,
Tha seigith him into his awin place;
Syne finallie, withoutin mercie or grace,
Within ane hous that tyme quhair that he was,
Him and the hous tha brint baith into ass.
Onto the king quhen that this cace wes kend,
With greit power in Catnes sone he send;
Four hundreth men of thir faltaris hes tane,
Syne on ane gallous hangit thame ilkane;
And that their surename sould na farder spred,
The barnis all into the tyme tha hed,
That sonis war, he causit for the nanis,
That samin tyme to cut fra thame thair stanis,
Into ane taikin and memoriall.
Quhair this wes done [now] Bawstane Craig tha call,
Quhair all thair stanis hapnit vpone cace
Cassin togidder in that samin place.
The erle of Catnes als that tyme wes he,
Becaus he sufferit sic thingis for to be
Without remeid, and wald mak no ganestand,
Forfaltit wes thairfuir of all his land.
Syne efter this, as ze sall weill presume,
Ane legat send wes fra the paip of Rome
To Alexander for his hie curage,'
With mony pardoun and greit pruilege,
Oft thankand him that stude at sic defence
Of halie kirk, syne maid sic recompence
Without fauvour as he had gart than,
For the distructione of that nobill man.
Ane man of gude, of literature and fame,
Quhilk callit wes than Gilbert to his name,
Ane halie man withoutin falt or cryme,
Bischop of Catnes wes maid into the tyme.
The pruillage that fra the paip wes send,
Becaus he wes ane man that sic thing kend,
To him that tyme conseruitour to be,
Committit wes the haillauctoritie.
This ilk Gilbert, as that my author sais,
Ane sanct in hevin is haldin in thir dais.
In the third zair syne efter all this thing,
This Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
With Armangard his mother that wes quene,
Haldand his ȝuill, as my author did mene,
Quhen euerie man wes in solace and pla,
After the ȝuill vpoun Vphalie da,
Into the hall quhar that tha sat at none,
For caus that tyme he thoxt most oportune,
The erle of Catnes in that samin place,
On his kneis befoir the kingis grace,
Quhair that his mother that tyme wes present,
Richt humblie than with law and meik intent,
He askit grace rycht piteouslie that tyme,
And clengit him of the slaughter and cryme
Of Adamus, aie just man and aie trew;
Bischop of Catnes laitlie as I schew.
That samin tyme as my author meyne,
At the requeist of Armangard the queene,
His mother wes, and mony vther mo,
And for the honour of the tyme also,
King Alexander hartlie in the tyme
Forgevin hes him all faltis and cryme;
And all his landis also les and moir,
To him agane richt frelie did restoir.
This samin erle, as that my authour sais,
Efter that tyme richt lang and mony dais,
Althocht he wes forgevin with the king,
Becaus he wes nocht saikles of that thing,
The hand of God sone efterwart thairfoir,
Hes puneist him rycht cruellie and soir.
Into hes bed, wnwist of ony wicht,
Rycht quietlie wes slane vpone the nicht;
That nane suld wit syne efter how it was,
The hous and him tha brint baith into ass.
Thus endit he withoutin ony moir,
In the same falt he faillit in befoir.
Neirby this tyme as 3e sall wnderstand,
The blak freiris come first into Scotland.
King Alexander quhen he wes in France,
As sum man said, of aduenture and chance
With Sanct Dominick him awin self he met,
Quhair he till him ane fixit da hes set,
At his requeist wes greitlie to commend,
Of his brether in Scotland for to send.
Quhilk war ressauit with the kings grace
With greit honour, syne biggit thame ane place
At their pleasure, and ay sensyne for-thi,
The langar ay thae haif done multiply.
Sanct Frances ordour sone efter tha dais
Come first in Scotland, as my author sais;
The quhilk ordour, as we may preif in deid,
Of perfectioun all vther dois excceed.
Sone efter this as ȝe haif hard me sa,
The nobill lord Allane of Gallowa,
Constabill of Scotland in his tyme wes he,
Quhilk gydit justice with greit equetie
To riche and puir, without fraude or fenzie,
Wes neuir man of him had caus to plenȝe,
With greit mening that tyme of mony one,
He tuk his leif and to his graif is gone:
No langar heir he list to mak repair.
Thre dochteris left behind him to be air;
All Gallowa, the quhilk befor he gydit,
Richt equallie amang thir thre diu dyt,
Befoir his deith ilkone thair awin suld ken,
Syne weddit thame with thre young nobill men.
Ane bastard sone also that tyme hed he,
I can nocht tell be quhat auctoritie
Or richt euill counsell sum had gevin him to,
All Gallowa that tyme he maid on do.
Becaus lord Allane had no sone bot he,
On him thairfoir to sic auctoritie,
Throw ill counsell quhilk causit oft discord,
Of Gallowa he held him self the lord.
And quha thairin maid contrpleid or pley,
Or war so bald his bidding disobey,
Richt sudderlie, with greit malice and ire,
Persewit thame baith than with blude and fyre.
Wes neuir sene nother with lord nor lard,
As he with him, had sic ane graces gard;
For-quhy that tyme ilkone till him did draw,
Forloppin lownis that durst not bide the law,
Baith theif and tratour that culd neuir be trew, 45,690
Thikfald to him all in the tyme tha drew.
Onto the number of ten thousand men,
Dalie he led ouir mony gill and glen:
Thir brybouris bald, withoutin ony baid,
Ilk da greit spulzie in sindrie partis maid. 45,695
King Alexander, of this quhen he wes war,
The erle of Marche callit Patrik Dumbar,
And Walter Stewart lord of Dundonald,
Thir tua lordis, with mony berne full bald,
In contrair him that samin tyme send he 45,700
In Gallowa with his auctoritie,
Qhilk vincust him and slew him thair in feild;
Fyve thousand als than of his men wer keild,
And all the laif that war nocht slane or tane,
Out of Scotland tha baneist thame ilkane. 45,705
Rodger Quincin qhilk wes ane man of gude,
Ane lord he wes and of richt nobill blude,
The eldest sister also of the thrie,
Lord Alanis dochter that tyme mareit he;
The constabill than of Scotland he wes maid, 45,710
The qhilk he brukit with thà landis braid,
And all his airs till ane richt lang tyme.
Syne efterwart, for greit tressoun and cryme,
Forfaltit wes; and for that samin querrell,
Translatit syne wes¹ to the erle of Arrell 45,715
That ilk office, with haill auctoritie;
Of Scotland than the constabill maid wes he,
Qhilk zit sensyne, withoutin ony leis,
That samin office tha buke zit in peice.
All beand done as I haif said 3ow heir, 45,720
To Alexander come ane messingeir
Out of Ingland, the qhilk to him that schew
Betuix the king and his lordis of new,

¹ In MS. syne wes syne.
Quhat wes the causse he culd nocht ryght weill tell,
Ryght suddantlie ane greit discord thair fell.

King Alexander for that samyn caus,
As he richt weill that culd alledge the lawes,
For to reforme all wrangis and discord,

Qubairfoir that tyme with mony ryght wyss lord,
That tyme in Ingland passit hes, but leis,

Qubair he richt sone all scisma hes gart ceis.

Ryght mony tryst, as my author recordis,
He drew richt oft betuix the king and lordis,
With greit travell lang efter he come hidder,
Qubill he richt weill aggreit thame togidder.

Quhen this wes done, for mair merit and meid,
In pilgremage to Sanct Thomas he zeid,
Of Canterberrie, duotllye on his feit.
His pilgremage quben that he had compleit,
In Lundoun toun, as my author did tell,

His youngest sister, callit Issobell,
The quilk with him in Ingland he gart pas,
Ane nobill man the erle of Northfolk was,
To him that tyme in marriaghe he gaif,
Quhome of he wes ryght weill content to haif.

HOW JEANE THE QUENE AND KING ALEXANDERIS
WYPFE DEPARTIT IN INGLAND OUT OF THIS
LYFFE, AND OF KING ALEXANDERIS COMEING
HAME IN SCOTLAND, AND EFTER WEDDIT
THE ERLE OF GOWERIS DOCHTER, AND HOW
PATRIK, ERLE OF ATHOILL, WAS SLANE.

Sone efter this now that ze heir me mene,
Gude Jeane of Scotland that tyme that wes quene,
To Alexander was weddit wyfe also,
The quilk with him in Ingland he gart go,
Agnis deid becaus scho micht nocht stryve,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe,
In hir southheid quhen scho wes of most vaill,
Withoutin chield other famell or maill.
King Alexander after this wes done,
Agane in Scotland syne come hame rycht sone. 45,755
The nixt zeir syne after he come hame,
Ane young virgin, callit Marie to name,
The dochter wes to the erle of Gower than,
Callit Ingell, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Than Alexander weddit to his wyfe,
In joy and blis with quhome he led his lyfe.
To him after ane young sone syne scho buir,
Hecht Alexander, quhilk dalie with greit cuir
Scho nureist hes in southheid of ane cheild,
Quhill that he come onto perfytar eild.
Sone efter syne, as ze sall wnderstand,
This nobill king perlustrit all his land,
Justice and law amang thame till exers.
That samin tyme, my author dois rehers,
Patrik the erle of Athoill that wes than,
In Haddington, wnwist of ony man,
Or zit knawledge of ony erthlie wycht,
In his bed wes murdreist on the nycht;
Syne he and bed and all wes brint in ass,
And all the house that nycht that he in was. 45,775
Thocht no man wist perfitlie in effect
Quha did the 1 deid, zit tua tha held suspect;
The tane of thame hecht Jon Bissart to name,
Quhilk of the deid buir all the wyte and blame,
And on his eme that tyme and on no mo, 45,780
The blame of all wes laid ypone tha tuo.
Quhairof tha come into the kingis will,
Becaus he hed no sicker pref thairtill,
Forfaltit thame than bayth of land and gude,
Syne baneist thame rycht far attour the flude. 45,786

1 In MS. tha.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW THE PRELATTIS OF SCOTLAND CONVENIT AND MAID ANE COUNSALL IN SANCT JOHNESTOUN.

This samin zeir as so hapnit befall
In Sanct Johnnestoun ane counsall generall;
Quhair all the prelattis of Scotland ilkone
Wes present thair; that da absent wes none.
That callit wes the counsall of clergie,
For to reforme all faltis war gone by;
All thing to cum with prudens to provyde,
With gude ordour the kirk of Christ to gyde.
In that counsall richt mony gude statute
Wes maid that tyme, quhilk zit ar execute
Wnabrogat, as that my author sais,
Quhilk in the kirk ar keipit zit thir dais.
Bayth with the king and the lordis consent
This thing wes done, quhair tha war all present.
Sone efter this now that ze heir me reid,
Lord of Argyle wes callit Somerleid,
The sone he wes of Somerleid that schrew
Quhome of befoir short quhile I [to] zow schew,
Into his tyme quhilk wes ane wickit man;
Quhair that he left this Somerleid began,
With reif and stouth, spulze and oppressioun,
Ane lang quhile so with greit transgressioun,
Ilk da be da the langar ay the war.
The erle of Merche syne, Patrik of Dumbar,
Send fra the king aganis him we reid,
In plane battell vincust this Somerleid;
Syne chaissit him ouir mony mont and plane,
Quhill that he wes richt joyfull syne and fane
To grant him grace; than, for the moir effecc,
Come with ane widey knyt about his neck,
Befoir the king quhair he had set the place,
On his kneis bessikand him of grace;
Quhill grantit wes for plesure of this lord
Erle of Dumbar, of quhome I did record.
Quhen this wes done and brocht to sic ane
end,
Quhilk in the tyme wes greitlie to commend,
This ilk Henrie that king wes of Ingland,
Richt mony menis maid to brek the band
To Alexander befoir that he hed maid,
With sic desyr his kinrik to invaid,
Throw ill counsall that mony gaif him to,
Wist nocht rycht weill quhat that tha had ado.
And for to mak occasioun of sic thing,
Rycht mony wes gaif counsall to the king,
The samin castell that foundit wes on Tucid,
Quhilk of befoir, as ze aboue ma reid,
That king William gart cast doun and distroy,
To big agane the Scottis for to noy;
Into their hart it wald be sic ane hoill,
That weill thà wist thà ma nocht sic thing
thoill.
All this wes done onto the same effecc,
To fynd ane caus the trewis for to brek.
So had tha done, as I richt understand,
War nocht the lordis that tyme of Ingland,
The quhilk thairof knew sic danger and ill
Into that cace, wald nocht consent thairtill;
And cause[it] hes the king for to repent
That he had done, and changit his intent.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW LUES, KING OF FRANCE, SEND IN SCOTLAND TO KING ALEXANDER FOR SUPPLE TO FECHT IN HALIE LAND, QUHA SEND PATRIK, ERLE OF MARCHE, AND WALTER STEWART OF DUNDONALD, WITH ANE GREIT ARMIE WITH THE SAID KING OF FRANCE.

In this same tyme the nobill king of France, Callit Lues, richt gritlie till advance, Into Scotland that samin tyme send he To Alexander for his help and supple; Schawand to him his purpos wes till go, That tyme to fecht aganes Christis fo, Into Judea into the Halie Land. Than Alexander withoutin ony demand, The erle of Merche, bayth bellicois and bald, And Walter Stewart lord of Dundonald, With mony wy that worthie war and wicht, Baith big and bald, all cled in armour brycht, Wnder the gyding of thir lordis tuo, To king Lues he maid that tyme till go. In Egipte efter syne at thair defenss, Part in battell and part in pestilens, Departit all into that samin place. Sone efter syne it hapnit vpone cace, This king Lues with vtheris mony one, Fechtand in feild with the Soldane wes tone. Neirby this tyme that I haif schawin heir, Quhen Alexander ane and fiftie zeir Completit hes, and gane wes all his dais, Than of his ring, as that my author sais, Completit wes als threttie zeir and fyve, He take his leif out of this present lyfe, And of our Lord ane thousand and tua hunder, Fourtie and nyne also for to eik wnder.
Within the se that tyme into ane yle
Fornent the cost, rycht straucht furth fra Argyle,
This Alexander, as that my author sais,
In that same place cloissit his latter daies.
With service sung and sacrifice of sence,
And all honour pertening to ane prence,
[Into Melross syne efter that wes he
Intumulat with greit solemnitie.]

How Alexander was crovnit King, and how
the Lordis amang thame selffis thair-
foir did maling, and how the Realme
was gydit be four wyss Lordis.

Quhen so deceissit wes this nobill king,
That all his tyme so meik wes and bening,
Ane sone he bad quhilkwes ane plesand child, 45,880
The quhilk that tyme wes nyne 3eiris of eild.
Ane farar child dought na man for to se,
Als Alexander to name callit wes he.
That samin tyme, as my author recordis,
Ane greit divisioun raiss amang the lordis, 45,885
And speciallie for crowning of thair king.
Sum said that tyme that he wes all to zing
To crownit be, and also greit wrycht,
Becaus he that tyme wes nocht maid [ane] knycht;
And vther sum the contrarie that thocht, 45,890
For sic ane caus that tyme stop wald thar nocht.
And had nocht bene Makduffes the erle of Eyffe,
With his wisdome that stoppit all that stryfe,
In that mater thar had fittit so far,
Sone efterwart I trow it had bene war. 46,895
Or ony thing in that mater wes done,
He hed the prince with greit triumph to Scone,
Qhailor present wes thair lordis mony one,
And crownit him thair on the marbell stone.
That samyn tyme I hard my author sa,
Ane Hieland clerk, cled in ane rob of gra,
Befor the king with mony benge and bek,
He salust hym on to that samyn effecc,
Fra Gathelus all his genealogie
Onto him self he countit gre be gre.

Thair names now I like nocht to rehers,
So cummersum tha ar to put in verss.
Into that tyme, becaus he wes so zing
To gyde and governe sick ane famous ring,
Or dreid his youthheid suld occasioun be
Till mony one fra justice for to fle,
For that same caus tha chesit in that tyde,
That wysast war to governe and to gyde,
Four agit lordis baith sicker and suir,
Syne gaif to thame the hail gyding and cuir,
With hail consent thair of thame all ilkone.
The quhilk till do thir four in hand hes tone;
And for to be moir suir into that thing,
Onto Henrie of Ingland that wes king
Ane herald send, withoutin ony moir,
For to conferme the band maid of befoir;
His dochter als to haif in mariage
To Alexander quhen he come till age.
The quhilk Henrie, hartlie with gude will,
All thair desyr richt glaidlie grantit till.
The secund zeir syne efter of his ring,
Alexander of Scotland that wes king,
In Drumfermling with greit triumph and gloir,
Qhaur present war that tyme, bayth les and moir,
The bischoppis all and mony abbot also,
Into the tyme with vther lordis mo,
Convenient all togidder for the nanis,
Of Sanct Margaret for to translaite the banis,
And as it hapnit efter ze sall heir.
As tha war brocht ben richt into the queir,
Fornent the toume quhair that king Malcolme la,
Hir husband wes, as ze haif hard me sa,
So suddane havie in the tyme tha grew,
Of waill wicht men quhair that thair wes anew,
The starkast man that wes amang thame thair
Docht nocht ane fit thame fordward for to bair.
In magir thame ilkone wes thair that tyde,
The banis still into that place did byde.
As tha stude all to wonder of that thing,
Ane agit monk that tyme said to the king,
" Schir, I beleif this is the caus and quhy,
" Hir husbandis graue that scho will nocht go by,
" Qhill his banis be borne ben befoir;
" Into his lyfe scho did him sic honoir,
" Siclike in hevin thairof haif ze no weir,
" With sic honour as scho wes wont do heir.
" My counsall is," thus said he, "for the nanis,
" Now and ze pleis for to tak vp his banis,
" And in the queir befoir hiris beir thame ben,
" Gif this be trew or nocht than ze ma ken."  
And so tha did richt suddantlie and sone;
Sanct Margaretis banis syne quhen that wes done,
The leist ane cheild wes scantlie ten zeir ald,
Mycht haif borne thame to quhat place that he wald.
Ben in the queir his banis than tha brocht,
In ane ferter of fyne silver weill wrocht
Inclosit thame, as my author did sa,
Qubair tha remane thair still onto this da.
Sone efter syne throw wisdome and curage,
Quhen that the king come to perfytar age,
He take greit curage justice to exerce;
So wes thair than my author did rehers,
Into the Month ane erle of richt ill fame,
That Walter Cuming callit wes to name,
The erle of Buchane and mony vther mo,
As of Athoill and Strabogie also;
Thir four lordis hecht Cuming to surname,
Quhilk of befoir thocht nother syn nor schame
To mak oppressioun dalie of the puir,
The king being in southheid wnder cuir,
The samin tyme that I haif said 3ow heir,
Befoir the king for tha wald nocht compeir,
Quhen tha war callit answier for to mak
For thair faltis of quhome befoir I spak,
Becaus tha schew thame self giltie in sic thing,
Declarit war than rebellis to the king.
Thir foure lordis syne efter on ane nycht,
Richt quietlie with greit power and mycht,
Out of Kynros that tyme tha tuke the king,
At thair plesour syne hed him to Striuiling.
Syne euirilk da be thair auctoritie,
Haifand the king in thair captiuitie,
Richt greit injure, the langar ay the moir,
Tha wrocht siclike as tha war wont befoir.
Of that surname, as my author recordis,
Into Scotland thair wes rycht mony lordis
Into that tyme, of greit power and michtis,
Forouttinn thame als tua and threttie knychtis.
Of thair attyre I list no langar tell;
Tak tent and heir quhat efterwart befell.
This Walter Cuming, of quhome befoir I schew,
Ane wyfe he had wes nother traist no trew,
That louit better nor hir awin lord
Ane Inglisman, my author dois record;
For that same caus, gif I sulde schaw the richt,
Hir awin lord scho poysenit on ane nicht.
Quhen that wes done in Ingland syne scho fled,
And all the gold and trasour that scho hed,
And jowellis als, withoutin ony demand,
That tyme with hir scho tuke into Ingland.
To all the laif quhen that this thing wes kend,
How that this lord maid sic vnhappie end,
That principall wes of thame all that tyme,
And caus also of thair vnhap and cryme,
Tha come and pat thame in the kings will,
To quhat punitioune he wald put thame till.
Throw intercessioun than of vther lordis,
This humbll king, as my authour recordis,
Thir thre lordis and all the laif that tyme
Remittit hes of thair offence and cryme.
This samyn tyme that ze heir me resume,
Completit wes and ordanit into Rome
Of Corpuschristie the solemnnitie,
Nixt hand the feist\(^1\) than of the Trinitie,
Qhilk to be said vpoun the Thurisday;
Sic servuce ilk zeir siclike [\(\ddot{z}i\)]t we say.
That samyn tyme, as my author did wret,
The quhit habite of freiris Carmelet
Come first in Scotland, synce efter on cace
In Tulelum wes biggit thair first place
Be ane that tyme wes bishop of Dunkell.
Also that tyme, I hard my author tel,
The cors of Peblis funde wes in tha dais
Be ane quhit monk, as that my author sais,
Duelt in Melross neirhand that samyn place.
Qhair it wes fund tha fand that tyme of cace
Of alabast ane prettie pig of stone,
And in that pig war banis mony one
Weill wynd in silk richt courtlie for the nanis;
Can no man tell zit weill quha sucht tha banis.\(^4\,035\)
In that same place quhair that the cors wes fund,
King Alexander biggit on that grund
Ane fair tempill of poleist stone and lyme;
Syne foundit it into the samyn tyme
Of quhit\(^a\) freiris of the Trinitie,
Qhilk habite zit remanis thair to se.

\(^1\) In MS. \(\ddot{a}st.\)
\(^a\) In MS. quhat.
After all this than, schortlie to conclude,
This nobill king with mony men of gude,
Passit to Zork than for the samin quhy,
Qubair that he met that tyme with king Henry,
With all his lordis that tyme les and moir,
For to fulfill that maid wes of befoir.
To Alexander beand within age,
King Henreis dochter into mariiage,
That samin tyme he weddit to his quene Margaret his dochter plesand and amene.
To me to tell this tyme war ouir grit tarie
The fantasie and eik the ferie farye,
The greit triumph, the sporting and the play,
The singing, dansing, that wes euierl day,
The sumptuous cheir and cost of euerie thing,
Wes maid that tyme at mariage of our king;
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing go by.
Quhen all wes done, at nobill king Henry
King Alexander tuke his leift till go hame with his quene, with mony lordis mo;
With honour, gloir, and greit triumph betuene,
Come hame in Scotland with Margaret his quene.
All beand done as I haifsaid zow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund zeir,
Thir tua kingis with mekle pomp and pryde Convenit baith than at the bordour syde,
And commouit of mony sindrie thingis Concernand honour onto baith thir kingis.
At Wark Castell quhair at the tryst wes set,
Thir tua kingis togidder thair tha met,
And talkit thair in mony sindrie townis,
Of commoun weill concerning baith the rowmes.
Of Alexander all that office buir,
Qhilk had of him the gowernance and cuir,
War changit all for mony sindrie thingis,
At the devyss and counsall of thir kingis;
And other enterit syne into thair place,
That chosin war thair with the kingis grace.
Richard, the bischop that tyme of Dunkell,
Wes maid chancellor, as my author did tell,
And Dauid Lyndesay, of Glenesk wes lord,
Maid thesaurar, gif that I rycht record,
And justiciair\(^1\) callit Allane to name;
Quhen this wes done departit and 3eid hame,
The kingis baith with greit triumph and gloir,
To thair places quhair tha come fra befoir.
Sone efter this that I heir to 3ow schew,
The officiaris that maid wes of the new
Desyrit payment of the remainand,
That restand wes wnpayit in thair hand
At the last compt, of thame that office buir,
Or thair enterit and had thairof the cuir.
The quhilk to do richt pertlie tha deny,
Erar for malice and for puri invy
Na ony ressoun that tyme tha culd schaw,
Be ony richt or 3it titill of law.
And\(^2\) for that caus the officiaris new maid,
Be way of deid tha thocht for to invaid
The tother pairt than, had nocht bene the
king,
And pundit hed for payment of that thing.
The kingis grace quhilk haittit all discordis,
And speciallie amang greit men and lordis,
Accordit thame of all that tha suld haue
With part of payment, and forgaue the lawe.
This samin tyme that I haif said to 3ow,
Completit wes the greit kirk of Glasgow
Be ane William of greit famositie,
Of that same sait the bischop than wes he.
The nixt 3eir efter it wes compleit,
In harvest fell sic ane rane and weit,

\(^1\) In MS. *maciosar.*  \(^2\) In MS. *Or.*
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With roik and mist than baith at evin and morne,
Qhill haiieelie distroyit all the corne;
Qharrow of that ȝeir sa mony had greit want,
Ouir all Scotland so deir it wes and scant,
And Ingland als, that mony man and wyffe
For falt of fude that ȝeir loissit the lyfe.

HOW ACHO, KING OF NORROWAY, COME IN
SCOTLAND WITH ANE GREIT NAVING TO
REVENG THE GREIT INJURE AND WRANG
DONE TO SUENO AT BARTHA TOUN BYGANE
LANG, AND HOW KING ALEXANDER SEND
THRIE WYSS LORDIS TO HIM, AND OFF HIS
ANSWER AGANE.

In this same ȝeir now that ȝe heir me se,
Ane callit Acho, king of Norrowa,
Quhen to this Acho done wes wnderstand
Sic darth and hungar wes into Scotland,
He thocht that tyme wes all for his behuif
Aganis Scotland battell for to mufe,
For to revenge injuris les and moir,
Wes done to Sueno at Bartha befoir.
And for that caus, withoutin ony baid,
Into that tyme richt greit prouisioun maid,
Baith out of Denmark and of Norrawa,
With bark and barge and mony gay gala;
And tuik the se with mony guillie man,
Syne saillit furth attouir the wallis than
Befoir the wynd richt mony hundreth myllis,
Qhill that he come in Scotland to the Ylis;
Qhillk war his awin ane lang tyme of befoir,
Ay sen the deid of gude Malcome Canmoir.

¹ In MS. rock.
THE BUIK OF THE

His brither Donald for thair help and supple
Agane Edgair, at his auctoritie
The Ylis all that tymhe did resigne
In the handis of Magnus that wes king
Of Norrowa, and zit vnto that da
Tha brukit thame, as my author did say.
Now fardermoir in that mater till mute,
Tha passit all onto the yle of Bute;
Syne efterwart, within ane litill quhile,
With all his naving landit in that yle.
The toun of Air he seigt syne and wan
With litill sturt, but ony skaith as than.
This beand done, without stop and ganestand,
With spulze and heirschip vpoune euerie hand,
Procedit furth into the samin quhile,
In sindrie partis of Carrick and [of] Kyll.
To Alexander quhen this thing wes kend,
Rycht sone in haist thrie wyss lords he send
To this Acho, to heir his mynd and knaw
Quhat causit him agane the commoun law,
So far fra hame in his contrar hed socht,
And in his boundis syne sic wrang had wrocht.
Thir thrie lordis togidder in ane will,
To Acho come and scharplie said him till
Richt hie langage as I sall now rehers,
Ilk word be word heir followand intovers.
" War noch," tha said, "oure vse hes bene befoir,
" And zit we think siclike salbe euirmoir,
" No man with battell ony tymhe persew,
" Quhill first his mynd we wnderstude and
knew,
" Gif he for him hes ony caus or noch,
" Syne thairefter as we thoicht caus we wrocht.
" Ellis," tha said, "dout nocht bot 3ow hed sene,
" Als schort ane quhile as 3e haif now heir
bene,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"Als bald bernis and in armour als bricht, "
"As thow hes heir sone semblit in thi sicht, "
"Or ony man ane fit farder hed socht "
"To bring to the sic bodwart as we brocht, "
"Or hit dedeyne sic message for till go, "
"To speir at the quhat causit the do so. "
"Quhairfoir," tha said, "oure king that send ws "
"heir, "
"Commandit ws at the for to inqueir "
"Quhat richt hes thow or quhat auctoritie, "
"Or quhat injuris haif we done to the, "
"Or ony vther that thow suld defend, "
"Or ony wrang that we aucht for to mend, "
"Hes causit the in Arrane and [in] Bute, "
"His puir pepill, without ony refute, "
"Baith man and wyfe, with yong and ald also, "
"But ony causss so cruellie to slo. "
"The pepill als thi tirranie that dred, "
"For girth and succour to the kirk ar fled, "
"Gat no refuge in thi rancour and ire, "
"Bot slew thame all, syne brint the kirk in fyre. "
"Quhairfoir," tha said, "gif that thow wes "

"Sic sacralede aganis almihtie God "
"For to commit, and all his halie sanctis, "
"Qubome to all thing at thair desyr he grantis, "
"Of vengeance als quhilk hes auctoritie, "
"Quhen euir tha like for to exerce on the. "
"And gif thow thinkis that thow hes no neid "
"God nor his sanctis for sic thing to dregid, "
"Hit thow suld dregid the tua maist potant kingis "
"In Albione togiddre now that ringis, "
"In gude concord and perfite cheritie, "
"Be ald colleg and new affinitie. "
"Thy small power to thame is no compeir, "
"That sall thow find and thow byde oucht lang heir "

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"Quhairfoir," tha said, "we the command richt sone,
"For to reforme all wrangis thow hes done; 46,205
"And do thow nocht, thairfoe thow no weir,
"Thow sall forthink richt sone that thow come heir."
Quhen tha had said and schawin all thair will,
This ilk Acho sic ansuer maid thame till:
"Trow ze," he said, "for zour speiking so proud;
"Or lichtlie langage bayth lawage and loude,
"With greit derisioun so injurieus,
"That I this tyme be so meticulus,
"And sic ane cowart full of schame and dreid,
"That I dar nocht to my purpois proced,
"For the greit bost that ze haif blawin now:
"Wnwyss ar ze of me sic thing till trow.
"And quhair ze speir be quhat auctoritie,
"Or be quhat richt, that I haif now for me,
"Sic wrang this tyme agane zow I haif wrocht, 46,220
"To that questione heir I will ansuer nocht.
"For-quhy," he said, "richt weill it wnderstand,
"That I wes neuir zit at his command,
"And mairattour, se that ze sa him to,
"I know my self quhat that I haif ado,
"And thinkis nocht at him wisdome to leir;
"He neidis nocht thairfoir at me to speir.
"Bot gif it be at my plesour and will,
"Thairfoe na ansuer I will mak him till.
"Gif he will speir of sic things and mute
"Quhat richt haif I to Arrane or to Bute,
"To that I sa, as ze ma heir me mene,
"Lang of the ald tha did to me pertene,
"To my gudschir and foirgudschir also,
"Qhillk wranguslie that ze haif haldin me fro
1In MS. in.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"And no redres that thairfoir,
"Nocht worth ane scrutin of all that to restoir.
"Thairfoir," he said, "sa to thi king but leis,
"Gif that he plesis for to leif in pice,
"And nocht to se bayth castell, tour and toun, 46,240
"Befoir his face distroyit and put doun,
"And all his kinrik, schortlie to conclude,
"Brocht to confusion bayth with fyre and blude;
"Gif he list nocht sic thingis for to se,
"Ten thousand pundis of gude money send me, 46,245
"And all the Ylis ilkone be thair name
"Gif ouir to me without ony reclame."
Onto the king this anser quhen tha schew,
Be thair relatione wnderstude and knew,
And be the anser in the tyme he maid, 46,250
Without battell he culd nocht weil evaid,
Decretit hes syne for to tak the feild.
With bernis big that waponis weil culd weild,
Ane greit armie all into armour bricht
He semblit syne richt sone into thair sight. 46,255

HOW THE KING OF SCOTTIS TUKE FEILD AGANIS
ACHO, KING OF NORROWAY, AND OF HIS
ORESONE MAID TO HIS LORDIS.

Vpone ane plane that tyme quhair that thae stude,
He put thame all intill ordour rycht gude;
To Walter Stewart amang all the laif,
At his gyding the vangard that da gaif;
He wess his oy that foundit the abba 46,260
Into Renfrow, that callit is Pasla;
The erle of Merche vpone the tother syde,
The tother battell gaif to him to gyde;
The mid battell of stalwart men and stuir,
Thairof him self the gyding tuke and cuir. 46,265

H 2
Quhen that wes done ascendit to ane hyght,
Quhair euerie man mycht haif of him ane sycht;
Befoir thame all syne with ane voce so cler,
He said to thame as I sall schaw 3ow heur.
"Wnto 3ow all," he said, "it is weill knawin, 46,270
"So wranguslie this tyme with oure awin
"We are invalidit, without causs or quhy,
"For auerice, for malice and invye;
"Quhairfoir, I traist, thae sall cum hulie speid,
"In sic querrell quhen that thae haif most neid. 46,275
"Rycht weill ze knaw how our fatheris beforne,
"Full mony da or ony heir wes borne,
"Agane thair fatheris oft in stour thae stude,
"Becaus thair querrell wes so just and gude,
"And in thame self so worthie men war than, 46,280
"The victorie euir of thame thae wan.
"Traist weill," he said, "we haif als mekle rycht
"As thae bad than, and God als of greit mycht
"As ze wes than, and als greit equitie,
"And euir wes and euirmoir salbe, 46,285
"And equalie rewardis euerie deid.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "we haif no causs to dreid,
"Sen that our querrell is so just and trew,
"Withoutin causs thae do on ws persew;
"Quhairfoir greit God of his auctoritie, 46,290
"Will nocht thoill thame wnpuneist for to be.
"And sen it is that we haif all the richt,
"I 3ow beseik exerce 3our strenth and micht
"For to defend 3our barnis and 3our wyffis,
"3our freindis als, 3our landis and 3our lyffis, 46,295
"3our king, 3our croun, or, schortlie to conclude,
"Bondis to be into vyle seruitude
"To 3one pepill befoir 3our face 3e se,
"Of barbour blude full of iniquitie;
"Ilk da with thame syne to be ourthrawin, 46,300
"Vsand 3ow all evin as 3e war thair awin;
"Baith young and ald, wyfe and barne betuene,
"Ilk da defoullit syne befoir zow ene."
Siclike as this that tymhe he did reherss,
And mekle mair than I will put in verss.  
Acho siclike, vpoun the tother part,
Rycht circumspecthe wes into that art,
And to his men into the saunin sort,
He said to thame as I sall heir report:
"Ze my knychtis, baith stalwart and sture,"
"Forsuith," he said, "of zow I am richt suir,
"That ze ar all bayth manlie, wyss and wicht;
"In zow also sic strength thair is and micht,
"And wisdome als, els, wit ze but weir,
"So far fra hame I had nocht brocht zow heir."
"Sic vertew als I knaw thair is in zow,
"Rycht litill dreid thairfoir I haif as now
"Of all zone folk befoir zow face that standis,
"I haif sic hoip this da into zow handis.
"For weill I wait, with litill noy or din,
"Riches and gold aneuch heir may we wyn,
"Lordschip and land, honour and greit mycht.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "wald ze considder richt,
"Of all zone folk ze suld tak litill feir,
"Without Prattik or wisdome into weir."
"In thame is nother strength or micht I ken,
"For-quhy tha ar bot similitudis of men,
"And like schaddowis, to say the suith at schort,
"Bayth pynd and puir like ony peild tramort.
"On thair bodie is nothing, to conclude,
"Bot skyn and bone, withoutin flesche or blude,
"For greit hungar that they haif had all zeir,
"Bayth meit and drink so scant hes bene and deir.
"Dout nocht," he said, "without ony demand,
"Tha haif no strength agane our straik to stand."
"Gif so hapnis, as God forbid so be,
"Out of the feild heir at this tymhe to fle,
"Quhair suld we flie, lat se now to quhat place?  
"Haiffand our fa fechtand befoir our face,  
"Behind oure bak the deep water and se,  
"Quhair we will drount to that place and we flie.  
"And sen we haif sic help in our awin handis,  
"And ma debait ws rycht weill with our brandis,  
"Greit skayth it war, dishonour and greit lak,  
"And we on ws this tymne sic part suld tak,  
"To cast fra ws oure harnes and oure geir,  
"And waponis als that we vse into weir,  
"Out of the feild quhair we no perrell se,  
"So schamefullie to turne oure bak and flie,  
"Rycht hail and feir, withoutin wan or wound,  
"On to zone se quhair we will all be dround.  
"Quhairfoir," he said, "think on zour honour all,  
"I zow beseik, quhateuirefterbefall,  
"So far fra hame heir in ane vnoouth land,  
"Quhill ze haif strenght other to tryke or stand."

THE ENTERING AND JOYINING OF THE FEILD.

Be this wes said the broderit baneris brycht  
On euerie syde we[s] hevit vpoune hicht;  
And mony pynsall panetit all with gold,  
And mony standart streikit on themold,  
That worthelie war wrocht all with gold wyre,  
Fra Phebus face that flammit as the fyre.  
The schalmis schill schoutit with sic ane sound,  
That with thair beir the braid erd did rebound;  
The clarionis clynkit in the tymne so cleir,  
The buglis blast wes aufull for to heir;  
Rycht mony man, that waponis weill culd weild,  
On euerie syde hes enterit in the feild,  
With sic ane dous togidder that tha draif,  
Quhill speiris brak and scheildis birst and raif.
Helmis war hewin and heidis that war wnder;
Schoulderis wer sched and schorne all in schunder;
Breistis war bet, bayth bludie maid and bla,
Sum leg, sum arme, the bodie cuttit fra;
Sum to the erd wes dervie drevin doun,
Sum in the deid-thraw la walterand in swoun.
Thir tua kingis forgane vther that faucht,
Sic routis rude ilkone on vther raucht
Into that feild, with egir will and gude,
Stalwart he wes wnder sic straikis stude.
The Scottis than in the vanguard that faucht,
As with thair captane that tyme tha war taucht,
So worthelie into the feild thame hed,
Qhill that thair partie turnit thair bak and fled.
Achois cousing, captane of that feild,
The laif all fled quhen that tha saw him keild;
Most principall amang thame all wes he,
And nixt Acho of most auctoritie.
The Scottis than fast follouit on the chace;
Thair captane than, quhilk considderit the cace,
As tha war scaillit vp and doun the plane,
Ane trumpet blew and gatherit thame agane.
In gude array he brocht thame syne intill
Thir tua kingis quhair tha war fechtand still;
In gude ordour, aiss fast as tha mycht frak,
He enterit in behind the Danis bak.
Tha bernis bald, withoutin ony baid,
So greit slaughter vpone tha Danis maid,
That force it wes to this Acho to fle,
Out of the feild than with ane few menzie.
The farrar wyng vpoune the tother syde,
The erle of Merche had in that tyme to gyde,
So lang tha faucht quhill tha war neir confoundit,
Him self also into the tyme soir woundit;
Syne quhen tha saw that this king Acho fled,
With all the strent into the tyme tha hed,
So heich thair hartis in that tyme tha grew,
The feild agane richt manlie did renew,
With so greit strent and curage in the tyde,
The Danis fled and durst na langar byde.
The Scottis syne fast follouit on the chace,
Quhome tha ouirtuke, without mercie or grace,
Tha gat no girth, nother knycht nor knaif,
Bot evin siicle befoir as thame self gaif.
Tha follouit ay als lang as tha had sycht;'  
With greit slaughter quhilk twynnit thame the
nycht.
This king Acho with the few folk he hed,
Onto the toun of Air that tyme he fled,
Traistand thairin for to get sum resset.
Be he come thair ane messinger he met,
That schew to him tydenis that war nocht
gude ;
That samin nicht his schippis on the flude,
Sevin scoir and ten togidder quhair tha la,
With storme and tempest brokyn war or da,
Sum vpoun craig and vther sum vpone sand.
The marinaris come levand to the land,
War slane ilkone, dreidles but onydoubt,
With Scottis men that duelt neiiry about.
Except four schippis raid neiiry ane cost,
The laif ilkone with all the men war lost.
Quhen Achosaw that na better micht be,
With thir four schippis passit to the se,
About the Ylis sailland da be da,
Qhill that he come syne till Orkna.
This ilk battell wes strickin in Renfrow,
Besyde ane toun callit the Lairgis now.
In qhilk battell, as my author did sa,
Fyve thousand Scottis deit that same da;
With four hundred thousand to and more
Of Norwayais deit thair also,
Except the schipmen on the se wes lost,
And all the laif that slane war at the oist,
The quhiilk that tyme wes of ane rycht greit
number:
Sensyne Scotland wes ay quite of thair cumber.
This king Acho, of quhome ze hard me say,
Sone eftersyne he come into Orknay,
Rycht litill sturt that tyme he tuik or nane,
Of the greit skaithe before that he had tane;
So hichtie than into his mynd wes he,
Thinkand thairof he suld revengit be,
Ouir all Denmark and Norway also,
Of armit men collectit bes far mo
No of befoir, and with power moir large,
With mony bark, ballingar and barge,
And mony carvall biggit of the new,
To that purpois agane for to persew
King Alexander as his mortall fo,
Quhen symmer come and winter wes ago;
And how it hapnit efters ze sall heir.
Syne in December in that samin zeir,
Throw greit seikness that salzeit him so soir,
He tuke his leif, for he micht leve no moir.
Quhen his dais ouir drevin war and wend,
At his departing all that weir tuke end.
Richt as my author did me wnderstand,
Borne wes the prince that same tyme of
Scotland,
Quhiilk Alexander callit wes to name,
Of quene Margaret the flure is of all fame,
Quhiilk causit Scotland to abound with gloir,
For dowbill blythnes that thah hed befoir.
The grittest blythnes wes that tyme thah hed,
The deid of Acho quhome so soir thah dreed,
Or dreid he suld haif done thame moir offence. The secund wes the birth than of their prince, Quhilk causit thame solempnitlie to sing Our all Scotland, and bellis for to ring, And baillis birne with mekle sport and pla, With greit triumph onto the auchtane da. After the tyme that this Acho wes deid, Mawnis his sone succeidit in his steid, Ane man of peice that ay gude conscience hed, And all his tyme richt gritlie God he dred. This ilk Mawnis to Alexander send Ane messinger with hartlie recommend, For peax and rest, concord and unity, Siclike befoir that wont wes for to be Befoir thir dais lang and mony 3eir, Of this conditioun I sall schaw 3ow heir. Arrane and Bute, but sturt or stryfe of thame, Suld be his awin without ony reclame, And all the laif of Ylis les and moir, Mawnis to haif his father hed befoir. This messinger quhen he had said his will, This nobill king sic anser maid him till: " Gude freind," he said, " quhill I haif strenth or micht, " The Ylis all quhome to I haif sic richt, " Traist weill," he said, " till tha restorit be " To me agane as tha war wont als fre, " Fra blude and battell I schaip neuer to blyn, " The Ylis all agane quhill that I win." The messinger, for dreid of grittar blame, With that anser tuke leif and passit hame. King Alexander in that samin quhile, With greit power he send in Mona Yle Johnne of Cuming and Alexander Stewart. Thir tua lordis in weir wes so expert,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With litill sturt that yle richt sone tha wan,
Of Norrowais quhair tha slew mony man;
Syne all tha strenthis stuffit in that quhile
With Scottis men for to defend that ile,
The quhilk the Danis haldin had befoir,
Aucht scoir of zeiris and sevin zeiris moir.
Sone eftersyne within ane litill quhile,
The erle of Merche, the lord als of Argyle,
The erle of Atboill, with Buchane also,
Menteith, Lennox, with mony vther mo,
Be se and land richt far and mony mylis,
With greit power war send into the Ylis.
The quhilk richt sone fra tyme that thabegan,
Of tha Ylis richt mony that thawan;
The Danis all that schupe to mak reskew,
In tha Ylis ilkone that tyme tha slew,
Syne Scottismen that leill and trew war kend,
In strenthis left tha Ylis to defend.
The laue also, becaus tha come in will,
Come hame agane and wald do thame na ill.
This king Mawnis so weill that tyme he wist
Agane the Scottis he micht nocht resist,
Richt weill he knew, other be feir or wyllis,
In contrair him tha wald win all the Ylis.
His\(^1\) chancellor that wes ane famous man,
Ambassadour he hes send to him than,
First for to se gif [that] he wald fulfill
The first desyr that he had send him till;
And gif it wes that he wald nocht do sua,
Ane zeirlie ferme to thair king for to pa
For the Ylis that he had in his hand,
And all the laif at thair faith for to stand.
Quhairof the king that tyme wes nocht content,
Quhen that he hard sic inconvenient.

\(^1\) In MS. This.
The lordis all, siclike and all the lawe,
For his desyre to greit heiding him drawe;
And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid,
In that purpois na forder wald proceid.
Syne efter [that], as I sall schaw zow heir,
Componit wes than with this chancelleir,
Perpetuall peax in tyme to cum to tak,
With king and king colleg and band to mak,
Confiderit pepill ay fra that furth be,
In peax and rest, concord and vnitie.
To Alexander syne, baith les and moir,
The Ylis all agane for to restoir,
And to renunce rycht hartlie with gude will,
All rycht and clame that tha mycht haif thairtill;
And neuer agane, for ald feid na for new,
Reuoiq that band, na zit sic thing persew.
Four thousand mark of gude mony alsua,
King Alexander in the time sail pay
To king Mawnis, as I haif said zow heir;
Perpetuallie syne euerilk zeir by zeir,
Ane hundreth markis in compoisioun,
Zeirlie to pa in maner of pensiouin.
Decreitit wes that samin tyme also,
King Mawnis sone that callit wes Hungo,
That he suld wed vnto his wyfe and quene
Young Margaret, rycht plesand and amene,
To Alexander dochter wes most deir,
The quhilk that tyme exceidit nocht ane zeir.
Hungo siclike that samin tyme we[sa] he
Ane sowkand barne vpoune the nureis kne;
Promittit wes to mak that mariage,
Quhen euir tha tua come bayth to lauchtfull age.
All this wes done as I haif [said] zow than,
With greit blythnes thair baith of wyffe and man.
Or tha departit in the samin tyme,
Convictit wes than sindrie of sic cryme,
That thà supportit [hed] into sic thing,
The Norraway is agane thair awin king,
Richt quietlie with mony subtill wyllis,
Quhen that his armie wes into the Ylis.
For that same caus foroutin ony moir.
Quhair that this legat present wes befoir,
In that same tyme quhair that himself mycht se,
Upoun anegallous maithame alltode.
Sone efter this now that ze heir me tell,
Agane king Henrie that tyme did rebell
Ane greit captane, callit Symon Montfort,
Persewand him ilk da be battell mort.
Eith wes it nocht his power to resist,
For-quhy samony did till him assist;
Thairfoir king Henrie for help and supple
To Alexander suddantlie send he.
King Alexander heirand it wes so,
With Johnne Cuming he furnelst for till go
Fyve thousand men, hardie of hart and hand,
Stalwart and stout in ony stour to stand.
Sone efter syne, throw thair help and supple,
This Symon Montfort than vincust wes he
In mort battell, thair fechtand on ane plane,
Quhair he himself and tua thousand war slane:
Syne all the lane within ane liltill space,
The king agane ressauit in his grace.
Be this wes endit in the tyme and done,
Ane vther scisma follouit efter sone;
Ane man wes callit Rodger Mortimeir
Into that tyme maid all Inglandon steir.
Staitlie he wes, and of ane rycht hie style,
Sit neirtheles it lestit bot ane quhile;
This king Henrie with mony leill trell leig,
He circulithim sone efter at ane seig,
Into ane place quhair he wes sted rycht herd,
Within ane castell callit wes Rewlerd.
Syne wan the hous that wes so stark of stone,
And slew him self and all his men ilkone,
Within that hous without ony remeid;
So endit he that foundit all that feid. 46,616

Sone efter that that I haif put in vers,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht weill reheers,
Alexander sum tyme that wes to ruse,
His greit wisdom that tyme he did abuse.
Qnihilk cauisit hes his seruandis for to wirk 46,620
So greit extorsioune vpoune halie kirk,
Qnhair that tha knew that thair wes oucht to win,
Tha sparit nother for greit schame no syn.
So is the vse of mony loun or knaif,
Gif hapnis him auctoritie to haif, 46,625
In ony tyme other of prince or king,
Sall none be fund so thra into sic thing:
Ane nobill man, as that my author sais,
Of Sanct Androis wes bischop in tha dais,
The greit cursing he execute that tyme 46,630
Aghanis thame committit hed sic cryme;
Qnhairof the king than rycht commouit wes,
Commandand him out of Scotland to pas,
Or to relax withoutin ony moir,
The proces all he execute befoir. 46,635
This nobill man seand that it wes sua,
He chesit erar out of Scotland to go,
Or he wald fald or faill in ony thing,
For ony aw or dreddour of the king;
He tuik on him sic adventure and chance, 46,640
Out of Scotland he passit into France.
Thairat the lordis war ilkane commouit;
The king thairfor rycht soir tha haif reproutit,
Sayand to him into that tyme that he
Scheild and defence of halie kirk suld be, 46,645
The qnihilk he thoacht alluterlie distroy,
At instigatioun of ilk knaif and boy.
Quhilk causit him at that tyme to repent
Into the tyme, and turnit his intent
With ferme purpois all thing for to amend;
Syne for this bishopec suddantlie he send,
And brocht him hame; syne all thing les and moir
Reformit hes quhair he faltit befor;
And all the laif assistit to that thing,
Absoluit wes that same tyme with the king,
And with the said bishopec fullelie remittit,
Syne penannce tuke for all tha had committit.
Sone efter this wes brocht to sic ane end,
The paip ane legat into Scotland send,
Clemens the fourt to name callit wes he,
To Alexander for help and supple
To men of weir that reddie war till go,
To fecht that tyme aganis Christis fo.
The king him causit in that tyme to byde
Out of his presens in the bordour syde,
All his desyr in wryte syne to him send,
And thairefter with him he suld mak end.
And so he did at his plesour and will,
Sone his desyr in writ [hes] send him till;
Into the first than his desyr wes susa,
Ilk paroche kirk without exceptioun pa
Four markis stirling, as my author sais,
Quhilk auchtene mark contenis in thir dais;
And ilk abbot withoutin ony cummer,
Four scoir markis of the samin nummer,
Quhilk now to reckin, gif that I richt weyne,
Tua hundreth mark and fourtie dois contene;
And ilk bishopec efter his facultie,
In that same sort siclike desyrit he.
He send to thame as my authour did say,
The same statutis that he maid be the way,

1 In MS. *fourto*. 
As he thocht best be his auctoritie,  
With thame that tyme for till adwysit be.  
At the devyss than of the lordis all,  
Baith of the kirk and also temporall,  
With haill consent togidder in ane will,  
This nobill king sic ansuer send him till:

"This no statute ma obleiss ws we knaw,
"Bot quhilk the paip be cours of commoun law,
"Or generall counsell, causis for to mak,
"Quhilk in our tyme we think neuir for to retrak,
"Bot euirmoir we sal keip and obserue,
"As oure conscience and knawledge can deserve,
"For 3our statutis that ze haif send ws till,
"New fabricat at 3our plesour and will,
"We ar nocht obleist thame for till obey;
"In that mater than mak ws no moir pley,
"We will nocht ansuer 3ow of sic desyre.
"As for supple this tyme that ze requyre,
"In thair support sould fecht on Goddis fo,
"Greit merit war, we grant, for to do so,
"And so will we at oure power and micht;
"For 3our desyr this tyme is so wrnricht,
"Throw auricer with sic desyr to haif
"So greit ane sowme at ws this tyme to

craif,
"Becaus," he said, "throw adventure of se,
"And vther perrell that ma after be,
"Be theif and revar oft syis on the land,
"We do the paip this tyme to wnderstand,
"For sic perrell that we haif sene and kend,
"To him this tyme no mony we will send;
"Bot we sall send him to manteine his weir
"Weill garneist men with hors, harnes, and geir,
"Baith wyss and wicht perfite into sic art,
"Quhair euir tha cum that salbe worth thair part."
Ane thousand mark of stirling money richt,  
Syne send to him of gold and siluer bricht,  
Bad him in thank that money to ressaue,  
Qhill efterwart that he send him the laue.  

To Luess syne, the nobill king of France,  
Ane thousand men richt gudlie till advance  
He send to him to pas on [to] that weir,  
Weill bodin war with hors, harnes and geir;  
With thair captanis, quhilk in the tyme that war  
The erle of Marche gude Patrik of Dumbar,  
The erle of Athoill and Carrik also,  
And Johnne Stewart, richt mony vther mo,  
Alexander Cuming and Sir John Quyntine,  
Robert Ross and Williame Gordoun. Syne  
In Affrica with mony vther heir,  
Throw pestilence and adventure of weir,  
And throw greit heit into that land tha bed,  
Sum into battell and sum into thair bed,  
In that same land, or all the weir wes gane,  
For the most part departit thair ilkane:

Quhen of oure lord compleit wes and gone by  
Ane thousand zeir tua hundreth and sevintye,  
As plesis God I think weill sould be so,  
Tha tuke thair leif out of this lyfe till go.  
That samin tyme quhen done wes all that  
thing.

This ilk Henrie of Ingland that wes king,  
With greit murning of mony man and wyffe,  
Deparrit hes out of this present lyfe.  
His eldest sone, callit Edward to name,  
With this¹ Luess in Affrica fra hame  
Thair at the weir, as of befoir I schew,  
His fatheris deidsyne quhen he kend and knew.

¹ In MS. with with.
No langar thair that tyme he wald remane,
Bot sone in Ingland sped him hame agane.
Ane plesand ladie that tyme and ane fair,
[On]to the erle of Carrik that wes air,
In Affrica that deid wes of the new
In that same weir of quhome befor I schew,
So hapnit hir at hunting for to be
In ane forrest with mony semelie tre.
That samin tyme it hapnit als but faill,
Robert, the bruther that lord wes of Annandaill,
Greit lordschip als he had into Ingland,
Qubilk callit wes the erdome of Cleland;
Nepos he wes, I bid nocht for to roun,
To gude Dauid erle wes of Huntlyngtown,
And sone also to Issobell the fair,
Erle Dauidis dochter and his youngest air,
Father he wes most reuerend and conding,
To Robert Bruce of Scotland syne wes king;
That samin tyme quhair that the tryst wes set,
With this ladie thair at the hunting met,
The qubilk to hir of paramouris that spak,
Qubilk causit hir of him sic plesour tak,
And hamelines, syne efter at the last,
With him that nicht to Tibber castell past.
Syne efter that this ladie he did wed
Onto his wyffe and brocht hir to his bed,
Qubilk callit wes than Martha to hir name,
In all hir tyme wnblekkit wes with blame.
Schort efter this, or thair about neir hand,
This Edwardis brether¹ come into Scotland,
Thair sister sone and hir awin self to se;
Quhome Alexander with humanitie
Ressauit hes, with greit kyndnes betuene,
And all honour micht to sic men pertene.

¹ In MS. bruther.
This beand done, sone efter that belyve
Passit with thame to Lundoun and his wyfe,
Hir’ brathers crowning thair that tyme to se,
Quhair that tha saw richt greit statenitie
Of dansing, singing, sporting, and greit pla,
Witht greit triumf of torment euerilk da,
Quhair that thair justit mony nobill man.
Amang thame thair wes ane greit Normond than,
In all that rout had nother pier no maik,
No Inglesman mycht stryve aganis his strak.
Ane Scottisman rycht stout, hardie and zing,
Callit Ferquhar, that same tyme with our king,
Of nobill blude, quhilk borne wes into Ross,
Ane plesand man than baith on fit and hors,
With greit blythnes of all the Scottis than,
Manlie on hors this ilk Norman he wan.
This ilk Ferquhar, syne efter to record,
For his reward maid erle of Ross and lord.
That samin tyme Alexanderoure king,
Onto his sone Alexander the zing,
All Huntlingtoun resignit in his hand,
Quhilk to king Edward hes maid aith and band
For tha landis, as wont wes of befoir.
This beand done, withoutin ony moir,
No langar thair at that tyme wald remane,
Rycht sone in Scotland syne come hame agane.
That samin tyme, I hard my author tell,
Into Scotland ane greit discord thair fell:
The erle of Athoill, that wes just and trew,
To dant the theuis biggit of the new
Into Athoill ane strang castell that tyde,
The quhilk to name wes callit [than] Blairbryde.
The men of gude that duelt neirhand about,
Of him that tyme tha had sic dreed and dout,
Throw that castell that wes so strang of stone,
At his plesour he suld dant thame ilkone;
And for that caus all into ane intent,
To big that houss maid greit impediment.
Ane man of gode that callit wes to name
Regenald Chene, of honour and greit fame,
And officiar als of the kingis houss,
Bening he wes without ony rebous,
Into Dunkell, as my author remordit,
The pairteis baith at thair plesour accordit.
Be this mater wes endit so and done,
Ane mair discord thair followit efter sone
Betuix tua nobillis of ane rycht ald stok,
Johne of Cuming and Walter Bullok,
Wes for Menteith quha heretour soold be.
Johnne of Cuming alledgit it wes he
Wes eldest maill, and als the narrest air
To the last erle as eith wes till declair.
Thair richtis bayth on arbetrie wes done:
Deluierit wes syne efter that richt sone,
That Walter Bullock the ane half suld haif,
And Johnne of Cuming siclike all the laif,
And of tha landis callit erle and lord;
Betuix thame tua thus endit that discord.
The princes all in Europ than that was,
That samin tyme tha purposit for to pas
Vpone the Turkis in the halie land;
So had tha done as I richt wnderstand,
War nocht invy that sic scisma began,
Qubilc stoppit thame of that way as than.
Off the Deceis of the Quene and Hir Youngest Sone, Dauid; and how the King passit in Ingland, and brocht Hame ane Dukis Dochter for his Sone to wed, and of the Deith of Him and his Sister Margaret, Quene of Norrowa.

In this same tyme now that zeheirme 'mene, In Couper castell deit the gude quene; Hir youngest sone, callit Dauid, also Sone eftir hir he tuik his leif till go. The king thairfoir quhilk his successioun dreed Or it sould faill, thairfoir in haist he sped, Ane fair ladie, I can nocht tell hir name, Out of Ingland in Scotland brocht hir hame, Ane dukis dochter to his sone to wed: And so he did, syne brocht hir to his bed. The secund zeir he send vpoun ane da His dochter Margaret on to Norrowa, Quhair gude Hungo, of Norrowa that wes king, He[s] weddit hir with rob royall and ring, Quhilk to the pepill wes blythnes and jo; Sone efter syne thair follouit als greit wo. Young Alexander weddit of the new, But schort quhile syne as I heir to 3ow schew, But ony child than gottin of his wyffe, Departit hes out of this present lyfe. Young Margaret als of Norrowa that wes quene, King Hungois wyff that same tyme as I mene, Scho tuke hir leif out of this lyfe to go, Except ane dochter without barnis mo. Alexander that wes so will of reid, Quhen that he knew that wyfe and barnis wer deid, Dreidand full soir his successioun suld faill, With all the counsall of the lordis haill, Sone out of France ane fair ladie gart bring, And weddit hir that same tyme with ane ring.
With greit triumph and sic honour and gloir,
Semdill wes sene in Scotland sic befoir.
At that mariage, tak tent and I sall tell,
So greit ane wunder on ane nycht befell.
Efter supper with mony torchis licht,
Quhair present war rycht mony gudlie wicht,
This king and quene in courtlie carraling,
Rycht mony lade led wes in that ring,
So plesand makand [of] sic play and sport;
Or euirtha wist ane laithlie len tramort,
Into the figure that tyme of ane man,
But flesche or blude, haiffand nocht ellis than,
Bot like ane bogill all of ratland banis,
Into that ring come hindmest for the nanis.
Richt greit effeir thairof tuke ald and zing;
And as tha stude to farlie on that thing,
So laithlie wes thair in the candill lycht,
Richt suddantlie it vaneist out of sicht.
Qubah that it wes or quhairfoir it come thair,
Juge ze zour self for I cansa na mair.
This nobill king, as my authord did sa,
In dansing, singing, and sic sport and pla,
Remanit thair with lordis mony one,
Quhill fyftene dais of the feist wes gone.
I haif hard tell in mony jest and ryme,
All erthlie blythnes lestis bot ane tyme;
Rycht oft it is sene that efter ouir greit jo,
Wnwittandlie thair followis als greit wo.

Col. 2.

How King Alexander deit rydand at Kingorne, and of Thrie cunning Men, ane callit Michell Scot.

Ouir suith exempill that tyme hapnit heir;
Sone efter syne, withiin les nor ane zeir,
I can nocht tell than quhither at evin or morn,
This nobill king than rydand at Kingorne,
Thair with his men, in middis of thame all,
His hors hapnit to snapper and to fall
With sic ane rous qhill that him self flew
wnder,
Quhair that his neck bone brist all in schunder.
The threttie 3eir and sevin of his ring,
So endit he that wes so gude ane king;
The 3eir of God tua hundreth and fourscoir,
Ane thousand als, with sax 3eir and no moir,
In Drumfermling with greit nobillitie,
Intumulat as vse wes wont to be.
Thre profunde men perfite in sindrie art,
In all science richt cunnyng and expart,
And of gude lyfe, as that my author sais,
Levand thair wes into tha samin dais.
Thomas Aguen, of black habit ane freir;
Bonaunture that wes ane cordelier;
He was the first efter Sanct Frances da
Maid reformatione of the habite gra;
The thrid ane Scot of greit honour and fame,
Quhilk Michell Scot wes callit to his name;
Doctoure he wes perfite in medicyne,
Quhairfoir his name in memorie is sensyne
Of sindrie thing my author schawis heir,
Quhilk in this tyme that I haif nocht perqueir.
Impertinent sen tha ar to my storie,
Quhairfoir I will nocht put thame in memorie.
Into my mynd of ane thing I remord,
Quhilk at this tyme to zow I sall record.

OFF THOMAS LEIRMOUTH AND HIS PROPHECIE, AS FOLLOWIS HEIR PRESENTLIE.

Ane propheit wes into tha samin dais,
Hecht Thomas Leirmouth, as my author sais,
Quhilk Thomas Rymour callit wes for scorne,
Of Erslyngtoun the heretour wes borne;
In deuenatioun subtil wes and sle,
Of things to cum perfitlie tell culd he.
The erle of Marche, vpone the nyght beforne
That Alexander deit at Kingorne,
At him askit of new tydenis to schaw.
He said agane, "So loud ane wind sould blaw
"Or none to morne, suld be so stark and strang,
"That all Scotland sall rew after rycht lang."
Syne on the morne the da begout rycht fair,
Bayth lowne and still, but trubillis in the air,
Quhill that it wes neir none vpoun the morne,
Quhairfoir at Thomas ilk man maid ane scorne.
The erle also him self into the hall,
Befoir the dennar on Thomas did call,
And said to him that it wald faill but wene,
That prophecie that he schew him ȝistrene.
He said to him, "I haif no dreid for-quhy,
"The hour I set is nocht ȝit passit by.
"Dout nocht," he said, "or the dennar be done,
"Bot ȝe sall heir of that same wynd rycht sone."
At dennar syne be that the erle wes set,
Thair come ane man and knokit at the ȝet
Richt busteouslie, for na bidding wald blin,
Quhill that the portar come and leit him in.
Syne in the hall come in befoir the lord,
Ilk word be word to him that did record
Of the gude king, as I schew ȝow beforne,
Sic aduenture he[đ] hapnit at Kingorne.
Than said thal all, the quhil that tha mycht rew,
The prophecie 1 of Thomas was our trew:
Ane sarar wynd into Scotland beforne,
Blew neuer na tyme ȝit sen God wes borne.
Of this mater quha lykis mair ga luke.
Loving to God, heir endis now this buke.

1 In MS. prophecie.
How efter the Deceis of King Alexander Scotland was gydit and governit be sax wyss lordis as followis.

Quhen Alexander, of quhome befoir I schew,
Departit wes as ze haif hard of new,
Withoutin child or testament in the tyde,
Or governour behind him maid to gyde,
Scotland that tyme wes sted in greit dispair,
Quhill that his nevoy that wes lauchfull air,
Margaretis dochter plesand and benyng,
And of Hungo of Norrowa that wes king,
Come to sic age and [sic] instructione,
That scho war abill for to bruke the croun.
Becaus thair wes na vther air but scho,

Had ony richt or micht mak clame thairto,
No vther prince because tha saw compeir,
That gart thame sone mak all Scotland on steir.
Into that tyme richt mony wickit man
To steill and reif, and murdrest als begun,
To quit commonis quhair thair wes ony feid,
Qhair throw richt mony sufferit hes the deid.
Thairfoir the lordis to remeid sic thing,
Into the absence of ane prince and king,
Six greit lordis that wysast wes and best,
To keip all Scotland into peax and rest,
Tha chesit thame with haill auctoritie,
To keip the law and governouris to be.
Thre wes diuysit for to gyde the north,
And vther thre besouth the water of Forth.

William Forfair ane richt nobill man,
Bishop he wes of Sanct Androis as than;
The erle of Fyffe, the secund syne wes he,
And Johnne Cuming the tother of tha thre,
Erle of Buchane, as I haif said ʒow heir,
The north of Scotland thir thre had to steir.
Ane man of gude callit Robert to name,  
Bishop of Glasgow of honour and fame,  
Schir Johnne Cuming of greit nobilitie,  
And James Stewart, togidder all thir thre  
Tha gydit Scotland baith of lenth and breid,  
Fra Forth ay south onto the watter of Tueid.  
Quhen endit wes as I haifsaid all thing,  
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,  
Qihilk callit wes Edward with the lang schankis,  
That efterwart did Scotland greit vnthankis,  
Off Alexander the deid quhen that he kend,  
Ane herald sone onto Scotland he send,  
With his desyrt onto the haill barnage,  
On to his sone to haif in mariaghe  
Margaretis dochter as ze hard me meyne,  
Qilihk in hir tyme of Norrowa that wes quene.  
This ilk virgin, qihilk tender wes and zing,  
Dochter sacho wes als to this nobill king  
Callit Hungo, king wes of Norrowa,  
Qihilk that he hed in his keipin that da.  
Off this desyrt the lordis wes content,  
And suddantlie thairto gaif thair consent,  
With this condioun I sall to zow schaw;  
Scotland all tyme with libertie and law,  
As tha war wont siclike to leif als fre,  
And als thairwith gif hapnis for to be  
Off this lady successioun for to fail,  
Efter hir deid baith of famell and maill,  
The rycht of Scotland to the richteous air  
Suld turne agane withoutin ony dispair,  
Richt fre but hurt wnthirlit in all thing;  
Qhairof content rycht weill wes that same king.  
Syne of this mater for to mak ane end,  
To Norrowa for that ladie tha send;  
Or tha come thair tha met ane on the se,  
Qihilk to thame [schew] throw greit infirmite
This ilk ladie, with greit murning and mone,
Departit hes out of this warld and gone.
The Scottis men quhen tha knew it wes so,
In that erand no farder than wald go;
Befoir the wynd, with top saill and with mane,
Richt sone in Scotland syne come hame agane.

Off the Contentioun and Divisioun that
efell betuix Robert Bruce and Johnne
Ballioll for the Rich of Scotland
efter King Alexander and his Successioun faillit as followis.

This beand done as ze haif hard me tell,
Betuix tua parteiis greit contentioun fell,
Quhilk than that war of greit power and
micht,
Of Scotland baith contendit for the richt.
Robert the Bruce he wes the tone of tho,
And Johnne Ballioll the tother of tha tuo;
Ilkone allegand far moir richt than other,
First for the tone, syne alsua for the tother.
Thair rychtis baith heir sall I schaw but weir,
Quha had most richt judge now quhen that ze
heir.
Thair rychtis baith heir to zow I sall schaw,
Of euirilk part alledgand for thame law.
Or this mater declarit be fra hand,
I presuppone first that ze wnderstand
Of king William the successioun did faill,
All in that tyme bayth of famell and maill.
Off him now zit till his posteritie,
Wes none levand that righteous air suld be,
That mycht alledge of Scotland to be king;
And for this caus the haiill rycht of that thing
Translaittit wes, bayth with kinrik and crow,
To erle David, lord wes of Huntlyngtoun,
And his airis, quhilk be all mannis sicht,
Exceptand thame wes none vther had rycht;
Quhilk I sall schaw as I haif heir pretendit,
Ilk gre be gre as tha fra him discendit.
This ilk David, my author said me so,
Tua dochteris had withoutin childer mo;
Of Gallowa gude Allane that wes lord,
His eldest dochter, gif that I rycht record,
Callit Margaret, he weddit to his wyffe,
Quhome with in joy he led rycht lang his lyfe.
This ilk Allane in all his tyme also,
With hir he had tua dochteris and no mo;
The eldest that hecht Deworgill to hir name,
Weddit scho was with ane lord of greit fame,
Johnne Ballioll, the quhilk that till him buir
Ane sone hecht Johnne, of quhome now I tak cuir,
For this wes' one alleldgit for to be
The richteous air, and na vther bot he;
The quhilk he said that no man suld deny,
And speciallie for this ressoun and quhy,
Becaus he wes cume of the eldest sister,
Quhilk he culd preif gif that it stude in mister.
Of the tane part now I haif tald ȝow plane,
Now to the tother turne I will agane.
This ilk David of quhome ȝe hard me tell,
His ȝoungest dochter, callit Issobell,
That weddit wes, as ȝe sall wnderstand,
With Robert Bruce ane greit lord of Ingland,
Ane sone scho buir callit Robert siclike,
Quhilk weddit Martha countis of Carrik;
On hir also the thrid Robert gat he,
Quhilk in that tyme alleldgit for to be
The righteous air, and aught for to prevail,
For-quhy, he said, he come of the first maill,
Quhilk should prefer be consuetude of law,
The quhilk that tyme he offerit him to schaw. 47,106
The tua pairteis of sic power and mycht,
Richt greit contentioun ilkane for his richt
In the counsall¹ makand befoir the lordis,
With so greit power, my author recordis,
The lordis dred, seand thair hicht and pryde, 47,110
In that mater betuix them till decyde.
For weill tha wist quhometo that tha gaif rycht,
The tother part with hail power and mycht,
Without ressone agane he wald persew,
Be way of deid his richtis till reskew; 47,116
And for that caus thocht best into sic thing,
For to commit vnto sum prince or king
The hail power, and tak on him sic pley,
That potent wes to gar thame bayth obey.

HOW THE ACTIOUN WAS REFEBRIT TO KING
EDWARD OF INGLAND, AND HE THE SAME
HES TAKIN ON HAND FOR TO DECYDE; ANE
DAY WAS SET QUHAIR MONY LORDIS TO-
GIDDER MET.

And so thai did without ony demand, 47,120
To this Edward that king wes of Ingland
Richt sone tha send, inquyring him thairtill,
Quhairto he grantit glaidlie with gude will,
Settand ane da at Beruik for to meit,
And thair to gif his sentence and decreit, 47,126
Richt equallie at his power and mycht,
Of ilk partie quhen he had hard the richt.

¹ In MS. townit.
And so tha did sone efter syne and met
Into Beruik quhair that the tryst wes set;
Quhair present war, as my author recordis,
Of Scotland, Ingland, mony nobill lordis,
Befoir this king of greit power and mycht,
Quhair ilk partie proponit hes his richt.
This king Edward, quhen that he hard and knew
So greit richitis on euerie syde tha schew,
Becaus he thocht the mater so obscur,
And his counsall that tymne bayth waik and puir,
Continewit all at his auctoritie,
Quhill efterwart he sould adwysit be
Be cunynng men war doctouris in the law,
The rycht till him perfittlie weill culd schaw.
Deuysit hes syne with thair haill decreit,
In that same place agane syne for to meit,
As be this king wes gevin in command,
Tuelf wysast lordis thar war in Scotland,
And tuelf of Ingland siclike he suld bring,
Most wisdome had and knawlege in sic thing;
The four and tuenties srowned sould be that tyde,
Betuix thame tua all richtis till decyid.
Quhen this wes done na langar wald remane.

Col. 2. Fixit ane da quhen tha suld meit agane.

**How King Edward was adwisit with Doctouris and Men of Law, quha schew him the Veritie of Aw.**

Syne king Edward, as ze hard me pretend,
Wnto the doctouris of Pareis he send,
That wysast war and expert in the law,
Requyrand thame of thair counsall to schaw
In that mater as thar best wnderstude,
For euirilk part with sum ressoun conclude,
And leif the mater far erar in dout,
Nor ouir planelie the veritie shaw out.
All this he wrocht than with ane subtill wyle,
Qhhairwith he thocht the tane part to begyle;
Quben that the mater in sic dout than stude,
With ony part as plesit him conclude.
For the most pairst, the wysast men of lair
Concludit hes richt Robert Bruce full air;
Sayand but dout than for the veritie,
Wes none vther that had sic richt as he,
Sua of Scotland the vse and consuetude
In contrair him thairof wald nocht conclude.
The da wes cuming quhair the tryst wes set,
Qhhair tha in Beruik all togidder met
With king Edward, that summound and gart reist
The lordis all sould pas on that inquest.
Syne in ane place that quyet wes and derne,
Qhhair tha micht sie the richtis till decerne,
With armit men he closit thame about,
That but his leif micht nane win in na out,
Qhill baith the richtis of ilk part wer kend,
And all the mater brocht war till ane end.
This king Edward with falsetand dissait,
And haill purpois thair for to subjugait
The rewlling of Scotland to his haill desyre,
Gude Robert Bruce than first he did inquyre,
Gif he of him wald hald kinrik and croun
And wnder him leif in subjectioun,
The richt of all for him he suld conclude.
This gude Robert that so weill wnderstude
That bettir war with small rentis leif fre,
Na haif ane kinrik and ane thrall to be,
Thairoir he said, "I think it war greit wrang,
"To thrall that kinrik that hes bene frie so lang;
"Puttand the pepill in sic seruitude,
"For no reward zit think I neuir till dude."
QuhenthatheknewtheBrucismyndwesso,
ToJohnnetheBalliolequyetliedidgo,
The samin thing he did at him inqyure.
TheBalliolethathadso greatdesyre
To be anekingandclymeon to sic hicht,
He luikitneuir to ressounnorricht;
Into thattyme that he michtgethiswill,
Allhisdesyrehesgrantittofulfill.

**How King Edward decretit and gaif fals sentence aganis Robert Bruce, and pronouncit for John Balliole.**

ThiskingEdward,ofquhomebefoirIment,
Intothepresensofthatparliament
Sittand weshairthatmaterto decyde,
Befoirthameallrichtplanelighthairthattyde,  
ForJohnBalliollthesentenceplanean-gaiffhe,
Withoutthaircounsallorauthoritie.
Quhilkhepronuncitwithanevoceonhicht,
Sayandbotheatnonevtherhadricht.
Ane nobillmanthaterlewesoGlamoir,
Withthatsentencequhilkthatdidabhoir,
Neirbythekingthattymequhairhe didstand,

ThisRobertBruce thanhaldandbehand,
Ane man he weso greitauctoritie,
To kingEdwardthat samin tyme said he:  
"Ovnjustking!withoutindreidoraw
"OfGodorman,withoutressounoralaw;
"Thyfameandconsciencequhilkhesmaculat,
"Throwinjustsentencethowhesfulminat;
"Corruptitking,thairfoirrememberthe
"Ofthesentence,sofullofequitie,
"Salsepronuncitonthe latterday,
"Fraquhilk sentence thow manochtflieaway."
Quhen this wes done and brocht to sic ane end,  
Ilk man take leif, syne hame thair way did wend.

The Scottis lordis efter all wes done,  
With Johnne the Ballioll passit all to Scone,  
Quhair present wes that tyme richt mony one,  
And crownit him vpoun the marbell stone,  
With greit triumph and plesance in that place;  
The quhilk induirit till ane richt schort space.  
Sone efter syne, into the samin zeir  
That all wes done as I haifsaid 3ow heir,  
In the New Castell quhair the tryst wes set,  
This ilk king Johne thair with king Edward met,

Incontrair than of all his lordis will,  
Obediens quhair that he maid him till;  
Subdewand Scotland, quhilk befoir wes frie,  
To this Edward and his auctoritie;  
Quhair till his lordis did alhaill disent,  
Quhilk causit him sone efter to repent.  
Within les space nor tua or thre of zeir,  
This king Edward, of quhome I schewzow heir,  
Prouydit hes, withoutin dreid or feir,  
That samin tyme in France for to mak weir;  
And for that caus, to this king Johne send he,  
Requyrand him of his help and supple,  
Incontinent for to cum at his call,  
As he that wes his subdit and vassall,  
To pas with him on till his interpyiss.  
To quhome king Johnne hes ansuerit on this wyiss,  
Sayand agane, withoutin ony moir,  
Obedience that he had maid befoir  
Wes of no vaill and auccht nocht for to stand;  
For-quhy, he said, the obliissing and band,  
Without counsall that he had maid him till,  
Wes done full soir agane his lordis will;
But quhois counsall nother prince nor king
Ma gif consent to sic wnsemand thing.
And mair-attour also he said him to,
Wnganand war gif he sic thing sould do
Aganes France, the quhilk he suld be laith
To brek the band, the obliisung and aith,
The quhilk wes maid be thair fatheris before,
Fyve hundreth zeir or ony thair wes borne.

" Sick thing," he said, " ze mycht rycht weill 
lat be;
" Na vther anser get ze now of me."
The messinger that tyme, for dreed of blame,
No langar baid bot haistielie went hame,
Syne to king Edward, busteous wes and bald,
Than word be word this anser [to] him tal.
Quhairof that tyme he wes nothing content,
Syne suddantlie ane new charge to him sent,
Requyrand him, withoutin ony pley,
For to compeir and his command obey;
The quhilk command king Johnne wald nocth 
fulfill.
Quhen twyss or thryiss sic charge wes send him 
till,
This king Edward, of quhome befoir we reid,
In that purpois for to cum lidder speid,
And of king Johnne for to revengit be,
With France tuik trewis bayth be land [and] se;
Syne greit prouisioun cuirilk da makand,
For men of weir to cum into Scotland

Col. 2.
Agane king Johnne wald nocth obey him 1 till,
Him to subdew in magir of his will.
Than this king Johnne, of quhome befoir I spak,
All the prouisioun that he docht to mak,

1 In MS. hin.
Richt sone he maid with litill circumstance;
Ane greit ambaxat also send into France,
To king Phillop that fourt wes of that name,
Richt nobill men of greit honour and fame;
Ane hecht William of greit auctoritie,
Of Sanct Androis the bishop than wes he,
With tua knichtis the quhilk war men of gude,
Greit nobillis war and of the eldest blude;
Schir Ingrame Vmphra hecht the tane of tha,
And schir Johnne Soullis the tother of the tua.
Thir thre lordis, at king Johnis command,
With king Phillop confermit hes the band
Lang of befoir that wes maid betuix king and
king;
And for to be moir sicker of sic thing,
Ane hecht Charlis quhilk wes ane nobill man,
King Phillipis bruther in the tyme wes than,
Of Andygawe the erle also wes he,
Nixt hand the king of maist auctoritie,
His dochter gaif that plesand wes and fair,
To 30ung Edward, king Johnis sone and air.
Thir thre lordis quhilk had auctoritie,
Gart wed hir than thair 30ung princes to be;
This beand done king Phillop, to conclude,
Sax thousand pund of stirling money gude,
To his nevoy in mariage he gaif;
The quhilk that tyme the lordis did ressaif.
Accordit1 wes betuix than king and king,
That Johnne the Ballioll that tyme suld resigne
To 30ung Edward, that wes his sone and air,
And to his princes most plesand and preclair,
The landis all that tyme he had in France,
Hecht Belleok with mekill circumstance,

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1 In MS. According.
And vther landis neir about that la, 
Quhairof king Johne wes lord that samin da. 
This ilk king, as my author recordis, 
That samin tyme throw counsall of the lordis, 
Sic dred tha had of king Edwardis stryfe, 
The nobillis all of Loutheane and Fyffe 
Onto Beruik that samin tyme he send, 
Thair to remane that ilk toun to defend; 
Quhair this Edward, as my author did sa, 
Ane naving send sone efter on ane da, 
Neirby ane schoir vpoun ane schawit sand, 
Thair with thair boittis passit all to land. 
The Scottismen that gatherit war neirby, 
In gude array set on thame with ane cry, 
Of bernis bald ane battell thair began, 
Quhair thair wes loissit mony Inglisman. 
The Scottismen that war baith traist and trew, 
Richt mony Sutheroun in the tyme tha slew, 
That force it wes the Inglismen to fle, 
Quhair that tha drownit mony in the se; 
And all the laif in handis than war hint, 
With tua and tuentine of thair schippis tynt, 
In falt of gyding drevin vpoun the land, 
Quhair tha war ebbit on ane sinkand sand. 
To king Edward quhen this thing wes tald, 
This tirranie king that busteous wes and bald, 
No dred he tuke, as my author did mene, 
Bot as ane lyoun rampand in his tene, 
With mair power nor euir he did befoir, 
To Beruik toun with mekle bost and schoir, 
And on ane plane set all his tentis doun, 
Syne set ane seig to ilk part of the toun.
How King Edwarde be ane falt Trane passit Lib. 14, f. 217.
Fra Berwick, syne come agane and vin-
cust the Scottis and wan the Toun of
Berwick.

The Scottismen quhilk greit war to commend,
Richt manfullie the toun tha did defend;
Qubairat the Sutheroun scharpest maid assail,
Of thair purpois tha leit thame to prevail,
Tha nobill men so gude tha war in neid.
Than king Edward out of beleif to speid,
The Scottismen so hardie war and wicht,
Sone in his mynd consauit hes ane slight
For to betraist thame with ane subtill tran;
Thair at the seig no langar wald remane.
Syne on the morne be that the da wes lycht,
With all his armie passit out of sicht,
Toward Ingland as he had tane ane spurne,
In that purpois that he wald nocht returne.
The Scottismen within the toun that la,
Content tha war of his passing awa;
In that beleif ilk man tha war full fane,
Traistand that he sould nocht returne agane
With his power to persew thame ony moir:
Tha war begylit, and wa is me thairfuir.
That samin nycht, in storie as we reid,
This ilk Edward turnit in our Tueid,
In Scotland far in on the north hand,
Forment Beruik quhilk on Tueid did stand.
Syne on the morne, quhen that the da wes lycht,
Mony baner that war braid and bricht
Tha buir on he aganies the sone that schene,
The Scotts oist that tymes as tha had bene.
Syne send befoir ane man onto the wall,
The quhilk richt loud [up]on thame [than] did
call,
Exhortand thame richt blyth and glaid to be,
Sayand thair king, with greit help and supple,
Neir at thair hand wes cumand to the toun;
Quhairfoir he bad the nobillis sould be boun
Into that tyme withoutin tareing,
Without the toun to cum and meit the king.
Quhairof that tyme tha war baith blyth and glaid,
Traistand richt weill all had bene trew he said.
The nobillis all in ane greit garesone,
For the most part passit out of the toun
To meit the king with greit blythnes and sport,
Without keiping that tyme of ony port,
Traistand no ill so glaid than war and blyth.
This king Edward than suddantlie and suyth,
Or euir tha wist, betuix thame and the toun
Ane forra brak that ferc wes and felloun;
Syne suddantlie, as my author reportis,
With greit power assayit hes the portis.
The Scottismen, quhen tha that tressoun kend,
Richt manfullie schupe the portis to defend;
Bot all for nocth, thair power wes so small,
Richt suddantlie tha war distroyit all:
In thair defence thair war tha slane ilk man,
Syne forcelie on thame the toun tha wan.

How King Edward enterit in the Toun,
And mony ane slane and hes put doun.

This king Edward that furious wes and felloun,
With all his armie enterit in the toun,
And sparit nother wyfe, nor barne, nor man,
Within the toun hauffand befoir him than.
The nobillis all that war within the toun,
And alss thairout, wer haillie slane doun.
This king Edward, but mercie or but reuth,  
But dreid of God, but conscience or but treuth,  
Zounge or ald, nether barne nor wyfe,  
Within that toun he sufferit vpoun lyfe.  

Fyve thousand men that mekle war of mane,  
Within the toun that samin da war slane;  
Wemen and barnis also zounge and ald,  
War slane that da out of number on tald.  
Out throw the toun abundantlie the blude  
Of tha slane men ran in so greit ane flude,  
Baith deip and wyde, that large wes and lang,  
Wes sufficient to gar ane corne myln gang.

How KING EDWARDE AND ROBERT BRUCE TUYKE  
FEILD AGANIS KING JOHNNE AT DUMBAR,  
QUHAIR HE WAN THE FEILD AND MONY  
SCOTTIS WAR KEELED, AND THAIREFTER SEIGIT  
DUMBAR AND WAN IT, AND SLEW THAME THAT  
WAR THAIRIN.

Quhen all this thing wes schawin to king Johnne,  
With greit power he sped him richt sone on  
Throw Lowtheane or euir he wald desist,  
In that beleif king Edward to resist,  
That he sould nocht in his purpos proceid.  
That samin tyme, in storie as we reid,  
Thir tua princes that mekill wes of pryde,  
With mony berne in battell weill durst byde,  
That duchtie war all tyme to do thair det,  
Neirby Dumbar vpoun ane mure tha met.  
Robert the Bruce into thae samin dais,  
Of king Edward, as that richt suith men sais,  
Most credens bad and also auctoritie,  
Of his counsell most inwart als wes he;  
And of his awin ane greit rout thair he led,  
In Scotland als richt mony freindis hed,
That loustic him als tender of their hart, Quhilk reddie war ay for to tak his part.
Robert the Bruce that knew full [weill] that thing, For that same caus promittit to the king Edward that tyme, as thay sell wnderstand,
That all his freindis that war in Scotland, As for that da sould do to hit no deir,
Quhairfoir of thame he1 bad him tak no feir. For-quevy king Edward, as it is eith to wit, To Robert Bruce befoir had maid promit, Sua that he wald him help and mak supple Of Johnne the Ballioll to revengit be, That he alway sould tak the Brucis part Agane the Ballioll glaidlie with his hart; And all his richt agane to him restoir, That he had gevin king Johnne of befoir. Or ellis doubtles, as thay sell wnderstand, This king Edward had noch cumd in Scotland, For all the power with him that he led, War nocht he knew the Bruce sic freindis hed Into Scotland, quhilk, glaidlie with their hart, That ay war reddie for to tak his part.
And alss that tyme his querrell foundit he, Nocht for his richt bot for the Brucis supple, Or than he had nocht tane sic thing on hand, For all his pomp for to invaid Scotland. The Bruce also as thay ma weil aduert, With this Edward wald neur tak sic part, War nocht he traistit, as I trow wes trew, Be his supple agane for to reskew Fra Johnne the Balliole, thay mai wnderstand, The crown fra him that he held of Scotland.
And mairattour richt eith is to considder, Quhen all ressonis collectit ar togidder,

1 In Ms. be.
The Scottis lordis had nocht tane sic part
That da with Bruce so glaidlie with their hart, 47,475
War nocht tha pat their hoip into sic thing,
That all wes done to mak the Bruce their king;
Or than king Edward had cumid litill speid
In that mater, thairof haif ze no dreid.
Quhairfoir the Bruce hes done all that he mycht, 47,480
That da in feild for to reskew his rycht
Agane king Johne, and for na vther thing,
And for no plesour of the Inglis king.
Ilk man ma sa of Bruce quhat euir tha will,
Quha sais other nor I haif said heir till, 47,485
I dar weil sa he wnderstandis nocht
The grund and rute how all this thing wes wrocht,
And all sic sawis ar bot into vane;
Now to my storie turne I will agane.
That samin da quhair that the feild wes met 47,490
Into ane place quhair that the tryst wes set,
At his requeist his freindis than ilkone
Convenit hes togidder than anone,
And left the feild, as I hard suith men sa,
Aganis him thocht nocht to fecht that da; 47,495
Bot in ane buchment held thame neirhand by.
The Scottismen the quhilk sic thing did spy,
Dredand for tressoun that sic thing wes done,
Quhen that the feild wes reddie for to june,
Becaus of thame that tha gat no supple, 47,500
That causit mony Scottisman to fie
Out of the feild quhen tha had fochtin lang
And left the laif into the thickest thrang.
Allace! thairfoir that micht tha feill and find,
Into the feild that fechtand baid behynd, 47,505
Tha thocht far farar in that feild to de,
Na far to leif and lois\(^1\) thair libertie.

\(^1\) In MS. laif.
The nobillis all, as my author did sa,
Fechtand in feild thair deit that same da.
This king Edward, of quhome befoir I spak,
Na Scott that da wald nother saif nor tak;
So cruelie that da vsit his feid,
Baith gude and ill without ony remeid,
With young and ald in handis that war tone,
Richt cruelie gart sla thame all ilkone.
King Johnne him self of adventure that da,
Out of the feild on hors wes led awa;
Erle of Menteith, of knichtheid that wes chois,
And Johnne the Grahame the gude erle of Montrois,
And sevintie knichtis with thame that tha hed,
Onto Dunbar to the castell thai fled.
This king Edward fast follouit on the chace,
Syne suddantlie ane seig set to that place;
And thocht that castell wes baith stark and strang,
Zit neurtheles tha mycht noct keip it lang,
For-quhy thair victuall wes so scant and small,
Vnsufficient than to sustene thame all,
Sic confluence of men wes in that place.
This king Edward that knew full weill that cace,
That causit him nocht fra the hous to twyn,
Thairby he wist it wes richt eith to wyn.
The Scottismen quhilk did the hous defend,
Quhen thair victuall consumit wes till end,
Seand on force that ane behoit be
Gif our the hous or than of hungar die,
To king Edward, of frie will but rebous,
To saif thair lyfe frelie gait our the hous.
This tiraun king haifand thame in his will,
Agane promit that he had maid thame till,
And obliissing als be his faith and treuth,
Richt cruelie without mercie or reuth,
That bludie bouchour baldlie with rebous,
Gart slay thame all that wes within that hous.
Efter that feild, in sum storie I Reid,
Robert the Bruce to king Edward he seid,
Sen be his way that da the feild wes wyn,
For his reward he askit to begin
The crowne of Scotland till him to restoir,
Qhilk he to him promittit had befoir.

Heir be this thing 3e ma considder weill,
That king Edward, als far as I haife feill,
To Robert Bruce befoir had maid ane band,
So at his faith that he wald byde and stand,
And tak his part with all help and supple,
Of Johnne the Ballioll to revengit be,
That king Edward with all power and mycht
Suld help this Robert to reskew his richt
Agane king Johnne in all maner of thing,
And, gif he micht, the Bruce he sould mak king;
And for this caus, that dar I hardlie sa,
Robert the Bruce all that he did that da
Agane king Johnne for to reskew his richt,
And nocht be way of tressoun nor of sliecht,
For to dissaue this king or his natioune,
Bo[t] to reskew his kinrik and his crowne
As euirilke man hes resson for his richt,
For to exerce with power, strenth and mycht,
Be way of deid his purpois to fulfill,
Qhuen he be resson can nocht cum thairtill:
So did the Bruce in[to] that samin thing,
Qhilk had the richt of Scotland to be king.
Rycht wranguslie it haldin wes him fra,
His rycht thairof wes neuir the les ane stra,
And ay wes fre, quhentyme wes till persew,
Be ony help his richtis till reskew.

In this mater thocht sum man sa thair will,
I lat that pas and say nothing thairtill:
I say for me bot as I wnderstude,
Bot weill I wait that his willis war gude;
And all his querrell foundit vpoun richt,
Into his mynd without tressoun or slicht;
Quhilk efterwart that semit weill to be,
As ze sall heir will ze tak tent to me.
Robert [the] Bruce, as ze haif hard me sa,
At king Edward desyrit that same da,
Be quhais wit the victorie he wan,
To keip promit quhen tha weiris began
He maid till him with all power and mycht,
Agane king Johnne to help him in his rycht,
Desyrand than of his auctoritie
The croun till him for to restoirit be.
This king Edward sic anser maid him to:
" Trow ze," he said, "we haif nocht ellis ado,
" In sic danger and perrell put ws in,
" Kinrikis to 30w to conqueis and to wyn? "
" Than mycht tha sa that I had all wrang wrocht;
" Beleve ze weill it wes neuir in my thocht."
Robert the Bruce quhen he hard him sa sua,
Weill ma ze wit in harte wes rycht wa,
That frustrat wes into sa greit ane thing,
Be the fals sressoun of that tirrane king.
Zit neiurtheles, as ane wyss prudent man,
Quhat euir he thocht he said bot litill than;
Fra that tym[es] [furth] he gaif him traist na mair,
Bot passit hame and baid na langar thair.
Zit in his mynd that thing ascendit he,
Thinkand alway, and he his tym micht se,
Of that tressoun king Edward had him wrocht,
Revingit be or all sould gang to nocht.
Considdeir heire be this that I haif schawin,
Quha will aduerit the richt ma eith be knawin,
That king Edward for all his vant and ruiss,
Without the help and supple of the Bruce,
And Scottismen that Bruce sic kyndnes schew,
Dought neuir on force than Scotland to subdew,
Or conqueis it be maistres, strenth or micht,
Bot with sic tressoun, greit falsheid and slight,
As I befoir aboue hes to zow schawin,
To all the warld as it wes richt weill knawin.
As efterwart within ane litill space,
It prouit weill be gude William Wallace,
In contrairie that Scotland did reskew,
Quhenthathispowerwesbaythwaikandfew.
Be slightand tressoun Scotland that he wan,
On force fra him it wes reskewit than,
As I sall schaw within ane litill space,
Be gude Wallace quhen tymecumisandplace.
This king Edward quhen he had wyn Dumbar,
Efter king Johnne he follouit on richt far;
In his veyage syne as he passit thrrouch,
The strang castell that tyne of Edinburc, 
And Striuiling als, on tharochisofstone,
And tuke thame baith, syne forder moir is gone,
With his power quhilk wes richt populos,
Throw Fyffe and Angus ay onto Montros;
For to persew this king Johnne and invaid,
In Forfair castell all that tyne that baid.

**How Schir Johnne Cuming, Lord of Strabogy, askit Peax at King Edward, and how King Johnne, and Edward his sone, come to King Edward and resignit thair rycht of Scotland in his hand; syne efer passit to Beruik, and thair ressauit all Strenthis that stude neir the Se, and gart the Scottis obey him, and tuke King Johnne and his sone to Lundoun and pat thame in Presoun strong.**

Schir Johnne Cuming, lord of Strabogie,
To king Edward he send richt curtaisy
Beseikand him of faunour and of peice,  
And mak all weires for to stanche and ceis.

Quhairto king Edward gaif richt sone consent;  
For to mak peax at his plesour and will,

Desyrand him than for to cum him till;
And his sone Edward also with him bring,

At thair meiting syne commoun of sic thing,
At his plesour he said all sould be done.

Quhen this answer wes schawin to king Johnne,
Gifand him credence than into all thing,

He and his sone come bayth to that fals king;
Qhilk thame ressauit with ane fenzeit mynd,
Fals into thocht and into word richt kynd,
Qubill that he had thame alway in his will.

Sone eftersyne he fenzeit nocht thame till,
Bot planelie schew the thing wes in his thocht,
Sayand to him rycht sone, and he wald nocht
Resigne all richt that he had to the croun,

Of his frie will without compulsioun,
Or zit micht haif, of Scotland than for euir,
That he suld die doutles or tha disseuir.

This ilk Johnne, that samin tyme we Reid,
Than of his lyfe for verrie aw and dreed,
Richt frelie thair resignit in his hand,
All rycht he had or micht haif to Scotland,

He had that tyme, or efterwart haif mycht.
No langar thair king Edward wald remane
Quhen this wes done, bot passit syne agane
To Beruik toum, quhail that the nobill[is] all
Of Scotland thair befoir him he gart call.

Suppois it wes richt soir aganes thair will,
Obediens he gart thame mak him till;

Col. 2.

In MS. pace.  | * He re a line is wanting.
And all the strength that war in Scotland,
Stude neir the se he tuke in his awin hand.
Syne Johnne the Ballioll and his sone also,
To Lundoun toun he maid thame bayth till go,
Qubahir thar war keipit in ane presoun strang
Richt souerlie, quhill efterwart full lang,
I can nocht tell zow how it hapnit so,
This Johnne the Ballioll levit wes to go
In Scotland hame, thair to byde and remane,
Makand ane aith that he sould neuir agane
In ony tyme, for ald feid or for new,
In plane battell no Inglisman persew,
Nor of Scotland no richt to alledge,
And left his sone behind him into pledge.
Syne quhen he saw that he wes nocht weill tretit
Into Scotland, bot euirilk man him hetit,
Into Scotland no langar wald remane,
Bot into Ingland passit sone agane,
And syne in Fra[n]ce wnto his heretage,
And left his sone young Edward in ostage,
Qhilck king Edward in France send to him hame;
And efterwart, withoutin skaith or blame,
Be richt relatioun of suith men I hard,
Into ane castell callit Galiard
This Johnne Ballioll, in storie as I find,
Disesit thair lang efter, and maid blind,
With greit displeasure that tyme endit he
That put Scotland into perplexitie.
Than king Edward, of quhome befoir I tald,
Trowand he had all Scotland as he wald,
Withoutin pley at his obedience,
Tuke purpois than agane to pas in France.
And or he wald to his purpois pretend,
Into Scotland ane lieutennand he send,
With greit power, ane man of nobill fame,
That callit wes Hew Glassingawe to name,
In his absence quhilk take the cuir on hand,
Nane suld rebell aganis him in Scotland.
Quhen this wes done as zee haif hard me sa,
This king Edward sone efter on ane da,
With ane greit navin passit ouir the se
Richt on to France; and thair I lat him be,
And turne agane and of the Scottis tell,
Sone efterwart how that tha did rebell.
The Scottis lordis alss sone as tha knew
That king Edward, as I befor heir schew,
Wes gone in France, withoutin ony baid
Ane generall counsell altozigder maid,
In that purpois all on ane da to die,
Or to reskew agane thair libertie.
Tuelf governouris, as zee sall wunderstand,
Tha maid that tyme for to defend Scotland;
The erle of Buchane bellicois and baid,
That schir Johnne Cuming to his name wes cald,
Amang thame all of maist auctoritie,
And principall of all the laif wes he;
Of wisdomè, manheid, honour and als mycht,
In Albione wes nocht ane better knicht.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
With greit power he passit on ane da
Far cuir the bordour in Northumberland,
And brint and slew without ony ganestand.
Baith riche and pur that tyme he sparit nocht,
All that tha fand away with thame tha brocht.
Syne seigè Carlill efter on ane da;
Lang at that seig without beleif tha la,
To wyn the toun, it wes so stark and strang,
And left the seig quhen tha had lyne thair lang,
And wald nocht ly na langar thair in weir,
Come hame agane in Scotland haill and feir.
Off wyss, wicht, worthie, vailZeant Williame Wallace, the Reskewar of Scotland, and how he interpysit mony Deid on Hand.

My author sais that samin tyme thair was
Ane man of gude callit William Wallace,
Ane knichtis sone also [he was] and air,
And of his bodie baith plesand and fair,
And of his stature large and rycht weill maid,
With armes lang and schulderis brennt and braid;
Of hie curage corsie and corpoltent,
Manlie as Mars the god armypotent.
Moir strenth he had quhen that he list to
stryve,
Na in his tyme had vther four or fyve,
That wichet war in Albione to waill.
Also he wes of greit wisdome but faill,
And to his freind rycht traist without fictioun,
And to his fa awfull as ane lyoun.
Aganis proude men richt pensit and he,
And of the puir companions with pitie,
And mercifull to all subjectit wicht,
That parit war of thair power and micht.
Gif all be trew of him my author sais,
Hector nor Achill nother in thair dais
Of vther men the strenthis did excceed,
As Wallace did into his tyme, I reid,
All vther men excedit into strenth,
The veritie quha wald declair at lenth.
His manliness and wisdome alss thairwith,
Wes for to pryiss that tyme aboue his pith,
His fortitude and gude zeill to the croun,
With so greit kyndnes to his awin natioun.
Of him at me quha lykis for to speir,
Befoir this tyme that I sall sa 3ow heir,
Quhat that he did, or how that he began,
In his zouthheid lang or he wes ane man,
I cannochttell zow bot gif that I wald lie,
For-quhy my author tald it nocht to me.
Of that mater quha lykis for to luke,
Thair sall ze find in[to] blind Hareis buke
The fassoun all decharit at greit lenth.
I cannochttell gif it hes ony streth
Of suith fastnes or zit of veritie,
Thairfoir as now I will lat sic thing be,
And tell zow furth the laif of him fra hand,
In my author befoir me as I fand.
This WIlliam Wallace, as my author sais,
Richthelplike wes into tha samin dais
To Scottismen war trub[lit]or opprest,
And Ingismen he lute tak litill rest,
Without fauour haifand at thame sic feid,
Of thame richt mony that he put to deid.
And for that caus our all bayth far and neir,
Tha drew to him that of his help did heir,
For traist refuge, for succour to him socht;
Quhome to that tyme that ony wrang wes wrocht,
Fra all partis so thik to him tha drew,
Quhill that his power eikit so and grew,
The Sutheroun all betuix Tay and Tueid,
Of him tha had [richt] greit effeir and dreid,
Sa oft of thame sa mony that he slew.
The Scottis lordis quhen tha kend and knew
That this Wallace, so walkryfe with gude zeill,
Sa afald wes ay for the commoun weil,
Knavand he had sic fortoun and gude chance,
Sic wit, sic wisdome and sic governance,
For no laubour wald nother irk nor tyre,
Sic plesoir had, sic curage and desyre,
The libertie of Scotland to reskew,
Thairfoir of him sic vertu quhen tha knew,
The lord is all with their auctoritie
Of Scotland maid him governour to be;
With haill power baith for to heid and hing,
And justice gyde as he had bene ane king;
Complaynt to heir and chargis to direct,
Faltowris to call and vices to correct.
The quhilik office with sic perfectione vsit,
Wes neuir none moir worthie to be rusit,
King or prince or ony vther one,
That euir buir office into Albione.
All Scottismen that gottin had greit thankis
Of king Edward, that callit wes Langschankis,
At his command that wald nocht sone compeir,
Ouir all Scotland rycht sone bayth far and neir,
He maid thame all als waldin as ane wand,
For to obey and byde at his command.
Quhen this wes done and endit wes sic pley,
And causit war all Scottis till obey
To gude Wallace, without ony ganestand,
He take purpois for to deoid Scotland
Of Inglsimen and thair auctoritie.
And to redeme fredome and libertie,
With greit power he passit to the feild,
Of mony wy that waponis weill culd weild.
First at Dundie that same tymhe he began;
With litill stryfe that strang castell he wan.
Montrois and Breichin that war strang and
wycht,
Thir thrie he wan throw his fortoun and mycht,
And left neuir ane levand vpone lyfe
Within tha strenthis, other man or wyfe.
Syne to Dunnotar forder furth is gone;
That strang castell vpone ane roche of stone,

1 In MS. ling.
With litill travell in that tyme he wan,
Quhair that he lossit nother lad nor man.
Quhen this wes done as 3e haif hard me mene,
With haill purpois to pas to Abirdene,
Vpoun ane da he maid him reddie boun:

The Ingilismen quhilk that war in the toun,
Rycht mony ane of thame thairin than was,
And quhen thar hard that cumand wes Wallace,
The strang castell that biggit wes of stone
Tha stuffit weill, syne all the laif ilkone
Spulzie the toun of gold, riches and fie,
Syne with the spulzie passit to the se:
Of Wallace come thar durst nocht weill remane,
Bot sone in Ingland sped thame hame agane.
Quhen this wes1 tald [on] to thiilk Wallace
He tuke purpois no forder for to pas,
Turaund agane, syne at lasar and lenth

Seigit and wan rycht mony stalwart strenth,
Quhairin richt mony Ingilismen slew he,
And mony mo in Ingland maid to fie.

