

Classic Poetry Series

John Barbour

- 21 poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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.

Life

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.

Works

The Brus

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!

Stewartis Oryginalle

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.

Buik of Alexander

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.

Legends of the Saints

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.

Legacy

As "father" of Scots poetry, Barbour holds a place in the Scotland's literary tradition similar to the position often given to [Chaucer](http://www.poemhunter.com/geoffrey-chaucer/), 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.

Works:

The Brus
The Stewartis Oryginalle
The Brut

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.
Toward 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 discouriouris 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 knyt 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 apou 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 foyssoun
 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 Ingrand
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 menyt him full tenderly
Our all the land commounaly,
And thai that with him slayn war thar
210 Full tenderly als menyt 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
Toward 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 Ingland 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 foyssoun 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
Toward 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
Assemblill 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
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 Ingland 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 Ingland 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
 Cummyn 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 knychtis 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 apon 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 surprisit was
That he wes tane throu hard fechting.
And tharfor syne in his ending
He wes renownyt for best of hand
430 Off a knycht off all England,
For this ilk Schyr Rauf of Cobhame
Intill all England he had name
For the best knycht 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 rycht 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 was 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 knychtis 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 Inghland
 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 Inlandis 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 England
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 knychtis 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 Quhenever 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 knychtis 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 answar
 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 apon the se
 Dstroyit 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
Quhenever 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 Inland for to bryn and sla, 248
 And thai held furth till Inland.
 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 Inland 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 cryt 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 rycht 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 tharthrough 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 cryt 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 foysoun 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 nychtyrtale 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 'Schyrr,' 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 lysis now enclossyt her.
 715 Than sall we all be at our will 711
 And thai sall lete thaim trumptyt 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 cariland 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 cryt 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.
Toward 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 Inghland
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 Inghland in governyng,
That than of eild had sevyn yer.
And monymentis and lettrys ser
45 That thai of Inghland 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 Inghland 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
Toward 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 witt 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 biddying 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 knycht

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 yarnyng
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 approachit 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 wycht
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 lestynt ay
With all our nyghtbouris 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 Ennamylt 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 squery 320
He put him thar to the se.
A lang way furthwart saylit he,
For betwix Cornwaill and Bretaynne
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
Travailyt 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 contenyt 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 vaiaige
 To pas intill pilgramage
 355 On Goddis fayis, that his travaill 345
 Mycht till his saule hele availl,
 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 countre
 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-fruschyt 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 Balmeryne
With mony a mody Saryzine
405 Was entryt intill the land off Spanye 395
All hale the countre to manye.
The king off Spaynye on other party
Gaderyt 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 knychtis 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 lyis 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 menynt 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 tumbe 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 deynt 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 always 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 wucht 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 offsprynge
 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 lower 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 succed 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 swylyk 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 lawte
 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 Knaw thingis that ar to fall,
 But God that is off maist powesté
 Reservyt till his majesté
 For to knaw 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 through 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 Schyrreffys 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 tretyt 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 know weill the propyrte
235 The angyr na the wrechyt dome
That is couplyt to foule thyrlidome,
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 comperying
 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 Ingland 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 thoct ay encrely
 To do his deid avysily.
 He thoct 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 thoct 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 feneyng 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 knyvvys 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 wucht 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 dedeynyeit 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 schuldris 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 fullfilyt 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 worldys 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 troublit 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 tyme 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 conqueryt Babilonys tour
 And all this warld 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 punsoun 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 soun 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 ententily
 And answeyrt 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
Cummyn 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-throuch 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 knyghtis 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
Thocht 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 Andrews 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, 'Sekyrlly
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-quhether 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 swyht 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 hailstyt 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 wucht 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 Ingland 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 nicht 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
Toward 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 toward 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 ryght avisely
Willfull to do chevalry.

[The battle of Methven]

On athir syd thus war thai yhar
350 And till assemble all redy war. 347
Thai straucht thar speris on athir syd
And swa ruydly gan samyn ryd
That speris al to-fruschynt 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 vencusynt 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 ruschynt 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 knycht.
 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 conqyr 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 knycht
 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 intill 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 enssenyne 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 Ingland 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 Ingland
 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 alwayis 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 thredome 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 chesyt 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 wuchtis 522
 Off swilk stenthitis 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 recur.
 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 lyis
 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.

