

APPENDIX

NOTE A (p. 154)

Rhetoric of the Western and Northern Alliterative Poems

ANY page of the Anglo-Saxon poets, and of the "Elder Edda," will show the difference between the "continuous" and the "discrete"—the Western and the Northern—modes of the alliterative verse. It may be convenient to select some passages here for reference.

(1) As an example of the Western style ("the sense variously drawn out from one verse to another"), the speech of the "old warrior" stirring up vengeance for King Froda (*Beowulf*, l. 2041 *sq.*; see above p. 80):—

þonne cwið æt beore se ðe beah gesyhð,
eald æscwiga, se ðe eall geman
garcwealm gumena (him bið grim sefa)
onginneð geomormod geongum cempa
þurh hreðra gehygd higes cunnian,
wigbealu weccan, ond þæt word acwyð :
"Meht ðu, min wine, mece gecnawan,
þone þin fæder to gefeohte bæc
under heregriman, hindeman siðe,
dyre iren, þær hine Dene slogon,
weoldon wælstowe, syððan Wiðergyld læg
æfter hæleþa hryre, hwata Seyldingas ?
Nu her þara banena byre nathwylces,
frætsum hremig, on flet gæð,
mordres gylpeð ond þone maðþum byreð
þone þe þu mid rihte rædan sceoldest !"

(The "old warrior"—no less a hero than Starkad himself, according to Saxo—bears a grudge on account of the slaying of Froda, and cannot endure the reconciliation that has been made. He sees the reconciled enemies still wearing the spoils of war, arm-rings, and even Froda's sword, and addresses Ingeld, Froda's son):—

Over the ale he speaks, seeing the ring,
 the old warrior, that remembers all,
 the spear-wrought slaying of men (his thought is grim),
 with sorrow at heart begins with the young champion,
 in study of mind to make trial of his valour,
 to waken the havoc of war, and thus he speaks :
 " Knowest thou, my lord ? nay, well thou knowest the falchion
 that thy father bore to the fray,
 wearing his helmet of war, in that last hour,
 the blade of price, where the Danes him slew,
 and kept the field, when Withergyld was brought down
 after the heroes' fall ; yea, the Danish princes slew him !
 See now, a son of one or other of the men of blood,
 glorious in apparel, goes through the hall,
 boasts of the stealthy slaying, and bears the goodly heirloom
 that thou of right shouldst have and hold ! "

(2) The Northern arrangement, with "the sense concluded in the couplet," is quite different from the Western style. There is no need to quote more than a few lines. The following passage is from the last scene of *Helgi and Sigrun* (*C.P.B.* i. p. 143 ; see p. 83 above—"Yet precious are the draughts," etc.):—

Vel skolom drekka dýrar veigar
 þótt misst hafim munar ok landa ;
 skal engi maðr angr-lióð kveða,
 þótt mer á briósti benjar líti.
 Nú ero brúðir byrgðar í haugi,
 lofða dísir, hjá oss liðnom.

The figure of *Anadiplosis* (or the "Redouble," as it is called in the *Arte of English Poesie*) is characteristic of a

certain group of Northern poems. See the note on this, with references, in *C.P.B.* i. p. 557. The poems in which this device appears are the poems of the heroines (Brynhild, Gudrun, Oddrun), the heroic idylls of the North. In these poems the repetition of a phrase, as in the Greek pastoral poetry and its descendants, has the effect of giving solemnity to the speech, and slowness of movement to the line.

So in the *Long Lay of Brynhild* (*C.P.B.* i. p. 296):—

svárar sífjar, svarna eiða,
eiða svarna, unnar trygðir ;

and (*ibid.*)—

hann vas fyr utan eiða svarna,
eiða svarna, unnar trygðir ;

and in the *Old Lay of Gudrun* (*C.P.B.* i. p. 319)—

Hverr vildi mer hnossir velja
hnossir velja, ok hugat mæla.

There are other figures which have the same effect:—

Gott es at ráða Rínar malmi,
ok unandi auði styra,
ok sitjandi sælo nióta.

