

The Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn Wadeling

translated by

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Of the days of King Arthur this marvel is told,
By Tarn Wadeling's water – the book so doth tell –
To Carlisle had he come then, that conqueror bold,
With dukes, and with douzepeers, who gladly there dwell.
The herd would they hunt, that remote had their hold,
Till one day they did dight them to ride through the dell –
To harry the hinds, hidden deep in the wold,
In the close-time, they gat them o'er frith and o'er fell.
They went to the woodland in fair knightly weed,
 And rode, King and Queen,
 With knights doughty, I ween,
 Good Sir Gawain in green,
 Queen Gaynore doth lead.

Then Sir Gawain the good Dame Gaynore doth lead
In glittering raiment, gleaming so gay,
And laced all with ribbons, (who rightly doth read)
That decked it all over in richest array.
A fair hood of azure she weareth indeed,
With purple, and pall-work, and pearls for her pay,
A short cloak doth shroud her 'gainst rain, if she need,
Set over with sapphires – (who soothly will say.) –
Sapphire, chalcedony, wrought on each side,
 And her saddle that ilk,
 With rich trappings of silk;
 On a mule white as milk
 She gaily doth ride.

Thus Dame Gaynore, the good, most gaily that tide
Fared forth with Sir Gawain, beside a fair well,
On a courser the knight full comely him hied,
Bred was it in Burgundy, I have heard tell,
So long he led Gaynore, that fair loch beside,
By a laurel she lighteth low down, near the fell,—
The King with his nobles doth steadily ride,
Their tryst would he shew them, there in a green dell.—
Their tryst hath he shewn them, that truly I trow,
 Each lord without let,
 'Neath a tree is he set,
 With bow and brachet
 'Neath the green woodland bough.

Thus they bide 'neath the boughs, those barons so bold,
Barren hinds do they wait for, by banks bleak and bare;
The nobles on high, the herds they behold,
The horns do they hearken, thro' bolts ringing fair.
Their hounds they uncouple, beneath cliffs so cold,
Caress them, and comfort, to cure them of care.
They fall on the hinds then, in fell force enfold,
With hounds fierce and fresh do they, following, fare.
 Thus they quest and they quell,
 By frith and by fell,
 Till the deer in the dell
 They scatter and scare.

In the dusk of the groves the deer fain would hide;
For terror of death, droops and trembles the doe—
To the wild water sweeping, in swift swirling tide,
There war on the wild swine, it worketh them woe.
The hunters, they halloo thro' wood, and hillside,
They stir up the brachets to follow the roe,
No rest, and no respite they grant at that tide,
The hounds thro' the green groves, so gladly they go.
So gladly they go, 'neath the fair greenwood tree—

The King blows a recharge;
Fast follows the race,
With serjeants of mace,
The sport fain to see.

Thus, that solace to see, knights fairest withal
Their sovereign sought, 'neath the shadow and sheen,
All saving Sir Gawain, the gayest of all,
Who is left with Dame Gaynore, beneath the groves green.
By a laurel she lay, in a fair leafy hall,
Of box and of barberry well built, I ween,
There did, at the noontide, this venture befall,
And this mickle marvel, I trow me, was seen.

 This marvel I fain now would tell, an I might,
 The day waxed as drear
 As tho' midnight drew near,
 King Arthur, in fear,
 From his steed doth alight.

To find them on foot those knights scarce were fain,
They fled to the forest by fen and by fell,
They ran to their brachets, for ruth of the rain,
And snow, sharply smiting, that drifts thro' the dell.
Then there came from the loch, in a form I'll make plain,
In Lucifer's likeness, one fashioned in hell,
Thus, gliding to Gaynore its way hath it ta'en,
Lamenting so loudly, with shriek and with yell.
With moaning and mourning, the tears fast they fleet—

 Then it saith, sighing sair,
 "Woe to her who me bare,
 I be come to such care
 That I grieve and I greet!"

Then, full sorely greeting, Dame Gaynore, the gay,
She calls on Sir Gawain: "What now is thy rede?"
"T is but an eclipse, so I heard a clerk say."

Thus, knightly, he comforts the queen in her need.
“Sir Cador, Sir Constantine, Sir Cleges, Sir Kay,”
She cries, “knights uncourteous, by cross and by creed,
Thus lonely to leave me, at this, my death-day,
With the grisliest ghost that from grave e’er was freed!”
“For the ghost,” quoth the hero, “now have no more care,
 For that spirit I’ll hail,
 And will hearken its tale,
 May I better the bale
 Of the body so bare.”

