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**John Barbour**  
**- poems -**

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## John Barbour(c.1320 – 13 March 1395)

John Barbour was a Scottish poet and the first major named literary figure to write in Scots. His principal surviving work is the historical verse romance, *The Brus* (*The Bruce*), and his reputation from this poem is such that other long works in Scots which survive from the period are sometimes thought to be by him. He is known to have written a number of other works, but other titles definitely ascribed to his authorship, such as *The Stewartis Oryginalle* (*Genealogy of the Stewarts*) and *The Brut* (*Brutus*), are now lost.

Barbour was latterly Archdeacon of the Kirk of St Machar in Aberdeen. He also studied in Oxford and Paris. But though he was a man of the church, his surviving writing is strongly secular in both tone and themes. His principal patron was Robert II and evidence of his promotion and movements before Robert Stewart came to power as king tend to suggest that Barbour acted politically on the future king's behalf.

He died in 1395, probably in Aberdeen.

### <b>Life</b>

John Barbour may have been born around 1320 if the record of his age in 1375 as 55 is correct. His birthplace is not known, though Aberdeenshire and Galloway have made rival claims.

Barbour's first appearance in the historical record comes in 1356 with promotion to the archdeaconry of Aberdeen from a post he had held for less than a year in Dunkeld Cathedral. It is inferred from this that he was also present in Avignon in 1355. In 1357, when David II returned to Scotland from exile and was restored to active kingship, Barbour received a letter of safe-conduct to travel through England to the University of Oxford. He subsequently appears to have left the country in other years coincidental with periods when David II was active king.

After the death of David II in 1371, Barbour served in the royal court of Robert II in a number of capacities. It was during this time that he composed, *The Brus*, receiving for this in 1377 the gift of ten pounds Scots, and in 1378 a life-pension of twenty shillings. He held various posts in the king's household. In 1372 he was one of the auditors of exchequer and in 1373 a clerk of audit.

The only biographical evidence for his closing years is his signature as a witness to sindry deeds in the "Register of Aberdeen" in 1392. According to the obit-book

of St Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen he died on 13 March 1395 and state records show that his life-pension was not paid after that date. Barbour made provision for a mass to be sung for himself and his parents, an instruction that was observed in the Kirk of St Machar until the Reformation.

### <b>Works</b>

#### <b>The Brus</b>

The Brus, Barbour's major surviving work, is a long narrative poem written while he was a member of the king's household in the 1370s. Its subject is the ultimate success of the prosecution of the First War of Scottish Independence. Its principal focus is Robert the Bruce and Sir James Douglas, but the second half of the poem also features actions of Robert II's Stewart forebears in the conflict.

Barbour's purpose in the poem was partly historical and partly patriotic. He celebrates The Bruce (Robert I) and Douglas throughout as the flowers of Scottish chivalry. The poem opens with a description of the state of Scotland at the death of Alexander III (1286) and concludes (more or less) with the death of Douglas and the burial of the Bruce's heart (1332). Its central episode is the Battle of Bannockburn.

Patriotic as the sentiment is, this is expressed in more general terms than is found in later Scottish literature. In the poem, Robert I's character is a hero of the chivalric type common in contemporary romance, Freedom is a "noble thing" to be sought and won at all costs, and the opponents of such freedom are shown in the dark colours which history and poetic propriety require, but there is none of the complacency of the merely provincial habit of mind.

Barbour's style in the poem is vigorous, his line generally fluid and quick, and there are passages of high merit. The most quoted part is Book 1, lines 225-228:

A! fredome is a noble thing!  
Fredome mayss man to haiff liking;  
Fredome all solace to man giffis:  
He levys at ess that frely levys!

#### <b>Stewartis Oryginalle</b>

One of Barbour's known lost works is The Stewartis Oryginalle. It purportedly traced the genealogy of the Stewarts. The Stewart name replaced that of Bruce in the Scottish royal line when Robert II acceded to the throne after the death of David II, his uncle.

Robert II was Barbour's royal patron. It is not known how the work came to be lost.

### <b>Buik of Alexander</b>

Attempts have been made to name Barbour as the author of the Buik of Alexander, a Scots translation of the Roman d'Alexandre and other associated pieces. This translation borrows much from The Brus. It survives and is known to us from the unique edition printed in Edinburgh, c. 1580, by Alexander Arbuthnot.

### <b>Legends of the Saints</b>

Another possible work was added to Barbour's canon with the discovery in the library of the University of Cambridge, by Henry Bradshaw, of a long Scots poem of over 33,000 lines, dealing with Legends of the Saints, as told in the Legenda Aurea and other legendaries. The general likeness of this poem to Barbour's accepted work in verse-length, dialect and style, and the facts that the lives of English saints are excluded and those of St. Machar (the patron saint of Aberdeen) and St. Ninian are inserted, make this ascription plausible. Later criticism, though divided, has tended in the contrary direction, and has based its strongest negative judgment on the consideration of rhymes, assonance and vocabulary.

### <b>Legacy</b>

As "father" of Scots poetry, Barbour holds a place in the Scotland's literary tradition similar to the position often given to <a href="http://www.poemhunter.com/geoffrey-chaucer/">Chaucer</a>, his slightly later contemporary, vis a vis the vernacular tradition in England. If he truly was the author of the five or six long works in Scots which different witnesses ascribe to him, then he would have been one of the most voluminous writers of Early Scots, if not the most voluminous of all Scots poets. But his authorship of The Brus alone, both for its original employment of the chivalric genre, and as a tale of a struggle against tyranny, secures his place as an important and innovative literary voice who broke new linguistic ground.

# Freedom

A! Fredome is a noble thing!  
Fredome mays man to haiff liking;  
Fredome all solace to man giffis,  
He levys at ese that frely levys!  
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,  
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,  
Gyff fredome fail; for fre liking  
Is yarnyt our all othir thing.  
Na he that ay has levyt fre  
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,  
The angyr, na the wretchyt dome  
That is couplyt to foule thyrdome.  
Bot gyff he had assayit it,  
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;  
And suld think fredome mar to prise  
Than all the gold in warld that is.  
Thus contrar thingis evirmar  
Discoweryngis off the tothir ar.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book 18

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

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

And till the Soullis said in hy,  
'Quhat sayis thou?' 'Schyr,' he said, 'Perfay  
40 As my falow has said I say.'  
And than to Schyr Philip said he.  
'Schyr,' said he, 'sa our Lord me se  
Me think na foly for to bid  
Your men that spedis thaim to rid,  
45 For we ar few, our fayis ar fele,  
God may rycht weill our werdis dele,  
Bot it war wondre that our mycht  
Suld our-cum sa fele in fycht.'  
Than with gret ire 'Allace,' said he,  
50 I wend never till her that of the.  
Now help quha will for sekyrly  
This day but mar baid fecht will I,  
Sall na man say quhill I may drey  
That strenth of men sall ger me fley.  
55 God scheld that ony suld us blam  
Gif we defend our noble nam.'  
'Now be it swagat than,' quod thai,  
'We sall tak that God will purvai.'

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

And quhen the kingis of Irchery  
60 Herd say and wyst sekyrly  
That thar king with sa quhone wald fycht  
Agane folk of sa mekill mycht  
Thai come till him in full gret hy  
And consaillyt him full tenderly  
65 For till abid his men, and thai  
Suld hald thar fayis all that day  
Doand, and on the morn alsua  
With thar ronnyngis that thai suld ma.  
Bot thar mycht na consail availe,  
70 He wald algat hav bataile.  
And quhen thai saw he wes sa thra  
To fycht, thai said, 'Ye ma well ga  
To fycht with yone gret cumpany,  
Bot we acquyt us uterly  
75 That nane of us will stand to fycht.  
Assuris nocht tharfor in our mycht,

For our maner is of this land  
To folow and fecht fleand  
And nocht to stand in plane melle  
80 Quhill the ta part discomfyt be.'  
He said, 'Sen that your custum is  
Ik ask at you no mar bot this,  
That is that ye and your menye  
Wald all togidder arayit be  
85 And stand on fer but departing  
And se our fycht and the ending.'  
Thai said weill that thai suld do sua,  
And syne towart thar men gan thai ga  
That war weill twenty thousand ner.

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

90 Edward with thaim that with him wer  
That war nocht fully twa thousand  
Arayit thaim stalwartly to stand  
Agayne fourty thousand and ma.  
Schyr Edward that day wald nocht ta  
95 His cot-armour, bot Gib Harper  
That men held as withoutyn per  
Off his estate, had on that day  
All hale Schyr Edwardis aray.  
The fycht abad thai on this wis,  
100 And in gret hy thar ennymys  
Come till assemble all redy  
And thai met thaim hardely.  
Bot thai sa few war, south to say,  
That ruschyt with thar fayis war thai,  
105 And thai that pressyt mast to stand  
War slane doun, and the remanand  
Fled till the Irche to succour.  
Schyr Edward that had sic valour  
Wes dede and Jhone Stewart alsua  
110 And Jhone the Soullis als with tha  
And other als off thar cumpany.  
Thai war vancussyt sa suddanly  
That few intill the place war slane,  
For the lave has thar wayis tane  
115 Till the Irsche kingis that war thar



And in hale bataill howand wer.  
Jhone Thomas-sone that wes leder  
Off thaim of Carrik that thar wer  
Quhen he saw the discumfiting  
120 Withdrew him till ane Irsch king  
That off his aquentance had he,  
And he resavit him in leawte.  
And quhen Jhone cummyn wes to that king  
He saw be led fra the fechting  
125 Schyr Philip the Mowbray the wicht  
That had bene dosnyt into the fycht,  
And with armys led wes he  
With twa men apon a causé  
That wes betwix thaim and the toun  
130 And strekyt lang in a randown.  
Towart the toun thai held thar way,  
And quhen in myd-cause war thai  
Schyr Philip of his desynes  
Ourcome, and persavit he wes  
135 Tane and led suagat with twa.  
The tane he swappyt sone him fra  
And syne the tother in gret hy,  
And drew the swerd deliverly  
And till the fycht his wayis tays  
140 Endlang the cause that than was  
Fillyt intill gret foysoun  
Off men that than went till the toun,  
And he that met thaim agayn gan ma  
Sic payment quhar he gan ga  
145 That weile a hundre men gert he  
Leve maugre tharis the cause.  
As Jhone Thomas-sone said suthly  
That saw his deid all halily  
Towart the bataill evyn he yeid.

[The body of Edward Bruce]

150 Jhone Thomas-sone that tuk gud heid  
That thai war vencussyt all planly  
Cryit on him in full gret hy  
And said, 'Cum her for thar is nane  
On lyve for thai ar dede ilkane.'

155 Than stud he still a quhill and saw  
That thai war all doune of daw,  
Syne went towart him saraly.  
This Jhone wrocht syne sa wittely  
That all that thidder fled than wer  
160 Thocht that thai lossyt of thar ger  
Come till Cragfergus hale and fer.  
And thai that at the fechting wer  
Socht Schyr Edward to get his heid  
Amang the folk that thar wes dede  
165 And fand Gib Harper in his ger,  
And for sa gud hys armys wer  
Thai strak hys hed of and syn it  
Thai have gert salt intill a kyt  
And send it intill Ingland  
170 Till the King Edward in presand.  
Thai wend Schyr Edwardis it had bene,  
Bot for the armyng that wes schene  
Thai of the heid dissavyt wer  
All thocht Schyr Edward deyt ther.

[A verdict on Edward Bruce; the belated reinforcements]

175 On this wis war thai noble men  
For wilfulnes all lesyt then,  
And that wes syne and gret pite  
For had thar outrageous bounte  
Bene led with wyt and with mesur,  
180 Bot gif the mar mysaventur  
Be fallyn thaim, it suld rycht hard thing  
Be to lede thaim till outraying,  
Bot gret outrageous surquedry  
Gert thaim all deir thar worschip by.  
185 And thai that fled fra the melle  
Sped thaim in hy towart the se  
And to Cragfergus cummyn ar thai,  
And thai that war into the way  
To Schyr Edward send fra the king  
190 Quhen thai hard the discumfiting  
To Cragfergus thai went agayne.  
And that wes nocht foroutyn payn,  
For thai war mony tyme that day

Assailyeit with Irschery, bot thai  
195 Ay held togidder sarraly  
And defendyt sa wittely  
That thai eschapyt oft throu mycht  
And mony tyme alsua throu slycht,  
For oft of tharis to thaim gaff thai  
200 To lat thaim scaithles pas thar way,  
And till Cragfergus come thai sua  
That batis and schyppis gan thai ta  
And saylyt till Scotland in hy  
And thar aryvyt all saufly.  
205 Quhen thai of Scotland had wittering  
Off Schyr Edwardis vencussing  
Thai menynt him full tenderly  
Our all the land commounaly,  
And thai that with him slayn war thar  
210 Full tenderly als menynt war.

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

Edward the Bruys as I said her  
Wes discumfyt on this maner  
And quhen the feld wes clengit clene  
Sua that na resistens wes sene  
215 The wardane than Schyr Richard of Clar  
And all the folk that with him war  
Towart Dundalk has tane the way  
Sua that rycht na debat maid thai  
At that tyme with the Irschery,  
220 Bot to the toun thai held in hy,  
And syne had send furth to the king  
That had Inghland in governyng  
Gib Harperis heid in a kyt.  
Jhone Maupas till the king had it  
225 And he ressavyt it in daynte,  
Rycht blyth off that present wes he  
For he wes glaid that he wes sua  
Deliveryt off a felloun fa.  
In hart tharoff he tuk sic prid  
230 That he tuk purpos for to rid  
With a gret ost in Scotland  
For to veng him with stalwart hand

Off tray of travaill and of tene  
That done tharin till him had bene,  
235 And a rycht gret ost gaderit he  
And gert his schippis be the se  
Cum with gret foysoun of vittail,  
For at that tyme he wald him taile  
To dystroy up sa clene the land  
240 That nane suld leve tharin levand,  
And with his folk in gret aray  
Towart Scotland he tuk the way.

[King Robert withdraws; the English starve at Edinburgh]

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

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

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

At Melros schup thai for to ly  
And send befor a cumpany  
Thre hunder ner of armyt men.  
Bot the lord Douglas that wes then  
295 Besyd intill the Forest ner  
Wyst of thar come and quhat thai wer,  
And with thaim of his cumpany  
Into Melros all prevely  
He howyt in a buschement,  
300 And a rycht sturdy frer he sent  
Without the yate thar come to se,  
And bad him hald him all preve  
Quhill that he saw thaim cummand all  
Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall,  
305 And than cry hey, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
The frer than furth his wayis tais  
That wes all stout derff and hardy,  
Hys mekill hud helyt haly  
The armur that he on him had,  
310 Apon a stalwart hors he rad

And in his hand he had a sper,  
And abaid apon that maner  
Quhill that he saw thaim cummand ner,  
And quhen the formest passyt wer  
315 The coynye he criyt 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
Than till thaim all a cours he mas  
And bar ane doun deliverly,  
And Douglas and his cumpany  
Ischyt apon thaim with a schout,  
320 And quhen thai saw sa gret a rout  
Cum apon thaim sa suddanly  
Thai war abaysyt gretumly  
And gaf the bak but mar abaid.  
The Scottis men amang thaim raid  
325 And slew all that thai mycht our-ta,  
A gret martyrdome thar gan thai ma,  
And thai that eschapyt unslayne  
Ar till thar gret ost went agayne  
And tauld thaim quhatkyn welcummyng  
330 Douglas thaim maid at thar meting  
That convoyit thaim agayn rudly  
And warnyt planly herbery.

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

The king of Inland and his men  
That saw thar herbriouris then  
335 Cum rebutyt on that maner  
Anoyit in thar hart thai wer,  
And thocht that it war gret foly  
Intill the wod to tak herbery,  
Tharfor by Dryburgh in the playn  
340 Thai herbryit thaim and syne again  
Ar went till Inland thar way.  
And quhen the King Robert hard say  
That thai war turnyt hame agayn  
And how thar herbriouris war slayn,  
345 In hy his ost assemblit he  
And went south our the Scottis se  
And till Inland his wayis tais.  
Quhen his ost assemblyt ways  
Auchty thousand he wes and ma

350 And aucht batallis he maid of tha,  
 In ilk bataill war ten thousand,  
 Syne went he furth till Ingland  
 And intill hale rout folowit sa fast  
 The Inglis king, quhill at the last  
 355 He come approchand to Biland  
 Quhar at that tyme thar wes lyand  
 The king of Ingland with his men.  
 King Robert that had witteryng then  
 That he lay thar with mekill mycht  
 360 Tranountyt sua on him a nycht  
 That be the morn that it wes day  
 Cumbyn in a plane feld war thai  
 Fra Biland bot a litill space,  
 Bot betwix thaim and it thar was  
 365 A craggy bra strekyt weill lang  
 And a gret peth up for to gang,  
 Other wayis mycht thai nocht away  
 To pas to Bilandis abbay  
 Bot gif thai passyt fer about.  
 370 And quhen the mekill Inglis rout  
 Hard that the King Robert wes sa ner,  
 The mast part of thaim that thar wer  
 Went to the peth and tuk the bra,  
 Thai thocht thar defens to ma,  
 375 Thar baneris thar thai gert display  
 And thar bataillis on braid aray,  
 And thocht weill to defend the pas.  
 Quhen the King Robert persavit was  
 That thai thocht thar thaim to defend  
 380 Efter his consaill has he send  
 And askyt quhat wes best to do.  
 The lord Douglas answeyrt thar-to  
 And said, 'Schyr, I will underta  
 That in schort tyme I sall do sa  
 385 That I sall wyn yon pas planly,  
 Or than ger all yon cumpany  
 Cum down to you her to this plane.'  
 The king said than till him agayn,  
 'Do than, quhar mychty God the speid.'

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

390 Than he furth on his wayis yeid,  
And of the ost the mast hardy  
Put thaim intill his cumpany  
And held thar way towart the pas.  
The gud erle of Murreff Thomas  
395 Left his bataill and in gret hy  
Bot with four men of his cumpany  
Come till the lordis rout of Douglas  
And or he entryt in the pas  
Befor thaim all the pas tuk he  
400 For he wald that men suld him se.  
And quhen Schyr James off Douglas  
Saw that he suagat cummyn was  
He prisyt him tharoff gretly  
And welcummyt him hamlyly,  
405 And syne the pas thai samyn ta.  
Quhen Inglis men saw thaim do sua  
Thai lychtyt and agayn thaim yeid  
Twa knyghtis rycht douchty of deid,  
Thomas Ouchtre ane had to name  
410 The tother Schyr Rauf of Cobhame,  
Come doun befor all thar menye,  
Thai war bath full of gret bounte  
And met thar fayis manlely,  
Bot thai war pressyt rycht gretumly.  
415 Thar mycht men se rycht weill assaile  
And men defend with stout bataill  
And arowes fley in gret foysoun  
And thai that owe war tumbill doun  
Stanys apou thaim fra the hycht,  
420 Bot thai that set bath will and mycht  
To wyn the peth thaim pressyt sua  
That Schyr Rauff of Cobhame gan ta  
The way up till hys hors in hy,  
And left Schyr Thomas manlily  
425 Defendand with gret mycht the pas  
Quhill that he sua supprisit was  
That he wes tane throu hard fechting.  
And tharfor syne in his ending  
He wes renownyt for best of hand  
430 Off a knyght off all England,



For this ilk Schyr Rauf of Cobhame  
Intill all England he had name  
For the best knyght of all that land,  
And for Schyr Thomas dwelt fechtand  
435 Quhar Schyr Rauff as befor said we  
Withdrew him, prisit our him was he.

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

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

470 And rycht fele off his folk war slane.  
Off Fraunce thar tane wes knyghtis twa,  
The lord the Sule wes ane of tha,  
The tother wes the merschell Bretayn  
That wes a wele gret lord at hame,  
475 The lave sum ded war and sum tane  
And the remanand fled ilkane.  
And quhen the king of Ingland  
That yeit at Biland wes liand  
Saw his men discumfyt planely  
480 He tuk his way in full gret hy  
And furthwart fled with all his mycht,  
Scottismen chassyt fast, Ik hycht,  
And in the chas has mony tane,  
The king quitly away is gane  
485 And the mast part of his menye.

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

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

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

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

Quhen that the king this spek had maid  
The Frankys knyghtis men takyn had  
525 War brocht rycht thar befor the king,  
And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng  
And said, 'I wate rycht weill that ye  
For your gret worschip and bounte  
Come for to se the fechting her.  
530 For sen ye in the countre wer  
Your strenth your worschyp and your mycht  
Wald nocht lat you eschew the fycht,  
And sen that caus you led thartill  
And nother wreyth na ivill will  
535 As frendis ye sall resavyt be,  
Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye.'  
Thai knelyt and thankyt him gretly,  
And he gert tret thaim curtasly  
And lang quhill with thaim had he  
540 And did thaim honour and bounte,  
And quhen thai yarnyt to thar land  
To the king of Fraunce in presand  
He send thaim quit but ransoun fre  
And gret gyftis to thaim gaff he.  
545 His frendis thusgat curtasly  
He couth ressave and hamely,

And his fayis stoutly stonay.  
At Biland all that nycht he lay,  
For thar victour all blyth thai war,  
550 And on the morn foroutyn mar  
Thai haff forthwart tane thar way.  
Sa fer at that tyme travaillyt thai  
Brynnand slayand and destroyand  
Thar fayis with all thar mycht noyand  
555 Quhill till the Wald cummyn war thai,  
Syne northwart tuk hame thar way  
And destroyit in thar repayr  
The vale all planly off Beauewar.  
And syne with presoneris and catell  
560 Riches and mony fayr jowell  
To Scotland tuk thai hame thar way  
Bath blyth and glaid joyfull and gay,  
And ilk man went to thar repayr  
And lovyt God thaim fell sa fayr  
565 That thai the king off Ingland  
Throu worschip and throu strenth of hand  
And throu thar lordis gret bounte  
Discumfyt in his awne countre.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book 19

[The conspiracy against King Robert; its discovery]

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

Outane knychtis that war joly.  
Into Berwik takyn wes he  
40 That mycht all his mengne se  
Sary and wa, bot suth to say  
The king lete thaim all pas thar way  
And held thaim at he takyn had.

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

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

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

Schyr Ingrahame the Umfravill that than

Wes with the king as Scottisman,  
75 Quhen he that gret myscheiff gan se  
He said, 'Lordingis, quharto pres ye  
To se at myscheiff sic a knycht  
That wes sa worthi and sa wicht  
That Ik haff sene ma pres to se  
80 Him him for his rycht soverane bounte  
Than now doys for to se him her.'  
And quhen thir wordis spokyn wer  
With sary cher he held him still  
Quhill men had done of him thar will,  
85 And syne with the leve of the king  
He brocht him menskly till erding.  
And syne to the king said he,  
'A thing I pray you graunt me,  
That is that ye off all my land  
90 That is intill Scotland liand  
Wald giff me leve to do my will.'  
The king that sone has said him till,  
'I will wele graunt that it sua be,  
Bot tell me quhat amovis the.'  
95 He said agane, 'Schyr, graunt mercy  
And I sall tell you planely,  
Myne hart giffis me na mar to be  
With you dwelland in this countre,  
Tharfor bot that it nocht you greve  
100 I pray you hartly of your leve.  
For quhar sua rycht worthi a knycht  
An sa chevalrous and sa wicht  
And sa renownyt off worschip syne  
As gud Schyr David off Brechyn  
105 And sa fullfyllyt off all manheid  
Was put to sa velanys a ded,  
Myn hart forsuth may nocht gif me  
To dwell for na thing that may be.'  
The king said, 'Sen that thou will sua  
110 Quhen ever the likys thou may ga,  
And thou sall haiff gud leve tharto  
Thi liking off thi land to do.'  
And he thankyt him gretumly  
And off his land in full gret hy  
115 As hym thocht best disponyt he,

Syne at the king of gret bounte  
Befor all thaim that with him war  
He tuk his leve for evermar,  
And went in Ingland to the king  
120 That maid him rycht fayr welcummyng  
And askyt him of the north tithing.  
And he him tauld all but lesing  
How thai knyghtis destroyit war  
And as I tauld till you ar,  
125 And off the kingis curtassy  
That levyt him debonarly  
To do off his land his liking.  
In that tyme wes send fra the king  
Off Scotland messyngeris to trete  
130 Off pes giff that thai mycht it get,  
As thai befor oft-sys war send  
How that thai coutht nocht bring till end.  
For the gud king had in entent,  
Sen God sa fayr grace had him lent  
135 That he had wonnyn all his land  
Throu strenth off armys till his hand,  
That he pes in his tyme wald ma  
And all landis stabill sua  
That his ayr eftre him suld be  
140 In pes, gif men held lawte.

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

Intill this tyme that Umfravill  
As I bar you on hand er quhill  
Come till the king of Ingland  
The Scottis messingeris thar he fand  
145 Of pes and rest to haiff tretis.  
The king wist Schyr Ingrahame wes wis  
And askyt consaile tharto  
Quhat he wald rede him for to do,  
For he said him thocht hard to ma  
150 Pes with the King Robert his fa  
Quhill that he off him vengit war.  
Schyr Ingrahame maid till him ansvar  
And said, 'He delt sa curtasly  
With me that on na wis suld I



155 Giff consaill till his nethring.'  
 'The behovis nedwayis,' said the king,  
 'To this thing her say thine avis.'  
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sen your willis is  
 That I say, wit ye sekyrly  
 160 For all your gret chevalry  
 To dele with him yhe haf na mycht.  
 His men all worthyn ar sa wicht  
 For lang usage of fechting  
 That has bene nuryst in swilk thing  
 165 That ilk yowman is sa wicht  
 Off his that he is worth a knycht.  
 Bot, and ye think your wer to bring  
 To your purpos and your liking,  
 Lang trewys with him tak ye.  
 170 Than sall the mast off his menye  
 That ar bot simple yumanry  
 Be dystrenyit commonaly  
 To wyn thar mete with thar travaill,  
 And sum of thaim nedis but fail  
 175 With pluch and harow for to get  
 And other ser crafftis thar mete,  
 Sua that thar armyng sall worth auld  
 And sall be rottyn stroyit and sauld,  
 And fele that now of wer ar sley  
 180 Intill the lang trew sall dey  
 And other in thar sted sall rys  
 That sall conn litill of that mastrys.  
 And quhen thai disusyt er  
 Than may ye move on thaim your wer  
 185 And sall rycht well as I suppos 185  
 Bring your entent to gud purpos.' 186  
 Till this assentyt thai ilkane, 185  
 And eftre sone war trewis tane  
 Betwix the twa kingis that wer  
 190 Tailyeit to lest for thretten yer 188  
 And on the marchis gert thaim cry.  
 The Scottismenn kepyt thaim lelely,  
 Bot the Inglismen apou the se  
 Distroyit throu gret inyquyte  
 195 Marchand schippis that sailand war 193  
 Fra Scotland till Flaundris with war,

And destroyit everilkane  
And to thar oys the gud has tane.  
The king send oft till ask redres,  
200 Bot nocht off it redressyt wes 198  
And he abaid all tyme askand,  
The trew on his half gert he stand  
Apon the marchis stabilly  
And gert men kep thaim lelely.

[The death of Walter the Steward]

205 In this tyme that trewis war 203  
Lestend on marchis as I said ar  
Schyr Walter Stewart that worthi was  
At Bathgat a gret seknes tas.  
His ivill ay woux mar and mar  
210 Quhill men persavit be his far 208  
That him worthit nede to pay the det  
That na man to pay may let,  
Schryvyn and als repentit weill  
Quhen all wes doyn him ilkdeill  
215 That Crystyn man nedyt till have 213  
As gud Crystyn the gast he gave.  
Then men mycht her men gret and cry  
And mony a knycht and mony a lady  
Mak in apert rycht evill cher,  
220 Sa did thai all that ever thai war, 218  
All men him menyt commounly  
For off his eild he wes worthy.  
Quhen thai lang quhill thar dule had maid  
The cors to Paslay haiff thai haid,  
225 And thar with gret solempnyte 223  
And with gret dule erdyt wes he,  
God for his mycht his saule bring  
Quhar joy ay lestis but ending.

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

Efftre his dede as I said ar  
230 The trewys that sua takyn war 228  
For till haff lestyt thretten yer,  
Quhen twa yer of thaim passyt wer

And ane halff as I trow allsua  
The King Robert saw men wald nocht ma  
235 Redres of schippys that war tane 233  
And off the men als that war slane,  
Bot contynowyt thar mavtye  
Qhenever thai met thaim on the se.  
He sent and acquit him planly  
240 And gave the trewis up opynly, 238  
And in the vengeance of this trespas  
The gud erle of Murreff Thomas  
And Donald erle of Mar alsua  
And James of Douglas with thai twa,  
245 And James Stewart that ledar wes 243  
Efter his gud brotheris disceis  
Off all his bruderys men in wer,  
He gert apon thar best maner  
With mony men bowne thaim to ga  
250 In England for to bryn and sla, 248  
And thai held furth till England.  
Thai war of gud men ten thousand,  
Thai brynt and slew intill thar way,  
Thar fayis fast destroyit thai  
255 And suagat southwart gan thai far 253  
To Wardaill quhill thai cummyn war.  
That tyme Edward off Carnaverane  
The king wes ded and laid in stane,  
And Edward his sone that wes ying  
260 In England crownyt wes to king 258  
And surname off Wyndyssor.  
He had in France bene thar-befor  
With his moder Dame Ysabell,  
And wes weddyt as Ik herd tell  
265 With a young lady fayr of face 263  
That the erlis douchter was  
Off Hennaud, and off that cuntre  
Brocht with him men of gret bounte,  
Schyr Jhone the Hennaud wes thar leder  
270 That was wys and wycht in wer. 268  
And that tyme that Scottismen wer  
At Wardaile, as I said you er,  
Intill York wes the new-maid king,  
And herd tell of the destroying

275 That Scottismen maid in his countre. 273  
A gret ost till him gaderyt he,  
He wes wele ner fyfty thousand,  
Than held he northwart in the land  
In haill battaill with that mengne,  
280 Auchtene yer auld that tyme wes he. 278  
The Scottismen a day Cokdaile  
Fra end till end had heryit haile  
And till Wardaile again thai raid.

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

Thar discourriouris that sycht has haid  
285 Off cummyn of the Inglismen 283  
To thar lordis thai tauld it then.  
Than the lord Douglas in a ling  
Raid furth to se thar cummyng  
And saw that sevyn bataillis war thai  
290 That cum ridand in gud aray, 288  
Quhen he that folk behaldyn had  
Towart his ost agayn he rad.  
The erle speryt gif he had sene  
That ost. 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'but wene.'  
295 'Quhat folk ar thai?' 'Schyr, mony men.' 293  
The erle his ayth has sworn then,  
'We sall fecht with thaim thocht thai war  
Yeit ma eftsonys than thai ar.'  
'Schyr, lovyt be God,' he said agayn,  
300 'That we haiff sic a capitayn 298  
That sua gret thing dar undreta,  
Bot, be saynct Bryd, it beis nocht sua  
Giff my consaill may trowyt be,  
For fecht on na maner sall we  
305 Bot it be at our avantage, 303  
For methink it war na outrage  
To fewar folk aganys ma  
Avantage quhen thai ma to ta.'  
As thai war on this wis spekand  
310 Our ane hey rig thai saw ridand 308  
Towart thaim evyn a battaill braid,  
Baneris displayit inew thai haid,

And a nothyr come eftre ner  
 And rycht apon the samyn maner  
 315 Thai come quhill sevin bataillis braid 313  
 Out-our that hay rig passyt haid.  
 The Scottismen war than liand  
 On north halff Wer towart Scotland.  
 The dale wes strekyt weill Ik hycht,  
 320 On athyr sid thar wes ane hycht 318  
 And till the water doune sumdeill stay.  
 The Scottismen in gud aray  
 On thar best wis buskyt ilkane  
 Stud in a strenth that thai had tane,  
 325 And that wes fra the water of Wer 323  
 A quartar of a myle weill ner,  
 Thar stud thai battaill till abid,  
 And Inglismen on athyr sid  
 Come ridand dounwart quhill thai wer  
 330 To Weris water cummyn als ner 328  
 As on other halff thar fayis war.  
 Than haf thai maid a rest rycht thar  
 And send out archerys a thousand  
 With hudis off and bowys in hand  
 335 And gert thaim drink weill of the wyn, 333  
 And bad thaim gang to bykker syne  
 The Scottis ost in abandoun  
 And ger thaim cum apon thaim doun,  
 For mycht thai ger thaim brek aray  
 340 To haiff thaim at thar will thocht thai. 338  
 Armyt men doune with thaim thai send  
 Thaim at the water to defend.  
 The lord Douglas has sene thar fer,  
 And men that rycht weill horsyt wer  
 345 And armyt a gret cumpany 343  
 Behind the bataillis prevely  
 He gert howe to bid thar cummyng,  
 And quhen he maid to thaim taknyng  
 Thai suld cum prekand fast and sla  
 350 With sperys that thai mycht ourta, 348  
 Donald off Mar thar chiftane was  
 And Archebald with hym of Douglas.

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

The lord Douglas towart thaim raid,  
 A gowne on his armur he haid,  
 355 And traversyt all wayis up agayn 353  
 Thaim ner his bataillis for to trayn,  
 And thai that drunkyn had off the wyne  
 Come ay up lingand in a lyne  
 Quhill thai the battaill come sa ner  
 360 That arowis fell amang thaim ser. 358  
 Robert off Ogill a gud squyer  
 Come prikand than on a courser  
 And on the archeris criyt agane,  
 'Ye wate nocht quha mays you that trayn,  
 365 That is the lord Douglas that will 363  
 Off his playis ken sum you till,'  
 And quhen thai herd spek of Douglas  
 The hardyest effrayit was  
 And agayn turnyt halely.  
 370 His takyn maid he than in hy, 368  
 And the folk that enbuschit war  
 Sa stoutly prekyt on thaim thar  
 That weile thre hunder haiff thai slane  
 And till the water hame agane  
 375 All the remanand gan thai chas. 373  
 Schyr Wilyam off Erskyn that was  
 Newlyngis makyn knyght that day 375  
 Weill horsit intill gud aray 376  
 Chasyt with other that thar war 375  
 380 Sa fer furth that hys hors him bar 376  
 Amang the lump of Inglismen,  
 And with strang hand wes takyn then,  
 Bot off him wele sone chang wes maid  
 For other that men takyn haid.  
 385 Fra thir Inglis archeris wes slane 381  
 Thar folk raid till thar ost agane,  
 And ryght sua did the lord off Douglas.  
 And quhen that he reparyt was  
 Thai mycht amang thar fayis se  
 390 Thar pailyounys sone stentyt be, 386  
 And thai persavyt sone in hy  
 That thai that nyght wald tak herbery  
 And schup to do no mar that day,

Tharfor thaim alsua herbryit thay  
395 And stent pailyounys in hy, 391  
Tentis and lugis als tharby  
Thai gert mak and set all on raw.  
Twa novelryis that day thai saw  
That forouth in Scotland had bene nene,  
400 Tymmeris for helmys war the tane 396  
That thaim thocht thane off gret bewte  
And alsua wondyr for to se,  
The tother crakys war off wer  
That thai befor herd never er,  
405 Off thir twa thingis thai had ferly. 401  
That nycht thai walkyt stalwartly,  
The mast part off thaim armyt lay  
Quhill on the morn that it wes day.

[Douglas foils an English ambush]

The Inglismen thaim umbethocht  
410 Apon quhat mener that thai moucht 406  
Ger Scottis leve thar avantage,  
For thaim thocht foly and outrage  
To gang up till thaim till assaill  
Thaim at thar strenth in plane battaill,  
415 Tharfor of gud men a thousand 411  
Armyt on hors bath fute and hand  
Thai send behind thar fayis to be  
Enbuschit intill a vale,  
And schup thar bataillis as thai wald  
420 Apon thaim till the fechtyn hald, 416  
For thai thocht Scottismen sic will  
Had that thai mycht nocht hald thaim still,  
For thai knew thaim off sic curage  
That tharthrouch strenth and avantage  
425 Thai suld leve and mete them planly. 421  
Than suld thar buschement halily  
Behind brek on thaim at the bak,  
Sa thocht thai wele thai suld thaim mak  
For to repent thaim off thar play.  
430 Thar enbuschment furth send haiff thai 426  
That thaim enbuschit prevely,  
And on the morn sum-dele arly

Intill this ost hey trumpyt thai  
 And gert thar braid bataillis aray,  
 435 And all arayit for to fycht 431  
 Thai held towart the water rycht.  
 Scottismen that saw thaim do swa  
 Boune on thar best wis gan thaim ma  
 And in bataill planly arayit  
 440 With baneris till the wynd displayit 436  
 Thai left thar strenth, and all planly  
 Come doune to mete thaim hardely  
 In als gud maner as thai moucht  
 Rycht as thar fayis befor had thocht.  
 445 Bot the lord Douglas that ay was war 441  
 And set out wachis her and thar  
 Gat wyt off thar enbuschement,  
 Than intill gret hy is he went  
 Befor the bataillis and stoutly  
 450 He bad ilk man turn him in hy 446  
 Rycht as he stud, and turnyt sua  
 Up till thar strenth he bad thaim ga  
 Sua that na let thar thai maid,  
 And thai did as he biddyn haid  
 455 Quhill till thar strenth thai come agayne, 451  
 Than turnyt thai thaim with mekill mayn  
 And stud redy to giff battaill  
 Giff thar fayis wald thaim assaill.  
 Quhen Inglismen had sene thaim sua  
 460 Towart thar strenth agayne up ga 456  
 Thai criyt hey, 'Thai fley thar way.'  
 Schyr Jhone Hennaud said, 'Perfay  
 Yone fleyng is rycht degysé,  
 Thar armyt men behind I se  
 465 And thar baneris, sua that thaim thar 461  
 Bot turne thaim as thai standand ar  
 And be arayit for to fycht  
           Giff ony presyt thaim with mycht.  
 Thai haiff sene our enbuschement  
 470 And agane till thar strenth ar went. 466  
 Yone folk ar governyt wittily,  
 And he that ledis is worthi  
 For avisé worschip and wysdome  
 To governe the empyr off Rome.'



475 Thus spak that worthi knyght that day, 471  
And the enbuschement fra that thai  
Saw that thai sua discoveryt war  
Towart thar ost agane thai fair,  
And the bataillis off Inglismen  
480 Quhen thai saw thai had faillyt then 476  
Off thar purpos to thar herbery  
Thai went and logit thaim in hy.  
On other halff rycht sua did thai,  
Thai maid na mar debat that day.

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

485 Quhen thai that day ourdrevyn had 481  
Fyris in gret foyoun thai maid  
Alsone as the nyght fallyn was.  
And than the gud lord off Douglas,  
That had spyit a place tharby  
490 Twa myle thin that quhar mar traistly 486  
The Scottis ost mycht herbery ta  
And defend thaim better alsua  
Than ellys in ony place tharby,  
It wes a park all halily  
495 Wes envyround about with wall, 491  
It wes ner full of treys all  
Bot a gret plane intill it was,  
Thidder thocht the lord of Douglas  
Be nyghtyrtale thar ost to bring.  
500 Tharfor foroutyn mar dwelling 496  
Thai bet thar fyris and maid thaim mar,  
And syne all samyn furtht thai far  
And till the park foroutyn tynseill  
Thai come and herbryit thaim weill  
505 Upon the water and als ner 501  
Till it as thai beforouth wer.  
And on the morn quhen it wes day  
The Inglis ost myssyt away  
The Scottismen and had ferly,  
510 And gert discourriouris hastily 506  
Pryk to se quhar thai war away,  
And be thar fyris persavyt thai  
That thai in the park of Werdale

Had gert herbry thar ost all hale.  
515 Tharfor thar ost but mar abaid 511  
Buskyt, and evyn anent thaim raid  
And on athyr halff the water of Wer  
Gert stent thar palyounys als ner  
As thar befor stentyt war thai.  
520 Aucht dayis on baith halff sua thai lay 516  
That Inglismen durst nocht assaill  
The Scottismen with plane battaill  
For strenth of erd that thai had thar.  
Thar wes ilk day justyn of wer  
525 And scrymyn maid full apertly 521  
And men tane on athyr party,  
And thai that war tane on a day  
On ane other changyt war thai,  
Bot other dedis nane war done  
530 That gretly is apon to mone, 526  
Till it fell on the sevynd day  
The lord Douglas had spyit a way  
How that he mycht about thaim rid  
And com on the ferrer sid.

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

535 And at evyn purvayit him he 531  
And tuk with him a gud mengne  
Fyve hunder on hors wicht and hardy,  
And in the nycht all prevely  
Forout noyis sa fer he raid  
540 Quhill that he ner enveronyt had 536  
Thar ost and on the ferrar sid  
Towart thaim slely gan he rid.  
And the men that with him war  
He gert in hand have swerdis bar  
545 And bad thaim hew rapis in twa 541  
That thai the palyounys mycht ma  
To fall on thaim that in thaim war,  
Than suld the lave that folowit thar  
Stab doune with speris sturdely,  
550 And quhen thai hard his horne in hy 546  
To the water hald doune thar way.  
Quhen this wes said that Ik her say

Towart thar fayis fast thai raid  
 That on that sid na wachis haid.  
 555 And as thai ner war approchand 551  
 Ane Inglisman that lay bekand  
 Him be a fyr said till his fer,  
 'I wat nocht quhat may tyd us her  
 Bot rycht a gret growyng me tais,  
 560 For I dred sar for the blak Douglas,' 556  
 And he that hard him said, 'Perfay  
 Thou sall haiff caus gif that I may.'  
 With that with all him cumpany  
 He ruschyt in on thaim hardely  
 565 And pailyounys doune he bar, 561  
 With sperys that scharply schar  
 Thai stekyt men dispitously.  
 The noys weill sone rais and cry,  
 And thai stabbyt stekyt and slew  
 570 And pailyounys doun yarne thai drew. 566  
 A felloune slauchter maid thai thar  
 For thai that liand nakit war  
 Had na power defens to ma  
 And thai but pite gan thaim sla.  
 575 Thai gert thaim weill wyt that foly 571  
 Wes ner thar fayis for to ly  
 Bot giff thai traistly wachit war.  
 The Scottismen war slayand thar  
 Thar fayis on this wis quhill the cry  
 580 Ras throu the ost commonaly 576  
 That lord and other war on ster,  
 And quhen the Douglas wyst thai wer  
 Armand thaim all commonaly  
 He blew his horn for to rely  
 585 His men and bad thaim hald thar way 581  
 Towart the water and sua did thai,  
 And he abaid henmast to se  
 That nane of hys suld levyt be.  
 And as he bade sua howand  
 590 Sua come thane ane with a club in hand 586  
 And sua gret a rout till him raucht  
 That had nocht bene his mekill maucht  
 And his rycht soverane manheid  
 Intill that place he had bene dede,

595 Bot he that na tyme wes effrayit 591  
Thocht he weill oft wes hard assayit  
Throu mekill strenth and gret manheid  
Has brocht the tother to the ded.  
His men that till the water doun  
600 War ridyne intill a raundoun 596  
Myssyt thar lord quhen thai come thar,  
Than war thai dredand for him sar,  
Ilkan at other speryt tithing  
Bot yeit off him thai hard na thing.  
605 Than gan thai consaill samyn ta 601  
That thai to sek him up wald ga,  
And as thai war in sic effray  
A tutilling off his horne hard thai  
And thai that has it knawyn swith  
610 War of his cummyn wonder blyth 606  
And speryt at him of his abaid.  
And he tauld how a carle him maid  
With a club sic felloun pay  
That met him stoutly in the way  
615 That had nocht fortoun helpit the mar 611  
He had bene in gret perell thar.

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

Thusgat spekand thai held thar way  
Quhill till thar ost cummyn ar thai  
That on fute armyt thaim abaid  
620 For till help giff thai myster haid, 616  
And alsone as the lord Douglas  
Met with the erle off Murreff was  
The erle speryt at thaim tithing  
How thai had farne in thar outing.  
625 'Schyr,' said he, 'we haf drawyn blud.' 621  
The erle that wes of mekill mude  
Said, 'And we all had thidder gayne  
We haid discumfyt thaim ilkan.'  
'That mycht haff fallyn weill,' said he,  
630 'Bot sekyrly ynew war we 626  
To put us in yone aventur,  
For had thai maid discumfitur  
On us that yonder passyt wer

It suld all stonay that ar her.'  
 635 The erle said, 'Sen that it sua is 631  
 That we may nocht with jupertys  
 Our feloune fayis fors assaill  
 We sall do it in plane battaill.'  
 The lord Douglas said, 'Be saynct Brid  
 640 It war gret foly at this tid 636  
 Till us with swilk ane ost to fycht  
 That growys ilk day off mycht  
 And has vittail tharwith plente,  
 And in thar countre her ar we  
 645 Quhar thar may cum us na succourys, 641  
 Hard is to mak us her rescours  
 Na we ne may ferrar mete to get,  
 Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.  
 Do we with our fayis tharfor  
 650 That ar her liand us befor 646  
 As Ik herd tell this othyr yer  
 That a fox did with a fyscher.'  
 'How did the fox?' the erle gan say.  
 He said, 'A fyscher quhilum lay  
 655 Besid a ryver for to get 651  
 Hys nettis that he had thar set.  
 A litill loge tharby he maid,  
 And thar-within a bed he haid  
 And a litill fyr alsua,  
 660 A dure thar wes foroutyn ma. 656  
 A nycht, his nettis for to se  
 He rase and thar wele lang dwelt he,  
 And quhen he had doyne his deid  
 Towart his loge agayn he yeid,  
 665 And with licht of the litill fyr 661  
 That in the loge wes brynnand schyr  
 Intill his luge a fox he saw  
 That fast on ane salmound gan gnaw.  
 Than till the dur he went in hy  
 670 And drew his swerd deliverly 666  
 And said, 'Reiffar thou mon her out.'  
 The fox that wes in full gret dout  
 Lukyt about sum hole to se,  
 Bot nane eschew persave couth he  
 675 Bot quhar the man stud sturdely. 671

A lauchtane mantell than him by  
Liand apon the bed he saw,  
And with his teth he gan it draw  
Out-our the fyr, and quhen the man  
680 Saw his mantill ly brinnand than 676  
To red it ran he hastily.  
The fox gat out than in gret hy  
And held his way his warand till.  
The man leyt him begilyt ill  
685 That he his gud salmound had tynt 681  
And alsua his mantill brynt,  
And the fox scaithles gat away.

[Douglas proposes a method of withdrawal]

This ensample weill I may say  
Be yone ost and us that ar her,  
690 We ar the fox and thai the fyscher 686  
That stekis forouth us the way.  
Thai wene we may na-gat away  
Bot rycht quhar thai ly, bot perdé  
All as thai think it sall nocht be,  
695 For I haff gert se us a gait 691  
Suppos that it be sumdele wate,  
A page off ouris we sall nocht tyne.  
Our fayis for this small tranountyn  
Wenys weill we sall prid us sua  
700 That we planely on hand sall ta 696  
To giff thaim opynly battaill.  
Bot at this tyme thar thocht sall fail,  
For we to-morne her all the day  
Sall mak als mery as we may,  
705 And mak us boune agayn the nycht, 701  
And than ger mak our fyris lycht  
And blaw our hornys and mak far  
As all the world our awne war  
Quhill that the nycht weill fallin be.  
710 And than with all our harnays we 706  
Sall tak our way hamwart in hy,  
And we sall gyit be graithly  
Quhill we be out off thar daunger  
That lyis now enclossyt her.

715 Than sall we all be at our will 711  
And thai sall lete thaim trumpyt ill  
Fra thai wyt weill we be away.'  
To this haly assentyt thai,  
And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht  
720 Quhill on the morn that day wes lycht. 716

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

Apon the morn all prevely  
Thai tursit harnays and maid redy  
Sua that or evyn all boun war thai,  
And thar fayis that agane thaim lay  
725 Gert haiff thar men that thar war ded 721  
In cartis till ane haly sted.  
All that day cariand thai war  
With cartis men that slayn war thar,  
That thai war fele mycht men well se  
730 That in carying sa lang suld be. 726  
The ostis baith all that day wer  
In pes, and quhen the nycht wes ner  
The Scottis folk that liand war  
Intill the park maid fest and far  
735 And blew hornys and fyris maid 731  
And gert thaim mak brycht and braid,  
Sua at that nycht thar fyris war mar  
Than ony tym befor thai war.  
And quhen the nycht wes fallin weill  
740 With all the harnayis ilka-dele 736  
All prevely thai raid thar way.  
Sone in a mos entryt ar thai  
That had wele twa myle lang of breid,  
Out-our that mos on fute thai yeid  
745 And in thar hand thar hors leid thai. 741  
It wes rycht a noyus way  
Bot flaikkis in the wod thai maid no no.  
Of wandis and thame with thame had no no.  
And sykis thairwith briggitt thay, no no.  
750 And sua had weill thair hors away no no.  
On sic wyse that all that thair weir 743  
Come weill out-our it hale and fer,

And tynt bot litill off thar ger  
Bot giff it war ony summer  
755 That in the mos wes left liand. 747  
Quhen all as Ik haff born on hand  
Out-our that mos that wes sa braid  
War cummyn a gret glaidship thai haid  
And raid furth hamwart on thar way.  
760 And on the morn quhen it wes day 752  
The Inglismen saw the herbery  
Quhar Scottismen war wont to ly  
All void. Thai wondryt gretly then  
And send furth syndry off thar men  
765 To spy quhar thai war gayn away 757  
Quhill at the last thar trais fand thai  
That till the mekill mos thaim haid  
That wes sua hidwous for to waid  
That awntyr thaim tharto durst nane,  
770 Bot till thar ost agayne ar gayn 762  
And tauld how that thai passyt war  
Quhar never man passit ar.  
Quhen Inglismen hard it wes sua  
In hy to consaill gan thai ta  
775 That thai wald folow thaim no mar, 767  
Thar ost rycht than thai scalit thar  
And ilk man till his awn raid.

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

And King Robert that wittering haid  
At his men in the park sua lay  
780 And at quhat myscheiff thar war thai, 772  
Ane ost assemblyt he in hy  
And ten thousand men wicht and hardy  
He has send furth with erllis twa  
Off the Marche and Angus war tha  
785 The ost in Werdale to releve, 777  
And giff thai mycht sa weill escheve  
That samyn mycht be thai and thai  
Thai thocht thar fayis till assay.  
Sua fell that on the samyn day  
790 That the mos, as ye hard me say, 782



Wes passyt, the discourouris that thar  
Ridand befor the ost war  
Off athyr ost has gottyn sycht,  
And thai that worthy war and wicht  
795 At thar metyng justyt of wer, 787  
Ensenyeys hey thai criyt ther.  
And be thar cry persavyt thai  
That thai war frendys and at a fay,  
Than mycht men se thaim glaid and blyth  
800 And tauld it to thar lordis swith. 792  
The ostis bath met samyn syne,  
Thar wes rycht hamly welcumyn  
Maid amand thai gret lordis thar,  
Off thar metyng joyfull thai war.  
805 The erle Patrik and his menye 797  
Had vittailis with thaim gret plente  
And tharwith weill relevyt thai  
Thar frendis, for the suth to say  
Quhill thai in Wardale liand war  
810 Thai had gret defaut off mete, bot thar 802  
Thai war relevyt with gret plente.  
Towart Scotland with gamyn and gle  
Thai went and hame wele cummyn ar thai  
And scalyt syne ilk man thar way.  
815 The lordis ar went to the king 807  
That has maid thaim fair welcumyng,  
For off thar come rycht glaid wes he,  
And that thai sic perplexite  
Forout tynsaill eschapyt haid  
820 All war thai blyth and mery maid. 812

John Barbour

# The Brus Book 20

King Robert in Northumberland]

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

[The peace with England]

On this wys raid he destroyand  
Quhill that the king of Ingland  
Throu consaill of the Mortymar  
30 And his moder that that tym war  
Ledaris of him that than young wes  
To King Robert to tret off pes  
Send messyngeris, and sua sped thai  
That thai assentyt on this way

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

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

65 The King Robert ordanyt to pay  
The silver, and agane the day  
He gert wele for the mangery  
Ordane quhen that his sone Davy  
Suld weddyt be, and Erle Thomas  
70 And the gud lord of Douglas  
Intill his steid ordanyt he  
Devisouris of that fest to be,  
For a malice him tuk sa sar

That he on na wis mycht be thar.  
75 His malice off enfundeying  
Begouth, for throuch his cald lying  
Quhen in his gret myscheiff wes he  
Him fell that hard perplexite.  
At Cardros all that tyme he lay,  
80 And quhen ner cummyn wes the day  
That ordanyt for the weddyn was  
The erle and the lord of Douglas  
Come to Berwik with mekill far  
And brocht young Davy with thaim thar,  
85 And the queyn and the Mortymer  
On other part cummyn wer  
With gret affer and reawte,  
The young lady of gret bewte  
Thidder thai brocht with rich affer.  
90 The weddyn haf thai makyt thar  
With gret fest and solempnyte,  
Thar mycht men myrth and glaidship se  
For rycht gret fest thai maid thar  
And Inglismen and Scottis war  
95 Togidder in joy and solace,  
Na fellouné betwix thaim was.  
The fest a wele lang tym held thai,  
And quhen thai buskyt to far away  
The queyn has left hyr douchter thar  
100 With gret riches and reale far,  
I trow that lang quhile na lady  
Wes gevyn till hous sa richely,  
And the erle and the lord Douglas  
Hyr in daynte ressavyt has  
105 As it war worthi sekyrly  
For scho wes syne the best lady  
And the fayrest that men thurft se.  
Eftre this gret solemnyte  
Quhen of bath half levys war tane  
110 The queyn till Ingland hame is gane  
And had with hyr Mortymar.  
The erle and thai that levyt war  
Quhen thai a quhill hyr convoyit had  
Toward Berwik again thai raid,  
115 And syne with all thar cumpany

Towart the king thai went in hy,  
And had with thaim the young Davy  
And Dame Jhone als that young lady.

[Coronation of David, settlement of the succession]

The king maid thaim fair welcumyng  
120 And efter but langer delaying  
He has gert set a parleament  
And thidder wittth mony men is went,  
For he thocht he wald in his lyff  
Croun his young sone and his wyff  
125 And at that parleament sua did he.  
With gret fayr and solemnyte  
The King Davy wes crownyt thar,  
And all the lordis that thar war 127  
And als off the comynyte 128  
130 Maid him manredyn and fewte. 129  
And forouth that thai crownyt war 130  
The King Robert gert ordane thar, 128  
Giff it fell that his sone Davy  
Deyit but ayr male off his body  
135 Gottyn, Robert Stewart suld be 131  
Kyng and bruk all the realte  
That hys douchter bar Marjory,  
And at this tailye suld lelely  
Be haldyn all the lordis swar  
140 And it with selys affermyt thar. 136  
And gyff it hapnyt Robert the king  
To pas to God quhill thai war ying,  
The gud erle of Murreff, Thomas,  
And the lord alsua off Douglas  
145 Suld haiff thaim into governyng 141  
Quhill thai had wyt to ster thar thing,  
And than the lordschip suld thai ta.  
Her-till thar athys gan thai ma  
And all the lordis that thar war  
150 To thir twa wardanys athis swar 146  
Till obey thaim in lawte  
Giff thaim hapnyt wardanys to be.

