

The Chandos Herald: Life of the Black Prince

translated by Mildred K. Pope and Eleanor C. Lodge

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In times of yore it was seen that they who fashioned fair poems were in sooth esteemed as authors or in some sort recorders to show knowledge of the good, in order to draw remembrance of good from their hearts and to receive honour. But it is said, and truly, that there is naught that does not dry up, and that there is no tree that does not wither, excepting one only, the tree of life: and this tree, moreover, buds and flowers in this life in all parts. On this I will dwell no longer, for although such writers are held of no account, and a chatterer, a liar, a juggler, or a buffoon who, to raise a laugh, would grimace and make antics, is more esteemed than one who had skill to indite for, without gainsaying, such a one is ill received at court nowadays but albeit they who set forth the good are held in no estimation, yet ought men not to refrain from making and remembering fair poems all such as have skill thereto; rather they should enter them in a book, that after their death true records may be kept; for to relate the good is verily alms and charity, for good was never lost without return at some time. Wherefore, incited by my desire, I wish to set my intent on making and recording fair poems of present and past times.

Now it is high time to begin my matter and address myself to the purpose which I am minded to fulfil. Now, may God let me attain to it, for I wish to set my intent on writing and recording the life of the most valiant prince of this world, throughout its compass, that ever was since the days of Claris, Julius Caesar, or Arthur, as you shall hear, if so be that you listen with good will: it is of a noble Prince of Aquitaine, who was son of the noble and valorous King Edward and of Queen Philippa, who was the perfect root of all honour and nobleness, of wisdom, valour, and bounty.

This noble Prince of whom I speak, from the day of his birth cherished no thought but loyalty, nobleness, valour, and goodness, and was endued with prowess. Of such nobleness was the Prince that he wished all the days of his life to set his whole intent on maintaining justice and right, and therein was he nurtured from his childhood up from his generous and noble disposition he drew the doctrine of bounty, for gaiety and nobleness were in his heart perfectly from the first beginnings of his life and youth. Now, is it full time that I address myself to carrying forward my matter, how he was so noble, bold, and valiant, so courteous and so sage, and how he loved so well the holy Church with his whole heart, and, above all, the most lofty Trinity; its festival and solemnity he began to celebrate from the first days of his youth and upheld it all his life zealously, without evil thought.

Now I have wished to record his youth, and now it is right that I should relate to you that which all should hold in esteem that is, chivalry: this was upheld in his person, in whom it held sway thirty years. Nobly he spent his life, for I would dare to say this, that since the time that God was born there was none more valiant than he, as you shall hear in my records if you will hearken and give ear to the matter to which I am coming.

You know well that the noble King his father, with very great array, of his high and noble puissance made war on the realm of France, saying that he ought to have the crown; wherefore, in maintaining the quarrel, he kept up right cruel war which lasted long. Now it befell that just at this time he crossed the sea to Normandy. With right noble following, barons, bannerets, and earls ... he landed in the Cotentin.

There was many a good and true knight, the noble Earl of Warwick, of high esteem, and the right noble Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Suffolk, and the Earl of Stafford, of the stout and bold heart, and the Earls of Salisbury and Oxford; and John de Beauchamp was there, the valiant Reginald de Cobham, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh,

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bold in deed, the good Guy de Brian, the good Richard de la Vache, and the good Richard Talbot, of great prowess. And Chandos and Audeley were there, who smote mightily with the sword, and the good Thomas de Holland, of great prowess, and a great number of others, whose names I cannot tell.

The English army arrived, and when he was about to disembark the King knighted the Prince, the Earl of March also, and the Earl of Salisbury, John of Montagu, his brother, and others, more than I could tell you. And know well, the Marshal Bertrand, who was of great valour and hardihood, was there, and thought right easily to keep them from landing. But the English power landed by force. There were achieved so many feats of arms that one might have compared Roland, and Oliver, and the very courteous Ogier the Dane. There might one behold men of prowess, valour, and hardihood. There was the fair and noble Prince, who made a right goodly beginning. All the Cotentin he overrode and wholly burnt and laid waste, La Hogue, Barfleur, Carentan, Saint-L, Bayeux, and up to Caen, where they conquered the bridge; and there they fought mightily; by force they took the town, and the Count of Tancarville and the Count of Eu were taken there. There the noble Prince gained renown, for he was eager to acquit himself well, and was but eighteen years old. And the Marshal rode away, nor stopped before Paris; he told the King the news that was in no wise pleasing to him. Such marvel he had that scarcely could he believe it, for he thought not that such folk would have had such hardihood. Then he assembled his power; throughout France there remained neither duke nor earl of account, nor baron, banneret, nor squire, that he did not cause to assemble.

He sent to the King of Bohemia, whom he heartily loved, who brought in his company his son, who was King of Germany, and the good John de Beaumont of Hainault, of high renown. Well did he think to defend his land against the English king, and very little did he esteem him, and right sorely did he threaten him. But afterwards, meseems, the King and the Prince together rode through Normandy, and laid waste all the country. Many a great affray did they have, and many a good and valiant man did they take, and they came to the bridge of Poissy; but the story says that the bridge there was broken, yet they did so much that with great logs they remade the bridge by force, whereat the French marvelled, and crossed one morning. They took their way through Caux, burning, laying waste, harrying; whereat the French were sore grieved and cried aloud: 'Where is Philip our king?'

He was at Paris, to speak the truth, for at this time he made ready and collected his great power. And there he assembled his men and said that he would esteem himself but little if he did not take great vengeance, for he thought to have shut in the English, as I think, between the Seine and the Somme, and right there he thought lightly to give them battle. But the English to disport themselves put everything to fire and flame. There they made many a widowed lady and many a poor child orphan. They rode, day and night, until they came to the water of the Somme; on the other side was many a man, for there were the forces of the communes of Picardy and also Sir Godemar du Fay. Very wide was the river, swift and fierce with the tide, wherefore the English marvelled sore how they should cross over. But the Prince made choice of a hundred knights, of the best of his vanguard, and sent them to see how they might pass. And they who were worthy of praise rode abroad until they found a fellow who showed them the passage of the Somme, and all the hundred with one accord dashed into the water on their chargers, lance couched very valiant knights were they and the Prince came after, keeping ever close behind them. Sore strife was there at the passage of the Somme, and stoutly did the knights fight; and there on both sides they were at pains to shoot and cast; but the men of Picardy were speedily scattered and put to flight, together with Messire Godemar, and with the help of God all passed in due time.

When King Philip heard the tidings he was sore grieved and angry at heart, and said: 'By St. Paul, the valiant, I mistrust me of treason;' but nevertheless he hasted greatly. He passed through Abbeville. Very rich was his array, for he was there with three other kings: the Kings of Majorca and Bohemia and the King of Germany; there were many dukes and earls, so that it was a goodly number. They rode on until they pitched their camp right near Cressy, in Ponthieu. There King Edward was camped, and the Prince, who that day led the vanguard. There they had made but brief stay, when on either side they were told that both were so close that each one could see the array and the order of the other. Then they raised a loud cry and began to order and draw up their divisions.

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That day was there battle so horrible that never was there man so bold that would not be abashed thereby. Whoso saw coming the puissance and power of the King of France, great marvel would he have to relate! Inflamed with ill-will and anger they set forth to encounter together, bearing themselves in such true knightly fashion that never since Christ's coming did one behold fiercer battle. There was seen many a banner embroidered in fine gold and silk, and there the English were all afoot like men ready and eager to fight. There was the good Prince who led the vanguard; so valiantly he bore himself that it was a marvel to behold. Hardly did he suffer any one to attack, however bold or strong he might be. They fought that day until the English had the advantage. And there was slain the noble and courteous King of Bohemia, and the good Duke of Lorraine, who was a very noble leader, and the noble and renowned Count of Flanders and the good Count of Aleneon, brother to King Philip, the Counts of Joii and Harcourt. What should I say in brief word? One king, one duke, and seven counts, and, as the account says, more than sixty bannerets were there stark dead, and three kings who left the field, and divers others fled, of whom I know not the number, nor is it right that I should enumerate them. But well I know that that day the brave and noble Prince led the vanguard of the army, as one should take note, for by him and his courage was the field gained and won.

King Philip betook himself to Paris, sore grieved; he mourned in his heart for his men whom he had lost. And the noble King of England, who was worthy to hold land, lodged that night in the field, for he gained very great honour. He had the dead sought out to know and recognize them, and found the King of Bohemia, who lay dead on the field. He had him put into a coffin and placed on a litter covered with rich cloth of gold. He sent him back and then moved from the place and rode towards Calais. That I may not lie, this right noble expedition, of which I here speak, was in the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred forty and six, and, as the record says, 'twas on the eve of St.

Bartholomew that by the grace of God the King fought this battle wherein he acquired such honour.

Afterwards they came before Calais; there was many a fair deed of arms achieved; to it the noble King, who was there with his whole army, laid siege eighteen months without intermission. Here they abode until the town was starved out, and King Philip came to raise the siege, as I heard tell. But the army was lodged in such wise and the town so beset that King Philip durst not raise the siege, but turned back, and the noble King of England held there the field. Many an encounter and many an assault was there made by men of low and high degree until the town yielded, beseeching the King, for God's sake, that he would take them to mercy. And thus was Calais conquered by force, by the power and enterprise of the noble King and of his son, the Prince.

Hereafter, with scant delay, they returned to England, the King and the Prince also, and all the bold knights. On account of a truce that was made they stayed in their country until it befell that by treaty, by treason and sin, Calais was about to be sold, given up by a Lord of Beaujeu to Sir Geffroi de Charny, through a Lombard, who was called Aimery of Pavia; and there were all the barons of Picardy and France, at least the most part. But there was the noble King to save it; and the noble Prince his son, very bold and valiant, there fought so valiantly that in sooth he rescued the King, his father, by force. There the men of France and Picardy were brought to confusion that night, whereat divers English made great joy at their return, for there were all the best of the noble country of England, who to win great praise and renown acquitted themselves valiantly. There were taken, of a truth, the noblest lords of France, and deceived outright; nor ever was the King of England so hard bested in any hour as he was in that hour then, for many people have recorded that the King would have been taken had it not been for the Prince his son; but his puissance, his noblesse, and his very perfect prowess rescued there the King, his father. And this matter ought in no wise to be forgotten; so it is very right that I tell it you.

They returned to England and made very merry. Their friends and all the ladies also made great joy. The Queen, who loved her lord with her whole heart, welcomed them. Then said the King to his wife:

'Lady, now welcome your son, for I had been taken had it not been for his great valour, but by him was I succoured.' 'Sire,' says she, 'welcome be he and you also. Methinks I should say: "In a good hour was he born."'

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There were the knights and barons right well received; there was seen dancing and junketing, feasting and revelling; and right pleasantly was time passed among them, and there was love and noblesse, gaiety and prowess. Thus they abode a long space, until it befell, just at that time, that Spanish ships were assembled at Sluys that boasted they would pass in defiance of the King, despite him and his array, wherefore the King, of his great valour, assembled his great power and made an expedition by sea that was of great renown. There were the Prince his son and many good and famous knights, all the earls, and all the knights of repute. There was fierce and sore battle: there God gave him fortune, for by him and his power and right lofty valiance the Spaniards were all discomfited and slain. And there was knighted his very valiant brother John, who afterwards was Duke of Lancaster very great was his courage. There likewise did the noble barons acquit themselves valiantly; there was many a ship conquered, many a one taken, many a one sunk, and there was many a good man slain, as I hear in my record; and know that this encounter was before Winchelsea.

