

**AN EDITION OF THE *IPOMEDON B* AND *C* TEXTS**

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**SEPTEMBER 2011**

## 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 (ll.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),<sup>1</sup> and the fifteenth-century, 16 folio, prose *Ipomedon* (also known as the *C* text).<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup>

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.<sup>4</sup> 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.

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<sup>1</sup>Last 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.

<sup>2</sup>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 out of print.

<sup>3</sup>Rhiannon Purdie (ed.), *Ipomedon* (EETS O.S. 316, 2001), pp.xiv-xv.

<sup>4</sup>A.J. Holden, 'Postérité du Poème', in *Ipomedon: Poème de Hue de Rotelande (Fin du XIIe Siècle)* (Paris: Éditions Klincksieck, 1979), pp.58-9.

### **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.<sup>5</sup> 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':<sup>6</sup> 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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<sup>5</sup> Ad Putter and Jane Gilbert, 'Introduction', in Ad Putter and Jane Gilbert (eds.) *The Spirit of Medieval English Romance*, (Harlow, England: Longman, 2000), pp.1-38.

<sup>6</sup> Putter, *The Spirit of Medieval English Romance*, p.1.

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'.<sup>7</sup>

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,<sup>8</sup> 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<sup>9</sup> 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.<sup>10</sup> 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.

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<sup>7</sup> Putter, *The Spirit of Medieval English Romance*, p.5.

<sup>8</sup>Setting aside spelling variations, these are as follows: 'as I gesse' l.72; 'as I you say' ll.104, 1828, 1962, 2244, 2249, 2265, 2301; 'I undirstand' ll.317, 1591, 2059, 2220, 2242, 2248, 2278, 2296; 'here will I telle' l.549; 'as I you telle' l.1553; 'I can not say' l.2212; 'I dare wele say' l.2221. This list refers only to the phrases used by the narrator himself, and not spoken by any of the characters.

<sup>9</sup>Joyce Coleman, 'Interactive Parchment: The Theory and Practice of Medieval English Auralty', in *The Yearbook of English Studies* 25 (1995), p.70.

<sup>10</sup>Jordi Sanchez Marti, 'Reading Romance in Late Medieval England: The Case of the Middle English *Ipomedon*', in *Philological Quarterly* 83 (2004), pp.20-21.

The *B* text uses these formulaic phrases as a reminder of the aural nature of the text. The *C* text, by contrast, makes frequent reference to a written source: 'the storie telles' (p.87, ll.8-9), 'the boke telles' (p.87. l.37, p.88, l.8), 'the boke saith' (p.96 l.15, p.115, l.18), and 'as the boke sais' (p.105, ll.13-14, p.110, l.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, l.36, p.88, l.22, p.122, l.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 *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 *Ipomedon*. Because they are a reasonably close paraphrase of the beginning of the Anglo-Norman *Ipomedon* – once Hue has finished introducing his text – the opening paragraphs of the *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 *Ipomedon* is similar in length to the *B* text, the author of the *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 *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'.<sup>11</sup> Equally, the examination of the *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

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<sup>11</sup>Helen Cooper, 'Prose Romances', in A.S.G. Edwards (ed.), *A Companion to Middle English Prose* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 2004), pp.216-7, 217.

the friendship between Ipomedon and Capaneus before informing the readers that 'they were brethre 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 suspenseful 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.'<sup>12</sup> 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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<sup>12</sup>H.J. Chaytor, *From Script to Print: An Introduction to Medieval Vernacular Literature* (Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., 1945), p.83.

Ipomedon travels behind this procession at a little distance because of all the dust raised (ll.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 (l.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.<sup>13</sup> 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

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<sup>13</sup> Nicola McDonald, 'A polemical introduction', in Nicola McDonald (ed.), *Pulp Fictions of Medieval England: Essays in Popular Romance*, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2004), p.8.

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',<sup>14</sup> but points out that none of the later, Middle English versions 'preserve any of the special excellencies of Hue's humorous and leisurely romance'.<sup>15</sup> 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'.<sup>16</sup> 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.

<sup>14</sup>Laura.A. Hibbard, *Medieval Romance in England: A Study of the Sources and Analogues of the Non-Cyclic Metrical Romances* (London: Oxford University Press, 1924; rpt. New York: Burt Franklin, 1969), p.224.

<sup>15</sup>Hibbard, *Medieval Romance in England*, p.225.

<sup>16</sup>Rosalind Field, 'Ipomedon to Ipomadon A: Two Views of Courtliness', in R. Ellis (ed.), *The Medieval Translator: The Theory and Practice of Translation in the Middle Ages* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 1989), p.136.

Finis<sup>17</sup>

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.<sup>18</sup> This poem contains echoes of Chaucer's passage 'Go, litel bok, go, litel myn tragedye,' (*Troilus and Criseyde*, Book V, ll.1786-92).<sup>19</sup> 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'.<sup>20</sup> 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.<sup>21</sup> 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'?<sup>22</sup> This could well be a reference to the fact that as long as fifty years may have passed between the *B* text being written

<sup>17</sup>Mary Carpenter Erler (ed.), *Robert Copland: Poems* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1993), p.76.

<sup>18</sup>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.

<sup>19</sup>All quotations are taken from Geoffrey Chaucer, 'Troilus and Criseyde', in Larry D. Benson (ed.), *The Riverside Chaucer* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987).

<sup>20</sup>Nicholas Watson, 'The Politics of Middle English Writing', in Jocelyn Wogan-Browne et. al. (eds.), *The Idea of the Vernacular: An Anthology of Middle English Literary Theory, 1280-1520* (Exeter: University of Exeter Press, 1999), p.347.

<sup>21</sup>Watson, 'The Politics of Middle English Writing' (1999), p.348.

<sup>22</sup>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.<sup>23</sup>

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,<sup>24</sup> the *C* text has not been published since 1889,<sup>25</sup> 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.<sup>26</sup> 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 Fièvre'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

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<sup>23</sup>Jordi Sanchez Marti, 'The Printed History of the Middle English Verse Romances', in *Modern Philology* 107 (2009), pp.1-2, 31.

<sup>24</sup>Tadahiro Ikegami (ed.), *The Lyfe of Ipomydon* vol.1 (Tokyo: Seijo University, 1983).

<sup>25</sup>Eugen Kolbing, *Ipomedon in drei Englischen Bearbeitungen* (Breslau: Wilhelm Koebner, 1889).

<sup>26</sup>For a detailed examination of how the character of the heroine has evolved over time, and the implications thereof, see Brenda Thaon, 'La Fiere: The Career of Hue de Rotelande's Heroine in England', *Reading Medieval Studies* 9 (1983), pp.56-69.



of La Fièvre'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.'<sup>27</sup> 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 Fièvre'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 Ipomedon 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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<sup>27</sup> Susan Crane, *Insular Romance: Politics, Faith, and Culture in Anglo-Norman and Middle English Literature* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1986), p.142.

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 pleases God and encreases 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 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.<sup>28</sup> 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

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<sup>28</sup> J.A. Burrow, 'The Uses of Incognito: *Ipomadon A*', in Carol M. Meale (ed.), *Readings in Medieval English Romance* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 1994), pp.25-34.

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 displeases 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 enough to help me in my right,' (p.127, ll.14-15), and that 'he wold yelde him neuer 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.<sup>29</sup>

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 Fièvre'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 Fièvre is the final nail in the coffin of the female characters in the

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<sup>29</sup>Roger Dalrymple, *Language and Piety in Middle English Romance* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 2000), pp.10, 29.

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 Fièvre'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*.<sup>30</sup>

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)

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<sup>30</sup>J.A. Yunck (ed.), *Enéas: A Twelfth-Century French Romance* (New York, London: Columbia University Press, 1974), p.227; B. de Sainte-Maure, *Le Roman de Troie*, ed. E. Baumgartner and F. Viellard (Paris: Librairie Générale Française, 1998), p.275.

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 pouert 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, Ipomydon 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. Ipomydon's use of phrases such as 'Pe 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 15<sup>th</sup> century.<sup>31</sup> The dialect of the *C* text is too mixed to provide any exact location.<sup>32</sup>

### **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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<sup>31</sup>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.

<sup>32</sup>Carol M. Meale, 'The Middle English Romance of Ipomedon: A Late Medieval 'Mirror' for Princes and Merchants', in *Reading Medieval Studies* 10 (1984), p.139, cf. note 32.

The contents are as follows, based on the catalogue of the contents by Carol M. Meale,<sup>33</sup> and that by David R. Parker:<sup>34</sup>

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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<sup>33</sup>Carol M. Meale, *The Social and Literary Contexts of a Late Medieval Manuscript: A Study of Harley 2252 and its Owner John Colyns* (Unpublished University of York Thesis 1984), vol 1, pp.35-65.

<sup>34</sup>David R. Parker, *The Commonplace Book in Tudor London: An Examination of BL MSS Egerton 1995, Harley 2252, Lansdowne 762, and Oxford Balliol College MS 354* (Oxford: UP of America, 1998), pp.91-5.

*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 þe 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 Brefe 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 þat 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 Ipomydon* 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.<sup>35</sup> 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.<sup>36</sup> 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.<sup>37</sup> 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.'<sup>38</sup> *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 desirree/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.<sup>39</sup> 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.<sup>40</sup> The first part contains mainly literary texts, including *Ipomedon* (ff.90r-105v), and is

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<sup>35</sup>T. Takamiya, referenced in Ikegami, 'Introduction' in *The Lyfe of Ipomydon* (1983), p.xiv.

<sup>36</sup>Carol M. Meale, 'Wynkyn de Worde's Setting-Copy for *Ipomydon*', in *Studies in Bibliography* 35 (1982), pp.156-71.

<sup>37</sup>Carol M. Meale, 'The Compiler at Work: John Colyns and BL MS Harley 2252', in Derek Pearsall (ed.), *Manuscripts and Readers in Fifteenth-Century England: The Literary Implications of Manuscript Studies* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 1983), p.83.

<sup>38</sup>Meale, 'The Compiler at Work' (1983), p.93.

<sup>39</sup>Jordi Sanchez Marti, 'Longleat House MS 257 - a description' *Atlantis* 27 (2005) p.79.

<sup>40</sup>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.<sup>41</sup> The written space is an average of 13cm x 21.5cm. The following catalogue of contents is based on that of Jordi Sanchez Marti:<sup>42</sup>

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.<sup>43</sup>

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<sup>41</sup> Sanchez Marti, 'Longleat House MS 257 (2005) p.84.

<sup>42</sup> Sanchez Marti, 'Longleat House MS 257 (2005) pp.82-3.

<sup>43</sup> Sanchez Marti, 'Longleat House MS 257' (2005) pp.80-1.

**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 'w<sup>t</sup>' 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 '&'. 'H' 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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**B TEXT: THE LYFE OF IPOMYDON**

## The lyfe of Ipomydon

- f.54r* **M**ekely lordyngis, gentyll and fre,  
 Lystene a while and herken to me.  
 I shall you telle of a kynge,  
 A dowghty man *withowte* lesynge. *valiant / lying*
- 5 In his tyme he was full bolde,  
 A worthy man and wele of tolde; *spoken of*  
 Feyre he was on fote and hand,  
 And wele belouyd in all that lande;  
 Off bodye he was styffe & stronge,  
 10 And to no man he wold do wronge.  
 Of Poyle lond lord was he; *Apulia*  
 Gold and syluere he had plente. *high*  
 Hye and low louyd hym alle -  
 Moche honoure to hym was falle.
- 15 Hys name was Kynge Ermones;  
 He hated wronge & louyd pees.  
 His Quene was bothe bryght and shene, *fair and beautiful*  
 Moche goodnesse was hem bytwene.  
 To God they preyd after an eyre, *heir*
- 20 He sent theym one bothe good & feyre;  
 Feyre he was of flesshe and blode,  
 They thangkyd God *with* myld mode. *a humble spirit*  
 To chyrche they bare the chyld thanne  
 And crystenyd hym Ipomydon.
- 25 Till a noryce they dyd hym take *wet nurse*  
 And for þat chyld grete ioy they make.  
 Many ladyes hym to 3eme *cared for him*  
 That *serued* all þat chyld to queme. *in a proper manner*  
 The childe was feyre and waxe *with* all, *and grew therewith*
- 30 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
- f.54v* That namyd was Syr Tholomew. *named*
- 35 He was a knyght of grete pouste, *power*  
 And well bylouyd in that contre,  
 Bothe of more & of lesse, *high and low status*  
 For hym folowyd all goodnesse. *virtue*  
 Curteyse he was and hend of mouthe;
- 40 Of norture, I wys, myche he couthe *upbringing*  
 That lordys vsyd in there halle,  
 And ladyes in chamber grete & smalle.  
 Hermones sayd in his manere: *Ermones*  
 'I haue a sonne þat me ys dere,

1.27 to 3eme] *MS que crossed out between to and 3eme*    1.37 & of] *MS eke superscript in second hand before of lesse*    1.43 Hermones] *MS kynge written in margin in second hand before Hermones*

- 45 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.' *as though*
- 50 'Wold God I cowthe your sonne teche  
 Thyng that myght torne hym to prow.'  
 Ipomydon resseyueth he now. *valour*  
 Tholomew a clerke he toke *he takes charge of*  
 That taught the child vppon þe boke, *to read*
- 55 Bothe to synge and to rede,  
 And after he taught hym other dede:  
 Aftirward to serve in halle,  
 Bothe to grete and to smalle,  
 Before the Kyng mete to kerve, *meat*
- 60 Hye and low feyre to serve. *courteously*  
 Bothe of howndis & haukis game *hunting and hawking*  
 Aftir he taught hym all & same, *one and all*  
 In se, in feld and eke in ryuere, *sea / river*  
 In wodde to chase the wild dere, *forest*
- 65 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; *polite / noble of character*
- f.55r 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.
- 75 Now is he waxen a goodly man,  
 To all godnesse he yaff hym than. *gave himself to*  
 He ys a myghty man for the nonys *indeed*  
 And wele ishape *with* grete bonys. *formed / bones*  
 In all that contre was there none
- 80 To hym myght cast þe tre ne stone. *throw*  
 The Kyng of hym grete ioy had,  
 For all folke of hym were glad.  
 Every yere the Kyng wold  
 At Whytsontyde a fest hold.
- 85 Off dukis, erlis and barons *dukes / earls*  
 Many there come frome dyuers townes; *different*  
 Ladyes, maydens, gentill & fre,  
 Come thedyr frome ferre contre,  
 And grete lordis of ferre lond
- 90 Thedyr were prayd byfore the hand. *invited beforehand*  
 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. *relate*
- 95 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.  
 His feyre chere in halle theym smert *face / pierced them*
- 100 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,  
 f.55v Somme to chambre and som to boure, *inner room*  
 And somme to the hye towre,  
 And somme in the halle stode  
 And spake what hem thought gode. *they*  
 Men that were of that cyte
- 110 Enquered of men of other contre  
 Of Calabre lond who was kynge,  
 And som answerd to his askynge:  
 'He ys dede sythe many a day *since*  
 And byhynde he left a feyre may *maiden*
- 115 That ys his doughter *and* his eyre. *heir*  
 In all þat lond is non so feyre,  
 And so sayne all þat hyr do see. *say*  
 She is þe feyreste þat may bee,  
 For thoughe a man wold all þis day
- 120 Hyr beaute discryve he coude not sey, *describe*  
 All hyr worshyp ne hyr porture; *honour / bearing*  
 She is a lady of grete honoure.  
 In all þis world is non so wyse *wise*  
 That hir goodnesse kan devyse.
- 125 Kyngis 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 *living*  
 But he doughtyeste be of hande - *unless / boldest*
- 130 That suche on is non lyvande.' *living*  
 This word sprange wyde *with all,*  
 Bothe in chambre & in halle. *far and wide*  
 Of the eyre of Calabre, þat feyre may, *maiden*  
 Ipomydon he herkenyd ay. *listened*
- 135 Bothe in chambre and in boure  
 Men spake þat lady grete honowre;

1.93 theyr] *MS corrected from crossed out hyr by second hand* 1.112 som answerd] *MS askid*  
*underlined with deletion marks in between these words* 1.114 byhynde] *MS corrected from behind*  
 1.130 'There is no such man alive.'

There was none þat speke couthe  
But they the lady had in mouthe.