[The king's illness and last will]

Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes  
 And affermyt with sekyrnes  
 155 The king to Cardros went in hy, 151  
 And thar him tuk sa fellely  
 The seknes and him travailit sua  
 That he wyst him behovyt to ma  
 Off all this liff the commoun end  
 160 That is the dede quhen God will send, 156  
 Tharfor his lettrys sone send he  
 For the lordis off his countre  
 And thai come as thai biddyng had.  
 His testament than has he maid  
 165 Befor bath lordis and prelatis, 161  
 And to religioun of ser statis  
 For hele of his saule gaf he  
 Silver in gret quantite.  
 He ordanyt for his saule weill,  
 170 And quhen this done wes ilkadele 166  
 He said, 'Lordingis, sua is it gayn  
 With me that thar is nocht bot ane,  
 That is the dede withoutyn drede  
 That ilk man mon thole off nede.  
 175 And I thank God that has me sent 171  
 Space in this lyve me to repent,  
 For throuch me and my werraying  
 Off blud has bene rycht gret spilling  
 Quhar mony sakles men war slayn,  
 180 Tharfor this seknes and this payn 176  
 I tak in thank for my trespas.  
 And myn hart fichyt sekyrly was  
 Quhen I wes in prosperite  
 Off my synnys to sauffyt be  
 185 To travaill apon Goddis fayis, 181  
 And sen he now me till him tayis  
 Sua that the body may na wys  
 Fullfill that the hart gan devis  
 I wald the hart war thidder sent  
 190 Quharin consavyt wes that entent. 186  
 Tharfor I pray you everilkan  
 That ye amang you ches me ane  
 That be honest wis and wicht

And off his hand a noble knyght  
195 On Goddis fayis my hart to ber 191  
Quhen saule and cors disseveryt er,  
For I wald it war worthily  
Brocht thar, sen God will nocht that I  
Haiff power thidderwart to ga.'

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

200 Than war thar hartis all sa wa 196  
That nane mycht hald him fra greting.  
He bad thaim leve thar sorowing  
For it he said mycht not releve  
And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve,  
205 And prayit thaim in hy to do 201  
The thing that thai war chargit to.  
Than went thai furth with drery mode,  
Amang thaim thai thocht it gode  
That the worthi lord of Douglas  
210 Quham in bath wit and worschip was 206  
Suld tak this travaill apon hand, 207  
Heir-till thai war all accordand, 208  
Syne till the king thai went in hy 209  
And tald hym at thai thocht trewly 210  
215 That the douchty lord Douglas 211  
Best schapyn for that travaill was. 206  
And quhen the king hard that thai sua  
Had ordanyt him his hart to ta  
That he mast yarnyt suld it haff  
220 He said, 'Sa God himself me saiff 210  
Ik hald me rycht weill payit that yhe  
Haff chosyn him, for his bounte  
And his worschip set in my yaryng  
Ay sen I thocht to do this thing  
225 That he it with him thar suld ber, 215  
And sen ye all assentit er  
It is the mar likand to me.  
Lat se now quhat thar-till sayis he.'  
And quhen the gud lord of Douglas  
230 Wist that thing thus spokyn was 220  
He come and knelit to the king  
And on this wis maid him thanking.

'I thank you gretly lord,' said he,  
'Off the mony larges and gret bounte  
235 That yhe haff done me fel-sys 225  
Sen fyrst I come to your service,  
Bot our all thing I mak thanking  
That ye sa dyng and worthy thing  
As your hart that enlumynyt wes  
240 Off all bounte and all prowes 230  
Will that I in my yemsall tak.  
For you, schyr, I will blythly mak  
This travaill, gif God will me gif  
Layser and space sua lang to lyff.'  
245 The king him thankyt tendrely, 235  
Than wes nane in that cumpany  
That thai na wepyt for pite,  
Thar cher anoyis wes to se.

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

Quhen the lord Douglas on this wis  
250 Had undretane sa hey empris 240  
As the guid kyngis hart to ber  
On Goddis fayis apon wer  
Prissynt for his empris wes he.  
And the kingis infirmyte  
255 Woux mar and mar quhill at the last 245  
The dulfull dede approchit fast,  
And quhen he had gert till him do  
All that gud Crystyn man fell to  
With verray repentance he gaf  
260 The gast, that God till hevyn haiff 250  
Amang his chossyn folk to be  
In joy solace and angell gle.  
And fra his folk wist he wes ded  
The sorow rais fra steid to steid,  
265 Thar mycht men se men ryve thar har 255  
And commounly knyghtis gret full sar  
And thar newffys oft samyn dryve  
And as woud men thar clathis ryve,  
Regratand his worthi bounte  
270 His wyt his strenth his honeste 260  
And our-all the gret cumpany



That he maid thaim oft curtasly.  
'All our defens,' thai said, 'allace  
And he that all our comford was  
275 Our wit and all our governyng 265  
Allace is brocht her till ending.  
His worschip and his mekill mycht  
Maid all that war with him sa wucht  
That thai mycht never abaysit be  
280 Quhill forouth thaim thai mycht him se. 270  
Allace! what sall we do or say,  
For on lyff quhill he lestylt ay  
With all our nychtbouris dred war we,  
And intill mony ser countre  
285 Off our worschip sprang the renoun 275  
And that wes all for his persoune.'  
With swilk wordis thai maid thar mayn  
And sekyrly wounder wes nane,  
For better governour than he  
290 Mycht in na countre fundyn be. 280  
I hop that nane that is on lyve  
The lamentacioun suld discryve  
That that folk for thar lard maid.  
And quhen thai lang thus sorowit had,  
295 And he debowaillyt wes clenly 285  
And bawmyt syne richly,  
And the worthi lord of Douglas  
His hart as it forspokyn was  
Has ressavyt in gret daynte  
300 With gret fayr and solemnyte, 290  
Thai haiff had hym to Dunferlyne  
And him solemply erdyt syne  
In a fayr tumb intill the quer.  
Byschappys and prelatis that thar wer  
305 Assoilyeit him quhen the service 295  
Was done as thai couth best devis  
And syne on the tother day  
Sary and wa ar went thar way.

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

Quhen that the gud king beryit was  
310 The erle of Mureff, Schyr Thomas, 300

Tuk all the land in governyng,  
 All obeyit till his bidding,  
 And the gud lord of Douglas syne  
 Gert mak a cas of silver fyne  
 315 Ennamylyt throu sutelte, 305  
 Tharin the kingis hart did he  
 And ay about his hals it bar  
 And fast him bownyt for to far.  
 His testament divisyt he  
 320 And ordanyt how his land suld be 310  
 Governyt quhill his gayn-cummyng  
 Off frendis, and all other thing  
 That till him pertenynt ony wis  
 With sik forsych and sa wys  
 325 Or his furth-passing ordanyt he 315  
 That na thing mycht amendyt be.  
 And quhen that he his leve had tane  
 To schip to Berwik is he gane,  
 And with a noble cumpany  
 330 Off knyghtis and off squyery 320  
 He put him thar to the se.  
 A lang way furthwart saylit he,  
 For betwix Cornwaill and Bretayne  
 He sayllyt, and left the Grunye of Spainye  
 335 On northalff him, and held thar way 325  
 Quhill to Sabill the Graunt com thai,  
 Bot gretly war his men and he  
 Travaillyt with tempestis of the se,  
 Bot thocht thai gretly travaillit war  
 340 Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar. 330  
 Thai aryvyt at Gret Sabill  
 And eftre in a litill quhill  
 Thar hors to land thai drew ilkane  
 And in the toun has herbry tane,  
 345 He hym contenynt rychly 335  
 For he had a fayr cumpany  
 And gold ynewch for to dispend.  
 The King Alfons him eftre send  
 And hym rycht weill ressavyt he  
 350 And perofferyt him in gret plente 340  
 Gold and tresour hors and armyng,  
 Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing

For he said he tuk that vaiage  
To pas intill pilgramage  
355 On Goddis fayis, that his travaill 345  
Mycht till his saule hele avail,  
And sen he wyst that he had wer  
With Saryzynys he wald dwell thar  
And serve him at hys mycht lely.  
360 The king him thankyt curtasly 350  
And betaucht him gud men that war  
Weill knawyn of that landis wer  
And the maner tharoff alsua,  
Syne till his innys gan he ga  
365 Quhen that the king him levit had. 355

[The repute of Douglas in Spain]

A weill gret sojourne thar he mad,  
Knychtis that come of fer cowntre  
Come in gret hy him for to se  
And honouryt him full gretumly,  
370 And out-our all men fer soveranly 360  
The Inglis knychtis that war thar  
Honour and company him bar.  
Amang thai strangeris was a knycht  
That wes haldyn sa worthi and wicht  
375 That for ane of the gud wes he 365  
Prissyt off the Cristiante,  
Sa fast till-hewyn was his face  
That it our-all ner wemmyt was.  
Or he the lord Douglas had sene  
380 He wend his face had wemmyt bene 370  
Bot never a hurt tharin had he.  
Quhen he unwemmyt gan it se  
He said that he had gret ferly  
That swilk a knycht and sa worthi  
385 And prissyt of sa gret bounte 375  
Mycht in the face unemmyt be,  
And he answerd tharto makly  
And said, 'Love God, all tym had I  
Handis my hed for to wer.'  
390 Quha wald tak kep to this answer 380  
Suld se in it understanding

That, and he that maid that asking  
Had handis to wer, hys face  
That for faute of defence sa was  
395 To-fruschynt intill placis ser 385  
Suld have may-fall left hale and fer.  
The gud knyghtis that than war by  
Pryssyt hys answer gretumly,  
For it wes maid with mek speking  
400 And had ryght hey understanding. 390

[Douglas does battle with the Saracens]

Apon this maner still thai lay  
Quhill throu the countre thai hard say  
That the hey king of Balmerlyne  
With mony a mody Saryzine  
405 Was entrynt intill the land off Spanye 395  
All hale the countre to manye.  
The king off Spaynye on other party  
Gaderynt his ost deliverly  
And delt hym intill bataillis thre,  
410 And to the lord Douglas gaff he 400  
The avaward to led and ster,  
All hale the strangeris with him wer,  
And the gret maister off Saynct Jak  
The tother bataill gert he tak,  
415 The rerward maid himselvyn thar. 405  
Thusgat divisyt furth thai far  
To mete thar fayis that in bataill  
Arayit redy till assaill  
Come agayn thaim full sturdely.  
420 The Douglas that wes sa worthi 410  
Quhen he to thaim of his leding  
Had maid a fayr monesting  
To do weill and na deid to dred,  
For hevynnys blys suld be thar mede  
425 Gyff that thai deyt in Goddis service 415  
Than as gud werrayouris and wis,  
With thaim stoutly assemblit he.  
Thar mycht men felloun fechtyn se,  
For thai war all wicht and worthi  
430 That war on the Cristyn party 420

And faucht sa fast with all thar mayne  
That Saryzynys war mony slayne,  
The-quhether with mony fele fachoun  
Mony a Cristyn dang thai doun,  
435 Bot at the last the lord Douglas 425  
And the gret rout that with him was  
Pressyt the Saryzynys sua  
That thai haly the bak gan ta,  
And thai chassyt with all thar mayn  
440 And mony in the chas has slayn. 430  
Sa fer chassyt the lord of Douglas  
With few, that he passyt was  
All the folk that war chassand then,  
He had nocht with him our ten  
445 Off all men that war with him thar. 435  
Quhen he saw all reparyt war  
Towart hys ost than turnyt he,  
And quhen the Saryzynys gan se  
That the chasseris turnyt agayn  
450 Thai relyit with mekill mayn. 440

[Douglas seeks to rescue another knight and is killed]

And as the gud lord of Douglas  
As I said er, reparand was  
Sa saw he rycht besid thaim ner  
Quhar that Schyr Wilyam the Sanctecler  
455 With a gret rout enveround was. 445  
He was anoyit and said, 'Allace!  
Yone worthy knyght will sone be ded  
Bot he haff help, and our manheid  
Biddys us help him in gret hy  
460 Sen that we ar sa ner him by, 450  
And God wate weill our entent is  
To lyve or de in hys service,  
Hys will in all thing do sall we.  
Sall na perell eschewyt be  
465 Quhill he be put out of yone payn 455  
Or than we all be with him slayn.'  
With that with spuris spedely  
Thai strak the hors and in gret hy  
Amang the Saryzynys thai raid

470 And roume about thaim haf thai maid, 460  
 Thai dang on fast with all thar mycht  
 And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.  
 Grettar defens maid never sa quhone  
 Agayne sa fele as thai haf done,  
 475 Quhill thai mycht last thai gaf battaill 465  
 Bot mycht na worschip thar availl  
 That thai ilkan war slayn doun thar,  
 For Saryzynys sa mony war  
 That thai war twenty ner for ane.  
 480 The gud lord Douglas thar was slane 470  
 And Schyr Wilyam the Sanct Cler alsua  
 And other worthy knyghtis twa,  
 Schyr Robert Logane hat the tane  
 And the tother Schyr Walter Logane,  
 485 Quhar our Lord for his mekill mycht 475  
 Thar saulis haff till his hevynnys hycht.  
 The gud lord Douglas thus wes ded,  
 And Sarazynys in that sted  
 Abaid no mar bot held thar way,  
 490 Thai knyghtis dede thar levyt thai. 480  
 Sum off the lord Douglas men  
 That thar lord ded has fundyn then  
 Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa,  
 Lang quhill our him thai sorowit sua  
 495 And syne with gret dule hame him bar. 485  
 The kingis hart haiff thai fundyn thar  
 And that hame with thaim haf thai tane,  
 And ar towart thar innys gane  
 With gretyng and with ivill cher,  
 500 Thar sorow wes angry for till her. 490

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

And quhen of Keth gud Schyr Wilyam  
 That all that day had bene at hame,  
 For at sua gret malice wes he  
 That he come nocht to the journé  
 505 For his arme brokyn wes in twa, 495  
 Quhen he that folk sic dule saw ma  
 He askyt quhat it wes in hy

And thai him tauld all opynly  
 How that thar douchty lord wes slayn  
 510 With Sarazynys that releyt agayn, 500  
 And quhen he wyst that it was sua  
 Out-our all othyr him was wa  
 And maid sa wondyr yvill cher  
 That all wondryt that by him wer.  
 515 Bot to tell off thar sorowing 505  
 It noyis and helpis litill thing,  
 Men may weill wyt thocht nane thaim tell  
 How angry for sorow and how fell  
 Is to tyne sic a lord as he  
 520 To thaim that war off his mengne, 510  
 For he wes swete and debonar  
 And weill couth trete hys frendis far,  
 And his fayis rycht fellounly  
 Stonay throu his chevalry  
 525 The-quhether off litill affer wes he. 515  
 Our all thing luffit he lawte,  
 At tresoun growyt he sa gretly  
 That na traytour mycht be him by  
 That he mycht wyt that he ne suld be  
 530 Weill punyst off his cruelte. 520  
 I trow the lele Fabricius  
 That fra Rome to werray Pyrrus  
 Wes send with a gret mengne  
 Luffyt tresoun na les than he,  
 535 The-quhether quhen Pirrus had 525  
 On him and on his mengne maid  
 Ane outrageous discumfitour  
 Quhar he eschapyt throu aventour  
 And mony off his men war slayne,  
 540 And he had gadryt ost agayne, 530  
 A gret maistre off medicyne  
 That had Pyrrus in governyne  
 Perofferyt to Fabricius  
 In tresoun to sla Pyrrus,  
 545 For intill his neyst potioun 535  
 He suld giff him dedly pusoun.  
 Fabricius that wonder had  
 Off that peroffre that he him maid  
 Said, 'Certis, Rome is welle off mycht

550 Throu strenth off armys into fycht 540  
To vencus thar fayis, thocht thai  
Consent to treusoun be na way,  
And for thou wald do sic trewsoun  
Thou sall to et a warysoun

555 Ga to Pyrrus and lat him do 545  
Quhatever him lysis on hart tharto.'  
Than till Pyrrus he send in hy  
This maistre and gert opynly  
Fra end till end tell him this tale.

560 Quhen Pyrrus had it hard all hale 550  
He said, 'Wes ever man that sua  
For leawte bar him till his fa  
As her Fabricius dois to me.  
It is als ill to ger him be

565 Turnyt fra way of rychtwisnes 555  
Or ellis consent to wikkitnes  
As at midday to turne agayn  
The sone that rynnys his cours playn.'  
Thus said he off Fabricius,

570 That syne vencussyt this ilk Pyrrus 560  
In plane bataill throu hard fechting.  
His honest leawte gert me bring  
In this ensample her, for he  
Had soverane price off leawte,

575 And sua had the lord of Douglas 565  
That honest lele and worthy was  
That wes ded as befor said we,  
All menyt him strang and preve.

[The body of Douglas brought home and buried]

Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,  
580 Thai debowalyt him and syne 570  
Gert seth him sua that mycht be tane  
The flesch all haly fra the bane  
And the carioune thar in haly place  
Erdyt with rycht gret worschip was.  
585 The banys have tha with thaim tane 575  
And syne ar to thar schippis gane  
Quhen thai war levit off the king  
That had dule for thar sorowing.



To se thai went, gud wind thai had,  
590 Thar cours till Ingland haiff thai maid 580  
And thar sauffly aryvyt thai,  
Syne towart Scotland held thar way  
And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy,  
And the banys honorabilly  
595 Intill the kyrk off Douglas war 585  
Erdyt with dule and mekill car.  
Schyr Archebald his sone gert syn  
Off alabast bath fair and fyne  
Ordane a tumbre sa richly  
600 As it behovyt to sua worthy. 590

[The death of Moray]

Quhen that on this wis Schyr Wilyam  
Off Keth had brocht his banys hame  
And the gud kingis hart alsua,  
And men had richly gert ma  
605 With fayr effer his sepultur, 595  
The erle off Murreff that had the cur  
That tyme off Scotland halely  
With gret worschyp has gert bery  
The kingis hart at the abbay  
610 Off Melros, quhar men prayis ay 600  
That he and his have paradys.  
Quhen this wes done that I devys  
The gud erle governyt the land  
And held the power weill to warand,  
615 The lawe sa weill mantemyt he 605  
And held in pes sua the countre  
That it wes never or his day  
Sa weill, as Ik hard auld men say.  
Bot syne, allace! pusonyt wes he,  
620 To se his dede wes gret pite. 610  
Thir lordis deyt apon this wis.  
He that hey Lord off all thing is  
Up till his mekill blis thaim bring  
And graunt his grace that thar ofspring  
625 Leid weill the land, and ententyve 615  
Be to folow in all thar lyve  
Thar nobill eldrys gret bounte.

Quhar afauld God in trinyte  
Bring us hey till his mekill blis  
630 Quhar alwayis lestand liking is. 620

John Barbour

# The Brus Book I

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

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

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

Quhen Alexander the king wes deid  
That Scotland haid to steyr and leid,  
The land sex yer and mayr perfay  
40 Lay desolat eftyr hys day  
Till that the barnage at the last  
Assemblyt thaim and fayndyt fast  
To cheys a king thar land to ster  
That off auncestry cummyn wer  
45 Off kingis that aucht that reawté  
And mayst had rycht thair king to be.  
Bot envy that is sa feloune  
Maid amang thaim gret discencioun,  
For sum wald haiff the Balleoll king  
50 For he wes cummyn off the offspr yng  
Off hyr that eldest syster was,  
And other sum nyt all that cas  
And said that he thair king suld be  
That war in als ner degre  
55 And cummyn war of the neyst male  
And in branch collaterale.  
Thai said successioun of kyngrik  
Was nocht to lawer feys lik,  
For thar mycht succed na female  
60 Quhill foundyn mycht be ony male  
How that in lyne evyn descendand.  
Thai bar all otherwayis on hand,  
For than the neyst cummyn off the seid  
Man or woman suld succed.  
65 Be this resoun that part thocht hale  
That the lord off Anandyrdale  
Robert the Bruys erle off Carryk  
Aucht to succed to the kynryk.  
The barounys thus war at discord  
70 That on na maner mycht accord  
Till at the last thai all concordyt  
That thar spek suld be recordyt  
Till Edward off Yngland king  
And he suld swer that but fenyeyng

75 He suld that arbytre disclar  
Off thir twa that I tauld off ar  
Quhilk succeid to sic a hycht,  
And lat him ryng that had the rycht.  
This ordynance thaim thocht the best,  
80 For that tyme wes pes and rest  
Betwyx Scotland and Inland bath,  
And thai couth nocht persave the skaith  
That towart thaim wes apperand.  
For that at the king off Inland  
85 Held swylk freyndschip and cumpany  
To thar king that wes swa worthy,  
Thai trowyt that he as gud nychtbur  
And as freyndsosome compositur  
Wald have jugyt in lawté  
90 But othir-wayis all yheid the gle.

[Edward I's ambitions]

A! Blind folk full off all foly,  
Haid ye umbethocht you enkrely  
Quhat perell to you mycht apper  
Ye had nocht wrocht on that maner.  
95 Haid ye tane keip how at that king  
Always foroutyn sojournyng  
Travayllyt for to wyn senyhory  
And throu his mycht till occupy  
Landis that war till him marcheand  
100 As Walis was and als Ireland,  
That he put to swylk thrillage  
That thai that war of hey parage  
Suld ryn on fute as rebaldaill  
Quhen he wald our folk assaill.  
105 Durst nane of Walis in bataill ride  
Na yhet fra evyn fell abyd  
Castell or wallyt toune within  
That he ne suld lyff and lymmys tyne,  
Into swilk thrillage thaim held he  
110 That he ourcome throu his powste.  
Ye mycht se he suld occupy  
Throu slycht that he ne mycht throu maistri.  
Had ye tane kep quhat was thrillag

And had consideryt his usage  
115 That gryppyt ay but gayne-gevyng,  
Ye suld foroutyn his demyng  
Haiff chosyn you a king that mycht  
Have haldyn weyle the land in rycht.  
Walys ensample mycht have bene  
120 To you had ye it forow sene,  
And wys men sayis he is happy  
That be other will him chasty,  
For unfayr thingis may fall perfay  
Als weill to-morn as yhisterday.  
125 Bot ye traistyt in lawté  
As sympile folk but mavyté,  
And wyst nocht quhat suld efter tyd.  
For in this world that is sa wyde  
Is nane determynat that sall  
130 Know thingis that ar to fall,  
But God that is off maist powesté  
Reservyt till his majesté  
For to know in his prescience  
Off alkyn tyme the movence.

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

135 On this maner assentyt war  
The barounis as I said you ar,  
And throuch thar aller hale assent  
Messengeris till hym thai sent,  
That was than in the Haly Land  
140 On Saracenys warrayand.  
And fra he wyst quhat charge thai had  
He buskyt hym but mar abad  
And left purpos that he had tane  
And till Ingland agayne is gane,  
145 And syne till Scotland word send he  
That thai suld mak ane assemble,  
And he in hy suld cum to do  
In all thing as thai wrayt him to.  
Bot he thocht weile throuch thar debat  
150 That he suld slely fynd the gate  
How that he all the senyhoury  
Throu his gret mycht suld occupy.

And to Robert the Bruys said he,  
'Gyff thou will hald in cheyff off me  
155 For evermar, and thine ofspryng,  
I sall do swa thou sall be king.'  
'Schyr,' said he, 'sa God me save  
The kynryk yharn I nocht to have  
Bot gyff it fall off rycht to me,  
160 And gyff God will that it sa be  
I sall als frely in all thing  
Hald it as it offeris to king,  
Or as myn eldris forouth me  
Held it in freyast reawté.'  
165 The tother wreyth him and swar  
That he suld have it never mar  
And turnyt him in wreth away.  
Bot Schyr Jhon the Balleoll perfay  
Assentyt till him in all his will,  
170 Quharthrouch fell efter mekill ill.  
He was king bot a litill quhile  
And throuch gret sutelte and ghyle  
For litill enchesone or nane  
He was arestyt syne and tane,  
175 And degradyt syne wes he  
Off honour and off dignite,  
Quhether it wes throuch wrang or rycht  
God wat it that is maist off mycht.

[The miseries of English occupation]

Quhen Schyr Edward the mychty king  
180 Had on this wys done his likyng  
Off Jhone the Balleoll, that swa sone  
Was all defawtyt and undone,  
To Scotland went he than in hy,  
And all the land gan occupy  
185 Sa hale that bath castell and toune  
War intill his possessioun  
Fra Weik anent Orknay  
To Mullyr Snuk in Gallaway,  
And stuffyt all with Inglismen.  
190 Schyrrreffys and bailyheys maid he then,  
And alkyn other officeris

That for to govern land offeris  
He maid off Inglis nation,  
That worthy than sa rycht fellone  
195 And sa wykkyt and covatous  
And swa hawtane and dispitous  
That Scottismen mycht do na thing  
That ever mycht pleys to thar liking.  
Thar wyffis wald thai oft forly  
200 And thar dochtrys dispitusly  
And gyff ony of thaim tharat war wrath  
Thai watyt hym wele with gret scaith,  
For thai suld fynd sone enchesone  
To put hym to destruccione.  
205 And gyff that ony man thaim by  
Had ony thing that wes worthy,  
As hors or hund or other thing  
That war plesand to thar liking,  
With rycht or wrang it have wald thai,  
210 And gyf ony wald thaim withsay  
Thai suld swa do that thai suld tyne  
Othir land or lyff or leyff in pyne,  
For thai dempt thaim efter thar will,  
Takand na kep to rycht na skill.  
215 A! Quhat thai dempt thaim felonly,  
For gud knyghtis that war worthy  
For litill enchesoune or than nane  
Thai hangyt be the nekbane.  
Alas that folk that ever wes fre,  
220 And in fredome wount for to be,  
Throu thar gret myschance and foly  
War trectyt than sa wykkytly  
That thar fays thar jugis war,  
Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar.

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

225 A! Fredome is a noble thing  
Fredome mays man to haiff liking.  
Fredome all solace to man giffis,  
He levys at es that frely levys.  
A noble hart may haiff nane es  
230 Na ellys nocht that may him ples



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

Schortly to say, is nane can tell  
The halle condicioun off a threll.

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

275 Thusgat levyt thai and in sic thrillage  
Bath pur and thai off hey parag,  
For off the lordis sum thai slew  
And sum thai hangyt and sum thai drew,  
And sum thai put in hard presoune  
280 Foroutyn caus or enchesoun,  
And amang other off Douglas  
Put in presoun Schyr Wilyam was  
That off Douglas was lord and syr,  
Off him thai makyt a martyr.  
285 Fra thai in presoune him sleuch  
His land that is fayr inewch  
Thai the lord off Clyffurd gave.  
He had a sone, a litill knave,  
That was than bot a litill page,  
290 Bot syne he wes off gret vaslage.  
Hys fadyr dede he vengyt sua  
That in Inghland I underta  
Wes nane off lyve that hym ne dred,  
For he sa fele off harnys sched  
295 That nane that lyvys thaim can tell.  
Bot wonderly hard thing fell  
Till him or he till state wes brocht.  
Thair wes nane aventur that mocht  
Stunay hys hart na ger him let  
300 To do the thing that he wes on set,  
For he thocht ay encrely  
To do his deid avysily.  
He thocht weill he was worth na seyle  
That mycht of nane anoyis feyle,  
305 And als for till escheve gret thingis  
And hard travalys and barganyngis,  
That suld ger his price doublyt be.  
Quharfor in all hys lyvetyme he  
Wes in gret payn and gret travaill,  
310 And never wald for myscheiff fail

Bot dryve the thing rycht to the end  
And tak the ure that God wald send.  
His name wes James of Douglas,  
And quhen he herd his fader was  
315 Put in presoune so fellounly,  
And at his landis halyly  
War gevyn to the Clyffurd perfay  
He wyst nocht quhat to do na say,  
For he had na thing for to dispend  
320 Na thar wes nane that ever him kend  
Wald do sa mekill for him that he  
Mycht sufficiently fundyn be.  
Than wes he wonder will off wane,  
And sodanly in hart has tane  
325 That he wald travaile our the se  
And a quhile in Parys be,  
And dre myscheiff quhar nane hym kend  
Til God sum succouris till hym send.  
And as he thocht he did rycht sua,  
330 And sone to Parys can he ga  
And levyt thar full sympylly,  
The-quhether he glaid was and joly,  
And till swylk thowlesnes he yeid  
As the cours askis off youtheid,  
335 And umquhill into rybbaldaill.  
And that may mony tyme availl,  
For knowlage off mony statis  
May quhile availye full mony gatis  
As to the gud erle off Artayis  
340 Robert befell in his dayis  
For oft fenyeyng off rybbaldy  
Availyeit himand that gretly.  
And Catone sayis us in his wryt  
That to fenyhe foly quhile is wyt.  
345 In Parys ner thre yer dwellyt he,  
And then come tythandis our the se  
That his fadyr wes done to ded.  
Then wes he wa and will of red,  
And thocht that he wald hame agayne  
350 To luk gyff he throu ony payn  
Mycht wyn agayn his heritage  
And his men out off all thryllage.

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

To Sanct Androws he come in hy,  
Quhar the byschop full curtasly  
355 Resavyt him and gert him wer  
His knyvyys forouth him to scher,  
And cled him rycht honorabilly  
And gert ordayn quhar he suld ly.  
A weile gret quhile thar dwellyt he.  
360 All men lufyt him, for his bounte,  
For he wes off full fayr effer  
Wys curtais and deboner.  
Larg and luffand als wes he,  
And our all thing luffyt lawté.  
365 Leawté to luff is gretumly,  
Throuch leawté liffis men rychtwisly.  
With a vertu and leawté  
A man may yeit sufficyand be,  
And but leawté may nane haiff price  
370 Quether he be wycht or he be wys,  
For quhar it failyeys na vertu  
May be off price na off valu  
To mak a man sa gud that he  
May symply callyt gud man be.  
375 He wes in all his dedis lele,  
For him dedeyneyt nocht to dele  
With trechery na with falset.  
His hart on hey honour wes set,  
And hym contenynt on sic maner  
380 That all him luffyt that war him ner.  
Bot he wes nocht sa fayr that we  
Suld spek gretly off his beauté.  
In vysage wes he sumdeill gray  
And had blak har as Ic hard say,  
385 Bot off lymmys he wes weill maid  
With banys gret and schuldrys braid,  
His body wes weyll maid and lenye  
As thai that saw hym said to me.  
Quhen he wes blyth he wes lufly  
390 And meyk and sweyt in cumpany,

Bot quha in battaill mycht him se  
All othir contenance had he.  
And in spek wlispyt he sumdeill,  
Bot that sat him rycht wonfre weill.  
395 Till gud Ector of Troy mycht he  
In mony thingis liknyt be.  
Ector had blak har as he had  
And stark lymmys and rycht weill maid,  
And wlispyt alsua as did he,  
400 And wes fullillyt of leawté  
And wes curtais and wys and wycht  
Bot off manheid and mekill mycht  
Till Ector dar I nane comper  
Off all that ever in warldys wer.  
405 The-quhethyr in his tyme sa wrocht he  
That he suld gretly lovyt be.

[Douglas asks Edward I for his lands]

He dwellyt thar quhill on a tid  
The King Edward with mekill prid  
Come to Strevillyne with gret mengye  
410 For till hald thar ane assemble.  
Thidderwart went mony baroune,  
Byschop Wilyame off Lambyrtoun  
Raid thiddyr als and with him was  
This squyer James of Douglas.  
415 The byschop led him to the king  
And said, 'Schyr, heyr I to you bryng  
This child that clemys your man to be,  
And prays you par cheryté  
That ye resave her his homage  
420 And grantis him his heritage.'  
'Quhat landis clemys he?' said the king.  
'Schyr, giff that it be your liking  
He clemys the lordschip off Douglas,  
For lord tharoff hys fader was.'  
425 The king then wrethyt him encrely  
And said, 'Schyr byschop, sekyrly  
Gyff thou wald kep thi fewté  
Thoue maid nane sis speking to me.  
His fadyr ay wes my fay feloune

430 And deyt tharfor in my presoun  
And wes agayne my majesté  
Tharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.  
Ga purches land quharever he may  
For tharoff haffys he nane, perfay.  
435 The Clyffurd sall thaim haiff for he  
Ay lely has servyt to me.'  
The bischop hard him swa answer  
And durst than spek till him na mar,  
Bot fra his presence went in hy  
440 For he dred sayr his felouny  
Swa that he na mar spak tharto.  
The king did that he com to do  
And went till Ingland syn agayn  
With mony man off mekill mayn.

[The romance begins; the Scots and the Macabees]

445 Lordingis, quha likis for till her,  
The romanys now begynnys her  
Off men that war in gret distres  
And assayit full gret hardynes  
Or thai mycht cum till thar entent.  
450 Bot syne our Lord sic grace thaim sent  
That thai syne throu thar gret valour  
Come till gret hycht and till honour,  
Magré thar fayis everilkane  
That war sa fele that ay till ane  
455 Off thaim thai war weill a thousand,  
Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withstand.  
Bot and we say the suthfastnes  
Thai war sum tyme erar may then les,  
Bot God that maist is off all mycht  
460 Preservyt thaim in his forsycht  
To veng the harme and the contrer  
At that fele folk and pautener  
Dyd till sympill folk and worthy  
That couth nocht help thaim self. For-thi  
465 Thai war lik to the Machabeys  
That as men in the bibill seys  
Throw thar gret worschip and valour  
Faucht into mony stalwart stour

For to delyver thar countre  
470 Fra folk that throu iniquite  
Held thaim and thairis in thrillage.  
Thai wrocht sua throu thar vasselage  
That with few folk thai had victory  
Off mychty kingis as sayis the story,  
475 And delyveryt thar land all fre,  
Quharfor thar name suld lovyt be.

[Comyn's proposal to Bruce]

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

I will blythly apon me ta  
The state, for I wate that I have rycht,  
510 And rycht mays oft the feble wycht.'

[The dangers of treason]

The barounys thus accordyt ar,  
And that ilk nycht writyn war  
Thair endenturis, and aythis maid  
To hald that thai forspokyn haid.  
515 Bot of all thing wa worth tresoun,  
For thar is nother duk ne baroun  
Na erle na prynce na king off mycht  
Thocht he be never sa wys na wycht  
For wyt worschip price na renoun,  
520 That ever may wauch hym with tresoune.  
Was nocht all Troy with tresoune tane  
Quhen ten yeris off the wer wes gane?  
Then slayn wes mony thousand  
Off thaim without throu strenth of hand,  
525 As Dares in his buke he wrate,  
And Dytis that knew all thar state.  
Thai mycht nocht haiff beyn tane throu mycht,  
Bot tresoun tuk thaim throu hyr slycht.  
And Alexander the conqueroure  
530 That conquest Babilonys tour  
And all this world off lenth and breid  
In twelf yher throu his douchty deid  
Wes syne destroyit throu pusoune  
In his awyne hous throu gret tresoun,  
535 Bot or he deit his land delt he;  
To se his dede wes gret pite.  
Julius Cesar als, that wan  
Bretane and Fraunce as douchty man,  
Affryk, Arrabe, Egipt, Surry  
540 And all Europe halyly,  
And for his worschip and valour  
Off Rome wes fryst made emperour,  
Syne in his capitole wes he  
Throu thaim of his consaill preve  
545 Slayne with punsoune rycht to the ded,  
And quhen he saw thar wes na rede



Hys eyn with his hand closit he  
For to dey with mar honeste.  
Als Arthur that throu chevalry  
550 Maid Bretane maistres and lady  
Off twelf kinrikis that he wan,  
And alsua as a noble man  
He wan throu bataill Fraunce all fre,  
And Lucius Yber vencusyt he  
555 That then of Rome wes emperour,  
Bot yeit for all his gret valour  
Modreyt his syster son him slew,  
And gud men als ma then inew  
Throu tresoune and throu wikkitnes,  
560 The Broite beris tharoff wytnes.  
Sa fell of this conand-making,  
For the Cumyn raid to the king  
Off Ingland and tald all this cas  
Bot I trow nocht all as it was  
565 Bot the endentur till him gaf he  
That sounne schawyt the iniquite.  
Quharfor syne he tholyt ded,  
Than he couth set tharfor na rede.

[Edward I confronts Bruce with the indenture in parliament]

Quhen the king saw the endentur  
570 He wes angry out of mesur,  
And swour that he suld vengeance ta  
Off that Bruys that presumyt swa  
Aganys him to brawle or rys  
Or to conspyr on sic a wys.  
575 And to Schyr Jhon Cumyn said he  
That he suld for his leawté  
Be rewardyt and that hely,  
And he him thankit humyly.  
Than thocht he to have the leding  
580 Off all Scotland but gane-saying  
Fra at the Bruce to dede war brocht.  
Bot oft failyeis the fulis thocht,  
And wys mennys etling  
Cummys nocht ay to that ending  
585 That thai think it sall cum to,

For God wate weill quhat is to do.  
Off hys etlyng rycht swa it fell  
As I sall efterwartis tell.  
He tuk his leve and hame is went,  
590 And the king a parlyament  
Gert set tharefter hastely  
And thidder somounys he in hy  
The barounys of his reawté,  
And to the lord the Bruce send he  
595 Bydding to cum to that gadryng.  
And he that had na persavyng  
Off the tresoun na the falset  
Raid to the king but langer let,  
And in Lundon hym herberyd he  
600 The fyrst day off thar assemble,  
Syne on the morn to court he went.  
The king sat into parleament  
And forouth hys consaile preve  
The lord the Bruce thar callyt he  
605 And schawyt hym the endentur.  
He wes in full gret aventur  
To tyne his lyff, bot God of mycht  
Preservyt him till hyer hycht,  
That wald nocht that he swa war dede.  
610 The king betaucht hym in that steid  
The endentur the seile to se,  
And askyt gyff it enselyt he?  
He lukyt the seyle entently  
And answeryt till him humyly  
615 And sayd, 'How that I sympill be  
My seyle is nocht all tyme with me.  
Ik have ane other it to ber.  
Tharfor giff that your willis wer  
Ic ask you respyt for to se  
620 This letter and tharwith avysit be  
Till tomorn that ye be set,  
And then foroutyn langer let  
This letter sall I entyr heyr  
Befor all your consaill planer,  
625 And thartill into borwch draw I  
Myn herytage all halily.'  
The king thocht he wes traist inewch

Sen he in bowrch hys landis drewch,  
And let hym with the letter passe  
630 Till entyr it as forspokin was.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book Ii

[Bruce escapes to Lochmaben]

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

[The killing of Comyn and his uncle]

25 Sa fell it in the samyn tid  
That at Dumfres rycht thar besid  
Schir Jhone the Cumyn sojornyng maid.  
The Brus lap on and thidder raid  
And thocht foroutyn mar letting  
30 For to quyt hym his discovering.  
Thidder he raid but langer let  
And with Schyr Jhone the Cumyn met  
In the Freris at the hye awter,

And schawyt him with lauchand cher  
35 The endentur, syne with a knyff  
Rycht in that sted hym reft the lyff.  
Schyr Edmund Cumyn als wes slayn  
And othir mony off mekill mayn.  
Nocht-for-thi yeit sum men sayis  
40 At that debat fell other-wayis,  
Bot quhat-sa-evyr maid the debate  
Thar-through he deyt weill I wat.  
He mysdyd thar gretly but wer  
That gave na gyrth to the awter,  
45 Tharfor sa hard myscheiff him fell  
That Ik herd never in romanys tell  
Off man sa hard frayit as wes he  
That efterwart com to sic bounte.

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

Now agayne to the king ga we  
50 That on the morn with his barne  
Sat intill his parleament,  
And eftyr the lord the Bruys he sent  
Rycht till his in with knychtis kene.  
Quhen he oft-tyme had callit bene  
55 And his men efter him askit thai,  
Thai said that he sen yhysterday  
Dwelt in his chambyr ythanly  
With a clerk with him anerly.  
Than knokyt thai at his chamur thar  
60 And quhen thai hard nane mak answar  
Thai brak the dur, bot thai fand nocht  
The-quhethir the chambre hale thai socht.  
Thai tald the king than hale the cas  
And how that he eschapyt was.  
65 He wes off his eschap sary  
And swour in ire full stalwartly  
That he suld drawyn and hangit be.  
He manansyt as him thocht, bot he  
Thought that suld pas ane other way  
70 And, quhen he as ye herd me say  
Intill the kyrk Schyr Jhone haid slain,

Till Louchmabane he went agayne  
And gert men with his lettres ryd  
To freyndis apon ilk sid  
75 That come to hym with thar mengye,  
And his men als assemblit he  
And thocht that he wald mak him king.  
Our all the land the word gan spryng  
That the Bruce the Cumyn had slayn,  
80 And amang other, lettres ar gayn  
To the byschop off Androws towne  
That tauld how slayn wes that baroun.  
The letter tauld hym all the deid,  
And he till his men gert reid  
85 And sythyn said thaim, 'Sekyrly  
I hop Thomas prophecy  
Off Hersildoune sall veryfyd be  
In him, for swa Our Lord help me  
I haiff gret hop he sall be king  
90 And haiff this land all in leding.'

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

James off Douglas that ay-quhar  
Allwayis befor the byschop schar  
Had weill hard all the letter red,  
And he tuk alsua full gud hed  
95 To that the byschop had said.  
And quhen the burdys doun war laid  
Till chamyr went thai then in hy,  
And James off Douglas prevely  
Said to the byschop, 'Schyr, ye se  
100 How Inglismen throu thar powste  
Dysherysys me off my land,  
And men has gert you understand  
Als that the erle off Carryk  
Clamys to gevern the kynryk,  
105 And for yon man that he has slayn  
All Inglismen ar him agayn  
And wald disherys hym blythly,  
The-quheter with hym dwell wald I.  
Tharfor, schir, giff it war your will  
110 I wald tak with him gud and ill.

Throu hym I trow my land to wyn  
 Magré the Cliffurd and his kyn.'  
 The byschop hard and had pite  
 And said, 'Swet son, sa God help me  
 115 I wald blythly that thou war thar  
 Bot at I nocht reprovyt war.  
 On this maner weile wyrk thou may.  
 Thou sall tak Ferrand my palfray,  
 For thar is na hors in this land  
 120 Sa swyttht na yeit sa weill at hand.  
 Tak him as off thine awyne hewid  
 As I had gevyn tharto na reid,  
 And gyff his yhemar oucht gruchys  
 Luk that thou tak him magré his,  
 125 Swa sall I weill assonyeit be.  
 Mychty God for his powste  
 Graunt that he that thou pasis to  
 And thou in all tyme sa weill to do  
 That ye you fra your fayis defend.'  
 130 He taucht him siluer to dispend  
 And syne gaiff him gud day  
 And bad him pas furth on his way,  
 For he ne wald spek till he war gane.  
 The Douglas then his way has taine  
 135 Rycht to the hors, as he him bad,  
 Bot he that him in yhemsell had  
 Than warnyt him dispitously,  
 Bot he that wreth him encrely  
 Fellyt hym with a swerys dynt,  
 140 And syne foroutyn langer stynt  
 The hors he sadylt hastely,  
 And lap on hym delyverly  
 And passyt furth but leve-taking.  
 Der God that is off hevyn king  
 145 Sauff hym and scheld him fra his fayis.  
 All him alane the way he tais  
 Towart the towne off Louchmabane,  
 And a litill fra Aryk stane  
 The Bruce with a gret rout he met  
 150 That raid to Scone for to be set  
 In kingis stole and to be king.  
 And quhen Douglas saw hys cummyng

He raid and hailst hym in hy  
And lowtyt him ffull curtasly,  
155 And tauld him haly all his state  
And quhat he was, and als how-gat  
The Cliffurd held his heritage,  
And that he come to mak homage  
Till him as till his rychtwis king,  
160 And at he boune wes in all thing  
To tak with him the gud and ill.  
And quhen the Bruce had herd his will  
He resavyt him in gret daynté  
And men and armys till him gaff he.  
165 He thocht weile he suld be worthy  
For all his eldris war douchty.  
Thusgat maid thai thar aquentance  
That never syne for nakyn chance  
Departyt quhill thai lyffand war.  
170 Thair frendschip woux ay mar and mar,  
For he servyt ay lelely,  
And the tother full wilfully  
That was bath worthy wycht and wys  
Rewardyt him weile his service.

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

175 The lord the Bruce to Glaskow raid  
And send about him quhill he haid  
Off his freyndis a gret menyhe,  
And syne to Scone in hy raid he  
And wes maid king but langer let,  
180 And in the kingis stole wes set  
As in that tyme wes the maner.  
Bot off thar nobleis, gret affer,  
Thar service na thar realté  
Ye sall her na thing now for me,  
185 Owtane that he off the barnage  
That thidder come tok homage  
And syne went our all the land  
Frendis and frendschip purchesand  
To maynteym that he had begunnyn.  
190 He wyst or all the land war wonnyn



He suld fynd full hard barganyng  
With him that wes off Inland king,  
For thar wes nane off lyff sa fell  
Sa pautener na sa cruell.  
195 And quhen to King Edward wes tauld  
How at the Bruys that wes sa bauld  
Had brocht the Cumyn till ending,  
And how he syne had maid him king,  
Owt off his wyt he went weill ner,  
200 And callit till him Schir Amer  
The Vallang that wes wys and wycht  
And off his hand a worthy knyght,  
And bad him men off armys ta  
And in hy till Scotland ga,  
205 And byrn and slay and rais dragoun,  
And hycht all Fyfe in warysoun  
Till him that mycht other ta or sla  
Robert the Bruce that wes his fa.  
Schir Aymer did as he him bad,  
210 Gret chevalry with him he had,  
With him wes Philip the Mowbray,  
And Ingram the Umfravill perfay  
That wes bath wys and averty  
And full off gret chevalry,  
215 And off Scotland the maist party  
Thai had intill thar cumpany,  
For yheit then mekill off the land  
Wes intill Inglismennys hand.  
Till Perth then went thai in a rout,  
220 That then wes wallyt all about  
With feile towris ryght hey bataillyt  
To defend giff it war assaylit,  
Tharin dwellyt Schyr Amery  
With all his gret chevalry.  
225 The King Robert wyst he wes thar  
And quhatkyn chyftanys with him war  
And assemblyt all his mengye.  
He had feyle off full gret bounte  
Bot thar fayis war may then thai  
230 Be fyften hunder as Ik herd say,  
The-quhether he had thar at that ned  
Full feill that war douchty off deid

And barounys that war bauld as bar.  
Twa erlis alsua with him war,  
235 Off Levynax and Atholl war thai.  
Edward the Bruce wes thar alsua,  
Thomas Randell and Hew de le Hay  
And Schyr David the Berclay  
Fresale, Somerveile, and Inchmertyn.  
240 James off Douglas thar wes syne  
That yheyt than wes bot litill off mycht,  
And othir fele folk forsye in fycht  
Als was gude Cristell of Setoun 243  
And Robert Boyd of greit renoun, 244  
245 And uther feill of mekill micht 245\*  
Bot I can nocht tell quhat thai hycht. 243

[At Perth; Umfraville's advice to Valence]

Thocht thai war quheyn thai war worthy  
And full off gret chevalry,  
And in bataill in gud aray  
250 Befor Sanct Jhonystoun com thai 247  
And bad Schyr Amery isch to fycht,  
And he that in the mekill mycht  
Traistyt off thaim that wes him by  
Bad his men arme thaim hastily.  
255 Bot Schir Ingram the Umfravill 252  
Thocht it war all to gret perill  
In playne bataill to thaim to ga  
Or-quhill thai war arayit sa,  
And till Schyr Amer said he,  
260 'Schir, giff that ye will trow to me, 257  
Ye sall nocht ische thaim till assaile  
Till thai ar purvayt in bataill,  
For thar ledar is wys and wycht  
And off his hand a noble knycht,  
265 And he has in his cumpany 262  
Mony a gud man and worthi  
That sall be hard for till assay  
Till thai ar in sa gud aray,  
For it suld be full mekill mycht  
270 That now suld put thaim to the flycht, 267  
For quhen folk ar weill arayit

And for the bataill weill purvait  
 With-thi that thai all gud men be,  
 Thai sall fer mar be avisé  
 275 And weill mar for to dreid then thai 272  
 War sumdele out off aray.  
 Tharfor ye may, schyr, say thaim till  
 That thai may this nycht and thai will  
 Gang herbery thaim and slep and rest,  
 280 And to-morn but langer lest 277  
 Ye sall isch furth to the bataill,  
 And fecht with thaim bot gyf thai faile.  
 Sa till thar herbery went sall thai  
 And sum sall went to the forray,  
 285 And thai that dwellis at the logyng 282  
 Sen thai cum out off travelling  
 Sall in schort tyme unarmyt be.  
 Then on our best maner may we  
 With all our fayr chevalry  
 290 Ryd towart thaim rycht hardyly. 287  
 And thai that wenys to rest all nycht  
 Quhen thai se us arayit to fycht  
 Cummand on thaim sa sudanly,  
 Thai sall affrayit be gretumly,  
 295 And or thai cummyn in bataill be 292  
 We sall speid us swagat that we  
 Sall be all redy till assemblill.  
 Sum man for erynes will trymbill  
 Quhen he assayit is sodanly  
 300 That with avisement is douchty.' 297

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

As he avisyt have thai done,  
 And till thaim utouth send thai sone  
 And bade thaim herbery thaim that nycht  
 And on the morn cum to the fycht.  
 305 Quhen thai saw thai mycht no mar 302  
 Towart Meffayn then gan thai far  
 And in the woud thaim logyt thai.  
 The thrid part went to the forray,  
 And the lave sone unarmyt war  
 310 And skalyt to loge thaim her and thar 307

Schyr Amer then but mar abaid  
 With all the folk he with him haid  
 Ischyt inforcely to the fycht,  
 And raid intill a randoun rycht  
 315 The straucht way towart Meffen. 312  
 The king that wes unarmyt then  
 Saw thaim cum swa inforcely,  
 Then till his men gan hely cry,  
 'Till armys, swyth, and makis you yar,  
 320 Her at our hand our fayis ar.' 317  
 And thai did swa in full gret hy  
 And on thar hors lap hastily.  
 The king displayit his baner  
 Quhen that his folk assemblyt wer  
 325 And said, 'Lordingis now may ye se 322  
 That yone folk all throu sutelte  
 Schapis thaim to do with slycht  
 That at thai drede to do with mycht.  
 Now I persave he that will trew  
 330 His fa, it sall him sum-tyme rew. 327  
 And nocht-for-thi, thocht thai be fele  
 God may rycht weill our werdis dele  
 For multitud mais na victory,  
 As man has red in mony story  
 335 That few folk has oft vencusyt ma. 332  
 Trow we that we sall do rycht sua.  
 Ye ar ilkan wycht and worthy  
 And full of gret chevalry,  
 And wate rycht weill quhat honour is.  
 340 Wyrk yhe then apon swylk wys 337  
 That your honour be savyt ay.  
 And a thing will I to you say,  
 That he that deis for his cuntre  
 Sall herbryit intill hevyn be.'  
 345 Quhen this wes said thai saw cumand 342  
 Thar fayis ridand ner at the hand  
 Arayit rycht avisely  
 Willfull to do chevalry.

[The battle of Methven]

On athir syd thus war thai yhar

350 And till assemble all reddy war. 347  
 Thai straucht thar speris on athir syd  
 And swa ruydly gan samyn ryd  
 That speris al to-fruschyt war  
 And feyle men dede and woundyt sar,  
 355 The blud out at thar byrnys brest, 352  
 For the best and the worthiest  
 That wilfull war to wyn honour  
 Plungyt in the stalwart stour  
 And routis ruyd about thaim dang.  
 360 Man mycht haiff seyn into that thrang 357  
 Knychtis that wycht and hardy war  
 Under hors feyt defoulyt thar  
 Sum woundyt and sum all ded,  
 The gres woux off the blud all rede.  
 365 And thai that held on hors in hy 362  
 Swappyt out swerdis sturdyly  
 And sa fell strakys gave and tuk  
 That all the renk about thaim quouk.  
 The Bruysis folk full hardely  
 370 Schawyt thar gret chevalry 367  
 And he him selff atour the lave  
 Sa hard and sa hevy dyntis gave  
 That quhar he come thai maid him way.  
 His folk thaim put in hard assay  
 375 To stynt thar fais mekill mycht 372  
 That then so fayr had off the fycht  
 That thai wan feild ay mar and mar.  
 The kingis small folk ner vencusyt ar,  
 And quhen the king his folk has sene  
 380 Begouth to faile, for propyr tene 377  
 His assenyhe gan he cry  
 And in the stour sa hardyly  
 He ruschyt that all the semble schuk.  
 He all till-hewyt that he ourtuk  
 385 And dang on thaim quhill he mycht drey. 382  
 And till his folk he cryt hey,  
 'On thaim, on thaim, thai feble fast,  
 This bargane never may langer last.'  
 And with that word sa wilfully  
 390 He dang on and sa hardely 387  
 That quha had sene him in that fycht

Suld hald him for a douchty knyght.  
 But thocht he wes stout and hardy  
 And othir als off his cumpany,  
 395 Thar mycht na worschip thar availye 392  
 For thar small folk begouth to failye  
 And fled all skalyt her and thar.  
 Bot the gude at enchaufyt war  
 Off ire abade and held the stour  
 400 To conquyr thaim endles honour. 397  
 And quhen Schyr Amer has sene  
 The small folk fle all bedene  
 And sa few abid to fycht  
 He releyt to himm mony a knyght  
 405 And in the stour sa hardyly 402  
 He ruschyt with hys chevalry  
 That he ruschyt his fayis ilkane.  
 Schyr Thomas Randell thar wes tane  
 That then wes a young bachelor  
 410 And Schyr Alexander Fraseyr 407  
 And Schyr David the Breklay  
 Inchmertyne and Hew de le Hay  
 And Somervell and other ma.  
 And the king him selff alsua  
 415 Wes set imtill full hard assay 412  
 Throu Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
 That raid till him full hardyly  
 And hynt hys rengye and syne gan cry,  
 'Help! Help! I have the new-maid king.'  
 420 With that come gyrdand in a lyng 417  
 Crystall off Seytoun quhen he swa  
 Saw the king sesyt with his fa,  
 And to Philip sic rout he raucht  
 That thocht he wes of mekill maucht  
 425 He gert him galay disyly, 422  
 And haid till erd gane fullyly  
 Ne war he hynt him by his sted,  
 Then off his hand the brydill yhed.  
 And the king his enssenye gan cry,  
 430 Releyt his men that war him by 427  
 That war sa few that thai na mycht  
 Endur the fors mar off the fycht.  
 Thai prikyt then out off the pres,

And the king that angry wes  
 435 For he his men saw fle him fra 432  
 Said then, 'Lordingis, sen it is swa  
 That ure rynnys agane us her,  
 Gud is we pas of thar daunger  
 Till God us send eft-sonys grace.  
 440 And yeyt may fall giff thai will chace 437  
 Quyt thaim corn-but sumdele we sall.'  
 To this word thai assentyt all  
 And fra thaim walopyt ovyr-mar.  
 Thar fayis alsua wery war  
 445 That off thaim all thar chassyt nane, 442  
 Bot with presoneris that thai had tane  
 Rycht to the toune thai held thar way,  
 Rycht glaid and joyfull off thar pray.  
 That nycht thai lay all in the toun,  
 450 Thar wes nane off sa gret renoun 447  
 Na yeit sa hardy off thaim all  
 That durst herbery with-out the wall,  
 Sa dred thai sar the gayne-cummyng  
 Off Schyr Robert the douchty king.  
 455 And to the king off Inland sone 452  
 Thai wrate haly as thai haid done,  
 And he wes blyth off that tithing  
 And for dispyte bad draw and hing  
 All the presonneris thocht thai war ma.  
 460 Bot Schyr Amery did nocht sua 457  
 To sum bath land and lyff gaiff he  
 To leve the Bruysis fewte  
 And serve the king off Inland  
 And off him for to hald the land  
 465 And werray the Brus as thar fa. 462  
 Thomas Randell wes ane off tha  
 That for his lyff become thar man.  
 Off other that war takyn than  
 Sum thai ransounyt, sum thai slew  
 470 And sum thai hangyt and sum thai drew. 467

[The king goes to the Mounth as a refugee]

In this maner rebutyt was  
 The Bruys that mekill murnyn mais

For his men that war slayne and tane,  
 And he wes als sa will off wane  
 475 That he trowit in nane sekyrly 472  
 Outane thaim off his cumpany,  
 That war sa few that thai mycht be  
 Fyve hunder ner off all mengye.  
 His broder always wes him by  
 480 Schyr Edward that wes sa hardy, 477  
 And with him wes a bauld baroun  
 Schyr Wilyam the Boroundoun.  
 The erle off Athole als wes thar,  
 Bot ay syn thai discomfyt war  
 485 The erle off the Levenax wes away 482  
 And wes put to full hard assay  
 Or he met with the king agayn,  
 Bot always as a man off mayn  
 He mayntemyt him full manlyly.  
 490 The king had in his cumpany 487  
 James alsua of Douglas  
 That wucht wys and averty was,  
 Schyr Gilbert de le Hay alsua  
 Schir Nele Cambell and other ma  
 495 That I thar namys can nocht say, 492  
 As utelawys went mony day  
 Dreand in the Month thar pyne,  
 Eyte flesch and drank water syne.  
 He durst nocht to the planys ga  
 500 For all the commounys went him fra 497  
 That for thar liffis war full fayn  
 To pas to the Inglis pes agayn.  
 Sa fayris ay commounly,  
 In commounys may nane affy  
 505 Bot he that may thar warand be. 502  
 Sa fur thai then with him, for he  
 Thaim fra thar fais mycht nocht warand  
 Thai turnyt to the tother hand,  
 Bot threldome that men gert thaim fele  
 510 Gert thaim ay yarne that he fur wele. 507

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



Thus in the hyllis levyt he  
 Till the mast part off his menye  
 Wes revyn and rent, na schoyn thai had  
 Bot as thai thaim off hydys mad.  
 515 Tharfor thai went till Aberdeyne 512  
 Quhar Nele the Bruys come and the queyn  
 And other ladyuis fayr and farand  
 Ilkane for luff off thar husband  
 That for leyle luff and leawté  
 520 Wald partenerys off thar paynys be. 517  
 Thai chesytt tyttar with thaim to ta  
 Angyr and payne na be thaim fra,  
 For luff is off sa mekill mycht  
 That it all paynys makis lych,  
 525 And mony tyme mais tender wychtis 522  
 Off swilk strenthtis and swilk mychtis  
 That thai may mekill paynys endur  
 And forsakis nane aventur  
 That evyr may fall, with-thi that thai  
 530 Tharthrou succur thair liffys may. 527  
 Men redys, quhen Thebes wes tane  
 And Kyng Aristas men war slane  
 That assailyt the cite,  
 That the wemen off his cuntre  
 535 Come for to fech him hame agayne 532  
 Quhen thai hard all his folk wes slayne,  
 Quhar the King Campaneus  
 Throu the help off Menesteus  
 That come percas ridand tharby  
 540 With thre hunder in cumpany 537  
 That throu the kingis prayer assailyt  
 That yeit to tak the toun had failyeit.  
 Then war the wiffys thyrland the wall  
 With pikkis, quhar the assailyeis all  
 545 Entryt and dystroyit the tour 542  
 And slew the pupill but recour.  
 Syn quhen the duk his way wes gayne  
 And all the kingis men war slayne  
 The wiffis had him till his cuntre  
 550 Quhar wes na man leiffand bot he. 547  
 In wemen mekill comfort lysis  
 And gret solace on mony wis,

Sa fell yt her, for thar cummyng  
 Rejosyt rycht gretumly the king.  
 555 The-quhether ilk nycht himselvyn wouk 552  
 And rest apon daiis touk.  
 A gud quhile thar he sojournyt then  
 And esyt wonder weill his men  
 Till that the Inglis-men herd say  
 560 That he thar with his menye lay 557  
 All at ese and sekyrly.  
 Assemblit thai thar ost in hy  
 And thar him trowit to suppris  
 Bot he that in his deid wes wys  
 565 Wyst thai assemblyt war and quhar, 562  
 And wyst that thei sa mony war  
 That he mycht nocht agayne thaim fycht.  
 His men in hy he gert be dycht  
 And buskyt of the toun to ryd,  
 570 The ladyis raid rycht by his syd. 567  
 Then to the hill thai raid thar way,  
 Quhar gret defaut off mete had thai.  
 Bot worthy James off Douglas  
 Ay travailland and besy was  
 575 For to purches the ladyis mete 572  
 And it on mony wis wald get,  
 For quhile he venesoun thaim brocht,  
 And with his handys quhile he wrocht  
 Gynnys to tak geddis and salmonys  
 580 Trowtis elys and als menounys, 577  
 And quhill thai went to the forray,  
 And swa thar purchesyng maid thai.  
 Ilk man traveillyt for to get  
 And purches thaim that thai mycht ete.  
 585 Bot off all that ever thai war 582  
 Thar wes nocht ane amang thaim thar  
 That to the ladyis profyt was  
 Mar then James of Douglas,  
 And the king oft comfort wes  
 590 Throu his wyt and his besynes.  
 On this maner thaim governyt thai  
 Till thai come to the hed off Tay.



