



УНИВ. БИБЛИОТЕКА
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THE
ALLITERATIVE ROMANCE
OF
ALEXANDER,

FROM
THE UNIQUE MANUSCRIPT IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

EDITED BY
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VICAR OF LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

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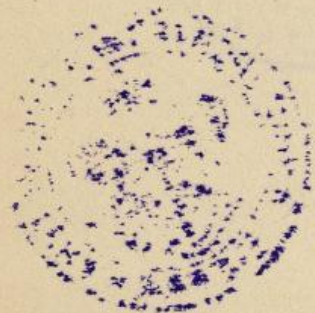
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The Roxburghe Club.

MDCCCXLIX.

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PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

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

† See pp. 109. 137. 161. 192.

‡ See pp. 97. 178.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Fell feole MS.

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

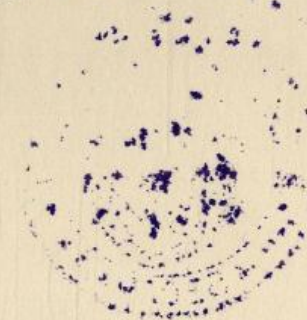
the Werwolf into English verse from the French. If this conjecture be admissible, and there seems every reason to adopt it, the poem, of which this fragment is preserved, must be referred to about the middle of the fourteenth century.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

Leighton Buzzard,
June, 1850.



ALEXANDER.



Romance of Alexander the Great.

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

B



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

Oute in the erth of Egipt/enhabet umquile
 The wysest wees of the werd/as I in writ fynde
 For thai the mesure and the mett/of alle the mulde couthe 25
 The sise of alle the grete see/and of the gryme wawys
 Of the ordere of that odde home/that overe the aire hingis
 Knew the kynd and the curses/of the clere sternys
 Of Articus the aghill/Treairis and othire
 Of the folde and of the firmament/wele the fete cuthe 30
 And Antarticus also/that all apone turnys
 The pasage of the planettes/the poyntes and the sygnes
 Thai ware the kiddest of that craft/knawyn in thaire tyme
 And the sotellest undere son/segis in thaire lyfe
 Thus ware thai breved for the best/as the buke tellis 35
 Alle thai lerid of that o lare/that it lere walde
 As wide as the werd was/went worde of thaire teching
 Of sorcery and slike werkis/sle3tes enoghe
 And the kyng of that contre/was a clerke noble
 The athelest ane of the werd/and Anec was hatten 40
 He was wyse eno3e/wirdis to reken
 When he the hevyn beheld/of lede opon lyfe
 The japis of alle gemetri/gentilli he couth
 And wele as Aristotille/the artis all sewyn
 There preved never nane his prik/for passinge of witt 45
 Plato nor Piktagaras/ne Prektane him selven

Emang his duykis on a day/as he on dese syttis
 Than was him bodword unblyth/bro3t to the sale
 That Artaxenses was armed/with the men of his rewme
 The proud king of Persy/to pase him agayn 50
 Tho3e he tha sawis herd say/3it samyd he na princis
 Ne eft ordand he nane/of na kyd kny3tis
 Bot airis even furth him ane/and entirs his chambre
 To know by his clergi/the come of his faa
 He takis a boll of bras/burneschid fulle clene 55
 And fulle he fillis it of the flode/at felle fraye heven
 On hi3t in his a hand/he haldis a wand
 And kenely be conjurisons/callis to him sprites
 Into this water as he waites/was he ware sone
 Of his enemys in that element/ane endles nombre 60
 He sa3e thame in the hi3e see/sailand togedire
 Was never sene slike a some/undir the son bemys
 Carrygis comand he knew/kervand the ithis
 Dromonde dryfes over the depe/with dukis and erles
 Gales and grete schipis/full of grym wapens 65
 And fulle of breneid bernis/bargis a hundreth
 Of slik a nave is noy/to here or to tell
 For all the largenes of lenth/at he luke my3t
 Slik was the multitude of mast/so mekil and so thiike
 That alle him tho3t bot he treis/a hare wod or myd 70
 At the enteris of Egipt/as Anec had beden
 Ware peris of his provynce/and princes of his cytes
 Was comandid of thaire kyng/to kepe tha landis
 That nane aproche it to paire/of Persy ne othir
 Than was a wardane ware/oute in the wale stremys 75
 Of all the nave and the note/I nevenyd before

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

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

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

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



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

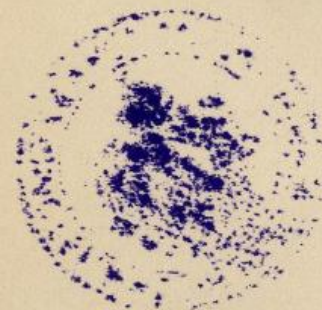
Secundus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

To the chefe chaier of the qwene/he chese him belyve
 And laide as hendly as a hunde/his hede in hir arme
 Sethin kyssis he hir clene mouthe/inclynes hir lawe 495
 And braydis with a brym bre/out at the brade 3ates
 Then sayd Philip to his fere/and alle his fre gestis
 3one selfe dragon forsothe/I sa3e with myne e3en
 Quen I was stad in the stoure/he strenthid alle myne oste
 And there the floure in the filde/I fangid thur3e him selfe 500
 Anothir ferly ther fell/within fewe days
 The king was sett in his sale/with septer in hand
 Then come ther in a litill brid/into his arme fle3e
 And ther hurkils and hydis/as sche were hand-tame
 Fast scho flekirs about his fete/and fle3tirs aboute 505
 And ther it nestild in a noke/as it a nest were
 Qwill scho had layd in his lappe/a litille tine egg
 And than scho fangis hir flizt/and flo3e away swyth
 This egg or the kyng wyst/to the erth fallis
 Brak and so it wele burde/and brast all esoundir 510
 Than wendis ther out a litill worme/and wald it eft enter
 And or scho hit in hir hede/a hard deth suffirs
 Than was sir Philip of that fare/ferly mekill sturbid
 Callis to him a kid clerke/declaris to him this wonder
 Beso3t him quat it sygnified/to tell him the treuthe 515
 That graunt I gudly quoth the gome/and thus gate he spekes
 Sire there salle borne be a barne/of thi blithe lady
 That dri3tyn eftir thi day/has destaned to regne
 The quilke sall walke alle the werde/and wyne it himselfe
 And hent salle a full hetire werth/or he may hame cover 520
 Thus he undid him ilka a dele/and him the dome reched
 Said it was sett to be so/he sa3e by his artes

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

Tercius Passus Alexandri.

Now it test the tyme/at travaid that qwene 525
 Quen scho suld bryng furth/hir birth to the werd
 Scho bidis many hard brayde/baret endures
 What of wandreth and wa/as wemen dose alle
 Thik schouris hir thrat/tholid mekill soro3e
 Many peralus pull/grete payne suffirs 530
 Sa sare werkis hire the wame/and slik unwyn dreis
 That all scho dredis hir dede/and doute for the werst
 Than efter Anectanabus/scho on ane clepis
 And he was boune at hire bode/and bowes to hire chamber
 Gais him up at the gree/and gretes him faire 535
 Fond hire sett in a sege/and soro3e ay elike
 A Anec quoth the qwene/me ar3es of my selfe
 I am alle in aunter/sa akis me the wame
 Of werke well ne I wede/and slike wa tholis
 That me ware derer to be dede/and dure thus on lyfe 540
 3a wynnes 3ow up quoth the we/and walkis a littill
 For the aire nowe and the elementes/ere evyn in this tyme
 So travailid out of temperoure/and troubild of the sone
 That makes thi grippis and thi gridis/a grete dele the kenere
 Than faris scho up and farkis furth/a fute or tway 545
 And sone sesis all hire syte/in a sete quyle
 Now bod the doune quoth the berne/and scho his bone fillis
 And syttand so in hir sege/was softly delyvered

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

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

3it it tellis me this tale/the tethe in his hede
 Was as bitand breme/as any bare tuskis 610
 His stevyn stiffe was steryn/that stonayd many
 And as a lyon he lete/quen he loude romys
 His felle fygoure and his fourme/fully betakend
 The prowis and the grete pryse/that he aprevyd eftire
 His hardynes his hyndelaike/and his hetter my3tes 615
 The wirschip that he wan/quen he wex eldire
 Than sembled his syb menne/be sent of thame alle
 To consaile of this kyng son/how thai him call suld
 And so him nevynd was the name/of his next frendis
 Alexsandire the athill/be allirs acorde 620
 Than was he lede furthe belyfe/to lere at the scole
 As sone as to that sapience/himself was of elde
 Onane unto Arystotill/that was his awen maister
 And one of the coronest clerkes/that ever knew letter
 Than was he bro3t to a benke/a boke in his hand 625
 And faste by his enfourme/was fettild his place
 For it come no3t a kyng son/3e knaw wele to sytt
 Doune in margone and molle/emange othir shrewis
 Sone wax he witter and wyse/and wonder wele leres
 Sped him in a schort space/to spell and to rede 630
 And sethen to gramer he gase/as the gyse wald
 And that has he alle hale/in a hand quyle
 In foure or in fyfe 3ere/he ferre was in lare
 Than othir at had bene thare/sevynte wynter
 That he suld passe him in that plite/unpussible semed 635
 Bot at god will at gaa furth/qua may agayn stande
 In absens of Arystotill/if any of his feris
 Raged with him unridly/or rofe him with harme

Him wald he kenely on the croune/knok with his tablis
 That alto brest wald the bordis/and the blode folowe 640
 If any scolere in the scole/his skorne at him makis
 He skapis him fulle skathely/bot if he skyppe better
 Thus with his feris he fast/as I fynd wretene
 As wele in letter and in lare/as any laike ellis
 Thus skillfulle lange he scolaid/and the scole used 645
 Till he was evyn of elde/ellevyn wynter
 He had na pere in na place/that proved so his tyme
 For the principalte of all the pake/he of aprefe wynnys
 And qwen it te3t to the tyme/of ten 3ere of age
 Then was him kend of the kynde/and craft of bataile 650
 Wele and wistly in were/to welden a spere
 A preke one a proude stede/proudly enarmed
 That lare was him lefe to/and lerid in a qwile
 Was there na lede to him like/within a fewe 3eris
 So chevalres a cheftan/he chevys in a stonde 655
 That in aunters of armes/all men he passes
 Quen Philip see him sa fers/in his first elde
 His hert and his hardyness/hizely he lofed
 Comendid mekill his kny3thede/and him callid one a day
 Betwene tham selfe one a tyme/and talkis thir wordis 660
 Alexander quoth the kyng/I angirly prayse
 Thi wirschip thi worthines/thi wit and thi strenth
 Es nane so teche of thi tyme/to tryi now o lyfe
 How suld I lede for thi lofe/bot lufe the in hert
 Bot I am sary for sothe/my sonne at thi fourme 665
 Is lickened one na lymme/ne like to my selfe
 Oft storbis me thi statore/and stingis me 3erne
 That thi personale proporcion/sa party is to myne

