

THE BRUS

JOHN BARBOUR

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THE BRUS

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JOHN BARBOUR

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BOOK 1

[This book the true story of King Robert and Sir James Douglas]

Storys to rede ar delatibill
 Suppos that thai be nocht bot fabill,
 Than suld storys that suthfast wer
 And thai war said on gud maner
 Have doubill plesance in heryng.
 The first plesance is the carpyng,
 And the tother the suthfastnes
 That schawys the thing rycht as it wes,
 And suth thyngis that ar likand
 Till mannys heryng ar plesand.
 Tharfor I wald fayne set my will
 Giff my wyt mycht suffice thartill
 To put in wryt a suthfast story
 That it lest ay furth in memory
 Swa that na tyme of lenth it let
 Na ger it haly be foryet.
 For auld storys that men redys
 Representis to thaim the dedys
 Of stalwart folk that lyvyt ar
 Rycht as thai than in presence war.
 And certis thai suld weill have prys
 That in thar tyme war wycht and wys
 And led thar lyff in gret travaill,
 And oft in hard stour off bataill
 Wan gret price off chevalry
 And war voydyt off cowardy,
 As wes King Robert off Scotland
 That hardy wes off hart and hand,
 And gud Schir James off Douglas
 That in his tyme sa worthy was
 That off hys price and hys bounte
 In ser landis renownyt wes he.
 Off thaim I thynk this buk to ma,
 Now God gyff grace that I may swa
 Tret it and bryng till endyng
 That I say nocht bot suthfast thing.

*[Alexander III's death; the dispute over the succession
submitted to Edward I's arbitration]*

Quhen Alexander the king wes deid
 That Scotland haid to steyr and leid,

The land sex yer and mayr perfay
 Lay desolat eftyr hys day
 Till that the barnage at the last
 Assemblyt thaim and fayndyt fast
 To cheys a king thar land to ster
 That off auncestry cummyn wer
 Off kingis that aucht that reawte
 And mayst had rycht thair king to be.
 Bot envy that is sa feloun
 Maid amang thaim gret discencioun,
 For sum wald haiff the Balleoll king
 For he wes cummyn off the offspryng
 Off hyr that eldest syster was,
 And other sum nyt all that cas
 And said that he thair king suld be
 That war in als ner degre
 And cummyn war of the neyst male
 And in branch collaterale.
 Thai said successioun of kyngrik
 Was nocht to lower feys lik,
 For thar mycht succed na female
 Quhill foundyn mycht be ony male
 How that in lyne evyn descendand.
 Thai bar all otherwayis on hand,
 For than the neyst cummyn off the seid
 Man or woman suld succed.
 Be this resoun that part thocht hale
 That the lord off Anandyrdale
 Robert the Bruys erle off Carryk
 Aucht to succed to the kynryk.
 The barounys thus war at discord
 That on na maner mycht accord
 Till at the last thai all concordyt
 That thar spek suld be recordyt
 Till Edward off Yngland king
 And he suld swer that but feneyng
 He suld that arbytre disclar
 Off thir twa that I tauld off ar
 Quhilk succed to sic a hycht,
 And lat him ryng that had the rycht.
 This ordynance thaim thocht the best,
 For that tyme wes pes and rest
 Betwyx Scotland and Inghland bath,
 And thai couth nocht persave the skaith
 That towart thaim wes apperand.
 For that at the king off Inghland
 Held swylk freyndschip and cumpany
 To thar king that wes swa worthy,
 Thai trowyt that he as gud nychtbur
 And as freyndsome compositur
 Wald have jugyt in lawte

But othir–wayis all yheid the gle.

[Edward I's ambitions]

A! Blind folk full off all foly,
 Haid ye umbethocht you enkrely
 Quhat perell to you mycht apper
 Ye had nocht wrocht on that maner.
 Haid ye tane keip how at that king
 Always foroutyn sojourning
 Travayllyt for to wyn senyhory
 And throu his mycht till occupy
 Landis that war till him marcheand
 As Walis was and als Ireland,
 That he put to swylk thrillage
 That thai that war of hey parage
 Suld ryn on fute as rebaldaill
 Quhen he wald our folk assaill.
 Durst nane of Walis in bataill ride
 Na yhet fra evyn fell abyd
 Castell or wallyt toune within
 That he ne suld lyff and lymmys tyne,
 Into swilk thrillage thaim held he
 That he ourcome throu his powste.
 Ye mycht se he suld occupy
 Throu slycht that he ne mycht throu maistri.
 Had ye tane kep quhat was thrillag
 And had consideryt his usage
 That gryppyt ay but gayne–gevyng,
 Ye suld foroutyn his demyng
 Haiff chosyn you a king that mycht
 Have haldyn weyle the land in rycht.
 Walys ensample mycht have bene
 To you had ye it forow sene,
 And wys men sayis he is happy
 That be other will him chasty,
 For unfayr thingis may fall perfay
 Als weill to–morn as yhisterday.
 Bot ye traistyt in lawte
 As sympile folk but mavyte,
 And wyst nocht quhat suld efter tyd.
 For in this warld that is sa wyde
 Is nane determynat that sall
 Knew thingis that ar to fall,
 But God that is off maist poweste
 Reservyt till his majeste
 For to know in his prescience
 Off alkyn tyme the movence.

[Edward I offers Scotland to Robert Bruce; and to John Balliol]

On this maner assentyt war
 The barounis as I said you ar,
 And throuch thar aller hale assent
 Messengeris till hym thai sent,
 That was than in the Haly Land
 On Saracenys warrayand.
 And fra he wyst quhat charge thai had
 He buskyt hym but mar abad
 And left purpos that he had tane
 And till Ingland agayne is gane,
 And syne till Scotland word send he
 That thai suld mak ane assemble,
 And he in hy suld cum to do
 In all thing as thai wrayt him to.
 Bot he thocht weile throuch thar debat
 That he suld slely fynd the gate
 How that he all the senyhoury
 Throu his gret mycht suld occupy.
 And to Robert the Bruys said he,
 'Gyff thou will hald in cheyff off me
 For evermar, and thine ofspryng,
 I sall do swa thou sall be king.'
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sa God me save
 The kynryk yharn I nocht to have
 Bot gyff it fall off rycht to me,
 And gyff God will that it sa be
 I sall als frely in all thing
 Hald it as it afferis to king,
 Or as myn eldris forouth me
 Held it in freyast reawte.'
 The tother wreyth him and swar
 That he suld have it never mar
 And turnyt him in wreth away.
 Bot Schyr Jhon the Balleoll perfay
 Assentyt till him in all his will,
 Quharthrouch fell efter mekill ill.
 He was king bot a litill quhile
 And throuch gret sutelte and ghyle
 For litill enchesone or nane
 He was arestyt syne and tane,
 And degradyt syne wes he
 Off honour and off dignite,
 Quhether it wes throuch wrang or rycht
 God wat it that is maist off mycht.

[The miseries of English occupation]

Quhen Schyr Edward the mychty king

Had on this wys done his likyng
 Off Jhone the Balleoll, that swa sone
 Was all defawtyt and undone,
 To Scotland went he than in hy,
 And all the land gan occupy
 Sa hale that bath castell and toune
 War intill his possessioun
 Fra Weik anent Orknay
 To Mullyr Snuk in Gallaway,
 And stuffyt all with Inglismen.
 Schyrreffys and bailyheys maid he then,
 And alkyn other officeris
 That for to govern land afferis
 He maid off Inglis nation,
 That worthy than sa rycht fellone
 And sa wykkyt and covatous
 And swa hawtane and dispitous
 That Scottismen mycht do na thing
 That ever mycht pley to thar liking.
 Thar wyffis wald thai oft forly
 And thar dochtrys dispitusly
 And gyff ony of thaim tharat war wrath
 Thai watyt hym wele with gret scaith,
 For thai suld fynd sone enchesone
 To put hym to destruccione.
 And gyff that ony man thaim by
 Had ony thing that wes worthy,
 As hors or hund or other thing
 That war plesand to thar liking,
 With rycht or wrang it have wald thai,
 And gyf ony wald thaim withsay
 Thai suld swa do that thai suld tyne
 Othir land or lyff or leyff in pyne,
 For thai dempt thaim efter thar will,
 Takand na kep to rycht na skill.
 A! Quhat thai dempt thaim felonly,
 For gud knyghtis that war worthy
 For litill enchesoune or than nane
 Thai hangyt be the nekbane.
 Alas that folk that ever wes fre,
 And in fredome wount for to be,
 Throu thar gret myschance and foly
 War tretyt than sa wykkytly
 That thar fays thar jugis war,
 Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar.

[In praise of freedom; on the pains of thralldom]

A! Fredome is a noble thing
 Fredome mays man to haiff liking.

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Fredome all solace to man giffis,
He levys at es that frely levys.
A noble hart may haiff nane es
Na ellys nocht that may him ples
Gyff fredome failyhe, for fre liking
Is yharnyt our all other thing.
Na he that ay has levyt fre
May nocht know weill the propyrte
The angyr na the wrechyt dome
That is couplyt to foule thyrdome,
Bot gyff he had assayit it.
Than all perquer he suld it wyt,
And suld think fredome mar to prys
Than all the gold in world that is.
Thus contrar thingis evermar
Discoveryngis off the tother ar,
And he that thryll is has nocht his.
All that he has enbandounyt is
Till hys lord quhatever he be.
Yheyt has he nocht sa mekill fre
As fre wyll to leyve or do
That at his hart hym drawis to.
Than may clerkis questioun
Quhen thai fall in disputacioun
That gyff man bad his thryll owcht do,
And in the samyn tym come him to
His wyff and askyt him hyr det,
Quhether he his lordis neid suld let,
And pay fryst that he awcht, and syne
Do furth his lordis commandyne,
Or leve onpayit his wyff and do
Thai thingis that commaundyng is him to.
I leve all the solucioun
Till thaim that ar off mar renoun
Bot sen thai mak sic comperying
Betwix the dettis off wedding
And lordis bidding till his threll,
Ye may weile se thocht nane you tell
How hard a thing that threldome is.
For men may weile se that ar wys
That wedding is the hardest band
That ony man may tak on hand,
And thryldome is weill wer than deid,
For quhill a thryll his lyff may leid
It merrys him body and banys,
And dede anoyis him bot anys.
Schortly to say, is nane can tell
The halle condicioun off a threll.

*[The fate of Sir William Douglas; his son James goes
as a boy to Paris]*

Thusgat levyt thai and in sic thrillage
 Bath pur and thai off hey parag,
 For off the lordis sum thai slew
 And sum thai hangyt and sum thai drew,
 And sum thai put in hard presoun
 Foroutyn caus or enchesoun,
 And amang other off Douglas
 Put in presoun Schyr Wilyam was
 That off Douglas was lord and syr,
 Off him thai makyt a martyr.
 Fra thai in presoun him sleuch
 His land that is fayr inewch
 Thai the lord off Clyffurd gave.
 He had a sone, a litill knave,
 That was than bot a litill page,
 Bot syne he wes off gret vaslage.
 Hys fadyr dede he vengyt sua
 That in Inland I underta
 Wes nane off lyve that hym ne dred,
 For he sa fele off harnys sched
 That nane that lyvys thaim can tell.
 Bot wonderly hard thing fell
 Till him or he till state wes brocht.
 Thair wes nane aventur that mocht
 Stunay hys hart na ger him let
 To do the thing that he wes on set,
 For he thocht ay encrely
 To do his deid avysily.
 He thocht weill he was worth na seyle
 That mycht of nane anoyis feyle,
 And als for till escheve gret thingis
 And hard travalys and barganyngis,
 That suld ger his price doublyt be.
 Quharfor in all hys lyvetyne he
 Wes in gret payn and gret travaill,
 And never wald for myscheiff faill
 Bot dryve the thing rycht to the end
 And tak the ure that God wald send.
 His name wes James of Douglas,
 And quhen he herd his fader was
 Put in presoun so fellounly,
 And at his landis halyly
 War gevyn to the Clyffurd perfay
 He wist nocht quhat to do na say,
 For he had na thing for to dispend
 Na thar wes nane that ever him kend
 Wald do sa mekill for him that he
 Mycht sufficiantly fundyn be.
 Than wes he wonder will off wane,

And sodanly in hart has tane
 That he wald travaile our the se
 And a quhile in Parys be,
 And dre myscheiff quhar nane hym kend
 Til God sum succouris till hym send.
 And as he thocht he did rycht sua,
 And sone to Parys can he ga
 And levyt thar full sympylly,
 The—quhether he glaid was and joly,
 And till swylk thowlesnes he yeid
 As the cours askis off youtheid,
 And umquhill into rybbaldaill.
 And that may mony tyme avail,
 For knowlage off mony statis
 May quhile availye full mony gatis
 As to the gud erle off Artayis
 Robert befell in his dayis
 For oft fenyeyng off rybbaldy
 Availyeit himand that gretly.
 And Catone sayis us in his wryt
 That to fenyhe foly quhile is wyt.
 In Parys ner thre yer dwellyt he,
 And then come tythandis our the se
 That his fadyr wes done to ded.
 Then wes he wa and will of red,
 And thocht that he wald hame agayne
 To luk gyff he throu ony payn
 Mycht wyn agayn his heritage
 And his men out off all thryllage.

*[Douglas returns to Scotland, to serve the bishop of St Andrews;
his appearance]*

To Sanct Androws he come in hy,
 Quhar the byschop full curtasly
 Resavyt him and gert him wer
 His knyvyys forouth him to scher,
 And cled him rycht honorabilly
 And gert ordayn quhar he suld ly.
 A weile gret quhile thar dwellyt he.
 All men lufyt him, for his bounte,
 For he wes off full fayr effer
 Wys curtais and deboner.
 Larg and luffand als wes he,
 And our all thing luffyt lawte.
 Leawte to luff is gretumly,
 Throuh leawte liffis men rychtwisly.
 With a vertu and leawte
 A man may yeit sufficyand be,
 And but leawte may nane haiff price

Quether he be wycht or he be wys,
 For quhar it failyeys na vertu
 May be off price na off valu
 To mak a man sa gud that he
 May symply callyt gud man be.
 He wes in all his dedis lele,
 For him dedeyneyt nocht to dele
 With trechery na with falset.
 His hart on hey honour wes set,
 And hym contenyt on sic maner
 That all him luffyt that war him ner.
 Bot he wes nocht sa fayr that we
 Suld spek gretly off his beaute.
 In vysage wes he sumdeill gray
 And had blak har as Ic hard say,
 Bot off lymmys he wes weill maid
 With banys gret and schuldrys braid,
 His body wes weyll maid and lenye
 As thai that saw hym said to me.
 Quhen he wes blyth he wes lufly
 And meyk and sweyt in cumpany,
 Bot quha in battaill mycht him se
 All othir contenance had he.
 And in spek wlispyt he sumdeill,
 Bot that sat him rycht wonfre weill.
 Till gud Ector of Troy mycht he
 In mony thingis liknyt be.
 Ector had blak har as he had
 And stark lymmys and rycht weill maid,
 And wlispyt alsua as did he,
 And wes fullfyllt of leawte
 And wes curtais and wys and wycht
 Bot off manheid and mekill mycht
 Till Ector dar I nane comper
 Off all that ever in worldys wer.
 The—quethyr in his tyme sa wrocht he
 That he suld gretly lovyt be.

[Douglas asks Edward I for his lands]

He dwellyt thar quhill on a tid
 The King Edward with mekill prid
 Come to Strevillyne with gret mengye
 For till hald thar ane assemble.
 Thidderwart went mony baroune,
 Byschop Wilyame off Lambyrtoun
 Raid thidder als and with him was
 This squyer James of Douglas.
 The byschop led him to the king
 And said, 'Schyr, heyr I to you bryng

This child that clemys your man to be,
 And prays you par cheryte
 That ye resave her his homage
 And grantis him his heritage.'
 'Quhat landis clemys he?' said the king.
 'Schyr, giff that it be your liking
 He clemys the lordschip off Douglas,
 For lord tharoff hys fader was.'
 The king then wrethyt him encrely
 And said, 'Schyr byschop, sekyrly
 Gyff thou wald kep thi fewte
 Thoue maid nane sis speking to me.
 His fadyr ay wes my fay feloune
 And deyt tharfor in my presoun
 And wes agayne my majeste
 Tharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.
 Ga purches land quharever he may
 For tharoff haffys he nane, perfay.
 The Clyffurd sall thaim haiff for he
 Ay lely has servyt to me.'
 The bischop hard him swa answer
 And durst than spek till him na mar,
 Bot fra his presence went in hy
 For he dred sayr his felouny
 Swa that he na mar spak tharto.
 The king did that he com to do
 And went till Inland syn agayn
 With mony man off mekill mayn.

[The romance begins; the Scots and the Macabees]

Lordingis, quha likis for till her,
 The romanys now begynnys her
 Off men that war in gret distres
 And assayit full gret hardynes
 Or thai mycht cum till thar entent.
 Bot syne our Lord sic grace thaim sent
 That thai syne throu thar gret valour
 Come till gret hycht and till honour,
 Magre thar fayis everilkane
 That war sa fele that ay till ane
 Off thaim thai war weill a thousand,
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withstand.
 Bot and we say the suthfastnes
 Thai war sum tyme erar may then les,
 Bot God that maist is off all mycht
 Preservyt thaim in his forsycht
 To veng the harme and the contrer
 At that fele folk and pautener
 Dyd till sympill folk and worthy

That couth nocht help thaim self. For—thi
 Thai war lik to the Machabeys
 That as men in the bibill seys
 Throw thar gret worschip and valour
 Faucht into mony stalwart stour
 For to delyver thar countre
 Fra folk that throu iniquite
 Held thaim and thairis in thrillage.
 Thai wrocht sua throu thar vasselage
 That with few folk thai had victory
 Off mychty kingis as sayis the story,
 And delyveryt thar land all fre,
 Quharfor thar name suld lovyt be.

[Comyn's proposal to Bruce]

Thys lord the Bruys I spak of ayr
 Saw all the kynryk swa forfayr,
 And swa troublit the folk saw he
 That he tharoff had gret pitte.
 Bot quhat pite that ever he had
 Na contenance tharoff he maid,
 Till on a tym Schyr Jhone Cumyn
 As thai come ridand fra Strevillyn
 Said till him, 'Schyr, will ye nocht se
 How that governyt is this countre.
 Thai sla our folk but enchesoune
 And haldis this land agayne resoune,
 And ye tharoff suld lord be.
 And gyff that ye will trow to me
 Ye sall ger mak you tharoff king,
 And I sall be in your helping
 With—thi ye giff me all the land
 That ye haiff now intill your hand.
 And gyff that ye will nocht do sua
 Ne swylk a state upon you ta,
 All hale my land sall youris be
 And lat me ta the state on me
 And bring this land out off thyrlage,
 For thar is nother man na page
 In all this land than thai sall be
 Fayn to mak thaim selvyn fre.'
 The lord the Bruis hard his carping
 And wend he spak bot suthfast thing,
 And for it likit till his will
 He gave his assent sone thartill
 And said, 'Sen ye will it be swa
 I will blythly apon me ta
 The state, for I wate that I have rycht,
 And rycht mays oft the feble wycht.'

[The dangers of treason]

The barounys thus accordyt ar,
 And that ilk nycht writyn war
 Thair endenturis, and aythis maid
 To hald that thai forspokyn haid.
 Bot of all thing wa worth tresoun,
 For thar is nother duk ne baroun
 Na erle na prynce na king off mycht
 Thocht he be never sa wys na wycht
 For wyt worschip price na renoun,
 That ever may wauch hym with tresoune.
 Was nocht all Troy with tresoune tane
 Quhen ten yeris off the wer wes gane?
 Then slayn wes mony thousand
 Off thaim without throu strenth of hand,
 As Dares in his buke he wrate,
 And Dytis that knew all thar state.
 Thai mycht nocht haiff beyn tane throu mycht,
 Bot tresoun tuk thaim throu hyr slycht.
 And Alexander the conqueroure
 That conqueryt Babilonys tour
 And all this world off lenth and breid
 In twelf yher throu his douchty deid
 Wes syne destroyit throu pusoune
 In his awyne hous throu gret tresoun,
 Bot or he deit his land delt he;
 To se his dede wes gret pite.
 Julius Cesar als, that wan
 Bretane and Fraunce as douchty man,
 Affryk, Arrabe, Egipt, Surry
 And all Europe halyly,
 And for his worschip and valour
 Off Rome wes fryst made emperour,
 Syne in his capitole wes he
 Throu thaim of his consaill preve
 Slayne with punsoune ryght to the ded,
 And quhen he saw thar wes na rede
 Hys eyn with his hand closit he
 For to dey with mar honeste.
 Als Arthur that throu chevalry
 Maid Bretane maistres and lady
 Off twelf kinrikis that he wan,
 And alsua as a noble man
 He wan throu bataill Fraunce all fre,
 And Lucius Yber vencusyt he
 That then of Rome wes emperour,
 Bot yeit for all his gret valour
 Modreyt his syster son him slew,

And gud men als ma then inew
 Throu tresoune and throu wikkities,
 The Broite beris tharoff wytnes.
 Sa fell of this conand-making,
 For the Cumyn raid to the king
 Off Ingland and tald all this cas
 Bot I trow nocht all as it was
 Bot the endentur till him gaf he
 That soune schawyt the iniquite.
 Quharfor syne he tholyt ded,
 Than he couth set tharfor na rede.

[Edward I confronts Bruce with the indenture in parliament]

Quhen the king saw the endentur
 He wes angry out of mesur,
 And swour that he suld vengeance ta
 Off that Bruys that presumyt swa
 Aganys him to brawle or rys
 Or to conspyr on sic a wys.
 And to Schyr Jhon Cumyn said he
 That he suld for his leawte
 Be rewardyt and that hely,
 And he him thankit humyly.
 Than thocht he to have the leding
 Off all Scotland but gane-saying
 Fra at the Bruce to dede war brocht.
 Bot oft failyeis the fulis thocht,
 And wys mennys etling
 Cummys nocht ay to that ending
 That thai think it sall cum to,
 For God wate weill quhat is to do.
 Off hys etlyng rycht swa it fell
 As I sall efterwartis tell.
 He tuk his leve and hame is went,
 And the king a parlyament
 Gert set tharefter hastely
 And thidder somounys he in hy
 The barounys of his reawte,
 And to the lord the Bruce send he
 Bydding to cum to that gadryng.
 And he that had na persavyng
 Off the tresoun na the falset
 Raid to the king but langer let,
 And in Lundon hym herberyd he
 The fyrst day off thar assemble,
 Syne on the morn to court he went.
 The king sat into parleament
 And forouth hys consaile preve
 The lord the Bruce thar callyt he

And schawyt hym the endentur.
 He wes in full gret aventur
 To tyne his lyff, bot God of mycht
 Preservyt him till hyer hycht,
 That wald nocht that he swa war dede.
 The king betaucht hym in that steid
 The endentur the seile to se,
 And askyt gyff it enselyt he?
 He lukyt the seyle entently
 And answeryt till him humyly
 And sayd, 'How that I sympill be
 My seyle is nocht all tyme with me.
 Ik have ane other it to ber.
 Tharfor giff that your willis wer
 Ic ask you respyt for to se
 This letter and tharwith avysit be
 Till tomorn that ye be set,
 And then foroutyn langer let
 This letter sall I entyr heyr
 Befor all your consaill planer,
 And thartill into borwch draw I
 Myn herytage all halily.'
 The king thocht he wes traist inewch
 Sen he in bowrch hys landis drewch,
 And let hym with the letter passe
 Till entyr it as forspokin was.

BOOK 2

[Bruce escapes to Lochmaben]

The Bruys went till his innys swyth,
 Bot wyt ye weile he wes full blyth
 That he had gottyn that respyt.
 He callit his marschall till him tyt
 And bad him luk on all maner
 That he ma till his men gud cher,
 For he wald in his chambre be
 A weile gret quhile in prevate,
 With him a clerk foroutyn ma.
 The marschell till the hall gan ga
 And did hys lordys commanding.
 The lord the Bruce but mar letting
 Gert prevely bryng stedys twa,
 He and the clerk foroutyn ma
 Lap on foroutyn persavyng,
 And day and nycht but sojournyng
 Thai raid quhill on the fyften day
 Cummyntill Louchmaben ar thai.
 Hys broder Edward thar thai fand
 That thocht ferly Ic tak on hand
 That thai come hame sa prevely.
 He tauld hys brodyr halyly
 How that he thar soucht was
 And how that he chapyt wes throu cas.

[The killing of Comyn and his uncle]

Sa fell it in the samyn tid
 That at Dumfres rycht thar besid
 Schir Jhone the Cumyn sojornyng maid.
 The Brus lap on and thidder raid
 And thocht foroutyn mar letting
 For to quyt hym his discovering.
 Thidder he raid but langer let
 And with Schyr Jhone the Cumyn met
 In the Freris at the hye awter,
 And schawyt him with lauchand cher
 The endentur, syne with a knyff
 Rycht in that sted hym reft the lyff.
 Schyr Edmund Cumyn als wes slayn
 And othir mony off mekill mayn.

Nocht—for—thi yeit sum men sayis
 At that debat fell other—wayis,
 Bot quhat—sa—evyr maid the debate
 Thar—through he deyt weill I wat.
 He mysdyd thar gretly but wer
 That gave na gyrrh to the awter,
 Tharfor sa hard myscheiff him fell
 That Ik herd never in romanys tell
 Off man sa hard frayit as wes he
 That efterwart com to sic bounte.

*[Edward hears of Bruce's flight; news of Comyn's death
 reaches the bishop of St Andrews]*

Now agayne to the king ga we
 That on the morn with his barne
 Sat intill his parleament,
 And eftyr the lord the Bruys he sent
 Rycht till his in with knychtis kene.
 Quhen he oft—tyme had callit bene
 And his men efter him askit thai,
 Thai said that he sen yhyesterday
 Dwelt in his chambyr ythanly
 With a clerk with him anerly.
 Than knokyt thai at his chamur thar
 And quhen thai hard nane mak ansvar
 Thai brak the dur, bot thai fand nocht
 The—quhethir the chambre hale thai socht.
 Thai tald the king than hale the cas
 And how that he eschapyt was.
 He wes off his eschap sary
 And swour in ire full stalwartly
 That he suld drawyn and hangit be.
 He manansyt as him thocht, bot he
 Thocht that suld pas ane other way
 And, quhen he as ye herd me say
 Intill the kyrk Schyr Jhone haid slain,
 Till Louchmabane he went agayne
 And gert men with his lettres ryd
 To freyndis apon ilk sid
 That come to hym with thar mengye,
 And his men als assemblit he
 And thocht that he wald mak him king.
 Our all the land the word gan spryng
 That the Bruce the Cumyn had slayn,
 And amang other, lettres ar gayn
 To the byschop off Androws towne
 That tauld how slayn wes that baroun.
 The letter tauld hym all the deid,
 And he till his men gert reid

And sythyn said thaim, 'Sekyrly
I hop Thomas prophecy
Off Hersildoune sall veryfyd be
In him, for swa Our Lord help me
I haiff gret hop he sall be king
And haiff this land all in leding.'

[Douglas leaves St Andrews on the bishop's horse and joins Bruce]

James off Douglas that ay-quhar
Allwayis befor the byschop schar
Had weill hard all the letter red,
And he tuk alsua full gud hed
To that the byschop had said.
And quhen the burdys doun war laid
Till chamyr went thai then in hy,
And James off Douglas prevely
Said to the byschop, 'Schyr, ye se
How Inglismen throu thar powste
Dysherysys me off my land,
And men has gert you understand
Als that the erle off Carryk
Clamys to govern the kynryk,
And for yon man that he has slayn
All Inglismen ar him agayn
And wald disherys hym blythly,
The-quhether with hym dwell wald I.
Tharfor, schir, giff it war your will
I wald tak with him gud and ill.
Throu hym I trow my land to wyn
Magre the Cliffurd and his kyn.'
The byschop hard and had pite
And said, 'Swet son, sa God help me
I wald blythly that thou war thar
Bot at I nocht reprovyt war.
On this maner weile wyrk thou may.
Thou sall tak Ferrand my palfray,
For thar is na hors in this land
Sa swyht na yeit sa weill at hand.
Tak him as off thine awyne hewid
As I had gevyn tharto na reid,
And gyff his yhemar oucht gruchys
Luk that thou tak him magre his,
Swa sall I weill assoneit be.
Mychty God for his powste
Graunt that he that thou pasis to
And thou in all tyme sa weill to do
That ye you fra your fayis defend.'
He taucht him siluer to dispend
And syne gaiff him gud day

THE BRUS

And bad him pas furth on his way,
For he ne wald spek till he war gane.
The Douglas then his way has taine
Rycht to the hors, as he him bad,
Bot he that him in yhemsell had
Than warnyt him dispitously,
Bot he that wreth him encrely
Fellyt hym with a swerys dynt,
And syne foroutyn langer stynt
The hors he sadylt hastely,
And lap on hym delyverly
And passyt furth but leve-taking.
Der God that is off hevyn king
Sauff hym and scheld him fra his fayis.
All him alane the way he tais
Towart the towne off Louchmabane,
And a litill fra Aryk stane
The Bruce with a gret rout he met
That raid to Scone for to be set
In kingis stole and to be king.
And quhen Douglas saw hys cummyng
He raid and hailsyt hym in hy
And lowtyt him ffull curtasly,
And tauld him haly all his state
And quhat he was, and als how-gat
The Cliffurd held his heritage,
And that he come to mak homage
Till him as till his rychtwis king,
And at he boune wes in all thing
To tak with him the gud and ill.
And quhen the Bruce had herd his will
He resavyt him in gret daynte
And men and armys till him gaff he.
He thocht weile he suld be worthy
For all his eldris war douchty.
Thusgat maid thai thar aquentance
That never syne for nakyn chance
Departyt quhill thai lyffand war.
Thair frendschip woux ay mar and mar,
For he servyt ay lelely,
And the tother full wilfully
That was bath worthy wycht and wys
Rewardyt him weile his service.

***[Bruce becomes king; Edward I sends Aymer de Valence against him;
King Robert's force at Perth]***

The lord the Bruce to Glaskow raid
And send about him quhill he haid
Off his freyndis a gret menyhe,

And syne to Scone in hy raid he
 And wes maid king but langer let,
 And in the kingis stole wes set
 As in that tyme wes the maner.
 Bot off thar nobleis, gret affer,
 Thar service na thar realte
 Ye sall her na thing now for me,
 Owtane that he off the barnage
 That thidder come tok homage
 And syne went our all the land
 Frendis and frendschip purchesand
 To maynteym that he had begunnyn.
 He wyst or all the land war wonnyn
 He suld fynd full hard barganyng
 With him that wes off Ingland king,
 For thar wes nane off lyff sa fell
 Sa pautener na sa cruell.
 And quhen to King Edward wes tauld
 How at the Bruys that wes sa bauld
 Had brocht the Cumyn till ending,
 And how he syne had maid him king,
 Owt off his wyt he went weill ner,
 And callit till him Schir Amer
 The Vallang that wes wys and wycht
 And off his hand a worthy knyght,
 And bad him men off armys ta
 And in hy till Scotland ga,
 And byrn and slay and rais dragoun,
 And hycht all Fyfe in warysoun
 Till him that mycht other ta or sla
 Robert the Bruce that wes his fa.
 Schir Aymer did as he him bad,
 Gret chevalry with him he had,
 With him wes Philip the Mowbray,
 And Ingram the Umfravill perfay
 That wes bath wys and averty
 And full off gret chevalry,
 And off Scotland the maist party
 Thai had intill thar cumpany,
 For yheit then mekill off the land
 Wes intill Inglismennys hand.
 Till Perth then went thai in a rout,
 That then wes wallyt all about
 With feile towris ryght hey bataillyt
 To defend giff it war assaylit,
 Tharin dwellyt Schyr Amery
 With all his gret chevalry.
 The King Robert wyst he wes thar
 And quhatkyn chyftanys with him war
 And assemblyt all his mengye.
 He had feyle off full gret bounte

Bot thar fayis war may then thai
 Be fyften hunder as Ik herd say,
 The—quhether he had thar at that ned
 Full feill that war douchty off deid
 And barounys that war bauld as bar.
 Twa erlis alsua with him war,
 Off Levynax and Atholl war thai.
 Edward the Bruce wes thar alsua,
 Thomas Randell and Hew de le Hay
 And Schyr David the Berclay
 Fresale, Somerveile, and Inchmertyn.
 James off Douglas thar wes syne
 That yheyt than wes bot litill off mycht,
 And othir fele folk forsye in fycht
 Als was gude Cristell of Setoun
 And Robert Boyd of greit renoun,
 And uther feill of mekill nicht
 Bot I can nocht tell quhat thai hycht.

[At Perth; Umfraville's advice to Valence]

Thocht thai war quheyn thai war worthy
 And full off gret chevalry,
 And in bataill in gud aray
 Befor Sanct Jhonystoun com thai
 And bad Schyr Amery isch to fycht,
 And he that in the mekill mycht
 Traistyt off thaim that wes him by
 Bad his men arme thaim hastily.
 Bot Schir Ingram the Umfravill
 Thocht it war all to gret perill
 In playne bataill to thaim to ga
 Or—quhill thai war arayit sa,
 And till Schyr Amer said he,
 'Schir, giff that ye will trow to me,
 Ye sall nocht ische thaim till assaile
 Till thai ar purvayt in bataill,
 For thar ledar is wys and wycht
 And off his hand a noble knycht,
 And he has in his cumpany
 Mony a gud man and worthi
 That sall be hard for till assay
 Till thai ar in sa gud aray,
 For it suld be full mekill mycht
 That now suld put thaim to the flycht,
 For quhen folk ar weill arayit
 And for the bataill weill purvait
 With—thi that thai all gud men be,
 Thai sall fer mar be advise
 And weill mar for to dreid then thai

War sumdele out off aray.
 Tharfor ye may, schyr, say thaim till
 That thai may this nycht and thai will
 Gang herbery thaim and slep and rest,
 And to—morn but langer lest
 Ye sall isch furth to the bataill,
 And fecht with thaim bot gyf thai faile.
 Sa till thar herbery went sall thai
 And sum sall went to the forray,
 And thai that dwellis at the logyng
 Sen thai cum out off travelling
 Sall in schort tyme unarmyt be.
 Then on our best maner may we
 With all our fayr chevalry
 Ryd towart thaim rycht hardyly.
 And thai that wenys to rest all nycht
 Quhen thai se us arayit to fycht
 Cummand on thaim sa sudanly,
 Thai sall affrayit be gretumly,
 And or thai cummyn in bataill be
 We sall speid us swagat that we
 Sall be all redy till assemblill.
 Sum man for ernes will trymbill
 Quhen he assayit is sodanly
 That with avisement is douchty.'

[The Scots go to Methven to camp; the English advance on them]

As he avisyt have thai done,
 And till thaim utouth send thai sone
 And bade thaim herbery thaim that nycht
 And on the morn cum to the fycht.
 Quhen thai saw thai mycht no mar
 Towart Meffayn then gan thai far
 And in the woud thaim logyt thai.
 The thrid part went to the forray,
 And the lave sone unarmyt war
 And skalyt to loge thaim her and thar
 Schyr Amer then but mar abaid
 With all the folk he with him haid
 Ischyt inforcely to the fycht,
 And raid intill a randoun rycht
 The straucht way towart Meffen.
 The king that wes unarmyt then
 Saw thaim cum swa inforcely,
 Then till his men gan hely cry,
 'Till armys, swyth, and makis you yar,
 Her at our hand our fayis ar.'
 And thai did swa in full gret hy
 And on thar hors lap hastily.

The king displayit his baner
 Quhen that his folk assemblyt wer
 And said, 'Lordingis now may ye se
 That yone folk all throu sutelte
 Schapis thaim to do with slycht
 That at thai drede to do with mycht.
 Now I persave he that will trew
 His fa, it sall him sum–tyme rew.
 And nocht–for–thi, thocht thai be fele
 God may rycht weill our werdis dele
 For multitud mais na victory,
 As man has red in mony story
 That few folk has oft vencusyt ma.
 Trow we that we sall do rycht sua.
 Ye ar ilkan wycht and worthy
 And full of gret chevalry,
 And wate rycht weill quhat honour is.
 Wyrk yhe then apon swylk wys
 That your honour be savyt ay.
 And a thing will I to you say,
 That he that deis for his cuntre
 Sall herbryit intill hevyn be.'
 Quhen this wes said thai saw cumand
 Thar fayis ridand ner at the hand
 Arayit rycht avisely
 Willfull to do chevalry.

[The battle of Methven]

On athir syd thus war thai yhar
 And till assemble all redy war.
 Thai straucht thar speris on athir syd
 And swa ruydly gan samyn ryd
 That speris al to–fruschyt war
 And feyle men dede and woundyt sar,
 The blud out at thar byrnys brest,
 For the best and the worthiest
 That wilfull war to wyn honour
 Plungyt in the stalwart stour
 And routis ruyd about thaim dang.
 Man mycht haiff seyn into that thrang
 Knychtis that wycht and hardy war
 Under hors feyt defoulyt thar
 Sum woundyt and sum all ded,
 The gres woux off the blud all rede.
 And thai that held on hors in hy
 Swappyt out swerdis sturdyly
 And sa fell strakys gave and tuk
 That all the renk about thaim quouk.
 The Bruysis folk full hardely

Schawyt thar gret chevalry
 And he him selff atour the lave
 Sa hard and sa hevy dyntis gave
 That quhar he come thai maid him way.
 His folk thaim put in hard assay
 To stynt thar fais mekill mycht
 That then so fayr had off the fycht
 That thai wan feild ay mar and mar.
 The kingis small folk ner vencusyt ar,
 And quhen the king his folk has sene
 Begouth to faile, for propyr tene
 His assenyhe gan he cry
 And in the stour sa hardyly
 He ruschyt that all the semble schuk.
 He all till-hewyt that he ourtuk
 And dang on thaim quhill he mycht drey.
 And till his folk he criyt hey,
 'On thaim, on thaim, thai feble fast,
 This bargane never may langer last.'
 And with that word sa wilfully
 He dang on and sa hardely
 That quha had sene him in that fycht
 Suld hald him for a douchty knycht.
 But thocht he wes stout and hardy
 And othir als off his cumpany,
 Thar mycht na worschip thar availye
 For thar small folk begouth to failye
 And fled all skalyt her and thar.
 Bot the gude at enchaufyt war
 Off ire abade and held the stour
 To conquyr thaim endles honour.
 And quhen Schyr Amer has sene
 The small folk fle all bedene
 And sa few abid to fycht
 He releyt to himm mony a knycht
 And in the stour sa hardyly
 He ruschyt with hys chevalry
 That he ruschyt his fayis ilkane.
 Schyr Thomas Randell thar wes tane
 That then wes a young bachelor
 And Schyr Alexander Fraseyr
 And Schyr David the Breklay
 Inchmertyne and Hew de le Hay
 And Somervell and other ma.
 And the king him selff alsua
 Wes set imtill full hard assay
 Throu Schyr Philip the Mowbray
 That raid till him full hardyly
 And hynt hys rengye and syne gan cry,
 'Help! Help! I have the new-maid king.'
 With that come gyrdand in a lyng

Crystall off Seytoun quhen he swa
 Saw the king sesyt with his fa,
 And to Philip sic rout he raucht
 That thocht he wes of mekill maucht
 He gert him galay disyly,
 And haid till erd gane fullyly
 Ne war he hynt him by his sted,
 Then off his hand the brydill yhed.
 And the king his enssenye gan cry,
 Releyt his men that war him by
 That war sa few that thai na mycht
 Endur the fors mar off the fycht.
 Thai prikyt then out off the pres,
 And the king that angry wes
 For he his men saw fle him fra
 Said then, 'Lordingis, sen it is swa
 That ure rynnys agane us her,
 Gud is we pas of thar daunger
 Till God us send eft-sonys grace.
 And yeyt may fall giff thai will chace
 Quyt thaim corn-but sumdele we sall.'
 To this word thai assentyt all
 And fra thaim walopyt ovyr-mar.
 Thar fayis alsua wery war
 That off thaim all thar chassyt nane,
 Bot with presoneris that thai had tane
 Rycht to the toun thai held thar way,
 Rycht glaid and joyfull off thar pray.
 That nycht thai lay all in the toun,
 Thar wes nane off sa gret renoun
 Na yeit sa hardy off thaim all
 That durst herbery with-out the wall,
 Sa dred thai sar the gayne-cummyng
 Off Schyr Robert the douchty king.
 And to the king off England sone
 Thai wrate haly as thai haid done,
 And he wes blyth off that tithing
 And for dispyte bad draw and hing
 All the presonneris thocht thai war ma.
 Bot Schyr Amery did nocht sua
 To sum bath land and lyff gaiff he
 To leve the Bruysis fewte
 And serve the king off England
 And off him for to hald the land
 And werray the Brus as thar fa.
 Thomas Randell wes ane off tha
 That for his lyff become thar man.
 Off other that war takyn than
 Sum thai ransounyt, sum thai slew
 And sum thai hangyt and sum thai drew.

[The king goes to the Mounth as a refugee]

In this maner rebutyt was
 The Bruys that mekill murnyn mais
 For his men that war slayne and tane,
 And he wes als sa will off wane
 That he trowit in nane sekylly
 Outane thaim off his cumpany,
 That war sa few that thai mycht be
 Fyve hunder ner off all mengye.
 His broder alwayis wes him by
 Schyr Edward that wes sa hardy,
 And with him wes a bauld baroun
 Schyr Wilyam the Boroundoun.
 The erle off Athole als wes thar,
 Bot ay syn thai discomfyt war
 The erle off the Levenax wes away
 And wes put to full hard assay
 Or he met with the king agayn,
 Bot always as a man off mayn
 He mayntemyt him full manlyly.
 The king had in his cumpany
 James alsua of Douglas
 That wucht wys and averty was,
 Schyr Gilbert de le Hay alsua
 Schir Nele Cambell and other ma
 That I thar namys can nocht say,
 As utelawys went mony day
 Dreand in the Month thar pyne,
 Eyte flesch and drank water syne.
 He durst nocht to the planys ga
 For all the commounys went him fra
 That for thar liffis war full fayn
 To pas to the Inglis pes agayn.
 Sa fayris ay commounly,
 In commounys may nane affy
 Bot he that may thar warand be.
 Sa fur thai then with him, for he
 Thaim fra thar fais mycht nocht warand
 Thai turnyt to the tother hand,
 Bot threldome that men gert thaim fele
 Gert thaim ay yarne that he fur wele.

*[The king goes to Aberdeen; the queen joins him;
 a Theban analogy; they ride to the hills and live rough]*

Thus in the hyllis levyt he
 Till the mast part off his menye
 Wes revyn and rent, na schoyn thai had

Bot as thai thaim off hydys mad.
 Tharfor thai went till Aberdeyne
 Quhar Nele the Bruys come and the queyn
 And other ladyuis fayr and farand
 Ilkane for luff off thar husband
 That for leyle luff and leawte
 Wald partenerys off thar paynys be.
 Thai chesyt tyttar with thaim to ta
 Angyr and payne na be thaim fra,
 For luff is off sa mekill mycht
 That it all paynys makis lych,
 And mony tyme mais tender wychtis
 Off swilk strenthtis and swilk mychtis
 That thai may mekill paynys endur
 And forsakis nane aventur
 That evyr may fall, with–thi that thai
 Tharthrou succur thair liffys may.
 Men redys, quhen Thebes wes tane
 And Kyng Aristas men war slane
 That assailt the cite,
 That the wemen off his cuntre
 Come for to fech him hame agayne
 Quhen thai hard all his folk wes slayne,
 Quhar the King Campaneus
 Throu the help off Menesteus
 That come percas ridand tharby
 With thre hunder in cumpany
 That throu the kingis prayer assailt
 That yeit to tak the toun had failyeit.
 Then war the wiffys thyrland the wall
 With pikkis, quhar the assailyeis all
 Entryt and dystroyit the tour
 And slew the pupill but recur.
 Syn quhen the duk his way wes gayne
 And all the kingis men war slayne
 The wiffis had him till his cuntre
 Quhar wes na man leiffand bot he.
 In wemen mekill comfort lyis
 And gret solace on mony wis,
 Sa fell yt her, for thar cummyng
 Rejosyt rycht gretumly the king.
 The–quhether ilk nycht himselvyn wouk
 And rest apon daiis touk.
 A gud quhile thar he sojournyt then
 And esyt wonder weill his men
 Till that the Inglis–men herd say
 That he thar with his menye lay
 All at ese and sekyrly.
 Assemblit thai thar ost in hy
 And thar him trowit to suppris
 Bot he that in his deid wes wys

Wyst thai assemblyt war and quhar,
 And wyst that thei sa mony war
 That he mycht nocht agayne thaim fycht.
 His men in hy he gert be dycht
 And buskyt of the toun to ryd,
 The ladyis raid rycht by his syd.
 Then to the hill thai raid thar way,
 Quhar gret default off mete had thai.
 Bot worthy James off Douglas
 Ay travailland and besy was
 For to purches the ladyis mete
 And it on mony wis wald get,
 For quhile he venesoun thaim brocht,
 And with his handys quhile he wrocht
 Gynnys to tak geddis and salmonys
 Trowtis elys and als menounys,
 And quhill thai went to the forray,
 And swa thar purchesyng maid thai.
 Ilk man traveillyt for to get
 And purches thaim that thai mycht ete.
 Bot off all that ever thai war
 Thar wes nocht ane amang thaim thar
 That to the ladyis profyt was
 Mar then James of Douglas,
 And the king oft comfort wes
 Throu his wyt and his besynes.
 On this maner thaim governyt thai
 Till thai come to the hed off Tay.

BOOK 3

[The lord of Lorn attacks the king's men]

The lord off Lorne wonnyt thar-by
 That wes capitale ennymy
 To the king for his emys sak
 Jhon Comyn, and thocht for to tak
 Vengeance apon cruell maner.
 Quhen he the king wist wes sa ner
 He assemblyt his men in hy,
 And had intill his cumpany
 The barounys off Argyle alsua.
 Thai war a thousand weill or ma
 And come for to suppris the king
 That weill wes war of thar cummyng.
 Bot all to few with him he had
 The—quhethir he bauldly thaim abaid,
 And weill ost at thar fryst metyng
 War layd at erd but recoveryng.
 The kingis folk full weill thaim bar
 And slew and fellyt and woundyt sar,
 Bot the folk off the tother party
 Faucht with axys sa fellyly,
 For thai on fute war everilkane,
 That thai feile off thar hors has slayne,
 And till sum gaiff thai woundis wid.
 James off Douglas wes hurt that tyd
 And als Schyr Gilbert de le Hay.
 The king his men saw in affray
 And his ensenye can he cry
 And amang thaim rycht hardyly
 He rad that he thaim ruschyt all
 And fele off thaim thar gert he fall.
 Bot quhen he saw thai war sa feill
 And saw thaim swa gret dyntis deill
 He dred to tyne his folk, forthi
 His men till him he gan rely
 And said, 'Lordyngis, foly it war
 Tyll us for till assemblill mar,
 For thai fele off our hors has slayn,
 And giff yhe fecht with thaim agayn
 We sall tyne off our small mengye
 And our selff sall in perill be.
 Tharfor me thynk maist avenand
 To withdraw us us defendand

Till we cum out off thar daunger,
 For our strenth at our hand is ner.'
 Then thai withdrew thaim halely
 Bot that wes nocht full cowardly
 For samyn intill a sop held thai
 And the king him abandonyt ay
 To defend behind his mengye,
 And throu his worschip sa wrouch he
 That he reskewyt all the flearis
 And styntyt swagat the chassaris
 That nane durst out off batall chas,
 For alwayis at thar hand he was.
 Sa weile defendyt he his men
 That quha—sa—ever had seyne him then
 Prove sa worthely vasselage
 And turn sa oft—sythis the visage
 He suld say he aucht weill to be
 A king off a gret reawte.

[Comparisons from Celtic and classical legends with the king's defence of his men]

Quhen that the lord off Lorne saw
 His men stand off him ane sik aw
 That thai durst nocht folow the chase
 Rycht angry in his hart he was,
 And for wondyr that he suld swa
 Stot thaim him ane but ma
 He said, 'Me think Marthokys sone
 Rycht as Golmakmorn was wone
 To haiff fra Fyn all his mengne,
 Rycht swa all his fra us has he.'
 He set ensample thus mydlike,
 The—quhethir he mycht mar manerlik
 Lyknyt hym to Gaudifer de Larys
 Quhen that the mychty Duk Betys
 Assailyeit in Gadyrris the forrayours,
 And quhen the king thaim maid rescours
 Duk Betys tuk on him the flycht
 That wald ne mar abid to fycht.
 Bot Gaudifer the worthi
 Abandonyt him so worthyly
 For to reskew all the fleieris
 And for to stonay the chasseris
 That Alysander to erth he bar
 And alsua did he Tholimar
 And gud Coneus alsua
 Danklyne alsua and othir ma,
 Bot at the last thar slayne he wes.
 In that failyeit the liklynes,

THE BRUS

For the king full chevalrusly
Defendyt all his cumpany
And wes set in full gret danger
And yeit eschapyt haile and fer.

[The king kills the two Mac na Dorsair brothers and their fellow]

Twa brethir war in that land
That war the hardiest off hand
That war intill all that cuntre,
And thai had sworn iff thai mycht se
The Bruys quhar thai mycht him our-ta
That thai suld dey or then hym sla.
Thar surname wes Makyne Drosser,
That is al-so mekill to say her
As the Durwarth sonnys perfay.
Off thar covyne the thrid had thai
That wes rycht stout ill and feloune.
Quhen thai the king off gud renoune
Saw sua behind his mengne rid
And saw him torne sa mony tid,
Thai abaid till that he was
Entryt in ane narow place
Betwix a louch-sid and a bra
That wes sa strait Ik underta
That he mycht nocht weill turn in his sted.
Then with a will till him thai yede
And ane him by the bridill hynt,
Bot he raucht till him sic a dynt
That arme and schuldyr flaw him fra.
With that ane other gan him ta
Be the lege and his hand gan schute
Betwix the sterap and his fute,
And quhen the king feld thar his hand
In his sterapys stythly gan he stand
And strak with spuris the stede in hy,
And he lansyt furth delyverly
Swa that the tother failyeit fete,
And nocht-for-thi his hand wes yeit
Undyr the sterap magre his.
The thrid with full gret hy with this
Rycht till the bra-syd he yeid
And stert behynd hym on his sted.
The king wes then in full gret pres,
The-quhether he thocht as he that wes
In all hys dedys avise
To do ane outrageous bounte,
And syne hyme that behynd him was
All magre his will him gan he ras
Fra behynd him, thocht he had sworn,

He laid hym evyn him beforne,
 Syne with the swerd sic dynt hym gave
 That he the heid till the harnys clave.
 He rouschit doun off blud all rede
 As he that stound feld off dede.
 And then the king in full gret hy
 Strak at the tothir vigorously
 That he efter his sterap drew
 That at the fyrst strak he him slew.
 On this wis him delyverit he
 Off all thai felloun fayis thre.

[Mac Nachtan praises the king]

Quhen thai of Lorne has sene the king
 Set in hym selff sa gret helping
 And defendyt him sa manlely,
 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy
 That durst assailye him mar in fycht,
 Sa dred thai for his mekill mycht.
 Thar wes a baroune Maknauchtan
 That in his hart gret kep has tane
 To the kingis chevalry
 And prisyt him in hert gretly,
 And to the lord off Lorne said he,
 'Sekyrly now may ye se
 Be tane the starkest pundelan
 That evyr your lyfftyme ye saw tane,
 For yone knyght throu his douchti deid
 And thro his outrageous manheid
 Has fellyt intill litill tyd
 Thre men off mekill prid,
 And stonayit all our mengye swa
 That eftyr him dar na man ga,
 And tournys sa mony tyme his stede
 That semys off us he had na dred.'
 Then gane the lord off Lorn say,
 'It semys it likis ye perfay
 That he slayis yongat our mengye.'
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sa Our Lord me se,
 To sauff your presence it is nocht swa,
 Bot quhether—sa he be freynd or fa
 That wynnys prys off chevalry
 Men suld spek tharoff lelyly,
 And sekyrly in all my tyme
 Ik hard never in sang na ryme
 Tell off a man that swa smertly
 Eschevyt swa gret chevalry.'
 Sic speking off the king thai maid,
 And he eftyr his mengye raid

And intill saufte thaim led
 Quhar he his fayis na—thing dred,
 And thai off Lorne agayn ar gayn
 Menand the scaith that thai haiff tayn.

*[The king comforts his men with the example
 of the recovery of Rome from Hannibal]*

The king that nycht his wachis set
 And gert ordayne that thai mycht et,
 And bad conford to thaim tak
 And at thar mychtis mery mak.
 For disconford, as then said he,
 Is the werst thing that may be,
 For throu mekill disconforting
 Men fallis oft into disparing,
 And fra a man disparyt be
 Then utraly vencusyt is he,
 And fra the hart be discumfyt
 The body is nocht worth a myt.
 'Tharfor,' he said, 'atour all thing
 Kepys you fra disparyng,
 And think thouch we now harmys fele
 That God may yeit releve us weill.
 Men redys off mony men that war
 Fer harder stad then we yhet ar
 And syne Our Lord sic grace thaim lent
 That thai come weill till thar entent.
 For Rome quhilum sa hard wes stad
 Quhen Hanniball thaim vencusyt had
 That off ryngis with rich stane
 That war off knychtis fyngeris tane
 He send thre bollis to Cartage,
 And syne to Rome tuk his viage
 Thar to distroye the cite all.
 And thai within bath gret and small
 Had fled quhen thai saw his cummyng
 Had nocht bene Scipio the king,
 That or thai fled wald thaim haiff slayn,
 And swagat turnyt he thaim agayn.
 Syne for to defend the cite
 Bath servandis and threllis mad he fre,
 And maid thaim knychtis everilkane,
 And syne has off the templis tane
 The armys that thar eldrys bar,
 In name off victory offeryt thar.
 And quhen thai armyt war and dycht
 That stalwart karlis war and wycht
 And saw that thai war fre alsua,
 Thaim thocht that thai had lever ta

The dede na lat the toun be tane,
 And with commoune assent as ane
 Thai ischit off the toune to fycht
 Quhar Hannyball his mekill mycht
 Aganys thaim arayit was.
 Bot throu mycht off Goddis grace
 It ranyt sa hard and hevily
 That thar wes nane sa hardy
 That durst into that place abid,
 Bot sped thaim intill hy to rid,
 The ta part to thar pailounys,
 The tother part went in the toune is.
 The rayne thus lettyn the fechtyn,
 Sa did it twys tharefter syne.
 Quhen Hanibal saw this ferly
 With all his gret chevalry
 He left the toune and held his way,
 And syne wes put to sik assay
 Throu the power off that cite
 That his lyff and his land tynt he.
 Be thir quheyne that sa worthily
 Wane sik a king and sa mychty,
 Ye may weill be ensampill se
 That na man suld disparyt be,
 Na lat his hart be vencusyt all
 For na myscheiff that ever may fall,
 For nane wate in how litill space
 That God umquhile will send grace.
 Had thai fled and thar wayis gane
 Thar fayis swith the toune had tane.
 Tharfor men that werrayand war
 Suld set thar etlyng ever-mar
 To stand agayne thar fayis mycht
 Umquhile with strenth and quhile with slycht,
 And ay thynk to cum to purpos,
 And giff that thaim war set in chos
 To dey or to leyff cowardly,
 Thai suld erar dey chevalrusly.

[The king cites the example of Caesar]

Thusgat thaim comfort the king
 And to comfort thaim gan inbryng
 Auld storys off men that wer
 Set intyll hard assayis ser
 And that fortoun contraryit fast,
 And come to purpos at the last.
 Tharfor he said that thai that wald
 Thar hartis undiscumfyt hald
 Suld ay thynk ententily to bryng

All thar enpres to gud ending,
 As quhile did Cesar the worthy
 That traveillyt ay so besyly
 With all his mycht folowing to mak
 To end the purpos that he wald tak,
 That hym thocht he had doyne rycht nocht
 Ay quhill to do him levyt ocht.
 Forthi gret thingis eschevyt he
 As men may in his story se.
 Men may se be his ythen will,
 And it suld als accord to skill
 That quha tais purpos sekyrly
 And folowis it syne entently
 Forout fayntice or yheit faynding,
 With–thi it be conabill thing,
 Bot he the mar be unhappy
 He sall eschev it in party,
 And haiff he lyff–dayis weill may fall
 That he sall eschev it all.
 For–thi suld nane haff disparing
 For till eschev a full gret thing,
 For giff it fall he tharoff failye
 The fawt may be in his travailye.

*[Atholl asks to be left; the king sends him,
 Neil Bruce and the ladies to Kildrummy]*

He prechyt thaim on this maner
 And fenyait to mak better cher
 Then he had mater to be fer,
 For his caus yeid fra ill to wer,
 Thai war ay in sa hard travaill,
 Till the ladyis began to fayle
 That mycht the travaill drey na mar,
 Sa did other als that thar war.
 The Erle Jhone wes ane off tha
 Off Athole that quhen he saw sua
 The king be discumfyt twys,
 And sa feile folk agayne him rys,
 And lyff in sic travaill and dout,
 His hart begane to faile all–out
 And to the king apon a day
 He said, 'Gyff I durst you say,
 We lyff into sa mekill dreid,
 And haffis oftsys off met sic ned,
 And is ay in sic travailling
 With cauld and hunger and waking,
 That I am sad off my selvyn sua
 That I count nocht my liff a stra.
 Thir angrys may I ne mar drey,

THE BRUS

For thought me tharfor worthit dey
I mon sojourne, quharever it be.
Levys me tharfor par cheryte.'
The king saw that he sa wes failyt
And that he ik wes for-travaillyt.
He said, 'Schyr erle, we sall sone se
And ordayne how it best may be.
Quharever ye be, Our Lord you send
Grace fra your fais you to defend.'
With that in hy to him callyt he
Thaim that till him war mast preve.
Then amang thaim thai thocht it best
And ordanyt for the liklyest
That the queyne and the erle alsua
And the ladyis in hy suld ga
With Nele the Bruce till Kildromy,
For thaim thocht thai mycht sekyrly
Dwell thar quhill thai war vittailit weile,
For swa stalwart wes the castell
That it with strenth war hard to get
Quhill that tharin war men and mete.
As thai ordanyt thai did in hy,
The queyne and all hyr cumpany
Lap on thar hors and furth thai far.
Men mycht haiff sene quha had bene thar
At leve-takyng the ladyis gret
And mak thar face with teris wet,
And knyghtis for thar luffis sak
Bath bsich and wep and murnyng mak,
Thai kyssyt thar luffis at thar partyng.
The king umbethocht him off a thing,
That he fra thine on fute wald ga
And tak on fute bath weill and wa,
And wald na hors-men with him haiff,
Tharfor his hors all haile he gaiff
To the ladyis that myster had.
The queyn furth on hyr wayis rade
And sawffly come to the castell
Quhar hyr folk war ressavyt weill
And esyt weill with meyt and drynk,
Bot mycht nane eys let hyr to think
On the king that wes sa sar stad
That bot twa hunder with him had,
The-quhethir thaim weill comfortyt he ay.
God help him that all mychtis may.

*[The king plans to go to Kintyre; Neil Campbell sent to find ships;
the king and his men cross Loch Lomond; he reads a romance to them]*

The queyne dwelt thus in Kyldromy,
 And the king and his cumpany
 That war twa hunder and na ma
 Fra thai had send thar hors thaim fra
 Wandryt emang the hey montanys,
 Quhar he and his oft tholyt paynys,
 For it wes to the wynter ner,
 And sa feile fayis about him wer
 That all the countre thaim werrayit.
 Sa hard anoy thaim then assayit
 Off hunger cauld with schowris snell
 That nane that levys can weill it tell.
 The king saw how his folk wes stad
 And quhat anoyis that thai had,
 And saw wynter wes cummand ner,
 And that he mycht on na maner
 Dre in the hillys the cauld lying
 Na the long nychtis waking.
 He thocht he to Kyntyr wald ga
 And swa lang sojourning thar ma
 Till wynter wedder war away,
 And then he thocht but mar delay
 Into the manland till aryve
 And till the end his werdis dryv.
 And for Kyntyr lyis in the se
 Schyr Nele Cambel befor send he
 For to get him navyn and meite,
 And certane tyme till him he sete
 Quhen he suld meite him at the se.
 Schir Nele Cambell with his mengye
 Went his way but mar letting
 And left his brother with the king,
 And in twelf dayis sua traveillit he
 That he gat schippyne gud plente
 And vittalis in gret abundance.
 Sa maid he nobill chevisance
 For his sibmen wonnyt tharby
 That helpyt him full wilfully.
 The king efter that he wes gane
 To Louch Lomond the way has tane
 And come on the thrid day,
 Bot tharabout na bait fand thai
 That mycht thaim our the water ber.
 Than war thai wa on gret maner
 For it wes fer about to ga,
 And thai war into dout alsua
 To meyt thar fayis that spred war wyd.
 Tharfor endlang the louchhis syd
 Sa besyly thai socht and fast
 Tyll James of Douglas at the last
 Fand a litill sonkyn bate

And to the land it drew fut–hate,
 Bot it sa litill wes that it
 Mycht our the watter but a thresum flyt.
 Thai send tharoff word to the king
 That wes joyfull off that fynding
 And fyrst into the bate is gane,
 With him Douglas, the thrird wes ane
 That rowyt thaim our deliverly
 And set thaim on the land all dry,
 And rowyt sa oftsys to and fra
 Fechand ay our twa and twa
 That in a nycht and in a day
 Cummyn out–our the louch ar thai,
 For sum off thaim couth swome full weill
 And on his bak ber a fardele.
 Swa with swymmyng and with rowyng
 Thai brocht thaim our and all thar thing.
 The king the quhilis meryly
 Red to thaim that war him by
 Romanys off worthi Ferambrace
 That worthily our–cummyn was
 Throu the rycht douchty Olyver,
 And how the duk–peris wer
 Assegyt intill Egrymor
 Quhar King Lavyne lay thaim befor
 With may thousandis then I can say,
 And bot ellevyn within war thai
 And a woman, and war sa stad
 That thai na mete thar–within had
 Bot as thai fra thar fayis wan.
 Yheyte sua contenyt thai thaim than
 That thai the tour held manlily
 Till that Rychard off Normandy
 Magre his fayis warnyt the king
 That wes joyfull off this tithing,
 For he wend thai had all beyne slayne.
 Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne
 And wan Mantrybill and passit Flagot,
 And syne Lavyne and all his flot
 Dispitusly discumfyt he,
 And deliveryt his men all fre
 And wan the naylis and the sper
 And the crowne that Jhesu couth ber,
 And off the croice a gret party
 He wan throu his chevalry.
 The gud king apon this maner
 Comfort thaim that war him ner
 And maid thaim gamyn and solace
 Till that his folk all passyt was.