Quhen this wes schawin with all the circumstance
To king Edward, that tyme quhilk wes in France,
His lieutenand withoutin ony moir,
Calit Hugo, of quhome I schew befoir,
In Scotland send for to debait his richt.
This gude Wallace that worthie wes and wicht,
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Seigand the castell of Couper he la,
Of thiis Hugo quhen that he hard and knew
With sic power wes cuming of the new,
With suir watchis set the hous about,
That none thairin but leif mycht wyn out.
With all the power syne with him he hed,
To Stirling that tyme richt sone he sped,

1In MS. wald.
Quhair this Hugo with all his power la.
Neir Stirling brig syne efter on ane da,
In plane battell togidder thair tha met,
With brandis bricht quhair mony berne wer bet,
And mony burdoun vpoun breistis brak,
And mony bald man borne doun on his bak.
This gude Wallace quhilk had of Scottis cuir,
Like ane wod lyoun in that feild ho fuir;
Stalwart and strang, als stark as ony aik,
Ane Inglisman he slew at euirilk straik:
Sa mony man he maid that da to de,
That force it wes the Inglismen to fle.
Quhen this schir Hew the lieutennande wes slane,
Na bute it wes the laif for to remane,
Bot suddantlie out of the feild syne fled.
The Scottismen quhilk efter thame\(^1\) fast sped,
Into that chace of bernis that war bald
Tha tuke and slew alls mony as tha wald;
The laif that fled sleipit that nicht wnsound,
For-quhy in Forth tha war almaist all dround.
Quhen this wes done with greit triumph and
gloir,
This gude Wallace quhair that he wes befoir,
Wunto the seig he sped him sone agane,
No langar thair that tyme he wald remane.
The Inglismen that war within the hous,
Quhilk of befoir war baith cruell and crous,
Quhen that tha knew how Wallace than had sped,
Gaif ouir the hous so soir that tyme tha dreed.
Of Scottis als rycht mony men of gude,
Befoir that tyme incohare Wallace stude,
No dreid tha had of Wallace violence,
Sic strang strenthhis haiffand for thair defence;

\(^1\) In MS. _than._
Syno quhen tha hard of his greit victorie,
To him tha send fra all pairt suddantlie,
Promittand him richt glaidlie with thair hart,
In that purpois ay for to tak his part;
And all the strentsis that tyme but ganestand,
Deliuerit hes into gude Wallace hand;
Qubahirin that tyme he hes gart put anew
Richt nobill men that war bayth trustand trew,
So souer als in all tyme at ane sailse,
And weill he wist tha wald nocht to him failse.
This beand done skaillit his men ilkone,
With his freindis to Stirling synse is gone.
It hapnit syne into that samyn zeir,
All kynd of victuall wes so scant and deir,
Our all Scotland with sic penuritie,
That mony one had greit necessitie
Of meit and drink that wes thair lyvis fude,
And mekle thing that mycht haif done thame gude.

HOW WALLACE FUNEIST HIS ADUERSARIS THAT
WALD NOCHT HIM OBEY; SYNE PASSIT IN
NORTHUMBERLAND AND BRYNT AND SLEW
WITHOUT GANESTAND.

This samyn tyme gude Wallace as wes reid,
For to releif thair mister and greit neid,
Our all partis of Scotland far and neir,
He causit hes richt mony to compeir,
With haill purpois in Ingland for to pas,
And thair to tak qubahir that aneuch[h] thair
was.
Of all victuall thair wes aneuch but want,
Qubahirof in Scotland bayth wes deir and scant.
That samyn tyme thair wes that maid him pley,
Men in the north that wald him nocht obey,
No ȝit compeir that tyme at his command;
Thairfoir Wallace without ony demand,
To his purpois or he wald forder pas,
Richt suddantlie quhair that tha same men was,
Or euer tha wist, in handis hes thame tane,
Syne for thair tressoun hangit thame ilkane;
Quhilk causit hes the laif with better will
That samin tyme for to obey him till.
This beand done as ȝe haif hard me sa,
With all his power efter on ane da,
He enterit sone into Northumberland,
Without[in] stop quhair he gat no ganestand,
Baith brint and sleww with greitheirschip of gude,
To the New Castell vpoun ane tyme that stude.
The Inglismenthat duelt into that land
Sic dreddour tuke tha fled fra hand to hand,
And left behind thame all riches and geir,
Of gude Wallace tha tuke so greit effeir,
That neuir man durst in his gait remane,
To saue him self ilk man wes than full fane.
Into that land ane lang quhile thair thà la,
Syne at thair plesour efter brocht awa
The riches all befoir him that he fand,
Quhen he had brynt and hereit all that land,
With hie triumph, with honour and greit gloir,
And greit loving of ilk man les and moir,
With greit riches of gold and vther gude,
Of stoir and fie ane meruelus multitude,
That samin tyme, but ony stop or sturt,
Come hame agane withoutin harme or hurt.
How King Edward heirand of Wallace and of his victorie come hame out of France, and send ane herald to Wallace, and of Wallace answer to him agane.

This king Edward, that tyme being in France, 47,065
Quhen he hardtellof the vnhappie chance
Of his liegis and the triumph and gloir
Of gude Wallace, he sped him hame thairfoir
Into Ingland withoutin ony hune;
Ane herald syneto gude Wallace send sone, 47,070
Quilke schew to him his chairgis all belyve,
In lichtlie langage and richt pungetywe.
Sayand, how durst he be so bald for blame
In his kinrik, quhen that he wes fra hame,
To wirk sic wrang with greit crudelitie,
On his pepill without auctoritie?
Quilke efterwart to him sould be deir bocht;
Rycht weil he wist, he said, that he durst nocht
For all Europe committit had sic cryme,
Had he at hame bene in the samin tyme. 47,080
This gude Wallace befoir thame all in plane,
Sic answer maid as ze sall heir agane.
"Gude freind," he said, "thow sallsay to thi
king,
"That all sic bost sall bais me in nothing,
"Na thinkis neuir to be at his command ; 47,085
"Of him this da als litill aw I stand,
"As he him self dois of the leist ane knaif
"In all Scotland amang ws heir we haif.
"Qhahir he speiris how durst I be so bald
"Within his boundis to wirk so as I wald, 47,090
Lib 14, f.219t." I did nocht sic thing for crudelitie.
"Bot of injuris for to revengit be,

"And greit harmis be his collusioun,
"That he to Scotland wrocht hes with tressoun.
"Thairfoir," he said, "mak it to him kend,
"Quhill that I leif I think for to defend
"Kinrik and croun, at all power and micht;
"Quhy sould I nocht quhen that we haif sic richt?
"And quhair he sais and he had bene at hame,
"That I durst nocht, for driend of him and blame,
"To be so bald, thocht I had bene ane king,
"Within his boundis to haif wrocht sic thing;
"Off my behalf say thow to him agane,
"Will God or Pasche with all my power plane
"Within his boundis I salbe on breid,
"For ony aw I stand of him or driend;
"Quhither that he be than at hame or nocht,
"That is ane thing rycht litill in my thocht."
This messinger, quhen he had said his will,
To king Edward he come and said him till
Of his ansuer the fassoun all in feir,
Ilk word be word as I haifsaid zow heir.
On eueriesyde, as my authordidsa,
Tha bownit baith for to be at that da.
The da syn come quhair at the tryst wes set,
Their bernis bald togidder thair tha met,
With stalwart men that war bayth strang and stuir,
In Ingland far that tyme beyond the mure.
Rycht mony grome that gudlie wes and gay,
On eueriesyde war put in gude array;
This ilk Wallace on ane plane quhair he stude,
Put all his men into ane ordour gude,
With baneris braid displayit vpoun hicht,
And mony standart that war brodin bricht;
And mony pynsal that war panetit proude,
And mony schalme that schouttand war full loude,
And mony trumpit tunit war full he;
Moir semelie sicht desyrit none to se.
This king Edward than seand, to conclude,
The Scottismen haifand sic ordour gude,
So manfullie for battell as tha maid,
In gude array so cloiss togidder laid;
Also he knew thair captane gude Wallace
So wyss thairwith, so wycht and manlie was,
And that his fortoun all tyme wes so gude,
Thairfoir of him the weill moir aw he stude,
Thocht he wes mo that tyme befar nor he,
He thocht na schame to turne his bak and fle
Richt cloiss togidder all into ane knot,
Or euir ane arrow in the feild wes schot.
The Scottismen the quhilk that saw that day
So fast for feirnese as tha fled away,
Tha tuke haill purpos in that samin place,
Efter king Edward for to stuffe ane chace.
Full weill I wait that tyme so had tha done,
War nocht gude Wallace stoppit thame sa sone,
Quhilk causit thame of that purpos to blyn,
Schawand to thame sic danger wes thairin.
Richt weill he wist, an all the suith war socht,
Sic fenzet feing wes nocht done for nocht;
Thairfoir he seid, "It semis weill to me,
" Sa mony men withoutin straik to fle,
" Ane taik is of sum tressone and trane,
" My counsall is thairfoir that we remane,
" And follow nocht ane fit out of this place.
" How can we haif moir honour in this cace,
" No chace ane king so prattikit into weir
" In his awin realme but straik of sword or speir?"
Amang his men richt bissalie did ryde
With sic counsall, quhilk causit thame to byde.
Quhen king Edward, as 3e haif hard me sa,
Had left the feild and syne fied hame his wa,
Chroniclis of Scotland.

Than gude Wallace richt bellicos and bald,
Ouir all the north of Ingland as he wald,
Fra Tyne⁠¹ to Tueid richt narrowlie he socht,
And all the spulze syne with him hame brocht.
Throw the greit [gloir] that tyme he conquiest hed,
Ouir all Ewrop his name of honour spred;
Bot fals Fortoun quhilk did him magnify,
Rycht sone efter at him at greit invy,
Hir fraudfull fait and eik hir variance,
Hir fenzeit face so full of inconstance,
Hir lauchand luke with mony fals promit,
Syne quhen scho list hir fauour for to flitt,
With grunschand luke quhen scho lykis to greif,
Quhen that ane man of hir hes most beleif,
And in her fauour hieast on the quheill,
Or euir he wit, scho makis him to feill
Than of hir seid rycht fremmitie far moir,
Nor euir scho did of hir fauour befoir.
O gude Wallace! [so] did scho than with the.
Allace thairfoir! it wes the moir pitie,
That Fortoun giffand the sic fauour at lenth,
As Nature gaif the sic wisdome and strenth,
And manlie wes into all kynd of thing,
In all Ewrop wes nother prince nor king,
Wan moir honour of sic auctoritie,
No thow had win had Fortoun favorit the.
Thocht my author for schortnes dois ourpas
In this mater to tell zow as it wes,
The circumstance quhair he did pretermit,
The quhilk sensyne wes done me for to wit,
As I myself fand in ane famous storie,
Quhairfoir sen it is recent in memorie,

¹ In MS. Kent.
And be apperance liklie to be trew,
I sall schaw zow as that storie me schew,
Qubilk haldin is of greit auctoritie,
As oft sensyne suith men hes said to me.
This ilk Edward of quhome befoir I schew,
Quhen he persauit, wnderstude and knew,
Throw gude Wallace how his honour and fame
Detractit wes, and how this Wallace name
Exaltit wes with sic honour and gloir,
Apperandlie the langar ay the moir,
Ilk da be da to sic auctoritie,
Of gude Wallace for to revengit be,
The diligence he hes done that he mocht;
Syne finallie with Robert Bruce he wrocht
Agane Wallace and he wald tak bis part,
Promittand him rycht freindlie with his hart
Within schort quhile, and he haif hap to ring,
Robert the Bruce of Scotland to mak king.
This king Edward the Bruce gart wnderstand,
That baith the croun and kinrik of Scotland
This ilk Wallace thocht to himself to tak,
Qubome to, he said, it wes bayth schame and lak,
Sen nane bot he had richt of all that thing,
To bruke the croun of Scotland and be king,
So cowartlie for to gif ouir his richt
To this Wallace so sempill wes ane wicht,
Withoutin clame or ony richt thairtill,
For to posses at his plesour and will.
Throw the persuasioun that he did to him mak,
Rycht suddantlie the Bruce did wndertak
In that mater richt sone for to proceid,
So that he wald supple him in his neid.
Syne quietlie ane messinger he send
To his freindis with hartlie recommand,
Ouir all Scotland in mony sindrie part,
Beseikand thame rycht afauld with his hart,
Aganis Wallace his pairt than for to tak,
Quhilk did to him so greit wrangis and lak,
The quhilk on force withheld fra him throw mycht
His heretage quhome to he had sic richt.
Quhairof richt mony wes richt weill content,
And richt glaidlie thairto gaif thair consent,
Promittand him, cum on quhen euir he wald,
In his fordward thae sould be fund afald.
That samin tyme, withoutin caus or quhy,
Richt mony man at Wallace had invy,
Becaus that Fortoun tuke him in hir grace;
That hapnis oft in mony sindrie place,
Quhome euir that Fortoun haldis maist of pryse,
Suppois he be baith circumspect and wyse,
All vther men, I can nocht tell zow quhy,
At him hes ay displesour and invy.
This ilk exemplill [ma], so haif I feill,
Be verifeit be gude Wallace richt weill;
Quhen he had stand in mony stawlwart stour,
And put himself into sic adventure,
And conquist Scotland sic honour and gloir,
Without thank or zit reward thairfoir.
The Cumingis all, haiffand no caus of feid,
As ennimie him haitit to the deid,
Throw lurkand malice het as ony fyre,
Quhilk causit hes richt mony to conspyre
Agane Wallace that litill thairof knew,
Quhilk efterwart into the deid it schew;
Syne secretlie to king Edward thae send,
And cleirlie all this mater maid him kend.
The caus quhairfoir thae had sic invy
At gude Wallace wes for the samin quhy,
That this Wallace, in storie as we reid,
In vertew and honour did thame all exceed;
And throw his werkis, quhilk war of sic fame,
Obfuscat wes thair honour and thair name,
Qubilk of befoir wes wont to be so lie, 48,170
Be this Wallace wes of so law degre;
And for this causs, and for na vther quhy,
At gude Wallace tha had so greit invy.
Quhen that king Edward thairof hard and knew,
Traistand full weill that all sic thing wes trew,
Into beleif to him tha sould nocht lie,
With all the power that he doucht to be,
On fit and horss, that my author did sa,
To the Fawkirk come efter on ane da.
Than gude Wallace that of his cuming knew,
Trowand richt weill that all thing had bene trew,
Qubilk of thair tressoun litill than that wist,
With greit power king Edward to resist,
Richt suddantlie comperit in his sight
With mony berne all into armour bricht.
The greit tressone that Wallace litill knew,
Richt suddantlie amang thame than it schew.
The Cumingis than with thair power ilkone, 48,165
Into ane feild togiddir all alone,
Be the leist boy that tyme tha with thame brocht,
Tha war the men that all the tressoun wrocht,
Desyrit thame the vangard for to haif,
Befoir Wallace, lord Stewart and the laue.
48,190
The lord Stewart siclike quhilk that he stude
Into his camp with mony men of gude,
He thocht him self the worthiast as than
To sic honour of ony vther man.
Allace that da tha set him baith at nocht! 48,195
2it gude Wallace the quhilk the contrair thocht,
Sen that he wes with all thair haill consent
Maid governour, and syne so diligent
In his office as he wes da and nicht,
For to debait the libertie and richt
Of Scotland ay in his auctoritie,
Thairfoir he thocht that maist worthie wes he,
Befoir thame baith or ony of the laif,
Into that tyme sic honour for to haif.
And as tha stude lang stryvand for sic thing,
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Persauit that and suddantlie him sped
Onto the feild with all power he hed,
Vpoun the Scottis with ane sudden fray,
And or tha might be put into array,
The Englismen war reddie for to june.
The Cumingis all baith suddantlie and sone,
With all the power in that tyme tha hed,
Out of the feild richt cloiss awa tha fled,
And left lord Stewart and Wallace his mait,
Into the feild still stryvand for the stait,
Baith circumvenit that tyme with thair fa,
And wes content that it wes hapnit sua;
For it wes tha that first that stryfe begun,
Betuix lord Stewart and that nobill man.
This ilk Wallace that tha brocht in sic feid,
Withoutin causa tha haittit him to the deid;
As previt weill, the richt qua wnderstandis,
Quhen that tha left him in his fais handis.

HOW THE INGLISMEEN ENTERIT IN THE FEILD
AGAINIS THE GUEDE LORD STEWARD AND VAIL-
ZAND WILLIAM WALLACE BE TRESSOUN
OF THE CUMINGIS FALS.

Be this wes done as ze haif hard me say,
The Ingilismen in ordour and array,
With targis gilt and mony glitterand scheild,
On fit and hors hes enterit in the feild.
The lord Stewart, suppois that it wes lait,
And gude Wallace tha strawe na mair for stait,
Quhen that tha saw it micht na better be,
Bot euerieman do for himself or die.
This ilk Wallace, than schortlie to conclude,
Put all his men than into ordour gude
As he best micht, suppois the tyme wes schort,
Syne with fair langage did thame all exhort
Into that battell stalwartlie to byde,
And tak na terrour of the tother side.
With hie curage he tuik on him greit curi,
Vpoun ane cursour stalwart wes and stuir
Ouir all his oist than round about he raid,
And greit persuasioune to thame all he maid,
Into that feild erar fechtand to die,
Nor for to loiss baith land and libertie.
Thocht sum man sa, I can nocht tell 3ow quhy,
Wallace that da out of the feild drew by,
And micht haif maid the lord Stewart supple,
And syne wald nocht, it semis well for me
That that wes fals and in the self vntrew,
As be gude Wallace weill that da it schew,
In that same feild so douchtelie did he,
Quhill he on force wes maid that tyme to fle.
Weill ma 3e wit he micht mak na reskew
Agane sa mony quhair thair faucht so few,
Quhair he that da stude in so strang ane stour,
Haiffand him self greit mister of succour;
How micht he mak ane vther man supple,
Being him self in sic necessitie?
As efterwart it might be knawin sone
Be gude Wallace or all the feild wes done.
The lord Stewart and gude Wallace that da,
Baith into the feild, as my author did sa,
Enterit togidder with thair power all,
The quhilk that da so litill wes and small,
Quhilk wes the caus of thair miseritie,
And nocht for Wallace wald mak na supple.
Robert the Bruce that neirhand wes besyde,
That mony wicht that da had till gyde,
Behind the bak than of the Scottis oist,
In gude ordour with mekle schoir and boist,
He brought his men and circuith thame about,
Behind thair bak that tha micht nocht win out.
Sair wes the semblie at the first onset,
On euerie syde quhen baith the pairteis met;
The speiris scharp, that wes baith lang and squair,
In pecis sprang abone thame in the air.
Thair schynand scheildis schorne war all in schunder,
And mony breist maid bludie that wes wnder;
And mony helme that da wes rent and revin,
And mony duchtieto the deid wes drewin;
And mony grome la gruiffingis on the ground
Bludie forbled with mony deidlie wound.
This gude Wallace, that stalwart wes and strang,
Quhair that he faucht into the thickest thrang,
Bald as ane boir, and stark as ony staik,
Ane Inglisman he slew at euirilk straik.
The Inglismen that war baith big and bald,
Schoudrit and scheip like scheip intill ane fald
Befoir Wallace, his straikis wes so strang,
Reddand him rowme quhair euir he list to gang.

Hector of Troy, Cesar nor Herculius,
Nor zit Achill or Thelamoniuss,
Did neuir better, quha that richt wnderstandis,
Na gude Wallace that da did with his handis.
Zit neuirtheles the most stalwart and strang
That euir wes ma nocht induir rycht lang,
Continewallie be he put in assaill
Withoutin help, bot sumtyme he man faill,
In ony tyme but succour or supple.
This gude Wallace, it hapsit so to be,
Wes desolait in trubill left and pane,
The lord Stewart into the feild wes slane,
And gude Makdufe the nobill erle of Fyffe,
Schir John the Grahame that da loissit the lyfe;
And mony vther barroun that war bald,
Deit that da out of number vntald.
Robert the Bruce that faucht behind thair bak,
The greit slaughter he causit for to mak
Wes the hail caus of all thair confusioun;
Alace thairfoir of sic abusioun
Aghanis his awin with sic cruell dispite!
3it neuirthales he hed noch all the wyte,
Trowand he did all for his awin availl,
Sic traist he gaif to king Edward but faill,
And to ilk word that he said les and moir,
In the promit that he maid him befoir,
Him to supple into all kynd of thing
Aghanis Wallace of Scotland to be king.
Robert Bruce, O rabill mynd, alace!
Quhair wes thiwitor wisdome in that cace?
How culd thow find that time in thi hart,
Aghanis thi awin to tak so plane ane part
With king Edward, and put thi traist so hie
In him befoir thow fand baith fals and slie?
As I haif schwain ane litill of befoir:
In this mater heir will I mute no moir.
This king Edward that subtill wes [and] sle,
Full of falsheid and greit crudelitie,
Causit the Bruce than, throw ane subtill art,
Aghanis Wallace for to tak his part
Allace thairfoir! that micht the Scottis feill,
Had nocht bene he, se ma beleif rycht weill,
With sic ane trane come in behind thair bak,
That da the Scottis had nocht tane sic lak,
No ȝit sic skayth, suppois tha war bot few, 48,335
Amang thame self and tha had bene all trew.
Quhen Wallace saw thir nobillis all war slane,
He thocht no tyme than langar to remane;
With the few folk than levand that he hed,
Out of the feild in gude ordour he fled,
And baid him self behind ane litill space,
That nane efter sould follow on the chace.
Wes none so bald bot he gart him forbair
Fordwart to pas quhen [that] he saw him thair;
Tha war vn happie come wnder his hand,
Or feld the wecht than of his bludie brand.
Ane Inglishman of greit honour and fame,
Frisis Bryane callit wes to name,
In tornament and justing of befoir
Quhilk conquies t[hed] greit honour, laud and
gloir,
Efter the Scotis followit on the chace
Quhill that he come on to the samin place
Quhair Wallace wes, the flour of cheualrie,
Vpoun ane cursour luifand neirhand by.
This nobill knicht, trowand honour to win,
Kest doun his speir and no langer wald blin.
Syne towart Wallace spurrit his gude steid;¹
Than gude Wallace, quhilkhad of him no dreid,
Spurrit his hors and manfullie him met,
Syne sic ane dynt vpoun his breist he set,
Quhill that his breist plait all in pecis clawe,
Bayth breist and brawin wes wnder brist and rawe;
The scharp sokat out throw his bodie thrang,
Bayth man and hors deid to the erth he dang.
Than all the laif quhen that they saw that cae,
Fordward ane fit durst nocht follow the chace.

¹ In MS. speid.
O gude Wallace! that dar I suithlie sa,
Had eurilk man bene trew to the that da,
This king Edward, for all his bost and schoir,
Had nocht that da win sic honour and gloir,
As ze 3e 3our self ma richt weill wrderstand,
Quben gude Wallace befoir into Ingland,
With the same men war present thair that da,
Agane king Edward, as ze hard me sa,
He wan the feild withoutin straik or dynt,
Qhair neuir man in all the feild wes tint.
As I haifsaid befoir zit dar I sa,
Had tha als bene all trew to him that da
As tha war than, it is richt eith to ken
Scotland that da had nocht loisset sic men.
So hapnit it that samin tyme of case,
Efter that Wallace stoppit hed the chace,
Robert the Bruce, vpoun ane cursor wycht.
Of Wallace hapnit for to get ane sicht.
Amang thame all he wes full eith to ken,
So chiftanlike he raid behind his men
Vpoune ane cursor rycht stalwart and strang.
Ane schaft he buir that wes baith greit and lang:
Behind his men ane weil lang space he raid,
Gif ony Sutheroun come thame till invaid.
Robert the Bruce quhen he gude Wallace saw,
Loud vpoun hicht vpone him he did caw;
"Wallace," he said, "quhat is in thy intent,
"Agane 3one king so michtie and potent,
"Without compair this da levand on lyve,
"With thi small power schaipis for to stryvce?
"How hes thi will wit so far ouirgane
"Seand thi self so dissolat allane,
"Withoutin help of ony or remeid,
"Tha ar all gone that sould haif maid the
steid?"
"Thy willfull mynd and sic hienes of thocht,
"And arrogance hes put the now to nocht.
"Zitken thiself and put the in his will,
"Or thow on force be kennit sone thairtill."
Quhene he had said as ze haif hard me mene,
Wallace him ansuer into yre and tene:
"O cowart knicht! forsuith," agane said he,
"All that I do is in defalt of the.
"Thow faillis far, and all the richt war knawin,
"So oft," he said, "dissauit hes thi awin;"
"As thow hes done in mony sindrie thing,
"In contrare Scotland with zone turrane king.
"Thy blude and natioun falslie hes mensworne;
"Scotland ma sa in ill tyme wes thow borne.
"Hes thow na dredi that, for thi greit wn-
richt,
"The hand of God sum tyme sallon on the licht,
"Thow bludie bouchour that will nocht abhor
"So saikles thus thi awin blude to devoir?
"Wer' thair," he said, "as I trow neur salbe,
"Wisdome or faith, or kyndnes into the,
"Curage, manheid, or' knichtlie fortitude,
"Thow had nocht schawin so greit ingratitude
"Onto thi awin quhome that thow suld defend.
"Qhahairfoir," he said, "to the I mak it kend,
"Zone turrane king full of crudelitie,
"Wnder his bandoun think I neur to be.
"My will salbe, quhill I haif strenth or mycht,
"Of Scotland ay for to defend the richt.
"Na moir," he said, "thow gettis now of me,
"Traist weill thairfoir thow sall far erar die,
"No Jow or Turk thow hes done ws sic ill,
"And I haif hap to haif the in my will."

1 In MS. Qshair.  |  2 In MS. ef.
Robert the Bruce, quhen he hard him sa so,
Sum part in mynd displeit wes and wo,
For weill he wist that gude Wallace wes trew,
Be that same langage that he till him schew;
And in his mynd repentit hes full soir
The greit offence that he had done befoir,
Takand sic labour on him da and nicht
Aganis Scotland to quhome he had sic richt.
Be Wallace talk sic wisdome he did leir,
Fra that da furth he did thame no moir deir.
This ilk battell quhometo 3ow that I mene,
Wes on the day of Marie Magdalene,
Quhilk haldin is with all man mair and myn
Vnhappie da gude werkis to begin,
Ouir all Scotland euir moir sensyne,
Becaus that da the Scottis feild did tyne.
All beand done as 3e haif hard me sa,
This gude Wallace sone efter on ane da
In Sanct Johnestoun ane counsall he gart call,
Qhailr planelie thair befoir the lordis all,
The governing that he had of the ring
In thair handis he did agane resing,¹
And him exutet of office and cuir,
And regiment quhilk of befoir he buir.
Becaus he saw sic scisma and discordis,
And speciallie amang the grittist lordis;
And mony ane that schew him litill feid
Withoutin caus him haittit to the deid,
Quhome of he culd not sicker be and suir;
And for that caus of all office he buir
Denudit him befoir the lordis all,
For aduentre that efter micht befall.
In this same tyme the nobill king of France,
Callit Phillop, most gudlie till aduance,

¹ In MS. resige.
Quhen he perfiltlie in the tyme hes knawin
With king Edward how Scotland wes ouirthrawin,
Rycht greit compatiens of Scotland he hed;
And for that caus to king Edward he sped
Ane herald sone, and schupe nocht for to ceis
To Scottismen quhilk he had purchest peice.
This king Edward that tyme had to his wyfe
Ane plesand princes, nane better on lyfe,
Formit perfite be hevinlie influance,
Quhilk dochter wes to king Phillip of France;
At king Edward maid rycht greit request,
Beseikand him, for hir' saik at the leist,
The Scottismen, gif plesis him do sua,
To grant thame peice and be no moir thair fa.
This king Edward that wald hir nocht deny,
So weill that tyme he loutit her for-thy,
On fra the feist than of Alhallow da
To Penthecost, as my author did sa,
And forder mair as plesit him betuene,
He grantit peax for plesour of the quene;
And thair with all the request to fulfill,
Of king Phillip that he had send him till.
Neir be this tyme that ze heir me subsume,
Ane oratour the Scottis send to Rome,
To Boneface, that paip wes in tha dais,
With sair complaynt, as that my author sais,
Of king Edward the quhilk hed thame ouirthrawin,
Quhilk of befoir wes frite within thair awin,
And libertie had brukit alss richt lang,
The quhilk to him did neuir injure nor wrang,
Nor to na prince levand wnder the sky;
Beseikand him, for that same caus and quhry,
To causs king Edward for to grant thame peice,
And of his weiris for to stanche and ceis.

1 In MS, his.
As he that aucht thair tutour for to be,
That tha micht leif into tranquillitie.
Quhrome to the paip hes grantit with gude will,
And sindrie syis he send king Edward till,
Commandand him fra tha weiris desist
Of so puir pepill micht him nocht resist,
Quhilk faillit neuir into na kynd of thing,
Nother to him nor to na Chrissin king.
Quhairrothrow the Scottis to sic curage grew,
Thair libertie agane for to reskew,
Ane governour tha chesit of greit fame,
Quhilk schir Johnne Cuming callit wes to name.
Than king Edward thairof quhen he hard tald,
Ane greit armie of mony berne full baid
He send in Fyffe attouir the watter of Forth,
Distryand all vnto Sanct Johnestoun north,
And all the spulze thair-in that he gat,
Had hame ouir Forth but ony stop or lat.
Fra Forth all south, as that my author sais,
Subjectit wes to king Edward tha dais.
Schir Johnne Cuming, of Scotland governour,
And Symone Frances of richt greit honour,
Quhilk wes collig wnto this ilk schir Johnne,
Quhen that tha saw that sic injure wes done,
With all the power that tha dought to be,
Convenit hes be thair auctoritie.
Into the tyme suppois tha war bot few,
Sitt neuirtheles tha war all traist and trew,
Of hie curage, baith bald, hardie, and wycht,
And reddie ay for to defend thair richt,
Baith wyss and wicht, and souer at ane saill;
Aucht thousand men tha war that tyme be taill.
Furth that tha fuir for to exerce the land,
Intill all part quhailr tha the Sutheroun fand,
Into Scotland the quhilk hed ony cuir
Of king Edward, or office of him buir,
Tha maid thame all without mercie to die,
Or hame in Ingland suddantlie to fle.

**How King Edward Send Redulfus in Scotland with Ane Greit Armie Againis the Scottis, Contenand Threittie Thousand Men.**

Ane nobill man of greit honour and fame,
The quhilk Redulfus callit wes to name,
This king Edward, quhen he sic thing did ken,
In Scotland send with threittie thousand men.
This Redulfus, of quhome befoir I tald,
Traistand to weild all Scotland as he wald,
So proude he wes and of curage richt hie,
His greit armie diuydit hes in thrie,
And euerie part, as that my author menit,
Ten thousand men into the tyme contenit.
Syne da be da he tuke on him greit cuir,
Quhill that he come richt sone to Rosling

*mure*;

Schir Johnne Cuming and gude Symon his mait,
Ryland neirby their boundis to debait,
With aucht thousand that worthie war and wicht,
Of bernis bald all into armour bricht,
The fornest oist of this Redulfus men,

The quhilk that tyme contenit thousandis ten,
Come far befoir out of the laifsicht.
The Scottismen that war bayth bald and wicht,
Traistand that tyme that tha na ma had bene,
Micht nocht suffer quhen tha that sicht had

*sene*;

Bot suddantlie tha semblit with aue schout,
Qubahir mony stalwart that war stark and stout,
And mony wicht man worthie into weir,
War maid to grane throw all their glitterand geir.
The Inglismen, for all thair pomp and pryde, 48,565
No strentis had thair langar for to byde;
The Scottismen so cruel war and wicht,
That force it wes the Suthroun tak the flicht,
And in the feild no langar micht remane,
Of thame that da sa mony than war slane. 48,570
Be tha war fled and passit out of sicht,
The secund feild with mony helme full brycht,
And mony trumpet into sindrie tune,
Come at thair hand than reddie for to june.

The Scottis men, thair curage wes so hie, 48,575
Tuke no effeir, tha schupe nocht for to flie
For all thair brag, thair boisting and thair schoir;
The victorie that tha had wyn befoir,
Causit thame all sic curage for to tak,
Ane fit that tyme or tha wald flie abak,
So hie curage tha tuke all in thair heid,
Tha had far erar ilkane sufferit deid.
Thair wes no moir, bot suddantlie and sune
The feildis baith togidder thair did june,
With sic ane brous quhilk mony speris brak, 48,580
And mony bald man laid wes on his bak;
And mony cruel keillit throw the crow,
And mony berne wes of his blonk borne doun,
And mony freik wes fellit on the plane,
The quhilksensyne rais neurit 3it vp agane.

The Scottismen so cruel wes and kene,
The Inglismen tha micht nocht weill sustene
Thair awfull straikis, so stalwart war and strang,
That force it wes quhen tha had fochin lang
Into that feild all fechtand for to die,
Out of that feild than suddantlie to flie.
And sua tha did withoutin ony red,
Sum heir, sum thair, to mony sindrie steid.
The Scottis still remanit in the place,
And tuke na cuir to follow on the chace. 48,600
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With ony slaughter forder thame persew,
For-quhy tha thocht that tha had slane anew.
And in the feild thair tha remanit still,
And all the spulzie at thair awin will;
Breist plat and birny, and all vther geir,
And all armour that neidfull war to weir,
Or zit waponis gif ony than hed want,
Tha gat anew, thatrof thair wes no skant.
In sic harnes as plesit thame to haif,
Tha war all cled than be the leist ane knaif.
Be this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir,
In gude ordour the thrid battell drew neir,
With schalines schill and buglis blawand loude,
With banar braid and mony pynsall proude,
And standartis waiffand with the wynd full wyde.
Thair awfull schoir, and all thair pomp and pryde,
Apperit than to be na bernis pla.
The Scottismen that fochtin hed all da,
Weill ma ze wit tha war nocht weill content
Quhen that tha saw ane power so potent,
The quhilk that da wnfulzet war on feild,
And of thair power mony alles war keild,
And mony hurt and ill woundit full soir,
In the tua feildis tha faucht in befoir.
Zit neuirtheles thair curage wes so gude,
In sic beleif and gude hoip than tha stude
Of victorie befoir that tha had wyn,
Nocht ane of thame wald fra ane vther twyn:
Bot euerilk ane, richt glaidlie with his hart,
Content he wes for to tak vtheris part,
Baith gude and ill, and byde the latter end,
And tak the chance that God wald to thame send.
And so tha did all in[to] ane concord,
Ordourit the feild and maid thame frelie ford.
THE BUIK OF THE

This beand done tha enterit baith in feild,
And knokit on quhill mony one wes keild.
At the first counter with ane cruell crak,
Thair scheildis raif and mony burdoun brak,
And mony freik war fellit than throw force,
And mony knycht keillit out throw the cors,
And mony grome la grullshis on the grund
Bleidand full soir with mony bludie wound.
The Scottismen, that worthie war and wycht,
Faucht to defend thair libertie and rycht,
Thair self, thair guidis, thair barnis and thair wyffis,
Thair croun, thair kinrik, thair landis and thair lyvis,
And to defend thair honour and thair gloir,
And victorie tha had wyn of befoir.
The Inglismen than, as tha wnderstude,
Tha put thair traist all in thair multitude,
And Scottismen war lossit and forloir,
In the tua feildis tha faucht in of befoir.
Qhair throw thair power parit wes so far,
That eith it wes to put thame to the war.
That causit thame of mair curage to be,
Out of the feild and laither for to fle,
With sic apperance vpoune euirilk syde,
And hie curage quhilk causit thame to byde,
Qhill force it wes, quhen na better mycht be,
The Inglismen out of the feild to fle.
The Scottismen fast follouit on the chace,
And had nocht bene it hapnit so on cace
Tha war so irkit and woundit so soir,
For lang fechting that [tha] war in befoir,
The Inglismen had bocht tha[t] da full deir.
And so tha did as I haif said zow heir.

1 In MS. warthie.  
2 In MS. fair.
Wes neur ha[r]d befoir into na storie,
No ȝit sensyne, of so hie laud and glorie,
Ane victorie ȝit with no levand man,
That da in feild as that the Scottis wan;
Quhen threttie thousand into feildis thrie,
Of Inglismen the baldest that micht be,
Deuydit war in gude ordour that da,
Agane auccht thousand as ȝe hard me sa
Off Scottismen that manlie war and wyacht,
In plane battell but ony trane or slicht.
Thir auccht thousand, as ȝe micht heir me sa,
Vincust thame all richt manfullie that da;
Syne tuke with thame the spulzi of the feild,
And equallie to euerie man and cheild,
Silver and gold, harness and all the laif,
Distributhes as he wes worth to haif.
Quhen this vnhap and infortunitie
Of Inglismen, with sic mortalitie,
Onto thair prince king Edward than wes schawin,
The veritie thairof quhen he hes knawin,
Rycht haistelie as my author did wryte,
He semblit hes ane power infinite
Of that injure for to revengit be;
And syne in Scotland, baith be land and se,
He enterit hes with mekle pomp and pryde.
His power wes so awfull till abyde,
Thair wes no Scot quhome to sic thing wes schawin,
Durst sa that tyme that his saull wes his awin.
Agane his power tha durst mak no pleid,
Bot euirilk man fled to ane sindrie steid;
Sum to ane strenth quhair he thocht best to be,
Sum to the mos, sum to the montane hie,
And leit thame pas without ony ganestand,
Quhair plesit thame ouir all part of Scotland,
Withoutin pleid on to the watter of Spey;
Except Wallace durst no man mak thame pley.
At his opiinoun, stiff as ony wall,
Rycht still he stude thocht his power wes small;
And as he micht, for ony aw or feid,
Richt mony Sutheroun oft he put to deid.
Quhen his constance wes till king Edward kend,
Ane secreit seruand of his awin he send,
Promittand him greit lordschip, land and fie,
Ay nixt him self of most honour to be,
Ouir all Ingland and Scotland at his will,
So that he wald of fauvour cum him till,
And tak his part and with himself remane.
This gude Wallace sic ansuer maid agane:
For all the gold betuix the sone and se,
And all Ingland in heretage and fe,
Wald nocht consent wnto sic fals tressoun,
As to dissaue his natuie trew natiou.
Sayand, he had leuar leif in pouertie,
In stres and dreid, haifand his libertie,
Na with greit riches of all warldlie gude,
Wnder king Edward leif in seruitude.
Sen libertie of euerie thing is best,
So wald he leif, he said, quhill he mycht lest.
In this same tyme that I haif said 3ow heir,
Ane nobill knicht hecht Williame Olifeir,
Ane man all tyme of greit auctoritie,
Of Striuiling castell capitane than wes he.
That stark castell stude on ane roche so strang.
This ilk Williame had keipit than full lang
Agane king Edward as I schew 3ow heir,
Qubilk seigt it ane quartar of ane zeiir.
Sanct Androis kirk, as that my author sais,
That thekit wes with coper in tha dais.

1 In MS. he.
This king Edward, I can nocht tell quhairto,
Or till quhat erand that he had till do,
This royall ruif that tyne baith all and sum,
Gart tak it doun than be the leist ane crum.
Still at the seig that same tyne he la,
So hapnit it, as my author did sa,
That all the victuall wes the hous within,
Inlaikit fast and begouth to grow thin.
And for that caus without ony rebous,
To king Edward than he gaif ouir the hous,
Of that condition sua that tyne that he
Wald leif thame all quhair that tha list go fre.
Syne quhen the hous wes gevin ouir him till,
And hous and men war baith intill his will,
This ilk schir Wiilliam to Lundoun he send,
And held him thair unto his lyvis end,
Festnit with fetteris into presoun strang.
Siclike that tyne he did ouir all Scotland,
In ony part quhair tha maid him ganestand,
Qubill that he gat his plesour and his will;
Mycht nane resistance that tyne mak him till.

**How King Edward maid greit Oppressioun**
**in Scotland, and distroyit and pat out**
**of Memorie all Scotis Storeis, and**
**Vertuous Men out of Scotland, that**
**Cunnyng War or Craft culd wnderstand.**

Syne quhen this tirrane, busteous wes and bald,
Subdewit had all Scotland as he wald,
That nane so stout durst mak him ganestand,
Bot all tyme reddie [be] at his command,
That samin tyne to put out of memorie
Of oure foirsaderis the greit triumph and glorie,

*In MS. On.*
That it agane sould neuir cum in memorie,
He gaif command that euirilk Scottis storie
Suld all be brint that tyme baith ill and gude; 
Quhat euir he wes that edict than ganestude,
Or thair agane schupe to mak ony stryffe,
Without remeid it suld cost him his lyfe.
The buikis als in halie kirk that wes,
That samin tyme he hes gart birne in as;
Compellit hes syne all kirkman to sa.
After the vse quhilk keipit is this da.
All men of craft and als of literature,
That cunnyng war of thair craftis and cuir,
Gart seik and se, quhair sic ane fundin was,
Syne out of Scotland maid thame all to pas.
Fra the blak freris than of Inuernes,
Ane ellevin doctouris that tyme and no les
In theologie, as my author did mene,
Of Carmelitis als out of Abirdene,
Siclike four doctouris quhilk war rycht expart
In theologie, philosophie, and art,
Nocht thair allane, bot mony vther mo,
That cunnyng war in all science also,
Out of Scotland he maid thame all to pas
To Oxfurd quhair that ane studie was,
Thair all thair tyme as baneist men remane,
And neuir in Scotland for to cum agane.
Scotland that tyme of all vertu and gude
Than spulʒεt wes be his ingratitude,
To causs the fame of Scotland to grow les,
And da be da of vertu to decres;
Quhair throw the pepill, as he wnderstude,
Without wisdome sould grow so vyle and rude,
But policie or prattik into weir,
That efterwart tha micht do him na deir;
But wisdome mycht with him to internell,
Aganis him gif that tha wald rebell,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Oure all Scotland quhair taikin wes or sing
Of ony honour or triumphall thing,
That mycht redound to greit honour or fame
Of Scottismen to magnifie thair name,
Quhairby thae mycht haif ony laud or gloir,
He gart distroy and put out of memoir,
That efterwart thae sould nocht sic thing ken.

The tempill biggit be Vespaciane,
Be Carroun mouth [beforne] in Claudius dais,
To his honour, as that my author sais,
Quhairof besoir to zow ane weill lang space
I schew at lenth at ganand tyme and place,
This ilk tempill king Edward bad distroy.

Quhairat trycht mony tuk greit sturt and noy,
So far thae thocht [it] agane equitie,
Because it wes of sick antiquitie,
And sic ane plesour dalie for to see;
Thairfoir king Edward hes gart lat it be.
And for to put out of rememberance
Quha biggit it, with all the circumstance,
Baith write and image that micht signifie
This Claudius and god of victorie,

Hes\(^1\) gart distroy and put all out of ken;
Syne all the laif, for plesour of thae men,
He gart lat stand and wrait vpoun the wall
"Arthuris hufe," quhilk is to say, his hall;
In to ane taikin, as ze ma eith wene,
As he of Scotland conquerour had bene.

And mony vther nobill place of fame
He gart intitill of king Arthureis name,
As wes\(^2\) [of] Snaudoun also the round tabill,
And Arthureis-sait, the quhilk ar all bot fabill,
Fen\(\text{ze}it\) be him in ane memorial,
As this king Arthrur vincust had ws all.

\(^1\) In MS. And.
\(^2\) In MS. West.
THE BIUK OF THE

HOW KING EDWARD MAID ANE COUNSALL IN SANCT ANDROIS, AND TUK AWAY THE MARBELL STONE TO LUNDOUN, AND LEFT ANE REWLAR IN SCOTLAND.

Quhen this wes done as 3e haif hard me mene,
He causit all the lordis to convene
In Sanct Androis, and gart thame sweir of new, 48,835
To him all tym the sauld be leill and trew.
Quhen this wes done to Lundoun syne is gone,
And hed with him the fatis\(^1\) marbell stone,
The kingis sait and the triumphall trune
Quhairon the kingis crownit war in Scune; 48,840
Of Westmister syne in the\(^2\) abba,
Placit that stane quhair it is 3it this da.
His lieuennand, ane freik of nobill fame,
Quhlilk Odomarus callit wes to name,
In Scotland left behind him that samin tyde, 49,845
Of all Scotland to haif the cuir and gyde.

HOW ROBERT BRUCE AND RED CUMING REPREVIT KING EDWARD OF THE THRALDOME OF SCOTLAND, AND HOW ROBERT BRUCE AND THE CUMING CONCORDIT AND SYNE DISSAUITH HIM, AND HOW KING EDWARD ACCUSIT ROBERT BRUCE, AND HOW HE COME THAIREFTER HAISTELIE IN SCOTLAND.

All being done as I haif said 3ow heir,
Robert the Bruce sone after that same 3eir,
And Red Cuming, of Dalswyngtoun wes lord,
Thir tua at quiet, gif I richt record, 48,860

\(^1\) In MS. \(fatir\).  \(^2\) In MS. \(tha\).
Accusit hed the greit ingratitude
Of king Edward, and the vyle servitude
Scotland wes in, without thair libertie,
Quhilk of befoir that wes ay wont be frie.
The Bruce thairfoir to the Cuming did proffer
His richtis all of Scotland at ane offer,
And plesit him sic thing to tak on hand,
As for to be reskewar of Scotland,
And he sould help him in all thing he mycht.
The tother said, "Sen ze haif all the richt,
" Do for zour self and put zour traist in me,
" And at my power I sall mak supple."
Robert the Bruce maid anser to this thing:
Sayand, " And God me fortoun to be king,
" Will ze fulfill that ze haif tane on hand,
" Quhair plessis zow, ony lordschip or land
" Quhair all Scotland ze sall haif it of me,
" And nixt my self of maist honour to be."
Sone war tha corditon thatsaminkynd,
Ilkane of thamesynepat in writ thair mynd, 48,870,
That ilk promitand how all thing suld be,
Ilkane to vther, for securitie,
Hes gevin in writ quhat he desyrit haif,
That none of thame ane vther suld dissai.f.
Quhen this wes done withoutin ony moir,
Robert the Bruce, of quhome I spak befoir,
Becaus of Scotlant he wes richteous air,
Richt lang thairin he durst nocht mak repair,
Or dreed king Edward sould hald him suspect,
In Ingland passit to the samin effect,
Quhair he micht byde\(^1\) and wnsuspectit be,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme micht se.
This ilk Robert of quhome befoir ze red,
Richt mony brethir in that tyme he hed

\(^1\) In MS. bynd.

N 2
War men of gude and greit auctoritie,
And for that caus the moir suspect wes he
With king Edward, the quhilk had nocht bene lang,
Had he thame gottin all into ane fang,
To deill with him, thatfor he wes in dout,
And leif his brether at thair vantage out.

The Red Cuming, of quhome befoir ze red,
Efferit wes and in sum part adred,
And in his mynd repentit hes richt soir
The ferme promeis that he had maid befoir
Onto the Bruce, his power wes so small,
And for that caus he thocht he wald ganecall
That he had said, and wirk ane vther way;
And for that quhy sone efter on ane day,
To king Edward he send the Bruces band,
Seillit and writtin than with his awin hand.

This king Edward quhen he the writh hed sene,
For puir invy trowand that it had bene
Agane the Bruce feinzeit and vntrew,
That causit him moir softlie till persew
Robert the Bruce; zit neuirtheles he thocht,
He wald inquyre gif sic tressone wes wrocht,
And oppinlie befoir his lordis all,
Robert the Bruce he did inquyre and call;
And schew to him thair his promit and band
Subscriuit wes that tyme than with his hand,
Quhilk fra the Cuming cumin wes of new,
Askand at him gif he his awin hand knew?
Robert [the] Bruce, that tyme befoir the king,
Denyit hes that euir he knew sic thing,
And said till him all wes done for invy:
At king Edward, for that same caus and quhy,
Desyrit hes onto the morn that he
With that writing adysit for to be,
And efter that, as he sould weill beleif,
Ane gudlie answser he sould [to] him geif;
Bayth gude and land syne pledgit hes him till,
All salbe done at his plesour and will.
This king Edward that held him nochts suspect,
As he desyrit in forme and effect,
He grantit him rycht glaidlie thame beforne,
To superseid him quhill the tother mornie.
Ane nobill man wes erle of Glomorens,
Quthill knew the mynd of king Edward his prence,
To Robert Bruce tua scharp spurris he send,
And tua grottis, quhairby the Bruce than kend
Moir sicker wes in gudlie haist to fle,
No to remane and in sic danger be.
Thairfoir thre hars that war richt gude in neid,
And souer alss, quthill had bayth strenth and speid,
And schod thame bakwart becaus that he dreed
Tha sould him seik and follow on his treid.
That samin nicht, as my author did tell,
So greit ane snaw doun fra the hevin thair fell,
That nane culd knew that1 kend the way than best
Qubahir he wes gone than, quhither eist or
west.
Than king Edward quhen he knew on the morne
That he wes fled, gart seik with hund and horne;
At his command richt mony man him socht,
Seik as tha wald as than tha fand him nocht.
He and tua feiris that war traist and trew,
That all his counsall and his secreit knew,
At thair plesour, without stop or ganestand,
On the fyft da thai come into Scotland
By Carlill town, quhair that tha tuke the way
Ouir Sulwa sand sone efter that same day
To Lochmaben, quthill wes his awin land.
His bruther Dauid thair thairin he fand,
And Robert Flemyn in his cumpany,
Ane plesand man, ane fair and ane lustie.

1 In MS. the.
To thame that tyme he schew, baith les and moir,
The fassoun all as ze haif hard befoir;
Thir tua agane promittit hes him till,
To tak his part baith into gude and ill.
Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me say,
Syne to Drumfreis tha tuke the narrowst way;
And as tha war than rydand furth the streit,
So hapnit thame thair in the way to meit.
Fra Red Cuming ane seruand that wes send.
This Robert Fleming, quhilk him knew and kend,
Hes rypit him, syne letters on him fand,
Fra Cumyng send to Edward of Ingland.
In tha same letters, as my author mend,
The Cumingis tressoun that tyme wes contend
Aganis the Bruce, befoir as I zow schew.
This Robert Fleming, that wes traiand trew,
That same seruand to his reward hes slane,
With his anser suld nocht gang hame agane.

**HOW ROBERT BRUCE SLEW THE CUMING IN THE KIRK OF DRUMFREIS.**

Into Drumfreis tha raid on hand for hand,
In the frier-kirk quhair tha the Cuming fund
Neir the hee altar being in the queir;
In audience, quhair that ilk man mycht heir,
Robert the Bruce the Cuming hes accusit
Of his tressoun, sayand he hes abusit
The band and aith that he maid him before;
Quhairfoir, he said, he wes fals and mensworne,
Thairfoir of him he servit fed for-thi.
With mony aith the Cuming did deny,
Oft elengand him that he wes innocent;
Quhill at the last the Bruce hes him present
The same letteris to king Edward he send,
Askand at him his awin writ gif he kend;
The quhilk that tyme he cud nocht weill deny.
Robert the Bruce, in greit furor for-thi,
Richt suddantlie ane lang knyfe furth he drew,
And in the bowellis of the Cuming threw

Neir by his navill ane litill abone his waist;
Out of the kirk syne passit into haist,
Qhailair that he met, as my authord did say,
Rodger Kirkpatrik and James Lyndesay,
His traist freindis that tenderlie him louit,
Askand at him quhat had him so commoit.
Richt suddantlie he said to thame agane,
"The Red Cuming I trow that I haif slane."

Said thair agane, as I sa to zow heir,
"Quhy hes thow left so greit thing into weir?"
Syne in the kirk tha raikit to him baith,
Askit at him gife him tane grit skayth?
"Had I," he said, "ane gude chirurgeane heir,
That in his craft war cunning and perqueir,
That knowledige hed with sic ane wound to deill,
"I traist richt sone that I sould get my heill."
Ilke ane of thame ane scharp knyfe and ane lang
Than out tha drew, and throw his bodie thrang
Twyss or thriss into that samin steid,
Qhill thail that they knew perfectlie he wes deid.

Heir will I rest of this mater, and tell
Of adventure that samin tyme befell.

HOW GUDE WILLIAM WALLACE WAS TRESSON-
ABLE BETRAISIT AND SEND IN INGLAND, AND
THAIR MATERIT AND PUT DOUN.

And William Wallace in thail samin dais,
Neirby Glasgow as that my authord sais,
Be ane quhome to that he gaiif maist credence,
This William Wallace with greit violence
THE BUlk OF THE

Falstie wes tane, and bund fast fit and hand,
With greit power syne send wes in Ingland
To king Edward, the quhilk in Lundoun toun,
Quhair present wes richt mony bald barroun,
That1 tirrane king withoutin ony remeid,
Richt cruellie gart put him to the deid.
Quhen he wes deid syne in the samin tyde,
In four pairtis his bodie gart diuyde;
Syne all the partis of Scotland he send
To sindrie townis quhair that he wes kend.
Abone ilk port gart put ane part on hicht,
Dalie to stand in to the Scottis sight,
To thair displeasure, confusioun and schame,
And to distroy gude Williame Wallace name,
In Albione the quhilk had neuir peir
Of strenth and manheid quhill his tyme wes heir.
Quhairfoir his name and honour in memorie
Sall euir be fund in mony famous storie.
Thocht sum man say, as I can nocht commend,
That euerie thing is prysit be the end;
That is nocht suith as semis weill to me,
So mony men of greit nobilitie
Into thair lyfe, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Syne finallie maid ane richt wratchit end.
As gude Hector, the kingis sone of Troy,
Quhilk in his tyme sic honour haid and joy,
Syne in his deid that gat sic confusioun,
Quhen he wes harlit round about the toun
Efter the cart of Achill wes so wicht,
With greit displeasure in the Trojanis sight.
Syne forder mair, as I sall now subsume,
Greet Julius preconsull wes of Rome,
And Sampson als, quhilk wes so wycht ane man,
And Alexander that all the warld wan,
1In MS. *thir.*
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

And Hercules so strang wes in ilk stour,
And greit Pompey that wes of sic honour,
Thir nobill men quhill greitlie war commendit,
Into thair deid richt wratchitlie thae endit.
Quhat war ar tha, sen tha had nocht the wyit,
Thocht fals Fortoun at thame had sic dispyte?
Richt so be Wallace sa I now this tyme,
Quhilk saiklislie of ony gilt or cryme,
Throw greit invy sic malice and [sic] feid,
And sic confusing sufferit hes the deid,
Sen he thairof had nother wyte nor blame,
Quby suld it be detractioun to his name?
That sould it nocht, that wait I weill thairfoir,
Bot erarloving, bonour, laud and gloir,
That dreed nothing so greit ane kingis feid,
Nor zit for terroure of the awfull deid,
In the defence ay of the commoun weill,
At his purpous far stiffar na the steill,
For ony terroure all tyme he wald stand,
Quhill he completit that he tuke on hand.
Heir will I leif, as now no moir of this.
I pray to God to send him joy and bliss!

Robert the Bruce, my author said in plane,
Quhen he the Cuming in the kirk hed slane,
To tak his croun, or callit be ane king,
He thocht him self winworthie and condinig,
Quhill he fra Rome ane power gat that tyme,
Quhilk him absoluit fra that syn and cryme.

Lib. 14, f. 223b.
Col. 1.

HOW KING ROBERT THE BRUCE WAS CROWNIT
KING OF SCOTLAND INTO SCONE, AND HOW
KING EDWARD OF INGLAND SEND ANE GREIT
ARMIE INTO SCOTLAND AGAINST THE BRUCE.

Solempnitlie sye after that wes done,
That samin tyme he crownit wes in Scone.
Quhen his crowning till king Edward wes kend,
Ane greit armie in Scotland sone he send,
With his lieutennand callit Odomeir
Of Valityne, as ze befoir micht heir.
This king Robert that of his cuming knew,
With all his power, quhilk war verra few,
Thair favorit him than richt few Scottismen,
The caus thairof it is richt eith to ken;
And speciallie wes for the greit injure,
First in the battell vpoun Spottis-mure
Agane the Scottis he wrocht with ane trane
Quhen all the nobillis of Scotland wer slane.
The secund tyme at the Fawkirk also,
As I schew zow rycht schort quhile syne ago,
Qhair lord Stewart and the gude erle of Fyfe,
And schir Johne Grahame that da lossit the lyfe,
And mony mo that I will nocht now write,
Of baith thir feildis the hail pais and the wyte
Alhailelie vpoun the Bruce tha laid,
Schort quhile befoir as I haif to zow said.
Eith is to wit that for that samin quhy,
The Scottis all at him had greit invy.
The secund caus, as cleirlie ma be sene,
Wes for the slaughter of schir Johne Cuming,
Qhoois surname aboundit in Scotland,
Of knichtis, lordis, quhilk all in ane band
Agane the Bruce conspyrit to the deid,
For his slaughter at him tha had sic feid.
Ane vther caus, as ze ma rycht weill knaw,
Quhy that king Robertis power wes so smaw,
Becaus Edward of quhomo befoir I ment,
His partie wes the quhilk wes so potent,
And so cruell without mercie or grace,
As previt weill of him be gude Wallace;
And mony lord that louithim richt weill,
That scantlie durst thair mynd to him reveill
To mak him help or supple into neid,
Of king Edward sic aw tha stude and dreed.
Thocht mony Scot, as kyndlie is to be,
Had greit desyr agane to libertie,
For dreed of deid thair mynd thae durst nocht schaw
To him na tyme, for verrie dreed and aw
Of this Edward of Ingland that wes king;
For dreed of deid exceditis euerie thing.
For thir causis, as zë ma wnderstand,
Except his freindis that war into Scotland,
That louit him als tender as thair hart,
Richt few vther at thae tyme tuke his part.
Zëit neurtheles with sic power he hed,
Thocht it wes small, in gudlie haist he sped
Onto the feild aganis this Odomeir,
Of his cuming als fast as he did heir,
And gaif him feild thair with his feiris all.
This king Robert his power wes so small,
He tynt the feild with greit travell and pane,
Zëit neurtheles few of his men war slane.
The Scottis all,¹ be the leist man and cheild,
Quhen thae hard tell king Robert tynt the feild,
Tha said it wes ane rycht euill takin of wyning,
To tyne sua sone the feild at the begynnynge;
And quhen thae saw sic adventurhe him fall,
Tha war disparit of his fortoun all.
This Odomeir throw subthill slycht and art,
Thair wyffis all that tuke king Robertis part,
To thair displesour for thair falt and cryme,
Out of Scotland hes gart fleme that tyme.
Greit pitie wes syne effer to heir tell,
In mos and montane, and in mony fell,
In craig and cleuch, in wod and wildernes,
Quhair thae la hid richt lang in greit distres.

¹ In MS. als.
THE BUIK OF THE

This ilk king Robert in that samin quhile,
Efter the feild fleand to Argyle,
And all his men, thair to remane and byde,
So hapnit him into the samin tyde,
Thair with his fais wmbeset to be
In sic ane place quhair he docht nicht to flie,
That force it wes to cheis thame that tymé ane,
Outher to fecht or cowartlie be tane.
Quhairfoir richt sone he drew him to ane
 strenth,
And thair defendit at lasar and length.
Suppois his hart and curage wes rycht hie,
Out of the feild on force he wes gart flie;
Yet neither, as my autor did sa,
Few of his men he loisit thair that da.
Ik man of him disparit wes than far,
Seand sa oft he wes put to the war,
Sayand his fortoun wes hard as the flynt;
Amang thame all he wes haldin for tynt.
Than force it wes his armie to devyde,
Becaus tha durst nocht al togidder byde,
Syne passit hes in mony sindrie streit,
Qhill efterwart that tha saw tyme to meit.
Fra that tyme furth rycht destitute of men,
With few feiris in mony coif and gien,
Wolik mony nycht and durst nocht sleip a
 wynk,
Haitand greit falt of sleip, [of] meit and drink.
Ze wald think pitie to rehers or heir
Of his distres, and of his sempill chuir,
Of grene herbis rycht oft did soupe and dyne,
The water cald than drankin sted of wyne;
Rycht fane he wes of sic thing to be fed.
On the bair erd, but bowstar syne or bed,
Quhair plesit him wnder ane hedge of thorne,
With litill sleip tuke rest quhill on the morne.
Of sic fassoun as I haif said 3ow heir, 49,185
Ryacht oft he wes, withoutin fallow or feir;
Sic pitie is I dar nocht schaw 3ow plane,
The hie distres, the grit trubill and pane,
That king Robert all this tyme did sustene.
Thair is no hart so hard that ma contene 49,190
Fra greit dolour, and I wald all rehers,
Thairfoir as now I will nocht put in vers.
No moir as now, bot quha lykis to luke,
All sic thingis into the Brucis buke
Of king Robert, with euerie nobill deid, 49,195
Thairin contenit at grit lenth to reid,
Perfitlie thair compylit into verss,
Quhilk war bot vane agane for to rehers.
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing go by,
And forder furth to my purpois apply.

The erle of Lennox, as my author sais,
Lib. 14, f. 224.
Col. 1.
That callit wes to name Malcome in tha dais,
And Gilbert Hay, of Erroll that wes lord,
Gif all be richt my author did record,
Thir tua lordis other for ill or gude, 49,200
Ferme at the faith of king Robert thae stude.
Thocht dreid oft syis maid thame fra him till go,
Thair hart and mynd departit neuir him fro;
Thir tua lordis other for dreid or aw,
Tuke ay his part als a far as tha durst schaw. 49,205
In this same tyme that I haif said 3ow heir,
Quhen king Edward stude in sic doute and weir,
All Scottis men, in my author I reid,
Fauour or kyndnes to king Robert hed,
Ouir all Scotland in mony sindrie sted 49,210
Richt cruellie thae war all put to deid,
That pitie wes other to heir or se,
Sa mony saikles that war maid to de
Withoutin cours, but ounther gilt or syn.
Greit men of gude war of king Robertis kyn 49,215
THE BUIK OF THE

His thre brether of greit honour and fame,
Quhilk Neill and Thomas callit war to name,
And Alexander the zounge than wes he,
With greit tressoun sone after all thir thre,
And mony nobill into sindrie steid,
War tane and slane without any remeid.

HOW WILLIAME CUMING TUKE KING ROBERTIS
WYFFE AND SEND HIR IN INGLAND TO KING
EDWARD, QUHAIR SCHW ES HALDIN LANG IN
CAPTIVITY.

Ane man callit Williame Cuming to name,
King Robertis wyffe, withoutin cauz or blame,
With tressoun tuke, quhilk wes nocht to commend,
Syne to king Edward into Ingland send;
Quhair scho wes haldin efterwart richt lang
In clois keiping within ane castell strang,
Quhair be no way that scho dought to wyn out,
And euirilk da wes of hir lyfe in dout.
Gude king Robert wnder the lynd that leindis,
Suppois that tyme distroyit wes his freindis,
And he him self flemit out of repair,
Zit neuirtheles he wes nocht in dispair,
Bot in gude hoip his kinrik to reskew,
Suppois his power wes baith waik and few,
And levit ay into ane gude beleif,
Thinkand it wes ane policie to preif
Trubill and pane, penance and distres,
As eir as to leve ay in welthfulnes.
In sic patiens that trubill all he tuke,
Fortoun befoir quhilk wald nocht on him luke,
Bot flemit him and did him greit ofence,
Syne quhen scho knew his meik obediens,
His greit patience and humilitie,
To him agane scho turnit hes hir e,
And saw he wes so inuynciabill and wyght,
Scho chesit him to be hir awin trew knycht;
And raisit him quhair that he la full law
Wnder hir quheill quhair scho maid him to faw,
And on hir quheill set him als hie and moir;
Na euir he wes in ony tyme befoir.
And how it wes quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ʒow heir.
Neirby this tyme now that ʒe heir me mene,
Robert the Bruce wnder the levis grene,
Quhair that he woik in mony sindrie wane,
But company richt oftymes all allane,
Oft disagysit in ane sempill weid,
That force it wes it stude him in sic neid,
Of his famen so soir he wes adred,
In sindrie partis thairfoir oft he fled;
For waik men ay man helpit be with wyllis.
So hapnit him that same tyme in the Ylis,
Onto aue freind thair of his awin that was,
Out of Argyle in gudlie haist to pas,
Quhair that he thocht at greit lasert o leind.
This greit nobil, the qubilk that wes his freind,
Ressauit him with greit humanitie,
And of his cuming blyth and glaid wes he,
And thankit God that he wes haill and feir,
And feistit him aue lang tyme with greit cheir.
Syne furneist him with mony and with men,
And sparit nother baith to gif and len
Gold and siluer, and all vther geir,
To king Robert to help him in his weir;
Qubill that his power grew on to sic pryde,
Throw greit repair that come on eueriesyde,
Sum for his lufe and vther sum for his wage.
To Carrick syne, qubilk wes his heretage,  

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1 In MS. inuynciabill.  
2 In MS. be helpit with wyth.

Col. 2.
He passit sone, the castell quhair he wan
The secund da efter the seig began.
All Inglismen and Scottis war vntrew
Within that hous, ilkane that tyme he slew,
Quhilk causit him the mair for to be dreed.
The Scottis all befoir fra him that fled,
Quhen of thair lyvis tha war in sic dreed,
As force it wes it stude thame in sic neid,
Remanand war in montanis, mos and mure,
And leuit thair ane sempill lyfe and purir,
To saif thair lyfe out of thair fais handis,
With king Robert quhen tha knew how it standis,
Richt glaidlie all to him agane tha drew,
Quhill that his power to sic number grew,
The Inglismen quhome fra befoir he fled,
Abaisit wes and greitlie him than dreed.
Sone efter this that ye haif hard me sa,
To Inuernes he passit on ane da,
Quhair that the castell, as my author sais,
With Inglismen wes keipit in tha dais,
And in the toun also wer in greit number,
Ouir all tha partis quhilk that did sic cumber.
This ilk castell he seigt and he wan,
Quhair he left levand nother wyfe no man
Within the hous, and in the toun siclike
He sparit nother that tyme puir no ryik
Of Inglis blude, and Scottis that war fals,
Sum he gart heid, and sum hing be the hals.
Siclike he did in mony sindrie pairt;
Than sum be force and sum be subtill art,
The north of Scotland that tyme good and ill,
He weildit all at his plesour and will.
Quhen this wes done, sone efter on ane da
On to Glennesk he tuke the narrowst wa,
Quhair schir Johnne Cuming la into ane glen,
Waitand on him with mony Inglismen,
And mony Scottis in greit multitude.
This king Robert of him na aw that stude,
With all his men that manlie war and wicht,
Arrayit him richt pertlie in thair sicht,
And baldlie schupe thair battell for to byde.  49,325
The Cuming than vpoun the tother syde,
Of his manheid so greit mervell he hed,
Seand so litill in the tyme he dreed,
Haiffand so few of weirmen that war gude,
For to tak feild agane sic multitude,
And for that caus greit terrour of him tuke,
And for to fecht at that tyme he forsuik;
Syne send to him ane messinger, but leis,
That wysast wes to treit with him for peice.
This messinger, quhilk leit king Robert wit  49,335
All thair desyre, with mony fair promit,
Throw greit request that he hes maid thame till,
Obtenit hes all his desyre and will.
With fenzeit mynd, nocht giffand ouir thair querrell,
All that wes done for to wmschew ane perrell  49,340
That tha war in with sic perplexitie,
Quhill efterwart that tha thair tyme micht se.
Richt sua tha did, gif I the suith soulld sa,
Persewit him richt oft and mony da,
Fra tha sic falsheid foundit and began,  49,345
In sindrie feildis quhair king Robert wan
The victorie of thame did him persew,
And of his fais out of nummer slew,
Agane his power that micht nocht prevail,
Bot ay the farrar ilk da maid to faill,
And he till honour ascendit so he,  49,350
With laud and gloir, and sic auctoritie,
That mony Scot him haittit of befoir
Than louit him the langar ay the moir;
At thair power, richt gudlie with thair hairt,  49,355
Fra that tyme furth in all thing tuke his part.
Ane man of gude into tha samin dais,
Hecht James of Douglas, as my author sais,
Thocht he that tyme had no auctoritie,
Yet neirtheles his curage wes richt hie;
To bishop William Lambertoun tha dais,
Of Sanct Androis, as that my author sais,
This ilk squiar that callit wes Douglas,
Most secreit servand in the tyme he was.
Quhen that he hard so greit loving and ruse,
And commendatione ilk da of the Bruce,
Rycht greit desyr and zarning than had he,
Baith da and nicht in his servise to be.
Syne to his lord the samin thing he schew,
Qubilksaid agane, his purpois quhen he knew,
That he durst nocht gif him no leifthairtill,
And bad him do at his plesour and will,
And he sulde be thairof hartlie content;
And larglie bayth gaif to him and lent
Siluer and go[l]d in his servise to spend;
Syne all his tresur to king Robert send
With him that tyme, to help him in his weir,
And bad him self [than] other hors and geir,
Or oucht he had, tak at his awin hand,
Thocht he thairtill durst nocht gif him com-
mand.
All this wes done, as I haif said zow so,
Betuix thame self richt secreit and no mo.
This zoun Douglas quhen he his tyme did se,
Airlie at morne tuke with him seruandis thre,
Qubilks louit him and he thame with his hart,
That reddie war ay for to tak his part;
Syne to the stabill of his lord he fuir,
And causit thame for to ding vp the duir;
The four best hors that war in all the stabill,
The quhilk he knew that war maist swyft and
abill,
To help in neid that suir war and trew,
Syne all the four out at the dur he drew,
The pamfra man that had the hors to keip,
That walknit wes that tyme out of his sleip,
Of all that thing richt litill wes content,
And schupe to stop and mak impediment,
Trowand richt weill it wes his lordis will,
That he sould mak impediment thairtill;
Thairfoir the Douglas out ane lang knyfe drew,
And suddantlie the pamfra man he slew.
All that he did into that ilk effect,
Or dreid his lord sould haldin be suspect,
And get the wyit of all that he had done.
He and his men richt suddantlie and sone
Lap on thair hors withoutin ony baid,
The narrest way syne to king Robert raid.
This ilk Douglas remanit ay syne still
With king Robert baith into gude and ill,
In his seruice, as ze ma effer reid
Baith of his wisdome and his nobill deid;
Quhairfoir his honour and his nobill fame,
His worthines, his wisdome and his name,
His duchtiedeid is greitlie till advance,
Remanis still zit in rememberance.
Of this Douglas discendit is sensyne,
Richt lineallie be rectitude and lyne,
Full mony lord and mony nobill knicht,
And mony berne that wes baith bald and wycht.
This king Robert, as ze haif hard me so,
Grew to sic power euirilk da be da,
And of his purpos also did prevail,
Wes none so bald that durst him mairassaill
In plane battell, Scottis or Inglesman,
The victorie sa oft of thame he wan.
Suppois my author tell nocht sic thing heir,
And I my self siclike hes nocht perqueir,
The mony battell, thocht tha war bot small,
Richt manfullie contrar his fais all
He wan that tyme, quha lykis for [to] luke
Ma find at lenth into the Brucis buke.

This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Quhen that he knew and hard tell of sic thing,
How that king Robert in his weiris sped,
Abaissit wes richt greitlie than and dred,
Heirand his folk sa oft maid for to faill,
Or dreid the Bruce agane him suld prevail.
For that same caus with greit power and mycht,
Sone efter that come to debait his richt
With ane greit armie to the bordour syde.
So hapnit him into the samyn tyde,
Quhen he had passit with his armie throu
Northumberland, wnto the toun hecht Brouch
Vpoun the bordour into Cumberland,
Four myll fra Carlill vpoun Sulwa sand,
Richt haistelie so tuke infirmitie,
That in that tyme na forder pas micht he,
Bot tuke his rest still in his bed and la.
Syne efterwart, as my authordid sa,
It vexit him with sic crudelitie,
That euerie man wist weill that he wald die;
And for that caus the kirkmen to him spak,
Beseikand him his confessionetomak,
And mak him reddiealso to ressaue
Sic sacrament as Crissin men sould haue.
For no request other of gude or ill
That micht be maid, wald he consent thairtill,
No zit na signe of contritioun wald schaw,
Bot crabbitlie his visage on thame throw,
And flit agane with greit anger and ire,
So that his toung thairof wald neuir tyre
To ban and sueir, that horribill wes to heir,
Quhill he had power of his toung to steir.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

In this same tyme 3e heir me now alledge, Fiftie and fyve young childer la in pledge, Quhilk sonis war to Scottismen of gude.  
The Inglis lordis quhen tha wnderstude, That king Edward wes to depart rycht sone, To wit his will thairof quhat sould be done, That samin tyme qh Bair he la in his bed Thir childer all befoir him in tha hed, Askand at him with thame quhat tha suld do;  
And he agane sic ansuer maid thairto, Quhair that he la almaist in the deid-throw, Girnd for ire he bad baith hang and draw.  
And so tha did withoutin ony moir, Thir young childer that failit neuir befoir, That samin tyme with greit cruelitie Vpone the gallous wes maid all to die.  
That cruell tirrane, as my author sais, That cruell wes and wickit all his dais,  
And vennemous, full of iniquitie, Richt as he leuit siclike endit he, Richt full of malice and of greit dispyte.  
Difficill is till ony man to wryte With pen and ink, thocht he sould leve rycht lang,  
Sa mony vices in his persoun rang, Thocht men wald say I sa this for invy, Becaus he wes to Scotland ennimye, It is nocht so, gude schiris, with 3our leif; All that I sa his deidis dois weil preif In all his tyme, as it wes rycht weil kend, Quhilk previt weill into his latter end. Thairfoir schiris, traist weil this tyme that I Said nocht of him sic thingis for invie.  
My author bot nocht for the veritie, Zit neuirtheles as at that tyme said he,
Be as it will ane lesing or suith saw,
As he schew me so sal I to 3ow schaw.
This king Edward in sic infirmitie,
As that he la into extremitie,
Richt as the saull did fra the bodie draw,
Ane Inglis knycht intill his visioun saw
Greit Lucifer, the maister feind of hell,
With mony feindis furius and fell,
Sum at the heid and sum [als] at the feit
Of king Edward thair ryving out the spreit,
Syne flew with it with mony reuthfull rair;
Judge ze 3our self, for I can nocht tell quhair.
That knicht for fleitnes of that visioun,
Richt lang he la into ane deidlie swoun,
So pail lang he as ony weid,
That ilk man trowit that he had bene deid.
Syne efterwart quhen he did convales
Of his sowning, he tald thame how it wes,
In his visioun how he hed hard and sene;
Syneetterwart, as my authordid mene,
All warldlie honour and riches forsui kep
And syne on him religious habite tuik.
Quhen this Edward, that furius wes and fell,
Departit wes as ze haif hard me tell,
His sone Edward efter that he wes deid,
Of Carnavirn succedit in his steid;
Ane vicius man withoutin dreid of God,
That fit be fit into his fatheris rod,
Evin quhair he left siclike thair he began.
To keip the conqueis that his father wan,
Into Drumfreis efter his fatheris deid,
He causit hes to compeir in that steid
The Scottis lordis that duelt in the south,
That keipit kyndnes to him and war couth,
As tha wer wont to his father bevorne:
Syne causit thame befoir him to be sworne
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Him till obey intill all kynd of thing,
And hald of him as of thair prince and king.
Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me say,
He tuik his leif and passit hame his wa
Into Ingland, quhair that he did remane.
Now to the Bruce heir will I turne agane.
Johnne the Cuming, of quhome befoir I spak,
Sum vassalage thocht that he wald wndern tak
To pleis his prince, this Edward new maid king,
So greit desyr he had into that thing.
And for that caus with greit power and mycht
Of Inglisten all into armour brycht,
And Scottismen into greit number als,
Rebellaris war and to thair awin king fals,
He tuke the feild king Robert till persew.
This king Robert richt weill that sic thing knew,
Quhilk in his bed richt evill asposit la,
It neuirtheles he wald nocht be awa,
Suppois that tyme rycht seik and sair wes he,
With all the power that he dought to be,
Of bernis bald all into armour bricht,
Agane the Cuming to defend his richt.
Amang his men ane da airlie at morne,
On ane hors litter to the feild wes borne,
Quhill that he come into the Cumings sycht,
With baneris braid displayit vpoun hicht,
And mony pensall panetit wes full proude,
With schalmis schill and hornis blawand loude,
In gude order all into armour bricht,
Quhilk for to se than wes ane plesand sicht.
That so greit curage, thocht tha war rycht few,
And hardiment into the tyme tha schew
Agane thair fals of sic fortitude,
Haiffand sic power and sic multitude;
This Johnne Cuming, quhen he thair curage saw,
Abasit wes and in sum part stude aw
Of thair curage, and of thair ordour gude,
Seand of him so litill aw tha stude,
Throw sic terrour abasit wes and dreed,
Syne left the feild and out of ordour fled.
Than king Robert gart follow on the chace,
And vp and doun in mony sindrie place,
Into that tyme out of nummer wntald
Baith tuke and slew als mony as tha wald.
This victorie [wes] that 3e heir me mene,
Into ane place ten myle fra Abirdene.
Sone eftersyne as that my author tald,
Ane greit captane, that callit wes Donald,
Duelt in the Ylis, come with mony Scott
And Inglismen togidder in ane knott,
That gatherit wes for king Edwardis behuif,
With new battell king Robert for to pruif.
Edward the Bruce abillest of ony vther,
To king Robert quhilk wes germane bruther,
With greit power be king Robert wes send
Agane Donald his querrell to defend.
At Deir water quhair that the feild wes set,
In plane battell toigidder thair tha met,
With mony dynt that deidlie wes and dour;
Vnto the space than of ane large hour,
Into greit dout the victorie did stand,
Qhill at the last ane knicht, [wes] hecht Roland,
Qhair that he faucht richt pertlie on the plane,
With mony feir into the feild wes slane;
Qhilk causit Donald and his men to fle,
Sum to the mos and sum to montanis hie,
And he him self, siclike with mony ane,
That samin tyme into the chace wes tane,
And as ane traitour to king Robert led,
Qhairof the fame ouir all Scotland it spred.
Qhilk causit mony in to sindrie place,
Sic fauour haif to his hienes and grace,
Quhilk feid and malice had at him befoir,
Than war content his kyndnes to imploir,
And him obey ay as thair prince and king,
And tak his part into all kynd of thing:
So euirilk da his power did increas,
And of his partie da be da maid les.
This gude king Robert in that samin qubile,
With all his power passit in Argyle;
The lord thairof, that callit wes to name
Than Alexander, quhair he duelt at hame,
Agane king Robert into all his dais
He tuke plane part, as that my author sais.
Thairfoir king Robert seigt him rycht lang
That samin tyme into ane castell strang,
Qubill he wes fane, without ony rebous,
Off this condition for to gif our the hous;
That he him self and all his men also,
Without danger richt frelie sould lat go
Into Ingland; quhair efter he did pas,
Within schort qubile in Ingland quhair he was,
In greit distres thair, baith with barne and wyfe,
Departit hes out of this present lyfe.
Efter all this into the secund zeir,
That so wes done as I haif said zow heir,
This king Edward with greit power and pryde,
In Scotland come onto the bordour syde.
Of Scottismen ane richt greit multitude,
To tak his part baith into ill and gude,
Tha met him thair as I haif said to zow,
Syne passit with him fordwart to Renfrow;
Bakward agane syne passit hame richt sone,
And litill honour till him self hes done,
Or zit to Scotland lytill skaith or lak,
In thair cuming or passage hame abak.
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Sone efter syne thair hapnit for to be
Ouir all Scotland so greit penuritie,
That meit and drink and all thing wes so deir,
For-quhy befoir the space of neir tua 3eir,
The grund la waist wnlaborit for the wair;
Baith scheip and nolt, gait and all vther gair,
Out of Scotland war drevin awa and reft,
And of thair brok richt litill than wes left.
Bayth fische and flesche, and all thing wes so scant,
That men behuifit for hungar and want
Of beif and muttoun, and all vther meit,
Baith hors and doggis in the tyme to eit.
And for this caus as I haif said 3ow heir,
This gude king Robert quhill the nixt 3eir
Onto the weiris be no way micht pas,
So greit inlaik of all victuall thair was.
The nixt 3eir succedit efter syne,
Of quheit and ry, of beir and als of wyne,
In Scotland come richt large with abundance,
Fra Bartanze, fra Flanderis, and fra France,
Quhilk pat Scotland out of that greit distres,
With sufficienc than baith to mair and les.
The samin 3eir king Robert tuke the feild,
With mony wycht man that waponis weil culd weild,
And tuyss in Ingland with greit power raid,
Ouir all the bordour that wes lang and braid;
Baith brynt and slew for aucht dayes or nyne,
And all the spulze brocht in Scotland syne.
Ouir all Scotland als in that samin 3eir,
Quhair euir he passit other far or neir,
Sic audenture and fortoun he hed than,
Richt mony castell and carmusche he wan.
The town of Perth vpoun the water of Ta, Wichtlie he wan sone efter on ane da; The men of weir all that he fand thairin, Of Inglis blude and als of Scottis kin, As ressoun wald, that same tyme ane and aw, Gart heid and hang withoutin dome or law; And sparith hes syne all the multitude. The wallis syne about the toun that stude, Of stane and lyme, that strentg hes the toun, To the caldergart cast thame ilkanedoun. Drumfreis, Bodwell, also the toun of Air, Lanerk siclike, thir four townis so fair, That same tyme tuke throw greit power and mycht, And mony castell that war strang and wicht; Thir townis all and castellis that war tone, Gart cast thame doun to the cald erd ilkone, Except Beruik that he leit than stand still, The quhilk sensyne hes done greit skayth and ill. The nixt zeir efter all this wes done, Of Roxburgh the strang castell of stone, Schir James Douglas, that worthie, nobill man, Richt subtillie withoutin seig he wan. Thomas Randall neirby the samin da, Quhilk efterwart that erie wes of Murra, Of Edinburg siclike als hes tone The strang castell stude on ane crag of stone. The Yle of Man, as that my author sais, Subdewit wes into the samin dais To king Robert for to hald of his croun, Lang of befoir wes in subiectioun To Inglishen, and hed of it greit vse. The kingis bruther, schir Edward the Bruce,
At Striuling castell at ane seig he la,
Neirby that tyme as my author did sa; 49,705
Inexpugnabill that castell wes and strang.
About the hous quhen that he la so lang,
And of his purpos cud no way prevail,
Gret schame he thocht thairin gif he suld fail; 49,710
Thairfoir he thocht ane subtill way with slicht
To wi[n] the hous, sen he culd nocht throw mycht.
Ane Scottis man that captane wes that da,
The quhilk to name wes callit Philip Mowbra,
Ane Scot he wes and of the Scottis blude,
This ilk Edward greit riches, land and gude,
Promittit him with mekle vther thing,
To him that castell and he wald resigne,
Als with his bruther king Robert sould be
Treittit moir tender with humanitie,
No euir he wes into all kynd of thing
Treittit or chereist with Edward that king. 49,720
The quhilk petitioun he did sone deny;
" For all the gold that war wnder the sky,
" Wald I be fals to him," agane said he,
" Or ony leith that lipnis intome."
This ilk Edward syne efter quhen he knew, 49,725
Ane vther way his purpos did persew,
And said to him, as I sall to zow sa,
He sould be assurit for ane zeir and da,
With this conditioun sua that tyme that he
Within that space gat nocht help and supple 49,730
Out of Ingland fra Edward that wes king,
The hous to him gif that he wald resing.
Quhairof the captane wes richt weill content,
And suddantlie thairto gaif his consent,
And bandis maid for to observer and keip 49,735
As tha haif said, with aithis sworne deip.
Quhairat the king his bruther that him louit,
Displesit wes sic folie [he] hes prouit;
Full weill he wist that sic ane potent prince,
As king Edward, in falt of his defence,
Wald nocht lat him tak sic ane lak and schame,
To brek the tryist that wes maid of his name.
Æit neiurtheles thocht he wes nocht content,
As he had said, siclike he gaif consent
To euerie poynit promittit wes him till,
Withoutin fraude or falsheid to fulfill.
This ilk Edward that king wes of Ingland,
Qhen that sic thing wes done him wnderstand,
Promittit hes, his curage wes so hie,
To keip that tryst or ellis for to die.
To sindrie landsis than also he send,
For thair supple his actione to defend,
His friendis war, and for that samin quhy,
In sic ane neid tha wald him nocht deny.
Fra Holland, Æeland, and Irland also,
Fra Britane, Gascone, and fra Hanego,
Fra Flanderis, Freisland, and fra Picardy,
Fra Brabant, Burgone, and fra Normondy,
To king Edward come mony wordy wycht,
On fit and hors all into armour bricht;
In that beleif, gif conquiest wes Scotland,
As he befoir had gart thame wnderstand,
To euerie man after his facultie
Richt equallie it sould diuydit be,
As he had seruit to haif reward,
Sum be maid lord, and vther sum be maid lard,
In heretage ay for to bruake and joy;
And all the Scottis ilkane till destroy,
So in Scotland that neuir ane be sene,
Within Scotland as tha had neuir bene.
In that beleif rycht mony come him till,
Without wage, of frie motiue and will,
Sum to wyn gold, and vther sum to wyn geir,  49,775
Sum to wyn land, and sum honour in weir,
With wyffe and barne, and all thair vtencell,  49,778
As tha in Scotland euir mair soould duell.
Sic multitude, as my author did mene,
Into this world wes neir hard no sene.
Sevin scoir of thousandis than weill tald and ten,
Of forcie freikis quhilk war all fit men,  49,780
Ane hundretht thousand [also] of horssmen,
Quhen he lykit, he had with him till go,
Of ringat-rangat, and of pepill gude,
Inmensurabill war in that multitude,
Of bairdis and boyis, and knaifis makand  49,785
cummer,
And carriage men the quhilk war out of nummer,
With wyfe and barne, and mony laborus men,
Quhilk brocht with thame bayth guiss, [and] gryce,
and hen,
And houshald geir siclike as ilk man hed,
With all thair cleithing baith on bak and bed;  49,790
In that beleif, without ony ganestand,
For to remane and duell ay in Scotland.
Sex hundretht thousand quhat of ill and gude
Contenit war into that multitude,
Without ordour, as eith is for to ken,  49,795
Quhair wyfe and barnis ar mixt amang men,
And men of weir amang the pepill rude,
Quhair neuir ane ane vther wnderstude,
Of sindrie langage and of diuerss toung,
Quhilk causit ilkane vther till impung,  49,800
Quhen nane of thame ane vther culd record,
Without ordour and oft like to discord.
This king Edward and all his men of gude,
That had sic hoip into thair multitude,
But grace of God, with sic power and nummer  49,805
To conqueis Scotland withoutin ony cummer,
So wes weill sene, as efterwart did preif,
In Goddis grace quha puttis nicht beleif,
In halie Scripture richt oft as I reid,
Of his purpois cumis bot hulie speid.

King Edward than quhilke hes brocht to the
bordour
That multitude without reull or ordour,
Syne pertlie passit with thame all our Tueid,
Out throw the Mers and Loutheane syne zeid,
Without refute of ony or returne,

Onto ane water callit Bannokburne,
Neirby Stirling, and thair he did remane;
Syne plantit doun his palzeonis on ane plane.
To counsall syne this king Edward is gone,
With his lordis and nobillis euirilkone,

For to devyss be thair auctoritie,
Quhat deid king Robert he sould mak to de ;
As he had bene than takin in to hand,
In his power fast festnit into band.

He that fischis sa far befoir the net
As he did than, richt litill gude will get.
Also this tyme that I haif said zow heir,
This king Edward he brocht with him ane freir,
Ane versifier, and of the habite quhite,

Of his ordour callit ane Carmelite.

In Lating toung ane metrost wes he,
In sic science thocht he wes nocht rycht sle,
Zit neurtheles he wes haldin that tyme
Ane cunning clerk culd mak sic verses and ryme.

This freir he brocht thair for to heir and se,
On to that feild ane witnes for to be
Of his triumph, his victorie and gloir,
And syne in vers to put into memoir,
To notifie efter to euirilk man,
Of his conquieiss and how he Scotland wan.
HOW KING ROBERT THE BRUCE BOWNIT HIM TO
BATTELL BALDLIE AGANIS KING EDWARDIS
GREIT MULTITUDE, TRAISTAND IN GOD THAT
HE WALD BE GUDE, QUHAIRFOIR OF HIM
LITILL AW HE STUDE.

Robert the Bruce vpoun the tother syde,
Of litill pryce held all his pomp and pryde,
And dreid him nocht for all his multitude,
For-quhy richt weill he knew and wnderstude
Thair lichlines but diligence and cuir,
Agane thair partie that tha held so puir,
Of litill pryce, thair power wes so small,
Suld be the caus of thair rewene and fall.
Siclike also he knew rycht weill that cace,
Tha put no help nor hoip in Godis grace,
As tha thairof had na mister nor neid,
Of strenth and power did so far exceid,
Quhilk causit thame thair awin selfis till ouirluke.
Be sic takynis conjectering he tuke
He had no caus to dreid or to be rod,
And put his hoip into the help of God.
Bald as ane boirsyneto debaithisrycht,
With thretti thousand worthie men and wycht,
In the prospect of king Edward richt plane,
On ane fair feild richt equall him forgane,
Planetit his palzieonis pertlie in the tyde,
And baldlie thair schupe to remane and byde,
For all thair bost, onto the latter end,
And tak sic chance as God wald to him send,
With greit beleif and curage in his hart.
The Inglismen vpoun the tother part,
Richt greit mervell and wounder ilk man hed,
With sic power so pertlie him he sped
Aganis thame for to debait his richt,
Wes of sic strentch, sic power, and sic mycht. 49,870
Quhairby tha knew that he thocht nocht to fle,
Also tha wist ilk man that tymne that he
Greit prattik hed and policie in weir,
Richt circumspect in nothing for to leir,
And with him hed, als weil tha wnderstude, 49,875
Rycht mony captane that war wyss and gude;
The men of weir ass with him he hed,
In mony jornay oft befor weil sped,
And in mony feildis wan greit victorie,
Thairfoir wes said than for that samin quhy, 49,880
With mony men king Edward with him brocht,
The victorie wald nocht be won for nocht.
As thir tua kingis into the samin quhile,
In vtheris sichtis within les nor ane myle,
Thair ostis la vpoun the water syde, 49,885
Zit Banokburne that callit ist this tyde.
The nycht befor thir princes met in feild,
Fyve hundreth knychtis wnder speir and scheild,
All in gilt geir rycht gudlie to commend,
This king Edwart ane quyet way hes send 49,890
To Stirling castell on ane craig that stude,
To caus the captane be of confort gude,
And schew how neir his help wes at the hand,
And of the Bruce no dreid or aw to stande.
Robert the Bruce at thair passage did spy, 49,895
Erle Thomas Randall, or tha passit by,
With equall nummer in middis of the streit,
He causit him thame manfullie to meit,
And gaif thame feild or tha doucht to pas by,
Quhair mony berne that bald wes and hardy, 49,900
And mony freik that stalwart wes and stout,
Thocht he wes laith, full law tha gart him lout.
Richt lang tha faucht thir worthie men and wycht,
Of baith thair princes and present in sicht.

VOL. III.
Schir James of Douglas that wes strang and stout,
Quhen he beheld the Randell in sic dout,
Suppois that tyume that he and he wes fais,
Zit neurtheles on to the king he gais,
Beseikand him richt lawlie on his kne,
To grant him leve the Randell to supple,
Stude in sic dout than of the victorye;
The quhilk king Robert rycht sone did deny.
Quhen twyss or thryis he wes denyit so,
Withoutin leve tuke adventure till go
For to supple the Randell in sic weir.
So at the last as he approchit neir,
Beheld and saw sa mony Suthroun faill,
The Randall also liklie to prevail,
Stoppit and stude still in that steid as than,
And leit him haif the victorie he wan.
For weill he wist, and he had tane his daill,
Thairof rycht sone that all the honour hail
To him and his, withoutin caus or quyly,
Had gevin bene, quhilk causit him stand by
Stane still fra him that tyume rycht far in tuyn,
Qhill gude schir Thomas had the battell wyn.
Of fyve hundreth the fecc into that place
War slane that da, the laif all in the chace,
In sindrie partis vp and doun the plane,
That samin tyume war other tane or slane
Richt cruellie into thair kingis sicht.
This gude Randell that worthie wes and wycht,
With greit spulze of mony sindrie thing,
And honour als, returnit to the king,
Qhilk louit him, and bad the laif noen dreed
Quha spurnis airlie cumis lidder speid.
He said to thame als, as he wnderstude,
That sic ane taikin come alway for gude,
As micht be judgit rycht apperandlie.
So said the laif ilkone that tymie stude by.
Robert the Bruce that worthie wes and wycht,
Befoir the feild he hes gart mak that nycht,
With diligence and greit laubour rycht sone,
Into the place quhair that the feild sould jone,
That samin nycht, ane wynk or he wald sleip,
Trynchis gart mak and pottis that war deip
Into the erd with greit laubour and cuir,
And fra that place the erd awa syne buir,
And stoibbit thame with ryce quhen that wes done,
And couerit syne the grene scheretis abone;
That nane micht ken that come vpon the grene,
That ony perrell in that place hed bene.
Sen that he wes of small power and micht,
Neidfull it wes to vse wyllis and sliecht;
As wyss men sais, as I traistze ken,
That oftynes wyllis helpis rycht waike men.
Sic policie of adventure and case,
Weill ma ze wit cumis of Goddis grace,
And be no way of manlie gouernance,
No zit throw fortoun, adventure and chance;
Bot as God wist of his fredome and will,
At his plesour quhome that he will gif till,
Experiens thairof wes had full richt;
As gude king Robert in that samin nicht
Befoir the feild, at his deuotioun
Walkit that nicht, into his orisoun
To Sanct Phelen most speciall of the laif,
Becaus the Scottis [men] wes wont to haif
His richt arme bane into ane silver case,
Quhair euir tha passit into ony place,
Agane thair fais for to fecht in feild;
And, as my author did to me reveild,
That siluer case into the nicht throw hap,
Wes hard richt loud than closand with ane clap.
Ane agit preist, the clap quhen he did heir, 49,975
Keipit the cae, richt suddantlie drew nei,
And fand the arme he had forget at hame,
Qubilk he that tyme durst nocth reveill for blame,
Weill closit thair into the siluer cae.
On to the king he ran than in ane race, 49,980
And tald him all the maner wes' and how,
Ilk word be word as I haifsaid to zow ;
How he that tyme throw adventure and hap,
The siluer case hard closand with ane clap,
And in the cae the relictsynedidget, 49,985
Qubilk he at hame behind him had forget.
Gude king Robert quhen he hard how he said,
And all the laif ryght blyth tha war and glaid,
Traistand richt weill that all thing* suld ga rycht,
Sen gratius God, of his gudnes and mycht, 49,990
Hed sic ane signe of victorie thame schawin,
Greit traist tha had that all suld be thair awin;
Qubilk causit thame than be the leist ane knaif,
In that querrell moir curage for to haif.
This king Robert with humbll mynd contreit, 49,995
And all his men compleitlie and perfit,
Richt penitent, but fictioun, thair breist
Perfitelie maid confessioun to ane preist,
Qubairof thair wes greit copie in the tyme,
That thame assolzeit of all syn and cryme. 50,000
Syne Christis bodie consecrat in breid
Ressauit hes deuotlie in that steid,
Commendand syne to gratius God of mycht
In his defence thair just querrell and richt,
Baith saull and bodie and all vther thing, 50,005
To be [thair] gyde and haif in governyng.

1 In MS. how.  |  2 In MS. all sic thing.
Syne on the morne quhen that the da wes lycht,
And Phebus raisse vp with his bemis brycht,
Of Inchafra the abbot of greit fame,
Quhilk callit wes Mauritius to his name,
Solempnitle that da ane mes sang he,
In sic ane place quhair all the oist mycht se.
Syne efter mes, quhen that servise wes done,
The king him self ascendit to ane trone,
Quhair he richt weill mycht bayth be hard
and sene
With all his men that stude vpone the grene,
Into ane place richt hie aboue thame all.
Syne on his captanis ilkane he gart call,
And with ane voce that wes bayth loude and cleir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw 3ow heir.
" O ze my lordis, and my kny[ch]tis kene,
" So oft with me in greit perrell hes bene,
" Quhair thair apperit greit danger and dout,
" Loving to God zit we wan rychtweill out.
" Rycht oft is sene, quhair men hes ane just querrell,
" All is nocht tynt that semis into perrell ;
" Thocht we be waik of power now and mycht,
" Ze knaw our querrell is bayth just and richt,
" And that we stand alway in our defence
" For to resist thair wrang and violence,
" Withoutin richt persewis ws this tyde,
" Throw wilfull wrang, oppressioun and greit pryde,
" With mony lous men that ar lycht of laittis,
" And mony harlot also that God haittis,
" Of fugitouris fra sindrie landis fled,
" Quhilk lytill sons or nane at hame hes hed,
" Forlane lownis without riches or micht,
" Now cumin heir for to reif ws oure richt,
" Richt mony lous men out of euerie land.
" Zone fals king, as ze ma wnderstand,
"Pretendand now without titill of richt,
"Becaust haer of sic power and micht,
"Haiffand no e to richt or zit to wrang,
"The realme befoir oure fatheris brukit lang,
"In heretage also to ws hes left,
"Fra ws on force tha think it salbe reft,
"And leve [ws] alsa nother les no moir,
"And all oure riches, nother corne nor stoir,
"Siluer or gold or ony vther geir,
"Nocht be the clething on oure bak to weir; 50,050
"Oure self also tha think for to distroy,
"Oure heretage syne for to bruik and joy,
"Fra we be past withoutin pley or pleid,
"Baithe tour and toun, with tenement and steid.
"Mair honest is, and far mair to commend,
"To tak the chance that God will to ws send
"Now at this tyme, and at his will to be,
"Na with greit lak out of the feild to fle,
"And lois oure law, oure libertie and landis,
"And syne on force to fall into thair handis,
"Without refuge at thair plesour and will,
"To quhat torment that tha will put ws till.
"Also ze kaw that gratius God of micht
"Most fauour hes to thame that hes the richt,
"And in him self sic power hes, for-thy,
"Quhair plesis him to gifthe victory,
"To ony part thocht thair power be small,
"With litill force ma mak thair fa to fall.
"And sen it is that we haif all the richt,
"And hes sic traist in his power and micht,
"Quhy soould we dredis or zit of thame stand aw,
"Suppois this tyume oure power be richt smaw?
"Sen God till ws hes schwarin specill grace,
"Be aine greit miracle in this samin place,
"Bot laitlie now be Sanct Phillane zistrene,
"As ze zour self rycit planelie all hes sene.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "be all of confort gude,
And thank greit God of sic ane gratitude,
Be speciall grace hes sic ane taikin schwain
Of victorie that all salbe oure awin.

"Quhairfoir," he said, "ilkane I zow exhort,
Be of curage and tak to zow confort,
And haif no dreed of all zone multitude,
Quhair we ma wyn greit riches, gold and gude,
And greit honour that euir mair sall lest,
And all zour tyme syne leif in peax and rest."

Be sic persuasioun as he maid thame than,
In all his ost wes nother lad no man,
Bot he consentit glaidlie with his hart
All in ane purpois for to tak his part,
In gude and ill wnto the latter end,
As plesis God of his grace for to send.

Siclike king Edward, on the tother syde,
Gart euirilk natioun fra vther diuyde,
And with ilk natioun thair langage hes knawin,
To rewlit be ane captane of thair awin;
Syne gaif command withoutin ony pley,
That ilk natioun thair captane sould obey.
Beseikand thame to be of confort gude,
Haiffand sic strenth, sic mycht and multitude,
Richt weill he wist, but ony stryfe or sturt,
Withoutin harme or in the bodie hurt,
Baith gold and gude thair wes aneuch to wyn,
Lordschip and land for thame and all thair kyn.

THE ENTERING AND JOYNYNG OF THE BATTELL.

Be this wes said the browdin baneris brycht
Aboue thair heid wes haldin vp on hicht,
Flureist and frie, weil wrocht ouir with gold wyre,
Glitterand as gleid or Phebus flammand fyre;
And staitlie standartis st[er]eikit in the air,  
Wyde with the wynd waiffand heir and thair,  
Of siluer, sabill, and of asur blew,  
Depantit our with mony sindrie hew,  
With rosis, lillie, and with flourdelyce,  
And mony pysnall precious wes of pryce,  
Agane the schyning of the sone thay schew,  
Palit with purpure and with asur blew.  
Thair basnetis bricht with mony bureall stone,  
Agane the schyning of the sone thay schone;  
Baith helme and habrik wes of hevenlie hew,  
Lyke schyning and siluer ouir the schaw that  
schew;  
With breist[plait], brasar, and with birneis  
bricht,  
Lyke ony lanternle lemit all of licht;  
In cote armour of mony sindrie hew,  
Pleneist with perle and mony sapheir blew,  
And rubeis reid weill circuit ouir and set,  
And all the feild with wynest gold ourfret.  
Moir semelie sicht saw neur man beforme  
Of Adamis seid hit sen that God wes borne.  
The schalmes als in mony sindrie tune,  
Sum into bas and sum in alt abone,  
Blew with sic beir quhill all the bruik reboundit;  
The bemand buglis thay sa scharplie soundit,  
With trumpet, talburne in so stalwart stevin,  
Quhill that thair noyis rang vp to the hevin,  
Out-throw the cloudis of the hevinlie sky,  
Mixand the air all full of melody.  
King Robert als vpoun the tother part,  
Of policie the quhilk wes richt expert,  
In all prattik thay men vsit in weir  
Perqueir he wes, in nothing for to leir,  
To his bruther gude Edward gaift to gyde  
Sevin thousand men to fecht on his rycht syde.
Cronicles of Scotland.

Sevin thousand als, that weill durst stryke and stand,
To gude erle Thomas on the tother hand
He gaif to gyde, all into armour bricht.
Schir James of Douglas, that wes wyss and wicht,
Commandit hes into the mid-mest ward,
Nixt hand him self for to gyde all that gard.
Mauritius, of quhome ze hard me se,
That abbot wes than of Inchafra,
Ane crucifix that samin tyme buir he
Befoir the feild that euerie man micht se,
Quhairon ane siluer image of the rude
Affixit wes for ws bleidand his blude:
Syne on his kneis lawlie did inclyne,
And as he did, so did the ilk man syne,
Richt humblie ouir all the oist that tyde,
Beteichand thame in his cuir to gyde,
Quhilk on that cors deit for thair trespas.
Thair ennimeis seand that so it was,
Content tha war quhen tha that sycht had sene;
Trowand to thame tha had all ȝoldin bene,
Full mony freik thairof war wounder fane.
Syne on thair feit quhen tha rais vp agane,
And streikit vp richt stoutlie in that steid
The rampand lyoun all in gold so reid,
Borderit about with birneist gold so brycht,
And staitlie standertis streikit vp on hicht,
With mony pynsall that wes proude of pryce,
With buglis blast quhill rairdit all the ryce,
And schalmes schill quhill that the schawis schuik,
Quhairof that tyme rycht greit terrour tha tuke.
The contrapart quhen tha beheld and saw
First to the croce as tha inclynit law,
With humbhill hart prostrand on the streit,
So manfullie syne as tha rais on thair feit,

1 In MS. quhilk. | 2 In MS. to to.
Richt weill tha wist that da and tha wan oucht
Into that feild, it wald be richt deir boucht,
Quhilk causit hes to lurk wnder the laik
Richt mony cowart durst nocht cum to straik. 50,180

How thir Tua Kingis met and cruellie on
vther set, and how gude King Robert
Bruce vincust and wan the Feild.

