

# **THE BRUS**

JOHN BARBOUR



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# THE BRUS

THE BRUS

## JOHN BARBOUR

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## BOOK 1

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

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

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

Quhen Alexander the king wes deid  
 That Scotland haid to steyr and leid,

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The land sex yer and mayr perfay  
Lay desolat eftyr hys day  
Till that the barnage at the last  
Assemblyt thaim and fayndyt fast  
To cheys a king thar land to ster  
That off auncestry cummyn wer  
Off kingis that aucht that reawte  
And mayst had rycht thair king to be.  
Bot envy that is sa feloune  
Maid amang thaim gret discencioun,  
For sum wald haiff the Balleoll king  
For he wes cummyn off the offsprynge  
Off hyr that eldest syster was,  
And other sum nyt all that cas  
And said that he thair king suld be  
That war in als ner degre  
And cummyn war of the neyst male  
And in branch collaterale.  
Thai said successioun of kyngrik  
Was nocht to lower feys lik,  
For thar mycht succed na female  
Quhill foundyn mycht be ony male  
How that in lyne evyn descendand.  
Thai bar all otherwayis on hand,  
For than the neyst cummyn off the seid  
Man or woman suld succed.  
Be this resoun that part thocht hale  
That the lord off Anandyrdale  
Robert the Bruys erle off Carryk  
Aucht to succed to the kynryk.  
The barounys thus war at discord  
That on na maner mycht accord  
Till at the last thai all concordyt  
That thar spek suld be recordyt  
Till Edward off Yngland king  
And he suld swer that but feneyng  
He suld that arbytre disclar  
Off thir twa that I tauld off ar  
Quhilk succed to sic a hycht,  
And lat him ryng that had the rycht.  
This ordynance thaim thocht the best,  
For that tyme wes pes and rest  
Betwyx Scotland and Inghland bath,  
And thai couth nocht persave the skaith  
That towart thaim wes apperand.  
For that at the king off Inghland  
Held swylyk freyndschip and cumpany  
To thar king that wes swa worthy,  
Thai trowyt that he as gud nychtbur  
And as freyndsome compositur  
Wald have jugyt in lawte

But othir–wayis all yheid the gle.

*[Edward I's ambitions]*

A! Blind folk full off all foly,  
 Haid ye umbethocht you enkrely  
 Quhat perell to you mycht apper  
 Ye had nocht wrocht on that maner.  
 Haid ye tane keip how at that king  
 Always foroutyn sojournyng  
 Travayllyt for to wyn senyhory  
 And throu his mycht till occupy  
 Landis that war till him marcheand  
 As Walis was and als Ireland,  
 That he put to swylk thrillage  
 That thai that war of hey parage  
 Suld ryn on fute as rebaldaill  
 Quhen he wald our folk assaill.  
 Durst nane of Walis in bataill ride  
 Na yhet fra evyn fell abyd  
 Castell or wallyt toune within  
 That he ne suld lyff and lymmys tyne,  
 Into swilk thrillage thaim held he  
 That he ourcome throu his powste.  
 Ye mycht se he suld occupy  
 Throu slycht that he ne mycht throu maistri.  
 Had ye tane kep quhat was thrillag  
 And had consideryt his usage  
 That gryppyt ay but gayne–gevyng,  
 Ye suld foroutyn his demyng  
 Haiff chosyn you a king that mycht  
 Have haldyn weyle the land in rycht.  
 Walys ensample mycht have bene  
 To you had ye it forow sene,  
 And wys men sayis he is happy  
 That be other will him chasty,  
 For unfayr thingis may fall perfay  
 Als weill to–morn as yhisterday.  
 Bot ye traistyt in lawte  
 As sympile folk but mavyte,  
 And wyst nocht quhat suld efter tyd.  
 For in this warld that is sa wyde  
 Is nane determynat that sall  
 Knaw thingis that ar to fall,  
 But God that is off maist poweste  
 Reservyt till his majeste  
 For to knaw in his prescience  
 Off alkyn tyme the movence.

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

## THE BRUS

On this maner assentyt war  
The barounis as I said you ar,  
And throuch thar aller hale assent  
Messengeris till hym thai sent,  
That was than in the Haly Land  
On Saracenys warrayand.  
And fra he wyst quhat charge thai had  
He buskyt hym but mar abad  
And left purpos that he had tane  
And till Ingland agayne is gane,  
And syne till Scotland word send he  
That thai suld mak ane assemble,  
And he in hy suld cum to do  
In all thing as thai wrayt him to.  
Bot he thocht weile throuch thar debat  
That he suld slely fynd the gate  
How that he all the senyhoury  
Throu his gret mycht suld occupy.  
And to Robert the Bruys said he,  
'Gyff thou will hald in cheyff off me  
For evermar, and thine ofspryng,  
I sall do swa thou sall be king.'  
'Schyr,' said he, 'sa God me save  
The kynryk yharn I nocht to have  
Bot gyff it fall off rycht to me,  
And gyff God will that it sa be  
I sall als frely in all thing  
Hald it as it afferis to king,  
Or as myn eldris forouth me  
Held it in freyast reawte.'  
The tother wreyth him and swar  
That he suld have it never mar  
And turnyt him in wreth away.  
Bot Schyr Jhon the Balleoll perfay  
Assentyt till him in all his will,  
Quharthrouch fell efter mekill ill.  
He was king bot a litill quhile  
And throuch gret sutelte and ghyle  
For litill enchesone or nane  
He was arestyt syne and tane,  
And degradyt syne wes he  
Off honour and off dignite,  
Quhether it wes throuch wrang or rycht  
God wat it that is maist off mycht.

### *[The miseries of English occupation]*

Quhen Schyr Edward the mychty king

## THE BRUS

Had on this wys done his likyng  
Off Jhone the Balleoll, that swa sone  
Was all defawtyt and undone,  
To Scotland went he than in hy,  
And all the land gan occupy  
Sa hale that bath castell and toune  
War intill his possessioun  
Fra Weik anent Orknay  
To Mullyr Snuk in Gallaway,  
And stuffyt all with Inglismen.  
Schyrreffys and bailyheys maid he then,  
And alkyn other officeris  
That for to govern land afferis  
He maid off Inglis nation,  
That worthy than sa rycht fellone  
And sa wykkyt and covatous  
And swa hawtane and dispitous  
That Scottismen mycht do na thing  
That ever mycht pley to thar liking.  
Thar wyffis wald thai oft forly  
And thar dochtrys dispitusly  
And gyff ony of thaim tharat war wrath  
Thai watyt hym wele with gret scaith,  
For thai suld fynd sone enchesone  
To put hym to destruccione.  
And gyff that ony man thaim by  
Had ony thing that wes worthy,  
As hors or hund or other thing  
That war plesand to thar liking,  
With rycht or wrang it have wald thai,  
And gyf ony wald thaim withsay  
Thai suld swa do that thai suld tyne  
Othir land or lyff or leyff in pyne,  
For thai dempt thaim efter thar will,  
Takand na kep to rycht na skill.  
A! Quhat thai dempt thaim felonly,  
For gud knyghtis that war worthy  
For litill enchesoune or than nane  
Thai hangyt be the nekbane.  
Alas that folk that ever wes fre,  
And in fredome wount for to be,  
Throu thar gret myschance and foly  
War tretyt than sa wykkytly  
That thar fays thar jugis war,  
Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar.

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

A! Fredome is a noble thing  
Fredome mays man to haiff liking.

## THE BRUS

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

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

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Thusgat levyt thai and in sic thrillage  
Bath pur and thai off hey parag,  
For off the lordis sum thai slew  
And sum thai hangyt and sum thai drew,  
And sum thai put in hard presoune  
Foroutyn caus or enchesoun,  
And amang other off Douglas  
Put in presoun Schyr Wilyam was  
That off Douglas was lord and syr,  
Off him thai makyt a martyr.  
Fra thai in presoune him sleuch  
His land that is fayr inewch  
Thai the lord off Clyffurd gave.  
He had a sone, a litill knave,  
That was than bot a litill page,  
Bot syne he wes off gret vaslage.  
Hys fadyr dede he vengyt sua  
That in Inland I underta  
Wes nane off lyve that hym ne dred,  
For he sa fele off harnys sched  
That nane that lyvys thaim can tell.  
Bot wonderly hard thing fell  
Till him or he till state wes brocht.  
Thair wes nane aventur that mocht  
Stunay hys hart na ger him let  
To do the thing that he wes on set,  
For he thocht ay encrely  
To do his deid avysily.  
He thocht weill he was worth na seyle  
That mycht of nane anoyis feyle,  
And als for till escheve gret thingis  
And hard travalys and barganyngis,  
That suld ger his price doublyt be.  
Quharfor in all hys lyvetyme he  
Wes in gret payn and gret travaill,  
And never wald for myscheiff faill  
Bot dryve the thing rycht to the end  
And tak the ure that God wald send.  
His name wes James of Douglas,  
And quhen he herd his fader was  
Put in presoune so fellounly,  
And at his landis halyly  
War gevyn to the Clyffurd perfay  
He wyst nocht quhat to do na say,  
For he had na thing for to dispend  
Na thar wes nane that ever him kend  
Wald do sa mekill for him that he  
Mycht sufficiently fundyn be.  
Than wes he wonder will off wane,

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And sodanly in hart has tane  
That he wald travaile our the se  
And a quhile in Parys be,  
And dre myscheiff quhar nane hym kend  
Til God sum succouris till hym send.  
And as he thocht he did rycht sua,  
And sone to Parys can he ga  
And levyt thar full sympylly,  
The—quheter he glaid was and joly,  
And till swylk thowlesnes he yeid  
As the cours askis off youtheid,  
And umquhill into rybbaldaill.  
And that may mony tyme availl,  
For knowlage off mony statis  
May quhile avaiyle full mony gatis  
As to the gud erle off Artayis  
Robert befell in his dayis  
For oft fenyeyng off rybbaldy  
Avaiyleit himand that gretly.  
And Catone sayis us in his wryt  
That to fenyhe foly quhile is wyt.  
In Parys ner thre yer dwellyt he,  
And then come tythandis our the se  
That his fadyr wes done to ded.  
Then wes he wa and will of red,  
And thocht that he wald hame agayne  
To luk gyff he throu ony payn  
Mycht wyn agayn his heritage  
And his men out off all thryllage.

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

To Sanct Androws he come in hy,  
Quhar the byschop full curtasly  
Resavyt him and gert him wer  
His knyvys forouth him to scher,  
And cled him rycht honorabilly  
And gert ordayn quhar he suld ly.  
A weile gret quhile thar dwellyt he.  
All men lufyt him, for his bounte,  
For he wes off full fayr effer  
Wys curtais and deboner.  
Larg and luffand als wes he,  
And our all thing luffyt lawte.  
Leawte to luff is gretumly,  
Throuch leawte liffis men rychtwisly.  
With a vertu and leawte  
A man may yeit sufficyand be,  
And but leawte may nane haiff price

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Quether he be wucht or he be wys,  
For quhar it failyeys na vertu  
May be off price na off valu  
To mak a man sa gud that he  
May symply callyt gud man be.  
He wes in all his dedis lele,  
For him dedeyneyt nocht to dele  
With trechery na with falset.  
His hart on hey honour wes set,  
And hym contenyt on sic maner  
That all him luffyt that war him ner.  
Bot he wes nocht sa fayr that we  
Suld spek gretly off his beaute.  
In vysage wes he sumdeill gray  
And had blak har as Ic hard say,  
Bot off lymmys he wes weill maid  
With banys gret and schuldrys braid,  
His body wes weyll maid and lenye  
As thai that saw hym said to me.  
Quhen he wes blyth he wes lufly  
And meyk and sweyt in cumpany,  
Bot quha in battaill mycht him se  
All othir contenance had he.  
And in spek wlispyt he sumdeill,  
Bot that sat him rycht wonfre weill.  
Till gud Ector of Troy mycht he  
In mony thingis liknyt be.  
Ector had blak har as he had  
And stark lymmys and rycht weill maid,  
And wlispyt alsua as did he,  
And wes fullfillyt of leawte  
And wes curtais and wys and wucht  
Bot off manheid and mekill mycht  
Till Ector dar I nane comper  
Off all that ever in wardys wer.  
The—quethyr in his tyme sa wrocht he  
That he suld gretly lovyt be.

### *[Douglas asks Edward I for his lands]*

He dwellyt thar quhill on a tid  
The King Edward with mekill prid  
Come to Strevillyne with gret mengye  
For till hald thar ane assemble.  
Thidderwart went mony baroune,  
Byschop Wilyame off Lambyrtoun  
Raid thiddyr als and with him was  
This squyer James of Douglas.  
The byschop led him to the king  
And said, 'Schyr, heyr I to you bryng

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This child that clemys your man to be,  
And prays you par cheryte  
That ye resave her his homage  
And grantis him his heritage.'  
'Quhat landis clemys he?' said the king.  
'Schyr, giff that it be your liking  
He clemys the lordschip off Douglas,  
For lord tharoff hys fader was.'  
The king then wrethyt him encrely  
And said, 'Schyr byschop, sekyrly  
Gyff thou wald kep thi fewte  
Thoue maid nane sis speking to me.  
His fadyr ay wes my fay feloune  
And deyt tharfor in my presoun  
And wes agayne my majeste  
Tharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.  
Ga purches land quharever he may  
For tharoff haffys he nane, perfay.  
The Clyffurd sall thaim haiff for he  
Ay lely has servyt to me.'  
The bischop hard him swa answer  
And durst than spek till him na mar,  
Bot fra his presence went in hy  
For he dred sayr his felouny  
Swa that he na mar spak tharto.  
The king did that he com to do  
And went till Inland syn agayn  
With mony man off mekill mayn.

### *[The romance begins; the Scots and the Macabees]*

Lordingis, quha likis for till her,  
The romanys now begynnys her  
Off men that war in gret distres  
And assayit full gret hardynes  
Or thai mycht cum till thar entent.  
Bot syne our Lord sic grace thaim sent  
That thai syne throu thar gret valour  
Come till gret hycht and till honour,  
Magre thar fayis everilkane  
That war sa fele that ay till ane  
Off thaim thai war weill a thousand,  
Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withstand.  
Bot and we say the suthfastnes  
Thai war sum tyme erar may then les,  
Bot God that maist is off all mycht  
Preservyt thaim in his forsycht  
To veng the harme and the contrer  
At that fele folk and pautener  
Dyd till sympill folk and worthy

That couth nocht help thaim self. For–thi  
 Thai war lik to the Machabeys  
 That as men in the bibill seys  
 Throw thar gret worschip and valour  
 Faucht into mony stalwart stour  
 For to delyver thar countre  
 Fra folk that throu iniquite  
 Held thaim and thairis in thrillage.  
 Thai wrocht sua throu thar vasselage  
 That with few folk thai had victory  
 Off mychty kingis as sayis the story,  
 And delyveryt thar land all fre,  
 Quharfor thar name suld lovyt be.

*[Comyn's proposal to Bruce]*

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

*[The dangers of treason]*

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

## THE BRUS

And gud men als ma then inew  
Throu tresoune and throu wikkitnes,  
The Broite beris tharoff wytnes.  
Sa fell of this conand-making,  
For the Cumyn raid to the king  
Off Ingland and tald all this cas  
Bot I trow nocht all as it was  
Bot the endentur till him gaf he  
That soun schawyt the iniquite.  
Quharfor syne he tholyt ded,  
Than he couth set tharfor na rede.

### *[Edward I confronts Bruce with the indenture in parliament]*

Quhen the king saw the endentur  
He wes angry out of mesur,  
And swour that he suld vengeance ta  
Off that Bruys that presumyt swa  
Aganys him to brawle or rys  
Or to conspyr on sic a wys.  
And to Schyr Jhon Cumyn said he  
That he suld for his leawte  
Be rewardyt and that hely,  
And he him thankit humyly.  
Than thocht he to have the leding  
Off all Scotland but gane-saying  
Fra at the Bruce to dede war brocht.  
Bot oft failyeis the fulis thocht,  
And wys mennys etling  
Cummys nocht ay to that ending  
That thai think it sall cum to,  
For God wate weill quhat is to do.  
Off hys etlyng rycht swa it fell  
As I sall efterwartis tell.  
He tuk his leve and hame is went,  
And the king a parlyament  
Gert set tharefter hastely  
And thidder somounys he in hy  
The barounys of his reawte,  
And to the lord the Bruce send he  
Bydding to cum to that gadryng.  
And he that had na persavyng  
Off the tresoun na the falset  
Raid to the king but langer let,  
And in Lundon hym herberyd he  
The fyrst day off thar assemble,  
Syne on the morn to court he went.  
The king sat into parleament  
And forouth hys consaile preve  
The lord the Bruce thar callyt he

## THE BRUS

And schawyt hym the endentur.  
He wes in full gret aventur  
To tyne his lyff, bot God of mycht  
Preservyt him till hyer hycht,  
That wald nocht that he swa war dede.  
The king betaucht hym in that steid  
The endentur the seile to se,  
And askyt gyff it enselyt he?  
He lukyt the seyle entently  
And answeyrt till him humyly  
And sayd, 'How that I sympill be  
My seyle is nocht all tyme with me.  
Ik have ane other it to ber.  
Tharfor giff that your willis wer  
Ic ask you respyt for to se  
This letter and tharwith avysit be  
Till tomorn that ye be set,  
And then foroutyn langer let  
This letter sall I entyr heyr  
Befor all your consaill planer,  
And thartill into borwch draw I  
Myn herytage all halily.'  
The king thocht he wes traist inewch  
Sen he in bowrch hys landis drewch,  
And let hym with the letter passe  
Till entyr it as forspokin was.

## BOOK 2

*[Bruce escapes to Lochmaben]*

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

*[The killing of Comyn and his uncle]*

Sa fell it in the samyn tid  
 That at Dumfres rycht thar besid  
 Schir Jhone the Cumyn sojornyng maid.  
 The Brus lap on and thidder raid  
 And thocht foroutyn mar letting  
 For to quyt hym his discovering.  
 Thidder he raid but langer let  
 And with Schyr Jhone the Cumyn met  
 In the Freris at the hye awter,  
 And schawyt him with lauchand cher  
 The endentur, syne with a knyff  
 Rycht in that sted hym reft the lyff.  
 Schyr Edmund Cumyn als wes slayn  
 And othir mony off mekill mayn.

## THE BRUS

Nocht–for–thi yeit sum men sayis  
At that debat fell other–wayis,  
Bot quhat–sa–evyr maid the debate  
Thar–through he deyt weill I wat.  
He mysdyd thar gretly but wer  
That gave na gyrth to the awter,  
Tharfor sa hard myscheiff him fell  
That Ik herd never in romanys tell  
Off man sa hard frayit as wes he  
That efterwart com to sic bounte.

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

Now agayne to the king ga we  
That on the morn with his barne  
Sat intill his parleament,  
And eftyr the lord the Bruys he sent  
Rycht till his in with knychtis kene.  
Quhen he oft–tyme had callit bene  
And his men efter him askit thai,  
Thai said that he sen yhysterday  
Dwelt in his chambyr ythanly  
With a clerk with him anerly.  
Than knokyt thai at his chamur thar  
And quhen thai hard nane mak ansvar  
Thai brak the dur, bot thai fand nocht  
The–quethir the chambre hale thai socht.  
Thai tald the king than hale the cas  
And how that he eschapyt was.  
He wes off his eschap sary  
And swour in ire full stalwartly  
That he suld drawyn and hangit be.  
He manansyt as him thocht, bot he  
Thought that suld pas ane other way  
And, quhen he as ye herd me say  
Intill the kyrk Schyr Jhone haid slain,  
Till Louchmabane he went agayne  
And gert men with his lettres ryd  
To freyndis apon ilk sid  
That come to hym with thar mengye,  
And his men als assemblit he  
And thocht that he wald mak him king.  
Our all the land the word gan spryng  
That the Bruce the Cumyn had slayn,  
And amang other, lettres ar gayn  
To the byschop off Androws towne  
That tauld how slayn wes that baroun.  
The letter tauld hym all the deid,  
And he till his men gert reid

## THE BRUS

And sythyn said thaim, 'Sekyrly  
I hop Thomas prophecy  
Off Hersildoune sall veryfyd be  
In him, for swa Our Lord help me  
I haiff gret hop he sall be king  
And haiff this land all in leding.'

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

James off Douglas that ay-quhar  
Allwayis befor the byschop schar  
Had weill hard all the letter red,  
And he tuk alsua full gud hed  
To that the byschop had said.  
And quhen the burdys doun war laid  
Till chamyr went thai then in hy,  
And James off Douglas prevely  
Said to the byschop, 'Schyr, ye se  
How Inglismen throu thar powste  
Dysherysys me off my land,  
And men has gert you understand  
Als that the erle off Carryk  
Clamys to govern the kynryk,  
And for yon man that he has slayn  
All Inglismen ar him agayn  
And wald disherys hym blythly,  
The-quhether with hym dwell wald I.  
Tharfor, schir, giff it war your will  
I wald tak with him gud and ill.  
Throu hym I trow my land to wyn  
Magre the Cliffurd and his kyn.'  
The byschop hard and had pite  
And said, 'Swet son, sa God help me  
I wald blythly that thou war thar  
Bot at I nocht reprovyt war.  
On this maner weile wyrk thou may.  
Thou sall tak Ferrand my palfray,  
For thar is na hors in this land  
Sa swyht na yeit sa weill at hand.  
Tak him as off thine awyne hewid  
As I had gevyn tharto na reid,  
And gyff his yhemar oucht gruchys  
Luk that thou tak him magre his,  
Swa sall I weill assoneit be.  
Mychty God for his powste  
Graunt that he that thou pasis to  
And thou in all tyme sa weill to do  
That ye you fra your fayis defend.'  
He taucht him siluer to dispend  
And syne gaiff him gud day

## THE BRUS

And bad him pas furth on his way,  
For he ne wald spek till he war gane.  
The Douglas then his way has taine  
Rycht to the hors, as he him bad,  
Bot he that him in yhemsell had  
Than warnyt him dispitously,  
Bot he that wreth him encrely  
Fellyt hym with a swerys dynt,  
And syne foroutyn langer stynt  
The hors he sadylt hastely,  
And lap on hym delyverly  
And passyt furth but leve-taking.  
Der God that is off hevyn king  
Sauff hym and scheld him fra his fayis.  
All him alane the way he tais  
Toward the towne off Louchmabane,  
And a litill fra Aryk stane  
The Bruce with a gret rout he met  
That raid to Scone for to be set  
In kingis stole and to be king.  
And quhen Douglas saw hys cummyng  
He raid and hailstyt hym in hy  
And lowtyt him ffull curtasly,  
And tauld him haly all his state  
And quhat he was, and als how-gat  
The Cliffurd held his heritage,  
And that he come to mak homage  
Till him as till his rychtwis king,  
And at he boune wes in all thing  
To tak with him the gud and ill.  
And quhen the Bruce had herd his will  
He resavyt him in gret daynte  
And men and armys till him gaff he.  
He thocht weile he suld be worthy  
For all his eldris war douchty.  
Thusgat maid thai thar aquentance  
That never syne for nakyn chance  
Departyt quhill thai lyffand war.  
Thair frendschip woux ay mar and mar,  
For he servyt ay lelely,  
And the tother full wilfully  
That was bath worthy wucht and wys  
Rewardyt him weile his service.

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

The lord the Bruce to Glaskow raid  
And send about him quhill he haid  
Off his freyndis a gret menyhe,

## THE BRUS

And syne to Scone in hy raid he  
And wes maid king but langer let,  
And in the kingis stole wes set  
As in that tyme wes the maner.  
Bot off thar nobleis, gret affer,  
Thar service na thar realte  
Ye sall her na thing now for me,  
Owtane that he off the barnage  
That thidder come tok homage  
And syne went our all the land  
Frendis and frendschip purchesand  
To maynteym that he had begunnyn.  
He wyst or all the land war wonnyn  
He suld fynd full hard barganyng  
With him that wes off England king,  
For thar wes nane off lyff sa fell  
Sa pautener na sa cruell.  
And quhen to King Edward wes tauld  
How at the Bruys that wes sa bauld  
Had brocht the Cumyn till ending,  
And how he syne had maid him king,  
Owt off his wyt he went weill ner,  
And callit till him Schir Amer  
The Vallang that wes wys and wycht  
And off his hand a worthy knyght,  
And bad him men off armys ta  
And in hy till Scotland ga,  
And byrn and slay and rais dragoun,  
And hycht all Fyfe in warysoun  
Till him that mycht other ta or sla  
Robert the Bruce that wes his fa.  
Schir Aymer did as he him bad,  
Gret chevalry with him he had,  
With him wes Philip the Mowbray,  
And Ingram the Umfravill perfay  
That wes bath wys and averty  
And full off gret chevalry,  
And off Scotland the maist party  
Thai had intill thar cumpany,  
For yheit then mekill off the land  
Wes intill Inglismennys hand.  
Till Perth then went thai in a rout,  
That then wes wallyt all about  
With feile towris rycht hey bataillyt  
To defend giff it war assaylit,  
Tharin dwellyt Schyr Amery  
With all his gret chevalry.  
The King Robert wyst he wes thar  
And quhatkyn chyftanys with him war  
And assemblyt all his mengye.  
He had feyle off full gret bounte

## THE BRUS

Bot thar fayis war may then thai  
Be fyften hunder as Ik herd say,  
The—quheter he had thar at that ned  
Full feill that war douchty off deid  
And barounys that war bauld as bar.  
Twa erlis alsua with him war,  
Off Levynax and Atholl war thai.  
Edward the Bruce wes thar alsua,  
Thomas Randell and Hew de le Hay  
And Schyr David the Berclay  
Fresale, Somerveile, and Inchmertyn.  
James off Douglas thar wes syne  
That yheyt than wes bot litill off mycht,  
And othir fele folk forsye in fycht  
Als was gude Cristell of Setoun  
And Robert Boyd of greit renoun,  
And uther feill of mekill micht  
Bot I can nocht tell quhat thai hycht.

### *[At Perth; Umfraville's advice to Valence]*

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

## THE BRUS

War sumdele out off aray.  
Tharfor ye may, schyr, say thaim till  
That thai may this nycht and thai will  
Gang herbery thaim and slep and rest,  
And to-morn but langer lest  
Ye sall isch furth to the bataill,  
And fecht with thaim bot gyf thai faile.  
Sa till thar herbery went sall thai  
And sum sall went to the forray,  
And thai that dwellis at the logyng  
Sen thai cum out off travelling  
Sall in schort tyme unarmyt be.  
Then on our best maner may we  
With all our fayr chevalry  
Ryd towart thaim rycht hardyly.  
And thai that wenys to rest all nycht  
Quhen thai se us arayit to fycht  
Cummand on thaim sa sudanly,  
Thai sall affrayit be gretumly,  
And or thai cummyn in bataill be  
We sall speid us swagat that we  
Sall be all reddy till assemblill.  
Sum man for ernes will trymbill  
Quhen he assayit is sodanly  
That with avisement is douchty.'

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

As he avisyt have thai done,  
And till thaim utouth send thai sone  
And bade thaim herbery thaim that nycht  
And on the morn cum to the fycht.  
Quhen thai saw thai mycht no mar  
Towart Meffayn then gan thai far  
And in the woud thaim logyt thai.  
The thrid part went to the forray,  
And the lave sone unarmyt war  
And skalyt to loge thaim her and thar  
Schyr Amer then but mar abaid  
With all the folk he with him haid  
Ischyt inforcely to the fycht,  
And raid intill a randoun rycht  
The straucht way towart Meffen.  
The king that wes unarmyt then  
Saw thaim cum swa inforcely,  
Then till his men gan hely cry,  
'Till armys, swyth, and makis you yar,  
Her at our hand our fayis ar.'  
And thai did swa in full gret hy  
And on thar hors lap hastily.

## THE BRUS

The king displayit his baner  
Quhen that his folk assemblyt wer  
And said, 'Lordingis now may ye se  
That yone folk all throu sutelte  
Schapis thaim to do with slycht  
That at thai drede to do with mycht.  
Now I persave he that will trew  
His fa, it sall him sum–tyme rew.  
And nocht–for–thi, thocht thai be fele  
God may rycht weill our werdis dele  
For multitud mais na victory,  
As man has red in mony story  
That few folk has oft vencusyt ma.  
Trow we that we sall do rycht sua.  
Ye ar ilkan wycht and worthy  
And full of gret chevalry,  
And wate rycht weill quhat honour is.  
Wyrk yhe then apon swylk wys  
That your honour be savyt ay.  
And a thing will I to you say,  
That he that deis for his cuntre  
Sall herbryit intill hevyn be.'  
Quhen this wes said thai saw cumand  
Thar fayis ridand ner at the hand  
Arayit rycht avisely  
Willfull to do chevalry.

### *[The battle of Methven]*

On athir syd thus war thai yhar  
And till assemble all reddy war.  
Thai straucht thar speris on athir syd  
And swa ruydly gan samyn ryd  
That speris al to–fruschyt war  
And feyle men dede and woundyt sar,  
The blud out at thar byrnys brest,  
For the best and the worthiest  
That wilfull war to wyn honour  
Plungyt in the stalwart stour  
And routis ruyd about thaim dang.  
Man mycht haiff seyn into that thrang  
Knychtis that wycht and hardy war  
Under hors feyt defoulyt thar  
Sum woundyt and sum all ded,  
The gres woux off the blud all rede.  
And thai that held on hors in hy  
Swappyt out swerdis sturdyly  
And sa fell strakys gave and tuk  
That all the renk about thaim quouk.  
The Bruysis folk full hardely

## THE BRUS

Schawyt thar gret chevalry  
And he him selff atour the lave  
Sa hard and sa hevy dyntis gave  
That quhar he come thai maid him way.  
His folk thaim put in hard assay  
To stynt thar fais mekill mycht  
That then so fayr had off the fycht  
That thai wan feild ay mar and mar.  
The kingis small folk ner vencusyrt ar,  
And quhen the king his folk has sene  
Begouth to faile, for propyr tene  
His assenyhe gan he cry  
And in the stour sa hardyly  
He ruschyt that all the semble schuk.  
He all till-hewyt that he ourtuk  
And dang on thaim quhill he mycht drey.  
And till his folk he criyt hey,  
'On thaim, on thaim, thai feble fast,  
This bargane never may langer last.'  
And with that word sa wilfully  
He dang on and sa hardely  
That quha had sene him in that fycht  
Suld hald him for a douchty knyght.  
But thocht he wes stout and hardy  
And othir als off his cumpany,  
Thar mycht na worschip thar availye  
For thar small folk begouth to failye  
And fled all skalyt her and thar.  
Bot the gude at enchaufyt war  
Off ire abade and held the stour  
To conquyr thaim endles honour.  
And quhen Schyr Amer has sene  
The small folk fle all bedene  
And sa few abid to fycht  
He releyt to himm mony a knyght  
And in the stour sa hardyly  
He ruschyt with hys chevalry  
That he ruschyt his fayis ilkane.  
Schyr Thomas Randell thar wes tane  
That then wes a young bachelor  
And Schyr Alexander Fraseyr  
And Schyr David the Breklay  
Inchmertyne and Hew de le Hay  
And Somervell and other ma.  
And the king him selff alsua  
Wes set imtill full hard assay  
Throu Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
That raid till him full hardyly  
And hynt hys rengye and syne gan cry,  
'Help! Help! I have the new-maid king.'  
With that come gyrdand in a lyng

## THE BRUS

Crystall off Seytoun quhen he swa  
Saw the king sesyt with his fa,  
And to Philip sic rout he raucht  
That thocht he wes of mekill maucht  
He gert him galay disyly,  
And haid till erd gane fullyly  
Ne war he hynt him by his sted,  
Then off his hand the brydill yhed.  
And the king his enssenye gan cry,  
Releyt his men that war him by  
That war sa few that thai na mycht  
Endur the fors mar off the fycht.  
Thai prikyt then out off the pres,  
And the king that angry wes  
For he his men saw fle him fra  
Said then, 'Lordingis, sen it is swa  
That ure rynnys agane us her,  
Gud is we pas of thar daunger  
Till God us send eft-sonys grace.  
And yeyt may fall giff thai will chace  
Quyt thaim corn-but sumdele we sall.'  
To this word thai assentyt all  
And fra thaim walopyt ovyr-mar.  
Thar fayis alsua wery war  
That off thaim all thar chassyt nane,  
Bot with presoneris that thai had tane  
Rycht to the toun thai held thar way,  
Rycht glaid and joyfull off thar pray.  
That nycht thai lay all in the toun,  
Thar wes nane off sa gret renoun  
Na yeit sa hardy off thaim all  
That durst herbery with-out the wall,  
Sa dred thai sar the gayne-cummyng  
Off Schyr Robert the douchty king.  
And to the king off Inland sone  
Thai wrate haly as thai haid done,  
And he wes blyth off that tithing  
And for dispyte bad draw and hing  
All the presonneris thocht thai war ma.  
Bot Schyr Amery did nocht sua  
To sum bath land and lyff gaiff he  
To leve the Bruysis fewte  
And serve the king off Inland  
And off him for to hald the land  
And werray the Brus as thar fa.  
Thomas Randell wes ane off tha  
That for his lyff become thar man.  
Off other that war takyn than  
Sum thai ransounyt, sum thai slew  
And sum thai hangyt and sum thai drew.

*[The king goes to the Mounth as a refugee]*

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

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

Thus in the hyllis levyt he  
 Till the mast part off his menyne  
 Wes revyn and rent, na schoyn thai had

## THE BRUS

Bot as thai thaim off hydys mad.  
Tharfor thai went till Aberdeyne  
Quhar Nele the Bruys come and the queyn  
And other ladyuis fayr and farand  
Ilkane for luff off thar husband  
That for leyle luff and leawte  
Wald partenerys off thar paynys be.  
Thai chesyt tyttar with thaim to ta  
Angyr and payne na be thaim fra,  
For luff is off sa mekill mycht  
That it all paynys makis lych,  
And mony tyme mais tender wychtis  
Off swilk strenthtis and swilk mychtis  
That thai may mekill paynys endur  
And forsakis nane aventur  
That evyr may fall, with–thi that thai  
Tharthrou succur thair liffys may.  
Men redys, quhen Thebes wes tane  
And Kyng Aristas men war slane  
That assailt the cite,  
That the wemen off his cuntre  
Come for to fech him hame agayne  
Quhen thai hard all his folk wes slayne,  
Quhar the King Campaneus  
Throu the help off Menesteus  
That come percas ridand tharby  
With thre hunder in cumpany  
That throu the kingis prayer assailt  
That yeit to tak the toun had failyeit.  
Then war the wiffys thyrland the wall  
With pikkis, quhar the assailyeis all  
Entryt and dystroyit the tour  
And slew the pupill but recour.  
Syn quhen the duk his way wes gayne  
And all the kingis men war slayne  
The wiffis had him till his cuntre  
Quhar wes na man leiffand bot he.  
In wemen mekill comfort lyis  
And gret solace on mony wis,  
Sa fell yt her, for thar cummyng  
Rejosyt rycht gretumly the king.  
The–quheter ilk nycht himselvyn wouk  
And rest apon daiis touk.  
A gud quhile thar he sojournyt then  
And esyt wonder weill his men  
Till that the Inglis–men herd say  
That he thar with his menye lay  
All at ese and sekyrly.  
Assemblit thai thar ost in hy  
And thar him trowit to suppris  
Bot he that in his deid wes wys

## THE BRUS

Wyst thai assemblyt war and quhar,  
And wyst that thei sa mony war  
That he mycht nocht agayne thaim fycht.  
His men in hy he gert be dycht  
And buskyt of the toun to ryd,  
The ladyis raid rycht by his syd.  
Then to the hill thai raid thar way,  
Quhar gret defaut off mete had thai.  
Bot worthy James off Douglas  
Ay travailland and besy was  
For to purches the ladyis mete  
And it on mony wis wald get,  
For quhile he venesoun thaim brocht,  
And with his handys quhile he wrocht  
Gynnys to tak geddis and salmonys  
Trowtis elys and als menounys,  
And quhill thai went to the forray,  
And swa thar purchesyng maid thai.  
Ilk man traveillyt for to get  
And purches thaim that thai mycht etc.  
Bot off all that ever thai war  
Thar wes nocht ane amang thaim thar  
That to the ladyis profyt was  
Mar then James of Douglas,  
And the king oft comfort wes  
Throu his wyt and his besynes.  
On this maner thaim governyt thai  
Till thai come to the hed off Tay.

## BOOK 3

*[The lord of Lorn attacks the king's men]*

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

Till we cum out off thar daunger,  
 For our strenth at our hand is ner.'  
 Then thai withdrew thaim halely  
 Bot that wes nocht full cowardly  
 For samyn intill a sop held thai  
 And the king him abandonyt ay  
 To defend behind his mengye,  
 And throu his worschip sa wrouch he  
 That he reskewyt all the flearis  
 And styntyt swagat the chassaris  
 That nane durst out off batall chas,  
 For always at thar hand he was.  
 Sa weile defendyt he his men  
 That quha—sa—ever had seyne him then  
 Prove sa worthely vasselage  
 And turn sa oft—sythis the visage  
 He suld say he aucht weill to be  
 A king off a gret reawte.

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

Quhen that the lord off Lorne saw  
 His men stand off him ane sik aw  
 That thai durst nocht folow the chase  
 Rycht angry in his hart he was,  
 And for wondyr that he suld swa  
 Stot thaim him ane but ma  
 He said, 'Me think Marthokys sone  
 Rycht as Golmakmorn was wone  
 To haiff fra Fyn all his mengne,  
 Rycht swa all his fra us has he.'  
 He set ensample thus mydlike,  
 The—quethir he mycht mar manerlik  
 Lyknyt hym to Gaudifer de Larys  
 Quhen that the mychty Duk Betys  
 Assailyeit in Gadyrris the forrayours,  
 And quhen the king thaim maid rescours  
 Duk Betys tuk on him the flycht  
 That wald ne mar abid to fycht.  
 Bot Gaudifer the worthi  
 Abandonyt him so worthyly  
 For to reskew all the fleieris  
 And for to stonay the chasseris  
 That Alysander to erth he bar  
 And alsua did he Tholimar  
 And gud Coneus alsua  
 Danklyne alsua and othir ma,  
 Bot at the last thar slayne he wes.  
 In that failyeit the liklynes,

## THE BRUS

For the king full chevalrusly  
Defendyt all his cumpany  
And wes set in full gret danger  
And yeit eschapyt haile and fer.

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

Twa brethir war in that land  
That war the hardiest off hand  
That war intill all that cuntre,  
And thai had sworn iff thai mycht se  
The Bruys quhar thai mycht him our-ta  
That thai suld dey or then hym sla.  
Thar surname wes Makyne Drosser,  
That is al-so mekill to say her  
As the Durwarth sonnys perfay.  
Off thar covyne the thrid had thai  
That wes rycht stout ill and feloune.  
Quhen thai the king off gud renoune  
Saw sua behind his mengne rid  
And saw him torne sa mony tid,  
Thai abaid till that he was  
Entryt in ane narow place  
Betwix a louch-sid and a bra  
That wes sa strait Ik underta  
That he mycht nocht weill turn in his sted.  
Then with a will till him thai yede  
And ane him by the bridill hynt,  
Bot he raucht till him sic a dynt  
That arme and schuldyr flaw him fra.  
With that ane other gan him ta  
Be the lege and his hand gan schute  
Betwix the sterap and his fute,  
And quhen the king feld thar his hand  
In his sterapys stythly gan he stand  
And strak with spuris the stede in hy,  
And he lansyt furth delyverly  
Swa that the tother failyeit fete,  
And nocht-for-thi his hand wes yeit  
Undyr the sterap magre his.  
The thrid with full gret hy with this  
Rycht till the bra-syd he yeid  
And stert behynd hym on his sted.  
The king wes then in full gret pres,  
The-quhether he thocht as he that wes  
In all hys dedys avise  
To do ane outrageous bounte,  
And syne hyme that behynd him was  
All magre his will him gan he ras  
Fra behynd him, thocht he had sworn,

He laid hym evyn him beforne,  
 Syne with the swerd sic dynt hym gave  
 That he the heid till the harnys clave.  
 He rouschit doun off blud all rede  
 As he that stound feld off dede.  
 And then the king in full gret hy  
 Strak at the tothir vigorously  
 That he efter his sterap drew  
 That at the fyrst strak he him slew.  
 On this wis him delyverit he  
 Off all thai felloun fayis thre.

*[Mac Nachtan praises the king]*

Quhen thai of Lorne has sene the king  
 Set in hym selff sa gret helping  
 And defendyt him sa manlely,  
 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy  
 That durst assailye him mar in fycht,  
 Sa dred thai for his mekill mycht.  
 Thar wes a baroune Maknauchtan  
 That in his hart gret kep has tane  
 To the kingis chevalry  
 And prisyt him in hert gretly,  
 And to the lord off Lorne said he,  
 'Sekyrly now may ye se  
 Be tane the starkest pundelan  
 That evyr your lyfftyme ye saw tane,  
 For yone knyght throu his douchti deid  
 And thro his outrageous manheid  
 Has fellyt intill litill tyd  
 Thre men off mekill prid,  
 And stonayit all our mengye swa  
 That eftyr him dar na man ga,  
 And tournys sa mony tyme his stede  
 That semys off us he had na dred.'  
 Then gane the lord off Lorn say,  
 'It semys it likis ye perfay  
 That he slayis yongat our mengye.'  
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sa Our Lord me se,  
 To sauff your presence it is nocht swa,  
 Bot quether--sa he be freynd or fa  
 That wynnys prys off chevalry  
 Men suld spek tharoff lelyly,  
 And sekyrly in all my tyme  
 Ik hard never in sang na ryme  
 Tell off a man that swa smertly  
 Eschevyt swa gret chevalry.'  
 Sic speking off the king thai maid,  
 And he eftyr his mengye raid

And intill saufte thaim led  
 Quhar he his fayis na—thing dred,  
 And thai off Lorne agayn ar gayn  
 Menand the scaith that thai haiff tayn.

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

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

## THE BRUS

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

*[The king cites the example of Caesar]*

Thusgat thaim comfort the king  
And to comfort thaim gan inbryng  
Auld storys off men that wer  
Set intyll hard assayis ser  
And that fortoun contraryit fast,  
And come to purpos at the last.  
Tharfor he said that thai that wald  
Thar hartis undiscumfyt hald  
Suld ay thynk ententily to bryng

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

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

He prechyt thaim on this maner  
 And fenyteit to mak better cher  
 Then he had mater to be fer,  
 For his caus yeid fra ill to wer,  
 Thai war ay in sa hard travaill,  
 Till the ladyis began to fayle  
 That mycht the travaill drey na mar,  
 Sa did other als that thar war.  
 The Erle Jhone wes ane off tha  
 Off Athole that quhen he saw sua  
 The king be discumfyt twys,  
 And sa feile folk agayne him rys,  
 And lyff in sic travaill and dout,  
 His hart begane to faile all–out  
 And to the king apon a day  
 He said, 'Gyff I durst you say,  
 We lyff into sa mekill dreid,  
 And haffis oftsys off met sic ned,  
 And is ay in sic travailling  
 With cauld and hunger and waking,  
 That I am sad off my selvyn sua  
 That I count nocht my liff a stra.  
 Thir angrys may I ne mar drey,

## THE BRUS

For thought me tharfor worthit dey  
I mon sojourne, quharever it be.  
Levys me tharfor par cheryte.'  
The king saw that he sa wes failyt  
And that he ik wes for-travailyt.  
He said, 'Schyr erle, we sall sone se  
And ordayne how it best may be.  
Quharever ye be, Our Lord you send  
Grace fra your fais you to defend.'  
With that in hy to him callyt he  
Thaim that till him war mast preve.  
Then amang thaim thai thocht it best  
And ordanyt for the liklyest  
That the queyne and the erle alsua  
And the ladyis in hy suld ga  
With Nele the Bruce till Kildromy,  
For thaim thocht thai mycht sekyrly  
Dwell thar quhill thai war vittailit weile,  
For swa stalwart wes the castell  
That it with strenth war hard to get  
Quhill that tharin war men and mete.  
As thai ordanyt thai did in hy,  
The queyne and all hyr cumpany  
Lap on thar hors and furth thai far.  
Men mycht haiff sene quha had bene thar  
At leve-takyng the ladyis gret  
And mak thar face with teris wet,  
And knychtis for thar luffis sak  
Bath bsich and wep and murnyng mak,  
Thai kyssyt thar luffis at thar partyng.  
The king umbethocht him off a thing,  
That he fra thine on fute wald ga  
And tak on fute bath weill and wa,  
And wald na hors-men with him haiff,  
Tharfor his hors all haile he gaiff  
To the ladyis that myster had.  
The queyn furth on hyr wayis rade  
And sawffly come to the castell  
Quhar hyr folk war ressavyt weill  
And esyt weill with meyt and drynk,  
Bot mycht nane eys let hyr to think  
On the king that wes sa sar stad  
That bot twa hunder with him had,  
The-quhethir thaim weill comfortyt he ay.  
God help him that all mychtis may.

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

## THE BRUS

The queyne dwelt thus in Kyldromy,  
And the king and his cumpany  
That war twa hunder and na ma  
Fra thai had send thar hors thaim fra  
Wandryt emang the hey montanys,  
Quhar he and his oft tholyt paynys,  
For it wes to the wynter ner,  
And sa feile fayis about him wer  
That all the countre thaim werrayit.  
Sa hard anoy thaim then assayit  
Off hunger cauld with schowris snell  
That nane that levys can weill it tell.  
The king saw how his folk wes stad  
And quhat anoyis that thai had,  
And saw wynter wes cummand ner,  
And that he mycht on na maner  
Dre in the hillys the cauld lying  
Na the long nychtis waking.  
He thocht he to Kyntyr wald ga  
And swa lang sojournyng thar ma  
Till wynter wedder war away,  
And then he thocht but mar delay  
Into the manland till aryve  
And till the end his werdis dryv.  
And for Kyntyr lysis in the se  
Schyr Nele Cambel befor send he  
For to get him navyn and meite,  
And certane tyme till him he sete  
Quhen he suld meite him at the se.  
Schir Nele Cambell with his mengye  
Went his way but mar letting  
And left his brother with the king,  
And in twelf dayis sua traveillit he  
That he gat schippyne gud plente  
And vittalis in gret abundance.  
Sa maid he nobill chevisance  
For his sibmen wonnyt tharby  
That helpyt him full wilfully.  
The king efter that he wes gane  
To Louch Lomond the way has tane  
And come on the thrid day,  
Bot tharabout na bait fand thai  
That mycht thaim our the water ber.  
Than war thai wa on gret maner  
For it wes fer about to ga,  
And thai war into dout alsua  
To meyt thar fayis that spred war wyd.  
Tharfor endlang the louchhis syd  
Sa besyly thai socht and fast  
Tyll James of Douglas at the last  
Fand a litill sonkyn bate

## THE BRUS

And to the land it drew fut-hate,  
Bot it sa litill wes that it  
Mycht our the watter but a thresum flyt.  
Thai send tharoff word to the king  
That wes joyfull off that fynding  
And fyrst into the bate is gane,  
With him Douglas, the thrid wes ane  
That rowyt thaim our deliverly  
And set thaim on the land all dry,  
And rowyt sa oftsys to and fra  
Fechand ay our twa and twa  
That in a nycht and in a day  
Cummyn out-our the louch ar thai,  
For sum off thaim couth swome full weill  
And on his bak ber a fardele.  
Swa with swymmyng and with rowyng  
Thai brocht thaim our and all thar thing.  
The king the quhilis meryly  
Red to thaim that war him by  
Romanys off worthi Ferambrace  
That worthily our-cummyn was  
Throu the rycht douchty Olyver,  
And how the duk-peris wer  
Assegyt intill Egrymor  
Quhar King Lavyne lay thaim befor  
With may thousandis then I can say,  
And bot ellevyn within war thai  
And a woman, and war sa stad  
That thai na mete thar-within had  
Bot as thai fra thar fayis wan.  
Yheyte sua contenynt thai thaim than  
That thai the tour held manlily  
Till that Rychard off Normandy  
Magre his fayis warnyt the king  
That wes joyfull off this tithing,  
For he wend thai had all beyne slayne.  
Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne  
And wan Mantrybill and passit Flagot,  
And syne Lavyne and all his flot  
Dispitusly discumfyt he,  
And deliveryt his men all fre  
And wan the naylis and the sper  
And the crowne that Jhesu couth ber,  
And off the croice a gret party  
He wan throu his chevalry.  
The gud king apon this maner  
Comfort thaim that war him ner  
And maid thaim gamyn and solace  
Till that his folk all passyt was.