All bare was the body, black was the bone,
Enwrapped in a clout, for clothing ill clad,
It mourned and lamented as women make moan,
Of skin, nor of colour, no covering it had.
It stayed itself, standing, as still as a stone,
It groaned, and it glared, and it made as one mad
To that ghost, grim and grisly, Sir Gawain hath gone,
And nigheth it swiftly, nor fear thereof had—
Afraid was he never,—who readeth aright—
 On her cheek bare and dry
 A toad might ye spy,
 All hollow her eye,
 As embers glow bright,

As embers red glowing; the ghost, as it glides,
Was wrapt in a clout, in ill clothing and drear,
Set over with serpents that clung to its sides,
To tell of the toads were a tale full of fear.
He drew forth his brand, and the phantom he bides,
The hero, so chivalrous, changeth not cheer;
With greyhounds, aghast at the grim sounds they hear.
Aghast are the hounds as the grim ghost draws near—
 The birds in the tree,
 When the phantom they see,

They shriek piercingly,
The men might them hear.

The men might them hear, the fairest in hall,
(Her jaw how it chattered, from cheek to the chin),
The knight he conjures it, in Christ's name doth call:
"By the King on the cross, the Cleanser of sin,
Say now, thou weird wight, whither goest withal?
And wherefore dost wander these wild woods within?"
She spake: "Once in flesh clad, the fairest of all,
Christened, and chrisomed, with kings in my kin,
I had kings for my kin, who were good knights, and keen—
 God hath set, in His grace,
 For my penance, this place,
 And I come in this case
 To speak with the queen."

"For queen was I, sometime, and brighter of brow
Than beryl, on Brangwain, maiden so bold,
Of game, and of gladness, on this earth, I trow,
More had I than Gaynore, by great sums of gold.
Of park and of pales, of pond and of plough,
"Of towers, and towns, and of treasures untold,
Of castles, of countries, of cliffs, yea, enow,
From kith am I cast forth to care grim and cold—
Cold care is my portion, my couch is but clay—
 Lo! see, courteous knight,
 Death to dole hath me dight;
 I would fain have a sight
 Of Gaynore, the gay!

Then Sir Gawain, the good, to Gaynore hath gone,
To that body hath brought her—and the bride bright,
She quoth: "Welcome Waynore, who worship dost own,
Behold how thy mother is dolefully dight!
For my cheek, it was redder than rose fully blown,

My face, it was fairer than lily so white,
Grim ghost am I now, and right grisly my groan,
Laid low in a loch, in Lucifer's might—

Thus low am I laid, take ye witness of me—

For tho' fair ye appear
In your mirror so clear,
King, Duke, and Kaisere,
All thus shall ye be!

Thus Death will ye dight, of that have no doubt,
So hearken and heed thee while yet thou art fair,
When, richly arrayed, thou dost ride forth in rout
Then pity the poor, for his sorrows have care,
Ere men and ere maidens shall come thee about
And thy body, embalm&d, on bier forth shall fare,
They will leave thee full lightly, that now lowly lout,
And nothing may aid thee but penance and prayer.
For the prayer of the poor it may purchase thee peace—

Give the poor at thy gate
When thou sittest in state,
With mirth for thy mate,
And dainties on dais.—

With dainties on dais thy dishes are dight,
And in dungeon and dole is my fortune so fell,
Naked and needy, and nauseous to sight,
The place it is loathsome wherein I must dwell.
They handle me hardly, they heave me on height,
In brass and in brimstone I 'm molten as bell,
I wot not in this world so woeful a wight,
'T were hard for a tongue all my torments to tell.
Yet I'd tell of these torments ere hence I must go—

Think thou truly on this,
Mend what now is amiss,
I have warned thee, I wis,
Be thou ware of my woe!"

