AN EDITION OF THE *IPOMEDON B AND C TEXTS*

NORA MAYER

MPHIL

THE UNIVERSITY OF YORK

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND RELATED LITERATURE

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ABSTRACT

The aim of this dissertation is to create a student friendly edition of two Middle English romances: the late fifteenth-century The Lyfe of Ipomydon (henceforth referred to as the B text), and the fifteenth-century prose Ipomedon (henceforth known as the C text). Both texts are independently derived from the 10,580 line late twelfth-century Anglo-Norman Ipomedon by Hue de Rotelande.

The B text is a 2,346 line popular romance found in BL MS Harley 2252, which is a commonplace book mostly written and compiled by sixteenth-century merchant John Colyn. The language and spelling indicate that the author was from the North-East Midlands, and the phonological features suggest the text was composed probably in the second half of the fifteenth century.

The C text is a 16 folio prose romance found in the fifteenth-century Longleat House MS 257, a manuscript that was possibly owned by the future King Richard III, whose autograph appears on one of the pages of the C text. The ending of the text is missing but it can be conjectured from the other versions of the story.

The critical apparatus of this edition includes textual and explanatory notes, as well as glossing. The textual notes deal largely with changes between the manuscripts and the texts as they are presented in the edition. The explanatory notes contain literary and historical information that sheds light on the texts. The introduction deals with the background of the B and C texts, as well as their relation to each other and their source. A plot summary highlights some of the changes between the different versions. Also included is a stylistic analysis of the texts; a discussion of the critical reception of the texts, both medieval and modern; a discussion of some of the key themes; and a description of both manuscripts and their contents.
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PREFACE

The story of Ipomedon exists in four versions, yet only two of these have been studied in any depth. The two versions around which I am basing this dissertation are the relatively neglected B text, the late fifteenth-century *The Lyfe of Ipomydon*, and the C text, the fifteenth-century prose *Ipomedon*.

The B text was most recently edited in 1983 by Tadahiro Ikegami. He includes a very thorough linguistic analysis, and I will not repeat his work. However, I hope to contribute other information that has been overlooked in this edition, such as literary and historical background information, as well as how the text relates to its Anglo-Norman source, and the other two Middle English versions that exist.

The C text was last edited in 1889 by Eugen Kölbing, together with the other two Middle English versions. While Kölbing does provide textual notes and a glossary, his textual apparatus is written entirely in German, and the edition is unwieldy and out of print. This, together with the incomplete state of the text, is surely partly responsible for its critical neglect.

The story of Ipomedon was immensely popular during the Middle Ages, as shown by the fact that it was translated from Anglo-Norman into Middle English on three separate occasions. Each text is not simply a translation, but an adaptation of the original that provides a distinctive window onto the interests and ideals of a fourteenth- and fifteenth-century audience. The differences between the four versions of the text make this story uniquely suitable for analysing the changing literary tastes of medieval audiences, and much can be learned by setting all four texts side by side. Both the B and the C text have largely been neglected by critics in favour of the Anglo-Norman *Ipomedon* and the fourteenth-century A text (a close verse translation of some 8,000 lines). The only way to truly understand the life of a text is by not only appreciating the different versions in their own right, as snapshots from the life of the text, but by realising that these snapshots are inter-related. By allowing themselves to be blinded by the importance of the original, many critics have largely ignored the afterlife of the text as it evolved centuries later. Ikegami's
1983 edition and Carol Meale's 1984 thesis on Harley 2252 have prompted some critical responses to these romances, notably the work of Jordi Sanchez Marti, but much research remains to be done to do justice to these texts.

I believe that an accessible, student-friendly edition of both these texts, in accordance with modern editorial practices, would greatly encourage further scholarship in this area. My aim is to create an edition that will stand on its own, and also give the reader a sense of how these two texts fit into the larger *Ipomedon* tradition.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my supervisor, Dr Nicola McDonald, for all her help and support. Without her guidance and patience none of this project would have been possible. Thanks are also due to Prof. Linne R. Mooney and Prof. Jocelyn Wogan-Browne for their time and advice.

I am grateful for the assistance of the staff at the British Library, and of Dr Kate Harris, curator at Longleat House. I am also indebted to Julie Lisavich Rattendi for her help in obtaining and using a microfilm of the B text.

I would also like to thank Jon and Lisa for their help and encouragement, and for their company as I was writing this dissertation.
INTRODUCTION

Background:
The story of Ipomedon originates with Hue de Rotelande's twelfth-century Anglo-Norman romance, *Ipomedon*. This 10,580 line text was written in Herefordshire, c.1180. It appears to have been written for a specific circle of readers, and is filled with numerous references to local people and places that provide an important source of humour. Hue unashamedly identifies himself as the author, both at the beginning (l.33) and end of the text, where he also states his place of residence (ll.10553, 10561). He makes reference to Hugh de Hungrie, a local canon, (ll.5518-20) and makes fun of fellow writer Walter Map (ll.7183-4). The story has been adapted into Middle English on three separate occasions, resulting in the 8,891 line long, late fourteenth- or early fifteenth-century, *Ipomadon* (also known as the A text), the 2,346 line long, late fifteenth-century, *Lyfe of Ipomydon* (known as the B text),¹ and the fifteenth-century, 16 folio, prose *Ipomedon* (also known as the C text).² Rhiannon Purdie’s analysis of the changes in the characters' names over time confirms that the three existing Middle English versions are all independently derived from Hue’s text.³

The story of Ipomedon was popular in its day. There are five surviving manuscripts of the Anglo-Norman *Ipomedon*, and although the three Middle English versions only exist in unique manuscripts, fragments of two early sixteenth-century printed versions of the B text also survive. That the story was well-known is even attested in a separate romance, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, in which the author makes reference to Ipomedon (ll.6725-26). Similarly, the three day tournament episode in *Roswall and Lillian* appears to be directly inspired by this earlier story.⁴ Separated as they are by several centuries, these texts provide an ideal example of how stories metamorphose over time to suit the changing needs and desires of their audiences.

¹Last edited in 1983 by Tadahiro Ikegami. This edition contains a lot of linguistic information and a careful description of the MS, but very little other background information, such as how the text relates to its Anglo-Norman source, or to the other two Middle English versions that exist.
²Last edited in 1889 by Eugen Kölbing, together with the other two Middle English versions. While Kölbing does provide textual notes and a glossary, his textual apparatus is written entirely in German, and the edition is out of print.
**Plot Summary:**

Although there are minor differences between the three Middle English versions, the basic story focuses on the adventures of the eponymous hero, the heir to the throne of Apulia in Southern Italy. In his youth he hears of the great beauty and pride of the ruler of neighbouring Calabria, who has sworn to marry only the best knight in the world. Accompanied by his tutor, Tholomew, he travels to her court. Impressed by his beauty and courtesy, she accepts him into her service. He spends several years at her court, being known only as 'the straunge valet'. After observing his skill during a hunt, the lady of Calabre (referred to as the Feers in the C text) guesses his noble background and falls in love with him, too. Mindful of her public vow, and ashamed at his apparent lack of knightly bravery, she secretly reproves him for risking her reputation with his longing glances. Stung, he returns home and is welcomed by his parents and knighted. Meanwhile, the barons of Calabria pressure the lady into choosing a husband. She agrees to arrange a three day tournament, the winner of which shall be her husband. When they hear of this, Ipomydon and Tholomew travel to the court of King Melliagere of Sicily, the lady's uncle and feudal lord. Ipomydon is accepted into the service of the queen, and is known only as her 'leman' ('Drwe lay roigne' in the C text). He quickly befriends Capanius, King Melliagere's nephew and heir, and cultivates a reputation as a handsome, yet cowardly, man. He accompanies the king and queen to the tournament. While the king and his knights go to fight in the tournament, Ipomydon announces his intention to hunt and is soundly mocked. He orders Tholomew to hunt in his stead, and secretly changes into white armour. He attends the tournament as the mysterious white knight and triumphs over everyone. He reveals that he is 'the straunge valet' who served the lady, but says that he must now leave and return to his own country. He leaves and presents Tholomew's game to the queen as his own, asking permission to return to the hunt the next day. In the morning, he repeats his subterfuge, this time dressing in red and fooling everyone into thinking that he is a different knight. He once again defeats his opponents, announces that he is, in fact, the white knight, and leaves. The third day, Ipomydon dresses in black, wins the tournament and returns to his inn. He pays the inn-keeper to attend the judging of the tournament for him, distributing the horses he has won off his opponents and revealing that 'the straunge valet', the queen's 'leman', and the white, red and black knights are one and the same. He delivers a warning to the lady
to remain faithful to Ipomydon until his return. Meanwhile, Ipomydon secretly returns to Apulia, where he learns of his father's death. His mother reveals to him that he has an older, illegitimate, half-brother. She gives Ipomydon a ring, sent to her by her first son, and tells him that his brother will recognise him by this token. Convinced that he does not yet meet the lady's criterion of best knight in the world, Ipomydon sets off on more adventures. Word reaches him that his lady is besieged by an unwelcome suitor, identified as Duke Geron in the B text, and as a giant in the C text. Knowing that she will send to her uncle for help, Ipomydon disguises himself as a fool and returns to King Melliagere’s court. He tricks the king into nominating him as the lady's champion, and he sets off for Calabria, much to the disgust of the lady's maidservant who accompanies him. On the way Ipomydon saves the maid from three of the evil suitor's companions. The maid guesses that the fool is in fact her lady's beloved, falls in love with him and attempts to seduce him. Ipomydon rejects her advances, and fights Geron. He defeats the duke, but since they are dressed in identical armour, the lady has no idea which knight has won. Pretending to be the duke, Ipomydon frightens the lady into fleeing her city. On the way, she meets Capanius who has come to defend her. He challenges Ipomydon, still disguised as the duke, and they fight. Ipomydon loses his glove and Capanius recognises the ring he had sent to his mother. All is revealed. Ipomydon and the lady are reunited and married; and Ipomydon rewards his friends for all their help. The couple live together happily for many years.

Verse and Prose:
Stylistically, the B and C texts are very different. The former is a popular romance written in rhyming couplets, and the latter is written in prose. In their study, Ad Putter and Jane Gilbert explain some of the difficulties in defining a genre as broad as that of popular romance. Nevertheless, the B text features many common traits shared by what Putter terms the branch of romances dealing with ‘the self-fulfilment of a knight in adventures of love and chivalry’; it is the story of a knight’s quest to win his lady and create a name for himself. It is fast-paced and action-packed, rife

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with stylistic formulae, and short enough to be read aloud in an evening. How well
known the story found in the B text was compared to the other versions is unknown.
However, the fact that it was produced as a booklet for sale in a bookshop and was
chosen for two print runs certainly suggests that it was what Putter refers to as a
‘contemporary bestseller’.\textsuperscript{7}

The stylistic formulae present in the text serve a two-fold purpose. On the one hand,
they set a rhythm to the story, sometimes providing convenient rhymes. Of the
twenty-three phrases the narrator uses to advance the plot, twenty occur at the ends
of lines,\textsuperscript{8} and fourteen in the final quarter of the text. Although the presence of such
formulae is not unusual for a popular romance, the unevenness of their distribution is
striking. Such a strategy locates the text firmly within an aural tradition, invoking the
ideal of earlier romances. Texts were still being publicly recited late into the fifteenth
century\textsuperscript{9} and many popular romances, including the B text, were written to
accommodate this tradition. This accounts for the call for his audience's attention
with which the adaptor begins his tale, as well as the constant references to his act of
telling a story, and the division of the text into ten sections, each marked by a large
initial capital letter in the manuscript, as though to facilitate reading aloud. Such
public readings were not merely a pass-time, but a fundamental social activity for
both men and women, in which the audience was expected to participate by
commenting and asking questions.\textsuperscript{10} The fifteenth-century adaptor has removed all
references to a source text that he might have used to give greater authority to his
version. Instead, the constant reminders he gives the readers of his presence act as an
assurance to the audience of his investment in the tale and his anxiety to present
matters as they should be. As I will argue below, this technique is parallel to the
hero's own repetitive re-telling of his achievements, and his desire to control what
other characters think of him.

\textsuperscript{7} Putter, \textit{The Spirit of Medieval English Romance}, p.5.
\textsuperscript{8} Setting aside spelling variations, these are as follows: 'as I gesse' 1.72; 'as I you say' II.104, 1828, 1962, 2244, 2249, 2265, 2301; 'I undirstand' II.317, 1591, 2059, 2220, 2242, 2248, 2278, 2296; 'here will I telle' 1.549; 'as I you telle' 1.1553; 'I can not say' 1.2212; 'I dare wele say' 1.2221. This list refers only to the phrases used by the narrator himself, and not spoken by any of the characters.
The \textit{B} text uses these formulaic phrases as a reminder of the aural nature of the text. The \textit{C} text, by contrast, makes frequent reference to a written source: 'the storie telles' (p.87, li.8-9), 'the boke telles' (p.87. li.37, p.88, li.8), 'the boke saith' (p.96 li.15, p.115, li.18), and 'as the boke sais' (p.105, li.13-14, p.110, li.1). In addition, there are three occasions on which the redactor backs up his narrative with a proverb, introduced by the phrase 'the wiseman saith' (p.85, li.36, p.88, li.22, p.122, li.7). These phrases contribute to the air of learnedness the author cultivates throughout the text, but they also distance it somewhat from its romance roots. As an examination of its contents and the authorial decision-making involved will show, at times the \textit{C} text reads more like a family chronicle than a romance such as the one it is based on. The way in which this adaptation places proverbial wisdom within an otherwise fairly bookish adaptation is unique among the different versions of \textit{Ipomedon}. Because they are a reasonably close paraphrase of the beginning of the Anglo-Norman \textit{Ipomedon} – once Hue has finished introducing his text – the opening paragraphs of the \textit{C} text might give the impression that this version faithfully follows its source, and a reader must look further to understand the distinctive nature of this adaptation.

Although the prose \textit{Ipomedon} is similar in length to the \textit{B} text, the author of the \textit{C} text makes very different choices, beginning with his decision to convert the story into prose. There is certainly a historical precedent for this, with the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries seeing a large number of French romances being similarly adapted. The \textit{C} text goes further by changing not only the form, but the language as well. Therefore, it is useful to briefly consider the historical context for these adaptations. Helen Cooper gives several reasons for the flourishing of prose romances in the fifteenth century, to the detriment of verse ones. She argues that, while prose had been traditionally associated with historical fact, verse was the realm of fiction and imagination, and that prose romances 'kept that association with fact, with history or pseudo-history'.\footnote{Helen Cooper, 'Prose Romances', in A.S.G. Edwards (ed.), \textit{A Companion to Middle English Prose} (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 2004), pp.216-7, 217.} Equally, the examination of the \textit{C} text adaptor's authorising techniques has shown that he was very much concerned with being taken seriously. Overall, this text reads less as an exciting tale of knightly adventures than as a 'factual', historical piece. There is little room for guess work: the narrator announces the hero's future successes by the second folio, and he barely mentions...
the friendship between Ipomedon and Capaneus before informing the readers that 'they were brethren as on the modre side, bot neithre wist of othre' (p.88, ll.7-8), a fact that is not revealed until the end in the other versions. Characters are rarely in the dark about one another's motivations. For example, the lady of Calabre, known as the Feers in this version, suspects that Ipomedon is the red knight at the tournament long before he reveals himself (p.110, ll.9-10), and Ipomedon travels to Sicily in disguise because he knows that she will send for help from her uncle, the king. The end result of these 'spoilers' is a text that is far less suspensful than its source. H.J. Chaytor argues that prose romances 'meet the taste of readers who wanted a story devoid of the padding and prolixity which delayed the action in the verse narratives.'

I would argue that the strength and beauty of the C text certainly lie in the adaptor's skill in turning a lengthy, complicated story, inseparable from the personality of its creator, into a simple, clear tale imbued with its own freshness and originality.

**Abridgements:**

Neither the B nor C text is simply an abridgement of its source. Rather, they are two very different adaptations. Nevertheless, a closer look at some of the choices the adaptors make when shortening their respective texts helps to highlight their priorities. It is inevitable that there will be many changes in style, tone and content when a 10,000 line text is reduced to less than a quarter of its original length, as is the case in the transition between the Anglo-Norman Ipomedon and the Middle English B and C texts. By briefly examining one particular scene, namely the description of the hero's retinue as he travels to Sicily to enter into King Meliagere's service, it is possible to identify some of the methods used, and the implications thereof.

In the Ipomedon, this scene is a prime example of the hero's seemingly limitless wealth that he shamelessly uses to win allies for himself. There is a grandeur to everything, beginning with the lengthy description of the three horses, their attendants, armour and trappings. Hue follows this splendour with the mention that

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Ipomedon travels behind this procession at a little distance because of all the dust raised (II.2707-9). This surprisingly human detail is in contrast to the pomp and glamour preceding, and brings the hero a little closer to the audience. Likewise, thanks to the description of Tholomeu dressed as a hunter, and the identification of the maid as Ipomedon's cousin, the hero's companions are not nameless pawns he uses to advance his own interests. Rather, they are characters in their own right who are treated sympathetically by the narrator. In the \( B \) text, on the other hand, this description of Ipomydon's retinue takes a mere fourteen lines, and consists of a functional description of the three horses, suits of armour and greyhounds Ipomydon would need to maintain his disguises, as well as a brief mention of an anonymous 'feyre may' he would offer to the queen to win her favour (I.655). Everything about this scene is matter-of-fact: while it advances the story-line, no attempt is made to flesh out any of the characters. The description in the \( C \) text is equally brief, but with a significant difference, namely that the maiden is once more identified as Ipomedon’s cousin. Despite the drastic shortening of the source text, characterisation remains a priority for this adaptor.

Although insignificant in themselves, these choices are characteristic of those taken by the Middle English adaptors throughout both texts. The literary strength of the \( B \) text does not lie in introspection and characterisation. Perhaps the story was well-known enough that the adaptor felt no need to include characters’ motivations. Whatever the reason, the result is a skilful transformation of a leisurely, lengthy text into a coherent, exciting adventure story that keeps the audience guessing until the very end. Undoubtedly, the \( B \) text’s status as a popular romance has contributed to its poor critical reception. Nicola McDonald has recently highlighted many of the reasons for literary critics’ ready dismissal of popular romance over the years, including the fact that it has often been unfavourably compared to other literary genres held to be superior.\(^{13}\) The \( C \) text, for its part, seeks to combine brevity with human touches and characterisation. There is little point trying to decide which text is the 'best' version of the story because they serve such different purposes. Both the \( B \) and \( C \) texts are very controlled re-tellings of a complicated story. The three texts

share a plot, but this is where most similarities end. The authors who translated the *Ipomedon* into Middle English ensured that it would be understood by the majority of the population. By adapting it to suit more modern tastes, thus preserving its popularity, they guaranteed that it would reach as wide an audience as possible. None of these artists can be said to have done any kind of disservice to the original text.

**Critical Reception:**
For many years, literary critics have been unanimous in favouring the Anglo-Norman *Ipomedon* over the three Middle English adaptations, particularly the B and C texts. Writing in 1924, for instance, Laura Hibbard praises Hue as 'a graceful writer, well-learned ... and skilful', 14 but points out that none of the later, Middle English versions 'preserve any of the special excellencies of Hue's humorous and leisurely romance'. 15 In 1989, Rosalind Field is keen to champion the cause of the A text, arguing that it is not merely a 'worthy translation', but 'a re-working and indeed transformation of its original'. 16 However, by unhesitatingly labelling this text as the 'best' of the three adaptations, she relegates both the B and the C texts to a lesser status. The scarcity of literary criticism on either of these texts bears witness to this lingering opinion, and it is only in recent years that there has been a reawakening interest in them in their own rights. The disparagement of the B text goes back further than modern critics, however. Robert Copland, responsible for both early sixteenth-century printed versions of the text, also felt the need to apologise for it. In a poem included at the end of one of his editions he expresses himself thus:

Lenuoye of Robert C. the prynter.

Go lytell Iest / vndepured of speche
Vnto thy reders and alway me excuse
To take thy mater I hertly them beseche
Though thou rudely / no other termes vse
This is thy copy thou can it not refuse
Syth that no wryter / wolde take it to amende
In this my labour / I myght it not entende.

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Clearly, Copland did not feel that the minor stylistic corrections made to the B text in the print shop were enough to 'amend' or improve it, although these sentiments were not strong enough to hinder this second print run a few years after the first. This poem contains echoes of Chaucer's passage 'Go, litel bok, go, litel myn tragedye,' (Troilus and Criseyde, Book V, ll.1786-92). But whereas Chaucer uses false humility to set his text on a level with 'Virgile, Ovide, Omer, Lucan, and Stace' (l.1792), something more complex is happening here. The Lyfe of Ipomydon is published long after the heyday of popular romance, and it is possible that Copland is deliberately evoking what he considers to be a more 'golden' literary age, as embodied by Chaucer. The B text certainly encapsulates the values of a chivalric world that never really existed. Although Copland's poem is, at first glance, a criticism of popular romance, it also stirs up a sense of nostalgia for an author and an age gone by. Copland's early sixteenth-century editions follow in the wake of what Nicholas Watson refers to as the invention [of Chaucer] as a founding figure, shortly after his death,' and his depiction 'as a poet worth citing and imitating.' He points out that many fifteenth-century poets actively identified themselves as belonging to Chaucer's tradition, borrowing both his verse forms and his vocabulary. Clearly, Copland, too, wants his editions to be associated more with Chaucer's literary domain than with an Anglo-Norman one.

Does Copland have a valid point when he calls the text 'vndepured', a word which can mean 'uncleansed', 'obscure' or 'imprecise'? This could well be a reference to the fact that as long as fifty years may have passed between the B text being written

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18 Jordi Sanchez Marti argues convincingly that the Pierpont Morgan Library early printed copy of The Lyfe of Ipomydon, to which 'Lenuoy' is attached, is later than the fragmentary British Library copy (Wynkyn de Worde's Editions of Ipomydon; A Reassessment of the Evidence, Neophilologus (2005) 89, pp.153-63). For an opposing view, see Tadahiro Ikegami, 'Introduction' in The Lyfe of Ipomydon vol.2 (Tokyo: Seijo University, 1985), p.xix.
22 MED entry for 'depuren' (http://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/m/mec/med-idx?type=id&id=MED11180, accessed 23.03.10).
and published, and consequently the language of the printed version might have been considered old-fashioned. Yet age often lends a certain validity to a text, and it may well have been in Copland's interest not to update the story, but to let it stand as a relatively unspoiled slice of the past. The proliferation of printed editions of romances as late as the 1570s, and the corresponding attacks on the genre by early sixteenth-century Humanists show that romance was still extremely popular at the time Copland wrote his apology, and none of his apparent criticisms would have lessened the appeal of his text.23

Unfortunately, there is no such medieval evaluation of the C text, but the incomplete state of the manuscript is surely partly responsible for its critical neglect. While there is a 1983 edition of the B text,24 the C text has not been published since 1889,25 and with the exception of Jordi Sanchez Marti few scholars have paid it much attention.

Key Themes:

As mentioned above, the differences between the different versions of the text make this story uniquely suitable for analysing the changing literary tastes of medieval audiences, and much can be learned by setting these texts side by side.26 Several aspects stand out in particular, namely chivalry, disguise, love and family, the piety expressed by the characters and authors, the overt and covert misogyny present, and the singularly repetitive structure of the texts which reinforces these themes.

One theme that is particularly prominent in a story about knightly adventures is that of chivalry. This theme is treated very differently in all three texts. Hue shows that neither La Fièr's unrealistic expectations of her lover, nor Ipomedon's relentless quest for perfection, lead to happiness. By highlighting the impossibility and impracticality of pursuing the chivalric ideal, he continually disrupts his audience's expectations. From the sudden, crude ending to the otherwise conventional portrait of

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24Tadahiro Ikegami (ed.), *The Lyfe of Ipomydon* vol.1 (Tokyo: Seijo University, 1983).
of La Fièr's beauty (ll.2214-70), to Ipomedon's surprising departures at the end of the tournament and after defeating Leonins, the audience is repeatedly denied a traditional, happy ending. Indeed, the couple are not reunited through their love for one another, as might be expected, but because the hero discovers his long-lost half-brother and seems loath to part from him. This dichotomy between ideals and practicalities is less stressed in the B and C texts. Crane asserts that 'while Hue [finds] a troubling and preoccupying disjunction between romantic ideals and [his assessment] of plausible reality, [w]hat seemed a great gulf between literary model and contemporary practice in the twelfth century was no longer so great by the fourteenth.'

There is both a clear purpose and morality in Ipomedon. Hue de Rotelande is concerned with showing up the failings of a chivalric system that was idealised at the time. The characterisation of King Meliagere supports this view. He is the most powerful character in the story, La Fièr's feudal lord who, for all her pride and independence, she must obey. Yet the scenes in which he interacts with the hero are especially revealing, beginning with their first meeting in the forest. The Meliagere of the Ipomedon is a much more flawed, human character than the one in the B and C texts. It is only in Hue's version that his age is even hinted at: upon hearing Ipomedon's group arrive, he worries about an invasion and mentions that he has been king for over fifty years (l.2769). This detail, missing in the later versions, adds to his characterisation as a doddering old king who later insists on fighting in the tournament for his niece's hand while his wife flirts with her handsome, young courtier. The B and C texts exclude many of the troubling moral dilemmas and social criticisms present in the source. The shortcomings of other characters, including King Meliagere, are not used to directly highlight the failings of the chivalric system in general. Although their mockery of Ipomydon is unjustified, the narrators do not overtly criticise those characters responsible. Whereas Hue mercilessly ridicules their shallowness, the narrators of the B and C texts allow the hero's virtues to speak for themselves, and characters like Meliagere are allowed to keep some of their self-respect. In the C text, especially, the motivations provided for Ipomedon's actions make it clear that he is acting primarily to increase his own honour, rather than to

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show up his opponents. This presents a far less complicated view of chivalry than that provided by Hue.

In every version of the text, Ipomedon spends a large part of the story incognito or in disguise, not revealing his actual identity until the very end. He is, in turn, himself, ‘the straunge squyere’, the queen's 'leman', and the white, red and black knight. Of the two texts, only the C version provides an explanation for the hero’s singular and at times cruel subterfuge: ‘a man that has pride in his wele dooing and makes boist therof, both he displeases God and hyndres his astate, & a man doo wele and kepe it privey and make therof noo bost, he said that man both please God and encreses his astate, and the vsed he in all his tyme, that where so euer he come or happened to doo neuer so wele, that noman of his actes shuld tell what he was, ne what was his name’ (p.94, ll.5-13). J.A. Burrow describes the ‘accumulation’ of honour that the hero thus creates for himself in the A text, although this argument can equally be applied to the B and C texts. By not claiming the praise that is due to him until the last moment, the reputation he gains becomes that much greater.

The story of Ipomedon contains several common love motifs that can also be found in other popular romance: the hero falls in love with the heroine after hearing a report of her beauty and virtue, and his ultimate aim is to win her hand in marriage. However, romantic love faces serious competition. Although they are very different texts in other respects, the theme of love and family is treated remarkably similarly in the B and C texts. In both versions, the romance takes a distinct backseat to Ipomedon’s adventures. Even though his victory at the tournament ensures his status as best knight in the land, he turns down his chance to marry in favour of gaining more honour first. In the B text he is only persuaded to finally be reunited with the lady when he can also be reunited with his brother. Indeed, the emotions he displays upon learning who Capaneus really is are as powerful as any he displays relating to the lady. The lady is equally fickle. Although she admires his physical beauty (ll.349-52), she does not allow herself to fall in love with him until she can assure herself that he comes from a noble background. The C text gives a slightly more prominent role to romance. Tholomew remarks that ‘is noo thing in this world shall

forthire a man more in armes than shall luf” (p.92, ll.27-8). Ipomedon’s desire to be both married and crowned King of Poyle on the same day suggests that at least part of the reason for his delay is that he wishes to be the lady’s equal before taking control of her lands (p.118, ll.26-31).

While neither Hue’s Ipomedon nor the B text pay particular attention to religious matters, these are taken far more seriously in the C text. The Feers worries that her actions have displeased God, and Ipomedon declares that ‘a man, that has pride in his wele dooing and makes boist therof, both he displeses God and hyndres his astate,’ (p.94, ll.5-7). This statement gives the C text the distinction of being the only version of the story to provide any reasonable explanation for the constant and, at times, cruel deception the hero practices on those around him. In one short paragraph, the adaptor turns a rather unsympathetic man into a knight for God. This appears to be the underlying morality of the entire text. Unlike in the other versions of the story, this Ipomedon fights not only to advance his own interests, but for God as well. His faith is portrayed as admirable when he informs the villainous Leonyn that God is mightie & strong enugh to help me in my right,’ (p.127, ll.14-15), and that 'he wold yelde him never to man, but to God,’ (p.127, l.29). The religious references in this text go beyond compositional value. Indeed, as a prose text, there is no need to insert formulae for the sake of metre and rhyme. Instead, the hero's piety is a human, down to earth attribute the audience can relate to.29

Much has been written about the misogyny present in the Anglo-Norman Ipomedon. Great attention is paid to the characterisation of the women in the text, yet they are repeatedly shown to be shallow, fickle and disloyal. A case in point is la Fièr’s lady-in-waiting, Ismeine. The narrator makes no bones about the fact that she falls in love with Ipomedon, not as a result of his courageous rescue of her on two occasions as they journey from Sicily to Calabria, but because of the sight of him in fine clothes. Just as she objectifies the hero, the narrator objectifies her, with his exclamation of 'Dehez ait il, se il ne la fut!' (l.8649) [Damn [Ipomedon] if he doesn't fuck her!]. This sudden shallowness in a character who had previously been a valued companion and confidante of la Fièr is the final nail in the coffin of the female characters in the

story, all of whom have their pride ruthlessly humbled by the hero. On two consecutive nights as they travel, Ismeine self-degradingly offers herself and her fortune to the fool, begging him to abandon her mistress and elope with her instead. The narrator's misogyny is clear when he makes a point of likening her to the deceptive women who brought down Adam, David, Solomon and Samson (ll.9099-9110), and echoes his earlier comment that women always know how to get what they want, no matter the cost (ll.6937-40). Despite such a harsh judgement, women are very much a part of this text, as these scenes show quite clearly. Great attention is given to Ismeine's inner struggle, and her thoughts and feelings are very much acknowledged. It is also worth noting that the narrator's vulgarity is not a deliberate attempt at subverting an otherwise courtly text. Indeed, when the Anglo-Norman text was written, the romance genre was only just beginning to emerge, and frequently included elements of fabliau. Hue's comments about Ismeine's sexual availability, or the size of la Fière's private parts (ll.2268-70) are very much in keeping with the material found in the romans d'antiquité which he models his own text on, such as Enéas' perceived homosexuality in the Roman d'Enéas, or the discussion of Achilles' relationship with Patroclus in the Roman de Troie.30

The emotions undergone by minor characters are no longer acknowledged in the B text. The most striking difference between it and the source is the fact that Ismeine is transformed from an important and reasonably well-developed secondary character into an anonymous lady-in-waiting. Her inner monologues disappear, as do those of other characters, and she is transformed from being a character well aware of the moral dilemma facing her into a mercenary creature who offers herself to Ipomydon solely because she recognises him. No mention is made of love or higher feelings, only a blunt offer:

Wilt thou hyr leve and wed me?
Thou shalt be of grete powere;
I am as ryche as is the eyre
Off Calabre lond, withoute doute. (ll.1822-5)

Although devoid of the crudeness Hue often directs towards his female characters, this narrowing of the maid's role is no less dismissive of her importance. Lacking both name, personality, and any meaningful physical description, it is difficult for the reader to see her as anything other than a vehicle to advance the plot. The narrator achieves by subtlety what Hue announces outright: through simple omission of detail, the narrator of the B text makes it impossible to sympathise or identify with anyone other than the hero, and leaves the audience no choice but to focus all their attention on his hopes and desires at the expense of those of other characters.

