

## Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knyght

### FITTE I

Sithen the sege and the assaut watz sesed at Troye,  
The borygh brittened and brent to brondeygh and askez,  
The tulk that the trammes of tresoun ther wroyght  
Watz tried for his tricherie, the trewest on erthe:  
Hit watz Ennias the athel, and his highe kynde,  
That sithen depreced prouinces, and patrounes bicomme  
Welneyghe of al the wele in the west iles.  
Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym swythe,  
With gret bobbaunce that buryghe he biges vpon fyrst,  
And neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;  
Tirius to Tuskan and teldes bigynnes,  
Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes vp homes,  
And fer ouer the French flod Felix Brutus  
On many bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he settez  
    wyth wyne,  
    Where werre and wrake and wonder  
    Bi sythez hatz wont therinne,  
    And oft bothe blysse and blunder  
    Ful skete hatz skyfted synne.

Ande quen this Bretayn watz bigged bi this burn rych,  
Bolde bredden therinne, baret that lofden,  
In mony turned tyme tene that wroyghten.  
Mo ferlyes on this folde han fallen here oft  
Then in any other that I wot, syn that ilk tyme.  
Bot of alle that here bult, of Bretaygne kynges,  
Ay watz Arthur the hendest, as I haf herde telle.  
Forthi an aunter in erde I attle to schawe,  
That a selly in siyght summe men hit holden,  
And an outrage awenture of Arthurez wonderez.  
If yghe wyl lysten this laye bot on littel quile,  
I schal telle hit as-tit, as I in toun herde,  
    with tonge,  
    As hit is stad and stoken  
    In stori stif and stronge,  
    With lel letteres loken,  
    In londe so hatz ben longe.

This kyng lay at Camylot vpon Krystmasse  
With mony luflych lorde, ledez of the best,  
Rekenly of the Rounde Table alle tho rich brether,  
With rych reuel oryght and rechles merthes.  
Ther tournayed tulkes by tyme ful mony,  
Justed ful jolilé thise gentyle knyghtes,  
Sythen kayred to the court caroles to make.  
For ther the fest watz ilyche ful fiften dayes,  
With alle the mete and the mirthe that men couthe avyse;  
Such glaum ande gle glorious to here,  
Dere dyn vpon day, daunsyng on nyghtes,  
Al watz hap vpon heyghe in hallez and chambrez  
With lordez and ladies, as leuest him thoyght.  
With all the wele of the worlde thay woned ther samen,  
The most kyd knyghtez vnder Krystes seluen,  
And the louelokkest ladies that euer lif haden,  
And he the comlokest kyng that the court haldes;  
For al watz this fayre folk in her first age,  
    on sille,  
    The hapnest vnder heuen,  
    Kyng hyghest mon of wylle;

Hit were now gret nye to neuene  
So hardy a here on hille.

Wyle Nw Ygher watz so ygher that hit watz nwe cummen,  
That day double on the dece watz the douth serued.  
Fro the kyng watz cummen with knyghtes into the halle,  
The chauntré of the chapel cheued to an ende,  
Loude crye watz ther kest of clerkez and other,  
Nowel nayted onewe, neuened ful ofte;  
And sythen riche forth runnen to reche hondeselle,  
Ygheyghed ygheres-yghiftes on hiygh, yghelde hem bi hond,  
Debated busyly aboute tho giftes;  
Ladies layghed ful loude, thoygh thay lost haden,  
And he that wan watz not wrothe, that may yghel wel trawe.  
Alle this mirthe thay maden to the mete tyme;  
When thay had waschen worthyly thay wenten to sete,  
The best burne ay abof, as hit best semed,  
Whene Guenore, ful gay, graythed in the myddes,  
Dressed on the dere des, dubbed al aboute,  
Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer  
Of tryed tolouse, and tars tapites innoghe,  
That were enbrawd and beten wyth the best gemmes  
That myyght be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye,  
    in daye.  
    The comlokest to discrye  
    Ther glent with yyghen gray,  
    A semloker that euer he syghe  
    Soth moyght no mon say.

Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued,  
He watz so joly of his joyfnes, and sumquat childgered:  
His lif liked hym lyyght, he louied the lasse  
Auther to longe lye or to longe sitte,  
So bisied him his yghonge blod and his brayn wyld.  
And also an other maner meued him eke  
That he thurygh nobelay had nomen, he wolde neuer ete  
Vpon such a dere day er hym deuised were  
Of sum auenturus thyng an vncouthe tale,  
Of sum mayn meruayle, that he myyght trawe,  
Of alderes, of armes, of other auenturus,  
Other sum segg hym bisoyght of sum siker knyght  
To joyne wyth hym in iustying, in jopardé to lay,  
Lede, lif for lyf, leue vchon other,  
As fortune wolde fulsun hom, the fayrer to haue.  
This watz the kynges countenance where he in court were,  
At vch farand fest among his fre meny  
    in halle.  
    Therfore of face so fere  
    He styghtlez stif in stalle,  
    Ful ygher in that Nw Yghere  
    Much mirthe he mas withalle.

Thus ther stondes in stale the stif kyng hissuelen,  
Talkkande bifore the hyghe table of trifles ful hende.  
There gode Gawan watz graythed Gwenore bisyde,  
And Agrauayn a la dure mayn on that other syde sittes,  
Bothe the kynges sistersunes and ful siker knyghtes;  
Bischop Bawdewyn abof biginez the table,  
And Ywan, Vryn son, ette with hym seluen.  
Thise were diyght on the des and derworthy serued,  
And sithen mony siker segge at the sidbordez.

Then the first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes,  
Wyth mony baner ful bryyght that therbi hinged;  
Nwe nakryn noyse with the noble pipes,  
Wylde werbles and wyyght wakned lote,  
That mony hert ful hyghe hef at her towches.  
Dayntés dryuen therwyth of ful dere metes,  
Foyssoun of the fresche, and on so fele disches  
That pine to fynde the place the peple biforne  
For to sette the sylueren that sere sewes halden  
on clothe.

Iche lede as he loued hymselue  
Ther laght withouten lothe;  
Ay two had disches twelue,  
Good ber and bryyght wyn bothe.

Now wyl I of hor seruisse say yow no more,  
For vch wyyghe may wel wit no wont that ther were.  
An other noyse ful newe neyghed biliue,  
That the lude myyght haf leue liflode to cach;  
For vnethe watz the noyce not a whyle sesed,  
And the fyrst cource in the court kyndely serued,  
Ther haies in at the halle dor an aghlich mayster,  
On the most on the molde on mesure hyghe;  
Fro the swyre to the swange so sware and so thik,  
And his lyndes and his lymes so longe and so grete,  
Half etayn in erde I hope that he were,  
Bot mon most I algate mynn hym to bene,  
And that the myriest in his muckel that myyght ride;  
For of bak and of brest al were his bodi sturne,  
Both his wombe and his wast were worthily smale,  
And alle his fetures folyghande, in forme that he hade,  
ful clene;

For wonder of his hwe men hade,  
Set in his semblaunt sene;  
He ferde as freke were fade,  
And oueral enker-grene.

Ande al graythed in grene this gome and his wedes:  
A strayte cote ful streyght, that stek on his sides,  
A meré mantile abof, mensesd withinne  
With pelure pured apert, the pane ful clene  
With blythe blaunner ful bryyght, and his hod bothe,  
That watz layght fro his lokkez and layde on his schulderes;  
Heme wel-haled hose of that same,  
That spenet on his sparlyr, and clene spures vnder  
Of bryyght golde, vpon silk bordes barred ful ryche,  
And scholes vnder schankes there the schalk rides;  
And alle his vesture uerayly watz clene verdure,  
Bothe the barres of his belt and other blythe stones,  
That were richely rayled in his aray clene  
Aboutte hymself and his sadel, vpon silk werkez.  
That were to tor for to telle of tryfles the halue  
That were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes and flyyghes,  
With gay gaudi of grene, the golde ay inmyddes.  
The pendauntes of his payttrure, the proude cropure,  
His molaynes, and alle the metail anamayld was thenne,  
The steropes that he stod on stayned of the same,  
And his arsounz al after and his athel skyrtes,  
That euer glemered and glent al of grene stones;  
The fole that he ferkes on fyn of that ilke,

sertayn,  
A grene hors gret and thikke,  
A stede ful stif to strayne,  
In brawdren brydel quik—

To the gome he watz ful gayn.

Wel gay watz this gome gered in grene,  
And the here of his hed of his hors swete.  
Fayre fannand fax vmbefoldes his schulderes;  
A much berd as a busk ouer his brest henges,  
That wyth his hyghlich here that of his hed rechens  
Watz eused al vmbetorne abof his elbowes,  
That half his armes ther-vnder were halched in the wyse  
Of a kynggez capados that closes his swyre;  
The mane of that mayn hors much to hit lyke,  
Wel cresped and cemmed, wyth knottes ful mony  
Folden in wyth fildore aboute the fayre grene,  
Ay a herle of the here, an other of golde;  
The tayl and his toppyng twynnen of a sute,  
And bounden bothe wyth a bande of a bryyght grene,  
Dubbed wyth ful dere stonez, as the dok lasted,  
Sythen thrawen wyth a thwong a thwarle knot alofte,  
Ther mony bellez ful bryyght of brende golde rungen.  
Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke that hym rydes,  
Watz neuer sene in that sale wyth syyght er that tyme,  
with yyghe.

He loked as layt so lyyght,  
So sayd al that hym syyghe;  
Hit semed as no mon myyght  
Vnder his dynttez dryyghe.

Whether hade he no helme ne hawbergh nauther,  
Ne no pysan ne no plate that pented to armes,  
Ne no schafte ne no schelde to schwue ne to smyte,  
Bot in his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe,  
That is gratest in grene when greuez ar bare,  
And an ax in his other, a hoge and vnmete,  
A spetos sparthe to expoun in spelle, quoso myyght.  
The lenkthe of an elnygherde the large hede hade,  
The grayn al of grene stele and of golde hewen,  
The bit burnyst bryyght, with a brod egge  
As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores,  
The stele of a stif staf the sturne hit bi grypte,  
That watz wounden wyth yrn to the wandez ende,  
And al bigrauen with grene in gracios werkes;  
A lace lapped aboute, that louked at the hede,  
And so after the halme halched ful ofte,  
Wyth tryed tasselez therto tacched innoghe  
On botounz of the bryyght grene brayden ful ryche.  
This hathel heldez hym in and the halle entres,  
Driuande to the heyghe dece, dut he no wothe,  
Haylsd he neuer one, bot heyghe he ouer loked.  
The fyrst word that he warp, “Wher is,” he sayd,  
“The gouernour of this gyng? Gladly I wolde  
Se that segg in syyght, and with hymself speke  
raysoun.”

To knyyghtez he kest his yyghe,  
And reled hym vp and down;  
He stemmed, and con studie  
Quo walt ther most renoun.

Ther watz lokyng on lenthe the lude to beholde,  
For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene myyght  
That a hathel and a horse myyght such a hwe lach,  
As growe grene as the gres and grener hit semed,  
Then grene aumayl on golde glowande bryyghter.  
Al studied that ther stod, and stalked hym nerre  
Wyth al the wonder of the worlde what he worch schulde.

For fele sellyez had thay sen, bot such neuer are;  
 Forthi for fantoum and fayryyge the folk there hit demed.  
 Therefore to answare watz aryghe mony athel freke,  
 And al stoued at his steuen and stonstil seten  
 In a swoghe sylence thurygh the sale riche;  
 As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lotez  
 in hyyghe—  
 I deme hit not al for doute,  
 Bot sum for cortaysye—  
 Bot let hym that al schulde loute  
 Cast vnto that wyyghe.

Thenn Arthour bifore the hiygh dece that auenture byholdez,  
 And rekenly hym reuerenced, for rad was he neuer,  
 And sayde, “Wyyghe, welcum iwys to this place,  
 The hede of this ostel Arthour I hat;  
 Lyyght lufflych adoun and lenge, I the praye,  
 And quat-so thy wylle is we schal wyt after.”  
 “Nay, as help me,” quoth the hathel, “he that on hyyghe syttes,  
 To wone any quyle in this won, hit watz not myn ernde;  
 Bot for the los of the, lede, is lyft vp so hyyghe,  
 And thy burygh and thy burnes best ar holden,  
 Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde,  
 The wyyghtest and the worthyest of the worldes kynde,  
 Preue for to play wyth in other pure laykez,  
 And here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,  
 And that hatz wayned me hider, iwysis, at this tyme.  
 Yghe may be seker bi this braunch that I bere here  
 That I passe as in pes, and no plyinght seche;  
 For had I founded in fere in feyghtyng wyse,  
 I haue a hauberghe at home and a helme bothe,  
 A schelde and a scharp spere, schinande bryyght,  
 Ande other weppenes to welde, I wene wel, als;  
 Bot for I wolde no were, my wedez ar softer.  
 Bot if thou be so bold as alle burnez tellen,  
 Thou wyl grant me godly the gomen that I ask  
 bi ryyght.”  
 Arthour con onsware,  
 And sayd, “Sir cortays knyght,  
 If thou craue batayl bare,  
 Here faylez thou not to fyyght.”

“Nay, frayst I no fyyght, in fayth I the telle,  
 Hit arn aboute on this bench bot berdlez chylder.  
 If I were hasped in armes on a heyghe stede,  
 Here is no mon me to mach, for myyghtez so wayke.  
 Forthi I craue in this court a Crystemas gomen,  
 For hit is Yghol and Nwe Ygher, and here ar yghep mony:  
 If any so hardy in this hous holdez hymselfeluen,  
 Be so bolde in his blod, brayn in hys hede,  
 That dar stifly strike a strok for an other,  
 I schal gif hym of my gyft thys giserne ryche,  
 This ax, that is heué innogh, to hondele as hym lykes,  
 And I schal bide the fyrst bur as bare as I sitte.  
 If any freke be so felle to fonde that I telle,  
 Lepe lyyghtly me to, and lach this weppen,  
 I quit-clayme hit for euer, kepe hit as his auen,  
 And I schal stonde hym a strok, stif on this flet,  
 Ellez thou wyl diyght me the dom to dele hym an other  
 barlay,  
 And yghet gif hym respite,  
 A twelmonyth and a day;  
 Now hyyghe, and let se tite  
 Dar any herinne oyght say.”

If he hem stoued vpon fyrst, stiller were thanne  
 Alle the heredmen in halle, the hyygh and the loyghe.  
 The renk on his rouncé hym ruced in his sadel,  
 And runischly his rede yyghen he reled aboute,  
 Bende his bresed broyghez, blycande grene,  
 Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.  
 When non wolde kepe hym with carp he coyghed ful hyyghe,  
 Ande rimed hym ful richly, and ryyght hym to speke:  
 “What, is this Arthures hous,” quoth the hathel thenne,  
 “That al the rous rennes of thurygh ryalmes so mony?  
 Where is now your sourquydrye and your conquestes,  
 Your gryndellayk and your greme, and your grete wordes?  
 Now is the reuel and the renoun of the Rounde Table  
 Ouerwalt wyth a worde of on wyyghes speche,  
 For al dares for drede withoute dynt schewed!”  
 Wyth this he layghes so loude that the lorde greued;  
 The blod schot for scham into his schyre face  
 and lere;  
 He wex as wroth as wynde,  
 So did alle that ther were.  
 The kyng as kene bi kynde  
 Then stod that stif mon nere,

Ande sayde, “Hathel, by heuen, thyn askyng is nys,  
 And as thou foly hatz frayst, fynde the behoues.  
 I know no gome that is gast of thy grete wordes;  
 Gif me now thy geserne, vpon Godez halue,  
 And I schal baythen thy bone that thou boden habbes.”  
 Lyyghtly lepez he hym to, and layght at his honde.  
 Then feersly that other freke vpon fote lyyghtis.  
 Now hatz Arthure his axe, and the halme grypez,  
 And sturnely sturez hit aboute, that stryke wyth hit thoyght.  
 The stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hyyght,  
 Herre then ani in the hous by the hede and more.  
 Wyth sturne schere ther he stod he stroked his berde,  
 And wyth a countenaunce dryyghe he droygh doun his cote,  
 No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dintez  
 Then any burne vpon bench hade broyght hym to drynk  
 of wyne.  
 Gawan, that sate bi the quene,  
 To the kyng he can enclyne:  
 “I beseche now with sayghez sene  
 This melly mot be myne.