[Lennox joins the king; a reflection on weeping]

Quhen thai war passit the water brad
 Suppos thai fele off fayis had
 Thai maid thaim mery and war blyth.
 Nocht—for—thi full fele syth
 Thai had full gret default of mete,
 And tharfor venesoun to get
 In twa partys ar thai gayne.
 The king himselff wes intill ane
 And Schyr James off Douglas
 Into the tother party was.
 Then to the hycht thai held thar way
 And huntyt lang quhill off the day
 And soucht schawys and setis set
 Bot thai gat litill for till ete.
 Then hapnyt at that tyme percas
 That the erle of the Levenax was
 Amang the hillis ner tharby,
 And quhen he hard sa blaw and cry
 He had wonder quhat it mycht be,
 And on sic maner spyryt he
 That he knew that it wes the king,
 And then foroutyn mar duelling
 With all thaim off his cumpany
 He went rycht till the king in hy,
 Sa blyth and sa joyfull that he
 Mycht on na maner blyther be
 For he the king wend had bene ded,
 And he wes alsua will off red
 That he durst nocht rest into na place,
 Na sen the king discumfyt was
 At Meffan he herd never thing
 That ever wes certane off the king.
 Tharfor into full gret daynte
 The king full humyly haylist he,
 And he him welcummyt rycht blythly
 And askyt him full tenderly,
 And all the lordis that war thar
 Rycht joyfull off thar meting war,
 And kyssyt him in gret daynte.
 It wes gret pite for til se
 How thai for joy and pite gret
 Quhen that thai with thar falow met
 That thai wend had bene dede, forthi
 Thai welcummyt him mar hartfully,
 And he for pite gret agayne
 That never off metyng wes sa fayne.
 Thocht I say that thai gret sothly
 It wes na greting propyrly,
 For I trow traistly that gretyng

Cummys to men for mysliking,
 And that nane may but angyr gret
 Bot it be wemen, that can wet
 Thair chekys quhenever thaim list with teris,
 The—quethir weill oft thaim na thing deris,
 But I wate weill but lesyng
 Quhatever men say off sic greting
 That mekill joy or yeit pete
 May ger men sua amovyt be
 That water fra the hart will rys
 And weyt the eyne on sic a wys
 That is lik to be greting,
 Thocht it be nocht sua in all thing,
 For quhen men gretis enkrely
 The hart is sorowful or angry,
 Bot for pite I trow gretyng
 Be na thing bot ane opynnyng
 Off hart that schawis the tendernys
 Off rewth that in it closyt is.
 The barounys apon this maner
 Throu Goddis grace assemblyt wer.
 The erle had mete and that plente
 And with glad hart it thaim gaiff he,
 And thai eyt it with full gud will
 That soucht na nother sals thar—till
 Bot appetyt, that oft men takys,
 For rycht weill scowryt war thar stomakys.
 Thai eit and drank sic as thai had
 And till Our Lord syne lovyng maid,
 And thankit him with full gud cher
 That thai war mete on that maner.
 The king then at thaim speryt yarne
 How thai sen he thaim seyne had farne,
 And thai full petwysly gan tell
 Aventuris that thaim befell
 And gret anoyis and poverte.
 The king tharat had gret pite
 And tauld thaim petwisly agayne
 The noy, the travaill and the payne
 That he had tholyt sen he thaim saw.
 Wes nane amang thaim hey na law
 That he ne had pite and plesaunce
 Quhen that he herd mak remembrance
 Off the perellys that passyt war,
 Bot quhen men oucht at liking ar
 To tell off paynys passyt by
 Plesys to heryng petuisly,
 And to rehers thar auld disese
 Dois thaim oftsys comfort and ese,
 With—thi tharto folow na blame
 Dishonour wikytnes na schame.

[They row past Bute; Lennox's boat escapes pursuers]

Efter the mete sone rais the king
 Quhen he had levyt hys speryng,
 And buskyt him with his mengye
 And went in hy towart the se
 Quhar Schyr Nele Cambell thaim mete
 Bath with schippis and with meyte
 Saylys ayris and other thing
 That wes spedfull to thar passyng.
 Then schippyt thai foroutyn mar
 Sum went till ster and sum till ar,
 And rowyt be the ile of But.
 Men mycht se mony frely fute
 About the cost, thar lukand
 As thai on ayris rais rowand,
 And nevys that stalwart war and squar,
 That wont to spayn gret speris war,
 Swa spaynyt aris that men mycht se
 Full oft the hyde leve on the tre.
 For all war doand, knyght and knave,
 Wes nane that ever disport mycht have
 Fra steryng and fra rowyng
 To furthyr thaim off thar fleting.
 Bot in the samyn tyme at thai
 War in schipping, as ye hard me say,
 The erle off the Levenax was,
 I can nocht tell you throu quhat cas
 Levyt behynd with his galay
 Till the king wes fer on his way.
 Quhen that thai off his cuntre
 Wyst that so duelt behynd wes he
 Be se with schippys thai him socht,
 And he that saw that he wes nocht
 Off pith to fecht with thai traytouris
 And that he had na ner socouris
 Then the kingis flote, forthi
 He sped him efter thaim in hy,
 Bot the tratouris hym folowyt sua
 That thai weill ner hym gan ourta
 For all the mycht that he mycht do.
 Ay ner and ner thai come him to,
 And quhen he saw thai war sa ner
 That he mycht weill thar manance her
 And saw thaim ner and ner cum ay,
 Then till his mengye gan he say,
 'Bot giff we fynd sum sutelte
 Ourtane all sone sall we be.
 Tharfor I rede but mar letting

That outakyn our armyng
 We kast our thing all in the se,
 And fra our schip swa lychtyt be
 We sall row and speid us sua
 That we sall weill eschaip thaim fra,
 With that thai sall mak duelling
 Apon the se to tak our thing
 And we sall row but resting ay
 Till we eschapyt be away.'
 As he divisyt thai have done
 And thar schip thai lychtyt sone
 And rowyt syne with all thar mycht,
 And scho that swa wes maid lycht
 Raykyt slidand throu the se.
 And quhen thar fayis gan thaim se
 Forouth thaim alwayis mar and mar,
 The thingis that thar fletand war
 Thai tuk and turnyt syne agayne,
 And leyt thai lesyt all thar payne.

*[Arrival in Kintyre; Angus of Islay submits at Dunaverty;
they sail for Rathlin]*

Quhen that the erle on this maner
 And his mengye eschapyt wer,
 Eftyr the king he gan him hy
 That then with all his cumpany
 Into Kyntyr aryvyt was.
 The erle tauld him all his cas,
 How he wes chasyt on the se
 With thaim that suld his awyn be,
 And how he had bene tane but dout
 Na war it that he warpyt out
 All that he had him lycht to ma
 And swa eschapyt thaim fra.
 'Schyr erle,' said the king, 'perfay,
 Syn thou eschapyt is away
 Off the tynsell is na plenyeng.
 Bot I will say the weile a thing,
 That thar will fall the gret foly
 To pas oft fra my cumpany,
 For fele sys quhen thou art away
 Thou art set intill hard assay,
 Tharfor me thynk best to the
 To hald the alwayis ner by me.'
 'Schyr,' said the erle, 'it sall be swa.
 I sall na wys pas fer you fra
 Till God giff grace we be off mycht
 Agayne our fayis to hald our stycht.'
 Angus off Ile that tyme wes syr

And lord and ledar off Kyntyr,
 The king rycht weill resavyt he
 And undertuk his man to be,
 And him and his on mony wys
 He abandounyt till his service,
 And for mar sekynes gaiff him syne
 His castell off Donavardyne
 To duell tharin at his liking.
 Full gretumly thankyt him the king
 And resavyt his service.
 Nocht–forthi on mony wys
 He wes dredand for tresoun ay,
 And tharfor, as Ik hard men say,
 He traistyt in nane sekylly
 Till that he knew him utraly.
 Boy quhatkin dred that ever he had
 Fayr contenance to thaim he maid,
 And in Donavardyne dayis thre
 Foroutyne mar then duellyt he.
 Syne gert he his mengye mak thaim yar
 Towart Rauchryne be se to far
 That is ane ile in the se,
 And may weill in mydwart be
 Betuix Kyntyr and Irland,
 Quhar als gret stremys ar rynnand
 And als peralous and mar
 Till our–saile thaim into schipfair
 As is the rais of Bretangye
 Or Strait off Marrok into Spanye.

[The stormy crossing; the panic and the submission of Rathlin]

Thair schippys to the se thai set,
 And maid redy but langer let
 Ankyrs rapys bath saile and ar
 And all that nedyt to schipfar.
 Quhen thai war boune to saile thai went,
 The wynd wes wele to thar talent.
 Thai raysyt saile and furth thai far,
 And by the Mole thai passyt yar
 And entryt sone into the rase
 Quhar that the stremys sa sturdy was
 That wavys wyd wycht brakand war
 Weltryt as hillys her and thar.
 The schippys our the wavys slayd
 For wynd at poynt blawand thai had,
 Bot nocht–forthi quha had thar bene
 A gret sterling he mycht haiff seyne
 Off schippys, for quhilum sum wald be
 Rycht on the wavys as on a mounte
 And sum wald slyd fra heyght to law

Rycht as thai doune till hell wald draw,
 Syne on the wav stert sodanly,
 And other schippys that war tharby
 Deliverly drew to the depe.
 It wes gret cunnanes to kep
 Thar takill intill sic a thrang
 And wyth sic wavis, for ay amang
 The wavys reft thar sycht of land
 Quhen thai the land wes rycht ner-hand,
 And quhen schippys war sailand ner
 The se wald rys on sic maner
 That off the wavys the weltrand hycht
 Wald refe thaim oft off thar sycht.
 Bot into Rauchryne nocht-forthi
 Thai aryvyt ilkane sawffly,
 Blyth and glaid that thai war sua
 Eschapyt thai hidwys wavis fra.
 In Rauchryne thai aryvyt ar
 And to the land thai went but mar
 Armyt apon thar best maner.
 Quhen the folk that thar wonnand wer
 Saw men off armys in that cuntre
 Aryve into sic quantite
 Thai fled in hy with thar catell
 Towart a rycht stalwart castell
 That in the land wes tharby.
 Men mycht her wemen hely cry
 And fle with cataill her and thar.
 Bot the kingis folk that war
 Deliver of fute thaim gan our-hy
 And thaim arestyt hastely
 And brocht thaim to the king agayne
 Swa that nane off thaim all wes slayne.
 Then with thaim tretyt swa the king
 That thai to fulfill his yaryng
 Become his men everilkane,
 And has him trewly undertane
 That thai and tharis loud and still
 Suld be in all thing at his will,
 And quhill him likit thar to leynd
 Everilk day thai suld him send
 Vittalis for thre hunder men,
 And thai as lord suld him ken,
 Bot at thar possessioun suld be
 For all his men thar awyn fre.
 The cunnand on this wys was maid,
 And on the morn but langer baid
 Off all Rauchryne bath man and page
 Knelyt and maid the king homage,
 And tharwith swour him fewte
 To serve him ay in lawte,

THE BRUS

And held him rycht weill cunnand,
For quhill he duelt into the land
Thai fand meit till his cumpany
And servyt him full humely.

BOOK 4

[English harshness to prisoners]

In Rawchryne leve we now the king
 In rest foroutyn barganyng,
 And off his fayis a quhile speke we
 That throu thar mycht and thar powste
 Maid sic a persecucioun
 Sa hard, sa strait and sa feloun
 On thaim that till hym luffand wer
 Or kyn or freynd on ony maner
 That at till her is gret pite.
 For thai sparyt off na degre
 Thaim that thai trowit his freynd wer
 Nother off the kyrk na secular,
 For off Glaskow Byschop Robert
 And Marcus off Man thai stythly speryt
 Bath in fetrys and in presoun,
 And worthy Crystoll off Seytoun
 Into Loudoun betresyt was
 Throu a discipill off Judas
 Maknab, a fals tratour that ay
 Wes off his dwelling nycht and day
 Quhom to he maid gud cumpany.
 It wes fer wer than tratoury
 For to betreys sic a persoun
 So nobill and off sic renoun,
 Bot tharoff had he na pite,
 In hell condampnyt mocht he be.
 For quhen he him betrasyt had
 The Inglismen rycht with him rad
 In hy in Ingland to the king,
 That gert draw him and hede and hing
 Foroutyn pete or mercy.
 It wes gret sorow sekyrly
 That so worthy a persoun as he
 Suld on sic maner hangyt be,
 Thusgat endyt his worthynes.
 Off Crauford als Schyr Ranald wes
 And Schyr Bryce als the Blar
 Hangyt intill a berne in Ar.
 The queyn and als Dame Marjory,
 Hyr dochter that syne worthily
 Wes coupillyt into Goddis band
 With Walter Stewart off Scotland,

That wald on na wys langar ly
 In the castell off Kyldromy
 To byd a sege, ar ridin raith
 With knychtis and squyeris bath
 Throu Ros rycht to the gyrth off Tayne.
 Bot that travaill thai maid in vayne,
 For thai off Ros that wald nocht ber
 For thaim na blayme na yeit danger
 Out off the gyrth thame all has tayne
 And syne has send thaim everilkane
 Rycht intill Ingland to the king,
 That gert draw all the men and hing,
 And put the ladyis in presoune
 Sum intill castell sum in dongeoun.
 It wes gret pite for till her
 The folk be troublt on this maner.

[The siege of Kildrummy Castle]

That tyme wes in Kyldromy
 Wyth men that wucht and hardy
 Schyr Neile the Bruce and I wate weile
 That thar the erle was off Adheill.
 The castell weill vittalyt thai
 And mete and fuell gan purvay
 And enforcyt the castell sua
 That thaim thocht na strenth mycht it ta.
 And quhen it to the king was tauld
 Off Ingland how thai schup till hauld
 That castell, he wes all angry
 And callt his sone till hym in hy
 The eldest and aperand ayr
 A young bachelor and stark and fayr
 Schyr Edward callt off Carnauerane,
 That wes the sterkast man of ane
 That men fynd mycht in ony countre
 Prynce of Walys that tyme wes he.
 And he gert als call erlys twa
 Glosyster and Harfurd war tha
 And bad thaim wend into Scotland
 And set a sege with stalwart hand
 To the castell off Kyldromy.
 And all the halderis halyly
 He bad distroy for-owtyn ransoun
 Or bryng thaim till him in presoune.
 Quhen thai the commaundment had tane
 Thai assemblyt ane ost onane
 And to the castell went in hy
 And it assegyt vigorously
 And mony tyme full hard assaylyt.

Bot for to tak it yeit thai failyt
 For thai within war rycht worthy
 And thaim defendyt doughtely
 And ruschyt thair fayis oft agayne
 Sum beft sum woundyt sum alslayne
 And mony tymys ische thai wald
 And bargane at the barrais hald
 And wound thar fayis oft and sla.
 Schortly thai thaim contenyt sua
 That thai withoute dispartyt war
 And thocht till Inland for to far
 For thai sa styth saw the castell
 And with that it wes warnyst weill
 And saw the men defend thaim sua
 That thai nane hop had thaim to ta,
 Nane had thai done all that sesoune
 Gyff it ne had bene fals tresoun
 For thar with thaim wes a tratour.
 A fals louredane a losyngeour
 Hosbarne to name maid the tresoun,
 I wate nocht for quhat enchesoun
 Na quham with he maid that conwyn
 Bot as thai said that war within
 He tuk a culter hate glowand
 That yeit wes in a fyr brynnand
 And went him to the mekill hall
 That then with corn wes fyllyt all
 And heych up in a mow it did,
 Bot it full lang wes nocht thar hid
 For men sayis oft that fyr na prid
 But discovering may na man hid,
 For the pomp oft the prid furth schawis
 Or ellis the gret boist that it blawis,
 Na thar may na man fyr sa covyr
 Than low or rek sall it discovyr.
 Sa fell it her, for fyr all cler
 Son throu the thak-burd gan apper
 Fyrst as a stern syne as a mone
 And weill bradder tharefter sone
 The fyr out syne in bles brast
 And the rek rais rycht wondre fast.
 The fyr our all the castell spred
 That mycht na force of man it red.
 Than thai within drew to the wall
 That at that tyme wes bataillit all
 Within rycht as it wes withoute
 That bataillyne withoutyn dout
 Savit thar lyvis, for it brak
 Bles that thaim wald ourtak.
 And quhen thar fayis the myscheiff saw
 Till armys went thai in a thraw

And assaylyt the castell fast
 Quhar thai durst come for fyris blast,
 Bot thai within that myster had
 Sa gret defence and worthy mad
 That thai full oft thar fayis rusit
 For thai nakyn perall refusyt,
 Thai travaillyt for to sauff thar lyffis
 Bot werd that till the end ay dryvis
 The warldis thingis sua thaim travaillyt
 That thai on twa halfys war assailyt,
 In with fyr that thaim sua broilyt
 And utouth with folk that thaim sua toilyt
 That thai brynt magre thaim the yat
 That, for the fyre that wes sua hate
 Thai durst nocht entyr sua in hy,
 Tharfor thar folk thai gan rely
 And went to rest for it wes nycht
 Till on the morn that day wes lycht.

[The surrender of Kildrummy and the death of Edward I]

At sik myscheiff as ye her say
 War thai within, the—quhethyr ay
 Thai thaim defendyt douchtely
 And contenyt thaim sa manlily
 That or day throu mekill payn
 Thai had muryt up thar yat agayn.
 But on the morn quhen day wes lycht
 And sone wes ryssyn schynand brycht
 Thai without in hale bataill
 Come purvayt redy till assaill,
 Bot thai within that sua war stad
 That thai vitail na fewell had
 Quhar—with thai mycht the castell hald
 Tretyt fyrst and syne thaim yauld
 To be in—till the kingis will,
 Bot that to Scottis men wes ill
 As sone eftyr weill wes knawin
 For thai war hangyt all and drawyn.
 Quhen this cunnand thus tretyt wes
 And affermyt with sekynes
 Thai tuk thaim of the castell sone
 And in—till schort tyme has done
 That all a quarter of Snawdoun
 Rycht till the erd thai tummyllyt doun
 Syne towart Ingland went thar way.
 Bot quhen the king Edward hard say
 How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy
 Agayne his sone sa stalwartly,
 He gadryt gret chevalry

And towart Scotland went in hy,
 And as in–till Northummyrland
 He wes with his gret rout ridand
 A sekness tuk him in the way
 And put him to sa hard assay
 That he mycht nocht ga na ryd.
 Him worthit magre his abid
 In–till ane hamillet tharby
 A litill toun and unworthy,
 With gret payne thidder thai him brocht.
 He wes sa stad that he ne mocht
 His aynd bot with gret paynys draw
 Na spek bot giff it war weill law
 The–quhether he bad thai suld him say
 Quhat toun wes that that he in lay.
 'Schyr,' thai said, 'Burch–in–the–sand
 Men callis this toun in–till this land.'
 'Call thai it Burch, als,' said he.
 My hop is now fordone to me
 For I wend never to thole the payne
 Of deid till I throu mekill mayn
 The burch of Jerusalem had tane,
 My lyff wend I thar suld be gayne.
 In burch I wyst weill I suld de
 Bot I wes nother wys na sle
 Till other burch kep to ta.
 Now may I na wis forther ga.'
 Thus pleynyeit he off his foly,
 As he had mater sekyrly
 Quhen he covyt certante
 Off that at nane may certan be,
 The–quhether men said enclosit he had
 A spyryt that him answer maid
 Off thingis that he wald inquer.
 Bot he fulyt foroutyn wer
 That gaiff throuth till that creatur,
 For feyndys ar off sic natur
 That thai to mankind has invy
 For thai wate weill and witterly
 That thai that weill ar liffand her
 Sall wyn the sege quharoff thai wer
 Tumblyt through thar mekill prid.
 Quharthrou oft–tymys will betid
 That quhen feyndys distrenyeit ar
 For till aper and mak answar
 Throu force of conjuracioun
 That thai sa fals ar and feloun
 That thai mak ay thar answering
 Into doubill understanding
 To dissaiff thaim that will thaim trow.
 Insample will I set her now

Off a wer as I herd tell
 Betwix Fraunce and the Flemyngis fell.
 The erle Ferandis modyr was
 Nygramansour, and Sathanas
 Scho rasyt and him askyt syne
 Quhat suld worth off the fechtyn
 Betwix the Fraunce king and hyr sone,
 And he, as all tyme he wes wone,
 Into dissayt maid his answer
 And said till hyr thir thre vers her,
'Rex ruet in bello tumilique carebit honore
Ferrandus comitissa tuus mea cara Minerva
Parisius veniet magna comitante caterva.'
 This wes the spek he maid perfay
 And is in Inglis tounge to say,
 'The king sall fall in the fechtyn
 And sall faile honour off erding,
 And thi Ferand Mynerve my der
 Sall rycht to Parys went but wer,
 Folowand him gret cumpany
 Off nobill men and off worthy.'
 This is the sentence off this saw
 That the Latyn gan hyr schaw.
 He callyt hyr his Mynerve
 For Mynerve ay wes wont to serve
 Him, till scho leffyt, at his divis
 And for scho maid the samyn service
 His Mynerve hyr callyt he,
 And als throu his sutelte
 He callyt hyr der hyr till dissaiiff
 That scho the tyttar suld consaiff
 Off his spek the undyrstanding
 That mast plesyt till hyr liking.
 This doubill spek sua hyr dissavit
 That throu hyr feill the ded ressavit,
 For scho wes off hyr answer blyth
 And till hyr sone scho tald it swyth,
 And bad him till the batell sped
 For suld victory haiff but dred.
 And he that herd hyr sermonuyng
 Sped him in hy to the fechtyn
 Quhar he discomfyt wes and schent
 And takin and to Paris sent,
 Bot in the fechtyn nocht-forthi
 The king, throu his chevalry,
 Wes laid at erd and lawit bath,
 Bot his men helpyt him weill rath.
 And quhen Ferandis moder herd
 How hyr sone in the bataill ferd
 And at he wes sua discomfyt,
 Scho rasyt the ill spyryt als tyt

And askyt quhy he gabyt had
 Off the answer that he hyr mad,
 And he said he had said suth all.
 'I said ye that the king suld fall
 In the bataill, and say did he,
 And failyeid erding, as men may se.
 And I said that thi sone suld ga
 To Paris, and he did rycht sua,
 Folowand sic a mengye
 That never in his lyff-tyme he
 Had sic a mengye in leding.
 Now seis thou I maid na gabbing.'
 The wyff confusyt wes perfay
 And durst no mar than till him say
 Thusgat throu doubill understanding
 That bargane come till sic ending
 That the ta part dissavyt was.
 Rycht sagat fell yt in this cas.
 At Jerusalem trowit he
 Gravyn in the burch to be,
 The-quhethyr at Burch-into-the-sand
 He swelt rycht in his awn land.
 And quhen he to the ded wes ner
 The folk that at Kildromy wer
 Come with presoneris that thai had tane,
 And syne to the king ar gane
 And for to comfort him thai tald
 How thai the castell to thaim yauld
 And how thai till his will war brocht,
 To do off thame quhatever he thocht,
 And askyt quhat men suld off thaim do.
 Than lukyt he angryrly thaim to
 And said grynnd, 'Hangis and drawys.'
 That wes wonder off sik sawis,
 That he that to the ded wes ner
 Suld answer apon sic maner
 Foroutyn menyng and mercy.
 How mycht he traist on Hym to cry
 That suthfastly demys all thing
 To haiff mercy, for his crying,
 Off him that throu his felony
 Into sic point had na mercy.
 His men his maundment has done
 And he deyt thatefter sone
 And syne wes brocht till berynes.
 His sone syne king efter wes.

[Douglas and Boyd go from Rathlin to Arran]

To the King Robert agayne ga we

That in Rauchryne with his menye
 Lay till wynter ner wes gane
 And off that ile his mete has tane
 James off Douglas wes angry
 That thai langar suld ydill ly
 And to Schyr Robert Boid said he,
 'The pure folk off thys countre
 Ar chargit apon gret maner
 Off us that idill lyis her,
 And ik her say that in Arane
 Intill a styth castell off stane
 Ar Inglis men that with strang hand
 Haldys the lordschip off the land
 Ga we thidder, and weill may fall
 Anoy thaim in sum thing we sall.'
 Schir Robert said, 'I grant thar-till,
 Till her mar ly war litill skill.
 Tharfor till Aran pas will we,
 For I know rycht weill the countre
 And the castell rycht sua know I
 We sall cum thar sua prevely
 That thai sall haiff na persavyng
 Na yeit witting off our cummyng,
 And we sall ner enbuschyt be
 Quhar we thar outecome may se.
 Sa sall it on na maner fall
 Na scaith thaim on sum wis we sall.'
 With that thai buskyt thaim on-ane
 And at the king thar leiff has tane
 And went thaim furth syne on thar way.
 Into Kyntyr sone cummyn ar thai,
 Syne rowyt always by the land
 Till that the nycht wes ner on hand,
 Than till Arane thai went thar way
 And saufly thar aryvyt thai,
 And in a glen thar galay drewch
 And syne it helyt weill ineuch.
 Thar takyll ayris and thar ster
 Thai hyde all on the samyn maner
 And held thar way rycht in the nycht
 Sua that or day wes dawyn lycht
 Thai war enbuschyt the castell ner
 Armyt apon thair best maner
 And thought thai wate war and wery
 And for lang fastyng all hungry
 Thai thocht to hald thaim all preve
 Till that thai weill thar poynt mycht se.

[Douglas plunders the provisions being brought to Brodick Castle]

Schir John the Hastingis at that tid

With knychtis off full mekill prid
 And squyeris and yemanry,
 And that a weill gret cumpany,
 Wes in the castell off Brathwik
 And oftsys quhen it wald him lik
 He went huntyng with his menye
 And sua the land abandounyt he
 That durst nane warne to do his will.
 He wes into the castell still
 The tyme that James off Douglas
 As Ik haiff tald enbuschit was.
 Sa hapnyt that tyme throu chance
 That with vittalis and purvyaunce
 And with clething and with armyng
 The day befor in the evynning
 The undyr-wardane arivynt was
 With thre batis weill ner the place
 Quhar that the folk I spak off ar
 Prevely enbuschyt war.
 Syne fra tha batis saw thai ga
 Off Inglismen thretty and ma
 Chargit all with syndry thingis.
 Sum bar wyne and sum armyngis,
 The remanant all chargit wer
 With thingis off syndry maner,
 And other syndry yeid thaim by
 As thai war maistris ydilly.
 Thai that enbuschyt war that saw
 All foroutyn dreid or aw
 Thar buschement on thaim thai brak
 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak.
 The cry rais hidwysly and hey
 For thai that dredand war to dey
 Rycht as bestis gan rar and cry.
 Thai slew thaim foroutyn mercy.
 Sua that into the samyne sted
 Weill ner fourty thar war dede.
 Quhen thai that in the castell war
 Hard the folk sa cry and rar
 Thai ischyt furth to the fechting,
 Bot quhen the Douglas saw thar cummyng
 His men till him he gan rely
 And went till meit thaim hastily.
 And quhen thai off the castell saw
 Him cum on thaim foroutyn aw
 Thai fled foroutyne mar debate
 And thai thaim folowit to the yate
 And slew of thaim as thai in past,
 Bot thai thair yate barryt fast
 That thai mycht do at thame na mar.
 Tharfor thai left thaim ilkane thar

And turnyt to the se agayne
 Quhar that the men war forouth slayn.
 And quhen thai that war in the batis
 Saw thar cummyng and wyst howgatis
 Thai had discumfyt thar menye
 In hy thai put thaim to the se
 And rowyt fast with all thar mayne,
 Bot the wynd wes thaim agayne
 That sua hey gert the land—bryst rys
 That thai moucht weld the se na wis.
 Then thai durst nocht cum to the land,
 Bot held thaim thar sa lang hobland
 That off the thre batis drownyt twa
 And quhen the Douglas saw it wes sua
 He tuk armyng and cleything
 Vittalis wyne and other thing
 That thai fand thar and held thar way
 Rycht glaid and joyfull off thar pray.

[The king comes to Arran and is joined by Douglas and Boyd]

Quhen this James off Douglas
 And his menye throu Goddis grace
 War relevyt with armyng
 And with vittaill and clething
 Syne till a strenth thai held thar way
 And thaim full manly governyt ay
 Till on the tend day that the king
 With all that war in his leding
 Aryvyt into that countre
 With thretty small galayis and thre.
 The king aryvyt in Arane
 And syne to the land is gane
 And in a toune tuk his herbery,
 And speryt syne specially
 Gyff ony man couth tell tithand
 Off ony strang man in that land.
 'Yhis,' said a woman, 'Schyr perfay
 Off strang men I kan you say
 That ar cummyn in this countre,
 And schort quhile syne throu thar bounte
 Thai haff discomfyt our wardane
 And mony off his men has slane,
 Intill a stalwart place her—by
 Reparis all thar cumpany.'
 'Dame,' said the king, 'wald thou me wis
 To that place quhar thar repair is
 I sall reward the but lesing,
 For thai ar all off my dwelling
 And I rycht blythly wald thaim se

And sua trow I that thai wald me.'
 'Yhis,' said scho, 'Schir I will blythly
 Ga with you and your cumpany
 Till that I schaw you thar repair.'
 'That is ineuch my sister fayr,
 Now ga we forth—wart,' said the king.
 Than went thai furth but mar letting
 Folowand hyr as scho thaim led
 Till at the last scho schawyt a sted
 To the king in a wode glen
 And said, 'Schir, her saw I the men
 That yhe sper after mak logyng.
 Her I trow be thar reparyng.'
 The king then blew his horn in hy
 And gert the men that wer him by
 Hald thaim still and all preve
 And syne agayn his horn blew he.
 James off Douglas herd him blaw
 And he the blast alsone gan knaw
 And said, 'Sothly yon is the king,
 I knaw lang quhill syne his blawyng.'
 The thrid tym thar—with—all he blew
 And then Schir Robert Boid it knew
 And said, 'Yone is the king but dreid
 Ga we furth till him better speid.'
 Than went thai till the king in hy
 And hm inclynyt curtasly,
 And blythly welcummyt thaim the king
 And wes joyfull of thar meting
 And kissit thaim and speryt syne
 How thai had farne in thar outyne,
 And thai him tauld all but lesing.
 Syne lovyt thai God off thar meting,
 Syne with the king till his herbery
 Went bath joyfull and joly.

[The king sends a man to Carrick to see if he might land there]

The king apon the tother day
 Gan till his preve menye say,
 'Ye knaw all weill and ye may se
 How we are out off our cuntre
 Banyst throu Inglismennys mycht
 And that that suld be ouris of rycht
 Throu thar maistris thai occupy,
 And wald alsua foroutyne mercy
 Giff thai haid mycht destroy us all.
 Bot God forbeid it suld sa fall
 Till us as thai mak manassyng

For than war thar na recoveryng,
 And mankind biddis us that we
 To procur vengeance besy be.
 For ye may se we haiff thre thingis
 That makis us oft monestingis
 For to be worthi wis and wycht
 And till anoy thaim at our mycht.
 Ane is our lyffis saufte
 That on na wys suld sauft be
 Gyff thai had us at thar liking
 The tother that makys us eggynge
 Is that thai our possessioun
 Haldis strenthly agayn resoun.
 The thrid is the joy that we abid
 Giff that it happyn as weill may tid
 That we wyn victour and maistry,
 Till ourcum thar felony.
 Therfor we suld our hartis rais
 Sua that na myscheyff us abais
 And schaip us alwayis to that ending
 That beris in it mensk and loving.
 And tharfor lordingis gyff ye se
 Amang you giff that it speidfull be
 I will send a man in Carrik
 To spy and sper our kynrik
 How it is led and freynd and fa.
 And giff he seis we land may ta
 On Turnberys snuke he may
 Mak a fyr on a certane day
 And mak takynnyng till us that we
 May thar aryve in saufte.
 And giff he seis we may nocht sua,
 Luk on na wys the fyr he ma.
 Sua may we thar-throu haiff witrering
 Off our passage or our dwelling.'
 To this spek all assentyt ar,
 And than the king withoutyn mar
 Callyt ane that wes till him preve
 And off Carrik his countre,
 And chargyt him in les and mar
 As ye hard me divis it ar
 And set him certane day to mai
 The fyr giff he saw it war sua
 That thai had possibilite
 To maynteyme wer in that cuntre.
 And he that wes ryght weill in will
 His lordis yharnyng to fullfill
 As he that worthy wes and leile
 And couth secreis ryght weill conseil
 Sad he wes boune intill all thing
 For to fullfill his commaunding,

And said he suld do sa wisely
That na repruff suld efter ly
Syne at the king his leiff has tane
And furth apon his way is gane.

[Cuthbert the spy discovers that Percy, in Turnberry Castle, controls Carrick]

Now gais the messynger his way
That hat Cuthbert as I herd say.
In Carrik sone aryvyt he
And passyt throu all the countre,
Bot he fand few tharin perfay
That gud wald off his maister say,
For fele off thaim durst nocht for dreid,
And other sum rycht into deid
War fayis to the nobill king,
That rewyt syne thar barganyng.
Baith hey and law the land wes then
All occupyit with Inglismen
That dispytyt atour all thing
Robert the Bruce the douchty king.
Carrik wes giffyn then halyly
To Schir Henry the lord Persy
That in Turnberyis castell then
Was with weill ner three hunder men,
And dauntyt sagat all the land
That all wes till him obeysand.
This Cuthbert saw thar felony,
And saw the folk sa halely
Be worthyn Inglis baith rich and pur
That he to nane durst him discour,
But thocht to leve the fyr unmaid,
Syne till his maister went but baid
And all thar convyne till him tell,
That wes sa angry and sa fell.

[The king thinks he sees a fire; he prepares to cross to Carrick; his hostess predicts his ultimate success, and gives him her two sons]

The king that intill Arane lay
Quhen that cummyn wes the day
That he set till his messinger
As Ik divisit you lang er
Eftyr the fyr he lokyt fast
And als sone as the none wes past
Him thocht weill he saw a fyr
Be Turnbery byrnand weill schyr,
And till his menye it gan schaw.

Ilk man thocht weill that he it saw,
 Then with blyth hart the folk gan cry,
 'Gud king, speid you deliverly
 Sua that we sone in the evynnyng
 Aryve foroutyn persayving.'
 'I grant,' said he. 'Now mak you yar,
 God furthyr us intill our far.'
 Then in schort time men mycht thaim se
 Schute all thar galayis to the se
 And ber to se baith ayr and ster
 And other thingis that myster wer,
 And as the king apon the sand
 Wes gangand up and down, bidand
 Till that his menye redy war,
 His ost come rycht till him thar,
 And quhen that scho him halyst had
 A preve spek till him scho made
 And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw,
 For or ye pas I sall you schaw
 Off your fortoun a gret party,
 Bot our all specially
 A wyttring her I sall you ma
 Quhat end that your purpos sall ta,
 For in this land is nane trewly
 Wate thingis to cum sa weill as I.
 Ye pas now furth on your viage
 To venge the harme and the outrag
 That Inglismen has to you done,
 Bot ye wat nocht quhat-kyne forton
 Ye mon drey in your werraying.
 Bot wyt ye weill withoutyn lesing
 That fra ye now haiff takyn land
 Nane sa mychty na sa strenththi of hand
 Sal ger you pas out off your countre
 Till all to you abandounyt be.
 Within schort tyme ye sall be king
 And haiff the land at your liking
 And ourcum your fayis all,
 Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall
 Or that your purpos end haiff tane,
 Bot ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkane.
 And that ye trowis this sekyrly
 My twa sonnys with you sall I
 Send to tak part of your travaill,
 For I wate weill thai sall nocht fail
 To be rewardyt weill at rycht
 Quhen ye are heyit to your mycht.'

[A discourse on prophecy]

The king that herd all hyr carping
 Thankit hyr in mekill thing,
 For scho confort him sumdeill,
 The—quhethir he trowyt nocht full weill
 Hyr spek, for he had gret ferly
 How scho suld wyt it sekyrly,
 As it wes wounderfull perfay
 How ony mannys science may
 Knaw thingis that ar to cum
 Determinabilly, all or sum,
 Bot giff that he inspyrit war
 Off Him that all thing evermar
 Seys in his presciens
 As it war ay in presens,
 As was David and Jeremy
 Samuell, Joell and Ysai,
 That throu His haly grace gan tell
 Fele thingis that efter fell,
 Bot the prophetis sa thyn ar sawyn
 That nane in erd now is knawin.
 Bot fele folk ar sa curyous
 And to wyt thingis covatous
 That thai, throu thar gret clergy
 Or ellys throu thar devilry,
 On thir twa maneris makis fanding
 Off thingis to cum to haiff knawing.
 Ane of thaim is astrologi,
 Quhar—throu clerkys that ar witty
 May knaw conjunctiones of planetis,
 And quhethir that thar cours thaim settis
 In soft segis or in angry,
 And off the hevyn all halyly
 How that the dispositioun
 Suld apon thingis wyrk her doun
 On regiones or on climatis,
 That wyrkys nocht ay—quhar agatis
 Bot sumquhar les and sumquhar mar
 Eftyr as thar bemys strekyt ar
 Othir all evyn or on wry.
 Bot me think it war gud maistri
 Till ony astrolog to say
 'This sall fall her and on this day.'
 For thought a man his lyff haly
 Studyit sua in astrology
 That on sternys his hewid he brak,
 The wys man sayis he suld nocht mak
 All his lyff certane dayis thre,
 And yeit suld he ay doute quhill he
 Saw how that it come till ending.
 Than is that na certane demyng.
 Or gyff thai men that will study

In the craft off astrology
 Knaw all mennys nacioun
 And knew the constellacioun
 That kyndlik maneris gyfis thaim till
 For till inclyne to gud or ill,
 How that thai throu science of clergi
 Or throu slycht off astrology
 Couth tell quhatkyn perell apperis
 To thaim that haldys kyndlik maneris,
 I trow that thai suld faile to say
 The thingis that thaim happyn may.
 For quhethir—sa men inclynyt be
 To vertu or to mavyte,
 He may rychtg weill refreynye his will
 Othir throu nurtur or thru skill
 And to the contrar turne him all.
 And men has mony tyme sene fall
 That men kyndly till ivill gevyn
 Throu thar gret wit away has drevyn
 Thar ill and worthin off gret renoun
 Magre the constellacioun,
 As Arestotill, giff as men redis
 He had folowyt his kyndly dedis,
 He had bene fals and covatous
 Bot his wyt maid him vertuous.
 And sen men may on this kyn wys
 Wyrk agayne that cours that is
 Principaill caus off thar demyng
 Me think thar dome na certane thing.
 Nygromancy the tother is
 That kennys men on syndry wys
 Throu stalwart conjuracionys
 And throu exorcizacionys
 To ger spyritis to thaim apper
 And giff answeris on ser maner,
 As quhilum did the Phitones
 That quhen Saul abaysyt wes
 Off the Felystynys mycht,
 Raysyt throu hyr mekill slycht
 Samuelis spyrite als tite,
 Or in his sted the ivill spyrite
 That gaiff rycht graith answer hyr to,
 Bot off hyr selff rycht nocht wyst scho.
 And man is into dreding ay
 Off thingis that he has herd say,
 Namly off thingis to cum, quhill he
 Knaw off the end the certante.
 And sen thai ar in sic wenyng
 Foroutyne certante off witting,
 Me think quha sayis he knawis thingis
 To cum he makys gret gabingis.

THE BRUS

Bot quhether scho that tauld the king
How his purpos suld tak ending
Wenyt or wist it witterly,
It fell efter halyly
As scho said, for syne king wes he
And off full mekill renomme

BOOK 5

[The king goes to Carrick; he upbraids Cuthbert]

Thys wes in ver quhen wynter tid
 With his blastis hidwys to bid
 Was ourdryvyn and byrdis smale
 As turturis and the nyctyngale
 Begouth ryght sariely to syng
 And for to mak in thar singyng
 Swete notis and sounys ser
 And melodys plesand to her
 And the treis begouth to ma
 Burgeans and brycht blomys alsua
 To wyn the helynd of thar hevid
 That wykkyt wynter had thaim revid,
 And all gressys beguth to spryng.
 Into that tyme the nobill king
 With his flote and a few mengye
 Thre hunder I trow thai mycht be,
 Is to the se oute off Arane
 A litill forouth evyn gane.
 Thai rowit fast with all thar mycht
 Till that apon thaim fell the nycht
 That woux myrk apon gret maner
 Sua that thai wyst nocht quhar thai wer
 For thai na nedill had na stane,
 Bot rowyt alwaysis intill ane
 Sterand all tyme apon the fyr
 That thai saw brynnand lycht and schyr.
 It wes bot aventur thaim led
 And thai in schort tyme sa thaim sped
 That at the fyr aryvyt thai
 And went to land but mair delay.
 And Cuthbert that has sene the fyr
 Was full of angyr and off ire,
 For he durst nocht do it away
 And wes alsua doutand ay
 That his lord suld pas to se.
 Tharfor thar cummyng waytit he
 And met thaim at thar aryving.
 He wes wele sone brocht to the kimg
 That speryt at him how he had done,
 And he with sar hart tauld him sone
 How that he fand nane weill luffand
 Bot all war fayis that he fand,

And that the lord the Persy
 With ner thre hunder in cumpany
 Was in the castell thar besid
 Fullfyllt of dispyt and prid
 Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt
 War herberynt in the toune without,
 'And dyspytyt you mar, schyr king,
 Than men may dispyt ony thing.'
 Than said the king in full gret ire,
 'Tratour, quhy maid thou than the fyr?'
 'A schyr,' said he, 'Sa God me se
 The fyr wes nevynt maid for me,
 Na or the nycht I wist it nocht,
 Bot fra I wist it weill I thocht
 That ye and haly your menyne
 On hy suld put you to the se,
 For—thi I come to mete you her
 To tell perellys that may aper.'

[The king decides to stay to attack Percy's men in a village by Turnberry]

The king wes off his spek angry
 And askyt his pryve men in hy
 Quhat at thaim thocht wes best to do.
 Schyr Edward fryst answert tharto
 His brodyr that wes sua hardy,
 And said, 'I say you sekylly
 Thar sall na perell that may be
 Dryve me eftsonys to the se.
 Myne aventur her tak will I
 Quhethir it be esfull or angry.'
 'Brother,' he said, 'sen thou will sua
 It is gud that we samyn ta
 Dissese or ese or payne or play
 Eftyr as God will us purvay.
 And sen men sayis that the Persy
 Myn heritage will occupy,
 And his menyne sa ner us lyis
 That us dispytis mony wys,
 Ga we and venge sum off the dispyte,
 And that may we haiff done als tite
 For thai ly traistly but dreding
 Off us or off our her—cummyng,
 And thocht we slepand slew thaim all
 Repruff tharoff na man sall
 For werrayour na fors suld ma
 Quhether he mycht ourcum his fa
 Throu strenth or throu sutelte,
 Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.'
 Quhen this wes said thai went thar way,

And to the toune sone cummyn ar thai
 Sa prevely but noyis making
 That nane persavyt thar cummyng.
 Thai skalyt throu the toun in hy
 And brak up duris sturdely
 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak,
 And thai that na defence mocht mak
 Full petously gan rar and cry,
 And thai slew thaim dispitously
 As thai that war in full gud will
 To venge the angyr and the ill
 That thai and thairis had thaim wrocht.
 Thai with sa feloun will thaim soucht
 That thai slew thaim everilkan
 Owtane Makdowell him allan
 That eschapyt throu gret slycht
 And throu the myrknes off the nycht.
 In the castell the lord the Persy
 Hard weill the noyis and the cry,
 Sa did the men that within wer
 And full effraytly gat thar ger,
 Bot off thaim wes nane sa hardy
 That ever ischyt fourth to the cry.
 In sic effray thai baid that nycht
 Till on the morn that day wes lycht,
 And than cesyt into party
 The noyis the slauchtyr and the cry.
 The king gert be departyt then
 All hale the reff amang the men
 And dwellyt all still thar dayis thre.
 Syk hansell to that fokk gaiff he
 rycht in the fyrst begynnyng
 Newlingis at his aryvyng.

[A kinswoman gives him news and forty men]

Quhen that the king and his folk war
 Aryvyt as I tauld you ar,
 Aquhile in Karryk leyndyt he
 To se quha freynde or fa wald be,
 Bot he fand litill tendyrnes,
 And nocht–forthi the puple wes
 Enclynnyt till him in party,
 Bot Inglismen sa angrely
 Led thaim with daunger and with aw
 That thai na freyndschip durst him schaw.
 Bot a lady off that cuntre
 That wes till him in ner degre
 Of cosynage wes wonder blyth
 Off his aryvyng and alswyth

Sped hyr till him in full gret hy
 With fourty men in cumpany
 And betaucht thaim all to the king
 Till help him in his werraying,
 And he resavyt thaim in daynte
 And hyr full gretly thankit he,
 And speryt tythandis off the queyne
 And off his freyndis all bedene
 That he had left in that countre
 Quhen that he put him to the se.
 And scho him tauld sichand full sar
 How that his brothyr takyn war
 In the castell off Kyldromy
 And destroyit sa velanysly
 And the erle off Athall alsua
 And how the queyn and other ma
 That till his party war heldand
 War tane and led in Inghland
 And put in feloun presoune,
 And how that Cristole off Setoun
 Wes slayn, gretand scho tauld the king,
 That sorowful wes off that tithing
 And said quhen he had thocht a thraw
 Thir wordis that I sall you schaw.
 'Allace,' he said, 'For luff off me
 And for thar mekill lawte
 Thai nobill men and thai worthy
 Ar destroyit sa velanysly
 Bot and I leyff in lege—powyste
 Thar deid rycht weill sall vengit be.
 The king the—quhether off Inghland
 Thocht that the kynrik off Scotland
 Was to litill to thaim and me
 Tharfor he will it myn all be.
 Bot off gud Cristole off Setoun
 That wes off sa nobill renoun
 That he suld dey war gret pite
 Bot quhar worschip mycht provyt be.'

[Percy is rescued from Turnberry castle]

The king sichand thus maid his mayn
 And the lady hyr leyff has tayn
 And went hyr hame till hyr wonnyng
 And fele sys confort the king
 Bath with silver and with mete
 Sic as scho in the land mycht get.
 And he oft ryot all the land
 And maid all his that ever he fand
 And syne drew him till the hycht

To stynt better his fayis mycht.
 In all that tym wes the Persy
 With a full sympill cumpany
 In Turnberys castell lyand,
 For the King Robert sua dredand
 That he durst nocht isch furth to fayr
 Fra thine to the castell off Ayr
 That wes then full off Inglismen,
 Bot lay lurkand as in a den
 Tyll the men off Northummyrland
 Suld cum armyt and with strang hand
 Convoy him till his cuntre.
 For his saynd till thaim send he,
 And thai in hy assemblyt then
 Passand I weyne a thousand men
 And askyt avisement thaim amang
 Quhether that thai suld dwell or gang,
 Bot thai war skownrand wonder sar
 Sa fer into Scotland for to far,
 For a knycht, Schyr Gawter the Lile
 Said it wes all to gret perile
 Sua ner thai schavalduris to ga.
 His spek discomfort thaim sua
 That thai had left all thar vyage
 Na war a knycht off gret corage
 That Schyr Roger off Sanct Jhon hycht
 That thaim confort with all his mycht,
 And sic wordis to thaim gan say
 That thai all samyn held thar way
 Till Turnbery, quhar the Persy
 Lap on and went with thaim in hy
 In Inland his castell till
 Foroutyn distroublyne or ill.

[Douglas decides to visit his lands]

Now in Inland is the Persy
 Quhar I trow he a quhile sall ly
 Or that he schap hym for to fayr
 To werray Carryk ony mar,
 For he wyst he had na rycht
 And als he dreid the kyngys mycht
 That in Carrik wes travailland
 In the maist strenth off the land,
 Quhar Jamys off Douglas on a day
 Come to the king and gan him say,
 'Schyr, with your leyve I wald ga se
 How that thai do in my contre
 And how my men demanyt ar,
 For it anoyis me wonder sar

That the Clyffurd sa pesabyllly
 Brukys and haldys the senyoury
 That suld be myn with alkyn rycht
 Bot quhile I lyff and may haiff mycht
 To lede a yowman or a swayne
 He sall nocht bruk it but bargayne.'
 The king said, 'Certis I can nocht se
 How that thou yeit may sekyl be
 Into that countre for to far
 Quhar Inglismen sa mychty ar
 And thou wate nocht quha is thi freynd.'
 He said, 'Schyr, nedways I will wend
 And tak that aventur will giff
 Quhether—sa it be to dey or lyff.'
 The king said, 'Sen it is sua
 That thou sic yarning has to ga
 Thou sall pas furth with my blyssing,
 And giff the hapnys ony thing
 That anoyis or scaithfull be
 I pray the sped the sone to me
 And tak we samyn quhatever may fall.'
 'I grante,' he said and thar—with—all
 He lowtyt and his leve has tane
 And towart his countre is he gane.

[Douglas meets Tom Dickson; he acquires a following]

Now takis James his viage
 Towart Douglas his heritage
 With twa yemen foroutyn ma.
 That wes a symple stuff to ta
 A land or castell to wyn,
 The—quhether he yarynt to begyn
 Till bring purpos till ending
 For gud help is in gud begynnyng
 For gud begynnyng and hardy
 Gyff it be folowit wittily
 May ger oftsys unlikly thing
 Cum to full conabill ending.
 Sua did it her, bot he wes wys
 And saw he mycht on nakyn wys
 Werray his fa with evyn mycht
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht,
 And in Douglasdaile his countre
 Apon ane evynnyng entryt he.
 And than a man wonnyt tharby,
 That wes off freyndis weill mychty
 And ryche off mobleis and off cateill
 And had bene till his fadyr leyll,
 And till himself in his youthed

He haid done mony a thankfull deid,
 Thom Dicson wes his name perfay.
 Till him he send and gan him pray
 That he wald cum all anerly
 For to spek with him prevely,
 And he but daunger till him gais.
 Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais
 He gret for joy and for pite
 And him rycht till his hous had he,
 Quhar in a chambre prevely
 He held him and his cumpany,
 That nane of him had persaving.
 Off mete and drynk and other thing
 That mycht thaim eys thai had plente.
 Sa wrocht he throu sutelte
 That all the lele men off that land
 That with his fadyr war dwelland
 This gud man gert cum ane and ane
 And mak him manrent everilkane,
 And he himselff fyrst homage maid.
 Douglas in hart gret glaidship haid
 That the gud men off his cuntre
 Wald suagate till him bundyn be.
 He speryt the convyne off the land
 And quha the castell had in hand
 And thai him tauld all halily,
 And syne amang thaim prevely
 Thai ordanyt that he still suld be
 In hiddillis and in prevete
 Till Palme Sondag that wes ner-hand
 The thrid day efter folowand
 For than the folk off that countre
 Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be,
 And thai that in the castell wer
 Wald als be thar thar palmys to ber
 As folk that had na dreid off ill
 For thai thocht that all was at thar will.
 Than suld he cum with his twa men,
 Bot for that men suld nocht him ken
 He suld ane mantill have auld and bar
 And a flaill as he a thresscher war.
 Under the mantill nocht-forthi
 He suld be armyt prevely,
 And quhen the men off his countre
 That suld all boune befor him be
 His ensenye mycht her hym cry,
 Then suld thai full enforcely
 Rycht ymyddys the kirk assaill
 The Inglismen with hard bataill
 Sua that nane mycht eschap thaim fra,
 For thar-through trowyt thai to ta

The castell that besid wes ner.
 And quhen this that I tell you her
 Wes divisyt and undertane
 Ilkane till his hous hame is gane
 And held this spek in prevete
 Till the day off thar assemble.

*[The garrison are attacked and many slain in kirk;
 the castle is taken; the Douglas Lardner; slighting of the castle]*

The folk apon the Sonounday
 Held to Saynct Bridis kyrk thar way,
 And thai that in the castell war
 Ischyt out bath less and mar
 And went thar palmys for to ber,
 Outane a cuk and a portere.
 James off Douglas off thar cummyng
 And quhat thai war had witting,
 And sped him till the kyrk in hy,
 Bot or he come, to hastily
 Ane of his cryit, 'Douglas, Douglas.'
 Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was
 Till thaim that war off the castell
 That war all innouth the chancell,
 Quhen he 'Douglas' sua hey hard cry
 Drew out his swerd and fellely
 Ruschyt amang thame to and fra,
 Bot ane or twa foroutin ma
 Than in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill Douglas come rycht at hand
 And then enforcyt on thaim the cry,
 Bot thai the chansell sturdely
 Held and thaim defendyt wele
 Till off thar men war slayne sumdell.
 Bot the Douglace sa weill him bar
 That all the men that with him war
 Had confort off his wele—doyng,
 And he him sparyt nakyn thing
 Bot provyt sua his force in fycht
 That throu his woschip and his mycht
 His men sa keynly helpyt than
 That thai the chansell on thaim wan.
 Than dang thai on sua hardyly
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 The twa part dede or then deand,
 The lave war sesyt sone in hand
 Sua that off thretty levyt nane
 That thaine war slayne ilkan or tane.
 James off Douglas quhen this wes done
 The presoneris has he tane alsone

And with thaim off his cumpany
 Towart the castell went in hy
 Or noyis or cry suld rys,
 And for he wald thaim sone suppris
 That levyt in the castell war
 That war bot twa foroutyn mar,
 Fyve men or sex befor send he
 That fand all opyn the entre
 And entryt and the porter tuk
 Rycht at the yate and syne the cuk.
 With that the Douglas come to the yat
 And entryt in foroutyn debate
 And fand the mete all redy graid
 And burdys set and claithis laid
 The yhattis then he gert sper
 And sat and eyt all at layser,
 Syne all the gudis turssyt thai
 That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away,
 And namly wapnys and armyng
 Silver and tresour and clethyng.
 Vittalis that mycht nocht tursyt be
 On this maner destroyit he,
 Als quheyt and flour and meill and malt
 In the wyne—seller gert he bring
 And samyn on the flur all flyng
 And the presonaris that he had tane
 Rycht tharin gert he heid ilkane,
 Syne off the tounnys the hedis outstrak.
 A foul melle thar gane he mak,
 For meile and malt and blud and wyne
 Rane all togidder in a mellyne
 That was un semly for to se.
 Tharfor the men off that countre
 For sua fele thar mellyt wer
 Callit it 'the Douglas lardner.'
 Syne tuk he salt as Ic hard tell
 And ded hors and fordid the well,
 And brynt all outakyn stane,
 And is furth with his menye gayne
 Till his resett, for him thocht weill
 Giff he had haldyn the castell
 It had bene assegyt raith
 And that him thocht to mekill waith,
 For he had na hop of reskewyng.
 And it is to peralous thing
 In castell assegyt to be
 Quhar want is off thir thingis thre,
 Vittail or men with thar armyng
 Or than gud hop off rescuyng,
 And for he dred thir thingis suld faile
 He chesyt furthwart to travaill

Quhar he mycht at his larges be
And sua dryve furth his destane.

[Douglas withdraws; Clifford repairs the castle]

On this wise wes the castell tan
And slayne that war tharin ilkan.
The Douglas syne all his menye
Gert in ser placis departyt be,
For men suld les wyt quhar thai war
That yeid departyt her and thar.
Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly
Intill hiddillis all prevely,
And gert gud lechis till thaim bring
Quhill that thai war intill heling,
And himselff with a few menye
Quhile ane quhile twa and quhilis thre
And umquhill all him allane
In hiddillis throu the land is gane.
Sa dred he Inglismennys mycht
That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht
For thai war that tyme all-weldand
As maist lordis our all the land.
Bot tithandis that scalis sone
Off this deid that Douglas has done
Come to the Cliffurd his ere in hy,
That for his tynsaill wes sary
And menyt his men that thai had slane,
And syne has to his purpos tane
To big the castell up agayne.
Tharfor as man off mekill mayne
He assemblit gret cumpany,
And till Douglas he went in hy
And biggyt up the castell swyth
And maid it rycht stalwart and styth
And put tharin vittalis and men.
Ane of the Thyrlwallys then
He left behind him capitane
And syne till Inghland went agayne.

[Umfraville finds a kinsman of the king willing to slay him]

Into Carrik lyis the king
With a full symple gadryng,
He passyt nocht twa hunder men.
Bot Schyr Edward his broder then
Wes in Galloway weill ner him by,
With him ane other cumpany
That held the strenthis off the land,

For thai durst nocht yeit tak on hand
 Till our—rid the land planly.
 For off Valence Schyr Amery
 Was intill Edynburgh lyand
 That yeyt was wardane of the land
 Underneyth the Inglis king,
 And quhen he herd off the cummyng
 Off King Robert and his menye
 Into Carryk and how that he
 Had slain off the Persyis men
 His consaile he assemblit then,
 And with assent off his consaill
 He sent till Ar him till assaill
 Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill that wes hardy
 And with him a gret cumpany.
 And quhen Schyr Ingram cummyn wes thar
 Him thocht nocht speidfull for till far
 Till assaile him into the hycht,
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht
 And lay still in the castell than
 Till he gat speryng that a man
 Off Carrik, that wes sley and wycht
 And a man als off mekill mycht
 As off the men off that cuntre,
 Wes to the King Robert mast preve
 As he that wes his sibman ner,
 And quhen he wald foroutyn danger
 Mycht to the kingis presence ga,
 The—quhether he and his sonnys twa
 War wonnand still in the cuntre
 For thai wald nocht persayvit be
 That thai war speciall to the king.
 Thai maid him mony tyme warnyng
 Quhen that thai his tynsaill mycht se,
 Forthi in thaim affyit he.
 His name can I nocht tell perfay,
 Bot Ik haiff herd syndry men say
 Forsuth that his ane e wes out
 Bot he sa sturdy wes and stout
 That he wes the maist doutit man
 That in Carrik lyvyt than.
 And quhen Schyr Ingrame gat wittering
 Forsuth this wes na gabbing,
 Efter him in hy he sent
 And he come at his commandment.
 Schyr Ingrame that was sley and wis
 Tretyt with him than on sic wys
 That he maid sekylr undertaking
 In tresoun for to slay the king,
 And he suld haiff for his service
 Gyff he fullfyllt thar divice

Weill fourty pundis worth off land
Till him and till his ayris ay lestand.

[The traitor and his sons seek to kill the king but are killed]

The tresoun thus is undertane,
And he hame till his hous is gane
And wattyt opertunyte
For to fulfill his mavyte.
In gret perell than was the king
That off this tresoun wyst na thing,
For he that he traistit maist of ane
His ded falsly has undertane,
And nane may betreys tyttar than he
That man in trowis leawte.
The king in him traistyt, forthi
He had fullfillyt his felony
Ne war the king throu Goddis grace
Gat hale witting of his purchace,
And how and for how mekill land
He tuk his slauchter apon hand.
I wate nocht quha the warnyng maid,
Bot on all tym sic hap he had
That quhen men schup thaim to betrais
He gat witting tharoff allwayis
And mony tyme as I herd say
Throu wemen that he wyth wald play
That wald tell all that thai mycht her,
And sua myvht happyn that it fell her,
Bot how that ever it fell perde
I trow he sall the warrer be.
Nocht—forthi the tratour ay
Had in his thocht bath nycht and day
How he mycht best bring till ending
His tresonabill undretaking,
Till he umbethinkand him at the last
Intill his hart gan umbecast
That the king had in custome ay
For to rys arly ilk day
And pas weill fer fra his menye
Quhen he wald pas to the preve,
And sek a covert him allane
Or at the maist with him ane.
Thar thocht he with his sonnys twa
For to supprise the king and sla
And syne went to the wod thar way,
Bot yeit off purpos failit thai,
And nocht—forthi thai come all thre
In a covert that wes preve
Quhar the king oft wes wont to ga

His preve nedys for to ma.
 Thair hid thai thaim till his cumming,
 And the king into the mornynge
 Rais quhen that his liking was
 And rycht towart that covert gais
 Quhar lyand war the tratouris thre
 For to do thar his prevete.
 To tresoun tuk he then na heid
 Bot he wes wont quharever he yeid
 His swerd about his hals to ber
 And that availlyt him gretli ther
 For had nocht God all thing weldand
 Set help intill his awine hand
 He had bene ded withoutyn dreid.
 A chamber page thar with him yeid,
 And sua foroutyn falowis ma
 Towart the covert gan he ga.
 Now bot God help the noble king
 He is ner-hand till his ending,
 For that covert that he yeid till
 Wes on the tother sid a hill
 That nane of his men mycht it se.
 Thiddirwart went this page and he
 And quhen he cummyn wes in the schaw
 He saw thai thre cum all on raw
 Aganys him full sturdely.
 Than till his boy he said in hy,
 'Yon men will slay us and thai may.
 Quhat wapyn has thou?' 'Ha, Schyr, perfay
 Ik haiff bot a bow and a wyr.'
 'Giff thaim me smertly bath.' A, Schyr
 Howgaite will ye that I do?'
 'Stand on fer and behald us to.
 Giff thou seis me abovyn be
 Thou sall haiff wapynnys gret plente,
 And giff I dey, withdraw the sone.'
 With thai wordis foroutyn hone
 He tyte the bow out off his hand,
 For the tratouris war ner cummand.
 The fader had a swerd but mar,
 The tother bath swerd and hand-ax bar,
 The thrid a swerd had and a sper.
 The king persavt be thar affer
 That all wes as men had him tauld.
 'Tratour,' he said, 'thou has me sauld.
 Cum na forthyr bot hald the thar.
 I will thou cum na forthermar.'
 'A, Schyr, umbethinkis you,' said he,
 How ner that I suld to you be.
 Quha suld cum ner you bot I?'
 The king said, 'I will sekirly

That thou at this tyme cum nocht ner.
 Thou may say quhat thou will on fer.'
 Bot he with fals wordis flechand
 Was with his twa sonnys cummand.
 Quhen the king saw he wald nocht let
 Bot ay come on fenyeand falset
 He taisyt the wyre and leit it fley,
 And hyt the fader in the ey
 Till it rycht in the harnys ran
 And he bakwart fell doun rycht than.
 The brother that the hand-ax bar
 Sua saw his fader liand thar,
 A gyrd rycht to the king he couth maik
 And with the ax hym our-straik,
 Bot he that had his sword on hycht
 Roucht him sic rout in randoun rycht
 That he the hede till the harnys claiff
 And dede downe till the erd him draiff.
 The tother broder that bar the sper
 Saw his brodyr fallin ther
 And with the sper as angry man
 With a rais till the king he ran.
 Bot the king that him dred sumthing
 Waytyt the sper in the cummyng
 And with a wysk the hed off strak,
 And or the tother had toyme to tak
 His swerd the king sic swak him gaiff
 That he the hede till the harnys claiff,
 He ruschyt down off blud all reid.
 And quhen the king saw thai war all ded
 All thre lyand he wipit his brand,
 With that his boy come fast rynnand
 And said, 'Our Lord mot lovyt be
 That grantyt you mycht and powste
 To fell the felny and the prid
 Off thir thre in sua litill tid.'
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se
 Thai had bene worthi men all thre
 Had thai nocht bene full off tresoun,
 Bot that maid thar confusioun.'