*[Lennox joins the king; a reflection on weeping]*

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

Cummys to men for mysliking,  
 And that nane may but angyr gret  
 Bot it be wemen, that can wet  
 Thair chekys quhenever thaim list with teris,  
 The—quethir weill oft thaim na thing deris,  
 But I wate weill but lesyng  
 Quhatever men say off sic greting  
 That mekill joy or yeit pete  
 May ger men sua amovyt be  
 That water fra the hart will rys  
 And weyt the eyne on sic a wys  
 That is lik to be greting,  
 Thocht it be nocht sua in all thing,  
 For quhen men gretis enkrely  
 The hart is sorowful or angry,  
 Bot for pite I trow gretyng  
 Be na thing bot ane opynnyng  
 Off hart that schawis the tendernys  
 Off rewth that in it closyt is.  
 The barounys apon this maner  
 Throu Goddis grace assemblyt wer.  
 The erle had mete and that plente  
 And with glad hart it thaim gaiff he,  
 And thai eyt it with full gud will  
 That soucht na nother sals thar—till  
 Bot appetyt, that oft men takys,  
 For rycht weill scowryt war thar stomakys.  
 Thai eit and drank sic as thai had  
 And till Our Lord syne lovyng maid,  
 And thankit him with full gud cher  
 That thai war mete on that maner.  
 The king then at thaim speryt yarne  
 How thai sen he thaim seyne had farne,  
 And thai full petwysly gan tell  
 Aventuris that thaim befell  
 And gret anoyis and poverte.  
 The king tharat had gret pite  
 And tauld thaim petwisly agayne  
 The noy, the travaill and the payne  
 That he had tholyt sen he thaim saw.  
 Wes nane amang thaim hey na law  
 That he ne had pite and plesaunce  
 Quhen that he herd mak remembrance  
 Off the perellys that passyt war,  
 Bot quhen men oucht at liking ar  
 To tell off paynys passyt by  
 Plesys to heryng petuisly,  
 And to rehers thar auld disese  
 Dois thaim oftsys comfort and ese,  
 With—thi tharto folow na blame  
 Dishonour wikytnes na schame.

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

Efter the mete sone rais the king  
 Quhen he had levyt hys speryng,  
 And buskyt him with his mengye  
 And went in hy towart the se  
 Quhar Schyr Nele Cambell thaim mete  
 Bath with schippis and with meyte  
 Saylys ayris and other thing  
 That wes spedfull to thar passyng.  
 Then schippyt thai foroutyn mar  
 Sum went till ster and sum till ar,  
 And rowyt be the ile of But.  
 Men mycht se mony frely fute  
 About the cost, thar lukand  
 As thai on ayris rais rowand,  
 And nevys that stalwart war and squar,  
 That wont to spayn gret speris war,  
 Swa spaynyt aris that men mycht se  
 Full oft the hyde leve on the tre.  
 For all war doand, knycht and knave,  
 Wes nane that ever disport mycht have  
 Fra steryng and fra rowyng  
 To furthyr thaim off thar fleting.  
 Bot in the samyn tyme at thai  
 War in schipping, as ye hard me say,  
 The erle off the Levenax was,  
 I can nocht tell you throu quhat cas  
 Levyt behynd with his galay  
 Till the king wes fer on his way.  
 Quhen that thai off his cuntre  
 Wyst that so duelt behynd wes he  
 Be se with schippys thai him socht,  
 And he that saw that he wes nocht  
 Off pith to fecht with thai traytouris  
 And that he had na ner socouris  
 Then the kingis flote, forthi  
 He sped him efter thaim in hy,  
 Bot the tratouris hym folowyt sua  
 That thai weill ner hym gan ourta  
 For all the mycht that he mycht do.  
 Ay ner and ner thai come him to,  
 And quhen he saw thai war sa ner  
 That he mycht weill thar manance her  
 And saw thaim ner and ner cum ay,  
 Then till his mengye gan he say,  
 'Bot giff we fynd sum sutelte  
 Ourtane all sone sall we be.  
 Tharfor I rede but mar letting

That outakyn our armyng  
 We kast our thing all in the se,  
 And fra our schip swa lychtyt be  
 We sall row and speid us sua  
 That we sall weill eschaip thaim fra,  
 With that thai sall mak duelling  
 Apon the se to tak our thing  
 And we sall row but resting ay  
 Till we eschapyt be away.'  
 As he divisyt thai have done  
 And thar schip thai lychtyt sone  
 And rowyt syne with all thar mycht,  
 And scho that swa wes maid lycht  
 Raykyt slidand throu the se.  
 And quhen thar fayis gan thaim se  
 Forouth thaim always mar and mar,  
 The thingis that thar fletand war  
 Thai tuk and turnyt syne agayne,  
 And leyt thai lesyt all thar payne.

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

Quhen that the erle on this maner  
 And his mengye eschapyt wer,  
 Eftyr the king he gan him hy  
 That then with all his cumpany  
 Into Kyntyr aryvyt was.  
 The erle tauld him all his cas,  
 How he wes chasyt on the se  
 With thaim that suld his awyn be,  
 And how he had bene tane but dout  
 Na war it that he warpyt out  
 All that he had him lycht to ma  
 And swa eschapyt thaim fra.  
 'Schyr erle,' said the king, 'perfay,  
 Syn thou eschapyt is away  
 Off the tynsell is na plenyeng.  
 Bot I will say the weile a thing,  
 That thar will fall the gret foly  
 To pas oft fra my cumpany,  
 For fele sys quhen thou art away  
 Thou art set intill hard assay,  
 Tharfor me thynk best to the  
 To hald the always ner by me.'  
 'Schyr,' said the erle, 'it sall be swa.  
 I sall na wys pas fer you fra  
 Till God giff grace we be off mycht  
 Agayne our fayis to hald our stycht.'  
 Angus off Ile that tyme wes syr

And lord and ledar off Kyntyr,  
 The king rycht weill resavyt he  
 And undertuk his man to be,  
 And him and his on mony wys  
 He abandounyt till his service,  
 And for mar sekyrnes gaiff him syne  
 His castell off Donavardyne  
 To duell tharin at his liking.  
 Full gretumly thankyt him the king  
 And resavyt his service.  
 Nocht–forthi on mony wys  
 He wes dredand for tresoun ay,  
 And tharfor, as Ik hard men say,  
 He traistyt in nane sekyrly  
 Till that he knew him utraly.  
 Boy quhatkin dred that ever he had  
 Fayr contenance to thaim he maid,  
 And in Donavardyne dayis thre  
 Foroutyne mar then duellyt he.  
 Syne gert he his mengye mak thaim yar  
 Towart Rauchryne be se to far  
 That is ane ile in the se,  
 And may weill in mydwart be  
 Betuix Kyntyr and Irland,  
 Quhar als gret stremys ar rynnand  
 And als peralous and mar  
 Till our–saile thaim into schipfair  
 As is the rais of Bretangye  
 Or Strait off Marrok into Spanye.

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

Thair schippys to the se thai set,  
 And maid redy but langer let  
 Ankyrs rapys bath saile and ar  
 And all that nedyt to schipfar.  
 Quhen thai war boune to saile thai went,  
 The wynd wes wele to thar talent.  
 Thai raysyt saile and furth thai far,  
 And by the Mole thai passyt yar  
 And entryt sone into the rase  
 Quhar that the stremys sa sturdy was  
 That wavys wyd wycht brakand war  
 Weltryt as hillys her and thar.  
 The schippys our the wavys slayd  
 For wynd at poynt blawand thai had,  
 Bot nocht–forthi quha had thar bene  
 A gret sterling he mycht haiff seyne  
 Off schippys, for quhilum sum wald be  
 Rycht on the wavys as on a mounte  
 And sum wald slyd fra heycht to law

Rycht as thai doune till hell wald draw,  
 Syne on the wav stert sodanly,  
 And other schippys that war tharby  
 Deliverly drew to the depe.  
 It wes gret cunnanes to kep  
 Thar takill intill sic a thrang  
 And wyth sic wavis, for ay amang  
 The wavys reft thar sycht of land  
 Quhen thai the land wes rycht ner-hand,  
 And quhen schippys war sailand ner  
 The se wald rys on sic maner  
 That off the wavys the weltrand hycht  
 Wald refe thaim oft off thar sycht.  
 Bot into Rauchryne nocht-forthi  
 Thai aryvyt ilkane sawffly,  
 Blyth and glaid that thai war sua  
 Eschapyt thai hidwys wavis fra.  
 In Rauchryne thai aryvyt ar  
 And to the land thai went but mar  
 Armyt apon thar best maner.  
 Quhen the folk that thar wonnand wer  
 Saw men off armys in that cuntre  
 Aryve into sic quantite  
 Thai fled in hy with thar catell  
 Towart a rycht stalwart castell  
 That in the land wes tharby.  
 Men mycht her wemen hely cry  
 And fle with cataill her and thar.  
 Bot the kingis folk that war  
 Deliver of fute thaim gan our-hy  
 And thaim arestyt hastely  
 And brocht thaim to the king agayne  
 Swa that nane off thaim all wes slayne.  
 Then with thaim tretyt swa the king  
 That thai to fulfill his yaryng  
 Become his men everilkane,  
 And has him trewly undertane  
 That thai and tharis loud and still  
 Suld be in all thing at his will,  
 And quhill him likit thar to leynd  
 Everilk day thai suld him send  
 Vittalis for thre hunder men,  
 And thai as lord suld him ken,  
 Bot at thar possessioun suld be  
 For all his men thar awyn fre.  
 The cunnand on this wys was maid,  
 And on the morn but langer baid  
 Off all Rauchryne bath man and page  
 Knelyt and maid the king homage,  
 And tharwith swour him fewte  
 To serve him ay in lawte,

## THE BRUS

And held him rycht weill cunnand,  
For quhill he duelt into the land  
Thai fand meit till his cumpany  
And servyt him full humely.

## BOOK 4

*[English harshness to prisoners]*

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

That wald on na wys langar ly  
 In the castell off Kyldromy  
 To byd a sege, ar ridin raith  
 With knychtis and squyeris bath  
 Throu Ros rycht to the gyrth off Tayne.  
 Bot that travaill thai maid in vayne,  
 For thai off Ros that wald nocht ber  
 For thaim na blayme na yeit danger  
 Out off the gyrth thame all has tayne  
 And syne has send thaim everilkane  
 Rycht intill Ingland to the king,  
 That gert draw all the men and hing,  
 And put the ladyis in presoune  
 Sum intill castell sum in dongeoun.  
 It wes gret pite for till her  
 The folk be troublt on this maner.

*[The siege of Kildrummy Castle]*

That tyme wes in Kyldromy  
 Wyth men that wucht and hardy  
 Schyr Neile the Bruce and I wate weile  
 That thar the erle was off Adheill.  
 The castell weill vittalyt thai  
 And mete and fuell gan purvay  
 And enforcyt the castell sua  
 That thaim thocht na strenth mycht it ta.  
 And quhen it to the king was tauld  
 Off Ingland how thai schup till hauld  
 That castell, he wes all angry  
 And callyt his sone till hym in hy  
 The eldest and aperand ayr  
 A young bachelor and stark and fayr  
 Schyr Edward callyt off Carnauerane,  
 That wes the sterkast man of ane  
 That men fynd mycht in ony counre  
 Prynce of Walys that tyme wes he.  
 And he gert als call erlys twa  
 Glosyster and Harfurd war tha  
 And bad thaim wend into Scotland  
 And set a sege with stalwart hand  
 To the castell off Kyldromy.  
 And all the halderis halyly  
 He bad distroy for-owtyn ransoun  
 Or bryng thaim till him in presoune.  
 Quhen thai the commaundment had tane  
 Thai assemblyt ane ost onane  
 And to the castell went in hy  
 And it assegyt vigorously  
 And mony tyme full hard assaylyt.

## THE BRUS

Bot for to tak it yeit thai failyt  
For thai within war rycht worthy  
And thaim defendyt douchtely  
And ruschyt thair fayis oft agayne  
Sum beft sum woundyt sum alslayne  
And mony tymys ische thai wald  
And bargane at the barrais hald  
And wound thar fayis oft and sla.  
Schortly thai thaim contenyt sua  
That thai withoute dispartyt war  
And thocht till Inland for to far  
For thai sa styth saw the castell  
And with that it wes warnyst weill  
And saw the men defend thaim sua  
That thai nane hop had thaim to ta,  
Nane had thai done all that sesoune  
Gyff it ne had bene fals tresoun  
For thar with thaim wes a tratour.  
A fals lourdane a losyngeour  
Hosbarne to name maid the tresoun,  
I wate nocht for quhat enchesoun  
Na quham with he maid that conwyn  
Bot as thai said that war within  
He tuk a culter hate glowand  
That yeit wes in a fyr brynnand  
And went him to the mekill hall  
That then with corn wes fyllyt all  
And heych up in a mow it did,  
Bot it full lang wes nocht thar hid  
For men sayis oft that fyr na prid  
But discovering may na man hid,  
For the pomp oft the prid furth schawis  
Or ellis the gret boist that it blawis,  
Na thar may na man fyr sa covyr  
Than low or rek sall it discoveryr.  
Sa fell it her, for fyr all cler  
Son throu the thak-burd gan apper  
Fyrst as a stern syne as a mone  
And weill bradder tharefter sone  
The fyr out syne in bles brast  
And the rek rais rycht wondre fast.  
The fyr our all the castell spred  
That mycht na force of man it red.  
Than thai within drew to the wall  
That at that tyme wes bataillit all  
Within rycht as it wes withoute  
That bataillyne withoutyn dout  
Savit thar lyvis, for it brak  
Bles that thaim wald ourtak.  
And quhen thar fayis the myscheiff saw  
Till armys went thai in a thraw

And assaylyt the castell fast  
 Quhar thai durst come for fyris blast,  
 Bot thai within that myster had  
 Sa gret defence and worthy mad  
 That thai full oft thar fayis rusit  
 For thai nakyn perall refusyt,  
 Thai travaillyt for to sauff thar lyffis  
 Bot werd that till the end ay dryvis  
 The warldis thingis sua thaim travaillyt  
 That thai on twa halfys war assailyt,  
 In with fyr that thaim sua broilyt  
 And utouth with folk that thaim sua toilyt  
 That thai brynt magre thaim the yat  
 That, for the fyre that wes sua hate  
 Thai durst nocht entyr sua in hy,  
 Tharfor thar folk thai gan rely  
 And went to rest for it wes nycht  
 Till on the morn that day wes lycht.

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

At sik myscheiff as ye her say  
 War thai within, the—quhethyr ay  
 Thai thaim defendyt douchtely  
 And contenynt thaim sa manlily  
 That or day throu mekill payn  
 Thai had muryt up thar yat agayn.  
 But on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
 And sone wes ryssyn schynand brycht  
 Thai without in hale bataill  
 Come purvayt redy till assaill,  
 Bot thai within that sua war stad  
 That thai vitail na fewell had  
 Quhar—with thai mycht the castell hald  
 Tretyt fyrst and syne thaim yauld  
 To be in—till the kingis will,  
 Bot that to Scottis men wes ill  
 As sone eftyr weill wes knawin  
 For thai war hangyt all and drawyn.  
 Quhen this cunnand thus tretyt wes  
 And affermyt with sekyrnes  
 Thai tuk thaim of the castell sone  
 And in—till schort tyme has done  
 That all a quarter of Snawdoun  
 Rycht till the erd thai tummyllyt doun  
 Syne towart England went thar way.  
 Bot quhen the king Edward hard say  
 How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy  
 Agayne his sone sa stalwartly,  
 He gadryt gret chevalry

And towart Scotland went in hy,  
 And as in–till Northummyrland  
 He wes with his gret rout ridand  
 A sekness tuk him in the way  
 And put him to sa hard assay  
 That he mycht nocht ga na ryd.  
 Him worthit magre his abid  
 In–till ane hamillet tharby  
 A litill toun and unworthy,  
 With gret payne thidder thai him brocht.  
 He wes sa stad that he ne mocht  
 His aynd bot with gret paynys draw  
 Na spek bot giff it war weill law  
 The–quheter he bad thai suld him say  
 Quhat toun wes that that he in lay.  
 'Schyr,' thai said, 'Burch–in–the–sand  
 Men callis this toun in–till this land.'  
 'Call thai it Burch, als,' said he.  
 My hop is now fordone to me  
 For I wend never to thole the payne  
 Of deid till I throu mekill mayn  
 The burch of Jerusalem had tane,  
 My lyff wend I thar suld be gayne.  
 In burch I wyst weill I suld de  
 Bot I wes nother wys na sle  
 Till other burch kep to ta.  
 Now may I na wis forther ga.'  
 Thus pleynyeit he off his foly,  
 As he had mater sekyrly  
 Quhen he covyt certante  
 Off that at nane may certan be,  
 The–quheter men said enclosit he had  
 A spyryt that him answer maid  
 Off thingis that he wald inquer.  
 Bot he fulyt foroutyn wer  
 That gaiff throuth till that creatur,  
 For feyndys ar off sic natur  
 That thai to mankind has invy  
 For thai wate weill and witterly  
 That thai that weill ar liffand her  
 Sall wyn the sege quharoff thai wer  
 Tumblyt throuch thar mekill prid.  
 Quharthrou oft–tymys will betid  
 That quhen feyndys distrenyeit ar  
 For till aper and mak answar  
 Throu force of conjuracioun  
 That thai sa fals ar and feloun  
 That thai mak ay thar answering  
 Into doubill understanding  
 To dissaiff thaim that will thaim trow.  
 Insample will I set her now

Off a wer as I herd tell  
 Betwix Fraunce and the Flemyngis fell.  
 The erle Ferandis modyr was  
 Nygramansour, and Sathanas  
 Scho rasyt and him askyt syne  
 Quhat suld worth off the fechtyn  
 Betwix the Fraunce king and hyr sone,  
 And he, as all tyme he wes wone,  
 Into dissayt maid his answer  
 And said till hyr thir thre vers her,  
*'Rex ruet in bello tumilique carebit honore  
 Ferrandus comitissa tuus mea cara Minerva  
 Parisius veniet magna comitante caterva.'*  
 This wes the spek he maid perfay  
 And is in Inglis toung to say,  
 'The king sall fall in the fechting  
 And sall faile honour off erding,  
 And thi Ferand Mynerve my der  
 Sall rycht to Parys went but wer,  
 Folowand him gret cumpany  
 Off nobill men and off worthy.'  
 This is the sentence off this saw  
 That the Latyn gan hyr schaw.  
 He callyt hyr his Mynerve  
 For Mynerve ay wes wont to serve  
 Him, till scho leffyt, at his divis  
 And for scho maid the samyn service  
 His Mynerve hyr callyt he,  
 And als throu his sutelte  
 He callyt hyr der hyr till dissaiff  
 That scho the tyttar suld consaiff  
 Off his spek the undyrstanding  
 That mast plesyt till hyr liking.  
 This doubill spek sua hyr dissavit  
 That throu hyr feill the ded ressavit,  
 For scho wes off hyr answer blyth  
 And till hyr sone scho tald it swyth,  
 And bad him till the batell sped  
 For suld victory haiff but dred.  
 And he that herd hyr sermonuyng  
 Sped him in hy to the fechting  
 Quhar he discomfyt wes and schent  
 And takin and to Paris sent,  
 Bot in the fechting nocht-forthi  
 The king, throu his chevalry,  
 Wes laid at erd and lawit bath,  
 Bot his men helpyt him weill rath.  
 And quhen Ferandis moder herd  
 How hyr sone in the bataill ferd  
 And at he wes sua discomfyt,  
 Scho rasyt the ill spyryt als tyt

And askyt quhy he gabyt had  
 Off the answer that he hyr mad,  
 And he said he had said suth all.  
 'I said ye that the king suld fall  
 In the bataill, and say did he,  
 And failyeid erding, as men may se.  
 And I said that thi sone suld ga  
 To Paris, and he did rycht sua,  
 Folowand sic a mengye  
 That never in his lyff–tyme he  
 Had sic a mengye in leding.  
 Now seis thou I maid na gabbing.'  
 The wyff confusyt wes perfay  
 And durst no mar than till him say  
 Thusgat throu doubill understanding  
 That bargane come till sic ending  
 That the ta part dissavyt was.  
 Rycht sagat fell yt in this cas.  
 At Jerusalem trowit he  
 Gravyn in the burch to be,  
 The–quethyr at Burch–into–the–sand  
 He swelt rycht in his awn land.  
 And quhen he to the ded wes ner  
 The folk that at Kildromy wer  
 Come with presoneris that thai had tane,  
 And syne to the king ar gane  
 And for to comfort him thai tald  
 How thai the castell to thaim yauld  
 And how thai till his will war brocht,  
 To do off thame quatever he thocht,  
 And askyt quhat men suld off thaim do.  
 Than lukyt he angryrly thaim to  
 And said grynnand, 'Hangis and drawys.'  
 That wes wonder off sik sawis,  
 That he that to the ded wes ner  
 Suld answer apon sic maner  
 Foroutyn menyng and mercy.  
 How mycht he traist on Hym to cry  
 That suthfastly demys all thing  
 To haiff mercy, for his crying,  
 Off him that throu his felony  
 Into sic point had na mercy.  
 His men his maundment has done  
 And he deyt thatefter sone  
 And syne wes brocht till berynes.  
 His sone syne king efter wes.

*[Douglas and Boyd go from Rathlin to Arran]*

To the King Robert agayne ga we

## THE BRUS

That in Rauchryne with his menye  
Lay till wynter ner wes gane  
And off that ile his mete has tane  
James off Douglas wes angry  
That thai langar suld ydill ly  
And to Schyr Robert Boid said he,  
'The pure folk off thys countre  
Ar chargit apon gret maner  
Off us that idill lysis her,  
And ik her say that in Arane  
Intill a styth castell off stane  
Ar Inglis men that with strang hand  
Haldys the lordschip off the land  
Ga we thidder, and weill may fall  
Anoy thaim in sum thing we sall.'  
Schir Robert said, 'I grant thar-till,  
Till her mar ly war litill skill.  
Tharfor till Aran pas will we,  
For I know rycht weill the countre  
And the castell rycht sua know I  
We sall cum thar sua prevely  
That thai sall haiff na persavyng  
Na yeit witting off our cummyng,  
And we sall ner enbuschyt be  
Quhar we thar outecome may se.  
Sa sall it on na maner fall  
Na scaith thaim on sum wis we sall.'  
With that thai buskyt thaim on-ane  
And at the king thar leiff has tane  
And went thaim furth syne on thar way.  
Into Kyntyr sone cummyn ar thai,  
Syne rowyt always by the land  
Till that the nycht wes ner on hand,  
Than till Arane thai went thar way  
And saufly thar aryvyt thai,  
And in a glen thar galay drewch  
And syne it helyt weill ineuch.  
Thar takyll ayris and thar ster  
Thai hyde all on the samyn maner  
And held thar way rycht in the nycht  
Sua that or day wes dawyn lycht  
Thai war enbuschyt the castell ner  
Armyt apon thair best maner  
And thought thai wate war and wery  
And for lang fastyng all hungry  
Thai thocht to hald thaim all preve  
Till that thai weill thar poynt mycht se.

*[Douglas plunders the provisions being brought to Brodick Castle]*

Schir John the Hastings at that tid

## THE BRUS

With knyghtis off full mekill prid  
And squyeris and yemanry,  
And that a weill gret cumpany,  
Wes in the castell off Brathwik  
And oftsys quhen it wald him lik  
He went huntyng with his menye  
And sua the land abandounyt he  
That durst nane warne to do his will.  
He wes into the castell still  
The tyme that James off Douglas  
As Ik haiff tald enbuschit was.  
Sa hapnyt that tyme throu chance  
That with vittalis and purvyaunce  
And with clething and with armyng  
The day befor in the evynning  
The undyr-wardane arivynt was  
With thre batis weill ner the place  
Quhar that the folk I spak off ar  
Prevely enbuschyt war.  
Syne fra tha batis saw thai ga  
Off Inglismen thretty and ma  
Chargit all with syndry thingis.  
Sum bar wyne and sum armyngis,  
The remanant all chargit wer  
With thingis off syndry maner,  
And other syndry yeid thaim by  
As thai war maistris ydilly.  
Thai that enbuschyt war that saw  
All foroutyn dreid or aw  
Thar buschement on thaim thai brak  
And slew all that thai mycht ourtak.  
The cry rais hidwysly and hey  
For thai that dredand war to dey  
Rycht as bestis gan rar and cry.  
Thai slew thaim foroutyn mercy.  
Sua that into the samyne sted  
Weill ner fourty thar war dede.  
Quhen thai that in the castell war  
Hard the folk sa cry and rar  
Thai ischyt furth to the fechting,  
Bot quhen the Douglas saw thar cummyng  
His men till him he gan rely  
And went till meit thaim hastily.  
And quhen thai off the castell saw  
Him cum on thaim foroutyn aw  
Thai fled foroutyne mar debate  
And thai thaim folowit to the yate  
And slew of thaim as thai in past,  
Bot thai thair yate barryt fast  
That thai mycht do at thame na mar.  
Tharfor thai left thaim ilkane thar

## THE BRUS

And turnyt to the se agayne  
Quhar that the men war forouth slayn.  
And quhen thai that war in the batis  
Saw thar cummyng and wyst howgatis  
Thai had discumfyt thar menye  
In hy thai put thaim to the se  
And rowyt fast with all thar mayne,  
Bot the wynd wes thaim agayne  
That sua hey gert the land—bryst rys  
That thai moucht weld the se na wis.  
Then thai durst nocht cum to the land,  
Bot held thaim thar sa lang hobland  
That off the thre batis drownyt twa  
And quhen the Douglas saw it wes sua  
He tuk armyng and cleything  
Vittalis wyne and other thing  
That thai fand thar and held thar way  
Rycht glaid and joyfull off thar pray.

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

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

## THE BRUS

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

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

The king apone the tother day  
Gan till his preve menye say,  
'Ye knaw all weill and ye may se  
How we are out off our cuntre  
Banyst throu Inglismennys mycht  
And that that suld be ouris of rycht  
Throu thar maistris thai occupy,  
And wald alsua foroutyne mercy  
Giff thai haid mycht destroy us all.  
Bot God forbeid it suld sa fall  
Till us as thai mak manassyng

## THE BRUS

For than war thar na recoveryng,  
And mankind biddis us that we  
To procur vengeance besy be.  
For ye may se we haiff thre thingis  
That makis us oft monestingis  
For to be worthi wis and wycht  
And till anoy thaim at our mycht.  
Ane is our lyffis saufte  
That on na wys suld sauft be  
Gyff thai had us at thar liking  
The tother that makys us eggyng  
Is that thai our possessioun  
Haldis strenthly agayn resoun.  
The thrid is the joy that we abid  
Giff that it happyn as weill may tid  
That we wyn victour and maistry,  
Till ourcum thar felony.  
Therfor we suld our hartis rais  
Sua that na myscheyff us abais  
And schaip us always to that ending  
That beris in it mensk and loving.  
And tharfor lordingis gyff ye se  
Amang you giff that it speidfull be  
I will send a man in Carrik  
To spy and sper our kynrik  
How it is led and freynd and fa.  
And giff he seis we land may ta  
On Turnberys snuke he may  
Mak a fyr on a certane day  
And mak takynnyng till us that we  
May thar aryve in saufte.  
And giff he seis we may nocht sua,  
Luk on na wys the fyr he ma.  
Sua may we thar-throu haiff witring  
Off our passage or our dwelling.'  
To this spek all assentyt ar,  
And than the king withoutyn mar  
Callyt ane that wes till him preve  
And off Carrik his countre,  
And chargyt him in les and mar  
As ye hard me divis it ar  
And set him certane day to mai  
The fyr giff he saw it war sua  
That thai had possibilite  
To maynteyme wer in that cuntre.  
And he that wes rycht weill in will  
His lordis yharnyng to fullfill  
As he that worthy wes and leile  
And couth secreis rycht weill conseil  
Sad he wes boune intill all thing  
For to fullfill his commaunding,

And said he suld do sa wisely  
 That na repruff suld efter ly  
 Syne at the king his leiff has tane  
 And furth apon his way is gane.

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

Now gais the messynger his way  
 That hat Cuthbert as I herd say.  
 In Carrik sone aryvyt he  
 And passyt throu all the countre,  
 Bot he fand few tharin perfay  
 That gud wald off his maister say,  
 For fele off thaim durst nocht for dreid,  
 And other sum rycht into deid  
 War fayis to the nobill king,  
 That rewyt syne thar barganyng.  
 Baith hey and law the land wes then  
 All occupyit with Inglismen  
 That dispytyt atour all thing  
 Robert the Bruce the douchty king.  
 Carrik wes giffyn then halyly  
 To Schir Henry the lord Persy  
 That in Turnberyis castell then  
 Was with weill ner three hunder men,  
 And dauntyt sagat all the land  
 That all wes till him obeysand.  
 This Cuthbert saw thar felony,  
 And saw the folk sa halely  
 Be worthyn Inglis baith rich and pur  
 That he to nane durst him discour,  
 But thocht to leve the fyr unmaid,  
 Syne till his maister went but baid  
 And all thar convyne till him tell,  
 That wes sa angry and sa fell.

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

The king that intill Arane lay  
 Quhen that cummyn wes the day  
 That he set till his messinger  
 As Ik divisit you lang er  
 Eftyr the fyr he lokyt fast  
 And als sone as the none wes past  
 Him thocht weill he saw a fyr  
 Be Turnbery byrnand weill schyr,  
 And till his menye it gan schaw.

Ilk man thocht weill that he it saw,  
 Then with blyth hart the folk gan cry,  
 'Gud king, speid you deliverly  
 Sua that we sone in the evynnyng  
 Aryve foroutyn persayving.'  
 'I grant,' said he. 'Now mak you yar,  
 God furthyr us intill our far.'  
 Then in schort time men mycht thaim se  
 Schute all thar galayis to the se  
 And ber to se baith ayr and ster  
 And other thingis that myster wer,  
 And as the king apon the sand  
 Wes gangand up and doun, bidand  
 Till that his menye redy war,  
 His ost come rycht till him thar,  
 And quhen that scho him halyst had  
 A preve spek till him scho made  
 And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw,  
 For or ye pas I sall you schaw  
 Off your fortoun a gret party,  
 Bot our all specially  
 A wyttring her I sall you ma  
 Quhat end that your purpos sall ta,  
 For in this land is nane trewly  
 Wate thingis to cum sa weill as I.  
 Ye pas now furth on your viage  
 To venge the harme and the outrag  
 That Inglismen has to you done,  
 Bot ye wat nocht quhat-kyne forton  
 Ye mon drey in your werraying.  
 Bot wyt ye weill withoutyn lesing  
 That fra ye now haiff takyn land  
 Nane sa mychty na sa strenththi of hand  
 Sal ger you pas out off your countre  
 Till all to you abandounyt be.  
 Within schort tyme ye sall be king  
 And haiff the land at your liking  
 And ourcum your fayis all,  
 Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall  
 Or that your purpos end haiff tane,  
 Bot ye sall thaim ourdryve ilkane.  
 And that ye trowis this sekyrly  
 My twa sonnys with you sall I  
 Send to tak part of your travaill,  
 For I wate weill thai sall nocht fail  
 To be rewardyt weill at rycht  
 Quhen ye are heyit to your mycht.'

*[A discourse on prophecy]*

The king that herd all hyr carping  
 Thankit hyr in mekill thing,  
 For scho confort him sumdeill,  
 The—quhethir he trowyt nocht full weill  
 Hyr spek, for he had gret ferly  
 How scho suld wyt it sekyrly,  
 As it wes wounderfull perfay  
 How ony mannys science may  
 Knaw thingis that ar to cum  
 Determinabilly, all or sum,  
 Bot giff that he inspyrit war  
 Off Him that all thing evermar  
 Seys in his presciens  
 As it war ay in presens,  
 As was David and Jeremy  
 Samuell, Joell and Ysai,  
 That throu His haly grace gan tell  
 Fele thingis that efter fell,  
 Bot the prophetis sa thyn ar sawyn  
 That nane in erd now is knawin.  
 Bot fele folk ar sa curyous  
 And to wyt thingis covatous  
 That thai, throu thar gret clergy  
 Or ellys throu thar devilry,  
 On thir twa maneris makis fanding  
 Off thingis to cum to haiff knawing.  
 Ane of thaim is astrologi,  
 Quhar—throu clerkys that ar witty  
 May knaw conjunctiones of planetis,  
 And quhethir that thar cours thaim settis  
 In soft segis or in angry,  
 And off the hevyn all halyly  
 How that the dispositioun  
 Suld apon thingis wyrk her doun  
 On regiones or on climatis,  
 That wyrkys nocht ay—quhar agatis  
 Bot sumquhar les and sumquhar mar  
 Eftyr as thar bemys strekyt ar  
 Othir all evyn or on wry.  
 Bot me think it war gud maistri  
 Till ony astrolog to say  
 'This sall fall her and on this day.'  
 For thought a man his lyff haly  
 Studyit sua in astrology  
 That on sternys his hewid he brak,  
 The wys man sayis he suld nocht mak  
 All his lyff certane dayis thre,  
 And yeit suld he ay doute quhill he  
 Saw how that it come till ending.  
 Than is that na certane demyng.  
 Or gyff thai men that will study

In the craft off astrology  
 Knaw all mennys nacioun  
 And knew the constellacioun  
 That kyndlik maneris gyfis thaim till  
 For till inclyne to gud or ill,  
 How that thai throu science of clergi  
 Or throu slycht off astrology  
 Couth tell quhatkyn perell apperis  
 To thaim that haldys kyndlik maneris,  
 I trow that thai suld faile to say  
 The thingis that thaim happyn may.  
 For quhethir—sa men inclynyt be  
 To vertu or to mavyte,  
 He may rychtg weill refreyne his will  
 Othir throu nurtur or thru skill  
 And to the contrar turne him all.  
 And men has mony tyme sene fall  
 That men kyndly till ivill gevyn  
 Throu thar gret wit away has drevyn  
 Thar ill and worthin off gret renoun  
 Magre the constellacioun,  
 As Arestotill, giff as men redis  
 He had folowyt his kyndly dedis,  
 He had bene fals and covatous  
 Bot his wyt maid him vertuous.  
 And sen men may on this kyn wys  
 Wyrk agayne that cours that is  
 Principaill caus off thar demyng  
 Me think thar dome na certane thing.  
 Nygromancy the tother is  
 That kennys men on syndry wys  
 Throu stalwart conjuracionys  
 And throu exorcizacionys  
 To ger spyritis to thaim apper  
 And giff answeris on ser maner,  
 As quhilum did the Phitones  
 That quhen Saul abaysyt wes  
 Off the Felystynys mycht,  
 Raysyt throu hyr mekill slycht  
 Samuelis spyrite als tite,  
 Or in his sted the ivill spyrite  
 That gaiff rycht graith answer hyr to,  
 Bot off hyr selff rycht nocht wyst scho.  
 And man is into dreding ay  
 Off thingis that he has herd say,  
 Namly off thingis to cum, quhill he  
 Knaw off the end the certante.  
 And sen thai ar in sic wenyng  
 Foroutyne certante off witting,  
 Me think quha sayis he knawis thingis  
 To cum he makys gret gabingis.

## THE BRUS

Bot quether scho that tauld the king  
How his purpos suld tak ending  
Wenyt or wist it witterly,  
It fell efter halyly  
As scho said, for syne king wes he  
And off full mekill renomme

## BOOK 5

*[The king goes to Carrick; he upbraids Cuthbert]*

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

## THE BRUS

And that the lord the Persy  
With ner thre hunder in cumpany  
Was in the castell thar besid  
Fullfilyt of dispyt and prid  
Bot ma than twa partis off his rowt  
War herberyt in the toune without,  
'And dyspytyt you mar, schyr king,  
Than men may dispyt ony thing.'  
Than said the king in full gret ire,  
'Tratour, quhy maid thou than the fyr?'  
'A schyr,' said he, 'Sa God me se  
The fyr wes nevyr maid for me,  
Na or the nycht I wyst it nocht,  
Bot fra I wyst it weill I thocht  
That ye and haly your menye  
On hy suld put you to the se,  
For—thi I come to mete you her  
To tell perellys that may aper.'

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

The king wes off his spek angry  
And askyt his pryve men in hy  
Quhat at thaim thocht wes best to do.  
Schyr Edward fryst answert tharto  
His brodyr that wes sua hardy,  
And said, 'I say you sekyrly  
Thar sall na perell that may be  
Dryve me eftsonys to the se.  
Myne aventur her tak will I  
Quhethir it be esfull or angry.'  
'Brother,' he said, 'sen thou will sua  
It is gud that we samyn ta  
Dissese or ese or payne or play  
Eftyr as God will us purvay.  
And sen men sayis that the Persy  
Myn heritage will occupy,  
And his menye sa ner us lyis  
That us dispytis mony wys,  
Ga we and venge sum off the dispyte,  
And that may we haiff done als tite  
For thai ly traistly but dreding  
Off us or off our her—cummyng,  
And thocht we slepand slew thaim all  
Repruff tharoff na man sall  
For werrayour na fors suld ma  
Quhether he mycht ourcum his fa  
Throu strenth or throu sutelte,  
Bot that gud faith ay haldyn be.'  
Quhen this wes said thai went thar way,

And to the toune sone cummyn ar thai  
 Sa prevely but noyis making  
 That nane persavyt thar cummyng.  
 Thai skalyt throu the toun in hy  
 And brak up duris sturdely  
 And slew all that thai mycht ourtak,  
 And thai that na defence mocht mak  
 Full petously gan rar and cry,  
 And thai slew thaim dispitously  
 As thai that war in full gud will  
 To venge the angyr and the ill  
 That thai and thairis had thaim wrocht.  
 Thai with sa feloun will thaim soucht  
 That thai slew thaim everilkan  
 Owtane Makdowell him allan  
 That eschapyt throu gret slycht  
 And throu the myrknes off the nycht.  
 In the castell the lord the Persy  
 Hard weill the noyis and the cry,  
 Sa did the men that within wer  
 And full effraytly gat thar ger,  
 Bot off thaim wes nane sa hardy  
 That ever ischyt fourth to the cry.  
 In sic effray thai baid that nycht  
 Till on the morn that day wes lycht,  
 And than cesyt into party  
 The noyis the slauchtyr and the cry.  
 The king gert be departyt then  
 All hale the reff amang the men  
 And dwellyt all still thar dayis thre.  
 Syk hansell to that fokk gaiff he  
 rycht in the fyrst begynnyng  
 Newlingis at his aryvyng.

*[A kinswoman gives him news and forty men]*

Quhen that the king and his folk war  
 Aryvyt as I tauld you ar,  
 Aquhile in Karryk leyndyt he  
 To se quha freynde or fa wald be,  
 Bot he fand litill tendyrnes,  
 And nocht–forthi the puple wes  
 Enclynyt till him in party,  
 Bot Inglismen sa angrely  
 Led thaim with daunger and with aw  
 That thai na freyndschip durst him schaw.  
 Bot a lady off that cuntre  
 That wes till him in ner degre  
 Of cosynage wes wonder blyth  
 Off his aryvyng and alswyth

## THE BRUS

Sped hyr till him in full gret hy  
With fourty men in cumpany  
And betaucht thaim all to the king  
Till help him in his werraying,  
And he resavyt thaim in daynte  
And hyr full gretly thankit he,  
And speryt tythandis off the queyne  
And off his freyndis all bedene  
That he had left in that countre  
Quhen that he put him to the se.  
And scho him tauld sichand full sar  
How that his brothyr takyn war  
In the castell off Kyldromy  
And destroyit sa velansly  
And the erle off Athall alsua  
And how the queyn and other ma  
That till his party war heldand  
War tane and led in Inghland  
And put in feloun presoune,  
And how that Cristole off Setoun  
Wes slayn, gretand scho tauld the king,  
That sorowful wes off that tithing  
And said quhen he had thocht a thraw  
Thir wordis that I sall you schaw.  
'Allace,' he said, 'For luff off me  
And for thar mekill lawte  
Thai nobill men and thai worthy  
Ar destroyit sa velansly  
Bot and I leyff in lege-powyste  
Thar deid rycht weill sall vengit be.  
The king the-queheter off Inghland  
Thocht that the kynrik off Scotland  
Was to litill to thaim and me  
Tharfor he will it myn all be.  
Bot off gud Cristole off Setoun  
That wes off sa nobill renoun  
That he suld dey war gret pite  
Bot quhar worschip mycht provyt be.'

### *[Percy is rescued from Turnberry castle]*

The king sichand thus maid his mayn  
And the lady hyr leyff has tayn  
And went hyr hame till hyr wonnyng  
And fele sys confort the king  
Bath with silver and with mete  
Sic as scho in the land mycht get.  
And he oft ryot all the land  
And maid all his that ever he fand  
And syne drew him till the hycht

To stynt better his fayis mycht.  
 In all that tym wes the Persy  
 With a full sympill cumpany  
 In Turnberys castell lyand,  
 For the King Robert sua dredand  
 That he durst nocht isch furth to fayr  
 Fra thine to the castell off Ayr  
 That wes then full off Inglismen,  
 Bot lay lurkand as in a den  
 Tyll the men off Northummyrland  
 Suld cum armyt and with strang hand  
 Convoy him till his cuntre.  
 For his saynd till thaim send he,  
 And thai in hy assemblyt then  
 Passand I weyne a thousand men  
 And askyt avisement thaim amang  
 Quhether that thai suld dwell or gang,  
 Bot thai war skownrand wonder sar  
 Sa fer into Scotland for to far,  
 For a knycht, Schyr Gawter the Lile  
 Said it wes all to gret perile  
 Sua ner thai schavalduris to ga.  
 His spek discomfort thaim sua  
 That thai had left all thar vyage  
 Na war a knycht off gret corage  
 That Schyr Roger off Sanct Jhon hycht  
 That thaim confort with all his mycht,  
 And sic wordis to thaim gan say  
 That thai all samyn held thar way  
 Till Turnbery, quhar the Persy  
 Lap on and went with thaim in hy  
 In Inland his castell till  
 Foroutyn distroublyne or ill.

*[Douglas decides to visit his lands]*

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

## THE BRUS

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

*[Douglas meets Tom Dickson; he acquires a following]*

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

## THE BRUS

He haid done mony a thankfull deid,  
Thom Dicson wes his name perfay.  
Till him he send and gan him pray  
That he wald cum all anerly  
For to spek with him prevely,  
And he but daunger till him gais.  
Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais  
He gret for joy and for pite  
And him rycht till his hous had he,  
Quhar in a chambre prevely  
He held him and his cumpany,  
That nane of him had persaving.  
Off mete and drynk and other thing  
That mycht thaim eys thai had plente.  
Sa wrocht he throu sutelte  
That all the lele men off that land  
That with his fadyr war dwelland  
This gud man gert cum ane and ane  
And mak him manrent everilkane,  
And he himselff fyrst homage maid.  
Douglas in hart gret glaidship haid  
That the gud men off his cuntre  
Wald suagate till him bundyn be.  
He speryt the convyne off the land  
And quha the castell had in hand  
And thai him tauld all halily,  
And syne amang thaim prevely  
Thai ordanyt that he still suld be  
In hiddillis and in prevete  
Till Palme Sondag that wes ner-hand  
The thrid day efter folowand  
For than the folk off that countre  
Assemblyt at the kyrk wald be,  
And thai that in the castell wer  
Wald als be thar thar palmys to ber  
As folk that had na dreid off ill  
For thai thocht that all was at thar will.  
Than suld he cum with his twa men,  
Bot for that men suld nocht him ken  
He suld ane mantill have auld and bar  
And a flail as he a thresscher war.  
Under the mantill nocht-forthi  
He suld be armyt prevely,  
And quhen the men off his countre  
That suld all boune befor him be  
His ensenye mycht her hym cry,  
Then suld thai full enforcely  
Rycht ymyddys the kirk assaill  
The Inglismen with hard bataill  
Sua that nane mycht eschap thaim fra,  
For thar-through trowyt thai to ta

## THE BRUS

The castell that besid wes ner.  
And quhen this that I tell you her  
Wes divisyt and undertane  
Ilkane till his hous hame is gane  
And held this spek in prevete  
Till the day off thar assemble.

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

The folk apon the Sonounday  
Held to Saynct Bridis kyrk thar way,  
And thai that in the castell war  
Ischyt out bath less and mar  
And went thar palmys for to ber,  
Outane a cuk and a portere.  
James off Douglas off thar cummyng  
And quhat thai war had witting,  
And sped him till the kyrk in hy,  
Bot or he come, to hastily  
Ane of his cryit, 'Douglas, Douglas.'  
Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was  
Till thaim that war off the castell  
That war all innouth the chancell,  
Quhen he 'Douglas' sua hey hard cry  
Drew out his swerd and fellely  
Ruschyt amang thame to and fra,  
Bot ane or twa foroutin ma  
Than in hy war left lyand,  
Quhill Douglas come rycht at hand  
And then enforcyt on thaim the cry,  
Bot thai the chansell sturdely  
Held and thaim defendyt wele  
Till off thar men war slayne sumdell.  
Bot the Douglace sa weill him bar  
That all the men that with him war  
Had confort off his wele-doyng,  
And he him sparyt nakyn thing  
Bot provyt sua his force in fycht  
That throu his woschip and his mycht  
His men sa keynly helpyt than  
That thai the chansell on thaim wan.  
Than dang thai on sua hardyly  
That in schort tyme men mycht se ly  
The twa part dede or then deand,  
The lave war sesyt sone in hand  
Sua that off thretty levyt nane  
That thaine war slayne ilkan or tane.  
James off Douglas quhen this wes done  
The presoneris has he tane alsone

And with thaim off his cumpany  
 Towart the castell went in hy  
 Or noyis or cry suld rys,  
 And for he wald thaim sone suppris  
 That levyt in the castell war  
 That war bot twa foroutyn mar,  
 Fyve men or sex befor send he  
 That fand all opyn the entre  
 And entryt and the porter tuk  
 Rycht at the yate and syne the cuk.  
 With that the Douglas come to the yat  
 And entryt in foroutyn debate  
 And fand the mete all redy graid  
 And burdys set and claithis laid  
 The yhattis then he gert sper  
 And sat and eyt all at layser,  
 Syne all the gudis turssyt thai  
 That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away,  
 And namly wapnys and armyng  
 Silver and tresour and clethyng.  
 Vittalis that mycht nocht tursyt be  
 On this maner destroyit he,  
 Als quheyt and flour and meill and malt  
 In the wyne—sellar gert he bring  
 And samyn on the flur all flyng  
 And the presonaris that he had tane  
 Rycht tharin gert he heid ilkane,  
 Syne off the tounnys the hedis outstrak.  
 A foul melle thar gane he mak,  
 For meile and malt and blud and wyne  
 Rane all togidder in a mellyne  
 That was un semly for to se.  
 Tharfor the men off that countre  
 For sua fele thar mellyt wer  
 Callit it 'the Douglas lardner.'  
 Syne tuk he salt as Ic hard tell  
 And ded hors and fordid the well,  
 And brynt all outakyn stane,  
 And is furth with his menye gayne  
 Till his resett, for him thocht weill  
 Giff he had haldyn the castell  
 It had bene assegyt raith  
 And that him thocht to mekill waith,  
 For he had na hop of reskewyng.  
 And it is to peralous thing  
 In castell assegyt to be  
 Quhar want is off thir thingis thre,  
 Vittail or men with thar armyng  
 Or than gud hop off rescuyng,  
 And for he dred thir thingis suld faile  
 He chesynt furthwart to travaill

Quhar he mycht at his larges be  
And sua dryve furth his destane.

*[Douglas withdraws; Clifford repairs the castle]*

On this wise wes the castell tan  
And slayne that war tharin ilkan.  
The Douglas syne all his menye  
Gert in ser placis departyt be,  
For men suld les wyt quhar thai war  
That yeid departyt her and thar.  
Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly  
Intill hiddillis all prevely,  
And gert gud lechis till thaim bring  
Quhill that thai war intill heling,  
And himselff with a few menye  
Quhile ane quhile twa and quhile thre  
And umquhill all him allane  
In hiddillis throu the land is gane.  
Sa dred he Inglismennys mycht  
That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht  
For thai war that tyme all-weldand  
As maist lordis our all the land.  
Bot tithandis that scalis sone  
Off this deid that Douglas has done  
Come to the Cliffurd his ere in hy,  
That for his tynsaill wes sary  
And menyt his men that thai had slane,  
And syne has to his purpos tane  
To big the castell up agayne.  
Tharfor as man off mekill mayne  
He assemblit gret cumpany,  
And till Douglas he went in hy  
And biggyt up the castell swyth  
And maid it rycht stalwart and styth  
And put tharin vittalis and men.  
Ane of the Thyrlwallys then  
He left behind him capitane  
And syne till Inghland went agayne.

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

Into Carrik lysis the king  
With a full symple gadryng,  
He passyt nocht twa hunder men.  
Bot Schyr Edward his broder then  
Wes in Galloway weil ner him by,  
With him ane other cumpany  
That held the strenthis off the land,

## THE BRUS

For thai durst nocht yeit tak on hand  
Till our–rid the land planly.  
For off Valence Schyr Amery  
Was intill Edynburgh lyand  
That yeyt was wardane of the land  
Underneyth the Inglis king,  
And quhen he herd off the cummyng  
Off King Robert and his menye  
Into Carryk and how that he  
Had slain off the Persyis men  
His consaile he assemblit then,  
And with assent off his consaill  
He sent till Ar him till assaill  
Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill that wes hardy  
And with him a gret cumpany.  
And quhen Schyr Ingram cummyn wes thar  
Him thocht nocht speidfull for till far  
Till assaile him into the hycht,  
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht  
And lay still in the castell than  
Till he gat speryng that a man  
Off Carrik, that wes sley and wycht  
And a man als off mekill mycht  
As off the men off that cuntre,  
Wes to the King Robert mast preve  
As he that wes his sibman ner,  
And quhen he wald foroutyn danger  
Mycht to the kingis presence ga,  
The–quether he and his sonnys twa  
War wonnand still in the cuntre  
For thai wald nocht persayvit be  
That thai war speciall to the king.  
Thai maid him mony tyme warnyng  
Quhen that thai his tynsaill mycht se,  
Forthi in thaim affyit he.  
His name can I nocht tell perfay,  
Bot Ik haiff herd syndry men say  
Forsuth that his ane e wes out  
Bot he sa sturdy wes and stout  
That he wes the maist doutit man  
That in Carrik lyvyt than.  
And quhen Schyr Ingrame gat wittering  
Forsuth this wes na gabbing,  
Efter him in hy he sent  
And he come at his commandment.  
Schyr Ingrame that was sley and wis  
Tretyt with him than on sic wys  
That he maid sekyr undertaking  
In tresoun for to slay the king,  
And he suld haiff for his service  
Gyff he fullfillyt thar divice

Weill fourty pundis worth off land  
Till him and till his ayris ay lestand.