There is no such anti-feminism in the C text, whether open or hidden. Significantly, Emain is initially attracted to Ipomedon not for his good looks, but because 'he faght so manfully & so wisely,' (p.125, ll.5-6). There is a definite morality in this text that advocates virtue and noble deeds over good looks and riches. In this particular scene, Emain's dwarf companion warns her that 'a poer man for his pouer is noght set by, bot a richman, thogh he be noght worth an haw, he shal be worshipped for his riches!' (p.124, ll.31-4). Although they initially admire him only for his physical beauty, the Feers and her court come to appreciate him for his courtesy and good breeding (pp.86-7). Despite the level of introspection being greatly reduced, both in the attempted seduction scene and elsewhere, neither characterisation nor comedic value are lost. The narrator manages both to treat Emain sympathetically and show the humour of the situation, with her passionate yet sincere speech followed by the hero's abrupt refusal and his threat to eat her (p.125, ll.39-40).

Although they lack the crudeness and the direct attacks on women found in the Anglo-Norman source, the B and C texts are nevertheless dismissive of their female characters. This is achieved in a very different way, namely by focusing almost exclusively on the hero and his exploits. In each case, well over a quarter of the text is directly occupied with the events of the three day tournament. Furthermore, in the B text, Ipomydon re-tells these events first to the inn-keeper, then to Capanius, and finally to the lady, and the inn-keeper repeats the tale at the judging of the tournament. Unfortunately the relevant folios are missing in the C text, making an accurate comparison impossible. One does not gain the impression from the B and C texts that the hero's exploits are a means to an end (ie. winning the lady). Rather, she appears to be almost a necessary evil, whose troubles are largely of her own making.
While it is not unusual for the damsel-in-distress to be side-lined in this manner in popular romance, the lady from the B and C texts does not compare favourably with other heroines such as Josian, from the fourteenth-century *Bevis of Hampton*, or Vienne, heroine of the fifteenth-century *Paris and Vienne*. The Anglo-Norman Ipomedon is actively cruel at times, and his actions serve to show up the weakness of others and of chivalric society as a whole. In the B and C texts, the narrators do not directly criticise the other characters, but by making Ipomedon the most interesting character and by focusing almost exclusively on him, they leave the reader little choice but to root for him. In a way, this technique is as manipulative as Hue de Rotelande's more direct authorial interventions. In the B text, Ipomyon is as anxious as the narrator to ensure his exploits are given full credit. Both use the repetitive structure to keep bringing up the hero's victories. Ipomyon's use of phrases such as 'Þe sothe ye know þat it so was' (l.2126), and his insistence that people know he is 'no lyere' (l.928), shows that he is constantly on the offensive to be recognised and have his greatness acknowledged. Many details from the original have been left out to make this a short, action-oriented romance. The fact that this series of events keeps being brought up shows that it is a conscious decision on the part of the adaptor.

**Language:**

The language and spelling of the B text indicate that the author was from the North-East Midlands, and the phonological features suggest the text was composed probably in the second half of the 15th century. The dialect of the C text is too mixed to provide any exact location. The manuscripts:

The B text is found in MS Harley 2252. This manuscript is a commonplace book written and compiled by the London merchant and bookseller John Colyn (d.1541).

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31 For a detailed linguistic analysis of the text, see Tadahiro Ikegami, 'Introduction', in *The Lyfe of Ipomydon* vol.1 (Tokyo: Seijo University, 1983), pp.xvii-lxiv.

The contents are as follows, based on the catalogue of the contents by Carol M. Meale, and that by David R. Parker:

Lydgate, *Dietary*: f.1v, Verse
A rhyme against harbouring a friar or a fart; f.1v, Verse
Proverbial saying or maxim; f.1v
Partly illegible punning line; f.1v
Proverbial rhymes; f.2r
Definition of weights; f.2r, Prose

*A Specyall medsyn for the colyke & the Stone*; f.2r, Prose

Lydgate, *Nine Properties of Wine*; f.2r, Verse

*Of Edward duke of Bokyngam*; f.2v, Verse

*Proverbs of Good Counsel*; f.3r, Verse

Annals of London; ff.3v-8v

The wardys of London exsepte occidentalye; f.9r, Prose
The wardys of London exsepte orientali; f.9r, List
Notes of the total of parishes, towns, knights' fees, religious houses, shires in England; f.9r
Note; f.9r
Note on the titles of Henry Fitzroy; f.9r, Prose
Note on the counsellors to Henry Fitzroy; f.9r, Prose
The offerings out of the London Guild Hall; f.9v, List
List of churches, monasteries and colleges in England; ff.10r-11v

*A determynacon for Aparance Apon enqueste*; ff.12r-13v
An Act against foreign merchants; f.14r

*ordynance in the Cete of london*; f.14r

*By kyng henry the vijth / To the mayre of London*; f.14v
To ower trusty & welbelovyd the mayre / & Sherffys of ower citie of London; f.14v

*To the Kyng ower Souerayne Lorde*; ff.15r-16r

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The effecte of Another Statute; f.16r-v
Notes on the sons of Edward III; f.17r
Lineal descent of the Earls of March; f.17r
The Tytell to the Realme of / Fraunce; f.17v
Petition to the Lords of the King's Council; ff.18r-21v
Ordinances of the parish of St Mary Woolchurch; ff.21v-22r
Exemplum; ff.22r-23r, Prose
Paraphrase of Psalm 130; ff.23r-24v, Verse
The Ruyn of A Ream; ff.25r-28r, Verse
Members of Parliament, Shires, Knights; ff.28r-32v, List
Indictment against Edmund Grey; ff.32v-33r, Prose
The Complaynte of northe to be Cardinall wolsey; ff.33v-34r, Verse
Acts of Parliament; ff.34v-36r
Petition concerning the grant of letters patent; f.36r, Prose
Petition for pardon of murder; f.36r, Prose
A Breve Cronekell of the grete Turke; ff.36v-37v, Prose
Brief note on conducting a lawsuit; f.38r, Prose
Progeny of the Earl of Arundell; ff.38r-v, Prose
Letter of King James of Scotland to King Henry VIII; ff.39r-40v
[Folio 41r-v blank]
Message from Scottish herald to Henry VIII; ff.42r-43r
The lamentacyon of the kyng of Scottys; ff.43v-45r, Verse
The Bataile of Brampton, or Floddonfielde; ff.45v-48v, Verse
The Composysyon of All / offryngys with in the Cete of / London & Subbarbis of the same; ff.48v-50r, Prose
A Grete myracle of A knyghte Callyd Syr Roger Wallysborow; ff.50v-51v, Prose
Chronicle; ff.51v-53v, Prose
The Lyfe of Ipomydon; ff.54r-84r, Verse
An Inconstant Mistress; f.84v, Verse
Do not wait to marry a rich wife; f.84v, Verse
Why the English eat more than any other nationality; f.84v, Prose
The Sage Fool's Testament; f.85r, Prose
Le Morte Arthur; ff.86r-133v, Verse
An enigma on the bond of love; f.133v, Verse
Latin epigraphs and John Skelton's *Speke Parott*; ff.133v-140r, Verse

*On an inconstant mistress*; f.140r, Verse

*Ezechyelys prophete*; ff.141r-142v, Verse

*The Crafte of lymmyng*; ff.142v-146v, Prose

Letter to merchants; f.146v, Prose

John Skelton, *Colyn Cloute*; ff.147r-153v, Verse

Christmas Day Prognostications; ff.153v-154v, Verse

Incomplete last words of condemned; f.155r

*On the Inconstancy of Fortune*; ff.155r-v, Verse

Of Cardinal Wolsey; ff.156r-v, Verse

Incomplete *Consilium domini in eternam manet*; ff.157r-v, Verse

Poem on Cardinal Wolsey; ff.158r-159v, Verse

Prognostications; f.159v, Verse

*Consilium domini in eternam manet*; ff.160r-161r, Verse

*Ingens vero virtus et mirabill tam in plantis*; ff.161v-162r, Prose

*What I spende on my Selfe pat I haue*; f.162r

Puzzle; f.162v

Memorandum; f.162v

Record of payments; ff.163r-165r

Note from *Vitas Patrum*; f.165r

Recipe for medicine; f.165v

Note on the properties of woman; f.165v

Personal note; f.165v

Note on the diameter of the globe; f.166r, Prose

*A Specyall glasse To loke in daylye*; f.166r, Verse

Maxim; f.166r

Puzzle; f.166r

Note on the Kings of England; f.166r

The manuscript comprises 186 paper leaves, and measures 18.5cm x 27.75cm. The written space measures on average 11cm x 21cm. As shown above, the contents of the manuscript are varied. The two Middle English romances, the stanzaic *Morte Arthur* and *The Lyfe of Ipomysdon* are the only parts of the manuscript not written in John Colyn's own hand. With the exception of f.83v, the entire *B* text is written by
the same scribe, using a mixture of Anglicana and Secretary scripts.\textsuperscript{35} There are numerous corrections throughout the text by both the original scribe and by a later editor, made when it was used as the basis for Wynkyn de Worde's c.1522 and c.1530 printed versions of the text.\textsuperscript{36} Corrections take the form of deletion marks, carets, superscript text, and crossings out. A more precise dating of the text than that given above comes from the physical evidence of the watermarks, which indicate that the two romances were written as independent booklets between 1460 and 1480.\textsuperscript{37} Based on her examination of the manuscript, Carol M. Meale concludes that 'Colyns compiled his “boke” by assembling a large stock of paper, probably all blank, around a core of two commercially-produced booklets, sometime after 1517. He later consolidated the position of the romances within the format of the commonplace book by filling the blank leaves between them (ff.84v-85r) with odd items in verse and prose.'\textsuperscript{38} Ipomydon occupies folios 54r-84r. There are numerous small tears in the pages that have been mended, and the bottom quarter of f.162 is missing. Single leaves are also missing after ff.102 and 154, and three leaves are missing after f.37. The manuscript is decorated minimally, with only some capital letters at the beginning of lines having been rubricated. There is modern foliation in pencil. The catch words 'The whiche' appear in the bottom right hand corner of f.69v, along with some decorative markings.

The C text is found in the fifteenth-century Longleat House MS 257. An autograph of King Richard III at the bottom of f.98v, reading 'tant le desiriee/R Gloucestre’, allows for a more precise dating of between 1461 and 1483, and the border decoration of the manuscript narrows the production date down to between 1457 and 1469.\textsuperscript{39} The manuscript consists of 214 vellum leaves and measures 21cm x 30cm. It comprises two separate parts that were bound and illuminated together early on.\textsuperscript{40} The first part contains mainly literary texts, including Ipomedon (ff.90r-105v), and is

\textsuperscript{38}Meale, 'The Compiler at Work' (1983), p.93.  
\textsuperscript{39}Jordi Sanchez Marti, 'Longleat House MS 257 - a description' Atlantis 27 (2005) p.79.  
\textsuperscript{40}Jordi Sanchez Marti, 'The Middle English Versions of Ipomedon in Their Manuscript Context' Manuscripta Vol. 49. Núm. 1. (2005) p.78.
written in Anglicana formata. The written space is an average of 13cm x 21.5cm. The following catalogue of contents is based on that of Jordi Sanchez Marti:

Part 1:
1. Lydgate, Siege of Thebes; ff.1r-48v, Verse
2. Chaucer, Arcite and Palamon; ff.53r-77r, Verse
3. Chaucer, Grisild; ff.77v-89v, Verse
4. Ipomedon; ff.90r-105v, Prose
5. Doggerel; f.107v, Verse
6. Rules of Conduct for a Gentleman Usher; f.109r-v, Prose
7. How to serve in a nobleman's household, ff.110r-v, Prose

Part 2:
Ff.111r-118v missing
8. A Middle English Metrical Paraphrase of the Old Testament; ff.119r-212r, Verse
9. Latin numbers; f.212v
10. A medicine for the axes; f.212v, Prose

A number of leaves have been lost from the manuscript, including folios 101 and 106 from Ipomedon. The manuscript is decorated with red and blue scrolls in the inner margins of many pages, and many capital letters have been rubricated. The first letter of the text has been coloured with red, blue, yellow, green and pink. The decoration is incomplete in places, with spaces left for capital letters and coats of arms. Ruling, sometimes irregular, is visible, and 'Ipomydon' has been written in red and blue at the top of each recto folio. Based on the prominent use of green in the decoration of the manuscript, ‘one of the defining characteristics of manuscripts produced in Yorkshire in the period 1375-1497’, Sanchez Marti suggests that the first part, which includes this text, was produced there.

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41Sanchez Marti, 'Longleat House MS 257 (2005) p.84.
Editorial Practice:
Except in very clear cases of misspellings, the original spelling of the texts has been retained. Emendations appear in square brackets. Where the manuscript is unclear, this is marked in the textual notes. All corrections made for the benefit of the early printed versions of the B text are included in the textual notes, but only appear in the edition itself if they are clear corrections of scribal errors. The corrector's hand is referred to as the second hand in the notes. The marginalia is also described in the textual notes.

Where the texts use contractions, these are expanded using italics. Superscript letters are not treated as abbreviations, however, thus 'w¹' becomes 'with'. Modern capitalisation is used, including for the medieval capital F (written as 'ff' in the manuscript). The letters i/j and u/v are not regularised, but used as they are found in the manuscripts. Thorns (þ) are kept in the body of the edition, but the Tironian 'et' is written as 'ē'. '¶' is written as 'll'. The paragraphs appear as they do in the manuscripts, and wherever a large capital is used this is also reproduced. Where there are folios missing from the Longleat House MS 257, the missing text is summarised in italics between square brackets, using the other versions of the story as a guide. Modern punctuation is used throughout the text.

The glosses along the side of the texts do not provide a literal translation, but rather an interpretation of the meaning. Where it is necessary to gloss an entire line or phrase, this appears in the textual notes at the bottom of the page. Although it is a prose work, the lines of the C text as they appear in this edition have been numbered for ease of reference.
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Meale, Carol M. ‘‘The Middle English Romance of Ipomedon: A Late Medieval ‘Mirror’ for Princes and Merchants.’’, *Reading Medieval Studies* 10, 1984, pp.136-91.


**Electronic Sources:**

The Anglo-Norman On-Line Hub (http://www.anglo-norman.net/)

The Electronic Middle English Dictionary (http://quod.lib.umich.edu/m/med/)
B TEXT: THE LYFE OF IPOMYDON

The lyfe of Ipomydon

Mekely lordyngis, gentyll and fre,
Lystene a while and herken to me.
I shall you telle of a kynge,
A dowghty man withowe lesynge.

In his tyme he was full bolde,
A worthy man and wele of tolde;
Feyre he was on fote and hand,
And wele belouyd in all that lande;
Off bodye he was styffe & stronge,

And to no man he wold do wronge.
Of Poyle lond lord was he;
Gold and syluer he had plente.
Hye and low louyd hym alle -
Moche honour to hym was falle.

Hys name was Kynge Ermones;
He hated wronge & louyd pees.
His Quene was bothe bryght and shene,
Moche goodnesse was hem bytwene.
To God they preyd after an eyre,
He sent theym one bothe good & feyre;
Feyre he was of flesshe and blode,
They thangkyd God with myld mode.
To chyrche they bare the chyld thanne
And crystenyd hym Ipomydon.

Till a noryce they dyd hym take
And for þat chyld grete ioy they make.
Many ladyes hym to 3eme
That served all þat chyld to queme.
The childe was feyre and waxe with all,

And playd in chambere & in halle.
The Kynge of hym had ioy plente,
A feyrer child myght no man see.
He lette calle a knyghte full trew
That namyd was Syr Tholomew.
He was a knyght of grete pouste,
And well bylouyd in that contre,
Bothe of more & of lesse,
For hym folowyd all goodnesse.
Curteyse he was and hend of mouthe;

Of norture, I wys, myche he couthe
That lordys vsyd in there halle,
And ladyes in chamber grete & smalle.
Hermones sayd in his manere:
'I haue a sonne þat me ys dere,
That shall be eyre of all my lande.
I wille ye haue hym to vndyrstand
And to teche hym in all manere,
Lyke as he thyne owne were.'
'Sir,' quod þis knyght myld of speche,
'Wold God I cowthe your sonne teche
Thyng that myght torne hym to prow.'
Ipomydon resseyueth he now.
Tholomew a clerke he toke
That taught the child vppon þe boke,
Bothe to synge and to rede,
And after he taught hym other dede:
Aftirward to serve in halle,
Bothe to grete and to smallle,
Before the Kyng mete to kerve,
Hye and low feyre to serve.
Bothe of howndis & haukis game
Aftir he taught hym all & same,
In se, in feld and eke in ryuere,
In wodde to chase the wild dere,
And in the feld to ryde a stede,
That all men had ioy of his dede.
All þat lond of hym spake good
For he was so myld of mode.
Hende he was, curteyse & fre;
A godelyer man myght no man see.
They preysed hym, bothe more & lesse,
Bothe man & woman as I gesse.
All lovyd hym þat were hym by,
For he bare hym so curtessely.
Now is he waxen a goodly man,
To all godnesse he yaff hym than.
He ys a myghty man for the nonys
And wele ishape with grete bonys.
In all that contre was there none
To hym myght cast þe tre ne stone.
The Kyng of hym grete ioy had,
For all folke of hym were glad.
To hym myght cast þe tre ne stone.
The Kyng of hym grete ioy had,
For all folke of hym were glad.
Every yere the Kyng wold
At Whytsontyde a fest hold.
Off dukis, erlis and barons
Many there come frome dyuers townes;
Ladyes, maydens, gentill & fre,
Come thedyr frome ferrecontre,
And grete lordis of ferre lond
Thedyr were prayd byfore the hand.
When all were come to gedyr than

1.61 haukis] MS u corrected to w by second hand
1.80 'Who could match him in throwing a log or stone.'
There was ioy of many a man.
Full riche I wote were theyr service,
For better myght no man devyse.

Ipomydon þat day servyd in halle;
All spake of hym, bothe grete & smalle.
Ladies & maydens byheld hym on;
So godely a man they had sene none.

That many a lady smote throw the hert,
And in there hertis they made mone
That there lordis ne were suche one.
Aftyr mete they went to pley,
All the peple, as I you sey,

Somme to chambre and som to boure,
And somme to the hye towre,
And somme in the halle stode
And spake what hem thought gode.
Men that were of that cyte
Enquered of me
Of Calabre lond who was kynge,
And som answerd to his askynge:
'He ys dede sythe many a day
And byhynde he lefte a feyre may
That ys his doughter
And so sayne all þat hyr do see.
She is þe feyreste þat may bee,
That hir goodnesse kan devyse.
Kynes and dukes comethe hyr to seke,
And so done emperoures eke,
And wold haue þat mayde to wyfe,
But she will non þat is on lyffe
But he doughtyeste be of hande -
That suche on is non lyvande.’

This word sprange wyde wih all,
Bothe in chambre & in halle.
Of the eyre of Calabre, þat feyre may,
Ipomydon he herkenyd ay.
Bothe in chambre and in boure
Men spake þat lady grete honowre;
There was none þat speke couthe
But they the lady had in mouthe.

Ipomydon drew hym nye tho
And ofte he herkenyd to & fro
When he herd of hir so speke.

Hym thought his herte wold to breke
But if he myght se þat mayde,
To wete if she were as they seyde.

Off hyr he had suche a thoght
That in mornyng he was broght,
And so he mornythe nyght & day,
But yit to no man wold he sey.

That was hys master good and trewe.
'Gode syr,' he sayd, 'for charyte,
And why thou makyst þis mornynge.
I swere by lhesu, heuyn kynge,
He shall abye on somme manere,
But if it be thy fader dere.'

'Nay master,' he sayd, 'not soo,
I shalle you telle or that I go.
But if I haue the helpe of the,
Ioye thou gete st neuyr of me.
For now to you, Syr, I will sey,
Myne hert ys sette vppon a may,
That she may nevir oute of my thoght;
But I hyr se, I worthe to noght.
The eyre of Calabre, for sothe, it is,
That men speke of so myche blysse.
But if I may þat lady serve,
For care & sorow my hert wille sterve.
Tholomew sayd, 'Lette be this wille!
Ye are the Kynges son and hys eyre
And may haue maryages gode & feyre.
There ys no man in Crystente
That rather maryages may haue þan yе.'
'Master, these wordis avaylethe noght.
But if I do as I haue thoght
And to hyr go as I you saye
I dye for hyr withoute deley.'
Sir Tholomew sayd, 'Sythe it is so
That ye may not hyr forgo,
I shall go vnto the Kynge
And gete you leve withoute lettynge
That ye may go, Sir, at your wille
And se the mayden all youre fille.'
Sir Tholomew forthe gan goo
And to þe Kynge he went tho.
Vpon his knees he hym sette
And the Kyng full feyre he grette.
'Sir, of one thyng I you prey,
Besechyng you to sey not nay,
Off your sonne Ipomydon,
For he thynkith to be a man.
Off youre courte and your norture
He hathe wele lernyd, I you ensure.
He wold wend into strange contre
More in service for to bee.
So that ye take it not at greffe
Full feyre he wolde prey you of leffe
And I shall make me redy
To wend wið hym in companye
And serve hym as his owne knyght
And honoure hym wið all my myght.'
Than seyd Hermones, the Kynge,
'If this be his owne desyrynge,
I am well payed of his wille.
For his askyng I hold skille.
And now, I wote thou arte my frend,
Sithe þat thow wilt wíð hym wend,
Take you inough of all thynge
And loke ye wante no spendynge.'
Sir Tholomew forthe gan goo
And to Ipomydon come he tho
And sayd, 'Syr, wiðoute lesynge,
Your fadir hathe grantid youre askynge.
He bad þat ye no thyng shuld spare
And myself shall wið you fare.'
'I pray God thanke you, master dere,
That ye me love I may se here.'
Than they busked theym to goo;
Horse they toke and harnesse also -
Off all thyng they wantid none.
Now to his fader the child is gone.
On knees he felle before the Kynge
And prayd hym of his dere blissynge.
'That blissyng haue þou, my sonne trew,
That Marye gaff hyr sonne lhesu.'

Now they go forthe on hir way.
Ipomydon to hys men gan sey,
That ther be none of hem alle
So hardy by hys name hym calle,
Where so they wend, ferre or nere,
Or ouer the strange ryuere;
'Ne no man telle what I am,  
What I shall be, ne whens I cam.'

235 All they granted his comandement  
And forthe they went with one assent.  
Ipomydon and Tholomew  
Robys had on and mantellis new  
Off the richest ðat myght bee.

240 There was [none] suche in that contre,  
For many was the ryche stone  
That the mantellis were vppon.  
So longe there weys they haue nome,  
That to Calabre they ar come.

245 They come to the castelle yate;  
Þe porter was redy there at.  
The porter to theyme they gan calle  
And prayd hym go in to þe halle,  
'And say thy lady gent and fre,  
That we myght ete wiþ hyr today.'

250 That comen ar men of ferre contre,  
And if it plese hyr we wold hyr prey  
That we myght ete wiþ hyr today.'  

f.57v The porter sayd full cortessly,  
'Your erand to do I am redy.'

255 The lady to hyr mete was sette;  
The porter come and feyre hyr grette.  
'Madame,' he sayd, 'God you saue!  
Atte your gate gestis ye haue,  
Strange men as for to see.

260 They aske mete for charyte.'  
The lady comaundith sone anon  
Þat the gates were vndone,  
'And bryng theym all byfore me,  
For wele at ese shall they bee.'

265 They toke hyr pagis, hors & alle;  
Þese two men went into þe halle.  
Ipomydon on knees hym sette  
And the lady feyre he grett:  
'I am a man of strange contre  
And pray you, yff your wille to be,  
That I myght dwelle with you to yere,  
Of your norture for to lere.  
I am come frome ferre lond,  
For speche I here byfore the hand  
That your norture and your servise  
Ys holden of so grete empryse.  
I pray you þat I may dwelle here  
by mutual agreement

234 what] MS crossed out and replaced with Where by second hand
1.233 no] MS superscript by second hand
1.234 be] MS crossed out and replaced with go by second hand
Somme of your servyse for to lere.' learn
The lady byheld Ipomydon.

Hym semyd wele a gentilman: handsome
She knew non suche in hyr londe,
So goodly a man & wele farand. not
She saw also by his nurture
He was a man of grete vulture.

She cast full sone in hyr thoght
That for no servyce came he noght,
But it was worship hyr vnto,
In feyre servyce hym to do.

She sayd, 'Syr, welcome ye be,
And all þat comyn be with the.
Sithe ye haue had so grete travayle
Of a service ye shall not fayle.
In thys contre ye may dwelle here
And at youre wyll for to lere.

Of þe cuppe ye shall serue me,
And all your men with you shal be.
Ye may dwelle here at youre wille,
But your beryng be full ylle.
'Madame, he sayd, 'Grantmercy';
He thankid the lady cortesly.

She comandyth hym to þe mete,
But or he satte in any sete,
He saluted theym, grete & smalle,
As a gentillman shuld in halle.

All they sayd sone anone
They saw neuyr so goodly a man,
Ne so light, ne so glad, joyful
Ne none þat so rychy atyre had.
There was non þat sat nor yede walked
But they had mervelle of hys dede,
And sayd he was no lytell syre
That myght shew suche atyre.
When they had ete and grace sayd,
And þe tabyll away was leyd,

Vpp þan aroos Ipomydon
And to þe botery he went anon,
And his mantille hym aboute.
On hym lokyd all the route,
And euery man sayd to other there,

'Will ye se, þe proude squeer
Shall serue my lady of þe wyne
In his mantell þat is so fyne!' proud squire
That they hym scornyd wist he noght; he did not know
On othyr thyng he had his thoght.

325  He toke þe cuppe of þe botelere

f.58v  And drew a lace of sylke full clere -
A downe thar felle hys mantylle by.
He prayd hym for his curtesy
That lytelle yifte þat he wold nome,
Tille efte sone a better come.
Vp it toke the botelere.
Byfore the lady he gan it bere
And prayd the lady hertely
To thanke hym of his cortessye.
All that was tho in the halle,
Grete honowre they spake hym alle,
And sayd he was no lytelle man
That suche yiftys yiffe kan.
There he dwellyd many a day
And servid the lady wele to pay.
He bare hym on so feyre manere
To knyghtis, ladyes and squyere,
All louyd hym þat were hym by
For he bare hym so cortesly.
The lady had a cosyne þat hight Iason,
Full wele he louyd Ipomydon;
Where þat he yede, in or oute,
Iason went with hym aboute.
The lady lay, but she slept noght,
For of the squyere she had grete thoght,
How he was feyre and shape wele,
Body and armes and euerydele.
Ther was non in all hir land
So wele be semyd, doughty of hand,
But she kowde wete for no case
Whens he come, ne what he was,
Ne of no man cowde enquere
Other than the strange squyere.
She hyr bythought on a queyntyse,
If she myght know in ony wyse
To wete where of he were come -
Thys was hyr thoght all & somme.
She thought to wode hyr men to tame,
That she myght know hym by his game.
On the morow whan it was day,
To hyr men than gan she say:
'Tomorow whan it is day lyght,
Loke ye be all redy dight
With youre h[ou]ndis, more and lesse,
In the forest to take my grese;
And there I will my selfe be,
You're game to byhold and see.'
Ipomydon had houndis thre
That he broght from his contre.

375 When they were to þe wodde gone,
This lady and hyr men ichone,
And with hem hyr howndis ladde,
All that euyr any howndis had,
Sir Tholomew foryate he noght,
His mastres howndis thedyr he broght
That many a day ne had ronne ere;
Full wele he thoght to note hem there.
When they come to þe laund on hight,
The Quenys pavyloun there was pight
That she myght se of the best
All þe game of þe forest.
The wandlessours went þrow þe forest,
And to þe lady brought many a best:
Herte and hynde, buk and doo,
And othir bestis many moo.
Ipomydon with his houndis thoo
Drew downe bothe buk and doo.
More he toke with howndis thre
Than all þat othyr compaigne.
There squyers vndyd hyr dere,
Iche man on his owne manere.
Ipomydon a dere yede vnto,
Full konnyngly gan he it vndo.
So feyre þat veneson he gan to dight,
That bothe hym byheld squyer and knyght.
The lady lokyd oute of hyr pavyloun
And saw hym digh þat the venyson.
There she had grete deynte,
And so had all þat dyd hym see.
She sawe all þat he downe droghe;
Of huntyng she wist he cowde inoughe
And thoght in hyr herte than
That he was come of gentill men.
She bad Iason hyre men to calle;
Home þay passyd grete & smalle,
Home þay come sone anone.
This lady to hyr mete gan gone
And of venery had hyr fille,
For they had take game at wille.
Ipomydon servued, as I vndirstand,
As he was wonte done byfore hand.

'Sir,' she sayd, 'San3fayle, Without doubt
Ye haue bene in grete travayle.
Anothyr man, as I you say,
Shall serue me at mete bise day.
Go to youre mete sone on hye,
My cosyn Iason shall sytte you by.'

The ladyes hert was on hym cast
And she byheld hym wondir fast;
Euere on hym she kest hyr eye.
Ipomydon full wele it sye.
Anone, it gaff hym in his thoght
To loke ageyne; lette wold he noght,
Nor no more coward thoght he to be
Off his lokyng than was she.
The lady perseyued it full wele,
Of all his lokyng euerydele,
And there with bygan to shame,
For she myght lightly falle in blame.
If men perseyued it ony thyng,
Bytwyxe hem two suche lokynge,
Than wold they sey all by dene
That somme loue were hem bytwene.