- I**pomydon drew hym nye tho  
140 And ofte he herkenyd to & fro  
When he herd of hir so speke.  
f.56r Hym thought his herte wold to breke *break*  
But if he myght se þat mayde, *Unless / see*  
To wete if she were as they seyde. *know*
- 145 Off hyr he had suche a thoght  
That in mornynge he was broght, *mourning*  
And so he mornythe nyght & day,  
But yit to no man wold he sey.  
By than come forthe Syr Tholomew
- 150 That was hys master good and trewe.  
'Gode syr,' he sayd, 'for charyte,  
Telle me who hathe grevyd the  
And why thou makyst þis mornynge.  
I swere by Ihesu, heuyn kynge, *heaven's*  
155 He shall abyge on somme manere, *pay for it*  
But if it be thy fader dere.' *Unless*  
'Nay master,' he sayd, 'not soo,  
I shalle you telle or that I go. *before*  
But if I haue the helpe of the, *your help*  
160 Ioye thou getest neuyr of me. *never*  
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. *fade away*
- 165 The eyre of Calabre, for sothe, it is, *in truth*  
That men speke of so myche blysse.  
But if I may þat lady serve,  
For care & sorow my hert wille sterve. *perish*  
Tholomew sayd, 'Lette be this wille! *desire*  
170 Thynke ye now youre selfe to spille? *kill*  
Ye are the Kynges son and hys eyre  
And may haue maryages gode & feyre.  
There ys no man in Crystente  
Pat rather maryages may haue þan ye.' *Christendom*  
175 'Master, these wordis awaylethe noght. *more easily*  
But if I do as I haue thoght  
And to hyr go as I you saye  
f.56v I dye for hyr withoute deley.'
- 180 Sir Tholomew sayd, 'Sythe it is so  
That ye may not hyr forgo,  
I shall go vnto the Kyng  
And gete you leve withoute lettyng  
That ye may go, Sir, at your wille *permission/ hindrance*

- And se the mayden all youre fille.'
- 185 Sir Tholomew forthe gan goo *as much as you wish*  
 And to þe Kynge he went tho. *went*  
 Vppon his knees he hym sette  
 And the Kyng full feyre he grette. *fair / greeted*  
 'Sir, of one thyng I you prey,
- 190 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. *assure*
- 195 He wold wend into strange contre *travel*  
 More in service for to bee.  
 So that ye take it not at greffe *do not take it badly*  
 Full feyre he wolde prey you of leffe *leave*  
 And I shall make me redy
- 200 To wend *with* hym in companye  
 And serve hym as his owne knyght  
 And honoure hym *with* all my myght.'  
 Than seyde Hermones, the Kynge,  
 'Iff this be his owne desyrynge,
- 205 I am well payed of his wille. *pleased*  
 For his askyng I hold skille. *reasonable*  
 And now, I wote thou arte my frend,  
 Sithe þat thou wilt *with* hym wend, *since*  
 Take you inough of all thyng
- 210 And loke ye wante no spendyng.' *money*  
 Sir Tholomew forthe gan goo  
 And to Ipomydon come he tho  
 And sayd, 'Syr, *without* lesyng,  
 Your fadir hathe grantid youre askyng. *truly*
- 215 He bad þat ye no thyng shuld spare  
 And myself shall *with* you fare.'
- f.57r 'I pray God thanke you, master dere,  
 That ye me love I may se here.'  
 Than they busked theym to goo; *prepared themselves*
- 220 Horse they toke and harnesse also -  
 Off all thyng they wantid none.  
 Now to his fader the child is gone.  
 On knees he felle byfore the Kynge  
 And prayd hym of his dere blissyng.
- 225 'That blissyng haue þou, my sonne trew,  
 That Marye gaff hyr sonne Ihesu.'
- Now they go forthe on hir way. *their*  
 Ipomydon to hys men gan sey,  
 That ther be none of hem alle *them*  
 230 So hardy by hys name hym calle, *foolhardy*  
 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. *by mutual agreement*  
Ipomydon and Tholomew  
Robys had on and mantillis new *robes / mantels*  
Off the richest þat myght bee.
- 240 There was [none] suche in that contre,  
For many was the ryche stone  
That the mantillis were vppon.  
So longe there weys they haue nome, *taken*  
That to Calabre they ar come.
- 245 They come to the castelle yate; *gate*  
Be 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, *of noble character*
- 250 That comen ar men of ferre contre,  
And if it plese hyr we wold hyr prey  
That we myght ete *with* hyr today.'
- f.57v The porter sayd full cortessly, *courteously*  
'Your erand to do I am redy.'
- 255 The lady to hyr mete was sette; *meal*  
The porter come and feyre hyr grette.  
'Madame,' he sayd, 'God you saue!  
Atte your gate gestis ye haue, *save*  
Strange men as for to see. *guests*
- 260 They aske mete for charyte.' *food*  
The lady comaundith sone anon *immediately*  
þat the gates were vndone,  
'And bryng theym all byfore me,  
For wele at ese shall they bee.' *ease*
- 265 They toke hyr pagis, hors & alle; *pages*  
Þese two men went into þe halle.  
Ipomydon on knees hym sette  
And the lady feyre he grette:  
'I am a man of strange contre
- 270 And pray you, yff your wille to be,  
That I myght dwelle *with* you to yere, *this year*  
Of your norture for to lere. *manners*  
I am come frome ferre lond,  
For speche I here byfore the hand *for I have heard it said*
- 275 That your norture and your servise *retinue*  
Ys holden of so grete empyrse. *excellence*  
I pray you þat I may dwelle here

1.233 no] *MS superscript by second hand* 1.234 what] *MS crossed out and replaced with Where by second hand* 1.234 be] *MS crossed out and replaced with go by second hand*

- Somme of your *seruyse* for to lere.'  
 The lady byheld Ipomydon.  
 280 Hym semyd wele a gentilman:  
 She knew non *suche* in hyr londe,  
 So goodly a man & wele farand. *handsome*  
 She saw also by his norture  
 He was a man of grete valure.  
 285 She cast full sone in hyr thoght  
 That for no *seruyce* come he noght, *not*  
 But it was worship hyr vnto,  
 In feyre *seruyce* hym to do. *But to honour her*  
*By serving her well*  
 f.58r She sayd, 'Syr, welcome ye be,  
 290 And all þat comyn be *with* the.  
 Sithe ye haue had so grete travayle  
 Of a service ye shall not fayle. *such a great journey*  
 In thys contre ye may dwelle here  
 And at youre wyll for to lere. *learn*  
 295 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. *Unless / conduct / bad*  
 'Madame, he sayd, 'Grantmercy.'; *Thank you*  
 300 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. *before*  
 305 All they sayd sone anone  
 They saw neuyr so goodly a man,  
 Ne so light, ne so glad, *joyful*  
 Ne none þat so ryche atyre had. *attire*  
 There was non þat sat nor yede *walked*  
 310 But they had mervelle of hys dede, *action*  
 And sayd he was no lytell syre  
 That myght shew *suche* atyre. *lowly member of the*  
 Whan they had ete and grace sayd, */nobility*  
 And þe tabyll away was leyd,  
 315 Vpp þan aroos Ipomydon  
 And to þe botery he went anon, *wine cellar*  
 And his mantille hym aboute.  
 On hym lokyd all the route, *company*  
 And euery man sayd to other there,  
 320 'Will ye se, þe proude squeer  
 Shall *serue* my lady of þe wyne  
 In his mantell þat is so fyne!  
 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 *butler*  
*f.58v* And drew a lace of sylke full clere - *cord / very bright*  
 A downe thar felle hys mantylle by. *down / cloak*  
 He prayd hym for his curtesy  
 That lytelle yifte þat he wold nome, *gift / take*  
 330 Tille efte sone a better come. *soon he might receive a better*  
 Vp it toke the botelere.  
 Byfore the lady he gan it bere *carry*  
 And prayd the lady hertely  
 To thanke hym of his cortessye.  
 335 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. *give*  
 There he dwellyd many a day  
 340 And servid the lady wele to pay. *to her liking*  
 He bare hym on so feyre manere *conducted himself*  
 To knyghtis, ladyes and squyere,  
 All louyd hym þat were hym by  
 For he bare hym so cortesly.  
 345 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,  
 350 For of the squyere she had grete thoght,  
 How he was feyre and shape wele,  
 Body and armes and euerydele. *everything*  
 Ther was non in all hir land  
 So wele be semyd, doughty of hand, *handsome*  
 355 But she kowde wete for no case *could know by no means*  
 Whens he come, ne what he was,  
 Ne of no man cowde enquire *Nor of anyone could she ask*  
 Other than the strange squyere. *Apart from*  
 She hyr bythought on a queyntyse, *thought of a ruse*  
 360 If she myght know in ony wyse *any way*  
 To wete where of he were come - *to know*  
 Thys was hyr thoght all & somme.  
*f.59r* She thought to wode hyr men to tame, *forest / take*  
 That she myght know hym by his game. *hunting*  
 365 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 *prepared*  
 With youre h[ou]ndis, more and lesse, *hounds*  
 370 In the forest to take my grese; *deer*  
 And there I will my selfe be,



- Youre 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, *everyone*  
 And *with* hem hyr howndis ladde,  
 All that euyr any howndis had,  
 Sir Tholomew foryate he noght, *forgot*  
 380 His mastres howndis thedyr he broght *there*  
 That many a day ne had ronne ere;  
 Full wele he thoght to note hem there. *run / previously*  
 Whan they come to þe laund on hight, *put them to use*  
 The Quenys pavylon there was pight *place / speedily*  
 385 That she myght se of the best *tent / pitched*  
 All þe game of þe forest.  
 The wandlessours went þrow þe forest, *beaters*  
 And to þe lady brought many a best:  
 Herte and hynde, buk and doo,  
 390 And othir bestis many moo.  
 The howndis þat were of grete prise *value*  
 Pluckid downe dere all at a tryse. *Chased down deer / at*  
 Ipomydon *with* his houndis thoo *once*  
 Drew downe bothe buk and doo. *buck and doe*  
 395 More he toke *with* howndis thre  
 Than all þat othyr compaigne.  
 There squyers vndyd hyr dere, *carved up*  
 f.59v Iche man on his owne manere.  
 Ipomydon a dere yede vnto, *went*  
 400 Full konnyngly gan he it vndo.  
 So feyre þat veneson he gan to dight, *dress*  
 That bothe hym byheld squyere and knyght.  
 The lady lokyd oute of hyr pavyloun  
 And saw hym dight the venyson.  
 405 There she had grete deynte, *delight*  
 And so had all þat dyd hym see.  
 She sawe all þat he downe droughe;  
 Of huntynge she wist he cowde inoughe *killed*  
 And thoght in hyr herte than *knew a lot*  
 410 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  
 415 And of venery had hyr fille, *the meat of game animals*  
 For they had take game at wille.  
 Ipomydon *serued*, as I vndirstand,  
 As he was wonte done byfore hand.

'Sir,' she sayd, 'San3fayle,

*Without doubt*

- 420 Ye haue bene in grete travayle.  
 Anothyr man, as I you say,  
 Shall serue me at mete þis day.  
 Go to youre mete sone on hye, *quickly*  
 My cosyn Iason shall sytte you by.'
- 425 The ladyes hert was on hym cast  
 And she byheld hym wondir fast;  
 Euer on hym she kest hyr eye. *cast*  
 Ipomydon full wele it sye.  
 Anone, it gaff hym in his thoght
- 430 To loke ageyne; lette wold he noght, *cease*  
 Nor no more coward thought he to be *he was not be more shy*  
*f.60r* Off his lokyng than was she.  
 The lady perseyued it full wele,  
 Of all his lokyng euerydele,
- 435 And there *with* bygan to shame,  
 For she myght lightly falle in blame. *be reproached*  
 If men perseyued it ony thyng,  
 Bytwyxe hem two suche lokyng,  
 Than wold they sey all by dene *one and all*
- 440 That somme loue were hem bytwene. *love*  
 Pan shuld she falle in slandre, *slander*  
 And lese myche of hyr honoure.  
 She thought to werne hym preuely *warn / secretly*  
 By hyr cosyn þat sat hym by.
- 445 'Iason,' she sayd, 'þou art to blame,  
 And ther*with* the ought to shame,  
 To byhold my mayd in vayne. *in vain*  
 Euery man to othyr wille seyne *say*  
 That bytwyxe you ys somme synne! *sin*
- 450 Of thy lokyng I rede þou blynne.' *advise / stop*  
 Ipomydon hym bythoght anone  
 How þat she blamyd Iason  
 Withoute deservyng euerydele,  
 But the encheson he perseyued wele. *intention*
- 455 Downe he lokyd and thought grete shame  
 That Iason bare for hym þat blame.  
 Stille he satte and sayd no more;  
 He thought to dwelle no lenger there.  
 As the lady hyr chambre had tane *gone to her chamber*
- 460 Byfore hyr come Ipomydon  
 And sayd, 'Madame, God yeld it the, *repay*  
 This grete honoure þou haste done me.  
 Haue good day, now wille I fare  
 In to þe contre þat I was are.' *before*

- 465 'Felaw,' she sayd, 'Chese at þi wille  
Whether þou wilt wend or abyde stille.'
- f.60v He went anone in to the halle  
And toke his leue of grete and smalle,  
Bothe at lesse and at more,
- 470 And they thoght there of ryght sore. *it was distressing to them*  
To Iason he wendith anone ryght  
And takith hys leve *with* hert vnlyght. *sorrowful*  
Than sayd Iason on hye, *loudly*  
'Leve Syr, leve this folye
- 475 And *with* my lady þou dwelle here.  
She louythe the in all manere;  
Iff thou wende forthe in this wille,  
For sorow she wille hyrself spylle.' *loves*  
'Iason, fellow, lett be thy thoght. *intention*  
Lenger dwelle here ne wille I noght, *kill*  
For I shall wende home to my Kynge  
And leve you here *with* all ioyinge.'
- 480 'My dere frend, sythe it is so  
That thou wilt algatis goo, *nevertheless*
- 485 Yeve me leve *with* the to wend,  
In to what contre þat þou wilt lend. *will go to*  
I wold full fayne do it in dede.' *gladly*  
'Grantmercy, Syr, God yif the mede. *reward*  
*With* me hedyr come ye noght,
- 490 Ne shall *with* me but that I broght.' *but those I came with*  
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. *one*
- 495 Vppon hyr bedde she gan hyr ley  
And to hyr self than gan she say,  
'There is not suche a man in lande, *on earth*  
If he be doughty of his hand,  
As he is of body to see,
- 500 Of what lond that euyr he bee.  
Allas!' she sayd, and 'Welle away! *Woe*  
That for a word he went away.  
Had men sought all mankynde
- f.61r A feyrer body shuld no man fynde.'
- 505 This lady þat was of ryche blode,  
That nyght she cowde but lytell gode  
That she shuld suche mone make *moan*  
For a strange mannys sake,  
That no man wist what he was.
- 510 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 mornynge stronge.  
 515 Ipomydon went, as ye may here.  
 Byhynde he lefte a messyngere  
 For to brynge hym tythyngis newe, *tidings*  
 Iff there were any that he knewe.  
 What they were he shuld hym brynge,  
 520 And that anon *without* lettynge. *delay*  
 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.  
 525 Curteyse he was, bothe stoute and bolde,  
 And myche in land he was of tolde.  
 All men hym louyd, suche was his grace.  
 Of chyld Ipomydon here is a space. *pause*

**T**hey were togedyr many yere  
 530 *With* myche myrth & game in fere. *gaiety together*  
 The Kyng his sonne knight gan make,  
 And many another for his sake.  
 Iustes were cryed, ladyes to see. *A joust*  
 Thedyr come lordys grete plente,  
 535 Turnementis atyred in the felde, *equipped for*  
 A m<sup>l</sup> armed *with* spere and shelde. *thousand*  
 Knyghtis bygan togedir to ryde;  
 Somme were vnhorsyd on euery syde.  
 Ipomydon þat day was victoryus,  
 540 And there he gaff many a cours, *charge*  
*f.61v* For there was non that he mette,  
 And his spere on hym wole sette,  
 That aftir *within* a lytell stounde *while*  
 Hors and man bothe went to grond.  
 545 The heraudes gaff þe child þe gree: *victor's prize*  
 A m<sup>l</sup> 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,  
 550 And of hyr baronage I wille telle,  
 How that they had at counselle bene,  
 And of assent was theym bytwene  
 Pat here lady shuld take an husband *their*  
 To gouerne theyme and all there land,  
 555 Bycause she was of yong age.  
 To hyr come all hyr baronage,

1.533 cryed] *MS y corrected from e* 1.550 I wille telle] *MS underlined with deletion marks, and replaced by fayre and well, written by second hand*

- And sayd, 'Madame, we wille you pray  
 That we myght oure will sey.  
 Youre lond thynkythe ye do theyme wronge,  
 560 *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, *mien*  
 565 'Your counseyle ys gode, euerychone,  
 But husband yit will I haue none.'  
 They toke leve and wente here way *their*  
 And bytaught the lady gode day. *wished*  
 To counselle new than gon they gone,  
 570 And full sone they were at one.  
 To Kyng Melliager, hyr eme, they went, *uncle*  
 And told hym of the ladyes entent: *intention*  
 For an husband þey had bene at hyrre, *been after her*  
 And she yaff theym lyght answeere.  
 575 Furthe they went *without* lettyng  
 To the land there he was kyng.  
*f.62r* Kyng Melliager sone they found,  
 And anone they knelyd to ground, *at once*  
 Praying hym as lord dere  
 580 That he wold here prayer here.  
 They told hym all togedyr now  
 What þat they had done and howe,  
 And suche answeere she yaffe theyme tylle,  
 Husband to haue she had no wille,  
 585 'Wherefore, Lord, we wold you prey,  
 For we wote wele þat ye best may,  
 Councelle wele oure lady now  
 As best may be the remes prowte.' *kingdom's advantage*  
 'Lordyngis,' he sayd, '*withoutyn* fayle,  
 590 I assent vnto your councele,  
 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.'  
 595 Than they thankyd the Kyng so free,  
 And went home to theyre contre.  
 Kyng Mellyager to his cosyn ys gone,  
 And she hym welcomyd feyre anon,  
 And of his comyng she was glad,  
 600 And moche of hym she made.  
 Whan they had take hyr sporte in halle, *amusement*  
 The Kyng to counselle gan hyr calle

- And sayd, 'Dere cosyn, here my wille.  
 An husband must ye take you tylle,  
 605 The whiche may of þis land by kynge,  
 And gouerne it in all thyng,  
 For no woman may take on hand  
 Wele to gouerne suche a land.'  
 'Sir,' she sayd, 'ye be of my blode.  
 610 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  
 615 Iustes there thre dayes to laste,  
 And who þat there may bere hym best  
 f.62v And that doughtyest ys of hande  
 Shall wedde me and all this lande.  
 Syr, loke ye crye *withoute* delaye  
 620 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.  
 625 'If he be suche as I hym holde,  
 Also doughty and so bolde,  
 For me than he wille be here  
 And wyne me in all manere.'  
 Heraudes were callyd in hye  
 630 Thrughe the land to make the crye.  
 This crye was knowen ouerall,  
 In all the land, grete and smalle.  
 Ipomydons messyngere anone  
 Home to Poyle gan he gone.  
 635 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,  
 640 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.  
 645 That one was white as any mylke;  
 The trappure of hym was white sylke.  
 Pat other was rede bothe styffe and stoure;  
 The trappure was of þe same coloure.

