

<County: Herefordshire>

<Code: L7430>

<MS reference: London, BL Cotton Cleopatra D.ix, hand of fols 156r-167>

<Text: South English Legendary>

<fol. 156ra>þe lady lette we stille beo  
 how þ<sup>t</sup> litel child was founde  
 hende in halle herkneþ me  
 I chote he sanke not to grounde  
 þ<sup>t</sup> god wole al schal saued be  
 Ri3t as his moder him had iwounde  
 þe wynde hym drof *in* to þe se  
 In þ<sup>t</sup> tonne wel y-bounde  
 Twey fischeris þer weren ywent  
 þ<sup>t</sup> breþeren were boþe jch wene  
 Out of an abbey were jsent  
 wiþ nettes & wiþ hokis kene  
 To take fisses to þe couent  
 þe monkes for hij wolden queme  
 þ<sup>t</sup> ny3t nas hem no *grace* ylent  
 wiþ li3t leome sprange þe day  
 hij seien a bat come walwyng  
 þe litel child þer-inne lay  
 þe fischeris wenten good to fynge  
 And wenten þider þe ri3t way  
 And fast drowen hem to lond  
 w<sup>t</sup> ores good ymade of tre  
 þe stormys dryue hem to strond  
 Adreynt wenten hij to be  
 þe tonne token hij on honde  
 And bar~ her~ of þe salt see  
 þe abbot come þer~ on þe londe  
 his fischers 3if he my3t yse  
 As god hym hadde þider ysent  
 þ<sup>t</sup> þe child schold ysaued be

Ri3t to þe abbot he was ylent  
 þe tonne þ<sup>t</sup> was maad of tre  
 þer-on was his ey3e ywente  
 Anoon seide þe abbot fre  
 how was þis bot ysent  
 And what þynge may þer ynne be  
 þis fischeris seieþ boþe yliche  
 And þe abbot answeriþ sone  
 By þe kyng of heuene riche  
 Sum þynge is þer-ynne ydone  
 <fol. 156rb>þ<sup>t</sup> child bigan for to scryche  
 w<sup>t</sup> steuene as hit wer~ a grome  
 þe fischeris wenden bisiliche  
 hij nusten what hij my3tten done  
 þe abbot bad wiþ oute wou  
 þe tonne vndo þ<sup>t</sup> he þar~ say  
 þe fischeris redy wer~ ynow  
 his wille hij duden al þ<sup>t</sup> day  
 Acloþ of selk þe abbot drowe  
 Of þe chyld þ<sup>t</sup> in þe cradel lay  
 þo lay þ<sup>t</sup> child alyte hit lowe  
 vpon þe abbot wiþ ey3en gray  
 þe abbot huld vp his honde  
 wiþ hert good to god ywente  
 And sayde yblessed be þy sonde  
 My lord þ<sup>t</sup> þou me hast ysent  
 Of yuory þe tablys longe  
 þe abbot fond þer-in present  
 he toke hem in his hond  
 & byhuld what þer was writen & dempt  
 þe abbot bad þe fischeris boþe  
 Ten mark of þe cradel take  
 þ<sup>t</sup> hij ne scholden no3t be wroþe  
 Ne sory for þe chilles sake  
 I wote hij stoupeden a-doun boþe  
 þat tresour~ hij gunne to hem take  
 þo weren hij alto-geder~ yknowe  
 how hij founden þ<sup>t</sup> lutel knape  
 þat o fischer~ was riche of wele