The lady peryued it full wele,
Of all his lokyng euerydele,
And there with bygan to shame,
For she myght lightly falle in blame.
If men perseyued it ony thyng,
Bytwyxe hem two suche lokynge,
Than wold they sey all by dene
That somme loue were hem bytwene.

'Iason,' she sayd, 'Þou art to blame,
And therwith the ought to shame,
To byhold my mayd in vayne.
Euery man to othyr wille seyne
That bytwyx you ys somme synne!
Of thy lokyng I rede Þou blynne.'
Ipomydon hym bythoght anone
How Þat she blamyd Iason
Withoute deservyng euerydele,
But the encheson he perseyued wele.

Downe he lokyd and thoght grete shame
That Iason bare for hym Þat blame.
Stille he satte and sayd no more;
He thoght to dwelle no lenger there.
As the lady hyr chambr had tane
By fore hyr come Ipomydon
And sayd, 'Madame, God yeld it the,
This grete honoure Þou haste done me.
Haue good day, now wille I fare
In to þe contre Þat I was are.'
'Felaw,' she sayd, 'Chese at þi wille
Whether þou wilt wend or abyde stille.'

He went anone in to the halle
And toke his leue of grete and smalle,
Bothe at lesse and at more,

And they thoght there of ryght sore.
To Iason he wendith anone ryght
And takith his leve with hert vnlyght.
Than sayd Iason on hye,
'Leve Syr, leve this folye
And with my lady þou dwelle here.
She louythe the in all manere;
Iff thow wende forthe in this wille,
For sorow she wille hyrself spylle.'
'Iason, felow, lett be thy thoght.
Lenger dwelle here ne wille I noght,
For I shal wende home to my Kynge
And leve you here with all ioyinge.'
'My dere frend, sythe it is so
That thou wilt algatis goo,
Yeve me leve with the to wend,
In to what contre þat þou wilt lend.
I wold full fayne do it in dede.'
'Grantmercy, Syr, God yif the mede.
With me hedyr come ye noght,
Ne shall with me but that I broght.'

He toke hys leve at Iason there
And went forthe ellys where.
Whan the lady wist þat he was gone,
A sory woman þan was she oon.
Vppon hyr bedde she gan hyr ley
And to hyr self than gan she say,
'There is not suche a man in lande,
If he be doughty of his hand,
As he is of body to see,
Of what lond that euyr he bee.
Allas!' she sayd, and 'Welle away!
That for a word he went away.
Had men sought all mANKynde
A feyrer body shuld no man fynde.'
This lady þat was of ryché blode,
That nyght she cowde but lytell gode
That she shuld suche mone make
For a strange manyns sake,
That no man wist what he was.
But yit she sayd ofte, 'Allas!
For suche ys none in Crystente.
Full wele hym semeth a knyght to be.'
Thus she comforted hyr amonge
And ofte she felle in mornyng stronge.

515  Ipomydon went, as ye may here.
Byhynde he lefte a messyngere
For to brynge hym tythyngis newe,
Iff there were any that he knewe.
What they were he shuld hym brynge,
And that anon withoute lettynge.

520  The land of Poyle he hathe nome
And to þe Kyng his fader ys come,
And to þe Quene his modyr dere -
For hym they made ryght glad chere.
Curteyse he was, bothe stoute and bolde,
And myche in land he was of tolde.
Of chyld Ipomydon here is a space.

525  They were togedyr many yere
With myche myrth & game in fere.
The Kyng his sonne knight gan make,
And many another for his sake.
Iustes were cryed, ladyes to see.
Thedyr come lordys grete plente,
Ipomydon þat day was victor
And there he gaff many a cours,
For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wole sette,
Hors and man bothe went to grond.

530  Turnementis atyred in the felde,
A m' armed with spere and sheldé.
Knyghtis bygan togedir to ryde;
Somme were vn horsyd on euery syde.
Ipomydon þat day was victor yus,
And there he gaff many a cours,
For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wole sette,
That aftir within a lytell stounde
Hors and man bothe went to grond.

535  The heraudes gaff þe child þe gree:
A m' pownd he had to fee.
Mynstrellys had yiftes of golde,
And fourty dayes þys fest was holde.
Off the Eyre of Calabre here will I telle,
And of hyr baronage I wille telle,
How that they had at counselle bene,
And of assent was theym bytwene
Þat here lady shuld take an husband
To gourne theyme and all there land,
Bycause she was of yong age.

540  They were togedyr many yere
The Kyng his sonne knight gan make,
And many another for his sake.
Iustes were cryed, ladyes to see.
Thedyr come lordys grete plente,
Ipomydon þat day was victor
And there he gaff many a cours,
For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wole sette,
Hors and man bothe went to grond.

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A m' pownd he had to fee.
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And fourty dayes þys fest was holde.
Off the Eyre of Calabre here will I telle,
And of hyr baronage I wille telle,
How that they had at counselle bene,
And of assent was theym bytwene
Þat here lady shuld take an husband
To gourne theyme and all there land,
Bycause she was of yong age.
To hyr come all hyr baronage,

550  And of hyr baronage I wille telle,
How that they had at counselle bene,
And of assent was theym bytwene
Þat here lady shuld take an husband
To gourne theyme and all there land,
Bycause she was of yong age.

555  Thus she comforted hyr amonge
And ofte she felle in mornyng stronge.
Ipomydon went, as ye may here.
Byhynde he lefte a messyngere
For to brynge hym tythyngis newe,
Iff there were any that he knewe.
What they were he shuld hym brynge,
And that anon withoute lettynge.
The land of Poyle he hathe nome
And to þe Kyng his fader ys come,
And to þe Quene his modyr dere -
For hym they made ryght glad chere.
Curteyse he was, bothe stoute and bolde,
And myche in land he was of tolde.
Of chyld Ipomydon here is a space.

530  With myche myrth & game in fere.
The Kyng his sonne knight gan make,
And many another for his sake.
Iustes were cryed, ladyes to see.
Thedyr come lordys grete plente,
Ipomydon þat day was victor
And there he gaff many a cours,
For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wole sette,
Hors and man bothe went to grond.

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Ipomydon þat day was victor yus,
And there he gaff many a cours,
For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wole sette,
That aftir within a lytell stounde
Hors and man bothe went to grond.

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For there was non that he mette,
And his spere on hym wole sette,
That aftir within a lytell stounde
Hors and man bothe went to grond.

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A m' pownd he had to fee.
Mynstrellys had yiftes of golde,
And fourty dayes þys fest was holde.
Off the Eyre of Calabre here will I telle,
And of hyr baronage I wille telle,
How that they had at counselle bene,
And of assent was theym bytwene
Þat here lady shuld take an husband
To gourne theyme and all there land,
Bycause she was of yong age.
To hyr come all hyr baronage,
And sayd, 'Madame, we wille you pray
That we myght oure will sey.
Youre lond thynkythe ye do theyme wronge,
Withowte kyng to dwelle so longe,
That might gouerne þis land so feyre,
And bytwyxe you gete an eyre,
And hold þis land in right blode.'
The lady answerd with myld mode,
'Your counseyle ys gode, euerychone,
But husband yit will I haue none.'
They toke leve and wente here way
And bytaught the lady gode day.
To counselle new than gon they gone,
And full sone they were at one.
To Kyng Melliager, hyr eme, they went,
And told hym of the ladys entent:
For an husband þey had bene at hyrrre,
And she yaff them lyght answere.
Furthe they went withoute lettyng
To the land there he was kynge.
Kynge Melliager sone they found,
And anone they knelyd to ground,
Praying hym as lord dere
That he wold here prayer here.
They told hym all togedyr nowe
What þat they had done and howe,
And suche answere she yaffe theyme tylle,
Husband to haue she had no wille,
'Wherefore, Lord, we wol draw
For we wote wele þat ye best may,
Councelle wele oure lady nowe
As best may be the remes prowe.'
'Lordyngis,' he sayd, 'withoutyn fayle,
I assent vnto your councelle,
For to my cosyn will I goo,
And make hyr, or I wend hyr fro,
Me to graunt husband to take,
Or clene my love she shall forsake.'
Than they thankyd the Kynge so free,
And went home to theyre contre.
Kynge Mellyager to his cosyn ys gone,
And she hym welcomyd feyre anon,
And of his comyng she was glad,
And moche of hym she made.
When they had take hyr sporte in halle,
The Kynge to counselle gan hyr calle
And sayd, 'Dere cosyn, here my wille. 
An husband must ye take you tylle, 
The whiche may of þis land by kynge, 
And gouerne it in all thynge, 
For no woman may take on hand 
Wele to gouerne suche a land.' 
'Sir,' she sayd, 'ye be of my blode. 
I hold your counselle feyre & good 
And aftir it feyne wold I doo, 
As most worship may be me to, 
But sythe þat I haue husband shalle, 
Do make crye vndir þis castell walle 
Justes there thre dayes to laste, 
And who þat there may bere hym best 
And that doughtyest ys of hande 
Shall wedde me and all this lande. 
Syr, loke ye crye withoute delaye 
By halfe yere afore the day, 
That it be know ferre and nere 
On what day it shall be here.' 
Now thynkith this feyre may 
On the strange squyer nyght & day. 
'If he be suche as I hym holde, 
Also doughty and so bolde, 
For me than he wille be here 
And wynne me in all manere.' 
Heraudes were callyd in hye 
Thrughe the land to make the crye. 
This crye was knownen ouerall, 
In all the land, grete and smallle. 
Ipomydons messyngere anone 
Home to Poyle gan he gone. 
The crye he vndyrstode wele 
And told his maister euerydele. 
Ipomydon in hert was full glad 
Whan that he the tythyngis herd. 
He callyd his maister Tholomewe, 
That euer was full gode and trewe, 
And sayd, 'Syr, make vs redy, 
For into Calabre now will I.' 
He purveyd hym iii noble stedis, 
And also thre noble wedys. 
That one was white as any mylke; 
The trappure of hym was white sylke. 
Þat other was rede bothe styffe and stoure; 
The trappure was of þe same coloure.
Blake þan was þat othir stede;
The same coloure was his wede.
Thre greyhondis with hym he ladde,
The best þat his fader had -

Rede and whyte and blake they were.
When he was dight in this manere

With hym he toke a feyre may
And went forthe on his iorney;
Into Seseney the wey they nome.
Within the lond when þat he come,
He bad Tholomew take his stedys,
All his men and all his wedys,
'And take your inne in the cyte,
By nyght þat no man you see.
Lette no man se theyme, nyght ne day,
But them þat shall here mete ley.'
Hys owne wey forthe he nome,
Vnto a forest tyll þat he come.
There huntyd Kyng Mellyager in þat forest,
Atte hert & hynd and wyld beste.
Ipomydon mette with a knyght

And askyd hym anone right
Who that grete lord was
That in the forest made þe chase.
The knyght sayd, 'Yff ye will here,
It ys the Kynge Mellyagere
That thus huntithe here besyde.'
Ipomydon vnto þe Kynge gan ryde
And saluted hym as a kynge dere.
He welcomyd hym on feyre manere.
He prayd the Kynge, if it were his wille,
A lytelle stounde to stonde stille
And here the speche of a knyght.
The Kynge hym grauntid anone right.
'I am a knyght, as ye may see,
And come I am frome ferre contre,
For noblely of you I haue herd telle.
All my desyre ys with you to dwelle,
In youre contre to be here,
The maner of þis land to lere.'
'Sir knyght', he sayd, in feyre manere,  
'Gladly shall ye dwellyn here.'

695  Ipomydon sayd, 'I shall you telle,  
At this couenant wold I dwelle:  
Full fayne I wold be redy bowne  
To lede your Quene bothe vp & downe,  
Fro hyr chambre to hyr halle,  
& my lemman I wold hyr calle.  
My mayden þat is of honoure  
Shall dwelle in þe Quenys boure.  
At euery terme þat I hyr lede,  
A kusse of þe Quene shall be my mede.

700  I will no more for my servye.'  
The Kyng anone wihoute avyse  
Thoght he come for othyr thynge,  
And grantyd hym his askynge.  
Anone, the Kyng lefte his game.

705  Home they rode bothe insame,  
And to þe Quene þe covenantys seyd.  
'As ye haue done I hold me payd'.  
There he dwellyd many a day  
With myche myrthe, game & play.

710  Full feyre he dyd his servyse,  
And servyd þe Quene at hyr devyse,  
Where þat she went in boure or halle.  
The Quene his lemman dyd he calle.  
So it befelle vpon a day  
That to þe iustes men dyd them araye.  
Thedyr wold Kyng Mellyager,  
With all the knyghtys þat with hym were:  
Sir Campanyus þat good knyght,  
In all þat lond was none so wight,  
And Sir Caymys, þe Kyngis steward,  
A doughty knyght and no coward.  
The Kynge sayd to Sir Ipomydon,  
That callyd was the Quenys lemman,  
As he mette hym in the halle,  
The tyme ys come þat iuste we shalle.  
Dight you, now go we oure way.  
I wote ye thynke to wynne þe may.'  
And he answerd with myld chere,  
'Who shuld þan serve my lady dere?  
For certis, of iustes can I noght;  
To serve my lady is all my thoght.  
If I hyr lefte for other dede
I were not worthy to haue my mede.'
The Kynge hym turnyd þan away

And to his knyghtis gan he say,
'So a feyre a body as bereth hee,
Allas a coward þat he shuld be,'
Campanyus and all þat stode hym by
Bymenyd that knyght curtesly.

They toke there leve at þe Quene
And wente forthe all bydene.
Vnto Calabre they toke þe way,
There they shuld iust þat other day.
Leve we theyme at þe iustynge

And talke we now of other thyng:

Of Ipomydon & þe lady shene,
That was at home with þe Quene.
Whan tyme come þey shuld to mete,
Ipomydon brought hir to hyr sete.

Into the halle whan he hyr broght
To take hys cusse forgate he noght.

Whan she had etyn, to chambre she wente.
Ipomydon to the Quene he wente,
'Tomorrow, Madame, I wold you pray,
With leve of you, whan yt is day,
Go to þe forest to take a dere.
My greyhonden ranne not þis quartere;
Whyle my lord ys at þe iustynge,
My greyhoundis I wold feyne se rennynge.

O thyng, Madame, I wold you pray:
If I come not betyme of day
Whan ye se tyme, to mete ye wend,
For I wote neuyr how long I lend.'
'Sir, she sayd, 'God you spede.'

He kyssyd hyr and forthe he yede.
Ipomydon calyld his master than,
Sir Tholomew that noble man.
'To my hostage ye go by nyght.
My white stede loke he be dight,

And with the armure hedyr ye brynge
Tomorow or the day spryngne.
Hye you oute at þe castelle yate,
And frome all syght kepe you allgate.'
Ipomydon went to þe portere

And prayd hym, if his wille were,
The yate myght by opyn or day.
The porter grantyd hym & toke hym þe key,
And at þe fryst cocke roose hee.
Furthe he went with greyhoundis thre;

785 In a lesshe he dyd them do,
And blew a grete horne also.
He blew lowde and shook it wele,
That it ronge all þe castelle.
The maydenys to þe Quene gan say,

790 'Youre lemmman gothe to wynne þe may!'
The Quene answerd withoute lettynge,
'All men konne not of iustynge.
Though he kanne not of suche dedys,
He may be gode at other nedis.'

795 Ipomydon is to Tholomew gone,
And toke hym hys houndis euerychon.
He prayd hym, as his maister dere,
To note theyme wele in all manere,
And with the flesshe kepe theym in place,

800 There þat theyre stevyn sette was.
He sayd, 'God spede þe, lord dere!
Thereto I shall do my deuere.'
Ipomydon went forthe, and his page,
Till he came to an ermytage.

805 He lokyd forthe and byheld:
Many a knight he saw in feld;
Iche to other fast gan ryde
With grete sperys on iche syde.
He toke his spere anone ryght,

810 And lepte on his stede so light.
In he come amonge hem alle,
Throw the clowdis as he had falle.
The fryst knyght he gan to ryde
With a spere þat wold abyde.

815 In myddis the sheld he sette his spere,
That hors and man he gan downe bere.
Anothir knyght he mette also,
That his bakke tobrast in two.
The thryd he sloughe withoute lettynge,

820 The fourthe wente into þe same rynge.
There was no knyght þat he mette
þat wold hys spere on hym sette,
But if his spere all to brakke
He wold hym to þe ground shake.

825 The lady lay ouer þe castell walle
And byheld þe iustis alle.
She sent speres white and blake
To all men that wold hem take.
Iason she sent vnto þe knyght
That in white harneise was dight,
To bere hym sperys at his nede.
She thought hym worthiest of dede,
And every man till othir gan saye,
He was þe manlyest there þat day.
Than all þe peple homeward went,
And Iason to þe knyght hym bente,
Praying hym, as lord dere,
'Come home here to thyne owne manere,
For wele I wote thou shalt be kynge,
The whiche is gretly to my lykynge.'
'Iason,' he sayd, 'God þe for yelde
Thy grete servyce today in þe felde
That þou hast done me in þis place.'
Iason merveyled of þat case.
'Sir,' he sayd, 'for charyte,
What man be ye þat knowyth me?
It were merveile but I þe knew.'
'Somme tyme þou were my fellow trewe.
I am,' he sayd, 'þe strange squyere
That servyd my lady þis endris yere.
Grete hyr wele on all manere;
This day for hyr I haue bene here,
But lenger dwelle here may I noght.
Suche tithyngis to me is broght
Home frome myne owne contre,
And forth I most as I telle the.'
'A, Sir!' he sayd, 'art thou he?
For God þat dyed upp on a tree
Come now & with my lady speke,
Or ellis I wote hyr herte will breke,
For and she knew þou went away
She lyveth nevir tomorow day.'
'Thou shalt, Iason, vndirstond,
I wold not tarye for all þis land.'
He toke his leve and went his way.
Iason to þe Quene gan say
Word for word euerydele:
'The strange squyere grette you wele!
He was þat ylke whyte knyght
That in þe feld so richely was dight.'
This lady to hyr chambre ys gone,
A sory woman was she one.
Vppon hyr bedde she gan downe falle

MS underlined with deletion marks and replaced with 'now' by second hand
On swoone afore hyr maydens alle,
And whan she roos of swoounynge
Hir handis fast gan she wrynge.
'Allas!' she sayd, 'What I was wode,
A witteles thyng and cowde no goode.
My witte myght haue seruyd me
That suche a man doughty most be.'
But yit she trowyd in hyr thoght,
So lightly wold he leve hyr noght.
That was hyr comfort most in care,
And ellis she had hyr self forfare.
Ipomydon to his maister camne;
He found hym and his houndes anone.
Plente of flesshe had he caught.
Hors and harneyse he hym bytaught
And eyther passyd to theyr inne.
Ipomydon the flesshe toke with hym.
Byfore the Queene he ganne it bere
As she was sette at hyr sopere.
'Madame,' he sayd, 'my lord þe Kynge
Hathe not þus sped with hy[s] iustynge.'
All the halle that þere were in same
At hym they loughe & had game.
Ipomydon went to his mete;
Faste he brake & faste he ete,
For he had fasted all þat day,
Suche a lykynge he had in pley.
As they satte at there sopere,
In comythe the Kyngis messyngere.
Vppon his knee he hym sette,
And þe Quene feyre he grette.
To hyr sent word hyr lord þe Kynge,
How they had done at þe iustynge.
Tho askyd þe Quene anone right,
'Was there any with Campanyus dyd fight,
That was so doughty in þe felde,
Outher with spere or with shelde?'
'Ya, Madame, so mot I thee,
Ther was come worthe suche thre.
In white armure he was dight,
In all þe feld was none so wight,
But if it were my lord þe Kynge,
For he is passand in euery thynge.'
The Quene asked, 'What was hee?'
The messyngere sayd, 'So mot I the,
As I may prosper

1.886 houndes] MS written in the margin, to replace sonnys which is underlined with deletion marks
1.889 theyr] MS superscript by second hand, replacing crossed out hyr
1.894 hy[s] ] MS hyr
Thar byspake Ipomydon
And sayd, 'Messyngere, I the pray
Vnto my lorde þe Kyng þou saye
That my good whyte greyhound
Hathe sleyne more dere and broght to ground
Than wold hys haue done todaye,'
Ipomydon to þe Quene gan saye,
Praying he moste þe Kyng somme bere,
To wete þat he was no lyere.
The Quene ys to hyr chambre gone,
Their ledithe hyr Ipomydon.
He prayd leue on þe morow to play,
As he had done þat othir day;
The Quene hym grauntyd curtessly.
To hys maister he dyd hym hye,
And prayd hym sone and anone
To his ostage þat he shuld gone,
And brynge hym his rede stede,
'Foreyte noght þe same wede!,'
In the place þat they were ere,
And þat he shuld be erly there.
Full erly roos Ipomydon,
His horne, hys greyhond he toke þan.
He blew it lowde & wele gan shake,
That all þe maydens þo gan awake.
Than sayd all þat were þereinne,
'Your lemman gothe þe mayd to wynne!'
The Quene answeryd, as she dyd ere,
'He may more wynne þan he were þere.'
Faste they iustyd on euery syde,
And euyr byheld þe lady bryght,
If she myght se þe whyte knyght,
For she on hym non eye myght caste;
She thought hyr hert wold tobreste.
Iason þat day was made knyght,
And richely in þe feld was dight.
Ipomydon this case he sawe,
þat Iason was knyght his owne felawe.
To hym he prekyd faste in hye,
Whan he shulde mete he rode hym by.
That day he taught hym so to done,
That worthely he wanne his shone.
But Ipomydon, as I you saye,
Many a knyght he fellyd þat day.
So many sperys he brakke onsondre,
That all folke on hym had wonder.
They sayd there nas in all þat lande
Noon so manly man of hande,
For all they sayd þo full tyte,
The rede was better þan þe white.
And so he bare hym þat daye
That knyghtys wexe wery of his playe.
Whan euery knyght to hys inne gan ryde
Sir Iason dyd with hym abyde
And sayd, 'Syr knyght, God þe foryelde
Thy grete helpe today in þe felde.
Thrughe the the more loue þat I wanne,
That more desyre I ne canne.
I wote þou shalt be lord here,
For I know noon þat is þi pere,
Saffe yistyrday the whyte knyght,
But he is oute of lond dight.'
'Nay Iason, my trew fere,
Thou shalt se þat I am here.
But grete wele my lady dere.
For hyr today haue I bene here,
The whiche I say withouten fayle
Will me torne to grete travaile,
And many an hors ryde to dede
Or I come there þat me most nede,
For all my lond I lese for ay,
But I be there by a certeyne day.'
Iason sayd, 'Syr, mercy,
And thynke vppon my lady,
For & ye passe hyr þus froo
For sorow she wille hyrselfe slo.'
Ipomydon sayd, 'By Heuyn Kynge, 
At this tym I will not lyngne, 

But grete hyr wele & haue gode day, 
And I shall come whan þat I may.'
Sir Iason passyd forthe in hye 
And this tale tolde to the lady:
'The rede knyght and þe whyte ys one, 

But forsothe now ys he goon.'
Then soru was that swete thynge, 
And ofte she felle in mornynge, 
But she bethought hyr as she dyd are, 
And ellis she had hyrselfe forfare.

Ipomydo[n] to his maister yede, 
And toke his armure and his stede. 
He toke the flesshe and þe greyhound 

And gan to go toward the towne; 
His hors he had and his huntyng wede. 

Anone in to þe halle he yede; 
Byfore þe Quene the flesshe he leyd. 
'Here ys my dayes iorney he sayde.' 
At hym they loughe and made glad chere. 
The Quene went to hyr sopere, 

And hyr lemar sat hyr by. 
The Kynges messengere come in hye, 
And sayd þe Kyng grete hyr wele; 
The iustis he told hyr euerydele. 
The fryst word þe Quene gan say: 

'Come þe white knyght there today?' 
'Nay,' he sayd, 'By God allmyght, 
But there was a noble rede knyght, 
The whiche all men þat gan hym see 
Said þat he was betttir þan hee.' 

Ipomydon sayd to þe messengere, 
'Recomand me to my lord so dere, 
And say that Gager my rede greyhound 
Moche dere hathe broght þis day to ground. 
I had more ioye at hys rynnynge 

Than to stand & stare to se þe iustynge.' 
'Madame,' he said, 'so God me amend, 
Of youre game I rede ye hym send.' 
'Sir,' she said, 'as ye thynke beste, 
Fare wele for now I go to reste.' 

Vnto hyr chambre she went þan. 
Byfore hyr come Ipomydon. 
Ones of leue he wold hyr praye,
He wold not hunte after many a day;  
She hym grantyd of his bone.  

To his master he went sone.  
He yede and fette withoute lakke  
Stede and harnesses þat was blakke.  
He knew þe way at þe beste,  
Where they shuld mete in þe foreste.  

The messyngere come vnto þe Kynge.  
Hys present feyre he dyd hym brynge,  
What he shuld sey forgatte he noght.  
The Kynge of hym wondir thoght,  
And in his hert had grete pyte,  
That euyr he was so lytell of priſe,  
And therfo full of cowardise.  
Whateuyr they thoght in here hert,  
Many of them he made to smerte.  
Latte hym go, God hym spede,  
Till eftesone we of hym rede.  

Ipomydon rose erly there,  
As he was wonte to done ere.  
Forthe he rode blowyng his horne,  
That all the maydens gan hym scorne  
And sayd, 'Your leman gothe to playe,  
For he wille wynne vp all todaye.'  
The quene hem blamyd wondir faste;  
Hyr hert to hym was somwhat caste.  
To hys master he went in hye  
And prayd hym full hertely  
To take more dere yf he myght  
Than he dyd þe tother day light.  
Anone his hors he gan dighte  
And rode to þe feld forthe ryght,  
Armure blak lyke the stede.  
To þe ermytage forthe he yede.  
Anone his stede he bestrode,  
Amonge hem all in he rode.  
He was sone warre of a knyght  
That in rede atyre was dight.  
'This rede knyght was here yisterday,  
He iustid for þat feyre may.  
There was none bare hym so feyre;  
Of Calabre he wille wynne þe eyre.'  
The lady lay on toure on hye,  
The rede knyght full sone she see.
She wende it were þe strange squyere
Þat she hopid shuld be hyr fere.

1105 Her purpos was to hym to wende
When the iustes come to ende,
And brynge hym with feyre manere;
To hyr was none so leffe ne dere.

Right as the queene in thoght stode,

1110 The rede knyght anone in rode.
The blake toke a spere in honde,
To iust with hym he thoght in londe;

f.69r And eyther with othyr sonne they mette
In myd the sheld the stroke they sette.

1115 The blak knyghtes spere was stiffe and stronge,
And there with he gan fast thronge
The knyght and stede within a stounde,
That they lay bothe vpon the ground.
Ipomydon toke þe rede stede;

1120 To hyr men he gan hym lede.
Than come forthe Sir Caymys,
A proude knyght & a daynous.
Just he wold with þe blak knyght,
But all to lytelle was hys myght.

1125 With a spere þat welle wold laste,
Knyght and hors downe he caste.
Sir Caymys horse he toke in hye,
The rede knyghtes he sette hym bye.
Sir Campaynus hym faste byhelde;

1130 He thoght to iust with hym in felde.
Hys thoght was to wynne þe maye,
But he fayled foule of his praye.
Forthe they rode togedyr faste,
That there sperys asondre braste.

1135 Bothe they were stiffe and stronge,
Þey liste to ryde, þey taryed not longe.
And eyther of theym toke a spere;
Campaynus þoght hym downe to bere.
In mydde þe place þe knyghtes mette;

1140 Ipomydon so Campanus grette,
That knyght and stede in þat case
Felle on hepe in mydde þe place;
The blake knyght toke hys stede goode.
The kynge thereof began to wode,

1145 That his knyghtes bore downe were.
He folowyd þe knyght with a spere;

1.1105 her] MS superscript in second hand, replacing 'There' which is crossed out
f.69v] catch words The whiche at bottom right of folio, along with some decorative markings
He had thought to done hym harme,
For he smote hym throw þe arme.

Ipomydon with þat stroke abrayde,  

And to þe kyng þus he sayde,
'As þou arte kynde, gentille and free,
Abyde and iuste a cours with me,
And I foryiffe þis vilanye.'
The kyng sayd, 'Therto grant I.'

Full fayne he wold haue bene away,
But for shame he sayd not nay.
The kyng and he in place þey mette.
The blake knyght suche a stroke hym sette
That kyng and hors downe he caste,

That hym thoght hys nekke tobraste.
The Kynges stede he ledde away,
þat euery man to other gan saye,
'He may wele be kyng of londe,
For the doughtyeste man of hand

That any man sawe euere.'
And so sayd all þat there were.
They gaffe hym þe gre of felde
For þe doughtyest vndyr shelde.

Herawdis discryued hys arme blake

tournament victory
described

And sayd in þe world was not his make,
And they sayd withoute lettynge
He was worthy to be kyng.
When euery man homeward gan draw,
Iason went to his felawe:

'Come home, Syr, I you pray,
To youre owne I darre wele say.
Ye shal be made kyng of lond
For þe doughtiest man of hand.
Thou hast no pere I darre wele say,

So sayd all þat were here today.'
'Iason,' he sayd, 'God yeld it the,
The grete honoure þou proferist me.'
Iason sayd, 'If your willis bee,
What ar ye þat knowis me?'

'Somme tyme I was þi felaw dere,
þat callyd was þe strange squyere.
I haue bene þese three dayes,
But now no lenger dwelle I maye.'

'For Goddis loue,' sayd Iason there,

'Come brynge my lady oute of care
And conforte hyr in all thynge,
And thynke also ye shal be kyng!'

He sayd, 'Iason, þi wordis þou spare.
That wold me torne to myche care.
I haue dwellyd here to longe,
The whiche will cause me travaile stronge.
Recommaund me to hyr anone righte,
For I must travaile day & nyght.'
He toke hys leve & forthe ganne fare.

Iason tornyd home full of care,
& whan he come into the halle
He tolde þe lady what was byfalle,
The blak knyght was þe squyer stronge
That had dwellyd with hyr so longe,

And how he wanne hyr with his hand,
'But he is passid oute of þis lande!'
The lady mornyd & was full woo,
And thoght hyr hert wold brest on two,
But yet she trowed in hyr thoght

So lightly wold he leve hyr noght,
Sithe þat he had withoute fayle
For hyr loue so grete travaile.
Ipomydon forthe is goone
With his stedis euerychone.