“Wolde yghe, worthilych lorde,” quoth Wawan to the kyng,  
 “Bid me boyghe fro this benche, and stonde by yow there,  
 That I wythoute vylanye myyght voyde this table,  
 And that my legge lady lyked not ille,  
 I wolde com to your counseyl bifore your cort ryche.  
 For me think hit not semly, as hit is soth knawen,  
 Ther such an askyng is heuened so hyyghe in your sale,  
 Thaygh yghe yghoursel be talenttyf, to take hit to yourseluene,  
 Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten,  
 That vnder heuen I hope non haygherer of wylle,  
 Ne better bodyes on bent ther baret is rered.  
 I am the wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,  
 And lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes the sothe—  
 Bot for as much as yghe ar myn em I am only to prayse,  
 No bounté bot your blod I in my bodé knowe;  
 And sythen this note is so nys that noyght hit yow falles,  
 And I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, foldez hit to me;  
 And if I carp not comlyly, let alle this cort rych  
 bout blame.”

Ryche togeder con roun,  
And sythen thay redder alle same  
To ryd the kyng wyth croun,  
And gif Gawan the game.

Then comaunded the kyng the knyght for to ryse;  
And he ful radly vpros, and ruchched hym fayre,  
Kneled down bifore the kyng, and cachez that weppen;  
And he luflyly hit hym laft, and lyfte vp his honde,  
And gef hym Goddez blessing, and gladly hym biddes  
That his hert and his honde schulde hardi be bothe.  
“Kepe the cosyn,” quoth the kyng, “that thou on kyrf sette,  
And if thou redeygh hym ryyght, redly I trowe  
That thou schal byden the bur that he schal bede after.”  
Gawan gotz to the gome with giserne in honde,  
And he baldly hym bydez, he bayst neuer the helder.  
Then carpez to Sir Gawan the knyght in the grene,  
“Refourme we oure forwardes, er we fyrrer passe.  
Fyrst I ethe the, hathel, how that thou hattes  
That thou me telle truly, as I trust may.”  
“In god fayth,” quoth the goode knyght, “Gawan I hatte,  
That bede the this buffet, quat-so bifallez after,  
And at this tyme twelmonyth take at the an other  
Wyth what weppen so thou wylt, and wyth no wyygh ellez  
on lyue.”  
That other onswarez agayn,  
“Sir Gawan, so mot I thryue  
As I am ferly fayn  
This dint that thou schal dryue.

“Bigog,” quoth the grene knyght, “Sir Gawan, me lykes  
That I schal fange at thy fust that I haf frayst here.  
And thou hatz redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe,  
Clanly al the couenaunt that I the kyng asked,  
Saf that thou schal siker me, segge, bi thi trawthe,  
That thou schal seche me thiself, where-so thou hopes  
I may be funde vpon folde, and foch the such wages  
As thou deles me to-day bifore this douthe ryche.”  
“Where schulde I wale the,” quoth Gauan, “where is thy place?  
I wot neuer where thou wonyes, bi hym that me wroyght,  
Ne I know not the, knyght, by cort ne thi name.  
Bot teche me truly therto, and telle me how thou hattes,  
And I schal ware alle my wyt to wynne me theder,  
And that I swere the for sothe, and by my seker traweth.”  
“That is innogh in Nwe Ygher, hit nedes no more.”  
Quoth the gome in the grene to Gawan the hende;  
“Yghif I the telle trwly, quen I the tape haue  
And thou me smothely hatz smyten, smartly I the teche  
Of my hous and my home and myn owen nome,  
Then may thou frayst my fare and forwardez holde;  
And if I spende no speche, thenne spedez thou the better,  
For thou may leng in thy londe and layt no fyrrer—  
bot slokes!  
Ta now thy grymme tole to the,  
And let se how thou cnokez.”  
“Gladly, sir, for sothe,”  
Quoth Gawan; his ax he strokes.

The grene knyght vpon grounde graythely hym dresses,  
A littel lut with the hede, the lere he discouerez,  
His longe louelych lokkez he layd ouer his croun,  
Let the naked nec to the note schewe.  
Gawan gripped to his ax, and gederes hit on hyyght,  
The kay fot on the folde he before sette,

Let him doun lyyghtly lyyght on the naked,  
That the scharp of the schalk schyndered the bones,  
And schrank thurygh the schyire grece, and schade hit in twynne,  
That the bit of the broun stel bot on the grounde.  
The fayre hede fro the halce hit to the erthe,  
That fele hit foyned wyth her fete, there hit forth roled;  
The blod brayd fro the body, that blykked on the grene;  
And nawther faltered ne fel the freke neuer the helder,  
Bot stythly he start forth vpon styf schonkes,  
And runyschly he rayght out, there as renkkez stoden,  
Layght to his lufly hed, and lyft hit vp sone;  
And sythen boyghez to his blonk, the brydel he cachchez,  
Steppez into stelbawe and strydez alofte,  
And his hede by the here in his honde haldez;  
And as sadly the segge hym in his sadel sette  
As non vnhap had hym ayled, thaygh hedlez he were  
in stedde.  
He brayde his bulk aboute,  
That vgly bodi that bledde;  
Moni on of hym had doute,  
Bi that his resounz were redde.

For the hede in his honde he haldez vp euen,  
Toward the derrest on the dece he dressez the face,  
And hit lyfte vp the yyghe-lyddez and loked ful brode,  
And meled thus much with his muthe, as yghe may now here:  
“Loke, Gawan, thou be graythe to go as thou hettez,  
And layte as lelly til thou me, lude, fynde,  
As thou hatz hette in this halle, herande thise knyghtes;  
To the grene chapel thou chose, I charge the, to fotte  
Such a dunt as thou hatz dalt—disserued thou habbez  
To be yghederly ygholden on Nw Ygheres morn.  
The knyght of the grene chapel men knowen me mony;  
Forthi me for to fynde if thou frayste, faylez thou neuer.  
Therefore com, other recreaunt be calde the behoues.”  
With a runisch rout the raynez he tornez,  
Halled out at the hal dor, his hed in his hande,  
That the fyr of the flynt flayghe fro fole houes.  
To quat kyth he becom knwe non there,  
Neuer more then thay wyste from quethen he watz wonnen.  
What thenne?  
The kyng and Gawan thare  
At that grene thay layghe and grenne,  
Yghet breued watz hit ful bare  
A meruayl among tho menne.

Thaygh Arther the hende kyng at hert hade wonder,  
He let no semblaunt be sene, bot sayde ful hyygh  
To the comlych quene wyth cortays speche,  
“Dere dame, to-day demay yow neuer;  
Wel bycommes such craft vpon Cristmasse,  
Laykyng of enterludez, to layghe and to syng,  
Among thise kynde caroles of knyghtez and ladyez.  
Neuer the lece to my mete I may me wel dres,  
For I haf sen a selly, I may not forsake.”  
He glent vpon Sir Gawan, and gaynly he sayde,  
“Now, sir, heng vp thyn ax, that hatz innogh hewen”;  
And hit watz don abof the dece on doser to henge,  
Ther alle men for meruayl myyght on hit loke,  
And bi trwe tytel therof to telle the wonder.  
Thenne thay boyghed to a borde thise burnes togeder,  
The kyng and the gode knyght, and kene men hem serued  
Of alle dayntygez double, as derrest myyght falle;  
Wyth alle maner of mete and mynstralcie bothe,

Wyth wele walt thday, til worthed an ende  
in londe.  
Now thenk wel, Sir Gawan,  
For wothe that thou ne wonde  
This auenture for to frayn  
That thou hatz tan on honde.

## FITT II

This hanselle hatz Arthur of auenturus on fyrst  
In yghonge ygher, for he ygherned yghelpyng to here.  
Thaygh hym wordez were wane when thay to sete wenten,  
Now ar thay stoken of sturne werk, stafful her hond.  
Gawan watz glad to begynne those gomnez in halle,  
Bot thaygh the ende be heuy haf yghe no wonder;  
For thaygh men ben mery in mynde quen thay han mayn drynk,  
A yghere yghernes ful ygherne, and ygheldez neuer lyke,  
The forme to the fynishment foldez ful selden.  
Forthi this Yghol oueryghede, and the yghere after,  
And vche sesoun serlepes sued after other:  
After Crystenmasse com the crabbed lentoun,  
That fraystez flesch wyth the fysche and fode more symple;  
Bot thenne the weder of the worlde wyth wynter hit threpez,  
Colde clengez adoun, cloudez vplyften,  
Schyre schedez the rayn in schowrez ful warme,  
Fallez vpon fayre flat, flowrez there schewen,  
Bothe groundez and the greuez grene ar her wedez,  
Bryddez busken to bylde, and bremlych syngen  
For solace of the softe somer that sues thereafter  
bi bonk;  
And blossomez bolne to blowe  
Bi rawez ryche and ronk,  
Then notez noble innoygh  
Ar herde in wod so wlonk.

After the sesoun of somer wyth the soft wyndez  
Quen Zeferus syflez hymself on sedez and erbez,  
Wela wyne is the wort that waxes theroute,  
When the donkande dewe dropez of the leuez,  
To bide a blysfyl blusch of the bryyght sunne.  
Bot then hyyghes heruest, and hardenes hym sone,  
Warnez hym for the wynter to wax ful rype;  
He dryues wyth droyght the dust for to ryse,  
Fro the face of the folde to flyyghen ful hyyghen;  
Wrothe wynde of the welkyn wrastelez with the sunne,  
The leuez lancen fro the lynde and lyyghen on the grounde,  
And al grayes the gres that grene watz ere;  
Thenne al rypez and rotez that ros vpon fyrst,  
And thus yghirnez the yghere in yghisterdayez mony,  
And wynter wyndez ayghayn, as the worlde askez,  
no fage,  
Til Meyghelmas mone  
Watygh cumen wyth wynter wage;  
Then thenkkez Gawan ful sone  
Of his anious uyage.

Yghet quyl Al-hal-day with Arther he lenges;  
And he made a fare on that fest for the frekez sake,  
With much reuel and ryche of the Rounde Table.  
Knyyghtez ful cortays and comlych ladies  
Al for luf of that lede in longynge thay were,  
Bot neuer the lece ne the later thay neuened bot merthe:  
Mony ioylez for that ientyle iapez ther maden.

For after mete with mournyng he melez to his eme,  
And spekez of his passage, and pertly he sayde,  
“Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask;  
Yghe knowe the cost of this cace, kepe I no more  
To telle yow tenez therof neuer bot trifel;  
Bot I am boun to the bur barely to-morne  
To sech the gome of the grene, as God wyl me wysse.”  
Thenne the best of the burygh boyghed togeder,  
Aywan, and Errik, and other ful mony,  
Sir Doddinaual de Sauage, the duk of Clarence,  
Launcelot, and Lyonel, and Lucan the gode,  
Sir Boos, and Sir Byduer, big men bothe,  
And mony other menskful, with Mador de la Port.  
Alle this company of court com the kyng nerre  
For to counseyl the knyght, with care at her hert.  
There watz much derue doel driuen in the sale  
That so worthé as Wawan schulde wende on that ernde,  
To dryyghen a delful dynt, and dele no more  
wyth bronde.  
The knyght mad ay god chere,  
And sayde, “Quat schuld I wonde?  
Of destinés derf and dere  
What may mon do bot fonde?”

He dowellez ther al that day, and dressez on the morn,  
Askez erly hys armez, and alle were thay broyght.  
Fyrst a tulé tapit tyyght ouer the flet,  
And miche watz the gyld gere that glent theralofte;  
The stif mon steppez theron, and the stel hondelez,  
Dubbed in a dublet of a dere tars,  
And sythen a crafty capados, closed aloft,  
That wyth a bryyght blaunner was bounden withinne.  
Thenne set thay the sabatounz vpon the segge fotez,  
His legez lapped in stel with luflych greuez,  
With polaynez piched therto, policed ful clene,  
Aboute his knez knaged wyth knotez of golde;  
Queme quyssewes then, that coyntlych closed  
His thik thrawen thyyghez, with thwonges to tached;  
And sythen the brawdren bryné of bryyght stel rynges  
Vmbeweued that wyygh vpon wlonk stufte,  
And wel bornyst brace vpon his bothe armes,  
With gode cowters and gay, and glouez of plate,  
And alle the godlych gere that hym gayn schulde  
that tyde;  
Wyth ryche cote-armure,  
His gold sporez spend with pryde,  
Gurde wyth a bront ful sure  
With silk sayn vmbe his syde.

When he watz hasped in armes, his harnays watz ryche:  
The lest lachet ouer loupe lemed of golde.  
So harnayst as he watz he herknez his masse,  
Offred and honoured at the heyghe auter.  
Sythen he comez to the kyng and to his cort-ferez,  
Lachez lufly his leue at lordez and ladyez;  
And thay hym kyst and conueyed, bikende hym to Kryst.  
Bi that watz Gryngolet grayth, and gurde with a sadel  
That glemed ful gayly with mony golde frenges,  
Ayquere naylet ful nwe, for that note ryched;  
The brydel barred aboute, with bryyght golde bounden;  
The apparayl of the payttrure and of the proude skyrtez,  
The cropore and the couertor, accorded wyth the arsounez;  
And al watz rayled on red ryche golde naylez,  
That al glytered and glent as glem of the sunne.

Thenne hentes he the helme, and hastily hit kysses,  
That watz stapled stifly, and stoffed wythinne.  
Hit watz hyyghe on his hede, hasped bihynde,  
Wyth a lyyghtly vrysoun ouer the auentayle,  
Enbrawden and bounden wyth the best gemmez  
On brode sylkyn borde, and bryddez on semez,  
As papiayez paynted peruyng bitwene,  
Tortors and trulofez entayled so thyk  
As mony burde theraboute had ben seuen wynter  
in toune.

The cercle watz more o prys  
That vmbeclypped hys croun,  
Of diamauntez a deuyz  
That bothe were bryyght and broun.

THEN thay schewed hym the schelde, that was of schyr goulez  
Wyth the pentangel depaynt of pure golde hwez.  
He braydez hit by the bauderyk, aboute the hals kestes,  
That bisemed the segge semlyly fayre.  
And quy the pentangel apendez to that prynce noble  
I am in tent yow to telle, thof tary hyt me schulde:  
Hit is a syngne that Salamon set sumquyle  
In bytoknyng of trawthe, bi tytly that hit habbez,  
For hit is a figure that haldez fyue poynitez,  
And vche lyne vmbelappez and loukez in other,  
And ayquere hit is endelez; and Englych hit callen  
Oueral, as I here, the endeles knot.

Forthy hit acordez to this knynght and to his cler armez,  
For ay faythful in fyue and sere fyue sythez  
Gawan watz for gode knawen, and as golde pured,  
Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertuez ennoured  
in mote;  
Forthy the pentangel nwe  
He ber in schelde and cote,  
As tulk of tale most trwe  
And gentylest knynght of lote.

Fyrst he watz funden fautlez in his fyue wyttez,  
And efte fayled neuer the freke in his fyue fyngres,  
And alle his afaunce vpon folde watz in the fyue woundez  
That Cryst kayght on the croys, as the crede tellez;  
And quere-so-euer thys mon in melly watz stad,  
His thro thought watz in that, thurygh alle other thynggez,  
That alle his forsnes he feng at the fyue joyez  
That the hende heuen-quene had of hir chylde;  
At this cause the knynght comlyche hade  
In the inore half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted,  
That quen he blusched therto his belde neuer payred.  
The fyft fyue that I finde that the frek vsed  
Watz fraunchyse and felayghschyp forbe al thyng,  
His clannes and his cortaysye croked were neuer,  
And pité, that passez alle poynitez, thyse pure fyue  
Were harder happed on that hathel then on any other.  
Now alle these fyue sythez, for sothe, were fetled on this  
knynght,  
And vchone halched in other, that non ende hade,  
And fyched vpon fyue poynitez, that fayld neuer,  
Ne samned neuer in no syde, ne sundred nouthen,  
Withouten ende at any noke I oquere fynde,  
Whereeuer the gomen bygan, or glod to an ende.  
Therefore on his schene schelde schapen watz the knot  
Ryally wyth red golde vpon rede gowlez,  
That is the pure pentaungel wyth the peple called  
with lore.