C.P.B. i. p. 296.

But apart from these emphatic forms of phrasing, all the sentences are so constructed as to coincide with the divisions of the lines, whereas in the Western poetry, Saxon and Anglo-Saxon, the phrases are made to cut across the lines, the sentences having their own limits, independent of the beginnings and endings of the verses.

NOTE B (p. 235)

The Meeting of Kjartan and King Olaf Tryggvason
(*Laxdæla Saga*, c. 40)

Kjartan rode with his father east from Hjardarholt, and they parted in Northwaterdale; Kjartan rode on to the

ship, and Bolli, his kinsman, went along with him. There were ten men of Iceland all together that followed Kjartan out of goodwill; and with this company he rides to the harbour. Kalf Asgeirsson welcomes them all. Kjartan and Bolli took a rich freight with them. So they made themselves ready to sail, and when the wind was fair they sailed out and down the Borg firth with a gentle breeze and good, and so out to sea. They had a fair voyage, and made the north of Norway, and so into Thronheim. There they asked for news, and it was told them that the land had changed its masters; Earl Hacon was gone, and King Olaf Tryggvason come, and the whole of Norway had fallen under his sway. King Olaf was proclaiming a change of law; men did not take it all in the same way. Kjartan and his fellows brought their ship into Nidaros.

At that time there were in Norway many Icelanders who were men of reputation. There at the wharves were lying three ships all belonging to men of Iceland: one to Brand the Generous, son of Vermund Thorgrimsson; another to Hallfred the Troublesome Poet; the third ship was owned by two brothers, Bjarni and Thorhall, sons of Skeggi, east in Fleetlithe,—all these men had been bound for Iceland in the summer, but the king had arrested the ships because these men would not accept the faith that he was proclaiming. Kjartan was welcomed by them all, and most of all by Brand, because they had been well acquainted earlier. The Icelanders all took counsel together, and this was the upshot, that they bound themselves to refuse the king's new law. Kjartan and his mates brought in their ship to the quay, and fell to work to land their freight.

King Olaf was in the town; he hears of the ship's coming, and that there were men in it of no small account. It fell out on a bright day in harvest-time that Kjartan's company saw a number of men going to swim in the river

Nith. Kjartan said they ought to go too, for the sport; and so they did. There was one man of the place who was far the best swimmer. Kjartan says to Bolli:

“Will you try your swimming against this townsman?”

Bolli answers: “I reckon that is more than my strength.”

“I know not what is become of your hardihood,” says Kjartan; “but I will venture it myself.”

“That you may, if you please,” says Bolli.

Kjartan dives into the river, and so out to the man that swam better than all the rest; him he takes hold of and dives under with him, and holds him under for a time, and then lets him go. After that they swam for a little, and then the stranger takes Kjartan and goes under with him, and holds him under, none too short a time, as it seemed to Kjartan. Then they came to the top, but there were no words between them. They dived together a third time, and were down longer than before. Kjartan thought it hard to tell how the play would end; it seemed to him that he had never been in so tight a place in his life. However, they come up at last, and strike out for the land.

Then says the stranger: “Who may this man be?”

Kjartan told his name.

The townsman said: “You are a good swimmer; are you as good at other sports as at this?”

Kjartan answers, but not very readily: “When I was in Iceland it was thought that my skill in other things was much of a piece; but now there is not much to be said about it.”

The townsman said: “It may make some difference to know with whom you have been matched; why do you not ask?”

Kjartan said: “I care nothing for your name.”

The townsman says: “For one thing you are a good

man of your hands, and for another you bear yourself otherwise than humbly; none the less shall you know my name and with whom you have been swimming; I am Olaf Tryggvason, the king."

Kjartan makes no answer, and turns to go away. He had no cloak, but a coat of scarlet cloth. The king was then nearly dressed. He called to Kjartan to wait a little; Kjartan turned and came back, rather slowly. Then the king took from his shoulders a rich cloak and gave it to Kjartan, saying he should not go cloakless back to his men. Kjartan thanks the king for his gift, and goes to his men and shows them the cloak. They did not take it very well, but thought he had allowed the king too much of a hold on him.