He fonde his master with flesshe inoughe,
Hovyng vndir the grene wodde boughe.
He toke hym þe stedis euerychone
And to his inne he bad hym gone.
He toke his houndis & his horne,

And leyd the flesshe hym beforne.
Byfore the quene he it leyd
And in his game þus he sayd:
'Know ye any at þe iustynge
Hathe wonne halfe so myche thynge?'
The quene as she was wonnt to done
To hyr soper she went sone,
And hyr leman hyr byforne.
Scantly had þey the mete corvyn,
Pat in comyth þe kyngis messyngere

And grette þe lady in thys manere:
'Wele you greete my lord þe kynge.
He byddythe you for anythynge
That ye be tomorow erely
At þe chalenge of þe lady.'
The quene than ganne saye,

'Hathe the rede knyght wonne hyr today?'
'I say, Madame, so God me spede,
The rede knyght hathe lost his stede.
My lord þe kyng hathe his also,
Campaynnus, Caymes, and othr mo.
The blakke knyght hathe wonne hem alle;
Moche honoure to hym ys falle.'
Than byspake Ipomydon,
'Bettyr is on huntynge to goone
In the forest, so God me spede,
Wherefore, messyngere, I þe pray,
In my byhalfe þat þou say
When þou comyst to þe kyng.
1250  Grete hym wele in all thynge
And say my blak greyhound Gilmyn
Today hathe bore hym welle & fyne,
For he hathe take wild bestis,
The grettest þat was in þe foreste,
1255  And therefore, Madame, if youre wil be,
Sithe we haue so grete plente,
Send hym somme while we may.
He wille it quyte another day.'
Ipomydon was sore travailed
In the gamys þat he had.
Hys arme vnstoppid; þe blode gan falle
Vppon the tabyll afore hem alle.
Than sayd þe quene, 'My leman dere!
How ar ye hurt, on what manere?'
1260  'For sothe, Madame, I shall you say,
I lette renne at a dere todaye.
My palfrey I prekid aftir so faste
That he stumblyd and me downe caste.
At þat tyme I toke this harme;
A stubbe smote me þrow þe arme,
And þat was for I shuld saye
The gree of þe feld I had todaye.'
So they laughyd at hym þa t nyght
That somme myght not sytte vpryght.
1265  The quene sayd, 'My leman hende,
Tomorow wille we togedyr wende
And see who hathe wonne þe may.'
Ipomydon answerd and sayd, 'Naye,
Sithe I was not at þe iustynge,
1270  A stubbe smote me þrow þe arme,
And þat was for I shuld saye
The gree of þe feld I had todaye.'
So they laughyd at hym þat nyght
That somme myght not sytte vpryght.
1275  The quene sayd, 'My leman hende,
Tomorow wille we togedyr wende
And see who hathe wonne þe may.'
Ipomydon answerd and sayd, 'Naye,
Sithe I was not at þe iustynge,
I wille not be at þe chalengynge.
But one thynge, Madame, I you pray,
Delyuere my mayde to me þis day,
For suche tithyngis is come to me
That I muste home to my contree,
And I shall be bothe day and nyght
While þat I lyffe your owne knyght.'
The quene sayd, 'Dwelle here stille!'
To lette hym go she had no wille.
He toke his leve at þe lady

And at þe maydens þat stode hyr by.
His owne mayde þat was so bryght
To his ostage she went right.
There she nyver come byfore,
Sithe his stedis herborowed þere.

He sette hym downe in þe halle;
Hys oste to hym he lette calle.
In to þe stable he hym ledis,
There as stode his goode stedis,
And sayd to hym, 'My frend dere,
I wolde þe pray on þis manere,
That þou my word vndirstand
& this message take on hande.
Thou haste herd speke of þe iustynge
That hathe be for the lady yonge,

And also of þe white knyght,
The fryst day þat iustyd ryght.
I was þat knykht þat stondythe þe by,
And on this white stede rode I.
Of þe rede knyght þou herd sey

þat iusted on þat othir daye.
That same knyght, for sothe, I was;
This rede stede I had in place.
Vppon the þrydde day þou herde telle
Of a blak knyght, how it byfelle.

On this blak stede þat day I satte
And all þese othyr on hym I gatte.
Therefore, good syr, I the pray
That þou do as I the saye.
Aryse vp in the mornynge
And go to þe maydens chalengynge.

Take this same white stede
And a man dight in þe same wede.
Vnto my lord kynge þou wende
And grete hym wele as lorde hend.

Sey, þe quenys leman, hys owne knykht,
Sent hym þis stede and armour bryght.
The fryste day he rode thereon there;
He wote wele how he hym bare,
And say þat wele wouchesaffe I wolde,

ll.1329-30 'And tell [the king] that I would graciously give him [the horse], even if all its hairs were made of silver and gold.'
1330 Though he every here were syluer and golde.  
Take þe rede stede with þe armor clere  
And grete wele my lady dere,  
And say, hyr leman & hyr knyght  
Sent hyr þis stede & armour bryght.

1335 Take þe armour and þe blak stede,  
To Sir Campanus þou hym lede.  
Take here þe kyngis owne stede;  
To the eyre of Calabre þou hym lede,  
And all togedyr he gan hym saye

1340 How he shuld present þe fayre may.  
‘Campanus stede þou take anone  
And lede hym to Sir Iason.  
This othir rede stede, withoute drede,  
I to þe yeve for thy mede.

1345 On hym þou shalt before ryde,  
And all these othyr be þi syde.’  
He taught hym or he went away  
On what wise þat he shuld say,  
And for the herbegage of his stedys

1350 He yaff hym xx li to medes.  
The burgeyse held vp his hand  
And thankyd God þat he hathe found,  
‘Of Calabre, I wote, who shall be kyng.  
Now am I glad of my herbowrynge.

1355 I shall make youre presente  
Right gladly with good entente.’  
The burgeyse toke þe stedys þanne;  
On euery stede he sette a man.  
On the thre þat þe knyghtes were,

1360 Men armyd in all hyr gere.  

f.72r Forthe they went withoute lesyng  
Toward þe maydens chalengynge.  
Sone they come to þe cyte;  
There lordis were grete & plente.

1365 Sone the lordis dyd theyme see,  
There they satte in companye.  
They had wondyr of þe stedys  
And of þe men in dyuerse wedis.  
The kynge knew þe burgeyse at alle;

1370 Anone to hym he lette hym calle,  
‘Whose be those stedis þat be so stronge?  
Myne I know welle hem amonge.’  
‘Sir, with youre leue, stille ye sytte  
& the troughe ye shall wet[e].

1.1355 make] MS k by second hand replaces d  1.1374 wet[t]e] MS wetee  f.72r] some illegible marginalia in top right corner of folio
The quenys leman, Syr, iwis,  
Gretythe þe wele with ioy & blysse  
And sendithe the this whyte stede,  
& with hym þe same wede  
That he rode on the fryste day;

Hym to take he wolde you praye.  
Wouche hym saffe on you he wolde,  
Thow3 euery here were syluer & golde.  
He prayd God kepe you hole & sounde  
For þe beste lord þat euyr he fownde.'

To þe quene he wendithe there:  
'Vele you gretith your leman dere.  
This rede stede þat is so swyfte  
He prayeth you take hym of his gifte.  
On you he woucheþ saff be Seynt Martyn,

Though euery here were syluer & gold fyne,  
For his lady gode and trewe,  
And þe curteyseste þat euer he knewe.'

To Syr Campanus forthe he went:  
'The quenys leman, Syr, you sent

This blak stede with þe atyre I say  
Þat he rode on þe laste day.  
He prayes you ye wold hym take,  
For a doughty knyght by Goddis sake.'

To þe mayde he wente there  
And grete hyr on this manere:  
'The strange squyer hathe you sent  
Thys ilke stede t0 present.  
He stale hym nat, he bad me say,  
He wanne hym vppon the light day,  
And if ye leve hym not bydene  
He bad yow axe þe kynge, youre eme;  
And hold vp that ye haue hight,  
To take no man but he were wight.'

The kynge sayd, 'I felt full wele  
How he bare hym euerydele.  
Of his dedis I am full sore;  
Suche a stroke I bare neuer are.  
I darre wele say, by Goddis myght,  
That he is a doughty knyght,  
Withoute boste stalworth of hand,  
A queynter knyght is not in land.'

Sir Campanus spake wordis þan  
And sayd, 'He is a doughty man.  
To iuste he lette as were ferd,  
But foule he hathe oure eyne bleryd.'

The burgeyse to Iason sayd þus:
'This stede aught Sir Campanus.
He sent hym the for hys fere,
To loke wele to his lady dere.'

To Sir Caymes gan he say:
'He gretyth þe wele by me today.
He wold haue sent you stedis mo,
But he had none he myght forgo.
This rede stede he gaffe to me,
Hys messyngere for to bee,
And for the harbegage of his stedis
He yaff me xx li to medis.'

All they sayd there they stode,
He was come of gentill blode.

Than sayd þe eyre of Calabre bright,
'Help to gete me þat gentill knyght.
But I hym haue þat in feld me wanne,
For sothe I shall nevir haue man.'

Anone gan Sir Caymes say,
'Hys he stolyn th[u]s away
And broke my ladies boure, þe quene,
And ledde away hyr mayden shene.
Worthe I nevir glad ne fayne
But I brynge them bothe agayne.'

The kynge was bothe curteyse & gente
Full goodly he reseyved his present.
Hertely he thankid þe gentill knyght
And sayd in lond was none so wight.
He yaff þe burgeyse for his message
An c li to herytage.

But Ipomydon forth is gone,
And his men euerychone.
His messyngere he lefte stille there
To brynge hym thithyngis if any were,
In suche manere as they felle;
What they were he shuld hym telle.
Ipomydon come by a foreste.
A while he thoght there to rest;
He was forwakyd & all werye.

To hys men he sayd on hye,
'Slepe I muste withoute fayle,
For I am wery for travayle.'
He layd his hede on his mayden barme
And felle on slepe, he thoght no harme.
He had not slepyd but a while,
Not the space of a myle.
The mayden sawge forthe comynge
An armyd knyght faste rydynge.
She woke hyr lord & bad hym ryse,
For hyr hert bygan to gryse.

Than come forthe Caymys full stoute;
To hym he spake wordis proude:
'Traytour!' he sayd, 'Þou dydist dishonour
Whan thou brakkist þe quenys boure,

And toke hyr mayden and my stede.
Agayne to coure I will þe lede!
Aryse, traytour, I byd the,
To court þou shalt agayne with me.'
Ipymydon hym answerd now,
'To coure I darre as wele as thou,
But for the torne I nylle,
Not bot at myne owne wille.
For his loue þat vs dere bought,
Sithe I haue haste, lette me noght.'

Caymys than gan to hym sayne,
'Wilstow nyllthow, þou shalt agayne,
Or right here þou shalte abyde,'
Ipymydon sterte vp that tyde;
Anone, he worthyd vppon his stede,
They rode togedyr with good spede.
Ipymydon vnhorsyd Caymys tho
That his arme braste in two.
He bad hys men take his stede
And lette a wors hors hym lede.

In his sadille þey sette hym bakwarde
And bound hym faste with a cord.
To the tayle was turnyd his visage;
They bad hym lerne a new vsage.
Thus Caymys rode toward þe towne,

Whan he had lost all his renowne.
His hors hyeth hym homeward to fare,
The master also with moche care;
His hors to þe coure hym broght.
The kynge euyr on Caymys thoght
And sayd he wald not go to bedde
Tille he wiste how þe knyght spedde.
The hors broght Caymys to þe yate;
The porter lette hym in there atte.
Iason the hors in gan brynge
And ledde the knyght before þe kynge.
The kynge askyd, by Goddis payne,
Iff he had brought the knyght agayne.
Anone he answerd to the kynge,
And tolde hym hys myslykynge.
1515 Though all þe knyghtis in the halle
Come to hym, bothe grete and smalle,
He wold of theyme yiff no thynge,
'But if it were of you, Syr Kynge.'
Than they loughe all in same

1520 And at his harme had good game.
There was none in that place
But they were glad of þat case.
Thus Caymys hathe his seruyce quytte,
And of Ipomydon here is a fytte.

1525 Ipomydon held forthe his way;
Full glad he was of his iorney.
He saw grete folke agayn hym ryde,
The whiche had sought hym wondir wyde,
For to brynge hym new tidyngis

1530 That dede was his fadyr the kynge,
Of whiche tithyngis he was wo,
But he may not agayne God do.
Throgh he his lond he went rydynge.
All they honoryd hym as kynge,

1535 That the kynge his fadyr was dede,
Throghe that land he lette crye
That all men shuld thedir hye,
Prestis and klerkis of euery towne,
Byschoppis, erlys and barowne.
There he made an entyrement
With many messes with good entente.
An ersbyschope beryed his fadyr dere,
Prechynge there was of many a frere,
Byschoppis, erlys and barowne.
There he made an entyrement
With many messes with good entente.
An ersbyschope beryed his fadyr dere,
Prechynge there was of many a frere,
In pryuyte and in counselle:  

1560  Thou hast a brother withouten fayle,  
Preeuly goten was me vppon  
Or I was weddyd to any man,  
But hastely he was done fro me.  
I note yf he alyffe bee,  

1565  But he me sent þis endyr yere  
A riche rynge of gold full clere,  
And euyr he any brother had  
I shuld yeffe it hym he bad,  
Þat where he come amonge hye or lowe,  

1570  By that rynge he shuld hym knowe.  
Th[a]n take thys rynge, my sonne, of me.  
In what contre that he bee,  
Wh[o] that know i þis ylk rynge,  
He ys thy brothyr withoute lesynge.’  

1575  The rynge he toke of his modyr,  
And trustid wele to know his brothir.  
Thus they par tid in þat place,  
But aftir, within a shorte space,  
To hym come his baronage  

1580  That were men of grete parage.  
There entente is to crowne hym kynge,  
But his thoght was on other thynge,  
For crowne wold he none bere.  
He wold be more assayed ere,  

1585  In othir londis ferre and nere,  
Of his strenghe and his powere.  
He had an eme was stiffe and stronge,  
Of myddille age to lyve longe.  
Sir Pers of Poyle was his name,  

1595  Turne we now all the matere,  
And speke we of Calabre the eyre.  
A duke dwellythe Calabre be syde,  
A stoute man and of grete pryde.  
He was myghty and of grete powere;  

1600  Men dred hem bothe ferre and nere.  
His name was Duke Geron;  
Of Sesseny lond he was baron.  
This doughty duke herd saye,  
The eyre of Calabre was suche a may;  

1605  Messengeris he sent anon
Vnto Calabre for to gone.
He sayd he wold haue hyr to wyffe,
If she wold withouten stryffe,
And in case she wold not soo,

1610 'I shall make hyr moche woo,
For I shall distroye hyr landis alle,
Hyr men sle bothe grete and smalle,
Hyr castelle breke and hyr toure,
With strenghe take hyr in hyr boure,

1615 Lesse than she may fynde a knyght
That for hyr lond with me darre fight.'
Forthe went the messyngere
And told pe lady this matere.
The lady answerd ryght sone,

1620 And sayd she wold neuyr haue none,
'But hym þat me wanne. So God me saffe,
Othyr husband wille I none haue.'
This messyngere his erand gan sayne,
And homeward he went agayne.

1625 He tolde the duke of his answere,
And anone he bygan grete were,
For grete power gadryd he
to wynne þis mayde þat was so free.
Ipomydon his messyngere herde,

1630 Of this tithyngis how it ferde.
To his master he went sone
And told hym bothe all and somme.

1635 That he ne myght with that duke fight,
The whiche was holden so noble a knyght.
Right vnsemely, on queynte manere,
He hym dight, as ye shalle here.
A barbor he callyd withouten more

1640 And shove hym bothe byhynd & byfore,
Queyntly endentyd oute and in,
And also he shove halfe his chynne.
He semyd a fole, þat queynte syre,
Bothe by hede and by atyre.

1645 Armour he toke þat was rusty
And horsyd hym on an old rouncy.
An helme as blak as any panne,
A crokyd spere he toke hym than.
Whan þat he was thus dight

1650 He semyd ylle a doughty knyght.
To Seseyn he went, as ye may here,
Vnto the knge, Mellyagere,
And in his halle brak his spere
Right as he wode wer.

1655 The tronchoune felle vpon þe bord;
He faryd as he had bene wode.
The kynge and quene laughid light
And sayd he was a fole welle dight.
'Fole, go to mete!' þe kyng gan say.

1660 The fole answerd and sayd, 'Nay,
For yit I wille not ete with the,
But thou a bone will grant mee:
The fryste dede of armys I wille haue
Pat any man of þe wille craue.'

1665 'Fole, go to mete,' sayd þe kyng, 
'I grant the thyne askyng.'
The fole yede to mete in hye,
And tyed his hors fast hym bye,
But or he rose fro þe borde.

1670 Many men laughyd at his word.
Into þe halle come rydynge a may,
Oute of Calabre sothe to say,
On a white mule before þe kyng;
A dwerffe with hyr come rydynge.

1675 'Sir Kynge, my lady gretis wele the,
And prayeth the for charyte
To helpe hyr in this mystere,
Agayne the dukis powere.
He hathe distroyed hyr landis alle,

1680 Right vnto hyr castelle walle,
And bot if she haue helpe of the,
She wille leue hyr landis & flee.'
The kyng answeryd anone,
And sayd, 'All my knightes ar gone,
Campanus and other full bolde.
Helpe my cosyn fayne I wolde,
But they be all at a dede
To helpe a lady oute of drede.
In this world wote I no knyght

1690 That durst his one with hym fyght.'
Vp sterte the fole anone.
To the kynghe he sayd full sone,
'Loo, I am here, all redy dight,
That darre with hym allone fighte.'

1695 'Sitte downe, fole!' the mayd gan saye,
'Vs list to speke of no pleye.

1.1664 of þe wille craue] MS of þe wille haue, the final word underlined with deletion marks and followed by craue.
Dryve thy folye where thow wille,  
For no ioye haue I there tille.'

The fole sayd, 'Be þou wrothe or glad,  
Suche promyse of the kynge I had,  
That I shuld haue þe fryst dede.'

The mayde turnyd and forthe yede.  
The fole stert vp withoute delaye  
And sayd, 'Syr Kynge, haue good day!'  
He lepyd on his hors there,  
And sayd, 'Fare welle and haue gode yere.'

Somme sayd he was a fole welle dight,  
Somne sayd he semyd a knyght  
That is come fro ferre contre,

Bycause he wold not knowyn be.  
He prekyd his hors wondir faste;  
The mayde he saw at the laste  
As they rode by the way.

The mayde to the dwerfe gan saye,  
'Vndo my tente and sette it faste,  
For here a while y wille me ryste.'

Mete and drynke bothe they had  
That was fro home with them lad.

Bothe they dranke ther of and ete,  
But euyr the fole withoute sete

And morselle they nold hym caste,  
Though e shuld for hungre brest.

De dwerfe sayd, 'We ar to blame!  
Yiff þe fole somne mete, for shame.'

'Not one morselle!' she gan say,  
'For hungre shall dryue hym away.'

'With that there come rydyng a knyght,  
To hyr tente anone ryght.

'Come forthe with me!' to hyr he bad,  
'I haue the spedyd sythe þou oute yede.  
Thou arte my lemmman, as I haue thougth.'

The fole sayd, 'Pat leve I noghte.  
She ys myne, I wille hyr haue.

Fro the I hope hyr wele to saue.'  
The knyght sayd, 'Fole, leve thy folye,  
Or ellis þou shalt dere abye.'

The fole sterte to a tronchoune  
Dat bare vp the maydens pavilloun,

And smote the knyght on the crowne,  
That sterke dede he felle to ground.

He yaffe the dwerfe þe knyghtes gere;  
To hymselfe he toke the spere.
Vp they rose and forthe yede,
Till efte to ryste they had nede;

1745 They toke mete & made them glad.
To þe mayd the dwerf bad,
'Yif the fole somme mete, for shame!
He hathe sayyd you fro blame,
And thynke ye shuld haue be shent
ruined

1750 Had he be oute of youre present.'
The mayde answeryd hym anone,
'Byfore God, mete getteth he none.
It was but foly, I prayse it noght;
dumb luck
I wold he were fro vs broght.'
taken away from us

1755 With that, there come another knyght.
The mayd he chalengid anone ryght
And sayd, 'Come forth, my leman dere!'
The fole sayd, 'Þou hasthe none here.
She is myne, and longe hathe bene.'
anger

1760 With that þe knyght bygan to tene
And sayd, 'Fole, thou shalt abye
Yff þou speke more of þis folye.'
stop

1765 With that he lepte on his hors lyght,
And eyther to other ganne hem dight.
The fole hym metithe wíth a spere,
That throughe the body he ganne hym bere;
The knyght was dede throughe þat dede.

1770 To the dwerffe he yaff his stede;
Forthe they buskyd hem anone.
To a place they thought to gone,
There they wold haue bene al nyght;
Þey myght no ferther for lak of light.
Unwillingly / offer

1775 They toke them mete and drynke gode spede,
Vnnethe they wold þe folke any bede.
Right as they satte and made hem glad,
There come a knyght as þe deville hym bad -
He was the dukis brother Geron.

1780 All was blak þat he had on,
Bothe his hors & his wede.
To þe mayde he gan hym spede
And sayd, 'Sythe I fynde you here,
Ye shall be my leman dere.'

1785 The fole sayd, 'Nay, not so!
Anothir she hathe tane hyr too.
That am I that þou seest here;
If thou hyr bye she is to dere,'
buy / too expensive
'Fole,' he sayd, 'Þou bourdist grete.
jest
With my spere I shall the bete!
Hyr tyme foule had she spedde,
If she shold lye with þe in bedde.'
The fole sayd, 'Twyse I hir bought.
With thy chydynge þou gettest hyr noghth.

Iff thou hyr haue, þou shalt hyr bye
A peny derrér þan euer dyd I.'
There was no lenger to abyde,
But eyther of theym to othyr gan ryde.
The fole mette þe knyght soo

That his bak braste on twoo.
With that stroke he hym sloughe,
And his armur of he droughe.
Anone he toke þe knyghtis stede,
And armyd hym in his wede.

Whan the fole was wele dight
The mayde hym semyd a godely knyght,
And trowyd wele fole was he none,
By the dedis þat he had done.
They layde hem downe to take hyr reste.

The dwerf fulle sone slepyd faste,
But the mayde wakynge laye,
And on the fole thynkith ay.
She demyd he was a doughty knyght,
Wherefore to hym she gan hir dight.

'Sir knyght,' she sayd, 'slepe ye nowe?
Ye are no fole, þat wele I knowe.
Ye be a knyght doughty of hand -
I know none suche in all þis land -
And þe same knyght, so trow I,

Þat somme tyme wanne my lady.
I trow full wele þat thou be he.
Wilt thou hyr leve and wed me?
Thou shalt be of grete powere;
I am as ryche as is the eyre

Off Calabre lond, withoute doute.'
The knyght lokyd fast aboute
And euyr more stille he lay,
And herde hyr speke as I you say,
& whan þat she had all sayd,

He sterte vp in a brayde,
And bygan for to rese
As he wold take hyr by the nese.
Euyr the fayrer þat she spake,
The fouler braydes gan he make.

Thus he wrawled & wroth away;

1.1813: a doughty knyght] MS adoughty doughty knyght, the second doughty crossed out by second hand
One word to hyr he nolde not say.
Whan she saw it wold not be,
'Sir knyght,' she sayd, 'for charyte,
Trowest thow þou shalt not fayle
To helpe my lady in þis batayle,
And with the duke Geron to fyght,
As þou kynge Melliauerg hight?
What shall I to my lady say,
Whethyr will ye come or nay?'
'Tomorow, whan I þe duke see,
Paraunter in suche plyte I may bee
That I wille the bataille take,
And so it may falle I wille it forsake,
For I am holdyn no thynge you tille,
Noght but at myn owne wille.'
In at a preuy posterne gate
By nyght she stale in there ate,
What the fole had for hyr done,
And that he comythe for hyr to fight.
This lady was a sorowfull wight,
For on the morow þe duke with pryde
Vnto the castelle gate gan ryde,
But they were stokyn hym agayne.
With lowde voyse he gan to sayne,
'Come owte, leman, on feyre manere,
I wille no lenger tarye here!
Or ellys a knyght ye oute sende,
With me to fight you to deffende.'
And as he stode þus talkynge
He saw a knyght come rydynge.
A glad man tho was he,
His brothir he wende it had be;
It was not he, as ye shall here.
He answerid þe duke on this manere:
'What art thou that makist þis crye,
And at this gate so grete mastrye?'
'I am,' he sayd, 'lord of here inne,
For I am sekir þis mayde to wynne,
And will so do or I hens gone,
That othir husband gettyth she none.'
Ipomydon saide, 'Pat thou shalt mysse,
For all myne owne that lady ys,
And fulle longe she hath be soo.
Therefore, I rede the hens goo,
\[1885\] I wille hyr defend from all men.'
The duke answerd bitterly then,
'Traytour!' he sayd, 'Þou art anothr.
I wende thou haddist bene my brothir.
\[f.78v\] His stede thou hast, his armour too,
\[1890\] Thow hast hym slayne I trow also.'
'That I hym slow I gayne say noght,
The so to serue haue I thought.'
With that word, withoute lye,
Fast togedir gan they hye,
\[1895\] That there sperys all to brast;
They drowghe swerdis and faught faste.
The lady lay in an hye toure
And saw bytwene theyme all þe stoure.
But she ne wist whiche for hyr did fight,
\[1900\] For they in lyke wede were dight.
Gretter bataille myght none be,
For neythre wold for othyr flee.
They faught togedyr wondir longe,
Þe bataille was bothe stiff & stronge,
\[1905\] That of there lyves neyther rought.
Ipomydon than hym bythoght
He was in poynte to lese there,
That he had bought wondir dere.
Hys swerd in bothe handis he toke -
\[1910\] It was sharpe as saythe þe boke -
And hertely he dyd it vp lyte,
Amyd the crowne he yaff hym swifte.
Thrughe helme & bassenet it raught;
Hys crowne was shavyn at one draught.
\[1915\] The duke felt hym hurt full sore,
He prayed þe knyght to smyte no more,
'I am nye dede, I may not stande,
I yelde me here vnto thyn hande,
And shall be thyne owne knyght,
\[1920\] At thy wille bothe day & nyght.
I shall restore into this lande
More good þan euyr I here fonde,
And euyr more while þat I lyve,
A thousand pownd I wille þe yiffe.'
\[1925\] Ipomydon sayd, 'I grant þe here,
So þat thou do on this manere:
Thow come not nye this pavilloun,
But hye the faste oute of þis town.’

*f.79r* The duke hym grantyd haste\lly

1930 Oute of the towne for to hye.
He and all þat with hym come,
Homeward they hyed hem full sone.
Ipomydon rode to þe pavillon,
Right as it were Duke Geron.

1935 Besyde þe castelle wherein was þe eyre
\hspace{1em} heir
Rennethe a ruyer longe & feyrle,
\hspace{1em} pennants
With shippis & sayles manyfolde;

There stremes were of fyne golde.
This lady sayd she wold flee

1940 Iff that the duke wan þe gre.
\hspace{1em} victory
These shippis were stuffyd with vytyale
\hspace{1em} provisions
Pat with this lady sholde sayle.

She lokyd oute into the towne
And saw one come to þe pavilloun.

1945 She wende þe duke had wonne þe gre,
Wherefore she busked hyr to flee.
Ipomydo[n] to þe yates wente,
Than the lady helde hyrself shent.

'Come forthe,' he sayd, 'my leman dere,
The lady herde hym make suche crye.
To hyr shyppe she gan hyr hyee;
They plukkyd vp sayles & forthe þey paste,
She & hyr men, bothe more & lasse.

Turne we now anone ryghtes
And speke we of Kyng Melliager knygtes,
That whan hyr iorney was done
They hem buskyd home full sone,
Campanus and his felows full bolde.

1960 But the tydynges were hem tolde
Off þe eyre of Calabre, þe fayre may,
And of þe duke as I you say,
And how she sent aftir sokoure

The preuyest mayden in hyr boure,
most discreet

1965 And how a fole hathe take on hond
To fight with hym in þat londe.

*f.79v* Sir Campanus buskid hym to fare
To bryng this lady oute of care,
And all the power þat had þe kynge

1970 Buskyd theyme to þat fghtyngye,
In all the hast þat they myght
haste
With the duke for to fight.
Toward Calabre as they rode,  
They saw shippis in þe flode.

Anoon they callyd to theyme there  
And askyd hem of whens they were.
The shippemen sayd, 'Of Calabre londe;  
A duke hathe wonne it with his hand.
Here ys þe lady, as ye may see -

She hathe forsake hyr owne contre.'
Campanus prayd þe lady to dwelle  
And somwhat of hyr greffe to telle.
She herd they were hyr emme knyghtes  
And tornyd ayeyn anon ryghtes,

And tolde the knyghtes all in hye  
Off þe duke þat was so doughty,  
And how the folc had hym borne  
Off good poynitis there before,
And how þe duke hathe hym slayne,  
'& comyn ys to my yates agayne.'
Campanus sayd anone ryght,  
'I darre [s]ey it was þe same knyght  
Was comyn oute of hys owne londe,  
For he was doughty of his hand.'

Madame, I rede we torne agayne  
And we shall see who is slayne,  
& than we shalle þis dede awreke,  
Iff we haue grace with hym to speke,
That all þis land shall thereof hear,  
And ellys honge me be the swyre,  
But I his hede vnto you brynge.'
This lady turnyd hyr shippe anon  
And with Sir Campanus forthe gan goon.

When she come þe castelle nye,  
As ferre as euyr she myght see,  
In that place she wold abyde  
Tille she wist how it wold tyde.
Campanus all his men lette calle  
And to þe castelle they went alle.  
They saw a knyght in blak atyre;  
They went full wele þe duke it were  
Þat had distroyed þe land aboute.
To hym they hyed, all þe route.
Campanus sayd in þis manere,  
'What art þou that standis here?  
Tell me why þou makist þis dynne  
At once them from where

uncle's

disposition

advise

avenge

neck

lying

near

happen

thought

company

clamour
And what þou woldist haue herein!'  
He sayd, 'My leman þat I wanne -

2020 I wille not leue hyr for no man.'  
Sir Campanus sayd, 'þou getist hyr noght!  
I rede frome hyr thou change þi thoght  
And go home to thy contre,  
Or ellis for sothe þou shalt dede be.