And hadde halle & bour~ of stoon  
 þ<sup>t</sup> oþer hadde children fele  
 Pore he was good hadde he noon  
 þe abbot him 3af wiþ him to ber~  
 þe ten mark whanne he wolde hom goon  
 her~ consayl þ<sup>t</sup> hij scholden heele  
 Al vnder fote as stille as stoon  
 þe riche man þer he bitau3te  
 For to keke wel þ<sup>t</sup> gome  
 þ<sup>t</sup> he ne sscholde for none au3te  
 Telle how ham was bicomē  
 <fol. 156va>Bote say þi dou3ter~ in þ<sup>t</sup> ny3t  
 Sente þe þat lutel sone  
 And preyde þ<sup>u</sup> sscholdest w<sup>t</sup> þi my3t  
 Take hit cristendome  
 he toke þat child wyþoute hete  
 And wente hym home þe ri3t gate  
 A womman soon he hap ygete  
 To beren hit *cristendom* to take  
 whanne þe couent hadde y-eete  
 þe fischer nolde his ernde late  
 wiþ þe abbot he wolde speke  
 And mette him ri3t at þe 3ate  
 þe abbot wist þer of ynow  
 his comynge nas hym noþing loþ  
 þe fischer forþ wel soon drow  
 þe child wiþ þe *crisme* cloþe  
 And seide my dou3ter sent hit ou  
 To *cristne* wiþ-uten oop  
 þo stood þe abbot stille & lou  
 And seide w<sup>t</sup> hym to church he goþ  
 þe abbot me clepid gregorye  
 his name þer þ<sup>t</sup> child he toke  
 And monkes many stondeþ by  
 wiþ candel li3t holdeþ þe book  
 þo was he wiþ clerkis slye  
 Jfolued in þat holy flood  
 þrou3 god þat semly si3t an hye  
 þ<sup>t</sup> sched for vs his hert blode

þe abbot was þat child hoolde  
 þe cloþ of selke he toke to hoolde  
 And þe four~ marke of þe golde  
 þe tables þat i<sup>c</sup> of eror~ tolde  
 þe lutel childe was myld of mode  
 In cloþes hij *gonne* hym faste holde  
 þe fisscher þ<sup>t</sup> was trewe and gode  
 þe childe he toke to loke & holde  
 whanne he was come to 3eris fyue  
 wel hende he was þ<sup>t</sup> childe to loke  
 þe abbot spedde *him* swyþe blyue  
 þ<sup>t</sup> child sette to þe boke  
 <fol. 156vb>and hym lerede fast and swyþe  
 Ich þe wol helpe to hond & fote  
 3e þat wollep þis story lyþe  
 wiþ wille hereþ wordes swote  
 what helpeþ hit longe drawe  
 Grogorye can ful wel his pars  
 he can ful mucche also of lawe  
 And muchel vnderstonde of ars  
 he wende in a+day to plawe  
 þe children ournen at þe bars  
 A+cours he toke w<sup>t</sup> o felawe  
 Gregorie þe swifter~ was  
 After hym he leop pas wel gode  
 wiþ honden seysep *him* w<sup>t</sup> skept  
 þ<sup>t</sup> oþer was vnblīþe of mode  
 For tene of herte sore he wept  
 And ran home as he wer~ wode  
 w<sup>t</sup> *grim* crye and loude grette  
 And told his moder þer he stode  
 how þ<sup>t</sup> gregorie *him* bette  
 womman is a wonder þynge  
 heo can none hertes wille lete  
 w<sup>t</sup>-oute more dwellynge  
 gon heo . greg~ . to þrete  
 Sey þ<sup>u</sup> traytour~ and fyndlyng  
 whi hastou my sone ybete  
 In alle þis lond is noon libbyng