Things were quiet for a space; the weather began to harden with frost and cold. The heathen men said it was no wonder they had ill weather that autumn; it was all the king's newfangledness and the new law that had made the gods angry.

The Icelanders were all together that winter in the town; and Kjartan took the lead among them. In time the weather softened, and men came in numbers to the town at the summons of King Olaf. Many men had taken the Christian faith in Thronheim, but those were more in number who were against it. One day the king held an assembly in the town, out on the point of Eyre, and declared the Faith with many eloquent words. The Thronds had a great multitude there, and offered battle to the king on the spot. The king said they should know that he had fought against greater powers than to think of scuffling with clowns in Thronheim. Then the yeomen were cowed, and gave in wholly to the king, and many men were christened; then the assembly broke up.

That same evening the king sends men to the Icelanders'

inn to observe and find out how they talked. When the messengers came there, there was a loud sound of voices within.

Kjartan spoke, and said to Bolli: "Kinsman, are you willing to take this faith of the king's?"

"I am not," says Bolli, "for it seems to me a feeble, pithless thing."

Says Kjartan: "Seemed the king to you to have no threats for those that refused to accept his will?"

Says Bolli: "Truly the king seemed to us to come out clearly and leave no shadow on that head, that they should have hard measure dealt them."

"No man's underling will I be," says Kjartan, "while I can keep my feet and handle a sword; it seems to me a pitiful thing to be taken thus like a lamb out of the pen, or a fox out of the trap. I hold it a far better choice, if one must die, to do something first that shall be long talked of after."

"What will you do?" says Bolli.

"I will not make a secret of it," says Kjartan; "burn the king's house, and the king in it."

"I call that no mean thing to do," says Bolli; "but yet it will not be, for I reckon that the king has no small grace and good luck along with him; and he keeps a strong watch day and night."

Kjartan said that courage might fail the stoutest man; Bolli answered that it was still to be tried whose courage would hold out longest. Then many broke in and said that this talk was foolishness; and when the king's spies had heard so much, they went back to the king and told him how the talk had gone.

On the morrow the king summons an assembly; and all the Icelanders were bidden to come. When all were met, the king stood up and thanked all men for their presence,

those who were willing to be his friends and had taken the Faith. Then he fell to speech with the Icelanders. The king asks if they will be christened. They make little sound of agreement to that. The king said that they might make a choice that would profit them less.

"Which of you was it that thought it convenient to burn me in my house?"

Then says Kjartan: "You think that he will not have the honesty to confess it, he that said this. But here you may see him."

"See thee I may," says the king, "and a man of no mean imagination; yet it is not in thy destiny to see my head at thy feet. And good enough cause might I have to stay thee from offering to burn kings in their houses in return for their good advice; but because I know not how far thy thought went along with thy words, and because of thy manly declaration, thou shalt not lose thy life for this; it may be that thou wilt hold the Faith better, as thou speakest against it more than others. I can see, too, that it will bring the men of all the Iceland ships to accept the Faith the same day that thou art christened of thine own free will. It seems to me also like enough that thy kinsmen and friends in Iceland will listen to what thou sayest when thou art come out thither again. It is not far from my thought that thou, Kjartan, mayst have a better Faith when thou sailest from Norway than when thou camest hither. Go now all in peace and liberty whither you will from this meeting; you shall not be penned into Christendom; for it is the word of God that He will not have any come to Him save in free will."

There was much approval of this speech of the king's, yet chiefly from the Christians; the heathen men left it to Kjartan to answer as he would. Then said Kjartan: "We will thank you, Sir, for giving us your peace; this more

than anything would draw us to accept your Faith, that you renounce all grounds of enmity and speak gently altogether, though you have our whole fortunes in your hand to-day. So much I can say for the Faith I will accept in Norway, that I will think little of Thor next winter when I come to Iceland."