After this noble battle, that of a surety was right fell, they returned to land. They brought the goodly store of goods that they had gained and conquered, whereat every one rejoiced. Soon after, the Queen of England brought forth a son, the last she bore, and this son was called Thomas. Great joy and great feast were made, and great joustings cried then through the country. And at that time there came from Gascony the doughty and valiant Captal, who was right brave and courageous and greatly beloved of everybody. He was welcomed right nobly. The Prince, who rejoiced greatly at his coming, took fresh courage. One day he said to the King his father and to the Queen his mother: 'Sire,' quoth he, 'for God's sake, you know well that thus it is, that in Gascony the noble and valiant knights cherish you so greatly that they suffer great pain for your war and to gain you honour, and yet they have no leader of your blood. Therefore if you were so advised as to send one of your sons they would be the bolder.' And every one said that he spoke truly. Then the King let summon his great parliament. All were of accord likewise to send the Prince into Gascony, because he was of such renown, and ordained forthwith that with him should go the noble Earl of Warwick, of high esteem, and the Earl of Salisbury, of great valiance, the gallant Earl of Suffolk, Ufford was his name, and the Earl of Oxford, the good Earl of Stafford, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, bold in deed, Sir John of Montagu, proud and impetuous, the Lord the Despenser, and Basset of high renown; and there was also the Lord of Mohun, and likewise, meseems, the good Reginald Cobham, who had been at many an assault; there were also Chandos and Audeley: these two were of great renown and were appointed chief advisers.

When the matter was settled and the ordinance wholly performed, they sent to Plymouth to assemble all their ships, men-at-arms, and archers also, and their provisions: very rich was their array. After the term of two months he took leave of the King his father, of the Queen his mother and of all his brothers and sisters. Right sore grieved were they at heart when it came to his departing, for there you might see lady and damsel weep and make moan in complaints; the one wept for her husband, the other lamented for her lover.

Thus the Prince took leave, blithe and glad at heart. He took his way to Plymouth. He rode night and morning until he reached Plymouth and abode there until his great array was ready. And it befell right speedily afterward that he had all his vessels loaded with victuals and jewels, hauberks, helmets, lances, shields, bows, arrows, and yet more; he let ship all his horses and anon embarked, and all the noble knights.

There might one see the flower of chivalry and of right noble bachelry, who were very eager and desirous to acquit themselves well. Then they set sail. They sailed over the sea until they arrived at Bordeaux, whereat the noble barons of the country made high revel. There you might see great and small come straight to the Prince, who courteously welcomed them. To him came incontinent the noble Prince d'Albret and the valiant and doughty Lord of Montferrant, Mussidan, Roson, Curton and Amenieu de Fossard, and the great Lord of Pommiers and many noble knights, and the rightful Lord of Lesparre. Thither came all the barons of Gascony, and right well did the Prince know how to entertain them. At Bordeaux he sojourned a short space until he had made his preparations and well rested his horses. Right speedily after, he was ready and took the field with more than six thousand fighting-men. He rode towards Toulouse; not a town remained that he did not utterly lay waste; he took Carcassonne and Beziers and Narbonne, and all the country was ravaged and harried by him, and divers towns

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and castles, whereat the enemies in Gascony made no great rejoicing. More than four and a half months he remained in the field this time and did much damage then.

Thereafter the Prince turned back towards Bordeaux and abode there until the whole winter was passed. He and his noble knights were there in great joy and solace. There was gaiety, noblesse, courtesy, goodness, and largesse; and he quartered his men, as I think, in his castles round about, and there they took up their abode. Warwick was at La Reole, Salisbury at Sainte-Foy, and Suffolk, as I think, at Saint-...milion; at Libourne and all round his men were disposed. When all were thus lodged, the good Chandos and Audeley, with the noble Captal, went to camp in the open. There they remained a long time.

Many a fair encounter they had, and many a time they fought to conquer them a lodging. Up to Cahors and towards Agen they undertook their expedition and took Port Sainte-Marie. Thereafter they returned all up the river and went to take Perigueux, a city of great fame. There they camped a great part of the winter. Right noble was their sojourn, for many an assault and many an attack they made against the castle, for there was naught but a little meadow between the castle and the town.

There were the Count de L'Isle and the Count de Perigord.

In such wise did the Prince make stay in Gascony, and abode there the space of eight months or more. Very great was his valour.

When it came towards summer then he assembled his forces, and rode again into Saintonge, Perigord and Quercy, and came as far as Romorantin. There he took the tower by assault, and the Lord Bouciquaut also, and the great Lord of Craon and a goodly number of others; more than two hundred were taken there, all men-at-arms of high renown, fifteen days before the battle of Poitiers. Thereafter he rode into Berry, and through Gascony also, and up to Tours in Tourayne.

Then the tidings came to King John, whereat he made great lamentation, and said that he would lightly esteem himself if he did not take great vengeance.

Then he assembled his forces from all the realm of France. There remained neither duke nor earl, nor baron of account, that he did not have summoned, and, as I have heard tell, the muster was held at Chartres. A noble host was there gathered together, and according to the number in the list there were more than ten thousand. From Chartres they departed and rode right so towards Tours. Very noble was their array. The Prince heard the tidings that seemed to him good and fair. He took his way towards Poitiers, bringing with him much booty, for they had wrought much damage in France by their great valour. And know that the Saturday the Prince took the noble Count of Joigny, together with the Count of Auxerre; and the French fought valiantly at their encampment, but they were all taken and slain, as the record says, whereat the English made great joy throughout their army. And King John rode until he outstripped the Prince, and till one army beheld the other; and, by what I heard, they camped one in front of the other, and were lodged so close that they watered their horses at the same river.

Right there, however, came the Cardinal of Perigord, who brought with him many a clerk, and many a man of law also. Thereupon he spoke gently to the King of France, in all meekness: 'Sire,' quoth he, 'for the love of God, a sound word is timely. May it please you to let me ride to the Prince to advise if you might be accorded, for, certes, this great battle will be without fail so horrible that it will be loss and pity and great pride and presumption that so many a fair creature needs must die a sure and grievous death, and yet there is no avoidance but die he must at the encountering, whereof for sure he who is in the wrong must needs render account before God at the day of doom, if the Scripture lie not.' Then King John answered: 'Cardinal, you are very wise. We are well pleased that you should go, but know and understand well, never in all our life will we make peace unless we get into our keeping the castles and all the land that he has wasted and ravaged, wrongfully and sinfully, since he came from England, and are also quit of the quarrel for which the war is renewed.' 'Sire,' said the Cardinal, 'I will do in such wise that

you shall be safe and satisfied with regard to your right.' Thereupon he departed thence.

He rode towards the Prince's army; as soon as he came up to him he saluted him full sweetly, weeping for pity. 'Sire,' quoth he, 'for God's mercy now have pity to-day on so many a noble person who this day might here perish in this great conflict. Act so that you may not be in the wrong. If you could be brought to accord, God and the Holy Trinity would be gracious unto you.'

Sorrowfully the Prince said: 'Truly, fair sweet father in God, we know well that what you say is true, it is so in Holy Writ. But we would maintain that our quarrel, in truth, is just, true, and veritable. You know well that it is no idle tale that my father, King Edward, was assuredly the most rightful heir to hold and possess France, rightly beloved of every one, at the time that King Philip of Valois was crowned king there; but nathless it is not my desire that it be said that so many a fair youth here perishes through my pride. Nor is it my intent to set myself against peace, if it could be made; rather will I further it with all my power: but know that, in very truth, I cannot bring this matter to conclusion without the King, my father, but respite I can grant to my men to treat more at length of peace. If they wish no accord this time, I am here, all ready, to abide the grace of God, for our quarrel is so just that I fear not to engage; but to avert the damage and sin of death I will agree to it, at your pleasure, if so be that my father assent.'

The Cardinal, in tears, departed from him straightway and rode without delay towards King John of France, and told him of his reception. The King, to prolong the matter and to put off the battle, assembled and brought together all the barons of both sides. Of speech there he made no stint. There came the Count of Tancarville, and, as the list says, the Archbishop of Sens was there, he of Taurus, of great discretion, Charny, Bouciquaut, and Clermont; all these went there for the council of the King of France. On the other side there came gladly the Earl of Warwick, and, as the account says, the hoary-headed Earl of Suffolk was there, and Bartholornew de Burghersh, most privy to the Prince, and Audeley and Chandos, who at that time were of great repute. There they held their parliament, and each one spoke his mind.

But their counsel I cannot relate, yet I know well, in very truth, as I hear in my record, that they could not be agreed, wherefore each one of them departed. Then said Geffroi de Charny: 'Lords,' quoth he, 'since so it is that this treaty pleases you no more, I make offer that we fight you, a hundred against a hundred, choosing each one from his own side; and know well, whichever hundred be discomfited, all the others, know for sure, shall quit this field and let the quarrel be. I think that it will be best so, and that God will be gracious to us if the battle be avoided in which so many valiant men will be slain.'

Then the Earl of Warwick made answer to him thus: 'Lords,' quoth he, 'what do you wish to gain by this against us? You know well that you have four times more of men-at-arms clad in armour than we, and that it is your land we are overriding. Behold the plain and the place, let each one who can do his best. No other option do I know, no other will I accord. May God support the right, where He sees it the stronger.' Then they part without more discourse and return to their camp. Each one said on his side: 'That Cardinal has betrayed us.' Alas!

but 'fore God it was not so, for weeping he departed and rode towards Poitiers that was very needful to him, for, truly, he had neither thanks nor favour from either side. Then incontinent, on either side they set their troops in array.

First the King of France marshalled his men, and said: 'Fair sirs, by my troth, you will so keep me back, I ween, that the Prince will escape me. That Cardinal has certainly betrayed me, who has made me abide here so long.' Thereupon he called the good Marshal de Clermont and the Marshal d'Audrehem, that was ever at all times right greatly to be esteemed, for he was a very goodly knight, and the Duke of Athens, a very noble leader. 'Lords,' quoth the puissant King, 'make ready your array, for you shall be in our vanguard, and this is your right, so God help me. In your company you shall have three thousand men, and you shall have two thousand with spears and sharp darts, and good two thousand crossbow men, who will gladly aid you. See to it, if you find the English, that

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you engage in battle with them and spare not to put them all to death.'

Then he called this time his son, the Duke of Normandy, and said to him, 'Fair son, by my troth, you will be King of France after me, and therefore you shall surely have our second division; and you shall have the noble Duke of Bourbon to accompany you, and the Lord of Saint Venant, valiant and doughty. The good Tristan of Magnelais, a right noble squire, shall bear your banner, that is of rich and precious silk.

Spare not, for Jesus Christ, the English, however great or small, that you put them not all to death. For I would not that one single man of them should ever be so venturesome as to recross to this side of the sea to hurt or make war on me.' 'Thus will I deal with them,' said the Dauphin, 'father, by my faith. We shall, methinks, do so much that we shall earn your gratitude.' Then you might see banners and pennons unfurled to the wind, whereon fine gold and azure shone, purple, gules, and ermine.

Trumpets, tabours, horns and clarions you might hear sounding through the camp; the Dauphin's great battle made the earth ring. There was many a true knight, and, as the list says, they were four thousand in number. On one of the sides it took its place and covered a great space.

Thus has the King ordered and arranged this division.

Then he summoned the powerful Duke of Orleans, his brother.

'Brother,' quoth he, 'so God help me, you shall lead our rearguard with three thousand fighting-men, men-at-arms, valiant and doughty; and take good heed, for God's sake, that you have no mercy on the English, but put them all to death: for they have done us much wrong and burnt and destroyed our land since they left England. Take heed, if you take the Prince, that you bring him to me.' 'Sire,' quoth the rich duke, 'Gladly, and more also.'

Thus did the noble King John marshal his troops. He was in the fourth battle right stout was his courage; with him there were three of his sons, that were of great renown: the Dukes of Anjou and Berry, and also Philip the bold, who was very young and small. There was Jacques de Bourbon, the Count of Eu, and the Count of Longueville; these two were sons of my Lord Robert d'Artois. And there was also with him at this time the noble Count of Sancerre, and the Count of Dammartin. Very goodly was his array, for he had three-and-twenty banners. Then he drew up on the other side full four hundred barded horses and four hundred knights upon them, picked men; Guichard d'Angle led them, who was a noble knight, and the good Lord of Aubigny, brave and bold, and Eustace de Ribemont in whom the King set great trust; and he begged them, without slackening, to take heed to strike well and to spare no pains to break the battle, and each one would follow them close who should be ready to acquit himself well. And every one consented to carry out his will. There was such noble display that it was a great marvel. Never did one see the like nobleness and array as had they of France.