Now graythed is Gawan gay,  
And layght his launce ryyght thore,  
And gef hem alle goud day,  
He wende for euermore.

He sperred the sted with the spurez and sprong on his way,  
So stif that the ston-fyr stroke out thereafter.  
Al that seygh that semly syked in hert,  
And sayde sothly al same segges til other,  
Carande for that comly: "Bi Kryst, hit is scathe  
That thou, leude, schal be lost, that art of lyf noble!  
To fynde hys fere vpon folde, in fayth, is not ethe.  
Warloker to haf wroyght had more wyt bene,  
And haf dyyght yghonder dere a duk to haue worthed;  
A lowande leder of ledez in londe hym wel semez,  
And so had better haf ben then britned to noyght,  
Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angardez pryde.  
Who knew euer any kyng such counsel to take  
As knynghtez in cauelaciounz on Crystmasse gomnez!"  
Wel much watz the warme water that waltered of yyghen,  
When that semly syre soyght fro tho wonez  
thad daye.

He made non abode,  
Bot wyyghtly went hys way;  
Mony wylsum way he rode,  
The bok as I herde say.

Now ridez this renk thurygh the ryalme of Logres,  
Sir Gauan, on Godez halue, thaygh hym no gomen thoyght.  
Oft leudlez alone he lengez on nyyghtez  
Ther he fonde noyght hym byfore the fare that he lyked.  
Hade he no fere bot his fole bi frythez and dounez,  
Ne no gome bot God bi gate wyth to karp,  
Til that he neyghed ful neghe into the Northe Walez.  
Alle the iles of Anglesay on lyft half he haldez,  
And farez ouer the fordez by the forlondez,  
Ouer at the Holy Hede, til he hade eft bonk  
In the wyldrenesse of Wyrals; wonde ther bot lyte  
That auther God other gome wyth goud hert louied.  
And ay he frayned, as he ferde, at frekez that he met,  
If thay hade herde any karp of a knynght grene,  
In any grounde theraboute, of the grene chapel;  
And al nykked hym wyth nay, that neuer in her lyue  
Thay seyge neuer no segge that watz of suche hwez  
of grene.

The knynght tok gates straunge  
In mony a bonk vnbene,  
His cher ful oft con chaunge  
That chapel er he myyght sene.

Mony klyf he ouerclambe in contrayez straunge,  
Fer floten fro his frendez fremedly he rydez.  
At vche warthe other water ther the wyyghe passed  
He fonde a foo hym byfore, bot ferly hit were,  
And that so foule and so felle that feyght hym byhode.  
So mony meruayl bi mount ther the mon fyndez,  
Hit were to tore for to telle of the tenthe dole.  
Sumwhyle wyth wormez he werrez, and with wolues als,  
Sumwhyle wyth wodwos, that woned in the knarrez,  
Bothe wyth bullez and berez, and borez otherquyle,  
And etaynez, that hym aneled of the heyghe felle;  
Nade he ben duyghty and dryyghen, and Dryyghtyn had serued,  
Douteles he hade ben ded and dreped ful ofte.  
For werre wrathed hym not so much that wynter nas wors,

When the colde cler water fro the cloudez schadde,  
 And fres er hit falle myyght to the fale erthe;  
 Ner slayn wyth the slete he sleped in his yrnes  
 Mo nnyghtez then innoghe in naked rokkez,  
 Ther as claterande fro the crest the colde borne rennez,  
 And hinged heyghe ouer his hede in hard iisse-ikkles.  
 Thus in peryl and payne and plytes ful harde  
 Bi conray cayrez this knyyght, tyl Krystmasse euen,  
 al one;  
 The knyyght wel that tyde  
 To Mary made his mone,  
 That ho hym red to ryde  
 And wysse hym to sum wone.

Bi a mounte on the morne meryly he rydes  
 Into a forest ful dep, that ferly watz wylde,  
 Hiyghe hillez on vche a halue, and holtwodez vnder  
 Of hore okez ful hoge a hundreth togeder;  
 The hasel and the hayghthorne were harled al samen,  
 With royghe raged mosse rayled aywhere,  
 With mony bryddez vnblythe vpon bare twyges,  
 That pitosly ther piped for pyne of the colde.  
 The gome vpon Gryngolet glydez hem vnder,  
 Thurygh mony misy and myre, mon al hym one,  
 Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde  
 To se the seruyse of that syre, that on that self nyyght  
 Of a burde watz borne oure baret to quelle;  
 And therefore sykyng he sayde, "I beseche the, lorde,  
 And Mary, that is myldest moder so dere,  
 Of sum herber ther heyghly I myyght here masse,  
 Ande thy matynez to-morne, mekely I ask,  
 And therto prestly I pray my pater and aue  
 and crede."  
 He rode in his prayere,  
 And cryed for his mysdede,  
 He sayned hym in sythes sere,  
 And sayde "Cros Kryst me spede!"

NADE he sayned hymself, segge, bot thrye,  
 Er he watz war in the wod of a won in a mote,  
 Abof a launde, on a lawe, loken vnder boyghez  
 Of mony borelych bole aboute bi the diches:  
 A castel the comlokest that euer knyyght ayghte,  
 Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute,  
 With a pyked palays pyned ful thik,  
 That vmbeteyghe mony tre mo then two myle.  
 That holde on that on syde the hathel auysed,  
 As hit schemered and schon thurygh the schyre okez;  
 Thenne hatz he hendly of his helme, and heyghly he thonkez  
 Jesus and sayn Gilyan, that gentyle ar bothe,  
 That cortaysly had hym kydde, and his cry herkened.  
 "Now bone hostel," cothe the burne, "I beseche yow yghette!"  
 Thenne gerdez he to Gryngolet with the gilt helez,  
 And he ful chauncely hatz chosen to the chef gate,  
 That brougth bremly the burne to the bryge ende  
 in haste.  
 The bryge watz breme vpbrayde,  
 The yghatez wer stoken faste,  
 The wallez were wel arayed,  
 Hit dut no wyndez blaste.

The burne bode on blonk, that on bonk houed  
 Of the depe double dich that drof to the place;  
 The walle wod in the water wonderly depe,

Ande eft a ful huge heyght hit haled vpon lofte  
 Of harde hewen ston vp to the tablez,  
 Enbaned vnder the abataylment in the best lawe;  
 And sythen garytez ful gaye gered bitwene,  
 Wyth mony luflych loupe that louked ful clene:  
 A better barbican that burne blusched vpon neuer.  
 And innermore he behelde that halle ful hyyghe,  
 Towres telled bytwene, trochet ful thik,  
 Fayre fylyolez that fyyghed, and ferlyly long,  
 With coruon coprounes craftyly sleyghe.  
 Chalkwhyth chymnees ther ches he innoyghe  
 Vpon bastel rouez, that blenked ful quyte;  
 So mony pynakle payntet watz poudered ayquere,  
 Among the castel carnelez clambred so thik,  
 That pared out of papure purely hit semed.  
 The fre freke on the fole hit fayr innoghe thoyght,  
 If he myyght keuer to com the cloyster wythinne,  
 To herber in that hostel whyl halyday lested,  
 auinant.  
 He calde, and sone ther com  
 A porter pure plesaunt,  
 On the wal his ernd he nome,  
 And haylsed the knyyght erraunt.

"Gode sir," quoth Gawan, "woldez thou go myn ernde  
 To the heygh lorde of this hous, herber to craue?"  
 "Yghe, Peter," quoth the porter, "and purely I trowee  
 That yghe be, wyyghe, welcum to won quyle yow lykez."  
 Then yghede the wyyghe ygherne and com ayghayn swythe,  
 And folke frely hym wyth, to fonge the knyyght.  
 Thay let down the grete drayght and derely out ygheden,  
 And kneled down on her knes vpon the colde erthe  
 To welcum this ilk wyygh as worthy hom thoyght;  
 Thay ygholden hym the brode yghate, ygharked vp wyde,  
 And he hem raysed rekenly, and rod ouer the brygge.  
 Sere seggez hym sesed by sadel, quel he lyyght,  
 And sythen stabeled his stede stif men innoyghe.  
 Knyyghtez and swyerez comen down thenne  
 For to bryng this buerne wyth blys into halle;  
 Quen he hef vp his helme, ther hiyghed innoghe  
 For to hent hit at his honde, the hende to seruen;  
 His bronde and his blasoun bothe thay token.  
 Then haylsed he ful hendly tho hathelz vchone,  
 And mony proud mon ther presed that prynce to honour.  
 Alle hasped in his heygh wede to halle thay hym wonnen,  
 Ther fayre fyre vpon flet fersly brenned.  
 Thenne the lorde of the lede loutez fro his chambre  
 For to mete wyth menske the mon on the flor;  
 He sayde, "Yghe ar welcum to welde as yow lykez  
 That here is; al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wyll  
 and welde."  
 "Graunt mercy," quoth Gawayn,  
 "Ther Kryst hit yow foryghelde."  
 As frekez that semed fayn  
 Ayther other in armez con felde.

Gawayn glyyght on the gome that godly hym gret,  
 And thuyght hit a bolde burne that the burygh ayghte,  
 A hoge hathel for the nonez, and of hyghe eldee;  
 Brode, bryyght, watz his berde, and al beuer-hwed,  
 Sturde, stif on the stryththe on stalworth schonkez,  
 Felle face as the fyre, and fre of hys speche;  
 And wel hym semed, for sothe, as the segge thuyght,  
 To lede a lortschyp in lee of leudez ful gode.

The lorde hym charred to a chambre, and chefly cumaunde  
 To deluuer hym a leude, hym loyghly to serue;  
 And there were boun at his bode burnez innoyghe,  
 That broyght hym to a bryyght boure, ther beddyng watz noble,  
 Of cortynes of clene sylk wyth cler golde hemmez,  
 And couertorez ful curious with comlych panez  
 Of bryyght blaunner aboue, enbrawdred bisydez,  
 Rudelez rennande on ropez, red golde rynggez,  
 Tapitez tygth to the woyghe of tuly and tars,  
 And vnder fete, on the flet, of folyghande sute.  
 Ther he watz dispoyled, wyth spechez of myerthe,  
 The burn of his bruny and of his bryyght wedez.  
 Ryche robes ful rad renkkez hym broyghten,  
 For to charge, and to chaunge, and chose of the best.  
 Sone as he on hent, and happed therinne,  
 That sete on hym semly wyth saylande skyrtez,  
 The ver by his uisage verayly hit semed  
 Welneygh to vche hathel, alle on hwes  
 Lowande and lufly alle his lymmez vnder,  
 That a comloker knyght neuer Kryst made  
 hem thoyght.  
 Whethen in worlde he were,  
 Hit semed as he moyght  
 Be prynce withouten pere  
 In felde ther felle men foyght.

A cheyer byfore the chemné, ther charcole brenned,  
 Watz graythed for Sir Gawan graythely with clothez,  
 Whyssynes vpon queldepyntes that koynt wer bothe;  
 And thenne a meré mantyle watz on that mon cast  
 Of a broun bleeaunt, enbraudred ful ryche  
 And fayre furred wythinne with fellez of the best,  
 Alle of ermyn in erde, his hode of the same;  
 And he sete in that settel semlych ryche,  
 And achaufed hym chefly, and thenne his cher mended.  
 Sone watz telded vp a tabil on trestez ful fayre,  
 Clad wyth a clene clothe that cler quyt schewed,  
 Sanap, and salure, and syluerin sponnez.  
 The wyyghe wesche at his wylle, and went to his mete.  
 Seggez hym serued semly innoyghe  
 Wyth sere sewes and sete, sesounde of the best.  
 Double-felde, as hit fallez, and fele kyn fischez,  
 Summe baken in bred, summe brad on the gledes,  
 Summe sothen, summe in sewe sauered with spyces,  
 And ay sawes so sleyghe that the segge lyked.  
 The freke calde hit a fest ful frely and ofte  
 Ful hendely, quen alle the hatheles rehayted hym at onez,  
 “As hende,  
 This penaunce now yghe take,  
 And eft hit schal amende.”  
 That mon much merthe con make,  
 For wyn in his hed that wende.

Thenne watz spyed and spured vpon spare wyse  
 Bi preué poyntez of that prynce, put to hymselfen,  
 That he beknew cortaysly of the court that he were  
 That athel Arthure the hende haldez hym one,  
 That is the ryche ryal kyng of the Rounde Table,  
 And hit watz Wawen hymself that in that won syttez,  
 Comen to that Krystmasse, as case hym then lymped.  
 When the lorde hade lerned that he the leude hade,  
 Loude layghed he therat, so lef hit hym thoyght,  
 And alle the men in that mote maden much joye  
 To apere in his presense prestly that tyme,

That alle prys and prowes and pured thewes  
 Apendes to hys persoun, and praysed is euer;  
 Byfore alle men vpon molde his mensk is the most.  
 Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere:  
 “Now schal we semlych se sleyghtez of thewez  
 And the teccheles termes of talkyng noble,  
 Wich spede is in speche vnsurd may we lerne,  
 Syn we haf fonged that fyne fader of nurture.  
 God hatz geuen vus his grace godly for sothe,  
 That such a gest as Gawan grauntez vus to haue,  
 When burnez blythe of his burthe schal sitte  
 and synghe.  
 In menyng of manerez mere  
 This burne now schal vus bryng,  
 I hope that may hym here  
 Schal lerne of luf-talkyng.”

Bi that the diner watz done and the dere vp  
 Hit watz neygh at the niyyght neyghed the tyme.  
 Chaplaynez to the chapeles chosen the gate,  
 Rungen ful rychely, ryyght as thay schulden,  
 To the hersum euensong of the hyyghe tyde.  
 The lorde loutes therto, and the lady als,  
 Into a cumly closet coyntly ho entrez.  
 Gawan glydez ful gay and gos theder sone;  
 The lorde laches hym by the lappe and ledez hym to sytte,  
 And couthly hym knowez and callez hym his nome,  
 And sayde he watz the welcomest wyyghe of the worlde;  
 And he hym thonkked throly, and ayther halched other,  
 And seten soberly samen the seruise quyle.  
 Thenne lyst the lady to loke on the knyght,  
 Thenne com ho of hir closet with mony cler burdez.  
 Ho watz the fayrest in felle, of flesche and of lyre,  
 And of compas and colour and costes, of alle other,  
 And wener then Wenore, as the wyyghe thoyght.  
 Ho ches thurygh the chaunsel to cheryche that hende.  
 An other lady hir lad bi the lyft honde,  
 That watz alder then ho, an auncian hit semed,  
 And heyghly honowred with hathelez aboute.  
 Bot vnlyke on to loke tho ladyes were,  
 For if the yghonge watz yghep, ygholyghe watz that other;  
 Riche red on that on rayled ayquere,  
 Rugh ronkled chekez that other on rolled;  
 Kerchofes of that on, wyth mony cler perlez,  
 Hir brest and hir bryyght throte bare displayed,  
 Schon schyrer then snawe that schedez on hillez;  
 That other wyth a gorgere watz gered ouer the swyre,  
 Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn with chalkquyte vayles,  
 Hir frount folden in sylk, enfouled ayquere,  
 Toretred and treleted with tryflez aboute,  
 That noyght watz bare of that burde bot the blake broyghes,  
 The tweyne yyghen and the nase, the naked lyppez,  
 And those were soure to se and sellyly blered;  
 A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle,  
 for Gode!  
 Hir body watz schort and thik,  
 Hir buttokez balygh and brode,  
 More lykkerwys on to lyk  
 Watz that scho hade on lode.

When Gawayn glyyght on that gay, that graciously loked,  
 Wyth leue layght of the lorde he lent hem ayghaynes;  
 The alder he haylises, heldande ful lowe,  
 The loueloker he lappez a lyttel in armez,

He kysses hir comlyly, and knyghtly he melez.  
 Thay kallen hym of aquoyntaunce, and he hit quyk askez  
 To be her seruaunt sothly, if hemself lyked.  
 Thay tan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden  
 To chambre, to chemné, and chefly thay asken  
 Spycez, that vnsparely men speded hom to bryng,  
 And the wynnelych wyne therwith vche tyme.  
 The lorde luflych aloft lepez ful ofte,  
 Mynned merthe to be made vpon mony sythez,  
 Hent heyghly of his hode, and on a spere hinged,  
 And wayned hom to wynne the worchip therof,  
 That most myrthe myyght meue that Crystenmas whyle—  
 “And I schal fonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth the best  
 Er me wont the wede, with help of my frendez.”  
 Thus wyth layghande lotez the lorde hit tayt makez,  
 For to glade Sir Gawayn with gomnez in halle  
     that nyght,  
     Til that hit watz tyme  
     The lord comaundet lyyght;  
     Sir Gawen his leue con nyne  
     And to his bed hym diyght.