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

The tresoun thus is undertane,  
And he hame till his hous is gane  
And wattyt opertunyte  
For to fulfill his mavyte.  
In gret perell than was the king  
That off this tresoun wyst na thing,  
For he that he traistit maist of ane  
His ded falsly has undertane,  
And nane may betreys tyttar than he  
That man in trowis leawte.  
The king in him traistyt, forthi  
He had fullfillyt his felony  
Ne war the king throu Goddis grace  
Gat hale witting of his purchase,  
And how and for how mekill land  
He tuk his slauchter apon hand.  
I wate nocht quha the warnyng maid,  
Bot on all tym sic hap he had  
That quhen men schup thaim to betrais  
He gat witting tharoff allwayis  
And mony tyme as I herd say  
Throu wemen that he wyth wald play  
That wald tell all that thai mycht her,  
And sua myvht happyn that it fell her,  
Bot how that ever it fell perde  
I trow he sall the warrer be.  
Nocht–forthi the tratour ay  
Had in his thocht bath nycht and day  
How he mycht best bring till ending  
His tresonabill undretaking,  
Till he umbethinkand him at the last  
Intill his hart gan umbecast  
That the king had in custome ay  
For to rys arly ilk day  
And pas weill fer fra his menye  
Quhen he wald pas to the preve,  
And sek a covert him allane  
Or at the maist with him ane.  
Thar thocht he with his sonnys twa  
For to supprise the king and sla  
And syne went to the wod thar way,  
Bot yeit off purpos failit thai,  
And nocht–forthi thai come all thre  
In a covert that wes preve  
Quhar the king oft wes wont to ga

His preve nedys for to ma.  
 Thair hid thai thaim till his cumming,  
 And the king into the mornyng  
 Rais quhen that his liking was  
 And rycht towart that covert gais  
 Quhar lyand war the tratouris thre  
 For to do thar his prevete.  
 To tresoun tuk he then na heid  
 Bot he wes wont quharever he yeid  
 His swerd about his hals to ber  
 And that availlyt him gretli ther  
 For had nocht God all thing weldand  
 Set help intill his awine hand  
 He had bene ded withoutyn dreid.  
 A chamber page thar with him yeid,  
 And sua foroutyn falowis ma  
 Towart the covert gan he ga.  
 Now bot God help the noble king  
 He is ner-hand till his ending,  
 For that covert that he yeid till  
 Wes on the tother sid a hill  
 That nane of his men mycht it se.  
 Thiddirwart went this page and he  
 And quhen he cummyn wes in the schaw  
 He saw thai thre cum all on raw  
 Aganys him full sturdely.  
 Than till his boy he said in hy,  
 'Yon men will slay us and thai may.  
 Quhat wapyn has thou?' 'Ha, Schyr, perfay  
 Ik haiff bot a bow and a wyr.'  
 'Giff thaim me smertly bath.' A, Schyr  
 Howgaite will ye that I do?'  
 'Stand on fer and behald us to.  
 Giff thou seis me abovyn be  
 Thou sall haiff wapynnys gret plente,  
 And giff I dey, withdraw the sone.'  
 With thai wordis foroutyn hone  
 He tyte the bow out off his hand,  
 For the tratouris war ner cummand.  
 The fader had a swerd but mar,  
 The tother bath swerd and hand-ax bar,  
 The thrid a swerd had and a sper.  
 The king persavt be thar affer  
 That all wes as men had him tauld.  
 'Tratour,' he said, 'thou has me sauld.  
 Cum na forthyr bot hald the thar.  
 I will thou cum na forthermar.'  
 'A, Schyr, umbethinkis you,' said he,  
 How ner that I suld to you be.  
 Quha suld cum ner you bot I?'  
 The king said, 'I will sekirly

## THE BRUS

That thou at this tyme cum nocht ner.  
Thou may say quhat thou will on fer.'  
Bot he with fals wordis flechand  
Was with his twa sonnys cummand.  
Quhen the king saw he wald nocht let  
Bot ay come on fenyeand falset  
He taisyt the wyre and leit it fley,  
And hyt the fader in the ey  
Till it rycht in the harnys ran  
And he bakwart fell doun rycht than.  
The brother that the hand-ax bar  
Sua saw his fader liand thar,  
A gyrd rycht to the king he couth maik  
And with the ax hym our-straik,  
Bot he that had his sword on hycht  
Roucht him sic rout in randoun rycht  
That he the hede till the harnys claiff  
And dede downe till the erd him draiff.  
The tother broder that bar the sper  
Saw his brodyr fallin ther  
And with the sper as angry man  
With a rais till the king he ran.  
Bot the king that him dred sumthing  
Waytyt the sper in the cummyng  
And with a wysk the hed off strak,  
And or the tother had toyme to tak  
His swerd the king sic swak him gaiff  
That he the hede till the harnys claiff,  
He ruschyt down off blud all reid.  
And quhen the king saw thai war all ded  
All thre lyand he wipit his brand,  
With that his boy come fast rynnand  
And said, 'Our Lord mot lovyt be  
That grantyt you mycht and powste  
To fell the felny and the prid  
Off thir thre in sua litill tid.'  
The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se  
Thai had bene worthi men all thre  
Had thai nocht bene full off tresoun,  
Bot that maid thar confusioun.'

## BOOK 6

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

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

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

*[The king alone defends the ford]*

The king now takys his gate to ga  
 And with him tuk he sergandis twa  
 And Schyr Gilbert de le Hay left he  
 Thar for to rest with his menye.  
 To the watter he come in hy  
 And lysnyt full ententily  
 Giff he herd oucht off thar cummyng  
 Bot yeit then mocht he her na thing.  
 Endlang the watter then yeid he  
 On ather syd a gret quantite  
 And saw the brayis hey standand,  
 The watter holl throu slik rynnand  
 And fand na furd that men mycht pas  
 Bot quhar himselvyn passit was,  
 And sua strait wes the up-cumming  
 That twa men mycht nocht samyn thring  
 Na on na maner pres thaim sua  
 That thai togidder mycht land ta.  
 His twa men bad he than in hy  
 Ga to thair feris to rest and ly  
 For he wald wach thar com to se.  
 'Schyr,' said thai, 'Quha sall with you be?'  
 'God,' he said, 'forouten ma

Pas on, for I will it be sua.  
 Thai did as he thame biddin had  
 And he thar all allane abaid,  
 And quhen he a lang quhile had bene thar  
 He herknyt and herd as it war  
 A hundis questyng on fer  
 That ay come till him ner and ner.  
 He stud still for till herkyn mar  
 And ay the langer he wes thar  
 He herd it ner and ner cummand,  
 Bot he thocht he thar still wald stand  
 Tyll that he herd mar takynnyng.  
 Than for ane hundis questyng  
 He wald nocht wakyn his menye,  
 Tharfor he wald abid and se  
 Quhat folk thai war and quethir thai  
 Held towart him the rycht way  
 Or passyt ane other way fer by.  
 The moyne wes schynand clerly,  
 [no no.] [Sa lang he stude that he mycht her  
 [no no.] The noyis off thaim that cummand wer  
 [no no.] Than his twa men in hy send he  
 [no no.] To warn and wakyn and walkyn his menye  
 [no no.] And thai ar furth thar wayis gane  
 [no no.] And he left thar all hym allane]  
 And sua stude he herknand  
 Till that he saw cum at his hand  
 The hale rout intill full gret hy.  
 Then he umbethocht him hastily  
 Giff he held towart his menye  
 That or he mycht reparyt be  
 Thai suld be passit the furd ilkan,  
 And then behuffyt him ches ane  
 Off thir twa, other to fley or dey.  
 Bot his hart that wes stout and hey  
 Consaillyt hym allane to bid  
 And kepe thaim at the furd syde  
 And defend weill the upcummyng  
 Sen he wes warnyst of armyng  
 That thar arowys thurth nocht dreid,  
 And gyff he war off gret manheid  
 He mycht stunay thaim everilkane  
 Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane,  
 And did rycht as hys hart hym bad.  
 Strang utrageous curage he had  
 Quhen he sa stoutly him allane  
 For litill strenth off erd has tane 128  
 To fecht with twa hunder and ma.  
 Tharwith he to the furd gan ga,  
 And thai apon the tother party  
 That saw him stand thar anyrly

## THE BRUS

Thringand intill the water rad  
For off him litill dout thai had  
And raid till him in full gret hy.  
He smate the fyrst sua vygorusly  
With his sper that rycht scharp schar  
Till he doun till the erd him bar.  
The lave come then intill a randoun,  
Bot his hors that wes born doun  
Combryt thaim the upgang to ta,  
And quhen the king saw it wes sua  
He stekyt the hors and he gan flyng  
And syne fell at the upcummyng.  
The layff with that come with a schout,  
And he that stalwart wes and stout  
Met thaim rycht stoutly at the bra  
And sa gud payment gan thaim ma  
That fyvesum in the furd he slew.  
The lave then sumdell thaim withdrew  
That dred his strakys wondre sar  
For he in na thing thaim forbar.  
Then said ane, 'Certis we ar to blame.  
Quhat sall we say quhen we cum ham  
Quhen a man fechtis agane us all.  
Quha wyst ever men sa foully fall  
As us gyff that we thusgat leve.'  
With that all haile a schoute thai geve  
And cryit, 'On him, he may nocht last.'  
With that thai pressyt him sa fast  
That had he nocht the better bene  
He had bene dede withoutyn wen,  
Bot he sa gret defence gan mak  
That quhar he hyt evyn a strak  
Thar mycht nathing agane—stand.  
In litill space he left liand  
Sa fele that the upcummyng wes then  
Dyttyt with slayn hors and men  
Sua that his fayis for that stopping  
Mycht nocht cum to the upcummyng.  
A! Der God, quha had then bene by  
And sene howe he sa hardyly  
Adressyt hym agane thaim all  
I wate weile that thai suld him call  
The best that levyt in his day,  
And giff I the suth sall say  
I herd never in na tym gane  
Ane stynt sa mony him allane.

*[The story of Tydeus of Thebes]*

Suth is, quhen till Ethiocles

## THE BRUS

Fra his brother Polnices  
Wes send Thedeus in message  
To ask haly the heritage  
Off Thebes till hald for a yer,  
For thai twynnys off a byrth wer,  
Thai strave, for ather king wald be.  
Bot the barnage off thar cuntre  
Gert thaim assent on this maner,  
That the tane suld be king a yer,  
And then the tother and his mengye  
Suld nocht be fundyn in the countre  
Quhill the fyrst brother regnand wer,  
Syne suld the tother renge a yer  
And then the fyrst suld leve the land  
Quhill that the tother war regnaND.  
Thus ay a yer suld regne the tane,  
The tother a yer fra that war gane.  
To ask haldyn off this assent  
Wes Thedeus to Thebes sent,  
And sua spake for Polnices  
That off Thebes Ethiocles  
Bad his constabill with him ta  
Men armyt weill and forouth ga  
To mete Thedeus in the way  
And slay him but langer delay.  
The constable his way is gane  
And nyne and fourty with him tane  
Sua that he with thaim maid fyfty.  
Intill the evynnyng prevely  
Thai set enbuschement in the way  
Quhar Thedeus behovyt away  
Betuix ane hey crag and the se,  
And he that off thar mavyte  
Wyst na thing his way has tane  
And towart Grece agane is gane.  
And as he raid into the nycht  
Sa saw he with the monys lycht  
Schynyng off scheldys gret plente,  
And had wondre quhat it mycht be.  
With that all hale thai gaiff a cry  
And he that hard sa suddanly  
Sic noyis sumdele affrayit was,  
Bot in schort time he till him tais  
His spyritis full hardely,  
For his gentill hart and worthy  
Assuryt hym into that nede.  
Then with te spuris he strak the sted  
And ruschyt in amang thaim all.  
The fyrst he met he gert him fall,  
And syne his sword he swapyt out  
And roucht about him mony rout

## THE BRUS

And slew sexsum swill sone and ma.  
Then undre him his hors thai sla  
And he fell, bot he smertly ras  
And strykand rowm about him mas  
And slew off thaim a quantite  
Bot woundyt wondre sar wes he.  
With that a litill rod he fand  
Up towart the crag strekand.  
Thidder went he in full gret hy  
Defendand him full douchtely  
Till in the crag he clam sumdell  
And fand a place enclosyt weill  
Quhar nane bot ane mycht him assail,  
Thar stud he and gaiff thaim bataill  
And thai assaylyt everilkane  
And oft fell quhen that he slew ane  
As he doun to the erd wald dryve  
He wald ber doun weill four or fyve.  
Thar stud he and defendyt sua  
Till he had slayne thaim halff and ma.  
A gret stane then by him saw he  
That throu the gret anciente  
Wes lowsyt redy for to fall,  
And quhen he saw thaim cummand all  
He tumblyt doun on thaim the stane,  
And aucht men thar with it has slayn  
And sua stonayit the remanand  
That thai war weile ner recreand.  
Then wald he presone hald no mar  
Bot on thaim ran with swerd all bar  
And hewyt and slew with all his mayn  
Till he has nyne and fourty slayne.  
The constabill syne gan he ta  
And gert him swer that he suld ga  
Till King Ethiocles and tell  
The aventur that thaim befell.  
Thedeus bar him douchtely  
That him allane ourcome fyfty.  
Ye that this redys, cheys yhe  
Quhether that mar suld prysit be  
The king, that with avisement  
Undertuk sic hardyment  
As for to stynt him ane but fer  
The folk that twa hunder wer,  
Or Thedeus, that suddanly  
For thai had raysyt on him the cry  
Throu hardyment that he had tane  
Wane fyfty men allhim allane.  
Thai did thar deid bath on the nycht  
And faucht bath with the mone-lycht,  
Bot the king discomfyt ma

And Thedeus then ma gan sla.  
 Now demys quether mar loving  
 Suld Thedeus haiff or the king?

*[His men find the king]*

On this maner that Ik haiff tauld  
 The king that stout wes and bauld  
 Wes fechtand on the furd syd  
 Giffand and takand rowtis rid  
 Till he sic martyrdom thar has maid  
 That he the ford all stoppyt haid  
 That nane of thaim mycht till him rid.  
 Thaim thoct than foly for to byd  
 And halely the flycht gan ta  
 And went hamewartis quhar thai come fra,  
 For the kingis men with the cry  
 Walknyt full effrayitly  
 And com to sek thar lord the king.  
 The Galloway men hard thar cummyng  
 And fled and durst abid no mar.  
 The kingis men that dredand war  
 For thar lord full spedlyly  
 Come to the furd and sone in hy  
 Thai fand the king syttand allane,  
 That off his bassynet has tane  
 Till avent him for he wes hate.  
 Than speryt thai at him off his state  
 And he tauld thaim all hale the case  
 Howgate that he assailyt was  
 And how that God him helpyt sua  
 That he eschapyt hale thaim fra.  
 Than lukyt thai how fele war ded,  
 And thai fand lyand in that sted  
 Fourtene that war slayne with his hand.  
 Than lovyt thai God fast all—weildand  
 That thai thar lord fand hale and fer,  
 And said thaim byrd on na maner  
 Drede thar fayis sen thar chyftane  
 Wes off sic hart and off sic mayn  
 That he for thaim had undretan  
 With sua fele for to fecht him ane.

*[A comment on valour]*

Syk wordis spak thai of the king,  
 And for his hey undretaking  
 Farlyit and yarnyt hym for to se  
 That with hym ay wes wont to be.

A! Quhat worschip is prisit thing,  
 For it mays men till haiff loving  
 Gyff it be folowit ythenly,  
 For pryce off worschip nocht–forthi  
 Is hard to wyn, for gret travaill  
 Offt to defend and oft assaill  
 And to be in thar dedis wys  
 Gerris men off worschip wyn the price,  
 And may na man haiff worthyhed  
 Bot he haiff wyt to ster his deid  
 And se quhat ys to leve or ta.  
 Worschip extremyteys has twa,  
 Fule–hardyment the formast is  
 And the tother is cowartys,  
 And thai ar bath for to forsak.  
 Fule–hardyment all will undertak,  
 Als weill thingis to leve as ta,  
 Bot cowardys dois na thing sua  
 But uttrely forsakis all,  
 Bot that war derer for to fal  
 Na war faute of discretioun.  
 Forthi has worschip sic renoun,  
 That it is mene betuix tha twa  
 And takys that is till underta  
 And levys that is to leve, for it  
 Has sa gret warnysing of wyt  
 That it all perellis weile gan se  
 And all avantagis that may be.  
 I wald till hardyment heyld haly  
 With–thi away war the foly  
 For hardyment with foly is vice  
 Bot hardyment that mellyt is  
 With wyt is worschip ay perde,  
 For but wyt worschip may nocht be.  
 This nobile king that we off red  
 Mellyt all tyme with wit manheid,  
 That may men by this melle se.  
 His wyt schawyt him the strait entre  
 Off the furd and the uschyng alsua  
 That as him thocht war hard to ta  
 Apon a man that war worthy,  
 Tharfor his hardyment hastily  
 Thocht it mycht be weill undretan  
 Sen at anys mycht assail bot ane.  
 Thus hardyment governyt with wyt  
 That he all tyme wald samyn kny  
 Gert him off worschip haiff the price  
 And oft ourcum his ennymyis.

*[Douglas attacks Thirlwall at Douglas Castle]*

The king in Carrik dwellyt ay still,  
 Hys men assemblyt fast him till  
 That in the land war travailland  
 Quhen thai off this deid herd tithand  
 For thai thar ure wald with him ta  
 Gyff that he eft war assaylyt sua.  
 Bot yeit than James of Douglas  
 In Douglas daile travailland was  
 Or ellysweill ner-hand tharby  
 In hydillys sumdeill prevely,  
 For he wald se his governyng  
 That had the castell in keping,  
 And gert mak mony juperty  
 To se quhether he wald ische blythly.  
 And quhen he persavyt that he  
 Wald blthly ische with his menye,  
 He maid a gadring prevely  
 Of thaim that war on his party,  
 That war sa fele that thai durst fycht  
 With Thyrwall and all the mycht  
 Of thaim that in the castell war.  
 He schupe him in the nycht to far  
 To Sandylandis, and ner tharby  
 He him enbuschyt prevely  
 And send a few a trane to ma,  
 That sone in the mornyng gan ta  
 Catell that wes the castell by  
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily  
 Towart thaim that enbuschit war.  
 Than Thyrwall foroutyn mar  
 Gert arme his men foroutyn baid  
 And ischyt with all the men he haid  
 And folowyt fast efter the ky.  
 He wes armyt at poynt clenly  
 Outane his hede wes bar.  
 Than with the men that with him war  
 The catell folowit he gud speid  
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid  
 Till that he gat off thaim a sycht.  
 Than prekyt thai with all thar mycht  
 Folowand thaim out off aray,  
 And thai sped thaim fleand quhill thai  
 Fer by thar buschement war past,  
 And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.  
 And than thai that enbuschyt war  
 Ischyt till him bath les and mar  
 And rayssyt sudanly the cry,  
 And thai that saw sa sudandly  
 That folk come egyrly prekand  
 Rycht betwix thaim and thar warand,

## THE BRUS

Thai war into full gret effray  
And for thai war out off aray  
Sum off thaim fled and sum abad,  
And the Douglas that thar with him had  
A gret mengye full egrely  
Assaylyt and scalyt thaim hastyly  
And in schort tyme ourraid thaim sua  
That weile nane eschapyt thaim fra.  
Thyrwall that wes thar capitane  
Wes thar in the bargane slane  
And off his men the mast party,  
The lave fled full effraytly.  
Douglas his menye fast gan chas,  
And the flearis thar wayis tays  
Till the castell in full gret hy.  
The formast entryt spedlyly  
Bot the chaseris sped thaim sa fast  
That thai ourtuk sum of the last  
And thaim foroutyn mercy gan sla.  
And quhen thai off the castell sua  
Saw thaim sla off thar men thaim by  
Thai sparyt the yattis hastily  
And in hy to the wallis rane.  
James off Douglas his menye than  
Sesynt weile hastily in hand  
That thai about the castell fand  
To thair resett, syne went thar way.  
Thus ischyt Thyrwall that day.

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

Quhen Thyrwall on this maner  
Had ischit as I tell you her,  
James off Douglas and his men  
Buskit thaim all samyn then  
And went thar way toward the king  
In gret hy, for thai herd tything  
That off Valence Schyr Amery  
With full gret chevalry  
Bath off Scottis and Inglis men  
With gret felny war rerdy then  
Assemblyt for to sek the king,  
That wes that tyme with his gadring  
In Cumnok quhair it straitast was.  
Thidder went James of Douglas  
And wes rycht welcum to the king  
And quhen he had tauld that tithing,  
How that schyr Amer wes cummand  
For till hunt him out off the land

## THE BRUS

With hund and horne rycht as he war  
A woulff, a theyff, or theyffis fer,  
Than said the king, 'It may weill fall  
Thocht he cum and his power all  
We sall abid in this countre,  
And gyff he cummys we sall him se.'  
The king spake apon this maner,  
And of Valence Schyr Amer  
Assemblyt a gret cumpany  
Off noble men and off worthy  
Off Ingland and of Lowthiane,  
And he has alsua with him tane  
Jhone off Lorn and all his mycht  
That had off worthi men and wycht  
With him aucht hunder men and ma  
A sleuth-hund had he thar alsua  
Sa gud that wald chang for na thing,  
And sum men sayis yeit that the king  
As a strecour him noryst had  
And sa mekill off him he maid  
That hys awyn handis wald him feid.  
He folowyt him quharever he yeid  
Sa tthat the hund him lovit sua  
That he wald part na wys him fra.  
Bot how that Jhon of Lorn him had  
Ik herd never mencioun be mad,  
Bot men sayis it wes certane thing  
That he had him in his sesyng  
And throu him thocht the king to ta,  
For he wyst he him luffyt sua  
That fra that he mycht anys fele  
The kingis sent he wyst rycht weill  
That he wald chaung it for na thing.  
This Jhon off Lorne hattyt the king  
For Jhon Cumyn his emys sak,  
Mycht he him other sla or tak  
He wald nocht prys his liff a stra  
Sa that he vengeance of him mycht ta.  
The wardane than Schyr Amery  
With this Jhone in cumpany  
And other off gud renoun alsua,  
Thomas Randell was ane off tha,  
Come intill Cumnok to sek the king  
That wes weill war off that cummyng  
And wes up in the strenthis then  
And with him weill four hunder men.  
His broder that tym with him was  
And alsua James off Douglas.  
Schyr Ameryys rowte he saw  
That held the plane ay and the law  
And in hale battaill always raid.

## THE BRUS

The king that na supposyn had  
That thai wer may then he saw thar  
Till thaim and nother ellisquhar  
Had ey and wrocht unwittily,  
For Jhom off Lorn full sutelly  
Behind thocht to supprys the king.  
Tharfor with all his gadring  
About ane hill he held the way  
And held him into covert ay  
Till he sa ner come to the king  
Or he persavyt his cummyng  
That he wes cummyn on him weill ner.  
The tother ost and Schyr Amer  
Pressyt aponthe tother party.  
The king wes in gret juperty  
That wes on ather sid umbeset  
With fayis that to sla him thret,  
And the leyst party off the twa  
Was starkar than he and ma.  
And quhen he saw thaim pres him to  
He thocht in hy quhat was to do  
And said, 'Lordis we haiff na mycht  
As at this tyme to stand and fycht,  
Tharfor departis us in thre,  
All sall nocht sa assailt be,  
And in thre partis hald our way.'  
Syne till his preve folk gan he say  
Betwix thaim into prevete  
In quhat sted thar repayr suld be.  
With that thar gate all ar thai gane  
And in thre partis thar way has tane.  
Jhone of Lorne come to the place  
Fra quhar the king departyt was  
And in his trace the hund he set  
That then foroutyn langer let  
Held even the way efter the king  
Rycht as he had off him knawing,  
And left the tother partys twa  
As he na kep to thaim wald ta.  
And quhen the king saw his cummyng  
Efter hys route intill a ling  
He thocht thai knew that it wes he,  
Tharfor he bad till his menye  
Yeit then in thre depart thaim sone,  
And thai did sua foroutyn hone  
And held thar way in thre partys.  
The hund did thar sa gret maistris  
That held ay foroutyn changing  
Eftre the rowt quhar wes the king.  
And quhen the king had sene thaim sua  
All in a rowt efter him ga

## THE BRUS

The way and folow nocht his men  
He had a gret persaving then  
That thai knew him, forthi in hy  
He bad his men rycht hastily  
Scaile and ilkan hald his way  
All himselff, and sua did thai.  
Ilk man a syndry gate is gane  
And the king with him has tane  
His foster broder foroutyn ma  
And samyn held thar gate thai twa.  
The hund folowyt alwaysis the king  
And changyt for na departing  
Bot ay folowit the kingis trace  
But waveryng as he passyt was  
And quhen Jhon off Lorn saw  
The hund sa hard eftre him draw  
And folow strak after thai twa  
He knew the king wes ane of tha,  
And bad fyve off his cumpany  
That war rycht wycht men and hardy  
And als off fute spediast war  
Off all that in thair rowt war  
Ryn eftre him and him ourta  
And lat him na wys pas thaim fra,  
And fra thai had herd the bydding  
Thai held thar way efter the king  
And folowyt him sa spedely  
That thai him weill sone gan ourhy.  
The king that saw thaim cummand ner  
Wes anoyit on gret maner,  
For he thocht giff thai war worthi  
Thai mycht hi, travaile and tary  
And hald him swagate tariand  
Till the remanand com at hand,  
Bot had he dred bot anerly  
Thai fyve I trow all sekyrly  
He suld have had na mekill dred.  
And till his falow as he yeid  
He said, 'Thir fyve ar fast cummand  
Thai ar weill ner now at our hand,  
Sa is thar ony help at the  
For we sall sone assailyt be.'  
'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'all that I may.'  
'Thou sayis weill,' said the king. 'Perfay  
I see thaim cummand till us ner.  
I will na forthyr bot rycht her  
I will byd quhill Ic am in aynd  
And se quhat force that thai can faynd.'  
The king than stud full sturdely  
And the fyvesum in full gret hy  
Come with gret schor and manassing.

## THE BRUS

Then thre off thaim went to the king,  
And till his man the tother twa  
With swerd in hand gan stoutly ga.  
The king met thaim that till him socht  
And to the fyrst sic rowt he roucht  
That er and chek downe in the hals  
He scharnand off the schuldir als,  
He ruschyt down all disyly.  
The twa that saw sa sudanly  
Thar falow fall effrayit war  
And stert a litill ovyrmар.  
The king with that blenkit him by  
And saw the twasome sturdely  
Agane his man gret melle ma.  
With that he left his awin twa  
And till thaim that faucht with his man  
A loup rycht lychtly maid he than  
And smate the hed off the tane,  
To mete his awne syne is he gane.  
Thai come on him full sturdely,  
He met the fyrst sa egrely  
That with the swerd that scharply schar  
The arme fra the body he bar.  
Quhat strakys thai gaiff I can nocht tell,  
Bot to the king sa fayr befell  
That thocht he travaill had and payne  
He off his fa-men four has slayn,  
His foster broder tharefter sone  
The fyft out of dawys has done.  
And quhen the king saw that all fyve  
War on that wys broucht out off lyve  
Till hys falow than gan he say,  
'Thou has helpyt weile perfay'  
'It likys you to say sua,' said he,  
'Bot the gret part to you tuk ye  
That slew four off the fyve you ane.'  
The king said, 'As the glew is gane  
Better than thou I mycht it do  
For Ik had mar layser tharto,  
For the twa falowys that delt with the  
Quhen thai saw me assailyt with thre  
Off me rycht nakyn dout thai had  
For thai wend I sa straytly war stad,  
And forthi that thai dred me noucht  
Noy thaim fer out the mar I moucht.'  
With that the king lokyt him by  
And saw off Lorn the company  
Weill ner with thar sleuth-hund cummand.  
Than till a wod that wes ner-hand  
He went with his falow in hy.  
God sayff thaim for his gret mercy.

## THE BRUS

## BOOK 7

*[The king escapes from the hound]*

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

Till at the last that Jhon of Lorn  
 Persavyt the hund the slouth had lorn  
 And said, 'We haiff tynt this travaill.  
 To pas forthyr may nocht availe  
 For the void is bath braid and wid  
 And he is weill fer be this tid,  
 Tharfor is gud we turn agayn  
 And waist no mar travaill in vayne.'  
 With that relyit he his mengye  
 And his way to the ost tuk he.

*[An alternative account of the escape]*

Thus eschapyt the nobill king,  
 Bot sum men sayis this eschaping  
 Apon ane other maner fell  
 Than throu the wading, for thai tell  
 That the king a gud archer had,  
 And quhen he saw his lord sua stad  
 That he wes left sa anerly  
 He ran on sid always him by  
 Till he into the woude wes gane.  
 Than said he till him self allane  
 That he arest rycht thar wald ma  
 To luk giff he the hund mycht sla,  
 For giff the hund mycht lest in lyve  
 He wyst rycht weile that thai wald dryve  
 The kingis trace till thai him ta,  
 Than wyst he weile thai wald him sla.  
 And for bhe wald his lord succur  
 He put his liff in aventur,  
 And stud intill a busk lurkand  
 Till that the hund come at his hand  
 And with ane arow sone him slew  
 And throu the woud syne him withdrew.  
 Bot quether this eschaping fell  
 As I tauld fyrst or I now tell,  
 I wate weill without lesing  
 That at the burn eschapyt the king.

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

The king has furth his wayis tane,  
 And Jhon of Lorn agayne is gane  
 To Schyr Aymer that fra the chace  
 With his men repayryt was  
 That sped lytill in thar chassyng  
 Thought at thai maid gret folowing

Full egrely thai wan bot small,  
 Thar fayis ner eschapyt all.  
 Men sayis Schyr Thomas Randell than  
 Chassand the kingis baner wan,  
 Quharthrou in England with the king  
 He had rycht gret price and loving.  
 Quhen the chasseris relyit war  
 And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thar  
 He tauld Schyr Aymer all the cas,  
 How that the king eschapyt was  
 And how that he his fyve men slew  
 And syne to the wode him drew.  
 Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy  
 He sanyt him for the ferly  
 And said, 'He is gretly to prys,  
 For I know nane that liffand is  
 That at myscheyff gan help him sua.  
 I trow he suld be hard to sla  
 And he war bodyn evynly.'  
 On this wis spak Schyr Aymery,  
 And the gud king held furth his way  
 Betwix him and his man quhill thai  
 Passyt out throu the forest war.  
 Syne in the more thai entryt ar  
 That wes bathe hey and lang and braid,  
 And or thai halff it passyt had  
 Thai saw on syd the men cummand  
 Lik to lycht men and waverand,  
 Swerdis thai had and axiys als  
 And ane off thaim apon his hals  
 A mekill boundyn wether bar.  
 Thai met the king and halist him thar,  
 And the king tthaim thar hailsing yauld  
 And askyt thaim quhether thai wauld.  
 Thai said Robert the Bruys thai socht,  
 For mete with him giff that thai moucht  
 Thar dwelling with him wauld thai ma.  
 The king said, 'Giff that ye will sua,  
 Haldys furth your way with me  
 And I sall ger you sone him se.'  
 Thai persavyt be his speking  
 That he wes the selvyn Robert king,  
 And chaungyt contenance and late  
 And held nocht in the fyrst state,  
 For thai war fayis to the king  
 And thocht to cum into Sculking  
 And dwell with him quhill that thai saw  
 Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.  
 Thai grantyt till his spek forthi,  
 Bot the king that wes witty  
 Persavyt weill be thar having

that thai luffyt him nathing  
 And said, 'Falowis, ye mon all thre,  
 Forthir aquent till that we be,  
 All be yourselvyn forrouth ga,  
 And on the samyn wys we twa  
 Sall folow behind weill ner.'  
 Quod thai, 'Schyr, it is na myster  
 To trow in us ony ill.'  
 'Nane do I,' said he, 'bot I will  
 That yhe ga forrourth thus quhill we  
 Better with othyr knawin be.'  
 'We grant,' thai said, 'sen ye will sua.'  
 And furth apon thar gate gan ga.  
 Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes ner,  
 And than the formast cummyn wer  
 Till a waist husbandis hous, and thar  
 Thai slew the wethir that thai bar  
 And slew fyr for to rost thar mete,  
 And askyt the king giff he wald ete  
 And rest him till the mete war dycht.  
 The king that hungry was, Ik hycht,  
 Assentyt till thar spek in hy,  
 Bot he said he wald anerly  
 Betwix him and his fallow be  
 At a fyr, and thai all thre  
 In the end off the hous suld ma  
 Ane other fyr, and thai did sua.  
 Thai drew thaim in the hous end  
 And halff the wethir till him send.  
 And thai rostyt in hy thar mete  
 And fell rycht freschly for till ete,  
 For the king weill lang fastyt had  
 And had rycht mekill travaill mad,  
 Tharfor he eyt full egrely  
 And quhen he had etyn hastily  
 He had to slep sa mekill will  
 That he mocht set na let thartill,  
 For quhen the vanys fillyt ar  
 Men worthys hevy evermar  
 And to slepe drawys hevynes.  
 The king that all fortravaillyt wes  
 Saw that him worthy slep nedwayis.  
 Till his foser-broder he sayis,  
 'May I traist in the me to waik  
 Till Ik a litill sleping tak.'  
 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'till I may dre.'  
 The kingbthen wynkyt a litill wey,  
 And slepyt nocht full encrely  
 Bot gliffnyt up oft sodanly,  
 For he had dreid of thai thre men  
 That at the tother fyr war then.

## THE BRUS

That thai his fais war he wyst,  
Tharfor he slepyt as foule on twyst.  
The king slepyt bot a litill than  
Quhen sic slep fell on his man  
That he mycht nocht hald up his ey,  
Bot fell in slep and rowtyt hey.  
Now is the king in gret perile  
For slep he sua a litill quhile  
He sall be ded fotoutyn dreid,  
For the thre tratouris tuk gud heid  
that he on slep wes and his man.  
In full gret hy thai rais up than  
And drew thar swerdis hastily  
And went towart the king in hy  
Quhen that thai saw him sleip sua,  
And slepand thocht thai wald him sla.  
Till him thai yeid a full gret pas,  
Bot in that tym throu Goddis grace  
The king up blenkit hastily  
And saw his man slepand him by  
And saw cummand the tother thre.  
Deliverly on fut gat he  
And drew his swerd out and thaim mete,  
And as he yude his fute he set  
Apon his man weill hevily.  
He waknyt and rais disily,  
For the slep maistryt hym sway  
That or he gat up ane off thai  
That com for to sla the king  
Gaiff hym a strak in his rysing  
Sua that he mycht help him no mar.  
The king sa straitly stad wes thar  
That he wes never yeit sa stad,  
Ne war the armyng that he had  
He had bene dede foroutyn wer.  
Bot nocht–forthi on sic maner  
He helpyt him in that bargane  
That thai thre tratouris he has slan  
Throu Goddis grace and his manheid.  
Hys fostyr brother thar wes dede,  
Then wes he wondre will of wayn  
Quhen he saw him left allane.  
His foster broder meny he  
And waryit all the tother thre,  
And syne his way tuk him allane  
And rycht towart his tryst is gane.

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

## THE BRUS

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

## THE BRUS

Thai sped thaim with thar cumpany  
That wer ane hunder and weile fyfty.  
And quhen that thai haiff sene the king  
Thai war joyfull of thar meting  
And askyt how that he eschapyt was,  
And he thaim tauld all hale the cas.  
How the fyve men him pressyt fast,  
And how he throu the water past,  
And how he met the thevis thre  
And how he slepand slane suld be  
Quhen he waknyt throu Goddis grace  
And how his foster brodyr was  
Slayne he tauld thaim all haly.  
Than lovyt thai God commounly  
That thar lord wes eschapyt sua,  
Than spak thai wordis to and fra  
Till at the last the king gan say  
'Fortoun us travaillyt fast today  
That scalyt us sa sodanly.  
Our fayis tonycht sall ly traistly  
For thai trow we so scalit ar  
And fled to-waverand her and thar  
That we sall nocht thir dayis thre  
All togiddir assemblit be.  
Tharfor this nycht thai sall trastly  
But wachys tak thar ese and ly.  
Quharfor quha knew thar herbery  
And wald cum on thaim sodanly  
With few mengye mycht thaim scaith  
And eschape foroutyn waith.'  
'Perfay,' quod James of Douglas,  
'As I come hyddyrtwart per cas  
I come sa ner thar herbery  
That I can bring you quhar thai ly,  
And wald ye speid you yeit or day  
It may sua happin that we may  
Do thaim a gretar scaith weile sone  
Than thai us all day has done,  
For thai ly scalyt as thaim lest.'  
Than thocht thaim all it wes the best  
To sped thaim to thaim hastily,  
And thai did sua in full gret hy  
And come on thaim in the dawing  
Rycht as the day begouth to spryng.  
Sa fell it that a cumpany  
Had in a toun tane thar herbery  
Weile fra the ost a myle or mar,  
Men said that thai twa hunder war.  
Thar assemblyt the nobill king,  
And sone eftre thar assembling  
Thai that slepand assaylyt war

## THE BRUS

Rycht hidwysly gan cry and rar,  
And other sum that herd the cry  
Ras sa rycht effrayitly  
That sum of thaim nakit war  
Fleand to warand her and thar,  
and sum his armys with him drew,  
And thai foroutyn mercy thaim slew  
And sa evyll vengeance can ta  
That the twa partis of thaim and ma  
War slayn rycht in that ilk sted,  
Till thar oist the remanand fled.  
The oyst that hard the noyis and cry  
And saw thar men sua wrechytyly  
Sum nakit fleand her and thar,  
Sum all hale, sum woundyt sar,  
Into full gret effray thai rais  
And ilk man till his baner gays  
Sua that tthe oyst wes all on ster.  
The king and thai that with him wer  
Quhen on ster the oyst saw sua  
Towart thar warand gan thai ga,  
And thar in savete com thai  
And quhen Schyr Aymer herd say  
How that the king thar men had slayn  
And how that thai turnyt war agayn  
He said, 'Now may we clerly se  
That nobill hart quharever it be  
It is hard till ourcum throu maystri,  
For quhar ane hart is rycht worthy  
Agayne stoutnes it is ay stoute,  
Na as I trow thar may na doute  
Ger it all-out dis cumfyt be  
Quhill body levand is and fre,  
As be this melle may be sene.  
We wend Robert the Bruce had bene  
Sua discomfyt that be gud skill  
He suld nother haiff haid hart ne will  
Swilk juperty till undreta  
For he put was at undre sua  
That he wes left all him allane  
And all his folk war fra him gayn,  
And he sagat fortravaillyt  
To put thaim off that him assaylit  
That he suld haiff yarynt resting  
This nycht atour all other thing.  
Bot his hart fillyt is off bounte  
Sua that it vencusyit may nocht be.'

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

On this wys spak Schyr Aymery,  
 And quhen thai off his cumpany  
 Saw how thai travaillit had in vayn  
 And how the king thar men had slayn  
 And that his wes gane all fre,  
 Thaim thoct it wes a nycete  
 For to mak thar langer dwelling  
 Sen thai mycht nocht anoy the king,  
 And said that to Schyr Amery,  
 That umbethocht him hastily  
 That he to Carlele wald ga  
 And a quhill tharin sojourn ma  
 And haff his spyis on the king  
 To knaw always his contenyng,  
 And quhen that he his poynt mycht se  
 He thoct that with a gret meny  
 He suld schute apon him sudanly.  
 Tharfor with all his cumpany  
 Till Inghland he the way has tane,  
 And ilk man till his hous is gane.  
 In hy till Carlele wesnt is he  
 And tharin thinkys for till be  
 Till he his poynt saw off the king,  
 That then with all his gaderring  
 Wes in Carryk quhar umbestount  
 He wald went with his men til hunt.  
 Sa happynyt that on a day  
 He went till hunt for till assay  
 Quhat gamyn was in that countre,  
 And sua hapnyt that day that he  
 By a woud-syd to sett is gane  
 With his twa hundys him allane,  
 Bot his swerd ay with him bar.  
 He had bot schort quhile syttyn thar  
 Quhen he saw fra the woud cummand  
 Thre men with bowys in thar hand  
 That towart him come spedely,  
 And he that persayvyt in hy  
 Be thar affer and thar having  
 That thai luffyt him nakyn thing,  
 He rais and his leysche till him drew he  
 And leyte hys hundis gang all fre.  
 God help the king now for his mycht,  
 For bot he now be wys and wucht  
 He sall be set in mekill pres,  
 For thai thre men foroutyn les  
 War his fayis all utrely,  
 And wachyt him sa bysily  
 To se quhen thai vengeance mycht tak  
 Off the king for Jhon Comyn his sak  
 That thai thoct than thai layser had.

And sen he hym allane wes stad  
 In hy thai thocht thai suld him sla,  
 And gyff that thai mycht chevys sua  
 Fra that thai the king had slayn  
 THat thai mycht wyn the woud agayn,  
 His men thaim thocht thai suld nocht dred.  
 In hy towart the king thai yeid  
 and bent thar bowys quhen thai war ner,  
 And he that dred on gret maner  
 thar arowys, for he nakyt was,  
 In hy a speking to thaim mais  
 And said, 'You aucht to schame perde  
 Sen ik am ane and ye ar thre  
 For to schute at me apon fer.  
 Bot had ye hardyment to cum ner  
 And with your swerdis till assay,  
 Wyn me apon sic wys giff ye may,  
 Ye sall wele oute mar prisyt be.'  
 'Perfay,' quod ane than off the thre  
 'Sall na man say we dred the sua  
 That we with arowys sall the sla.'  
 With that thar bowys away thai kest  
 And come on fast but langer frest.  
 The king thaim met full hardyly  
 And smate the fyrst sa vygorusly  
 that he fell dede down on the gren.  
 And quhen the kingis hund has sene  
 Thai men assailye his maister sua  
 He lap till ane and gan him ta  
 Rycht be the nek full sturdyly.  
 Till top our tale he gert him ly,  
 And the king that his swerd out had  
 Saw he sa fayr succour him maid.  
 Or he that fallyn wes mycht rys  
 He him assaillyt on sic wys  
 That he the bak strak evyn in twa.  
 The thrid that saw his falowis sua  
 Foroutyn recoveryng be slayne  
 Tok to the wod his way agane,  
 Bot the king folowit spedyly,  
 And als the hund that wes him by  
 Wquhen he the man saw fle him fra  
 Schot till him sone and gan him ta  
 Rycht be the nek and till him dreuch  
 And the king that wes ner yneucht  
 In his ryssing sik rowt him gaff  
 That stane—dede to the erd he draff.  
 The kingis men that wer than ner  
 Quhen that thai saw on sic maner  
 The king assailyt sa sodanly  
 Thai sped towart him in hy

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

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

Quhen that the king throu Goddis grace  
 On this maner eschapyt was  
 He blew his horn and then in hy  
 His gud men till him gan rely,  
 tthen hamwartis buskyt he to far  
 For that day wald he hunt no mar.  
 In Glentruell all a quhile he lay,  
 And went weyle oft to hunt and play  
 For to purches thaim venesoun,  
 For than der war in sesoun.  
 In all that tyme Schyr Aymery  
 With nobill men in cumpany  
 Lay in Carlele hys poynt to se,  
 And quhen he hard the certante  
 That in Glentrewle wes the king  
 And went till hunt and till playing,  
 He thocht with hys chevalry  
 To cum apon him sodanly  
 And fra Carlele on nychtys ryd  
 And in covert on dayis bid,  
 And swagate with sic tranonting  
 He thocht he suld suppris the king.  
 He assemblyt a gret mengne  
 Off folk off full gud renomme  
 Bath off Scottis and Inglis-men.  
 Thar way all samyn held thai then  
 And raid on nycht sa prevely  
 Till thai come in a wod ner by  
 Glentruelle, quhar logyt wes the king  
 That wyst rycht nocht off thar cummyng.  
 Into gret perile now is he,  
 For bot God throu his gret powste  
 Save him he sall be slayne or tane,  
 For thai war sex quhar he wes ane.

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

Quhen Schyr Amery, as Ik haiff tauld  
 With his men that war stout and bauld  
 Wes cummyn sa ner the king that thai  
 War bot a myle fra him away  
 He tuk avisement with his menm  
 On quhat maner thai suld do then.  
 For he said thaim that the king was  
 Logyt into sa strait a place  
 That horsmen mycht nocht him assaile  
 And giff futemen gaiff him bataile  
 He suld be hard to wyn giff he  
 Off thar cummyng may wytteryt be.  
 'Tharfor I rede all prevely  
 We send a woman him to spy  
 That pouerly arrayit be.  
 Scho may ask mete per cherite  
 And se thar convyn halily  
 And apon quhat maner thai ly,  
 The quhilis we and our menyne  
 Cumand out-throu the wode may be  
 On fute all armyt as we ar.  
 May we do sua that we cum thar  
 On thaim or thai wyt our cummyng  
 We sall fynd in thaim na sturting.'  
 This consaill thocht thaim wes to best,  
 Then send thai furth but langer frest  
 The woman that suld be thar spy,  
 And scho hyr way gan hald in hy  
 Rycht to the logis quhar the king  
 That had na drede of supprising  
 Yheid unarmyt mery and blyth.  
 The woman has he sene alswyth,  
 He saw hyr uncouth and forthi  
 He beheld hyr mar encrely,  
 And be hyr ccontenance him thocht  
 That for gud cummyn was scho nocht.  
 Then gert he men in hy hyr ta,  
 And scho that dred men suld hyr sla  
 Tauld how that Schyr Amery  
 With the Cliffurd in cumpany  
 With the flour off Northummyrland  
 War cummand on thaim at thar hand.  
 Quhen that the king herd that tithing  
 He armyt him but mar dwelling,  
 Sa did thai all that ever wes thar,  
 Syne in a sop assemblyt ar,  
 I trow thai war thre hunder ner.

And quhen thai all assemblit wer  
 The king his baner gert display  
 And set his men in gud aray,  
 Bot thai had standyn bot a thraw  
 Rycht at thar hand quhen that thai saw  
 Thar fayis throu the wod cummand  
 Armyt on fute with sper in hand  
 That sped thaim full enforcely.  
 The noyis begouth sone and the cry,  
 For the gud king that formast was  
 Stoutly towart his fayis gays,  
 And hynt out off a mannys hand  
 That ner besyd him wes gangand  
 A bow and a braid arow als,  
 And hyt the formast in the hals  
 Till thropill and wesand yeid in twa  
 And doun till the erd gan ga.  
 The laiff with that maid a stopping,  
 Than but mar bad the nobill king  
 Hynt fra his baneour his banar  
 And said, 'Apon thaim, for thai ar  
 Discumfyt all.' With that word  
 He swappyt swiftly out his sword  
 And on thaim ran sa hardely  
 That all thai off his cumpany  
 Tuk hardyment off his gud deid,  
 For sum that fryst thar wayis yeid  
 Agayne come to the fycht in hy  
 And met thair fayis vigorously  
 That all the formast ruschyt war,  
 And quhen thai that war hendermar  
 Saw that the formast left the sted  
 Thai tornyt sone the bak and fled  
 And out off the wod thaim withdrew.  
 The king a few men off thaim slew  
 For thai rycht sone thar gat gan ga.  
 It discomfortyt thaim all sua  
 That the king with his mengne was  
 All armyt to defend that place  
 that thai wend throu thar tranonting  
 Till haiff wonnyn foroutyn fechtin  
 That thai effrayit war sodanly,  
 And he thaim soucht sa angryly  
 That thai in full gret hy agane  
 Out off the wod rane to the plane  
 For thaim faillyt off thar entent.  
 Thai war that tyme sa foully schent  
 That fyften hunder men and ma  
 With a few mengne war reboyttyt sua  
 That thai withdrew thaim schamfully.  
 Tharfor amang thaim sodanly

## THE BRUS

Thar rais debate and gret distance,  
Ilkan wytt other off thar myschance.  
Cliffurd and Waus maid a melle  
Quhar Cliffurd raucht him a cole  
And athir syne drew till partys,  
Bot Schyr Aymer that wes wys  
Departyt thaim with mekill payn,  
And went till England hame again.  
He wust fra stryff ras thaim amang  
He suld thaim nocht hals samyn lang  
Foroutyn debate or melle,  
Tharfor till England turnyt he  
Eith mar schame then he went of ton,  
Quhen sa mony off sic renone  
Saw sa few men bid thaim battaill  
Quhair thai ne war hardy till assaile.