“Woe is me for thy weird,” quoth Gaynore, “I wis,
One thing would I know, an so thy will were,
Might matins, or mass, mend what now is amiss
Or wealth of this world, that to me were right fair!
If bede of these bishops might bring thee to bliss,
Or cloister, by covenant, cure thee of care—
Since my mother thou art, I much marvel at this
That thus thy fair body be waxen so bare?”
She quoth, “My womb bare thee, what boots to deny?
 And this token may’st trow,
 That I once brake a vow
 As I only, and thou
 Knew, thus truth may ye try

Quoth Gaynore: “Now say, what from dole may thee light?
Holy men from the city I ’ll seek for thy sake,
For those beasts, all so baleful, thy body that bite,
And thy blood turned to blackness, mine eyes blind they make!”
“Nay, these were my lovers, erst-while my delight,
But now have they brought me thus low, in this lake,
All the wealth of this world, it hath now taken flight,
While these worms, so wretched, my torment they make.
Thus to wrath am I wrought, but, sweet Waynore, I wis,
 Masses nine hundred, done
 ’Twixt undern and noon
 My soul had, right soon,
 Brought, succoured, to bliss.”

“To bliss may He bring thee, who bought us with blood,
Who reigned from the cross, all crownéd with thorn,
(Wast christened, and chrisomed, with candle so good,
And bathed in a fair font, tho’ now art forlorn.)
And Mary, His Mother, who mild is of mood,
Of whom that Blest Bairn was in Bethlehem born,
Give me grace, that thy soul I may greet with the good—
I will mind thee with matins, and mass, come the morn!”

“To mind me with masses I trow, were great need!
For Christ’s sake, on rood,
Prithee deal of thy good
To those who lack food
Whilst thou life here dost lead.”

“Here I proffer my hand, thy behest will I hold,
With a million of masses thy peace will I win;
But one thing,” quoth Waynore, “I fain would be told
What angers Christ most~ Say, canst tell me the sin?”
“Yea, Pride, with his panoply; prophets of old
They preached to the people right truly herein,
It bears branches full bitter, thereof be thou bold,
For many good knights, they break God’s law herein—
Who breaketh God’s bidding, bare is he of bliss—
Save thou salve that sore fair
Certes, ere thou hence fare
Thou shalt find mickle care
Fair Waynore, I wis!”

“Now tell me,” quoth Waynore, “if so be thou may,
What bede best may boot us, to endless bliss bring?”
“Now, Measure, and Meekness, they come first always,
To pity the poor man, that pleasures Our King!
’T is Charity leadeth the pure on their way,
And almsgiving profits o’er all other thing,
Of the Holy Ghost, gracious and good gifts be they
Who inspireth each spirit, and wasteth no thing.
But now of this spirit no more will I say—
Whiles in gladness thou art
Hold these words in thy heart,
Here but fleeting thy part
And from hence must away!”

“How fare we,” quoth Gawain, “who go forth to fight,
And vanquish these folk in full many a land?”

Rich realms, we o'er-run them, in sooth, against right,
Winning worship and wealth thro' the strength of our hand."
"Too greedy your King, and too keen be his knights,
And no strength may stir him the while his luck stand,
But yet in his majesty, when most in might,
Full low shall he lie, beside the sea-sand.
Thus your chivalrous King shall suffer mischance—
 So goes Fortune in fight,
 The wondrous wheel-wright,
 Makes that depth which was height,
 Now take witness by France

"For France, in a fair fight, and freely, ye won,
And Frolo and Farnet, the twain ye left dead,
Bretagne and Burgundy, both be undone,
And all the Douzeperes of your dints be in dread.
Now Jean he may greet that that war was begun,
No folk, on that land they may live, in this stead,
Yet the rich realm of Rome shall by you be o'errun,
And at the Round Table the rental be read—
Yet loss is its lot, at the last as I ween.
 Get thee forth, good Gawain,
 Turn thy face to Tuscan,
 Or thou lovest Bretagne,
 Thro' a bold knight and keen."

"A knight, he shall keenly lay claim to the crown
At Carlisle, I trow, men shall crown him as king,
Therewith shall invest him, in session laid down,
And sorrow and bale he to Britain shall bring.
Ye shall hear this in Tuscany, where ye be bound,
And turn, when the tiding of treason they bring,
There shall the Round Table be robbed of renown
When Ramsay the rich with the conflict shall ring.
And at Dorset shall die knights, the bravest of all
 Get thee forth, good Gawain,

Bravest thou in Bretagne,
On the shore shalt be slain,
Marvels strange shall befall!"