*announce**at once**three / horses  
sets of armour**trapping  
powerful*

- Blake þan was þat othir stede;  
 650 The same coloure was his wede.  
 Thre greyhondis *with* hym he ladde,  
 The best þat his fader had -  
*f.63r* Rede and whyte and blake they were.  
 Whan he was dight in this manere  
 655 *With* hym he toke a feyre may  
 And went forthe on his iorney;  
 Into Seseney the way they nome. *Sicily / took*  
*Within* the lond whan þat he come,  
 He bad Tholomew take his stedys,  
 660 All his men and all his wedys,  
 'And take your inne in the cyte, *inn*  
 By nyght þat no man you see.  
 Lette no man se theyme, nyght ne day,  
 But them þat shall here mete ley.' *serve them meals*  
 665 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  
 670 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  
 675 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,  
 680 A lytelle stounde to stonde stille *while*  
 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,  
 685 For nobley of you I haue herd telle. *greatness*  
 All my desyre ys *with* you to dwelle,  
 In youre contre to be here,  
 The maner of þis land to lere.'  
*f.63v* The Kynge byheld þe knyght than.  
 690 Hym thought he was a godely man; *gracious*  
 In all this land, bothe ferre & nere,  
 Ys none so feyre a bachelere.

1.664 here] *MS crossed out and replaced with theyr by second hand*    1.664 ley] *MS crossed out and replaced by pour uay by second hand*    1.686 to] *MS superscript by second hand*

- '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: *agreement*  
 Full fayne I wold be redy bowne *I would like to be ready*  
 To lede your Quene bothe vp & downe,  
 Fro hyr chambre to hyr halle,
- 700 & my lemman I wold hyr calle. *paramour*  
 My mayden þat is of honoure  
 Shall dwelle in þe Quenys boure.  
 At euery terme þat I hyr lede, *every time I finish leading her*  
 A kusse of þe Quene shall be my mede. *reward*
- 705 I will no more for my servyse.'  
 The Kyng anone *withoute* avyse *having to think*  
 Thoght he come for othyr thyng,  
 And grantyd hym his askyng.  
 Anone, the Kyng lefte his game.
- 710 Home they rode bothe insame,  
 And to þe Quene þe covenantys seyde.  
 'As ye haue done I hold me payd'. *satisfied*  
 There he dwellyd many a day  
*With* myche myrthe, game & play.
- 715 Full feyre he dyd his servyse,  
 And servyd þe Quene at hyr devyse, *will*  
 Where þat she went in boure or halle.  
 The Quene his lemman dyd he calle.  
 So it befelle vpon a day
- 720 That to þe iustes men dyd them araye.  
 Thedyr wold Kyng Mellyager,  
*With* all the knyghtis þat *with* hym were:
- f.64r Sir Campanyus þat good knyght,  
 In all þat lond was none so wight, *brave*
- 725 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,
- 730 'The tyme ys come þat iuste we shalle.  
 Dight you, now go we oure way. *Prepare*  
 I wote ye thynke to wynne þe may.'  
 And he answerd *with* myld chere,  
 'Who shuld þan serve my lady dere?
- 735 For certis, of iustes can I noght; *Indeed*  
 To serve my lady is all my thocht.  
 If I hyr lefte for other dede

1.718 lemman] MS macron over the first 'm' is by second hand 1.720 them] MS t written by second hand  
 1.729 hym] MS superscript by second hand



I were not worthy to haue my mede.'  
 The Kynge hym turnyd þan away  
 740 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. *Bemoaned*  
 745 They toke there leue at þe Quene  
 And wente forthe all bydene. *together*  
 Vnto Calabre they toke þe way,  
 There they shuld iust þat other day.  
 Leue we theyme at þe iustynge  
 750 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.  
 755 Into the halle whan he hyr broght  
 To take hys cusse forgate he noght. *kiss*  
*f.64v* Whan she had etyn, to chambre she wente.  
 Ipomydon to the Quene he wente,  
 'Tomorow, Madame, I wold you pray,  
 760 *With* leue of you, whan yt is day,  
 Go to þe forest to take a dere.  
 My greyhondes ranne not þis quartere; *these three months*  
 Whyle my lord ys at þe iustynge,  
 My greyhoundis I wold feyne se rennyng. *gladly see running*  
 765 O thyng, Madame, I wold you pray:  
 If I come not betyme of day  
 Whan ye se tyme, to mete ye wend, *see it is time*  
 For I wote neuyr how long I lend.'  
 'Sir, she sayd, 'God you spede.'  
 770 He kyssyd hyr and forthe he yede.  
 Ipomydon callyd his master than,  
 Sir Tholomew that noble man.  
 'To my hostage ye go by nyght. *lodging*  
 My white stede loke he be dight,  
 775 And *with* the armure hedyr ye brynge  
 Tomorow or the day sprynge. *before*  
 Hye you oute at þe castelle yate, *Haste*  
 And frome all syght kepe you allgate.'  
 Ipomydon went to þe portere *completely*  
 780 And prayd hym, if his wille were,  
 The yate myght by opyn or day.

1.779 portere] *MS crossed out and replaced with porter by second hand*

- Pe porter grantyd hym & toke hym þe key,  
 And at þe fryst cokke roose hee. *gave*  
 Furthe he went *with* greyhondis thre; *the earliest cock crowing*  
 785 In a lesshe he dyd them do, *leash*  
 And blew a grete horne also.  
 He blew lowde and shoke it wele,  
 That it ronge all þe castelle.  
 The maydenys to þe Quene gan say,  
 790 'Youre lemman gothe to wynne þe may!'  
 f.65r The Quene answerd *without* lettynge,  
 'All men konne not of iustynge.  
 Thoughe he kanne not of suche dedys,  
 He may be gode at other nedis.' *times of trouble*  
 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. *meeting*  
 He sayd, 'God spede þe, lord dere!  
 Thereto I shall do my deuere.' *duty*  
 Ipomydon went forthe, and his page,  
 Till he came to an ermytage. *hermitage*  
 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. *face him in combat*  
 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 *without* lettynge,  
 820 The fourthe wente into þe same rynge. *came into the same*  
 There was no knyght þat he mette */jousting ring*  
 Pat wold hys spere on hym sette,  
 But if his spere all to brakke *And*  
 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

1.785 them] MS t added by second hand

1.812 'As though he had fallen from the clouds'

- f.65v To all men þat wold hem take.  
 Iason she sent vnto þe knyght  
 830 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.  
 835 Than all þe peple homeward went,  
 And Iason to þe knyght hym bente, *bowed*  
 Praying hym, as lord dere,  
 'Come home here to thyne owne manere, *estate*  
 For wele I wote thou shalt be kyng,  
 840 The whiche is gretly to my lykyng.'  
 '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.  
 845 'Sir,' he sayd, 'for charyte,  
 What man be ye þat knowith me?  
 It were merveile but I þe knew.'  
 'Somme tyme þou were my felow trewe.  
 I am,' he sayd, 'þe strange squyere  
 850 That servyd my lady þis endris yere. *formerly*  
 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  
 855 Home frome myne owne contre,  
 And forth I most as I telle the.'  
 'A, Sir!' he sayd, 'art thou he?  
 For God þat dyed vppon a tree  
 Come now & with my lady speke,  
 860 Or ellis I wote hyr herte will breke,  
 For and she knew þou went away  
 She lyveth nevyr tomorrow day.'  
 'Thou shalt, Iason, vndirstond,  
 I wold not tarye for all þis land.'  
 865 He toke his leve and went his way.  
 Iason to þe Quene gan say  
 Word for word euerydele:  
 f.66r 'The strange squyer grette you wele!  
 He was þat ylke whyte knyght *same*  
 870 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

- On swoune afore hyr maydens alle, *in a faint*  
 875 And whan she roos of swounynge  
 Hir handis fast gan she wrynge.  
 'Allas!' she sayd, 'What I was wode, *mad*  
 A witteles thyng and cowde no goode.  
 My witte myght haue *seruyd* me  
 880 That suche a man doughty most be.'  
 But yit she trowyd in hyr thoght, *trusted*  
 So lightly wold he leve hyr noght.  
 That was hyr comfort most in care,  
 And ellis she had hyr self forfare. *destroyed*  
 885 Ipomydon to his maister *camme*;  
 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.  
 890 Ipomydon the flesshe toke *with* hym.  
 Byfore the Quene he ganne it bere  
 As she was sette at hyr sopere.  
 'Madame,' he sayd, 'my lord þe Kyng  
 Hathe not þus sped *with* hy[s] iustynge.' *succeeded*  
 895 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,  
 900 Suche a lykyng he had in pley. *delight*  
 As they satte at there sopere,  
 In comythe the Kyngis messyngere.  
 Vppon his knee he hym sette,  
 And þe Quene feyre he grette.  
 905 To hyr sent word hyr lord þe Kyng,  
 How they had done at þe iustynge.  
 Tho askyd þe Quene anone right,  
 'Was there any *with* Campanyus dyd fight,  
 f.66v That was so doughty in þe felde,  
 910 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,  
 915 But if it were my lord þe Kyng,  
 For he is passand in euery thyng.'  
 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*

- At þat tyme knew hym no man.'
- 920 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
- 925 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,
- 930 Thedir ledithe hyr Ipomydon.  
He prayd leue on þe morow to play,  
As he had done þat othir day;  
The Quene hym grauntyd curtesly.  
To hys maister he dyd hym hye,
- 935 And prayd hym sone and anone *soon / at once*  
To his ostage þat he shuld gone, *lodging*  
And brynge hym his rede stede,  
'Foryete noght þe same wede!'  
In the place þat they were ere, *clothes*
- 940 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.
- 945 Than sayd all þat were þereinne,  
'Your lemman gothe þe mayd to wyne!'  
The Quene answeyrd, as she dyd ere,  
'He may more wyne þan he were þere.'
- f.67r The Kyngis messengere forthe went
- 950 And toke hym hole his present;  
Euery word þe Kynge he tolde.  
Than seyde þe knyghtys þat were bolde,  
'Allas, þat suche a knyght shuld leve, *live*  
But he to manhode wold hym yeve.'
- 955 Ipomydon to his maister wente,  
His armure & his stede he hent, *took*  
þe rede greyhound he toke hym right. *gave*  
That day he prayd hym do his myght  
And in þat place kepe þe fleshe,
- 960 *With* þe greyhoundis in þe lesshe.  
Forthe he went in þat stounde, *at that time*  
And to þe ermytage he came sound.  
Into þe feld he lokyd þanne;  
He saw many an armyd man.
- 965 Hym he armyd and forthe gan ryde.

1.954 'Who does not dedicate himself to knightly deeds.'

- 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;  
 970 She thocht hyr hert wold tobreste.  
 Iason þat day was made knyght,  
 And richely in þe feld was dight.  
 Ipomydon this case he sawe,  
 Pat Iason was knyght his owne felawe.  
 975 To hym he prekyd faste in hye, *spurred his horse*  
 Whan he shulde mete he rode hym by.  
 That day he taught hym so to done,  
 That worthely he wanne his shone. *proved himself*  
 But Ipomydon, as I you saye,  
 980 Many a knyght he fellyd þat day.  
 So many sperys he brakke onsondre, *in two*  
 That all folke on hym had wonder.  
 They sayd there nas in all þat lande *was not*  
 Noon so manly man of hande,  
 985 For all they sayd þo full tyte, *readily*  
 The rede was better þan þe white.  
 f.67v And so he bare hym þat daye  
 That knyghtys wexe wery of his playe.  
 Whan euery knyght to hys inne gan ryde  
 990 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, *you / praise*  
 That more desyre I ne canne.  
 995 I wote þou shalt be lord here,  
 For I know noon þat is þi pere, *equal*  
 Saffe yistryday the whyte knyght,  
 But he is oute of lond dight.' *except / gone*  
 'Nay Iason, my trew fere,  
 1000 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,  
 1005 And many an hors ryde to dede  
 Or I come there þat me most nede,  
 For all my lond I lese for ay, *evermore*  
 But I be there by a certeyne day.'  
 Iason sayd, 'Syr, mercy,  
 1010 And thynke vpon my lady,  
 For & ye passe hyr þus froo

- For sorow she wille hyrselfe slo.'  
 Ipomydon sayd, 'By Heuyn Kyng,  
 At this tyme I will not lynge,  
 1015 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,  
 1020 But forsothe now ys he goon.'  
 Than sory was that swete thyng,  
 And efte she felle in mornynge,  
 But she bethought hyr as she dyd are,  
 And ellis she had hyrselfe forfare.  
 1025 Ipomydo[n] to his maister yede,  
 And toke his armure and his stede.  
 He toke the flesshe and þe greyhound  
*f.68r* And gan to go toward the towne;  
 His hors he had and his huntynge wede.  
 1030 Anone in to þe halle he yede;  
 Byfore þe Quene the flesshe he leyde.  
 'Here ys my dayes iorney he sayde.'  
 At hym they loughed and made glad chere.  
 The Quene went to hyr sopere,  
 1035 And hyr leman 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:  
 1040 '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 bettir þan hee.'  
 1045 Ipomydon sayd to þe messengere,  
 'Recomand me to my lord so dere,  
 And say that Gager my rede greyhounde  
 Moche dere hathe broght þis day to ground.  
 I had more ioie at hys rynnynge  
 1050 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.'  
 1055 Vnto hyr chambre she went þan.  
 Byfore hyr come Ipomydon.  
 Ones of leue he wold hyr praye,

*stay**thereupon**previously**otherwise / destroyed**work**so help me God**advise**At once of leave*

- He wold not hunte after many a day;  
 She hym grantyd of his bone. *request*  
 1060 To his master he went sone.  
 He yede and fette *without* lakke *fetched*  
 Stede and harnesse þat was blakke.  
 He knew þe way at þe beste,  
 Where they shuld mete in þe foreste.  
 1065 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 thocht,  
 f.68v And in his hert had grete pyte,  
 1070 So goodly a man as was hee,  
 That euyr he was so lytell of prise, *of such little honour*  
 And therto full of cowardise.  
 Whateuyr they thocht in here hert,  
 Many of them he made to smerte. *he caused pain*  
 1075 Latte hym go, God hym spede,  
 Till eftesone we of hym rede. *read*

- I**pomydon rose erly there,  
 As he was wonte to done ere.  
 Forthe he rode blowyng his horne,  
 1080 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 somewhat caste.  
 1085 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  
 1090 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.  
 1095 He was sone warre of a knyght *aware*  
 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;  
 1100 Of Calabre he wille wynne þe eyre.'  
 The lady lay on toure on hye,  
 The rede knyght full sone she see.

1.1102 rede] *MS written in the margin by the original scribe, but crossed out by the second hand and replaced with ried. Both rede and ried replace ryght*



- She wende it were þe strange squyere  
 Pat she hopid shuld be hyr fere. *companion*
- 1105 Her purpas was to hym to wende *purpose*  
 Whan the iustes come to ende,  
 And brynge hym *with* feyre manere;  
 To hyr was none so leffe ne dere. *beloved*  
 Right as the quene 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 sone 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 vppon the ground.  
 Ipomydon toke þe rede stede;
- 1120 To hys men he gan hym lede.  
 Than come forthe *Sir* Caymys,  
 A proude knyght & a daynous. *scornful*  
 Iust 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 wyne þe maye,  
 But he fayled foule of his praye. *prize*  
 Forthe they rode togedyr faste,  
 That there sperys asondre braste.
- 1135 Bothe they were stiffe and stronge,  
 Pey liste to ryde, þey taryed not longe. *wanted*  
 And eyther of theym toke a spere;  
 Campaynus þoght hym downe to bere.  
 In mydde þe place þe knyghtes mette; *field*
- 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, *anger*
- 1145 That his knyghtes bore downe were.  
 He folowyd þe knyght *with* a spere;

l.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 thoght to done hym harme,  
 For he smote hym throw þe arme.  
 Ipomydon *with* þat stroke abrayde, *started up*  
 1150 And to þe kynge þus he sayde,  
 'As þou arte kynde, gentille and free,  
 Abyde and iuste a cours *with* me, *charge*  
 And I foryiffe þis vilanye.'  
 The kynge sayd, 'Therto grant I.'  
 f.69v Full fayne he wold haue bene away, *gladly*  
 But for shame he sayd not nay.  
 The kynge and he in place þey mette.  
 The blake knyght suche a stroke hym sette  
 That kynge and hors downe he caste,  
 1160 That hym thoght hys nekke tobraste.  
 The Kynges stede he ledde away,  
 Þat euery man to other gan saye,  
 'He may wele be kynge of londe,  
 For the doughtyeste man of hand  
 1165 That any man sawe euer ere.'  
 And so sayd all þat there were.  
 They gaffe hym þe gre of felde *tournament victory*  
 For þe doughtyest vndyr shelde.  
 Herawdis discryued hys arme blake *described*  
 1170 And sayd in þe world was not his make,  
 And they sayd *withoute* lettynge  
 He was worthy to be kynge.  
 Whan euery man homeward gan draw,  
 Iason went to his felawe:  
 1175 'Come home, Syr, I you pray,  
 To youre owne I darre wele say.  
 Ye shal be made kynge of lond  
 For þe doughtiest man of hand.  
 Thou hast no pere I darre wele say,  
 1180 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?'  
 1185 '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,  
 1190 'Come brynge my lady oute of care  
 And comforte hyr in all thyng,  
 And thynke also ye shal be kynge!'  
 He sayd, 'Iason, þi wordis þou spare.  
 That wold me torne to myche care.