þ<sup>t</sup> woot wher~ þ<sup>u</sup> wer~ ygete  
 Gregorie stood as stille as a stoon  
 w<sup>t</sup> herte sore þ<sup>t</sup> wey home he nome  
 Oþer~ word seiþ he noon  
 Forte he bifore þe abbot come  
 w<sup>t</sup> herte sore he made his mone  
 þo seide þe abbot for *him* aboue  
 whi artou come þus sory home  
 who haþ þe seide oute bot loue  
 þo seide þ<sup>t</sup> child in al þynge  
 þe fisscheris wif my moder~ i<sup>c</sup> wend  
 Clepiþ me traitour~ & fyndlyng  
 And seiþ j nas noute of her~ kende  
 <fol. 157ra>lord þ<sup>t</sup> art of alle þynge  
 þou sende me grace & þider~ sende  
 My self to þat wonyng  
 þer ich was boren and sschal an ende  
 þo seide þe abbot holde þe stille  
 Suche þou3t & wordes let þ<sup>u</sup> be  
 þ<sup>u</sup> canst wel rede & synge sschille  
 þer-fore þis hous i<sup>c</sup> graunte þe <*e looks much like o*>  
 þi nedes J schalle so fulfille  
 w<sup>t</sup> al þe monkes þ<sup>t</sup> þer be  
 whan god of me haþ done his wille  
 Abbo J schal make þe  
 Nay quap he forsoþe sone  
 þi þou3t is from myn herte ydi3t  
 Bote 3if þ<sup>u</sup> woldest ou3t for me done  
 þe armes woldy take of kny3te  
 To þ<sup>t</sup> myster ich am ful bone  
 Scheeld to ber~ and brunye bri3t  
 Oþer ordres kepe j none  
 while icham þus 3onge & li3t  
 By hym þ<sup>t</sup> made wynde & water  
 And leef to spryng on grene tre  
 Til i<sup>c</sup> wite who be my fader~  
 Ne sschal i<sup>c</sup> neuer~ blyþe be  
 And who me first bound in my cradel  
 Forte i<sup>c</sup> my moder knowe & se

þ<sup>t</sup> forto adrenchen *in* þe water  
 Out of þis toune wol i<sup>c</sup> fle  
 þe abbot þ<sup>t</sup> child ne my3t lette  
 Of no biheest of penyes rounde  
 þe cloþ of selk he leete fette  
 þ<sup>t</sup> gregorye was yn ywounde  
 hijs nedes þere he wel bette  
 he 3af hym kny3thode *in* o+stounde  
 þe tables in his honde he sette  
 And bade hym rede what he þer found  
 3if þis <sup>[is]</sup> soþ þat þus lettres seyn  
 J fende her~ auentres stronge  
 Of a child a+lutel þeyn  
 J not of what lingnage he spronge  
 <fol. 157rb>þo he hadde þe lettres radde  
 þ<sup>t</sup> in þe tables weren ywrite  
 he saide wher~ was þ<sup>t</sup> child bistad  
 þat in þis tables was ysmyte  
 And whider~ þ<sup>t</sup> water haþ him iladde  
 Tel me sir~ 3if 3e wite  
 þe abbot anone þ<sup>t</sup> childe bad  
 And seide child by me sitte  
 And told him ri3tsone anone  
 In which gates he was founde  
 þus cloþes of selk þ<sup>u</sup> haddest vpon  
 My sone þ<sup>t</sup> þou wer~ inne ywounde  
 And markes of gold many oon  
 And penyes boþ fair~ and rounde  
 þis tables of yuorie boon  
 Jch haue hem loked hool & sounde  
 Sir~ þe tyme is come to ende  
 wel iknowe & wide ykud  
 Al wote boþe sibbe and frende  
 Jcham a+fyndlynge her~ ikud  
 To oþer londes wol ich wende  
 þer my schame may be hore  
 And seche after myne owne kunde  
 And wiþ þat he groneþ sore  
 þe abbot purchaseth him a+schip

þer monye and feele stondeþ a+rowe  
 þe kny3t was hende & wise of witte  
 At his partynge he wepe aþþrowe  
 þe ropis fast weren y-knyt  
 þe mast iset þe seyle vp-drowe  
 þe wynde wel euene was yhit  
 þ<sup>t</sup> euene & fast gan to blowe .  
 And drof hym to þ<sup>t</sup> londes side  
 þ<sup>t</sup> was alle in his moder honde  
 Gregorie cam al wiþ pruyde  
 As kny3t comeþ in vncouþ londe  
 Mon may gon fer & wyde  
 And muchel iseo & lerne among  
 Atte last hym schal bityde  
 Be hit gode oþer stronge  
 <fol. 157va>whanne gregorie com oute of barge  
 Jchot he hadde wel good stede  
 helme brunye and wel good targe  
 kny3t he semeþ good at nede  
 þis fel in þe tyme of marche  
 þ<sup>t</sup> ich 3ou telle se and rede  
 he toke an jn as a kny3t ful large  
 At þe portreues hous & þider 3ede  
 þe portreue sey þat he was hende  
 þe kny3t wel fair~ he vnderstode  
 hem þou3t he was of grete kunde  
 To him he seiþ wel muchel good  
 Atte þridde day at ende  
 Askeþ as he sitte at bord  
 whoder hastou mynte to wende  
 Arst greg~ . ne spake no word  
 Bote in a day witen he wolde  
 3if þer wer~ eny werre stronge  
 Or eny man þat dorst holde  
 An vncouþ kny3t of oþer londe  
 þe hostace sone tolde  
 werre grete ham wesse among  
 Oure bestis beþ robbed & solde  
 Our~ townes brend vnder our~ hond