## The Brus Book Iii

The lord of Lorn attacks the king's men]

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

For thai fele off our hors has slayn,  
And giff yhe fecht with thaim agayn  
We sall tyne off our small mengye  
40 And our selff sall in perill be.  
Tharfor me thynk maist avenand  
To withdraw us us defendand  
Till we cum out off thar daunger,  
For our strenth at our hand is ner.'  
45 Then thai withdrew thaim halely  
Bot that wes nocht full cowardly  
For samyn intill a sop held thai  
And the king him abandonyt ay  
To defend behind his mengye,  
50 And throu his worschip sa wrouch he  
That he reskewyt all the flearis  
And styntynt swagat the chassaris  
That nane durst out off batall chas,  
For alwayis at thar hand he was.  
55 Sa weile defendyt he his men  
That quha-sa-ever had seyne him then  
Prove sa worthely vasselage  
And turn sa oft-sythis the visage  
He suld say he aucht weill to be  
60 A king off a gret reawté.

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

Quhen that the lord off Lorne saw  
His men stand off him ane sik aw  
That thai durst nocht folow the chase  
Rycht angry in his hart he was,  
65 And for wondyr that he suld swa  
Stot thaim him ane but ma  
He said, 'Me think Marthokys sone  
Rycht as Golmakmorn was wone  
To haiff fra Fyn all his mengne,  
70 Rycht swa all his fra us has he.'  
He set ensample thus mydlike,  
The-quhethir he mycht mar manerlik  
Lyknyt hym to Gaudifer de Larys  
Quhen that the mychty Duk Betys

75 Assailyeit in Gadyrris the forrayours,  
And quhen the king thaim maid rescours  
Duk Betys tuk on him the flycht  
That wald ne mar abid to fycht.  
Bot Gaudifer the worthi  
80 Abandonyt him so worthyly  
For to reskew all the fleieris  
And for to stonay the chasseris  
That Alysander to erth he bar  
And alsua did he Tholimar  
85 And gud Coneus alsua  
Danklyne alsua and othir ma,  
Bot at the last thar slayne he wes.  
In that failyeit the liklynes,  
For the king full chevalrusly  
90 Defendyt all his cumpany  
And wes set in full gret danger  
And yeit eschapyt haile and fer.

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

Twa brethir war in that land  
That war the hardiest off hand  
95 That war intill all that cuntre,  
And thai had sworn iff thai mycht se  
The Bruys quhar thai mycht him our-ta  
That thai suld dey or then hym sla.  
Thar surname wes Makyne Drosser,  
100 That is al-so mekill to say her  
As the Durwarth sonnys perfay.  
Off thar covyne the thrid had thai  
That wes rycht stout ill and feloune.  
Quhen thai the king off gud renoune  
105 Saw sua behind his mengne rid  
And saw him torne sa mony tid,  
Thai abaid till that he was  
Entryt in ane narow place  
Betwix a louch-sid and a bra  
110 That wes sa strait Ik underta  
That he mycht nocht weill turn in his sted.  
Then with a will till him thai yede  
And ane him by the bridill hynt,

Bot he raucht till him sic a dynt  
115 That arme and schuldyr flaw him fra.  
With that ane other gan him ta  
Be the lege and his hand gan schute  
Betwix the sterap and his fute,  
And quhen the king feld thar his hand  
120 In his sterapys stythly gan he stand  
And strak with spuris the stede in hy,  
And he lansyt furth delyverly  
Swa that the tother failyeit fete,  
And nocht-for-thi his hand wes yeit  
125 Undyr the sterap magré his.  
The thrid with full gret hy with this  
Rycht till the bra-syd he yeid  
And stert behynd hym on his sted.  
The king wes then in full gret pres,  
130 The-quhether he thocht as he that wes  
In all hys dedys avisé  
To do ane outrageous bounte,  
And syne hyme that behynd him was  
All magré his will him gan he ras  
135 Fra behynd him, thocht he had sworn,  
He laid hym evyn him beforne,  
Syne with the swerd sic dynt hym gave  
That he the heid till the harnys clave.  
He rouschit doun off blud all rede  
140 As he that stound feld off dede.  
And then the king in full gret hy  
Strak at the tothir vigorously  
That he efter his sterap drew  
That at the fyrst strak he him slew.  
145 On this wis him delyverit he  
Off all thai felloun fayis thre.

[Mac Nachtan praises the king]

Quhen thai of Lorne has sene the king  
Set in hym selff sa gret helping  
And defendyt him sa manlely,  
150 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy  
That durst assailye him mar in fycht,  
Sa dred thai for his mekill mycht.

Thar wes a baroune Maknaughtan  
 That in his hart gret kep has tane  
 155 To the kingis chevalry  
 And prisyt him in hert gretly,  
 And to the lord off Lorne said he,  
 'Sekyrly now may ye se  
 Be tane the starkest pundelan  
 160 That evyr your lyfftyme ye saw tane,  
 For yone knyght throu his douchti deid  
 And thro his outrageous manheid  
 Has fellyt intill litill tyd  
 Thre men off mekill prid,  
 165 And stonayit all our mengye swa  
 That eftyr him dar na man ga,  
 And tournys sa mony tyme his stede  
 That semys off us he had na dred.'  
 Then gane the lord off Lorn say,  
 170 'It semys it likis ye perfay  
 That he slayis yongat our mengye.'  
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sa Our Lord me se,  
 To sauff your presence it is nocht swa,  
 Bot quheter-sa he be freynd or fa  
 175 That wynnys prys off chevalry  
 Men suld spek tharoff lelyly,  
 And sekyrly in all my tyme  
 Ik hard never in sang na ryme  
 Tell off a man that swa smertly  
 180 Eschevyt swa gret chevalry.'  
 Sic speking off the king thai maid,  
 And he eftyr his mengye raid  
 And intill saufte thaim led  
 Quhar he his fayis na-thing dred,  
 185 And thai off Lorne agayn ar gayn  
 Menand the scaith that thai haiff tayn.

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

The king that nyght his wachis set  
 And gert ordayne that thai mycht et,  
 And bad conford to thaim tak  
 190 And at thar mychtis mery mak.



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

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

[The king cites the example of Caesar]

Thusgat thaim comfort the king  
 And to comfort thaim gan inbryng  
 Auld storys off men that wer  
 270 Set intyll hard assayis ser  
 And that fortoun contraryit fast,

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

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

He prechyt thaim on this maner  
300 And fenyeit to mak better cher  
Then he had mater to be fer,  
For his caus yeid fra ill to wer,  
Thai war ay in sa hard travaill,  
Till the ladyis began to fayle  
305 That mycht the travaill drey na mar,  
Sa did other als that thar war.  
The Erle Jhone wes ane off tha  
Off Athole that quhen he saw sua  
The king be discumfyt twys,

310 And sa feile folk agayne him rys,  
 And lyff in sic travaill and dout,  
 His hart begane to faile all-out  
 And to the king apon a day  
 He said, 'Gyff I durst you say,  
 315 We lyff into sa mekill dreid,  
 And haffis oftsys off met sic ned,  
 And is ay in sic travailling  
 With cauld and hunger and waking,  
 That I am sad off my selvyn sua  
 320 That I count nocht my liff a stra.  
 Thir angrys may I ne mar drey,  
 For thocht me tharfor worthit dey  
 I mon sojourne, quharever it be.  
 Levys me tharfor par cheryte.'  
 325 The king saw that he sa wes failyt  
 And that he ik wes for-travaillyt.  
 He said, 'Schyr erle, we sall sone se  
 And ordayne how it best may be.  
 Quharever ye be, Our Lord you send  
 330 Grace fra your fais you to defend.'  
 With that in hy to him callyt he  
 Thaim that till him war mast preve.  
 Then amang thaim thai thocht it best  
 And ordanyt for the liklyest  
 335 That the queyne and the erle alsua  
 And the ladyis in hy suld ga  
 With Nele the Bruce till Kildromy,  
 For thaim thocht thai mycht sekyrly  
 Dwell thar quhill thai war vittaillyt weile,  
 340 For swa stalwart wes the castell  
 That it with strenth war hard to get  
 Quhill that tharin war men and mete.  
 As thai ordanyt thai did in hy,  
 The queyne and all hyr cumpany  
 345 Lap on thar hors and furth thai far.  
 Men mycht haiff sene quha had bene thar  
 At leve-takyng the ladyis gret  
 And mak thar face with teris wet,  
 And knyghtis for thar luffis sak  
 350 Bath bsich and wep and murnyng mak,  
 Thai kyssyt thar luffis at thar partyng.

The king umbethocht him off a thing,  
That he fra thine on fute wald ga  
And tak on fute bath weill and wa,  
355 And wald na hors-men with him haiff,  
Tharfor his hors all haile he gaiff  
To the ladyis that myster had.  
The queyn furth on hyr wayis rade  
And sawffly come to the castell  
360 Quhar hyr folk war ressavyt weill  
And esyt weill with meyt and drynk,  
Bot mycht nane eys let hyr to think  
On the king that wes sa sar stad  
That bot twa hunder with him had,  
365 The-quhethir thaim weill comfortyt he ay.  
God help him that all mychtis may.

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

The queyne dwelt thus in Kyldromy,  
And the king and his cumpany  
That war twa hunder and na ma  
370 Fra thai had send thar hors thaim fra  
Wandryt emang the hey montanys,  
Quhar he and his oft tholyt paynys,  
For it wes to the wynter ner,  
And sa feile fayis about him wer  
375 That all the countre thaim werrayit.  
Sa hard anoy thaim then assayit  
Off hunger cauld with schowris snell  
That nane that levys can weill it tell.  
The king saw how his folk wes stad  
380 And quhat anoyis that thai had,  
And saw wynter wes cummand ner,  
And that he mycht on na maner  
Dre in the hillys the cauld lying  
Na the long nychtis waking.  
385 He thocht he to Kyntyr wald ga  
And swa lang sojournyng thar ma  
Till wynter wedder war away,  
And then he thocht but mar delay  
Into the manland till aryve

390 And till the end his werdis dryv.  
 And for Kyntyr Iyis in the se  
 Schyr Nele Cambel befor send he  
 For to get him navyn and meite,  
 And certane tyme till him he sete  
 395 Quhen he suld meite him at the se.  
 Schir Nele Cambell with his mengye  
 Went his way but mar letting  
 And left his brother with the king,  
 And in twelf dayis sua traveillit he  
 400 That he gat schippyne gud plente  
 And vittalis in gret aboundance.  
 Sa maid he nobill chevisance  
 For his sibmen wonnyt tharby  
 That helpyt him full wilfully.  
 405 The king efter that he wes gane  
 To Louch Lomond the way has tane  
 And come on the thrid day,  
 Bot tharabout na bait fand thai  
 That mycht thaim our the water ber.  
 410 Than war thai wa on gret maner  
 For it wes fer about to ga,  
 And thai war into dout alsua  
 To meyt thar fayis that spred war wyd.  
 Tharfor endlang the louchhis syd  
 415 Sa besyly thai socht and fast  
 Tyll James of Douglas at the last  
 Fand a litill sonkyn bate  
 And to the land it drew fut-hate,  
 Bot it sa litill wes that it  
 420 Mycht our the watter but a thresum flyt.  
 Thai send tharoff word to the king  
 That wes joyfull off that fynding  
 And fyrst into the bate is gane,  
 With him Douglas, the thrid wes ane  
 425 That rowyt thaim our deliverly  
 And set thaim on the land all dry,  
 And rowyt sa oftsys to and fra  
 Fechand ay our twa and twa  
 That in a nycht and in a day  
 430 Cummyn out-our the louch ar thai,  
 For sum off thaim couth swome full weill

And on his bak ber a fardele.  
Swa with swymmyng and with rowyng  
Thai brocht thaim our and all thar thing.  
435 The king the quhilis meryly  
Red to thaim that war him by  
Romanys off worthi Ferambrace  
That worthily our-cummyn was  
Throu the ryght douchty Olyver,  
440 And how the duk-peris wer  
Assegyt intill Egrymor  
Quhar King Lavyne lay thaim befor  
With may thousandis then I can say,  
And bot ellevyn within war thai  
445 And a woman, and war sa stad  
That thai na mete thar-within had  
Bot as thai fra thar fayis wan.  
Yheyte sua contenynt thai thaim than  
That thai the tour held manlily  
450 Till that Rychard off Normandy  
Magré his fayis warnyt the king  
That wes joyfull off this tithing,  
For he wend thai had all beyne slayne.  
Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne  
455 And wan Mantrybill and passit Flagot,  
And syne Lavyne and all his flot  
Dispitusly discumfyt he,  
And deliveryt his men all fre  
And wan the naylis and the sper  
460 And the crowne that Jhesu couth ber,  
And off the croice a gret party  
He wan throu his chevalry.  
The gud king apon this maner  
Comfort thaim that war him ner  
465 And maid thaim gamyn and solace  
Till that his folk all passyt was.

[Lennox joins the king; a reflection on weeping]

Quhen thai war passit the water brad  
Suppos thai fele off fayis had  
Thai maid thaim mery and war blyth.  
470 Nocht-for-thi full fele syth

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



Thocht I say that thai gret sothly  
 It wes na greting propyrly,  
 515 For I trow traistly that gretyng  
 Cummys to men for mysliking,  
 And that nane may but angyr gret  
 Bot it be wemen, that can wet  
 Thair chekys quhenever thaim list with teris,  
 520 The-quhethir weill oft thaim na thing deris,  
 But I wate weill but lesyng  
 Quhatever men say off sic greting  
 That mekill joy or yeit pete  
 May ger men sua amovyt be  
 525 That water fra the hart will rys  
 And weyt the eyne on sic a wys  
 That is lik to be greting,  
 Thocht it be nocht sua in all thing,  
 For quhen men gretis enkrely  
 530 The hart is sorowful or angry,  
 Bot for pite I trow gretyng  
 Be na thing bot ane opynnyng  
 Off hart that schawis the tendernys  
 Off rewth that in it closyt is.  
 535 The barounys apon this maner  
 Throu Goddis grace assemblyt wer.  
 The erle had mete and that plente  
 And with glad hart it thaim gaiff he,  
 And thai eyt it with full gud will  
 540 That soucht na nother sals thar-till  
 Bot appetyt, that oft men takys,  
 For rycht weill scowryt war thar stomakys.  
 Thai eit and drank sic as thai had  
 And till Our Lord syne lovyng maid,  
 545 And thankit him with full gud cher  
 That thai war mete on that maner.  
 The king then at thaim speryt yarne  
 How thai sen he thaim seyne had farne,  
 And thai full petwysly gan tell  
 550 Aventuris that thaim befell  
 And gret anoyis and poverte.  
 The king tharat had gret pite  
 And tauld thaim petwisly agayne  
 The noy, the travaill and the payne

555 That he had tholyt sen he thaim saw.  
Wes nane amang thaim hey na law  
That he ne had pite and plesaunce  
Quhen that he herd mak remembrance  
Off the perellys that passyt war,  
560 Bot quhen men oucht at liking ar  
To tell off paynys passyt by  
Plesys to heryng petuisly,  
And to rehers thar auld disese  
Dois thaim oftsys comfort and ese,  
565 With-thi tharto folow na blame  
Dishonour wikytnes na schame.

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

Efter the mete sone rais the king  
Quhen he had levyt hys speryng,  
And buskyt him with his mengye  
570 And went in hy towart the se  
Quhar Schyr Nele Cambell thaim mete  
Bath with schippis and with meyte  
Saylys ayris and other thing  
That wes spedfull to thar passyng.  
575 Then schippyt thai foroutyn mar  
Sum went till ster and sum till ar,  
And rowyt be the ile of But.  
Men mycht se mony frely fute  
About the cost, thar lukand  
580 As thai on ayris rais rowand,  
And nevys that stalwart war and squar,  
That wont to spayn gret speris war,  
Swa spaynyt aris that men mycht se  
Full oft the hyde leve on the tre.  
585 For all war doand, knyght and knave,  
Wes nane that ever disport mycht have  
Fra steryng and fra rowyng  
To furthyr thaim off thar fleting.  
Bot in the samyn tyme at thai  
590 War in schipping, as ye hard me say,  
The erle off the Levenax was,  
I can nocht tell you throu quhat cas  
Levyt behynd with his galay

Till the king wes fer on his way.  
 595 Quhen that thai off his cuntre  
 Wyst that so duelt behynd wes he  
 Be se with schippys thai him socht,  
 And he that saw that he wes nocht  
 Off pith to fecht with thai traytouris  
 600 And that he had na ner socouris  
 Then the kingis flote, forthi  
 He sped him efter thaim in hy,  
 Bot the tratouris hym folowyt sua  
 That thai weill ner hym gan ourta  
 605 For all the mycht that he mycht do.  
 Ay ner and ner thai come him to,  
 And quhen he saw thai war sa ner  
 That he mycht weill thar manance her  
 And saw thaim ner and ner cum ay,  
 610 Then till his mengye gan he say,  
 'Bot giff we fynd sum sutelte  
 Ourtane all sone sall we be.  
 Tharfor I rede but mar letting  
 That outakyn our armyng  
 615 We kast our thing all in the se,  
 And fra our schip swa lychtyt be  
 We sall row and speid us sua  
 That we sall weill eschaip thaim fra,  
 With that thai sall mak duelling  
 620 Apon the se to tak our thing  
 And we sall row but resting ay  
 Till we eschapyt be away.'  
 As he divisyt thai have done  
 And thar schip thai lychtyt sone  
 625 And rowyt syne with all thar mycht,  
 And scho that swa wes maid lycht  
 Raykyt slidand throu the se.  
 And quhen thar fayis gan thaim se  
 Forouth thaim always mar and mar,  
 630 The thingis that thar fletand war  
 Thai tuk and turnyt syne agayne,  
 And leyt thai lesyt all thar payne.

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

Quhen that the erle on this maner  
 And his mengye eschapyt wer,  
 635 Eftyr the king he gan him hy  
 That then with all his cumpany  
 Into Kyntyr aryvyt was.  
 The erle tauld him all his cas,  
 How he wes chasyt on the se  
 640 With thaim that suld his awyn be,  
 And how he had bene tane but dout  
 Na war it that he warpyt out  
 All that he had him lycht to ma  
 And swa eschapyt thaim fra.  
 645 'Schyr erle,' said the king, 'perfay,  
 Syn thou eschapyt is away  
 Off the tynsell is na plenyeing.  
 Bot I will say the weile a thing,  
 That thar will fall the gret foly  
 650 To pas oft fra my cumpany,  
 For fele sys quhen thou art away  
 Thou art set intill hard assay,  
 Tharfor me thynk best to the  
 To hald the always ner by me.'  
 655 'Schyr,' said the erle, 'it sall be swa.  
 I sall na wys pas fer you fra  
 Till God giff grace we be off mycht  
 Agayne our fayis to hald our stycht.'  
 Angus off Ile that tyme wes syr  
 660 And lord and ledar off Kyntyr,  
 The king rycht weill resavyt he  
 And undertuk his man to be,  
 And him and his on mony wys  
 He abandounyt till his service,  
 665 And for mar sekyrnes gaiff him syne  
 His castell off Donavardyne  
 To duell tharin at his liking.  
 Full gretumly thankyt him the king  
 And resavyt his service.  
 670 Nocht-forthi on mony wys  
 He wes dredand for tresoun ay,  
 And tharfor, as Ik hard men say,  
 He traistyt in nane sekyrly

Till that he knew him utraly.  
675 Boy quhatkin dred that ever he had  
Fayr contenance to thaim he maid,  
And in Donavardyne dayis thre  
Foroutyne mar then duellyt he.  
Syne gert he his mengye mak thaim yar  
680 Towart Rauchryne be se to far  
That is ane ile in the se,  
And may weill in mydwart be  
Betuix Kyntyr and Irland,  
Quhar als gret stremys ar rynnand  
685 And als peralous and mar  
Till our-saile thaim into schipfair  
As is the rais of Bretangye  
Or Strait off Marrok into Spanye.

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

Thair schippys to the se thai set,  
690 And maid redy but langer let  
Ankyrs rapys bath saile and ar  
And all that nedyt to schipfar.  
Quhen thai war boune to saile thai went,  
The wynd wes wele to thar talent.  
695 Thai raysyt saile and furth thai far,  
And by the Mole thai passyt yar  
And entryt sone into the rase  
Quhar that the stremys sa sturdy was  
That wavys wyd wycht brakand war  
700 Weltryt as hillys her and thar.  
The schippys our the wavys slayd  
For wynd at poynt blawand thai had,  
Bot nocht-forthi quha had thar bene  
A gret stertling he mycht haiff seyne  
705 Off schippys, for quhilum sum wald be  
Rycht on the wavys as on a mounté  
And sum wald slyd fra heycht to law  
Rycht as thai doune till hell wald draw,  
Syne on the wav stert sodanly,  
710 And other schippys that war tharby  
Deliverly drew to the depe.  
It wes gret cunnanes to kep  
Thar takill intill sic a thrang

And wyth sic wavis, for ay amang  
715 The wavys reft thar sycht of land  
Quhen thai the land wes rycht ner-hand,  
And quhen schippys war sailand ner  
The se wald rys on sic maner  
That off the wavys the weltrand hycht  
720 Wald refe thaim oft off thar sycht.  
Bot into Rauchryne nocht-forthi  
Thai aryvyt ilkane sawffly,  
Blyth and glaid that thai war sua  
Eschapyt thai hidwys wavis fra.  
725 In Rauchryne thai aryvyt ar  
And to the land thai went but mar  
Armyt apon thar best maner.  
Quhen the folk that thar wonnand wer  
Saw men off armys in that cuntre  
730 Aryve into sic quantite  
Thai fled in hy with thar catell  
Towart a rycht stalwart castell  
That in the land wes tharby.  
Men mycht her wemen hely cry  
735 And fle with cataill her and thar.  
Bot the kingis folk that war  
Deliver of fute thaim gan our-hy  
And thaim arestyt hastely  
And brocht thaim to the king agayne  
740 Swa that nane off thaim all wes slayne.  
Then with thaim trectyt swa the king  
That thai to fulfill his yaryng  
Become his men everilkane,  
And has him trewly undertane  
745 That thai and tharis loud and still  
Suld be in all thing at his will,  
And quhill him likit thar to leynd  
Everilk day thai suld him send  
Vittalis for thre hunder men,  
750 And thai as lord suld him ken,  
Bot at thar possessioun suld be  
For all his men thar awyn fre.  
The cunnand on this wys was maid,  
And on the morn but langer baid  
755 Off all Rauchryne bath man and page

Knelyt and maid the king homage,  
And tharwith swour him fewté  
To serve him ay in lawté,  
And held him rycht weill cunnand,  
760 For quhill he duelt into the land  
Thai fand meit till his cumpany  
And servyt him full humely.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book Iv

[English harshness to prisoners]

In Rawchryne leve we now the king  
In rest foroutyn barganyng,  
And off his fayis a quhile speke we  
That throu thar mycht and thar powste  
5 Maid sic a persecucioune  
Sa hard, sa strayt and sa feloune  
On thaim that till hym luffand wer  
Or kyn or freynd on ony maner  
That at till her is gret pite.  
10 For thai sparyt off na degre  
Thaim that thai trowit his freynd wer  
Nother off the kyrk na seculer,  
For off Glaskow Byschop Robert  
And Marcus off Man thai stythly speryt  
15 Bath in fetrys and in presoune,  
And worthy Crystoll off Seytoun  
Into Loudoun betresyt was  
Throu a discipill off Judas  
Maknab, a fals tratour that ay  
20 Wes off his dwelling nycht and day  
Quhom to he maid gud cumpany.  
It wes fer wer than tratoury  
For to betreys sic a persoune  
So nobill and off sic renoune,  
25 Bot tharoff had he na pite,  
In hell condampnyt mocht he be.  
For quhen he him betrasyt had  
The Inglismen rycht with him rad  
In hy in Inland to the king,  
30 That gert draw him and hede and hing  
Foroutyn pete or mercy.  
It wes gret sorow sekyrly  
That so worthy a persoune as he  
Suld on sic maner hangyt be,  
35 Thusgat endyt his worthynes.  
Off Crauford als Schyr Ranald wes  
And Schyr Bryce als the Blar



Hangyt intill a berne in Ar.  
The queyn and als Dame Marjory,  
40 Hyr dochter that syne worthily  
Wes coupillyt into Goddis band  
With Walter Stewart off Scotland,  
That wald on na wys langar ly  
In the castell off Kyldromy  
45 To byd a sege, ar ridin raith  
With knychtis and squyeris bath  
Throu Ros rycht to the gyrth off Tayne.  
Bot that travaill thai maid in vayne,  
For thai off Ros that wald nocht ber  
50 For thaim na blayme na yeit danger  
Out off the gyrth thame all has tayne  
And syne has send thaim everilkane  
Rycht intill Inghland to the king,  
That gert draw all the men and hing,  
55 And put the ladyis in presoune  
Sum intill castell sum in dongeoun.  
It wes gret pite for till her  
The folk be trouiblyt on this maner.

[The siege of Kildrummy Castle]

That tyme wes in Kyldromy  
60 Wyth men that wucht and hardy  
Schyr Neile the Bruce and I wate weile  
That thar the erle was off Adheill.  
The castell weill vittalyt thai  
And mete and fuell gan purvay  
65 And enforcyt the castell sua  
That thaim thocht na strenth mycht it ta.  
And quhen it to the king was tauld  
Off Inghland how thai schup till hauld  
That castell, he wes all angry  
70 And callyt his sone till hym in hy  
The eldest and aperand ayr  
A young bachelor and stark and fayr  
Schyr Edward callyt off Carnauerane,  
That wes the sterkast man of ane  
75 That men fynd mycht in ony countre  
Prynce of Walys that tyme wes he.

And he gert als call erlys twa  
Glosyster and Harfurd war tha  
And bad thaim wend into Scotland  
80 And set a sege with stalwart hand  
To the castell off Kyldromy.  
And all the halderis halyly  
He bad distroy for-owtyn ransoun  
Or bryng thaim till him in presoune.  
85 Quhen thai the commaundment had tane  
Thai assemblyt ane ost onane  
And to the castell went in hy  
And it assegyt vigorously  
And mony tyme full hard assaylyt.  
90 Bot for to tak it yeit thai failyt  
For thai within war rycht worthy  
And thaim defendyt douchtely  
And ruschyt thair fayis oft agayne  
Sum beft sum woundyt sum alslayne  
95 And mony tymys ische thai wald  
And bargane at the barrais hald  
And wound thar fayis oft and sla.  
Schortly thai thaim contenyt sua  
That thai withoute disparyt war  
100 And thocht till Inghland for to far  
For thai sa styth saw the castell  
And with that it wes warnyst weill  
And saw the men defend thaim sua  
That thai nane hop had thaim to ta,  
105 Nane had thai done all that sesoune  
Gyff it ne had bene fals tresoun  
For thar with thaim wes a tratour.  
A fals lourdane a losyngeour  
Hosbarne to name maid the tresoun,  
110 I wate nocht for quhat enchesoun  
Na quham with he maid that conwyn  
Bot as thai said that war within  
He tuk a culter hate glowand  
That yeit wes in a fyr brynnand  
115 And went him to the mekill hall  
That then with corn wes fyllyt all  
And heych up in a mow it did,  
Bot it full lang wes nocht thar hid

For men sayis oft that fyr na prid  
 120 But discovering may na man hid,  
 For the pomp oft the prid furth schawis  
 Or ellis the gret boist that it blawis,  
 Na thar may na man fyr sa covyr  
 Than low or rek sall it discovyr.  
 125 Sa fell it her, for fyr all cler  
 Son throu the thak-burd gan apper  
 Fyrst as a stern syne as a mone  
 And weill bradder tharefter sone  
 The fyr out syne in bles brast  
 130 And the rek rais rycht wondre fast.  
 The fyr our all the castell spred  
 That mycht na force of man it red.  
 Than thai within drew to the wall  
 That at that tyme wes bataillit all  
 135 Within rycht as it wes withoute  
 That bataillyne withoutyn dout  
 Savit thar lyvis, for it brak  
 Bles that thaim wald ourtak.  
 And quhen thar fayis the myscheiff saw  
 140 Till armys went thai in a thraw  
 And assaylyt the castell fast  
 Quhar thai durst come for fyris blast,  
 Bot thai within that myster had  
 Sa gret defence and worthy mad  
 145 That thai full oft thar fayis rusit  
 For thai nakyn perall refusyt,  
 Thai travaillyt for to sauff thar lyffis  
 Bot werd that till the end ay dryvis  
 The warldis thingis sua thaim travaillyt  
 150 That thai on twa halfys war assailyt,  
 In with fyr that thaim sua broilyt  
 And utouth with folk that thaim sua toilyt  
 That thai brynt magre thaim the yat  
 That, for the fyre that wes sua hate  
 155 Thai durst nocht entyr sua in hy,  
 Tharfor thar folk thai gan rely  
 And went to rest for it wes nycht  
 Till on the morn that day wes lycht.

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

At sik myscheiff as ye her say  
 160 War thai within, the-quhethyr ay  
 Thai thaim defendyt douchtely  
 And contenyt thaim sa manlily  
 That or day throu mekill payn  
 Thai had muryt up thar yat agayn.  
 165 But on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
 And sone wes ryssyn schynand brycht  
 Thai without in hale bataill  
 Come purvayt redy till assaill,  
 Bot thai within that sua war stad  
 170 That thai vitaill na fewell had  
 Quhar-with thai mycht the castell hald  
 Tretyt fyrst and syne thaim yauld  
 To be in-till the kingis will,  
 Bot that to Scottis men wes ill  
 175 As sone eftyr weill wes knawin  
 For thai war hangyt all and drawyn.  
 Quhen this cunnand thus tretyt wes  
 And affermyt with sekyrnes  
 Thai tuk thaim of the castell sone  
 180 And in-till schort tyme has done  
 That all a quarter of Snawdoun  
 Rycht till the erd thai tummylyt doun  
 Syne towart Inghland went thar way.  
 Bot quhen the king Edward hard say  
 185 How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy  
 Agayne his sone sa stalwartly,  
 He gadryt gret chevalry  
 And towart Scotland went in hy,  
 And as in-till Northummyrland  
 190 He wes with his gret rout ridand  
 A sekness tuk him in the way  
 And put him to sa hard assay  
 That he mycht nocht ga na ryd.  
 Him worthit magre his abid  
 195 In-till ane hamillet tharby  
 A litill toun and unworthy,  
 With gret payne thidder thai him brocht.  
 He wes sa stad that he ne mocht  
 His aynd bot with gret paynys draw

200 Na spek bot giff it war weill law  
The-quhether he bad thai suld him say  
Quhat toun wes that that he in lay.  
'Schyr,' thai said, 'Burch-in-the-sand  
Men callis this toun in-till this land.'  
205 'Call thai it Burch, als,' said he.  
My hop is now fordone to me  
For I wend never to thole the payne  
Of deid till I throu mekill mayn  
The burch of Jerusalem had tane,  
210 My lyff wend I thar suld be gayne.  
In burch I wüst weill I suld de  
Bot I wes nother wys na sle  
Till other burch kep to ta.  
Now may I na wis forther ga.'  
215 Thus pleynyeit he off his foly,  
As he had mater sekyrly  
Quhen he covyt certante  
Off that at nane may certan be,  
The-quhether men said enclosit he had  
220 A spyryt that him answer maid  
Off thingis that he wald inquer.  
Bot he fulyt foroutyn wer  
That gaiff throuth till that creatur,  
For feyndys ar off sic natur  
225 That thai to mankind has invy  
For thai wate weill and witterly  
That thai that weill ar liffand her  
Sall wyn the sege quharoff thai wer  
Tumblyt throuch thar mekill prid.  
230 Quharthrou oft-tymys will betid  
That quhen feyndys distrenyeit ar  
For till aper and mak answar  
Throu force of conjuracioun  
That thai sa fals ar and feloun  
235 That thai mak ay thar answering  
Into doubill understanding  
To dissaiff thaim that will thaim trow.  
Insample will I set her now  
Off a wer as I herd tell  
240 Betwix Fraunce and the Flemyngeis fell.  
The erle Ferandis modyr was

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

Wes laid at erd and lawit bath,  
285 Bot his men helpyt him weill rath.  
And quhen Ferandis moder herd  
How hyr sone in the bataill ferd  
And at he wes sua discomfyt,  
Scho rasyt the ill spyryt als tyt  
290 And askyt quhy he gabyt had  
Off the answer that he hyr mad,  
And he said he had said suth all.  
'I said ye that the king suld fall  
In the bataill, and say did he,  
295 And failyeid erding, as men may se.  
And I said that thi sone suld ga  
To Paris, and he did rycht sua,  
Folowand sic a mengye  
That never in his lyff-tyme he  
300 Had sic a mengye in leding.  
Now seis thou I maid na gabbing.'  
The wyff confusyt wes perfay  
And durst no mar than till him say  
Thusgat throu doubill understanding  
305 That bargane come till sic ending  
That the ta part dissavyt was.  
Rycht sagat fell yt in this cas.  
At Jerusalem trowit he  
Gravyn in the burch to be,  
310 The-quhethyr at Burch-into-the-sand  
He swelt rycht in his awn land.  
And quhen he to the ded wes ner  
The folk that at Kildromy wer  
Come with presoneris that thai had tane,  
315 And syne to the king ar gane  
And for to comfort him thai tald  
How thai the castell to thaim yauld  
And how thai till his will war brocht,  
To do off thame quhatever he thocht,  
320 And askyt quhat men suld off thaim do.  
Than lukyt he angryly thaim to  
And said grynnand, 'Hangis and drawys.'  
That wes wonder off sik sawis,  
That he that to the ded wes ner  
325 Suld answer apon sic maner

Foroutyn menyng and mercy.  
How mycht he traist on Hym to cry  
That suthfastly demys all thing  
To haiff mercy, for his crying,  
330 Off him that throu his felony  
Into sic point had na mercy.  
His men his maundment has done  
And he deyt thatefter sone  
And syne wes brocht till berynes.  
335 His sone syne king efter wes.

[Douglas and Boyd go from Rathlin to Arran]

To the King Robert agayne ga we  
That in Rauchryne with his menye  
Lay till wynter ner wes gane  
And off that ile his mete has tane  
340 James off Douglas wes angry  
That thai langar suld ydill ly  
And to Schyr Robert Boid said he,  
'The pure folk off thys countre  
Ar chargit apon gret maner  
345 Off us that idill lysis her,  
And ik her say that in Arane  
Intill a styth castell off stane  
Ar Inglis men that with strang hand  
Haldys the lordschip off the land  
350 Ga we thidder, and weill may fall  
Anoy thaim in sum thing we sall.'  
Schir Robert said, 'I grant thar-till,  
Till her mar ly war litill skill.  
Tharfor till Aran pas will we,  
355 For I knaw rycht weill the countre  
And the castell rycht sua knaw I  
We sall cum thar sua prevely  
That thai sall haiff na persavyng  
Na yeit witting off our cummyng,  
360 And we sall ner enbuschyt be  
Quhar we thar outecome may se.  
Sa sall it on na maner fall  
Na scaith thaim on sum wis we sall.'  
With that thai buskyt thaim on-ane



365 And at the king thar leiff has tane  
And went thaim furth syne on thar way.  
Into Kyntyr sone cummyn ar thai,  
Syne rowyt always by the land  
Till that the nycht wes ner on hand,  
370 Than till Arane thai went thar way  
And saufly thar aryvyt thai,  
And in a glen thar galay drewch  
And syne it helyt weill ineuch.  
Thar takyll ayris and thar ster  
375 Thai hyde all on the samyn maner  
And held thar way rycht in the nycht  
Sua that or day wes dawyn lycht  
Thai war enbuschyt the castell ner  
Armyt apou thair best maner  
380 And thocht thai wate war and wery  
And for lang fastyng all hungry  
Thai thocht to hald thaim all preve  
Till that thai weill thar poynt mycht se.

[Douglas plunders the provisions being brought to Brodick Castle]

Schir John the Hastings at that tid  
385 With knyghtis off full mekill prid  
And squyeris and yemanry,  
And that a weill gret cumpany,  
Wes in the castell off Brathwik  
And oftsys quhen it wald him lik  
390 He went huntyng with his menye  
And sua the land abandounyt he  
That durst nane warne to do his will.  
He wes into the castell still  
The tyme that James off Douglas  
395 As Ik haiff tald enbuschit was.  
Sa hapnyt that tyme throu chance  
That with vittalis and purvyaunce  
And with clething and with armyng  
The day befor in the evynning  
400 The undyr-wardane arivynt was  
With thre batis weill ner the place  
Quhar that the folk I spak off ar  
Prevely enbuschyt war.  
Syne fra tha batis saw thai ga

405 Off Inglismen thretty and ma  
Chargit all with syndry thingis.  
Sum bar wyne and sum armyngis,  
The remanant all chargit wer  
With thingis off syndry maner,  
410 And other syndry yeid thaim by  
As thai war maistris ydilly.  
Thai that enbuschyt war that saw  
All foroutyn dreid or aw  
Thar buschement on thaim thai brak  
415 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak.  
The cry rais hidwysly and hey  
For thai that dredand war to dey  
Rycht as bestis gan rar and cry.  
Thai slew thaim foroutyn mercy.  
420 Sua that into the samyne sted  
Weill ner fourty thar war dede.  
Quhen thai that in the castell war  
Hard the folk sa cry and rar  
Thai ischyt furth to the fechting,  
425 Bot quhen the Douglas saw thar cummyng  
His men till him he gan rely  
And went till meit thaim hastily.  
And quhen thai off the castell saw  
Him cum on thaim foroutyn aw  
430 Thai fled foroutyne mar debate  
And thai thaim folowit to the yate  
And slew of thaim as thai in past,  
Bot thai thair yate barryt fast  
That thai mycht do at thame na mar.  
435 Tharfor thai left thaim ilkane thar  
And turnyt to the se agayne  
Quhar that the men war forouth slayn.  
And quhen thai that war in the batis  
Saw thar cummyng and wyst howgatis  
440 Thai had discumfyt thar menye  
In hy thai put thaim to the se  
And rowyt fast with all thar mayne,  
Bot the wynd wes thaim agayne  
That sua hey gert the land-bryst rys  
445 That thai moucht weld the se na wis.  
Then thai durst nocht cum to the land,

Bot held thaim thar sa lang hobland  
That off the thre batis drownyt twa  
And quhen the Douglas saw it wes sua  
450 He tuk armyng and cleything  
Vittalis wyne and other thing  
That thai fand thar and held thar way  
Rycht glaid and joyfull off thar pray.

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

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

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

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

The king apon the tother day  
 Gan till his preve menye say,  
 520 'Ye knaw all weill and ye may se  
 How we are out off our cuntre  
 Banyst throu Inglismennys mycht  
 And that that suld be ouris of rycht  
 Throu thar maistris thai occupy,

525 And wald alsua foroutyne mercy  
Giff thai haid mycht destroy us all.  
Bot God forbeid it suld sa fall  
Till us as thai mak manassyng  
For than war thar na recoveryng,  
530 And mankind biddis us that we  
To procur vengeance besy be.  
For ye may se we haiff thre thingis  
That makis us oft monestingis  
For to be worthi wis and wycht  
535 And till anoy thaim at our mycht.  
Ane is our lyffis saufte  
That on na wys suld sauft be  
Gyff thai had us at thar liking  
The tother that makys us eggyng  
540 Is that thai our possessioun  
Haldis strenthly agayn resoun.  
The thrid is the joy that we abid  
Giff that it happyn as weill may tid  
That we wyn victour and maistry,  
545 Till ourcum thar felony.  
Therfor we suld our hartis rais  
Sua that na myscheyff us abais  
And schaip us always to that ending  
That beris in it mensk and loving.  
550 And tharfor lordingis gyff ye se  
Amang you giff that it speidfull be  
I will send a man in Carrik  
To spy and sper our kynrik  
How it is led and freynd and fa.  
555 And giff he seis we land may ta  
On Turnberys snuke he may  
Mak a fyr on a certane day  
And mak takynnyng till us that we  
May thar aryve in saufte.  
560 And giff he seis we may nocht sua,  
Luk on na wys the fyr he ma.  
Sua may we thar-throu haiff wittring  
Off our passage or our dwelling.'  
To this spek all assentyt ar,  
565 And than the king withoutyn mar  
Callyt ane that wes till him preve

And off Carrik his countre,  
And chargyt him in les and mar  
As ye hard me divis it ar  
570 And set him certane day to mai  
The fyr giff he saw it war sua  
That thai had possibilite  
To maynteyme wer in that cuntre.  
And he that wes rycht weill in will  
575 His lordis yharnyng to fullfill  
As he that worthy wes and leile  
And couth secreis rycht weill conseil  
Sad he wes boune intill all thing  
For to fulfill his commaunding,  
580 And said he suld do sa wisely  
That na repruff suld efter ly  
Syne at the king his leiff has tane  
And furth apon his way is gane.

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

Now gais the messynger his way  
585 That hat Cuthbert as I herd say.  
In Carrik sone aryvyt he  
And passyt throu all the countre,  
Bot he fand few tharin perfay  
That gud wald off his maister say,  
590 For fele off thaim durst nocht for dreid,  
And other sum rycht into deid  
War fayis to the nobill king,  
That rewyt syne thar barganyng.  
Baith hey and law the land wes then  
595 All occupyit with Inglismen  
That dispytyt atour all thing  
Robert the Bruce the douchty king.  
Carrik wes giffyn then halyly  
To Schir Henry the lord Persy  
600 That in Turnberyis castell then  
Was with weill ner three hunder men,  
And dauntyt sagat all the land  
That all wes till him obeysand.  
This Cuthbert saw thar felony,

605 And saw the folk sa halely  
Be worthyn Inglis baith rich and pur  
That he to nane durst him discour,  
But thocht to leve the fyr unmaid,  
Syne till his maister went but baid  
610 And all thar conveyne till him tell,  
That wes sa angry and sa fell.

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

The king that intill Arane lay  
Quhen that cummyn wes the day  
That he set till his messinger  
615 As Ik divisit you lang er  
Eftyr the fyr he lokyt fast  
And als sone as the none wes past  
Him thocht weill he saw a fyr  
Be Turnbery byrnand weill schyr,  
620 And till his menye it gan schaw.  
Ilk man thocht weill that he it saw,  
Then with blyth hart the folk gan cry,  
'Gud king, speid you deliverly  
Sua that we sone in the evynnyng  
625 Aryve foroutyn persayving.'  
'I grant,' said he. 'Now mak you yar,  
God furthyr us intill our far.'  
Then in schort time men mycht thaim se  
Schute all thar galayis to the se  
630 And ber to se baith ayr and ster  
And other thingis that myster wer,  
And as the king apone the sand  
Wes gangand up and doun, bidand  
Till that his menye redy war,  
635 His ost come rycht till him thar,  
And quhen that scho him halyst had  
A preve spek till him scho made  
And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw,  
For or ye pas I sall you schaw  
640 Off your fortoun a gret party,  
Bot our all specially  
A wyttring her I sall you ma

Quhat end that your purpos sall ta,  
For in this land is nane trewly  
645 Wate thingis to cum sa weill as I.  
Ye pas now furth on your viage  
To venge the harme and the outrag  
That Inglismen has to you done,  
Bot ye wat nocht quhat-kyne forton  
650 Ye mon drey in your werraying.  
Bot wyt ye weill withoutyn lesing  
That fra ye now haiff takyn land  
Nane sa mychty na sa strenththi of hand  
Sal ger you pas out off your countre  
655 Till all to you abandounyt be.  
Within schort tyme ye sall be king  
And haiff the land at your liking  
And ourcum your fayis all,  
Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall  
660 Or that your purpos end haiff tane,  
Bot ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkane.  
And that ye trowis this sekyrly  
My twa sonnys with you sall I  
Send to tak part of your travaill,  
665 For I wate weill thai sall nocht fail  
To be rewardyt weill at rycht  
Quhen ye are heyit to your mycht.'

[A discourse on prophecy]

The king that herd all hyr carping  
Thankit hyr in mekill thing,  
670 For scho confort him sumdeill,  
The-quhethir he trowyt nocht full weill  
Hyr spek, for he had gret ferly  
How scho suld wyt it sekyrly,  
As it wes wouderfull perfay  
675 How ony mannys science may  
Knew thingis that ar to cum  
Determinabilly, all or sum,  
Bot giff that he inspyrit war  
Off Him that all thing evermar  
680 Seys in his presciens  
As it war ay in presens, 680\*



As was David and Jeremy 681  
Samuell, Joell and Ysai,  
That throu His haly grace gan tell  
685 Fele thingis that efter fell, 684  
Bot the prophetis sa thyn ar sawyn  
That nane in erd now is knawin.  
Bot fele folk ar sa curyous  
And to wyt thingis covatous  
690 That thai, throu thar gret clergy 689  
Or ellys throu thar devilry,  
On thir twa maneris makis fanding  
Off thingis to cum to haiff knawing.  
Ane of thaim is astrologi,  
695 Quhar-throu clerkys that ar witty 694  
May know conjunctiones of planetis,  
And quhethir that thar cours thaim settis  
In soft segis or in angry,  
And off the hevyn all halyly  
700 How that the dispositioun 699  
Suld apon thingis wyrk her doun  
On regiones or on climatis,  
That wyrkys nocht ay-quhar agatis  
Bot sumquhar les and sumquhar mar  
705 Eftyr as thar bemys strekyt ar 704  
Othir all evyn or on wry.  
Bot me think it war gud maistri  
Till ony astrolog to say  
'This sall fall her and on this day.'  
710 For thocht a man his lyff haly 709  
Studyit sua in astrology  
That on sternys his hewid he brak,  
The wys man sayis he suld nocht mak  
All his lyff certane dayis thre,  
715 And yeit suld he ay doute quhill he 714  
Saw how that it come till ending.  
Than is that na certane demyng.  
Or gyff thai men that will study  
In the craft off astrology  
720 Know all mennys nacioun 719  
And knew the constellacioun  
That kyndlik maneris gyfis thaim till  
For till inclyne to gud or ill,

How that thai throu science of clergi  
 725 Or throu slycht off astrology 724  
 Couth tell quhatkyn perell apperis  
 To thaim that haldys kyndlik maneris,  
 I trow that thai suld faile to say  
 The thingis that thaim happyn may.  
 730 For quhethir-sa men inclynyt be 729  
 To vertu or to mavyte,  
 He may rychtg weill refreynye his will  
 Othir throu nurtur or thru skill  
 And to the contrar turne him all.  
 735 And men has mony tyme sene fall 734  
 That men kyndly till ivill gevyn  
 Throu thar gret wit away has drevyn  
 Thar ill and worthin off gret renoun  
 Magre the constellacioun,  
 740 As Arestotill, giff as men redis 739  
 He had folowyt his kyndly dedis,  
 He had bene fals and covatous  
 Bot his wyt maid him vertuous.  
 And sen men may on this kyn wys  
 745 Wyrk agayne that cours that is 744  
 Principaill caus off thar demyng  
 Me think thar dome na certane thing.  
 Nygromancy the tother is  
 That kennys men on syndry wys  
 750 Throu stalwart conjuracionys 749  
 And throu exorcizacionys  
 To ger spyritis to thaim apper  
 And giff answeris on ser maner,  
 As quhilum did the Phitones  
 755 That quhen Saul abaysyt wes 754  
 Off the Felystynys mycht,  
 Raysyt throu hyr mekill slycht  
 Samuelis spyrite als tite,  
 Or in his sted the ivill spyrite  
 760 That gaiff rycht graith answer hyr to, 759  
 Bot off hyr selff rycht nocht wust scho.  
 And man is into dreding ay  
 Off thingis that he has herd say,  
 Namly off thingis to cum, quhill he  
 765 Knew off the end the certante. 764

And sen thai ar in sic wenyng  
Foroutyne certante off witting,  
Me think quha sayis he knawis thingis  
To cum he makys gret gabingis.  
770 Bot quheter scho that tauld the king 769  
How his purpos suld tak ending  
Wenyt or wist it witterly,  
It fell efter halyly  
As scho said, for syne king wes he  
775 And off full mekill renommé 774.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book IX

[The king goes to Inverurie and falls ill]

Now leve we intill the Forest  
Douglas that sall bot litill rest  
Till the countre deliveryt be  
Off Inglis folk and thar powste,  
5 And turne we till the noble king  
That with the folk off his leding  
Toward the Month has tane his wai  
Rycht stoutly and intill gud array,  
Quhar Alysander Frayser him met  
10 And als his broder Symonet  
With all the folk thai with thaim had.  
The king gud contenance thaim made  
That wes rycht blyth off thar cummyne.  
Thai tauld the king off the conveyne  
15 Off Jhone Cumyn erle of Bouchane  
That till help him had with him tane  
Schyr Jhon Mowbray and other ma,  
Schyr David off Brechyn alsua,  
With all the folk off thar leding,  
20 'And yarnys mar na ony thing  
Vengeance off you, schyr king, to tak  
For Schyr Jhone the Cumyn his sak  
That quhylum in Drumfres wes slayn.'  
The king said, 'Sa our Lord me sayn,  
25 Ik had gret caus him for to sla,  
And sen that thai on hand will ta  
Becaus off him to werray me  
I sall thole a quhile and se  
On quhat wys that thai pruve thar mycht,  
30 And giff it fall that thai will fycht  
Giff thai assaile we sall defend,  
Syne fall eftre quhat God will send.'  
Eftre this spek the king in hy  
Held straucht his way till Enrowry,  
35 And thar him tuk sik a seknes  
That put him to full hard distress.  
He forbar bath drynk and mete,

His men na medycyne couth get  
That ever mycht to the king availe,  
40 His force gan him halyly faile  
That he mycht nother rid na ga.  
Then wyt ye that his men war wa,  
For nane wes in that cumpany  
That wald haiff bene halff sa sary  
45 For till haiff sene his broder ded  
Lyand befor him in that steid  
As thai war for his seknes,  
For all thar confort in him wes.  
Bot gud Schyr Edward the worthy  
50 His broder that wes sa hardy  
And wys and wucht set mekill payn  
To comfort thaim with all his mayn,  
And quhen the lordis that thar war  
Saw that the ill ay mar and mar  
55 Travaillyt the king, thaim thocht in hy  
It war nocht spedfull thar to ly,  
For thar all playne wes the countre  
And thai war bot a few menye  
To ly but strenth into the playne.  
60 Forthi till that thar capitane  
War coveryt off his mekill ill  
Thai thocht to wend sum strenthis till.