This beand done as I haif said zow heir,
Thir tua princes that potent wsa but peer,
With baith thair poweris planelie met in feild,
Quhair basnetis bricht and mony targe and scheild,
And mony helme war hewin all in schunder, 50,185
And mony syde maid sowand that war wnder.
The bairdit hors vpoun the Inglis syde,
Formost in feild with greit power and pryde,
Baith hors and men into tha fowseis fell,
Wes maid befoir, as zehaif hard me tell, 50,190
Be king Robert, quhilk war baith wyde and deip.
The Scottismen that stude than for to keip,
Neuir ane of thame thaleit ryiss vp agane,
Baith hors and men with lang speiris hes slane.
Syne as als mony enterit of the new, 50,195
Ilkone of thame also siclike tha slew;
Of nobill men quhilk war out of nummer,
That in that feild maid so greit sturt and cummer,
Of hors and men soir woundit wnder scheild,
In the deid throw la walterand in the feild. 50,200
The laif also behind thair bak that was,
Ay as tha presit fordwart for to pas,
Ilkane our vther in the hoillis fell;
Ane lang quhile so, as my author did tell,
That Inglismen1 out of nummer wntald, 50,205
Thair slew of thame als mony as tha wald.

1 In MS. Scottismen.
The Scottismen keipand the carriage
Sic confort tuke, so full of high curage,
Quhen that tha saw befoir thame on the plane
Of Inglismen sa mony that war slane,
And how the Scottis, that war bald and wycht,
Richt abill war for to debait thair richt
Agane thame all, suppois tha war bot few,
Richt manfullie had tha ony reskew,
In steid of armour all thair corsis cled
Witht lynning claithis quhairof aneuch tha hed;
The quhilk apperit in thair fais sicht,
As tha had bene all into armour brycht,
And naiprie wes weschin clene and fair,
In steid of standartis st[?]eikit in the air,
And brodin beddis, as thair baneris had bene,
Agane the schyning of the sone did schene;
In gude ordour syne in thair fais sicht,
Doun of ane hill discendit frome the hicht.
The Inglismen quhen that tha saw cum neir
So braidane battell all in armour cleir,
Ilkane to vther said with ane loude stevin,
"Zone is sum help is cuming fra the hevin"
"To king Robert, as eithis for to ken;"
"Full weill we wait zone ar no erthlie men;"
Quhill [sic] ane fray ouir all the oist wes hed,
That suddantlie tha left the feild and fled.
The formest feild, as my author did tell,
Ilkane ouir vther in the fleing fell
Into the fousseis that war deip and wyde,
Quhair force it wes for to remane and byde,
Quhen tha doucht nocht to mak defence agane,
In tha fousseis quhair tha war ilk man slane.
The laif that fied to mony sindrie place,
The Scottis men fast followit on the chace,
Bayth tuke and slew as tha had all bene hyrit,
Quhill thai of slauchter and takinge war tyrit.
The Ingismen without in any gyde,
To sindrie partis fled all in the tyde,
Sum eist, sum west, and sum into the north;
Richt mony than fled to the water of Forth,
Quhilk deit thair withoutin wan or wound.
In that water far mo that tyme wer dround,
Fleand for feir for dreid mycht nocht remane,
No in the feild with sword and knyfe war
slane.
The cariage men wnfultzit in the feild,
Waldin and wicht thair waponis for to weild,
Withoutin armour lycht for to ryn or gang,
With stark stowris that war baith deip and
lang,
So cruel war without merchie or grace,
Baith in the feild and also in the chace,
Far ma tha slew, as my author did sa,
No in the feild war slane fechtand that da.
King Edward than out of the feild that fled,
Ane hundreth horsmen with him than that hed
In company thair for to keip his corss,
Schir James of Douglas with four hundreth hors,
Of chosin men that sur war in neid,
Fast efter him king Robert hes gart speid,
Throw Loutheane to follow on the chace;
And hed he nocht ressaunt bene on cace
Within Dumbar, that strang castell of stane,
Into that chace doultles he had bene tane.
Syne in ane galay, with greit lak and schame,
Rycht quyetlie in Ingland passit hame,
Was neuir hard zit in this warld befoir,
Sic hie triumph, so greit honour and golr,
With nane on lyfe sen that this warld began,
That da in feild as gude king Robert wan,
With few folk for to defend his richt;
Agane ane prince with sic power and micht:
Of Inglismen, that waponis weill culd weild,
Fiftie thousand war slane into that feild.
Tua hundreth knychtis war men of greit gude,
And mony vther of the nobill blude,
War slane that da with mony vther mo.
The nobill duke of Glomerans also,
And gude schir Gelis of Argenty in feir,
In all Ingland had nother maik no peir.
Of Scottis men, gif I the suith sould sa,
In the feild thair deit that same da
Four thousand men of pepill that war rude,
With tua knychtis the quhilk war men of gude.
Schir William Aldbrighe wes one of tha,
Schir Walter Ros the tother of tha tua.
Of Inglismen, except thame [that] wer keild,
Rycht mony nobill tane war in the feild,
Throw quhais ransonis, gif that I Reid rycht,
Scotland lang grew to riches and [to] mycht,
And of all thing abundance and plentie,
Quhilk of befoir wes in greit povertie.
King Robertis wyfe, as ze micht heir me sa,
Aucht zeir befoir quhilk that in Lundoun la
As presoner, redemit wes as than,
With commutatione of ane Inglisman;
Ane man of gude, alss far as I haif feill,
Bot quhat he wes I can nocht tell zow weil.
Suppois I wald, I wait weill I nocht can
Tell sic riches as in the feild tha wan,
Of cunjeit money, gold and siluer bricht,
Of hors and harnes, and all vther mycht,
Of siluer werk, and goldin cremary,
Of silk and sabill, and of tapestrie,
Of poleist perle and mony pretius stonis,
Of costlie clething brocht thair for the nonis.
King Edwardis tent, all of ane clayth of gold,
Als fair as Phebus flammand on the fold,
Wes consecrat to halie kirk, to be
Maid vestiment, quhilk zit is for to se
In sindrie places now of the blak freiris,
And zit wilbe lang efter mony zeiris.
This freir Bastoun of quhome befoir I spak,
Qhilk ordand wes in Lating vers to mak
Of king Edward, as I haifs said befoir,
The greit triumph, the victorie and gloir,
Wes tane in feild into that samin quhile,
Qhilk causit wes than for to turne his style
To king Robert, and gif him all the gloir
He suld haif gevin to king Edward befoir,
Ilk word be word and neur ane word to lie,
The quhilk wark remanisz zit to se.
The nicht befoir thir tua kingis did fecht,
Into ane abba, Glessinbery heecht
To name, in Ingland, in tha samin dais,
Tua men in armis, as my author sais,
Semand to be baith manlie, wyss and wycht,
In that abba tha ludgit for that nycht;
And quhen at thame it wes askit so,
Qhat that tha war or quhair that tha sould
Richt sone agane maid ansuer to that thing,
"To Banokburne to help the Scottis king,"
Said tha wald pas, "be Godis grace befoir,
"Qhilk wes to fecht richt airlie on the morne."
Syne on the morne be that tha mycht ken da,
Ane zeid to luke all nycht how that tha la,
And saw nothing remanand bot thair bed
Perfitlie maid, wnsplilt and weill ouir spred,
With bed and bowster arrayit all at richt,
As nane thairin had lyne as that nycht.
Qhairroby tha knew richt weill that tyme and
Tha war tua angellis fra the hevin send
Be gratius God be his gudnes and micht,
For to manteine king Robert in his richt.
On the same da siclike also wes sene,
The battell wes, rydand throw Abirdene,
Ane man on hors all in glitterand geir,
Buir in his hand the trunchoun of ane speir,
Tha[t] schew perfitlie how the feild tha wan,
Bot quhat he wes culd no man tell as than,
Qhilk sene wes efter singand with greit mirth,
Vpoun the se rydand ouir Panetland firth
Ontill Orkna, agane hame till his awin;
The commoun voce said it wes Sanct Mawin.
Qhhairfoir king Robert out of Abirdene
Fyve pund stirling, as my author did mene,
Onto the tempill of Sanct Mawnis gaif
In heretage, the quhilk zit that thà haif
For the vphald, as I can richt weill ges,
Of breid and wyne and walx [on]to the mes.
Tua men of gude that duelt into Brabant,
That samin tyme, as ze sall wnderstand,
Compellit wes to cum king Edward till
Onto the ^2 weir richt soir agane thair will,
At Banokburne befoir the feild that nycht,
Qhhair present war richt mony worthie wycht,
Of Inglistan heirand the schame and lak
And greit dispyte of Scottismen thà spak,
With greit blaspheming also of the Bruce,
And of thame selfis rycht hielie vant and ruse,
Qhilk for to heir thà thocht greit sturt and
pane,
Qha[i]rfoir richt sone thà maid ansuer agane,
Beseikand God, of his greit mercie and micht,
To help the Bruce sen he had all the rycht,

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1 In MS. Scotland.
2 In MS. thair.
And lat him nocht of no way be ouirthrawin.
Fra that anser wes to king Edward knawin,
With greit dispite, [with] manasssing and bost,
Tha pat thame baith that nycht out of his oist
And bad thame pas and tak king Robertis part.
And so thad did richt glaidlie with thair hart,
To king Robert tha passit baith richt sone.

This king Edward, efter that that wes done,
Ouir all his oist gart cry in sindrie steidis,
Q hat euir he war brocht him ane of thair heidis,
A ne hundreth markis to his reward suld hai f
Of gude money, quhilk suld nocht be to craif.
Thir tua knichtis, quhome of I tald beforne,
With king Robert tuke plane part on the morne;
Ilk ane of thame that da preuit ane man,
And mekle riches in the feild als wan.
With all that riches and with mekle moir,

And greit reward the king gaif thame thairfoir,
Tha passit hame our salt se and our sand,
Thir nobill men agane in thair awin land,
Into Braband, quhair thar war wont to duell;
Syne efterwart, as my author did tell,
Into Antuerp, the quhilk is zit to ken,
A ne hospitall biggit for Scottis men,
Thame to ressaue and thairof to haif vse:
A ne image als of king Robert the Bruce
Thairin gart set, quhilk wes baith greit and lie,
Q uhilk zit remanes in that place to se.
The zoun Fleming quhilk that the Cuming slew
Into Drumfreis, as I befors zow schew,
This king Robert gaif him for his reward
All Cummernald, thairof maid him ane lard;
Fra quhilk Fleming descendit hes sensyne
Richt mony lord proceeding lyne be lyne,
And mony vther worthie nobill man,
Onto this da sen that surname began.
Quhen all wes done as ze haif hard me sa, This king Robert sone efter on ane da, The greit nobilis of Scotland ouir all quhair, He gart convene into the toun of Air, For to decerne in mony sindrie thing, And speciallie for to declar him king, And his airis all efter him in feir, On this same way as I sall schaw zow heir. That is to say, that gude Edward his bruther, Nixt efter him erast of ony vther He sould succeid, as it wes planelie schawin, Gif he no sone had lauchfull of his awin. Gif hapnit so, as kyndlie is for-thy, Thame baith in laik, his dochter Marjorie, Into hir tyme most plesand and preclair, Scho sould succeid to him as lauchfull air. And gif so be the prince be nocht of eild Efter his tyme, bot within age ane cheild, Erle Thomas Randell gouernour sould be, And all that tyme to haif auctoritie, Qhiliill that the king in zouthheid wes ane page, Come to discretioun and to perfite age. This beand done as ze hard me declar, This Marjorie his dochter and his air, No vther childer in the tyme he hed, With the lord Stewart that tyme did hir wed. Efter the deid, as my author did tell, Of hir moer wes callit Issobell, Qhilk sister wes, as my author sais, To the gude erle of Catnes in tha dais, Ane lustie ladie of honour and fame, That callit wes Elisabeth to name, Of Hulsister the duches dochter deir, He weddit hir to his princes and feir, Qhilk efterwart buir to him dochteris tua And ane fair sone withoutin childer ma.
The eldest dochter, hecht Margaret to name,
Of Sutherland the erle of nobill fame
Wes weddit with, syne efter in his cuir
Till him ane sone wes callit Johne scho buir,
Into his birth sic dolour had and pane,
On lyfe na langar that schoicht remane.
The secund dochter without falt or blame,
The quhilk Matildis callilt wes to name,

Lib.14, f. 228b. Into na storie I can se or reid
Of hir to find successioum or ȝit seid.
Ane sone he had callit Dauid also,
Borne of his ring the tuentie ȝeir and tuo,
Quhilk efterwart quhen king Robert wes deid,
As lauchfull air succeedit in his steid.

HOW THE IRELAND MEN SEND AN AMBASSADOUR
to KING ROBERT THE BRUCE, FOR SUPPLE
AGANIS EDWARD, KING OF INGLAND.

Sone efter syne into the secund ȝeir
That this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir,
The Yrland men to king Robert hes send
Ane messinger with hartlie recommend,
Richt humblie at him help [than] till imploir
Aganeking Edward, lang tyme of befoir
He[d] vexit thame with greit crudelitie,
Beseikand him of his help and supplie,
As he that wes the most victorius knycht
Wnder the hevin quhome to the sone gaif lycht,
And conqueist had in armes sic honour,
Quhilk in his tyme of all Ewrope wes flour,
Of Inglismen had wyn sic victorie;
Beleifand weill for that same caus and quhy,
At his plesour he micht with litill pane,
To put thame all to libertie agane.
And secundlie desyrit hes this thing,
His bruther Edward for to be thair king;
Sen of thame self the successioun did faill,
Nane lauchfull wes than of the airis maill,
Amang thame self betwix lord and lord,
Quba sulde be king, thair wes rycht grit discord.
And for that caus all the communitie,
And lordis als with haill auctoritie,
Content tha war righthartlie of that thing,
His bruther Edward for to mak thair king.
Off thair desyre king Robert wes content,
And syne with thame his bruther Edward sent
Into Yreland, righth sone attour the se,
With sic power as he that tyme micht be.
This ilk Edward sone efter he come hidder,
He and thair power baith in ane togidder,
Ane strang wallit toun he seigt syne and wan,
Callit Vilton, quhair mony Inglesman
War slane that tyme but reuth or sit merzie.
The Ireland men syne of thair victorie
So glaid tha war, and joyfull of that thing.
This gude Edward tha crownit to be king.
Syne to the paip ane legat send righth sone,
For to confirmeth that tyme that tha had done,
With sair complaint of king Edward also,
So lang befoir righth mony da ago
Hed vexit thame with greit power and micht,
And reft fra thame, without ressoun or richt,
Bayth land and law, and als thair libertie,
As tha to him sould bound and thrallis be.
The secund zeir syne efter this wes done,
The quhilk in vers as writtin is abone,
Ane greit armie king Robert gart provyde,
Vpoun the bordour to remane and byde;
In gyding syne to James of Douglas gawe,
And syne him self sone efter with the lawe,
And all the power that he dought to be,
In Ireland went his bruther to supple.
Qhath wès the caus I can nocht to saw sa,
His bruther Edward etter on ane da,
He tukè the feild nocht bydand on his bruther,
Without counsall of him or ony vther,
But apperance ane partie for to be,
Full hardalie sic thing on hand tuke he.
Into that feild his fais war so strang,
This ilk Edward quhilk拳头 had so lang,
Wald nocht than flie ane fit out of that steid,
In his defence faucht still thair to the deid.
So endit he as 3e haif hard me sa,
Qhen king Robert the journay of ane da,
Wes slane, to' him cumand with greit supplè:
As plesis God and so all thing mon be.
In that same tyme, the Bruce beand fra hame,
This ilk king Edward of Ingland be name,
With all his power greit prouisioun maid,
Syne suddantlie come Scotland to invaid.
Schir James of Douglas with his cheualry
Than gaif him battell as he passit by,
And wan the feild suppois that he wes few,
Of Inglismen rycht mony thousand slew.
The thrie captanis that had the oist to gyde,
War slane that da vpone the Inglis syde:
Schir James of Douglas that wes traist and trew,
Ane of the thrie with his awin handis slew.
This king Edward syne efter as I reid,
Qhen that he saw that he culd cun no speid
Vpoun the land, no zit no partie be,
Richt sone he set ane naving to the se,
In till all haist, or king Robert come hame,
With mony freik syne fur attounir the fame,
Qhill that tha enterit in the water of Forth,
Vp in the firth, and syne towart the north
Tha tuke the land sone efter on ane da.
The erle of Fyffe, as my authour did sa,
Thame to resist come with fyve hundreth men,
Syne quhen he saw perfittlie and did ken
That his power to thame wes no compeer,
Huifit on far and durst nocht than cum neir.
Gude William Sinclair, as my author sais,
That bishop wes of Dunkell in tha dais,
With sextie horssmen come rycht sone in hy
On to this erle quhair he wes huifand by,
And blamit him befoir thame all rycht plane,
Quhilk causit him than for to turne agane,
And all his men war with him les and moir.
This ilk bishop than passit hes befoir
Him awin self with greit curage on hie,
To all the laif exempill for to be,
Into that tyme no terrour for to tak,
Bot for to byde richt baldlie at his bak,¹
And euerie man thairfoir to do his dett.
Syne in the feild with thair fais sone met,
Without array or ordour in the tyde,
Ouir all the feild quhair tha war scaillit wyde
In sindrie partis vp and doun the plane,
Of Inglismen fiftie that da war slane,
And mony ma war into handis tane;
And all the laue war chasit syne ilkane
Onto thair schippis la be the se coist,
Quhair mony ane of thame that tyme wes lost
Into the chace that doucht nocht for to fle.
The laif also that fled than to the se,
For haistines, as ze sall wnderstand,
Intill ane galay that wes nixt the land,
Tha enterit in sa mony vpoun cace,
Be scho wes passit bot ane litill space

¹ This line precedes the former in the MS.
Than fra the land, besyde ane roche of stane,
Into thair sicht war present thair ilkane,
For birth and wecht hir furing wes so hie,
With thame ilkane scho sank into the se.
Throw grit triumph the Scottis wan that da,
This ilk bishop, as my author did sa,
Robert the Bruce, for that grit victorie,
His awin bishop ay callit him for-thy.
Dame Marjorie the onlie dochter deir
Of gude king Robert, in the samin zeir,
To Walter Stewart beand in his cuir,
Ane sone hecht Robert in that tyme scho buir,
Ane fair persoun richt plesand and bening,
Qhilik efterwart of Scotland that wes king.
Erle Thomas Randell efter this tua zeir
That all wes done as I haifsaid 3ow heir,
He enterith hes into Northumberland
With grit power, but stop or 3it ganestand,
Baith brynt and slew, and greit riches also
Into Scotland maid hame with him till go;
Beruik also that tyme seigit and wan,
All be the faunours of ane Inglisman,
Callit Spalding, quhais posteritie
In Angus 3it remanis for to se.
The nixt zeir king Edward with grit bost,
He seigit Beruik vpoun the se coist;
Qhahrain that loissit mony nobill man,
And in his travell litill honour wan.
Syne efterwart he sped him hame rycht sone,
And left his erand in the tyme wndone,
Quhen he had thoillit bayth grit lak and schame.
Sone efter syne, quhen king Robert come hame,
Rycht fane he wes with him trewis to tak,
Quhen he had gottin bayth the skayth and lak.
Sone efter syne quhen tha weiris did ccis,
And bayth the kingis leuit into peice,
And all weiris forzet war and desert,
Robert the Bruce into the town of Perth
His lordis all befoir him he gart caw,
Thair evidentis of thair landis till schaw.
Quhairof that tyme richt mony ane war noyit,
Had all thair chairteris in the weir distroyit,
But euident or instrument till schaw,
Quhilk causit thame till armour all till draw.
And syne comperit in the kings sicht,
Sayand, "Lo heir oure euidentis and richt,
" And all the chairteris also of oure land,
" Befoir zow heir now as ze se ws stand :
" Siclyke with zow in mony stour we stude
" For zour honour, quhair that we bled oure blude,
" And zour defence rycht manlie with oure handis,
" Maid zow ane king and wan to zow thir landis."
Than king Robert, seing that it wes so,
Dissimulat withoutin wordis mo,
Sayand tha war richt gritlie to commend
So honestlie thame self schupe till defend ;
Zitneuirtheles remanit in histhocht
To be revengit efter and he mocht.
The quhilk consait, suppois it wes nocht schawin,
Into that tyme sone efter it wes knawin
On to thame all, as my authour did mene,
Quhilk causit mony efter to convene
Into ane band, for that same causs and thing,
For to conspyre aganis thair prince and king,
In that intent he sulldeliuerit be
To king Edward quhen tha thair tyme micht se.
So secreteilie zit this thing wes nocht done ;
Ane of thame selfis syne efterwart rycht sone,
In forme and effect the fassone of that thing,
Ilk word be word reueillit to the king ;
Quhilk in his mynd richt cloiss than keipit he,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme micht se.
To nane of thame he wald reveill his will,
Qhill that he had ane grittir preif thairtill;
And spyis laid richt mony in the tyde,
Gif ony bill come to the bordour syde,
To king Edward thair mynd to him to schaw.
And so thair did within ane litill thraw,
To king Edward ane messinger tha send,
Schawand to him all thing as tha pretend,
And all thair names writtin in ane bill,
And euerie man his seill had set thairtill,
That oblister war tegidder in that band,
Richt weill subscriuit with ilk mannis hand.
The messinger into that samin tyde,
Wes tane and brocht on fra the bordour syde
Rycht quietlie to gude Robert our e king,
Qhillk secreitlie convoyit all that thing
Into his mynd, qhill that he saw his tyme
Convenient for to accuis sic cryme.
Syne efterwart, quhen he his tyme did se,
Thir men ilkone befoir him callit he,
And schew to thame thair seillis and thair band,
Qhillk wes subscriuit with thair awin hand.
So cleir it wes that tha culd nocht deny:
Than war thai tane all for that samin quhy,
And keipit clois or ony murmure rais.
The king him self syne onto Beruik gais,
Qhair the lord Soullis wes captane in the
  tyme,
Qhillk he accusit of that samin cryme;
Siclize to him seill and subscripioun schew
Of his awin hand, and that richt weill he knew.
Than wes he tane for the tressoun he wrocht,
With all the laif syne to Sant Jhonestoun
  brocht;
Syne war accusit ilkane in that tyme
Of thair tressoun, syne of thair wickit cryme.
Schir Dauid Breichin in that samin thing,
Quhilk sister sone wes to Robert our e king,
Accusit wes becaus he had ane feill. 50,695
Of thair tressoun, and syne wald nocht reveill.
And nocht that he wes giltie of that thing,
Beacaus he knew and wald nocht schaw the king,
That nobill man wes maid that da to die
For that same falt, quhilk wes the moir pitie, 50,700
Without requiest of ony in that place
To ask him mercie at the kingis grace.
Syne on the morne in presens of the king, 1
Quben all the laif siclike for that same thing
Condampnit war to hangit be and drawin, 50,705
For euirilk man than freindis of thair awin
Request hes maid wnto the kingis grace.
To quhomo agane richt sone in to that place
He answer maid, rycht scharplie wnagast,
And said, "Forsuith the da of grace is past. 50,710
" For zisterday had other wyfe or man,
" The puirest scho vpoun ane rok that span,
" Hed cumd to me desyrand in that cace,
" Schir Dauid Breichin askand to him grace,
" My sister sone, withoutin caus or gilt, 50,715
" Doultes that da he hed nocht so bene spilt.
" Qubahirfoir," he said, "it is nocht as ze weind,
" Thocht ilk man now mak requiesct for his freind,
" It sall nocht faill now als far as I ma,
" Sen nane for him maid requiesct zisterda." 50,720
Thairfoir ilk man, as it wes richt weill knawin,
That samin da war baith hangit and drawin.
Schir Walter Maxwell and Walter Barcla,
Of Abirdene wes schirreffis in that da,
And Hamelyn of Nedringtoun also, 50,725
With Patrik Grahame and mony vther mo,

1 In MS. thing.
And other aucht accusit war in that tyme,  
That knyghtis war and clengit in that cryme,  
But ony falt war fund to pas [than] frie,  
Qubair euir tha list at thair awin libertie.  
The erdome of Buchane that same da,  
Robert the Bruce diuydit into tua:  
The tane part syne gaif to ane nobill man,  
William the Hay, of Erroll lord wes than,  
With tha landis that war baith lang and braid;  
Of Scotland than the constabill him maid.  
The quhilk office Johnne Quintyn had that tyme,  
Convictit wes and deit for that cryme.  
The tother part he gaif than, to conclude,  
To William Keith, quhilk wes ane man of gude,  
In heretage as ze sall wnderstand,  
And maid him syne the Stewart of Scotland.  
This da of law of quhome to zow I ment,  
Callit senayne is the Blak Parliment.  
In this same tyme, gif that I richt presume,  
King Edward send on to the paip of Rome  
Ane messinger with mony richt fals mene,  
Of Scottismen quhilk did richt soir complene.  
Sayand, for thame that he micht nocht cum till  
His purpoist than, and be no way fulfill  
The vow he maid, as he sould wnderstand,  
Quhilk wes to pas into the Halie Land,  
And thair to fecht aganis Godis fa,  
Sayand, be thame he lattin wes to ga  
For to compleit that he had tane on hand,  
With dalie forra cumand on his land,  
And in his boundis that war lang and braid,  
Baith brint and slew and grit distructione maid.  
This messinger with wordis myld and meik,  
His holines richt oft syis did beseik  
Of sum remeid, gif he had ony reuth  
Of Chrissin pepill, for thair faith and treuth
That puneist war, without help or supple,  
With pagane pepill full of crudelitie;  
Micht he be quyit than of the Scottis ill,  
Richt sone, he said, that he suld send thame till.  
Quhen this rehers befoir the paip wes maid,  
Ane legat sone, withoutin ony baid,  
Onto king Robert suddantlie he send,  
With greit repref and litill recommend,  
Quhilk did to him the haill mater rehers,  
Ilk word be word [as] I haif put in vers.  
This beand said befoir the nobill king,  
Richt soberlie agane into that thing,  
"Gude\textsuperscript{1} freind," he said, "thow sall weill wnderstand,  
"With Godis grace, or \textsuperscript{3e} pas of this land,  
"It is nocht \textsuperscript{[so]} as \textsuperscript{3e} haif said ws till.  
"\textsuperscript{3}it neuirtheles, to satisfie his will,  
"And the desyr of oure father also,  
"\textsuperscript{3e} sall richt sone deliuerit be till go.  
"Thairfoir," he said, "remane ane lytill we,  
"Withoure counsall quhille we aduysit be."  
In that counsall quhair thair convenit than  
Richt mony worthie lord and nobill man,  
Of ciuill stait and spiritualitie,  
Of quhome thair names neidis nocht to be  
Schawin as now, na of thame to rehers,  
So langsum war to me to put in vers.  
The young lordis the counsall first began,  
Be ane het [will] deliuerit hes as than,  
And especiallie, quhilk tha did all approve,  
Agane Ingland sone battell for to move,  
For causs that tha, for malice and invie,  
Complenit hes withoutin caus or quhy.  
Als of the paip greit mervell that tha hed,  
That without wisdome with ignorance wes led,  
\textsuperscript{1} In MS. And.
Quhilk schew to thame it come of greit folie
That tua kingis so mony zeir gone by,
Greit weir and stryfe that wsit had so lang,
And he nocht wittand quha wes in the

wrang.
Quhairfoir tha said, baith ane and all the laif,
That he na anser worthie wes to haif;
Decreittit als befoir thame all in plane,
That he but anserould pas hame agane.

As of befoir ze haif hard me report,
His halynes of no way to displeis,
Bot with meik langage alway him to meis,
" And his legat he hes send to ws hidder.
" His halines we wait will weill¹ considder,
" Fra he haif hard the veritie but fen⁵e,
" Quha hes most caus of ws tua for to plen⁷e."

Off that counsall than war thai all content.
Befoir the legat quhair he wes present,
Than king Robert in presens of the laif,
To that legat sic anser that he gaif,
In meik langage and of ane gude maneir,
In forme and effect as efter followis heir.

" Deir freind," he said, "ze sall rycht weill
believe,
" With Godis grace we think neuir to greif
" The kirk of Rome other in moir or les,
" Or disobey the paipis haliness,
" Or ony wrang agane the commoun weill
" Till do or sa als far as we haif feill.
" Als our e desyr is of all thing, but leis,
" Of king Edward for to haif rest and peice ;

¹ In MS. weir.
"At him all tymenocht tellis we sulc craif,
But skayth and lak and we his peice mycht haif.

His fatheris' first richt mony zeir ago,
And syne him self richt lang after also,
Invaidit ws with greit power and micht,
At thair plesour without titil of richt,
Traistand to mak haill conqueis of our ring.
Quhen faillit wes successioun of the king,
Tha occupyit as all had bene thair awin.
Ane lang quhile so be thame we war ouirthrawin,
All that we did wes ay in oure defence.
Consider now," he said, "oure innocence,
And his falsheid, as we ma rycht weill pruif,
Wald fenze caus of battell for to move,
Quhilk of the paip sould haif auctoritie,
And in sic thing richt innocent wes he.
As for the paip, in all thingis moir and les,
We will submit ws to his halines,
And his correctioun at his awin will,
To quhat purpois pleis him to put ws till."

This beand said, that counsall syn e tuke end;
The legat als his leif hame for to wend,
With sic ansuer as ze aboue haif red,
And left his erand in the tymef vnsped.
Sone efter this, as ze sall wnderstand,
Robert the Bruce he enteritin Ingland,
With mony weirmen worthie war and wicht,
Baith big and bald all into armour bricht,
And fraklie syne attourir the fell he fuir,
And stoppit nocht quhill he come to Stanmure.
Ouir all tha boundis that war lang and braid,
Baith brynt and slew, and rycht greit heirschip maid,
As pleit him his fordward to fulfill;
Was nane that tyme mycht warne him of his will.
Robert the Bruce the quhilk that tyme that knew,
That king Edward wald rycht sone him persew,

Lib. 14, f. 230.
Col. 1.

With sic power that he micht nocht resist,
Quhairfoir richt sone at greit lasar and list,
He passit than without stop or ganestand,
With greit spulze hame into Scotland.
Fra Tueid to Forth tha boundis all gart red
Off all riches thairin that ilk man hed,
Of corne and cattell, and all vther geir,
Of nolt and scheip, swyne, gait, hors and meir,
Out of tha boundis richt far to flie,
Or than to strenthis quhair tha saif mycht be.
Richt so thai did into all gudlie haist,
Fra Tueid to Forth left all tha landis waist,
Evin fra the bordour all to the se coist,
Quhair this king Edward passit with his oist.
This ilk Edward, of quhome I spak befoir,
With all his power that tyme les and moir
In Scotland come, with mekle pomp and pryde,
Till Edinburch on fra the bordour syde.
In all his gait fand nother kow nor ox,
Nor hit no beast bot wyld hairis and fox,
But plenesing other [of] but or ben,
Or ony thing that might refresche his men.
Syne efter lang or the fyftene da,
Without honour he passit hame his wa,
Or skaith to Scotland ony done that tyde,
Quhill that he come on to the bordour syde,
To Melros abba, to that halie place,
Quhair four monkis withoutin girth or grace,
Quhair tha la seik in the dortour wer slane.
Syne vp and doun ouir all the place rycht plane
Greit spulze maid, as my authour did sa,
And left nothing that tha mycht turs awa.
The siluer euchrist be ane cord rycht lang,
Aboue the altar in the kirk that hang,
Of costlie werk richt gudlie till advance,
Tha pluckit doun but ony reuerance.
Horribill it is to heir or zit remord,
The pretius bodie how than of ooure Lord,
For oure synnis vpoun the croce that hang,
Out of the bost so lichtlie as tha flang,
And left it bair and take awa the bost,
As it had bene ane vther prophane ost.

King Robert syne into the samin 3eir
That this wes done that I haifsaid 3ow heir,
He semblith hes, as my authordidsa,
Ane greit power efter on ane da,
Of beirnis bald in battell weill durst byde,
The narrest way in Ingland syne did ryde,
Quhair he gart nother stop no zit ganestand,
With fyre and blude distroyit all the land,
South on to Zork vpoun the watter of Humber,
Of scheip and nolt quhair he gat out of number.
Edward of Ingland that his cuming knew,
Quhilk schupe him schairplie that tyme till persew,
Conducit had than out of Normondy
And Hanego, with vther landis by,
Of mony berne that wes baith bald and wycht,
Ane greit power all into armour brycht.
Off Inglisman tha Briacht nocht weill be tald
Sa mony berne that busteous wes and bald,
In cumpayny with him that tyme he hed;
Fra Lundoun toun the narrest way syne sped
Onto Byland, quhair that king Robert la,
Schort space fra York, as my author did sa,
Syne plantit doun thair palzeonis on ane plane,
And thair tuke purspis all nycht to remane.

Apone the morne be that the da wes licht,
This king Edward come in the Scottis sicht,
With browdin baneris bemand our all quhair,
And stailtie standertis streikit in the air,
Wrocht with gold wyre, that waifisand war full wyde

Into the wynd that tyme fra syde to syde.
The bemand buglis all of bras that blew,
Quhilk for to heir it wes ane glorius glew.
King Robert als, vpoun the tother syde,
Bald as ane boir thair bargane for to byde;
The rampand lyoun all in Reid gold sett,
With dowbill tresett on the bordour plett,
This ilk lyoun most gudlie till advance,
Auffull and angrie of his countenance,
On ane bane[r] of birneist gold so bricht,
Aboue their heid wes borne vp vpoun hich!
And mony pyns all pantit wes full proude.
On euerie syde the hornis blawand loude,
And schalmes schill schouettand bayth loude and cleir,
Quhilk wes wes ane poyn of pardives till heir.
Considder weill it wes no barnis pla,
The awfull metting of thir kingis tua,
So potent war of sic power and pryde,
So wilfull als in battell for to byde.
Fra bowmen bald richt mony fedderit flane,
Als thik tha flew as other haill or rane,
Or dew droppis that fallis on the ground;
Quhair euir tha hit tha maid ane werkand wound.
Thair speiris scharp, that war bayth greit and lang,
Throw all thair armour in thair bodie thrang; 50,960
With stalwart axis, that war stif of steill,
Richt mony knicht maid vther for to kneill.
Thair wes no stuffe thair steill waponis ganestude,
Thair brandis brycht ilk baiht in vtheris blude.
Ane lang quhile so rycht furiuslie tha fuir 50,965
Thir stalwart men that war bayth strang and stuir,
Ay rappand on so rudlie with sic reird,
Qhill schawis schuke and trimlit all the eird.
The suith to say, and neuir ane word to le,
On euerie syde tha war full laith to fie. 50,970
The Inglismen thocht mekill lak and schame,
Sa mony war within thame self at hame,
Agane the Scottis in thair awin cuntrie,
So far fra hame to leif the feild and fie.
The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde, 50,975
So full tha war of hie curage and pryde
Of the greith honoure with sic laud and gloir
That tha had wyn in Banokburne befoir,
And alss sensyne in mony sindrie place,
Haiffand sic hoip ay into Godis grace,
And that thair querrell wes so just and rycht, 50,980
With greit curage and hartis hie on hycht,
Fers as ane eill war new tane in the rane,
Thair strenthis all renewit than agane.
And in the feild quhair thair wes thickest 50,985
thrang,
With scharp swordis and axis greit and lang,
Tha maid ane reill that mony man mycht rew,
And dang thame doun als thik as ony dew.
The Inglismen so scharplie war assalzelt,
Thair strenthis als for lang fechting that failzelt. 50,990
That force it wes, quhen no better micht be,
To turne theur bak out of the feild and flie.
The Scottis men fast folloiu the chace,
Quhome thae ouirtoke thae gat litill girth or grace.
Richt mony thousand in the field war slane,
And in the chace neir alss mony agane,
Of Inglismen and of Normanis also,
And Duchmen come forth of Hanego.
Twa greit nobillis out of the feild that fled,
Quhilk mony knicht in cumpany that hed,
Harie Soule, that wes ane nobill man,
Wes ane of tha, the tother Johnne Britan,
Ontill ane abba that wes neirhand by,
For to tak girth thae fled richt suddantly;
With Scottismen sone etter syne ilkone
Out of that part that samin tymne war tone,
And keipit thame richt sicker as weill semit,
[Be] greit ransoun quhill thae war redemit.
This beand done as I haifsaid befor,
Gude king Robert with greit triumph and gloir,
And greit riches in Ingland that he wan,
Come hame agane with mony nobill man.
Quhen all this thing wes brocht to sic ane end,
Ambassadouris this ilk king Robert send,
Greit men of gude wer greitlie till advance,
Ane to the paip, and vther vnto France.
The tane quhilk send wes to the paip of Rome,
Ane bishop was, as ze ma weill presume;
Thair with the paip the quhilk that did profes
That samin tymne onto his halynes,
Scotland agane in all thing les and moir,
Out of his grace that lang had stand befor,
Be wrang relatión of king Edward maid;
Quhen that wes done come hame agane but baid
Into Scotland blythlie with gude chance.
The second syne that passit wes in France,
Renewit hes the leig agane and band  
Maid of befoir betuix France and Scotland,  
And sindrie thingis eikit hes of new,  
Ilkone to vther sworne syne to be trew.  
Tha new actis, as that my author sais,  
Ar keipit 3it into thir samyn dais.

OFF THE SURNAME OF HAMPTONE QUHAIROF  
HAMILTONIS TUKE THAIR BEGYNNYNG.

Neir by thistyme as ze sall wnderstand,  
Ane gentill man that borne wes in Ingland,  
Ane fair squyar and laulie but rebous,  
Ane seruand als was of the kingis hous,  
Of men of gude discendit als was doun,  
To his surname that callit wes Hamtoun.  
This ilk squyar that same tyme on ane da,  
It hapnit him, as my author did sa,  
To fall in talk of king Robert the Bruce,  
Quhilk maid of him excellent vant and ruce  
Of his manheid, and of his victorie,  
His worthines and of his cheualrie.  
Ane vther man thinkand he had abusit  
His langage far, king Robert so that rusit,  
To thair awin kynd wes sic ane enimie,  
Displesit wes at him rycht far for-thy,  
And waillschort langage in the tyme him gaif.  
Suppois of birth that he wes bot ane knaif,  
He wes so tender all tyme with the king,  
Quhilk maid him than the perter of sic thing,  
And als him self and other men misknaw,  
That pensit knaif without nurtour or aw,  
This ilk Hamtoun than with ane knyfe he hurt,  
Quhilk haldin was, and mycht do him na sturt,  
Be other men quhilk than war standand by.  
Sone efter that, for that same caus and quhy,
This ilk Hamtone of quhome to sow I schew, 51,060
Within the palice of the king he slew
That samin man befor that hurt him hed,
In Scotland syne to king Robert him sped,
And all the maner of this thing he schew.
This nobill king quhen that he hard and knew,
Throw greit kyndnes of him and of his querrell,
For luif of him pat him self in sic perrell,
Resaunt him richt hartlie with gude will,
Greit proffeit als and plesour did him till,
In sindrie tyme with mony greit reward.
In Cliddisdaill he maid him syne ane laird
Of braid landis that callit war Cadzow,
The quhilk his airis this da brukis now;
That changit ar now of thame and thair landis,
Bayth name and surname, this tyme as it standis,
To Hamiltoun, quhilk men ar of greit gude.
Tha ar principall now of the kingis blude;
The erle of Arrane, lord of Hammiltoun,
Evin thrid, and thrid to him weiris the croun.

How King Edward was abusit be certane
Mennis euill Counsall, and thairefter
Presonit and sufferit ane cruell Deid,
And his Counsallouris hangit.

Sone efter this that ze [now] heir me tell,
Harkin and heir sic aduenture befell.
Into Ingland that same tyme of the new,
This king Edward of quhome befoir I schew,
Be his sone Edward and his quene also,
With the counsall of mony vther mo,
Wes tane that tyme becaus that he refusit
Gude counsall ay, and partiall counsall vsit,
Quhilk causit him, as my author did tell,
Bayth wyfe and freindis fra him to repell.
Be ane wes callit Hew Spensar to name,
   Of sempill birth and of far lawar fame,
Ane vther als, hecht Johnne of Arandale,
   Of Eccister the bishop als but faill,
Quhilk callit wes Walter of Stabiltoun,
   Thir war the thre that misgydit the crown,
Quhilk for thair gilt war all thre maid till
   hang.
The king him self put in ane presone strang,
Qubahir efterwart, as ze sall wnderstand,
   As his sone Edward gaif thame in command,
Thair wes he slane that same tyme wait ze how,
   Of this fassoun as I sall schaw30wnow,
To all Ingland it wes greit schame and lak.
    Tha laid him doun wyde opin on his bak,
And on his briest ane burd bayth braid and lang,
Syne forcelie doun to the erd him thrang.
   Of that injure tha war scantlie content,
Ane pype of bras sone in his fundiment
   Vp in his breist amang his bowellis threw;
Ane reid hett irne syne, as my author schew,
   Vp throw the pyip vp in his breist tha buir.
The fervent heit, quhilk he mycht not induir,
   Aboundit so without ony remeid,
Out throw his bowellis brint him to the deid ;
   For-quhy that he gude counsallof refruisit,
And priuat counsallof sic men ay vsit.
   Richt gude it war till ony prince or king,
Gif that he list in honour for to ring,
   With wyse counsal him to convoy and gyde,
Of men of gude and at thair counsal byde,
   And leif counsal of euill aduysit men.
And do he nocht, it is richt eith to ken,
   It sall mak him sone efter for to rew,
As ze ma se be exempillis anew,
   In all tymes quhilk bene hard and sene
Of mony ane befoir ourte tyme hes bene.
How Edward, his sone, rang efter him King of Ingland, and send for peax to King Robert Bruce wnder Cullour and Dissait, and how Erle Thomas Randell and Schir James Douglas enterit in Ingland with ane greit armie.

Quhen endit was the dais of this king, His sone Edward that efterwart did ring, Of Wyndisoyre, the thrid king of that name, To king Robert quhair that he wes at hame Ane herald send, quhilk trewis with him tuke, Wnder cullour, as I fynd in my buke, Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se For weir and battell to provydit be. Or passit wes ane schort part of tha trewis, Out of Ingland rycht mony smaik and schrewis Into Scotland king Edward send, but leis, In that purpos for to perturbe the peice, Sum on the nycht and sum als on the da, Bayth staw and reft richt mekle gudie awa. Quhen this falsheid wes to king Robert kend, Erle Thomas Randell gudlie to commend, His sister sone, hes maid reddie till go, Schir James of Douglas with him than also, With threttie thousand that war bald and wycht. Erle Thomas Randell, and the nobill knyght Schir James of Douglas in his cumpany, Sic tua captanis wes nocht wnder the sky Ouir all Ewrop levand in thair dais, No zit sensyne as that richt mony sais, Enterit in Ingland at the bordour syde. With grit power thir nobill men did ryde, Distroynand all befoir thame that tha fund, With fyre and blude ouir all Northumberland: Fra eist to west ouir all tha boundis braid, Without ganestand richt greit distructione maid;
Kow nor calf, nor cok to craw thame da,
Tha left richt nocht that micht be tursit awa.
Than king Edward that busteous wes and bald,
Of that distructioun quhen he hes hard tald,
Ane hundreth thousand in armour weilcl
On fit and hors out of Lundoun he led,
Of bernis bald that semelie war till se,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
With greit dispyte wes done him of the new.
The Scottismen that weill his cuming knew,
Fra place to place so spedelie tha past,
The Inglismen quhilkmicht nocht follow fast,
For greit carrage and mekle vther gude
Tursit with thame into that multitude,
For no devyss than that tha doucht to mak,
The Scottismen be no way micht ouiartak.
Than suddantlie tha soucht ane vther wyle,
That subtil wes, the Scottis to begyle,
Out of thair boundis for to gar thame pas.
This king Edward, with [the] power he was,
Richt suddantly diuysit for to ryde,
To birne and sla vpone the bordour syde,
Within Scotland thair partie till persew,
To caus the Scottis to cum and reskew
Thair landis, thair guidis, and thair freindis
bayth,
And leif Ingland quhairin tha did greit skait.
Off aduenture that same tyme hapnit syne,
As tha come all wnto the water of Tyne,
The flude it grew so greit of spait that tyde,
Thair doucht na hors ouir that water to ryde,
No zit na freik thai saiffie ouir mycht found,
Without that tyme baith hors and man wer dround.
That flude was waxit so than with the rane,
That force it wes thair till byde and remane,
And thoill the Scottis but stop or ganestand
Bayth birne and sla our all Northumberland, 51,190
As lykit thame, at thair plesour and will,
Quhair tha micht nocht than mak reskew thame till.
Eik the Scottis mouit than in so far,
That none micht wit perfitlie quhair tha war.
Quhairof king Edward thocht greit schame and 51,195
lak,
And for that caus gart proclamatioun mak,
Ouir all his oist quhat euir he wes wald spy
The Scottis ost quhat feild tha did in ly,
Richt greit reward for his travell suld haif,
And thankis als quhilk sould nocht be till craif. 51,200
To win reward tha zeid on euirilk hand
Full mony spy out throw Northumberland,
To seik the camp quhair the Scottis did ly;
So at the last thaire come to him ane spy,
Qwhilk schew to him into the samin quhile,
Wnder ane crag within les nor ane myle
The Scottis la in gude ordour that tyde,
And manfullie thocht bargane for to byde.
Quhen king Edward this ilk report did heir,
With all his ost approchit hes richt neir 51,210
Wnto the place quhairat the Scottis la;
Syne on the morne, sone efter it wes da,
Apperit hes into the Scottis sicht
With mony berne all into armour bricht.
Siclik the Scottis, on the tother syde, 51,215
Arrayit war thair battell for to byde
Within ane strenth, as ze sall wnderstand,
Ane craig that had that tyme on the tane hand,
Ane mos also vpoun the tother syde,
With mony dubbis that war bayth deip and 51,220
wyde.
The Inglismen, thocht the Scottis war few,
Within that strenth tha durst nocht thame persew;
For weill tha wist withoutin ony dreyd,  
And tha did so tha wald cum hulie speid:  
Within that strenth tha durst thame nocht 
assay.

Quhen tha had stand\(^1\) all that da in array,  
So were war micht no langar remane,  
Bot to thair pa\(\acute{z}\)eonis passit hame agane.  
This king Edward than in that samin quhile 
Assayit hes the Scottis with ane wyle,  
Out of that strenth for to gar thame releif,  
Quhairby he thocht he sould thame richtsone 
greif,

And he his purpos micht bring to ane end.  
Ane herald sone syne hes he to thame send 
Askand at thame without fenzie or lane,  
To leif that place and cum furth on the plane,  
And gif him battell to decyde thair richtis,  
For thair manheid as tha war nobill knichtis.  
The Scottis men, quhilk knew his tressoun plane,  
Bot scorne and hething send to him agane,  
And to that purpos wald nothing apply.  
To the thrid day the parteis baith did ly 
Into thair tentis wnsturtit richt still,  
And nane of thame did vther harme or ill.  
Syne on the nycht at greit laser and lenth,  
The Scottis passit till ane vther strenth 
Neirhand besyde, wnder ane hingand heuch,  
Betuix ane watter and ane rycht deip cleuch,  
Quhair that tha lay as saiff as of befoir,  
Withoutin perrell other les or moir.

Syne on the morne quhen cuming wes the da,  
King Edward knew tha war passit awa,  
With all his power sollouit on rycht fast,  
Quhill he come neir the Scottis at the last;

\(^{1}\) In MS. standing.
Syne in ane place tuke purpois to remane
Neirby the Scottis on ane plesand plane.
The Inglismen, as that my author schew,
Becausthe Scottis that tyme war so few,
The weill les cuir tuke of thame selfis or keip,
With few watchis ilk nycht falling to sleip.
Schir James of Douglas weil that sic thing knew,
Tua hundreth men that war bayth traist and trew,
That waillit war, on swyft hors grit and wycht,
He tukewith him in middis of the nicht
Onto the camp quhair king Edward did ly;
The vter watchis quietlie staw by,
War all on sleip, as my author did sa,
Qhill that he come quhair the greit ost la
Richt sad on sleip that tyme, as wes na wounder,
With scharp swordis cuttit all in schunder
The palzeone towis aboun thair heid in tua,
And leit thame fall vpone thame quhair thala:
Syne cruellie withoutin ony reskew,
Richt mony Sutheroun sleipand thair thalw.
So lang tha wrocht without impediment,
Qhill that tha come wnto the kingis tent,
Qhairrof tua cordis cuttit hes in tua,
Aboun his heid in his bed quhair he la.
The Scottismen quhilk that tyme wer so few,
Durst nocht remane him fordward till persew,
Seand in the ost into so greit ane fray,
Bakward agane intill ane gude array
Raid to thair camp with mekle honour than,
And in thair jurnay lossit nocht ane man.
The Inglismen fra that tyme furth ilk nycht,
Stark watchis maid with baillis^1 birnad brycht,
And buglis blawand hiddeous wes to heir,
And schalnis schill with mony clarione cleir.

^1 In MS. boillis.
The Scottismen syne eftter on ane nycht,
Bet the fyris and gart thame burne full brycht, 51,290
And left thair palzeonis plantit on the plane,
To gar thame trow that tha wald still remane,
Syne passit hame richt lang beföir the da,
And all the spulze hed with thame awa.
Syne on the morne sone efter the da sky, 51,295
To king Edward wes schawin be ane spy,
How that the Scottis war fled of that sulze,
And left behind thame greit riches and spulze,
And all thair palzeonis plantit on the plane.
Quhairof rycht mony that tyme war full fane, 51,300
3it neurtheles our all part far and neir,
Gart serche and seik gif ony did appeir,
Driedand for tressoun that sic thing wes wrocht.
Quhen all the feildis spyit wes and socht,
And no man fund, thairof tha war full fane, 51,305
Syne to the palzeonis that stude on the plane
Tha passit all als lycht as leif on lynd,
Trowand thairin rycht greit riches to fynd.
At the first entrie ȝe sall wnderstand,
Off wyld beistis fyve hundreth thair tha fand, 51,310 Col. 2.
That Scottismen out of parkis hed tane,
Tha fand thame deid thair liand than ilkane,
The Scottismen, as my authordid sa,
Becaus with thame tha wald nocht turs awa.
Also thafand into the samyn steid, 51,315
Fyve Inglismen liand togidder deid,
And thair craigis brokin into schunder;
Also thafand, quhairof thad greit wounder,
Tua thousand pair of relyngis on the streit
That Erische men vsis to weir vpone their feit 51,320
In steid of schone, quhilk maid war of roucch skynnis,
In falt of buklis prickit war with pynnis.
The Scottis than, as it wes eith to ken,
For greit dispyte than of the Inglismen,
THE BUIK OF THE

Tha rouch rillingis of blis that war full bair,
To bleir thair e behind thame than left thair.
The Inglismen seand how tha had sped,
Richt greit displesour in the tyme tha hed,
And of thame self also tha war wnfane,
With litill honour passit hame agane.
The Scottismen of the triumph and gloir,
And greit apulze, as I said 3ow befoir,
Of gold and siluer and all vther thing,
Come hame agane to gude Robert thair king.
That semin 3eir Elizabeth the quene,
King Robertis wyfe of quhomo this tyme I mene,
Of euirilk man with mad murnung and wo,
Scho tuke hir leif out of this lyfe till go.
Quhair present war the lordis all and king,
Intumilat syne into Drumfermling,
Within the queir of greit auctoritie,
Quhilk sepultuir remanes 3it to se.
Robert the Bruce siclike, that samin 3eir
That all wes done as I haifsaid 3ow heir,
Quhair that he lossit nother lad no man,
The strang castell of Norame1 that tyme wan.
Syne laid ane seig to Annik castell strang,
Into that seig quhair that he la richt lang.
Schir William Heichthill, Johnne Clapen also,
Males Dumbar and sindriev vtheris mo,
Quhilk in the court did with the king remane,
War men of gude, at that seiging war slane.
The latter end syne of that samin 3eir,
Fra king Edward thair come ane messingeir
To king Robert, resignand our all richt
His eldaris had, or he him self haif micht,
Onto the croun of Scotland les and moir,
To be als fre as euir it wes befoir,

1 In MS. Morame.
To king Robert without ony reclame.
Quhen this wes done into king Edwardis name, 51,380
Robert the Bruce for dampnage, skayth and pand,
That he had tane out of Northumberland,
Threttie thousand of gude mony alsua,
To king Edward for recompanysould pa.
Accordin wes als in the samyn tyme, 51,385
Ane clene virgin, vnmaculat of cryme,
Callit wes Jene, richt humbill and benyng,
That sister wes to Edward that wes king,
With zounyng Dauid that tyme suld weddit be,
To king Robert the sone and air wes he. 51,370
Gude peax and rest wes maidd than thame betuene,
Quhair rycht greit weir so lang befoir hed bene.
Tua zuir after at Beruick on ane da,
Quhair present wes, as my author did sa,
Elizabeth of Ingland that wes quene, 51,375
Thair weddit wes Johanna brycht and schene,
In all her dais quhilks did neuir offence,
With zounyng Dauid of Scotland that wes prince,
With sic blythnes and sick solemnmitie,
That plesour wes quha [had] bene thair to se. 51,380
Within ane zuir syne after all this thing,
Gude Robert Bruce, of Scotland that wes king,
Be cours of nature ancient and ald,
Quhair in zouthheid throw greit travell and cald,
And greit distres as zuir haif hard befoir, 51,385
Quhilk in his aige that sat him than full soir,
He wox lipper without ony reneid,
That him persewits schairplie to the deid.
And quhen he saw the tyme approchand neir
For to depairt and byde no langar heir, 51,390
His counsall than befoir him hes gart call,
That \(^1\) wysast wes than of his lordis all,

\(^1\) In MS. Than.
Of sic wisdome as God had to him lent,
He left to thame thair in his testament.
And in the first he did to thame commend
His sone Dauid to gyde and to defend,
Bot aucit zeir ald so tender wes of zouth,
Sen tha till him most kyndlie war and south,
Quhill passit war of zouth the rakles rage,
And grow to wisdome and perfitar age.
Syne secundlie he gaif thame in command,
Neuir to affixt ane set feild to Ingland,
Or zit battell, for oucht that euir mycht be,
Bot byde alway quhill tha thair tymie mycht se,
And tak thair vantage ay quhen tha thocht best.
Thridlie also, gif tha wald leve in rest,
Tak no moir peax with Ingland as efferis,
Bot to the space extending of thre zeiris;
" And quhen ze haif maist of thair humanitie,
" In peax and rest and greit tranquillitie,
" Traistand to zow that tha will do no deir,
" Erast be war and provyde than for weir;
" Of thair nature tha ar baith fals and slidder,
" Thair word and thocht accordis nocht togidder,
" Gladlie will sa the thing nocht for till do."
The last command syne that he gaifthameto,
Neuir to mak ane greit lord of the Ylis
To be extollit with sic staitlie stylis,
The quhilk ma caus divisioon and discord,
Into this regioun be thair so greit ane lord,
Haiffand sic streth and micht within himself,
Agane his king richt oft for to rebell.
Syne finallie, quha that wald tak on hand
To bair his hart onto the Halie Land
Efter his deid with reverence and honour,
And offer it syne on to the sepultour
Of Christ Jesu, with all humilitie,
Neirby that place intumulat to be.
Schir James of Douglas that wes bald and wycht,
In all his tyme wes nocht ane better knicht,
Neir by the king in [to] the tyme did stand,
Rycht plesandlie he tuke that thing on hand;
Qhillk he completit efter in schort space,
As I sall schaw 30w qhen tyme cumis and place.
All beand done as I haif said 30w heir,
Than of his regne the fyve and tuentie 3eir,
He tuke his leve out of this lyfe till go,
Than ofoure Lord ane thousand 3eir also,
And thre hundreth, with tuentie als and nyne.
Intumulat in Drumfermling wes syne,
With all honour micht till ane prince pertene,
Ben in the queir sum thing inwith his quene.
My self wald irk, my pen wald tyre to wryte,
And insufficient also for to dyte,
Thocht I sulde leve ane hundreth 3eir onlyve,
His nobilnes and vertu till discryve.
And greit Homeir had bene ane Scottis man,
And in his tyme als levand had bene than,
And knawin had the deidis of the Bruce,
I wait of him he had maid far mair ruce,
And our the world spread als far his fame,
As of Achill quhometo he gaif sic name.
Full weill I wait, rycht so alsa wait 3e,
That Homeir maid of Achill mony lie,
For affectioun compellit him thairto;
Qhillk neidit nochthim of the Bruce till do,
Haifand of him so suith mater in deid;
Sayand the suitht, neuir ane word he leid
Him to prefer, so duchtie wes and fyne,
Aboue Achill and all the nobillis nyne.
Loving to God of his excellent grace,
He[s] grantit me to compleit in this place,
Qhillk endis heir withoutin wordis mo,
The fourtene buik and his deidis also.
Lib. 15.

How Dauid Bruce, King Robertis sone and air, wes crownit King of Scottis, and how and Quhairfoir Erle Thomas Randell was chosin Governour quhill he come to perfite age.

Quhen than completit wes king Robertis dais, His sone Dauid, as that my author sais, Far within eild, of tender age and izing, Wes crownit than of Scotland to be king. Becaus he wes of sic zouthheid ane cheild, And vnamill in [to] sic tender eild To gyde ane realme, or thairof to hafst steir, Erle Thomas Randell wes his cousing deir, With hail consent that tyme chosin wes he, Off all Scotland the governour to be. Quhill gydit Scotland, as my author sais, Fourze eir befoir into king Robertis dais, Haiffand the cuir of all thing moir and les, Quhen that king Robert wes in greit seiknes. This ilk Thomas, the quhill that did exceed All vther chiftane in his tyme I reid, As bright Phebus into the hour of none Dois into licht the sternis or the mone, Considdering weill the greit dammage of weir, The greit distructionoun of riches and geir, And slauchter als of mony nobill man, To leve in peax he thocht it best as than, Onto that Scotland did agane restoir To the awin strenth quhilk in the weir befoir Wes waistit all, befoir as ze ma heir, In weir and battell lang and mony eir. And for that caus quha lykis for to luke, The peax befoir that this king Edward tuk

1 In MS. The.
With king Robert, as 3e haif hard in plane,
Gude erle Thomas hes renewit agane.
Richt as he wes into the tyme of weir,
Wyss and expert in nothing for to leir,
Also he schupe him in the tyme of peice
Justice till vse and wrangis to gar ceis;
And judgis maid, quhome of that men stude aw,
In sindrie partis for to keip the law,
And for correctioun of vices and cryme,
Rycht mony lawis maid into that tyme.
In the first than sic ane law maid he,
That bard, or full, or menstrall sould nocht be
Within his boundis thoillit to byde in,
That had no craft thair leving for to wyn:
No ydill man, as that my author sais,
Within Scotland wald thoill into his dais.
Also he hes gart ordane than, but leis,
Provyde for weir into the tyme of peice,
Of hors and harnes and all vther geir,
Gif efterwart it hapnit to be weir;
As kyndlie is, 3e wait 3our self to be,
Quhairof thau sould haif na necessitie.
Ane law he maid according to the richt,
That men sould leve thairout baith da and nycht
Thair plew yrnis for ony driend or blame,
As tha war wont, and nocht to turs thame hame;
And gif sa was that ony theif thame staw,
Into that cate thau he maid sic ane law,
The man that aucyth the pleuche withoutin fenże
Sould to the shiref pas richt sone and plenʒe;
And the shiref, withoutin ony moir,
The pryce of thame sould to that man restoir
That aucyth the pleuch, and that the irnis lost,
And seik thau theif syne on his awin cost
Qhill he war fund, tocht it war neuir so lang,
Syne on ane gallous mak him for to hang.

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Tak tent this tyne, and ze sall heir me tell
Of this newis quhat etterwart befell.
Throw couetusnes, the quhilk dois mekle skayth,
Ane husband man, richt fals and gredy bayth,
Quhen that he knew that maid wes sic ane law,
Vpoun ane nycht his awin pleuch irnis staw,
Baith sok and some, culter and ale-band,
Syne passit to the schiref of the land,
And maid complant of that wrang and offence.
The schiref than hes maid him recompence
Of gode money to by pleuch geir agane.
This gredy carle thairof that wes richt fane,
Throw gredines, withoutin d Reid or aw,
That samin graith sone etterwart he staw,
Syne to the schiref maid ane new complainyt.
The schiref thairof that culd get na cant,
Gret wounder had quha playit had that palk;
Syne quietlie ilk nycht he hes gart walk
That carlis pleuch, vnwittand of him self,
Thinkand it war sum elrische man or elfe
So quietlie away the pleuch geir staw.
That samin carle, but d Reid of God or law,
Come the thrid nycht, as ze sall wnderstand,
To steill his irnes, and wes tane reid hand;
Syne to the schiref had that tyne wes he,
And for that stouth condampnit wes to die,
And sic pykrie that he had visit lang,
Syne on ane gallous maid wes for to hang.
This governour of greit auctoritie,
Ane greit nummer of officiaris held he,
Gif hapnit so that ony wald mak pley,
Sic power hed micht none thame disobey.
Of pursevantis quhair that tha stude na aw,
No for thair charge wald nocht cum to the law,
This multitude, in magir of thair will,
Throw streth and force richt mony brocht thairtill,
In sindrie partis and in mony place,
So efterwart it hapnit vpoun case,
At Halidone, as ze sall wnderstand,
Of wrangus men togidder in ane band,
Sextie that tyme qhilik war summond aw
Be ane masar for to cum to the law,
Into ane fok thir sextie all in feir,
Contempnnit him and wald nocht than compeir.
This multitude of quhome befoir I schew,
Of this contempitioun quhen tha hard and knew,
Led with this masar quyetlie ane da,
Tha come richt sone quhair all thir lownis la,
Confidderit all togidder in ane band.
Thir officiaris, as ze sall wnderstand,
Of tha lous men richt mony than tha slew,
And syne the laif on force ilkane tha drew
On to the law, thocht tha war neuir so strang,
Syne on ane gallous maid thame all to hang.
This beand done as I haifsaid in deid,
Fra that tyme furth of him all hed sic dreed,
Ouir all Scotland nane durst him disobey,
Or be so pert to temp him with ane pley.
So equall than into all thing wes he
To riche and pur in his auctoritie,
That suith it wes, without that men wald fenze,
Neuir ane hed caus that tyme of him to plenze;
And louit wes also with euerie man,
Als tenderlie as ony culde be than,
So equallie he execute the law,
And dred and louit wes with ane and aw.
That in Scotland, quhen it wes all the best,
Wes neuir befoir into sic peax and rest;
For euerie man to vther wes so trew,
To sick riches and policie all grew,
Ouir all Scotland, of all thingis les and moir,
In mair plentie nor euir tha war befoir
In ony tyme in storie as we reid.
Quhilk causit hes king Edward for to dredit
Thair greit power and thair prosperitie,
Gif etterwart so hapnit for to be,
Aghanis him gif tha suld battell mufe,
The quhilk he thocht wes nocht for his behuif;
For in the tyme he wnderstude and knew,
And tha oucht lang onto sic riches grew,
And policie quhairin tha war perfyte,
That thair power wald sone be infynite.
At sic justice and policie for-thy,
King Edward haid greit malice and invy,
And mony way oft in his mynd he socht,
How he suld bring sic policie to nocht,
And in the tyme perfitlie als knew he,
Quhill erle Thomas wes in prosperitie,
In heill and quart at all his tyme ay throw,
Thair policie soulde euir eik and grow.
Quhairfoir to counsall quietlie zeid he,
How this erle Thomas distroyit suld be
Be ony way of sorcerie and slycht;
For weill he wist itwald nocht be throw mycht,
No zit be force, he hed sic fortitude.
Quhairfoir his counsell all did thame conclude,
That best it wes with poysoun him persew,
For les danger also weill tha knew
Be sindrie men, and tha plesit, richt sone,
Without danger that sic thing mycht be done.
In this same counsall I haif said zow heir,
That tyme thair wes of blak habite ane freir,
Ane lous lymmer wes fullof rychteuillayttis,
Ane Rome-raiker that gane had mony gaittis;
Ane flatterar and fenzerar for ane fordell,
Semdill in the kirk and richt oft in the bordell,
And of hurdome ay makand vant and ruse;
Of mes and matenis he had neuir na vse,
How this subtill fals Freir come in Scotland, and take this cruell deid on hand, and poysnit Erle Thomas Randell, and thairefter passit in Ingland, and how King Edward of Ingland send ane armie in Scotland, and how Erle Thomas maid Proclamation and come in his Contrare, and how King Edward fled in Ingland, and of Erle Thomas Hame returnyng and dolorus departing.

Sone efter this that ze haif hard me sa,
He come in Scotland that tyme on ane da,
Vnto ane place, spairand for na expens,
Qubair gude erle Thomas maid his residence. 51,660
This subtill serpent ane quhile amang thame baid,
With his seruandis his quentance quhill he maid,
And for thair plesour larglie wald spend
In cumpany, quhairthrow he gart commend
Of largnes and liberalitie 51,655
Of euerie man, becaus he wes so frie.
For fredome is, throw greit affectioun,
Of sic nature and sic complexioun,
It causis all man for to louit be,
In quhome is fundin liberalitie:
And be the contrair also wrachitnes,
Quhair euir it be in ony, moir or les,
The quhilk is knawin for ane wrache or dring,
He is haittit with all man for sic thing.
This samin freir that I spak of befoir,
For his freidome of thame gat sic forboir,
And sic quentance and hamlines with all,
That he wes welcum in the erlis hall
In ony tyme, thocht tha war neuir so thrang,
Quhen plesit him thir to cum or gang.
Quhen he of thame had sic quentance and vse,
Than of him self greit vant he maid and ruse,
Quhilk for to heir sum men tuke greit delyte,
In medicyn that he wes richt perfyte,
And speciallie in heilling of the stane;
Sayand also he haillit mony ane
In France, in Flanderis, and in Ingland also,
In Scotland als and mony landis mo.
Ane feyt servand in the tyme he hed,
For that same caus about with him he led,
Dissimuland him as he come of the new,
Wnwist of him, amang thame all that schew
That none in erth that da wes so perqueir
In medicyn, he wist weill, as that freir.
Experience thairof he said had he,
For-quhy befoir of greit infirmitie,
Callit the stane, he wist had bene his deid,
War nocht be him he gat sonner remeid;
And ay sensyne in greit tranquillitie,
Withoutin pane of that seiknes wes he.
This erle Thomas, as that my author sais,
Oft in the stane soir vexit wes tha dais;

1 in MS. hes.
Than of this freir quhen that he hard and knew,
Traistand rycht weill that all of him wes trew
That he hard tell, and him desyrit than,
For-quhy the nature is of all sic man,
Or on his bodie that hes ony sair,
And all vther that ar in sturt and cair,
To seik remeid for thair infirmitie
In ony place quhair euir tha trow it be.
So did the erle as I haif said 3ow heir,
Incontinent gart fetche to him the freir,
Quhilk him dissimulit as ane Scottisman:
He wes begyldit wes nocht so as than.
And at this freir he askit in this steid,
For his seiknes gif that he hed remeid;
And he agane without ony demand,
Richt glaidlie than hes tane him vpone hand,
And do his counsall, within half ane 3eir
Of that seiknes to mak him haill and feir.
Quhairof erle Thomas wes richt weill content;
And he agane gaif him ane regiment
To keip dyet efter his devyss,
As doctouris will that ar expert and wyss
Till all seik men or' tha get drogarie.
This freir siclike for that same caus and quhy,
Gaif him dyet onto the same effect,
Of science than nane suld him hald suspect,
And as he had bene ane doctour in that art,
Vsit sic proces like men that ar expert.
With erle Thomas that tyme and all the laif,
He wes authorizit and credence him gaif,
Trowand he wes into his craft perqueir;
This beand done this fals dissimulat freir,
To this erle Thomas ane cankrit confectioun
He maid that tyme wes full of corruptioun,
Of poysoun, vennome, contagius and fell;
Ane drink thairof, as my author did tell,
For medicyne most pretius of the laif,
That samin tymye to erle Thomas he gai.
That poysoun wes of sic nature and strenth,
Continewallie at greit laser and lenth,
Ilk da be da it wroucht without remeid,
With greit dobour ane man on to the deid.
This wickit freir that knew weill in his mynd
Of this poysoun the nature and the kynd,
Thocht suddantlie it wes nocht to the deid,
Rycht weill he wist that it had no remeid;
And for that caus he fand ane wyle to pas
Far out of danger or the perrell was.
Sayand he had, that wes baith gude and fyne,
Into Ingland ane pretious medicyne,
He wist richt weill without ony compeir,
Had he it thair, wald mak him haill and feir;
Qhill he gat it richit litill wald be done,
Thairfoir, he said, he wald ga fetche it sone,
And tuke his leif withoutin moir demand.
Syne suddantlie he passit in Ingland
To king Edward, and did till him rehers,
Ilk word be word as I haif put in vers;
Sayand also that tymye he wist rycht weill,
Suppois his strenth war als stark as steill,
And he of nature clene as ony glas,
And thocht his bellie also war of bras,
He wist richt weill withoutin tarie that tyde,
That he sould brist rycht sone at the midsyde.
This king Edward traistand that all wes trew,
Qhuen that he hard how that this freir him schew,
Ilk word be word the maner how it was,
He furneist hes in Scotland for to pas
Ane greit armie of mony berne full bald,
Traistand to weild all Scotland as he wald,
At his plesour withoutin ony pleid,
Sen it wes so thair governour wes deid,
Of tender age siclike than wes thair king.
Also he wes richt sicker of ane thing,
That tha befoir quhilk had thair freindis schent,
As ze hard tell, in the blak parliament
Be king Robert, and thair tyme micht se,
Of him or his thal wald revengit be:
And for that caus, with mekle pomp and pryde,
Ane greit est brocht onto the bordour syde.
And erle Thomas, the langar ay the moir,
Throw the poysoun the freir gaif him befoir,
In pane and dolour dalie did increes,
Withoutin hoip that he sould convales.
Suspect also wes ilk man of his lyfe,
Becaust the freir that tyme wes fugitiue,
And na apperance he suld cum agane;
Quhairfoir that tyme all man knew richt plane
That in his werk wes nother fruttn nor foysoun,
Tha wist rycht weill that he had gevin poysoun
To erle Thomas, quhilk traistit nocth sic thing,
Be fals tressoun of Edward that wes king
Of Ingland than, for malice and invy,
As I haif said bot schort quhile syne gane by.
3it neuirtheles this nobill governour,
Quhilk in his tyme of all knichtheid wes flour,
Alss weill in wisdome as in cheualrie,
Proclamit hes than with ane oppin cry
Ouir all Scotland, in all part far and neir,
At da and place that ilk man sould compeir,
To pas with him quhair euir that he wald wend,
The richt of Scotland that tyme to defend
Agane Edward of sic power and micht,
So wranguslie, without titill of richt,
Or ony falt that tha had to him maid,
With greit falsheid come Scotland to invaid.
The lordis all that knew full weill that case,
Convenit hes at set da and at place.
Befoir this lord that wes thair governour,
Qhilik in his tyme that wes of sic honour,
Richt mony semelie semblit in his sicht,
Of bernis bald that worthie war and mycht.
This erle Thomas of quhome I schew beforne,
Betuix tua hors onto the feild wes borne
On a litter the lordis all amang;
So seik he wes nicht nother ryde nor gang.
It neuirtheles he maid him frelie ford
With mony knicht and mony erle and lord,
And mony barroun that war bald and wycht,
Qhilik for to se than wes ane semelie sicht.
Than king Edward with mony berne full bald,
Of thair cuming quhen that he hes hard tald,
With sic triumph, sic blythnes and sic gloir,
Sic semdill sené wes in his tyme befoir;
And for that caus to wit the veritie,
In haist ane herald suddantlie send he
Vnto tha lordis liand in ane steid,
To wit or nocht gif erle Thomas wes deid.
And erle Thomas his cuming quhen he knew,
As in the tyme the lordis till him schew,
Richt weill he wist the caus wes and quhy,
How stude with him that herald come to spy,
Suppois he fenzeit in the tyme, but leis,
Fra king Edward he come to speik for peax.
Thairfoir this erle rais than out of his bed,
And all his cors in claith of gold syne cled,
And set him self in till ane chyre dawn syne,
Wes couerit weill with crammasy rycht fyne,
Of pirnit gold that plesand wes but peir;
Qhairin he sat with manlie lauchand cheir,
And glaid hauening richt gudlie till advance,
Feinseing richt far with ane blyth countenance,
Als haill that tyme as ony of the laif, 51,835
To this herald quhair he his presens gaif.
Syne him deliuerit in the tyme belywe, 51,840
Of his desyr with anser negatywe,
On to his king with greit monetioun,
Without he baid at his condioun,
The quhilk wes maid betuix thame of befoir,
Ingland he said sould rew sic thing full soir.
Quhen this wes said schort quhile synye efter that,
His cleithing all quhair that tyme he sat,
Baith gowne and cote, dowblet and all the laue,
To this herald into reward he gawe,
And syne agane la doun into his bed.
This ilk herald, thinkand he had weill sped
Of his reward, quhairof he wes rycht fane,
Onto his prince sone sped him hyne agane,
And schew to him the maner all and how,
Ilk word be word as I haif said to 30w,
And of erle Thomas, as my author sais,
That he wes neuir moir gudlike in his dais,
Moir blyth, moir glaid, in moir prosperitie,
Moir vailzeand na in that tyme wes he:
And schew to him also amang the lawe,
The same reward that erle Thomas him gawe.
Than king Edward quhen that he wnderstude
His strenth, his power, and his fortitude,
His greit fortoun and als his happie chance,
His manheid, wisdome, and his governance,
With him that tyme he durst nocht intermell;
Bot suddantlie, as my author did tell,
Into Ingland, thoch he wes neuir so wrayth,
He passit hame in drieid of far moir skaith,
With far les honour na he come fra hame,
Without proffeit, with mekle lak and schame.
Syne take the freir, quhilk all man did allow,
Of erle Thomas befoir that gart him trow
That he with poysoun had put him to deid,
Syne suddantlie, without ony remeid,
Bund fit and hand gart cast him on ane fyre,
Quhair he in ass wes brynt baith bane and lyre.
With greit blythnes than baith of lord and laird,
Thus endit he that freir for his reward.
This gude erle Thomas quhen he wnderstude,
That king Edward with all his multitude
Into Ingland wes passit hame agane,
Quhairof that tyme he wes content and fane,
For-quhy he thocht him self wes rychtvnmeit
For to travell other on hors or feit,
And for that caus this captane of sic fame,
Skaillit his ost and leit ilk man pas hame;
In Edinburch him self than tuke the wa.
In Mussilburgh, as my author did sa,
That fell poysoun it handillit him so sair,
With sic seiknes that he micht leif na mair,
In that same place, as that my author sais,
With greit dolour closit his latter dais.
Quhilk in his tyme of all Ewrop wes flour
Of wisdom, manheid, gentres and honour;
Of mercie, justice and of equitie,
Into his tyme without compair wes he;
So circumspect in all thing les and moir,
Quhilk now in hevin hes tane reward thairfoir.
Quhen he wes deid that wes of sic honour,
The lordis all chesit for governour
The erle of Marche, most ganand wes that tyde,
Of all Scotland the south part for to gyde.
The erle of Mar quhilk wes ane nobill man,
That to his name wes callit Donald than,
Siclike also that tyme chois in wes he
Of all the north to haif auctoritie.
Thirtua in peax the kinrik weill did gyde,
But ony weir or trubill in that tyde,
With greit justice, as my author did tell;
Quhill efterwart sic aduenture befell,
Quhilk put Scotland in greit perplexitie;
And how it wes will ze tak tent to me,
The veritie thairof gif ze wald knaw,
My purpois is with Godis grace to schaw
Of that mater richt plane the veritie,
Ilk word be word, and neur ane word to lie.
Ane nobill man of greithonour and fame,
The quhilk Harfordus callit wes to name,
Ane man all tyme of greit auctoritie,
And of Glasgow officiall than wes he,
And in his office also richt weill lude.
Ane knicht, hecht Twyname, wes ane man of
gude,
At this officiall quhilk hed greit invye,
Becaus he him for greit adultery
Correctit oft, as it wes richt weill kend,
Quhen that he saw he thocht not for to mend.
So hapnit him into ane fassoun fair,
That he wes rydand to the toun of Air,
This ilk Twyname he met him be the way,
And suddantlie on him handis did lay;
Syne hed him hame, and in ane presoun strang,
He pat him in quhair he remanit lang,
Quhill he him gaif for ransone, to conclude,
Tua hundreth pundis of stirling money gude.
Schir James of Douglas, ze sall wnderstand,
Vnpassit wes onto the Halie Land;

1 In MS. Quhill.
For that same caus this ilk Twyname he socht, 51,935
In sindrie partis and syne gat him nocht,
Of his cuming quhilk that sic knowlidge hed,
Thairfoir richt far in Ingland than he fled,
And thair remanit still ane zeir be zeir;
Na mair of him now will I schaw zow heir, 51,940
Qihilf etterwart to tell how that it wes.
Now will I speik of gude Schir James Douglas,
That wes so hardie bayth of hart and hand,
First of his passage in the Halie Land,
And of the honour that he wan and gloir,
Qihilf leitis zit and saul do euirmoir.
Quhen king Robert the Bruce departit was,
Sone efter syne Schir James of Douglas,
As he promittit and als tuke on hand,
The kingis hart onto the Halie Land
For ony travell in the tyme to haif,
Syne with greit honour grathit thair in graif,
That samin tyme he passit to the se,
With all prouisioun neidfull wes to be.
Ane case of gold wes ordand for sic thing,
Qhairin he turst of gude Robert the king
The bludie hart, the quhilk with spycarie
Anoyntit wes, and nardus specarye,
Of qualitie quhilk wes conservatywe,
Fra all humor or canker corruptywe,
But putrefactioun into euerie part,
Without corruptioun conservit the hart.
Syne tuke his leif and passit to the flude
In cumpany with mony men of gude,
Of quhome thair names is1 nocht neidfull heir 51,995
To notifie, sen I haif nocht perqueir;
Bot zit of tua heir sall I put in vers,
Of quhome my author did to me rehers.

1In MS. it.
Cronicles of Scotland.

Gude William Sinclair he wes ane of tha,
Robert Logane the tother of tha tua,
And mony vther nobill man in feir,
Of quhome their names I haif nocht perqueir.
Throw France tha passit and throw Ytalie,
Qhill that tha come to Vynneis in the se,
And take the se thair in ane litill skaffe,
Syne in ane schip tha saillit to port Jaffe,
Qhillair that the Douglas landit with the laif,
In pilgramage syne to the halie graif;
Of their purpos for to cum better speid,
Withoutin hors all on their feit tha zeid.
Of Jesu Christ syne to the sepulture,
This blude hart tha offerit with honour,
And all triumph that ony prince mycht haif;
Diuotlie syne thair put it into graif,
And ordand hes thair dalie for to sing
Compleit ane zeir, in¹ taikin of sic thing,
Solempnit lie, with greit honour and gloir,
Baith mes and matenis ilk da in memoir
Of gude Robert, of Scotland that wes king.
Syne quhen tha haif completit all this thing,
Or tha in Scotland wald returne thame hame,
Tha thocht tha wald wyn honour, laud and fame,
Agane the Turkis that tyme in the weir.
Syne bocht thame hors, harnes, and all sic geir,
Hewmat, helme, sword, lance, and all the laue
Of sic waponis that neidfull war to haue;
With Crissin men than fuir oft to the feild,
Qhailair mony Turk and Sarasene war keild
Be thair prattik and policie in weir,
And manlines withoutin bost or feir.
Ouir lang [sum] war to me to put in vers
Thair nobilnes my author did rehers,

¹ In MS. in ane.
And sic honouris in tha weiris tha wan,
Or all wes endit fra tha first began,
Continewallie qhilib thae weiris did ceis,
And baith thae pairteis plesit war of peice,
To leif in rest as euerie man thocht best,
Syne trewis tuike qhilk lang efter did lest.
Schir James of Douglas and his company,
Quhen this wes done, to schipburd went in hy,
And tuke the se in Scotland to cum hame.
Befoir the wynd syne saulit our the fame,
Ay be ane burd tua dayis or thrie;
So at the last thair hapnit in the se
So greit ane tempest baith of wynd and waw,
Into ane part of Spanze did thame blaw,
Hecht Bettica, ane regioun of greit fame,
Efter ane flude callit Bettes to name,
Qhair that thair schip arryuit be ane sand,
And thae also thair passit to the land.
The king of Granat, qhilk is ane infideill,
With greit weiris perturbit the commoun weill
Of halie kirk, and wes ane mortall fo
To Crissin men, and had bene lang tyme so.
That samin tyme the king of Aragone,
Ane nobill man qhilk wes of ony one,
Agane the Granaldis of sic multitude
Dalie in battell and sic bargane stude,
Qhilk for no travell wald nocht tyre nor irk
In the defence of God and halie kirk.
Schir James of Douglas, as my author schew,
Of tha weiris quhen that he hard and knew,
And all his feiris that war with him thair,
In that beleif of honour to wyn mair,
On to this king of Aragone tha zeid,
Qhilk of his men had greit mister and neid,
That thame ressauit hartlie with gude will,
And all plesour that micht be done thame till;
And gaif to thame richt mony riche reward,
In ordinance most inwart of his gard,
And of thame all of most auctoritie,
And of his counsall maist secreit to be.
All his beleif and lipning wes in thame,
For-quhy befoir of thame he hard sic fame.
Thir Scottismen, gif my author be trew,
In tha weiris so worthelie thame schew,
Sa mony Sarazenis with thair handis war slane,
In sindrie feildis fechtand thame forgane,
Wes neuir hard ʒit with na levand man,
Moir honour wyn nor the Scottis thair wan,
In ony feild quhair euir tha did pas,
And most of all schir James of Douglas.
The king of Granat quhairof he wes full laith,
Knawand of Scottis that he gat sic skaith,
Quhomethrowhispower wes maid ay to faill,
With greit apperance that thasuld prevali,
And for that caus diuysit hes ane trane,
The Scottismen quhairthrow tha war all slane.
Into ane feild qhahirat the da wes set,
In plane battell quhen bayth the partis met,
The men of Granat fensure thame to fle;
The Scottis than, thair harts war so hie
Of victorie that tha had win befoir,
With sic desyr of honour, laud and gloir,
With pynsallis proude and mony standart
straucht,
In the vangard formest qhahir tha faucht,
Seand thair fais passand so abak,
Without ordour tha follouit on so frak,
And wes so few, ouir far attour the plane;
With that the Granatis turnit all agane
In gude ordour, ilkane baith les and moir,
Out of the feild that fled awa befoir.

VOL. III.
The Scottis than quhen that tha saw thame byde,
Into the feild that skaillit war full wyde,
Zit neiritheres suppois that tha war few,
Ay as tha micht to the Douglas tha drew,
Throw greit strenth and force, throw trubill and pane,
Qhill thawar brocht in ordour all agane.
With that richt sone out of ane buschment brak
Richt mony bald men in behind thair bak,
In gude ordour with mony speir and scheild,
Vpoun thair feit and gaif the Scottis feild.
The gude Douglas and his feiris war thoir,
Seand thame circulit baith behind and foiр,
Rycht weill thawar wist withoutin ony dout
That be no way that tyme tha mycht wyn out;
Also tha knew richt weill as it standis,
All thair defence wes than in thair awin handis,
Thairfoir th thocht moir honour wes to die
Fechtand in feild, nor cowartlie to fle,
And to be tane and subdewit with all,
And [on] to thame bondis be maid and thrall.
For sic causis into that samin steid,
That da in feild thawar faucht all to the deid.
Than steruit thair into the samin stour
Schir James of Douglas, of all knichtis flour,
And mony worthie in his cumpany.
Sen it is done I lat it now go by,
And to my purpois now agane will pas,
To tell of Twyname in Ingland that was
Qhilik be the Douglas flemit wes befoir,
As ze haif hard the mater les and mois.
Qhuen Twyname knew, that fled wes for sic feid,
How of Scotland the governour wes deid,
The Douglas [als] in Granat than wes slane,
Qhairof he wes richt weill content and fane,
And suddantlie, withoutin circumstance,
Out of Ingland he passit into France
To Edward Ballioll, for that samin thing,
Wes sone and air to Johnne Ballioll the king,
Quhilk king Edward out of Scotland gart pas
To his father in France that tyme that was.
This same Twynname, gif my author be trew,
To this Edward he come this tyme and schew
How tha war deid and put to confusioun,
The men ilkane that held fra him his croun.
The gounour of Scotland, erle Thomas,
And his colleg schir James of Douglas,
Departit war out of this present lywe;
Nane vther wes agane him that mycht strywe.
Thair king also that wes so young of age,
Withoutin eild, within southheid ane page,
But ony streth, without power or micht,
Him to resist quhilk hed [than] all the richt,
As his father befoir hed to sick thing,
To bruke the croun of Scotland and be king.
Rycht so alsua he gart thame wnderstand
That mony lord that tyme in Scotland,
Quhomeof thair freindis, as ze hard me ment,
Dishereist war in the Blak Parliament,
With schame and lak thame selfis pat to deid,
At thair young king greit invy hed and feid,
For saik of him quhome to he did succeid,
Robert the Bruce, as ze befoir micht reid,
Sayand tha thocht revengit for to be
Of that injure and thair tyme micht se;
Full weil he wist rycht glaidlie with thair hart,
That tha ilkone planelie wald tak his part.
Also that tyme he gart him wnderstand
That this Edward, that king wes of Ingland,
Als far that tyme as possibill wes to be,
Wald tak his part and mak him grit supple.
This young Edward, of quhome I schew befoir,
Throw his counsall so couetous of gloir,
That interpryis rycht glaidlie tuke on hand;
Syne out of France he passit in Ingland,
And to king Edward all the fassoun schew,
Sweirand to him he sulde be leill and trew,
And hald his croun of his auctoritie,
To his purpos and he wald him supplie.
This king Edward, thairof that wes content,
Sex thousand men of power rycht potent,
Commandit hes of his gyding to be;
Syne with ane naving set thame to the se,
Quhilk set thair cours rycht sone into the north,
Quhill that tha come into the water of Forth,
Besyde Kingorne, vpone ane fair plane sand,
In thair boittis tha passit all to land.
Ane man that tyme wes haldein of grit fame,
Quhilk Alexander Seytoun hecht to name,
With small power, without supplie or beild,
Rycht wnaduysit come and gaif thame feild.
And tynt the feild, syne fleand our the plane
In that same chace this nobill man wes slane.
The Inglesmen that samint tymefor-thy,
Sic currage tuke of that grit victory,
Without dreid haldlie tha maid thame boun
With all thair power to Sanct Johnnestoun.
The erle of Marche, as that my author sais,
Quhilk of the south wes governour tha dais,
Come with ane oist of greit power and pryde;
The erle of Mar vpoun the tother syde,
That governour wes betuix the Ylis and Forth,
With greit power that tyme come fra the north,
On hors and fit into sic multitude,
With litill sturt than as tha wnderstude
Thair innimie for to weild at thair will,
Without resist or ony stop thairtill;
And maid na tarie nother da na nycht
Quhill that he come into his faisicht.
Besyde Duplene, as my author did sa,
This erle Donald thair with his grit oost la.
The erle of Marche into the samin quhile,
Within the space of four or fywe of myle,
With greit power he la that samin nicht,
Of mony berne that wes full bald and wicht.
This young Edward and all the Inglistmen,
Of thair cuming full weill that tyme did ken,
And of thair purpois also les and moir,
The quhilk to him wes schawin of befoir,
Be Scottismen wes of his awin kyn,
Traistand thairfoir reward at him to wyn,
On the north syde, as my author did sa,
Of Erne that nycht vpoun ane plane he la.
The erle of Mar vpoun thetothersyde,
With his greit oist neirhand Duplyne did byde,
But ony dreid all nicht thair out of dout,
Haiiffand na watchis him till walk about,
For-quhy with him he had sic multitude.
The Inglistmen than as he wnderstude,
So few thai wer into that tyme but taill,
For all the warld tha durst him nocht aussill;
He dred erar that nycht that tha suld fle,
No him persew with ony villanye;
And for that caus in sport and pla rycht lang,
All the foir nycht tha dansit and tha sang,
Quhill neir midnicht, syne passit all to sleip,
Without spysis or watchis thame to keip.
This Edward Ballioll on the tother syde,
Richt litill sleip he tuik into that tyde;
Full circumspect his fais he gart spy,
Without watchis how tha 3eid to ly,
And how of him tha stude na dreid nor aw.
This ilk Edward quhen he sic thing did knaw,
His men all nicht without dreid or affray,
Vpoun thair feit he gart stand in array;
Quhen opportune he knew his tyme that was,
In gude ordour toward his fa did pas,
Richt quyetlie wnder scilence of nycht,
Waill secretelie wnwist of ony wycht.

The darfast way, for seiring of thair fo,
Tha tuke the gait without rangat till go.
The water of Erne that wes baith deip and wyde,
Without furd other to waid or ryde,
Except ane furd that wes nocht eith to ken,
Qhiblk wes wnknawin to the Inglishmen.

zit neiurtheles ane Scottis tratour was,
That set, in signes quhail tha sould our pas,
Staikis of tre, quhairof tha had ane feill
Without perrell tha mycht pas our richt weill.

And so tha did als fast as tha micht frak;
Syne quietlie behind the Scottis bak,
Without watchis, haifand of thame no dreid,
Amang thair tentis enterit in gude speid,
Richt quietlie or ony Scot than wist,
Qhill that tha come at greit lasar and list
Into the tent quhail gude erle Donald la;
Aboue his heid syne smot the cordis in tua.
Aboue his bed, qhill that the tent fell doun.
This nobill erle, that wes of sic renoun,
Without mercie tha slew into his bed;
Syne with ane cry richt bissalie thame sped
Amang the laif, sleipand quhail at tha la.

Weill ma ze wit that wes na barnis pla,
Quhen that sic doggis all in armour bricht,
On sleipand men wnder scilence of nycht,
Without armour for to resist thair strax,
With swordis scharp and mony awfull ax,
Wilfull and wode, with greit crudelitie,
Of thair injuris for to revengit be,
Semblit richt sone with mony schout and cry,  
Of naikit men sleipand quhair tha did ly,  
The quhilk richt litill of their coming knew.  
Innumerabill sleipand that tyme tha slew  
Into their bed, or tha of sic thing wist,  
And all the laif that micht thame nocht resist,  
Out of their sleip quhen that tha walknit than,  
Without ordour or armour euerrilk man,  
At their defence siclike as it micht be,  
Because tha saw no tyme wes than to fle,  
Fechtand in feild without ony reskew,  
With litill feir the maist feit all tha slew.  
The laif quhilk knew nother mercienor grace,  
No zit defence prevaiillit in that place,  
Evin as tha rais naikit out of their bed,  
Richt suddantlie out of the feild tha fled.  
The Inglismen full of crudelitie,  
Of Scottis blude quhilk mich[t] not satiat be,  
Quhair euir ane Scot micht be with thame ouirntane,  
Without mercie thae slew thame all ilk ane.  
Of this murthure quhat sail I to zow sa?  
Thrie thousand nobillis deit thair that da,  
Into their tymes that barnis war full bald;  
Of other men out of nummer vntald.  
The names now of all thae nobill men  
Heir sail I schaw, also far as that I ken:  
Gude erle Donald, of quhome I maid sic ruse;  
The erle of Carrikgude Robert the Bruce;  
Alexander Frasar, ane richt nobill knycht;  
And William Hay of Erroll wes¹ and wycht,  
And of his surname ma na I can tell,  
That samin da thair deit with himself.  
So far thae war distroyit in that feild,  
War nocht his wyfe, that tyme that wes with cheild,  

¹In MS. wes.
Buir him ane sone quhilk did to him succeed, 52,285
That surname all had faillit than but dreid.
Als Robert Keith the Merschell of Scotland,
And David Lyndesay als to wnderstand,
Lord of Glenask, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Deit that da and aucthy of his clan. 52,290
Robert Strauchane, Alexander Betoun,
George of Dundas, Thomas Haliburtoun,
And Johnne Scrymgeour quhilk wes ane manlie
knycht,
And mony vther that war bald and wicht,
Deit that da withoutin ony weir, 52,295
Of quhome their names I can nochttel 3ow heir:
Bot weill I wait, withoutin ony stryfe,
Tha ar all writtin in the buik of lyfe.
The erle of Fyffe without feiris alane,
That samin tyme into the feild wes tane. 52,300
The Inglismen knawand thameself so few,
Dreidand the Scottis sould thame sone persew,
And tha baid langar ¹ into that desert,
Thairfoir richt sone into the town of Perth
Tha passit all, and set thair tentis doun, 52,305
Syne set ane seig richt sone on to the town.
The quhilk mich nicht resist thair violence,
For-quhy the men that sould haif maid defence,
That samin nycht into the feild befoir,
War slane ilkane almaist baith les and moir. 52,310
The laif within dreidand thair confusioun,
Opnit the zettis and gaif our the toun,
And lat thame in without ony demand,
For-quhy tha doutht nocht to mak thame gane-stand.

Lib.15. f.235. Col. 1. The erle of Marche with mony berne full bald, 52,315
Of this mischeif quhen that he hes hard tald.

¹ In MS. na langar.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With all the power that tymé he might be,
To Sanct Johnestoun the narrow way tuk he;
Qhailr that he thocht for to revenge the feid
Of all the Scottis in the feild wes deid.
So had he done, as my author did mene,
Richt sone that tymé had nocht ill counsell bene,
Bot qua tha it wes I can nocht to 3ow tell,
Qhilk leit him¹ nocht with thame to intermell,
That micht haif had thame ilkane at his will;
Had he that tymé bene weill willit thairtill;
For-quhy thair power, as weill wist ilk man,
To his power wes no compair as than.
3it neurtheles as he sould nocht haif done,
Throw ill counsell [he] left the seig richt sone,
Into greit skaith of Scotland and greit lak,
Qhailrfoir of him greit schame wes said and lak
With euerie man, wyuis, and all the laif,
Qhilk in the tymé he servuit weill to haif.
Quhen that this seig, as 3e haif hard me sa,
Than fra the toun wes skaillit and awa,
And no man schupe this Edward to resist;
In all Scotland wes nane also that wist
Quha that durst preiss to tak sic thing on hand;
Thairfoir that tymé, without ony demand,
Full mony come richt glaidlie with thair hart
To this Edward that tymé and tuke his part.
Richt mony one that war greit men of gude,
Baith young and ald ane full greit multitude,
The erle of Fyffe quhilk principall wes than,
And William Sinclair wes ane nobill man,
Into his tymé of greit auctoritie,
Of Dunkelden the bishop than wes he;
Qhilk maid ane aith all, as my author schew,
To him all tymé ay to be leill and trew.

¹ In MS. thame.
THE BUIK OF THE

How young Edward Balliolc wex crownit
King of Scotland, and of the Wynnyng
of Sanct Johnistoun, and how the Scottis
Lordis rebellit aganis thair new maid
King, and of Edward King of Ingland
and his Invasioun, and how John Ran-
dell, Erle of Murray, was send in
France, [and] how Archibald Douglas
was Governour.

Sone into Scone, as my author did sa,
That samin tyme befoir thame all that da,
With haill consent of all thair ald and zing,
Tha crownit him of Scotland to be king,
The zeir of God ane thousand and thrie hunder, 52,355
Threttie and tua als to subsume wnder.
That samin zeir, as it wes richt weill kend,
King Davidis freindis into France him send,
Of nyne zeir auld with Johanna his wyfe,
Quhilk into France come efterwart belyfe, 52,360
And with king Phillip tretitt in all thing
With all plesour pertening to ane king.
Quhen this wes done that I haif said zow heir,
Sone eftersyne into the second zeir,
The sonis of thame that in the feild wer slane, 52,365
Richt pertlie than, with greit power rycht plane,
Convenit hes togidder ald and zing,
And tuke plane part agane the new maid king.
Gude Robert Keith most principall wes than,
And Alexander, wes ane nobill man, 52,370
Of Lyndsay, togidder than that war,
James and Symon also of Frasar.
Thir four in feir without collusioun,
Tha set ane seig sone to Sanct Johnestoun,
And at that seig remanit mair and myn, 52,375
For thre moneth quhill that the toun wes wyn,
Quhair that thalossit rycht few men or nane.
The erle of Fyfe that in the toun wes tane,
Bund hand and fit, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Onto the castell of Kildrymy send.
Siclike that trautour Andro Tulibard
Wes tane that tyme, and syne for his reward,
Vpoun ane gallous hangit wes full hie
In publict place quhair euerie man micht se.
This beand done, withoutin fictioun,
With men and meit all stuffit syne the toun,
And all sic thing that neidfull wes to haif;
To Johnne Lyndesay in keiping syne tha gaif,
At his awin will to weild thame as he wald,
Ane chiftane wes baith bellicos and bald.

The Scottis knawand of this victorie,
So proude tha war for that same caus and quhy,
Of that triumph quhen that tha haif hard tell,
Agane the Ballioll schupe for to rebell.
Schir Johnne Randell richt plesand and preclair,
To gude erle Thomas that wes sone and air,
Into the tyme that erle of Murra was,
With his colleg gude Archibald of Douglas,
The bruther germane of the nobill knycht
Schir James of Douglas that wes bald and wycht,
Convenit hes thair power les and moir,
With all the laif of quhome I spak befoir.
Thir lordis all togidder quhen tha met,
At thair counsell ane da and place wes set,
Quhair that tha met withoutin tareing,
For to persew this Edward new maid king.
At Annand toun quhair that the feild wes set,
With this Edward in plane battell tha met,
With schalmes schill schouttand on euerie syde,
And mony pynsall of greit pryce and pryde,
And mony standart streikit in the air,
And mony baner¹ browdin ouir full fair,

¹ In MS. barne.
Quhair mony on that da loisseth the lyfe,
So lang thà stout men stude thair in sic stryfe.
Qhill at the last that neid wes for to be,
This ilk Edward out of the feild to flie
Vpoun ane hors he fand besyde him ydill,
Without saidill, curpall, tre, or brydill,
To Roxburch he tuke the narrest way,
Till that castell quhair lang efter he lay.
Richt mony nobill slane wes in that tyde
Into the feild vpoune the Balliollis syde;
Henrie the Balliole, my author did sa,
Most principale, and James of Murra,
Walter Cuming and Richart of Kirkby,
And mony vther in thair cumpany.
Of Galloway that tyme the erle also,
And of Carrik tane war thir erlis tuo.
At the requeist, as my author did sa,
Of schir Johnne Randell erle wes of Murra,
For his plesour that tyme thà erlis baith
Preservit war but ony lak or skaithe,
For causse befoir schort quhile in ony thing
Thà had obeyit to this new maid king.
Of this triumph the Scottis grew so he,
Sone efter syné of thair auctoritie,
Schir Johnne of Murra that wes wyss and wycht,
Ane man of gude of greit riches and mycht,
In all his tyme that wes of greit honour,
Thà chesit him to be ane governour,
With his collig the erle of Merche also.
Syne with ane armie furnest him till go,
For to remane vpoune the bordour syde,
The incuming of Inglismen to byde.
Full weill thà wist, withoutin ony faill,
That king Edward richt sone suld thame assail.
Schir Alexander of Seytoun also,
That samin tyme to Beruik maid till go,
With mony stout man stalwart wes and strang,
To keip the toun that it sould tak no wrang. 52,460
Schir Johnne of Murra, with ane grit gaddererig,
Wes maid to wait vpoun the new maid king,
Edward the Ballioll, and his friendis baith,
Into Scotland that thae suld do no skaith:
To Roxburch syne [tha] tuke the reddie way,
In that castell quhair Edward Ballioll lay.
Neir be the brig ane passage is our Tueid:
That samin tymef in storie as I reid,
This ilk Edward, with mony speir and scheild,
In that ilk place gaif Johne of Murra feild,
And tynt the feild withoutin ony dreyd,
Out ouir the brig than fled with all his speid.
Schir John of Murra seand that he wes past,
With few feiris followit him so fast
Attour the brig that narrow wes and lang,
Qhahir few with ein micht other ryde or gang,¹
And of his feiris followit him richt few.
This Edward Balliole sic thing quhen he knew,
Richt mony berne that wes bayth bald and
big
Gart turne agane for to defend the brig,
That nane sould follow forder on the chace.
Schir Johnne Murra, throw sic fortoun and
cace,
Betuix the brig and his fais alone
With few feiris, that samin tymef wes tone.
That samin zeir it hapnit als but faill,
Ane nobill man, schir Williame Liddisdaill,
The flour of knychtheid, throw infirmitie
Neirby Annand that samin tymef tane wes he
With Inglismen, quhair he in presoun la
Neirby ane zeir, and gude schir John Murra 52,480

¹ In MS. gyde.
Syne ransonit wes with greit difficultie,
With gold and siluer in greit quantitie.
This beand done, richt mony war in dout
Quhome to that tyme tha sould obey or lout;
Full mony men that wantit gude and geir,
Desirit ay to se trubill and weir,
Because their thirst wes ay so bair and thin,
In that beleif that tha sul'd riches win,
With Edward Ballioll glaidlie with thair hart,
Ay quhen tha durst, tha tuke with him plane part.
And vther gud men thinkand it wes best
To leif in peax, tranquillitie and rest,
And knew quhat skaith and wanting wes in weir,
Of gold and riches, and all other geir,
With greit destructione and mortalitie
Of man and beist in greit misritie,
Thir folk all tyme, as it wes richt weill kend,
King Dauidis part tha tuke ay to defend,
The quhilk befoir at thair awin libertie,
Had maid to him aith of fidelitie.
This ilk Edward of Ingland that wes king,
Quhen that he hard perfitlie of sic thing,
He thocht richt weill that tyme amang the laif,
Or all wes done, that he his part sul'd haif,
For weill he wist, and he wald1 mak him ford,
Amang thame self and thar war sic discord,
And he war wyss, withoutin ony fail
That he wald get the best part of the daill.
For that same causse syne, schortlie to conclude,
Contractit hes ane waill grit multitude
Of Inglesmen, and of Normanis also,
Of Andigawe and mony landis mo,
And of Scotland that with the Ballioun
Quhilk his part tuke aganis thair awin croun.

1 In MS. will.
Syne fenȝeit hes, as it wes richt weill kend,  
His motiue wes the Balliole to defend;  
It wes nochtsua, he leid loud fra his hart,  
He thocht thairof he suld haif litill part.  
The Scottis lordis quhen tha kend and knew  
This ilk Edward richt sone wald thame persew,  
With him quhilk hed sic strenth and multitude,  
Seand thame self in sic danger tha stude  
Of thair fais in ilk syde round about,  
Thinkand thame self in grit perrell and dout,  
Gude Johnne of Randell, erle wes of Murra,  
In France thà send, as my authord did sa,  
To king Dauid, gif that sic thing might be,  
To caus king Phillip to send thame supple.  
Of that message quhen that king Edward knew,  
Richt suddantlie he set him till persew,  
With all the power that he doucht to be,  
Beruik, that toun that standis on the se;  
With gun and ganȝe and with bowis bent,  
With sowis, slungis, and all instrument  
That neidfull war in ony seig to haif,  
Tha had aneuch, tha neidit nocht to craif.  
The Scottismen that war within the toun,  
Out our the wall sa mony stane kest doun,  
And mony arrow that our the wall than glydis,  
Amang the seigaris maid richt soirand sydis;  
Quhilk causit thame richt oft, baith ane and all,  
To pas abak and cum nocht neir the wall.  
The Scottis als, that wes baith bald and wycht,  
Richt mony syis thai¹ ischit on the nycht,  
Quhylis to the se and quhylis to the land,  
And mony schip that la vpoun the sand  
Oftymes brynt, and mony men als was slew,  
Passand agane without litill persew.