- 1195 I haue dwellyd here to longe,  
 f.70r The whiche will cause me travaile stronge.  
 Recomaund me to hyr anone righte,  
 For I must travaile day & nyght.'  
 He toke hys leve & forthe ganne fare.
- 1200 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,
- 1205 And how he wanne hyr *with* his hand,  
 'But he is passid oute of pis lande!'  
 The lady mornyd & was full woo,  
 And thought hyr hert wold brest on two,  
 But yet she trowed in hyr thought
- 1210 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.
- 1215 He fonde his master *with* flesshe inoughe,  
 Hovyng vndir the grene wodde boughe. *Laying in wait*  
 He toke hym þe stedis euerychone  
 And to his inne he bad hym gone.  
 He toke his houndis & his horne,
- 1220 And leyd the flesshe hym beforne.  
 Byfore the quene he it leyd  
 And in his game þus he sayd:  
 'Know ye any at þe iustyng  
 Hathe wonne halfe so myche thyng?'
- 1225 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, *carved*  
 Pat in comyth þe kyngis messyngere
- 1230 And grette þe lady in thys manere:  
 'Wele you gretiþe my lord þe kynge.  
 He byddythe you for anythyng  
 That ye be tomorow erely  
 At þe chalenge of þe lady.' *claiming*
- 1235 The quene than ganne saye,  
 f.70v 'Hathe the rede knyght wonne hyr today?'  
 'I say, Madame, so God me spede,  
 The rede knyght hathe lost his stede. *God give me success*  
 My lord þe kyng hathe his also,

- 1240 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
- 1245 In the forest, so God me spede,  
 Than þus lyghtly to lese a stede.  
 Wherefore, messyngere, I þe pray,  
 In my byhalfe þat þou say  
 When þou comyst to þe kyng.
- 1250 Grete hym wele in all thyng  
 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.' *repay*  
 Ipomydon was sore trauailed
- 1260 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?'
- 1265 '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;
- 1270 A stubbe smote me þrow þe arme, *broken branch*  
 And þat was for I shuld saye  
 The gree of þe feld I had todaye.' *victory*  
 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,
- f.71r I wille not be at þe chalengynge.  
 But one thyng, 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,

1.1244 to] *MS superscript with caret by second hand*    1.1246 *MS An underlined with deletion marks at start of line*    1.1253 wild bestis] *MS many a beest written in second hand above wild bestis, which is crossed out*

- 1285 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
- 1290 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 pere.
- 1295 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,
- 1300 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,
- 1305 And also of þe white knyght,  
 The fryst day þat iustyd ryght.  
 I was þat knyght þat stondythe þe by,  
 And on this white stede rode I.  
 Of þe rede knyght þou herd sey
- 1310 Þat iusted on þat othir daye.  
 That same knyght, for sothe, I was;  
 This rede stede I had in place.  
 Vppon the prydde day þou herde telle  
 Of a blak knyght, how it byfelle.
- 1315 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
- 1320 And go to þe maydens chalengynge.  
*f.71v* 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.
- 1325 Sey, þe quenys leman, hys owne knyght,  
 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,

*vouchsafe*

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 Thoughe euery here were syluer and golde. *hair*  
 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. *lodging*  
 The burgeyse held vp his hand *twenty pounds*  
 And thankyd God þat he hathe found, *townsman*  
 'Of Calabre, I wote, who shall be kynge.  
 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* lesynge  
 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[t]e. *truth / know*

l.1355 make] *MS* k by *second hand* replaces d    l.1374 wet[t]e] *MS* wetee    f.72r] some illegible marginalia in top right corner of folio

- 1375 The quenys leman, Syr, iwis,  
 Grettythe þe wele *with* ioy & blysse  
 And sendithe the this whyte stede,  
 & *with* hym þe same wede  
 That he rode on the fryste day;  
 1380 Hym to take he wolde you praye.  
 Wouche hym saffe on you he wolde,  
 Thow<sup>3</sup> euery here were syluer & golde.  
 He prayd God kepe you hole & sounde  
 For þe beste lord þat euyr he fownde.'  
 1385 To þe quene he wendithe there:  
 'Wele 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,  
 1390 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 sente  
 1395 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  
 f.72v And grete hyr on this manere:  
 'The strange squyer hathe you sent  
 Thys ilke stede to present.  
 He stale hym nat, he bad me say,  
 He wanne hym vppon the light day,  
 1405 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  
 1410 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,  
 1415 *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,  
 1420 But foule he hathe oure eyne bleryd.'  
 The burgeyse to Iason sayd þus:

*indeed**same**completely  
uncle  
promised  
valiant**more able**afraid  
hoodwinked*

- 'This stede aught Sir Campanus.  
 He sent hym the for hys fere,  
 To loke wele to his lady dere.'
- 1425 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,
- 1430 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.
- 1435 Than sayd þe eyre of Calabre bright,  
 'Help to gete me þat gentill knyght.  
*f.73r* But I hym haue þat in feld me wanne,  
 For sothe I shall nevir haue man.'
- Anone gan Sir Caymes say,  
 1440 'His he stolyn th[u]s away  
 And broke my ladyes boure, þe quene,  
 And ledde away hyr mayden shene.  
 Worthe I nevir glad ne fayne  
 But I brynge theym bothe agayne.'
- 1445 The kynge was bothe curteyse & gente  
 Full goodly he reseyyved his present.  
 Hertely he thankid þe gentill knyght  
 And sayd in lond was none so wight.  
 He yaff þe burgeyse for his message
- 1450 An c li to herytage. *hundred pounds as a gift*

- B**ut Ipomydon forth is gone,  
 And his men euerychone.  
 His messyngere he lefte stille there  
 To brynge hym thithyngis if any were,
- 1455 In suche manere as they felle;  
 What they were he shuld hym telle.  
 Ipomydon come by a foreste.  
 A while he thocht there to rest;  
 He was forwakyd & all werye. *sleep-deprived*
- 1460 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 *lap*  
 And felle on slepe, he thocht no harme.
- 1465 He had not slepyd but a while,  
 Not the space of a myle.



- The mayden sawghe forthe comynge  
 An armyd knyght faste rydyng.  
 She woke hyr lord & bad hym ryse,  
 1470 For hyr hert bygan to gryse. *quake*  
 Than come forthe Caymys full stoute;  
 To hym he spake wordis proude:  
 'Traytour!' he sayd, 'Þou dydist dishonour  
 Whan thou brakkist þe quenys boure,  
 f.73v And toke hyr mayden and my stede.  
 Agayne to courte I will þe lede!  
 Aryse, traytour, I byd the,  
 To court þou shalt agayne *with* me.'  
 Ipomydon hym answerd now,  
 1480 'To courte I darre as wele as thou,  
*I will not return*  
 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.'  
 1485 Caymys than gan to hym sayne,  
 'Wilthow nyllthow, þou shalt agayne,  
 Or right here þou shalte abyde.'  
 Ipomydon sterte vp that tyde;  
*moment*  
 Anone, he worthyd vpon his stede, *mounted*  
 1490 They rode togedyr *with* good spede.  
 Ipomydon vnhorsyd Caymys tho  
 That his arme braste in two.  
 He bad hys men take his stede  
 And lette a wors hors hym lede.  
 1495 In his sadille þey sette hym bakwarde  
 And bound hym faste *with* a cord.  
 To the tayle was turnyd his visage;  
*face*  
 They bad hym lerne a new vsage. *technique*  
 Thus Caymys rode toward þe towne,  
 1500 Whan he had lost all his renowne.  
 His hors hyeth hym homeward to fare,  
*travel*  
 The master also *with* moche care;  
 His hors to þe courte hym broght.  
 The kynge euyr on Caymys thocht  
 1505 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  
 1510 And ledde the knyght byfore þe kynge.  
 The kynge askyd, by Goddis payne,  
 Iff he had brought the knyght agayne.  
 f.74r Anone he answerd to the kynge,  
*trouble*  
 And tolde hym hys myslykynge.

- 1515 Thoughe all þe knyghtis in the halle  
 Come to hym, bothe grete and smalle,  
 He wold of theyme yiff no thyng,  
 '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, *carried out his task*  
 And of Ipomydon here is a fyttē. *passus*
- 1525 **I**pomydon held forthe his way;  
 Full glad he was of his iorney.  
 He saw grete folke agayn hym ryde, *toward*  
 The whiche had sought hym wondir wyde,  
 For to brynge hym new tidyngis
- 1530 That dede was his fadir the kynge,  
 Of whiche tithyngis he was wo,  
 But he may not agayne God do.  
 Throughe his lond he went rydyngē.  
 All they honoryd hym as kynge,
- 1535 And whan he come in to þat stede *place*  
 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,
- 1540 Byschoppis, erlys and barowne.  
 There he made an entyement *funeral*  
 With many messes with good entente. *Masses*  
 An ersbyschope beryed his fadir dere,  
 Prechyngē there was of many a frere, *friar*
- 1545 Pore men þat sat vpon þe ground *Poor*  
 Were delyd of many a pownde. *given*  
 A grete feste there was dight  
 For erlys and for many a knyght;  
 All men þat wold thereof take
- 1550 Had mete there for Goddis sake.  
 f.74v Whan this feste was brokyn vp,  
 Euery man his leve tūke  
 And went hyr way as I you telle.  
 Ipomydon thoght at home to dwelle.
- 1555 His modir and he dwellyd in same,  
 With moche myrthe, ioye and game,  
 Tille it befelle vpon a day,  
 The quene to hyr sonne gan saye

1.1536 fadyr was dede] *MS fadyr followed by caret, was written at the end of the line, preceded by caret* 1.1546 Were] *MS Wele*

- In pryuyte and in counselle:  
 1560 'Thou hast a brother *withouten* fayle,  
 Preuely gotten was me vpon  
 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,  
 Pat where he come amonge hye or lowe,  
 1570 By that rynge he shuld hym knowe.  
 Tha[n] take thys rynge, my sonne, of me.  
 In what contre that he bee,  
 Wh[o] that knowith this 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 *partid* 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 thyng,  
 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,  
 f.75r Men he distroyed that dyd shame.  
 Byfore his baronage, I vndirstand,  
 Ipomydon sesyd hym in his lande,  
 And yaffe hym the profyte for his sake,  
 Tylle þat he the crowne wold take.  
 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 Sessenyn lond he was baron.  
 This doughty duke herd saye,  
 The eyre of Calabre was suche a may;  
 1605 Messengeris he sent anon

*secrecy / confidence**I do not know  
recently  
gleaming**high rank**tested**uncle**put in possession of  
use**Sicily*

- 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 *Unless*  
 That for hyr lond *with* me darre fight.'  
 Forthe went the messyngere  
 And told þe 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 answey,  
 And anone he bygan grete were,  
 For grete power gadryd he *gathered*  
 To wyne 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*.  
 f.75v Whan he that herde, Ipomydon,  
 Than was he a sory man  
 1635 That he ne myght *with* that duke fight,  
 The whiche was holden so noble a knyght.  
 Right vnsemely, on queynte manere, *peculiar*  
 He hym dight, as ye shalle here.  
 A barbor he callyd *withouten* more  
 1640 And shove hym bothe byhynd & byfore, *shaved*  
 Queyntly endentyd oute and in, *Cleverly indented*  
 And also he shove halfe his chynne.  
 He semyd a fole, þat queynte syre,  
 Bothe by hede and by atyre.  
 1645 Armure he toke þat was rusty  
 And horsyd hym on an old rouncey.  
 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 Sesseyn 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 vppon 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  
 þat any man of þe wille craue.'
- 1665 'Fole, go to mete,' sayd þe kynge,  
 'I grant the thyne askynge.'  
 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 rydyng a may,  
 Oute of Calabre sothe to say,  
 On a white mule byfore þe kynge;  
 A dwerffe *with* hyr come rydyng.
- 1675 'Sir Kynge, my lady gretis wele the,  
 And prayeth the for charyte  
*f.76r* 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 kynge answeyrd anone,  
 And sayd, 'All my knyghtes ar gone,
- 1685 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 kynge 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.

*staff / table**request*

1.1664 of þe wille craue] *MS* of þe wille haue, *the final word underlined with deletion marks and followed by craue*

*Indulge in your folly*

- Dryve thy folye where thow wille,  
 For no ioie haue I there tille.'  
 The fole sayd, 'Be þou wrothe or glad,  
 1700 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!'  
 1705 He lepyd on his hors there,  
 And sayd, 'Fare welle and haue gode yere.'  
 Somme sayd he was a fole welle dight,  
 Somme sayd he semyd a knyght  
 That is come fro ferre contre,  
 1710 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,  
 1715 '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 there of and ete,  
 f.76v But euyr the fole *withoute* sete  
 And morselle they nold hym caste,  
 Thoughe he shuld for hungre brest.  
 Þe dwerfe sayd, 'We ar to blame!  
 Yiff þe fole *somme* mete, for shame.'  
 1725 '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,  
 1730 'I haue the spyed sythe þou oute yede.  
 Thou arte my *lemman*, as I haue thoght.'  
 The fole sayd, 'Þat leve I noghte.  
 She ys myne, I wille hyr haue.  
 Fro the I hope hyr wele to saue.'  
 1735 The knyght sayd, 'Fole, leve thy folye,  
 Or ellis þou shalt dere abyе.'  
 The fole sterte to a tronchoune  
 Þat bare vp the maydens pavilloun,  
 And smote the knyght on the crowne,  
 1740 That sterke dede he felle to ground.  
 He yaffe the dwerffe þe knyghtes gere;  
 To hymselfe he toke the spere.

*would not**intend**pay for  
staff*

- 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 sauycd you fro blame,  
And thynke ye shuld haue be shent *ruined*  
1750 Had he be oute of youre present.'  
The mayde answeyrd hym anone,  
'Byfore God, mete getteth he none.  
It was but foly, I prayse it noght;  
I wold he were fro vs broght.' *dumb luck*  
1755 *With* that, there come another knyght.  
The mayd he chalengid anone ryght  
And sayd, 'Come forth, my leman dere!'  
The fole sayd, 'Þou haste none here.  
She is myne, and longe hathe bene.'  
1760 *With* that þe knyght bygan to tene *anger*  
And sayd, 'Fole, thou shalt abyge  
Yff þou speke more of þis folye.'  
f.77r The fole sayd, 'I will not blyne. *stop*  
If thou hyr haue, þou shalt hyr wyne.'  
1765 *With* that he lepte on his hors lyght,  
And eyther to other ganne hem dight.  
The fole hym metithe *with* 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.  
1775 They toke them mete and drynke gode spede,  
Vnnethe they wold þe fole any bede. *Unwillingly / offer*  
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 fynd 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*

- 1790 *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 chydyng þou gettest hyr noght.
- 1795 Iff thou hyr haue, þou shalt hyr bye  
 A peny derrer þan euer dyd I.'  
 There was no lenger to abyde,  
 But eyther of theym to othyr gan ryde.  
 The fole mette þe knyght soo
- 1800 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.
- f.77v 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.
- 1810 The dwerf fulle sone slepyd faste,  
 But the mayde wakyng laye,  
 And on the fole thynkith ay.  
 She demyd he was a doughty knyght,  
 Wherefore to hym she gan hyr dight.
- 1815 '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,
- 1820 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
- 1825 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,
- 1830 He sterte vp in a brayde, *suddenly*  
 And bygan for to rese *to rise*  
 As he wold take hyr by the nese. *nose*  
 Euyr the fayrer þat she spake,  
 The fouler braydes gan he make. *outbursts*
- 1835 Thus he wrawled & wroth away; *roared / became angry*

l.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 thou þou shalt not fayle  
 1840 To helpe my lady in þis batayle,  
 And *with* the duke Geron to fyght,  
 As þou kynge Melliager hight? *promised*  
 What shall I to my lady say,  
 Whethyr will ye come or nay?'
- 1845 'Tomorow, whan I þe duke see,  
 Paraunter in suche plyte I may bee *Perhaps*  
*f.78r* That I wille the bataille take,  
 And so it may falle I wille it forsake,  
 For I am holdyn no thyngge you tille,  
 1850 Noght but at myne owne wille.'  
 The mayden turnyd homeward & thoght;  
 To his answeye she coude sey noght.  
 She bad þe knyght haue good day,  
 And he bad, 'Fare wele, fayre maye.'
- 1855 In at a preuy posterne gate *secret side door*  
 By nyght she stale in there ate,  
 And to þe lady she told sone  
 What the fole had for hyr done,  
 And that he comythe for hyr to fight.
- 1860 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. *locked*  
*With* lowde voyse he gan to sayne,  
 1865 '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
- 1870 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:
- 1875 'What art thou that makist þis crye,  
 And at this gate so grete mastrye?' *such a threat*  
 'I am,' he sayd, 'lord of here inne,  
 For I am sekir þis mayde to wyne,  
 And will so do or I hens gone,  
 1880 That othir husband gettyth she none.'  
 Ipomydon saide, 'Pat thou shalt mysse,

- For all myne owne that lady ys,  
 And full longe she hathe be soo.  
 Therefore, I rede the hens goo,  
 1885 I wille hyr deffend frome all men.'  
 The duke answerd bitterly then,  
 'Traytour!' he sayd, 'Þou art anothir.  
 I wende thou haddist bene my brothir. *believed*  
*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 thoght.'  
 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 neyther wold for othyr flee.  
 They faught togedyr wondir longe,  
 Þe bataille was bothe stiff & stronge,  
 1905 That of there lyves neyther rought. *took heed*  
 Ipomydon than hym bythoght  
 He was in poynte to lese there,  
 That he had bought wondir dere. *about to*  
 Hys swerd in bothe handis he toke - *won with difficulty*  
 1910 It was sharpe as saythe þe boke -  
 And hertely he dyd it vp lyfte,  
 Amyd the crowne he yaff hym swifte.  
 Thrughe helme & bassenet it raught;  
 Hys crowne was shavyn at one draught. *helmet, rent*  
 1915 The duke felt hym hurt full sore, *skull / with one blow*  
 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 hastely  
 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 *heir*  
 Rennethe a ryuer longe & feyre,  
*With* shippis & sayles manyfolde;  
 There stremes were of fyne golde. *pennants*  
 This lady sayd she wold flee
- 1940 Iff that the duke wan þe gre. *victory*  
 These shippis were stuffyd *with* vytayle *provisions*  
 Þat *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. *ruined*  
 'Come forthe,' he sayd, 'my leman dere,
- 1950 For I haue wonne þe now here!'  
 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.
- T**urne we now anone ryghtes  
 And speke we of Kyng Melliager knyghtes,  
 That whan hyr iorney was done *their journey*  
 They hem buskyd home full sone, *hurried*  
 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 fyghtynge,  
 In all the hast þat they myght *haste*  
*With* the duke for to fight.