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

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

Sa ma aydens quoth that othire man/thou tellis me treuthe
 Son this ensample of thiselfe/thou sais me I trowe 730
 Unbehalde the wele one ilk halfe/and have a gud e3e
 Les on thine ane here efterward/thine ossynges list
 Than Ale3ander alle in ire/angrile spekis
 Hy the hethenward thou hathill/and hove thou na langir
 For nathing as anente me/thou has no3t to mell 735
 Ne with thi domes me to dele/dole undire sonne
 Nowe is sir Nicollas anoyed/and nettild with ire
 As wrath as waspe/and wode of his mynde
 Reviles he this othir renke/with unrid speche
 Behald quoth he hedirward/and herken how I say 740
 Now be the hert and the hele/of my hathill fadire
 And be the God quoth the gome/that gafe me the saule
 Asprent my spittyng/a speeke one thi chere
 Thou sall be di3t to the deth/and drepid of my handis
 Quen he had spoken so for spyte/he spittes in his face 745
 Dispises him despetously/dispersons him foule
 Hent the thare quoth the hatill/as the to harme semes
 Cure for thi kene carpe/chache nowe a schame
 Than went him furthe Alexander/and his ande takis
 Lete aswage or he sware/the swelme of his angirs 750
 Bese3is him how he say wold/or he his sa3e 3eld
 And turnes him then to the tulke/and talkis thire wordis
 For thou has no3ted me now/Nicollas he sayd
 I swere the be my syre saule/and by his selfe pite
 And be the worthe wombe/of my wale modre 755
 That I was geten in of gode/and graithely consayved
 Thou seis me lede or o3t lange/in thi lande armed
 And othire recovyre me thi rewme/or reche up the girdille

Than set thai tham slike a day/to semble and to f3t
 And therto take up thair trouthis/and twyned esoundre 760
 Then 3ode him furthe the 3ong manne/3apeli and swythe
 Into the marche of Messedone/and manly asemblis
 Of saudiours and sekir men/a somme out of nombre
 That was the baldest and the best/breveyd in armes
 He perrails him a proude ost/of princes and othire 765
 Farkes to sir Philip/and fangis his leve
 And than Bocifilas his blonke/he bremely ascendis
 And bounes on with his bataill/out at the brade 3ates
 The same day at was sett/the sembling of bathe
 Aithire with a firs flote/in the fild metis 770
 The nounbre of sir Nicollas/it noyes me to reken
 And Alexander was ane oste/of angird many
 With that thai take up thaire trompes/apone the twa sidis
 Braidis banars abraide/buskis to mete
 So kinlid the clarons/that alle the cliffe rynges 775
 The holtes and the haire heer/and the hillis schevyr
 Ilk a hathill to hors/h3is him belyve
 Stridis into stele-bowe/sterts apon loft
 Has a helme one his hede/and honge over his swyre
 A schene schendirhand schild/and a schaft hentis 780
 Quat of stamping of stedis/and stering of bernis
 Alle dymed the dale/and the dust ryres
 With slik a bront and a brusche/the bataille asembild
 As the erth and alle the elmentes/at anes had wrestild
 Now aithir stoure on ther stedis/strikis togedir 785
 Spurnes out spakly/with speris in hand
 Breks into blasons/bordren shildis
 Beris into bri3t stele/bitand lances

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

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

Quat now quoth athill Alexander/quat ailis the to falle
 Has thou na force in thi fete/ne fele of thi selfe 850
 For a freke to be ferd/or afraid outhire
 And thou the governor of Grece/that ware grete wondire
 Then sittis he doune in that tene/the tablis ilk ane
 Out of the halle be [her] hare/halis he the bride
 And so the wee in his wreth/wrekis his modire 855
 And Philip faln sare seke/and alle the fest strubled
 As sone as Alexander/of angir he slakis
 He lendis o loft to the lede/a litille days eftire
 Cairis up with comfurth/the kyng for to vysite
 He comes to the curten/and carpis this wordis 860
 Philip quoth this ilke freke/and forwort him standis
 Thof it unsemely me sytt/the so for to calle
 Nojt as thi suget and thi son/my sawe I the 3elde
 Bot as a felawe or a frynde/fallis to anothire
 Sire latt thi wreth awai wende/and with thi wyfe sa3till 865
 And the los of Lesias/litille thou charge
 I did bot my devir/to drepe him me thinke
 For it awe him nojt sa openly/slike ossing to make
 And sir unworthely thou wrojt/and that thou wele knawis
 Quen thou was boune with a brand/my bodi to schende 870
 Then rewis the riche kyng/of unride werkis
 Blischis up to the berne/and braste out at grete
 Then airis him one Alexander/to his awen modir
 Bees not agloped madame/ne greved at my fadire
 If all 3e synned him besyde/as youre selfe knawis 875
 Thereof na we may wite/it was godis will
 With that he fengis hire furthe/to Philip hire ledis
 And he comly hire kist/and cordis with hire faire

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

Quintus Passus Alexandri.

Sone efter in a seson/as the buke sais
 Come drivand fra Darius/the deyne empereure
 Heraudes on he3e hors/hendly arayed
 To sir Philip the fers/to feche their trouage
 Litille kyngis there come/as the clause tellis 885
 Li3t doune at the loge/ and their blonkis leves
 Caires in to the curte/to crave him thair dettes
 Touchis titly thair tale/and tribute him askis
 3a caires hame quoth Alexander/agayne to 3our kithes
 And sais 3our maister he make/na ma sandis 890
 For sen Philip had a fresch sonn/that fast now encressis
 That bees nojt suffird I suppose/nane slike him to 3elde
 For sais 3oure lord the lefe henne/that laide hir first egg
 Hire bodie nowe with baraute/is barely consumede
 And is Darius so of his dett/duly depryved 895
 And be this titill him tellis/na tribute him fallis
 Then mervalid tham the messangirs/mekill of his speche
 His witt and his wisdom/wonderly praysed
 Faire at sir Philip the fers/fangen thai ther leve
 And syne clene of alle the curte/and caris to ther landis 900
 To the palais of the proude kyng/to Persie thai went
 Dose tham in to Darius/ther he one dese syttes
 And telles him how his trouage/is tynt altogedire
 As Alexander awyne mouth/had thame alle enfourmed

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

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

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

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

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

He laches it the l3tlyere/as was the les wondir 1055
 Than kaires he fra the contres/and kerve over the stremes
 Furthe to Frantites he ferd/slike a ferre ile
 Seches ther to a synagoge/himselfe and his princes
 Amon ther awen god/at thai honoure my3t
 And so to the temple as he t3t/with his tid erles 1060
 Than metis him myddis the way/was mervale to sene
 A hert with a huge hede/the hareest one erthe
 Was to behald as a harow/forhelid over the tyndis
 Andthane comande him the kyng/kenely to schote
 Bot ther was na man so nemyll/that him hit couthe 1065
 A hilla haile quoth Alexander/and him a narawe hent
 Dro3e and at the first dra3te/him drepid for evir
 Fra thethen to this ilk day/than is that ilke place
 The stede ther this stith mane/strikes this hert
 Sagittarius forsoth/men gafe it to name 1070
 And wille do for that ilk werk/ay qwen the werd turnes
 Then aires him one sir Alexander/tille Amone temple
 Offirs to his awen gode/and honours him faire
 Gevys him garsons of gold/and of gud stanes
 And hald hestes him to hete/him hetterly besekis 1075
 Than passes he thethen with his princes/to sich a place wends
 Capho Resey we rede/the romaunce.it callis
 And therein fyndes him the freke/fyftene burghes
 And glidane to the grete see/xij grymme waters
 Of ilka bilde sais the buke/barred was the 3ates 1080
 Stoken stifly without/with staplis and cheynes
 Thare lengis him lefe the kyng/and logis alle a neven
 And sacrifyce ther eftsones/to many sere godis
 The same n3t in his slepe/Seraphis aperis

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

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

Sextus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

To tell thaire torfer entyre/it taryed me swythe
 Bot so the mode Mellager/and his men feztis
 That sir Beritius the bald/thai bretned to dethe
 And Sampson on this side/was slay ther agaynys

Then mournes all the Messedones/and mayntene him 3erne 1265
 Makis ther mane for that man/and many othire noble
 For maistris and mynistris/menere and grettere
 That was in morsels magged/and martrid a hundrethe
 And that left ware one lyfe/bot a litille me3ne
 Ware als malstrid and mased/and mated of thaire strenthes 1270
 Sa waike and so wyndles/and wery forfo3ten
 That thai were wille in this werd/qwat thai worthe sulde
 Sir Meliager and othir maa/mayned were sare
 Alle bebled and tobrissid/that ne3e ther breth failes
 Thai ware sa feble and sa faynt/and fulle of thame selfe 1275
 That alle in fere was in fourme/the filde for to 3elde

Than aires him forth Arestes/was angrily wondid
 To Alexander onone/thas auntirs him tellis
 The morth of alle the Messedone/and of the many Grekis
 Rekens him ther resons/that reuthe was to here 1280
 With that the semely kyng/chacches his bernies
 Semblis him a huge somme/and fra the sege wendis
 The toure of Tire and the toune/titly he leves
 And joynes him to Josaphat/fulle joyles he rydes
 Ay he gretes as he gase/for grefe of his kny3tes 1285
 Ay he pleynys as he passes/the pite of his erlis
 Ay he wepis as he wendis/for his wale princes
 And soveraynly for Sampson/he sorowis ay elike

Whenne he was tane toward Tyre/toward the vaile
 The werke at he wro3t hadde/that water whytin 1290

That he had sett in the see/the cite without
 Ther in he lefte had a lede/the loge for to kepe
 Bot than sir Balaan a berne/at in the bur3e lengis
 Ane of the terandes of Tyre/atyres him belyve
 Buskes him in breneis/with big men of armes 1295
 With trammes and with tribochetes/the tild to asaile
 He bekirs out at the bild/within the bur3e wallis
 And thai without in the werke/wi3tly defendis
 Schot sharply betwene/schoures of dartis
 Weeis wondirly wele/werpis out stanes 1300
 Bot Balaa in the barmekene/sa bitterly f3ztis
 Alle tocombirs tham clene/with cast of engynes
 Sone the top of the toure/he tiltes into the water
 And all the tulkis in the tilde/he termens olive
 And than in bates and in bargis/he bownes him swyth 1305
 To the bothum of the baistelle/he buskis him withalle
 Bretens doune alle the bild/and the bernys quellis
 Drenches hire in the hi3e see/and drawis hire on hepis
 Quen it was smeten in smalle/with the smert wazes
 Ilka gobet his gate/glidis fra othire 1310
 Thus was the strenth ilk stike/was in a stounde wasted
 And Balaa bowis into the bur3e/and barris to the 3ates
 Be this oure kyng with his kni3t/is comen into the vaile
 Alexander with ane ost/his kni3tes to help
 Fyndis a fewe of his folke/fe3taned 3erne 1315
 And ay a segge be himselfe/sett alle a hundreth
 With that Bucifalon his blonke/he brased in the side
 Springis out with a spere/spillis at the gaynest
 Ridis even thur3e the route/ther rankest thai were
 Be rawe of ther rabetes/he ruschid to the erthe 1320

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

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

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

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

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

Septimus Passus Alexandri.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Octabus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Donus Passus Alexandri.