Elsewhere the English host was encamped, for this day likewise did the noble Prince set his men in order, and gladly, to my thinking, would he have avoided the battle if he could have escaped from there, but well he saw that he must engage. Then incontinent he called the noble Earl of Warwick, and very perfectly sets forth to him: 'Sir,' says he, 'needs must we fight, and since it so fortunes, I beg you, take command of the vanguard in this battle. The noble Lord of Pommiers, a right noble knight, shall be in your company, and you shall have, I pledge you, all his brothers with him, who are brave, valiant, and bold. You first shall make the passage, and shall guard our baggage. I will ride after you with all my knights; if so be that mischief befall you, you shall be succoured by us; and the Earl of Salisbury shall ride behind also, who shall lead our rearguard; and let every one be prepared, in case they attack you, to alight on foot at his speediest.'

And each one says he will do so. Thus they hold converse that night. There was none too great ease, for all lay in ambush; there was many an affray; and when it came to early morning the noble and true hearted Prince called Sir

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Eustace d'Aubrechicourt with the lion-hearted Lord of Curton, and bade them ride to spy out the French army, and each one set out to ride, mounted on his noble steed. But, as the French book says, these two rode so forward that they were taken and held prisoners, whereat the Prince was sore grieved, and the French made great joy throughout their army, and said in these very words: 'All the others will come after.'

Thereupon the clamour began, and a right great shout was raised, and the Prince broke up camp; he began to ride, for that day he thought not to have battle, I assure you, but weened ever, most certainly, to continue to avoid the battle. But on the other side the French cried out loudly to the King that the English were fleeing and that they would speedily lose them. Then the French begin to ride without longer tarrying. Quoth the Marshal d'Audrehem: 'Certes, little do I esteem your trouble. Soon we shall have lost the English if we set not forth to attack them.' Quoth the Marshal de Clermont: 'Fair brother, you are in sore haste. Do not be so eager, for we shall surely come there betimes, for the English do not flee, but come at a round pace.' Quoth d'Audrehem: 'Your delay will make us lose them at this time.' Then said Clermont: 'By Saint Denis, Marshal, you are very bold.' And then he said to him angrily:

'Indeed you will not be so bold as to acquit yourself to-day in such wise that you come far enough forward for the point of your lance to reach the rump of my horse.' Thus inflamed with wrath they set out towards the English.

Then began the shouting, and noise and clamour is raised, and the armies began to draw near. Then on both sides they began to shoot and to cast; not one of them made stint therewith. Sirs, by what I heard, the noble Earl of Salisbury led the Prince's rearguard, but that day he joined battle the very first, for full of ire and wrath the Marshals came upon him, on foot and on horseback, and attacked him by force. When the Earl saw this force he turned his division towards them, and cried out to it with a loud voice, 'Forward, sirs, for God's sake, since it pleases St. George thus that we were the hindmost and shall be the very first, let us so acquit ourselves that we gain honour thereby.' Then might you see the barons approve themselves well in battle; great pastime would it have been to behold for one that had naught there at stake, but certes it was sore pity and a marvellous and grievous thing. There was many a creature who that day was brought to his end. There they fought staunchly. The archers that were on the two sides over towards the barded horses shot rapidly, thicker than rain falls. Then behold there came spurring a valiant and doughty knight, by name Guichard d'Angle; he never lagged behind, but smote with lance and sword in the middle of the press. And the Marshal de Clermont and Eustace de Ribemont, and the rightful lord of Aubigny, each one acquitted himself well also.

The French book says, and the account likewise, that the Earl of Salisbury, he and his companions, who were fiercer than lions, discomfited the Marshals and all the barded horses, before the vanguard could be turned and brought across again, for it was over the river; but by the will of God and Saint Peter they joined all together and came, methinks, like people of noble bearing, right up a mountain until they brought their ranks up to the Dauphin's division, which was at the passage of a hedge, and there, with steadfast will, they came to encounter together, plying the business of arms in such right knightly fashion that it was great marvel to behold. There they gained the passage of the hedge by force by their assault, whereat many a Frenchman is dismayed at heart, and they began to turn their backs and mount their horses. In many a place men cried with loud voice 'Guyenne! St. George!' What would you that I should tell you? The division of Normandy was discomfited that morning, and the Dauphin departed thence. There was many a one taken and slain, and the noble Prince fought right valiantly, and comforting his people said: 'Lords, for God's sake, take heed to strike; behold me here.'

Then the King of France approached, bringing up a great power, for to him drew every man who would fain acquit himself well.

When the Prince saw him come he was some deal abashed, and looking around him saw that divers had left who had set out in pursuit, for truly they weened that by this time they had accomplished everything; but now the battle waxed sore, for the French King came up, bringing so great a power that it was a marvel to behold. When the Prince saw him, he looked up to Heaven, cried mercy of Jesus Christ, and spake thus: 'Mighty Father, right so

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as I believe that Thou art King of Kings and didst willingly endure the death on the cross for all of us, to redeem us out of hell, Father, who art true God, true man, be pleased, by Thy most holy name, to guard me and my people from harm, even as Thou knowest, true God of heaven, that I have good right.' Then the Prince straightway, when he had made his prayer, said: 'Forward, forward, banner! Let each one take heed to his honour.' Two knights, full of valour, were stationed at the two sides; they were Chandos and Audeley. Then began the encounter, and Audeley right gently and humbly besought the Prince: 'Sire,' quoth he, 'I have vowed to God and promised and sworn that wherever I should see the banner of the King of France in power there I would set on the first, so that I beseech you for God give me leave, for it is high time to join battle.' Then the Prince said to him, 'Truly, James, do your will.' Then James departed from the Prince; he made no longer stay. He advanced before the others more than a spear's length and hurled himself on his enemies like a valiant and bold man; but he could not long endure, for he had to come to the ground. There might you see in the encountering great lances couched and thrust on both sides; each one bore his part well. There you might behold Chandos smiting, who acquired great praise that day, Warwick and the Despenser, Montagu of esteem, him of Mohun and him of Basset, who fought right gallantly, Sir Reginald of Cobham, who caused the French sore loss, the good Bartholomew de Burghersh, very valiant in deed; elsewhere both Salisbury and Oxford fought mightily, and also, of a truth, the noble barons of Gascony, the Captal and the Lord of Pommiers, valiant and loyal, d'Albret, Lesparre and Langoiran, Fossard, and Couchon and Roson, Mussidan and he of Caupene, Montferrant, who above all strives with all his might to acquit himself well: these squires of high degree you might see smiting lustily and dealing such mighty strokes that it was a great marvel. There was a right sore battle, there might you see many a man slain. A long space this struggle endured until there was none so bold but was abashed at heart; but the Prince cried out aloud many a time: 'Forward, sirs,' quoth he, 'for God! Let us win this field and place if we set store by life and honour.' So much did the valiant Prince, who was so sage and prudent, that the victory turned to him, and that his enemies fled and divers departed, wherefore King John made exclamation: he, himself, fought valiantly, and with him many good knights that thought assuredly to succour him.

But his strength availed him little, for the Prince made such onslaught that he was taken by force, and Philip also, his son, my Lord Jaques de Bourbon, and a goodly number of others, the Count of Eu, the right courteous Count Charles of Artois, and Charles the good Count of Dammartin, loyal hearted and true, and the good Count of Joigny; he of Tancarville also, the Count of Sarrebruck that never hid behind, and Ventadour, the good Count of Sancerre. All these were taken that day, and many high and honourable bannerets, whose names I cannot give; but, by what I heard tell, there were fully sixty taken, counts and bold bannerets, and more than a thousand others, whose title I cannot give.

And, by what I heard, there died there, I warrant you: the right noble Duke of Bourbon, the brave Duke of Athens, and the Marshal de Clermont, Matas, Landas, and Ribemont, with Sir Renaut de Pons and others, whose names I will not name to you; but by what I have heard tell, and by what I hear set forth in the matter, there were full three thousand dead. May God receive the souls! for the bodies abode on the field. Then did one see the English joyous, and they shouted aloud in many a place: 'Guyenne! St. George!' There might you see the French scattered! For booty you might see many an archer, many a knight, many a squire, running in every direction, to take prisoners on all sides. Thus were the French taken and slain that day, as I hear in my record.

Sirs, that time of which I tell you was one thousand three hundred and fifty and six years after the birth of Christ, and also, as I think, it was nineteen days on in September, the month before October, that this great battle befell that was certainly right horrible. Pardon me if I relate it briefly, for I have passed over it lightly, because I would narrate to you of this noble Prince, right valiant and bold, gallant in words and deeds. Then was King John brought before him; the Prince gave him right hearty greeting, and rendered thanks to Almighty God, and to do more honour to the King would fain help him to disarm. But King John said to him: 'Fair, sweet cousin, for God's pity, let be, it beseems me not, for, by the faith I owe you, you have to-day more honour than ever had any Prince on one day.' Then said the Prince:

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'Sweet sir, it is God's doing and not ours: and we are bound to give thanks to Him therefor, and beseech Him earnestly that He would grant us His glory and pardon us the victory.' Thus did they both hold converse and speak kindly together. The English made right merry. The Prince lodged that night in a little pavilion among the dead on the plain, and his men all around him. That night he slept but little. In the morning he broke camp, set out towards Bordeaux, and all the noble knights, and they took with them their prisoner. So long did they ride and journey that they came to Bordeaux. Nobly were they received and welcomed by all the people; with crosses and processions, singing their orisons, all the members of the collegial churches of Bordeaux came to meet them, and the ladies and the damsels, old and young, and serving-maids. At Bordeaux was such joy made that it was marvellous to behold. There the Prince abode the whole winter. Then he dispatched his messenger to the noble King, his father, and to the Queen his mother, with the tidings how he had sped, in what wise God had wrought for him, and asked that they should send him over vessels wherein he might bring the King of France to England to do the more honour to the land.

When the King heard the news, he rejoiced right heartily, praising God, clasping his hands, saying: 'Fair, sovereign Father, be extolled for all these benefits.' And the gentle Queen gave great praise to God and the pure virgin who had sent her such offspring as was her son the Prince, who was of so great valour. They dispatched the messenger speedily, and sent him vessels and barges, such that there was a goodly number. The vessels came to Bordeaux, whereat the Prince rejoiced greatly. No longer would he tarry. He had all his harness loaded; the barons took ship, and all the knights of repute; the King and all the prisoners and that which was needful they brought on board. They sailed until they came to England, and so soon as they landed they sent to the King tidings that were to him good and fair. To meet him he let summon all the barons to do him honour; he himself in person came there with more than a score of earls. Up to London they escorted the Prince, for they welcomed him. There were they gladly greeted by the ladies and so received that never was such rejoicing made as was at that time. There was the noble and puissant King, and the Queen his wife, and his mother, who held him dear; many a lady, many a damsel, right amorous, sprightly, and fair. There was dancing, hunting, hawking, feasting, and jousting, as in the reign of Arthur, the space of four years or more.

Then the King made another expedition to France with his noble following, and the noble Prince also, and Duke Henry of Lancaster, and more than ten thousand others, whose titles I will not give, for it behoves me to dispatch quickly. But, as the book says, he rode through Artois and Picardy and Vermandois and Champagne, Burgundy and Bric, right to the Yonne, I assure you, and came as far as before Paris.

There were the noble and renowned King and the noble and valiant Prince; there they were encamped in the open, drawn up in battle array about that can there be no debate but they did not engage. Then they turned their expedition towards Chartres. There the peace was agreed to, which was afterwards sworn; in this peace-making the Prince of right noble conditions was concerned, for by him and his admonition the two Kings came to terms, and King John was set free from prison; and there by the peace was all Guyenne delivered into the keeping of the noble King and of his son the very valiant Prince. And this peace whereof I speak was in the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred with sixty, at the time when the nightingale sings, eight days on in the gay month of May, when birds wax bold.

They returned to England bringing their great array. Very noble feast was made them, and right well were they welcomed. After the day of All Saints, just at this time, of that I am sure, the two Kings were together at Calais, methinks; and the Prince and all the barons and all the knights of repute of all the realm of England, and of all the realm of France also, were there of their free will. There each one swore on the book, and also without reserve on the holy and precious sacrament, that they would hold the peace surely without ever breaking it and without renewing the war. Thus both the noble Kings agreed in making peace. The King of France went away, who made but short stay further; the noble King and the Prince of noble conditions returned with great joy to England, bringing with them the hostages.