On the morne, as vch mon mynez that tyme  
 That Dryyghtyn for oure destyné to deyghe watz borne,  
 Wele waxez in vche a won in worlde for his sake;  
 So did hit there on that day thurygh dayntés mony:  
 Bothe at mes and at mele messes ful quaynt  
 Derf men vpon dece drest of the best.  
 The olde auncian wyf heyghest ho syttez,  
 The lorde lufly her by lent, as I trowe;  
 Gawan and the gay burde togeder thay seten,  
 Euen inmyddez, as the messe metely come,  
 And sythen thurygh al the sale as hem best semed.  
 Bi vche grome at his degré graythely watz serued  
 Ther watz mete, ther watz myrthe, ther watz much ioye,  
 That for to telle therof hit me tene were,  
 And to poynte hit yghet I pynded me paraenture.  
 Bot yghet I wot that Wawen and the wale burde  
 Such comfort of her compaynye cayghten togeder  
 Thurygh her dere dalyaunce of her derne wordez,  
 Wyth clene cortays carp closed fro fylthe,  
 That hor play watz passande vche prynce gomen,  
     in vayres.  
     Trumpez and nakerys,  
     Much pypyng ther repayres;  
     Vche mon tented hys,  
     And thay two tented thayres.

Much dut watz ther dryuen that day and that other,  
 And the thryd as thro thronge in thereafter;  
 The ioye of sayn Jonez day watz gentyle to here,  
 And watz the last of the layk, leudez ther thoyghten.  
 Ther wer gestes to go vpon the gray morne,  
 Forthy wonderly thay woke, and the wyn dronken,  
 Daunsed ful dreyghly wyth dere carolez.  
 At the last, when hit watz late, thay lachen her leue,  
 Vchon to wende on his way that watz wyyghe stronge.  
 Gawan gef hym god day, the godmon hym lachchez,  
 Ledes hym to his awen chambre, the chymné bysyde,  
 And there he drayghez hym on dryyghhe, and derely hym  
 thonkkez  
 Of the wynne worschip that he hym wayued hade,  
 As to honour his hous on that hyyghhe tyde,  
 And enbelyse his burygh with his bele chere:

“Twyssse sir, quyl I leue, me worthez the better  
 That Gawayn hatz ben my gest at Goddez awen fest.”  
 “Grant merci, sir,” quoth Gawayn, “in god fayth hit is yowrez,  
 Al the honour is your awen—the heyghe kyng yow yghelde!  
 And I am wyyghe at your wylle to worch youre hest,  
 As I am halden therto, in hyyghhe and in loyghhe,  
     bi riyght.”  
     The lorde fast can hym payne  
     To holde lenger the knyght;  
     To hym answarez Gawayn  
     Bi non way that he myyght.

Then frayned the freke ful fayre at himseluen  
 Quat derue dede had hym dryuen at that dere tyme  
 So kenly fro the kynggez kourt to kayre al his one,  
 Er the halidayez holly were halet out of toun.  
 “For sothe, sir,” quoth the segge, “yghe sayn bot the trawthe,  
 A heyghe ernde and a hasty me hade fro tho wonez,  
 For I am sumned myselve to sech to a place,  
 I ne wot in worlde whederwarde to wende hit to fynde.  
 I nolde bot if I hit negh myyght on Nw Ygheres morne  
 For alle the londe inwyth Logres, so me oure lorde help!  
 Forthy, sir, this enquest I require yow here,  
 That yghe me telle with trawthe if euer yghe tale herde  
 Of the grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stondez,  
 And of the knyght that hit kepes, of colour of grene.  
 Ther watz stabled bi statut a steuen vus bytwene  
 To mete that mon at that mere, yghif I myyght last;  
 And of that ilk Nw Yghere bot naked now wontez,  
 And I wolde loke on that lede, if God me let wolde,  
 Gladloker, bi Goddez sun, then any god welde!  
 Forthi, iwysse, bi yghowre wylle, wende me bihoues,  
 Naf I now to busy bot bare thre dayez,  
 And me als fayn to falle feye as fayly of myyn ernde.”  
 Thenne layghande quoth the lorde, “Now leng the byhoues,  
 For I schal teche yow to that terme bi the tymez ende,  
 The grene chapayle vpon grounde greue yow no more;  
 Bot yghe schal be in yowre bed, burne, at thyn ese,  
 Quyle forth dayez, and ferk on the fyrst of the yghere,  
 And cum to that merk at mydmorn, to make quat yow likez  
     in spenne.  
     Dowellez whyle New Ygheres daye,  
     And rys, and raykez thenne,  
     Mon schal yow sette in waye,  
     Hit is not two myle henne.”

Thenne watz Gawan ful glad, and gomenly he layghed:  
 “Now I think yow thryuandely thurygh alle other thynges,  
 Now acheued is my chaunce, I schal at your wylle  
 Dowelle, and ellez do quat yghe demen.”  
 Thenne sesed hym the syre and set hym bysyde,  
 Let the ladiez be fette to lyke hem the better.  
 Ther watz seme solace by hemself stille;  
 The lorde let for luf lotez so myry,  
 As wyygh that wolde of his wyte, ne wyst quat he myyght.  
 Thenne he carped to the knyght, criande loude,  
 “Yghe han demed to do the dede that I bidde;  
 Wyl yghe halde this hes here at thys onez?”  
 “Yghe, sir, for sothe,” sayd the segge trwe,  
 “Why I byde in yowre boryghe, be bayn to yghowre hest.”  
 “For yghe haf trauayled,” quoth the tulk, “toven fro ferre,  
 And sythen waked me wyth, yghe arn not wel waryst  
 Nauther of sostnaunce ne of slepe, sothly I knowe;  
 Yghe schal lenge in your lofte, and lyyghe in your ese

To-morn quyle the messequyle, and to mete wende  
 When yghe wyl, wyth my wyf, that wyth yow schal sitte  
 And comfort yow with company, til I to cort torne;  
     yghe lende,  
 And I schal erly ryse,  
 On huntynge wyl I wende.”  
 Gauayn grantez alle thyse,  
 Hym heldande, as the hende.

“Yghet firre,” quoth the freke, “a forwarde we make:  
 Quat-so-euer I wynne in the wod hit worthez to yourez,  
 And quat chek so yghe acheue chaunge me therforne.  
 Swete, swap we so, sware with trawthe,  
 Quether, leude, so lympe, lere other better.”  
 “Bi God,” quoth Gawayn the gode, “I grant thertylle,  
 And that yow lyst for to layke, lef hit me thynkes.”  
 “Who bryngez vus this beuerage, this bargayn is maked”:  
 So sayde the lorde of that lede; thay layghed vchone,  
 Thay dronken and daylyeden and dalten vntyyghel,  
 Thise lordez and ladyez, quyle that hem lyked;  
 And sythen with Frenkysch fare and fele fayre lotez  
 Thay stoden and stemed and styilly speken,  
 Kysten ful comlyly and kayghten her leue.  
 With mony leude ful lyyght and lemande torches  
 Vche burne to his bed watz broyght at the laste,  
     ful softe.  
 To bed yghet er thay yghede,  
 Recorded couenauntez ofte;  
 The olde lorde of that leude  
 Cowthe wel halde layk alofte.

### FITT III

Ful erly bifore the day the folk vprysen,  
 Gestes that go wolde hor gromez thay calden,  
 And thay busken vp bilyue blonkkez to sadel,  
 Tyffen her takles, trussen her males,  
 Richen hem the rychest, to ryde alle arayde,  
 Lepen vp lyyghtly, lachen her brydeles,  
 Vche wyyghe on his way ther hym wel lyked.  
 The leue lorde of the londe watz not the last  
 Arayed for the rydyng, with renkkez ful mony;  
 Ete a sop hastyly, when he hade herde masse,  
 With bugle to bent-felde he buskez bylyue.  
 By that any daylyyght lemed vpon erthe  
 He with his hatheles on hyyghe horssees weren.  
 Thenne thise cacheres that couthe cowpled hor houndez,  
 Vnclosed the kenel dore and calde hem theroute,  
 Blwe bygly in buglez thre bare mote;  
 Braches bayed therfore and breme noyse maked;  
 And thay chastysed and charred on chasyng that went,  
 A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle,  
     of the best.  
 To trystors vewters yghod,  
 Couples hunttes of kest;  
 Ther ros for blastez gode  
 Gret rurd in that forest.

At the fyrst quethe of the quest quaked the wylde;  
 Der drof in the dale, doted for drede,  
 Hyyghed to the hyyghe, bot heterly thay were  
 Restayed with the stable, that stoutly ascryed.  
 Thay let the herttez haf the gate, with the hyyghe hedes,

The breme bukkez also with hor brode paumez;  
 For the fre lorde hade defende in fermysoun tyme  
 That ther schulde no mon meue to the male dere.  
 The hindez were halden in with hay! and war!  
 The does dryuen with gret dyn to the depe sladez;  
 Ther myyght mon se, as thay slypte, slentyng of arwes—  
 At vche wende vnder wande wapped a flone—  
 That bigly bote on the broun with ful brode hedez.  
 What! thay brayen, and bleden, bi bonkkez thay deyghe,  
 And ay rachches in a res radly hem folyghes,  
 Huntrez wyth hyyghe horne hasted hem after  
 Wyth such a crakkande kry as klyffes haden brusten.  
 What wylde so atwaped wyyghes that schotten  
 Watz al toraced and rent at the resayt,  
 Bi thay were tened at the hyyghe and taysed to the wattrez;  
 The ledez were so lerned at the loyghe trysteres,  
 And the grehoundez so grete, that geten hem bylyue  
 And hem tofylched, as fast as frekez myyght loke,  
     ther-ryyght.  
 The lorde for blys abloy  
 Ful oft con launce and lyyght,  
 And drof that day wyth joy  
 Thus to the derk nyyght.

Thus laykez this lorde by lynde-wodez euez,  
 And Gawayn the god mon in gay bed lygez,  
 Lurkkez quyl the daylyyght lemed on the wowes,  
 Vnder couertour ful clere, cortyned aboute;  
 And as in slomeryng he slode, sleyghly he herde  
 A littel dyn at his dor, and dernly vpon;  
 And he heuez vp his hed out of the clothes,  
 A corner of the cortyn he cayght vp a lyttel,  
 And waytez warly thiderwarde quat hit be myyght.  
 Hit watz the ladi, loflyest to beholde,  
 That droygh the dor after hir ful dernly and styll,  
 And boyghed towarde the bed; and the burne schamed,  
 And layde hym down lystyly, and let as he slepte;  
 And ho stepped stilly and stel to his bedde,  
 Kest vp the cortyn and creped withinne,  
 And set hir ful softly on the bed-syde,  
 And lenged there selly longe to loke quen he wakened.  
 The lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,  
 Compast in his concience to quat that cace myyght  
 Meue other amount—to meruayle hym thought,  
 Bot yghet he sayde in hymself, “More semly hit were  
 To aspye wyth my spelle in space quat ho wolde.”  
 Then he wakenede, and wroth, and to hir warde torned,  
 And vnlouked his yyghe-lyddez, and let as hym wondered,  
 And sayned hym, as bi his sayghe the sauer to worthe,  
     with hande.  
 Wyth chynne and cheke ful swete,  
 Bothe quit and red in blande,  
 Ful luffly con ho lete  
 Wyth lyppez smal layghande.

“God moroun, Sir Gawayn,” sayde that gay lady,  
 “Yghe ar a sleper vnslyyghe, that mon may slyde hider;  
 Now ar yghe tan as-tyt! Bot true vus may schape,  
 I schal bynde yow in your bedde, that be yghe trayst”:  
 Al layghande the lady lanced tho bourdez.  
 “Goud moroun, gay,” quoth Gawayn the blythe,  
 “Me schal worthe at your wille, and that me wel lykez,  
 For I yghelde me yghederly, and ygheyghe after grace,  
 And that is the best, be my dome, for me byhouez nede”:

And thus he bourded ayghayn with mony a blythe layghter.  
 “Bot wolde yghe, lady louely, then leue me grante,  
 And deprece your prysoun, and pray hym to ryse,  
 I wolde boyghe of this bed, and busk me better;  
 I schulde keuer the more comfort to karp yow wyth.”  
 “Nay for sothe, beau sir,” sayd that swete,  
 “Yghe schal not rise of your bedde, I rych yow better,  
 I schal happe yow here that other half als,  
 And sythen karp wyth my knyght that I kayght haue;  
 For I wene wel, iwysse, Sir Wowen yghe are,  
 That alle the worlde worchipez quere-so yghe ride;  
 Your honour, your hendelayk is hendely prayed  
 With lordez, wyth ladyes, with alle that lyf bere.  
 And now yghe ar here, iwysse, and we bot oure one;  
 My lorde and his ledez ar on lenthe faren,  
 Other burnez in her bedde, and my burdez als,  
 The dor drawen and dit with a derf haspe;  
 And sythen I haue in this hous hym that al lykez,  
 I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit lastez,  
     with tale.  
 Yghe ar welcum to my cors,  
 Yowre awen won to wale,  
 Me behouez of fyne force  
 Your seruaunt be, and schale.”

“In god fayth,” quoth Gawayn, “gayn hit me thynkkez,  
 Thaygh I be not now he that yghe of speken;  
 To reche to such reuerence as yghe reherce here  
 I am wyyghe vnworthy, I wot wel myseluen.  
 Bi God, I were glad, and yow god thoyght,  
 At sayghe other at seruyce that I sette myyght  
 To the plesaunce of your prys—hit were a pure ioye.”  
 “In god fayth, Sir Gawayn,” quoth the gay lady,  
 “The prys and the prowes that plesez al other,  
 If I hit lakked other set at lyyght, hit were littel daynté;  
 Bot hit ar ladyes innoyghes that leuer wer nowthe  
 Haf the, hende, in hor holde, as I the habbe here,  
 To daly with derely your daynté wordez,  
 Keuer hem comfort and colen her carez,  
 Then much of the garysoun other golde that thay hauen.  
 Bot I louue that ilk lorde that the lyfte haldez,  
 I haf hit holly in my honde that al desyres,  
     thuryghe grace.”  
 Scho made hym so gret chere,  
 That watz so fayr of face,  
 The knyght with speches skere  
 Answered to vche a cace.

“Madame,” quoth the myry mon, “Mary yow yghelde,  
 For I haf founden, in god fayth, yowre fraunchis nobele,  
 And other ful much of other folk fongen bi hor dedez,  
 Bot the daynté that thay delen, for my disert nys euen,  
 Hit is the worchyp of yourself, that noyght bot wel connez.”  
 “Bi Mary,” quoth the menskful, “me thynk hit an other;  
 For were I worth al the wone of wymmen alyue,  
 And al the wele of the worlde were in my honde,  
 And I schulde chepen and chose to cheue me a lorde,  
 For the costes that I haf knowen vpon the, knyght, here,  
 Of bewté and debonerté and blythe semblaunt,  
 And that I haf er herkkened and halde hit here trwee,  
 Ther schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be chosen.”  
 “Iwysse, worthy,” quoth the wyyghe, “yghe haf waled wel  
 better,  
 Bot I am proude of the prys that yghe put on me,

And, soberly your seruaunt, my souerayn I holde yow,  
 And yowre knyght I becom, and Kryst yow foryghelde.”  
 Thus thay meled of muchquat til mydmorn paste,  
 And ay the lady let lyk as hym loued mych;  
 The freke ferde with defence, and feted ful fayre—  
 “Thaygh I were burde bryyghtest,” the burde in mynde hade.  
 The lasse luf in his lode for lur that he soyght  
     boute hone,  
     The dunte that schulde hym deue,  
     And nedez hit most be done.  
 The lady thenn spek of leue,  
 He granted hir ful sone.