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

And passis on to Persy/the princes to schewe
 Than Alexander belyve/with his athill dukis 2030
 Rais him radly to ride/and remowis his ost
 Fra the streme of Struma he strejtes/and still mournes
 And mevis him toward Messedone/his moder to visit
 He aires thurje Arabie/and armed ther he findis
 A duke of Darys the kyng/that drafe him agayne 2035
 A pere out of Persy/and prince of his ost
 A maister man in tha marches/Amont was hatten
 He girdis him with a ginge/the Grekis he asailes
 With Alexander alle day/asperly fejtis
 Marres of the Messedons/mi3tfulle kni3ts 2040
 Dinges down of the dukes/deris tham unfaire
 Fra morne to the mirke ni3t/maynly tha cocken
 Sejes down on aythir side/segis out of noimbre
 Begynnys sone in the gray day/as any gleme springes
 And so to sett of the son/sesid thai nevir 2045
 Thus thre dais out a thraw/thai threpe ay elike
 So lange sais me the lyne/lastid the bataille
 Sike scoures were of blude/of schondirhede bernas
 That foles ferd in the flosches/to the fetelakis
 Sa store and stithe was the stoure/the story me tellis 2050
 That for soro3e of the si3t/the son one the heven
 Kest away his clerete/and his clippis suffirs
 For bale to blische on the blode/at on the bent flo3es
 With that oure gomes out of Grece/gedirs up ther hertes
 Fey fallis in the filde/fele of thire othire 2055
 The powwere of Persy/in partis many
 Sejes sidlings down/slayn of thaire blonkes
 And quen the duke of sir Darys/tha dedis behaldes

Amonta the mi3tfulle/his men than he fanges
 And uneth limpid him the lee/the lyne me recordes 2060
 Fra his faes with a fewe/the filde to devoide
 And slike a pas sais the prose/to Persy he ridis
 That hit the selfe sandismen/he in the sale fyndis
 That fra the streme of Sturma/were apon stedis wysed
 Fra Alexander and his ost/with his athille pistill 2065
 And 3it sire Dary on his dese/tha dities avisis
 Held the letter in his love/at at the ledis fraynes
 Quat he said of the sedis/that he himselfe sent
 And thai swiftly him sward/and swyth thus him tellis
 The king him ka3t quoth the kni3ts/and on the cornes bites 2070
 And wele he geses be the graynes/3oure gomes ere fele
 Bot a thing he said he sa3e/that solast him maste
 Thai ware bot soft he suposed/for so the sede proved
 Than pullis him up the proude kyng/and on tlie pepir tastes
 Said as it tuke him by the tonge/his tulkis ere fewe 2075
 Bot be his kni3ts as kene/as me this cornes shewis
 Al the werd ware to waike/his wrothe hert to stand
 The mody man Amonta/than melis thir wordis
 3is he ledis bot a lite/lord with 3oure lefe
 There is bot fewe at him folo3es/bot fejtand bernas 2080
 Bot mare fersere in feld/felle nevir of modire
 For I my selfe with a sowme/set thaim agayns
 With of the Persyns proude/a pake out of noimbre
 Fewire than his folke/be fulle fyve thousand
 And 3it us fell aile to ferre/the faynter to worthe 2085
 For thai have hedid of oure hathils/and a hepe woundid
 Fey falne to the fold/many fers erlis
 Bet down oure bachelers/my baner torased

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

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

To take and leve quat him list/and lendis one forthire
 Then wyndis he to a wath toune/was Wyothy hatten 2150
 And come so to Caldipol/another kid cite
 So to the Water of Winter/as it the writte callis
 Thare nere was fey for defaute/enfamyschist his ost
 Knizts kest up a crie/and kenely tham meves
 Loo oure foles ere in fere/fodeles to dye 2155
 Thai pleyne more the poverte/and the pite of ther horsis
 Than the soro3e of tham selfe/by the sevynt parte
 Quat ailes 3ow quoth Alexander/to his athill dukes
 Mi barons and my baratorus/the biggest in erthe
 That has the angwisch of armes/ay to now suffird 2160
 Quethire evire 3owre hertes I hope/for horsys abates
 May us no3t limp if any life/lenge in oire brestes
 To covir be cas at a cleke/courseres a thousande
 And us domed be the dome/to die of the werde
 Than standis in stede no3t of a stra/alle the store stedis 2165
 Forthi I rede quoth the renke/we ride one forthire
 And pas to sum othir place/thare plente is in
 That we may fange at the fulle/the fude at us wantes
 Than prekis he furth with his princes/to slike a playn wendes
 Luctus it hizt the leiterure/and the line thus it callis 2170
 Thare his forayouris fand/the fulth of vitaille
 Bathe to berne and to blonk/bide quen him likid
 When he was fulle thare and fedd/he flittes with his ost
 To Tergarontes he te3e/thare tizt was a mynstre
 He pi3t doun his pavilion/and passis to the temple 2175
 Sire Appoline to adoure/and othir odde goddis
 To offir in that oritorie/with honore he wyndis
 And sum of tham at to spire/how he spede suld

Bot sone ane 3acora him said/a semely summe
 Than was nane honoure of answaringes/bot on another bide 2180
 Than dose him furth the dere king/and on the day efter
 He se3is to the synagog/and sacrife makes
 And Appoline als belive/him aykeywordly swaris
 Sire Ercules the emperoure/he evir in ane callis
 Than Alexander alle in ire/angrily spekis 2185
 Now fynd I wele quoth the freke/that fals ere thi wordis
 Now thou nevyns me a new name/at I nevir hizt
 And thou a god quoth the gome/that is grete joye
 Than sekis he furth with a somme/and to a cite wyndis
 The toun Thebea/the Creces it callis 2190
 And thare he biddis alle the bur3e/that foure bald kniztes
 Suld be lett with him lende/and lenge in his weris
 Then tened the Thebees folke/and tynd to the 3atis
 And to withstand his strenthe/ste3id to the wallis
 Bad him bowe one belyve/and bide thare na laingire 2195
 For if he did withouten dome/the deth thai him hizt
 Than fangis him up the fell kyng/a fuylle feyned la3ter
 Said 3e of Tebet ere tried/the techiest on erth
 Of all the seggis undir sonne/that citizens hatt
 Mast hi3e 3e ere hersid/and herid of 3oure strenthe 2200
 And now sa 3ape men as 3e/the 3atis hase stoken
 And me and the prудdest of my princes/proferne us werre
 And at 3e so will iwis/wondir me thinke
 For thus wald never at 3e wro3t/the wirschip of armes
 It contraries knizthede/3e knaw wele 3ore selfe 2205
 To any wi3t werriours/in wallis tham to close
 For he that kid is and kene/and covettes a name
 Will fe3t fersely in filde/his famen agayns

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

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

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

Duse him in with his dukis/to Dyanaas temple
 And fand a pure prophetas/aparaild in vailes 2300
 And scho as sone as scho him sa3e/said him ther wordes
 Welcom we at alle the werd/salle wyn with thi handes
 The secund day before the sonn/he at the cite wildide
 Into the temple he turned/tythand to herken
 Quat ware thi will sire to wete/the woman frayned 2305
 Thou lesis all thi lordschip/within a lite dais
 Quat and has thou ossed to Alexander/this ayndain wirtes
 And me thus ille unably/thine abet thou weris
 Nay tene 3ou no3t for treuly/thus tide bose it nede
 And so it worthid for in a wrath/the wale kyng swythe 2310
 Him of his principalete prived/and than the prince fondis
 Onane to Athenas/and one the athille playntes
 And thai said soure suld him sewe/bot he the cite 3eld
 And Alexander with his osten/aires on forthire
 Ateynes him toward the termes/and of ther tene heres 2315
 And slike a word he thaim waynes/be writ fra himself
 And qua so will has to wete/how it worthid efter
 Here sall I telle tham at loves/to here forthire

Decimus Passus Alexandri.

I Alexander the aire/and eldest childe hattene
 Of kyng Philip the fers/that fest am in Grece 2320
 And of the quene Olimpades/the oddest under heven
 To all 3ow of Athenes/thus etill I my sa3es
 Fra that my fader was fey/and farne out o lyve
 And I was sett in his sege/with septour to regne

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

I beseke 3ow now my citizens/if that 3e safe vouche 2355
 Bot sobirly a sete quile/my sa3es for to here
 Sirs if ye fele 3ow so fers/his force to withstand
 Aires agaynes him with armes/admitts no3t his sa3es
 And if 3e fynde 3e be to faynt/fulfillis his will
 Unto his mekill majeste/mekely 3ow bowe 2360
 For Sexes in sum time/surmountid alle kynges
 3it lij3 he law at the last/for alle his lethir pride
 Bot Alexander with his armee/in alkin rewmys
 Has happend 3it ai hedire/to the herre of his faes
 Unnombirable ere the notes/to neven of his weres 2365
 And 3it betid never the time/that evir tuke he schame
 Ware no3t the tulkis out of Tire/the tidiest on erth
 The kiddest kniztes to acount/undir the cape of heven
 Quat bathe for corage and kene/and connyng in armes
 Loke quare it profet tham a pease/alle thair proud strenth 2370
 Was no3t the Thebes therto/the threest of othir
 The worthiest wees of the werd/and of witt clerest
 Fra that thair cites ware sett/the sotelest of weres
 Quat servyd alle thar sapienc/or sle3t of batalle
 Of Poliponenses the pupill/with this prince fo3tene 2375
 And that tham lethirly con like/by the latter ende
 For ther the king of thair kythe/was killid doun and heded
 His renkis raymed alle the route/and alle the rewme 3olden
 Wate 3e no3t wele thur3e alle the werd/how werdes with him cheves
 Hase he no3t cites butt saute/sesynd out of noimbre 2380
 And for Strasagirs the strange/he of his strenth prived
 3e meve al thus malicoly/his majeste agayn
 Thare do 3e no3t 3oure devire/that dare I wele prove
 It was the gilt alle of the gome/and no3t of the gud lorde

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Undecimus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duodecimus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

And to his palais apart/with princes him ledis
 Thaire aires him in sir Alexander/and alle thus he thinkes
 This ilke barbryn berne/grete bente me schewys
 That here thus hyndly be the hand/ledis to his innes 2920
 This hame with help of my god/I have sall he[r]efer
 So silis he furth with the sire/into a somere halle
 Thare sesonde was a soper/the sotelast undire heven
 Sire Darius drawis to the dese/and other dere princes
 Settes this sire with himselfe/lete serve thaim togedire 2925
 That bild was all of brynt gold/as the buke tellis
 With the bath the bordis and the benkes/beten of that ilke
 The wesselle to vyse on/was verraly the same
 And alle the sale of a sute/set full of stanes
 The popille of Persy/apon this prince waitis 2930
 The litillaike of his like/lathely that thai spyse
 Bot the wisdom and the worthenes/and of the wale thewis
 That in that cors was enclosed/kend thai fulle litill
 Butlers fulle besely/bro3t up the wyne
 In grete goblettes of golde/graythid fulle of 3ymmes 2935
 And Alexander belyve/as he had ay dronkene
 With that he clekis up the coupe/and puttes in his bosom
 Anothire boll was him bro3t/and bathe he devoydid
 And 3et he threw to the third/and thrast in thare efter
 Sone as the clientes that knew/at of the coupe served 2940
 Thai knele down before the kynge/and him the cas tald
 Than has sire Dary dedeyne/and derfely he lokes
 Rsys him up renysche/and re3t in his sete
 Quat faris thou with quoth he frynde/a fone the besemes
 Quy voydis thou my veselle/it is a vile schame 2945
 Sire it is the custum quoth the kni3t/in oure kynges fest