Then answered the king, smiling: "It is well seen from the bearing of Kjartan that he thinks he has better surety in his strength and his weapons than there where Thor and Odin are."

After that the assembly broke up.

NOTE C (p. 295)

Eyjolf Karsson: an Episode in the History of Bishop Gudmund Arason, A.D. 1222 (from *Arons Saga Hjörleifssonar*, c. 8, printed in *Biskupa Sögur*, i., and in *Sturlunga*, ii. pp. 312-347).

[Eyjolf Karsson and Aron stood by Bishop Gudmund in his troubles, and followed him out to his refuge in the island of Grimsey, lying off the north coast of Iceland, about 30 miles from the mouth of Eyjafirth. There the Bishop was attacked by the Sturlungs, Sighvat (brother of Snorri Sturluson) and his son Sturla. His men were outnumbered; Aron was severely wounded. This chapter describes how Eyjolf managed to get his friend out of danger and how he went back himself and was killed.]

Now the story turns to Eyjolf and Aron. When many of Eyjolf's men were down, and some had run to the church, he took his way to the place where Aron and Sturla had met, and there he found Aron sitting with his weapons, and

all about were lying dead men and wounded. It is reckoned that nine men must have lost their lives there. Eyjolf asks his cousin whether he can move at all. Aron says that he can, and stands on his feet; and now they go both together for a while by the shore, till they come to a hidden bay; there they saw a boat ready floating, with five or six men at the oars, and the bow to sea. This was Eyjolf's arrangement, in case of sudden need. Now Eyjolf tells Aron that he means the boat for both of them; giving out that he sees no hope of doing more for the Bishop at that time.

"But I look for better days to come," says Eyjolf.

"It seems a strange plan to me," says Aron; "for I thought that we should never part from Bishop Gudmund in this distress; there is something behind this, and I vow that I will not go unless you go first on board."

"That I will not, cousin," says Eyjolf; "for it is shoal water here, and I will not have any of the oarsmen leave his oar to shove her off; and it is far too much for you to go afoot with wounds like yours. You will have to go on board."

"Well, put your weapons in the boat," says Aron, "and I will believe you."

Aron now goes on board; and Eyjolf did as Aron asked him. Eyjolf waded after, pushing the boat, for the shallows went far out. And when he saw the right time come, Eyjolf caught up a battle-axe out of the stern of the boat, and gave a shove to the boat with all his might.

"Good-bye, Aron," says Eyjolf; "we shall meet again when God pleases."

And since Aron was disabled with wounds, and weary with loss of blood, it had to be even so; and this parting was a grief to Aron, for they saw each other no more.

Now Eyjolf spoke to the oarsmen and told them to row

hard, and not to let Aron come back to Grimsey that day, and not for many a day if they could help it.

They row away with Aron in their boat; but Eyjolf turns to the shore again and to a boat-house with a large ferry-boat in it, that belonged to the goodman Gnup. And at the same nick of time he sees the Sturlung company come tearing down from the garth, having finished their mischief there. Eyjolf takes to the boat-house, with his mind made up to defend it as long as his doom would let him. There were double doors to the boat-house, and he puts heavy stones against them.

Brand, one of Sighvat's followers, a man of good condition, caught a glimpse of a man moving, and said to his companions that he thought he had made out Eyjolf Karsson there, and they ought to go after him. Sturla was not on the spot; there were nine or ten together. So they come to the boat-house. Brand asks who is there, and Eyjolf says it is he.

"Then you will please to come out and come before Sturla," says Brand.

"Will you promise me quarter?" says Eyjolf.

"There will be little of that," says Brand.

"Then it is for you to come on," says Eyjolf, "and for me to guard; and it seems to me the shares are ill divided."

Eyjolf had a coat of mail, and a great axe, and that was all.