John Barbour

The Brus Book III

The lord of Lorn attacks the king's men]

The lord off Lorne wonnyt thar-by
That wes capitale ennemy
To the king for his emys sak
Jhon Comyn, and thocht for to tak
5 Vengeance apon cruell maner.
Quhen he the king wyst 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-quehethir 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 cowartly
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 stynty 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 worthly
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 Maknauchtan
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 nycht 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 knychtis 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 knychtis 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 toun 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 sekryly
Dwell thar quhill thai war vittailit 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 knychtis 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 Cumbyn 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-cumbyn was
 Throu the rycht 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 poverté.
 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 diseise
 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 off 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 alwayis 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 alwayis 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]

Their 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 heyght 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 ryght 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 ryght 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 tretyt 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 strait 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 Ingland 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 gyirth 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 gyirth thame all has tayne
And syne has send thaim everilkane
Rycht intill Ingland 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 troublt 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 Ingland 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 counre
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 Inland 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 discover.
 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 contenynt 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 tummyllyt doun
Syne towart Ingland 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-quehether 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 wyst 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-quehether 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 Flemyngis 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 shall fall in the fechtung
 255 And shall faile honour off erding,
 And thi Ferand Mynerve my der
 Shall 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 fechtung
 280 Quhar he discomfyt wes and schent
 And takin and to Paris sent,
 Bot in the fechtung 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 ryght 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 quatever 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 lyis 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 apon thair best maner
 380 And thought 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 knychtis 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 chargin 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 apou the tother day
Gan till his preve menye say,
520 'Ye know 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 Carrick
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 witting
 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 fullill 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 rewynt 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 Turnberys 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 convyne 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 apon 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 upon thingis wyrk her down
 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 wyst scho.
And man is into dreding ay
Off thingis that he has herd say,
Namly off thingis to cum, quhill he
765 Knaw 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 convyne
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 medicyne 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 fechting,
 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 foullyly
 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
Obseysyt 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.
Towart 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 down 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*
 Towart 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 townfolk]

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 ryotyt 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 Inghland 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 wytryng 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 wucht 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 mornynge 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 thyrlit 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 quyt 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 gladsome 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 Ingland, in playne fechtynng 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 knaw
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 rycht 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 alwaysis 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 kimg
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
Fullfilyt of dispyt and prid
Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt
War herberynt 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
Enclynnyt 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 cosynage 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 pesabyly
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 himself 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 gladschip 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 Sondag 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 apoun 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
 Ruschyt amang thame to and fra,
 Bot ane or twa foroutin ma
 Than in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill Douglas come rycht 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 hardly
 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 surpris
 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 Vittalis that mycht nocht tursyt be
 On this maner destroyit he,
 Als quheyt 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,
 Vittail 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 Thyrlwallys 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-queheter 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 fullfilyt thar dvice 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 fullfilyt 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 allways

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 suppris
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 suppris 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 ryght 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 hardyly
 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 cuntre
 Quhill the fyrst brother regnand wer,

Syne suld the tother renge 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 quhether 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 spedly
 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 assailt 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 avantagis 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 knyt
 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
Sesynt 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 ischyt as I tell you her,
455 James off Douglas and his men 453
Buskit thaim all samyn then
And went thar way toward the king
In gret hy, for thai herd tything
That off Valence Schyr Amer
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 upon 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 wüst he him luffyt sua 498
 That fra that he mycht anys fele
 The kingis sent he wüst 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 assailt 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 maistris
 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 always 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 ovyrmar.
 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 broucht 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 doun 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 yarrand 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 doun 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 always 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 Ingland 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 know 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 forrourth 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 rostynt 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 fortravailyt wes
 Saw that him worthynt 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 gliffnynt 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 rying
 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 trustly *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 wrechytyly
 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 vencusyt 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 know alwayis 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 happynyt 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 assayllyt 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
Glentruelle, quhar logyt wes the king
That wyst rycht 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 cummyng sa ner the king that thai
War bot a myle fra him away

He tuk avisement with his menm
On quhat maner thai suld do then.