That be it ane be it othir/that thai of drinke
 The gestis sall have the goblettes/and thaim gud thenke
 To wild and wende with away/and wirke quat thaim likes
 Bot sen this use is here unhonoureaable/here I thaim leve 2950
 Bradis thaim furth withouten bade/the butlers thaim yeldes
 Now sothely quoth than ilk a segge/softly togedire
 This maner at he melis of/is menskefulle and noble
 Than was thare ane proude pere/a prince at the table
 Anepo that on Alexander/alle way behaldis 2955
 Than mynes him anes in Messedone/he had the man sene
 Quen he was sent to his syre/to feche thaire trouage
 His vertuse and his vysage/his voise he remembris
 His forme and his fetoure/his figoure avysis
 He studis and he stuynes/he stemes within 2960
 Is this no3t Philip sonn the firs/the fedare of Grece
 With that he sle3ly up so3t/and his sete levys
 Dro3e him evyn to sire Dary/thare he on dese bydis
 Said surely sire this sandisman/that sittes 3ow beforne
 Is Alexander him awen self/or alle myn ame faillis 2965
 Sone this governore of Grece/is of this gaude ware
 He torkans with and undirtuke/he touched of himselfe
 Herd a nyngkiling of his name/and naytes him to ryse
 Buskis him up at a braide/and fra the burde rysis
 He tas a torche fra a tulke/that by the table standis 2970
 Felly fangis it in his fist/and to his fole wyndis
 Fyndis him faire him before/thare he him feste hade
 Ra3t him radly the reyne/and one his rige worthis
 With that he brochis his blonke/that the blode fames
 Sparis out spacy/as sparke out of gledis 2975
 Be the li3t at he led/laches he the way



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

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

Terciusdecimus Passus Alexandri.

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

He spynnes him out a grete space/fra his peris alle
 Covers him full clenly/and closed in his gere 3035
 The power out of Persy/quen thay the prince sa3e
 Frayed was of his forme/so ferdfulle him semede
 Now ere the batails bonne/with braggins in trumpis
 The breme bemen blaste/beres to the welken
 Alexander allethire first/on thaim alle he settes 3040
 And aithire ward at a wapp/wi3tly injoynes
 Archirs and alle men/asperly fi3tes
 Thare was justing ojoy/jopous atamed
 Siles down on aithire side/selcuth kni3tes
 Sum darid sum dede/sum depe wondid 3045
 So felle fi3t was of flans/as I fynd wreten
 Of arrowis and of alle quat/that alle the aire blindid
 Hogere on to behald/than of haile stanes
 And alle the fild fulle of folke/fyve mile large
 Als sone as the son up so3t/the sla3tere begynnes 3050
 And so to the sonnesett/slakid thai nevir
 Be that the barbryne blode/began to discende
 The proudest of the Persyns/past out of lyve
 Sone as sir Dary it devysid/and se3is his foke faile
 With that he bedis tham the bake/and bidis na langer 3055
 Then quen thai fange to 3e fi3t/was furth in with evyn
 And mirke out of mesure/na man thaim apered
 Forthi the chariotes in the chace/choppid thaim to deth
 The cartes that I carpid of/with the kene sythis
 Thare fell as fele tham before/of fotemen and othire 3060
 As risoms in a ranke fild/quen riders it spillen
 Sire Dary dryve in the derke/and his douth folows
 Gaes him on to Grantun/unto the grete burne

Fand it frosen him before/as fell for the time
 Past him on with his pers/a pake out of nombre 3065
 His folke fellis alle the flode/a forelange o brede
 The streme fra the a strande/stre3t to that othire
 Sone fra himself was at the side/it wonders behind
 And alle at lent ware on loft/loste ther the swete
 Thus many deed that day/as the buke tellis 3070
 Of pollis out of Persye/withouten the Grekis
 Thre hundreth 00l. thra men/that thrarved thaire lyves
 With the fooles and the folke/that the flode drowned
 This seiniore out of Susys/to his cite wendis
 Fallis down on his face/flat in the sale 3075
 War is me quoth he wriche/wa is me unhappy
 Si3is selcuthely sare/and sadly he wepis
 I that was stra3t to the sternes/am streken now to grond
 Now cratone now caitefe/now am I kast undir
 That had of the orient alle ovir/homage umqwile 3080
 Wist any we quat him suld worth/this werld wald he leve
 Full sympill in a sete qwile/seke to the cloudes
 And thai at mast ere of mi3t/smyten alle to poudire
 With that reufully he rase/and renkes out he sendis
 To Alexander belyve/and alle slike a pistill 3085
 I drery kynge on my dese/Darius of Persy
 To Alexander that aire/that alle has to wilde
 The lege lord of my lyfe/to lose or to save
 Thus send I to my soverayne/salutes and joy
 So wyde is the wisdom/that wonnes in 3our saule 3090
 That wele 3e wate of alle men/at I worthed here before
 Of alle the notes that ere now/and quat on next sewes
 Forthi 3our werke ay be witt/3e wirke unreproved

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

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

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

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

Quartusdecimus Passus Alexandri.

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

Than 3ode thai furthe and un3arkid/the 3ates of the cite 3210
 Resayves him full riallly/with reverence and joy
 Said welcum be thou werriore/that alle the erd loutes
 Sone as ther weried wijtes/was ware of hes come
 That slo3e so thaire soverayne/that nevir sake hadd
 Thai he3e thaim to holes and hyrnes/and hydis thaim belyve 3215
 Tho3t or thai wist of his will/thai wald no3t apere
 Than gase he up be degrece/the Grecen maister
 Passis into the palais/a paradyce semed
 Was on the make of that mote/no3t mervalled a litille
 That compast was of Cusys/that kynge was of Persy 3220
 The flore undire the fote/fynely was paved
 Coverd alle of cristall/and othire clere stanes
 3it ware the wawes of the wanes/wro3t as I rede
 Polischid alle of pure gold/and of plate werkes
 And that was streken fulle of sternys/and of sere gemmys 3225
 With bri3t blasynand bees/as bemes of the sonn
 The hathille hedis up on he3e/and hogely he wondirs
 That evir suld emperoure in erth/slike ane herde wild
 Quen he had ferlyd his fill/apon that faire hame
 Thurjeout the sale than he so3t/into the selfe chambre 2230
 Thare quare the lord in lay/with laythely woundis
 Girdid out as gutars/in grete gille stremes
 3it was thare lyfe in his like/litill if it semed
 At ilk blast of his breth/the blode fra him glidis
 Sire Alexander him avysis/and authly him thinkes 3235
 The pure pete of his payne/persid his hert
 Than nymes he fra his awyn neke/an emperours mantille
 And that he covirs ovir the kyng/and claspis him in armes
 With grym gretyng and gro/and grysely terys

Bad comfurth the sire conquirour/and of thi care ryse 3240
 Don azayne the dignite/the diademe of Pers
 And alle the ri3ts of thi rewme/resayve as before
 My pure powarfull gods/I prestly pavoure
 Thine empire and thine erytage/enterely the to yeld
 Suld never na gome be to glade/thofe he grete ware 3245
 Of his ne3bour noy/enentes himselfe
 Quen fortune foundis him fra/and him the fete schewis
 And alle the welth him atwendis/and the werd changis
 Bringe furth thi banes and with my brand/I salle the dede venge
 This sa3e sobband he said/and the segge wakyns 3250
 Hyndely hildis him up/and his hand kyssis
 The brest and the bare necke/and breves thire wordis
 A Alexander athille faie/and angrily granys
 The depe distruccon of 3our dome/has many day been knawyn
 That alle the welth of the world/worthis at the last 3255
 To caryayne and corrupcon/clene alletogedir
 The warnes of thi wale god/that wist alle before
 And fully feld alle the fare/that falle suld on erthe
 On this maner made he man/thur3e his mi3t first
 Suld no3t be foun in him fast/ne ferme ne stable 3260
 Bot hovande here a handqwile/and hing and in payse
 Now in levelle now on loft/now on lawe undire
 All werdly thing iwis/thur3e the wille of oure lord
 Into the contrare clene/is at a clampe turned
 For had he wor3t ay to wees/welth and na nothir 3265
 So grete had bene vayne glorie/glotomy and pride
 Suld nane have gessid that grace/come of God bot of thaim selfe
 So fra the makar o mold/suld many man have erryd
 So feyle had bene the frelettes/folo3and oure kynd

We had bene drawn alle bedene/into disspaire clene 3270
 And of the godness of God/nojt a grew traisted
 Forthi he wald of his wille/werke to be changand
 That quen a hathill ware ovire hi3e/in happ and in welthe
 That he knew nojt his creatoure/bicause of his pride
 In to the dike of debounte/droune bud him nede 3275
 This was his will at it worthid/wene thou nan othir
 The gome his god at forgatt/for any grace here
 His welth to wite alle away/and wickidnes apere
 To ken the caytefe to knaw/qua caused him on first
 The same ensampill of myselfe/now is betid thou sees 3280
 So grete I grew of my gods/and gold in my cofirs
 That kindly gods creatoure/I kend nojt myselfe
 Bot for his felo3e and his fere/faithly me leved
 Thus prosperite and pride/so purely me blyndid
 I couthe nojt se fra my sege/to the soile undire 3285
 That at me failed than to fynd/fast at myne e3en
 Be the mirrour now of meknes/I may a myle knawe
 If any hathill be so hard/with unhapp woundid
 So at he hopis him no helpe/of the he3e fadire
 Than liftes oure lord him on loft/his langour he breggis 3290
 Inhanses him in handquile/and heves him to welthis
 So he3e that he for unhele/se3es nojt his dri3ten
 Lat than him knaw his creatour/in kindling of joy
 That he that lawene has a lede/may lyst if him thinke
 And he that bringes him on loft/breten all to poudir 3295
 Thi saule sonne into surquiterie/lat seke nevir the hi3hare
 For gre the grauntes ere of god/and nojt of thi grete strenthis
 If all the limp as the list/loke to thine ende
 For die the bose quen all is done/and ay thi day scortes

Me think me my lyfe as to the len3th/is like to this werkes 3300
 That this coppis opon kelle wyse/knytt in the wo3es
 With the lest winde of the werd/that the werd touches
 The note anents ilk ane/and all to nojt worthis
 Lo so the quele of qwistsumnes/my qualite has changid
 I that was 3ustirday so 3ape/and 3emed alle the world 3305
 To day am dreven all to dust/to dolour and paynes
 Has nojt o maistri so meche/as mi3t of myselfe
 My dere sonn quoth Darius/it drawes nere the tyme
 My banes on my benyson/bery with thi hand
 With the proved princes out of Pers/and with the proude Grekes
 And the maisterlings of Messedoyne/3e me to mold bring
 Lat than oure kyngdomes acorde/and cock we na lange
 Bot ay perpetual pes/oure partys betwene
 Unto 3oure mekill majeste/my modire I comande
 Rodogarus the rialle/and rewis on my bride 3315
 My do3ter Rosan the riche/resayves to 3our spowse
 It comys wele of hi3e kyn/kynges to descend
 Tak tent to that at I tell/be tendire of my kni3tes
 And with this speke at he spake/the sprete he 3eldis
 Than was his body enbawmed/and as he bede graven 3320
 This bald baratoure him bare/and as a barne gretes
 So did the pepill out of Persy/bot for his pite mare
 Than for the dethe of Dary/be dowble of the twa
 And Alexander belyve/as he was enterid
 He meves agayn to the mote/and on the morne efter 3325
 Up to the soverayne sege/with septoure he wyndis
 That Cusus the conquire/ore/of clere gold maked
 The mody men of Messedone/the maisters of Persy
 Than put tham into presens/as the prose tellis