- Toward Calabre as they rode,  
 þey saw shippis in þe flode.
- 1975 Anoon they callyd to theyme there  
 And askyd hem of whens they were. *At once*  
 The shippemen sayd, 'Of Calabre londe;  
 A duke hathe wonne it *with* his hand. *them from where*  
 Here ys þe lady, as ye may see -
- 1980 She hathe forsake hyr owne contre.'  
 Campanus prayd þe lady to dwelle  
 And somewhat of hyr greffe to telle.  
 She herd they were hyr emme knyghtes *uncle's*  
 And tornyd ayeine anon ryghtes,
- 1985 And tolde the knyghtes all in hye  
 Off þe duke þat was so doughty,  
 And how the fole had hym borne  
 Off good poyntis there beforne, *disposition*  
 And how þe duke hathe hym slayne,
- 1990 '& 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.
- 1995 Madame, I rede we torne agayne *advise*  
 And we shall see who is slayne,  
 & than we shalle þis dede awreke, *avenge*  
 Iff we haue grace *with* hym to speke,  
 That all þis land shall thereof here,
- 2000 And ellys honge me be the swyre,  
 But I his hede vnto you brynge.'  
 All they grantyd *withoute* lesynge. *neck*  
 This lady turnyd hyr shippe anon  
 And *with* Sir Campanus forthe gan goon. *lying*
- 2005 When she come þe castelle nye, *near*  
 As ferre as euyr she myght see,  
*f.80r* In that place she wold abyde  
 Tille she wist how it wold tyde. *happen*  
 Campanus all his men lette calle
- 2010 And to þe castelle they went alle.  
 They saw a knyght in blak atyre;  
 They went full wele þe duke it were *thought*  
 þat had destroyed þe land aboute.  
 To hym they hyed, all þe route. *company*
- 2015 Campanus sayd in þis manere,  
 'What art þou that standis here?  
 Tell me why þou makist þis dynne *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 thocht  
 And go home to thy contre,  
 Or ellis for sothe þou shalt dede be.  
 2025 Wherefore, hens fast thou hye *hence*  
 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? *custom*  
 Yif any of yow haue better right  
 Than I haue to þis lady bryght,  
 Come forthe & prove yt *with* your hand,  
 One for one while I may stand.'  
 2035 Campanus answerd to þe knyght.  
 'Chese whether þou wilt go or ellys fight.' *Chose*  
 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 thocht to stond.  
 All at ons at hym they layd; *they attacked him*  
 Ipomydon hys swerd oute brayd *drew out*  
 2045 And many a man he fellys downe ryght. *falls*  
 He faught *with* many a doughty knyght  
 f.80v That many a stroke vppon hym layd.  
 'Yeld the, traytour!' 'Not yit!' he sayd. *Surrender*  
 The knyghtes that were of grete pryde, *prowess*  
 2050 Faste they faught on yche syde. *each*  
 Ipomydon saw non othyr wone, *advantage*  
 But socouryd hym at a walle of stone,  
 And they pursewyd aftir faste,  
 Þat many vnto þe dethe he caste;  
 2055 So longe ageynste them he gan stand,  
 They hewyd the gloves of his hand -  
 All bare handyd faught þis knyght;  
 They saw neuyr are non so wight. *before / brave*  
 Sir Campanus, as I vndirstande,  
 2060 Saw the rynge on his hand  
 That he yaffe his modyr þe quene;  
 Many a yere are he ne had it sene.  
 Campanus prayd hym stand stille

1.2026 Withowte] MS With is followed by a caret, and oute is written at the end of the line, preceded by a caret

- While he askyd hym a skyle. *for an explanation*
- 2065 The knyght answerd & bad hym sey,  
For all they were wery of there play. *fighting*  
'Sir knyght,' he sayd, 'telle me this thyng:  
Where had ye that il[k]e rynge?' *same*  
Ipomydon answerd as he thought,
- 2070 And sayd, 'For sothe, I stale it noght. *stole*  
For þou coueytes to haue þis rynge, *desires*  
I swere by Ihesu Christ, heyn kynge,  
Or þou it haue *with* mystrye, *before / force*  
With sore strokis þou shalt it bye.' *fierce blow / pay for it*
- 2075 Sir Campanus prayd hym *with* feyre chere *politely*  
To telle hym on feyre manere  
Where he had þat ylke rynge,  
'And say the sothe *withoute* lesynge.'
- 2080 Ipomydon sayd, 'So God me spede,  
Y wille not telle þe for no drede, *fear*  
But telle me why þou doste enquere  
And I shalle yeve the an answer.'  
'This rynge,' he sayd, 'þat is so fyne  
For sothe *somme* tyme it was myne.
- 2085 Now, as ye are a gentill man, *nobleman*  
Telle me where ye þat rynge wanne.'  
'The quene,' he sayd, 'of Poyle land  
Yaff me this rynge, ye shall vndirstand.
- f.81r* She y[s] my modyr good and fayre;  
2090 Off all þat land I am þe eyre.'  
'Sir knyght,' he sayd, 'yit abyde. *wait*  
What sayd she more to you þat tyde?' *time*  
'She sayd I had a brother on lyve, *alive*  
Was gotyn or þat she was wyffe, *conceived*
- 2095 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.'
- 2100 They felle downe bothe in þat stound, *in that moment*  
At onys fallynge to þe ground. *Simultaneously*  
Men caught hem vp & wakyd hem bothe; *roused*  
They were full glad & no thyng lothe.  
Ipomydon enqueryd of his brothyr  
What was his name, for none knew othyr.
- 2105 He sayd, 'Sir Campanus I hight,  
That gaynste þe dyd fyght.  
With kynge Melleager dwelle I.'  
'Som tyme we were in company; *Once together*  
Know ye nevyr the quenys lemman
- 2110 That somtyme this mayd wan?'  
'A, brother,' he sayd, 'be ye he?'

- There was ioye grete plente.  
 Ipomydon sayd, 'I bare þe shelde  
 That wanne þe lady in þe felde.  
 2115 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  
 2120 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.  
 2125 I toke my leve of þe Quene;  
 With me went my mayden shene,  
 Home toward myne owne lond.  
 Sir Caymes sayd, I vndirstand,  
 f.81v That he wold feche vs bothe agayne,  
 2130 Or ellis þat he wold be slayne. *else*  
 He sayd I went *without* leve; *permission*  
 All ye wist how it dyd preue, *prove*  
 And therfore brother, as I haue sayd,  
 I am best worthy to haue þe mayd.'  
 2135 They saw it was þe same knyght;  
 Þan all there hertes began to light. *to be cheered*  
 Euere as they went they gan hym kysse;  
 There was ioye and moche blisse.  
 Messyngers afore gan thrynge *hurried ahead*  
 2140 To bryng þe lady good tythynges.  
 When she saw þey come so fast,  
 Than þe lady was agast.  
 She wende þey had scomfyted be; *believed / defeated*  
 Þis lady bad draw sayle & flee.  
 2145 The messyngers cryed as þey were wode *mad*  
 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  
 2150 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. *shore*  
 2155 Whan þe lady of hym had syght  
 She comaundyd a bote forthe ryght, *immediately*  
 For at þe lond fayne wold she bee  
 That she myght þe knyght see.  
 She lepyd oute of þe bote in hye *haste*

- 2160 Into þe water. Þe knyght stode bye *stood near*  
 And he aftir, also faste *so*  
 Þat vp he gatte hyr at þe last. *got*  
 Whan þey come vnto þe lond  
 Ipomydon toke hyr by þe hond  
 2165 And told hyr þere, *withouten* fayle,  
 Hyr loue had causyd hym grete travaile. *hardship*  
*f.82r* 'Sythe fryst þat I *with* you dyd dwelle, *first*  
 Half my sorow can I not telle,  
 And how ye blamyd your cosyn Iason  
 2170 For þat I loked you vppon,  
 And þo I toke my leve and went  
 Tille I herd of youre entente,  
 How þat ye wold haue a knyght  
 That of his hand was most wight;  
 2175 Thedyr I drew when I it herde. *brave*  
 All ye wote how þat it ferd: *travelled*  
 I seruyd your eme longe *with*alle. *know*  
 The quenys lemman þey dyd me calle, *uncle / by this means*  
 And aftir I iusted dayes thre.  
 2180 Many men ther dyd I see,  
 And there I wan stedis good. *won*  
 Somme were rede as any blode,  
 And also wisely, God me amend, *so help me God*  
 The kyngis stede to you I send.  
 2185 But sone after I vndirstand  
 I went into myn owne lond,  
 Tille I herd vppon a day  
 Of þe duke þat made outray. *caused havoc*  
 I busked me in queynt manere, *clever*  
 2190 Right as I a fole were,  
 And went agayne to þe kyng;  
 He knew me not for nothyng.  
 And thedyr come frome you a mayd  
 And to þe kyng þese wordis she sayd,  
 2195 That he muste you socoure sende  
 Fro þe duke you to deffend.  
 But þe kyng you of help forsoke,  
 And I the bataile to me toke. *enemies*  
 Forthe *with* þe mayd gan I gone *I killed*  
 2200 And there I kepte hyr frome hyr fone: *defeated*  
 Thre knyghtes of hyr lyffes I lete,  
 And now þe duke I haue scomfyte.  
 I darre wele say by Goddis sond,  
 I haue you wonne *with* my hond.'  
*f.82v* Whan þe lady herd how it was, *offer*



- 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,  
 2210 For eyther was to othyr dere.  
 I lette you wete *withoute* delay,  
 Halfe there ioie I can not say.  
 Forthe they went to þe castelle  
 There this lady byfore dyd dwelle.  
 2215 All that nyght they were in same  
*together*  
*gaiety*  
 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  
 2220 That was hyr eme, I vndyrstand,  
 To þe emperoure, I dare wele say,  
 Were wrytte lettres of grete nobley,  
 To ershebisshoppes & bysshopis of þe land,  
 Prestes & clerkis þat were at hand.  
 2225 Dukis, erlys and barons, also  
 Knyghtis and squyers shuld thedyr go.  
 Messyngeris were sent euerywhere,  
 For pore and ryche all shold be there,  
 And whan these lordis tythingis herd  
 2230 They hyed hem fast thedyrward;  
 Þis fest was cryed longe byfore.  
*announced / ahead*  
 Fourty dayes *withoute* more  
 Metis were made grete plente,  
 For many a man þere shuld bee.  
 2235 *Food*  
 With the emperoure come to þe feste  
 An hundreth knyghtes at þe lest,  
 And *with* the kynge hyr eme also  
 Two hundreth hors *withoute* mo.  
 Sir Piers of Poyle thedyr come,  
 2240 And *with* hym knyghtes of grete fame  
*f.83r* 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,  
 2245 Toward þe chirche *with* game & glee  
 To make þat grete solempnyte.  
 The archebisshoppe of þat land  
 Weddyd theyme, I vndirstand.  
 Whan it was done, as I you say,  
 2250 Home they went *withoute* delay,  
 By þat they come to þe castelle.  
*Until*

- There mete was redy euerydele;  
 Trumpes to mete gan blow tho,  
 Claryons & other menstrellis mo.  
 2255 Po 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,  
*backgammon / chess*  
*games*  
*With* othir *gammys* more and lesse.  
 Ipomydon gaff in þat stound  
 2270 To mynstrellis *vc pound*,  
*minstrels / five*  
*/hundred*  
 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,  
*Where*  
 f.83v And yaff hym all Poyle land,  
 But on erledom, I vnderstond,  
*Except for one*  
 And of that land made hym kyng  
 2280 And afftyr hym hys offspryg.  
 He thankyd God and hym *with mode*  
*earnestly*  
 And euery *man* spak of hym good.  
 Syr Cammpanus fforthe ys gone on sond  
*as a messenger*  
 To the kyng of Sesanay lond,  
 2285 There he was in hys chambyr  
*Where*  
 Talkyng *with* the ladyes on ffere.  
*together*  
 He told of the yefftes ffayre,  
*gifts*  
 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,  
*freehold*  
 And a mayde hys leff to bee  
*wife*  
 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,  
*maid*

- And for yowre yefftes many on  
 2300 That ye hawe yewen me here befforne.' *gifts*  
 Tho passyd he fforthe as I yow say *have given*  
 There he lyked best to play.  
 Ipo[m]adon in hall there he stod  
 Bethowght hym of myld mode  
 2305 Of hys ffelaw Syr Iason,  
 How he was a worthy man.  
 To hym he gaff bothe fferre & nere  
 Grete londes as ye may here,  
 To hys wyffe a fayre may  
*f.84r* That he had louyd many a day,  
 And other yiftes he yaff also  
 Tille other men many moo. *To*  
 Whan this feste was comyn to þe end  
 Euery man busked hem home to wend.  
 2315 On the morow *withoute* lesynge,  
 The emperoure went vnto þe kyng;  
 His leve to take gan he gone,  
 And *with* hym lordis many on.  
 At þe takynge of his leve  
 2320 Halfe þe ioie I can not discryve  
 That there was hem amonge, *them*  
 Off ladies and of knyghtis stronge.  
 The emperoure his leve hathe tane  
 At þe kyng Ipomydon,  
 2325 And at þe quene fayre and free;  
 So dyd many mo than hee.  
 Thus the lordes fayre & hend *noble*  
 Homeward all þey gan to wend,  
 Euery lord to his contre  
 2330 Or where them lyked best to be,  
 And lefte them there bothe in same  
*With* myche myrthe, ioie and game,  
 here to dwelle for euyr more  
 Tille theyme departyd dethe fore. *parted / death*  
 2335 Ipomydon and his lady dere  
 Togedyr were many yere,  
*With* all ioie þat men myght see.  
 In world so moche non myght be  
 As was euere þem amonge,  
 2340 Till dethe þem departid þat was stronge,  
 And whan they dyed, I trow iwis, *I know certainly*  
 Bothe they yede to heuyn blysse, *heaven*  
 There as non other thyng may bee

But ioye and blisse, game & glee.  
2345 To þat blysse God bryng vs alle,  
That dyed on rode for grete & smalle. Amen *cross*

Explicit Ipomydon

**C TEXT: IPOMEDON**

- f.90r* 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 knowe euer  
ouer [all] in his tyme, and also the grettest
- 5 conquerour that myght be, so farforth that all the *to such a degree*  
lordes aboute him were vndre his suggestion and *authority*  
did him homage. Such honour and grace God sent  
him that all his lyve he gouerned his roialme in rest *life / kingdom*  
and peace.
- 10 Bot it happened him so that in all his live he had  
noo childe to be his heire, so that for defaute of *lack*  
isshue of himself the heritage after his decesse fell *issue*  
to a newew that he had that was called Capaneus, *nephew*  
the which was a worthie knight and the best
- 15 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
- 20 Calabre was homager to that same King Melliager, *vassal*  
and afre that tyme that he had wedded this ladie  
they lyved ten yere togedre in prosperite and  
welfare, bot they had noo childe to gedre save a  
doghter that shuld be theire heire. And at the ende
- 25 of X yere both the Duke and his wife died and went *ten*  
to God, and tha[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. *person*
- Bot so it happened on that day that she toke homage
- 30 of the lordes of the lond there come such an hiegh *high*  
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 *high / proud* *vow*  
lordes of hire londe that she shuld neuer be wedded
- 35 vnto nooman bot to him that were the worthiest  
knight of all the worlde.
- And whan that the lordes of hirre lond herd that  
proude and fers avow them thoght it come of an
- 40 euermore after because of that feers avow was she *greatly*  
cald the Feers of Calabre. Bot neuer the latter, *nevertheless*  
noghth withstanding hire avow, she was holden the  
wysest and the best woman and the most gracios to