BOOK 6

*[Sir Ingram Umfraville praises the king;
the men of Galloway pursue him with a tracker dog]*

The king is went till his logyng
 And off this deid sone come tithing
 Till Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill
 That thocht his sutelte and gyle
 Haid al failyeit in that place.
 Tharfor anoyit sua he was
 That he agayne to Lothyane
 Till Schyr Amer his gate has tane
 And till him tauld all hale the cas,
 That tharoff all forwonderyt was
 How ony man sa sodanly
 Mycht do so gret chevalry
 As did the king that him allane
 Vengeance off thre traytouris has tane,
 And said, 'Certis, I may weill se
 That it is all certante
 That ure helpys hardy men
 As be this deid we may ken.
 War he nocht outrageous hardy
 He had nocht unabasytly
 Sa smertly sene his advantage.
 I drede that his gret vassalag
 And his travaill may bring till end
 That at men quhile full litill wend.'
 Sik speking maid he off the king
 That ay foroutyn sojournyng
 Travaillit in Carrik her and thar.
 His men fra him sa scalit war
 To purches thar necessite
 And als the countre for to se
 That thai left nocht with him sixty.
 And quhen the Gallowais wyst suthli
 That he wes with sa few mengye
 Thai maid a preve assemble
 Off wele twa hunder men and ma,
 And slewth-hundis with thaim gan ta,
 For thai thocht him for to suppris
 And giff he fled on ony wys
 To folow him with the hundis sua
 That he suld nocht eschaip thaim fra.
 Thai schup thaim in ane evynnyng
 To suppris sodanly the king

And tillhim held thai straucht thar way,
 Bot he, that had his wachis ay
 On ilk sid, off thar cummyng
 Lang or thai come had wyttering
 And how fele that thai mycht be,
 Tharfor he thocht with his menye
 To withdraw him out off the place,
 For the nycht weill fallyn was
 And for the nycht he thocht that thai
 Suld nocht haiff sycht to hald the way
 That he war passyt with his menye.
 And as he thocht rycht sua did he
 And went him down till a morras
 Our awatter that rynnand was,
 And in the bog he fand a place
 Weill strait that weill twa bow-draucht was
 Fra the watter thai passit haid.
 He said, 'Her may ye mak abaid
 And rest you all a quhile and ly,
 I will ga wach all prevely.
 Giff Ik her oucht off thar cummyng
 And giff I may her onything
 Isall ger warn you sa that we
 Sall ay at our advantage be.'

[The king alone defends the ford]

The king now takys his gate to ga
 And with him tuk he sergandis twa
 And Schyr Gilbert de le Hay left he
 Thar for to rest with his menye.
 To the watter he come in hy
 And lysnyt full entently
 Giff he herd oucht off thar cummyng
 Bot yeit then mocht he her na thing.
 Endlang the watter then yeid he
 On ather syd a gret quantite
 And saw the brayis hey standand,
 The watter holl throu slik rynnand
 And fand na furd that men mycht pas
 Bot quhar himselvyn passit was,
 And sua strait wes the up-cumming
 That twa men mycht nocht samyn thring
 Na on na maner pres thaim sua
 That thai togidder mycht land ta.
 His twa men bad he than in hy
 Ga to thair feris to rest and ly
 For he wald wach thar com to se.
 'Schyr,' said thai, 'Quha sall with you be?'
 'God,' he said, 'forouten ma

Pas on, for I will it be sua.
 Thai did as he thame biddin had
 And he thar all allane abaid,
 And quhen he a lang quhile had bene thar
 He herknyt and herd as it war
 A hundis questyng on fer
 That ay come till him ner and ner.
 He stud still for till herkyn mar
 And ay the langer he wes thar
 He herd it ner and ner cummand,
 Bot he thocht he thar still wald stand
 Tyll that he herd mar takynnyng.
 Than for ane hundis questyng
 He wald nocht wakyn his menye,
 Tharfor he wald abid and se
 Quhat folk thai war and quhethir thai
 Held towart him the rycht way
 Or passyt ane other way fer by.
 The moyne wes schynand clerly,
 [no no.] [Sa lang he stude that he mycht her
 [no no.] The noyis off thaim that cummand wer
 [no no.] Than his twa men in hy send he
 [no no.] To warn and wakyn and walkyn his menye
 [no no.] And thai ar furth thar wayis gane
 [no no.] And he left thar all hym allane]
 And sua stude he herknand
 Till that he saw cum at his hand
 The hale rout intill full gret hy.
 Then he umbethocht him hastily
 Giff he held towart his menye
 That or he mycht reparyt be
 Thai suld be passit the furd ilkan,
 And then behuffyt him ches ane
 Off thir twa, other to fley or dey.
 Bot his hart that wes stout and hey
 Consaillyt hym allane to bid
 And kepe thaim at the furd syde
 And defend weill the upcummyng
 Sen he wes warnyst of armyng
 That thar arowys thurth nocht dreid,
 And gyff he war off gret manheid
 He mycht stunay thaim everilkane
 Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane,
 And did rycht as hys hart hym bad.
 Strang utrageous curage he had
 Quhen he sa stoutly him allane
 For litill strenth off erd has tane 128
 To fecht with twa hunder and ma.
 Tharwith he to the furd gan ga,
 And thai apon the tother party
 That saw him stand thar anyrly

Thringand intill the water rad
 For off him litill dout thai had
 And raid till him in full gret hy.
 He smate the fyrst sua vygorusly
 With his sper that rycht scharp schar
 Till he doun till the erd him bar.
 The lave come then intill a randoun,
 Bot his hors that wes born doun
 Combryt thaim the upgang to ta,
 And quhen the king saw it wes sua
 He stekyt the hors and he gan flyng
 And syne fell at the upcummyng.
 The layff with that come with a schout,
 And he that stalwart wes and stout
 Met thaim rycht stoutly at the bra
 And sa gud payment gan thaim ma
 That fyvesum in the furd he slew.
 The lave then sumdell thaim withdrew
 That dred his strakys wondre sar
 For he in na thing thaim forbar.
 Then said ane, 'Certis we ar to blame.
 Quhat sall we say quhen we cum ham
 Quhen a man fechtis agane us all.
 Quha wyst ever men sa foully fall
 As us gyff that we thusgat leve.'
 With that all haile a schoute thai geve
 And cryit, 'On him, he may nocht last.'
 With that thai pressyt him sa fast
 That had he nocht the better bene
 He had bene dede withoutyn wen,
 Bot he sa gret defence gan mak
 That quhar he hyt evyn a strak
 Thar mycht nathing agane—stand.
 In litill space he left liand
 Sa fele that the upcummyng wes then
 Dyttyt with slayn hors and men
 Sua that his fayis for that stopping
 Mycht nocht cum to the upcummyng.
 A! Der God, quha had then bene by
 And sene howe he sa hardyly
 Adressyt hym agane thaim all
 I wate weile that thai suld him call
 The best that levyt in his day,
 And giff I the suth sall say
 I herd never in na tym gane
 Ane stynt sa mony him allane.

[The story of Tydeus of Thebes]

Suth is, quhen till Ethiocles

Fra his brother Polnices
 Wes send Thedeus in message
 To ask haly the heritage
 Off Thebes till hald for a yer,
 For thai twynnys off a byrth wer,
 Thai strave, for ather king wald be.
 Bot the barnage off thar cuntre
 Gert thaim assent on this maner,
 That the tane suld be king a yer,
 And then the tother and his mengye
 Suld nocht be fundyn in the countre
 Quhill the fyrst brother regnand wer,
 Syne suld the tother rengen a yer
 And then the fyrst suld leve the land
 Quhill that the tother war regnaND.
 Thus ay a yer suld regne the tane,
 The tother a yer fra that war gane.
 To ask haldyn off this assent
 Wes Thedeus to Thebes sent,
 And sua spake for Polnices
 That off Thebes Ethiocles
 Bad his constabill with him ta
 Men armyt weill and forouth ga
 To mete Thedeus in the way
 And slay him but langer delay.
 The constable his way is gane
 And nyne and fourty with him tane
 Sua that he with thaim maid fyfty.
 Intill the evynnyng prevely
 Thai set enbuschement in the way
 Quhar Thedeus behovyt away
 Betuix ane hey crag and the se,
 And he that off thar mavyte
 Wyst na thing his way has tane
 And towart Grece agane is gane.
 And as he raid into the nycht
 Sa saw he with the monys lycht
 Schynnyng off scheldys gret plente,
 And had wondre quhat it mycht be.
 With that all hale thai gaiff a cry
 And he that hard sa suddanly
 Sic noyis sumdele affrayit was,
 Bot in schort time he till him tais
 His spyritis full hardely,
 For his gentill hart and worthy
 Assuryt hym into that nede.
 Then with te spuris he strak the sted
 And ruschyt in amang thaim all.
 The fyrst he met he gert him fall,
 And syne his sword he swapyt out
 And roucht about him mony rout

And slew sexsum swill sone and ma.
 Then undre him his hors thai sla
 And he fell, bot he smertly ras
 And strykand rowm about him mas
 And slew off thaim a quantite
 Bot woundyt wondre sar wes he.
 With that a litill rod he fand
 Up towart the crag strekand.
 Thidder went he in full gret hy
 Defendand him full douchtely
 Till in the crag he clam sumdell
 And fand a place enclosyt weill
 Quhar nane bot ane mycht him assail,
 Thar stud he and gaiff thaim bataill
 And thai assaylyt everilkane
 And oft fell quhen that he slew ane
 As he doun to the erd wald dryve
 He wald ber doun weill four or fyve.
 Thar stud he and defendyt sua
 Till he had slayne thaim halff and ma.
 A gret stane then by him saw he
 That throu the gret anciente
 Wes lowsyt redy for to fall,
 And quhen he saw thaim cummand all
 He tumblyt doun on thaim the stane,
 And aucht men thar with it has slayn
 And sua stonayit the remanand
 That thai war weile ner recreand.
 Then wald he presone hald no mar
 Bot on thaim ran with swerd all bar
 And hewyt and slew with all his mayn
 Till he has nyne and fourty slayne.
 The constabill syne gan he ta
 And gert him swer that he suld ga
 Till King Ethiocles and tell
 The aventur that thaim befell.
 Thedeus bar him douchtely
 That him allane ourcome fyfty.
 Ye that this redys, cheys yhe
 Quhether that mar suld prysit be
 The king, that with avisement
 Undertuk sic hardyment
 As for to stynt him ane but fer
 The folk that twa hunder wer,
 Or Thedeus, that suddanly
 For thai had raysyt on him the cry
 Throu hardyment that he had tane
 Wane fyfty men allhim allane.
 Thai did thar deid bath on the nycht
 And faucht bath with the mone-lycht,
 Bot the king discomfyt ma

And Thedeus then ma gan sla.
 Now demys quhether mar loving
 Suld Thedeus haiff or the king?

[His men find the king]

On this maner that Ik haiff tauld
 The king that stout wes and bauld
 Wes fechtand on the furd syd
 Giffand and takand rowtis rid
 Till he sic martyrdom thar has maid
 That he the ford all stoppyt haid
 That nane of thaim mycht till him rid.
 Thaim thocht than foly for to byd
 And halely the flycht gan ta
 And went hamewartis quhar thai come fra,
 For the kingis men with the cry
 Walknyt full effrayitly
 And com to sek thar lord the king.
 The Galloway men hard thar cummyng
 And fled and durst abid no mar.
 The kingis men that dredand war
 For thar lord full spedily
 Come to the furd and sone in hy
 Thai fand the king syttand allane,
 That off his bassynet has tane
 Till avent him for he wes hate.
 Than speryt thai at him off his state
 And he tauld thaim all hale the case
 Howgate that he assailyt was
 And how that God him helpyt sua
 That he eschapyt hale thaim fra.
 Than lukyt thai how fele war ded,
 And thai fand lyand in that sted
 Fourtene that war slayne with his hand.
 Than lovyt thai God fast all—weildand
 That thai thar lord fand hale and fer,
 And said thaim byrd on na maner
 Drede thar fayis sen thar chyftane
 Wes off sic hart and off sic mayn
 That he for thaim had undretan
 With sua fele for to fecht him ane.

[A comment on valour]

Syk wordis spak thai of the king,
 And for his hey undretaking
 Farlyit and yarnyt hym for to se
 That with hym ay wes wont to be.

A! Quhat worschip is prisit thing,
 For it mays men till haiff loving
 Gyff it be folowit ythenly,
 For pryce off worschip nocht–forthi
 Is hard to wyn, for gret travaill
 Offt to defend and oft assaill
 And to be in thar dedis wys
 Gerris men off worschip wyn the price,
 And may na man haiff worthyhed
 Bot he haiff wyt to ster his deid
 And se quhat ys to leve or ta.
 Worschip extremyteys has twa,
 Fule–hardyment the formast is
 And the tother is cowartys,
 And thai ar bath for to forsak.
 Fule–hardyment all will undertak,
 Als weill thingis to leve as ta,
 Bot cowardys dois na thing sua
 But uttrely forsakis all,
 Bot that war derer for to fal
 Na war faute of discretioun.
 Forthi has worschip sic renoun,
 That it is mene betuix tha twa
 And takys that is till underta
 And levys that is to leve, for it
 Has sa gret warnysing of wyt
 That it all perellis weile gan se
 And all avantagis that may be.
 I wald till hardyment heyld haly
 With–thi away war the foly
 For hardyment with foly is vice
 Bot hardyment that mellyt is
 With wyt is worschip ay perde,
 For but wyt worschip may nocht be.
 This nobile king that we off red
 Mellyt all tyme with wit manheid,
 That may men by this melle se.
 His wyt schawyt him the strait entre
 Off the furd and the uschyng alsua
 That as him thocht war hard to ta
 Apon a man that war worthy,
 Tharfor his hardyment hastily
 Thocht it mycht be weill undretan
 Sen at anys mycht assail bot ane.
 Thus hardyment governyt with wyt
 That he all tyme wald samyn knyt
 Gert him off worschip haiff the price
 And oft ourcum his ennemyis.

[Douglas attacks Thirlwall at Douglas Castle]

The king in Carrik dwellyt ay still,
 Hys men assemblyt fast him till
 That in the land war travailland
 Quhen thai off this deid herd tithand
 For thai thar ure wald with him ta
 Gyff that he eft war assaylyt sua.
 Bot yeit than James of Douglas
 In Douglas daile travailland was
 Or ellysweill ner-hand tharby
 In hydillys sumdeill prevely,
 For he wald se his governyng
 That had the castell in keping,
 And gert mak mony juperty
 To se quhether he wald ische blythly.
 And quhen he persavyt that he
 Wald blthly ische with his menye,
 He maid a gadring prevely
 Of thaim that war on his party,
 That war sa fele that thai durst fycht
 With Thyrwall and all the mycht
 Of thaim that in the castell war.
 He schupe him in the nycht to far
 To Sandylandis, and ner tharby
 He him enbuschyt prevely
 And send a few a trane to ma,
 That sone in the mornyng gan ta
 Catell that wes the castell by
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily
 Towart thaim that enbuschit war.
 Than Thyrwall foroutyn mar
 Gert arme his men foroutyn baid
 And ischyt with all the men he haid
 And folowyt fast efter the ky.
 He wes armyt at poynt clenly
 Outane his hede wes bar.
 Than with the men that with him war
 The catell folowit he gud speid
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid
 Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.
 Than prekyt thai with all thar mycht
 Folowand thaim out off aray,
 And thai sped thaim fleand quhill thai
 Fer by thar buschement war past,
 And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.
 And than thai that enbuschyt war
 Ischyt till him bath les and mar
 And rayssyt sudanly the cry,
 And thai that saw sa sudandly
 That folk come egyrly prekand
 Rycht betwix thaim and thar warand,

Thai war into full gret effray
 And for thai war out off aray
 Sum off thaim fled and sum abad,
 And the Douglas that thar with him had
 A gret mengye full egrely
 Assaylyt and scalyt thaim hastyly
 And in schort tyme ourraid thaim sua
 That weile nane eschapyt thaim fra.
 Thyrrwall that wes thar capitane
 Wes thar in the bargane slane
 And off his men the mast party,
 The lave fled full effraytly.
 Douglas his menye fast gan chas,
 And the flearis thar wayis tays
 Till the castell in full gret hy.
 The formast entryt spedily
 Bot the chaseris sped thaim sa fast
 That thai ourtuk sum of the last
 And thaim foroutyn mercy gan sla.
 And quhen thai off the castell sua
 Saw thaim sla off thar men thaim by
 Thai sparyt the yattis hastily
 And in hy to the wallis rane.
 James off Douglas his menye than
 Sesyt weile hastily in hand
 That thai about the castell fand
 To thair resett, syne went thar way.
 Thus ischyt Thyrrwall that day.

*[The king is pursued by John of Lorn and his tracker-dog;
he and his foster brother kill five men]*

Quhen Thyrrwall on this maner
 Had ischit as I tell you her,
 James off Douglas and his men
 Buskit thaim all samyn then
 And went thar way towart the king
 In gret hy, for thai herd tything
 That off Valence Schyr Amery
 With full gret chevalry
 Bath off Scottis and Inglis men
 With gret felny war rerdy then
 Assemblyt for to sek the king,
 That wes that tyme with his gadring
 In Cumnok quhair it straitast was.
 Thidder went James of Douglas
 And wes rycht welcum to the king
 And quhen he had tauld that tithing,
 How that schyr Amer wes cummand
 For till hunt him out off the land

With hund and horne ryght as he war
 A woulff, a theyff, or theyffis fer,
 Than said the king, 'It may weill fall
 Thocht he cum and his power all
 We sall abid in this countre,
 And gyff he cummys we sall him se.'
 The king spake apon this maner,
 And of Valence Schyr Amer
 Assemblyt a gret cumpany
 Off noble men and off worthy
 Off Ingland and of Lowthiane,
 And he has alsua with him tane
 Jhone off Lorn and all his mycht
 That had off worthi men and wycht
 With him aucht hunder men and ma
 A sleuth—hund had he thar alsua
 Sa gud that wald chang for na thing,
 And sum men sayis yeit that the king
 As a strecour him noryst had
 And sa mekill off him he maid
 That hys awyn handis wald him feid.
 He folowyt him quharever he yeid
 Sa tthat the hund him lovit sua
 That he wald part na wys him fra.
 Bot how that Jhon of Lorn him had
 Ik herd never mencioun be mad,
 Bot men sayis it wes certane thing
 That he had him in his sesyng
 And throu him thocht the king to ta,
 For he wyst he him luffyt sua
 That fra that he mycht anys fele
 The kingis sent he wyst ryght weill
 That he wald chaung it for na thing.
 This Jhon off Lorne hattyt the king
 For Jhon Cumyn his emys sak,
 Mycht he him other sla or tak
 He wald nocht prys his liff a stra
 Sa that he vengeance of him mycht ta.
 The wardane than Schyr Amery
 With this Jhone in cumpany
 And other off gud renoun alsua,
 Thomas Randell was ane off tha,
 Come intill Cumnok to sek the king
 That wes weill war off that cummyng
 And wes up in the strenthis then
 And with him weill four hunder men.
 His broder that tym with him was
 And alsua James off Douglas.
 Schyr Ameryys rowte he saw
 That held the plane ay and the law
 And in hale battaill alwayis raid.

The king that na supposyn had
 That thai wer may then he saw thar
 Till thaim and nother ellisquhar
 Had ey and wrocht unwittily,
 For Jhom off Lorn full sutelly
 Behind thocht to supprys the king.
 Tharfor with all his gadring
 About ane hill he held the way
 And held him into covert ay
 Till he sa ner come to the king
 Or he persavyt his cummyng
 That he wes cummyn on him weill ner.
 The tother ost and Schyr Amer
 Pressyt aponthe tother party.
 The king wes in gret juperty
 That wes on ather sid umbeset
 With fayis that to sla him thret,
 And the leyst party off the twa
 Was starkar than he and ma.
 And quhen he saw thaim pres him to
 He thocht in hy quhat was to do
 And said, 'Lordis we haiff na mycht
 As at this tyme to stand and fycht,
 Tharfor departis us in thre,
 All sall nocht sa assailyt be,
 And in thre partis hald our way.'
 Syne till his preve folk gan he say
 Betwix thaim into prevete
 In quhat sted thar repayr suld be.
 With that thar gate all ar thai gane
 And in thre partis thar way has tane.
 Jhone of Lorne come to the place
 Fra quhar the king departyt was
 And in his trace the hund he set
 That then foroutyn langer let
 Held even the way efter the king
 Rycht as he had off him knowing,
 And left the tother partys twa
 As he na kep to thaim wald ta.
 And quhen the king saw his cummyng
 Efter hys route intill a ling
 He thocht thai knew that it wes he,
 Tharfor he bad till his menye
 Yeit then in thre depart thaim sone,
 And thai did sua foroutyn hone
 And held thar way in thre partys.
 The hund did thar sa gret maistris
 That held ay foroutyn changing
 Eftre the rowt quhar wes the king.
 And quhen the king had sene thaim sua
 All in a rowt efter him ga

The way and folow nocht his men
 He had a gret persaving then
 That thai knew him, forthi in hy
 He bad his men rycht hastily
 Scaile and ilkan hald his way
 All himselff, and sua did thai.
 Ilk man a syndry gate is gane
 And the king with him has tane
 His foster broder foroutyn ma
 And samyn held thar gate thai twa.
 The hund folowyt always the king
 And changyt for na departing
 Bot ay folowit the kingis trace
 But waveryng as he passyt was
 And quhen Jhon off Lorn saw
 The hund sa hard eftre him draw
 And folow strak after thai twa
 He knew the king wes ane of tha,
 And bad fyve off his cumpany
 That war rycht wycht men and hardy
 And als off fute spediast war
 Off all that in thair rowt war
 Ryn eftre him and him ourta
 And lat him na wys pas thaim fra,
 And fra thai had herd the bydding
 Thai held thar way efter the king
 And folowyt him sa spedely
 That thai him weill sone gan ourhy.
 The king that saw thaim cummand ner
 Wes anoyit on gret maner,
 For he thocht giff thai war worthi
 Thai mycht hi, travaile and tary
 And hald him swagate tarian
 Till the remanand com at hand,
 Bot had he dred bot anerly
 Thai fyve I trow all sekyrly
 He suld have had na mekill dred.
 And till his falow as he yeid
 He said, 'Thir fyve ar fast cummand
 Thai ar weill ner now at our hand,
 Sa is thar ony help at the
 For we sall sone assailyt be.'
 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'all that I may.'
 'Thou sayis weill,' said the king. 'Perfay
 I see thaim cummand till us ner.
 I will na forthyr bot rycht her
 I will byd quhill Ic am in aynd
 And se quhat force that thai can faynd.'
 The king than stud full sturdely
 And the fyvesum in full gret hy
 Come with gret schor and manassing.

Then thre off thaim went to the king,
 And till his man the tother twa
 With swerd in hand gan stoutly ga.
 The king met thaim that till him socht
 And to the fyrst sic rowt he roucht
 That er and chek downe in the hals
 He scharnand off the schuldir als,
 He ruschyt down all disyly.
 The twa that saw sa sudanly
 Thar falow fall effrayit war
 And stert a litill ovyrmear.
 The king with that blenkit him by
 And saw the twasome sturdely
 Agane his man gret melle ma.
 With that he left his awin twa
 And till thaim that faucht with his man
 A loup rycht lychtly maid he than
 And smate the hed off the tane,
 To mete his awne syne is he gane.
 Thai come on him full sturdely,
 He met the fyrst sa egrely
 That with the swerd that scharply schar
 The arme fra the body he bar.
 Quhat strakys thai gaiff I can nocht tell,
 Bot to the king sa fayr befell
 That thocht he travaill had and payne
 He off his fa-men four has slayn,
 His foster broder tharefter sone
 The fyft out of dawys has done.
 And quhen the king saw that all fyve
 War on that wys broucht out off lyve
 Till hys falow than gan he say,
 'Thou has helpyt weile perfay'
 'It likys you to say sua,' said he,
 'Bot the gret part to you tuk ye
 That slew four off the fyve you ane.'
 The king said, 'As the glew is gane
 Better than thou I mycht it do
 For Ik had mar layser tharto,
 For the twa falowys that delt with the
 Quhen thai saw me assailt with thre
 Off me rycht nakyn dout thai had
 For thai wend I sa straitly war stad,
 And forthi that thai dred me noucht
 Noy thaim fer out the mar I moucht.'
 With that the king lokyt him by
 And saw off Lorn the company
 Weill ner with thar sleuth-hund cummand.
 Than till a wod that wes ner-hand
 He went with his falow in hy.
 God sayff thaim for his gret mercy.

THE BRUS

BOOK 7

[The king escapes from the hound]

The king towart the wod is gane
 Wery forswayt and will of wane
 Intill the wod sone entryt he
 And held down towart a vale
 Quhar throu the woid a watter ran.
 Thidder in gret hy wend he than
 And begouth for to rest him thar
 And said he mycht no forthirmar.
 His man said, 'Schyr, it may nocht be.
 Abyd ye her ye sall son se
 Fyve hunder yarnand you to sla,
 And thai ar fele aganyis us twa.
 And sen we may nocht dele with mycht
 Help us all that we may with slycht.'
 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sua,
 Ga furth, and I sall with the ga.
 Bot Ik haiff herd oftymys say
 That quha endlang a watter ay
 Wald waid a bow—draucht he suld ger
 Bathe the slouth—hund and his leder
 Tyne the sleuth men gert him ta.
 Prove we giff it will now do sa,
 For war yone devillis hund away
 I roucht nocht off the lave perfay.'
 As he dyvisyt thai haiff doyn
 And entryt in the watter sone
 And held down endlang thar way,
 And syne to the land yeid thai
 And held thar way as thai did er.
 And Jhone off Lorn with gret affer
 Come with hys rout rycht to the place
 Quhar that his fyve men slane was.
 He menyt thaim quhen he thaim saw
 And said eftre a litill thraw
 That he suld veng thar bloude,
 Bot otherwayis the gamyn youde.
 Thar wald he mak na mar dwelling
 Bot furth in hy folowit the king.
 Rycht to the burn thai passyt war,
 Bot the sleuth—hund maid styntyn thar
 And waveryt lang tyme to and fra
 That he na certane gate couth ga,

Till at the last that Jhon of Lorn
 Persavyt the hund the slouth had lorn
 And said, 'We haiff tynt this travaill.
 To pas forthyr may nocht availe
 For the void is bath braid and wid
 And he is weill fer be this tid,
 Tharfor is gud we turn agayn
 And waist no mar travaill in vayne.'
 With that relyit he his mengye
 And his way to the ost tuk he.

[An alternative account of the escape]

Thus eschapyt the nobill king,
 Bot sum men sayis this eschaping
 Apon ane other maner fell
 Than throu the wading, for thai tell
 That the king a gud archer had,
 And quhen he saw his lord sua stad
 That he wes left sa anerly
 He ran on sid alwayis him by
 Till he into the woude wes gane.
 Than said he till him selff allane
 That he arest rycht thar wald ma
 To luk giff he the hund mycht sla,
 For giff the hund mycht lest in lyve
 He wyst rycht weile that thai wald dryve
 The kingis trace till thai him ta,
 Than wyst he weile thai wald him sla.
 And for bhe wald his lord succur
 He put his liff in aventur,
 And stud intill a busk lurkand
 Till that the hund come at his hand
 And with ane arow sone him slew
 And throu the woud syne him withdrew.
 Bot quhether this eschaping fell
 As I tauld fyrst or I now tell,
 I wate weill without lesing
 That at the burn eschapyt the king.

*[Three men with a wethertry to kill the king
 and kill his foster-brother]*

The king has furth his wayis tane,
 And Jhon of Lorn agayne is gane
 To Schyr Aymer that fra the chace
 With his men repayryt was
 That sped lytill in thar chassyng
 Thocht at thai maid gret folowing

Full egrely thai wan bot small,
 Thar fayis ner eschapyt all.
 Men sayis Schyr Thomas Randell than
 Chassand the kingis baner wan,
 Quharthrou in England with the king
 He had rycht gret price and loving.
 Quhen the chasseris relyit war
 And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar
 He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cas,
 How that the king eschapyt was
 And how that he his fyve men slew
 And syne to the wode him drew.
 Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy
 He sanyt him for the ferly
 And said, 'He is gretly to prys,
 For I knaw nane that liffand is
 That at myscheyff gan help him sua.
 I trow he suld be hard to sla
 And he war bodyn evynly.'
 On this wis spak Schyr Aymery,
 And the gud king held furth his way
 Betwix him and his man quhill thai
 Passyt out throu the forest war.
 Syne in the more thai entryt ar
 That wes bathe hey and lang and braid,
 And or thai halff it passyt had
 Thai saw on syd the men cummand
 Lik to lycht men and waverand,
 Swerdis thai had and axiys als
 And ane off thaim apon his hals
 A mekill boundyn wether bar.
 Thai met the king and halist him thar,
 And the king tthaim thar hailsing yauld
 And askyt thaim quhether thai wauld.
 Thai said Robert the Bruys thai socht,
 For mete with him giff that thai moucht
 Thar dwelling with him wauld thai ma.
 The king said, 'Giff that ye will sua,
 Haldys furth your way with me
 And I sall ger you sone him se.'
 Thai persavyt be his speking
 That he wes the selvyn Robert king,
 And chaungyt contenance and late
 And held nocht in the fyrst state,
 For thai war fayis to the king
 And thocht to cum into Sculking
 And dwell with him quhill that thai saw
 Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.
 Thai grantyt till his spek forthi,
 Bot the king that wes witty
 Persavyt weill be thar having

that thai luffyt him nathing
 And said, 'Falowis, ye mon all thre,
 Forthir aquent till that we be,
 All be yourselvyn forrouth ga,
 And on the samyn wys we twa
 Sall folow behind weill ner.'
 Quod thai, 'Schyr, it is na myster
 To trow in us ony ill.'
 'Nane do I,' said he, 'bot I will
 That yhe ga forrourth thus quhill we
 Better with othyr knawin be.'
 'We grant,' thai said, 'sen ye will sua.'
 And furth apon thar gate gan ga.
 Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner,
 And than the formast cummyn wer
 Till a waist husbandis hous, and thar
 Thai slew the wethir that thai bar
 And slew fyr for to rost thar mete,
 And askyt the king giff he wald ete
 And rest him till the mete war dycht.
 The king that hungry was, Ik hycht,
 Assentyt till thar spek in hy,
 Bot he said he wald anerly
 Betwix him and his fallow be
 At a fyr, and thai all thre
 In the end off the hous suld ma
 Ane other fyr, and thai did sua.
 Thai drew thaim in the hous end
 And halff the wethir till him send.
 And thai rostynt in hy thar mete
 And fell rycht freschly for till ete,
 For the king weill lang fastyt had
 And had rycht mekill travaill mad,
 Tharfor he eyt full egrely
 And quhen he had etyn hastily
 He had to slep sa mekill will
 That he mocht set na let thartill,
 For quhen the vanys fillyt ar
 Men worthys hevy evermar
 And to slepe drawys hevynes.
 The king that all fortravaillyt wes
 Saw that him worthynt slep nedwayis.
 Till his foser-broder he sayis,
 'May I traist in the me to waik
 Till Ik a litill sleping tak.'
 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'till I may dre.'
 The kingbthen wynkyt a litill wey,
 And slepyt nocht full encrely
 Bot gliffnynt up oft sodanly,
 For he had dreid of thai thre men
 That at the tother fyr war then.

THE BRUS

That thai his fais war he wyst,
Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst.
The king slepyt bot a litill than
Quhen sic slep fell on his man
That he mycht nocht hald up his ey,
Bot fell in slep and rowtyt hey.
Now is the king in gret perile
For slep he sua a litill quhile
He sall be ded fotoutyn dreid,
For the thre tratouris tuk gud heid
that he on slep wes and his man.
In full gret hy thai rais up than
And drew thar swerdis hastily
And went towart the king in hy
Quhen that thai saw him sleip sua,
And slepand thocht thai wald him sla.
Till him thai yeid a full gret pas,
Bot in that tym throu Goddis grace
The king up blenkit hastily
And saw his man slepand him by
And saw cummand the tother thre.
Deliverly on fut gat he
And drew his swerd out and thaim mete,
And as he yude his fute he set
Apon his man weill hevily.
He waknyt and rais disily,
For the slep maistryt hym sway
That or he gat up ane off thai
That com for to sla the king
Gaiff hym a strak in his rysing
Sua that he mycht help him no mar.
The king sa straitly stad wes thar
That he wes never yeit sa stad,
Ne war the armyng that he had
He had bene dede foroutyn wer.
Bot nocht—forthi on sic maner
He helpyt him in that bargane
That thai thre tratouris he has slan
Throu Goddis grace and his manheid.
Hys fostyr brother thar wes dede,
Then wes he wondre will of wayn
Quhen he saw him left allane.
His foster broder meny he
And waryit all the tother thre,
And syne his way tuk him allane
And rycht towart his tryst is gane.

*[The king goes to a house, where the goodwife gives him her two sons;
he meets his companions and they take an enemy force in a
village by surprise]*

The king went furth way and angri
 Menand his man full tenderly
 And held his way all him allane,
 And rycht towart the hous is gan
 Quhar he set tryst to meit his men.
 It wes weill inwyth nycht be then,
 He come sone in the hous and fand
 The houswyff on the benk sittand
 That askit him quhat he was
 And quhen he come and quethir he gais.
 'A travailland man, dame,' said he,
 'That travaillys throu the contre.'
 Scho said, 'All that travailland er
 For ane his sak ar welcum her.'
 The king said, 'Gud dame, quhat is he
 That gerris you haiff sik specialte
 To men that travaillis?' 'Schyr, perfay,'
 Quod the gud-wyff, 'Isall you say,
 The King Robert the Bruys is he,
 That is rycht lord off this cowntre.
 His fayis now haldis him in thrang,
 Bot I think to se or ocht lang
 Him lord and king our all the land
 That na fayis sall him withstand.'
 'Dame, luffis thou him sa weil,' said he.
 'Ya, schyr,' said scho, 'sa God me se.'
 'Dame,' said he, 'hym her the by,
 For Ik am he, I say the soithly,
 Yha certis, dame.' 'And quhar ar gane
 Your men quhen ye ar thus allane?'
 'At this tyme, dame, Ik haiff no ma.'
 Scho said, 'It may na wys be swa.
 Ik haiff twa sonnys wycht and hardy,
 Thai sall becum your men in hy.'
 As scho divisyt thai haiff done,
 His sworn men become thai sone.
 The wyff syn gert him syt and ete,
 Bot he has schort quhile at the mete
 Syttyn quhen he hard gret stamping
 About the hous, then but letting
 Thai stert up the hous for to defende,
 Bot sone eftre the king has kend
 James off Douglas. Than wes he blyth
 And bad oppyn the durris swyth
 And thai come in all that thar war.
 Schyr Edward the Bruce wes thar,
 And James alsua off Douglas
 That wes eschapyt fra the chace
 And with the kingis brother met,
 Syn to the tryst that thaim wes set

Thai sped thaim with thar cumpany
 That wer ane hunder and weile fyfty.
 And quhen that thai haiff sene the king
 Thai war joyfull of thar meting
 And askyt how that he eschapyt was,
 And he thaim tauld all hale the cas.
 How the fyve men him pressyt fast,
 And how he throu the water past,
 And how he met the thevis thre
 And how he slepand slane suld be
 Quhen he waknyt throu Goddis grace
 And how his foster brodyr was
 Slayne he tauld thaim all haly.
 Than lovyt thai God commounly
 That thar lord wes eschapyt sua,
 Than spak thai wordis to and fra
 Till at the last the king gan say
 'Fortoun us travaillyt fast today
 That scalyt us sa sodanly.
 Our fayis tonycht sall ly traistly
 For thai trow we so scalit ar
 And fled to—waverand her and thar
 That we sall nocht thir dayis thre
 All togiddir assemblit be.
 Tharfor this nycht thai sall trastly
 But wachys tak thar ese and ly.
 Quharfor quha knew thar herbery
 And wald cum on thaim sodanly
 With few mengye mycht thaim scaith
 And eschape foroutyn waith.'
 'Perfay,' quod James of Douglas,
 'As I come hyddyrwart per cas
 I come sa ner thar herbery
 That I can bring you quhar thai ly,
 And wald ye speid you yeit or day
 It may sua happin that we may
 Do thaim a gretar scaith weile sone
 Than thai us all day has done,
 For thai ly scalyt as thaim lest.'
 Than thocht thaim all it wes the best
 To sped thaim to thaim hastily,
 And thai did sua in full gret hy
 And come on thaim in the dawning
 Rycht as the day begouth to spryng.
 Sa fell it that a cumpany
 Had in a toun tane thar herbery
 Weile fra the ost a myle or mar,
 Men said that thai twa hunder war.
 Thar assemblyt the nobill king,
 And sone eftre thar assembling
 Thai that slepand assaylyt war

Rycht hidwysly gan cry and rar,
 And other sum that herd the cry
 Ras sa rycht effrayitly
 That sum of thaim nakit war
 Fleand to warand her and thar,
 and sum his armys with him drew,
 And thai foroutyn mercy thaim slew
 And sa evyll vengeance can ta
 That the twa partis of thaim and ma
 War slayn rycht in that ilk sted,
 Till thar oist the remanand fled.
 The oyst that hard the noyis and cry
 And saw thar men sua wrechytylly
 Sum nakit fleand her and thar,
 Sum all hale, sum woundyt sar,
 Into full gret effray thai rais
 And ilk man till his baner gays
 Sua that tthe oyst wes all on ster.
 The king and thai that with him wer
 Quhen on ster the oyst saw sua
 Towart thar warand gan thai ga,
 And thar in savete com thai
 And quhen Schyr Aymer herd say
 How that the king thar men had slayn
 And how that thai turnyt war agayn
 He said, 'Now may we clerly se
 That nobill hart quharever it be
 It is hard till ourcum throu maystri,
 For quhar ane hart is rycht worthy
 Agayne stoutnes it is ay stoute,
 Na as I trow thar may na doute
 Ger it all-out dis cumfyt be
 Quhill body levand is and fre,
 As be this melle may be sene.
 We wend Robert the Bruce had bene
 Sua discomfyt that be gud skill
 He suld nother haiff haid hart ne will
 Swilk juperty till undreta
 For he put was at undre sua
 That he wes left all him allane
 And all his folk war fra him gayn,
 And he sagat fortravaillyt
 To put thaim off that him assaylit
 That he suld haiff yarynt resting
 This nycht atour all other thing.
 Bot his hart fillyt is off bounte
 Sua that it vencusyt may nocht be.'

[The king goes hunting and is attacked by three men beside a wood]

On this wys spak Schyr Aymery,
 And quhen thai off his cumpany
 Saw how thai travaillit had in vayn
 And how the king thar men had slayn
 And that his wes gane all fre,
 Thaim thocht it wes a nycete
 For to mak thar langer dwelling
 Sen thai mycht nocht anoy the king,
 And said that to Schyr Amery,
 That umbethocht him hastily
 That he to Carlele wald ga
 And a quhill tharin sojourn ma
 And haff his spyis on the king
 To knaw alwayis his contenyng,
 And quhen that he his poynt mycht se
 He thocht that with a gret menye
 He suld schute apon him sudanly.
 Tharfor with all his cumpany
 Till Ingland he the way has tane,
 And ilk man till his hous is gane.
 In hy till Carlele wesnt is he
 And tharin thinkys for till be
 Till he his poynt saw off the king,
 That then with all his gaderring
 Wes in Carryk quhar umbestount
 He wald went with his men til hunt.
 Sa happynynt that on a day
 He went till hunt for till assay
 Quhat gamyn was in that countre,
 And sua hapnyt that day that he
 By a woud—syd to sett is gane
 With his twa hundys him allane,
 Bot his swerd ay with him bar.
 He had bot schort quhile syttyn thar
 Quhen he saw fra the woud cummand
 Thre men with bowys in thar hand
 That towart him come spedely,
 And he that persayvyt in hy
 Be thar affer and thar having
 That thai luffyt him nakyn thing,
 He rais and his leysche till him drew he
 And leyte hys hundis gang all fre.
 God help the king now for his mycht,
 For bot he now be wys and wycht
 He sall be set in mekill pres,
 For thai thre men foroutyn les
 War his fayis all utrely,
 And wachyt him sa byslyly
 To se quhen thai vengeance mycht tak
 Off the king for Jhon Comyn his sak
 That thai thocht than thai layser had.

And sen he hym allane wes stad
 In hy thai thocht thai suld him sla,
 And gyff that thai mycht chevys sua
 Fra that thai the king had slayn
 THat thai mycht wyn the woud agayn,
 His men thaim thocht thai suld nocht dred.
 In hy towart the king thai yeid
 and bent thar bowys quhen thai war ner,
 And he that dred on gret maner
 thar arowys, for he nakyt was,
 In hy a speking to thaim mais
 And said, 'You aucht to schame perde
 Sen ik am ane and ye ar thre
 For to schute at me apon fer.
 Bot had ye hardyment to cum ner
 And with your swerdis till assay,
 Wyn me apon sic wys giff ye may,
 Ye sall wele oute mar prisyt be.'
 'Perfay,' quod ane than off the thre
 'Sall na man say we dred the sua
 That we with arowys sall the sla.'
 With that thar bowys away thai kest
 And come on fast but langer frest.
 The king thaim met full hardyly
 And smate the fyrst sa vygorusly
 that he fell dede down on the gren.
 And quhen the kingis hund has sene
 Thai men assailye his maister sua
 He lap till ane and gan him ta
 Rycht be the nek full sturdyly.
 Till top our tale he gert him ly,
 And the king that his swerd out had
 Saw he sa fayr succour him maid.
 Or he that fallyn wes mycht rys
 He him assayllyt on sic wys
 That he the bak strak evyn in twa.
 The thrid that saw his falowis sua
 Foroutyn recoveryng be slayne
 Tok to the wod his way agane,
 Bot the king folowit spedyly,
 And als the hund that wes him by
 Wquhen he the man saw fle him fra
 Schot till him sone and gan him ta
 Rycht be the nek and till him dreuch
 And the king that wes ner yneucht
 In his ryssing sik rowt him gaff
 That stane—dede to the erd he draff.
 The kingis men that wer than ner
 Quhen that thai saw on sic maner
 The king assailyt sa sodanly
 Thai sped towart him in hy

And askyt how that cas befell,
 And he all haly gan thaim tell
 How thai assaillyt him all thre
 'Perfay,' quod thai, 'we may wele se
 That it is hard till undretak
 Sic melling with you to mak
 That sua smertly has slayn tthir thre
 Foroutyn hurt.' 'Perfay,' said he,
 I slew bot ane forouten ma
 God and my hund has slayn the twa.
 Thar tresoun combryt thaim perfay
 For rycht wycht men all thre war thai.'

[The king goes to Glen Trool; Valence follows him there]

Quhen that the king throu Goddis grace
 On this maner eschapyt was
 He blew his horn and then in hy
 His gud men till him gan rely,
 tthen hamwartis buskyt he to far
 For that day wald he hunt no mar.
 In Glentruell all a quhile he lay,
 And went weyle oft to hunt and play
 For to purches thaim venesoun,
 For than der war in sesoun.
 In all that tyme Schyr Aymery
 With nobill men in cumpany
 Lay in Carlele hys poynt to se,
 And quhen he hard the certante
 That in Glentrewle wes the king
 And went till hunt and till playing,
 He thocht with hys chevalry
 To cum apon him sodanly
 And fra Carlele on nychtys ryd
 And in covert on dayis bid,
 And swagate with sic tranonting
 He thocht he suld suppris the king.
 He assemblyt a gret mengne
 Off folk off full gud renomme
 Bath off Scottis and Inglis-men.
 Thar way all samyn held thai then
 And raid on nycht sa prevely
 Till thai come in a wod ner by
 Glentruele, quhar logyt wes the king
 That wyst rycht nocht off thar cummyng.
 Into gret perile now is he,
 For bot God throu his gret powste
 Save him he sall be slayne or tane,
 For thai war sex quhar he wes ane.

*[Valence sends a woman ahead to spy, but she is discovered;
Valence attacks and is discumfitted; his captains quarrel]*

Quhen Schyr Amery, as Ik haiff tauld
 With his men that war stout and bauld
 Wes cummyn sa ner the king that thai
 War bot a myle fra him away
 He tuk avisement with his men
 On quhat maner thai suld do then.
 For he said thaim that the king was
 Logyt into sa strait a place
 That horsmen mycht nocht him assaile
 And giff futemen gaiff him bataile
 He suld be hard to wyn giff he
 Off thar cummyng may wytteryt be.
 'Tharfor I rede all prevely
 We send a woman him to spy
 That pouerly arrayit be.
 Scho may ask mete per cherite
 And se thar convyn halily
 And apon quhat maner thai ly,
 The quhilis we and our menye
 Cumand out-throu the wode may be
 On fute all armyt as we ar.
 May we do sua that we cum thar
 On thaim or thai wyt our cummyng
 We sall fynd in thaim na sturting.'
 This consaill thocht thaim wes to best,
 Then send thai furth but langer frest
 The woman that suld be thar spy,
 And scho hyr way gan hald in hy
 Rycht to the logis quhar the king
 That had na drede of supprising
 Yheid unarmyt mery and blyth.
 The woman has he sene alswyth,
 He saw hyr uncouth and forthi
 He beheld hyr mar encrely,
 And be hyr ccontenance him thocht
 That for gud cummyn was scho nocht.
 Then gert he men in hy hyr ta,
 And scho that dred men suld hyr sla
 Tauld how that Schyr Amery
 With the Cliffurd in cumpany
 With the flour off Northummyrland
 War cummand on thaim at thar hand.
 Quhen that the king herd that tithing
 He armyt him but mar dwelling,
 Sa did thai all that ever wes thar,
 Syne in a sop assemblyt ar,
 I trow thai war thre hunder ner.

And quhen thai all assemblit wer
 The king his baner gert display
 And set his men in gud aray,
 Bot thai had standyn bot a thraw
 Rycht at thar hand quhen that thai saw
 Thar fayis throu the wod cummand
 Armyt on fute with sper in hand
 That sped thaim full enforcely.
 The noyis begouth sone and the cry,
 For the gud king that formast was
 Stoutly towart his fayis gays,
 And hynt out off a mannys hand
 That ner besyd him wes gangand
 A bow and a braid arow als,
 And hyt the formast in the hals
 Till thropill and wesand yeid in twa
 And doun till the erd gan ga.
 The laiff with that maid a stopping,
 Than but mar bad the nobill king
 Hynt fra his baneour his banar
 And said, 'Apon thaim, for thai ar
 Discumfyt all.' With that word
 He swappyt swiftly out his sword
 And on thaim ran sa hardely
 That all thai off his cumpany
 Tuk hardyment off his gud deid,
 For sum that fryst thar wayis yeid
 Agayne come to the fycht in hy
 And met thair fayis vigorously
 That all the formast ruschy war,
 And quhen thai that war hendermar
 Saw that the formast left the sted
 Thai tornyt sone the bak and fled
 And out off the wod thaim withdrew.
 The king a few men off thaim slew
 For thai rycht sone thar gat gan ga.
 It discomfortyt thaim all sua
 That the king with his mengne was
 All armyt to defend that place
 that thai wend throu thar tranonting
 Till haiff wonnyn foroutyn fechtin
 That thai effrayit war sodanly,
 And he thaim soucht sa angryly
 That thai in full gret hy agane
 Out off the wod rane to the plane
 For thaim faillyt off thar entent.
 Thai war that tyme sa foully schent
 That fyften hunder men and ma
 With a few mengne war reboyt yt sua
 That thai withdrew thaim schamfully.
 Tharfor amang thaim sodanly

Thar rais debate and gret distance,
Ilkan wytt other off thar myschance.
Cliffurd and Waus maid a melle
Quhar Cliffurd raucht him a cole
And athir syne drew till partys,
Bot Schyr Aymer that wes wys
Departyt thaim with mekill payn,
And went till Ingland hame again.
He wyst fra stryff ras thaim amang
He suld thaim nocht hals samyn lang
Foroutyn debate or melle,
Tharfor till Ingland turnyt he
Eith mar schame then he went of ton,
Quhen sa mony off sic renone
Saw sa few men bid thaim battaill
Quhair thai ne war hardy till assaile.

BOOK 8

[The king in Kyle]

The king fra Schyr Aymer wes gane
 Gadryt his menye everilkan
 And left bath woddis and montanys
 And held hys way strak till the planys
 For he wald fayne that end war maid
 Off that that he begunnyn had,
 And he wüst weill he mycht nocht bring
 It to gud end but travalling.
 To Kyle went he fryst and that land
 He maid all till him obeysand,
 The men maist force come till his pes.
 Syne efterwart or he wald ses
 Of Conyngayme the maist party
 He gert held till his senyours.
 In Bothweill then Schyr Aymer was
 That in hys hart gret angre has
 For thai off Cunyngame and Kile
 That war obeysand till him quhile
 Left Inglismennys fewte.
 Tharoff fayne vengyt wald he be,
 And send Philip the Mowbray
 With a thousand as Ik herd say
 Off men that war in his leding
 To Kile for to werray the king.

[Douglas defeats Sir Philip Mowbray at Edirford]

Bot James of Douglas that all tid
 Had spyis out on ilka sid
 Wüst off thar cummyng and that thai
 Wald hald doune Makyrnokis way.
 He tuk with him all prevely
 Thaim that war off his cumpany
 That war fourty withoutyn ma,
 Syne till a strait place gan he ga
 That is in Makyrnokis way,
 The Edirford it hat perfay,
 It lyes betwix marraiss twa
 Quhar that na hors on lyve may ga.
 On the south halff quhar James was
 Is ane upgang, a narow pas,
 And on the north halff is the way

Sa ill as it apperis today.
 Douglas with thaim he with him had
 Enbuschyt him and thaim abaid,
 He mycht weile fer se thar cummyng
 Bot thai mycht se of hym na thing.
 Thai baid in buschement all the nycht,
 And quhen the sone was schynand brycht
 Thai saw in bataillyng cum arayit
 The vaward with baner displayit,
 And syne sone the remanand
 Thai saw weile ner behind cummand.
 Then held thai thaim still and preve
 Till the formast off that mengye
 War entryt in the ford thaim by,
 Then schot thai on thaim with a cry
 And with wapnys that scharply schar
 Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar,
 And sum with arowis barblyt braid
 Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid
 That thai gan draw to voyd the place,
 Bot byhynd thaim sa stoppyt was
 The way that thai fast mycht nocht fle,
 And that gert mony off thaim de,
 For thai on na wys mycht away
 Bot as thai come bot giff that thai
 Wald throu thar fayis hald the gat,
 Bot that way thocht thaim all to hat.
 Thar fayis met thaim sa sturdely
 And contenyt the fycht sa hardily
 That thai sa dredand war that thai
 That fyrst mycht fle fyrst fled away,
 And quhen the rerward saw thaim sua
 Discumfyt and thar wayis ga
 Thai fled on fer and held thar way.

[The flight of Sir Philip Mowbray to Inverkip]

Bot Schyr Philip the Mowbray
 That with the formast ridand was
 That entryt wes in the place,
 Quhen that he saw how he wes stad
 Throu the gret worschip that he had
 With spuris he strak the steid off pryce
 And magre all his ennymys
 Throu the thikkest off thaim he raid,
 And but challance eschapyt had
 Ne war ane hynt him by the brand,
 Bot he the gud steid that wald nocht stand
 Lansyt furth deliverly.
 Bot the tother sa stalwartly

Held that the belt braist off the brand
 And swerd and belt left in hys hand,
 And he but swerd his wayis raid
 Weill otouth thaim and thair abaid,
 And beheld how that his menye fled
 And how his fayis clengyt the steid
 That war betwix him and his men.
 Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then
 To Kylmarnok and Kilwynnyne
 And till Ardrossane eftre syne,
 Syne throu the Largis him allane
 Till Ennirkyp the way has tane
 Rycht to the castell that wes then
 Stuffyt all with Inglismen
 That him resaiffyt in daynte,
 And fra thai wyst howgat that he
 Sa fer had rydin him allane
 Throu thaim that war his fayis ilkan
 Thai prisyt him full gretumly
 And lovyt fast his chevalry.

[The reactions of Valence and King Robert]

Schyr Philip thus eschapyt was,
 And Douglas yet wes in the place
 Quhar he sexty has slayne and ma,
 The layff fouly thar gat gan ga
 And fled to Bothwell hame agayne
 Quhar Schyr Aymer wes na thing fayn
 Quhen he herd tell on that maner
 That his mengne discumfyt wer.
 Bot quhen to King Robert wes tauld
 How that the Douglas that wes bauld
 Vencussyt sa fele with fewe menye
 Rycht joyfull in his hart wes he,
 And all his menye confortyt war
 For thaim thocht weille bath les and mar
 That thai suld less thar fayis dreid
 Sen thar purpos sa with thaim yeid.

[Valence challenges the king to open battle at Loudoun hill]

The king lay in Galliston
 That is evyn rycht anent Loudoun
 And till his pes tuk the cuntre.
 Quhen Schyr Aymer and his menye
 Hard how he ryotyt the land
 And how that nane durst him withstand
 He wes intill his hart angry,

And with ane off his cumpany
 He send him word and said giff he
 Durst him into the planys se
 He suld the tend day of May
 Cum under Loudoun hill away,
 And giff that he wald meyt him thar
 He said his worschip suld be mar,
 And mar be turnyt in nobillay,
 To wyn him in the playne away
 With hard dintis in evyn fechtynge
 Then to do fer mar with skulking.
 The king that hard his messynger
 Had dispyt apon gret maner
 That Schyr Aymer spak sa heyly,
 Tharfor he answeryt irusly
 And to the messynger said he,
 'Say to thi lord giff that I be
 In lyfe he sall me se that day
 Weyle ner giff he dar hald the way
 That he has said, for sekyrly
 Be Loudoun hill mete him sall I.'
 The messinger but mare abaid
 Till his maistre the wayis raid
 And his answer him tauld als with
 Quharof he wes bath glaid and blyth,
 For he thocht throu his mekill mycht
 Gyff the king durst cum to fycht
 That throu the gret chevalry
 That suld be in his cumpany
 He suld sua ourcum the king
 That thar suld be na recovering.

[The king chooses and prepoares a battle field]

And the king on the tother party
 That was all wis and averty
 Raid for to se and cheis the place,
 And saw the hey gat liand was
 Apon a fayr feild evyn and dry,
 Bot apon athir sid tharby
 Wes a gret mos mekill and braid
 That fra the way wes quhar men raid
 A bow-draucht weile on ather sid,
 And that place thocht him all to wyd
 Till abyd men that horsyt war.
 Tharfor thre dykys our-thwort he schar
 Fra baith the mossis to the way
 That war sa fer fra other that thai
 War ytwyn a bow-draucht or mar.
 So holl and hey the dykys war

That men mycht nocht but mekill pane
 Pas thaim thocht nane war thaim agan,
 Bot sloppys in the way left he
 Sa large and off sic quantite
 That fyve hunder mycht samyn rid
 In at the sloppis sid be sid.
 Thar thocht he bataile for to bid
 And bargane thaim, for he na drede
 Had that thai suld on sid assaile
 Na yeit behind giff thaim battaile,
 And befor thocht him weill that he
 Suld fra thar mycht defendyt be.
 Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma,
 For gyff he mycht nocht weill ourta
 To mete thaim at the fyrst, that he
 Suld havve the tother on his pouste,
 Be than the thrid gyff it war sua
 That thai had passyt the tother twa.
 On this wys him ordanys he,
 And syne assemblit his mengne
 That war sex hunder fechtand men,
 But rangale that wes with him then
 That war als fele as thai or ma.
 With all that mengne gan he ga
 The evyn or that the bataill suld be
 Till litill Loudoun quhar that he
 Wald abid to se thar cummyng,
 Syne with the men of his leding
 He thocht to sped him sua that he
 Suld at the dyk befor thaim be.

[The armies before the battle of Loudoun]

Schyr Aymer on the tother party
 Gadryt sua gret chevalry
 That he mycht be thre thousand ner
 Armyt and dycht on gud maner,
 Than as man off gret noblay
 He held towart his trist his way
 Quhen the set day cummyn was.
 He sped him fast towart the place
 That he nemmyt for to fycht,
 The sone wes ryssyn schynand brycht
 thyat schawyt on the scheldis brade
 In twa eschelis ordanyt he had
 The folk that he had in leding.
 The king weile sone in the mornyng
 Saw fyrst cummand thar fyrst eschele
 Arrayit sarraly and weile,
 And at thar bak sumdeill ner-hand

He saw the tother folowand,
 Thar bassynettis burnyst all brycht
 Agayne the son glemand off lycht,
 Thar speris pennonys and thar scheldis
 Off lycht enlumynyt all the feldis,
 Thar best and browdyn brycht baneris
 And hors hewyt on ser maneris
 And cot-armouris off ser colour
 And hawbrekis that war quhyt as flour
 Maid thaim gleterand as thai war lyk
 Till angelys hey off hevynnys ryk.
 The king said, 'Lordis now ye se
 How yon men throu thar gret poweste
 Wald, and thai mycht fulfill thar will,
 Sla us, and makys sembland thartill,
 And sen we know thar felny
 Ga we mete thaim sa hardily
 That the stoutest of thar mengye
 Off our meting abaysit be,
 For gyff the formast egrely
 Be met ye sall se sodanly
 The henmaist sall abaysit be.
 And thought that thai be ma than we
 That suld abays us litill thing,
 For quhen we cum to the fechting
 Thar may mete us no ma than we.
 Tharfor lordingis, ilkan suld be
 Off us worthi off gret valour
 For to maynteyme her our honour.
 Thynkis quhat glaidship us abidis
 Gyff that we may aqs weile betidis
 Haff victour off our fayis her,
 For thar is nane than fer na ner
 In all thys land that us thar doute.'
 Then said thai all that stud about,
 'Schyr gyff God will we sall sa do
 That na reprov sall fall tharto.'
 'Now ga we furth than,' said the king,
 'Quhar He that maid off nocht all thing
 Lede us and saiff us for his mycht
 And help us for till hald our rycht.'
 With that thai held thar way in hy
 Weill sex hunder in cumpany
 Stalwart and stout, worthi and wycht
 Bot thai war all to few Ik hycht
 Agayne sa fele to stand in stour
 Ne war thar utrageous valour.

[The battle at Loudoun]

Now gais the nobill king his way
 Rycht stoutly and in gud aray,
 And to the formast dyk is gane
 And in the slop the feld has tane.
 The cariage and the povyrall
 That war nocht worth in the bataill
 Behynd him levyt he all still
 Syttand all samyn on the hyll.
 Schyr Aymer the king has sene
 With his men that war cant and kene
 Come to the playne doune fra the hill
 As him thocht in full gud will
 For to defend or to assaile
 Gyff ony wald him bid bataill.
 Tharfor his men confortit he
 And bad thaim wycht and worthi be,
 For gyff that thai mycht wyne the king
 And haiff victour off his fechtig
 Thai suld rycht weile rewardyt be
 And ek gretly thar renomme.
 With that thai war weill ner the king
 And he left his amonesting
 And gert trump to the assemble,
 And the formest off his mengne
 Enbrasyt with the scheldis braid
 And rycht sarraly togydder raid
 With heid stoupand and speris straucht
 Rycht to the king thar wayis raucht,
 That met thaim with sa gret vigour
 That the best and off maist valour
 War laid at erd at thar meting
 Quhar men mycht her sic a breking
 Off speris that to-fruschytt war
 And the woundyt sa cry and rar
 That it anoyus wes to her
 For thai that fyrst assemblyt wer
 Fwyngyt and faucht full sturdely.
 The noyis begouth then and the cry.

[The victory of King Robert]

A! mychty God quha thar had bene
 And had the kingis worschip sene
 And his brodyr that waine him by
 That stonayit thaim sa hardely
 That thair gud deid and thair bounte
 Gaiff gret confort to thar mengye,
 And how Douglas sa manlily
 Confortyt thaim that war him by,
 He suld weile say that thai had will

To wyn honour and cum thar–till.
 The kingis men sa worthi war
 That with speris that scharply schar
 Thai stekit men and stedis baith
 Till rede blud ran off woundis raith.
 The hors that woundyt war gan fling
 And ruschyt thar folk in thar flynging
 Sua that thai that the formast war
 War skalyt in soppys her and thar.
 The king that saw thaim ruschyt sua
 And saw thaim reland to and fra
 Ran apon thaim sa egrely
 And dang on thaim sa hardely
 That fele gart off his fayis fall.
 The feild wes ner coveryt all
 Bath with the slane hors and with men,
 For the gud king thar folowit then
 With fyve hunder that wapnys bar
 That wald thar fayis na thing spar.
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 At erd ane hunder and wele mar.
 The remanand sa fleyit war
 That thai begouth thaim to withdraw,
 And quhen thai off the rerward saw
 Thar vaward be sa discumfyt
 Thai fled foroutyn mar respyt
 And quhen Schyr Aymer has sene
 His men fleand haly beden
 Wyt ye weile him wes full way
 Bot he moucht nocht ammonys sway
 That ony for him walde torne agane,
 He turnyt his bridill and to–ga,
 For the gud king thaim presit sua
 That sum war dede and sum war tane
 And the laiff thar gat ar gane

[Valence resigns his keepership and returns to England]

The folk fled apon this maner
 Forout arest and Schir Aymer
 Agane to Boithweill is gane
 Menand the scaith that he has tane
 Sa schamfull that he vencusit wais
 That till Ingland in hy he gais
 Rycht to the king and schamfully
 He gaff up thar his wardanry,
 Na nevyr syne for nakyn thing
 Bot giff he come rycht with the king
 Come he to werray Scotland,

Sa hevly he tuk on hand
 That the king into set battaill
 With a quhone lik to poverall
 Vencusyt him with a gret menye
 That war renonyt off gret bounte.
 Sic anoy had Schyr Amery,
 And King Robert that wes hardy
 Abaid rycht still into the place
 Till that his men had left the chace,
 Syne with presonaris that thai had tane
 Thai ar towart thar innys gane
 Fast lovand God off thar weilfar.
 He mycht haiff sene that had bene thar
 A folk that mery wes and glaid
 For thar victour, and als thai haid
 A lord that sa swete wes and deboner
 Sa curtais and off sa fayr effer
 Sa blyth and als weill bourdand
 And in bataill sa styth to stand
 Sua wys and rycht sua avise
 That thai had gret cause blyth to be.
 Sua war thai blyth withoutyn dout,
 For fele that wynnyt thaim about
 Fra thai the king saw help him sua
 Till him thar homage gan thai ma.

[The king decides to go north across the Mounth]

Than woux his power mar and mar,
 And he thocht weile that he wald far
 Oute—our the Mounth with his menye
 To luk quha that his frend wald be.
 Into Schyr Alexander Fraser
 He traistyt for thai cosyngis wer
 And his broder Symon, thai twa.
 He had mystre weile of ma
 For he had fayis mony ane.
 Schir Jhon Cumyn erle off Bouchquhane
 And Schyr Jhon the Mowbray syne
 And gus Schyr David off Brechyne
 With all the folk off thar leding
 War fayis to the noble king,
 And for he wyst thai war his fayis
 His viage thidderwart he tais,
 For he wald se quhatkyn ending
 Thai wald set on thar manassing.
 The king buskyt and maid him yar
 Northwartis with his folk to far,
 His brodyr gan he with him ta
 And Schyr Gilbert de le Hay alsua,

The erle off Levenax als wes thar
 That with the king was our—all—quhar,
 Schyr Robert Boyd and other ma.