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

For folk foroutyn capitane  
Bot thai the better be apayn  
65 Sall nocht be all sa gud in deid  
As thai a lord had thaim to leid  
That dar put him in aventur  
But abaysing to tak the ure  
That God will send, for quhen that he  
70 Off sic will is and sic bounte  
That he dar put him till assay  
His folk sall tak ensample ay  
Off his gud deid and his bounte,  
And ane off thaim sall be worth thre  
75 Off thaim that wikkyt chifftane hais,  
His wrechytnes sa in thaim gais

That thai thar manlynes sall tyn  
throu wrechitnes of his convyn.  
For quhen the lord that thaim suld leid  
80 May do nocht bot as he that war ded  
Or fra his folk haldis his way  
Fleand, trow ye nocht than that thai  
Sall vencusyt in thar hartis be.  
Yis sall thai, as I trow per de,  
85 Bot giff thar hartis be sa hey  
That thai na will for thar worschip flei,  
And thaocht sum be of sic bounte  
Quhen thai the lord and his menye  
Seys fley, yeit sall thai fley apayn  
90 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.  
Se quhat he dois that sua foully  
Fleys thus for his cowardy,  
Bath him and his vencusys he  
And gerris his fayis aboune be.  
95 Bot he that throu his gret noblay  
Till perallis him abandounys ay  
To recomfort his menye  
Gerris thame be off sa gret bounte  
That mony tyme unlikly thing  
100 Tha bring rycht weill to gud ending.  
Sa did this king that Ik off reid,  
And for his utrageous manheid  
Confortyt his on sic maner  
That nane had radnes quhar he wer.  
105 Thai wald nocht fecht till that he wes 105  
Liand intill his seknes, 105  
Tharfor in litter thai him lay  
And till the Slevauch hald thar way  
And thocht thar in that strenth to ly  
110 Till passyt war his malady. 109

[The skirmishing at Slioch]

Bot fra the erle of Buchane  
Wyst that thai war thidder gane  
And wyst that sa sek wes the king  
That men doutyt off his covering,  
115 He sent eftre his men in hy 114

And assemblyt a gret cumpany,  
 For all his awine men war thar  
 And all his frendis with him war,  
 That wes Schir Jhonne the Mowbray  
 120 And his brodyr as Ik hard say 119  
 And Schyr David off Brechyng  
 With fele folk in thar ledyng.  
 And quhen thai all assemblit war  
 In hy thai tuk thar way to far  
 125 To the Slevauch with all thar men` 124  
 For till assaile the king that then  
 Wes liand intill his seknes.  
 This wes eftyr the Martymes  
 Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.  
 130 To the Slevauch thai come ner-hand 129  
 Arayit on thar best maner  
 And thane the kingis men that wer  
 War off thar come thaim apparaylyt  
 To defend giff thai thaim assaylyt  
 135 And nocht-forthi thar fayis war 134  
 Ay twa for ane that thai war thar.  
 The erlys men ner cummand war  
 Trumpand and makand mekill far  
 And maid knychtis quhen thai war ner,  
 140 And thai that in the woddis sid wer 139  
 Stud in aray rycht sarraly  
 And thocht to byd thar hardyly  
 The cummyng off thar ennymys,  
 Bot thai wald apon nakyn wys  
 145 Ische till assaile thaim in fechting 144  
 Till coveryt war the nobill king,  
 Bot and othir wald thaim assailye  
 Thai wald defend vailye que vailye.  
 And quhen the erlis cumpany  
 150 Saw that thai wrocht sa wisely 149  
 That thai thar strenth schupe to defend,  
 Thar archeris furth to thaim thai send  
 To bykkyr thaim and men off mayn,  
 And thai send archeris thaim agayne  
 155 That bykkyrryt thaim sa sturdely 154  
 Till thai off the erlis party  
 Intill thar bataill dryvyn war.

Thre dayis on this wys lay thai thar  
And bykkyryt thaim everilk day  
160 Bot thar bowmen the war had ay. 159  
And quhen the kingis cumpany  
Saw thar fayis befor thaim ly  
That ilk day wox ma and ma,  
And thai war quhone and stad war sua  
165 That thai had na thing for till eyt 164  
Bot giff thai travaillit it to get,  
Tharfor thai tuk consale into hy  
That thar wald thai na langer ly  
Bot hald thar way quhar thai mycht get  
170 To thaim and tharis vittailis and mete. 169

[The king withdraws from Slioch]

In a littar the king thai lay  
And redyit thaim and held thar way  
That all thar fayis mycht thaim se,  
Ilk man buskyt him in his degre  
175 To fycht giff thai assaillyt war. 174  
In myddis thaim the king thai bar  
And yeid about him sarraly  
And nocht full gretly thaim gan hy.  
The erle and thai that with him war  
180 Saw that thai buskit thaim to far, 179  
And saw how with sa litill effray  
Thai held furth with the king thar way  
Redy to fycht quha wald assaile.  
Thar hartis begouth all to faile  
185 And in pes lete thaim pas thar way 184  
And till thar housis hame went thai.

[The king goes to Strathbogie then to Inverurie]

The erle his way tuk to Bouchane,  
And Schyr Edward the Bruce is gane  
Rycht to Strabolghy with the king  
190 And sua lang thar maid sojorning 189  
Till he begouth to covyr and ga,  
And syne thar wayis gan thai ta  
Till Innerroury straucht agane



For thai wald ly into the plane,  
195 The wynter sesone, for vittaile 194  
Intill the plane mycht thaim nocht faile.  
The erle wyst that thai war thar  
And gaderyt a mengne her and thar.  
Brechyne and Mowbray and thar men  
200 All till the erle assemblyt then 199  
And war a full gret cumpany  
Off men arayit jolyly.  
Till Auld Meldrum thai yeid the way  
And thar with thar men logit thai  
205 Befoir Yhule evyn a nycht but mar, 204  
A thousand trow I weile thai war.  
Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht  
And on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
The lord off Brechyn Schyr Davy  
210 Is went towart Innerroury 209  
To luk gyff he on ony wys  
Mycht do skaith till his ennymys,  
And till the end off Innerroury  
Come ridand sa sodanly  
215 That off the kingis men he slew 214  
A part, and other sum thaim withdrew  
And fled thar way towart the king  
That with the maist off his gadryng  
On the yond half Doun wes than lyand.

[Preparation for battle]

220 And quhen men tauld him tithand 219  
How Schyr Davy had slayn his men  
His hors in hy he askyt then  
And bad his men all mak thaim yar  
Into gret hy, for he wald far  
225 To bargane with his ennymys. 224  
With that he buskyt for to rys  
That wes nocht all weill coveryt then.  
Then said sum off his preve men,  
'Quhat think ye thusgat to far  
230 To fycht and nocht yeit coveryt ar.' 229  
'Yhis,' said the king, 'withoutyn wer,  
Thar bost has maid me haile and fer,

For suld na medicyne sa sone  
Haiff coveryt me as thai haiff done.  
235 Tharfor, sa God himself me se, 234  
I sall othir haiff thaim or thai me.'  
And quhen his men has hard the king  
Set him sa hale for the fechtng,  
Off his coveryng all blyth thai war  
240 And maid thaim for the battaill yar. 239

[The battle of Old Meldrum]

The nobill king and his mengye  
That mycht weile ner sevin hunder be  
Towart Auld Meldrum tuk the way  
Wuhar the erle and his menye lay.  
245 The discourouris saw thaim cummand 244  
With baneris to the wynd wavand  
And yeid to thar lord in hy  
That gert arme hys men hastely  
And thaim arayit for battaile,  
250 Behind thaim set thai thar merdale 249  
And maid gud sembland for to fycht.  
The king come on with mekill mycht  
And thai abaid makand gret fayr  
Till thai ner at assembling wayr,  
255 Bot quhen thai saw the nobill king 254  
Cum stoutly on foroutyn fenyeing  
A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew,  
And the king that rycht weill knew  
That thai war all discumfyt ner  
260 Pressyt on thaim with his baner 259  
And thai withdrew mar and mar.  
And quhen the small folk thai had thar  
Saw thar lordis withdraw them sua  
Thai turnyt the bak all and to-ga  
265 And fled all scalyt her and thar. 264  
The lordis that yeyt togydder war  
Saw that thar small folk war fleand  
And saw the king stoutly cummand,  
Thai war ilkane abaysit swa  
270 That thai the bak gave and to-ga, 269  
A litill stound samyn held thai

And syne ilk man has tane his way.  
Fell never men sa foule myschance  
Eftre sa sturdy contenance  
275 For quhen the kingis cumpany 274  
Saw that thai fled sa foulyly  
Thai chasyt thaim with all thair mayn  
And sum thai tuk and sum has slayn.  
The remanand war fleand ay,  
280 Quha had gud hors gat best away. 279  
Till Ingland fled the erle of Bouchquhane  
Shyr Jhon Mowbray is with him gane  
And war resett with the king,  
Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting  
285 For thai deyt sone eftre syne. 284  
And Schyr David off Brechyne  
Fled till Brechyne his awine castell  
And warnyst it bath fayr and weill,  
Bot the erle of Atholl, Davy,  
290 His sone that wes in Kildromy 289  
Come syne and him assegyt thar,  
And he that wald hald were ne mar  
Na bargane with the nobile king  
Come syne his man with gud treting.

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

295 Now ga we to the king agayne 294  
That off his victory wes rycht fayn,  
And gert his men bryn all Bowchane  
Fra end till end and sparyt nane,  
And heryit thaim on sic maner  
300 That eftre weile fyfty yer 299  
Men menynt the herschip off Bouchane.  
The king than till his pes has tane  
The north cuntreys that humbly  
Obesyt till his senyoury  
305 Sua that benorth the Month war nane 304  
Then thai his men war everilkan,  
His lordschip wox ay mar and mar.  
Toward Angus syne gan he far  
And thocht sone to mak all fre  
310 That wes on the north halff the Scottis se. 309

The castell off Forfayr wes then  
Stuffyt all with Inglismen,  
Bot Philip the Forestar of Platane  
Has off his freyndis with him tane  
315 And with leddrys all prevely 314  
Till the castell he gan him hy  
And clam up our the wall off stane  
And swagate has the castell tane  
Throu faute off wach with litill pane,  
320 And syne all that he fand has slayne 319  
Syne yauld the castell to the king  
That maid him rycht gud rewarding,  
And syne gert brek doun the wall  
And fordyd well and castell all.

[The king goes to Perth and besieges it]

325 Quhen that the castell off Forfar 324  
And all the towris tumblyt war  
Down till the erd as Ik haiff tauld  
The king that wycht wes wys and bauld  
That thocht that he wald mak all fre  
330 Apon the northhalff the Scottis se 329  
Till Perth is went with all his rout  
And umbeset the toun about  
And till it a sege has set.  
Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and met  
335 It mycht nocht but gret payne be tane 334  
For all the wall wes then of stane  
And wycht towris and hey-standand,  
And that tyme war tharin dwelland  
Muschet and als Olyfard,  
340 Thai twa the toun had all in ward 339  
And off Straitherne als the erle wes thar,  
Bot his sone and off his men war  
Without intill the kingis rowt.  
Thar wes oft bekering styth and stout  
345 And men slayne apon ilk party, 344  
Bot the gud king that all wytty  
Wes in his dedis everilkane  
Saw the wallis sa styth off stane  
And saw defens that thai gan ma

350 And how the toun wes hard to ta 349  
With opyn sawt strenth or mycht.  
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht,  
And in all tyme that he thar lay  
He spyit and slely gert assay  
355 Quhar at the dyk schaldest was, 354  
Till at the last he fand a place  
That men mycht till thar schuldris wad.  
And quhen he that place fundyn had  
He gert his men busk ilkane  
360 Quhen sex woukis off the sege war gane, 359  
And tursyt thar harnes halyly  
And left the sege all opynly  
And furth with all his folk gan fayr  
As he wald do tharto no mayr.  
365 And thai tha war within the toun 364  
Quhen thai to fayr sa saw him boun  
Thai schoutit him and skornyn mad,  
And he furth on his wayis rad  
As he ne had will agayne to turn  
370 Na besyd thaim mak sojourn. 369

[The assault on Perth]

Bot in aucht dayis nocht-forthi  
He gert mak leddrys prevely  
That mycht suffice till his enent,  
And in a myrk nycht syne is went  
375 Toward the toun with his menye 374  
Bath hors and knafis all left he 375  
Fer fra the toun, and syne has tane 376  
Thair ledderis and on fut ar gane 377\*  
Toward the toun all prevely. 374  
380 Thai hard na wachys spek na cry 375  
For thai war within may-fall  
As men that dred nocht slepand all.  
Thai haid na dreid then off the king  
For thai off him herd na thing  
385 All thai thre dayis befor or mar, 380  
Thairfor sekyr and traist thai war.  
And quhen the king thaim hard nocht ster  
He was blyth on gret maner,

And his ledder in hand gan ta  
390 Ensample till his men to ma, 385  
Arayit weill in all his ger  
Schot in the dik and with his sper  
Taistyt till he it our-woud,  
Bot till his throt the watyr stud.  
395 That tyme wes in his cumpany 390  
Aknycht off France wycht and hardy,  
And quhen he in the watyr sua  
Saw the king pas and with him ta  
His ledder unabasytly,  
400 He saynyt him for the ferly 395  
And said, 'A, lord, quhat sall we say  
Off our lordis off Fraunce that thai  
With gud morsellis fayrcis thar pawnce  
And will bot ete and drink and dawnce  
405 Quhen sic a knycht and sa worthy 400  
As this throu his chevalry  
Into sic perell has him set  
To win a wrechyt hamillet.'  
With that word to the dik he ran  
410 And our efter the king he wan, 405  
And quhen the kingis menye saw  
Thar lord out-our intill a thraw  
Thai passyt the dik and but mar let  
Thar leddrys to the wall thai set  
415 And to clymb up fast pressyt thai, 410  
Bot the gud king as I herd say  
Was the secund man tuk the wall  
And bad thar till his mengye all  
War cummyn up in full gret hy.

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

420 Yeit than rais nother noyis na cry, 415  
Bot sone efter thai noyis maid  
That off thaim fyrst persaving had  
Swa that the cry rais throu the toun,  
Bot he that with his men wes boun  
425 Till assaill to thte toun is went 420  
And the maist off his menye sent  
All scalyt throu the toun, bot he

Held with himselvyn a gret mengne  
Sa that he moucht be ay purvayit  
430 To defend giff he war assayit. 425  
Bot thai that he send throu the toun  
Put to sa gret confusioun  
Thar fayis that in beddis war  
Or scalyt fleand her and thar  
435 That or the sone rais thai had tane 430  
Thar fayis or discumfyt ilkane.  
The wardanys bath tharin war tane,  
And Malice off Straithern is gane  
Till his fadyr the Erle Malice  
440 And with strenth tuk him and his, 435  
Syne for his sak the noble king  
Gave him his in governyng.  
The lave that ran out-throu the toun  
Sesynt to thaim into gret fusoun  
445 Men and armyng and marchandis 440  
And other gud on syndry wys,  
Quhill thai that er war pour and bar  
Off that gud rych and mychty war,  
Bot thar wes few slayne for the king,  
450 That thaim had gevyn in commanding 445  
On gret payne that thai suld slay nane  
That but gret bargane mycht be tane.  
That thai war kynd to the countre  
He wyst and off thaim had pite.

[The king controls Scotland north of the Forth]

455 On this maner the toun wes tane 450  
And syne towris everilkane  
And wallis gert he tumble down.  
He levyt nocht about that town  
Towr standand na stane na wall  
460 That ne haly gert stroy thaim all, 455  
And presonerys that thar tuk he  
He send quhar thai mycht haldyn be,  
And till his pes tuk all the land.  
Wes nane that durst him than withstand  
465 Apon northhalff the Scottis se, 460  
All obeysyt till his majeste

Outane the lord of Lorn and thai  
Off Arghile that wald with him ga.  
He held him ay agayne the king  
470 And hatyt him atour all thing, 465  
Bot yete or all the gamyn ga  
I trow weill that the king sall ta  
Vengeance off his gret cruelte,  
And that him sar repent sall he  
475 That he the king contraryit ay, 470  
May-fall quhen he it mend na may.

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

The kingis broder, quhen the toun  
Wes takyn thus and dongyn doun,  
Schyr Edward that wes sa worthy  
480 Tuk with him a gret cumpany 475  
And tuk his gayt till Galloway,  
For with his men he wald assay  
Giff he mycht recover that land  
And wyn it fra Inglismennys hand.  
485 This Schyr Edward forsuth Ik hycht 480  
Wes off his hand a noble knyght  
And in blythnes suete and joly,  
Bot he wes outrageous hardy  
And of sa hey undretaking  
490 That he haid never yeit abaysyng 485  
Off multitud off men, forthi  
He discumfyt commounly  
Mony with quhone, tharfor had he  
Out-over his peris renomme.  
495 And quha wald rehers all the deid 490  
Off his hey worschip and manheid  
Men mycht a mekill romanys mak,  
And nocht-forthi I think to tak  
On hand Off him to say sum thing  
500 Bot nocht tende part his travalyn. 495  
This gud knyght that I spek off her  
With all the folk that with him wer  
Weill sone to Galloway cummyn is,  
All that he fand he makyt his  
505 And ryotyng gretly the land. 500



Bot than in Galloway war wonnand  
Schyr Ingrahame the Umfravill that wes  
Renommyt off sa hey prowes  
that he off worschippassyt the rowt,  
510 Tharfor he gert ay ber about 505  
Apon a sper a rede bonet  
Into takyn that he wes set  
Into the hycht off chevalry,  
And off Saynct Jhone als Schyr Aymry.

[The battle by the Cree]

515 Thir twa the land had in stering, 510  
And quhen thai hard off the cummyng  
Off Schyr Edward that sa playnly  
Oure-raid the land, thare in gret hy  
Thai assemblyt all thar mengne,  
520 I trow tuelf hunder thai mycht be. 515  
Bot he with fewar folk thaim met  
Besyd Cre and sa hard thaim set  
With hard battaill and stalwart fycht  
That he thaim all put to the flycht  
525 And slew twa hunder wrill and ma, 520  
And the chyftanys in hy gan ta  
Thar way to Buttill for to be  
Thar resavyt to sawfte,  
And Schyr Edward thaim chasit fast,  
530 Bot till the castell at the last 525  
Gat Schyr Ingrahame and Schyr Amery,  
Bot the best off thar cumpany  
Left ded behind thaim in the place.  
And quhen Schyr Edward saw the chace  
535 Wes falyt he gert seys the pray 530  
And sua gret cattell had away  
That it war wonder for to se.  
Out of Buttill thai saw how he  
Gert his men dryve with him thar pray  
540 Bot na let tharin mycht thai. 535  
Throu his chevalrous chevalry  
Galloway wes stonayit gretumly  
And he dowtyt for his bounte.  
Sum off the men off the countre

545 Cum till his pes and maid him aith. 540  
Bot Schyr Amery that had the skaith  
Off the bargane I tauld off er,  
Raid till Inland till purches ther  
Off armyt men gret cumpany  
550 To veng him off the velany 545  
That Schyr Edward that noble knyght  
Him did by Cre into the fycht.  
Off gud men he assemblit thar  
Weill fyften hunder men and mar  
555 That war ryght of gud renowne. 550  
His way with all that folk tuk he,  
And in the land all prevely  
Entryt with tha chevalry  
Thynkand Schyr Edward to suppris  
560 Giff that he moucht on ony wis 555  
For he thocht he wald him assaile  
Or that he left in playn bataill.

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

Now may ye her off gret ferly  
And off ryght hey chevalry,  
565 For Schyr Edward into the land 560  
Wes with his mengne ryght ner-hand,  
And in the mornyng ryght arly  
Herd the countre men mak cry  
And had wyttryng off thar cummyng.  
570 Than buskyt he him but delaying 565  
And lapp on hors deliverly,  
He had than in toute fyfty  
All apon gud hors armyt weill,  
His small folk gert he ilk-deill  
575 Withdraw thaim till a strait thar-by, 570  
And he raid furth with his fyfty.  
A knyght that then was in his rowt  
Worthi and wycht stalwart and stout  
Curtais and fayr and off gud fame  
580 Schyr Alane off Catkert be name 575  
Tauld me this taile as I sall tell.  
Gret myst into the mornyng fell  
Sa thai mycht nocht se thaim by

For myst a bow-draucht fullely.  
 585 Sa hapnyt that thai fand the trais 580  
 Quhar at the rowt furth passyt wais  
 Off thair fayis that forouth raid.  
 Schyr Edward that gret yarnyn had  
 All tymys to do chevalry  
 590 With all his rout in full gret hy 585  
 Folowyt the trais quhar gane war thai,  
 And befor mydmorne off the day  
 The myst wox cler all sodanly  
 And than he and his cumpany  
 595 War nocht a bowdraucht fra the rout. 590  
 than schot thai on thaim with a schout,  
 For gyff thai fled thai wyst that thai  
 Suld nocht weill feyrd part get away,  
 Tharfor in aventur to dey  
 600 He wald him put or he wald fle. 595  
 And quhen the Inglis cumpany  
 Saw on thaim cum sa sodanly  
 Sik folk foroutyn abaysyng  
 Thai war stonayt for effrayng,  
 605 And the tother but mar abaid 600  
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid  
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.  
 Stonayit sa gretly than thai war  
 Throu the force off that fyrst assay  
 610 That thai war intill gret effray, 605  
 And wend be fer thai had bene ma  
 For that thai war assailit sua.  
 Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim hastily  
 Than Schyr Edwardis cumpany  
 615 Set stoutly in the heid agayne, 610  
 And at that cours borne doune and slayn  
 War off thar fayis a gret party  
 That thai effrayit war sa gretly  
 That thsi war scalyt gretly then.  
 620 And quhen Schyr Edward and his men 615  
 Saw thaim intill sa evill aray  
 The thrid tyme on thaim prekyt thai,  
 And thai that saw thaim sa stouly  
 Come on dred thaim sa gretumly  
 625 That all thar rowt bath les and mar 620

Fled prekand scalyt her and thar.  
Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy  
To bid, bot all comonaly  
Fled to warand, and he gan chas  
630 That wilfull to distroy thaim was 625  
And sum he tuk and sum war slayn,  
Bot Schyr Amery with mekill payn  
Eschapyt and his gat in gayn.  
His men discumfyt war ilkane,  
635 Sum tane, sum slayne, sum gat away, 630  
It wes a rycht fayr poynt perfay.

[A comment on Edward Bruce in Galloway]

Lo! how hardyment tane sa sudandly  
And drevyn to the end scharply  
May ger oftsys unlikly thingis  
640 Cum to rycht fayr and gud endingis 635  
As it fell into this cas her.  
For hardyment withoutyn wer  
Wan fyften hunder with fyfty  
Quhar ay for ane thar wes thretty,  
645 And twa men ar a mannys her, 640  
Bot ure thaim led on swilk maner  
That thai discumfyt war ilkane.  
Schyr Amery hame his gat is gane  
Rycht blyth that he swa gat away,  
650 I trow he sall nocht mony day 645  
Haiff will to werray that countre,  
With-thi Schyr Edward tharin be.  
And he dwelt furth into the land  
Thaim that rebell war werrayand,  
655 And in a yer sa werrayit he 650  
That he wane quyrt that countre  
Till his broderys pes the king.  
Bot that wes nocht but hard fechting,  
For in that tyme thar him befell  
660 Mony fayr poynt as Ik herd tell 655  
The quhilk that ar nocht writyn her,  
Bot I wate weile that in that yer  
Thretten castellis with strenth he wan  
And ourcome mony a mody man.

665 Quha-sa off him the south will reid, 660  
Had he had mesure in his deid  
I trow that worthyar then he  
Mycht nocht in his tym fundyn be  
Outakyn his broder anerly,  
670 To quham into chevalry 665  
Lyk wes nane in his day,  
For he led him with mesur ay,  
And with wyt his chevalry  
He governyt sa worthily  
675 That he oft full unlikly thing 670  
Broucht rycht weill to gud ending.

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

In all this tyme James of Douglas  
In the Forest travaland was,  
And it throu hardiment and slycht  
680 Occupyit all magre the mycht 675  
Off his fell fayis, the-quhether thai  
Set him full oft in full hard assay,  
Bot oft throu wyt and throu bounte  
His purpos to gud end brocht he.  
685 Intill that tyme him fell throu cas 680  
On ane nycht as he travaland was  
And thocht till haiff tane resting  
In ane hous on the watyr off Lyne  
And as he come with his mengne  
690 Ner-hand the hous sua lysnyt he 685  
And herd thair sawis ilke deill,  
And be that he persavyt weill  
That thai war strang men that thar  
That nycht tharin herbryd war.  
695 And as he thocht it fell per cas, 690  
For off Bonkle the lord thar was  
Alexander Stewart hat he  
With other twa off gret bounte,  
Thomas Randell off gret renowne  
700 And Adam alsua off Gordoune, 695  
That thar come with gret cumpany  
And thocht into the Forest to ly  
And occupy it throu thar mycht,

And with travaill and stalwart fycht  
705 Chace Douglas out of that countre. 700  
Bot otherwayis then yeid the gle  
For quhen James had wittering  
That strang men had taken herbryng  
In the place that he schup him to ly  
710 He to the hous went hastily 705  
And umbeset it all about.  
Quhen thai within hard swilk a rout  
About the hous thai rais in hy  
And tuk thar ger rycht hastily  
715 And schot furth fra thai harnasyt war. 710  
Thar fayis thaim met with wapnys bar  
And assaylit rycht hardely  
And thai defendyt douchtely  
With all thar mycht, till at the last  
720 Thar fayis pressyt thaim sa fast 715  
That thar folk failyt thaim ilkane.  
Thomas Randell thar wes tane  
And Alexander Stewart alsua  
Woundyt in a place or twa.  
725 Adam of Gordoun fra the fycht 720  
Quhat throu his strenth and his mycht  
Eschapyt and ser off thar men,  
Bot thai that war arestyt then  
War off thar taking wondre wa,  
730 Bot neidlingis behovit it be sua. 725

[Thomas Randolph upbraids the king]

That nycht the gud lord off Douglas  
Maid to Schyr Alysander that was  
His emys sone rycht glaidsome cher,  
Sua did he als withoutyn wer  
735 Till Thomas Randell for that he 730  
Wes to the king in ner degre  
Off blud, for his sistre him bar,  
And on the morne foroutyn mar  
Toward the noble king he raid  
740 And with him bath thai twa he haid. 735  
The king off his present wes blyth  
And thankyt him weill fele syth,

And till his nevo gan he say,  
'Thou has ane quhill renyid thi fay,  
745 Bot thou reconsalit now mon be.' 740  
Then till the king answerit he  
And said, 'Ye chasty me, bot ye  
Aucht bettre chastyt for to be,  
For sene ye werrayit the king  
750 Off England, in playne fechtynge 745  
Ye suld pres to derenyhe rycht  
And nocht with cowardy na with slycht.'  
The king said, 'Yeit may-fall it may  
Cum or oucht lang to sic assay.  
755 Bot sen thou spekys sa rudly 750  
It is gret skylle men chasty  
Thai proud wordis till that thou know  
The rycht and bow it as thou aw.'  
The king foroutyn mar delaying  
760 Send him to be in ferme keping 755  
Quhar that he allane suld be,  
Nocht all apon his powste fre.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book V

The king goes to Carrick; he upbraids Cuthbert]

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



And met thaim at thar aryving.  
He wes wele sone brocht to the king  
That speryt at him how he had done,  
40 And he with sar hart tauld him sone  
How that he fand nane weill luffand  
Bot all war fayis that he fand,  
And that the lord the Persy  
With ner thre hunder in cumpany  
45 Was in the castell thar besid  
Fullfillyt of dispyt and prid  
Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt  
War herberyt in the toune without,  
'And dyspytyt you mar, schyr king,  
50 Than men may dispyt ony thing.'  
Than said the king in full gret ire,  
'Tratour, quhy maid thou than the fyr?'  
'A schyr,' said he, 'Sa God me se  
The fyr wes nevyr maid for me,  
55 Na or the nycht I wyst it nocht,  
Bot fra I wyst it weill I thocht  
That ye and haly your menye  
On hy suld put you to the se,  
For-thi I come to mete you her  
60 To tell perellys that may aper.'

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

The king wes off his spek angry  
And askyt his pryve men in hy  
Quhat at thaim thocht wes best to do.  
Schyr Edward fryst answert tharto  
65 His brodyr that wes sua hardy,  
And said, 'I say you sekyrly  
Thar sall na perell that may be  
Dryve me eftsonys to the se.  
Myne aventur her tak will I  
70 Quhethir it be esfull or angry.'  
'Brother,' he said, 'sen thou will sua  
It is gud that we samyn ta  
Dissese or ese or payne or play  
Eftyr as God will us purvay.  
75 And sen men sayis that the Persy

Myn heritage will occupy,  
And his menye sa ner us lyis  
That us dispytis mony wys,  
Ga we and venge sum off the dispyte,  
80 And that may we haiff done als tite  
For thai ly traistly but dreding  
Off us or off our her-cummyng,  
And thocht we slepand slew thaim all  
Repruff tharoff na man sall  
85 For werrayour na fors suld ma  
Quhether he mycht ourcum his fa  
Throu strenth or throu sutelte,  
Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.'  
Quhen this wes said thai went thar way,  
90 And to the toune sone cummyn ar thai  
Sa prevely but noyis making  
That nane persavyt thar cummyng.  
Thai skalyt throu the toun in hy  
And brak up duris sturdely  
95 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak,  
And thai that na defence mocht mak  
Full petously gan rar and cry,  
And thai slew thaim dispitously  
As thai that war in full gud will  
100 To venge the angyr and the ill  
That thai and thairis had thaim wrocht.  
Thai with sa feloun will thaim soucht  
That thai slew thaim everilkan  
Owtane Makdowell him allan  
105 That eschapyt throu gret slycht  
And throu the myrknes off the nycht.  
In the castell the lord the Persy  
Hard weill the noyis and the cry,  
Sa did the men that within wer  
110 And full effraytly gat thar ger,  
Bot off thaim wes nane sa hardy  
That ever ischyt fourth to the cry.  
In sic effray thai baid that nycht  
Till on the morn that day wes lycht,  
115 And than cesyt into party  
The noyis the slauchtyr and the cry.  
The king gert be departyt then

All hale the reff amang the men  
And dwellyt all still thar dayis thre.  
120 Syk hansell to that fokk gaiff he  
rycht in the fyrst begynnyng  
Newlingis at his aryvyng.

[A kinswoman gives him news and forty men]

Quhen that the king and his folk war  
Aryvyt as I tauld you ar,  
125 Aquhile in Karryk leyndyt he  
To se quha freynde or fa wald be,  
Bot he fand litill tendyrnes,  
And nocht-forthi the puple wes  
Enclynyt till him in party,  
130 Bot Inglismen sa angrely  
Led thaim with daunger and with aw  
That thai na freyndschip durst him schaw.  
Bot a lady off that cuntre  
That wes till him in ner degre  
135 Of cosyngage wes wonder blyth  
Off his aryvyng and alswyth  
Sped hyr till him in full gret hy  
With fourty men in cumpany  
And betaucht thaim all to the king  
140 Till help him in his werraying,  
And he resavyt thaim in daynte  
And hyr full gretly thankit he,  
And speryt tythandis off the queyne  
And off his freyndis all bedene  
145 That he had left in that countre  
Quhen that he put him to the se.  
And scho him tauld sichand full sar  
How that his brothyr takyn war  
In the castell off Kyldromy  
150 And destroyit sa velanysly  
And the erle off Athall alsua  
And how the queyn and other ma  
That till his party war heldand  
War tane and led in Ingland  
155 And put in feloun presoune,  
And how that Cristole off Setoun

Wes slayn, gretand scho tauld the king,  
That sorowful wes off that tithing  
And said quhen he had thocht a thraw  
160 Thir wordis that I sall you schaw.  
'Allace,' he said, 'For luff off me  
And for thar mekill lawte  
Thai nobill men and thai worthy  
Ar destroyit sa velanysly  
165 Bot and I leyff in lege-powyste  
Thar deid rycht weill sall vengit be.  
The king the-quhether off Ingland  
Thocht that the kynrik off Scotland  
Was to litill to thaim and me  
170 Tharfor he will it myn all be.  
Bot off gud Cristole off Setoun  
That wes off sa nobill renoun  
That he suld dey war gret pite  
Bot quhar worschip mycht provyt be.'

[Percy is rescued from Turnberry castle]

175 The king sichand thus maid his mayn  
And the lady hyr leyff has tayn  
And went hyr hame till hyr wonnyng  
And fele sys confort the king  
Bath with silver and with mete  
180 Sic as scho in the land mycht get.  
And he oft ryot all the land  
And maid all his that ever he fand  
And syne drew him till the hycht  
To stynt better his fayis mycht.  
185 In all that tym wes the Persy  
With a full sympill cumpany  
In Turnberys castell lyand,  
For the King Robert sua dredand  
That he durst nocht isch furth to fayr  
190 Fra thine to the castell off Ayr  
That wes then full off Inglismen,  
Bot lay lurkand as in a den  
Tyll the men off Northummyrland  
Suld cum armyt and with strang hand  
195 Convoy him till his cuntre.

For his saynd till thaim send he,  
And thai in hy assemblyt then  
Passand I weyne a thousand men  
And askyt avisement thaim amang  
200 Quhether that thai suld dwell or gang,  
Bot thai war skownrand wonder sar  
Sa fer into Scotland for to far,  
For a knycht, Schyr Gawter the Lile  
Said it wes all to gret perile  
205 Sua ner thai schavalduris to ga.  
His spek discomfort thaim sua  
That thai had left all thar vyage  
Na war a knycht off gret corage  
That Schyr Roger off Sanct Jhon hycht  
210 That thaim confort with all his mycht,  
And sic wordis to thaim gan say  
That thai all samyn held thar way  
Till Turnbery, quhar the Persy  
Lap on and went with thaim in hy  
215 In Inland his castell till  
Foroutyn distroublyne or ill.

[Douglas decides to visit his lands]

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

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

[Douglas meets Tom Dickson; he acquires a following]

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

That wes off freyndis weill mychty  
275 And ryche off mobleis and off cateill  
And had bene till his fadyr leyll,  
And till himselff in his youthed  
He haid done mony a thankfull deid,  
Thom Dicson wes his name perfay.  
280 Till him he send and gan him pray  
That he wald cum all anerly  
For to spek with him prevely,  
And he but daunger till him gais.  
Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais  
285 He gret for joy and for pite  
And him rycht till his hous had he,  
Quhar in a chambre prevely  
He held him and his cumpany,  
That nane of him had persaving.  
290 Off mete and drynk and other thing  
That mycht thaim eys thai had plente.  
Sa wrocht he throu sutelte  
That all the lele men off that land  
That with his fadyr war dwelland  
295 This gud man gert cum ane and ane  
And mak him manrent everilkane,  
And he himselff fyrst homage maid.  
Douglas in hart gret glaidship haid  
That the gud men off his cuntre  
300 Wald suagate till him bundyn be.  
He speryt the convyne off the land  
And quha the castell had in hand  
And thai him tauld all halily,  
And syne amang thaim prevely  
305 Thai ordanyt that he still suld be  
In hiddillis and in prevete  
Till Palme Sonday that wes ner-hand  
The thrid day efter folowand  
For than the folk off that countre  
310 Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be,  
And thai that in the castell wer  
Wald als be thar thar palmys to ber  
As folk that had na dreid off ill  
For thai thocht that all was at thar will.  
315 Than suld he cum with his twa men,

Bot for that men suld nocht him ken  
He suld ane mantill have auld and bar  
And a flaill as he a thresscher war.  
Under the mantill nocht-forthi  
320 He suld be armyt prevely,  
And quhen the men off his countre  
That suld all boune befor him be  
His ensenye mycht her hym cry,  
Then suld thai full enforcely  
325 Rycht ymyddys the kirk assaill  
The Inglismen with hard bataill  
Sua that nane mycht eschap thaim fra,  
For thar-through trowyt thai to ta  
The castell that besid wes ner.  
330 And quhen this that I tell you her  
Wes divisyt and undertane  
Ilkane till his hous hame is gane  
And held this spek in prevete  
Till the day off thar assemble.

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

335 The folk apon the Sonounday  
Held to Saynct Bridis kyrk thar way,  
And thai that in the castell war  
Ischyt out bath less and mar  
And went thar palmys for to ber,  
340 Outane a cuk and a portere.  
James off Douglas off thar cummyng  
And quhat thai war had witting,  
And sped him till the kyrk in hy,  
Bot or he come, to hastily  
345 Ane of his cryit, 'Douglas, Douglas.'  
Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was  
Till thaim that war off the castell  
That war all innouth the chancell,  
Quhen he 'Douglas' sua hey hard cry  
350 Drew out his swerd and fellely  
Ruschynt amang thame to and fra,  
Bot ane or twa foroutin ma  
Than in hy war left lyand,



Quhill Douglas come ryght at hand  
355 And then enforcyt on thaim the cry,  
Bot thai the chansell sturdely  
Held and thaim defendyt wele  
Till off thar men war slayne sumdell.  
Bot the Douglace sa weill him bar  
360 That all the men that with him war  
Had confort off his wele-doyng,  
And he him sparyt nakyn thing  
Bot provyt sua his force in fycht  
That throu his woschip and his mycht  
365 His men sa keynly helpyt than  
That thai the chansell on thaim wan.  
Than dang thai on sua hardyly  
That in schort tyme men mycht se ly  
The twa part dede or then deand,  
370 The lave war sesyt sone in hand  
Sua that off thretty levyt nane  
That thaine war slayne ilkan or tane.  
James off Douglas quhen this wes done  
The presoneris has he tane alsone  
375 And with thaim off his cumpany  
Towart the castell went in hy  
Or noyis or cry suld rys,  
And for he wald thaim sone suppris  
That levyt in the castell war  
380 That war bot twa foroutyn mar,  
Fyve men or sex befor send he  
That fand all opyn the entre  
And entryt and the porter tuk  
Rycht at the yate and syne the cuk.  
385 With that the Douglas come to the yat  
And entryt in foroutyn debate  
And fand the mete all redy graid  
And burdys set and claithis laid  
The yhattis then he gert sper  
390 And sat and eyt all at layser,  
Syne all the gudis turssyt thai  
That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away,  
And namly wapnys and armyng  
Silver and tresour and clethyng.  
395 Vittalys that mycht nocht tursyt be

On this maner destroyit he,  
Als quheynt and flour and meill and malt  
In the wyne-sellar gert he bring  
400 And samyn on the flur all flyng  
And the presonaris that he had tane  
Rycht tharin gert he heid ilkane,  
Syne off the tounnys the hedis outstrak.  
A foul melle thar gane he mak,  
405 For meile and malt and blud and wyne  
Rane all togidder in a mellyne  
That was un semly for to se.  
Tharfor the men off that countre  
For sua fele thar mellyt wer  
410 Callit it 'the Douglas lardner.'  
Syne tuk he salt as Ic hard tell  
And ded hors and fordid the well,  
And brynt all outakyn stane,  
And is furth with his menye gayne  
415 Till his resett, for him thocht weill  
Giff he had haldyn the castell  
It had bene assegyt raith  
And that him thocht to mekill waith,  
For he had na hop of reskewyng.  
420 And it is to peralous thing  
In castell assegyt to be  
Quhar want is off thir thingis thre,  
Vittaill or men with thar armyng  
Or than gud hop off rescuyng,  
425 And for he dred thir thingis suld faile  
He chesyt furthwart to travaill  
Quhar he mycht at his larges be  
And sua dryve furth his destane.

[Douglas withdraws; Clifford repairs the castle]

On this wise wes the castell tan  
430 And slayne that war tharin ilkan.  
The Douglas syne all his menye  
Gert in ser placis departyt be,  
For men suld les wyt quhar thai war  
That yeid departyt her and thar.  
435 Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly

Intill hiddillis all prevely,  
And gert gud lechis till thaim bring  
Quhill that thai war intill heling,  
And himselff with a few menye  
440 Quhile ane quhile twa and quhilis thre  
And umquhill all him allane  
In hiddillis throu the land is gane.  
Sa dred he Inglismennys mycht  
That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht  
445 For thai war that tyme all-weldand  
As maist lordis our all the land.  
Bot tithandis that scalis sone  
Off this deid that Douglas has done  
Come to the Cliffurd his ere in hy,  
450 That for his tynsaill wes sary  
And menyt his men that thai had slane,  
And syne has to his purpos tane  
To big the castell up agayne.  
Tharfor as man off mekill mayne  
455 He assemblit gret cumpany,  
And till Douglas he went in hy  
And biggyt up the castell swyth  
And maid it rycht stalwart and styth  
And put tharin vittalis and men.  
460 Ane of the Thyrlwallis then  
He left behind him capitane  
And syne till Ingland went agayne.

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

Into Carrik Iyis the king  
With a full symple gadryng,  
465 He passyt nocht twa hunder men.  
Bot Schyr Edward his broder then  
Wes in Galloway weill ner him by,  
With him ane other cumpany  
That held the strenthis off the land,  
470 For thai durst nocht yeit tak on hand  
Till our-rid the land planly.  
For off Valence Schyr Amery  
Was intill Edynburgh Iyand  
That yeyt was wardane of the land

475 Underneyth the Inglis king,  
 And quhen he herd off the cummyng  
 Off King Robert and his menye  
 Into Carryk and how that he  
 Had slain off the Persyis men  
 480 His consaile he assemblit then,  
 And with assent off his consaill  
 He sent till Ar him till assaill  
 Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill that wes hardy  
 And with him a gret cumpany.  
 485 And quhen Schyr Ingram cummyn wes thar  
 Him thocht nocht speidfull for till far  
 Till assaile him into the hycht,  
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht  
 And lay still in the castell than  
 490 Till he gat speryng that a man  
 Off Carrik, that wes sley and wycht  
 And a man als off mekill mycht  
 As off the men off that cuntre,  
 Wes to the King Robert mast preve  
 495 As he that wes his sibman ner,  
 And quhen he wald foroutyn danger  
 Mycht to the kingis presence ga,  
 The-quhether he and his sonnys twa  
 War wonnand still in the cuntre  
 500 For thai wald nocht persayvit be  
 That thai war speciall to the king.  
 Thai maid him mony tyme warnyng  
 Quhen that thai his tynsaill mycht se,  
 Forthi in thaim affyit he.  
 505 His name can I nocht tell perfay,  
 Bot Ik haiff herd syndry men say  
 Forsuth that his ane e wes out 506  
 Bot he sa sturdy wes and stout 507  
 That he wes the maist doutit man 507  
 510 That in Carrik lyvyt than. 508  
 And quhen Schyr Ingrame gat wittering  
 Forsuth this wes na gabbing,  
 Efter him in hy he sent  
 And he come at his commandment.  
 515 Schyr Ingrame that was sley and wis 513  
 Tretyt with him than on sic wys

That he maid sekyr undertaking  
In tresoun for to slay the king,  
And he suld haiff for his service  
520 Gyff he fullfyllt thar divice 518  
Weill fourty pundis worth off land  
Till him and till his ayris ay lestand.

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

The tresoun thus is undertane,  
And he hame till his hous is gane  
525 And wattyt opertunyte 523  
For to fulfill his mavyte.  
In gret perell than was the king  
That off this tresoun wyst na thing,  
For he that he traistit maist of ane  
530 His ded falsly has undertane, 528  
And nane may betreys tyttar than he  
That man in trowis leawté.  
The king in him traistyt, forthi  
He had fullfyllt his felony  
535 Ne war the king throu Goddis grace 533  
Gat hale witting of his purchace,  
And how and for how mekill land  
He tuk his slauchter apon hand.  
I wate nocht quha the warnyng maid,  
540 Bot on all tym sic hap he had 538  
That quhen men schup thaim to betrais  
He gat witting tharoff allwayis  
And mony tyme as I herd say  
Throu wemen that he wyth wald play  
545 That wald tell all that thai mycht her, 543  
And sua myvht happyn that it fell her,  
Bot how that ever it fell perdé  
I trow he sall the warrer be.  
Nocht-forthi the tratour ay  
550 Had in his thocht bath nycht and day 548  
How he mycht best bring till ending  
His tresonabill undretaking,  
Till he umbethinkand him at the last  
Intill his hart gan umbecast  
555 That the king had in custome ay 553

For to rys arly ilk day  
 And pas weill fer fra his menye  
 Quhen he wald pas to the preve,  
 And sek a covert him allane  
 560 Or at the maist with him ane. 558  
 Thar thocht he with his sonnys twa  
 For to supprise the king and sla  
 And syne went to the wod thar way,  
 Bot yeit off purpos failit thai,  
 565 And nocht-forthi thai come all thre 563  
 In a covert that wes preve  
 Quhar the king oft wes wont to ga  
 His preve nedys for to ma.  
 Thair hid thai thaim till his cumming,  
 570 And the king into the mornyng 568  
 Rais quhen that his liking was  
 And rycht towart that covert gais  
 Quhar lyand war the tratouris thre  
 For to do thar his prevete.  
 575 To tresoun tuk he then na heid 573  
 Bot he wes wont quharever he yeid  
 His swerd about his hals to ber  
 And that availlyt him gretli ther  
 For had nocht God all thing weldand  
 580 Set help intill his awine hand 578  
 He had bene ded withoutyn dreid.  
 A chamber page thar with him yeid,  
 And sua foroutyn falowis ma  
 Towart the covert gan he ga.  
 585 Now bot God help the noble king 583  
 He is ner-hand till his ending,  
 For that covert that he yeid till  
 Wes on the tother sid a hill  
 That nane of his men mycht it se.  
 590 Thiddirwart went this page and he 588  
 And quhen he cummyn wes in the schaw  
 He saw thai thre cum all on raw  
 Aganys him full sturdely.  
 Than till his boy he said in hy,  
 595 'Yon men will slay us and thai may. 593  
 Quhat wapyn has thou?' 'Ha, Schyr, perfay  
 Ik haiff bot a bow and a wyr.'

'Giff thaim me smertly bath.' A, Schyr  
 Howgaite will ye that I do?'  
 600 'Stand on fer and behald us to. 598  
 Giff thou seis me abovyn be  
 Thou sall haiff wapynnys gret plente,  
 And giff I dey, withdraw the sone.'  
 With thai wordis foroutyn hone  
 605 He tyte the bow out off his hand, 603  
 For the tratouris war ner cummand.  
 The fader had a swerd but mar,  
 The tother bath swerd and hand-ax bar,  
 The thrid a swerd had and a sper.  
 610 The king persavt be thar affer 608  
 That all wes as men had him tauld.  
 'Tratour,' he said, 'thou has me sauld.  
 Cum na forthyr bot hald the thar.  
 I will thou cum na forthermar.'  
 615 'A, Schyr, umbethinkis you,' said he, 613  
 How ner that I suld to you be.  
 Quha suld cum ner you bot I?'  
 The king said, 'I will sekirly  
 That thou at this tyme cum nocht ner.  
 620 Thou may say quhat thou will on fer.' 618  
 Bot he with fals wordis flechand  
 Was with his twa sonnys cummand.  
 Quhen the king saw he wald nocht let  
 Bot ay come on fenyeand falset  
 625 He taisyt the wyre and leit it fley, 623  
 And hyt the fader in the ey  
 Till it rycht in the harnys ran  
 And he bakwart fell doun rycht than.  
 The brother that the hand-ax bar  
 630 Sua saw his fader liand thar, 628  
 A gyrd rycht to the king he couth maik  
 And with the ax hym our-straik,  
 Bot he that had his sword on hycht  
 Roucht him sic rout in randoun rycht  
 635 That he the hede till the harnys claiff 633  
 And dede downe till the erd him draiff.  
 The tother broder that bar the sper  
 Saw his brodyr fallin ther  
 And with the sper as angry man

640 With a rais till the king he ran. 638  
Bot the king that him dred sumthing  
Waytyt the sper in the cummyng  
And with a wysk the hed off strak,  
And or the tother had toyme to tak  
645 His swerd the king sic swak him gaiff 643  
That he the hede till the harnys claiff,  
He ruschyt down off blud all reid.  
And quhen the king saw thai war all ded  
All thre lyand he wipit his brand,  
650 With that his boy come fast rynnand 648  
And said, 'Our Lord mot lovyt be  
That grantyt you mycht and powste  
To fell the felny and the prid  
Off thir thre in sua litill tid.'  
655 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se 653  
Thai had bene worthi men all thre  
Had thai nocht bene full off tresoun,  
Bot that maid thar confusioun.'

John Barbour



## The Brus Book Vi

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

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

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

[The king alone defends the ford]

The king now takys his gate to ga  
And with him tuk he sergandis twa  
And Schyr Gilbert de le Hay left he  
70 Thar for to rest with his menye.  
To the watter he come in hy  
And lysnyt full ententily  
Giff he herd oucht off thar cummyng  
Bot yeit then mocht he her na thing.  
75 Endlang the watter then yeid he

On ather syd a gret quantite  
 And saw the brayis hey standand,  
 The watter holl throu slik rynnand  
 And fand na furd that men mycht pas  
 80 Bot quhar himselvyn passit was,  
 And sua strait wes the up-cumming  
 That twa men mycht nocht samyn thring  
 Na on na maner pres thaim sua  
 That thai togidder mycht land ta.  
 85 His twa men bad he than in hy 85  
 Ga to thair feris to rest and ly 86  
 For he wald wach thar com to se. 87  
 'Schyr,' said thai, 'Quha sall with you be?' 88  
 'God,' he said, 'forouten ma 89  
 90 Pas on, for I will it be sua.' 90  
 Thai did as he thame biddin had 91  
 And he thar all allane abaid, 92  
 And quhen he a lang quhile had bene thar 85  
 He herknyt and herd as it war  
 95 A hundis questyng on fer 87  
 That ay come till him ner and ner.  
 He stud still for till herkyn mar  
 And ay the langer he wes thar  
 He herd it ner and ner cummand,  
 100 Bot he thocht he thar still wald stand 92  
 Tyll that he herd mar takynnyng.  
 Than for ane hundis questyng  
 He wald nocht wakyn his menye,  
 Tharfor he wald abid and se  
 105 Quhat folk thai war and quhethir thai 97  
 Held towart him the rycht way  
 Or passyt ane other way fer by.  
 The moyne wes schynand clerly, 100  
 [no no.] [Sa lang he stude that he mycht her 101  
 [no no.] The noyis off thaim that cummand wer 102  
 [no no.] Than his twa men in hy send he 103  
 [no no.] To warn and wakyn and walkyn his menye 104  
 [no no.] And thai ar furth thar wayis gane 105  
 [no no.] And he left thar all hym allane] 106  
 109 And sua stude he herknand 107  
 110 Till that he saw cum at his hand 108  
 The hale rout intill full gret hy.

Then he umbethocht him hastily  
 Giff he held towart his menye  
 That or he mycht reparyt be  
 115 Thai suld be passit the furd ilkan, 113  
 And then behuffyt him ches ane  
 Off thir twa, other to fley or dey.  
 Bot his hart that wes stout and hey  
 Consaillyt hym allane to bid  
 120 And kepe thaim at the furd syde 118  
 And defend weill the upcummyng  
 Sen he wes warnyst of armyng  
 That thar arowys thurth nocht dreid,  
 And gyff he war off gret manheid  
 125 He mycht stunay thaim everilkane 123  
 Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane,  
 And did rycht as hys hart hym bad.  
 Strang utrageous curage he had  
 Quhen he sa stoutly him allane  
 130 For litill strenth off erd has tane 128  
 To fecht with twa hunder and ma.  
 Tharwith he to the furd gan ga,  
 And thai apon the tother party  
 That saw him stand thar anyrly  
 135 Thringand intill the water rad 133  
 For off him litill dout thai had  
 And raid till him in full gret hy.  
 He smate the fyrst sua vygorusly  
 With his sper that rycht scharp schar  
 140 Till he doun till the erd him bar. 138  
 The lave come then intill a randoun,  
 Bot his hors that wes born doun  
 Combryt thaim the upgang to ta,  
 And quhen the king saw it wes sua  
 145 He stekyt the hors and he gan flyng 143  
 And syne fell at the upcummyng.  
 The layff with that come with a schout,  
 And he that stalwart wes and stout  
 Met thaim rycht stoutly at the bra  
 150 And sa gud payment gan thaim ma 148  
 That fyvesum in the furd he slew.  
 The lave then sumdell thaim withdrew  
 That dred his strakys wondre sar

For he in na thing thaim forbar.  
 155 Then said ane, 'Certis we ar to blame. 153  
 Quhat sall we say quhen we cum ham  
 Quhen a man fechtis agane us all.  
 Quha wyst ever men sa foully fall  
 As us gyff that we thusgat leve.'  
 160 With that all haile a schoute thai geve 158  
 And cryit, 'On him, he may nocht last.'  
 With that thai pressyt him sa fast  
 That had he nocht the better bene  
 He had bene dede withoutyn wen,  
 165 Bot he sa gret defence gan mak 163  
 That quhar he hyt evyn a strak  
 Thar mycht nathing agane-stand.  
 In litill space he left liand  
 Sa fele that the upcummyng wes then  
 170 Dyttyt with slayn hors and men 168  
 Sua that his fayis for that stopping  
 Mycht nocht cum to the upcummyng.  
 A! Der God, quha had then bene by  
 And sene howe he sa hardly  
 175 Adressyt hym agane thaim all 173  
 I wate weile that thai suld him call  
 The best that levyt in his day,  
 And giff I the suth sall say  
 I herd never in na tym gane  
 180 Ane stynt sa mony him allane. 178

[The story of Tydeus of Thebes]

Suth is, quhen till Ethiocles  
 Fra his brother Polnices  
 Wes send Thedeus in message  
 To ask haly the heritage  
 185 Off Thebes till hald for a yer, 183  
 For thai twynnys off a byrth wer,  
 Thai strave, for ather king wald be.  
 Bot the barnage off thar cuntre  
 Gert thaim assent on this maner,  
 190 That the tane suld be king a yer, 188  
 And then the tother and his mengye  
 Suld nocht be fundyn in the countre

Quhill the fyrst brother regnand wer,  
 Syne suld the tother renga a yer  
 195 And then the fyrst suld leve the land 193  
 Quhill that the tother war regnaND.  
 Thus ay a yer suld regne the tane,  
 The tother a yer fra that war gane.  
 To ask haldyn off this assent  
 200 Wes Thedeus to Thebes sent, 198  
 And sua spake for Polnices  
 That off Thebes Ethiocles  
 Bad his constabill with him ta  
 Men armyt weill and forouth ga  
 205 To mete Thedeus in the way 203  
 And slay him but langer delay.  
 The constable his way is gane  
 And nyne and fourty with him tane  
 Sua that he with thaim maid fyfty.  
 210 Intill the evynnyng prevely 208  
 Thai set enbuschement in the way  
 Quhar Thedeus behovyt away  
 Betuix ane hey crag and the se,  
 And he that off thar mavyte  
 215 WYST na thing his way has tane 213  
 And towart Grece agane is gane.  
 And as he raid into the nycht  
 Sa saw he with the monys lycht  
 Schynyng off scheldys gret plente,  
 220 And had wondre quhat it mycht be. 218  
 With that all hale thai gaiff a cry  
 And he that hard sa suddanly  
 Sic noyis sumdele affrayit was,  
 Bot in schort time he till him tais  
 225 His spyritis full hardely, 223  
 For his gentill hart and worthy  
 Assuryt hym into that nede.  
 Then with te spuris he strak the sted  
 And ruschyt in amang thaim all.  
 230 The fyrst he met he gert him fall, 228  
 And syne his sword he swapyt out  
 And roucht about him mony rout  
 And slew sexsum swill sone and ma.  
 Then undre him his hors thai sla

235 And he fell, bot he smertly ras 233  
 And strykand rowm about him mas  
 And slew off thaim a quantite  
 Bot woundyt wondre sar wes he.  
 With that a litill rod he fand  
 240 Up towart the crag strekand. 238  
 Thidder went he in full gret hy  
 Defendand him full douchtely  
 Till in the crag he clam sumdell  
 And fand a place enclosyt weill  
 245 Quhar nane bot ane mycht him assail, 243  
 Thar stud he and gaiff thaim bataill  
 And thai assaylyt everilkane  
 And oft fell quhen that he slew ane  
 As he doun to the erd wald dryve  
 250 He wald ber doun weill four or fyve. 248  
 Thar stud he and defendyt sua  
 Till he had slayne thaim halff and ma.  
 A gret stane then by him saw he  
 That throu the gret anciente  
 255 Wes lowsyt redy for to fall, 253  
 And quhen he saw thaim cummand all  
 He tumblyt doun on thaim the stane,  
 And aucht men thar with it has slayn  
 And sua stonayit the remanand  
 260 That thai war weile ner recreand. 258  
 Then wald he presone hald no mar  
 Bot on thaim ran with swerd all bar  
 And hewyt and slew with all his mayn  
 Till he has nyne and fourty slayne.  
 265 The constabill syne gan he ta 263  
 And gert him swer that he suld ga  
 Till King Ethiocles and tell  
 The aventur that thaim befell.  
 Thedeus bar him douchtely  
 270 That him allane ourcome fyfty. 268  
 Ye that this redys, cheys yhe  
 Quhether that mar suld prysit be  
 The king, that with avisement  
 Undertuk sic hardyment  
 275 As for to stynt him ane but fer 273  
 The folk that twa hunder wer,

Or Thedeus, that suddanly  
For thai had raysyt on him the cry  
Throu hardyment that he had tane  
280 Wane fyfty men allhim allane. 278  
Thai did thar deid bath on the nycht  
And faucht bath with the mone-lycht,  
Bot the king discomfyt ma  
And Thedeus then ma gan sla.  
285 Now demys quheter mar loving 283  
Suld Thedeus haiff or the king?