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

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

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

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

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

Quintusdecimus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

Before his bachelers on brade/he bedis it to rede
 His tulkis of this titill/quen thai the tenour herd
 Than ware thai sory of the sawes/and selly frayed
 Quat now my worthe werrayoures/the wale kyng said
 For Porrus pistill I pray/ne for his proud wordis 3570
 No for na manas he mas/mayes nojt 3oure hertes
 Did nojt sir Dary to us write/his pistill with pride
 And all the berbrens bernis/in bestis tham affyed
 As lebards lesards and lexis/lions and tigris
 With comfurth of his countenance/his knyghts he gladis 3575
 And than to Porrus apart/this pistill he writis
 I that the kyng am of kyng/and crouned of lordis
 The eldest child of Amon/that alle has to wild
 And honored Olimpades/with him ane geten
 To the oddest aire out of Ynde/this answere I make 3580
 Iwis our wittes with thi wordis/thou has wele scharped
 And made us bald with thi bost/the bataill to yeld
 Oure boundis ere barrayne/and bare and thine full of wele
 The kener is our corage/3oure kyngdome to wyn
 To put away oure poverté/and pas to 3our hi3tes 3585
 And ga nojt as the gude ware/agayn 3ow to fi3t
 Bot a berne full of bost/a barbrene prince
 Wenand me and all the werd/to waike to 3owselpe
 Quen Porrus with his preve men/this pistill had redd
 Than was he wondirly wrathe/and wistly assembles 3590
 The kni3tes and the captayns/of alle the coste by
 His champions his chiftans/his chevalry togedir
 He feris him a faire flote/was fed for the nanes
 Of unicornes of olyfauntes/and wondirfull bestes
 As ilkane usyd with in Ynde/umquile with to fi3te 3595

And aires agayne Alexander/with armes him to mete
 The power of sir Porrus/was passandly many
 A stour stiffe undir stele/the strangest of the werde
 Of sithid chariots him sued/a selcuth nombre
 At the fewest as I find/a fourtene thousand 3600
 Withouten bachelers on blonks/and bowmen on fote
 Four hundreth olyfantes in fere/followid him evare
 With ilkane bunden on his bake/a bordene castell
 And thretty tulkis in ilk toure/tired in plates
 Oure meyhe out of Messedone/quen thai so many sa3e 3605
 Than ware thai storbet of that stoure/so was the stythe Persyns
 All the athils of sir Alexander/was ar3ed in thaire hertis
 To mache with sike a multitude/of men and of bestes
 Than was ther chiftans chosen/chevalous kni3tes
 That buskid ware on bathe halfe/the bataill to reule 3610
 With that thai tuke up the trumpis/be thretty at anes
 Agrydis grymly togedir/the Grekis and barbres
 Sir Alexander was armed/and askis his stede
 That was the bald Bocifalon/and on his bake worthes
 Mare than a stanecast at a count/before his kni3tes alle 3615
 He standis up in his stereps/in starand maylis
 Then men out of Medy/he mas and of Pers
 To enverome alle the vaward/of all the vile Yndes
 And he was graythid a ginge/of Grekis kni3ts
 And maistres out Messedone/this meyhe to helpe 3620
 The pepill out of Persye/ware petuflly woundid
 Of olifauntes over all/with horrible hurtes
 All at unweriede away/wynnes in the stoundis
 Durst never his face to his faes/eft on fold bide
 Sire Alexander him avisid/and ames in his wittes 3625

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

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

Sextusdecimus Alexandri.

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

With barrers of ane ebyntree/bonden with cheynes
 The ebyn as the buke sais/brin will never
 And growis in the iles of Ynde/as Isodry tellis
 The solers was of sypirs/alle of a soyte makid 3685
 And symolacres in the sale/was sett up on trones
 All of glitterand gold/as gomes it ware
 Dischevaler with chaplets/of changand hewes
 And ilka tulk a tabernacle/tilded was ovire
 And that was graven all grayd/of gilden platis 3690
 Flamband all in filour/and fewlis enblanchid
 Mekely merkid and made/of alle maner of kyndis
 And tha ware proudly depaynt/the pennes and the wingis
 Of all colors to accounte/as thai ere clad here
 Of fethirhame and all fare/as feettly enjoyned 3695
 As thai ware shapen o the schelle/to schew to oure e3en
 Bot was all of brent gold/the billis and the chavylys
 And quen as Porrus conne plese/in presens of lordis
 Thai made as mery melody/and musik thai saunge
 As in the moneths of Mai/or mydsomer evyn 3700
 Thare fand he vessals of value/to vyse out of nombre
 Gurds and goblets/of gold althire finest
 Coupis all of cristall/and othir clere gemmes
 Thai fand bot a fewe dele/forged of silvere
 Than rade he fra tha regions/and remewid his hostes 3705
 To the 3atis of Caspy he come/and sett down his tents
 A lande as the buke tellis/a large and a noble
 All savand bot serpents/and othire sere bestes
 To the mode qwene of Amazoyne/than makes him this pistill
 I that the kyng am of kyngs/and kiddist of lordis 3710
 Alexander athil child/of Amon oure dri3tin

To Calistride the conquirese/comfurth and joye
 Oure weris and oure wirschips/and of oure wale notes
 Howe we have done sir Dary/and drepid his kni3tes 3715
 Coverd all his kyngdoms/and conquirid his landes
 I leve it to 3our ladyschip/this lange no3t unknowen
 With Porrus in the playne fild/proved have my strenthis
 And othir fele that ware to faynt/oure force to withstand
 Forthi 3our landis if 3ow list/to liver fra oure handis
 Tas tite unto 3our tresory/and tribute us pays 3720
 Than writes agayne the wale quene and on this wyse spekis
 I Calistride the conquirese/that kepis all this endis
 With the mery maidons of Amazoyne/the mi3tist in erthe
 And othir birdis ebland/the biggest in erthe
 To the modi kyng of Messedone/message of blisse 3725
 3oure saule sa full of sapienc/sedis and floures
 That all the present is apert/puttes thou in mynde
 And has of cases that ere to come/a knowlage in dole
 Forthi oure soile or thou seke/umse the be tyme
 Quat tene and torfar may tide/and tent to thine ende 3730
 Thare werraid never with us na we/that wirschip achewid
 That he ne was herid in hast/or had a he3e schame
 For ilka lered man of lyve/him so lethir haldis
 If he that for distruccon down/into the depe fallis
 Bot oure werkes and of oure wonyngestede/if 3e wald knawe
 I sall declare 3ow the cas/clene by thire writtes
 Oure inhabetting sire is in an ilee/and amed as a sercle
 With rynand all aboute oure erd/an endles watre
 And we ere of females at the fewis/foure and xxii. 001.
 And twa hundreth therto/and alle of tried ladis 3740
 A preve planke is at a place/to pas and to entre

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

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

Decimus septimus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

Umbythonred with a thike wod/thre mile aboute
 Was alle of the rede ryse/as I redd first
 And that he cutts doun clene/and kyndils in fyris 3860
 He gert tild up his tentes/be that terne syde
 Tho3t thare a longe quile to lie/and lachen his esee
 The mone over the montayns/meryly it schynes
 Or he mi3t drinke any drope/and then his dole ne3es
 Than comes thare out crevesses/of manykins hewis 3865
 Scorpions thaim to scere/and scalid neddids
 And thai so large and so laith/and so lowd schrikes
 That all the soile of tha sidis/of the sound rynges
 Dragons dryfes doun o dri3t/fra the derfe hillis
 With kene carefull crie/and cresties on thare hedis 3870
 Grisely gapand and grim/with gilden brestes
 And flawmes fervent as fyre/flo3e fra thaire eyen
 Thai drewe toward oure douth/with dedly blastes
 Sir Alexander and his ost/was ar3ed unfaire
 Was thare na freke in the fild/that faithly ne leved 3875
 To be devowrid and devoidid/and vencuste for evire
 The kyng than comfortid his kni3tes/alle if he care tholed
 Mi bald baratours he bad/abaste no3t 3oure hertes
 Seis ensampill at myselfe/and seke 3e na ferrire
 Bot hedis haly to my hand/and harmes ther eftire 3880
 A brand and a bri3t schild/bremely he hentes
 Fe3tes freschly and fast/with tha felle bestes
 Dasches dragons doun/gevys thaim depe woundes
 Slaes of tha serpentes/many sadd hundreth
 Than bildid of his bachelers/and braidis to thaire wapen 3885
 If thai war mased and amayd/maynely thaim fe3t
 3it was ther twenti that time/tangid to dede

And that the comliest kni3tes/at the kyng ledis
 Of athill archars als/as the buke tellis
 Aboute a thretty in that thede/tharved thair lyfes 3890
 Thus many deid of his douth/as the buke tellis
 And him limpis alle the loose/be the lattire end
 Now comes a company of crabbe fische/as calves gret
 Mevand of this marras/oure men to assaille
 With backis as the buke sais/bigger and hardere 3895
 Than ony comon cogille stane/or cocatryse scales
 Quen kni3ts of oure conquirours/kest at tham lances
 Was nane so wele steled poynt/at tham perse mi3te
 Bot gomes with thair greves in twa/in the gledis spoured
 And all at left ware o lyve/into the lo3e entirs 3900
 Be thai had fyneschid this fi3t/was ferre in with evyn
 Four houres full farne/and the fifte neghes
 And leons quyte as lyly/lent tham agayn
 Of bodis bigger than bules/berand unfaire
 Oure kni3tes at the first come/clenly thaim slo3e 3905
 Alto bretind thaim on bent/and bro3t thaim one fi3t
 Wild berys in the wast/fra the wodd comes
 With ilka tenefull tothe/as tyndis of harowis
 A cubete lenth sais the clause/cald was the lest
 Thai seke out be sundres/sexti togedir 3910
 With wild men of the wast/and women ebland
 With sex handis and soo/sett out of kynd
 Thai held in hettirly/and hurtes of his kni3tes
 And thai with brandis and bowis/bremely thaim woundes
 Slo3e of the savagyns/a sowme out of nombre 3915
 And many ecoped into the scoghe/without scath mare
 Sir Alexander and his ost/angwisch enduris