*[Douglas returns to Douglasdale, to trick the
 garrison of Douglas Castle]*

The king gan furth his wayis ta,
 And left James off Douglas
 With all the folk that with him was
 Behind him for to luk giff he
 Mycht recover his countre.
 He left into full gret perill,
 Bot eftre in a litill quhile
 Throu his gret worschip sa he wrocht
 That to the kingis pes he brocht
 The forest of Selcrik all hale,
 And alsua did he Douglasdale
 And Jedworthis forest alsua.
 And quha—sa weile on hand couth ta
 To tell his worschippis ane and ane
 He suld fynd off thaim mony ane,
 For in his tyme as men said me
 Thretten tymys vencusyt wes he
 And had victouris sevin and fyfty.
 Hym semyt nocht lang ydill to ly,
 Be his travaill he had na will,
 Me think men suld him love with skill.
 This James quhen the king wes gane
 All prevely his men has tane
 And went to Douglas daile agane,
 And maid all prevely a trane
 Till thaim that in the castell war.
 A buschement slely maid he thar,
 And off his men fourtene or ma
 He gert as thai war sekkis ta
 Fyllyt with gres, and syne thaim lay
 Apon thar hors and hald thar way
 Rycht as thai wald to Lanark far
 Outouth quhar thai enbuschyt war.

[The garrison comes out]

And quhen thai off the castell saw
 Sa fele ladys gang on raw
 Off that sycht thai war wonder fayn
 And tald it to thar capitane
 That hate Schyr Jhone of Webetoun.
 He wes baith yong stoute and felloun

Joly alsua and valageous,
 And for that he wes amorous
 He wald isch fer the blythlyar.
 He gert his men tak all thar ger
 And isch to get thaim vittaille,
 For thar vittaille gan fast thaim faile.
 Thai ischyt all abandounly
 And prykkyt furth sa wilfully
 To wyn the ladys that thai saw pas
 Quhill that Douglas with his was
 All betwix thaim and the castell.
 The laid-men that persavyt weill,
 Thai kest thar ladys doun in hy,
 And thar gownys deliverly
 That heylyt thaim thai kest away,
 And in gret hy thar hors hint thai
 And stert apon thaim sturdely
 And met thar fayis with a cry
 That had gret wonder quhen thai saw
 Thaim that war er lurkand sa law
 Cum apon thaim sa hardely.
 Thai woux abaysit sodanly
 And at the castell wald haiff bene,
 Quhen thai on other halff has sene
 Douglas brak his enbuschement
 That agayne thaim rycht stoutly went.
 Thai wyst nocht quhat to do na say,
 Thar fayis on athir sid saw thai
 That strak on thaim foroutyn sparing,
 And thai mycht help thaim selvyn na thing
 Bot fled to warrand quhar thai mocht,
 And thai sa angryly thaim socht
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

[The letter of Webiton, the taking of the castle and the freeing of its garrison]

Schyr Jhoun Webetoun thar wes slane,
 And quhen he dede wes as ye her
 Thai fand intill his coffeir
 A lettyr that him send a lady
 That he luffyt per drouery,
 a The letter spak on this maner
 That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
 In wer as a gud bachiller
 a And governit weill in all maner
 The aventuris castell off Douglas
 That to kepe sa peralus was
 Than mycht he weile ask a lady
 Hyr amouris and hyr drouery,

The lettyr spak on this maner.
And quhen thai slayne on this wyse wer
Douglas rycht to the castell raid
And thar sa gret debate he maid
That in the castell entryt he,
I wate nocht all the certante
Quhethyr it was throu strenth or slycht,
Bot he wrocht sua with mekill mycht
That the constabill and all the laiff
That war tharin, bath man and knav
He tuk and gaiff thaim dispending
And sent thaim hamr but mar greving
To the Cliffurd in thar countre.
And syne sa besily wrocht he
That he tumblyt down all the wall
And destroyit the housis all,
Syne till the Forest held his way
Quhar he had mony ane hard assay
And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.
Quha couth thaim all rehers or tell
He suld say that his name suld be
Lestand into full gret renoune.

BOOK 9

[The king goes to Inverurie and falls ill]

Now leve we intill the Forest
 Douglas that sall bot litill rest
 Till the countre deliveryt be
 Off Inglis folk and thar powste,
 And turne we till the noble king
 That with the folk off his leding
 Towart the Month has tane his wai
 Rycht stoutly and intill gud array,
 Quhar Alysander Frayser him met
 And als his broder Symonet
 With all the folk thai with thaim had.
 The king gud contenance thaim made
 That wes rycht blyth off thar cummyne.
 Thai tauld the king off the convyne
 Off Jhone Cumyn erle of Bouchane
 That till help him had with him tane
 Schyr Jhon Mowbray and other ma,
 Schyr David off Brechyn alsua,
 With all the folk off thar leding,
 'And yarnys mar na ony thing
 Vengeance off you, schyr king, to tak
 For Schyr Jhone the Cumyn his sak
 That quhylum in Drumfres wes slayn.'
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me sayn,
 Ik had gret caus him for to sla,
 And sen that thai on hand will ta
 Becaus off him to werray me
 I sall thole a quhile and se
 On quhat wys that thai pruve thar mycht,
 And giff it fall that thai will fycht
 Giff thai assaile we sall defend,
 Syne fall eftre quhat God will send.'
 Eftre this spek the king in hy
 Held straucht his way till Enrowry,
 And thar him tuk sik a seknes
 That put him to full hard distress.
 He forbar bath drynk and mete,
 His men na medicyne couth get
 That ever mycht to the king availe,
 His force gan him halyly faile
 That he mycht nother rid na ga.
 Then wyt ye that his men war wa,
 For nane wes in that cumpany
 That wald haiff bene halff sa sary

For till haiff sene his broder ded
 Lyand befor him in that steid
 As thai war for his seknes,
 For all thar confort in him wes.
 Bot gud Schyr Edward the worthy
 His broder that wes sa hardy
 And wys and wycht set mekill payn
 To comfort thaim with all his mayn,
 And quhen the lordis that thar war
 Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
 Travaillyt the king, thaim thocht in hy
 It war nocht spedfull thar to ly,
 For thar all playne wes the countre
 And thai war bot a few menye
 To ly but strenth into the playne.
 Forthi till that thar capitane
 War coveryt off his mekill ill
 Thai thocht to wend sum strenthis till.

[A reflection on leadership; the king goes to Slioch]

For folk foroutyn capitane
 Bot thai the better be apayn
 Sall nocht be all sa gud in deid
 As thai a lord had thaim to leid
 That dar put him in aventur
 But abaysing to tak the ure
 That God will send, for quhen that he
 Off sic will is and sic bounte
 That he dar put him till assay
 His folk sall tak ensample ay
 Off his gud deid and his bounte,
 And ane off thaim sall be worth thre
 Off thaim that wikkyt chifftane hais,
 His wrechytnes sa in thaim gais
 That thai thar manlynes sall tyn
 throu wrechitnes of his convyn.
 For quhen the lord that thaim suld leid
 May do nocht bot as he that war ded
 Or fra his folk haldis his way
 Fleand, trow ye nocht than that thai
 Sall vengusyt in thar hartis be.
 Yis sall thai, as I trow per de,
 Bot giff thar hartis be sa hey
 That thai na will for thar worschip flei,
 And thaocht sum be of sic bounte
 Quhen thai the lord and his menye
 Seys fley, yeit sall thai fley apayn
 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.
 Se quhat he dois that sua foully

Fleys thus for his cowardy,
 Bath him and his vencusys he
 And gerris his fayis aboute be.
 Bot he that throu his gret noblay
 Till perallis him abandounys ay
 To recomfort his menye
 Gerris thame be off sa gret bounte
 That mony tyme unlikly thing
 Tha bring rycht weill to gud ending.
 Sa did this king that Ik off reid,
 And for his utrageous manheid
 Confortyt his on sic maner
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer.
 Thai wald nocht fecht till that he wes
 Liand intill his seknes,
 Tharfor in litter thai him lay
 And till the Slevauch hald thar way
 And thocht thar in that strenth to ly
 Till passyt war his malady.

[The skirmishing at Slioch]

Bot fra the erle of Buchane
 Wyst that thai war thidder gane
 And wyst that sa sek wes the king
 That men doutyt off his covering,
 He sent eftre his men in hy
 And assemblyt a gret cumpany,
 For all his awine men war thar
 And all his frendis with him war,
 That wes Schir Jhonne the Mowbray
 And his brodyr as Ik hard say
 And Schyr David off Brechyng
 With fele folk in thar ledyng.
 And quhen thai all assemblit war
 In hy thai tuk thar way to far
 To the Slevauch with all thar men`
 For till assaile the king that then
 Wes liand intill his seknes.
 This wes eftyr the Martymes
 Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.
 To the Slevauch thai come ner-hand
 Arayit on thar best maner
 And thane the kingis men that wer
 War off thar come thaim apparaylt
 To defend giff thai thaim assaylt
 And nocht-forthi thar fayis war
 Ay twa for ane that thai war thar.
 The erlys men ner cummand war
 Trumpand and makand mekill far

And maid knyghtis quhen thai war ner,
 And thai that in the woddis sid wer
 Stud in aray rycht sarraly
 And thocht to byd thar hardyly
 The cummyng off thar ennymys,
 Bot thai wald apon nakyn wys
 Ische till assaile thaim in fechting
 Till coveryt war the nobill king,
 Bot and othir wald thaim assailye
 Thai wald defend vailye que vailye.
 And quhen the erlis cumpany
 Saw that thai wrocht sa wisely
 That thai thar strenth schupe to defend,
 Thar archeris furth to thaim thai send
 To bykkyr thaim and men off mayn,
 And thai send archeris thaim agayne
 That bykkyrryt thaim sa sturdely
 Till thai off the erlis party
 Intill thar bataill dryvyn war.
 Thre dayis on this wys lay thai thar
 And bykkyryt thaim everilk day
 Bot thar bowmen the war had ay.
 And quhen the kingis cumpany
 Saw thar fayis befor thaim ly
 That ilk day wox ma and ma,
 And thai war quhone and stad war sua
 That thai had na thing for till eyt
 Bot giff thai travaillit it to get,
 Tharfor thai tuk consale into hy
 That thar wald thai na langer ly
 Bot hald thar way quhar thai mycht get
 To thaim and tharis vittailis and mete.

[The king withdraws from Slioch]

In a littar the king thai lay
 And redyit thaim and held thar way
 That all thar fayis mycht thaim se,
 Ilk man buskyt him in his degre
 To fycht giff thai assaillyt war.
 In myddis thaim the king thai bar
 And yeid about him sarraly
 And nocht full gretly thaim gan hy.
 The erle and thai that with him war
 Saw that thai buskit thaim to far,
 And saw how with sa litill effray
 Thai held furth with the king thar way
 Redy to fycht quha wald assaile.
 Thar hartis begouth all to faile
 And in pes lete thaim pas thar way

And till thar housis hame went thai.

[The king goes to Strathbogie then to Inverurie]

The erle his way tuk to Bouchane,
 And Schyr Edward the Bruce is gane
 Rycht to Strabolghy with the king
 And sua lang thar maid sojorning
 Till he begouth to covyr and ga,
 And syne thar wayis gan thai ta
 Till Innerroury straucht agane
 For thai wald ly into the plane,
 The wynter sesone, for vittaile
 Intill the plane mycht thaim nocht faile.
 The erle wyst that thai war thar
 And gaderyt a mengne her and thar.
 Brechyne and Mowbray and thar men
 All till the erle assemblyt then
 And war a full gret cumpany
 Off men arayit jolyly.
 Till Auld Meldrum thai yeid the way
 And thar with thar men logit thai
 Befoir Yhule evyn a nycht but mar,
 A thousand trow I weile thai war.
 Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht
 And on the morn quhen day wes lycht
 The lord off Brechyn Schyr Davy
 Is went towart Innerroury
 To luk gyff he on ony wys
 Mycht do skaith till his ennymys,
 And till the end off Innerroury
 Come ridand sa sodanly
 That off the kingis men he slew
 A part, and other sum thaim withdrew
 And fled thar way towart the king
 That with the maist off his gadryng
 On the yond half Doun wes than lyand.

[Preparation for battle]

And quhen men tauld him tithand
 How Schyr Davy had slayn his men
 His hors in hy he askyt then
 And bad his men all mak thaim yar
 Into gret hy, for he wald far
 To bargane with his ennymys.
 With that he buskyt for to rys
 That wes nocht all weill coveryt then.
 Then said sum off his preve men,

'Quhat think ye thusgat to far
 To fycht and nocht yeit coveryt ar.'
 'Yhis,' said the king, 'withoutyn wer,
 Thar bost has maid me haile and fer,
 For suld na medicyne sa sone
 Haiff coveryt me as thai haiff done.
 Tharfor, sa God himself me se,
 I sall othir haiff thaim or thai me.'
 And quhen his men has hard the king
 Set him sa hale for the fechting,
 Off his coveryng all blyth thai war
 And maid thaim for the battaill yar.

[The battle of Old Meldrum]

The nobill king and his mengye
 That mycht weile ner sevin hunder be
 Towart Auld Meldrum tuk the way
 Wuhar the erle and his menye lay.
 The discourouris saw thaim cummand
 With baneris to the wynd wavand
 And yeid to thar lord in hy
 That gert arme hys men hastely
 And thaim arayit for battaile,
 Behind thaim set thai thar merdale
 And maid gud sembland for to fycht.
 The king come on with mekill mycht
 And thai abaid makand gret fayr
 Till thai ner at assembling wayr,
 Bot quhen thai saw the nobill king
 Cum stoutly on foroutyn fenyeing
 A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew,
 And the king that rycht weill knew
 That thai war all discumfyt ner
 Pressyt on thaim with his baner
 And thai withdrew mar and mar.
 And quhen the small folk thai had thar
 Saw thar lordis withdraw them sua
 Thai turnyt the bak all and to—ga
 And fled all scalyt her and thar.
 The lordis that yeyt togydder war
 Saw that thar small folk war fleand
 And saw the king stoutly cummand,
 Thai war ilkane abaysit swa
 That thai the bak gave and to—ga,
 A litill stound samyn held thai
 And syne ilk man has tane his way.
 Fell never men sa foule myschance
 Eftre sa sturdy contenance
 For quhen the kingis cumpany

Saw that thai fled sa foulyly
 Thai chasyt thaim with all thair mayn
 And sum thai tuk and sum has slayn.
 The remanand war fleand ay,
 Quha had gud hors gat best away.
 Till Ingland fled the erle of Bouchquhane
 Shyr Jhon Mowbray is with him gane
 And war resett with the king,
 Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting
 For thai deyt sone eftre syne.
 And Schyr David off Brechyne
 Fled till Brechyne his awine castell
 And warnyst it bath fayr and weill,
 Bot the erle of Atholl, Davy,
 His sone that wes in Kildromy
 Come syne and him assegyt thar,
 And he that wald hald were ne mar
 Na bargane with the nobile king
 Come syne his man with gud tretting.

[The ravaging of Buchan; the taking of Forfar Castle]

Now ga we to the king agayne
 That off his victory wes rycht fayn,
 And gert his men bryn all Bowchane
 Fra end till end and sparyt nane,
 And heryit thaim on sic maner
 That eftre weile fyfty yer
 Men menynt the herschip off Bouchane.
 The king than till his pes has tane
 The north cuntreys that humbly
 Obeyesyt till his senyoury
 Sua that benorth the Month war nane
 Then thai his men war everilkan,
 His lordschip wox ay mar and mar.
 Towart Angus syne gan he far
 And thocht sone to mak all fre
 That wes on the north halff the Scottis se.
 The castell off Forfayr wes then
 Stuffyt all with Inglismen,
 Bot Philip the Forestar of Platane
 Has off his freyndis with him tane
 And with leddrys all prevely
 Till the castell he gan him hy
 And clam up our the wall off stane
 And swagate has the castell tane
 Throu faute off wach with litill pane,
 And syne all that he fand has slayne
 Syne yauld the castell to the king
 That maid him rycht gud rewarding,

And syne gert brek down the wall
And fordyd well and castell all.

[The king goes to Perth and besieges it]

Quhen that the castell off Forfar
And all the towris tumblyt war
Down till the erd as Ik haiff tauld
The king that wycht wes wys and bauld
That thocht that he wald mak all fre
Apon the northhalff the Scottis se
Till Perth is went with all his rout
And umbeset the toun about
And till it a sege has set.
Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and met
It mycht nocht but gret payne be tane
For all the wall wes then of stane
And wycht towris and hey-standand,
And that tyme war tharin dwelland
Muschet and als Olyfard,
Thai twa the toun had all in ward
And off Straitherne als the erle wes thar,
Bot his sone and off his men war
Without intill the kingis rowt.
Thar wes oft bekering styth and stout
And men slayne apon ilk party,
Bot the gud king that all wytty
Wes in his dedis everilkane
Saw the wallis sa styth off stane
And saw defens that thai gan ma
And how the toun wes hard to ta
With opyn sawt strenth or mycht.
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht,
And in all tyme that he thar lay
He spyit and slely gert assay
Quhar at the dyk schaldest was,
Till at the last he fand a place
That men mycht till thar schuldris wad.
And quhen he that place fundyn had
He gert his men busk ilkane
Quhen sex woukis off the sege war gane,
And tursyt thar harnes halyly
And left the sege all opynly
And furth with all his folk gan fayr
As he wald do tharto no mayr.
And thai tha war within the toun
Quhen thai to fayr sa saw him boun
Thai schoutit him and skornyn mad,
And he furth on his wayis rad
As he ne had will agayne to turn

Na besyd thaim mak sojourn.

[The assault on Perth]

Bot in aucht dayis nocht–forthi
 He gert mak leddrys prevely
 That mycht suffice till his enent,
 And in a myrk nycht syne is went
 Toward the toun with his menye
 Bath hors and knafis all left he
 Fer fra the toun, and syne has tane
 Thair ledderis and on fut ar gane
 Towart the toun all prevely.
 Thai hard na wachys spek na cry
 For thai war within may–fall
 As men that dred nocht slepand all.
 Thai haid na dreid then off the king
 For thai off him herd na thing
 All thai thre dayis befor or mar,
 Thairfor sekyr and traist thai war.
 And quhen the king thaim hard nocht ster
 He was blyth on gret maner,
 And his ledder in hand gan ta
 Ensample till his men to ma,
 Arayit weill in all his ger
 Schot in the dik and with his sper
 Taistyt till he it our–woud,
 Bot till his throt the watyr stud.
 That tyme wes in his cumpany
 Aknycht off France wycht and hardy,
 And quhen he in the watyr sua
 Saw the king pas and with him ta
 His ledder unabasytly,
 He saynyt him for the ferly
 And said, 'A, lord, quhat sall we say
 Off our lordis off Fraunce that thai
 With gud morsellis fayrcis thar pawnce
 And will bot ete and drink and dawnce
 Quhen sic a knycht and sa worthy
 As this throu his chevalry
 Into sic perell has him set
 To win a wrechyt hamillet.'
 With that word to the dik he ran
 And our efter the king he wan,
 And quhen the kingis menye saw
 Thar lord out–our intill a thraw
 Thai passyt the dik and but mar let
 Thar leddrys to the wall thai set
 And to clymb up fast pressyt thai,
 Bot the gud king as I herd say

Was the secund man tuk the wall
 And bad thar till his mengye all
 War cummyn up in full gret hy.

[The king takes Perth; his treatment of the townsfolk]

Yeit than rais nother noyis na cry,
 Bot sone efter thai noyis maid
 That off thaim fyrst persaving had
 Swa that the cry rais throu the toun,
 Bot he that with his men wes boun
 Till assaill to thte toun is went
 And the maist off his menye sent
 All scalyt throu the toun, bot he
 Held with himselvyn a gret mengne
 Sa that he moucht be ay purvayit
 To defend giff he war assayit.
 Bot thai that he send throu the toun
 Put to sa gret confusioun
 Thar fayis that in beddis war
 Or scalyt fleand her and thar
 That or the sone rais thai had tane
 Thar fayis or discumfyt ilkane.
 The wardanys bath tharin war tane,
 And Malice off Straithern is gane
 Till his fadyr the Erle Malice
 And with strenth tuk him and his,
 Syne for his sak the noble king
 Gave him his in governyng.
 The lave that ran out–throu the toun
 Sesyt to thaim into gret fusoun
 Men and armyng and marchandis
 And other gud on syndry wys,
 Quhill thai that er war pour and bar
 Off that gud rych and mychty war,
 Bot thar wes few slayne for the king,
 That thaim had gevyn in commanding
 On gret payne that thai suld slay nane
 That but gret bargane mycht be tane.
 That thai war kynd to the countre
 He wyst and off thaim had pite.

[The king controls Scotland north of the Forth]

On this maner the toun wes tane
 And syne towris everilkane
 And wallis gert he tumble down.
 He levyt nocht about that town
 Towr standand na stane na wall

That ne haly gert stroy thaim all,
 And presonerys that thar tuk he
 He send quhar thai mycht haldyn be,
 And till his pes tuk all the land.
 Wes nane that durst him than withstand
 Apon northhalff the Scottis se,
 All obeysyt till his majeste
 Outane the lord of Lorn and thai
 Off Arghile that wald with him ga.
 He held him ay agayne the king
 And hatyt him atour all thing,
 Bot yete or all the gamyn ga
 I trow weill that the king sall ta
 Vengeance off his gret cruelte,
 And that him sar repent sall he
 That he the king contraryit ay,
 May-fall quhen he it mend na may.

[Edward Bruce's reputation; he goes to Galloway]

The kingis broder, quhen the toun
 Wes takyn thus and dongyn down,
 Schyr Edward that wes sa worthy
 Tuk with him a gret cumpany
 And tuk his gayt till Galloway,
 For with his men he wald assay
 Giff he mycht recover that land
 And wyn it fra Inglismennys hand.
 This Schyr Edward forsuth Ik hycht
 Wes off his hand a noble knyght
 And in blythnes suete and joly,
 Bot he wes outrageous hardy
 And of sa hey undretaking
 That he haid never yeit abaysyng
 Off multitud off men, forthi
 He discumfyt commounly
 Mony with quhone, tharfor had he
 Out-over his peris renomme.
 And quha wald rehers all the deid
 Off his hey worschip and manheid
 Men mycht a mekill romanys mak,
 And nocht-forthi I think to tak
 On hand Off him to say sum thing
 Bot nocht tende part his travalyn.
 This gud knyght that I spek off her
 With all the folk that with him wer
 Weill sone to Galloway cummyn is,
 All that he fand he makyt his
 And ryotyt gretly the land.
 Bot than in Galloway war wonnand

Schyr Ingrahame the Umfravill that wes
 Renommyt off sa hey prowes
 that he off worschippassyt the rowt,
 Tharfor he gert ay ber about
 Apon a sper a rede bonet
 Into takyn that he wes set
 Into the hycht off chevalry,
 And off Saynct Jhone als Schyr Aymry.

[The battle by the Cree]

Thir twa the land had in stering,
 And quhen thai hard off the cummyng
 Off Schyr Edward that sa playnly
 Oure-raïd the land, thare in gret hy
 Thai assemblyt all thar mengne,
 I trow tuelf hunder thai mycht be.
 Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
 Besyd Cre and sa hard thaim set
 With hard battaill and stalwart fycht
 That he thaim all put to the flycht
 And slew twa hunder wrill and ma,
 And the chyftanys in hy gan ta
 Thar way to Buttill for to be
 Thar resavyt to sawfte,
 And Schyr Edward thaim chasit fast,
 Bot till the castell at the last
 Gat Schyr Ingrahame and Schyr Amery,
 Bot the best off thar cumpany
 Left ded behind thaim in the place.
 And quhen Schyr Edward saw the chace
 Wes falyt he gert seys the pray
 And sua gret cattell had away
 That it war wonder for to se.
 Out of Buttill thai saw how he
 Gert his men dryve with him thar pray
 Bot na let tharin mycht thai.
 Throu his chevalrous chevalry
 Galloway wes stonayit gretumly
 And he dowtyt for his bounte.
 Sum off the men off the countre
 Cum till his pes and maid him aith.
 Bot Schyr Amery that had the skaith
 Off the bargane I tauld off er,
 Raid till Ingland till purches ther
 Off armyt men gret cumpany
 To veng him off the velany
 That Schyr Edward that noble knyght
 Him did by Cre into the fycht.
 Off gud men he assemblit thar

Weill fyften hunder men and mar
 That war rycht of gud renowne.
 His way with all that folk tuk he,
 And in the land all prevely
 Entryt with tha chevalry
 Thynkand Schyr Edward to suppris
 Giff that he moucht on ony wis
 For he thocht he wald him assaile
 Or that he left in playn bataill.

[In a second encounter Edward Bruce defeats a much larger force]

Now may ye her off gret ferly
 And off rycht hey chevalry,
 For Schyr Edward into the land
 Wes with his mengne rycht ner-hand,
 And in the mornyng rycht arly
 Herd the countre men mak cry
 And had wytryng off thar cummyng.
 Than buskyt he him but delaying
 And lapp on hors deliverly,
 He had than in toute fyfty
 All apon gud hors armyt weill,
 His small folk gert he ilk-deill
 Withdraw thaim till a strait thar-by,
 And he raid furth with his fyfty.
 A knyght that then was in his rowt
 Worthi and wycht stalwart and stout
 Curtais and fayr and off gud fame
 Schyr Alane off Catkert be name
 Tauld me this taile as I sall tell.
 Gret myst into the mornyng fell
 Sa thai mycht nocht se thaim by
 For myst a bow-draucht fullely.
 Sa hapnyt that thai fand the trais
 Quhar at the rowt furth passyt wais
 Off thair fayis that forouth raid.
 Schyr Edward that gret yarnyn had
 All tymys to do chevalry
 With all his rout in full gret hy
 Folowyt the trais quhar gane war thai,
 And befor mydmorne off the day
 The myst vox cler all sodanly
 And than he and his cumpany
 War nocht a bowdraucht fra the rout.
 than schot thai on thaim with a schout,
 For gyff thai fled thai wist that thai
 Suld nocht weill feyrd part get away,
 Tharfor in aventur to dey
 He wald him put or he wald fle.

And quhen the Inglis cumpany
 Saw on thaim cum sa sodanly
 Sik folk foroutyn abaysyng
 Thai war stonayt for effrayng,
 And the tother but mar abaid
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.
 Stonayit sa gretly than thai war
 Throu the force off that fyrst assay
 That thai war intill gret effray,
 And wend be fer thai had bene ma
 For that thai war assailit sua.
 Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim hastily
 Than Schyr Edwardis cumpany
 Set stoutly in the heid agayne,
 And at that cours borne doune and slayn
 War off thar fayis a gret party
 That thai effrayit war sa gretly
 That thsi war scalyt gretly then.
 And quhen Schyr Edward and his men
 Saw thaim intill sa evill aray
 The thrid tyme on thaim prekyt thai,
 And thai that saw thaim sa stouly
 Come on dred thaim sa gretumly
 That all thar rowt bath les and mar
 Fled prekand scalyt her and thar.
 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy
 To bid, bot all comonaly
 Fled to warand, and he gan chas
 That wilfull to distroy thaim was
 And sum he tuk and sum war slayn,
 Bot Schyr Amery with mekill payn
 Eschapyt and his gat in gayn.
 His men discumfyt war ilkane,
 Sum tane, sum slayne, sum gat away,
 It wes a rycht fayr poynt perfay.

[A comment on Edward Bruce in Galloway]

Lo! how hardyment tane sa sudandly
 And drevyn to the end scharply
 May ger oftsys unlikly thingis
 Cum to rycht fayr and gud endingis
 As it fell into this cas her.
 For hardyment withoutyn wer
 Wan fyften hunder with fyfty
 Quhar ay for ane thar wes thretty,
 And twa men ar a mannys her,
 Bot ure thaim led on swilk maner
 That thai discumfyt war ilkane.

Schyr Amery hame his gat is gane
 Rycht blyth that he swa gat away,
 I trow he sall nocht mony day
 Haiff will to werray that countre,
 With–thi Schyr Edward tharin be.
 And he dwelt furth into the land
 Thaim that rebell war werrayand,
 And in a yer sa werrayit he
 That he wane quyt that countre
 Till his broderys pes the king.
 Bot that wes nocht but hard fechting,
 For in that tyme thar him befell
 Mony fayr poynt as Ik herd tell
 The quhilk that ar nocht writyn her,
 Bot I wate weile that in that yer
 Thretten castellis with strenth he wan
 And ourcome mony a mody man.
 Quha–sa off him the south will reid,
 Had he had mesure in his deid
 I trow that worthyar then he
 Mycht nocht in his tym fundyn be
 Outakyn his broder anerly,
 To quham into chevalry
 Lyk wes nane in his day,
 For he led him with mesur ay,
 And with wyt his chevalry
 He governyt sa worthily
 That he oft full unlikly thing
 Broucht rycht weill to gud ending.

[Douglas in the Forest surrounds and takes enemy Scots in a house]

In all this tyme James of Douglas
 In the Forest travaland was,
 And it throu hardiment and slycht
 Occupyit all magre the mycht
 Off his fell fayis, the–quhether thai
 Set him full oft in full hard assay,
 Bot oft throu wyt and throu bounte
 His purpos to gud end brocht he.
 Intill that tyme him fell throu cas
 On ane nycht as he travaland was
 And thocht till haiff tane resting
 In ane hous on the watyr off Lyne
 And as he come with his mengne
 Ner–hand the hous sua lysnyt he
 And herd thair sawis ilke deill,
 And be that he persavyt weill
 That thai war strang men that thar
 That nycht tharin herbryd war.

And as he thocht it fell per cas,
 For off Bonkle the lord thar was
 Alexander Stewart hat he
 With other twa off gret bounte,
 Thomas Randell off gret renowne
 And Adam alsua off Gordoune,
 That thar come with gret cumpany
 And thocht into the Forest to ly
 And occupy it throu thar mycht,
 And with travaill and stalwart fycht
 Chace Douglas out of that countre.
 Bot otherwayis then yeid the gle
 For quhen James had wittering
 That strang men had taken herbryng
 In the place that he schup him to ly
 He to the hous went hastily
 And umbeset it all about.
 Quhen thai within hard swilk a rout
 About the hous thai rais in hy
 And tuk thar ger rycht hastily
 And schot furth fra thai harnasyt war.
 Thar fayis thaim met with wapnys bar
 And assaylit rycht hardely
 And thai defendyt douchtely
 With all thar mycht, till at the last
 Thar fayis pressyt thaim sa fast
 That thar folk failyt thaim ilkane.
 Thomas Randell thar wes tane
 And Alexander Stewart alsua
 Woundyt in a place or twa.
 Adam of Gordoun fra the fycht
 Quhat throu his strenth and his mycht
 Eschapyt and ser off thar men,
 Bot thai that war arestyt then
 War off thar taking wondre wa,
 Bot neidlingis behovit it be sua.

[Thomas Randolph upbraids the king]

That nycht the gud lord off Douglas
 Maid to Schyr Alysander that was
 His emys sone rycht gladsome cher,
 Sua did he als withoutyn wer
 Till Thomas Randell for that he
 Wes to the king in ner degre
 Off blud, for his sistre him bar,
 And on the morne foroutyn mar
 Towart the noble king he raid
 And with him bath thai twa he haid.
 The king off his present wes blyth

And thankyt him weill fele syth,
 And till his nevo gan he say,
 'Thou has ane quhill renyid thi fay,
 Bot thou reconsalit now mon be.'
 Then till the king answerit he
 And said, 'Ye chasty me, bot ye
 Aucht better chastyt for to be,
 For sene ye werrayit the king
 Off Ingland, in playne fechtynge
 Ye suld pres to derenyhe rycht
 And nocht with cowardy na with slycht.'
 The king said, 'Yeit may-fall it may
 Cum or oucht lang to sic assay.
 Bot sen thou spekys sa rudly
 It is gret skylle men chasty
 Thai proud wordis till that thou know
 The rycht and bow it as thou aw.'
 The king foroutyn mar delaying
 Send him to be in ferme keping
 Quhar that he allane suld be,
 Nocht all apon his powste fre.

BOOK 10

[Preparations for battle against John of Lorn]

Quhen Thomas Randell on this wis
 Wes takyn as Ik her devys
 And send to dwell in gud keping
 For spek that he spak to the king,
 The gud king that thocht on the scaith
 The dispyt and felny bath
 That Jhone off Lorne had till him doyn
 His ost assemblyt he then sone
 And towart Lorn he tuk the way
 With his men intill gud aray.
 Bot Jhone off Lorn off his cummyng
 Lang or he come had wittering,
 And men on ilk sid gadryt he
 I trow twa thousand thai mycht be
 And send thaim for to stop the way
 Quhar the gud king behovyt away,
 And that wes in an evill plas
 That sa strait and sa narow was
 That twasum samyn mycht nocht rid
 In sum place off the hillis sid.
 The nethyr halff was peralous
 For schor crag hey and hydrous
 Raucht to the se doun fra the pas,
 On athyr halff the montane was
 Sua combrous hey and stay
 That it was hard to pas that way.
 I trow nocht that in all Bretane
 Ane heyar hill may fundyn be.
 Thar Jhone off Lorne gert his menye
 Enbuschyt be abovyn the way,
 For giff the king held thar away
 He thocht he suld sone vencussyt be,
 And himselff held him apon the se
 Weill ner the pais with his galayis.
 Bot the king that in all assayis
 Wes fundyn wys and advise
 Persavyt rycht weill thar sutelte,
 And that he neid that gait suld ga.
 His men departyt he in twa
 And till the gud lord off Douglas
 Quham in herbryd all worschip was
 He taucht the archerys everilkane
 And this gud lord with him has tane
 Schyr Alysander Fraser the wycht,

And Wylyam Wysman a gud knycht
 And with thaim syne Schyr Androw Gray.
 Thir with thar mengne held thar way
 And clamb the hill deliverly
 And or thai off the tother party
 Persavyt thaim thai had ilkane
 The hycht abovyne thar fayis tane.

[The battle beneath Ben Cruachan]

The king and his men held thar way,
 And quhen intill the pas war thai
 Entryt the folk of Lorne in hy
 Apon the king raysyt the cry
 And schot and tumblit on him stanys
 Rycht gret and hevy for the nanys,
 Bot thai scaith nocht gretly the king
 For he had thar in his leding
 Men that lycht and deliver war
 And lycht armouris had on thaim thar
 Sua that thai stoutly clamb the hill
 And lettyt thar fayis to fulfill
 The maist part of thar felny.
 And als apon the tother party
 Come James of Douglas and his rout
 And schot apon thaim with a schout
 And woundyt thaim with arowis fast,
 And with thar swerdis at the last
 Thai ruschyt amang thaim hardely,
 For thai of Lorn full manlely
 Gret and apert defens gan ma.
 Bot quhen thai saw that thai war sua
 Assaylit apon twa partys
 And saw weill that thar ennemys
 Had all the fayrer off the fycht
 In full gret hy thai tuk the flycht,
 And thai a felloun chas gan ma
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta,
 And thai that mycht eschap but delay
 Rycht till ane water held thar way
 That ran doun be the hillis syd.
 It was sa styth and depe and wid
 That men in na place mycht it pas
 Bot at ane btyg that beneath thaim was.
 To that brig held thai straucht the way
 And to brek it fast gan assay,
 Bot thai that chassyt quhen thai thaim saw
 Mak arest, but dred or aw
 Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely
 And discumfyt thaim uterly,

And held the brig haile quhill the king
 With all the folk off his leding
 Passyt the brig all at thar ese.
 To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese
 I trow, quhen he his men mycht se
 Oute off his schippis fra the se
 Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,
 That he mycht set na help thartill,
 For it angrys als gretumly
 To gud hartis that ar worthi
 To se thar fayis fulfill thhar will
 As to thaim selff to thoke the ill.

[The taking of Dunstaffnage and the surrender of Alexander of Argyll]

At sic myscheiff war thai of Lorn,
 `For fele the lyvys thar has lorne
 And other sum war fled thar way.
 The king in hy gert sese the pray
 Off all the land, quhar men mycht se
 Sa gret habundance come of fe
 That it war wonder to behauld.
 The king that stout wes stark and bauld
 Till Dunstaffynch rycht sturdely
 A sege set and besily
 Assaylit the castell it to get,
 And in schort tym he has thaim set
 In swilk thrang that tharin war than
 That magre tharis he it wan,
 And ane gud wardane tharin set
 And betaucht hym bath men and met
 Sua that he lang tyme thar mycht be
 Magre thaim all off that countre.
 Schyr Alerandir off Arghile that saw
 The king dystroy up clene and law
 His land send treyteris to the king
 And cum his man but mar duelling,
 And he resavit him till his pes,
 Bot Jhone off Lorne his sone yeit wes
 Rebell as he wes wont to be
 And fled with schippis on the se,
 Bot thai that left apon the land
 War to the king all obeysand.
 And he thar hostage all has tane
 And towart Perth agayne is gane
 To play him thar into the playne.

[The plan to take the peel of Linlithgow]

Yeit Lothyane was him agayne,
 And at Lythkow wes than a pele
 Mekill and stark and stuffyt wele
 With Inglismen, and wes reset
 To thaim that with armuris or met
 Fra Edynburgh wald to Strevelyn ga
 And fra Strevelyn agane alsua,
 And till the countre did gret ill.
 Now may ye her giff that ye will
 Entrmellys and juperdyis
 That men assayit mony wys
 Castellis and peyllis for to ta,
 And this Lithquhow wes ane off tha
 And I sall tell You how it wes tane.
 In the contre thar wonnyt ane
 That husband wes, and with his fe
 Oftsyes hay to the peile led he,
 Wilyame Bunnok to name he hicht
 That stalwart man wes into ficht.
 He saw sa hard the contre staid
 That he gret noy and pite had
 Throw the gret force that it was then
 Governyt and led with Inglismen,
 That travalyt men out—our mesure.
 He wes a stout carle and a sture
 And off himselff dour and hardy,
 And had freyndis wonnand him by
 And schawyt ti sum his prevete,
 And apon his conveyne gat he
 Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma
 Quhill that he with his wayne suld ga
 To lede thaim hay into the pele
 Bot his wayne suld be stuffyt wele,
 For aucht men in the body
 Off his wayn suld sit prevely
 And with hay helyt be about,
 And himselff that wes dour and stout
 Suld be the wayne gang ydilly,
 And ane yuman wycht and hardy
 Befor suld dryve the wayne and ber
 Ane hachet that war scharp to scher
 Under his belt, and quhen the yat
 War apynnyt and thai war tharat
 And he hard him cry sturdely,
 'Call all, call all,' than hastyly
 He suld stryk with the ax in twa
 the soyme, and than in hy suld tha
 That war within the wayne cum out
 And mak debate quhill that thar rout
 That suld nerby enbushyt be
 Cum for to manteyme the melle.

[The taking of the peel of Linlithgow]

This wes intill the hervyst tyd
 Quhen feldis that ar fayr and wid
 Chargyt with corne all fully war,
 For syndry cornys that thai bar
 Wox ryp to wyn to mannys fud,
 And the treys all chargyt stud
 With ser frutis on syndry wys.
 In this swete tyme that I devys
 Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay
 And with this Bunnok spokyn had thai
 To lede thar hay, for he wes ner,
 And he assentyt but daunger
 And said that he in the mornynge
 Weile sone a fothyr he suld bring
 Fayrer and gretar and weile mor
 Than he brocht ony that yer befor,
 And held thaim cunnand sekyrly.
 For that nycht warnyt he prevely
 Thaim that in the wayne suld ga
 And that in the buschement suld be alsua,
 And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar
 That or day thai enbuschyt war
 Weile ner the pele quhar thai mycht her
 The cry als sone as ony wer,
 And held thaim sua still but stering
 That nane off thaim had persaving.
 And this Bunnok fast gan him payne
 To dres his menye in his wayne
 And all a quhile befor the day
 He had thaim helyt weile with ha
 And maid him to yok his fe
 Till men the son schynand mycht se,
 And sum that war within the pele
 War ischyt on thar awne unsele
 To wyn thar hervyst ner tharby.
 Than Bunnok with the cumpany
 That in his wayne closyt he had
 Went on his way but mar abaid
 And callit his wayne towart the pele,
 And the portar that saw him wele
 Cum ner the yet, it opnyt sone,
 And then Bunnok foroutyn hone
 Gert call the wayne deliverly,
 And quhen it wes set evynly
 Betwix the chekis of the yat
 Sua that men mycht it spar na gat
 He cryit hey, 'Call all, call all,'

And he than lete the gad–wand fall
 And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.
 Bonnok with that deliverly
 Roucht till the portar sic a rout
 That blud and harnys bath come out,
 And thai that war within the wayne
 Lap out belyff and sone has slayne
 Men off the castell that war by
 Than in ane quhile begouth the cry,
 And thai that ner enbuschyt war
 Lap out and come with swerdis bar
 And tuk the casell all but payn
 And has thaim that war tharin was slayn,
 And thai that war went furth befor
 Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn
 Thai fled to warand to and fra,
 And sum till Edinburgh gan ga
 And sum till Strevilline ar other gane
 And sum inyill the gat war slayne.

[A profile of Thomas Randolph, earl of Moray]

Bonnok on this wis with his wayne
 The pele tuk and the men has slane,
 Syne taucht in till the king in hy
 That him rewardyt worthely
 And gert dryve it down to the ground,
 And syne our all the land gan found
 Settand in pes all the countre
 That at his obeysance wald be.
 And quhen a litill time wes went
 Eftre Thomas Randell he sent
 And sa weile with him tretit he
 That he his man hecht for to be,
 And the king his ire him forgave
 And for to hey his state him gave
 Murreff and erle tharoff him maid,
 And other syndry landis braid
 He gave him intill heritage.
 He knew his worthi vasselage
 And his gret wyt and his avys
 His traist hart and his lele service,
 Tharfor in him affyit he
 And ryche maid him off land and fe,
 As it wes certis rycht worthi.
 For and men spek off him trewly
 He wes sua curageous ane knyght
 Sa wys, sa worthy and sa wycht
 And off sa soverane gret bounte
 That mekill off him may spokyn be,

And for I think off him to rede
 And to schaw part off his gud dede
 I will discryve now his fassoun
 And part off his condicioun.
 He wes off mesurabill statur
 And weile porturat at mesur
 With braid vesage plesand and fayr,
 Curtais at poynt and debonayr
 And off rycht sekyr contenyng.
 Lawte he lovyt atour all thing,
 Falset tresoun and felony
 He stude agayne ay encrely,
 He heyit honour ay and larges
 And ay mentemyt rychtwysnes.
 In cumpany solacious
 He was and tharwith amorous,
 And gud knyghtis he luffyt ay,
 And giff I the suth sall say
 He wes fulfillly off bounte
 As off vertuys all maid was he.
 I will commend him her no mar
 Bot ye sall her weile forthyrmar
 That he for his dedis worthy
 Suld weile be prisyt soverandly.

[Moray sets siege to Edinburgh Castle]

Quhen the king thus was with him sauch
 And gret lordschyppis had him betaucht
 He wox sa wyse and sa avyse
 That his land fyrst weill stablyst he
 And syne he sped him to the wer
 Till help his eyne in his myster
 And with the consent off the king
 Bot with a symple aparaling
 Till Edinburgh he went in hy
 With gud men intill cumpany,
 And set a sege to the castell
 That than was warnyst wonder weill
 With men and vyttalis at all rycht
 Sua that it dred na mannys mycht.
 Bot this gud erle nocht–forthi
 The sege tuk full apertly
 And pressyt the folk that tharin was
 Sua that nocht ane the yet durst pas.
 Thai may abid tharin and ete
 Thair vittail quhill thai oucht mai get
 Bot I trow thai sall lettyt be
 To purchas mar in the contre.

[The situation in Edinburgh; Douglas's activity]

That tyme Edward off Ingland king
 Had gevyn that castell in keping
 Till Schyr Perys Lombert a Gascoun,
 And quhen thai of his varnysoun
 Saw the sege set thar sa stythly
 Thai mystrowit him off tratoury
 For that he spokyn had with the king,
 And for that ilk mystrowing
 Thai tuk him and put in presoun,
 And off thar awine nacioun
 Thai maid ane constable thaim to lede
 Bath wys and war and wycht off deid,
 And he set wyt and strenth and slycht
 To kep the castell at his mycht.
 Bot now off thaim I will be still,
 And spek a litill quhill I will
 Off the douchty lord off Douglas
 At that tyme in the Forest was
 Quhar he mony a juperty
 And fayr poyntis off chevalry
 Servyt als weill be nycht as day
 Till thaim that in the castellis lay
 Of Roxburch and Jedwort, bot I
 Will let fele off thaim pas forby
 For I can noucht rehers thaim all,
 And thought I couth, weill trow ye sall
 That I mycht nocht suffice tharto,
 Thar suld mekill be ado,
 Bot thai that I wate utterly
 Eftre my wyt rehers will I.

[Douglas plans to take Roxburgh Castle]

This tyme that the gud erle Thomas
 Assegyt as the lettre sayis
 Edinburgh, James off Douglas
 Set all his wit for to purchas
 How Roxburch throu sutelte
 Or ony craft mycht wonnyn be,
 Till he gert Syme off the Leidhous
 A crafty man and a curious
 Off hempyn rapis leddris ma
 With treyn steppis bundyn sua
 That brek wald nocht on nakyn wis.
 A cruk thai maid at thair divis
 Off irne that wes styth and squar
 That fra it in a kyrneill war

And the ledder tharfra straitly
 Strekit, it suld stand sekryly.
 This gud lord off Douglas alsone
 As this divisit wes and dome
 Gaderyt gud men in prevete
 Thre scor I trow thai mycht be,
 And on the fasteryngis evyn rycht
 In the begynnyng off the nycht
 To the castell thai tuk thar way.
 With blak frogis all helyt thai
 The armouris that thai on thaim had.
 Thai come nerby thar but abad
 And send haly thar hors thaim fra,
 And thai on raunge in ane route gan ga
 On handis and fete quhen thai war ner
 Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer
 That war wont to be bondyn left tharout.
 It wes rycht myrk withoutyn dout,
 The—quhether ane on the wall that lay
 Besid him till his fere gan say,
 'This man thinkis to mak gud cher,'
 And nemmyt ane husband tharby ner,
 'That has left all his oxyn out.'
 The tother said, 'It is na dout
 He sall mak mery tonycht thocht thai
 Be with the Douglas led away.'
 Thai wend the Douglas and his men
 Had bene oxin, for thai yeid then
 On handis and fete ay ane and ane.
 The Douglas rycht gud tent has tane
 Till thar spek, bot all sone thai
 Held carpand inwart thar way.

[The taking of the enclosure of Roxburgh Castle]

Douglas men tharoff war blyth
 And to the wall thai sped thaim swith,
 And sone has up thar ledder set
 That maid ane clap quhen the cruchet
 Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.
 That herd ane off the wachis weill
 And buskyt thidderwart but baid,
 Bot Ledehous that the ledder maid
 Sped him to clymb fyrst to the wall,
 Bot or he wes up gottyn all
 He at that ward had in keping
 Met him rycht at the up—cummyng,
 And for he thocht to ding him doun
 He maid na noys na cry na soun
 Bot schot till him deliverly.

And he that wes in juperty
 To de a launce he till him maid
 And gat him be the nek but baid
 And stekyt him upwart with a knyff
 Quhill in his hand he left the lyff.
 And quhen he ded sua saw him ly
 Up on tthe wall he went in hy
 And doun the body kest thaim till
 And said, 'All gangis as we will,
 Spede you upwart deliverly.'
 And thai did sua in full gret hy.
 Bot or thai wan up thar come ane
 And saw Ledhous stand him allane
 And knew he wes nocht off thar men.
 In hy he ruschyt till him then
 And him assailit sturdely,
 Bot he slew him deliverly
 For he wes armyt and wes wycht,
 The tother nakyt wes, Ik hicht
 And had nocht for to stynt the strak.
 Sic melle tharup gan he mak
 Quhill Douglas and his mengne all
 War cummyn up apon the wall,
 Than in the tour thai went in hy.

[The taking of the hall at Roxburgh Castle; the garrison in the tower]

The folk wes that tyme halily
 Intill the hall at thar daunsing
 Syngyng and other wayis playing,
 And apon Fasteryngis evyn this
 As custume is to mak joy and blys
 Till folk that ar into pouste.
 Sua trowyt thai that tyme to be,
 Bot or thai wyst rycht in the hall
 Douglas and his rout cummyn war all
 And cryit on hycht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'
 And thai that ma war than he was
 Hard 'Douglas!' criyt hidwysly,
 Thai war abaysit for the cry
 And schup rycht na defens to ma,
 And thai but pite gan thaim sla
 Till thay had gottyn the overhand.
 The tother fled to sek warand
 That out off mesure ded gane dreid.
 The wardane saw how that it yeid
 That callyt wes Gilmyn de Fynys,
 In the gret toure he gottyn is
 And other off his company
 And sparryt the entre hastily.

THE BRUS

The lave that levyt war without
War tane or slayne, this is na dout,
Bot giff that ony lap the wall.
The Douglas that nycht held the hall
Allthocht his fayis tharoff war wa,
His men was gangand to and fra
Throu–out the castell all that nycht
Till on the morn that day wes lycht.

[Surrender of the tower at Roxburgh Castle; slighting of the castle]

The wardane that was in the tour
That wes a man off gret valour
Gilmyn the Fynys, quhen he saw
The castell tynt be clene and law
He set his mycht for to defend
The tour, bot thai without him send
Arowys in sa gret quantite
That anoyit tharoff wes he,
Bot till the tother day nocht–forthi
He held the tour full sturdely,
And than at ane assalt he was
Woundyt sa felly in the face
That he wes dredand off his lyff.
Tharfor he tretit than beliff
And yauld the tour on sic maner
That he and all that with him wer
Suld saufly pas in Ingland.
Douglas held thaim gud conand
And convoid thaim to thar countre,
Bot thar full schort tyme levyt he
For throu the wound intill tthe face
He deyt sone and beryit was.
Douglas the castell sesyt all
That thane wes closyt with stalwart wall,
And send this Leidhous till the king
That maid him full gud rewarding
And hys brother in full gret hy
Schyr Edward that wes sa douchty
He send thidder to tumbill it doun
Bath tour and castell and doungeoun.
And he come with gret cumpany
And gert travaile sa besyly
That tour and wall rycht to the ground
War tumblyt in a litill stound,
And dwelt thar quhill all Tevidale
Come to the kingis pes all haile
Outane Jedwort and other that ner
The Inglismennys boundis wer.

[Moray seeks a means of taking Edinburgh Castle]

Quhen Roxburgh wonnyn was on this wis
 The Erle Thomas that hey empris
 Set ay on soverane he bounte
 At Edynburgh with his mengne
 Wes lyand at a-sege as I
 Tauld you befor all opynly.
 Bot fra he hard how Roxburgh was
 Tane with a trayne, all his purchas
 And wyt and besines Ik hycht
 He set for to purches sum slycht
 How he mycht halp him throu body
 Mellyt with hey chevalry
 To wyn the wall off the castell
 Throu sumkyn slycht, for he wyst weill
 That na strenth mycht it playnly get
 Quhill thai within had men and met.
 Tharfor prevely speryt he
 Giff ony man mycht fundyn be
 That couth fynd ony juperty
 To clymb the wallis prevely
 And he suld have his warysoun,
 For it wes his entencioun
 To put him till all aventur
 Or that a sege on him mysfur.

[The plan suggested by William Francis]

Than wes thar ane Wilyame Francus
 Wycht and apert wys and curyus
 That intill hys youtheid had bene
 In the castell. Quhen he has sene
 The erle sua enkerly him set
 Sum sutelte or wile to get
 Quharthrou the castell have mycht he
 He come till him in prevete
 And said, 'Me think ye wald blythly
 That men fand you sum jeperty
 How ye mycht our the wallis wyn,
 And certis giff ye will begyn
 For till assay on sic a wys
 Ik undertak for my service
 To ken you to clymb to the wall,
 And I sall formast be off all,
 Quhar with a schort ledder may we,
 I trow off tuelf fute it may be,
 Clymb to the wall up all quyly,

And gyff that ye will wyt how I
 Wate this I sall you blythly say.
 Quhen I wes young this hendre day
 My fader wes kepar of yone hous,
 And I wes sumdeill valegeous
 And lovyt a wench her in the toun,
 And for i but suspicioun
 Mycht repayr till hyr prevely
 Off rapys a leddre to me mad I
 And tharwith our the wall I slaid.
 A strait roid that I sperit had
 Intill the crage syne down I went
 And oftsys come till myn entent,
 And quhen it ner drew to the day
 Ik held agayne that ilk way
 And ay come in but persaving.
 Ik usyt lang that traving
 Sua that I kan that roid ga rycht
 Thocht men se nevyr sa myrk the nycht.
 And giff ye think ye will assay
 To pas up efter me that way
 Up to the wall I sall you bring,
 Giff God us savys fra persaving
 Off thaim that wachys on the wall.
 And giff that us sua fayr may fall
 that we our ledder up may set,
 Giff a man on the wall may get
 He sall defend and it be ned
 Quhill the remanand up thaim sped.'
 The erle wes blyth off his carping
 And hycht him fayr rewarding
 And undretuk that gat to ga
 And bad him sone his ledder ma
 And hald him preve quhill thai mycht
 Set for thar purpos on a nycht.

[The climbing of Edinburgh Castle rock]

Sone efter was the ledder made,
 And than the erle but mar abaid
 Purvayt him a nycht prevely
 With thretty men wycht and hardy,
 And in a myrk nycht held thar way
 That put thaim till full hard assay
 And to gret perell sekyrly.
 I trow mycht thai haiff sene clerly
 That gat had nocht bene undretane
 Thocht thai to let thaim had nocht ane,
 For the crag wes hey and hidwous
 And the clymbing rycht peralous,

For hapnyt ony to slyd and fall
 He suld sone be to—fruschy all.
 The nycht wes myrk as Ik hard say,
 And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai
 Off the crag that wes hey and schor,
 Than Wilyame Fransoys thaim befor
 Clamb in crykes forouth ay
 And at the bak him folowyt thai.
 With mekill payne quhile to quhile fra
 Thai clamb into thai crykys sua
 Quhile halff the crag thai clumbyn had
 And thar a place thai fand sa brad
 That thai mycht syt on anerly,
 And thai war ayndles and wery
 And thar abaid thar aynd to ta,
 And rycht as thai war syttand sua
 Rycht aboune thaim up apone the wall
 The chak—wachys assemblyt all.
 Now help thaim God that all thing mai
 For in full gret perell ar thai!
 For mycht thai se thaim thar suld nane
 Eschape out off that place unslane,
 To dede with stanyis thai suld thaim ding
 That thai mycht halp thaimselvyn na thing.
 Bot wonder myrk wes the nycht
 Sua that thai off thaim had na sicht,
 And nocht—forthi yete wes thar ane
 Off thaim that swappyt doun a stane
 And said, 'Away, I se you weile,'
 The—quhether he saw thaim nocht a dele.
 Out—our thar hedis flaw the stane
 And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.
 The wachys quhen thai herd nocht ster
 Fra that ward samyn all passit er
 And carpand held fer by thar way.
 The erle Thomas alsone and thai
 That on the crag thar sat him by
 Towart the wall clamb hastily
 And thidder come with mekill mayn
 And nocht but gret perell and payn.
 For fra thine up wes grevouser
 To clymb up ne beneth be fer.

[The taking of Edinburgh Castle]

Bot quhhatkyn payne sua ever thai had
 Rycht to the wall thai come but bad
 That had weile ner twelf fute of hycht,
 And forout persaving or sycht
 Thai set thar ledder to the wall,

And syne Fransoys befor thaim all
 Clamb up and syne Schyr Androw Gray,
 And syne the erle himselff perfay
 Was the thrid that the wall can ta.
 Qhuhen thai thar-doune thar lord sua
 Saw clumbyne up apon the wall
 As woud men thai clamb eftre all,
 Bot or all up clumbene war thai
 Thai that war wachys till assay
 Hard steryng and preve speking
 And alsua fraying off armyng
 And on thaim schot full sturdely,
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely
 And slew off thaim dispitously.
 Than throu the castell rais the cry,
 'Tresoun! Tresoun!' thai cryit fast.
 Than sum of thaim war sua agast
 That thai fled and lap our the wall,
 Bot to sa swyth thai fled nocht all,
 For the constabill that wes hardy
 All armyt schot furth to thte cry
 And with him fele hardy and stout.
 Yeyt wes the erle with his rout
 Fechtand with thaim apon the wall
 Bot sone he discumfit thaim all.
 Be that his men war cummyn ilkan
 Up to the wall and he has tane
 His way down to the castell sone.
 In gret perell he has him doyn
 For thai war fer ma men tharin
 And thai had bene of gud covyn
 Than he, bot thai effrayit war,
 And nocht-forthi with wapnys bar
 The constabill and his cumpany
 Met him and his rycht hardely.
 Thar mycht men se gret bargane ris,
 For with wapnys of mony wis
 Thai dang on other at thar mycht
 Quhill swerdis that war fayr and brycht
 War till the hiltis all bludy.
 Then hydwyssly begouth the cry
 For thai that fellyt or stekyt war
 Hidwyssly gan cry and rar.
 The gud erle and his cumpany
 Faucht in that fycht sa sturdely
 That all thar fayis ruschyt war.
 The constable wes slane rycht thar,
 And fra he fell the ramanand
 Fled quhar thai best mycht to warand,
 Thai durst nocht bid to ma debate.
 The erle wes handlyt thar sa hat

THE BRUS

That had it nocht hapnyt throu cas
That the constable thar slane then was
He had bene in gret perell thar,
Bot quhen thai fled thar wes no mar,
Bot ilk man to sauuff his lyff
Fled furth his dayis for to dryve,
And sum slaid doune out-our the wall.

[Comparison with the taking of Tyre by Alexander the Great]

The erle has tane the castell all
For then wes nane durst him withstand.
I hard nevyr quhar in nakin land
Wes castell tane sa hardely
Outakyn Tyre all anerly,
Quhen Alexandir the conquerour
That conqueryt Babylonys tour
Lap fra a berfrois on the wall
Quhar he amang his fayis all
Defendyt him full douchtely
Quhill his noble chevalry
With leddris our the wall yeid
That nother left for deid no dreid,
For thai wyst weill that the king
Wes in the toun thar wes na thing
Intill that tym that stynt thaim moucht,
For all the perell thai set at nocht.
Thai clamb the wall and Ariste
Come fyrst to the gud king quhar he
Defendyt him with all his mycht
That then sa hard wes set Ik hycht
That he wes fellit on a kne,
He till his bak had set a tre
For dred thai suld behind assaile.
Ariste then to the bataile
Sped him in all hy sturdely
And dang on thaim sa douchtely
That the king weiiile reskewit was,
For his men into syndri plas
Clamb our the wall and soucht the king
And him reskewit with hard fechtung
And wane the toun deliverly.
Outane this taking anerly
I herd nevyr in na tym gane
Quhar castell wes sa stoutly tane.

[St Margaret's prophecy]

And off this taking that I mene

Sanct Margaret the gud haly quene
 WYST in hyr tyme throu reveling
 Off him that knawis and wate all thing,
 Tharfor in sted of prophecy
 Scho left a taknyng ryght joly,
 That is that intill hyr chapele
 Scho gert weile portray a castell,
 A ledder up to the wall standand
 And a man up thar—apon climband,
 And wrat outht him as auld men sais
 In Frankis, 'Gardys vous de Francais.'
 And for this word scho gert writ sua
 Men wend the Frankis—men suld it ta,
 Bot for Fraunsois hattyn wes he
 That sua clamb up in prevete
 Scho wrat that as in prophecy,
 And it fell efterwart sothly
 Rycht as scho said, for tane it was
 And Fraunsoys led thaimup that pas.

[Treatment of Piers Lubaut; rewards of the earl of Moray]

On this wis Edinburgh wes tane
 And thai that war tharin ilkane
 Other tane or slane or lap the wall.
 Thar gudis haiff thai sesyt all
 And souch the hous everilkane.
 Schyr Peris Lubaut that wes tane,
 As I said er, befor thai fand
 In boyis and hard festnyng sittand.
 Thai brocht him till the erle in hy
 And he gert lous him hastily,
 Then he become the kingis man.
 Thai send word to the king ryght than
 And tauld how the castell wes tane,
 And he in hy is thidder gane
 With mony ane in cumpany
 And gert myne doun all halily
 Bath tour and wall ryght to the grond,
 And syne our all the land gan fond
 Sesand the countre till his pes.
 Off this deid that sa worthy wes
 The erle wes prisyt gretumly,
 The king that saw him sa worthi
 Wes blyth and joyfull our the lave
 And to manteyme his stat him gave
 Rentis and landis fayr inewch,
 And he to sa gret worschip dreuch
 That all spak off his gret bounte.
 Hys fayis gretly stonayit he

THE BRUS

For he fled never for force off fycht.
Quhat sall I mar say off his mycht?
His gret manheid and his bounte
Gerris him yeit renownyt be.

[Places taken by Sir Edward Bruce; his siege of Stirling Castle]

In this tyme that thir jupertys
Off thir castellis that I devis
War eschevyt sa hardely,
Schyr Edward the Bruce the hardy
Had all Galloway and Nydysdale
Wonnyn till his liking all haile
And doungeyn down the castellis all
Rycht in the dyk bath tour and wall.
He hard then say and new it weill
That into Ruglyne wes a pele,
Thidder he went with his menye
And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he,
Syne to Dundee he tuk the way
That then wes haldyne as Ic herd say
Agayne the king, tharfor in hy
He set a sege tharto stoutly
And lay thar quhill it yoldyn was.
To Strevillyne syne the way he tais
Quhar gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray
That wes sa douchty at assay
Wes wardane and had in keping
That castell of the Inglis king.
Thartill a sege thai set stythly,
Thai bykyrrit oftsys sturdely
Bot gret chevalry done wes nane.
Schyr Edward fra the sege wes tane
A weile lang tyme about it lay,
Fra the Lentryne that is to say
Quhill forouth the Sanct Jhonys mes.
The Inglis folk that tharin wes
Begouth to failye vitail be than.
Than Schyr Philip that douchti man
Tretyt quhill thai consentit war
That gyff at mydsomer the neyst yer
To cum it war nocht with bataile
Reskewyt, then that foroutyn faile
He suld the castell yauld quytly,
That connand band thai sickerly.