2025 Wherefore, hens fast thou hye  
Withowte any more vylany,  
And ellis I swere by God almyght  
We shall all ageynst þe fight.'
Ipomydon sayd, 'What may this bee,

2030 Is this the maner of this contre?  
Yf any of yow haue better right  
Than I haue to þis lady bryght,  
Come forthe & prove yt with þi thoght,  
One for one while I may stand.'
Campanus answerd to þe knyght.  
'Chese whether þou wilt go or ellis fight.'
Ipomydon sayd, 'Sythe it is soo  
That I shall hyr thus forgoo,  
Rather I wille þe bataille take

2040 And lese my lyffe for hyr sake,  
And put it all in Goddis hond.'
Agayne hem all he thoght to stond.  
All at ons at hym they layd;  
Ipomydon hys swerd oute brayd

2045 And many a man he fellys downe ryght.  
He faught with many a doughty knyght  
That many a stroke yppon hym layd.  
'Yeld the, trayto!' 'Not yit!' he sayd.  
The knyghtes that were of grete pryde,

2050 Faste they faught on yche syde.  
Ipomydon saw non othyr wone,  
But socouryd hym at a walle of stone,  
And they pursewyd aftir faste,  
Dat many vnto þe dethe he caste;

2055 So longe ageynste them he gan stand,  
They hewayd the gloves of his hand -  
All bare handyd faught þis knyght;  
They saw neyur are non so wight.  
Sir Campanus, as I vndirstande,

2060 Saw the ryngge on his hand  
That he yaffe his modyr þe quene;  
Many a yere are he ne had it sene.
Campanus prayd hym stand stille
While he askyd hym a skyle.

The knyght answerd & bad hym sey,
For all they were wery of there play.
'Sir knyght,' he sayd, 'telle me this thynge:
Where had ye that il[k]e rynge?'

Ipomydon answerd as he thought,
And sayd, 'For sothe, I stale it noght.
For þou coueytes to haue þis rynge,
Ipomydon sayd, 'So God me spede,
Y wille not telle þe for no drede,
But telle me why þou doste enquere
And I shalle yeve the an answere."

'This rynge,' he sayd, 'þat is so fyne
For sothe somme tyme it was myne.
Sir Campanus prayd hym with feyre chere
To telle hym on feyre manere
Where he had þat ylke rynge,
'And say the sothe withoute lesynge.'

Ipomydon sayd, 'So God me spede,
Yaff me this rynge, ye shall vndirstand.
'Sir knyght,' he sayd, 'yit abyde.
What sayd she more to you þat tyde?'
'She sayd I had a brother on lyve,
Was gotyn or þat she was wyffe,
And sayd who þat knew this rynge
Was my brother withoute lesynge.'

Sir Campanus sayd, 'By God all myght,
I am thy brother, þou gentill knyght.'
They felle downe bothe in þat stound,
At onys fallynge to þe ground.
Men caught hem vp & wakyd hem bothe;
They were full glad & no thynge lothe.
Ipomydon enqueryd of his brothyr
What was his name, for none knew othyr.

He sayd, 'Sir Campanus I hight,
That gaynst þe dyd fyght.
With kynge Melleager dwelle I.'
'Som tyme we were in company;
Know ye nevr the quenys leman
That somtyme this mayd wan?'
'A, brother,' he sayd, 'be ye he?'

Y wille not telle þe for no drede,
There was ioye grete plente.
Ipomydon sayd, 'I bare þe shelde
That wanne þe lady in þe felde.

Stedis I had þere þat day in place,
Þe sothe ye know þat it so was,
Whyte and rede & blak also,
Wele ye wote þat it was so.
And there I wanne throw Goddis grace

The beste stedis þat day in place,
Þe kynges stede and thyne also,
And of myne owne I sent you two,
And youres I sent to other men,
Ye wote wele it was so then.

I toke my leve of þe Quene;
With me went my mayden shene,
Home toward myne owne lond.
Sir Caymes sayd, I vndirstand,

That he wold feche vs bothe agayne,
Or ellis þat he wold be slayne.
He sayd I went withoute leve;
All ye wist how it dyd prove,
And therfore brother, as I haue sayd,
I am best worthy to haue þe mayd.'

They saw it was þe same knyght;
Þan all ther hertes began to light.
Euer as they went they gan hym kysse;
There was ioye and moche blisse.
Messyngeris afore gan thrynge

To bryng þe lady good tythynges.
When she saw þey come so fast,
Than þe lady was agast.
She wende þey had scomfyted be;
Þis lady bad draw sayle & flee.

The messyngers cryed as þey were wode
Whan they saw hyr go with þe flode.
They sayd, 'Madame, drede you noght;
The strange squyer hathe you sought.'
Whan she herd of hym speke

She thought hyr hert wold tobreke,
But she myght se hym with syght
That hyr wanne in grete fight.
They tornyd þe shippis to þe land;
Togedyr they mette at þe sond.

Whan þe lady of hym had syght
She comaundyd a bote forthe ryght,
For at þe Iond fayne wold she bee
That she myght þe knyght see.
She lepyd oute of þe bote in hye
Into þe water. Þe knyght stode bye
And he aftir, also faste
Þat vp he gotte hyr at þe last.
Whan þey come vnto þe lond
Ipomydon toke hyr by þe hond
And told hyr þere, withouten fayle,
Hyr loue had causyd hym grete travaile.
Stood near
so
got

f.82r 'Sythe fryst þat I with you dyd dwelle,
Half my sorow can I not telle,
And how ye blamyd your cosyn Iason
First
hardship

f.82v Whan þe lady herd how it was,
Offer

l.2234 For many] MS For may many, with may crossed out
She felle on swounyng in þe place.
He toke hyr vp with good spede;
His mouthe to hyrs he gan bede.
They kyssyd togedyr with good chere,

For eyther was to othyr dere.
I lette you wete withoute delay,
Halfe there ioye I can not say.
Forthe they went to þe castelle
There this lady before dyd dwelle.

All that nyght they were in same
With moche myrthe, ioy and game.
On the morow the clerkis were bowne
To wryte lettres of grete renowne
To the Kynge of Seseny lond

That was hyr eme, I vndyrstand,
To þe emperoure, I dare wele say,
Were wrytte lettres of grete nobley,
To ershebishoppes & bysshopis of þe land,
Prestes & clerkis þat were at hand.

Dukis, erlys and barons, also
Knyghtis and squyers shuld thedyr go.
Messyngeris were sent euerywhere,
For pore and ryche all shold be there,
And when these lordis tythingis herd

They hyed hem fast thedyrward;
Þis fest was cryed longe byfore.
Fourty dayes withoute more
Metis were made grete plente,
For many a man þere shuld bee.

With the emperoure come to þe feste
An hundreth knyghtes at þe lest,
And with the kyng þyr eme also
Two hundreth hors withoute mo.
Sir Piers of Poyle thedyr come,
And with hym knyghtes of grete fame

That doughty were of þat land,
In bataile preuyd, I vndirstand.
On the morow whan it was day
Thay busked theyme, as I you say.

To make þat grete solemnynyte.
The archebisshoppe of þat land
Weddyd theyme, I vndirstand.
When it was done, as I you say,

Home they went withoute delay,
By þat they come to þe castelle.
There mete was redy euerydele;
Trumpes to mete gan blow tho,
Claryons & other menschellis mo.

2255 Þe they wasshe and yede to mete,
And euery lord toke his sete.
Whan they were sette all þe route,
Menstrellis blew than all aboute
Tille they were seruyd with pryde

2260 Of the fryst cours þat tyde.
The seruyce was of grete aray
That they were seruyd with þat day.
Þus they ete and made hem glad
With suche seruyce as they had.

2265 Whan they had dyned, as I you say,
Lordis and ladyes yede to play;
Somme to tablis & somme to chesse,
With othir gammys more and lesse.
Ipomydon gaff in þat stound

2270 To mynstrellis vc pound,
And othyr yiftes of grete nobley
He yaff to other men þat day.
Thus this fest as it was told
Fourty dayes it was hold.

2275 Ipomydon his brother lette calle
There he stode in the halle,
And yaff hym all Poyle land,
But on erledom, I vnderstond,
And of that land made hym kyng

2280 And afftyr hym hys offspryng.
He thankfuld God and hym with mode
And euery man spak of hym good.
Syr Cammpellanus fforthe ys gone on sond
To the kyng of Sesanay lond.

2285 There he was in hys chambyr
Talkyng with the ladyes on ffere.
He told of the yefftes ffayre,
Off Poyle land how he was eyre.
The ladyes answerd all on one,

2290 'Souche a man in the word ys nonn!'
Ipomadon there he stod in hall
Tholomew he lette to hym call
And yaff hym an Erledom ffre,
And a mayde hys leff to bee

2295 That was with hym in Pole land
With the quene, I vnderstand.
Syr Tholomew tho gan say,
'I thanke yow, lord, for thys may,'
And for yowre yefft\textit{es} many on
That ye hawe yewen me here befforne.’
Tho passyd he fforthe as I yow say
There he lyked best to play.
Ipo[m]adon in hall there he stod
Bethowght hym of myld mode
Of hys ffelaw Syr Iason,
How he was a worthy \textit{man}.
To hym he gaff bothe fferre & nere
Grete lond\textit{es} as ye may here,
To hys wyffe a fayre may
That he had louyd many a day,
And other yiftes he yaff also
Tille other men many moo.
When this feste was comyn to \textit{be} end
Euery man busked hem home to wend.
On the morow \textit{without} lesynge,
The emp\textit{eroure} went vnto \textit{he} kynge;
His leve to take gan he gone,
And \textit{with} hym lordis many on.
At \textit{he} takynge of his leve
Halfe \textit{he} ioye I can not discryve
That there was hem amonge,
Off ladies and of knyghtis stronge.
The emp\textit{eroure} his leve hathe tane
At \textit{he} kynge Ipomydon,
And at \textit{he} quene fayre and free;
So dyd many mo than hee.
Thus the lordes fayre & hend
Homeward all \textit{he}y gan to wend,
Euery lord to his contre
Or where them lyked best to be,
And lefte them there bothe in same
\textit{With} myche myrthe, ioye and game,
here to dwelle for euyr more
Tille theyme departyd dethe fore.
Ipomydon and his lady dere
Togedyr were many yere,
\textit{With} all ioye \textit{bat} men myght see.
In world so moche non myght be
As was euere \textit{hem} amonge,
Till dethe \textit{hem} departd \textit{bat} was stronge,
And whan they dyed, I trow iwis,
Bothe they yede to heuyn blysse,
There as non other thynge may bee

\textit{gifts }have given
\textit{To}
\textit{them}
noble
\textit{parted }\textit{death}
\textit{I know certainly}
\textit{heaven}
But ioye and blisse, game & glee.
To þat blysse God bryng vs alle,
That dyed on rode for grete & smalle. Amen

cross

Explicit Ipomydon
Svm tyme there was in the land of Cecile a king that was called Melliagere, the which was the wysest and the most iuste king that men knewe euer ouer [all] in his tyme, and also the grettest conquerour that myght be, so farforth that all the lordes aboute him were vndre his suggestion and did him homage. Such honour and grace God sent him that all his lyve he gouerned his roialme in rest and peace.

Bot it happened him so that in all his live he had noo childe to be his heire, so that for defaute of isshue of himself the heritage after his decesse fell to a nevew that he had that was called Capaneus, the which was a worthie knight and the best beloved man that might be.

Now leyve we the king and speke of a suster that he had, the which was wedded to the Duke of Calabre by assent of hire brothre, the which Duke of Calabre was homager to that same King Melliager, and aftre that tyme that he had wedded this ladie they lyved ten yere togedre in prosperite and welfare, bot they had noo childre to gedre save a doghter that shuld be theire heire. And at the ende of X yere both the Duke and his wife died and went to God, and th[a]n was his doghtre heire of that land, and be that she was of age fyftene yere she was the fairest creature that might be, and therto the wisest and the best beloved of euery wyght.

Bot so it happened on that day that she toke homage of the lordes of the lond there come such an hiegh pride in hire hertt that hire thoght noo king in the world were able to ben hire husbond, so farfurth that she maide an hie and feers avow to all the lordes of hire londe that she shuld neuer be wedded vnto nooman bot to him that were the worthiest knight of all the worlde.

And whan that the lordes of hirre lond herd that pride and fers avow theim thoght it come of an high pride and were woundre wroth therwith, and euermore after because of that feers avow was she cald the Feers of Calabre. Bot neuer the latter, noght withstanding hire avow, she was holden the wysest and the best woman and the most graciuous to
love of euery creature, so that in euery contre, as mich as men spake of hire feers avow, as mich and wele more men spake of hire worship and honoure.

Now in this same tyme there was in the lond of Poile a king that was cald Hermogines, the which was a noble king and a worthie and had a faire ladie to his wyfe. And so they had betwene theim a sonn that shuld be their heire, the which was cald Ipomedon, and was the fairest childe and thrystiest that might be, and had a squiere with him which was his maistre and had the governance of him to teche him to rede, to sing, to carol, to daunce, to hunt, hauke, to iuste, to tournay, and all othre maner of vertus that a man shuld have, so that within a short tyme all men him loved and of him had ioye.

So it befell that the King Hermogines, the which was a noble king and his fadre, made a grete feste, at which feste wer[e] many straungers of dyuers londes, and at the [feste] all maner men spake so much worship of this lady that was cald the Feers of Calabre that it was ioye to here. And among all othre this yong man Ipomedon herd how all men spake so much honour and worship of this ladie that him thoght him had ben leu[er] than all the world haue bene there, so mich he desired to se that ladie. Because he was a yong man, he desired to be there to see and lere.

Bot neuer the latter, he lete it passe that tyme vnto the feste was at an ende, and when he saw his tyme he cald his mastre that hight Tholomew and said how that he had herd mych speke of the ladie of Calabre and how that he desiered to serve hire of all thing. Because he was a yong man he thought it was a shame to him to dwell all way at home, for the wise man saith he was neuer wele taght man of a court ne of oo scole, and therfore, he said his maistre to yeve him counsale such as might be worship vnto him.

And when his maistre had herd what he said he was glad in his hert and said he was wele apayed that he desired to travell and seke worship.

II.36-7'a man can never be well educated in a single place or school'
And then Ipomedon praid him that he wold gete him leyve at his fade to serve the Feers of Calabre. permission from provided him with housed / inn housed / until

And Tholomew come to the King and told him, and the King was wele payd and gave him leyve, and provided him with personal retinue

ordand him gold and all that him neded, and [he] toke leyve and went his way with a privy menye to he come into Calabre, and there Tholomew herbourde him at the fairest in that was in the citee there the ladie dwelled.

And whan Ipomedon see his tyme, he toke his maistre and went to the courte to speke with the ladie, and it happened the same day she held a grete feste of all the lordes of hire lond, and Ipomedon come to the ladie and spake to hire, and said how that he was a yong man of an othre contree and desired to see worship, and for that he had herd so much worshipp spoken of hire passing all othre, therfor he come oute of his contree to doo hire service if it like hire.

And she saw him and beheld him and thoght he was a woundre semely man, and said he was right welecome and that she was glad of his comyng, and all men beheld him and thoght he was a wondre semely man and were right glad of him. And when the ladie went to mete she made Ipomedon to serve hire of the cupp, and he, as the maner was of his contree, put a mantle vpon him and so he went vnto the cellar for wyn to the ladie, and all men that se him goo to the cellar with his mantle vpon him lough him to scorne, for it was noght the maner a man to serve with his mantle vpon him. 

Nor thelthes, they knew not his purpos, ne what he thoght.

For when he come into the cellar and shuld serve, he toke of his mantle and gave it to the boitellare and said in tyme comyng he shuld have a bettir, and he thanked him and said it was not vsed there before to gyve a botelere such a gyft. And the ladie and all othre that scorned him before, whan they see how he had doon, thoght he covth mych goode and praise him mych for his dooing, and also for his goode seruice that day, so within a short tyme the was capable of /much

1.5 he] MS the
ladie and all the courte luffed him so well that it was woundre.

Bot among all othre, euery man had pite of him, for them thought he had no list to iusting, ne to tourneing, no to manhede, bot all only to hunting and to hauking, for when all othre spoke of dede of armes or of / othre worshipp, he spake euermore of huntyng and havkyng. Neuer the latter, the storie telles, he preved him self a noble man of armes and worthie, and that so privelie and so in covert that wonder was as ye shal here aftre, and thus served he this ladie three yere.

Till it befell vpon a tyme, the ladie thoght that she wold goo into a forest to hunt & play hire, and there she made ordan in a parc a grete huntyng and a grete fest, and made all the lordes of the contree to be therat. And so [a]mong all othre Ipomedon was there, and happened that all the day he made the ladie to have the best game of all othre men. So at the last he slough a grete hertt even before the ladie, and therof the ladie had grete ioye of him, he fore so fair e with his gam, and come hire self and all hire women to see vndoo the dere.

And there the ladie had so mych ioye to behold him that in partie she began to lufe him, and whan she vmbythoght hire of hire avow, than thoght she, 'Nay, for sothe, him wolle I noght, for ther is noo manhode in hym that wondre was, for she thoght if he had any manhod loved desire courageous deeds deeds proved secretly

Towards evening / woods heads

1.16 fest] MS ffest 1.17 among] MS emong
unto his semlyhode she most have loved him
passing all othre men.

So ouer that, whan tyme was, the ladie went to
sopere and Ipomedon onoon went and served the
goodie ladie of the copp, and she beheld him and
asked him whethre he had oght eten, and he
answerd and said, 'Nay', and she maide him to sit
in a chaire before hire. And there, the boke telles,
yhey toke both such a charge opon theym that it held
theim both the terme of theire lyves, the which
charge was lufe that neuer departed aftre.

And as they satten, aythre beheld othre so oft tymes
that they left theire mete, so besily eithre loked on
othre, [s]o that aithre perceyved by othre the luf
that began betwix theim.

And whan the ladie see that he began to luf hire,
and that she began so sore forto lufe him that she
trowed wele she myght not restrayn hir hert, she
thoght on hir selve and was woundre evyll a
payed with hir selve, and wold fayn that he had ben oute
of hire fellowship that she might forgete him, for
the wiseman saith seldom seen sone forgetyn.

Noght forthy, all thogh they were long atwyn, theire
hertes parted neu er.

So that this goodie ladie vmbythoght hirre how she
might speke be double entendment to make him to
voie ooute of hire fellowship, and that he might
vndrestond the glose of hire menyng.

And then had this goodie lady a maden with hire that
was the Dukes doghtre of Burgoigne and hig
ht Eman, and this Eman sat at an othre borde betwix
twoo knightes and a squyere afor hire, that was the
ladies nevew that hight Iason.

f.91v And then this ladie spake / unto Jason and said,
'Iason, why loke ye so long opon Eman?', and
reproved him so that he was sore ashamed and
Eman both for they wist not what she ment.

And eft on the same wyse she reproved Iason and
bare him on hand that he lufed Eman paramours, and all that did she that Ipomedon might vndrestond what she ment by him, and [he] perceved and vndrestonode what she ment and wex sore ashamed.

And when they had eten and went vp to the chaumbre Ipomedon come to the ladie and toke leve of hire to goo to his in and she gave him leve, and when they departed eithre loked on othre so longly that they left not whilles oon might see that othre and so he went home to his in.

And she went to an othre chaumbre and went to bed and made the most sorow that might be, and said, 'Allas that eu er was I borne! So many grete lorde as I might have, bothe kinges and dukes, and now lufe a squiere that is bot a wretch and a coward, that noo manhode is in, and I haue made such a vowe that if I take him all the world shall wondre on me, and on that othre side, othre than him woll I noone.' And thus sorowed she and compleyned to hire self that pitee was to hirre the sorow that she made.

And then went Ipomedon home to his in and went streight to bedd, the carefullest and the most sory man that might be, and said, 'Allas that eu er was I borne, to come oute of my contree to seke honour and worshipp, for now have I sorow & care to my lyves ende, for I haue set myn hert ther e as I may neuer have ioye, for she that I haue served and ben so busy to pleas in so much has me now in despite, and conged me to goo oute of hire sight in reward for my goode seruice. Allas, what shal I doo?' And eft an othre tyme he thoght how goodely that she beheld him and so oft tymes, and how goodely she convehed him with hire eighe to the dore at their departing, that he thought wele in his hert and trowed fully that she lufed him agayn, and wele also that she reprieved Iason it was to make him to goo oute of hire fellowship, not for no despite no for noon evell menying, but oonly forto make him to goo seke travaill that he might have hire to his wife & she to save hire avowe.

And when he had thougth thus, than toke he full purpos that he wold send him grace to come to that astate be his travaill that he might have hire, and thus complened he to him self all the night and argued in his own thoght to and fro, and made the most sorow that any wight might make.
1 Now come Tholomew to him at morow, which lay all the night before and herd him make all this mone, and asked him how he fore and what cause he had forto faire soo.

2 To the which Ipomedon feigned him an othre cause that[n] it was answering & said, 'For sothe, Maistre,' quod he, 'I have bene turbled this night in my slepe with a dreeme of my fadre and my modre, / that I drede me sore that my fadre is deid, and therfore me longes so sore home that all thinges left I wolle goo see how they faire.' And opon that they ordand them an wyth a forest, vnwittyng the ladie or any othre wight.

3 Now in this same tyme was Iason in the forest to play him and happened to mete with Ipomedon, and se that he had all his menye and all his harnes with him and asked him whedre he wold away, and he feyned him the same cause answerwyng, and said he wold home to his fadre bycause of a dreme that he mete opon the night before, for which that he trowed his fadre was deid and that, [he] said, was the cause of his diseas and of his sodayn removynge. To the which Iason answerd, supposing wele that he him feyned by som othre cause than it was, and asked him if any had oght displeased him or trispast to him, and he answerd and said nay, and he asked why he removed than so sodanly, 'For ther is noo man,' quod he, 'the grettest in this lond that trispast vnto you, bot he shuld amend it right as your self wold ordan.' And he said nay, for soth ther e had noon trispast agayns him, no that he went for noon othre cause than he had told him before. And then Iason had mich sorow that thei shuld depart and prayd him that he wold abide here still, or elles let him goo with hym. And he said, 'Nay, for soth, I most goo with hym. And he said, 'Nay, for soth, I most goo and you most dwell, for I shal come agayn in all the hast that I may.' And then Iason prayd him to tell him his name, and when he [was], and where he shuld fynde [him], he said, for certayn, he wold come to him, and he said vttirly nay, & so thei departed with the most sorow that any creature might make.

4.16 tha[n] | MS that 1.39 [was] | MS wist. This emendation parallels p.91, l.16 'when he was.' II.39-40 'and where he came from, and where he should find him'
Then Iason come home and met with the ladie & she shortly se him make hevy chere, asked what tithinges he broght, & he said hire squyere was goon, and she asked which squyere, and he said, 'That straunge squyere, & told me because of a dreme that him mett of his fadre.' And when she wist that he was goon, than had she sorow enogh in hire hert, bot outward she shewed noon for perceyving, for then wist she wele that hire awn wordes made him to goo.

Bot then made she the most sorow that any wight might make and cursed the tyme that euer she spake so to Iason in reproving of him, and then asked she him if he asked his name and he answerd and say[d], 'Yaa, bot he was so covert in all his dooyng that he wold neuer tell his name, ne when he was, ne whedre he wold.'

Bot than had she the most sorow, and went to a litle bedchamber and laid hire down, and sighed sore and swoned and made the most sorow that any wight might make, the which Eman aspied, not knowing the cause why, & come and asked how she fore and what hire ayled to fare so, & praid hire to tell hire the cause why, & she answerd and said that she was bot deid for hire pride & hire avow that she had made, and Eman asked why.

And than she said, for soth, that she wist wele she had displeased God, & therfor he hath taken vengeaunce on hire, for she had set hire / hert holly at once / looking /sad / tidings

f.92v vengeaunce on hire, for she had set hire / hert holly wholly to luf a man that she wist neuer what he was, ne where from whone, ne what was his name, & with that word she fell in swone. And Eman asked hir what was his name, and she, lieng in swone, said, 'Le vay,' and laying aille, 'va ha,' bot Eman vndrestoode not hir meaning and asked what she said, for she hard not bot, 'vay ha.' 'No,' quod she, 'bot put therto a lette[r],’ and [then] wist Eman wele that she wold have said, 'le valet,' bot that hire brethe fayled for the payne that she suffred. And than Eman asked who it was, & she said, 'Le valet estraunge, for othre name wold he noon tell', and than wist Eman that it was for him that she blamed Iason and hire on the day before, and praid hire to be of goode comfort, & said that she might be glad to set hire

Strange he dreamed

Yes whence

Reproaching

Bedchamber

Fainted

Saw

Ailed

Laying

Knew
hert on such oon for a semelior man, no a more
iandle had they noght seen, and also she said,
certain, a better man of armes shuld ther be noon,
and that she shuld see within short tyme, and for
that cause, she said, was he goon to seke worshipp
and dedes of armes for hire sake, and by Eman
counsell than amended she sumdele hire chere and
had allegeaunce of hire diseas.

Now then turne we agayne to Ipomedon, that rode
furth in his way all pensif and mournyng so that
Tholomew had mervaille and asked him why he
fard soo, and he told him, certanly, that he loved so
that lady of Calabre that he wist wele bot if he mote
have hire he shuld neuer have ioye in this world.

And Tholomew answerd and said that he was wele
payd & ioyefull that he loved hire & cause why, for
that shuld make him to desire armes and worship,
and therfore he consaled him fully to goo & take
the ordre of knighthod and travaile, for he said it
was noght vnknown to him oon avow that she had
made, how that she shuld neuer have husbond bot if
it were that he were the worthiest knight of all the
world, 'et ye,' quod he, 'er so semely a man and has
strength and conyng enogh, goos travail and seke
worship, and on my lyfe God wolle so ordayn for
you that ye shall come to youre desire.

For ther is noo thing in this world shall forthire a
man more in armes than shall luf, and when she
heres that ye doo so wele and haue such eure that ye
ar so worthy a knight & knawes well that all is for
hire luf, than shal she haue so much ioye of you that
othre luf than you wolle she neuer have.'

And Ipomedon thoght that he consalled him wele
and toke full purpos to doo as he said. Bot than as
he roode furth on his way him befell an othre
adventure that diseased him sore, and was this.

It happened so, that he met with a messanger by the
way, bering lettres, and Ipomedon asked him whens
he come and whome he soght, and he answerd and
said that he come oute of the lond of Poyle to seke a

N 1
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H 40

Mayer 92
that was the Kinges son of Poile and hight Ipomedon, and Ipomedon asked what tithandes and how the King fore, and he said the Quene was in perell of deth, and Ipomedon bad him turne agayn for he was the same man that he soght, and that / they roode all in fere in all [the haste] that they might, to they come into the lond of Poile, to a citee there his fadre dwelled in, and was cald Barbelet.

And when he come before the Quene that was his modre, he se that she was in perell of deth and he made muche sorow, & she said to him that she wist wele that she was bot deid, and there was a consell that she wold shew to him, and prayd him and charged him on hire benyson that he shuld doo as she bad him, & that he shuld neuer discouer it vnto noo wight, and was this. She said that he had a brothre, bot not getyn on the King that was hire husbond and his fadre, the which there knew noo wight bot he and she.

'Bot,' quod she, 'haue here a ring and doo it neuer fro the for non bone chief ne male chief, bot that man that knaws it, he is thy brothre.' And with that she gave him hire blessing and died anoon aftre, and than Ipomedon had mych sorow for his modre, and on that othre side in partie he was glad that he had a brothre and sory that he kend him noght, ne wist where to fynde him.

Now Ipomedon come to his fadre and said 'Sir, I am a yong man, and if it like you to gyve me ordre of knight and also leve forto goo into othre contrays and travaill and seke aventures of armes, that if God wold send me such grace that I might come to better degree than I am now.'

And the King was wele payd and glad that he se his son was a semely man and disired worship, and made ordan a grete fest, and at the feste gave his sonne ordre of knight and othre twenty also of the worthiest of the lond be cause of him, and then toke he leve at the king and went into othre contreis, and travaillé so that there was noo iourney in noo lond but he was therat, and did so wele passing all othre men that euery man of him had ioye and loved him, so that within a short tyme he was acounted in all

1.40 MS iourney: this could be a scribal error for ‘tourney’, although both readings are possible.
londes oon of the worthiest knight[es] that men knew that tyme, and thereto lowly and so privey in all his dooing that there was nooman that knew his name, ne what he was, ne whene.

For he said, a man that has pride in his wele dooing and makes boist therof, both he displeses God and hyndres his astate, & a man doo wele and kepe it privey and make therof noo bost, he said that man both pleases God and encreses his astate, and thes vsed he in all his tyme, that where so euer he come or happened to doo neuer so wele, that noman of his actes shul tell what he was, ne what was his name.

Now turne we agayne to the Ladie of Calabre, and to the lordes of hire lond, of the which lordes sum of theim spake vnto hire and wold haue wed hire, bot thinking of hire avow [she] thoght that noon of theim was able to hire astate, and she refused theim and wold noon have of theim. And they, seeing that, they had grete dispite therat, and because that she was bot a woman, they had no drede of hir bot ych of theim werred on othre to the lond was almost distroyed.

So on a tyme, certayn lordes of the lond see wele this myschief that was amonges for the defaute they had noo lorde to govern the lond, and come to the ladie and said, certan, the lond was almost distroed for defaute of governaunce, and therfore hire most algate take an husbond that might put the lond in better governaunce, so that she and they also might be at rest and peace.

And she hering / all this saw wele that wele she might not say nay, and on that othre side she wold not graunt theim, for othre than him that she loved wold she neuer have, and was all astovnned what she shuld say & therfore she prayd theym to gyve hire respite to avise hire of that matier aight dayes and then she shuld gyve them a[n] answere bot they were evyll apayed to tarrie so long and groched therwith.

So among othre there was a lorde of that lond that
was cald Drias, the which was a wondre envious man and loved better war were than peace, and said to all thes lordes that they were mych to blame to be so rebell agayns hire that was theire lord that they held all of and did hire homage, that they wold not gyve hire oon day of respite to avise hire of an answere, for, he said, a theif or a manys murderers that were appelled of fellony by the law of the land shuld haue eight dayes of respite to avise him of his answere.

And they see, all that he said was bot reason, and gave hire respite of eight days to be avised of hire answere, and toke leyve and went theire way, and she went into a chaumbre making the most sorow that any wight mote make and cald Eman to theire, and praid theire to consell theire what were the best to doo in this case, for, she said, certan, othre than him that she loved wold she haue neuer, and what he was, ne whens he was wist she neuer, and therfor made she so mich sorow that it was pite forto here.

And Eman answerd and said after hire counsell, that she shuld, when hire day come, of answere say that she had an vnkle which was the King of Cecile, of the which she held the lond of Calabre, and because that he was hire next kin and chief lord also, she durst not doo withouten his counsell, 'bot so euere he wold ordayn so wold ye doo, and thus shall ye be wele excused at that tyme.' And when she had herd Emanconsaill she was wele apayed and assented therto.

And when the day come that was limite, all these lordes come to haue answere, and she answerd and said as Eman counsalled hire, & when they herd that she wold doo aftre the counsaille of the King of Cecile and refused the counsall of theim, they were woundre wroth and strofe ychoon with othre. If oon assented an othre said nay.