¹ In MS. the.
Ane nobill man, Williame Seytoun that hecht,
So bald he wes ane nycht into the fecht,
Quhen he had put his fais to the war,
Richt wnwyslie he follouit in ouir far
Aman his fais, withoutin feir alane,
Without reskew that same tyme he wes tane.
Ane bastard bruther of his on ane nycht,
Aman the schippis withoutin ony lycht
Makand ane fray, and set of thame in fyre,
Fechtand so lang quhill he did irk and tyre,
In the returning hame as he did found,
In falt of licht into the flude wes dround.
That seig it lestit still continually,
Quhill four moneth war passit and gone by,
Within the toun that tha inlaikit far
Of neidfull thing, dreidand efter for war,
Ane oratour to king Edward tha send,
All thair desir the quhilk maid till him kend,
With protestatione, sayand with his leif,
Gif plesis him ane surance for to geif,
And leif his seiging, on to the thrid da
Of the calenis of August, gif tha ma
Within that tyme reskewit for to be
Be Scottismen or thair auctoritie,
And be tha nocth, without collisioun,
To him that tyme tha suld gif ouir the toun.
Of that desyre richt weill content wes he.
Thomas Seytoun for moir securitie,
Of tender age ane plesand child and fair,
To Alexander eldest sone and air,
Efter his tyme to bruke his heretage,
To king Edward his father gaif in plege,
For to observe, withoutin fraude or gyle,
All\(^1\) the promit wes maid in that mene quhile.

\(^1\) In MS. At.
The Scottis lordis knawand that da wes set,
In conventioune togidder all tha met,
And chesit hes to be ane governour
Archibald of Douglas, of richt greit honour,
Into the absence of Andro Murray,
Qubilk presoner that tyme in Ingland lay,
The toun of Beruik that tyme to reskew.
This gude Douglas richt weill the da he knew
That the captane to king Edward hed set,
Thairfoir he thocht that he sould do his dett
Thame to releif with all power he micht.
Sone efterwart, in helme and birny brycht,
He gart convene ane richt greit multitude;
Syne tuke purpois, schortlie to conclude,
In Ingland pas the pepill [till] ouirthraw,
In that beleif king Edward for to draw
Than fra the toun, and lat the seig be,
Onto his awin to mak help and supple.
Off this purpois quhen that king Edward kendi,
Onto the captane suddantlie he send,
Commanding him with bost and greit rebous,
Richt haistelie for to gif ouir the hous;
And wald he nocht that tyme to be so mangit,
Befoir his face richt sone he sould se hangit
His awin deir sone, that eldste wes and air,
Of hyde and hew baith plesand wes and fair.
Ane other als, qubilk wes ane prattie cheild,
He had of his, wes tane into the feild,
Thir tua sonis richt sone sould lat him se
Befoir his face baith on ane gallous die.
Quhairof the captane that tyme wes wnfane,
And to that seruand ansuer maid agane:
" Say thow till him that I sall do my dett"
" At tyme and tryist betuix ws that wes set,"
" And quhill that tyme be resson can nocht craif"
" No moir be law than that he aucth to haif,"

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"Quhilk is richt far agane the commoun law,
"For to ask mair nor he of ressoun aw.
"And quhair he sais my sonis he will hang,
"And he do so he is far in the wrang,
"And gif so be, as I trow weill be trew,
"With new seiging that he will ws persew,
"The quhilk of ressone he ma nocht alledge,
"Send me my sone that I gaif him in pledge,
"The quhilk to do he ma nocht weill deny,
"Syne do his best, cum on, I him defy."

Of this anser quhen maid wes sic rehers,
Ilk word be word as I haif put in vers,
This king Edward throw cruelle ire and tene,
Ane gallous maid and set vpone the grene
Befoir the zettis that tyme of the toun,
To schaw the captane his confusioun,
Quhairon his sonis bayth sould be sene schent,
To his command and he wald nocht consent.
This ilk captane vpoun the wall that stude,
Richt sore wes and murnit in his mude,
Quhen he beheld that gallous grit and hie,
Quhairon that tyme his sonis baith sould die.
As naturale is the father ouir the laif,
Compatiens and pitie of the sone for to haif,
Quhen tha thame se in dolour and distres,
In wo, in wander, or in havines;
Siclike this captane quhen he stude to se
That awfull gallous that wes maid of tre.

For verra dreddour trymlit and he schuke,
Sic aw he stude on that gallous to luke.
His wyffe that tyme quhilk moir curage hed,
Suppois richt soir siclike that thing scho dreed,
Zit neuirtheles scho dreed into ane part
That it sould synk ouir far into his hart
And caus him than for to gif ouir the toun,
And bring him self to greit confusioun.
Thairfoir richt sone scho drew him fra the wall, 
For adventur that etterwart micht fall, 
That he that gallowy sould nocht stand to se, 
Quhairon he knew his sonis baith sould sde. 
With greit wisdom sic wordis to him spak:
"My deir husband, gude confort to zow tak, 
And keip thi toun that zel haif tane on hand; 
And do zel nocht, zel ma weill wnderstand, 
That zel will tyne" for euirmair zelour fame, 
And bring zelour self onto grit lakin schame, 
To falt, and mister, and penuritie, 
And euirmoir ane tratour callit b, 
And as ane oule haldin with euerie wycht, 
Qhilk is nocht sene bot ay vpoun the nicht, 
Sua will zel be I wait, do zel nocht so, 
With euerie man haldin thair mortall fo. 
Thairfoir," scho said, "thocht thi sonis to the 
Be deir alway, thi fame sould derar be 
To the all tyme no other barne or wyfe, 
And derar als befar nor thi awin lyfe. 
For-quhy thi fame will lest perpetuall, 
Thy barne, thi wyfe, thi self are all mortall. 
Sen immortall, as previs weill in deid, 
All mortall thing of pryis dois far exceed, 
Qhairfoir," scho said, "my counsall is for me, 
To keip thi fame and lat thi sonis be, 
And tak sic chance this tyme as tha will get, 
Sen neidfull is to thame to pay thair det. 
And quhen or quhail sic thing is wknawin to the, 
Qhail, or quhat place, or quhen sic thing suld be, 
Thairfoir," scho said, "als far as I haif feill, 
Thow suld be blyth sen for the commoun weill 
Thy sonis baith this tyme ar brocht in beir, 
Sen gratius God his ane sone wes so deir,

1 In MS. tyme.
"For mannis ransoun for to mak remeid,
"Vpoun the croce he offerit to the deid.
"Siclike sould thow now hald the ballance evin,
"And tak exempill at the father of hevin,
"Gif that thow list the richest way to gang;
"Quha follouis him of na way can ga wrang."

This Alexander that of wyn wes will,
Throw [sic] counsall that his wyfe gaif him till,
He thoillit thame tolath hisson die,
To keip the toun alss lang as it mycht be:
Syne secreitlie into ane quiet place,
He held him thair onto ane weill lang space
Far out of sicht, quhair that he micht nocht se
His tua sonis so vyle ane deid to die.
That cruell tirrane, that serpent venmous,
That awfull edder, vglie and odius,
That cokatrice full of crudelitie,
That dreidfull dragone quhilk than maid to de
Thir innocentis with so greit lak and schame,
So vyle ane deid withoutin caus or blame,
Be king Edward this samin thing I sa,
So cruell wes withoutin caus that da.

Archibald of Douglas that wes governour,
Into his tyme ane man of greit valour,
Quhen that he hard of that crudelitie,
Off thair innimeis for to revengit be,
Qubilkin the tyme that noyit him richt soir.
Changit his purpos that he tuke befoir
To pas in Ingland, for that samin quhy,
And tuke purpos richt sone and suddantly,
Without wisdome as efterwart weill schew,
Other to de or than the toun reskew.

The quhilk wes done richt soir agane the will
Of wyss lordis wald nocht consent thairtill,
Agane ane king of sic power and micht,
In ordenance with bernis bald and wicht,
For to do sua tha said greit folie war,  
In plane battell to temp Fortoun so far.  
This gouernour that counsall did miskan;  
Throw folie counsall than of 3oungar men,  
He tuke plane purpois battell for to geif,  
And of the fauour of dame Fortoun preif.  

HOW THE DOUGLAS STRAIK FEILD AGAINIS EDWard, KING OF INGLAND, AND TYNT THE FEILD AS FALLOWIS.

Quhen this wes done, withoutin ony lie,  
Duiydit hes his men in battellis thrie.  
The erle of Ross, sir Hew callit to name,  
And Kenethus aie man of nobill fame,  
Erle of Catnes into that tyme wes he,  
And thrie other of greit nobillitie,  
Symone, James, of Frasar also,  
And Johnne of Murra maid war for till go,  
Thir fyve in feir withoutin ony feid,  
The formest battell in the feild to leid.  
And Alexander that tyme of Lyndesay,  
And Alexander of Gordoun alsway,  
Reginald Grahame and Robert Kennedy,  
Thir four in feir that bald war and hardy,  
With mony pert men that war of grit pryde,  
The secund feild that da tha had to gyde.  
The thrid battell him self than tuke in cuir,  
Qhahir James and Allane Stewartis with him fuir,  
Tua men of honour without ony cryme,  
Qhilk sonic war to lord Stewart that tyme.  
This king Edward arrayit on the plane  
In gude ordour the Scottismen forgane,

1 In MS. thrid him.
At the first counter fenzeit for to flie
Behind thair bak on to ane hill rycht hie;
In gude ordour the hill syn did ascend.
Fra thair fleing wes to the Scottis kend,
Waittand full litill quhat wes in thair thocht,
Without ordour, in all the haist tha mocht,
Dispersit far in mony sindrie place,
Richt suddantlie tha followit on the chace.
The Inglismen seand vpoun the hill
In sic ordour the Scottis come thame till,
Quhairof that tyme tha war content and fane,
And suddantlie tha turnit all agane,
Vpoun the Scottis quhair tha stude on raw,
Craigis of quhyn leit tummill doun and faw,
Quhair with that tyme rycht mony Scot tha slew,
Syne suddantlie richt scharplie did persew
The Scottis syne at hand straikis in feild,
Quhair mony knicht vpone his kneis kneild,
And mony berne la braidlingis on his bak,
And mony burdoun vpoun basnot brak;
And rent and revin wes mony targe and scheild,
And berne, wist nither of [no] but no beild,
Into his blude la bulrand on the ground,
And mony wicht man with wyde warkand wound.
The Scottismen richt stranglie in that stour
Ay still tha straik, quhill that thair governour
Out throw the bodie wes borne with ane speir;
Quhairof that tyme tha take so greit effeir,
With all the sped into the tyme tha hed,
Out of the feild richt fast awa tha fled.
Into the chace, my author sais so,
Of Scottismen that da war slane far mo,
Quhilk in thair tyme war stalwart bayth and strang,
No in the feild quhair that tha faucht so lang.
Fourteene thousand, as my author did sa,
Of Scottismen deit thair that same da,
With governour and all thair captanis haill,
And nobill, vther nobill out of taill;
Quhome of thair names I will nocht rehers,
Sen of befoir I put thame all in verss.
At Halidone hill so hapnit for to be
Of Scottismen so greit mortalitie,
And mony nobill in the feild war tane,
Vpoun the morne king Edward euerilkane,
Without reuth of thame or zit remeid,
Richt cruellie gart put thame all to deid.
The erle of Marche quhilk into Beruik la,
And lord Seytoun keipand the toun that da,
Quhen this mischance wes knawin with thame and k kend,
Wittand richt weil that tha micht nocht defend
The toun langar for inlaik of reskew,
Than to king Edward, as my author schew,
Of that condition ouir the toun tha gaif,
To saue thame self that tyme, and all the laif
At thair plesour, to lat thame all pas frie
Quhair euir tha list at thair awin libertie.
Efter this feild of infortunitie,
Scotland wes brocht to sic miserie,
That neuir ane lord thawist that da levand,
Agane king Edward durst than mak ganestand.
This king Edward quhen he knew it wes so,
In Ingland hame he dressit him till go,
And left that tyme the Ballioll for to be
Baith lord and syre with haill auctoritie,
With Inglismen richt mony in ane knot,
With thair captane, Richart of Talebote,
Most principall to be of all the laif,
And of the Ballioll haill gyding to laif.
Quhen he wes gone this Edward Ballioun,
Ouir all Scotland he passit vp and doun,
With his power at lasar and grit lenth,
And put he hes that tyme in eueriestrenth,
At the counsall of Richart Talebote,
Ane Inglisman, and put out euerie Scot
Without ganestand at his plesour and will;
Full litill [traist] he durst put thame in till.
All the strenthis of Scotland he culd ken
War put in keiping than of Inglismen,
Except Dumbertane standis vpone Clyde,
Qhiilk Malcolme Fleming keipit in that tyde;
And Lochmaben that strenthie is and suir,
That Allane Aldbrig than had into cuir;
Kildryme als, the qhiilk in Mar that standis,
Gude Cristane Bruce debaittit with hir handis;
And Robert Lauder sielike of the Bas
Keipit Vrquhard, and thairof captane was;
And sindrie touris that stude in Lochdone,
So stark tha war tha micht nocht be wyn sone,
The qhiilk Makcane, as that my author sais,
In his keipping he hed tha samin dais.
Thir captanis all richt glaidlie with thair hart,
Into that tyme tha tuke king Duidis part.
Neirby this tyme the nobill king of France,
Callit Phillip, most gudlie till advance,
Ane messinger, gif that I richt presume,
With sair complaynt send to the paip of Rome,
Of Inglisment that war so far miskrawn,
Withoutin cause had Scotland sa ourithrawin,
Vsand ilk da so greit cruelditie,
Beseikand him of his auctoritie,
That he wald caus thame fra sic thing to ceis,
That tha puir pepill micht leve into peice.

1 In MS. 80.
The paip of Rome richt oft syis for sic thing
His seruand send in Ingland to the king,
Bot all for nocht, tha war ay disobeyit,
And his command with him richt litill weyit,
Wnspeed also of thair erand war fane
Withoutin skaith for to pas hame agane.
Intro Sanct Johnestoun, as my author sais,
This Edward Ballioll in tha samin dais,
The Scottis lordis befor him he gart call
In ane counsall quhair tha convenit all.
In that counsall, as that my author schew,
He gart thame sweir all to be leill and trew
Till him alway in all maner of thing,
And ay to know him for thair prince and king.
Also that tyme, as my author recordis,
Richt greit destructione amang sindrie lordis
Richt suddantlie into that tyme their fell,
And for quhat caus tak tent and I sall tell.
Henrie Quhitlaw, as my author did sa,
The bruther dochter of Alexander Mowbra,
And for that caus that same tyme askit he
Hir fatheris landis in heretage to be
Gevin to him, be resson of his wyffe,
Qhilk wes hir fatheris quhen he wes on lyfe.
This Alexander on the tother syde,
Askit thal landis for him to provyde,
The quhilk he askit be vertew of talze,
For caus his bruther of airis maill did falze.
This Edward Balliole, but counsall of the laue,
With Alexander Mowbra sentence gawe.
Lord Talebote and Dauid Cuming,
Incontrar gaif sentence of that thing,
Gevand the richt to Henrie of Quhitlaw,
Be sic ressonis as tha had than to schaw.
The tother part thairof wes nocht content,
And so tha fell at sic het argument,
That neuir ane till vther hes applyit,
That schortlie syne ilkane vther defyit;
With als grit anger that tyme as tha culd,
Tha left the mater war than tha beguld.
The Ballioll with Alexander Mowbra
To Beruik passit, my author did sa;
And Talebot to Ingland passand hame,
Of his repuls he thocht sic lak and shame,
That his counsall the Balliole had refusit
For wilfulnes, and far war counsall vsit,
In Loutheane as he wes passand by,
He wes reveillit that tyme be ane spy,
Qhhair he wes tane, to sa the suith in certane,
Syne in the castell keipit of Dumbartane,
Qhhair efterwart, as sindrie storeis sais,
In that same place closit his letter dais.
Henrie Quhitlaw that same tyme also,
Onto Dundarg with greit power did go,
Into Buchane ane strang castellof stane,
Qhhair he remanit than with mony ane
Of bernis bald, that stalwart war and stout,
And all the land subdewit him about,
To tak his part and at his bandoun be,
Of thame he had sic superioritie.
Erle Dauid Cuming quhen that he hard tell
How he had done, he passit to Athell,
And stuffit hes ilk castell that wes strang
With men and meit, qhhair he remanit lang.
Edward the Balliole sic thing quhen he knew,
Changit his mynd and gaif a sentence new,
For adventur that efter mich befaw,
Agane Mowbra with Henrie of Quhitlaw.
And for that caus Alexander Mowbra,
The gouernour, Andro of Murra,
As presoner in Ingland did remane,
He ransonit him and brocht him hame agane,
For all his tyme that wes ane nobill man,
With king Dauid thir tua tuke part as than.
And erle Dauid, of Athole that wes lord,
Henrie Quhitlaw togidder in concord,
With the Balliole of quhome I schew 30w heir,
Thai\(^1\) tuke his pairtzeneid nocht for to speir.
For-quhy to thame rycht greit reward he gaif,
That causit thame to lufe him ouir the laif.
This gouernour, gude Andro of Murra,
And Alexander also of Mowbra,
Thir tua Dundarg, that strang castell of stone,
Be strent and force that samyn tyme hes tone,
And to the captane, Henrie of Quhitlaw,
Licence thae gaif, as my author did schaw,
Intill Ingland king Edward but lane,
Then for to pas and neuir to cum agane.
And he also, withoutin ony leis,
To his power all tyme for to mak peice
Betuix king Edward and the Scottis lordis,
Quhairto richt weill that tyme he him accordis.
In this same tyme that I haif schawin 30w,
The Ballioll he passit till Renfrow,
Of sindrie materis quhair\(^2\) he had to mute;
Syne etter that vnto the Yle of Bute,
Onto the castell also of Rosay,
And changit hes, as my author did say,
All Scottismen in ilk castell that was,
And Inglismen in thair steid to pas.
All officeris siclike than changit he,
War Scottismen that had auctoritie,
Or ony office in the tyme that buir,
To Inglismen syne gaif alhaill thair cuir.
That samyn tyme my author did rehers,
The lord Stewart he hes gart seik and serch,

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\(^1\) In MS. That.
\(^2\) In MS. thair quhair.
In ony place and he micht fundin be,
Doutles that tyme he thocht that he sould de.
This young Stewart quhilk wes of tender age,
Into that tyme of fyiftene zeir ane page,
His tender freindis rycht weill that sic thing knew,
To Dumbartane, as my author me schew,
Richt quyetlie awa with him ar gone
In that caste vpoun ane roche of stone,
Quaire Malcome Fleming hes tane him in cuir,
And keipit him out of all perrell suir.
Into Lochlevin rycht far within the flude,
Into ane yle ane strang castell thair stude,
Quhilk sit thair standis in that place to ken,
That wes ay keipit fra the Inglesmen.
This Edward Balliole effer on ane da,
About thait hous ane souer seig gart la,
With all ingyne in ony heid that lyis,
Or mennis wit, culd in that tyme devyss;
Syne at that seig with baill auctoritie,
Schir Johnne of Stirling in that tyme left he,
With Davud Wemys and Michael Hereot,
And Richard Meluill all thre in ane knot;
And he himself, as my author did sa,
Till other partis passit than awa,
For grittir mater that he had till do,
Bot quhair it wes or quhat place he zeid to,
I can nocht tell 3ow weil bot gif I lie;
Thairfoir as now sic thing I will lat be.
This schir Johnne Stirling, of quhome befoir I said,
Richt mony salt onto the hous hes laid,
And all his men prevand thair strenth and pith,
Bot litill speid or nane tha come thairwith,
Out of beilfe that hous than for to win,
Sic tua captanis tha had the hous within.
Allane Aldbrig and gude James Lamby, 52,995
Thir tua captanis that bald war and hardy,
Richt manfullie onto the latter end,
For all thair bost that castell did defend.
This schir Johnne Stirling than and all his gard
Thair ludging maid in the kirk and kirk 3ard, 58,000
Quhilk dedicat war in Sanct Serffis name,
Quhair in that tyme thocht nother lak no schame,
In fornicatioun and adulterie
With mennis wyffis nichtlie for to ly,
Makand politioun of that halie place;
And thus tha wroucht continewallie ane lang
space
Into the presence of the halie croce,
And of the kirk maid stabill to thair hors,
And fra sic vice for no man wald abstene,
Quhilk efterwart so weil wees on thame sene. 53,010
This schir Johnne Stirling, as my author sais,
Quhen that he saw he culd nocht be no wais
Cum to his purpos be mastrie or micht,
In to his mynd consauit hes ane slicht
That hous to wyn with litill sturt or noy, 53,015
And neuir ane man to looss or zit ane boy.
This wes the slycht that he consauit than,
Out of the loch quhair that the water ran,
To dam that place and gar the water grow,
So that the flude in abundance sould flow, 53,020
And ryis so heich of spait, water and flude,
To drounth the castell that tyme quhair it stude.
And so tha did with diligence and cuir
Richt mekle erd and stonis till it buir,
And maid ane wall that wes bayth thik and
hie, 53,025
Of stone and erd the starkest that micht be,
And stok and rute out of the erd tha raif,
Quhilk leit the water out passage to haif.
Syne all the burnis that tyne mair and myn,
Wes neirhand by, into the loch gart ryn,
In that beleif to gur the watter grow,
So that the flude attouir the hous sould flow.
Schir Johnne Stirling thair captane than that was,
To Drumfermling than hapnit for to pas,
Qhat wes the caus myself culd neir ken,
And tuke with him the maist part of his men,
Qhailhe remainit in the toun all nycht,
And left the laif that worthis war and wycht
Still at the seig quhill that he come agane.
Within the hous quhen this wes knawin plane,
That samin nycht gude Allane Auldbrig
He thocht no tyne into his bed to lig,
Bot quyetlie about the mirkand nycht,
In thrice boittis quhairof no man gart sycht,
Richt quyetlie on to the wall he staw,
And leit the water at ane hoill out thray,
Qhillk with ane speir into the tyne he maid,
That efterwart grew so wyde and braid,
Continewallie and lestit on so lang.
Qhill that the flude, with so greit force and thrang,
It maid the wall to fall all to the ground;
Syne with sic force the flude richt far did found
Attouir the wall quhail that the greit ost la,
In thair tentis quhail richt mony or da
War dround that nycht without ony reskew.
Sir James Lamby, that wes baith traist and trew,
With mony berne all into armour bricht
Out of the hous with him he brocht that nycht,
Wes neirhand by quhen that sic thing wes done,
That suddantlie he semblit with thame sone,
And of the bernis that wes big and bald,
He tuke and slew alls mony as he wald.
Our all the land it was said vp and doun,
At that was bot Sanct Serffis malesoune
On thame that tym that sic miracle was kyd,
For the dishonour in his kirk that dyd.
Schir Johnne Stirling that tym in Drumfermling,
Quhen he gat wit how done was all that thing.
Out of his mynd lyke ane wod man he fuir,
And in that tym richt oft syis said and svoir.
And he micht leve ought lang and bruik his lyfe,
All in that hous baith barne, man and wyfe,
Without remeid that mony man micht se,
All vpoun gallous sulde be hangit hie.
For to fulfill that he had tane on hand,
With mony salt, that ze sall wnderstand,
That samin hous richt oft hes gart assaill,
Bot all for nocht, fit he culd nocht prevail;
Syne fra the hous rycht schamfullie staw he
Vpoun the rycht quhen na man sould him se.
Quhen this was done as I haif said Dow heir,
Sone efter syne into the secund zeir,
This king Edward, of quhome befoir I spak,
For weir that tyme gart greit prouisioun mak
To cum in Scotland; as commandit he,
Ane greit naving was first put to the se,
Threscoir of schippis contenit and ten,
In quhome that tym war mony nobill men,
With mony captanis that war men of gude.
The wynd was fair, and tha went ouir the flude
Befoir the wynd, be ane burd on the north,
Qhill that tha come richt far vp into Forth,
And kest thair ankeris all aboue Inchkeith,
In [to] ane raid that lyis forinent Leith.
That samin tym so hapnit for to be
So greit ane wynd and storme vpone the se,
320 THE BUlk OF THE

Tha schippis all war drevin to the north land,
And sum on craig, and vther sum on sand,
War brokin all, and neuir ane saif nor sound,
And all the men for the maist part war dround.

Sic aduenture thus hapnit be the se,
As plesit God and so all thing man be.
King Edward als that wes bayth bald and wycht,
With sextie thousand all in armour brycht,
That samin tyme he come into Scotland,
Syne with the Ballioll baith intill ane band,
To Glasgow zeid togidder on ane da.
Sone after syne, as my author did sa,
This king Edward perfittlie quhen he knew
Into Scotland fais he had richt few,
That mycht him sturt as he did wnderstand,
And all the strenthis war in his awin hand
With Inglismen war occupyit alhaill,
For the maist part that war of ony vaill,
Quhairfoir hethochtna langartoremane,
Bot in Ingland for to pas hame agane.
And or he zeid, that same tyme ordand he
David Cuming to haif auctoritie,
The erle of Athoill in the tyme that was,
With his power ouir all Scotland to pas,
And puneis all that maid him pleid or pley,
And all vther that wald him nocht obey;
Syne passit hame, as ze sall wnderstand,
And tuke with him the Ballioll in Ingland.
Quhen of his help he knew thair wes no neid,
And of his purpois narrest had cum speid,
His mynd wes ay, withoutin ony leis,
Quhen euir he saw that he micht bruke in peice
The croun of Scotland to him self to hald,
That wes the caus richt oft and mony fald

Lib. 15, f.238b
Col. 1.
That he sic travell maid into that thing,
To mak him self and nocht the Balliole king.
Efter his passage that tyme in Ingland,
The erle of Athoill, as he tuche on hand,
In sindrie partis passit vp and doun,
And held the pepill at subjectioun,
With soir puntioun that maid ony pley;
Wes nane so bald that durst him disobey.
Sum he gart hing and vther sum he gart heid,
And vther sum thair landis but remeid
On to him self confiscat als he hes he,
And maid thame self all exul for to be.
That samin tyme all the lord Stewartis landis,
And Buchane als, he held in his awin handis,
And occupyit as thai had bene his awin,
So far with him that tyme tha war ouirthrawin.
The lord Stewart that same tyme as I reid,
In Dumbartane that fied befoir for dreid
Of Edward Ballioll, befoir as I schew,
Quhen that he hard of all tha tydenis new,
Richt quietlie, as my author did tell,
Ane seruand to Dongallus Campbell,
Expert he wes in mony sindrie art,
Requyrand him gif he wald tak his part
Of tha injuris to revengit be;
Quhome to that tyme richt some consentit he.
Sy with thair power baith togidder in ane,
Segit ane castell strang of lyme and stane,
Callit Dunhowne, with litill sturt as than
Richt worthelie that ilk castell tha wan.
The Inglismen that castell had to keip,
So sound that tyme tha laid thame all to sleip,
Quhairof thair freindis micht be nothing fane,
That zit sensyne tha rais nocht vp agane.
The men of Arrane also and of Bute,
Of this mater quhen that tha haif hard mute,
So blyth thae war than of that victorie
Thair lord had wyn, for that same caus and quhy
Tha gatherit all togidder in ane band
Convenit hes, syne come on hand for hand,
All in ane will without ony discord,
To the lord Stewart wes thair native lord.
Allan Lyle that schiref wes of Kyle
And of Carrick into that samyn whyle,
And Johnne Gilbert, as my author did say,
Tha thocht till stop thair same men of the way,
Quhome of befoir I did to 3ow record,
That passand wes to the Stewart thair lord.
It hapnit so of adventure tha mett
Quhair lang befoir ane carne of stane wes sett,
The quhilk that tyme wes greit help and refute
To all the men of Arrane and of Bute.
With thae stanes thair stalwart carlis strang
Ane bikker maid, the quhilk lest it so lang,
Quhill at the last the schiref thae haif slane,
The laif rycht sone syne fled with all thair mane,
And Johnne Gilbert in handis he wes tane;
Thus 1 of thir tua that tyme thair chaipit nane.
Quhen thair 2 carlis had so thair purpois sped,
The schireffis heid vnto thair lord thae hed;
The tother als that thae had tane in handis,
Tha presentit him thair fast bund into bandis,
Syne for thair travell askit to reward
That every man, als frie as ony lard,
In his awin steid suld duell at hame but faill,
And bot his service fra no vther maill,
For all thair tyme how lang that euir it be;
Quhair till that tyme richt glaidlie grantit he,
And mekill mair of pruilege thame gaif,
No thae desyrit in the tyme to haif.

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1 In MS. This.  
2 In MS. thair.
Ouir all Scotland quhen that this case wes knawin,
As suddantlie sic thing will sone be schawin,
Richt mony Scottis, as my author schew,
In that beleif agane for to reskew
Thair libertie out of thair fais hand,
Convenit hes togidder in ane band.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
Schir Johne of Randell that erle wes of Murra,
In all his tyme rycht vailzeant till advance,
Fra king David he come hame out of France,
Into ane schip vpoun the se sailland,
Onto Dumbartane quhair that he tukeland.
The lord Stewart that tyme did him ressaue
With all honor that sic ane lord suld haue,
And schew till him of all thing ill and gude,
And of the chance of Scotland how it stude,
In sic beleif as thair war of the new
Thair libertie agane for till reskew,
Traistand richt weill had tha ony supple,
That all sic thing wes richt abill to be.
This erle of Murra quhen he wnderstude
The strenth, the power, and the fortitude,
With the lord Stewart in that tyme he saw,
Bad him be glaid and stand no dreid nor aw.
Sayand to him he wnderstude and knew
Rich[t] eith it wes agane for till reskew
Thair libertie out of thair fais hand,
Alss far that tyme as he culd wnderstand;
Beseikand him to tak auctoritie
In that mater and afald ay till be.
And so he did sone efter ane schort quhile,
All Cliddisdaill with Cunningham and Kyle,
And all Renfrow, rycht glaidlie with thair hart,
He causit thame to tak king Davidis part;
Part on force he maid thame till obey,
And part on favour that maid him no pley.
Schir Johnne Randell the gude erle of Murra,
That samin tyme, as my author did sa
With greit power passit till Abirdene,
To serch and se gif ony thair had bene
Of Scottis or Inglis, other ald or ȝing,
That disobeyit gude Dauid the king.
Than secreitlie thair to him it wes schawin
Of Dauid Cuming, be freindis of his awin,
Richt solitar in ane place quhair he la;
This Johnne Randell, as my author did sa,
With all his power passit him till persew.
This erle Dauid quhen he his cuming knew,
Into the tyme richt weill he wnderstude
He wes no partie to his multitude;
Also the hous that tyme that he wes in,
Without defence and richt eith for to wyn;
And for that caus he tike purpois to flie
Onto ane place quhair he micht saiffer be.
The erle of Murray efter him fast foundis,
Quhill he him baneist out of all tha boundis
Onto Lochquhaber or euir. he durst byde,
Qhair he wes fane him quyetlie till hyde
Into ane forrest without cumpany,
But meit or drink, or claithis into ly,
Qhair force it wes be content gif he wald
Eit herbis grene and drink the water cald;
Syne for his bed, wnder ane buss or thorne,
Amang the girss sleip all nycht quhill the morne,
In sic destres ane quhile he leuit thair,
Quhill force it wes he micht do so na mair;
And quhen he saw that na better micht be,
Onto erle Johne that samin tyme come he,
And pitieouslie doun of his kneis fell,
Beseikand him, for his saik hereit hell,
To haif petie and rew on him that tyme,
For he full soir forthocht his gilt and cryme.
This nobill erle that full of pitie was,
Out of that place or he wald forder pas,
Ressauit him onto the kingis grace,
And gart him sweir into that samin place
To king Davuid for all his tyme be trew,
For oucht nicht happen etter on the new;
Syne leit him pas as he wes wont als frie,
Quhair that he wald at his awin libertie.

As I haif said, quhen all this thing wes done,
To lord Stewart passit this erle Johnne,
And schew to him of all thing mair and les
As he had done, and how the mater wes;
To Edinburch syne, as my author menit,
Tha passit baith quhair all the laif convenit
To king Davuid that tyme wes leill and trew.
In that counsell thir tua lordis of new,
The lord Stewart and the erle of Murra,
Maid governouris war baith that samin da.
That samin tyme gude William of Douglas,
Quhilk of befoir lang into presoun was,
Out of Ingland redemit wes of new,
That come to thame, as my author me schew;
Quhome of that tyme thir governouris war fane,
Quhen tha him saw baith haill and feir agane.
That samin tyme Alexander Ramsay,
Laurence Prestoun, and Johnne Hering alsway,
And Johnne also of Haliburton than,
Thir four knychtis with mony nobill man,
Onto the laif rycht gladlie with thair hart,
Come than and swoir to tak king Davuidis part,
And for to hald him for thair prince and king.
Quhome tha ressauit with wordis bening,
Promittand thame onto thair lyvis end,
Aghanis all deidlie thame for to defend.
Quhen this wes done thir governouris tha set
Ane conventioun in Darwy quhair tha met,
Quhilk wes the caus, als far as I haif feill,
For to deyviss thair for the commoun weill,
And other thingis that tha had till do.
Richt mony nobill come that counsell to:
Patrik Dumbar, Alexander Murra,
William Dougal, Alexander Mowbra,
Dauid Cuming of Athoill erle also,
Quhilk in the tyme that brocht with him far mo
Into compair na ony of the laif,
Or to his stait efferit for to haif.
The gouernouris and all the laif thair war,
At him thairfoir commouit wes richt far,
And blamit him quhy that he suld do so;
And for that caus, withoutin ony ho,
Skaillit that counsell than into ane greif,
And na thing done, adred of mair mischeif.
Sone eftersyne, into the second zeir
That all wes done as I haif schawin heir,
This ilk Edward of Ingland that wes king,
Quhen that he knew how done wes all this thing,
That in the tyme trew men did till him tell,
How Scotland than agane him did rebell,
With all the power that he douchtt be,
Baith be the land and also be the se,
With Edward Balliole that wes wnder his band,
That samin tyme he come into Scotland.
Ane hundreth schippis and auchtie, to conclude,
That samin tyme he furneist to the flude,
Quhilk into Forth, as my author did sa,
Arryuit all besyde Emonia,
Sanct Colmis Insche is callit now to name.
That halie place quhilk wes ay of greit fame,
And of religioun haldin ay the rois,
As the charbokill of all stonis the chois,
Thir pagane pepill without fidelitie,
In thair schippis war liand on the se,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Into that place thà landit on ane da,
And spul¿ëit it, as my author did sa,
Of chaleis, crowat, and censuris also,
Corsis, chandillaris, and mony relictis mo,
Of siluer fyne nane better on the mold,
And vestimentis of birneist silk and gold,
And buikis, bellis, and nane better mycht be,
Syne with that spul¿ë passit to the se.
Quhat wes the end quha lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell ïow heir.
Within schort qubile sone efter on ane da,
As tha war bownand for to pas thàir wa,
Ane greit tempest thàir hapnit in the se,
Of wynd and wall the fellest that micht be,
Qhilk brocht thame [hes] richt sone into ane blunder;
Sa mony saillis than war revin in schunder,
Throw the abundance of that bitter blast,
Richt mony schip that da faillit the mast.
The schippis all that tyme [baith] mair and myn,
Tha droundilk thà thà spul¿ë war in
Into that place, withoutin ony reskew.
And all the laif that wnderstude and knew,
As be ressone sic thing mycht weill be kend,
It wes ane vengance fra the hevin doun send,
At the request of thisilk halie man
That aucht the place qhilk thà haid spulzeit than;
And for that caus, or than my author leis,
Devoitlie than ilkane ypoun thàir kneis
Onto Sanct Colme that tyme thà vowit all,
Throw his supple, gif efter so did fall,
Out of that perrell that thà war maid fre,
Intill all haist als sone as it mycht be,
The spul¿ë all thà tuke fra him befoir,
The pryces of it thà sould agane rest
And thryis alss mekle thair with als, but leis;
Incontinent with that the stour did ceis
Be this wes said that I haifs said to 3ow,
And tha siclike completit syne thair vow.
In this same tyme, as se sall wnderstand,
This king Edward he come into Scotland,
And Edward Balliole in his cumpany,
With fiftie thousand bald men and hardie,
Onto Sanct Johnestoun onto the water of Tay;
At his plesour lang after quhair he lay,
With dalie forra sendand on euerie hand,
Qhilk spulzeit hes about thame all the land
Of corne and cattell, and of insicht geir,
Like revaris erar no like men of weir,
For couetusnes that come sic thing to tak,
And nocht lyke weirmen conqueis for to mak.

HOW THE DUKE OF GILDER COMETH ROUGH INGLAND
WITH SUPPLE TO KING EDWARD, AND HOW
THE LORD STEWART AND JOHNNE ERLE OF
MURRA GAIF HIM FEILD, AND WAN THE
FEILD, AND TUEKE HIRM SELF.

The duke of Gilder in that samin qubile,
Be land throw Ingland come richt mony myle
To king Edward with greit help and supple.
That samin tyme, bot gif my author lie,
The lord Stewart and Johnne erle of Murray,
Neirby the bordour met him be the way
With greit power that tyme, and gaif him feild,
Qhair all his men for the maist part war keild.
Him self alss fled with all his speid in hy
Onto ane castell that wes neirhand by,
Qhhair that he wes ressauit all that nycht;
Syne on the morn quhen that the da wes lycht
Thir tua lوردis with litill sturt as than,
That ilk castell richt suddanelie tha wan,
And tukethis dukethat thafand thair intill,
As force it wes than to be in thair will. 53,410
Syne quhen thazeid fort o spulzie the feild,
Tha fand liand thair deid wnder ane scheild
Ane man that tyme of richt greit quantitie,
On till ane gyand most liklie till be,
To say the suith, withoutin ony dreid. 53,415
And quhen he wes spulzieit of all his weid,
Aman that time of richt greit quantitie,
It wesanewoman suithlie, and no man,
In that battell, as mony men did knaw,
Formeste in feild with ane hecht Richard
Schaw
Hand for hand togidder that thamet,
And sic ane straik vpoun him sone scho set,
Qhill that scho feld him platlingis on that plane,
And bit sensyne he rais nocht vp agane.
So wounderfullie with hir handis scho wrocht, 53,420
That da hir deid richt mony deirlie bocht.
Thir governouris to purpois than tuketh
Richt freindfullie to deliuer this duke
To his fredome, but ony vther chance,
For luif of Phillip that wes king of France;
Becaust tham knew that wont wes for to be
Betuix thame sic familiaritie.
And for that caus tham gart this ilk duke sweir,
In tyme to cum he suld do no moir deir
To Scottisman, quhair suir that he thame
fand,
Syne gaif him licence to pes into Ingland.
Sir Johnne Randell the governour also,
Him to convey that tyme did with him go,
Into his gait that he sould tak na skaith,
With few folk that wes betuix thame bayth. 53,430
His ennimeis, that did his coming ken,
Conglobit war togidder in ane glen,
Seand [him] thair thai did him sone persew,
And take him than withoutin any reskew,
Or zit supple of any vther man,
And him deliuerit to king Edward than.
Erle Dauid Cuming, bellicois and bald,
Of his takking quhen that he hed hard tald,
Into his mynd that tyme he dreed full soir,
As it did than, so sould it euirmoir
The victorie to king Edward incline;
And for that causs richt sone he passit syne
To king Edward sone efter on ane da,
At Sanct Johnestoun with his armie that la,
And swoir agane thair laitlie of the new,
Euirmoir to him he sould be traist and trew,
And neuir agane, for vther weill or wa
That micht happin, suld his mynd him fra.
Than king Edward maid him lieutenand,
In his absence to governe all Scotland,
With haill consent of Edward Balliole als,
In tyme to cum sua he wald nocht be fals.
This beand done, as zel sall wnderstand,
And king Edward wes passit in Ingland,
Dauid Cuming with mekle bost and schoir,
New schot new bod quhair that he left befoir,
Begouth agane the Scottis till oppres,
Quhome of richt mony put in grit distres,
Into that tyme as weil in deid it schew,
Richt mony flemit and richt mony slew.
And mony als of his auctoritie,
Withoutin caus dishereist than hes he,
Into that tyme that tuke king Dauidis part;
Quhilk greuit hes richt mony at thair hart.
The erle of Marche, gude Patrik of Dunbar,
At him that tyme commouit wes richt far,

\[In MS. To.\]
And send to him ane seruand haistelie,  
Bad him think on of thingis wes gone by.  
Sayand that tyme he had faillit far moir,  
Na that he did quhen erle Randell befoir  
Held him richt scharpe withoutin ony meit,  
Quhair he wes fane the grene herbis to eit,  
In steid of wyne syne drank the water cald.  
Sayand to him without richt sone he wald  
Ceis of sic thing, and lat oppressioun be,  
And deill no moir with sic auctoritie,  
And wald he nocht, he promeist him rycht plane  
Within schort quhile he suld gart him be fane,  
Thocht he war laith so greit ane lak to thole,  
To hyde his heid in les nor ane mous hoill.  
This erle Dauid thairat dirisioun maid,  
For all his bost continewallie but baid  
Ilk da be da the Scottis moir opprest,  
And erast thame louit king Dauid best.  
That samin tyme he laid ane seig for-thi  
Onto ane castell callit Kildrymy,  
Quhilk for that caus he did scharplie persew.  
The erle of Merche quhen of that thing [he] knew,  
With his colleg Alexander Murray,  
And William Douglas, my author did say,  
With all the power that tha doucht to be,  
Tha come rycht sone to mak that hous supple,  
And with battell the Cuming did persew.  
Thocht tha of nummer that tyme war bot few,  
Thair fais than of so greit multitude,  
Zit neuirtheles their curage wes so gude,  
So laith tha war that tyme to be ouirthrawin,  
Tha pat na dout bot all sould be thair awin.  
Thir parteis baith, that stalwart wes and strang,  
But victorie that tyme tha faucht rycht lang,  
For-quhy the Cuming hed sic multitude,  
The tother syde thair curage wes so gude,
That tha thocht better all that da to die,
Out of the feild ane fitt or tha wald flie.
Richt lang in dout sua stude the victory,
Quhill the captain than of Kildrymmy,
Callit Johnne Craig, come with thrie hundreth men,
Agane the Cuming that wes eith to ken,
To erle Patrik he come in his reskew;
Quhilk suddantlie the battell did renew,
And causit mony that war stout and strang,
Into that feild that fochtin had so lang,
Quhen that tha saw that na better micht be,
Richt suddantlie out of the feild to fle.

Dauid Cuming seand it wes so,
Or he thattyme sulde tan with his fo,
And in thair hand wnderly thair feid,
He chesit erar for to fecht to deid.
And so he did, as my author did sa,
Be the handis of ane nobill that da,
Quhilk callit wes Alexander Gordoun,
Ane man he wes of honour and renoun.
Into that feild wes slane that da also,
With Dauid Cuming vther nobillis tuo,
Walter Bryde and Robert Cuming als,
And mony mo, traist weil that is nocht fals.
Sir Thomas Cuming, ane hardy knycht of ane,
That samin da into the feild wes tane,
Quhilk efterwart till him it wes weil salt,
That on the morne wes heidit for his falt.
Robert Menzeis out of the feild he fled
To ane castell of his awin that he bed;
Tha gouernouris, as that my author said,
Onto that hous richt syyth ane seig tha laid,
The quhilk tha wan with litill noy\(^1\) or dyn.
Ane quhy thair wes so mony men thairin

\(^1\) In MS. nor.
Without victuall war fled out of the feild, 53,550
Na vther wane into the tyme na beild, 53,555
And of tha tua wes neidful for to be, 53,560
Gif ouir the hous or than of hungar de.
This Robert Menzeis seand it wes so, 53,565
Gaif ouir the hous and piteouslie also,
Vpoun his kneis thattyme reuerently, 63,570
At tha lordis did grace and mercie cry.
The quhilk richt sone tha grantit than him till,
Quhen that tha had him so far in thair will;
Syne gart him sweir, for ald feid or for new,
To king Dauid that he sould ay be trew.
All beand done as ze haif hard me sa,
This nobill lord gude Andro of Murra,
Ane governour wes chosin in that cace,
To occupy the erle of Murrais place,
In Ingland than quhilk wes [ane] presoneir
Schort qubile befoir, as I haif said 3ow heir.
Gude Alexander that tyme of Murra
Departit wes, as my author did sa,
At Dumbartane throw greit infirmitie,
As plesit God and sua I think sould be.
This governour with mony nobill man,
Ane seig he laid to Couper castell than,
With all ingyne quhair of that thair wes neid,
3it neuirtheles he come but hulie speid.
Syne quhair he lay ane come till him and schew,
How all the Cumingsis laitlie of the new
Convenit war togidder in ane band,
And had perturbit alhaill the north land.
Quhen that he hard thir tydenis of the new,
With all the nobillis that war till him trew,
Rycht sone that tyme in haist he sped him bidder,
Syne he and tha hes 3okkit sone togidder
In plane battell, and sone he wan the feild,
Quhair of his fais mony ane war keild.
Robert Cuming than he wes one of tho,
Williame Cuming, Thomas Calder also,
Thir thre thair deit that war men of gude,
And mony hundreth of that multitude.
Sone efter synne, throw that greit victory,
The north of Scotland but reclame or cry,
To king David assistit les and moir,
With als gude peace as euir tha had befoir.

This beand done the governour is gone
Onto Dundarg, that strang castell of stone,
Within litill travell synne the hous did wyn.
Henrie Quhitlaw that tyme that wes thairin,
To king Dauid wes ennemy and fo,

That samin tyme tha leuit him till go
In Ingland, thair still for to remane,
And neuir in Scotland for to cum agane.
The Inglismen ilkane, baith mair and myn,
Tha slew thame all that castell wes within.
To Lochindork ane strang castell of stane,
The narrest way synne efter is he gane,
Quhair that the wyfe of Dauid Cuming la,
And all his barnis at that samin da.

About that hous ane seig riecht sone he sett,
Trowand he hed thame all into the net;
It wes nocht so, that hous it wes so strang,
That gart him ly about the hous riecht lang.
This ilk countes, that captane wes as than,

Richt quietlie ane secreit substill man
Into Ingland to king Edward scho send,
And all hir cair scho hes maid to him kend;
How scho wes put to sic wander and wo,
Hir lord wes slane, hir self seigit also,
And gat scho nocht riecht sone help and supple
Without dout it wes force than to be
Scho and hir barnis that tyme but remeid,
Within that hous of hungar suffer deid,
Or than on force cum in hir fais will,
Qubilk and scho did it wald be twyss as ill.
King Edward than qubilk did this ladie rew,
Heirand that tyme the soir complaint tha schew,
For puritie of hir in poynt to spill,
And greit request the Balliole maid him till,
With greit power their bayth be land and se,
Richt suddantlie in Scotland than come he,
To Lochindrak, with power mair and les,
For to releiss that ladie of distres.
This governour gude Andro of Murra,
About the hous that samin tyme that la,
Quhen that he knew perfitlie than and wist
This multitude he micht nocht weill resist,
With all his feiris far he fled awa,
Qubill efterwart that he micht se ane da,
Quhen euir it wes, gif that it stude in neid,
Of his purpois he micht cum better speid.
That is ane kynd alsueill of fortitude,
To flie in tyme, and men haif grace to dude,
As for to byde and tak thair aduenture,
Haiisfand apperance for to wyn honour.
So [did] this lord, gude Andro of Murra,
Qubill efterwart he saw ane better da,
Qubilk wes wisdome and grittie till allow.
No moir of this heir at this tyme as now.
King Edward than that hous quhen he come

till,
This ilk ladie at hir plesour and will
He leit hir pas quhair lykit hir till go,
Syne stuffit hes that strang castell also
With men and meit, with armour gude and fyne,
With breid and beif, with gude aill and with
wyne.
This beand done, syne into all Murra
He left no gude that micht be brocht awa;
And all the laif into greit tene and ire,
That biggit war, gart birne all in ane fyre.
Of men and wemen also sparit nane;
Yeoung or auld quhair tha micht be ouirtane,
Richt cruellie, without ony remeid,
Like doggis all tha put thame to the deid.
Richt so in Mar ouir all partis hes done,
To Abirdene syne passit hes richt sone,
Baith men and wemen put thame all to deid,
Burnand the toun and left nocht in that steid
Standard ane stane befoir thame thair wes fund,
Syne all the laif kest doun to the cald ground.
His navin als that enterit be the se,
Siilike visit alls greit cruelditie
Baith vp and doun ouir all the partis of Fyfe,
With greit slaughter of men, barnis, and wyfe;
With fyre and blude, but stop or zit ganestand,
At thair plesour passit ouir all the land.
Sanct Colmis kirk within the se that stude
Into ane yle richt far within the flude,
Ane Inglis schip come to that ile ane da,
And spulzeit all that plesand fair abba,
And all the spulze, quhilk that wes richt large,
That tyme thaa tursit and pat in thair barge.
Withoutin grace thaa war all immemoir
Of the vengeance wes send on thame befoir,
For siilike deid done to that halie place.
Tak tent and heir how hapnit syne the cace.
Be that this schip wes passit fra the yle
Within les space nor thre or four of myle,
Quhen that the wedder plesand wes and fair,
Without tempest or trubill in the air,
The se also richt plesand soft and sound,
That samin tyme the schip sank to the ground.
This king Edward, bot gif my author lie,
With all his power than till Perth come he
Quhilk in the tyme sic statutis maid and lawis,
Of that ilk toun to big agane new wawis;
At ilkane port ane fair tour for to big,
Siclike also at the end of the brig.
And gaif command for to compleit it sone,
Of sax abbaiss expensis till be done,
Abirbrothok, Couper, and Drumfermling,
And Sanct Androis war deput to that thing,
Balmerinoch and Lundoris also.
Thir sax abbaiss withoutin ony mo,
Of thair awin cost, thocht tha war nothing fane,
Tha new wallis he gart big vp agane;
And all the castellis cassin doun befoir,
Gart big agane ilkane baith les and moir.
Of Sanct Androis the castell on ane plane,
Wes cassin doun, he gart big vp agane,
And captane thairof maid Henrie Quhitlaw,
In Ingland femit as ze hard me schaw,
Quhilk tratourlie agane his aith and band,
With king Edward that tyme come in Scotland.
And Lochris castell siclike biggit than,
And Henrie Farar ane borne Inglisman
Capitane he maid, as that my author schew;
And of Stirling ane Williame Montacew,
Ane Norman wes, of Roxburch als than
Williame Feltoun quhilk wes ane Inglisman,
Quhilk knichtis all [wer] of greit power and pryde.
Schir Johnne Urquhard in the samin tyde,
Ane Inglis lord of landis lang and braid,
Of Sanct Johnestoun the greit captane he maid.
In this same tyme my storie tellis thus,
King Edwardis bruther, callit Heltamis,
Cumand his bruther Edward to supple,
And in the west of Scotland enterit he,
THE BUIK OF THE

Quhair that he sparit nither ill no gude,
Scottis or Inglass baith with fyre and blude.
In Carrik, Kyle, and Cuninghame also,
In Galloway and mony landis mo,
That cruell turrane, in his tene and ire,
Distroiyit all with slaughter and with fyre.
All febill folk that had infirmitie,
Quhilk for refuge onto the kirk did flie,
Of him that tyme gart no moir grace no girth,
No tha that furth in prophane feild and firth.
This cruell turrane that tyme on ane da,
In Lesmahago, as my author did sa,
Ane thousand pepill quhilk that soir him dreed,
Quhilk to the kirk for girth that tyme that fled,
This cruell turrane, in his tene and ire,
Richt suddantlie gart set the kirk in fyre.
With armit men syne set it round about,
And neuir ane that tyme he leit cum out
Within that kirk of ill and gude that was;
Quhilk kirk and men and all war brint in as
Quhat wes the end quha lykis for to knaw,
Tak tent to me and I sall to zow schaw.
This Hiltamis, of all vertu desert,
Come to his brother quhair he wes in Pert,
Trowand with him to be ressauit weil.
This king Edward, the quilk that had ane feill
How he had done and of his turranye,
He fand him than at their metting rycht drye,
The quhilk wes in the tempill of Sanct Johne,
Quhairin the tyme this king Edward rycht sone
Reprieut him of his crudelitie
To Crissin men without humanitie;
Nocht that he had sic compatiens of tho,
Bot that he sparit nither freind nor fo.

¹ In MS. thair.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

This tirrane than, to vnhap ay wes abill,
Him answert maid that wes intollerabill;
Quhairfoir the king ane dager sone he drew,
Quhairwith this tirrane in the kirk he slew
At the hie altar, askand God na leif;
Sic girth he gat as he wes wont to geif.
King Edward syne sone efter on ane da,
With Edward Ballioll passit hame awa.
Into Ingland, as pleit him than best,
Efter lang travell to tak eis and rest.
That samin tyme, as my author did schaw,
That mensworne traitour Henrie Quhitlaw,
Agane the aith that he had maid befoir,
With all injuris that tyme les and moir,
Invaidit hes, as my author did mene,
All that wes in the battell of Kilblene,
Quhair erle Dauid Cuming than wes slane,
With grit oppression euerie da and pane;
And all thair freindis for thair saik also,
In sindrie landis femit hes till go.
The gouernour, gude Andro of Murra,
Quhen that he knew, as my author did sa,
That king Edward wes passit in Ingland,
Richt scantlie than, without ony ganestand,
He tuke the feild for to defend his richt,
With bernis bald that worthie war and wicht.
Suppois of nummer than tha war bot few,
Ilkone to vther that tyme wes so trew,
And to thair captane had thame for to gyde
With hie curage so full of pomp and pryde,
Richt dangerous wes with sic men to deill,
Amang thameself that wes so trew and leill.
Syne to Kinclevin he tuke the narrest way,
That strang castell that standis upone Tay,
With litill sturt that same castell he wan;
Syne to the erd he kest it all doun than.

Lib.15.f.241. Col. 1.
Quhen that wes done into the Mernis did pas,
On to Kilnynf ane fair castell that wes;
That hous he wan and kest doun to the
  ground,
Syne to Dunnotter in the tyme did found,
And wan the hous evin at his awin desyre;
Quhen he had done syne set the house in fyre.
That samin tyme, as my author did sa,
The Mernis, Angus, and all Gowria,
The Stormont als, fra the eist to the west,
With baith the parteis rycht soir war opprest;
Sum for the toun and sum als for the tother,
Wes neuir ane that sparit than ane vther.
Quhill at the last, as that my author schew,
The Scottismen to sic power tha grew,
With thair captane, gude Andro of Murra,
Sone effer that at Panmur on ane da,
Thair with the Sutheroun in ane feld tha met;
I can nocht tell gif thair the feild wes set,
Bot weill I wait the Scottis wan the feild,
Quhair mony Sutheroun in the tyme wes keild,
With thair captane sir Harie of Starkhill,
New out of Ingland that wes cum the thame till,
And foure thousand als of thair multitude
Deit that da with mony men of gude.
This governour, gude Andro of Murra,
Quhen this wes done sone effer on ane da,
For to exerce the victorie he wan,
In Fyfhe he come with mony nobill man;
And all the strengthis that wes Fyfhe within,
That samin tyme with litll force did wyn,
Syne to the erd he kest thame doun ilkone,
Except Couper that strang castell of stone.
Quhen to king Edward all this thing wes
  kend,
Into Scotland tua greit oistis he send,
In sindrie partis ordand thame till go;
William Talebote gydit ane of tho.
In his cuming gude William Keith him met,
In plane battell ilkone on another bett;
The Scottismen so bald war and hardy,
That force it wes the Inglishmen to flie,
Sa mony of thame in that feild war slane;
Thairfoir the laif no langar wald remane,
Bot fled richt fast agane in thair awin landis,
And left thair captane in his fais handis,
That in the tyme wist nother of but no beild,
Quhill he on force wes tane in to that feild.
The tother ost that mekill wes of pryde,
Sir Richart Starkhill had that tyme to gyde,
Quhome with siclike gude Laurence of Prestoun,
With his collig sir Robert of Gordoun,
In plane battell hes met vpoun ane mure.
Thir stalwart Scottis that war stout and sture,
Into that stour thair straikis wer so strang,
So dourlie als vpoun thair fais dang,
Quhill that thair captane in the feild wes slane;
And all the laif that did with him remane,
For to debait him in that stalwart stryfe,
Richt few away than chaipit with thair lyfe.
That samin tyme the erle of Arondale
And Salusbery withoutin ony fail,
With greit power come out of Ingland far,
And seigith hes the castellof Dumbar,
And at that seig, as my author did sa,
With greit prouisioun half ane zeir tha la.
The countes als, Blak Anneis hecht to name,
Ane trew ladie without blek or blame
Ay to hir prince, but ony falt or cryme,
Into that hous wes captane all that tyme.
Richt manfullie, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Agane thame all the hous scho did defend.
Quhen with ane sow that did saill the wall,
Out at ane wyndo loud than did scholc all,
" Quhat do ze now? I se ze do bot daf."
" For that same sow I haif ordand sic draf,
" Thocht scho be neuir of sic price and pryde,
" Sall gar hir ferrie sone at the midsyde."
Than pik and tar, talloun and brynt stane,
In ane veschell wes molitin all in ane,
Vpoun that sow richt suddantlie leit fall,
Quhilk enterit in betuix hir and the wall,
And scaldit hes richt mony than to deid
Within the sow; and syne aboue hir heid,
Vpoun that sow greit stonis leit doun fall,
That brak hir sone all into pecis small,
And slew thame all within hir that wes than,
Quhairin thair wes† full mony nobill man,
Quhilk of befoir maid mony wovis hie,
With that same sow to wyn the hous or die.
The countas than that stude vpoun the wall,
Vpoun tha captanis loud than did [scho] call,
" Tak in this sow, gude erle of Salusbery,
" Befoir hir tymne our lang hes gart ferry ;
" Tak thow the grysis to thi self and eit,
" Tha will nocht gane for Scottis mennis meit,
" So delicat all tymne ar of thair mow,
" Tha luif na grysis of ane Inglis sow."
With sic confusioun, my author did sa,
Tha left the hous and passit hame thair wa.
The governour, efter that tha war gone,
Tua castellis stude on tua cragis [of] stone,
Edinburch and Struililiing that war strang,
Thir tua castellis he seigit hes richt lang ;
Bot all for nocht; he come no speid as than,
Within [thair] war sa mony nobill man.

† In MS. wes wes.
And quhen he saw that he culd nocht prevail,
He left the hous and leit the seiging faill.
Syne after this into the nixt zeir,
That this wes done as I haif said zow heir,
Ouir all Scotland thair hapnit for to be
Sic darth, sic hungar, sic penuritie,
Of meit and drink, that mony, but remeide,
That tyme of hungar sufferit hes the deid.
For-quhy the landis throw the weir befoir
Wnococupit war all baith les and moir,
Dristroyit war all bowis, flokis and fie,
Qhillk wes the caus of that penuritie.
Now harkin and heir quhat aduenture befell:
The Inglismen, as my authordid tell,
Hed Couper castell in keiping that da,
In falt of victuall on the nycht awa,
Richt quyeltie out of the housstha stall,
That samynycht on to ane ferry all,
Qhillk Denybrisiss callit than that wes,
In that purpois attouir Forth than to pas.
To that same ferry syne quhen tha come till,
The ferrier, in magir of his will,
Out of his bed at midnycht gart him ryis.
The ferrear, that subtill wes and wyiss,
Quhen that he saw that na better micht be,
With thame richt sone he passit to the se.
In mid water at thame he askit fraucht;
Said ane, "Zow sallhaifallthat euir we aucht;"
And with his fist vpoun the face him smet.
And he agane, "Gramercy, gentill met!
" Haif ze na fraucht vther to gif me?
Gif it be so, the laif sall all be fre."
Zit neuirtheles he thocht rycht sone to haif
Ane trew mendis for him and all the laif.

1 In MS. of zow.
And so it wes, as ze sall efter heir,  
Of that ferrie the fraucht wes than ouir deir.  
On the south syde, ane grit space fra the land,  
Thair lyis thair ane mekle bed of sand,  
At the law water wil be hard and dry,  
On euerie syde lattand the flude go by;  
Syne at the flowing of the sand richt hie,  
The watter growis to ane deip mane se.  
The se that tyme begynnand wes to flow;  
This ferriar, qhilk did baith saill and row  
With all his speid qhill he come to that sand,  
Syne said to thame that that wes the mane land:  
Out of the boit qhhair thapassit ilkone.  
The ferriar, quhen he saw tha war gone,  
Turnit his cours and left thame on the sand;  
Syne in all haist come hame to the north land.  
Syne efter that tha sleipit all wnsound,  
Lang or da licht thair war tha ilkane dround.  
That samin tyme, or richt sone efterwart,  
Ane man of gude that callit wes Robert,  
With Inglismen that tyme haldin wes he  
Within the castell in captiuitie,  
Of Edinburch, qhilk dalie wrocht rycht soir  
At the stane barrow qhill he mycht no moir.  
So soir labour becaus that he forsuik,  
The captane than vpoun the heid him tuik  
With ane greit club vpoun the richt of his croun,  
Qhill that the blude on to his heillis ran doun.  
This ilk Robert, qhilk wes ane man of gude,  
Commouit wes quhen that he saw his blude,  
And contempnitas as he had bene ane knaif,  
Thinkand thairof ane mendis for to haif,  
Quhen euir it wes that he his tyme mycht se.  
Zit neuirtheles richt sober than wes he,  
Without murmure as he war nocht to mene,  
And wrocht all da as he had hyrit bene.
Richt sone after this captane maid him boun
Vpoun ane da and passit to the toun;
This ilk Robert for that same caus and quhy,
Sone after him he followit quietly.
The toun that tyme, as it wes eith to ken,
Inhabit wes all our with Inglishmen,
And biggit wes about all in the tyme
With stark wallis war maid with stane and lyme.
This ilk Robert, of quhome befoir I spak,
Richt quietlie behind the captainis bak,
On the hie gait into the thickest thrang,
Ane knyfe he drew that wes bayth scharp and lang.

Wnwittand than, withoutin ony reskew,
Quha it suld be, this ilk captane he slew;
Syne doun throw the gait outthrow the thrang he spaid,
Out of the toun syne passit with gude speid
To Williame Douglas, quhair he wes neir hand,
And all this mater leit him wnderstand,
Schawand to him, ilk word be word in plane,
How the captane of the castell wes slane;
The Inglishmen als in the toun that la,
Sic guttony tha vset nicht and da,
Sic carting, dysing, hurdlome, and harlatrie,
Nychtlie but watche spaid to thair bed to ly.
Quhairfoir he said, and he wald mak him boun,
He micht richt sone get entrie in the toun
With litill sturt, it wes of so small strenth.
This gude Douglas, quhen he hard at leith
As he had said, than shortlie to conclude,
That samin nycht with ane greit multitude
Onto the toun richt haistilie him sped,
And enterit in quhen all man wes in bed,
Except the watchis quhilk that war rycht few.
Tha watchis all that samin tyme he slew,
Syne on the gait, "fyre! fyre!" he gart cry;  
The Inglismen into thair bed did ly,  
Trow and thaityme the toun had bene in fyre,  
Richt haistelie, withoutin ony hyre,  
With thair sped on to the gait thae sped.  
The Douglas men thae stude vpoun the gait,  
With bright brandis reddie to mak debeit,  
At cloiss heidis, withoutin ony reskew,  
As thae come furth richt mony man thae slew.  
And so thae wrocht ane lang part of the nycht,  
With greit slaughter quhill it wes neir da lycht,  
Syne at the last thae commoun bell than rang.  
The Douglas than, thae tareit hed so lang,  
Out of the toun than haistilie him sped  
But ony skaith, with the honour he hed.  
Sone efter this schir Andro of Murra  
Departit hes, as my author did sa,  
In the northland throw seiknes suddanly;  
Syne grauit wes thaityme in Rosmarky,  
The zeir of God ane thousand and thretty,  
Thre hundreth zeir and aucht than war gone by.  
Than with consent of lordis and all the laif,  
Alhaill thae cuir to lord Stewart thae gaif;  
The quhilk he visit in king Dauidis name,  
Continewallie ay quhile he come hame.  
Thocht he wes young, his tyme he did weill steir;  
He and the Douglas in thait samin zeir,  
The Inglismen that tyme thae baneist haill,  
With grit slaughter, out of all Nethisdaill,  
Of Tiuidaill, and out of Tueddall als;  
Neuir ane tha left thairin that thae sand fals.  
Ane callit Barcla wes ane Inglisman,  
With grit power, as my author said, than  
Cumand that tyme the Scottis till resist;  
This lord Stewart, thairof that nothing wist,
With few feiris of adventure him met
Into ane place quhair that no tryst wes set,
Quhair he wes chaist without 1 ony reskew,
And all his men for the most part tha slew,
Except richt few, into that samin place:
Him self chaipit throw adventure of cace.
Sone efter syne that done wes all this thing,
Ane Inglisman, hecht Johne of Striuiling,
With the lord Stewart straik ane litill feild,
Quhair he wes chaist and mony of his keild.
The lord Stewart, as my author did sa,
Grit honour wan of that carmusche that da,
And mekle mair within ane litill space.
Sone efter that it hapnit him of cace
With small power rydand furth the way,
This 2 Striuiling, of quhome ze hard me say,
With far ma power hes him vmbeset
Into ane place togidder quhair tha met.
The lord Stewart seand him so arrayit,
Into his hart sum thing he wes affrayit;
No farlie wes at sick thing for to be,
Bot zit for that he thocht nocht for to fle,
Bot gaif thame feild suppois he wes bot few,
And in that feild threttie of thame he slew,
And tuke fourtie that tyme levand in hand.
Thair captane fled and durst no langar stand
To mak debait, bot tuke the flicht in hy,
And quhairawa that can nocht weil tell I.
Williame Douglas, of strethand high curage,
The strang castell callit the Armetage,
In Liddisdaill, richt manfullie he wan,
Excludand thair fra mony Inglisman.
That samin tyme or than neirhand by,
This Williame Douglas, warnit be ane spy,

1 In MS. with. 2 In MS. Thir.
Richt mony cart and hors of cariage,
With victual all and mony to pay wage,
War cumand than, as my author did sa,
On till ane oist neirby Melross that la;
This ilk Douglas without payment for nocht,
That same cariage all into Scotland brocht.
And that same day as he did cum hame by,
With ane callit William Abirnethy
Fyve tymes faucht, and four of thame he tynt;
The fyft he w'an, quhair[in] he had hynt
This Abirnethy, syne with greit honour
He presentit him wnto the governour,
Qhillik that he send, or he gat ony sleip,
To Dumbartane to that castell to keip.
This ilk Douglas sic fortoun hed and chance,
The governour that same tyme send in France
To king David, greit mater for to speid,
Bot quhat it wes I can nochtschaw in deid.
Sone efter syne this nobill governour,
With mony lord that wes of greit honour,
To San[c]t Johnestoun tha take the narrest way,
To seig that toun the qhillik that stude on Tay.
In four partis diuydit syne hes he
All that greit oist be his auctoritie:
Till ane Home, thocht most worthie for to haif,
The erle of Merche ane of thae feildis gaif,
To keip his men that nane of thame suld lois.
The nixth he gaif syne to the erle of Ross;
The erle of Murray hed the thrid to gyde;
With him awin self the fourt ordand to byde.
About that toun lang at that seig tha la
But ony hoip, as my author did sa;
The Inglishmen in the toun that wes,
Maid sic defence and ouir the wall leit pas
Richt mony arrow and richt mony stone,
Causand the Scottis fra the wall till gone,
With sic defence ay quhen it stude in neid,  
Quhairfoir the Scottis come richt hulie spied.
That samin tyme, throw fortoun and gude chance,
This Williame Douglas he come out of France
Fra king Dauid with mony bow and speir,
With greit prouision maid for men of weir,
Harnes and hors, and waponis als at will,
Wantand nothing that neidfull wes thairtill;
Gold and siluer and wyne in abundance,
In thair defence send fra the king of France.
The Scottismen, as I find in my buik,
Of his cumings so greit confort tha tuke,
At Sanct Johnestoun quhilk at the seig than la,
Befoir in purpois for till cum awa,
Syne quhen tha hard of his cuming agane,
Changit thair mynd and still thair did remane.
This Williame Douglas of sic nobill fame,
Incontinent after that he come hame
Couper castell with litill sturt he wan;
Quhairin thair wes bot verrie few as than,
For-quhy the laif for hunger les and moir,
Had left the hous as I schew 3ow befoir;
And syne to Ingland as tha all did found,
On ane sand bed within the se wes dround.
William Bullok, that wes ane Ingisman,
Qubilk of that hous wes capitane as than,
And als befoir had keipit it richt lang,
This Williame Douglas levit him till gang,
And all his gude, withoutin hurt or skaith,
Into Ingland with wyfe and barnis bayth.
The Scottismen that tuke this Bullokis part,
Quhen this wes done tha come sone efterwart
To that Douglas, and swoir thame of the new
Till king Dauid agane euir till be trew.
This beand done, quhilk wes of sic valour,
He passit syne onto the governour,
Incontinent sone eftet on a ne da,
To Sanct Johnestoun quhair at the seig he la.
Of his euming that yme that war so blith,
On to the toun ane salt that set richt swyth,
And sic ane bikker at the wallis maid,
With gun and ganze, and with arrowis braid,
And all ingyne that neidfull war thairtill;
And thair within alsy with egir will
Had maid defence, quhill that on euerie syde,
Rycht mony man buir werkand woundis wyde.
The Scottismen so worthie than that was,
Sa mony arrow, ouir the wall luit pas,
Within the toun sa mony hurt and slew,
The captane seand that he had na reskew,
Thomas Uter, the quhiilk to name that hecht,
Seand his men so fulceit in that fecht,
And of that conditioun ouir the toun he gaif,
To saue him self richt so and all the laif,
With wyfe and barnis and thair gude also,
Frelie in Ingland for to lat thame go.
All thair desyre, with hartlie mynd and will,
The governour content wes to fulfill,
And lat thame pas withoutin ony sturt
Quhair euir thair list, but ony harme or hurt.
This beand done as ze haif hard me say,
To Stirling toun he tuke the nairst way;
This governour, of quhome befoir I said,
To that castell richt sone ane seig he laid.
Thomas Fultre thairof that captane wes,
Gaif ouir the hous to gif him leif to pas
Into Ingland sone with his gude awa.
Efter the seig vpoun the auchtane da,
Off Edinburch into that samin quhile,
The castell wan with ane richt substill wyte.
Gude William Douglas that wes bald and wicht,
In all his yme wes naich ane better knycht,
So manfullie his tyme that he did steir,
And how it wes tak tent and þe sall heir.
Ane nobill man wes callit Walter Touris,
Ane friend all tyme wes of the gouernouris,
And with the Douglas richt speciall wes he,
And alss weill louit as ane man micht be;
This ilk Walter he passit to the fame
With ane fair schip, as he war new cum hame
Out of France with mekle riche wyne,
Strair in the raid,\(^1\) and to Leith passit syne
Into ane boit richt honest well besene,
Ane riche merchand as he that tyme hed bene.

To Edinburch syne take the narrest way,
Syne to the castell also that same day,
And buir with him tua bostis of gude wyne,
Baith stark and freche, delicious and rycht fyne,
And gaif the capitane of the wyne to preif;
Sayand to him, and he wald gif him leif,
Without trubill for to sell all the laif,
Of that same wyne tua tunis he suld haif
For his gude will, and neuir ane penny pa.
This ilk captane heirand that it wes sua,
Content he wes, for-þuhy all that same þeir
Baith meit and drink and all thing wes so deir,
In Scotland, Ingland, all thing wes so scant,
That mony one deit for verra want,
And mony als, as that my author sais,
Eit doggis and cattis for falt of meit tha dais.
And for that caus content richt well wes he,
And also blyth that tyme as he micht be,
For-þuhy that tyme of sic thing he had falt,
With mekle mister baith of meill and malt.

\(^1\) In MS. rand.
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Thairfoir he wes of that proffer rycht sanae,
Settand ane tryst quhen he suld cum agane
Vpoun the morne syne be the da wes lycht,
Syne tike his leif and than bad him gude nycht.
Syne to his schip als gudlie as he mocht
He sped him sone, and out of hir he brocht
Tua grit tunnis that war baith lang and wyde,
War fillit full of water in the tyde,
On tua cartis on to the castell fuir.
Than with ane wricht that had thame into cuir,
Onto the zet tha come richt sone in hy,
And fand the portar at the zet reddy,
That of tha portis knew richt weill the gyn,
Oprit the zettis and leit the wyne cum in.
As of befoir diuysit wes to be,
The samin wricht that subtill wes and sle,
Of baith the cartis evin into the zet,
Syde for syde ilk ane be other set,
The extreis gart brek in pecis small,
And baith the tunnis in the zet doun fall,
Qubil leit the zettis that tymne for to clois.
Williame Douglas, of cheualrie the chois,
With mony kene man in his cumpany,
Into that tymne wes buskit neirhand by.
This samin wricht of quhome befoir I spak,
Als sone as he saw the extreis bayth brak,
Bakwart he ran with mony stop and stend,
Sayand he wald ga get treis to mend
Tha tua cartis for to turs in the wyne,
And to the Douglas sped him sone on syne,
And schew to him how that that thing wes done.
This gude Douglas than sped him on rycht sone
With mony berne that war bayth bald and wycht,
Befoir the zettis quhair tha all did licht,

1 In MS. the leit.
Syne suddantlie assailzeit hes the ȝet. 54,245
The portaris all than manfullie thame met
To keip the port, thair wes na other chois,
For-quhy the cartis wald nocht lat the ȝettis clois,
And tha tua tunnis in the cartis that la;
In thair defence thair wer tha slane that da, 54,250
The portaris all richt sone and suddantly.
The laif within heirand sic noyis and cry,
Tha knew full weill that sum tressoun wes wrocht,
Bot how it wes rycht weill than wist tha nocht,
Quhill that tha saw richt mony armit man 54,255
Within the ȝet, richt weill tha wist all than
That all wes wrang, and fled fra hous till hous,
As fra ane cat dois ane chaissit mous;
Syne tuke the hicht on touris to defend,
Bot all in vane, it micht thame nocht amend. 54,260
The Scottismen so hardie war and bald,
Tha slew of thame als mony as tha wald;
Syne all the laif gart loup attour the wall,
And brek thair banis into pecis small.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said ȝow heir, 54,265
Ouir all Scotland than other far or neir,
Thair wes nocht left that ony wist of than,
Than ill or gude levand ane Inglisman,
Or ȝit ane Scot, that durst mak ony pley,
Bot to king Dauid ilkone did obey. 54,270
The governour for that same caus and quhy,
Ane generall counsall in the tyme gart cry,
Qubahir all the lordis convenit togidder.
Amang thame all quhen tha war cumin hidder
Proponit hes, qubahirof tha war content, 54,275
For king Dauid richt sone incontinent
To send in France, and bring him hame agane,
Qubahirof that tyme war all content and fane.
THE BUlk OF THE

How King David come in Scotland out of France, and landit at Innerbervy with his Queene that fair ladie.

Syne sone in France ane ambaIat wes send,
And quha that wes it is noccht to me kend.
Quhilk ambaIat, as my author did sa,
In France tuik land sone efter on ane da.
Syne to king David come that tyme and schew
Thair hail credens; than quhen he hard and knew

How Scotland wes in sic tranquillitie,
Als blyth he wes as ony man micht be,
And of the message also that tha brocht,
Oft thankand thame als gudlie as he mocht,
And gratius God that had send him sic chance.
So did Phillop the nobill king of France,
Ressauit thame with mony riche reward;
Gold nor siluer with thame wes nocht spaird,
The leist ane man as efferito haif,
Rewardit wes than be the wersst ane knaif.
Syne king David with greit nobillitie,
And of king Phillop with greit help and supple,
And triumph [als], is passit to the fame;
Sone etter syne into Scotland come hame,
At Innerbervie quhair he tuke the land,
Thair with his quene that fair wes and plesand.
The nobillis all of Scotland far and neir,
Of his cuming als sone as tha did heir,
Richt so the pepill that tyme les and mair,
With greit triumph tha come and met him thair,
Welcumand him with all humanitie;
Als blyth tha war of him as tha micht be,
Traisand be him to leif in peax and rest,
Withoutin trubill quhill his tyme mycht lest.
Weill ma ze wit the pepill les and moir, 54,310
Hes bene subjectit sa lang of befoir,
Traistand for cuir to haif thair libertie,
Tha war als blyth as neidfull wes to be.
Syne to Sanct Johnestoun with the lordis past,
Thair to remane ane litill and tak rest,
Him to refresche in lang travell had bene, 54,315
At his pleasour with Johanna his quene.
That samin tyme Alexander Ramsay,
Quhilk callit wes of knychtheid flour that day,
Quhen that he hard king Dauid ouir the fame
Fra France to Scotland saiflie wes cum hame,
Weill ma ze wit he wes blyth of that thing;
And for the pleasour that tyme of the king,
Into Ingland with greit power raid
Of bernis bald, and waill greit heirschip maid.
Of Salusberrie the nobill erle that tyme, 54,320
Thinkand he sould be lampit in the lyme,1
And mak rekning for all that he had tane,
Or he past by, be the leist kow ilkane,
This nobill erle vpoun the bordouris la,
With greit power, quhilk wardane wes that da,
Hes vmbeset the Ramsay in his gait.
This ilk Ramsay that schupe to mak debait,
His hailm armie hes partit into tus;
The half of thame, as my authord ids sa,
Into ane glen richt clois he gart thame hyde, 54,325
Still in that place but ony noy till byde
Onto the tyme that he maid thame ane sing,
And se tha suld tak gude tent to sic thing,
And suddantlie with ane greit schout and crak,
In gude ordour behind thair fais bak 54,330
Enter2 richt sone with mony schout and cry,
And quhill that tyme richt quiet thair to ly.

1 In MS. lyne. 2 In MS. Enterit.
The Inglismen quhen tha the Scottis saw
So few tha war, of thame tha stude na aw,
Quhen thair number wes to thame kend and
Trowand but straik that all sould be thair awin,
And suddantlie set on thame with ane schout.
The Scottismen, as tha had bene in dout,
Dissimuland as tha richt soir adred,
In gude ordour richt far abak thafled
Ane weill lang space, quhill that tha passit by
The samin place quhair all the laif did ly;
Syne manfullie the Scottis on that plane,
Turnit thair face to thair fais agane,
And gaif thame feild suppois tha war rycht few.
With that ane Scot ane mekle buggill blew,
Quhilk causit thame that la into the siak,
In gude ordour behind thair fais bak,
Out of the glen that tyme quhair tha\textsuperscript{1} did ly,
To enter sone with ane greit schout and cry.
The Inglismen thocht thame self in grit dout,
Seand thair fais closand thame about,
So manfullie with so greit bost and schoir,
Behind thair bak and als thair face befoir,
Traistand richt weill that tha mycht nocht sustene
Tha aufull Scottis cruell war and kene,
In contrair all the captainis that tha hed,
For that same caus out of the feild thafled,
Sum heir, sum thair, and als sum to and fro,
Weill quhair awa tha wist nocht for till go.
The Scottis than quhilk closit thame about,
Tha tuke and slew, or tha leit thame wyn out.

\footnote{\textit{In MS. that.}}
Into the tyme als mony as tha Wald,
Out of nummer that tyme micht nocht be tald.
Of Salusberrie the worthie erle also,
Wes tane that da and mony nobillis mo:
Of Werk the captane in the feild wes tane,
And of his suldeouris also mony ane.
Thairfoir this Ramsay als fast as he mycht,
Quhen he come hame with all power that nycht,
Ane seig richt sone to Wark castell laid,
And that same nycht, as that my author said,
He wan the hous with litill noy or dyn.
The Inglesmen that tyme that wes thairin
For presoneris gart put amang the laif,
Syne stuffit the hous with all thing itsuld haif;
Syne interchangit, as my author did say,
For Johnne Randell the gude erle of Murra,
Qubilk in Ingland as ze hard me record
Wes presoner, the nobill erle and lord
Of Salusberrie, tytaist of ony vther;
The tane that tyme wes chosit for the tother.
All beand done as ze haif hard me se,
This nobill erle, with him the gude Ramsa,
Passit to Perth qubair the king did remane,
Of thair cuming quhilk wes richt blyth and fans;
Sua wes all Scotland, suithlie for to record,
Of the hame-come of gude erle Johnne that lord,
Qubilk of befoir in presoun that lang baid,
And of the jornay that the Ramsay maid,
To Scotland wes honour and proffit baith,
To Ingland als greit lak with schame and skaith.
Thairfoir king Dauid shiref than him maid
Of Tiuidaill that wes baith lang and braid,
Of Roxburgh maid him captane also,
And gaif him als rewardis mony mo.
I rew full soir that he wes than so nyiss,
This gude Ramsay befoir that wes so wyiss,
I mervell mekle quhat that he suld mene,
So greit ane nobill for to circumvene,
And tak his rowme with sic hicht our his heid,
Gude Williame Douglas that aucht him na feid,
Bot louit him alss tender fra the splene,
As he his bruther or his son had bane.
Thairfoir I knaw, as eith is for to se,
Ouir greit desyre of ambitiositie
Causis richt mony ressoun for to tyne,
To appetyte ouir far synge to inclyne,
And subject than to sensualitie,
Quhilk bringis thame to sic miseritie
Sone efterwart, and in sic mortall feid,
That all his tyme dow noct to mak remeid.
So wes the caice, as my author did sa,
That samin tyme of [this] ilk gude Ramsa.

How Williame Douglas tuke it havie in
his hant that King David soulde haif
preferrit Ramsay abowe him, and tane
tha Landis quhilk was Williame Doug-
las and gevin to Ramsay, he beand to
him so nobill and trew all his tyme.

Williame Douglas of quhome befoir I schew,
In all his tyme so nobill wes and trew,
This Tinidaill the quhiilk befoir that wan
Fra Inglishmen and it in cuir had than,
Intill his mynd full havie that he buir,
That he befoir sic travell tuke and cuir,
Puttand him self sa oft into greit perrell,
Of king David for to defend the querrell,
So lichtlie than had set him all to nocth,
The king befoir the quhiilk so deir he boucht.

1 In MS. of 'gude ilk.
So fremmitlie fro him that tyme he tuke,
And gaif ane lakar for till joy and bruik.
O king Dauid quhair wes thi wisdome than,
And thi kyndnes to sic ane nobill man
So oft for the stude into mony stryfe,
To lichtlie him for ony leid on lyfe,
Withoutin caus quehen that thow neidit nocht?
To tyne the tane the tother thow hes bocht;
Qwik is most folie that is this word within,
To tyne ane freind ane vther for to wyn,
Quehen thow vnbocht ma haif thi freindis bayth
With small reward, and do thi self na skayth.
So mycht king Dauid and he had bene wyiss,
Pleis thame baith [weill] than with ane rycht
small pryis.
I will no moir in this mater remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.
William Douglas, of quhome befoir I spak,
In Hawik kirk sone efter he did tak
This gude Ramsay, for that same caus and
quhy,
As he wes warnit th[a]t tyme be ane spy,
Syne in the castell of the Armetage,
In strang presoun, but ransoun or frelag,
This nobill man quhilk wes the moir pitie,
Withoutin reuth of hunger maid to die.
To king [Dauid] this wes ane havie case,
So greit ane man without mercie or grace,
So nobill wes, so vyle ane deid till die,
In contemptioun of his auctoritie.
The tother als committit had the cryme,
So nobill wes and worthie all his tyme,
And for this king oft stude in mony stour,
In his defence and wan so greit honour,
Wisdome and reuth, gentres and kyndnes bayth,
Micht nocht suffer him to tak ony skait.
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Thocht justice said and als auctoritie,
This ilk Douglas hes seruit for to die,
\[ \text{\textasciitilde} \itit neuirtheles this David that wes king,} \\
Richt wyslie than considerit all that thing,
Sen so it was that he ane freind had lost,
He thoicht than syne, and he agane had lost
Ane grittar freind for to revenge his deid,
Greit folie war for to seik sic remeid,
Considderand of freindis in the dais
He had sic mister, as my author sais.
And for that caus, within ane litill space,
Ressauit hes the Douglas in his grace,
With all fredome and all auctoritie,
Siclike befoir as he wes wont till be,
At the requeist than of the governour,
Robert lord Stewart wes of greit honour,
And mony vther nobill wes and fyne,
Sayand greit harme the Douglas wes to tyne.
All beand done as I haifsaid \textasciitilde} ow heir,
King David than befoir him gart compeir
His lordis all most circumspect and wyiss
Into the tyme befoir him till devyss,
First at quhat end war best for to begyn
Of his liegis the hartis all to wyn.
And first of all to thair freindis war slane
In Duplene battell, as I schew \textasciitilde} ow plane,
Richt greit reward and land in heretage,
Perpetuallie to thame and thair lynnage;
To thair freindis at Halidone wes slane also,
Into that tyme with mony vther mo,
Gaif greit reward, spairand for na expens,
Of quhome the freindis deit in his defens.
And mony vther levand war siclike
Defendit had his croun and his kinrik,
Richt grit rewardis in that tyme thame gaif,
Ilkman as he had seruit for to haif.
King Dauid synes one efter on ane da
All this wes done as the haif hard me sa,
The erle of Murra that wes wyss and wyacht,
With mony bald man all in armour brycht,
In Ingland send as the sail wnderstand,
Qhillk hereit hes neir all Northumberland;
To birne and sla also the spirit nocht,
Syne all the spulze hame in Scotland brocht.
Sone etter that without ony delay,
The king him self, as my author did say,
In Ingland passit richt far in ouir Tueid.
The Ingлизmen haifand of him sic drieid,
So greit power with him that tyme he hed,
Baith men and gude to strenthiss all than fled,
And with sic power that tyme as tha micht
Dalie tha held thame in the Scottis sicht,
Keipand their gude, nane sulde be tane awa,
With greit defence, as my author did sa.
Fyve young knichtis king Dauid had new maid,
Vpoun ane nycht thae bownit to the raid,
In that beleif sum honour for to wyn,
And at thair names heir I will begin.
Stewart the first, the secund Eglingtoun,
Cragy and Boyd, the fyfte hecht Fullartoun.
Thir fyve knichtis that wicht and hardie war,
Vpoun thair fais than followand ouir far,
Or cuir tha wist, war circulit round about,
And tane all fyve thocht tha war neur so stout:
Qhrome king Dauid as weill to him it semit,
With greit ransoun that same tyme hes redemit.
And quhen he saw that he culd cum na speid,
The Ingлизmen of him that had sic drieid,
In strentsis la and maid so greit defence,
That he to thame micht do no violence,
No langar thair that tyme he wald remane,
Bot hame ouir Tueid he sped him sone agane.
All this that tyme of policie wes done,
In that intent to turne agane richt sone,
Quhen that his fais sould waaduereste be,
And skaillit war, richt sone and sua suld\(^{1}\) he
With greit power sone enter\(^{2}\) in agane.
So efter that thair wes so mekle rane
Continuallie, as my author did tell,
That sic ane tempest fra the hevin doun fell,
That force it wes, suppois he wes nocht fane
Thairof, richt sone for to cum hame agane.\(^{3}\)

**How King Phillipe of France send for
Supple to King Daviud to pas in Ingland,
sua that King Edward sould leif the
Seig of Caleis and defend his awin.**

In this same tyme now that \(\mathfrak{z}\)e heir me sa,
The king of Ingland at Caleis he la,
Seigand that toun with mony nobill man;
The quhilk Phillip, that king of France wes than
Had into cuir and in his governing,
Ambassadouris send to Daviud the king,
Beseikand him his part that he wald tak,
With all supple that he micht to him mak,
Agane king Edward that wes ay his fo,
Desyrand him in Ingland for till go
With all the power that he douth to be;
In that beleif king Edward said that he
Suld leif the seig and na forder pretend,
And syne pashame his kinrik to defend.
Siclike that tyme as that my author schew,
Fra king Edward wes send than of the new
Ane seruand sone to king Daviud for peace,
Beseikand him fra all weiris to ceis,

\(^{1}\) In MS. *did.* \(^{2}\) In MS. *enterit.*
And he agane suld gif Beruik him till,
And Edward Balliole als at his awin will,
Quhilk for his caus, as it mycht weill be prute,
The weiris all betuix thame tua wes mute.
Than king Dauid his lordis hes gart call,
Beseikand thame than of thair counsall all,
In sic ane dout quhat best is to be done;
Than sum of thame hes anser maids rycht sone,
That wysast was and richt weill wnderstude
The ill in weir did far exceid the gude,
Said it wes best to lat all weiris be,
And leif in peax and greit tranquillitie;
For proffert peax wes nocht for to refuss,
Quhilk with sic honour he that tyme micht vse.
Siclike also till him tha same men schew
His liegis war that tyme to thin and few,
And loisit had so mony nobill man
In tha weiris sen that tha first began,
That his power wald nocht extend thairtill.
Quhairfoir tha said, gif that it wes his will
To leve in peax and [in] tranquillitie,
Quhill efterwart quhen euir hapnit to be,
That young childer to age and stature grew,
And all thair strenthis did agane renew,
With polici[e] and planesing ouir all,
With greit abundance baith in bour and hall.
For than thair wes so greit penuritie
Of gold and siluer, corne, cattell and fie,
Of houshald geir and of all vther thing,
Sic counsall than gaif wys men to the king.
Qhome to agane king Dauid him awin sell
Sic anser maids as my author did tell.
Sayand he war ouir far into the wrang
To gude Phillop that ludgit him so lang,
With all plesour that neidfull war to haif,
He wantit nocht quhat euir he list to craif,
Gif he till him than sould mak no supple, Quhen it stude him in sic necessitie. "Than micht he sa that I war richt wnkynd, "And had forget all quyte out of my mynd, "And all war tynt ilkane, bairh les and moir, "The gratituidis war done to me befoir."
Also he said, be vertu of the band Betuix thair faderis that wes maid till 1 stand For euirmoir without ony recry, Quhairfoir, he said, he micht nocht weill deny All his desyre and satisfie his mynd, Without he war bayth fals and richt wnkynd. To the legat of Ingland than belyve Richt soune tha gaif ane ansuer negatyve; Syne to the herald of king Phillip gaif Deliuerance all his desyre till haif. This beand done, king Dauid of his name Ouir all Scotland richt planelie gart proclame, That euerie man within ane certane da, Suld reddie be on the best wyis tha ma; And so thai war within ane lytill space Convenit all at set da and at place. That sam in tyme thair hapnit for till be Ane greit mischance and soir calamitie; The erle of Ros, callit Dauid to name, The Lord of Ylis, of greit honour and fame, Vpoun ane nycht into his bed he slew, For feid betuix thame, quhither ald or new I can nocht tell quhilk of thame wes than, And sevin greit nobillis of that lordis clan. Syne on the morn, dreidand full soir for blame, With all his hird to Ros he passit hame. King Dauid than, for na trubill of that, Of his veyage wald nother stop nor lat,
And he did so he thocht it war greit schame,
Defarrand all wnto his coming hame,
Qhill efterwart that he his tyme micht se,
Of tha injuris for to revengit be.
And Williame Douglas, as my author sais,
Worthie and wyss that wes in all his dais,
Qhill of that ilk king Davido hes him maid,
Gevand to him richt mony landis braid,
In Ingland syne, as my author did sa,
With all his power enterit on ane da,
Greit heirship maid without ony demand
In all the partis of Northumberland.
It wes said than as I sall schaw zow heir,
Into the nycht Sanct Cuthbert did appeir
To king Davido, be ane visioun in sleip,
Commandand him that he sould tak gude keip
Within his boundis for to do no ill;
And gif he did, promittand plane him till,
That he of him sic mendis suld gar tak,
Qhill suld be till him baith greit skaith and lak.
Out of his sleip syne efter quhen he woik,
To that visioun richt litill tent he tuik,
Trowand that tyme it wes ane phantasie.
Upoun the morn for that same caus and quhy,
Richt crabbitlie, full of crudelitie,
That horribill wes other till heir or se,
Ouir all the boundis that wes lang and braid
Of Sanct Cuthbert richt greit distructioun maid,
With fyre and blude, that aufull wes till heir,
And sparit nother that tyme kirk no queir,
Preist or clerk, monk nor religious man,
So cruelie tha weiris he began.
Fra king Edward, as my author did sa,
Come furth of France that same tyme quhair he la,
Ane greit armie the qhillk wes fra him send,
With captanis his kinrik to defend.
Also with thame thair come ane messingeir
To king Dauid, the quhilk did him requier
Out of his boundis haistlie to speid,
And wald he nocht on his awin perrell beid.
Promittand him sone efter he suld se
The hand of God for his crudelitie
He visit had on mony gude kirkman,
And sacriledge quhilk he committit than,
Smyte him so soir as ressoun wald and richt,
Quhilk to resist passit his strength and micht.
That samin tyme as ze sall wnderstand,
The lieutenand, erle of Northumberland,
Of Ingland wes, with mony cruell knycht,
And mony barroun intill armour brycht,
And commoun pepill that war out of nummer,
That samin tyme wes cumand than ouir

Humber,
Neirby the place quhair that king Dauid la.
King Dauid than, as my author did se,
His greit armie in thre partis diuydit.
The forthest part he gaif for to be gydit
To the lord Stewart, his sister sone wes than,
And his colleg quhilk wes ane nobill man,
The erle of Marche, wnder thair gyde till go.
The second part to vther erlis tuo,
Mura and Douglas, that traiist men war all tyde;
Him self the thrid oist tuke that tyme to

gyde.
Syne on the morne or ony come in sycht,
The erle of Douglas that wes wyse and wicht,
With mony kene man in his company,
Past fra the oist ane greit space for to spy
Gif ony Sutheroun apperit in his sicht,
Or euir he wist, with mony cruell knycht,
Wes vmbeset and circulit so about,
Scant with lis lyfe he dought for to wyn out;
And fiftie feiris of his thair war slane,
Him self als cha’it to the oist agane.
Quhilk wes ane taikin of na gude that da;
For oft befor I haif hard wyvis sa,
Gif it be suith I can nocht say on deid,
That a’rie spurning causis1 rycht lait speid.
Be that the Sutheroun war all cuming in syacht,
With helmis clair and mony basnet brycht,
And mony baner broderit weill about,
And mony schalme the quhilk rycht schill did schout.

King Dauid als vpoun the tother syde,
With standartis waifand in the wynd full wyde,
Aboue thair heid that haldin wes on hicht,
Wes browdin all with birneist gold so bricht,
And mony trumpet into sindrie tune.
The Inglis archaris tuke the feild richt sone,
With big bowis into thair handis bent,
Thair scharpe schutting richt mony Scottis schent.
Ane nobill man that callit wes to name,
My author sais, that samin tyme Dauid Grahame,
On stalwart hors that wes baith swift and wicht.2
He tuke with him all into armour brycht,
Syne in the feild enterit and maid ane fray,
The Inglis archaris to put out of array.
The Inglismen for that same caus and quhy,
That tyme on hors wes neirhand huifand by,
In the mid feild richt manlie hes him met,
And gaif him feild qubair he wes so hard set,
Scant with his lyfe past to the laif slane,
And of his men rict mony than war slane.
That wes ane taikin siclike of lytill gude,
So said thai all that tyme that thairby stude.

1 In MS. causit.  2 In MS. wist.
Soon efter syne the greit battell did joyne,
Quhair mony saidill temit wes full sone,
And mony speris all in spaillis law,
And mony berne wes laid to lig full law,
And mony stalwart that wes strang and stout,
On force that tyme wes maid full law to lout.
Quba had bene thair for till haif sene that da,
Wald sone haif said it wes na barnis pla,
Qhen mony berne wes bald as ony boir,
Buir woundis wyde with sydis sowand soir.
Full mony heid wes hewin into schunder,
And all the bowellis buschit out wes wnder,
Qhiilk for to se greit pitie wes and harme;
Sum but ane leg, and sum als but ane arme,
Sum but ane fit, and sum als but ane hand,
Liggand thalas law vpoun theland.
The lord Stewart and Patrik of Dumbar,
Thir tua lordis in the vangard that war,
Tha fauch[t] richt lang withoutin victorie
Of ony syde, and for that samin quhy
Tha tuik purpois ear in tymo to flie,
No byde our lang and vincust for to be.
And for that caus ane trumpet sone gart blaw,
Qhiilk causit lies thair men togidder draw;
In gude ordour out of the feild syne fied
On till ane strenth with all the men thahed.
The Inglismen that faucht that feild forgane,
Qhen tha war past with all thair power plane,
Tha enterit sone with mony spaer and scheild,
Agane king Dauid quhair he faucht in feild.
The Scottismen, persaueand weill sic thing,
Rycht mony fied, quhill gude Dauid thair king,
Throw his requiestic and gude langage but lane,
Hes causit thame all for to turne agane
And suddantlie the feild tha did renew;
With hardiment on helmsi syne did hew,
Qhull heid and halss and all war hewin schunder,
On euerie syde to se quhilk wes ane wonder.
The Scottismen the quhilk that fled befoir
Out of the feild ilkane baith les and moir,
And all the laif with all the speid tha hed,
Out of the feild richt fast that tyme tha fled,
And left the king into the feild allane,
Qhailr force it wes till him for to be tane
With ane Gascone quhilk wes ane man of gude,
Hecht Johnne Cowpland, ane knycht of nobill blude.
This king Dauid with him or he wes tane,
In his handis quhilk waponis had thane nane,
See manfullie into the feild befoir
Fechtand, he brak thame ilkane les and moir:
Quhen Cowpland said, "Schir, ze man zoldin be;"
Said he agane, "That will I nocht to the."
And with his neif syne tuke him sic ane blaw
Vpoun the moutht, quhill in his throt thair flaw
Tua fordert teith lowsit out of his heid:
Sensyne with thame he eit bot litill breid.
Gude king Dauid, that wes bayth stark and stuir,
Tua arrow heidis into his bodie buir,
Ane in his leg the kne sumthing abone,
Qhilk ane leiche tuke out and ha[i]llit sone.
Ane vther wes also in his foirheid,
Qhometo no leichis culd get no remeid,
Qhill etterwart he come in Scotland hame
Ontill ane Sanct, Monanus hecht to name,
Far eist in Fyfe, richt law doun he the se,
His sepulture is zit thair, quhair he
Of all his sairis gat richt sone remeid.
Out at his noiss thair fell this arrow heid,
At his deuotiuon befoir the sepultuir
Of this ilk sanct sleipit be aduenture;
Out of his sleip quhen that he walknit syne,
Throucht micht and power of greit God devyne,
And intercessioun of that halie sanct,
Qhilk plesit him his petitioun to grant,
The arrow heid that noyit him sa sair
Vpoun his stueil he fand befoir him thair.
Syne in the honour of that halie man,
Ane fair college he foundit and began,
And biggit als ane greit steipill and queir,
Qhair now a dais duellis ane blak freir;
Betuix Ardros and Pettingwene of pryde,
Standis that place law doun be the se syde.
With reuerence of my author and leue,
Protestand als no man now for to greve,
My author here misgone hes in sumthing,
Of this miracle that gaif the hailloving
To Sanct Niniane, as I befoir did schaw,
For-quhy thatirof the contrair weill I knaw,
The quhilck sa oft in Sanct Monanis hes bene,
And in his legend red also and sene
The same storie befoir to zow I schew,
Thairfoir I traist the erar to be trew.
I will nocht sa my author hes gone mis
In this mater, sen sum tyme kyndlie is
Ane man to faill in his spelling or writ,
Qhairof the author hes bot litill wyse,
Suppois the writar did his craft abuse;
And be this way my author I excuiss.
To my purpois agane now will I pas,
Of all the laue to tell zow how it was.
The secund wyng the quhilck thir erlis tua,
Randell and Douglas, had to gyde that da,
Fechtand in feild sa lang tha did remane,
Qhill gude erle Randell in the feild wes slane,
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

With him also richt mony men of gude, 54,845
Lordis war all and of richt nobill blude,
Of quhome the names heir reckin I sall;
Hay of Erroll, and Keith the lord merschall,
Strathquhy[r]n, Lindesay, Caroun and Fraser,
Gordoin, Vans, the quhilk that nobill war, 54,860
Soot, Myretoun, Gudetoun, and Bothwell,
Leslie also, and Dongall of Campbell,
And mony ma na I can tell 3ow heir,
For-quhy thair names as [I] haif nocht perqueir; Lib.15, f.245.
Thairfoir as now I lat sic thing allane. 54,865
The erle of Douglas in that feild wes tane,
And four erlis, richt nobill and conding,
Wes tane in feild that same da with the king.
Fyffe, Wigtoun, Menteith and Sutherland,
Thir four erlis that da war tane in hand. 54,880
This battell wes, gif that I richt record,
Into the zeir quhilk than wes of oure Lord
Ane thousand aucht, thre hundreth and fourtie,
That samin tymne completit wes gone by.
The Inglismen efter this feild wes wyn, 54,885
At Galloway tha did agane begyn,
And tuke all agane at thair awin hand,
With Nethisdaill and vallis of Annand,
The Mers, Tueiddaill and Tiuidaill also,
But ony stop quhair plesit thame till go, 54,870
Ouir all thas landis that war lang and braid,
At Sowtra ege thair merchis than tha maid.
Sone eftersyne into the nixt zeir
That this wes done as I haif shawin heir,
Edward Ballioll, as ze sall wnderstand, 54,875
With him the erle als of Northumberland,
In Loutheane and als in Clyddisdaill,
Baith brynt and slew ouir all thas boundis haill,
At thair lyking than baith on lenth and breid;
Syne but ganestand of ony men tha zeid 54,880

\[ \text{A A 2} \]
With greit spulze in Galloway agane,
Quhair the Balliole at that tyme did remane.
The Scottis lords quhen tha knew sic thing,
That tyme being withoutin prince or king,
Or governour thame\(^1\) for to gyde and leid,
Without in tyme that tha sand sum remeid,
Richt suddantlie, and of the soner cost,
Thair libertie and landis wald bene lost.
The lord Stewart that wes of sic honour,
That samin tyme tha haif\(^2\) maid governour
With haill consent, as that my author schew,
And swoir to him all to be leill and trew.
This governour that same tyme creat he,
Of Edinburch the captane for to be,
Dauid Lyndesay, meittast of ony vther,
To Dauid Lyndesay quhilk wes germane brother,
Deit at Durhame, as ze hard of chance.
In this same tyme come hame agane fra France
William Douglas the sone of Archibald,
Quhilk brother wes, as I befoir heir tald,
To gude schir James as ze hard that buir
King Robertis hart into the sepultuir
Of Christ Jesu, syne turnand hame agane
Into Spanze with Saraženis wes slane.
This ilk William, as ze sall wnderstand,
In Dowglasdaill befoir him than he fand
The Inglismen at thair plesure and will
Weildand that ward, quhairat he lykit ill.
Than with sic power that tyme he micht be,
On force richt sone he maid thame all to fle; 54,910
Of thame richt mony also he hes slane,
The laif no langar efter durst remane.
Sone efter that this William of Douglas
With greit power in Tueddaill than did pas,

\(^1\) In MS. than.\h
\(^2\) In MS. haid.
Quhilk he reskewit baldlie with ane brand
Fra Ingismen, and all the forest land.
Johnne Cowpland than, as that my author schew,
Incontrair him he come for till reskew
The Ingismen, and gaif him battell than,
Quhair that he loisit mony nobill man.
Himself also, at all his speid in haist,
To Roxburch that samyn wes chaist;
And of his men that efter did remane,
Mony war tane, and mony als war slane.
Sone efter this, as ze sall wnderstand,
Sic pestilence rang our all Scotland,
Richt venemous, quhilk smyttit hes so smart,
Of the pepill deuorit the thrid part.
The secund zeir, as my author did tell,
Richt greit discord amang the Douglass fell,
And for quhat caus quho lykis for to speir,
Tak tent to me and I sall tell zow heir.
Williame Douglas ane man of he curage,
Of nobill blude and of richt hie lynnage,
Quhilk presoneir that tyne in Ingland la,
At Durham tane, befoir as ze hard sa,
This ilk Williame that same tyne causit he
Ane Johnne Santmicht, be his auctoritie,
To sla ane knycht of greit honour and fame,
Quhilk Daid Barcla callit wes to name.
Syne efterwart, quhen this Williame Douglas
Payit his ransoun and redemit was,
Ane other hecht Williame Douglas also,
For that same caus and vther causis mo,
Vpoun ane da, as my author me shew,
This Williame Douglas with tressone he slew;
Quhilk causit hes the Douglas all anone
Deuydit be amang thame self ilkone.