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

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

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

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

Decimus octabus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

3e se wele seldom is the see/with himselfe turbild
 Bot with ther walowand windis/my will ware to rifte 4065
 Bot another gast and no3t my gast/therof my gast lettes
 And wendis away with that word/and wemles thaim levys
 The secund day with up son/he with his sowme ne3es
 Quare thir imagis ere that Arculious/had in an ile rerid
 The tane was alle athille gold/of silver the tothir 4070
 Twelfe cubettes fraye topp doun/and twa was the brede
 He made his pepill thaim to perse/to prove tham within
 Quethir thai ware hologhe or hale/and hale he tham fyndis
 Saze thaim thike thur3e out/and aithire thrill stoppis
 And fillis tham florentes/a fyftene hundreth 4075
 Than drafe he thine with his dukis/in a deyne entris
 A wilsom wast and wild/and wondirly colde
 As mirke as any mydni3t/quen the mone failes
 That unneths ken may a kni3t/to se to his fere
 Fifty days be desert/he foundis with his folke 4080
 Till he come blesenand on a brym/was welland hate
 And on the ferre halfe of the bourne/was wemen on hors
 That frely faire ware of face/bot foule ware clethid
 Sum beris alle of brent gold/brandis in thair handis
 Sum bataillaxes and with bowes/alle of bri3t silver 4085
 For brase is nane with tha bonds/ne no bige irene
 Ne nevire na berne tham ebland/as the buke tellis
 Than wald his pepill and his princes/have past ovir the bourne
 And mi3t no3t for the morsure/and maynyng of bestes
 It was so borely and brade/and bred full of ydres 4090
 Of dragons and of othire devyls/and doukand neddirs
 Than caires furth oure conquirore/with his kid ostes
 Lede tham be the left side/of the lande of Ynde

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

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

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

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

And of the quene Olimpades/that I am of sproungene
 To the sir Dindyn one thi dese/dities of joye 4215
 Sen we chapid out of childhede/and cheved to eldire
 That we cuthe anygates gesse/betwyx gud and ill
 Syne was our will ay with witt/to warisch oure saule
 And kest out alle unclennes/and clene it devoidid
 For the philosophoure in his fourme/us feetly declares 4220
 That sa3e withouten sapience/it seldoum aproves
 And it is wayned us to wete/and wariced now late
 That all oure levyng and our la3es/3e weterly dispice
 And 3our manars fra alle othir mens/so mekill ere deffirrid
 That nouthir in see ne in soile/seke 3e na helpe 4225
 Bott deynd it 3our doctryne/bedene us to write
 3oure customes and 3our conscience/and of 3our clene thewis
 We mi3t sum connyng per cas/chach of 3oure wordes
 And 3our lare of a leke/suld nevir the les worth
 Slike similitude of science/is sett as of kynde 4230
 As of a blesand brand/or of a bri3t candill
 For many li3tes of a li3t/is li3tid othirequile
 And 3it the li3t at tham li3tis/is li3tid as before
 Quen he had wayted over this writtes/his mynd he remembires
 And be the same sandisman/him send sike anothire 4235
 I sir Dindimus a duke/that nevir deere wro3t
 Blith berne on my benke/the Bragmeyns maister
 To the modi kyng of Messedone/this maundment I write
 Sir Alexander the athille/at alle the werd loutis
 Sire the tenore of thi titill/I trow be na mare 4240
 Bot any wisdom and witt/thou willis in your saule
 And better it is to thine bouse/thann buschels of silver
 And mare passand of prisse/than alle thi proude rewmes

Sen the discretion desire/we depely 3ow pray
 For a kyng withouten cunnyng/he can no3t distreyne 4245
 His subjectes and to be subjectes/as subjectis a3e
 Bot subjectes till his subjects/his subjectes him makes
 Thou prays us to thi person/a pistill to write
 Of alle oure lefyng and our la3es/and oure land techis
 Quareof the proces to prove/unpossible it ware 4250
 And if we did it to dome/it dose 3ow na gude
 For thi tent is all on terrandry/and tourment of armes
 In bost and in bobans/in bataills and stryvys
 A craft till oure condicions/at acordis bot litille
 For simpilnes and surquetry/asewis no3t togedir 4255
 Bot leve 3e no3t we be to he3e/ne haunten of will
 To steryn or to sturtyn/or sterid to envy
 A partie of oure propertes/and of oure pure thewis
 3it sall I send 3ow to say/sen 3e me so3t have

Decimus nonus Passus Alexandri.

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

Seke we nevir no sustenance/to save with our lyvys 4270
 Set we na saynes in the see/ne sese we na fischis
 Ne nouthir hunt we ne hauke/ne hent we na foules
 Bot sike as growis on the gronde/withouten gomes werke
 And that we fede us with in fere/and fillis full our tables
 A dayntefull diete/that damage us nevire 4275
 Have we no cures of courte/ne na covitte sewes
 Swanes ne na swete thing/to swell oure wames
 All superfluyte of soule/and surfet us wlattes
 To pegge us as a peny hoge/that praysis nojt oure lajes
 Forthi failis us alle infirmits/of fevyre and of ells 4280
 Ne for na febill at we fele/na fysyke us nedis
 Us mistris nevire na medcyne/for malidy on erthe
 Bot ay as fresche and as fere/a[s] fische quen he plays
 Our Lord has lemett us elike/the lenthe of oure days
 For ther leves na lede in oure lande/langire than othire 4285
 If he be sexti jere of sowme/that a segge lastes
 His successoure has bot the same/and than the saule jeldes
 We chaufe us at na chymneys/for chelis of winter
 Ne comes na clathis on oure corps/for na cald wyndis
 We bede nojt to blemysch oure blode/with bodely dissires 4290
 Perseveraunce of pacience/and pes we reserve
 Oure inward enmys ilkane/we inwardly drepis
 That is to say alle the syn/at solp may 3e saule
 As surfet surquidry and slawth/the sevyn alle bedene
 So that our werraores without/us worthis nojt at drede 4295
 For wele soner is a cite/sesid or a castell
 That segid is on bath sidis/that segid is without
 And thou wirkis bot on tha witerwarde/and worthis thaim ovire
 And suffirs so within thi flesche/the faes of the saule

And we sit allway so sure/be sand and be watter 4300
 That na supowell undir son/seke we us nevir
 Ne schroude to scheld with oure schap/bot the schire banes
 And with the braunches of the bowis/that beris us oure fodis
 Have we na deliteable drinke/of diverse wynes
 Bot water of a wale well/or of a wild bourne 4305
 And that sullepe sire/at sette all the werde
 In him we lely beleve/and in na laze ellis
 In all oure dizans on daies/that duke we comend
 Wele wenand in anothire werd/to wone ay olyve
 And quat as pertenyys to na profe/us plese nojt at lestene 4310
 Ne mekills mellis nojt our mouth/bot mesure oure wordis
 Quen as we speke any spech/we speke ai the treuth
 And than is still as a stane/and stirs it na ferryn
 Riches ne no rede gold/rose we tham nouthire
 Bot ay voide of envy/and of wayne tho3tes 4315
 Is ther na berne us ebland/bigger than anothire
 Of land ne of lordschip/bot all elike simple
 The povert of our persons/for plente we hald
 The quilke is part us all the pake/be parcells evyn
 Is ther na brag in our bondis/ne bering of armes 4320
 Bot ay perpetuall pes/pi3t in oure landis
 Ne nouthir jugement ne jayll/ne justice of aire
 For dose na douth ther no dere/to dome to be callid
 Ne custome in oure contre/contris oure lajes
 Is ther na mercy ne methe/in oure merche usyd 4325
 And I sall quethe the for qui/and quat is the cause
 Ther dose na modirsonne omys/na mercy to crave
 For avyrice and errogance/and all we devoide
 And to na licherous lustes/leeve we oure membris

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

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

Vicesimus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A manere of corne to Mercure/that we thi muld calle
 And Serenin is sone served/that sees to the paunche
 Have he a boll full of bran/bedis he na mare
 And Ercules as emperour/emyddis all he standes
 And for he prevyd ay the prise/in prowis of armes 4540
 He has a hatt on his hede/hiztild o floures
 Of palme and of parvyk/and othir proud blossoms
 The kirke of Cupido/is clenly arayed
 The stallis and in all stedis/strowid with rose
 Lo to so many mayned gods/3our menbris 3e dele 4545
 And will no3t know 3our creatour/at 3ow of clay fourmed
 Thire deme 3e for 3our dr3tins/that drepis the saule
 For thai may sende 3ow na sele/bot sla 3ow within
 As many of that feleschip/as 3e trow and adoures
 As many turmentes and tene/3ow tidis in hell 4550
 Advise 3ow now quat velany/and vices thai 3ow teche
 Ane leris 3ow to be licherus/and leris 3ow to synn
 Ane to be grindand gluttis/and glorand dronkin
 And ane to bragg and to bost/and bate with the pepill
 If 3e be herd of 3our happe/unhappe thai 3ow kenn 4555
 Forthi bot harlotry or harme/is at 3e here crave
 And if the hede to 3our hestes/3our hertes is ameved
 So quether thai here or els quat/it hurtes ay the saule
 3our doctours ere 3oure duesses/thair ditis aleges
 How that thai hampire in 3our here/with many hard payne 4560
 Thai cause all unkindnes/and corporal lustes
 As surquetry and sacrilages/and othir sere tetches
 Constrene 3ow into cavatise/to clame all the werde
 To rayvine to robry/to rayme men thaire godis
 Wailaway to wriches/and wa is 3ow in erthe 4565

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

Vicesimus primus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vicesimus secundus Passus Alexandri.

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

And dietes tham with damysens/and other dere frute
 Than ferd he furth to a flumme/and sett thare his tentes
 And newly efter the none/or nere thare aboute 4740
 Thare coms a bonde of a brenke/and breed thaim unfaire
 A burly best and a bigg/was as a man shapen
 Umquile he groved as a galt/with grysely lates
 Umquile he noys as a nowte/as a nox quen he lewes
 3armand and 3erand/a 3oten him semed 4745
 And was as bristels as a bare/alle the body ovire
 Dome as a dore nayle/and derfe was he bathe
 With laith leggis and lange/and twa laue eres
 A hevy hede and a hoge/as it a hors ware
 And large was his odd lome/the lenthe of a 3erde 4750
 With that comands oure kyng/his kni3tes him to take
 And thai asaillid him sone/bot he na segge dredis
 For nouthur fondis he to flee/ne na fens made
 Bot stude and stared as a stott/and stirrid he na forthire
 Than callis to him the conquiroure/a comly mayden 4755
 Bad hire be bro3t before the best/and bare to be nakid
 And he beheld on that hend/and hisses as a neddire
 He wald have strangild hire stre3t/ne had stiffe men bene
 He wald have showid on that schene/had no3t men halden
 And to the prince pavelion/prestly him lede 4760
 Quen he had ferlied his fill/on his foule schappe
 He gers thaim bynde him at a braid/and brent him to poudire
 Then rade he fra that rever/and remowid his ost
 Intill a brade bent fild/and bilded up his tentes
 Thare fand he lindis on that lande/the lenthe of a spere 4765
 And thai were fret full of frute/the fairest of the werde
 It ware to tere any tong/to tell of tha trees kinde

For thai wald sett with the sonn/and with the sonn rise
 Fra morewane to the mydday/merely thai springes
 And than discende thai down/as the day passis 4770
 Lo this was a wondirfull werk/bot gods awen will
 That thai suld wax soe and wane/within a wale time
 For fra it dro3te to the derke/ay till it dawid efter
 It was bot vacant and voide/as vanite it were
 The kyng in his caban/with his kni3tes he ligis 4775
 Tutand out of his tents/and the trees waites
 A bade a berne of a bobb/bring him a nappill
 Than bowis furth a bachelor/his bedinge to fill
 And he was sodanly sesid/and slane with a sprete
 With that envenomis all the vale/a voice fra the heven 4780
 Said qua so fanges o this frute/bees fey in a stounde
 3it bred ther briddis in tha braunches/at blith was and tame
 And if a man had thaim hent/or with his hand touchid
 Than flo3e ther flawmes out of fire/before and behind
 And quare it li3t on his like/it lithid him for evire 4785
 Now bowis furth this baratour/and bidis na langir
 Up at a martene mountane/he myns with his ost
 And viij. daies bedene/the dri3e was and mare
 Or he mi3t covir to the copp/fra the cave undire
 Quen he was comen to the crest/his kni3tes wald have esid 4790
 And namely a new note/neghis on hand
 Of dragons of domondaris/and of diverse neddirs
 Of lioness and of leoperds/and othire laith bestes
 Thare was hurling on hi3e/as it in hell ware
 Quat of wrestling of wormes/and wonding of kni3tes 4795
 As gotes out of guttars/in golanand wedors
 So voidis down the vemon/be vermyns schaftes