[His men find the king]

On this maner that Ik haiff tauld  
The king that stout wes and bauld  
Wes fechtand on the furd syd  
290 Giffand and takand rowtis rid 288  
Till he sic martyrdom thar has maid  
That he the ford all stoppyt haid  
That nane of thaim mycht till him rid.  
Thaim thocht than foly for to byd  
295 And halely the flycht gan ta 293  
And went hamewartis quhar thai come fra,  
For the kingis men with the cry  
Walknyt full effrayitly  
And com to sek thar lord the king.  
300 The Galloway men hard thar cummyng 298  
And fled and durst abid no mar.  
The kingis men that dredand war  
For thar lord full spedyly  
Come to the furd and sone in hy  
305 Thai fand the king syttand allane, 303  
That off his bassynet has tane  
Till avent him for he wes hate.  
Than speryt thai at him off his state  
And he tauld thaim all hale the case  
310 Howgate that he assailyt was 308  
And how that God him helpyt sua  
That he eschapyt hale thaim fra.  
Than lukyt thai how fele war ded,  
And thai fand lyand in that sted  
315 Fourtene that war slayne with his hand. 313



Than lovyt thai God fast all-weildand  
That thai thar lord fand hale and fer,  
And said thaim byrd on na maner  
Drede thar fayis sen thar chyftane  
320 Wes off sic hart and off sic mayn 318  
That he for thaim had undretan  
With sua fele for to fecht him ane.

[A comment on valour]

Syk wordis spak thai of the king,  
And for his hey undretaking  
325 Farlyit and yarnyt hym for to se 323  
That with hym ay wes wont to be.  
A! Quhat worschip is prisit thing,  
For it mays men till haiff loving  
Gyff it be folowit ythenly,  
330 For pryce off worschip nocht-forthi 328  
Is hard to wyn, for gret travaill  
Offt to defend and oft assaill  
And to be in thar dedis wys  
Gerris men off worschip wyn the price,  
335 And may na man haiff worthyhed 333  
Bot he haiff wyt to ster his deid  
And se quhat ys to leve or ta.  
Worschip extremyteys has twa,  
Fule-hardyment the formast is  
340 And the tother is cowartys, 338  
And thai ar bath for to forsak.  
Fule-hardyment all will undertak,  
Als weill thingis to leve as ta,  
Bot cowardys dois na thing sua  
345 But uttrely forsakis all, 343  
Bot that war derer for to fal  
Na war faute of discretioun.  
Forthi has worschip sic renoun,  
That it is mene betuix tha twa  
350 And takys that is till underta 348  
And levys that is to leve, for it  
Has sa gret warnysing of wyt  
That it all perellis weile gan se  
And all advantagis that may be.

355 I wald till hardyment heyld haly 353  
With-thi away war the foly  
For hardyment with foly is vice  
Bot hardyment that mellyt is  
With wyt is worschip ay perde,  
360 For but wyt worschip may nocht be. 358  
This nobile king that we off red  
Mellyt all tyme with wit manheid,  
That may men by this melle se.  
His wyt schawyt him the strait entre  
365 Off the furd and the uschyng alsua 363  
That as him thocht war hard to ta  
Apon a man that war worthy,  
Tharfor his hardyment hastily  
Thocht it mycht be weill undretan  
370 Sen at anys mycht assail bot ane. 368  
Thus hardyment governyt with wyt  
That he all tyme wald samyn knyht  
Gert him off worschip haiff the price  
And oft ourcum his ennymyis.

[Douglas attacks Thirlwall at Douglas Castle]

375 The king in Carrik dwellyt ay still, 373  
Hys men assemblyt fast him till  
That in the land war travailland  
Quhen thai off this deid herd tithand  
For thai thar ure wald with him ta  
380 Gyff that he eft war assaylyt sua. 378  
Bot yeit than James of Douglas  
In Douglas daile travailland was  
Or ellysweill ner-hand tharby  
In hydillys sumdeill prevely,  
385 For he wald se his governyng 383  
That had the castell in keping,  
And gert mak mony juperty  
To se quheter he wald ische blythly.  
And quhen he persavyt that he  
390 Wald blthly ische with his menye, 388  
He maid a gadring prevely  
Of thaim that war on his party,  
That war sa fele that thai durst fycht

With Thyrwall and all the mycht  
 395 Of thaim that in the castell war. 393  
 He schupe him in the nycht to far  
 To Sandylandis, and ner tharby  
 He him enbuschyt prevely  
 And send a few a trane to ma,  
 400 That sone in the mornyng gan ta 398  
 Catell that wes the castell by  
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily  
 Towart thaim that enbuschit war.  
 Than Thyrwall foroutyn mar  
 405 Gert arme his men foroutyn baid 403  
 And ischyt with all the men he haid  
 And folowyt fast efter the ky.  
 He wes armyt at poynt clenly  
 Outane his hede wes bar.  
 410 Than with the men that with him war 408  
 The catell folowit he gud speid  
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid  
 Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.  
 Than prekyt thai with all thar mycht  
 415 Folowand thaim out off aray, 413  
 And thai sped thaim fleand quhill thai  
 Fer by thar buschement war past,  
 And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.  
 And than thai that enbuschyt war  
 420 Ischyt till him bath les and mar 418  
 And rayssyt sudanly the cry,  
 And thai that saw sa sudandly  
 That folk come egyrly prekand  
 Rycht betwix thaim and thar warand,  
 425 Thai war into full gret effray 423  
 And for thai war out off aray  
 Sum off thaim fled and sum abad,  
 And the Douglas that thar with him had  
 A gret mengye full egrely  
 430 Assaylyt and scalyt thaim hastyly 428  
 And in schort tyme ourraid thaim sua  
 That weile nane eschapyyt thaim fra.  
 Thyrwall that wes thar capitane  
 Wes thar in the bargane slane  
 435 And off his men the mast party, 433

The lave fled full effraytly.  
Douglas his menye fast gan chas,  
And the flearis thar wayis tays  
Till the castell in full gret hy.  
440 The formast entryt spedly 438  
Bot the chaseris sped thaim sa fast  
That thai ourtuk sum of the last  
And thaim foroutyn mercy gan sla.  
And quhen thai off the castell sua  
445 Saw thaim sla off thar men thaim by 443  
Thai sparyt the yattis hastily  
And in hy to the wallis rane.  
James off Douglas his menye than  
Sesyt weile hastily in hand  
450 That thai about the castell fand 448  
To thair resett, syne went thar way.  
Thus ischyt Thyrwall that day.

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

Quhen Thyrwall on this maner  
Had ischit as I tell you her,  
455 James off Douglas and his men 453  
Buskit thaim all samyn then  
And went thar way towart the king  
In gret hy, for thai herd tything  
That off Valence Schyr Amery  
460 With full gret chevalry 458  
Bath off Scottis and Inglis men  
With gret felny war rerdy then  
Assemblyt for to sek the king,  
That wes that tyme with his gadring  
465 In Cumnok quhair it straitast was. 463  
Thidder went James of Douglas  
And wes rycht welcum to the king  
And quhen he had tauld that tithing,  
How that schyr Amer wes cummand  
470 For till hunt him out off the land 468  
With hund and horne rycht as he war  
A woulff, a theyff, or theyffis fer,  
Than said the king, 'It may weill fall

Thocht he cum and his power all  
 475 We sall abid in this countre, 473  
 And gyff he cummys we sall him se.'  
 The king spake apon this maner,  
 And of Valence Schyr Amer  
 Assemblyt a gret cumpany  
 480 Off noble men and off worthy 478  
 Off England and of Lowthiane,  
 And he has alsua with him tane  
 Jhone off Lorn and all his mycht  
 That had off worthi men and wycht  
 485 With him aucht hunder men and ma 483  
 A sleuth-hund had he thar alsua  
 Sa gud that wald chang for na thing,  
 And sum men sayis yeit that the king  
 As a strecour him noryst had  
 490 And sa mekill off him he maid 488  
 That hys awyn handis wald him feid.  
 He folowyt him quharever he yeid  
 Sa tthat the hund him lovit sua  
 That he wald part na wys him fra.  
 495 Bot how that Jhon of Lorn him had 493  
 Ik herd never mencioune be mad,  
 Bot men sayis it wes certane thing  
 That he had him in his sesyng  
 And throu him thocht the king to ta,  
 500 For he wyst he him luffyt sua 498  
 That fra that he mycht anys fele  
 The kingis sent he wyst rycht weill  
 That he wald chaung it for na thing.  
 This Jhon off Lorne hattyt the king  
 505 For Jhon Cumyn his emys sak, 503  
 Mycht he him other sla or tak  
 He wald nocht prys his liff a stra  
 Sa that he vengeance of him mycht ta.  
 The wardane than Schyr Amery  
 510 With this Jhone in cumpany 508  
 And other off gud renoun alsua,  
 Thomas Randell was ane off tha,  
 Come intill Cumnok to sek the king  
 That wes weill war off that cummyng  
 515 And wes up in the strenthis then 513

And with him weill four hunder men.  
 His broder that tym with him was  
 And alsua James off Douglas.  
 Schyr Ameryys rowte he saw  
 520 That held the plane ay and the law 518  
 And in hale battaill alwaysis raid.  
 The king that na supposyn had  
 That thai wer may then he saw thar  
 Till thaim and nother ellisquhar  
 525 Had ey and wrocht unwittily, 523  
 For Jhom off Lorn full sutelly  
 Behind thocht to supprys the king.  
 Tharfor with all his gadring  
 About ane hill he held the way  
 530 And held him into covert ay 528  
 Till he sa ner come to the king  
 Or he persavyt his cummyng  
 That he wes cummyn on him weill ner.  
 The tother ost and Schyr Amer  
 535 Pressyt aponthe tother party. 533  
 The king wes in gret juperty  
 That wes on ather sid umbeset  
 With fayis that to sla him thret,  
 And the leyst party off the twa  
 540 Was starkar than he and ma. 538  
 And quhen he saw thaim pres him to  
 He thocht in hy quhat was to do  
 And said, 'Lordis we haiff na mycht  
 As at this tyme to stand and fycht,  
 545 Tharfor departis us in thre, 543  
 All sall nocht sa assailyt be,  
 And in thre partis hald our way.'  
 Syne till his preve folk gan he say  
 Betwix thaim into prevete  
 550 In quhat sted thar repayr suld be. 548  
 With that thar gate all ar thai gane  
 And in thre partis thar way has tane.  
 Jhone of Lorne come to the place  
 Fra quhar the king departyt was  
 555 And in his trace the hund he set 553  
 That then foroutyn langer let  
 Held even the way efter the king

Rycht as he had off him knawing,  
And left the tother partys twa  
560 As he na kep to thaim wald ta. 558  
And quhen the king saw his cummyng  
Efter hys route intill a ling  
He thocht thai knew that it wes he,  
Tharfor he bad till his menye  
565 Yeit then in thre depart thaim sone, 563  
And thai did sua foroutyn hone  
And held thar way in thre partys.  
The hund did thar sa gret maistrys  
That held ay foroutyn changing  
570 Eftre the rowt quhar wes the king. 568  
And quhen the king had sene thaim sua  
All in a rowt efter him ga  
The way and folow nocht his men  
He had a gret persaving then  
575 That thai knew him, forthi in hy 573  
He bad his men rycht hastily  
Scaile and ilkan hald his way  
All himselff, and sua did thai.  
Ilk man a syndry gate is gane  
580 And the king with him has tane 578  
His foster broder foroutyn ma  
And samyn held thar gate thai twa.  
The hund folowyt alwaysis the king  
And changyt for na departing  
585 Bot ay folowit the kingis trace 583  
But waveryng as he passyt was  
And quhen Jhon off Lorn saw  
The hund sa hard eftre him draw  
And folow strak after thai twa  
590 He knew the king wes ane of tha, 588  
And bad fyve off his cumpany  
That war rycht wycht men and hardy  
And als off fute spediast war  
Off all that in thair rowt war  
595 Ryn eftre him and him ourta 593  
And lat him na wys pas thaim fra,  
And fra thai had herd the bydding  
Thai held thar way efter the king  
And folowyt him sa spedely

600 That thai him weill sone gan ourhy. 598  
 The king that saw thaim cummand ner  
 Wes anoyit on gret maner,  
 For he thocht giff thai war worthi  
 Thai mycht hi, travaile and tary  
 605 And hald him swagate tariand 603  
 Till the remanand com at hand,  
 Bot had he dred bot anerly  
 Thai fyve I trow all sekyrly  
 He suld have had na mekill dred.  
 610 And till his falow as he yeid 608  
 He said, 'Thir fyve ar fast cummand  
 Thai ar weill ner now at our hand,  
 Sa is thar ony help at the  
 For we sall sone assailyt be.'  
 615 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'all that I may.' 613  
 'Thou sayis weill,' said the king. 'Perfay  
 I see thaim cummand till us ner.  
 I will na forthyr bot rycht her  
 I will byd quhill Ic am in aynd  
 620 And se quhat force that thai can faynd.' 618  
 The king than stud full sturdely  
 And the fyvesum in full gret hy  
 Come with gret schor and manassing.  
 Then thre off thaim went to the king,  
 625 And till his man the tother twa 623  
 With swerd in hand gan stoutly ga.  
 The king met thaim that till him socht  
 And to the fyrst sic rowt he roucht  
 That er and chek downe in the hals  
 630 He scharnand off the schuldir als, 628  
 He ruschyt down all disyly.  
 The twa that saw sa sudanly  
 Thar falow fall effrayit war  
 And stert a litill ovyrmар.  
 635 The king with that blenkit him by 633  
 And saw the twasome sturdely  
 Agane his man gret melle ma.  
 With that he left his awin twa  
 And till thaim that faucht with his man  
 640 A loup rycht lychtly maid he than 638  
 And smate the hed off the tane,



To mete his awne syne is he gane.  
Thai come on him full sturdely,  
He met the fyrst sa egrely  
645 That with the swerd that scharply schar 643  
The arme fra the body he bar.  
Quhat strakys thai gaiff I can nocht tell,  
Bot to the king sa fayr befell  
That thocht he travaill had and payne  
650 He off his fa-men four has slayn, 648  
His foster broder tharefter sone  
The fyft out of dawys has done.  
And quhen the king saw that all fyve  
War on that wys brought out off lyve  
655 Till hys falow than gan he say, 653  
'Thou has helpyt weile perfay'  
'It likys you to say sua,' said he,  
'Bot the gret part to you tuk ye  
That slew four off the fyve you ane.'  
660 The king said, 'As the glew is gane 658  
Better than thou I mycht it do  
For Ik had mar layser tharto,  
For the twa falowys that delt with the  
Quhen thai saw me assailyt with thre  
665 Off me rycht nakyn dout thai had 663  
For thai wend I sa straytly war stad,  
And forthi that thai dred me noucht  
Noy thaim fer out the mar I moucht.'  
With that the king lokyt him by  
670 And saw off Lorn the company 668  
Weill ner with thar sleuth-hund cummand.  
Than till a wod that wes ner-hand  
He went with his falow in hy.  
God sayff thaim for his gret mercy.

John Barbour

## The Brus Book Vii

[The king escapes from the hound]

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

Thar wald he mak na mar dwelling  
Bot furth in hy folowit the king.  
Rycht to the burn thai passyt war,  
40 Bot the sleuth-hund maid styntyn thar  
And waveryt lang tyme to and fra  
That he na certane gate couth ga,  
Till at the last that Jhon of Lorn  
Persavyt the hund the slouth had lorn  
45 And said, 'We haiff tynt this travaill.  
To pas forthyr may nocht availe  
For the void is bath braid and wid  
And he is weill fer be this tid,  
Tharfor is gud we turn agayn  
50 And waist no mar travaill in vayne.'  
With that relyit he his mengye  
And his way to the ost tuk he.

[An alternative account of the escape]

Thus eschapyt the nobill king,  
Bot sum men sayis this eschaping  
55 Apon ane other maner fell  
Than throu the wading, for thai tell  
That the king a gud archer had,  
And quhen he saw his lord sua stad  
That he wes left sa anerly  
60 He ran on sid alwayis him by  
Till he into the woude wes gane.  
Than said he till him selff allane  
That he arest rycht thar wald ma  
To luk giff he the hund mycht sla,  
65 For giff the hund mycht lest in lyve  
He wyst rycht weile that thai wald dryve  
The kingis trace till thai him ta,  
Than wyst he weile thai wald him sla.  
And for bhe wald his lord succur  
70 He put his liff in aventur,  
And stud intill a busk lurkand  
Till that the hund come at his hand  
And with ane arow sone him slew  
And throu the woud syne him withdrew.  
75 Bot quether this eschaping fell

As I tauld fyrst or I now tell,  
I wate weill without lesing  
That at the burn eschapyt the king.

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

The king has furth his wayis tane,  
80 And Jhon of Lorn agayne is gane  
To Schyr Aymer that fra the chace  
With his men repayryt was  
That sped lytill in thar chassyng  
Thought at thai maid gret folowing  
85 Full egrely thai wan bot small,  
Thar fayis ner eschapyt all.  
Men sayis Schyr Thomas Randell than  
Chassand the kingis baner wan,  
Quharthrou in Inland with the king  
90 He had rycht gret price and loving.  
Quhen the chasseris relyit war  
And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar  
He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cas,  
How that the king eschapyt was  
95 And how that he his fyve men slew  
And syne to the wode him drew.  
Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy  
He sanyt him for the ferly  
And said, 'He is gretly to prys,  
100 For I knaw nane that liffand is  
That at myscheyff gan help him sua.  
I trow he suld be hard to sla  
And he war bodyn evynly.'  
On this wis spak Schyr Aymery,  
105 And the gud king held furth his way  
Betwix him and his man quhill thai  
Passyt out throu the forest war.  
Syne in the more thai entryt ar  
That wes bathe hey and lang and braid,  
110 And or thai halff it passyt had  
Thai saw on syd the men cummand  
Lik to lycht men and waverand,  
Swerdis thai had and axiys als

And ane off thaim apon his hals  
 115 A mekill boundyn wether bar.  
 Thai met the king and halist him thar,  
 And the king tthaim thar hailsing yauld  
 And askyt thaim quhether thai wauld.  
 Thai said Robert the Bruys thai socht,  
 120 For mete with him giff that thai moucht  
 Thar dwelling with him wauld thai ma.  
 The king said, 'Giff that ye will sua,  
 Haldys furth your way with me  
 And I sall ger you sone him se.'  
 125 Thai persavyt be his speking  
 That he wes the selvyn Robert king,  
 And chaungyt contenance and late  
 And held nocht in the fyrst state,  
 For thai war fayis to the king  
 130 And thocht to cum into Sculking  
 And dwell with him quhill that thai saw  
 Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.  
 Thai grantyt till his spek forthi,  
 Bot the king that wes witty  
 135 Persavyt weill be thar having  
 that thai luffyt him nathing  
 And said, 'Falowis, ye mon all thre,  
 Forthir aquent till that we be,  
 All be yourselvyn forrouth ga,  
 140 And on the samyn wys we twa  
 Sall folow behind weill ner.'  
 Quod thai, 'Schyr, it is na myster  
 To trow in us ony ill.'  
 'Nane do I,' said he, 'bot I will  
 145 That yhe ga forrourth thus quhill we  
 Better with othyr knawin be.'  
 'We grant,' thai said, 'sen ye will sua.'  
 And furth apon thar gate gan ga.  
 Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner,  
 150 And than the formast cummyn wer  
 Till a waist husbandis hous, and thar  
 Thai slew the wethir that thai bar  
 And slew fyr for to rost thar mete,  
 And askyt the king giff he wald ete  
 155 And rest him till the mete war dycht.

The king that hungry was, Ik hycht,  
Assentyt till thar spek in hy,  
Bot he said he wald anerly  
Betwix him and his fallow be  
160 At a fyr, and thai all thre  
In the end off the hous suld ma  
Ane other fyr, and thai did sua.  
Thai drew thaim in the hous end  
And halff the wethir till him send.  
165 And thai rostyt in hy thar mete  
And fell rycht freschly for till ete,  
For the king weill lang fastyt had  
And had rycht mekill travaill mad,  
Tharfor he eyt full egrely  
170 And quhen he had etyn hastily  
He had to slep sa mekill will  
That he mocht set na let thartill,  
For quhen the vanys fillyt ar  
Men worthys hevy evermar  
175 And to slepe drawys hevynes.  
The king that all fortravaillyt wes  
Saw that him worthyt slep nedwayis.  
Till his foser-broder he sayis,  
'May I traist in the me to waik  
180 Till Ik a litill sleping tak.'  
'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'till I may dre.'  
The kingbthen wynkyt a litill wey,  
And slepyt nocht full encrely  
Bot gliffnyt up oft sodanly,  
185 For he had dreid of thai thre men  
That at the tother fyr war then.  
That thai his fais war he wyst,  
Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst.  
The king slepyt bot a litill than  
190 Quhen sic slep fell on his man  
That he mycht nocht hald up his ey,  
Bot fell in slep and rowtyt hey.  
Now is the king in gret perile  
For slep he sua a litill quhile  
195 He sall be ded fotoutyn dreid,  
For the thre tratouris tuk gud heid  
that he on slep wes and his man.

In full gret hy thai rais up than  
 And drew thar swerdis hastily  
 200 And went towart the king in hy  
 Quhen that thai saw him sleip sua,  
 And slepand thocht thai wald him sla.  
 Till him thai yeid a full gret pas, 203\*  
 Bot in that tym throu Goddis grace 204\*  
 205 The king up blenkit hastily 203  
 And saw his man slepand him by  
 And saw cummand the tother thre.  
 Deliverly on fut gat he  
 And drew his swerd out and thaim mete,  
 210 And as he yude his fute he set 208  
 Apon his man weill hevily.  
 He waknyt and rais disily,  
 For the slep maistryt hym sway  
 That or he gat up ane off thai  
 215 That com for to sla the king 213  
 Gaiff hym a strak in his rysing  
 Sua that he mycht help him no mar.  
 The king sa straitly stad wes thar  
 That he wes never yeit sa stad,  
 220 Ne war the armyng that he had 218  
 He had bene dede foroutyn wer.  
 Bot nocht-forthi on sic maner  
 He helpyt him in that bargane  
 That thai thre tratouris he has slan  
 225 Throu Goddis grace and his manheid. 223  
 Hys fostyr brother thar wes dede,  
 Then wes he wondre will of wayn  
 Quhen he saw him left allane.  
 His foster broder meny he  
 230 And waryit all the tother thre, 228  
 And syne his way tuk him allane  
 And rycht towart his tryst is gane.

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

The king went furth way and angri  
 Menand his man full tenderly

235 And held his way all him allane, 233  
 And rycht towart the hous is gan  
 Quhar he set tryst to meit his men.  
 It wes weill inwyth nycht be then,  
 He come sone in the hous and fand  
 240 The houswyff on the benk sittand 238  
 That askit him quhat he was  
 And quhen he come and quethir he gais.  
 'A travailland man, dame,' said he,  
 'That travaillys throu the contre.'  
 245 Scho said, 'All that travailland er 243  
 For ane his sak ar welcum her.'  
 The king said, 'Gud dame, quhat is he  
 That gerris you haiff sik specialte  
 To men that travaillis?' 'Schyr, perfay,'  
 250 Quod the gud-wyff, 'Isall you say, 248  
 The King Robert the Bruys is he,  
 That is rycht lord off this countre.  
 His fayis now haldis him in thrang,  
 Bot I think to se or ocht lang  
 255 Him lord and king our all the land 253  
 That na fayis sall him withstand.'  
 'Dame, luffis thou him sa weil,' said he.  
 'Ya, schyr,' said scho, 'sa God me se.'  
 'Dame,' said he, 'hym her the by,  
 260 For Ik am he, I say the soithly, 258  
 Yha certis, dame.' 'And quhar ar gane  
 Your men quhen ye ar thus allane?'  
 'At this tyme, dame, Ik haiff no ma.'  
 Scho said, 'It may na wys be swa.  
 265 Ik haiff twa sonnys wycht and hardy, 263  
 Thai sall becum your men in hy.'  
 As scho divisyt thai haiff done,  
 His sworn men become thai sone.  
 The wyff syn gert him syt and ete,  
 270 Bot he has schort quhile at the mete 268  
 Syttyn quhen he hard gret stamping  
 About the hous, then but letting  
 Thai stert up the hous for to defende,  
 Bot sone eftre the king has kend  
 275 James off Douglas. Than wes he blyth 273  
 And bad oppyn the durris swyth



And thai come in all that thar war.  
 Schyr Edward the Bruce wes thar,  
 And James alsua off Douglas  
 280 That wes eschapyt fra the chace 278  
 And with the kingis brother met,  
 Syn to the tryst that thaim wes set  
 Thai sped thaim with thar cumpany  
 That wer ane hunder and weile fyfty.  
 285 And quhen that thai haiff sene the king 283  
 Thai war joyfull of thar meting  
 And askyt how that he eschapyt was,  
 And he thaim tauld all hale the cas.  
 How the fyve men him pressyt fast,  
 290 And how he throu the water past, 288  
 And how he met the thevis thre  
 And how he slepand slane suld be  
 Quhen he waknyt throu Goddis grace  
 And how his foster brodyr was  
 295 Slayne he tauld thaim all haly. 293  
 Than lovyt thai God commounly  
 That tthar lord wes eschapyt sua,  
 Than spak thai wordis to and fra  
 Till at the last the king gan say  
 300 'Fortoun us travaillyt fast today 298  
 That scalyt us sa sodanly.  
 Our fayis tonycht sall ly traistly  
 For thai trow we so scalit ar \*301  
 And fled to-waverand her and thar \*302  
 305 That we sall nocht thir dayis thre \*303  
 All togiddir assemblit be. \*304  
 Tharfor this nycht thai sall trastly \*305  
 But wachys tak thar ese and ly. 301  
 Quharfor quha knew thar herbery  
 310 And wald cum on thaim sodanly 303  
 With few mengye mycht thaim scaith  
 And eschape foroutyn waith.'  
 'Perfay,' quod James of Douglas,  
 'As I come hyddyrwart per cas  
 315 I come sa ner thar herbery 308  
 That I can bring you quhar thai ly,  
 And wald ye speid you yeit or day  
 It may sua happin that we may

Do thaim a gretar scaith weile sone  
320 Than thai us all day has done, 313  
For thai ly scalyt as thaim lest.'  
Than thocht thaim all it wes the best  
To sped thaim to thaim hastily,  
And thai did sua in full gret hy  
325 And come on thaim in the dawing 318  
Rycht as the day begouth to spryng.  
Sa fell it that a cumpany  
Had in a toun tane thar herbery  
Weile fra the ost a myle or mar,  
330 Men said that thai twa hunder war. 323  
Thar assemblyt the nobill king,  
And sone eftre thar assembling  
Thai that slepand assaylyt war  
Rycht hidwysly gan cry and rar,  
335 And other sum that herd the cry 328  
Ras sa rycht effrayitly  
That sum of thaim nakit war  
Fleand to warand her and thar,  
and sum his armys with him drew,  
340 And thai foroutyn mercy thaim slew 333  
And sa evyll vengeance can ta  
That the twa partis of thaim and ma  
War slayn rycht in that ilk sted,  
Till thar oist the remanand fled.  
345 The oyst that hard the noyis and cry 338  
And saw thar men sua wrechytly  
Sum nakit fleand her and thar,  
Sum all hale, sum woundyt sar,  
Into full gret effray thai rais  
350 And ilk man till his baner gays 343  
Sua that tthe oyst wes all on ster.  
The king and thai that with him wer  
Quhen on ster the oyst saw sua  
Towart thar warand gan thai ga,  
355 And thar in savete com thai 348  
And quhen Schyr Aymer herd say  
How that the king thar men had slayn  
And how that thai turnyt war agayn  
He said, 'Now may we clerly se  
360 That nobill hart quharever it be 353

It is hard till ourcum throu maystri,  
For quhar ane hart is rycht worthy  
Agayne stoutnes it is ay stoute,  
Na as I trow thar may na doute  
365 Ger it all-out dis cumfyt be 358  
Quhill body levand is and fre,  
As be this melle may be sene.  
We wend Robert the Bruce had bene  
Sua discomfyt that be gud skill  
370 He suld nother haiff haid hart ne will 363  
Swilk juperty till undreta  
For he put was at undre sua  
That he wes left all him allane  
And all his folk war fra him gayn,  
375 And he sagat fortravaillyt 368  
To put thaim off that him assaylit  
That he suld haiff yarnyt resting  
This nycht atour all other thing.  
Bot his hart fillyt is off bounte  
380 Sua that it vencusyit may nocht be.' 373

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

On this wys spak Schyr Aymery,  
And quhen thai off his cumpany  
Saw how thai travaillit had in vayn  
And how the king thar men had slayn  
385 And that his wes gane all fre, 378  
Thaim thocht it wes a nycete  
For to mak thar langer dwelling  
Sen thai mycht nocht anoy the king,  
And said that to Schyr Amery,  
390 That umbethocht him hastily 383  
That he to Carlele wald ga  
And a quhill tharin sojourn ma  
And haff his spyis on the king  
To knaw alwaysis his contenyng,  
395 And quhen that he his poynt mycht se 388  
He thocht that with a gret menye  
He suld schute apon him sudanly.  
Tharfor with all his cumpany  
Till Ingland he the way has tane,

400 And ilk man till his hous is gane. 393  
 In hy till Carlele wesnt is he  
 And tharin thinkys for till be  
 Till he his poynt saw off the king,  
 That then with all his gaderring  
 405 Wes in Carryk quhar umbestount 398  
 He wald went with his men til hunt.  
 Sa happynynt that on a day  
 He went till hunt for till assay  
 Quhat gamyn was in that countre,  
 410 And sua hapnyt that day that he 403  
 By a woud-syd to sett is gane  
 With his twa hundys him allane,  
 Bot his swerd ay with him bar.  
 He had bot schort quhile syttyn thar  
 415 Quhen he saw fra the woud cummand 408  
 Thre men with bowys in thar hand  
 That towart him come spedely,  
 And he that persayvyt in hy  
 Be thar affer and thar having  
 420 That thai luffyt him nakyn thing, 413  
 He rais and his leysche till him drew he  
 And leyte hys hundis gang all fre.  
 God help the king now for his mycht,  
 For bot he now be wys and wycht  
 425 He sall be set in mekill pres, 418  
 For thai thre men foroutyn les  
 War his fayis all utrely,  
 And wachyt him sa bysyly  
 To se quhen thai vengeance mycht tak  
 430 Off the king for Jhon Comyn his sak 423  
 That thai thocht than thai layser had.  
 And sen he hym allane wes stad  
 In hy thai thocht thai suld him sla,  
 And gyff that thai mycht chevys sua  
 435 Fra that thai the king had slayn 428  
 THat thai mycht wyn the woud agayn,  
 His men thaim thocht thai suld nocht dred.  
 In hy towart the king thai yeid  
 and bent thar bowys quhen thai war ner,  
 440 And he that dred on gret maner 433  
 thar arowys, for he nakyt was,

In hy a speking to thaim mais  
 And said, 'You aucht to schame perde  
 Sen ik am ane and ye ar thre  
 445 For to schute at me apon fer. 438  
 Bot had ye hardyment to cum ner  
 And with your swerdis till assay,  
 Wyn me apon sic wys giff ye may,  
 Ye sall wele oute mar prisyt be.'  
 450 'Perfay,' quod ane than off the thre 443  
 'Sall na man say we dred the sua  
 That we with arowys sall the sla.'  
 With that thar bowys away thai kest  
 And come on fast but langer frest.  
 455 The king thaim met full hardyly 448  
 And smate the fyrst sa vygorusly  
 that he fell dede doun on the gren.  
 And quhen the kingis hund has sene  
 Thai men assailye his maister sua  
 460 He lap till ane and gan him ta 453  
 Rycht be the nek full sturdyly.  
 Till top our tale he gert him ly,  
 And the king that his swerd out had  
 Saw he sa fayr succour him maid.  
 465 Or he that fallyn wes mycht rys 458  
 He him assaylyt on sic wys  
 That he the bak strak evyn in twa.  
 The thrid that saw his falowis sua  
 Foroutyn recoveryng be slayne  
 470 Tok to the wod his way agane, 463  
 Bot the king folowit spedyly,  
 And als the hund that wes him by  
 Wquhen he the man saw fle him fra  
 Schot till him sone and gan him ta  
 475 Rycht be the nek and till him dreuch 468  
 And the king that wes ner yneucht  
 In his ryssing sik rowt him gaff  
 That stane-dede to the erd he draff.  
 The kingis men that wer than ner  
 480 Quhen that thai saw on sic maner 473  
 The king assailyt sa sodanly  
 Thai sped towart him in hy  
 And askyt how that cas befell,

And he all haly gan thaim tell  
485 How thai assaillyt him all thre 478  
'Perfay,' quod thai, 'we may wele se  
That it is hard till undretak  
Sic melling with you to mak  
That sua smertly has slayn tthir thre  
490 Foroutyn hurt.' 'Perfay,' said he, 483  
I slew bot ane forouten ma  
God and my hund has slayn the twa.  
Thar tresoun combryt thaim perfay  
For rycht wycht men all thre war thai.'

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

495 Quhen that the king throu Goddis grace 488  
On this maner eschapyt was  
He blew his horn and then in hy  
His gud men till him gan rely,  
tthen hamwartis buskyt he to far  
500 For that day wald he hunt no mar. 493  
In Glentruell all a quhile he lay,  
And went weyle oft to hunt and play  
For to purches thaim venesoun,  
For than der war in sesoun.  
505 In all that tyme Schyr Aymery 498  
With nobill men in cumpany  
Lay in Carlele hys poynt to se,  
And quhen he hard the certante  
That in Glentrewle wes the king  
510 And went till hunt and till playing, 503  
He thocht with hys chevalry  
To cum apon him sodanly  
And fra Carlele on nychtys ryd  
And in covert on dayis bid,  
515 And swagate with sic tranonting 508  
He thocht he suld suppris the king.  
He assemblyt a gret mengne  
Off folk off full gud renomme  
Bath off Scottis and Inglis-men.  
520 Thar way all samyn held thai then 513  
And raid on nycht sa prevely  
Till thai come in a wod ner by

Glentruete, quhar logyt wes the king  
That wylt ryght nocht off thar cummyng.  
525 Into gret perile now is he, 518  
For bot God throu his gret powste  
Save him he sall be slayne or tane,  
For thai war sex quhar he wes ane.

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

Quhen Schyr Amery, as Ik haiff tauld  
530 With his men that war stout and bauld 523  
Wes cummyn sa ner the king that thai  
War bot a myle fra him away  
He tuk avisement with his men  
On quhat maner thai suld do then.  
535 For he said thaim that the king was 528  
Logyt into sa strait a place  
That horsmen mycht nocht him assaile  
And giff futemen gaiff him bataile  
He suld be hard to wyn giff he  
540 Off thar cummyng may wytteryt be. 533  
'Tharfor I rede all prevely  
We send a woman him to spy  
That pouerly arrayit be.  
Scho may ask mete per cherite  
545 And se thar convyn halily 538  
And apoun quhat maner thai ly,  
The quhilis we and our menyne  
Cumand out-throu the wode may be  
On fute all armyt as we ar.  
550 May we do sua that we cum thar 543  
On thaim or thai wyt our cummyng  
We sall fynd in thaim na sturting.'  
This consaill thocht thaim wes to best,  
Then send thai furth but langer frest  
555 The woman that suld be thar spy, 548  
And scho hyr way gan hald in hy  
Ryght to the logis quhar the king  
That had na drede of supprising  
Yheid unarmyt mery and blyth.  
560 The woman has he sene alswyth, 553

He saw hyr uncouth and forthi  
 He beheld hyr mar encrely,  
 And be hyr ccontenance him thocht  
 That for gud cummyn was scho nocht.  
 565 Then gert he men in hy hyr ta, 558  
 And scho that dred men suld hyr sla  
 Tauld how that Schyr Amery  
 With the Cliffurd in cumpany  
 With the flour off Northummyrland  
 570 War cummand on thaim at thar hand. 563  
 Quhen that the king herd that tithing  
 He armyt him but mar dwelling,  
 Sa did thai all that ever wes thar,  
 Syne in a sop assemblyt ar,  
 575 I trow thai war thre hunder ner. 568  
 And quhen thai all assemblit wer  
 The king his baner gert display  
 And set his men in gud aray,  
 Bot thai had standyn bot a thraw  
 580 Rycht at thar hand quhen that thai saw 573  
 Thar fayis throu the wod cummand  
 Armyt on fute with sper in hand  
 That sped thaim full enforcely.  
 The noyis begouth sone and the cry,  
 585 For the gud king that formast was 578  
 Stoutly towart his fayis gays,  
 And hynt out off a mannys hand  
 That ner besyd him wes gangand  
 A bow and a braid arow als,  
 590 And hyt the formast in the hals 583  
 Till thropill and wesand yeid in twa  
 And doun till the erd gan ga.  
 The laiff with that maid a stopping,  
 Than but mar bad the nobill king  
 595 Hynt fra his baneour his banar 588  
 And said, 'Apon thaim, for thai ar  
 Discumfyt all.' With that word  
 He swappyt swiftly out his sword  
 And on thaim ran sa hardely  
 600 That all thai off his cumpany 593  
 Tuk hardyment off his gud deid,  
 For sum that fryst thar wayis yeid



Agayne come to the fycht in hy  
 And met thair fayis vigorously  
 605 That all the formast ruschyt war, 598  
 And quhen thai that war hendermar  
 Saw that the formast left the sted  
 Thai tornyt sone the bak and fled  
 And out off the wod thaim withdrew.  
 610 The king a few men off thaim slew 603  
 For thai rycht sone thar gat gan ga.  
 It discomfortyt thaim all sua  
 That the king with his mengne was  
 All armyt to defend that place  
 615 that thai wend throu thar tranonting 608  
 Till haiff wonnyn foroutyn fechtin  
 That thai effrayit war sodanly,  
 And he thaim soucht sa angryly  
 That thai in full gret hy agane  
 620 Out off the wod rane to the plane 613  
 For thaim faillyt off thar entent.  
 Thai war that tyme sa foully schent  
 That fyften hunder men and ma  
 With a few mengne war reboytyt sua  
 625 That thai withdrew thaim schamfully. 618  
 Tharfor among thaim sodanly  
 Thar rais debate and gret distance,  
 Ilkan wytt other off thar myschance.  
 Cliffurd and Waus maid a melle  
 630 Quhar Cliffurd raucht him a cole 623  
 And athir syne drew till partys,  
 Bot Schyr Aymer that wes wys  
 Departyt thaim with mekill payn,  
 And went till Inghland hame again.  
 635 He wyst fra stryff ras thaim among 628  
 He suld thaim nocht hals samyn lang  
 Foroutyn debate or melle,  
 Tharfor till Inghland turnyt he  
 Eith mar schame then he went of ton,  
 640 Quhen sa mony off sic renone 633  
 Saw sa few men bid thaim battaill  
 Quhair thai ne war hardy till assaile.



# The Brus Book Viii

[The king in Kyle]

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

[Douglas defeats Sir Philip Mowbray at Edirford]

25 Bot James of Douglas that all tid  
Had spyis out on ilka sid  
Wyst off thar cummyng and that thai  
Wald hald doune Makyrnokis way.  
He tuk with him all prevely  
30 Thaim that war off his cumpany  
That war fourty withoutyn ma,  
Syne till a strait place gan he ga  
That is in Makyrnokis way,

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

[The flight of Sir Philip Mowbray to Inverkip]

Bot Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
75 That with the formast ridand was  
That entryt wes in the place,  
Quhen that he saw how he wes stad  
Throu the gret worschip that he had  
With spuris he strak the steid off pryce  
80 And magre all his ennymys  
Throu the thikkest off thaim he raid,  
And but challance eschapyt had  
Ne war ane hynt him by the brand,  
Bot he the gud steid that wald nocht stand  
85 Lansyt furth deliverly.  
Bot the tother sa stalwartly  
Held that the belt braist off the brand  
And swerd and belt left in hys hand,  
And he but swerd his wayis raid  
90 Weill otouth thaim and thair abaid,  
And beheld how that his menye fled  
And how his fayis clengyt the steid  
That war betwix him and his men.  
Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then  
95 To Kylmarnok and Kilwynnyne  
And till Ardrossane eftre syne,  
Syne throu the Largis him allane  
Till Ennirkyp the way has tane  
Rycht to the castell that wes then  
100 Stuffyt all with Inglismen  
That him resaiffyt in daynte,  
And fra thai wyst howgat that he  
Sa fer had rydin him allane  
Throu thaim that war his fayis ilkan  
105 Thai prisyt him full gretumly  
And lovyt fast his chevalry.

[The reactions of Valence and King Robert]

Schyr Philip thus eschapyt was,  
And Douglas yet wes in the place  
Quhar he sixty has slayne and ma,  
110 The layff fouly thar gat gan ga  
And fled to Bothwell hame agayne

Quhar Schyr Aymer wes na thing fayn  
Quhen he herd tell on that maner  
That his mengne discumfyt wer.  
115 Bot quhen to King Robert wes tauld  
How that the Douglas that wes bauld  
Vencussyt sa fele with fewe menye  
Rycht joyfull in his hart wes he,  
And all his menye confortyt war  
120 For thaim thocht weille bath les and mar  
That thai suld less thar fayis dreid  
Sen thar purpos sa with thaim yeid.

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

The king lay in Galliston  
That is evyn rycht anent Loudoun  
125 And till his pes tuk the cuntre.  
Quhen Schyr Aymer and his menye  
Hard how he ryotyt the land  
And how that nane durst him withstand  
He wes intill his hart angry,  
130 And with ane off his cumpany  
He send him word and said giff he  
Durst him into the planys se  
He suld the tend day of May  
Cum under Loudoun hill away,  
135 And giff that he wald meyt him thar  
He said his worschip suld be mar,  
And mar be turnyt in nobillay,  
To wyn him in the playne away  
With hard dintis in evyn fechtyng  
140 Then to do fer mar with skulking.  
The king that hard his messynger  
Had dispyt apon gret maner  
That Schyr Aymer spak sa heyly,  
Tharfor he answeryt irusly  
145 And to the messynger said he,  
'Say to thi lord giff that I be  
In lyfe he sall me se that day  
Weyle ner giff he dar hald the way  
That he has said, for sekyrly  
150 Be Loudoun hill mete him sall I.'

The messinger but mare abaid  
Till his maistre the wayis raid  
And his answer him tauld als with  
Quharof he wes bath glaid and blyth,  
155 For he thocht throu his mekill mycht  
Gyff the king durst cum to fycht  
That throu the gret chevalry  
That suld be in his cumpany  
He suld sua ourcum the king  
160 That thar suld be na recovering.

[The king chooses and prepoares a battle field]

And the king on the tother party  
That was all wis and averty  
Raid for to se and cheis the place,  
And saw the hey gat liand was  
165 Apon a fayr feild evyn and dry,  
Bot apon athir sid tharby  
Wes a gret mos mekill and braid  
That fra the way wes quhar men raid  
A bow-draucht weile on ather sid,  
170 And that place thocht him all to wyd  
Till abyd men that horsyt war.m  
Tharfor thre dykys our-thwort he schar  
Fra baith the mosis to the way  
That war sa fer fra other that thai  
175 War ytwyn a bow-draucht or mar.  
So holl and hey the dykys war  
That men mycht nocht but mekill pane  
Pas thaim thocht nane war thaim agan,  
Bot sloppys in the way left he  
180 Sa large and off sic quantite  
That fyve hunder mycht samyn rid  
In at the sloppis sid be sid.  
Thar thocht he bataile for to bid  
And bargane thaim, for he na drede  
185 Had that thai suld on sid assaile  
Na yeit behind giff thaim battaile,  
And befor thocht him weill that he  
Suld fra thar mycht defendyt be.  
Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma,

190 For gyff he mycht nocht weill ourta  
To mete thaim at the fyrst, that he  
Suld havve the tother on his pouste,  
Be than the thrid gyff it war sua  
That thai had passyt the tother twa.  
195 On this wys him ordanys he,  
And syne assemblit his mengne  
That war sex hunder fechtand men,  
But rangale that wes with him then  
That war als fele as thai or ma.  
200 With all that mengne gan he ga  
The evyn or that the bataill suld be  
Till litill Loudoun quhar that he  
Wald abid to se thar cummyng,  
Syne with the men of his leding  
205 He thocht to sped him sua that he  
Suld at the dyk befor thaim be.

[The armies before the battle of Loudoun]

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



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

[The battle at Loudoun]

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

[The victory of King Robert]

A! mychty God quha thar had bene  
310 And had the kingis worschip sene  
And his brodyr that waine him by  
That stonayit thaim sa hardely  
That thair gud deid and thair bounte  
Gaiff gret confort to thar mengye,  
315 And how Douglas sa manlily  
Confortyt thaim that war him by,  
He suld weile say that thai had will  
To wyn honour and cum thar-till.  
The kingis men sa worthi war  
320 That with speris that scharply schar  
Thai stekit men and stedis baith  
Till rede blud ran off woundis raith.  
The hors that woundyt war gan fling  
And ruschyt thar folk in thar flynging  
325 Sua that thai that the formast war  
War skalyt in soppys her and thar.  
The king that saw thaim ruschyt sua  
And saw thaim reland to and fra  
Ran apon thaim sa egrely  
330 And dang on thaim sa hardely  
That fele gart off his fayis fall.  
The feild wes ner coveryt all  
Bath with the slane hors and with men,  
For the gud king thar folowit then  
335 With fyve hunder that wapnys bar  
That wald thar fayis na thing spar.  
Thai dang on thaim sa hardely  
That in schort tyme men mycht se ly  
At erd ane hunder and wele mar.  
340 The remanand sa fleyit war  
That thai begouth thaim to withdraw,  
And quhen thai off the rerward saw  
Thar vaward be sa discumfyt  
Thai fled foroutyn mar respyt  
345 And quhen Schyr Aymer has sene  
His men fleand haly beden  
Wyt ye weile him wes full way  
Bot he moucht nocht ammonys sway

That ony for him walde torne agane,  
350 He turnyt his bridill and to-ga,  
For the gud king thaim presit sua  
That sum war dede and sum war tane  
And the laiff thar gat ar gane

[Valence resigns his keepership and returns to England]

355 The folk fled apon this maner  
Forout arest and Schir Aymer  
Agane to Boithweill is gane  
Menand the scaith that he has tane  
Sa schamfull that he vencusit wais  
360 That till Inland in hy he gais  
Rycht to the king and schamfully  
He gaff up thar his wardanry,  
Na nevyr syne for nakyn thing  
Bot giff he come rycht with the king  
365 Come he to werray Scotland,  
Sa hevily he tuk on hand  
That the king into set battaill  
With a quhone lik to poverall  
Vencusyt him with a gret menye  
370 That war renonyt off gret bounte.  
Sic anoy had Schyr Amery,  
And King Robert that wes hardy  
Abaid rycht still into the place  
Till that his men had left the chace,  
375 Syne with presonaris that thai had tane  
Thai ar towart thar innys gane  
Fast lovand God off thar weilfar.  
He mycht haiff sene that had bene thar  
A folk that mery wes and glaid  
380 For thar victour, and als thai haid  
A lord that sa swete wes and deboner  
Sa curtais and off sa fayr effer  
Sa blyth and als weill bourdand  
And in bataill sa styth to stand  
385 Sua wys and rycht sua avisé  
That thai had gret cause blyth to be.  
Sua war thai blyth withoutyn dout,  
For fele that wynnyt thaim about

Fra thai the king saw help him sua  
390 Till him thar homage gan thai ma.

[The king decides to go north across the Mounth]

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

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

The king gan furth his wayis ta,  
And left James off Douglas  
With all the folk that with him was  
Behind him for to luk giff he  
420 Mycht recover his countre.  
He left into full gret perill,  
Bot eftre in a litill quhile  
Throu his gret worschip sa he wrocht

That to the kingis pes he brocht  
425 The forest of Selcrik all hale,  
And alsua did he Douglasdale  
And Jedworthis forest alsua.  
And quha-sa weile on hand couth ta  
To tell his worschippis ane and ane  
430 He suld fynd off thaim mony ane,  
For in his tyme as men said me  
Thretten tymys vencusyt wes he  
And had victouris sevin and fyfty.  
Hym semyt nocht lang ydill to ly,  
435 Be his travaill he had na will,  
Me think men suld him love with skill.  
This James quhen the king wes gane  
All prevely his men has tane  
And went to Douglas daile agane,  
440 And maid all prevely a trane  
Till thaim that in the castell war.  
A buschement slely maid he thar,  
And off his men fourtene or ma  
He gert as thai war sekkis ta  
445 Fyllyt with gres, and syne thaim lay  
Apon thar hors and hald thar way  
Rycht as thai wald to Lanark far  
Outouth quhar thai enbuschyt war.

[The garrison comes out]

And quhen thai off the castell saw  
450 Sa fele ladys gang on raw  
Off that sycht thai war wonder fayn  
And tald it to thar capitane  
That hate Schyr Jhone of Webetoun.  
He wes baith yong stoute and felloun  
455 Joly alsua and valageous,  
And for that he wes amorous  
He wald isch fer the blythlyar.  
He gert his men tak all thar ger  
And isch to get thaim vittaille,  
460 For thar vittaille gan fast thaim faile.  
Thai ischyt all abandounly  
And prykkyt furth sa wilfully

To wyn the ladys that thai saw pas  
Quhill that Douglas with his was  
465 All betwix thaim and the castell.  
The laid-men that persavyt weill,  
Thai kest thar ladys doun in hy,  
And thar gownys deliverly  
That heylyt thaim thai kest away,  
470 And in gret hy thar hors hint thai  
And stert apon thaim sturdely  
And met thar fayis with a cry  
That had gret wonder quhen thai saw  
Thaim that war er lurkand sa law  
475 Cum apon thaim sa hardely.  
Thai woux abaysit sodanly  
And at the castell wald haiff bene,  
Quhen thai on other halff has sene  
Douglas brak his enbuschement  
480 That agayne thaim rycht stoutly went.  
Thai wyst nocht quhat to do na say,  
Thar fayis on athir sid saw thai  
That strak on thaim foroutyn sparing,  
And thai mycht help thaim selvyn na thing  
485 Bot fled to warrand quhar thai mocht,  
And thai sa angryly thaim socht  
That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

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

Schyr Jhoun Webetoun thar wes slane,  
And quhen he dede wes as ye her  
490 Thai fand intill his coffeir  
A lettyr that him send a lady  
That he luffyt per drouery,  
492a The letter spak on this maner 493  
That said quhen he had yemyt a yer  
In wer as a gud bachiller  
494a And governit weill in all maner 495  
495 The aventuris castell off Douglas  
That to kepe sa peralus was  
Than mycht he weile ask a lady  
Hyr amouris and hyr drouery,

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

John Barbour



# The Brus Book X

[Preparations for battle against John of Lorn]

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

His men departyt he in twa  
And till the gud lord off Douglas  
Quham in herbryd all worschip was  
He taucht the archerys everilkane  
And this gud lord with him has tane  
Schyr Alysander Fraser the wucht,  
And Wylyam Wysman a gud knycht  
And with thaim syne Schyr Androw Gray.  
Thir with thar mengne held thar way  
And clamb the hill deliverly  
And or thai off the tother party  
Persavyt thaim thai had ilkane  
The hycht abovyne thar fayis tane.

[The battle beneath Ben Cruachan]

The king and his men held thar way,  
And quhen intill the pas war thai  
Entryt the folk of Lorne in hy  
Apon the king raysyt the cry  
And schot and tumblit on him stanys  
Rycht gret and hevy for the nanys,  
Bot thai scaith nocht gretly the king  
For he had thar in his leding  
Men that lycht and deliver war  
And lycht armouris had on thaim thar  
Sua that thai stoutly clamb the hill  
And lettyt thar fayis to fulfill  
The maist part of thar felny.  
And als apon the tother party  
Come James of Douglas and his rout  
And schot apon thaim with a schout  
And woundyt thaim with arowis fast,  
And with thar swerdis at the last  
Thai ruschyt amang thaim hardely,  
For thai of Lorn full manlely  
Gret and apert defens gan ma.  
Bot quhen thai saw that thai war sua  
Assaylit apon twa partys  
And saw weill that thar ennemys  
Had all the fayrer off the fycht  
In full gret hy thai tuk the flycht,

And thai a felloun chas gan ma  
And slew all that thai mycht ourta,  
And thai that mycht eschap but delay  
Rycht till ane water held thar way  
That ran doun be the hillis syd.  
It was sa styth and depe and wid  
That men in na place mycht it pas  
Bot at ane btyg that beneath thaim was.  
To that brig held thai straucht the way  
And to brek it fast gan assay,  
Bot thai that chassyt quhen thai thaim saw  
Mak arest, but dred or aw  
Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely  
And discumfyt thaim uterly,  
And held the brig haile quhill the king  
With all the folk off his leding  
Passyt the brig all at thar ese.  
To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese  
I trow, quhen he his men mycht se  
Oute off his schippis fra the se  
Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,  
That he mycht set na help thartill,  
For it angrys als gretumly  
To gud hartis that ar worthi  
To se thar fayis fulfill thhar will  
As to thaim selff to thoke the ill.

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

At sic myscheiff war thai of Lorn,  
`For fele the lyvys thar has lorne  
And other sum war fled thar way.  
The king in hy gert sese the pray  
Off all the land, quhar men mycht se  
Sa gret habundance come of fe  
That it war wonder to behauld.  
The king that stout wes stark and bauld  
Till Dunstaffynch rycht sturdely  
A sege set and besily  
Assaylit the castell it to get,  
And in schort tym he has thaim set  
In swilk thrang that tharin war than

That magre tharis he it wan,  
And ane gud wardane tharin set  
And betaucht hym bath men and met  
Sua that he lang tyme thar mycht be  
Magre thaim all off that countre.  
Schyr Alerandir off Arghile that saw  
The king dystroy up clene and law  
His land send treyteris to the king  
And cum his man but mar duelling,  
And he resavit him till his pes,  
Bot Jhone off Lorne his sone yeit wes  
Rebell as he wes wont to be  
And fled with schippis on the se,  
Bot thai that left apon the land  
War to the king all obeysand.  
And he thar hostage all has tane  
And towart Perth agayne is gane  
To play him thar into the playne.