1 In MS. quhy.
And efterwart till armour all drew syne,
With dalie stryfe and battell intestyne.

In that same tyme king Johnne, king of France,
Phillipis sone, with mony speir and lance,
With gun, ganze, and all ganand geir,
Artalžerie affeirand for the weir,
With gold and siluer in greit quantitie,

That samin tyme in Scotland send hes he
Ane man of gude, hecht Elben Gerentire,
With fourtie nobillis als of his impyre,
That wysast war and circumspect in weir,
And at no vther neidit for to leir,
Into the help of Scotland and supple;
Qhilk raisit hes the Scottis hartis so he,
Incontinent, withoutin ony baid,
With greit power in Ingland efter raid.
The erle of Marche callit Patrik Dunbar,
And erle of Douglas, thir tua lordis war
Most principall and gydaris of the laif,
As wortheast auctoritie till haif;
Qhilk richt greit heirship in Ingland syne maid,
Birnand tha boundis that war lang and braid,
And left richt nocht that tha micht turwa awa.
That samin tyme so hapnit on ane da,
Alexander of Ramsay to his name,
Laird of Dalhoussy quhen he wes athame,
Out fra the ost vpone ane da he raid,
Ontill ane place quhair greit spuže he maid.
In his returne syne agane that day,
The Inglismen than met him be the way,
And suddantlie that same tyme gaij him feild,
Qhair mony Sutheroun sone that da war keilj,
And all the laif sone efter maid to fle.
Than of the Scottis thair that da did die

1 In MS. quhair.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

James Trumbill and Johne Haliburtoun,
With few other that come with him of toun;
Of Inglishmen thre nobillis thair war tane,
Schir Thomas Gray, of greit gude, he wes ane,
His sone Thomas the secund aiss wes he,
And Johnne Darras of greit nobillitie,
And mony ma no I will reckin heir,
For-quhy thair names I haif nocht perqueir.
The Frenche men with thame thair in the feild,
Thir presoneris quhen tha saw and beheld
Of gold and siluer that tyme rakkit nocht,
Of presoneris richt mony quhill tha boucht,
Syne secreitlie out of the Scottis sicht,
Beyond ane hill till deid hes thame all dicht
Richt cruellie, for to revengit be
Of thair freindis siclike wes maid till de
Befoir in France quhen tha war at the weir,
That tha agane sould do thame no moir deir.
Marche and Douglas of that victorie
So blyth tha war, for that same caus and quhy,
To Beruik efter tuke the reddie way;
Syne on ane nicht, as my author did say,
In gudlie haist, quhilk wes no barnis gam,
Attour the wall richt mony Scot thair clam
On lang ledderis that ordand war thairtill,
And or tha gat all thair desyre and will,
Tha previt pertlie vther on the plane,
On eueriesyde quhair men of gude war slane.
Of Scottismen thair deit of that gard,
Gude Andro Scot, of Balwerie wes laird,
Thomas Vauss, and gude Johnne of Gordoun,
William Sinclair and Thomas of Prestoun,
Robert Bothwell, Alexander Mowbra,
Knightis war all, deit that samin da.
Thair deit als vpoun the tothir syde
Alexander Ogill, captane wes that tyde,
And Thomas Peirsie, bruther wes germane
To Lord Peirsie, in that same tyme wes slane,
And Edward Gra that captane wes also
Of the castell, and mony vther mo.
The Scottismen quhen tha had wyn the toun,
About the castell set thair tentis doun,
Assailyeand it but respett da and nyght,
With all ingyne and power that thae might.
Of that seiging quhen that king Edward knew,
Richt suddantlie that castell till reskew,
With greit power he come thame to resist
Neirhand the toun, or euir the Scottis wist.
Of his cuming quhen that the Scottis hard tell,
No langar thair tha wald remane or dwell,
Becaus that tyme the wallis of the toun
Distroyit war ilkane, and cassin doun;
Also thairwith thair power wes so small,
Consumit wes siclyke thair victuallis all,
The castell als into thair faish hand.
Quhairfoir that tyme, without ony ganestand,
Tha brynt the toun in poulder and in as,
Syne with greit spulze hame agane did pas.
King Edward syne quhen he come to the toun,
Seand the wallis all war cassin doun,
And all the laif siclike within distroyit,
Commovit wes richt gleitlie and anoyit.
Syne craftsmen richt sone he hes gart call,
For to reforme and big agane the wall;
To Roxburch syne, quhair the tryst wes set,
Passit that tyme the Ballioll quhair he met;
Quhair the Ballioll all richtis did resigne,
That he had than of Scotland to this king
Edward of Ingland, callit Wyndesoir,
With this conditioun preceidon befor,
Of Scottismen he sould his harmes revenge,
Out of his kinrik so that did him clenge.
This beand done as I haif said befoir, 55,055
This king Edward, withoutin ony moir, 55,060
Throw Lowtheane he tuk the narrest way, Col. 2.
Baith brynt and slew, as my author did say,
All in his gait befoir he that he fand,
To Haddingtoun withoutin ony ganestand,
And sparit hes than nother ald nor zing,
With fyre and blude distroyit every thing.
His naving als, vpoun the se that la,
Neir the Quhite Kirk tuk land vpon a da,
As hapnit thame be aduenture and cace,
Syne spulzeit hes that halie diuote place
Of buke and chalice, and vestiment also,
Crowat, chandillar, and vther relicts mo.
In that same tyme, as my author did tell,
Ane aduenture of wonder1 farlie fell;
Ane ymage wes thair of oure Lady brycht,
With mony jowellis arrayit wes at rycht,
Be pilgremaris thair war offerit of befoir.
Ane Inglisman thay jowellis les and moir
Tuke of that image; schortlie to conclude,
Ane crucifix aboue hir heid that stude,
As he wes reddie for to pas his wa,
Doun that it fell, as my author did sa,
And hit this man evin richt vpone the heid
Qubah that he stude into the samin steid,
Qhilk brokin hes the harnepan all in schunder
Qhill that the harnes ruschit out wes wnder,
And he him self, withoutin ony remeid,
Befoir thame all thair on the fluir la deid.
At this deid quhome on thall did luke,
\[z\]it no exempill in the tyme thay tuke,
Bot with the spulze thay had into thair grippis,
Tha passit all agane2 into thair schippis;

1 In MS. wodder. 2 In MS. agane agane.
And how it hapnit eftcr vpoun cace
Tak tent and heir; within ane litill space
Sone eftcr this, as my author did t ell,
So greit ane storme into the se thair fell,
Throw violence than of the wynd and wall,
Thair drownit war tha schippis ane and all.
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Richt furebound quhen that he hard that thing.
How all his schippis dround war in the se,
Of thair injuris for to revengit be,
A ganis God as he that tyme wald stywe,
The kirkis all in Loutheane belywe,
Out of that land or he wald forder pas,
Spulz££t thame all and brynt thame all in ass;
In contemptioun and furiositie,
As he of God than suld revengit be,
Fra Forth all south, as z£ sall wnderstand,
Baith brint and slew ouir all part in that land.
The z£ir of God ane thousand and fiftie,
Thre¹ hundreth z£ir and fyve also gone by,
In the feist hecht Purificatioun
Of oure Ladie, but variation,
Done wes this thing be providence diuyne,
Brunt Candilmes quhilk callit is sensyne.
Sone eftcr syne, quhen done wes all this thing,
This ilk Edward, of Ingland that wes king,
Na langar [than] in Scotland wald remane,
Bot hame in Ingland passit sone agane
With all his armie suddantlie anone.
Williame Douglas efter he wes gone,
All Galloway he did agane reskew
To king Dauid for to be leill and trew,
All Inglismen expelland far thairfro.
Gude Kirkpatrik siclìe that tyme did so ;

¹ In MS. Tke.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

All Nethisdail richt manfullie he wan,
Qhair that he slew richt mony Ingismen.
Of Dalswyntoun, that castell that wes strang,
And Carlauerok, with small housis amang,
He wan thame all, sic wes his chance and werd,
Syne kest thame doun ilkane to the cauld erd.

HOW THE PRINCE OF WAILLIS, KING EDWARDIS Lib. 15. f. 246.
SONE AND AIR, TUKK KING JOHNNE, KING
OF FRANCE, IN PLANE BATTELL AND SEND
HIM TO HIS FATHER IN INGLAND, AND HOW
THE ERLE OF DOUGLAS WAS TANE, AND
CHAIPIT BUT RANSOUN BE HIS SERUAND
RAMSAY.

In this same tyme now that ze heir me tell,
Sic adventure in France that tyme befell.
The prince of Waillis, king Edwardis sone and air,
Callit Richard, ane plesand man and fair,
In plane battell, throw adventure and chance,
He tuke king Johnne that tyme wes king of France,
Syne to his father in Ingland him send;
Qhairrof richt greitlie he did him commend,
Ressaueand him richt blyth[lie] and benyng,
With all honour pertenyng to ane king,
And keipit him in his subjektion,
Onto the tyme of his redempition.
Into the feild quhair this king Johne wes tane,
The Scottismen he hed with him ilkane,
Qhairof richt mony did with him remane,
For the most part war other tane or slane.
Four Scottis knycchtis deid thair that da,
Greit nobillis war, as my author did sa,
Andro Stewart and Robert of Gordoun,
Andro Vaus and Andro Haliburtoun;
And Archibald Douglas, that wes sone and air
To gude schir James, potent and preclair.
Quhilk buir the hart, as ze sall wnderstand,
Of gude king Robert in the Halie Land,
Into that feild wes tane and led away,
And his seruand hecht Williame Ramsay.
The quhilk Ramsay that gudlie wes besene,
As he the maister of Douglas had bene
Fenzie that tyme, richt subtillie and sle,
And gart thame trow that his seruand wes he;
For mair apperance sic thing sould be trew,
Makand him seruice, as my author schew,
Richt mony sisy the Douglas he wald blame;
Quhairof the Douglas fenzie to think schame,
As he of hym that tyme had stand sic aw,
Quhen that the Ramsay gaif him mony blaw.
The Inglesmen that all this thing hes sene,
Traistit richt weill his seruand he had bene,
And for that caus, withoutin ony baid,
For fourtie schilling his ransoun wes maid.
Componit wes with this Ramsay also,
And byde in pledge, and Douglas hame till go,
And baith thair ransonis till pa at ane da;
And so wes done, as my author did sa.
The erle of Douglas so than chaipit he,
With sic wyllis for small ransone maid fre.
This king Edward rejsand of all thingis,
That captiue hed tua sic potent kingis
Of all Europ, for that same caus thairfoir
Extollit wes richt far into vane gloir,
Quhair that he sat into his stait royall,
Vpoun ane tyme at Zuill into his hall,
Haiffand ane king sittand on euerie syde,
In all Europe of most honour and pryde,
Quhilk causit him that samin tyme to be
As Lucifer into his mynd alss hie;
Thinkand sic honour thairthrow that he wan,
Suld lest in erd quhill ony levand man
Mycht haif in mynd or in rememberance,
His laud, his honour, and his happie chance.
Sone after syne that done wes all this thing,
This ilk Dauid, of Scotland that wes king,
Pledgis hes laid in Ingland to remane
For him that tymne, quhill that he come agane
Out of Scotland, quhairin passit wes he
With his lordis for to devyiss and se
For his ransoun, gif that I richt remord;
Bot in the tymne tha culd nocht weill accord,
Of king Edward so his wes the desyr,
In the prejudice of the Scottis impyre.
The Scottis lordis all into ane will
Alhaillalie disassentit thairtill,
And for that caus, as ze sall wnderstand,
This king Dauid passit in Ingland,
For his ransoun thair still to remane,
And send the pledgis ilkone hame agane.
Ane James Lyndesay in tha samin dais,
Rodger Kirkpatrik, as my author sais,
Into his tymne wes baith manlie and wycht,
This ilk Lyndesay ressauit on ane nycht,
Into his houes as he his freind had bene;
That samin nycht, as my author did mene,
This gude Rodger into his bed he slew,
Syne lang or da, as that my author schew,
He fled awa fra hyne ane rycht far space,
As he that nycht had nocht bene in that place;
Traistand thairfuir vnsuspectit to be,
Quhilk causit him so far away to fle.
The governour lord Robert Stewart than,
Quhen that he hard the murthure of this man,
Efter the Lyndsay in all haist he send
Weill armit men, the quhilk perfitlie kend
The samin place quhair Lyndesay did remane,
Quhilk hes him tane, syne brocht him bund agane
Onto the law, without in ony remeid
Thair for his falt tha gart him want the heid.
Sone eftersyne, as that my author ment,
Of baith the kinrikis with the haill consent,
This king Dauid fred wes than till go
Hame to his kinrik quhair that he come fro,
Efter his talking in the levint zeir,
Payand sic ransone as I sall schaw zow heir.
Into the first, gif I richt wunderstude,
Fiftie thousand of stirling mony gude
To pay in hand, withoutin moir beleif,
And alsmekle syne efterwart to geif
At sindrie tymes as tha did allelge;
And for that payment laid wes than in pledge
Mony 30ung lord, in Inglandt to remane,
Quhilk deit thair and come neuir hame agane.
So of his ransoun payit wes the laif;
Be thair deceiss tha midst nocht ellis craif.
King Dauid syne, as ze sall wnderstand,
Sone eftersyne he come hame in Scotland,
In that beleif for to revengit be
Of his lordis out of the feild did fle.
Stewart and Marche as I schew 3ow befoir,
Of his tynsall the haill causs les and moir,
And all the laif thair fleing, hed the wyte,
Quhairfoir as than he thocht he suld thame quyte.
And at the gritttest first he did begyn;
The lord Stewart, quhilk wes his sister sone,
Quhilk be king Robert levand in his dais
Declarit wes, as that my author sais,
Efter king Dauid till him suld succeed,
Into that cace gif hapnit sua in deid,
That he no child had lauchfull of his awin,
As efterwart that cace wes richt weill knawin.
With haill consent of all thame that thair war,
Than all his richt king Dauid gart transfer
That samyn tyme, as ye sall wnderstand,
To Alexander callit Sutherland,
The dochter sone, and of the latter wyfe
To king Robert, quhen that he wes on lyfe,
Quhilk germane sister wes to Dauid than.
This lord Stewart, quhilk wes ane humbill man,
The dochter sone of king Robertis first wyfe,
Into that tyme maid no ganestand nor stryfe,
Quhen all this thing wes done to 1 wnderstand,
To the father of this young Sutherland,
For joyfulnes his airis and ofspring
In heretage of Scotland shoulde be king,
Of his landis the best part than he gaif
To his freindis, quhair plesit thame till haif,
As Anże, 2 and Boyen, and Kincardin also,
To Hay, Sinclair, Gordoun and vtheris mo,
Traistand that Fortoun so hadd on him smylit.
Sone afterwart he wes richt sone begyllit,
As mony men ar far into sic thing,
For-quhy his sone richt lang befoir the king
Departit hes out of this present lyfe,
And wald no moir for sic stait than mak sryfe.
Quhairfor the king transferrit hes agane,
In parliament befoir the lordis plane,
To lord Stewart the rycht he had befoirne,
Syne causit hes the lordis all be sworne
To this lord Stewart to be leill and trew.
Also that tyme, as that my author schew,
The erle of Marche and all with him he had,
Out of the feild befoir fra him that fled,
He puneist thame all efter thair degre,
Fra sum tuke land, fra sum greit quantitie
Of gold and siluer, and of other geir,
Till all vther efter in tyme of weir,

1 In MS. so.  
2 In MS. Ayen.
In tymetocum itsould exempill be,  
To leifthair prince out of the feild and fle.  
That samyn tymme, as my authour me schew,  
Confermit wes with the paip of the new,  
Be ane legat wes send in Scotland than,  
With hail consent that tymne of ilk kirkman,  
That king Dauid the tent penny suld haif,  
Qubilk blythlie tha of all the fructis him gaif,  
Allowand all richt weil that it wes sua,  
Supportand him his ransoun for to pa.  
In that same tymne the nobill king of France,  
Throw misgyding of aduenture and chance,  
Oppressit wes with greit calamitie  
Be Inglismen and their auctoritie.  
The king of Ingland at his plesour and will  
Weildit all France, for none maid stop thairtill,  
For-quhy king Johnne without his libertie,  
In Ingland wes in his captiuitie.  
His tua sonis than, as my author said,  
For him that tymne in pledgis baith war laid,  
With king Edward in Ingland to remane,  
And leit king Johne of France pas hame agane.  
In Pareisyne intoplaneparliament,  
Befoir his lordis that war all present,  
Deplorit hes the greit miseritie  
Of his mishance and infortunitie,  
So lamentabill makand ane pitieous mane;  
Sayand in France few Rollandis war or nane,  
Or gît Gawynis that war of sic valour,  
That wes the caus he tynt sa grit honour.  
Ane greit nobill of hie curage and mynd  
Sic ansuer maid into this samyn kynd  
To him agane, as that my authour sais,  
"Had France ane Charlis as it had in thae dais,  

1 In MS. hane.
"Doutles," he said, "and I be for to trow,
"That men mycht fynd als mony Rollandis now
"As euir tha did into king Charlis dais."
The quhilk answyr, as that my author sais, 55,330
Into his mynd moir gritle him offendit
Nor men wald trow, and in his hart ascendit.
Throw sic contentioun that tha fell in than,
Tha left the mater war than tha began,
But expeditioun intill ony thing 55,335
In the redeeming of thair prince and king.
And for that caus, as ze sall wnderstand,
Sone [efer] syne he passit into Ingland,
And send his sonis hame in France agane.
In Lundoun toune quhair he did remane, 55,340
Schort erter that, for displesour and wo,
Passit the way that euerie man sall go.
In this same tyme, as my author did mene,
The lordis all of Scotland did convene,
For to gif answyr that tyme of ane thing 55,345
Propont wers to thane thair be thair king.
This wes the thing, as ze sall wnderstand ;
This king Dauid quhen he wes in Ingland,
To king Edward ane promit than maid he,
Withoutin cheild and he hapnit till die, 55,350
To his sone Richard withoutin ony dreid
The crow of Scotland sould till him succed.
This ilk promit he maid of his fre will,
Sua that the lordis wald consent thairtill.
The lordis all quhen tha hard him rehers 55,355
Thir samin wordis that I haif put in vers,
At his desyr commoit wes richt far,
With greit apperance sone for to bene war.
All in ane voce to him baith said and swoir,
Qhill ane of thame mycht travell and induir 55,360
Till weir armour, traist weill in thair intent,
To that desyre tha sould neuir consent.

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In that counsall [than], schortlie to conclude,
This wes the anser of the men of gude,
Quhilk causit thame to skaill thair counsall than,
And left it war than quhen tha first began;
Quhilk causit hes, as my author did tell,
Agane the king sindrie for to rebell,
And richt greit trubill maid into the land,
Quhill 1 efterwart, as ze sall wnderstand,
This king Dauid thairof he did repent.
That he had said and gevin thairto consent.
Quhilk causit hes the laif to tak his part
Of the lordis richt glaidlie with thair hart,
That efterwart, withoutin ony pley,
All tha rebellaris causit till obey;
The king also, within ane litill space,
Thame till ressaue agane all till his grace.
That samin tyme, as my author did mene,
King Dauidis wyfe, Johanna the gude quene,
In all hir tyme bayth plesand and benyng,
In Ingland passit to visie the king,
Edward hir bruther, as kyndlie wes to be;
That samin tyme throw greit infirmitie,
Intill Ingland, as that my author sais,
Withoutin child cloisit hir latter dais.

Lib. 15, f. 247b. Efter hir deith, king Dauid with ane ring
Weddit ane virgin plesand and benyng,
Ane knichtis dochter of honour and fame,
Schir Johnne Logy wes callit to his name.
Margaret to name this ilk virgin wes callit,
With all his fairnes fulfillit wes and wallit,
Of pulchritude and of fairnes but feir,
Of plesance als without compair or peir.

3 In MS. Quhilk.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Quhilk wes the caus, as my author did mene, This king David chesit hir to be quene,
For lust and plesure, and na vther thing;
Quhairfoir of hir that tyme come na ofspring,
Quhilk causit him with hir diuortioun mak,
And fro his bed expellit her abak.

Of diuortioun quhen gevin wes the dome,
This ilk Margaret apeillit hes to Rome,
Quhilk micht nocht weill so greit labour sustene
In hir travell, as my author did mene,
Passand to Rome, as plesit God than best,
Scho tuke hir leif and passit to hir rest.

This king David syne after all his dais
In policie, as that my author sais,
Wes occupyit, and all thing les and moir
Reformit hes distroyit wes befors,
Baith toun and tour, and castell mony one.

Of Edinburch the strang castell of stone
Biggit all new, of plesand werk and hie,
Ane fair greit tour remanis zit to se,
Quhilk efter hime callit wes Davidis tour,
That same name it hecht [is] at this ilk hour.

In that ilk hous, quhen it completit was,
He tuke his leif out of this lyfe to pas;
With all honour that ony princ mycht haif,
In Halieruidhous graitht wes in his graif,
Than of his regnne, quha lykis for till heir,
Wes fourtene than¹ and also threttie zeir,
And of his age fourtie zeir and sevin;
Als of oure Lord ane thousand and alevin,
Thre hundreth zeir sextie, but ony les,
War than completit, gif I haif ony ges.

The saxtene zeir of this king Davidis ring,
In Albion baith with ald and zing.

¹ In MS. Ane thousand syne.
Withoutin dreid as my author did mene,
That samin tyme war mony farleis sene.  
In middis of wynter baith in frost and snaw,
Baith ravin and ruik, with corbie, ka and craw,
Biggit nestis and eggis laid thairto,
And birdis clekkit as thae war wont till do,
In symmer syne, quhen plesand wes the feild,
No nestis maid bot all that tyme war zeild.
No scheip also, nother in feild nor firth,
In Albione that zeir buir ony birth.
That samin zeir, and that me thocht mair nyss,
Ouir Albione aboundit so the myss,
Ouir all the feild in mony hoill and dyke,
And in the houssis als at hame siclyik,
To euerie man with so greit sturt and noy,
That be no way thae culd thame weill distroy.
Als of his regnne the sevin and tuentie zeir,
Ouir Albione sic water wes on steir,
Of greit fluidis with spatis so ascendit,
And dalie rane that fra the hevin descendit,
With sic abundance still lestand so lang,
Qhilib all the fluidis wox that tyme so strang,
Without mesour in quantitie did grow,
And ouir the feild also sa far did flow;
Qhtubilk gritt malie the best[all] hes noyit,
And mony toun and mony tour distroyit.
Forrow thae dais bot within schort qhillis,
Ane greit doctour callit Scotus subtilis,
In storeis oft autentik as we reid,
In till his tyme all vther did exced
In science, prattik and speculatywe,
Or zit all vther senzyne vpone lywe.
Of the ingyne and greit subtilitie,
Scotus subtilis for-thi callit is he.
Loving to God, sould haif the haill commend,
This fyftene buke in this place makis end.
How the Scottis Lordis convenit eftther the Deith of King Dauid to cheis ane King, and how the Erle of Douglas acclamit richt thairto, and how Robert Stewart was crovnit King of Scotland.

Sone efttersyne, as my authordidsa, The lordis all in Lynlythgw on ane da Convenit hes thairfoir to cheis ane king. The erle of Douglas heirand of that thing, With greit power of squyar and of knycht Come thair that tyme, alledgedand he had rycht For to be king, and to ressaue the croun Wes gevin him be Edward Balzecoun, And Dauid Cuming quhilk baith had richt thairtill, But his asking grantit of thair fre will. And had nocht bene the gude lord of Dumbar, And vther lordis with him thair than war, As Lyndessay, Hay, and gude Erskin also, Quhilk take his part with mony vther mo, So indignat than war at his desyre, Commouit als better nor ony fyre, And in the tyme that maid him sic ganestand, Or doubtles ellis that he had tane on hand For to persew the croun be way of deid, Gif he be favour than culd cum na speid. Syne quhen he saw his power wes so small In the respect than of thair poweris all, Changit his mynd sone, as my author schew, And wald na mair sic thing attemp na persew. Quhen this counsall wes endit so and done, The lordis all tha passit on till Scone, And Robert Stewart, humbill and benyng, With haill consent thair haif tha crovnit king. Quhen fiftye ȝeir thairto also and fyve Completit wes that same tyme of his lyve,
His wyfe Elbyn, gif that I richt indors,
Quhilk dochter wes than of the erle of Ros,
Sone efter that, as my author did mene,
Siclike wes crownit of Scotland the quene;
Quhilk till him buir tua sonis and no mo,
Walter, Dauid, and ane dochter also,
Callit Ewfame, most plesand and preclair:
To James of Douglas, that wes sone and air
To his father the erle of Douglas than,
In mariage he gaif this ilk woman.
This ilk Robert in his youthheid befoir,
Ane fair virgin rycht plesand and decoir,
Elizabeth, intill hir fatheris cuir,
That dochter wes [on]till schir Adame Mure,
Of hir fairnes and speciositie,
This ilk Robert sic plesance than had he,
That quietlie, as I heir sum man said,
Betuix thame selffis sponsalia tha maid,
Syne in his place ressauithir as wyfe,
Lib.16, f. 247b. And louithir als tender as his lyfe.
Quhilk buir to him thre childer men all war,
Joanne and Robert, and als Alexander,
And tua dochteris, none farris in thair dais;
The tane of thame, as that my author sais,
Joanne of Dumbar, the erle of Marchis brither,
But leif that tyme of fader or 3hit mother,
Within hir awin leif, thinkand no schame na lak,
Defoullit hir and syne efter did mak
Than mariage and tuke hir in his cuir,
That scheould nocht be baldin for ane huir.
The secund als sic adventure befell,
Quhen tyme cumis [as] I sall efter tell;
I haif na tyme to tell now how it wes,
Bot to my purpois forder will I pas.
In Perth efter, as my author did mene,
Quhair that the king and lordis did convene
In ane counsall for to provyde ilk deill,
For mony thingis of the commoun weill,
First of the kirk and spiritualitie,
Siclike also of temporalitie;
In that counsall, be menis of Douglas,
Johnne of Dumbar for tressoun callit was,
The kingis dochter becaus he had defamit,
Quhair-throw his hous and all the laif war schamit.
The erle of Douglas causse wes of this thing,
For-quhy, quhen he desyritt to be king,
The erle of Marche, befoir as I zow schew,
Stoppit him than that purpoistill persew.
The quhilk erle stude, comperit than, and spak
For his bruther, for him defence till mak,
Alledgand thair that he had done na wrang.
For-quhy that ladie hame did with him gang
Glaidlie, wnforcit, of hir awin fre will,
Without desyre or entretit thairtill.
And secundlie he maid sic answering,
Sayand that tyme hir fader wes nocht king
Quhen that wes done, bot lord Stewart wes he;
Quhairfoir, he said, the kingis majestie
Wes nothing hurt, qhilk preif rycht weill he can,
Ane kingis dochter becausss schowes nocht than.
This king Robert of his meikness and grace
Rycht curtas wes, and knew full weill the cace
That all wes done for malice and invye,
As I haif schawin for the samin quhy;
Als in his mynd haiffand remembering,
Quhen that the Douglas thocht to haif bene
king,
So stiff erle George than stude at his defence,
Thairfoir he thocht he wald him recompence.
To his bruther, the qhilk that tyme wes cled
With his dochter than till his wyfe he hed,
The greit erldome of Murra he him gaif,
With all landis that it wes wont till haif.
Except Lochquhaber and Badzenoch also,
Pettie, Braklie, without ony mo,
Quhilk proceidit bot to the secund air
Of that surname, as efter did declair
My author heir, the quhilk that wald nocht lie,
Qhairfoir thairof ze get na mair for me.
James Lyndesay, as that my author sais,
Lord of Glenesk quhilk wes into tha dais,
This king Robert erle of Crawfurd than maid,
And gaif to him tha landis lang and braid,
The quhilk hed greit familiaritie
Ay with the king and greit auctoritie.
In the thrid zeir of this king Robertis ring,
Ewfame his quene, that meik wes and bening,
Departit hes and bad thame all gude nycht,
Syne passit hes the way till hevin full richt.
Efter scho wes departit of this lyfe,
King Robert than hes weddit till his wyfe
That samin tyme, and my author be trew,
Elizabeth of quhome befoir I schew,
That first of all he had intill his cuir,
Quhilk thre sonis and tua dochteris him buir.
The quhilk wedding wes lauchfull probatioun
Of his barnis legitimation,
And maid thame lauchfull [than] but ony faill
Of lauchtfull barnis befoir war out of taill.
That samin zeir to his sonis he gaif
Lordschip and land as tha war worth to haif:
The plesand erldome of Carrik and fair
He gaif to Johnne that eldest wes and air;
To Robert syne the erldome of Fyfe,
The secund sone borne of that samin wyfe,
And of Menteith the erle also maid he;
Alexander wes 30yngest of the thre
Gaif Badženoch, and thairof maid him lord.
That samin tyme, gif that I richt record,
To Dauid als siclike as to the laif,
The eldest sone of Ewfame, than he gaif
The riche erldome of Stratherne alhaill,
And to Walter the erldome of Athale.
Syne ordand hes with his lordis conding,
Of his successioun efter to his ring.
This wes the ordour that he maid but leis;
His eldest sone efter his deceis,
Callit wes Johne, to his place suld succeid
As lauchtfull air withoutin ony dreid;
And gif of him the airis maill did falże,
Robert his bruther the narrest of the tailze.
And gif Robert, to him that suld succeid
No sonis had, the croun sould than proceid
To Alexander; siclike as to the laif,
Gif none of thame sonis hapnit to haif,
Onto the narrest of the kingis blude
It sould succeid, so did tha all conclude:
The lordis als war sworne befoir the king,
Ilkone that tyme for to observer sic thing.
Lang efter this in peax tha led thair lyfe,
The Scottismen with Inglismen but stryfe;
Syne fals Fortoun, so is hir kynd till be,
To haif invy ay at prosperitie,
Thir tua kingis the quhilk accordit weill,
Or euir tha wist scho turnit on thame hir quheill;
Qubahir tha befoir war in tranquillitie,
Scho causit thame in sic haitrent till be
Ilkane at vther, as my author sais,
Tha stanchit nocht lang efter mony dais
Fra fyre and blude, continewand 3eir be 3eir;
And how it hapnit I sall schaw 3ow heir.
Houshald men to erle George of Dumbar, With Inglismen in Roxburch than war,
Vpoun ane tyme, I can nocht tell zow quhy, Bot gif it wes for malice and invy,
This erlis men, as my author me schew, Withoutin causis ilkone that tyme tha slew.

Of that slaughter erle George of Dumbar
Thair maister wes commout than rycht far;
To Harie Persie erle of Northumberland
Ane servand send as ze sall wnderstand;
This ilk Persie, as that my author sais,

Wardane he wes of Ingland in tha dais:

At him desyrand that tyme for till haif
The deid doaris, siclike of all the laif
To mak redres als far as tha had faillit.
Richt oft the Persie so he hes assailit,
Askand redres of all wes done beforne,
And he agane gat na anser bot scorne,
With greit derisoun ilk da moir and moir.
This erle George dissimulit thairfoir,
Quhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se
Of thir¹ injuris for to revengit be.
Syne efterwart, into the secund zeyr
That this wes done that I haif said zow heir,
Of Roxburgh it hapnit for till be

The mercat day solemnit wes and hie,
Qhaur Inglismen with pretius clayth of pryce,
Come thair that da, and vther merchandyce
In greit abundance that tyme fra all qhaur,
As vse is ay to mercat and to fair.
The erle of Marche, than seing wes his tyme
To be revengit of that cruell cryme,
Collectit hes of his freinds togidder
Ane greit power, quhairto tha war not lidder;

¹ In MS. that.
With his bruther, the gude erle of Murray,
To Roxburch syne tuke the reddie way.
Syne at the setis set thair tentis doun
Or euir tha wist, syne round about the toun
He set ane assalt with mony nobill man,
Richt manfullie the toun syne efter wan.
Syne in that toun, as that my author tald,
Except wemen left nother ʒoun g no ald
Levant on lyfe that tyme that mankynd was,
Spulʒeit the toun and brynt it syne in as.
The riches all that wes into that toun,
And merchandice worth mony thousand croun,
Withoutin stop of ony, or ganestand,
Tha brocht it all with thame into Scotland.
The Inglismen this greit injure and wrang,
That leit it nocht deferrit be rycht lang,
With greit power, withoutin ony delay,
Into the Mers come efter on ane day,
And spulʒeit hes, without stop or ganestand,
Schir Johnne of Gordonis heretage and land;
Quhair that tha sparit nother man no wyfe,
ʒoun g or ald of mankynd that buir lyfe;
Like wod wolfs in furiositie,
Bayth brynt and slew with greit crudelitie,
Syne all the spulʒe tuke with thame awa.
This schir Johnne Gordoun efter on ane da,
And his freindis quhilk that war till him suir,
With greit power siclike in Ingland fuir,
Distroyand all, without ony ganestand,
With fyre and blude into Northumberland.
So boldin war tha bernis that war bald,
That same thai sparit nother ʒoun g nor ald,
Man or wyfe other in feild or firth;
Wes nane that tyme that gat mercie or girth.
With greit spulʒe as tha war cumand hame,
Ane man callit schir Johnne Liburne to name
Hes vmbeset thame that tyme be the way,
With tuyss alss mony as the war that day
And gaif thame feild with haltand wordis hie.

The Scottismen, that thocht nocht for till fle,
Rycht manfullie hes met thame with greit mane;
At that semblie richt mony man wes slane.

Rycht lang tha faucht thir hardie men of hand,
The victorie sa oft wes varieand,
Quhile to the tane and quhylis to the vther,
Fyve tymes sua ay on fra one till vther,
Quhill at the last schir Johnne Liburne wes slane.

The laif refusit langar to remane,
Quhen that tha saw that thair captane wes keild,
And mony mo la deid into the feild,
Thair captanis als in handis sone war tane,
In all Ingland that da compair had nane,
Of policie and Prattik into weir,
At nane vther he neidit nocht to leir.

Schir Johnne Gordoun with greit honour and gloir,
And all the spulze also les and moir,
Without [in] stop of ony or demand,
Quhen that wes done come hame into Scotland.

Henrie Persie erle of Northumberland,
Quhen all this thing wes done him wnderstand,
With sevin thousand of nobill men and wycht,
He come till Duns and thair he baid all nycht.

The Scottis hirdis all that nycht but baid,
Of scrymplict ledery mony closbow maid,
Round as ane ball, of mony barkit skin,
Apoun stobbis, syne fillit thame within
With round stanis that thabrocht fra the se,
Syne festnit thame ilkane vpone ane tre;
And passit syne richt lang befoir the da
Onto the place quhair Harie Persie la,
Tha instrumentis haiffand into thair hand,
Neirby thair hors quhair tha war bund in band, 55,740
And sic ane sound atanis gart thame mak,
As craigsis claue and all in schander brak,
Lyke on thunder with ane hiddeous reird,
That schawis schuiik and trymlit all the erd;
Quhair of thair horss so far than wes agast, 55,745
Thair wes no festnyng that micht hald thame fast,
No zit no man durst with thame intermell,
So wode tha war and as feyndis as fell,
And brak all lous ilkane out of his band,
Syne vp and doun tha ran ouir all the land. 55,750
The Inglismen all nycht stude on thair feit,
Withoutin sleip walkand vpoun the streit
In gude ordour with mony bow and brand,
Traistand thair fais war richt neir cumand.
The costis birdis that tyme war nochtlidder 55,755
Tha Inglishorsstogather all togidder,
Sone be the flouris in the dew did fleit,
And leit the Persie pas hame on his feit,
For all his bost, with mekle lak and schame,
And far les honour na he come fra hame. 55,760
That samin morning, as my author did say,
Ane Inglisman, callit Thomas Musgray,
Captane of Beruik in that tyme wes he,
Passand thairtill than with ane greit armye,
Sa hapnit him owvittand be the streit 55,765
With schir Johnne Gordoun suddantlie to meit,
And gaif him battell or he passit by,
Quhair mony berne vpoun his bak did ly.
The Inglismen war haillelie slane doun,
The laif war chasit all fra toun to toun; 55,770
And Thomas Musgra in handis he wes tane
Into the feild efter the laif war gane.
This gude Gordoun that faucht sa weill that da,
With him he brocht this Thomas of Musgra,
And all the laif that he had tane befoir, into Scotland with greit honour and gloir.
This beand done at so gude reule and ordour,
Schir Johnne of Johnestoun als at the west bordour,
Richt oft in Ingland with greit power raid,
Baith brynt and slew and waill grit spulze maaid,
Without resist of ony Inglismen;
Richt greit honour in all that tyme he wan,
The Inglismen than at the bordouris baith,
For thair falsheid gat baith the lak and skaithe.
Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow heir, Of Sanct Andro the greit kirk that same 3eir,
And my author thairof be for till trow,
Wes brynt ilk stik, I can nochttell 3ow how;
And sum man said, as I can trow that best,
With ane fyre brand ane ka buir till hir nest That kirk wes brynt, alss far as tha had feill.
Gif that wes trew I can nochttell 3ow well.
That samin 3eir this ilk schir Johnne Gordoun,
With sax feiris, betrasit Beruik toun:
Vpoun the nycht with ledderis ouir the waw, Outwittand of ony, quietlie tha staw;
Bot it wes nochttairof to mak ane sang, For-quhy I trow tha keipit it noch lang.
The castell men siclike vpoun ane nycht, Of that same way dissauit thame with ane slycht,
And put thame out, but ony noy or dyn,
The same wayis befoir as tha come in.
In that same tyme, or neir about I ges,
With tuentie thousand the gude erle of Douglas
In Ingland raid, syne in his teyne and yre
The toun of Perot brynt all in ane fyre,
And the landis round about that la;
With richt greit spulze syne come hame his wa.
Quhen he had done, and wald no langar byde,
Without slauchter that tyme in ony syde.
The Inglismen, as my author did sa,
Sone efter him follouit our Sulwa,
And greit heirschip ourir all that land tha maid;
Syne with the spulzē hamewart as tha raid,
Quhair that the grund wes baith strenthie and
strang
Till ony of other [for] till ryde or gang,
The Scottismenthair manlie hes tham[e] met, 55,810
With sic ane sembla syne vpoun thame set,
Quhill that tha left the spulzē all behynd,
And gart thame all be fane thair feit to fynd. 55,820
Quhair that fyve hundreth of the best wes tane;
Alss in the fleing dround wes mony ane
In the quik sand, as I can rycht weill trow,
Amang the craigis quhen the se wes fow,
For- quyhy my self rycht oft thair haif I bene, 55,825
And of sic danger sindrie syis hes sene;
Richt weill I knaw that gait is dangerous
In sindrie partis, and richt perrellus.
And all the laif out of the feild did fle,
Becausst that tyme that it wes neir full se, 55,830
Thair wes no furde of Esk into the tyde,
That ony man durst aduentre till ryde,
Except ane certane that schup ourir till found,
In thair folie quhair tha war ilkane dround.
The laif all fled far vp in the waist land, 55,835
To sindrie woddis rycht neir at thair hand,
And in thawoddis hid thame all the da,
Syne in the nycht staw hame agane thair wa.
Off Scottisman quhen that the nobill name
Of thair deidis, the honour and the fame, 55,840
Wes schawin in France to gude Charlis the
king,
Saxt of that name quhilk in that tyme did ring,
Ane oratour in[to] Scotland he send
To king Robert with hartlie recommend,
Beseikand him that tyme rycht freindfullie,
For till exerce and vse his victorie,
Till all the warld that he mycht mak it kend
The greit triumph that God had till him send,
Of Inglismen quhilk wes thair commoun fa.
Promittand [him], sua that he wald do sua,
Of gold and siluer riches infinyte,
Sua that he wald, as my author did wryte,
Be his weiris or ony vther chance,
The king of Ingland, quhilk wes than in France,
Quhair that he schup zit langer to remane,
Throw sic weiris to draw him hame agane:
With king Robert renewit than the band
Wes maid befoir betuix thame and Scotland.
On the tane part quhen that this thing wes done,
Ane legaty wes send in France rycht sone
To king Charlis, as I haifsaid to zow,
Walter Wardlaw the bishop of Glasgow,
With king Charlis the quhilk that did renew
The band agane, as that my author schew.
Heir in this place ane quhilenow will I dwell,
As my promit befoir wes, for to tell
Of ane dochter gude Elizabeth Mure
To king Robert into hir tyme scho buir.
As my promit wes in that place to tell
How that ladie disposit of hir sell,
Now sen it is into my heid perqueir,
How that it wes now sall I schaw zow heir.
Ane fair ȝoung man richt humbill and bening,
Plesand but peir, and weill gevin in all thing;
Lustie and large, plesand of hyde and hew,
Mansweit and meik, rycht secreit als and trew;
Full of vertu, withoutin ony vice,
Bayth digest [als], rycht circumspect and wyss;
Aboue all vther in his tyme, I reid,
Of pulchritude and fairnes did exced.
For that same caus as trow rycht weill I can,
Rycht tenderlie him louit mony man;
Wes none him treittit so in deid and word,
As James Lyndesay [that] erle wes of Craufurd.
This erle him louit than aboue all thing,
Quhilk maid his quentance efter with the king.
The king him louit also uir the laue,
And gaif him oucht that he plest to haif,
For his vertu and for his fairnes als,
So trew he wes that he wes neuer fund fals,
Expert he wes to dyte and wryte rycht fair,
Thairfoir the king maid him his secretair,
And of his signet gaif him all the cuir,
With other office of him that he buir.
Qubat wes his name gif ze wald speir at me,
I can nocht tell without that I wald lie,
For quhy na man zit schew sic thing me till,
Bot sum man said tha callit him Johne Myll,
And nocht my author sic thing to me schew,
I can nocht tell thairfoir gif it wes trew.
The kingis dochter, of quhome befoir I spak,
Sic lust and plesour of this man did tak
Into hir mynd with sic heit and desyre,
That in his lufe scho brynt as ony fyre;
Quhilk appetite put hir in sic ane fever,
With sic desyr that scho that tyme hed lever
Ane nycht naikit into his armes ly,
Na all the gold that wes wnder the sky.
Of wemen oft syis so is the conditioun,
The dart of lufe far sarar nor confusioun,
Or zit remors in thair conscience of syn,
Vexis thame moir, and als fra tha begyn,
Moir ardent ar quhill that tha get thair will,
No for till clenge thame out of cryme or ill.

Lib.16, f.249.
Col. 1.
And so wes scho of quhome befair I schew, 55,915
Bayth nycht and da this young [man] did persew,
First with luif blenkis gif he cald persaue
Fair countenance, and also to him gaue
Sweit commonyng and hamely company,
Greit cheresing and leit battell pas by. 55,920
And quhen scho saw that he wald nocht persew
To wit hir mynd, than efterwart scho schew
Baith in[to] word and also into deid,
Qhill efterwart than that scho come sic speid,
Than in the girding grittar ay scho growis, 55,925
And than till ernist turnit all hir mowis,
That scho forthocht that scho zeid by the gait;
So did tha baith, but than it wes ouir lait.
Than this young man his secreittis all he schew
To James Lyndesay for maist traist and trew, 55,930
The erle of Craufurd baith courtas and fre,
For-quhy all tyme his narrest freind wes he,
And most speciall ay with the kingis grace.
The quhil eftar, within ane litill space,
With sic wisdome that mater hes convoyit, 55,935
Of ony man withoutin sturt vnnoyit,
Perswadit hes the kingis grace as than,
In mariage onto this ilk young man
That ilk lady rycht glaidlie for to geif.
Siclike also haiffand the quenis leif, 55,940
For-quhy the quene scho [knew] full weill the cacc,
Than for displesure of the kingis grace,
And baith the pairteis sould wnblamit be,
In that mater hes maid rycht grit supple,
Suppois scho wes bot hir stepbarne as than, 55,945
And for the weill als of this ilk young man,
So thankfullie thairto hir mynd applyis:
Rycht mekle help in ane gude woman lyis.
The king also, gif that I richt record,
That samin tyme of Glammis maid him lord, 55,950
And callit him Lyoun to his surname;
The quhilk famell sensyne of nobill fame
Succeidit hes increassand to thir dais.
This same Lyoun syne, as my author sais,
So greit gyding than of the king hed he,
That all vther that had auctoritie,
Be his menis, as efterwart weill pruifit,
Out of the court rycht far tha war removit.
Than he befoir that luifit wes so weill,
With euerie man wes haittit to the devill;
The quhilkwes wont so gentill for to be,
Throw greit lordschip and he auctoritie,
Changit his maneris, and with ilkane man
Haittit richt far, and most speciall as than
With James Lyndesay haittit wes far moir,
No ony vther quilk wes his freind befoir.
This James Lyndesay efter on ane da,
At Forfair toun, as my author did sa,
This Johnne Lyoun rycht cruellie he slew,
For that same caus, and my author be trew.
Qhairfoir efter, on till ane weill lang space,
He wes maid exul to the kingis grace,
In vther landis lang tyme till remane,
Qhill that he wes restorit syne agane
On till his peax, be menis of tuo lordis,
Marche and Douglas, as my author recordis.
Qhairfoir the king in maner of remissioun,
Fra him that tyme in compositioun,
Of his landis ane greit part he did tak,
And for the saule greit suffrage gart him mak.
In this same tyme as that the cace did fall,
Schir Johne of Cant\(^1\) the erle of Lonscastell,
And thre or four als vther men of gude,
Siclike of servuandis with ane multitude,

\(^1\) In MS. Thomas Cant.
Fra king Richart that tyme wes send, but leis, To king Robert for to tak trewis and peice. And so thai did that tyme for 3eiris thre, And no langar, without my author lie, Syne take thair leif as my author did sa. And as thar war hame passand be the wa, To thame wes schawin in the tyme also Of ane captane wes callit Jakis Stro, Ane carle he wes and cumin of carlis blude, And of carlis had ane greit multitude, With sic power in all part far and neir, That all Ingland that tyme he maid on steir. In Lundoun toun he did thair as he list, Wes nane had power him for to resist. That tyme on force richt mony he offendit, The nobill blude so far als vilipendit, Without that tyme, quhome euir he ourhryit, That he menswoir all gentres and denyit That he euer be come of nobill blude, He gart him die than, sHORTlie to conclude. Quhairfoir thir lوردis that tyme war rycht fane In Scotland bakwart for to turne agane; In Ingland forder than the durst nocht go, Sic feir and dreed than the had of Jakis Stro; And with the king of Scotland did remane Quhill efterwart that Jakis Stro wes slane. And how that wes pertenis nocht till me To tell this tyme, thairfoir I latit be. Quhen passit wes the tyme of thir thre 3eir Trevis war tane, as I haif told 3ow heir, Archibald of Douglas erle of Gallowa, Richt grit displeesour he had euerie da Of the discorsioun maid be Inglismen, Duelt in the castell than of Lochmaben,
In Galloway and mony vther land,
And speciallie¹ in vallis of Annand.
And for that caus richt suddantlie than he,
Of thir tua erlis with help and supple,
Marche and Douglas, and of vther men,
With greit power passit to Lochmaben.
At that castell ane lang tyme thair th a la,
Seigand the hous thre moneth and ane da.
On the last da, bot gif my author lie,
Fra Carlill come, that castell till supple,
Richt greit power of mony berne full bald,
Bot of thair nummer wes nocht to me tald,
And gaif thame battell in that same place.
The Scottismen, throw help of Godis grace,
Tha wan the feild for all thair greit rebous;
And th a within also gaif ouir the hous,
Of that promit fre hame till lat thame go.
And sua thai did that samin tyme also,
Withoutin sturt of ony or wnsteird,
Syne all the hous kestdoun to the cald erd.
Quhen this wncance wes to king Richart kend,
Robert Grastok with vther nobillis send,
Haiffand all thing neidfull for men of weir,
With gold and siluer, and with houshald geir,
With riche veschell war all of siluer fyne,
Baith dische and plait, and pecis for the wyne,
And all victuall that neidfull war till haif,
Nothing inlaikit that tha list to craif.
Than for till stuff that strang castell of stone,
To Roxburch the narrest way ar gone,
With all this power for to mak suppilie,
In aduenture itsuld nocht nucywe be,
Gif that the Scottis wald the hous assay.
The erle of Marche quietlie be the way,

¹ In MS. speciallis.
Qhair that he la neirby ane rynnand laik,
He take thame all withoutin ony straik,
And all the riches with thame thair tha hede,
Syne to the castell of Dumbar thame led.
That samynycht sittand at thair suppeir,
With thair awin veschell of fyne siluer cleir,
With bising, lawer, disches and plaittis fyne,
And cowpis pecis full of riche wyne,
Ane burdour than that wes perfitt any euch
Of that same craft, richt loud thair rat he leuch;
Sayand he thocht that tha war fuillis all,
Withoutin straik sa mony riche veschall
To lois that tyme with mekle vther gude,
So red tha war for drawing of thair blude.
Tha war wyiss men, he said, withoutin maik,
So mekill riches had wyn but [ane] straik,
And soould alway be choreist with thair king,
Qhair that the tother worthie war till hing.
King Richart than, this eace quhe that he knew,
Ane greit armie he send than of the new
Into Scotland, with mekle boist and schoir,
That semdill sene wes siclike of befoir.
Of Loncastell the worthie erle and lord
Thair captane wes, gif that I richt record,
With this armie of quhome befoir I spak,
Outthrow the Mers his passage than did mak;
Fra fyre and blude that tyme he spairit nocht,
Throw Loutheane to Edinburg syne socht.
And as tha schuipeto set the toun in fyre,
The burges men sone stanchit thair desyre
With gold and siluer, and with greit reward;
Fra fyre that tyme the nobill toun wes spard.
This beand done na langar did remane,
Out-throw the Mers syne passit hame agane.
That samyn tyme king Richart also hie
Ane greit naving hes furnest to the se,
Of carvell, craik, with mony bark and barge, Withoutin [stint] haifing all thing at large. 56,080
Syne tuke thair leif and saillit in the north, Qhill that tha come into the water of Forth, Vp in the Forth besyde Sanct Colmis yle Into the raid thair thauke tuke rest ane quhile, Syne with thair boittis into that yle tuke land, 56,095 And all the riches thairin that thaukand, Baith gold and syluer and all vther geir, Distributit all wnto the men of weir:
This being done, with greit anger and ire, Except the kirk, brynt all the laif in fyre. 56,100
That samin tyme ane sone wes of Sathnes, And twyss war, gif war mycht be, I ges, No him awin self Sathan that awfull syre, The kirk that tyme he set thryis into fyre. For ony fyre that he culd bring thairtil, It sloknit ay ilk tyme of the awin will; And quhen he saw the fyre that it forsuik, Rycht suddantlie ane grit wodnes he tuke, Qhill that he raif1 his awin fleche fra the bone, Syne at the last kest grit cragis and stone. 56,110
So be the vertu of that halie man Sanct Colme, his kirk fra birning chaipit than. This being done, without ony ganestand, The greit naving in Fyffe than tuke the land, Syne brint and slew in mony sindrie place, 56,115 With grit heirschip onto ane weil lang space, Qhill Thomas Erskin that tyme and his bruther, Hecht. Nicolas, that tyme with mony vther, As Alexander callit wes Lyndesay, And Cuninghame of Kilmawris alsway, 56,120 In plane battellsynemanfulliethamewan, And slew of thame richt mony gudlie man.

1 In MS. raisd.
Syne all the laif onto thair schippis chaist,
Into that tyme quhen that tha had sic haist,
Qhaur thar war nocht ressauit in thair schippis,

Fourtie of thame than festnit hes thair grippis
Vpoun ane tow quhairon the schip than raid,
And clam on it for caus tha durst nocht waid.
The Scottismen that tyme tha war so frak,
Qhilk followit so neir thame at thair bak,
Tha gat na lasarthe anker\(^1\) till draw.
The schipmen than, quhen tha sic danger saw,
Cuttit the tow and thocht tha baid our lang,
And leit thame all vpone the tow that hang
Fall in the se, syne chis[it] thame but baid,
Qhilk that tha plesit, other to swome or waid.

Of adventure sum to the land did found,
And all the laif into the deip wes dround;
And tha also that passit to the land,
With Scottismen thair bydand on the sand,
Neirby about in mony sindrie place,
War slane ilkone without mercie or grace.
Sone efter that the gude erle of Douglas,
At the command of king Robert, did pas
Into Tueddaill, with mony worthie wycht,
With greit ordour all into armour brycht.
The Inglismen possessit all that land
Sen Durhame feild, and thairin war duelland,
This erle William into the samin dais,
Expellit thame all, as my author sais,
Out of Tueddaill thar tyme be the leist ane man;
And all the strenthis thairin als he wan,
And maid agane als peceable all thar landis,
As euir tha war into the Scottis handis.
Into the castell richt sone of Douglas,
Efter all this he tuke his leif to pas

\(^1\) In MS. anger.
Out of this lyfe, thair wes no other chois,
Syne bureit that tyme wes in Melross.
And James of Douglass after he wes deid,
His sone and air, succeedit in his steid;
Ane man all tyme of alss grit fame and gloir,
And for na les nor his father befoir.
Preissand to cum till als hie ane cast,
To the New Castell in Ingland he past,
And in his gait that tyme fand no resist,
Bayth brint and slew thair als lang as he list;
Fra him tha fled to mony wod and serog,
As houndit scheip fra ony masteif\(^1\) dog.
Still at his pleasure thair he did remane,
Qhillk he wes causit to cum hame agane
Be king Robert that tyme that for him send,
His presence quhilk he walid not vilipend,
And his counsell desyrit for till haif
In conventioun quhair gatherit wes the laif.
Charlis the saxt, of France the nobill king,
Quhen that he hard the same of all this thing,
Tua thousand men that hardie war and wicht
He chosin hes, syne all in armour bricht
Enarmit thame richt gudlie to commend,
With the admirall in Scotland syne thame send,
And with ane vther that wes gude and fyne,
Sir Johnne Vrener lewes of Valentyne,
With fyve hundreth stands of harnes cleir,
And wyne and flour to steid thame for ane 3eir.
And fiftiethousand crownis of the wecht,
To king Robert befoir that he him hecht.
At thair cuming richt greit triumpe wes maid;
Ane lang quhile still sone efter syne but baid,
Fiftie thousand all into armour bricht,
Of nobill men that worlthie war and richt,

\(^{1}\)In MS. "masteis."
Befoir the king comperit in that tyde,
And he agane betaucht thame all to gyde
To Robert Stewart, with him for till go,
His secund sone and erle of Fyffe also.
Thair wes no moir, without ony demand,
Tha enterit sone all in Northumberland,
Baith Wark and Furd, and Cornwall stark of stone,
Law to the ground tha kést thame doun ilkone;
And mony mo als on the bordour syde
Distroyit than quhilk places war of pryde;
And brynt and aulc rycht lang at thair awin will,
Bayth far and neir and nane durst sa thame ill.
For evill wedder tha mycht nocht lang remane,
Sic dalie storme thair wes of weit and rane,
For-quhy it wes richt lait than of the zeir
That this wes done that I haif said ȝow heir;
Becaust the wedder that tyme wes so sair,
Tha sped thame hame and baid na langer thair.
Quhen passit wes the wynter cald but feir,
In the begynnnyng syn of the nixt zeir,
Thir Frenchmen passit ouir Swlwa sand
With mony Scot, and syn in Cummerland
Thair passage maid, quhair that thà did nocht tyre
Dalie to spulze and to rais grit fyre,
Quhill in that land thair wes na mair to get.
To Carliill toun ane strang seig than tha set,
Wantand mekle quhairof that thà had neid,
Quhilk causit thame to cum richt hulie speid.
Syne king Robert sone ȝefer on ane day,
Hes causit thame for till cum than thair way,
To Roxburgh the narrest way syne gang,
To seig that hous that stalwart wes and strang,
And litill farrar in that seig tha fell.
The Frenchmen, as my authour did, tell,
Desyrit than, gif that the hous wes wyn
Be way of thame throw ony craft or gyn,
And gif the hous war gevin ourir be chance,
Into the name than of the king of France
The hous be thame ressauit sould be than,
With thair wisdome gif that the hous tha wan.
Quhairto the Scottis wald nothing apply,
All thair desyre richt sone tha did deny.
Quhairfoir that tyme, as my author did sa,
Tha left the seig and passit all awa.
The Frenchmen na langar wald remane,
In Scotland all tha passit hame agane;
And syne in France sone efter hame did speid
To thair king Charlis of thame had greit neid.
For-quhy that tyme, as my author did sa,
Continewallie the Inglismen ilk da,
That samin tyme, and efter ane lang space,
Tha vexit France in mony sindrie place.
Efter all this the Scottismen zit still
In Ingland baid tua moneth at thair will,
Makand heirschip fra blude and fyre also,
Without resist quhair euir tha list till go;
Young nor auld that tyme tha sparit nane.
Quhen thair victuall consumit wes and gane,
Tha gat anech in mony sindrie strenth,
Quhilk causit thame at moir lasar and lenth
For to remane into that land stand still,
Quhill that tha gat thair hail plesure and will;
Syne with greit riches efter on ane da,
And greit triumph, come hame agane thair wa.
Of this injure quhen king Richart did heir,
He gart convene fra all part far and neir
On fit and hors richt mony man of gude,
Collectit syne ane marvellus multitude
Of wagit men, as my author did wryte,
The quhilk of nummer than war infinyte;
In gude ordour with mony bow and brand,
He enterit syne richt sone into Scotland.
First in the Mers, quhair he wrocht all his will
Without resist of ony maid him till;
In Loutheane sielike evin as he wald,
Quhair that he sparit nother young no ald;
Preist nor clerk, kirk nor vther place,
Wyfe nor barne gat nother girth nor grace;
Channoun or monk, freir or religious man,
Gat no mercie mair nor ane dog did than;
That Sathanis sone, in his wodnes and yre
Distroyit all thing bayth with sword and fyre.
Off Edinburgh the citineris all fled
To strenthis by with all the guidis tha hed,
And left the toune spulzeit than richt bair,
Of all thae had tha left richt nocht than thair.
Syne king Richart for oucht that mycht him meis,
He brint the toune sone efter in ane bleis:
Sanct Jelis kirk sielike he sparit nocht,
For ony ways that tyme that culd be wrocht;
And haid nocht bene the erle of Loncastell
Sic menis maid, as my author did tell,
Hailieruid hous, or he wald forder pas,
Sielike that tyme he had brint into as.
Be intercessioun of that nobill man,
That halie place wes suirit with him than
Fra fyre, bot nocht fra spulze and fra reif;
In it he left nocht scant worth ane kail leif.
That samin tyme that wickit awfull syre,
Thre fair abbais he brynt all in ane fyre,
Melros, Dryburgh, and Newbottill also:
Sone efter syne in Ingland hame did go.
King Robert Stewart thinkand sic ane wrang
Wnrewardid he sould nocht suffer lang,
His sone Robert, the erle of Fyffe wes than,
With greit power sone efter on ane da,
Thair passage maid that tyme in Cumbria,\(^1\)
Quhair tha sparit nother man no wyfe,
Zoun or ald, or ony that buir lyfe,
Seik man or haill ony that tha fand:
So tha war quyte agane in thair awin hand.
In Cummerland tha left nocht worth ane sow,
Gayt or scheip, hors, ox, or kow,
Gold, siluer, or ony houshald gude;
Syne all the laif, schortlie to conclude,
To turs or carie that wnganand wes,
That samin tyme tha brynt it all in as.
In this same tyme that I haifsaid 3ow till,
The Scottismen at seiging of Carlill,
Ane Williame Douglas, bellicois and bald,
Quhilk wes the sone of gude erle Archibald
Of Gallowa, baith plesand and preclair;
I can nocht tell gif that he wes his air,
Bot of his deidis tell 3ow weil I can;
In tha weiris so greit honour he wan,
That he wes prysit far aboue the laif,
With greit.louing quhilk he wes worth to haif.
Quhen that tha brynt the suburb of the toun,
Rycht mony berne that bald wes than wes
boun,
Of Inglismen that on ane brig than wes,
To stop\(^2\) the Scottis tha sould nocht ouir pas,
This zoun Douglas, with bot feiris tua,
The passage wan, as my author did sa,
In spyte of thame the passage stude to keip;
Sum he gart loupe and droun into the deip,
And sum gart fle; the laif that did remane,
Richt manfullie with his handis hes slane.

\(^1\) In MS. \textit{Cumbria}. \hspace{1cm} \(^2\) In MS. \textit{stoppis}.
Ane vther tyme the citineris war boun,
And with greit power ischet of the toun
Vpoun the Scottis for to mak ane trane,
Bot sone tha war all chaaait hame agane,
And mony slane and mony of thame tane.
This young Douglas followand him allane
Ouir far that tyme, without[ in] ony feir,
In hand⁴ wes tane and haldein presoneir,
And of his armour denuit also;
With four men⁵ syne wes deput for till go
Onto the toun, but mo in cumpany.
This ilk Douglas than sone and suddantly,
Thir four ilkane out of his grippis flang,
And with his nevis tua of thame he dang
Wnder his feit, and baldlie gart thame bleid;
The tother tua than fled with all thair speid.
Quhairof the Douglas wes nocht richt wnfane,
Syne to his feiris sped him sone agane.
Quhen tha had done so into Cumbria,
Tha sped thame syne vnto Westmauria,
And siclike heirschip baith of steir and corne,
With fyre and slauchter as tha did beforne
In Cumbria, siclike thair haif tha maid.
All Westmurland that wes baith lang and braid,
Tha waistit haill baith into barne and byrc,
Syne all the bigging brynnt intill ane fyrc.
This beand done, without ony demand,
Tha passit all syne in Northumberland,
Ay raisand fyre siclike as of befoir,
Birnd the bigging, syne all the gude and stoir,
Insicht, and vther gold and siluer brycht,
In Scotland brocht with greit riches and mycht.
And all the laif that mycht nocht with thame pas,
Or tha come hame tha brint [it] all in as.

¹ In MS. *haldein.*  │  ² In MS. *sun.*
Quhen spulzeit wes, as ȝe hard, Cummerland,
That samin tyme ane chairter thair tha fand,
Of quhome the tennour quha¹ lykis for to speir,
Ilk word be word as I sall schaw zow heir:
"I king Adilstane gevis to the Laulan, Odan, and Rodam,
"Als gude and als fair, as euir tha myne wair,
"To bruke and vy withoutin ony stryfe;
"In witnes [quhair] of Mauld now my wyfe." 56,370
This ilk Douglas of quhome befoir I spak,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Of his deidis the honour and the fame
Commendit wes so efter he come hame,
Geving to him so greit loving and gloir,
With euerie man he wes louit thairfoir.
This king Robert than had ane dochter deir,
Ewfamea, of pulchritude but peir
Of ony vther that I hard of tell,
Bot gif it war fair Cresseid hir awin sell. 56,380
Hir plesand prent, hir perfitt portrature,
Exceedit far all vther creatuir;
Of hir wes said, as my author me tald,
Wes nane that doucht hir bewtie to behold,
Without that he richt sone with luísis dart 56,385
War woundit soir at the ruitis of his hart.
This ilk lady than saikles of all blame,
Than quhen scho hard of this ilk Douglas fame,
Of him that tyme scho had so grít desyre,
That in hir brest the heit of luísis fyre 56,390
Ay moir and moir bownit with sic ane blast,
With sic desyre that scho micht nocht tak rest.
The king hir father quhilk that knew full weill
All hir desyr, quhairof he had ane seill,

¹In MS. quy.
Kennand hir mynd wes set to him so far,
Or dreid efter rycht sone itould be war,
Of sielike dout as efferit to haif,
With this ladie in matrimony he gaif.
This ladie quhilk of fairnes had no peir,
Of pulchritude withoutin ony feir,
As previt weill, as scho had than sic chance,
Be gude Charlis the nobill king of France,
Quhilk that he hard of this ladie the name,
Of greit bewtie, of sic fairnes and fame,
Ane paynter send quhilk wes ane perfite man,
To counterfit als craftie as he can
Of this ladie the prent and pulchritude.
And so he did than, schortlie to conclude,
With sic perfection and speciositie,
That wonder wes till ony man to se
Sic mycht be done with manlie governance,
Syne hed it hame onto the king of France,
And schew to him that pictour wes so perfyte.
Quhairof he tuke sic plesour and delyte,
That he had levar had this ladie brycht,
No all the gold, the riches, and the mycht,
Into Ewrope and all landis neist,
The fyre of lufe so brynt into his breist.
Quhairfoir richt sone in Scotland he hes send,
To king Robert his mynd for to mak kend
For this ladie wes of sic tender age,
Desyrand hir as quene in mariage.
And or this send come fra the king of France,
In Scotland come, of aduenture and chance,
As I haif said bot schort quhile than gone by,
The young Douglas had weddit that lady.

This messinger so frustrat of his pray,
Zeid hame agane seand that it wes sway.
In this same tymenow that ze heir me sa,
Out of Ireland thair come in Gallowa.
Richt mony thevis be the se ane nycht,
Syne passit hame lang or the da wes lycht
With part of stouth that nycht that tha had stowin,
Syne drank eftir of that that tha had browin;
The quhilk to thame wes coft eftir full deir,
And how it wes tak tent and ze sall heir.
William Douglas, of quhome befoir I spak,
Rycht greit displeasure of that thing did tak,
Quhairof he thocht ane mendis for to haif,
In Ireland send redres first for to craif,
And tha come syne agane to him belywe
Than but redres with ansuer negatywe:
And quhen he saw that no better mycht be,
The erle of Fyfe besocht hes for supple;
The quhilk he grantit glaidlie him to geif,
Obtenand als thairto the kingis leif.
Syne send to him all into armour brycht
Rycht grit power with ane baith wyss and wycht,
Thair leidar wes, hecht Robert of Doresdeir,
Richt perfite wes in all prattik of weir.
Syne with the power that him self mycht be,
That samin tyme he passit to the se;
At Carlyngfurfd sone eftir syne tuke land,
Ane greit wallit toun neir by the se did stand:
Syne to that toun, as that my author said,
With all ingyne ane seig richt sone he laid.
The citineris that war the toun within,
Of men and victuale that tyme wer so thin,
Out of beleif the toun for to defend,
For souerance than to the Douglas tha send;
Beseikand him vnto ane certane da
For souerance, quhilk eftir that tha ma
In that mater aduisit for till be,
Hechtand him gold\(^1\) thairfoir in grit plentie;

\(^1\) In MS. gold.
Quhair to richt sone he hes gevin consent. 56,485
All this tha did with fraude in their intent,
Wnder cullour efter quhill tha mycht se
Of this Douglas for to revengit be.
Wnder the tyme quhen grantit wer thir trewis,
Rycht quyetlie thir fals and feint zeit schrewis 56,479
Fra vther partis gat richt grit supple,
Syne with the power that thame self mycht be
Within the toun that tyme tha war nocht lidder
Quhill tha throutit baith thair strenth togidder;
Diuydit syne thair hail power in tua. 56,475
Robert Durisdeir in landwart than that la
With his power that sparit nocht to tak,
Quhair plesit thame ony spulze to mak,
The tane part than, with all thair power hail,
Rycht suddantlie this Robert did assaill. 56,480
This ilk Robert, the quhilk thair cuming kend,
Refusit nocht bot manlie did defend.
The Scottis faucht with sic curage that da,
The Ireland men, as my author did sa,
For the most part into the feild war slane, 56,485
The laif all fied na langar wald remane;
Rycht mony als war slane into the chace,
Heir and thair in mony sindrie place.
The tother part siclike on the Douglas
In gude ordour rycht pertlie than did pas, 56,489
And gaif him battell than withoutin dreid,
And of thair purpos come als lidder speid
As thair feiris that faucht the da befoir.
Wes nane of thame than, other les and moir,
Ontane or slane, as my author did sa, 56,495
That chaipit nocht throw rycht grit speid awa.
Quhen this wes done in maner of recompes,
Tha tuke the toun without ony defence,
And enterit in at thair plesour and will,
And all the riches that tha fand thairintill, 56,500
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Gold, siluer, insicht, and houshald geir,
And riche clothing wes ordand for to weir,
All other thing that tha mycht turs away,
Buir to thair schippis efter one day.
In poulders small syne brynt vp all the toun
That samin tyme, and kest the wallis doun.
Quhen this wes done na langar thair tha baid,
To schipburd went and syne thair passage maid
Endlang the cost, quhair euir ane hevin tha fand
In thair boittis richt oft passit to land;
And mony townis be the se that stude,
Tha brynt thame all and tuke away the gude,
With mony men into thame that tha fand;
With greit honour come hame syne in Scotland.

HOW THE INGLIS MEN COME AND LA IN THE MERS
WITHIN SCOTLAND, QUHEN KING ROBERT WAS
ABSENT IN THE NORTHLAND, AND HOW AND
QUHAT MANER HE FURNEIST TUA GREIT
OISTIS TO PAS IN INGLAND TO BE REVENGIT.

In this same tyme now that ze heir me sa,
The Inglishmen within the Mers tha la,
For-quhy king Robert, ze sall wnderstand,
Wes haldand law that tyme in the north land.
Of thair cuming quhen he hard tell and mene,
Richt suddantlie he come till Abirdene
With his lordis that tyme that with him was,
Decreittit hes tua greit oistis till pas
Into Ingland with greit crudelitie,
Of tha injuris for to revengit be.
The erle of Fyff his sone wes in that tyde
The tane of thame that tyme he gaif till gyde;
Erle of Menteith and erle of Galloway,
And of Walcop Alexander Lyndesay.
Thir bernis bald that worthie war and wycht,
And fyftene thousand all in armour brycht,
Of nobill men that weill durst stryik and stand,
Passit with him richt sone our Sulwa sand.
The secund oist to gyde also gaif he
To tua erlis of thame equall to be,
George of Dumbar the erle of Merche that wes,
And gude James the erle of Douglas,
Qhilik in his tyme had nother maik no peir
Of strenth and manheid quhill he wes levand heir.
With thame thrie lordis grit nobillis that was,
That samin tyme king Robert maid to pass,
The erle of Craufurd James Lyndesay,
Johnne of Dumbar that erle wes of Murray,
And of Arrole the nobill erle and lord,
Of fyftene thousand, gif I richt record,
Syne send thame sone attouir the bordour syde.
At the eist part, with mony bow and brand,
Tha enterit sone syne in Northumberland;
To byde thair baid it wes na barnes pla,
Tha left na thing that thamycht turss awa;
Syne brint thair bigging all into ane fyre,
Bayth hall and chalmer, bakhous, barne and byre,
With corne and hay thabrynt all into asa.
To se the wemen and the bernis pas
Out of thair boundis sa naikit and bair,
Qhill all wes brynt and na gude lef thair,
And rurall men withoutin sword or knyfe,
Bairfit and bair leg for to saif thair lyfe,
Fra hill to hill rynnand as tha war hyrit,
In mure and mos so tavert war and tyrit,
That force it wes, withoutin ony ganestand,
In sic distres cum in thair fais hand.
Sicylyke the oist at the west bordour la
Come na war speid, as my author did sa,
Ay mufand furth togidder quhill tha met
Intill ane place quhair that the tryst wes set,
Fra the New Castell quhilk wes bot ten myle.
The erle of Douglas in that samin quhile,
Ten thousand men that war baith bald and
wycht,
He chosin hes, all into armour bricht,
To the New Castell with him for to pas,
Quhair that the Peirsie their remanand was
With his tua sonis; gif I richt augur
The eldest sone callit Henrie Hetspur;
Radulfe the secund callit als wes he,
Ane man efter of greit auctoritie.
To the New Castell quhen that he come syne,
That stark wallit toun that standis vpone Tyne,
On the north part syne of the samin toun
Foirnent Scotland thair set thair tentis doun.
Henrie Hetspur, that wes than lord Persie,
Come to the wall and on Douglas did cry,
Quhilk in his tyme wes ay withoutin maik,
Beseikand him than for his lordis saik,
Than hand for hand and face for face him
meit,
First vpoun hors and syne vpoun thair feit.
Quhairrof the Douglas wes content richt weil,
Syne suddantlie hes armit him in steill;
Siclik the Persie of the samin sort.
Syne on ane plane that wes befoir the port,
Into the presens thair of mony man,
Thir tua on hors togidder thair tha ran,
With speiris scharp that war bayth greit and lang,
Spurrand thair hors quhill that the blude out
sprang.
Thir forcis freikis that tyme face for face,
They ran togidder with ane awfull race.
The Douglas wes ryczht sle and culd ryde weil,
The Peirseis speir, that heidit wes with steill,
Vmschewit hes withoutin ony skaith;
With his awin speir that greit and lang wes bayth,
He hitt the Persie so vpoun the syde,
Suppois he wes richt weill leirit to ryde,
For ony fence that tyme that he culd mak,
He laid him braidlingis than vpoun his bak.
Off Inglismen armit ane rycht greit sort,
Send to behald thairout befoir the port,
To the Persie that tyme quhair that he la,
Tha ran rycht fast and tuke him sone awa.
The Douglas thocht it wes bot folie than
To follow him quhomewith wes mony man
Him to defend, and he wes him allane;
The narrest way the Douglas than is gane
To Peirseis speir and tuke it in his hand,
Sayand he suld it present in Scotland.
To king Robert, with ane loud voce and cleir,
Cryit on hycht that euerie man mycht heir.
This beand done the Douglas maid him boun
To set ane seig that same tyme to the toun,
And first of all the fowseis he gart fill
[With stra and tre that ganand wes thairtill].
The bowmen big that bowis weill culd draw,
Bikkerit at thame that stude vpoun the waw,
That tha durst scantliestand to cast ane stone,
Qhill that the fowseis fillit war ilkone.
On ledderis syne the wallis did vpsend;
Bot tha within so manfullie did defend,
Tha leit thame nocht enter attour the wall;
Qhairfoir the Douglas on his men did call,
And causit thame all for to cum abak,
For drieid that tyme of grittars skayth and laik,
And at the seig no langar to remane.
Mony wes hurt and nocht ane man than slane.
The Douglas than onto his men he schew,
Sayand of ledderis for tha had so few,
That wes the caus that tha the toun nocht wan,
Puttand no wyit that tyme till ony man. 56,635
Quhairfoir he said that tha suld haift no falt,
Schawand efter to gif the toun ane salt,
Gettand all graith that ganand wes thairtill,
In that intent thair tha remanit still.
That samin tyme ane come to thame and
schew,
Of Inglismen greit power of the new
Within tua myle wes cumand ouir ane lie,
Fra York wes send that toun for to supple.
The Douglas than na langar wald remane
To seig the toun, bot passit sone agane
Onto the laif into thair camp that la;
Syne in midway, as my authordid sa,
Vpoun ane plane quhairat him plesit best,
Tuke purpos an all that nycht thair to rest.
For-quhy the sone neirhand the erd did creip,
His men also had walkit lang but sleip,
Seigand the toun, that tha mycht walk na mair,
That wes the caus that tha remanit thair.
To the New Castell standand vpone Tyne,
That samin nycht the Inglis oist come syne,
And fand the Scottis passit war away.
Henrie Hetspur, as my authordid say,
And his bruther that hardie wes and wycht,
Persewit hes the Douglas that same nycht,
Or euir he wist in his camp quhair he la,
Sum on sleip and vther sum at pla.
Ane man of his that send wes for to spy,
Syne cum agane with ane grit schout and cry
In alis greit haist as he had chasit bene,
And schew to thame that tyme quhat he had
sene,
The young Persie wes cumand at thair hand,
The erlis sone wes of Northumberland,
And his bruther with mony baner brycht,
In cumpany with mony cruell knycht.
The Douglas than and erle of Marche togidder, 56,670
And erle of Murra quhilk that wes his bruther,
Richt suddantlie without ony affray,
Put all thair men in orduour and array.
Syne said to thame, as I sall schaw 3ow heir,
Thir wordis all with ane loude voce and cler: 56,675
" Deir freindis all, we 3ow exhort ilkone,
" For to remember of victorie bygone,
" As we haif wyn in mony feild befoir,
" Quhen we war all in danger than far moir
" Nor we ar now for all thair multitude. 56,680
" Traist weill this tyme tha sall think no moir schame
" To flie fra ws suppois tha be at hame,
" Nor tha war wont intill ane wncouth land. 56,680
" Difficill is to gar ane cowart stand,
" Qhahir he fleis straikis or ony swordis schawin,
" So 1 fleyit is to se his awin blude drawin.
" And thocht so be that we ar far fra hame,
" The far mair is oure honour and oure fame, 56,685
" Now at this tyme and we haif victorie,
" With so small power of oure ennimye.
" It wilbe knawin in mony sindrie steid,
" Ane hundreth zeir efter that we be deid."

1 In MS. To.
This beand said without any discord,
Than euirilk man thairto his nature lord
Hes maid ane vow that da erar to die,
Out of the feild ane fit or he wald fle.
The Persie als vpoun the tother syde,
With wantoun langage full of hycht and pryde,
In greit contemptioun that tyme of his fo,
In audiens befoir his men said so,
Into ane place quhair that tha mycht all heir,
As I sall schaw zow at this tyme perqueir.
" Freindis, traist weill zond folk, for all thair feir,
" This tyme till ws tha sall do litill deir:
" So stoutlie now thocht tha stand in zond streit,
" All thair defence tha lippin in thair feit,
" And in thair handis na beleif tha haif.
" With subtillslycht tha think thame selfis to saif;
" Thair purpoisis for to flieto sum strentth,
" Quhair tha ma ly at grit laser and lenth,
" Quhill that thair staill ma cum to mak reskew.
" Traist weill," he said, "that this be verry trew,
" Weill ma 3e wit tha ar nocht sa wnwyiss
" Agane sa mony for to be so nyiss,
" And tha sa few and als so far fra hame,
" To tak the feild for driend of grittar blame.
" And gif that tha so whhappie will be
" To gif ws feild, traist weill that tha sall fle,
" Suppois it be of force aganes thair will,
" Or we haif gottin half fechting oure fill.
" Weill ma 3e wit sa few that we haif sene,
" That rycht schort quhile our strenth tha ma sustene;
" Thairfoir be war quhen that 3e se thame fle,
" As I traist weill that it sall richt sone be,
"And keip ordour quhen that ze mak ane chace,
"And skaill zeow nocht to mony sindrie place,
"And hald zeour handis also fra the spulze,
"Quhill endit be the chace and alls the tulze." 56,735
This beand said the baneris browdin brycht
On euerie syde wes haldin his on hicht;
The standartis als wer streikit in the air,
With proud pensillis togiddar mony pair;
And schalmis schoutit quhill the schawis

schuke,
The buglis blast reboundit fra the bruke,
Tha fell freikis' syny enterit in the feild
With so greit force quhill mony targe and scheild
Raif all in raggis, and speiris greit and lang
Aboue thair heid all into pecis sprang.

Baith helme and hewmat hewin war in sunder,
Basnet and birny and breistis that wes wnder
Bolidin and brist, and bokkit out of blude,
Into that stour so stranglie that tha stude,
On euerie side thir worthie men and wycht
Ay faucht stand still quhile twynnit thame the
nymcht,
Syne drew abak, becaus tha mycht nocht se,
On euerie syde in tueyne ane litill we,
In gude ordour than of ane gudlie wyiss,
Bydand baith battell quhen the mone suld

ryiss;
The quilk wes passit sumthing ouir the hicht,
Zit neuirthe[le]s it schane rycht fair and bricht
Quhen that it rais, quhairof tha war rycht fane,
On baith the sydis than tuke the feild agane,
With als greit curage in the tym and moir
Na quhen tha enterit in the feild befoir.

*In MS freikit.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

Greit wounder wos till ony man in erd,
To heir and se sic rusching and sic red,
So greit wnrest with mony rudlie rap,
So soir smytting with mony swyng and swap. 56,785

Sic mankit men in to the deid throw la,
Sic bourding then it wes na barnis pla;
Sum but ane arm, and sum als but ane hand,
Sum but ane leg and mycht na langar stand;
Sum be the hals of bewin wes the heid, 56,770
Sum wnder scheild la stickit thair stark deid.
Thir freikis fell that stalwart war and stuir,
Into that feild so furuslie tha fuir,
That wonder wes other to heir or se
Sa stalwart straikis and so mony die; 56,775
So mony woundit baik in bak and syde,
So baldlie syne all into bargane byde.
The Inglismen war of sic multitude,
That wes the caus the strangar that tha stude,
The quhillk of nummer that tyme did exceid 56,780
The Scottismen in quadruplum we reid.
And for that cause tha thocht grit lak and schame,
And tha sa mony and so neirhand hame,
To fle fra Scottis that war all the cummer,
So far fra hame and syne sa few of nummer. 56,785
The Scottis als ypoun the tother syde,
Thair hairtis war so full of hicht and pryde
Of victorie that tha had wyn befoir,
Traistand ilk da for to wyn moir and moir,
Ryclt laith tha war thair honour suld decres, 56,790
Or 3it thair fame be meneist or maid les;
And for that caus tha thocht erar all die,
Out of that feild ane fit or tha wald fle.
Also with that thair captainis war so gude,
So manlie, wyiss, and so weill wnderstude 56,795
All policie and prattik into weir,
Thair self also war litill for to leir,
So oft befoir in mony feild had bene,
Of policie so mekle hard and sene;
Syne to thair captanis so greit kyndnes aucht; 56,800
For thir caussis with better will tha faucht,
And culd nocht fynd into thair hart to flie,
And leif thair maister into so mad mellie,
Qubome that tha luifit tender as thair hart;
That causit thame to byde and tak thair part. 56,805
Thir bernis bald richt lang in the mone lycht
But victorie tha faucht[t] all ouir that nycht,
Qubilk sindre syis did varie and inclyne,
Qubylis to ane and quhylis to other syne.
To Scottismen, thair curage wes so gude, 56,810
To Inglismen, tha had sic multitude,
Fra syde to syde it changit oft richt fast.
The Scottismen syne hapnit at the last,
As that my author did me mentioun mak,
Sum thing to sattill and to pas abak; 56,815
Bot nocht for-thi that tha thocht for to fle,
It wes of force and micht nocht better be,
\[ it in the feild tha faucht stane still with pane,
Qubill efterwart tha war resekewit agane.
The Inglismen thair power wes so greit, 56,820
And held the Scottis in sic thrang and heit,
That wounder wes tha micht so lang sustene
Sic multitud thocht tha Hectoris had bene.
The Inglismen than with grit strenth and slycht,
The Douglas baner that wes borne on hycht 56,825
Persewit hes that tyme gif tha mycht wyn,
To caus his men to sched and skail in twyn,
Throw sic prattik trowand for till apply
To thair honour alhaill the victory;
As I beleiff full well so had thai done, 56,830
War nocht at hand that tha gat help rycht sone.
In that same tyme it hapnit ypoun cace,
Throw aduenture, and mair be Goddis grace,
Patrik Hepburne, as my author did sa,
Come fra the camp quhair that the Scottis la,
With his sone Patrik, ane wicht man but weir,
Of Douglas tydenis come that tyme to speir.
Ane hundreth horsmen in armour weil cled
This ilk Patrik that tyme with him he hed;
And quhen he saw the Scottis in sic thrang,
Weill ma ze wit he tareit nocht richt lang.
Sone fra thair hors thai lichtit doun but leis,
And enterit syne into the thikkest preis,
With sic ane schout and sic ane aufull cry,
Qihilk basit hes richt mony berne wes by.
Syne on the Suthroun hes maid sic ane schow,
Greit mervell war till ony man to trow
So cruell counter ony men micht mak,
Qihilk satlit hes the Sutheroun far abak
Bezond the place quhair that tha first began,
And in that counter keillit mony man.
The Douglas than, withoutin ony baid,
So rakleslie amang his fais raid,
Suppois he wes baith stalwart, stark and stuir,
In his bodie thrie braid arrowis he buir,
Ane dedlie wound also into his heid,
The qihilk efter that same tyme wes his deid.
For-quhy his helme, thocht it wes of fyne stell,
On to his craig it closit nocht richt weil,
Qihilk fell fra him and maid him no moir steid,
That wes the causs he wes hurt in the heid.
Qula had bene thair that tyme for to behald
This duchtie Douglas, bellicos and bald,
So manfullie than with ane birneist brand,
Bayth brycht and braid that he buir in his hand,
Agane his fa so ruidlie that he raid,
And round about so greit ane rowme he maid,
Lyke ony scheip tha schudrit all and sched,
Qhair euir tha come befoir his face tha fled.
In sic sporting that space tha did all spend
All the lang nycht that tyme fra end to end;
Syne in the morning as the da sky brak,
The yong Persie, of quhome befor I spak,
Into the feild alnaist left than allane,
That samin tyme with Scottismen wes tane.
The laif all fled and durst na langer byde;
The Scottismen fast follou in the tyde,
Quhair tha fled fra mony hill to hill,
And tuke and slew at thair plesour and will.
Fyftene hundreth of Ingismen tha slew
That samin nycht, as my author be trew.
The tane men als the takaris did exceed
Richt far in nummer that same tyme we reid.
Schir Harie Persie that nycht and his bruther
In handis war tane with mony nobill vther;
Ogill, Halbert, Liburne and Colwnye,
Wichtlut, Helron, Lowell, feiris fyne,
Thir fyne kichtis potent of power
War tane that nycht with mony vther feir.
Thair deit als vpoun the Scottis syde
Lundy and Hart tua kynchtis of grit pryde,
Of Abirdene the gude archidene also,
That Douglas hecht, and mony vther mo.
This gude Douglas quhome[of] befor I ment,
Efter the feild wes tursit to his tent,
Denudit syn of all his armour bair,
To stem his woundis bleidand war full sair;
Thrie braid arrowis out-throw his armour stuir,
The tane of thame in his schulder he buir,
Ane in his syde, ane vther in his thie,
Als in his heid ane deidlie wond hed he.
Ouir all the oist greit pitie wes till heir
The lamentatione and the bailfull beir
Wes maid for him than bayth with ald and zing,
And maist of all than maid wes the murning.
Of his awin men, that louit him so weill,
Quhometo all tyme he wes als trew as steill.
The erle of Marche and his brither also,
With erle of Craufurd and mony lordis mo,
Come to his tent to visie how he did;
And quhen tha saw him nakit and whhid,
With bludie woundis so attrie and reid;
Quhen tha beheld the wyde wound in his heid,
Wittand so weill that his lyfe dais wer gone,
Weipit full soir and maid ane piteous mone,
Into that tyme ilkane of thame till vther,
Qihilk louit him als tender as thair bruther.
And quhen the Douglas hard thame murnand so,
Weipand for him with hartists that war wo,
Ane sing he maid than scilence for to mak,
With ane waik vocetothamethussynehe spak:
" Leif sic murning and lamentatioun,
" And mak loving with consolatioun
" To God Almycht, of his gudnes and grace
" Sic victorie hes send zow in this place.
" For the same thing grit God hes send ws heir,
" We put ws all in dout and grit dangeir.
" Qhairfoir," he said, " turne all zour mad murning
" In ymulis prayer and [in] grit louing.
" Murne nocht for me heir I beseik zow now;
" Gif I haif seruit ony thank of zow,
" I zow requyre to lat sic murning be,
" And plesit zow deuotlie pra for me.
" I zow beseik siclike ilkane to vther
" To keip kyndnes as to zour carnall bruther;
" Into concord rycht small thing eikis and growis,
" And in discord rycht mekle wastis and flowis."
This beand said rycht suddantlie in haist,
He bad gude nycht, and syne gaif vp the gaist.

\[1\] In MS. in dout in.
Maister Johnne Mare\textsuperscript{1} sais in that same storie, Sen that I haif it recent in memorie, Ilk word be word into [my] mynd perqueir, With Goddis grace now I sall schaw 3ow heir, The same sentence that I fand in his buik, Of ane author richt autentik he tuke, Maister Johnne Frossard, wrettin in French toung, Quhais sentence is nocht for to impung, For-quhy the suith he said of all that thing Wes schawin him be ane richt fideding, Ane man of gude, the quhilk did him reveild Ilk word be word the fassoun of that feild; Into that feild the quhilk that faucht all nycht, Quhill on the morne that it wes neir da lycht, Syne on the morne in breking of the da As presoner wes tane and led awa, Amang the Scottis efter did remane, Quhill efterwart he ransonit wes agane; Quhois relatioun culd nocht weill be fals, For-quhy of Scotland and of Ingland als He knew and hard the haill narratioun; Quhairfoir [I] traist weill his relatioun Be verrie trew, and as he did rehers, The same sentence I sall schaw 3ow in vers.
That samin nycht it hapnit vpoun cace, Lyndesay of Wauchop followand on the chacc, Ane man of gude, callit Mathow Redman, Hand for hand nane bot the tua as than, Quhair he wes fleand that tyme him alone, But ony straik the Lyndesay hes him tane, And tuke fra him bayth knyfe and birneist brand,
Wes bright and braid that he buir in his hand.

\textsuperscript{1} In MS. Mane.
This Redman, as my author did report,
Richt reuerentlie the Lyndesay did exhort
To lat him pas but ony cautioune,
Of his awin aith and obligatioun,
Hame in Ingland onto his awin hald,
And suld enter quhen that euir he wald
Into Scotland, at his pleasure and will,
Quhat da and place he wald assigne him till.
The quhilk he did on his credence and word,
And gaif agane him bayth his knyfe and sword,
Quhairof he thankit hes the gentill knycht;
Ilkane tuke leif and bad vther gude nycht.
Of Durhame than the archibishop that tyme,
This ilk Lyndesay hes lampit in the lyme;¹
Or euir he wist, that nycht ryand all wrang,
Ane multitude he enterit hes amang
Of armit men that this ilk bischop hed,
Ten thousand men war in armour all cled.
This ilk bischop that ilk tyme said and leuch,
" Now se I weill I am happie aneuch,
" That nother gaif no zit hes tane ane straik,
" Ane waillit weirman, wicht as ony aik,
" Of nobill blude now at my plesour heir,
" Lo! I haif gottin to be presoneir.
" Had all the laif bene als happie as I,
" The Scottis had nocht win sic victorie."
This Mathow Redman that same tyme wes thair,
And saw the Lyndesay quhen his face wes bair,
And knew him weill, syne come ryand him
till,
Said, "Welcum maister, I wes anis in zour will,
" I grant richt weill I am zour presoneir;
" Thairfoir," he said, "sen I haif fund zow heir,

¹ In MS. lyne.
"What will make me free?"
"That was reason," to him again said he:
Of that condition the Lyndesay was free,
Syne take his leif and hame agane him sped.
This ilk bishop, of whom before I spak,
That saimin tyme for hali purpois did tak
With all power the Scottis till persew.
Whan that the Scottis of his coming knew,
The erle of Marche, quhilk that thair captane wes,
To counsell all that tyme he gart thame pas,
For to devyiss without[en] ony hune,
Richt wyslie than quhat best wes to be done
With presoneris amang thame that thà haif.
And sum thair wes that sic counsell than gaif,
To sla thame all withoutin ony let;
For weill thà wist, and thà did battell get,
Tha suld be fund that tyme thair felloun fa,
Weill mycht thà wit that it wald be rychtsua.
Zit neuirtheles than all the men of gude
In contrair that counsell did conclude;
For caus it wes aganès the law of nature,
To God and man to be so wyld ane traitour,
And far also agane humanitie,
To sla ane man efter he zoldin be.
And for that caus that gart thame sweir ilk man,
Quhither that tyme the Scottis tynt or wan,
That thà suld ay thair presoneris remane
Quhill thà with ransoune war redemit agane.
And in the tyme also he gart thame sweir
In the battell thà suld do thame na deir,
Gif hapnit thame haif battell in that steid.
Zit neuirtheles, for moir sicker remeid,
Rycht fast thà band thair feit and handis bayth,
In that beleif that thà micht do na skaith.
The erle of Marche, as I haif said zow heir,
George of Dumbar, that nobill cheuilleir,
Quhilk in his tyme so greit honour that wan, 57,040
To the Scottis thair captane that wes than,
Wyss into weir and richt weill wnderstude,
Put all his men than into ordour gude,
Richt suddantlie but tarie in the tyde.
Syne manfullie schup battell for to byde, 57,045
And buglis blew with sic ane busteous beir,
Tha[t] hiddeus wes tha hornis for till beir.
With clarions cleir bemand lyke ony bell,
Qhomeof the sound did found attouir the fell,
With sic rebous rebundand fra the bruik, 57,050
Qhill that the schwis triymlit all and schuke.
The Inglismen syne quhen that tha drew neir,
And hard the clynking of thir clarions cleir,
And als beheld thair brodin baneris bricht
Agane the face of Phebus kest sic licht,
Thair staitlie standartis strayand in the air,
With mony pynsall panet war preclair,
So gude ordour that tyme as tha in stude,
This ilk bischop than, schortlie to conclude,
Arrayit hes his men baith les and moir. 57,055
The erle of Marche that samin tyme befoir,
That in his dais wes bayth wyiss and wicht,
Amang thame all ascendit to ane hicht:
" My deir freinds, this is be 3ow I mene,
" The wecht and heit the quhilk hes done sustene

" Of mort battell, and lauborit all this nycht, Lib.16, f. 253 b.
" And vincust hes tua princes of greit micht,
" With the flour of Northumberland,
" Quhy suld we dreid or [in sic] aw now stand 57,070
" Of zone auld prais no pratik in weir? Col. 1.
" And now, I traist, it is ouir lait to leir.
" Thairfoir, I traist, richt weill this tyme, and we
" Ma semye the hird, that all the flok sall fie.
"Thair restis nocht bot ilk man gif ane stra[i]k,
"He neidis nocht on ony ma till vaik;
"Full weill I wait, or tha straikis be done,
"The hird sall fle, and all the laif richt sone
"Sall follow syne quhen that tha se him fle.
"Traist weill," he said, "that this salbe no lie.
"We sall him teiche now this tyme as it standis,
"To ding his barnis as he wes wont with wandis,
"In to the scule quhen that he did thame ken,
"And nocht in battell fecht with berdit men."
This beand said than he descendit sone,
And all thair trumpettis into sindrie tune
He hes gart blaw than with ane hiddeous blast;
The schalmis schill schouttit also richt fast;
The clarioun clynkit with ane sound full cleir;
Of hornsis the sound so hiddeous wes till heir;
Quhairof this bischop that tyme stude sic aw,
Turnit his bak and hame agane did draw,
Traistand moir honour that tyme as it standis,
To tyne nor wyn [than] at the Scottis handis.
Redulfus Persie in that samin stound
In his bodie buir mony bludie wound,
And for that caus this ilk soar woundit man
The erle of Murra did requeist as than,
In quhais keiping in that tyme he was,
To giff him licence than that he micht pas
To the New Castell vpoun Tyne¹ that stude,
To seik him leichis that wer fyne and gude,
To heill his woundis as he did alledge,
And he suld geif his faith to him in pledge,
Quhen euir he wald, and quhair that euir he will,
At his command in Scotland cum him till.

¹ In MS. lyne.
The quhilk to him richt glaidlie than he grantit,
Of his desyre nothing that tyme he wantit.
Sex hundreth als siclike, without lesing,
Delierit wes of thair awin oblissing.
Schir Harie Persie that tha had in hand, 57,110
With [thame] that tyme tha brocht into Scotland,
And fyve hundreth of presoneris also,
Tha brocht with thame that tyme and erar mo;
I can nocht tell the nummer of the od.
At Otterburne into the zeir of God 57,115
Ane thousand auchtie thre hundreth als and aucht,
As that my author drawis in his draucht,
This ilk battell that I have schawin heir
Wes strikin than into that samin zeir.
This erle of Douglas in that feild wes slane, 57,120
Efter his deid no airis did remane,
Gottin of him self, to bruke him heretage;
Qhailfoir that tyme, be law of rycht lienage,
Of Gallowa the nobill erle we reid
As richteous air to him than did succesid. 57,125
King Robert than, as that my author sais,
Drawin to age richt far wes in tha dais,
As he no way micht travell nor [micht] ryde,
And vnaibill the kinrik for to gyde;
And for that caus ane counsell he gart call 57,130
In Edinburch thair with his lordis all,
And thair consent withoutin ony stryfe,
Robert his sone, quhilk wes erle of Fyffe,
Into his tyme that wes of sic honour,
For maist ganand tha maid him governour. 57,135
His eldest sone vnganand wes to be
Ane governour, for-quhy that same tyme he
Cruikit he wes, vneire of his cors,
Vpoun the leg wes strickin with ane hors,
Qhilk vexit him withoutin rest all tyde, 57,140
That he with eis micht nother gang no ryde;
And in him self also siclike wes he
Nocht so fordwart as mister wes to be.
And for thir caussis I haif schawin heir
He tuke fra him all regiment and steir,
And his bruther wes heiar of curage,
Thocht he wes lawar and of zounge age.
In this same tyme now that I shaw zow heir,¹
This zounge Persie being ane presoneir
With his bruther, as ze hard, in Scotland,
Quhilk wardanis war, as ze sall wnderstand,
Of all Ingland into the samin dais,
Thairfoir king Richart, as my author sás,
His erle merschell the wardane than maid he,
And gaif to him the haill auctoritie,
Syne suddantlie to the bordour him send
With greit power his merchis to defend.
This ilk wardane that creat wes of new,
Rycbt bald he wes and mekle bost than blew,
And of the Persie greit derisioun spak,
That he had tane so greit skaith and lak,
Ay for ane Scot into the feild wes thre.
Sayand he wes wnworthie for to be
Ane governour, or to haif ony gyde,
For so few folk war set sua sone asyde.
Solempnit vow siclike that tyme maid he,
Quhen euir he hapnit Scottismen to so
In ony feild, suppois tha war far mo,
That he sould gif thame battell or tha go
Out of his boundis, thocht tha war neuir so
bald,
Ouir all the warld that it sould be tald
That he sould preif ane better Inglsman,
And moir manlie nor the Persie did than.

¹ This and the three lines preceding are repeated in the MS.
The Scottis lordis quhilk war at that raid,
Quhen that tha hard so greit vanting he maid, 67,175
Tha langit soir of his curage to preif;
That samin tyme than with the kingis leif,
His sone Robert, that governour wes than,
Convent hes with mony nobill man;
The erlis of Marche and of Douglas that tyde 67,180
Wes bydand him thair at the bordour syde;
Quhen all thair power semblit war togidder,
Withoutin lat that tyme tha war nocht lidder.
Into Ingland tha passit ane far space,
And socht this wardane evin at his awin place 67,185
Withoutin stop that tyme or tha wald stynt,
Ouir all his boundis than bayth slew and brynt,
Makand grit spulze also ouir all quhair,
Baith wyfe and barne cryand with mony rair,
So will of wane nocht wittand quhat to do, 67,190
All sark allane withoutin hois or scho;
And all the men that fled nocht in greit haist,
Sum slane, sum tane, and all the laif war chaist
Fra mos to mos, and sum fra hill to hill,
Quhill tha war tane and come all in thair will. 67,195 Lib.16.f.254.
Col.1.
This erle marschell, maid wardane of the new,
Hes tane the feild the Scottis till persew,
With mony bernethat wes baith big and bald,
Ane greit armie out of number vntald,
Vpoun ane plane so did his men array, 67,200
Quhair that he thocht the Scottis till assay.
Syne quhen it wes done him till wnderstand,
Within schort space the Scottis war cumand
With greit power of mekle pomp and pryde,
Into that plane he wald no langar byde, 67,205
Bot left that feild, and drew him till ane strenth
Quhair he mycht ly without perrell at lenth,
At his pleasure thocht he had bene rycht few,
Quhair weill he wist that none wald him persew.
Till his defence that tyme thair he him tuke, 57,210
Levand the feild and to fecht than forsuik,
And quyte forget the langage les and moir,
And the greit vowis that he maid befoir.
As hapnis oft ane vanter to be linear,
And ane greit braggar to be fund a fliear, 57,215
And ane gude rusar semdill ane gude rydar,
Ane mydding tulzear in ane battell bydar.
For commounlie he that him self sua rusis,
Of vant and ruse all vther him accusis,
And for ane liear setdis him at nocht, 57,220
Kennand sa weill in him self, and he dochte,
His langage so that he wald nocht abuse,
And think greit lak his awin deidis to ruse.
This auld proverb amang ws lang rycht couth,
Saying, the loving in ane mannis mouth, 57,225
Maid of him self, stinkis lyke ony fen
Into the eiris of all vther men.
And as thow rusis cum thow nocht sic speid,
Thow wil be schamit than with thi awin deid;
And thocht thow do aiss far as thow hes rusit, 57,230
Zit for ane vanter ay thow wilbe vsit.
With vther men wald thow commendit be,
Leif vant and ruse and ay at sic thing fle.
This erle merschall, qhilk I befoir haif namit,
Had he done so that tyme had nocht bene schamit 57,235
As he wes than, for his greit vant and ruse,
As fra ane fox fled lyke ane fleit guse.
Oure governour that sic thing of him knew,
To him he sent ane herald of the new,
And bad him cum out of that toddis hoill, 57,240
And gif him feild, or ellis he suld thoill
Greit lak and schame sic vowis maid befoir,
To fle so sone and se so litill schoir.
This earl marshall syn schort wordis and plane
To the herald sic ansuer maid agane:
"Say thow to him, I do him wnderstand,
"That I haif nocht at this tyme in command
"To gif battell to him now in that place,
"No zit dar nocht als for the kingis grace
"Put all the flour now of Northumberland
"In jeopordie, without I had command.
"Pas on; of me thow gettis now na mair."
This herald syn that baid na langar thair,
Passit agane, and all the veritie;
As he had said, agane to thame schew he.
And quhen tha knew that tha wald get no battell,
Northumberland than baith of corne and cattell
Thaspulze it alhaill fra end to end,
Of silver, gold, and all cunze wes kend,
With housshald geir richt curiouslie wes wrocht;
Syne hame in Scotland all that riches brocht.
And for na travell irk wald nocht no tyre,
Quhill all tha boundis brynt war in ane fyre
Be the leist bigging in tha boundis was;
In Scotland syn with all the gude did pas.
In that same tyme, as hapnit ypone chance,
Out of Ingland and also out of France,
Tua legattis come, to treit for trewis and pacco,
Quhilk grantit wes to thame that tyme, but lace,
For thre zeiris and no langar ane hour,
Of that conditioun so the governour
Wald be content, and the lordis ilk man,
Quhilk in England vncuming hame war than.
This wes the ansuer that tyme of the king:
Syne efterwart onto the samin thing
Assistit all and thairto gaif consent;
As he had said tha war richt weill content.
Sone efter this Alexander Stewart,
The kingis sone, ane cruell man of hart,
Erle of Buchane als in that tyme wes he, 57,280
And for quhat [caus] I can nocht, but I lie,
Tell zow this tyme, with sic haitrent and ire,
That samin tyme hes he brynt in ane fyre
Of Murrasait the greit cathedrale kirk.
Ane wickit man mon ay ill werkis wirk. 57,285
And for no caus bot for the samin quhy,
Becaust the bischop than did him deny
All his desyre, and warnit him his will
Wnganand war than to grant him till.