- 1 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. *glory*
- N**ow in this same tyme there was in the lond of  
 5 Poile a king that was cald Hermogines, the which *Apulia*  
 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 thryftiest *most excellent*  
 10 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 *tourney*, and all othre  
*maner* of vertus that a man shuld have, so that  
 15 within a short tyme all men him loved and of him  
 had ioye. *joy*
- So it befell that the King Hermogines, the which  
 was a noble king and his fadre, made a grete feste,  
 at which feste were many straungers of dyuers  
 20 londes, and at the [feste] all *maner* men spake so  
 much worship of this lady that was cald the Feers  
*f.90v* [of] Calabre that it was ioye to here. / And among  
 all othre this yong man Ipomedon herd how all men  
 speke so much honour and worship of this ladie that  
 25 him thoght him had ben leuer 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. *learn*
- B**ot neuer the latter, he lete it passe that tyme vnto  
 30 the feste was at an ende, and whan 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 disired to serve hire of all  
 thing. Because he was a yong man him thoght it  
 35 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. *nor / one school / asked / give*
- 40 And whan 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. *pleased*

1 And then Ipomedon praid him that he wold gete  
him leyve at his fadre to serve the Feers of Calabre. *permission from*

And Tholomew come to the King and told him, and  
the King was wele payd and gave him leyve, and *pleased*  
5 ordand him gold and all that him neded, and [he] *provided him with*  
toke leyve and went his way with a privey menye to *personal retinue*  
he come into Calabre, and there Tholomew */until*  
herboured him at the fairest in that was in the citee *housed / inn*  
there the ladie dwelled. *where*

10 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  
15 that he was a yong man of an othre contree and  
desired to see worship, and for that he had herd so *because*  
mich worshipp spoken of hire passing all othre,  
therfor he come oute of his contree to doo hire  
servuice if it like hire. *please*

20 And she saw him and beheld him and thought he was  
a woundre semely man, and said he was right *handsome*  
welecome and that she was glad of his comyng, and  
all men beheld him and thought he was a wondre  
semely man and were right glad of him. And when  
25 the ladie went to mete she made Ipomedon to serve *her meal*  
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  
30 lough him to scorne, for it was noght the maner a  
man to serve with his mantle vpon him.  
Neuertheles, they knew not his purpos, ne what he  
thought. *nor*

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

- 1 ladie and all the courte luffed him so well that it was woundre. *loved*
- Bot** among all othre, euery man had pite of him, for theim thought he had no list to iusting, ne to *desire*
- 5 *tourneing*, no to manhede, bot all only to hunting *courageous deeds*  
and to hauking, for when all othre speke of dede of *deeds*  
*f.91r* 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 *proved*
- 10 worthie, and that so privelie and so in covert that *secretly*  
wonder was as ye shal here aftre, and thus served he this ladie three yere.
- Till** it befell vpon a tyme, the ladie thocht that she wold goo into a forest to hunt & play hire, and there
- 15 she made ordan in a parc a grete huntyng and a *ready*  
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
- 20 the last he slough a grete herтт even before the ladie, *slew / hart*  
and therof the ladie had grete ioye of him, he fore so faire with his gam, and come hire self and all hire women to see vndoo the dere. *cut up*
- And** there the ladie had so mych ioye to behold him
- 25 that in partie she began to lufe him, and whan she vmbythoght hire of hire avow, than thocht she, *considered*  
'Nay, for sothe, him wolle I noght, for there is noo manhode in him, and that avow that I made wolle I *truly*  
neuer breke!' And thus strove she with hire awn *own*
- 30 thoght, oon while that she wold lufe him, and an othire while noght soo.
- Agaynes** the evyn, the ladie went home fro the wod, *Towards evening*  
and Ipomedon whan he saw tyme went aftre and */ woods*  
brought into the hall thre grettest hart heides that *heads*
- 35 euer they see, and whan the ladie herd tell she come down to see the hart heides.
- Bot** the boke telles that she come more to behold hym than the heides, for whan she beheld him and se he was so semly a person she hade so mych
- 40 sorow that there was noo manhod in hym that wondre was, for she thoght if he had any manhod



- 1 vnto his semlyhode she most have loved him *beauty*  
 passing all othre men.
- So ouer that, whan tyme was, the ladie went to *after*  
 sopere and Ipomedon onoon went and served the *promptly*  
 5 goode ladie of the copp, and she beheld him and  
 asked him whethre he had oght eten, and he *eaten anything*  
 answerd and said, 'Nay', and she maide him to sit  
 in a chaiere before hire. And there, the boke telles,  
 they toke both such a charge opou theym that it held *an interest*  
 10 theim both the terme of their lyves, the which  
 charge was lufe that neuer departed aftre. *duration*
- And as they satten, aythre beheld othre so oft tymes  
 that they left their mete, so besily eithre loked on *busily*  
 othre, [s]o that aithre perceyved by othre the luf  
 15 that began betwix them.
- 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 hire hert, she *believed*  
 thoght on hire avow and was woundre evyll apayed *displeased*  
 20 with hire 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. *gladly*
- Noght forthy, all thogh they were long atwyn, their  
 hertes parted neuer. *nevertheless*  
*/parted*
- 25 So that this goode ladie vmbythoght hirre how she  
 might speke be double entendment to make him to  
 voide oute of hire fellasship, and that he might  
 vndrestond the glose of hire menyng. *pondered*  
*meaning*  
*leave*  
*deceptiveness*  
*/meaning*  
*maiden*
- And then had this goode lady a maden with hire that  
 30 was the Dukes doghtre of Burgoigne and hight  
 Eman, and this Eman sat at an othre borde betwix  
 twoo knightes and a squyere afor hire, that was the  
 ladies newew that hight Iason. *table*
- f.91v* And then this ladie spake / vnto Iason and said,  
 35 'Iason, why loke ye so long opou Eman?', and  
 reprevd him so that he was sore ashamed and  
 Eman both for they wist not what she ment. *reproached*
- And eft on the same wyse she reprevd Iason and *again / manner*

- 1 bare *him* on hand that he lufed Eman *paramours*, *asserted*  
 and all that did she that Ipomedon might vndrestond */passionately*  
 what she ment by him, and [he] *perceved* and  
 vndrestonode what she ment and wex sore ashamed. *became*
- 5 And whan they had eten and went vp to the  
 chaumbre Ipomedon come to the ladie and toke leve *chamber*  
 of hire to goo to his in and she gave him leve, and *inn*  
 whan they departed eithre loked on othre so longly  
 that they left not whilles oon might see that othre *while*
- 10 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 euer was I borne! So many grete lorde as  
 I might have, bothe kinges and dukes, and now lufe
- 15 a squiere that is bot a wreche and a coward, that noo *wretch*  
 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
- 20 pitee was to hirre the sorow that she made. *hear*
- And then went Ipomedon home to his in and went  
 streight to bedd, the carefulest and the most sory  
 man that might be, and said, 'Allas that euer was I  
 borne, to come oute of my contree to seke honour
- 25 and worshipp, for now have I sorow & care to my  
 lyves ende, for I haue set myn hert there 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
- 30 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 theirre  
 departing, that he thoght wele in his hert and trowed
- 35 fully that she lufed him agayn, and wele also that  
 she repreved Iason it was to make him to goo oute  
 of hire fellowship, not for no despite no for noon  
 evell menyng, bot all oonly forto make him to goo  
 seke travaill that he might have hirre to his wife &
- 40 she to save hire avowe. *knightly*  
*/competition*
- And whan he had thoght 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
- 45 argued in his own thoght to and fro, and made the *condition*  
 most sorow that any wight might make. */through*  
*man*

- 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. *complaint / fared*
- 5 To the which Ipomedon fened him an othre cause  
tha[n] it was answering & said, 'For sothe, Maistre,'  
quod he, 'I have bene turbled this night in my slepe  
f.92r with a dreeme of my fadre and my modre, / that I  
drede me sore that my fadre is deid, and therfore me  
10 longes so sore home that all thinges left I wolle goo  
see how they faire.' And opou that they ordand  
them and went prevely theire way thurgh a forest,  
vnwittyng the ladie or any othre wight. *feigned  
troubled  
readied  
themselves  
unknown to*
- Now in this same tyme was Iason in the forest to  
15 play him and happened to mete with Ipomedon, and  
se that he had all his menyne and all his harnes with  
him and asked him whedre he wold away, and he  
feyned him the same cause answeyng, and said he  
wold home to his fadre bycause of a dreame that he  
20 mete opou 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 removyng. *retinue / men-at-  
arms / where to  
believed  
woe / departing*
- To the which Iason answerd, supposing wele that  
he him feyned by som othre cause than it was, and  
25 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 youre self  
30 wold ordan.'
- And he said nay, for soth there 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  
35 that he wold abide here still, or elles let him 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  
40 shuld fynde [him], he said, for certayn, he wold  
come to him, and he said vtterly nay, & so thei  
departed with the most sorow that any creature  
might make. *haste  
whence  
utterly*

1.6 tha[n] ] MS that 1.39 [was] ] MS wist. *This emendation parallels p.91, l.16 'when he was.'*  
11.39-40 'and where he came from, and where he should find him'

- 1 Then Iason come home and met with the ladie &  
 she shortly se him make hevy chere, asked what  
 titthinges he broght, & he said hire squyere was  
 goon, and she asked which squyere, and he said,  
 5 'That straunge squyere, & told me because of a  
 dreame 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  
 10 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 repreving of him, and then asked she  
 him if he asked his name and he answerd and  
 15 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  
 closett and laid hire down, and sighed sore and  
 20 swoned and made the most sorow that any wight  
 might make, the which Eman aspiend, 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  
 25 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  
 f.92v vengeance on hire, for she had set hire / hert holly  
 30 to luf a man that she wist neuer what he was, ne  
 whene, 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  
 afre, 'va ha,' bot Eman vndrestood not hire  
 35 menyng 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  
 40 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 prayd hire to be of goode  
 comfort, & said that she might be glad to set hire

*at once / looking  
/sad / tidings*

*strange  
he dreamed*

*reproaching*

*Yes  
whence*

*bedchamber  
fainted  
saw*

*ailed*

*wholly*

*where from*

*laying*

*knew*

- 1 hert on such oon for a semelier man, no a more  
 ientle had they noght seen, and also she said,  
 certayn, a better man of armes shuld ther be noon,  
 and that she shuld see within short tyme, and for  
 5 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 diseases.
- noble*  
  
*honour*  
  
*somewhat*  
*easing / woe*

- Now then turne we agayne to Ipomedon, that rode  
 10 furth in his way all pensif and mournyng so that  
 Tholomew had mervaille and asked him why he  
 fard soo, and he told him, certainly, 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.
- sorrowful*  
*astonishment*  
  
*might*

- 15 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 travaille, for he said it  
 20 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, '& ye,' *quod* he, 'er so semely a man and has  
 strength and conyng enogh, goos travail and seke  
 25 worship, and on my lyfe God wolle so ordayn for  
 you that ye shall come to youre desire.
- because*  
  
*exert himself*  
  
*are*  
*ability / go*

- 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  
 30 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.'
- good fortune*  
*knows*

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

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

1 squyere 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  
 5 for he was the same man that he soght, and than  
 f.93r / they roode all in fere in all [the haste] that thei  
 might, to they come into the lond of Poile, to a citee  
 there his fadre dwelled in, and was cald Barbelet.

*tidings**together*

And when he come before the Quene that was his  
 10 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  
 15 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.

*secret matter**tell**blessing**reveal*

20 '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 blissing and died anoon aftre, and  
 than Ipomedon had mych sorow for his modre, and  
 25 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.

*good fortune**/bad fortune**shortly**knew*

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

*condition*

And the King was wele payd and glad that he se his  
 35 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  
 40 travailled so that there was noo iourney in noo lond  
 bot 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 accounted in all

*day's combat*

1 londes oon of the worthiest knight[es] that men  
knew that tyme, and therto lowly and so prively in  
all his dooing that there was nooman that knew his  
name, ne what he was, ne whene.

5 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  
prively and make therof noo bost, he said that man  
both pleases God and encreses his astate, and thes  
10 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.

*boast  
hinders  
/reputation  
increases  
practiced*

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

*each  
warred*

So on a tyme, certayn lordes of the lond see wele  
25 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 governance, and therfore hire most  
algate take an husbond that might put the lond in  
30 better governance, so that she and they also might  
be at rest and peace.

*especially*

f.93v And she hering / all this saw wele that wele she  
might not say nay, and on that othre side she wold  
not graunt them, for othre than him that she loved  
35 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 theim a[n] answee bot  
they were evyll apayed to tarrie so long and  
40 groched therwith.

*promise  
bewildered*

*deliberate  
/matter*

*grumbled*

So among othre there was a lorde of that lond that

1.32 The repetition could be a scribal error, or simply mean 'she saw well that clearly she might not...'

1 was cald Drias, the which was a wondre envious *hostile*  
 man and loved better were than peace, and said to *war*  
 all thes lordes that they were mych to blame to be  
 so rebell agayns hire that was theire lord that they *rebellious*  
 5 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 mortherrere *man's murderer*  
 that were appelled of felony by the law of the land *accused*  
 10 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  
 15 that any wight mote make and cald Eman to hire,  
 and praid hire to consell hirre 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  
 20 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 vncle which was the King of Cecile,  
 of the which she held the lond of Calabre, and  
 25 because that he was hire next kynne and chief lord  
 also, she durst not doo withouten his counsell, 'bot  
 so euer he wold ordayn so wold ye doo, and thus  
 shall ye be wele excused at that tyme.' And when  
 she had herd Eman consaill she was wele apayed  
 30 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 counsaill of the King of  
 35 Cecile and refused the counsall of theim, they were  
 woundre wroth and strofe ychoon with othre. If oon  
 assented an othre said nay. *strove each*

And so among othre there was an erle that was an  
 old man that hight Amphion, & was evell apayd  
 40 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  
 their chief lord also, & oon of the worthiest kinges *yes*



- 1 that lyved that tyme, & if they lett hire and made hire to refuse his consall he wold be evill apayd therwith and *paraventure* turn them to grete diseases in tyme comyng. *hindered*
- 5 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 whan the King saw thes *lettres* and had avised him of this matere, he *considered*
- 10 answerd and said he wold be there and assigned them 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 *f.94r* certayn day & she made goode chere, / right as she *feigned happiness*
- 15 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. *took heed*
- So afre this, whan the day come nygh that was *near*
- 20 limite before, the King Melliagere 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 answer, and the Ladie of Calabre receved hire
- 25 vncler 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 them whome them thought most able man to have hire to wife. *honourably*  
*hear*
- 30 And this Erle Ampheon that ye have herd of before answerd for his fellows, & said that [she] was in chose of thre. Oon was the Duke son of Spayne, and an othre was the King son of Russe. The third was the Duke of Normandie, & therfore he praid the *able to choose*  
*/between*  
*Russia*
- 35 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 othre Erle Drias answerd and said to the King that it was not lawfull that *choose*
- 40 Ampheon said, for them that were hire legemen to constreyn hire to take an husbond agayns hire will, & so he praid him that he wold counsaill with hire *subjects*

1 him self.

And the King herd wele that he spake wel and  
resonable, and went and asked his nece how hire  
hert stode, & she was wele apaid with that that

5 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.

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

*by then be  
/decided*

And the ladie went to chaumbre & made the most  
15 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  
20 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  
25 hire avow, to make ordayn a tournament duryng  
thre days, 'and who so happenes to doo there the  
best, say that ye wolle 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  
30 him or [if he] luf you as ye doon him, sicurlie he  
woll be there.' And the laidy thought 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.

*rather*

*agree  
lasting*

*know*

*certainly*

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

*same*

*put off*

And the ladie, hering that he was allway agayns  
40 hire, answerd & said, 'Ampheon, I see that you  
f.94v desires so mych to have an / answer. 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

*always*

*in the hearing of*

- 1 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 worthiest knight of all  
5 the world, the which I wot wele come of an hie  
pride & a grete folie of my selve.

*know**proud*

- 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 tournament in  
10 all londes fer and nere, during thre days, & who so  
euer has that grace ther to doo the best, truly what  
so euer he be, I shal take him to myn husbond with  
a goode will.'

*agree**lasting*

- And the lordes of the lond herd this & were glad &  
15 ioyfull, for ychoon of theim trowed he shuld doo  
wele enough, & 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  
20 Cecile, & all othre lordes ychoon went his way  
gladder than othre to ordayn them agaynes this  
tournament.

*months**prepare / for*

- Now, in this mean tyme had Ipomedon a  
messanger that hight Egeon, the which he left in  
25 Calabre to herken tithandes prively all way of his  
ladie & to bring him worde, and this Egeon, when  
he wist of this tournament, 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  
30 such a tournament, & when he had herd that he was  
the ioyfullest man that might be, & told Tholomew  
that he wald ordayn him for that tournament & that  
he wold goo serve the King of Cecile.

*learn of  
/continually**wish / announce**wished to*

- And then went he & ordaynt him in array in the  
35 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  
beforn him with his harnes, and with him ordant he  
40 to come a tall yong man sitting on a white stede all  
trapped in white, & with him a somer with his  
harneis all white that longed therto for oon day.