[The plan to take the peel of Linlithgow]

Yeit Lothyane was him agayne,  
And at Lythkow wes than a pele  
Mekill and stark and stuffyt wele  
With Inglismen, and wes reset  
To thaim that with armuris or met  
Fra Edynburgh wald to Strevelyn ga  
And fra Strevelyng agane alsua,  
And till the countre did gret ill.  
Now may ye her giff that ye will  
Entrmellys and juperdyis  
That men assayit mony wys  
Castellis and peyllis for to ta,  
And this Lithquhow wes ane off tha  
And I sall tell You how it wes tane.  
In the contre thar wonnyt ane  
That husband wes, and with his fe  
Oftsys hay to the peile led he,  
Wilyame Bunnok to name he hicht  
That stalwart man wes into ficht.  
He saw sa hard the contre staid  
That he gret noy and pite had

Throw the gret force that it was then  
Governyt and led with Inglismen,  
That travalyt men out-our mesure.  
He wes a stout carle and a sture  
And off himselff dour and hardy,  
And had freyndis wonnand him by  
And schawyt ti sum his prevete,  
And apon his conveyne gat he  
Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma  
Quhill that he with his wayne suld ga  
To lede thaim hay into the pele  
Bot his wayne suld be stuffyt wele,  
For aucht men in the body  
Off his wayn suld sit prevely  
And with hay helyt be about,  
And himselff that wes dour and stout  
Suld be the wayne gang ydilly,  
And ane yuman wycht and hardy  
Befor suld dryve the wayne and ber  
Ane hachat that war scharp to scher  
Under his belt, and quhen the yat  
War apynnyt and thai war tharat  
And he hard him cry sturdely,  
'Call all, call all,' than hastily  
He suld stryk with the ax in twa  
the soyme, and than in hy suld tha  
That war within the wayne cum out  
And mak debate quhill that thar rout  
That suld nerby enbushyt be  
Cum for to manteyme the melle.

[The taking of the peel of Linlithgow]

This wes intill the hervyst tyd  
Quhen feldis that ar fayr and wid  
Chargyt with corne all fully war,  
For syndry cornys that thai bar  
Wox ryp to wyn to mannys fud,  
And the treys all chargyt stud  
With ser frutis on syndry wys.  
In this swete tyme that I devys  
Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay

And with this Bunnok spokyn had thai  
To lede thar hay, for he wes ner,  
And he assentyt but daunger  
And said that he in the mornynge  
Weile sone a fothy he suld bring  
Fayrer and gretar and weile mor  
Than he brocht ony that yer befor,  
And held thaim cunnand sekyrly.  
For that nycht warnyt he prevely  
Thaim that in the wayne suld ga  
And that in the buschement suld be alsua,  
And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar  
That or day thai enbuschyt war  
Weile ner the pele quhar thai mycht her  
The cry als sone as ony wer,  
And held thaim sua still but stering  
That nane off thaim had persaving.  
And this Bunnok fast gan him payne  
To dres his menye in his wayne  
And all a quhile befor the day  
He had thaim helyt weile with ha  
And maid him to yok his fe  
Till men the son schynand mycht se,  
And sum that war within the pele  
War ischyt on thar awne unsele  
To wyn thar hervyst ner tharby.  
Than Bunnok with the cumpany  
That in his wayne closyt he had  
Went on his way but mar abaid  
And callit his wayne towart the pele,  
And the portar that saw him wele  
Cum ner the yet, it opnyt sone,  
And then Bunnok foroutyn hone  
Gert call the wayne deliverly,  
And quhen it wes set evynly  
Betwix the chekis of the yat  
Sua that men mycht it spar na gat  
He cryit hey, 'Call all, call all,'  
And he than lete the gad-wand fall  
And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.  
Bonnok with that deliverly  
Roucht till the portar sic a rout

That blud and harnys bath come out,  
And thai that war within the wayne  
Lap out belyff and sone has slayne  
Men off the castell that war by  
Than in ane quhile begouth the cry,  
And thai that ner enbuschyt war  
Lap out and come with swerdis bar  
And tuk the casell all but payn  
And has thaim that war tharin was slayn,  
And thai that war went furth befor  
Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn  
Thai fled to warand to and fra,  
And sum till Edinburgh gan ga  
And sum till Strevilline ar other gane  
And sum inyill the gat war slayne.

[A profile of Thomas Randolph, earl of Moray]

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

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

[Moray sets siege to Edinburgh Castle]

Quhen the king thus was with him sauch  
And gret lordschyppis had him betaucht  
He wox sa wyse and sa avysé  
That his land fyrst weill stablyst he  
And syne he sped him to the wer  
Till help his eyne in his myster  
And with the consent off the king  
Bot with a symple aparaling  
Till Edinburgh he went in hy  
With gud men intill cumpany,  
And set a sege to the castell



That than was warnyst wonder weill  
With men and vyttalis at all ryght  
Sua that it dred na mannys mycht.  
Bot this gud erle nocht-forthi  
The sege tuk full apertly  
And pressyt the folk that tharin was  
Sua that nocht ane the yet durst pas.  
Thai may abid tharin and ete  
Thair vittail quhill thai oucht mai get  
Bot I trow thai sall lettyt be  
To purchas mar in the contre.

[The situation in Edinburgh; Douglas's activity]

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

Bot thai that I wate utterly  
Eftre my wyt rehers will I.

[Douglas plans to take Roxburgh Castle]

This tyme that the gud erle Thomas  
Assegyt as the lettre sayis  
Edinburgh, James off Douglas  
Set all his wit for to purchas  
How Roxburch throu sutelte  
Or ony craft mycht wonnyn be,  
Till he gert Syme off the Leidhous  
A crafty man and a curious  
Off hempyn rapis leddris ma  
With treyn steppis bundyn sua  
That brek wald nocht on nakyn wis.  
A cruk thai maid at thair divis  
Off irne that wes styth and squar  
That fra it in a kyrneill war  
And the ledder tharfra straitly  
Strekit, it suld stand sekyrly.  
This gud lord off Douglas alsone  
As this divisit wes and dome  
Gaderyt gud men in prevete  
Thre scor I trow thai mycht be,  
And on the fasteryngis evyn rycht  
In the begynnyng off the nycht  
To the castell thai tuk thar way.  
With blak frogis all helyt thai  
The armouris that thai on thaim had.  
Thai come nerby thar but abad  
And send haly thar hors thaim fra,  
And thai on raunge in ane route gan ga  
On handis and fete quhen thai war ner  
Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer  
That war wont to be bondyn left tharout.  
It wes rycht myrk withoutyn dout,  
The-quheter ane on the wall that lay  
Besid him till his fere gan say,  
'This man thinkis to mak gud cher,'  
And nemmyt ane husband tharby ner,  
'That has left all his oxyn out.'

The tother said, 'It is na dout  
He sall mak mery tonycht thocht thai  
Be with the Douglas led away.'  
Thai wend the Douglas and his men  
Had bene oxin, for thai yeid then  
On handis and fete ay ane and ane.  
The Douglas rycht gud tent has tane  
Till thar spek, bot all sone thai  
Held carpand inwart thar way.

[The taking of the enclosure of Roxburgh Castle]

Douglas men tharoff war blyth  
And to the wall thai sped thaim swith,  
And sone has up thar ledder set  
That maid ane clap quhen the cruchet  
Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.  
That herd ane off the wachis weill  
And buskyt thidderwart but baid,  
Bot Ledehous that the ledder maid  
Sped him to clymb fyrst to the wall,  
Bot or he wes up gottyn all  
He at that ward had in keping  
Met him rycht at the up-cummyng,  
And for he thocht to ding him doun  
He maid na noys na cry na soun  
Bot schot till him deliverly.  
And he that wes in juperty  
To de a launce he till him maid  
And gat him be the nek but baid  
And stekyt him upwart with a knyff  
Quhill in his hand he left the lyff.  
And quhen he ded sua saw him ly  
Up on tthe wall he went in hy  
And doun the body kest thaim till  
And said, 'All gangis as we will,  
Spede you upwart deliverly.'  
And thai did sua in full gret hy.  
Bot or thai wan up thar come ane  
And saw Ledhous stand him allane  
And knew he wes nocht off thar men.  
In hy he ruschyt till him then

And him assailit sturdely,  
Bot he slew him deliverly  
For he wes armyt and wes wucht,  
The tother nakyt wes, Ik hicht  
And had nocht for to stynt the strak.  
Sic melle tharup gan he mak  
Quhill Douglas and his mengne all  
War cummyn up upon the wall,  
Than in the tour thai went in hy.

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

The folk wes that tyme halily  
Intill the hall at thar daunsing  
Syngyng and other wayis playing,  
And apou Fasteryngis evyn this  
As custume is to mak joy and blys  
Till folk that ar into pouste.  
Sua trowyt thai that tyme to be,  
Bot or thai wust rycht in the hall  
Douglas and his rout cummyn war all  
And cryit on hycht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
And thai that ma war than he was  
Hard 'Douglas!' cryit hidwysly,  
Thai war abaysit for the cry  
And schup rycht na defens to ma,  
And thai but pite gan thaim sla  
Till thay had gottyn the overhand.  
The tother fled to sek warand  
That out off mesure ded gane dreid.  
The wardane saw how that it yeid  
That callyt wes Gilmyne de Fynys,  
In the gret toure he gottyn is  
And other off his cumpany  
And sparryt the entre hastily.  
The lave that levyt war without  
War tane or slayne, this is na dout,  
Bot giff that ony lap the wall.  
The Douglas that nycht held the hall  
Allthocht his fayis tharoff war wa,  
His men was gangand to and fra  
Throu-out the castell all that nycht

Till on the morn that day wes lycht.

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

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

[Moray seeks a means of taking Edinburgh Castle]

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

[The plan suggested by William Francis]

Than wes thar ane Wilyame Francus  
Wycht and apert wys and curyus  
That intill hys youtheid had bene  
In the castell. Quhen he has sene  
The erle sua enkerly him set  
Sum sutelte or wile to get  
Quharthrou the castell have mycht he  
He come till him in prevete  
And said, 'Me think ye wald blythly  
That men fand you sum jeperty  
How ye mycht our the wallis wyn,

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

Set for thar purpos on a nycht.

[The climbing of Edinburgh Castle rock]

Sone efter was the ledder made,  
And than the erle but mar abaid  
Purvayt him a nycht prevely  
With thretty men wycht and hardy,  
And in a myrk nycht held thar way  
That put thaim till full hard assay  
And to gret perell sekyrly.  
I trow mycht thai haiff sene clerly  
That gat had nocht bene undretane  
Thought thai to let thaim had nocht ane,  
For the crag wes hey and hidwous  
And the clymbing rycht peralous,  
For hapnyt ony to slyd and fall  
He suld sone be to-fruscht all.  
The nycht wes myrk as Ik hard say,  
And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai  
Off the crag that wes hey and schor,  
Than Wilyame Fransoys thaim befor  
Clamb in crykes forouth ay  
And at the bak him folowyt thai.  
With mekill payne quhile to quhile fra  
Thai clamb into thai crykys sua  
Quhile halff the crag thai clumbyn had  
And thar a place thai fand sa brad  
That thai mycht syt on anerly,  
And thai war ayndles and wery  
And thar abaid thar aynd to ta,  
And rycht as thai war syttand sua  
Rycht aboune thaim up apon the wall  
The chak-wachys assemblyt all.  
Now help thaim God that all thing mai  
For in full gret perell ar thai!  
For mycht thai se thaim thar suld nane  
Eschape out off that place unslane,  
To dede with stanys thai suld thaim ding  
That thai mycht halp thaimselvyn na thing.  
Bot wonder myrk wes the nycht  
Sua that thai off thaim had na sicht,



And nocht-forthi yete wes thar ane  
Off thaim that swappyt doun a stane  
And said, 'Away, I se you weile,'  
The-quhether he saw thaim nocht a dele.  
Out-our thar hedis flaw the stane  
And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.  
The wachys quhen thai herd nocht ster  
Fra that ward samyn all passit er  
And carpand held fer by thar way.  
The erle Thomas alsone and thai  
That on the crag thar sat him by  
Toward the wall clamb hastily  
And thidder come with mekill mayn  
And nocht but gret perell and payn.  
For fra thine up wes grevouser  
To clymb up ne beneth be fer.

[The taking of Edinburgh Castle]

Bot quhatkyn payne sua ever thai had  
Rycht to the wall thai come but bad  
That had weile ner twelf fute of hycht,  
And forout persaving or sycht  
Thai set thar ledder to the wall,  
And syne Fransoys befor thaim all  
Clamb up and syne Schyr Androw Gray,  
And syne the erle himselff perfay  
Was the thrid that the wall can ta.  
Qhuhen thai thar-doune thar lord sua  
Saw clumbyne up upon the wall  
As woud men thai clamb eftre all,  
Bot or all up clumbene war thai  
Thai that war wachys till assay  
Hard steryng and preve speking  
And alsua fraying off armyng  
And on thaim schot full sturdely,  
And thai met thaim rycht hardely  
And slew off thaim dispitously.  
Than throu the castell rais the cry,  
'Tresoun! Tresoun!' thai cryit fast.  
Than sum of thaim war sua agast  
That thai fled and lap our the wall,

Bot to sa swyth thai fled nocht all,  
For the constabill that wes hardy  
All armyt schot furth to thte cry  
And with him fele hardy and stout.  
Yeyt wes the erle with his rout  
Fechtand with thaim apon the wall  
Bot sone he discumfit thaim all.  
Be that his men war cummyn ilkan  
Up to the wall and he has tane  
His way doun to the castell sone.  
In gret perell he has him doyn  
For thai war fer ma men tharin  
And thai had bene of gud covyn  
Than he, bot thai effrayit war,  
And nocht-forthi with wapnys bar  
The constabill and his cumpany  
Met him and his rycht hardely.  
Thar mycht men se gret bargane ris,  
For with wapnys of mony wis  
Thai dang on other at thar mycht  
Quhill swerdis that war fayr and brycht  
War till the hiltis all bludy.  
Then hyd wysly begouth the cry  
For thai that fellyt or stekyt war  
Hid wysly gan cry and rar.  
The gud erle and his cumpany  
Faucht in that fycht sa sturdely  
That all thar fayis ruschyt war.  
The constable wes slane rycht thar,  
And fra he fell the ramanand  
Fled quhar thai best mycht to warand,  
Thai durst nocht bid to ma debate.  
The erle wes handlyt thar sa hat  
That had it nocht hapnyt throu cas  
That the constable thar slane then was  
He had bene in gret perell thar,  
Bot quhen thai fled thar wes no mar,  
Bot ilk man to sauff his lyff  
Fled furth his dayis for to dryve,  
And sum slaid doune out-our the wall.

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

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

[St Margaret's prophecy]

And off this taking that I mene  
Sanct Margaret the gud haly quene  
Wyst in hyr tyme throu reveling

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

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

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

Wes blyth and joyfull our the lave  
And to manteyme his stat him gave  
Rentis and landis fayr inewch,  
And he to sa gret worschip dreuch  
That all spak off his gret bounte.  
Hys fayis gretly stonayit he  
For he fled never for force off fycht.  
Quhat sall I mar say off his mycht?  
His gret manheid and his bounte  
Gerris him yeit renownyt be.

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

In this tyme that thir jupertys  
Off thir castellis that I devis  
War eschevyt sa hardely,  
Schyr Edward the Bruce the hardy  
Had all Galloway and Nydysdale  
Wonnyn till his liking all haile  
And doun gyn doun the castellis all  
Rycht in the dyk bath tour and wall.  
He hard then say and new it weill  
That into Ruglyne wes a pele,  
Thidder he went with his menye  
And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he,  
Syne to Dundee he tuk the way  
That then wes haldyne as Ic herd say  
Agayne the king, tharfor in hy  
He set a sege tharto stoutly  
And lay thar quhill it yoldyn was.  
To Strevillyne syne the way he tais  
Quhar gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
That wes sa douchty at assay  
Wes wardane and had in keping  
That castell of the Inglis king.  
Thartill a sege thai set stythly,  
Thai bykyrrit oftsys sturdely  
Bot gret chevalry done wes nane.  
Schyr Edward fra the sege wes tane  
A weile lang tyme about it lay,  
Fra the Lentryne that is to say  
Quhill forouth the Sanct Jhonys mes.

The Inglis folk that tharin wes  
Begouth to failye vitail be than.  
Than Schyr Philip that douchti man  
Tretyt quhill thai consentit war  
That gyff at mydsomer the neyst yer  
To cum it war nocht with bataile  
Reskewyt, then that foroutyn faile  
He suld the castell yauld quyly,  
That connand band thai sickerly.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book Xi

[Criticism of the compact about Stirling Castle]

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

[King Robert criticises his brother]

Quhen Schyr Edward, as I you say,  
Had gevyn sa outrageous a day  
To yeld or reskew Strevillyne,  
Rycht to the king he went him syne

35 And tauld quhat tretys he had mad  
And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.  
The king said quhen he hard the day,  
'That wes unwisly doyn, perfay.  
Ik herd never quhar sa lang warnyng  
40 Wes gevyn to sa mychty a king  
As is the king off England,  
For he has now intill hand  
England, Ireland and Walis alsua  
And Aquitayngne yeit with all tha,  
45 And off Scotland yeit a party  
Dwellis under his senyoury,  
And off tresour sa stuffyt is he  
That he may wageouris haiff plente,  
And we are quhoyne agayne sa fele.  
50 God may rycht weill oure werdys dele,  
Bot we ar set in juperty  
To tyne or wyn then hastely.'  
Schyr Edward said, 'Sa God me rede,  
Thocht he and all that he may led  
55 Cum, wes sall fecht, all war thai ma.'  
Quhen the king hard his broder sua  
Spek to the bataile sa hardyly  
He prisyt him in hys hart gretumly  
And said, 'Broder, sen sua is gane  
60 That this thing thus is undretane  
Schap we us tharfor manlely,  
And all that luffis us tenderly  
And the fredome off this countre  
Purvay thaim at that time to be  
65 Boune with all mycht that ever thai may,  
Sua giff that our fayis assay  
To reskew Strevilline throu bataill  
That we off purpos ger thaim faill.'

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

To this thai all assentyt ar  
70 And bad thar men all mak thaim yar  
For to be boun agayne that day  
On the best wis that ever thai may.  
Than all that worthi war to fycht



Off Scotland set all hale thar mycht  
75 To purvay thaim agane that day,  
Wapynnys and armouris purvayit thai  
And all that offeris to fechtung.  
And in Ingland the mychty king  
Purvayit him in sa gret aray  
80 That certis hard I never say  
That Inglismen mar aparaile  
Maid than did than for bataill,  
For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner  
He assemblit all his power,  
85 And but his awne chevalry  
That wes sa gret it wes ferly  
He had of mony ser countre  
With him gud men of gret bounte.  
Of Fraunce worthi chevalry  
90 He had intill his cumpany,  
The erle off Henaud als wes thar  
And with him men that worthi war,  
Off Gascoyne and off Almany  
And off the duche of Bretayngny  
95 He had wucht men and weill farand  
Armyt clenly bath fute and hand,  
Off Ingland to the chevalry 97  
He had gaderyt sa clenly 98  
That nane left that mycht wapynnys weld 97  
100 Or mycht war to fecht in feild, 98  
All Walis als with him had he  
And off Irland a gret mengne,  
Off Pouty Aquitane and Bayoun  
He had mony off gret renoune,  
105 And off Scotland he had yeit then 103  
A gret menye of worthy men. 104

[The appearance of the English host]

Quhen all thir sammyn assemblit war 105  
He had of fechtaris with him thar 106  
Ane hunder thousand men and ma 103  
110 And fourty thousand war of tha 104  
Armyt on hors bath heid and hand,  
And of thai yeit war thre thousand

With helyt hors in plate and mailye  
To mak the front off the batailye,  
115 And fyfty thousand off archeris 109  
He had foroutyn hobeleris,  
And men of fute and small rangale  
That yemyt harnays and vittaile  
He had sa fele it wes ferly.  
120 Off cartis als thar yeid thaim by 114  
Sa fele that, but all thai that bar  
Harnays and als that chargyt war  
With pailyounys and veschall with-all  
And aparaile of chambyr and hall  
125 And wyne and wax schot and vittaile, 119  
Aucht scor wes chargyt with pulaile.  
Thai war sa fele quhar that thai raid  
And thar bataillis war sa braid  
And sua gret roume held thar chare  
130 That men that mekill ost mycht se 124  
Ourtak the landis largely.  
Men mycht se than that had bene by  
Mony a worthi man and wycht  
And mony ane armur gayly dycht  
135 And mony a sturdy sterand stede 129  
Arayit intill ryche wede,  
Mony helmys and haberjounys  
Scheldis and speris and penounys, 132\*  
And sa mony a cumbly knycht 132  
140 That it semyt that into fycht 133  
Thai suld vencus the world all haile.

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

Quhy suld I mak to lang my taile?  
To Berwik ar thai cummyn ilkane  
And sum tharin has innys tane  
145 And sum logyt without the town ys 138  
In tentis and in pailyounys.  
And quhen the king his ost has sene  
So gret and sa gud men and clene  
He wes rycht joyfull in his thocht  
150 And weile supposyt that thar wes nocht 143  
In world a king mycht him withstand,

Him thocht all wonnyn till his hand,  
 And largly amang his men  
 The land of Scotland delt he then,  
 155 Off other mennys thing larg wes he. 148  
 And thai that war off his menye  
 Manausyt the Scottismen hely  
 With gret wordis, bot nocht-forthi  
 Or thai cum all to thar entent  
 160 Howis in haile claith sall be rent. 153  
 The king throu consaile of his men  
 His folk delt in bataillis ten,  
 In ilkane war weile ten thousand  
 That lete thai stalwartly suld stand  
 165 In the bataile and stythly fycht 158  
 And leve nocht for thar fayis mycht.  
 He set ledaris till ilk bataile  
 That knawin war of gud governaile,  
 And till renownyt erlis twa  
 170 Off Glosyster and herfurd war tha 163  
 He gaf the vaward in leding  
 With mony men at thar bidding  
 Ordanyt into full gud aray.  
 Thai war sa chevalrous that thai  
 175 Trowyt giff thai come to fycht 168  
 Thar suld na strenth withstand thar mycht.  
 And the king quhen his mengne wer  
 Divisit intill bataillis ser  
 His awyne bataill ordanyt he  
 180 And quha suld at his bridill be, 173  
 Schyr Gilis Argente he set  
 Apon a half his reyngye to get,  
 And off Valence Schyr Amery  
 On other half that wes worthy,  
 185 For in thar soverane bounte 178  
 Out-our the lave affyit he.  
 Quhen the king apon this kyn wys  
 Had ordanyt as Ik her divis  
 His bataillis and his stering  
 190 He rais arly in a mornyng 183  
 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.  
 Bath hillis and valis hely thai  
 As the bataillis that war braid

Departyt our the feldis raid.  
195 The sone wes brycht and schynand cler 188  
And armouris that burnysyt wer  
Sua blomyt with the sonnys beme  
That all the land wes in a leme,  
Baneris rycht fayrly flawmand  
200 And penselys to the wynd wavand 193  
Sua fele thar wer of ser quentis  
That it war gret slycht for to divise,  
And suld I tell all thar affer  
Thar con tenance and thar maner  
205 Thought I couth I suld combryt be. 198  
The king with all that gret menye  
Till Edinbyrgh he raid him rycht,  
Thai war all-out to fele to fycht  
With few folk of a symple land,  
210 Bot quhar God helpys quhat ma withstand. 203

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

The king Robert quhen he hard say  
That Inglismen in sic aray  
And into sua gret quantite  
Come in his land, in hy gert he  
215 His men be somound generally, 208  
And thai come all full wilfully  
To the Torwod quhar that the king  
Had ordanyt to mak thar meting.  
Schir Edward the Bruce the worthi  
220 Come with a full gret cumpany 213  
Off gud men armyt weill at rycht  
Hardy and forsy for to fycht,  
Walter Stewart of Scotland syne  
That than wes bot a berdles hyne  
225 Come with a rout of noble men, 218  
That men mycht be contynence ken.  
The gud lord of Douglas alsua  
Brocht with him men Ik underta  
That weile war usit in fechting,  
230 Thai sall the les haiff abaysimg 223  
Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,  
Avantage thai sall tittar se

For to stonay thar fayis mycht  
Than men that usis nocht to fycht.  
235 The erle off Murreff with his men 228  
Arayit weile come alsua then  
Into gud covyne for to fycht  
And gret will for to manteym thar mycht  
Outakyn other mony barounys  
240 And knyghtis that of gret renowne is 233  
Come with thar men full stalwartly.  
Quhen thai war assemblyt halely  
Off fechtand men I trow thai war  
Thretty thousand and sumdele mar,  
245 Foroutyn cariage and pettaill 238  
That yemyt harnayis and vittail.  
Our all the ost than yeid the king  
And beheld to thar contenyng  
And saw thaim of full fayr offer.  
250 Off hardy contenance thai wer, 243  
Be liklynes the mast cowart  
Semyt full weill to do his part.  
The king has sene all thar having  
That knew him weile into sic thing,  
255 And saw thaim all commounaly 248  
Off sic contenance and sa hardy  
Forout effray or abaysing.  
In his hart had he gret liking  
And thought that men of sa gret will  
260 Giff thai wald set thar will thartill 253  
Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.  
Ay as he met thaim in the way  
He welcummyt thaim with glaidsum far  
Spekand gud wordis her and thar,  
265 And thai that thar lord sa mekly 258  
Saw welcum thaim and sa hamly  
Joyfull thai war, and thocht that thai  
Aucht weill to put thaim till assay  
Off hard fechting or stalwart stur  
270 For to maynteyme hys honor. 263

[King Robert proposes the division of his host]

The worthi king quhen he has sene

Hys ost assemblit all bedene  
And saw thaim wilfull to fulfill  
His liking with gud hart and will  
275 And to maynteyme weill thar franchis 268  
He wes rejosyt mony wys  
And callyt all his consaile preve  
And said thaim, 'Lordis, now ye se  
That Inglismen with mekill mycht  
280 Has all disponyt thaim for the fycht 273  
For thai yone castell wald reskew.  
Tharfor is gud we ordane now  
How we may let thaim of thar purpos  
And sua to thaim the wayis clos  
285 That thai pas nocht but gret letting. 278  
We haiff her with us at bidding  
Weile thretty thousand men and ma,  
Mak we four bataillis of tha  
And ordane us on sic maner  
290 And quhen our fayis cummys ner 283  
We to the New Park hald our way,  
For thar behovys thaim nede away  
Bot giff that thai will beneath us ga  
And our the merrais pass, and sua  
295 We sall be at avantage thar. 288  
And me think that rycht spedfull war  
To gang on fute to this fechting  
Armyt bot in litill armyng,  
For schup we us on hors to fycht  
300 Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht 293  
And bettyr horsyt than ar we  
We suld into gret perell be,  
And gyff we fecht on fute perfay  
At a vantage we sall be ay,  
305 For in the park among the treys 298  
The horsmen alwaysis cummerit beis,  
And the sykis alsua that ar thar-doun  
Sall put thaim to confusioune.'

[The four divisions and their commanders]

All thai consentyt till that saw  
310 And than intill a litill thraw 303

Thar four bataillis ordanyt thai,  
And till the Erle Thomas perfay  
Thai gaiff the vaward in leding  
For in his noble governyng  
315 And in his hey chevalry 308  
Thai assoueryt rycht soveranly,  
And for to maynteyme his baner  
Lordis that off gret worschip wer  
Wer assygnyt with thar mengne  
320 Intill his bataill for to be. 313  
The toother bataill wes gevyn to led  
Till him that douchty wes of deid  
And prisyt off hey chevalry,  
Thar wes Schyr Edward the worthy,  
325 I trow he sall maynteyme it sua 318  
That howsaever the gamyn ga  
His fayis to plenye sall mater haf.  
And syne the thrid bataill thai gaff  
Till Walter Stewart for to leid  
330 And to Douglas douchty of deid 323  
Thai war cosyngis in ner degre  
Tharfor till him betaucht wes he  
For he wes young, bot nocht-forthi  
I trow he sall sa manlily  
335 Do his devour and wirk sa weill 328  
That him sall nede ne mar yemseill.  
The ferd bataile the noble king  
Tuk till his awne governyng,  
And had intill his cumpany  
340 The men of Carrik halely 333  
And off Arghile and of Kentyr  
And off the Ilis quharof wes syr  
Angus of Ile, and but all tha  
He off the plane land had alsua  
345 Off armyt men a mekill rout, 338  
His bataill stalwart wes and stout.  
He said the rerward he wald ma  
And evyn forrrouth him suld ga  
The vaward, and on ather hand  
350 The tother bataillis suld be gangand 343  
Besid on sid a litill space,  
And the king that behind thaim was

Suld se quhar thar war mast myster  
And releve thar with his baner.

[The digging of pots by the roadside]

355 The king thus that wes wycht and wys 348

And rych avisé at divis

Ordanyt his men for the fechting

In gud aray in alkyn thing.

And on the morn on Setterday

360 The king hard his discourouris say 353

That inglismen with mekill mycht

Had lyin at Edinburgh all nycht.

Tharfor withoutyn mar delay

He till the New Park held his way

365 With all that in his leding war 358

And in the Park thaim herberyt thar,

And in a plane feld be the way

Quhar he thocht ned behovyd away

The Inglismen, gif that thai wald

370 Throu the Park to the castell hald 363

He gert men mony pottis ma

Off a fute-breid round, and al tha

War dep up till a mannys kne,

Sa thyk that thai mycht liknyt be

375 Till a wax cayme that beis mais. 368

All that nycht travailland he wais

Sua that or day he has maid

Thai pottis, and thaim helit haid

With stykkis and with gres all grene

380 Sua that thai moucht nocht weil be sen. 373

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

On Sunday than in the mornyng

Weile sone after the sone rising

Thai hard thar mes commounaly

And mony thaim schraiff full devotly

385 That thocht to dey in that melle 378

Or than to mak thar contre fre.

To God for thar rycht prayit thai,

Thar dynit nane of thaim that day



Bot for the vigil off Sanct Jhane  
 390 Thai fastyt water and breid ilkan. 383  
 The king quhen that the mes wes don  
 Went furth to se the pottis sone  
 And at his liking saw thaim mad,  
 On ather sid rycht weill braid  
 395 It wes pittyt as Ik haif tauld. 388  
 Giff that thar fayis on hors wald hald  
 Furth in that way I trow thai sall  
 Nocht weill eschaip foroutyn fall.  
 Throu-out the ost thar gert he cry  
 400 That all suld arme thaim hastily 393  
 And busk thaim on thar best maner,  
 And quhen thai assemblyt wer  
 He gert aray thaim for the fycht,  
 And syne gert cry our-all on hycht  
 405 That quha-sa-ever he war that fand 398  
 Hys hart nocht sekyr for to stand  
 To wyn all or dey with honor  
 For to maynteyme that stalwart stour  
 That he betyme suld hald his way,  
 410 And suld duell with him bot thai 403  
 That wald stand with him to the end  
 And tak the ure that God wald send.  
 Than all answerd with a cry  
 And with a voce said generaly  
 415 That nane for dout off deid suld faile 408  
 Quhill discumfyt war the gret bataile.

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

Quhen the gud king has hard his men  
 Sa hardely answer him then  
 Sayand that nother dede na dreid  
 420 Till sic discomfort suld thaim leid 413  
 That thai suld eschew the fechting  
 In hart he had gret rejosing,  
 For him thocht men off sic covyn  
 Sa gud and hardy and sa fyne  
 425 Suld weile in bataill hald thar rycht 418  
 Agayne men off full mekill mycht.  
 Syne all the smale folk and pitall

He send with harnays and with vitail  
 Intill the Park weill fer him fra  
 430 And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga 423  
 And als he bad thai went thar way,  
 Twenty thousand weile ner war thai.  
 Thai held thar way till a vale,  
 The king left with a clene mengne  
 435 The-quhethir thai war thretty thousand 428  
 That I trow sall stalwartly stand  
 And do thar devour as thai aw.  
 Thai stud than rangyt all on a raw  
 Redy for to gyff hard bataill  
 440 Giff ony folk wald thaim assaile. 433  
 The king gert thaim all buskit be  
 For he wyst in certante  
 That his fayis all nycht lay  
 At the Fawkyrk, and syne that thai  
 445 Held towart him the way all straucht 438  
 With mony men of mekill maucht.  
 Tharfor till his nevo bad he  
 The erle off Murreff with his menye  
 Besid the kyrk to kepe the way  
 450 That na man pas that gat away 443  
 For to debate the castell,  
 And he said himself suld weill  
 Kepe the entre with his bataill  
 Giff that ony wald assale,  
 455 And syne his broder Schyr Edward 448  
 And young Walter alsua Steward  
 And the lord of Douglas alsua  
 With thar mengne gud tent suld ta  
 Quhilk off thaim had of help myster  
 460 And help with thaim that with him wer. 453

[King Robert has the English host surveyed;  
 spreads a false account of its strength]

The king send than James of Douglas  
 And Schyr Robert the Keyth that was  
 Marschell off the ost of fe  
 The Inglismennys come to se,  
 465 And thai lap on and furth thai raid 458

Weile horsyt men with thaim thai haid,  
 And sone the gret ost haf thai sene  
 Quhar scheildis schynand war sa schene  
 And bassynetis burnyst brycht  
 470 That gave agayne the sone gret lycht. 463  
 Thai saw sa fele browdyne baneris  
 Standaris and pennounys and speris,  
 And sa fele knyghtis apon stedis  
 All flawmand in thar wedis,  
 475 And sa fele bataillis and sa braid 468  
 That tuk sa gret roume as thai rqaid  
 That the maist ost and the stoutest  
 Off Crystyndome and the grettest  
 Suld be abaysit for to se  
 480 Thair fayis into sic quantite 473  
 And sua arayit for to fycht.  
 Quhen thar discourrouris has had sycht  
 Off thar fayis as I you say  
 Towart the king thai tuk thair way,  
 485 And tauld him intill prevete 478  
 The multitud and the beaute  
 Off thair fayis that come sa braid  
 And off the gret mycht that thai haid.  
 Than the king bad thaim thai suld ma  
 490 Na contenance that it war sua 483  
 Bot lat thaim into commoune say  
 That thai cum intill evyll aray  
 To confort his on that wys,  
 For oftsys throu a word may rys  
 495 Discomford and tynsaill with-all, 488  
 And throu a word als weill may fall  
 Comford may rys and hardyment  
 May ger men do thar entent.  
 On the samyn wys it did her,  
 500 Thar comford and thar hardy cher 493  
 Comford thaim sa gretumly  
 Off thar ost that the leyst hardy  
 Be contenance wald formast be  
 For to begyne the gret melle.

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

505 Apon this wis the noble king 498  
 Gaff all his men recomforting  
 Throu hardy contenance of cher  
 That he maid on sa gud maner.  
 Thaim thocht that na myscheiff mycht be  
 510 Sa gret with-thi thai him mycht se 503  
 Befor thaim sua tha thaim suld greve  
 That ne his worschip suld thaim releve,  
 His worschip confort thaim sua  
 And contensnce that he gan ma  
 515 That the mast coward wes hardy. 508  
 On other half full sturdely  
 The Inglismen in sic aray  
 As ye haf herd me forouth say  
 Comed with thar bataillis approchand  
 520 The baneris to the wynd wavand, 513  
 And quhen thai cummyn war sa ner  
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer  
 Thai chesyt a joly cumpany  
 Off men that wicht war and hardy  
 525 On fayr courseris armyt at rycht, 518  
 Four banrentis off mekill mycht  
 War capitanyys of that route,  
 The Syr the Clyffurd that wes stout  
 Wes off thaim all soverane leidar,  
 530 Aucht hunder armyt I trow thai war. 523  
 Thai war all young men and joly  
 Yarnand to do chevalry,  
 Off best of all the ost war thai  
 Off contenance and off aray.  
 535 Thai war the fayrest cumpany 528  
 That men mycht find of sa mony,  
 To the castell thai thocht to far  
 For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar  
 Thai thocht it suld reskewit be.  
 540 Forth on thar way held this menye 533  
 And towart Strevilline held thar way,  
 The New Park all eschewit thai  
 For thai wist weill the king wes thar  
 And newth the New Park gan thai far  
 545 Weill newth the kyrk intill a rout. 538

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

The Erle Thomas that wes sa stout  
Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane  
In gret hy went he thaim agane  
With fyve hunder foroutyn ma  
550 Anoyit in his hart and wa 543  
That thai sa fer wer passit by,  
For the king haid said him rudly  
That a rose of his chaplete  
Was fallyn, for quhar he wes set  
555 To kep the way thai men war passit 548  
And tharfor he hastyt him sa fast  
That cummyn in schort tyme wes he  
To the plane feld with his menye,  
For he thocht that he suld amend  
560 That he trespassit had or than end. 553  
And quhen the Inglismen him saw  
Cum on foroutyn dyn or aw  
And tak sa hardely the plane  
In hy thai sped thaim him agane  
565 And strak with spuris the stedis stith 558  
That bar thaim evyn hard and swith.  
And quhen the erle saw that menye  
Cum sa stoutly, till his said he  
'Be nocht abaysit for thar schor,  
570 Bot settis speris you befor 563  
And bak to bak set all your rout  
And all the speris poyntis out,  
Suagate us best defend may we  
Enveronyt with thaim gif we be.'  
575 And as he bad thaim thai haif done, 568  
And the tother come on alsone.  
Befor thaim all come prikand  
A knyght hardy off hart and hand  
And a wele gret lord at hame  
580 Schyr Gilyame Danecourt wes his nam 573  
And prikyt on thaim hardely  
And thai met him sturdely  
That he and hors wes borne doune  
And slayne ryght thar forout ransoun,  
585 With Inglismen gretly wes he 578

Menyt that day and his bounte.  
The lave come on rycht sturdely  
Bot nane off thaim sa hardely  
Ruschyt amang thaim as did he,  
590 Bot with fer mar maturyte 583  
Thai assemblyt all in a rout  
And enveround thaim all about  
Assailyeand thaim on ilka sid.

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

And thai with speris woundis wyd  
595 Gaff till the hors that come thaim ner, 588  
And thai that ridand on thaim wer  
That doune war borne losyt the lyvis,  
And other speris dartis and knyffis  
And wapynnys on ser maner  
600 Kast amang thaim that fechtand wer 593  
That thaim defendyt sa wittily  
That thar fayis had gret ferly,  
For sum wald schout out of thar rout  
And off thaim that assaylyt about  
605 Stekyt stedis and bar doun men. 598  
The Inglismen sa rudly then  
Kest amang thaim swerdis and mas  
That ymyd thaim a monteyle was  
Off wapynnys that war warpyt thar.  
610 The erle and his thus fechtand war 603  
At gret myscheiff as I you say,  
For quhonnar be full far war thai  
Than thar fayis and all about  
War inveround, quhar mony rout  
615 War roucht full dispitously. 608  
Thar fayis demenyt thaim full starkly,  
On ather half thai war sa stad  
For the rycht gret heyt that thai had  
For fechtyn and for sonnys het  
620 That all thar flesche of swate wes wete, 613  
And sic a stew rais out off thaim then  
Off aneding bath of hors and men  
And off powdyr that sic myrknes  
Intill the ayr abovyne thaim wes

625 That it wes wondre for to se. 618  
Thai war in gret perplexite  
Bot with gret travaill nocht-forthi  
Thai thaim defendyt manlily  
And set bath will and strenth and mycht  
630 To rusch thar fayis in that fycht 623  
That thaim demanyt than angryly.  
Bot gyff God help thaim hastily  
Thai sall thar fill have of fechting.

[Douglas proposes to help Moray]

Bot quhen the noble renownyt king  
635 With other lordis that war him by 628  
Saw how the erle abandounly  
Tuk the plane feld, James of Douglas  
Come to the king rycht quhar he was  
And said, 'A! Schyr, Sanct Mary!  
640 The erle off Murref opynly 633  
Tays the plane feld with his mengne,  
He is in perell bot he be  
Sone helpyt for his fayis ar ma  
Than he and horsyt weill alsua,  
645 And with your leve I will me speid 638  
To help him for he has ned,  
All umbeveround with his fayis is he.'  
The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,  
A fute till him thou sall nocht ga,  
650 Giff he weile dois lat him weile ta. 643  
Quhatever him happyn, to wyn or los,  
I will nocht for him brek purpos.'  
'Certis,' said James, 'I may na wis  
Se that his fayis him suppris  
655 Quhen that I may set help thartill, 648  
With your leve sekyrly I will  
Help him or dey into the payn.'  
'Do than and speid the sone agayn,'  
The king said, and he held his way.  
660 Gyff he may cum in tyme perfay 653  
I trow he sall him help sa weill  
That off his fayis sall it feill.





## The Brus Book Xii

[The king prepares his division]

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

[The king kills Henry de Bohun]

25 And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd wer  
With thar bataill approchand ner  
Befor thaim all thar come ridand  
With helm on heid and sper in hand  
Schyr Henry the Boune the worthi,  
30 That was a wycht knyght and a hardy  
And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne,  
Armyt in armys gud and fyne  
Come on a sted a bow-schote ner  
Befor all other that thar wer,

35 And knew the king for that he saw  
Him sua rang his men on raw  
And by the croune that wes set  
Alsua apon his bassynet,  
And towart him he went in hy.  
40 And quhen the king sua apertly  
Saw him cum forouth all his feris  
In hy till him the hors he steris.  
And quhen Schyr Henry saw the king  
Cum on foroutyn abaysing  
45 Till him he raid in full gret hy,  
He thocht that he suld weill lychtly  
Wyn him and haf him at his will  
Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.  
Sprent thai samyn intill a ling,  
50 Schyr Harry myssit the noble king  
And he that in his sterapys stud  
With the ax that wes hard and gud  
With sua gret mayne raucht him a dynt  
That nother hat na helm mycht stynt  
55 The hevy dusche that he him gave  
That ner the heid till the harnys clave.  
The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa,  
And he doune to the erd gan ga  
All flatlynys for him faillyt mycht.  
60 This wes the fryst strak off the fycht  
That wes performyst douchtely,  
And quhen the kingis men sa stoutly  
Saw him rycht at the fyrst meting  
Foroutyn dout or abaysing  
65 Have slayne a knyght sua at a strak  
Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak  
That thai come on rycht hardely.  
Quhen Inglismen saw thaim sa stoutly  
Cum on tthai had gret abaysing  
70 And specially for that the king  
Sa smartly that gud knyght has slayne  
That thai withdrew thaim everilkane  
And durst nocht ane abid to fycht  
Sa dred thai for the kingis mycht.  
75 And quhen the kingis men thaim saw  
Sua in hale bataill thaim withdraw

A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak  
And thai in hy tuk all the bak,  
And thai that folowit thaim has slane  
80 Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane  
Bot thai war few forsuth to say  
Thar hors fete had ner all away.  
Bot how-sa quhojne deyt thar  
Rebutyt foulily thai war  
85 And raid thar gait with weill mar schame  
Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

[Douglas admires the struggle of Moray and his men]

Quhen that the king reparyt was  
That gert his men all leve the chas  
The lordis off his cumpany  
90 Blamyt him as thai durst gretumly  
That he him put in aventur  
To mete sa styth a knyght and sture  
In sic poynt as he than wes sene,  
For thai said weill it mycht haiff bene  
95 Cause off thar tynsaill everilkan.  
The king answer has maid thaim nane  
Bot menyt hys handax schaft that sua  
Was with the strak brokyn in twa.  
The Erle Thomas wes yete fechtand  
100 With fayis apon athyr hand  
And slew off thaim a quantite,  
Bot wery war his men and he  
The-quheter with wapynnys sturdely  
Thai thaim defendyt manlely  
105 Quhill that the Douglas come ner  
That sped him on gret maner,  
And Inglismen that war fechtand  
Quhen thai the Douglas saw ner-hand  
Thai wandyst and maid ane opynnyng.  
110 James of Douglas be thar relying  
Knew that thai war discumfyt ner,  
Than bad thaim that with him wer  
Stand still and pres na forthymar.  
'For thai that yonder fechtand ar,'  
115 He said, 'ar off sa gret bounte

That thar fayis weill sone sall be  
Discumfyt throu thar awne mycht  
Thocht na man help thaim for to fycht,  
And cum we now to the fechtng  
120 Quhen thai ar at discumfiting  
Men suld say we thaim fruschit had,  
And sua suld thai that caus has mad  
With gret travaill and hard fechtng  
Los a part of thar loving,  
125 And it war syn to les thar prys  
That off sa soverane bounte is.  
And he throu plane and hard fechtng  
Has her eschevyt unlikly thing  
He sall haff that he wonnyn has.'

[Moray's victory over Clifford's men]

130 The erle with that that fechtand was  
Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua  
And hy apon thaim gan he ga,  
And pressyt thame sa wonder fast  
With hard strakys quhill at the last  
135 Thai fled that dust abid ne mar.  
Bath hors and men slane left thai thar  
And held thar way in full gret hy  
Nocht all togydder bot syndryly  
And thai that war ourtane war slayn,  
140 The lave went till thar ost agayne  
Off thar tynsall sary and wa.  
The erle that had him helpyn sua  
And his als that wer wery  
Hynt off thar bassynettis in hy  
145 Till avent thaim for thai war wate,  
Thai war all helyt into swate.  
Thai semyt men forsuth Ik hycht  
That had fandyt thar force in fycht  
And sua did thai full douchtely.  
150 Thai fand off all thar cumpany  
That thar wes bot a yuman slayne  
And lovyt God and wes full fayne  
And blyth that thai eschapyt sua.  
Towart the king than gan thai ga

155 And till him weill sone cummyn ar.  
He wyttyt at thaim of thar far  
And glaidsome cher to thaim mad  
For thai sa weile thaim borne had.  
Than pressyt into gret daynte  
160 The erle off Murreff for to se,  
For his hey worschip and gret valour  
All yarnyt to do him honour,  
Sa fast thai ran to se him thar  
That ner all samyn assemblit ar.  
165 And quhen the gud king gan thaim se  
Befor thaim sua assemblit be  
Blyth and glaid that thar fayis wer  
Rabutyt apon sic maner  
A litill quhill he held him still,  
170 Syne on this wys he said his will.

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

'Lordingis, we aucht to love and luff  
Allmychty God that syttis abuff  
That sendis us sa fayr begynnyng.  
It is a gret discomforting  
175 Till our fayis that on this wis  
Sa sone has bene rabutyt twis,  
For quhen thai off thar ost sall her  
And knaw suthly on quhat maner  
Thar vaward that wes sa stout,  
180 And syne yone othyr joly rout  
That I trow off the best men war  
That thay mycht get amang thaim thar,  
War rebutyt sa sodanly,  
I trow and knawis it all clerly  
185 That mony ane hart sall waverand be  
That semyt er off gret bounte,  
And fra the hart be discumfyt  
The body is nocht worth a myt,  
Tharfor I trow that gud ending  
190 Sall folow till our begynnyng.  
The-quhether I say nocht this you till  
For that ye suld folow my will  
To fycht, bot in you all sall be,

For gyff you thinkis spedfull that we  
195 Fecht we sall, and giff ye will  
We leve, your liking to fulfill.  
I sall consent on alkyn wis  
To do rycht as ye will dyvys,  
tharfor sayis off your will planly.'  
200 And with a voce than gan thai cry,  
'Gud king, foroutyn mar delay  
Tomorne alsone as ye se day  
Ordane you hale for the bataill,  
For doute off dede we sall nocht fail  
205 Na na payn sall refusyt be  
Quhill we haiff maid our countre fre.'

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

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

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

275 Ye ber honour price and riches  
Fredome welth and blythnes  
Giff you contene you manlely,  
And the contrar all halily  
Sall fall giff ye lat cowardys  
280 And wykytnes your hertis suppris.  
Ye mycht have lyvyt into threldome,  
Bot for ye yarynt till have fredome  
Ye ar assemblyt her with me,  
Tharfor is nedfull that ye be  
285 Worthy and wycht but abaysing.

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

And I warne you weill off a thing,  
That mar myscheff may fall us nane  
Than in thar handys to be tane,  
For thai suld sla us, I wate weill  
290 Rycht as thai did my brothyr Nele.  
Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes  
And off the mony gret prowes  
That ye haff doyne sa worthely  
I traist and trowis sekyrly  
295 To haff plane victour in this fycht,  
For thocht our fayis haf mekill mycht  
Thai have the wrang, and succudry  
And covatys of senyoury  
Amovys thaim foroutyn mor.  
300 Na us thar dreid thaim bot befor  
For strenth off this place as ye se  
Sall let us enveronyt to be.  
And I pray you als specially  
Bath mar and les commonaly  
305 That nane of you for gredynes  
Haff ey to tak of thar riches  
Ne presonaris for to ta  
Quhill ye se thaim contraryit sa  
That the feld anerly youris be,  
310 And than at your liking may ye  
Tak all the riches that thar is.  
Giff ye will wyrk apon this wis  
Ye sall haff victour sekyrly.



I wate nocht quhat mar say sall I  
315 Bot all wate ye quhat honour is,  
Contene you than on sic a wis  
That your honour ay savyt be.  
And Ik hycht her in leaute  
Gyff ony deys in this bataille  
320 His ayr but ward releff or taile  
On the fyrst day his land sall weld  
All be he never sa young off eild.  
Now makys you redy for to fycht,  
God help us that is maist of mycht.  
325 I rede armyt all nycht that we be  
Purvayit in bataill sua that we  
To mete our fayis ay be boune.'  
Than answeyrt thai all with a soun,  
'As ye dyvys all sall be done.'  
330 Than till tha innys went thai sone  
And ordanyt thaim for the fechting  
Syne assemblyt in the evynnyng,  
And suagat all the nycht bad thai  
Till on the morn that it wes day.

[The English prepare: the night before the battle]

335 Quhen the Cliffurd, as I said ar,  
And all his rout rebutyt war  
And thar gret vaward alsua  
War distrenyeit the bak to ta  
And thai had tauld thar rebuting -  
340 Thai off the vaward how the king  
Slew at a strak sa apertly  
A knycht that wycht wes and hardy,  
And how all haile the kingis bataill  
Schup thaim rycht stoutly till assaill  
345 And Schyr Edward the Bruce alsua  
Quhen thai all haill the bak gan ta  
And how thai lesyt of thar men,  
And Cliffurd had tauld alsua then  
How Thomas Randell tuk the plane  
350 With a few folk and how wes slane  
Schyr Gilyame Danecourt the worthi,  
And how the erle faucht manly

That as ane hyrchoune all his rout  
Gert set out speris all about  
355 And how that thai war put agayne  
And part off thar gud men slayne -  
The Inglismen sic abasing  
Tuk and sic drede of that tithing  
That in fyve hunder placis and ma  
360 Men mycht se samyn routand ga  
Sayand, 'Our lordis for thar mycht  
Will allgate fecht agane the rycht,  
Bot quha-sa werrayis wranguysly  
Thai fend God all to gretumly  
365 And thaim may happyn to mysfall,  
And swa may tid that her we sall.'  
And quhen thar lordys had persaving  
Off discomfort and rownnyng  
That thai held samyn twa and twa,  
370 Throu-out the ost sone gert thai ga  
Heraldis to mak a crye  
That nane discomfort suld be,  
For in punye is oft hapnyne  
Quhile for to wyn and quhile to tyne,  
375 And that into the gret bataill  
That apon na maner may fail  
Bot giff the Scottis fley thar way  
Sall all amendyt be perfay.  
Tharfor thai monest thaim to be  
380 Off gret worschip and off bounte  
And stoutly in the bataill stand  
And tak amendis at thar hand.  
Thai may weill monys as thai will  
And thai may hecht als to fulfill  
385 With stalwart hart thar bidding all  
Bot nocht-forthi I trow thai sall  
Intill thar hartis dredand be.  
The king with his consaill preve  
Has tane to rede that he wald nocht  
390 Fecht or the morne bot he war socht,  
Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht  
Doune in the Kers, and gert all dycht  
And maid redy thar aparail  
Agayne the morne for the bataill,

395 And for in the Kers pulis war  
Housis thai brak and thak bar  
To mak briggis quhar thaim mycht pas,  
And sum sayis that yeit the folk that was  
In the castell quhen nycht gan fall  
400 For that thai knew the myscheiff all  
Thai went full ner all that thai war  
And duris and wyndowys with thaim bar,  
Swa that thai had befor the day  
Briggyt the pulis swa that thai  
405 War passyt our everilkane,  
And the hard feld on hors has tane 406  
All reddy for till gif batale 407  
Arayit intill thar apparail. 406

[The Scottish and English preparations on the morning]

The Scottismen quhen it wes day  
410 Thar mes devoutly gert thai say 408  
Syne tuk a sop and maid thaim yar,  
And quhen thai all assemblyt war  
And in thar bataillis all purvayit  
With thar braid baneris all displayit  
415 Thai maid knyghtis, as it offeris 413  
To men that usys thai mysteris.  
The king maid Walter Stewart knyght  
And James of Douglas that wes wycht,  
And other als of gret bounte  
420 He maid ilkane in thar degre. 418  
Quhen this wes doyne that I you say  
Thai went all furth in gud aray  
And tuk the plane full apertly,  
Mony gud man wicht and hardy  
425 That war fulfillyt of gret bounte 423  
Intill thai routis men mycht se.  
The Inglismen on other party  
That as angelis schane brychtly  
War nocht arayit on sic maner  
430 For all thar bataillis samyn wer 428  
In a schilthrum, but quheter it was  
Throu the gret straitnes of the place  
That thai war in to bid fechting

Or that it was for abaysing  
435 I wate nocht, bot in a schiltrum 433  
It semyt thai war all and sum,  
Outane the avaward anerly  
That rycht with a gret cumpany  
Be thaimselvyn arayit war.  
440 Quha had bene by mycht have sene thar 438  
That folk ourtak a mekill feild  
On breid quhar mony a schynand scheld  
And mony a burnyst brycht armur  
And mony man off gret valour  
445 And mony a brycht baner and schene 443  
Mycht in that gret schiltrum be sene.

[Umfraville's advice to Edward II rejected]

And quhen the king of Ingland  
Swa the Scottis saw tak on hand  
Takand the hard feyld sa opynly  
450 And apon fute he had ferly 448  
And said, 'Quhat, will yone Scottis fycht?'  
'Ya sekyrly, schir,' said a knycht,  
Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill hat he,  
And said, 'Forsuth now, schyr, I se  
455 It is the mast ferlyfull sycht 453  
That evyre I saw quhen for to fycht  
The Scottismen has tane on hald  
Agayne the mycht of Ingland  
In plane hard feld to giff bataile.  
460 Bot and ye will trow my consaill 458  
Ye sall discomfy thaim lychtly.  
Withdrawys you hyne sodandly  
With bataillis and with penounys  
Quhill that we pas our palyounys,  
465 And ye sall se alsone that thai 463  
Magre thar lordys sall brek aray  
And scaile thaim our harnays to ta.  
And quhen we se thaim scalit sua  
Prik we than on thaim hardely  
470 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly 468  
For than sall nane be knyht to fycht  
That may withstand your mekill mycht.'

I will nocht,' said the king, 'perfay  
Do sa, for thar sall na man say  
475 That I sall eschew the bataill 473  
Na withdraw me for sic rangaile.'  
Quhen this wes said that er said I  
The Scottismen commounaly  
Knelyt all doune to God to pray  
480 And a schort prayer thar maid thai 478  
To God to help thaim in that fycht,  
And quhen the Inglis king had sycht  
Off thaim kneland he said in hy,  
'Yone folk knelis to ask mercy.'  
485 Schyr Ingrahame said, 'Ye say suth now, 483  
Thai ask mercy bot nane at you,  
For thar trespas to God thai cry.  
I tell you a thing sekyrly,  
That yone men will all wyn or de,  
490 For doute of dede thai sall nocht fle.' 488  
'Now be it sa,' than said the king,  
And than but langer delaying  
Thai gert trump till the assemble.  
On ather sid men mycht than se  
495 Mony a wucht man and worthi 493  
Redy to do chevalry.

[The English attack Edward Bruce's division]

Thus war thai boune on ather sid,  
And Inglismen with mekill prid  
That war intill thar avaward  
500 To the bataill that Schyr Edward 498  
Governyt and led held straucht thar way  
The hors with spuris hardnyt thai  
And prikyt apon thaim sturdely,  
And thai met thaim rycht hardely  
505 Sua that at thar assemble thar 503  
Sic a fruschyng of speris war  
That fer away men mycht it her.  
At that meting foroutyn wer  
War stedis stekyt mony ane  
510 And mony gude man borne doune and slayne, 508  
And mony ane hardyment douchtely

Was thar eschevyt, for hardely  
Thai dang on other with wapnys ser.  
Sum of the hors that stekyt wer  
515 Ruschyt and relyt tycht rudlye, 513  
Bot the remanand nocht-forthi  
That mycht cum to the assembling  
For that led maid na stinting  
` Bot assemblyt full hardely,  
520 And thai met thaim full sturdely 518  
With speris that wer scharp to scher  
And axys that weile groundyn wer  
Quhar-with was roucht mony a rout.  
The fechting wes fell and stout  
525 That mony a worthi man and wicht 523  
Throu fors wes fellyt in that fycht  
That had na mycht to rys agane.  
The Scottismen fast gan thaim payn  
Thar fayis mekill mycht to rus,  
530 I trow thai sall na payn refuse 528  
Na perell quhill thar fayis be  
Set in weill hard perplexite.