BOOK 11

[Criticism of the compact about Stirling Castle]

And quhen this connand thus wes mad
 Schir Philip intill Ingland raid
 And tauld the king all haile his tale,
 How he a tuelf moneth all hale
 Had as it writyn wes in thar taile
 To reskew Strevillyne with bataill.
 And quhen he hard Schyr Philip say
 That Scottismen had set a day
 To fecht and that sic space he had
 To purvay him he wes rycht glaid,
 And said it wes gret sukudry
 That set thaim apon sic foly,
 For he thocht to be or that day
 Sa purvayit and in sic aray
 That thar suld nane strenth him withstand,
 And quhen the lordis off Ingland
 Herd that this day wes set planly
 Thai jugyt all to gret foly,
 And thought to haiff all thar liking
 Giff men abaid thaim in fechtung,
 Bot oft faillys the fulis thocht
 And yeit wys mennys ay cummys nocht
 To sic end as thai wene allwayis.
 A litill stane oft, as men sayis,
 May ger weltyr a mekill wayn,
 Na mannys mycht may stand agayn
 The grace off God that all thing steris,
 He wate quhat till all thing afferis
 And disponys at his liking
 Efter his ordynance all thing.

[King Robert criticises his brother]

Quhen Schyr Edward, as I you say,
 Had gevyn sa outrageous a day
 To yeld or reskew Strevillyne,
 Rycht to the king he went him syne
 And tauld quhat tretys he had mad
 And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
 The king said quhen he hard the day,
 'That wes unwisly doyn, perfay.
 Ik herd never quhar sa lang warnyng

Wes gevyn to sa mychty a king
 As is the king off Ingland,
 For he has now intill hand
 Ingland, Ireland and Walis alsua
 And Aquitayngne yeit with all tha,
 And off Scotland yeit a party
 Dwellis under his senyoury,
 And off tresour sa stuffyt is he
 That he may wageouris haiff plente,
 And we are quhoyne agayne sa fele.
 God may rycht weill oure werdys dele,
 Bot we ar set in juperty
 To tyne or wyn then hastely.'
 Schyr Edward said, 'Sa God me rede,
 Thocht he and all that he may led
 Cum, wes sall fecht, all war thai ma.'
 Quhen the king hard his broder sua
 Spek to the bataile sa hardyly
 He prisyt him in hys hart gretumly
 And said, 'Broder, sen sua is gane
 That this thing thus is undretane
 Schap we us tharfor manlely,
 And all that luffis us tenderly
 And the fredome off this countre
 Purvay thaim at that time to be
 Boune with all mycht that ever thai may,
 Sua giff that our fayis assay
 To reskew Strevilline throu bataill
 That we off purpos ger thaim fail.'

[Both sides prepare for an English invasion; King Edward's resources]

To this thai all assentyt ar
 And bad thar men all mak thaim yar
 For to be boun agayne that day
 On the best wis that ever thai may.
 Than all that worthi war to fycht
 Off Scotland set all hale thar mycht
 To purvay thaim agane that day,
 Wapynnys and armouris purvayit thai
 And all that afferis to fechteng.
 And in Ingland the mychty king
 Purvayit him in sa gret aray
 That certis hard I never say
 That Inglismen mar aparaile
 Maid than did than for bataill,
 For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner
 He assemblit all his power,
 And but his awne chevalry
 That wes sa gret it wes ferly

He had of mony ser countre
 With him gud men of gret bounte.
 Of Fraunce worthi chevalry
 He had intill his cumpany,
 The erle off Henaud als wes thar
 And with him men that worthi war,
 Off Gascoyne and off Almany
 And off the duche of Bretayngny
 He had wycht men and weill farand
 Armyt clenly bath fute and hand,
 Off Inghland to the chevalry
 He had gaderyt sa clenly
 That nane left that mycht wapynnys weld
 Or mycht war to fecht in feild,
 All Walis als with him had he
 And off Irland a gret mengne,
 Off Pouty Aquitane and Bayoun
 He had mony off gret renoune,
 And off Scotland he had yeit then
 A gret menye of worthy men.

[The appearance of the English host]

Quhen all thir sammyn assemblit war
 He had of fechtaris with him thar
 Ane hunder thousand men and ma
 And fourty thousand war of tha
 Armyt on hors bath heid and hand,
 And of thai yeit war thre thousand
 With helyt hors in plate and mailye
 To mak the front off the batailye,
 And fyfty thousand off archeris
 He had foroutyn hobeleris,
 And men of fute and small rangale
 That yemyt harnays and vittaile
 He had sa fele it wes ferly.
 Off cartis als thar yeid thaim by
 Sa fele that, but all thai that bar
 Harnays and als that chargyt war
 With pailyounys and veschall with—all
 And aparaile of chambyr and hall
 And wyne and wax schot and vittaile,
 Aucht scor wes chargyt with pulaile.
 Thai war sa fele quhar that thai raid
 And thar bataillis war sa braid
 And sua gret roume held thar chare
 That men that mekill ost mycht se
 Ourtak the landis largely.
 Men mycht se than that had bene by
 Mony a worthi man and wycht

And mony ane armur gayly dycht
 And mony a sturdy sterand stede
 Arayit intill ryche wede,
 Mony helmys and haberjounys
 Scheldis and speris and penounys,
 And sa mony a cumbly knycht
 That it semyt that into fycht
 Thai suld vencus the warld all haile.

[The dispositions of the English host; the march from Berwick]

Quhy suld I mak to lang my taile?
 To Berwik ar thai cummyn ilkane
 And sum tharin has innys tane
 And sum logyt without the town ys
 In tentis and in pailyounys.
 And quhen the king his ost has sene
 So gret and sa gud men and clene
 He wes rycht joyfull in his thocht
 And weile supposyt that thar wes nocht
 In warld a king mycht him withstand,
 Him thocht all wonnyn till his hand,
 And largely amang his men
 The land of Scotland delt he then,
 Off other mennys thing larg wes he.
 And thai that war off his menye
 Manausyt the Scottismen hely
 With gret wordis, bot nocht–forthi
 Or thai cum all to thar entent
 Howis in haile claith sall be rent.
 The king throu consaile of his men
 His folk delt in bataillis ten,
 In ilkane war weile ten thousand
 That lete thai stalwartly suld stand
 In the bataile and stythly fycht
 And leve nocht for thar fayis mycht.
 He set ledaris till ilk bataile
 That knawin war of gud governaile,
 And till renownyt erlis twa
 Off Glosyster and herfurd war tha
 He gaf the vaward in leding
 With mony men at thar bidding
 Ordanyt into full gud aray.
 Thai war sa chevalrous that thai
 Trowyt giff thai come to fycht
 Thar suld na strenth withstand thar mycht.
 And the king quhen his mengne wer
 Divisit intill bataillis ser
 His awyne bataill ordanyt he
 And quha suld at his bridill be,

Schyr Gilis Argente he set
 Apon a half his reynge to get,
 And off Valence Schyr Amery
 On other half that wes worthy,
 For in thar soverane bounte
 Out–our the lave affyt he.
 Quhen the king apon this kyn wys
 Had ordanyt as Ik her divis
 His bataillis and his stering
 He rais arly in a mornynge
 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.
 Bath hillis and valis hely thai
 As the bataillis that war braid
 Departyt our the feldis raid.
 The sone wes brycht and schynand cler
 And armouris that burnysyt wer
 Sua blomyt with the sonnys beme
 That all the land wes in a leme,
 Baneris rycht fayrly flawmand
 And penselys to the wynd wavand
 Sua fele thar wer of ser quentis
 That it war gret slycht for to divise,
 And suld I tell all thar affer
 Thar con tenance and thar maner
 Thocht I couth I suld combryt be.
 The king with all that gret menye
 Till Edinbyrgh he raid him rycht,
 Thai war all–out to fele to fycht
 With few folk of a symple land,
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat ma withstand.

[Muster of the Scottish army; its size and commanders]

The king Robert quhen he hard say
 That Inglismen in sic aray
 And into sua gret quantite
 Come in his land, in hy gert he
 His men be somound generaly,
 And thai come all full wilfully
 To the Torwod quhar that the king
 Had ordanyt to mak thar meting.
 Schir Edward the Bruce the worthi
 Come with a full gret cumpany
 Off gud men armyt weill at rycht
 Hardy and forsy for to fycht,
 Walter Stewart of Scotland syne
 That than wes bot a berdles hyne
 Come with a rout of noble men,
 That men mycht be contynence ken.
 The gud lord of Douglas alsua

Brocht with him men Ik underta
 That weile war usit in fechtng,
 Thai sall the les haiff abaysimg
 Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
 Avantage thai sall tittar se
 For to stonay thar fayis mycht
 Than men that usis nocht to fycht.
 The erle off Murreff with his men
 Arayit weile come alsua then
 Into gud covyne for to fycht
 And gret will for to manteym thar mycht
 Outakyn other mony barounys
 And knychtis that of gret renowne is
 Come with thar men full stalwartly.
 Quhen thai war assemblyt halely
 Off fechtand men I trow thai war
 Thretty thousand and sumdele mar,
 Foroutyn cariage and pettaill
 That yemyt harnayis and vittaill.
 Our all the ost than yeid the king
 And beheld to thar contenyng
 And saw thaim of full fayr affer.
 Off hardy contenance thai wer,
 Be liklynes the mast cownt
 Semyt full weill to do his part.
 The king has sene all thar having
 That knew him weile into sic thing,
 And saw thaim all commounaly
 Off sic contenance and sa hardy
 Forout effray or abaysing.
 In his hart had he gret liking
 And thought that men of sa gret will
 Giff thai wald set thar will thartill
 Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.
 Ay as he met thaim in the way
 He welcummyt thaim with glaidsum far
 Spekand gud wordis her and thar,
 And thai that thar lord sa mekly
 Saw welcum thaim and sa hamly
 Joyfull thai war, and thocht that thai
 Aucht weill to put thaim till assay
 Off hard fechtng or stalwart stur
 For to maynteyme hys honur.

[King Robert proposes the division of his host]

The worthi king quhen he has sene
 Hys ost assemblit all bedene
 And saw thaim wilfull to fulfill
 His liking with gud hart and will

And to maynteyme weill thar franchis
 He wes rejosyt mony wys
 And callyt all his consaile preve
 And said thaim, 'Lordis, now ye se
 That Inglismen with mekill mycht
 Has all disponyt thaim for the fycht
 For thai yone castell wald reskew.
 Tharfor is gud we ordane now
 How we may let thaim of thar purpos
 And sua to thaim the wayis clos
 That thai pas nocht but gret letting.
 We haiff her with us at bidding
 Weile thretty thousand men and ma,
 Mak we four bataillis of tha
 And ordane us on sic maner
 And quhen our fayis cummys ner
 We to the New Park hald our way,
 For thar behovys thaim nede away
 Bot giff that thai will beneuth us ga
 And our the merrais pass, and sua
 We sall be at avantage thar.
 And me think that rycht spedfull war
 To gang on fute to this fechting
 Armyt bot in litill armyng,
 For schup we us on hors to fycht
 Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht
 And bettyr horsyt than ar we
 We suld into gret perell be,
 And gyff we fecht on fute perfay
 At a vantage we sall be ay,
 For in the park amang the treys
 The horsmen alwayis cummerit beis,
 And the sykis alssua that ar thar-doun
 Sall put thaim to confusioun.'

[The four divisions and their commanders]

All thai consentyt till that saw
 And than intill a litill thraw
 Thar four bataillis ordanyt thai,
 And till the Erle Thomas perfay
 Thai gaiff the vaward in leding
 For in his noble governyng
 And in his hey chevalry
 Thai assoueryt rycht soveranly,
 And for to maynteyme his baner
 Lordis that off gret worschip wer
 Wer assygnyt with thar mengne
 Intill his bataill for to be.
 The toother bataill wes gevyn to led

Till him that douchty wes of deid
 And prisyt off hey chevalry,
 Thar wes Schyr Edward the worthy,
 I trow he sall maynteyme it sua
 That howsaever the gamyn ga
 His fayis to plenyne sall mater haf.
 And syne the thrid bataill thai gaff
 Till Walter Stewart for to leid
 And to Douglas douchty of deid
 Thai war cosyngis in ner degre
 Tharfor till him betaucht wes he
 For he wes young, bot nocht–forthi
 I trow he sall sa manlily
 Do his devour and wirk sa weill
 That him sall nede ne mar yemseill.
 The ferd bataile the noble king
 Tuk till his awne governyng,
 And had intill his cumpany
 The men of Carrik halely
 And off Arghile and of Kentyr
 And off the Ilis quharof wes syr
 Angus of Ile, and but all tha
 He off the plane land had alsua
 Off armyt men a mekill rout,
 His bataill stalwart wes and stout.
 He said the rerward he wald ma
 And evyn forrouth him suld ga
 The vaward, and on ather hand
 The tother bataillis suld be gangand
 Besid on sid a litill space,
 And the king that behind thaim was
 Suld se quhar thar war mast myster
 And releve thar with his baner.

[The digging of pots by the roadside]

The king thus that wes wycht and wys
 And rych advise at divis
 Ordanyt his men for the fechteng
 In gud aray in alkyn thing.
 And on the morn on Setterday
 The king hard his discourouris say
 That inglismen with mekill mycht
 Had lyin at Edinburgh all nycht.
 Tharfor withoutyn mar delay
 He till the New Park held his way
 With all that in his leding war
 And in the Park thaim herberyt thar,
 And in a plane feld be the way
 Quhar he thocht ned behovyd away

The Inglismen, gif that thai wald
 Throu the Park to the castell hald
 He gert men mony pottis ma
 Off a fute–breid round, and al tha
 War dep up till a mannys kne,
 Sa thyk that thai mycht liknyt be
 Till a wax cayme that beis mais.
 All that nycht travailland he wais
 Sua that or day he has maid
 Thai pottis, and thaim helit haid
 With stykkis and with gres all grene
 Sua that thai moucht nocht weil be sen.

[Sunday; the Scots prepare for combat with mass and by arming themselves]

On Sondag than in the mornyng
 Weile sone after the sone rising
 Thai hard thar mes commounaly
 And mony thaim schraiff full devotly
 That thocht to dey in that melle
 Or than to mak thar contre fre.
 To God for thar rycht prayit thai,
 Thar dynit nane of thaim that day
 Bot for the vigil off Sanct Jhane
 Thai fastyt water and breid ilkan.
 The king quhen that the mes wes don
 Went furth to se the pottis sone
 And at his liking saw thaim mad,
 On ather sid rycht weill braid
 It wes pittyt as Ik haif tauld.
 Giff that thar fayis on hors wald hald
 Furth in that way I trow thai sall
 Nocht weill eschaip foroutyn fall.
 Throu–out the ost thar gert he cry
 That all suld arme thaim hastily
 And busk thaim on thar best maner,
 And quhen thai assemblyt wer
 He gert aray thaim for the fycht,
 And syne gert cry our–all on hycht
 That quha–sa–ever he war that fand
 Hys hart nocht sekyr for to stand
 To wyn all or dey with honor
 For to maynteyme that stalwart stour
 That he betyme suld hald his way,
 And suld duell with him bot thai
 That wald stand with him to the end
 And tak the ure that God wald send.
 Than all answerd with a cry
 And with a voce said generaly
 That nane for dout off deid suld faile

Quhill discumfyt war the gret bataile.

[Disposition of the small folk; preparations for the English advance]

Quhen the gud king has hard his men
 Sa hardely answer him then
 Sayand that nother dede na dreid
 Till sic discomfort suld thaim leid
 That thai suld eschew the fechting
 In hart he had gret rejosing,
 For him thocht men off sic covyn
 Sa gud and hardy and sa fyne
 Suld weile in bataill hald thar rycht
 Agayne men off full mekill mycht.
 Syne all the smale folk and pitall
 He send with harnays and with vitail
 Intill the Park weill fer him fra
 And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga
 And als he bad thai went thar way,
 Twenty thousand weile ner war thai.
 Thai held thar way till a vale,
 The king left with a clene mengne
 The—quhethir thai war thretty thousand
 That I trow sall stalwartly stand
 And do thar devour as thai aw.
 Thai stud than rangyt all on a raw
 Redy for to gyff hard bataill
 Giff ony folk wald thaim assaile.
 The king gert thaim all buskit be
 For he wyst in certante
 That his fayis all nycht lay
 At the Fawkyrk, and syne that thai
 Held towart him the way all straucht
 With mony men of mekill maucht.
 Tharfor till his nevo bad he
 The erle off Murreff with his menye
 Besid the kyrk to kepe the way
 That na man pas that gat away
 For to debate the castell,
 And he said himself suld weill
 Kepe the entre with his bataill
 Giff that ony wald assale,
 And syne his broder Schyr Edward
 And young Walter alsua Steward
 And the lord of Douglas alsua
 With thar mengne gud tent suld ta
 Quhilk off thaim had of help myster
 And help with thaim that with him wer.

[King Robert has the English host surveyed;

spreads a false account of its strength]

The king send than James of Douglas
 And Schyr Robert the Keyth that was
 Marschell off the ost of fe
 The Inglismennys come to se,
 And thai lap on and furth thai raid
 Weile horsyt men with thaim thai haid,
 And sone the gret ost haf thai sene
 Quhar scheildis schynand war sa schene
 And bassynetis burnyst brycht
 That gave agayne the sone gret lycht.
 Thai saw sa fele browdyne baneris
 Standaris and pennounys and speris,
 And sa fele knychtis apon stedis
 All flawmand in thar wedis,
 And sa fele bataillis and sa braid
 That tuk sa gret roume as thai rraid
 That the maist ost and the stoutest
 Off Crystyndome and the grettest
 Suld be abaysit for to se
 Thair fayis into sic quantite
 And sua arayit for to fycht.
 Quhen thar discourouris has had sycht
 Off thar fayis as I you say
 Towart the king thai tuk thair way,
 And tauld him intill prevete
 The multitud and the beaute
 Off thair fayis that come sa braid
 And off the gret mycht that thai haid.
 Than the king bad thaim thai suld ma
 Na contenance that it war sua
 Bot lat thaim into commoun say
 That thai cum intill evyll aray
 To confort his on that wys,
 For oftsys throu a word may rys
 Discomford and tynsaill with-all,
 And throu a word als weill may fall
 Comford may rys and hardyment
 May ger men do thar entent.
 On the samyn wys it did her,
 Thar comford and thar hardy cher
 Comford thaim sa gretumly
 Off thar ost that the leyst hardy
 Be contenance wald formast be
 For to begyne the gret melle.

[The English send an advance party to rescue the castle]

Apon this wis the noble king
 Gaff all his men recomforting
 Throu hardy contenance of cher
 That he maid on sa gud maner.
 Thaim thocht that na myscheiff mycht be
 Sa gret with–thi thai him mycht se
 Befor thaim sua tha thaim suld greve
 That ne his worschip suld thaim releve,
 His worschip confort thaim sua
 And contensnce that he gan ma
 That the mast caward wes hardy.
 On other half full sturdely
 The Inglismen in sic aray
 As ye haf herd me forouth say
 Comed with thar bataillis approchand
 The baneris to the wynd wavand,
 And quhen thai cummyn war sa ner
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer
 Thai chesyt a joly cumpany
 Off men that wicht war and hardy
 On fayr courseris armyt at rycht,
 Four banrentis off mekill mycht
 War capitanyis of that route,
 The Syr the Clyffurd that wes stout
 Wes off thaim all soverane leidar,
 Aucht hunder armyt I trow thai war.
 Thai war all young men and joly
 Yarnand to do chevalry,
 Off best of all the ost war thai
 Off contenance and off aray.
 Thai war the fayrest cumpany
 That men mycht find of sa mony,
 To the castell thai thocht to far
 For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar
 Thai thocht it suld reskewit be.
 Forth on thar way held this menye
 And towart Strevilline held thar way,
 The New Park all eschewit thai
 For thai wist weill the king wes thar
 And newth the New Park gan thai far
 Weill newth the kyrk intill a rout.

[The advance party is challenged by Moray; his force is surrounded]

The Erle Thomas that wes sa stout
 Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane
 In gret hy went he thaim agane
 With fyve hunder foroutyn ma
 Anoyit in his hart and wa
 That thai sa fer wer passit by,

For the king haid said him rudly
 That a rose of his chaplete
 Was fallyn, for quhar he wes set
 To kep the way thai men war passit
 And tharfor he hastyt him sa fast
 That cummyn in schort tyme wes he
 To the plane feld with his menye,
 For he thocht that he suld amend
 That he trespassit had or than end.
 And quhen the Inglismen him saw
 Cum on foroutyn dyn or aw
 And tak sa hardely the plane
 In hy thai sped thaim him agane
 And strak with spuris the stedis stith
 That bar thaim evyn hard and swith.
 And quhen the erle saw that menye
 Cum sa stoutly, till his said he
 'Be nocht abaysit for thar schor,
 Bot settis speris you befor
 And bak to bak set all your rout
 And all the speris poyntis out,
 Suagate us best defend may we
 Enveronyt with thaim gif we be.'
 And as he bad thaim thai haif done,
 And the tother come on alsone.
 Befor thaim all come prikand
 A knycht hardy off hart and hand
 And a wele gret lord at hame
 Schyr Gilyame Danecourt wes his nam
 And prikyt on thaim hardely
 And thai met him sturdely
 That he and hors wes borne doune
 And slayne rycht thar forout ransoun,
 With Inglismen gretly wes he
 Menyt that day and his bounte.
 The lave come on rycht sturdely
 Bot nane off thaim sa hardely
 Ruschyt amang thaim as did he,
 Bot with fer mar maturyte
 Thai assemblyt all in a rout
 And enveround thaim all about
 Assailyeand thaim on ilka sid.

[The fight between Moray's force and the English]

And thai with speris woundis wyd
 Gaff till the hors that come thaim ner,
 And thai that ridand on thaim wer
 That doune war borne losyt the lyvis,
 And other speris dartis and knyffis

And wapynnys on ser maner
 Kast amang thaim that fechtand wer
 That thaim defendyt sa wittily
 That thar fayis had gret ferly,
 For sum wald schout out of thar rout
 And off thaim that assaylyt about
 Stekyt stedis and bar down men.
 The Inglisemen sa rudly then
 Kest amang thaim swerdis and mas
 That ymyd thaim a monteyle was
 Off wapynnys that war warpyt thar.
 The erle and his thus fechtand war
 At gret myscheiff as I you say,
 For quhonnar be full far war thai
 Than thar fayis and all about
 War inveround, quhar mony rout
 War roucht full dispitously.
 Thar fayis demenyt thaim full starkly,
 On ather half thai war sa stad
 For the rycht gret heyt that thai had
 For fechtyn and for sonnys het
 That all thar flesche of swate wes wete,
 And sic a stew rais out off thaim then
 Off aneding bath of hors and men
 And off powdyr that sic myrknes
 Intill the ayr abovyne thaim wes
 That it wes wondre for to se.
 Thai war in gret perplexite
 Bot with gret travaill nocht–forthi
 Thai thaim defendyt manlily
 And set bath will and strenth and mycht
 To rusch thar fayis in that fycht
 That thaim demanyt than angyrly.
 Bot gyff God help thaim hastily
 Thai sall thar fill have of fechtynge.

[Douglas proposes to help Moray]

Bot quhen the noble renownyt king
 With other lordis that war him by
 Saw how the erle abandounly
 Tuk the plane feld, James of Douglas
 Come to the king rycht quhar he was
 And said, 'A! Schyr, Sanct Mary!
 The erle off Murref opynly
 Tays the plane feld with his mengne,
 He is in perell bot he be
 Sone helpyt for his fayis ar ma
 Than he and horsyt weill alsua,
 And with your leve I will me speid

THE BRUS

To help him for he has ned,
All umbeveround with his fayis is he.'
The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,
A fute till him thou sall nocht ga,
Giff he weile dois lat him weile ta.
Quhatever him happyn, to wyn or los,
I will nocht for him brek purpos.'
'Certis,' said James, 'I may na wis
Se that his fayis him suppris
Quhen that I may set help thartill,
With your leve sekyrly I will
Help him or dey into the payn.'
'Do than and speid the sone agayn,'
The king said, and he held his way.
Gyff he may cum in tyme perfay
I trow he sall him help sa weill
That off his fayis sall it feill.

BOOK 12

[The king prepares his division]

Now Douglas furth his wayis tais,
 And in that selff tyme fell throw cais
 That the king off Ingland quhen he
 Was cummyn with his gret menye
 Ner to the place, as I said ar,
 Quhar Scottismen arayit war,
 He gert arest all his bataill
 And other alsua to tak consaill
 Quhether thai wald herbry thaim that nycht
 Or than but mar ga to the fycht.
 The vaward that wist na thing
 Off this arest na his dwelling
 Raid to the Park all straucht thar way
 Foroutyn stinting in gud aray,
 And quhen the king wist that thai wer
 In hale bataill cummand sa ner
 His bataill gert he weill aray.
 He raid apon a litill palfray
 Laucht and joly arayand
 His bataill with ane ax in hand,
 And on his bassynet he bar
 Ane hat off quyrbolle ay-quhar,
 And thar-upon into taknyng
 Ane hey croune that he wes king.

[The king kills Henry de Bohun]

And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd wer
 With thar bataill approchand ner
 Befor thaim all thar come ridand
 With helm on heid and sper in hand
 Schyr Henry the Boune the worthi,
 That was a wycht knyght and a hardy
 And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne,
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne
 Come on a sted a bow-schote ner
 Befor all other that thar wer,
 And knew the king for that he saw
 Him sua rang his men on raw
 And by the croune that wes set
 Alsua apon his bassynet,
 And towart him he went in hy.

And quhen the king sua apertly
 Saw him cum forouth all his feris
 In hy till him the hors he steris.
 And quhen Schyr Henry saw the king
 Cum on foroutyn abaysing
 Till him he raid in full gret hy,
 He thocht that he suld weill lychtly
 Wyn him and haf him at his will
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.
 Sprent thai samyn intill a ling,
 Schyr Hanry myssit the noble king
 And he that in his sterapys stud
 With the ax that wes hard and gud
 With sua gret mayne raucht him a dynt
 That nother hat na helm mycht stynt
 The hevy dusche that he him gave
 That ner the heid till the harnys clave.
 The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa,
 And he doune to the erd gan ga
 All flatlynys for him faillyt mycht.
 This wes the fryst strak off the fycht
 That wes performyst douchtely,
 And quhen the kingis men sa stoutly
 Saw him rycht at the fyrst meting
 Foroutyn dout or abaysing
 Have slayne a knyght sua at a strak
 Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak
 That thai come on rycht hardely.
 Quhen Inglismen saw thaim sa stoutly
 Cum on tthai had gret abaysing
 And specially for that the king
 Sa smartly that gud knyght has slayne
 That thai withdrew thaim everilkane
 And durst nocht ane abid to fycht
 Sa dred thai for the kingis mycht.
 And quhen the kingis men thaim saw
 Sua in hale bataill thaim withdraw
 A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak
 And thai in hy tuk all the bak,
 And thai that folowit thaim has slane
 Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane
 Bot thai war few forsuth to say
 Thar hors fete had ner all away.
 Bot how-sa quhojne deyt thar
 Rebutyt foulily thai war
 And raid thar gait with weill mar schame
 Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

[Douglas admires the struggle of Moray and his men]

Quhen that the king reparyt was
 That gert his men all leve the chas
 The lordis off his cumpany
 Blamyt him as thai durst gretumly
 That he him put in aventur
 To mete sa styth a knycht and sture
 In sic poynt as he than wes sene,
 For thai said weill it mycht haiff bene
 Cause off thar tynsaill everilkan.
 The king answer has maid thaim nane
 Bot menyt hys handax schaft that sua
 Was with the strak brokyn in twa.
 The Erle Thomas wes yete fechtand
 With fayis apon athyr hand
 And slew off thaim a quantite,
 Bot wery war his men and he
 The—quhether with wapynnys sturdely
 Thai thaim defendyt manlely
 Quhill that the Douglas come ner
 That sped him on gret maner,
 And Inglismen that war fechtand
 Quhen thai the Douglas saw ner—hand
 Thai wandyst and maid ane opynnyng.
 James of Douglas be thar relying
 Knew that thai war discumfyt ner,
 Than bad thaim that with him wer
 Stand still and pres na forthymar.
 'For thai that yonder fechtand ar,'
 He said, 'ar off sa gret bounte
 That thar fayis weill sone sall be
 Discumfyt throu thar awne mycht
 Thocht na man help thaim for to fycht,
 And cum we now to the fechtand
 Quhen thai ar at discumfiting
 Men suld say we thaim fruschit had,
 And sua suld thai that caus has mad
 With gret travaill and hard fechtand
 Los a part of thar loving,
 And it war syn to les thar prys
 That off sa soverane bounte is.
 And he throu plane and hard fechtand
 Has her eschevyt unlikly thing
 He sall haff that he wonnyn has.'

[Moray's victory over Clifford's men]

The erle with that that fechtand was
 Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua
 And hy apon thaim gan he ga,
 And pressyt thame sa wonder fast

With hard strakys quhill at the last
 Thai fled that dust abid ne mar.
 Bath hors and men slane left thai thar
 And held thar way in full gret hy
 Nocht all togydder bot syndryly
 And thai that war ourtane war slayn,
 The lave went till thar ost agayne
 Off thar tynsall sary and wa.
 The erle that had him helpyn sua
 And his als that wer wery
 Hynt off thar bassynettis in hy
 Till avent thaim for thai war wate,
 Thai war all helyt into swate.
 Thai semyt men forsuth Ik hycht
 That had fandyt thar force in fycht
 And sua did thai full doughtely.
 Thai fand off all thar cumpany
 That thar wes bot a yuman slayne
 And lovyt God and wes full fayne
 And blyth that thai eschapyt sua.
 Towart the king than gan thai ga
 And till him weill sone cummyn ar.
 He wyttyt at thaim of thar far
 And gladsome cher to thaim mad
 For thai sa weile thaim borne had.
 Than pressyt into gret daynte
 The erle off Murreff for to se,
 For his hey worschip and gret valour
 All yarnyt to do him honour,
 Sa fast thai ran to se him thar
 That ner all samyn assemblit ar.
 And quhen the gud king gan thaim se
 Befor thaim sua assemblit be
 Blyth and glaid that thar fayis wer
 Rabutyt apon sic maner
 A litill quhill he held him still,
 Syne on this wys he said his will.

[The king asks his men whether they should stay and fight]

'Lordingis, we aucht to love and luff
 Allmychty God that syttis abuff
 That sendis us sa fayr begynnyng.
 It is a gret discomforting
 Till our fayis that on this wis
 Sa sone has bene rabutyt twis,
 For quhen thai off thar ost sall her
 And knaw suthly on quhat maner
 Thar vaward that wes sa stout,
 And syne yone othyr joly rout

That I trow off the best men war
 That thay mycht get amang thaim thar,
 War rebutyt sa sodanly,
 I trow and knawis it all clerly
 That mony ane hart sall waverand be
 That semyt er off gret bounte,
 And fra the hart be discumfyt
 The body is nocht worth a myt,
 Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 Sall folow till our begynnyng.
 The—quhether I say nocht this you till
 For that ye suld folow my will
 To fycht, bot in you all sall be,
 For gyff you thinkis spedfull that we
 Fecht we sall, and giff ye will
 We leve, your liking to fulfill.
 I sall consent on alkyn wis
 To do rycht as ye will dyvys,
 tharfor sayis off your will planly.'
 And with a voce than gan thai cry,
 'Gud king, foroutyn mar delay
 Tomorne alsone as ye se day
 Ordane you hale for the bataill,
 For doute off dede we sall nocht fail
 Na na payn sall refusyt be
 Quhill we haiff maid our countre fre.'

[The king's address to his men: the reasons for the fight]

Quhen the king had hard sa manlily
 Thai spak to fechtng and sa hardely
 In hart gret gladschip can he ta
 And said, 'Lordingis, sen ye will sua
 Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng
 Sua that we be the sone—rysing
 Haff herd mes and buskyt weill
 Ilk man intill his awn eschell
 Without the palyounys arayit
 In bataillis with baneris displayit,
 And luk ye na wis brek aray.
 And, as ye luf me, I you pray
 That ilk man for his awne honour
 Purvay him a gud baneour,
 And quhen it cummys to the fycht
 Ilk man set hart will and mycht
 To stynt our fayis mekill prid.
 On hors thai will arayit rid
 And cum on you in full gret hy,
 Mete thaim with speris hardely
 And think than on the mekill ill

That thai and tharis has done us till,
 And ar in will yeit for to do
 Giff thai haf mycht to cum tharto.
 And certis me think weill that ye
 Forout abasing aucht to be
 Worthy and of gret vasselagis
 For we haff thre gret avantagis
 The fyrst is that we haf the rycht
 And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 The tother is that thai cummyn ar
 For lyppynyng off thar gret powar
 To sek us in our awne land,
 And has brocht her rycht till our hand
 Ryches into sa gret quantite
 That the pourest of you sall be
 Bath rych and mychty tharwithall
 Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
 The thrid is that we for our lyvis
 And for our childer and for our wyvis
 And for our fredome and for our land
 Ar strenyeit in bataill for to stand,
 And thai for thar mycht anerly
 And for thai lat of us heychtly
 And for thai wald distroy us all
 Mais thaim to fycht, bot yeit may fall
 That thai sall rew thar barganyng.
 And certis I warne you off a thing
 That happyn thaim, as God forbed,
 Till fynd fantis intill our deid
 That thai wyn us opynly
 Thai sall off us haf na mercy,
 And sen we know thar felone will
 Me think it suld accord to skill
 To set stoutnes agayne felony
 And mak sa-gat a juperty.
 Quharfor I you requer and pray
 That with all your mycht that ye may
 That ye pres you at the begynnyng
 But cowardys or abaysing
 To mete thaim at sall fyrst assemble
 Sa stoutly that the henmaist trymble,
 And menys of your gret manheid
 Your worschip and your douchti deid
 And off the joy that we abid
 Giff that us fall, as weill may tid,
 Hap to vencus this gret bataill.
 In your handys without faile
 Ye ber honour price and riches
 Fredome welth and blythnes
 Giff you contene you manlely,
 And the contrar all halily

Sall fall giff ye lat cowardys
 And wykytnes your hertis suppris.
 Ye mycht have lyvyt into threldome,
 Bot for ye yarynt till have fredome
 Ye ar assemblyt her with me,
 Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
 Worthy and wycht but abaysing.

[The king's address to his men: practical advice]

And I warne you weill off a thing,
 That mar myscheff may fall us nane
 Than in thar handys to be tane,
 For thai suld sla us, I wate weill
 Rycht as thai did my brothyr Nele.
 Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes
 And off the mony gret prowes
 That ye haff doyne sa worthely
 I traist and trowis sekyrly
 To haff plane victour in this fycht,
 For thought our fayis haf mekill mycht
 Thai have the wrang, and succudry
 And covatys of senyoury
 Amovys thaim foroutyn mor.
 Na us thar dreid thaim bot befor
 For strenth off this place as ye se
 Sall let us enveronyt to be.
 And I pray you als specially
 Bath mar and les commonaly
 That nane of you for gredynes
 Haff ey to tak of thar riches
 Ne presonaris for to ta
 Quhill ye se thaim contraryit sa
 That the feld anerly youris be,
 And than at your liking may ye
 Tak all the riches that thar is.
 Giff ye will wyrk apon this wis
 Ye sall haff victour sekyrly.
 I wate nocht quhat mar say sall I
 Bot all wate ye quhat honour is,
 Contene you than on sic a wis
 That your honour ay savyt be.
 And Ik hycht her in leaute
 Gyff ony deys in this bataille
 His ayr but ward releff or taile
 On the fyrst day his land sall weld
 All be he never sa young off eild.
 Now makys you redy for to fycht,
 God help us that is maist of mycht.
 I rede armyt all nycht that we be

Purvayit in bataill sua that we
 To mete our fayis ay be boune.'
 Than answeyrt thai all with a soun,
 'As ye dyvys all sall be done.'
 Than till tha innys went thai sone
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechtung
 Syne assemblyt in the evynnyng,
 And suagat all the nycht bad thai
 Till on the morn that it wes day.

[The English prepare: the night before the battle]

Quhen the Cliffurd, as I said ar,
 And all his rout rebutyt war
 And thar gret vaward alsua
 War distrenyeit the bak to ta
 And thai had tauld thar rebuting –
 Thai off the vaward how the king
 Slew at a strak sa apertly
 A knycht that wycht wes and hardy,
 And how all haile the kingis bataill
 Schup thaim rycht stoutly till assaill
 And Schyr Edward the Bruce alsua
 Quhen thai all haill the bak gan ta
 And how thai lesyt of thar men,
 And Cliffurd had tauld alsua then
 How Thomas Randell tuk the plane
 With a few folk and how wes slane
 Schyr Gilyame Danecourt the worthi,
 And how the erle faucht manly
 That as ane hyrchoune all his rout
 Gert set out speris all about
 And how that thai war put agayne
 And part off thar gud men slayne –
 The Inglisemen sic abasing
 Tuk and sic drede of that tithing
 That in fyve hunder placis and ma
 Men mycht se samyn routand ga
 Sayand, 'Our lordis for thar mycht
 Will allgate fecht agane the rycht,
 Bot quha–sa werrayis wranguysly
 Thai fend God all to gretumly
 And thaim may happyn to mysfall,
 And swa may tid that her we sall.'
 And quhen thar lordys had persaving
 Off discomfort and rownnyng
 That thai held samyn twa and twa,
 Throu–out the ost sone gert thai ga
 Heraldis to mak a crye
 That nane discomfort suld be,

For in punye is oft hapnyne
 Quhile for to wyn and quhile to tyne,
 And that into the gret bataill
 That apon na maner may faill
 Bot giff the Scottis fley thar way
 Sall all amendyt be perfay.
 Tharfor thai monest thaim to be
 Off gret worschip and off bounte
 And stoutly in the bataill stand
 And tak amendis at thar hand.
 Thai may weill monys as thai will
 And thai may hecht als to fulfill
 With stalwart hart thar bidding all
 Bot nocht—forthi I trow thai sall
 Intill thar hartis dredand be.
 The king with his consaill preve
 Has tane to rede that he wald nocht
 Fecht or the morne bot he war socht,
 Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
 Doune in the Kers, and gert all dycht
 And maid redy thar aparaill
 Agayne the morne for the bataill,
 And for in the Kers pulis war
 Housis thai brak and thak bar
 To mak briggis quhar thaim mycht pas,
 And sum sayis that yeit the folk that was
 In the castell quhen nycht gan fall
 For that thai knew the myscheiff all
 Thai went full ner all that thai war
 And duris and wyndowys with thaim bar,
 Swa that thai had befor the day
 Briggyt the pulis swa that thai
 War passyt our everilkane,
 And the hard feld on hors has tane
 All reddy for till gif batale
 Arayit intill thar apparail.

[The Scottish and English preparations on the morning]

The Scottismen quhen it wes day
 Thar mes devoutly gert thai say
 Syne tuk a sop and maid thaim yar,
 And quhen thai all assemblyt war
 And in thar bataillis all purvayit
 With thar braid baneris all displayit
 Thai maid knychtis, as it afferis
 To men that usys thai mysteris.
 The king maid Walter Stewart knycht
 And James of Douglas that wes wycht,
 And other als of gret bounte

He maid ilkane in thar degre.
 Quhen this wes doyne that I you say
 Thai went all furth in gud aray
 And tuk the plane full apertly,
 Mony gud man wicht and hardy
 That war fulfillt of gret bounte
 Intill thai routis men mycht se.
 The Inglismen on other party
 That as angelis schane brychtly
 War nocht arayit on sic maner
 For all thar bataillis samyn wer
 In a schilthrum, but quhether it was
 Throu the gret straitnes of the place
 That thai war in to bid fechting
 Or that it was for abaysing
 I wate nocht, bot in a schiltrum
 It semyt thai war all and sum,
 Outane the avaward anerly
 That rycht with a gret cumpany
 Be thaimselvyn arayit war.
 Quha had bene by mycht have sene thar
 That folk ourtak a mekill feild
 On breid quhar mony a schynand scheld
 And mony a burnyst brycht armur
 And mony man off gret valour
 And mony a brycht baner and schene
 Mycht in that gret schiltrum be sene.

[Umfraville's advice to Edward II rejected]

And quhen the king of Ingland
 Swa the Scottis saw tak on hand
 Takand the hard feyld sa opynly
 And apon fute he had ferly
 And said, 'Quhat, will yone Scottis fycht?'
 'Ya sekyrly, schir,' said a knycht,
 Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill hat he,
 And said, 'Forsuth now, schyr, I se
 It is the mast ferlyfull sycht
 That evyre I saw quhen for to fycht
 The Scottismen has tane on hald
 Agayne the mycht of Ingland
 In plane hard feld to giff bataile.
 Bot and ye will trow my consaill
 Ye sall discomfy thaim lychtly.
 Withdrawys you hyne sodandly
 With bataillis and with penounys
 Quhill that we pas our palyounys,
 And ye sall se alsone that thai
 Magre thar lordys sall brek aray

And scaile thaim our harnays to ta.
 And quhen we se thaim scalit sua
 Prik we than on thaim hardely
 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly
 For than sall nane be knyt to fycht
 That may withstand your mekill mycht.'
 I will nocht,' said the king, 'perfay
 Do sa, for thar sall na man say
 That I sall eschew the bataill
 Na withdraw me for sic rangaile.'
 Quhen this wes said that er said I
 The Scottismen commounaly
 Knelyt all doune to God to pray
 And a schort prayer thar maid thai
 To God to help thaim in that fycht,
 And quhen the Inglis king had sycht
 Off thaim kneland he said in hy,
 'Yone folk knelis to ask mercy.'
 Schyr Ingrahame said, 'Ye say suth now,
 Thai ask mercy bot nane at you,
 For thar trespas to God thai cry.
 I tell you a thing sekyrly,
 That yone men will all wyn or de,
 For doute of dede thai sall nocht fle.'
 'Now be it sa,' than said the king,
 And than but langer delaying
 Thai gert trump till the assemble.
 On ather sid men mycht than se
 Mony a wycht man and worthi
 Redy to do chevalry.

[The English attack Edward Bruce's division]

Thus war thai boune on ather sid,
 And Inglismen with mekill prid
 That war intill thar avaward
 To the bataill that Schyr Edward
 Governyt and led held straucht thar way
 The hors with spuris hardnyt thai
 And prikyt apon thaim sturdely,
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely
 Sua that at thar assemble thar
 Sic a fruschyng of speris war
 That fer away men mycht it her.
 At that meting foroutyn wer
 War stedis stekyt mony ane
 And mony gude man borne doune and slayne,
 And mony ane hardyment douchtely
 Was thar eschevyt, for hardely
 Thai dang on other with wapnys ser.

Sum of the hors that stekyt wer
 Ruschyt and relyt tycht rudlye,
 Bot the remanand nocht—forthi
 That mycht cum to the assembling
 For that led maid na stinting
 ` Bot assemblyt full hardely,
 And thai met thaim full sturdely
 With speris that wer scharp to scher
 And axys that weile groundyn wer
 Quhar—with was roucht mony a rout.
 The fechting wes thar.sa fell and stout
 That mony a worthi man and wicht
 Throu fors wes fellyt in that fycht
 That had na mycht to rys agane.
 The Scottismen fast gan thaim payn
 Thar fayis mekill mycht to rus,
 I trow thai sall na payn refuse
 Na perell quhill thar fayis be
 Set in weill hard perplexite.

[Moray's men attack the main English host]

And quhen the erle of Murref swa
 Thar vaward saw sa stoutly ga
 The way to Schyr Edward all straucht
 That met thaim with full mekill maucht,
 He held hys way with his baner
 To the gret rout quhar samyn wer
 The nyne bataillis that war sa braid,
 That sa fele baneris with thaim haid
 And of men sa gret quantite
 That it war wonder for to se.
 The gud erle thidder tuk the way
 With his battaill in gud aray
 And assemblit sa hardily
 That men mycht her that had bene by
 A gret frusch of the speris that brast,
 For thar fayis assemblyt fast
 That on stedis with mekill prid
 Come prikand as thai wald our—rid
 The erle and all his cumpany,
 Bot thai met thaim sa sturdely
 That mony of thaim till erd thai bar,
 For mony a sted was stekyt thar
 And mony gud man fellyt under fet
 That had na hap to rys up yete.
 Thar mycht men se a hard bataill
 And sum defend and sum assaile
 And mony a reale romble rid
 Be roucht thar apon ather sid

Quhill throu the byrnys bryst the blud
 That till erd doune stremand yhude.
 The erle of Murreff and his men
 Sa stoutly thaim contenyt then
 That thai wan place ay mar and mar
 On thar fayis the—quhether thai war
 Ay ten far ane or may perfay,
 Sua that it semyt weill that thai
 War tynt amang sa gret menye
 As thai war plungyt in the se.
 And quhen the Inglismen has sene
 The erle and all his men bedene
 Faucht sa stoutly but effraying
 Rycht as thai had nane abasing
 Thaim pressyt thai with all thar mycht
 And thai with speris and swerdis brycht
 And axis that rycht scharply schar
 Ymyddis the vesag met thaim thar.
 Thar mycht men se a stalwart stour
 And mony men of gret valour
 With speris mas and knyffis
 And other wapynnys wyssyll thar lyvis
 Sua that mony fell doune all dede,
 The greys woux with the blud all reid
 The erle that wycht wes and worthi
 And his men faucht sa manlyly
 That quha—sa had sene thaim that day
 I trow forsuth that thai suld say
 That thai suld do thar devor wele
 Swa that thar fayis suld it fele.

BOOK 13

[Douglas's division attacks]

Quhen thir twa fyrst bataillis wer
 Assemblyt as I said you er,
 The Stewart Walter that than was
 And the gud lord als of Douglas
 In a bataill, quhen that thai saw
 The erle foroutyn dred or aw
 Assembill with his cumpany
 On all that folk sa sturdely
 For till help him thai held thar way
 And thar bataill in gud aray,
 And assemblyt sa hardely
 Besid the erle a litill by
 That thar fayis feld thar cummyn wele,
 For with wapynnys stalwart of stele
 Thai dang apon with all thar mycht.
 Thar fayis resavyt weile Ik hycht
 With swerdis speris and with mase,
 The bataill thar sa feloune was
 And sua rycht gret spilling of blud
 That on the erd the flousis stud.
 The Scottismen sa weill thaim bar
 And sua gret slauchter maid thai thar
 And fra sa fele the lyvis revyt
 That all the feld bludy wes levyt.
 That tyme thar thre bataillis wer
 All syd be sid fechtand weill ner,
 Thar mycht men her mony dynt
 And wapynnys apon armuris stynt,
 And se tumble knychtis and stedis
 And mony rich and reale wedis
 Defoullyt foully under fete,
 Sum held on loft sum tynt the suet.
 A lang quhill thus fechtand thai war
 That men na noyis mycht her thar,
 Men hard nocht bot granys and dintis
 That slew fyr as men slayis on flyntis,
 Thai faucht ilk ane sa egerly
 That thai maid nother moyis na cry
 Bot dang on other at thar mycht
 With wapnys that war burnyst brycht.
 The arowys als sua thyk thar flaw
 That thai mycht say wele that thaim saw
 That thai a hidwys schour gan ma,

For quhar thai fell Ik undreta
 Thai left efter thaim taknyng
 That sall ned as I trow leching.

[Sir Robert Keith's cavalry disperses the English archers]

The Inglis archeris schot sa fast
 That mycht thar schot haff ony last
 It had bene hard to Scottismen
 Bot King Robert that wele gan ken
 That thar archeris war peralous
 And thar schot rycht hard and grevous
 Ordanyt forouth the assemble
 Hys marschell with a gret menye,
 Fyve hunder armyt into stele
 That on lycht hors war horsyt welle,
 For to pryk amang the archeris
 And sua assaile thaim with thar speris
 That thai na layser haiff to schut.
 This marschell that Ik off mute
 That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld
 As Ik befor her has you tauld
 Quhen he saw the bataillis sua
 Assembill and togidder ga
 And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly,
 With all thaim off his cumpany
 In hy apon thaim gan he rid
 And ourtuk thaim at a sid,
 And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly
 Stekand thaim sa dispitously
 And in sic fusoun berand doun
 And slayand thaim foroutyn ransoun
 That thai thaim scalyt everilkane,
 And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane
 That assemblyt schot to ma.
 Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thai sua
 War rebutyt thai woux hardy
 And with all thar mycht schot egrely
 Amang the horsmen that thar raid
 And woundis wid to thaim thai maid
 And slew of thaim a full gret dele.
 Thai bar thaim hardely and wele
 For, fra thar fayis archeris war
 Scalyt as I said till you ar
 That ma na thai war be gret thing
 Sua that thai dred nocht thar schoting
 Thai woux sa hardy that thaim thocht
 Thai suld set all thar fayis at nocht.

[The king addresses his division and commits it to the battle]

The merschell and his cumpany
 Wes yeit, as till you er said I,
 Amang the archeris quhar thai maid
 With speris roume quhar that thai raid
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta,
 And thai wele lychtly mycht do sua
 For thai had nocht a strak to stynt
 Na for to hald agayne a dynt,
 And agayne armyt men to fycht
 May nakyt men have litill mycht.
 Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner
 That sum to thar gret bataill wer
 Withdrawyn thaim in full gret hy
 And sum war fled all utrely,
 Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
 That for thar awne folk had na space
 Yheyt to cum to the assembling
 In agayn smertly gan thai ding
 The archeris that thai met fleand
 That then war maid sa recreand
 That thar hartis war tyny clenly,
 I trow thai sall nocht scaith gretly
 The Scottismen with schot that day.
 And the gud King Robert that ay
 Wes fillyt off full gret bounte
 Saw how that his bataillis thre
 Sa hardely assemblyt thar
 And sa weill in the fycht thaim bar
 And sua fast on thair fayis gan ding
 That him thocht nane had abaysing
 And how the archeris war scalyt then,
 He was all blyth and till his men
 He said, 'Lordingis, now luk that ye
 Worthy and off gud covyn be
 At thys assemble and hardy,
 And assembill sa sturdely
 That na thing may befor you stand.
 Our men ar sa freschly fechtand
 That thai thar fayis has contrayit sua
 That be thai pressyt, Ik underta,
 A litill fastyr, ye sall se
 That thai discumfyt sone sall be.'
 Quhen this wes said thai held thar way
 And on ane feld assemblyt thai
 Sa stoutly that at thar cummyng
 Thar fayis war ruschyt a gret thing.

[A further description of the fighting]

Thar mycht men se men felly fycht
 And men that worthi war and wycht
 Do mony worthi vasselage,
 Thai faucht as thai war in a rage,
 For quhen the Scottis ynkirly
 Saw thar fayis sa sturdely
 Stand into bataill thaim agayn
 With all thar mycht and all thar mayn
 Thai layid on as men out of wit
 And quhar thai with full strak mycht hyt
 Thar mycht na armur stynt thar strak.
 Thai to—fruschynt that thai mycht ourtak
 And with axis sic duschys gave
 That thai helmys and hedis clave,
 And thar fayis rycht hardely
 Met thaim and dang on thaim douchtely
 With wapmys that war styth of stele.
 Thar wes the bataill strikyn wele.
 Sa gret dyn tthar wes of dyntis
 As wapnys apon armur styntis,
 And off speris sa gret bresting
 And sic thrang and sic thrysting,
 Sic gyrnyng granyng and sa gret
 A noyis as thai gan other beit
 And ensenyeys on ilka sid
 Gevand and takand woundis wid,
 That it wes hydways for to her.
 All four thar bataillis with that wer
 Fechtand in a frount halyly.
 A! mycht God! how douchtely
 Schyr Edward the Bruce and his men
 Amang thar fayis contenyt thaim then
 Fechtand in sa gud covyn
 Sa hardy worthy and sa fyne
 That thar vaward ruschynt was
 And maugre tharis left the place,
 And till thar gret rout to warand
 Thai went that tane had apon hand
 Sa gret anoy that thai war effrayit
 For Scottis that thaim hard assayit
 That than war in a schiltrum all.
 Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall
 I trow agane he suld nocht rys.
 Thar mycht men se on mony wys
 Hardimentis eschevynt douchtely,
 And mony that wycht war and hardy
 Sone liand undre fete all dede
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes red,
 Armys and quyntys that thai bar
 With blud war sa defoulyt thar

That thai mycht nocht descroyit be.
 A! mychty God! quha than mycht se
 That Stewart Walter and his rout
 And the gud Douglas that wes sa stout
 Fechtand into that stalwart stour,
 He suld say that till all honour
 Thai war worthi that in that fycht
 Sa fast pressyt thar fayis mycht
 That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.
 Thar men mycht se mony a steid
 Fleand on stray that lord had nane.
 A! Lord! quha then gud tent had tane
 Till the gud erle of Murreff
 And his that sua gret routis geff
 And faucht sa fast in that battaill
 Tholand sic paynys and travaill
 That thai and tharis maid sic debat
 That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.
 Than mycht men her ensenyeis cry
 And Scottismen cry hardely,
 'On thaim, on thaim, on thaim, thai faile.'
 With that sa hard thai gan assaile
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta,
 And the Scottis archeris alsua
 Schot amang thaim sa deliverly
 Engrevand thaim sa gretumly
 That quhat for thaim that with thaim faucht
 That sua gret routis to thaim raucht
 And pressyt thaim full egrely
 And quhat for arowis that felly
 Mony gret woundis gan thaim ma
 And slew fast off thar hors alsua,
 That thai wandyst a litill wei.
 Thai dred sa gretly then to dey
 That thar covyn wes wer and wer,
 For thaim that fechtand with thaim wer
 Set hardyment and strenth and will
 And hart and corage als thar–till
 And all thar mayne and all thar mycht
 To put thaim fully to flycht.

*[The men guarding supplies in the Park choose a leader
and move towareds the battle, dismaying the English]*

In this tyme that I tell off her
 At that bataill on this maner
 Wes strykyn quhar on ather party
 Thai war fechtand enforcely,
 Yomen and swanys and pitail
 That in the Park to yeme vittail

War left, quhen thai wist but lesing
 That thar lordis with fell fechtung
 On thar fayis assemblyt wer,
 Ane off thaimselvyn that war thar
 Capitane off thaim all thai maid,
 And schetis that war sumdele brad
 Thai festnyt in steid of baneris
 Apon lang treys and speris,
 And said that thai wald se the fycht
 And help thar lordis at thar mycht.
 Quhen her—till all assentyt wer
 In a rout thai assemblit er
 Fyften thousand thai war or ma,
 And than in gret hy gan thai ga
 With thar baneris all in a rout
 As thai had men bene styth and stout.
 thai come with all that assemble
 Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se,
 Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
 'Sla! sla! apon thaim hastily!'
 And thar—withall cumand war thai,
 Bot thai war wele fer yete away.
 And Inglismen that ruschynt war
 Throuch fors of fycht as I said ar
 Quhen thai saw cummand with sic a cry
 Towart thaim sic a cumpany
 That thaim thocht wele als mony war
 As that wes fechtand with thaim thar
 And thai befor had nocht thaim sene,
 Than wit ye weill withoutyn wene
 Thai war abaysit sa gretumly
 That the best and the mast hardy
 That war intill thar ost that day
 Wald with thar mensk haf bene away.

[The king presses the enemy harder and some flee]

The King Robert be thar relyng
 Saw thai war ner at discomfiting
 And his ensenye gan hely cry,
 Than with thaim off his cumpany
 His fayis he pressyt sa fast that thai
 War intill sa gret effray
 That thai left place ay mar and mar,
 For the Scottismen that thar war
 Quhen thai saw thaim eschew the fycht
 Dang on thaim with all thar mycht
 That thai scalyt thaim in troplys ser
 And till discomfytur war ner
 And sum off thaim fled all planly,

Bot thai that wucht war and hardy
 That schame lettyt to ta the flycht
 At gret myscheiff mantemyt the fycht
 And stythly in the stour gan stand.

*[King Edward abandons the battle, but Sir Giles d'Argentan
 fights on and is killed]*

And quhen the king of Inland
 Saw his men fley in syndry place,
 And saw his fayis rout that was
 Worthyn sa wucht and sa hardy
 That all his folk war halyly
 Sa stonayit that thai had na mycht
 To stynt thar fayis in the fycht,
 He was abaysyt sa gretumly
 That he and his cumpany
 Fyve hunder armyt all at rycht
 Intill a frusch all tok the flycht
 And to the castell held thar way,
 And yeit haiff Ik hard som men say
 That off Valence Schir Aymer
 Quhen he the feld saw vencusyt ner
 Be the reyngye led away the king
 Agayne his will fra the fechting.
 And quhen Schyr Gylis the Argente
 Saw the king thus and his menye
 Schap thaim to fley sa spedlyly,
 He come rycht to the king in hy
 And said, 'Schyr, sen it is sua
 That ye thusgat your gat will ga
 Havys gud day for agayne will I,
 Yeit fled I never sekyrly
 And I cheys her to bid and dey
 Than for to lyve schamly and fley.'
 His bridill but mar abad
 He turnyt and agayne he rade
 And on Edward the Bruys rout
 That wes sa sturdy and sa stout
 As drede off nakyn thing had he
 He prikyt, cryand, 'the Argente,'
 And thai with speris sua him met
 And sua fele speris on him set
 That he and hors war chargyt sua
 That bathe till the erd gan ga
 And in that place thar slane wes he.
 Off hys deid wes rycht gret pite,
 He wes the thrid best knyght perfay
 That men wyst lyvand in his day,
 He did mony a fayr journe.

On Saryzynys thre derenyys faucht he
 And intill ilk derenye off tha
 He vencussyt Saryzynnys twa.
 His gret worschip tuk thar ending.

*[The English army scatters; many are drowned in Bannockburn
 or are killed by Scots]*

And fra Schyr Aymer with the king
 Was fled wes nane that durst abid
 Bot fled scalyt on ilka sid,
 And thar fayis thaim pressyt fast.
 Thai war to say suth sua agast
 And fled sa fast rycht effrayitly
 That off thaim a full gret party
 Fled to the water of Forth and thar
 The mast part off thaim drownyt war,
 And Bannokburne betwix the brays
 Off men and hors sua stekyt wais
 That apon drownyt hors and men
 Men mycht pas dry out—our it then.
 And laddis swanys and rangaill
 Quhen thai saw vencussyt the bataill
 Ran amang thaim and sua gan sla
 As folk that na defens mycht ma
 That war pitte for to se.
 Ik herd never quhar in na contre
 Folk at sa gret myscheiff war stad,
 On ane sid thai thar fayis bad
 That slew thaim down foroutyn mercy,
 And thai had on the tother party
 Bannokburne that sua cumbyrsum was
 For slyk and depnes for to pas
 That thar mycht nane out—our it rid,
 Thaim worthit maugre tharis abid
 Sua that sum slayne sum drownyt war,
 Mycht nane eschap that ever come thar
 The—quhether mony gat away
 That ellisquhair fled as I sall say.

*[Edward II goes by Stirling Castle, round the Park to Linlithgow;
 Douglas pursues with too small a force]*

The king with thaim he with him had
 In a rout till the castell rad
 And wald haiff bene tharin, for thai
 Wyst nocht quhat gat to get away,
 Bot Philip the Mowbra said him till,
 'The castell, Schyr, is at your will,

But cum ye in it ye sall se
 That ye sall sone assegyt be
 And thar sall nane of Ingland
 To mak you rescours tak on hand
 And but rescours may na castell
 Be haldyn lang, ye wate this wele.
 Tharfor confort you and rely
 Your men about you rycht starkly
 And haldis about the Park your way
 Knyt als sadly as ye may,
 For I trow that nane sall haff mycht
 That chassys with sa fele to fycht.'
 And his consaill thai haiff doyne
 And beneuth the castell went thai sone
 Rycht be the Rond Table away,
 And syne the Park enveround thai
 And towart Lythkow held in hy.
 Bot I trow thai sall hastily
 Be conveyit with sic folk that thai
 I trow mycht suffre wele away,
 For Schyr James lord of Douglas
 Come to the king and askyt the chace
 And he gaff him it but abaid,
 Bot all to few of hors he haid,
 He haid nocht in his rout sixty
 The—quether he sped him hastely
 The way eftyr the king to ta.
 Now lat him on his wayis ga
 And eftre this we sall weill tell
 Quhat him intill the chace befell.

*[Capture of Hereford at Bothwell; escape of Sir Maurice Berkeley;
 flight of many to Stirling Castle; King Robert fears an English recovery]*

Quhen the gret battaill on this wis
 Was discumfyt as Ik devys
 Quhar thretty thousand wele war ded
 Or drownyt in that ilk sted,
 And sum war intill handis tane
 And other sum thar gate war gane.
 The erle of Herfurd fra the melle
 Departyt with a gret mengne
 And straucht to Bothwell tok the wai
 That than in the Inglismennys fay
 Was, and haldyn as place of wer,
 Schyr Walter Gilbertson wes ther
 Capitane and it had in ward.
 The erle of Herfurd thidderward
 Held and wes tane in our the wall
 And fyfty of his men withall,

And set in housis sindryly
 Sua that thai had thar na mastery.
 The lave went towart Inland
 Bot off that rout I tak on hand
 The thre partis war slane or tane,
 The lave with gret payn hame ar gan.
 Schyr Maurice alsua the Berclay
 Fra the gret bataill held hys way
 With a gret rout off Walis-men,
 Quharever thai yeid men mycht thaim ken
 For thai wele ner all nakyt war
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
 Thai held thar way in full gret hy
 Bot mony off thar cumpany
 Or thai till Inland come war tane
 And mony als off thaim war slayne.
 Thair fled als other wayis ser,
 Bot to the castell that wes ner
 Off Strevilline fled sic a mengye
 That it war wonder for to se,
 For the caggis all helyt war
 About the castell her and thar
 Off thaim that for strenth of that sted
 Thidderwart to warand fled,
 And for thai war sa fele that thar
 Fled under the castell war
 The King Robert that wes wytty
 Held his gud men ner him by
 For dred that ris agayne suld thai.

[Looting of the enemy; the dead knights; the treachery of the earl of Atholl]

This was the caus forsuth to say
 Quharthrouch the king of Inland
 Eschapyt hame intill his land
 Quhen that the feld sa clene wes maid
 Off Inglismen that nane abaid
 The Scottismen sone tuk in hand
 Off tharis all that ever thai fand,
 As silver gold clathis and armyng
 With veschall and all other thing
 That ever thai mycht lay on thare hand.
 So gret a riches thair thai fand
 That mony man mychty wes maid
 Off the riches that thai thar haid.
 Quhen this wes doyne that her say I
 The king send a gret cumpany
 Up to the crag thaim till assaile
 That war fled fra the gret battaill,
 And thai thaim yauld foroutyn debate,

And in hand has tane thaim fute–hate
 Syne to the king thai went thar way.
 Thai dispendyt haly that day
 In spulyeing and riches takyng
 Fra end was maid off the fechting
 And quhen thai nakyt spulyeit war
 That war slane in the bataill thar
 It wes forsuth a gret ferly
 To se samyn sa fele dede ly.
 Twa hundyr payr off spuris reid
 War tane of knychtis that war deid,
 The erle of Glosyster ded wes thar
 That men callyt Schyr Gilbert of Clar,
 And Gylis de Argente alsua
 And Payn Typtot and other ma
 That thar namys nocht tell can I.
 And apon Scottismennys party
 Thar wes slane worthi knychtis twa,
 Wilyame the Vepoynt wes ane of tha
 And Schyr Walter of Ross ane other
 That Schyr Edward the kingis brother
 Luffyt and had in sic daynte
 That as himselff him luffyt he.
 And quhen he wyst that he wes ded
 He wes sa wa and will of reide
 That he said makand ivill cher
 That him war lever that journay wer
 Undone than he sua ded had bene.
 Outakyn him men has nocht sene
 Quhar he for ony man maid menyng,
 And the caus wes of his luffing
 That he his sister paramouris
 Luffyt, and held all at rebouris
 His awyne wyff dame Ysabell.
 And tharfor sa gret distance fell
 Betwix him and the erle Davi
 Off Athole, brother to this lady
 That he apon Saynct Jhonys nycht,
 Quhen bath the kingis war boun to fycht,
 In Cammyskynnell the kingis vittail
 He tuk and sadly gert assaile
 Schyr Wilyam off Herth and him slew
 And with him men ma then ynew.
 Tharfor syne intil England
 He wes bannyst and all his land
 Wes sesyt as forfaut to the king
 That did tharoff syne his liking.