535 For he said thaim that the king was 528
Logyt into sa strayt 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 apon quhat maner thai ly,
The quhilis we and our menye

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
 Rycht 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 angyrly
 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 amang 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 Inland hame again.
 635 He wyst fra stryff ras thaim amang 628
 He suld thaim nocht hals samyn lang
 Foroutyn debate or melle,
 Tharfor till Inland 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.

John Barbour

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 martyrdom 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 contenynt 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
 Discumfynt 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 sexty 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 ryoty 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 fechtynge
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 alswith
 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 mossis 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 have 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 thought 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 wycht 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-fruschynt 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 ruschynt thar folk in thar flynging
325 Sua that thai that the formast war
War skalynt in soppys her and thar.
The king that saw thaim ruschynt 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 Ingland 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 vencusyit 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 wust 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 himself 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 wycht,
And Wilyam 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 beneuth 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 thar 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 tyme 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 convyne 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 wucht 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 hastyly
 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 mornyng
 Weile sone a fothyr 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 down 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 forthymar
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 lordschypis 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 rycht
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 vittaill 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 England 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 wycht 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 thought 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-quhether 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 wycht,
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 apon 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 apon 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 wyst 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!' cryt 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
Gilmyne 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 England.
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 doungoun.
And he come with gret cumpany
And gert travaile sa besyly
That tour and wall rycht to the ground
War tumblit 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 wyst 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 quyly,
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 doun 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 travaling
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-fruschyt 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 upon 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-quheter 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 himself 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 upon 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 down 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 toune 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 fechting
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 doungeyn doun the castellis all
Rycht in the dyk bath tour and wall.
He hard then say and new it weill
That into Ruglyne was 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 vitaille 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 quytlly,
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 apon 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 Ingland,
For he has now intill hand
Ingland, 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 quhoynes agayne sa fele.
 50 God may ryght 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 fail.'

[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 afferis to fechting.
 And in Inland the mychty king
 Purvayit him in sa gret aray
 80 That certis hard I never say
 That Inglismen mar aparaille
 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 wycht men and weill farand
 Armyt clenly bath fute and hand,

Off England 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 charyt war
With pailyounys and veschall with-all
And aparaille of chambyr and hall
125 And wyne and wax schot and vittaile, 119
Aucht scor wes charyt 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 knyght 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 warld 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 knychtis 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 amang the treys 298
The horsmen alwayis cummerit beis,
And the sykis alssua 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 plenyne 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 forrouth 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 vitaill
 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 rycht 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 demenynt 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 demanynt 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.

John Barbour

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 Ingland 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 knycht 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 Hanry 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 knycht 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 knycht 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 knycht 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-queheter 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 forthyrmar.
 '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 fechting
 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 fechting
 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 fechting
 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 glaysome 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 know 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 fechtng 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 lypynyng 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 trybble,
 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 yarnyt 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 soune,
 '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 wucht 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 discomfourt 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 discomfourt 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 knychtis, as it afferis 413
 To men that usys thai mysteris.
 The king maid Walter Stewart knycht
 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 schilthrum 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 thar.sa 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-quheter 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