## BOOK 8

*[The king in Kyle]*

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

*[Douglas defeats Sir Philip Mowbray at Edirford]*

Bot James of Douglas that all tid  
 Had spyis out on ilka sid  
 Wüst off thar cummyng and that thai  
 Wald hald doune Makyrnokis way.  
 He tuk with him all prevely  
 Thaim that war off his cumpany  
 That war fourty withoutyn ma,  
 Syne till a strait place gan he ga  
 That is in Makyrnokis way,  
 The Edirford it hat perfay,  
 It lyes betwix marrais twa  
 Quhar that na hors on lyve may ga.  
 On the south halff quhar James was  
 Is ane upgang, a narow pas,  
 And on the north halff is the way

Sa ill as it apperis today.  
 Douglas with thaim he with him had  
 Enbuschyt him and thaim abaid,  
 He mycht weile fer se thar cummyng  
 Bot thai mycht se of hym na thing.  
 Thai baid in buschement all the nycht,  
 And quhen the sone was schynand brycht  
 Thai saw in bataillyng cum arayit  
 The vaward with baner displayit,  
 And syne sone the remanand  
 Thai saw weile ner behind cummand.  
 Then held thai thaim still and preve  
 Till the formast off that mengye  
 War entryt in the ford thaim by,  
 Then schot thai on thaim with a cry  
 And with wapnys that scharply schar  
 Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar,  
 And sum with arowis barblyt braid  
 Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid  
 That thai gan draw to voyd the place,  
 Bot byhynd thaim sa stoppyt was  
 The way that thai fast mycht nocht fle,  
 And that gert mony off thaim de,  
 For thai on na wys mycht away  
 Bot as thai come bot giff that thai  
 Wald throu thar fayis hald the gat,  
 Bot that way thocht thaim all to hat.  
 Thar fayis met thaim sa sturdely  
 And contenynt the fycht sa hardily  
 That thai sa dredand war that thai  
 That fyrst mycht fle fyrst fled away,  
 And quhen the rerward saw thaim sua  
 Discumfynt and thar wayis ga  
 Thai fled on fer and held thar way.

*[The flight of Sir Philip Mowbray to Inverkip]*

Bot Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
 That with the formast ridand was  
 That entryt wes in the place,  
 Quhen that he saw how he wes stad  
 Throu the gret worschip that he had  
 With spuris he strak the steid off pryce  
 And magre all his ennymys  
 Throu the thikkest off thaim he raid,  
 And but challance eschapyt had  
 Ne war ane hynt him by the brand,  
 Bot he the gud steid that wald nocht stand  
 Lansyt furth deliverly.  
 Bot the tother sa stalwartly

Held that the belt braist off the brand  
 And swerd and belt left in hys hand,  
 And he but swerd his wayis raid  
 Weill otouth thaim and thair abaid,  
 And beheld how that his menye fled  
 And how his fayis clengyt the steid  
 That war betwix him and his men.  
 Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then  
 To Kylmarnok and Kilwynnyne  
 And till Ardrossane eftre syne,  
 Syne throu the Largis him allane  
 Till Ennirkyp the way has tane  
 Rycht to the castell that wes then  
 Stuffyt all with Inglismen  
 That him resaiffyt in daynte,  
 And fra thai wyst howgat that he  
 Sa fer had rydin him allane  
 Throu thaim that war his fayis ilkan  
 Thai prisyt him full gretumly  
 And lovyt fast his chevalry.

*[The reactions of Valence and King Robert]*

Schyr Philip thus eschapyt was,  
 And Douglas yet wes in the place  
 Quhar he sexty has slayne and ma,  
 The layff fouly thar gat gan ga  
 And fled to Bothwell hame agayne  
 Quhar Schyr Aymer wes na thing fayn  
 Quhen he herd tell on that maner  
 That his mengne discumfyt wer.  
 Bot quhen to King Robert wes tauld  
 How that the Douglas that wes bauld  
 Vencussyt sa fele with fewe menye  
 Rycht joyfull in his hart wes he,  
 And all his menye confortyt war  
 For thaim thocht weille bath les and mar  
 That thai suld less thar fayis dreid  
 Sen thar purpos sa with thaim yeid.

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

The king lay in Galliston  
 That is evyn rycht anent Loudoun  
 And till his pes tuk the cuntre.  
 Quhen Schyr Aymer and his menye  
 Hard how he ryotyt the land  
 And how that nane durst him withstand  
 He wes intill his hart angry,

And with ane off his cumpany  
 He send him word and said giff he  
 Durst him into the planys se  
 He suld the tend day of May  
 Cum under Loudoun hill away,  
 And giff that he wald meyt him thar  
 He said his worschip suld be mar,  
 And mar be turnyt in nobillay,  
 To wyn him in the playne away  
 With hard dintis in evyn fechtynge  
 Then to do fer mar with skulking.  
 The king that hard his messynger  
 Had dispyt apon gret maner  
 That Schyr Aymer spak sa heyly,  
 Tharfor he answeryt irusly  
 And to the messynger said he,  
 'Say to thi lord giff that I be  
 In lyfe he sall me se that day  
 Weyle ner giff he dar hald the way  
 That he has said, for sekyrly  
 Be Loudoun hill mete him sall I.'  
 The messinger but mare abaid  
 Till his maistre the wayis raid  
 And his answer him tauld als with  
 Quharof he wes bath glaid and blyth,  
 For he thocht throu his mekill mycht  
 Gyff the king durst cum to fycht  
 That throu the gret chevalry  
 That suld be in his cumpany  
 He suld sua ourcum the king  
 That thar suld be na recovering.

*[The king chooses and prepoares a battle field]*

And the king on the tother party  
 That was all wis and averty  
 Raid for to se and cheis the place,  
 And saw the hey gat liand was  
 Apon a fayr feild evyn and dry,  
 Bot apon athir sid tharby  
 Wes a gret mos mekill and braid  
 That fra the way wes quhar men raid  
 A bow-draucht weile on ather sid,  
 And that place thocht him all to wyd  
 Till abyd men that horsyt war.m  
 Tharfor thre dykys our-thwort he schar  
 Fra baith the mossis to the way  
 That war sa fer fra other that thai  
 War ytwyn a bow-draucht or mar.  
 So holl and hey the dykys war

That men mycht nocht but mekill pane  
 Pas thaim thocht nane war thaim agan,  
 Bot sloppys in the way left he  
 Sa large and off sic quantite  
 That fyve hunder mycht samyn rid  
 In at the sloppis sid be sid.  
 Thar thocht he bataile for to bid  
 And bargane thaim, for he na drede  
 Had that thai suld on sid assaile  
 Na yeit behind giff thaim battaile,  
 And befor thocht him weill that he  
 Suld fra thar mycht defendyt be.  
 Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma,  
 For gyff he mycht nocht weill ourta  
 To mete thaim at the fyrst, that he  
 Suld havve the tother on his pouste,  
 Be than the thrid gyff it war sua  
 That thai had passyt the tother twa.  
 On this wys him ordanys he,  
 And syne assemblit his mengne  
 That war sex hunder fechtand men,  
 But rangale that wes with him then  
 That war als fele as thai or ma.  
 With all that mengne gan he ga  
 The evyn or that the bataill suld be  
 Till litill Loudoun quhar that he  
 Wald abid to se thar cummyng,  
 Syne with the men of his leding  
 He thocht to sped him sua that he  
 Suld at the dyk befor thaim be.

*[The armies before the battle of Loudoun]*

Schyr Aymer on the tother party  
 Gadryt sua gret chevalry  
 That he mycht be thre thousand ner  
 Armyt and dycht on gud maner,  
 Than as man off gret noblay  
 He held towart his trist his way  
 Quhen the set day cummyng was.  
 He sped him fast towart the place  
 That he nemmyt for to fycht,  
 The sone wes ryssyn schynand brycht  
 thyat schawyt on the scheldis brade  
 In twa eschelis ordanyt he had  
 The folk that he had in leding.  
 The king weile sone in the mornyng  
 Saw fyrst cummand thar fyrst eschele  
 Arrayit sarraly and weile,  
 And at thar bak sumdeill ner-hand

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

*[The battle at Loudoun]*

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

*[The victory of King Robert]*

A! mychty God quha thar had bene  
 And had the kingis worschip sene  
 And his brodyr that waine him by  
 That stonayit thaim sa hardely  
 That thair gud deid and thair bounte  
 Gaiff gret confort to thar mengye,  
 And how Douglas sa manlily  
 Confortyt thaim that war him by,  
 He suld weile say that thai had will

To wyn honour and cum thar–till.  
 The kingis men sa worthi war  
 That with speris that scharply schar  
 Thai stekit men and stedis baith  
 Till rede blud ran off woundis raith.  
 The hors that woundyt war gan fling  
 And ruschyt thar folk in thar flynging  
 Sua that thai that the formast war  
 War skalyt in soppys her and thar.  
 The king that saw thaim ruschyt sua  
 And saw thaim reland to and fra  
 Ran apon thaim sa egrely  
 And dang on thaim sa hardely  
 That fele gart off his fayis fall.  
 The feild wes ner coveryt all  
 Bath with the slane hors and with men,  
 For the gud king thar folowit then  
 With fyve hunder that wapnys bar  
 That wald thar fayis na thing spar.  
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely  
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly  
 At erd ane hunder and wele mar.  
 The remanand sa fleyit war  
 That thai begouth thaim to withdraw,  
 And quhen thai off the rerward saw  
 Thar vaward be sa discumfyt  
 Thai fled foroutyn mar respyt  
 And quhen Schyr Aymer has sene  
 His men fleand haly beden  
 Wyt ye weile him wes full way  
 Bot he moucht nocht ammonys sway  
 That ony for him walde torne agane,  
 He turnyt his bridill and to–ga,  
 For the gud king thaim presit sua  
 That sum war dede and sum war tane  
 And the laiff thar gat ar gane

*[Valence resigns his keepership and returns to England]*

The folk fled apon this maner  
 Forout arest and Schir Aymer  
 Agane to Boithweill is gane  
 Menand the scaith that he has tane  
 Sa schamfull that he vencusit wais  
 That till England in hy he gais  
 Rycht to the king and schamfully  
 He gaff up thar his wardanry,  
 Na nevyr syne for nakyn thing  
 Bot giff he come rycht with the king  
 Come he to werray Scotland,

Sa hevly he tuk on hand  
 That the king into set battaill  
 With a quhone lik to poverall  
 Vencusyt him with a gret menye  
 That war renonyt off gret bounte.  
 Sic anoy had Schyr Amery,  
 And King Robert that wes hardy  
 Abaid rycht still into the place  
 Till that his men had left the chace,  
 Syne with presonaris that thai had tane  
 Thai ar towart thar innys gane  
 Fast lovand God off thar weilfar.  
 He mycht haiff sene that had bene thar  
 A folk that mery wes and glaid  
 For thar victour, and als thai haid  
 A lord that sa swete wes and deboner  
 Sa curtais and off sa fayr effer  
 Sa blyth and als weill bourdand  
 And in bataill sa styth to stand  
 Sua wys and rycht sua avise  
 That thai had gret cause blyth to be.  
 Sua war thai blyth withoutyn dout,  
 For fele that wynnyt thaim about  
 Fra thai the king saw help him sua  
 Till him thar homage gan thai ma.

*[The king decides to go north across the Mounth]*

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

The erle off Levenax als wes thar  
 That with the king was our–all–quhar,  
 Schyr Robert Boyd and other ma.

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

The king gan furth his wayis ta,  
 And left James off Douglas  
 With all the folk that with him was  
 Behind him for to luk giff he  
 Mycht recover his countre.  
 He left into full gret perill,  
 Bot eftre in a litill quhile  
 Throu his gret worschip sa he wrocht  
 That to the kingis pes he brocht  
 The forest of Selcrik all hale,  
 And alsua did he Douglasdale  
 And Jedworthis forest alsua.  
 And quha–sa weile on hand couth ta  
 To tell his worschippis ane and ane  
 He suld fynd off thaim mony ane,  
 For in his tyme as men said me  
 Thretten tymys vencusyt wes he  
 And had victouris sevin and fyfty.  
 Hym semyt nocht lang ydill to ly,  
 Be his travaill he had na will,  
 Me think men suld him love with skill.  
 This James quhen the king wes gane  
 All prevely his men has tane  
 And went to Douglas daile agane,  
 And maid all prevely a trane  
 Till thaim that in the castell war.  
 A buschement slely maid he thar,  
 And off his men fourtene or ma  
 He gert as thai war sekkis ta  
 Fyllyt with gres, and syne thaim lay  
 Apon thar hors and hald thar way  
 Rycht as thai wald to Lanark far  
 Outouth quhar thai enbuschyt war.

*[The garrison comes out]*

And quhen thai off the castell saw  
 Sa fele ladys gang on raw  
 Off that sycht thai war wonder fayn  
 And tald it to thar capitane  
 That hate Schyr Jhone of Webetoun.  
 He wes baith yong stoute and felloun

Joly alsua and valageous,  
 And for that he wes amorous  
 He wald isch fer the blythlyar.  
 He gert his men tak all thar ger  
 And isch to get thaim vittaille,  
 For thar vittaille gan fast thaim faile.  
 Thai ischyt all abandounly  
 And prykkyt furth sa wilfully  
 To wyn the ladys that thai saw pas  
 Quhill that Douglas with his was  
 All betwix thaim and the castell.  
 The laid-men that persavyt weill,  
 Thai kest thar ladys doun in hy,  
 And thar gownys deliverly  
 That heylyt thaim thai kest away,  
 And in gret hy thar hors hint thai  
 And stert apon thaim sturdely  
 And met thar fayis with a cry  
 That had gret wonder quhen thai saw  
 Thaim that war er lurkand sa law  
 Cum apon thaim sa hardely.  
 Thai woux abaysit sodanly  
 And at the castell wald haiff bene,  
 Quhen thai on other halff has sene  
 Douglas brak his enbuschement  
 That agayne thaim rycht stoutly went.  
 Thai wüst nocht quhat to do na say,  
 Thar fayis on athir sid saw thai  
 That strak on thaim foroutyn sparing,  
 And thai mycht help thaim selvyn na thing  
 Bot fled to warrand quhar thai mocht,  
 And thai sa angryly thaim socht  
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

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

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

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

## BOOK 9

*[The king goes to Inverurie and falls ill]*

Now leve we intill the Forest  
 Douglas that sall bot litill rest  
 Till the countre deliveryt be  
 Off Inglis folk and thar powste,  
 And turne we till the noble king  
 That with the folk off his leding  
 Towart the Month has tane his wai  
 Rycht stoutly and intill gud array,  
 Quhar Alysander Frayser him met  
 And als his broder Symonet  
 With all the folk thai with thaim had.  
 The king gud contenance thaim made  
 That wes rycht blyth off thar cummyne.  
 Thai tauld the king off the convyne  
 Off Jhone Cumyn erle of Bouchane  
 That till help him had with him tane  
 Schyr Jhon Mowbray and other ma,  
 Schyr David off Brechyn alsua,  
 With all the folk off thar leding,  
 'And yarnys mar na ony thing  
 Vengeance off you, schyr king, to tak  
 For Schyr Jhone the Cumyn his sak  
 That quhylum in Drumfres wes slayn.'  
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me sayn,  
 Ik had gret caus him for to sla,  
 And sen that thai on hand will ta  
 Becaus off him to werray me  
 I sall thole a quhile and se  
 On quhat wys that thai pruve thar mycht,  
 And giff it fall that thai will fycht  
 Giff thai assaile we sall defend,  
 Syne fall eftre quhat God will send.'  
 Eftre this spek the king in hy  
 Held straucht his way till Enrowry,  
 And thar him tuk sik a seknes  
 That put him to full hard distress.  
 He forbar bath drynk and mete,  
 His men na medicyne couth get  
 That ever mycht to the king availe,  
 His force gan him halyly faile  
 That he mycht nother rid na ga.  
 Then wyt ye that his men war wa,  
 For nane wes in that cumpany  
 That wald haiff bene halff sa sary

For till haiff sene his broder ded  
 Lyand befor him in that steid  
 As thai war for his seknes,  
 For all thar confort in him wes.  
 Bot gud Schyr Edward the worthy  
 His broder that wes sa hardy  
 And wys and wucht set mekill payn  
 To comfort thaim with all his mayn,  
 And quhen the lordis that thar war  
 Saw that the ill ay mar and mar  
 Travaillyt the king, thaim thocht in hy  
 It war nocht spedfull thar to ly,  
 For thar all playne wes the countre  
 And thai war bot a few menye  
 To ly but strenth into the playne.  
 Forthi till that thar capitane  
 War coveryt off his mekill ill  
 Thai thocht to wend sum strenthis till.

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

For folk foroutyn capitane  
 Bot thai the better be apayn  
 Sall nocht be all sa gud in deid  
 As thai a lord had thaim to leid  
 That dar put him in aventur  
 But abaysing to tak the ure  
 That God will send, for quhen that he  
 Off sic will is and sic bounte  
 That he dar put him till assay  
 His folk sall tak ensample ay  
 Off his gud deid and his bounte,  
 And ane off thaim sall be worth thre  
 Off thaim that wikkyt chifftane hais,  
 His wrechytnes sa in thaim gais  
 That thai thar manlynes sall tyn  
 throu wrechitnes of his convyn.  
 For quhen the lord that thaim suld leid  
 May do nocht bot as he that war ded  
 Or fra his folk haldis his way  
 Fleand, trow ye nocht than that thai  
 Sall vencusyt in thar hartis be.  
 Yis sall thai, as I trow per de,  
 Bot giff thar hartis be sa hey  
 That thai na will for thar worschip flei,  
 And thaocht sum be of sic bounte  
 Quhen thai the lord and his menye  
 Seys fley, yeit sall thai fley apayn  
 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.  
 Se quhat he dois that sua foully

Fleys thus for his cowardy,  
 Bath him and his vencusys he  
 And gerris his fayis aboute be.  
 Bot he that throu his gret noblay  
 Till perallis him abandounys ay  
 To recomfort his menye  
 Gerris thame be off sa gret bounte  
 That mony tyme unlikly thing  
 Tha bring rycht weill to gud ending.  
 Sa did this king that Ik off reid,  
 And for his utrageous manheid  
 Confortyt his on sic maner  
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer.  
 Thai wald nocht fecht till that he wes  
 Liand intill his seknes,  
 Tharfor in litter thai him lay  
 And till the Slevauch hald thar way  
 And thocht thar in that strenth to ly  
 Till passyt war his malady.

*[The skirmishing at Slioch]*

Bot fra the erle of Buchane  
 Wyst that thai war thidder gane  
 And wyst that sa sek wes the king  
 That men doutyt off his covering,  
 He sent eftre his men in hy  
 And assemblyt a gret cumpany,  
 For all his awine men war thar  
 And all his frendis with him war,  
 That wes Schir Jhonne the Mowbray  
 And his brodyr as Ik hard say  
 And Schyr David off Brechyng  
 With fele folk in thar ledyng.  
 And quhen thai all assemblit war  
 In hy thai tuk thar way to far  
 To the Slevauch with all thar men`  
 For till assaile the king that then  
 Wes liand intill his seknes.  
 This wes eftyr the Martymes  
 Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.  
 To the Slevauch thai come ner-hand  
 Arayit on thar best maner  
 And thane the kingis men that wer  
 War off thar come thaim apparaylyt  
 To defend giff thai thaim assaylyt  
 And nocht-forthi thar fayis war  
 Ay twa for ane that thai war thar.  
 The erlys men ner cummand war  
 Trumpand and makand mekill far

And maid knychtis quhen thai war ner,  
 And thai that in the woddis sid wer  
 Stud in aray rycht sarraly  
 And thocht to byd thar hardyly  
 The cummyng off thar ennymys,  
 Bot thai wald apon nakyn wys  
 Ische till assaile thaim in fechting  
 Till coveryt war the nobill king,  
 Bot and othir wald thaim assailye  
 Thai wald defend vailye que vailye.  
 And quhen the erlis cumpany  
 Saw that thai wrocht sa wisely  
 That thai thar strenth schupe to defend,  
 Thar archeris furth to thaim thai send  
 To bykkyr thaim and men off mayn,  
 And thai send archeris thaim agayne  
 That bykkyrryt thaim sa sturdely  
 Till thai off the erlis party  
 Intill thar bataill dryvyn war.  
 Thre dayis on this wys lay thai thar  
 And bykkyryt thaim everilk day  
 Bot thar bowmen the war had ay.  
 And quhen the kingis cumpany  
 Saw thar fayis befor thaim ly  
 That ilk day wox ma and ma,  
 And thai war quhone and stad war sua  
 That thai had na thing for till eyt  
 Bot giff thai travaillit it to get,  
 Tharfor thai tuk consale into hy  
 That thar wald thai na langer ly  
 Bot hald thar way quhar thai mycht get  
 To thaim and tharis vittailis and mete.

*[The king withdraws from Slioch]*

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

And till thar housis hame went thai.

*[The king goes to Strathbogie then to Inverurie]*

The erle his way tuk to Bouchane,  
 And Schyr Edward the Bruce is gane  
 Rycht to Strabolghy with the king  
 And sua lang thar maid sojorning  
 Till he begouth to covyr and ga,  
 And syne thar wayis gan thai ta  
 Till Innerroury straucht agane  
 For thai wald ly into the plane,  
 The wynter sesone, for vittaile  
 Intill the plane mycht thaim nocht faile.  
 The erle wyst that thai war thar  
 And gaderyt a mengne her and thar.  
 Brechyne and Mowbray and thar men  
 All till the erle assemblyt then  
 And war a full gret cumpany  
 Off men arayit jolyly.  
 Till Auld Meldrum thai yeid the way  
 And thar with thar men logit thai  
 Befoir Yhule evyn a nycht but mar,  
 A thousand trow I weile thai war.  
 Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht  
 And on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
 The lord off Brechyn Schyr Davy  
 Is went towart Innerroury  
 To luk gyff he on ony wys  
 Mycht do skaith till his ennymys,  
 And till the end off Innerroury  
 Come ridand sa sodanly  
 That off the kingis men he slew  
 A part, and other sum thaim withdrew  
 And fled thar way towart the king  
 That with the maist off his gadryng  
 On the yond half Doun wes than lyand.

*[Preparation for battle]*

And quhen men tauld him tithand  
 How Schyr Davy had slayn his men  
 His hors in hy he askyt then  
 And bad his men all mak thaim yar  
 Into gret hy, for he wald far  
 To bargane with his ennymys.  
 With that he buskyt for to rys  
 That wes nocht all weill coveryt then.  
 Then said sum off his preve men,

'Quhat think ye thusgat to far  
 To fycht and nocht yeit coveryt ar.'  
 'Yhis,' said the king, 'withoutyn wer,  
 Thar bost has maid me haile and fer,  
 For suld na medicyne sa sone  
 Haiff coveryt me as thai haiff done.  
 Tharfor, sa God himself me se,  
 I sall othir haiff thaim or thai me.'  
 And quhen his men has hard the king  
 Set him sa hale for the fechting,  
 Off his coveryng all blyth thai war  
 And maid thaim for the battaill yar.

*[The battle of Old Meldrum]*

The nobill king and his mengye  
 That mycht weile ner sevin hunder be  
 Towart Auld Meldrum tuk the way  
 Wuhar the erle and his menye lay.  
 The discourouris saw thaim cummand  
 With baneris to the wynd wavand  
 And yeid to thar lord in hy  
 That gert arme hys men hastely  
 And thaim arayit for battaile,  
 Behind thaim set thai thar merdale  
 And maid gud sembland for to fycht.  
 The king come on with mekill mycht  
 And thai abaid makand gret fayr  
 Till thai ner at assembling wayr,  
 Bot quhen thai saw the nobill king  
 Cum stoutly on foroutyn fenyeing  
 A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew,  
 And the king that rycht weill knew  
 That thai war all discumfyt ner  
 Pressyt on thaim with his baner  
 And thai withdrew mar and mar.  
 And quhen the small folk thai had thar  
 Saw thar lordis withdraw them sua  
 Thai turnyt the bak all and to-ga  
 And fled all scalyt her and thar.  
 The lordis that yeyt togydder war  
 Saw that thar small folk war fleand  
 And saw the king stoutly cummand,  
 Thai war ilkane abaysit swa  
 That thai the bak gave and to-ga,  
 A litill stound samyn held thai  
 And syne ilk man has tane his way.  
 Fell never men sa foule myschance  
 Eftre sa sturdy contenance  
 For quhen the kingis cumpany

Saw that thai fled sa foulyly  
 Thai chasyt thaim with all thair mayn  
 And sum thai tuk and sum has slayn.  
 The remanand war fleand ay,  
 Quha had gud hors gat best away.  
 Till Inland fled the erle of Bouchquhane  
 Shyr Jhon Mowbray is with him gane  
 And war resett with the king,  
 Bot thai had bath bot schort lesting  
 For thai deyt sone eftre syne.  
 And Schyr David off Brechyne  
 Fled till Brechyne his awine castell  
 And warnyst it bath fayr and weill,  
 Bot the erle of Atholl, Davy,  
 His sone that wes in Kildromy  
 Come syne and him assegyt thar,  
 And he that wald hald were ne mar  
 Na bargane with the nobile king  
 Come syne his man with gud treeting.

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

Now ga we to the king agayne  
 That off his victory wes rycht fayn,  
 And gert his men bryn all Bowchane  
 Fra end till end and sparyt nane,  
 And heryit thaim on sic maner  
 That eftre weile fyfty yer  
 Men menyt the herschip off Bouchane.  
 The king than till his pes has tane  
 The north cuntreys that humbly  
 Obeyesyt till his senyoury  
 Sua that benorth the Month war nane  
 Then thai his men war everilkan,  
 His lordschip wox ay mar and mar.  
 Towart Angus syne gan he far  
 And thocht sone to mak all fre  
 That wes on the north halff the Scottis se.  
 The castell off Forfayr wes then  
 Stuffyt all with Inglismen,  
 Bot Philip the Forestar of Platane  
 Has off his freyndis with him tane  
 And with leddrys all prevely  
 Till the castell he gan him hy  
 And clam up our the wall off stane  
 And swagate has the castell tane  
 Throu faute off wach with litill pane,  
 And syne all that he fand has slayne  
 Syne yauld the castell to the king  
 That maid him rycht gud rewarding,

And syne gert brek doun the wall  
 And fordyd well and castell all.

*[The king goes to Perth and besieges it]*

Quhen that the castell off Forfar  
 And all the towris tumblyt war  
 Down till the erd as Ik haiff tauld  
 The king that wycht wes wys and bauld  
 That thocht that he wald mak all fre  
 Apon the northhalff the Scottis se  
 Till Perth is went with all his rout  
 And umbeset the toun about  
 And till it a sege has set.  
 Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and met  
 It mycht nocht but gret payne be tane  
 For all the wall wes then of stane  
 And wycht towris and hey-standand,  
 And that tyme war tharin dwelland  
 Muschet and als Olyfard,  
 Thai twa the toun had all in ward  
 And off Straitherne als the erle wes thar,  
 Bot his sone and off his men war  
 Without intill the kingis rowt.  
 Thar wes oft beking styth and stout  
 And men slayne apon ilk party,  
 Bot the gud king that all wytty  
 Wes in his dedis everilkane  
 Saw the wallis sa styth off stane  
 And saw defens that thai gan ma  
 And how the toun wes hard to ta  
 With opyn sawt strenth or mycht.  
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with slycht,  
 And in all tyme that he thar lay  
 He spyit and slely gert assay  
 Quhar at the dyk schaldest was,  
 Till at the last he fand a place  
 That men mycht till thar schuldris wad.  
 And quhen he that place fundyn had  
 He gert his men busk ilkane  
 Quhen sex woukis off the sege war gane,  
 And tursyt thar harnes halyly  
 And left the sege all opynly  
 And furth with all his folk gan fayr  
 As he wald do tharto no mayr.  
 And thai tha war within the toun  
 Quhen thai to fayr sa saw him boun  
 Thai schoutit him and skornyn mad,  
 And he furth on his wayis rad  
 As he ne had will agayne to turn

Na besyd thaim mak sojourn.

*[The assault on Perth]*

Bot in aucht dayis nocht–forthi  
 He gert mak leddrys prevely  
 That mycht suffice till his enent,  
 And in a myrk nycht syne is went  
 Toward the toun with his menye  
 Bath hors and knafis all left he  
 Fer fra the toun, and syne has tane  
 Thair ledderis and on fut ar gane  
 Towart the toun all prevely.  
 Thai hard na wachys spek na cry  
 For thai war within may–fall  
 As men that dred nocht slepand all.  
 Thai haid na dreid then off the king  
 For thai off him herd na thing  
 All thai thre dayis befor or mar,  
 Thairfor sekyr and traist thai war.  
 And quhen the king thaim hard nocht ster  
 He was blyth on gret maner,  
 And his ledder in hand gan ta  
 Ensample till his men to ma,  
 Arayit weill in all his ger  
 Schot in the dik and with his sper  
 Taistyt till he it our–woud,  
 Bot till his throt the watyr stud.  
 That tyme wes in his cumpany  
 Aknycht off France wucht and hardy,  
 And quhen he in the watyr sua  
 Saw the king pas and with him ta  
 His ledder unabasytly,  
 He saynyt him for the ferly  
 And said, 'A, lord, quhat sall we say  
 Off our lordis off Fraunce that thai  
 With gud morsellis fayrcis thar pawnce  
 And will bot ete and drink and dawnce  
 Quhen sic a knycht and sa worthy  
 As this throu his chevalry  
 Into sic perell has him set  
 To win a wrechyt hamillet.'  
 With that word to the dik he ran  
 And our efter the king he wan,  
 And quhen the kingis menye saw  
 Thar lord out–our intill a thraw  
 Thai passyt the dik and but mar let  
 Thar leddrys to the wall thai set  
 And to clymb up fast pressyt thai,  
 Bot the gud king as I herd say

Was the secund man tuk the wall  
 And bad thar till his mengye all  
 War cummyn up in full gret hy.

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

Yeit than rais nother noyis na cry,  
 Bot sone efter thai noyis maid  
 That off thaim fyrst persaving had  
 Swa that the cry rais throu the toun,  
 Bot he that with his men wes boun  
 Till assaill to thte toun is went  
 And the maist off his menye sent  
 All scalyt throu the toun, bot he  
 Held with himselvyn a gret mengne  
 Sa that he moucht be ay purvayit  
 To defend giff he war assayit.  
 Bot thai that he send throu the toun  
 Put to sa gret confusioun  
 Thar fayis that in beddis war  
 Or scalyt fleand her and thar  
 That or the sone rais thai had tane  
 Thar fayis or discumfyt ilkane.  
 The wardanys bath tharin war tane,  
 And Malice off Straithern is gane  
 Till his fadyr the Erle Malice  
 And with strenth tuk him and his,  
 Syne for his sak the noble king  
 Gave him his in governyng.  
 The lave that ran out–throu the toun  
 Sesyt to thaim into gret fusoun  
 Men and armyng and marchandis  
 And other gud on syndry wys,  
 Quhill thai that er war pour and bar  
 Off that gud rych and mychty war,  
 Bot thar wes few slayne for the king,  
 That thaim had gevyn in commanding  
 On gret payne that thai suld slay nane  
 That but gret bargane mycht be tane.  
 That thai war kynd to the countre  
 He wyst and off thaim had pite.

*[The king controls Scotland north of the Forth]*

On this maner the toun wes tane  
 And syne towris everilkane  
 And wallis gert he tumble down.  
 He levyt nocht about that town  
 Towr standand na stane na wall

## THE BRUS

That ne haly gert stroy thaim all,  
And presonerys that thar tuk he  
He send quhar thai mycht haldyn be,  
And till his pes tuk all the land.  
Wes nane that durst him than withstand  
Apon northhalff the Scottis se,  
All obeysyt till his majeste  
Outane the lord of Lorn and thai  
Off Arghile that wald with him ga.  
He held him ay agayne the king  
And hatyt him atour all thing,  
Bot yete or all the gamyn ga  
I trow weill that the king sall ta  
Vengeance off his gret cruelte,  
And that him sar repent sall he  
That he the king contraryit ay,  
May-fall quhen he it mend na may.

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

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

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

*[The battle by the Cree]*

Thir twa the land had in stering,  
 And quhen thai hard off the cummyng  
 Off Schyr Edward that sa playnly  
 Oure-raid the land, thare in gret hy  
 Thai assemblyt all thar mengne,  
 I trow tuelf hunder thai mycht be.  
 Bot he with fewar folk thaim met  
 Besyd Cre and sa hard thaim set  
 With hard battaill and stalwart fycht  
 That he thaim all put to the flycht  
 And slew twa hunder wrill and ma,  
 And the chyftanys in hy gan ta  
 Thar way to Buttill for to be  
 Thar resavyt to sawfte,  
 And Schyr Edward thaim chasit fast,  
 Bot till the castell at the last  
 Gat Schyr Ingrahame and Schyr Amery,  
 Bot the best off thar cumpany  
 Left ded behind thaim in the place.  
 And quhen Schyr Edward saw the chace  
 Wes falyt he gert seys the pray  
 And sua gret cattell had away  
 That it war wonder for to se.  
 Out of Buttill thai saw how he  
 Gert his men dryve with him thar pray  
 Bot na let tharin mycht thai.  
 Throu his chevalrous chevalry  
 Galloway wes stonayit gretumly  
 And he dowtyt for his bounte.  
 Sum off the men off the countre  
 Cum till his pes and maid him aith.  
 Bot Schyr Amery that had the skaith  
 Off the bargane I tauld off er,  
 Raid till Ingland till purches ther  
 Off armyt men gret cumpany  
 To veng him off the velany  
 That Schyr Edward that noble knyght  
 Him did by Cre into the fycht.  
 Off gud men he assemblit thar

## THE BRUS

Weill fyften hunder men and mar  
That war rycht of gud renowne.  
His way with all that folk tuk he,  
And in the land all prevely  
Entryt with tha chevalry  
Thynkand Schyr Edward to suppris  
Giff that he moucht on ony wis  
For he thocht he wald him assaile  
Or that he left in playn bataill.

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

Now may ye her off gret ferly  
And off rycht hey chevalry,  
For Schyr Edward into the land  
Wes with his mengne rycht ner-hand,  
And in the mornyng rycht arly  
Herd the countre men mak cry  
And had wytryng off thar cummyng.  
Than buskyt he him but delaying  
And lapp on hors deliverly,  
He had than in toute fyfty  
All apon gud hors armyt weill,  
His small folk gert he ilk-deill  
Withdraw thaim till a strait thar-by,  
And he raid furth with his fyfty.  
A knycht that then was in his rowt  
Worthi and wycht stalwart and stout  
Curtais and fayr and off gud fame  
Schyr Alane off Catkert be name  
Tauld me this taile as I sall tell.  
Gret myst into the mornyng fell  
Sa thai mycht nocht se thaim by  
For myst a bow-draucht fullely.  
Sa hapnyt that thai fand the trais  
Quhar at the rowt furth passyt wais  
Off thair fayis that forouth raid.  
Schyr Edward that gret yarnyn had  
All tymys to do chevalry  
With all his rout in full gret hy  
Folowyt the trais quhar gane war thai,  
And befor mydmorne off the day  
The myst wox cler all sodanly  
And than he and his cumpany  
War nocht a bowdraucht fra the rout.  
than schot thai on thaim with a schout,  
For gyff thai fled thai wyst that thai  
Suld nocht weill feyrd part get away,  
Tharfor in aventur to dey  
He wald him put or he wald fle.

And quhen the Inglis cumpany  
 Saw on thaim cum sa sodanly  
 Sik folk foroutyn abaysyng  
 Thai war stonayt for effrayng,  
 And the tother but mar abaid  
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid  
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.  
 Stonayit sa gretly than thai war  
 Throu the force off that fyrst assay  
 That thai war intill gret effray,  
 And wend be fer thai had bene ma  
 For that thai war assailit sua.  
 Quhen thai had thyrlt thaim hastily  
 Than Schyr Edwardis cumpany  
 Set stoutly in the heid agayne,  
 And at that cours borne doune and slayn  
 War off thar fayis a gret party  
 That thai effrayit war sa gretly  
 That thsi war scalyt gretly then.  
 And quhen Schyr Edward and his men  
 Saw thaim intill sa evill aray  
 The thrid tyme on thaim prekyt thai,  
 And thai that saw thaim sa stouly  
 Come on dred thaim sa gretumly  
 That all thar rowt bath les and mar  
 Fled prekand scalyt her and thar.  
 Wes nane amang thaim sa hardy  
 To bid, bot all comonaly  
 Fled to warand, and he gan chas  
 That wilfull to distroy thaim was  
 And sum he tuk and sum war slayn,  
 Bot Schyr Amery with mekill payn  
 Eschapyt and his gat in gayn.  
 His men discumfyt war ilkane,  
 Sum tane, sum slayne, sum gat away,  
 It wes a rycht fayr poynt perfay.

*[A comment on Edward Bruce in Galloway]*

Lo! how hardyment tane sa sudandly  
 And drevyn to the end scharply  
 May ger oftsys unlikly thingis  
 Cum to rycht fayr and gud endingis  
 As it fell into this cas her.  
 For hardyment withoutyn wer  
 Wan fyften hunder with fyfty  
 Quhar ay for ane thar wes thretty,  
 And twa men ar a mannys her,  
 Bot ure thaim led on swilk maner  
 That thai discumfyt war ilkane.

## THE BRUS

Schyr Amery hame his gat is gane  
Rycht blyth that he swa gat away,  
I trow he sall nocht mony day  
Haiff will to werray that countre,  
With–thi Schyr Edward tharin be.  
And he dwelt furth into the land  
Thaim that rebell war werrayand,  
And in a yer sa werrayit he  
That he wane quyt that countre  
Till his broderys pes the king.  
Bot that wes nocht but hard fechting,  
For in that tyme thar him befell  
Mony fayr poynt as Ik herd tell  
The quhilk that ar nocht writyn her,  
Bot I wate weile that in that yer  
Thretten castellis with strenth he wan  
And ourcome mony a mody man.  
Quha–sa off him the south will reid,  
Had he had mesure in his deid  
I trow that worthyar then he  
Mycht nocht in his tym fundyn be  
Outakyn his broder anerly,  
To quham into chevalry  
Lyk wes nane in his day,  
For he led him with mesur ay,  
And with wyt his chevalry  
He governyt sa worthily  
That he oft full unlikely thing  
Broucht rycht weill to gud ending.

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

In all this tyme James of Douglas  
In the Forest travaland was,  
And it throu hardiment and slycht  
Occupyit all magre the mycht  
Off his fell fayis, the–quhether thai  
Set him full oft in full hard assay,  
Bot oft throu wyt and throu bounte  
His purpos to gud end brocht he.  
Intill that tyme him fell throu cas  
On ane nycht as he travaland was  
And thocht till haiff tane resting  
In ane hous on the watyr off Lyne  
And as he come with his mengne  
Ner–hand the hous sua lysnyt he  
And herd thair sawis ilke deill,  
And be that he persavyt weill  
That thai war strang men that thar  
That nycht tharin herbryd war.

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

*[Thomas Randolph upbraids the king]*

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

## THE BRUS

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

## BOOK 10

*[Preparations for battle against John of Lorn]*

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

And Wylyam Wysman a gud knycht  
 And with thaim syne Schyr Androw Gray.  
 Thir with thar mengne held thar way  
 And clamb the hill deliverly  
 And or thai off the tother party  
 Persavyt thaim thai had ilkane  
 The hycht abovyne thar fayis tane.

*[The battle beneath Ben Cruachan]*

The king and his men held thar way,  
 And quhen intill the pas war thai  
 Entryt the folk of Lorne in hy  
 Apon the king raysyt the cry  
 And schot and tumblit on him stany  
 Rycht gret and hevvy for the nanys,  
 Bot thai scaith nocht gretly the king  
 For he had thar in his leding  
 Men that lycht and deliver war  
 And lycht armouris had on thaim thar  
 Sua that thai stoutly clamb the hill  
 And lettyt thar fayis to fulfill  
 The maist part of thar felny.  
 And als apon the tother party  
 Come James of Douglas and his rout  
 And schot apon thaim with a schout  
 And woundyt thaim with arowis fast,  
 And with thar swerdis at the last  
 Thai ruschyt amang thaim hardely,  
 For thai of Lorn full manlely  
 Gret and apert defens gan ma.  
 Bot quhen thai saw that thai war sua  
 Assaylit apon twa partys  
 And saw weill that thar ennemys  
 Had all the fayrer off the fycht  
 In full gret hy thai tuk the flycht,  
 And thai a felloun chas gan ma  
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta,  
 And thai that mycht eschap but delay  
 Rycht till ane water held thar way  
 That ran doun be the hillis syd.  
 It was sa styth and depe and wid  
 That men in na place mycht it pas  
 Bot at ane byg that beneuth thaim was.  
 To that brig held thai straucht the way  
 And to brek it fast gan assay,  
 Bot thai that chassyt quhen thai thaim saw  
 Mak arest, but dred or aw  
 Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely  
 And discumfyt thaim uterly,

## THE BRUS

And held the brig haile quhill the king  
With all the folk off his leding  
Passyt the brig all at thar ese.  
To Jhone off Lorne it suld displese  
I trow, quhen he his men mycht se  
Oute off his schippis fra the se  
Be slayne and chassyt in the hill,  
That he mycht set na help thartill,  
For it angrys als gretumly  
To gud hartis that ar worthi  
To se thar fayis fulfill thhar will  
As to thaim selff to thoke the ill.

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

At sic myscheiff war thai of Lorn,  
`For fele the lyvys thar has lorne  
And other sum war fled thar way.  
The king in hy gert sese the pray  
Off all the land, quhar men mycht se  
Sa gret habundance come of fe  
That it war wonder to behauld.  
The king that stout wes stark and bauld  
Till Dunstaffynch rycht sturdely  
A sege set and besily  
Assaylit the castell it to get,  
And in schort tym he has thaim set  
In swilk thrang that tharin war than  
That magre tharis he it wan,  
And ane gud wardane tharin set  
And betaucht hym bath men and met  
Sua that he lang tyme thar mycht be  
Magre thaim all off that countre.  
Schyr Alerandir off Arghile that saw  
The king dystroy up clene and law  
His land send treyteris to the king  
And cum his man but mar duelling,  
And he resavit him till his pes,  
Bot Jhone off Lorne his sone yeit wes  
Rebell as he wes wont to be  
And fled with schippis on the se,  
Bot thai that left apon the land  
War to the king all obeysand.  
And he thar hostage all has tane  
And towart Perth agayne is gane  
To play him thar into the playne.

### *[The plan to take the peel of Linlithgow]*

## THE BRUS

Yeit Lothyane was him agayne,  
And at Lythkow wes than a pele  
Mekill and stark and stuffyt wele  
With Inglismen, and wes reset  
To thaim that with armuris or met  
Fra Edynburgh wald to Strevelyn ga  
And fra Strevelyng agane alsua,  
And till the countre did gret ill.  
Now may ye her giff that ye will  
Entrmellys and juperdyis  
That men assayit mony wys  
Castellis and peyllis for to ta,  
And this Lithquhow wes ane off tha  
And I sall tell You how it wes tane.  
In the contre thar wonnyt ane  
That husband wes, and with his fe  
Oftsys hay to the peile led he,  
Wilyame Bunnok to name he hicht  
That stalwart man wes into ficht.  
He saw sa hard the contre staid  
That he gret noy and pite had  
Throw the gret force that it was then  
Governyt and led with Inglismen,  
That travalyt men out—our mesure.  
He wes a stout carle and a sture  
And off himselff dour and hardy,  
And had freyndis wonnand him by  
And schawyt ti sum his prevete,  
And apon his convyne gat he  
Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma  
Quhill that he with his wayne suld ga  
To lede thaim hay into the pele  
Bot his wayne suld be stuffyt wele,  
For aucht men in the body  
Off his wayn suld sit prevely  
And with hay helyt be about,  
And himselff that wes dour and stout  
Suld be the wayne gang ydilly,  
And ane yuman wycht and hardy  
Befor suld dryve the wayne and ber  
Ane hachat that war scharp to scher  
Under his belt, and quhen the yat  
War apynnyt and thai war tharat  
And he hard him cry sturdely,  
'Call all, call all,' than hastyly  
He suld stryk with the ax in twa  
the soyme, and than in hy suld tha  
That war within the wayne cum out  
And mak debate quhill that thar rout  
That suld nerby enbushyt be  
Cum for to manteyme the melle.

*[The taking of the peel of Linlithgow]*

This wes intill the hervyst tyd  
 Quhen feldis that ar fayr and wid  
 Chargyt with corne all fully war,  
 For syndry cornys that thai bar  
 Wox ryp to wyn to mannys fud,  
 And the treys all chargyt stud  
 With ser frutis on syndry wys.  
 In this swete tyme that I devys  
 Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay  
 And with this Bunnok spokyn had thai  
 To lede thar hay, for he wes ner,  
 And he assentyt but daunger  
 And said that he in the mornynge  
 Weile sone a fothyr he suld bring  
 Fayrer and gretar and weile mor  
 Than he brocht ony that yer befor,  
 And held thaim cunnand sekyrly.  
 For that nycht warnyt he prevely  
 Thaim that in the wayne suld ga  
 And that in the buschement suld be alsua,  
 And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar  
 That or day thai enbuschyt war  
 Weile ner the pele quhar thai mycht her  
 The cry als sone as ony wer,  
 And held thaim sua still but stering  
 That nane off thaim had persaving.  
 And this Bunnok fast gan him payne  
 To dres his menye in his wayne  
 And all a quhile befor the day  
 He had thaim helyt weile with ha  
 And maid him to yok his fe  
 Till men the son schynand mycht se,  
 And sum that war within the pele  
 War ischyt on thar awne unsele  
 To wyn thar hervyst ner tharby.  
 Than Bunnok with the cumpany  
 That in his wayne closyt he had  
 Went on his way but mar abaid  
 And callit his wayne towart the pele,  
 And the portar that saw him wele  
 Cum ner the yet, it opnyt sone,  
 And then Bunnok foroutyn hone  
 Gert call the wayne deliverly,  
 And quhen it wes set evynly  
 Betwix the chekis of the yat  
 Sua that men mycht it spar na gat  
 He cryit hey, 'Call all, call all,'

And he than lete the gad–wand fall  
 And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.  
 Bonnok with that deliverly  
 Roucht till the portar sic a rout  
 That blud and harnys bath come out,  
 And thai that war within the wayne  
 Lap out belyff and sone has slayne  
 Men off the castell that war by  
 Than in ane quhile begouth the cry,  
 And thai that ner enbuschyt war  
 Lap out and come with swerdis bar  
 And tuk the casell all but payn  
 And has thaim that war tharin was slayn,  
 And thai that war went furth befor  
 Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn  
 Thai fled to warand to and fra,  
 And sum till Edinburgh gan ga  
 And sum till Strevilline ar other gane  
 And sum inyill the gat war slayne.

*[A profile of Thomas Randolph, earl of Moray]*

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

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

*[Moray sets siege to Edinburgh Castle]*

Quhen the king thus was with him sauch  
 And gret lordschyppis had him betaucht  
 He wox sa wyse and sa avyse  
 That his land fyrst weill stablyst he  
 And syne he sped him to the wer  
 Till help his eyne in his myster  
 And with the consent off the king  
 Bot with a symple aparaling  
 Till Edinburgh he went in hy  
 With gud men intill cumpany,  
 And set a sege to the castell  
 That than was warnyst wonder weill  
 With men and vyttalis at all rycht  
 Sua that it dred na mannys mycht.  
 Bot this gud erle nocht-forthi  
 The sege tuk full apertly  
 And pressyt the folk that tharin was  
 Sua that nocht ane the yet durst pas.  
 Thai may abid tharin and ete  
 Thair vittail quhill thai oucht mai get  
 Bot I trow thai sall lettyt be  
 To purchas mar in the contre.

*[The situation in Edinburgh; Douglas's activity]*

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

*[Douglas plans to take Roxburgh Castle]*

This tyme that the gud erle Thomas  
 Assegyt as the lettre sayis  
 Edinburgh, James off Douglas  
 Set all his wit for to purchas  
 How Roxburch throu sutelte  
 Or ony craft mycht wonnyn be,  
 Till he gert Syme off the Leidhous  
 A crafty man and a curious  
 Off hempyn rapis leddris ma  
 With treyn steppis bundyn sua  
 That brek wald nocht on nakyn wis.  
 A cruk thai maid at thair divis  
 Off irne that wes styth and squar  
 That fra it in a kyrneill war

And the ledder tharfra straitly  
 Strekit, it suld stand sekyrly.  
 This gud lord off Douglas alsone  
 As this divisit wes and dome  
 Gaderyt gud men in prevete  
 Thre scor I trow thai mycht be,  
 And on the fasteryngis evyn rycht  
 In the begynnyng off the nycht  
 To the castell thai tuk thar way.  
 With blak frogis all helyt thai  
 The armouris that thai on thaim had.  
 Thai come nerby thar but abad  
 And send haly thar hors thaim fra,  
 And thai on raunge in ane route gan ga  
 On handis and fete quhen thai war ner  
 Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer  
 That war wont to be bondyn left tharout.  
 It wes rycht myrk withoutyn dout,  
 The—quheter ane on the wall that lay  
 Besid him till his fere gan say,  
 'This man thinkis to mak gud cher,'  
 And nemmyt ane husband tharby ner,  
 'That has left all his oxyn out.'  
 The tother said, 'It is na dout  
 He sall mak mery tonycht thocht thai  
 Be with the Douglas led away.'  
 Thai wend the Douglas and his men  
 Had bene oxin, for thai yeid then  
 On handis and fete ay ane and ane.  
 The Douglas rycht gud tent has tane  
 Till thar spek, bot all sone thai  
 Held carpand inwart thar way.