This beand done, as my author did mene, 57,290
That samin tyme passit till Abirdene,
And that same bischop of sic honour and fame,
That callit wes Adamus to his name,
Ane man of age and all his tyme weill vsit,
Befoir him self richt soirlie hes accusit. 57,295
Sayand to him he wnderstude and wist,
War nocht that he so greitlie did assist
To fortifie and fauour mony fald,
The tother bischop had nocht bene so bald.
And had nocht bene tha maid the mair
request,
Wes with him than for thair saik at the leist,
To sover him and to pas hame agane,
Without dout that bischop he had slane.
This Alexander, as that sum man sais,
Of Badzenoch wes callit all his dais 57,305
The vorax wolf, becaus all tyme that he
Vsit oppressioun with crudelitie.
Ze sall nocht fynd in no storie men reidis,
Ony gude said of him or zit his deidis;
Of my father thocht proanus wes he, 57,310
Of him I think nocht to fenze nor lie;

1 In MS. as.
Suppois fra him I knaw I am discendit,
The veritie thairfoir beis nocht offendit:
In all this warld is no sic freind to me,
I knaw richt weill, as is the veritie. 87,315
At tyme and place as ȝe hard of ane vther,
Proanus als siclike wes to my mother,
The erle of Marche, callit George of Dumbar,
As of befoir, suppois it be nocht far,
I schew to ȝow how he at Otterburne 87,320
Come sa gude speid, quhair mony ane did spurne.
ȝit neiurtheles I did nocht thair advance
His nobilnes, with half the circumstance
That I haif hard in mony sang and taill,
Or dreid sum sa thairof I leid and faill.
In ony place fynd I him for to lak,
Als litill ruse thair of him sall I mak;
And quhair I fynd no caus him for to ruse,
Thair sall ȝe fynd I sall him nocht excuse.
Sen it is so, thairfoir suspect nocht me,
Trow nocht that I will fenzie or ȝit lie
In this storie for favour or affectioun,
That I sould neid of ony sic correction;
For and I suld, it hadd bene ane of thae tua
Quhome of befoir now that ȝe hard me sa.
This Alexander quhomeof ȝe hard I spak,
As that my author dois me mentioun mak,
For he that tymie so wickitlie him visat,
With his awin father soirlie wes accusit,
And tanie and haldin into presoun strong,
Quhair [in] that tymie that he remanit lang;
Qhill in Dundonald syne sone efterwart
The king tuke leif and thair he did depart,
And syne in Scone intumulit wes he,
Qhill sepulture remanes ȝit to se,
The ȝeir of God ane thousand and thre hunder,
And nyntie als syne for to subsume wnder,
THE BUIK OF THE

And of his regnane quhilk wes the nyntene 3eir,
And of his eild, quha lykis for till heir,
Sevintie and sax completit war and past,
Quhen closit wes his latter day and last.
Into his tyme the quhilk sic fortoun hed,
In euerie feild his armie so weill sped,
Suppois him self remanit still at hame,
The victorie wes ay laid on his name.
So equallie he execute the lawis,
Of puir men ay the actioun and the caus
Befoir him self he gart decernit be;
In all his tyme so just also wes he,
Quhair euir he ludgit into ony toun,
Syne efterwart quhen that he wes fair boun,
Gart mak ane cry gif ony lad or man,
Into that toun that wes his seruand than,
Hed tane that tyme other les or moir
Ony thing he had nocht payit foir,
Cum to his stewart quhair that euir he was,
It sould be payit ilk penny or he pas?
In all his tyme no plesure had of fuillis;
All men of lair that cunnyng war in scuillis
Leit tak na wrang of ony or offens,
Supportand thame ay on his awin expens,
And held thame euir of greit auctoritie,
And of thair counsall alway vsit he.
Quhilk propertie sould be till ony prince,
Of cunnyng men to mak cost and expens,
And of thair wisdome alway for to heir,
Quhilk in thair tyme greit travell maid to leir;
Exerceand thame in mony sindrie scuillis
For to decerne betuix wyiss men and fuillis,
And of all things knaw the variance;
And sua be science and experience
To cunnyng men richt mekle thing is knawin,
Till mony vther secreit and vnschawin.
Quhairfoir I say heir, schortlie to conclude, 57,385
Quha visit counsallof sic men of guide,
Seyndill is sene, vse he sic counsal lang,
In ony mater that he sould ga wrang.

HOW EFTER THE DEITH OF KING ROBERT
STEWART HIS SONE JOHNE, CALLIT EFTER
ROBERT, WES CROWNIT IN SONE KING OF
SCOTTIS, AND HOW WILLIAM DOUGLAS WAS
SLANE.

Efter the deith of this Robert richt sone,
The lordis all convenit hes in Sone.
That samyn tyme thair quhair tha maid repair, 57,390
His eldest sone callit Johnne wes his air,
Changit his name and Robert did him call;
Syne with consent thair of the lordis all,
This 30yng Robert, baith humbill and bening,
Of Scotland than wes crownit to be king. 57,395
Williame of Douglas in that samyn 3eir,
Into Danskene throw tressoun of ane freir,
Efter in weir greit worship that he wan,
With Inglesmen that same tyme wes slane than;
And for quhat caus gif ony now wald speir, 57,400 Col. 2.
Tak tent to me and I sall tell 3ow heir.
This ilk Douglas befoir ane litill we,
The lord Clifford richt oft provoikit he
With him to fecht in barras hand for hand,
And for quhat caus I culd nocht wnderstand, 57,405
Bot weill I wait he had sum caus quhairfoir.
This ilk Clifford this Douglas dred so soir,
That he durst nocht, for all the gold in France,
To fecht with him and wnderly sic chance,
Quhilk causit him fra the bordour till fle 57,410
Far in Ingland, trowand thair till be
Quyte of his bet. [Bot] all that wes for nocht;
Sone efter him this ilk Douglas hes socht,
Befoir his prince siclike did him apeill.
The Cliffurd syne, that durst nocht with him
deill,
Refusit hes the battell mony syis,
The Douglas zit sa oft on him replyis,
Quhill the Cliffurd, for schame and dreed he sped
Of the Douglas, in[to] Danskin he fled.
Bot all his fleing stude him in no vaill,
The Douglas follouit sone efter but faill;
Befoir the lordis of that nobill tou
The Douglas thair he kest his gluifs doun,
Siclike befoir as he wes wont till do.
The Cliffurd than sic anser maid him to,
Sayand for battell that he come nocht thair,
And fra that furth wald anser him na mair.
Syne quhen he hard of him wer said sic schame,
Richt sone efter in Ingland passit hame.
The maister of Sprois that wes ane nobill man,
Heirand sic honour as the Douglas wan,
With mony men so mekle he wes rusit,
And that the Cliffurde also than refusit
To fecht with him and so far fra him fled,
Qubahairfoir of him the moir plesure he hed;
And so hed all the lordis in the toun,
And held him ay in honour and renoun,
For-quhy of him tha had ane gude beleif,
That he to thame ane singular freind suld
preif
In thair weiris quhilk lestit mony da
With infidelis, as my author did sa.
Qubahairfoir that tyme with haill auctoritie,
With ane naving tha send him to the se,
The quhilk of nummer, as my author menit,
Tua hundreth schippis and fiftie contenit.
Moir honour thair now [that] this Douglas wan,
Wes neuir wyn zit with na levand man;
And in that land ane lang quhile did remane,
Syne haill and feir in Spruce come hame agane,
Thair he wes louit bayth with ane and other,
Alst tenderlie as he had bene thair bruther.
Qhairroth the Cliffurde had rycht grit invyve,
And of Ingland [richt] sone and suddantly
Send waigit men the Douglas for to sla;
Sone efterwart the quhillk that hes done sua,
Be the deceptionoun that tyme of ane freir,
And how it wes now I sall tell zow heir.
Ane freiris place into that toun thair was,
Qhairro that the Douglas visit for to pas
Mes for to heir and oresoun to sa;
So hapnit it syne efter on ane da,
This ilk Douglas, with seruandis tua or thre,
Onto that place quietlie passit he,
And at ane freir he skit vpoun casc,
Gif ma messis wald be done in that place.
The freir, the quhilk that wes ane Inglieman,
Rycht can kartlie he ansuerit him as than;
Bad him pas on als fast as he micht trot,
Tha had no mes that wes meit for ane Scot.
All this he did, as richt weill z he ma ken,
As he wes teichit be the Ingliemen,
Gif that tha culd, vther in deid or sawis,
Aganis the Douglas for to find ane caus,
Qbhairthrow with him that tha mycht fall in stryfe,
And be that way to tak fra him his lyfe,
Syne wilfullie he fell with him in threip.
The Douglas said, he suld haif gart him leip
Thre lowpis in ane, and he had nocht bene than
Ane preist or freir, or zit religious man;
Syne passit hyne onto ane vther place
Wes neirhand by within ane litill space,
And thair hard mes; and quhen the mes wes done,
On to his ludging passit hame richt sone.
The freir siclyk on to thir Inglismen,
The quhilk befoir 30and lessoun did him ken,
That ordand war to sla the gude Douglas,
And word be word he schew thame how it was.
This, fenziet freir to ill that wes richt abill,
Quhair mony men war sittand at ane tabill,
Richt mony lie of Douglas maid rehers,
Quhilk I list nocht as now to put in vers.
All this wes said, as 3e ma well consaue,
That Inglismen sum excuse micht haif,
Gif efterwart it hapnit vpoun cace
Tha met the Douglas into ony place,
Without langaige nocht to depart him fro,
Bot speir at him quhy that he suld do so.
Syne on the morne as he wes wont to pas
Onto ane kirk into the toun that was,
With tua seruandis he passit and no mo,
On to that kirk as he wes wont till go,
Than Inglismen into his way did lig,
As he come hame at the end of ane brig,
In his passage quhair that he suld ouir pas,
Thir Inglismen, into his gait that was,
Accuisit him and schairplie than did speir,
Quhat wes the caus that he trublit thair freir?
Lichtlie agane to thame than ansuerit he:
"Go hencce," he said, "ilkone in hy fro me.
"No rekning now 3e sall haif of me heir,
"Of oucht I did wnto that samin freir.
"Sic wordis lytill in my mind I wey;
"Thairfoir go hence, and hald me nocht in pley;
"For and 3e do, 3e by it deir anone."
Thir Inglismen that ay war four for one,
Tha set on him richt sone and suddantlie,
Vpoun the brig quhair he micht nocht pas by.
This gude Douglas, quhilk waponis wantit than
Except ane sword he take fra his awin man,
And with that sword, wes nother braid no lang; 57,520
Vpoun his fais dourlie that he dang,
Qhill baith his seruandis slane war in that tyde,
Him -self also buir deidlie woundis wyde.
And quhen he saw that no better micht be,
Other till do or ellis for to die, 57,525
Or he had fled ane fit out of that steid,
Ane thousand tymes he had far levar be deid.
And weil he wist the woundis he had tone
Wald be his deid, thairfoir lyke ane lyoun,
To keip his cors that tyme he tuke na cuir, 57,530
Amang his fais 1 with sic force he fuir,
That fye he slew; the laif buir woundis wyde,
Syne fled richt fast and durst na langar byde.
This gude Douglas richt manlie on agast,
To his ludging ane richt gude pais he past, 57,535
And of his claithis suddantlie hes done,
Syne in his bed gart la him doun full sone.
Than in all haist etter ane Scottis freir
He hes gart send, his confessioun to heir,
The quhillk he maid that tyme with grit con-
tritioun,
And of his sinnis 2 than tuke abolutiou;
Also forgaif thame glaidlie with gude will
All tha injuris that had done him till;
Ressauit syne into that samin hour
The blissit bodie of oure Saluiour 57,540
Befoir thame all thair present in that place;
Anone the saull within ane litill space
Departit hes, quhair mony wes till se,
Ascendit syne on to the hevin richt hie.

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1 In MS. face. 2 In MS. sonis.
In Danskene sen at that citie\textsuperscript{1} stude
Wes neuir none, schortlie to conclude,
Better louit baith with wyfe and man,
And moir menit no wes the Douglas than.
And thocht my author do nocht heir rehers
Sic circumstance I haif put into vers,
\textit{Z}it neuirtheles sen it wes in memorie,
As that I fand into ane famous storie,
I haif schawin the best way that I can,
All for the honour of that nobill man;
Sic thing with scilence sould nocht so our p\textsuperscript{a}s, 67,580
That euerie man micht wit how that it was.
Neirby this tyme ane evill asposit man,
Erle of Buchane quhilk that sone wes than,
Quhilk brint the kirk befoir into Murra,
Bot schort quhile syne as ze haif hard me sa, 67,665
Duncane Stewart wes callit to his name,
With mony freik of litill fecc or fame
Of hieland men ane rycht greit multitude,
Far moir inclynit ay to ill no gude,
In stouth and reif haiffand so grirt delyte, 67,670
In policie also richt imperfyte;
This ilk Duncane haifand auctoritie
Of all tha men, that samin tyme come he
Into Angus, withoutin ony baid,
And greit spul\textsuperscript{e} ouir all the land be maid. 67,575
The schirref than, gude Walter Ogilbie,
With greit power than sped him haistelie
For to resist of this Duncane the ill;
Sone efter syne he gaif battell him till,
Qubahir he in feild that samin da wes slane, 67,680
Richt few on lyfe did efter him remane;
Of all the laif that he brocht with him thair,
Richt few chaipit other les or mair.

\textsuperscript{1} In Ms. cititie.
To king Robert quhen that this case wes kend,
The erle of Craufurd suddanelie he send 57,585
Agane Duncane to bring him to the law.
This Duncane, quhilk of his cuming did knaw
With sic power he micht him nocht resist,
Skaillit his men at greit laser and list;
In sindrie partis gart ilk man him hyde, 57,590
Without perrell quhair tha trowit to byde,
Quhill that the erle and all his multitude
War passit hame; syne quhen tha wnderstude
That all perrell wes passit than in plane,
That tha mycht pas to thair spulze agane. 57,595
It wes nocht so that tyme as tha pretendit;
Richt mony than of thame war apprehendit
Into wodis lurkand quhair tha la,
Syne bund in bandis and ilk ane led awa
On to the law, condampnit syne to die, 57,600
And on ane gallous hangit all full hie.
Duncane him self, sum thing that better sped,
With all the laif syne into Buchane fled.
Off hieland men als in tha samin dais,
Tua greit clannis, as that my author sais, 57,605
Clanquhewell ane, Clancay the tother als,
Quhais propirtie is ay to be full fals,
Semdill is sene that sic men can be leill,
Thair policie wes euir moir to steill.
Cristie Johnnestoun, as my author did sa, 57,610
Than of Clanquhewill, and Strabrek of Clancay,
Captainis tha war, as ¹ semit weill to be
Ane cankerit captane till ane curst menzie.
Thir tua clannis richt lang tha war atstryfe,
Quhair that tha sparit nother man nor wyfe, 57,615
Amang thame self baith hereit, brint and slew,
Without discretioun, as my author schew.

¹In MS. all.
Thomas Dumbar that erle wes of Murray,  
And Dauid erle of Craufurd, gude Lyndesay,  
Thir tua lordis hes lauborit mony da,  
For to mak peax betuix thir clannis tua,  
Bot all for nocht, for thame it wald nocht be,  
Without ane gat the hai! auctoritie,  
And had the tother alhaill at thair will;  
Sicl!ike the tother wes inclyn thairtill  
Maistrie to hai! and superioritie,  
Qhilik be no way wes abill for to be.  
Thomas Dumbar that erle wes of Murra,  
Ane richt wyiss man, as my author did sa,  
To baith the parteis this same counsall gaif,  
Gif euir tha thocht gude peax or rest to hai!  
Into thair tyme, and out of trubill be,  
In singular battell, threttie for threttie,  
Befoir the king in barras for to fecht,  
And threttie [for] to tak on thame the wecht  
Of all the weir; qhilik of thame thair that wan  
Suld ay be maister of the tother clan.  
On to the counsall than of this wyiss lord,  
Tha clannis baith hes done thame hai! accord.  
Besyde Sanct Johnestoun on the water of Tay,  
On the north Insche the place wes set and day,  
Qhhair thir tua parteis in barres sould meit,  
Doublet allane, but harnes, on thairfeit.  
Qhen ty!e wes cumin that thir tua parteis set,  
In that same place thir tua clannis thair met;  
Barres wes maid, and judges set on hicht,  
For to decerne qhilik of the tua had richt.  
Qhen tha war reddie in the feild to gone,  
On the tane pairt that tyme thair wantit one.  
Ane busteous carle that standand wes neirby,  
Baith big and bald, I can nocht tell 30w quhy,  
For waigis I trow that sum had gevin him till,  
He tuke on hand the nummer to fulfill.
Syne in the feild the enterit suddantlie;  
The herald than proclamit with ane cry,  
"Lat thame go, lat thame go; God schaw the rycht!"

Thir bernis big that war baith bald and wycht,  
Threttie for threttie with baith swordis faucht,  
Qhill all war slane on the tane syde bot aucht,  
And on the tother levand wes bot one.  
And quhen he1 saw that all the laif wes gone,  
Langar to byde he thocht no barnis play,  
He lap the barras and syne swame ouir Tay.  
And so that strye endit betuix thame heir,  
Than of oure Lord ane thousand and sax 3eir,  
Thre hundreth 3eir and nyntie als to tell,  
Completit wes quhen this aventure befell.  
Quhen this wes done as I haifsaid 3ow heir,  
King Robert syne efterin the thrid 3eir,  
At Sanct Johnestoun thair in ane parliament,  
Dauid his sone, with all thair haill consent,  
The duke wes maid of Rothissay to be;  
Of auctene 3eir no moir of age wes he.  
Robert his bruther, that wes erle of Fyffe,  
But contrapleid of ony or of strye,  
He creath him than duke of Albany.  
Thir tua duikis, as in storie find I,  
Tha war the first, as ze sall wnderstand,  
Sic dignitie that euir had in Scotland.  
Into this tyme, or neir about thairby,  
Ane man of gude into ambassadry  
Out of Ingland in Scotland wes send,  
Callit Wallis as my author me kend.  
Vpoun ane da sittand at the denneir  
Befoir the king, and makand waill gude cheir,  

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1 In MS. tha.
The erle of Craufurd that same tyme and he,
Callit Dauid of greit nobilitie,
Begouth to threip quh than that war best peiris,
And previt best befoir into the weiris,
Scottis or Inglis be ressoun to preif.

Skant that the tane wald gif the tother leif
To tell his taill, so haistie baith war than.
So at the last this Wallis thus began,
And said to him than of this same maneir
Siclike langage as I sall schaw 3ow heir.

" Sen sua it isthat I heir 3ow produce
Sic voust and vant of manlines and ruce,
Of 3our natioun so worthelie hes previt,
And how so oft ws sturtit hes and grevit,
And litill russ 3e mak of ws agane,

" Quhairfoir I say 3ow heir, gude schir, in plane
" Nocht in effect thai rat 3ow for to greif,
" Gif pleis 3ow ony tyme with 3our leif,
" Than 3e and I for to fecht hand for hand,
" Quhair pleis 3ow in Scotland or Ingland."

Quhairto the Lyndesay gaifrychtsone consent,
So that the king war pleit and content.
Quhairof the king wes weill content also,
And gaif thame leif at thair plesour till go;
Quhen pleisit thame sic practik for to preif,
It sould nocht stop for his gude will and leif.
In plane langage, withoutin ony glois,
The Inglisman tha gaif him in his chois,
Becaus he wes into ane wncouth land,
To cheis the place at his will and command.
And he agane quhair that fechting sould be,
At Lundoun brig the place than chesit he;
The Lyndiesay als Sanct Georgis da hes set,
To meit that da quhair that tha efter met.
This Inglisman fast hamewart than he woik,
To mak reddie for the jornay he tuke.
The erle of Craufurd on the tother syde,
For hors and harnes also did provyde;
Quhen he wes reddie sone efter did go
With tua and threttie that tyme and no mo,
Of waillit men hardie of hart and hand,
And weill geirit, he passit in Ingland.
This erle Dauid quhilk wes ane nobill man,
With king Richart wes weill resauit than,
With all honoure and greit tretie betuene
Till ony prince that sic tyme mycht pertene.
Quhill efter syne vpoune Sanct Georges da,
At Lundoun brig, as my author did sa,
The parteis baith togidder thair tha met
In that same place quhair that the tryist wes
set;
Quhair present war richt mony men of gude,
Of commoun pepill sic ane multitude,
No man wald trow that multitude had sene,
Sua mony pepill in Lundoun had bene.
As kyndlie is, ze knaw thame selffisto be,
All man desyris for to heir and se
Thingis ar new and wondrous for to heir;
And so did tha ze ma weill wit but weir.
The king him self wes set thair for to se
Into ane throne, thair judge that tyme to be.
So war tha armit into nobill steill,
Thir bernis baith that semit to do weill,
Convoyit war with mony men of gude
Of thair freindis with waill greit gratitude.
Syne euerilkone vpoun ane cursure wycht,
At the rynk end, all into armour brycht,
With speir in hand bydand the heraldis cry,
Quhen he had said, syne sone and suddantlie
Spurrity thair hors qhill baith thair syidis bled,
Syne suddantlie togidder baith thair sped,
THE BUIK OF THE

Qhull baith thair speiris, that war grit and lang,
Aboue thair heid all in[to] spaillis sprang.
Thir ferrie freikis that so vther provit,
Still in thair saidill sat wnremovit.
The commoun pepill that war sittand by,
Vpoun the Lyndsay cryt mony fy,
Into his saidill sayand he wes teit.
The Lyndsay than, to lat thame se tha leit,
Doun fra his hors richt lychtlie that he lap,
Syne on agane als fast as he mycht swap,
Without stirrop or ony help as than,
And leit thame wit that he wes ane leill man.
Siclike also evin at the nixt rais,
Tha brak thair speiris in the samin place.
Ane man of Lyndesayis than to him he bair
Ane richt scharm speir that wes bayth grit and squair,
And baith begouth agane at the rink end,
And with gude will ilkane to vther wend.
Syne in the middis of the feild tha met,
Qhail sic ane straik the Lyndsay on him set,
Out throw his bodie maid ane deidlie wound,
Doun of his hors syne buir him to the ground,
With ane loude murmure and ane caifull cry,
And greit displeasure of all that stude by.
This ilk Lyndesay quhen that he had so done,
Doun of his hors descendit hes richt sone,
Granand on ground qhail that he saw him ly,
Into his armis hint him vp in hy,
And in his armes hartlie he him braist,
And held him so qhail that he gaif the gaist.
Richt tenderlie for him than murnit he,
That euerie man mycht wnderstand [and] se
Nother for ire, haitrent, or ill will,
Or for na malice that he had him till,
Bot for curage and sic knychtlie affeir,
That he with him ran sic coursis of weir;
Quhilk schew that he had to no man offendit.
Quhair of richt greitlie ilk man him commendit,
And most of all that tyme the kingis grace,
And held him still with him ane weill lang space,
Treatand him weill, so did he all the laif,
And greit rewardis in the tyme thame gaif.
In that same tyme ane big berne and ane bald,
Ane man of his that callit wes Donald,
Provoikit wes than be ane Inglisman,
Hand for hand with him for to fecht than.
This ilk Donald, quhilk wald him nocht refuis,
Content he wes withoutin ony excuiss
In Lundoun toune evin at the mercat corce,
On fit to fecht withoutin ony hors,
Doublet alane, withoutin ony bord,
Ilkane in hand haiffand ane scherand sword,
Vpoun his mantill and in no moir space,
Quhat euir he wes put vther of that place,
To wyn the feild and haif his fellow schent:
Quhair of that tyme than tha war baith content.
Quhen the da come to fecht as than efferit,
The Scottisman that at the croce comperit
Befoir thame all thair into Lundoun toune,
Syne in the gait he spred his mantill doun,
Doublet allane on his mantill did stand,
Bydand battell with his sword in his hand.
The Inglisman seand that he did so,
Than towart him na narrar wald he go,
He dred so soir than that he sould be schent,
Forsuik the feild and bakwart syne he went.
His lord and he, withoutin lak or schame,
With greit honour in Scotland syne come hame.
Heir will I tell, now forder or I pas,
How hapnit him in Ingland quhen he was. 57,825
Ane Inglis herald efter on ane da,
That he hed sped so weil of his jorna,
So greitlie than this lord that he commendit
With so greit ruis, almost quhill he offendit
Richt mony nobill of Ingland stude by; 57,830
3it neuritheres tha sufferit than for-thy,
To this herald pertenit ay that he
Sould say the suith and neuir ane word sould lie.
3it neuritheres, mony war haldin wyis
Maid greit contentiou for honour and prys 57,835
With Scottismen, and said tha wist richt weil
Thair nobilnes, als far as tha had feill,
And greit curage tha tuke it all of thame,
Quhen thair fatheris in Scotland wes fra hame,
With Scottis ladeis liggit than and la, 57,840
And gat thame all into thair sport and pla:
And su5 tha said thair greit nobillitie
Tha tuke of thame withoutin ony lie.
Befoir thame all was present thair in plane,
This ilk Lyndesay sic anser maid agane:
"Forsuith," he said, "it semis weil to me,
"Quhen ze alledge that sic thingis sould be,
"That zour fatheris so lang wes far fra hame,
"With monkis and freiris, heifand no dreid no schame,
"Throw beistlie lust zour moderis all did ly, 57,850
"And gat zow all in sic adultery,
"That causis zow for to degenerat be
"Fra honour far and greit nobillitie,
"And causis zow to be vantouris richt vane."
Quhen this wes said maid nane anser agane. 57,855
The secund zeir efter this that I sa,
Ane Inglis knicht, callit Robert Morla,
Into Scotland with Archibald of Douglas,
Into that tyme that wyis and worthie was,
In singular battell hand for hand tha faucht;
Quhair that the Douglas sic routis him raucht,
That force it wes him vincust for to be,
The Douglas wes of sic audacitie.

Schir Hew Wallace that wes ane nobill man,
That samin zeir siclike honour he wan,
And Thomas Traill at Beruik to also,
And mony vther of the Scottis mo,
In singular battell greit honour tha wan.
No mervell wes, for-quhy in Scotland than
So mony wes that had gude hors and geir,
And all thair tyme wes vsit into weir;
Also thairwith richt wye and diligent,
And of thair body strang and corpolent;
No 1 mervell is to ony men for-thy
That sic men wan oft syis victorie.
As I beleif now at this samin da,
Quha that wald preif in ernist or in pla,
That tha suld fynd in Scotland to be rusit
Men siclike now, and thawar als weill vsit
In justing, fechting, and in tournament
Haifand sic vse, beand als diligent,
As thawar than in thae tymes gone by.
3it neurtheles I say nocht this for-thy
For to detract thair honour and thair fame,
That worthie ar for to haif so gude name.

Richard that tyme of Ingland that wes king,
Weddit ane ladie plesand and benyng,
Of tender age, richt gudlie till advance,
Issobell dochter to the king of France;
And thocht compleit than wes the mariag,
So young scho wes and of so tender age,
And of hir stature so lytill but faill,
Vnganand wes for to haif carnall daill
With ony\(^1\) man so litill wes and zing.
The lordis all, for that same caus and thing,
Gaif him counsall all that tyme but lane,
To pas in Ireland and thair for to remane,
Qhill that his quene come to perfytae age,
And haile with him ane armie thair at wage.
And sua he did ane lang tyme of the 3eir,
Qhill hapnit syne as I sall schaw 30w heir.
The Persie, erle wes of Northumberland,
And Henrie, erle of Darbie at command,
With mony mo, as my author did tell,
Agane king Richart schupe than to rebell;
And for that caus, as schawin wes to me,
So euill he vsit his auctoritie,
Throw ill counsall that he did with him haif,
Baith men of gude and mony lad and knaif.
Quhen king Richard knawledge thairof than
Hame in the Waillis sone agane he him sped;
And as he purposit in Lundoun to pas,
The erle of Darbie in his way that was
He tuke him thair, and all with him he hed,
To Lundoun syne haistillie with him sped;
Syne causit him for dreid than of his lyfe,
Quhair present wes rycht mony man and wyfe,
Of all the best wes into Lundoun toun,
For to gif ouir baith his kinrik and croun.
Syne crownit hes as\(^2\) my author did tell,
Johnne Gant\(^3\) sone, duke wes of Loncastell,
Henrie to name, as I hard ilk man sa,
That ay sensyne betuix thà houssis tua,

\(^1\) In MS. mony
\(^2\) In MS. at.
\(^3\) In MS. Cant.
Quhill laitlie now that sic thing is put down,
Greit weir hes bene for the richt of the crown. 57,925
This Richard syne, as I fynd sum man sais,
In Lundoun after closit his latter dais
In strang presoun, quhair he did lang remane,
Sum said of hungar, and sum said he wes slane;
And vther sum that knew rycht weill the cace, 57,930
As I sall schaw zow quhen tyme cumis and place,
Siclike as tha haif done me wnderstand,
Lang efter that he deit in Scotland.
To tell zow how I will nocht not remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane. 57,935
Robert, that tyme that king wes of Scotland,
Of matrimony contractit hes the band
Of his sone Dauid, of Scotland wes prence,
With Elspeth [vp Jonquhomericht greit expence
Hir father maid, the erle of Marche wes than, 57,940
George of Dumbar, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
And to king Robert of tocher he gaif
Of gold als large as he lykit to haif.
The pairtie is all, baith the woman and the man,
Content tha war ilkane of vther than, 57,945
And thair fatheris siclike oblist and sworne
For to fulfill as I haif said beforne.
3 It fals Fortoun that is so variabill
Of hir fauour and eik1 alway wnstabill,
Withoutin grace, full of ingratitude, 57,950
Quhen plesis hir withoutin caus till dude,
Changis richt oft with mutabiillitie;
Him that scho settis on hir quheill so hie,
Quhen plesis hir, but ony caus or quhy,
Wnder hir quheill als law makis to ly; 57,955
And spairis nother lord, prince, nor king,
Moir nor ane knaif at hir plesure to ring.

1 In MS. ilk.
Siclike that tyme Scotland in so gude peice,
Trowand so weill that all weirs sould ceiss,
And king Robert so happie than sould be,
Fra that da furth leif in tranquillitie,
And George Dumbar that erle of Marche wes than,
Quhlilk of befoir so mekle honour wan,
The quhlilk honour all man trowit sould be
To him euir moir and his posteritie,
Honour, reward, gude fame, and reverence,
And of their prince rycht greit beneuolence.
Bot fals Fortoun throw malice and invye,
Or how it was I can nocht tell zow quhy,
Of baith thir tuo scho changit sone the weill
To greit vnhap throw turning of hir quheill.
Aand how it wes now sall I tell zow heir;
Tak tent to me quha lykis for to speir.
Archibald of Douglas in that tyme wes than,
Erle of that ilk and ane he hartit man,
Commouit wes at this George of Dumbar,
Traistand he suld prevaill him than rycht far,
And he hapnit his dochter to mak quene,
Rycht equall ay befoir with him hes bene.
And for that caus rycht greit reward he gaif
To duke Robert, siclike to all the laif,
That hamelie war and inwart with the king,
Quhlilk causit him to brek [of] that wedding,
And fra that purpos to pas far abak,
And matrimoni with his dochter to mak;
And to the king far moir gold als he gaif
No did erle George, siclike till all the laif
Rycht greit reward into that tyme gaif he,
To caus his erand sonnar sped to be.
The erle of Marche quhen that he knew that
thing,
Rycht pertlie than he passit to the king,
Askand at him quhy that he brak his band;
Sayand also ane kingis word sould stand
Als suirlie as subscription or seill,
Or ellis that king wes nother trew no leill;
No moir wes he, without he did fulfill
Band and promit that he had maid him till.
The king agane maid ansuer with grit list,
Sayand the Douglas, that tyme or he wist,
Causit his sone wes of sic tender age
With his dochter for to mak mariage,
And or sic thing wes done him wnderstand,
Completit wes of mariage the band.
All\(^1\) this he said, as ze ma richt weill trow,
For his repreif that he mycht than wmschew,
For-quhy he knew he wes bayth bald and wycht,
And weill durst speik quhen he wes in the rycht.
The erle seand the veritie so smorit,

Askit agane his gold to be restorit;
Ask quhathewaldrichtnochthegatagane,
Bot ane ansuer quhairof he wes unfane.
And quhen he saw that na better micht be,
On to the king richt pertlie than said he
That he had tynt all travell less and moir,
Puttand him self in sic perrell befor,
Quhairat he bled richt mekill of his blude,
And syne to get so gret ingratitude
For his reward than of his prince and king,
To furstrat him into so gret ane thing
Withoutin caus of him or zit offence;
Impertinent also wes to ane prince,
To do him self so mekill schame and lak,
To brek the band befoir that he did mak,
For ill counsell and for na vther thing,
Or auerie, quhilk till ane prince or king

Onsemand wes, as euerie man wald sa:
Quhen this wes said syne passit hame awa,

\(^1\) In MS. As.
THE BUIK OF THE

But lowe or leif that tyme of ony wicht,
And stoultlie bad the kingis grace gude nycht.
Syne to his feiris that war standand by,
He said to thame, rycht plane and ryucht perty,
Of that injure he sould revengit be,
Or mony thousand on ane da sould die;
Syne take his leif and hamewart syne did fair,
And in the court na langar maid repair.
Of his promit that tyme he wes ouir trew,
Quhilk all his airis efter him micht rew;
In this storie sais maister Johnne Mair,
Richt planelie heir as I sall now declair.
The kingis grace faillit thattyme richt far
To this ilk lord callit George of Dumbar,
Brekand promit to him befoir he maid
In wrat and walx, wnder thair seillis braid;
Quhilk wes ane falt richt greit in prince or king,
Quha culd considder or durst speik of sic thing,
For till be done to sic ane man of gude
As wes this erle of the eldest blude
In all his realme, and ay most of valour,
And to his kinrik wan so greit honour,
And in that tyme so greit ane man wes he,
Haiffand sic freindis and auctoritie,
And in him self so noibill als ane man,
That of befoir so mekle honour wan,
And wes the wall betuix him and his fa.
Greit folie wes till him for to done sa;
His dochter als for to repute so vyle,
For ony vther of his liear style,
Nor zit of plesoure, nor of pulchritude,
Bot all for gold and gredines of gude.
And secundlie he faillit to him moir;
His gold agane wald nocht to him restoir,
Bot lichleit him, as my author did mene,
In his langage as he ane lad had bene.
And thridlie als he did to him [so] faill,
His equall maik so far for to prevail,
And him to lichtlie and to set at nocht,
As all his deidis litill thing hed docht,
And he him self micht mak him lytill steid
Of his fais quhen he had ony feid,
Or gif he durst so hardie be to preif,
How euir he did to grows thairat or greif.
Considder, schirris, heir into this place
Ze that reidis, and it war zour awin cace,
 Siclyke this tyme as it wes his evin than,
That had sic power, and war sic ane man
As that he wes, and mycht revengit be
Of sic injure als weill as than micht he.
Judge him siclike, and pryis him als thairto,
As ze zour self in siclike cace wald do;
Traist weill richt oft that sic thing hes bene sene,
For far les falt ane smallar man hes bene
Commovit so aganis his prince and king,
That land and lyfe, failland all vther thing,
God and the devill, and hevin and hell forzet,
Of his injuris amendis for to get;
Beleif richt weill siclyke as man or wyfe,
That euerie beist that hes knowledge and lyfe;
Be it opprest with grit crudelitie,
It will desyre for to revengit be;
And thocht the lawbour be bot all in vane,
Zit as it ma it will debait agane.
I tak witnes heir of the lytill mous,
The smallest beist quhilk is in all the hous;
Quhen that the cat hes hir fast be the bak,
Thocht no defence the lytill mous ma mak,
Zit neuirtheles, quhen that scho feillis hir nip
Hir bak so soir, scho takis hir be the lip
And byttis hir quhill that scho gar hir bleid.
Of hir purpois suppois scho cum no speid,
All this is done, as richt weill wit ma ze,
Of hir injuries to revengit be.

Off ane fox [als] sic exemplill is fund,
Quhen he is bittin with mony cruell hound,
And euirikane hes him fast in his heid,
The fox also traistis nothing bot deid,
And euerie man sais he can nocht chaip;
Zit neuirtheles, with mony girne and gaip,
He makis debait als lang as that he ma,
And with sic maistrie chaipis oft awa:
And wald he nocht mak this debait agane,
Doutles richt sone this sarie fox war slane.

Considder, schirris, thairfoirat the leist,
Sen so it isthateuerie brutell beist
Nature inclynis, as thair self ma se,
Of thair injuries to revengit be,
And to be fremmit alway to thair fo,
Qhat mervell is suppois ane man do so,
The quhilk hes fame and honour to conserue?
Beleif ze weil that he had far leuer sterue,
Sen weill he wait that he man onis die,
Of his honour or he rebutit be.
I say nocht this that erle for to excuse
Him or his deidis, for ony vant or ruse,
Quhilk efterwart faillit far in sic thing,
Bot for instructioun of ane prince or king,
For to be war with sic thing oft hes bene,
And sic exemplill as elderis hes sene.

This erle of Marche, of quhomo befor I spak,
So greit displesour at the king did tak,
Into Inglend for ane conduct did send,
Quhairin him self syne efterwart did wend,
Of that conduct saiflie to pas and go,
As plesit him all tyme for to do so,
Quhen euir wes that sic thing neidfull war,
And left the castell that tyme of Dumbar
Into the keiping of the handis than
Of ane to him quhilk wes ane tender man,
His sister sone that callit wes Maitland,
Most trast and trew as he did wnderstand.
The erle of Douglas, as my author did sa,
Quhen that he knew this erle passit awa
Onto Ingland, as euerie man weil kend,
Causit the king ane herald for to send
To that captane with boist and greit rebous,
Commandand him to deliuer that houss
To the Douglas wnder the pane of tressoun;
And so he did, withoutin ony chesoun,
Of that herald than at the first command,
Withoutin pley or ony moir ganestand.
The erle of Marche quhen that he hard and
knew
How all wes done, as his freindis him schew,
Ane freind of his he send sone to the king,
Askand at him quhy he sould do sic thing
To put his hous into his fais handis,
Knewand so weil betuix thame as it standis;
Considerand [als that] in no kynd of cace
He faltit neuir nor faillit to his grace,
And he till him had faillit far befoir,
Beserkand him that he wald gar restoir
His hous agane his elderis had brukit lang,
Did he nocht so he did him rycht grit wrang.
The king agane, I can nocht tell 3ow quhy,
Of thame that tyme that standand wes
neirby
For na requist other les or moir,
Wald nocht consent the houss for to restoir,
Bot leit him pas of his erand vnsped
Onto his lord, the quhilk ansuer he hed,
And word be word he schew him all the cace
Quhat anser he gat at the kingis grace.
Than quhen he hard how his servand had sped, 58,170
Boddelie harme richt soir that tyme he dred,
Haiffand no streth quhair he micht saue his lyfe;
Than suddantlie with barnis and with wyfe,
And his servand is that tyme be the leist one,
Into Ingland for to remane is gone.
Quhen that king Robert thairof he hard tell,
Dreidand agane him that he sulde rebell,
Kennand he wes baith manlie, wyss and wicht,
Sic fortoun had, with sic power and mycht,
And that his boundis be the bordour la, 58,180
Quhairfoir ane herald sone efter ane da
He send to him quhair that he did remane,
Desyrand him for to cum hame agane,
And sould mak anser to him in the law,
Of all his clame as oucht he did him aw,
Of him he sould als equall justice haif
As he wald get of ony lad or knaif.
Agane the erle sic anser gaif him till,
Sayand he wald all his command fulfill,
Sua that he wald withoutin ony moir 58,190
Agane his castell gar to him restoir;
For-quhy, he said, be all auctoritie,
The spulze aucht first to restorit be,
Or ony man into the law contend,
Other to follow or zit for to defend.
Quhairto the king be no way wald consent;
The erle also wald nocht hald him content
To cum in Scotland thairfoir to remane,
Quhill his castell restorit wer agane.
And quhen the king knew nocht ellis wald be, 58,200
Ane herald sone to king Harie send he,
Desyrand him, as my author did tell,
The erle of Marche fra Ingland to expell,
Quhilk wes his rebell and his ennimye;
And wald he nocht, he did him signifye
He wald gif ouir all peax wes tane and trewis
Betuix thame tua, and he hurdit sic schrewis
Within Ingland quhilk wes his mortall fa;
He traistit nocht to him he wald do sua.
Than king Henrie sic ansuer maid agane,
Said, "I beleif, also I knew richt plane,
" The erle of Marche hes maid his prince no caus
" Exull to be be no decreit of lawis,
" But for ill counsall, as rycht weill ken I,
" And of his nychtbour malice and invy,
" And for his awin tha haif done him sic wrang,
" The erle of Douglas, as I know rycht lang,
" His father als with him siclike as he
" Contendit ay for superioritie.
" It is the Douglas, rycht weill as I knaw,
" Hes wroucht all this without ordour of law;
" Thairfoir as rebell I ressaue him 'nocht,
" Bot for ane man that sucker heir hes socht,
" Fled fra his fa dreidand crudelitie,
" That force it is vther fra him till flie,
" Or lyke ane daft man byde and suffer deid,
" Withoutin caus wittand of no remeid.
" Thocht he remane heir with barnis and wyfe,
" Doand no skayth heir bot to sucker his lyfe,
" Nor na dishonour to his prince and king,
" Quhy sould he requeir than with sic ane thing?
" And I do so I wrocht evin lyke ane tratour,
" Agane the law of God and als of nature,
" Like ony tirraneful full of crudelitie,
" Ane saikles man seikand succour at me,
" Withoutin falt to flene him of my land,
" Or zit to put him in his fais hand.
" That will I nocht do for no kynd of thing;
" Beir thow this ansuer agane to thi king."
THE BUIK OF THE

To king Robert quhen this wes schawin in plane,
Richt suddantlie than hes he send agane
To king Henrie ane herald into hy,
Gaif vp the peax and syne did him defy.
The king of Ingland seand it wes so,
Schir Henrie Persie causit hes till go
With this ilk erle in his cumpny,
George of Dumbar, richt sone and suddantlie,
Into Scotland with greit power and mycht,
Makand greit heirschip than bayth da and nycht,
And grit slauchter also of young and ald.

The erle of Douglas, bellicos and bald,
Quhlilk of thair cuming richt weill than that knew,
As of befoir secreit men till him schew,
With grit power sone efter on ane da,
He come neirby quhair that this armie la.
Of his cuming quhen that the Persie knew,
Richt suddantlie, as that my authour schew,
With all the power thair with him he hed,
Rychthaistelie to Beruik than he fled,
And left the spulze all, bayth les and moir,
In that same place that he had tane befoir.
The Scottismen fast folloit on the chace,
And tuke and slew in mony sindrie place
Of Ingismen or tha wan to the toun,
Quhair tha war skaillit that tyme vp and doun.
Quhen this wes done the spulze all that docht,
Hame with thame than to Edinburch tha brocht.
The erle of Douglas sone efter that da,
Throw soir seiknes, as my authour did sa,
He take his leif than bayth at barne and wyfe,
Departit syne out of this present lyfe.
Ane man he wes, bot gif my author lie,
In all his tyme of greit nobilitie,
Withoutin wrang or ony violence,
Of halie kirk protectour and defence.
Ane fair college of greit autoritie
Into Bothuell foundit and feitt [hed] he;
Of Lyndulden the college als siclike,
Qohilk foundit wes of nunnis than richt ryke,
Because tha vsit so greit insolence,
Sa lubrik war, and maid so greit expens
In drinking, dansing, and in gluttony,
In paramouris and vsit sic folie,
Thairfoir this erle of his autoritie
Causit that place translaitit for to be
Fra the nunnis that tyme that thairin war,
To ane college of clerks secular.
His sone Archibald, efter that he wes deid,
As richtuous air succedit in his steid;
His eldest brither, as my author did sa,
Befoir his fader departit mony da,
In this same zeir that done wes all this thing,
This ilk Henrie, of Ingland that wes king,
With so greit power come that tyme I wene
Into Scotland as semdill hes bene sene,
To Haddingtoun withoutin dampnage or skayth
Of ony Scot or zit of Inglis baith.
Castell or tour that tyme he seigit nane,
No presoner nor pray siclike hes tane;
Of ilk castell no mair desyrit he,
Bot his baner vpoun the hicht to be
Set vp and sene in taikin of victory;
Qehan that wes done syne saiflie passit by.
THE BUIK OF THE

In Haddingtoun in ilk religious place,
Sic gratitudetha gatsyne of his grace,
That worth ane prene he leit nocht spulzeit be.
In thaplacis that same tyme also he
Rewardit thame or he did hamewart gang,
That tha war baith the better efter lang.
Baith nunnis and freiris sic kyndnes to thame kid,
In Haliruidhous siclike that same time did,
In all his passage, other air or lait,
Nocht worth ane fle he tuke into his gait.
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht sa 3ow weill,
Bot sum man said, als far as I haif feill,
I wait nocht weill gif that tha said amis,
The erle of Marche wes all the caus of this;
At his requeist and sindrie vtheris baith,
Than stoppit him for to do ony skaith.
Duke Robert Stewart governour wes than,
Ane multitude of mony nobill man
In gude ordour, as my authordid sa,
To Calder mure he brocht vpoune ane da,
In armour bricht with mony speir and scheild,
Thinkand to gif this ilk king Henrie feild,
With mony baner brodin war full braid.
Be fals relatioun syne wes to him maid,
Sayand king Henrie at that samind da
At Edinburch seigand the castell la,
The duke of Rosay thairin that tyme was,
And for that caus na narrar he wald pas
To skaill the seig or to mak him remeid,
Becaus he wynt that ilk duke had bene deid.
In that beleif he sould be tane or slane,
Skaillit the oist and turnit hame agane.
This king Henrie, as my author did sa,
Sone efter that he passit hame his wa
On to Ingland, but ony skaith or lak
To Scotland done, and als litill did tak.
Sone after this the gude quene Annabell
Departit hes, as my author did tell.
The duke of Rosay hir eldest sone scho buir,
In all hir tyme scho had ay in hir cuir,
Scho dred richt soir, as kyndlie is to be,
His licht ȝouthheid without stabilitie
It suld him bring till inconvenient;
And for that causs scho tuke grit cuir and tent
That he no way suld do offence or wrang.
Thus in hir cuir scho keipit him richt lang,
Quhill that he grew, as ȝe ma rycht weill ges,
To greit vertew and [on]to halines.
Bot efter syne that scho departit than,
He changit sone into ane vther man;
To harlatry, to hurdome, cartis and dyce,
With sic exces than of all vther vyce,
That horribill is agane for to rehers.
Thairfoir as now I will nocht put in vers
Sa mony vices, without that I do wrang,
As men alledgis in his persoun rang.
For-quhy for me I think it is rycht nyce
To say tha the wes full of all kin vice,
And syne sa sone efter for to grant
That he in hevin wes haldin for ane sanct.
It settis ill, as semis me, to tell
How in sic vices so far as he fell,
And nocht to schaw how that he rais agane,
Sone efterwart syne for to schaw so plane,
Efter his deid quhilk culd nocht weill be hid,
So mony miracle as ane sanct he kyd.
And thocht my author sa that he did fall
Fra vertuous lyfe to vices criminally,
Thairof my author I will nocht repreif;
Bot I will say heir, with my authoris leif,
Be gude ressoun it semis weill to me,
That all sic thing sould fenȝeit of him be,
Be thre caussis that I sall schaw ȝow heir.
Ane is, befoir richt lang and mony ȝeir,
Quhen I wes ȝoynge within ȝouthheid ane page,
I saw ane woman of grit eil and age,
That said scho this ilk ȝoynge duke had ȝ kend,
And with my eiris hard hir him commend
Of gentres, vertu, and of hie prudence,
Into his tyme aboue all vther prence,
Sayand of hym, with sic ane supersalt,
That he wes neuir noittit with ane falt,
In all his tyme suppois of hym men leid,
That louithim nocht as I schew rycht weill indeid.
That samyn tyme also I saw hir greit,
With bitter teiris garrand hir cheikis weit,
Quhen that scho hard men that stude by record
The piteous deid of this ȝoynge prince and lord.
For this same causs it semis weill to me,
That all sic thing sould Forget of him be.
Considdar syne the second causs and quhy,
That his vnkill the duke of Albany
At him had ay so greit malice and feid,
Qhill after put him to so vyle ane deid,
Beliefe weill wald caus men for to lie,
And mony falt of him alledgit be,
Qubair throw he micht haif ony rycht or caus,
Be allegatioun into ony lawis,
Vnder his cuir to haif him to corrack,
As plesish him mendis or vengeance tak.
Qhill previt richt weill efter into deid,
As ȝe sal se quha lykis heir to reid.
The thrid causs quhy sic thing I will nocht grant,
Efter his deid tha held him for ane sanct

1 In MS. and.
For sindrie singis of him that wes sene,
Dum men gat speich and blynd men gat thair eue,
And mony seik men to thair helth restord.
I can nocht wit how thir tua ma accord
Be ony ressoune weill to be defendit;
Ane vicius man with vices apprehendit,
Syne for his vice in presoun maid to die,
Efter his deid ane sanct syne for to be.

Thairfoir I sa of him now as I think,
Into my mynd that it can neuir synk
That he suld be of sic ane vicius sort,
As my author hes maid\(^1\) of him report.
I sa nocht this with my author to flyte,
For weill I wait thairof he hes no wyit,
And said nothing bot siclike as he fand
Dytit in writ with vther mennis hand;
Nor zit sais nocht that ony man dois lie,
Bot as I think apperis best to me.

Thairfoir ilk man juge asthapleisthamesell;
Now harkin and heir how all this cace befell.
To king Robert, be freindis of his awin,
So grit vices of his sone wes him schawin,
Displeisit wes and to the same effect,
Send for his sone thairof him to correk,
And blamit him, with mekle bost and schoir,
Of his faltis committit war befoir.
Sayand to him without that he forbuir,
He suld put him in sicker keiping and suir,
That he sould want fredome and honour bayth,
Suppois that he thairto war neuir so laith,
As young men will accusit ar of cryme,
Repent richt sone and sa weill in the tyme.
And so did he, as my author did tell,
Bot sone efer in sic folie he fell,

\(^1\) In MS. mand.
Of sic faltis, with sic oppin wrang,
That men micht nocht thole him than ring so lang,
And to his father mony plaint hes maid.
Quhill at the last the king efter, but baid,
Onto the duke his bruther than wrait he,
Commandand him of his auctoritie
That he suld tak this young man in his cuir,
And lat him nocht ilk da oppres the puir;
With him in houshald caus him to remane,
And gif him no auctoritie agane,
Quhill of zouthheid than passit wes the rage,
That he war cumin to perfyter age.
This governour thairof he wes richt fane,
And da and nycht richt bissie wes and bane
For to compleit the thing that he pretendit,
And ceissit nocht quhill he wes apprehendit.
This ilk young prince of Rosay that wes duke,
With falso tressoun sone efter he him take
Neir Sanct Androis, as that my author sai,
And in that castell tua or thre of dais
He held him thair, with displeasure and pyne;
Sone efter to Falkland hed him syne
Richt quietie efter on ane nycht.
Syne in ane presoun mirk but ony lycht,
Inclusit him withoutin cumpany,
But meit or drink quhair that tha leit him ly,
In that beleif fo hungar he suld die.
Wes nane that tyme that durst so hardy be,
To mene him vnto or to mak him remeid,
Or him support with ane byte of gra breid,
Or cald water, quhairof he had grit list,
Durst none him geif for to slokin his thrist,

1 In MS. cattell.
Except ane madin of him had pitie,
As kyndlie is ane woman so to be
Till men in mister for to mak remeid,
Out-throw ane hoill that wes abone his heid,
Ane quantitie, suppois it wes bot small,
Dalie of meill scho lute to him doun fall,
Throw quhilk ane quhile his lyfe he hes
sustenit,
This ilk woman syne, as my author menit,
Richt cruellie without ony remeid,
For that same caus wes tane and put to deid,
Sicliske ane nureis of that samin place,
Haiffand pitie of hismiscance and cace,
To ane windok of the presoun scho 3eid,
In at the windo with ane Spanze reid
Of hir pap¹ scho leit the milk in pas,
Quhairwith ane lang tyme he sustenit was.
Sone eftersyne within ane litill space,
Scho wes tentit into that samin cace,
And put to deith without in ony moir,
Sicliske as wes the tother of befoir.
This beand done than, shorthlie to conclude,
This duke and prince that wes left destitute
Of all remeid, help, or 3it supple,
Wes no remeid bot than of hungar die.
O Sathanis seid! O serpent venemous!
O dolent dragone! dreidfull and dangerus!
Quhair wes thi reuth or quhair wes thi pitie,
To mak thi prence of hungar for to die?
Thy nevoy als and of thi blude so neir,
Thy bruther sone to the tender and deir,
Ane innocent to neuer man wes fa,
Withoutin caus so saikles to gar sla?

¹ In MS. pas.
My pen with patience can nocht weill report
To schaw to zow heir into termis schort,
The greit distres with sic miseritie,
In that presoun as that tyme sufferit he,
Of hungar, thrist, of mirknes and of cald.
That samin tyme, as my author me tald,
In that distres for verrie falt of meit,
Of his fingaris the flesche that tyme he eit;
Syne finallie, withoutin ony supple,
In that distres of hungar maid to die.

In Lundoris intumulat wes syne,
Qhilk efterwart, throw prouidence diyne,
Richt mony miracle in that tyme schew he,
Dum men gart speik and als blind men gart se,
Baith seik and sair haillit and mony vther;
Qhill that king James the first, that wes his bruther,
Ane mendis tuke of that tressone, but leis,
Fra that tyme furth all tha miradis did ceiss.

The erle of Marche neirby thir samin dais,
And the Persie, as that my author sais,
In Scotland come with greit power and mycht
Of mony berne all into armour bricht;
Baith brint and slew at thair plesour and will,
Without ganestand of ony maid thairtill;
Quhen that wes done syne eftter on ane da,
With greit spulze tha passit hame thair wa.
Ane nobill man, Thomas of Haliburton,
The qhilk that tyme that lord wes of Dirltoun,
Into Ingland he passit on ane da,
Syne brint and slew and brocht with him awa.

Richt mekle gude, without stop or ganestand,
But ony skaith agane into Scotland.
The Scottismen for that same caus and quhy,
Beand so blyth of that ilk victory,
Thatsamintymericht greit prouisioun maid, 58,540
Syne efterwart into Ingland tha raid.
Sir Patrik Hepburne that of Haillis wes than,
Thair chiftane wes, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Of Loutheane richt mony men of gude
With him he hed into that multitude, 58,545
And in thae boundis that war lang and braid
Bayth brint and slew, and rycht greit heirship maid;
With mekle gude syue efter on ane da,
Tha tukethair leiff for to cum hame thair wa.
The erle of Marche and Persie wes neirby 58,550
With greit power, quhilk efter him did hy,
And in the Mers at Nisbet him ouirtuke,
And gaif him feild, as I fand in my buke.
The Scottismen that war baith bald and wycht,
In that battell for to debait thair rycht, 58,555
Stoutlie tha stude, als strong as ony aike,
Into that stour with mony stalwart straik.
The Ingismen had gottin than the war,
Had nocht [it] bene [that] young George of Dumbar,
Erle Georgis air, come with ane hundreth 58,560
hors,
And in the feild lichtit with so greit force,
The Ingismen that reddie war to flie,
So bald tha war of his help and supplie,
The feild renewit suddantlie agane,
Quhair mony Scot into that tyme wes slane. 58,565
Sir Patrik Hepburne him awin self wes slane,
And mony ma that did with him remane;
Thomas and Johnne, callit Haliburton,
That samin tyme into the feild war tone;
Robert of Lauder also of the Bas, 58,570
And Johnne and Thome of Cokburne that was,

1 In MS. than.
And mony mo, as my author did sa,
Into the feild war all tane that same da;
With men of gude richt mony that war slane,
And all the pray reskewit wes agane.

HOW THE ERLE OF DOUGLAS PASSIT WITH ANE GREIT POWER IN INGLAND, AND HOW THE ERLE OF MARCHE AND LORD PERSIE COME IN THAIR CONTRAIR AND GAIF BATTELL, QUHAIL THE SCOTTIS TYNT.

Off this injure for to revengit be,
The erle of Douglas that same tyme went he
Into Inglanl, with mony berne full bald;
Ten thousand men tha war be taill weil tall
On feild that tyme with the Douglas did far.

Murdo Stewart, the governouris air,
And erle Thomas the gude erle of Murray,
And of Angus the nobill erle alsuay,
With mony knycht and mony bald barroun,
That samin tyme with thame passit of toun.

In Inglanl syne, with greit anger and ire,
Spilt mekle blude and als raiiset greit fyre,
Burning thair bigging than baith bour and hall,
Quhill that tha come neir to the New Castell,
On to ane hill is callit Homyltoun,
And thair tha baid and set thair tentis doun.

The erle of Marche that tyme and lord Persie,
With greit power war cumand neirhand by,
In gude ordour with mony worthie wycht,
Baith big and bald all into armour brycht.
The Douglas than quhilk of his cuming knew,
On to ane hicht wes neirhand by he drew,
Haifand sic dreid than of thair multitude,
And put thair men all into ordour gude,
Vpoun the hicht thair of ane mekle hill, 58,600
In that beleif tha sould ascend him till.
So had tha done, that dar I richt weill sa,
Had nocht than bene the erle of Marche that da,
That causit thame vpoun the plane to byde,
And archearis cheis out of the Inglis syde;
And at the Scottis sic ane bikker mak,
Quhilk causit thame out of array to brak,
Without ordour syne doun the hill descend,
With so greit speid quhill that tha tynt all end.
The Inglismen that stude vpoun the plane, 58,610
In gude ordour cumand thame forgane,
With baneris braid displayit vpone hicht,
With fynest gold that brodin war full bricht;
The Scottis als vpoun the tother syde,
Thair hartis war so fullof hicht and pryde, 58,615
Thocht tha war few and wist of no supple,
Out of that feild ane fit tha wald nocht fle.
Richt sone tha semblit all with [sic] ane schout,
Quhair mony deid wes doch that da but dout.
The Scottismen of nummer war so few, 58,620
And in the tyme tha wist of na reskew,
Bot other do or ellis than all die,
So laith tha war out of that feild to flie,
Quhill of the nobillis slane war mony one,
And all the laif into the feild war tone. 58,625
Slane wes that da gude schir John of Swyntoun,
Siclike alsua schir Adame of Gordoun,
Johnne Levingstoun, Alexander Ramsay
Of Dalhouussy deit thair that same day,
With mony mo no I can reckin heir 58,630
Deit that da withoutin ony weir.
And in the feild that da also tane was
Murdo Stewart and the erle of Douglas,
Thomas Dumbar the gude erle of Murray,
And of Angus the nobill erle alsway, 58,635
The lord Saltoun and mony vther wichtis,
With four and tuentie men of gude war knychtis.
Heir ma ze knaw, quha that can weill considdar,
The quheill of Fortoun is baith fals and sliddar
To euerie stait, without stabillitie,
But traiist, but treuth, or zit tranquillitie.
Quhome to scho schawis most plesand hir face,
Traistand he be confirmit in hir grace,
Or euir he wit, withoutin caus or quhy,
Turnis hir face and luikis vpoune wry,
And will nocht luke vpone him with hir ene,
As scho befoir had neutir him kend or sene,
And haldis him evin as hir mortall fo,
Withoutin caus quhen plesis hir do so.
This suith exemplill that ze heir me sa,
Be Scotland micht be verifeit that da,
Quhome of thair fa sic victoritie than hed,
Qubil of befoir than douttit soir and dred,
With all the world wes magnifieit so he,

With honour, loving, syne intranquillitie,
With peax and rest quhilk micht haif leuit lang;
Syne finalie, for the injure and wrang
The Douglas causit efter to be done
To the Dumbar, so suddantlie and sone
The honour and [the] greit nobillitie
Of Scotland changit to sic miseritie,
With greit distructioun of the nobill blude,
And of the commonis of sic multitude,
With sharp persewing als baith da and nycht,
That scantlie douchit it to debait the richt.
How the Erle of Marche and the Lord Persie come in Scotland efter this victorie, purposing to subdew the South part of the samyn.

The erle of Marche thairfoir and the Persie,
So proud tha war than of that victorie,
In haill purpois, as that my author schew,
The south of Scotland that tyme till subdew,
The men of gude war all thairof slane doun
For the most part befoir at Hammiltoun,
The laif tha had all in captiuitie,
Traistand thairfoir that thing mycht eith done be,
With greit power, as my author did sa,
Into Tueddaill come efter on aen da,
Baith brint and slew at thair plesour but pley,
Nane wes so bald that durst thame dissobey.
To Cokles castells syne ane seig tha set,
With all ingyne that tyme that the culd get.
Johnne of Grenelaw thairof wes captane than,
Richt circumspect, like ane wyiss nobill man,
For all thair boist, thair brag, and thair rebous,
Richt manfullie defendit hes the hous,
Quhill tha war fane ane talking for to tak,
Syne of this wyiss conditioun for to mak.
To souer thame, as that my author schew,
Within thre moneth gat tha nocht resekew,
The captane suld, but bargane or rebous,
Frelie to thame he sould gif ouir the hous.
This beand done the captane syne he send
Onto the king that tyme and maid him kend,
Scha[w]and\(^1\) to him quhat he had tane on hand.
Quhairfoir the lordis all than of Scotland

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\(^1\) In MS. Schand.
Convenit hes in ane counsell rycht sone,
For to devyss quhat best is to be done,
How thame mycht best mak that castell reskew.
Richt mony wes, as that my author schew,
That disassentit to that thing alhaill,
Sayand nothing it wes for thair availl
To gif thame feild or battell ony moir,
For-quhy thai said at Hamiltoun befoir
Thair nobillis war all other tane or slane,
And quhill thair strength renewit war agane,
Qhilik wald nocht be lang efter mony zeir,
Greit danger war to put sic thing in weir;
With haill power in battell thame persew,
Qhill efterwart to moir strentsis tha grew.
And had nocht bene, as my author did tell,
The curage of the governour him sell,
So manfullie the battell on hand tuke,
Reprevand thame all that sic thing forsuiik,
Withoutin dout, as that my author schew,
That hous for thame had gottin no reskew.
Bot Fortoun ay, as that I said befoir,
Scho smytis nocht quhairat scho makis schoir,
No spairis nocht into all tyme and place,
Qhailor that scho schawis most clement hir face.
Bot quhen scho plesis to that same effect,
Turnis hir face richt evin into hir neck,
And turnis on him with ane lauchand face,
Qhouette befoir scho schew no kyndnes no grace;
And him befoir in hir kyndnes scho tuke,
Turnis hir face and will nocht on him luke.
And so scho did that samin tyme for-thy,
Turnit hir face fra this ilk lord Persy,
And on the castell of Coklawis scho leuch,
Qhouette befoir scho maid it strang and teuch;
And how that wes withoutin ony weir,
Tak tent to me and I sall schaw 3ow heir.
How the Persie rebellt againis his King, and how King Henrie vincust him in Battell, and slew him with his Bruther and mony vther, and the Erle of Dowlglas tane that was Presoneir to the Persie in the Feild befoir with the Erle of Marche.

This ilk Persie, that fane wald honour haif,
So greit credence to dame Fortoun he gaif,
In sic beleif, as my author did tell,
Agane king Harie that tyme did rebell.
The duke of Zork and erle of Stanfurd als,
That samin tyme, bot my author be fals,
With him tha rais in contrair of thair king,
Quhat wes the caus, quhy, and for quhat thing,
I can nocht tell this tyme, bot gif I lie,
For-quhy my author schew it nocht to me.
This ilk Persie with all power he hed,
And thir tua lordis, than suddanlie thame fled
Into Ingland agane Harie thair king.
This ilk Henrie that knew full weill that thing,
With all the power that he docht to be,
To Schorisberrie that same tyme come he,
The erle of Marche with him in cumpany,
Schort quhile befoir he come fra the Persy,
Aganis his king becaus he did rebell.
That samin tyme, as my author did tell,
The king had gevin the Persie battell thair,
With all his power that tyme les and mair,
Had nocht thair bene the erle of Marche as than
Wes all his tyme so fortunat ane man,
Quhat feild or battell all tyme he wes in,
The victorie did neuir fra him twyn.
Vnto the king sic counsall than he gaif,
With haill assistance that tyme of the laif,
For to defer the battell for ane space,
Quhill etterwart to better tyme and place;
And send to thame richt some ane messingeir,
All thair desyr sayand that he suld heir,
And at thair plesure all sic thing fulfill,
So all the lordis wald consent thairtill:
Erar that tyme or all the nobill blude
Of Ingland than, with sic ane multitude
Of nobill men war put in jeopardy,
To that purpois he wald him than apply.
This messinger, as ze sall traist for trew,
To thame he passit in the tyme and schew
Ilk word be word as I haifsaid 30w heir;
And tha agane onto that messingeir
Sic credence gaift that tyme withoutin' 1 faill,
Haiffand sic traist that tyme into his taill,
For the most part thair with thame [that thair] was
Into the tyme that causit hame to pes.
The men of gude remanand thair all still,
In sindrie partis at 2 thair plesure and will,
Haiffand no dreid, as that my author schew,
Without danger ony suld thame persew.
King Henrie than, quhen that he wnderstude
That passit hame wes all the multitude,
Richt suddantlie quhair that the Persie la,
With all his power come sone efter da,
And gaiff thame feild vpoun that samin plane,
Quhair all the nobillis of his syde war slane;
Him self also, and Thomas to his brother,
War slane that da and mony worthie vther.
The erle of Douglas in that feild wes tane,
Quhilk slew that da with his handis alane
Thre men war clad in fitand [coit-jarmour
Of king Harie quhilk wes of sic honour.

1 In MS. without ony.
2 In MS. as.
And quhen the sturt befoir him syne he fand,
"Me mervellis," he said, "on fra quhat land
"Culd ony tell, fane at thame wald so speir,
"Quhairfra or quhen thir kingis all come heir?"

The erle of Douglas in that samyn tyde
That da in feild faucht on the Perseis syde,
For-quhy befoir as that I schew 3ow heir,
With the Persie he wes tane presoneir;
And for that caus he come in his supple,
And in the feild that same da tane wes he.
Schir Harie Persie, as I schew but lane,
And his bruther into the feild war slane;
And all the nobillis with him in that feild
That samyn da in the battell war keild,
And infinyte als of the multitude
War slane that da except the men of gude;
And four knichtis vpoun king Haries syde,
War slane that da, and sevin hunder that tyde
Of other men, as my authordidsa,
Into the feild deit that samyn da.

HOW EFTER THIS VICTORIE SCHIR HARIE PERSIE
COME IN SCOTLAND AND WAS RESSAUIT
THANKFULLIE, AND HOW KING RICHART WAS
RELEUIT OUT OF PRESOUN AND COME IN
SCOTLAND, AND REMANIT THAIRIN TILL HIS
DEPARTING.

Quhen this wes done, as z e sall wnderstand,
Schir Harie Persie erle of Northumberland
So agit wes micht nother gang no ryde,
And quhen he knew his sonis baith that tyde,
Into the feild, as ze haif hard, wer slane,
Into Ingland no longer durst remane;
Bot come in Scotland in tha samyn daiz,
And brocht with him, as that my author sais,
Henrie Hotspur[ris] eldest sone and air, Quhilk wes his oy, bayth young, plesand and fair. With bischop Walter Traill of Sanct Androis, Ressauit wes in his castell and hous, And heild him ay in sporting and plesance, With sic ordour pertenit till ane prince, And keipit him out of necessitie, Qhat neidfull war thairof na want had he. Neirby this tyme that done wes all this thing, This ilk Richart, of Ingland that wes king, As I zow schew depryuit of his croun Be this Harie, syne put into presoun, In this same tyme to zow now that I schaw, This ilk Persie out of presoun him staw, In wemenis weid that he sould be wn kend, Richt quietlie in Irland syne him send. In Irland syne lang tarie maid he nocht, Dreidand richt soir thairat he suld be socht; Thairfoir in Scotland sone efter did fle On to Stirling, quhair lang remanit he With king Robert, quhilk treitit him betuene, With all honour mycht till ane prince pertene. Thair he remanit till his latter da, Syne bureit wes, as my author did sa, In the freir kirk at the hie altar end : Be the scripture his graif is zit thair kend. Siclike this tyme, and my author be trew, To king Robert ane seruand of his schew How that his sone, young Davud that wes prence, Wes deid in presoun throw sic violence, As ze haif hard befoir ane litill space. This duke Robert tuke greit cuir in that cace, And pat it so in euerie mannis heid For to conceill fra his father his deid,
Syne as God wald that sic ane cruell cryme
Reveillit be richt opinlie sum tyme;
Quhairfoir the king his bruther hes accusit,
So cruellie that his correctioun vset,
Without mercie, evin as his mortall fo,
His sone and prince in presoun hes gart slo.
This governour, as he culd weill sic thing,
Mony excuis he schew befoir the king
That he wes saikles thairof, with his leif,
Be gude resson he offerit him to preif,
Gif plesit him of sic thing for to heir,
In Edinburch he said he sould compeir
Befoir the lordis and his grace conding;
And thair with him that same tyme suld he bring
The samin men, as he wes leill and trew,
But his witting that his sone Davi d slew,
For ald malice betuix thame and invy,
Bot for quhat caus he culd nocht thamet quhy,
Quhill efterwart, gif neid war so till be,
He sould get wit of all the veritie.
The king trowand that all this thing wes trew,
Ilk word be word heir to 3ow that I schew,
In Edinburch ane parliament he set,
Quhair he that tyme with all his lordis met.
The governour come with sic power strang,
In the tolbuith the lordis wald nocht gang,
Bot gaif counsall, as that my author tald,
On Craigingalt the parliament to hald.
And throw thair counsall so the king hes done;
Judgis war sett and suittis callit sone.
This governour, that subtill wes and sle,
Quhilk of justice had hall auctoritie,
Corruptit judgis thair with him he brocht,
And syis also that knew richt weill his thocht;
And all the memberis of the court ilk man,
Be his counsall corruptit all war than.
Tua strang thevis out of the north he brocht,
That of that mater kend or knew richt nocht,
That neuir had sene this prince with' thair e,
And thame accusit for his deid to de;
Sayand that tha this prince with tressoun slew,
And for quhat caus tha kend nocht weill na
knew;
And witnes brocht, sayand tha war neirby
And saw him slane, qhilk thae culd nocht deny.
Thus saikleslie for him that thae neuir saw,
Thir tua war slane be fals corruptit law,
And clengit wes the tratour and the theif,
The murderar that did the haille mischief.
All this wes done, as richt weill wit ma 3e,
Be fenziet law to bleir the kingis ee.
Qheten this wes [done] and to the samin effect,
'jit neirtheles the king held him suspect
This governour of falsheid and tressoun,
Traistand he had so greit e to the croun,
Qheten euir it war that he micht wyn thairto,
His 3oungest sone siclike he suld wndo;
That efterwart, qheten his awin self war deid,
This governour, withoutin pleg or pleid,
And his airis descendand fra him doun,
Perpetuallie of Scotland bruke the croun
In heretage, without ony reclame.
Thairfor his ane sone, James hecht to name,
To Walter Traill ane worthie nobill man,
That bishop wes of Sanct Androis as than,
To him he gaif, for moir securitie
In his castell thair for to keipit be.
The 3oung Persie, as 3e sall wnderstand,
The erlis oy wes of Northumberland,

\[1\] In MS. wes.
Wes thair that tyme, quhilk wes ane prattie cheild;
This James and he war neir baith of ane eild.
Thir tua childer dalie beand togidder,
To sport and pla war nothing sueir no lidder.
This ilk bischop, of quhome I schew 3ow heir,
So greit perrell of tyme he saw appeir,
Be duke Robert so greit takynis he hed,
This barnis lyfe full oft richt soir he dreed;
As weil, I traist, he had grit caus to dreid,
Qublien men ar gevint to sic whanhappie deid,
Richt mony way weneful will altaill,
Qhill tha be brocht onto thair purpois haill.
For-quhy ane man committit bes ane syn,
Without contritioun liand lang thairin,
He causis him to fall intill ane vther,
Quhilk is far war of tyme na the tother.
So micht be said be duke Robert that tyme,
Committit hed so vyle and cruel cryme,
Without contritioun his bruther sone that slew,
And syne agane than laitlie of the new,
The tother bruther siclike wald haif slane.
This ilk bischop sic thing that wald nocht lane,
To king Robert he schew alhaill the cace,
Beseikand him of his hienes and grace,
His onlie cheild into sic danger stude
Rycht quietlie for to send ouir the flude,
In vther land richt far beyond the se,
Without danger richt weil quhair he mycht be.
Throw his counsell and vther mennis of gude,
His sone James he send attestir the flude,
With letteris writtin to the king of France,
And Ingland als, gif hapnit so of chance
Into Ingland gif tha war put in land,
That tha suld haif that writ to thair warrand;
Quhilk to king Harie did him recommend,
Sayand to him his sone that he haid send,
THE BUIK OF THE

Be his freindis quhilk wes maid fuigityfe
Out of his land for dreedour of his lyfe.
The laif of this sen I haif nocht perqueir,
Thairfoir as now I will schaw no moir heir
Of that wryting, quhairof thair is no neid,
Bot to my purpois foder will proceid.

HOW YOUNG JAMES, SON ONLIE TO KING ROBERT,
WAS SEND IN FRANCE AND TANE PRESONER
IN INGLAND, AND HOW KING ROBERT DE-
CEISSIT.

This beand done as ze haif hard me say,
Schir Harie Sinclair, erle of Orknay,
With this yong child that tyme wes maid to pas,
Syne tuke thair leif quhair tha la at the Bas,
With letteris writtin to thir kingis baith,
How euir it hapnit tha suld tak na skaithe,
Into Inglant suppois that tha tuke land,
That tha sould haif thair warrand in thair hand.
Bot all for nocht; tha war begylit I wene.
Sone efter syne, as my author did mene,
Throw adventure of wedder hapnit than,
Into Inglant thair landit euirilk man,
Syne to king Harie dressit thame to pas.
Ane man of gude into that land thair was,
Bot quhat he wes I can nocht tell 3ow heir,
Into the way tuke thame all presoneir;
As presoneris syne hame with him he led,
Sone efterwart to king Harie thame had.
The quhilk to him in writ thair credence schew,
Wes send to him fra thair king of the new;
Of quhorne the tenour I will nocht reherss,
It is so langsum for to put in vers.
Quhen that thir letteris wer red than and sene,
And wnderstand all thing that thae did mene,
This king Henrie his counsell hes gart call,
For to declair that tyme amang thame all,
Qhither or nocht gif that it did effeir
This kingis sone to hald as presoneir,
Or him ressaue as freind, and nocht as fo,
With libertie quhair euir he list till go.
Efter lang counsell syne into that thing,
Deluierit wes in presens of the king,
That lefull wes, withoutin ony weir,
This kings sone to hald as presoneir.
And so tha did, thair wes no moir to sa,
And gaif the laif leif for to cum thair wa.
This prettie cheild that plesand wes and zing,
At the command of Hariç that wes king,
Wes put in keiping of richt cunnyng men,
All craft and science him to teiche and ken.
This young prince syne, sone efter as we reid,
Within schort tyme all other did exceed
Into Ingland that levand [wes] on lyve,
In all science, prattik or speculatyue.
In methamatik or science naturall
Into that tyme he did exced thame all.
In all craftis that ony man culdknaw,
Wes none better than he wes of thame aw.
In tornament to ryde, or ryn ane speir,
At buklar pla and all prattik of weir,
Of archerie, to worsill or cast the stane,
In all Ingland that tyme maik had he nane:
So far all vther that tyme did exceid,
That all Ingland woundrit on him but dreed.
Heir will I leif ane litill and remane,
And to my storie turne I will agane.
To king Robert quhen schawin wes this thing,
How that his sone in Ingland with the king
As presoner was haldin thair and tane,
And vther childer that tyme had he nane,
Quhairof that tyme so greit displeasure tuke,
That meit and drink and sleip all he forsui̇k. 59,025
For greit dolour syne efter the thrid da
Departit hes, as my author did sa,
The 3eir of God ane thousand and sex 3eir,
And four hundreth no moir to reckin heir,
And of his regnne, as my author did sa, 59,080
Saxtene 3eir completit wes that same da.
In to Paslay intumulat wes syne,
With greit honour and hie service diuyne.

HOW DUKE ROBERT, BROTHER GERMANE TO KING
ROBERT, EFTER HIS DECEIS BRUKIT AUCTO-
RITIE; HOW THE ERLE OF DOUGLAS WES
RELEUIT OUT OF INGLAND AND ERLE OF
MARCHÉ RESSAUIT TO PEAX.

Efter the deith than of this humbill king,
That all his tyme wes lawlie and bening, 59,035
His bruther germane duke Robert, we reid,
In his office siclike he did proceid
As of befoir, and tuke on him moir cuir
No he wes wont, and baith to riche and puir
Richt equallie he execute the law, 59,040
That eueri man stude of him mekle aw.
The strang castell of Jedburgh that same tyme,
That biggit wes richt stark with stane and lyme,
Fra Inglismen wes wyn that samin 3eir,
The quhilk befoir tha keipit mony 3eir; 59,045
Sen king Dauid at Durhame that wes tane,
Tha had that hous in thair kepint alane.
The erle of Douglas that same tyme also
Releuit wes in Scotland for till go
Out of Ingland, befoir as 3e mitt heir, 59,050
Quhair he wes haldin lang tyme presoneir:
For his releif sic ransoun than he gaif, 59,055
As plesit than king Harie for till haif.
That samin tyme than, as the cace did fall,
With hall consent than of the lordis all, 59,065
The erle of Marche, withoutin ony leis,
Ressauit wes agane wnto his peice;
Of this conditioun ze sall wnderstand,
That Locmaben with Valis of Annand
Wnto the erle of Douglas suld resing, 59,080
In heretage to him and his offspring;
The governour siclyke amang the laif,
For his consent four thousand merk suld haif.
Syne to the erle agane tha did restoir
His possessionis all that he had befoir, 59,085
With siclike honour and auctoritie,
And fauour als as he wes wont to be.

HOW DONALD OF THE YLIS COME IN ROS AND
ACCLAMIT THE ERDOME THAIROF.

Ane man of gude and of richt staitlie stylis, 59,070
That samin tyme that wes lord of the Ylis,
Than be his wyfe, that wes of lauchfull age,
Of Ros the erldome all in heretage
He clamit hes, and schew gude ressoun quhy,
The quhilk fra him wes baldin wrangusly
Be way and menis of the governour.
This lord Donald, that strang wes in ane stour, 59,075
For-thi sone after baith on fit and hors,
With greit power he passit into Ros.
The cuntrie men but contrapeid or pley,
Baith ill and gude tha did him all obey,
Into that tyme, withoutin ony discord,
Ressaueand him that tyme as thair cheif lord.
This ilk Donald so proude wes and so hie
That he had gotten so greit auctoritie,
Throw adventure dame Fortoun to him sent,
Thairof that tyme he culd nocht be content,
Bot in vane gloir he did exceid our far.
Sone after syne in Murra and in Mar,
With all his power in the landis raid
And greit spulze into the tyme he maid,
And slaughter als quha did him disobey,
Or war so pert to mak him ony pley.

HOW ALEXANDER STEWART, ERLE OF MAR, RESISTIT THIS DONALD AND SLEW MONY OF HIS MEN, AND HIM SELFFLED IN THE YLIS.

The erle of Mar ane man of nobill fame,
That Alexander Stewart hecht to name,
Into his tyme of greit auctoritie,
The erle of Buchanis bastard sone wes he,
That bruther wes vnto the governour.
This nobill erle quhilk wes of sic honour,
Than be his wyfe bruikit tha landis braid,
And erle of Mar throw hir also wes maid,
With ill and gude that wald to him assist,
He passit hes this Donald to resist,
In gude beleif and curage in his spreit.
At the Hair Law with this Donald did meit,
And gaif him feild, suppis that he wes few,
And faucht so lang thair, as my author schew,
But victorie so pertlie on that plane
On euerie syde quhill that thair richt fane
To draw abak or thay wald stop or stynt,
As ilk partie that da the feild had tynt,
And hyit thame on ilk syde to the hill,
And leit thair tentis in the feild stand still.
This Donald syne with small power he hed,
Vpoun the morne on to the Ylis fled;
No langar thair that tyme he durst remane,  
For of his men nyne hundreth he had slane;  
And tua captanis ilkane with vther tuelf,  
Most principale that tyme except him self;  
And slane also wes of the other syde,  
Men of grit gude, of his honour and pryde.  
The scherref of Angus, callit Ogilvie,  
And James Scrymgeour, the constabill of Dundie,  
The laird of Doun and the laird of Panmur,  
Thomas Murra that stalwart wes and stuir,  
And Abirnethy lord wes of Saltoun,  
And gude Stratoun the laird of Lourestoun,  
And Davidsone, ane nobill man I wene,  
That provest wes that tyme of Abirdene,  
Knightis ilkane and men of greit honour,  
And mony mo stervit all in that stour.  
The secund 3eir efter that this wes done,  
The governour richt suddantlie and sone  
Into the Ylis with greit power he past.  
Quhairof this Donald wes richt far agast,  
And suddantlie ane seruand to him send,  
Sayand he wald at his plesure amend  
The faltis all that he had maid befoir,  
And to ilk man the spulze als restoir  
That he had tane in mony sindrie place,  
Sua that he wald ressaue him in his grace.  
The governour, throw counsal of the lordis,  
To his desyre that tyme he him accords,  
And him ressauis that tyme till his peice;  
Sua of the Ylis all that weir did ceis.

QUHEN THE VNIVERSITIE OF SANCT ANDROIS  
TUKE BEGNNYNG.

That samin tyme, bot gif my author lie,  
Of Sanct Androis the vniversitie  
VOL. III.  
I I
Wes new begun, gif all be richt I reid,
Qhillk efterwart till honour did proceid.
That all the kinrik greitlie did decoin,
The langar ay it did increse the moir,
As in this tyme richt weil now it is kend,
And so I trow sal to the world end.
My self wes ane, quha lykis for to heir,
Studeit thairin the space of fourtene 3eir
In the Colledge, quhair that I did apply
Logik, phisick and philosophy,
And theologie, that tyme as it micht be,
Suppois I brocht richt litill awa with me.
This famous studie in that 3eir began
Efter that God incarnat wes ane man,
Ane thousand 3eir and four hundreth also,
And ane elles in 3eir withoutin ony mo.

How ane Man of Gude callit Johnne Drummond slew the Erle of Stratherne, and was justifeit for the samyn.

Ane man of gude quhair that he duelt at hame,
Qhillk Johnne of Drummound callit wes to name,
The erle with tressoun of Stratherne he slew,
Hecht Patrik Grahame, as that my author schew.
The governour so soir that tyme he dred,
Qhairfoir in Ireland sone efter he fled;
In Ingland syne he dressit him till pas.
Syne on the se, as hap and fortoun was,
Be wynd and wedder 3e sall wnderstand
That samin tyme wes drevin in Scotland,
Syne tane and hed [on]to the law that tyme,
And justifeit for that ilk caus and cryme,
And thoillit deith for his demerit thair.
So endit he, and of him wes na mair.
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

My author heir in this part dois rehers,
The quhilk as now I will nocht put in vers,
The aduenture of battell and of chance
That samin tymbe betuix Ingland and France;
Me listis nocht now to rehers sic taillis,
Betuix Ingland also and the Waillis;
For-quhy of thame he wrytis nocht compleit,
Thairfoir as now me think it is nocht mait
With thame my storie for to intertryik,
Without sum thing that thawar mercatlike.
Thairfoir in thame I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.

HOW THE CASTELL OF WARK WAS WYN AND TYNT
BE TRESSOUN.

Ane man of gude of honour and renoun,
That tyme callit Williame Haliburton,
Ane hous on Tueid, the quhilk is callit Wark,
That biggit wes of lyme and stane full stark,
Fra Inglismen be subtilitie and slickt
That samin tyme he tuke vpoun the nycht;
The Inglismen, as that my author schew,
That wes thairin ilkane that tyme he slew.
Syne sone after, as ze sall wnderstand,
Of that same case wes quyte in his awin hand;
And how it wes, I sall schaw zow the case.
Ane Scottis knaif that wes within the place,
The Inglismen oft syis tha did him pleis
With greit reward the castell to betreis.
This samin knaif that wes the hous within,
Out-throw ane closat quhair the filth did ryn
Of all that place, syne enterit into Tueid,
Throw that passage richt oft he come and zeid.
Syne on ane nycht that ilk traduct he brak,
Quhair that thair enterit efter at his bak

I I 2
Richt mony sutheroun with him that he led;  
Within the hous syne sleipand in thair bed,  
The Scottismen, as that my author schew,  
Without pitie ilkone that nycht tha slew.  
Now to conclude, as richt weill ma be kend,  
Crudelitie with cruelnes dois end.

Off ane greit scisme be thre paipis that  
war chosin in the Kirk of Rome.

Neirby this tyme, gif that I richt presume,  
Ane greit scisme wes in the kirk of Rome.  
Thre paipis than, as that my author sais,  
With sindrie pairteis chosin war tha dais.  
The empirior, ane man of nobill fame,  
The quhilk Segmundus callit wes to name,  
Ane generall counsall causit for to be  
In Constantiana in that citie,  
All for to caus that scisma for to ceis,  
And Christis faith to prosper with grit peice.  
In that counsall, as my author did mene,  
Richt mony kirkmen that tyme did convene,  
Doctouris in jure and in theologie,  
And mony prelat of auctoritie,  
Quhair that tha haif decreittit all in one  
Thir thre paipis, of quhome I spak bigone,  
For to depreyve, and so tha did all thrie:  
Syne chesit hes with thair auctoritie  
The fourt that tyme and all the rycht him gaif.  
Efter quhen tha depreyvit had the laif,  
Sindrie ambassatis, as my author sais,  
In Scotland come into the samin dais,  
And fra that counsall wes ane nobill man,  
Quhilk abbot wes als of Pontenian,

1 In MS. and all.
Ane man of knawledge and of literatuir,
In Scotland with bissines and cuir,
Requyrand thame richt humblie with grit list
To this counsall alway for to assist,
And ratifie all thing baith les and moir
With that counsall that tha had done befoir.
Ane vther legat fra ane of the thrie,
Hecht Benedic, quhilk had auctoritie
In Rome that tyme abone the tother tua,
In Scotland come, as my author did sa,
Askand siclike at his auctoritie,
For to assist and of his band till be.
This legat wes ane Cordeleir but fame,
Freir Henrie Hardyn callit wes to name,
The quhilk that had, as my author did mene,
Apenionis that aror did contene.
The governour, as it wes richt weill kend,
Agane the clergie did this freir defend.
The kirkmen all of Scotland in that tyme
The governour accusit of that cryme,
Quhy that he sould so pertinax to be
Agane the counsall had sic auctoritie,
And fyle his fame so far to fortifie
Ane flatterand freir wes full of herisie.
Throw sic repref by this freir tha him led;
And had nocht bene the sonner he him sped
Out of Scotland richt haistely in hy,
He had bene brint for his heresy.
This beand done with all the circumstance,
Chairlis that tyme the nobill king of France,
The quhilk perfitlie wnderstude and knew,
As sindrie men into the tyme him schew,
How king Henrie of Ingland that tyme maid
Richt greit prouisioun France for to invaid.
And fra sic thing that tyme wes to him kend,
In[to] Scotland ane ambaxat he send,
Ane nobill erle quhilk wes of greit honour,
On to the lordis and the governour,
For supportatioun that tyme and supplie,
And thair kyndnes in sic necessitie,
Agane the king of Ingland as he schew,
His purpos wes thame plane lie till persew,
Without querrell but ony caus or richt,
At his pleasure with all power and mycht.
This governour and his lordis ilkone,
For that same caus to counsell all ar gone,
Qubahair tha decreittit that tyme bayth young and ald,
Sevin thousand men, war bellicois and bald,
To king Chairlis in France richt sone to send,
In this querrell alway him till defend.
Qubahirof the legat wes richt weill content,
Syne tuke his leif and hame his wais went
To king Chairlis within ane litill space,
And how it wes he schew him all the case,
Ilk word be word as I haif to 3ow said,
Qubahirof king Chairlis wes baith blyth and glaid.
So wes the Dolphene of richt nobill fame,
His eldest sone that Chairlis hecht to name,
Qubahilk etterwart, withoutin variance,
His fatheris tyme wes crownit king of France.
The king of Ingland quhilk richt weill that knew
All this promit, as suith men to him schew,
He gart the fame than fuir throw all Scotland
His purpos wes, without stop or ganestand,
To cum in Scotland baith be land and so,
With all the power that he docht to be.
The Scottismen traistand all that wes trew,
Trowand this king that tyme sould thame persew
Richt suddantlie with all power he mocht,
That causit thame dalie to be on flocht.
And all that symmer ilkone all and sum,
In that beleif traistand that he sould cum,
Wathand on him alway baith air and lait,
Baid on the bordour for to mak debait;
And postponit their passage into France,
For to defend their mortall fait and chance.
This king Henrie syne efter on ane da
In Normondy, as my author did sa,
With all his power passit ouir the se,
On to Rowane that nobill fair citie,
And wan that toun, sic wes his hap and chance;
Syne efterwart in mony pairt of France
Triumphit that tymbe baith be land and se,
And citeis wan be the help and supple
Of Phillip, duke wes of Burgundia,
Quhilk favorit him as my author did sa.
With[in] ane citie that tymbe that he wan,
The quene of France quhilk wes remanand
than
And hir dochter, hecht Katherene to name,
Ane virgin clene of grit honour and fame,
This king Henrie in his captiuitie
That samyn tymbe out of that toun tuke he.
And quhen he saw the fairnes and the fame
Of this virgin withoutin spot or blame,
As kyndlie is sic thing richt oft to be,
Allqueat wes with hir speciositie,
And maid to hir that tymbe baith bond and
thrall,
And loissit resoun with his wittis all.
And for hir saik the battell he forsuik,
And with hir father trewis that tymbe tuik,
Onto his wyfe weddit that virgin cleir,
Of this condition as I sall schaw 3ow heir.
Efter the deid of king Chairlis of France,
That king Henrie, but ony discrepancy,
Be way of band forouttin ony dreed,
To king Chairlis this Henrie sould succeed;
And gif Henrie siclike did deceis
Befoir Chairlis, forouttin ony leis,
Had he ane soone with this Kathere ne preclair,
Siclike to Chairlis sould succeed as air.
And so thae maid, throw that affinitie,
King Chairlis soone dishereist for to be,
The eldest wes and air wnto that king.
Quhairof the pepill wes content na thing,
And with the Dolphene all plane part tha tuke,
And with him dalie in tha weiris woik,
Dissobeyand that collig and band,
Ilk da stoutlie makand grit ganestand.
In this same tyme, gif [that] I report richt,
Sevin thousand men that worthie war and wycht,
Furneist richt weill to fuir in ony feild,
Baith big and bald that waponis weill culd weild,
Out of Scotland that tyme wes send in France,
With thair captanes war gudlie till advance,
Johnne Stewart, ane man of greit honour,
That secund soone wes to the governour,
And his bruther that Robert hecht to name,
Ane man he wes richt weill louit at hame,
And Archibald Douglas with thame for to pas,
Qhilk erle of Wigtoun in the tyme that was;
And Alexander Lyndesay in the tyme,
Ane nobill man but ony falt or cryme,
Onto the erle of Craufurd in tha dais
Bruther he wes, as that my author sais;
And Thomas Swyntoun in the tyme also,
Thir tua knychtis with thame war maid till go.
This ilk armie, be adventure and chance,
Richt sone efter arryuit into France,
Syne to the Dolphene, as my author said,
Passit anone quhair of he wes richt glaid.
Of thair cuming rejesit than wes he, 505
Ressassend thame with all humanitie,
And treittit thame, as my author did mene
As to ane prince to strangeris did pertene.
Syne gaif to thame quhair that thae sould remane,
Onto the tyme thae sould pas hame agane,
Ane fair village in France of ony one,
The quhilk to name wes callit Castilone,
With ane castell neirby the toun that stude,
Quhair luidlit war that tyme the men of gude,
At thair plesour ane sessoun of the zeir,
Quhill etterwart as I sall schew 30w heir.

HOW KING HARIE PASSIT HAME IN INGLAND OUT
OF FRANCE, AND LEFT HIS BRUTHER, THE
DUKE OF CLARENCE, IN HIS CUIR AND STEIR
INTO FRANCE AS FOLLOUIS.

This king Henrie, of quhome befoir I schew 59,390
King Chairlis dochter weddit of the new,
With sic conditionis as I schew 30w till,
Traistand all France he hed at his awin will,
And for that caus in France did noch remane,
In Ingland than wes passit hame agane.

The duke of Clarence, wes his bruther deir,
In France he left to haif the rewill and steir,
With ane armeye of greit power and pryde,
In his absence to haif the cuir and gyde.
The Scottis lordis glaidlie with thair hart,
All with the Dolphene that tyme tuke plane part,
At thair power ilkone, baith les and moir,
Agane the band his fader maid befoir
With king Henrie, as ze hard me rehers,
Quhilk neidis nocht now to be put in vers.

And quhen tha knew all Andigauia,
Quhilk had tane part with the Dolphene that da,
Distroyit wes, without ony offence,
Be this ilk lord that duke wes of Clarence,
Rycht manfullie tha maid thame for the feild
In armour bricht with mony targe and scheild.
Syne with the Dolphene quhair the da wes set,
At tyme and place togidder all tha met;
Ane fair armie tha war than to consider,
Quhen baith thair power met war togidder;
Syne purpois tuke, and fordward ay did pas,
Qhill that tha come neir quhair thair fais was,
Besyde ane toun of litill fece or fame,
The quhilk wes callit Bagyth than to name.
Thir bernis big that war bayth bald and wycht,
Ather of vther cuming ar in sicht
With baneris braid that brodin war all new,
Agane the schyning of the sone tha schew;
With standartis streikit heich vp in the air,
And pynsallis proud that pantit war full fair,
With schalmiss schill and clarionis clinkand clieir,
And buglis blast that hiddeous wes till heir.
The bowmen bald with big bowis in hand,
Bayth strang and stout and stalwartlie did stand,
And scharplie schot quhilk thair arrowis was gone,
Drawand grit blude and breissand mony bone,
The duke of Clarence in the formest feild,
With mony wycht that waponis weill culd weild,
Baith stout and strang, withoutin ony leis,
Agane the Scottis enterit in the preis.
The Scottismen that stalwart war and stout,
Sic rowme tha maid and raucht sa mony rout
Into the feild thair baith on fit and hors,
Qhillk maid thair fais [than] to faill on force.
This duke of Clarence quhomeof that I mene,
In sic distres his men quhen he hes sene,
Spurrit his hors withoutin ony baid
toward the Scottis, syne into tene he raid.
Sir Thomas Swyntoun was ane nobill knycht,
Hes counterit him vpoun ane cursour wycht;
He ran ath him that tymre with sic ane raiuce,
That with ane speir he hurt him in the face
Bot lichtlie than, and thairwith by he past.
This duke, thairof the quhilk wes nocht agast,
Spurrit his hors quhill baith his sydis bled,
With all his speid toward his fais sped.
The erle of Buchane on ane cursour gray;
He met this duke in middis of the way;
His nobill speir that wes baith grit and lang,
Out-throw the bodie of this duke he thrang,
Quhill breist and birny all in pecis raif;
Deid to the erd syne doun this duke he draif.
The Inglishmen, quhen that tha saw that sicht,
No langar baid bot sone tha tuke the flicht;
The Scottismen fast followit on the chace,
And thair and thair in mony sindrie place,
With mair slauchter na maid wes in the feild,
For tuyss als mony in that place wes keild.
This nobill duke he deit thair that da,
Of Riddisdaill the worthie erle alsua,
Of Hunttingtoun the nobill erle siclyke,
And schir Thomas, quhilk wes ane knycht full ryke,
That brother wes into the samyn tyde
Onto the erle wes of Somersyde.
Of vtheris als deit that samyn da
Out of nummer, as my author did sa:
Of Inglishmen also richt mony one
That samyn tyde into the feild war tone.
This nobill Dolpheine of that victorie,
So blyth he wes for that same caus and quhy,
The erle of Buchane than he maid till be
Constabill of France with haill auctoritie,
And gaif to him, quhair he plesit to haif,
Lordschip and land, siclyke to all the laif
Of thair desyre he wald nothing deny,
So glaid he wes thair will to satisfy.

HOW KING HENRIE EFTER THIS SEND ANE NEW ARMIE IN FRANCE WITH JAMES STEWART, SONE TO KING ROBERT, QUHA WAS CROWNIT KING EFTER. OFF KING HENREIS ORESOUN MAID TO HIM, AND OF HIS ANSWER AGANE.

Quhen king Henrie of all this thing hard tell,
Sic aventure his folk in France befell,
Richt dolorus wes for his brotheris deid,
And other mo he loissit in that steid:
Of that injure for to revengit be,
He furneist hes ane wonder greit armie
Of bernis bald all into armour bricht,
Cruell and kene, with mony curtasknycht.
Syne furth in France with him attour the fame,
Ane Scot callit James Stewart to his name
With him he tuke, wes plesand, fair and zing,
King Robertis sone of Scotland last wes king,
Wes tane in Ingland, as I schew zow befoir
With circumstance ilk word bayth les and moir;
Qhilik efterwart within ane litill we,
Wes crownit king of Scotland for to be.
This king Henrie, of quhome befoir I red,
Richt greit beleif of this young prince he hed,
Traistand throw him and his gude governance
The Scottismen to gar pas hame fra France,
Becaus he wes apperand for to be
The king and prince with hail autoritie.
And, as I said, in France that tyme wes than
Ane greit armie of mony Scottisman,
Baith big and bald, flourisynd into\(^1\) zouth,  
Of neidfull thing weill furneist all at southe,  
Of hors and harnes and all vther geir,  
With all prattik and policie in weir,  
And wisdome als of ilk man les and moir,  
As previt weill into the feild befoir,  
As ze haif hard ilk word rehersit plane,  
Quhen of Clarencethenobill dukewes slane.  
This king Henrie thairfoir the Scottis dred  
So worthie war this Dolphene with him hed,  
Wittand richt weill tha war nocht eith to wyn,  
Na fra the Do[l]phene lichtlie wald nocht twyn.  
And for that caus ane counsall he gart call,  
Quhair he convenit with his lordis all  
Most famous war into that tyme to get,  
And cuerie man into his sait wes set;  
Quhair this zoun pays man callit James Stewart,  
Quhome of befoir I did zow heiraduert,  
He send and gart onto that counsall call,  
Quhilk playand that wes with his peiris all  
Than at the catche withoutin hude or hat,  
Bot [ch]one also; no farlie is of that,  
Thocht he did so as my author did se,  
So is the vse of zoun pays 3it to pla;  
And as he playit that tyme at the ball,  
Befoir king Henrie and his lordis all,  
Doublet allane, his presence gaif thame till,  
To heir and se quhat wes the kingis will.  
This king Henrie that maid him in that tyde  
On his richt hand to set him doun besyde,  
Quhair that he sat [thair] in his majestie,  
And syne to him richt curteslie said he;  
" Deir freind, ze knaw in all thing les and moir,  
" Of my kyndnes in tyme bygane befoir,
THE BUIK OF THE

"How I zow treittit as it did pertene,
"As ze ane prince or crownit king had bene,
"Quhairof," he said, "as ze sall traist for trew,
"Onto this da I had no caus to rew,
"No in my tyme neidis nocht to repent;
"Of all I did I hald me weill content,
"And zit I think onto the da I die,
"At all power zour afald freind to be.
"Quhairfoir," he said, "as I haif done zow to,
"Siclike I think that ze sould to me do.
"Most kyndlie is, withoutin ony dreid,
"That euerie freind suld help vther in neid.
"Sicyke of zow this tyme I wald requir,
"Zour Scottismen in France remanand heir,
"Quhome of grit skaith we haif gottin and schame,
"At zour request ze wald mak to pas hame.
"For weill I wait, foroutin ony pley,
"At zour command sic thing tha will obey,
"Sen that ze ar pertening for to be
"Thair king and prince with haill auctoritie.
"And I thairfoir sall hecht zow be my hand,
"In straittest style of oblissing or band,
"Frelie in Scotland for to send zow hame
"Without ransoun or zit ony reclame,
"And at all power sall mak zow supple
"To tak zour croung ifony mister be."

Quhen he had said thir wordes all invane,
This king James sic anser maid agane:

Col. 2.

"Of zour kyndnes," he said, "baith les and moir,
"And zour favour siclike to me befoir,
"With all power I think at zour plesance,
"Quhen euir I ma, to mak zow recomps.
"Suppois this tyme my power be bot small,
"My will is gude and euirmair be sall
"Till zow alway, quhill ze rewardit be
"For sick kyndnes as ze haif schawin me."
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

"But of ane thing greit mervell that I haif,
"Quhat causis zow sic thing at me to craue,
"The quhilk alway is impossibill [to] me,
"Sen I am now in zour captuiritie
"But libertie, withoutin fredome or will,
"And neuir ane Scot subdewit zit me till,
"And knawis me nocht for thair prince and king;
"Traist ze for me¹ thay will do [no] sic thing.
"War I," he said, "at my awin libertie,
"And in Scotland had sic auctoritie
"As kingis had that hes bene of befoir,
"Traist weil," he said, "in all thing les and moir
"Zow for to pleis I sould be reddie boun,
"That ma nocht be dishonour to the croun.
"Quhairfoir," he said, with wordis richt bening,
"I zow requeryre desyre no moir sic thing,
"The quhilk exceidis far my facultie,
"For-quhy it is impossibill to me."

OFF THE GREIT COMMEND AND RUSE THAT KING
HARIE AND HIS LORDIS MAID OF THIS ZOUNG
PRINCE JAMES STEWART EFTER HIS DEPARTING FRA THAIR COUNSALL.

Quhen this wes said amang thame all thair was,
This king Henrie than gaif him leif to pas
To his pleasure withoutin ony moir,
Amang his fellowis quhair he wes befoir,
Quhen he wes gone and passit hyne awa,
This king Henrie to his lordis did sa,
"That happen is the land I sa for me,
"That hes sic ane thair king and prince to be,
"Of sic wisdome so far within zouthheid,
"Richt wnasabasit withoutin ony dreid,

¹ In MS. me that.
"So prudentlie into so greit mateir
"Sic anser maid as ze haif hard all heir."
And grit loving into the tyme him gaif
Of his wisdome, siclike did all the laif
Of his lordis that tyme that war present,
Excellit him abone the firmament
Of his anser and of his he prudence,
In sic zouthheid to be in ony prince.
Than king Henrie weill wnderstude and knew,
Be sic anser as this zoun prince him schew,
The Scottismen, that war baith bald and wycht,
Of France alway schupe for to defend the
rycht,
So pert tha war and luikit to na perrell,
And cruell als into king Charlis querrell,
Quhilk causit him, richt so did all the laif,
of Scottismen the weill moir dreid till haif.
Fra that tyme furth as my author did sa,
With countering and carmusche euerilk da,
In sindrie places quhair no tryst wes set,
Thir tua parteis togidder oft hes met
With litill battell in mony sindrie place,
As Fortoun plesit for to schaw hir grace;
Quhils to France, quhils to king Henrie,
At hir plesour so zeid the victory.