*apparel  
pack**before / armour  
/and weapons  
dressed  
/packhorse*

- 1 And afre him come an othre faire stede trapped all  
in reid, & all the harneis that longed to him all rede  
for the secund day. *red / red*
- And afre him come on othre on a faire blak stede, *another*  
5 & 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 *close*  
citee of Palerne there the King dwelled, & on that  
10 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 *noise*  
15 the way & had mervaiill what it might be. *wondered*
- For he se neuer ere knight lede harneis by the way,  
for it was the guyse in that tyme, a knight that went  
to seke adventures shuld goo & come alloon  
without more felawshipp. & then the King sent  
*f.95r* 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 *before*  
25 sith I was born se I so semely a man as their *fashion*  
maister is, no so faire hors, no so faire harneis, ne  
so faire havkes, no so faire houndes,' & said that the  
maister of them come to speke with the King if it  
like vnto him.
- 30 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 comen thidre to serve him, if it  
liked vnto him, and that gentle woman his cosyn he  
wold were with the Quene, because that he had herd  
35 so much worshipp spoken on him in all contrees,  
passing all othre men, '& if it like vnto you, my  
serviuce I wolle serve you on a certan counaunt that  
I wolle make with you. And the King said he was *covenant*  
glad of his serviuce & wold withhold him with a  
40 goode will, bot if his asking were the more *take him into his*  
vnresonable. */service*

- 1 And then the King charged Campanius to goo with  
him into the citee of Palern and herbore him at the  
fairest place of all the tovn, & he did soo, and there  
Tholomew made redy for sopere and Ipomedon  
house  
town
- 5 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.  
treated him  
/hospitably
- And so as they sat at soupere, Ipomedon toke a  
10 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  
15 doo that might be plesaunce to him.  
pleasing
- 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 opou a certan  
counaunt that he wold make with him, & elles  
covenant
- 20 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,  
the queen's  
/paramour
- 25 more ouer, that he might goo with hire ich a tyme  
that she shuld come fro the chambre 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  
kiss / went
- 30 hunttyng, & 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  
extraordinary
- 35 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 beleft with the  
Quene & his cosyn also, bot neuer might they know  
left
- 40 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.  
greatly

1 And he euery day, when all men ordant theim to  
 goo to the tournament, he went always on huntyng,  
*f.95v* and / euermore whan knightes spake of dedes of  
 armes or *turnementz*, he spake euermore on hunting  
 5 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  
 10 was noo bountie no manhode.

*about*  
*sweethearts*  
*passionately*  
*practiced*  
*nor*

And soon afre this, the King & the Quene made  
 theim redie to goo in to Calabre to the tournament,  
 and when they come there the King lay at a castell  
 bot twoo myle fro Caundres there the tournament  
 15 shuld be, and then euery day when knightes made  
 redie theire harnes to go to the *turnement*, he toke  
 his houndes & went on huntyng, and Capanius see  
 this & asked why he ordant him noght to the  
*turnement* as othre men did. He said all men  
 20 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 fellows to gedre.

*slept*

And when Ipomedon herd that he wold haue had  
 25 him to the *turnement*, 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  
 30 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  
 35 to scorne & said it was pitee that he was so semely  
 a *person* & had noo manhode.

*agreement*  
*jousts*  
*fared*

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  
 40 tournament with the fairest felawship of knightes  
 with him that might be, & the best [to] be seen.

And then come thidre the Kinges son of Irlond, the  
 which was a woundre semely knight, & yong &

1 lusty, and hight Monestius, & broght with him such  
a fellowship of knightes & so thriftly arraيد that it  
was a ioye to see, for he loved the Ladie of Calabre  
paramours & had doon long.

*vigorous*  
*richly*  
*passionately*

5 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  
10 tournament 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.

*anywhere*

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

*Germany*  
*Proud*

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  
20 there, for it was oon of the grettest tournament that  
euer was seen before.

*foreign*

*f.96r* Now on the day before that this turnement 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 turnement be & go with me to morow on  
huntyng, & ye shal haue noble gam & wele better  
than at turnement, for there shal be noo strokes  
30 gyven? For certan,' *quod* he, 'I woll not come at the  
tournament 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  
35 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

*the next day*  
*towards*

- 1 huntynge, and furth he goos to the porter of the gates  
of the tovn & said he wold goo by tymes on the  
morowe on huntynge, and gave him a ring of gold, &  
praid him that he wold open him the gate by tyme.  
5 The porter thanked him of his gyft & said he shuld  
come & goo late & erly when him list, & he went  
home vnto his in & yede streght vnto his bed.  
*early*
- And on the morow erly before the day he ros vp and  
arraid him like an hunter, & toke his men & his  
10 houndes with him & his white stede & his white  
harnes for that day, and when he come vndre 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.  
*desired*  
*inn*  
*horn blasts*
- 15 And when they herd his hornes & his houndes make  
such a noys they scorned 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 wolde this day wyn the ladie all with  
20 houndes & hornes.'
- And Ipomedon rode furth to the forest to he come to  
an heremitage that stode 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  
25 the tournament 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  
30 day, & make as goode gam as he might, & mete  
him there agayn even.  
*deep / ditch*
- And he him self toke a squiere with him & nomo  
men & rode furth in this dry dyke till he come to the  
feld vnder the castell wall there the tournament  
35 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.  
*no more*  
*watchmen*  
*rose*  
*drew*
- 40 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  
*those*



- 1 with the white knight, & he graunted 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  
5 was redy and toke his stede & kept him still.

f.96v 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 nevew 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  
15 on him & knew him wele enough.

*defeated**from*

- Bot neuer the latter he asked what he was, as thogh  
he had not known him, & he answerd & said he  
hight Iason and was nevew to the Ladie of Calabre,  
the which sent him thidre to serve him of his spere  
20 that this day iuste best, 'And me semes that ye have  
doon the best, and therfore I come to serve you if it  
like you, for ye have this day vnhorsed and taken  
Duke Anthenor of Spayne, that is oon of the  
pruddest men in this felde, and the man that my  
25 ladie most hates.'

*seems**proudest*

- 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  
30 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  
35 noble man of armes, & praysed him mich, and said  
hardely, aithre was hire luf deid or elles was noo  
manhed in him that he durst not come there, & if  
she shuld any man have hire were levest the white  
knight, save him that was hire luf.

*surrender**assuredly**she would prefer*

- 40 Now then come the Erle Ampheon of Calabre, that  
was euer with this Duke of Spayne and wold have

- 1 venged him on the white knight, & wold allgate  
iuste with him, & so they iuste to gedre twoo cours  
or thre & did wondrely wele both. The white knight  
was agreved with him, & ran to him an othre cours,  
5 & smote him thurgh all his harnes & slogh him, and  
Iason was redy and toke his stede & the white  
knight bad him take it him self for the goode  
servuice he did him that day, & he thanked him &  
said, for soth, [that] was [the] hors in the world that  
10 he most has covet to have, and Iason 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 ioie. & as the boke  
sais, inpartie she began to luf him, for of all the day  
15 he neuer blanne, bot euer was redy, who so wold  
come to him, & 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  
20 before, oon of the best save the white knight, &  
wold 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 neuer where he was. This Ismelon  
25 was a grete boster of him self & said till Capanius  
in scorn, 'Wenes thou,' *quod* he, 'that thou be now in  
Palern, in Cecile, drinking clarrie and othre strong  
wynes? Nay,' *quod* he, 'sitt vp on thy hors for thou  
art at the tournement!'
- 30 And Capanius was as wrothe as he might 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,  
*f.97r* 'Quod thou me nomore, for nowe / maist thou say  
35 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.
- 40 And then come King Daires of Lorreyne & wold  
iust with Capanius allway to venge his cosyn the  
King of Almayn, & Capanius ran to him, & Daires  
gave Capanius such a stroke that welnye he had

*avenged  
/especially**truly**ceased**Proud  
Germany**off of / almost**Command**in every way*

- 1 vnhorsed him & taken him *presonere*. & the white  
knight was ware & come to rescue Capanius, &  
iusted with the King Daires & smote his shelde fro  
his nek & left shuldre fro the bodie that he fell  
5 down deid, & the ladie & they all that se him had  
mich mervail 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  
10 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  
15 comen & rescued him, the white knight had taken  
him *presonere*.

*unceasingly**stunned*

- 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  
20 turned then agayn & asked him what he was & he  
said then agayn, 'It am I that was sum tyme thy  
fellow, that men cald the straunge squeyere. & now  
I have hold the couenant that I hight the, for I said  
when we departed that I shuld come agayn as soon  
25 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  
30 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 *tourneament* for that day, & euery man  
went to his loggeing till on the morow.

*agreement  
/promised**haste**might**lodging*

- 35 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 tyme that she called  
40 hire straunge squyere, 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

*sad expression**before he went*

1 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  
 5 will.

*alive*

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  
 10 othre, & there to was all way so covert and so  
 privey in his dooing that they said it was double  
 knighthode.

*at evening*

f.97v And then come Ipomedon to / his hermitage &  
 broght with him twoo stedes that he had won at the  
 15 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  
 20 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  
 25 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.

*not counting**Bravely  
heed*

And then the Quene went to souper, & as she was  
 30 served of hire furst 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.

*fared*

35 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 Monestius of Ireland also & many othre  
 40 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

1 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  
 5 Capanius had be take prisonere had not he ben there  
 & rescued him, & how the Ladie of Calabre made  
 hire newew Iason to serve him on his spere.

*killed**with*

And when he had all said, then spake Ipomedon to  
 the messenger & bad him say to the King that thogh  
 10 he haue had sore strokes at the turnament this day,  
 that he had ben on hunting in the forest & had  
 goode gamme all withouten strokes, & bad him say  
 also how his houndes had ronne noble wele, both  
 Morhaunt & Ridell & Beamound, for he had slayn  
 15 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  
 20 not what to doo.

*run**carry it*

And the messenger 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, &  
 25 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  
 30 huntyng, & toke with him for that day his reid stede  
 & his reid harnes, & rode furth to the hermitage &  
 made Tholomew to goo on huntyng & mete him  
 f.98r there agayn even, and / he armed him wele all in  
 reide & lepped vpon his reid stede, & toke a reid  
 35 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  
 40 reid, sored 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  
 45 goone as Iason told me & wolle noomore come

*red**toward evening**ditch / before  
watchmen**reddish-brown  
/they saw*

1 here.'

And anon come the King and all thes othre lordes  
to the turnament & among othre come Monestius of  
Ireland, a worthie King & long had lufed this ladie,  
5 & 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,  
10 & the reid knight asked what he was & he said he  
was newew to the ladie & hight Iason, & was comen  
fro his ladie to serve him of his spere, for he had  
doone so wele for he had taken the most bostere &  
the most auantour of women that might be, &  
15 thereto the man [that] his ladie most hated.

*braggart*

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  
20 & iust *with* the Erle of Flaundres & dide 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  
25 there ran Campanius & he to gedre many cours &  
did both passingly wele, bot at the last the reid  
knight bare Capanius to the erth and toke his stede  
& the Erles of Flaundres both, & toke the Erle his  
steede agayn and made him to worthe vpon him. &  
30 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 ioie.

*defeated*

*easily*

*be*

*trouble*

And then come Capanius and wold iust with the  
35 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  
40 where he was, & shuld haue taken him presonere  
had not the reid knight bene & come & rescued  
him.

*several*

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*

1 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  
 5 before tyme he held with the ladie agans theim that  
 wold haue made hire to haue an husbond.

*fierce*

[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  
 10 trowed euer in hire hert that it was he, & he toke it  
 & was glad in his hert therof as he might be, &  
 f.98v thought forto sett it on wark for / hire sake that sent  
 him it. & he was war of a knight that was the  
 Kinges steyward & loved wondrely wele to make  
 15 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.

*pennon**believed**put it to use**aware**steward**boast about**passionately**conflict*

And this Kanius had grete envie at him because he  
 20 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 better, till at the last the reid knight gave  
 Kaenius suche a stroke that he smote him thurgh the  
 25 shuldre & 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 Melliagere  
 him self & was as fers as he might be with the reid  
 30 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  
 35 served him, to the knight was in poynt 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 Kinges  
 stede and led him to the reid knight squiere, and he  
 40 led him to the heremitage. And the Kinges men  
 were redie and toke him vp and led him to his tent.  
 And then drue it fast to night.

*arse**restrained himself**until / at the point**drew*

And the reid knight come to Iason and said, 'Iason,

- 1 Iason, yit have I [the] speere that my ladie send me,  
 & say to my ladie that I shal bere it with me into my  
 countree & werre it in euery place for hire luf *wear*  
 where I haue forto doo.' And Iason asked whoo it  
 5 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 praid him to recomaund him vnto hire, & *commend*  
 say he shuld come to hire agayn an othre tyme, &  
 went his way and led with him the Kinges stede &  
 Kaenius stede to his heremitage, & there met he  
 15 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  
 20 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  
 25 said he lufed hire & euer 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  
 30 that might be, & swoned & made the most sorowe *fainted*  
 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  
 35 haue abiden thos twoo days & doon so mich for hire *stayed*  
*f.99r* lufe bot if he thoght 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 wasshe &  
 40 went to soper, & Ipomedon sat to for hire, & the *before*  
 Quene counsailed him to leyve his huntyng & said  
 he labored to mych thervpon. & he said, nay,



1 certayn, that wold he noght, for he loued noon othre  
gam, & all men that hard logh him to scorn & held  
him bot a wreche.

*pastime / heard*

Now then come in this messenger that come fro the  
5 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 Irlond and send  
10 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  
15 of on his stede also and shuld have taken him  
*presonere* & led away his stede also.

*alike  
reddish-brown*

*off of*

And then the Quene asked him if the King were  
oght hurt, and he said, nay, bot certan, he said, that  
the reid knight withouten comparison passed all  
20 othre that were there that day.

*at all*

[A]nd 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  
25 bene more eas to him & more worship to haue bene  
with me on huntynge 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  
30 neuer noon ren so wele.

*fools  
willingly*

*ease / honour*

*run*

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 hardely he might wele be counted for  
35 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.

*assuredly*

And this messenger come to the King and told him  
40 all as Ipomedon had said, and the King lough, & all  
that it herd lough him to scorne and said hardely the  
King might be ielous that the Quene had such a  
love. Bot Capanius, he was euer sory for him &  
asshamed that there was noo manhed in him.

*jealous*

1 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 be tyme to goo on huntyng, *early*  
 and went home to his in and went to bed. & erly on  
 5 the morow as it were a quarter tofore the day, he ros *before*  
 vp and arrayd him as he did to fore, and rode furth  
 blowing thurgh the town that the Quene & all the  
 ladies awoke of their slepe with the noys of horns  
 & houndes, and said, certayn, to the Quene, 'Ma  
 10 dame, truly youre lufe is a noble knight. He is vp be  
 tyme, for [he] woll noght be the laste at the  
 turnement!'

Now leve we here and tell how there was that tyme  
 in lond of Grece a duke of Athenes that hight  
 15 Adrattus, the which was a yong man and a noble  
 f.99v man of armes, / bot he lived all in sorserys & in *sorcery*  
 enchaumentenz, so that he had *with* him a devine *soothsayer*  
 that couth miche of nigromancie, which that told *necromancy*  
 him, certan, that how there was in Calabre such a  
 20 *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 third day,  
 and then he asked whedre partie was the better, & *victory*  
 25 men told him that within were the better, and then *before*  
 he was with them withoute forto helpe them. *which side*  
*the Calabrian*  
*/side*

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  
 30 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 *for*  
 reid knight, bot she couth not see him, and then was  
 she war of the blak knight. & then went she in and  
 35 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 among othre come this Duke of  
 Athenes all in reid armes & on a reid stede, & wold  
 40 iust 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 *aware*  
 there on the day before, and come and told hire *believed*

- 1 ladie how hire luf was comen agayn & wold iust  
with the blak knight, & she was glad & come to see  
him. And then Ipomedon the blak knight was glad  
also that he saw oon in reid armes, and thocht wele  
5 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 tournament to serve the  
reid knight of his spere. And the[n] the blak knight  
10 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  
15 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  
20 & lede him to the ladie, & say the blak knight sent  
hym thedre & bad him say also how he was come a  
litle to late, for if he had comen be tyme neithre  
shuld the white knight ne the reid knight haue had  
the degree.
- 25 '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  
30 had more sorow than *euer* she had erst, and trowed  
wele that he was lost fro hire for *euer*more, &  
cursed the tyme that *euer* she made ordayn the  
tournament, that he shuld so be taken & lost there for  
hire lufe.
- 35 And then euery knight desired to haue a doo with  
*f.100r* the blak knight and grete envye had to him, / and he  
*euer*more was redie & put theim to the wers, all that  
*euer* he met with that day. And then come the King  
of Scotland, & had grete envie at the blak knight  
40 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  
harnes & slogh him, and bare both him & his stede  
45 to the erthe that the stede brast his nek, so that both  
the King and his steid were deid. & all that were

*defeated**before**arranged**worse**stunned / annoyed**broke*

1 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  
5 said, had doone so wele 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  
10 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  
15 that was so worthie a knight, sithen she wist wele  
that hire lufe was goon, than both to faile of hire  
lufe & of the blak knight.

*indeed  
one*

*choose*

*since*

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

*Nevertheless*

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 enough, and how he  
25 loued the Quene *par amours*, and thoght to quite  
him wele enough, & rode him & bare both hors &  
man to the erthe and toke him *presonere*, and bad  
him goo to the same Quene of Secile that he lufed  
*par amours* and yelde him to hire prisoner, and say  
30 the blak knight send him to hire, and he did so, all  
thoght it were agayns his will.