*[The taking of the enclosure of Roxburgh Castle]*

Douglas men tharoff war blyth  
 And to the wall thai sped thaim swith,  
 And sone has up thar ledder set  
 That maid ane clap quhen the cruchet  
 Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.  
 That herd ane off the wachis weill  
 And buskyt thidderwart but baid,  
 Bot Ledehous that the ledder maid  
 Sped him to clymb fyrst to the wall,  
 Bot or he wes up gottyn all  
 He at that ward had in keping  
 Met him rycht at the up—cummyng,  
 And for he thocht to ding him doun  
 He maid na noys na cry na soun  
 Bot schot till him deliverly.

## THE BRUS

And he that wes in jupertie  
To de a launce he till him maid  
And gat him be the nek but baid  
And stekyt him upwart with a knyff  
Quhill in his hand he left the lyff.  
And quhen he ded sua saw him ly  
Up on tthe wall he went in hy  
And doun the body kest thaim till  
And said, 'All gangis as we will,  
Spede you upwart deliverly.'  
And thai did sua in full gret hy.  
Bot or thai wan up thar come ane  
And saw Ledhous stand him allane  
And knew he wes nocht off thar men.  
In hy he ruschyt till him then  
And him assailit sturdely,  
Bot he slew him deliverly  
For he wes armyt and wes wycht,  
The tother nakyt wes, Ik hicht  
And had nocht for to stynt the strak.  
Sic melle tharup gan he mak  
Quhill Douglas and his mengne all  
War cummyn up apon the wall,  
Than in the tour thai went in hy.

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

The folk wes that tyme halily  
Intill the hall at thar daunsing  
Syngyng and other wayis playing,  
And apon Fasteryngis evyn this  
As custume is to mak joy and blys  
Till folk that ar into pouste.  
Sua trowyt thai that tyme to be,  
Bot or thai wyst rycht in the hall  
Douglas and his rout cummyn war all  
And cryit on hycht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
And thai that ma war than he was  
Hard 'Douglas!' cryt hidwysly,  
Thai war abaysit for the cry  
And schup rycht na defens to ma,  
And thai but pite gan thaim sla  
Till thay had gottyn the overhand.  
The tother fled to sek warand  
That out off mesure ded gane dreid.  
The wardane saw how that it yeid  
That callyt wes Gilmyne de Fynys,  
In the gret toure he gottyn is  
And other off his cumpany  
And sparryt the entre hastily.

## THE BRUS

The lave that levyt war without  
War tane or slayne, this is na dout,  
Bot giff that ony lap the wall.  
The Douglas that nycht held the hall  
Allthocht his fayis tharoff war wa,  
His men was gangand to and fra  
Throu–out the castell all that nycht  
Till on the morn that day wes lycht.

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

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

*[Moray seeks a means of taking Edinburgh Castle]*

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

*[The plan suggested by William Francis]*

Than wes thar ane Wilyame Francus  
 Wycht and apert wys and curyus  
 That intill hys youtheid had bene  
 In the castell. Quhen he has sene  
 The erle sua enkerly him set  
 Sum sutelte or wile to get  
 Quharthrou the castell have mycht he  
 He come till him in prevete  
 And said, 'Me think ye wald blythly  
 That men fand you sum jeperty  
 How ye mycht our the wallis wyn,  
 And certis giff ye will begyn  
 For till assay on sic a wys  
 Ik undertak for my service  
 To ken you to clymb to the wall,  
 And I sall formast be off all,  
 Quhar with a schort ledder may we,  
 I trow off tuelf fute it may be,  
 Clymb to the wall up all quyly,

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

*[The climbing of Edinburgh Castle rock]*

Sone efter was the ledder made,  
 And than the erle but mar abaid  
 Purvayt him a nycht prevely  
 With thretty men wycht and hardy,  
 And in a myrk nycht held thar way  
 That put thaim till full hard assay  
 And to gret perell sekyrly.  
 I trow mycht thai haiff sene clerly  
 That gat had nocht bene undretane  
 Thoucht thai to let thaim had nocht ane,  
 For the crag wes hey and hidwous  
 And the clymbing rycht peralous,

For hapnyt ony to slyd and fall  
 He suld sone be to—fruschyt all.  
 The nycht wes myrk as Ik hard say,  
 And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai  
 Off the crag that wes hey and schor,  
 Than Wilyame Fransoys thaim befor  
 Clamb in crykes forouth ay  
 And at the bak him folowyt thai.  
 With mekill payne quhile to quhile fra  
 Thai clamb into thai crykys sua  
 Quhile halff the crag thai clumbyn had  
 And thar a place thai fand sa brad  
 That thai mycht syt on anerly,  
 And thai war ayndles and wery  
 And thar abaid thar aynd to ta,  
 And rycht as thai war syttand sua  
 Rycht aboune thaim up upon the wall  
 The chak—wachys assemblyt all.  
 Now help thaim God that all thing mai  
 For in full gret perell ar thai!  
 For mycht thai se thaim thar suld nane  
 Eschape out off that place unslane,  
 To dede with stanyys thai suld thaim ding  
 That thai mycht halp thaimselvyn na thing.  
 Bot wonder myrk wes the nycht  
 Sua that thai off thaim had na sicht,  
 And nocht—forthi yete wes thar ane  
 Off thaim that swappyt doun a stane  
 And said, 'Away, I se you weile,'  
 The—quheter he saw thaim nocht a dele.  
 Out—our thar hedys flaw the stane  
 And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.  
 The wachys quhen thai herd nocht ster  
 Fra that ward samyn all passit er  
 And carpand held fer by thar way.  
 The erle Thomas alsone and thai  
 That on the crag thar sat him by  
 Towart the wall clamb hastily  
 And thidder come with mekill mayn  
 And nocht but gret perell and payn.  
 For fra thine up wes grevouser  
 To clymb up ne beneth be fer.

*[The taking of Edinburgh Castle]*

Bot quhatkyn payne sua ever thai had  
 Rycht to the wall thai come but bad  
 That had weile ner twelf fute of hycht,  
 And forout persaving or sycht  
 Thai set thar ledder to the wall,

And syne Fransoys befor thaim all  
 Clamb up and syne Schyr Andrew Gray,  
 And syne the erle himselff perfay  
 Was the thrid that the wall can ta.  
 Qhuhen thai thar–doun thar lord sua  
 Saw clumbyne up apon the wall  
 As woud men thai clamb eftre all,  
 Bot or all up clumbene war thai  
 Thai that war wachys till assay  
 Hard steryng and preve speking  
 And alsua fraying off armyng  
 And on thaim schot full sturdely,  
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely  
 And slew off thaim dispitously.  
 Than throu the castell rais the cry,  
 'Tresoun! Tresoun!' thai cryit fast.  
 Than sum of thaim war sua agast  
 That thai fled and lap our the wall,  
 Bot to sa swyth thai fled nocht all,  
 For the constabill that wes hardy  
 All armyt schot furth to thte cry  
 And with him fele hardy and stout.  
 Yeyt wes the erle with his rout  
 Fechtand with thaim apon the wall  
 Bot sone he discumfit thaim all.  
 Be that his men war cummyn ilkan  
 Up to the wall and he has tane  
 His way doun to the castell sone.  
 In gret perell he has him doyn  
 For thai war fer ma men tharin  
 And thai had bene of gud covyn  
 Than he, bot thai effrayit war,  
 And nocht–forthi with wapnys bar  
 The constabill and his cumpany  
 Met him and his rycht hardely.  
 Thar mycht men se gret bargane ris,  
 For with wapnys of mony wis  
 Thai dang on other at thar mycht  
 Quhill swerdis that war fayr and brycht  
 War till the hiltis all bludy.  
 Then hydwyssly begouth the cry  
 For thai that fellyt or stekyt war  
 Hidwyssly gan cry and rar.  
 The gud erle and his cumpany  
 Faucht in that fycht sa sturdely  
 That all thar fayis ruschyt war.  
 The constable wes slane rycht thar,  
 And fra he fell the ramanand  
 Fled quhar thai best mycht to warand,  
 Thai durst nocht bid to ma debate.  
 The erle wes handlyt thar sa hat

## THE BRUS

That had it nocht hapnyt throu cas  
That the constable thar slane then was  
He had bene in gret perell thar,  
Bot quhen thai fled thar wes no mar,  
Bot ilk man to sauff his lyff  
Fled furth his dayis for to dryve,  
And sum slaid doune out–our the wall.

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

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

### *[St Margaret's prophecy]*

And off this taking that I mene

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

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

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

## THE BRUS

For he fled never for force off fycht.  
Quhat sall I mar say off his mycht?  
His gret manheid and his bounte  
Gerris him yeit renownyt be.

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

In this tyme that thir jupertys  
Off thir castellis that I devis  
War eschevyt sa hardely,  
Schyr Edward the Bruce the hardy  
Had all Galloway and Nydysdale  
Wonnyn till his liking all haile  
And doun gyn doun the castellis all  
Rycht in the dyk bath tour and wall.  
He hard then say and new it weill  
That into Ruglyne wes a pele,  
Thidder he went with his menye  
And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he,  
Syne to Dunde he tuk the way  
That then wes haldyne as Ic herd say  
Agayne the king, tharfor in hy  
He set a sege tharto stoutly  
And lay thar quhill it yoldyn was.  
To Strevillyne syne the way he tais  
Quhar gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
That wes sa douchty at assay  
Wes wardane and had in keping  
That castell of the Inglis king.  
Thartill a sege thai set stythly,  
Thai bykyrrit oftsys sturdely  
Bot gret chevalry done wes nane.  
Schyr Edward fra the sege wes tane  
A weile lang tyme about it lay,  
Fra the Lentryne that is to say  
Quhill forouth the Sanct Jhonys mes.  
The Inglis folk that tharin wes  
Begouth to failye vitaill be than.  
Than Schyr Philip that douchti man  
Tretyt quhill thai consentit war  
That gyff at mydsomer the neyst yer  
To cum it war nocht with bataile  
Reskewyt, then that foroutyn faile  
He suld the castell yauld quytly,  
That connand band thai sickerly.

## BOOK 11

*[Criticism of the compact about Stirling Castle]*

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

*[King Robert criticises his brother]*

Quhen Schyr Edward, as I you say,  
 Had gevyn sa outrageous a day  
 To yeld or reskew Strevillyne,  
 Rycht to the king he went him syne  
 And tauld quhat tretys he had mad  
 And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.  
 The king said quhen he hard the day,  
 'That wes unwisly doyn, perfay.  
 Ik herd never quhar sa lang warnyng

## THE BRUS

Wes gevyn to sa mychty a king  
As is the king off England,  
For he has now intill hand  
England, Ireland and Walis alsua  
And Aquitayngne yeit with all tha,  
And off Scotland yeit a party  
Dwellis under his senyoury,  
And off tresour sa stuffyt is he  
That he may wageouris haiff plente,  
And we are quhoayne agayne sa fele.  
God may rycht weill oure werdys dele,  
Bot we ar set in juperty  
To tyne or wyn then hastely.'  
Schyr Edward said, 'Sa God me rede,  
Thocht he and all that he may led  
Cum, wes sall fecht, all war thai ma.'  
Quhen the king hard his broder sua  
Spek to the bataile sa hardyly  
He prisyt him in hys hart gretumly  
And said, 'Broder, sen sua is gane  
That this thing thus is undretane  
Schap we us tharfor manlely,  
And all that luffis us tenderly  
And the fredome off this countre  
Purway thaim at that time to be  
Boune with all mycht that ever thai may,  
Sua giff that our fayis assay  
To reskew Strevilline throu bataill  
That we off purpos ger thaim faill.'

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

To this thai all assentyt ar  
And bad thar men all mak thaim yar  
For to be boun agayne that day  
On the best wis that ever thai may.  
Than all that worthi war to fycht  
Off Scotland set all hale thar mycht  
To purway thaim agane that day,  
Wapynnys and armouris purvayit thai  
And all that offeris to fechting.  
And in England the mychty king  
Purvayit him in sa gret aray  
That certis hard I never say  
That Inglismen mar aparaille  
Maid than did than for bataill,  
For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner  
He assemblit all his power,  
And but his awne chevalry  
That wes sa gret it wes ferly

He had of mony ser countre  
 With him gud men of gret bounte.  
 Of Fraunce worthi chevalry  
 He had intill his cumpany,  
 The erle off Henaud als wes thar  
 And with him men that worthi war,  
 Off Gascoyne and off Almanay  
 And off the duche of Bretayngny  
 He had wycht men and weill farand  
 Armyt clenly bath fute and hand,  
 Off Inglynd to the chevalry  
 He had gaderyt sa clenly  
 That nane left that mycht wapynnys weld  
 Or mycht war to fecht in feild,  
 All Walis als with him had he  
 And off Irland a gret mengne,  
 Off Pouty Aquitane and Bayoun  
 He had mony off gret renoune,  
 And off Scotland he had yeit then  
 A gret menye of worthy men.

*[The appearance of the English host]*

Quhen all thir sammyn assemblit war  
 He had of fechtaris with him thar  
 Ane hunder thousand men and ma  
 And fourty thousand war of tha  
 Armyt on hors bath heid and hand,  
 And of thai yeit war thre thousand  
 With helyt hors in plate and mailye  
 To mak the front off the batailye,  
 And fyfty thousand off archeris  
 He had foroutyn hobeleris,  
 And men of fute and small rangale  
 That yemyt harnays and vittaile  
 He had sa fele it wes ferly.  
 Off cartis als thar yeid thaim by  
 Sa fele that, but all thai that bar  
 Harnays and als that chargyt war  
 With pailyounys and veschall with—all  
 And aparaile of chambyr and hall  
 And wyne and wax schot and vittaile,  
 Aucht scor wes chargyt with pulaile.  
 Thai war sa fele quhar that thai raid  
 And thar bataillis war sa braid  
 And sua gret roume held thar chare  
 That men that mekill ost mycht se  
 Ourtak the landis largely.  
 Men mycht se than that had bene by  
 Mony a worthi man and wycht

## THE BRUS

And mony ane armur gayly dycht  
And mony a sturdy sterand stede  
Arayit intill ryche wede,  
Mony helmys and haberjounys  
Scheldis and speris and penounys,  
And sa mony a cumbly knycht  
That it semyt that into fycht  
Thai suld vencus the warld all haile.

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

Quhy suld I mak to lang my taile?  
To Berwik ar thai cummyn ilkane  
And sum tharin has innys tane  
And sum logyt without the town ys  
In tentis and in pailyounys.  
And quhen the king his ost has sene  
So gret and sa gud men and clene  
He wes rycht joyfull in his thocht  
And weile supposyt that thar wes nocht  
In warld a king mycht him withstand,  
Him thocht all wonnyn till his hand,  
And largely amang his men  
The land of Scotland delt he then,  
Off other mennys thing larg wes he.  
And thai that war off his menye  
Manausyt the Scottismen hely  
With gret wordis, bot nocht–forthi  
Or thai cum all to thar entent  
Howis in haile claith sall be rent.  
The king throu consaile of his men  
His folk delt in bataillis ten,  
In ilkane war weile ten thousand  
That lete thai stalwartly suld stand  
In the bataile and stythly fycht  
And leve nocht for thar fayis mycht.  
He set ledaris till ilk bataile  
That knawin war of gud governaile,  
And till renownyt erlis twa  
Off Glosyster and herfurd war tha  
He gaf the vaward in leding  
With mony men at thar bidding  
Ordanyt into full gud aray.  
Thai war sa chevalrous that thai  
Trowyt giff thai come to fycht  
Thar suld na strenth withstand thar mycht.  
And the king quhen his mengne wer  
Divisit intill bataillis ser  
His awyne bataill ordanyt he  
And quha suld at his bridill be,

Schyr Gilis Argente he set  
 Apon a half his reyngye to get,  
 And off Valence Schyr Amery  
 On other half that wes worthy,  
 For in thar soverane bounte  
 Out–our the lave affyit he.  
 Quhen the king apon this kyn wys  
 Had ordanyt as Ik her divis  
 His bataillis and his stering  
 He rais arly in a mornyng  
 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.  
 Bath hillis and valis hely thai  
 As the bataillis that war braid  
 Departyt our the feldis raid.  
 The sone wes brycht and schynand cler  
 And armouris that burnysyt wer  
 Sua blomyt with the sonnys beme  
 That all the land wes in a leme,  
 Baneris rycht fayrly flawmand  
 And penselys to the wynd wavand  
 Sua fele thar wer of ser quentis  
 That it war gret slycht for to divise,  
 And suld I tell all thar affer  
 Thar con tenance and thar maner  
 Thought I couth I suld combryt be.  
 The king with all that gret menye  
 Till Edinbyrgh he raid him rycht,  
 Thai war all–out to fele to fycht  
 With few folk of a symple land,  
 Bot quhar God helpys quhat ma withstand.

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

The king Robert quhen he hard say  
 That Inglismen in sic aray  
 And into sua gret quantite  
 Come in his land, in hy gert he  
 His men be somound generaly,  
 And thai come all full wilfully  
 To the Torwod quhar that the king  
 Had ordanyt to mak thar meting.  
 Schir Edward the Bruce the worthi  
 Come with a full gret cumpany  
 Off gud men armyt weill at rycht  
 Hardy and forsy for to fycht,  
 Walter Stewart of Scotland syne  
 That than wes bot a berdles hyne  
 Come with a rout of noble men,  
 That men mycht be contynence ken.  
 The gud lord of Douglas alsua

Brocht with him men Ik underta  
 That weile war usit in fechting,  
 Thai sall the les haiff abaysing  
 Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,  
 Avantage thai sall tittar se  
 For to stonay thar fayis mycht  
 Than men that usis nocht to fycht.  
 The erle off Murreff with his men  
 Arayit weile come alsua then  
 Into gud covyne for to fycht  
 And gret will for to manteym thar mycht  
 Outakyn other mony barounys  
 And knychtis that of gret renowne is  
 Come with thar men full stalwartly.  
 Quhen thai war assemblyt halely  
 Off fechtand men I trow thai war  
 Thretty thousand and sumdele mar,  
 Foroutyn cariage and pettail  
 That yemyt harnayis and vittail.  
 Our all the ost than yeid the king  
 And beheld to thar contenyng  
 And saw thaim of full fayr affer.  
 Off hardy contenance thai wer,  
 Be liklynes the mast cownt  
 Semyt full weill to do his part.  
 The king has sene all thar having  
 That knew him weile into sic thing,  
 And saw thaim all commounaly  
 Off sic contenance and sa hardy  
 Forout effray or abaysing.  
 In his hart had he gret liking  
 And thought that men of sa gret will  
 Giff thai wald set thar will thartill  
 Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.  
 Ay as he met thaim in the way  
 He welcummyt thaim with glaidsum far  
 Spekand gud wordis her and thar,  
 And thai that thar lord sa mekly  
 Saw welcum thaim and sa hamly  
 Joyfull thai war, and thocht that thai  
 Aucht weill to put thaim till assay  
 Off hard fechting or stalwart stur  
 For to maynteyme hys honur.

*[King Robert proposes the division of his host]*

The worthi king quhen he has sene  
 Hys ost assemblit all bedene  
 And saw thaim wilfull to fulfill  
 His liking with gud hart and will

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

*[The four divisions and their commanders]*

All thai consentyt till that saw  
 And than intill a litill thraw  
 Thar four bataillis ordanyt thai,  
 And till the Erle Thomas perfay  
 Thai gaiff the vaward in leding  
 For in his noble governyng  
 And in his hey chevalry  
 Thai assoueryt rycht soveranly,  
 And for to maynteyme his baner  
 Lordis that off gret worschip wer  
 Wer assygnyt with thar mengne  
 Intill his bataill for to be.  
 The toother bataill wes gevyn to led

Till him that douchty wes of deid  
 And prisyt off hey chevalry,  
 Thar wes Schyr Edward the worthy,  
 I trow he sall maynteyme it sua  
 That howsaever the gamyn ga  
 His fayis to plenyne sall mater haf.  
 And syne the thrid bataill thai gaff  
 Till Walter Stewart for to leid  
 And to Douglas douchty of deid  
 Thai war cosyngis in ner degre  
 Tharfor till him betaucht wes he  
 For he wes young, bot nocht–forthi  
 I trow he sall sa manlily  
 Do his devour and wirk sa weill  
 That him sall nede ne mar yemseill.  
 The ferd bataile the noble king  
 Tuk till his awne governyng,  
 And had intill his cumpany  
 The men of Carrik halely  
 And off Arghile and of Kentyr  
 And off the Ilis quharof wes syr  
 Angus of Ile, and but all tha  
 He off the plane land had alsua  
 Off armyt men a mekill rout,  
 His bataill stalwart wes and stout.  
 He said the rerward he wald ma  
 And evyn forrouth him suld ga  
 The vaward, and on ather hand  
 The tother bataillis suld be gangand  
 Besid on sid a litill space,  
 And the king that behind thaim was  
 Suld se quhar thar war mast myster  
 And releve thar with his baner.

*[The digging of pots by the roadside]*

The king thus that wes wycht and wys  
 And ryche advise at divis  
 Ordanyt his men for the fechteng  
 In gud aray in alkyn thing.  
 And on the morn on Setterday  
 The king hard his discourouris say  
 That inglismen with mekill mycht  
 Had lyn at Edinburgh all nycht.  
 Tharfor withoutyn mar delay  
 He till the New Park held his way  
 With all that in his leding war  
 And in the Park thaim herberyt thar,  
 And in a plane feld be the way  
 Quhar he thought ned behovyd away

## THE BRUS

The Inglismen, gif that thai wald  
Throu the Park to the castell hald  
He gert men mony pottis ma  
Off a fute–breid round, and al tha  
War dep up till a mannys kne,  
Sa thyk that thai mycht liknyt be  
Till a wax cayme that beis mais.  
All that nycht travailland he wais  
Sua that or day he has maid  
Thai pottis, and thaim helit haid  
With stykkis and with gres all grene  
Sua that thai moucht nocht weil be sen.

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

On Sunday than in the mornyng  
Weile sone after the sone rising  
Thai hard thar mes commounaly  
And mony thaim schraiff full devoutly  
That thocht to dey in that melle  
Or than to mak thar contre fre.  
To God for thar rycht prayit thai,  
Thar dynit nane of thaim that day  
Bot for the vigil off Sanct Jhane  
Thai fastyt water and breid ilkan.  
The king quhen that the mes wes don  
Went furth to se the pottis sone  
And at his liking saw thaim mad,  
On ather sid rycht weill braid  
It wes pittyt as Ik haif tauld.  
Giff that thar fayis on hors wald hald  
Furth in that way I trow thai sall  
Nocht weill eschaip foroutyn fall.  
Throu–out the ost thar gert he cry  
That all suld arme thaim hastily  
And busk thaim on thar best maner,  
And quhen thai assemblyt wer  
He gert aray thaim for the fycht,  
And syne gert cry our–all on hycht  
That quha–sa–ever he war that fand  
Hys hart nocht sekyr for to stand  
To wyn all or dey with honor  
For to maynteyme that stalwart stour  
That he betyme suld hald his way,  
And suld duell with him bot thai  
That wald stand with him to the end  
And tak the ure that God wald send.  
Than all answerd with a cry  
And with a voce said generaly  
That nane for dout off deid suld faile

## THE BRUS

Quhill discumfyt war the gret bataile.

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

Quhen the gud king has hard his men  
Sa hardely answer him then  
Sayand that nother dede na dreid  
Till sic discomfort suld thaim leid  
That thai suld eschew the fechting  
In hart he had gret rejosing,  
For him thocht men off sic covyn  
Sa gud and hardy and sa fyne  
Suld weile in bataill hald thar rycht  
Agayne men off full mekill mycht.  
Syne all the smale folk and pitall  
He send with harnays and with vitail  
Intill the Park weill fer him fra  
And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga  
And als he bad thai went thar way,  
Twenty thousand weile ner war thai.  
Thai held thar way till a vale,  
The king left with a clene mengne  
The—quhethir thai war thretty thousand  
That I trow sall stalwartly stand  
And do thar devour as thai aw.  
Thai stud than rangyt all on a raw  
Redy for to gyff hard bataill  
Giff ony folk wald thaim assaile.  
The king gert thaim all buskit be  
For he wyst in certante  
That his fayis all nycht lay  
At the Fawkyrk, and syne that thai  
Held towart him the way all straucht  
With mony men of mekill maucht.  
Tharfor till his nevo bad he  
The erle off Murreff with his menye  
Besid the kyrk to kepe the way  
That na man pas that gat away  
For to debate the castell,  
And he said himself suld weill  
Kepe the entre with his bataill  
Giff that ony wald assale,  
And syne his broder Schyr Edward  
And young Walter alsua Steward  
And the lord of Douglas alsua  
With thar mengne gud tent suld ta  
Quhilk off thaim had of help myster  
And help with thaim that with him wer.

*[King Robert has the English host surveyed;*

*spreads a false account of its strength]*

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

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

## THE BRUS

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

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

The Erle Thomas that wes sa stout  
Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane  
In gret hy went he thaim agane  
With fyve hunder foroutyn ma  
Anoyit in his hart and wa  
That thai sa fer wer passit by,

For the king haid said him rudly  
 That a rose of his chaplete  
 Was fallyn, for quhar he wes set  
 To kep the way thai men war passit  
 And tharfor he hastyt him sa fast  
 That cummyn in schort tyme wes he  
 To the plane feld with his menye,  
 For he thocht that he suld amend  
 That he trespassit had or than end.  
 And quhen the Inglismen him saw  
 Cum on foroutyn dyn or aw  
 And tak sa hardely the plane  
 In hy thai sped thaim him agane  
 And strak with spuris the stedis stith  
 That bar thaim evyn hard and swith.  
 And quhen the erle saw that menye  
 Cum sa stoutly, till his said he  
 'Be nocht abaysit for thar schor,  
 Bot settis speris you befor  
 And bak to bak set all your rout  
 And all the speris poyntis out,  
 Suagate us best defend may we  
 Enveronyt with thaim gif we be.'  
 And as he bad thaim thai haif done,  
 And the tother come on alsone.  
 Befor thaim all come prikand  
 A knycht hardy off hart and hand  
 And a wele gret lord at hame  
 Schyr Gilyame Danecourt wes his nam  
 And prikyt on thaim hardely  
 And thai met him sturdely  
 That he and hors wes borne doune  
 And slayne rycht thar forout ransoun,  
 With Inglismen gretly wes he  
 Menyt that day and his bounte.  
 The lave come on rycht sturdely  
 Bot nane off thaim sa hardely  
 Ruschyt amang thaim as did he,  
 Bot with fer mar maturyte  
 Thai assemblyt all in a rout  
 And enveround thaim all about  
 Assailyeand thaim on ilka sid.

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

And thai with speris woundis wyd  
 Gaff till the hors that come thaim ner,  
 And thai that ridand on thaim wer  
 That doune war borne losyt the lyvis,  
 And other speris dartis and knyffis

And wapynnys on ser maner  
 Kast amang thaim that fechtand wer  
 That thaim defendyt sa wittily  
 That thar fayis had gret ferly,  
 For sum wald schout out of thar rout  
 And off thaim that assaylyt about  
 Stekyt stedis and bar doun men.  
 The Inglisemen sa rudly then  
 Kest amang thaim swerdis and mas  
 That ymyd thaim a monteyle was  
 Off wapynnys that war warpyt thar.  
 The erle and his thus fechtand war  
 At gret myscheiff as I you say,  
 For quhonnar be full far war thai  
 Than thar fayis and all about  
 War inveround, quhar mony rout  
 War roucht full dispitously.  
 Thar fayis demenyt thaim full starkly,  
 On ather half thai war sa stad  
 For the rycht gret heyt that thai had  
 For fechtyn and for sonnys het  
 That all thar flesche of swate wes wete,  
 And sic a stew rais out off thaim then  
 Off aneding bath of hors and men  
 And off powdyr that sic myrknes  
 Intill the ayr abovyne thaim wes  
 That it wes wondre for to se.  
 Thai war in gret perplexite  
 Bot with gret travail nocht–forthi  
 Thai thaim defendyt manlily  
 And set bath will and strenth and mycht  
 To rusch thar fayis in that fycht  
 That thaim demanyt than angyrly.  
 Bot gyff God help thaim hastily  
 Thai sall thar fill have of fechtyn.

*[Douglas proposes to help Moray]*

Bot quhen the noble renownyt king  
 With other lordis that war him by  
 Saw how the erle abandounly  
 Tuk the plane feld, James of Douglas  
 Come to the king rycht quhar he was  
 And said, 'A! Schyr, Sanct Mary!  
 The erle off Murref opynly  
 Tays the plane feld with his mengne,  
 He is in perell bot he be  
 Sone helpyt for his fayis ar ma  
 Than he and horsyt weill alsua,  
 And with your leve I will me speid

## THE BRUS

To help him for he has ned,  
All umbeveround with his fayis is he.'  
The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,  
A fute till him thou sall nocht ga,  
Giff he weile dois lat him weile ta.  
Quhatever him happyn, to wyn or los,  
I will nocht for him brek purpos.'  
'Certis,' said James, 'I may na wis  
Se that his fayis him suppris  
Quhen that I may set help thartill,  
With your leve sekyrly I will  
Help him or dey into the payn.'  
'Do than and speid the sone agayn,'  
The king said, and he held his way.  
Gyff he may cum in tyme perfay  
I trow he sall him help sa weill  
That off his fayis sall it feill.

## BOOK 12

*[The king prepares his division]*

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

*[The king kills Henry de Bohun]*

And quhen Glosyster and Herfurd wer  
 With thar bataill approchand ner  
 Befor thaim all thar come ridand  
 With helm on heid and sper in hand  
 Schyr Henry the Boune the worthi,  
 That was a wycht knycht and a hardy  
 And to the erle off Herfurd cusyne,  
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne  
 Come on a sted a bow-schote ner  
 Befor all other that thar wer,  
 And knew the king for that he saw  
 Him sua rang his men on raw  
 And by the croune that wes set  
 Alsua apon his bassynet,  
 And towart him he went in hy.

And quhen the king sua apertly  
 Saw him cum forouth all his feris  
 In hy till him the hors he steris.  
 And quhen Schyr Henry saw the king  
 Cum on foroutyn abaysing  
 Till him he raid in full gret hy,  
 He thocht that he suld weill lychtly  
 Wyn him and haf him at his will  
 Sen he him horsyt saw sa ill.  
 Sprent thai samyn intill a ling,  
 Schyr Hanry myssit the noble king  
 And he that in his sterapys stud  
 With the ax that wes hard and gud  
 With sua gret mayne raucht him a dynt  
 That nother hat na helm mycht stynt  
 The hevy dusche that he him gave  
 That ner the heid till the harnys clave.  
 The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa,  
 And he doune to the erd gan ga  
 All flatlynys for him faillyt mycht.  
 This wes the fryst strak off the fycht  
 That wes performyst douchtely,  
 And quhen the kingis men sa stoutly  
 Saw him rycht at the fyrst meting  
 Foroutyn dout or abaysing  
 Have slayne a knyght sua at a strak  
 Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak  
 That thai come on rycht hardely.  
 Quhen Inglismen saw thaim sa stoutly  
 Cum on tthai had gret abaysing  
 And specially for that the king  
 Sa smartly that gud knyght has slayne  
 That thai withdrew thaim everilkane  
 And durst nocht ane abid to fycht  
 Sa dred thai for the kingis mycht.  
 And quhen the kingis men thaim saw  
 Sua in hale bataill thaim withdraw  
 A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak  
 And thai in hy tuk all the bak,  
 And thai that folowit thaim has slane  
 Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane  
 Bot thai war few forsuth to say  
 Thar hors fete had ner all away.  
 Bot how-sa quhojne deyt thar  
 Rebutyt foulily thai war  
 And raid thar gait with weill mar schame  
 Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

*[Douglas admires the struggle of Moray and his men]*

Quhen that the king reparyt was  
 That gert his men all leve the chas  
 The lordis off his cumpany  
 Blamyt him as thai durst gretumly  
 That he him put in aventur  
 To mete sa styth a knycht and sture  
 In sic poynt as he than wes sene,  
 For thai said weill it mycht haiff bene  
 Cause off thar tynsaill everilkan.  
 The king answer has maid thaim nane  
 Bot menyt hys handax schaft that sua  
 Was with the strak brokyn in twa.  
 The Erle Thomas wes yete fechtand  
 With fayis apon athyr hand  
 And slew off thaim a quantite,  
 Bot wery war his men and he  
 The—quether with wapynnys sturdely  
 Thai thaim defendyt manlely  
 Quhill that the Douglas come ner  
 That sped him on gret maner,  
 And Inglismen that war fechtand  
 Quhen thai the Douglas saw ner—hand  
 Thai wandyst and maid ane opynnyng.  
 James of Douglas be thar relying  
 Knew that thai war discumfyt ner,  
 Than bad thaim that with him wer  
 Stand still and pres na forthymar.  
 'For thai that yonder fechtand ar,'  
 He said, 'ar off sa gret bounte  
 That thar fayis weill sone sall be  
 Discumfyt throu thar awne mycht  
 Thocht na man help thaim for to fycht,  
 And cum we now to the fechting  
 Quhen thai ar at discumfiting  
 Men suld say we thaim fruschit had,  
 And sua suld thai that caus has mad  
 With gret travaill and hard fechting  
 Los a part of thar loving,  
 And it war syn to les thar prys  
 That off sa soverane bounte is.  
 And he throu plane and hard fechting  
 Has her eschevyt unlikly thing  
 He sall haff that he wonnyn has.'

*[Moray's victory over Clifford's men]*

The erle with that that fechtand was  
 Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua  
 And hy apon thaim gan he ga,  
 And pressyt thame sa wonder fast

With hard strakys quhill at the last  
 Thai fled that dust abid ne mar.  
 Bath hors and men slane left thai thar  
 And held thar way in full gret hy  
 Nocht all togydder bot syndryly  
 And thai that war ourtane war slayn,  
 The lave went till thar ost agayne  
 Off thar tynsall sary and wa.  
 The erle that had him helpyn sua  
 And his als that wer wery  
 Hynt off thar bassynettis in hy  
 Till avent thaim for thai war wate,  
 Thai war all helyt into swate.  
 Thai semyt men forsuth Ik hycht  
 That had fandyt thar force in fycht  
 And sua did thai full douchtely.  
 Thai fand off all thar cumpany  
 That thar wes bot a yuman slayne  
 And lovyt God and wes full fayne  
 And blyth that thai eschapyt sua.  
 Towart the king than gan thai ga  
 And till him weill sone cummyn ar.  
 He wyttyt at thaim of thar far  
 And glaidsome cher to thaim mad  
 For thai sa weile thaim borne had.  
 Than pressyt into gret daynte  
 The erle off Murreff for to se,  
 For his hey worschip and gret valour  
 All yarnyt to do him honour,  
 Sa fast thai ran to se him thar  
 That ner all samyn assemblit ar.  
 And quhen the gud king gan thaim se  
 Befor thaim sua assemblit be  
 Blyth and glaid that thar fayis wer  
 Rabutyt apon sic maner  
 A litill quhill he held him still,  
 Syne on this wys he said his will.

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

'Lordingis, we aucht to love and luff  
 Allmychty God that syttis abuff  
 That sendis us sa fayr begynnyng.  
 It is a gret discomforting  
 Till our fayis that on this wis  
 Sa sone has bene rabutyt twis,  
 For quhen thai off thar ost sall her  
 And knaw suthly on quhat maner  
 Thar vaward that wes sa stout,  
 And syne yone othyr joly rout

That I trow off the best men war  
 That thay mycht get amang thaim thar,  
 War rebutyt sa sodanly,  
 I trow and knawis it all clerly  
 That mony ane hart sall waverand be  
 That semyt er off gret bounte,  
 And fra the hart be discumfyt  
 The body is nocht worth a myt,  
 Tharfor I trow that gud ending  
 Sall folow till our begynnyng.  
 The—quether I say nocht this you till  
 For that ye suld folow my will  
 To fycht, bot in you all sall be,  
 For gyff you thinkis spedfull that we  
 Fecht we sall, and giff ye will  
 We leve, your liking to fulfill.  
 I sall consent on alkyn wis  
 To do rycht as ye will dyvys,  
 tharfor sayis off your will planly.'  
 And with a voce than gan thai cry,  
 'Gud king, foroutyn mar delay  
 Tomorne alsone as ye se day  
 Ordane you hale for the bataill,  
 For doute off dede we sall nocht fail  
 Na na payn sall refusyt be  
 Quhill we haiff maid our countre fre.'

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

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

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

Sall fall giff ye lat cowardys  
 And wykytnes your hertis suppris.  
 Ye mycht have lyvyt into threldome,  
 Bot for ye yarynt till have fredome  
 Ye ar assemblyt her with me,  
 Tharfor is nedfull that ye be  
 Worthy and wycht but abaysing.

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

And I warne you weill off a thing,  
 That mar myscheff may fall us nane  
 Than in thar handys to be tane,  
 For thai suld sla us, I wate weill  
 Rycht as thai did my brothyr Nele.  
 Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes  
 And off the mony gret prowes  
 That ye haff doyne sa worthely  
 I traist and trowis sekyrly  
 To haff plane victour in this fycht,  
 For thought our fayis haf mekill mycht  
 Thai have the wrang, and succudry  
 And covatys of senyoury  
 Amovys thaim foroutyn mor.  
 Na us thar dreid thaim bot befor  
 For strenth off this place as ye se  
 Sall let us enveronyt to be.  
 And I pray you als specially  
 Bath mar and les commonaly  
 That nane of you for gredynes  
 Haff ey to tak of thar riches  
 Ne presonaris for to ta  
 Quhill ye se thaim contraryit sa  
 That the feld anerly youris be,  
 And than at your liking may ye  
 Tak all the riches that thar is.  
 Giff ye will wyrk apon this wis  
 Ye sall haff victour sekyrly.  
 I wate nocht quhat mar say sall I  
 Bot all wate ye quhat honour is,  
 Contene you than on sic a wis  
 That your honour ay savyt be.  
 And Ik hycht her in leaute  
 Gyff ony deys in this bataille  
 His ayr but ward releff or taile  
 On the fyrst day his land sall weld  
 All be he never sa young off eild.  
 Now makys you redy for to fycht,  
 God help us that is maist of mycht.  
 I rede armyt all nycht that we be

Purvayit in bataill sua that we  
 To mete our fayis ay be boune.'  
 Than answeryt thai all with a soune,  
 'As ye dyvys all sall be done.'  
 Than till tha innys went thai sone  
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechting  
 Syne assemblyt in the evynnyng,  
 And suagat all the nycht bad thai  
 Till on the morn that it wes day.

*[The English prepare: the night before the battle]*

Quhen the Cliffurd, as I said ar,  
 And all his rout rebutyt war  
 And thar gret vaward alsua  
 War distrenyeit the bak to ta  
 And thai had tauld thar rebuting –  
 Thai off the vaward how the king  
 Slew at a strak sa apertly  
 A knycht that wycht wes and hardy,  
 And how all haile the kingis bataill  
 Schup thaim rycht stoutly till assaill  
 And Schyr Edward the Bruce alsua  
 Quhen thai all haill the bak gan ta  
 And how thai lesyt of thar men,  
 And Cliffurd had tauld alsua then  
 How Thomas Randell tuk the plane  
 With a few folk and how wes slane  
 Schyr Gilyame Danecourt the worthi,  
 And how the erle faucht manly  
 That as ane hyrchoune all his rout  
 Gert set out speris all about  
 And how that thai war put agayne  
 And part off thar gud men slayne –  
 The Inglismen sic abasing  
 Tuk and sic drede of that tithing  
 That in fyve hunder placis and ma  
 Men mycht se samyn routand ga  
 Sayand, 'Our lordis for thar mycht  
 Will allgate fecht agane the rycht,  
 Bot quha–sa werrayis wranguysly  
 Thai fend God all to gretumly  
 And thaim may happyn to mysfall,  
 And swa may tid that her we sall.'  
 And quhen thar lordys had persaving  
 Off discomfort and rownnyng  
 That thai held samyn twa and twa,  
 Throu–out the ost sone gert thai ga  
 Heraldis to mak a crye  
 That nane discomfort suld be,

For in punye is oft hapnyne  
 Quhile for to wyn and quhile to tyne,  
 And that into the gret bataill  
 That apon na maner may fail  
 Bot giff the Scottis fley thar way  
 Sall all amendyt be perfay.  
 Tharfor thai monest thaim to be  
 Off gret worschip and off bounte  
 And stoutly in the bataill stand  
 And tak amendis at thar hand.  
 Thai may weill monys as thai will  
 And thai may hecht als to fulfill  
 With stalwart hart thar bidding all  
 Bot nocht–forthi I trow thai sall  
 Intill thar hartis dredand be.  
 The king with his consaill preve  
 Has tane to rede that he wald nocht  
 Fecht or the morne bot he war socht,  
 Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht  
 Doune in the Kers, and gert all dycht  
 And maid redy thar aparail  
 Agayne the morne for the bataill,  
 And for in the Kers pulis war  
 Housis thai brak and thak bar  
 To mak briggis quhar thaim mycht pas,  
 And sum sayis that yeit the folk that was  
 In the castell quhen nycht gan fall  
 For that thai knew the myscheiff all  
 Thai went full ner all that thai war  
 And duris and wyndowys with thaim bar,  
 Swa that thai had befor the day  
 Briggyt the pulis swa that thai  
 War passyt our everilkane,  
 And the hard feld on hors has tane  
 All reddy for till gif batale  
 Arayit intill thar apparail.

*[The Scottish and English preparations on the morning]*

The Scottismen quhen it wes day  
 Thar mes devoutly gert thai say  
 Syne tuk a sop and maid thaim yar,  
 And quhen thai all assemblyt war  
 And in thar bataillis all purvayit  
 With thar braid baneris all displayit  
 Thai maid knychtis, as it afferis  
 To men that usys thai mysteris.  
 The king maid Walter Stewart knycht  
 And James of Douglas that wes wycht,  
 And other als of gret bounte

He maid ilkane in thar degre.  
 Quhen this wes doyne that I you say  
 Thai went all furth in gud aray  
 And tuk the plane full apertly,  
 Mony gud man wicht and hardy  
 That war fulfillyt of gret bounte  
 Intill thai routis men mycht se.  
 The Inglismen on other party  
 That as angelis schane brychtly  
 War nocht arayit on sic maner  
 For all thar bataillis samyn wer  
 In a schilthrum, but quheter it was  
 Throu the gret straitnes of the place  
 That thai war in to bid fechting  
 Or that it was for abaysing  
 I wate nocht, bot in a schiltrum  
 It semyt thai war all and sum,  
 Outane the avaward anerly  
 That rycht with a gret cumpany  
 Be thaimselvyn arayit war.  
 Quha had bene by mycht have sene thar  
 That folk ourtak a mekill feild  
 On breid quhar mony a schynand scheld  
 And mony a burnyst brycht armur  
 And mony man off gret valour  
 And mony a brycht baner and schene  
 Mycht in that gret schiltrum be sene.

*[Umfraville's advice to Edward II rejected]*

And quhen the king of Ingland  
 Swa the Scottis saw tak on hand  
 Takand the hard feyld sa opynly  
 And apon fute he had ferly  
 And said, 'Quhat, will yone Scottis fycht?'  
 'Ya sekyrly, schir,' said a knycht,  
 Schyr Ingrame the Umfravill hat he,  
 And said, 'Forsuth now, schyr, I se  
 It is the mast ferlyfull sycht  
 That evyre I saw quhen for to fycht  
 The Scottismen has tane on hald  
 Agayne the mycht of Ingland  
 In plane hard feld to giff bataile.  
 Bot and ye will trow my consaill  
 Ye sall discomfy thaim lychtly.  
 Withdrawys you hyne sodandly  
 With bataillis and with penounys  
 Quhill that we pas our palyounys,  
 And ye sall se alsone that thai  
 Magre thar lordys sall brek aray

And scaile thaim our harnays to ta.  
 And quhen we se thaim scalit sua  
 Prik we than on thaim hardely  
 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly  
 For than sall nane be knyht to fycht  
 That may withstand your mekill mycht.'  
 I will nocht,' said the king, 'perfay  
 Do sa, for thar sall na man say  
 That I sall eschew the bataill  
 Na withdraw me for sic rangaile.'  
 Quhen this wes said that er said I  
 The Scottismen commounaly  
 Knelyt all doune to God to pray  
 And a schort prayer thar maid thai  
 To God to help thaim in that fycht,  
 And quhen the Inglis king had sycht  
 Off thaim kneland he said in hy,  
 'Yone folk knelis to ask mercy.'  
 Schyr Ingrahame said, 'Ye say suth now,  
 Thai ask mercy bot nane at you,  
 For thar trespas to God thai cry.  
 I tell you a thing sekyrly,  
 That yone men will all wyn or de,  
 For doute of dede thai sall nocht fle.'  
 'Now be it sa,' than said the king,  
 And than but langer delaying  
 Thai gert trump till the assemble.  
 On ather sid men mycht than se  
 Mony a wycht man and worthi  
 Redy to do chevalry.

*[The English attack Edward Bruce's division]*

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

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

*[Moray's men attack the main English host]*

And quhen the erle of Murref swa  
 Thar vaward saw sa stoutly ga  
 The way to Schyr Edward all straucht  
 That met thaim with full mekill maucht,  
 He held hys way with his baner  
 To the gret rout quhar samyn wer  
 The nyne bataillis that war sa braid,  
 That sa fele baneris with thaim haid  
 And of men sa gret quantite  
 That it war wonder for to se.  
 The gud erle thidder tuk the way  
 With his battaill in gud aray  
 And assemblit sa hardily  
 That men mycht her that had bene by  
 A gret frusch of the speris that brast,  
 For thar fayis assemblyt fast  
 That on stedis with mekill prid  
 Come prikand as thai wald our–rid  
 The erle and all his cumpany,  
 Bot thai met thaim sa sturdely  
 That mony of thaim till erd thai bar,  
 For mony a sted was stekyt thar  
 And mony gud man fellyt under fet  
 That had na hap to rys up yete.  
 Thar mycht men se a hard bataill  
 And sum defend and sum assaile  
 And mony a reale romble rid  
 Be roucht thar apon ather sid

## THE BRUS

Quhill throu the byrnys bryst the blud  
That till erd doune stremand yhude.  
The erle of Murreff and his men  
Sa stoutly thaim contenyt then  
That thai wan place ay mar and mar  
On thar fayis the—quhether thai war  
Ay ten far ane or may perfay,  
Sua that it semyt weill that thai  
War tynt amang sa gret menye  
As thai war plungyt in the se.  
And quhen the Inglismen has sene  
The erle and all his men bedene  
Faucht sa stoutly but effraying  
Rycht as thai had nane abasing  
Thaim pressyt thai with all thar mycht  
And thai with speris and swerdis brycht  
And axis that rycht scharply schar  
Ymyddis the vesag met thaim thar.  
Thar mycht men se a stalwart stour  
And mony men of gret valour  
With speris mas and knyffis  
And other wapynnys wyssyll thar lyvis  
Sua that mony fell doune all dede,  
The greys woux with the blud all reid  
The erle that wycht wes and worthi  
And his men faucht sa manlyly  
That quha—sa had sene thaim that day  
I trow forsuth that thai suld say  
That thai suld do thar devor wele  
Swa that thar fayis suld it fele.

## BOOK 13

*[Douglas's division attacks]*

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

For quhar thai fell Ik undreta  
 Thai left efter thaim taknyng  
 That sall ned as I trow leching.

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

The Inglis archeris schot sa fast  
 That mycht thar schot haff ony last  
 It had bene hard to Scottismen  
 Bot King Robert that wele gan ken  
 That thar archeris war peralous  
 And thar schot rycht hard and grevous  
 Ordanyt forouth the assemble  
 Hys marschell with a gret menye,  
 Fyve hunder armyt into stele  
 That on lycht hors war horsyt welle,  
 For to pryk amang the archeris  
 And sua assaile thaim with thar speris  
 That thai na layser haiff to schut.  
 This marschell that Ik off mute  
 That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld  
 As Ik befor her has you tauld  
 Quhen he saw the bataillis sua  
 Assembill and togidder ga  
 And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly,  
 With all thaim off his cumpany  
 In hy apon thaim gan he rid  
 And ourtuk thaim at a sid,  
 And ruschyt amang thaim sa rudly  
 Stekand thaim sa dispitously  
 And in sic fusoun berand down  
 And slayand thaim foroutyn ransoun  
 That thai thaim scalyt everilkane,  
 And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane  
 That assemblyt schot to ma.  
 Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thai sua  
 War rebutyt thai woux hardy  
 And with all thar mycht schot egrely  
 Amang the horsmen that thar raid  
 And woundis wid to thaim thai maid  
 And slew of thaim a full gret dele.  
 Thai bar thaim hardely and wele  
 For, fra thar fayis archeris war  
 Scalyt as I said till you ar  
 That ma na thai war be gret thing  
 Sua that thai dred nocht thar schoting  
 Thai woux sa hardy that thaim thocht  
 Thai suld set all thar fayis at nocht.