"Such marvels shall chance, with never a fable,
On Cornwall, its coasts, betwixt knights so keen,
There Arthur, the comely, the steadfast, and stable,
Full sore shall be wounded, to death, as I ween.
An all that rout royal, the noble Round Table,
Shall die on that day, when brave deeds are seen,
Thus, tricked by a traitor, with shield all of sable,
With sauter for badge, in silver so sheen;
His shield is of sable, who soothly will say –
 Yea, in King Arthur's hall
 Does that child play at ball
 Who betrayeth ye all
 Right dearly, one day."

She quoth, "Good-day, Gawain, and Gaynore the good,
No longer I linger here, tidings to tell,
But I walk on my way, throughout yonder wood,
Alas, where I bide now is woeful to dwell.
For His sake who, righteous, once hung on the rood,
Think now on the dole where, in doom, I must dwell,
And succour my soul with some measure of good,
And mind me with masses, and bedes for me tell –
For masses amend us, who in bale abide, –
 And to us they be sweet
 As the spice which ye eat
 The ghost grisly doth greet,
 As away she doth glide.

With greeting thus grisly the ghost away glides,
With groaning so grim it were gruesome to hear,
The wind and the welkin, the weather, that tide,
Abate. Lo! the clouds part, the sun waxeth clear.

The King blew his bugle on bent where he bides,
The fair folk on field they flock to him near,
And all the rout royal towards the Queen rides
And welcome her gladly, with courteous cheer.
The knights, at the weather they wonder alway —
 Princes, proudest in pall,
 With Queen Gaynore, they all
 To Rondall-seat Hall,
 For meat go, straightway.

When the King, he was set, and served, in his hall,
With silk o'er his head, and dainties well dight.
With wealth at his will, and choice wines withal,
With birds baked in bread, on gold burnished bright,
Lo! one with a citole, whose notes softly fall,
Then a lady so lovesome, leading a knight,
She rides to the daïs, and there, 'fore them all,
She haileth King Arthur, who sits on its height;
And saith to the sovereign, fairest in weed —
 “Now, man matchless in might,
 Here an heir, and a knight,
 Do him reason and right,
 For thine honour take heed!”

In his mantle enfolded he sat at his meat,
His pall as a peacock was proudly bedight,
Besprinkled with true-loves, in fair knots, and meet,
The tassels of topaz, gay gleaming, and bright.
With eyes great and grey, he looked up, swift to greet,
With beard beaver-hued, so beheld he that knight,
The seemliest lord that e'er sat on high seat
Whom suppliant sought, or beheld e'er with sight.
Thus the King, fair and comely, he spake soft and still
 And saith: “Lady, alight,
 And abide here all night,

Whence this heir and this knight?
What now is thy will?"

'T was the loveliest lady seen upon mold,
In glorious raiment garbed, all of grass-green,
All white was her girdle, with birds broidered bold,
Adornéd with besants, and buckle of sheen.
Her hair with fine pearls was entwined, and rolled,
With fillet and caul wrought of colour so clean,
Her coronet, comely, was bright to behold,
Her kerchiefs were rare, and pins precious, I ween.
Her apparel was praised by princes of might—
 And bright dames behold
 With pleasure untold
 The charms manifold
 Of that maid and her knight.

That knight in his harness was well armed, I ween,
His crest, it was comely, and bright to behold,
In hauberk and helmet accoutred, so keen—
(The helmet was bordered with bright burnished gold)
And milk-white his mail, that well tested hath been,
And his horse's fair trappings, so true men have told,
With a shield on his shoulder of silver so sheen,
With boar's heads of sable—his glance keen and bold,
And cendal of Tars swept to his steed's heel—
 On the chamfron is borne,
 (E'en as 't were unicorn—)
 Keen, and sharp as a thorn,
 A spike all of steel.

In steel was he closéd, that knight stern on steed.
With stars wrought of gold besprinkled alway,
His gloves and his doublet, they gleam red indeed,
Adornéd with ribbons in richest array.
The leg-bands are shining, to shelter from need,

The knee-plates with peridots powdered so gay,
Thus, lance raised aloft, he the lady doth lead,
His squire, on a Friesland foal follows, i-fay.

The foal was afraid, and feared for the fare—

He was ne'er wont to see
Such fair tapestry,
Such game and such glee,
I trow, he saw ne'er!

Then the King called upon him, in hearing of all,
“Whence art thou bold baron? What now is thy will?
Say, whence art thou come, whither goest withal?
Why check thou thy steed? Why dost thou stand still?”
Then he lifted his vizor before them in hall,
With countenance knightly, he spake of good will:
“Be thou Kaiser, or King, here on thee do I call
To find me a foeman to fight me my fill.