And so among othre there was an erle that was an old man that hight Amphion, & was evell apayd that she put it of so long and tarrie theim noo lenger, and this Erle Drias that I spake of before said, certayn, yis the King was hire next kyn and theire chief lord also, & oon of the worthiest kings
that lyved that tyme, & if they lett hire and made hire to refuse his consall he wold be evill apayd therwith and paraventure turn theim to grete diseas in tyme comyng.

And they herd that Drias said for the best & assent therto, & went and sent messangers with lettres of this matiere to the King [of] Cecile on the ladie behalf & theirs both. And when the King saw thes lettres and had avised him of this matere, he answerd and said he wold be there and assigned theim a certayn day that he wold be there, and they toke leve and went theire way, & come home and told the ladie that the King wold be there such a certayn day & she made goode chere, / right as she had ben glad of his comyng. Bot the boke saith she had neuer roght, thogh he had not come there that seven yere, so that she might be excused of an husbond.

So aftre this, whan the day come nygh that was limite before, the King Melliager ordand him and come into the lond of Calabre vnto the citee of Caundres, there the ladie was that tyme, & all the lordes of the lond come that day to haue theire answere, and the Ladie of Calabre receved hire vnclle worshipfully as hire ought to doon, & led him into a faire gardyn & there were all the lordes to here what the King & his counsaill wold say, & there the King asked theim whome them thoght most able man to have hire to wife.

And this Erle Ampheon that ye have herd of before answerd for his fellaws, & said that [she] was in chose of thre. Oon was the Duke son of Spayne, and an othr was the King son of Russe. The third was the Duke of Normandie, & therfore he praid the King that she wold chese right there which that she wold haue, for, he said certayn bot she toke oon of thes the lond & they all shuld be distroied within a short tyme. & this othr Erle Drias answerd and said to the King that it was not lawfull that Ampheon said, for theim that wer hire legemen to constreyn hire to take an husbond agayns hire will, & so he praid him that he wold counsail with hire subjects

1.15 saith] MS saith written above with caret
And the King herd wele that he spake wel and resonable, and went and asked his nece how hire hert stooed, & she was wele apaid with that that Driaas said, and answerd how she was put in chose of thre men of the which she wist not to whome hire hert wold stond.

Wherfore, she praid him and also all the lordes that there were, that he wold gyve hire respite till on the morow, & she shuld be then be avised & gyff them a full answere, and the King and all the othe lordes assented therto, and euery man toke leve and departed till on the morow.

And the ladie went to chaumbre & made the most sorow that might be, and compleyned hire to Eman, & saide how that hire most on the morow chese of thre men oon, & that wold she neuer doo for bonechief or myschieff for levere hire were to goo a way oute of hire lond & be disherited of it for euermore, than have any othre bot him that she loved. And Eman answerd and said, certayn, the best consell in this case were that she wold on the morow pray the King & all the othre lordes that were there, that thei wold vovchesave, in saving of hire avow, to make ordayn a tournement duryng thre days, 'and who so happenes to doo there the best, say that ye wolde have him with goode will, and then shall ye wit if he that ye love be any man of him self or noon, for if there be any manhede in him or [if he] luf you as ye doon him, sicurlie he woll be there.' And the laidy thoght that she said wondrely wele & assent therto, & on the morow the King and all thes lordes come into the gardyn to here what she wold say.

And anoon this ilk Erle Ampheon, that was the most agaynes the ladie, stooed vp furst & said that they were long taried, and prayd the King they might haue an answere.

And the ladie, hering that he was allway agayns hire, answerd & said, 'Amphoeon, I see that you desires so mych to have an / answere. I putt the oute of doute that the woll I neuer have for no man on lyve.' And then said she to the King, hering all the
lordes that were there, 'Sirres, ye wot wele & know all that here bene, how that before this tyme I made a proude & a feers avow that I shuld neuer have husbond, bot he that were the worthieth knight of all the world, the which I wot wele come of anie pride & a grete folie of my selve.

Bot neuer the latter, in saving of myn avow & myn astate, I pray you and all othre that be here present that ye wold vouchsave to doo cry a tournement in all londes fer and nere, during thre days, & who so euere has that grace ther to doo the best, truly what so euere he be, I shal take him to myn husbond with a goode will.'

And the lordes of the lond herd this & were glad & ioyfull, for ychoon of theim trowed he shuld doo wele enugh, & prayd the King that it might be soo, & the King graunted and assigned the day & the place four monethes after, and then the King toke leve at the ladie his nece and went home in to Cecile, & all othre lordes ychoon went his way gladder than othre to ordayn theim agaynes this tournement.

Now, in this mean tyme had Ipomedon a messanger that hight Egeon, the which he left in Calabre to herken tithande s prively all way of his ladie & to bring him worde, and this Egeon, when he wist of this tournement, sped him to Ipomedon in all the hast that he might, and told him how the ladie of hire own desire & hire own list made crie such a tournement, & when he had herd that he was the ioyfullest man that might be, & told Tholomew that he wald ordayn him for that tournement & that he wold goo serve the King of Cecile.

And then went he & ordaynt him in array in the maner of an hunter & toke a faire mvte of houndes with him & an horn about his nek, & toke a faire maide that was a cosyn of his, and led hire bridle by the way. Also, he ordant Tholomew to come a litle beforne him with his harneis, and with him ordant he to come a tall yong man sittyng on a white stede all trapped in white, & with him a somer with his harneis all white that longed therto for oon day.
And aftre him come an othre faire stede trapped all in reid, & all the harneis that longed to him all rede for the secund day.  

And aftre him come othre on a faire blak stede, & all the harneis blak that longed to him for the third day, & then him self come the last leding this gentilwomans bridle. And in this array rode he to he come into a forest in the lond of Cecile, fast by the citee of Palerne there the King dwelled, & on that same day happened that the King was in the same forest on huntyng & had left his men ychoon save only his nevew Capanius & an othre man. & in the same tyme come Ipomedon riding in the same array that I told before, & the King herd noys of hors by the way & had mervaill what it might be.

For he se neuere knight lede harneis by the way, for it was the guyse in that tyme, a knight that went to seke aventures shuld goo & come alloon withoutse more felawship. & then the King sent Campanius / to see what thei were, & Campanius come and asked whens he was, and whedre he come for evell or goode, & he said, nay, he come fro far contre to speke with the King, if it like him, and Campanius come to the King & said, 'Sothlie, neuer sith I was born se I so semely a man as their maist er is, no so faire hors, no so faire harneis, ne so faire havkes, no so faire houndes,' & said that the maister of theim come to speke with the King if it like vnto him.

And the King went him self to se theim, and Ipomedon spake to him and said he was a man of a far contree & was come thidre to serve him, if it liked vnto him, and that gentle woman his cosyhn he wold were with the Quene, because that he had herd so much worshipp spoken on him in all contrees, passing all othre men, '& if it like vnto you, my servuice I wolde serve you on a certan counaunt that I wolde make with you. And the King said he was glad of his servuice & wold withhold him with a goode will, bot if his asking were the more vnresonable.
And then the King charged Campanius to goo with him into the citee of Palern and herbor him at the fairest place of all the tovn, & he did soo, and there Tholomew made redy for soper and Ipomedon made Campanius to soupe with him, & made him goode chere, for his hert fell mich vnto him, & cause why they were brethre as on the modre side, bot neither wist of othre.

And so as they sat at souper, Ipomedon toke a copp of gold and drank vnto Campanius, and praid him to take the copp of his gyft & that they might be felaws as brethre euermore aftre, and he toke of him this cupp and thanked him, & said, truly, he was glad & ioyfull to haue company of him or to doo that might be plesaunce to him.

And then aftre they went to the courte to gedre to speke with the King, & then Ipomedon spake to the King & said he wold serve him opon a certan counaunt that he wold make with him, & elles noght, & the King answerd and said, bot if his asking were the more vnskyllfull, he wold withhold him gladly. And he said agayn, if it liked vnto him, he wold serve the Quene, so that men shuld call him the Quene Derling, Drwe lay roigne, and also, more ouer, that he might goo with hire ich a tyme that she shuld come fro the chambrre to the hall & kys hire oons when he come, & oons whan he yede, & also he said that he wold doo noght elles bot serve the Quene, & aftre goo on hawking & on huntyng, & if he wold not graunt him, he said, certayn, he wold not serve him ne that he was not so worthie a king as men of him said. [A]nd the King was wondre wroth with him, and thoght it was a wonderfull asking, & logh him to scorn & wold have refused him, & Campanius consaled him and prayd him to graunt him & let him not passe so, for he said certayn he did it for he wold not be knowen.

And so the King graunt him and he beleth with the Quene & his cosyn also, bot neuer might they know othre name of him, ne when he was, bot Drue le roigne, & so served he the Quene a grete while so that all men lufed him wondrely wele & soueryanly the Quene loved him, wele ouer all othre thing.
And he euery day, when all men ordant theim to
go to the tournement, he went always on huntyng,
and euermore whan knightes spake of dedes of
armes or tournementz, he spake euermore on hunting
and of houndes, and if they spake of paramours, he
spake of havkes, so that nooman might perceyve
that he loved paramours, nor othre manhed, & thus
vsed he all way so that euery man logh him to
scorne & had grete pite that in so semely a person
was noo bountie no manhode.

And soon aftre this, the King & the Quene made
theim redie to goo in to Calabre to the tournement,
and when they come ther the King lay at a castell
bot twoo myle fro Caundres ther the tournement
shuld be, and then euery day when knightes made
redie theire harnes to go to the tournement, he toke
his houndes & went on huntyng, and Capanius see
this & asked why he ordant him noght to the
tournement as othre men did. He said all men
scorned him therfore, because they saw noo
manhode in him, & also he praid him that he wold
ordayn him to goo turnay as othre men did, & they
shuld be fellaws to gedre.

And when Ipomedon herd that he wold haue had
him to the tournement, he feyned him a cause, &
made wroth with Capanius & said that his couenant
was to serve the Quene, & hunt, & hawke, & play
him, & doo not elles, for iustinges, no turnementz
loved he noon. And Capanius was sory that he foyre
so, & prayd the King to speke with him & loke if he
might bring him in will to goo to the tournement, &
he did so, bot it wold not be. He said certayn he
wold doo noght elles bot serve the Quene as his
couenant was, & the King & all othre men logh him
to scorne & said it was pitee that he was so semely
a person & had noo manhode.

So ouer this, the King made sett vp his tentz for him
& his knightes vndre the castell of Caundres, there
the ladie lay fast by a forest side, & come to the
tournement with the fairest felawship of knightes
with him that might be, & the best [to] be seen.

And then come thidre the Kingses son of Irland, the
which was a woundre semely knight, & yong &
lusty, and hight Monestius, & broght with him such a fellowship of knightes & so thriftly arraid that it was a joye to see, for he loved the Ladie of Calabre paramours & had done long.

And thydre come also the Duke of Normandie with a thrifty fellowship, & loved the ladie also.

And thydre come also the Duke of Spayne, that shuld have had hire before by the help of the Erle Ampheon, & trowed wele to wyn the ladie at the tournement thurgh help of Ampheon & of his awn manhode.

Thiddre come also Daires, the King of Loreyn, oon of the worthiest kynges that was ouer where, & the most worthiest knightes had with him.

Thiddre come also the King of Almayn, the which hight Ismelon le Orguleous, a worthie knight also.

Thidre come the Erle of Flaundres & many othre knightz of dyuerse contreis, for ther was no knight that desired worship in noo contree bot he wold be there, for it was oon of the grettest tournement that euer was seen before.

Now on the day before that this tournement shuld be on the morow, Ipomedon ordant him to goo on hunting all that day & come home agayn even, & come to the Quene & said, that / the ladies and gentilwomen might here, 'Madame,' quod he, 'wold ye let the tournement be & go with me to morow on hunteyng, & yeshal haue noble gam & wele better than at tournement, for there shal be noo strokes gyven? For certan,' quod he, 'I woll not come at the tournement forto haue myn heid broken.' And the Quene was sore ashamed for him and al sory as she might be, & all the ladies and gentill women logh him to scorn and said to the Quene, 'Certayn, ma dame, youre Derling woll wyn the ladie of Calabre all with hunting.' & he was wele payd that they scorned him, & toke leve of the Quene to goo to bed, for he wold be erlie vp on the morow to goo.
huntyng, and furth he goos to the porter of the gates of the tovn & said he wold goo by tymes on the morow on huntyng, and gave him a ring of gold, & praid him that he wold open him the gate by tyme. The porter thanked him of his gyft & said he shuld come & goo late & erly when him list, & he went home vnto his inn & yede streght vnto his bed.

And on the morow erly before the day he ros vp and arraid him like an hunter, & toke his men & his houndes with him & his white stede & his white harnes for that day, and when he come vnder the castell wall he & all his men sett hornes to mouth & blew thre motes, that the Quene & all the ladies might here that he went on hunting.

And when they herd his hornes & his houndes make such a noys they scormed him & said to the Quene, 'Certayn, ma dame, youre Derling woll not be the last at the turnement for he is vp be tyme. For certayn, he wolle this day wyn the ladie all with houndes & horns.'

And Ipomedon rode furth to the forest to he come to an heremitage that stoode in a depe dry dyke in the forest & coverd all with trees, that he might goo and come vnseen of any man fro thens to the feld where the turnement shuld be & when he come there he laid away his horne & his hunter clothes & armed him all in white, & leped vpon his white stede, & toke a white spere in his hond, & bad Tholomew take his houndes & his men & go & hunt all that day, & make as goode gam as he might, & mete him there agayn even.

And he him self toke a squiere with him & nomo men & rode furth in this dry dyke till be come to the feld vnder the castell wall there the turnement shuld be, & the waites were on the castell wall & saw, & come to the ladie & told hire how there was come to the felde a knight all in white on a white stede, & she rois vp & come to the walles forto see, and then drue it to furth days.

And the King of Cecile & all tho lordes come to the felde euerychoon, & then Anthenor come, the Duke of Spayne, & praid the King that he might furst iust
with the white knight, & he granted him, and then
iust Anthenor the Duke of Spayne with Ipomedon
twoo cours, & at the third he smote him of on his
hors & toke him prisonere, & Ipomedon squiere
was redy and toke his stede & kept him still.

Now lay the lady on the wall & saw that the white
knight had for iusted the Duke of Spayne and was
glad therof, for he was on of the men that she most
hated, and called hire newew Iason, & bad him goo
to the tournament / and take speres with him and
serve the white knight of his spere, and on the third
day she shuld ordayn for him that he shuld iust him
self. & he did so, & when he come there he toke a
spere & toke it to the white knight, & he receyved it
on him & knew him wele enugh.

Bot newer the latter he asked what he was, as thogh
he had not known him, & he answerd & said he
hight Iason and was newew to the Ladie of Calabre,
the which sent him thidre to serve him of his spere
that this day iustest best, 'And me semes that ye have
doon the best, and theryfore I come to serve you if it
like you, for ye have this day vn horsed and taken
Duke Anthenor of Spayne, that is oon of the
defeated
proudest
pruddest
seems

And when Ipomedon herd this he praid Iason to
take the stede that he had won of this Duke before
& led him vnto the Ladie of Calabre, & said that the
white knight send it to hire, and he did so, and then
bad he the same Duke Anthenor of Spayn go to the
ladie also and yelde hym presonere vnto hire, and
say the white knight send him vnto hire. And he did
so, & then was the ladie glad & ioyfull that he was
taken, & said vnto Eman that the white knight was a
assuredly
surrender

Now then come the Erle Ampheon of Calabre, that
was euer with this Duke of Spayne and wold have
she would prefer

1.30 he] MS he inserted above the line
venged him on the white knight, & wold allgate
good with him, & so they good to gedre twoo cours
or thre & did wondrely wele both. The white knight
was agreed with him, & ran to him an othre cours,
& smote him thurgh all his harnes & slogh him, and
Jason was redy & toke his stede & the white
knight bad him take it him self for the goode
service he did him that day, & he thanked him &
said, for soth, [that] was [the] hors in the world that
he most has covet to have, and Jason went & led his
stede vnto the castell & told the ladie that the white
knight had gyven it him, and the ladie was glad of
him, & euery wight of him had ioye. & as the boke
sais, inpartie she began to luf him, for of all the day
he neuer blanne, but euer more had the better of euery
man that had to doo with him.

And then come Ismalon le Orgoilous, that was the
King of Almayn, that had doon wondrely wele
before, oon of the best save the white knight, &
good iuste with Capanius, & so Capanius & he ran
to gedre and this Ismelon le Orgoilous hit Capanius
on the helme that it flew of on his heid, & weleny
Capanius wist never where he was. This Ismelon
was a grete boster of him self & said till Capanius
in scorn, 'Wenes thou,' quo he, 'that thou be now in
Palern, in Cecile, drinking clarrie and othre strong
wynes? Nay,' quo he, 'sitt vp on thy hors for thou
art at the tournement!'

And Capanius was as wrothe as he migh be and ran
to him an othre cours, and smote this Ismelon hors
and man to the erthe & his right arme of by the
bodie, & then said Capanius to him agayn in scorn,
'Quod thou me nomore, for nowe / maist thou say
that I am here, & thou may goo home into thy
contree & drink clarrie & othre strong wynes, for
here may thou doo no more!' & all men that see it
were glad that Capanius had quit him so wele his
stroke & his scorne.

And then come King Daires of Lorreyne & wold
good iust with Capanius allway to venge his cosyn the
King of Almayn, & Capanius ran to him, & Diasre
gave Capanius such a stroke that welyn he had
vnhorsed him & taken him presonere. & the white knight was ware & come to rescue Capaniaus, & iusted with the King Daires & smote his sheldre fro his nek & left shuldre fro the bodie that he fell down deid, & the ladie & they all that se him had mich mervaill of him & praised him mich, passing all othre, so wele he did that day.

And then come the Erle of Flaundres & had mich envie at the white knight, & wold algate iuste with him, & they ran to gedre & the Erle gave the white knight such a stroke that he was astounned therwith & agreved sore, & so they ran to gedre oon othre cours & the white knight bare the Erle to the ground, bothe hors & man, & had not his men comen & rescued him, the white knight had taken him presoner.

Bot yit he toke the Erle hors & bad Iason lede him to the ladie, and the white knight cald Iason, 'Iason, abide & speke with me or we departe!' & Iason turned then agayn & asked him what he was & he said then agayn, 'It am I that was sum tymel thy fellow, that men cald the straunge squyer. & now I have hold the couuenant that I hight the, for I said when we departed that I shulde come agayn as soon as I might.' & then Iason praid him to abide & come & speke with the ladie and he said, nay, certan he might noght, for him must nedes hie him home in to his own countre. And Iason said, certayn bot if he wold come speke with hire or he went she shuld oute of hire wit for sorow. & he praid him, 'Recomand me vnto hire,' & went his way into the forest in all [the haste] that he mote ride, and then departed the tounement for that day, & euery man went to his loggeing till on the morow.

And Iason come to the ladie making wondre hevy chere & said that she also might doo, and she asked why, & he told hire that the white knight was goon & that he wold nomore come there, and that it was he that dwelled with hire sum tymel that she called hire straunge squyer, that wold tell noo man his name, and then went she to hire chambre making the most sorow that any wight might make that he was goon & wold not speke with hire or he yede. And Eman come to hire and bad hire be of goode chere & comfort, & said she had grete cause to be
glad and mery for now she saw he was on life and come thidre for hire luf, & was that day so worthie a knight & so wele had doon befor all othre that she might not faile bot she shuld haue him at hire own will.

Now then a evene this King Melliager of Cecile had all the lordes with him at souper & made a grete feste, & euery man said with outen comparison he was the best knight there as that day & passed all othre, & there to was all way so covert and so privy in his dooing that they said it was double knighthode.

And then come Ipomedon to / his heremitage & broght with him twoo stedes that he had won at the turnament, withouten tho that he gave a way, & vnarmed him & clad him agayn like an hunter, & than was Tholomew come thiddre redy & had noble gam that day. & then sent he his white stede into the town by an othre way, & he rode furth home with his houndes streight to the castell that they might see that he was on hunting, & all the ladies & all othre men logh him to scorn & said to the Quene, 'Ma dame, now comes youre derling fro the turnament. Hardely he has won the ladie this day all with huntyng!' & he toke noo kepe of their wordes bot come streight into the hall & broght the Quene thre hert heides right grete, & said truly he has had the best game that day that any man might have.

And then the Quene went to souper, & as she was served of hire first cours, come in a messangere fro the king with tithinges fro the turnement, & told the Quene that the King foyre wele & Capanius also, & she asked what tithinges & who had doon best that day.

And he said, certayn, that neuer before was there seen such a grete turnament, ne so many worthie knightes to gedre, bot certayn, he said the King had doon wondrely wele that day & Capanius also, & the King Monesti of Ireland also & many othre knightes that day had doon wondrely wele.

Bot, he said, there was a white knight that rode on a white stede that passed all othre, for neuer in all his
life he said, 'I saw neuer knight doo so wele as he did that day,' & told how he toke the Duke of Spayne prisoner & sent him to the Ladie of Calabre, & how he slogh Erle Ampheon also, & how that Capanius had be take prisonere had not he ben there & rescued him, & how the Ladie of Calabre made hire nevew Iason to serve him on his spere.

And when he had all said, then spake Ipomedon to the messanger & bad him say to the King that thogh he haue had sore strokes at the turnament this day, that he had ben on hunting in the forest & had gooede gamme all withouten strokes, & bad him say also how his houndes had ronne noble wele, both Morhaunt & Ridell & Beamound, for he had slayn thre grete hertes, bot ouer all othre, Blaunchard, his white dog, had ronne best that day, & bad him take venyson & bere to the King, ' & say I send it him.'

And euery man logh him to scorne save allway the Quene, bot she was so sore ashamed that she wist not what to doo.

And the messanger come to the King and told him all as Ipomedon said. And then when the Quene had souped, Ipomedon toke leve at hire to goo to bedd, for he wold goo on hunting erly on the morow, & went to his in & went to bedd because he was wery.

And on the morow, erly he roys vp and arrayd him on the same wise as he did on the day before, & rode furth blowing vndre the castell that the Quene & hire gentilwomen might here that he went on huntyng, & toke with him for that day his reid stede & his reid harnes, & rode furth to the heremitage & made Tholomew to goo on huntyng & mete him there agayn even, and / he armed him wele all in reide & lepped vpon his reid stede, & toke a reid spere in his hand, & he & his squiere rode furth in the dike to the turnament and come thiddre furst, or any othre man. & waytes on the castell wall se him & went to tell the ladie how there was comen a knight to the felde all armed in reide & on a faire red stede, and she asked if he se the reid knight bot not the white. & then turned she agayn, making the most sorow that might be & said, 'Now haue I noo ioye of the turnament, for he that was all my ioye & my comforth is goone. I wot wele he is goone as Iason told me & wolle noomore come toward evening /ditch / before watchmen reddish-brown /they saw
And anoon come the King and all these other lords
to the turnament & among other come Monestius of
Ireland, a worthie King & long had luved this ladie,
& praid the King that he might haue the first cours
that day, & the King graunt hym and ran to the reid
knight. & there they ran to gedre & the reid knight
bare hors & man both to the erthe & toke Monestius
presonere. And then come Iason to the reid knight,
& the reid knight asked what he was & he said he
was nevew to the ladie & hight Iason, & was comen
fro his ladie to serve him of his spere, for he had
done so wele for he had taken the most bastere &
the most auantour of women that might be, &
thereto the man [that] his ladie most hated.

And the reid knight herd this & bad Iason take King
Monestius with him & lede him to the ladie, & bad
Monestius yelde him to hire as presonere & say the
reid knight sent him to hire. & then come Capanius
& iust with the Erle of Flaundres & diode wondrely
wele, bot at the last he foriust him & led away his
hors. & the reid knight see that & called to
Capanius & bad him abide & iust with him, & said
he shuld not have the Erle stede so lightlie. And
there ran Campanius & he to gedre many cours &
did both passingly wele, bot at the last the reid
knight bare Capaniue to the erth and toke his stede
& the Erles of Flaundres both, & toke the Erle his
stede agayn and made him to worthie vpon him. &
then all men spake mich worship of the reid knight,
and because that he rescued so the Erle of Flaundres
that was so at mischefe, & did all that day so wele
that euery man of him had ioye.

And then come Capanius and wold iust with the
Erle Drias that held so before with the Laidie of
Calabre agayns Ampheon, & so they ran to gedre
dyuers tymes, & did both wondrely wele, & at the
last Campanius bare the Erle Drias, hors & man, to
erth & gave him such a stroke that he wist not
where he was, & shuld haue taken him presonere
had not the reid knight bene & come & rescued
him.

1.15 that] MS a tironian ‘et’ symbol, emended to mean ‘and [he] was in addition the man that his lady
hated most.’ 1.29 MS & made him and made him to
And as the boke sais, right as a feers lion among othre bestes, so fore he with all that euer he had a doo with, till he come to the Erle Drias & rescued him & sett him agayn vpon his hors, because that before tyme he held with the ladie agans theim that wold haue made hire to haue an husbond.

[N]ow then come Iason & broght the reid knight a spere with a reid pensil theron that the ladie had wroght hire self & send him, because that she trowed forto sett it on wark for / hire sake that sent him it. & he was war of a knight that was the Kings steyward & loved wondrely wele to make avant of women, and hated Ipomedon with all his hert & loued the Quene par amours also, & he thought he wold have a doo with him.

And this Kanius had grete envie at him because he did so wele, passing all othre, & thought to have a doo with him also, and so they ran togedre many cours & did so wele both that noman wist whedre was the bett er, till at the last the reid knight gave Kaenius suche a stroke that he smote him thurgh the shuldr & bare him ouer his hors ars to the erthe. & then was the reid knight squiere redie, & toke Kaenius stede & led him into the forest to the heremitage. And then come the King Melliager e him self & was as fers as he might be with the reid knight, because that he had both foriust his nevew Campanius and Kaenius his styward, & wold algate venge him on the reide knight & iust with him. And so the King ran to the reid knight and did full wele, and euer the reid knight forbare him because that he served him, to the knight was in poyn to put him to the wors. & he se that and ran to him, and bare hors and him both to the erthe and hurt him thurgh all his harneis, and Iason was redie and toke the Kings stede and led him to the reid knight squiere, and he led him to the heremitage. And the Kings men were redie and toke him vp and led him to his tent. And then drue it fast to night.

And the reid knight come to Iason and said, 'Iason,
1 Iason, yet have I [the] speere that my ladie send me, & say to my ladie that I shal bere it with me into my countree & were it in euery place for hire lufe where I haue forto doo.' And Iason asked whoo it was that cald him so by his name, and he said, 'I am thy felaw that yisterday was I white and to day am I reide,' and then [Iason] prayd him to abide, for certan if he went so his ladie wold neuer have ioye in this world.

10 And he prayd him to recomaund him vnto hire, & say he shuld come to hire agayn an othre tyme, & went his way and led with him the Kings steede & Kaenius steede to his heremitage, & there met he with Tholomew that had bene on hunting all the day. And then he arrayed him like an hunter and rode furth home to the Quene, blowing his horne as he dide on the day beforne that she and hire women might see that he had bene on huntyng, and broght six hert heides in to the hall. & euery man scorned him & said certan he was a noble man of armes & wold wyn this ladie all with huntyng.

Now come Iason home to the Ladie of Calabre & told hire how he was white the furst day & this day reid, & that he ne might lenger abide, & how he said he lufed hire & euery wold, & that he wold come agayn to hire as sone as he might. And when that she wist that it was he that had doon so wele & that she lufed so miche, & was goone & wold not speke with hire, then was she the soriest creature that might be, & swoned & made the most sorowe that any creature might make. And Eman come to hire & comfort hire, & said how that hire ought to be right glad to see him that she lufed so noble a man of armes as he was, & said certan he wold not have abiden thos twoo days & doon so mich for hire lufe but if he thought to / abide the third day also, and so she comfort hire for that tyme.

Now when Ipomedon come fro huntyng and broght with him thes hertes heides, [the] Quene washe & went to soper, & Ipomedon sat to for hire, & the Quene counsailed him to leyve his huntyng & said he labored to mych thervpon. & he said, nay,
certayn, that wold he noght, for he loued noon othre
gam, & all men that hard logh him to scorn & held
him bot a wreche.

Now then come in this messanger that come fro the
King with tithinges, and he said, certayn, that the
turnement of the day before & of this day were noo
thing like, & said how there was a reid knight that
passed all othre and sat on a reid, sored stede, and
told he toke Monestius, King of Irland and send
him to the Ladie of Calabre, & how he rescued the
Erle of Flaundres fro Capanius & smote Capanius
of on his stede & led away his stede also, and how
he smote Kaenius the styward of on this stede and
led his stede away also, & how he smote the King
of on his stede also and shuld have taken him
presonere & led away his stede also.

And then the Quene asked him if the King were
ought hurt, and he said, nay, bot certan, he said, that
the reid knight withouten comparison

And then Ipomedon began his tale & said, 'Now
truly,' quod he, 'I hold the knightes grete foels that
take so many grete strokes willfully & nede noght.
Bot thou may say to the King,' quod he, 'that it had
bene more eas to him & more worship to haue bene
with me on huntyng this [day], for then shuld noo
man have born him of on his hors no gyven him
noo stroke, and say him also that my houndes haue
ron so wele this day that truly in all my life se I
neuer noon ren so wele.

Bot in goode faith, of all othre, Ridell, my reid
dogg, ran best this day, or elles had all my gam
bene noght.’ And all that herd him logh him to
scorne & said hardly he might wele be counted for
a worthie knight to be the Quene love, for he wold
with Ridell, his reid dog, wyn the ladie at the
turnament. & thus euery man him scorned & held
him bot a wreche.

And this messanger come to the King and told him
all as Ipomedon had said, and the King lough, & all
that it herd lough him to scorned and said hardly the
King might be ielous that the Quene had such a
love. Bot Capanius, he was euere sory for him &
asshamed that there was noo manhed in him.
So when the Quene had soped, he broght hire to chaumbre & toke leyve of hire to goo to bed, and sad that him must be vp by tyme to goo on huntyng, and went home to his in and went to bed. & erly on the morow as it were a quarter tofore the day, he ros vp and arrayd him as he did to fore, and rode furth blowing thurgh the town that the Quene & all the ladies awoke of theire slepe with the noys of horns & houndes, and said, certayn, to the Quene, 'Ma dame, truly youre lufe is a noble knight. He is vp by tyme, for [he] woll noght be the laste at the turnement!'