*rather*

*reward*

*although*

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

*loathe*

*neither*

1 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 *by*  
5 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 *went / aware*  
of Iason and cald him be his name, and said, 'Iason,  
Iason, abide and speke with me!', and Iason had  
10 *f.100v* 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  
15 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 *neuer* haue gode day in this world,  
bot he said, certayn, he shuld come agayn with in a  
20 short tyme and speke with hire at more layser, & *leisure*  
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  
25 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 speke with  
30 hire at his gooyng.

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  
35 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, *nine*  
the fairest that *euer* men se, and *euer* as all othre  
men spake of the tur[n]ament he spake of his  
40 huntyng.

And then the Quene went to sopere & Ipomedon set *sat*  
on that oo side, and Kaenius on that othre side, the  
styward. And then come in Theos, the messanger,

1 and the Quene asked him who had doone the best at  
the turnament, and he said certan a blak knight, the  
which withouten *compar*ison passed the white knight  
and the reid and all othre, bot no man wist what he  
5 was, no when, so prively and so couertly he governed  
him.

*where from*

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

*choose*

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,  
15 bot truly, he said, that soueryanly ran blak  
Beaumound and did the best that day, or elles had he  
had bot litle 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.'

*above all**gets*

20 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.

*broken branch*

And when the Quene had soped, Ipomedon toke his  
25 leyve 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  
30 he come there, and so euery man lough and he toke  
noo...

*cared*

*f.101 missing* [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

*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.]*

*f.102r* ...and let me not of my iournay, for certayn I wolle not turne agayne for the!" & the styward was feers & proude, & allgate said he was fals & that he shuld be deid. *hinder*

5 And Ipomedon saw it might noo better 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 *armour*  
 10 him to the Quene & say, wern it had bene for the reuerence of hire, that truly he shuld haue bene deid, *had it not been respect*  
 & 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, &  
 15 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 *saddle horse succeed*  
 20 him for luf that she lufed him, & that she might haue told him all how she lufed him.

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.  
 25 & then come all the lordes of the lond to him & did him homage as to theire king. Bot coroned king wold he not be as yitt, because that he wold goo into othre contres & travell & seke adventures while he was *crowned*  
 yong, & also he thocht if God wold gyfe him grace to wed his ladie that he lufed & be coroned King of Poyle both on oo day.

And then toke he with him Tholomewe & such menye as he wold haue, & went into Fraunce as a souldioure, & thocht to be there all that yere. & then *retinue*  
 35 sent he Egeon, his messenger, 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.'

1 any diseases 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 *inheritance*  
5 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 ordayne *Paris*  
how that [they] might defend theim agayn King  
Daires that was comen into theire lond with a grete  
10 powere of men to distroy the roialme of Fraunce.

And then come Ipomedon thidre & beleft with the *stayed*  
King of Fraunce. & then come tithandez to the King  
that King Daires was comen into the feld withoute  
the tovn with an hundreth thovsant of fighteng men. *soldiers*  
15 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. *frightening*

And when Ipomedon come into the felde he was war *aware*  
20 of a knight that come priking 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  
*f.102v* the turnament / of Caundres sent him thidre. & when  
King Daires wist that the blak knight was agaynes *knew*  
him, he was more aferd of him than of King Arthus  
& all his men.

Noght forthy, he defend him as long as he might, &  
30 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 *to such a degree*  
poynt to be discomfit for that day. *defeated*

35 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  
40 of his enemys, & led him to the citee of Paryss, &  
euery man loued & of him had ioie, & trowed wele  
thurgh the manhod of him to haue an end of theire  
werres & to discomfit there enemis. *Paris*  
*wars*



1 And then this King Daires dred so mich the manhod  
 of Ipomedon that he was glad by the avice of his *advice*  
 counsell to send vnto him, & pray him that he wold  
 vouchesave to speke to the King, that he might come *agree*  
 5 to fore him & submitt him vnto him, & cry him *before*  
 mercy & put him in his grace to amend at his own  
 ordinance, & restore him agayn that he had trispassed *command*  
 vnto him, & more, [and if] him liked to doo his  
 message to the King he wold gyve him his doghtre to  
 10 wife, & all the lond of Loreyn after his disces. *death*

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

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

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  
 25 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 *more like*  
 30 man, & allgate wold haue the Ladie of Calabre to his *particularly*  
 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 *besieged*  
 ladie in hire castell of Candres, & if he wold he  
 35 might take hire & lede 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 lede hire into  
 his cointre & wed hire.' *country*

40 And when Ipomedon herd this, he said to Tholomew  
 that certan she wold send for help to the King of

Cecile, hire vncle, and for he wold not be knowen,

- 1 therfore he ordant him to go & serve the King vnto *until*  
 the day come that was assigned. And then he ordant  
 him & made him a fole sage and come into Cecile to *wise fool*  
 serve the King. & as the King sat at mete, he come in *a meal*  
 5 on a foyll, lene hors, & in a feble array, & with a *dirty / lean*  
 lewde countenance, & rode into the hall before the *foolish*  
*f.103r* 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  
 10 knight & wold serve noo king no prince, bot a certan  
 counant. 'For,' *quod* he, 'I am a full 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. *agreement*
- 15 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 sevyntyght  
 20 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* amours full hote that, & [if] I had *hot*  
 wold, *paraventure* the King might haue wered a *perhaps / worn*  
 25 cukwold hoode.' & euery man lough at him & said he  
 was a passing goode fole.
- And he answerd agan and bad them call him noo *back*  
 fole, for, he said, of the wisest of them all couth he  
 make a fole, 'and therfore,' *quod* he, 'I hold you more  
 30 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  
 35 woll graunt me the furst batell that is asked you for  
 any woma[n], I wol be leve with you, & elles nocht.  
 & if me list, I will go do the batell, & if me list not I  
 woll leve.' & euery man lough him at scorn. *remain*  
*pleases*
- And then come Kaenius the styward to the King &  
 40 said, 'Sir, it will be well doon to with hold him, for a  
 fole among wise men oft doos mich eas.' And he said *does much ease*  
 to Kaenius, 'Call thou me noo fole, for I haue seen

ll.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.'

1 that day,' *quod* he, 'that thou fond me noo fole, & that *found*  
 felt thou fourty days after, bot I can not tell where it  
 was.' And Kaenius lough at him & said he said sothe *the truth*  
 for there couth noo man tell where ne him self  
 5 neithre. And then the King graunt him his asking, bot  
 more for his folý than for any manhod of him.

Bot the wiseman saith that many a man holdes an  
 othre for a fole & is him self a more fole than he. For *greater*  
 all this did he for he wold not be known, & for the luf  
 10 of the ladie that he lufed so wele.

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 *dwarf/ greeted*  
 the Ladie of Calabre that was his nece was distroyed,  
 15 & all hire lond for euer more, bot if she had sone *soon*  
 help & socoure of sum worthie knight. And the King *protection*  
 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,' & therto so cruell *more like / fiend*  
 20 & so fell that it were impossible any man to withstond */ in addition*  
 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 *beseech*  
 of his grace that he wold vouchesave to send hire *agree*  
 25 Capanius or sum othre 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 *flower*  
 knighthode.'

*f.103v* And the king sat still all astouned a grete / while, for *dumfounded*  
 30 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  
 35 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 *manner*  
 mouth shuld not be hold ferme & stable. & the King *firm*  
 40 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  
 45 the batell. & therfore, I pray the graunt it me, for I

- 1 will goo with this gentle woman & doo this batell for my lady lufe.' *noble*
- And the King might not withstond his graunt, & bad him goo where he wold, & the King was right sory & *refuse*
- 5 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
- 10 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 *overtook*
- turne agayn, & said she wold not haue noon armed
- 15 fole in hire fellawship for she had noo ioye of his folie. And then he answerd in his fole wise, full couertly, & said, 'Faire mayde, ye wot wele that I haue long lufed youre ladie & she me, & therfor it is right that I fight for hire.' *ambiguously*
- 20 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 them. & as they sat
- 25 a[t] 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, & broght him mete & *wanted it*
- 30 served him. *food*
- 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 whan he had his ladie, that he wold gyfe him Emain, & he graunt him. And this Maugys had espied that
- 35 she was riden into Cecile, & come forto mete hire homeward & fond hire there at dynner. And when she se him she was sore aferde, for he was likere a fende than a man. & then Maugys said, 'Damesell, I *seen*
- 40 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. *damsel you barely*

1 And then Ipomedon thoght it was tyme, & come to  
 the giaunt in his foll wise & bad him turn home *fool*  
 agayne, & aske sum othre reward of his lord, for of  
 hire shuld he faile. & Maygys beheld him, & held  
 5 him bot a fole, & bad him, 'Be still, lewde fole!' *ignorant*

*f.104r* / And he withouten any more set his basinet on his *helmet*  
 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  
 10 faght to gedre, & shortly Ipomedon scomfit him &  
 toke him prisonere, & 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  
 15 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  
 20 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 theire ins & ordant for Ipomedon as  
 wele as for Emain, and there were they all night. &  
 25 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  
 30 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,  
 though he be noght worth an haw, he shal be  
 worshipped for his riches.' & as they sat thus &  
 35 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  
 40 hire.

And then come Ipomedon in his fole wise & said,  
 'Thou shalt haue hire as thy fellow had yisterday!' &  
 there they faght to gedre wonder long, bot at the last

*poor*  
*poverty*  
*trifle*

*nearly mad*

- 1 Ipomedon discomfit him & toke fro him his stede, &  
send the giaunt agayn to Leonym, & bad him say, on  
the same maner as he has served him & Maugys, so  
shuld he serve him euen before his ladie.
- 5 And then Emain had mich *mervell* & see that he *surprise*  
faght so manfully & so wisely, & trowed wele he was  
noo fole, bot that he made him so to kepe him *keep*  
vnknown. & then as they sat at dynner Eman bad the  
dwarow call him to come and ete *with hire*. & he se  
10 that & supposed that she had *perceyved* him & said *recognised*  
angrely, in his fole wise, 'I will not come at hire, for  
she wold slee me!' & then the dwarow broght him *to*  
mete & served him wele all way. & when they had *kill*  
dyned, he gave Emain the stede that he wan of Creon  
15 & 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. & *sleep*  
then Emain made the dwarow vnarme hy[m], & cast  
a mantle aboute him, & he set him down by a fire. &  
20 Emain beheld him & thoght him a wondre semely  
man, & had *mervell* of him, & within a while she  
loued him so wele that hire thoght she had levere  
haue had [him] than all the world. & then Emain  
cried him mercy & prayd him to forgyve hire that she  
*f.104v* had trispassed / vnto him, & he forgave it here. *offended / her*
- And when they had sopped they went to bed, &  
Emain lay & compleyned hire, & 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, &  
30 an othre tyme she bethoght hire what folie was there  
in, & then she left. & thus strofe she long with hire *refrained*  
self, bot at the last, shortly to his bed she went, & *hastily*  
softlie laid hire arme ouer him & awoke him. & he in  
his fole wise toke hire hond & put to his mouth as  
35 thogh he wold haue biten it, & asked whoo was there,  
& bad him goo thens & let him haue his rest. & she *away*  
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  
40 he shuld ete hire.
- And if she wold ought with him, tell him on the *anything*  
morow. & she went to bed agayn, & on the morow  
[they] went theire 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 dynner, come the third giaunt, that was Leonyn  
brothre, & wold haue Emain on the same maner as  
that othre did before, & hight Leaundrere.

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 Leaundrere lough at  
him & bad him, 'Fole, be still!' & he said agayn he  
was a more fole than he to come thiddre, for that

*pay  
before*

*greater*

10 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 theire way. & a man that come with  
this giaunt went & caried him to his brothre Leonyn.

*armour*

15 And Emain & Ipomedon rode furth till it was night &  
harboured them 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

20 mercy on hire & luf hire she must nedes be deid. And  
he see that she fore so & thoght to comforth hire for  
the tyme, & spake easlie to hire and asked who was  
there, & she said, 'It am I, Emain, & if ye woll come  
with me into Burgoigne, truly ye shal wed me & be

*he saw that she  
fared so / kindly*

25 lord there.' & he thanked hire & said, certayn, he had  
vndretaken the batell, & that must him nedes doo.

*accepted*

'Bot an othre tyme, whan ye know what I am, I shal  
doo so to you that ye shall hold you pleased.' And  
Emain supposed then that he was noo fole & kist

30 him, & yede agayn to hire awn bed. & on the morow  
they ros & went theire 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

*went*

35 ladie how she had doon, & how the fole discomfit  
Maugys & Creon, & how he slough Leaundrere, &  
how he wold doo the batell for hire. & then made she  
mich sorow & made ordayn shippes, & did vitell  
them, for she wold goo stele a way prively be night.

*ready / supply  
steal*

40 And then come Ipomedon to the hermitage & armed  
him al in blak, & come to the place there the batell

*f.105r* shuld be. & there was / the giaunt all in blak as  
Ipomedon was, more like a fende than any cristen  
man.

*Christian*

- 1 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,  
bot she said it was not he. And then Ipomedo[n]
- 5 roode 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 roode togedre & foght wondre
- 10 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 wondre was, till it happened that Ipomedon  
bare the giaunt hors & man to erth. & the giaunt
- 15 [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. *on the defensive*
- [A]nd then the giaunt bad Ipomedon yelde him to
- 20 him, 'for I wote wele,' *quod* he, 'thou art wake &  
werie, & may not endure to fight with me.' *sleep-deprived*
- 'Noo,' *quod* Ipomedon, 'thogh I be wake & werie,  
God is mightie & strong enough to help me in my  
right, for thou art fals,' *quod* he, '& fightes in a fals
- 25 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
- 30 welnye 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. *hard*  
*stone*  
*/immediately*
- 35 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.' & Ipomedon said, nay, for  
soth, he wold yelde him neuer to man, bot to God,  
for leuer him were to die vnyolden with worship,
- 40 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 begon. *unyielding*  
*/honour*



- 1 And then Ipomedon faght more fressshlie 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 *helmet*  
5 Ipomedon, 'AA, haa!' *quod* he, 'now has thou a *brain*  
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 neuer covere.'  
& he said that was soth, & yold him to him, & prayd *surrendered*  
10 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 euer discomfit such foure giauntz as thou has  
doone of Maugys, Creon, Leaundrere, & me, and  
15 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  
20 felde, & he did soo. & then come Tholomew and  
brought Ipomedon a goode stede. *truth*

*f.105v* 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.

- 25 And then Ipomedon wold not yitt that they had wist  
that the giaunt was discomfit, for he had thoght to  
goon prively vnknown 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, &  
30 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  
35 ladie herd that, & then she swoned & made the most  
sorow that might be, & ordant hire certan men &  
women & went down by a posterne 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  
40 come to Leonyn the giaunt. And then Ipomedon went  
to the tent & laid him down to rest hym. *as though to*  
*side door / sea*

Now that tyme that Emayn was in Cecile for a  
knight, then was not Capanius at home. Bot whan he

- 1 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 V hundreth knightes, & went into Calabre *five*
- 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 *signaled*  
the land to speke with him. & they supposed that it  
had bene the giaunt & made mich sorow.
- 10 **Bot** Capanius spake vnto theim & asked what they  
were, & they answerd and said how it was the Ladie  
of Calabre, & was fled & durst no lenger abide in  
hire lond. And Capanius called hire to him & bad  
hire be not ferde, for he was comen to helpe hire.
- 15 And then she told Capanius how there come a giaunt  
& had distroied hire lond, & how there come a fole  
out of Cecile with Emayn & toke the batell, & how  
noble he faght & how [he] was discomfit at the last.
- And then said Capanius, certan he was noo fole, bot
- 20 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 privey vnknown. & then  
made he [with] the ladie a certain menye abide still *number of*  
25 there, and he roode furth to the place there as the */troops*  
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
- 30 shuld fight for hire or he had hire. And there faght  
Ipomedon & Capanius long to gedre, bot Ipomedon  
was sore wounded before of the giaunt, that it was *before*  
wondre that he might endure to stond on his fete.
- Bot** there faght he with Capanius so long that they
- 35 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
- 40 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... *Apulia*

f.106 *[Ipomedon and Capanius recognise each other as*  
missing *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 seige 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.*

1.11 'Poyle lond': 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.

1.24 '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.

1.25 '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.

11.27-8 'Many ladyes hym to 3eme / That serued all pat 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 babes 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.111 'Calabre lond': Robert Guiscard completed the Norman conquest of Byzantine controlled Calabria in 1060. See Loud, *The Age of Robert Guiscard*, pp.92-145.

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 babes 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 babes 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 squee / 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 Ipomadon 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

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.

l.643 'noble stedis': noble riding or war horses (MED), befitting Ipomydon's rank. See note for 'an old rouncy' (l.1646).

l.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*.

l.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.

l.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*.

l.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.

l.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.

l.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,



*Language and Piety in Middle English Romance* (Cambridge: D.S. Brewer, 2000), pp.10, 29.

l.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.

ll.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).

ll.1407-8 'And hold vp that ye haue 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).

l.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).

l.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 'nevew': 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.17 'Calabre': Robert Guiscard completed the Norman conquest of Byzantine controlled Calabria in 1060. See Loud, *The Age of Robert Guiscard*, 2000), pp.92-145.

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 'orgueilleuse 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 'schiere 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 babes 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 neuer wele taght 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 babes 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 dreame, 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, occuring 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, Seruants, and Chyldren' in F.J. Furnivall (ed.), *The babes 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 adventures 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 Hambleton 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 babes book* (1869), p.299.

p.103, l.22 'heremitage': 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, *Chivalry* (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 'Adrattus': This name appears in the *Roman de Thèbes* as Adrastus orAdraste.

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 enough 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, & anon 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 enough': See note for 'a ring' (p.82, l.20).