Since to fight I am fain, and thus fare at this same

The King spake forthright,
“Now abide here all night,
An thou be courteous knight,
And tell me thy name!”

“Sir Galeron, I,” so he quoth, “without guile,
In Galloway greatest, by river and rill,
Of Carrick, and Cumnake, Coninghame, Kyle,
Lonwick, and Lennox, of Lauder's fair hill.
All these hast thou won thee, in war, by thy wile,
And given to Gawain, that liketh me ill,
Yet shalt thou thy hands wring, bemoan thee by whiles,
Ere any bear rule there against my good will—
Against my good will the rule no man shall wield

The while I be here,
Save with shield and sharp spear,
He shall win it right dear
Upon a fair field!”

“In fair field would I fight, and thereto I make claim,
With such knight upon land as shall be nobly born,
To lose such a lordship I hold it for shame,
For every fair lady would laugh me to scorn.”
“In our woodland we be,” quoth the King, “at our game.
The herd are we hunting with hound and with horn,
If good knight, and gladsome, count now on our name:
We’ll match thee together the morrow’s mid-morn.
Thus brave man, I rede thee, abide here this night!”

Gawain, gayest of all,
Led him forth from the hall,
To a tent, which of pall
Was right richly bedight.

So richly bedight ’t was with purple and pall,
With beds all o’er covered with broideries bright,
Therein was a chapel, a chamber, a hall,
A chimney of charcoal, to warm well the knight.
They take his good steed, and they lead it to stall,
Of hay had they filled up the rack to the height,
They set up a board, and for coverings they call,
With salt and with napkin they serve swift that knight.
With torches, and tapers, and standards between—

They serve that good knight,
And the lady so bright,
With dainties fair dight
Upon silver so sheen.

Thus in silver so shining they serve at behest
Both the white wine, and red, in cups fair and clean,
With sweet drinks, and luscious, and meats of the best,
Rich dainties in dishes fair gilded, I ween.
Then, e’en as that hero was led to his rest,
The King called his councillors, brave knights, and keen,
And quoth, “Look ye, lordings, who meeteth this quest?
Who shall cope with this knight, that our prowess be seen?”

Then answered Sir Gawain, "For naught shall we grieve,
I will meet with this knight
To maintain mine own right,
So my troth will I plight,
My lord, with your leave!"

"I trow me," quoth Arthur, "thou takest it light,
Yet small were my joy, if of life thou wert 'lorn!"
"Let be," quoth Sir Gawain, "God stand by the right,
For, an he 'scape scatheless, I'd hold it for scorn."
In the dawning of day, they, doughty, were dight,
Heard matins and mass, so meekly, at morn,
In mid Plumtum Lone their pavilions were pight,
Where ne'er before heroes had fought on the lawn.
The lists, they have set them the length of the land
They bring wine so red
With three sops of bread
To Gawain, at this stead,
So the King gave command.

The King, he hath bidden the good Earl of Kent
That he, courteous, care for the challenging knight,
And make him on dainties to dine in his tent,
With that, they array that prince royal, as right.
Then straight to Queen Waynore with wisdom they went,
In her ward would they leave her, that lady so bright,
The heroes, a-horse, for the field are they bent,
In the lists on the lawn, those lords they alight—
Save the stiffest on steed, in their stirrups they stood—
They place the King's seat
On the dais, as is meet,
The Queen, she must greet
For Gawain the good.

Then Gawain and Galeron spurs each his steed,
With glittering gold all gay is their gear,

The lords to the lists swift the champions lead,
With serjants of mace, as doth fitly appear.
The knights prick their chargers, until their sides bleed,
Each hero on field, he hath gripped fast his spear,
They shiver and splinter each shaft on the shield,
So justly they jousted, those knights without peer.
They shiver their shafts in the shields fair and sheen—
 And then with brands bright
 On the rich mails they smite,
 So jousted the knight
 With Gawain on the green.

Sir Gawain, the good, he was garbed all in green,
With gryphons of gold, engravéd so gay,
All studded with love-knots, and tassels between,
On a steed of high spirit he starts on his way.
He takes him in turning, his foeman so keen,
Saying, “Whither so wildly? Thou ridest astray!”
In his neck doth he smite him, with sword sharp and sheen,
That grievéd Sir Gawain until his death-day!
The dints of that doughty knight doleful have been—
 Thro’ mails sixty and more
 That sword sharply shore,
 Thro’ the collar-bone bore
 And cleft the shield clean.