Now lewe we here and tell how there was that tyme in lond of Grece a duke of Athenes that hight Adrattus, the which was a yong man and a noble man of armes, / bot he lived all in sorserys & in enchauntementz, so that he had with him a devine that couth miche of nigromancie, which that told him, certan, that how there was in Calabre such a turnament, & if that he wold goo thedre he shuld haue the degree & wyn the ladie, and shuld be lord of the lond. And this Duke ordant him & come to the turnament, bot he come noght or the thir day, and then he asked whedre partie was the better, & men told him that within were the better, and then he was with theim withoute forto helpe theim.

Now then come Ipomedon to the hermitage and armed him all in blak harneis and leped on his blak stede, & rode furth to the turnament, and bad Tholomew goo on hunting & mete him agayne at even. And erly on the morowe the Ladie of Calabre roys and loked ouer the wall of the castell after the reid knight, bot she couth not see him, and then was she war of the blak knight. & then went she in and made mich sorow, & trowed wele that hire lufe were goon & wold nomore come there.

Then was [the] King & all othre lordes comen to the turnament, and emong othre come this Duke of Athenes all in reid armes & on a reid stede, & wold just furst with the blak knight.

Now was Eman ware of the Duke of Athenes and trowed that it had bene the reid knight that was there on the day before, and come and told hire
ladies how hire lufe was comen agayn & wold iust with the blak knight, & she was glad & come to see him. And then Ipomeron the blak knight was glad also that he saw oon in reid armes, and thought wele to make him presonere to make hire sory. And then the ladie made Iason hire nevew to take the ordre of knight & goo turnay that day, & made an othre squiere of hires to goo to the turnament to serve the reid knight of his spere. And the[n] the blak knight and the reid ran to gedre & did wondrely wele both, for the reid knight was a noble man of armes. Bot at the last the blak knight bare him to the erthe and toke him presoner, and maked him to swere that he shuld neuer more were the reid armes of all that day, that all men might trow that the reid knight of the day before was scomfit. & then cald he the squyer that come fro the ladie that served of speres, and praid him to take him a spere, & that he wold take [the] reid stede that was the Duke of Athenes & lede him to the ladie, & say the blak knight sent hym thedre & bad him say also how he was come a little to late, for if he had comen be tyme neithre shuld the white knight ne the reid knight haue had the degree. 'Bot say hire,' quod he, 'that she shall not haue the reid knight in hire prison,' for he wold lede him with him into his contree, that she shuld neuer se more of him. & [he] come & broght hire the reid stede & said as the blak knight bad him, & then she had more sorow than euuer she had erst, and trowed wele that he was lost fro hire hire lufe. And then euery knight desired to haue a doo with the blak knight and grete envye had to him, / and he euermore was redie & put theim to the wers, all that euere he met with that day. And then come the King of Scotland, & had grete envie at the blak knight and wold algate iust with him. & there they rode to gedre & the King gave the blak knight such a stroke that he was all astoned & agreved therwith, and ran to him an othre cours and bare the King thurgh his harness & slogh him, and bare both him & his stede to the erthe that the stede brast his nek, so that both the King and his steid wer deid. & all that were

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ther had mervell therof and were aferd of him, so
that vnneth any durst to have to doo with him after.  hardly / dared

And so it happened that Eman se this and come to
comforth hire ladie, & how that the blak knight, she
said, had doone so sele that he passed all othre. &
she asked if he were better than the white knight, &
she said, yaa, for soth, and better than the reid both,
& that oo cours that he had riden was worth all that
bothe the white & the reid had doone, & said certan
if she wold hold hire avow and chese after
worthynes & knighthod she must nedes forsake all
othre and take him. & she asked how she shuld turn
hire hert fro him that she lufed so wele & take an
othre, and Eman said, yis, for better was to take him
that was so worthie a knight, sitheen she wist wele
that hire lufe was goon, than both to faile of hire
lufe & of the blak knight.

Not forthy, the boke saith that Eman said all this for
noon vntruth, bot for comforth of hire ladie that she
se was in so mich sorow.

Then come Kaenius, as proude and as fers as a lion,
and had so mich envie at the blak knight that he
wold haue slayne him leuer than all the worlde. and
the blak knight knew him wele enugh, and how he
loued the Quene par amours, and thoght to quite
him wele enugh, & rode him & bare both hors &
man to the erthe and toke him presoner, and bad
him goo to the same Quene of Secile that he lufed
par amours and yelde him to hire prisoner, and say
the blak knight send him to hire, and he did so, all
thoght it were agayns his will.

Now then come Capanius, not knowing whoo it
was, & wold allgate iust with him, and Ipomedon
was loath haue to doo with him, for he loved him so
wele, bot neuer the latter him was leuer iust with
him than lose his worship & his ladie bothe, and
rode to him that both theire hors went to the erth, &
rose vp bothe agayn so that nothre was at the wors.
Bot at the cours aftre, Ipomedon bare both Capanius
and his stede to the erth & toke the stede to his
squyere, & bad him lede him to the heremitage, &
there he shuld haue taken Capanius prisone, bot
that the King come and rescued him & iust with Ipomedon, & hurt him, bot not that he was the wors.

And then it drue fast to the even, & be then the blak knight had doon so wele that all men said he was the best worthie to haue the ladie, and euery man drogh to his in. And then the blak [knight] was war of Iason and cald him be his name, and said, 'Iason, Iason, abide and speke with me!', and Iason had mervell who it was that cald him by his name, and he said, 'It am I, that yisterday was / Reid. To[day] am I blak.' And then Iason wold haue made him to abide, bot he wold noght, bot he said, 'Iason, recomaund me to my ladie & pray hire to think of hire avow, & say that for hire luf I haue bene here white, reid and blak.', & went his way. & Iason said if he went so his ladie shuld haue so mich sorow that she shuld neu[er] haue gode day in this world, bot he said, certayn, he shuld come agayn with in a short tyme and speke with hire at more layser, & went his way to his hermytage in the forest.

And Iason went home and told his ladie how that the blak knight had don for hire luf, how he was the first day white, and the secund day reid, and the third day blak, and how he was goon and said he shuld come agayne within a short tyme. And when she wist that it was he, then had she mich sorow and supposed wele that she shuld neuer see him, & that he loued hire noght because he wold not spek[e] with hire at his gooynig.

And so Ipomedon come to the heremitage and vnarmed him, and arrayd hym as he did before and come home to the Quene with his houndez, blowing that all men might here that he had bene on huntyng. And then come all men to see him and to lagh him to scorne, and he toke noo hede bot come into the hall and broght with him nyen hert heides, the faires that eu[er] men se, and eu[er] as all othre men spake of the tur[n]ament he spake of his huntyng.

And then the Quene went to sopere & Ipomedon set on that oo side, and Kaenius on that othre side, the styward. And then come in Theos, the messanger,
and the Quene asked him who had doone the best at the turnament, and he said certan a blak knight, the which withouten comparision passed the white knight and the reid and all othre, bot no man wist what he was, no when, so prively and so couerly he governed him.

And Kaenius said certan that it was he that send him thiddre. And then Theos said how that the King send word to the Quene that she shuld be erly on the morow at Caundres, for then shuld the Ladie of Calabre ches whome she shuld haue to hire husband.

And then Ipomedon began to speke, and said how that he had bene on huntyng and that his houndes had ron noble wele that day, both Blauncherd and Ridell, bot truly, he said, that soueryanly ran blak Beaumound and did the best that day, or elles had he had bot little gam, 'and ye shall haue venyson and bere the King, and say him certayn he getes nomore for me bot if he woll come and take it him self.'

And then the Quene beheld him and perceyved that he was hurt and that he bled, and asked him what had hurt him, & he lough and said that he fell in the forest of his hors and hurt him agaynes a stubb.

And when the Quene had soped, Ipomedon toke his leave at the Quene to goo to his bedd.

And the Quene bad him come agayn at morow to goo with hire to Caundres to see whome the ladie shuld haue, and he said, nay, certayn he roght neuer whoo she had. He was not at the tur[n]ament, ne not wold he come there, and so euery man lough and he toke noo...

[Early the next day, Ipomedon and his cousin, the maid, secretly leave the Sicilian court to go back to Apulia. Meanwhile, he sends the man who had been in charge of his three horses, as well as those he won at the tournament, to Caundres on his behalf, to present them to the Feers and his other acquaintances. He reveals that the straunge squiere and the drew lay roigne are one and the same person, and bids the feers to be faithful to her vow until Ipomedon will return. The Queen of Sicily is...]

l.29 tur[n]ament] MS turnament
angry at her lover's sudden departure, and, eager to please her, Kaenius offers to fetch him back. He catches up with the pair in a forest, where Ipomedon had laid himself down to rest.]

...and let me not of my journay, for certayn I wolle not turne agayne for the!' & the styward was feers & proude, & allgate said he was fals & that he shuld be deid.

A

And Ipomedon saw it might noo be & defended him, & ran to him, & or they departed he smote him thurgh all his harneis & thurgh oute the bodie & bare both hors & man to the erthe & toke him presoner, & bad him turne home agayne & yelde him to the Quene & say, wern it had bene for the reuerence of hire, that truly he shuld haue bene deid, & toke fro him a goode stede that he come riding on & gave it Tholomew, & gave him a litle amblere of Tholomew, & said, 'Thou art hurt, I wot wele, & therfore take this litle hors and turne agayne as thou come, & say thou maist not spede here.' And Kaenius turned agayn, wele betyn, & come & told the Quene how he had sped. & then had she mich sorowe & trowed that she shuld neuer see him. For she send for him for luf that she lufed him, & that she might haue told him all how she lufed him.

A

And then Ipomedon went home into his own contre, & when he come there then was the King Hermogines his fadre deid, & he made mich sorowe. & then come all the lordes of the lond to him & did him homage as to their king. Bot coroned king wold he not be as yitt, because that he wold goo into othre contres & travell & seke aventure while he was yong, & also he thoght if God wold gyfe him grace to wed his ladie that he lufed & be coroned King of Poyle both on oo day.

A

And then toke he with him Tholomewe & such menye as he wold haue, & went into Fraunce as a souldioure, & thoght to be there all that yere. & then sent he Egeon, his messanger, in to Calabre preuely to abide there & enquire if the lordes of the lond made any more debate with the ladie, or if she had

1.10-11 'were it not for the respect Ipomedon had for the queen, the steward would have been dead.'
any diseas to bring him worde.

Now was there in Fraunce in this same tyme a king that hight Arthus, & had a yong brothre that hight Daires, the which was King of Loreyn by heritage of his wife, & thes twoo kinges werred aithre on othre & had doon long. Bot this king Arthus of Fraunce was at Parichs & held a grete parlement to ordayn how that [they] might defend theim agayn King Daires that was comen into theire lond with a grete powere of men to distroy the roialme of Fraunce.

And then come Ipomedon thidre & beleft with the King of Fraunce. & then come tithandez to the King that King Daires was comen into the feld withoute the towne with an hundreth thovsand of fightenge men. And then Ipomedon went & armed him all in blak & sat on a blak stede, because he shuld be the more dred, for he had before at the turnament that day that he was in blak toke the same King Daires presoner.

And when Ipomedon come into the felde he was war of a knight that come prikking toward him oute of the oste, & Ipomedon ran to him & bare him to the erthe, & his squiere was redie & toke the knight stede, & Ipomedon toke him prisoner & bad him goo agayn to the King & say him that the blak knight that was at the turnament / of Caundres sent him thidre. & when King Daires wist that the blak knight was agaynes him, he was more aferd of him than of King Arthus & all his men.

Noght forthy, he defend him as long as he might, & then the King Arthus & his men were woundre glad of the blak knight, for they see wele he was a worthie knight. & then there was a grete batell betwix both parties, so far furth that the Frenchemen were in poynyt to be discomfit for that day. Bot Ipomedon did so wele that day that him self discomfit King Daires & all his men, & put him to flight, so that they were discomfit for that day. And then come King Arthus to Ipomedon & thanked him & said certayn he was the cause of the discomfiture of his enemys, & led him to the citee of Paryss, & euery man loued & of him had ioye, & trowed wele thurgh the manhod of him to haue an end of theire werres & to discomfit there enemis.
And then this King Daires dred so mich the manhod of Ipomeden that he was glad by the avice of his counsell to send vnto him, & pray him that he wold vouchesave to speke to the King, that he might come to fore him & submitt him vnto him, & cry him mercy & put him in his grace to amend at his own ordinance, & restore him agayn that he had trispassed vnto him, & more, [and if] him liked to doo his message to the King he wold gyve him his doghtre to wife, & all the lond of Loreyn after his discus.

And when Ipomeden herd this he answerd to the messangers & said, if the King Daires woll doo as he sais, & more ouer become the Kings homagere of Fraunce, he wold doo his message with goode will, & they said yis certan & that wold they vndretake, and also Ipomeden wold not for shame refuse his doghtre but thanked him for his profre.

And on the morow come the King Daires to King Arthus his brothre & did him homage, & so Ipomeden, thurgh his witt & his manhod, make a fynall peace betwix thes twoo kinges for euuer more.

And then wold they haue made the mariage of him & the doghter of the King Daires, & he excused him & put it of, & thanked him, & toke his leyve, & wold no lenger abide.

And as he rode, he met with Egeon & asked him what tithinges, and he told him how there was comen into Calabre a giaunt of Inde maior that hight Leonyn, the which was liker a fende than any othre man, & allgate wold haue the Ladie of Calabre to his wife. ' & she & hire lordes haue werred agayn him & he has discomfit & slayn right many of theim, so that he has conquerd all the lond & he has beseged the ladie in hire castell of Candres, & if he wold he might take hire & led hire away, for there is noman that durst withstond him, bot that he has at hire prayere graunt hire a certayn day that she shal fynd a knight to fight for hire, & elles he woll led hire into his cointre & wed hire.'

And when Ipomeden herd this, he said to Tholomew that certan she wold send for help to the King of
Cecile, hire vnclce, and for he wold not be knowne,

1 therefore he ordant him to goe & serve the King vnto the day come that was assigned. And then he ordant him & made him a fole sage and come into Cecile to serve the King. & as the King sat at mete, he come in on a foyll, lene hors, & in a feble array, & with a lewde countenance, & rode into the hall before the King, & all men that see him lough at him and had goode gam, & said he was a noble fole. & then he spake vnto the King, & said how he was a worthie knight & haue doon so wele in many a lond, & yitt noo man knew me.' And they lough at him & thoght him a goode fole.

And then said he to the King, 'Lagh not at me,' quod he, 'for as gay as thou sittes, I haue seen the day that I haue made the seke euery corner of thy sadle, & thy bak bend. & thou, Capanius, also,' quod he, 'has ben full wery of thy part & felt myn handes a sevynnyght to gedre.' & the King & the Quene lough & had noble gam to gedre. And then said he to the Quene, 'Laugh not at me, for I haue seen the day,' quod he, 'that thou hast lufed par amourfull hote that, & [if] I had wold, paraventre the King might haue wered a cukwold hoode.' & euery man lough at him & said he was a passing goode fole.

And he answerd agan and bad theim call him noo fole, for, he said, of the wisest of theim all couth he make a fole, 'and therfore,' quod he, 'I hold you more foles than I.' And then asked he the King if he wold with hold him or noo, on such a couenant as he wold make with him, & the King graunted him. And then he said to the King, 'Sir,' quod he, 'I am a knight that lufes wele travell in armes, & therfor,' quod he, 'if ye woll graunt me the furst batell that is asked you for any woma[n], I wolles beleve with you, & elles noght. & if me list, I will go do the batell, & if me list not I woll leve.' & euery man lough him at scorn.

And then come Kaenius the styward to the King & said, 'Sir, it will be well doon to with hold him, for a fole among wise men oft doos mich eas.' And he said to Kaenius, 'Call thou me noo fole, for I haue seen

II.22.5 'for I have seen the day when you loved so passionately that, if I had wanted, perhaps the King might have been a cuckold.'
And then as the King and all thes lordes sat at mete, come Eman in to the hall on hors bak, & noman with hire bot a dwarow. & she saluet the King, & said how the Ladie of Calabre that was his nece was destroyed, & all hire lond for euer more, bot if she had sone help & socoure of sum worthie knight. And the King asked whoo it was that werred so on hire, & she said a giaunt of Inde maior, & hight Leonyn, 'the which is likere a fende than any othre man,' & therfo so cruell & so fell that it were impossible any man to withstond him, bot if it were sum worthie knight that God wold of his grace send thidre to help hire in hire right, & therfor hire ladie sent hire thidre to be seke the King of his grace that he wold vouchesave to send hire Capanius or sum othr worthie knight to defend hire & save hire life, 'as ye that be the worthiest King that is in any lond, & has with you the floure of knighthode.'

And the king sat still all astouned a grete / while, for he saw noo knight wold desire to take the batell. & then Eman made mich sorow & asked the King if she shuld haue any othre socoure there than so, and said, 'Waloway!' quod she, 'where is now Capanius? Were he here, yit hope I he wold take the batell for my ladie.'

And Ipomedon sat still & was wele payed that he saw that noo knight wold take the batell & ros vp in his fole wyse & asked the King if the graunt of a kinges mouth shuld not be hold ferme & stable. & the King said, 'yea.' 'Sir King,' quod he, 'ye wot wele, & all thes lordes that here bene, that ye graunted me the furst batell that was asked you for any woman, & here is asked oon for the Ladie of Calabre, & I haue lufed hire many a day, & here is noman that dare take the batell. & therfore, I pray the graunt it me, for I
will goo with this gentle woman & doo this batell for my lady lufe.'

And the King might not withstond his graunt, & bad him goo where he wold, & the King was right sory & said to Eman that there was noon that wold goo, & therfor hire must goo elles where, for he might not help hire, & she went hire way & made the most sorow that might be.

And then Ipomedon went to his in, & armed him wele & leped vpon a goode stede, & bad Tholomew goo priuely with all his harneis be an othre way into Calabre, & abide him at the hermitage, & he rode his way and ouer gate Emayn, & she see & bad hym turne agayn, & said she wold not haue noon armed folie in hire fellowship for she had noo ioye of his folie. And then he answerd in his folie wise, full couerly, & said, 'Faire mayde, ye wot wele that I haue long lufed youre ladie & she me, & therfor it is right that I fight for hire.'

And Emain rode furth & he folowed all way after. So they rode furth to they come at a faire wele vndre a grene tre, & there they light down for to dyne, & the dwarow come to Ipomedon & toke his stede & tied him, & he sat still a litle way fro theim. & as they sat at dynner, the dwarow praid Emain to bid him come & sit with hire, bot she wold not. 'No,' quod Ipomedon, 'I haue seen the day that ye wold, & yit shall, although ye know me not now.' & then the dwarow com euermore to him, & braght him mete & served him.

Now this ilk giaunt that wold haue this ladie had with him thre othre giauntz, of the which oon hight Maugis, the which come [to] Leonyn, & [asked] that when he had his ladie, that he wold gyfe him Emain, & he graunt him. And this Maugys had espied that she was riden into Cecile, & come forto mete hire homeward & fond hire there at dynner. And when she se him she was sore aferd, for he was likere a fende than a man. & then Maugys said, 'Damesell, I haue lufed the many a day & my lorde has gyven the to me, & therfore rise vp & come with me.' & Emain was full ferd & might vnnes speke & said certayn she wold not goo with him. & he sayd she shuld whedre she wold or noo.
And then Ipomedon thought it was tyme, & come to the giaunt in his foll wise & bad him turn home agayne, & aske sum othre reward of his lord, for of hire shuld he faile. & Maygys beheld him, & held him bot a fole, & bad him, 'Be still, lewde fole!' And he withouten any more set his basinet on his heid, & withoute stirrop leped vpon his stede, & toke his spere only in his hond & said, 'Or thou depart thou shalt fynd me a knight & noo fole!' & there they faght to gedre, & shortly Ipomedon scomfit him & toke him prisoner, & toke his stede fro him & gave him to the dwarow, & gave him the dwarow hors, & bad him turn home agayne to his lorde Leonyn & bid him kepe his day of batell, for he shal both fight for hire & fayle of hire.

And he turned home evell betyn & said his message. & Ipomedon come to the dwarow & gave him the stede that he wan of the giaunt, & the dwarow thanked him & told Eman, & said certan he was noo fole bot he was a worthie knight that wold not be known. And yit she wold not beleve it, bot rode furth & toke noo hede to him. & so agayn even, the dwarow toke their inns & ordant for Ipomedon as wele as for Emain, and there were they all night. & on the morow rode furth on theire way till it was tyme to dyne. & when they come at a fare, grene tree, then they light down & dyned, & euer the dwarow served Ipomedon. & then Emain was evel apaid that he did so, & said he was bot a fole & had no more than his hors & his harneis.

'No, God wot,' quod the dwarow, 'so it faires. A poer man for his pouert is noght set by, bot a rich man, thogh he be noght worth an haw, he shal be worshipped for his riches.' & as they sat thus & spake, come an othre giaunt that had asked Leonyn for to haue Emain, as that othre did before, & come to venge Maugys, his fellow. & Emain was so ferd she went nye woode. And this giaunt, Creon, bad Emain come with him, for his lorde had graunt him hire.

And then come Ipomedon in his folse wise & said, 'Thou shalt haue hire as thy fellow had yisterday!' & there they faght to gedre wonder long, bot at the last
Ipomedon discomfit him & toke fro him his stede, & send the giaunt agayn to Leonyn, & bad him say, on the same maner as he has served him & Maugys, so shuld he serve him euen before his ladie.

And then Emain had mich mervell & see that he fought so manfully & so wisely, & trowed wele he was noo fole, bot that he made him so to kepe him vnknown. & then as they sat at dynner Eman bad the dwarow call him to come and ete with hire. & he se that & supposed that she had perceyved him & said angrely, in his fole wise, 'I will not come at hire, for she wold slee me!' & then the dwarow brught him mete & served him wele all way. & when they had dyed, he gave Emain the stede that he wan of Creon & said, 'Now may we ride fast all thre.' & rode furth to agayns even, & then they harboured theim in an village where theim must all thre ly in oon hous. & then Emain made the dwarow vnarme hy[m], & cast a mantle aboute him, & he set him down by a fire. & Emain beheld him & thoght him a wondre semely man, & had mervell of him, & within a while she loued him so wele that hir thoght she had lever haue had [him] than all the world. & then Emain cried him mercy & prayd him to forgyve hir that she had trispassed vnto him, & he forgave it here.

And when they had sopped they went to bed, & Emain lay & compleyned hir, & made the most sorow that might be. And oon while wold she all gate goo to bed to him & tell him how she loued him, & an othre tyme she bethought hire what folie was there in, & then she left. & thus strofe she long with hire self, bot at the last, shortly to his bed she went, & softlie laid hire arme ouer him & awoke him. & he in his fole wise toke hire hond & put to his mouth as thogh he wold haue biten it, & bad him goo thens & let him haue his rest. & she cried mercy & said, 'It am I!', & told him shortlie how she loued him, & bot she had luf of him hire must nedes be deid. & he bad hire goo to bed or elles he shuld ete hire.

And if she wold ought with him, tell him on the morow. & she went to bed agayn, & on the morow [they] went their way, and at the tyme of the day, light down by a forest side & went to dynner, & there
1 Emain praid Ipomedon to dyne with hire. & as they sat at dyner, come the third giaunt, that was Leonyn brothe, & wold haue Emain on the same maner as that othre did before, & hight Leaundrer.

5 And Ipomedon was ware of him & said certan he shuld by on the same maner that his fellows had doon before or he had hire. And Leaundrer lough at him & bad him, 'Fole, be still!' & he said agayn he was a more fole than he to come thidder, for that thing that he might not haue. And then they faght to gedre long, bot shortly at the last Ipomedon smote him thurgh all his harnes to the hert & slogh him, & then they went their way, & a man that come with this giaunt went & caried him to his brothre Leonyn.

10 And Emain & Ipomedon rode furth till it was night & harboured theim in a village all night.

And when they were in bed Eman had so mich sorow that woundre was, & ros & come to the bed to him & cried him mercy, & said certan bot he wold haue mercy on hir & luf hir she must nedes be deid. And he see that she fore so & thoght to comforth hir for the tyme, & spake easlie to hir and asked who was ther, & she said, 'It am I, Emain, & if ye woll come with me into Burgoigne, truly ye shal wed me & be lord there.' & he thanked hire & said, certayn, he had vndretaken the batell, & that must him nedes doo. 'Bot an othre tyme, whan ye know what I am, I shal doo so to you that ye shall hold you pleaised.' And Emain supposed then that he was noo fole & kist him, & yede agayn to hir awn bed. & on the morow they ros & went their way. And Ipomedon said to Eman, 'Goo ye,' quod he, 'youre way home, & say to youre ladie that there is comen a fole & wolle take the batell for hire.' And Emain went hom & told hire ladie how she had doon, & how the fole discomfit Maugys & Creon, & how he slough Leaundrer, & how he wold doo the batell for hire. & then made she mich sorow & made ordayn shippes, & did vitell theim, for she wold goo steal a way privelly be night.

35 And then come Ipomedon to the hermitage & armed him al in blak, & come to the place there the batell shuld be. & there was / the giaunt all in blak as Ipomedon was, more like a fende than any cristen man.
And then come the ladie to the castell wall & see the giaunt & Ipomedon both, & asked Emain if that were he that come with hire. & she know him wele enough, but she said it was not he. And then Ipomedon rode to the giaunt & asked why he come thiddre, & the giaunt said, for he wold haue the ladie. And Ipomedon said that he had better right to hire than he, & that wold he make goode on him as a knight. & there the giaunt & he rode togedre & foght wonder long, that all men had mervell that any man might endure the strokes that the giaunt gave. & he defend him agayn allway, & put the giaunt at the ware so long that wondere was, till it happened that Ipomedon bare the giaunt hors & man to erth. & the giaunt [com] vp on his fete & slough Ipomedon hors vndre him. And then they faght both on fete so long that noithre might no more, bot yede both on sondre to rest them.

And then the giaunt bad Ipomedon yelde him to him, 'for I wote wele,' quod he, 'thou art wake & werie, & may not endure to fight with me.'

'Noo,' quod Ipomedon, 'thogh I be wake & werie, God is mightie & strong enugh to help me in my right, for thou art fals,' quod he, '& fightes in a fals quarell, & I am redie to defend it in my right!' & then they went to gedre agayn so long that euery man had mervell that they might endure.

Bot the giaunt was euer so strong & so fressh, & at the last, the giaunt gave Ipomedon such a stroke that welyn had he slayn him, & hurt him sore. & Ipomedon felt that he was hurt & bled fast, and toke the ring of on his fyngre that his modre gave him & laid the stoone to the wound, & anoon the bloode staunched.

And then the giaunt bad him, 'Yelde the,' quod he, 'to me, & I shal save thy live, for now I see thou may noo more defend the.' & Ipomdeon said, nay, for soth, he wold yelde him neuer to man, bot to God, for leuer him were to die vnyolden with worship, than to be yolden & lif in shame euer aftre. For yit, he said, I trust in God to make a goode ende of the batell that he had begun.
And then Ipomedon faghth more fresshlie than he did all the day to fore. & at the last Ipomedon gave him such a stroke that he smote of his basinet & all the crown of his heid to the harns. And then said Ipomedon, 'AA, ha!' quod he, 'now has thou a crowne. Thou maist say thou has taken ordres. For thou hast scorned me all day by a wounde that I haue, bot now hast thou oon that thou shalt never covere.' & he said that was soth, & yold him to him, & prayd him to save his life as he that was the worthiest knight of all the world.

'For in soith,' quod he, 'there is noo man, ne giaunt, that euere discomfit such foure giauntz as thou has doone of Maugys, Creon, Leaundrere, & me, and therfor,' quod he, 'the Ladie of Calabre may wele save hire avow & take the to hire husbond for the worthiest knight of the world.' And then Ipomedon graunt him his life & bad him fast goo oute of that lond, and leyve there styll his tent standing in the felde, & he did soo. & then come Tholomew and broght Ipomedon a goode stede.

Bot the ladie, ne noon of those that were in the castell, wist not whedre was discomfit the giaunt / or the blak knight, because they were both in blak.

And then Ipomedon wold not yitt that they had wist that the giaunt was discomfit, for he had thought to goon prively vknwown as he come. & then rode he to the giauntz tent & set oute a banner of the giauntz, as who say, 'I am the giaunt & haue won the ladie, & discomfit the blak knight!' & then rode he to the castell wall & saw the ladie stand there and said, 'Ladie, now haue I won you & discomfit youre knight, & therfor make you redie to go with me in to Inde!' And then he rode agayn into his tent, & the ladie herd that, & then she swoned & made the most sorow that might be, & ordant hire certan men & women & went down by a posterm to the cee side & went to ship, & went theire way, for hire was leuer to go to the cee & lond where as God wold than to come to Leonyn the giaunt. And then Ipomedon went to the tent & laid him down to rest hym.

Now that tyme that Emayn was in Cecile for a knight, then was not Capanius at home. Bot whan he
come home & wist that Emain had ben there, & how such a fole was with hire, he made mich sorow, for he trowed wele that it was Ipomedon. & then he ordant him f 5 to discomfit the giaunt. And as he come in Calabre by the cee side, he se the ship where the Ladie of Calabre was in, and bekened theim to come toward the land to speke with him. & they supposed that it had bene the giaunt & made mich sorow.

Bot Capanius spake vnto theim & asked what they were, & they anserwed and said how it was the Ladie of Calabre, & was fled & durst no longer abide in hire lond. And Capanius called him to hir & bad hire be not ferde, for he was comen to helpe hire.

And then she told Capanius how there come a giaunt & had distroied hire lond, & how there come a fole out of Cecile with Emain & toke the batell, & how noble he faght & how [he] was discomfit at the last.

And thyn said Capanius, certan he was noo fole, bot he trowed that he was oon that cald him the Quene luf, that wan the degre at the turnament, for he said, certan there was not so worthie a knight in the world, ne that couth kepe him so privy vnknown. & then made he [with] the ladie a certan menye abide still there, and he roode furth to the place there as the batell was. And when he come there, he met Ipomedon all in blak & on a blak stede, & asked what he was. & he said, 'I hight Leonyn, & has here won the ladie of this land.' And Capanius said he shuld fight for hire or he had hire. And there faght Ipomedon & Capanius long to gedre, but Ipomedon was sore wounded before of the giaunt, that it was wondre that he might endure to stond on his fete.