Greg~ . seide what eyleþ þat  
 why ne drawe ze to a-cord & loue  
 3e seyþ þ<sup>t</sup> oþer and sone spak  
 þer to brynge hit god aboue  
 A+lady semely þer heo sat  
 þrou3 hir þis werre is vs bicomē  
 And of a+duke þis stronge hap  
 þ<sup>t</sup> wold hir haue to wyfe ynome  
 To-morwe 3if þ<sup>u</sup> wolt for one  
 þe lady þ<sup>u</sup> my3te in church yse  
 So trewe in lond note ich noon  
 Of body chast fair~ and fre  
 To oure stiward schal J gon  
 And telle hym þe tale of þe  
 Reseyued schaltou ben anone  
 Jchot 3if þou wolt wiþ hir be  
 <fol. 157vb>Greg~ . was white so mylk  
 wel fair~ on body to biholde  
 Jcloþed he was al in selke  
 And Jgysed in mony folde  
 And seiþ com forþ 3if þ<sup>u</sup> welt  
 Ich am redy to church i<sup>c</sup> wolde  
 þe ost wote wel of his wille  
 And geþ among þe burdes bolde  
 þo hij were to churche ycome  
 To se þe lady trewe and gode  
 wel hende was þ<sup>t</sup> louely gome  
 he grette þe lady þer heo stode  
 þe lady bihuld him wel sone  
 As heo lay byfore þe rode  
 þ<sup>t</sup> cloþ of selk heo knew anone  
 þ<sup>t</sup> heo 3af her~ sone in to þ<sup>t</sup> flode  
 þ<sup>t</sup> comelich lady fair~ of hewe  
 lokeþ on hym wiþ ei3en two  
 Bote of hym nopynge ne knewe  
 he hadde be her~ so longe fro  
 þe cloþes of selk beþ al newe  
 þ<sup>t</sup> heo him 3af þo hir~ was wo  
 On hym fast her~ ei3en heo þrewe



þo hir biþou3te þ<sup>t</sup> lady þo  
 þe lady her~ . <sup>[bi]</sup> þou3t sone  
 þ<sup>t</sup> mony a+cloþ is oþer iliche  
 þerfor heo toke þe lasse gome  
 To þ<sup>t</sup> kny3tes kunne riche  
 þe stiward herd sone his bone  
 Receyued he was curteisliche  
 þo was þe stronge duk of Rome  
 Jset aboute þe castel diche  
 J-pi3t he hadde his paubloun  
 Tentes Jtild Jsprad wel wide  
 Baners ysette & gonfay noun  
 Aboute þe cite al wiþ pruyde  
 kny3tes þ<sup>t</sup> schold loke þ<sup>t</sup> toun  
 To þat castel gonnen ryde  
 To wite conseil and resoun  
 3if hij sscholden þe duke a-bide  
 <fol. 158ra>Greg~ . was man of faire antayle <?>  
 wise and trewe in vche a+li3t  
 Schame hit is wiþ-oute faile  
 To ligge lange in sorewe & griþ  
 þat habbeþ hauberk stronge of maile  
 3e sschulen hem were and go þer-wiþ  
 we sschulen take þe batayle  
 vp þe duke þ<sup>t</sup> nul no griþ  
 þe kny3tes on louelich sschroude  
 hij gon hem arme swiþe wel  
 þe 3ates stille and nou3t loude  
 schutten fast of þe castel  
 Greg~ was a kny3t wel proude  
 þe dukes folk bihuld vche del  
 And at a+posterne he went out  
 w<sup>t</sup> scharpe spere & swerde of stele  
 Jchot a stede he bistrood  
 And toke a sper~ þat was sounde  
 Byfore al þe ost he rode  
 þe erþe dunede & alle þe grounde  
 As he seiþ þat þe storie wrote  
 he won þ<sup>t</sup> was worþ many a+pound