Thenne ho gef hym god day, and wyth a glent layghed,  
 And as ho stod, ho stonyed hym wyth ful stor wordez:  
 “Now he that spedez vche spech this disport yghelde yow!  
 Bot that yghe be Gawan, hit gotz in mynde.”  
 “Querfore?” quoth the freke, and freschly he askez,  
 Ferde lest he hade fayled in fourme of his castes;  
 Bot the burde hym blessed, and “Bi this skyl” sayde:  
 “So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden,  
 And cortaysye is closed so clene in hymseluen,  
 Couth not lyyghtly haf lenged so long wyth a lady,  
 Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his courtaysye,  
 Bi sum towch of summe tryfle at sum talez ende.”  
 Then quoth Wowen: “Iwysse, worthe as yow lykez;  
 I schal kysse at your comaundement, as a knyght fallez,  
 And fire, lest he displese yow, so plede hit no more.”  
 Ho comes nerre with that, and cachez hym in armez,  
 Loutez luflych adoun and the leude kyssez.  
 Thay comly bykennen to Kryst ayther other;  
 Ho dos hir forth at the dore withouten dyn more;  
 And he ryches hym to ryse and rapes hym sone,  
 Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede,  
 Boyghez forth, quen he watz boun, blythely to masse;  
 And thenne he meued to his mete that menskly hym kepted,  
 And made myry al day, til the mone rysed,  
     with game.  
 Watz neuer freke fayrer fonge  
 Bitwene two so dyngne dame,  
 The alder and the yghonge;  
 Much solace set thay same.

And ay the lorde of the londe is lent on his gamnez,  
 To hunt in holtez and hethe at hyndez barayne;  
 Such a sowme he ther slowe bi that the sunne heldet,  
 Of dos and of other dere, to deme were wonder.  
 Thenne fersly thay flokked in folk at the laste,  
 And quykly of the quelled dere a querré thay maked.  
 The best boyghed therto with burnez innoghe,  
 Gedered the grattest of gres that ther were,  
 And didden hem derely vndo as the dede askez;  
 Serched hem at the asay summe that ther were,  
 Two fyngeres thay fonde of the fowlest of alle.  
 Sythen thay slyt the slot, sesed the erber,  
 Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, and the schyre knitten;  
 Sythen rytte thay the foure lymmes, and rent of the hyde,  
 Then brek thay the balé, the bowelez out token  
 Lystily for laucyng the lere of the knot;  
 Thay gryped to the gargulun, and graythely departed  
 The wesaunt fro the wynt-hole, and walt out the guttez;  
 Then scher thay out the schulderez with her scharp knyuez,  
 Haled hem by a lyttel hole to haue hole sydes.  
 Sithen britned thay the brest and brayden hit in twynne,

And eft at the gargulun bigynez on thenne,  
 Ryuez hit vp radly ryyght to the byyght,  
 Voydez out the avanteres, and verayly thereafter  
 Alle the rymez by the rybbez radly thay lance;  
 So ryde thay of by resoun bi the rygge bonez,  
 Euenden to the haunche, that hinged alle samen,  
 And heuen hit vp al hole, and hwen hit of there,  
 And that thay neme for the noumbles bi nome, as I trowe,  
     bi kynde;  
     Bi the byyght al of the thyyghes  
     The lappez thay lance bihynde;  
     To hewe hit in two thay hyyghes,  
     Bi the bakbon to vnbynde.

Bothe the hede and the hals thay hwen of thenne,  
 And sythen sunder thay the sydez swyft fro the chyne,  
 And the corbeles fee thay kest in a greue;  
 Thenn thurled thay ayther thik side thurygh bi the rybbe,  
 And hinged thenne ayther bi hoyghez of the fourchez,  
 Vche freke for his fee, as fallez for to haue.  
 Vpon a felle of the fayre best fede thay thayr houndes  
 Wyth the lyuer and the lyyghtez, the lether of the paunchez,  
 And bred bathed in blod blende theramongez.  
 Baldely thay blw prys, bayed thayr rachchez,  
 Sythen fonge thay her flesche, folden to home,  
 Strakande ful stoutly mony stif motez.  
 Bi that the daylyyght watz done the douthe watz al wonen  
 Into the comly castel, ther the knyyght bidez  
     ful stille,  
     Wyth blys and bryyght fyr bette.  
     The lorde is comen thertylle;  
     When Gawayn wyth hym mette  
     Ther watz bot wele at wylle.

Thenne comaunded the lorde in that sale to samen alle the meny,  
 Bothe the ladyes on loghe to lyyght with her burdes  
 Bifore alle the folk on the flette, frekez he beddez  
 Verayly his venysoun to fech hym byforne,  
 And al godly in gomen Gawayn he called,  
 Techez hym to the tayles of ful tayt bestes,  
 Schewez hym the schyree grece schorne vpon rybbes.  
 “How payez yow this play? Haf I prys wonnen?  
 Haue I thryuandely thonk thurygh my craft serued?”  
 “Yghe iwysse,” quoth that other wyyghe, “here is wayth fayrest  
 That I seygh this seuen yghere in sesoun of wynter.”  
 “And al I gif yow, Gawayn,” quoth the gome thenne,  
 “For by acorde of couenaunt yghe craue hit as your awen.”  
 “This is soth,” quoth the segge, “I say yow that ilke:  
 That I haf worthyly wonnen this wonez wythinne,  
 Iwysse with as god wylle hit worthez to yghourez.”  
 He hasppez his fayre hals his armez wythinne,  
 And kysses hym as comlyly as he couthe awyse:  
 “Tas yow there my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more;  
 I wowche hit saf fynly, thaygh feler hit were.”  
 “Hit is god,” quoth the godmon, “grant mercy therfore.  
 Hit may be such hit is the better, and yghe me breue wolde  
 Where yghe wan this ilk wele bi wytte of yorseluen.”  
 “That watz not forward,” quoth he, “frayst me no more.  
 For yghe haf tan that yow tydez, trawe non other  
     yghe mowe.”  
     Thay layghed, and made hem blythe  
     Wyth lotez that were to lowe;  
     To soper thay yghede as-swythe,

Wyth dayntés nwe innowe.

And sythen by the chymné in chamber thay seten,  
 Wyyghez the walle wyn weyghed to hem oft,  
 And efte in her bourdyng thay baythen in the morn  
 To fylle the same forwardez that thay byfore maden:  
 Wat chaunce so bytydez hor cheuysaunce to chaunge,  
 What nwez so thay nome, at nayght quen thay metten.  
 Thay acorded of the couenauntez byfore the court alle;  
 The beuerage watz broyght forth in bourde at that tyme,  
 Thenne thay louelych leyghten leue at the last,  
 Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.  
 Bi that the coke hade crowen and cakled bot thryse,  
 The lorde watz lopen of his bedde, the leudez vchone;  
 So that the mete and the masse watz metely delyuered,  
 The douthe dressed to the wod, er any day sprenge,  
     to chace;  
     Heygh with hunte and hornez  
     Thurygh playnez thay passe in space,  
     Vncoupled among tho thornez  
     Rachez that ran on race.

SONE thay calle of a quest in a ker syde,  
 The hunt rehayted the houndez that hit fyrst mynged,  
 Wylde wordez hym warp wyth a wrast noyce;  
 The howndez that hit herde hastid thider swythe,  
 And fellen as fast to the fuyt, fourty at ones;  
 Thenne such a glauer ande glam of gedered rachchez  
 Ros, that the rocherez rungen aboute;  
 Huntrez hem hardened with horne and wyth muthe.  
 Then al in a semblé sweyed togeder,  
 Bitwene a flosche in that fryth and a foo cragge;  
 In a knot bi a clyffe, at the kerre syde,  
 Ther as the rogh rocher vnrydely watz fallen,  
 Thay ferden to the fyndyng, and frekez hem after;  
 Thay vmbekesten the knarre and the knot bothe,  
 Wyyghez, whyl thay wysten wel wythinne hem hit were,  
 The best that ther breued watz wyth the blodhoundez.  
 Thenne thay beten on the buskez, and bede hym vpryse,  
 And he vnsoundyly out soyght seggez ouerthwert;  
 On the sellokest swyn swenged out there,  
 Long sythen fro the sounder that siyghed for olde,  
 For he watz breme, bor alther-grattest,  
 Ful grymme quen he gronyed; thenne greued mony,  
 For thre at the fyrst thrast he thryyght to the erthe,  
 And sparred forth good sped boutte spyt more.  
 Thise other halowed hyghe! ful hyygh, and hay! hay! cryed,  
 Haden hornes to mouthe, heterly rechated;  
 Mony watz the myry mouthe of men and of houndez  
 That buskkez after this bor with bost and wyth noyse  
     to quelle.  
     Ful oft he bydez the baye,  
     And maymez the mute inn melle;  
     He hurtez of the houndez, and thay  
     Ful yghomerly yghaule and yghelle.

Schalkez to schote at hym schowen to thenne,  
 Haled to hym of her arewez, hitten hym oft;  
 Bot the poyntez payred at the pyth that pyyght in his scheldez,  
 And the barbez of his browe bite non wolde—  
 Thaygh the schauen schaft schyndered in pecez,  
 The hede hypped ayghayn were-so-euer hit hitte.  
 Bot quen the dyntez hym dered of her dryyghe strokez,  
 Then, braynwod for bate, on burnez he rasez,

Hurtez hem ful heterly ther he forth hyghez,  
And mony aryghed therat, and on lyte droyghe,  
Bot the lorde on a lyyght horce launces hym after,  
As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he blowez,  
He rechated, and rode thurygh ronez ful thyk,  
Suande this wylde swyn til the sunne schafted.  
This day wyth this ilk dede thay dryuen on this wyse,  
Whyle oure luflych lede lys in his bedde,  
Gawayn graythely at home, in gerez ful ryche  
of hewe.

The lady noyght foryghate,  
Com to hym to salue;  
Ful erly ho watz hym ate  
His mode for to remwe.

Ho commes to the cortyn, and at the knyght totes.  
Sir Wawen her welcumed worthy on fyrst,  
And ho hym ygheldez ayghayn ful ygherne of hir wordez,  
Settez hir softly by his syde, and swythely ho layghez,  
And wyth a luflych loke ho layde hym thyse wordez:  
“Sir, yghif yghe be Wawen, wonder me thynkkez,  
Wyyghe that is so wel wrast alway to god,  
And connez not of compaynye the costez vndertake,  
And if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, yghe kest hom of your  
mynde;

Thou hatz forygheten yghederly that yghisterday I tayghtte  
Bi alder-truest token of talk that I cowthe.”

“What is that?” quoth the wyghe, “Iwysse I wot neuer;  
If hit be sothe that yghe breue, the blame is myn awen.”

“Yghet I kende yow of kyssyng,” quoth the clere thenne,  
“Quere-so countenance is couthe quikly to clayme;  
That bicumes vche a knyght that cortaysy vses.”

“Do way,” quoth that derf mon, “my dere, that speche,  
For that durst I not do, lest I deuayed were;

If I were werned, I were wrang, iwysse, yghif I profered.”

“Ma fay,” quoth the meré wyf, “yghe may not be werned,  
Yghe ar stif innoghe to constrayne wyth strenkthe, yghif yow  
lykez,

Yghif any were so vilanous that yow devaye wolde.”

“Yghe, be God,” quoth Gawayn, “good is your speche,  
Bot threite is vnthryuande in thede ther I lende,  
And vche gift that is geuen not with goud wylle.

I am at your comaundement, to kysse quen yow lykez,  
Yghe may lach quen yow lyst, and leue quen yow thynkkez,  
in space.”

The lady loutez adoun,  
And comlyly kysses his face,  
Much speche thay ther expoun  
Of druryes greme and grace.

“I woled wyt at yow, wyyghe,” that worthy ther sayde,

“And yow wrathed not therwyth, what were the skylle

That so yghong and so yghepe as yghe at this tyme,

So cortayse, so knyghtly, as yghe ar knowen oute—

And of alle cheualry to chose, the chef thyng alosed

Is the lel layk of luf, the letrure of armes;

For to telle of this teuelyng of this trwe knyghtez,

Hit is the tytelet token and tyxt of her werkkez,

How ledes for her lele luf hor lyuez han auntered,

Endured for her drurye dulful stoundez,

And after wenged with her walour and voyded her care,

And broyght blysse into boure with bountees hor awen—

And yghe ar knyght comlokest kyd of your elde,

Your worde and your worchip walkez ayquere,

And I haf seten by yourself here sere twyes,  
Yghet herde I neuer of your hed helde no wordez  
That euer longed to luf, lasse ne more;  
And yghe, that ar so cortays and coynt of your hetes,  
Oghe to a yghonke thynk yghern to schewe  
And teche sum tokenez of trweluf craftes.  
Why! ar yghe lewed, that alle the los weldez?  
Other elles yghe demen me to dille your dalyaunce to herken?  
For schame!

I com hider sengel, and sitte  
To lerne at yow sum game;  
Dos, techez me of your wytte,  
Whil my lorde is fro hame.”

“In goud faythe,” quoth Gawayn, “God yow foryghelde!  
Gret is the gode gle, and gomen to me huge,  
That so worthy as yghe wolde wynne hidere,  
And pyne yow with so pouer a mon, as play wyth your knyght  
With anyskeynnez countenance, hit keuerez me ese;  
Bot to take the toruayle to myself to trwluf expoun,  
And towche the temez of tyxt and talez of armez  
To yow that, I wot wel, weldez more slyght  
Of that art, bi the half, or a hundreth of seche  
As I am, other euer schal, in erde ther I leue,  
Hit were a folé felefolde, my fre, by my trawthe.  
I wolde yowre wylnyng worche at my myyght,  
As I am hyghly bihalden, and euermore wylle  
Be seruaunt to yourseluen, so saue me Dryyghtyn!”  
Thus hym frayned that fre, and fondet hym ofte,  
For to haf wonnen hym to woyghe, what-so scho thought ellez;  
Bot he defended hym so fayr that no faut semed,  
Ne non euel on nawther halue, nawther thay wysten  
bot blysse.

Thay layghed and layked longez;  
At the last scho con hym kysse,  
Hir leue fayre con scho fonge  
And went hir waye, iwysse.

The ruthes hym the renk and ryses to the masse,  
And sithen hor diner watz dyyght and derely serued.  
The lede with the ladyez layked alle day,  
Bot the lorde ouer the londez launced ful ofte,  
Swez his vncely swyn, that swynggez bi the bonkkez  
And bote the best of his brachez the bakkez in sunder  
Ther he bode in his bay, tel bawemen hit breken,  
And madee hym mawgref his hed for to mwe vtter,  
So felle flonez ther flete when the folk gedered.  
Bot yghet the styffest to start bi stoundez he made,  
Til at the last he watz so mat he myyght no more renne,  
Bot in the hast that he myyght he to a hole wynnez  
Of a rasse bi a rokk ther rennez the boerne.  
He gete the bonk at his bak, bigynez to scrape,  
The frothe femed at his mouth vnfayre bi the wykez,  
Whettez his whyte tuschez; with hym then irked  
Alle the burnez so bolde that hym by stoden  
To nye hym on-ferum, bot neyghhe hym non durst  
for woth;

He hade hurt so mony byforne  
That al thuyght thenne ful lothe  
Be more wyth his tusches torne,  
That breme watz and braynwod bothe,

Til the knyght com hymself, kachande his blonk,  
Syygh hym byde at the bay, his burnez bysyde;

He lyyghtes luflych adoun, leuez his corsour,  
 Braydez out a bryyght bront and bigly forth strydez,  
 Foundez fast thurygh the forth ther the felle bydez.  
 The wylde watz war of the wyyghe with weppen in honde,  
 Hef hyghly the here, so hetterly he fnast  
 That fele ferde for the freke, lest felle hym the worre.  
 The swyn settez hym out on the segge euen,  
 That the burne and the bor were bothe vpon hepez  
 In the wyyghtest of the water; the worre hade that other,  
 For the mon merkkez hym wel, as thay mette fyrst,  
 Set sadly the scharp in the slot euen,  
 Hit hym vp to the hult, that the hert schyndered,  
 And he ygharrande hym yghelde, and yghedoun the water  
 ful tyt.

A hundreth houndez hym hent,  
 That bremely con hym bite,  
 Burnez him broyght to bent,  
 And doggez to dethe endite.