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The gentle Prince married no long while afterwards a lady of great renown, who enkindled love in him, in that she was beauteous, charming, and discreet. And after that marriage he delayed no longer, but betook himself without tarrying, in brief season, to Gascony, to take possession of his land and country. The very noble Prince took his wife with him, for that he loved her greatly. He had of his wife two children.

He reigned seven years in Gascony, in joy, in peace, and in pleasantness, for all the princes and barons of all the country round about came to him to do homage; for a good lord, loyal and sage, they held him with one accord, and rightly, if I dare say, for since the birth of God such fair state was never kept as his, nor more honourable, for ever he had at his table more than fourscore knights and full four times as many squires. There were held jousts and feasts in Angouleme and Bordeaux; there abode all nobleness, all joy and jollity, largesse, gentleness, and honour, and all his subjects and all his men loved him right dearly, for he dealt liberally with them. Those who dwelt about him esteemed and loved him greatly, for largesse sustained him and nobleness governed him, and discretion, temperance and uprightness, reason, justice, and moderation: one might rightly say that such a Prince would not be found, were the whole world to be searched throughout its whole extent. Neighbours and enemies had great dread of him, for so lofty was his courage that he held potent sway everywhere, so that his deeds should not be forgotten, neither in words nor actions.

Now it is not right that I should be backward in telling of a noble Spanish expedition, but very right that he should be esteemed therefor; for it was the noblest enterprise that ever Christian undertook, for by force he put back in his place a king whom his younger bastard brother had disinherited, as you will be able to hear if you give ear a little.

Now it is full time to begin my matter and address myself to the purpose to which I am minded to come, to what I saw befall after the battle in Brittany, in which the Duke and his company conquered and gained his land by the power of England. And there was slain Charles of Blois and many a noble and courteous baron, of high and puissant lineage, both of France and of Picardy. There were Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, of great renown, and many high lords of degree, of noble and puissant lineage, whose names I will not mention, because I might delay too much to come to my purpose, and to shorten my words the more.

You know that Sir Bertrand, right bold and valiant, with the approval of the Pope of Rome, led out of the realm of France the whole of the Great Company and a great part of the mounted men, and drew to himself many a man barons, bachelors and earls, knights, squires, and viscounts. At the time of which I relate there was between Spain and Aragon a right marvellous war that had lasted, in very cruel fashion, the space of fourteen years and more. On this account Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, bold hearted and true, was chosen, and the good Jean de Bourbon, styled Count of la Marche, and the gallant and loyal Marshal d'Audrehem and Eustace d'Aubrechicourt, of noble disposition, Sir Hugh of Calverley, who gladly smites with his sword, and Sir Matthew de Gournay, and many other true knights, to go into that country and by their great valour bring about peace between the Kings, and open the passes and defiles of Granada, that these many valiant men and good lords might set out to conquer. Thus were they all accorded. For this agreement Sir Bertrand and his men received great monies.

When they had set forth on their way, he and all his company, they passed the defiles of Aragon, and then in right brief season they sent tidings to the King of Castile by a messenger, how he should accord and swear peace to Aragon, and that he should open the passage for them to go on a holy expedition in which all good feats of arms might fortune against the enemies of God. He, who was proud and disdainful, and feared little the power either of them or others, conceived sore displeasure thereat in his heart, and said that he would esteem himself but little if he obeyed such people. Then he let assemble his forces and prepared himself right stoutly to defend his country. Then he summoned great and small, gentlemen, freemen, and serfs, and thought to be well assured of defending his land against them. Fair, sweet sirs, may it please you, hearken! English, French and Bretons, Normans, Picards and Gascons, all entered into Spain, and so did the Great Company; the good Hugh of Calverley, and Gournay his comrade, and many good and bold knights, crossed there without delay, and gained by their emprise all the land that King Pedro had formerly conquered. Right sore grieved at heart was Don Pedro of Spain, the king; he says he

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will esteem himself no whit if he take not vengeance for all this. But little did his power avail, for not a month had passed when, by the great disloyalty of those who were bound to serve him, it behoved him to quit Spain and abandon his royal state, for all those who should have loved him were disloyal to him, so that one should verily say he ought not to be called lord that is not beloved of his people. This is manifest by this king, who was of so proud a disposition that he had fear of no man, but weened well that none could do him any hurt, howsoever great his power might be; but in no great while he had no friend nor relative, cousin-german, uncle, nor brother that did not part from him. They crowned his bastard brother, bestowed on him all the land, and all in Castile held him for lord, both great and small.

Don Pedro durst wait no longer, but betook himself then incontinent to Seville, where his treasure had remained. He had galleys and ships loaded, and his treasure placed in them. Hastily he embarked, as the story says; day and night he sailed until he came to the port of Corunna, the which is in Galicia. And the Bastard was no fool; he rode through Castile; not a city remained of which he did not get possession; there were neither earls nor barons that did not do him homage, saving only one reputed sage, Fernandez de Castro, they that knew him called him and right valiant and noble was he, and he vowed, so God aided him, that never for a day would he forsake him who was king by right, and if they all would do it those who had the power yet could not he suffer a bastard to hold a kingdom. But all the others of the country were altogether agreed that Henry should remain king of Castile and of Toledo and Seville, and Cordova, and of Leon. By the accord of all the barons was Castile thus conquered, and by the power and emprise of Sir Bertrand du Guesclin. Now you will be able to hear the end, how it fortun'd after this day, not a score of years ago.

Now begins a noble tale, of noble and puissant import(?), for pity, love, and justice dwelled together in his upbringing, as you will hear. You have well heard me recount the foregoing matter. Right wretched was King Pedro at Corunna on the sea, and full of cruel, bitter grief, for they had failed him that should have been his friends.

Exceeding sad was he and could devise no means whereby he might obtain succour, neither for pure gold nor for treasure. One day the King called to mind that he had long had alliances and amity wherewith he held himself full content with the King of England, of such noble disposition, for God had given him such virtue that since the time of King Arthur there was no king of such power; and if for that alliance, and for love and lineage, and for God, and for knightliness, he would send him succour, he might yet be saved.

Thereupon he called his council, and showed them the matter, and every one said he spoke well. Then a noble lord, Fernandez de Castro, the gentle, who was of right good counsel, spoke and said, 'Sire, hearken to me. By the faith I owe you, first of all, if you believe me, you will send straight to the Prince of Aquitaine, who is his son; right valiant is he and bold, and so strong in men-of-arms that I ween there is no man living, save God, that would do him wrong; and, if you find him well minded to succour you, be certain that you will have Spain again in your hands before this year is over.' To all this they readily agreed.

Don Pedro, the king of Castile, writes and seals incontinently, begging the Prince humbly that for God's sake first of all, and for love and pity, for alliance and amity, and by reason of lineage also, and for the right he has, without any doubt, that it please him, the right noble Prince, puissant, honourable, valiant and doughty, to succour justice and him, who petitions him in the name of patience; and that he would of his valiancy send ships to set him across, and bring him safely, for he would fain speak with him. The messenger came without delay.

At Bordeaux he found the Prince, who marvelled right greatly when he had read the letter. So soon as he had looked it through he called his knights and all his best councillors. He showed them all the letter, even as it was indited, and said to them, 'Fair lords, by my troth, I marvel at what I behold. Foolish is he who puts his trust in his might.

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You have well seen that France was, as I think, the most puissant Christian country, and now have God and right granted us strength to conquer our right; and also I have heard tell that the leopards and their company would spread abroad in Spain, and if it could be in our time we should be held the more valiant. Good counsel in this matter, my lords, you see to be right convenient. Now speak your minds thereon.' Then answered Chandos and next Thomas of Felton, these two were comrades, of his most privy council, and said to him, of a truth, that he could not accomplish this unless he had some alliance with the King of Navarre, who at that time kept the passage of the defiles. By the advice they tendered they summoned the King of Navarre, the Count of Armagnac also, and all the barons of the noble land of Aquitaine. And then all the great council assembled. Each one said what seemed to him good to do in the emprise; and know that it was arranged, by such council and such agreement, as I hear in my record, that vessels should be made ready at Bayonne without delay, men-at-arms and archers also, to go forthwith to seek King Peter in Spain. Sir Thomas Felton, the great seneschal of Aquitaine, was to be their captain. But whilst they were lading their vessels and making preparation the King Don Pedro in proper person arrived at Bayonne, bringing his sons and daughters, and that remnant of his treasure that God had left him, precious stones, pearls, silver and gold. When the Prince had knowledge of the tidings, they seemed to him good and pleasing. He went to Bayonne to meet him, and nobly welcomed him in great joy and pastance, and there they gave many a banquet. Why should I lengthen out and delay my story?

Incontinent all were of accord, the King of Navarre also, to aid the King Don Pedro, and bring him again into Spain; since that for justice and amity he besought him so humbly, he ought assuredly to be succoured.

All were agreed on this point, and henceforward the valiant Prince made no further tarrying.

He returned to Bordeaux and bade his men prepare. Many a noble and doughty knight he summoned throughout his land; nor did any delay, great nor small; Chandos was not behind, for he went to the Great Company in quest of companions, up to fourteen pennons, apart from the others who returned from Spain when they heard that the Prince wished to aid the King Don Pedro to his right. They took leave of King Henry, who gave it them at once, and paid them right gladly, for they were no longer needful to him. He was King of Castile at that time, and held himself well satisfied that none could wrest it from him, howsoever great his power. To be brief, there then returned Sir Eustace d'Aubrechicourt, Devereux, Cresswell, Briquet, whose name is often on people's lips, and thereafter the Lord of Aubeterre that ever gladly followed after war, and the good Bernard de la Salle. All the merry companions returned to Aquitaine, but first they endured great sufferings, for when the Bastard knew verily that the Prince wished without delay to succour the King Don Pedro he wrought them sore hindrance; he let cut all the roads, and night and morning he made to spring out many an ambush on them, and caused them to be attacked in divers fashion by geneteurs and villains. But God, who is sovereign Lord, brought them back in safety, right straight to the principality, whereat the Prince was right joyous, for he was right eager to accomplish his desire. And then without slackening he had gold and silver prepared and money to pay his men.

Sirs, the time I speak of was after the birth of God one thousand three hundred sixty and six years, when the gentle bird ceases to sing, three weeks before the day when Jesus Christ of His sweetness was born of the Virgin Mary. Have no doubt of the time.

Very nobly did the gentle Prince order his payment. Then might you see swords and daggers forged at Bordeaux, coats of mail, and bassinets, lances, axes and gauntlets. Exceeding noble would the equipment have been, had there been thirty kings.

The muster of the noble Prince's army was held at Dax. There assembled the barons and the knights from round about. All the companions camped in the fields at that time. In the Basque country, among the mountains, the great companies camped; they abode there more than two months, and endured great privations, all to await the passage, that they could go on their way. There they stayed all winter up to the month of February, until all were assembled, the distant and the near. But, according to what I heard, the Prince set out from Bordeaux fifteen days after Christmas. And then the Princess had right bitter grief at heart, and then she reproached the goddess of love

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who had brought her to such great majesty, for she had the most puissant Prince in this world. Often she said: 'Alas! what should I do, God and Love, if I were to lose the very flower of nobleness, the flower of loftiest grandeur, him who has no peer in the world in valour? Death! thou wouldst be at hand.'

Now have I neither heart nor blood nor vein, but every member fails me, when I call to mind his departure; for all the world says this, that never did any man adventure himself on so perilous an expedition. O very sweet and glorious Father, comfort me of your pity.' Then did the Prince hearken to his gentle lady's words; he gave her right noble comfort and said to her: 'Lady, let be your weeping, be not dismayed, for God has power to do all.' The noble Prince gently comforts the lady, and then sweetly takes leave of her, saying lovingly: 'Lady, we shall meet again in such wise that we shall have joy, we and all our friends, for my heart tells me so.' Very sweetly did they embrace and take farewell with kisses. Then might you see ladies weep and damsels lament; one bewailing her lover and another her husband. The Princess sorrowed so much that, being then big with child, she through grief delivered and brought forth a very fair son, the which was called Richard. Great rejoicings did all make, and the Prince also was right glad at heart, and all say with one accord: 'Behold a right fair beginning.'