w<sup>t</sup> spere & dunt of swerd wel brode  
 he felde many on in astound  
 þ<sup>t</sup> folk out of þe castel come  
 w<sup>t</sup> launces & wiþ gonfaynounge  
 þe duk was war~ of hem wel sone  
 wiþ route grete vnder þe toun  
 A+litel wi3t after þe none  
 was iknocked many a crowne  
 Many a kny3t hadde to done  
 Ar þe sone drowe a-downe  
 wel strong hit wer~ me to telle  
 þ<sup>t</sup> folk þ<sup>t</sup> þer was feld & slawe  
 J sschold longe her~ dwelle  
 good is i<sup>c</sup> reste me a þrawe  
 Many man þrou3 flessch & felle  
 was ysmyte to þe mawe  
 As þ<sup>u</sup> seost water of þe welle  
 þe blode w<sup>t</sup> þe hul adoun gan drawe  
 <fol. 158rb>Greg~ . rode after þe duk  
 þrou3 þe ost in al his ger~  
 w<sup>t</sup> grym voys he gradde aloude  
 A+launce ichille to þe ber~  
 þe duk was . [wroþ] w<sup>t</sup> hert proude  
 To him he dressed þo his spere  
 he was bore ouer his horse croupe  
 þ<sup>t</sup> he grynte as a ber~  
 þo was þe duke w<sup>t</sup> streynþe itake  
 And to þ<sup>t</sup> lady ladde biforne  
 heo heet men sschold him biwake  
 Jchab him ated seþþe i<sup>c</sup> was boren  
 heo seide he schold neuer~ askape  
 þe lady bri3t so blosme on brom  
 Forte he wolde his pees make  
 Of al þe sschame þ<sup>t</sup> he hir hadde don~  
 he gon to swere al aloude  
 To fore hem alle on a boke  
 þei he were bold prince & proude  
 þ<sup>t</sup> ransom for his body he toke  
 So seruede heo þat riche duke

þe destruccion he nou3t forsoke  
 he swor~ he wold 3elde al quyk  
 Al þ<sup>t</sup> he þer mys-toke  
 whan þat ransom was y3eue  
 þ<sup>t</sup> þer nas no more strife  
 þo my3te þe lady in pees lyue  
 Euer more þe dayes of her~ lyfe  
 And a-wey he wende seþþe  
 In to his londes wiþ his lif  
 heo seide a+3efte i<sup>c</sup> schal þe 3eue  
 Schaltou neuer me haue to wif  
 Greg~ was kny3t of mucche mond  
 Ac he was wonderliche pore  
 Into oþer londes wolde he fonde  
 þer eny grace my3te be more  
 To wynne wel þe penyes round  
 Ofte wer~ his sikynges sore  
 whan he þou3t on þe hard stound  
 how he was by3ete and bore  
 <fol. 158va>he seide he wolde fram hem fare  
 In londe of armes more to do  
 þe contesse þo hadde care  
 And seide sir~ þ<sup>u</sup> sschalt nou3t so  
 wiþ hir~ stiward spac heo þare  
 what mowe we him 3eue & sug3te to  
 he may not wenden away þus bare  
 þou wost he wreke vs of our~ fo  
 her~ stiward answerid her~ wel raþe  
 Suche a kny3t in lond nys noon  
 Ichot þi sulfe þ<sup>u</sup> dost skape  
 3if þ<sup>u</sup> lest hym from þe goon  
 he is trewe so god me saue  
 Stif and stronge in euery boon  
 3if þ<sup>t</sup> þou wolt a lord haue  
 On suche a+kny3t þ<sup>u</sup> my3t wel done  
 þe consail was 3eue & þe dome  
 þ<sup>t</sup> he sschold þe lady wedde  
 To churche wenten hij wel sone  
 wiþ barons þ<sup>t</sup> þe lady hadde