The Inglismen wes maid oftast to faill,
Quhairof the Scottis gat the loving haill;
Quhilk wes the caus than that this king
Henrie
At Scottis had greit malice and invy.
Sa hapnit syne withoutin noy or dyn,
This king Henrie to seig and [for] to wyn
Ane small village vpoun ane strenth did stand,
Quhair threttie Scottis thairin that he fand,
The quhilkis that tyme or he wald farder gone,
On ane gallowse maid thame to hing ilkone;
The Frenchmen at thair awin libertie,  
For spyte of thame wes maid all for to go fre.  
Sone efterwart, as my author did sa,  
He spulzeit hes the plesand fair abba,  
Qhilk till all man than wes obedius  
In Maldosens of Sanct Fiancorus,  
Sumtyme wes sone, as ze sall wnderstand,  
Of ane greit nobill king wes of Scotland,  
Quhomeof befoir, at ganand tyme and place,  
I schew to zow as God wald gif me grace.

OFF KING HAREIS SEIKNES AND HIS DECEIS.

This king Henrie, for his wrang and wnricht,  
The hand of God thairfoir on him did lycht.  
With ane seiknes of greit crudelitie  
Sone efterwart so viseit than wes he,  
Qhilk him invalidit scharplie to the deid,  
That medicyne douchtmak him no remeid.  
This king Henrie thairfoir than sperit he  
The cours and kynd of his infirmitie.  
Than ane chirurge, the quhilkwes of maist fame,  
Sayand that seiknes callit wes to name  
The greit seiknes ay of Sanct Feacar,  
In all this warld wes nane k kend that wes war.  
" Sanct Feacar quhat wes he that," said he,  
" Qhometo namit is sic infirmitie?"  
Said he agane, as that my author sais,  
" The king of Scotlandis sone wes in tha dais."  
Said he agane, " Zs, benedicitie!  
" The nature is of Scottis weill I se,  
" As of befoir lang syne I haif hard tell,  
" Baith quik and deid, in hevin and als in hell,  
" At all power with possibilitie  
" Oure mortall fa and ennimie to be.

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"With thae catiues richt lang [we] haif bene cummerit;
"This man, the quhilk amang sanctis is numberit
"In joy and blis ay in eternitie,
"With sic seiknes so soir hes smyttit me."

Sone efter syne, as my author did sa,
In that seiknes closit his latter da.
His body thair tha wald nocht lait remane,
Bot in Ingland gart turs it hame agane;
Syne into Lundoun in his sepultour
Intumulat wes thair with greit honour,
The zeir of God ane thousand and four hunder,
Tuentye and tuaat richttoreckin wnder.
Ane Inglis lord in France that tyme fra hame,
The quhilk Bethfurd wes callit to his name,
That be king Henrie ordand wes that tyde
His greit armie to governe and to gyde
In Normondy and all the partis of France.
And quhen he hard sic adventure and chance
Of king Henrie, no langar wald remane,
Bot into Ingland passit hame agane.
The Burgenturis quhilk wes of his partie,
All in that tyme for drie of gittar blame,
Than out of France tha passit ilkane hame;
Qhilk cauisit France ane quhile to leif in peace,
And all tha weiris for the tyme did ceas.
The Scottismen thairfoir wald nocht remane
Langar in France, bot sped thame hame agane
Into Scotland that samin tyme full tyte,
With laud and gloir, and honour infinyte.
HOW THE INGLISMEN CONQUEST FRA RYNE TILL ORLEANCE, AND OFF THE MADIN OF FRANCE.

Efter this feild I haif put in memorie, 69,700
The Inglismen, as I fund in my storie,
Conquest alhaill the provinces of France,
Fra Ryn that tyme richt on to Orleance;
And mony citie of richt grit honour
Seigit and wan with castell, toun and tour;
And our all France sic victorie tha wan,
Gude king Chairles that wes disparit man,
Out of beleif, as that my author schew,
The libertie of France for till reskew.
Richt weill I wait that same tyme so had bene, 69,710
Had nocht ane mayd immaculat and clene,
Of richt law birth, in pur virginitie,
Reskewit him and maid him sic supple,
The quhilk to him, as it wes richt weill kend,
With hevinlie power in the tyme wes send 69,715
Be inspiration of the Halie Sprit,
Qhill all hir purpoeis scho had done compleit.
This ilk madin of quhome to 3ow I schew,
Tha landis all agane scho did reskew
To king Chairlis, ilkane baith les and moir, 69,720
The Inglismen had conquest of befoir;
And in ilk feild wes victour maid till be
Als lang as scho keipit virginitie,
And did prevaill also in euerie place,
Qhill efterwart it hapnit vpoun cace 69,725
Scho wes deflorit, and how I can nocht tell,
Tak tent and heir sic adventure befell.
This ilk madin of sic honour and fame,
The quhilk Joanna callit wes to name,
Seigit ane toun thair with hir power all, 69,730
Rycht strenthy it wes suppois it wes bot small.

K K 2
The Burganouris quhilk war of grit renoun,
With Inglismen that tymne keipit the toun;
Ane trane tha maid to get hir in thair will,
Sayand the toun tha wald rander hir till,
And vp the 3ettis kest richt wyde anone.
Than scho hir self befoir thame all is gone
First in the toun, beleifand of na ill;
The Burgundaris quhilk tuke gude tent thairtill,
With greit tressoun quhairof befoir I spak,
Or ony mo sould enter at hir bak,
Closit the 3et and leit the portculeis fall,
Syne waillit men and wicht went to the wall,
And rude rokis leit fra the wall doun send,
Richt manfullie the toun syne did defend.
Syne efterwart thir Burgundouris full bald,
This young madin to Inglismen tha sall,
The quhilk to Roune than with hir did pas,
And for dispite tha brint hir all in ass,
Allegand than that scho ane witche suld be,
Agane the law vsand vyle sorcerie.
Fra that tymne furth withoutin ony faill,
The Inglismen ane lang tymde did prevail,
And into France had greit auctoritie,
Quhill efterwart so hapnit for to be

OFF ROBERT PITTILLO AND HIS VICTORIE.

Ane Scottisman of greithonour and fame,
Robert Pittillo callit wes to name,
Borne in Dundie, throw adventurie and chance
That samintyme hapnit to be in France,
Ane of the gard of the lawest degree.
The quhilk that tymde tuke sic auctoritie,
That efterwart, to his meid and reward,
Wes maid that tymde the captane of the gard.
Syne throw the wisdome of this nobill man
And manlines, all Gascone that he wan
Fra Inglesmen, and maid it to be fre
To France agane as it wes wont till be;
Thairof wes callit, as my author sais,
The *pitte roy* lang after all his dais.
In this mater I will no moir remane,
Bot to my storie turne I will agane.

**Of Duke Murdo and His Instabilitie, and His Tua Sonis and Thair Perversitie.**

The governour of Scotland, duke Murdo,
Fra his father wes passit and ago,
Grit cuir he tuke with sic solicitude
To bring all thing onto ane purpos gude
Bayth da or nycht, bot all that wes for nocht,
For all his dais nothing that he doucht.
Thocht he of persoun stur wes and formois,
Waill soft he wes and richt meticulois,
And full of dreid and inconstant all tyde,
At ane purpos schort quhile he wald abyde;
Bot ay changand with mutabilitie,
Quhilk causit him so wncosstant to be.
Quhilis ouir arch, and quhilis ouir rigorus,
Quhilis ouir kene, quhilis ouir meticulus;
Exerceand justice oft with negligence,
Quhilis extreme without ony clemens.
Tua sonis also in the tyme had he,
Richt full of vices and iniquitie,
Oppressuris war, baith fraudulent and fals,
To commoun pepill and to kirkmen als.
To thame thair fader had so grit affectioun,
Quhat euir tha did without correctioun
He leit thame pas at thair pleisure and will,
Quhilk wes occasioun of richt mekill ill;
Quhairthrow thà fell in greit enormitie,
With him na way thà wald correctit be.
The hand of God on him thairfoir did licht
For that same caus, as ressoun wald and rycht.

His eldest son, as my author did tell,
Callit Walter, agane him did rebell;
Robert the tother, full of hicht and pryde,
At his counsell no way he wald abyde.
Into his mynd so haltane wes and hie,
With his father wald nocht correctit be,
And to sic maistrie in the tyme did draw,
That thair father of thame stude mekle aw.
So laith he wes thame for to crab and greif,
Quhat euir thà did he durst thame nocht repref.
Quhill efterwart sic adventure befell,
Tak tent and heir, as I sall to zow tell.

This duke Murdo, of quhome befoir I schew,
Ane falcoun hed the fairest that euir flew,
Semelie and swift, plesand and perfite,
Quhairof this duke hed plesance and delyte,
That for na cun乏力 that scho micht be coft.
Walter his sone desirit hir richt oft,
And thocht this falcoun oft syis to haif rest
Fra his seruandis in keiping that wes left.
Tha same seruandis, the quhilk war traist and trew,
To thair maister his mynd quhen that tha knew,
Of that falcoun no moir cuir than wald haif,
Bot to him self in keiping than tha gaif;
The quhilk himself, as ze sall wnderstand,
For dreid of him buir dalie on his hand.

This ilk Walter, seand that it wes so,
Than to his father on ane da did go,
And all in greif desirit for to haif
That ilk falcone he buir vpoun his naif:
The quhilk to him richt sone he did deny.
This Walter than, for anger and invy,
This ilk falcon richt sone he rest with that
Fra his father vpoun his hand that sat,
Syne of the heid in greit anger he threw;
Befoir his ene his falcone so he slew.
This darfy duke, full of diseis and dreid,
With rancour ruttit in his hart, we reid,
Drowpand for dule with visage pale and wan,
On to his sone this Walter said he than
Thir same wordis as that my author tellis:
"Now se I weill that force now me compellis,
"Suppois it be pertenyng of grit skayth,
"To bring ane vther that sall reull ws baith,
"As ressoun wald, to haif auctoritie,
"Sen thow will nocht be gydit, sone, be me."
Quhen this wes said as ze haif hard me sa,
Turnit his bak and passit hyne his wa.
Loving to God that bocht ws all so deir,
The saxteint buik in this place endis heir.

Heir endis the Saxtene' Duke and begynnis
the Sevintene. How Duke Murdo send
for Jame[s] Stewart, sone and air was
to vmquhill King Robert Stewart, furth
of I[ng]land.

Quhen this wes done as ze haif har[d me sa],
This duke Murdo sone efter on aue da
In Sanct Johnestoun ane counsall he gart [call],
Quhair he convenit with his lordis all,
On gude maneir siclike as wes the gyis.
In that counsall quhair that tha did devyis,
Be the persuasioun of this duke Murdo,
And haill consent of the lordis also,
James Stewart, sone wes of Robert king,
Out of Inglond to ransoun and to bring,
And him to crown thair king and prince to be,
Sene nane thairtill had sic [a] richt as he.
For to compleit this message that I mene,
Ane hecht Henrie, bischop of Abirdene,
And Archibald erle of Douglas also,
That samyn tym with him wes maid till go,
And Williame Hay that constabill wes than,
Richard Corval that archidene wes of Loutheane,
And Alexander Irving than of Drum,
Commissioneris thai war baith all and sum;
And mony vther worthie nobill man,
Into cumpany quhilk passit with thame than:
In Inglond syne, withoutin ony baid,
On this same wyiss his ransoun that tham maid.
That is to say, of Striuiling mony gude
Ane hundreth thousand, schortlie to conclude,
Fra him to pay without ony ganestand;
Thairof the half to haift into thair hand,
And for the tother pledgis than wes laid.
Quhen this wes done, as I haift to 3ow said,
He tuke his leif in Scotland for to pas
With Inglismen quhilk that his freindis was;
And speciallie most of all in that tyde,
Schir Johnne Bewfurd, duke wes of Somersyde,
And sone he wes, als as my author sais,
Onto the duke of Loncastell thadais.
Ane bruther germane also than had he,
Ane cardinall of greit auctoritie,
And ane dochter, na farar wes on lyfe,
Callit Jona, that wes the weddit wyfe
To this James, the quhilk I did heir name
With him that tym in Scotland he brocht hame.
This nobill lord his gude father that was,
Convoyit him throw Ingland for to pas,
Quhill that he come onto the bordour syde,
And thair with him departit in that tyde. 59,895
Of gold and siluer in greit quantitie,
And vestimentialis of greit pretiositie,
At thair painting to this young prince he gaif.
Of finest silk that tyme amang the laif,
And tapestrie to hing into his hall, 59,900
Chalmer and chapell, and his palice all,
The quhilk that tyme, as my author did mene,
Of Acheles the storie did contene;
Quhairof the maily, as that my author sais,
In all Ewrop wes nane knawin tha dais. 59,905
This James Stewart syne on Cair-Sunday,
With his ladie to Scotland tuke the way
To Edinburch, as that my storie tald,
Quhair mony erle and mony barroun bald,
With mony knicht and mony squiar gude, 59,910
And mony kirkmen into kaip and hude,
[All be the way mett him with greit renown;
[With] greit triumph syne had him in the toun.
[Of hi's coming when the pepill did heir,
[From] all Scotland tha come baith far and 59,915
neir,
[With] greit desyre and appetyte to se
[Th]e man the quhilk thair king and prince sould be;
Quhomeof tha had richt greit mister and neid,
For moir misrewll wes neuir, as I reid,
Into Scotland into na mannis dais, 59,920
No wes that tyme, as that my author sais.
THE BUIK OF THE

HOW KING JAMES WAS CROVNIT KING OF SCOTTIS INTO SCONE, WITH HIS LADIE ALSO CROVNIT QUEEN.

Quhen done of Paschewes the solemnnitie,
[Than] duke Murdo be his auctoritie,
[And] all the lordis in that tyme richt sone,
[With] this ilk prince tha passit all to Scone,
[And s]et him doun in rob royall of reid.
[The] duke Murdo syne pat vpoun his heid

Ane croun of gold, in taikin of that thing
That he of Scotland crownit thair wes king;
Anointit als, and syne his ladie schene
Wes crownit als of Scotland to be quene.
The 3eir of God ane thousand and tuentie,
Four and four hundreth compleit and gone by,
And als of Mai the ane and tuentie da,
All this wes done as ze haiff hard me sa.

This samin tyme, as ze sall wnderstand,
With king James thair come furth of Ingland
Richt mony men that war of nobill blude,
Quhilk all thair tyme syne efter, to conclude,
With greit reward in Scotland did remane,
And neuir in Ingland passit hame agane.

Amang thame all, as my author did sa,
The maist nobill wes callit Andro Gra,
Weddit ane virgin plesand and preclair,
The quhilk of Foullis that tyme wes the air
Onto hir father of richt nobill fame,
That Mortymer than callit wes to name:
Thisilk surname, withoutin ony cryme,
Succedid hes in Angus to this tyme.
That samin tyme sone efter, as we Reid,
To Edinburch togidder all thair 3eid,
Quhair that this king befoir him hes gart call
The officeris that tyme baith greit and small,
That buir office into duke Robertis dais,
And in duke Murdois, as my author sais;
As chancellar, comptrollar also,
The treasurer, and mony vther mo,
And all the laif as he richt wnderstude
That had the cuir than of the kingis gude,
Trowand that tyme tha war pecwnios,
Askand that tyme quhat that tha had in pois.
And tha agane schew how the kingis rent,
All propirtie of new and ald extend,
Distributit wes that tyme bayth les and moir
To duke Murdo and his fader befoir.
The possessioun of all the kyngis landis
Was delt and put in vther mennis handis,
And nothing left of all his ryaltie
To him to spend bot casualtie.
Commovit far he wes into his thocht
At that ansuer, bot zithe said richt nocht,
Qhill efterwart that he his tyme mycht se,
And haldin war of moir auctoritie.
Syne efter that he hes gart seik and se
The rentall buke of kingis propertie,
And all the rowis the quhilk that did extend
The propirtie kingis befoir micht spend,
And fand hewes denudit of sic thing,
And mycht nocht leif weill like ane prince and king,
To euerie man as it wes rycht weill knawin,
Without agane he war cled with his awin.
And for that caus, as my author did mene,
Ane counsall maid quhair tha did all convene
His baronis all that tyme, bayth ald and zing,
In Edinburch befoir this nobill king.
And as tha sat on that sessioun and senže,
Fra sindrie partis come thairfoir to plenże
Preistis and prelattis of the best wes than,
Riche merschandis als and mony husband man,
Of Walter Stewart plenȝeit all rycht soir,
Of grit injuris he had done thame befoir
Continuallie vsand on thame sa lang,
With reif, oppressioun, and with oppin wrang.
This ilk Walter he hes gart apprehend,
Synę to the Bas as presoner him send,
And causit him thair to keipit be
In that castell inclusit in the se.
Malcolme Fleming of Cummernald also,
And Thomas Boyd siclike of Kilmarno,
Into the Dalkeyth than for sic falt and cryme
War wardouris maid bairth in the samin tyme.
Sone after syne, be lordis intercessioun,
Remittit war thair faltis and transgressioun,
And to the king, for thair iniquitie,
Payit ane sowme wes of greit quantitie.
Sone after syne at counsall generall,
In Sanct Johnestoun quhair tha convenit all,
This ilk Murdo of Albanie wes duke,
And his sone Robert baith that tyme he tuke,
And in Falkland in presoun gart thame duell,
Qhill efterwart as I sall to zow tell.
Siclike also the erle than of Douglas,
And George Dumbar the erle of Marche that
was,
And Williame Douglas erle als of Angus,
Adame Hepburne of Haillis that ilk hous,
And Thomas Hay of Zester to conclude,
With tuentie vther that war men of gude,
In Sanct Androis all wardouris thair he maid.
In that castell ane lang quhile tha abaid,
For siclike cryme befoir as tha had vsit,
Qhair of that tyme thar ilkane accusit.
James Stewart quhen that he hard tell
His fader Robert into presoun duell,
Duke Murdois sone quhilk wes into the tyme,
And wald be puneist for his falt and cryme,
With greit power, as my author did sa,
He brynt Dumbartane efter on ane da.
Ane hundreth men with greit crudelitie,
Of young and ald, thairin he maid till die.
Quhilk sone efter, as ze sall wnderstand,
This nobill king flemit into Ireland.
The secund zeir syne efter, to conclude,
Into ane counsell quhair mony men of gude
Convenit war in Striuling altogidder,
Walter Stewart and Robert als his bruther,
War present baith thairin the sam tyme,
And heidit war for thair faltis and cryme:
Thair father Murdo on the secund da
Heidit siclike, as my author did sa.
So ma ze weil knaw be experience,
That all this warld hes bene full of variance;
Vmquhill in plesure and prosperitie,
Vmquhill in pane and greit penuritie;
Ay like the se that flowis ouir the sand,
Neuir ane stait that stabilll sit did stand;
So is the warld ay ordand for to be,
With mony wall of greit aduersitie.
So mycht be said of this ilk duke Murdo,
Quhilk of befoir with his sonis tuo
In Scotland had sic honour and sic fame;
Departit syne with so grit lak and schame.
All man in erd sould tak gude tent heir till,
And put him nocht ouir far in Fortonis will;
Bot do the best ay efter his regard,
In gude beleif of Godis thank and reward;
Quhois reward quhen thow hes in thi neif,
No man in erth hes power the to reif.
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That samin tyme the lordis all ilkone
In Sanct Androis befoir to ward wes gone,
Tha war relaxit ilkane in the tyme;
Remittit als wes of all falt and cryme,
In tyme to cum gude men so thai wald be;
And sua thai war to sa the veritie.

How King James puneist mony Faltaris in
Inuernes, and how the Lord of the Ylis
was accusit, and thairefter remittit be
the King.

Lang efter that, as my authord did sa,
In Inuernes this king vpoun ane da
Rycht mony waistouris that had wrocht greit
wrang,
Vpoun ane gallous maid thame all till hang.
The lord of Ylis in that samin tyme
Accusit wes of greit faltis and cryme,
Quhilk Alexander callit wes to name,
Quhilk etterwart the king brocht with him hame,
In Sanct Androis, in counsall generall,
Accusit him befoir the lordis all,
Quhat wes the caus he theoillit had so lang
In his boundis sic oppressioun and wrang.
" It semis weill as that," he said, "to me,
" That þe þourself ane pairt taker suld be,
" Thocht it be sua, forsuith," he said, "as now,
" Our rigor us I will nocht be to ȝow.
" ȝe sall haif fredome quhair ȝe list till go
" In ȝour awin land all tyme baith to and fro,
" At ȝour plesour withoutin ony persew,
" In tyme to cum so that ȝe wilbe trew.
" Wrang nor injure this tyme to do ȝow till,
" Traist weill," he said, "it is nocht [in] my
will,
"Bot to reforme withoutin bost or schoir,
As resoun wald, all faltis maid befoir."
This Alexander, of quhome befoir I schew,
Ane aithhes maid for to be leill and trew,
Syne tuke his leif and passit hame his wa.
That samin tyme after in his jorna
Forgot full sone the greit humanitie
Wes done till him with sic benignitie;
Aseryving all to malice and injure
Be this gude king that had him in his cuir.
And for that caus or he wald forder pas,
All Inuernes he hes gart birne in as,
Efter he wes ressauit in the toum
Richt thankfullie with honour and renoun.
Syne to Locquhaber tuke the narrest way,
In tha pairtis richt shhort quhile quhair he lay,
For-quhy his men tha left him thair anone,
In sindrie pairtis fled fra him ilkone,
Knawand rycht weill, as wys men to thame schew,
Within shhort quhile the king wald him persew;
And for that caus he fled richt mony myllis
Out of that place richt far into the Ylis.
Syne quhen he kend and knew the veritie,
Thair wes na place quhair he micht sourer be,
For-quhy the lوردis and the men of gude,
And so did mony of the multitude,
All his opinion in the tyme forsuik,
And contrair him rycht plane part all tha [tuke],
That causet him to haif the far moir [neid],
In his purpos for to cum ony speid.
Thairfoir he thocht within ane litill space
To pas and put him in the kingis grace,
Traistand als gentill he suld be him till
As of befoir when he wes in his will,
Als gude, als gratius, also als clement;
Quhair till his freindis wald nocht gif consent
Quhill that he suld ane message send him till,
And offer him into the kingis will.
And so he did as his freindis him kend,
Ane man of gude onto the king he send,
Quhilk with the king familier was that tyme,
Askand remit of his injure and cryme,
Of that condition that he till him schew,
In tyme to cum he sould be leill and trew,
At his plesure with all his power hail,
And nevir moir till his hienes to fail.
This nobill king sic ansuer maid thairtill;
" Quhill that he cum and put him in my will
" For his wnracht, but respit or remissioun,
" Richt humblie, without ony condition,
" And tak the grace that tyme it plesis me,
" Or than traist weill forgevin neuir to be.
" For ony way also that he can mak,
" In spyte of him and all his part will tak,
" Within schort quhile I sall revengit be
" Of all injure that he hes done to me."
Quhen this ansuer to the lord wes rehersit,
So pungitiwe out-throw the hart it persit,
Quaikand for drie he wist nocht quhat till do,
Syne efterwart ane vysment tuke him to.
So at the last consentit hes thairtill,
To pas and put him in the kingis will:
Quhen that he saw his tyme wes oportune,
Vpoun ane da sua efter he hes done.
In Halyrudhous efterwart on cace,
Quhair that the king wes in the tyme of Pace,
The lord of Ylis lawlie than did pas
Onto the king in the kirk quhair he was,
In sark alane, withoutin ony claithis,
Befoir the king on his kneis he gais;
Syne said to him than of ane gude maneir
Siclike wordis as I sall schaw 3ow heir.
" O potent prince! in quhome sic power lyis,
" Thy sempill seruand mercie heir the cryis,
" Humble now as that thi awin self seis.
" Puirlie prostrat vpoun baith my kneis
" Now for my falt richt humble dois schaik,
" Beseikand the for that ilk Lordis saik,
" Qubilk at this\(^1\) tyme of vices\(^2\) criminale
" Sic mercie gaif wnto ws synneris all,
" To rew on me and tak me in thy grace;
" And gif I happin efter so on cace
" To do the maik, as God forbid that I,
" I oblie me all pane till wnderly
" That man in erd now can devyiss me till.
" Thairfoir," he said, "I put me in thy will:
" Do as 3ow list sen that 3ow art so wyss,
" Baith lyfe and deith now in thy handis lyis."
This nobill king, so full wes of mercie,
Revoluit hes into his mynd for-thy
The wordis full of pitie and of cair
Of this ilk lord, qubilk maid his hart full sair;
Rememberand the greit offence and cryme
[We\(^6\) done to Chryst, quhairof into the tyme
[So] greit mercie as he to mankynd gaif,
Qubilk causit him moir pitie for till haif
[Of] that ilk lord, and bad he suld byde still,
Qubill efter Pasche\(^8\) he suld schaw him his will;
And so he did, bydand on his mercie
Qubill that the tyme of Pasche wes all gone
by.
Syne efter Pasche in counsall all togidder,
Baith king and lordis that tyme did considder,

\(^{1}\) In MS. tha.
\(^{2}\) In MS. pear.
\(^{6}\) In MS. vices of.
\(^{8}\) In MS. pear.
Quhair that tha thocht greit perrell wes in plane
This lord of Ylis at fredome put agane,
To lat pas hame quhair he wes wont till be 60,190
At siclike fredome and auctoritie.
And for that caus decreittit wes that tyde,
That he in ward at lasar still suld byde,
Qhill etterwart that he war better kend.
That samin tyme thairfoir the king him send 60,195
To Tamptalloun, thair for to keipit be,
Ane fair castell that stude neir be the se.
Ewffame his mother for sic vice and cryme,
The erle of Rossis' dochter wes sum tyme,
Ane woman qhill of counsell wes richt ill, 60,200
And oft hir sone constrainit hes thairtill
Agane the king for to do mekle wrang,
In Emonia, quhair scho remanit lang,
In ward wes send, as my author did sa,
Sanct Colmis Inche is callit now this da. 60,205
Donald Balloch, full of falsett and wyllis,
Qhill of brother wes to this ilk lord of Ylis,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
He gart convene of his auctoritie
The clannis all that war the Ylis within, 60,210
And spetialie the captane of ilk kin;
With thair counsell that tyme that present wes,
Decreittit syne in Lochquhaber for till pas,
And thair to sia baith barne with wyfe and man,
For his bruther the king in ward had than. 60,215
The erle of Catnes and the erle of Mar
That counsell knew, the qhill sone reddie war
With greit power richt manlie wnegast;
To keip Lochquhaber in the tyme syne past.
With greit power neirby than the se cost, 60,220
To keip Lochquhaber la with ane greit ost.

1 In MS. Roches. 2 In MS. Jona yle.
HOW DONALD, BRATHER TO THE LORD OF YLIS, COME ON THE NYCHT AND SLEW THE ERLE OF CATHNES AND MEN AT HIS PLEASURE IN THAIR BEDDIS, QUHAIR THE ERLE OF MAR CHAIPIT NAROLIE WITH HIS LYFE AT LOCHQUHABER, SYNE BRYNT AND SPULZEIT THE SAMIN.

This ilk Donald that weill thair cuming knew, Rycht secreitlie, as that my author schew, Into Lochquhaber landit on the nycht, Owist of thame or ony vther wicht. 60,225
That samin nycht richt lang befoir the da, Richt quyetlie cum quhair thir lordis la, Syne set on thame without stop or ganestand, Quhair that thà la into thair bed sleipand Withoutin watchis, dreidand for na ill, 60,230
Syne slew of thame at thair plesure and will. The erle of Cathnes, as my author schew, And all his men for the most part he slew. The erle of Mar richt narrowlie that da With his lyfe chaipit fra that feild awa: 60,235
Quhariof his freindis that tyme war rycht fane, Lib. 17. f. 266. Col. 1.
Thocht of his men thire hundrith thair wes slane. Quhen this wes done as I haif said 3ow till, This Donald than Lochquhaber at his will Spulzeit and brynt, with greit slauchter ilk da; 60,240
Quhen he had done syne passit bame his wa.

HOW THE KING HEIREFTER PASSIT IN THE YLIS TO BE REVENGIT OF THIS DONALD.

This nobill king quhen he hes hard of that, Without delay thair wes no langar lat, To Dinstafage he passit mony myllis, With greit power syne efter in the Ylis, 60,246
Of that injure for to revengit be. 
The Ylis men that had auctoritie, To him tha come ilkone into the tyme, And thame accusit of that falt and cryme; Sayand it wes full soir agane thair will, For had tha nocht consentit than him till, This Donald wes of sic crudeltie, He had thame slane ilkone without pitie. Also he wes of sic power and micht, Qhither he war in the wrang or the richt, And had also sic maistrie in that land, Thair docht no man his power to ganestand, This nobill king quhen he knew the case, Ressauit thame ilkane into his grace; And part of thame with him self he gart byde, And all the laif he send into the tyde To seik Donald withoutin ony moir, The quhilkin Ireland that wes fled befoir. Tha soucht and serchit withoutin ony lat Ouir all the Ylis that tyme, quhill that tha gat Thre hundreth men of this Donaldis that tyme, Quhilk causit him for to commit that cryme; Syne maid thame all sone efter for to be For thair faltis on gallowis hangit he.

How the King send in Ireland to Odoneill for this Donald, and how Odoneill slew him.

In Ireland syne with hartlie recommend, This nobill king to Odoneill hes send, Beseikand him richt freindlie with gude will, This ilk Donald that he wald send him till, His mortall fo that wrought him sic injure, The quhilkin that tyme he had into his cuir,
Within his land that ilk Donald he la.
This Odoneill syne etter on ane da,
Qwikl scharplie did this ilk Donald persew,
Fechtand in feild that same Donald he slew.
For he mycht nocht levand him comprehend,
Thairfoir his heid onto the king he send.

HOW THE KING RAID AND DID GREIT JUSTICE
IN ALL PARTIS OF SCOTLAND.

Sone etter this, as ze sall wunderstand,
This nobill king he raid our all Scotland,
And puneist hes all faltis maid befoir,
Baith thift and reif he gart agane restoir.
Murthure and slaughter that tyme gat na grace
Committit wes befoir ane weil lang space;
Suppoist thairof remissioun that tha had,
Moir nor the laif no better that tha sped.
For-quhy the king alledgit in the tyme,
For murthure, slaughter and sic cruell cryme,
No man had power to remit sic thing,
Without he war ane verrry crownit king.
And for that caus remissiones les and moir
For slaughter, murthure, gevin of befoir
Be governouris, forouttin ony fail
War all expyrit and of litill availl.
This nobill king into the first tua zeir
Of his hame come withoutin any weir,
Thre thousand men, as that my author schew,
That faltouris war, be justice all he slew.
Off the cruell and greit Battell striickin betuix Angus Duffe and ane Murra Man callit Angus, in Murra Land.

Ane berne that tyme baith bellicos and bald, Hecht Angus Duff, as my author me tald, Fra Strethnaverne with greit power and mycht Of bernis bald that hardie war and wicht, In Murra land he come vpoun ane da, And greit heirship had maid as I hard sa. Ane Murra man, that Angus hecht to name, Of that spulze greit lak he thocht and schame, With greit power syne etter him he past, With so gude speid ouirtuke him at the last, And gaif him feild thair or he forder fuir Besyde ane mount vpoune ane rycht plane mure. Thir freikis fell, richt forsie on ilk syde, In that battell so baldlie all did byde, Nakit and bair that mycht tha ilkane feill, With swordis scharpe and stiff axis of steill; Ilkone on vther so dourlie tha dang Into that stour that stalwart wes and strang, On baith the sydis quhill that all their men War slane that tyme, exceptand nyne or ten Out of the feild ilk wounded wan awa, Syne deit ilkone or the auchtane da. Wes neuir [sene) in na dais beforne, So cruell counter sen that God wes borne.

Of and how ane wickit Man, callit Mak-donald, did greit Oppressioun, and was heidit for his Transgressioun.

In Ros that tyme, as that my author tald, Ane man thair wes to name hecht Makdonald,
War no the tother, gif that war micht be,
Ane greit oppressour all his tyme wes he
Of riche and puir for ony dreid of lawis;
The waikest ay with him zeid to the wawis.
With him tha war so puneist and opprest,
Within his boundis tha gat litill rest,
Thocht he war neuir so busteous and so bald,
Without of him he had all that he wald.
That samin tyme, gif I the suith sould sa,
Ane puir wedow neirby his boundis la,
Becaus that tyme scho warnit him his will,
And quhat it wes I can nocht schaw 3ow till,
He tuke fra hir baith corne, cattell and fe,
And houshald geir als into greit plentie.
This puir wedow, that nothing than culd fenże,
Said scho sould pas vnto the king and plenže,
Quhail scho wist weill withoutin ony lett
Of hir injure ane gude mendis to get.
Said he agane, "Carling, I the defy.
" All thi complant I set bot litill by ;
" 3it I sall help to further the thi way."
This ilk wedo, as my author did say,
Onto ane forge that samin tyme gart tak,
And syne tua schone of fynest irne gart mak,
Weill maid be mesure, richt equall and meit,
Syne naillit thame vpoun this wedois feit,
Throw bane and brane quhill all the vanis brist,
Syne bad hir pas and plenże quhen scho list ;
" Quhen euir thow gois be ony way or streit,
" Tha schone fra bresing will converse thi feit."
Fra this ilk cryme onto the king wes kend,
This Makdonald he hes gart apprehend,
Or euir he wist, and also of his men
War criminois vther nyne or ten ;
And syne in presoun haistelie thame flang,
Quhair tha remanit efterwарт richt lang,
Qhill that this wedow haiell wes of hir feit,
That scho but sturt mycht step vpone the streit, 60,365
Syne to the king scho come and schew but moir
The maner all as I schew zow befoir,
Ilk word be word the ressoun moir and les,
With soir complaynt than of hir grit distres.
This beand done, James the nobill king 60,370
This Makdonald out of presoun gart bring,
And his feiris withoutin ony dreid,
Syne cled thame all into the samin weid,
Or in siclike in all thing les and moir
The smyth hes' cled that schod the wyfe befoir; 60,375
With tangis and turcas beirand in thair hand,
Syne throw the toun, as ze sall wnderstand,
Tuys or thryis tha gart thame be led,
As I haif said into sic habite cled,
That in that citie ilk man young and ald, 60,380
On thame that da suld wounder and behald.
Quhen this wes done, into the mercat steid
Of this Makdonald gart stryke of the heid,
And sett it vp vpoun ane port full hie.
Syne all the laif, that euerie man mycht se, 60,385
Vpoun ane gallous, quhilk wes litill wrang,
That samin tyme maid thame ilkone till hang.
This Makdonald than sic reward he gat,
So did the laif, and all allowit that.

How the Erle of Douglas was put in Ward
with Johnne Kennedy, of the Quene and
hir Deliverance of Tua Sonis, and how
thir Nobillis war releuit out of Ward.

That samin tyme schir Archibald of Douglas, 60,390
The erle thairof into the tyme that was,
Into Loclevin that tyme for his reward
The king gart pas and their remane in ward,
Because he spak our lightlie of the king,
Quhill wes euill semand for to do sic thing.
Johnne Kennedy ane nobill knyght also,
Siclike to Stirling than wes maid till go,
In presoun their still for to remane,
For sicklike langage as he spak our plane.
Quhill on ane tyme it hapnit efter syne,
Be the prouisioon of the God diuyne,
Oure nobill quen king James had in cuir,
Tua fair sonis on ane nycht him buir;
Quhairof the king so blyth and glaid wes than,
He gart convene richt mony nobill man,
Of greit honour and greit nobillitie,
At their baptyme with greit solemnitie.
Thir tua lordis that tyme in ward he hed,
That samin tyme baith out of ward war fred,
Into the honour of his sonis tuo,
And greit blythnes than of their birth also.
The erle of Douglas eldest sone and air,
That William hecht, rycht plesand and preclair,
This nobill king into his fatheris sicht,
That samin tyme hes creat him ane knyght.
All beand done as I haif said 3ow heir,
This ilk king James into that samin zeir,
Quhen that he knew all thist and reif did ceis,
And riche and puir mycht plant and leif in peice,
Merchandis micht travell our the se and sand,
And husband men mycht labour on the land,
And kirkmen als micht occupie their cuiris,
And greit fredome without anye injuris,
Greit travell als this king did on him tak
Judgis in law and officiaris to mak,
Ouir all the partis of Scotland but fenz,e
So that no man suld haif caus for to plenze
Of ony wrang or hit iniquitie,
Qubahirof richt sone he suld nocht mendit be.
Mesure and wecht, as my author did tell,
Gart mak and mark with thame to by and sell;
Commandand syne, wnder all pane and charge,
That nane suld vse [ony] les or moir large
Na ordand wes be just equalitie,
In merchandice nane suld begylit be.

HOW THE KIRK OF SANCT ANDROIS WAS COMPLEIT
AND BIGGIT THAN.

Off Sanct Androis, as that my author sais,
Completit wes the greit kirk in tha dais,
Of the expensis, gif I richt record,
Of ilk bishop and euirilk secular lord,
And ilk abbot, as je sall wnderstand,
And barroun als that war into Scotland.
Sum les, sum mair, efter his facultie,
To that same kirk maid greit help and supple,
And as my author makis informatioun,
This nobill king at dedicatioun
Of that ilk kirk wes thair that da present,
With mony lord and mony ladie gent;
And to that place as plesit thame to haif,
All pruiledge into the tyme thame gaif,
With riche rewardis baith of bukis and bellis,
And vestimentis als as my author tellis;
Chalices and crowattis all of siluer fyne,
Weill gilt with gold and stonis cristillyne,
And mony vther preitious stonis cleir,
That I list nocht now for to reckin heir.
That samin tyme, as my author said me,
Of Sanct Androis the vniversitie
Flureist in fame with mony nobill man,
Onto that day sen that it first began,
Without in spot of ony vice or cryme.
This nobill king, quhilk present wes that tyme,
Heirand richt oft thair disputationoun,
Quhairof he tike greit consolatioun,
And greit rewardis till ilkane he gaif,
As thar war worth wth[to] the tyme till haif.
So greit plesure thairof that he did tak,
For weill of thame ane law he hes gart mak,
No preist sould be to prelacie promovit,
Thocht he war louit with all man and lovit,
Without he war ane doctour in his griec
Into canone or in theologie.
No clerk also in kirk cathedrall
Suld channoun be, for oucht that culd befall,
Without he war ane bachelair withaw
In theologie or into canoun law;
Except he war ane nobill of his blude,
And in himself richt humbill war and gude.
Quhilk causit science to grow and justnes,
And vice to menische ilk da les and les,
Amang kirkmen of hie and law degre,
That plesand wes other to heir or se.
So wald thai do, as ze ma traist rycht weill,
This samyn tyme sa far as I haif feill,
Ilk clerk and kirkman etter his regard,
Gif\textsuperscript{1} tha traistit to get siclike reward
As thar did thar, that ma ze weill beleif,
That eueryilk clerk wald preiss than for to preisf
For sic reward, foroutin ony faill,
In ilk science all vther to prevail.
Siclike also all science moir and les
Into his tyme with vertu did increse;
So did all craft that leiris men to wrik,
And observance also in balie kirk.

\textsuperscript{1} In MS. Thas.
In musick befoir quhairof thair wes bot lyte,  
Into his tyme richt cunnyng and perfyte  
In that science fra sindre partis brocht he,  
And causit thame for till authorizit be.  
Quhilk ay sensyne, as that my author schew,  
The langar ay to moir perfectioum grew.  
He wes the first as ze sall wnderstand  
Organis gart mak, or bring into Scotland,  
With sic plesance in Goddis service plais;  
The quhilk ar vst now intill thir dais  
Continewallie, as it is zeit to ken,  
With moir perfectioum of richt cunnyng men.  
Into Kynnoule, as that my author sais,  
Ane agit woman duelt into tha dais,  
Of so greit eild, as my author did mene,  
Sayand richt oft, that scho Wallace had sene,  
And knew him weill quhen he wes governour,  
Quhilk in his tyme of cheualrie wes flour.  
Also scho said for veritic, and schew,  
Robert the Bruce perfitlie that scho knew,  
Perfitlie also 1 culd scho schaw and tell  
All aduenture and fortune him befell,  
Quhilk in his tyme wes bellicos and bald.  
Quhen sic tydenis onto the king wes tald,  
To speik with hir he langit wonder soir  
Of hir talking for to heir les and moir;  
Syne on ane da foundit with mony freik  
Into Kynnoule with this ladie to speik.  
Of his cuming quhen it wes to hir tald,  
This ilk woman that agit wes and ald,  
The quhilk for eild had lossit than hir sycht,  
Richt plesandlie bir chalmer hes gart dycht  
At hir power into all kynd of thing,  
Agane the cuming of hir prince and king.

1 In MS. also so.
Syne furth scho come this nobill king to meit
Vpoun hir fit far furth into the streit,
And salust hir that tyme as wes the gys.
This nobill king, that courtas wes and wys,
That agit woman be the hand hes tane,
Syne to hir calmer in with hir hes gane,
And in ane chair, ordand for hir that tyde,
Thair sat he down, and this woman besyde
Him awin self into ane chair gart sit,
Than for to heir of hir wisdome and wit.
Syne fell in talking, as my author sais,
Of thingis wes done into eldaris dais;
And especiallie of Wallace and of Bruce,
Quhame of that tyme scho grit vant and ruse.
The king that tyme at hir than askit he
Of thair stature and of thair quantitie,
And of thair strenth and of thair fortitude.
Said scho agane than, as scho wnderstude,
The Bruce he wes ane man of hie intent,
And of his bodie strang and corpulent;
Manlike, weill maid, and of ane large stature,
Quhilk causit him greit strenth to haif of nature,
All vther men into his tyme that war
Of strenth of bodie he excidit far;
Bot zit scho said, as my author did mene,
Had tuys his strenth into ane man bene,
Or sic[can] ane that than had bene als tall,
Agane Wallace thai had bene bayth to small.
So big he wes bai[the] bone and blude,
And of sic stature and sic fortitude,
This ilk Wallace, withoutin ony skaith,
Had strenth aneu[th] to fecht agane thame bai[th].
Quhairby this king rycht weill he wnderstude
That gude Wallace of strenth and fortitude,
Into his tyme withoutin ony feir,
In all Europe had nother maik no peir.
This royall king syne tuke his leif till go,
And gart reward this ilk woman also
Richt richelie, as my author did mene,
In all hir lyfe that micht hir weill sustene.
Syne after this, as ze sall wnderstand,
The baronis all that war into Scotland,
Richt mekle ill amang thame with grit lak,
Rycht planlie than of this ilk king tha spak,
Becaust that he thantuke in his awin hand
Ward and releif of euerie lordis land,
And mariaige, gif that I rycht remord,
As tha of law sould pay to thair awin lord.
Becaust sic thing of lang tyme les and moir
With governouris forgifin war of befoir,
As duke Murdo and his fader also,
Hecht duke Robert, richt mony zeir ago;
For to be callit courtas, wyis and fre,
That gart thame vse sic liberalitie.
Thir zound lordis richt wncouth thocht sic thing,
Sic dewteis than to pa [on]to thair king,
Thinkand it wes richt far agane the law.
Of thair murnure als fast as he did knew,
In Sanct Johnestoun, as my author did mene,
Ane counsall set and gart thame all convene.
Befoir him all quhair that tha did compeir,
He said to thame as I sall schaw zow heir.

**How the King maid Ansuier to the Lordis of Scotland.**

"Lordis," he said, "at zow I ask ane thing,
"Gif it be better till ane prince or king
"With honestie for to leif on his awin,
"So discreetlie that no man be ourithrawin,
"Vsand his awin at his auctoritie,
"But auerice and prodigalitie;
"Or for to be richt prodigus and large,
"And other men thairof to beir the charge,
“And tak fra thame but ordour or [but] law,
“To gif to thame quhome to nothing thae aw.”
To him agane, without any discord,
So wes the anser baith of laird and lord;
Sayand “Gude schir, nocht thair grace to greif,
“Far better war ane king and prince to leif
“Of his awin gude with sober sufficence,
“Nor for till do to ony man offence,
“As wranguslie spendand agane his will
“His gude and land, haiffand na richt thairtill.”
This nobill king to thame agane said he,
“Qubat is the caus than that ze murmour me
“To vse my awin be cours of commoun law?
“Ward and releif and mariage, ze knaw,
“And all vther sic casualtie,
“The quhilk my awin of commoun law sulde be,
“Thocht governouris, in falt of prince or king,
“Richt lang befoir ourluki has sic thing,
“To conqueis thame honour or gude name,
“Quhairof rycht weill ze wait thar ar to blame.
“Qubat is the caus than that ze me repreif
“To vse my awin quhairon that I sulde leif,
“As mony princes hes done befoir richt lang,
“Sen I to zow dois no injure no wrang,
“Bot levis on my propertie and rent?”
Quhen this wes said than war thae all content,
Without murmure that tyme of ony wycht,
For ilk man said that he had done bot rycht.
Neirby man said that he had done bot rycht.
Henrie the saxe that king wes of Ingland,
Tuelf zeir of age and no moir than wes he,
Into Pareis wes crownit for to be
The king of France, withoutin ony pleid,
With diademe in rob royall of reid,
Qubilk afterward, with adventuer and chance,
Loissit the croun of Ingland and of France,
Syne fugitiue in Scotland [hes] come he
to James the thrid, askand at him supple,
in Ingland syne he passit hame agane
richt suddantlie, quhair he wes efter slane.
And of quhat wyis belangis nocht to me
to tell this tyme, quhairfoir I lat it be.

How aene counsall was set be King James,
and thair of gluttony proponit was the caus and remedy.

Into this tyme, or than rycht neirhand by,
This king James aene counsall hes gart cry
In Sanct Johnestoun, quhair mony comethairto,
For sindrie materis that tha had till do.
In that counsall that wes richt generall,
Proponit wes that tyme amang thame all,
Befoir the lordis that war present than,
Be ane that tyme quhilk wes ane nobill man,
Henrie Wardlaw, withoutin fault or cryme,
Quhilk bishop wes of Sanct Androis that tyme,
With soir complaynt of gluttony wes vait
In Scotland, quhilk had alhaill confusit
The commounweill, and put it all to nocht,
Be Inglesmen in Scotland that wes brocht
Be king James, as ze sall wnderstand,
Quhen he come hame befoir out of Ingland.

This nobill man richt mony ressoun schew,
That consuetude inducit of the new
Had done greit skath, als far as he had feill,
Into Scotland agane the commounweill.
So mony ressoun thair he did rehers,
Quhill I list nocht this tyme to put in vers,

1 In MS. cf.
He causit hes the pepill war present
For the most pairt all haill till him consent.
Yet sum ma wes into that multitude,
Wald nocht consent that vse and consuetude
So haistelie for to lat faill or fall,
But moir processis out of the kingis hall:
The Inglismen, tha said, wald sa full sone
For auerice that sic thing than wes done;
And for that caus as 3e sall wnderstand,
For that remeid ane mid way than tha fand.
Sic sirffeitnes alway to be refusit,
And sufficiencce of meit and drink be vsit,
Except it war vpoun ane halie da,
Than euerie man, as my author di sa,
As plesit him, withoutin blame or lak,
As he micht wyn to als gude cheir to mak.
That samin tyme, as it wes richt weill kend,
This nobill king into Ingland he send,
In France and Flanderis, all tha landis socht
For craftismen in Scotland that he brocht,
Quhilk in all craftis that war richt perfyte,
That efterwart, as my author did wryit,
To sindrie Scottis did thair craftis ken,
That sone efter war perfyte craftismen.
For sen the tyme of Alexander the thrid
Craffits in Scotland war baith tynt and hid,
Throw weir alway and mekle oppin wrang
Into Scotland that vexit wes so lang.
Syne ilk craft, of all baith moir and les,
To greit perfectioun dalie did incres.

HOW PAULE CRAW WAS BRINT FOR HERESIE IN
SANCT ANDROIS.

Sone efter this that I did to zow schaw,
Ane man of Bewme, that callit wes Paule Craw,
For heresie, at counsall generall,
In Sanct Androis wes brynt in poulder small,
Be bishop Henrie that tyme of Wardlaw,
Quhair he convenit with the clergie aw,
Quhair mony war richt cunnyng and expert
In theologie and mony sindrie art.

How King James Foundit the Charterhous
of Sanct Johnestoun.

That samin tyme James the nobill prince
Ane abba foundit of Cartusience
In Sanct Johnestoun, as my author did sa,
Quhilk place remanes ȝit to this same da.
Ane Inglis monk of greit knowledge and fame,
The quhilk Oswaldus callit wes to name,
of that ilk place the priour than maid he
Of all the laif to haif auctoritie.

How thair come out of Ingland Ambassadouris to brek the Peax betuix France and Scotland.

All beand done as I haif said ȝow heir,
Out of Ingland thair come that samin ȝeir
Ambassadouris of honour richt conding
To this James of Scotland that wes king,
Desirand peax as ȝe sall wnderstand,
And for to brek the collig and the band,
So lang hes bene into remembrance
Betuix Scotland and the kingis of France,
To him promittand, for to brek that band,
All the boundis of Northumberland,
Evin as thal la betuix Tyne and Tueid,
For euirmoir he sould haif to his meid.
This nobill king thairof wes nocht content
Nor be no way thairto wald gif consent
CRONICLIS OF SCOTLAND.

To brek that band, or zit sic thing to mene,
So lang befoir wniolat had bene.
Richt weill he wist, as he micht wit for trew,
And he did sua sone efter he wald rew;
And for that caus deliuerit than richt sone,
For to pas hame and their erand wndone.

HOW THE ERLE OF MARCHE WES FORFALTIT.

Sone efter this the erle of Marche wes than,
George of Dumbar, quhilk wes ane nobill man,
The sone of George, as that my author sais,
Quhilk of befoir into king Robertis dais
That flemit wes into Ingland that tyme,
As I zow schew quhairfoir the caus and cryme.
This ilk erle George quhilk wes ane nobill lord,
For that same caus as ze hard me record,
This king James of his auctoritie
In Edinburgh ane wardour maid to be,
Into the castell to remane and sit,
For that ilk cryme his father did commit.
That samin tyme, as it wes richt weill kend,
This king James wnto Dumbar hes send
The erle of Angus, Williame of Douglas,
The lord Creichtoun with him wes maid till pas;
Schir Adame Hepburne of Haillis also,
With thir lordis that tyme wes maid till go
On to Dumbar that riall hous of stone;
Withoutin stop that tyme the hous hes tone.
For-quhy the captane durst mak no demand,
Bot suddantlie that hous into their hand
Resignit hes into the kingis name,
Haiffand sic dreed of this ilk kingis blame.
The secund zeir, as my author recordis,
In conventioun befoir the king and lordis
This ilk erle George wes callit in the tyme, 60,755
And thair forsait for his fatheris cryme.
This ilk erle George, as mony ane than knew, 60,760
For his defence that samin tyme he schew
Ane remissioun, the qhillk that did contene
All sic crymes as my author did mene,
With circumstance of all thing les and moir, 60,765
Be duke Robert that gevin wes befoir,
Of haill consent of eueriel lord that tyme,
Ane fre indult of euerie falt and cryme.
To that agane sic ansuer maid the king,
No governour had power of sic thing,
As to remit sic cryme and oppin tressone;
The qhillk he previt be richt mony ressone.
Syne finallie or tha did than dissequer,
This nobill erle dishereist wes for euir,
And tynt his hous and heretage also,
Qhillk of befoir richt mony zeir ago
So nobill wes and of sic fame all tyme,
Destroyit wes for sic wnhappie cryme.
This king James, throw reuth syne and pitie
Of this erle George efterwart had he,
The erldome of Buchane he him gait;
Qhillk he refusit in the tyme to haif,
Because it wes, as ze ma well consider,
Of litill vaill in respect of the tother,
And for that caus, qhillk wes far moir skaith,
He and his airis loissit hes thame baith.

THE BUIK OF THE

Off the Deceis of the Erle of Mar, and of
the Worthie Actis of the said Erle.

The erle of Mar, Alexander Stewart,
Out of this lyfe that tyme he did depart.
To Alexander Stewart als wes than
Ane bastard sone that erle wes of Buchane; 60,780
He was the son of king Robert the gude,
That first was king of all the Stewarts blude,
Into his time so nobill was and true.
This same erle, of quhome before I shew,
Into his time he excedit als far
All vther wycht as dois the sonne ane star,
In weir, in wisdome, and in manliness,
In lautie, fredome, and in godliness.
With duke Phillop, lord of Burgundy,
In his south heid, as my author did sa,
In his weirs moir worship their he wan
No euir did ony vther levand man
Into his time that levand was that dais
In all Europe, as that my author sais.
All feild and battell that this ilk duke wan,
The honour ay aboue all vther man.
To this young lord most principalie gave,
With greit honour and loving our the [laue].
At Lundoun [syne] ane citie wes of st[renth],
Qhhair this duke at grit las[ar and lenth]
With his power seigand that c[i][e][l],
This erle of Mar, as my author [did sa],
Into that seig he tuke on him sic [uir],
[And] at that time so worthelie him bu[ir],
Throw policie the qhilk he visit [than]
Thisorsaidduke that nobill citie wan.
For his reward, as ze sall wnderstand,
He gaif to him the countes of Holland
In mariage, qhilk wes hir fatheris air,
Wes none in erth moir plesand and preclair,
Ane virgin clene withoutin spot or cryme;
Hir father als departit wes that tyme.
It hapnit syne, tak tent and ze sall heir,
Sone eftar that, I can nocht tell quhat zeir,
Qhhat wes the caus I can nocht to zow tell,
Aghanis this erle all Holland did rebell
And of thair rentis wald no answer mak,
Quhairof this erle did rycht grit displeasour tak,
And mony schip he furnest to the se
Of thair injustis to revengit be.
And sindrie syis on the se tham met
With mort battell quhair that no tryst wes set,
Ane quhylis tynt, and far oftar he wan,
And of thame slew rycht mony nobill man.
So in ane tyme it hapnit for to be,
Ane greit naving of Holland be the se,
Fra Danskin, all full of merchand gude,
Wes cumand hame to Holland ouir the flude.
This nobill erle that naving wmbeset,
And in their way than with thame hes he met,
And tuke thame all but ony sturt or stryfe,
Withoutin straik other of sword or knyfe;
The merchandice all to him self gart keip,
The men ilkone syne drownit in the deip;
The schippis all syne into teyne and ire,
Ilkone that tyme he hes brynit in ane fyre.
All this wes done with greit crudelitie
Of the injustis for to revengit be,
The quhilk to him befoir that he had done.
The Hollanderis syne efter that richt sone,
With Scottismen for to be out of weir,
Trewis tha tuke than for ane hundreth zeir.
This nobill erle, as my authour dois wryte,
Of policie in paix wes rycht perfyte,
And richt expert wes than in vrbanitie,
With greit fredome and liberalitie.
He wes the first that euir brocht into Mar
Hors of greit kynd fra Hungarie rycht far,
Quhilk plesand war and of ane large stature,
And ay sensyne the haif keipit that nature.
This nobill lord, as my authour did tell,
Efter his deith in the kirk of Dunkell
Intumulat that tyme wes in the graue,
With all honour that sic ane lord sould haif.
No moir of this; now I will hald me still,
And to my storie turne agane I will.

Off ane Messinger come fra the King of Denmark, and how Sir Williame Creichtoun was send into Denmark with Answer.

In that same tyme or thair about rycht neir,
Out of Denmark thair come ane messingeir,
[Sent be] thair king in Scotland for to craif
[The zeirlie] pensioune that he aucht to haif,
[Promittit] wes to gif to thame ilk zeir
[Be Alexander] first as ze micht heir,
[Out of the] Ylis in the se that la
[Be ei]st and west with Zetland and Orkna,
[Quilk] Donald Bane efter Malcome Canmoir
[In]to supplie gaif to thame all befoir.
This nobill king with greit humanitie
Hes treittit him well as he aucht to be,
With all honour sic ane herald suld haif,
And greit rewardis in the tyme him gaif.
Sir Williame Creichtone syne with him he send
Into Denmark, quhilk maid ane finall end
Thair with the king as ze sall wnderstand,
First plesit him, renewit syne the band
Befoir wes maid richt sicker and weill sui,
For mony dais efter till induir.
Quhilk band and faith, gif I the suith sould sa,
Hes kepitt bene perfyttlie to this da.
Off ane ambaxat was send out of France to King James for mariage of Margaret the Kingis dochter.

Sone efter this with mekle oliprance
Ane greit ambaxat send wes out of France, Fra king Chainlis, the sevint wes of that name, To king James of greit honour and fame, For his dochter Margaret in mariage Vnto his sone Lues of perfite age;
Qubilk grantit wes richt glaidlie with gude will, Wes none that tyme disassentit thairtill. The young king of Ingland thairof wes nocht content,
And sone ane herald to king James sent, Forbiddand him that mariage to compleit, And did he nocht, he said that he suld meit With hir on se burd or scho passit by, And all his laddis mak with hir to ly. This nobill king sic answyer maid him till, "I compt richt nocht his malice and ill will, "No zit his boist; now lat him do to me "The best he can, I compt him nocht ane fle. "Heir I defy the in thy kingis name." And with that answyer send the herald hame.
Syne furneist hes ane naving to the se, With men and meit and with altalgerie, For to convey that ladie ouir the flude, In cumpany with mony men of gude. Johnne of Carnoth ane nobill worthie man, Bischop of Brechin in the tyme wes than, And Williame Sinclair erle of Orkna, Walter Ogilvie the thesauer alsua, Harbert Hereis, and Johnne of Maxwell, Colene, Scot, Setoun, and Campbell,
Wardlaw and Grahame with thame war maid till go,
And mony vther in the tyme also.
Ane hundreth wemen of nobillitie,
And fourtie als, bot gif my author lie,
That virgynis war for the most part ilkone,
With this Margaret that tyme wer maid till gone.
To schip tha went, the wynd blew fair and hie, and sone thai went richt safflie throw the se.
Ane greit naving of Spanȝe that same da,
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to zow sa,
Befoir [the] cost of Ingland did appeir.
The Inglishmen than trowit weil but weir,
With mony schip neirby the cost did ly,
To tak the Scottis as tha passit by,
Trowand tha Spanȝardis had the Scottis bene,
Thairfoir that tyme with grit anger and tene,
Tha set on thame trowand na stop to get.
The tother partie richt manlie than thame met,
And suddantlie that naving did confound,
Richt mony tuke and mony also dround; And all the laif sa greitlie wes adred,
With all thair haist in Ingland than thae fled.
That samin tyme, be aduertere and chance,
The Scottis naving arryuit into France;
To Turens syne tha tuke the narrest way,
Quhair king Chirlis reemanand wes that day,
Quhilk thame ressaut with honour and gloir.
That sic in France wes semdill sene befor.
Sone efter that, within schort quhile belyve,
This young Lues hes weddit to his wyfe
This ilk ladie of quhome I spak befoir,
Solempnitlie with greit honour and gloir.
This beand done as I haif said zow heir,
Sir Henrie Persie in the samin zeir.
Quhat wes the caus I can nocht to zow schaw,
Agane promit, without ordour of law;
With four thousand all into armour bricht,
In Scotland come sone efter on aye nycht,
His appetite synge for to satisfie,
With fyre and blude, haifand no causa or quhy.
The erle of Angus in the tyme that was,
The quhilk to name hecht William of Douglas,
With equal nummer wnder speir and scheild,
Met with the Persie than and gaif him feild;
And in that battell so baldlie thaid,
On euerie syde quhill greit slauchter wes maid.
The Scottismen so worthie war and wycht,
The Inglismen on force hes tane the flycht,
And in the feild na langar mycht remane;
On euerie syde richt mony than wes slane.
That da thair deit on the Scottis syde
Gude Elphingstoun, ane nobill of greit pryde;
Of commoun pepill tua hundreth also
Deportal than and tuke thair leif till go.
Of Inglismen into the feild did fail
Ane greit nobill, Henrie of Cliddisdaill,
Richart Persie and Johnne Ogill also,
Kniichtis all thre, with mony vther mo;
Of commoun pepill that tyme young and ald
Four hundreth into the tyme war tald.
This king James, of quhomo befoir I schew,
Of sic dispicioun quhen he hard and knew,
Of that injure for to revengit be,
With greit power richt sone than passit he
To Roxburch withoutin ony let,
And to the castrall ane greit seig he set.
Baith da and nycht so scharplie did assailzie,
That thae within on force wes maid to failzie,
And wes redie, withoutin ony rebous,
At thair desyre for to gif ourir the hous.

1 In MS. Bith. | 2 In MS. forces.
Ane da wes set to commoun of sic thing
Betuix the captane and the Scottis king;
It hapnit syne, I can nocht tell zow quhy,
Throw fals Fortoun at all thing hes invy,
Agane the king as my author did tell,
Richt quietlie his freindis did rebell.
His nobill quene, that weill of sic thing knew,
Richt suddantlie come till him thair and schew
The maner all and name of euere man,
Quhilk causit him to leif the seig as than
Richt haistelie, and his purpos wndone,
And euere man for to pas hame richt sone.

OFF THE TRESSOUN AND DEITH OF KING JAMES STEWART THE FIRST.

Walter Stewart quhilk wes ane substantill man,
That erle of Athole in the tyme wes than,
And father bruther to this foirsaid king,
Most principale nixt him wes in his ring.
For it wes he, as said baith les and moir,
Causit his bruther duke Robert of befoir,
The duke of Rothissay, but reuth or zit pitie,
Into presoun of hungar to gar die.
For all his tyme, without richt or resson,
He had ane e alwayis to the croun,
Belevand ay withoutin ony pleid
[To] bruketh e croun and this ilk king war deid.
[And] for that caus wnellefull wayis socht
[Of his] purpos to speid and he mocht,
[Trowand] sic thing wnmanifest than wes,
[Becaus] the king he leit it ay ouirpas:
[For-]quhy the names, as my author schew,
[Of] thae tratouris perfitlie he nocht knew.
And thocht of thame he had ane jelosy,
He thocht it wes ouir lyttill caus and quhy,
Without ane caus as he did wnderstand,
Onto sick men our hystic to put hand.
And for that caus our lang he did defar,
Qhilk sone efter he turnit him to war.
Walter Stewart, of quhome befoir I tald,
The erle of Atheta bellicois and bald,
Persuadit hes Robert Stewart his oy
This nobill king with tressoun to distroy,
And Robert Grahame with greit tressoun and
crym,
The kingis rebell that wes in the tyme.
The quhilk till do thir tua than wnderтуke
Sone efterwart, and tha thair lyfe mycht bruke.
And so tha did; within les nor ane zeir
It hapnit so, as I sall schaw 30w heir,
This nobill king our singill to remane
In Sanct Johnestoun into ane place rycht plane
In the blak freiris, withoutin ony strenth,
Qhair he remanit that tyme at grit length.
Thir tua befoir of quhome to 30w I schew,
That tuke on hand that purpois till persew,
Confiderit hes for that same caus and thing
With ane seruand most speciall with the king,
All thair desir that granitit hes to thame,
Qhate that he wes or quhat that wes his name,
I can nocht tell 30w at this tyme bot gif I lie,
For-quhys my author schew it nocht to me.
This ilk seruand than planlie schew thame to
In that mater all thing how tha suld do,
And set ane tryst agane quhen tha suld meit,
Withoutin pley thair purpoise to compleit.
Qha will tak tent till all thing said is heir,
Richt eith it is ane document to leir
To king or prince or ony man of gude,
To gif greit traist to vile or simpill blude,
Or ony vther of ane sempill gard,
That ma be bocht for riches and reward,
Quhilk hes distroyit mony nobill king.
I tak witnes als of this samin thing,
And of Judas, as the Scripture me tald,
For anerice his lord and maister said.

Traist weill this tyme that thair is zit ane [still]
Wald do siclyke and men w[er in his will],
Bot quha it is I can nocht [to 3ow mene],
Thairfoir as now I lat sic tale [alane],
And to my purpos, quhair I f[irst began],
Tell furth the laif the best way [that I can].
This erliss oy, Robert Stewart to name,
With his collig callit Robert Grah[ame]
And vther feiris that tha tuke thame till,
Qahome to thal plesit for to schaw thair will,
Syne quietlie thal come all on ane nycht
To Sanct Johnestoun, as tha war gydit rycht
Be this trautour the tryst that to thame set,
Neir be the freiris with him quhair thal met.
Syne till ane dur wes than on the baksyde
Richt quyetlie this trautour did thame gyde,
How tha suld do schew to thame les and moir,
Syne tuke his leif and rakit fra thame thoir.
This nobill king wnknawand of that cryme,
Richt solitar he wes into the tyme ;
Except the quene and ladeis tua or thre,
No cumpany moir in the tyme had he,
And his seruand that his chalmer did keip.
For-quhy that tyme he bownit for to sleip,
Richt lait it wes lang efter houris nyne,
This ilk seruand he send to bring him wyne,
Callit Stratoun, till his sellar is gane,
To fetchewyne but cumpany allane.
So hapnit he into the starris lycht
Of thir trautouris that tyme to get ane sycht,
The Buik of the Quhair

That stud's betuix him and the sky,
Than with ane voce richt loud "Tressone!" did cry:
Continewallie, as my author me schew,
He cryit so quhill thir tratouris him slew.
Ane ladie than that hard him tressoun cry,
In the chalmer onto the dur did hy
Richt suddantlie, and to the dur did clois,
Into that tyme thair wes na vther chois,
And graipit syne and fand the bar awa,
Quhilk stollin wes, as my author did sa,
The da befoir, as my author me schew;
Be the tratour quhome in the tressoun grew,
Moist criminois of all that cruelle cace,
Ane officiar wes in the kingis place.
This ilk ladie than at the dur that stude,
Callit Douglas, ane virgin fair and gude,
Quhen scho persaught the bar wes awa,
Richt suddantlie, as my author did sa,
Scho put hir arme, withoutin wordis mo,
Into the place quhair that the bar suld go;
And tha without, the quhilk wes litill wonder,
Dang vp the dur and brak hir arme in sunder,
Syne in the chalmer enterit as tha list.
This nobill king, that scant of sic thing wist,
Tha bludie bouchouris with crudelitie,
Tha branit him that pitie wes till se.
The zeir of God ane thousand and threttie,
With four hundreth and sax asl gone be,
And of his reggne quhilk wes the threttent zeir,
This nobill king, as I haif said 3ow heir,
Of Februar the ane and tuentie da,
Departit hys as ze haif hard me sa,
[And tu]mulat with greit honour and gloir
[In th]e same place quhair he gart big befoir
[For the C]artusiens in Sanct Johnestoun.
[ANE king he wes] of greit honour and renoun,
[And of his tyme, in] storie as I reid,
[Of crownit kingis all] vther did exceid.
[Of nobill havvjour and of manlines,
[Of perfyte] justice and of gratiusness,
[And all v]ertu in erth that men mycht knaw,
[Thai] rang in him with grit ordour of law.
[So] in that tyme wes murning maid and mone
Ouir all Scotland with his liegis ilkone,
To thame alway he keipit sic ane part,
That causit thame to luif him with thair hart,
And wald have gevin also for his lyfe
Dochter or sone, or zit thair weddit wyfe.
No farlie wes to thame thocht he, wes deir,
For sic ane king befoir richt mony 3eir
In all Ewrope of na natioun wes kend,
Of sic vertu no moir for to commend.
And he had raxit ocht lang in his cuir,
Richt sicker is, thairof 3e ma be suir,
That he had maid all Scotland for to be
In welth and wellfair and tranquillitie,
In peax and justice, without ony distres,
And to abound in honour and riches.
The gratius God heir I beseik thairfoir,
That he ring now into eternall gloir.
Quhendonethattyme this horribill deid,
The strang tratouriis sped thame awa gude speid.
Of the kingis chalmer than rycht haistelie,
Quhen tha war gon the ladeis gaif ane cry,
That all that la in chalmeris neir about,
Walknit ilkane quhen that tha hard the schout.
Ane man of gude, of greit honour and fame,
Dauid Dumbar that callit wes to name,
Bruther germane than to erle George wes he,
Ane nobill knycht of greit auctoritie,
That samin tyme he walknit with the cry;
Out of his bed syne sone and suddantly,
With sic waponis and armour as he hed,
Rycht spedelie fast efter thame he sped,
And or tha passit far out of the toun,
This ilk Dauid befoir thame lichtit doun,
And gaif thame feild, suppois he wes bot few;
That same tyme, as my author me schew,
Or that tha passit forder of that steid,
This nobill knycht that tyme tha left for deid.
Of the left hand tua fyngaris [he] lost,
3it neretheles that tyme it did not cost
That knycht his lyfe, thocht he bled of his blude,
For-quhy that tyme with leichis fyne and gude
He leichit wes sone efter haill and feir,
And efter that levit richt mony 3eir.
Syne on the morne quhen thatther rumor rais,
And so swiftlie ouir all the kinrik gais,
The cruell deid of this ilk nobill king,
The lordis all and nobillis of the ring
Ouir all the pairtis of Scotland tha send
Richt suddantlie, as it wes richt weill kend,
Autentik men with greit power and mycht,
Quhilk tuke na sojorning nother da nor nycht
Quhill tha tratouris in the tyme war tone;
To Edinburch wer brocht syne euerilkone,
Quhair that the lordis that tyme did convene
Of all Scotland, as my author did mene,
With mony vther also in that steid,
To be revengit of the princes deid.
And so thai war with greit ordour of law
That samin tyme, as my author did schaw.

**HOW THE TRATOURIS THAT SLEW THE KING MAID**

**ANE EVILL ENDING.**

The erle of Athole, as my author schew,
That fals tratour in quhome the tressone [grew],
Naikit that tyme fast festnit on ane tre,
Out throw the toune tha gart him drawin be,
Vpoun ane suey ay swappand vp and doun,
Quhill he wes traillit out throw all the toune,
Quhair on [the] stairs and all the calsay wynde[r],
Rycht mony stude that tyme on him to

Syne at the croce, quhen all that thing wes done,
Tha set him vp richt hie into ane t[rone],
Ane crowne of yr[n]e out of ane forge rit [het]
Tha brocht it furth and on his heid it set;
Quhairof the heit out throw his heid is [gane],
Bayth blude and brain syne brint [and] evin
the [bene].

Compleit that tyme than wes, baith les and moir,
The prophecie wes said of him befoir
Be ane fals prophetic, sayand to him that he
With grit triumph that he soold crownit be;
Traistand thairthrow all his desir to haif,
To that prophetic so grit credence he gaif.
The ill angell in tymes oft bygone
With prophecie dissauit mony one,
Quhois prophecie culd no man apprehend,
Quhill it wes brocht to sua wnhappie end.
Quhen this wes done as ze haif hard me sa,
Syne on the morne quhilk wes the secund da,
Out throw the toune naikit tha culd him draw
At ane hors taill, quhaur mony ane him saw;
On the thrid day syne, as my author schew,
Tha opnit him and out his bowells drew,
Syne in ane fyre that tyme that ordand was,
Befoir his ene tha brunt thame all in as,
Quhaur mony one war standand on to luke.
Quhen this wes done syne out his hart tha tuke,
And in that fyre, that tyme befoir thame all,
That samin hart tha brynt in poulder small.
Quhen this wes done, syne in the samyn tyde
In four partis his body did devyde;
Of Scotland syne tha four partis tha send
Into four airtis, as it wes rycht weill kend,
Aboue the portis for to be set waill he
Of four townis, that euerie man mitt se
Till all other remembring of sic thing,
For to put hand in ony prince or king.
His oy siclike, the maister of Athale,
That samyn tyme befoir the lordis all,
Qhillcrinnois wes of that samyn deid,
Without respeit that ilk tyme, as I reid,
Richt cruellie fast festnit fit and hand,
And [to] four hors taillis sickerlie him band,
Syne the four hors in sindrie airthis draif,
Qhill his bodie in four pairtis tha raif.
Robert the Grahame, as ze sall wunderstand,
Most principall that tuke the deid on hand,
That samyn tyme than, for his waresoun,
Vpon ane flaik wes traillit throw the toun,
Nakit and bair but claithis in the tyde,
Except ane claith his memberis for to hyde.
Syne eueriesmyth and eueriesoremair
Into that toun that present than war thair,
Ane reid het yrne, for his cruell cryme,
Into his bodie schot into the tyme;
And euerilk wricht and euerie Scottisman,
Tha did siclike that present thair wes than.
Siclike richt so wes done to all the laif,
In four pairtis thair bodeis syne tha raif;
That greit tressoun to all man to mak kend,
Thair four airtis to sindrie townis send
In sindrie regionis and in sindrie land,
Aboue the portis of thair townis to stand
In irne bandis lang and mony zeir;
Thus endit tha as I haif said 3ow heir.
Thankit be God sic grace hes Scotland send,
That tressone zit maid neuir ane better end
Into Scotland this mony zeir ago:
I pray to God that it be lang tyme so.
Thankit be God now and his moder deir,
My lang laubour at this tyme endis heir;
Quhilk wes begun richt mony da ago
With greit travell, syne endit wes also,
Quben of oure Lord completit wes but weir,
Ane thousand threttie and fyve hundreth zeir,
And ane also for to subscriue thairtill,
The aucbtane day quhilk wes of Apryle;
That samin tyme this ilk wark I begould,
And syne proceedit dalie as I culd,
Quhill efterwart the fyve and threttie zeir,
Completit wes this wark present heir,
Of September the nyne and tuentie da.
A dew, fairweill, I haif no moir to sa.
I pray to Jesu for his woundis fyffe,
Send ws grace heir into this present lyfe
To gyde ws heir, syne efter with the king
In joy and blis eternallie to ring,
Into that gloir that neuir salbe gane,
Singand with sanctis Osanna, Amen!

\[1\text{In MS. ward.}\]

FINIS.

NOTE.

This Glossary has been formed for the immediate use of the reader. To have entered into the etymology of the respective words would have occupied too large a space, and, besides requiring almost a separate volume, must have possessed the appearance of mere book-making; a charge which the Compiler especially sought to avoid. As it is, he fears that some may be of opinion that many of the words contained in it might have been omitted, their signification being sufficiently obvious: yet in preparing it for the convenience of English readers, not so familiar with the appearance of a text greatly dissimilar to that which they have been accustomed to peruse in the works of Gower or Chaucer, he has ventured to incur the risk of censure for surplusage, rather than for neglect.

The numerous varieties of spelling the same word (e.g. Fallowis, Fallouis, Felowes) are not entered, but only the leading one.
GLOSSARY.

A.

Abak. Aback; back.
Abasit. Confounded.
Abba. Abbey.
Abhor. To fill with horror; to alarm; to be alarmed.
Abill. Able; fitting; suitable.
Abthan, Abthane. A dignity supposed to be somewhat higher than that of Thane (q. v.) See in Jamieson’s Dict., voce Thane, the various speculations regarding it.
Abuf, Abune. Above.
Abusoun. Abuse.
Ac. But; and.
Acces. Excess.
Acclamit. Laid claim to; acknowledged? 1.18.494.
Accressand. Increasing.
Actioun. Suit.
Adais. A-days.
Addettit. Indebted.
Adpertenis. Appertains.
Advert. Observe.

Adumbrit. Obscured; darkened.
Advert. Intimate; apprise.
Advisit. Deliberated.
Af. Off.
Afald, Auefald. Honest; sincere.
Affaminait. Effeminate.
Afectit. Inclined.
Affixt. Fasten.
Affray. Alarm; right.
Agane. Again.
Aganis. Against.
Agreit. Agreed; settled.
Ago. Gone.
Aik. Oak.
Aill. Ale.
Aillit. Ailed.
Air. Eyre; itinerant court of justice.
Air. Oar.
Air. Heir. pl. Airis.
Airthis. Quarters; points of the compass.
Alabast. Alabaster.
Ald, Alde, Auld, adj. Old.
Ald. Age.
Ale. Sick; ailing.
Alhail. Wholly; entirely.
ALHALLOWIS. All Saints.
ALKIN. All kind.
ALLACE. Alas.
ALLANE. Alone; only.
ALLANERLIE. Only; alone.
ALLAQUEAT. Captivated; enthralled.
ALLEGDAND. Laying claim to.
ALLEEDGE. Advise; recommend.
ALLOW. Commend; praise.
ALLOWIT. Admitted; allowed.
ALLSAME. Altogether.
ALLUTERLIE. Wholly; entirely.
ALMANY, ALMONIA. Germany.
ALMOUS. Alms.
ALMOUS DEID. Alms-deeds.
ALQUHAI. Everywhere.
ALS, ALS. As.
ALSUA. Also.
ALSWEILL. As well.
ALT. Higher part of the musical scale.
ALTALJERIE. Artillery.
ALWAY. However.
AMANG. Among.
AMATES. Amethysts.
AMBAXAT. Embassy; ambassador.
AMENE. Agreeable; pleasant.
AMERANDIS. Emeralds.
AMEYNE. Pleasant; fine.
AND, AN. If.
AND ALL TO GONE. If all had gone.
ANE. One.
ANE JOLIE, i. 1947. This should perhaps be one word, O. Fr. anjoler. "Ils sont contraints de faire l'amour à la vielle, ou d'anjoler la fille d'une bonne maison, leur faire un enfant par advance, à fin d'estre condamnez à l'espouser." Des Caquets de l'Accouchée, p. 29. ed. Bibliothèque Elzevrienne.

But since glossing it, the Editor has been favoured by his friend, the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, with the following extract from a treatise on hunting, temp. Hen. IV., called "The Master of the Game," (MS. Bodley, 546. fol. 32.), which clearly proves the meaning, otherwise to be obtained only by implication:—

"Of the wolf and of his nature. Thei be yn hure love yn Fer ver whip þe females þat þen be joly . . . . And whanne þe bycche of hem is moost hoot gif þer be any wolopes þe contre þei goip alle after hure as þe houndes doip after þe bycche when she is joly."

ANEW, ANEUCIE. Enough.
ANIS. Once.
ANKER, ANKIR. Anchor.
ANTYGAIF. Andegavia; Anjou.
APARDOUN. Pardon.
APEILL. Appeal.
APENIONIS. Opinions.
APERSEE. A per se; incomparable person or thing.
APILL. Apple.
APPETYTE. Desire.
APPLESIT. Contented; satisfied.
APPREVIT. Proved.
AR, AIR. Formerly; early.
ARBETRIE. Arbitration.
ARCH, idem ac ARGH. Timid.
ARCHERIS. Archers.
ARDWERT. Inform; apprise.
ARGO. Argue.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Armit</td>
<td>Armed; hermit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armory</td>
<td>Harmony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armorica</td>
<td>Brittany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armypotent</td>
<td>Mighty in arms;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>valiant</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Achor</td>
<td>Error</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Artalze</td>
<td>Artillery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arguit</td>
<td>Reprehended; chided; argued</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arreistit</td>
<td>Indicted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrosie</td>
<td>Heresy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As, Ass</td>
<td>Ashes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ascrybent</td>
<td>Imputing; asserting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aser</td>
<td>Azure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aspect</td>
<td>To have an Aspect. To have an eye to a thing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asposit</td>
<td>Disposed; inclined.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoill</td>
<td>Asposit. Indisposed; sick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assailit</td>
<td>Essayed; tried.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assay</td>
<td>Assault; trial.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assegit</td>
<td>Besieged; beset; as sailed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assoll</td>
<td>Absolve; acquit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assolzeit</td>
<td>Acquitted</td>
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<tr>
<td>Astoneit</td>
<td>Astonished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astrolog</td>
<td>Astrolog. Astrolobe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At</td>
<td>For; by; that; from.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atanes</td>
<td>At once.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ather</td>
<td>Either.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attour</td>
<td>Attour. Over; moreover; across; beyond; in spite of.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Attrie</td>
<td>Purulent; grim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aucht</td>
<td>Possessed; occupied; eight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auchtane</td>
<td>Eighth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auctoreist</td>
<td>Authorized</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auctoritie</td>
<td>Authority; state; splendour.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aureat</td>
<td>Golden.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austrun</td>
<td>Stern; severe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austure</td>
<td>The south.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avaid</td>
<td>Evade; escape.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avance</td>
<td>Advance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avisement</td>
<td>Decision; time to consider.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aw</td>
<td>All; ought.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awa</td>
<td>Away.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awin</td>
<td>Own.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ay</td>
<td>Always.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bachleh</td>
<td>Bachelor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bad</td>
<td>Ordered; requested; bade.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baghous</td>
<td>Bake-house.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bail</td>
<td>Abode; delay; stop.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baikin</td>
<td>Baked.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bailfull</td>
<td>Sorrowful.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baill</td>
<td>Evil; injury; sorrow harm.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bain</td>
<td>Bonfire.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baillis</td>
<td>Signal-fires.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bair</td>
<td>Bear; bare.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bairdis</td>
<td>Minstrels.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bairdit</td>
<td>Bearded.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bairfeit</td>
<td>Bairfit. Barefooted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bais</td>
<td>Daunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bait, Bayth</td>
<td>Both.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baitht</td>
<td>Bathed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bak</td>
<td>Back. pl. Bakis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baksyde</td>
<td>Back of a house.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bakwart</td>
<td>Backward.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bald, Baldlie</td>
<td>Bold; boldly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balk</td>
<td>A ridge of untilled land.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

BALLANE. Whalebone.
BALLANES. Balance.
BALLINGAR. A small sloop or barge.
BALSAMON. Balsam.
BAN. Curse.
BAND. Bond. pl. BANDIS.
BANDOUN. Bondage; command; sway.
BANE. Active; prepared; ready.
BANE. Bone. pl. BANIS.
BANEIST. Banished.
BANERMAN. Standard-bearer.
BANKIT. Banquet.
BAPTIST. Baptized.
BAPTYME. Baptism.
BARBOUR. Barbarous; savage.
BARBOURIS. Barbarians; savages.
BARDIT, BAIRDIT. Caparisoned; adorned with trappings.
BARGANE, BERGANE. Battle; fight.
BARKIT. Tanned.
BARNAGE. Baronage; peerage.
BARN. Child. pl. BARNIS.
BARRAS. The lists, or enclosure for a tournament or single combat.
BARRAT. Grief; sorrow.
BARRIS. Barriers.
BARROT. Hostile intercourse.
BARROUN. Baron.
BARTNIT, v. BERTYNT.
BARUS MANTELL? l.41,418.
Bas. Bass.
BASIT, BAVISIT. Humbled; abased.
BASITNES. Cowardice.
BASNETIS. Helmets.
BAT. A blow.
BATE. Boat.
BATTLE. A division of an army; a battalion; battle.

BAUCHIL. l.34,341. This word generally signifies an old shoe, or slipper. "To mak a bauchle" of a thing is to treat it so unceremoniously as to show you have no respect for it. The term is also applied to individuals. As employed in the text, the word would seem to be an abbreviation of baculus, the episcopal staff or crosier.

BAWSTANE. Ball-stone; testis.
BAY. Horse.
BE. A bee; of; concerning; by the time.
BE, BIE. A bee.
BEDENE. Immediately; forthwith.
BEDENDE. Immediately; forthwith.
BEFAW. Befall.
BEFAR. By far.
BEFAW. Befall.
BEFORE. Before.
BEFROW. Before; formerly.
BEFYLLIT. Befouled; dirtied.
BEGOUTH. Began.
BEGULD. Began.
BEGYTE. Beguile; deceive.
BEHALLAND. Looking to; beholding.
BEHUIF. Befool; benefit.
BEID. Be it.
BEILD. Shelter; protection.
BEIR. Barley.
BEIR, BIRR. Noise.
BEIRD. Beard.
BEK. Bow; stoop; cringe; nod.
BEKAND. Bowing; cringing.
BEKYNIS. Beacons.
BELIEF. Trust; reliance.
BELLEALL. Pugnacious; warlike.
GLOSSARY.

Bellis. Bells.
Bellomy. Ritson glosses belamy, as bel ami, good friend. The word by this author seems to be used in a contrary sense, and to imply a blustering, savage, dare-devil sort of individual.
Beltane. Festival of the first of May; which appears to have been somewhat mixed up with that of the Invention of the Holy Cross, celebrated on the third of the same month.
Beltit. Girded.
Belude. Beloved.
Belyve. Immediately; quickly.
Bemis. Beams.
Bemit. Beamed; shone; sparkled.
Ben. The inner apartment of a house.

A but and a ben, applied to a house consisting of only two rooms, the one leading from the other.
Benevolence. Forgiveness.
Benge. Bend; bow.
Benign. Graciously.
Bent. Open field; plain; Metath. pro Bow? 1.629.
Bentis. Heather.
Berand. Pregnant.
Berdit. Bairded.
Bereis. Burial.
Bereist. Buried.
Bers. Biers.
Berne. Noble; man; knight. pl.
Bernis.
Bertan, Brittany.
Bertynt. Struck; battered; killed.
Bertis. Berries.

Beseik, Beseikand. Beseech; beseeching.
Bestiall. Beastly; cattle; animals.
Beside. Except.
Bet, Bethe. Struck; beat; applied to fire, lighted or kept up.
Beteiching, Beteaching. Consigning; delivering.
Betrais. Betray.
Betrasit. Betrayed; surprised.
Bettin. Bitten.
Bewar. Beware.
Bewme. Bohemia.
Bid, Byde. Remain; stay.
Biddin. Remained.
Bidding. Order.
Big. Build. part. Biggit.
Bikertie. Bickering; fighting.
Bikkir. A fight, chiefly with stones.
Bill. A writing; a letter; written statement, of complaint, or otherwise.
Birdour, Bordour. Border.
Birg? 1.467.
Birnand. Burning.
Birne. Burn.
Birnest. Burnished; polished.
Birnt, Brunie. Cuirass.
Bishop. Bishop; bishopric.
Bissie. Busy.
Bitterlie. Sharply; severely.
Bla. Blue; livid.
Blait. Bashful; stupid.
Blane. Blame.
Blaseus. Blois.
Blawand. Blowing.
GLOSSARY.

Blawdit. Besmeared.
Bleidand. Bleeding.
Bleir, pl. Bleirit. To obscure or deceive the sight.
Bleis. Blaze.
Blek. Blame.
Blekit. Blame; stained.
Blenkand. Smiling.
Blenkis. Glances; glimpses.
Blin. Case.
Blind, Blynd. Sprit-sail; a square sail under the bowsprit, not now used. Dutch, blinde.
Blis? 1.51,325.
Blonk. Horse; steed.
Bloum. Blossom.
Bluide, Bludie. Blood; bloody.
Blumand, Blewmand. Blooming.
Blunt. Stupid.
Blyth. Cheerful; happy; joyful.
Bocht. Bought.
Bodin. Provided; furnished; prepared.
Bodwart. Message.
Bogill. Spectre.
Boir. Hole.
Boiss, Bost. Box; case.
Boistit. Threatened.
Bokkit. Vomited; gushed.
Boldin. Swollen.
Bolon, Bolonia. Boulogne.
Bordell. Brothel.
Boreall. The north.
Borit. Bored.
Bost, Boist. Boast; menace.
Bosumis. Bosoms.
Bot. 1.49 495. Vouched?

Bot, But. Without; except; but.
Bouchouris. Butchers.
Boun. Ready; prepared; to make ready; to prepare; to go; to bend one's course. Bownit, Bounit. Went.
Bourding. Jesting; forcible encounter.
Bourdis. Jests.
Bourris. Chambers.
Bout. About.
Bow. Herd of cattle; also, a fold for cattle; bend; submit.
Bowdin. Swollen.
Bowspatis. Bowsprits.
Bowstar. Bolster.
Bra. Bruise; bray.
Brahane. Brabant.
Braif. Broad.
Braidlingis. Flat; broadways.
Braik. Broke.
Brand. Sword.
Brandit? 1.11,003.
Brane. Brawn; muscular portion of the flesh.
Branis. Brains.
Branit. Brained.
Brasar. Vambrace; armour for the arm.
Brawnis, pl. Calves of the legs.
Bre, Brie. Eye-brow.
Breanchis. Branches.
Breid. Breadth. On breid. 1.34,805. In a body; together.
GLOSSARY.

BREID. Bread.
BREIR. Briar.
BREITH. Bright? *l.11,943.*
BREKIS. Breaks.
BREMIT. Furious.
BRESING. Bruising.
BRETHIR. Brothers.
BRINT. Burned.
BRINTSTANE. Sulphur; brimstone.
BRISCAT. The breast.
BRISSIT, BRISIN. Bruised.
BRIST. Burst.
BRISTIS. Breasts.
BRITYNIT, v. BERTYNT.
BROADES. Boards.
BROCH, *idem ac Borgh, Borow.* A pledge; a security. "Great God to *borch* that all salbe our swin." *l.10,481.* I take God as pledge that the day shall be ours.
BROCHT. Brought.
BRODDIT. Pricked; spurred; pierced.
BRODE. Goad.
BRODERIS. Brothers.
BRIDIN, BROWDIN. Embroidered; ornamented.
BRODIN. Broad.
BROK. Fragments; remains of food.
BROKIN. Wrecked.
BROOS. Rapid race.
BROWIS. Broads.
BROWDIT, BROWDIN. Clotted.
BROWIN. Brewed.
BRUDE. Cattle? *l.18,899.*
BRUIK. River; brook.
BRUK, BRUKE, BRUK, BREW. To possess; to use; to enjoy.
BRUKILL. Brittle; uncertain; not to be relied on.
BRUM, BRYM. Broom.
BRUSCHE. Violent rushing.
BRUSCHIT. Burst out.
BRYBOURIS. Beggarly fellows.
BRYM, v. BREMIT.
BUR. A blast.
BUD. Gift; bribe.
BUFFATIS. Blows.
BUGILL, BUGALL. Bugle.
Books.
BUIR. Bore.
BUIRLIE. Huge; big; burly.
BUKLIS. Buckles.
BUKLIT. Buckled; fastened.
BULRAND. Weltering.
BUN. Bound.
BUND. Bounded.
BUNDIN. Bound; compelled.
BUNDIS. Bondsmen; slaves.
BURD. Coast.
BURDING. Venereal dissipation.
BURDIT. Put in boards; interred. *l.41,400.*
BURDOUN. A heavy cudgel; properly, a pilgrim’s staff.
BURDOUR. Guest; jester?
BURGONE. Burgundy.
BURL. Beryl.
BURN. "Small houndis to bring thame to the *burne.*”—To bring them to bay. *l.11,602.* Limit; enclosure; bourn.
BURNIEST. Burnished.
BURNIS. Streams; rivulets.
BURSIN. Burst.
Glossary.

Buschet. Concealed; lying in ambush; gushed.
Buschment. Ambush.
Buskit. Dressed; equipped.
Buskouslie. Violently.
Bustus, busteous. Huge; strong; powerful; fierce; rough.
But. The outer apartment of a house.
Bute. Safety; help; salvation.
For bute nor bain. For weal or woe.
By. Buy; beside; out of; beyond; besides; apart from.
Byband. Abiding; waiting.
Byde. Abide; tarry; wait.
Bygo. Bygone.
Byid. To care for; value. Nocht set byid. Care at nothing.
Byt. Bite.
Byte. Cut; strike; morsel; mouthful.
Byttis. Bites.

C.

Cace. Case; circumstance.
Cair-Sunday. Palm-Sunday.
Cairsum. Troublesome.
Caist. Cast.
Calco. Kelso.
Caldo. Cold.
Calk. Calculation.
Calling. Greeting.
Callit. Called; named.
Calsay. Street.
Campan. Champaigne.
Can, pro Gan. Began.
Candill. Candle.

Cankerit. Cross; ill-humoured.
Cankrit. Poisonous.
Cant. Information; knowledge.
Capand? 1415, 4195.
Careit. Carried.
Carf. Cut; carve.
Carion. Dead bodies; carrion.
Carle. Old fellow; rustic; man.
pl. Carlis.
Carling. Witch; hag.
Carmelet. Carmelites.
Carmuiches. Skirmishes.
Fr. escarmouche.
Carne. Heap of stones; cairn.
Caroling. Revelling.
Carp, pro Carp.
Carpet. Pall. l. 36, 339.
Cars. Low and fertile land adjacent a river.
Carting. Gambling; playing at cards.
Cartis. Cards.
Carvill. A sort of ship.
Cassin, p. Wrought; worked.
Cast. Art; contrivance; chance; opportunity; to propose; intend.
Cast. Suit. l. 4678.
Casualty. Emolument due to a feudal superior, dependent on uncertain events, such as marriage, wardship, &c.
Catche. Club-ball; cricket.
Catevis. Caitiffs; vile fellows.
Cattis. Cats.
Cautioun. Security; surety.
Cavillis, pl. Lots.
Ceis. Cease.
Celes. Celestial.
Cell. Prison.
Celsitude. Highness.
GLOSSARY.

CENSURIS. Censers.
CESSIT. Ceased.
CHACE. Pursuit.
CHAIRGIS. Instructions.
CHALEIS. Chalice; cup.
CHALMER. Chamber.
CHALMER-GLEW. Wenching.
CHANDLAR. pl. CHANDILLARIS. Candlestick.
CHANNONIS. Canons.
CHAPIT, pp. Escaped.
CHARBOKILL. Carbuncle.
CHEIS. pp. CHEISIT. Choose.
CHENIS. Chains.
CHESONE. Exception.
CHEST. Chaste.
CHEUILLER. Chevalier; knight.
CHEVALRIE. Soldiers; armed men.
CHYN. Chain.
CHIFTANLIKE. Gallantly; nobly; like a chieftain.
CHILD. Children.
CHIRURGE, CHIRURGEANE. Surgeon.
CHOIS. Choice.
CHOPPIT. Chopped; knocked.
CHOWPPI. Chops.
CHRISTING. Christian.
CHYRE. Chair.
CIPRIS. Cyprus.
CIRCULATION (with). By turns; alternately.
CIRCUIT, CIRKLT. Encircled; surrounded.
CIRCUMSYDE. Cut off.
CIRKILL. Circle.
CITENARIS. Citizens.
CLAIF. Clove.
CLAIR. Clear.
CLAITH. Cloth.
CLAITHIS. Clothes.

CLAM. Clomb; climbed.
CLAN. Tribe; family.
CLAP, WITH A CLAP. Instantaneously.
CLAUGHT. Snatched; caught up suddenly.
CLAUE. Split; clove.
CLAUER. Clover.
CLAWE. Clave.
CLED, CLEID. Covered; clothed.
CLEKKT. Hatched.
CLELAND. Cleveland.
CLEMENS. Mercy.
CLENELIE, CLYNLIE. Cleanly; completely.
CLENGAND. Excusing; clearing.
CLENGE. Clean; sweep. p. CLENGIT.
CLEUCHE. Valley; sweep. pl. CLEWIS.
CLEVIN. Cleft.
CLIM, CLYM. Climb.
CLINKIT, CLINKAND. Tinkled; tinkling.
CLINKS. Hard rocks.
CLIPPIS. Eclipse.
CLOIKIS. Cloaks.
CLOIS. CLOISLIE. Close; closely.
CLOIS. Close; quiet.
CLOISIT. Enclosed; closed; ended.
CLOSAT. Privy.
CLOSOW. Cloak or saddle-bags.

1. 55,732.

"Consortos ex sico corio sac-cos, ad vesicarum modum re-pletos, lapillus concutientes."—BOETIUS. "In maner of Clog-boggis."—BELLENDEN. This word has been overlooked by Dr. Jameison.

CLOT. Mud; dirt.
GLOSSARY.

CLUSIS. Clouds.
Coactit. Forced; compelled.
Coft. Purchased.
Coif, Cove. Cave.
Coist. Side; rib; cost. pl. Coistis.
Cost, Cost. Coast.
Colleg. Alliance; confederacy.
Collig, pl. Colligis. Colleague; Companions; alliance.
Colorit. Coloured; specious.
Colvene. A sort of ship.
Colvire. Color.
Come. Coming.
Comixit, Commuxit. Connected; mixed up with.
Commend. Praise; commendation.
Commodeous. Well supplied; judicious; fitting.
Commonis. Incursions.
Commoun. To commune; to communicate; common; commune.
Commovit. Communed.
Commute. Troubled; moved.
Commuits. Moves.
Companie. Companion.
Compair. Equal; match; compeer.
Compairand. Equal; compeer.
Companisoun. Companion.
Comaresone. Rivalry.
Compatiens. Compassion; compassionate.
Compleccion. Constitution.
Compt. Account; reckoning.
Conclusit. Resolved; determined.
Concord. Reconcile.
Condampnit. Condemned.
GLOSSARY.

Convoyit. Conducted. 
Cop. Cup. 
Coper. Copper. 
Copie. Number; plenty. 
Corbie. Raven. 
Corce-bowis. Cross-bows. 
Cord. Agree. 
Cornis. Crops. 
Coronoch. Lamentation for the dead. 
Corpis, t. Cors. 
Corps. Bodies. 
Corrack. Correct. 
Correpitt, corrupt. Corrupted. 
Corruptione. Insalubrity. 
Corsie. Large-bodied; corpulent. 
Costis. Coasts. 
Count. Account; reckoning. 
Counter. Encounter; contrary. 
Counterit. Encountered. 
Coup. Capsize; upset; fall. 
Cours. Course. 
Courtlie. Elegant. 
Cousing. Cousin. 
South. Known. 
Cowart. Coward. 
Cowpis. Cups. 
Cowponis. Fragments; shreds. 
Fr. coupon. 
Crab. Fret; provoke. 
Crabit. Fretful; ill-tempered. 
Crack. Carack. 
Craddill. Cradle. 
Craftiuslie. Skillfully. 
Craigie. Rocky. 
Crail. Ask; crave. 
Craig. Throat; neck. 
Craig, Crag. Rock; crag. pl. Cragis. 
Crammash. Crimson. 

Craw. Crow. pl. Crawis. 
Credens, Criddens. Credentials. 
Creep. Creep. 
Cremary. Merchandise. 
Criminois. Guilty; criminal. 
Crisnin. Christian. 
Cristnit. Baptized. 
Croun. Crown; head. 
Crous. Brisk; lively. 
Crowat. Cruet. 
Crudelitie. Cruelty; severity. 
Cruel. Valiant; bold. 
Crwik. Crooked. 
Crum. Crumb; morsel; bit. 
Cry. Proclaim; summons. 
Cryme. Fault; offence. 
Cuill. Cool. 
Cuik. Care. 
Cuiris. Livings; eures. 
Cult. Cooled. 
Cullour. Pretence; colour. 
Culmische. A sort of club. 
Cum, Cumis. Come; comes. 
Cumd. Come. 
Cumit. Came. 
Cummand. Coming. 
Cummer, Cummerance. Trouble; embarrassment; difficulty; vexation. 
Cummersum. Cumbrous; inconvenient. 
Cumulat. Heaped. 
Cunnand. Cunning. 
Cunt. Skill; quaint. 
Cune. Coin; money. 
Cupit. Desirous. 
Curage. Armour; cuirass. 
Curell. Cuirass? l. 17,776. 
Curious. Anxious; eager; careful. In some instances appears in the sense of notable.
GLOSSARY.

CURFALL. Crupper.
CURBOUR. Horse; steed; courser.
CURTAS. Courteous.
CURTASLIE. Civilly.
CUT. Lot.
CUT BY. Rely upon the assistance or friendship of an individual.

D.

DA. Day.
DAFF. Play the fool; romp.
DAFFING. Sporting; playing the fool.
DAFT. Mad; foolish.
DAGER. Dagger.
DAIL. Dealing. CARNALL DAIL. Sexual intercourse.
DAIT. Length of existence.
DAIJANS. Dalliance.
DALIS. Dales.
DAMPNAGE. Damage.
DANSKENE. Danzig.
DART. Daunt.
DANTEIS. Dainties.
DANTIE. Dainty; fine.
DANTIT. Daunted; terrified.
DAPLIT. Dappled.
DAR. Dare.
DARF, DARFFUL. Bold; daring.
DARFILIE. Forcibly; violently.
DARFY. Hardy; stout; bold.
DARG. Day's-work.
DAREST. Dearest.
DARTH. Hearth; want.
DE. Die.
DEBAIT. Protect.
DECIST. Desist.
DECOIR. Adorn; decorate.

DECREIT. Judgment; sentence; decree.
DEDANE, DEDING. Deign; condescend.
DEDICAT. Consecrated.
DEFALT. Fault. IN DEFALT OF THE. Your fault.
DEFAME. Dishonour.
DEFOUILLIT. Defiled; violated.
DEFYDENCE. defiance.
DEGRAT. Grief.
DEID. Death.
DEID-DOARIS. Death-doers; murderers.
DEID-THRAW. Death agony.
DEF. Defeat.
DEILL. Part; portion. A DEILL. Anything; aught; anywhere.
DEIR. DEIRE. Injury; mischief; hurt.
DEIR. To injure; dear; deer.
DES. Dais; elevated seat.
DEISCHE. Dish.
DEIT. Deid.
DEKYN. Deacon.
DELAIT. Extend; dilate.
DELF. Dig; delve.
DELFAND. Delving.
DELIER. Deliberate.
DELIVERANCE. Determination; sentence.
DEMAND. Resistance. 1.38,518.
DEMIT. Judged; considered; condemned.
DENNAR. Dinner.
DENUDAND. Denuding; stripping.
DENYIT. Refused.
DEPANETIT. Depicted; painted.
DEPARTING. Death.
DEPARTIT. Variegated.
DEPARTIT. Parted from; divided.
Metaph. died; separated.
GLOSSARY.

DEPREDARIS. Robbers.
DEPUT. Appointed; deputed.
DERNE. Secret.
DESERT. Abandoned.
DESHIR. Desire.
DET. Due; debt.
DETAISTIT. Detested.
DETERMINANT. A term applied to students at an advanced stage, when they had, in their determinations of questions in philosophy, &c., become qualified to take their degree as Master of Arts. It is much the same as Bachelor of Arts.
DEVOR. Devour; duty; exertions.
DEVORIT. Devout.
DEVYSS. Appointment; devise; determination.
DEVYSS. Pomp; state.
DEWIS DROP. Drops of dew.
Dewyss. Device; division.
DYN. Dane.
DIAMANTIS. Diamonds.
Did him in his bed. Brought or carried him to.
Dign. Worthy.
DIGEST. Thoughtful.
DILAY. Delay.
DIN. Noise.
DIN. Resound.
DING. To knock; beat; strike.
Dinlit. Trembled; shook.
DIRDUM. Uproar.
DIRK. Obscure; dark.
DISAGYSIT. Disputed.
DISASSENTIT. Differed from; opposed to.
DISCENCE. Descent.
DISCERNIT. Dissented.
DISCEPTION. Deceit.
DISCHORT. Injury; displeasure.
DISCONFEST. Discouraged.
DISCORD. To disagree; be at variance.
DISCORDIT. Disagreed.
DISCORSION. Incursion.
DISCOVERIT. Uncovered; unvisited.
DISCRIUE. Describe.
DISCROYIT. Surveyed.
DISCUIN. Discover.
DISERT. Destitution; want.
DISESIT. Diseased.
DISHEIREIST. Disinherited.
DISPLESOUR. Vexation; worry; displeasure; grief.
DISPYTE. Anger; offence; uneasiness.
DISSAINT. Deceit.
DISSEVER. Part; separate.
DISSMULAND. Failing; pretending.
DISSIMUL. Dissemble.
DISSOLAT. Desolate; deserted.
DISWSIT. Unused.
DITTAY. Indictment.
DIVERSITY. Variance; difference.
DIVORTIOUN. Divorce.
DIVYDE. Depart. 1:23,830.
Do into. To bring to.
DOAND. Doing.
DOCHT, DOUGHT. Were able.
DOCHTER. Daughter.
DOCTOURIS. Doctors.
DOCUMENT. Deed; lesson.
Doggis. Dogs.
Doggit. Dogged.
Dois. Heavy stroke.
Dolent. Dismal.
Doll. Dull.
Dolositie. Cunning; deceit.
Dome. Judgment; sentence.
Domsda. Doomsday.
Don. Do.
Done. Made; given; donned; put on.
Dortour. Dormitory.
Doubill Beir. Strong beer; double ale.
Doun. Down; open plain. pl. Dounis.
Doun. Down; below.
Dour. Hard; obstinate; inflexible.
Dourlie. Obstinately. v. Dour.
Dots. Stroke; crash.
Dout. Doubt; difficulty; fear.
Doutit. Feared.
Dow. To be able; dove; pigeon.
Dowbill. Double.
Dowblit. Doubled.
Dowis. Is able.
Draf. Refuse of boiled malt, given as food to swine.
Draif. Drove.
Draucht. Load; a privy; scheme; device.
Draive. Drove.
Dred. Feared.
Dreddour. Fear; terror.
Dreid, Dred. To dread; to fear.
Dreidand. Dreading.
Dreidles. Doubtless.
Dreme. Dream.
Drierie. Sad; melancholy.
Dressit. Applied; prepared.
Drewin. Driven.
Drewides, Druides. Druids.