Then the Prince set forth, he waited no more; no longer did he tarry there. Very rich was his array. He came to Dax and abode there, for news was brought him that the Duke of Lancaster was on his way, commanding and maintaining a great company. Then he was minded to stay and await his brother. And know that the noble Duke, when he heard it said that the Prince had set forth from Bordeaux, was sore grieved, for he thought not to come in time. He had landed in the Cotentin, and hastened much to ride, he and all the knights; he passed through the Cotentin into Brittany. To meet him there was a fair company, for Duke John of Brittany came; with him the greatest barons of his land, those he held most dear, Clisson, Knolles, and many who did him great honour. He feasted him in his land, but he made there but short stay, for it behoved him to make speed on account of the Prince, who would fain cross. He took leave without delay of Duke John and his wife.

Night and morning the noble Duke of Lancaster rode until he came right to Bordeaux, and found there the Princess, mistress of all honour, who welcomed him sweetly and very graciously asked news of her country, how they fared in England. And the Duke recounted all.

Then the Duke tarried no more, for he left Bordeaux; he rode through the Landes, hastening right speedily till he came to the city of Dax. He found his brother, the Prince, who came to meet him with more than twenty knights, and know, moreover, that at this time the Count of Foix was there. Great joy of each other did they make as soon as they met together. Then they kissed and embraced, and the Prince said, smiling:

'Duke of Lancaster, sweet brother, welcome in our land. Tell me, how fares the King our father, and the Queen our mother, all our brothers, and all our friends?' 'Sire,' said he, 'by God's mercy they fare no other than well. Our father tells you to send word to him if there lack aught that he can do. Our mother gives you greeting. All our brothers commend themselves to you, and send word by me that gladly would they have come if they had had leave.'

Conversing thus they came to Dax, holding each other by the hand, and that night they made very merry. Of their talk I know no more, nor will I recount anything further. The Count of Foix returned into the land where he dwelt, and the Prince stayed at Dax awaiting the time and hour when he could pass the defiles. As yet he knew not whether they would cross by the pass of Roncevaux, for it was said that the King of Navarre was allied to Henry the Bastard, whereat many were dismayed. But at this time and juncture Hugh of Calverley took Miranda-de-Arga and Puente la Reina, whereat Navarre was affrighted.

The King sent his messenger to the Prince forthwith, without delay, and announced the deed to him, what Hugh had done to them. Afterwards the loyal-hearted Sir Martin came from Navarre; by his sage counsel he helped to secure for them the passage.

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Right soon after this day it befell that the King of Navarre came to St. Jean Pied du Port, and the Duke of Lancaster and Chandos went then to meet him. They escorted him towards the Prince to a place where they found him. Peyrehorade was the name of the town and the house.

There came King Pedro, and there their oath was renewed on the body of Jesus, and each one was agreed as to what he was to have. The next day the King, the Duke, and Chandos left, for it was settled that the vanguard should pass, first of all, the next Monday; and they without long delay reached St. Jean. There they were lodged, and the next day proclamation was made that every one should make ready to pass the next Monday, those in sooth who were chosen to cross in the vanguard.

Now it is right that I should take heed to enumerate the vanguard. Fair sirs, first I should name the Duke of Lancaster, who was valiant, bold, and courageous, and had in his company many noble knights. There was the good Thomas d'Ufford, bold and strong, the good Hugh of Hastings, and his noble comrade William Beauchamp, son of the Earl of Warwick, the Lord of Neville also, and many a good bold knight, whom now I will not name, as I wish to speak of them elsewhere. Next I must name Chandos, Constable of the army, leader of all the Companions, whose names I will tell you. First of all the Lord de Rays, good and valiant in deeds, next the Lord d'Aubeterre, eager in pursuit of war, Messire Garsis de Castel, valiant and loyal-hearted, and Gaillard de la Motte also, and Aimery de Rochechouart, and Messire Robert Camyn, Cresswell, and the true-hearted Briquet and Messire Richard Taunton and William Felton and Willecock le Boteller and Peverell of the proud heart, John Sandes, a man of renown, and John Alein, his companion, next afterwards Shakell and Hawley. All these pennons were companions to Chandos, and placed under his pennon. Next were the Marshals, loyal men of valour, one Stephen of Cosinton, a very noble knight, the other the good Guichard d'Angle, who ought not to be set aside, rather is it very right that he should be remembered; with them they had the banner of St. George, and many other knights in their company.

Now, my lords, I have enumerated and completely named the vanguard, which lingered not, but made the passage wholly, on Monday, the 14th of February. But since the just God suffered death for us on the cross there was no such painful passage, for one saw men and horses, that suffered many ills, stumble on the mountain; there was no fellowship; the father made no tarrying for the son; there was cold so great, snow and frost also, that each one was dismayed, but by the grace of God all passed in due time, ten thousand horses and more, and the men upon them, and camped in Navarre. And the next day all those who were with the Prince in his division made ready.

Now it is very right that I should recount to you the names of these noble barons: first of all the Prince and the King Don Pedro, whom I should rightly name, and the King of Navarre also these three passed without delay. Messire Louis de Harcourt and Eustace d'Aubrechicourt, Messire Thomas Felton and the Baron de Parthenay, and all the brothers De Pommiers, that were noble knights, and then the Lord de Clisson and the good Lord de Curton. The right courageous Lord de la Warre was there, and Messire Robert Knolles, of short speech. The Viscount de Rochechouart was also there, and the rightful Lord of Bouchier and many other honourable knights, and the Seneschal of Aquitaine, a noble captain, and the Seneschals of Poitou, the Angoumois, of Saintonge, Perigord, and Quercy, he that was bold and loyal; moreover, I will also name to you the High Seneschal of Bigorre. These I mention were assuredly in the Prince's division, and good four thousand others, whose names I will not give, but they were good twenty thousand horse that all passed on the Tuesday. And the King of Navarre also crossed with the Prince, and escorted and guided him beyond the passes. And God, who was merciful, permitted them all to cross, but great hardships did the noble Prince of Aquitaine suffer in the passage.

On the Wednesday the rearguard also crossed: the noble King of Majorca, and the valiant, courteous, and right gentle Count of Armagnac, the bold Berard d'Albret, the Lord of Mussidan, and other honourable knights of noble fame. And there were also other pennon bearers: [to wit] Sir Bertucat d'Albret; and also know assuredly that the Bour de Bretcuil was there, and the Bour Camus, whose deeds I am not forgetting; Naudon de Bageran was there also, and Bernard de la Salle and Lami: all these, without doubt, were placed in the rearguard and passed on the Wednesday out of the defile. Now I will tell you truly.

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Each one of these divisions camped in the concha of Pampeluna. There they found bread and wine, so that they were filled.

Afterwards, without long delay, the noble Lord d'Albret crossed with the noble, valiant and loyal hearted Captal, each one with two hundred fighting-men, valiant and bold men-at-arms. Now the army was all collected together again. The tidings were brought to Henry the Bastard of Spain, who was lodged, he and his company, at Santo Domingo. Now he was not greatly dismayed, but on the advice he received was minded to send the Prince a letter. This he did, writing these words in the letter, as you shall hear:

'Most puissant, honoured, and noble Prince of Aquitaine! Dear Sire, it is a certain thing, as we have heard, that you and your men are come and have crossed to this side of the passes, and that you have made agreements and alliance with our enemy, whereat we have great wonder. I know not who counsels you, for I have never done you wrong or harm, wherefore you should hate us or take from us that little land that God has lent us of His will: but forasmuch as we know well that there is no lord holding land in this world nor any creature to whom God has given such fortune in arms as He has to you, and since we know well that you and your men seek only to have battle, we beg you in all courtesy that you will inform us merely in what place you will enter our seignory, and we pledge our word to you that we will be over against you to give battle.'

Then he had his letter sealed, and sent it by his herald, who journeyed without fail until he found the Prince: forthwith he delivered to him the letter.

And the Prince rejoiced greatly at the letter and showed it to his barons and set forth to them the tenour. Then King Pedro was summoned and all the council convened to advise about the answer, how he should send back and reply to him. But meanwhile Sir Thomas Felton craved a gift of the Prince, that it would please him to grant him only this one thing, that he might ride out ahead to go and spy out their army; and the Prince granted it him. And then Thomas called the companions, as many as he wished to have. Thomas d'Ufford and the lion-hearted William Felton, Hugh of Stafford and Knolles of short speech, were there; and there came also to the muster Messire Simon Burleigh. There were certainly, as I heard say, eight score lances, and there were three hundred archers. Then they began to ride through Navarre, day and night; they had guides and conductors. At Logroño they crossed the river, whose waters were swift and fierce, and camped at Navaretta to hear and know about their doings, how their army was being directed.

Whilst this was being done the King of Navarre was taken by treason; whereat the Prince and his council were amazed. Now was Messire Martin de La Carra ruler and governor of all the country of Navarre. By the advice of the Queen, who is worthy to have every blessing, he came to the Prince and related to him the capture, in what wise it befell, and begged him to keep and govern the country. The Prince marvelled greatly when he heard it word for word, and answered graciously: 'I am sore grieved at the capture. Now I cannot recover him, but you know well, in good sooth, the very best that I can do is to quit his land. If good befalls me, it shall be for him, so please God, as much as for myself. I have no other counsel.' Thereupon he bade the army make ready to set out in the early morning. Then he prayed Messire Martin to procure him guides; and know verily that so he did. Then he crossed the pass of Arruiz, which was very strait and narrow much hardship did the army suffer there and afterwards, of a surety, he journeyed through Guipuzcoa. But scant provisions did he find for his army right through the land until he came to Salvatierra.

Now was the army come to Spain and it spread itself abroad over the country. The noble company of knights lodged near Salvatierra, in the villages; they thought to attack the town, but know well that without delay it surrendered to the King Don Pedro as soon as it beheld him. There the Prince abode six days in the country round about, and meanwhile his men were at Navaretta, who often rode out and spied on the Bastard's army until it happened that one night they made their attack on their watch. All on horseback they charged upon them and took the knight that had command of the watch, and two or three others.

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Then the alarm was raised. To Messire Simon Burleigh fell prisoner the knight aforesaid. Then incontinent they came back to Navaretta, where they were lodged, and from the prisoners they had taken they learnt the truth about the army. Speedily they sent word to the Prince.

And the Bastard, on the other side, knew the tidings of the other army, and said that he would break up his camp and come to meet them. And when Thomas Felton knew it, and all his companions, they departed from Navaretta. They rode always in front of the army to report more exactly the tidings. They stayed on the other side until the Spaniards had crossed and they were minded to come this side of the mountains before Vittoria. In front of Vittoria, on the plain, Sir Thomas Felton and his companions camped. They sent word of this to the Prince, just what they had done. When the Prince heard the matter, even so as it stood, how the Bastard was coming straight to him, eager for battle, then he said: 'So help me Jesus Christ, the Bastard is right bold. In God's name let us go, my lords, and take up our position before Vittoria. The next day he came in front of Vittoria. There the Bastard was not yet in sight, but was on the plain on the other side of the mountain. When the Prince was in the fields, there he found his knights. Very gladly did he see them, and said to them, 'Fair, sweet Sirs, be welcome more than a hundred times.'

As they thus talked together the currouers were scouring the field. They brought word to the Prince ... that they had seen, they thought, the enemy's currouers. Then was there a stir in the camp, and all the army gathered together. The cry 'To arms' might be heard. The Prince drew up his men and set his divisions in order. There might a man regale himself at the sight, one to whom naught was at stake, for one could see gleaming pure gold and azure and silver, gules and sable, also sinople and crimson and ermine; there was many a precious banner of silk and sendal also, for since the time of which I now tell you so noble a sight has not been seen. There was the vanguard drawn up very nobly that day. There might one see knighted squires of high degree. The King Don Pedro did the Prince first make knight, and afterwards Thomas of Holland, ever ready for deeds of arms, and then Hugh de Courteney, Philip and Peter, as I know well; John Trivet, Nicholas Bond; and the Duke, in whom all virtue abounds, knighted Raoul Camois, fair and courteous in deeds, and Walter Ursewick also, and then Thomas d'Auvirmetri and Messire John Grendon. There the noble and redoubtable Duke, of enduring fame, made twelve knights or thereabout. And know well that there incontinent was many a good knight made whose name I cannot tell; but, by what I heard related, the Prince, with his men, made that day more than two hundred.