*[The burial of Gloucester; the surrender of Sir Marmaduke Tweng
and of Stirling Castle]*

Quhen the feld as I tauld you ar
 Was dispulyeit and left all bar
 The king and all his cumpany
 Blyth and joyfull glaid and mery
 Off the grace that thaim fallin was
 Towart thar innys thar wayis tays
 To rest thaim, for thai wery war.
 Bot for the erle Gilbert of Clar
 That slane wes in the bataill-place
 The king sumdele anoyit was
 For till him wele ner sib wes he,
 Than till a kirk he gert him be
 Brocht and walkyt all that nycht.
 But on the morn quhen day wes lycht
 The king rais as his willis was.
 Than ane Inglis knyght throu cas
 Hapnyt that he yeid waverand
 Swa that na man laid on him hand,
 In a busk he hyd hys armyng
 And waytyt quhill he saw the king
 In the morne cum furth arly
 Till him than is he went in hy,
 Schyr Marmeduk the Tweingue he hycht.
 He raykyt till the king all rycht
 And halyst him apon his kne.
 'Welcum, Schyr Marmeduk,' said he,
 To quhat man art thou presoner?'
 'To nane,' he said, 'bot to you her
 I yeld me at your will to be.'
 'And I ressave the, schyr,' said he.
 Than gert he tret him curtasly,
 He dwelt lang in his cumpany,
 And syne till Ingland him send he
 Arayit weile but ransoun fre
 And geff him gret gyftis tharto.
 A worthi man that sua wald do
 Mycht mak him gretly for to prise.
 Quhen Marmeduk apon this wis
 Was yoldyn, as Ik to you say,
 Than come Schyr Philip the Mowbra
 And to the king yauld the castell,
 His cunnand has he haldyn well,
 And with him tretyt sua the king
 That he belevyt of his dwelling
 And held him lely his fay
 Quhill the last end off his lyf-day.

*[Douglas is joined by Sir Laurence Abernethy;
 they follow King Edward to Winchburgh]*

Now will we of the lord of Douglas
 Tell how that he folowit the chas.
 He had to quhone in his cumpany
 Bot he sped him in full gret hy,
 And as he throuch the Torwod fur
 Sa met he ridand on the mur
 Schyr Laurence off Abyrnethy
 That with four scor in cumpany
 Come for till help the Inglismen
 For he was Inglisman yet then,
 Bot quhen he hard how that it wes
 He left the Inglis–mennys pes
 And to the lord Douglas rycht thar
 For to be lele and trew he swar.
 And than thai bath folowit the chas,
 And or the king off Inland was
 Passyt Lythkow thai come sa ner
 With all the folk that with thaim wer
 That weill amang thaim schout thai mycht,
 Bot thai thocht thaim to few to fycht
 With the gret rout that thai had thar
 For fyve hunder armyt thai war.
 Togidder sarraly raid thai
 And held thaim apon bridill ay,
 Thai wat governyt wittily
 For it semyt ay thai war redy
 For to defend thaim at thar mycht
 Giff thai assailyt war in fycht.
 And the lord Douglas and his men,
 How that he wald nocht schaip him then
 For to fecht with thaim all planly,
 He convoyit thaim sa narrowly
 That of the henmaist ay tuk he,
 Mycht nane behin his falowis be
 A pennystane cast na he in hy
 Was dede, or tane deliverly
 That nane rescours wald till him ma
 All–thocht he luyt him never sua.
 On this maner convoyit he
 Quhill that the king and his menye
 To Wenchburg all cummyn ar.

[Both sides rest at Winchburgh; they ride on till King Edward takes a boat at Dunbar]

Than lychtyt all that thai war
 To bayt thar hors that wer wery,
 And Douglas and his cumpany
 Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner.

Thai war sa fele withoutyn wer
 And in armys sa clenly dycht
 And sua arayit for to fycht,
 And he sa quhoyne and but supleyng
 That he wald nocht in plane fechting
 Assaile thaim, bot ay raid thaim by
 Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.
 A litill quhill thai baytyt thar
 And syne lap on and furth thai far
 And he was always by thaim ner,
 He leyt thaim nocht haff sic layser
 As anys water for to ma,
 And giff ony stad war sa
 That he behind left ony space
 Sesyt alsone in hand he was.
 Thai convoyit thaim on sic a wis
 Quhill that the king and his rout is
 Cummyn to the castell of Dunbar
 Quhar he and sum of his menye war
 Resavyt rycht weill, for yete than
 The Erle Patrik was Inglisman,
 That gert with mete and drynk alsua
 Refresche thaim weill, and syne gert ta
 A bate and send the king by se
 To Baumburgh in his awne contre.
 Thar hors thar left thai all on stray
 Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai.
 The lave that levyt thar—without
 Addressyt thaim intill a rout
 And till Berwik held straucht thar way
 In route, bot, and we suth say,
 Stad thai war full narrowly
 Or thai come thar, bot nocht—forthi
 Thai come to Berwik weill and thar
 Into the toune ressavyt war,
 Ellys at gret myscheff had thai bene.
 And quhen the lord off Douglas has sene
 That he had losyt all hys payne
 Towart the king he went agane.

*[Reflections on the kings' failure and success;
 destruction of Stirling Castle]*

The king eschapyt on this wis.
 Lo! quhat fading in fortoun is
 That will apon a man quhill smyle
 And prik on him syne a nothyr quhill,
 In na tym stable can scho stand.
 This mychty king off Inland
 Scho had set on hyr quheill on hycht

Quham with sa ferlyfull a mycht
 Off men off armys and archeris
 And off futemen and hobeleris
 He come ridand out off his land
 As I befor has borne on hand,
 And in a nycht syne and a day
 Scho set him in sa hard assay
 That he with few men in a bate
 Wes fayne for till hald hame his gate.
 Bot off this ilk quhelys turnyng
 King Robert suld mak na murnyng
 For on his syd the quheyle on hycht
 Rais quhen the tother doun gan lycht,
 For twa contraris yhe may wit wele
 Set agane othir on a quhele
 Quhen ane is hye the tothir is law,
 And gif it fall that fortune thraw
 The quheill about, it that on hicht
 Was ere it most doune lycht,
 And it that undre lawch was ar
 Mon lepe on loft in the contrar.
 Sa fure it off thir kingis twa,
 Quhen the King Robert stad was sua
 That in gret myscheiff wes he
 The tother was in his majeste,
 And quhen the King Edwardis mycht
 Wes lawyt King Robert wes on hycht,
 And now sic fortoun fell him till
 That he wes hey and at his will.
 At Strevillyne wes he yeyt liand,
 And the gret lordis that he fand
 Dede in the feld he gert bery
 In haly place honorabilly,
 And the lave syne that dede war thar
 Into gret pyttis erdyt war thar
 The castell and the towris syne
 Rycht till the ground gert he myn,
 And syne to Bothwell send he
 Schyr Edward with a gret menye
 For thar wes thine send him word
 That the rich erle off Herford
 And other mychty als wer ther.

*[Surrender of Bothwell Castle; exchange of prisoners; Robert Stewart
 and the date of compiling this book]*

Sua trefyt he with Schyr Walter
 That erle and castell and the lave
 In Schyr Edwardis hand he gave,
 And till the king the erle send he

That gert him rycht weill yemyt be
 Quhill at the last thai tretyt sua
 That he till Ingland hame suld ga
 Foroutyn paying of raunsoune fre,
 And that for him suld changyt be
 Bischap Robert that blynd was mad
 And the queyne that thai takyn had
 In presoune as befor said I
 And hyr douchter Dame Marjory.
 The erle was changyt for thir thre,
 And quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre
 The king his douchter that was far
 And wes als aperand ayr
 With Walter Stewart gan he wed
 And thai wele sone gat of thar bed
 A knav child throu our Lordis grace,
 That eftre his gud eldfader was
 Callyt Robert and syne wes king,
 And had the land in governyng
 Eftyr his worthy eyne Davy
 That regnyt twa yer and fourty.
 And in the tyme of the compiling
 Off this buk this Robert wes king,
 And off hys kynrik passit was
 Fyve yer, and wes the yer of grace
 A thousand thre hunder sevynty
 And fyve, and off his eld sixty,
 And that wes efter that the gud king
 Robert wes broucht till his ending
 Sex and fourty winter but mar.
 God grant that thai that cummyn ar
 Off his ofspring manteyme the land
 And hald the folk weill to warand
 And manteyme rycht and leawte
 Als wele as in his tyme did he.

[The king's territorial settlement; an attack on Northumberland]

King Robert now wes wele at hycht
 For ilk day than grew his mycht,
 His men woux rich and his contre
 Haboundyt weill of corne and fe
 And off alkyn other ryches,
 Myrth and solace and blythnes
 War in the land commonaly
 For ilk man blyth war and joly.
 The king eftre the gret journe
 Throu rede off his consaill preve
 In ser townys gert cry on hycht

THE BRUS

That quha—sa clemyt till haf rycht
To hald in Scotland land or fe,
That in thai twelf moneth suld he
Cum and clam yt and tharfor do
To the king that pertenyth tharto,
And giff thai come nocht in that yer
Than suld thai wit withoutyn wer
That hard thareftre nane suld be.
The king that wes of gret bounte
And besines, quhen this wes done
Ane ost gert summound eftre sone
And went thaim intill Ingland
And our—raid all Northummyrland,
And brynt housis and tuk tharpray
And syne went hame agane thar way.
I lat it schortly pas forby
For thar wes done na chevalry
Provyt that is to spek of her.
The king went oft on this maner
In Ingland for to rich his men
That in riches haboundyt then.

BOOK 14

[Edward Bruce goes to Ireland]

The erle off Carrik Schyr Edward,
 That stoutar wes than a libard
 And had na will to be in pes,
 Thocht that Scotland to litill wes
 Till his brother and him alsua,
 Tharfor to purpos gan he ta
 That he off Irland wald be king.
 Tharfor he send and had tretung
 With the Irschery off Irland,
 That in thar leawte tuk on hand
 Off all Irland to mak him king
 With—thi that he with hard fechting
 Mycht ourcum the Inglismen
 That in the land war wonnand then,
 And thai suld help with all thar mycht.
 And he that hard thaim mak sic hycht
 Intill his hart had gret liking
 And with the consent of the king
 Gadryt him men off gret bounte
 And at Ayr syne schippyit he
 Intill the neyst moneth of Mai,
 Till Irland held he straucht his wai.
 He had thar in his cumpany
 The Erle Thomas that wes worthi
 And gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray
 That sekyr wes in hard assay,
 Schyr Jhone the soullis ane gud knycht
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart that wes wycht
 The Ramsay als of Ouchterhous
 That wes wycht and chevalrous
 And Schyr Fergus off Ardrossane
 And other knychtis mony ane.
 In Wolringis Fyrth aryvyt thai
 Sauffly but bargan or assay
 And send thar schippis hame ilkan.
 A gret thing have thai undretane
 That with sa quhoine as thai war thar
 That war sex thousand men but mar
 Schup to werray all Irland,
 Quhar thai sall se mony thousand
 Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht,
 But thocht thai quhone war thai war wicht,
 And forout drede or effray

In twa bataillis tuk thar way
Towart Cragfergus it to se.

[The Scots defeat the lords of Ulster]

Bot the lordis of that countre
Mandveill, Besat and Logane
Thar men assemblyt everilkane,
The Savagis wes alsua thar,
And quhen thai assemblit war
That war wele ner twenty thousand.
Quhen thai wyst that intill thar land
Sic a menye aryvyt war
With all the folk that thai had thar
Thai went towart thaim in gret hi,
And fra Schyr Edward wist suthly
That ner till him cummand war thai
His men he gert thaim wele aray,
The avaward had the Erle Thomas
And the rerward Schyr Edward was.
Thar fayis approchyt to the fechtng
And thai met thaim but abaysing.
Thar mycht men se a gret melle,
For Erle Thomas and his menye
Dang on thar fayis sa douchtely
That in schort tym men mycht se ly
Ane hunder that all bloody war,
For hobynys that war stekyt thar
Relyt and flang and gret rowme mad
And kest thaim that apon thaim rad,
And Schyr Edwardis cumpany
Assemblyt syne sa hardely
That thai thar fayis ruschyt all.
Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall
It wes perell off his rysing.
The Scottismen in that fechtng
Sua apertly and wele thaim bar
That thar fayis sua ruschyt war
That thai haly the flycht has tane.
In that bataill wes tane or slane
All hale the flur off Ulsyster.
The Erle off Murreff gret price had ther,
For his worthi chevalry
Comfort all his cumpany.
This wes a full fayr begynnyng,
For newlingis at thar aryving
In plane bataill thai discomfyt thar
Thar fayis that four ay for ane war,
Syne to Cragfergus ar thai gane
And in the toune has innys tane.

The castell weill wes stuffyt then
 Off new with vittaill and with men,
 Thartill thai set a sege in hy.
 Mony eschewe full apertly
 Wes maid quhill thar the sege lay
 Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai,
 Quhen that the folk off Hulsyster
 Till his pes haly cummyn wer,
 For Schyr Edward wald tak on hand
 To rid furth forthyr in the land.

[Defeat of two Irish kings; the Lieutenant assembles an army at Dundalk]

Off the kingis off that countre
 Thar come till him and maide fewte
 Weill ten or twelf as Ik hard say,
 Bot thai held him schort quhile thar fay,
 For twa off thaim, ane Makgullane
 And ane other hat Makartane,
 Withset a pase intill his way
 Quhar him behovyt ned away
 With twa thousand off men with speris
 And als mony of thar archeris,
 And all the catell of the land
 War drawyn thidder to warand.
 Men callys that plase Innermallane,
 In all Irland straytar is nane.
 For Schyr Edward that kepyt thai,
 Thai thought he suld nocht thar away,
 Bot he his viage sone has tane
 And straught towart the pas is gane.
 The erle off Murreff Schyr Thomas
 That put him fyrst ay till assayis
 Lychtyt on fute with his menye
 And apertly the pase tuk he.
 Thir Ersch kingis that I spak off ar
 With all the folk that with thame war
 Met him rycht sturdely, bot he
 Assaylyt sua with his menye
 That maugre tharis thai wan the pas.
 Slayne off thar fayis fele thar was,
 Throu-out the wod thaim chasyt thai
 And sesyt in sic fusoune the pray
 That all the folk off thar ost war
 Refreschyt weill ane wouk or mar.
 At Kilsagart Schyr Edward lay,
 And wele sone he has hard say
 That at Dundalk wes assemble
 Made off the lordis off that countre.
 In ost thai war assemblyt thar,

Thar wes fyrst Schyr Richard of Clar
 That in all Irland lufftenande
 Was off the king off England
 The erle of Desmond wes thar
 And the erle alsua of Kildar,
 The Breman and the Wardoune
 That war lordis of gret renoune,
 The Butler alsua thar was
 And Schyr Morys le fys Thomas,
 Thai with thar men ar cummyn thar,
 A rycht gret ost forsuth thai war.

[The two sides prepare for battle]

And quhen Schyr Edward wyst suthly
 That thar wes swilk chevalry
 His ost in hy he gert aray
 And thidderwartis tuk the way
 And ner the toune tuk his herbery,
 Bot for he wyst all witterly
 That in the toune war mony men
 His bataillis he arayit then,
 And stud arayt in bataill
 To kep thaim gif thai wald assaile,
 And quhen that Schyr Rychard of Clar
 And other lordis that thar war
 Wyst that the Scottis men sa ner
 With thar bataillis cummyn wer,
 Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht
 For it wes layt thai wald nocht fycht
 Bot on the morne in the mornyng
 Weile sone aftre the sone-rysing
 Thai suld isch furth all that thar war,
 Tharfor that nycht thai did no mar
 Bot herbryit thaim on athyr party.
 That nycht the Scottis cumpany
 War wachyt rycht weill all at rycht,
 And on the morn quhen day wes lycht
 In twa bataillis thai thaim arayit,
 Thai stud with baneris all displayit
 For the bataill all redy boun.
 And thai that war within the toun
 Quhen sone wes rysyn schenand cler
 Send furth of thaim that within wer
 Fyfty to se the contenyng
 Off Scottismen and thar cummyng,
 And thai raid furth and saw thaim sone,
 Syne come agayne withoutyn hone.
 And quhen thai samyn lychtyt war
 thai tauld thar lordis that wer thar

That Scottismen semyt to be
 Worthi and off gret bounte,
 'Bot thai ar nocht withoutyn wer
 Half-dell a dyner till us her.'
 The lordys had off this tithing
 Gret joy and gret reconforting
 And gert men throu the cite cry
 That all suld arm thaim hastily.

[The Scots are victorious and take Dundalk; drunkenness in the army]

Quhen thai war armyt and purvayit
 And for the fycht all hale arayit
 Thai went thaim furth in gud aray,
 Sone with thar fayis assemblyt thai
 That kepyt thaim rycht hardely.
 The stour begouth thar cruelly
 For athyr part set all thar mycht
 To rusche thar fayis in the fycht
 And with all mycht on other dang.
 The stalwart stour lestylt wele lang
 That men mycht nocht persave na se
 Qyha maist at thar above suld be,
 For fra sone eftre the sone-rissing
 Quhill eftre mydmorne the fechting
 Lestyt intill swilk a dout.
 Bot than Schyr Edward that wes stout
 With all thaim of his cumpany
 Schot apon thaim sa sturdely
 That thai mycht thole no mar the fycht,
 All in a frusche thai tuk the flycht
 And thai folowyt full egrely,
 Into the toun all commonaly
 Thai entryt bath intermelle.
 Thar men mycht felloun slauchter se,
 For the rycht noble erle Thomas
 That with his rout folowyt the chas
 Maid swilk a slauchter in the toun
 And sua felloun occisioun
 That the rewys all bludy war
 Off slayne men that war lyand thar,
 The lordis war gottyn all away.
 And quhen the toun as I you say
 Wes throu gret force of fechting tane
 And all thar fayis fled or slayne
 Thai herbryit thaim all in the toun
 Quhar off vitaill wes sic fusoun
 And sua gret haboundance of wyne
 That the gud erle had doutyne
 That off thar men suld drunkyn be

And mak in drunkynnes sum melle.
 Tharfor he maid of wyne levere
 Till ilk man that he payit suld be,
 And thai had all yneuch perfay.
 That nycht rycht weill at ese war thai
 And rycht blyth of the gret honour
 That thaim befell for thar valour.
 Eftyr this fycht thai sojornyt thar
 Into Dundalk thre dayis but mar,
 Syne tuk thai southwartis thar way.
 The Erle Thomas wes forouth ay
 And as thai raid throu the countre
 Thai mycht apon the hillis se
 Sua mony men it wes ferly,
 And quhen the erle wald sturdely
 Dres him to thaim with his baner
 Thai wald fle all that evir thai wer
 Sua that in fycht nocht ane abad.
 And thai southwart thar wayis raid
 Quhill till a gret forest come thai,
 Kylrose it hat as Ik hard say,
 And thai tuk all thar herbery thar.

[The Lieutenant is defeated in another battle]

In all this tyme Rychard of Clar
 That wes the kingis luftenand
 Off the barnagis of Irland
 A gret ost he assemblyt had,
 Thai war fyve bataillis gret and braid
 That soucht Schir Edward and his men,
 Weill ner him war thai cummyn then.
 He gat sone wittring that thai wer
 Cummand on him and war sa ner.
 His men he dressyt thaim agayn
 And gert thaim stoutly ta the playn
 And syne the erle thar come to se
 And Schyr Philip the Mowbray send he,
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart went alsua.
 Furth to discover thar way thai ta,
 Thai saw the ost sone cum at hand
 Thai war to ges fyfty thousand,
 Hame till Schyr Edward raid thai then
 And said weill thai war mony men.
 He said agayne, 'The ma thai be
 The mar honour all-out haff we
 Giff that we ber us manlyly.
 We ar set her in juperty
 To wyn honour or for to dey,
 We ar to fer fra hame to fley

Tharfor lat ilk man worthi be.
 Yone ar gadryngis of this countre
 And thai sall fley I trow lychly
 And men assaile thaim manlyly.'
 All said than that thai weile suld do,
 With that approchand ner thaim to
 The bataillis come redy to fycht,
 And thai met thaim with mekill mycht
 That war ten thousand worthi men.
 The Scottismen all on fute war then,
 And thai on stedys trappyt weile
 Sum helyt all in irne and stele,
 Bot Scottismen at thar meting
 With speris persyt thar armyng
 And stekyt hors and men doun bar.
 A feloun fechtng wes than thar,
 I can nocht tell thar strakys all
 Na quha in fycht gert other fall
 Bot in schort tyme Ik underta
 Thai of Irland war contraryit sua
 That thai durst than abyd no mar
 Bot fled scalyt all that thai war,
 And levyt in the bataill sted
 Weill mony off thar gud men dede,
 Off wapnys, armyng and of ded men
 The feld was haly strowyt then.
 That gret ost rudly ruschyt was
 Bot Schyr Edward let na man chas
 Bot with presonaris that thai had tane
 Thai till the woud agayne ar gane
 Quhar that thar harnys levyt war.
 That nycht thai maid thar men gud cher
 And lovyt God fast off his grace.
 This gud knyght that sa worthi was
 Till Judas Machabeus mycht
 Be lyknyt weill that into fycht
 Forsuk na multitud off men
 Quhill he had ane aganys ten.

*[The Scots go to O'Dempsey, who gives them quarters;
 he seeks to starve and drown them]*

Thus as I said Rychard of Clar
 And his gret ost rebutyt war,
 Bot he about him nocht—forthi
 Wes gaderand men ay ythenly
 For he thocht yete to covyr his cast.
 It angyrryt him ryght ferly fast
 That twys intill batell wes he
 Discomfyt with a few mengne.

And Scottismen that to the forest
 War ridyn for to mak thar rest
 All thai twa nyctis thar thai lay
 And maid thaim myrth solace and play.
 Towart Ydymsey syne thai raid,
 Ane Yrsche king that aith had maid
 To Schyr Edward of fewte,
 For forouth that him prayit he
 To se his land and na vittaill
 Na nocht that mycht thaim help suld faile.
 Schyr Edward trowit in his hycht
 And with his rout raid thidder rycht
 A gret ryver he gert him pas
 And in a rycht fayr place that was
 Lauch by a bourne he gert thaim ta
 Thar herbery, and said he wald ga
 To ger men vittaill to thaim bring,
 He held hys way but mar dwelling.
 For he betrais thaim wes his thocht,
 In sic a place he has them broucht
 Quharof twa journais wele and mar
 All the cattell withdrawyn war,
 Swa that thai in that land mycht get
 Na thing that worth war for til ete,
 With hungyr he thocht thaim to feblis
 Syne bring on thaim thar ennemys.
 This fals traytouris men had maid
 A litill outh quhar he herbryit had
 Schyr Edward and the Scottismen
 The ischow off a louch to den
 And leyt it out into the nycht.
 The water than with a swilk a mycht
 On Schyr Edwardis men com down
 That thai in perell war to droun
 For or thai wist on flot war thai.
 With mekill payn thai gat away
 And held thar lyff as God gaff grace,
 Bot off thar harnayis tynt thar was.
 He maid thaim na gud fest perfay
 And nocht—forthi yneuch had thai,
 For thought thaim faillyt of the mete
 I warn you wele thai war wele wet.

*[The Scots are rescued; they camp near an enemy army,
 seize its foragers and make a surprise attack]*

In gret distres thar war thai stad
 For gret defaut off mete thai hade,
 And thai betwix reveris twa
 War set and mycht pas nane off tha,

The Bane that is ane arme of the se
 That with hors may nocht passyt be
 Wes betwix thaim and Hulsyster.
 Thai had bene in gret perell ther
 Ne war a scowmar of the se,
 Thomas of Downe hattyn wes he,
 Hard that the ost sa straytly than
 Wes stad, and salyt up the Ban
 Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay,
 Thai knew him weil and blyth war thai,
 Than with four schippys that he had tane
 He set our the Ban ilkane.
 And quhen thai come in biggit land
 Vittaill and mete yneuch thai fand
 And in a wod thaim herberyt thai,
 Nane of the land wist quhar thai lay,
 Thai esyt thaim and maid gud cher.
 Intill that tym besid thaim ner
 With a gret ost Schyr Richard of Clar
 And othyr gret of Irland war
 Herberyt in a forest syde,
 And ilk day thai gert men rid
 To bring vittaill on ser manerys
 To thaim fra the toun off Coigneris
 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra.
 Ilk day as thai wald cum and ga
 Thai come the Scottis ost sa ner
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer,
 And quhen the Erle Thomas persaving
 Had off thar cummyng and thar ganging
 He gat him a gud cumpany,
 Thre hunder on hors wycht and hardy,
 Thar wes Schyr Philip the Mowbray
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart als perfay
 And Schyr Alan Stewart alsua
 Schyr Robert Boid and other ma.
 Thai raid to mete the vittaleris
 That with thar vittaill fra Coigneris
 Come haldand to thar ost the way.
 Sua sudanly on thaim schot thai
 That thai war sua abaysyt all
 That thai leyt all thar wapnys fall
 And mercy petously gan cry,
 And thai tuk thaim in thar mercy
 And has thaim up sa clenly tane
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.
 The erle of thaim gat wittering
 That off thar ost in the evynnyng
 Wald cum out at the woddis sid
 And agaynys thar vittail rid.
 He thocht than on ane juperty,

And gert his menye halily
 Dycht thaim in the presoneris aray,
 Thair pennounys als with thaim tuk thai,
 And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad
 And syne towart the ost thai raid.
 Sum of thar mekill ost has sene
 Thar come and wend thai had bene
 Thar vittalouris, tharfor thai raid
 Agaynys thaim scalyt, for thai haid
 Na dred that thai thar fayis war
 And thaim hungryt alsua weill sar,
 Tharfor thai come abandounly.
 And quhen thai ner war in gret hi
 The erle and all that with him war
 Ruschyt on thaim with wapnys bar
 And thar ensenyeis hey gan cry.
 Than thai that saw sua sodanly
 Thar fayis dyng on thaim war sa rad
 That thai na hart to help thaim had
 Bot to the ost thar way gan ta,
 And thai chassyt and sua fele gan sla
 That all the feldys strowyt war,
 Ma than a thousand ded war thar.
 Rycht till thar ost thai gan thaim chas
 And syne agane thar wayis tais.

[The Lieutenant and his army occupy Connor and plan to attack the Scots]

On this wis wes that vittail tane
 And of the Irche-men mony slane.
 The erle syne with his cumpany
 Presoneris and vittalis halily
 Thai brought till Schyr Edward alswith
 And he wes of thar cummyn blyth.
 That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher
 For rycht all at thar eys thai wer,
 Thai war ay walkyt sekyrly.
 And thar fayis on the tother party
 Quhen thai hard how thar men war slane
 And how thar vittalis als wes tane
 Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald
 Thair wayis towart Coigneris hald
 And herbery in the cite ta,
 And than in gret hy thai haf don sua
 And raid be nycht to the cite,
 Thai fand thar of vittalis gret plente
 And maid thaim rycht mery cher
 For all traist in the toun thai wer.
 Apon the morne thai send to spy
 Quhar Scottismen had tane herbery,

Bot thai war withall als tane
 And brocht rycht till the ost ilkane.
 The erle of Murreff rycht mekly
 Speryt at ane of thar cumpany
 Quhar thar ost wes and quhat thai thocht
 To do, and said him gif he moucht
 Fynd that till him the suth said he
 He suld gang hame but ransoun fre.
 He said, 'Forsuth I sall you say,
 Thai think to—morn, quhen it is day,
 To sek you with all thar menye
 Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.
 Thai haff gert throu the countre cry
 Off payne of lyve full felounly
 That all the men of this countre
 Tonycht into the cyte be,
 And trewly thai sall be sa fele
 That ye sall na wis with thaim dele.'
 'De pardew,' said he, 'weill may be.'
 To Schyr Edward with that yeid he
 And tauld him utrely this tale.

*[The Scots move camp; the enemy scouts survey them,
and decide to attack; Moray ambushes the enemy]*

Than haf thai tane for consale hale
 That thai wald rid to the cite
 That ilk nycht sua that thai mycht be
 Betwix the toune with all thar rout
 And thaim that war to cum with—out.
 Als thai devisyt thai haf done,
 Befor the toune thai come alsone
 And bot halfindall a myle of way
 Fra the cite arest tuk thai.
 And quhen the day wes dawyn lycht
 Fyfty on hobynys that war wycht
 Come till a litill hill that was
 Bot fra the toun a litill space
 And saw Schyr Edwardis herbery,
 And off the sycht had gret ferly
 That sua quhone durst on ony wis
 Undretak sa hey enprys
 As for to cum sa hardely
 Apon all the chevalry
 Off Irland for to bid battaill.
 And sua it wes withoutyn faill,
 For agane thaim war gadryt thar
 With the wardane Richard of Clar
 The Butler and erlis twa,
 Off Desmound and Kildar war tha,

Bryman, Werdoune and fis Waryne
 And Schyr Paschall the Florentine
 That wes a knyght of Lumbardy
 And wes full of chevalry.
 The Maundveillis war thar alsua
 Besatis Loganys and other ma
 Savages als, and yeit wes ane
 Hat Schyr Nycholl of Kylkenane,
 And with thir lordis sa fele wes then
 That for ane of the Scottismen
 I trow that thai war fyve or ma.
 Quhen thir discourouris seyne had sua
 The Scottis ost thai went in hy
 And tauld thair lordis opynly
 How thai to thaim war cummyn ner
 To sek thaim fer wes na myster.
 And quhen the erle Thomas had sene
 That thai men at the hill had bene
 He tuk with him a gud menye
 On hors, ane hunder thai mycht be,
 And till the hill thai tuk thar way.
 In a slak thaim enbuschyt thai
 And in schort tyme fra the cite
 Thai saw cum ridand a mengne
 For to discour to the hill.
 Then war thai blyth and held thaim still
 Quhill thai war cummyn to thaim ner,
 Than in a frusche all that thai wer
 Thai schot apon thaim hardely,
 And thai that saw sa sudandly
 That folk cum on abaysit war.
 And nocht—forthi sum of thaim thar
 Abad stoutly to ma debate,
 And other sum ar fled thar gate,
 And into wele schort tyme war thai
 That maid arest contraryit sua
 That thai fled halyly thar gat,
 And thai thaim chassyt rycht to the yat
 And a gret part off thaim has slayn,
 And syne went till thar ost agayn.

BOOK 15

[The Scots win a great battle at Connor]

Quhen thai within has sene sua slayn
 Thar men and chassyt hame agayn
 Thai war all wa, and in gret hy
 'Till armys!' hely gan thai cry.
 Than armyt thaim all that thai war
 And for the bataill maid thaim yar
 Thai ischyt out all wele arayit
 Into the bataill baner displayit
 Bowne on thar best wis till assaile
 Thar fayis into fell bataill.
 And quhen Schyr Philip the Mowbra
 Saw thaim ische in sa gud aray
 Till Schyr Edward the Bruys went he
 And said, 'Schyr, it is gud that we
 Schap for sum slycht that may availe
 To help us into this bataill.
 Our men ar quhoyne, bot thai haf will
 To do mar than thai may fulfill,
 Tharfor I rede our cariage
 Foroutyn ony man or page
 Be thaimselvyn arayit be
 And thai sall seyme fer ma than we,
 Set we befor thaim our baneris,
 Yone folk that cummys out of Coigneris
 Quhen thai our baneris thar may se
 Sall trow traistly that thar ar we
 And thidder in gret hy sall thai rid.
 Cum we than on thaim at a sid
 And we sall be at avantag,
 For fra thai in our cariag
 Be entryt thai sall combryt be,
 And than with all our mycht may we
 Lay on and do all that we may.'
 All as he ordanyt done haf thai,
 And thai that come out of Coigneris
 Addressyt thaim to the baneris
 And smate with spuris the hors in hy
 And ruschit thaim sudandly.
 The barell–ferraris that war thar
 Cumbryt thaim fast that ridand war,
 And than the erle with his bataill
 Come on and sadly gan assaill,
 And Schyr Edward a litill by

Assemblit sua rycht hardely
 That mony a fey fell undre fete,
 The feld wox sone of blud all wete.
 With sa gret felny thar thai faucht
 And sic routis till other raucht
 With stok with stane and with retrete
 As ather part gan other bet
 That it wes hidwys for to se.
 Thai mantemyt that gret melle
 Sa knychtlik apon ather sid
 Giffand and takand routis rid
 That pryme wes passyt or men mycht se
 Quha mast at thar abov mycht be,
 Bot sone eftre that prime wes past
 The Scottismen dang on sa fast
 And schot on thaim at abandoun
 As ilk man war a campioun
 That all thar fayis tuk the flycht,
 Wes nane of thaim that wes sa wicht
 That evyr durst abid his fer
 Bot ilk man fled thar wayis ser.

[Slaughter in Connor; the prisoners and wounded]

To the toun fled the mast party,
 And Erle Thomas sa egrely
 And his route chassyt with swerdis bar
 That amang thame mellyt war
 That all togidder come in the toun.
 Than wes the slauchter sa felloun
 That all the ruys ran of blud,
 Thaim that thai gat to ded all yhud
 Sua that than thar weill ner wer dede
 Als fele as in the bataill–stede.
 The fys Warine wes takyn thar,
 Bot sua rad wes Richard of Clar
 That he fled to the south countre,
 All that moneth I trow that he
 Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.
 Schyr Jhone Stewart a noble knycht
 Wes woundyt throu the body thar
 With a sper that scharply schar,
 Bot to Monpeller went he syne
 And lay thar lang intill helyne
 And at the last helyt wes he.
 Schyr Edward than with his menye
 Tuk in the toun thar herbery,
 That nycht thai blyth war and joly
 For the victour that thai had thar.

THE BRUS

[Siege of Carrickfergus Castle; a truce is broken by ships from Dublin]

And on the morn foroutyn mar
Schyr Edward gert men gang and se
All the vittail of that cite,
And thai fand sic foyssoun tharin
Off corne and flour and wax and wyn
That thai had of it gret ferly,
And Schyr Edward gert halily
Intill Cragfergus it caryit be,
Syne thidder went his men and he
And held the sege full stalwartly
Quhill Palme Sondag wes passit by.
Than quhill the Twysday in Pays wouk
On ather half thai trewys touk
Sua that thai mycht that haly tid
In pennance and in prayer bid.
Bot apon the Pasche evyn rycht
To the castell into the nycht
Fra Devillyne schippis come fyften
Chargyt with armyt men bedene,
Four thousand trow I weill thai war,
In the castell thai entryt ar.
The Maundveill auld Schyr Thomas
Capitane of that menye was.
Intill the castell prively
Thai entryt for thai had gert spy
That mony of Schyr Edwardis men
War scalyt in the contre then,
Tharfor thai thocht in the mornynge
Till isch but langer delaying
And to suppris thaim suddanly,
For thai thocht thai suld traistly
For the trewys that takyn war,
Bot I trow falset evermar
Sall have unfayr and evill ending.

[The new force attacks the besieging Scots; Sir Neil Campbell wounded]

Schyr Edward wist of this nathing
For off tresoun had he na thought,
Bot for the trew he levyt nocht
To set wachis to the castell,
Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele
And Nele Flemyng wachit that nycht
With sixty men worthi and wycht.
And als sone as the day wes cler
Thai that within the castell wer
Had armyt thaim and maid thaim boun

And sone thar brig avalit down
 And ischit intill gret plente,
 And quhen Nele Flemyng gan thaim se
 He send ane to the king in hy
 And said to thaim that war him by,
 'Now sall men se, Ik undretak,
 Quha dar dey for his lordis sak.
 Now ber you weill, for sekyrly
 With all this mengne fecht will I,
 Intill bargane thim hald sall we
 Quhill that our maister armyt be.'
 With that word assemblyt thai,
 Thai war to few all-out perfay
 With sic a gret rout for to fycht,
 Bot nocht-forthi with all thar mycht
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely
 That all thar fayis had gret ferly
 That thai war all of swilk manheid
 As thai na drede had of thar dede.
 Bot thar fayis sa gane assaile
 That na worschip thar mycht availe,
 Than thai war slayne up everilkane
 Sa clene that thar eschapyt nane
 And the man that went to the king
 For to warne him of thar isching
 Warnyt him in full gret hy.

[Edward Bruce defeats the men from the castle; Neil Campbell dies]

Schyr Edward wes commonaly
 Callyt the king of Irland.
 And quhen he hard sic thing on hand
 In full gret hast he gat his ger,
 Twelff wucht men in his chawmer wer
 That armyt thaim in full gret hy,
 Syne with his baner hardily
 The myddis of the toun he tays.
 Weill ner cummand war his fayis
 That had delt all thar men in thre,
 The Maundvell with a gret menye
 Rycht throu the toun the way held down,
 The lave on athyr sid the toun
 Held to mete thaim that fleand war,
 Thai thocht that all that thai fand thar
 Suld dey but ransoune everilkane.
 Bot uthyr-wayis the gle is gane,
 For Schyr Edward with his baner
 And his twelff I tauld you of er
 On all that route sua hardely
 Assemblyt that it wes ferly,

For Gib Harpar befor him yeid
 That wes the douchteast in deid
 That than wes livand off his state,
 And with ane ax maid him sic gat
 That he the fyrst fellyt to ground,
 And off thre in a litill stound
 The Maundveill be his armyng
 He knew and roucht him sic a swyng
 That he till erd yeid hastily.
 Schyr Edward that wes ner him by
 Reversyt him and with a knyff
 Rycht in that place him reft the liff.
 With that off Ardrossane Fergus
 That wes a knycht rycht curageous
 Assemblyt with sixty and ma,
 Thai pressyt than thar fayis sua
 That thai that saw thar lord slayne
 Tynt hart and wald haf bene again,
 And ay as Scottismen mycht be
 Armyt thai come to the melle
 And dang apon thar fayis sua
 That thai all the bak gan ta,
 And thai thaim chassyt to the yat,
 Thar wes hard fycht and gret debat.
 Thar slew Schyr Edward with his hand
 A knycht that of all Irland
 Was callit best and of maist bounte,
 To surname Maundveill had he,
 His awne name I can nocht say,
 Bot his folk to sa hard assay
 War set as thai of the doungeoun
 Durst opyn na yhat na brig lat down.
 And Schyr Edward, Ik tak on hand,
 Soucht thaim that fled thar to warand
 Sa felly that of all perfay
 That ischynt apon him that day
 Thar eschapyt never ane
 That thai ne war other tane or slayn,
 For to the fycht Maknakill then
 Come with twa hundreth spermen
 And thai slew all thai mycht to–wyn.
 This ilk Maknakill with a gyn
 Wan off thar schippis four or fyve
 And haly reft the men thar lif.
 Quhen end wes maid of this fechting
 Yeit then wes lyffand Nele Fleming.
 Schyr Edward went him for to se,
 About him slayne lay his menye
 All in a lump on athyr hand
 And he redy to dey throwand.
 Schyr Edward had of him pite

And him full gretly menynt he
 And regratyt his gret manheid
 And his worschip and douchty deid,
 Sic mayn he maid men had gret ferly
 For he wes nocht custummabilly
 Wont for to meyne men ony thing
 Na wald nocht her men mak menyng.
 He stud tharby till he wes ded
 And syne had him till haly sted
 And him with worschip gert he be
 Erdyt with gret solemnite.

[Surrender of Carrickfergus Castle]

On this wis ischit Maundvill,
 Bot sekyrly falset and gyle
 Sall allwayis haif ane ivill ending
 As weill is sene be this isching,
 In tyme of trewys ischit thai
 And in sic tyme as on Pasche day
 Quhen God rais for to sauf mankin
 Fra wem of auld Adamys syne,
 Tharfor sa gret myschaunce thaim fell
 That ilkane as ye hard me tell
 War slayne up or takyn thar.
 And thai that in the castell war
 War set intill sic fray that hour
 For thai couth se quhar na succour
 Suld cum to releyff, and thai
 Tretyt and till a schort day
 The castell till him yauld fre
 To sauff thaim lyff and lym, and he
 Held thaim full weill his cunnand.
 The castell tuk he in his hand
 And vyttalyt weill and has set
 A gud wardane it for to get,
 And a quhill tharin restyt he.

*[King Robert sails to the Isles, is drawn between the Tarberts;
 submission of the Islesmen]*

Off him no mar now spek will we
 Bot to King Robert will we gang
 That we haff left unspokyn of lang.
 Quhen he had convoyit to the se
 His brodyr Edward and his menye
 With schippes he maid him yar
 Intill the Ilis for till fare
 Walter Steward with him tuk he

His mawch and with him gret menyhe
 And other men off gret noblay.
 To Tarbart thai held thar way
 In galayis ordanyt for thar far,
 Bot thaim worthy draw thar schippis thar,
 And a myle wes betwix the seys
 Bot that wes lownyt all with treis.
 The king his schippis thar gert draw,
 And for the wynd couth stoutly blaw
 Apon thar bak as thai wald ga
 He gert men rapys and mastis ta
 And set thaim in the schippis hey
 And sayllis to the toppis tey
 And gert men gang tharby drawand,
 The wynd thaim helpyt that wes blawand
 Sua that in a litill space
 Thar flote all our-drawin was.
 And quhen thai that in the Ilis war
 Hard how the gud king had thar
 Gert his schippis with saillis ga
 Out-our betwix the Tarbartis twa
 Thai war abaysit sa uterly
 For thai wyst throu auld prophecy
 That he that suld ger schippis sua
 Betwix thai seis with saillis ga
 Suld wyne the Ilis sua till hand
 That nane with strenth suld him withstand.
 Tharfor thai come all to the king,
 Wes nane withstud his bidding
 Outakyn Jhone of Lorne allane,
 Bot weill sone eftre wes he tane
 And present rycht to the king,
 And thai that war of his leding
 That till the king had brokyn fay
 War all dede and distroyit away.
 This Jhone of Lorne the king has tane
 And send him furth to Dunbertane
 A quhill in presoun thar to be,
 Syne to Louchlevyn send wes he
 Quhar he wes quhill in festnyng,
 I trow he maid tharin ending.
 The king quhen all the Ilis war
 Brocht till his liking les and mar,
 All that sesoun thar dwellyt he
 At huntynge gamyn and at gle.

[Edmund de Caillou plunders the Merse]

Quhill the king apon this maner
 Dauntyt the Ilis as I tell her

The gud Schyr James of Douglas
 Intill the Forest dwelland was
 Defendand worthely the land.
 That tyme in Berwik wes dwelland
 Edmound de Cailow a Gascoun
 That wes a knycht of gret renoune
 And intill Gascoune his contre
 Lord off gret senyoury wes he.
 He had Berwik in keping
 And maid a prive gadering
 And gat him a gret cumpany
 Of wycht men armyt jolily,
 And the nethyr end of Tevidale
 He prayit doun till him all hale
 And of the Mers a gret party,
 Syne towart Berwik went in hy.
 Schyr Adam of Gordoun that than
 Wes becummyn Scottisman
 Saw thaim dryf sua away thar fe
 And wend thai had bene quhone for he
 Saw bot the fleand scaill perfay
 And thaim that sesyt in the pray.
 Than till Schyr James of Douglas
 Into gret hye the way he tais
 And tauld how Inglismen thair pray
 Had tane and syne went thar way
 Toward Berwik with all thar fee,
 And said thai quheyn war and gif he
 Wald sped him he suld weill lichtly
 Wyn thaim and reskew all the ky.

[Douglas pursues, catches and kills Caillou]

Schyr James rycht soyne gaf his assent
 Till follow thame and furth is went
 Bot with the men that he had thair
 And met hym by the gat but mair.
 Thai followit thame in full gret hy
 And com weill neir thame hastely
 For or thai mycht thame fully se
 Thai come weill ner with thair menye,
 And than bath the forreouris and the scaill
 Intill a childrome knyt all haill
 And wes a rycht fair cumpany.
 Befor thame gert thai driff the ky
 With knavis and swanys that na mycht
 Had for to stand in feld and fycht,
 The lave behynd thaim maid a stale.
 The Douglas saw thar lump all hale
 And saw thaim of sa gud covyn

And saw thai war sa mony syne
 That thai for ane of his war twa.
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sen it is sua
 That we haf chassyt of sic maner
 That we now cummyn ar sa ner
 That we may nocht eschew the fycht
 Bot gif we fouly ta the flycht,
 Lat ilkane on his lemman mene
 And how he mony tyme has bene
 On gret thrang and weill cummyn away.
 Think we to do rycht sua today,
 And tak we of this furd her—by
 Our advantage for in gret hy
 Thai sall cum on us for to fycht.
 Set we than will and strenth and mycht
 For to mete thaim rycht hardely.'
 And with that word full hastily
 He displayit his baner
 For his fayis war cummand ner
 That quhen thai saw he wes sa quhoynes
 Thocht thai suld with thaim sone haf done
 And assemblit full hardely.
 Thar men mycht se men fecht felly
 And a rycht cruell melle mak
 And mony strakys giff and tak.
 The Douglas thar weill hard wes stad,
 Bot the gret hardyment that he hade
 Comfort hys men on sic a wys
 That na man thocht on cowardys
 Bot faucht sa fast with all thar mayn
 That thai fele of thar fayis has slayn,
 And thought thai be weill fer war ma
 Than thai, yeit ure demanyt thaim sua
 That Edmound de Cailow wes ded
 Rycht in that ilk fechtyn—stede,
 And all the lave fra he wes done
 War planly discomfyt sone,
 And thai that chassyt sum has slayn
 And turnyt the prayis all agayn.
 The hardast fycht forsuth this wes
 That ever the gud lord off Douglas
 Wes in as off sa few mengne,
 For nocht had bene his gret bounte
 That slew thar chyftane in that fycht
 His men had all to dede bene dycht.
 He had intill custoume alway
 Quhenever he come till hard assay
 To preys him the chiftane to sla,
 And her fell hap that he did sua,
 That gert him haff victour fele sys.
 Quhen Schyr Edmound apon this wis

Wes dede the gud lord of Douglas
 To the Forest his wayis tays.
 His fayis gretly gan him dred,
 The word sprang weile fer of his deid
 Sua that in Ingland ner tharby
 Men spak of it commonaly.

[The challenge of Sir Robert Neville is taken up by Douglas]

Schir Robert Nevile that tid
 Wonnyt at Berwik ner besid
 The march quhar the lord Douglas
 In the forest repayrand was
 And had at him gret invy,
 For he saw him sa manlyly
 Mak ay his boundis mar and mar.
 He hard the folk that with him war
 Spek off the lord Douglas mycht
 And how he forsye wes in fycht
 And how him fell oft fayr fortoun.
 He wrethyt tharat all-soun
 And said, 'Quhat wene ye, is thar nane
 That ever is worth bot he allane.
 Ye set him as he wer but per,
 Bot Ik avow befor you her
 Giff ever he cum intill this land
 He sall fynd me ner at his hand,
 And gif Ik ever his baner
 May se displayit apon wer
 I sall assembl on him but dout
 All-thocht yhe hald him never sa stout.'
 Of this avow sone bodword was
 Brocht to Schyr James of Douglas
 That said, 'Gif he will hald his hycht
 I sall do sa he sall haiff sycht
 Off me an my cumpany
 Yeyt or oucht lang wele ner him by.'
 Hys retenew than gaderyt he
 That war gud men of gret bounte,
 And till the march in gud aray
 Apon a nycht he tuk the way
 Sua that into the mornyng arly
 He wes with all his cumpany
 Befor Berwik and thar he maid
 Men to display his baner brad,
 And of his menye sum sent he
 For to bryn townys twa or thre,
 And bad thaim sone agayne thaim sped
 Sua that on hand giff thar come ned
 Thai mycht be for the fycht redy.

[Neville waits then attacks Douglas's force]

The Nevill that wist witterly
 That Douglas cummyn wes sa ner
 And saw all braid stand his baner,
 Than with the folk that with him war
 And he had a gret menye thar
 For all the gud off that countre
 Intill that tyme with him had he
 Sua that he thar with him had then
 Wele may then war the Scottismen,
 He held his way up till a hill
 And said, 'Lordingis, it war my will
 To mak end off the gret deray
 That Douglas mayis us ilk day,
 Bot me think it spedfull that we
 Abid quhill his men scalit be
 Throu the countre to tak thar pray,
 Than fersly schout on thaim we may
 And we sall haf thaim at our will.'
 Than all thai gaf assent thar–till
 And on the hill abaid howand.
 The men fast gaderyt of the land
 And drew till him in full gret hy.
 The Douglas then that wes worthi
 Thocht it wes foly mar to bid,
 Towart the hill than gan he rid,
 And quhen the Nevill saw that thai
 Wald nocht pas furth to the forray
 Bot pressyt to thaim with thar mycht
 He wist weill than that thai wald fycht
 And till his mengye gan he say,
 'Lordingis, now hald we furth our way,
 Her is the flour of the countre
 And may then thai alsua ar we,
 Assembill we then hardely,
 For Douglas with yone yhumanry
 Sall haf na mycht till us perfay.'
 Then in a frusch assemblyt thai,
 Than mycht men her the speris brast
 And ilkane ding on other fast,
 And blude bryst out at woundis wid.
 Thai faucht fast apon athyr sid
 For athyr party gan thaim payn
 To put thar fayis on bak agayn.

[Douglas fights with and kills Neville; division of the spoils]

The lordis off Nevill and Douglas
 Quhen at the fechtng fellast was
 Met togidder rycht in the preys,
 Betwix thaim than gret bargane wes.
 Thai faucht felly with all thar maucht,
 Gret routis ather othyr raucht,
 Bot Douglas starkar wes Ik hycht
 And mar usyt alsua to fycht,
 And he set hart and will alsua
 For to deliver him of his fa
 Quhill at the last with mekill mayn
 Off fors the Nevill has he slayn,
 Then his ensenye hey gan cry
 And the lave sa hardely
 He ruschyt with his menye
 That intill schort tym men mycht se
 Thar fayis tak thaim to the flycht
 And thai thaim chassyt with all thar mycht
 Schir Rauff Nevill in the chas
 And the baron of Hiltoun was
 Takyn and other of mekill mycht.
 Thar wes fele slayne into that fycht
 That worthi in thar tym had bene.
 And quhen the feld wes clengit clen
 Sua that thar fayis everilkane
 War slayne or chassyt awai or tan
 Than gert he forray all the land
 And sesyt all that ever thai fand
 And brynt townys in thar way,
 Syne hale and fer cummyn ar thai.
 The prayis amang his menye
 Eftre thar meritis delt he
 And held na thing till his behuff.
 Sic dedis aucht to ger men luff
 Thar lord, and sua thai did perfay.
 He tretyt thaim sa wisly ay
 And with sa mekill luff alsua
 And sic avancement wald ma
 Off thar deid that the mast cownt
 He maid stouther then a libart,
 With cherysing thusgat maid he
 His men wycht and of gret bounte.

[The reputation of Douglas]

Quhen Nevill thus was brocht to ground
 And of Cailow auld Schyr Edmound,
 The drede of the lord of Douglas
 And his renoune sa scalit was
 Throu-out the marchis of Ingland

That all that war tharin wonnand
 Dred him as the fell devill of hell,
 And yeit haf Ik hard oftsys tell
 That he sa gretly dred wes than
 That quhen wivys wald childer ban
 Thai wald rycht with ane angry face
 Betech thaim to the blak Douglas.
 A For with thair taill he wes mair fell
 B Than wes ony devill in hell.
 Throu his gret worschip and bounte
 Sua with his fayis dred wes he
 That thaim growyt to her his name.
 He may at ese now dwell at hame
 A quhill for I trow he sall nocht
 With fayis all a quhile be socht.
 Now lat him in the Forest be,
 Off him spek now no mar will we,
 Bot off Schyr Edward the worthi
 That with all his chevalry
 Wes at Cragfergus yeit liand
 To spek mar we will tak on hand.

BOOK 16

[King Robert goes to Ireland]

Quhen Schyr Edward, as Ik said ar,
 Had discomfyt Richard of Clar
 And of Irland all the barnage
 Thris throu his worthi vasselag
 And syne with all his men of mayn
 Till Cragfergus wes cummyn agayn,
 The gud erle of Murreff Thomas
 Tuk leyff in Scotland for to pas,
 And he him levyt with a gruching,
 And syne him chargyt to the king
 To pray him specialli that he
 Cum intill Irland him to se,
 For war thai bath into that land
 Thai suld fynd nane suld thaim withstand.
 The erle furth thane his way has tane
 And till his schipping is he gayn
 And sayllyt weill out—our the se.
 Intill Scotland sone aryvit he,
 Syne till the king he went in hy,
 And he resavyt him glaidsumly
 And speryt of his brodyr fayr
 And of journayis that thai had thar,
 And he him tauld all but lesing.
 Quhen the king left had the spering
 His charge to the gud king tauld he,
 And he said he wald blythly se
 Hys brother and se the affer
 Off that cuntre and off thar wer.
 A gret mengye then gaderyt he,
 And twa lordys of gret bounte
 The tane the Stewart Walter was
 The tother James of Douglas
 Wardanys in his absence maid he
 For to maynteyme wele the countre,
 Syne to the se he tuk the way
 And at Lochriane in Galloway
 He schippyt with all his menye,
 To Cragfergus sone cummyn is he.
 Schyr Edward of his come wes blyth
 And went down to mete him swyth
 And welcummyt him with glaidsome cher,
 Sa did he all that with him wer
 And specially the erle Thomas

Off Murreff that his nevo was,
 Syne till the castell went thai yar
 And maid thaim mekill fest and far.
 Thai sojournt that dayis thre
 And that in myrth and jolyte.

[The Scots march south and an ambush is prepared for them]

King Robert apon this kyn wis
 Intill Irland aryvit is,
 And quhen in Cragfergus had he
 With his men sojournt dayis thre
 Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald
 With thar folk thar wayis hald
 Throu all Irland fra end till other.
 Schyr Edward than the kingis brother
 Befor in the avaward raid,
 The king himselff the rerward maid
 That had intill his cumpany
 The erle Thomas that wes worthi.
 Thar wayis southwart haff thai tane
 And sone ar passyt Inderwillane.
 This wes in the moneth of May
 Quhen byrdis syngis in ilk spray
 Melland thar notis with seymly soun
 For softnes of the swet sesoun,
 And levys off the branchys spredis
 And blomys brycht besid tham bredis
 And feldis ar strowyt with flouris
 Well saverand of ser colouris
 And all thing worthis blyth and gay,
 Quhen that this gud king tuk his way
 To rid southwart as I said ar.
 The wardane than Richard of Clar
 Wyst the king wes aryvyt sua
 And wyst that he schup him to ta
 His way towart the south contre,
 And of all Irland assemblit he
 Bath burges and chevalry
 And hobilleris and yhumanry
 Quhill he had ner fourty thousand.
 Bot he wald nocht yet tak on hand
 With all his fayis in feld to fycht
 Bot he umbethocht him of ane slycht,
 That he with all his gret menye
 Wald in a wod enbuschit be
 All prively besid the way
 Quhar that thar fayis suld away,
 And lat the avaward pas fer by
 And syne assemblit hardely

On the rerward with all thar men.
 Thai did as thai divisyt then,
 In ane wod thai enbuschit wer,
 The Scottis ost raid by thaim ner
 Bot thai na schawing of thaim maid.

[The ambush of King Robert's men; the folly of Colin Campbell]

Schyr Edward weill fer forouth rad
 With thaim that war of his menye,
 To the rerward na tent tuk he,
 And Schyr Richard of Clar in hy
 Quhen Schyr Edward wes passyt by
 Send lycht yomen that weill couth schout
 To bykkyr the rerward apon fute.
 Then twa of thaim that send furth war
 At the wod sid thaim bykkerit thar
 And schot amang the Scottismen.
 The king that had thar with him then
 Weill fyve thousand wicht and worthi
 Saw thai twa sa abandounly
 Schut amang thaim and cum sa ner.
 He wist rycht weill withoutyn wer
 That thai rycht ner suppowall had,
 Tharfor a bidding has he mad
 That na man sall be sa hardy
 To prik at thaim, bot sarraly
 Rid redy ay into bataill
 To defend gif men wald assail,
 'For we sall sone, Ik undreta,'
 He said, 'haf for to do with ma.'
 Bot Schyr Colyne Cambell, that ner
 Was by quhar thai twa yhumen wer
 Schoutand amang thaim hardily,
 Prykyt on thaim in full gret hy
 And sone the tane has our-tane
 And with the sper him sone has slane,
 The tother turnyt and schot agayne
 And at the schot his hors has slane.
 With that the king come hastily
 And intill his malancoly
 With a trounsoun intill hys new
 To Schyr Colyne sic dusche he geve
 That he dynnyt on his arsoun,
 Than bad he smertly tit him down.
 Bot other lordis that war him by
 Ameyssyt the king into party,
 And he said, 'Breking of bidding
 Mycht caus all our discumfiting.
 Weyne ye yone ribaldis durst assaill

Us sa ner intill our bataill
 Bot giff thai had suppowaill ner.
 I wate rycht weill withoutyn wer
 That we sall haf to do in hy,
 Tharfor luk ilk man be redy.'
 With that weill neir thretty or ma
 Off bowmen come and bykyrit sua
 That thai hurt off the kingis men.
 The king has gert his archeris then
 Schoute for to put thai men agayn.
 With that thai entryt in a playn
 And saw arayit agayn thaim stand
 In four bataillis fourty thousand.
 The king said, 'Now, lordingis, lat se
 Quha worthy in this fycht sall be,
 On thaim foroutyn mar abaid.'

[The fight and victory of King Robert]

Sa stoutly than on thaim thai raid
 And assemblyt sa hardely
 That off thar fayis a gret party
 War laid at erd at thar meting.
 Thar wes off speris sic bristing
 As ather apon other raid
 That it a wele gret frusch has maid,
 Hors come thar fruschand heid for heid
 Sua that fele on the ground felle deid.
 Mony a wycht and worthi man
 As ather apon other ran
 War duschyt dede down to the ground,
 The red blud out off mony a wound
 Ruschyt in sa gret foysoun than
 That off the blud the stremys ran.
 And thai that wraith war and angry
 Dang on other sa hardily
 With wapnys that war brycht and bar
 That mony a gud man deyit thar,
 For thai that hardy war and wycht
 And frontlynys with thar fayis gan fycht
 Pressyt thaim formast for to be.
 Thar mycht men cruell bargane se
 And hard bataill. Ik tak on hand
 In all the wer off Irland
 Sa hard a fechting wes nocht sene,
 The—quhether of gret victours nynteyne
 Schyr Edward has withoutyn wer,
 And into les than in thre yer,
 And in syndry bataillis of tha
 Vencussyt thretty thousand and ma

With trappyt hors rycht to the fete,
 Bot in all tymys he wes yete
 Ay ane for fyve quhen lest wes he.
 Bot the king into this melle
 Had alwayis aucht of his fa-men
 For ane, bot he sua bar him then
 That his gud deid and his bounte
 Confortyt sua all his menye
 That the mast coward hardy wes,
 For quhar he saw the thikkest pres
 Sa hardely on thaim he raid
 That thar about him roume he maid,
 And Erle Thomas the worthi
 Wes in all tyme ner him by
 And faucht as he war in a rage,
 Sua that for thar gret vasselage
 Thar men sic gret hardyment gan tak
 That thai na perell wald forsak
 Bot thaim abandound sa stoutly
 And dang apon thaim sa hardely
 That all thar fayis affrayit war.
 And thai that saw weill be thar far
 That thai eschewyt sumdele the fycht
 Than dang thai on with all thar mycht
 And pressit thame dyngand so fast
 That thai the bak gaf at the last,
 And thai that saw thaim tak the flicht
 Pressit thame than with all thare mycht
 And in thar fleyng fele gan sla.
 The kingis men has chassyt sua
 That thai war scalyt everilkane.
 Rychard off Clar the way has tane
 To Devillyne into full gret hy
 With other lordys that fled him by
 And warnysyt bath castellis and townys
 That war in thar possessiounys.
 Thai war sa felly fleyit thar
 That I trow Schyr Richard off Clar
 Sall haiff na will to faynd his mycht
 In bataill na in fors to fycht
 Quhill King Robert and his menye
 Is dwelland in that cuntre.
 Thai stuffyt strenthis on this wis,
 And the king that wes to pris
 Saw in the feld rycht mony slane,
 And ane of thaim that thar wes tane
 That wes arayit jolyly
 He saw greyt wonder tenderly,
 And askyt him quhy he maid sic cher.
 He said him, 'Schyr, withoutyn wer
 It is na wonder thocht I gret.

I se fele her lossyt the suet,
 The flour of all north Irland
 That hardyast war of thar hand
 And mast doutyt in hard assay.'
 The king said, 'Thou dois wrang perfay,
 Thou has mar caus myrthis to ma
 For thou the dede eschapyt sua.'

[Edward Bruce upbraided; the Scots' journey, and the wait for the laundress]

Richard off Clar on this maner
 And all his folk discomfyt wer
 With few folk, as I to you tauld,
 And quhen Edward the Bruys the bauld
 Wyst at the king had fochtyn sua
 With sa fele folk, and he tharfra,
 Mycht na man se a waer man.
 Bot the gud king said till him than
 That it wes his awne foly
 For he raid sua unwittely
 Sa far befor, and na vaward
 Maid to thaim of the rerward,
 For he said quha on wer wald rid
 In a vaward he suld na tid
 Pas fra his rerward fer of sycht
 For gret perell sua fall thar mycht.
 Off this fycht will we spek no mar,
 Bot the king and all that thar war
 Raid furthwartis in bettyr aray
 And nerar togidder than er did thai.
 Throu all the land playnly thai raid,
 Thai fand nane that thaim obstakill maid.
 Thai raid evyn forouth Drochindra
 And forouth Devillyne syne alsua
 And to giff battaill nane thai fand,
 Syne went thai southwart in the land
 And rycht till Lynrike held thar way
 That is the southmaist toun perfay
 That in Irland may fundyn be.
 Thar lay thai dayis twa or thre
 And buskyt syne agayn to far,
 And quhen that thai all redy war
 The king has hard a woman cry,
 He askyt quhat that wes in hy.
 'It is the laynder, schyr,' said ane,
 'That hyr child—ill rycht now has tane
 And mon leve now behind us her,
 Tharfor scho makys yone ivill cher.'
 The king said, 'Certis, it war pite
 That scho in that poynt left suld be,

For certis I trow thar is no man
 That he ne will rew a woman than.'
 His ost all thar arestyt he
 And gert a tent sone stentit be
 And gert hyr gang in hastily,
 And other wemen to be hyr by.
 Quhill scho wes deliver he bad
 And syne furth on his wayis raid,
 And how scho furth suld caryit be
 Or ever he furth fur ordanyt he.
 This wes a full gret curtasy
 That swilk a king and sa mychty
 Gert his men dwell on this maner
 Bot for a pouer lauender.
 Agayne northwart thai tuk thar way
 Throu all Irland than perfay,
 Throu all Connach rycht to Devillyne,
 And throu all Myth and Irell syne
 And Monester and Lenester,
 And syne haly throu Ulsister,
 To Cragfergus foroutyn bataill,
 For thar wes nane durst thaim assaill.