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

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

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

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

Uicesimus tertius Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uicesimus quartus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

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

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

And to be cled as a kyng/with croune and with septer
 Than aires him furth sir Alexander/as Antiok it ware
 Caires on with Candoile/and ca3t him his leve
 So3t furth the same ni3t/and to the cite wan
 Quare the Bebrik kyng/with the bird lengis 5215
 Sone the wacchis on the wallis/tham wi3tly ascryes
 Qua thai ware and of quethen/and quat was ther errande
 It is sire Candoile quoth the kynge/is comyn for his spouse
 And I am messangere made/that mild to delyvire
 The maister out of Messedone/3ow maynly enjoynes 5220
 If 3e 3oure cite will save/to sese him his brid
 Than was the burgaige abaiste/and br3st up the 3ates
 Of the palais of the proud kyng/his paramoure him tuke
 Sire Candoile to oure conquirore/carpis thire wordis
 And adoures him for his athill dede/and Antiok him calls 5225
 I pray the prince with me pas/to my praysid modir
 That thou may merote have and menske/and mede for thi werkes
 Than was oure kyng of that carpe/kyndly rejoied
 For him had list on hir to loke/many lange winter
 He said aire we to Alexander/and askes him his leve 5230
 And I sall fayn with the found/and felsyn thi will
 Than turnes he to sir Telomew/at in his trone sittes
 La3t his leve at the lede/as he his lorde ware
 This kid he for a coyntise/and kest slike a wile
 Lest he ware knawyn for the kyng/the kni3t for to blinde 5235
 Than caires he furthe with Candoile/up at a cliffe wyndis
 A hidous hill and a hi3e/that to the heven semed
 Was loken all in lange lindis/like to the cedres
 Growand full of gernetts/and gracious frutes
 Thare fand thai bery buskis/and braunches with grapis 5240

That unethes bere mi3t a berin/a bole on his schuldire
 With hesils hild of hoder cloud/hangen tha appills
 And all the woddis full of wolfes/and of wild apis
 Thai bow up to a banke/and the burgh ne3es
 And Candace the conquires/quen she the cas heris 5245
 How bathe hir barne and his brid/was bro3t hame sond
 Than was scho glad in hir gast/and gretly rejoysed
 Into a chambre scho chese/and changid hire wedis
 A robe alle of rede gold/and than a riche mantill
 A croune and a corecheffe/clusteret with gemmes 5250
 And doun of hir closer/with kni3tes him to mete
 A grete gate be degree/agayn thaim scho foundes
 Kys me sire Candoile/and clappis him in armes
 Said welcum be thou wale sonn/and thou my wale do3ter
 And I am glad of 3our gest/as gode geffe me joye 5255
 Sire Alexander hire avises/and all his hert li3tes
 Him tho3t hire like at a loke/his lady his modire
 Scho was so faire and so fresche/as faucon hire sem3d
 And elfe out of anothire erde/or ellis an aungell
 Hire palais was full precious/thof it parades ware 5260
 Plied over with pure gold/alle the plate rofes
 And that was joyned full of gemes/and of joly stanes
 With breme blasenand bemes/bri3t as the sonn
 The kyng with dame Candace the castell he entres
 Silis in with that semely/into a somer hall 5265
 A strenthe was sti3tild all of stagis/the stithest of the werd
 Was nane so comly a close/undire the canpe of heven
 The bild was alle of brent gold/the beddis of the same
 Pi3t fulle of pentests/and othir proude stanes
 Of onycles and orfrays/and orient perles 5270

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vicesimus sextus Passus Alexandri.

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

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

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

That ware as bitand breme/as bladis of swerdis
 Thai sett in a sadde sowme/and sailid his knightes 5560
 Porris doun of his princes/and persys ther schildes
 3it fellid his folke of thaim fey/foure score hundreth
 And foure hundreth and ferre/be fifti thai drepid
 Than drives he thethin with his dukes/into desert landes
 Is ri3t betwene the reede see/and Arrabie costis 5565
 A wilsom wast and a wild/and wons full of neddirs
 And thai ware hedously hoge/and horned as tupis
 Thai turred doun of his tulkes/and with ther tyndis slo3e
 Bot the dre3est deele of thaim died/of his dukes handes
 Than past he to another place/and pi3t doun his tentes 5570
 And fand a bataill of bestes/as breme as the first
 Thai ware of figoure and of fourme/as fendis of hell
 With hevy hedis and hoge/as horses it were
 And thai ware tacchid full of tethe/as tyndes ere of harows
 And fell flames as of fire/flo3e fra thaire mouthes 5575
 A selly sowme of his seggis/was slane or he wist
 And he then hertes his here/biddis hewis on my childire
 And ferly ferd of his folke/was in the fild strangild
 Bot all the dre3e of tha devels/thai drenchid or thai past
 Than fondis he furth with his folke/into a fild entris 5580
 And ther he logis with his lordis/and lengis for a quile
 For slike a fell infirmite/was in his hors bunden
 Bucifalon the bald stede/that he for bale dies
 The berne blischis on his blounke/and se3es his breth faile
 Sighis selcuthly sare/and sadli he wepis 5585
 For he had standen him in stede/in stouris full hard
 Won him wirschip in were/fra many wathe saved

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

A seven monethis in sonde/and sende out a pistill
 To his modire into Messedone/and to his maister als
 Of his auntours of his angwisch/and of his athill werkes
 And Aristotill belyve/him anothire writes 5620

To the kyng of kynges quoth this clerke/comand I myselfe
 Sire quen I wartid on 3our werkes/I wex all affraid
 Sum grayne of godhede I gesse/was growen 3ow within
 For thou has said that never did segge/ne sa3e bot thine ane
 3it mi3t never I lofe oure lorde/my lege 3ow witstande 5625
 Sir blissid be all thi bachelers/at the bales helpid
 And now fynes here a fitt/and folowis another

Vicesimus septimus Passus Alexandri.

Oure bold kyng in Babilone/nowe bildis up a trone
 The postis with all the apurtynance/as pure as the noble
 That was so wondirly wro3t/of werkis diverse 5630
 That slike a sege undir son/was nevir sene efter
 So grete garisons of gold/the Grekis in bro3t
 The Medis and the Messodons/many horsis chargid
 That thai out of Ynde and elsquare/with olifants lede
 It wald have wlated any wee/that welth to behald 5635
 Twelfe cubetts fra the cald erth/he castes it on hi3t
 And xij. degreces all of gold/for gate up of lordis
 And twyse sex semylacris/sesid he ther undire
 That held on hi3e with thair handis/all ther hevy werke
 And ther was gravyn in thos gomes/with Grekin letteris 5640
 And titild in the tried names/of his twelfe princes

With ilk a statute that ther stude/stoutely enarmed
 And ever ilk a person a prince/paynted was efter
 All the sete of the sege/was smaragdins fyne
 Off tried topaces and trewe/tyrid was the wawes 5645
 A tabernacle over the trone/tildid up on loft
 And than with stanes of ilka state/in all the stoure clustrid
 A charbocle as a chasse/was in the chefe bolle
 That brynt in bely blind ni3t/as bri3t as the sonn
 With imagis undire in ilka nend/and impid in the names 5650
 Of all the provynces and the places/that he was prince ovire
 And thai ware visid all in vesire/in variant letters
 Sum in Latens lare/sum langage of Grece
 Assisid all of sex foote/and sett in betweene
 Ay thre paire on a place/qware a poynt ristes 5655
 Now sall I nevyn 3ow the names/note 3e the wordis
 The pepill out of Panthi/is plant in first
 Pruto Picard and Pers/and Pamplalie bathe
 Portingale and Paiters/it paies me trouage
 Arrabe and Artoyes/and Assie the mare 5660
 Abbeone and Aufrike/and Acres anothire
 Effosynie and Ethiops/thir Ebrues folke
 All Ermony and Ewrope/enterely me serves
 Inland Itaile and Yndee/and Ireland costes
 Mede and Mesopotayme/and Massedoyne eke 5665
 Turke Tuscan and Troy/and Tartary clene
 Surre Sysyll and Saarde/and Syres all ovire
 Gyane Garnad and Grece/and Gascoyne I have
 Bathe Bayone and Burdeux/and Bretayn the graunt
 Capidos and Calde/the Canony pepill 5670

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

* * * * *

APPENDIX

FROM

THE BODLEIAN MANUSCRIPT.

How Alixandre partyd thennys

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

Thanne southte thei sone/the forsaide prynce
 And to the schamlese schalk/schewden hur lettres 20
 Thanne rathe let the rink/reden the sonde
 That newe tithinge/it tolde in this wise
 The gentil Genosophistiens/that goode were of witte
 To the emperour Alixandre/here answerus wreten
 That is worschipe of word/worthi to have 25
 And is conquerour kid/in contres manie
 Us is sertefied seg/as we soth heren
 That thou hast ment with thi men/amongus us fare
 But 3if thou king to us come/with caire to f3ghte
 Of us getist thou no good/ gome we the warne 30
 For what richesse rink/us might thou bireve
 Whan no wordliche wel/is with us founde
 We ben sengle of us silf/and semen ful bare
 Nouht welde we now/but naked we wende
 And that we happili her/haven of kynde 35
 May no man but God/maken us tine
 Thei thou fonde with thi folk/to f3ghte with us alle
 We schulle us kepe on cau3t/oure cavus withinne
 Nevere wercede we with/wi3th upon erthe
 For we ben hid in oure holis/or we harm lacche 40
 Thus saide sothli the sonde/that thei sente hadde
 And al so cof as the king/kende the sawe
 Newe lettres he let/the ludus bitake
 And with his sawus of soth/he sikured hem alle
 That he wolde fare with his folk/in a faire wise 45
 To biholden here hom/and non harm wirke
 So hath the king to hem sente/and sithen with his peple
 Kairus coffi til hem/to kenne of hure fare

But whan thei sien the seg/with so manie ryde
 Thei were agrisen of his grym/and wende gref tholie 50
 Faste heiede thei to holis/and hidden hem there
 And in the cavus hem kepte/fro the king sterne
 Thanne weren from hem went/wifis and children
 With othir bestus aboute/that hem bi ferde
 After ferde Alixandre/and askede hem sone 55
 By ludus of the langage/how thei leve m3ghte
 And 3if thei ne hadde none holis/on the holw erthe
 As hadde the weies that were/here wordliche makus
 Thanne thei caire with the king/hur cavus to schewe
 And kennen the conquerour/hur costumus alle 60
 And saide seg to us silf/sofisen this cavus
 Of othur hous than her arne/have we no nede
 Whan alle thei til Alixandre/hadde answeres 3oulde
 The king cortais ikid/coffliche saide
 For I have founde 3ou folk/faithful of speeche 65
 Me to lere of 3our lif/withoutes tale
 3ernes now of my 3ift/that 3ou leve were
 And what it be that 3e bidde/3our bonus I graunte
 Thanne saide thei Wordlich wei3/we wische of thei 3ifte
 Ai lastinge lif/to lacchen upon erthe 70
 That us derye no deth/desire we nouthe
 For othur wordliche won/at wille we have
 Nai sertus saide the noble/that may not be graunted
 Of me that m3ghteles am/myselfe so to kepe
 I am sikur of my silf/to suffre min ende 75
 I ne have no lordschipe of lif/to lengthe my daies
 Seg saide thei again/syn thou so knowist
 That the is demed the deth/to dure nouht longe

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

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



How Alixandre remetwid to a flod that is called Phison.