All day were they there in battle-order and ready to abide the onset. But it pleased not Mary's Son that the enemies should come that day, for, by Saint Peter, the rearguard was behind more than seven of the country's leagues, whereat the Prince was sore grieved. At vespers they went to their quarters. Then the Prince let cry that each one should return the next day right to that plain, and that no one should go beyond the vanguard, and that each one should be on his guard and should camp under his banner. But, by the faith I owe St. Peter, Sir Thomas Felton and Williarn his companion went off to encamp, more than two leagues of the country away, methinks.

Now it is full time that I should tell you of Don Tello, the noble earl, who addressed his brother the Bastard Henry in these words:

'Sire,' said he, 'now listen to me. It is very true, as you know in sooth, that our enemies are lodged very near here, and therefore, if you so will and give me leave, I will ride out in the morning and report you the truth about the enemies, what they are doing.' The Bastard replies to him forthwith that he fully approved of this proposal, and that Sancho, his brother, should accompany him, and D'Audreherne, the good Marshal, should also go; the expedition should be made with six thousand mounted men; thus was the matter settled. Sir Bertrand du Guesclin would have gone on it, but he had arrived that day, it was said, for he came straight from Aragon. Thus were their dispositions taken. Fiercely do they threaten the English, saying that for their great insolence they would make them die in shame.

Now may God aid the right! The Prince was encamped in front of Vittoria; and round about there was no hovel nor house not wholly full of his men. But the Prince the next day was not aware of the expedition that Don Tello

was preparing; for know that without sleeping he rose at midnight, rode the broadest road straight up the mountain, until he brought his company right down a valley. First he met Hugh of Calverley, who was breaking up, and coming towards the Prince. The curroures wrought great damage to his sumpter beasts and waggons, whereat noise and shouting arose, and the curroures ran up and down through the camp: many were killed in their beds. There the vanguard would have been sorely surprised had it not been for the noble Duke of Lancaster, full of valour; for as soon as he heard the shouting he sallied forth from his lodging and took his station on the mountain. There his company rallied, and all the others as best they could, and it is said that the Spaniards thought to take this mountain; but round the Duke and his banner all the banners of the army gladly gathered. Thither the Prince and Chandos came, and there the army was drawn up; there you might see the curroures repulsed with force. Each one strove to acquit himself well.

Then the main body of the Spaniards rode up and met Felton and Sir Richard Taunton, Degori Says, Ralph de Hastings, who cared not two cherries for death, and Sir Gaillard Beguer, and many a good and valiant knight: they were a good one hundred fighting-men together, great and small. Their company rallied on a little mountain, but Sir William, the valiant, very boldly and bravely charged among the enemy like a man devoid of sense and discretion, on horseback, lance couched. Striking a Spaniard upon his flower-emblazoned shield, he made him feel through the heart his sharp blade of steel. Down to the ground he hurled him in the sight of all the people. Like a man full of great hardihood he rushed upon them, with drawn sword, and the Castilians by their might followed him on all sides, and threw spears and darts at him. They slew his horse under him, but Sir William Felton defended himself stoutly on foot, like a lion-hearted man; albeit his defence availed him little, for he was slain. God have mercy on him.

And the others joined together on a mountain which they took; there the Spaniards made many an onslaught on them, fiercely attacking them without cessation, and hurling at them spears and darts and strong, sharp archegays. And they, who were very courageous, gave proof of their prowess like men of valour, for more than a hundred times that day they descended without ceasing, their sharp lances in their hands, and by force made them give way. Nor would the Castilians have been able to harm them, by casting lance or dart, had it not been for the French and Bretons, the Normans, Picards, and Burgundians, who came up a valley with Marshal d'Audrehem and Sir Jehan de Neufville. Those were together a thousand. As soon as they saw them, they all immediately dismounted. The English and Gascons saw well that they could not long withstand there, for they had no support, and the French on foot ran at full speed to attack them; and the others without slackening defended themselves fiercely, but they were not one hundred against more than six thousand. And these knights approved themselves well, and there did such feats of arms that never were Oliver nor Roland able to do more, as I have heard related. But their defence availed but little, for by force they had to yield themselves prisoners. There were taken: Hastings and Degori Says, Gaillard Beguer, a perfect knight, the three brothers Felton, and with them Richard Taunton, Mitton, and many others, whose names I have not mentioned: whereat the Prince was sore grieved, but he thought certainly that the whole army had come down through the pass and on that account he would not break up his army; for he would have gone to succour his men, had it not been for this, for that he was bound to do: but it was not so done. And they who had carried out their emprise, as soon as it was told them that the Prince was near there, departed at their speediest and turned back. They take the prisoners with them, treating them very harshly.

Greatly did King Henry rejoice at their return, and he said to them: 'Welcome, fair sirs, greatly am I beholden to you,' and then added, in these express words: 'All the others will follow. It is to his undoing that the Prince thinks to take my land and attack me: I will therefore cause him to know that great greed of possession has made him undertake this expedition. Whoso could take him prisoner, to him I would give so much silver and gold that he might make a treasure thereof.' When the Marshal heard him, very softly he said to him: 'Sire,' quoth he, 'what are you saying? As yet you have not discomfited all the good knights. But be sure and certain that you will find them proper men-at-arms when you fight against them. But if you will believe good counsel you will be able, in sooth, to discomfit them without striking a blow; if you will keep the defiles whereby they must pass and have your army well guarded. If you do not give them battle, through great lack of victuals you will see them quit Spain, or

you will see them die of hunger.' Thus was the Bastard King advised by French counsel. And the Prince was still encamped in battle—order before Vittoria, for he still waited there to see if the Bastard would come down, his troops drawn up, and his banners unfurled. That night he camped in the open. There was there none too good cheer, for many there were, by St. Martin, who had neither bread nor wine. None too pleasant was the stay there, for there were often conflicts and skirmishes with geneteurs; and of the English there were many slain, of them and of the others. Very ugly and foul was the weather, with rain and wind also. Sirs, the time I am telling you of was in March, when it often rains, blows, and snows never was worse weather and the Prince was in the open, where there were many hardships to endure, both for men—at—arms and horses. And the Monday the Prince raised his camp and moved. He turned back through Navarre; he crossed a pass which is called by name the Pas de La Guardia. He journeyed until he came to camp at Viana, and speedily after this it befell that he passed the bridge of Logroño. The Prince, who is very anxious and eager for battle, camped that day in front of Logroño, in the orchards and under the olive—trees. And the Bastard King learnt by spies that the Prince's army was encamped before Logroño in the gardens.

Then he stopped neither night nor morning; he turned back from St.

Vincent and encamped on the river, in a vineyard, beneath Najares. A fair army he had, puissant and noble. Thereupon the Prince sent him a letter which ran thus:

'Right puissant and honourable Henry, who art called Duke of Trastamare, who else styles himself for the present time in his letters King of Castile. We have well heard the tidings of your noble letters present, that are fair and gracious, of which the tenour is in sooth that you would gladly know wherefore we have plighted our troth and are allied with your enemy, whom we hold as our friend. Know that we are bound to do it to fulfil the alliances made in the past, and for love and pity and to maintain the right; for you should assuredly feel in your heart that it is not right that a bastard should be king to disinherit the lawful heir. No man born of lawful wedlock should agree to that. Of another point we apprise you, that, whereas you have such renown, and are held so valiant, we would very gladly be at pains to accord you both, and would ourselves see to it that you should have a large share in Castile. But reason and right ordain that you must give up the crown, and thus in truth fair peace might be nourished between you. And as to the entrance into Spain, know that I and my company with the help of God will enter there by whatsoever place it shall please us to enter, without asking leave of any man.'

Thus was the letter indited and thereafter sealed. They delivered it to a herald, who was glad and merry at heart and made great rejoicings, for they bestowed on him fine jewels, ermine robes, furred mantles. Then he tarried no longer. He took leave and departed; he came to his master, King Henry, and gave him the letter. The Bastard, when he looked at it and perceived the intent the Prince had made known to him, knew well that he was of high worth, and without making more delay he called his council together and asked: 'What seems good to you to do in all this matter?' Each one spoke his mind. Messire Bertrand du Guesclin, bold and true hearted, said to him: 'Sire, doubt not, for you will speedily have battle. Ill do you know, in sooth, the great power that the Prince leads. There is the flower of knighthood, there is the flower of bachelry, there are the best fighting—men living in the world, so that you have great need to make ready and marshal your men.' 'Sir Bertrand, have no fear,' answered the Bastard Henry, 'for I shall have, I am sure of it, good four thousand barded horses who will be on the two sides of the two wings of my army, and moreover you will see, know assuredly, good four thousand geneteurs; and of men—at—arms, of the best that can be found in all Spain, I shall have two thousand in my company, and, moreover, I can have, know well, fifty thousand men on foot and six thousand crossbow—men. Between here and Seville there dwell neither free men nor villeins but all are sure to help me, and have pledged their word to me that they will ever look on me as king, so that I have no fear that I shall not have the victory.' Thus did they hold converse that night in great joy and pastance.

And the Prince made no tarrying. The next morning, at break of dawn, he moved from before Logroño, for he delayed not at all. In right battle array they rode that morning, so fairly ordered that never had any man seen so noble a host since the birth of Jesus. That day was Friday.

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Two leagues the Prince rode that day without making halt, and well he thought that day to have the battle. He sent out his currouers in all directions, who were at great pains to report the truth; and, to speak sooth, they saw the disposition of the other army, and perceived that it was camped on the river, near Najara, on the moor, in the orchards and the fields very mighty was their army and that in no wise did they look as if they would move that day. They speedily reported to the Prince, who was camped at Navaretta, how they found the army. Then they heard at once the disposition of the battle. Now were the two armies camped together, about two leagues apart, methinks. That night each was on his guard and took heed to himself, and they slept under arms. And before it was day King Henry sent out spies on the English in divers directions to know about their movements; but these, if the chronicle does not lie, set forth earlier and began to ride. But the true-hearted Prince did not go the most direct road, but took the road to the right hand. They descended a mountain and a big valley, all on horseback, so nobly arrayed and in such fair close order that it was marvellous to behold. And the Bastard without slackening had at midnight set in order and instructed his army. On foot were Sir Bertrand and the good and valiant Marshal d'Audrehem, of great nobility, and the renowned Count Sancho, the Count of Denia likewise, who was truly from Aragon. Le B'gue de Villaines was there also, a very good leader, Messire Jean de Neufville, and more than four thousand others, whose names I cannot give, from Spain, from Aragon, from France, Picardy, Brittany, and Normandy, and many another distant country. Next on the left hand was the Count Don Tello, on horseback, with more than twelve thousand geneteurs, mounted men. On the right was the royal wing of the bastard king, called Henry, the which had with him good fifteen thousand armed men and many men of the country crossbow-men, villeins, varlets, with lances and sharp darts, and slings to throw stones to guard the front ranks. Never was such a marvel nor such abundance of men seen as there were that day. There was many an embroidered banner, both of sendal and of silk. A little towards the side were the barded horses, to the number of four thousand five hundred. A right sage knight commanded them very wise was he, by name Gomez Carillo with the Prior of St. Jean, who said that he would make the English suffer tribulation that day. And there was also the Master of St. Jacques and a good and bold knight called the Master of Calatrava; he said aloud that that day he would do so much that he would ride through the battle.

Now the matter was settled and all their host marshalled, and the Prince without delay came down from the mountain. When one army perceived the other, each knew well that naught remained but to fight, of this they are certain. No one would wait for the morrow. Sir John Chandos came forthwith to the Prince and brought him his banner, which was of silk, rich and brave. Very courteously he spake to him thus: 'Sire,' says he, 'mercy for God, I have served you in the past, and everything, whatsoever God has given me, comes from you, and you know well that I am wholly yours and will be always; and, if it seems to you time and place for me to raise my banner, I have enough fortune of my own, that God has given me to hold, wherewith to maintain it. Now do your pleasure in the matter. Behold it, I present it to you.' Then, incontinently, the Prince, the King Don Pedro, and the Duke of Lancaster also, unfurled his banner and handed it to him by the shaft and said to him forthwith:

'God grant you gain honour thereby'. And Chandos took his banner; he set it among the companions and said to them with joyous mien, 'Fair sirs, behold my banner. Guard it well as your own, for indeed it is yours as much as ours.' The companions rejoiced greatly. They set out forthwith and wait no more; they are intent upon battle. This banner that I speak of, William Alby carried.