[Edward Bruce and the Irish kings; his failings]

The kingis off Irchery
 Come to Schyr Edward halily
 And thar manredyn gan him ma
 Bot giff that it war ane or twa.
 Till Cragfergus thai come again,
 In all that way wes nane bargain
 Bot giff that ony poynye wer
 That is nocht for to spek of her.
 The Irsche kingis than everilkane
 Hame till thar awne repayr ar gane,
 And undretuk in allkyn thing
 For till obey to the bidding
 Off Schyr Edward that thar king callit thay.
 He wes now weill set in gud way
 To conquer the land halyly,
 For he had apon his party
 The Irschery and Ulsyster,
 And he wes sa furth on his wer
 That he wes passyt throu Irland
 Fra end till uthyr throu strenth of hand.
 Couth he haf governyt him throu skill
 And folowyt nocht to fast his will
 Bot with mesur haf led his dede
 It wes weill lik withoutyn drede
 That he mycht haiff conqueryt weill

The land of Irland ilkadele,
 Bot his outrageous sucquedry
 And will that wes mar than hardy
 Off purpose letttyt him perfay,
 As Ik herefter sall you say,

*[Douglas at Lintalee; Sir Thomas Richmond proposes
 to cut down Jedworth Forest]*

Now leve we her the noble king
 All at his ese and his liking,
 And spek we of the lord of Douglas
 That left to kep the marches was.
 He gert set wrychtis that war sleye
 And in the halche of Lintaile
 He gert thaim mak a fayr maner,
 And quhen the housis biggit wer
 He gert purvay him rycht weill thar
 For he thocht to mak ane infar
 And to mak gud cher till his men.
 In Rychmound wes wonnand then
 Ane erle that men callit Schyr Thomas,
 He had invy at the Douglas
 And said gif that he his baner
 Mycht se displayit apon wer
 That sone assemble on it suld he.
 He hard how the Douglas thocht to be
 At Lyntailey and fest to ma,
 And he had wittering weill alsua
 That the king and a gret menye
 War passyt than of the countre
 And the erle of Murref Thomas,
 Tharfor he thocht the countre was
 Febill of men for to withstand
 Men that thame soucht with stalwart hand,
 And of the marchis than had he
 The governaile and the pouste.
 He gaderyt folk about him then
 Quhill he wes ner ten thousand men,
 And wod-axys gert with him tak
 For he thocht he his men wald mak
 To hew Jedwort Forrest sa clene
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.
 Thai held thaim forthwart on thar way,
 Bot the gud lord Douglas that ay
 Had spyis out on ilka sid
 Had gud wittering that thai wald rid
 And cum apon him suddanly.
 Than gaderyt he rycht hastily
 Thaim that he moucht of his menye,

I trow that than with him had he
 Fyfty that worthy war and wicht
 At all poynt armyt weill and dycht,
 And off archeris a gret menye
 Assemblyt als with him had he.
 A place thar was thar in the way
 Quhar he thocht weill thai suld away
 That had wod apon athyr sid,
 The entre wes weill large and wid
 And as a scheild it narowit ay
 Quhill at intill a place the way
 Wes nocht a pennystane cast of breid.
 The lord of Douglas thidder yeid
 Quhen he wyst thai war ner cummand,
 And a-lauch on the ta hand
 All his archeris enbuschit he
 And bad thaim hald thaim all preve
 Quhill that thai hard him rays the cry,
 And than suld schut hardely
 Amang thar fayis and sow thaim sar
 Quhill that he throu thaim passyt war,
 And syne with him furth hald suld thai.
 Than byrkis on athyr sid the way
 That young and thik war growand ner
 He knyt togidder on sic maner
 That men moucht nocht weill throu thaim rid.

[Douglas defeats and kills Richmond, then drives off his clerk from Lintalee]

Quhen this wes done he gan abid
 Apon the tother half the way,
 And Richmound in gud aray
 Come ridand in the fyrst escheill.
 The lord Douglas has sene him weill
 And gert his men all hald thaim still
 Quhill at thar hand thai come thaim till
 And entryt in the narow way,
 Than with a schout on thaim schot thai
 And criyt on hycht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'
 The Richmound than that worthi was
 Quhen he has hard sua rais the cry
 And Douglas baner saw planly
 He dressyt thidderwart in hy
 And thai come on sa hardily
 That thai throu thaim maid thaim the way,
 All that thai met till erd bar thai.
 The Richmound borne doun thar was,
 On him arestyt the Douglas
 And him reversyt and with a knyff
 Rycht in that place reft him the lyff.

Ane hat apon his helm he bar
 And that tuk with him Douglas thar
 In taknyng, for it furryt was,
 And syne in hy thar wayis tays
 Quhill in the wod thai entryt war.
 The archeris weill has borne thaim thar
 For weill and hardily schot thai.
 The Inglis rout in gret affray
 War set, for Douglas suddanly
 With all thaim of his cumpany
 Or ever thai wyst wes in thar rout
 And thyrlyt thaim weill ner throchout,
 And had almost all doyn his deid
 Or thai to help thaim couth tak heid.
 And quhen thai saw thar lord slayn
 Thai tuk him up and turnyt agayn
 To draw thaim fra the schot away,
 Than in a plane assemblit thai
 And for thar lord that thar wes dede
 Thai schup thaim in that ilk sted
 For to tak herbery all that nycht.
 And than the Douglas that wes wicht
 Gat wytteryng ane clerk Elys
 With weill thre hunder ennymys
 All straucht to Lintaile war gayn
 And herbery for thar ost had tane.
 Than thidder is he went in hy
 With all thaim of his cumpany
 And fand clerk Elys at the mete
 And his round about him set,
 And thai come on thaim stoutly thar
 And with swerdis that scharply schar
 Thai servyt thaim full egrely.
 Slayn war thai full grevously
 That wele ner eschapyt nane,
 Thai servyt thaim on sa gret wane
 With scherand swerdis and with knyffis
 That weile ner all left the lyvys.
 Thai had a felloun efter mes,
 That sourchargis to chargand wes.
 Thai that eschapyt thar throu cas
 Rycht till the ost the wayis tais
 And tauld how that thar men war slayn
 Sa clene that ner eschapyt nane.
 And quhen thai of thar ost had herd
 How that the Douglas with thaim ferd
 That had thar herbryouris slane
 And ruschyt all thaim self agayn
 And slew thar lord in—myd thar rout,
 Thar wes nane of thaim all sa stout
 That mar will than had till assaile

The Douglas, tharfor to consaill
 Thai yeid and to purpose has tane
 To wend hamwart, and hamwart ar gan
 And sped thaim sua apon thar way
 That in Ingland sone cummyn ar thai.
 The forest left thai standand still,
 To hew it than thai had na will
 Specially quhill the Douglas
 Sua ner—hand by thar nychtbur was.
 And he that saw thaim torne agayn
 Persavyt weill thar lord wes slayn
 And be the hat that he had tane
 He wist alsua weill, for ane
 That takyn wes said him suthly
 That Rychmound commounly
 Wes wount that furreyt hat to wer.
 Than Douglas blythar wes than er
 For he wist weill that Rychmound
 His felloun fa wes brocht to the ground.

[A comparison of Douglas's exploits]

Schyr James of Douglas on this wis
 Throu his worschip and his empris
 Defendyt worthely the land.
 This poynt of wer, I tak on hand,
 Wes undretane full apertly
 And eschevyt rycht hardely,
 For he stonayit foroutyn wer
 That folk that well ten thousand wer
 With fyfty armyt men but ma.
 I can als tell you other twa
 Poyntis that wele eschevit wer
 With fyfty men, and but wer
 Thai war done sua rycht hardely
 That thai war prisit soveranly
 Atour all othir poyntis of wer
 That in that tym eschevit wer
 This wes the fyrst that sua stoutly
 Wes brocht till end wele with fifty
 Into Galloway the tother fell
 Quhen as ye forouth herd me tell
 Schyr Edward the Bruys with fifty
 Vencussyt of Sanct Jhon Schyr Amery
 And fyften hunder men be tale.
 The thrid fell intill Esdaill
 Quhen that Schyr Jhone the Soullis was
 The governour of all that place,
 That to Schyr Androw Hardclay
 With fifty men withset the way

That had thar in his cumpany
 Thre hunder horsyt jolyly.
 This Schyr Jhone intill playn melle
 Throu soverane hardiment and bounte
 Vencussyt thaim sturdely ilkan
 And Schyr Andrew in hand has tane,
 I will nocht rehers the maner
 For quha—sa likis thai may her
 Young wemen quhen thai will play
 Syng it amang thaim ilk day.
 Thir war the worthi poyntis thre
 That I trow evermar sall be
 Prissyt quhile men may on thaim mene.
 It is well worth foroutyn wene
 That thar namys for evermar,
 That in thar tym sua worthi war
 That men till her yeit has daynte,
 For thar worschip and thar bounte
 Be lestand ay furth in loving,
 Quhar He that is of hevynnys king
 Bring thaim he up till hevynnys blis
 Quhar allwayis lestand loving is.

[English ships come to Fife; the Scots let them land]

In this tym that the Richmound
 Was on this maner brocht to ground
 Men off the cost off Ingland
 That dwelt on Humbre or nerhand
 Gaderyt thaim a gret mengne
 And went in schippes to the se,
 And towart Scotland went in hy
 And in the Fyrth come hastely.
 Thai wend till haiff all thar liking
 For thai wist weile that the king
 Wes then fer out of the countre,
 With him mony of gret bounte,
 Tharfor into the Fyrth come thai
 And endlang it up held thai
 Quhill thai besid Ennerkething
 On west half towart Dunferlyng
 Tuk land and fast begouth to ryve.
 The erle of Fyff and the schyrreff
 Saw to thar cost schippis approchand
 Thai gaderyt to defend thar land
 And a—forgayn the schippis ay
 As thai saillyt thai held thar way
 And thocht to let thaim land to tak.
 And quhen the schipmen saw thaim mak
 Swilk contenance in sic aray

Thai said amang thaim all that thai
 Wald nocht let for thaim land to ta,
 Than to the land thai sped thaim sua
 That thai come thar in full gret hy
 And aryvyt full hardely.
 The Scottismen saw thar cummyng
 And had of thaim sic abasing
 That thai all samyn raid thaim fra
 And the land letles lete thaim ta.
 Thai durst nocht fecht with thaim, forthi
 Thai withdrew thaim all halily
 The—quhethyr thai war fyve hunder ner.

[The bishop of Dunkeld drives the English to their ships]

Quhen thai away thus ridand wer
 And na defens begouth to schape,
 Off Dunkeldyn the gud byschap
 That men callyt Wilyam the Sanctecler
 Come with a rout in gud maner.
 I trow on hors thai war sexty,
 Himselff was armyt jolyly
 And raid apon a stalwart sted,
 A chemer for till hele his wed
 Apon his armour had he then
 And armyt weill als war his men.
 The erle and the schyrreff met he
 Awaywart with thar gret menye,
 And askyt thaim weill sone quhat hy
 Maid thaim to turne sa hastily.
 Thai said thar fayis with stalwart hand
 Had in sic foyssoun takyn the land
 That thai thocht thaim all out to fele
 And thaim to few with thaim to dele.
 Quhen the bischap hard it wes sua
 He said, 'The king aucht weill to ma
 Off you, that takys sa wele on hand
 In his absence to wer his land.
 Certis giff he gert serff you weill
 The gilt spuris rycht be the hele
 He suld in hy ger hew you fra,
 Rycht wald with cowartis men did sua.
 Quha luffis his lord or his cuntre
 Turne smertly now agayne with me.'
 With that he kest of his chemer
 And hynt in hand a stalwart sper
 And raid towart his fayis in hy,
 All turnyt with him halyly
 For he had thaim reprovyt sua
 That off thaim all nane fled him fra.

He raid befor thaim sturdely
 And thai him folowyt sarraly
 Quhill that thai come ner approchand
 To thar fayis that had tane land,
 And sum war knyht in gud aray
 And sum war went to the foray.
 The gud bischap quhen he thaim saw
 He said, 'Lordingis, but drede or aw
 Pryk we apon thaim hardely
 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly.
 Se thai us cum but abaysing
 Sua that we mak her na stinting
 Thai sall weill sone discumfyt be.
 Now dois weill, for men sall se
 Quha luffis the kingis mensk today.'
 Than all togidder in gud aray
 Thai prekyt apon thaim sturdely,
 The byschap that wes ryght hardy
 And mekill and stark raid forouth ay.
 Than in a frusche assemblit thai,
 And thai that at the fryst meting
 Feld off the speris sa sar sowing
 Wandyst and wald haiff bene away,
 Towart thar schippis in hy held thai,
 And thai thaim chassyt fellounly
 And slew thaim sua dispitously
 That all the feldis strowyt war
 Off Inglismen that slane war thar,
 And thai yeyt that held unslayne
 Pressyt to the se agayne,
 And Scottismen that chassyt sua
 Slew all that ever thai mycht ourta.
 Bot thai that fled yeit nocht—forthi
 Sua to thar schippis gan thaim hy,
 And in sum barge sua fele gan ga
 And thar fayis hastyt thaim sua
 That thai our—tumblyt and the men
 That war tharin war drownyt then.
 Thar did ane Inglisman perfay
 A weill gret strenth as Ik hard say,
 For quhen he chassyt wes till his bat
 A Scottisman that him handlyt hat
 He hynt than be the armys twa,
 And, war him wele or war him wa,
 He evyn apon his bak him slang
 And with him to the bat gan gang
 And kest him in all mawgre his,
 This wes a wele gret strenth i—wis.
 The Inglismen that wan away
 To thar schippis in hy went thai
 And saylyt hame angry and wa

That thai had bene rebutyt sua.

[The bishop is praised; the king returns from Ireland]

Quhen that the schipmen on this wis
 War discumfyt as I devys
 The byschap that sa weill him bar
 That he all hartyt that thar war
 Was yeyt into the fechtyn–sted
 Quhar that fyve hunder ner war ded
 Foroutyn thaim that drownyt war,
 And quhen the feld was spulyeit bar
 Thai went all hame to thar repar.
 To the byschap is fallyn fayr
 That throu his price and his bounte
 Wes eschevyt swilk a journe.
 The king tharfor ay fra that day
 Him luffyt and prisyt and honoryt ay
 And held him in suylk daynte
 That his awne bischop him callit he.
 Thus thai defendyt the countre
 Apon bath halffis the Scottis se
 Quhill that the king wes out off land
 That than as Ik haf borne on hand
 Throu all Irland his cours had maid
 And agane to Cragfergus raid.
 And quhen his broder as he war king
 Had all the Irschery at bidding
 And haly Ulsistre alsua
 He buskyt hame his way to ta.
 Off his men that war mast hardy
 And prisyt mast of chevalry
 With his broder gret part left he,
 And syne is went him to the se.
 Quhen thar levys on ather party
 Wes tane he went to schip him in hy,
 The Erle Thomas with him he had,
 Thai raissyt sayllis but abaid
 And in land off Galloway
 Forout perell aryvyt thai.

BOOK 17

[Only Berwick remains in English hands; a burgess offers to betray it]

The lordis off the land war fayne
 Quhen thai wist he wes cummyn agan
 And till him went in full gret hy,
 And he ressavit thaim hamlyly
 And maid thaim fest and glaidsum cher,
 And thai sa wonderly blyth wer
 Off his come that na man mycht say,
 Gret fest and fayr till him maid thai.
 Quharever he raid all the countre
 Gaderyt in daynte him to se,
 Gret glaidship than wes in the land.
 All than wes wonnyn till his hand,
 Fra the Red Swyre to Orknay
 Wes nocht off Scotland fra his fay
 Outakyn Berwik it allane.
 That tym tharin wonnyt ane
 That capitane wes of the toun,
 All Scottismen in suspicioun
 He had and tretyt thaim tycht ill.
 He had ay to thaim hevy will
 And held thaim fast at undre ay,
 Quhill that it fell apon a day
 That a burges Syme of Spalding
 Thocht that it wes rycht angry thing
 Suagate ay to rebutyt be.
 Tharfor intill his hart thocht he
 That he wald slely mak covyne
 With the marchall, quhays cosyne
 He had weddyt till him wiff,
 And as he thocht he did belyff.
 Lettrys till him he send in hy
 With a traist man all prively,
 And set him tym to cum a nycht
 With leddrys and with gud men wicht
 Till the kow yet all prively,
 And bad him hald his trist trewly
 And he suld mete thaim at the wall,
 For his walk thar that nycht suld fall.

*[The marischal shows the letter to the king,
 who seeks to avoid jealousy between Douglas and Moray]*

Quhen the marchell the lettre saw
 He umbethocht him than a thraw,
 For he wist be himselvyn he
 Mycht nocht off mycht no power be
 For till escheyff sa gret a thing,
 And giff he tuk till his helping
 Ane, other suld wrethit be.
 Tharfor rycht to the king yeid he
 And schawyt him betwix thaim twa
 The letter and the charge alsua.
 Quhen that the king hard that this trane
 Spokyn wes intill certayne
 That him thocht tharin na fantis
 He said him, 'Certis thou wrocht as wis
 That has discoveryt the fryst to me,
 For giff thou had discoveryt the
 To my nevo the Erle Thomas
 Thou suld disples the lord Douglas,
 And him alsua in the contrer,
 Bot I sall wyrk on sic maner
 That thou at thine entent sall be
 And haff of nane of thaim mawgre.
 Thou sall tak kep weill to the day,
 And with thaim that thou purches may
 At evyn thou sall enbuschit be
 In Duns Park, bot be preve,
 And I sall ger the Erle Thomas
 And the lord alsua of Douglas
 Ather with a soume of men
 Be thar to do as thou sall ken.'
 The marchell but mar delay
 Tuk leve and held furth on his way
 And held his spek preve and still
 Quhill the day that wes set him till.
 Than of the bast of Lothiane
 He with hym till his tryst has tane
 For schyrreff tharoff than wes he.

[The Scots take the wall of Berwick, but discipline breaks down]

To Duns Park with his menye
 He come at evyn prively,
 And syne with a gud cumpany
 Sone eftyr come the Erle Thomas
 That wes met with the lord Douglas.
 A rycht fayr cumpany thai war
 Quhen thai war met togidder thar,
 And quhen the marchell the covyn
 To bath the lordis lyne be lyne
 Had tauld, thai went furth on thar way.

Fer fra the toun thar hors left thai,
 To mak it schort sua wrocht thai then
 That but seyng off ony men
 Outane Sym of Spaldyn allane
 That gert that deid be undertane
 Thai set thar leddrys to the wall,
 And but persaving come up all
 And held thaim in a nuk preve
 Quhill that the nycht suld passit be,
 And ordanyt that the maist party
 Off thar men suld gang sarraly
 With thar lordis and hald a stale,
 And the remanand suld all hale
 Skaill throu the toun and tak or sla
 The men that thai mycht ourta.
 Bot sone this ordynance brak thai,
 For alsone as it dawyt day
 The twa partis off thar men and ma
 All scalyt throu the toun gan ga.
 Sa gredy war thai to the gud
 That thai ran rycht as thai war woud
 And sesyt housis and slew men,
 And thai that saw thar fayis then
 Cum apon thaim sa suddanly
 Throu-out the toun thai raissyt the cry
 And schot togidder her and thar,
 As ay as thai assemblyt war
 Thai wald abid and mak debate.
 Had thai bene warnyt wele I wate
 Thai suld haiff sauld thar dedis der
 For thai war gud men and thai wer
 Fer ma than thai were that thaim socht,
 Bot thai war scalyt that thai mocht
 On na maner assemblyt be.
 Thar war gret melleys twa or thre,
 Bot Scottismen sa weile thaim bar
 That thar fayis ay ruschyt war
 And contraryit at the last war sua
 That thai haly the bak gan ta,
 Sum gat the castell bot nocht all
 And sum ar slydyn our the wall
 And sum war intill handis tane
 And sum war intill bargane slane.
 On this wis thaim contenyt thai
 Quhill it wes ner none of the day,
 Than thai that in the castell war
 And other that fled to thaim thar
 That war a rycht gret cumpany
 Quhen thai the baneris saw simply
 Standand and stuffyt with a quhone
 Thar yattis haff thai opnyt sone

And ischit on thaim hardely.
 Than the Erle Thomas that wes worthi
 And the gud lord als of Douglas
 With the few folk that with thaim was
 Met thaim stoutly with wapnys ser.
 Thar mycht men se that had bene ner
 Men abandoune thaim hardely.

[The town of Berwick falls]

The Inglismen faucht cruelly
 And with all mychtis gan thaim payn
 To rusche the Scottis men agayn.
 I trow thai had done sua perfay
 For thai war fewar fer than thai
 Giff it na had bene a new-mad knyght
 That till his name Schyr Wilyam hycht,
 Off Keyth and off Gallistoun
 He hycht throu difference of sournoune,
 That bar him sa rycht weill that day
 And put him till sua hard assay
 And sic dyntis about him dang
 That quhar he saw the thikkest thrang
 He pressyt with sa mekill mycht
 And sua enforslye gan fycht
 That he maid till his mengne way,
 And thai that ner war by him ay
 Dang on thar fayis sua hardely
 That thai haff tane the bak in hy
 And till the castell held the way,
 And at gret myscheiff entryt thai
 For thai war pressyt thar sa fast
 That thai fele lesyt of the last.
 Bot thai that entryt nocht-forthi
 Sparyt thar yattis hastily
 And in hy to the wallis ran
 For thai war nocht all sekyr than.

[Men flock to Berwick; the castle holds out but eventually surrenders]

The toun wes takyn on this wis
 Throu gret worschip and hey empris,
 And all the gud that thai thar fand
 Wes sesyt smertly intill hand.
 Vittail they fand in gret foyssoun
 And all that fell to stuff off toun
 That kepyt thai fra destroying,
 And syn has word send to the king,
 And he wes off that tything blyth

And sped him thidderwart swith
 And as he throu the cuntre raid
 Men gaderyt till him quhill he haid
 A mekill rout of worthi men,
 And the folk that war wonnand then
 Intill the Mers and Tevidaill
 And in the Forest als all hale
 And the est end off Lothiane
 Befor that the king come ar gane
 To Berwik with sa stalwart hand
 That nane that wes that tyme wonnand
 On yond half Tweid durst weil apper.
 And thai that in the castell wer
 Quhen thai thar fayis in sic plente
 Saw forouth thaim assemblyt be
 And had na hop of reskewing
 Thai war abaysit in gret thing,
 Bot thai the castell nocht–forthi
 Held thai fyve dayis sturdely
 Syne yauld it on the sext day,
 And till thar countre syne went thai.

*[The king plans to hold Berwick; Walter Stewart given command there;
the garrison and its arms]*

Thus wes the castell and the toun
 Till Scottis mennys possessioun
 Brocht, and sone eftre he king
 Come ridand with his gadering
 To Berwik, and in the castell
 He wes herbrid bath fayr and weill
 And all his lordis him by,
 The remanand commonaly
 Till herbry till the toun ar gane.
 The king has then to consaill tan
 That he wald nocht brek down the wall
 Bot castell and the toun withhall
 Stuff weill with men and with vittail
 And alkyn other apparail
 That mycht availe or ellis myster
 To hald castell or toun off wer,
 And Walter Stewart of Scotland
 That than wes young and avenand
 And sone–in–laucht wes to the king
 Haid sa gret will and sic yaryng
 Ner–hand the marchis for to be
 That Berwik to yemsell tuk he,
 And resavit of the king the toun
 And the castell and the dongeoun.
 The king gert men of gret noblay

Ryd intill Ingland for to pray
 That brocht out gret plente of fe,
 And sum contreis trewyte he
 For vittaille, that in gret foysoun
 He gert bring smertly to the toun
 Sua that bath castell and toun war
 Well stuffyt for a yer and mar.
 The gud Stewart off Scotland then
 Send for his frendis and his men
 Quhill he had with him, but archeris
 And but burdouris and awblasteris,
 Fyve hunder men wucht and worthi
 That bar armys of awncestry.
 Jhone Crab a Flemyng als had he
 That wes of sa gret sutelte
 Till ordane and mak apparail
 For to defend and till assaill
 Castell of wer or than cite
 That nane sleyar mycht fundyn be.
 He gert engynys and cranys ma
 And purvayit Grec fyr alsua,
 Spryngaldis and schot on ser maneris
 That to defend castellis afferis
 He purvayit intill full gret wane,
 Bot gynnys for crakys had he nane
 For in Scotland yeit than but wene
 The us of thaim had nocht bene sene.
 Quhen the toun apon this wis
 Was stuffyt as Ik her divis
 The nobill king his way has tane
 And riddyn towart Lowthiane,
 And Walter Stewart that wes stout
 Be-left at Berwik with his rout
 And ordanyt fast for apparail
 To defend giff men wald assail.

[Edward II comes to besiege Berwick with land and sea forces]

Quhen to the king of Ingland
 Was tauld how that with stalwart hand
 Berwik wes tane and stuffyt syn
 With men and vittaille and armyn
 He wes anoyit gretumly
 And gert assermbill all halely
 His consaill, and has tane to reid
 That he hys ost will thidder leid
 And with all mycht that he mycht get
 To the toune ane assege set,
 And gert dyk thaim sa stalwartly
 That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly

Thai suld fer out the traister be.
 And gif the men of the contre
 With strenth of men wald thaim assaill
 At thar dykis into bataill
 Thai suld advantage have gretly,
 Thocht all Scottis for gret foly
 War till assaill into fechting
 At hys dykis sa stark a thing.
 Quhen this consaill on this maner
 Wes tane he gert bath fer and ner
 Hys ost haly assemblyt be,
 Ane gret folk than with him had he.
 Off Longcastell the Erle Thomas
 That syne wes sanct as men sayis
 In his cumpany wes thar
 And all the erllys that als war
 In Inland worthi for to fycht,
 And baronys als of mekill mycht
 With him to that assege had he,
 And gert his schippis by the se
 Bring schot and other apparaill
 And gret warnysone of vittaill.
 To Berwik with all his menye
 With his bataillis arayit come he,
 And till gret lordis ilkane sindry
 Ordanyt a feld for thar herbry.
 Than men mycht sone se pailounys
 Be stentyt of syndry fassounys
 That thai a toune all sone maid thar
 Mar than bath toun and castell war.
 On other half syne on the se
 The schippis come in sic plente
 With vittaill armyng and with men
 That all the havyn wes stoppyt then.
 And quhen thai that war in the toun
 Saw thar fayis in sic foyssoun
 Be land and se cum sturdely,
 Thai as wycht men and rycht worthi
 Schup thaim to defend thar steid
 That thai in aventur of deid
 Suld put thaim or than rusch agane
 Thar fayis, for thar capitane
 Tretyt thaim sa luflely,
 And thar-with-all the mast party
 Off thaim that armyt with him wer
 War of his blud and sib him ner,
 Or ellis war his elye.
 Off sic confort men mycht thaim se
 And of sa rycht far contenyng
 As nane of thaim had abaysing.
 On dayis armyt weill war thai

And on the nycht wele walkyt ay,
 Weill sex dayis sua thai abaid
 That na full gret bargane haid.

[The English assault the town by land]

Intill this tyme that I tell her
 That thai withoutyn bargayne wer
 The Inglismen sa clossyt had
 Thar ost with dykis that thai maid
 That thai war strenthit gretumly.
 Syne with all handis besely
 Thai schup thaim with thair apparail
 Thaim of the toun for till assaill,
 And of our ladys evyn Mary
 That bar the byrth that all gan by
 That men callis hyr nativite
 Sone in the mornyng men mycht se
 The Inglis ost arme thaim in hy
 And display baneris sturdely,
 And assembl to thar baneris
 With instrumentis of ser maneris
 As scaffoldis leddris and covering
 Pikkys, howis and with staff-slyng.
 Till ilk lord and his bataill
 Wes ordanyt quhar he suld assaill.
 And thai within, quhen that thai saw
 That mengne raung thaim sua on raw
 Till thar wardis thai went in hy
 That war stuffyt rycht stalwartly
 With stanyis and schot and other thing
 That nedyt to thar defending,
 And into sic maner abaid
 Thair fayis that till assail thaim maid.
 Quhen thai without war all redy
 Thai trumpyt till asalt in hy,
 And ilk man with his apparail
 Quhar he suld be went till assaill,
 Till ilk kyrnell that war thar
 Archeris to schut assignyt war,
 And quhen on this wys thai war boun
 Thai went in hy towart the toun
 And fillyt the dykis hastily,
 Syne to the wall rycht hardely
 Thai went with leddris that thai haid.
 Bot thai sa gret defend has maid
 That war abovyne apon the wall
 That oft leddris and men with-all
 Thai gert fall flatlingis to the ground,
 That men mycht se in a litill stound

Men assailand hardely
 Dressand up leddris douchtely
 And sum on leddris pressand war.
 Bot thai that on the wall war thar
 Till all perellis gan abandoun
 Thaim till thar fayis war dongyn doun.
 At gret myscheff defendyt thai
 Thar toun, for, giff we suth sall say,
 The wallis of the toun than wer
 Sa law that a man with a sper
 Mycht stryk ane other up in the face,
 And the schot alsa thik thar was
 That it war wondre for to se.
 Walter Stewart with a menye
 Raid ay about for to se quhar
 That for to help mast myster war,
 And quhar men presit mast he maid
 Succour till his that myster haid.
 The mekill folk that wes without
 Haid enveronyt the toun about
 Sua that na part of it wes fre.
 Thar mycht men the assailiaris se
 Abandoun thaim rycht hardely,
 And the defendouris douchtely
 With all thar mychtis gan thaim payn
 To put thar fayis with force agayn.

[The assault by sea; it fails, and an engineer is taken prisoner]

On this wis thaim contenynt thai
 Quhill none wes passit off the day,
 Than thai that in the schippis wer
 Ordanyt a schip with full gret fer
 To cum with all hyr apparail
 Rycht to the wall for till assaill.
 Till myd-mast up thar bat thai drew
 With armyt men tharin inew,
 A brig thai had for to lat fall
 Rycht fra the bat apon the wall,
 With bargis by hir gan thai row
 And pressyt thaim rycht fast to tow
 Hyr by the brighous to the wall,
 On that entent thai set thaim all.
 Thai brocht hyr quhill scho come well ner,
 Than mycht men se on seir maner
 Sum men defend and sum assaill
 Full besyly with gret travaill.
 Within sa stoutly thai thaim bar
 That the schipmen sa handlyt war
 That thai the schip on na maner

Mycht ger to cum the wall sa ner
 That thar fall—brig mycht neych thartill
 For oucht thai mycht gud or ill,
 Quhill that scho ebbyt on the grund,
 Than mycht men in a litill stound
 Se thaim be fer of wer covyn
 Than thai war er that war hyr in.
 And quhen the se wes ebbyt sua
 That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,
 Out off the toun ischit in hy
 Till hyr a weill gret cumpany
 And fyr till hyr has keyndlyt son.
 Into schort tyme sua haif thai done
 That thai in fyr has gert hyr bryn
 And sum war slayn that war hyr in
 And sum fled and away ar gane.
 Ane engynour thar haif thai tane
 That wes sleast of that myster
 That men wist ony fer or ner,
 Intill the toun syne entryt thai.
 It fell thaim happily perfay
 That thai gat in sa hastily
 For thar come a gret cumpany
 In full gret hy up by the se
 Quhen thai the schip saw brynnand be,
 Bot or thai come, the tother war past
 The yat and barryt it rycht fast.
 That folk assaylyt fast that day,
 And thai within defendyt ay
 On sic a wis that thai that war
 With gret enforce assailland thar
 Mycht do thar will on na maner.
 And quhen that evynsang tym wes ner
 The folk without that war wery
 And sum woundyt full cruelly
 Saw thaim within defend thaim sua,
 And saw it wes nocht eyth to ta
 The toun quhill sic defens wes mad,
 And thai that intill stering had
 The ost saw that thar schip war brynt
 And of thaim that tharin wes tynt,
 And thar folk woundyt and wery,
 Thai gert blaw the retreit in hy.
 Fra the schipmen rebotyt war
 Thai lete the tother assaill no mar,
 For throu the schip thai wend ilkan
 That thai the toun wele suld haf tane.
 Men sayis that ma schippis than sua
 Pressyt that tym the toun to ta,
 Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane
 And the engynour tharin wes tane

Her—befor mencioune maid I
 Bot off a schip allanerly.

[The English withdraw from the walls; King Robert invades England, ravaging]

Quhen that thai blawyn had the retret
 Thar folk that tholyt had paynys gret
 Withdrew thaim haly fra the wall,
 The assalt have thai left all.
 And thai within that wery war
 And mony of thaim woundyt sar
 War blyth and glaid quhen that thai saw
 Thar fayis on that wis thaim withdraw,
 And fra thai wyst suthly that thai
 Held to thar pailyounys thar way
 Set gud wachys to thar wall,
 Syne till thar innys went thai all
 And essayt thaim that wery war,
 And other that had woundis sar
 Had gud lechys forsuth Ik hycht
 That helpyt thaim as thai best mycht.
 On athyr sid wery war thai,
 That nycht thai did no mar perfay.
 Fyve dayis eftyr thai war still
 That nane till other did mekill ill.
 Now leve we thir folk her lyand
 All still as Ik have borne on hand
 And turne the cours of our carping
 To Schyr Robert the douchty king,
 That assemblyt bath fer and ner
 Ane ost quhen that he wist but wer
 That the king sua of Inghland
 Had assegyt with stalwart hand
 Berwik quhar Walter Stewart was.
 To purpose with his men he tais
 That he wald nocht sua sone assaile
 The king of Inghland with bataill
 And at his dykis specially,
 For that moucht weill turne to foly.
 Tharfor he ordanyt lordis twa,
 The erle of Murreff wes ane of tha
 The tother wes the lord of Douglas
 With fyften thousand men to pas
 In Inghland for to bryn and sla
 And sua gret ryote thar to ma
 That thai that lay segeand the toun
 Quhen thai hard the destructioun
 That thai suld intill Inghland ma,
 Suld be sua dredand and sua wa
 For thar childer and for thar wiffis

That thai suld drede to lese the lyvis,
 And thar gudis alsua that thai
 Suld dreid than suld be had away,
 Thai suld leve thar sege in hy
 And wend to reskew hastily
 Thar gud thar frendis and thar land.
 Tharfor, as Ik haf born on hand,
 Thir lordis send he furth in hy
 And thai thar way tuk hastily
 And in Ingland gert bryn and sla,
 And wrocht tharin sa mekill wa
 As thai forrayit the countre
 That it wes pite for to se
 Till thaim that wald it ony gud,
 For thai destroyit all as thai yhud.

[The battle at Myton-on-Swale]

Sua lang thai raid destroyand sua
 As thai traversyt to and fra
 That thai ar cummyn to Repoun
 And destroyit haly that toun,
 At Borowbrig syne thar herbry
 Thai tuk and at Mytoun tharby.
 And quhen the men of that countre
 Saw thar land sua destroyit be
 Thai gaderyt into full gret hy
 Archeris burges and yhumanry
 Preystis clerkys monkis and freris
 Husbandis and men of all maneris
 Quhill that thai samyn assemblit war
 Wele twenty thousand men and mar,
 Rycht gud armys inew thai had.
 The archebyschop of York thai mad
 Thar capitane, and to consaill
 Has tane that thai in plane bataill
 Wald assaill the Scottismen
 That fewar than thai war then.
 Than he displayit his baner
 And other byschappis that thar wer
 Gert display thar baneris alsua,
 All in a rout furth gan thai ga
 Towart Mytoun the redy way.
 And quhen the Scottismen hard say
 Thai war to thaim cummand ner
 Thai buskyt thaim on thar best maner
 And delyt thaim in bataillis twa,
 Douglas the awaward gan ma,
 The rerward maid Erle Thomas
 For chyftane of the ost he was

And sua ordanyt in gud aray
 Towart thar fayis thai held thar way.
 Quhen athyr had on other sycht
 Thai pressyt on bath half to the fycht.
 The Inglismen come rycht sadly
 With gud contenance and hardy
 Rycht in a frusch with thar baner
 Quhill thar fayis come sa ner
 That thai thar visag mycht se,
 Thre sper lenth I trow weill mycht be
 Betwix thaim, quhen sic abasing
 Tuk thaim that but mar in a swyng
 Thai gaff the bak all and to-ga.
 Quhen the Scottismen had sene thaim sua
 Effrayitly fle all thar way
 In gret hy apon thaim schot thai
 And slew and tuk a gret party,
 The laiff fled full effrayitly
 As thai best moucht to sek warand.
 Thai chassyt sa ner at hand
 That ner a thousand deyt thar.
 Off thaim yet thre hunder war
 Preystis that deyt in that chas,
 Tharfor that bargane callit was
 The chaptur of Mytone for thar
 Slayn sa mony prestis war.

*[The men in Berwick prepare engines, the English a sow;
a second English assault]*

Quhen this folk thus discomfyt was
 And Scottismen had left the chas
 Thai went thaim forthward in the land
 Slayand sua and destroyand,
 And thai that at the sege lay
 Or it wes passyt the fyft day
 Had maid thaim syndry apparal
 To gang eftsonys till assaill.
 Off gret gestis a sow thai maid
 That stalwart heildyne aboun it had
 With armyt men inew tharin
 And instrumentis for to myne,
 Syndry scaffaldis thai maid withall
 That war weill heyar than the wall,
 And ordanyt als that be the se
 The toun suld weill assaillyt be.
 Thai within that saw thaim sua
 Sua gret apparaill schap to ma
 Throu Crabys consaill that wes sley
 A crane thai haiff gert dres up hey

Rynnand on quheillis that thai mycht bring
 It quhar that nede war of helping,
 And pyk and ter als haiff thai tane
 And lynt and herdis and brynstane
 And dry treyis that weill wald brin
 And mellyt ather other in,
 And gret fagaldis tharoff thai maid
 Gyrdyt with irne bandis braid,
 The fagaldis weill mycht mesuryt be
 Till a gret townys quantite.
 Thai fagaldis brynnand in a baill
 With thar cran thocht thai till availl,
 And gyff the sow come to the wall
 To let it brynnand on hyr fall
 And with stark cheneis hald it thar
 Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.
 Engynys alsua for to cast
 Thai ordanyt and maid redy fast
 And set ilk man syne till his ward,
 And Schyr Walter the gud Steward
 With armyt men suld rid about
 And se quhar that thar war mast dout
 And succour thar with his menye.
 And quhen thai in sic degre
 Had maid thaim for defending,
 On the Rud Evyn in the dawning
 The Inglis ost blew till assaill.
 Than mycht men with ser apparail
 Se that gret ost cum sturdely,
 The toun enveround thai in hy
 And assaillyt with sua gret will
 For all thar mycht thai set thartill
 That thaim pressyt fast on the toun.
 Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun
 To dede or than to w oundis sar
 Sa weill has thaim defendit thar
 That leddrys to the ground thai slang,
 And with stanys sa fast thai dang
 Thar fayis that fele thar left liand
 Sum dede sum hurt and sum swonand.
 Bot thai that held on feyt in hy
 Drew thaim away deliverly
 And scounryt nocht for that thing
 Bot went stoutly till assailling,
 And thai aboun defendyt ay
 And set thaim to sa hard assay
 Quhill that fele of thaim woundyt war,
 And thai sa gret defens maid thar
 That thai styntit thar fayis mycht.
 Apon sic maner gan thai fycht
 Quhill it wes ner none of the day,

Than thai without on gret aray
 Pressyt thar sowe toward the wall.

[The Scots force the engineer to destroy the sow]

And thai within sone gert call
 The engynour that takyn was,
 And gret mannance till him mais
 And swour that he suld dey bot he
 Provyt on the sow sic sutelte
 That he to-fruschyt hir ilk-dele,
 And he that has persavyt wele
 That the dede wes weill ner him till
 Bot giff he mycht fulfill thar will
 Thocht that he at his mycht wald do.
 Bendyt in gret hy than wes scho
 That till the sow wes evyn set,
 In hy he gert draw the cleket
 And smertly swappyt out a stane.
 Evyn our the sow the stane is gane
 And behind it a litill wey
 It fell, and than thai criyt hey
 That war in hyr, 'Furth to the wall,
 For dredles it is ouris all.'
 The gynour than deliverly
 Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy
 And the stane smertly swappyt out,
 It flaw out quhetherand with a rout
 And fell rycht evyn befor the sow.
 Thar hartis than begouth to grow,
 Bot yeyt than with thar mychtis all
 Thai pressyt the sow toward the wall
 And has hyr set tharto juntly.
 The gynour than gert bend in hy
 The gyne and wappyt out the stane
 That evyn toward the lyft is gane
 And with gret wecht syne duschit down
 Rycht be the wall in a randoun,
 And hyt the sow in sic maner
 That it that wes the mast summer
 And starkest for to stynt a strak
 In sunder with that dusche it brak.
 The men ran out in full gret hy,
 And on the wallis thai gan cry
 That thar sow wes feryt thar.
 Jhone Crab that had his ger all yar
 In his fagaldis has set the fyr
 And our the wall syne gan thaim wyr
 And brynt the sow till brundis bar.
 With all thys fast assailyeand war

The folk without with felloun fycht,
 And thai within with mekill mycht
 Defendyt manlily thar steid
 Into gret aventur off deid.

[An attack by a ship is repulsed]

The schipmen with gret apparail
 Come with thar schippis till assail
 With top–castell warnyst weill
 Off wicht men armyt into steill,
 Thar batis up apon thar mast
 Drawyn weill hey and festnyt fast,
 And pressyt with that gret atour
 Towart the wall, bot the gynour
 Hyt in the aspyne with a stane,
 That the men that tharin war gane
 Sum ded sum dosnyt come doun wynland.
 Fra thyne furth durst nane tak on hand
 With schippis to preys thaim to the wall,
 Bot the lave war assailyeand all
 On ilk sid sa egrely
 That certis it wes gret ferly
 That that folk sic defens has maid
 With the gret myscheiff that thai had,
 For thar wallis sa law than wer
 That a man rycht weill with a sper
 Mycht stryk ane other up in the face
 As her–befor said to you was,
 And fele of thaim war woundit sar,
 And the laiff sa fast travaillyt war
 That nane had tyme rest for to ma,
 Thar adversouys assaillyt sua.

[The Steward's defence of the Mary gate]

Thai war within sa straitly stad
 That thar wardane, that with him had
 Ane hunder men in cumpany
 Armyt that wicht war and hardy
 And raid about for to se quhar
 That his folk hardest presyt war
 To releve thaim that had myster,
 Come sindry tymys in placis ser
 Quhar sum of the defendouris war
 All dede and other woundyt sar,
 Sua that he of his cumpany
 Behuffyt for to leve thar party,
 Sua that be he a cours had maid

About, of all the men he haid
 Thar wes levyt with him bot ane
 That he ne had left thaim everilkan
 To releve quhar he saw myster.
 And the folk that assailland wer
 At Mary yat tohewyn haid
 The barrais and a fyr had maid
 At the drawbrig and brynt it doun,
 And war thringand in gret foysoun
 Rycht to the yat a fyr to ma.
 Than thai within gert smertly ga
 Ane to the wardane far to say
 How thai war set in hard assay,
 And quhen Schyr Walter Stewart herd
 How men sa straitly with thaim ferd
 He gert cum of the castell then
 All that thar war off armyt men,
 For thar that day assaillyt nane,
 And with that rout in hy is gane
 To Mary yate and to the wall
 He send and saw the myscheff all,
 And umbethocht him suddanly
 Bot giff gret help war set in hy
 Tharto, thai suld bryn up the yet
 That fra the wall thai suld nocht let.
 Tharfor apon gret hardyment
 He suddanly set his entent,
 And gert all wyd set up the yat
 And the fyr that he fand tharat
 With strenth of men he put away.
 He set him to full hard assay,
 For thai that war assailyeand thar
 Pressyt on him with wapnys bar
 And he defendyt with his mycht.
 Thar mycht men se a felloun sycht
 Off staving, stocking and striking,
 Thair maid thai sturdy defending
 For with gret strenth of men the yat
 Thai defendyt and stud tharat
 Mawgre thar fayis, quhill the nycht
 Gert thaim on bath half leve the fycht.

[The assault ends, but the garrison prepares for another]

Thai off the ost quhen nycht gan fall
 Fra the assalt withdrew thaim all.
 Woundyt and wery and forbeft
 With mad cher the assalt thai left
 And till thar innys went in hy
 And set thar wachis hastily,

The lave thaim esyt as thai mycht best
 For thai had gret myster of rest.
 That nycht thai spak commonaly
 Off thaim within and had ferly
 That thai sua stout defens had maid
 Agayne the gret assalt thai haid.
 And thai within on other party
 Quhen thai thar fayis sa hastily
 Saw withdraw thaim thai war all blyth,
 And has ordanyt thar wachis swith
 And syne ar till thar innys gane.
 Thar wes bot full few of thaim slane
 Bot fele war woundyt utterly,
 The lave our mesur war wery.
 It was ane hard assault perfay,
 And certis I herd never say
 Quhar quheyn mar defence had maid
 That sua rycht hard assailling haid,
 And off a thing that thar befell
 Ik haff ferly that I sall tell,
 That is that intill all that day
 Quhen all thar mast assaileit thai
 And the schot thikkerst wes withall
 Women with child and childer small
 In armfullis gaderyt up and bar
 Till thaim that on the wallis war
 Arrowes, and nocht ane slayne wes thar
 Na yeit woundyt, and that wes mar
 The myrakill of God almichty
 And to noucht ellis it set can I.

*[The English debate whether to continue, but withdraw;
 the fate of Thomas earl of Lancaster; the return of King Robert]*

On athyr syd that nycht thai war
 All still, and on the morn but mar
 Thar come tythandis out off Ingland
 To thaim of the ost, that bar on hand
 How that by Borowbrig at Mytoun
 Thar men war slayn and dongyn doun,
 And at the Scottismen throu the land
 Raid yeit brynnand and destroyand.
 And quhen the king had hard this tale
 His consaile he assemblyt haile
 To se quhether fayr war him till
 To ly about the toun all still
 And assaile quhill it wonnyn war,
 Or than in Ingland for to fayr
 And reskew his land and his men.
 His consaill fast discordyt then,

For sotheroun men wald that he mad
 Arest thar quhill he wonnyn haid
 The toun and the castell alsua,
 Bot northyn men wald na thing sua
 That dred thar frendis for to tyn
 And mast part of thar gudis syne
 Throu Scottismennys cruelte,
 Thai wald he lete the sege be
 And raid for to reskew his land.
 Off Longcastell I tak on hand
 The Erle Thomas wes ane of tha
 That consaillyt the king hame to ga,
 And for that mar inclynyn he
 To the folk of the south countre
 Na to the northyn mennys will,
 He tuk it to sa mekill ill
 That he gert turs his ger in hy
 And with his bataill halily
 That off the ost ner thrid part was
 Till Inghland hame his way he tais.
 But leve he hame has tane his gat,
 Tharfor fell efter sic debat
 Betwix him and the king that ay
 Lastyt quhill Androw Hardclay
 That throu the king wes on him set
 Tuk him rycht in Pomfret,
 And on ane hill beside the toun
 Strak off his hede but ransoun,
 Tharfor syne hyngyt and drawyn wes he
 And with him a weill gret menye.
 Men said syne efter this Thomas
 That on this wis maid marter was
 Was saynct and myrakillis did,
 Bot envy syne gert thaim be hid,
 Bot quhether he haly wes or nane
 At Pomfret thus was he slane.
 And syne the king of Inghland
 Quhen that he saw him tak on hand
 To pas his way sa opynly,
 Him thocht it wes perell to ly
 Thar with the lave of his menye
 Hys harnays tharfor tursit he
 And intill Inghland hame gan he far.
 The Scottismen that destroyand war
 In Inghland sone hard tell tithing
 Off this gret sege departing,
 Tharfor thai tuk westwart the way
 And till Carlele hame went ar thai
 With prayis and with presoneris
 And other gudis on ser maneris.
 The lordis to the king ar gain,

And the lave has thar wayis tain
 Ilk man till his repayr agayne.
 The king i–wys was wondre fayn
 That thay war cummyn hale and fer,
 And that thai sped on sic maner
 That thai thar fayis discomfyt hade
 And but tynsaill of men has maid
 Rescours to thaim that in Berwik
 War assegyt rycht till thar dyk.
 And quhen the king had speryt tithand
 How thai had farne in Ingland
 And thai had tauld him all hale thar far
 How Inglismen discumfyt war,
 Rycht blyth intill his hart wes he
 And maid them fest with gamyn and gle.

[Praise of Walter Stewart; help is to be sent to Edward Bruce]

Berwik wes on this maner
 Reskewyt and thai that tharin wer
 Throu manheid and throu sutelte.
 He wes worthi a prynce to be
 That couth with wit sa hey a thing
 But gret tynsaill bring till ending.
 Till Berwik syne the way he tays
 And quhen he hard thar how it ways
 Defendyt rycht sua apertly,
 He lovyt thaim that war thar gretly.
 Walter Stewart his gret bounte
 Out–our the laiff commendyt he
 For the rycht gret defens he maid
 At the yat quhar men brynt had
 The brig as ye herd me dyvis,
 And certis he wes weill to pris
 That sa stoutly with plane fechting
 At opyn yate maid defending.
 Mycht he haff levyt quhill he had bene
 Off perfyte eild, withoutyn wene
 His renoun suld have strekyt fer,
 Bot dede that walkis ay to mer
 With all hyr mycht waik and worthy
 Had at his worschip sic invi
 That in the flour of his youthheid
 So endyt all his douchti deid,
 As I sall tell you forthermar.
 Quhen the king had a quhill bene thar
 He send for maysonys fer and ner
 That sleast war off that myster
 And gert weill ten fute hey the wall
 About Berwykis toune our–all,

THE BRUS

And syne towart Louthyane
With his menye his gat is gane.
And syne he gert ordane in hy
Bath armyt men and yhumanry
Intill Irland in hy to fayr
To help his brother that wes thar.

BOOK 18

[Edward Bruce marches toward Dundalk; he debates whether to fight]

Bot he that rest anoyit ay
 And wald in travaill be alway,
 A day forouth thar aryving
 That war send till him fra the king,
 He tuk his way southwart to far
 Magre thaim all that with him war,
 For he had nocht than in that land
 Of all men I trow twa thousand,
 Outane the kingis off Irchery
 That in gret routis raid him by.
 Towart Dundalk he tuk the way,
 And quhen Richard of Clar hard say
 That he come with sa few menye
 All that he mycht assemblit he
 Off all Irland off armyt men,
 Sua that he had thar with him then
 Off trappyt hors twenty thousand
 But thai that war on fute gangand,
 And held furth northward on his way.
 And quhen Schyr Edward has hard say
 That cummyn ner till him wes he
 He send discouriouris him to se,
 The Soullis and the Stewart war thai
 And Schyr Philip the Mowbray,
 And quhen thai sene had thar cummyng
 Thai went agayne to tell tithing,
 And said weill thai war mony men.
 In hy Schyr Edward answerd then
 And said that he suld fecht that day
 Thocht tribill and quatribill war thai.
 Schyr Jhone Stewart said, 'Sekyrly
 I reid nocht ye fecht on sic hy,
 Men sayis my brother is cummand
 With fyften thousand men ner-hand,
 And war thai knyt with you ye mycht
 The traistlyer abid to fycht.'
 Schyr Edward lukyt all angrely
 And till the Soullis said in hy,
 'Quhat sayis thou?' 'Schyr,' he said, 'Perfay
 As my falow has said I say.'
 And than to Schyr Philip said he.
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sa our Lord me se
 Me think na foly for to bid

Your men that spedis thaim to rid,
 For we ar few, our fayis ar fele,
 God may rycht weill our werdis dele,
 Bot it war wondre that our mycht
 Suld our-cum sa fele in fycht.'
 Than with gret ire 'Allace,' said he,
 I wend never till her that of the.
 Now help quha will for sekyrly
 This day but mar baid fecht will I,
 Sall na man say quhill I may drey
 That strenth of men sall ger me fley.
 God scheld that ony suld us blam
 Gif we defend our noble nam.'
 'Now be it swagat than,' quod thai,
 'We sall tak that God will purvai.'

[The Irish kings promise to remain and watch the fight]

And quhen the kingis of Irchery
 Herd say and wyst sekyrly
 That thar king with sa quhone wald fycht
 Agane folk of sa mekill mycht
 Thai come till him in full gret hy
 And consaillyt him full tenderly
 For till abid his men, and thai
 Suld hald thar fayis all that day
 Doand, and on the morn alsua
 With thar ronnyngis that thai suld ma.
 Bot thar mycht na consail availe,
 He wald algat hav bataile.
 And quhen thai saw he wes sa thra
 To fycht, thai said, 'Ye ma well ga
 To fycht with yone gret cumpany,
 Bot we acquyt us uterly
 That nane of us will stand to fycht.
 Assuris nocht tharfor in our mycht,
 For our maner is of this land
 To folow and fecht fleand
 And nocht to stand in plane melle
 Quhill the ta part discomfyt be.'
 He said, 'Sen that your custum is
 Ik ask at you no mar bot this,
 That is that ye and your menye
 Wald all togidder arayit be
 And stand on fer but departing
 And se our fycht and the ending.'
 Thai said weill that thai suld do sua,
 And syne towart thar men gan thai ga
 That war weill twenty thousand ner.

[The defeat and death of Edward Bruce; Philip Mowbray's fate]

Edward with thaim that with him wer
 That war nocht fully twa thousand
 Arayit thaim stalwartly to stand
 Agayne fourty thousand and ma.
 Schyr Edward that day wald nocht ta
 His cot–armour, bot Gib Harper
 That men held as withoutyn per
 Off his estate, had on that day
 All hale Schyr Edwardis aray.
 The fycht abad thai on this wis,
 And in gret hy thar ennymys
 Come till assemble all redy
 And thai met thaim hardely.
 Bot thai sa few war, south to say,
 That ruschyt with thar fayis war thai,
 And thai that pressyt mast to stand
 War slane down, and the remanand
 Fled till the Irche to succour.
 Schyr Edward that had sic valour
 Wes dede and Jhone Stewart alsua
 And Jhone the Soullis als with tha
 And other als off thar cumpany.
 Thai war vancussyt sa suddanly
 That few intill the place war slane,
 For the lave has thar wayis tane
 Till the Irsche kingis that war thar
 And in hale bataill howand wer.
 Jhone Thomas–sone that wes leder
 Off thaim of Carrik that thar wer
 Quhen he saw the discumfiting
 Withdrew him till ane Irsch king
 That off his aquentance had he,
 And he resavit him in leawte.
 And quhen Jhone cummyn wes to that king
 He saw be led fra the fechtung
 Schyr Philip the Mowbray the wicht
 That had bene dosnyt into the fycht,
 And with armys led wes he
 With twa men apon a cause
 That wes betwix thaim and the toun
 And strekyt lang in a randown.
 Towart the toun thai held thar way,
 And quhen in myd–cause war thai
 Schyr Philip of his desynes
 Ourcome, and persavit he wes
 Tane and led suagat with twa.
 The tane he swappyt sone him fra
 And syne the tother in gret hy,

And drew the swerd deliverly
 And till the fycht his wayis tays
 Endlang the cause that than was
 Fillyt intill gret foyssoun
 Off men that than went till the toun,
 And he that met thaim agayn gan ma
 Sic payment quhar he gan ga
 That weile a hundre men gert he
 Leve maugre tharis the cause.
 As Jhone Thomas—sone said suthly
 That saw his deid all halily
 Towart the bataill evyn he yeid.

[The body of Edward Bruce]

Jhone Thomas—sone that tuk gud heid
 That thai war vencussyt all planly
 Cryit on him in full gret hy
 And said, 'Cum her for thar is nane
 On lyve for thai ar dede ilkane.'
 Than stud he still a quhill and saw
 That thai war all doune of daw,
 Syne went towart him saraly.
 This Jhone wrocht syne sa wittely
 That all that thidder fled than wer
 Thocht that thai lossyt of thar ger
 Come till Cragfergus hale and fer.
 And thai that at the fechting wer
 Socht Schyr Edward to get his heid
 Amang the folk that thar wes dede
 And fand Gib Harper in his ger,
 And for sa gud hys armys wer
 Thai strak hys hed of and syn it
 Thai have gert salt intill a kyt
 And send it intill Ingland
 Till the King Edward in presand.
 Thai wend Schyr Edwardis it had bene,
 Bot for the armyng that wes schene
 Thai of the heid dissavt wer
 All thocht Schyr Edward deyt ther.

[A verdict on Edward Bruce; the belated reinforcements]

On this wis war thai noble men
 For wilfulnes all lesyt then,
 And that wes syne and gret pite
 For had thar outrageous bounte
 Bene led with wyt and with mesur,
 Bot gif the mar mysaventur

Be fallyn thaim, it suld ryght hard thing
 Be to lede thaim till outraying,
 Bot gret outrageous surquedry
 Gert thaim all deir thar worschip by.
 And thai that fled fra the melle
 Sped thaim in hy towart the se
 And to Cragfergus cummyn ar thai,
 And thai that war into the way
 To Schyr Edward send fra the king
 Quhen thai hard the discumfiting
 To Cragfergus thai went agayne.
 And that wes nocht foroutyn payn,
 For thai war mony tyme that day
 Assailyeit with Irschery, bot thai
 Ay held togidder sarraly
 And defendyt sa wittely
 That thai eschapyt oft throu mycht
 And mony tyme alsua throu slycht,
 For oft of tharis to thaim gaff thai
 To lat thaim scaithles pas thar way,
 And till Cragfergus come thai sua
 That batis and schyppis gan thai ta
 And saylyt till Scotland in hy
 And thar aryvyt all saufly.
 Quhen thai of Scotland had wittering
 Off Schyr Edwardis vencussing
 Thai menynt him full tenderly
 Our all the land commounaly,
 And thai that with him slayn war thar
 Full tenderly als menynt war.

[Edward Bruce's head; Edward II plans to invade Scotland]

Edward the Bruys as I said her
 Wes discumfyt on this maner
 And quhen the feld wes clengit clene
 Sua that na resistens wes sene
 The wardane than Schyr Richard of Clar
 And all the folk that with him war
 Towart Dundalk has tane the way
 Sua that ryght na debat maid thai
 At that tym with the Irschery,
 Bot to the toun thai held in hy,
 And syne had send furth to the king
 That had Ingland in governyng
 Gib Harperis heid in a kyt.
 Jhone Maupas till the king had it
 And he ressavyt it in daynte,
 Ryght blyth off that present wes he
 For he wes glaid that he wes sua

Deliveryt off a felloun fa.
 In hart tharoff he tuk sic prid
 That he tuk purpos for to rid
 With a gret ost in Scotland
 For to veng him with stalwart hand
 Off tray of travaill and of tene
 That done tharin till him had bene,
 And a rycht gret ost gaderit he
 And gert his schippis be the se
 Cum with gret foyssoun of vittail,
 For at that tyme he wald him taile
 To dystroy up sa clene the land
 That nane suld leve tharin levand,
 And with his folk in gret aray
 Towart Scotland he tuk the way.

[King Robert withdraws; the English starve at Edinburgh]

And quhen King Robert wist that he
 Come on him with sic a mengne
 He gaderyt his men bath fer and ner
 Quhill sa fele till him cummyn wer,
 And war als for to cum him to,
 That him thocht he rycht weill suld do.
 He gert withdraw all the catell
 Off Lowthiane everilkdeill,
 And till strenthis gert thaim be send
 And ordanyt men thaim to defend,
 And with his ost all still he lay
 At Culros, for he wald assay
 To gert hys fayis throu fasting
 Be feblyst and throu lang walking,
 And fra he feblast had thar mycht
 Assemblill than with thaim to fycht.
 He thocht to wyrk apon this wis,
 And Inglismen with gret maistrys
 Come with thar ost in Lowthian
 And sone till Edynburgh ar gan,
 And thar abaid thai dayis thre.
 Thar schippys that war on the se
 Had the wynd contrar to thaim ay
 Sua that apon na maner thai
 Had power to the Fyrth to bring
 Thar vittailis to releve the king,
 And thai of the ost that faillyt met
 Quhen thai saw that thai mycht nocht get
 Thar vittailis till thaim be the se
 Thai send furth rycht a gret menye
 For to forray all Lowthiane,
 Bot cataill haf thai fundyn nane

Outakyn a bule that wes haltand
 That in Tranentis corne thai fand.
 That brocht thai till thar ost agayne,
 And quhen the erle of Warayne
 Saw that bule anerly cum swa
 He askyt giff thai gat na ma,
 And thai haff said all till him nay.
 Than said he, 'Certis I dar say
 This is the derrest best that I
 Saw ever yeit, for sekyrly
 It cost a thousand pound and mar.'
 And quhen the king and thai that war
 Off his consaill saw thai mycht get
 Na cattell till thar ost till ete
 That than of fasting had gret payn
 Till Ingland turnyt thai agayn.

[The retreating English advance party attacked by Douglas at Melrose]

At Melros schup thai for to ly
 And send befor a cumpany
 Thre hunder ner of armyt men.
 Bot the lord Douglas that wes then
 Besyd intill the Forest ner
 Wyst of thar come and quhat thai wer,
 And with thaim of his cumpany
 Into Melros all prevely
 He howyt in a buschement,
 And a rycht sturdy frer he sent
 Without the yate thar come to se,
 And bad him hald him all preve
 Quhill that he saw thaim cummand all
 Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall,
 And than cry hey, 'Douglas! Douglas!'
 The frer than furth his wayis tais
 That wes all stout derff and hardy,
 Hys mekill hud helyt haly
 The armur that he on him had,
 Apon a stalwart hors he rad
 And in his hand he had a sper,
 And abaid apon that maner
 Quhill that he saw thaim cummand ner,
 And quhen the formest passyt wer
 The coynye he criyt 'Douglas! Douglas!'
 Than till thaim all a cours he mas
 And bar ane doun deliverly,
 And Douglas and his cumpany
 Ischyt apon thaim with a schout,
 And quhen thai saw sa gret a rout
 Cum apon thaim sa suddanly

Thai war abaysyt gretumly
 And gaf the bak but mar abaid.
 The Scottis men amang thaim raid
 And slew all that thai mycht our-ta,
 A gret martyrdome thar gan thai ma,
 And thai that eschapyt unslayne
 Ar till thar gret ost went agayne
 And tauld thaim quhatkyn welcummyng
 Douglas thaim maid at thar meting
 That convoyit thaim agayn rudly
 And warnyt planly herbery.