There watz blawyng of prys in mony breme horne,  
 Heyghe halowing on hiyghe with hathelz that myyght;  
 Brachetes bayed that best, as bidden the maysterez  
 Of that chargeaunt chace that were chef huntres.  
 Thenne a wyyghe that watz wys vpon wodcrafterz  
 To vnlace this bor lufly bigynnez.  
 Fyrst he hewes of his hed and on hiyghe settez,  
 And sythen rendez him al roghe bi the rygge after,  
 Braydez out the boweles, brennez hom on glede,  
 With bred blent therwith his braches rewardez.  
 Sythen he britnez out the brawen in bryyght brode cheldez,  
 And hatz out the hastlettez, as hiyghtly bisemez;  
 And yghet hem halchez al hole the haluez togeder,  
 And sythen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges.  
 Now with this ilk swyn thay swengen to home;  
 The bores hed watz borne bfore the burnes seluen  
 That him forferde in the forthe thurygh forse of his  
 honde so stronge.

Til he seygh Sir Gawayne  
 In halle hym poyght ful longe;  
 He calde, and he com gayn  
 His feez ther for to fonge.

The lorde ful lowde with lote and layghter myry,  
 When he seygh Sir Gawayn, with solace he spekez;  
 The goude ladyez were geten, and gedered the meyny,  
 He schewez hem the scheldez, and schapes hem the tale  
 Of the largesse and the lenthe, the lithernez also  
 Of the were of the wylde swyn in wod ther he fled.  
 That other knyght ful comly comended his dedez,  
 And praysed hit as gret prys that he proued hade,  
 For suche a brawne of a best, the bolde burne sayde,  
 Ne such sydes of a swyn segh he neuer are.  
 Thenne hondeled thay the hoge hed, the hende mon hit praysed,  
 And let lodly therat the lorde for to here.  
 "Now, Gawayn," quoth the godmon, "this gomen is your awen  
 Bi fyn forwarde and faste, faythely yghe knowe."  
 "Hit is sothe," quoth the segge, "and as siker trwe  
 Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawthe."  
 He hent the hathel aboute the halse, and hendely hym kysses,  
 And aftersones of the same he serued hym there.  
 "Now ar we euen," quoth the hathel, "in this euentide  
 Of alle the couenauntes that we knyht, sythen I com hider,  
 bi lawe."

The lorde sayde, "Bi saynt Gile,

Yghe ar the best that I knowe!  
 Yghe ben ryche in a whyle,  
 Such chaffer and yghe drowe."

Thenne thay teldet tablez trestes alofte,  
 Kesten clothen vpon; clere lyyght thenne  
 Wakned bi woyghez, waxen torches;  
 Seggez sette and serued in sale al aboute;  
 Much glam and gle glent vp therinne  
 Aboute the fyre vpon flet, and on fele wyse  
 At the soper and after, mony athel songez,  
 As coundutes of Krystmasse and carolez newe  
 With al the manerly merthe that mon may of telle,  
 And euer oure luflych knyght the lady bisyde.  
 Such semblaunt to that segge semly ho made  
 Wyth stille stollen countenance, that stalworth to plesse,  
 That al forwondered watz the wyyghe, and wroth with  
 hymselfuen,  
 Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir ayghayne,  
 Bot dalt with hir al in daynté, how-se-euer the dede turned  
 towrast.

Quen thay hade played in halle  
 As longe as hor wylle hom last,  
 To chambre he con hym calle,  
 And to the chemné thay past.

Andre ther thay dronken, and dalten, and demed eft nwe  
 To norne on the same note on Nwe Ygherez euen;  
 Bot the knyght craued leue to kayre on the morn,  
 For hit watz neygh at the terme that he to schulde.  
 The lorde hym letted of that, to lenge hym resteyed,  
 And sayde, "As I am trwe segge, I siker my trawthe  
 Thou schal cheue to the grene chapel thy charres to make,  
 Leude, on Nw Ygherez lyyght, longe bfore pryme.  
 Forthy thow lye in thy loft and lach thyn ese,  
 And I schal hunt in this holt, and halde the towchez,  
 Change wyth the cheuisaunce, bi that I charre hider;  
 For I haf fraysted the twys, and faythful I fynde the.  
 Now 'thrid tyme throwe best' thenk on the morne,  
 Make we mery quyl we may and mynne vpon joye,  
 For the lur may mon lach when-so mon lykez."  
 This watz graythely graunted, and Gawayn is lenged,  
 Blithe broyght watz hym drynk, and thay to bedde ygheden  
 with lyyght.  
 Sir Gawayn lis and sleges  
 Ful stille and softe al niyght;  
 The lorde that his crafterz kepes,  
 Ful erly he watz diyght.

After messe a morsel he and his men token;  
 Miry watz the mornyng, his mounture he askes.  
 Alle the hatheles that on horse schulde helden hym after  
 Were boun busked on hor blonkkez bfore the halle yghatez.  
 Ferly fayre watz the folde, for the forst clenged;  
 In rede rudede vpon rak rises the sunne,  
 And ful clere costez the clowdes of the welkyn.  
 Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde,  
 Rocheres roungen bi rys for rurde of her hornes;  
 Summe fel in the fute ther the fox bade,  
 Traylez ofte a traures bi traunt of her wyles;  
 A kenet kyres therof, the hunt on hym calles;  
 His felayghes fallen hym to, that fnasted ful thiike,  
 Runnen forth in a rabel in his ryyght fare,  
 And he fyskez hem byfore; thay founden hym sone,

And quen thay seghe hym with syyght thay sued hym fast,  
Wreyghande hym ful weterly with a wroth noyse;  
And he trantes and tornayeez thurygh mony tene greue,  
Haulounez, and herkenez bi heggez ful ofte.

At the last bi a littel dich he lepez ouer a spenne,  
Stelez out ful stilly bi a strothe rande,  
Went haf wylt of the wode with wylez fro the houndes;  
Thenne watz he went, er he wyst, to a wale tryster,  
Ther thro thro at a thrich thrat hym at ones,  
al graye.

He blenched ayghayn bilyue  
And stifly start on-stray,  
With alle the wo on lyue  
To the wod he went away.

Thenne watz hit list vpon lif to lythen the houndez,  
When alle the mute hade hym met, menged togeder:  
Suche a soryghe at that syyght thay sette on his hede  
As alle the clamberande clyffes hade clatered on hepes;  
Here he watz halawed, when hathelz hym metten,  
Loude he watz yghayned with ygharande speche;  
Ther he watz threted and ofte thef called,  
And ay the titleres at his tayl, that tary he ne myyght;  
Ofte he watz runnen at, when he out rayked,  
And ofte reled in ayghayn, so Reniarde watz wylé.  
And yghe he lad hem bi lagmon, the lorde and his meyny,  
On this maner bi the mountes quyle myd-ouer-vnder,  
Whyle the hende knyyght at home holsumly slepes  
Withinne the comly cortynes, on the colde morne.  
Bot the lady for luf let not to slepe,  
Ne the purpose to payre that pyyght in hir hert,  
Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir theder  
In a mery mantyle, mete to the erthe,  
That watz furred ful fyne with fellez wel pured,  
No hwef goud on hir hede bot the haygher stones  
Trased aboute hir tressour be twenty in clusteres;  
Hir thryuen face and hir throte throwen al naked,  
Hir brest bare bifore, and bihinde eke.  
Ho comez withinne the chambre dore, and closes hit hir after,  
Wayuez vp a wyndow, and on the wyyghe callez,  
And radly thus rehayted hym with hir riche wordes,  
with chere:

“A! mon, how may thou slepe,  
This morning is so clere?”  
He watz in drowping depe,  
Bot thenne he con hir here.

In dreygh droupyng of dreme draueled that noble,  
As mon that watz in mornyng of mony thro thoyghtes,  
How that destiné schulde that day dele hym his wyrde  
At the grene chapel, when he the gome metes,  
And bihoues his buffet abide withoute debate more;  
Bot quen that comly com he keuered his wyttes,  
Swenges out of the sweuenes, and swarez with hast.  
The lady luflych com layghande swete,  
Felle ouer his fayre face, and fetly hym kyssed;  
He welcumez hir worthily with a wale chere.  
He seygh hir so glorious and gayly atyred,  
So faultles of hir fetures and of so fyne hewes,  
Wiyght wallande joye warmed his hert.  
With smothe smylyng and smolt thay smeten into merthe,  
That al watz blis and bonchef that breke hem bitwene,  
and wynne.  
Thay lanced wordes gode,

Much wele then watz therinne;  
Gret perile bitwene hem stod,  
Nif Maré of hir knyyght mynne.

For that prynces of pris depresed hym so thikke,  
Nurned hym so neyghe the thred, that nede hym bihoued  
Other lach ther hir luf, other lodly refuse.  
He cared for his cortaysye, lest crathayn he were,  
And more for his meschef yghif he schulde make synne,  
And be traytor to that tolke that that telde ayght.  
“God schylde,” quoth the schalk, “that schal not befall!”  
With luf-layghyng a lyt he layd hym bysye  
Alle the spechez of specialté that sprange of her mouthe.  
Quoth that burde to the burne, “Blame yghe disserue,  
Yghif yghe luf not that lyf that yghe lye nexte,  
Bifore alle the wyyghez in the worlde wounded in hert,  
Bot if yghe haf a lemman, a leuer, that yow lykez better,  
And folden fayth to that fre, festned so harde  
That yow lausen ne lyst—and that I leue nouthe;  
And that yghe telle me that now trwly I pray yow,  
For alle the lufez vpon lyue layne not the sothe  
for gile.”

The knyyght sayde, “Be sayn Jon,”  
And smethely con he smyle,  
“In fayth I welde riyght non,  
Ne non wil welde the quile.”

“That is a worde,” quoth that wyyght, “that worst is of alle,  
Bot I am swared for sothe, that sore me thinkkez.  
Kysse me now comly, and I schal cach hethen,  
I may bot mourne vpon molde, as may that much louyes.”  
Sykande ho sweyghe doun and semly hym kyssed,  
And sithen ho seueres hym fro, and says as ho stondes,  
“Now, dere, at this departyng do me this ese,  
Gif me sumquat of thy gifte, thi gloue if hit were,  
That I may mynne on the, mon, my mournyng to lassen.”  
“Now iwysse,” quoth that wyyghe, “I wolde I hade here  
The leuest thing for thy luf that I in londe welde,  
For yghe haf deserued, for sothe, sellyly ofte  
More rewarde bi resoun then I reche myyght;  
Bot to dele yow for drurye that dawed bot naked,  
Hit is not your honour to haf at this tyme  
A gloue for a garysoun of Gawaynez giftez,  
And I am here an erande in erdez vncouthe,  
And haue no men wyth no malez with menskful thingez;  
That mislykez me, ladé, for luf at this tyme,  
Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille  
ne pine.”

“Nay, hende of hyyghe honours,”  
Quoth that lufsum vnder lyne,  
“Thaygh I hade noyght of youre,  
Yghet schulde yghe haue of myne.”

Ho rayght hym a riche rynk of red golde werkez,  
Wyth a starande ston stondande alofte  
That bere blusschande bemez as the bryyght sunne;  
Wyt yghe wel, hit watz worth wele ful hoge.  
Bot the renk hit renayed, and redyly he sayde,  
“I wil no giftez, for Gode, my gay, at this tyme;  
I haf none yow to norne, ne noyght wyl I take.”  
Ho bede hit hym ful bysily, and he hir bode wernes,  
And swere swyfte by his sothe that he hit sese nolde,  
And ho soré that he forsoké, and sayde thereafter,  
“If yghe renay my rynk, to ryche for hit semez,

Yghe wolde not so hyghly halden be to me,  
 I schal gif yow my girdel, that gaynes yow lasse.”  
 Ho layght a lace lyyghtly that leke vmbe hir sydez,  
 Knit vpon hir kyrtel vnder the clere mantyle,  
 Gered hit watz with grene sylke and with golde schaped,  
 Noyght bot arounde brayden, beten with fyngrez;  
 And that ho bede to the burne, and blythely bisoyght,  
 Thaygh hit vnworthi were, that he hit take wolde.  
 And he nay that he nolde neghe in no wyse  
 Nauther golde ne garysoun, er God hym grace sende  
 To acheue to the chaunce that he hade chosen there.  
 “And therefore, I pray yow, displese yow noyght,  
 And lettez be your businesse, for I baythe hit yow neuer  
 to graunte;  
 I am derely to yow biholde  
 Bicause of your sembelaunt,  
 And euer in hot and colde  
 To be your trwe seruauant.”

“Now forsake yghe this silke,” sayde the burde thenne,  
 “For hit is symple in himself? And so hit wel semez.  
 Lo! so hit is littel, and lasse hit is worthy;  
 Bot who-so knew the costes that knit ar therinne,  
 He wolde hit prayse at more prys, paraventure;  
 For quat gome so is gorde with this grene lace,  
 While he hit hade hemely halched aboute,  
 Ther is no hathel vnder heuen tohewe hym that myyght,  
 For he myyght not be slayn for slyyght vpon erthe.”  
 Then kest the knyght, and hit come to his hert  
 Hit were a juel for the jopardé that hym iugged were:  
 When he acheued to the chapel his chek for to fech,  
 Myyght he haf slypped to be vnslayn, the sleyght were noble.  
 Thenne he thulged with hir threpe and tholed hir to speke,  
 And ho bere on hym the belt and bede hit hym swythe—  
 And he granted and hym gafe with a goud wylle—  
 And bisoyght hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer,  
 Bot to lelly layne fro hir lorde; the leude hym acordez  
 That neuer wyyghe schulde hit wyt, iwysse, bot thay twayne  
 for noyghte;  
 He thonkked hir oft ful swythe,  
 Ful thro with hert and thoyght.  
 Bi that on thrynne sythe  
 Ho hatz kyst the knyght so thoyght.

Thenne lachchez ho hir leue, and leuez hym there,  
 For more myrthe of that mon moyght ho not gete.  
 When ho watz gon, Sir Gawayn gerez hym sone,  
 Rises and riches hym in araye noble,  
 Lays vp the luf-lace the lady hym rayght,  
 Hid hit ful holdely, ther he hit eft fonde.  
 Sythen cheuely to the chapel choses he the waye,  
 Preuély aproched to a prest, and prayed hym there  
 That he wolde lyste his lyf and lern hym better  
 How his sawle schulde be sauéd when he schuld seye hethen.  
 There he schrof hym schyrly and schewed his mysdedez,  
 Of the more and the mynne, and merci besechez,  
 And of absolucioun he on the segge calles;  
 And he asoyled hym surely and sette hym so clene  
 As domezday schulde haf ben diyght on the morn.  
 And sythen he mace hym as mery among the fre ladies,  
 With comlych caroles and alle kynnes ioye,  
 As neuer he did bot that daye, to the derk nygyht,  
 with blys.  
 Vche mon hade daynté thare

Of hym, and sayde, “Twsyse,  
 Thus myry he watz neuer are,  
 Syn he com hider, er this.”

Now hym lenge in that lee, ther luf hym bityde!  
 Yghet is the lorde on the launde ledande his gomnes.  
 He hatz forfaren this fox that he folyghed longe;  
 As he sprent ouer a spenne to spye the schrewe,  
 Ther as he herd the howndes that hasted hym swythe,  
 Renaud com richchande thurygh a royghe greue,  
 And alle the rabel in a res ryyght at his helez.  
 The wyyghe watz war of the wyld, and warly abides,  
 And braydez out the bryyght bronde, and at the best castez.  
 And he schunt for the scharp, and schulde haf arered;  
 A rach rapes hym to, ryyght er he myyght,  
 And ryyght bifore the hors fete thay fel on hym alle,  
 And worried me this wyly wyth a wroth noyse.  
 The lorde lyyghtez bilyue, and lachez hym sone,  
 Rased hym ful radly out of the rach mouthes,  
 Haldez heyghe ouer his hede, halowez faste,  
 And ther bayen hym mony brath houndez.  
 Hunted hyyghed hem theder with hornez ful mony,  
 Ay rechatande aryyght til thay the renk seyghen.  
 Bi that watz comen his compeyny noble,  
 Alle that euer ber bugle blowed at ones,  
 And alle thise other halowed that hade no hornes;  
 Hit watz the myriest mute that euer men herde,  
 The rich rurd that ther watz rased for Renaude saule  
 with lote.  
 Hor houndez thay ther rewarde,  
 Her hedez thay fawne and frote,  
 And sythen thay tan Reynarde,  
 And tyruen of his cote.