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

The merschell and his cumpany  
 Wes yeit, as till you er said I,  
 Amang the archeris quhar thai maid  
 With speris roume quhar that thai raid  
 And slew all that thai mycht ourta,  
 And thai wele lychtly mycht do sua  
 For thai had nocht a strak to stynt  
 Na for to hald agayne a dynt,  
 And agayne armyt men to fycht  
 May nakyt men have litill mycht.  
 Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner  
 That sum to thar gret bataill wer  
 Withdrawyn thaim in full gret hy  
 And sum war fled all utrely,  
 Bot the folk that behind thaim was,  
 That for thar awne folk had na space  
 Yheyt to cum to the assembling  
 In agayn smertly gan thai ding  
 The archeris that thai met fleand  
 That then war maid sa recreand  
 That thar hartis war tyny clenly,  
 I trow thai sall nocht scaith gretly  
 The Scottismen with schot that day.  
 And the gud King Robert that ay  
 Wes fillyt off full gret bounte  
 Saw how that his bataillis thre  
 Sa hardely assemblyt thar  
 And sa weill in the fycht thaim bar  
 And sua fast on thair fayis gan ding  
 That him thocht nane had abaysing  
 And how the archeris war scalyt then,  
 He was all blyth and till his men  
 He said, 'Lordingis, now luk that ye  
 Worthy and off gud covyn be  
 At thys assemble and hardy,  
 And assembill sa sturdely  
 That na thing may befor you stand.  
 Our men ar sa freschly fechtand  
 That thai thar fayis has contrayit sua  
 That be thai pressyt, Ik underta,  
 A litill fastyr, ye sall se  
 That thai discumfyt sone sall be.'  
 Quhen this wes said thai held thar way  
 And on ane feld assemblyt thai  
 Sa stoutly that at thar cummyng  
 Thar fayis war ruschyt a gret thing.

*[A further description of the fighting]*

Thar mycht men se men felly fycht  
 And men that worthi war and wycht  
 Do mony worthi vasselage,  
 Thai faucht as thai war in a rage,  
 For quhen the Scottis ynkirly  
 Saw thar fayis sa sturdely  
 Stand into bataill thaim agayn  
 With all thar mycht and all thar mayn  
 Thai layid on as men out of wit  
 And quhar thai with full strak mycht hyt  
 Thar mycht na armur stynt thar strak.  
 Thai to–fruschyt that thai mycht ourtak  
 And with axis sic duschys gave  
 That thai helmys and hedis clave,  
 And thar fayis rycht hardely  
 Met thaim and dang on thaim douchtely  
 With wapmys that war styth of stele.  
 Thar wes the bataill strikyn wele.  
 Sa gret dyn tthar wes of dyntis  
 As wapnys apon armur styntis,  
 And off speris sa gret bresting  
 And sic thrang and sic thyrsting,  
 Sic gyrnyng granyng and sa gret  
 A noyis as thai gan other beit  
 And ensenyeyis on ilka sid  
 Gevand and takand woundis wid,  
 That it wes hyd wys for to her.  
 All four thar bataillis with that wer  
 Fechtand in a frount halyly.  
 A! mycht God! how douchtely  
 Schyr Edward the Bruce and his men  
 Amang thar fayis contenynt thaim then  
 Fechtand in sa gud covyn  
 Sa hardy worthy and sa fyne  
 That thar vaward ruschyt was  
 And maugre tharis left the place,  
 And till thar gret rout to warand  
 Thai went that tane had apon hand  
 Sa gret anoy that thai war effrayit  
 For Scottis that thaim hard assayit  
 That than war in a schiltrum all.  
 Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall  
 I trow agane he suld nocht rys.  
 Thar mycht men se on mony wys  
 Hardimentis eschevyt douchtely,  
 And mony that wycht war and hardy  
 Sone liand undre fete all dede  
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes red,  
 Armys and quyntys that thai bar  
 With blud war sa defoulyt thar

## THE BRUS

That thai mycht nocht descroyit be.  
A! mychty God! quha than mycht se  
That Stewart Walter and his rout  
And the gud Douglas that wes sa stout  
Fechtand into that stalwart stour,  
He suld say that till all honour  
Thai war worthi that in that fycht  
Sa fast pressyt thar fayis mycht  
That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.  
Thar men mycht se mony a steid  
Fleand on stray that lord had nane.  
A! Lord! quha then gud tent had tane  
Till the gud erle of Murreff  
And his that sua gret routis geff  
And faucht sa fast in that battaill  
Tholand sic paynys and travaill  
That thai and tharis maid sic debat  
That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.  
Than mycht men her ensenyeis cry  
And Scottismen cry hardely,  
'On thaim, on thaim, on thaim, thai faile.'  
With that sa hard thai gan assaile  
And slew all that thai mycht ourta,  
And the Scottis archeris alsua  
Schot amang thaim sa deliverly  
Engrevand thaim sa gretumly  
That quhat for thaim that with thaim faucht  
That sua gret routis to thaim raucht  
And pressyt thaim full egrely  
And quhat for arowis that felly  
Mony gret woundis gan thaim ma  
And slew fast off thar hors alsua,  
That thai wandyst a litill wei.  
Thai dred sa gretly then to dey  
That thar covyn wes wer and wer,  
For thaim that fechtand with thaim wer  
Set hardyment and strenth and will  
And hart and corage als thar-till  
And all thar mayne and all thar mycht  
To put thaim fully to flycht.

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

In this tyme that I tell off her  
At that bataill on this maner  
Wes strykyn quhar on ather party  
Thai war fechtand enforcely,  
Yomen and swanys and pitail  
That in the Park to yeme vittail

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

*[The king presses the enemy harder and some flee]*

The King Robert be thar relyng  
 Saw thai war ner at discomfiting  
 And his ensenye gan hely cry,  
 Than with thaim off his cumpany  
 His fayis he pressyt sa fast that thai  
 War intill sa gret effray  
 That thai left place ay mar and mar,  
 For the Scottismen that thar war  
 Quhen thai saw thaim eschew the fycht  
 Dang on thaim with all thar mycht  
 That thai scalyt thaim in troplys ser  
 And till discomfitor war ner  
 And sum off thaim fled all planly,

Bot thai that wycht war and hardy  
 That schame lettyt to ta the flycht  
 At gret myscheiff mantemyt the fycht  
 And stythly in the stour gan stand.

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

And quhen the king of Inghland  
 Saw his men fley in syndry place,  
 And saw his fayis rout that was  
 Worthyn sa wycht and sa hardy  
 That all his folk war halyly  
 Sa stonayit that thai had na mycht  
 To stynt thar fayis in the fycht,  
 He was abaysyt sa gretumly  
 That he and his cumpany  
 Fyve hunder armyt all at rycht  
 Intill a frusch all tok the flycht  
 And to the castell held thar way,  
 And yeit haiff Ik hard som men say  
 That off Valence Schir Aymer  
 Quhen he the feld saw vencusyt ner  
 Be the reyngye led away the king  
 Agayne his will fra the fechting.  
 And quhen Schyr Gylis the Argente  
 Saw the king thus and his menye  
 Schap thaim to fley sa spedly,  
 He come rycht to the king in hy  
 And said, 'Schyr, sen it is sua  
 That ye thusgat your gat will ga  
 Havys gud day for agayne will I,  
 Yeit fled I never sekyrly  
 And I cheys her to bid and dey  
 Than for to lyve schamly and fley.'  
 His bridill but mar abad  
 He turnyt and agayne he rade  
 And on Edward the Bruys rout  
 That wes sa sturdy and sa stout  
 As drede off nakyn thing had he  
 He prikyt, cryand, 'the Argente,'  
 And thai with speris sua him met  
 And sua fele speris on him set  
 That he and hors war chargyt sua  
 That bathe till the erd gan ga  
 And in that place thar slane wes he.  
 Off hys deid wes rycht gret pite,  
 He wes the thrid best knyght perfay  
 That men wyst lyvand in his day,  
 He did mony a fayr journe.

## THE BRUS

On Saryzynys thre derenyys faucht he  
And intill ilk derenye off tha  
He vencussyt Saryzynys twa.  
His gret worschip tuk thar ending.

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

And fra Schyr Aymer with the king  
Was fled wes nane that durst abid  
Bot fled scalyt on ilka sid,  
And thar fayis thaim pressyt fast.  
Thai war to say suth sua agast  
And fled sa fast rycht effrayitly  
That off thaim a full gret party  
Fled to the water of Forth and thar  
The mast part off thaim drownyt war,  
And Bannokburne betwix the brays  
Off men and hors sua stekyt wais  
That apon drownyt hors and men  
Men mycht pas dry out—our it then.  
And laddis swanys and rangaill  
Quhen thai saw vencussyt the bataill  
Ran amang thaim and sua gan sla  
As folk that na defens mycht ma  
That war pitte for to se.  
Ik herd never quhar in na contre  
Folk at sa gret myscheiff war stad,  
On ane sid thai thar fayis bad  
That slew thaim doun foroutyn mercy,  
And thai had on the tother party  
Bannokburne that sua cumbyrsum was  
For slyk and depnes for to pas  
That thar mycht nane out—our it rid,  
Thaim worthit maugre tharis abid  
Sua that sum slayne sum drownyt war,  
Mycht nane eschap that ever come thar  
The—quheter mony gat away  
That ellisquhair fled as I sall say.

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

The king with thaim he with him had  
In a rout till the castell rad  
And wald haiff bene tharin, for thai  
Wyst nocht quhat gat to get away,  
Bot Philip the Mowbra said him till,  
'The castell, Schyr, is at your will,

But cum ye in it ye sall se  
 That ye sall sone assegyt be  
 And thar sall nane of England  
 To mak you rescours tak on hand  
 And but rescours may na castell  
 Be haldyn lang, ye wate this wele.  
 Tharfor confort you and rely  
 Your men about you rycht starkly  
 And haldis about the Park your way  
 Knyt als sadly as ye may,  
 For I trow that nane sall haff mycht  
 That chassys with sa fele to fycht.'  
 And his consaill thai haiff doyne  
 And beneuth the castell went thai sone  
 Rycht be the Rond Table away,  
 And syne the Park enveround thai  
 And towart Lythkow held in hy.  
 Bot I trow thai sall hastily  
 Be conveyit with sic folk that thai  
 I trow mycht suffre wele away,  
 For Schyr James lord of Douglas  
 Come to the king and askyt the chace  
 And he gaff him it but abaid,  
 Bot all to few of hors he haid,  
 He haid nocht in his rout sixty  
 The—quether he sped him hastely  
 The way eftyr the king to ta.  
 Now lat him on his wayis ga  
 And eftre this we sall weill tell  
 Quhat him intill the chace befell.

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

Quhen the gret battaill on this wis  
 Was discumfyt as Ik devys  
 Quhar thretty thousand wele war ded  
 Or drownyt in that ilk sted,  
 And sum war intill handis tane  
 And other sum thar gate war gane.  
 The erle of Herfurd fra the melle  
 Departyt with a gret mengne  
 And straucht to Bothwell tok the wai  
 That than in the Inglismennys fay  
 Was, and haldyn as place of wer,  
 Schyr Walter Gilbertson wes ther  
 Capitane and it had in ward.  
 The erle of Herfurd thidderward  
 Held and wes tane in our the wall  
 And fyfty of his men withall,

And set in housis sindryly  
 Sua that thai had thar na mastry.  
 The lave went towart Inland  
 Bot off that rout I tak on hand  
 The thre partis war slane or tane,  
 The lave with gret payn hame ar gan.  
 Schyr Maurice alsua the Berclay  
 Fra the gret bataill held hys way  
 With a gret rout off Walis-men,  
 Quharever thai yeid men mycht thaim ken  
 For thai wele ner all nakyt war  
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.  
 Thai held thar way in full gret hy  
 Bot mony off thar cumpany  
 Or thai till Inland come war tane  
 And mony als off thaim war slayne.  
 Thair fled als other wayis ser,  
 Bot to the castell that wes ner  
 Off Strevilline fled sic a mengye  
 That it war wonder for to se,  
 For the craggis all helyt war  
 About the castell her and thar  
 Off thaim that for strenth of that sted  
 Thidderwart to warand fled,  
 And for thai war sa fele that thar  
 Fled under the castell war  
 The King Robert that wes wytty  
 Held his gud men ner him by  
 For dred that ris agayne suld thai.

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

This was the caus forsuth to say  
 Quharthrouch the king of Inland  
 Eschapyt hame intill his land  
 Quhen that the feld sa clene wes maid  
 Off Inglismen that nane abaid  
 The Scottismen sone tuk in hand  
 Off tharis all that ever thai fand,  
 As silver gold clathis and armyng  
 With veschall and all other thing  
 That ever thai mycht lay on thare hand.  
 So gret a riches thair thai fand  
 That mony man mychty wes maid  
 Off the riches that thai thar haid.  
 Quhen this wes doyne that her say I  
 The king send a gret cumpany  
 Up to the crag thaim till assaile  
 That war fled fra the gret battaill,  
 And thai thaim yauld foroutyn debate,

And in hand has tane thaim fute–hate  
 Syne to the king thai went thar way.  
 Thai dispendyt haly that day  
 In spulyeing and riches takyng  
 Fra end was maid off the fechting  
 And quhen thai nakyt spulyeit war  
 That war slane in the bataill thar  
 It wes forsuth a gret ferly  
 To se samyn sa fele dede ly.  
 Twa hundyr payr off spuris reid  
 War tane of knychtis that war deid,  
 The erle of Glosyster ded wes thar  
 That men callyt Schyr Gilbert of Clar,  
 And Gylis de Argente alsua  
 And Payn Typtot and other ma  
 That thar namys nocht tell can I.  
 And apon Scottismennys party  
 Thar wes slane worthi knychtis twa,  
 Wilyame the Vepoynt wes ane of tha  
 And Schyr Walter of Ross ane other  
 That Schyr Edward the kingis brother  
 Luffyt and had in sic daynte  
 That as himselff him luffyt he.  
 And quhen he wyst that he wes ded  
 He wes sa wa and will of reide  
 That he said makand ivill cher  
 That him war lever that jounay wer  
 Undone than he sua ded had bene.  
 Outakyn him men has nocht sene  
 Quhar he for ony man maid menyng,  
 And the caus wes of his luffing  
 That he his sister paramouris  
 Luffyt, and held all at rebouris  
 His awyne wyff dame Ysabell.  
 And tharfor sa gret distance fell  
 Betwix him and the erle Davi  
 Off Athole, brother to this lady  
 That he apon Saynct Jhonys nycht,  
 Quhen bath the kingis war boun to fycht,  
 In Cammyskynnell the kingis vittaill  
 He tuk and sadly gert assaile  
 Schyr Wilyam off Herth and him slew  
 And with him men ma then ynew.  
 Tharfor syne intil England  
 He wes bannyst and all his land  
 Wes sesyt as forfaut to the king  
 That did tharoff syne his liking.

*[The burial of Gloucester; the surrender of Sir Marmaduke Tweng  
and of Stirling Castle]*

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

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

Now will we of the lord of Douglas  
 Tell how that he folowit the chas.  
 He had to quhone in his cumpany  
 Bot he sped him in full gret hy,  
 And as he throuch the Torwod fur  
 Sa met he ridand on the mur  
 Schyr Laurence off Abyrnethy  
 That with four scor in cumpany  
 Come for till help the Inglismen  
 For he was Inglisman yet then,  
 Bot quhen he hard how that it wes  
 He left the Inglis–mennys pes  
 And to the lord Douglas rycht thar  
 For to be lele and trew he swar.  
 And than thai bath folowit the chas,  
 And or the king off England was  
 Passyt Lythkow thai come sa ner  
 With all the folk that with thaim wer  
 That weill amang thaim schout thai mycht,  
 Bot thai thocht thaim to few to fycht  
 With the gret rout that thai had thar  
 For fyve hunder armyt thai war.  
 Togidder sarraly raid thai  
 And held thaim apon bridill ay,  
 Thai wat governyt wittily  
 For it semyt ay thai war redy  
 For to defend thaim at thar mycht  
 Giff thai assailyt war in fycht.  
 And the lord Douglas and his men,  
 How that he wald nocht schaip him then  
 For to fecht with thaim all planly,  
 He convoyit thaim sa narowly  
 That of the henmaist ay tuk he,  
 Mycht nane behin his falowis be  
 A pennystane cast na he in hy  
 Was dede, or tane deliverly  
 That nane rescours wald till him ma  
 All–thocht he luyt him never sua.  
 On this maner convoyit he  
 Quhill that the king and his menye  
 To Wenchburg all cummyn ar.

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

Than lychtyt all that thai war  
 To bayt thar hors that wer wery,  
 And Douglas and his cumpany  
 Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner.

Thai war sa fele withoutyn wer  
 And in armys sa clenly dycht  
 And sua arayit for to fycht,  
 And he sa quhoyne and but supleyng  
 That he wald nocht in plane fechting  
 Assaile thaim, bot ay raid thaim by  
 Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.  
 A litill quhill thai baytyt thar  
 And syne lap on and furth thai far  
 And he was always by thaim ner,  
 He leyt thaim nocht haff sic layser  
 As anys water for to ma,  
 And giff ony stad war sa  
 That he behind left ony space  
 Sesyt alsone in hand he was.  
 Thai convoyit thaim on sic a wis  
 Quhill that the king and his rout is  
 Cummyn to the castell of Dunbar  
 Quhar he and sum of his menye war  
 Resavyt rycht weill, for yete than  
 The Erle Patrik was Inglisman,  
 That gert with mete and drynk alsua  
 Refresche thaim weill, and syne gert ta  
 A bate and send the king by se  
 To Baumburgh in his awne contre.  
 Thar hors thar left thai all on stray  
 Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai.  
 The lave that levyt thar—without  
 Addressyt thaim intill a rout  
 And till Berwik held straucht thar way  
 In route, bot, and we suth say,  
 Stad thai war full narrowly  
 Or thai come thar, bot nocht—forthi  
 Thai come to Berwik weill and thar  
 Into the toune ressavyt war,  
 Ellys at gret myscheff had thai bene.  
 And quhen the lord off Douglas has sene  
 That he had losyt all hys payne  
 Towart the king he went agane.

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

The king eschapyt on this wis.  
 Lo! quhat fading in fortoun is  
 That will apon a man quhill smyle  
 And prik on him syne a nothyr quhill,  
 In na tym stable can scho stand.  
 This mychty king off Inland  
 Scho had set on hyr quheill on hycht

## THE BRUS

Quham with sa ferlyfull a mycht  
Off men off armys and archeris  
And off futemen and hobeleris  
He come ridand out off his land  
As I befor has borne on hand,  
And in a nycht syne and a day  
Scho set him in sa hard assay  
That he with few men in a bate  
Wes fayne for till hald hame his gate.  
Bot off this ilk quhelys turnyng  
King Robert suld mak na murnyng  
For on his syd the quheyle on hycht  
Rais quhen the tother doun gan lycht,  
For twa contraris yhe may wit wele  
Set agane othir on a quhele  
Quhen ane is hye the tothir is law,  
And gif it fall that fortoun thraw  
The quheill about, it that on hicht  
Was ere it most doune lycht,  
And it that undre lawch was ar  
Mon lepe on loft in the contrar.  
Sa fure it off thir kingis twa,  
Quhen the King Robert stad was sua  
That in gret myscheiff wes he  
The tother was in his majeste,  
And quhen the King Edwardis mycht  
Wes lawyt King Robert wes on hycht,  
And now sic fortoun fell him till  
That he wes hey and at his will.  
At Strevillyne wes he yeyt liand,  
And the gret lordis that he fand  
Dede in the feld he gert bery  
In haly place honorabilly,  
And the lave syne that dede war thar  
Into gret pyttis erdyt war thar  
The castell and the towris syne  
Rycht till the ground gert he myn,  
And syne to Bothwell send he  
Schyr Edward with a gret menye  
For thar wes thine send him word  
That the rich erle off Herford  
And other mychty als wer ther.

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

Sua trefyt he with Schyr Walter  
That erle and castell and the lave  
In Schyr Edwardis hand he gave,  
And till the king the erle send he

That gert him rycht weill yemyt be  
 Quhill at the last thai tretyt sua  
 That he till Ingland hame suld ga  
 Foroutyn paying of raunsoune fre,  
 And that for him suld changyt be  
 Bischap Robert that blynd was mad  
 And the queyne that thai takyn had  
 In presoune as befor said I  
 And hyr douchter Dame Marjory.  
 The erle was changyt for thir thre,  
 And quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre  
 The king his douchter that was far  
 And wes als aperand ayr  
 With Walter Stewart gan he wed  
 And thai wele sone gat of thar bed  
 A knav child throu our Lordis grace,  
 That eftre his gud eldfader was  
 Callyt Robert and syne wes king,  
 And had the land in governyng  
 Eftyr his worthy eyme Davy  
 That regnyt twa yer and fourty.  
 And in the tyme of the compiling  
 Off this buk this Robert wes king,  
 And off hys kynrik passit was  
 Fyve yer, and wes the yer of grace  
 A thousand thre hunder sevynty  
 And fyve, and off his eld sixty,  
 And that wes efter that the gud king  
 Robert wes broucht till his ending  
 Sex and fourty winter but mar.  
 God grant that thai that cummyn ar  
 Off his ofspring manteyme the land  
 And hald the folk weill to warand  
 And manteyme rycht and leawte  
 Als wele as in his tyme did he.

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

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

## THE BRUS

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

## BOOK 14

*[Edward Bruce goes to Ireland]*

The erle off Carrik Schyr Edward,  
 That stoutar wes than a libard  
 And had na will to be in pes,  
 Thocht that Scotland to litill wes  
 Till his brother and him alsua,  
 Tharfor to purpos gan he ta  
 That he off Irland wald be king.  
 Tharfor he send and had tretung  
 With the Irschery off Irland,  
 That in thar leawte tuk on hand  
 Off all Irland to mak him king  
 With—thi that he with hard fechting  
 Mycht ourcum the Inglismen  
 That in the land war wonnand then,  
 And thai suld help with all thar mycht.  
 And he that hard thaim mak sic hycht  
 Intill his hart had gret liking  
 And with the consent of the king  
 Gadryt him men off gret bounte  
 And at Ayr syne schippyt he  
 Intill the neyst moneth of Mai,  
 Till Irland held he straucht his wai.  
 He had thar in his cumpany  
 The Erle Thomas that wes worthi  
 And gud Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
 That sekyr wes in hard assay,  
 Schyr Jhone the soullis ane gud knycht  
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart that wes wycht  
 The Ramsay als of Ouchterhous  
 That wes wycht and chevalrous  
 And Schyr Fergus off Ardrossane  
 And other knychtis mony ane.  
 In Wolringis Fyrth aryvyt thai  
 Sauffly but bargan or assay  
 And send thar schippis hame ilkan.  
 A gret thing have thai undretane  
 That with sa quhoine as thai war thar  
 That war sex thousand men but mar  
 Schup to werray all Irland,  
 Quhar thai sall se mony thousand  
 Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht,  
 But thocht thai quhone war thai war wicht,  
 And forout drede or effray

In twa bataillis tuk thar way  
Toward Cragfergus it to se.

*[The Scots defeat the lords of Ulster]*

Bot the lordis of that countre  
Mandveill, Besat and Logane  
Thar men assemblyt everilkane,  
The Savagis wes alsua thar,  
And quhen thai assemblit war  
That war wele ner twenty thousand.  
Quhen thai wyst that intill thar land  
Sic a menye aryvyt war  
With all the folk that thai had thar  
Thai went toward thaim in gret hi,  
And fra Schyr Edward wist suthly  
That ner till him cummand war thai  
His men he gert thaim wele aray,  
The avaward had the Erle Thomas  
And the rerward Schyr Edward was.  
Thar fayis approcht to the fechtung  
And thai met thaim but abaysing.  
Thar mycht men se a gret melle,  
For Erle Thomas and his menye  
Dang on thar fayis sa douchtely  
That in schort tym men mycht se ly  
Ane hunder that all bloody war,  
For hobynys that war stekyt thar  
Relyt and flang and gret rowme mad  
And kest thaim that apon thaim rad,  
And Schyr Edwardis cumpany  
Assemblyt syne sa hardely  
That thai thar fayis ruschyt all.  
Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall  
It wes perell off his rying.  
The Scottismen in that fechtung  
Sua apertly and wele thaim bar  
That thar fayis sua ruschyt war  
That thai haly the flycht has tane.  
In that bataill wes tane or slane  
All hale the flur off Ulsyster.  
The Erle off Murreff gret price had ther,  
For his worthi chevalry  
Comfort all his cumpany.  
This wes a full fayr begynnyng,  
For newlingis at thar aryving  
In plane bataill thai discomfyt thar  
Thar fayis that four ay for ane war,  
Syne to Cragfergus ar thai gane  
And in the toune has innys tane.

## THE BRUS

The castell weill wes stuffyt then  
Off new with vittaill and with men,  
Thartill thai set a sege in hy.  
Mony eschewe full apertly  
Wes maid quhill thar the sege lay  
Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai,  
Quhen that the folk off Hulsyster  
Till his pes haly cummyn wer,  
For Schyr Edward wald tak on hand  
To rid furth forthyr in the land.

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

Off the kingis off that countre  
Thar come till him and maide fewte  
Weill ten or twelf as Ik hard say,  
Bot thai held him schort quhile thar fay,  
For twa off thaim, ane Makgullane  
And ane other hat Makartane,  
Withset a pase intill his way  
Quhar him behovyt ned away  
With twa thousand off men with speris  
And als mony of thar archeris,  
And all the catell of the land  
War drawyn thidder to warand.  
Men callys that plase Innermallane,  
In all Irland straytar is nane.  
For Schyr Edward that kepyt thai,  
Thai thocht he suld nocht thar away,  
Bot he his viage sone has tane  
And straught towart the pas is gane.  
The erle off Murreff Schyr Thomas  
That put him fyrst ay till assayis  
Lychtyt on fute with his menye  
And apertly the pase tuk he.  
Thir Ersch kingis that I spak off ar  
With all the folk that with thame war  
Met him rycht sturdely, bot he  
Assaylyt sua with his menye  
That maugre tharis thai wan the pas.  
Slayne off thar fayis fele thar was,  
Throu-out the wod thaim chasyt thai  
And sesyt in sic fusoune the pray  
That all the folk off thar ost war  
Refreschyt weill ane wouk or mar.  
At Kilsagart Schyr Edward lay,  
And wele sone he has hard say  
That at Dundalk wes assemble  
Made off the lordis off that countre.  
In ost thai war assemblyt thar,

Thar wes fyrst Schyr Richard of Clar  
 That in all Irland lufftenande  
 Was off the king off England  
 The erle of Desmond wes thar  
 And the erle alsua of Kildar,  
 The Breman and the Wardoune  
 That war lordis of gret renoune,  
 The Butler alsua thar was  
 And Schyr Morys le fys Thomas,  
 Thai with thar men ar cummyn thar,  
 A rycht gret ost forsuth thai war.

*[The two sides prepare for battle]*

And quhen Schyr Edward wust suthly  
 That thar wes swilk chevalry  
 His ost in hy he gert aray  
 And thidderwartis tuk the way  
 And ner the toune tuk his herbery,  
 Bot for he wust all witterly  
 That in the toune war mony men  
 His bataillis he arayit then,  
 And stud arayt in bataill  
 To kep thaim gif thai wald assaile,  
 And quhen that Schyr Rychard of Clar  
 And other lordis that thar war  
 Wust that the Scottis men sa ner  
 With thar bataillis cummyn wer,  
 Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht  
 For it wes layt thai wald nocht fycht  
 Bot on the morne in the mornyng  
 Weile sone aftre the sone-rysing  
 Thai suld isch furth all that thar war,  
 Tharfor that nycht thai did no mar  
 Bot herbryit thaim on athyr party.  
 That nycht the Scottis cumpany  
 War wachyt rycht weill all at rycht,  
 And on the morn quhen day wes lycht  
 In twa bataillis thai thaim arayit,  
 Thai stud with baneris all displayit  
 For the bataill all redy boun.  
 And thai that war within the toun  
 Quhen sone wes rysyn schenand cler  
 Send furth of thaim that within wer  
 Fyfty to se the contenyng  
 Off Scottismen and thar cummyng,  
 And thai raid furth and saw thaim sone,  
 Syne come agayne withoutyn hone.  
 And quhen thai samyn lychtyt war  
 thai tauld thar lordis that wer thar

## THE BRUS

That Scottismen semyt to be  
Worthi and off gret bounte,  
'Bot thai ar nocht withoutyn wer  
Half-dell a dyner till us her.'  
The lordys had off this tithing  
Gret joy and gret reconforting  
And gert men throu the cite cry  
That all suld arm thaim hastily.

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

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

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

*[The Lieutenant is defeated in another battle]*

In all this tyme Rychard of Clar  
 That wes the kingis luftenand  
 Off the barnagis of Irland  
 A gret ost he assemblyt had,  
 Thai war fyve bataillis gret and braid  
 That soucht Schir Edward and his men,  
 Weill ner him war thai cummyn then.  
 He gat sone witring that thai wer  
 Cummand on him and war sa ner.  
 His men he dressyt thaim agayn  
 And gert thaim stoutly ta the playn  
 And syne the erle thar come to se  
 And Schyr Philip the Mowbray send he,  
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart went alsua.  
 Furth to discover thar way thai ta,  
 Thai saw the ost sone cum at hand  
 Thai war to ges fyfty thousand,  
 Hame till Schyr Edward raid thai then  
 And said weill thai war mony men.  
 He said agayne, "The ma thai be  
 The mar honour all-out haff we  
 Giff that we ber us manlyly.  
 We ar set her in juperty  
 To wyn honour or for to dey,  
 We ar to fer fra hame to fley

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

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

Thus as I said Rychard of Clar  
 And his gret ost rebutyt war,  
 Bot he about him nocht–forthi  
 Wes gaderand men ay ythenly  
 For he thocht yete to covyr his cast.  
 It angyrryt him rycht ferly fast  
 That twys intill batell wes he  
 Discomfyt with a few mengne.

And Scottismen that to the forest  
 War ridyn for to mak thar rest  
 All thai twa nyctis thar thai lay  
 And maid thaim myrth solace and play.  
 Towart Ydymsey syne thai raid,  
 Ane Yrsche king that aith had maid  
 To Schyr Edward of fewte,  
 For forouth that him prayit he  
 To se his land and na vittail  
 Na nocht that mycht thaim help suld faile.  
 Schyr Edward trowit in his hycht  
 And with his rout raid thidder rycht  
 A gret ryver he gert him pas  
 And in a rycht fayr place that was  
 Lauch by a bourne he gert thaim ta  
 Thar herbery, and said he wald ga  
 To ger men vittail to thaim bring,  
 He held hys way but mar dwelling.  
 For he betrais thaim wes his thocht,  
 In sic a place he has them broucht  
 Quharof twa journais wele and mar  
 All the cattell withdrawyn war,  
 Swa that thai in that land mycht get  
 Na thing that worth war for til ete,  
 With hungyr he thocht thaim to feblis  
 Syne bring on thaim thar ennemys.  
 This fals traytouris men had maid  
 A litill outh quhar he herbryit had  
 Schyr Edward and the Scottismen  
 The ischow off a louch to den  
 And leyt it out into the nycht.  
 The water than with a swilk a mycht  
 On Schyr Edwardis men com doun  
 That thai in perell war to droun  
 For or thai wist on flot war thai.  
 With mekill payn thai gat away  
 And held thar lyff as God gaff grace,  
 Bot off thar harnayis tynt thar was.  
 He maid thaim na gud fest perfay  
 And nocht–forthi yneuch had thai,  
 For thought thaim faillyt of the mete  
 I warn you wele thai war wele wet.

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

In gret distres thar war thai stad  
 For gret defaut off mete thai hade,  
 And thai betwix reveris twa  
 War set and mycht pas nane off tha,

The Bane that is ane arme of the se  
 That with hors may nocht passyt be  
 Wes betwix thaim and Hulsyster.  
 Thai had bene in gret perell ther  
 Ne war a scowmar of the se,  
 Thomas of Downe hattyn wes he,  
 Hard that the ost sa straytly than  
 Wes stad, and salyt up the Ban  
 Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay,  
 Thai knew him weil and blyth war thai,  
 Than with four schippys that he had tane  
 He set our the Ban ilkane.  
 And quhen thai come in biggit land  
 Vittail and mete yneuch thai fand  
 And in a wod thaim herberyt thai,  
 Nane of the land wist quhar thai lay,  
 Thai esyt thaim and maid gud cher.  
 Intill that tym besid thaim ner  
 With a gret ost Schyr Richard of Clar  
 And othyr gret of Irland war  
 Herberyt in a forest syde,  
 And ilk day thai gert men rid  
 To bring vittaill on ser manerys  
 To thaim fra the toun off Coigneris  
 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra.  
 Ilk day as thai wald cum and ga  
 Thai come the Scottis ost sa ner  
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer,  
 And quhen the Erle Thomas persaving  
 Had off thar cummyng and thar ganging  
 He gat him a gud cumpany,  
 Thre hunder on hors wycht and hardy,  
 Thar wes Schyr Philip the Mowbray  
 And Schyr Jhone Stewart als perfay  
 And Schyr Alan Stewart alsua  
 Schyr Robert Boid and other ma.  
 Thai raid to mete the vittaleris  
 That with thar vittaill fra Coigneris  
 Come haldand to thar ost the way.  
 Sua sudanly on thaim schot thai  
 That thai war sua abaysyt all  
 That thai leyt all thar wapnys fall  
 And mercy petously gan cry,  
 And thai tuk thaim in thar mercy  
 And has thaim up sa clenly tane  
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.  
 The erle of thaim gat wittering  
 That off thar ost in the evynnyng  
 Wald cum out at the woddis sid  
 And agaynys thar vittail rid.  
 He thocht than on ane juperty,

## THE BRUS

And gert his menye halily  
Dycht thaim in the presoneris aray,  
Thair pennounys als with thaim tuk thai,  
And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad  
And syne towart the ost thai raid.  
Sum of thar mekill ost has sene  
Thar come and wend thai had bene  
Thar vittalouris, tharfor thai raid  
Agaynys thaim scalyt, for thai haid  
Na dred that thai thar fayis war  
And thaim hungryt alsua weill sar,  
Tharfor thai come abandounly.  
And quhen thai ner war in gret hi  
The erle and all that with him war  
Ruschyt on thaim with wapnys bar  
And thar ensenyeis hey gan cry.  
Than thai that saw sua sodanly  
Thar fayis dyng on thaim war sa rad  
That thai na hart to help thaim had  
Bot to the ost thar way gan ta,  
And thai chassyt and sua fele gan sla  
That all the feldys strowyt war,  
Ma than a thousand ded war thar.  
Rycht till thar ost thai gan thaim chas  
And syne agane thar wayis tais.

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

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

Bot thai war withall als tane  
 And brocht rycht till the ost ilkane.  
 The erle of Murreff rycht mekly  
 Speryt at ane of thar cumpany  
 Quhar thar ost wes and quhat thai thoct  
 To do, and said him gif he moucht  
 Fynd that till him the suth said he  
 He suld gang hame but ransoun fre.  
 He said, 'Forsuth I sall you say,  
 Thai think to—morn, quhen it is day,  
 To sek you with all thar menye  
 Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.  
 Thai haff gert throu the countre cry  
 Off payne of lyve full felounly  
 That all the men of this countre  
 Tonycht into the cyte be,  
 And trewly thai sall be sa fele  
 That ye sall na wis with thaim dele.'  
 'De pardew,' said he, 'weill may be.'  
 To Schyr Edward with that yeid he  
 And tauld him utrely this tale.

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

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

## THE BRUS

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

## BOOK 15

*[The Scots win a great battle at Connor]*

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

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

*[Slaughter in Connor; the prisoners and wounded]*

To the toun fled the mast party,  
 And Erle Thomas sa egrely  
 And his route chassyt with swerdis bar  
 That amang thame mellyt war  
 That all togidder come in the toun.  
 Than wes the slauchter sa felloune  
 That all the ruys ran of blud,  
 Thaim that thai gat to ded all yhud  
 Sua that than thar weill ner wer dede  
 Als fele as in the bataill–stede.  
 The fys Warine wes takyn thar,  
 Bot sua rad wes Richard of Clar  
 That he fled to the south countre,  
 All that moneth I trow that he  
 Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.  
 Schyr Jhone Stewart a noble knycht  
 Wes woundyt throu the body thar  
 With a sper that scharply schar,  
 Bot to Monpeller went he syne  
 And lay thar lang intill helyne  
 And at the last helyt wes he.  
 Schyr Edward than with his menye  
 Tuk in the toun thar herbery,  
 That nycht thai blyth war and joly  
 For the victour that thai had thar.

## THE BRUS

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

And on the morn foroutyn mar  
Schyr Edward gert men gang and se  
All the vittail of that cite,  
And thai fand sic foysoun tharin  
Off corne and flour and wax and wyn  
That thai had of it gret ferly,  
And Schyr Edward gert halily  
Intill Cragfergus it caryit be,  
Syne thidder went his men and he  
And held the sege full stalwartly  
Quhill Palme Sondag wes passit by.  
Than quhill the Twysday in Pays wouk  
On ather half thai trewys touk  
Sua that thai mycht that haly tid  
In pennance and in prayer bid.  
Bot apon the Pasche evyn rycht  
To the castell into the nycht  
Fra Devillyne schippis come fyften  
Chargyt with armyt men bedene,  
Four thousand trow I weill thai war,  
In the castell thai entryt ar.  
The Maundveill auld Schyr Thomas  
Capitane of that menye was.  
Intill the castell prively  
Thai entryt for thai had gert spy  
That mony of Schyr Edwardis men  
War scalyt in the contre then,  
Tharfor thai thocht in the mornyng  
Till isch but langer delaying  
And to suppris thaim suddanly,  
For thai thocht thai suld traistly  
For the trewys that takyn war,  
Bot I trow falset evermar  
Sall have unfayr and evill ending.

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

Schyr Edward wist of this nathing  
For off tresoun had he na thought,  
Bot for the trow he levyt nocht  
To set wachis to the castell,  
Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele  
And Nele Flemyng wachit that nycht  
With sixty men worthi and wycht.  
And als sone as the day wes cler  
Thai that within the castell wer  
Had armyt thaim and maid thaim boun

## THE BRUS

And sone thar brig avalit down  
And ischit intill gret plente,  
And quhen Nele Flemyng gan thaim se  
He send ane to the king in hy  
And said to thaim that war him by,  
'Now sall men se, Ik undretak,  
Quha dar dey for his lordis sak.  
Now ber you weill, for sekyrly  
With all this mengne fecht will I,  
Intill bargane thim hald sall we  
Quhill that our maister armyt be.'  
With that word assemblyt thai,  
Thai war to few all-out perfay  
With sic a gret rout for to fycht,  
Bot nocht-forthi with all thar mycht  
Thai dang on thaim sa hardely  
That all thar fayis had gret ferly  
That thai war all of swilk manheid  
As thai na drede had of thar dede.  
Bot thar fayis sa gane assaile  
That na worschip thar mycht availe,  
Than thai war slayne up everilkane  
Sa clene that thar eschapyt nane  
And the man that went to the king  
For to warne him of thar isching  
Warnyt him in full gret hy.

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

Schyr Edward wes commonaly  
Callyt the king of Irland.  
And quhen he hard sic thing on hand  
In full gret hast he gat his ger,  
Twelff wycht men in his chawmer wer  
That armyt thaim in full gret hy,  
Syne with his baner hardily  
The myddis of the toun he tays.  
Weill ner cummand war his fayis  
That had delt all thar men in thre,  
The Maundvell with a gret menye  
Rycht throu the toun the way held doun,  
The lave on athyr sid the toun  
Held to mete thaim that fleand war,  
Thai thought that all that thai fand thar  
Suld dey but ransoune everilkane.  
Bot uthyr-wayis the gle is gane,  
For Schyr Edward with his baner  
And his twelff I tauld you of er  
On all that route sua hardely  
Assemblyt that it wes ferly,

For Gib Harpar befor him yeid  
 That wes the douchteast in deid  
 That than wes livand off his state,  
 And with ane ax maid him sic gat  
 That he the fyrst fellyt to ground,  
 And off thre in a litill stound  
 The Maundveill be his armyng  
 He knew and roucht him sic a swyng  
 That he till erd yeid hastily.  
 Schyr Edward that wes ner him by  
 Reversyt him and with a knyff  
 Rycht in that place him reft the liff.  
 With that off Ardrossane Fergus  
 That wes a knycht rycht curageous  
 Assemblyt with sixty and ma,  
 Thai pressyt than thar fayis sua  
 That thai that saw thar lord slayne  
 Tynt hart and wald haf bene again,  
 And ay as Scottismen mycht be  
 Armyt thai come to the melle  
 And dang apon thar fayis sua  
 That thai all the bak gan ta,  
 And thai thaim chassyt to the yat,  
 Thar wes hard fycht and gret debat.  
 Thar slew Schyr Edward with his hand  
 A knycht that of all Irland  
 Was callit best and of maist bounte,  
 To surname Maundveill had he,  
 His awne name I can nocht say,  
 Bot his folk to sa hard assay  
 War set as thai of the doungoun  
 Durst opyn na yhat na brig lat doun.  
 And Schyr Edwarde, Ik tak on hand,  
 Soucht thaim that fled thar to warand  
 Sa felly that of all perfay  
 That ischyt apon him that day  
 Thar eschapyt never ane  
 That thai ne war other tane or slayn,  
 For to the fycht Maknakill then  
 Come with twa hundreth spermen  
 And thai slew all thai mycht to–wyn.  
 This ilk Maknakill with a gyn  
 Wan off thar schippis four or fyve  
 And haly reft the men thar lif.  
 Quhen end wes maid of this fechting  
 Yeit then wes lyffand Nele Fleming.  
 Schyr Edward went him for to se,  
 About him slayne lay his menye  
 All in a lump on athyr hand  
 And he redy to dey throwand.  
 Schyr Edward had of him pite

And him full gretly menyt he  
 And regratyt his gret manheid  
 And his worschip and douchty deid,  
 Sic mayn he maid men had gret ferly  
 For he wes nocht custummabilly  
 Wont for to meyne men ony thing  
 Na wald nocht her men mak menyng.  
 He stud tharby till he wes ded  
 And syne had him till haly sted  
 And him with worschip gert he be  
 Erdyt with gret solemnite.

*[Surrender of Carrickfergus Castle]*

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

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

Off him no mar now spek will we  
 Bot to King Robert will we gang  
 That we haff left unspokyn of lang.  
 Quhen he had convoyit to the se  
 His brodyr Edward and his menye  
 With schippes he maid him yar  
 Intill the Ilis for till fare  
 Walter Steward with him tuk he

His mawch and with him gret menyhe  
 And other men off gret noblay.  
 To Tarbart thai held thar way  
 In galayis ordanyt for thar far,  
 Bot thaim worthyt draw thar schippis thar,  
 And a myle wes betwix the seys  
 Bot that wes lownyt all with treis.  
 The king his schippis thar gert draw,  
 And for the wynd couth stoutly blaw  
 Apon thar bak as thai wald ga  
 He gert men rapys and mastis ta  
 And set thaim in the schippis hey  
 And sayllis to the toppis tey  
 And gert men gang tharby drawand,  
 The wynd thaim helpyt that wes blawand  
 Sua that in a litill space  
 Thar flote all our–drawin was.  
 And quhen thai that in the Ilis war  
 Hard how the gud king had thar  
 Gert his schippis with saillis ga  
 Out–our betwix the Tarbartis twa  
 Thai war abaysit sa uterly  
 For thai wyst throu auld prophecy  
 That he that suld ger schippis sua  
 Betwix thai seis with saillis ga  
 Suld wyne the Ilis sua till hand  
 That nane with strenth suld him withstand.  
 Tharfor thai come all to the king,  
 Wes nane withstud his bidding  
 Outakyn Jhone of Lorne allane,  
 Bot weill sone eftre wes he tane  
 And present rycht to the king,  
 And thai that war of his leding  
 That till the king had brokyn fay  
 War all dede and distroyit away.  
 This Jhone of Lorne the king has tane  
 And send him furth to Dunbertane  
 A quhill in presoun thar to be,  
 Syne to Louchlevyn send wes he  
 Quhar he wes quhill in festnyng,  
 I trow he maid tharin ending.  
 The king quhen all the Ilis war  
 Brocht till his liking les and mar,  
 All that sesoun thar dwellyt he  
 At huntyng gamyn and at gle.

*[Edmund de Caillou plunders the Merse]*

Quhill the king apon this maner  
 Dauntyt the Ilis as I tell her

The gud Schyr James of Douglas  
 Intill the Forest dwelland was  
 Defendand worthely the land.  
 That tyme in Berwik wes dwelland  
 Edmound de Cailow a Gascoun  
 That wes a knycht of gret renoune  
 And intill Gascoune his contre  
 Lord off gret senyours wes he.  
 He had Berwik in keping  
 And maid a prive gadering  
 And gat him a gret cumpany  
 Of wucht men armyt jolily,  
 And the nethyr end of Tevidale  
 He prayit doun till him all hale  
 And of the Mers a gret party,  
 Syne towart Berwik went in hy.  
 Schyr Adam of Gordoun that than  
 Wes becummyn Scottisman  
 Saw thaim dryf sua away thar fe  
 And wend thai had bene quhone for he  
 Saw bot the fleand scaill perfay  
 And thaim that sesyt in the pray.  
 Than till Schyr James of Douglas  
 Into gret hye the way he tais  
 And tauld how Inglismen thair pray  
 Had tane and syne went thar way  
 Toward Berwik with all thar fee,  
 And said thai quheyn war and gif he  
 Wald sped him he suld weill lichtly  
 Wyn thaim and reskew all the ky.

*[Douglas pursues, catches and kills Caillou]*

Schyr James rycht soyne gaf his assent  
 Till follow thame and furth is went  
 Bot with the men that he had thair  
 And met hym by the gat but mair.  
 Thai followit thame in full gret hy  
 And com weill neir thame hastely  
 For or thai mycht thame fully se  
 Thai come weill ner with thair menye,  
 And than bath the forreouris and the scaill  
 Intill a childrome knyt all haill  
 And wes a rycht fair cumpany.  
 Befor thame gert thai driff the ky  
 With knavis and swanys that na mycht  
 Had for to stand in feld and fycht,  
 The lave behynd thaim maid a stale.  
 The Douglas saw thar lump all hale  
 And saw thaim of sa gud covyn

And saw thai war sa mony syne  
 That thai for ane of his war twa.  
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sen it is sua  
 That we haf chassyt of sic maner  
 That we now cummyn ar sa ner  
 That we may nocht eschew the fycht  
 Bot gif we fouly ta the flycht,  
 Lat ilkane on his lemman mene  
 And how he mony tyme has bene  
 On gret thrang and weill cummyn away.  
 Think we to do rycht sua today,  
 And tak we of this furd her—by  
 Our avantage for in gret hy  
 Thai sall cum on us for to fycht.  
 Set we than will and strenth and mycht  
 For to mete thaim rycht hardely.'  
 And with that word full hastily  
 He displayit his baner  
 For his fayis war cummand ner  
 That quhen thai saw he wes sa quhoyne  
 Thocht thai suld with thaim sone haf done  
 And assemblit full hardely.  
 Thar men mycht se men fecht felly  
 And a rycht cruell melle mak  
 And mony strakys giff and tak.  
 The Douglas thar weill hard wes stad,  
 Bot the gret hardyment that he hade  
 Comfort hys men on sic a wys  
 That na man thocht on cowardys  
 Bot faucht sa fast with all thar mayn  
 That thai fele of thar fayis has slayn,  
 And thought thai be weill fer war ma  
 Than thai, yeit ure demanyt thaim sua  
 That Edmound de Cailow wes ded  
 Rycht in that ilk fechtyn—stede,  
 And all the lave fra he wes done  
 War planly discomfyt sone,  
 And thai that chassyt sum has slayn  
 And turnyt the prayis all agayn.  
 The hardast fycht forsuth this wes  
 That ever the gud lord off Douglas  
 Wes in as off sa few mengne,  
 For nocht had bene his gret bounte  
 That slew thar chyftane in that fycht  
 His men had all to dede bene dycht.  
 He had intill custoume alway  
 Quhenever he come till hard assay  
 To preys him the chiftane to sla,  
 And her fell hap that he did sua,  
 That gert him haff victour fele sys.  
 Quhen Schyr Edmound apon this wis

Wes dede the gud lord of Douglas  
 To the Forest his wayis tays.  
 His fayis gretly gan him dred,  
 The word sprang weile fer of his deid  
 Sua that in England ner tharby  
 Men spak of it commonaly.

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

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

*[Neville waits then attacks Douglas's force]*

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

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

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

*[The reputation of Douglas]*

Quhen Nevill thus was brocht to ground  
 And of Cailow auld Schyr Edmound,  
 The drede of the lord of Douglas  
 And his renoune sa scalit was  
 Throu–out the marchis of Ingland

## THE BRUS

That all that war tharin wonnand  
Dred him as the fell devill of hell,  
And yeit haf Ik hard ofsys tell  
That he sa gretly dred wes than  
That quhen wivys wald childer ban  
Thai wald rycht with ane angry face  
Betech thaim to the blak Douglas.  
A For with thair taill he wes mair fell  
B Than wes ony devill in hell.  
Throu his gret worschip and bounte  
Sua with his fayis dred wes he  
That thaim growyt to her his name.  
He may at ese now dwell at hame  
A quhill for I trow he sall nocht  
With fayis all a quhile be socht.  
Now lat him in the Forest be,  
Off him spek now no mar will we,  
Bot off Schyr Edward the worthi  
That with all his chevalry  
Wes at Cragfergus yeit liand  
To spek mar we will tak on hand.