John Barbour

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
Assemblill 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 knychtis and stedis
30 And mony rich and reale wedis
Defoulyt foully 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 Yheyt 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 assemble 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 hedys 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 brestring
 And sic thrang and sic thyrsting,
 Sic gyrnyng granyng and sa gret
 A noyis as thai gan other beit
 And ensenyeys 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 ruschynt 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 eschevynt 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 defoulynt thar
 185 That thai mycht nocht descroyit 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 ruschynt 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 pitaill
 230 That in the Park to yeme vittail
 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
Toward 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 discomfitor war ner
And sum off thaim fled all planly,
Bot thai that wycht 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 Inngland
Saw his men fley in syndry place,
And saw his fayis rout that was
285 Worthyn sa wycht 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 Saryzynys 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 apoun 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 Ingland
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 hastily
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 mastery.
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 Ingland
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 himself 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 journey 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 Ingland 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 narrowly
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 luvyt 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
Toward 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 Inghland 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 pertenynt 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 Inghland 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 Inghland 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 tretynng
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 fechting
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 assemblyt 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 thocht 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 was assemble
Made off the lordis off that countre.
In ost thai war assemblyt thar,
Thar was fyrst Schyr Richard of Clar
That in all Irland lufftenande
140 Was off the king off Ingland
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 was 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 arayit in bataill
To kep thaim gif thai wald assaile,
And quhen that Schyr Rychard of Clar
160 And other lordis that thar war
Wust that the Scottis men sa ner
With thar bataillis cummyn wer,
Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht
For it was 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 company
War wachyt rycht weill all at rycht,
And on the morn quhen day was 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 was 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 counre
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 hungry 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 default 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
 Vittail 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 vittaill 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 vittaill 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
 Ruschyt 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 chassyt 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 faill,
 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 discor 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 quhoynes, 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 felloune
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 knycht
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 nycht 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 rycht
To the castell into the nycht
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 falsset 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 trow 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 sexty 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 knycht rycht 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 doungoun
 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 menynt 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 falsset 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 menye 274
 275 And other men off gret noblay. 271
 To Tarbart thai held thar way
 In galayis ordanyt for thar far,
 Bot thaim worthy 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 wynd 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 Edmund 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 wucht 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 neir 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 hail 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 quhoine
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 Ingland ner tharby
 Men spak of it commonaly.

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

425 Schir Robert Neville 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 assemblill 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
 Thought 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,
 Assembill 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 fechting 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 tretyt thaim sa wisly ay
545 And with sa mekill luff alsua 533
And sic avancement wald ma
Off thar deid that the mast cowart
He maid stoutar then a libart,
With cherysing thusgat maid he
550 His men wycht 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 charyt 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 offer
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 glaidsome 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 apon 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 towart the south contre,
 And of all Irland assemblit he
 Bath burges and chevalry
 80 And hobilleris and yhumanry
 Quhill he had ner fourty 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 avaward pas fer by
 90 And syne assemblit hardely
 On the rerward 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 forouth rad

With thaim that war of his menye,
 To the rerward 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 rerward apon fute.
 Then twa of thaim that send furth war
 At the wod sid thaim bykkerit thar
 105 And schot amang the Scottismen.
 The king that had thar with him then
 Weill fyve thousand wicht and worthi
 Saw thai twa sa abandounly
 Schut amang 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
 Ameyssyt 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 apou 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 apou 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 thocht 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 knyt 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 apon 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 thyrlyt 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 wyttyryng 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 sourchargis 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 ryght 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 ryght 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 Ingland 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 foyoun 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 suylyk 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 glaidship 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 tretyt 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
 Skaill 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 gredey 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 knycht
 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 thikkest 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 wittall
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 yaryng
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 trewyte 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 wucht 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 Ingland
 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 asserbill 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 advantage have gretly,
 Thocht all Scottis for gret foly
 War till assaill into fechtng
 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 apparaill
 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 foysoun
 Be land and se cum sturdely,
 310 Thai as wucht 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 apparaill
 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 down.
 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 ebbyt 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 ebbyt 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 retreit
 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 essayt 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 was ane of tha
 The tother was 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 avail,
And gyff the sow come to the wall
To let it brynnand on hyr fall
And with stark cheneis 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 dawing
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 assailyt 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 assailling 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 assaileit 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 nycht 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 Inland 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 countre
 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 Inland 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 quether he haly wes or nane
 At Pomfret thus was he slane.
 And syne the king of Inland
 880 Quhen that he saw him tak on hand
 To pas his way sa opynly,
 Him thoct it wes perell to ly

Thar with the lave of his menye
Hys harnays tharfor tursit he
885 And intill Inland hame gan he far.
The Scottismen that destroyand war
In Inland 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 Inland
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.

John Barbour