And thenne thay helden to home, for hit watz nieygh nygyht,  
 Strakande ful stoutly in hor store hornez.  
 The lorde is lyyght at the laste at hys lef home,  
 Fyndeze fire vpon flet, the freke ther-byside,  
 Sir Gawayn the gode, that glad watz withalle,  
 Among the ladies for luf he ladde much ioye;  
 He were a bleaunt of blwe that bradde to the erthe,  
 His surkot semed hym wel that softe watz forred,  
 And his hode of that ilke hinged on his schulder,  
 Blande al of blaunner were bothe al aboute.  
 He metez me this godmon inmyddez the flore,  
 And al with gomen he hym gret, and goudly he sayde,  
 “I schal fylle vpon fyrst oure forwardez nouthe,  
 That we spedly han spoken, ther spared watz no drynk.”  
 Then acoles he the knyght and kysses hym thryes,  
 As sauerly and sadly as he hem sette couthe.  
 “Bi Kryst,” quoth that other knyght, “Yghe cach much sele  
 In cheuisaunce of this chaffer, yghif yghe hade goud chepez.”  
 “Yghe, of the chepe no charg,” quoth chefly that other,  
 “As is pertly payed the chepez that I ayghte.”  
 “Mary,” quoth that other mon, “myn is bihynde,  
 For I haf hunted al this day, and noyght haf I geten  
 Bot this foule fox felle—the fende haf the godez!—  
 And that is ful pore for to pay for suche prys thinges  
 As yghe haf thryyght me here thro, suche thre cosses  
 so gode.”  
 “Inoygh,” quoth Sir Gawayn,  
 “I thonk yow, bi the rode,”  
 And how the fox watz slayn  
 He tolde hym as thay stode.

With merthe and mynstralsye, with metez at hor wylle,  
 Thay maden as mery as any men moyghten—  
 With layghyne of ladies, with lotez of bordes  
 Gawayn and the godemon so glad were thay bothe—  
 Bot if the douthe had doted, other dronken ben other.  
 Bothe the mon and the meyny maden mony iapez,  
 Til the sesoun watz seyghen that thay seuer moste;  
 Burnez to hor bedde behoued at the laste.  
 Thenne loyghly his leue at the lorde fyrst  
 Fochchez this fre mon, and fayre he hym thonkkez:  
 “Of such a selly soiorne as I haf hade here,  
 Your honour at this hyyghe fest, the hyyghe kyng yow yghelde!  
 I yghef yow me for on of youre, if yowreself lykez,  
 For I mot nedes, as yghe wot, meue to-morne,  
 And yghe me take sum tolke to teche, as yghe hyyght,  
 The gate to the grene chapel, as God wyl me suffer  
 To dele on Nw Ygherez day the dome of my wyrdes.”  
 “In god faythe,” quoth the godmon, “wyth a goud wylle  
 Al that euer I yow hyyght halde schal I redé.”  
 Ther asyngnes he a seruauant to sett hym in the waye,  
 And coundue hym by the downez, that he no drechch had,  
 For to ferk thurygh the fryth and fare at the gaynest  
 bi greue.  
 The lorde Gawayn con thonk,  
 Such worchip he wolde hym weue.  
 Then at tho ladyez wlonk  
 The knygyht hatz tan his leue.

With care and wyth kyssyng he carpez hem tille,  
 And fele thryuande thonkkez he thrat hom to haue,  
 And thay yghelden hym ayghayn ygheply that ilk;  
 Thay bikende hym to Kryst with ful colde sykyngez.  
 Sythen fro the meyny he menskly departes;  
 Vche mon that he mette, he made hem a thonke  
 For his seruyse and his solace and his sere pyne,  
 That thay wyth busynes had ben aboute hym to serue;  
 And vche segge as soré to seuer with hym there  
 As thay hade wonde worthyly with that wlonk euer.  
 Then with ledes and lyyght he watz ladde to his chambre  
 And blythely broyght to his bedde to be at his rest.  
 Yghif he ne slepe soundly say ne dar I,  
 For he hade muche on the morn to mynne, yghif he wolde,  
 in thoyght.  
 Let hym lyyghe there stille,  
 He hatz nere that he soyght;  
 And yghe wyl a whyle be styll  
 I schal telle yow how thay wroyght.

#### FITT IV

Now neyghez the Nw Yghere, and the nyyght passez,  
 The day dryuez to the derk, as Dryyghtyn biddez;  
 Bot wylde wederez of the worlde wakned theroute,  
 Clowdes kesten kenly the colde to the erthe,  
 Wyth nyyghe innoghe of the northe, the naked to tene;  
 The snawe snitered ful snart, that snayped the wylde;  
 The werbelande wynde wapped fro the hyyghe,  
 And drof vche dale ful of dryftes ful grete.  
 The leude lystened ful wel that leygh in his bedde,  
 Thaygh he lowkez his liddez, ful lyttel he sleges;  
 Bi vch kok that crue he knwe wel the steuen.  
 Deliuerly he dressed vp, er the day sprenged,

For there watz lyyght of a laumpe that lemed in his chambre;  
 He called to his chamberlayn, that cofly hym swared,  
 And bede hym bryng hym his bruny and his blonk sadel;  
 That other ferkez hym vp and fechez hym his wedez,  
 And graythez me Sir Gawayn vpon a grett wyse.  
 Fyrst he clad hym in his clothez the colde for to were,  
 And sythen his other harnays, that holdely watz keped,  
 Bothe his paunce and his platez, piked ful clene,  
 The rynges rokked of the roust of his riche bruny;  
 And al watz fresch as vpon fyrst, and he watz fayn thenne  
 to thonk;  
 He hade vpon vche pece,  
 Wypped ful wel and wlonk;  
 The gayest into Grece,  
 The burne bede bryng his blonk.

Whyle the wlonkest wedes he warp on hymself—  
 His cote wyth the conysaunce of the clere werkez  
 Ennurned vpon veluet, vertuus stoncz  
 Aboute beten and bounden, enbrauded semez,  
 And fayre furred withinne wyth fayre pelures—  
 Yghet laft he not the lace, the ladyez gifte,  
 That forgat not Gawayn for gode of hymself.  
 Bi he hade belted the bronde vpon his balyghe haunchez,  
 Thenn dressed he his drurye double hym aboute,  
 Swythe swethled vmbe his swange swetely that knygyht  
 The gordel of the grene silke, that gay wel bisemed,  
 Vpon that ryol red clothe that ryche watz to schewe.  
 Bot wered not this ilk wyyghe for wele this gordel,  
 For pryde of the pendauntez, thaygh polyst thay were,  
 And thaygh the glyterande golde glent vpon endez,  
 Bot for to sauen hymself, when suffer hym byhoued,  
 To byde bale withoute dabate of bronde hym to were  
 other knyffe.  
 Bi that the bolde mon boun  
 Wynnez theroute bilyue,  
 Alle the meyny of renou  
 He thonkkez ofte ful ryue.

Thenne watz Gryngolet graythe, that gret watz and huge,  
 And hade ben soiourned sauerly and in a siker wyse,  
 Hym lyst prik for poynt, that proude hors thenne.  
 The wyyghe wynnez hym to and wytez on his lyre,  
 And sayde soberly hymself and by his soth swerez:  
 “Here is a meyny in this mote that on menske thenkkez,  
 The mon hem mayntaines, ioy mot thay haue;  
 The leue lady on lyue luf hir bityde;  
 Yghif thay for charyté cherysen a gest,  
 And halden honour in her honde, the hathel hem yghelde  
 That haldez the heuen vpon hyyghe, and also yow alle!  
 And yghif I myyght lyf vpon londe lede any quyle,  
 I schuld rech yow sum rewarde redyly, if I myyght.”  
 Thenn steppez he into stirop and strydez alofte;  
 His schalk schewed hym his schelde, on schulder he hit layght,  
 Gordez to Gryngolet with his gilt helez,  
 And he startez on the ston, stod he no lenger  
 to prounce.  
 His hathel on hors watz thenne,  
 That bere his spere and launce.  
 “This kastel to Kryst I kenne”:  
 He gef hit ay god chauce.

The brygge watz brayde down, and the brode yghatez  
 Vnbarred and born open vpon bothe halue.

The burne blessed hym bilyue, and the bredez passed—  
 Prayses the porter before the prynce kneled,  
 Gef hym God and goud day, that Gawayn he saue—  
 And went on his way with his wyyghe one,  
 That schulde teche hym to tourne to that tene place  
 Ther the ruful race he schulde resayue.  
 Thay boyghen bi bonkkez ther boyghez ar bare,  
 Thay clomben bi clyffez ther clengez the colde.  
 The heuen watz vphalt, bot vgly ther-vnder;  
 Mist maged on the mor, malt on the mountez,  
 Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge.  
 Brokez byled and breke bi bonkkez aboute,  
 Schyre schaterande on schorez, ther thay doun schouwued.  
 Wela wylle watz the way ther thay bi wod schulden,  
 Til hit watz sone sesoun that the sunne ryses  
     that tyde.  
 Thay were on a hille ful hyyghe,  
 The quyte snaw lay bisyde;  
 The burne that rod hym by  
 Bede his mayster abide.

“For I haf wonnen yow hider, wyyghe, at this tyme,  
 And now nar yghe not fer fro that note place  
 That yghe han spied and spuryed so specially after;  
 Bot I schal say yow for sothe, sythen I yow knowe,  
 And yghe ar a lede vpon lyue that I wel louy,  
 Wolde yghe worch bi my wytte, yghe worthed the better.  
 The place that yghe prece to ful perelous is halden;  
 Ther wonez a wyyghe in that waste, the worst vpon erthe,  
 For he is stiffe and sturne, and to strike louies,  
 And more he is then any mon vpon myddelerde,  
 And his body bigger then the best fowre  
 That ar in Arthurez hous, Hestor, other other.  
 He cheuez that chaunce at the chapel grene,  
 Ther passes non bi that place so proude in his armes  
 That he ne dynges hym to dethe with dynt of his honde;  
 For he is a mon methles, and mercy non vses,  
 For be hit chorle other chaplayn that bi the chapel rydes,  
 Monk other masseprest, other any mon elles,  
 Hym thynk as queme hym to quelle as quyk go hymselfuen.  
 Forthy I say the, as sothe as yghe in sadel sitte,  
 Com yghe there, yghe be kyllid, may the knyght rede,  
 Trawe yghe me that trwely, thaygh yghe had twenty lyues  
     to spende.  
 He hatz wonyd here ful yghore,  
 On bent much baret bende,  
 Ayghayn his dyntez sore  
 Yghe may not yow defende.

“Forthy, goude Sir Gawayn, let the gome one,  
 And gotz away sum other gate, vpon Goddez halue!  
 Cayrez bi sum other kyth, ther Kryst mot yow spede,  
 And I schal hyygh me hom ayghayn, and hete yow fyrrre  
 That I schal swere bi God and alle his gode halyghez,  
 As help me God and the halydam, and othez innoghe,  
 That I schal lelly yow layne, and lance neuer tale  
 That euer yghe fondet to fle for freke that I wyst.”  
 “Grant merci,” quoth Gawayn, and gruchyng he sayde:  
 “Wel worth the, wyyghe, that woldez my gode,  
 And that lelly me layne I leue wel thou woldez.  
 Bot helde thou hit neuer so holde, and I here passed,  
 Founded for ferde for to fle, in fourme that thou tellez,  
 I were a knyght kowarde, I myyght not be excused.  
 Bot I wyl to the chapel, for chaunce that may falle,

And talk wyth that ilk tulk the tale that me lyste,  
 Worthe hit wele other wo, as the wyrde lykez  
     hit hafe.  
 Thayghe he be a sturn knape  
 To stiyghtel, and stad with staue,  
 Ful wel con Dryyghtyn schape  
 His seruauentez for to saue.”

“Mary!” quoth that other mon, “now thou so much spellez,  
 That thou wylt thyn awen nye nyme to thyselfuen,  
 And the lyst lese thy lyf, the lette I ne kepe.  
 Haf here thi helme on thy hede, thi spere in thi honde,  
 And ryde me doun this ilk rake bi yghon rokke syde,  
 Til thou be broyght to the bothem of the brem valay;  
 Thenne loke a littel on the launde, on thi lyfte honde,  
 And thou schal se in that slade the self chapel,  
 And the borelych burne on bent that hit kepez.  
 Now farez wel, on Godez half, Gawayn the noble!  
 For alle the golde vpon grounde I nolde go wyth the,  
 Ne bere the felayghschip thurygh this fryth on fote fyrrre.”  
 Bi that the wyyghe in the wod wendez his brydel,  
 Hit the hors with the helez as harde as he myyght,  
 Lepez hym ouer the launde, and leuez the knyght there  
     al one.

“Bi Goddez self,” quoth Gawayn,  
 “I wyl nauther grete ne grone;  
 To Goddez wylle I am ful bayn,  
 And to hym I haf me tone.”

Thenne gyrdez he to Gryngolet, and gederez the rake,  
 Schouwuez in bi a schore at a schayghe syde,  
 Ridez thurygh the royghe bonk ryyght to the dale;  
 And thenne he wayted hym aboute, and wylde hit hym thought,  
 And seygh no syngne of resette bisydez nowhere,  
 Bot hyyghe bonkkez and brent vpon bothe halue,  
 And ruyghe knokled knarrez with knorned stoncz;  
 The skweze of the scowtes skayned hym thought.  
 Thenne he houed, and wythhyld his hors at that tyde,  
 And ofte chaunged his cher the chapel to seche:  
 He seygh non suche in no syde, and selly hym thought,  
 Saue, a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit were;  
 A balygh berygh bi a bonke the brymme bysyde,  
 Bi a forygh of a flode that ferked thare;  
 The borne blubred therinne as hit boyled hade.  
 The knyght kachez his caple, and com to the lawe,  
 Liyghtez doun lufflyly, and at a lynde tachez  
 The rayne and his riche with a royghe braunche.  
 Thenne he boyghez to the beryghe, aboute hit he walkez,  
 Debatande with hymself quat hit be myyght.  
 Hit hade a hole on the ende and on ayther syde,  
 And ouergrownen with gresse in glodes aywhere,  
 And al watz holygh inwith, nobot an olde caue,  
 Or a creuisse of an olde cragge, he couthe hit noyght deme  
     with spelle.  
 “We! Lorde,” quoth the gentyle knyght,  
 “Whether this be the grene chapelle?  
 Here myyght aboute mydnyght  
 The dele his matynnes telle!

“Now iwysse,” quoth Wowayn, “wysty is here;  
 This oritore is vgly, with erbez ouergrownen;  
 Wel bisemez the wyyghe wruxled in grene  
 Dele here his deuocioun on the deuelez wyse.  
 Now I fele hit is the fende, in my fyue wyttz,

That hatz stoken me this steuen to strye me here.  
 This is a chapel of meschaunce, that chekke hit bytyde!  
 Hit is the corsesdest kyrk that euer I com inne!"  
 With heyghe helme on his hede, his launce in his honde,  
 He romez vp to the roffe of the roygh wonez.  
 Thene herde he of that hyyghe hil, in a harde roche  
 Biyghonde the broke, in a bonk, a wonder breme noyse,  
 Quat! hit clatered in the clyff, as hit cleue schulde,  
 As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a sythe.  
 What! hit wharred and whette, as water at a mulne;  
 What! hit rusched and ronge, rawthe to here.  
 Thenne "Bi Godde," quoth Gawayn, "that gere, as I trowe,  
 Is ryched at the reuerence me, renk, to mete

bi rote.  
 Let God worche! 'We loo'—  
 Hit helppez me not a mote.  
 My lif thaygh I forgoo,  
 Drede dotz me no lote."

Thenne the knyyght con calle ful hyyghe:  
 "Who stiyghtlez in this sted me steuen to holde?  
 For now is gode Gawayn goande ryyght here.  
 If any wyyghe oyght wyl, wynne hider fast,  
 Other now other neuer, his nedez to spede."  
 "Abyde," quoth on on the bonke abouen ouer his hede,  
 "And thou schal haf al in hast that I the hyyght ones."  
 Yghet he rusched on that rurde rapely a throwe.  
 And wyth quettyng awharf, er he wolde lyyght;  
 And sythen he keuzer bi a cragge, and comez of a hole,  
 Whyrlande out of a wro wyth a felle weppen,  
 A denez ax nwe dyyght, the dynt with to yghelde,  
 With a borelych bytte bende by the halme,  
 Fyled in a fylor, fowre fote large—  
 Hit watz no lasse bi that lace that lemed ful bryyght—  
 And the gome in the grene gered as fyrst,  
 Bothe the lyre and the leggez, lokkez and berde,  
 Saue that fayre on his fote he foundez on the erthe,  
 Sette the stele to the stone, and stalked bysyde.  
 When he wan to the watter, ther he wade nolde,  
 He hypped ouer on hys ax, and orpedly strydez,  
 Bremly brothe on a bent that brode watz aboute,  
 on snawe.