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

Of the seggus that he sai/bijonde the side stronde 165
 Ho dide calle for to come/to carpen him tille
 Whan thei hurden is houp/hastiliche aftur
 A lud to a litil boot/lepus in haste
 And rathe to the riche king/romwus alone
 And aftur of Alixandre/asketh his wille 170
 A wel langaged lud/let the king sone
 Aspien ful spedliche/bi speche of the lande
 In what kyth were thei kid/and what hit called were
 And ho were lord of hur land/and ledere of alle
 We were in Bragmanie bred/saide the burn thanne 175
 In Dindimus the dere king/our demere is holde
 Sertus saide Alixandre/the sawe me quemus
 Me hath longe to 3our land/liked to wende
 With 3ou to carpe in this kith/covaited Y 3orne
 For miche ludus of 3our lif/listned Ic have 180
 Thanne let the lordliche king/lettres endite
 And thereon settus his sel/and sithen hem takus
 To the burn on his bot/and bad him in haste
 To the king of hur kith/carien his sonde
 Than with the weiht/over the water sterus 185
 And the lettrus to his lord/ledus ful sone
 As sone as his king saye/that sonde him yprofred
 He hit lacchus of the lud/and lokus ther inne
 And 3if 3e ludus have list/the lettrus to knowe
 Tendeth how this tale/is titeled ther inne 190
 The kidde king Alixandre/that couth is in erthe
 That name hath of noblete/and nevere man dradde
 That grete god Amon/in gracious timus
 Bigat on Olimpias/the onerable quene

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

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

How king Dindimus sent lettrus to king Alixandre.

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

To emperour Alixandre/egrest of princes
 That is grimmet igrowe/and grettest of kingus
 Sendeth lettres of lowe/and to the lud writes
 Miche gretithinge of grace/and grauntinge of joie
 Bi thi message man/that thou to me sentest 255
 Whan we sihen thi sonde/with thi sel prented
 We kenden thi covaitise/and that thou king wilnest
 The rihtewisnesse wite/that to a weih longus
 In that alowe I the lud/that the lef were
 The beste lawe to lere/and lorus of witte 260
 For riht wisdam is worth/al the world riche
 For non emperour on erthe/that evere was founde
 That wantede wisdam/his wihs to gye
 Mihte lordschipe lache/of othur low peple
 Bute the loweste that livede/his lord mihte worthe 265
 And with him fare as a fol/that failede his wittus
 Netheles sire noble king/Y the now warne
 To oure painede peple/impossible hit semeth
 That 3e oure manerus mihte/mekliche endure
 Or in the lif that we live/laste any while 270
 For oure lif and oure lawe/unlich is to 3oure
 And al luthur bileve/we lothen in herte
 Al the dedes that 3e don/discorden til oure
 For we ne grete noht the godus/that 3e gode holden
 Of that thou senteste sire king/to say the truhe 275
 Of al the lore of our lif/withoute long dwelle
 Hathel for thin hendschepe/have us exkused
 For we ne konne the nouht kenne/our costomus alle
 Though I lud of our lif/lettrus the sende
 Prince hit profiteth nouht/to preche of oure dedus 280

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

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

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

How Dindimus endited to Alixandre of here lebpg.

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

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

As 3e wolde fare by 3oure fon/that 3e fals knewe
 We ben rihtful of red/and resoun alowen
 Forthei ne se we no seg/sodainly deie
 For we ne li3the noht our lif/with no luthur dede 400
 Wherefore we scholde with schame/be schorted of daies
 We don deie no cloth/of diverse heuys
 No in no worschipful wede/oure wivus atiren
 Wherefore a lud mihte like/to loven hem the bettere
 Or thai fairere than afore/folk miht seme 405
 So to hihten hem her/we holden hit sinne
 To maken hem comelokur corn/than hur kynde askyth
 Therefore thei haten to be hiht/on hed or on face
 With ony wachinge of watur/or ony werk ells
 Or fonde with fals craft/hure face to enouie 410
 For to bliken of hur ble/the blithure of chere
 Or hem schenure to schene/than thei schape were
 Of him that lente hem hur lif/and hure limus made
 For they that craven by craft/comelokur seme
 Than thei ben kindeli coren/as hevene king likus 415
 God scholde that him schop/schine by rihte
 For his children hem to chese/that changede his schappus
 For be he burn othur burde/that hure bodi hihten
 Othirwise than it was/in this word schape
 They gaynsain hure Savioure/that hem so made 420
 And ben aschamed of his schap/and schewen hem ellus
 Thou douhty doutede king/we don the to knowe
 That oure bodies ne ben/in no bath wahche
 We han while we here ben/hete of the sonne
 And us bydewen aday/the dewus of hevene 425
 We ben busy of no swink/nor no burn maken

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

We ne faren to no philozofrus/to fonden hure lorus
 For ay longeth that lore/to lesinge and jangle
 Alle oure sawus ben simple/that we soth tellen
 And for to lie is us loth/or lutherly wirche 460
 But swiche wordus of wise/we wilnen to lere
 There nis no jargoun no jangle/ne juggemetis falce
 Us ne schewith no schalk/schamfule tacchus
 Wherewith we mihte misdo/or ony man gile
 We ne loven in our land/no laik nor no mirth 465
 But whanne we meven our mynde/mirthe to here
 We raiken to oure romauncus/and reden the stormus
 That oure eldrene on erthe/or this time wroute
 And whan we tenden any tale/that turneth to bourde
 That were gaine for a gome/or good of to lau3e 470
 We sesen of solas/and sorwen in herte
 And maken mourninge of mirthe/whan men scholde glade
 Of othur wondrus we witen/in this word here
 That lileth us to loken on/on the loft heie
 We sen selkouthe thing/that is ta sain hevene 475
 There as lem is of loft/and lisse to Gode
 The sonne set in his cours/and the seve sterres
 And alle that seggeus mowe/sen sithen on skurus
 That to hure schappere hem schewen/schining rede
 An sithen liht fro the loft/to the land caste 480
 The side se we mow sen/set upon erthe
 That in kinde colour/acordeth to purple
 But whan the watur with the wind/the wavus up casteth
 And thouth hit turne any time/to tempest of windus
 Hit ne awecheth no wawe/nor no watur rereth 485
 As hit amongus 3ou men/is many time founde

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How he telleth Mirandre of his maumentrie

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

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

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

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

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

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

How Alixandre sente answere to Dindimus by lettre.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How Alixandre sente Dindimus anothur letter

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

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

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

Hoto Alixandre picht a pelyr of marbpl there

* * * * *

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

- A, one, 57.
A, have, 5159.
AANDE, breath, 4001. See ANDE.
ABAIED, afraid, 103.
ABAYSTE, to depress, terrify, 402. 3878.
4110. 4112.
ABLEYD, made miserable, 402.
ADILLE, to earn, 3192.
AGHILL, noble, 29.
AGLOPENED, surprised, 874.
AIR, to turn, to go, 53. 135. 407. 695.
795. 843. 873. 942. 989.
A₃E, fear, 169. 1459.
A₃T, owed, 918; ought, 717.
A₃TE, possessed, 18.
ALDFADER, a father-in-law, 5377.
ALDURFADUR, an ancestor, † 1050.
ALLIRE, ALLIRS, of them all, 620, 1255.
ALTHIRE, of them all, 486.
AME, to purpose, 309, to go, 1047, to
conjecture, 4105.
AMLARE, a vagabond, 1705, 3543.
ANALEY, singly, 486.
AND, than, 1258.
ANDE, breath, 749. 4813. See AANDE.
ANE, his ane, alone, 210.
ANE, to agree, 879.
ANELEPY, one, single, 109. 5026.
ANELY, only, 995.
ANENTE, concerning, 735. 2716.
ANGIRLEY, passionately, 972. 1726.
ARE, mercy, 5362.
AR₃ED, afraid, 3607. 3874; ME AR₃ES,
I am afraid, 537.
ARLY, early, 350. 351.
ASALD, an ass, 1928.
ASALENY, a little ass, (?) 1705.
ASKIS, ashes, 4181.
ASPERLEY, sharply, 1088.
AT, who, *sing.* 101. 197. 349. 1203.
plur. 10. 199. 1227. when, 636. 1216.
which, *sing.* 468. 683. 1290. *plur.* 202.
AT, that, 100. 346. 525. 1192.
AT, to, 636. 4310.
ATAME, to pierce, 3043.
ATFLEE, to fly away, 988.
ATHIL, noble, 17. 40. 167. See AGHILL.
ATLEDE, attempted to go, † 15.
ATTER, poison, 1930.
ATTERAND, poisoning, 4199.
ATTRID, poisoned, 2455.
ATWETE, to know, 1103.
ATWIND, to depart, 1949. 3248.
AUHT, increased, † 936.
AUNTER, doubt, 538.
AUTHLY, fearfully (?) 3235.
AWE, became, behoved, 868.
AYNDAIN, consisting of breath, (?)
2307.

- BADOME (?) 4869.
 BADRICHE (?) 1782.
 BAISTE, to terrify, 2146. 2447. 4157.
 BAISTELL, a fortress, 1161. 1339.
 BAISTING, fear, 2016.
 BAKKE, a bat, † 723.
 BALE, fire, 2231.
 BALE, sorrow, 396. 2444.
 BALEFULLY, sorrowfully, 155.
 BALE-NAKID, stark-naked, 4126.
 BALGH, a bladder; BALGH-BRADE, broad as a bladder, 4923.
 BANE, a murderer, 969. 3249. 5377.
 BARATOUR, a champion, 1799. 2158.
 BARAUTE, strife, 894. See BARET.
 BARE, a boar, 610.
 BARET, strife, 527.
 BARME, the bosom, 4812.
 BARMEKEN, a fortress, 1301.
 BARNE, a child, 396. 585. 597.
 BAST, the stem of the linden tree (?) 1339.
 BATHIRE, of them both, 3947.
 BATTES, flocks, 4167.
 BAWNAND (?) 4907.
 BAYITE, obedient, 323.
 BAYST, frightened, 467.
 BEDELLE, divided, 4097.
 BEES, dwellings, 2337.
 BEES, will be, 892.
 BEGLOMRDE, deceived, 417.
 BEHERYDE, praised, 1616.
 BELYFE, immediately, 382.
 BELE-CHISTE, the womb, 423. (cf. 386.)
 BEME, a trumpet, 1387. 2616. 3039.
 BENERE, more appropriate, 1715.
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