## BOOK 16

*[King Robert goes to Ireland]*

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

Off Murreff that his nevo was,  
 Syne till the castell went thai yar  
 And maid thaim mekill fest and far.  
 Thai sojournyt that dayis thre  
 And that in myrth and jolyte.

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

King Robert apon this kyn wis  
 Intill Irland aryvit is,  
 And quhen in Cragfergus had he  
 With his men sojournyt dayis thre  
 Thai tuk to consaill that thai wald  
 With thar folk thar wayis hald  
 Throu all Irland fra end till other.  
 Schyr Edward than the kingis brother  
 Befor in the avaward raid,  
 The king himselff the rerward maid  
 That had intill his cumpany  
 The erle Thomas that wes worthi.  
 Thar wayis southwart haff thai tane  
 And sone ar passyt Inderwillane.  
 This wes in the moneth of May  
 Quhen byrdis syngis in ilk spray  
 Melland thar notis with seymly soune  
 For softnes of the swet sesoun,  
 And levys off the branchys spredis  
 And blomys brycht besid tham bredis  
 And feldis ar strowyt with flouris  
 Well saverand of ser colouris  
 And all thing worthis blyth and gay,  
 Quhen that this gud king tuk his way  
 To rid southwart as I said ar.  
 The wardane than Richard of Clar  
 Wyst the king wes aryvyt sua  
 And wyst that he schup him to ta  
 His way towart the south contre,  
 And of all Irland assemblit he  
 Bath burges and chevalry  
 And hobilleris and yhumanry  
 Quhill he had ner fourty thousand.  
 Bot he wald nocht yet tak on hand  
 With all his fayis in feld to fycht  
 Bot he umbethocht him of ane slycht,  
 That he with all his gret menye  
 Wald in a wod enbuschit be  
 All prively besid the way  
 Quhar that thar fayis suld away,  
 And lat the avaward pas fer by  
 And syne assemblit hardely

On the rerward with all thar men.  
 Thai did as thai divisyt then,  
 In ane wod thai enbuschit wer,  
 The Scottis ost raid by thaim ner  
 Bot thai na schawing of thaim maid.

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

Schyr Edward weill fer forouth rad  
 With thaim that war of his menye,  
 To the rerward na tent tuk he,  
 And Schyr Richard of Clar in hy  
 Quhen Schyr Edward wes passyt by  
 Send lycht yomen that weill couth schout  
 To bykkyr the rerward apon fute.  
 Then twa of thaim that send furth war  
 At the wod sid thaim bykkerit thar  
 And schot amang the Scottismen.  
 The king that had thar with him then  
 Weill fyve thousand wicht and worthi  
 Saw thai twa sa abandounly  
 Schut amang thaim and cum sa ner.  
 He wist rycht weill withoutyn wer  
 That thai rycht ner suppowall had,  
 Tharfor a bidding has he mad  
 That na man sall be sa hardy  
 To prik at thaim, bot sarraly  
 Rid redy ay into bataill  
 To defend gif men wald assail,  
 'For we sall sone, Ik undreta,'  
 He said, 'haf for to do with ma.'  
 Bot Schyr Colyne Cambell, that ner  
 Was by quhar thai twa yhumen wer  
 Schoutand amang thaim hardily,  
 Prykyt on thaim in full gret hy  
 And sone the tane has our-tane  
 And with the sper him sone has slane,  
 The tother turnyt and schot agayne  
 And at the schot his hors has slane.  
 With that the king come hastily  
 And intill his malancole  
 With a trounsoun intill hys new  
 To Schyr Colyne sic dusche he geve  
 That he dynnyt on his arsoun,  
 Than bad he smertly tit him down.  
 Bot other lordis that war him by  
 Ameyssyt the king into party,  
 And he said, 'Breking of bidding  
 Mycht caus all our discumfiting.  
 Weyne ye yone ribaldis durst assaill

Us sa ner intill our bataill  
 Bot giff thai had suppowaill ner.  
 I wate rycht weill withoutyn wer  
 That we sall haf to do in hy,  
 Tharfor luk ilk man be redy.'  
 With that weill neir thretty or ma  
 Off bowmen come and bykyrit sua  
 That thai hurt off the kingis men.  
 The king has gert his archeris then  
 Schoute for to put thai men agayn.  
 With that thai entryt in a playn  
 And saw arayit agayn thaim stand  
 In four bataillis fourty thousand.  
 The king said, 'Now, lordingis, lat se  
 Quha worthy in this fycht sall be,  
 On thaim foroutyn mar abaid.'

*[The fight and victory of King Robert]*

Sa stoutly than on thaim thai raid  
 And assemblyt sa hardely  
 That off thar fayis a gret party  
 War laid at erd at thar meting.  
 Thar wes off speris sic bristing  
 As ather apon other raid  
 That it a wele gret frusch has maid,  
 Hors come thar fruschand heid for heid  
 Sua that fele on the ground felle deid.  
 Mony a wycht and worthi man  
 As ather apon other ran  
 War duschyt dede down to the ground,  
 The red blud out off mony a wound  
 Ruschyt in sa gret foysoun than  
 That off the blud the stremys ran.  
 And thai that wraith war and angry  
 Dang on other sa hardily  
 With wapnys that war brycht and bar  
 That mony a gud man deyit thar,  
 For thai that hardy war and wycht  
 And frontlynys with thar fayis gan fycht  
 Pressyt thaim formast for to be.  
 Thar mycht men cruell bargane se  
 And hard bataill. Ik tak on hand  
 In all the wer off Irland  
 Sa hard a fechting wes nocht sene,  
 The—quheter of gret victours nynteyne  
 Schyr Edward has withoutyn wer,  
 And into les than in thre yer,  
 And in syndry bataillis of tha  
 Vencussyt thretty thousand and ma

With trappyt hors rycht to the fete,  
 Bot in all tymys he wes yete  
 Ay ane for fyve quhen lest wes he.  
 Bot the king into this melle  
 Had always aucht of his fa-men  
 For ane, bot he sua bar him then  
 That his gud deid and his bounte  
 Confortyt sua all his menye  
 That the mast coward hardy wes,  
 For quhar he saw the thikkest pres  
 Sa hardely on thaim he raid  
 That thar about him roume he maid,  
 And Erle Thomas the worthi  
 Wes in all tyme ner him by  
 And faucht as he war in a rage,  
 Sua that for thar gret vasselage  
 Thar men sic gret hardyment gan tak  
 That thai na perell wald forsak  
 Bot thaim abandound sa stoutly  
 And dang apon thaim sa hardely  
 That all thar fayis affrayit war.  
 And thai that saw weill be thar far  
 That thai eschewyt sumdele the fycht  
 Than dang thai on with all thar mycht  
 And pressit thame dyngand so fast  
 That thai the bak gaf at the last,  
 And thai that saw thaim tak the flicht  
 Pressit thame than with all thare mycht  
 And in thar fleyng fele gan sla.  
 The kingis men has chassyt sua  
 That thai war scalyt everilkane.  
 Rychard off Clar the way has tane  
 To Devillyne into full gret hy  
 With other lordys that fled him by  
 And warnysyt bath castellis and townys  
 That war in thar possessiounys.  
 Thai war sa felly fleyit thar  
 That I trow Schyr Richard off Clar  
 Sall haiff na will to faynd his mycht  
 In bataill na in fors to fycht  
 Quhill King Robert and his menye  
 Is dwelland in that cuntre.  
 Thai stuffyt strenthis on this wis,  
 And the king that wes to pris  
 Saw in the feld rycht mony slane,  
 And ane of thaim that thar wes tane  
 That wes arayit jolyly  
 He saw greyt wonder tenderly,  
 And askyt him quhy he maid sic cher.  
 He said him, 'Schyr, withoutyn wer  
 It is na wonder thocht I gret.

## THE BRUS

I se fele her lossyt the suet,  
The flour of all north Irland  
That hardyast war of thar hand  
And mast doutyt in hard assay.'  
The king said, 'Thou dois wrang perfay,  
Thou has mar caus myrthis to ma  
For thou the dede eschapyt sua.'

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

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

For certis I trow thar is no man  
 That he ne will rew a woman than.<sup>1</sup>  
 His ost all thar arestyt he  
 And gert a tent sone stentit be  
 And gert hyr gang in hastily,  
 And other wemen to be hyr by.  
 Quhill scho wes deliver he bad  
 And syne furth on his wayis raid,  
 And how scho furth suld caryit be  
 Or ever he furth fur ordanyt he.  
 This wes a full gret curtasy  
 That swilk a king and sa mychty  
 Gert his men dwell on this maner  
 Bot for a pouer lauender.  
 Agayne northwart thai tuk thar way  
 Throu all Irland than perfay,  
 Throu all Connach rycht to Devillyne,  
 And throu all Myth and Irell syne  
 And Monester and Lenester,  
 And syne haly throu Ulsister,  
 To Cragfergus foroutyn bataill,  
 For thar wes nane durst thaim assaill.

*[Edward Bruce and the Irish kings; his failings]*

The kingis off Irchery  
 Come to Schyr Edward halily  
 And thar manredyn gan him ma  
 Bot giff that it war ane or twa.  
 Till Cragfergus thai come again,  
 In all that way wes nane bargain  
 Bot giff that ony poynye wer  
 That is nocht for to spek of her.  
 The Irsche kingis than everilkane  
 Hame till thar awne repayr ar gane,  
 And undretuk in allkyn thing  
 For till obey to the bidding  
 Off Schyr Edward that thar king callit thay.  
 He wes now weill set in gud way  
 To conquer the land halyly,  
 For he had apon his party  
 The Irschery and Ulsyster,  
 And he wes sa furth on his wer  
 That he wes passyt throu Irland  
 Fra end till uthyr throu strenth of hand.  
 Couth he haf governyt him throu skill  
 And folowyt nocht to fast his will  
 Bot with mesur haf led his dede  
 It wes weill lik withoutyn drede  
 That he mycht haiff conqueryt weill

The land of Irland ilkadele,  
 Bot his outrageous sucquedry  
 And will that wes mar than hardy  
 Off purpose lettyt him perfay,  
 As Ik herefter sall you say,

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

Now leve we her the noble king  
 All at his ese and his liking,  
 And spek we of the lord of Douglas  
 That left to kep the marches was.  
 He gert set wrychtis that war sleye  
 And in the halche of Lintaile  
 He gert thaim mak a fayr maner,  
 And quhen the housis biggit wer  
 He gert purvay him rycht weill thar  
 For he thocht to mak ane infar  
 And to mak gud cher till his men.  
 In Rychmound wes wonnand then  
 Ane erle that men callit Schyr Thomas,  
 He had invy at the Douglas  
 And said gif that he his baner  
 Mycht se displayit apon wer  
 That sone assemble on it suld he.  
 He hard how the Douglas thocht to be  
 At Lyntailey and fest to ma,  
 And he had wittering weill alsua  
 That the king and a gret menye  
 War passyt than of the countre  
 And the erle of Murref Thomas,  
 Tharfor he thocht the countre was  
 Febill of men for to withstand  
 Men that thame soucht with stalwart hand,  
 And of the marchis than had he  
 The governaile and the pouste.  
 He gaderyt folk about him then  
 Quhill he wes ner ten thousand men,  
 And wod-axys gert with him tak  
 For he thocht he his men wald mak  
 To hew Jedwort Forrest sa clene  
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.  
 Thai held thaim forthwart on thar way,  
 Bot the gud lord Douglas that ay  
 Had spyis out on ilka sid  
 Had gud wittering that thai wald rid  
 And cum apon him suddanly.  
 Than gaderyt he rycht hastily  
 Thaim that he moucht of his menye,

## THE BRUS

I trow that than with him had he  
Fyfty that worthy war and wicht  
At all poynt armyt weill and dycht,  
And off archeris a gret menye  
Assemblyt als with him had he.  
A place thar was thar in the way  
Quhar he thocht weill thai suld away  
That had wod apon athyr sid,  
The entre wes weill large and wid  
And as a scheid it narowit ay  
Quhill at intill a place the way  
Wes nocht a pennystane cast of breid.  
The lord of Douglas thidder yeid  
Quhen he wyst thai war ner cummand,  
And a-lauch on the ta hand  
All his archeris enbuschit he  
And bad thaim hald thaim all preve  
Quhill that thai hard him rays the cry,  
And than suld schut hardely  
Amang thar fayis and sow thaim sar  
Quhill that he throu thaim passyt war,  
And syne with him furth hald suld thai.  
Than byrkis on athyr sid the way  
That young and thik war growand ner  
He knyt togidder on sic maner  
That men moucht nocht weill throu thaim rid.

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

Quhen this wes done he gan abid  
Apon the tother half the way,  
And Richmound in gud aray  
Come ridand in the fyrst escheill.  
The lord Douglas has sene him weill  
And gert his men all hald thaim still  
Quhill at thar hand thai come thaim till  
And entryt in the narrow way,  
Than with a schout on thaim schot thai  
And criyt on hycht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
The Richmound than that worthi was  
Quhen he has hard sua rais the cry  
And Douglas baner saw planly  
He dressyt thidderwart in hy  
And thai come on sa hardily  
That thai throu thaim maid thaim the way,  
All that thai met till erd bar thai.  
The Richmound borne down thar was,  
On him arestyt the Douglas  
And him reversyt and with a knyff  
Rycht in that place reft him the lyff.

Ane hat apon his helm he bar  
 And that tuk with him Douglas thar  
 In taknyng, for it furryt was,  
 And syne in hy thar wayis tays  
 Quhill in the wod thai entryt war.  
 The archeris weill has borne thaim thar  
 For weill and hardily schot thai.  
 The Inglis rout in gret affray  
 War set, for Douglas suddanly  
 With all thaim of his cumpany  
 Or ever thai wyst wes in thar rout  
 And thyrlyt thaim weill ner throchout,  
 And had almost all doyn his deid  
 Or thai to help thaim couth tak heid.  
 And quhen thai saw thar lord slayn  
 Thai tuk him up and turnyt agayn  
 To draw thaim fra the schot away,  
 Than in a plane assemblit thai  
 And for thar lord that thar wes dede  
 Thai schup thaim in that ilk sted  
 For to tak herbery all that nycht.  
 And than the Douglas that wes wicht  
 Gat wyttyng ane clerk Elys  
 With weill thre hunder ennymys  
 All straucht to Lintaile war gayn  
 And herbery for thar ost had tane.  
 Than thidder is he went in hy  
 With all thaim of his cumpany  
 And fand clerk Elys at the mete  
 And his round about him set,  
 And thai come on thaim stoutly thar  
 And with swerdis that scharply schar  
 Thai servyt thaim full egrely.  
 Slayn war thai full grevously  
 That wele ner eschapyt nane,  
 Thai servyt thaim on sa gret wane  
 With scherand swerdis and with knyffis  
 That weile ner all left the lyvys.  
 Thai had a felloun efter mes,  
 That sourchargis to chargand wes.  
 Thai that eschapyt thar throu cas  
 Rycht till the ost the wayis tais  
 And tauld how that thar men war slayn  
 Sa clene that ner eschapyt nane.  
 And quhen thai of thar ost had herd  
 How that the Douglas with thaim ferd  
 That had thar herbryouris slane  
 And ruschyt all thaim self agayn  
 And slew thar lord in—myd thar rout,  
 Thar wes nane of thaim all sa stout  
 That mar will than had till assaile

The Douglas, tharfor to consaill  
 Thai yeid and to purpose has tane  
 To wend hamwart, and hamwart ar gan  
 And sped thaim sua apon thar way  
 That in Ingland sone cummyn ar thai.  
 The forest left thai standand still,  
 To hew it than thai had na will  
 Specially quhill the Douglas  
 Sua ner-hand by thar nychtbur was.  
 And he that saw thaim torne agayn  
 Persavyt weill thar lord wes slayn  
 And be the hat that he had tane  
 He wist alsua weill, for ane  
 That takyn wes said him suthly  
 That Rychmound commounly  
 Wes wount that furreyt hat to wer.  
 Than Douglas blythar wes than er  
 For he wist weill that Rychmound  
 His felloun fa wes brocht to the ground.

*[A comparison of Douglas's exploits]*

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

That had thar in his cumpany  
 Thre hunder horsyt jolyly.  
 This Schyr Jhone intill playn melle  
 Throu soverane hardiment and bounte  
 Vencussyt thaim sturdely ilkan  
 And Schyr Andrew in hand has tane,  
 I will nocht rehers the maner  
 For quha—sa likis thai may her  
 Young wemen quhen thai will play  
 Syng it amang thaim ilk day.  
 Thir war the worthi poyntis thre  
 That I trow evermar sall be  
 Prissyt quhile men may on thaim mene.  
 It is well worth foroutyn wene  
 That thar namys for evermar,  
 That in thar tym sua worthi war  
 That men till her yeit has daynte,  
 For thar worschip and thar bounte  
 Be lestand ay furth in loving,  
 Quhar He that is of hevynnys king  
 Bring thaim he up till hevynnys blis  
 Quhar allwayis lestand loving is.

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

In this tym that the Richmound  
 Was on this maner brocht to ground  
 Men off the cost off Inland  
 That dwelt on Humbre or nerhand  
 Gaderyt thaim a gret mengne  
 And went in schippes to the se,  
 And towart Scotland went in hy  
 And in the Fyrth come hastely.  
 Thai wend till haiff all thar liking  
 For thai wist weile that the king  
 Wes then fer out of the countre,  
 With him mony of gret bounte,  
 Tharfor into the Fyrth come thai  
 And endlang it up held thai  
 Quhill thai besid Ennerkething  
 On west half towart Dunferlyng  
 Tuk land and fast begouth to ryve.  
 The erle of Fyff and the schyrreff  
 Saw to thar cost schippis approchand  
 Thai gaderyt to defend thar land  
 And a—forgayn the schippis ay  
 As thai saillyt thai held thar way  
 And thocht to let thaim land to tak.  
 And quhen the schipmen saw thaim mak  
 Swilk contenance in sic aray

Thai said amang thaim all that thai  
 Wald nocht let for thaim land to ta,  
 Than to the land thai sped thaim sua  
 That thai come thar in full gret hy  
 And aryvyt full hardely.  
 The Scottismen saw thar cummyng  
 And had of thaim sic abasing  
 That thai all samyn raid thaim fra  
 And the land letles lete thaim ta.  
 Thai durst nocht fecht with thaim, forthi  
 Thai withdrew thaim all halily  
 The—quhethyr thai war fyve hunder ner.

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

Quhen thai away thus ridand wer  
 And na defens begouth to schape,  
 Off Dunkeldyn the gud byschap  
 That men callyt Wilyam the Sanctecler  
 Come with a rout in gud maner.  
 I trow on hors thai war sixty,  
 Himselff was armyt jolyly  
 And raid apon a stalwart sted,  
 A chemer for till hele his wed  
 Apon his armour had he then  
 And armyt weill als war his men.  
 The erle and the schyrreff met he  
 Awaywart with thar gret menye,  
 And askyt thaim weill sone quhat hy  
 Maid thaim to turne sa hastily.  
 Thai said thar fayis with stalwart hand  
 Had in sic foysoun takyn the land  
 That thai thocht thaim all out to fele  
 And thaim to few with thaim to dele.  
 Quhen the bischap hard it wes sua  
 He said, 'The king aucht weill to ma  
 Off you, that takys sa wele on hand  
 In his absence to wer his land.  
 Certis giff he gert serff you weill  
 The gilt spuris rycht be the hele  
 He suld in hy ger hew you fra,  
 Rycht wald with cowartis men did sua.  
 Quha luffis his lord or his cuntre  
 Turne smertly now agayne with me.'  
 With that he kest of his chemer  
 And hynt in hand a stalwart sper  
 And raid towart his fayis in hy,  
 All turnyt with him halyly  
 For he had thaim reprovyt sua  
 That off thaim all nane fled him fra.

He raid befor thaim sturdely  
 And thai him folowyt sarraly  
 Quhill that thai come ner approchand  
 To thar fayis that had tane land,  
 And sum war knyht in gud aray  
 And sum war went to the foray.  
 The gud bischap quhen he thaim saw  
 He said, 'Lordingis, but drede or aw  
 Pryk we apon thaim hardely  
 And we sall haf thaim wele lychtly.  
 Se thai us cum but abaysing  
 Sua that we mak her na stinting  
 Thai sall weill sone discumfyt be.  
 Now dois weill, for men sall se  
 Quha luffis the kingis mensk today.'  
 Than all togidder in gud aray  
 Thai prekyt apon thaim sturdely,  
 The byschap that wes rycht hardy  
 And mekill and stark raid forouth ay.  
 Than in a frusche assemblit thai,  
 And thai that at the fryst meting  
 Feld off the speris sa sar sowing  
 Wandyst and wald haiff bene away,  
 Towart thar schippis in hy held thai,  
 And thai thaim chassyt fellounly  
 And slew thaim sua dispitously  
 That all the feldis strowyt war  
 Off Inglismen that slane war thar,  
 And thai yeyt that held unslayne  
 Pressyt to the se agayne,  
 And Scottismen that chassyt sua  
 Slew all that ever thai mycht ourta.  
 Bot thai that fled yeit nocht–forthi  
 Sua to thar schippis gan thaim hy,  
 And in sum barge sua fele gan ga  
 And thar fayis hastyt thaim sua  
 That thai our–tumblyt and the men  
 That war tharin war drownyt then.  
 Thar did ane Inglisman perfay  
 A weill gret strenth as Ik hard say,  
 For quhen he chassyt wes till his bat  
 A Scottisman that him handlyt hat  
 He hynt than be the armys twa,  
 And, war him wele or war him wa,  
 He evyn apon his bak him slang  
 And with him to the bat gan gang  
 And kest him in all mawgre his,  
 This wes a wele gret strenth i–wis.  
 The Inglismen that wan away  
 To thar schippis in hy went thai  
 And saylyt hame angry and wa

That thai had bene rebutyt sua.

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

Quhen that the schipmen on this wis  
 War discumfyt as I devys  
 The byschap that sa weill him bar  
 That he all hartyt that thar war  
 Was yeyt into the fechtyn–sted  
 Quhar that fyve hunder ner war ded  
 Foroutyn thaim that drownyt war,  
 And quhen the feld was spulyeit bar  
 Thai went all hame to thar repar.  
 To the byschap is fallyn fayr  
 That throu his price and his bounte  
 Wes eschevyt swilk a journe.  
 The king tharfor ay fra that day  
 Him luffyt and prisyt and honoryt ay  
 And held him in suylyk daynte  
 That his awne bischop him callit he.  
 Thus thai defendyt the countre  
 Apon bath halffis the Scottis se  
 Quhill that the king wes out off land  
 That than as Ik haf borne on hand  
 Throu all Irland his cours had maid  
 And agane to Cragfergus raid.  
 And quhen his broder as he war king  
 Had all the Irschery at bidding  
 And haly Ulsistre alsua  
 He buskyt hame his way to ta.  
 Off his men that war mast hardy  
 And prisyt mast of chevalry  
 With his broder gret part left he,  
 And syne is went him to the se.  
 Quhen thar levys on ather party  
 Wes tane he went to schip him in hy,  
 The Erle Thomas with him he had,  
 Thai raissyt sayllis but abaid  
 And in land off Galloway  
 Forout perell aryvyt thai.

## BOOK 17

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

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

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

## THE BRUS

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

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

To Duns Park with his menye  
He come at evyn prively,  
And syne with a gud cumpany  
Sone eftyr come the Erle Thomas  
That wes met with the lord Douglas.  
A rycht fayr cumpany thai war  
Quhen thai war met togidder thar,  
And quhen the marchell the covyn  
To bath the lordis lyne be lyne  
Had tauld, thai went furth on thar way.

## THE BRUS

Fer fra the toun thar hors left thai,  
To mak it schort sua wrocht thai then  
That but seyng off ony men  
Outane Sym of Spaldyn allane  
That gert that deid be undertane  
Thai set thar leddrys to the wall,  
And but persaving come up all  
And held thaim in a nuk preve  
Quhill that the nycht suld passit be,  
And ordanyt that the maist party  
Off thar men suld gang sarraly  
With thar lordis and hald a stale,  
And the remanand suld all hale  
Skail throu the toun and tak or sla  
The men that thai mycht ourta.  
Bot sone this ordynance brak thai,  
For alsone as it dawyt day  
The twa partis off thar men and ma  
All scalyt throu the toun gan ga.  
Sa gredy war thai to the gud  
That thai ran rycht as thai war woud  
And sesyt housis and slew men,  
And thai that saw thar fayis then  
Cum apon thaim sa suddanly  
Throu-out the toun thai raissyt the cry  
And schot togidder her and thar,  
As ay as thai assemblyt war  
Thai wald abid and mak debate.  
Had thai bene warnyt wele I wate  
Thai suld haiff sauld thar dedis der  
For thai war gud men and thai wer  
Fer ma than thai were that thaim socht,  
Bot thai war scalyt that thai mocht  
On na maner assemblyt be.  
Thar war gret melleys twa or thre,  
Bot Scottismen sa weile thaim bar  
That thar fayis ay ruschyt war  
And contraryit at the last war sua  
That thai haly the bak gan ta,  
Sum gat the castell bot nocht all  
And sum ar slydyn our the wall  
And sum war intill handis tane  
And sum war intill bargane slane.  
On this wis thaim contenynt thai  
Quhill it wes ner none of the day,  
Than thai that in the castell war  
And other that fled to thaim thar  
That war a rycht gret cumpany  
Quhen thai the baneris saw simply  
Standand and stuffyt with a quhone  
Thar yattis haff thai opnyt sone

And ischit on thaim hardely.  
 Than the Erle Thomas that wes worthi  
 And the gud lord als of Douglas  
 With the few folk that with thaim was  
 Met thaim stoutly with wapnys ser.  
 Thar mycht men se that had bene ner  
 Men abandoune thaim hardely.

*[The town of Berwick falls]*

The Inglismen faucht cruelly  
 And with all mychtis gan thaim payn  
 To rusche the Scottis men agayn.  
 I trow thai had done sua perfay  
 For thai war fewar fer than thai  
 Giff it na had bene a new-mad knyght  
 That till his name Schyr Wilyam hycht,  
 Off Keyth and off Gallistoun  
 He hycht throu difference of sournoune,  
 That bar him sa rycht weill that day  
 And put him till sua hard assay  
 And sic dyntis about him dang  
 That quhar he saw the thikkest thrang  
 He pressyt with sa mekill mycht  
 And sua enforslye gan fycht  
 That he maid till his mengne way,  
 And thai that ner war by him ay  
 Dang on thar fayis sua hardely  
 That thai haff tane the bak in hy  
 And till the castell held the way,  
 And at gret myscheiff entryt thai  
 For thai war pressyt thar sa fast  
 That thai fele lesyt of the last.  
 Bot thai that entryt nocht-forthi  
 Sparyt thar yattis hastily  
 And in hy to the wallis ran  
 For thai war nocht all sekyl than.

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

The toun wes takyn on this wis  
 Throu gret worschip and hey empris,  
 And all the gud that thai thar fand  
 Wes sesyt smertly intill hand.  
 Vittail they fand in gret foysoun  
 And all that fell to stuff off toun  
 That kepyt thai fra destroying,  
 And syn has word send to the king,  
 And he wes off that tything blyth

And sped him thidderwart swith  
 And as he throu the cuntre raid  
 Men gaderyt till him quhill he haid  
 A mekill rout of worthi men,  
 And the folk that war wonnand then  
 Intill the Mers and Tevidaill  
 And in the Forest als all hale  
 And the est end off Lothiane  
 Befor that the king come ar gane  
 To Berwik with sa stalwart hand  
 That nane that wes that tyme wonnand  
 On yond half Tweid durst weil apper.  
 And thai that in the castell wer  
 Quhen thai thar fayis in sic plente  
 Saw forouth thaim assemblyt be  
 And had na hop of reskewing  
 Thai war abaysit in gret thing,  
 Bot thai the castell nocht–forthi  
 Held thai fyve dayis sturdely  
 Syne yauld it on the sext day,  
 And till thar countre syne went thai.

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

Thus wes the castell and the toun  
 Till Scottis mennys possessioun  
 Brocht, and sone eftre he king  
 Come ridand with his gadering  
 To Berwik, and in the castell  
 He wes herbrid bath fayr and weill  
 And all his lordis him by,  
 The remanand commonaly  
 Till herbry till the toun ar gane.  
 The king has then to consaill tan  
 That he wald nocht brek down the wall  
 Bot castell and the toun withhall  
 Stuff weill with men and with vittail  
 And alkyn other apparaill  
 That mycht availe or ellis myster  
 To hald castell or toun off wer,  
 And Walter Stewart of Scotland  
 That than wes young and avenand  
 And sone–in–laucht wes to the king  
 Haid sa gret will and sic yarnyng  
 Ner–hand the marchis for to be  
 That Berwik to yemsell tuk he,  
 And resavit of the king the toun  
 And the castell and the dongeoun.  
 The king gert men of gret noblay

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

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

Quhen to the king of Ingland  
 Was tauld how that with stalwart hand  
 Berwik wes tane and stuffyt syn  
 With men and vittaille and armyn  
 He wes anoyit gretumly  
 And gert assermbill all halely  
 His consaill, and has tane to reid  
 That he hys ost will thidder leid  
 And with all mycht that he mycht get  
 To the toune ane assege set,  
 And gert dyk thaim sa stalwartly  
 That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly

Thai suld fer out the traister be.  
 And gif the men of the contre  
 With strenth of men wald thaim assaill  
 At thar dykis into bataill  
 Thai suld advantage have gretly,  
 Thocht all Scottis for gret foly  
 War till assaill into fechting  
 At hys dykis sa stark a thing.  
 Quhen this consaill on this maner  
 Wes tane he gert bath fer and ner  
 Hys ost haly assemblyt be,  
 Ane gret folk than with him had he.  
 Off Longcastell the Erle Thomas  
 That syne wes sanct as men sayis  
 In his cumpany wes thar  
 And all the erllys that als war  
 In Inland worthi for to fycht,  
 And baronys als of mekill mycht  
 With him to that assege had he,  
 And gert his schippis by the se  
 Bring schot and other apparaill  
 And gret warnysone of vittaill.  
 To Berwik with all his menye  
 With his bataillis arayit come he,  
 And till gret lordis ilkane sindry  
 Ordanyt a feld for thar herbry.  
 Than men mycht sone se pailyounys  
 Be stentyt of syndry fassounys  
 That thai a toun all sone maid thar  
 Mar than bath toun and castell war.  
 On other half syne on the se  
 The schippis come in sic plente  
 With vittaill armyng and with men  
 That all the havyn wes stoppyt then.  
 And quhen thai that war in the toun  
 Saw thar fayis in sic foysoun  
 Be land and se cum sturdely,  
 Thai as wycht men and rycht worthi  
 Schup thaim to defend thar steid  
 That thai in aventur of deid  
 Suld put thaim or than rusch agane  
 Thar fayis, for thar capitane  
 Tretyt thaim sa luflely,  
 And thar-with-all the mast party  
 Off thaim that armyt with him wer  
 War of his blud and sib him ner,  
 Or ellis war his elye.  
 Off sic confort men mycht thaim se  
 And of sa rycht far contenyng  
 As nane of thaim had abaysing.  
 On dayis armyt weill war thai

And on the nycht wele walkyt ay,  
 Weill sex dayis sua thai abaid  
 That na full gret bargane haid.

*[The English assault the town by land]*

Intill this tyme that I tell her  
 That thai withoutyn bargayne wer  
 The Inglismen sa clossyt had  
 Thar ost with dykis that thai maid  
 That thai war strenthit gretumly.  
 Syne with all handis besely  
 Thai schup thaim with thair apparail  
 Thaim of the toun for till assaill,  
 And of our ladys evyn Mary  
 That bar the byrth that all gan by  
 That men callis hyr nativite  
 Sone in the mornyng men mycht se  
 The Inglis ost arme thaim in hy  
 And display baneris sturdely,  
 And assemblill to thar baneris  
 With instrumentis of ser maneris  
 As scaffoldis leddris and covering  
 Pikkys, howis and with staff-slyng.  
 Till ilk lord and his bataill  
 Wes ordanyt quhar he suld assaill.  
 And thai within, quhen that thai saw  
 That mengne raung thaim sua on raw  
 Till thar wardis thai went in hy  
 That war stuffyt rycht stalwartly  
 With stanyis and schot and other thing  
 That nedyt to thar defending,  
 And into sic maner abaid  
 Thair fayis that till assail thaim maid.  
 Quhen thai without war all redy  
 Thai trumpyt till asalt in hy,  
 And ilk man with his apparail  
 Quhar he suld be went till assaill,  
 Till ilk kyrnell that war thar  
 Archeris to schut assignyt war,  
 And quhen on this wys thai war boun  
 Thai went in hy towart the toun  
 And fillyt the dykis hastily,  
 Syne to the wall rycht hardely  
 Thai went with leddris that thai haid.  
 Bot thai sa gret defend has maid  
 That war abovyne apon the wall  
 That oft leddris and men with-all  
 Thai gert fall flatlingis to the ground,  
 That men mycht se in a litill stound

Men assailand hardely  
 Dressand up leddris douchtely  
 And sum on leddris pressand war.  
 Bot thai that on the wall war thar  
 Till all perellis gan abandoun  
 Thaim till thar fayis war dongyn doun.  
 At gret myscheff defendyt thai  
 Thar toun, for, giff we suth sall say,  
 The wallis of the toun than wer  
 Sa law that a man with a sper  
 Mycht stryk ane other up in the face,  
 And the schot alsa thik thar was  
 That it war wondre for to se.  
 Walter Stewart with a menye  
 Raid ay about for to se quhar  
 That for to help mast myster war,  
 And quhar men presit mast he maid  
 Succour till his that myster haid.  
 The mekill folk that wes without  
 Haid enveronyt the toun about  
 Sua that na part of it wes fre.  
 Thar mycht men the assailiaris se  
 Abandoun thaim rycht hardely,  
 And the defendouris douchtely  
 With all thar mychtis gan thaim payn  
 To put thar fayis with force agayn.

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

On this wis thaim contenynt thai  
 Quhill none wes passit off the day,  
 Than thai that in the schippis wer  
 Ordanyt a schip with full gret fer  
 To cum with all hyr apparail  
 Rycht to the wall for till assaill.  
 Till myd-mast up thar bat thai drew  
 With armyt men tharin inew,  
 A brig thai had for to lat fall  
 Rycht fra the bat apon the wall,  
 With bargis by hir gan thai row  
 And pressyt thaim rycht fast to tow  
 Hyr by the brighous to the wall,  
 On that entent thai set thaim all.  
 Thai brocht hyr quhill scho come well ner,  
 Than mycht men se on seir maner  
 Sum men defend and sum assaill  
 Full besyly with gret travaill.  
 Within sa stoutly thai thaim bar  
 That the schipmen sa handlyt war  
 That thai the schip on na maner

Mycht ger to cum the wall sa ner  
 That thar fall—brig mycht neych thartill  
 For oucht thai mycht gud or ill,  
 Quhill that scho ebyt on the grund,  
 Than mycht men in a litill stound  
 Se thaim be fer of wer covyn  
 Than thai war er that war hyr in.  
 And quhen the se wes ebyt sua  
 That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,  
 Out off the toun ischit in hy  
 Till hyr a weill gret cumpany  
 And fyr till hyr has keyndlyt son.  
 Into schort tyme sua haif thai done  
 That thai in fyr has gert hyr bryn  
 And sum war slayn that war hyr in  
 And sum fled and away ar gane.  
 Ane engynour thar haif thai tane  
 That wes sleast of that myster  
 That men wist ony fer or ner,  
 Intill the toun syne entryt thai.  
 It fell thaim happily perfay  
 That thai gat in sa hastily  
 For thar come a gret cumpany  
 In full gret hy up by the se  
 Quhen thai the schip saw brynnand be,  
 Bot or thai come, the tother war past  
 The yat and barryt it rycht fast.  
 That folk assaylyt fast that day,  
 And thai within defendyt ay  
 On sic a wis that thai that war  
 With gret enforce assailland thar  
 Mycht do thar will on na maner.  
 And quhen that evynsang tym wes ner  
 The folk without that war wery  
 And sum woundyt full cruelly  
 Saw thaim within defend thaim sua,  
 And saw it wes nocht eyth to ta  
 The toun quhill sic defens wes mad,  
 And thai that intill stering had  
 The ost saw that thar schip war brynt  
 And of thaim that tharin wes tynt,  
 And thar folk woundyt and wery,  
 Thai gert blaw the retreit in hy.  
 Fra the schipmen rebotyt war  
 Thai lete the tother assaill no mar,  
 For throu the schip thai wend ilkan  
 That thai the toun wele suld haf tane.  
 Men sayis that ma schippis than sua  
 Pressyt that tym the toun to ta,  
 Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane  
 And the engynour tharin wes tane

## THE BRUS

Her—befor mencioune maid I  
Bot off a schip allanerly.

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

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

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

*[The battle at Myton-on-Swale]*

Sua lang thai raid destroyand sua  
 As thai traversyt to and fra  
 That thai ar cummyn to Repoun  
 And destroyit haly that toun,  
 At Borowbrig syne thar herbry  
 Thai tuk and at Mytoun tharby.  
 And quhen the men of that countre  
 Saw thar land sua destroyit be  
 Thai gaderyt into full gret hy  
 Archeris burges and yhumanry  
 Preystis clerkys monkis and freris  
 Husbandis and men of all maneris  
 Quhill that thai samyn assemblit war  
 Wele twenty thousand men and mar,  
 Rycht gud armys inew thai had.  
 The archebyschop of York thai mad  
 Thar capitane, and to consaill  
 Has tane that thai in plane bataill  
 Wald assaill the Scottismen  
 That fewar than thai war then.  
 Than he displayit his baner  
 And other byschappis that thar wer  
 Gert display thar baneris alsua,  
 All in a rout furth gan thai ga  
 Towart Mytoun the redy way.  
 And quhen the Scottismen hard say  
 Thai war to thaim cummand ner  
 Thai buskyt thaim on thar best maner  
 And delyt thaim in bataillis twa,  
 Douglas the avaward gan ma,  
 The rerward maid Erle Thomas  
 For chyftane of the ost he was

And sua ordanyt in gud aray  
 Towart thar fayis thai held thar way.  
 Quhen athyr had on other sycht  
 Thai pressyt on bath half to the fycht.  
 The Inglismen come rycht sadly  
 With gud contenance and hardy  
 Rycht in a frusch with thar baner  
 Quhill thar fayis come sa ner  
 That thai thar visag mycht se,  
 Thre sper lenth I trow weill mycht be  
 Betwix thaim, quhen sic abasing  
 Tuk thaim that but mar in a swyng  
 Thai gaff the bak all and to-ga.  
 Quhen the Scottismen had sene thaim sua  
 Effrayitly fle all thar way  
 In gret hy apon thaim schot thai  
 And slew and tuk a gret party,  
 The laiff fled full effrayitly  
 As thai best moucht to sek warand.  
 Thai chassyt sa ner at hand  
 That ner a thousand deyt thar.  
 Off thaim yet thre hunder war  
 Preystis that deyt in that chas,  
 Tharfor that bargane callit was  
 The chaptur of Mytone for thar  
 Slayn sa mony prestis war.

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

Quhen this folk thus discomfyt was  
 And Scottismen had left the chas  
 Thai went thaim forthward in the land  
 Slayand sua and destroyand,  
 And thai that at the sege lay  
 Or it wes passyt the fyft day  
 Had maid thaim syndry apparal  
 To gang eftsonys till assaill.  
 Off gret gestis a sow thai maid  
 That stalwart heildyne aboun it had  
 With armyt men inew tharin  
 And instrumentis for to myne,  
 Syndry scaffaldis thai maid withall  
 That war weill heyar than the wall,  
 And ordanyt als that be the se  
 The toun suld weill assaillyt be.  
 Thai within that saw thaim sua  
 Sua gret apparaill schap to ma  
 Throu Crabys consaill that wes sley  
 A crane thai haiff gert dres up hey

Rynnand on quheillis that thai mycht bring  
 It quhar that nede war of helping,  
 And pyk and ter als haiff thai tane  
 And lynt and herdis and brynstane  
 And dry treyis that weill wald brin  
 And mellyt ather other in,  
 And gret fagaldis tharoff thai maid  
 Gyrdyt with irne bandis braid,  
 The fagaldis weill mycht mesuryt be  
 Till a gret townys quantite.  
 Thai fagaldis brynnand in a baill  
 With thar cran thocht thai till availl,  
 And gyff the sow come to the wall  
 To let it brynnand on hyr fall  
 And with stark cheneis hald it thar  
 Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.  
 Engynys alsua for to cast  
 Thai ordanyt and maid redy fast  
 And set ilk man syne till his ward,  
 And Schyr Walter the gud Steward  
 With armyt men suld rid about  
 And se quhar that thar war mast dout  
 And succour thar with his menye.  
 And quhen thai in sic degre  
 Had maid thaim for defending,  
 On the Rud Evyn in the dawning  
 The Inglis ost blew till assaill.  
 Than mycht men with ser apparail  
 Se that gret ost cum sturdely,  
 The toun enveround thai in hy  
 And assaillyt with sua gret will  
 For all thar mycht thai set thartill  
 That thaim pressyt fast on the toun.  
 Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun  
 To dede or than to w oundis sar  
 Sa weill has thaim defendit thar  
 That leddrys to the ground thai slang,  
 And with stanys sa fast thai dang  
 Thar fayis that fele thar left liand  
 Sum dede sum hurt and sum swonand.  
 Bot thai that held on feyt in hy  
 Drew thaim away deliverly  
 And scounryt nocht for that thing  
 Bot went stoutly till assailling,  
 And thai aboun defendyt ay  
 And set thaim to sa hard assay  
 Quhill that fele of thaim woundyt war,  
 And thai sa gret defens maid thar  
 That thai styntit thar fayis mycht.  
 Apon sic maner gan thai fycht  
 Quhill it wes ner none of the day,

Than thai without on gret aray  
 Pressyt thar sowe towart the wall.

*[The Scots force the engineer to destroy the sow]*

And thai within sone gert call  
 The engynour that takyn was,  
 And gret mannanche till him mais  
 And swour that he suld dey bot he  
 Provyt on the sow sic sutelte  
 That he to-fruschyt hir ilk-dele,  
 And he that has persavyt wele  
 That the dede wes weill ner him till  
 Bot giff he mycht fulfill thar will  
 Thocht that he at his mycht wald do.  
 Bendyt in gret hy than wes scho  
 That till the sow wes evyn set,  
 In hy he gert draw the cleket  
 And smertly swappyt out a stane.  
 Evyn our the sow the stane is gane  
 And behind it a litill wey  
 It fell, and than thai criyt hey  
 That war in hyr, 'Furth to the wall,  
 For dredles it is ouris all.'  
 The gynour than deliverly  
 Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy  
 And the stane smertly swappyt out,  
 It flaw out quetherand with a rout  
 And fell rycht evyn befor the sow.  
 Thar hartis than begouth to grow,  
 Bot yeyt than with thar mychtis all  
 Thai pressyt the sow towart the wall  
 And has hyr set tharto juntly.  
 The gynour than gert bend in hy  
 The gyne and wappyt out the stane  
 That evyn towart the lyft is gane  
 And with gret wecht syne duschit down  
 Rycht be the wall in a randoun,  
 And hyt the sow in sic maner  
 That it that wes the mast summer  
 And starkest for to stynt a strak  
 In sunder with that dusche it brak.  
 The men ran out in full gret hy,  
 And on the wallis thai gan cry  
 That thar sow wes feryt thar.  
 Jhone Crab that had his ger all yar  
 In his fagaldis has set the fyr  
 And our the wall syne gan thaim wyr  
 And brynt the sow till brundis bar.  
 With all thys fast assailyeand war

The folk without with felloun fycht,  
 And thai within with mekill mycht  
 Defendyt manlily thar steid  
 Into gret aventur off deid.

*[An attack by a ship is repulsed]*

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

*[The Steward's defence of the Mary gate]*

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

## THE BRUS

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

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

Thai off the ost quhen nycht gan fall  
Fra the assalt withdrew thaim all.  
Woundyt and wery and forbeft  
With mad cher the assalt thai left  
And till thar innys went in hy  
And set thar wachis hastily,

## THE BRUS

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

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

On athyr syd that nycht thai war  
All still, and on the morn but mar  
Thar come tythandis out off Inland  
To thaim of the ost, that bar on hand  
How that by Borowbrig at Mytoun  
Thar men war slayn and dongyn doun,  
And at the Scottismen throu the land  
Raid yeit brynnand and destroyand.  
And quhen the king had hard this tale  
His consaile he assemblyt haile  
To se quether fayr war him till  
To ly about the toun all still  
And assaile quhill it wonnyn war,  
Or than in Inland for to fayr  
And reskew his land and his men.  
His consaill fast discordyt then,

## THE BRUS

For sotheroun men wald that he mad  
Arest thar quhill he wonnyn haid  
The toun and the castell alsua,  
Bot northyn men wald na thing sua  
That dred thar frendis for to tyn  
And mast part of thar gudis syne  
Throu Scottismennys cruelte,  
Thai wald he lete the sege be  
And raid for to reskew his land.  
Off Longcastell I tak on hand  
The Erle Thomas wes ane of tha  
That consaillyt the king hame to ga,  
And for that mar inclynyt he  
To the folk of the south countre  
Na to the northyn mennys will,  
He tuk it to sa mekill ill  
That he gert turs his ger in hy  
And with his bataill halily  
That off the ost ner thrid part was  
Till Inghland hame his way he tais.  
But leve he hame has tane his gat,  
Tharfor fell efter sic debat  
Betwix him and the king that ay  
Lastyt quhill Androw Hardclay  
That throu the king wes on him set  
Tuk him rycht in Pomfret,  
And on ane hill beside the toun  
Strak off his hede but ransoun,  
Tharfor syne hyngyt and drawyn wes he  
And with him a weill gret menye.  
Men said syne efter this Thomas  
That on this wis maid marter was  
Was saynct and myrakillis did,  
Bot envy syne gert thaim be hid,  
Bot quheter he haly wes or nane  
At Pomfret thus was he slane.  
And syne the king of Inghland  
Quhen that he saw him tak on hand  
To pas his way sa opynly,  
Him thocht it wes perell to ly  
Thar with the lave of his menye  
Hys harnays tharfor tursit he  
And intill Inghland hame gan he far.  
The Scottismen that destroyand war  
In Inghland sone hard tell tithing  
Off this gret sege departing,  
Tharfor thai tuk westwart the way  
And till Carlele hame went ar thai  
With prayis and with presoneris  
And other gudis on ser maneris.  
The lordis to the king ar gain,

## THE BRUS

And the lave has thar wayis tain  
Ilk man till his repayr agayne.  
The king i-wys was wondre fayn  
That thay war cummyn hale and fer,  
And that thai sped on sic maner  
That thai thar fayis discomfyt hade  
And but tynsaill of men has maid  
Rescours to thaim that in Berwik  
War assegyt rycht till thar dyk.  
And quhen the king had speryt tithand  
How thai had farne in England  
And thai had tauld him all hale thar far  
How Inglismen discumfyt war,  
Rycht blyth intill his hart wes he  
And maid them fest with gamyn and gle.

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

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

## THE BRUS

And syne towart Louthyane  
With his menye his gat is gane.  
And syne he gert ordane in hy  
Bath armyt men and yhumenry  
Intill Irland in hy to fayr  
To help his brother that wes thar.

## BOOK 18

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

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

Your men that spedis thaim to rid,  
 For we ar few, our fayis ar fele,  
 God may rycht weill our werdis dele,  
 Bot it war wondre that our mycht  
 Suld our-cum sa fele in fycht.'  
 Than with gret ire 'Allace,' said he,  
 I wend never till her that of the.  
 Now help quha will for sekyrly  
 This day but mar baid fecht will I,  
 Sall na man say quhill I may drey  
 That strenth of men sall ger me fley.  
 God scheld that ony suld us blam  
 Gif we defend our noble nam.'  
 'Now be it swagat than,' quod thai,  
 'We sall tak that God will purvai.'

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

And quhen the kingis of Irchery  
 Herd say and wyst sekyrly  
 That thar king with sa quhone wald fycht  
 Agane folk of sa mekill mycht  
 Thai come till him in full gret hy  
 And consaillyt him full tenderly  
 For till abid his men, and thai  
 Suld hald thar fayis all that day  
 Doand, and on the morn alsua  
 With thar ronnyngis that thai suld ma.  
 Bot thar mycht na consail availe,  
 He wald algat hav bataile.  
 And quhen thai saw he wes sa thra  
 To fycht, thai said, 'Ye ma well ga  
 To fycht with yone gret cumpany,  
 Bot we acquyt us uterly  
 That nane of us will stand to fycht.  
 Assuris nocht tharfor in our mycht,  
 For our maner is of this land  
 To folow and fecht fleand  
 And nocht to stand in plane melle  
 Quhill the ta part discomfyt be.'  
 He said, 'Sen that your custum is  
 Ik ask at you no mar bot this,  
 That is that ye and your menye  
 Wald all togidder arayit be  
 And stand on fer but departing  
 And se our fycht and the ending.'  
 Thai said weill that thai suld do sua,  
 And syne towart thar men gan thai ga  
 That war weill twenty thousand ner.