He cleaveth the cantel that covers the knight,
Thro’ shield and thro’ shoulder a half-foot he share,
Then discourteous, he loudly doth laugh at that sight,
i But Gawain, he groaned, and he grieved sorely there.
“This joust I ’ll repay thee, an I read aright—”
He dashed at the knight on a course fresh and fair,
Thro’ basnet and burnie that burnished were bright,
With brand sharply biting, he thro’ the twain bare.
He bare thro’ the burnie, all burnished so bright
 He groaned, that knight gay,

'T was no jesting, i-fay,
His steed starts astray
The stirrups drawn tight.

With stirrup drawn straight, a stern blow doth he smite
Aimed full at Sir Gawain, as one mad of mood,
His true love, she shrieked, as she sat on the height,
That maid, she was mournful to see the red blood.
But the lords and the ladies were fain for that sight,
Thank God for the grace shown to Gawain the good –
With a blow of his brand that doth bitterly bite
He smites from Gawain's steed the head, as it stood
That fair foal, it faltered, and fell, by the rood,
 But Gawain, swift and smart,
 From his stirrups did start
 As one valiant of heart,
 From Grisell the good.

"Grisell," quoth Gawain, "is gone, so God wot,
The goodliest steed that ever bit bread,
By Him who in Beth'lem was born for our boot,
I'll avenge him to-day, if I rightly have read!"
"Now take thee my Frison, the fairest afoot,
Methinks he shall stand thee right well at this stead
"Thy Frison, I prize it but at a rush-root,
For dole of a dumb beast so dolefully sped –
I no Mantichore mourn, I may yet get me more
 As he stood by his steed
 Which was good in each need,
 He was nigh mad indeed –
 Sir Gawain wept sore.

Sore weeping for woe, Sir Gawain, the knight,
He ran on his foeman, who wounded was sore,
The other drew backward, for dread of his might,
Then spurred fast his steed on the bent bare and hoar.

“So spend we the day,” quoth Gawain, “to the night,
The sun, it hath passed now the noontide, and more.”
Mid the lists on the lawn, the lord did alight;
'Gainst the foe with his brand, right bravely he bore.
They to battle betake them with brands gleaming bright~
 The shields splinters shed,
 Their rich mails wax red,
 Many brave men have dread,
 So fiercely they fight.

Thus afoot do they fight, upon the fair field,
As fresh as two lions, that lack of their fill,
So, wise in their ways, their weapons they wield,
Wot ye well, that Sir Gawain, he lacked not for skill!
Bearing onward, his brand, beneath the broad shield
Thro' the midst of his body, his foe he smites ill,
The sword stayed for no mail, tho' well he was steeled,
The other starts backward, and standeth full still.
Yet, tho' he be stonied, his strokes they fall fair—
 He strikes at Gawain
 Thro' his vizor again
 That he 'scapes to be slain
 By the breadth of a hair.

With swords raised aloft on the helmets they hew,
They beat down the beryls from circlets so bright,
(Which men with gems royal besprinkle and strew)—
With fretwork of fine gold, that fails in the fight.
Their shields on their shoulders were dulled in their hue,
Strong fastenings of steel, they be cloven with might,
Then men curse the hour that such bargain they drew,
That e'er dints so doleful were dealt to such knights.
It vexed Arthur at heart, full sad waxed his mood—
 Sir Lot and Sir Lake,
 Mickle mourning they make,

Gaynore grieved for the sake
Of Sir Gawain the good.

She greeteth, Dame Gaynore, with tears from grey een,
For grief of Sir Gawain, who grim wounds hath found,
The knight who was courteous, cruel, and keen,
With a sharp sword of steel he strikes in that stound.
The side of his foeman he carveth down clean,
All thro' the rich mails that were well wrought and round,
Such a stroke in that tide he taught him, I ween,
That he smiteth Sir Galeron, grovelling, to ground.
Thus, grovelling on ground, he doth groan on the green—
 Tho' sore wounded he,
 Rose again, speedily,
 And his foeman doth he
 Attack with sword keen.