[Moray's men attack the main English host]

And quhen the erle of Murref swa  
Thar vaward saw sa stoutly ga  
535 The way to Schyr Edward all straucht 533  
That met thaim with full mekill maucht,  
He held hys way with his baner  
To the gret rout quhar samyn wer  
The nyne bataillis that war sa braid,  
540 That sa fele baneris with thaim haid 538  
And of men sa gret quantite  
That it war wonder for to se.  
The gud erle thidder tuk the way  
With his battaill in gud aray  
545 And assemblit sa hardily 543  
That men mycht her that had bene by  
A gret frusch of the speris that brast,  
For thar fayis assemblyt fast  
That on stedis with mekill prid  
550 Come prikand as thai wald our-rid 548

The erle and all his cumpany,  
Bot thai met thaim sa sturdely  
That mony of thaim till erd thai bar,  
For mony a sted was stekyt thar  
555 And mony gud man fellyt under fet 553  
That had na hap to rys up yete.  
Thar mycht men se a hard bataill  
And sum defend and sum assaile  
And mony a reale romble rid  
560 Be roucht thar apon ather sid 558  
Quhill throu the byrnys bryst the blud  
That till erd doune stremand yhude.  
The erle of Murreff and his men  
Sa stoutly thaim contenynt then  
565 That thai wan place ay mar and mar 563  
On thar fayis the-quhether thai war  
Ay ten far ane or may perfay,  
Sua that it semyt weill that thai  
War tynt amang sa gret menye  
570 As thai war plungyt in the se. 568  
And quhen the Inglismen has sene  
The erle and all his men bedene  
Faucht sa stoutly but effraying  
Rycht as thai had nane abasing  
575 Thaim pressyt thai with all thar mycht 573  
And thai with speris and swerdis brycht  
And axis that rycht scharply schar  
Ymyddis the vesag met thaim thar.  
Thar mycht men se a stalwart stour  
580 And mony men of gret valour 578  
With speris mas and knyffis  
And other wapynnys wyssyll thar lyvis  
Sua that mony fell doune all dede,  
The greys woux with the blud all reid  
585 The erle that wycht wes and worthi 583  
And his men faucht sa manlyly  
That quha-sa had sene thaim that day  
I trow forsuth that thai suld say  
That thai suld do thar devor wele  
590 Swa that thar fayis suld it fele. 588





# The Brus Book Xiii

[Douglas's division attacks]

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

That thai maid nother moyis na cry  
Bot dang on other at thar mycht  
40 With wapnys that war burnyst brycht.  
The arowys als sua thyk thar flaw  
That thai mycht say wele that thaim saw  
That thai a hidwys schour gan ma,  
For quhar thai fell Ik undreta  
45 Thai left efter thaim taknyng  
That sall ned as I trow leching.

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

The Inglis archeris schot sa fast  
That mycht thar schot haff ony last  
It had bene hard to Scottismen  
50 Bot King Robert that wele gan ken  
That thar archeris war peralous  
And thar schot rycht hard and grevous  
Ordanyt forouth the assemble  
Hys marschell with a gret menye,  
55 Fyve hunder armyt into stele  
That on lycht hors war horsyt welle,  
For to pryk amang the archeris  
And sua assaile thaim with thar speris  
That thai na layser haiff to schut.  
60 This marschell that Ik off mute  
That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld  
As Ik befor her has you tauld  
Quhen he saw the bataillis sua  
Assembill and togidder ga  
65 And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly,  
With all thaim off his cumpany  
In hy apon thaim gan he rid  
And ourtuk thaim at a sid,  
And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly  
70 Stekand thaim sa dispitously  
And in sic fusoun berand doun  
And slayand thaim foroutyn ransoun  
That thai thaim scalyt everilkane,  
And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane  
75 That assemblyt schot to ma.  
Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thai sua

War rebutyt thai woux hardy  
And with all thar mycht schot egrely  
Amang the horsmen that thar raid  
80 And woundis wid to thaim thai maid  
And slew of thaim a full gret dele.  
Thai bar thaim hardely and wele  
For, fra thar fayis archeris war  
Scalyt as I said till you ar  
85 That ma na thai war be gret thing  
Sua that thai dred nocht thar schoting  
Thai woux sa hardy that thaim thocht  
Thai suld set all thar fayis at nocht.

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

The merschell and his cumpany  
90 Wes yeit, as till you er said I,  
Amang the archeris quhar thai maid  
With speris roume quhar that thai raid  
And slew all that thai mycht ourta,  
And thai wele lychtly mycht do sua  
95 For thai had nocht a strak to stynt  
Na for to hald agayne a dynt,  
And agayne armyt men to fycht  
May nakyt men have litill mycht.  
Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner  
100 That sum to thar gret bataill wer  
Withdrawyn thaim in full gret hy  
And sum war fled all utrely,  
Bot the folk that behind thaim was,  
That for thar awne folk had na space  
105 Yheynt to cum to the assembling  
In agayn smertly gan thai ding  
The archeris that thai met fleand  
That then war maid sa recreand  
That thar hartis war tyny clenly,  
110 I trow thai sall nocht scaith gretly  
The Scottismen with schot that day.  
And the gud King Robert that ay  
Wes fillyt off full gret bounte  
Saw how that his bataillis thre  
115 Sa hardely assemblyt thar

And sa weill in the fycht thaim bar  
And sua fast on thair fayis gan ding  
That him thocht nane had abaysing  
And how the archeris war scalyt then,  
120 He was all blyth and till his men  
He said, 'Lordingis, now luk that ye  
Worthy and off gud covyn be  
At thys assemble and hardy,  
And assemblill sa sturdely  
125 That na thing may befor you stand.  
Our men ar sa freschly fechtand  
That thai thar fayis has contrayit sua  
That be thai pressyt, Ik underta,  
A litill fastyr, ye sall se  
130 That thai discumfyt sone sall be.'  
Quhen this wes said thai held thar way  
And on ane feld assemblyt thai  
Sa stoutly that at thar cummyng  
Thar fayis war ruschyt a gret thing.

[A further description of the fighting]

135 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht  
And men that worthi war and wycht  
Do mony worthi vasselage,  
Thai faucht as thai war in a rage,  
For quhen the Scottis ynkirly  
140 Saw thar fayis sa sturdely  
Stand into bataill thaim agayn  
With all thar mycht and all thar mayn  
Thai layid on as men out of wit  
And quhar thai with full strak mycht hyt  
145 Thar mycht na armur stynt thar strak.  
Thai to-fruschynt that thai mycht ourtak  
And with axis sic duschys gave  
That thai helmys and hedis clave,  
And thar fayis rycht hardely  
150 Met thaim and dang on thaim douchtely  
With wapmys that war styth of stele.  
Thar wes the bataill strikyn wele.  
Sa gret dyn tthar wes of dyntis  
As wapnys apon armur styntis,

155 And off speris sa gret bresting  
And sic thrang and sic thrysting,  
Sic gyrnyng granyng and sa gret  
A noyis as thai gan other beit  
And ensenyys on ilka sid  
160 Gevand and takand woundis wid,  
That it wes hyd wys for to her.  
All four thar bataillis with that wer  
Fechtand in a frount halyly.  
A! mycht God! how douchtely  
165 Schyr Edward the Bruce and his men  
Amang thar fayis contenynt thaim then  
Fechtand in sa gud covyn  
Sa hardy worthy and sa fyne  
That thar vaward ruschyt was  
170 And maugre tharis left the place,  
And till thar gret rout to warand  
Thai went that tane had apon hand  
Sa gret anoy that thai war effrayit  
For Scottis that thaim hard assayit  
175 That than war in a schiltrum all.  
Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall  
I trow agane he suld nocht rys.  
Thar mycht men se on mony wys  
Hardimentis eschevyt douchtely,  
180 And mony that wycht war and hardy  
Sone liand undre fete all dede  
Quhar all the feld off blud wes red,  
Armys and quyntys that thai bar  
With blud war sa defoulyt thar  
185 That thai mycht nocht descroyt be.  
A! mychty God! quha than mycht se  
That Stewart Walter and his rout  
And the gud Douglas that wes sa stout  
Fechtand into that stalwart stour,  
190 He suld say that till all honour  
Thai war worthi that in that fycht  
Sa fast pressyt thar fayis mycht  
That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.  
Thar men mycht se mony a steid  
195 Fleand on stray that lord had nane.  
A! Lord! quha then gud tent had tane

Till the gud erle of Murreff  
And his that sua gret routis geff  
And faucht sa fast in that battaill  
200 Tholand sic paynys and travaill  
That thai and tharis maid sic debat  
That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.  
Than mycht men her ensenyeis cry  
And Scottismen cry hardely,  
205 'On thaim, on thaim, on thaim, thai faile.'  
With that sa hard thai gan assaile  
And slew all that thai mycht ourta,  
And the Scottis archeris alsua  
Schot amang thaim sa deliverly  
210 Engrevand thaim sa gretumly  
That quhat for thaim that with thaim faucht  
That sua gret routis to thaim raucht  
And pressyt thaim full egrely  
And quhat for arowis that felly  
215 Mony gret woundis gan thaim ma  
And slew fast off thar hors alsua,  
That thai wandyst a litill wei.  
Thai dred sa gretly then to dey  
That thar covyn wes wer and wer,  
220 For thaim that fechtand with thaim wer  
Set hardyment and strenth and will  
And hart and corage als thar-till  
And all thar mayne and all thar mycht  
To put thaim fully to flycht.

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

225 In this tyme that I tell off her  
At that bataill on this maner  
Wes strykyn quhar on ather party  
Thai war fechtand enforcely,  
Yomen and swanys and pitail  
230 That in the Park to yeme vittaill  
War left, quhen thai wist but lesing  
That thar lordis with fell fechting  
On thar fayis assemblyt wer,  
Ane off thaimselvyn that war thar

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

[The king presses the enemy harder and some flee]

265 The King Robert be thar relyng  
Saw thai war ner at discomfiting  
And his ensenye gan hely cry,  
Than with thaim off his cumpany  
His fayis he pressyt sa fast that thai  
270 War intill sa gret effray  
That thai left place ay mar and mar,  
For the Scottismen that thar war  
Quhen thai saw thaim eschew the fycht

Dang on thaim with all thar mycht  
275 That thai scalyt thaim in troplys ser  
And till discomfitur war ner  
And sum off thaim fled all planly,  
Bot thai that wucht war and hardy  
That schame lettyt to ta the flycht  
280 At gret myscheiff mantemyt the fycht  
And stythly in the stour gan stand.

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

And quhen the king of Ingland  
Saw his men fley in syndry place,  
And saw his fayis rout that was  
285 Worthyn sa wucht and sa hardy  
That all his folk war halyly  
Sa stonayit that thai had na mycht  
To stynt thar fayis in the fycht,  
He was abaysyt sa gretumly  
290 That he and his cumpany  
Fyve hunder armyt all at rycht  
Intill a frusch all tok the flycht  
And to the castell held thar way,  
And yeit haiff Ik hard som men say  
295 That off Valence Schir Aymer  
Quhen he the feld saw vencusyt ner  
Be the reyngye led away the king  
Agayne his will fra the fechting.  
And quhen Schyr Gylis the Argente  
300 Saw the king thus and his menye  
Schap thaim to fley sa spedyly,  
He come rycht to the king in hy  
And said, 'Schyr, sen it is sua  
That ye thusgat your gat will ga  
305 Havys gud day for agayne will I,  
Yeit fled I never sekyrly  
And I cheys her to bid and dey  
Than for to lyve schamly and fley.'  
His bridill but mar abad  
310 He turnyt and agayne he rade  
And on Edward the Bruys rout



That wes sa sturdy and sa stout  
As drede off nakyn thing had he  
He prikyt, cryand, 'the Argenté,'  
315 And thai with speris sua him met  
And sua fele speris on him set  
That he and hors war chargyt sua  
That bathe till the erd gan ga  
And in that place thar slane wes he.  
320 Off hys deid wes rycht gret pite,  
He wes the thrid best knyght perfay  
That men wyst lyvand in his day,  
He did mony a fayr journé.  
On Saryzynys thre derenyys faucht he  
325 And intill ilk derenye off tha  
He vencussyt Saryzynnys twa.  
His gret worschip tuk thar ending.

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

And fra Schyr Aymer with the king  
Was fled wes nane that durst abid  
330 Bot fled scalyt on ilka sid,  
And thar fayis thaim pressyt fast.  
Thai war to say suth sua agast  
And fled sa fast rycht effrayitly  
That off thaim a full gret party  
335 Fled to the water of Forth and thar  
The mast part off thaim drownyt war,  
And Bannokburne betwix the brays  
Off men and hors sua stekyt wais  
That apon drownyt hors and men  
340 Men mycht pas dry out-our it then.  
And laddis swanys and rangail  
Quhen thai saw vencussyt the bataill  
Ran amang thaim and sua gan sla  
As folk that na defens mycht ma  
345 That war pitte for to se.  
Ik herd never quhar in na contre  
Folk at sa gret myscheiff war stad,  
On ane sid thai thar fayis bad  
That slew thaim doun foroutyn mercy,

350 And thai had on the tother party  
Bannokburne that sua cumbyrsum was  
For slyk and depnes for to pas  
That thar mycht nane out-our it rid,  
Thaim worthit maugre tharis abid  
355 Sua that sum slayne sum drownyt war,  
Mycht nane eschap that ever come thar  
The-quhether mony gat away  
That ellisquhair fled as I sall say.

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

The king with thaim he with him had  
360 In a rout till the castell rad  
And wald haiff bene tharin, for thai  
Wyst nocht quhat gat to get away,  
Bot Philip the Mowbra said him till,  
'The castell, Schyr, is at your will,  
365 But cum ye in it ye sall se  
That ye sall sone assegyt be  
And thar sall nane of England  
To mak you rescours tak on hand  
And but rescours may na castell  
370 Be haldyn lang, ye wate this wele.  
Tharfor confort you and rely  
Your men about you rycht starkly  
And haldis about the Park your way  
Knyt als sadly as ye may,  
375 For I trow that nane sall haff mycht  
That chassys with sa fele to fycht.'  
And his consaill thai haiff doyne  
And beneuth the castell went thai sone  
Rycht be the Rond Table away,  
380 And syne the Park enveround thai  
And towart Lythkow held in hy.  
Bot I trow thai sall hastily  
Be conveyit with sic folk that thai  
I trow mycht suffre wele away,  
385 For Schyr James lord of Douglas  
Come to the king and askyt the chace  
And he gaff him it but abaid,

Bot all to few of hors he haid,  
He haid nocht in his rout sixty  
390 The-queheter he sped him hastely  
The way eftyr the king to ta.  
Now lat him on his wayis ga  
And eftre this we sall weill tell  
Quhat him intill the chace befell.

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

395 Quhen the gret battaill on this wis  
Was discumfyt as Ik devys  
Quhar thretty thousand wele war ded  
Or drownyt in that ilk sted,  
And sum war intill handis tane  
400 And other sum thar gate war gane.  
The erle of Herfurd fra the melle  
Departyt with a gret mengne  
And straucht to Bothwell tok the wai  
That than in the Inglismennys fay  
405 Was, and haldyn as place of wer,  
Schyr Walter Gilbertson wes ther  
Capitane and it had in ward.  
The erle of Herfurd thidderward  
Held and wes tane in our the wall  
410 And fyfty of his men withall,  
And set in housis sindryly  
Sua that thai had thar na mastry.  
The lave went towart Inland  
Bot off that rout I tak on hand  
415 The thre partis war slane or tane,  
The lave with gret payn hame ar gan.  
Schyr Maurice alsua the Berclay  
Fra the gret bataill held hys way  
With a gret rout off Walis-men,  
420 Quharever thai yeid men mycht thaim ken  
For thai wele ner all nakyt war  
Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.  
Thai held thar way in full gret hy  
Bot mony off thar cumpany  
425 Or thai till Inland come war tane

And mony als off thaim war slayne.  
Thair fled als other wayis ser,  
Bot to the castell that wes ner  
Off Strevilline fled sic a mengye  
430 That it war wonder for to se,  
For the craggis all helyt war  
About the castell her and thar  
Off thaim that for strenth of that sted  
Thidderwart to warand fled,  
435 And for thai war sa fele that thar  
Fled under the castell war  
The King Robert that wes wytty  
Held his gud men ner him by  
For dred that ris agayne suld thai.

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

440 This was the caus forsuth to say  
Quharthrouch the king of Inland  
Eschapyt hame intill his land  
Quhen that the feld sa clene wes maid  
Off Inglismen that nane abaid  
445 The Scottismen sone tuk in hand  
Off tharis all that ever thai fand,  
As silver gold clathis and armyng 447  
With veschall and all other thing 448  
That ever thai mycht lay on thare hand. 449  
450 So gret a riches thair thai fand 450  
That mony man mychty wes maid 447  
Off the riches that thai thar haid.  
Quhen this wes doyne that her say I  
The king send a gret cumpany  
455 Up to the crag thaim till assaile 451  
That war fled fra the gret battaill,  
And thai thaim yauld foroutyn debate,  
And in hand has tane thaim fute-hate  
Syne to the king thai went thar way.  
460 Thai dispendyt haly that day 456  
In spulyeing and riches takyng  
Fra end was maid off the fechting  
And quhen thai nakyt spulyeit war  
That war slane in the bataill thar

465 It wes forsuth a gret ferly 461  
 To se samyn sa fele dede ly.  
 Twa hundyr payr off spuris reid  
 War tane of knychtis that war deid,  
 The erle of Glosyster ded wes thar  
 470 That men callyt Schyr Gilbert of Clar, 464  
 And Gylis de Argente alsua  
 And Payn Typtot and other ma  
 That thar namys nocht tell can I.  
 And apon Scottismennys party  
 475 Thar wes slane worthi knychtis twa, 471  
 Wilyame the Vepoynt wes ane of tha  
 And Schyr Walter of Ross ane other  
 That Schyr Edward the kingis brother  
 Luffyt and had in sic daynte  
 480 That as himselff him luffyt he. 476  
 And quhen he wyst that he wes ded  
 He wes sa wa and will of reide  
 That he said makand ivill cher  
 That him war lever that journay wer  
 485 Undone than he sua ded had bene. 481  
 Outakyn him men has nocht sene  
 Quhar he for ony man maid menyng,  
 And the caus wes of his luffing  
 That he his sister paramouris  
 490 Luffyt, and held all at rebouris 486  
 His awyne wyff dame Ysabell.  
 And tharfor sa gret distance fell  
 Betwix him and the erle Davi  
 Off Athole, brother to this lady  
 495 That he apon Saynct Jhonys nycht, 491  
 Quhen bath the kingis war boun to fycht,  
 In Cammyskynnell the kingis vittail  
 He tuk and sadly gert assaile  
 Schyr Wilyam off Herth and him slew  
 500 And with him men ma then ynew. 496  
 Tharfor syne intil England  
 He wes bannyst and all his land  
 Wes sesyt as forfait to the king  
 That did tharoff syne his liking.

[The burial of Gloucester; the surrender of Sir Marmaduke Tweng

and of Stirling Castle]

505 Quhen the feld as I tauld you ar 501  
Was dispulyeit and left all bar  
The king and all his cumpany  
Blyth and joyfull glaid and mery  
Off the grace that thaim fallin was  
510 Towart thar innys thar wayis tays 506  
To rest thaim, for thai wery war.  
Bot for the erle Gilbert of Clar  
That slane wes in the bataill-place  
The king sumdele anoyit was  
515 For till him wele ner sib wes he, 511  
Than till a kirk he gert him be  
Brocht and walkyt all that nycht.  
But on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
The king rais as his willis was.  
520 Than ane Inglis knyght throu cas 516  
Hapnyt that he yeid waverand  
Swa that na man laid on him hand,  
In a busk he hyd hys armyng  
And waytyt quhill he saw the king  
525 In the morne cum furth arly 521  
Till him than is he went in hy,  
Schyr Marmeduk the Tweingue he hycht.  
He raykyt till the king all rycht  
And halyst him apon his kne.  
530 'Welcum, Schyr Marmeduk,' said he, 526  
To quhat man art thou presoner?'  
'To nane,' he said, 'bot to you her  
I yeld me at your will to be.'  
'And I ressave the, schyr,' said he.  
535 Than gert he tret him curtasly, 531  
He dwelt lang in his cumpany,  
And syne till Inghland him send he  
Arayit weile but ransoun fre  
And geff him gret gyftis tharto.  
540 A worthi man that sua wald do 536  
Mycht mak him gretly for to prise.  
Quhen Marmeduk apon this wis  
Was yoldyn, as Ik to you say,  
Than come Schyr Philip the Mowbra

545 And to the king yauld the castell, 541  
His cunnand has he haldyn well,  
And with him tretyt sua the king  
That he belevyt of his dwelling  
And held him lely his fay  
550 Quhill the last end off his lyf-day. 546

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

Now will we of the lord of Douglas  
Tell how that he folowit the chas.  
He had to quhone in his cumpany  
Bot he sped him in full gret hy,  
555 And as he throuch the Torwod fur 551  
Sa met he ridand on the mur  
Schyr Laurence off Abyrnethy  
That with four scor in cumpany  
Come for till help the Inglismen  
560 For he was Inglisman yet then, 556  
Bot quhen he hard how that it wes  
He left the Inglis-mennys pes  
And to the lord Douglas rycht thar  
For to be lele and trew he swar.  
565 And than thai bath folowit the chas, 561  
And or the king off Ingland was  
Passyt Lythkow thai come sa ner  
With all the folk that with thaim wer  
That weill amang thaim schout thai mycht,  
570 Bot thai thocht thaim to few to fycht 566  
With the gret rout that thai had thar  
For fyve hunder armyt thai war.  
Togidder sarraly raid thai  
And held thaim apon bridill ay,  
575 Thai wat governyt wittily 571  
For it semyt ay thai war redy  
For to defend thaim at thar mycht  
Giff thai assailyt war in fycht.  
And the lord Douglas and his men,  
580 How that he wald nocht schaip him then 576  
For to fecht with thaim all planly,  
He convoyit thaim sa narowly

That of the henmaist ay tuk he,  
Mycht nane behin his falowis be  
585 A pennystane cast na he in hy 581  
Was dede, or tane deliverly  
That nane rescours wald till him ma  
All-thocht he luyt him never sua.  
On this maner convoyit he  
590 Quhill that the king and his menye 586  
To Wenchburg all cummyn ar.

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

Than lychtyt all that thai war  
To bayt thar hors that wer wery,  
And Douglas and his cumpany  
595 Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner. 591  
Thai war sa fele withoutyn wer  
And in armys sa clenly dycht  
And sua arayit for to fycht,  
And he sa quhojne and but supleyng  
600 That he wald nocht in plane fechting 596  
Assaile thaim, bot ay raid thaim by  
Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.  
A litill quhill thai baytyt thar  
And syne lap on and furth thai far  
605 And he was alwaysis by thaim ner, 601  
He leyt thaim nocht haff sic layser  
As anys water for to ma,  
And giff ony stad war sa  
That he behind left ony space  
610 Sesyt alsone in hand he was. 606  
Thai convoyit thaim on sic a wis  
Quhill that the king and his rout is  
Cummyn to the castell of Dunbar  
Quhar he and sum of his menye war  
615 Resavyt rycht weill, for yete than 611  
The Erle Patrik was Inglisman,  
That gert with mete and drynk alsua  
Refresche thaim weill, and syne gert ta  
A bate and send the king by se  
620 To Baumburgh in his awne contre. 616



Thar hors thar left thai all on stray  
Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai.  
The lave that levyt thar-without  
Addressyt thaim intill a rout  
625 And till Berwik held straucht thar way 621  
In route, bot, and we suth say,  
Stad thai war full narrowly  
Or thai come thar, bot nocht-forthi  
Thai come to Berwik weill and thar  
630 Into the toune ressavyt war, 626  
Ellys at gret myscheff had thai bene.  
And quhen the lord off Douglas has sene  
That he had losyt all hys payne  
Towart the king he went agane.

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

635 The king eschapyt on this wis. 631  
Lo! quhat fading in fortoun is  
That will apon a man quhill smyle  
And prik on him syne a nothyr quhill,  
In na tym stable can scho stand.  
640 This mychty king off Ingland 636  
Scho had set on hyr quheill on hycht  
Quham with sa ferlyfull a mycht  
Off men off armys and archeris  
And off futemen and hobeleris  
645 He come ridand out off his land 641  
As I befor has borne on hand,  
And in a nycht syne and a day  
Scho set him in sa hard assay  
That he with few men in a bate  
650 Wes fayne for till hald hame his gate. 646  
Bot off this ilk quhelys turnyng  
King Robert suld mak na murnyng  
For on his syd the quheyle on hycht  
Rais quhen the tother doun gan lycht,  
655 For twa contraris yhe may wit wele 651  
Set agane othir on a quhele 652  
Quhen ane is hye the tothir is law, 653  
And gif it fall that fortoune thraw 654

The quheill about, it that on hicht 655  
660 Was ere it most doune lycht, 656  
And it that undre lawch was ar 651  
Mon lepe on loft in the contrar.  
Sa fure it off thir kingis twa,  
Quhen the King Robert stad was sua  
665 That in gret myscheiff wes he 655  
The tother was in his majeste,  
And quhen the King Edwardis mycht  
Wes lawyt King Robert wes on hycht,  
And now sic fortoun fell him till  
670 That he wes hey and at his will. 660  
At Strevillyne wes he yeyt liand,  
And the gret lordis that he fand  
Dede in the feld he gert bery  
In haly place honorabilly,  
675 And the lave syne that dede war thar 665  
Into gret pyttis erdyt war thar  
The castell and the towris syne  
Rycht till the ground gert he myn,  
And syne to Bothwell send he  
680 Schyr Edward with a gret menye 670  
For thar wes thine send him word  
That the rich erle off Herford  
And other mychty als wer ther.

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

Sua trefyt he with Schyr Walter  
685 That erle and castell and the lave 675  
In Schyr Edwardis hand he gave,  
And till the king the erle send he  
That gert him rycht weill yemyt be  
Quhill at the last thai trefyt sua  
690 That he till Inland hame suld ga 680  
Foroutyn paying of raunsoune fre,  
And that for him suld changyt be  
Bischap Robert that blynd was mad  
And the queyne that thai takyn had  
695 In presoune as befor said I 685  
And hyr douchter Dame Marjory.

The erle was changyt for thir thre,  
And quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre  
The king his douchter that was far  
700 And wes als aperand ayr 690  
With Walter Stewart gan he wed  
And thai wele sone gat of thar bed  
A knav child throu our Lordis grace,  
That eftre his gud eldfader was  
705 Callyt Robert and syne wes king, 695  
And had the land in governyng  
Eftyr his worthy eyme Davy  
That regnyt twa yer and fourty.  
And in the tyme of the compiling  
710 Off this buk this Robert wes king, 700  
And off hys kynrik passit was  
Fyve yer, and wes the yer of grace  
A thousand thre hunder sevynty  
And fyve, and off his eld sixty,  
715 And that wes efter that the gud king 705  
Robert wes broucht till his ending  
Sex and fourty winter but mar.  
God grant that thai that cummyn ar  
Off his ofspring manteyme the land  
720 And hald the folk weill to warand 710  
And manteyme rycht and leawté  
Als wele as in his tyme did he.

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

King Robert now wes wele at hycht  
For ilk day than grew his mycht,  
725 His men woux rich and his contre 715  
Haboundyt weill of corne and fe  
And off alkyn other ryches,  
Myrth and solace and blythnes  
War in the land commonaly  
730 For ilk man blyth war and joly. 720  
The king eftre the gret journé  
Throu rede off his consaill preve  
In ser townys gert cry on hycht  
That quha-sa clemyt till haf rycht

735 To hald in Scotland land or fe, 725  
That in thai twelf moneth suld he  
Cum and clam yt and tharfor do  
To the king that pertenyth tharto,  
And giff thai come nocht in that yer  
740 Than suld thai wit withoutyn wer 730  
That hard thareftre nane suld be.  
The king that wes of gret bounte  
And besines, quhen this wes done  
Ane ost gert summound eftre sone  
745 And went thaim intill Ingland 735  
And our-raid all Northummyrland,  
And brynt housis and tuk tharpray  
And syne went hame agane thar way.  
I lat it schortly pas forby  
750 For thar wes done na chevalry 740  
Provyt that is to spek of her.  
The king went oft on this maner  
In Ingland for to rich his men  
That in riches haboundyt then.

John Barbour

## The Brus Book Xiv

[Edward Bruce goes to Ireland]

The erle off Carrik Schyr Edward,  
That stoutar wes than a libard  
And had na will to be in pes,  
Thocht that Scotland to litill wes  
5 Till his brother and him alsua,  
Tharfor to purpos gan he ta  
That he off Irland wald be king.  
Tharfor he send and had trefyng  
With the Irschery off Irland,  
10 That in thar leawte tuk on hand  
Off all Irland to mak him king  
With-thi that he with hard fechtung  
Mycht ourcum the Inglismen  
That in the land war wonnand then,  
15 And thai suld help with all thar mycht.  
And he that hard thaim mak sic hycht  
Intill his hart had gret liking  
And with the consent of the king  
Gadryt him men off gret bounte  
20 And at Ayr syne schippyt he  
Intill the neyst moneth of Mai,  
Till Irland held he straucht his wai.  
He had thar in his cumpany  
The Erle Thomas that wes worthi  
25 And gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
That sekyr wes in hard assay,  
Schyr Jhone the soullis ane gud knycht  
And Schyr Jhone Stewart that wes wycht  
The Ramsay als of Ouchterhous  
30 That wes wycht and chevalrous  
And Schyr Fergus off Ardrossane  
And other knychtis mony ane.  
In Wolringis Fyrth aryvyt thai  
Sauffly but bargan or assay  
35 And send thar schippis hame ilkan.  
A gret thing have thai undretane  
That with sa quhoynes as thai war thar

That war sex thousand men but mar  
Schup to werray all Irland,  
40 Quhar thai sall se mony thousand  
Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht,  
But thocht thai quhone war thai war wicht,  
And forout drede or effray  
In twa bataillis tuk thar way  
45 Towart Cragfergus it to se.

[The Scots defeat the lords of Ulster]

Bot the lordis of that countre  
Mandveill, Besat and Logane  
Thar men assemblyt everilkane,  
The Savagis wes alsua thar,  
50 And quhen thai assemblit war  
That war wele ner twenty thousand.  
Quhen thai wyst that intill thar land  
Sic a menye aryvyt war  
With all the folk that thai had thar  
55 Thai went towart thaim in gret hi,  
And fra Schyr Edward wist suthly  
That ner till him cummand war thai  
His men he gert thaim wele aray,  
The avaward had the Erle Thomas  
60 And the rerward Schyr Edward was.  
Thar fayis approchyt to the fechting  
And thai met thaim but abaysing.  
Thar mycht men se a gret melle,  
For Erle Thomas and his menye  
65 Dang on thar fayis sa douchtely  
That in schort tym men mycht se ly  
Ane hunder that all bloody war,  
For hobynys that war stekyt thar  
Relyt and flang and gret rowme mad  
70 And kest thaim that apon thaim rad,  
And Schyr Edwardis cumpany  
Assemblyt syne sa hardely  
That thai thar fayis ruschyt all.  
Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall  
75 It wes perell off his rysing.  
The Scottismen in that fechting

Sua apertly and wele thaim bar  
That thar fayis sua ruschyt war  
That thai haly the flycht has tane.  
80 In that bataill wes tane or slane  
All hale the flur off Ulsyster.  
The Erle off Murreff gret price had ther,  
For his worthi chevalry  
Comfort all his cumpany.  
85 This wes a full fayr begynnyng,  
For newlingis at thar aryving  
In plane bataill thai discomfyt thar  
Thar fayis that four ay for ane war,  
Syne to Cragfergus ar thai gane  
90 And in the toune has innys tane.  
The castell weill wes stuffyt then  
Off new with vittail and with men,  
Thartill thai set a sege in hy.  
Mony eschewe full apertly  
95 Wes maid quhill thar the sege lay  
Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai,  
Quhen that the folk off Hulsyster  
Till his pes haly cummyn wer,  
For Schyr Edward wald tak on hand  
100 To rid furth forthyr in the land.

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

Off the kingis off that countre  
Thar come till him and maide fewte  
Weill ten or twelf as Ik hard say,  
Bot thai held him schort quhile thar fay,  
105 For twa off thaim, ane Makgullane  
And ane other hat Makartane,  
Withset a pase intill his way  
Quhar him behovyt ned away  
With twa thousand off men with speris  
110 And als mony of thar archeris,  
And all the catell of the land  
War drawyn thidder to warand.  
Men callys that plase Innermallane,  
In all Irland straytar is nane.  
115 For Schyr Edward that kepyt thai,

Thai thought he suld nocht thar away,  
Bot he his viage sone has tane  
And straught towart the pas is gane.  
The erle off Murreff Schyr Thomas  
120 That put him fyrst ay till assayis  
Lychtyt on fute with his menye  
And apertly the pase tuk he.  
Thir Ersch kingis that I spak off ar  
With all the folk that with thame war  
125 Met him rycht sturdely, bot he  
Assaylyt sua with his menye  
That maugre tharis thai wan the pas.  
Slayne off thar fayis fele thar was,  
Throu-out the wod thaim chasyt thai  
130 And sesyt in sic fusoune the pray  
That all the folk off thar ost war  
Refreschyt weill ane wouk or mar.  
At Kilsagart Schyr Edward lay,  
And wele sone he has hard say  
135 That at Dundalk wes assemble  
Made off the lordis off that countre.  
In ost thai war assemblyt thar,  
Thar wes fyrst Schyr Richard of Clar  
That in all Irland lufftenande  
140 Was off the king off England  
The erle of Desmond wes thar  
And the erle alsua of Kildar,  
The Breman and the Wardoune  
That war lordis of gret renoune,  
145 The Butler alsua thar was  
And Schyr Morys le fys Thomas,  
Thai with thar men ar cummyn thar,  
A rycht gret ost forsuth thai war.

[The two sides prepare for battle]

And quhen Schyr Edward wust suthly  
150 That thar wes swilk chevalry  
His ost in hy he gert aray  
And thidderwartis tuk the way  
And ner the toune tuk his herbery,  
Bot for he wust all witterly



155 That in the toune war mony men  
His bataillis he arayit then,  
And stud arayt in bataill  
To kep thaim gif thai wald assaile,  
And quhen that Schyr Rychard of Clar  
160 And other lordis that thar war  
Wyst that the Scottis men sa ner  
With thar bataillis cummyn wer,  
Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht  
For it wes layt thai wald nocht fycht  
165 Bot on the morne in the mornyng  
Weile sone aftre the sone-rysing  
Thai suld isch furth all that thar war,  
Tharfor that nycht thai did no mar  
Bot herbryit thaim on athyr party.  
170 That nycht the Scottis cumpany  
War wachyt rycht weill all at rycht,  
And on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
In twa bataillis thai thaim arayit,  
Thai stud with baneris all displayit  
175 For the bataill all redy boun.  
And thai that war within the toun  
Quhen sone wes rysyn schenand cler  
Send furth of thaim that within wer  
Fyfty to se the contenyng  
180 Off Scottismen and thar cummyng,  
And thai raid furth and saw thaim sone,  
Syne come agayne withoutyn hone.  
And quhen thai samyn lychtyt war  
thai tauld thar lordis that wer thar  
185 That Scottismen semyt to be  
Worthi and off gret bounte,  
'Bot thai ar nocht withoutyn wer  
Half-dell a dyner till us her.'  
The lordys had off this tithing  
190 Gret joy and gret reconforting  
And gert men throu the cite cry  
That all suld arm thaim hastily.

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

Quhen thai war armyt and purvayit

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

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

[The Lieutenant is defeated in another battle]

In all this tyme Rychard of Clar  
255 That wes the kingis luftenand  
Off the barnagis of Irland  
A gret ost he assemblyt had,  
Thai war fyve bataillis gret and braid  
That soucht Schir Edward and his men,  
260 Weill ner him war thai cummyn then.  
He gat sone witring that thai wer  
Cummand on him and war sa ner.  
His men he dressyt thaim agayn  
And gert thaim stoutly ta the playn  
265 And syne the erle thar come to se  
And Schyr Philip the Mowbray send he,  
And Schyr Jhone Stewart went alsua.  
Furth to discover thar way thai ta,  
Thai saw the ost sone cum at hand  
270 Thai war to ges fyfty thousand,  
Hame till Schyr Edward raid thai then  
And said weill thai war mony men.  
He said agayne, 'The ma thai be  
The mar honour all-out haff we

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

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

Thus as I said Rychard of Clar  
And his gret ost rebutyt war,  
Bot he about him nocht-forthi  
320 Wes gaderand men ay ythenly  
For he thocht yete to covyr his cast.  
It angyrryt him rycht ferly fast  
That twys intill batell wes he  
Discomfyt with a few mengne.  
325 And Scottismen that to the forest  
War ridyn for to mak thar rest  
All thai twa nychtis thar thai lay  
And maid thaim myrth solace and play.  
Towart Ydymsey syne thai raid,  
330 Ane Yrsche king that aith had maid  
To Schyr Edward of fewte,  
For forouth that him prayit he  
To se his land and na vittail  
Na nocht that mycht thaim help suld faile.  
335 Schyr Edward trowit in his hycht  
And with his rout raid thidder rycht  
A gret ryver he gert him pas  
And in a rycht fayr place that was  
Lauch by a bourne he gert thaim ta  
340 Thar herbery, and said he wald ga  
To ger men vittail to thaim bring,  
He held hys way but mar dwelling.  
For he betrais thaim wes his thocht,  
In sic a place he has them broucht  
345 Quharof twa journais wele and mar  
All the cattell withdrawyn war,  
Swa that thai in that land mycht get  
Na thing that worth war for til ete,  
With hungyr he thocht thaim to feblis  
350 Syne bring on thaim thar ennemys.  
This fals traytouris men had maid  
A litill outh quhar he herbryit had  
Schyr Edward and the Scottismen  
The ischow off a louch to den

355 And leyt it out into the nycht.  
The water than with a swilk a mycht  
On Schyr Edwardis men com doun  
That thai in perell war to droun  
For or thai wist on flot war thai.  
360 With mekill payn thai gat away  
And held thar lyff as God gaff grace,  
Bot off thar harnayis tynt thar was.  
He maid thaim na gud fest perfay  
And nocht-forthi yneuch had thai,  
365 For thocht thaim faillyt of the mete  
I warn you wele thai war wele wet.

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

In gret distres thar war thai stad  
For gret defaut off mete thai hade,  
And thai betwix reveris twa  
370 War set and mycht pas nane off tha,  
The Bane that is ane arme of the se  
That with hors may nocht passyt be  
Wes betwix thaim and Hulsyster.  
Thai had bene in gret perell ther  
375 Ne war a scowmar of the se,  
Thomas of Downe hattyn wes he,  
Hard that the ost sa straytly than  
Wes stad, and salyt up the Ban  
Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay,  
380 Thai knew him weil and blyth war thai,  
Than with four schippys that he had tane  
He set our the Ban ilkane.  
And quhen thai come in biggit land  
Vittaill and mete yneuch thai fand  
385 And in a wod thaim herberyt thai,  
Nane of the land wist quhar thai lay,  
Thai esyt thaim and maid gud cher.  
Intill that tym besid thaim ner  
With a gret ost Schyr Richard of Clar  
390 And othyr gret of Irland war  
Herberyt in a forest syde,  
And ilk day thai gert men rid

To bring vittail on ser manerys  
To thaim fra the toun off Coigneris  
395 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra.  
Ilk day as thai wald cum and ga  
Thai come the Scottis ost sa ner  
That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer,  
And quhen the Erle Thomas persaving  
400 Had off thar cummyng and thar ganging  
He gat him a gud cumpany,  
Thre hunder on hors wycht and hardy,  
Thar wes Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
And Schyr Jhone Stewart als perfay  
405 And Schyr Alan Stewart alsua  
Schyr Robert Boid and other ma.  
Thai raid to mete the vittaleris  
That with thar vittail fra Coigneris  
Come haldand to thar ost the way.  
410 Sua sudanly on thaim schot thai  
That thai war sua abaysyt all  
That thai leyt all thar wapnys fall  
And mercy petously gan cry,  
And thai tuk thaim in thar mercy  
415 And has thaim up sa clenly tane  
That off thaim all eschapyt nane.  
The erle of thaim gat wittering  
That off thar ost in the evynnyng  
Wald cum out at the woddis sid  
420 And agaynys thar vittail rid.  
He thocht than on ane juperty,  
And gert his menye halily  
Dycht thaim in the presoneris aray,  
Thair pennounys als with thaim tuk thai,  
425 And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad  
And syne towart the ost thai raid.  
Sum of thar mekill ost has sene  
Thar come and wend thai had bene  
Thar vittalouris, tharfor thai raid  
430 Agaynys thaim scalyt, for thai haid  
Na dred that thai thar fayis war  
And thaim hungryt alsua weill sar,  
Tharfor thai come abandounly.  
And quhen thai ner war in gret hi

435 The erle and all that with him war  
Ruschynt on thaim with wapnys bar  
And thar ensenyeis hey gan cry.  
Than thai that saw sua sodanly  
Thar fayis dyng on thaim war sa rad  
440 That thai na hart to help thaim had  
Bot to the ost thar way gan ta,  
And thai chassynt and sua fele gan sla  
That all the feldys strowyt war,  
Ma than a thousand ded war thar.  
445 Rycht till thar ost thai gan thaim chas  
And syne agane thar wayis tais.

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

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



To do, and said him gif he moucht  
475 Fynd that till him the suth said he  
He suld gang hame but ransoun fre.  
He said, 'Forsuth I sall you say,  
Thai think to-morn, quhen it is day,  
To sek you with all thar menye  
480 Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.  
Thai haff gert throu the countre cry  
Off payne of lyve full felounly  
That all the men of this countre  
Tonycht into the cyte be,  
485 And trewly thai sall be sa fele  
That ye sall na wis with thaim dele.'  
'De pardew,' said he, 'weill may be.'  
To Schyr Edward with that yeid he  
And tauld him utrely this tale.

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

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

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

And syne went till thar ost agayn.

John Barbour

## The Brus Book Xv

The Scots win a great battle at Connor]

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

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

[Slaughter in Connor; the prisoners and wounded]

65 To the toun fled the mast party,  
And Erle Thomas sa egrely  
And his route chassyt with swerdis bar  
That amang thame mellyt war  
That all togidder come in the toun.  
70 Than wes the slauchter sa felloun  
That all the ruys ran of blud,  
Thaim that thai gat to ded all yhud  
Sua that than thar weill ner wer dede  
Als fele as in the bataill-stede.  
75 The fys Warine wes takyn thar,  
Bot sua rad wes Richard of Clar

That he fled to the south countre,  
All that moneth I trow that he  
Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.  
80 Schyr Jhone Stewart a noble knyght  
Wes woundyt throu the body thar  
With a sper that scharply schar,  
Bot to Monpeller went he syne  
And lay thar lang intill helyne  
85 And at the last helyt wes he.  
Schyr Edward than with his menye  
Tuk in the toun thar herbery,  
That nyght thai blyth war and joly  
For the victour that thai had thar.

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

90 And on the morn foroutyn mar  
Schyr Edward gert men gang and se  
All the vittail of that cite,  
And thai fand sic foysoun tharin  
Off corne and flour and wax and wyn  
95 That thai had of it gret ferly,  
And Schyr Edward gert halily  
Intill Cragfergus it caryit be,  
Syne thidder went his men and he  
And held the sege full stalwartly  
100 Quhill Palme Sondag wes passit by.  
Than quhill the Twysday in Pays wouk  
On ather half thai trewys touk  
Sua that thai mycht that haly tid  
In pennance and in prayer bid.  
105 Bot apou the Pasche evyn ryght  
To the castell into the nyght  
Fra Devillyne schippis come fyften  
Chargyt with armyt men bedene,  
Four thousand trow I weill thai war,  
110 In the castell thai entryt ar.  
The Maundveill auld Schyr Thomas  
Capitane of that menye was.  
Intill the castell prively  
Thai entryt for thai had gert spy  
115 That mony of Schyr Edwardis men

War scalyt in the contre then,  
Tharfor thai thocht in the mornyng  
Till isch but langer delaying  
And to suppris thaim suddanly,  
120 For thai thocht thai suld traistly  
For the trewys that takyn war,  
Bot I trow falset evermar  
Sall have unfayr and evill ending.

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

Schyr Edward wist of this nathing  
125 For off tresoun had he na thocht,  
Bot for the trew he levyt nocht  
To set wachis to the castell,  
Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele  
And Nele Flemyng wachit that nycht  
130 With sixty men worthi and wycht.  
And als sone as the day wes cler  
Thai that within the castell wer  
Had armyt thaim and maid thaim boun  
And sone thar brig avalit down  
135 And ischit intill gret plente,  
And quhen Nele Flemyng gan thaim se  
He send ane to the king in hy  
And said to thaim that war him by,  
'Now sall men se, Ik undretak,  
140 Quha dar dey for his lordis sak.  
Now ber you weill, for sekyrly  
With all this mengne fecht will I,  
Intill bargane thim hald sall we  
Quhill that our maister armyt be.'  
145 With that word assemblyt thai,  
Thai war to few all-out perfay  
With sic a gret rout for to fycht,  
Bot nocht-forthi with all thar mycht  
Thai dang on thaim sa hardely  
150 That all thar fayis had gret ferly  
That thai war all of swilk manheid  
As thai na drede had of thar dede.  
Bot thar fayis sa gane assaile  
That na worschip thar mycht availe,

155 Than thai war slayne up everilkane  
Sa clene that thar eschapyt nane  
And the man that went to the king  
For to warne him of thar isching  
Warnyt him in full gret hy.

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

160 Schyr Edward wes commonaly  
Callyt the king of Irland.  
And quhen he hard sic thing on hand  
In full gret hast he gat his ger,  
Twelff wycht men in his chawmer wer  
165 That armyt thaim in full gret hy,  
Syne with his baner hardily  
The myddis of the toun he tays.  
Weill ner cummand war his fayis  
That had delt all thar men in thre,  
170 The Maundvell with a gret menye  
Rycht throu the toun the way held down,  
The lave on athyr sid the toun  
Held to mete thaim that fleand war,  
Thai thought that all that thai fand thar  
175 Suld dey but ransoune everilkane.  
Bot uthyr-wayis the gle is gane,  
For Schyr Edward with his baner  
And his twelff I tauld you of er  
On all that route sua hardely  
180 Assemblyt that it wes ferly,  
For Gib Harpar befor him yeid  
That wes the douchteast in deid  
That than wes livand off his state,  
And with ane ax maid him sic gat  
185 That he the fyrst fellyt to ground,  
And off thre in a litill stound  
The Maundveill be his armyng  
He knew and roucht him sic a swyng  
That he till erd yeid hastily.  
190 Schyr Edward that wes ner him by  
Reversyt him and with a knyff  
Rycht in that place him reft the liff.  
With that off Ardrossane Fergus



That wes a knyght ryght curageous  
195 Assemblyt with sixty and ma,  
Thai pressyt than thar fayis sua  
That thai that saw thar lord slayne  
Tynt hart and wald haf bene again,  
And ay as Scottismen mycht be  
200 Armyt thai come to the melle  
And dang apon thar fayis sua  
That thai all the bak gan ta,  
And thai thaim chassyt to the yat,  
Thar wes hard fycht and gret debat.  
205 Thar slew Schyr Edward with his hand  
A knyght that of all Irland  
Was callit best and of maist bounte,  
To surname Maundveill had he,  
His awne name I can nocht say,  
210 Bot his folk to sa hard assay  
War set as thai of the doungeoun  
Durst opyn na yhat na brig lat doun.  
And Schyr Edwarde, Ik tak on hand,  
Soucht thaim that fled thar to warand  
215 Sa felly that of all perfay  
That ischyt apon him that day  
Thar eschapyt never ane  
That thai ne war other tane or slayn,  
For to the fycht Maknakill then  
220 Come with twa hundreth spermen  
And thai slew all thai mycht to-wyn.  
This ilk Maknakill with a gyn  
Wan off thar schippis four or fyve  
And haly reft the men thar lif.  
225 Quhen end wes maid of this fechting  
Yeit then wes lyffand Nele Fleming.  
Schyr Edward went him for to se,  
About him slayne lay his menye  
All in a lump on athyr hand  
230 And he redy to dey throwand.  
Schyr Edward had of him pite  
And him full gretly menyte he  
And regratyt his gret manheid  
And his worschip and douchty deid,  
235 Sic mayn he maid men had gret ferly

For he wes nocht custummabilly  
Wont for to meyne men ony thing  
Na wald nocht her men mak menyng.  
He stud tharby till he wes ded  
240 And syne had him till haly sted  
And him with worschip gert he be  
Erdyt with gret solemnite.

[Surrender of Carrickfergus Castle]

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

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

Off him no mar now spek will we  
Bot to King Robert will we gang  
That we haff left unspokyn of lang.  
Quhen he had convoyit to the se  
270 His brodyr Edward and his menye

With schippes he maid him yar 271  
 Intill the Ilis for till fare 272  
 Walter Steward with him tuk he 273  
 His mawch and with him gret menyhe 274  
 275 And other men off gret noblay. 271  
 To Tarbart thai held thar way  
 In galayis ordanyt for thar far,  
 Bot thaim worthyt draw thar schippis thar,  
 And a myle wes betwix the seys  
 280 Bot that wes lownyt all with treis. 276  
 The king his schippis thar gert draw,  
 And for the wynd couth stoutly blaw  
 Apon thar bak as thai wald ga  
 He gert men rapys and mastis ta  
 285 And set thaim in the schippis hey 281  
 And sayllis to the toppis tey  
 And gert men gang tharby drawand,  
 The wyind thaim helpyt that wes blawand  
 Sua that in a litill space  
 290 Thar flote all our-drawin was. 286  
 And quhen thai that in the Ilis war  
 Hard how the gud king had thar  
 Gert his schippis with saillis ga  
 Out-our betwix the Tarbartis twa  
 295 Thai war abaysit sa uterly 291  
 For thai wyst throu auld prophecy  
 That he that suld ger schippis sua  
 Betwix thai seis with saillis ga  
 Suld wyne the Ilis sua till hand  
 300 That nane with strenth suld him withstand. 296  
 Tharfor thai come all to the king,  
 Wes nane withstud his bidding  
 Outakyn Jhone of Lorne allane,  
 Bot weill sone eftre wes he tane  
 305 And present rycht to the king, 301  
 And thai that war of his leding  
 That till the king had brokyn fay  
 War all dede and distroyit away.  
 This Jhone of Lorne the king has tane  
 310 And send him furth to Dunbertane 306  
 A quhill in presoun thar to be,  
 Syne to Louchlevyn send wes he

Quhar he wes quhill in festnyng,  
I trow he maid tharin ending.  
315 The king quhen all the Ilis war 311  
Brocht till his liking les and mar,  
All that sesoun thar dwellyt he  
At huntyng gamyn and at gle.

[Edmund de Caillou plunders the Merse]

Quhill the king apon this maner  
320 Dauntyt the Ilis as I tell her 316  
The gud Schyr James of Douglas  
Intill the Forest dwelland was  
Defendand worthely the land.  
That tyme in Berwik wes dwelland  
325 Edmound de Cailow a Gascoun 321  
That wes a knyght of gret renoune  
And intill Gascoune his contre  
Lord off gret senyoury wes he.  
He had Berwik in keping  
330 And maid a prive gadering 326  
And gat him a gret cumpany  
Of wycht men armyt jolily,  
And the nethyr end of Tevidale  
He prayit doun till him all hale  
335 And of the Mers a gret party, 331  
Syne towart Berwik went in hy.  
Schyr Adam of Gordoun that than  
Wes becummyn Scottisman  
Saw thaim dryf sua away thar fe  
340 And wend thai had bene quhone for he 336  
Saw bot the fleand scaill perfay 337  
And thaim that sesyt in the pray. 338  
Than till Schyr James of Douglas 339  
Into gret hye the way he tais 340  
345 And tauld how Inglismen thair pray 341  
Had tane and syne went thar way 342  
Toward Berwik with all thar fee, 343  
And said thai quheyn war and gif he 344  
Wald sped him he suld weill lichtly 337  
350 Wyn thaim and reskew all the ky. 338

[Douglas pursues, catches and kills Caillou]

Schyr James rycht soyne gaf his assent  
Till follow thame and furth is went  
Bot with the men that he had thair  
And met hym by the gat but mair.  
355 Thai followit thame in full gret hy 343  
And com weill ner thame hastely  
For or thai mycht thame fully se  
Thai come weill ner with thair menye,  
And than bath the forreouris and the scaill  
360 Intill a childrome knyt all haill 348  
And wes a rycht fair cumpany.  
Befor thame gert thai driff the ky  
With knavis and swanys that na mycht  
Had for to stand in feld and fycht,  
365 The lave behynd thaim maid a stale. 353  
The Douglas saw thar lump all hale  
And saw thaim of sa gud covyn  
And saw thai war sa mony syne  
That thai for ane of his war twa.  
370 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sen it is sua 358  
That we haf chassyt of sic maner  
That we now cummyn ar sa ner  
That we may nocht eschew the fycht  
Bot gif we fouly ta the flycht,  
375 Lat ilkane on his lemman mene 363  
And how he mony tyme has bene  
On gret thrang and weill cummyn away.  
Think we to do rycht sua today,  
And tak we of this furd her-by  
380 Our avantage for in gret hy 368  
Thai sall cum on us for to fycht.  
Set we than will and strenth and mycht  
For to mete thaim rycht hardely.'  
And with that word full hastily  
385 He displayit his baner 373  
For his fayis war cummand ner  
That quhen thai saw he wes sa quhojne  
Thocht thai suld with thaim sone haf done  
And assemblit full hardely.  
390 Thar men mycht se men fecht felly 378

And a rycht cruell melle mak  
 And mony strakys giff and tak.  
 The Douglas thar weill hard wes stad,  
 Bot the gret hardyment that he hade  
 395 Comfort hys men on sic a wys 383  
 That na man thocht on cowardys  
 Bot faucht sa fast with all thar mayn  
 That thai fele of thar fayis has slayn,  
 And thought thai be weill fer war ma  
 400 Than thai, yeit ure demanyt thaim sua 388  
 That Edmound de Cailow wes ded  
 Rycht in that ilk fechtyn-stede,  
 And all the lave fra he wes done  
 War planly discomfyt sone,  
 405 And thai that chassyt sum has slayn 393  
 And turnyt the prayis all agayn.  
 The hardast fycht forsuth this wes  
 That ever the gud lord off Douglas  
 Wes in as off sa few mengne,  
 410 For nocht had bene his gret bounte 398  
 That slew thar chyftane in that fycht  
 His men had all to dede bene dycht.  
 He had intill custoume alway  
 Quhenever he come till hard assay  
 415 To preys him the chiftane to sla, 403  
 And her fell hap that he did sua,  
 That gert him haff victour fele sys.  
 Quhen Schyr Edmound apon this wis  
 Wes dede the gud lord of Douglas  
 420 To the Forest his wayis tays. 408  
 His fayis gretly gan him dred,  
 The word sprang weile fer of his deid  
 Sua that in Inland ner tharby  
 Men spak of it commonaly.