Bot there faght he with Capanius so long that they were both right wery, that welny they might noo more. And at the last, Capanius gave Ipomedon such a stroke that his swerd & his glove flew of on his hond, and Capanius se the ring on his fynger & knew it wele enough, and praid him for the womans luf that he lufed best to tell him where he had that ring. And he said his modre gave it him that day that she died. And he asked whoo was his modre, and Ipomedon said the Quene of Poill...
Ipomedon and Capanius recognise each other as half brothers. Ipomedon is reconciled with the Feers, is crowned King of Apulia, and he and the Feers are married with great ceremony. The happy couple live together for many years, and after the Feers dies, Ipomedon travels to Thebes where he is killed in battle, as told in the story of the siege of Thebes.
THE B TEXT EXPLANATORY NOTES

Due to the similarities between the B and the C texts, there is a great deal of overlap between the two explanatory notes for each version. My aim is to keep this edition as simple and straightforward to use as possible, and avoid a complicated merging of the two sets of notes. Therefore, I have chosen to keep them separate despite the resulting repetition of information.

l.11 'Poyle Iond': The Norman conquest of Apulia began in 1041, although it would take over thirty years for southern Italy to be entirely under their control. See G.A. Loud, The Age of Robert Guiscard: Southern Italy and the Norman Conquest (London: Pearson Education Ltd., 2000), pp.92-145. In the twelfth century, when the Anglo-Norman Ipomedon, the source of the B and C texts, was written, Sicily, Apulia and Calabria were all Norman territories. This could explain the fact that the text is set predominantly in southern Italy.

l.24 'Ipomydon': Many names in this text, including this one (Hippomédon), are taken from the twelfth-century Roman de Thèbes. Hue de Rotelande, the author of the twelfth-century source text, pretends that his story is the precursor to the story of Thebes.

l.25 'noryce': Nurses were common for babies of wealthy families in the Middle Ages, but records often do not distinguish between 'wet-nurses', who breast-fed their charges, and 'dry-nurses', who did not. See Nicholas Orme, From Childhood to Chivalry: The Education of the English Kings and Aristocracy 1066-1530 (London: Methuen, 1984), p.11.

ll.27-8 'Many ladyes hym to 3eme / That serued all þat chyld to queme': Babies from noble families often had several servants solely devoted to their care, including night and day nurses, and 'rockers', whose duty it was to soothe them. See Orme, From Childhood to Chivalry, p.12.
ll.47-8 'to teche hym in all manere, / Lyke as he thyne owne were': From the eleventh century on, it was common for the eldest son of a king to be entrusted to a knight, who would act as a tutor, overseeing his education and training. Such an arrangement may have begun when a prince reached the age of six or seven. For more information on this, see Orme, *From Childhood to Chivalry*, pp.16-21. 'The Boke of Nurture for Men, Seruaunts, and Chyldren' in F.J. Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book ... the Bokes of nurture of Hugh Rhodes and John Russell*; Wynkyn de Wordes *Boke of kervynge with some French and Latin poems on like subjects* (EETS OS v.32 1869) also states that teaching children is a high service to God (p.63). Great care must have been taken in choosing Tholomew, since it was believed that children would take after their guardian (p.63).

l.80 'To hym myght cast þe tre ne stone': A popular medieval sport, most likely similar to the caber toss and stone put from the Highland Games. See Orme, *From Childhood to Chivalry*, p.205. 'Casting the stone was an exercise practiced by young Londoners in the twelfth century.' (John Arlott (ed.), *The Oxford Companion to Sports and Games* (London: OUP, 1975), p.947).

l.84 'Whytsontyde': This is the feast of Pentecost, the seventh Sunday after Easter, and marks the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples of Christ.


l.173 'Cystente': Christian countries or territories (see MED entry for 'Christendom').

l.224 'blissynge': It was common for children in the Middle Ages to ask their parents' blessing each day. See 'The Boke of Nurture for Men, Seruaunts, and Chyldren' in Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book* (1869), p.73, l.95.

l.246 'porter': A porter would grant people permission to enter a town or castle, take charge of their weapons and lead them to the lord of the dwelling. See 'The Boke of Curtasye' in Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book* (1869), p.299.
l.265 'pagis': 'the lowest-ranking servant in one of the departments in a royal, noble, or ecclesiastical household' (MED 'page' (n.1), definition 1).

l.280 'gentilman': a member of the nobility.

l.295 'Of þe cuppe ye shall serue me': Ipomedon is given the duty of a butler, namely to serve wine at dinner. This was an honourable job, the duties of which also included laying the table, cutting bread, and serving fruit and cheese at dinner. See 'John Russell's Boke of Nurture' in Furnivall (ed.), The babees book (1869), pp.120-5, 129-30.

ll.320-2 'Will ye se, þe proude squeer / Shall serue my lady of þe wyne / In his mantell þat is so fyne!': The B text differs from the C text here. Here, Ipomydon deliberately invites ridicule by apparently committing the faux pas of keeping his cloak on to serve at dinner, only to turn the situation around in his favour. His generous act puts the rest of the court to shame for their earlier mockery. This is the beginning of a pattern in the text, in which Ipomydon seemingly humiliates himself time and again and is judged harshly for it, only to then reveal that all is not as it seems. When his true actions and motivations are made clear, those who dismiss him are forced to acknowledge his superiority at the expense of their own.

l.345 'cosyne': This term is used to mean 'relative' throughout the text. Although he is clearly identified as her uncle, King Melliagere also refers to the lady as his 'cosyn' (ll.591, 603, 1686). See also the use of the word 'nevew' in the C text (p.73, l.13, p.77, l.33).

ll.355-6 'But she kowde wete for no case / Whens he come, ne what he was': The tradition of the Fair Unknown, a handsome stranger of unknown origin who appears at court, but proves to be a worthy knight, can be found in other romances such as Lybeaus Desconus, and in the tales of Perceval.

l.387 'wandlessours': 'One who intercepts and turns back the game towards the hunters' (MED).
l.397 'vndyd hyr dere': For a description of the highly ritualised manner in which deer were cut apart after their death, see John Cummins, *The Hound and the Hawk* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1988), pp.41-4. For very detailed romance scenes of a deer hunt, see *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (J.J. Anderson (ed.) (London: J.M. Dent, 1996), ll.1126-77, 1319-64). Although it refers more specifically to the A text, Jordi Sanchez Marti's article 'The Test of Venery in Ipomadon A', in *Studia Neophilologica* 79 (2007), pp. 148-158, takes an interesting look at how the hero's method of hunting reflects his skill and raises his status.

ll.531-2 'The Kyng his sonne knight gan make, / And many another for his sake': Such mass knightings became common from the start of the twelfth century onwards as a means of strengthening bonds between a lord's heir and his future followers. Although Ipomedon has been absent for several years, this knighting ceremony serves to reconnect him to those men who will later help him in his quests (Maurice Keen, *Chivalry*, (London: Yale University Press, 1984), p.69).

l.533 'Iustes': Maurice Keen argues that jousting and tournaments developed out of the need for knights to practice new military techniques, namely charging with a lance and unhorsing an opponent. Twelfth-century tournaments (when the source of the B and C texts was written), were very violent affairs. They were announced some time in advance and participants were divided into two teams who fought over a wide area, mainly with lance and sword. The aim was to unhorse, capture, and hold opponents to ransom. The wealthier you were, the more men you could bring with you to protect you. Due to the high death rate, the rules were gradually tightened and tournaments became more organised and less like a proper war. Although the risks involved were great, so were the benefits. Men competed for military training, personal riches, the chance of winning a rich lord's patronage, pride and love. (Keen, *Chivalry*, (1984), pp.81-101).

l.547 'Mynstrellys': 'An instrumental musician, singer, or story-teller' (MED).

ll.592-4 'And make hyr, or I wend hyr fro, / Me to graunt husband to take, / Or clene my love she shall forsake.': Although the law as early as c.1140 would give the Feers the right to refuse a marriage, in practice she understands the need to remain on good

1.643 'noble stedis': noble riding or war horses (MED), befitting Ipomydon's rank. See note for 'an old rouncy' (l.1646).

1.653 'Rede and whyte and blake they were': The theme of fighting anonymously while wearing armour in these colours on three consecutive days is a common romance motif, and also appears in *Sir Gowther* and *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

1.657 'Seseney': The Norman conquest of Sicily took place over the course of thirty years, from 1061 to 1091, putting an end to more than two centuries of Muslim rule. See Loud, *The Age of Robert Guiscard* (2000), pp.146-85.

1.725 'steward': *The Book of Curtasye* (Furnival (ed.), 1869), warns that many stewards, who were in charge of household accounts, were false. This distrust of stewards is a common romance motif, and also appears in *Sir Orfeo*, in which the hero feels the need to test the loyalty of the steward he had left in charge of his kingdom, and in *The Squire of Low Degree*, and *Amis and Amiloun*.

1.790 'Youre lemman gothe to wynne þe may!': See note for 'Iustes' (l.533). Given the importance of military pursuits, Ipomedon's decision to abstain completely from such activity would be considered cowardly and unusual.

1.804 'ermtage': Hermitages are often convenient places for knights in Middle English romances to rest and find shelter, especially in Malory's *Morte Darthur* as the knights of the Round Table ride from place to place.

1.858 'For God þat dyed vppon a tree': This is a reference to Christ's crucifixion. Roger Dalrymple identifies several reasons for the frequency of religious references in medieval romance, including their value for metre and rhyme, and the ease with which an audience could identify with such expressions. See Roger Dalrymple,

1.927 'Praying he moste þe Kyng somme bere': Francis Klingender argues that the ritual of presenting the lord with the severed, horned head of the hart is symbolic of the lord's own cuckolded head. Thus, it is an expression of the courtly love triangle between the lord, his wife, and her knightly lover (Francis Klingender, Animals in Art and Thought to the End of the Middle Ages (edited by Evelyn Antal and John Hartham), (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971), pp.471-2). The implication in this text is that while King Melliagere is occupied with the tournament, the queen's lover is at home flirting.

II.1401-2 'The strange squyer hathe you sent / Thys ilke stede to present': The motif of an unknown champion appearing at the last moment, who later turns out to be well-known, is also found in the Stanzaic Guy of Warwick (ll.1645-53, 2699-2700), and the Stanzaic Morte Arthur (from ll.1612-5).

II.1407-8 'And hold vp that ye hau hight, / To take no man but he were wight.': Ipomydon and the lady have publicly (although separately) declared their intention to marry. Even without the involvement of the Church, such a verbal contract was considered a legitimate marriage by many in the Middle Ages (R. H. Helmholz, Marriage Litigation in Medieval England (London: Cambridge University Press, 1974), pp.25-73). Thus, Ipomydon has a genuine claim to her when Geron attacks (see ll.1882-3).

I.1466 ‘the space of a myle’: this signifies the time it takes to walk a mile, in other words 15 to 20 minutes (Linne Mooney, ‘The Cock and the Clock: Telling Time in Chaucer’s Day’, Studies in the Age of Chaucer 15 (1993), pp.91-109).

I.1566 'A riche rynge of gold full clere': the theme of close relatives recognising each other thanks to a token such as a ring or an item of clothing is a common romance motif, occurring in other Middle English romances such as Lay le Freine and Sir Degaré. Unlike in the C text, this ring has no magical properties.
l.1601 'Duke Geron': In the C text, the lady is besieged by a giant, rather than a neighbouring duke.

l.1646 'an old rouncy': A pack horse, workhorse, or small horse (MED). In this text, the type of horse a man rides has a direct bearing on his reputation and his perceived social standing. As a young man of noble, if mysterious, origin Ipomydon rides a fine steed. When dressed as a fool, he chooses a more modest horse, and when he wishes to shame Caymys he gives him a lesser mount to ride home on (ll.1493-4).

l.1674 'A dwerffe': Dwarves first made their appearance in medieval literature in the second half of the twelfth century, as part of the Arthurian tradition. See Anne Martineau, *Le Nain et le Chevalier: Essai sur les nains français du Moyen Âge* (Paris: Presses de l'Université de Paris-Sorbonne, 2003), p.15. A scene almost parallel to this one, in which a dwarf accompanies a maiden to court to ask for help for her beleaguered lady, can be found in *Lybeaus Desconus*. For the many varied spellings of this word, see the Electronic Middle English Dictionary.

ll.1882-3 'For all myne owne that lady ys, / And full longe she hathe be soo.': See note for ll.1407-8.

ll.1897-8 'The lady lay in an hye toure / And saw bytwene theyme all þe stoure': The scene in which the hero (often in disguise) defeats his opponent under the watchful eye of his lady is a common one in romance. 'It becomes one of the classic means of depicting the hero proving himself worthy of his beloved\'s affection, under the direct inspiration of her gaze and her beauty.' (Maurice Keen, *Nobles, Knights and Men-at-Arms in the Middle Ages* (London: The Hambledon Press, 1996), p.28).

ll.1952-3 'To hyr shyppe she gan hyr hyee; / They plukkyd vp sayles & forthe þey paste': When Geron besieges the lady, he does not appear to be interested in breaking in to her castle. There is no mention of a great army, other than his three companions, siege engines, or attempts at cutting off supplies to the castle, all typical of a medieval siege. The maiden is able to sneak in and out with ease, and the lady supplies her ships and escapes. Geron\'s actions are as much about power play as
about conquering new lands. By refusing to press the advantage he has over the lady, and giving her a chance to find a champion, his victory is the more complete. For more information on medieval sieges, see Bennett (et al.), Fighting Techniques of the Medieval World AD 500-AD1500: Equipment, Combat Skills, and Tactics (New York: Thomas Dunne Books, 2006), chapter 4: 'Siege Techniques', pp.171-209. For more information on the treatment of sieges in other romances, see Malcolm Hebron, The Medieval Siege: Theme and Image in Middle English Romance, Oxford English Monographs (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1997).

l.2077 'Where he had þat ylke rynge': See note for 'A riche rynge of gold full clere' (l.1566).

ll.2293-4 'And yaff hym an Erledom ffre, / And a mayde hys leff to bee': Although this is not an uncommon scenario in medieval romance, it does create an unsettling parallel with the giant's bestowal of Emain on several of his followers in the C text.

ll.2309-10 'To hys wyffe a fayre may /That he had louyd many a day': See note for ll. 2293-4.

ll.2341-2 'And whan they dyed, I trow, i wis, /Bothe they yede to heuyn blysse,'. Unlike other medieval romances, such as Havelok the Dane, this one makes no mention of the product of children or heirs. It does, however, follow the tradition of ending with a commentary on the hero's spiritual destiny after death (see also King Horn, The Squire of Low Degree, and Sir Gowther).
THE C TEXT EXPLANATORY NOTES

p.84, l.1 'Cecile': The Norman conquest of Sicily took place over the course of thirty years, from 1061 to 1091, putting an end to more than two centuries of Muslim rule. See G.A. Loud, The Age of Robert Guiscard: Southern Italy and the Norman Conquest (London: Pearson Education Ltd., 2000), pp.146-85. In the twelfth century, when the Anglo-Norman Ipomedon, the source of the B and C texts, was written, Sicily, Apulia and Calabria were all Norman territories. This could explain the fact that the text is set predominantly in southern Italy.

p.84, l.13 'neveu': Although this word does mean 'nephew' in this case, this word can also be applied to any male relative. See the MED entry for 'neveu (n.)'. See also the use of the word 'cosyn' in the B text (ll.591, 597, 603, 1686).


p.84, l.41 'Feers': Eugen Kölbing, the 1889 editor of the C text, suggests that this word is a mistranslation of the Anglo-Norman word 'fière' [proud'] (Ipomedon in drei Englischen Bearbeitungen (Breslau: Wilhelm Koebner, 1889), p.462). However, according to the MED this word's primary meaning is, indeed, 'proud'. The lady of Calabre's designation as 'the proud one' could be a reference to the tradition of the 'orgeuilleuse d'amour' [the woman proud in love]. See Philippe Ménard, Le Rire et le Sourire dans le Roman Courtois en France au Moyen Age (Geneva: Librairie Droz, 1969), pp.220-22.

p.85, l.5 'Poile': The Norman conquest of Apulia began in 1041, although it would take over thirty years for southern Italy to be entirely under their control. See Loud, The Age of Robert Guiscard, pp.92-145.

p.85, l.9 'Ipomedon': Many names in this text, including this one (Hippomédon), are taken from the twelfth-century Roman de Thèbes. Hue de Rotelande, the author of
the twelfth-century source text, pretends that his story is the precursor to the story of Thebes.

p.85, ll.10-1 'squire with him which was his maistre and had the governance of him': The C text is unique in referring to Tholomew as a squire, rather than a knight. From the eleventh century on, it was common for the eldest son of a king to be entrusted to a knight, who would act as a tutor, overseeing his education and training. Such an arrangement may have begun when a prince reached the age of six or seven. For more information on this, see Nicholas Orme, *From Childhood to Chivalry: The Education of the English Kings and Aristocracy 1066-1530* (London: Methuen, 1984) pp.16-21. 'The Boke of Nurture for Men, Seruaunts, and Chyldren' in F.J. Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book ... the Bokes of nurture of Hugh Rhodes and John Russell; Wynkyn de Wordes Boke of kervynge with some French and Latin poems on like subjects* (EETS OS v.32 1869) also states that teaching children is a high service to God (p.63). Great care must have been taken in choosing Tholomew, since it was believed that children would take after their guardian (p.63).

p.85, ll.36-7 'he was never well taught man of a court ne [nor] of oo scole': It was common for boys of noble families to be sent away during adolescence to finish their education in another household. See Orme, *From Childhood to Chivalry*, p.45.

p.86, ll.25-6 'to serve hire of the cupp': Ipomedon is given the duty of a butler, namely to serve wine at dinner. This was an honourable job, the duties of which also included laying the table, cutting bread, and serving fruit and cheese at dinner. See 'John Russell's Boke of Nurture' in Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book* (1869), pp.120-5, 129-30.

p.86, ll.26-7 'and he as the maner was of his contree put a mantle vpon him and so he went vnto the cellar for wyn to the ladie and all men that se him goo to the cellar with his mantle vpon him lough him to scorne for it was noght the maner a man to serve with his mantle vpon him': The C text is unique in giving this reason for Ipomedon keeping his cloak on initially. As a result, his actions come across as less calculated than those of his counterpart in the B text. Although he apparently does
commit a faux pas in keeping his cloak on to serve at dinner, he quickly turns the situation around in his favour. His generous act puts the rest of the court to shame for their earlier mockery. Although he does not deliberately invite ridicule on this occasion, this scene marks the beginning of a pattern in the text, in which the hero seemingly humiliates himself time and again and is judged harshly for it, only to then reveal that all is not as it seems. When his true actions and motivations are made clear, those who dismiss him are forced to acknowledge his superiority at the expense of their own.

p.87, ll.4-5 'to iusting, ne to tourneing': Maurice Keen argues that jousting and tournaments developed out of the need for knights to practice new military techniques, namely charging with a lance and unhorsing an opponent. Twelfth-century tournaments (when the source of the C text was written), were very violent affairs. They were announced some time in advance and participants were divided into two teams who fought over a wide area, mainly with lance and sword. The aim was to unhorse, capture, and hold opponents to ransom. The wealthier you were, the more men you could bring with you to protect you. Due to the high death rate, the rules were gradually tightened and tournaments became more organised and less like a proper war. Although the risks involved were great, so were the benefits. Men competed for military training, personal riches, the chance of winning a rich lord's patronage, pride and love. Hence, Ipomedon's decision to abstain completely from such activity would be considered cowardly and unusual. (Maurice Keen, *Chivalry*, (London: Yale University Press, 1984), pp.81-101).

p.87, l.23 'vndoo the dere': For a description of the highly ritualised manner in which deer were cut apart after their death, see John Cummins, *The Hound and the Hawk* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1988), pp.41-4. For very detailed romance scenes of a deer hunt, see *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (J.J. Anderson (ed.) (London: J.M. Dent, 1996)). Although it refers more specifically to the A text, Jordi Sanchez Marti's article 'The Test of Venery in Ipomadon A', in *Studia Neophilologica* 79 (2007), pp. 148-158, takes an interesting look at how the hero's method of hunting reflects his skill and raises his status.
p.88, l.31 'Eman': This name is derived from 'Ysmeine', a character in the *Roman de Thèbes*. Ysmeine is the more weak-willed sister of the heroine, Antigone, and acts as her foil. Similarly, in the C text, Eman is a sympathetic but weak character, who encourages her mistress to forget her mysterious lover in favour of the winner of the tournament, and who later tries to win Ipomedon for herself.

p.88, l.33 'nevew': Since the Feers is clearly an only child, this is an example of the term 'nephew' being used to designate a different family connection. See the note for 'nevew' (p.73, l.13).

p.90, ll.19-20 'a dreme, that he mett opon': Prophetic dreams, such as the one Ipomedon fakes, are common occurrences in medieval romance, such as *Amis and Amiloun* (ll.1009-20), *Bevis of Hampton* (ll.3841-4, 4041-4), and *Erle of Tolous* (ll.806-14).

p.90, ll.38-9 'and then Iason prayd him to tell him his name': The tradition of the Fair Unknown, a handsome stranger of unknown origin who appears at court, but proves to be a worthy knight, can be found in other romances such as *Lybeaus Desconus*, and in the tales of Perceval.

p.91, l.19 'closett': 'A private apartment or room' (MED). In a medieval home, there would have been very few private spaces. Even the lord's bedchamber was frequently shared with other members of the household, making it difficult for the Feers to hide her distress from Eman.

p.91, ll.33-4 "Le vay' and aftre 'va ha": In this scene, the Feers' breath catches as she tries to tell Eman that she loves 'le valet estraunge', the 'straunge squier'. This moment mirrors the scene from the *Roman d'Enéas* in which the heroine, Lavinia, admits to her mother that she loves Enéas (see Yunck, J.A. (ed.), *Enéas: A Twelfth-Century French Romance* (New York, London: Columbia University Press, 1974) p.226.
p.92, ll.27-8 'For ther is noo thing in this world shall forthire a man more in armes than shall luf': A hero performing feats of arms for his beloved is a common motif in romance, for example in *Guy of Warwick*.

p.93, l.8 'Barbelet': The name of King Hermogines' city seems to be derived from 'barbelé', an Anglo-Norman word for a barbed arrow. This could be a reference to the King's might and power, or to the military prowess of his men, including Ipomedon.

p.93, l.20 'a ring': the theme of close relatives recognising each other thanks to a token such as a ring or an item of clothing is a common romance motif, occurring in other Middle English romances such as *Lay le Freine* and *Sir Degaré*.

p.93, l.23 'blissing': It was common for children in the Middle Ages to ask their parents' blessing each day. However, this blessing is clearly significant as it is the last one he will receive from his mother. See 'The Boke of Nurture for Men, Seruaunts, and Chyldren' in F.J. Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book* (1869), p. 73, l.95.

p.93, ll.36-7: 'and at the feste gave his sonne ordre of knight and othre twenty also of the worthiest of the lond be cause of him': Such mass knightings became common from the start of the twelfth century onwards as a means of strengthening bonds between a lord's heir and his future followers. Although Ipomedon has been absent for three years, this knighting ceremony serves to reconnect him to those men who will later help him in his quests (Keen, *Chivalry* (1984), p.69).

p.95, ll.25-6 'because that he was hire next kynne and chief lord also, she durst not doo withouten his counsell': Although the law as early as c.1140 would give the Feers the right to refuse a marriage, in practice she understands the need to remain on good terms with King Melliagere, who is both her feudal lord and guardian. See Noel James Menuge, *Medieval English Wardship in Romance and Law* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 2001), pp.82-6, 102.

p.95, l.39 'Amphion': This name also appears in the *Roman de Thèbes*. 
p.98, l.24 'Egeon': This name also appears in the *Roman de Thèbes*.

pp.98-9 white, red and black: The theme of fighting anonymously while wearing armour in these colours on three consecutive days is a common romance motif, and also appears in *Sir Gowther* and *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

p.99, ll.17-9 'it was the guyse in that tyme a knight that went to seke aventures shuld goo & come alloon withoute more felawshipp': Most Middle English romance heroes do travel alone on their adventure, such as Gowther, Orfeo and Gawain, or with only a few trusted companions, such as Bevis of Hampton.

p.100, l.11 'to take the copp of his gyft & that they might be felaws as brethre euermore aftre': This sworn companionship between fellow knights binds them both in matters of honour, fortune and love. It is so strong that it is only overruled by genuine kinship ties, and loyalty to one’s feudal lord. See Maurice Keen, *Nobles, Knights and Men-at-Arms in the Middle Ages* (London: The Hambledon Press, 1996), pp.45-8. For another example of this type of bond in Middle English romance, see *Amis and Amiloun*.

p.100, l.24 'the Quene Derling Drwe lay roigne': In medieval literature, according to Maurice Keen, 'the adoration of a great lady, the wife of a count maybe or of a high baron, had more than simple erotic significance. Her acceptance of her admirer's love (which meant her acceptance of his amorous service, not admission to her bed) was the *laisser passer* into the rich, secure world of the court of which she was mistress. The courtly literature of the troubadours encapsulated thus an amorous ethic of service to a lady which was essentially comparable to the ethic of faithful service to a lord' (Keen, *Chivalry* (1984), p.30). Ipomedon earns the scorn of the court because his love does not appear to lead to any brave feats of arms. Apart from his good looks and courtesy, he has nothing to offer the queen.

p.103, l.1 'porter': A porter would grant people permission to enter a town or castle, take charge of their weapons and lead them to the lord of the dwelling. See 'The Boke of Curtasye' in F.J. Furnivall (ed.), *The babees book* (1869), p.299.
p.103, l.22 'hermitage': Hermitages are often convenient places for knights in Middle English romances to rest and find shelter, especially in Malory's *Morte Darthur* as the knights of the Round Table ride from place to place.

p.103, ll.26-8 '& armed him all in white, & leped vpon his white stede, & toke a white spere in his hond': Because knights at tournaments were covered from head to toe, the only way of identifying them was their armour, specifically the unique heraldic devices on their shields. To fight anonymously, like Ipomedon does here, gives him a distinct advantage, since none of his opponents can gauge his strength in advance. This trick is also used by some of the Knights of the Round Table in Malory's *Morte Darthur*, as well as in *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

p.103, l.35 'the waites were on the castell wall': In this case, the watchmen also serve the function of heralds.

p.103, l.42 'that he might furst iust': tournaments occasionally began with such individual jousts (Keen, *Chivlary* (1984), pp.86-7). Anthenor's request implies that it is an honour to open the tournament in this way, although why he would wish to fight an anonymous, possibly lowly knight is unclear.

p.105, l.27 'clarrie': This is 'a drink made of wine (or ale) spiced, sweetened with honey, and clarified by straining' (MED entry for 'clarrie').

p.110, l.14 'steyward': *The Book of Curtasye* (Furnival (ed.), 1869), warns that many stewards, who were in charge of household accounts, were false. This distrust of stewards is a common romance motif, and also appears in *Sir Orfeo*, in which the hero feels the need to test the loyalty of the steward he had left in charge of his kingdom, and in *The Squire of Low Degree*, and *Amis and Amiloun*.

p.113, l.15 'Adratus': This name appears in the *Roman de Thèbes* as Adrastus or Adraste.

p.113, l.18 'nigromancie': 'Sorcery, witchcraft, black magic, occult art; necromancy; divination, conjuration of spirits' (MED entry for 'nigromauncie' (n.) )
p.116, l.43 'Theos': This name also appears in the *Roman de Thèbes*.

p.117: *He reveals that the straunge squiere [the strange squire] and the drew lay roigne [the queen's lover] are one and the same*: The motif of an unknown champion appearing at the last moment, who later turns out to be well-known, is also found in the *Stanzaic Guy of Warwick* (ll.1645-53, 2699-2700), and the *Stanzaic Morte Arthur* (from ll.1612-5).

p.118, l.13 'amblere': A saddle horse (as distinct from a war horse) (MED entry for 'amblere' (n.(1))).

p.120, l.28 'giaunt': Giants are often cast as monstrous antagonists in Middle English romances. Other examples can be found in *Octavian*, *Bevis of Hampton*, *Sir Eglamour of Artois*, and *Torrent of Portyngale*. In the B text, the lady's antagonist is a neighbouring duke, rather than a giant.

p.120, l.28 'Inde maior': Greater India (MED entry for 'Inde').

p.122, l.3 'a dwarow': Dwarves first made their appearance in medieval literature in the second half of the twelfth century, as part of the Arthurian tradition. See Anne Martineau, *Le Nain et le Chevalier: Essai sur les nains français du Moyen Âge* (Paris: Presses de l'Université de Paris-Sorbonne, 2003), p.15. A scene almost parallel to this one, in which a dwarf accompanies a maiden to court to ask for help for her beleaguered lady, can be found in *Lybeaus Desconus*. For the many varied spellings of this word, see the Electronic Middle English Dictionary.

p.126, l.39 'for she wold goo stele a way prively be night': When the giant besieges the Feers, he does not appear to be interested in breaking in to her castle. There is no mention of a great army, other than his three companions, siege engines, or attempts at cutting off supplies to the castle, all typical of a medieval siege. Emain is able to sneak in and out with ease, and the lady supplies her ships and escapes. The giant's actions are as much about power play as about conquering new lands. By refusing to press the advantage he has over the lady, and giving her a chance to find a champion,
his victory is the more complete. For more information on medieval sieges, see Bennett (et al.), *Fighting Techniques of the Medieval World AD 500-AD1500: Equipment, Combat Skills, and Tactics* (New York: Thomas Dunne Books, 2006), chapter 4: 'Siege Techniques', pp.171-209. For more information on the treatment of sieges in other romances, see Malcolm Hebron (ed.), *The Medieval Siege: Theme and Image in Middle English Romance* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1997).

p.127, l.7 'Ipomedon said that he had better right to hire than he': Ipomedon and the Feers have publicly (although separately) declared their intention to marry. Even without the involvement of the Church, such a verbal contract was considered a legitimate marriage by many in the Middle Ages (R. H. Helmholz, *Marriage Litigation in Medieval England* (London: Cambridge University Press, 1974), pp.25-73). Thus, Ipomedon has a genuine claim to her.

p.127, ll.23-4 'God is mightie & strong enugh to help me in my right': In climactic duelling scenes such as this one, the chivalric trope dictates that the hero should receive his inspiration from the presence of his beloved (Keen, *Nobles, Knights and Men-at-Arms* (1996), p.28). However, in keeping with the more pious nature of Ipomedon in this text, he receives his help and encouragement from God alone.

p.127, ll.31-4 'and toke the ring of on his fyngre, that his modre gave him, & laid the stoone to the wound, & anoon the bloode staunched.': The healing properties of Ipomedon's ring are reminiscent of both the magic girdle Gawain is tricked into accepting in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, which is supposed to protect the wearer from death, and the protective power of Excalibur's scabbard in many of the Arthurian tales.

p.128, ll.5-6 'now has thou a crowne: thou maist say, thou hast taken ordres': Ipomedon is referring to the tonsure worn by monks in the Middle Ages.

p.129, ll.38-9 'Capanius se the ring on his fynger & knew it wele enugh': See note for 'a ring' (p.82, l.20).