Now they came at him, and he made a good and brave defence; he cut their pike-shafts through; there were stout strokes on both sides. And in that bout Eyjolf breaks his axe-heft, and catches up an oar, and then another, and both break with his blows. And in this bout Eyjolf gets a thrust under his arm, and it came home. Some say that he broke the shaft from the spear-head, and let it stay in the wound. He sees now that his defence is ended. Then he made a dash out, and got through them, before they

knew. They were not expecting this; still they kept their heads, and a man named Mar cut at him and caught his ankle, so that his foot hung crippled. With that he rolls down the beach, and the sea was at the flood. In such plight as he was in, Eyjolf set to and swam; and swimming he came twelve fathoms from shore to a shelf of rock, and knelt there; and then he fell full length upon the earth, and spread his hands from him, turning to the East as if to pray.

Now they launch the boat, and go after him. And when they came to the rock, a man drove a spear into him, and then another, but no blood flowed from either wound. So they turn to go ashore, and find Sturla and tell him the story plainly how it had all fallen out. Sturla held, and other men too, that this had been a glorious defence. He showed that he was pleased at the news.

NOTE D (p. 411)

Two Catalogues of Romances

There are many references to books and cycles of romance in medieval literature—minstrels' enumerations of their stock-in-trade, and humorous allusions like those of Sir Thopas, and otherwise. There are two passages, among others, which seem to do their best to cover the whole ground, or at least to exemplify all the chief groups. One of these is that referred to in the text, from *Flamenca*; the other is to be found, much later, in the *Complaint of Scotland* (1549).

I. FLAMENCA (ll. 609-701)

Qui volc ausir diverses comtes
De reis, de marques e de comtes,
Auzir ne poc tan can si volc ;

Anc null' aurella non lai colc,
Quar l'us comtet de Priamus,
E l'autre diz de Piramus ;
L'us contet de la bell'Elena
Com Paris l'enquer, pois l'anmena ;
L'autres comtava d'Ulixes,
L'autre d'Ector et d'Achilles ;
L'autre comtava d'Eneas,
E de Dido consi remas
Per lui dolenta e mesquina ;
L'autre comtava de Lavina
Con fes lo breu el cairal traire
A la gaita de l'auzor caire ;
L'us contet d'Apollonices
De Tideu e d'Etidiocles ;
L'autre comtava d'Apolloine
Comsi retenc Tyr de Sidoine ;
L'us comtet del rei Alexandri
L'autre d'Ero et de Leandri ;
L'us dis de Catmus quan fugi
Et de Tebas con las basti,
L'autre comtava de Jason
E del dragon que non hac son ;
L'us comte d'Alcide sa forsa,
L'autre con tornet en sa forsa
Phillis per amor Demophon ;
L'us dis com neguet en la fon
Lo bels Narcis quan s'i miret ;
L'us dis de Pluto con emblet
Sa bella moillier ad Orpheu ;
L'autre comtet del Philisteu
Golias, consi fon aucis
Ab treis peiras quel trais David ;
L'us diz de Samson con dormi,
Quan Dalidan liet la cri ;
L'autre comtet de Machabeu
Comen si combatet per Dieu ;
L'us comtet de Juli Cesar
Com passet tot solet la mar,
E no i preguet Nostre Senor
Que nous cujes agues paor ;

L'us diz de la Taula Redonda
Que no i venc homs que noil responda
Le reis segon sa conoissensa,
Anc nuil jorn ne i failli valensa ;
L'autre comptava de Galvain
E del leo que fon compain
Del cavallier qu'estors Luneta ;
L'us diz de la piucella breta
Con tenc Lancelot en preiso
Cant de s'amor li dis de no ;
L'autre comtet de Persaval
Co venc a la cort a caval ;
L'us comtet d'Erec e d'Enida,
L'autre d'Ugonet de Perida ;
L'us comptava de Governail
Com per Tristan ac grieu trebail,
L'autre comptava de Feniza
Con transir la fes sa noirissa ;
L'us dis del Bel Desconogut
E l'autre del vermeil escut
Que l'yras trobet a l'uisset ;
L'autre comptava de Guiflet ;
L'us comtet de Calobrenan,
L'autre dis con retenc un an
Dins sa preison Quec senescal
Lo deliez car li dis mal ;
L'autre comptava de Mordret ;
L'us retrais lo comte Duret
Com fo per los Ventres faiditz
E per Rei Pescador grazits ;
L'us comtet l'astre d'Ermeli,
L'autre dis com fan l'Ancessi
Per gein lo Veil de la Montaina ;
L'us retrais con tenc Alamaina
Karlesmaines tro la parti,
De Clodoveu e de Pipi
Comtava l'us tota l'istoria ;
L'autre dis con cazec de gloria
Donz Lucifers per son ergoil ;
L'us diz del vallet de Nantoil,
L'autre d'Oliveir de Verdu .