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

425 Schir Robert Nevile that tid 413  
 Wonnyt at Berwik ner besid  
 The march quhar the lord Douglas  
 In the forest repayrand was  
 And had at him gret invy,

430 For he saw him sa manlyly 418  
 Mak ay his boundis mar and mar.  
 He hard the folk that with him war  
 Spek off the lord Douglas mycht  
 And how he forsye wes in fycht  
 435 And how him fell oft fayr fortoun. 423  
 He wrethyt tharat all-soun  
 And said, 'Quhat wene ye, is thar nane  
 That ever is worth bot he allane.  
 Ye set him as he wer but per,  
 440 Bot Ik avow befor you her 428  
 Giff ever he cum intill this land  
 He sall fynd me ner at his hand,  
 And gif Ik ever his baner  
 May se displayit apon wer  
 445 I sall assembl on him but dout 433  
 All-thocht yhe hald him never sa stout.'  
 Of this avow sone bodword was  
 Brocht to Schyr James of Douglas  
 That said, 'Gif he will hald his hycht  
 450 I sall do sa he sall haiff sycht 438  
 Off me an my cumpany  
 Yeyt or oucht lang wele ner him by.'  
 Hys retenew than gaderyt he  
 That war gud men of gret bounte,  
 455 And till the march in gud aray 443  
 Apon a nycht he tuk the way  
 Sua that into the mornyng arly  
 He wes with all his cumpany  
 Befor Berwik and thar he maid  
 460 Men to display his baner brad, 448  
 And of his menye sum sent he  
 For to bryn townys twa or thre,  
 And bad thaim sone agayne thaim sped  
 Sua that on hand giff thar come ned  
 465 Thai mycht be for the fycht redy. 453

[Neville waits then attacks Douglas's force]

The Nevill that wyst witterly  
 That Douglas cummyn wes sa ner  
 And saw all braid stand his baner,

Than with the folk that with him war  
 470 And he had a gret menye thar 458  
 For all the gud off that countre  
 Intill that tyme with him had he  
 Sua that he thar with him had then  
 Wele may then war the Scottismen,  
 475 He held his way up till a hill 463  
 And said, 'Lordingis, it war my will  
 To mak end off the gret deray  
 That Douglas mayis us ilk day,  
 Bot me think it spedfull that we  
 480 Abid quhill his men scalit be 468  
 Throu the countre to tak thar pray,  
 Than fersly schout on thaim we may  
 And we sall haf thaim at our will.'  
 Than all thai gaf assent thar-till  
 485 And on the hill abaid howand. 473  
 The men fast gaderyt of the land  
 And drew till him in full gret hy.  
 The Douglas then that wes worthi  
 Thocht it wes foly mar to bid,  
 490 Towart the hill than gan he rid, 478  
 And quhen the Nevill saw that thai  
 Wald nocht pas furth to the forray  
 Bot pressyt to thaim with thar mycht  
 He wyst weill than that thai wald fycht  
 495 And till his mengye gan he say, 483  
 'Lordingis, now hald we furth our way,  
 Her is the flour of the countre  
 And may then thai alsua ar we,  
 Assemblill we then hardely,  
 500 For Douglas with yone yhumanry 488  
 Sall haf na mycht till us perfay.'  
 Then in a frusch assemblyt thai,  
 Than mycht men her the speris brast  
 And ilkane ding on other fast,  
 505 And blude bryst out at woundis wid. 493  
 Thai faucht fast apon athyr sid  
 For athyr party gan thaim payn  
 To put thar fayis on bak agayn.

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



The lordis off Nevill and Douglas  
510 Quhen at the fechtin fellast was 498  
Met togidder rycht in the preys,  
Betwix thaim than gret bargane wes.  
Thai faucht felly with all thar maucht,  
Gret routis ather othyr raucht,  
515 Bot Douglas starkar wes Ik hycht 503  
And mar usyt alsua to fycht,  
And he set hart and will alsua  
For to deliver him of his fa  
Quhill at the last with mekill mayn  
520 Off fors the Nevill has he slayn, 508  
Then his ensenye hey gan cry  
And the lave sa hardely  
He ruschyt with his menye  
That intill schort tym men mycht se  
525 Thar fayis tak thaim to the flycht 513  
And thai thaim chassyt with all thar mycht  
Schir Rauff Nevill in the chas  
And the baron of Hiltoun was  
Takyn and other of mekill mycht.  
530 Thar wes fele slayne into that fycht 518  
That worthi in thar tym had bene.  
And quhen the feld wes clengit clen  
Sua that thar fayis everilkane  
War slayne or chassyt awai or tan  
535 Than gert he forray all the land 523  
And sesyt all that ever thai fand  
And brynt townys in thar way,  
Syne hale and fer cummyn ar thai.  
The prayis amang his menye  
540 Eftre thar meritis delt he 528  
And held na thing till his behuff.  
Sic dedis aucht to ger men luff  
Thar lord, and sua thai did perfay.  
He trefyt thaim sa wisly ay  
545 And with sa mekill luff alsua 533  
And sic avansement wald ma  
Off thar deid that the mast cowart  
He maid stoutar then a libart,  
With cherysing thusgat maid he

550 His men wucht and of gret bounte. 538

[The reputation of Douglas]

Quhen Nevill thus was brocht to ground  
And of Cailow auld Schyr Edmound,  
The drede of the lord of Douglas  
And his renoune sa scalit was  
555 Throu-out the marchis of Ingland 543  
That all that war tharin wonnand  
Dred him as the fell devill of hell,  
And yeit haf Ik hard oftsys tell  
That he sa gretly dred wes than  
560 That quhen wivys wald childer ban 548  
Thai wald rycht with ane angry face  
Betech thaim to the blak Douglas.  
562A For with thair taill he wes mair fell  
562B Than wes ony devill in hell.  
Throu his gret worschip and bounte  
Sua with his fayis dred wes he  
565 That thaim growyt to her his name. 553  
He may at ese now dwell at hame  
A quhill for I trow he sall nocht  
With fayis all a quhile be socht.  
Now lat him in the Forest be,  
570 Off him spek now no mar will we, 558  
Bot off Schyr Edward the worthi  
That with all his chevalry  
Wes at Cragfergus yeit liand  
To spek mar we will tak on hand.

John Barbour

# The Brus Book Xvi

[King Robert goes to Ireland]

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

To Cragfergus sone cummyn is he.  
Schyr Edward of his come wes blyth  
40 And went doun to mete him swyth  
And welcummyt him with glaysome cher,  
Sa did he all that with him wer  
And specially the erle Thomas  
Off Murreff that his nevo was,  
45 Syne till the castell went thai yar  
And maid thaim mekill fest and far.  
Thai sojournyt that dayis thre  
And that in myrth and jolyte.

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

King Robert apou this kyn wis  
50 Intill Irland aryvit is,  
And quhen in Cragfergus had he  
With his men sojournyt dayis thre  
Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald  
With thar folk thar wayis hald  
55 Throu all Irland fra end till other.  
Schyr Edward than the kingis brother  
Befor in the avaward raid,  
The king himselff the rerward maid  
That had intill his cumpany  
60 The erle Thomas that wes worthi.  
Thar wayis southwart haff thai tane  
And sone ar passyt Inderwillane.  
This wes in the moneth of May  
Quhen byrdis syngis in ilk spray  
65 Melland thar notis with seymly soune  
For softnes of the swet sesoun,  
And levys off the branchys spredis  
And blomys brycht besid tham bredis  
And feldis ar strowyt with flouris  
70 Well saverand of ser colouris  
And all thing worthis blyth and gay,  
Quhen that this gud king tuk his way  
To rid southwart as I said ar.  
The wardane than Richard of Clar  
75 WYST the king wes aryvyt sua  
And wyst that he schup him to ta

His way toward the south contre,  
And of all Ireland assembled he  
Bath burges and chevalry  
80 And hobilleries and yhumanry  
Quhill he had ner forty thousand.  
Bot he wald nocht yet tak on hand  
With all his fayis in feld to fycht  
Bot he umbethocht him of ane slycht,  
85 That he with all his gret menye  
Wald in a wod enbuschit be  
All prively besid the way  
Quhar that thar fayis suld away,  
And lat the award pas fer by  
90 And syne assemblit hardely  
On the reward with all thar men.  
Thai did as thai divisyt then,  
In ane wod thai enbuschit wer,  
The Scottis ost raid by thaim ner  
95 Bot thai na schawing of thaim maid.

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

Schyr Edward weill fer forth rad  
With thaim that war of his menye,  
To the reward na tent tuk he,  
And Schyr Richard of Clar in hy  
100 Quhen Schyr Edward wes passyt by  
Send lycht yomen that weill couth schout  
To bykkyr the reward upon fute.  
Then twa of thaim that send furth war  
At the wod sid thaim bykkerit thar  
105 And schot among the Scottismen.  
The king that had thar with him then  
Weill fyve thousand wicht and worthi  
Saw thai twa sa abandounly  
Schut among thaim and cum sa ner.  
110 He wist rycht weill withoutyn wer  
That thai rycht ner suppowall had,  
Tharfor a bidding has he mad  
That na man sall be sa hardy  
To prik at thaim, bot sarraly  
115 Rid redy ay into bataill

To defend gif men wald assail,  
'For we sall sone, Ik undreta,'  
He said, 'haf for to do with ma.'  
Bot Schyr Colyne Cambell, that ner  
120 Was by quhar thai twa yhumen wer  
Schoutand amang thaim hardily,  
Prykyt on thaim in full gret hy  
And sone the tane has our-tane  
And with the sper him sone has slane,  
125 The tother turnyt and schot agayne  
And at the schot his hors has slane.  
With that the king come hastily  
And intill his malancoly  
With a trounsoun intill hys new  
130 To Schyr Colyne sic dusche he geve  
That he dynnyt on his arsoun,  
Than bad he smertly tit him doun.  
Bot other lordis that war him by  
Ameysyt the king into party,  
135 And he said, 'Breking of bidding  
Mycht caus all our discumfiting.  
Weyne ye yone ribaldis durst assaill  
Us sa ner intill our bataill  
Bot giff thai had suppowaill ner.  
140 I wate rycht weill withoutyn wer  
That we sall haf to do in hy,  
Tharfor luk ilk man be redy.'  
With that weill neir thretty or ma  
Off bowmen come and bykyrit sua  
145 That thai hurt off the kingis men.  
The king has gert his archeris then  
Schoute for to put thai men agayn.  
With that thai entryt in a playn  
And saw arayit agayn thaim stand  
150 In four bataillis fourty thousand.  
The king said, 'Now, lordingis, lat se  
Quha worthy in this fycht sall be,  
On thaim foroutyn mar abaid.'

[The fight and victory of King Robert]

Sa stoutly than on thaim thai raid

155 And assemblyt sa hardely  
 That off thar fayis a gret party  
 War laid at erd at thar meting.  
 Thar wes off speris sic bristing  
 As ather apon other raid  
 160 That it a wele gret frusch has maid,  
 Hors come thar fruschand heid for heid  
 Sua that fele on the ground felle deid.  
 Mony a wycht and worthi man  
 As ather apon other ran  
 165 War duschyt dede doun to the ground,  
 The red blud out off mony a wound  
 Ruschyt in sa gret foysoun than  
 That off the blud the stremys ran.  
 And thai that wraith war and angry  
 170 Dang on other sa hardily  
 With wapnys that war brycht and bar  
 That mony a gud man deyit thar,  
 For thai that hardy war and wycht  
 And frontlynys with thar fayis gan fycht  
 175 Pressyt thaim formast for to be.  
 Thar mycht men cruell bargane se  
 And hard bataill. Ik tak on hand  
 In all the wer off Irland  
 Sa hard a fechting wes nocht sene,  
 180 The-quheter of gret victours nynteyne  
 Schyr Edward has withoutyn wer,  
 And into les than in thre yer,  
 And in syndry bataillis of tha  
 Vencussyt thretty thousand and ma  
 185 With trappyt hors rycht to the fete,  
 Bot in all tymys he wes yete  
 Ay ane for fyve quhen lest wes he.  
 Bot the king into this melle  
 Had always aucht of his fa-men  
 190 For ane, bot he sua bar him then  
 That his gud deid and his bounte  
 Confortyt sua all his menye  
 That the mast coward hardy wes,  
 For quhar he saw the thikkest pres  
 195 Sa hardely on thaim he raid  
 That thar about him roume he maid,

And Erle Thomas the worthi  
 Wes in all tyme ner him by  
 And faucht as he war in a rage,  
 200 Sua that for thar gret vasselage  
 Thar men sic gret hardyment gan tak  
 That thai na perell wald forsak  
 Bot thaim abandound sa stoutly  
 And dang apon thaim sa hardely  
 205 That all thar fayis affrayit war.  
 And thai that saw weill be thar far  
 That thai eschewyt sumdele the fycht  
 Than dang thai on with all thar mycht  
 And pressit thame dyngand so fast 209  
 210 That thai the bak gaf at the last, 210  
 And thai that saw thaim tak the flicht 211  
 Pressit thame than with all thare mycht 212  
 And in thar fleyng fele gan sla. 209  
 The kingis men has chassyt sua  
 215 That thai war scalyt everilkane. 211  
 Rychard off Clar the way has tane  
 To Devillyne into full gret hy  
 With other lordys that fled him by  
 And warnysyt bath castellis and townys  
 220 That war in thar possessiounys. 216  
 Thai war sa felly fleyit thar  
 That I trow Schyr Richard off Clar  
 Sall haiff na will to faynd his mycht  
 In bataill na in fors to fycht  
 225 Quhill King Robert and his menye 221  
 Is dwelland in that cuntre.  
 Thai stuffyt strenthis on this wis,  
 And the king that wes to pris  
 Saw in the feld rycht mony slane,  
 230 And ane of thaim that thar wes tane 226  
 That wes arayit jolyly  
 He saw greyt wonder tenderly,  
 And askyt him quhy he maid sic cher.  
 He said him, 'Schyr, withoutyn wer  
 235 It is na wonder thocht I gret. 231  
 I se fele her lossyt the suet,  
 The flour of all north Irland  
 That hardyast war of thar hand



And mast doutyt in hard assay.'  
240 The king said, 'Thou dois wrang perfay, 236  
Thou has mar caus myrthis to ma  
For thou the dede eschapyt sua.'

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

Richard off Clar on this maner  
And all his folk discomfyt wer  
245 With few folk, as I to you tauld, 241  
And quhen Edward the Bruys the bauld  
Wyst at the king had fochtyn sua  
With sa fele folk, and he tharfra,  
Mycht na man se a waer man.  
250 Bot the gud king said till him than 246  
That it wes his awne foly  
For he raid sua unwittely  
Sa far befor, and na vaward  
Maid to thaim of the rerward,  
255 For he said quha on wer wald rid 251  
In a vaward he suld na tid  
Pas fra his rerward fer of sycht  
For gret perell sua fall thar mycht.  
Off this fycht will we spek no mar,  
260 Bot the king and all that thar war 256  
Raid furthwartis in bettyr aray  
And nerar togidder than er did thai.  
Throu all the land playnly thai raid,  
Thai fand nane that thaim obstakill maid.  
265 Thai raid evyn forouth Drochindra 261  
And forouth Devillyne syne alsua  
And to giff battaill nane thai fand,  
Syne went thai southwart in the land  
And rycht till Lynrike held thar way  
270 That is the southmaist toun perfay 266  
That in Irland may fundyn be.  
Thar lay thai dayis twa or thre  
And buskyt syne agayn to far,  
And quhen that thai all redy war  
275 The king has hard a woman cry, 271  
He askyt quhat that wes in hy.  
'It is the laynder, schyr,' said ane,

'That hyr child-ill rycht now has tane  
And mon leve now behind us her,  
280 Tharfor scho makys yone ivill cher.' 276  
The king said, 'Certis, it war pite  
That scho in that poynt left suld be,  
For certis I trow thar is no man  
That he ne will rew a woman than.'  
285 His ost all thar arestyt he 281  
And gert a tent sone stentit be  
And gert hyr gang in hastily,  
And other wemen to be hyr by.  
Quhill scho wes deliver he bad  
290 And syne furth on his wayis raid, 286  
And how scho furth suld caryit be  
Or ever he furth fur ordanyt he.  
This wes a full gret curtasy  
That swilk a king and sa mychty  
295 Gert his men dwell on this maner 291  
Bot for a pouer lauender.  
Agayne northwart thai tuk thar way  
Throu all Irland than perfay,  
Throu all Connach rycht to Devillyne,  
300 And throu all Myth and Irell syne 296  
And Monester and Lenester,  
And syne haly throu Ulsister,  
To Cragfergus foroutyn bataill,  
For thar wes nane durst thaim assaill.

[Edward Bruce and the Irish kings; his failings]

305 The kingis off Irchery 301  
Come to Schyr Edward halily  
And thar manredyn gan him ma  
Bot giff that it war ane or twa.  
Till Cragfergus thai come again,  
310 In all that way wes nane bargain 306  
Bot giff that ony poynye wer  
That is nocht for to spek of her.  
The Irsche kingis than everilkane  
Hame till thar awne repayr ar gane,  
315 And undretuk in allkyn thing 311  
For till obey to the bidding

Off Schyr Edward that thar king callit thay.  
He wes now weill set in gud way  
To conquer the land halyly,  
320 For he had apon his party 316  
The Irschery and Ulsyster,  
And he wes sa furth on his wer  
That he wes passyt throu Irland  
Fra end till uthyr throu strenth of hand.  
325 Couth he haf governyt him throu skill 321  
And folowyt nocht to fast his will  
Bot with mesur haf led his dede  
It wes weill lik withoutyn drede  
That he mycht haiff conqueryt weill  
330 The land of Irland ilkadele, 326  
Bot his outrageous sucquedry  
And will that wes mar than hardy  
Off purpose lettyt him perfay,  
As Ik herefter sall you say,

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

335 Now leve we her the noble king 331  
All at his ese and his liking,  
And spek we of the lord of Douglas  
That left to kep the marches was.  
He gert set wrychtis that war sleye  
340 And in the halche of Lintaile 336  
He gert thaim mak a fayr maner,  
And quhen the housis biggit wer  
He gert purvay him rycht weill thar  
For he thought to mak ane infar  
345 And to mak gud cher till his men. 341  
In Rychmound wes wonnand then  
Ane erle that men callit Schyr Thomas,  
He had invy at the Douglas  
And said gif that he his baner  
350 Mycht se displayit apon wer 346  
That sone assemble on it suld he.  
He hard how the Douglas thocht to be  
At Lyntailey and fest to ma,  
And he had wittering weill alsua

355 That the king and a gret menye 351  
 War passyt than of the countre  
 And the erle of Murref Thomas,  
 Tharfor he thocht the countre was  
 Febill of men for to withstand  
 360 Men that thame soucht with stalwart hand, 356  
 And of the marchis than had he  
 The governaile and the pouste.  
 He gaderyt folk about him then  
 Quhill he wes ner ten thousand men,  
 365 And wod-axys gert with him tak 361  
 For he thocht he his men wald mak  
 To hew Jedwort Forrest sa clene  
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.  
 Thai held thaim forthwart on thar way,  
 370 Bot the gud lord Douglas that ay 366  
 Had spyis out on ilka sid  
 Had gud wittering that thai wald rid  
 And cum apon him suddanly.  
 Than gaderyt he rycht hastily  
 375 Thaim that he moucht of his menye, 371  
 I trow that than with him had he  
 Fyfty that worthy war and wicht  
 At all poynt armyt weill and dycht,  
 And off archeris a gret menye  
 380 Assemblyt als with him had he. 376  
 A place thar was thar in the way  
 Quhar he thocht weill thai suld away  
 That had wod apon athyr sid,  
 The entre wes weill large and wid  
 385 And as a scheild it narowit ay 381  
 Quhill at intill a place the way  
 Wes nocht a pennystane cast of breid.  
 The lord of Douglas thidder yeid  
 Quhen he wyst thai war ner cummand,  
 390 And a-lauch on the ta hand 386  
 All his archeris enbuschit he  
 And bad thaim hald thaim all preve  
 Quhill that thai hard him rays the cry,  
 And than suld schut hardely  
 395 Amang thar fayis and sow thaim sar 391  
 Quhill that he throu thaim passyt war,

And syne with him furth hald suld thai.  
Than byrkis on athyr sid the way  
That young and thik war growand ner  
400 He knyht togidder on sic maner 396  
That men moucht nocht weill throu thaim rid.

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

Quhen this wes done he gan abid  
Apon the tother half the way,  
And Richmound in gud aray  
405 Come ridand in the fyrst escheill. 401  
The lord Douglas has sene him weill  
And gert his men all hald thaim still  
Quhill at thar hand thai come thaim till  
And entryt in the narow way,  
410 Than with a schout on thaim schot thai 406  
And criyt on hycht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
The Richmound than that worthi was  
Quhen he has hard sua rais the cry  
And Douglas baner saw planly  
415 He dressyt thidderwart in hy 411  
And thai come on sa hardily  
That thai throu thaim maid thaim the way,  
All that thai met till erd bar thai.  
The Richmound borne doun thar was,  
420 On him arestyt the Douglas 416  
And him reversyt and with a knyff  
Rycht in that place reft him the lyff.  
Ane hat apoun his helm he bar  
And that tuk with him Douglas thar  
425 In taknyng, for it furryt was, 421  
And syne in hy thar wayis tays  
Quhill in the wod thai entryt war.  
The archeris weill has borne thaim thar  
For weill and hardily schot thai.  
430 The Inglis rout in gret affray 426  
War set, for Douglas suddanly  
With all thaim of his cumpany  
Or ever thai wyst wes in thar rout  
And thyrlt thaim weill ner throchout,  
435 And had almost all doyn his deid 431

Or thai to help thaim couth tak heid.  
 And quhen thai saw thar lord slayn  
 Thai tuk him up and turnyt agayn  
 To draw thaim fra the schot away,  
 440 Than in a plane assemblit thai 436  
 And for thar lord that thar wes dede  
 Thai schup thaim in that ilk sted  
 For to tak herbery all that nycht.  
 And than the Douglas that wes wicht  
 445 Gat wyttyng ane clerk Elys 441  
 With weill thre hunder ennymys  
 All straucht to Lintaile war gayn  
 And herbery for thar ost had tane.  
 Than thidder is he went in hy  
 450 With all thaim of his cumpany 446  
 And fand clerk Elys at the mete  
 And his round about him set,  
 And thai come on thaim stoutly thar  
 And with swerdis that scharply schar  
 455 Thai servyt thaim full egrely. 451  
 Slayn war thai full grevously  
 That wele ner eschapyt nane,  
 Thai servyt thaim on sa gret wane  
 With scherand swerdis and with knyffis  
 460 That weile ner all left the lyvys. 456  
 Thai had a felloun efter mes,  
 That souchargis to chargand wes.  
 Thai that eschapyt thar throu cas  
 Rycht till the ost the wayis tais  
 465 And tauld how that thar men war slayn 461  
 Sa clene that ner eschapyt nane.  
 And quhen thai of thar ost had herd  
 How that the Douglas with thaim ferd  
 That had thar herbryouris slane  
 470 And ruschyt all thaim self agayn 466  
 And slew thar lord in-myd thar rout,  
 Thar wes nane of thaim all sa stout  
 That mar will than had till assaile  
 The Douglas, tharfor to consaill  
 475 Thai yeid and to purpose has tane 471  
 To wend hamwart, and hamwart ar gan  
 And sped thaim sua apon thar way

That in Ingland sone cummyn ar thai.  
The forest left thai standand still,  
480 To hew it than thai had na will 476  
Specially quhill the Douglas  
Sua ner-hand by thar nychtbur was.  
And he that saw thaim torne agayn  
Persavyt weill thar lord wes slayn  
485 And be the hat that he had tane 481  
He wist alsua weill, for ane  
That takyn wes said him suthly  
That Rychmound commounly  
Wes wount that furryt hat to wer.  
490 Than Douglas blythar wes than er 486  
For he wist weill that Rychmound  
His felloun fa wes brocht to the ground.

[A comparison of Douglas's exploits]

Schyr James of Douglas on this wis  
Throu his worschip and his empris  
495 Defendyt worthely the land. 491  
This poynt of wer, I tak on hand,  
Wes undretane full apertly  
And eschevyt rycht hardely,  
For he stonayit foroutyn wer  
500 That folk that well ten thousand wer 496  
With fyfty armyt men but ma.  
I can als tell you other twa  
Poyntis that wele eschevit wer  
With fyfty men, and but wer  
505 Thai war done sua rycht hardely 501  
That thai war prisit soveranly 502  
Atour all othir poyntis of wer 503  
That in that tym eschevit wer 504  
This wes the fyrst that sua stoutly 501  
510 Wes brocht till end wele with fifty 502  
Into Galloway the tother fell  
Quhen as ye forouth herd me tell  
Schyr Edward the Bruys with fifty  
Vencussyt of Sanct Jhon Schyr Amery  
515 And fyften hunder men be tale. 507  
The thrid fell intill Esdail

Quhen that Schyr Jhone the Soullis was  
The governour of all that place,  
That to Schyr Androw Hardclay  
520 With fifty men withset the way 512  
That had thar in his cumpany  
Thre hunder horsyt jolyly.  
This Schyr Jhone intill playn melle  
Throu soverane hardiment and bounte  
525 Vencussyt thaim sturdely ilkan 517  
And Schyr Andrew in hand has tane,  
I will nocht rehers the maner  
For quha-sa likis thai may her  
Young wemen quhen thai will play  
530 Syng it amang thaim ilk day. 522  
Thir war the worthi poyntis thre  
That I trow evermar sall be  
Prissyt quhile men may on thaim mene.  
It is well worth foroutyn wene  
535 That thar namys for evermar, 527  
That in thar tym sua worthi war  
That men till her yeit has daynte,  
For thar worschip and thar bounte  
Be lestand ay furth in loving,  
540 Quhar He that is of hevynnys king 532  
Bring thaim he up till hevynnys blis  
Quhar allwayis lestand loving is.

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

In this tym that the Richmound  
Was on this maner brocht to ground  
545 Men off the cost off Inland 537  
That dwelt on Humbre or nerhand  
Gaderyt thaim a gret mengne  
And went in schippes to the se,  
And towart Scotland went in hy  
550 And in the Fyrth come hastely. 542  
Thai wend till haiff all thar liking  
For thai wist weile that the king  
Wes then fer out of the countre,  
With him mony of gret bounte,  
555 Tharfor into the Fyrth come thai 547



And endlang it up held thai  
Quhill thai besid Ennerkething  
On west half towart Dunferlyng  
Tuk land and fast begouth to ryve.  
560 The erle of Fyff and the schyrreff 552  
Saw to thar cost schippis approchand  
Thai gaderyt to defend thar land  
And a-forgayn the schippis ay  
As thai saillyt thai held thar way  
565 And thocht to let thaim land to tak. 557  
And quhen the schipmen saw thaim mak  
Swilk contenance in sic aray  
Thai said amang thaim all that thai  
Wald nocht let for thaim land to ta,  
570 Than to the land thai sped thaim sua 562  
That thai come thar in full gret hy  
And aryvyt full hardely.  
The Scottismen saw thar cummyng  
And had of thaim sic abasing  
575 That thai all samyn raid thaim fra 567  
And the land letles lete thaim ta.  
Thai durst nocht fecht with thaim, forthi  
Thai withdrew thaim all halily  
The-quhethyr thai war fyve hunder ner.

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

580 Quhen thai away thus ridand wer 572  
And na defens begouth to schape,  
Off Dunkeldyn the gud byschap  
That men callyt Wilyam the Sanctecler  
Come with a rout in gud maner.  
585 I trow on hors thai war sixty, 577  
Himselff was armyt jolyly  
And raid apon a stalwart sted,  
A chemer for till hele his wed  
Apon his armour had he then  
590 And armyt weill als war his men. 582  
The erle and the schyrreff met he  
Awaywart with thar gret menye,  
And askyt thaim weill sone quhat hy  
Maid thaim to turne sa hastily.

595 Thai said thar fayis with stalwart hand 587  
 Had in sic foysoun takyn the land  
 That thai thocht thaim all out to fele  
 And thaim to few with thaim to dele.  
 Quhen the bischap hard it wes sua  
 600 He said, 'The king aucht weill to ma 592  
 Off you, that takys sa wele on hand  
 In his absence to wer his land.  
 Certis giff he gert serff you weill  
 The gilt spuris rycht be the hele  
 605 He suld in hy ger hew you fra, 597  
 Rycht wald with cowartis men did sua.  
 Quha luffis his lord or his cuntre  
 Turne smertly now agayne with me.'  
 With that he kest of his chemer  
 610 And hynt in hand a stalwart sper 602  
 And raid towart his fayis in hy,  
 All turnyt with him halyly  
 For he had thaim reprovyt sua  
 That off thaim all nane fled him fra.  
 615 He raid befor thaim sturdely 607  
 And thai him folowyt sarraly  
 Quhill that thai come ner approachand  
 To thar fayis that had tane land,  
 And sum war knyht in gud aray  
 620 And sum war went to the foray. 612  
 The gud bischap quhen he thaim saw  
 He said, 'Lordingis, but drede or aw  
 Pryk we apon thaim hardely  
 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly.  
 625 Se thai us cum but abaysing 617  
 Sua that we mak her na stinting  
 Thai sall weill sone discumfyt be.  
 Now dois weill, for men sall se  
 Quha luffis the kingis mensk today.'  
 630 Than all togidder in gud aray 622  
 Thai prekyt apon thaim sturdely,  
 The byschap that wes rycht hardy  
 And mekill and stark raid forouth ay.  
 Than in a frusche assemblit thai,  
 635 And thai that at the fryst meting 627  
 Feld off the speris sa sar sowing

Wandyst and wald haiff bene away,  
Towart thar schippis in hy held thai,  
And thai thaim chassyt fellounly  
640 And slew thaim sua dispitously 632  
That all the feldis strowyt war  
Off Inglismen that slane war thar,  
And thai yeyt that held unslayne  
Pressyt to the se agayne,  
645 And Scottismen that chassyt sua 637  
Slew all that ever thai mycht ourta.  
Bot thai that fled yeit nocht-forthi  
Sua to thar schippis gan thaim hy,  
And in sum barge sua fele gan ga  
650 And thar fayis hastyt thaim sua 642  
That thai our-tumblyt and the men  
That war tharin war drownyt then.  
Thar did ane Inglisman perfay  
A weill gret strenth as Ik hard say,  
655 For quhen he chassyt wes till his bat 647  
A Scottisman that him handlyt hat  
He hynt than be the armys twa,  
And, war him wele or war him wa,  
He evyn apon his bak him slang  
660 And with him to the bat gan gang 652  
And kest him in all mawgre his,  
This wes a wele gret strenth i-wis.  
The Inglismen that wan away  
To thar schippis in hy went thai  
665 And saylyt hame angry and wa 657  
That thai had bene rebutyt sua.

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

Quhen that the schipmen on this wis  
War discumfyt as I devys  
The byschap that sa weill him bar  
670 That he all hartyt that thar war 662  
Was yeyt into the fechtyn-sted  
Quhar that fyve hunder ner war ded  
Foroutyn thaim that drownyt war,  
And quhen the feld was spulyeit bar  
675 Thai went all hame to thar repar. 667

To the byschap is fallyn fayr  
That throu his price and his bounte  
Wes eschevyt swilk a journé.  
The king tharfor ay fra that day  
680 Him luffyt and prisyt and honoryt ay 672  
And held him in suytk daynte  
That his awne bischop him callit he.  
Thus thai defendyt the countre  
Apon bath halffis the Scottis se  
685 Quhill that the king wes out off land 677  
That than as Ik haf borne on hand  
Throu all Irland his cours had maid  
And agane to Cragfergus raid.  
And quhen his broder as he war king  
690 Had all the Irschery at bidding 682  
And haly Ulsistre alsua  
He buskyt hame his way to ta.  
Off his men that war mast hardy  
And prisyt mast of chevalry  
695 With his broder gret part left he, 687  
And syne is went him to the se.  
Quhen thar levys on ather party  
Wes tane he went to schip him in hy,  
The Erle Thomas with him he had,  
700 Thai raissyt sayllis but abaid 692  
And in land off Galloway  
Forout perell aryvyt thai.

John Barbour

## The Brus Book Xviii

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

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

For his walk thar that nycht suld fall.

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

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

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

To Duns Park with his menye  
He come at evyn prively,  
And syne with a gud cumpany  
Sone eftyr come the Erle Thomas  
80 That wes met with the lord Douglas.  
A rycht fayr cumpany thai war  
Quhen thai war met togidder thar,  
And quhen the marchell the covyn  
To bath the lordis lyne be lyne  
85 Had tauld, thai went furth on thar way.  
Fer fra the toun thar hors left thai,  
To mak it schort sua wrocht thai then  
That but seyng off ony men  
Outane Sym of Spaldyn allane  
90 That gert that deid be undertane  
Thai set thar leddrys to the wall,  
And but persaving come up all  
And held thaim in a nuk preve  
Quhill that the nycht suld passit be,  
95 And ordanyt that the maist party  
Off thar men suld gang sarraly  
With thar lordis and hald a stale,  
And the remanand suld all hale  
Skail throu the toun and tak or sla  
100 The men that thai mycht ourta.  
Bot sone this ordynance brak thai,  
For alsone as it dawyt day  
The twa partis off thar men and ma  
All scalyt throu the toun gan ga.  
105 Sa gredy war thai to the gud  
That thai ran rycht as thai war woud  
And sesyt housis and slew men,  
And thai that saw thar fayis then  
Cum apon thaim sa suddanly  
110 Throu-out the toun thai raissyt the cry  
And schot togidder her and thar,  
As ay as thai assemblyt war  
Thai wald abid and mak debate.  
Had thai bene warnyt wele I wate

115 Thai suld haiff sauld thar dedis der  
For thai war gud men and thai wer  
Fer ma than thai were that thaim socht,  
Bot thai war scalyt that thai mocht  
On na maner assemblyt be.

120 Thar war gret melleys twa or thre,  
Bot Scottismen sa weile thaim bar  
That thar fayis ay ruschyt war  
And contraryit at the last war sua  
That thai haly the bak gan ta,

125 Sum gat the castell bot nocht all  
And sum ar slydyn our the wall  
And sum war intill handis tane  
And sum war intill bargane slane.

On this wis thaim contenynt thai

130 Quhill it wes ner none of the day,  
Than thai that in the castell war  
And other that fled to thaim thar  
That war a rycht gret cumpany  
Quhen thai the baneris saw simply

135 Standand and stuffyt with a quhone  
Thar yattis haff thai opnyt sone  
And ischit on thaim hardely.

Than the Erle Thomas that wes worthi  
And the gud lord als of Douglas

140 With the few folk that with thaim was  
Met thaim stoutly with wapnys ser.  
Thar mycht men se that had bene ner  
Men abandoune thaim hardely.

[The town of Berwick falls]

The Inglismen faucht cruelly

145 And with all mychtis gan thaim payn  
To rusche the Scottis men agayn.

I trow thai had done sua perfay  
For thai war fewar fer than thai

Giff it na had bene a new-mad knyght

150 That till his name Schyr Wilyam hycht,  
Off Keyth and off Gallistoun  
He hycht throu difference of sournoune,  
That bar him sa rycht weill that day



And put him till sua hard assay  
155 And sic dyntis about him dang  
That quhar he saw the thickest thrang  
He pressyt with sa mekill mycht  
And sua enforslye gan fycht  
That he maid till his mengne way,  
160 And thai that ner war by him ay  
Dang on thar fayis sua hardely  
That thai haff tane the bak in hy  
And till the castell held the way,  
And at gret myscheiff entryt thai  
165 For thai war pressyt thar sa fast  
That thai fele lesyt of the last.  
Bot thai that entryt nocht-forthi  
Sparyt thar yattis hastily  
And in hy to the wallis ran  
170 For thai war nocht all sekyr than.

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

The toun wes takyn on this wis  
Throu gret worschip and hey empris,  
And all the gud that thai thar fand  
Wes sesyt smertly intill hand.  
175 Vittail they fand in gret foysoun  
And all that fell to stuff off toun  
That kepyt thai fra destroying,  
And syn has word send to the king,  
And he wes off that tything blyth  
180 And sped him thidderwart swith  
And as he throu the cuntre raid  
Men gaderyt till him quhill he haid  
A mekill rout of worthi men,  
And the folk that war wonnand then  
185 Intill the Mers and Tevidail  
And in the Forest als all hale  
And the est end off Lothiane  
Befor that the king come ar gane  
To Berwik with sa stalwart hand  
190 That nane that wes that tyme wonnand  
On yond half Tweid durst weil apper.  
And thai that in the castell wer

Quhen thai thar fayis in sic plente  
Saw forouth thaim assemblyt be  
195 And had na hop of reskewing  
Thai war abaysit in gret thing,  
Bot thai the castell nocht-forthi  
Held thai fyve dayis sturdely  
Syne yauld it on the sext day,  
200 And till thar countre syne went thai.

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

Thus wes the castell and the toun  
Till Scottis mennys possessioun  
Brocht, and sone eftre he king  
Come ridand with his gadering  
205 To Berwik, and in the castell  
He wes herbrid bath fayr and weill  
And all his lordis him by,  
The remanand commonaly  
Till herbry till the toun ar gane.  
210 The king has then to consaill tan  
That he wald nocht brek doun the wall  
Bot castell and the toun witthall  
Stuff weill with men and with vittail  
And alkyn other apparail  
215 That mycht availe or ellis myster  
To hald castell or toun off wer,  
And Walter Stewart of Scotland  
That than wes young and avenand  
And sone-in-laucht wes to the king  
220 Haid sa gret will and sic yarnyng  
Ner-hand the marchis for to be  
That Berwik to yemsell tuk he,  
And resavit of the king the toun  
And the castell and the dongeoun.  
225 The king gert men of gret noblay  
Ryd intill Ingland for to pray  
That brocht out gret plente of fe,  
And sum contreis trewynt he  
For vittail, that in gret foysoun  
230 He gert bring smertly to the toun

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

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

Quhen to the king of England  
Was tauld how that with stalwart hand  
Berwik wes tane and stuffyt syn  
With men and vittail and armyn  
265 He wes anoyit gretumly  
And gert assermbill all halely  
His consaill, and has tane to reid  
That he hys ost will thidder leid  
And with all mycht that he mycht get

270 To the toune ane assege set,  
And gert dyk thaim sa stalwartly  
That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly  
Thai suld fer out the traister be.  
And gif the men of the contre  
275 With strenth of men wald thaim assaill  
At thar dykis into bataill  
Thai suld avantage have gretly,  
Thocht all Scottis for gret foly  
War till assaill into fechting  
280 At hys dykis sa stark a thing.  
Quhen this consaill on this maner  
Wes tane he gert bath fer and ner  
Hys ost haly assemblyt be,  
Ane gret folk than with him had he.  
285 Off Longcastell the Erle Thomas  
That syne wes sanct as men sayis  
In his cumpany wes thar  
And all the erllys that als war  
In Ingland worthi for to fycht,  
290 And baronys als of mekill mycht  
With him to that assege had he,  
And gert his schippis by the se  
Bring schot and other apparail  
And gret warnysone of vittail.  
295 To Berwik with all his menye  
With his bataillis arayit come he,  
And till gret lordis ilkane sindry  
Ordanyt a feld for thar herbry.  
Than men mycht sone se pailyounys  
300 Be stentyt of syndry fassounys  
That thai a toune all sone maid thar  
Mar than bath toun and castell war.  
On other half syne on the se  
The schippis come in sic plente  
305 With vittail armyng and with men  
That all the havyn wes stoppyt then.  
And quhen thai that war in the toun  
Saw thar fayis in sic foyssoun  
Be land and se cum sturdely,  
310 Thai as wycht men and rycht worthi  
Schup thaim to defend thar steid

That thai in aventur of deid  
Suld put thaim or than rusch agane  
Thar fayis, for thar capitane  
315 Tretyt thaim sa luflely,  
And thar-with-all the mast party  
Off thaim that armyt with him wer  
War of his blud and sib him ner,  
Or ellis war his elye.  
320 Off sic confort men mycht thaim se  
And of sa rycht far contenyng  
As nane of thaim had abaysing.  
On dayis armyt weill war thai  
And on the nycht wele walkyt ay,  
325 Weill sex dayis sua thai abaid  
That na full gret bargane haid.

[The English assault the town by land]

Intill this tyme that I tell her  
That thai withoutyn bargayne wer  
The Inglismen sa clossyt had  
330 Thar ost with dykis that thai maid  
That thai war strenthit gretumly.  
Syne with all handis besely  
Thai schup thaim with thair apparail  
Thaim of the toun for till assaill,  
335 And of our ladys evyn Mary  
That bar the byrth that all gan by  
That men callis hyr nativite  
Sone in the mornyng men mycht se  
The Inglis ost arme thaim in hy  
340 And display baneris sturdely,  
And assembl to thar baneris  
With instrumentis of ser maneris  
As scaffoldis leddris and covering  
Pikkys, howis and with staff-slyng.  
345 Till ilk lord and his bataill  
Wes ordanyt quhar he suld assaill.  
And thai within, quhen that thai saw  
That mengne raung thaim sua on raw  
Till thar wardis thai went in hy  
350 That war stuffyt rycht stalwartly

With stanys and schot and other thing  
 That nedyt to thar defending,  
 And into sic maner abaid  
 Thair fayis that till assail thaim maid.  
 355 Quhen thai without war all redy  
 Thai trumpyt till asalt in hy,  
 And ilk man with his apparail  
 Quhar he suld be went till assaill,  
 Till ilk kyrnell that war thar  
 360 Archeris to schut assignyt war,  
 And quhen on this wys thai war boun  
 Thai went in hy towart the toun  
 And fillyt the dykis hastily,  
 Syne to the wall rycht hardely  
 365 Thai went with leddris that thai haid.  
 Bot thai sa gret defend has maid  
 That war abovyne apon the wall  
 That oft leddris and men with-all  
 Thai gert fall flatlingis to the ground,  
 370 That men mycht se in a litill stound  
 Men assailand hardely  
 Dressand up leddris douchtely  
 And sum on leddris pressand war.  
 Bot thai that on the wall war thar  
 375 Till all perellis gan abandoun  
 Thaim till thar fayis war dongyn doun.  
 At gret myscheff defendyt thai  
 Thar toun, for, giff we suth sall say,  
 The wallis of the toun than wer  
 380 Sa law that a man with a sper  
 Mycht stryk ane other up in the face,  
 And the schot alsa thik thar was  
 That it war wondre for to se.  
 Walter Stewart with a menye  
 385 Raid ay about for to se quhar  
 That for to help mast myster war,  
 And quhar men presit mast he maid  
 Succour till his that myster haid.  
 The mekill folk that wes without  
 390 Haid enveronyt the toun about  
 Sua that na part of it wes fre.  
 Thar mycht men the assailiaris se

Abandoun thaim rycht hardely,  
And the defendouris douchtely  
395 With all thar mychtis gan thaim payn  
To put thar fayis with force agayn.

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

On this wis thaim contenynt thai  
Quhill none wes passit off the day,  
Than thai that in the schippis wer  
400 Ordanyt a schip with full gret fer  
To cum with all hyr apparail  
Rycht to the wall for till assaill.  
Till myd-mast up thar bat thai drew  
With armyt men tharin inew,  
405 A brig thai had for to lat fall  
Rycht fra the bat apon the wall,  
With bargis by hir gan thai row  
And pressyt thaim rycht fast to tow  
Hyr by the brighous to the wall,  
410 On that entent thai set thaim all.  
Thai brocht hyr quhill scho come well ner,  
Than mycht men se on seir maner  
Sum men defend and sum assaill  
Full besyly with gret travaill.  
415 Within sa stoutly thai thaim bar  
That the schipmen sa handlyt war  
That thai the schip on na maner  
Mycht ger to cum the wall sa ner  
That thar fall-brig mycht neych thartill  
420 For oucht thai mycht gud or ill,  
Quhill that scho ebyyt on the grund,  
Than mycht men in a litill stound  
Se thaim be fer of wer covyn  
Than thai war er that war hyr in.  
425 And quhen the se wes ebyyt sua  
That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,  
Out off the toun ischit in hy  
Till hyr a weill gret cumpany  
And fyr till hyr has keyndlyt son.  
430 Into schort tyme sua haif thai done  
That thai in fyr has gert hyr bryn

And sum war slayn that war hyr in  
 And sum fled and away ar gane.  
 Ane engynour thar haif thai tane  
 435 That wes sleast of that myster  
 That men wist ony fer or ner,  
 Intill the toun syne entryt thai.  
 It fell thaim happily perfay  
 That thai gat in sa hastily  
 440 For thar come a gret cumpany  
 In full gret hy up by the se  
 Quhen thai the schip saw brynnand be,  
 Bot or thai come, the tother war past  
 The yat and barryt it rycht fast.  
 445 That folk assaylyt fast that day,  
 And thai within defendyt ay  
 On sic a wis that thai that war  
 With gret enforce assailland thar  
 Mycht do thar will on na maner.  
 450 And quhen that evynsang tym wes ner  
 The folk without that war wery  
 And sum woundyt full cruelly  
 Saw thaim within defend thaim sua,  
 And saw it wes nocht eyth to ta  
 455 The toun quhill sic defens wes mad,  
 And thai that intill stering had  
 The ost saw that thar schip war brynt  
 And of thaim that tharin wes tynt,  
 And thar folk woundyt and wery,  
 460 Thai gert blaw the retreit in hy.  
 Fra the schipmen rebotyt war  
 Thai lete the tother assaill no mar,  
 For throu the schip thai wend ilkan  
 That thai the toun wele suld haf tane.  
 465 Men sayis that ma schippis than sua  
 Pressyt that tym the toun to ta,  
 Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane  
 And the engynour tharin wes tane  
 Her-befor mencioune maid I  
 470 Bot off a schip allanerly.

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



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

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

[The battle at Myton-on-Swale]

Sua lang thai raid destroyand sua  
As thai traversyt to and fra  
That thai ar cummyn to Repoun  
And destroyit haly that toun,  
535 At Borowbrig syne thar herbry  
Thai tuk and at Mytoun tharby.  
And quhen the men of that countre  
Saw thar land sua destroyit be  
Thai gaderyt into full gret hy  
540 Archeris burges and yhumanry  
Preystis clerkys monkis and freris  
Husbandis and men of all maneris  
Quhill that thai samyn assemblit war  
Wele twenty thousand men and mar,  
545 Rycht gud armys inew thai had.  
The archebyschop ofYork thai mad  
Thar capitane, and to consaill  
Has tane that thai in plane bataill  
Wald assaill the Scottismen  
550 That fewar than thai war then.  
Than he displayit his baner

And other byschappis that thar wer  
Gert display thar baneris alsua,  
All in a rout furth gan thai ga  
555 Towart Mytoun the redy way.  
And quhen the Scottismen hard say  
Thai war to thaim cummand ner  
Thai buskyt thaim on thar best maner  
And delyt thaim in bataillis twa,  
560 Douglas the avaward gan ma,  
The rerward maid Erle Thomas  
For chyftane of the ost he was  
And sua ordanyt in gud aray  
Towart thar fayis thai held thar way.  
565 Quhen athyr had on other sycht  
Thai pressyt on bath half to the fycht.  
The Inglismen come rycht sadly  
With gud contenance and hardy  
Rycht in a frusch with thar baner  
570 Quhill thar fayis come sa ner  
That thai thar visag mycht se,  
Thre sper lenth I trow weill mycht be  
Betwix thaim, quhen sic abasing  
Tuk thaim that but mar in a swyng  
575 Thai gaff the bak all and to-ga.  
Quhen the Scottismen had sene thaim sua  
Effrayitly fle all thar way  
In gret hy apon thaim schot thai  
And slew and tuk a gret party,  
580 The laiff fled full effrayitly  
As thai best moucht to sek warand.  
Thai chassyt sa ner at hand  
That ner a thousand deyt thar.  
Off thaim yet thre hunder war  
585 Preystis that deyt in that chas,  
Tharfor that bargane callit was  
The chaptur of Mytone for thar  
Slayn sa mony prestis war.

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

Quhen this folk thus discomfyt was

590 And Scottismen had left the chas  
 Thai went thaim forthward in the land  
 Slayand sua and destroyand,  
 And thai that at the sege lay  
 Or it wes passyt the fyft day  
 595 Had maid thaim syndry apparal  
 To gang eftsonys till assaill.  
 Off gret gestis a sow thai maid  
 That stalwart heildyne aboun it had  
 With armyt men inew tharin  
 600 And instrumentis for to myne,  
 Syndry scaffaldis thai maid withall  
 That war weill heyar than the wall,  
 And ordanyt als that be the se  
 The toun suld weill assaillyt be.  
 605 Thai within that saw thaim sua  
 Sua gret apparail schap to ma  
 Throu Crabys consaill that wes sley  
 A crane thai haiff gert dres up hey  
 Rynnand on quheillis that thai mycht bring  
 610 It quhar that nede war of helping,  
 And pyk and ter als haiff thai tane  
 And lynt and herdis and brynstane  
 And dry treyis that weill wald brin  
 And mellyt ather other in,  
 615 And gret fagaldis tharoff thai maid  
 Gyrdyt with irne bandis braid,  
 The fagaldis weill mycht mesuryt be  
 Till a gret townys quantite.  
 Thai fagaldis brynnand in a baill  
 620 With thar cran thocht thai till availl,  
 And gyff the sow come to the wall  
 To let it brynnand on hyr fall  
 And with stark chenyeis hald it thar  
 Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.  
 625 Engynys alsua for to cast  
 Thai ordanyt and maid redy fast  
 And set ilk man syne till his ward,  
 And Schyr Walter the gud Steward  
 With armyt men suld rid about  
 630 And se quhar that thar war mast dout  
 And succour thar with his menye.

And quhen thai in sic degre  
 Had maid thaim for defending,  
 On the Rud Evyn in the dawning  
 635 The Inglis ost blew till assaill.  
 Than mycht men with ser apparail  
 Se that gret ost cum sturdely,  
 The toun enveround thai in hy  
 And assaillyt with sua gret will  
 640 For all thar mycht thai set thartill  
 That thaim pressyt fast on the toun.  
 Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun  
 To dede or than to w oundis sar  
 Sa weill has thaim defendit thar  
 645 That leddrys to the ground thai slang,  
 And with stanys sa fast thai dang  
 Thar fayis that fele thar left liand  
 Sum dede sum hurt and sum swonand.  
 Bot thai that held on feyt in hy  
 650 Drew thaim away deliverly  
 And scounryt nocht for that thing  
 Bot went stoutly till assailling,  
 And thai aboun defendyt ay  
 And set thaim to sa hard assay  
 655 Quhill that fele of thaim woundyt war,  
 And thai sa gret defens maid thar  
 That thai styntit thar fayis mycht.  
 Apon sic maner gan thai fycht  
 Quhill it wes ner none of the day,  
 660 Than thai without on gret aray  
 Pressyt thar sowe towart the wall.

[The Scots force the engineer to destroy the sow]

And thai within sone gert call  
 The engynour that takyn was,  
 And gret mannance till him mais  
 665 And swour that he suld dey bot he  
 Provyt on the sow sic sutelte  
 That he to-fruschyt hir ilk-dele,  
 And he that has persavyt wele  
 That the dede wes weill ner him till  
 670 Bot giff he mycht fulfill thar will

Thocht that he at his mycht wald do.  
 Bendyt in gret hy than wes scho  
 That till the sow wes evyn set,  
 In hy he gert draw the cleket  
 675 And smertly swappyt out a stane.  
 Evyn our the sow the stane is gane  
 And behind it a litill wey  
 It fell, and than thai criyt hey  
 That war in hyr, 'Furth to the wall,  
 680 For dredles it is ouris all.'  
 The gynour than deliverly  
 Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy  
 And the stane smertly swappyt out,  
 It flaw out quheterand with a rout  
 685 And fell rycht evyn befor the sow.  
 Thar hartis than begouth to grow,  
 Bot yeyt than with thar mychtis all  
 Thai pressyt the sow towart the wall  
 And has hyr set tharto juntly.  
 690 The gynour than gert bend in hy  
 The gyne and wappyt out the stane  
 That evyn towart the lyft is gane  
 And with gret wecht syne duschit down  
 Rycht be the wall in a randoun,  
 695 And hyt the sow in sic maner  
 That it that wes the mast summer  
 And starkest for to stynt a strak  
 In sunder with that dusche it brak.  
 The men ran out in full gret hy,  
 700 And on the wallis thai gan cry  
 That thar sow wes feryt thar.  
 Jhone Crab that had his ger all yar  
 In his fagaldis has set the fyr  
 And our the wall syne gan thaim wyr  
 705 And brynt the sow till brundis bar.  
 With all thys fast assailyeand war  
 The folk without with felloun fycht,  
 And thai within with mekill mycht  
 Defendyt manlily thar steid  
 710 Into gret aventur off deid.

[An attack by a ship is repulsed]

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

[The Steward's defence of the Mary gate]

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

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



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

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

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

On athyr syd that nyght thai war  
All still, and on the morn but mar  
Thar come tythandis out off Ingland  
830 To thaim of the ost, that bar on hand  
How that by Borowbrig at Mytoun  
Thar men war slayn and dongyn doun,  
And at the Scottismen throu the land  
Raid yeit brynnand and destroyand.  
835 And quhen the king had hard this tale  
His consaile he assemblyt haile  
To se quether fayr war him till  
To ly about the toun all still  
And assailye quhill it wonnyn war,  
840 Or than in Ingland for to fayr  
And reskew his land and his men.  
His consaill fast discordyt then,  
For sotheroun men wald that he mad  
Arest thar quhill he wonnyn haid  
845 The toun and the castell alsua,  
Bot northyn men wald na thing sua  
That dred thar frendis for to tyn  
And mast part of thar gudis syne  
Throu Scottismennys cruelte,  
850 Thai wald he lete the sege be  
And raid for to reskew his land.  
Off Longcastell I tak on hand  
The Erle Thomas wes ane of tha  
That consaillyt the king hame to ga,  
855 And for that mar inclynyt he  
To the folk of the south cowntre  
Na to the northyn mennys will,  
He tuk it to sa mekill ill  
That he gert turs his ger in hy  
860 And with his bataill halily  
That off the ost ner thrid part was  
Till Ingland hame his way he tais.  
But leve he hame has tane his gat,  
Tharfor fell efter sic debat  
865 Betwix him and the king that ay  
Lastyt quhill Androw Hardclay  
That throu the king wes on him set

Tuk him rycht in Pomfret,  
And on ane hill beside the toun  
870 Strak off his hede but ransoun,  
Tharfor syne hyngyt and drawyn wes he  
And with him a weill gret menye.  
Men said syne efter this Thomas  
That on this wis maid marter was  
875 Was saynct and myrakillis did,  
Bot envy syne gert thaim be hid,  
Bot quhether he haly wes or nane  
At Pomfret thus was he slane.  
And syne the king of Ingland  
880 Quhen that he saw him tak on hand  
To pas his way sa opynly,  
Him thocht it wes perell to ly  
Thar with the lave of his menye  
Hys harnays tharfor tursit he  
885 And intill Ingland hame gan he far.  
The Scottismen that destroyand war  
In Ingland sone hard tell tithing  
Off this gret sege departing,  
Tharfor thai tuk westwart the way  
890 And till Carlele hame went ar thai  
With prayis and with presoneris  
And other gudis on ser maneris.  
The lordis to the king ar gain,  
And the lave has thar wayis tain  
895 Ilk man till his repayr agayne.  
The king i-wys was wondre fayn  
That thay war cummyn hale and fer,  
And that thai sped on sic maner  
That thai thar fayis discomfyt hade  
900 And but tynsaill of men has maid  
Rescours to thaim that in Berwik  
War assegyt rycht till thar dyk.  
And quhen the king had speryt tithand  
How thai had farne in Ingland  
905 And thai had tauld him all hale thar far  
How Inglismen discumfyt war,  
Rycht blyth intill his hart wes he  
And maid them fest with gamyn and gle.

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

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