Drift. Snowdrift.
Dring. Miser; niggard.
Drogarie. Medicine.
Drokyn. Soaked; drenched.
Drookit. Drenched; steeped.
Drounit. Drowned; submerged.
Drouth. Thirst.
Drowpand. Drooping.
Drug. Drag; pull forcibly.
Drukin. Drunken; drunk.
Dryuis. Drives; advances rapidly.
Duchtie, Douchtie. Doughty; valiant.
Ducke. Duke.
Dude. Do it.
Duill, Dule. Lamentation; mourning.
Dulce. Sweet; mild; soft.
Dulefull. Doleful; sad.
Dule Weid. Mourning habit or dress.
Dullie, Doleful; miserable; dull; stupid.
Dum. Dumb.
Dunt. Stroke; blow.
Dycht. Swept; wiped; prepared.
Dtsis. Dice.
Dykes. Ditches.
Dykes. Low walls of turf, or stone; chiefly of the former.
Dyne. Dinner.
Dynnill. Shake; tremble.
Dycie. Diocese.
Dyte. Writing; composition; to write; to indite.
GLOSSARY.

E.

E, Ee, pl. EnE, EyNE. Eye; eyes.
EasMENT. Lodging.
EBBIT. Stranded.
EBORAC. York.
Eccister. Exeter.
EDDAR. Adder.
Edick. Edict.
Effeir. Fright; alarm; become; be befitting; belong; relate to.
Efflux. Overflowing.
EFterwart. Afterwards.
Ege. Edge; hedge.
Eger. Ready; eager.
EgGIS. Eggs.
Eik. To add; an addition; also.
Eiking. Adding.
EILD. Age.
EILL. Eel.
Eir. Ear; pl. EIRIS.
EIS. Ease.
EIT. Eat.
EITH. Easy.
ELDARIS. Ancestors.
ELLIS. Else.
ELRISCHE. Uncouth; strange.
EM. Uncle.
EmPricE. Empress.
EMPriOUR. Emperor.
EnarmIt. Armed; equipped.
ExcercIt. Uncertain; rashly.
END. Breath; pl. ENDIs.
End Fast. Upright.
EndLang. Along.
Enmulant. Desirous of.
Enorme. Great; enormous; excess.
Equale. Just.
EquinocticALL. Equinoctial line.
Erar. Rather.

Erast, Earest. Sooner.
ERD. Earth.
ERD, EIRD. To bury.
ERDING-PLACE. Burial-place.
ERDIT. Buried; interred.
ERISCHE. Celtic; Irish.
ERll. Earl.
ERss. Gaelic.
ESCHEit. Forfeited.
ESTIWALL. Belonging to summer.
EuCHRist. Repository for the blessed sacrament.
EuEIRL. Every.
EuEIRLANCE. Each one.
EvAID. Avoid; evade; escape.
EvANGell. Gospel.
EVIDENTIS. Title-deeds; charters.
EvIN. Evening.
EvOME. Vomit.
EwAST. Near; contiguous.
EXCLUDIT. Expelled.
EXCLUDIT. Deposed.
EXERCE. Exercise.
EXPOl. Enquire.
EXPLORATOURIS. Spies.
EXPREME. Express.
EXTENT. Valuation of property for the purpose of assessment.
EXTREIS. Axle-trees.
EXUlation. Exile.
ExUTIT. Divested; freed.

F.

FA, FAW. Fall.
Fa. Foe; pl. Fais.
Facultie. Liberty; opportunity.
Facund. Eloquent.
GLOSSARY.

FADER. Father. *pl. FADERIS.*
FAGALD. Faggot.
FAID. Company of hunters.
FALLIS, FEALLIS. Turves.
FAILIT WES. Had become ruinous.
FAIL;EIT. Ruined; failed.
FAIR. Preparation; expedition; course.
FAIT. Fate; faith.
FALD. Fold; submit; yield.
FALDIT. Bent.
FALLOSCHIP. Fellowship. But
FALLOSCHIP. Without companions.
FALLOIS. Fellows.
FALLOW. Fellow.
FALLOWSCHIP. Fellowship.
FALS. False; deceitful.
FALSET. Falsehood.
FALT. Fault; default; want.
*pl. FALTIS.*
FALTOUR, FALTAR. Offender; criminal.
FAME. Foam; ocean; reputation; character.
FAMEIST. Famished.
FAMELL. Family; female.
FAMEN. Foes.
FAMINITIE. Whoredom.
FAMOSITIE. Fame; reputation.
FANAR. Fainer.
FAND. Found.
FANE. Glad, eager.
FANENES. Desire.
FANG. Noose; trap; opportunity?
1.14.56.
FANT. Faint.
FANTASIE. Fancy; display.
FAR. To fare.

FARAR. More honourable; better; fairer.
FARDER, FARRER. Farther.
FARDERMOIR. Furthermore.
FARLEIT. Wondered.
FARLE, FERLE. Wonder.
FASSOUN. Fashion.
FAT. VAT.
FATHERHEIDIS. Fatherhoods; reverences.
FATIS. Fates.
FAUCHT. Fought.
FAWIN. Fallen; thawed.
FE. Cattle in general, chiefly small.
FE, FIE. Payment; reward; fee.
FEBLIT. Made to give way; enfeebled.
FEBRIS. Fever.
FeC, Fek, FECT. Worth; greatest part, or number.
FECHT, FECHTAND. Fight; fighting.
FECTIS. Fights.
FECT. Effect.
FEDDER. Feather.
FEEDERIT. Feathered.
FEID. Feud.
FEILDE. Division of an army; troop.
*pl. FEILDIS.*
FEILL. Knowledge; learning.
FEIND. Devil.
FEINYE. To feign; pretend. *pa.
FEN;EIT.*
FEIR. To frighten.
FEIR. Companion. *In FEIR. In company; together.*
FEIRDNES. Fright.
FEIST. Feast.
FEISTAND. Feasting.
FEIT, FEITIT. Hired; see'd.
GLOSSARY.

FEKILL, FIKKILL. Fickle; inconstant.
FIELD, FELLIT. Felled.
FELL. Fierce; bold; keen; hill;
moor. pl. FELLIS.
FELLOUN. Cruel; terrible.
FELOWAND. Following.
FEN. Mud; slith.
FEND. Defend.
FENSABILL. Capable of bearing arms.
FENS;IE, FEIN;IE. Deceit.
FERD. Fourth.
FERE, FEIR. Companion. pl. FERIS.
ALL IN FEIR. All in company.
FERIE. Fresh; vigorous.
FERIE FARIE. Bustle; excitement.
FERME. Farm; rent; tribute. pl. FERIS.
FERME. Firm.
FERRIAR, FERRIER. Ferryman.
FERRY. Farrow.
FERS, FERSIE. Fierce.
FERTER. Feretory; shrine.
FERTILENT. Plentiful.
FESSIN. Fasten; strengthen; bind.
FEST. Feast; festival.
FESTNIT. Fastened.
FET. Fetch; bring.
FETTERIT. Fettered; put in fetters.
FEITIS. Neat; trim.
FEUENES. Fecund; lack of numbers.
FEWALL. Fuel.
FEY. Predestined; unfortunate; timid.
FIDDING. Trustworthy; fide dignus.
FINTH. Frith; estuary; bay; enclosed woods; parks.
FISCHE. Fish. pl. FISCHIS.

FIT, FUTE. Foot.
FITAND. Fitting; appropriate; proper.
FITEIS. Small feet.
FIXIT. Appointed.
FLAG. Flake.
FLAG, FLAW. Squall; blast of wind. pl. FLAGGIS.
FLAIK. A hurdle.
FLAMMAND. Flaming.
FLAMMIT. Flamed.
FLANIS, FLANNIS. Arrows.
FLAP. Blow; fall.
FLAPPIT. Beat; struck.
FLAW. Flew.
FLE. Fly.
FLEAND. Flying.
FLEAR. Fugitive; cowardly runaway. pl. FLEARIS.
FLECHE. Flatter.
FLECHING. Flattery; wheedling.
FLEIS. Flies.
FLEIT. Abound.
FLEIT, FLEYIT. Afraid; scared.
FLEIT. Float. "IN THE DEW DID FLEIT." Were steeped, or bathed, in the dew; frightened; terrified; chased.
FLEITNES. Fear; alarm.
FLEITTAND. Floating.
FLEME. Banish; scare. p. FLEMIT.
FLENDERIS. Splinters.
FLESCHING. Flattery.
FLESCHLIE. Fleshly; carnal.
FLIEAR. Coward.
FLIT. Remove.
FLOTCHT. Fright; flutter. On flotcht. In a state of anxiety.
FLOTCHT. Flight.
FLOIT, FLOT. Fleet; navy.
FLOKIS. Flocks.
GLOSSARY.

FLOUR. Flower.
FLOURDELYCE. Fleurs-de-lis.
FLUDE. Flood; ocean.
FLUR, Flure. Floor.
FLUREIS. Flourish.
FLURISCHAND, FLURESAND. Flourishing.
FLYCHT. Flight.
FLYTE. To scold; be angry with.
FLUXIS. Dysentery.
FOCHT, FochtIN, Fochin. Fought.
FOIRGANE. Opposite to.
FOIRGUDSCHIR. Great grandfather.
FOIRHEID. Forehead.
FOIRNENT. Opposite.
FOIRSTAME. Forehead; brow.
FOLD. Earth; ground.
FOLIE. Folly; foolish.
FOLK. People.
FOLWES. Follows.
FOND. Found.
FOND, Found, Fund. To go.
FONE. Wonder? 1707.
FONTANE. Spring; fountain.
FOR. Because; because of.
FORBEAR. Ancestor.
FORBLEID. Bleeding.
FORKOIR. Forbearance; liberty.
FORBUIR. Forbore.
FORCE. Necessity.
FORCEITWES. It was absolutely necessary.
FORCIEFUL. Powerful; forcible.
FORCIT. Strengthened.
FORD. For it; forth.
FORDELL. First place; precedence; preference.
FORDER. Promotion; advancement; forward.
FORDERMAIR. Farther on.
FORDERT. Front.
FORFALSE. Agreement.
FORE. Before.
FORFALT. Forfeit. p. FORFALTIT.
FORFOCHTIN. Exhausted with fighting; fatigued.
FORGADDITER. Met; assembled.
FORGAUE. Forego; be without.
FORGIBAND. Forgiving.
FORGITT. Wrought; forged.
FORLAND. Foreland.
FORLANE. Forlorn; lost; left.
FORLEIT. Forsaken; renounced; given over.
FORLRONE. Lost.
FORLOPPIN. Vagabond; fugitive.
FORMALSCHIR. Malice forethought.
FORMIT. Formed.
FORMOIS. Handsome; good looking.
FOROUTIN. Without.
FOR-QUHY. Therefore; because; for this reason.
FORRA. Forage; predatory excursion; advanced guard of an army.
FORROW. Before.
FORRUN. Outrun; outstripped.
FORSEND. Foresee.
FORSIR. Powerful; strong; violent.
FORSUITH. Forsooth.
FORTH, v. FIRTH.
FORTHKINIS. Grieves; repents of.
FORWALKIT. Exhausted from want of sleep, or with watching.
FORWARTDIS. Covenants; agreements.
FORWROCHT. Overworked; exhausted by toil.
FORWET. Forget.
FORWIELD. Recompense; repay.
FOUND. To go.
FOUNDARIS. Originators.
FOUNDER. Fall as stunned.
FOUNDT. Endowed.
FOUTH. Abundance; plenty.
FOW. Full; drunk.
FOWLEIS. Fowls; birds.
FOWSEIS. Ditches.
FOYSOUN. Abundance; plenty.
FRA. From; after; from the time that; since; seeing.
FRA HAND. Out of hand; immediately.
FRAKLIE, FREKIE. Hastily; readily.
FRANIT. Asked; enquired.
FRAUHT. Freight; load.
FRAUDFULL. Deceitful.
FRAY. Fright; alarm.
FREIK, pl. FREKIS, FREEKIS. Fel lows; strong men.
FREINDFULLIE. In a friendly manner.
FREIS. Freeze.
FREISSAND. Freezing; chilling, FREITH. Liberate.
FRELAG. Freedom.
FRELIE. Thoroughly; completely.
FREMIT. Strange; foreign; unlucky; adverse.
FREMITLIE. Strangely; as a stranger.
FRESCHIE. Fresh.
FRETAAND. Fretted; laced; embroidered.
FRIER-KIRK. Church of the Friars.
FRIST. Delay.
FRUCT. Fruit.
FRUCTOUS. Plentiful; fruitful.
FRUSTER. To destroy.
FRUSTRAT. Disappointed.
FRUTT, FRUTE. Fruit.
FUDE. Food.
FUGIATOURIS. Fugitives.
FUILL. Foul.
FUIR. Fared; to fare; went; rode.
FUIRAND. Conveying; carrying.
FUIR-DAIS. Far advanced in the day.
FUK, FUKSAILL. Jib; staysail. Fr. soc.
FULE, FUI. Fool. pl. FUILLIS, FULIS.
FULFILLIT. Well-lilled; full-filled.
FULL. Foul.
FULMART. Polecat.
FULZEIT. Worsted; discomfited.
FUN, FUND. Found.
FUNDAMENT. Foundation.
FUNDATION. Charter of institution.
FUNDIN. Found.
FUNDIT. Founded; laid the foundation.
FURD. Fourth.
FURD. A ford. pl. FURDIS.
FURDERIT. Furthered; advanced.
FURBUND. Furious.
FURING. Freight.
FURIOUS. Mad.
FURNEIST. Furnished; provided.
FURNESING. Military supplies; furnishing.
FURSTRAT. Oppose; defeat; frustrate.
FYFTENIE. Fifteen; fifteenth.
FYIFTENIT. Fifteenth.
FYLET. Soil; stain; defile.
FYND. Find.
FYNE. An end; skilful; learned; refine.
FYREFLAUCHT. Lightning.
G.

GA. Go.
GADDERING. Gathering.
GAIF. Gave.
GAIP. Gape.
GAIPPAND. Gaping.
GAIRD, GARD. Guard.
GAIST. Ghost. Used 1. 4398. in the sense of corpse.
GAIST. Guest.
GAIT. Goats; way; street.
GALAY, GALA. Galley.
GALLANDIS. Gallants; fellows.
GALLOUS. Gallows; gibbet.
GAM. Game.
GAMMIS. Teeth.
GANAND. Fit; proper, (had become).
GANESTAND; Oppose; withstand; opposition.
GANESTUDE. Opposed; withstood.
GANE. Suit; suitable.
GANG. To go.
GANGAND. Going.
GANZELON. Traitor.

"Ganelon, one of Charlemagne's officers, who by his treachery was the cause of the defeat at Roncesvalles, &c., for which he was torn in pieces by horses. So says Archbishop Turpin, upon whose credit the name of Genelin, or Ganelon, was for several centuries a synonymous expression for the worst of traitors."—Glossary to Chaucer, by Tyrwhitt. The epithet is applied to the murderer of King Duffus, Donewaldus, who is said to have met with a similar punishment.

GAR. To cause; to make.
GARDON. Guerdon; gain; profit.
GARESONE. Body of armed men.
GARNEIST. Well-armed; well-provided; decorated.
GARRAND. Making.
GART. Made.
GARTH. Inclosure; garden.
GAT, GATTIN. Got; procured.
GAT. Got.
GEIP. Give.
GEIR. Money; property; goods; apparel; chattels generally; middle of the body; the pudenda.
GEIRIT. Accoutred; provided with armour.
GELOCITIE, GULOCITIE. Gluttony.
GENDER. Breed; engender.
GENELOGIE. Genealogy.
GENTILITIE. Heathenism.
GENTILL. Gentile; heathen.
GENTILMAN'S-ILL. The gentleman's complaint; the gonorrhœa. This is not to be taken as denoting a complaint peculiar to one class of society rather than to another, but with reference to the seat of the disease. The word gentleman being a common and more decent epithet applied to the virile member in Scotland.
GENTRES. Courtesy.
GENIE, GANGIE. Arrow; dart.
GERATHY? 1. 810. Of antiquity?
GES. Grass.
GESS. Grass.
GLOSSARY.

Gestnyng. Hospitality; polite reception.
Gether. Gather; collect.
Gif. Give; if.
Giffin. Given.
Gilder. Gildedres.
Gill. A glen.
Gilt. Guilt.
Girding. Circumference; waist.
Girgetis. Gorgets.
Girn, Girnad. Grin; grinning.
Girne. Grin; snarl; snare or grin.
Girss. Grass.
Girth. Protection; shelter; sanctuary.
Glaid. Glad.
Glak. Ravine; defile between mountains.
Glaid, Gled. A hawk, or kite.
Gled. Burning metal or coal.
Glemand. Gleaming.
Glew. Glee.
Glittus. Pus or ichor.
Glittus. Gluttonous; addicted to any habit over much.
Gloir. Glory.
Glois. Gloss; equivocation.
Glowand. Burning.
Glowmand. Frowning.
Glowrand. Staring.
Gode. God.
Godis, Goddis. God's; gods.
Gor. Gore.
Gottin. Gotot.
Gottis. Goths.
Goun. Gown; fur.
Gowling. Howling.
Gra. Grey.

Grace. Good fortune; favour kindness.
Graif. Grave.
Graipit. Groped.
Graithit. Accounted.
Grame, pro Graene. Groan.
Gramercy. Thanks.
Granat. Grenada.
Grandgor. Lues venerea.
Grane. Groan.
Grane, Grene. Green.
Grat. Wept.
Gratitude. Gratuity; reward; thanks.
Gratitudis. Kindnesses; favours.
Gravit. Engraved; interred.
Greit, Grit. Great.
Greit. To weep.
Greitting. Weeping.
Grew. Greek.
Grew-houndis. Greyhounds.
Ghile, Grill. Pierce.
Grip. Hold; gripe.
Grippis. Possession; hold.
Gritlie. Greatly.
Grove, Group, On Groif. Flat; with the face to the earth.
Gross. Strong; coarse.
Grottis. Groats.
Grow. To shudder; to shiver; to shrink.
Growand. Growing.
Grows. Shrink from; be troubled.
Grume, Grume. Man; fellow.
pl. Grumis.
Grund. Ground.
Grundin. Ground; sharpened.
Grunschand. Sulky; angry.
GLOSSARY.

GRYCE. Pig. pl. GRYCIS.
GRYM. Cruel; be alarmed.
GUDGE. Good. MEN OF GUDGE.
Men of wealth; influence.
GUDGE-FATHER. A father-in-law.
GUDIS. Goods.
GUDLIE. Goodly; proper.
GUID-SCHIR. Grandfather.
GUIL, GULE. Luxury; belly indulgence.
GUSS, GUSE. Goose.
GULLIS. Marigolds.
GUTE. Gout.
GYDE, GYDE. Guide.
GYAND. Giant.
GYDARIS. Guides.
GYDE. Guide; pilot. pl. GYDIS.
GYDIT. Guided; managed.
GYN. Tide; course. 1,7206. Lock.
GYSS, GYIS. Fashion.

H.

HABBIRCHONE. Habergeon.
HABRIK. Hauberkerk.
HAD. Hold.
HADRICK. Heatherly.
HAID. Had.
HAIF. To have.
HAILL. Whole. HAILL AND FAIR.
Whole and sound.
HAILLIT. Healed.
HAILSING. Salutation; greeting.
HAILSIT. Saluted; hailed.
HAILSUM. Wholesome.
HAIR. Hoary; hare.
HAIRIS. Hairs.
HAIST. Inclination? heat? 1,8,92.
HAIIT, HAITRENT. Hate; hatred.
HAK. Hack; hew. part. HAKKIT.
HALD. Hold; habitation; stronghold.
HALIN. Holy.
HALK. Hawk. pl. HALKIS.
HALKING. Hawking.
HALKIT. Hacked.
HALMES. Aims.
HALS. Neck; throat.
HALTANE. Haughty; proud.
HAME. Home.
HAMELIE. Homely.
HAMEWART. Homeward.
HAMLYNESS. Homeliness; intimate familiarity.
HANECHIS. Thighs; hips; haunches.
HAND. Next hand; close to; immediately adjoining.
HANDILLIT. Handled.
HANEBO. Hainault in Belgium.
HANT. Abode; residence.
HAPING. Covering; wrapping up.
HAPNIS. Happens.
HAPNIT. Happened.
HAPPY. Fortunate; luck-bringing.
HARBERYE. Dwelling-place.
HARDIE. Rash.
HARDIMENT. Courage; daring; boldness.
HARDOF. Close by.
HAREIS. Harry's.
HARKIN. Hark; listen.
HARLATRIE. Harlotry.
HARLIT. Dragged forcibly.
HARLOTTIS. Scoundrels; worthless fellows; people of low rank.
HARME. Hurt; pain; injury.
HARMS. Vengeance? 1,8,915.
HARMISSA. Wo is me! alas!
HARNEPAN. Skull; brainpan.
HARNES. Brains; armour; warlike accoutrements.
GLOSSARY.

HARPAR. Harper.
HARROK. Cry for help. (Norm. Haro.)
HARTIS. Hearts.
HARTLIE. Heartily; hearty.
HASART. Gambling.
HASARTRY. Gambling; hazard; chance.
HAVIE. Heavy.
HAVING, HAVENING. Behaviour; demeanour.
HAW. Pale; wan; of a sickly blue colour.
He, HIE, HIECHE. High.
HE AND HE. Everybody.
HEAST. Highest.
HECHING, v. HETHING.
HECHT. Called; named; to promise; a promise.
HECOMONT. Steel jacket. 1.4.671.
HEFT. Hilt.
HEICHAST. Highest.
HEID. Head; behead. pl. HEIDIS.
HEIDDING, v. HETHING.
HEIDIT. Headed; pointed.
HEILD. Cover.
HEILL. Health; conceal; hide; heel.
HEIND, HEYND. Gentle; civil; handsome.
HEIR. Hire; pay.
HIEIRSHIP. Plunder.
HEIT, HET. Stir, applied in this sense to fire.
HEIT. Heat.
HEILLIKE. Helpful; assistant.
HEND. End.
HERBERING. Harbouring; sheltering.
HERD. Hard.
HEREIT. Plundered; destroyed.

HERETOUR. Heir; proprietor; landowner.
HERY. To lay waste; to plunder.
HES. Has.
HET, HETTER. Hot; hotter.
HETHER. Hither.
HETHING. Contemptuous jeering; derision.
HEVYN. Heaven.
HEW, HEUCHE. A steep bank; a precipice. pl. HEWIS.
Hew. Colour; hue.
HEWIN. Hewn.
HEWIT. Hewed.
HICT. Pride; height.
HICHTIE. Undaunted; haughty.
HIDDER. Hither.
HIELAND. Highland.
HILLS. Hills.
HILTS. Hilt.
HIMSELL. Himself.
HINDER. Latter.
HINDIS. Herds.
HINDMEST, HYNMEST. Last.
HINGAND. Hanging.
HINT. Lifted; supported.
HIR. Her.
HIRD. Shepherd. pl. HIRDIS.
HIRD. Suite; retainers.
HIRE, HEIR, HER. An army; suite of retainers.
HIRNE. Corner; recess.
HISTORIAL. Historical.
HO. Stop.
HOG. A sheep of a year old.
HOILL. Hole. pl. HOILLIS.
HOIP. Hope; expectation; used at 1.4.68 in the sense of belief or impression.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hoip.</th>
<th>A hope; a hollow between two hills.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hois.</td>
<td>Hose; stockings.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hoisting</td>
<td>Assembling of an army.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hold.</td>
<td>A stronghold; fortified residence.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horn?</td>
<td>1, 50, 164.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horne.</td>
<td>To put to the horn; to denounce as rebel; publish sentence of outlawry; a forensic term. At the horn. Outlawed.</td>
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<td>Hornis.</td>
<td>Horns; trumpets.</td>
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<td>Horst.</td>
<td>Horsed.</td>
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<td>Houstit.</td>
<td>Took refuge.</td>
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<td>Houndit.</td>
<td>Hunted; hounded.</td>
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<td>Hous.</td>
<td>House; castle.</td>
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<td>Housit.</td>
<td>Household.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Housit geir.</td>
<td>Household furniture.</td>
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<td>Hov.</td>
<td>Hollow; so; hoe; hoy.</td>
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<td>Hude.</td>
<td>Hood; cap; bonnet.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Huif.</td>
<td>To ascend; rise; swell; to hew.</td>
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<td>Huifand.</td>
<td>Hovering.</td>
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<td>Huir.</td>
<td>Whore.</td>
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<td>Huik.</td>
<td>Hook.</td>
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<td>Julie.</td>
<td>Slow; moderate.</td>
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<td>Hulister.</td>
<td>Ulster.</td>
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<td>Humill.</td>
<td>Humble; gentle; mild.</td>
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<td>Hundis.</td>
<td>Hounds.</td>
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<td>Hundret, Hundreth.</td>
<td>A hundred.</td>
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<td>Hune.</td>
<td>Delay.</td>
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<td>Hungrit.</td>
<td>Starved.</td>
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<td>Huntand.</td>
<td>Hunting.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hurdit.</td>
<td>Sheltered; protected.</td>
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<td>Hurdome.</td>
<td>Whoredom.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hvedand.</td>
<td>Ascending; approaching.</td>
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<td>Hwe (Hove).</td>
<td>Hall.</td>
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<td>Hwn.</td>
<td>Hun.</td>
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<td>Hwny.</td>
<td>Honey.</td>
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<td>Hy.</td>
<td>Haste.</td>
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<td>Hycht.</td>
<td>Desire for revenge.</td>
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<td>Hype.</td>
<td>Hive.</td>
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<td>Hyit.</td>
<td>Hied.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hyne.</td>
<td>Hence.</td>
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**I.**

| Idolrie. | Idolatry. |
| Idus. | Ides. |
| Ild. | Eild; old age. |
| Ilk. | Each; the same. |
| Illudit. | Deluded; misled. |
| Illumnat. | Illuminated. |
| Imaginit. | Schemed; devised. |
| Imbraist, Imbrasit. | Embraced. |
| Immemor. | Unmindful. |
| Imporabill. | Deplorable. |
| Importabil. | Intolerable. |
| Impung. | Impugn. |
| Impyre. | Empire. |
| Inborne. | Native. |
| Includit. | Enclosed; surrounded. |
| Inclusit. | Confined; imprisoned. |
| Inclynand. | Bending; inclining. |
| Incomparabill. | Incomparable; not to be computed. |
| Incontinent. | Forthwith. |
| Incontrair. | Against; in opposition to. |
| Incorrigill. | Incorrigible. |
| Incremen. | Increase; revenue. |
| Incressand. | Increasing. |
| Indigent. | In want of; needy. |
| Indost. | Endorsed. |
| Induellaris. | Inhabitants. |
| Induis. | Induces; brings. |
| Indyte. | Mental direction or energy; dictation. |
| Inexpugnabill. | Impregnable. |
GLOSSARY.

INFAME. Infamy.
INFECTIT. Seduced; led away.
INFIRMITIE. Sickness; disease.
INFORTUNITIE. Misfortune.
INFUNYTE. Unlimited.
INGYNE. Engine; genius; ingenuity; device; plan.
INHABITOURIS. Inhabitants.
INJURUS. Insulting.
INLAIKIT. Wanted; were deficient in.
INNIMIE. Enemy. The INNIMIE. Satan; devil.
INQUEST. Enquiry; inquest.
INSICHT. Furniture; farm-stock.
INSTRUMENT. Means.
INTENT. Mind; will; purpose; intention.
INTERCHANGIT. Exchanged.
INTERDYTE. Interdict. p. INTERDYTTIT.
INTERMELL. Commingling; medley; to meddle.
INTERMISSION. Share; part; interference.
INTERPRYSIT. Undertook boldly.
INTERSIT. Intersection.
INTERTRIK. Complicate; perplex.
INTO. INTILL. In.
INTRUSIT. Usurped; intruded.
INVEX, INVEIFE. Declare; wage war.
INVIE. Envy.
INVINSALL. Invincible.
INWART. Inward. INWART WITH. Intimate with.
INWITT. Within; close to.
IRK, IRKIT. Tire; tired.
IRE, YRE. Anger; rage.
IRNS. Irons.

ISCHE, ISE. Ice.
ISCHIT. Issued; went forth; caused to go out.
IT. That.

J.
JANNES. Genoa.
JASINK. Jachynth.
JELOSY. Suspicion.
JESP. Jasper.
JO. Joy.
JOISS. Enjoy.
JONE, JUNE. Join.
JONIT. Joined.
JORNAY. Battle; single combat; work.
JOW. Jew.
JOWELLIS. Jewels.
JURE. Law.
JUS. Juice.
JUST, JUSTING. Joust; tilt.
JUSTICE AIR. Circuit courts for administering justice.
JUSTIFEIT. Executed; put to death.
JUSTIT. Joustit; tilted.

K.
KA. Jackdaw.
KAILL. Broth made with cabbages or coleworts; the common soup in Scotland; also the plant itself.
KAIP. Cope.
KANT, CANT. Lively; merry.
KANT. Cheerful. Idem ac CANTT.
KEILD, KEILLIT. Killed.
| KEIP. Care; attention; to keep. | KYN. Kind. ALL KYN KIND. Redundant for all kinds whatever. |
| KEIPIT. Kept. | KYND. Kind; nature; kindred. |
| KEMP. Knight. | KYNDLIE. Natural. |
| KEN. Teaching; information; to know. p. KENNAND. | KYTH. Shew; make appear. |
| KENDLIT. Kindled. | L. |
| KENE. Bold. | LABORUS. Labouring. |
| KENNIT, KEND. Known; made known. | LACH. To take. p. LACHIT. |
| KEST. Cast; threw. | LACHIT. Slit; cut. |
| KID. Manifested; showed. | LAICH. Low. |
| KINRIK. Kingdom. pl. KINRIKIS. | LAID. Load. |
| KIRK. Church. | LAID STAR. Pole-star. |
| KIRKDUR. Church-door. | LAIK. A lake. pl. LAIKIS. |
| KIRKMEN. Churchmen; clergy. | LAIK. A plain. |
| KIST. Chest. pl. KISTIS. | LAIK ? 1 50,179. |
| KITCHING. Any thing eaten with bread. | LAIKAST. Worst. |
| KNAIF. Knave; servant. | LAIR. Learn; learning; burying-place. |
| KNAK. Taunt; gibe. | LAIRD. A landholder; a proprietor. |
| KNAPPIT. Broke; struck; commonly applied to denote the breaking of stones for repairing roads. | LAIRGIS. Largs. |
| KNAWIS. Knows. | LAIST. Laced. |
| KNE. Knee. | LAITH. Loath; reluctant. c. LAITHAR. |
| KNEILLAND. Kneeling. | LAITHLIE. Loathsome. |
| KNET. United; knit. | LAITIS. Manners; behaviour. |
| KNIGHT. Knight. pl. KNIGHTIS. | LAK, LAKIS. Blame, reproaches. |
| KNOCK. Knocked. p. KNOKKIT. | LAK. To blame. p. LAKIT. |
| KNOCK. Notch; trigger. | LAM. Lamb. |
| KNOKIS. Knocks; blows. | LAMEN, LEMAN. Lover; sweet-heart. |
| KNOPPIS. Buds. | LAMPIT, LIMPIT. Lamed; maimed? |
| KNOW. Knoll; hill; tumulus. | LANE. Conceal. I bid nocht lane. Will not conceal or deny it. Concealment; falsehood. |
| KNYCTHEID. Knighthood. | LANG, LANGAR. Long; longer. |
| KNYFE. Dagger. | LANGIT. Belonged; appertained. |
| KNYT. Knotted; tied. | |
GLOSSARY.

LANGOUR. Dejection.
LANGSUM. Tedious; weary.
LANTRYNS. Lanterns; lamps.
LAP. Lapped.
LAPPIT. Lopped.
LARD. Laird; land proprietor.
LARGE. Liberal; munificent.
LARGES. Wealth; liberality; abundance.
LASAR, LASER. Leisure.
LAW. People; lied; lead; rule; govern.
LEIF, LEVE. Live.
LEIG. League.
LEILL. Loyal.
LEIND. Abide; dwell.
LEIR. Learn; teach. p. LEIRIT.
LEISCHE. Leish.
LEIS. Harm; wrong.
LEISS. Lose.
LEIT. Let; permitted.
LEITHAND. Slow; indolent.
LEMIT. Shone; gleamed.
LEN. Lend.
LENE. Lean.
LEN, E. Slender; limber; active.
LESING. Lie; falsehood.
LESMORENS. Lismore.
LEST, LESTIS. Last; lasts.
LET. Stop; delay.
LETABUND. Joyful.
LET SAILL. Slackened or hauled down sails.
LETT. Reckon; esteemed.
LETTING. Waiting; delay.
LEUCH. Laughed.
LEYAND. Living.
LEVER. Rather; the liver.
LEVIS. Leaves.
LEVIT. Left; permitted; believed.
LEY. Unploughed; uncultivated.
LIAND, LYAND. Lying.
LIB. Geld; castrate.
LIBELL. A writing; a book.
LICHERIE. Lechery.

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GLOSSARY.

LICHEROUS. Lecherous.
LICHT. Light.
LICHT LYVER, LEUER. Light armed.
LICHTIS. The lungs.
LICHTIT. Alighted.
LICHTLIE. Lightly; easily.
LICOIR. Liquor; fluid.
LIDDER. Delay; lazy; sluggish.
LIE, LEE. Shelter; security; peace; ease.
LIFT. The firmament.
LIG. Lie. p. LIGGAND.
LIKKIT. Cut off.
LILL FOR LAW (LALL). Tit for tat.
LING. Line. IN ANE LING. Straight forward; without interruption.
LIPPER. Leper.
LIPPIN. To trust. p. LIPNIT.
LIPPIS. Lips.
LIST. Readiness; promptitude. p. LIST, LEST. Please.
LITH. Joint.
LITHEN, LATHEN. Indolence.
LOCH. A lake.
LOIR. Lore; learning.
LOISIT. Lost.
LOKKIT. Locked.
LOKMAN. Public executioner.
LONDISIA. Lindsey.
NONE. Supply; loan.
LONE, LOWN. Calm; serene. c. LOWNAR.
LORDSCHIIP. Power; dominion.
LOREMMAIR. Lorimer; bit or bridle maker.
LOSE. Loss.
LOUIN. Sheltered from cold.
LOUN. Rogue; worthless fellow; scoundrel; scapegrace; vagabond.
LOUP. Leap. pL. LOWPIS.

LOUS, LOWSS. Loose; dissolute; wicked.
LOUT. Stoop; bend.
LOVING. Praising; commending.
LOW. Flame.
LOWAGE. Haughty.
LOWE. Love.
LUBRIK, LUBRIUS. Lascivious.
LUCENT. Bright; shining.
LUCERNE. Lantern.
LUDE, LUTE. Loved; liked.
LUDGE. Lodge.
LUDGING. Dwelling; lodging.
LUDGIT. Lodged; quartered.
LUE. Love.
LUFFE. Luff; keep close to the wind.
LUIFARIS. LOVERS.
LUIT, LUT, LUTE. Let.
LUKE. Luck; good fortune; look.
LUKKIT. Lucked. IT LUKKIT. It fortuned.
LURDAN. A worthless person.
LURKAND. Lurking.
LUSTIE. Beautiful; handsome; pleasant.
LUSUM. Agreeable; loveable.
LYCHLIE, LYTCHLIE. To slight; undervalue; despise.
LYM, LYME. Limb. pl. LYMIS.
LYME. Lime.
LYMMER. Rogue; rascal; jade. pl. LYMMERIS.
LYN, LYND. Linden or lime tree.
LYNE. Lain.
LYNIT. Inclined; lined (covered, as a bitch).
LYNNING. Linen.
LYNT. Lint.
LYOON. Lion.
**LYRE, LYIR.** Flesh, properly the colourless portion.

**LYTE.** A short while.

---

**M.**

**Ma, MAIR.** More.

**Ma, MAY.** Maid; virgin.

**MACILENT.** Lean; worn to a shadow.

**MACULAT.** Stained.

**MADENIS, MADYNNIS.** Maidens.

**MAGER.** Thwarting; opposition.

**MAGR.** Maugre; in spite of.

**MAGNIFIE.** Increase.

**MAGREE.** Maugre; in spite of.

**MAHOUN.** The soul fiend; the devil.

**MAID.** Mad.

**MAIK.** Mate; consort; match; equal. THE MAIK. The like; the same.

**MAILL.** Male.

**MAILLIS.** Tribute; taxes.

**MAIRATTOUR.** Moreover.

**MAIS.** Makes.

**MAISSAR WAND.** l. 41,063. Masterly stroke?

**MAIST, MEST.** Most.

**MAISTRES.** Victory; authority; skill; art.

**MAISTRES.** Mistress.

**MAIT.** Companion; mate.

**MAK.** To compose verses; manner; fashion.

**MAKAND.** Making.

**MAKARIS.** Poets.

**MAKDOM.** Shape; elegance of form.

**MALDOSENS.** Meaux.

**MALEPART.** Malapert.

**MALESOUNE.** Curse; malison.

**MALICE.** Trouble.

**MALIE.** Murtain.

**MALING.** Injury; wrong.

**MALINGIS.** Maligns; defames.

**MAMANTIS.** Idols.

**MAMMIRIE, MAMOITERIE.** Idolatry.

**MAMORIE.** Mumming.

**MAN, MON.** Must.

**MANASSING.** Menacing.

**MANASSIT.** Menaced.

**MANEIR, MANER.** Manner.

**MANESWORNE.** Perjured.

**MANGIT.** Frantic; delirious.

**MANKIT.** Maimed; mutilated.

**MANSAILL, MANESAILL.** Mainsail.

**MANSUETE.** Meek; gentle.

**MANSUETUDE.** Meekness; gentleness. (Also as adj. l. 84,023.)

**MANTEINE.** Maintain; support.

**MANTILL.** Plaid.

**MAREIT.** Married.

**MAREYMS.** People resident on the coast.

**MARGRETIS.** Pearls. Fr. margerites.

**MARKIT.** Aimed; marked; observed; or, perhaps, set; planted. Vide Jamieson, Suppl., s. v.

**MARK.**

**MARRES.** Marsh; morass.

**MARRIT.** Injured; destroyed.

**MARROW.** Companion.

**MARTERIS.** Martyrs.

**MARTERIT.** Martyred.

**MASAR.** Macer.

**MATCHIT.** Strove.

**MATENIS.** Mattins.

**MATER.** Matter.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MAVIS</td>
<td>Thrush.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MAYNE</td>
<td>Main; ocean.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEANING</td>
<td>Meaning; mourning; lamentation.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEDICINAR</td>
<td>Physician.</td>
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<td>MEID</td>
<td>Reward; recompense; meadow.</td>
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<td>MEILL</td>
<td>Meal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEIND</td>
<td>Meant; intended.</td>
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<td>MEIR</td>
<td>Mare.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEIS</td>
<td>Mess; to ripen or mature.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEISIT</td>
<td>Misit. Appeased; pacified; mitigated; allayed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEISS</td>
<td>Mess; dish.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEIT</td>
<td>Mild; modest; fitting; meet; meat.</td>
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<td>MELL</td>
<td>Much.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MELLE</td>
<td>Battle.</td>
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<td>MELLEH</td>
<td>A coin of insignificant value.</td>
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<td>MELLE, Mail</td>
<td>pl. MALLSEIS, MELSIEIS.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MELL</td>
<td>Meddle; contend in battle.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MELLIFLUAT</td>
<td>Mellifluous.</td>
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<td>MELT</td>
<td>The spleen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEMOIR</td>
<td>Memory.</td>
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<td>MENAND</td>
<td>Bewailing.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENAST</td>
<td>Manist. Manaced; threatened.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENDIS</td>
<td>Satisfaction; amends.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENDIT</td>
<td>Repaired; amended.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENDIT</td>
<td>Meneit. Regarded; noticed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENE</td>
<td>Means.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENE, MENEIT</td>
<td>Lament.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENEIST</td>
<td>Diminished; lessened.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENERALL</td>
<td>Mineral.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENETYME</td>
<td>Meantime.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENGIT</td>
<td>Mixed.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MENISCHE</td>
<td>Lessen; diminish.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENKYND</td>
<td>Male people.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENSSTALLIS</td>
<td>Minstrels.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENSWOIR</td>
<td>Perjured; manswore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MENT</td>
<td>Meant.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MENIE</td>
<td>Company; retinue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERCAT</td>
<td>Market.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERCATLIKE</td>
<td>Of consequence or importance.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERCAT-STEID</td>
<td>Market place.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERCHIE</td>
<td>March.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERCHIE</td>
<td>March; boundary; division. pl. MERCHIS.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERIS</td>
<td>Bounds; confines.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERKIS</td>
<td>Marks.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERSCHANDRICE</td>
<td>Merchandise.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERSCHILL</td>
<td>Marshal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERTRIK</td>
<td>Marten.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MES</td>
<td>The service of the mass. pl. MESSIS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MESOUR</td>
<td>Measure.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MET</td>
<td>Mate; friend; companion; measure.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>METHAMATIK</td>
<td>Mathematics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>METIS</td>
<td>Meets.</td>
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<tr>
<td>METICULOUS</td>
<td>Full of fear; cowardly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>METROST</td>
<td>Rhymor.</td>
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<tr>
<td>METTELL</td>
<td>Metal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEYNE</td>
<td>Attempt; endeavour; intend.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MICHITFULL</td>
<td>Omnipotent.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MID</td>
<td>Middle.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MIDDIS</td>
<td>Midst.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MIDMEST</td>
<td>Central; middle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIDSIDE</td>
<td>Inside.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILLANE MELSEIS, MULAN MAILL</td>
<td>Mail of Milan.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIN, MYN, adj</td>
<td>Less.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIRK</td>
<td>Dark.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIRKAND</td>
<td>Darkening.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIRKNES</td>
<td>Darkness.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

MIRRIE. Merry; agreeable.
MISADVENTURE. Mishap; danger.
MISCHIVIT. Hurt.
MISCHEW. Mischief; suffering.
MISERITIE. Misery.
MISGANE. Gone, or done, wrong.
MISGOVERNANCE. Misgovernment.
MISGUIDARIS. Misleaders.
MISKEND, MISKENT. Unknown.
MISKNAWSIS. Does not know.
MISLEIVIT. Suspicious.
MIST. Missed.
MISTER. Need; want; occasion.
MO. More.
MOCHT. Might.
MODER. Mother. pl. MODERIS.
MODEREID. Midriff.
MOIR. More.
MOLD. Earth; ground.
MON. Must.
MONARCHIA. Sovereignty.
MONE. Lamentation.
MONEIST. Admonished; warned.
MONESISOUN. Advice; warning; importunity.
MONKIS. Monks.
MONT, MONTANE. Mountain. pl. MONTANIS.
MONY. Many; money.
MORNE. Morrow; morning.
MORT. Deadly.
MORTIFERUS. Deadly; fatal.
MOS. Marsh.
MOT. May; might.
MOT RAPTYUE. Motus raptus (of the spheres).
MOTIOEN. Motive; cause.
MOUR. Delay.
MOW. Mock; jest. pl. MOWIS.
MOW. Mouth; mould; earth.
MUCED. Mind; mood.

MUFAND. Moving.
MUKILWORT, MEKILWORT. Deadly nightshade; Atropa bella-donna.
MULDIS. Earth.
MULIESonis. Millions.
MUNE. Moon.
MUNELES. Moonless.
MUNTBEL. Beaumont.
MURE. Moor.
MURNIT, MURNING. Mourned; mourning.
MUSAT, MUSALL. Mizen.
MUSTOUR. Muster.
MUTE. To speak; to plead.
MUTEH. To move.
MYN. Movement.
MYCHT, MIGHT. Might.
MYCHTIS. Power.
MYDDING. Dunghill.
MYLL. Mile. pl. MYLLIS.
MYLN. Mill.
MYNLIT. Mixed.
MYND. Mind; resolution; determination.
MYRE. Quagmire.
MYTE. Mite; morsel; smallest bit.

N

NA. No; no; than.
NAIKIT. Naked.
NAIN, NANE. None.
NAIPRIE. Table linen.
NALIT, NAILIT. Nailed.
NAIS. Nonec.
NAR, NAREST. Near; nearest.
NARDUS SPECARYE. Spikenard.
NATURALL. Applied to offspring in a sense the very reverse to
what it is in England, signifying legitimate as opposed to illegitimate issue.

NAVIN. Navy.
Nay. Denial.
NEGARTIE. Meanness; niggardliness.
NEGROMANCIE. Necromancy.
NEIDFyre. Spontaneous combustion.
NEIRAND. Near hand; nigh.
NEIRIS. The kidneys.
NEIST. Next.
NEK. Neck.
NEPOS. Nephew; grandson.
NERETHELES. Nevertheless.
Nes. A promontory.
NEUSTRIA. Normandy.
NEVOT. A great grandson; a nephew; any descendant. Frequently applied in the signification of niece by the present chronicler, *e.g.* to Margaret, the maiden of Norway; the daughter of Charles Earl of Anjou, the fiancée of young Edward Baliol; also to Matilda, Queen of England, &c.

NICHTBOUR. Neighbour.
NIP. Pinch.
NOCHIT. Not.
NOIS. Nose.
NOITTIS. Notes.
NOK, v. KNOK. Oxen.
NOLT. Oxen.
NONE, NUNE. Noon.
NONE. Than.
NOR. Than.
NORROWAIS. Norwegians.
NOTHER, NAITHER. Neither.
NOVERK. Step-mother.

NOY. Trouble; annoyance; noise
*pl. NOTIS.*
NOYIT. Fretted.
NUBELUS. Cloudy.
NUCYWE. Necessitous.
NUIK. Corner; nook. *pl. NUKIS.*
NUNNIS. Nuns.
NUREIS. A nurse; to train; to bring up.
NURISCHIT. Nurtured.
NYCHT, NICHT. Night.
NTISS, NYS. Strange; nice.
NTIT. Deny it.

O.

OBEDIENS. Obedient; subject to rule.
OBFUKKIS. Obscures; darkens.
OBLEIS. Oblige.
OBLISSING. Obligation.
OBLIST. Obliged.
OBSTREPRI. Religious worship.
OBTEMPER. Mitigate.
OCIDENT. The west.
OCHT. Ought; aught.
OF. Off.
OFFERAND. Offering.
OFFERAND DA. Festival of a saint.
OFFICIAR. Officer. *pl. OFFICIARIS.*
OFFTYSIS. Oftimes.
OLDEOUS. Odious; offensive.
OLIPRANCE. Jollity.
ONE. Estimation; high value or consequence.
ONFOUCHTEN. Unfought.
ONFOWLLIT. Untired.
ONFREIND. Inimical; unfriendly.
ONIS. Once.
ON-LOFT. Above; on high.
GLOSSARY.

ONLYVE. Alive.
ONSATISFEIT. Insatiate.
ONSEMAND. Unbecoming.
ONSLANE. Unslain.
OSTANE. Free; not taken.
ONTIL. Until.
ONTRED. Betrayed.
ONWORTHY. Unworthy.
ONY. Any.
OPNIT. Opened.
OR. Before; ere.
ORABILL. Horrible.
ORATOUR. Messenger; envoy; oratory.
ORDINANCE. Order.
ORDOURLIE. Orderly; regularly.
ORESOUN, ORISOUN, ORATIOUN. Oration; speech; prayer.
ORIUNT. Horizon.
ORLIANCE. Orleans.
OST, OST. Host; army.
OSTAGE. Pledge; hostage.
OUR. Over; too.
OURFRET. Fretted with or over.
OURGAT. Overtook.
OURHAULD. Overcome.
OURHINT. Overtook.
OUR-SAW. Overlooked; neglected.
OURSCHOT. Threw aside.
OUR-SYLD. Covered; hid.
OULE. Owl.
OURE. Our.
OURHEILD. Bespread; covered.
OURIS. Hour's; hours (prayers).
OURSELL. Ourselves.
OUTFLAW. Flew from, or out of.
OUTHIR. Either.
OUTRAVE. Burst out; gave way.
OUTWAILL. Refuse; scum.
OWSOUN WATER. The river Ouse.

OXTARIS. Arm-pits.
OT. Grandson.

PACE, PASCH. Easter.
PADDOKIS. Frogs.
PAGE. A boy.
PAICE, PAIS. Weight; penalty.
PAIP. The Pope.
PAIR. Pure; strip.
PAIRT. To part; divide. part.
PAIRTAND.
PAIRT. Part.
PAIS. Pace; land; country.
PAIT. Paid.
PAITHMENT. Pathway; pavement; ground.
PAK. Pack; wallet; purse.
PAIL. Paled; striped.
PALK. Trick; wile.
PALLAT. Head; skull.
PALEROUNIS. Tents; pavilions.
PAMFRA, PAMFRAY. Palfrey; steed.
PANCE. Think; meditate.
PANCHIS. Tripe.
PAND. Pledge; pawn.
PANE. Penalty; pain.
PANETIT. Painted.
PANGIT. Curbed; put down.
PANS, PANSIS. Kneeplates. Pisan manufacture.
PARE. Parentage; lineage.
PARAMOUR, PERAMOURIS. Courtship; lover; love.
PARFTTEST. Most perfect.
PARIS. Pairs.
PARIT. Pared; reduced.
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<tr>
<th>GLOSSARY</th>
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<tbody>
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<td><strong>PARK.</strong> Field.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PACKIT.</strong> Enclosed.</td>
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<td><strong>PARCHA.</strong> Parish.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PARTEPS.</strong> Accomplice.</td>
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<td><strong>PSLA.</strong> Paisley.</td>
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<td><strong>PASSAGE.</strong> Departure.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PASSAND.</strong> Passing.</td>
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<td><strong>PASTANCE.</strong> Pastime; pleasure.</td>
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<td><strong>PAT.</strong> Put.</td>
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<td><strong>PATER.</strong> To repeat continuously.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PATRUELL.</strong> Cousin-german.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PEAX, PEC, PEIS.</strong> Peace. O peis. Silence!</td>
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<td><strong>PECWNOIS.</strong> Well supplied with money; rich.</td>
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<td><strong>PEILD.</strong> Peeled; skinned; bald.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PEILLIT.</strong> Peeled; skinned.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PEIR.</strong> Pear; equal.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PELF, PELFE.</strong> Wealth; property; money.</td>
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<td><strong>PELLAT.</strong> Pellock; porpoise.</td>
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<td><strong>PELT.</strong> Stroke; blow.</td>
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<td><strong>PEND.</strong> An arch.</td>
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<td><strong>PENSIT.</strong> Conceited; vain of anything.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PENSIOUN.</strong> Tribute.</td>
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<td><strong>PENURITIE.</strong> Deficiency; want.</td>
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<td><strong>PEPILL.</strong> People.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERELUS.</strong> Dangerous.</td>
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<td><strong>PERFYTE.</strong> Perfect.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERFYTAR.</strong> More perfect.</td>
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<td><strong>PERLE, PEIRLE.</strong> Pearl. pl. PERLIS.</td>
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<td><strong>PERLUSTRIT.</strong> Surveyed.</td>
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<td><strong>PERONEY.</strong> The Pyrenees.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERPLEXITIE.</strong> Trouble; confusion.</td>
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<td><strong>PERQUEIR.</strong> Exact; accurate; by heart; off hand; perfectly. Fr. par-cœur.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERREIST.</strong> Perished.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERSAND.</strong> Piercing.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERSIT.</strong> Pierced.</td>
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<td><strong>PERT, PERTH.</strong> Bold; rash.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERTINAX.</strong> Obstinate.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PERTLIE.</strong> Promptly; openly.</td>
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<td><strong>PERTREBIT ? i. 11,005.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>PETIEOUS.</strong> Pitiful; sorrowful.</td>
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<td><strong>PIER.</strong> Peer; equal.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PIETE.</strong> Pity.</td>
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<td><strong>PIG.</strong> An earthen jar; vase.</td>
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<td><strong>PIK.</strong> Pitch.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PILGREMARIS.</strong> Pilgrims.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PINSALL.</strong> Pennon; flag.</td>
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<td><strong>PIRNIT.</strong> Striped.</td>
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<td><strong>ISSANT.</strong> Powerful; strong.</td>
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<td><strong>Pissen.</strong> Gorgets.</td>
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<td><strong>PITTIE ROY.</strong> Petit roi.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PITH.</strong> Force; strength.</td>
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<td><strong>PLA.</strong> Play. pl. PLAIS.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLACEBO.</strong> The office of the dead.</td>
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<td><strong>PLAIG.</strong> Plague. pl. PLAIGIS.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLAIGIS.</strong> Pledges.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLAIST.</strong> Placed.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLAITTIS.</strong> Breastplates; armour.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLANE.</strong> Plain. In plane. Clearly; plainly.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLANEIST.</strong> Occupied; diffused; spread.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLANEIST.</strong> Furnished; plenished; stocked.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLANEPLAIT.</strong> Full armour; panoply.</td>
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<td><strong>PLANTIT.</strong> Set.</td>
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<td><strong>PLASTRIT.</strong> Plaistered.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLATINGIS.</strong> Flat; broadways.</td>
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<td><strong>PLAYIT.</strong> Played.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLEICHT.</strong> Consequences.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLENJE.</strong> Complain.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLESAND.</strong> Pleasing; pleasant; agreeable.</td>
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<td><strong>PLET.</strong> Folded.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLEUCH.</strong> Plough.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PLEYEN PLAIT.</strong> Warranted plate- armour.</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GLOSSARY.

Plew. Plough.
Pley. Quarrel; debate; pleading.
Plowkie. Pimpled.
Plukkit. Plucked; robbed.
Plumbet. Pommel of a sword.
Pluralitie. Excess.
Pointis. Conditions.
Pois. Store; pose.
Poleist. Polished.
Polic. Govern; regulate affairs?
1,23291.
Policie. Office; benefice.
Politiqux. Pollution.
Poll. The pole; Poland.
Populos. Numerous.
Port. Harbour; gate. pl. Portis.
Porterit. Pourtrayed.
Portingall. Portugal.
Posseid. Possess.
Possessand. Giving possession.
Postpone. Set aside.
Postrum. Gate; postern.
Pot. Put.
Pot. Pit; hole. pl. Pottis.
Potestate. Power; might.
Pottingar. Apothecary.
Poudert. Powdered; semée.
Power. Army; multitude.
Powlder. Powder.
Poynst. Condition.
Pr. Pray. Prey.
Phan? 1,4008.
Prattical. Practical.
Prattie. Pretty; handsome.
Prattik. Practical; practice.
Prattisis. Practices.
Precell. Excel; surpass.
Preching. Preaching.
Preident. President.
Preclare. Famous; celebrated.

Prefalke, Prevalie. Privily.
Prefer. Excel; exceed.
Preif. Proof.
Preiking, Preikand. Riding hard; pricking.
Preis. To urge; to attempt; heat of battle; throng.
Prene. Pin.
Prent. Engrave; print; likeness.
Prentes. Apprentice.
Preschiritt. Proscribed.
Presoun. Prison.
Presuspose. Imagine.
Pre. Ready; prepared.
Pretend. Prepare.
Prevaill. Outstrip; get the better of.
Prevat. Private.
Previe. Private.
Prick. A wooden skewer or spike; fragment; minutest portion.
Prickit. Fastened as with a bodkin or skewer.
Probation. Proof.
Prodigus. Lavish; prodigal.
Profer. Proposition; offer.
Promp. Ready; skilled.
Promute. Promise.
Proneyov. Great-grandson.
Propone, Proponit. Propose; proposed.
Prostrand. Prostrate.
Proud. Man of distinction? 1.20,585
Provest. Mayor, or chief magistrate of a town.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GLOSSARY</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROVISIOUN</td>
<td>Preparation; providing; consideration.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROVIKT</td>
<td>Challenged.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROW</td>
<td>Profit; advantage.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROWEDE</td>
<td>Provide.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PRUTY</td>
<td>Proved.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PRYF</td>
<td>Prove; discover; ascertain.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PRYIS</td>
<td>Price.</td>
</tr>
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<td>PRYSIT</td>
<td>Praised.</td>
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<td>PSALMISTRIE</td>
<td>Psalmody.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PTOLOMON</td>
<td>Ptolomais.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PUBLICAT</td>
<td>Published.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PUIR</td>
<td>Pure.</td>
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<td>PUIRILY</td>
<td>Poorly; simply.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PULCHRIITUDE</td>
<td>Beauty.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PULVER</td>
<td>Powder.</td>
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<td>PUND</td>
<td>Pound.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PUNDIT</td>
<td>Distrainted; arrested.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PUNGATIVE</td>
<td>Sharp; pungent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUNITOYN</td>
<td>Punishment.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PURE</td>
<td>Poor; poorest.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PUIRIRST</td>
<td>Poor; poorest.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PURPURE</td>
<td>Purple.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PURSEVANTIS</td>
<td>Pursuivants.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PYPÍR</td>
<td>Pipe; tube.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PYKRIE</td>
<td>Theft of trifles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PYN</td>
<td>Knocker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PYNÝR; PYNÝS</td>
<td>Pin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PYNĐ</td>
<td>Wasted; shrivelled.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PYNE</td>
<td>Pain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PYNÍT</td>
<td>Pained; shrunk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUADRENT, QUADRANS</td>
<td>Quadrant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUAIKAND</td>
<td>Quaking.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUANTITIE</td>
<td>Size.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUARRIS, QUAIRIS</td>
<td>Quires.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUART</td>
<td>Good spirits.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUARTERIT</td>
<td>Quartered.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUEIR</td>
<td>Choir.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUELLIT</td>
<td>Killed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUENT</td>
<td>Accustomed; familiar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QCENTANCE</td>
<td>Acquaintance; intimacy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHAIR</td>
<td>Where.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHAIRBY</td>
<td>Whereby.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHAIRFOIR</td>
<td>Wherefore.</td>
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<tr>
<td>QUHAIRON</td>
<td>Whereon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHAILIS</td>
<td>Whales.</td>
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<tr>
<td>QUHAT</td>
<td>What.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHEIL</td>
<td>Wheel.</td>
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<tr>
<td>QUHEIT, QUHIT</td>
<td>Wheat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHEN</td>
<td>When.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHILS</td>
<td>Sometimes; whiles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHILK, QUHILKIS</td>
<td>Which.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHILL</td>
<td>Until.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHILL, QUHILE, QUHYLE</td>
<td>While.</td>
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<tr>
<td>QUHIN</td>
<td>Whin; ragstone.</td>
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<tr>
<td>QUHISLAND</td>
<td>Whistling.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUIT</td>
<td>White.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHO, QUHA</td>
<td>Who.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHOIS, QUHAIS</td>
<td>Whose.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHOME</td>
<td>Whom; which.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHOW</td>
<td>How.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUHYT</td>
<td>Cause; reason; wherefore; why.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUIDDER, QUITHER</td>
<td>Whether.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUIK</td>
<td>Alive; sensible part of the flesh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUIT COMONIS</td>
<td>To retaliate; requite; revenge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUOY</td>
<td>Quiet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUTT</td>
<td>Entirely; quite.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QYTE</td>
<td>Quit; freed; requite; repay.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Q
GLOSSARY.

R.

RASCHIT. Rushed; beat; dashed.
RASURE. Razor.
RATLAND. Rattling.
RAUGHT. Reached; given.
RAVIS. Rivets.
RAW. Row.
RAWE. Rave.
RAX. To stretch; to reach. p.p.
RAXIT.
RAY. Array. p. RAYIT.
RAYIT. Arrayed; ranged.
REAT. Guilt; offence.
REBALKIT, v. REBUTIT.
REBELL. Rebellion.
REBOUS. Delay.
REBOUS. Injury; violent repulsion.
REBUTIT. Rebuked; repelled.
RECHE. Rich.
RECOGNIES. An expression peculiar to the ancient feudal law of Scotland, in reference to land forfeited by the vassal, from whom, in consequence of his act, it might be reclaimed by the superior. Vide Skene, de Verb. Sig., sub voce Recognition.
RECOMPANCE. To compensate for.
RECORD. Understand.
RECREAT. Refreshed; rested.
RECRY. Recal; revocation.
RED. Afraid; ready; to be aware; to know; to read; read.
RED, REID, REDE. Advice; counsel.
RED, RED UP. To put in order; arrange; to clear. p.p., in order.
REBOUND. Resound.
REDUNDIT. Redounded.
REFORME. Restore; reform; repair. p. REFORMIT.
GLOSSARY.

REFT. Stolen; deprived.
REFUGE. Means of deliverance; protection.
REFUTE. Refusal; opposition.
REGALITE. Territorial jurisdiction granted by the sovereign.
REGIMENT, REGIMEN. Rule; government.
REGRES. Return.
REID. Ride; to determine; to read.
REID, RIT. Red.
REID-HAND. Caught in the act; a forensic term, specially applied to murderers, taken with the blood of their victims upon them.
REID-WOD. Furious; distracted.
REIF. Robbery; pillage; to rob.
REIK. Smoke.
REILL. Turmoil; confusion.
REIR. Clamour; noise; shout.
REJECTIT. Apostle; cast out.
REJOISIT. Rejoiced.
RELAXAND. Remitting; giving leave.
RELEIF. Relief. A term in feudal law, signifying a sum payable by an heir upon entering with the superior.
RELECT. Relic.
RELIGIOSITIE. Religion.
RELYNGIS. Shoes made of undressed hides with the hair on them.
REMANAND. Balance; residue.
REMEID. Remedy.
REMOIF. Remove. p. REMOIFIT.
REMORD. Remember with regret. p. REMORDIT.
RENTIS. Possessions; revenue; income.
RENEIS. Reins.
REPELIT. Repelled; divorced.
REPIT. Vehement? 1.7151.
REPIT, RAPIT. Burst out, or forth.
REPROVE. Blame; censure.
REPRUIFF. Reprove.
REPUNGIS. Is repugnant.
REPOST. Caught in the act; a forensic term, specially applied to murderers, taken with the blood of their victims upon them.
RESKew. Rescue.
RESPETT. Respite; delay.
RESPYRE. Refresh; support?
REPL. Refresh; support.
RESAVE. Receive. p. RESSAVIT.
RESS. Refuge; habitation.
RESSONE. Inscription; legend; motto.
RESSONK. Reason.
REST. Raced; chased; pursued.
RESTAND, REISTAND. Roasting.
RESTAND. Remaining.
RESTIS. Profits; emoluments; rents.
RESTITAT. Severed.
RESTRENJE. Restrain.
RESTREND. Restraining; preventing.
RETRAK. Defer; postpone.
RETRIEVIT. Recalled; retracted.
REULE, REWLE. Rule.
REUTH. Pity; compassion.
REVEIR. Prey? 1.16,838.
REVER. River.
REVERENTIE. Respectfully.
REVER. Robbery.
REVESCHIT. Ravished.
REVIN, RIVIN. Torn.
GLOSSARY.

REVOLWAND. Revolving.
REVYNE. Kingdom. 1.45,988.
REW. Rue; repent. p. REWID.
REWDEN? 1.4730.
REWENE. Ruin.
REWLING. Ruling; governing.
RIALL, RYALL. Royal.
RIBBIS. Ribs.
RICHTEOUS. Rightful.
RIN, RYN. Run.
RING. Reign.
RINGAND. Reigning.
RINGIT-RANGAT. Ribble-rabble; rascallions.
RIT. Red.
RITHORIE. Rhetoric.
RIVER, REVAR. Robber; spoiler. pl. REVARIS.
ROCHE. Rock. pl. ROCHEIS.
ROD. Road; wild; unmanageable.
ROIK. Vapour; mist; dense fog.
ROIT. Wheel.
ROITTIN. Rotten; decayed.
ROK. Distaff; rock. pl. ROKIS.
ROME-RAIKER. Trafficker in relics or pardons. PARDONER (Eng.)
RON. Shrub; bush.
RONT. Blow; stroke; cry; roar.
ROSAT. Rosin.
ROSS, ROIS. Rose.
ROSTAND. Roasting.
ROSTIT, ROISTIT. Roasted.
ROUCH, ROUCHE. Rough.
ROUMIE. Portion.
ROUN, ROUND. Whisper.
ROUS. Clamour.
ROUST. Rust.
ROUSTIE. Rusty.
ROUSTIT. Rusted.
ROUT. Crowd; company.
ROWANE. Rouen.

ROWIS. Rolls.
ROWIT. Rowed.
ROWSMAR. Larger; more spacious.
ROWME. Place; room; large; spacious.
ROWSMES. Kingdoms.
ROWNIT. Raised.
ROWSITT. Rusted; settled; fixed. 1 34,109.
ROY. King.
RUBRIE. Robbery.
RUDE. Rode; the Cross; rood.
RUDE. Strong; stout.
RUDLIE. Violently.
RUIF. Roof.
RUITTIS, RUTTIS. Roots; takes root.
RUKE. Rook; crown.
RUMOUR. Noise.
RUSAR. Boaster.
RUSCHE. Rush.
RUSE. To praise.
RUSE, RUTS. Boss; praise.
RUTHER. Rudder.
RYALTIE. Royalty; crown-revenue.
RYCE. Brushwood.
RYCHT. Right. p. RYCHTIS.
RYDAND. Riding.
RYFE. Abundant; frequent.
RYFE, RYVE. To tear.
RYIT. Rite; ceremony.
RYKE. Rich.
RYNIS. Runs; the Rhine.
RYNK. Stout man; a course; a race; position of a party in a tournament.
RYNNAND. Running.
RYPIT.searched.
RYSS. Twig; branch; rise.
RYSSIN. Risen.
GLOSSARY.

S.

Sa. Say.
Sa, Sua, Swa. So.
Sabill. Sable.
 Sacrif. Consecrated.
Sad. Grave; severe.
Sadill, Saidill. Saddle.
Sadlie. Closely; strictly; firmly; solemnly; gravely.
Said. Sad; dull.
Saik. Sake.
Saikles. Innocent; guiltless.
Sailit. Assailed.
Sailie, Salie. Assault.
Sair, Sar. Sore; pl. Sairis.
Sais. Says.
Saisit. Infeft; settled.
Sait. Seat; place; see.
Salbe. Shall be.
Sald. Sold.
Saling, Saland. Sailing.
Sailit. Sailed.
Sail. Shall.
Salt. Assault.
Salust, Salussing. Saluted; salutation.
Salviour. Saviour.
Sand. Shore; coast.
Sane. Save.
Sang. Song; pl. Sangis.
Sarar. Sorer.
Sark. Shirt.
Sathnes. Satan.
Sailit. Settled.
Sattill. Give away.
Saturtie. Repletion.
Sauld. Sold.
Saulfe. Save.

Saw. Saying; word; proverb.
pl. Sawis.
Sawin. Sown.
Sax, Sex, Saxt. Six; Sixth.
Scalbert, Scalbart. Scabbard.
Scalen, Skailing. Dispersion.
Schadow. Shadow.
Schaft. Spear.
Schaffts. Shafts.
Schaip, Schupe. To purpose; intend; endeavour; contrive; prepare; direct one's course.
Schaire. Share; cut.
Scharp. Sharp; strict; peremptory.
Schald. Shallow.
Schalmis. Shalms; a species of pipe or hautboy.
Schaime. Shame.
Schamitlie. Shamefully.
Schane. Shone.
Schankis. Legs.
Schap. Shape; form.
Schavin. Shaven.
Schaw. To shew.
Schaw. Wood; grove. pl. Schawis.
Schawand. Shewing.
Schawin. Shewn.
Schawit? i. 47,330.
Sched. Severed; divided; cut; shorn.
Sched. Separated; scattered.
Scheld. Sewer; drain of a privy.
Scheip. Sheep.
Scheitisis: "Scheititis, which in modern spelling is shytex, is the name of the ropes at the lower end of a sail; and, when a square sail is
at right angles to the keel, the ship is then between the shymes, and sails with a stern wind, or, as it is called, before the wind."
—Dr. John Anderson to Pinkerton, Correspondence, I. 195.

Schene. Beautiful; lovely; gorgeous attire.

Schene, Schend. Shone.

Schent. Kill; destroy; destroyed.

Schierand. Shearing; cutting.

Schertistis. Turves.

Schill. Shril.

Schip-brokin. Shipwrecked.

Schipbis. Ship.

Schep, Schirris. Sir; sirs.

Schirriffs. Sheriffs.

Schlander, Sclander. Slander.

Scho. She.

Scho. Shoe. pl. Schone.

Schod. Shod.

Schoir. Shore; menace; threat.

Schorne. Cut.

Schort. Abrupt; decided; peremptory.

Schortlie. Shortly.

Schot. Shoot; shot; thrust; shoved.

New schot new bod. An expression signifying to begin a thing de novo.

Schouder and Schow. Jostling and pushing, as in the turmoil of a mob.


Schow. Push; shove; dash.

Schrevin. Shriven; confessed.

Schrew. A worthless person.

pl. Schrewis.

Schrink. Shrink.

Schro. Shrew; worthless fellow.

Schroud. Dress; armour.

Schroudit, Schrudit. Covered; protected.

Schroudrit. Driven.

Schrukis. Shrieks.

Schuk. Shook.

Schukand. Shaking.

Schulderis, Schulders. Shoulders.

Schulting. Shooting.

Schunder. Sunder.

Schure, Schorne. Cut.

Schutting. Shooting.

Schyre. Shire; county.

Scitie. City.

Sclew. Slew.

Scorpin. Mocked; derided.

Screvin. Confessed.

Scriptour. The Scriptures; inscription; author.

Scrog. Thicket, chiefly of brushwood.

Scruin. The stump of a worn-out besom.

Scrymning. Skirmishing.

Scrymplit. Wrinkled; creased.

Scuir (Stuir?). Turbot.


Se. Sea; see.

Secreit. Sacred.

Seg, Seig, Seing. Siege.

Segit. Besieged.

Seid. Seed.

Seigaris. Besiegers.

Seikand. Seeking.


Seis. Search.

Seissing. Quieting; settling.

Selch. Scal.

Sellar. Cellar.
<p>| SEMELE. Multitude; assembly. | SIKKER. Secure. |
| SEMLIT. Assembled. | SIKKERLIE. Securely. |
| SEMONY. Simony. | SIMPILL. Humble; lowly. |
| SEMPILDEST. Humblest. | SINDRIE. Sundry. |
| SEMPILNES. Simplicity. | SING. Sign; token. <em>pl.</em> SINGIS. |
| SEMPITERNE. Everlasting. | SINGILL. Alonewithout attention. OUR SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SEN. Since. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SENDAND. Sending. | SINGING. Sighing. |
| SENID. Signed. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SENS. Incense. | SIMGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SENSIN. Censed, with incense. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SENSYN. Since then thereafter. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SENYEORIE. Government; command. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SENYEOUR. Lord. SENYEOUR AND SYER. Lord and master. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SERMONE. Discourse; conversation. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SERUALL. Servile. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SERUIS. Deserves; deservest. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SERWYNE. Sarum. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SESIT. Settled. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SETSONE. Season; portion. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SET. Seated; appointed; to become one. ILLSET. Unbecoming. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SETT. See; manner; fashion. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SETTERDA. Saturday. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SETTIS. Seats; nets; snares. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SEYINT, SEYINT. Seventh. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SEWINTIE. Seventy. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SIB. Related. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SIBNIS. Relationship; connexion. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SIC. Sick; such. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SICH. Sighing. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SICHIT. Sighed. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SICLIKE. In like manner. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |
| SIGNIFER. The zodiac. | SINGILL. Alone; unattended. Our SINGILL. With too few attendants. |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Glossary Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sleip.</td>
<td>Sleeve.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sleipny.</td>
<td>Drowsy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Slelie.</td>
<td>Dexterously; skilfully; carefully.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sleuth.</td>
<td>Sloth; neglect.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slecht.</td>
<td>Contrivance; stratagem; artifice; trick; sleight.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Slidder.</td>
<td>Slippery.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Slie.</td>
<td>Sly, cunning.</td>
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<td>Slo.</td>
<td>Slay.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Slokin.</td>
<td>Quench; slack. p. Slok-</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sm, Smaw.</td>
<td>Small.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smaik.</td>
<td>Low fellow; rascallion.</td>
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<td>Smet.</td>
<td>Smote.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smord.</td>
<td>Smothered; suppressed.</td>
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<td>Smorit.</td>
<td>Smothered.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Smyttit.</td>
<td>Infected.</td>
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<td>Snapper.</td>
<td>Stumble.</td>
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<td>Snav.</td>
<td>Snow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snell.</td>
<td>Keen; sharp.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snorand.</td>
<td>Snoring.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snuide.</td>
<td>Fillet; female head-dress.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soband.</td>
<td>Sobbing.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sober.</td>
<td>Tender; mild; small; humble; quiet; secure? 1. 25,315; to compose; to calm.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soberlie.</td>
<td>Quietly.</td>
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<td>Socht.</td>
<td>Sought.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soft.</td>
<td>Calm.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Soir.</td>
<td>Sore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soirand.</td>
<td>Aching; sore.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sok.</td>
<td>Ploughshare.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sokkat.</td>
<td>Point of a spear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Solist.</td>
<td>Solicitous; desirous.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Somer.</td>
<td>Summer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somes.</td>
<td>Ploughshares.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sone.</td>
<td>Soon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sons.</td>
<td>Prosperity; luck.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Glossary Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sonseit.</td>
<td>Cared; regarded.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonsie.</td>
<td>Excuse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonsie, Sunie.</td>
<td>Care; anxiety; diligence.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sopit.</td>
<td>Lazy; sluggish to intensity.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sorar.</td>
<td>Sorer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sorlow.</td>
<td>Trouble.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sorte.</td>
<td>Sward; earth; ground.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sourance.</td>
<td>Sufferance.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Souerlie.</td>
<td>Securely.</td>
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<td>Souril.</td>
<td>Suffer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sound.</td>
<td>Smooth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sovereance.</td>
<td>Assurance; safe conduct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sow, pl. Sowis.</td>
<td>A sow; a military engine employed in sieges, resembling the Vineæ or Crates of the Romans.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sow.</td>
<td>To smart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sowand.</td>
<td>Smarting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sowkand.</td>
<td>Sucking.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sowit.</td>
<td>Sewed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sowme.</td>
<td>Swim; sum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sowpit.</td>
<td>Drenched; steeped; supped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaid.</td>
<td>Spade.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spail.</td>
<td>Splinter; chip of wood.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spair.</td>
<td>Refrain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spait, Spate.</td>
<td>Flood; inundation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spald.</td>
<td>Shoulder.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spalis.</td>
<td>Splinters; chips; shavings.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Span.</td>
<td>Spun.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanie land.</td>
<td>Spain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanie reid.</td>
<td>Spanish reed; cane.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speciositie.</td>
<td>Splendour; beauty; elegance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sped.</td>
<td>Settled; determined; carried into effect.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speid.</td>
<td>Speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speir.</td>
<td>To ask; to enquire. p. Speirit.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
610 GLOSSARY.

SPÆIT. Spit.
SPILL. Perish; go to ruin.
SPLENDAIRIS. Splinters.
SPORNE, SPORNE. Spur; spurring? ¹. 26,514. "Liddier speid cumis of airdic spurne." i.e. The more haste the worse speed.
SPRAIS. Twigs; branches.
SPREYAND. Spreading; as applied to flowers, blowing.
SPREITIS. Spirits.
SPROIS, SPRUCE, SPRUSS. Prussia.
SPULSIE, p. Spuleit. Plunder; plundered.
SPURNE. Stumble? ¹. 11,447.
SPURNE, ¹. 47,504. Journey?
SPURNING. Spurring.
SPURRIIT. Spurred.
SPYCARIE, SPECAYRE. Spicery.
SPYIS. Spies.
SQUEILLAND. Squeaking.
SQUIAR. Esquire.
STABILITIE. Constancy.
STABILL. Sure; stable.
STABLIT. Settled; established; placed.
STAITLYSTILIS. Mighty words; high compliments.
STAÍK. A stake.
STAÍLL. Troop; division of an army; main body of an army.
STAITE? State.
STAK. Stuck.
STAKKIS. Stacks.
STALF. Staff; crosier.
STALL, STAW. Stole.
STANCHE. To stem; extinguish; assuage; abate; satisfy; stop.
p. STANCHIT.
STAND. Stood; a complete suit of vestment, or armour.
STANDERTIS. Standards.
STANE. Stone. pl. STANIS.
STANG. Sting.
STANK. Ditch; moat. pl. STANKIS.
STANKIT. Ditched.
STANT. Stinted.
STAPILIS. Staples; fastenings.
STARGE. Strong. ¹. 41,337.
STARK. Strong; stiff; stout; staunch; loyal, ¹. 40,098.
STATENITIE. Pomp; state.
STAW. Stole.
STAYIT. Prevented.
STED. Farm; farm-house; placed; situated.
STEID. To provide; serve as supply; support; aid.
STEID, STED, STEYDE. Place; station.
STENKIT, STICKIT, STOKKIT. Stabbed; stuck.
STEILL. Steal; steel.
STEIR. Stir; commotion. ON steir. In a state of commotion.
STEND. Leap; spring.
STEIR. Disturbance; commotion.
SENT. Taxation.
STENTIT. Stretched. STENTIT thyair palseounis. Pitched their tents.
STEPBARNE. Stepchild.
STEPILL. Steeple; spire.
STERAGE. Stirring.
STERIT. Stirred; managed; handled.
STERNE, STERRIS. Star; stars.
STERVIT. Died.
STEVIN. Sound; cry.
STICKIT. Stabbed.
GLOSSARY.

STING. A pole; a pike or spear.
STIRK. A young bullock.
STOB. Stab.
STOBBIT. Stumps of wood, stakes.
STOIBBIT. Covered; thatched.
STOIR. Sheep or cattle; store.
STOK. Stick; stock; family.
STOMATAK. Offended; resentful, as implying resistance.
STONEIST. Astonished.
STOP. Step.
STOPIT. Stopped; prevented.
STORIE. History.
STORMESTED. Storm-staid.
STOUND. Time; hour; season.
STOUR. Storm; battle; fight; tumult; dust.
STOURRE, STOWR. A stake; strong pole.
STRA. Straw. To lay a straw.
To rest for an instant? 1.652.
STRAIF. Strove.
STRIK. Struck; a stroke.
STRAIST. Distressed; stressed.
STRAIT. Close; strong.
STRAITAR. Stronger; tighter.
STRAMP. Tread; stamp.
STRAND. Rivulet; stream; brook.
STRANG. Strong; strange; foreign.
STRAUCHT. Strait; straight.
STRAWE. Strove.
STRAK. Strokes.
STREIKAND. Stretching.
STREIKIT. Stretched; extended.
STREK, STREIK. Struck.
STREMARIS. Streamers.
STRENGTH. To strengthen.
STRENGTH. A stronghold; a fortified place; pl. STRENTHIS.
STRENTHE. Strong.
STRENTHEAR. Stronger.

STRENUETIE. Fortitude.
STRES. Restriction; burden; distress.
STRETT. Roads; streets.
STRICKIN. Struck; coined.
STRO. Straw.
STYK. Strike.
STRYND. Kindred; special disposition or character; stream; rivulet.
STUDE, STUUDE. Place.
STUDE. Stood.
STUDEIT. Reflected.
STUDEIT. Thought; reflection; school of learning.
STUDY. Perplexity; meditation.
STUF, STUFFE. Dress; armour stiff.
STUF. Materials.
STUFFIT. Supplied; furnished.
STUILL. Stool; church-seat; prie-dieu.
STUIR, STURE. Strong; robust; hardy.
STUPEFAT. Stupefied.
STUPHION. Rape.
STURT, STORD. Trouble; disturbance. pl. STURTIS, STORDIS.
STURT. To vex; trouble.
STYLE. Pen.
STYME. Glimpse. Not to see a styme. Unable to distinguish anything.
STYNT. Stop.
SUA, SWAY. So.
SUADRIK. Sweden.
SUAGE. Assuaged.
SUAMPIT. Exhausted.
SUBBIT. Subdued.
SUBDEWIT. Subject; amenable.
SUBJECTIT. Subdued; vanquished.
SUBJUNCT. Subject; subjugated.  
SUBSCRIUIT. Subscribed; signed.  
SUBSUME. Record; relate; add to.  
SUCCEIDAND. Succeeding.  
SUCKIN. Sunk.  
SUEIR. Swear; indolent; reluctant.  
SUEIRAND. Swearing; protesting.  
SUIT. Sweet.  
SUIT. Swooned; suffocated; died.  
SUEY. A crow for raising stones; a crane.  
SUFFEIS. Satisfy.  
SUFFICIANS, SUFFICIENS. Sufficiency.  
SUFFRAJE. Prayer for the dead.  
SUGORNE. Sojourn; delay; stay.  
SUGRIT. Sugared.  
SUIR. Sure.  
SUIRT. Assured.  
SUITH, SUITHFAST. Truth; truthful.  
SUITHING. Assurance.  
SUITTIS. Law-suits.  
SULD, Soud, SOULD. Should.  
SULDEOURIS. Soldiers.  
SULGE. Soil; country.  
SUND. Sound; whole.  
SUOIR. Swore.  
SUPERFICIALITIE. Superficially.  
SUPERSEID. Defer; postpone.  
SUPPE. Cure; remedy; supply; assistance.  
SUPPOIS, SUPPOSE. Although.  
SUPPORTIT. Supposed; proposed.  
SUPPORTATION. Support.  
SURENCE. Assurance; protection.  
SUSTENE. Sustain.

SUTHEROUN. An Englishman (Southern).  
SYPER. Nimble; swift.  
SYTH. Quickly.  
SWALLOWE. Swallow.  
SWAME. Swam.  
SWAP. Smart; rapid stroke.  
SWAPIT, SWAPPIT. Struck.  
SWAPPAND. Thrown violently.  
SWADE. Sweet.  
SWEIT. Swiftly; to perspire; perspiration.  
SWERD. Sword.  
SWET. Stroke; sweeping blow.  
SWIDDER. To doubt; indeed seems to imply to be agitated.  
SWOIR. Swore.  
SWOLT. Died; were suffocated.  
SWOME. Swim.  
SWOUN. Faint; swoon.  
SWYLLER. Rock; reel; tremble.  
SWIR. Hollow of a hill.  
SWYNG. Blow; stroke.  
SWYNGEOURIS. Idle; lazy rascals.  
SWYTH. Quickly.  
SYCUT, SICHT. Sight.  
SYER, SYR. A person.  
SYIS. Times; jury; assize.  
SYLAR. Ceiling; canopy.  
SYMMER. Summer.  
SYMPILL. Humble; common.  
SYNE. Since; afterwards; then; late.  
SYNK AND SYSS. Cinq and six (at dice).  
SYPARE-TRE. Cypress, or rather cedar wood.  
SYPER. Cyprus; “a thin transparent stuff, now called crêpe.”  
—Nares. Sed qu. silk embroidered with gold? v. Michel,
Recherches sur le Commerce, &c. des Étoffes de Soie, &c., II. 371.
SYRE. Lord; master; owner.
SYTE. Grief.

T.
TA, TAY. Take.
TA. To.
TA. Toe. pl. TAIS.
TABILLIS. Tables.
TABORNE, TABBORNE, TALBORNE.
Drum; tabor.
TAID. A toad.
TAILL. Account; estimation; tale.
TAIRIS, TEIRIS. Tears.
TAK. Take; talk.
TAKILL. Tackle.
TAKYN, TAIKYNNG. Token. pl.
TAKYNNIS.
TAKYNNIT. Betokened.
TALKAND. Talking.
TALLOUN. Tallow.
TALJE. Entail.
TANE. Taken.
TANGIS. Tongs.
TANT PRO TANT. Tit for tat; a Roland for an Oliver.
TAPELIS. Hangings; tapestry.
TARGE. Target.
TARIE. Tarry; delay.
TAUCHE. Tallow.
TAVERT. Exhausted; wearied.
TAWR. Taurus.
TAXT. TAX.
TEDIUS. Tiresome; disagreeable.
TEICHE, TECHE. Teach.
TEIMIT, TUMIT. Emptied.
TENE, TEYNE. Anger; rage.
TENT. Care; heed; attention. TAK TENT. Beware; pay attention.

TENTIT. Observed; detected.
TERME. Period of time.
TESTAMENT. Will.
TEUChE. Tough.
TEXT. Substance.
TEYNIS. Tithes.
THANE. An ancient title, generally considered equivalent to Earl.
THANKFULL. Pleasing; agreeable.
THE. Thee.
THICKIT, THEKIT. Roofed.
THIE. Thigh.
THIKFALD. In crowds; in great number.
THIN. Few; scanty.
THIR. These.
THIRLING. Subjection.
THIRLIT. Enthralled; enslaved; pierced; divided? 19.991.
TOCHT. Thought.
TOIL, THOLE. Endure; suffer.

TANT PRO TANT. Tit for tat; a Roland for an Oliver.
TAPETIS. Hangings; tapestry.
TARGE. Target.
TARIE. Tarry; delay.
TAUCHE. Tallow.
TAVERT. Exhausted; wearied.
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TENE, TEYNE. Anger; rage.
TENT. Care; heed; attention. TAK TENT. Beware; pay attention.
GLOSSARY.

THREW. Thrust.
THRID. Third.
THRING. To press; to thrust.
THRIST. Thirst; difficulty; danger; thrust.
THROTTIS. Throats.
THRYFE. Thrive.
THRYIS. Thrice.
TIGIRNES. Ferocity.
TILL. To.
TILTHE. Culture; husbandry.
TINT. Lost.
TIRANNITIE. Tyranny.
TIRRANE, TIRANNE. Tyrant.
To. Too; with.
TOCHER. Dowry.
TOD. FOX. pl. TPODDIS.
TOGIDDER. Together.
TOLBUITH. Prison.
TOLLOS, TULLOIS. Toulouse.
TONE, TOUN. The one.
TOPAS. Topaz.
TORMENT. Tournament.
TORSS? 1. 4155.
TOHIR. The other.
TOUER. Tomb.
TOUN. Town.
TOW. Rope; twine. pl. TOWIS.
TRADUCT. Drain.
TRAIK. To become weak; decline in health.
TRAILLIT. Dragged.
TRAIST, TRIST. Trust; trusty.
TRAMORT. Dead body; corpse.
TRAMPAND. Trampling.
TRANE. Stratagem; art.
TRANSLATANTAND. Removing; transferring.
TRANSLATATIT. Transferred; given over.
TRAPPIT. Trapped; ornamented.

TRASOUR. Treasure.
TRATLARIS. Tattlers; tell-tales.
TRATLING. Gossip.
TRATOUR. Traitor. pl. TRATOURIS.
TRATOURLE. Treacherously.
TRATTAS. Old woman.
TRAVELL. Fatigue; labour; trouble.
TRE. Wood; timber; tree.
TRED. Track; footsteps.
TRESSET. Treasure.
TRESSOUN. Treachery; treason.
TRESTIS. Beams.
TRETIE. Entreaty.
TRETT, TRATIT. Treated.
TREWIS. Truce.
TRIGLAND, TRINGLAND. Trickling.
TRIM. Tremble.
TRIMLIT, TRUMLIT. Trembled.
TRINE. Train; retinue; state.
TROBILL. Trouble.
TROWANIS. Truants.
TRUBILL. Trouble.
TRUCOUR. Deceiver.
TRUETAND. Believing; trowing; trusting.
TRUMPATOUR. Trumpeter; minstrel.
TRUMPOURS. Deceivers; misleaders.
TRUNCHOUN. Shaft.
TRYNCHIS. Trenches.
TRYST, TRYST. A rendezvous, or appointed meeting. To tryst.
To appoint a meeting. p. TRYSTIT.
TUA. Two.
TUELFE. Twelve.
TUELIT. Twelfth.
GLOSSARY.

Tuichit. Touched.
Tuke. Took.
Tulje. Quarrel; fight.
Tume. Empty.
Tume. Time.
Tummill. Tumble; fall.
Tunnis. Barrels.
Turattis, Turetis. Towers;
turrets.
Turcas. Turquoise; pincers.
Turens. Tours.
Turr. Quarrelsome; crabbed.
Tutorie. Wardship.
Tutour. Protector; guardian.
Tuyss. Twice.
Twyn, Twyntit. To part; parted.
Twynnis. Twins.
Twyss. Twice.
Tyde. Tide; time.
Tydenis. Tidings; news.
Tymer. Timber. pl. Tymmaris.
Tyke. Dog.
Tyne. To lose. Tynis. Loses.
Tynsall. Loss.
Tyrit. Tired; wearied.
Tytt. Entice.
Tyte. Directly; quickly.
Tytest. Most prompt; speedy.
Tythandis, Tydenis. Tidings.

UNAUISIT. Unadvisedly.
Uncouth. Unknown.
Undantit. Unsubdued; untamed; wild.
Undertane. Undertaken.
Uneis. Uneasiness.
Unfulseit. Unsoiled; unfatigued.
Unganand. Unbefitting.
Unhappe. Unlucky.
Unlefull. Unlawful.
Unmensurabill. Immeasurable.
Unpleeneist. Unstocked; unfurnished.
Unreft. Undeprived.
Unricht. Injustice; wrong.
Unsikkar. Uncertain.
Unsochit. Unsought.
Unspritt. Unseen; unexamined.
Unsuir. Uncertain; unsafe.
Unwyss. Unwise.
Uphalie Day. The Epiphany.
Uprais. Uprose.
Upryichtig. Upright.
Ure. Ore.
Uyce. Vice.

V.

Vait. To be vacant; unoccupied.
Vail. Valley; value; worth.
Vailis nocht. Is of no value, or effect.
Vaillit. Availed.
Vailisand. Valiant.
Vailis. Vailies.
Valour. Worth; value.
Vane. Vain.
Vaneist. Vanished.
GLOSSARY.

VANGAIRD. Vanguard.
VANIS. Veius.
VANT. Vaunt.
VARIANCE. Varying; variation; inconstancy.
VARIAND. Varying; changing.
VASSALAGE. Valour; great achievement.
VENERIE. Venery.
VENNUM, VENNOUN. Venom.
VENUS. Venice.
VENUS WERKIS. Amorous pleasure.
VER. Spring.
VERIFIEIT. Verified.
VERRA. Very.
VERRAMENT. Sooth; truth.
VESCHELL, VESHELL. Vessel.
VESET. Viewed; visited.
VESTIMENT. Vestments.
VETTIGALE, VICTOGALL, (Lat. rectigal). Tribute; collector of taxes.
VICIUS. Wicked.
VICTUALL. Provisions.
VILIPENDIT. Vilified.
VOURNAL. Provision; supply.
VILIPENSEIUN. Injury; contempt.
VILITIE. Vileness; worthlessness.
VINCUST. Vanquish; vanquished.
VIPROS. Viperish.
VISIE. Visit.
VIVARIE. Manner of living.
VILON. Ulster.
VMBESET. Surrounded.
VMBETHOCHT. Bethought.
VNBIGGIT. Unbuilt.
VNBLEKKIT. Unblemished.
UNCERTIFIET. Uncertain; doubtful.
VNCSONAND. Inconsistent.
VNESELIE. Painfully; with difficulty.

VNFAYTHFULL. Infidel.
VNFAYRE. Infirm; incapable of exertion.
VNFENETLIE, UNFEINSEITLIE. Unfeignedly.
VNFYLLIT. Pure; clean; unsullied.
NGUDELINES. Worthlessness.
VNHAILLIT. Not cured.
VNHAP. Misfortune.
VNKNAWIX. Unknown.
VNOUIRTHRAWIN. Unconquered; free.
VNERSEWIT. Free from persecution; unpursued.
VNRREDY. Rough.
VNRUCOABILL. Irrevocable.
VNSATURABILL. Insatiate.
VNSCHAWIN. Hidden; unseen.
VNSEXAND. Unseemly.
VNTHANKIS. Evil; injury; displeasure.
VOCE. Voice. pl. Vocis.
VORAX. Voracious; fierce.
VOUST. Boast.
VOUTING. Boastful.
VOWIT. Vowed.
VPHALD. Upholding; supply.
VPHALDAND. Holding up.
VTPSTRAUCHT. Upraised; outstretched.
VTPWITH. Uphill.
VTENCELL. Utensils; furniture.
VTTER. Outer.
VTHER. Other.
VULT. Countenance.
VYLD. Vile; low.
VYLDAR. Viler.
VYSMENT. Consideration; consultation.
GLOSSARY.

W.

WA. Way; woe; woeful.

Wadder, Wedder. Weather.

Waddit. Wedded; married.

Wagit. Paid; had in pay.

Waid. Wade.

Waffand. Waving.

Waigeouris. Mercenary soldiers.

Wal. Weak.

Wail, Wale. To choose or select.

p. Waillit.


Wailland. Lamenting.

Wair. To expend; to waste.

Waird. Expended; spent.

Waist, Waistit. To waste; wasted.

Waist. Waste.

Waistouris. Pillagers; thieves.


Waittand. Waiting.

Waittis. Persecutes.

Wald. Possessed; held; would.

Waldin. Yielding; bending; pliable; powerful; able; strong.

Walk. Wake; watch.

Walkis. Goes; reaches.

Walknit. Awoke; wakened; watched.

Walkryfe. Vigilant; wakeful.

Wall. Well.

Wallit. Walled.

Wallow, Wallowit. Withered; faded.

Walterand. Weltering.

Walx. Wax.

Wambe, Wame. Belly; womb.

Wan. Stroke; blow; won; black; gloomy; dark-coloured.

Wand. Rod; sceptre; authority; wrapped; winded; hoisted. Under the wand, idem ac Under the lind. In the open fields or woods.

Wander. Sortow; danger.

Wandis. Rods; twigs.

Wane. Thought; opinion; habitation; dwelling; course; waggon; wain; manner; style; fashion.

Wanes. Sortow.

Wangaird. Vanguard.

Wantand. Wanting.

Wapynis. Weapons.

Wapnit. Armed.

War, Wair. Worse. Put to the war. To worst; overcome.

War. Wary; cautious; were.

Wardane. Warden.

Wardis. Wardships of land during the minority of the heir.

Wardouris. Prisoners.

Wareand. Cursing.


Warit. Well advised?

Wark, Werk. To ache; to be stiff, or sore. p. Warkit.

Warkand, Werkand. Aching.

Warld. World.

Warldlie. Worldly.

Warlie. Warily.

Warnit. Refused; thwarted; summoned.

Warpit. Thrown; surrounded; swallowed up.

Warrand. Warrant; guarantee; safe-conduct.

Wat, Wait. Know.

Wathand. Waiting.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Glossary Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Watter</td>
<td>A river.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Waucht</td>
<td>To drink deeply; carouse.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wed</td>
<td>A short time, or distance.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wey</td>
<td>Weigh; regard; consider.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weych</td>
<td>Weight.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weynd</td>
<td>Think.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weyne</td>
<td>Ween; believe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wichis</td>
<td>Witches.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wicht</td>
<td>A creature; a person; courageous; strong; stout; powerful.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wicket</td>
<td>Wicked.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Widdie, Widy</td>
<td>A rope; a halter.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Widdill</td>
<td>Curse; anathematize.</td>
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<td>Widrit</td>
<td>Withered.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wild</td>
<td>Bewildered; at a loss.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Will</td>
<td>Pleasure. Put into will.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Will Of Wane</td>
<td>Place at disposal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will Of Wane</td>
<td>At a loss what to do; in uncertainty.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Windok</td>
<td>Window.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Win</td>
<td>Won; gained. Win in. Get to; arrive at.</td>
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<td>Winsch</td>
<td>Worship; honour; renown.</td>
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<td>Wirth</td>
<td>Worth; value.</td>
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<td>Wirtour</td>
<td>Virtue; valour.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wit, Wedith</td>
<td>With.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wit</td>
<td>Wisdom; knowledge.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Witch</td>
<td>Bewitched.</td>
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<td>With</td>
<td>By.</td>
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<td>Withoutin</td>
<td>Without.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wits</td>
<td>Senses.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wittand</td>
<td>Knowing.</td>
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<td>Wnadverteist</td>
<td>Unaware.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wnbapteist</td>
<td>Unbaptized.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wnbocht</td>
<td>Unbought.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wnblekkit</td>
<td>Unspotted; unstained.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wndectdit</td>
<td>Undecided.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wndermynd</td>
<td>Undermine.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wnedit</td>
<td>Not ended.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wnfane</td>
<td>Sorrowful; not glad.</td>
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<td>Wnhide</td>
<td>Uncovered.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wnkend</td>
<td>Unknown.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNLAUBORIT.</td>
<td>Untilled; uncultivated.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNLLETERTIT.</td>
<td>Unlettered; ignorant.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNMANNIFEST.</td>
<td>Unknown; unperceived.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNPLENKIST.</td>
<td>Unplished; unfurnished.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSREDDIE.</td>
<td>Difficult.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNBLUEJEST.</td>
<td>Unblueished; unprovided.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSPILT.</td>
<td>Undisturbed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSREAD.</td>
<td>Resistol; dwell.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSSELOW.</td>
<td>Unseemly; improper.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSCHAWIN.</td>
<td>Unseen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNPROUNT.</td>
<td>Wrong; injury.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSREMOVIT.</td>
<td>Fixed; unshaken.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSREMOVIT.</td>
<td>Fixed; unshaken.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WNSRO.png</td>
<td>Wrong; injur.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WRACCHIT.</td>
<td>Wretched.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WREDDIE.</td>
<td>Difficult.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WREMOVIT.</td>
<td>Fixed; unshaken.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| WORSILL. | Wrestl. |
| WOUN. | Reside; dwell. |
| WOUNDER. | Wonderful. |
| WOUNDRET. | Wondered. |
| WOW. | Woo. |
| WOX. | Waxed. |
| WRACCHIT. | Wretched. |
| WRACCHIT. | Wretched. |
| WRACCHIT. | Wretched. |
| WRACCHIT. | Wretched. |
| WRACCHIT. | Wretched. |
| WRACCHIT. | Wretched. |

| WATIRLLIT. | Unfettered; unrestricted. |
| WNSREMOVIT. | Fixed; unshaken. |
| WNSREMOVIT. | Fixed; unshaken. |
| WNSREMOVIT. | Fixed; unshaken. |
| WNSREMOVIT. | Fixed; unshaken. |
| WNSREMOVIT. | Fixed; unshaken. |

| WRY. | Wrote. |
| WRANGUSLIE. | Wrongfully. |
| WRANGUSLIE. | Wrongfully. |
| WRANGUSLIE. | Wrongfully. |
| WRANGUSLIE. | Wrongfully. |
| WRANGUSLIE. | Wrongfully. |

| UPOUN WRY. | Askant; away from. |
| WRTIS. | Covers; conceals. |
| WUK. | Woke. |
| WYFE. | Woman. |
| WYFE. | Woman. |
| WYFE. | Woman. |
| WYFE. | Woman. |
| WYFE. | Woman. |

| WYLLIS. | Blame. |
| WYLLIS. | Blame. |
| WYLLIS. | Blame. |
| WYLLIS. | Blame. |

| WYN. | Wine; gather in. |
| WYN. | Wine; gather in. |
| WYN. | Wine; gather in. |
| WYN. | Wine; gather in. |

| WYND. | Wound; wrapped. |
| WYND. | Wound; wrapped. |
| WYND. | Wound; wrapped. |

| WYN. | Wine; gather in. |
| WYN. | Wine; gather in. |

| WYST. | Manner. |
| WYST. | Manner. |
| WYST. | Manner. |

| WYSE. | Manner. |
| WYSE. | Manner. |
| WYSE. | Manner. |

| WYSLEA. | More wisely. |
| WYSLEA. | More wisely. |
| WYSLEA. | More wisely. |

<p>| WYSLEA. | More wisely. |
| WYSLEA. | More wisely. |
| WYSLEA. | More wisely. |</p>
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<thead>
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<tr>
<td><strong>WYSLIE.</strong> Decently; becomingly.</td>
<td>3E. Yes; ye.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WYSS.</strong> Manner; fashion; guise.</td>
<td>3EID. Went.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WYTLES.</strong> Innocent; free from blame.</td>
<td>3EILD. Barren.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WYSLIE.</strong> Innocent; free from blame.</td>
<td>3EILL? 1. 3EILL.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WYSS.</strong> Manner; fashion; guise.</td>
<td>3EILL. Ye will.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WYTLES.</strong> Innocent; free from blame.</td>
<td>3EIRM. 3EIRIS. Year; years.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YDILL.</strong> Idle.</td>
<td>3ET, 3ETTIS. Gate; gates.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YDILNIS.</strong> Idleness.</td>
<td>3ING. Young.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YDOLRIE.</strong> Idolatry.</td>
<td>3ISTERNYCHT, v. 3ISTRENE.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YIS.</strong> Ice.</td>
<td>3ISTRENE. Yester-even; last night.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YLE, YLIS.</strong> Island; islands.</td>
<td>3IT. Yet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YMULIS.</strong> Emulous.</td>
<td>3OK. Yoke; ploughshare. pl. 3OKKIS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>YRNE.</strong> Iron. pl. YRNIS.</td>
<td>3OKKIT. Yoked.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Z.</strong></td>
<td>3OLDIN. Yielding.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ZAIREDIS.</strong> Yards.</td>
<td>3OND, 3ONE. Yon; yonder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ZALLOW.</strong> Yellow.</td>
<td>3OUNG. Young; immature.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ZARNING.</strong> Yearning; inclination.</td>
<td>3OUTH, 3OUTHHEID. Youth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ZOW.</strong> You.</td>
<td>3OUTTING. Shouting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ZOWLING.</strong> Howling; yelling.</td>
<td>3OWLING. Howling; yelling.</td>
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43, line 1465 (margin), **for f. 1. read f. 9.**
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61, line 2057, **for langer read langar.**
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74, line 2509, **for trewlie read cleirlie.**
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130, line 4362, **for Lost read Left.**
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131, line 4385, insert comma at end of line.**
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131, line 4386, **dale comma after Epiacum.**
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171, line 5609, **for choisit read cloisit.**
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233, line 7500, **for not read nocht.**
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302, line 9570, **for maik read walk.**
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587, line 18240, **for only read ony.**
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652, line 20123, **for [a] read [ane].**
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192, heading of chapter, **for Ambrosius read Ambrosius.**
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577, heading of chapter, insert comma after "crowning."
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