Al þ<sup>t</sup> me sschal at spousyng doon  
 þe prest þere in boke radde  
 As man sschal his wif vnderfon  
 At hond at bord and at bedde  
 þo was þe eorl of my3t stronge  
 Jkud and clepid in aquitayne  
 And lord iholde in þat lond  
 þ<sup>t</sup> folk of him were ferly fayne  
 he loueþ ri3t and no wronge  
 Manr~dene þ<sup>t</sup> was to sayne  
 To be boxum to his hond  
 hij sworn *him* feute kny3t & swayne  
 þe riche eorl for-3at hit nou3t  
 þe sorewe þ<sup>t</sup> *him* was so old  
 vpon his tables was his þou3t  
 þ<sup>t</sup> layen in þe tonne yfold  
 Al-one to hem he wente ofte  
 And toke hem þer on to bihold  
 Markes four~ of gold ywrou3t  
 he 3af þe portreue al ytolde  
 <fol. 158vb>after þ<sup>t</sup> he wende sone  
 As prynce proude *in* his pride  
 he þou3t what him was to done  
 And where his tables my3t hide  
 To a+chaumbre he wente anone  
 þ<sup>t</sup> derne was in someres tide  
 þe tables leide vnder a stone  
 þ<sup>t</sup> no man sey ne stode bi-syde  
 þo was his wone oft al-one  
 In-to þ<sup>t</sup> chaumbre oft to wende  
 þer-inne most no man come  
 Ne of his sorwe se none ende  
 he was a+dryre modir sone  
 while he þe tables huld in hond  
 his heer~ þ<sup>t</sup> was fair~ and bone  
 wiþ fyngres he wold draw rounde  
 þer nys noon so deorne dede  
 þ<sup>t</sup> *sum* stound nul be seyn  
 þe eorl nold wiþ him lede

To þ<sup>t</sup> chaunbre clerk ne sweyne  
 A womman toke þ<sup>er</sup> of heede  
 whanne he wende þ<sup>er</sup> þe tables leyen  
 Aboue to þ<sup>t</sup> chaumbr~ he 3eede  
 And out com ofte drery a3eyn  
 To hontyng on a day he wente  
 w<sup>t</sup>-ynne a dale in þat forest  
 w<sup>t</sup> houndes þ<sup>t</sup> wer~ li3t & lent  
 To leten of lece to cacche beste  
 þat lady bri3t in bour~ was sent  
 At+ome was wiþ-ou<sup>ten</sup> chest  
 A tyþing þ<sup>er</sup> was harde istent  
 And þ<sup>er</sup>of wonder hadde heo mest  
 hou þ<sup>t</sup> her~ . <sup>[lord]</sup> himself alone  
 A womman told her~ of þ<sup>t</sup> sawe  
 Jn a chaumbr~ he wold gone  
 wiþou<sup>ten</sup> sweyn oþ<sup>er</sup> felawe  
 þ<sup>er</sup>-inne he made a+drery mone  
 heo sayde lady trowe my tale  
 By semblant þ<sup>t</sup> hym is opon  
 he comeþ þ<sup>er</sup> oute wo & pale  
 <fol. 159ra>þat lady hadde wonder þo  
 For deol of hym heo wolde deye  
 what wolde he in þat chaumbre do  
 wher~ fore . <sup>[hap]</sup> he toun and treye  
 heo heete her maydenes for to go  
 Jn erberes for to pley  
 Jchot þat heo dude also  
 Out of þe chaumbre hij toke her~ wey  
 Alone þ<sup>t</sup> lady lefte þ<sup>er</sup> ynne  
 Nusten hij not what heo munte  
 þe lady nold neuer~ blynne  
 þe chaumbr~ dore of hoke heo hente  
 And sou3te and founde þe tables þ<sup>er</sup>yn  
 þ<sup>t</sup> w<sup>t</sup> her~ sone away wer~ sente  
 And knew wel þ<sup>t</sup> he was of her~ kynne  
 þat a+ny3t in her~ armes wente