L'us dis lo vers de Marcabru,
 L'autre comtet con Dedalus
 Saup ben volar, et d'Icarus
 Co neguet per sa leujaria.
 Cascus dis lo mieil que sabia.
 Per la rumor dels viuladors
 E per brug d'aitans comtadors
 Hac gran murmuri per la sala.

The allusions are explained by the editor, M. Paul Meyer. The stories are as follows: Priam, Pyramus, Helen, Ulysses, Hector, Achilles, Dido, Lavinia (how she sent her letter with an arrow over the sentinel's head, *Roman d'Eneas*, l. 8807, sq.), Polynices, Tydeus, and Eteocles; Apollonius of Tyre; Alexander; Hero and Leander; Cadmus of Thebes; Jason and the sleepless Dragon; Hercules; Demophoon and Phyllis (a hard passage); Narcissus; Pluto and the wife of Orpheus ("Sir Orfeo"); David and Goliath; Samson and Dalila; Judas Maccabeus; Julius Caesar; the Round Table, and how the king had an answer for all who sought him; Gawain and Yvain ("of the lion that was companion of the knight whom Lunete rescued"¹); of the British maiden who kept Lancelot imprisoned when he refused her love; of Perceval, how he rode into hall; Ugonet de Perida (?); Governail, the loyal comrade of Tristram; Fenice and the sleeping-draught (Chrestien's *Cliges*, see p. 408, above); Guinglain ("Sir Libeaus"); Chrestien's *Chevalier de la Charrette* ("how the herald found the red shield at the entry," an allusion explained by M. Gaston Paris, in *Romania*, xvi. p. 101) Guiflet, Calobrenan, Kay punished for his railing accusations; Mordred; how the Count Duret was dispossessed by the Vandals and welcomed by the Fisher King (?); the luck of Hermelin (?); the Old Man of the Mountain and his Assassins; the Wars of Charlemagne; Clovis and Pepin of

¹ In a somewhat similar list of romances, in the Italian poem of *L'Intelligenza*, ascribed to Dino Campagni (st. 75), Luneta is named Analida; possibly the origin of Chaucer's Anelida, a name which has not been clearly traced.

France; the Fall of Lucifer; Gui de Nanteuil; Oliver of Verdun; the Flight of Daedalus, and how Icarus was drowned through his vanity. The songs of Marcabrun, the troubadour, find a place in the list among the stories.

The author of *Flamenca* has arranged his library, though there are some incongruities; Daedalus belongs properly to the "matter of Rome" with which the catalogue begins, and Lucifer interrupts the series of *Chansons de geste*. The "matter of Britain," however, is all by itself, and is well represented.