[King Robert invades England; the English army awaits him at Byland]

The king of Ingland and his men
 That saw thar herbriouris then
 Cum rebutyt on that maner
 Anoyit in thar hart thai wer,
 And thocht that it war gret foly
 Intill the wod to tak herbery,
 Tharfor by Dryburgh in the playn
 Thai herbryit thaim and syne again
 Ar went till Ingland thar way.
 And quhen the King Robert hard say
 That thai war turnyt hame agayn
 And how thar herbriouris war slayn,
 In hy his ost assemblit he
 And went south our the Scottis se
 And till Ingland his wayis tais.
 Quhen his ost assemblyt ways
 Auchty thousand he wes and ma
 And aucht batallis he maid of tha,
 In ilk bataill war ten thousand,
 Syne went he furth till Ingland
 And intill hale rout folowit sa fast
 The Inglis king, quhill at the last
 He come approchand to Biland
 Quhar at that tyme thar wes lyand
 The king of Ingland with his men.
 King Robert that had witteryng then
 That he lay thar with mekill mycht
 Tranountyt sua on him a nycht
 That be the morn that it wes day
 Cummyng in a plane feld war thai
 Fra Biland bot a litill space,
 Bot betwix thaim and it thar was
 A craggy bra strekyt weill lang
 And a gret peth up for to gang,
 Other wayis mycht thai nocht away
 To pas to Bilandis abbay

Bot gif thai passyt fer about.
 And quhen the mekill Inglis rout
 Hard that the King Robert wes sa ner,
 The mast part of thaim that thar wer
 Went to the peth and tuk the bra,
 Thai thocht thar defens to ma,
 Thar baneris thar thai gert display
 And thar bataillis on braid aray,
 And thocht weill to defend the pas.
 Quhen the King Robert persavit was
 That thai thocht thar thaim to defend
 Efter his consaill has he send
 And askyt quhat wes best to do.
 The lord Douglas answeyrt thar—to
 And said, 'Schyr, I will underta
 That in schort tyme I sall do sa
 That I sall wyn yon pas planly,
 Or than ger all yon cumpany
 Cum down to you her to this plane.'
 The king said than till him agayn,
 'Do than, quhar mychty God the speid.'

[Douglas and Moray attack uphill at Byland; defence by two English knights]

Than he furth on his wayis yeid,
 And of the ost the mast hardy
 Put thaim intill his cumpany
 And held thar way towart the pas.
 The gud erle of Murreff Thomas
 Left his bataill and in gret hy
 Bot with four men of his cumpany
 Come till the lordis rout of Douglas
 And or he entryt in the pas
 Befor thaim all the pas tuk he
 For he wald that men suld him se.
 And quhen Schyr James off Douglas
 Saw that he suagat cummyn was
 He prisyt him tharoff gretly
 And welcummyt him hamlyly,
 And syne the pas thai samyn ta.
 Quhen Inglis men saw thaim do sua
 Thai lychtyt and agayn thaim yeid
 Twa knychtis rycht douchty of deid,
 Thomas Ouchtre ane had to name
 The tother Schyr Rauf of Cobhame,
 Come down befor all thar menye,
 Thai war bath full of gret bounte
 And met thar fayis manlely,
 Bot thai war pressyt rycht gretumly.
 Thar mycht men se rycht weill assaile

And men defend with stout bataill
 And arowes fley in gret foysoun
 And thai that owe war tumbill doun
 Stanys apon thaim fra the hycht,
 Bot thai that set bath will and mycht
 To wyn the peth thaim pressyt sua
 That Schyr Rauff of Cobhame gan ta
 The way up till hys hors in hy,
 And left Schyr Thomas manlily
 Defendand with gret mycht the pas
 Quhill that he sua supprisit was
 That he wes tane throu hard fechtung.
 And tharfor syne in his ending
 He wes renownyt for best of hand
 Off a knyght off all England,
 For this ilk Schyr Rauf of Cobhame
 Intill all England he had name
 For the best knyght of all that land,
 And for Schyr Thomas dwelt fechtand
 Quhar Schyr Rauff as befor said we
 Withdrew him, prisit our him was he.

[The king's men take the heights, take prisoners and defeat the English]

Thus war thai fechtand in the pas,
 And quhen the King Robert that was
 Wys in his deid and averty
 Saw his men sa rycht douchtely
 The peth apon thar fayis ta
 And saw his fayis defend thaim sa,
 Than gert he all the Irschery
 That war intill his cumpany
 Off Arghile and the Ilis alsua
 Speid thaim in gret hy to the bra,
 And bad thaim leif the peth haly
 And clym up in the craggis hy
 And speid thaim fast the hycht to ta.
 Than mycht men se thaim stoutly ga
 And clymb all-gait up to the hycht
 And leve nocht for thar fayios mycht,
 Magre thar fayis thai bar thaim sua
 That thai ar gottyn aboun the bra.
 Than mycht men se thaim fecht felly
 And rusch thar fayis sturdely,
 And thai that till the pas war gane
 Magre thar fayis the hycht has tane.
 Than laid thai on with all thar mycht,
 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht.
 Thar wes a peralous bargane,
 For a knyght Schyr Jhone the Bretane

THE BRUS

That lychtyt wes aboune the bra
And his men gret defens gan ma,
And Scottismen sua gan assaill
And gave thaim sa felloun bataill
That thai war set in sic affray
That thai that mycht fley fled away,
Schyr Jhone the Bretane thar wes tane
And rycht fele off his folk war slane.
Off Fraunce thar tane wes knychtis twa,
The lord the Sule wes ane of tha,
The tother wes the merschell Bretayn
That wes a wele gret lord at hame,
The lave sum ded war and sum tane
And the remanand fled ilkane.
And quhen the king of England
That yeit at Biland wes liand
Saw his men discumfyt planely
He tuk his way in full gret hy
And furthwart fled with all his mycht,
Scottismen chassyt fast, Ik hycht,
And in the chas has mony tane,
The king quitly away is gane
And the mast part of his menye.

[Walter Stewart attacks up to York; John of Brittany a prisoner]

Stewart Walter that gret bounte
Set ay on hey chevalry
With fyve hunder in cumpany
Till Yorkis yettis the chas gan ma
And thar sum of thar men gan sla
And abade thar quhill ner the nycht
To se giff ony wald ische to fycht,
And quhen he saw nane wald cum out
He turnyt agane with all his rout
And till his ost he went in hy
That tane had than thar herbery
Intill the abbay off Biland
And Ryfuowis that was by ner-hand.
Thai delt amang thaim that war ther
The king off Englandis ger
That he had levyt in Biland,
All gert thai lep out our thar hand,
And maid thaim all glaid and mery.
And quhen the king had tane herbery
Thai brocht till him the prisoneris
All unarmyt as it afferis,
And quhen he saw Jhone of Bretangne
He had at him rycht gret engaigne,
For he wes wont to spek hychtly

At hame and our disputusly,
 And bad have him away in hy
 And luk he kepyt war straitly,
 And said war it nocht that he war
 Sic a catyve he suld by sar
 Hys wordys that war sua angry,
 And he humbly criyt him mercy.
 Thai led him furth foroutyn mar
 And kepyt him wele quhill thai war
 Cummy n hame till thar awne countre,
 Lang eftre syne ransonyt wes he
 For twenty thousand pund to pay
 As Ik haff hard syndry men say.

*[French knights released without ransom;
 the expedition returns to Scotland]*

Quhen that the king this spek had maid
 The Frankys knychtis men takyn had
 War brocht rycht thar befor the king,
 And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng
 And said, 'I wate rycht weill that ye
 For your gret worschip and bounte
 Come for to se the fechtng her.
 For sen ye in the countre wer
 Your strenth your worschyp and your mycht
 Wald nocht lat you eschew the fycht,
 And sen that caus you led thartill
 And nother wreyth na ivill will
 As frendis ye sall resavyt be,
 Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye.'
 Thai knelyt and thankyt him gretly,
 And he gert tret thaim curtasly
 And lang quhill with thaim had he
 And did thaim honour and bounte,
 And quhen thai yarnyt to thar land
 To the king of Fraunce in presand
 He send thaim quit but ransoun fre
 And gret gyftis to thaim gaff he.
 His frendis thusgat curtasly
 He couth ressave and hamely,
 And his fayis stoutly stonay.
 At Biland all that nycht he lay,
 For thar victour all blyth thai war,
 And on the morn foroutyn mar
 Thai haff forthwart tane thar way.
 Sa fer at that tyme travaillyt thai
 Brynnand slayand and destroyand
 Thar fayis with all thar mycht noyand
 Quhill till the Wald cummy n war thai,

THE BRUS

Syne northwart tuk hame thar way
And destroyit in thar repayr
The vale all planly off Beauewar.
And syne with presoneris and catell
Riches and mony fayr jowell
To Scotland tuk thai hame thar way
Bath blyth and glaid joyfull and gay,
And ilk man went to thar repayr
And lovyt God thaim fell sa fayr
That thai the king off Inland
Throu worschip and throu strenth of hand
And throu thar lordis gret bounte
Discumfyt in his awne countre.

BOOK 19

[The conspiracy against King Robert; its discovery]

Than wes the land a quhile in pes,
 Bot covatys, that can nocht ces
 To set men apon felony
 To ger thaim cum to senyoury,
 Gert lordis off full gret renoune
 Mak a fell conjuracioun
 Agayn Robert the douchty king,
 Thai thocht till bring him till ending
 And to bruk eftre his dede
 The kynrik and to ryng in hys steid.
 The lord the Soullis, Schyr Wilyam,
 Off that purches had mast defame,
 For principale tharoff was he
 Off assent of that cruelte.
 He had gottyn with him sindry,
 Gilbert Maleherbe, Jhone of Logy
 Thir war knychtis that I tell her
 And Richard Broun als a squyer,
 And gud Schyr Davy off Breichyn
 Wes off this deid arettyt syne
 As I sall tell you forthermar.
 Bot thai ilkane discoveryt war
 Throu a lady as I hard say
 Or till thar purpos cum mycht thai,
 For scho tauld all to the king
 Thar purpose and thar ordanyng,
 And how that he suld haf bene ded
 And Soullis ryng intill his steid,
 And tauld him werray taknyng
 This purches wes suthfast thing.
 And quhen the king wist it wes sua
 Sa sutell purches gan he ma
 That he gert tak thaim everilkan,
 And quhar the lord Soullis was tane
 Thre hunder and sixty had he
 Off squyeris cled in his lyvere
 At that tyme in his cumpany
 Outane knychtis that war joly.
 Into Berwik takyn wes he
 That mycht all his mengne se
 Sary and wa, bot suth to say
 The king lete thaim all pas thar way
 And held thaim at he takyn had.

[The trial in parliament; the fate of the conspirators]

The lord Soullis sone eftre maid
 Plane granting of all that purchas.
 A parlement set tharfor thar was
 And brocht thidder this mengne war.
 The lord the Soullis has grantyt thar
 The deid into plane parleament,
 Tharfor sone eftre he wes sent
 Till his pennance to Dunbertane
 And deit thar in a tour off stane.
 Schyr Gilbert Maleherbe and Logy
 And Richard Broune thir thre planly
 War with a sys thar ourtane,
 Tharfor thai drawyn war ilkane
 And hangyt and hedyt tharto
 As men had dempt thaim for to do.
 And gud Schyr Davy off Breichyn
 Thai gert chalance rycht straitly syne,
 And he grauntyt that off that thing
 Was wele maid till him discovering
 Bot he thartill gaf na consent,
 And for he helyt thar entent
 And discoveryt it nocht to the king
 That he held of all his halding
 And maid till him his fewte
 Jugyt till hang and draw wes he.
 And as thai drew him for to hing
 The pepill ferly fast gan thring
 Him and his myscheyff for to se
 That to behald wes gret pite.

[Sir Ingram Umfraville's reaction and decision to leave Scotland]

Schyr Ingrahame the Umfravill that than
 Wes with the king as Scottisman,
 Quhen he that gret myscheiff gan se
 He said, 'Lordingis, quharto pres ye
 To se at myscheiff sic a knycht
 That wes sa worthi and sa wicht
 That Ik haff sene ma pres to se
 Him him for his rycht soverane bounte
 Than now doys for to se him her.'
 And quhen thir wordis spokyn wer
 With sary cher he held him still
 Quhill men had done of him thar will,
 And syne with the leve of the king
 He brocht him menskly till erding.

And syne to the king said he,
 'A thing I pray you graunt me,
 That is that ye off all my land
 That is intill Scotland liand
 Wald giff me leve to do my will.'
 The king that sone has said him till,
 'I will wele graunt that it sua be,
 Bot tell me quhat amovis the.'
 He said agane, 'Schyr, graunt mercy
 And I sall tell you planely,
 Myne hart giffis me na mar to be
 With you dwelland in this countre,
 Tharfor bot that it nocht you greve
 I pray you hartly of your leve.
 For quhar sua rycht worthi a knycht
 An sa chevalrous and sa wicht
 And sa renownyt off worschip syne
 As gud Schyr David off Brechyn
 And sa fullfyllt off all manheid
 Was put to sa velanys a ded,
 Myn hart forsuth may nocht gif me
 To dwell for na thing that may be.'
 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sua
 Quhenever the likys thou may ga,
 And thou sall haiff gud leve tharto
 Thi liking off thi land to do.'
 And he thankyt him gretumly
 And off his land in full gret hy
 As hym thocht best disponyt he,
 Syne at the king of gret bounte
 Befor all thaim that with him war
 He tuk his leve for evermar,
 And went in Ingland to the king
 That maid him rycht fayr welcummyng
 And askyt him of the north tithing.
 And he him tauld all but lesing
 How thai knychtis destroyit war
 And as I tauld till you ar,
 And off the kingis curtassy
 That levyt him debonarly
 To do off his land his liking.
 In that tyme wes send fra the king
 Off Scotland messyngeris to trete
 Off pes giff that thai mycht it get,
 As thai befor oft-sys war send
 How that thai coutht nocht bring till end.
 For the gud king had in entent,
 Sen God sa fayr grace had him lent
 That he had wonnyn all his land
 Throu strenth off armys till his hand,
 That he pes in his tyme wald ma

And all landis stabill sua
 That his ayr eftre him suld be
 In pes, gif men held lawte.

[Sir Ingram Umfraville advises a long truce, which is made]

Intill this tyme that Umfravill
 As I bar you on hand er quhill
 Come till the king of Ingland
 The Scottis messingeris thar he fand
 Of pes and rest to haiff tretis.
 The king wist Schyr Ingrahame wes wis
 And askyt consaile tharto
 Quhat he wald rede him for to do,
 For he said him thocht hard to ma
 Pes with the King Robert his fa
 Quhill that he off him vengit war.
 Schyr Ingrahame maid till him answar
 And said, 'He delt sa curtasly
 With me that on na wis suld I
 Giff consaill till his nethring.'
 'The behovis nedwayis,' said the king,
 'To this thing her say thine avis.'
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sen your willis is
 That I say, wit ye sekyrly
 For all your gret chevalry
 To dele with him yhe haf na mycht.
 His men all worthyn ar sa wicht
 For lang usage of fechtyn
 That has bene nuryst in swilk thing
 That ilk yowman is sa wicht
 Off his that he is worth a knyght.
 Bot, and ye think your wer to bring
 To your purpos and your liking,
 Lang trewys with him tak ye.
 Than sall the mast off his menye
 That ar bot simple yumanry
 Be dystrenyit commonaly
 To wyn thar mete with thar travaill,
 And sum of thaim nedis but faill
 With pluch and harow for to get
 And other ser crafftis thar mete,
 Sua that thar armyng sall worth auld
 And sall be rottyn stroyit and sauld,
 And fele that now of wer ar sley
 Intill the lang trew sall dey
 And other in thar sted sall rys
 That sall conn litill of that mastrys.
 And quhen thai disusyt er
 Than may ye move on thaim your wer

And sall rycht well as I suppos
 Bring your entent to gud purpos.'
 Till this assentyt thai ilkane,
 And eftre sone war trewis tane
 Betwix the twa kingis that wer
 Tailyeit to lest for thretten yer
 And on the marchis gert thaim cry.
 The Scottismenn kepyt thaim lelely,
 Bot the Inglismen apon the se
 Destroyit throu gret inyquyte
 Marchand schippis that sailand war
 Fra Scotland till Flaundris with war,
 And destroyit everilkane
 And to thar oys the gud has tane.
 The king send oft till ask redres,
 Bot nocht off it redressyt wes
 And he abaid all tyme askand,
 The trew on his half gert he stand
 Apon the marchis stabilly
 And gert men kep thaim lelely.

[The death of Walter the Steward]

In this tyme that trewis war
 Lestend on marchis as I said ar
 Schyr Walter Stewart that worthi was
 At Bathgat a gret seknes tas.
 His ivill ay woux mar and mar
 Quhill men persavit be his far
 That him worthit nede to pay the det
 That na man to pay may let,
 Schryvyn and als repentit weill
 Quhen all wes doyn him ilkdeill
 That Crystyn man nedyt till have
 As gud Crystyn the gast he gave.
 Then men mycht her men gret and cry
 And mony a knycht and mony a lady
 Mak in apert rycht evill cher,
 Sa did thai all that ever thai war,
 All men him menyt commounly
 For off his eild he wes worthy.
 Quhen thai lang quhill thar dule had maid
 The cors to Paslay haiff thai haid,
 And thar with gret solempnyte
 And with gret dule erdyt wes he,
 God for his mycht his saule bring
 Quhar joy ay lestis but ending.

[The truce is given up; Moray and Douglas harry Weardale]

Efftre his dede as I said ar
 The trewys that sua takyn war
 For till haff lestyt thretten yer,
 Quhen twa yer of thaim passyt wer
 And ane halff as I trow allsua
 The King Robert saw men wald nocht ma
 Redres of schippys that war tane
 And off the men als that war slane,
 Bot contynowyt thar mavtye
 Quhenever thai met thaim on the se.
 He sent and acquit him planly
 And gave the trewis up opynly,
 And in the vengeance of this trespas
 The gud erle of Murreff Thomas
 And Donald erle of Mar alsua
 And James of Douglas with thai twa,
 And James Stewart that ledar wes
 Efter his gud brotheris disceis
 Off all his bruderys men in wer,
 He gert apon thar best maner
 With mony men bowne thaim to ga
 In Ingland for to bryn and sla,
 And thai held furth till Ingland.
 Thai war of gud men ten thousand,
 Thai brynt and slew intill thar way,
 Thar fayis fast destroyit thai
 And suagat southwart gan thai far
 To Wardaill quhill thai cummyn war.
 That tyme Edward off Carnaverane
 The king wes ded and laid in stane,
 And Edward his sone that wes ying
 In Ingland crownyt wes to king
 And surname off Wyndyssor.
 He had in France bene thar—befor
 With his moder Dame Ysabell,
 And wes weddyt as Ik herd tell
 With a young lady fayr of face
 That the erlis douchter was
 Off Hennaud, and off that cuntre
 Brocht with him men of gret bounte,
 Schyr Jhone the Hennaud wes thar leder
 That was wys and wycht in wer.
 And that tyme that Scottismen wer
 At Wardaile, as I said you er,
 Intill York wes the new—maid king,
 And herd tell of the destroying
 That Scottismen maid in his countre.
 A gret ost till him gaderyt he,
 He wes wele ner fyfty thousand,
 Than held he northwart in the land

In haill battaill with that mengne,
 Auchtene yer auld that tyme wes he.
 The Scottismen a day Cokdaile
 Fra end till end had heryit haile
 And till Wardaile again thai raid.

*[Edward III's army approaches; Douglas prepares an ambush;
 the skirmish by the Wear]*

Thar discourriouris that sycht has haid
 Off cummyn of the Inglismen
 To thar lordis thai tauld it then.
 Than the lord Douglas in a ling
 Raid furth to se thar cummyng
 And saw that sevin bataillis war thai
 That cum ridand in gud aray,
 Quhen he that folk behaldyn had
 Towart his ost agayn he rad.
 The erle speryt gif he had sene
 That ost. 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'but wene.'
 'Quhat folk ar thai?' 'Schyr, mony men.'
 The erle his ayth has sworn then,
 'We sall fecht with thaim thocht thai war
 Yeit ma eftsonys than thai ar.'
 'Schyr, lovyt be God,' he said agayn,
 'That we haiff sic a capitayn
 That sua gret thing dar undreta,
 Bot, be saynct Bryd, it beis nocht sua
 Giff my consaill may trowyt be,
 For fecht on na maner sall we
 Bot it be at our advantage,
 For methink it war na outrage
 To fewar folk aganys ma
 Advantage quhen thai ma to ta.'
 As thai war on this wis spekand
 Our ane hey rig thai saw ridand
 Towart thaim evyn a battaill braid,
 Baneris displayit inew thai haid,
 And a nothyr come eftre ner
 And rycht apon the samyn maner
 Thai come quhill sevin bataillis braid
 Out-our that hay rig passyt haid.
 The Scottismen war than liand
 On north halff Wer towart Scotland.
 The dale wes strekyt weill Ik hycht,
 On athyr sid thar wes ane hycht
 And till the water doune sumdeill stay.
 The Scottismen in gud aray
 On thar best wis buskyt ilkane
 Stud in a strenth that thai had tane,

And that wes fra the water of Wer
 A quartar of a myle weill ner,
 Thar stud thai battaill till abid,
 And Inglismen on athyr sid
 Come ridand dounwart quhill thai wer
 To Weris water cummyn als ner
 As on other halff thar fayis war.
 Than haf thai maid a rest rycht thar
 And send out archerys a thousand
 With hudis off and bowys in hand
 And gert thaim drink weill of the wyn,
 And bad thaim gang to bykker syne
 The Scottis ost in abandoun
 And ger thaim cum apon thaim doun,
 For mycht thai ger thaim brek aray
 To haiff thaim at thar will thocht thai.
 Armyt men doune with thaim thai send
 Thaim at the water to defend.
 The lord Douglas has sene thar fer,
 And men that rycht weill horsyt wer
 And armyt a gret cumpany
 Behind the bataillis prevely
 He gert howe to bid thar cummyng,
 And quhen he maid to thaim taknyng
 Thai suld cum prekand fast and sla
 With sperys that thai mycht ourta,
 Donald off Mar thar chiftane was
 And Archebald with hym of Douglas.

[Douglas drives back the English; the two sides encamp; novelties seen]

The lord Douglas towart thaim raid,
 A gowne on his armur he haid,
 And traversyt all wayis up agayn
 Thaim ner his bataillis for to trayn,
 And thai that drunkyn had off the wyne
 Come ay up lingand in a lyne
 Quhill thai the battaill come sa ner
 That arowis fell amang thaim ser.
 Robert off Ogill a gud squyer
 Come prikand than on a courser
 And on the archeris criyt agane,
 'Ye wate nocht quha mays you that trayn,
 That is the lord Douglas that will
 Off his playis ken sum you till,'
 And quhen thai herd spek of Douglas
 The hardyest effrayit was
 And agayn turnyt halely.
 His takyn maid he than in hy,
 And the folk that enbuschit war

Sa stoutly prekyt on thaim thar
 That weile thre hunder haiff thai slane
 And till the water hame agane
 All the remanand gan thai chas.
 Schyr Wilyam off Erskyn that was
 Newlyngis makyn knyght that day
 Weill horsit intill gud aray
 Chasyt with other that thar war
 Sa fer furth that hys hors him bar
 Amang the lump of Inglismen,
 And with strang hand wes takyn then,
 Bot off him wele sone chang wes maid
 For other that men takyn haid.
 Fra thir Inglis archeris wes slane
 Thar folk raid till thar ost agane,
 And rycht sua did the lord off Douglas.
 And quhen that he reparyt was
 Thai mycht amang thar fayis se
 Thar pailyounys sone stentyt be,
 And thai persavyt sone in hy
 That thai that nyght wald tak herbery
 And schup to do no mar that day,
 Tharfor thaim alsua herbryit thay
 And stent pailyounys in hy,
 Tentis and lugis als tharby
 Thai gert mak and set all on raw.
 Twa novelryis that day thai saw
 That forouth in Scotland had bene nene,
 Tymmeris for helmys war the tane
 That thaim thocht thane off gret bewte
 And alsua wondyr for to se,
 The tother crakys war off wer
 That thai befor herd never er,
 Off thir twa thingis thai had ferly.
 That nyght thai walkyt stalwartly,
 The mast part off thaim armyt lay
 Quhill on the morn that it wes day.

[Douglas foils an English ambush]

The Inglismen thaim umbethocht
 Apon quhat mener that thai moucht
 Ger Scottis leve thar advantage,
 For thaim thocht foly and outrage
 To gang up till thaim till assaill
 Thaim at thar strenth in plane battaill,
 Tharfor of gud men a thousand
 Armyt on hors bath fute and hand
 Thai send behind thar fayis to be
 Enbuschit intill a vale,

And schup thar bataillis as thai wald
 Apon thaim till the fechtyn hald,
 For thai thocht Scottismen sic will
 Had that thai mycht nocht hald thaim still,
 For thai knew thaim off sic curage
 That tharthrough strenth and advantage
 Thai suld leve and mete them planly.
 Than suld thar buschement halily
 Behind brek on thaim at the bak,
 Sa thocht thai wele thai suld thaim mak
 For to repent thaim off thar play.
 Thar enbuschement furth send haiff thai
 That thaim enbuschit prevely,
 And on the morn sum—dele arly
 Intill this ost hey trumpyt thai
 And gert thar braid bataillis aray,
 And all arayit for to fycht
 Thai held towart the water rycht.
 Scottismen that saw thaim do swa
 Boune on thar best wis gan thaim ma
 And in bataill planly arayit
 With baneris till the wynd displayit
 Thai left thar strenth, and all planly
 Come doune to mete thaim hardely
 In als gud maner as thai moucht
 Rycht as thar fayis befor had thocht.
 Bot the lord Douglas that ay was war
 And set out wachis her and thar
 Gat wyt off thar enbuschement,
 Than intill gret hy is he went
 Befor the bataillis and stoutly
 He bad ilk man turn him in hy
 Rycht as he stud, and turnyt sua
 Up till thar strenth he bad thaim ga
 Sua that na let thar thai maid,
 And thai did as he biddyn haid
 Quhill till thar strenth thai come agayne,
 Than turnyt thai thaim with mekill mayn
 And stud redy to giff battaill
 Giff thar fayis wald thaim assaill.
 Quhen Inglismen had sene thaim sua
 Towart thar strenth agayne up ga
 Thai criyt hey, 'Thai fley thar way.'
 Schyr Jhone Hennaud said, 'Perfay
 Yone fleyng is rycht degyse,
 Thar armyt men behind I se
 And thar baneris, sua that thaim thar
 Bot turne thaim as thai standand ar
 And be arayit for to fycht
 Giff ony presyt thaim with mycht.
 Thai haiff sene our enbuschement

And agane till thar strenth ar went.
 Yone folk ar governyt wittily,
 And he that ledis is worthi
 For avise worschip and wysdome
 To governe the empyr off Rome.'
 Thus spak that worthi knyght that day,
 And the enbuschement fra that thai
 Saw that thai sua discoveryt war
 Towart thar ost agane thai fair,
 And the bataillis off Inglismen
 Quhen thai saw thai had faillyt then
 Off thar purpos to thar herbery
 Thai went and logit thaim in hy.
 On other halff rycht sua did thai,
 Thai maid na mar debat that day.

[The Scots camp in a walled park; the English follow]

Quhen thai that day ourdrevyn had
 Fyris in gret foyssoun thai maid
 Alsone as the nyght fallyn was.
 And than the gud lord off Douglas,
 That had spyit a place tharby
 Twa myle thin that quhar mar traistly
 The Scottis ost mycht herbery ta
 And defend thaim better alsua
 Than ellys in ony place tharby,
 It wes a park all halily
 Wes envyround about with wall,
 It wes ner full of treys all
 Bot a gret plane intill it was,
 Thidder thocht the lord of Douglas
 Be nychtyrtale thar ost to bring.
 Tharfor foroutyn mar dwelling
 Thai bet thar fyris and maid thaim mar,
 And syne all samyn furtht thai far
 And till the park foroutyn tynseill
 Thai come and herbryit thaim weill
 Upon the water and als ner
 Till it as thai beforouth wer.
 And on the morn quhen it wes day
 The Inglis ost myssyt away
 The Scottismen and had ferly,
 And gert discourriouris hastily
 Pryk to se quhar thai war away,
 And be thar fyris persavyt thai
 That thai in the park of Werdale
 Had gert herbry thar ost all hale.
 Tharfor thar ost but mar abaid
 Buskyt, and evyn anent thaim raid

And on athyr halff the water of Wer
 Gert stent thar palyounys als ner
 As thar befor stentyt war thai.
 Aucht dayis on baith halff sua thai lay
 That Inglismen durst nocht assaill
 The Scottismen with plane battaill
 For strenth of erd that thai had thar.
 Thar wes ilk day justyn of wer
 And scrymyn maid full apertly
 And men tane on athyr party,
 And thai that war tane on a day
 On ane other changyt war thai,
 Bot other dedis nane war done
 That gretly is apon to mone,
 Till it fell on the sevynd day
 The lord Douglas had spyit a way
 How that he mycht about thaim rid
 And com on the ferrer sid.

[Douglas rides round the English camp and surprises it on the far side]

And at evyn purvayit him he
 And tuk with him a gud mengne
 Fyve hunder on hors wicht and hardy,
 And in the nycht all prevely
 Forout noyis sa fer he raid
 Quhill that he ner enveronyt had
 Thar ost and on the ferrar sid
 Towart thaim slely gan he rid.
 And the men that with him war
 He gert in hand have swerdis bar
 And bad thaim hew rapis in twa
 That thai the palyounys mycht ma
 To fall on thaim that in thaim war,
 Than suld the lave that folowit thar
 Stab doune with speris sturdely,
 And quhen thai hard his horne in hy
 To the water hald doune thar way.
 Quhen this wes said that Ik her say
 Towart thar fayis fast thai raid
 That on that sid na wachis haid.
 And as thai ner war approchand
 Ane Inglisman that lay bekand
 Him be a fyr said till his fer,
 'I wat nocht quhat may tyd us her
 Bot rycht a gret growyng me tais,
 For I dred sar for the blak Douglas,'
 And he that hard him said, 'Perfay
 Thou sall haiff caus gif that I may.'
 With that with all him cumpany

He ruschyt in on thaim hardely
 And pailounys doune he bar,
 With sperys that scharply schar
 Thai stekyt men dispitously.
 The noys weill sone rais and cry,
 And thai stabbyt stekyt and slew
 And pailounys doun yarne thai drew.
 A felloun slauchter maid thai thar
 For thai that liand nakit war
 Had na power defens to ma
 And thai but pite gan thaim sla.
 Thai gert thaim weill wyt that foly
 Wes ner thar fayis for to ly
 Bot giff thai traistly wachit war.
 The Scottismen war slayand thar
 Thar fayis on this wis quhill the cry
 Ras throu the ost commonaly
 That lord and other war on ster,
 And quhen the Douglas wust thai wer
 Armand thaim all commonaly
 He blew his horn for to rely
 His men and bad thaim hald thar way
 Towart the water and sua did thai,
 And he abaid henmast to se
 That nane of hys suld levyt be.
 And as he bade sua howand
 Sua come thane ane with a club in hand
 And sua gret a rout till him raucht
 That had nocht bene his mekill maucht
 And his rycht soverane manheid
 Intill that place he had bene dede,
 Bot he that na tyme wes effrayit
 Thocht he weill oft wes hard assayit
 Throu mekill strenth and gret manheid
 Has brocht the tother to the ded.
 His men that till the water doun
 War ridyne intill a raundoun
 Myssyt thar lord quhen thai come thar,
 Than war thai dredand for him sar,
 Ilkan at other speryt tithing
 Bot yeit off him thai hard na thing.
 Than gan thai consaill samyn ta
 That thai to sek him up wald ga,
 And as thai war in sic effray
 A tutilling off his horne hard thai
 And thai that has it knawyn swith
 War of his cummyn wonder blyth
 And speryt at him of his abaid.
 And he tauld how a carle him maid
 With a club sic felloun pay
 That met him stoutly in the way

That had nocht fortoun helpit the mar
He had bene in gret perell thar.

[Douglas and Moray debate; the fable of the fox and the fisherman]

Thusgat spekand thai held thar way
Quhill till thar ost cummyn ar thai
That on fute armyt thaim abaid
For till help giff thai myster haid,
And alsone as the lord Douglas
Met with the erle off Murreff was
The erle speryt at thaim tithing
How thai had farne in thar outing.
'Schyr,' said he, 'we haf drawyn blud.'
The erle that wes of mekill mude
Said, 'And we all had thidder gayne
We haid discumfyt thaim ilkan.'
'That mycht haff fallyn weill,' said he,
'Bot sekyrly ynew war we
To put us in yone aventur,
For had thai maid discumfitur
On us that yonder passyt wer
It suld all stonay that ar her.'
The erle said, 'Sen that it sua is
That we may nocht with jupertys
Our feloune fayis fors assaill
We sall do it in plane battaill.'
The lord Douglas said, 'Be saynct Brid
It war gret folly at this tid
Till us with swilk ane ost to fycht
That growys ilk day off mycht
And has vittaill tharwith plente,
And in thar countre her ar we
Quhar thar may cum us na succourys,
Hard is to mak us her rescours
Na we ne may ferrar mete to get,
Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.
Do we with our fayis tharfor
That ar her liand us befor
As Ik herd tell this othyr yer
That a fox did with a fyscher.'
'How did the fox?' the erle gan say.
He said, 'A fyscher quhilum lay
Besid a ryver for to get
Hys nettis that he had thar set.
A litill loge tharby he maid,
And thar-within a bed he haid
And a litill fyr alsua,
A dure thar wes foroutyn ma.
A nycht, his nettis for to se

He rase and thar wele lang dwelt he,
 And quhen he had doyne his deid
 Towart his loge agayn he yeid,
 And with licht of the litill fyr
 That in the loge wes brynnand schyr
 Intill his luge a fox he saw
 That fast on ane salmound gan gnaw.
 Than till the dur he went in hy
 And drew his swerd deliverly
 And said, 'Reiffar thou mon her out.'
 The fox that wes in full gret dout
 Lukyt about sum hole to se,
 Bot nane eschew persave couth he
 Bot quhar the man stud sturdely.
 A lauchtane mantell than him by
 Liand apon the bed he saw,
 And with his teth he gan it draw
 Out—our the fyr, and quhen the man
 Saw his mantill ly brinnand than
 To red it ran he hastily.
 The fox gat out than in gret hy
 And held his way his warand till.
 The man leyt him begilyt ill
 That he his gud salmound had tynt
 And alsua his mantill brynt,
 And the fox scaithles gat away.

[Douglas proposes a method of withdrawal]

This ensample weill I may say
 Be yone ost and us that ar her,
 We ar the fox and thai the fyscher
 That stekis forouth us the way.
 Thai wene we may na—gat away
 Bot rycht quhar thai ly, bot perde
 All as thai think it sall nocht be,
 For I haff gert se us a gait
 Suppos that it be sumdele wate,
 A page off ouris we sall nocht tyne.
 Our fayis for this small tranountyn
 Wenys weill we sall prid us sua
 That we planely on hand sall ta
 To giff thaim opynly battaill.
 Bot at this tyme thar thocht sall fail,
 For we to—morne her all the day
 Sall mak als mery as we may,
 And mak us boune agayn the nycht,
 And than ger mak our fyris lycht
 And blaw our hornys and mak far
 As all the warld our awne war

Quhill that the nycht weill fallin be.
 And than with all our harnays we
 Sall tak our way hamwart in hy,
 And we sall gyit be graithly
 Quhill we be out off thar daunger
 That lyis now enclossyt her.
 Than sall we all be at our will
 And thai sall lete thaim trumpyt ill
 Fra thai wyt weill we be away.'
 To this haly assentyt thai,
 And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht
 Quhill on the morn that day wes lycht.

*[The Scots withdraw secretly by night, leaving fires burning;
 the English give up the chase]*

Apon the morn all prevely
 Thai tursit harnays and maid redy
 Sua that or evyn all boun war thai,
 And thar fayis that agane thaim lay
 Gert haiff thar men that thar war ded
 In cartis till ane haly sted.
 All that day cariland thai war
 With cartis men that slayn war thar,
 That thai war fele mycht men well se
 That in carying sa lang suld be.
 The ostis baith all that day wer
 In pes, and quhen the nycht wes ner
 The Scottis folk that liand war
 Intill the park maid fest and far
 And blew hornys and fyris maid
 And gert thaim mak brycht and braid,
 Sua at that nycht thar fyris war mar
 Than ony tym befor thai war.
 And quhen the nycht wes fallin weill
 With all the harnayis ilka—dele
 All prevely thai raid thar way.
 Sone in a mos entryt ar thai
 That had wele twa myle lang of breid,
 Out—our that mos on fute thai yeid
 And in thar hand thar hors leid thai.
 It wes rycht a noyus way
 Bot flaikkis in the wod thai maid no no.
 Of wandis and thame with thame had no no.
 And sykis thairwith briggitt thay, no no.
 And sua had weill thair hors away no no.
 On sic wyse that all that thair weir
 Come weill out—our it hale and fer,
 And tynt bot litill off thar ger
 Bot giff it war ony summer

That in the mos wes left liand.
 Quhen all as Ik haff born on hand
 Out–our that mos that wes sa braid
 War cummyn a gret glaidship thai haid
 And raid furth hamwart on thar way.
 And on the morn quhen it wes day
 The Inglismen saw the herbery
 Quhar Scottismen war wont to ly
 All void. Thai wondryt gretly then
 And send furth syndry off thar men
 To spy quhar thai war gayn away
 Quhill at the last thar trais fand thai
 That till the mekill mos thaim haid
 That wes sua hidwous for to waid
 That awntyre thaim tharto durst nane,
 Bot till thar ost agayne ar gayn
 And tauld how that thai passyt war
 Quhar never man passit ar.
 Quhen Inglismen hard it wes sua
 In hy to consaill gan thai ta
 That thai wald folow thaim no mar,
 Thar ost rycht than thai scalit thar
 And ilk man till his awn raid.

[King Robert sends a relief force; the two Scottish forces meet; the king rejoices]

And King Robert that wittering haid
 At his men in the park sua lay
 And at quhat myscheiff thar war thai,
 Ane ost assemblyt he in hy
 And ten thousand men wicht and hardy
 He has send furth with erllis twa
 Off the Marche and Angus war tha
 The ost in Werdale to releve,
 And giff thai mycht sa weill escheve
 That samyn mycht be thai and thai
 Thai thocht thar fayis till assay.
 Sua fell that on the samyn day
 That the mos, as ye hard me say,
 Wes passyt, the discourrouris that thar
 Ridand befor the ost war
 Off athyr ost has gottyn sycht,
 And thai that worthy war and wicht
 At thar metyng justyt of wer,
 Ensenyeys hey thai criyt ther.
 And be thar cry persavyt thai
 That thai war frendys and at a fay,
 Than mycht men se thaim glaid and blyth
 And tauld it to thar lordis swith.

THE BRUS

The ostis bath met samyn syne,
Thar wes rycht hamly welcummyn
Maid amand thai gret lordis thar,
Off thar metyng joyfull thai war.
The erle Patrik and his menye
Had vittailis with thaim gret plente
And tharwith weill relevyt thai
Thar frendis, for the suth to say
Quhill thai in Wardale liand war
Thai had gret default off mete, bot thar
Thai war relevyt with gret plente.
Toward Scotland with gamyn and gle
Thai went and hame wele cummyn ar thai
And scalyt syne ilk man thar way.
The lordis ar went to the king
That has maid thaim fair welcumyng,
For off thar come rycht glaid wes he,
And that thai sic perplexite
Forout tynsaill eschapyt haid
All war thai blyth and mery maid.

BOOK 20

[King Robert in Northumberland]

Sone eftre that the erle Thomas
 Fra Wardaill thus reparyt was
 The king assemblyt all his mycht
 And left nane that wes worth to fycht,
 A gret ost than assemblit he
 And delt his ost in partis thre.
 A part to Norame went but let
 And a stark assege has set
 And held thaim in ryght at thar dyk,
 The tother part till Anwyk
 Is went and thar a sege set thai,
 And quhill that thir assegis lay
 At thir castellis I spak off ar,
 Apert eschewys oft maid thar war
 And mony fayr chevalry
 Eschevyt war full douchtely.
 The king at thai castellis liand
 Left his folk, as I bar on hand
 And with the thrid ost held hys way
 Fra park to park hym for to play
 Huntand as all hys awn war,
 And till thaim that war with him thar
 The landis off Northummyrland
 That neyst to Scotland war liand
 In fe and heritage gave he,
 And thai payit for the selys fe.

[The peace with England]

On this wys raid he destroyand
 Quhill that the king of England
 Throu consaill of the Mortymar
 And his moder that that tym war
 Ledaris of him that than young wes
 To King Robert to tret off pes
 Send messyngeris, and sua sped thai
 That thai assentyt on this way
 Than a perpetuale pes to tak,
 And thai a mariage suld mak
 Off the King Robertis sone Davy
 That than bot fyve yer had scarsly
 And off Dame Jhone als off the Tour

That syne wes of full gret valour,
 Systre scho wes to the ying king
 That had Ingland in governyng,
 That than of eild had sevyn yer.
 And monymentis and lettrys ser
 That thai of Ingland that tyme had
 That oucht agayn Scotland maid
 Intill that tretys up thai gaff,
 And all the clame that thai mycht haff
 Intill Scotland on ony maner,
 And King Robert for scaithis ser
 That he to thaim off Ingland
 Had done off wer with stalwart hand
 Full twenty thousand pund suld pay
 Off silver into gud monay.
 Quhen men thir thingis forspokyn had
 And with selis and athis maid
 Festnyng off frendschip and of pes
 That never for na chaunc suld ces,
 The mariage syne ordanyt thai
 To be at Berwik and the day
 Thai haff set quhen that this suld be,
 Syne went ilk man till his countre.
 Thus maid wes pes quhar wer wais ar
 And thus the segis raissyt war.

[The marriage of the king's son, David]

The King Robert ordanyt to pay
 The silver, and agane the day
 He gert wele for the mangery
 Ordane quhen that his sone Davy
 Suld weddyt be, and Erle Thomas
 And the gud lord of Douglas
 Intill his steid ordanyt he
 Devisouris of that fest to be,
 For a malice him tuk sa sar
 That he on na wis mycht be thar.
 His malice off enfundeyng
 Begouth, for throuch his cald lying
 Quhen in his gret myscheiff wes he
 Him fell that hard perplexite.
 At Cardros all that tyme he lay,
 And quhen ner cummyn wes the day
 That ordanyt for the weddyn was
 The erle and the lord of Douglas
 Come to Berwik with mekill far
 And brocht young Davy with thaim thar,
 And the queyn and the Mortymer
 On other part cummyn wer

With gret affer and reawte,
 The young lady of gret bewte
 Thidder thai brocht with rich affer.
 The weddyn haf thai makyt thar
 With gret fest and solempnyte,
 Thar mycht men myrth and glaidship se
 For rycht gret fest thai maid thar
 And Inglisemen and Scottis war
 Togidder in joy and solace,
 Na felloun betwix thaim was.
 The fest a wele lang tym held thai,
 And quhen thai buskyt to far away
 The queyn has left hyr douchter thar
 With gret riches and reale far,
 I trow that lang quhile na lady
 Wes gevyn till hous sa richely,
 And the erle and the lord Douglas
 Hyr in daynte ressavyt has
 As it war worthi sekyrly
 For scho wes syne the best lady
 And the fayrest that men thurft se.
 Eftre this gret solemnyte
 Quhen of bath half levys war tane
 The queyn till Ingland hame is gane
 And had with hyr Mortymar.
 The erle and thai that levyt war
 Quhen thai a quhill hyr convoyit had
 Towart Berwik again thai raid,
 And syne with all thar cumpany
 Towart the king thai went in hy,
 And had with thaim the young Davy
 And Dame Jhone als that young lady.

[Coronation of David, settlement of the succession]

The king maid thaim fair welcumyng
 And efter but langer delaying
 He has gert set a parleament
 And thidder with mony men is went,
 For he thocht he wald in his lyff
 Croun his young sone and his wyff
 And at that parleament sua did he.
 With gret fayr and solemnyte
 The King Davy wes crownyt thar,
 And all the lordis that thar war
 And als off the comynyte
 Maid him manredyn and fewte.
 And forouth that thai crownyt war
 The King Robert gert ordane thar,
 Giff it fell that his sone Davy

Deyit but ayr male off his body
 Gottyn, Robert Stewart suld be
 Kyng and bruk all the realte
 That hys douchter bar Marjory,
 And at this tailye suld lelely
 Be haldyn all the lordis swar
 And it with selys affermyt thar.
 And gyff it hapnyt Robert the king
 To pas to God quhill thai war ying,
 The gud erle of Murreff, Thomas,
 And the lord alsua off Douglas
 Suld haiff thaim into governyng
 Quhill thai had wyt to ster thar thing,
 And than the lordschip suld thai ta.
 Her–till thar athys gan thai ma
 And all the lordis that thar war
 To thir twa wardanys athis swar
 Till obey thaim in lawte
 Giff thaim hapnyt wardanys to be.

[The king's illness and last will]

Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes
 And affermyt with sekynes
 The king to Cardros went in hy,
 And thar him tuk sa fellely
 The seknes and him travailit sua
 That he wyst him behovyt to ma
 Off all this liff the commoun end
 That is the dede quhen God will send,
 Tharfor his lettrys sone send he
 For the lordis off his countre
 And thai come as thai biddyng had.
 His testament than has he maid
 Befor bath lordis and prelatis,
 And to religioun of ser statis
 For hele of his saule gaf he
 Silver in gret quantite.
 He ordanyt for his saule weill,
 And quhen this done wes ilkadele
 He said, 'Lordingis, sua is it gayn
 With me that thar is nocht bot ane,
 That is the dede withoutyn drede
 That ilk man mon thole off nede.
 And I thank God that has me sent
 Space in this lyve me to repent,
 For throuch me and my werraying
 Off blud has bene rycht gret spilling
 Quhar mony sakles men war slayn,
 Tharfor this seknes and this payn

I tak in thank for my trespas.
 And myn hart fichyt sekyrly was
 Quhen I wes in prosperite
 Off my synnys to sauffyt be
 To travaill apon Goddis fayis,
 And sen he now me till him tayis
 Sua that the body may na wys
 Fullfill that the hart gan devis
 I wald the hart war thidder sent
 Quharin consavyt wes that entent.
 Tharfor I pray you everilkan
 That ye amang you ches me ane
 That be honest wis and wicht
 And off his hand a noble knycht
 On Goddis fayis my hart to ber
 Quhen saule and cors disseveryt er,
 For I wald it war worthily
 Brocht thar, sen God will nocht that I
 Haiff power thidderwart to ga.'

[Douglas is chosen to take the king's heart against God's enemies]

Than war thar hartis all sa wa
 That nane mycht hald him fra greting.
 He bad thaim leve thar sorowing
 For it he said mycht not releve
 And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve,
 And prayit thaim in hy to do
 The thing that thai war chargit to.
 Than went thai furth with drery mode,
 Amang thaim thai thocht it gode
 That the worthi lord of Douglas
 Quham in bath wit and worschip was
 Suld tak this travaill apon hand,
 Heir–till thai war all accordand,
 Syne till the king thai went in hy
 And tald hym at thai thocht trewly
 That the douchty lord Douglas
 Best schapyn for that travaill was.
 And quhen the king hard that thai sua
 Had ordanyt him his hart to ta
 That he mast yarnyt suld it haff
 He said, 'Sa God himself me saiff
 Ik hald me rycht weill payit that yhe
 Haff chosyn him, for his bounte
 And his worschip set in my yaryng
 Ay sen I thocht to do this thing
 That he it with him thar suld ber,
 And sen ye all assentit er
 It is the mar likand to me.

Lat se now quhat thar–till sayis he.'
 And quhen the gud lord of Douglas
 Wist that thing thus spokyn was
 He come and knelit to the king
 And on this wis maid him thanking.
 'I thank you gretly lord,' said he,
 'Off the mony larges and gret bounte
 That yhe haff done me fel–sys
 Sen fyrst I come to your service,
 Bot our all thing I mak thanking
 That ye sa dyng and worthy thing
 As your hart that enlumynynt wes
 Off all bounte and all prowes
 Will that I in my yemsall tak.
 For you, schyr, I will blythly mak
 This travaill, gif God will me gif
 Layser and space sua lang to lyff.'
 The king him thankyt tendrely,
 Than wes nane in that cumpany
 That thai na wepyt for pite,
 Thar cher anoyis wes to se.

[The death of King Robert; his burial at Dunfermline]

Quhen the lord Douglas on this wis
 Had undretane sa hey empris
 As the guid kyngis hart to ber
 On Goddis fayis apon wer
 Prissynt for his empris wes he.
 And the kingis infirmyte
 Woux mar and mar quhill at the last
 The dulfull dede approchit fast,
 And quhen he had gert till him do
 All that gud Crystyn man fell to
 With verray repentance he gaf
 The gast, that God till hevyn haiff
 Amang his chossyn folk to be
 In joy solace and angell gle.
 And fra his folk wist he wes ded
 The sorow rais fra steid to steid,
 Thar mycht men se men ryve thar har
 And commounly knychtis gret full sar
 And thar newffys oft samyn dryve
 And as woud men thar clathis ryve,
 Regratand his worthi bounte
 His wyt his strenth his honeste
 And our–all the gret cumpany
 That he maid thaim oft curtasly.
 'All our defens,' thai said, 'allace
 And he that all our comfort was

Our wit and all our governyng
 Allace is brocht her till ending.
 His worschip and his mekill mycht
 Maid all that war with him sa wycht
 That thai mycht never abaysit be
 Quhill forouth thaim thai mycht him se.
 Allace! what sall we do or say,
 For on lyff quhill he lestyt ay
 With all our nychtbouris dred war we,
 And intill mony ser countre
 Off our worschip sprang the renoun
 And that wes all for his persoune.'
 With swilk wordis thai maid thar mayn
 And sekyrly wounder wes nane,
 For better governour than he
 Mycht in na countre fundyn be.
 I hop that nane that is on lyve
 The lamentacioun suld discryve
 That that folk for thar lard maid.
 And quhen thai lang thus sorowit had,
 And he debowaillyt wes clenly
 And bawmyt syne richly,
 And the worthi lord of Douglas
 His hart as it forspokyn was
 Has ressavyt in gret daynte
 With gret fayr and solemnyte,
 Thai haiff had hym to Dunferlyne
 And him solemply erdyt syne
 In a fayr tumb intill the quer.
 Byschappys and prelatis that thar wer
 Assoilyeit him quhen the service
 Was done as thai couth best devis
 And syne on the tother day
 Sary and wa ar went thar way.

[Douglas goes to Seville with the king's heart]

Quhen that the gud king beryit was
 The erle of Mureff, Schyr Thomas,
 Tuk all the land in governyng,
 All obeyit till his bidding,
 And the gud lord of Douglas syne
 Gert mak a cas of silver fyne
 Ennamylyt throu sutelte,
 Tharin the kingis hart did he
 And ay about his hals it bar
 And fast him bownyt for to far.
 His testament divisyt he
 And ordanyt how his land suld be
 Governyt quhill his gayn-cummyng

Off frendis, and all other thing
 That till him pertenynt ony wis
 With sik forsych and sa wys
 Or his furth-passing ordanyt he
 That na thing mycht amendyt be.
 And quhen that he his leve had tane
 To schip to Berwik is he gane,
 And with a noble cumpany
 Off knychtis and off squyery
 He put him thar to the se.
 A lang way furthwart saylit he,
 For betwix Cornwaill and Bretaynne
 He sayllyt, and left the Grunye of Spainye
 On northalff him, and held thar way
 Quhill to Sabill the Graunt com thai,
 Bot gretly war his men and he
 Travaillyt with tempestis of the se,
 Bot thocht thai gretly travaillit war
 Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar.
 Thai aryvyt at Gret Sabill
 And eftre in a litill quhill
 Thar hors to land thai drew ilkane
 And in the toun has herbry tane,
 He hym contenyt rychly
 For he had a fayr cumpany
 And gold ynewch for to dispend.
 The King Alfons him eftre send
 And hym rycht weill ressavyt he
 And perofferyt him in gret plente
 Gold and tresour hors and armyng,
 Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing
 For he said he tuk that vaiage
 To pas intill pilgramage
 On Goddis fayis, that his travaill
 Mycht till his saule hele availl,
 And sen he wyst that he had wer
 With Saryzynys he wald dwell thar
 And serve him at hys mycht lely.
 The king him thankyt curtasly
 And betaucht him gud men that war
 Weill knawyn of that landis wer
 And the maner tharoff alsua,
 Syne till his innys gan he ga
 Quhen that the king him levit had.

[The repute of Douglas in Spain]

A weill gret sojourn thar he mad,
 Knychtis that come of fer countre
 Come in gret hy him for to se

And honouryt him full gretumly,
 And out–our all men fer soveranly
 The Inglis knychtis that war thar
 Honour and company him bar.
 Amang thai strangeris was a knycht
 That wes haldyn sa worthi and wicht
 That for ane of the gud wes he
 Prissytt off the Cristiante,
 Sa fast till–hewyn was his face
 That it our–all ner wemmyt was.
 Or he the lord Douglas had sene
 He wend his face had wemmyt bene
 Bot never a hurt tharin had he.
 Quhen he unwemmyt gan it se
 He said that he had gret ferly
 That swilk a knycht and sa worthi
 And prissytt of sa gret bounte
 Mycht in the face unemmyt be,
 And he answerd tharto makly
 And said, 'Love God, all tym had I
 Handis my hed for to wer.'
 Quha wald tak kep to this answer
 Suld se in it understanding
 That, and he that maid that asking
 Had handis to wer, hys face
 That for faute of defence sa was
 To–fruschytt intill placis ser
 Suld have may–fall left hale and fer.
 The gud knychtis that than war by
 Pryssyt hys answer gretumly,
 For it wes maid with mek speking
 And had rycht hey understanding.

[Douglas does battle with the Saracens]

Apon this maner still thai lay
 Quhill throu the countre thai hard say
 That the hey king of Balmerlyne
 With mony a mody Saryzine
 Was entrytt intill the land off Spanye
 All hale the countre to manye.
 The king off Spaynye on other party
 Gaderytt his ost deliverly
 And delt hym intill bataillis thre,
 And to the lord Douglas gaff he
 The avaward to led and ster,
 All hale the strangeris with him wer,
 And the gret maister off Saynct Jak
 The tother bataill gert he tak,
 The rerward maid himselvyn thar.

Thusgat divisyt furth thai far
 To mete thar fayis that in bataill
 Arayit redy till assaill
 Come agayn thaim full sturdely.
 The Douglas that wes sa worthi
 Quhen he to thaim of his leding
 Had maid a fayr monesting
 To do weill and na deid to dred,
 For hevynnys blys suld be thar mede
 Gyff that thai deyt in Goddis service
 Than as gud werrayouris and wis,
 With thaim stoutly assemblit he.
 Thar mycht men felloun fechtyn se,
 For thai war all wicht and worthi
 That war on the Cristyn party
 And faucht sa fast with all thar mayne
 That Saryzynys war mony slayne,
 The—quhether with mony fele fachoun
 Mony a Cristyn dang thai doun,
 Bot at the last the lord Douglas
 And the gret rout that with him was
 Pressyt the Saryzynys sua
 That thai haly the bak gan ta,
 And thai chassyt with all thar mayn
 And mony in the chas has slayn.
 Sa fer chassyt the lord of Douglas
 With few, that he passyt was
 All the folk that war chassand then,
 He had nocht with him our ten
 Off all men that war with him thar.
 Quhen he saw all reparyt war
 Towart hys ost than turnyt he,
 And quhen the Saryzynys gan se
 That the chasseris turnyt agayn
 Thai relyit with mekill mayn.

[Douglas seeks to rescue another knight and is killed]

And as the gud lord of Douglas
 As I said er, reparand was
 Sa saw he rycht besid thaim ner
 Quhar that Schyr Wilyam the Sanctecler
 With a gret rout enveround was.
 He was anoyit and said, 'Allace!
 Yone worthy knyght will sone be ded
 Bot he haff help, and our manheid
 Biddys us help him in gret hy
 Sen that we ar sa ner him by,
 And God wate weill our entent is
 To lyve or de in hys service,

Hys will in all thing do sall we.
 Sall na perell eschewyt be
 Quhill he be put out of yone payn
 Or than we all be with him slayn.'
 With that with spuris spedely
 Thai strak the hors and in gret hy
 Among the Saryzynys thai raid
 And rouse about thaim haf thai maid,
 Thai dang on fast with all thar mycht
 And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.
 Grettar defens maid never sa quhone
 Agayne sa fele as thai haf done,
 Quhill thai mycht last thai gaf battaill
 Bot mycht na worschip thar availl
 That thai ilkan war slayn down thar,
 For Saryzynys sa mony war
 That thai war twenty ner for ane.
 The gud lord Douglas thar was slane
 And Schyr Wilyam the Sanct Cler alsua
 And other worthy knyghtis twa,
 Schyr Robert Logane hat the tane
 And the tother Schyr Walter Logane,
 Quhar our Lord for his mekill mycht
 Thar saulis haff till his hevynnis hycht.
 The gud lord Douglas thus wes ded,
 And Sarazynys in that sted
 Abaid no mar bot held thar way,
 Thai knyghtis dede thar levyt thai.
 Sum off the lord Douglas men
 That thar lord ded has fundyn then
 Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa,
 Lang quhill our him thai sorowit sua
 And syne with gret dule hame him bar.
 The kingis hart haiff thai fundyn thar
 And that hame with thaim haf thai tane,
 And ar towart thar innys gane
 With gret yng and with ivill cher,
 Thar sorow wes angry for till her.

*[Sorrow at Douglas's death; his love of loyalty,
 compared to that of Fabricius]*

And quhen of Keth gud Schyr Wilyam
 That all that day had bene at hame,
 For at sua gret malice wes he
 That he come nocht to the journe
 For his arme brokyn wes in twa,
 Quhen he that folk sic dule saw ma
 He askyt quhat it wes in hy
 And thai him tauld all opynly

How that thar douchty lord wes slayn
 With Sarazynys that releyt agayn,
 And quhen he wyst that it was sua
 Out—our all othyr him was wa
 And maid sa wondyr yvill cher
 That all wondryt that by him wer.
 Bot to tell off thar sorowing
 It noyis and helpis litill thing,
 Men may weill wyt thocht nane thaim tell
 How angry for sorow and how fell
 Is to tyne sic a lord as he
 To thaim that war off his mengne,
 For he wes swete and debonar
 And weill couth trete hys frendis far,
 And his fayis rycht fellounly
 Stonay throu his chevalry
 The—quhether off litill affer wes he.
 Our all thing luffit he lawte,
 At tresoun growyt he sa gretly
 That na traytour mycht be him by
 That he mycht wyt that he ne suld be
 Weill punyst off his cruelte.
 I trow the lele Fabricius
 That fra Rome to werray Pyrrus
 Wes send with a gret mengne
 Luffyt tresoun na les than he,
 The—quhether quhen Pirrus had
 On him and on his mengne maid
 Ane outrageous discumfitour
 Quhar he eschapyt throu aventour
 And mony off his men war slayne,
 And he had gadryt ost agayne,
 A gret maistre off medicyne
 That had Pyrrus in governyne
 Perofferyt to Fabricius
 In tresoun to sla Pyrrus,
 For intill his neyst potioun
 He suld giff him dedly pusoun.
 Fabricius that wonder had
 Off that peroffre that he him maid
 Said, 'Certis, Rome is welle off mycht
 Throu strenth off armys into fycht
 To vencus thar fayis, thocht thai
 Consent to treusoun be na way,
 And for thou wald do sic trewsoun
 Thou sall to et a warysoun
 Ga to Pyrrus and lat him do
 Quhatever him lyis on hart tharto.'
 Than till Pyrrus he send in hy
 This maistre and gert opynly
 Fra end till end tell him this tale.

Quhen Pyrrus had it hard all hale
 He said, 'Wes ever man that sua
 For leawte bar him till his fa
 As her Fabricius dois to me.
 It is als ill to ger him be
 Turnyt fra way of rychtwisnes
 Or ellis consent to wikkities
 As at midday to turne agayn
 The sone that rynnyis his cours playn.'
 Thus said he off Fabricius,
 That syne vengussyt this ilk Pyrrus
 In plane bataill throu hard fechtynge.
 His honest leawte gert me bring
 In this ensample her, for he
 Had soverane price off leawte,
 And sua had the lord of Douglas
 That honest lele and worthy was
 That wes ded as befor said we,
 All menynt him strang and preve.

[The body of Douglas brought home and buried]

Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,
 Thai debowalyt him and syne
 Gert seth him sua that mycht be tane
 The flesch all haly fra the bane
 And the carioun thar in haly place
 Erdyt with rycht gret worschip was.
 The banys have tha with thaim tane
 And syne ar to thar schippis gane
 Quhen thai war levit off the king
 That had dule for thar sorowing.
 To se thai went, gud wind thai had,
 Thar cours till Ingland haiff thai maid
 And thar sauffly aryvyt thai,
 Syne towart Scotland held thar way
 And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy,
 And the banys honorabillly
 Intill the kyrk off Douglas war
 Erdyt with dule and mekill car.
 Schyr Archebald his sone gert syn
 Off alabast bath fair and fyne
 Ordane a tumbe sa richly
 As it behovynt to sua worthy.

[The death of Moray]

Quhen that on this wis Schyr Wilyam
 Off Keth had brocht his banys hame

And the gud kingis hart alsua,
 And men had richly gert ma
 With fayr effer his sepultur,
 The erle off Murreff that had the cur
 That tyme off Scotland halely
 With gret worschyp has gert bery
 The kingis hart at the abbay
 Off Melros, quhar men prayis ay
 That he and his have paradys.
 Quhen this wes done that I devys
 The gud erle governyt the land
 And held the power weill to warand,
 The lawe sa weill mantemyt he
 And held in pes sua the countre
 That it wes never or his day
 Sa weill, as Ik hard auld men say.
 Bot syne, allace! pusonyt wes he,
 To se his dede wes gret pite.
 Thir lordis deyt apon this wis.
 He that hey Lord off all thing is
 Up till his mekill blis thaim bring
 And graunt his grace that thar ofspring
 Leid weill the land, and ententyve
 Be to folow in all thar lyve
 Thar nobill eldrys gret bounte.
 Quhar afauld God in trinyte
 Bring us hey till his mekill blis
 Quhar alwayis lestand liking is.