Sir Gawayn the knyyght con mete,  
 He ne lutte hym nothyng lowe;  
 That other sayde, "Now, sir swete,  
 Of steuen mon may the trowe."

"Gawayn," quoth that grene gome, "God the mot loke!  
 Iwysse thou art welcom, wyyghe, to my place,  
 And thou hatz tymed thi trauayl as truee mon schulde,  
 And thou knowez the couenauntez kest vus bytwene:  
 At this tyme twelmonyth thou toke that the falled,  
 And I schulde at this Nwe Yghere yghely the quyte.  
 And we ar in this valay verayly oure one;  
 Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as vus likez.  
 Haf thy helme of thy hede, and haf here thy pay.  
 Busk no more debate then I the bede thenne  
 When thou wypped of my hede at a wap one."  
 "Nay, bi God," quoth Gawayn, "that me gost lante,  
 I schal gruch the no grwe for grem that fallez.  
 Bot styyghtel the vpon on strok, and I schal stonde styll  
 And warp the no wernyng to worch as the lykez,  
 nowhare."

He lened with the nek, and lutte,

And schewed that schyre al bare,  
 And lette as he noyght dutte;  
 For drede he wolde not dare.

THEN the gome in the grene graythed hym swythe,  
 Gederez vp hys grymme tole Gawayn to smyte;  
 With alle the bur in his body he ber hit on lofte,  
 Munt as mayghtyly as marre hym he wolde;  
 Hade hit dryuen adoun as dreygh as he atled,  
 Ther hade ben ded of his dynt that doyghty watz euer.  
 Bot Gawayn on that giserne glyfte hym bysyde,  
 As hit com glydande adoun on glode hym to schende,  
 And schranke a lytel with the schulderes for the scharp yrne.  
 That other schalk wyth a schunt the schene wythhaldez,  
 And thenne repreued he the prynce with mony prowde wordez:  
 "Thou art not Gawayn," quoth the gome, "that is so goud  
 halden,  
 That neuer aryghed for no here by hylle ne be vale,  
 And now thou fles for ferde er thou fele harmez!  
 Such cowardise of that knyyght cowthe I neuer here.  
 Nawther fyked I ne flayghe, freke, quen thou myntest,  
 Ne kest no kauelacion in kynges hous Arthor.  
 My hede flaygh to my fote, and yghet flaygh I neuer;  
 And thou, er any harme hent, aryghez in hert;  
 Wherfore the better burne me burde be called  
 therefore."  
 Quoth Gawayn, "I schunt onez,  
 And so wyl I no more;  
 Bot thaygh my hede falle on the stonez,  
 I con not hit restore.

"Bot busk, burne, bi thi fayth, and bryng me to the poynt.  
 Dele to me my destiné, and do hit out of honde,  
 For I schal stonde the a strok, and start no more  
 Til thyn ax haue me hitte: haf here my trawthe."  
 "Haf at the thenne!" quoth that other, and heuez hit alofte,  
 And waytez as wrothely as he wode were.  
 He myntez at hym mayghtyly, bot not the mon rynez,  
 Withhelde heterly his honde, er hit hurt myyght.  
 Gawayn graythely hit bydez, and glent with no membre,  
 Bot stode styll as the ston, other a stubbe ather  
 That ratheled is in roché grounde with rotez a hundreth.  
 Then muryly efte con he mele, the mon in the grene:  
 "So, now thou hatz thi hert holle, hitte me bihous.  
 Halde the now the hyyghe hode that Arthur the rayght,  
 And kepe thy kanel at this kest, yghif hit keuer may."  
 Gawayn ful gryndelly with greme thenne sayde:  
 "Wy! thresch on, thou thro mon, thou thretez to longe;  
 I hope that thi hert aryghe wyth thyn awen seluen."  
 "For sothe," quoth that other freke, "so felly thou spekez,  
 I wyl no lenger on lyte lette thin ernde  
 riyght nowe."  
 Thenne tas he hym strythe to stryke,  
 And frounzez bothe lyppe and browe;  
 No meruayle thaygh hym myslyke  
 That hoped of no rescowe.

He lyftes lyyghtly his lome, and let hit doun fayre  
 With the barbe of the bitte bi the bare nek;  
 Thaygh he homered heterly, hurt hym no more  
 Bot snyrt hym on that on syde, that seuered the hyde.  
 The scharp schrank to the flesche thurygh the schyre grece,  
 That the schene blod ouer his schulderes schot to the erthe;  
 And quen the burne seygh the blode blenk on the snawe,

He sprit forth spenne-fote more then a spere lenth,  
 Hent heterly his helme, and on his hed cast,  
 Schot with his schulderes his fayre schelde vnder,  
 Braydez out a bryyght sworde, and bremely he spekez—  
 Neuer syn that he watz burne borne of his moder  
 Watz he neuer in this worlde wyyghe half so blythe—  
 “Blynne, burne, of thy bur, bede me no mo!  
 I haf a stroke in this sted withoute stryf hent,  
 And if thow rechez me any mo, I redyly schal quyte,  
 And yghelde yghederly ayghayn—and therto yghe tryst—  
 and foo.

Bot on stroke here me falez—  
 The couenaunt schop ryyght so,  
 Fermed in Arthurez hallez—  
 And therefore, hende, now hoo!”

The hathel heldet hym fro, and on his ax rested,  
 Sette the schaft vpon schore, and to the scharp lened,  
 And loked to the leude that on the launde yghede,  
 How that doyghty, dredles, deruely ther stondez  
 Armed, ful ayghlez: in hert hit hym lykez.  
 Thenn he melez muryly wyth a much steuen,  
 And wyth a rynkande rurde he to the renk sayde:  
 “Bolde burne, on this bent be not so gryndel.  
 No mon here vnmanerly the mysboden habbez,  
 Ne kyd bot as couenaunde at kynges kort schaped.  
 I hyyght the a strok and thou hit hatz, halde the wel payed;  
 I relece the of the remnaunt of ryyghtes alle other.  
 If I deliuer had bene, a boffet paraunter  
 I couthe wrotheloker haf waret, to the haf wroyght anger.  
 Fyrst I mansed the muryly with a mynt one,  
 And roue the wyth no rof-sore, with ryyght I the profered  
 For the forwarde that we fest in the fyrst nyyght,  
 And thou trystyly the trawthe and trwly me haldez,  
 Al the gayne thow me gef, as god mon schulde.  
 That other munt for the morne, mon, I the profered,  
 Thou kyssedes my clere wyf—the cossez me rayghtez.  
 For bothe two here I the bede bot two bare myntes  
 boute scathe.  
 Trwe mon trwe restore,  
 Thenne thar mon drede no wathe.  
 At the thrid thou fayled thore,  
 And therfor that tappe ta the.

“For hit is my wede that thou werez, that ilke wouen girdel,  
 Myn owen wyf hit the weued, I wot wel for sothe.  
 Now know I wel thy cosses, and thy costes als,  
 And the wowyng of my wyf: I wroyght hit myseluen.  
 I sende hir to asay the, and sothly me thynkkez  
 On the fautlest freke that euer on fote yghede;  
 As perle bi the quite pese is of prys more,  
 So is Gawayn, in god fayth, bi other gay knyyghtez.  
 Bot here yow lakked a lyttel, sir, and lewté yow wonted;  
 Bot that watz for no wylyde werke, ne wowyng nauther,  
 Bot for yghe lufed your lyf; the lasse I yow blame.”  
 That other stif mon in study stod a gret whyle,  
 So agreued for greme he gryed withinne;  
 Alle the blode of his brest blende in his face,  
 That al he schrank for schome that the schalk talked.  
 The forme worde vpon folde that the freke meled:  
 “Corsed worth cowarddyse and couetyse bothe!  
 In yow is vylany and vyse that vertue disstryez.”  
 Thenne he kayght to the knot, and the kest lawsez,  
 Brayde brothely the belt to the burne seluen:

“Lo! ther the falssyng, foule mot hit falle!  
 For care of thy knokke cowardyse me tayght  
 To acorde me with couetyse, my kynde to forsake,  
 That is larges and lewté that longez to knyyghtez.  
 Now am I fawty and falce, and ferde haf ben euer  
 Of trecherye and vntrawthe: bothe bityde soryghe  
 and care!

I biknowe yow, knyyght, here styll,  
 Al fawty is my fare;  
 Letez me ouertake your wyll  
 And efte I schal be ware.”

Thenn loyghe that other leude and luflyly sayde:  
 “I halde hit hardily hole, the harme that I hade.  
 Thou art confessed so clene, beknowen of thy mysses,  
 And hatz the penaunce apert of the poynt of myn egge,  
 I halde the polysed of that plyyght, and pured as clene  
 As thou hadez neuer forfeled sythen thou watz fyrst borne;  
 And I gif the, sir, the gurdel that is golde-hemmed,  
 For hit is grene as my goune. Sir Gawayn, yghe maye  
 Think vpon this ilke threpe, ther thou forth thrynggez  
 Among prynces of prys, and this a pure token  
 Of the chaunce of the grene chapel at cheualrous knyyghtez.  
 And yghe schal in this Nwe Ygher ayghayn to my wonez,  
 And we schyn reuel the remnaunt of this ryche fest  
 ful bene.”

Ther lathed hym fast the lorde  
 And sayde: “With my wyf, I wene,  
 We schal yow wel acorde,  
 That watz your enmy kene.”

“Nay, for sothe,” quoth the segge, and sesed hys helme,  
 And hatz hit of hendely, and the hathel thonkkez,  
 “I haf soiorned sadly; sele yow bytyde,  
 And he yghelde hit yow yghare that ygharkkez al menskes!  
 And comaunde me to that cortays, your comlych fere,  
 Bothe that on and that other, myn honoured ladyez,  
 That thus hor knyyght wyth hor kest han koyntly bigyled.  
 Bot hit is no ferly thaygh a fole madde,  
 And thurygh wyles of wymmen be wonen to soryghe,  
 For so watz Adam in erde with one bygyled,  
 And Salamon with fele sere, and Samson eftsonez—  
 Dalyda dalt hym hys wyrde—and Dauyth thereafter  
 Watz blended with Barsabe, that much bale tholed.  
 Now these were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were a wyne huge  
 To luf hom wel, and leue hem not, a leude that couthe.  
 For thes wer forne the freest, that folyghed alle the sele  
 Excellently of alle thyse other, vnder heuenryche  
 that mused;  
 And alle thay were biwyled  
 With wymmen that thay vsed.  
 Thaygh I be now bigyled,  
 Me think me burde be excused.

“Bot your gordel,” quoth Gawayn, “God yow foryghelde!  
 That wyl I welde wyth guod wyll, not for the wyne golde,  
 Ne the saynt, ne the sylk, ne the syde pendaundes,  
 For wele ne for worchyp, ne for the wlonk werkkez,  
 Bot in syngne of my surfet I schal se hit ofte,  
 When I ride in renoun, remorde to myseluen  
 The faut and the fayntyse of the flesche crabbed,  
 How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylthe;  
 And thus, quen pryde schal me pryck for prowes of armes,  
 The loke to this luf-lace schal lethe my hert.

Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer:  
 Syn yghe be lorde of the yghonder londe ther I haf lent inne  
 Wyth yow wyth worschyp—the wyyghe hit yow yghelde  
 That vphaldez the heuen and on hyygh sittez—  
 How norne yghe yowre ryyght nome, and thenne no more?”  
 “That schal I telle the trwly,” quoth that other thenne,  
 “Bertilak de Hautdesert I hat in this londe.  
 Thurygh myyght of Morgne la Faye, that in my hous lenges,  
 And koyntyse of clergie, bi craftes wel lerned,  
 The maystrés of Merlyn mony hatz taken—  
 For ho hatz dalt drwry ful dere sumtyme  
 With that conable klerk, that knowes alle your knynghtez  
     at hame;  
 Morgne the goddes  
 Therefore hit is hir name:  
 Weldez non so hyyghe hawtesse  
 That ho ne con make ful tame—

“Ho wayned me vpon this wyse to your wynne halle  
 For to assay the surquidré, yghif hit soth were  
 That rennes of the grete renoun of the Rounde Table;  
 Ho wayned me this wonder your wyttez to reue,  
 For to haf greued Gaynour and gart hir to dyyghe  
 With glopnyng of that ilke gome that gostlych speked  
 With his hede in his honde bifore the hyyghe table.  
 That is ho that is at home, the auncian lady;  
 Ho is euen thyn aunt, Arthurez half-suster,  
 The duches doygghter of Tyntagelle, that dere Vter after  
 Hade Arthur vpon, that athel is nowthe.  
 Therefore I ethe the, hathel, to com to thyn aunt,  
 Make myry in my hous; my meny the louies,  
 And I wol the as wel, wyyghe, bi my faythe,  
 As any gome vnder God for thy grete trauchte.”  
 And he nikked hym naye, he nolde bi no wayes.  
 Thay acolen and kyssen and kennen ayther other  
 To the prynce of paradise, and parten ryyght there  
     on coolde;  
 Gawayn on blonk ful bene  
 To the knygez burygh buskez bolde,  
 And the knynght in the enker-grene  
 Whiderwarde-so-euer he wolde.

Wylde wayez in the worlde Wowen now rydez  
 On Gryngolet, that the grace hade geten of his lyue;  
 Ofte he herbered in house and ofte al theroute,  
 And mony aventure in vale, and venquyst ofte,  
 That I ne tygght at this tyme in tale to remene.  
 The hurt watz hole that he hade hent in his nek,  
 And the blykkande belt he bere therabout  
 Abelef as a bauderyk bounden bi his syde,  
 Loken vnder his lyfte arme, the lace, with a knot,  
 In tokenyng he watz tane in tech of a faute.  
 And thus he commes to the court, knynght al in sounde.  
 Ther wakned wele in that wone when wyst the grete  
 That gode Gawayn watz commen; gayn hit hym thoyght.  
 The kyng kyssez the knynght, and the whene alce,  
 And sythen mony syker knynght that soyght hym to haylce,  
 Of his fare that hym frayned; and ferlyly he telles,  
 Biknowez alle the costes of care that he hade,  
 The chance of the chapel, the chere of the knynght,  
 The luf of the ladi, the lace at the last.  
 The nirt in the nek he naked hem schewed  
 That he layght for his vnleuté at the leudes hondes  
     for blame.

He tened quen he schulde telle,  
 He groned for gref and grame;  
 The blod in his face con melle,  
 When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.

“Lo! lorde,” quoth the leude, and the lace hondeled,  
 “This is the bende of this blame I bere in my nek,  
 This is the lathe and the losse that I layght haue  
 Of couardise and couetyse that I haf cayght thare;  
 This is the token of vntrawthe that I am tan inne,  
 And I mot nedez hit were wyle I may last;  
 For mon may hyden his harme, bot vnhap ne may hit,  
 For ther hit onez is tachched twynne wil hit neuer.”  
 The kyng comfortez the knynght, and alle the court als  
 Layghen loude therat, and luflyly acorden  
 That lordes and ladis that longed to the Table,  
 Vche burne of the brotherhede, a bauderyk schulde haue,  
 A bende abelef hym aboute of a bryyght grene,  
 And that, for sake of that segge, in swete to were.  
 For that watz acorded the renoun of the Rounde Table,  
 And he honoured that hit hade euermore after,  
 As hit is breued in the best boke of romaunce.  
 Thus in Arthurus day this aunter bitidde,  
 The Brutus bokez therof beres wyttensse;  
 Syphen Brutus, the bolde burne, boyghed hider fyrst,  
 After the segge and the asaute watz sesed at Troye,  
     iwysse,  
 Mony aunterez here-biforne  
 Haf fallen suche er this.  
 Now that here the croun of thorne,  
 He bryng vus to his blysse! AMEN.

HONY SOYT QUI MAL PENCE.

Source: <http://eserver.org>; format corrections by John Rose