II. THE COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLAND, c. vi.

(Ed. J. A. H. Murray, *E.E.T.S.*, pp. 62-64)

[This passage belongs to the close of the Middle Ages, when the old epic and romantic books were falling into neglect. There is no distinction here between literary romance and popular tales; the once-fashionable poetical works are reduced to their original elements. Arthur and Gawain are no more respected than the Red Etin, or the tale of the *Well at the World's End* (the reading *volfe* in the text has no defender); the Four Sons of Aymon have become what they were afterwards for Boileau (*Ep.* xi. 20), or rather for Boileau's gardener. But, on the whole, the list represents the common medieval taste in fiction. The *Chansons de geste* have provided the *Bridge of the Mantrible* (from *Oliver and Fierabras*, which may be intended in the *Flamenca* reference to Oliver), and the *Siege of Milan* (see *English Charlemagne Romances*, *E.E.T.S.* part ii.), as well as the *Four Sons of Aymon* and *Sir Bevis*. The Arthurian cycle is popular; the romance of *Sir Ywain* (the Knight of the Lion) is here, however, the only one that can be definitely traced in the *Flamenca* list also, though of course there is a general correspondence in subject-matter. The classical

fables from Ovid are still among the favourites, and many of them are common to both lists. See Dr. Furnivall's note, in the edition cited, pp. lxxiii.-lxxxii.]

Quhen the scheiphird hed endit his prolix orison to the laif of the scheiphirdis, i meruellit nocht lital quhen i herd ane rustic pastour of bestialite, distitut of vrbante, and of speculatioune of natural philosophe, indoctryne his nyctbours as he hed studeit ptholome, auerois, aristotel, galien, ypocrites, or Cicero, quhilk var expert practicians in methamatic art. Than the scheiphirdis vyf said: my veil belouit hisband, i pray the to disist fra that tideus melancolic orison, quhilk surpassis thy ingyne, be rason that it is nocht thy facultee to disput in ane profund mater, the quhilk thy capacite can nocht comprehend. ther for, i thynk it best that ve recreat our selfis vytht ioyus comonyng quhil on to the tyme that ve return to the scheip fald vytht our flokkis. And to begin sic recreatioune i thynk it best that everie ane of vs tel ane gude tayl or fable, to pas the tyme quhil euyne. Al the scheiphirdis, ther vyuis and saruandis, var glaid of this propositione. than the eldest scheiphird began, and al the laif follouit, ane be ane in ther auen place. it vil be ouer prolix, and no les tideus to reherse them agane vord be vord. bot i sal reherse sum of ther namys that i herd. Sum vas in prose and sum vas in verse: sum var stories and sum var flet taylis. Thir var the namys of them as eftir follouis: the taylis of cantirberrie, Robert le dyabil duc of Normandie, the tayl of the volfe of the varldis end, Ferrand erl of Flandris that mareit the deuyll, the tayl of the reyde eyttyn vitht the thre heydis, the tail quhou perseus sauit andromada fra the cruel monstir, the prophysie of merlyne, the tayl of the giantis that eit quyke men, on fut by fortht as i culd found, vallace, the bruce, ypomedon, the tail of the three futtit dog of norrouay,

the tayl quhou Hercules sleu the serpent hidra that hed vij heydis, the tail quhou the king of est mure land mareit the kyngis dochtir of vest mure land, Skail gillenderson the kyngis sone of skellye, the tail of the four sonnis of aymon, the tail of the brig of the mantribil, the tail of syr euan, arthour's knyght, rauf collgear, the seige of millan, gauen and gollogras, lancelet du lac, Arthour knyght he raid on nyght vitht gyltin spur and candil lycht, the tail of floremond of albanye that sleu the dragon be the see, the tail of syr valtir the bald leslye, the tail of the pure tynt, claryades and maliades, Arthour of litil bertangze, robene hude and litil ihone, the meruellis of mandieueil, the tayl of the song tamlene and of the bald braband, the ryng of the roy Robert, syr egeir and syr gryme, beuis of southamtoun, the goldin targe, the paleis of honour, the tayl quhou acteon vas transformit in ane hart and syne slane be his auen doggis, the tayl of Pirramus and tesbe, the tail of the amours of leander and hero, the tail how Iupiter transformit his deir love yo in ane cou, the tail quhou that iason van the goldin fleice, Opheus kyng of portingal, the tail of the goldin appil, the tail of the thre veird systirs, the tail quhou that dedalus maid the laborynth to keip the monstir minotaurus, the tail quhou kyng midas gat tua asse luggis on his hede because of his auereis.