The English have dismounted, aflame with desire to win and achieve honour, and the Prince said to them that day: 'Sirs, there is no other end. You know well that we are nigh overtaken by famine, for lack of victual, and you see there our enemies who have plenty of provisions, bread and wine, salt and fresh fish, both from fresh water and the sea, but we must conquer them with blow of lance and sword.

Now let us so act this day that we may depart in honour.' Then the valiant Prince clasped his hands to heaven and said: 'True, sovereign Father, who hast made and created us, as truly as Thou dost know that I am not come here save for the maintenance of right, and for prowess and nobility which urge and incite me to gain a life of honour, I beseech Thee that Thou wilt this day guard me and my men.' And when the Prince, fair to look upon, had made his prayer to God, then he said: 'Forward banner! God help us to our right!' And then the Prince forthwith took the

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King Don Pedro by the hand and said to him: 'Sire King, to-day will you know if ever you will have Castile again. Have firm faith in God.' Thus spake the valiant-hearted Prince. In the vanguard went forward the noble and valorous Duke of Lancaster; and the good knight Chandos knighted there without delay Curson, Prior and Eliton, and William de Ferinton and Aimery de Rochechouart, Gaillard de la Motte and Messire Robert Briquet. There was many a knight made, who was full of valour and of noble and puissant lineage. On the field the Duke of Lancaster said to William Beauchamp: 'See there,' said he, our enemies; but so help me Jesus Christ, to-day you shall see me a good knight, if death causes me no hindrance.' Then he said: 'Forward, forward banner! Let us take the Lord God for our Protector and let each one acquit himself honourably.' And then the noble and valiant Duke placed himself before his men; more than a hundred he made bolder-hearted than they were before, methinks. In that hour the Duke knighted Jean d'Ypres of the proud heart.

Now began fierce battle, and the dust commenced to rise.

Archers shoot swiftly, thicker than rain falls. Like a valiant man the Duke of Lancaster leads the way; after him goes Thomas d'Ufford and the stalwart Hugh de Hastings, each one with his banner unfurled, each one holding lance couched. On the right hand was Chandos, who acquired great renown that day, and Stephen Cosinton, John Devereux, a noble knight; and there was the good Guichard d'Angle that ever was in the forefront. With him he had his two sons and other knights of renown, who did their duty stoutly; and there was the right noble lord of Rays.

There might one see the companions coming, all close together, banners and pennons. Each one held lance in hand, and they made fierce onslaught to attack their enemies; and the archers kept on shooting, and the crossbow-men on the other side, who were with the Bastard; but all advanced so far on foot that they met together with Bertrand's division, which caused them much mischief. There might you see thrust of lance as they came together; each one strove to acquit himself well. Then, of a surety, was no heart in the world so bold as not to be amazed at the mighty blows they dealt with the great axes they bore, and the swords and daggers. It was no great pastance, for you might see many a good knight fall to the ground.

Great was the din and reek(?). There was neither banner nor pennon that was not cast down. At one time that day Chandos was thrown to the ground; upon him fell a Castilian, great in stature by name Martin Fernandez the which was at great pains that he might slay him, and wounded him through the vizor. Chandos, of bold mien, took a dagger from his side, and struck therewith the Castilian so that he thrust the sharp blade into his body. The Castilian stretched himself out dead, and Chandos leapt to his feet. He grasped his sword with both hands and plunged into the fray, which was fierce and terrible and marvellous to behold. He who was struck by him might be certain of death.

And elsewhere the noble Duke of Lancaster, full of valour, fought so nobly that every one marvelled, looking at his great prowess, how he put himself in jeopardy by his noble valiance; for I think that no creature, rich or poor, adventured himself so far forward as he did. And the Prince made no tarrying; know of a certainty he hasted fast to the battle. From the right side of his division the King of Navarre's banner and Sire Martin de la Carra set out with the Captal, of noble and loyal heart, and the rightful Lord d'Albret who strove to acquit himself well together they were two thousand to join battle with the Count Don Tello, who was on the left hand of the stout-hearted Sir Bertrand.

But I can well record it, before they could come together Don Tello left and the Captal incontinently wheeled round upon the footmen. Sorely did they harry them that day. As men of hardihood they defended themselves valiantly. On the left, on the other side of the Prince, Percy, the Lord de Clisson, Sir Thomas Felton, and Sir Walter Hewet, who time and again is named, these came to visit and support the vanguard.

Then the clash increases, and mighty was the slaughter, for the noble Prince of Aquitaine brought up all his main division; there was none who was backward in the fight. On the left was a very little mountain; there, on the side,

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the rearguard had been commanded to stand, over against the barded horses. There was the King of Majorca, whom I should not forget, and the valiant Count d'Armagnac, the lord of Severac, Sir Berard d'Albret, and Bertucat, who was anxious and eager to fight, and moreover I have not named to you Sir Hugh of Calverley.

Fiercer waxed the battle, which began on all sides. The Spaniards hurled with might archegays, lances, and darts. Each one strove to acquit himself well, for archers shot thicker than rain falls in winter time. They wounded their horses and men, and the Spaniards perceived well that they could no longer endure; they began to turn their horses and took to flight. When the Bastard Henry saw them he was filled with wrath.

Three times he made them rally, saying, 'Sirs, help me, for God's sake, for you have made me king and have also made oath to help me loyally.' But his speech is of no avail, for the attack waxed ever stronger.

What would you have me tell you? There was not in the Prince's following any man, however small, who was not as bold and as fierce as a lion: one cannot make comparison with Oliver and Roland. The Spaniards turned in flight, each one gave rein. Sore grieved and wrathful thereat was the Bastard when he saw them, but it behoved them to flee, or they would have been all taken and slain. Then the stress began, and then might you see the footmen slain with point and blade. The Bastard flees down a valley. But French, Bretons, and Normans still stand their ground, but their pride lasted only a short while, for they were speedily routed; and know that the cry was raised loudly in many a place, 'Guyenne! St. George!' There was Messire Bertrand taken and the noble Marshal d'Audrehem, of such great hardihood, and a count of great renown, Count of Denia by name. Count Sancho, doubt not, was taken there, who was a leader, together with Le B'gue de Villaines, Messire Jean de Neufville, and more than two thousand others; and, to make true report, Le B'gue de Villiers was slain, and divers others, whose names I cannot mention; but according to the report five hundred men—at-arms or more died on the strip of land where the battle was hand to hand. Also on the side of the English died a perfect knight: that was the Lord of Ferrers. The glorious God and St. Peter receive the souls of the dead!

Sirs, for God, now listen.

The battlefield was on a fair and beauteous plain, whereon was neither bush nor tree for a full league round, along a fine river, very rapid and fierce, the which caused the Castilians much damage that day, for the pursuit lasted up to the river. More than two thousand were drowned there. In front of Najara, on the bridge, I assure you that the pursuit was very fell and fierce. There might you see knights leap into the water for fear, and die one on the other; and it was said that the river was red with the blood that flowed from the bodies of dead men and horses. So great was the discomfiture that methinks never could any creature have seen the like, so God help me: so great was the mortality that the number was reported as about seven thousand and seven hundred, and moreover I assure you that the Prince's followers entered the town. There were more than a thousand slain; and there the Grand Master of Calatrava was taken in a cellar; and the Prior of St. John who caused them much mischief, and the master of St. Jacques also. These two had withdrawn incontinently beside a high wall; there they were not safe, for men—at-arms climbed up, who were minded to attack them, but they yielded humbly, for they dared not await them. Thus were they slain and taken prisoner, whereat the noble and valiant Prince rejoiced greatly. He remained in the open and raised his banner, round which his men gathered.

My lords, the time I am telling you of was right on a Saturday, three days on in the month of April, when sweet and gentle birds begin to renew their songs in meadows, woods, and fields. It was at that time that, of a surety, befell the great battle before Najara, even as you have heard.

That night the Prince was lodged in the very lodging in which King Henry himself had been the night before. There they held high revel and thanked God the Father, the Son, and his blessed Mother, for the grace he had done them, for know well that they found there forthwith wine and bread all the camp was well furnished therewith coffers, vessels, gold and silver, whereat many folks were right well pleased.

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The King Don Pedro came to the Prince, who was right well affectioned to him, and said to him, 'Our dear cousin, well ought I to give you thanks, for this day you have done so much for me that never any day of my life shall I be able to repay it. 'Sire,' said he, 'if it please you, render thanks to God and not to me, for, by the faith I owe you, God has done it and not we, so that we should all be minded to pray Him mercy and yield Him thanks.' Don Pedro said that he spoke truly, and of this he was right fain, but that he wished to take vengeance on the traitors who by force had done him so much mischief. Thereupon the Prince said, of a truth, 'Sir King, I pray you, grant me a gift, if it please you.' Quoth King Pedro: 'Alas! wherefore, Sire, do you ask me? All that I have is yours.' Then the Prince said incontinent: 'Sire, I wish for naught of yours. But I counsel you for good, if you wish to be king of Castile, that you send tidings everywhere that you have granted this gift: to bestow pardon on all who have been against you; and that, if through ill will or by evil counsel they have been with King Henry, you pardon them henceforward, provided that of their own accord they come to pray you mercy.' The King Don Pedro grants this, but sore against his will; then he said: 'Fair cousin, I grant it you, except for one; but I would not have all the gold of Seville to spare Gomez Carillo, for, certes, he is the traitor that most has done me dishonour.' And the Prince spake thus:

'Take your pleasure of him, and pardon all the others.' His bastard brother was brought, and divers other prisoners, whom he gladly pardoned, for the Prince's sake, and at his request. And then he turned him back, straight to his lodging, and there Gomez Carillo was made ready, and there he was drawn and his throat cut under his chin before all the people.

The Prince, the next Monday, set forth from before Najara, and the King Don Pedro also. They took their way towards Burgos, and then the news went through Spain to all parts that the Bastard was discomfited. At Burgos was his wife, who had no time to delay. As soon as she heard the tidings she departed at her hastiest, with all that she could carry of goods that she could pack up. She rode day and night with her escort until she came to Aragon. Right sorely was she troubled.

Sorrowing and weeping, she said: 'Alas, wherefore was I born? Queen of Castile was I, with rich and fair crown, but little space has fortune endured. Ah! death, who art common to all, for what waitest thou? Now fain would I die, for never could I have pastime or solace, what time, woe is me, they should say, "Behold the Queen of Spain whom the Great Company crowned." Ah, Prince, thy fell power has brought me low.

Right honourable is the lady who is yoked to you, for she can say she has the flower of the whole world, and the best, and that she holds sway over all the world.' Thus spake the lovely lady who made such lament.

And the noble and renowned Prince betook himself to Briviesca to lodge, and King Pedro rode straight before Burgos. To meet him there, came the rich burgesses, saying, 'Welcome, King.' Then he was received at Burgos, and the Prince came there after the term of six days; and at Burgos he made sojourn for the term of a full month. Word was sent throughout Spain to every city and town, to Toledo and Seville, Cordova and Leon, throughout the whole realm, that each one should come without delay to cry mercy of King Pedro. Thither came from all sides the known and the unknown, and the King pardoned them all. Lords, I will not lie to you: the Prince gave judgement before Burgos and held gage of battle, wherefore it might truly be said that in Spain he had such power that all was under his sway. There came Don Fernandez de Castro, who was right noble and valiant. The Prince welcomed him greatly and showed him very great honour. At Burgos, the rich city, the Prince and his noble followers sojourned seven months or more, and there was their council held, and there were the oaths renewed that they had sworn, ... and that the King Don Pedro should go straight towards Seville to procure gold and silver to pay the Prince and his men; and the Prince was to await the King Don Pedro at Valladolid and round about, and fixed a certain day for him to return to him. But, to tell the truth, the Prince awaited him six months, wherefore his army endured sore distress of thirst and of hunger, for lack of bread and wine. A proverb I have heard said, that one should dispute for one's wife and fight for one's victuals. Lords, there is no pastance for him who has but scantily eaten and drunk. At that time there were a many who ate not bread whenever they were hungry, and yet they dared not, of a truth, attack towns nor castles, for the Prince had forbidden it; but should they have been hung

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for it they had to do it perforce, for great famine constrained them. And the Prince also took Amusco first, and was at Medina del Campo, and abode in the fields until he had provisions from the town, or he would have given them battle. Likewise the Great Company took several towns in Spain, but nevertheless, of a truth, they suffered great hardships while awaiting King Pedro. When they had stayed thus long and the day was passed that he was to be back, he sent a letter to the Prince the tenour of which set forth that he gave him great thanks for the service they had rendered him, for he was King of all Castile and every one called him lord; but that his people have answered him, to wit both great and small, that he could not have money if he did not withdraw his men, and accordingly he begged the Prince, as courteously as he could, that it would please him to return, for he had no more need of him, and that he would appoint men to receive his payment. The Prince marvelled greatly so soon as he heard the letter. He sent two knights to him and informed him by letter that he had not kept his promises and pledges.