Thus cruel, and keen, he strikes from on height,
With a cast from the left doth a cantel inlay;
(There woeful, but willing waits Gawain, the wight),
Yet befell him the worse, as doth please me alway!
He deemed thro' a feigning to slay him with sleight,—
The sword it slipped slant-wise, sliding astray,
Then Gawain, by the collar, he clutches the knight,
His lady, aloft, she doth shriek in dismay,
And crieth on Gaynore in tones sharp and shrill—
 "Queen, peerless in might,
 Now, pity yon knight,
 Who is dolefully dight,
 An it were but thy will!"

Then Waynore, the wilful, to Arthur she went;
Her crown she cast off, and she knelt low and still,
Saying: "As thou be richest, most royal in rent,
And I be thy wedded wife, here, at thy will,
Yon knights who do battle before us, on bent,

Are weary, I wis, and be wounded right ill,
Cut thro' shield and through shoulder, they're shamefully spent,
The groans of Sir Gawain with grief my heart fill;
Sir Gawain the good, his groans grieve me sore –
 Would ye, dear my lord,
 Set these knights at accord,
 'T would comfort afford
 To us ye before."

Sir Galeron spake then to Gawain the good,
"I deemed never yet there had been such a knight,
Now here I release thee of rent, by the rood,
Before this rout royal I yield thee my right.
And here do thee homage, in mildness of mood,
As man who on mid-earth the most is of might!"
He strode to the King in that place where he stood,
And proffered his brand, that was burnished and bright,
Saying: "Rental, and riches, of these take release
 Down kneeléd he there,
 Spake those words fast and fair –
 Then the King doth declare
 And command, there be peace.

The King ordered peace, and with that stood upright,
Then Gawain, the goodly, he ceased for his sake,
With that, lords so loyal, they leapt up full light,
Yvain, Fitz Urien; Sir Erec, Fitz-Lake;
Sir Meliadus, Sir Marrok, mickle of might,
Those twain, sorely travailed, so truly they take;
Those stern men, they scarcely may hold them upright,
For bruises, and blood-letting, black hues they take.
Right black be their hues, thus battered with brands –
 Nor demand they delay
 But their forward, that day,
 'Fore King Arthur, straightway,
 They swear with raised hand.

“Now I give:” quoth the King, “to thee, Gawain, the bold,
Glamorgan’s fair land, with groves all of green,
The worship of Wales, in field, and in wold,
The castle of Kirfré, coloured so clean.
And Hulkersholm take thou, to have and to hold,
With Weyford, and Waterford, walled towns, I ween,
In Britain two baronies, with burgs so bold,
That right well embattled, and builded have been.
And here ‘Duke’ I name thee, and dub thee with hand
 Make peace with yon knight,
 Who is valiant in fight,
 Resign him thy right,
 And yield him his land.”

“Now I give thee,” quoth Gawain, “without any guile,
That which thou of chivalry challenged me fair,
The Lother, the Lemmok, the Loynak, the Lile,
Yea, forsooth, all the country ‘twixt Logher and Layre.
With Carrick, and Cumnake, Conynghame, Kyle,
To hold for thyself, and the same to thine heir,
And pray of our company be thou awhile,
And to the Round Table we’ld have thee repair.
And here I invest thee in feoff at this tide
 The King and the Queen,
 With their good knights, I ween,
 Thro’ wood-ways so green,
 To Carlisle they ride.

To Carlisle hath the King come, with brave knights and keen,
Thro’ green groves, the Round Table, with royal array,
Hath he held, and the heroes, sore wounded I ween,
The leeches have healed, an the sooth ye would say.
They cared for them kindly, the King and the Queen,
And dukes did they dub them the twain on one day—
Then he wedded his lady, so gracious, and sheen,
With gifts, and with treasure, Sir Galeron gay.

Gawain, Galeron, they be good friends alway –
 When he waxed whole and sound
 Of the good Table Round,
 Galeron, at that stound,
 Did they make knight, straightway.

Then Waynore the Queen, bade write to the West,
And bade all religious to read, and to sing,
The priests, the provincials, to pray were they prest,
A million of masses, her mother's minding.
Then book-learnéd clerks, and of bishops the best,
Thro' Britain so bold, they bade the bells ring –
In Inglewood Forest, this marvel confest
Befell, 'neath holts hoar, when he hunted, the King.
Of such hunting, I trow, men often shall tell –
 Thus knights, true, and tried,
 Thro' the forest they ride,
 With King Arthur, that tide
 That this venture befell.