Wherefore should I relate and draw out the matter? So much might I recount that well I might weary you. The Prince perceived clearly that the King Don Pedro was not as loyal as he thought. Then he said he would return, for many said also that the Bastard Henry had entered Aquitaine and was harrying sorely the common people of the country, whereat the Prince was sore grieved. Whereupon incontinent the Prince took his return from Madrigal. He rode day and night until he came to the valley of Soria, where he abode fully a month. And Chandos held counsel in the meantime with the Council of Aragon. Of the council I know but little.

But, to abridge the tale, Chandos went without delay to the King of Navarre. He and Don Martin de la Carra obtained so much that the King of Navarre, who was courteous, let the Prince repass, and the Prince without delay departed from the valley of Soria; he took his way through Navarre without stay. The King, who was right noble, showed the Prince great honour, for every day he sent him wine and provisions in great plenty. He brought him through Navarre and guided him right beyond the pass. Afterwards, of a truth, they held high revel at St. Jean Pied du Port. There they took courteous leave, the one from the other, and parted. Then the Prince came to Bayonne, whereat many a one made great joy. Honourably did the noble burgesses welcome him, and that was right. And there he dismissed his men and told them to come and seek their monies at Bordeaux. There he abode five days in high revel.

The Prince set forth from Bayonne and made no stay till he came to Bordeaux. Nobly was he received with crosses and processions, and all the monks came to meet him. Right nobly they welcomed him, praising and thanking God. Then he dismounted at St. Andrews. The Princess came to meet him, bringing with her her firstborn son, Edward.

The ladies and knights came there to welcome him and made great joy.

Very sweetly they embraced when they met together. The gentle Prince kissed his wife and son. They went to their lodging on foot, holding each other by the hand.

At Bordeaux such joy was made that every one rejoiced over the Prince who was come, and those who were with him. Every one welcomed his friend. In very sooth that night high revel was held in many a place throughout the land of Aquitaine.

To come to a conclusion, now I have told you of the Prince and his great expedition, and of his very noble following, pardon me if I have spoken amiss, for in nothing have I lied.

He sojourned a space at Bordeaux and held himself full well content with his men and his country, for greatly had he gladdened them.

Thereafter in brief season he called together at St. Emilion the nobles of his whole principality, earls, barons, bishops, prelates. Thither they came right gladly. The Prince graciously and humbly thanked them all, both those

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who had been in his company with him in Spain and those who had remained behind, who had guarded the country, and said to them: 'Fair Sirs, by my troth, I should indeed love you with all my heart, for you have served me right well. With all my heart do I give you thanks.' Very nobly did he welcome them and bestowed on them many fair gifts, gold, silver, and rich jewels, and they made thereof great joy. They departed from the noble Prince and took their way to their homes.

Very soon after this it befell that the noble Prince of Aquitaine came to lodge at Angouleme, and there, of a surety, the malady began that thereafter lasted all his life, whereof it was pity and hurt. Then began falsehood and treason to govern those who ought to have loved him, for those whom he held for friends then became his enemies; but this is no great marvel, for the enemy that is ever on the watch quicklier harms a valiant man than a wicked; and on this account, as soon as it was known that the noble Prince was ill, in peril of death, his enemies were agreed to begin the war anew, and began to treat with those whom they knew of a certainty to be his enemies.

Thereupon the war between France and England began again, and then towns and cities turned from their allegiance, and divers earls and barons, whose names I should not hide Armagnac, Lisle and Perigord, Albret, Comminges, of short speech all on one day forsook the Prince their liege lord, because he was ill and could no more help himself. Then they were all agreed, as I bear in my record, that they should appeal from the Prince and begin war. The Count of Armagnac first and many other knights betook themselves to the King of France and told him straightway that they wished to turn and appeal to his court, saying that the Prince was wronging and oppressing them sorely; on this account assuredly they came to him as to their sovereign lord.

The King of France convened and assembled his great Council and showed them the proposal, how he of Armagnac was tempting him to begin anew the war: thereupon they began to hold counsel. And the counsel in this matter was that they sent word to the Prince that he should come without delay to answer in his full parliament against this appeal. The Prince, who was ill, when he heard the matter was mighty wroth. Then he raised himself from his bed and said: 'Fair sirs, by my troth, methinks, by what I see, that the French deem me as dead; but, so God comfort me, if I can rise from this bed I will yet do them much hurt, for God knows well that wrongfully they make complaint of me.'

Then did he send back word to the King of France boldly and staunchly, that in sooth gladly would he go at his summons, so God grant him health and life, he and all his company, with bassinet on head to defend him from mischief. Thus began war in Aquitaine, and then he had all the companions set in all the fortified places. There might you see mortal war, right cruel in many parts. The brother was against the brother, and the son against the father; every one took sides whichever way he list. But, at the time I speak of, the noble Prince lost greatly, for treason and falsehood held sway on all sides; none knew in whom to trust. But, nevertheless, the Prince strengthened himself as best he could.

To England he sent for help to succour him, and the very noble King his father sent him his lion-hearted brother Edmund, by name Earl of Cambridge, and the brave and valiant Earl of Pembroke also, and they had in their company much noble chivalry. These two went to the border marches and made themselves right dear. They took Bourdeilles by assault, whereat they were blithe and glad, and there was the Earl of Pembroke knighted. Then in short season they laid siege to La Roche-sur-Yon, and Chandos was at Montauban, who bore himself well there.

What could I set down for you to delay the story? On all sides was fortune in Aquitaine cruel and surly. La Roche-sur-Yon was taken by Cambridge and his emprise, but, as it pleased the true God who never lied, Sir James Audeley, of great fame, died there of sickness: whereat the very noble and renowned Prince was sore grieved, for greatly beloved was James by him. And then it was not long before Chandos also died at the bridge of Lussac, the which was loss and pity, for the Prince, who was right sorrowful, was sore dismayed. But oft-times one sees it so come about that, when misfortune is to befall, one mischance follows on another. Many a time it so happens. Thus all kinds of mischance arose; one after another they befell the noble Prince, who lay ill abed. But

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for all this he gave thanks to God and said: 'Everything will have its season; if I could rise from here I would assuredly take vengeance.'

When the French knew that the famous Chandos was dead they made great joy everywhere and rejoiced greatly, saying: 'All will be ours, as true as is the paternoster.' Then King Charles of France had word sent incontinent to Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, the bold and true, in Spain, where he was, where he served the Bastard King, and announced that Chandos was dead. Gladly did he hear the tidings. Bertrand returned right speedily into France without delay. He came to Toulouse; there was the powerful Duke of Anjou, who welcomed him sweetly and right graciously said to him: 'Sir Bertrand, fair greeting and welcome.'

We have great need of you, for if you are with us we shall conquer Aquitaine; for this is a very certain matter, Audeley and Chandos are dead, who have wrought so much mischief, and the Prince lies abed ill, with but scant cheer, so that if you counsel it we are all ready prepared to override the land.'

Well did Sir Bertrand agree to this, and advise it; and then they were all accorded, as I hear in my record, to ride in two directions and besiege the Prince. Then they assembled their men by hundreds and thousands; the Duke of Anjou rode through Quercy with great following; he of Berry and he of Bourbon with great force of men rode through the Limousin until they lodged at Limoges, and thought to come straight to besiege the Prince in Angouleme, where he abode, so ill that he kept his bed. And the Prince lay abed, where he had but scant cheer. So soon as he heard the tidings, they seemed to him good and fair; forthwith he rose from his bed and assembled all his host.

At that time the great and valorous Duke of Lancaster had arrived in his country with many knights of renown, and was desirous to give them battle, to defend his noble country. But as soon as they heard tell that the Prince, of a certainty, had assembled his power, they turned back, in sooth, and dared not await him. But at this time Limoges, the good city, was given up by treachery, and thither came the Prince, who laid siege to it until he took it by assault. Thereat he was blithe and glad, for there were Roger de Beaufort, who made boast of holding it, Sir Jean de Villemur, who said he would keep the wall, and good men—at-arms, without the burgesses therein. But all were slain or taken by the noble and renowned Prince, whereat all his friends rejoiced greatly around him, and his enemies, I warrant you, had great fear and repented they had begun again war with him.

After Limoges was taken, the Prince of high emprise returned to Angouleme. Then another sign befell him, for at that time he found his first-born son Edward passed from life, whereat he was sore grieved at heart. But none may scape death. All that God had given him it behoved him to accept. Afterwards it was not long before he made ready his array and betook himself to England, by reason of the malady that oppressed him, with his wife and his sons and many knights of renown.

Thereafter came tidings that La Rochelle was lost, and that the noble Earl of Pembroke was taken. Then the King levied an army, that was of great renown, and there were all the barons and knights of repute. The noble Prince was there, who was at great pains to reach the land and disembark, to go and succour his land. But by what I heard tell they were nine weeks at sea, nor ever could have any wind, rather they had to turn and come back; whereat the King and the Prince and all the bold knights were sorely cast down.

Now I have set forth in rhyme to you the whole life of the Prince; pardon me if I have passed over it a little briefly, but I must make dispatch to bring it to an end. For one could make a book of it as big as of Arthur, Alexander, or Claris, merely to bring to remembrance and knowledge his deeds and his right lofty prowess, and his very noble largesse, and also his valour, how he was all his life a valiant man, loyal and catholic, and zealous for the common weal, and how he made a very noble end, confessing with loyal heart his God and his true creator, and said to his household: 'Fair lords, behold, for God, we are not lords here on earth; all will have to pass this way. No man may scape; therefore I beseech you right humbly that you will pray for me.'

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Then he had his room opened and made all his men come who had served him in his life and still gladly served him. 'Sirs,' says he, 'pardon me, for, by the faith that I owe you, you have loyally served me; nor can I of myself give to each his guerdon, but God, by His most holy name, will render it you in the holy heaven.' Then each one sobbed heartily and wept very tenderly, all those who were present, earls, barons, and bachelors. And he said to all, loud and clear: 'I commend to you my son, who is very young and little, and pray you, as you have served me, to serve him loyally.'

Then he called the King, his father, and the Duke of Lancaster, his brother; he commended to them his wife and his son, whom he greatly loved, and besought them right then that each one should help him. Each one swore it on the book and promised him without reserve to support his child and maintain him in his right; all the princes and all the barons standing round swore it; and the noble and renowned Prince gave them a hundred thousand thanks. But never, so God help me, was such sore grief beheld as there was at his departing. The lovely and noble Princess felt such grief at heart that her heart was nigh breaking.

Of lamentation and sighing, of crying aloud and sorrowing, there was so great a noise that there was no man living in the world, if he had beheld the grief, but would have had pity at heart.

There was so noble a repentance that God of His mighty power will have mercy on his soul; for he prayed to God for mercy and pardon for all those misdeeds that he had committed in this mortal world. And then the Prince passed from this world and departed, in the year one thousand three hundred and seventy-six, in the fiftieth of his father's reign, in London, the noble city, on the festival of the Trinity, of which he kept the feast all his life, gladly, with melody. Now let us pray God, the King of kings, who died for us on the cross, that He will have pardon on his soul and grant him of His gift the glory of His paradise. Amen.

And here finishes the poem of the most noble Prince Edward, who never turned craven. This hath the Herald of Chandos related, who gladly made record.