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

Edward with thaim that with him wer  
 That war nocht fully twa thousand  
 Arayit thaim stalwartly to stand  
 Agayne fourty thousand and ma.  
 Schyr Edward that day wald nocht ta  
 His cot–armour, bot Gib Harper  
 That men held as withoutyn per  
 Off his estate, had on that day  
 All hale Schyr Edwardis aray.  
 The fycht abad thai on this wis,  
 And in gret hy thar ennymys  
 Come till assemble all redy  
 And thai met thaim hardely.  
 Bot thai sa few war, south to say,  
 That ruschyt with thar fayis war thai,  
 And thai that pressyt mast to stand  
 War slane down, and the remanand  
 Fled till the Irche to succour.  
 Schyr Edward that had sic valour  
 Wes dede and Jhone Stewart alsua  
 And Jhone the Soullis als with tha  
 And other als off thar cumpany.  
 Thai war vancussyt sa suddanly  
 That few intill the place war slane,  
 For the lave has thar wayis tane  
 Till the Irsche kingis that war thar  
 And in hale bataill howand wer.  
 Jhone Thomas–sone that wes leder  
 Off thaim of Carrik that thar wer  
 Quhen he saw the discumfiting  
 Withdrew him till ane Irsch king  
 That off his aquentance had he,  
 And he resavit him in leawte.  
 And quhen Jhone cummyn wes to that king  
 He saw be led fra the fechting  
 Schyr Philyp the Mowbray the wicht  
 That had bene dosnyt into the fycht,  
 And with armys led wes he  
 With twa men apon a cause  
 That wes betwix thaim and the toun  
 And strekyt lang in a randown.  
 Towart the toun thai held thar way,  
 And quhen in myd–cause war thai  
 Schyr Philip of his desynes  
 Ourcome, and persavit he wes  
 Tane and led suagat with twa.  
 The tane he swappyt sone him fra  
 And syne the tother in gret hy,

And drew the swerd deliverly  
 And till the fycht his wayis tays  
 Endlang the cause that than was  
 Fillyt intill gret foysoun  
 Off men that than went till the toun,  
 And he that met thaim agayn gan ma  
 Sic payment quhar he gan ga  
 That weile a hundre men gert he  
 Leve maugre tharis the cause.  
 As Jhone Thomas—sone said suthly  
 That saw his deid all halily  
 Towart the bataill evyn he yeid.

*[The body of Edward Bruce]*

Jhone Thomas—sone that tuk gud heid  
 That thai war vencussyt all planly  
 Cryit on him in full gret hy  
 And said, 'Cum her for thar is nane  
 On lyve for thai ar dede ilkane.'  
 Than stud he still a quhill and saw  
 That thai war all doune of daw,  
 Syne went towart him saraly.  
 This Jhone wrocht syne sa wittely  
 That all that thidder fled than wer  
 Thocht that thai lossyt of thar ger  
 Come till Cragfergus hale and fer.  
 And thai that at the fechting wer  
 Socht Schyr Edward to get his heid  
 Amang the folk that thar wes dede  
 And fand Gib Harper in his ger,  
 And for sa gud hys armys wer  
 Thai strak hys hed of and syn it  
 Thai have gert salt intill a kyt  
 And send it intill Ingland  
 Till the King Edward in presand.  
 Thai wend Schyr Edwardis it had bene,  
 Bot for the armyng that wes schene  
 Thai of the heid dissavt wer  
 All thocht Schyr Edward deyt ther.

*[A verdict on Edward Bruce; the belated reinforcements]*

On this wis war thai noble men  
 For wilfulnes all lesyt then,  
 And that wes syne and gret pite  
 For had thar outrageous bounte  
 Bene led with wyt and with mesur,  
 Bot gif the mar mysaventur

Be fallyn thaim, it suld rycht hard thing  
 Be to lede thaim till outraying,  
 Bot gret outrageous surquedry  
 Gert thaim all deir thar worschip by.  
 And thai that fled fra the melle  
 Sped thaim in hy towart the se  
 And to Cragfergus cummyn ar thai,  
 And thai that war into the way  
 To Schyr Edward send fra the king  
 Quhen thai hard the discumfiting  
 To Cragfergus thai went agayne.  
 And that wes nocht foroutyn payn,  
 For thai war mony tyme that day  
 Assailyeit with Irschery, bot thai  
 Ay held togidder sarraly  
 And defendyt sa wittely  
 That thai eschapyt oft throu mycht  
 And mony tyme alsua throu slycht,  
 For oft of tharis to thaim gaff thai  
 To lat thaim scaithles pas thar way,  
 And till Cragfergus come thai sua  
 That batis and schyppis gan thai ta  
 And saylyt till Scotland in hy  
 And thar aryvyt all saufly.  
 Quhen thai of Scotland had wittering  
 Off Schyr Edwardis vencussing  
 Thai menyt him full tenderly  
 Our all the land commounaly,  
 And thai that with him slayn war thar  
 Full tenderly als menyt war.

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

Edward the Bruys as I said her  
 Wes discumfyt on this maner  
 And quhen the feld wes clengit clene  
 Sua that na resistens wes sene  
 The wardane than Schyr Richard of Clar  
 And all the folk that with him war  
 Towart Dundalk has tane the way  
 Sua that rycht na debat maid thai  
 At that tym with the Irschery,  
 Bot to the toun thai held in hy,  
 And syne had send furth to the king  
 That had Ingland in governyng  
 Gib Harperis heid in a kyt.  
 Jhone Maupas till the king had it  
 And he ressavyt it in daynte,  
 Rycht blyth off that present wes he  
 For he wes glaid that he wes sua

Deliveryt off a felloun fa.  
 In hart tharoff he tuk sic prid  
 That he tuk purpos for to rid  
 With a gret ost in Scotland  
 For to veng him with stalwart hand  
 Off tray of travaill and of tene  
 That done tharin till him had bene,  
 And a rycht gret ost gaderit he  
 And gert his schippis be the se  
 Cum with gret foyssoun of vittail,  
 For at that tyme he wald him taile  
 To dystroy up sa clene the land  
 That nane suld leve tharin levand,  
 And with his folk in gret aray  
 Towart Scotland he tuk the way.

***[King Robert withdraws; the English starve at Edinburgh]***

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

## THE BRUS

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

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

At Melros schup thai for to ly  
And send befor a cumpany  
Thre hunder ner of armyt men.  
Bot the lord Douglas that wes then  
Besyd intill the Forest ner  
Wyst of thar come and quhat thai wer,  
And with thaim of his cumpany  
Into Melros all prevely  
He howyt in a buschement,  
And a rycht sturdy frer he sent  
Without the yate thar come to se,  
And bad him hald him all preve  
Quhill that he saw thaim cummand all  
Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall,  
And than cry hey, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
The frer than furth his wayis tais  
That wes all stout derff and hardy,  
Hys mekill hud helyt haly  
The armur that he on him had,  
Apon a stalwart hors he rad  
And in his hand he had a sper,  
And abaid apon that maner  
Quhill that he saw thaim cummand ner,  
And quhen the formest passyt wer  
The coynye he criyt 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
Than till thaim all a cours he mas  
And bar ane doun deliverly,  
And Douglas and his cumpany  
Ischyt apon thaim with a schout,  
And quhen thai saw sa gret a rout  
Cum apon thaim sa suddanly

## THE BRUS

Thai war abaysyt gretumly  
And gaf the bak but mar abaid.  
The Scottis men amang thaim raid  
And slew all that thai mycht our-ta,  
A gret martyrdome thar gan thai ma,  
And thai that eschapyt unslayne  
Ar till thar gret ost went agayne  
And tauld thaim quhatkyn welcummyng  
Douglas thaim maid at thar meting  
That convoyit thaim agayn rudly  
And warnyt planly herbery.

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

The king of Inland and his men  
That saw thar herbriouris then  
Cum rebutyt on that maner  
Anoyit in thar hart thai wer,  
And thocht that it war gret foly  
Intill the wod to tak herbery,  
Tharfor by Dryburgh in the playn  
Thai herbryit thaim and syne again  
Ar went till Inland thar way.  
And quhen the King Robert hard say  
That thai war turnyt hame agayn  
And how thar herbriouris war slayn,  
In hy his ost assemblit he  
And went south our the Scottis se  
And till Inland his wayis tais.  
Quhen his ost assemblyt ways  
Auchty thousand he wes and ma  
And aucht batallis he maid of tha,  
In ilk bataill war ten thousand,  
Syne went he furth till Inland  
And intill hale rout folowit sa fast  
The Inglis king, quhill at the last  
He come approchand to Biland  
Quhar at that tyme thar wes lyand  
The king of Inland with his men.  
King Robert that had witteryng then  
That he lay thar with mekill mycht  
Tranountyt sua on him a nycht  
That be the morn that it wes day  
Cummyn in a plane feld war thai  
Fra Biland bot a litill space,  
Bot betwix thaim and it thar was  
A craggy bra strekyt weill lang  
And a gret peth up for to gang,  
Other wayis mycht thai nocht away  
To pas to Bilandis abbay

Bot gif thai passyt fer about.  
 And quhen the mekill Inglis rout  
 Hard that the King Robert wes sa ner,  
 The mast part of thaim that thar wer  
 Went to the peth and tuk the bra,  
 Thai thocht thar defens to ma,  
 Thar baneris thar thai gert display  
 And thar bataillis on braid aray,  
 And thocht weill to defend the pas.  
 Quhen the King Robert persavit was  
 That thai thocht thar thaim to defend  
 Efter his consaill has he send  
 And askyt quhat wes best to do.  
 The lord Douglas answeyrt thar—to  
 And said, 'Schyr, I will underta  
 That in schort tyme I sall do sa  
 That I sall wyn yon pas planly,  
 Or than ger all yon cumpany  
 Cum down to you her to this plane.'  
 The king said than till him agayn,  
 'Do than, quhar mychty God the speid.'

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

Than he furth on his wayis yeid,  
 And of the ost the mast hardy  
 Put thaim intill his cumpany  
 And held thar way towart the pas.  
 The gud erle of Murreff Thomas  
 Left his bataill and in gret hy  
 Bot with four men of his cumpany  
 Come till the lordis rout of Douglas  
 And or he entryt in the pas  
 Befor thaim all the pas tuk he  
 For he wald that men suld him se.  
 And quhen Schyr James off Douglas  
 Saw that he suagat cummyn was  
 He prisyt him tharoff gretly  
 And welcummyt him hamlyly,  
 And syne the pas thai samyn ta.  
 Quhen Inglis men saw thaim do sua  
 Thai lychtyt and agayn thaim yeid  
 Twa knychtis rycht douchty of deid,  
 Thomas Ouchtre ane had to name  
 The tother Schyr Rauf of Cobhame,  
 Come doun befor all thar menye,  
 Thai war bath full of gret bounte  
 And met thar fayis manlely,  
 Bot thai war pressyt rycht gretumly.  
 Thar mycht men se rycht weill assaile

And men defend with stout bataill  
 And arowes fley in gret foysoun  
 And thai that owe war tumbill doun  
 Stanys apon thaim fra the hycht,  
 Bot thai that set bath will and mycht  
 To wyn the peth thaim pressyt sua  
 That Schyr Rauff of Cobhame gan ta  
 The way up till hys hors in hy,  
 And left Schyr Thomas manlily  
 Defendand with gret mycht the pas  
 Quhill that he sua supprisit was  
 That he wes tane throu hard fechtung.  
 And tharfor syne in his ending  
 He wes renownyt for best of hand  
 Off a knycht off all England,  
 For this ilk Schyr Rauf of Cobhame  
 Intill all England he had name  
 For the best knycht of all that land,  
 And for Schyr Thomas dwelt fechtand  
 Quhar Schyr Rauff as befor said we  
 Withdrew him, prisit our him was he.

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

Thus war thai fechtand in the pas,  
 And quhen the King Robert that was  
 Wys in his deid and averty  
 Saw his men sa rycht douchtely  
 The peth apon thar fayis ta  
 And saw his fayis defend thaim sa,  
 Than gert he all the Irschery  
 That war intill his cumpany  
 Off Arghile and the Ilis alsua  
 Speid thaim in gret hy to the bra,  
 And bad thaim leif the peth haly  
 And clym up in the craggis hy  
 And speid thaim fast the hycht to ta.  
 Than mycht men se thaim stoutly ga  
 And clymb all-gait up to the hycht  
 And leve nocht for thar fayios mycht,  
 Magre thar fayis thai bar thaim sua  
 That thai ar gottyn aboun the bra.  
 Than mycht men se thaim fecht felly  
 And rusch thar fayis sturdely,  
 And thai that till the pas war gane  
 Magre thar fayis the hycht has tane.  
 Than laid thai on with all thar mycht,  
 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht.  
 Thar wes a peralous bargane,  
 For a knycht Schyr Jhone the Bretane

## THE BRUS

That lychtyt wes aboune the bra  
And his men gret defens gan ma,  
And Scottismen sua gan assaill  
And gave thaim sa felloun bataill  
That thai war set in sic affray  
That thai that mycht fley fled away,  
Schyr Jhone the Bretane thar wes tane  
And rycht fele off his folk war slane.  
Off Fraunce thar tane wes knychtis twa,  
The lord the Sule wes ane of tha,  
The tother wes the merschell Bretayn  
That wes a wele gret lord at hame,  
The lave sum ded war and sum tane  
And the remanand fled ilkane.  
And quhen the king of England  
That yeit at Biland wes liand  
Saw his men discumfyt planely  
He tuk his way in full gret hy  
And furthwart fled with all his mycht,  
Scottismen chassyt fast, Ik hycht,  
And in the chas has mony tane,  
The king quitly away is gane  
And the mast part of his menye.

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

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

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

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

Quhen that the king this spek had maid  
 The Frankys knychtis men takyn had  
 War brocht rycht thar befor the king,  
 And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng  
 And said, 'I wate rycht weill that ye  
 For your gret worschip and bounte  
 Come for to se the fechting her.  
 For sen ye in the countre wer  
 Your strenth your worschyp and your mycht  
 Wald nocht lat you eschew the fycht,  
 And sen that caus you led thartill  
 And nother wreyth na ivill will  
 As frendis ye sall resavyt be,  
 Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye.'  
 Thai knelyt and thankyt him gretly,  
 And he gert tret thaim curtasly  
 And lang quhill with thaim had he  
 And did thaim honour and bounte,  
 And quhen thai yarnyt to thar land  
 To the king of Fraunce in presand  
 He send thaim quit but ransoun fre  
 And gret gyftis to thaim gaff he.  
 His frendis thusgat curtasly  
 He couth ressave and hamely,  
 And his fayis stoutly stonay.  
 At Biland all that nycht he lay,  
 For thar victour all blyth thai war,  
 And on the morn foroutyn mar  
 Thai haff forthwart tane thar way.  
 Sa fer at that tyme travaillyt thai  
 Brynnand slayand and destroyand  
 Thar fayis with all thar mycht noyand  
 Quhill till the Wald cummyn war thai,

## THE BRUS

Syne northwart tuk hame thar way  
And destroyit in thar repayr  
The vale all planly off Beauewar.  
And syne with presoneris and catell  
Riches and mony fayr jowell  
To Scotland tuk thai hame thar way  
Bath blyth and glaid joyfull and gay,  
And ilk man went to thar repayr  
And lovyt God thaim fell sa fayr  
That thai the king off Inland  
Throu worschip and throu strenth of hand  
And throu thar lordis gret bounte  
Discumfyt in his awne countre.

## BOOK 19

*[The conspiracy against King Robert; its discovery]*

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

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

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

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

Schyr Ingrahame the Umfravill that than  
 Wes with the king as Scottisman,  
 Quhen he that gret myscheiff gan se  
 He said, 'Lordingis, quharto pres ye  
 To se at myscheiff sic a knycht  
 That wes sa worthi and sa wicht  
 That Ik haff sene ma pres to se  
 Him him for his rycht soverane bounte  
 Than now doys for to se him her.'  
 And quhen thir wordis spokyn wer  
 With sary cher he held him still  
 Quhill men had done of him thar will,  
 And syne with the leve of the king  
 He brocht him menskly till erding.

And syne to the king said he,  
 'A thing I pray you graunt me,  
 That is that ye off all my land  
 That is intill Scotland liand  
 Wald giff me leve to do my will.'  
 The king that sone has said him till,  
 'I will wele graunt that it sua be,  
 Bot tell me quhat amovis the.'  
 He said agane, 'Schyr, graunt mercy  
 And I sall tell you planely,  
 Myne hart giffis me na mar to be  
 With you dwelland in this countre,  
 Tharfor bot that it nocht you greve  
 I pray you hartly of your leve.  
 For quhar sua rycht worthi a knycht  
 An sa chevalrous and sa wicht  
 And sa renownyt off worschip syne  
 As gud Schyr David off Brechyn  
 And sa fullfyllt off all manheid  
 Was put to sa velanys a ded,  
 Myn hart forsuth may nocht gif me  
 To dwell for na thing that may be.'  
 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sua  
 Quhenever the likys thou may ga,  
 And thou sall haiff gud leve tharto  
 Thi liking off thi land to do.'  
 And he thankyt him gretumly  
 And off his land in full gret hy  
 As hym thocht best disponyt he,  
 Syne at the king of gret bounte  
 Befor all thaim that with him war  
 He tuk his leve for evermar,  
 And went in Ingland to the king  
 That maid him rycht fayr welcummyng  
 And askyt him of the north tithing.  
 And he him tauld all but lesing  
 How thai knychtis destroyit war  
 And as I tauld till you ar,  
 And off the kingis curtassy  
 That levyt him debonarly  
 To do off his land his liking.  
 In that tyme wes send fra the king  
 Off Scotland messyngeris to trete  
 Off pes giff that thai mycht it get,  
 As thai befor oft-sys war send  
 How that thai coutht nocht bring till end.  
 For the gud king had in entent,  
 Sen God sa fayr grace had him lent  
 That he had wonnyn all his land  
 Throu strenth off armys till his hand,  
 That he pes in his tyme wald ma

And all landis stabill sua  
 That his ayr eftre him suld be  
 In pes, gif men held lawte.

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

Intill this tyme that Umfravill  
 As I bar you on hand er quhill  
 Come till the king of Ingland  
 The Scottis messingeris thar he fand  
 Of pes and rest to haiff tretis.  
 The king wist Schyr Ingrahame wes wis  
 And askyt consaile tharto  
 Quhat he wald rede him for to do,  
 For he said him thocht hard to ma  
 Pes with the King Robert his fa  
 Quhill that he off him vengit war.  
 Schyr Ingrahame maid till him answar  
 And said, 'He delt sa curtasly  
 With me that on na wis suld I  
 Giff consaill till his nethring.'  
 'The behovis nedwayis,' said the king,  
 'To this thing her say thine avis.'  
 'Schyr,' said he, 'sen your willis is  
 That I say, wit ye sekyrly  
 For all your gret chevalry  
 To dele with him yhe haf na mycht.  
 His men all worthyn ar sa wicht  
 For lang usage of fechting  
 That has bene nuryst in swilk thing  
 That ilk yowman is sa wicht  
 Off his that he is worth a knycht.  
 Bot, and ye think your wer to bring  
 To your purpos and your liking,  
 Lang trewys with him tak ye.  
 Than sall the mast off his menye  
 That ar bot simple yumanry  
 Be dystrenyit commonaly  
 To wyn thar mete with thar travaill,  
 And sum of thaim nedis but fail  
 With pluch and harow for to get  
 And other ser crafftis thar mete,  
 Sua that thar armyng sall worth auld  
 And sall be rottyn stroyit and sauld,  
 And fele that now of wer ar sley  
 Intill the lang trew sall dey  
 And other in thar sted sall rys  
 That sall conn litill of that mastrys.  
 And quhen thai disusyt er  
 Than may ye move on thaim your wer

And sall rycht well as I suppos  
 Bring your entent to gud purpos.'  
 Till this assentyt thai ilkane,  
 And eftre sone war trewis tane  
 Betwix the twa kingis that wer  
 Tailyeit to lest for thretten yer  
 And on the marchis gert thaim cry.  
 The Scottismenn kepyt thaim lelely,  
 Bot the Inglismen apon the se  
 Destroyit throu gret inyquyte  
 Marchand schippis that sailand war  
 Fra Scotland till Flaundris with war,  
 And destroyit everilkane  
 And to thar oys the gud has tane.  
 The king send oft till ask redres,  
 Bot nocht off it redressyt wes  
 And he abaid all tyme askand,  
 The trew on his half gert he stand  
 Apon the marchis stabilly  
 And gert men kep thaim lelely.

*[The death of Walter the Steward]*

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

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

Efftre his dede as I said ar  
 The trewys that sua takyn war  
 For till haff lestylt thretten yer,  
 Quhen twa yer of thaim passyt wer  
 And ane halff as I trow allsua  
 The King Robert saw men wald nocht ma  
 Redres of schippys that war tane  
 And off the men als that war slane,  
 Bot contynowyt thar mavtye  
 Quhenever thai met thaim on the se.  
 He sent and acquit him planly  
 And gave the trewis up opynly,  
 And in the vengeance of this trespas  
 The gud erle of Murreff Thomas  
 And Donald erle of Mar alsua  
 And James of Douglas with thai twa,  
 And James Stewart that ledar wes  
 Efter his gud brotheris disceis  
 Off all his bruderys men in wer,  
 He gert apon thar best maner  
 With mony men bowne thaim to ga  
 In Inland for to bryn and sla,  
 And thai held furth till Inland.  
 Thai war of gud men ten thousand,  
 Thai brynt and slew intill thar way,  
 Thar fayis fast destroyit thai  
 And suagat southwart gan thai far  
 To Wardaill quhill thai cummyn war.  
 That tyme Edward off Carnaverane  
 The king wes ded and laid in stane,  
 And Edward his sone that wes ying  
 In Inland crownyt wes to king  
 And surname off Wyndyssor.  
 He had in France bene thar—befor  
 With his moder Dame Ysabell,  
 And wes weddyt as Ik herd tell  
 With a young lady fayr of face  
 That the erlis douchter was  
 Off Hennaud, and off that cuntre  
 Brocht with him men of gret bounte,  
 Schyr Jhone the Hennaud wes thar leder  
 That was wys and wycht in wer.  
 And that tyme that Scottismen wer  
 At Wardaile, as I said you er,  
 Intill York wes the new—maid king,  
 And herd tell of the destroying  
 That Scottismen maid in his countre.  
 A gret ost till him gaderyt he,  
 He wes wele ner fyfty thousand,  
 Than held he northwart in the land

In hail battaill with that mengne,  
 Auchtene yer auld that tyme wes he.  
 The Scottismen a day Cokdaile  
 Fra end till end had heryit haile  
 And till Wardaile again thai raid.

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

Thar discourriouris that sycht has haid  
 Off cummyn of the Inglismen  
 To thar lordis thai tauld it then.  
 Than the lord Douglas in a ling  
 Raid furth to se thar cummyng  
 And saw that sewyn bataillis war thai  
 That cum ridand in gud aray,  
 Quhen he that folk behaldyn had  
 Towart his ost agayn he rad.  
 The erle speryt gif he had sene  
 That ost. 'Ya, schyr,' he said, 'but wene.'  
 'Quhat folk ar thai?' 'Schyr, mony men.'  
 The erle his ayth has sworn then,  
 'We sall fecht with thaim thocht thai war  
 Yeit ma eftsonys than thai ar.'  
 'Schyr, lovyt be God,' he said agayn,  
 'That we haiff sic a capitayn  
 That sua gret thing dar undreta,  
 Bot, be saynct Bryd, it beis nocht sua  
 Giff my consaill may trowyt be,  
 For fecht on na maner sall we  
 Bot it be at our avantage,  
 For methink it war na outrage  
 To fewar folk aganys ma  
 Avantage quhen thai ma to ta.'  
 As thai war on this wis spekand  
 Our ane hey rig thai saw ridand  
 Towart thaim evyn a battaill braid,  
 Baneris displayit inew thai haid,  
 And a nothyr come eftre ner  
 And rycht apon the samyn maner  
 Thai come quhill sevin bataillis braid  
 Out-our that hay rig passyt haid.  
 The Scottismen war than liand  
 On north halff Wer towart Scotland.  
 The dale wes strekyt weill Ik hycht,  
 On athyr sid thar wes ane hycht  
 And till the water doune sumdeill stay.  
 The Scottismen in gud aray  
 On thar best wis buskyt ilkane  
 Stud in a strenth that thai had tane,

## THE BRUS

And that wes fra the water of Wer  
A quartar of a myle weill ner,  
Thar stud thai battaill till abid,  
And Inglismen on athyr sid  
Come ridand dounwart quhill thai wer  
To Weris water cummyn als ner  
As on other halff thar fayis war.  
Than haf thai maid a rest rycht thar  
And send out archerys a thousand  
With hudis off and bowys in hand  
And gert thaim drink weill of the wyn,  
And bad thaim gang to bykker syne  
The Scottis ost in abandoun  
And ger thaim cum apon thaim doun,  
For mycht thai ger thaim brek aray  
To haiff thaim at thar will thocht thai.  
Armyt men doune with thaim thai send  
Thaim at the water to defend.  
The lord Douglas has sene thar fer,  
And men that rycht weill horsyt wer  
And armyt a gret cumpany  
Behind the bataillis prevely  
He gert howe to bid thar cummyng,  
And quhen he maid to thaim taknyng  
Thai suld cum prekand fast and sla  
With sperys that thai mycht ourta,  
Donald off Mar thar chiftane was  
And Archebald with hym of Douglas.

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

The lord Douglas towart thaim raid,  
A gowne on his armur he haid,  
And traversyt all wayis up agayn  
Thaim ner his bataillis for to trayn,  
And thai that drunkyn had off the wyne  
Come ay up lingand in a lyne  
Quhill thai the battaill come sa ner  
That arowis fell amang thaim ser.  
Robert off Ogill a gud squyer  
Come prikand than on a courser  
And on the archeris criyt agane,  
'Ye wate nocht quha mays you that trayn,  
That is the lord Douglas that will  
Off his playis ken sum you till,'  
And quhen thai herd spek of Douglas  
The hardyest effrayit was  
And agayn turnyt halely.  
His takyn maid he than in hy,  
And the folk that enbuschit war

Sa stoutly prekyt on thaim thar  
 That weile thre hunder haiff thai slane  
 And till the water hame agane  
 All the remanand gan thai chas.  
 Schyr Wilyam off Erskyn that was  
 Newlyngis makyn knycht that day  
 Weill horsit intill gud aray  
 Chasyt with other that thar war  
 Sa fer furth that hys hors him bar  
 Amang the lump of Inglismen,  
 And with strang hand wes takyn then,  
 Bot off him wele sone chang wes maid  
 For other that men takyn haid.  
 Fra thir Inglis archeris wes slane  
 Thar folk raid till thar ost agane,  
 And rycht sua did the lord off Douglas.  
 And quhen that he reparyt was  
 Thai mycht amang thar fayis se  
 Thar pailyounys sone stentyt be,  
 And thai persavyt sone in hy  
 That thai that nycht wald tak herbery  
 And schup to do no mar that day,  
 Tharfor thaim alsua herbryit thay  
 And stent pailyounys in hy,  
 Tentis and lugis als tharby  
 Thai gert mak and set all on raw.  
 Twa novelryis that day thai saw  
 That forouth in Scotland had bene nene,  
 Tymmeris for helmys war the tane  
 That thaim thocht thane off gret bewte  
 And alsua wondyr for to se,  
 The tother crakys war off wer  
 That thai befor herd never er,  
 Off thir twa thingis thai had ferly.  
 That nycht thai walkyt stalwartly,  
 The mast part off thaim armyt lay  
 Quhill on the morn that it wes day.

*[Douglas foils an English ambush]*

The Inglismen thaim umbethocht  
 Apon quhat mener that thai moucht  
 Ger Scottis leve thar avantage,  
 For thaim thocht foly and outrage  
 To gang up till thaim till assaill  
 Thaim at thar strenth in plane battaill,  
 Tharfor of gud men a thousand  
 Armyt on hors bath fute and hand  
 Thai send behind thar fayis to be  
 Enbuschit intill a vale,

And schup thar bataillis as thai wald  
 Apon thaim till the fechtyn hald,  
 For thai thocht Scottismen sic will  
 Had that thai mycht nocht hald thaim still,  
 For thai knew thaim off sic curage  
 That tharthrough strenth and avantage  
 Thai suld leve and mete them planly.  
 Than suld thar buschement halily  
 Behind brek on thaim at the bak,  
 Sa thocht thai wele thai suld thaim mak  
 For to repent thaim off thar play.  
 Thar enbuschment furth send haiff thai  
 That thaim enbuschit prevely,  
 And on the morn sum–dele arly  
 Intill this ost hey trumpyt thai  
 And gert thar braid bataillis aray,  
 And all arayit for to fycht  
 Thai held towart the water rycht.  
 Scottismen that saw thaim do swa  
 Boune on thar best wis gan thaim ma  
 And in bataill planly arayit  
 With baneris till the wynd displayit  
 Thai left thar strenth, and all planly  
 Come doune to mete thaim hardely  
 In als gud maner as thai moucht  
 Rycht as thar fayis befor had thocht.  
 Bot the lord Douglas that ay was war  
 And set out wachis her and thar  
 Gat wyt off thar enbuschement,  
 Than intill gret hy is he went  
 Befor the bataillis and stoutly  
 He bad ilk man turn him in hy  
 Rycht as he stud, and turnyt sua  
 Up till thar strenth he bad thaim ga  
 Sua that na let thar thai maid,  
 And thai did as he biddyn haid  
 Quhill till thar strenth thai come agayne,  
 Than turnyt thai thaim with mekill mayn  
 And stud redy to giff battaill  
 Giff thar fayis wald thaim assaill.  
 Quhen Inglismen had sene thaim sua  
 Towart thar strenth agayne up ga  
 Thai criyt hey, 'Thai fley thar way.'  
 Schyr Jhone Hennaud said, 'Perfay  
 Yone fleyng is rycht degyse,  
 Thar armyt men behind I se  
 And thar baneris, sua that thaim thar  
 Bot turne thaim as thai standand ar  
 And be arayit for to fycht  
 Giff ony presyt thaim with mycht.  
 Thai haiff sene our enbuschement

And agane till thar strenth ar went.  
 Yone folk ar governyt wittily,  
 And he that ledis is worthi  
 For avise worschip and wysdome  
 To governe the empyr off Rome.'  
 Thus spak that worthi knyght that day,  
 And the enbuschement fra that thai  
 Saw that thai sua discoveryt war  
 Towart thar ost agane thai fair,  
 And the bataillis off Inglismen  
 Quhen thai saw thai had faillyt then  
 Off thar purpos to thar herbery  
 Thai went and logit thaim in hy.  
 On other halff rycht sua did thai,  
 Thai maid na mar debat that day.

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

Quhen thai that day ourdrevyn had  
 Fyris in gret foysoun thai maid  
 Alsone as the nycht fallyn was.  
 And than the gud lord off Douglas,  
 That had spyt a place tharby  
 Twa myle thin that quhar mar traistly  
 The Scottis ost mycht herbery ta  
 And defend thaim better alsua  
 Than ellys in ony place tharby,  
 It wes a park all halily  
 Wes envyround about with wall,  
 It wes ner full of treys all  
 Bot a gret plane intill it was,  
 Thidder thocht the lord of Douglas  
 Be nychtirtale thar ost to bring.  
 Tharfor foroutyn mar dwelling  
 Thai bet thar fyris and maid thaim mar,  
 And syne all samyn furtht thai far  
 And till the park foroutyn tynseill  
 Thai come and herbryit thaim weil  
 Upon the water and als ner  
 Till it as thai beforouth wer.  
 And on the morn quhen it wes day  
 The Inglis ost myssyt away  
 The Scottismen and had ferly,  
 And gert discourriouris hastily  
 Pryk to se quhar thai war away,  
 And be thar fyris persavyt thai  
 That thai in the park of Werdale  
 Had gert herbry thar ost all hale.  
 Tharfor thar ost but mar abaid  
 Buskyt, and evyn anent thaim raid

## THE BRUS

And on athyr halff the water of Wer  
Gert stent thar palyounys als ner  
As thar befor stentyt war thai.  
Aucht dayis on baith halff sua thai lay  
That Inglismen durst nocht assaill  
The Scottismen with plane battaill  
For strenth of erd that thai had thar.  
Thar wes ilk day justyn of wer  
And scrymyn maid full apertly  
And men tane on athyr party,  
And thai that war tane on a day  
On ane other changyt war thai,  
Bot other dedis nane war done  
That gretly is apon to mone,  
Till it fell on the sevynd day  
The lord Douglas had spyt a way  
How that he mycht about thaim rid  
And com on the ferrer sid.

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

And at evyn purvayit him he  
And tuk with him a gud mengne  
Fyve hunder on hors wicht and hardy,  
And in the nycht all prevely  
Forout noyis sa fer he raid  
Quhill that he ner enveronyt had  
Thar ost and on the ferrar sid  
Toward thaim slely gan he rid.  
And the men that with him war  
He gert in hand have swerdis bar  
And bad thaim hew rapis in twa  
That thai the palyounys mycht ma  
To fall on thaim that in thaim war,  
Than suld the lave that folowit thar  
Stab doune with speris sturdely,  
And quhen thai hard his horne in hy  
To the water hald doune thar way.  
Quhen this wes said that Ik her say  
Toward thar fayis fast thai raid  
That on that sid na wachis haid.  
And as thai ner war approchand  
Ane Inglisman that lay bekind  
Him be a fyr said till his fer,  
'I wat nocht quhat may tyd us her  
Bot rycht a gret growyng me tais,  
For I dred sar for the blak Douglas,'  
And he that hard him said, 'Perfay  
Thou sall haiff caus gif that I may.'  
With that with all him cumpany

He ruschyt in on thaim hardely  
 And pailyounys doune he bar,  
 With sperys that scharply schar  
 Thai stekyt men dispitously.  
 The noys weill sone rais and cry,  
 And thai stabbyt stekyt and slew  
 And pailyounys doun yarne thai drew.  
 A felloune slauchter maid thai thar  
 For thai that liand nakit war  
 Had na power defens to ma  
 And thai but pite gan thaim sla.  
 Thai gert thaim weill wyt that foly  
 Wes ner thar fayis for to ly  
 Bot giff thai traistly wachit war.  
 The Scottismen war slayand thar  
 Thar fayis on this wis quhill the cry  
 Ras throu the ost commonaly  
 That lord and other war on ster,  
 And quhen the Douglas wyst thai wer  
 Armand thaim all commonaly  
 He blew his horn for to rely  
 His men and bad thaim hald thar way  
 Towart the water and sua did thai,  
 And he abaid henmast to se  
 That nane of hys suld levyt be.  
 And as he bade sua howand  
 Sua come thane ane with a club in hand  
 And sua gret a rout till him raucht  
 That had nocht bene his mekill maucht  
 And his rycht soverane manheid  
 Intill that place he had bene dede,  
 Bot he that na tyme wes effrayit  
 Thocht he weill oft wes hard assayit  
 Throu mekill strenth and gret manheid  
 Has brocht the tother to the ded.  
 His men that till the water doun  
 War ridyne intill a raundoun  
 Myssyt thar lord quhen thai come thar,  
 Than war thai dredand for him sar,  
 Ilkan at other speryt tithing  
 Bot yeit off him thai hard na thing.  
 Than gan thai consaill samyn ta  
 That thai to sek him up wald ga,  
 And as thai war in sic effray  
 A tutilling off his horne hard thai  
 And thai that has it knawyn swith  
 War of his cummyn wonder blyth  
 And speryt at him of his abaid.  
 And he tauld how a carle him maid  
 With a club sic felloun pay  
 That met him stoutly in the way

## THE BRUS

That had nocht fortoun helpit the mar  
He had bene in gret perell thar.

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

Thusgat spekand thai held thar way  
Quhill till thar ost cummyn ar thai  
That on fute armyt thaim abaid  
For till help giff thai myster haid,  
And alsone as the lord Douglas  
Met with the erle off Murreff was  
The erle speryt at thaim tithing  
How thai had farne in thar outing.  
'Schyr,' said he, 'we haf drawyn blud.'  
The erle that wes of mekill mude  
Said, 'And we all had thidder gayne  
We haid discumfyt thaim ilkan.'  
'That mycht haff fallyn weill,' said he,  
'Bot sekyrly ynew war we  
To put us in yone aventur,  
For had thai maid discumfitur  
On us that yonder passyt wer  
It suld all stonay that ar her.'  
The erle said, 'Sen that it sua is  
That we may nocht with jupertys  
Our feloune fayis fors assaill  
We sall do it in plane battaill.'  
The lord Douglas said, 'Be saynct Brid  
It war gret foly at this tid  
Till us with swilk ane ost to fycht  
That growys ilk day off mycht  
And has vittail tharwith plente,  
And in thar countre her ar we  
Quhar thar may cum us na succourys,  
Hard is to mak us her rescours  
Na we ne may ferrar mete to get,  
Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.  
Do we with our fayis tharfor  
That ar her liand us befor  
As Ik herd tell this othyr yer  
That a fox did with a fyscher.'  
'How did the fox?' the erle gan say.  
He said, 'A fyscher quhilum lay  
Besid a ryver for to get  
Hys nettis that he had thar set.  
A litill loge tharby he maid,  
And thar-within a bed he haid  
And a litill fyr alsua,  
A dure thar wes foroutyn ma.  
A nycht, his nettis for to se

He rase and thar wele lang dwelt he,  
 And quhen he had doyne his deid  
 Towart his loge agayn he yeid,  
 And with licht of the litill fyr  
 That in the loge wes brynnand schyr  
 Intill his luge a fox he saw  
 That fast on ane salmound gan gnaw.  
 Than till the dur he went in hy  
 And drew his swerd deliverly  
 And said, 'Reiffar thou mon her out.'  
 The fox that wes in full gret dout  
 Lukyt about sum hole to se,  
 Bot nane eschew persave couth he  
 Bot quhar the man stud sturdely.  
 A lauchtane mantell than him by  
 Liand apon the bed he saw,  
 And with his teth he gan it draw  
 Out-our the fyr, and quhen the man  
 Saw his mantill ly brinnand than  
 To red it ran he hastily.  
 The fox gat out than in gret hy  
 And held his way his warand till.  
 The man leyt him begilyt ill  
 That he his gud salmound had tynt  
 And alsua his mantill brynt,  
 And the fox scaithles gat away.

*[Douglas proposes a method of withdrawal]*

This ensample weill I may say  
 Be yone ost and us that ar her,  
 We ar the fox and thai the fyscher  
 That stekis forouth us the way.  
 Thai wene we may na-gat away  
 Bot rycht quhar thai ly, bot perde  
 All as thai think it sall nocht be,  
 For I haff gert se us a gait  
 Suppos that it be sumdele wate,  
 A page off ouris we sall nocht tyne.  
 Our fayis for this small tranountyn  
 Wenys weill we sall prid us sua  
 That we planely on hand sall ta  
 To giff thaim opynly battaill.  
 Bot at this tyme thar thocht sall fail,  
 For we to-morne her all the day  
 Sall mak als mery as we may,  
 And mak us boune agayn the nycht,  
 And than ger mak our fyris lycht  
 And blaw our hornys and mak far  
 As all the warld our awne war

Quhill that the nycht weill fallin be.  
 And than with all our harnays we  
 Sall tak our way hamwart in hy,  
 And we sall gyit be graithly  
 Quhill we be out off thar daunger  
 That lysis now enclossyt her.  
 Than sall we all be at our will  
 And thai sall lete thaim trumpyt ill  
 Fra thai wyt weill we be away.'  
 To this haly assentyt thai,  
 And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht  
 Quhill on the morn that day wes lycht.

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

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

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

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

And King Robert that wittering haid  
 At his men in the park sua lay  
 And at quhat myscheiff thar war thai,  
 Ane ost assemblyt he in hy  
 And ten thousand men wicht and hardy  
 He has send furth with erllis twa  
 Off the Marche and Angus war tha  
 The ost in Werdale to releve,  
 And giff thai mycht sa weill escheve  
 That samyn mycht be thai and thai  
 Thai thocht thar fayis till assay.  
 Sua fell that on the samyn day  
 That the mos, as ye hard me say,  
 Wes passyt, the discourrouris that thar  
 Ridand befor the ost war  
 Off athyr ost has gottyn sycht,  
 And thai that worthy war and wicht  
 At thar metyng justyt of wer,  
 Ensenyeys hey thai criyt ther.  
 And be thar cry persavyt thai  
 That thai war frendys and at a fay,  
 Than mycht men se thaim glaid and blyth  
 And tauld it to thar lordis swith.

## THE BRUS

The ostis bath met samyn syne,  
Thar wes rycht hamly welcumyn  
Maid amand thai gret lordis thar,  
Off thar metyng joyfull thai war.  
The erle Patrik and his menye  
Had vittailis with thaim gret plente  
And tharwith weill relevyt thai  
Thar frendis, for the suth to say  
Quhill thai in Wardale liand war  
Thai had gret defaut off mete, bot thar  
Thai war relevyt with gret plente.  
Toward Scotland with gamyn and gle  
Thai went and hame wele cummyn ar thai  
And scalyt syne ilk man thar way.  
The lordis ar went to the king  
That has maid thaim fair welcumyng,  
For off thar come rycht glaid wes he,  
And that thai sic perplexite  
Forout tynsail eschapyt haid  
All war thai blyth and mery maid.

## BOOK 20

*[King Robert in Northumberland]*

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

*[The peace with England]*

On this wys raid he destroyand  
 Quhill that the king of England  
 Throu consaill of the Mortymar  
 And his moder that that tym war  
 Ledaris of him that than young wes  
 To King Robert to tret off pes  
 Send messyngeris, and sua sped thai  
 That thai assentyt on this way  
 Than a perpetuale pes to tak,  
 And thai a mariage suld mak  
 Off the King Robertis sone Davy  
 That than bot fyve yer had scarsly  
 And off Dame Jhone als off the Tour

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

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

The King Robert ordanyt to pay  
 The silver, and agane the day  
 He gert wele for the mangery  
 Ordane quhen that his sone Davy  
 Suld weddyt be, and Erle Thomas  
 And the gud lord of Douglas  
 Intill his steid ordanyt he  
 Devisouris of that fest to be,  
 For a malice him tuk sa sar  
 That he on na wis mycht be thar.  
 His malice off enfundeyng  
 Begouth, for throuch his cald lying  
 Quhen in his gret myscheiff wes he  
 Him fell that hard perplexite.  
 At Cardros all that tyme he lay,  
 And quhen ner cummyn wes the day  
 That ordanyt for the weddyn was  
 The erle and the lord of Douglas  
 Come to Berwik with mekill far  
 And brocht young Davy with thaim thar,  
 And the queyn and the Mortymer  
 On other part cummyn wer

With gret affer and reawte,  
 The young lady of gret bewte  
 Thidder thai brocht with rich affer.  
 The weddyn haf thai makyt thar  
 With gret fest and solempnyte,  
 Thar mycht men myrth and glaidship se  
 For rycht gret fest thai maid thar  
 And Inglismen and Scottis war  
 Togidder in joy and solace,  
 Na felloune betwix thaim was.  
 The fest a wele lang tym held thai,  
 And quhen thai buskyt to far away  
 The queyn has left hyr douchter thar  
 With gret riches and reale far,  
 I trow that lang quhile na lady  
 Wes gevyn till hous sa richely,  
 And the erle and the lord Douglas  
 Hyr in daynte ressavyt has  
 As it war worthi sekyrly  
 For scho wes syne the best lady  
 And the fayrest that men thurft se.  
 Eftre this gret solemnyte  
 Quhen of bath half levys war tane  
 The queyn till England hame is gane  
 And had with hyr Mortymar.  
 The erle and thai that levyt war  
 Quhen thai a quhill hyr convoyit had  
 Towart Berwik again thai raid,  
 And syne with all thar cumpany  
 Towart the king thai went in hy,  
 And had with thaim the young Davy  
 And Dame Jhone als that young lady.

*[Coronation of David, settlement of the succession]*

The king maid thaim fair welcumyng  
 And efter but langer delaying  
 He has gert set a parleament  
 And thidder wittth mony men is went,  
 For he thocht he wald in his lyff  
 Croun his young sone and his wyff  
 And at that parleament sua did he.  
 With gret fayr and solemnyte  
 The King Davy wes crownyt thar,  
 And all the lordis that thar war  
 And als off the comynyte  
 Maid him manredyn and fewte.  
 And forouth that thai crownyt war  
 The King Robert gert ordane thar,  
 Giff it fell that his sone Davy

Deyit but ayr male off his body  
 Gottyn, Robert Stewart suld be  
 Kyng and bruk all the realte  
 That hys douchter bar Marjory,  
 And at this tailye suld lelely  
 Be haldyn all the lordis swar  
 And it with selys affermyt thar.  
 And gyff it hapnyt Robert the king  
 To pas to God quhill thai war ying,  
 The gud erle of Murreff, Thomas,  
 And the lord alsua off Douglas  
 Suld haiff thaim into governyng  
 Quhill thai had wyt to ster thar thing,  
 And than the lordschip suld thai ta.  
 Her–till thar athys gan thai ma  
 And all the lordis that thar war  
 To thir twa wardanys athis swar  
 Till obey thaim in lawte  
 Giff thaim hapnyt wardanys to be.

*[The king's illness and last will]*

Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes  
 And affermyt with sekyrnes  
 The king to Cardros went in hy,  
 And thar him tuk sa fellely  
 The seknes and him travailit sua  
 That he wyst him behovynt to ma  
 Off all this liff the commoun end  
 That is the dede quhen God will send,  
 Tharfor his lettrys sone send he  
 For the lordis off his countre  
 And thai come as thai biddyng had.  
 His testament than has he maid  
 Befor bath lordis and prelatis,  
 And to religioun of ser statis  
 For hele of his saule gaf he  
 Silver in gret quantite.  
 He ordanyt for his saule weill,  
 And quhen this done wes ilkadele  
 He said, 'Lordingis, sua is it gayn  
 With me that thar is nocht bot ane,  
 That is the dede withoutyn drede  
 That ilk man mon thole off nede.  
 And I thank God that has me sent  
 Space in this lyve me to repent,  
 For throuch me and my werraying  
 Off blud has bene rycht gret spilling  
 Quhar mony sakles men war slayn,  
 Tharfor this seknes and this payn

I tak in thank for my trespas.  
 And myn hart fichyt sekyrly was  
 Quhen I wes in prosperite  
 Off my synnys to sauffyt be  
 To travaill apon Goddis fayis,  
 And sen he now me till him tayis  
 Sua that the body may na wys  
 Fullfill that the hart gan devis  
 I wald the hart war thidder sent  
 Quharin consavyt wes that entent.  
 Tharfor I pray you everilkan  
 That ye amang you ches me ane  
 That be honest wis and wicht  
 And off his hand a noble knycht  
 On Goddis fayis my hart to ber  
 Quhen saule and cors disseveryt er,  
 For I wald it war worthily  
 Brocht thar, sen God will nocht that I  
 Haiff power thidderwart to ga.'

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

Than war thar hartis all sa wa  
 That nane mycht hald him fra greting.  
 He bad thaim leve thar sorowing  
 For it he said mycht not releve  
 And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve,  
 And prayit thaim in hy to do  
 The thing that thai war chargit to.  
 Than went thai furth with drery mode,  
 Amang thaim thai thocht it gode  
 That the worthi lord of Douglas  
 Quham in bath wit and worschip was  
 Suld tak this travaill apon hand,  
 Heir–till thai war all accordand,  
 Syne till the king thai went in hy  
 And tald hym at thai thocht trewly  
 That the douchty lord Douglas  
 Best schapyn for that travaill was.  
 And quhen the king hard that thai sua  
 Had ordanyt him his hart to ta  
 That he mast yarnyt suld it haff  
 He said, 'Sa God himself me saiff  
 Ik hald me rycht weill payit that yhe  
 Haff chosyn him, for his bounte  
 And his worschip set in my yarnyng  
 Ay sen I thocht to do this thing  
 That he it with him thar suld ber,  
 And sen ye all assentit er  
 It is the mar likand to me.

Lat se now quhat thar–till sayis he.  
 And quhen the gud lord of Douglas  
 Wist that thing thus spokyn was  
 He come and knelit to the king  
 And on this wis maid him thanking.  
 'I thank you gretly lord,' said he,  
 'Off the mony larges and gret bounte  
 That yhe haff done me fel–sys  
 Sen fyrst I come to your service,  
 Bot our all thing I mak thanking  
 That ye sa dyng and worthy thing  
 As your hart that enlumynyt wes  
 Off all bounte and all prowes  
 Will that I in my yemsall tak.  
 For you, schyr, I will blythly mak  
 This travaill, gif God will me gif  
 Layser and space sua lang to lyff.'  
 The king him thankyt tendrely,  
 Than wes nane in that cumpany  
 That thai na wepyt for pite,  
 Thar cher anoyis wes to se.

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

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

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

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

Quhen that the gud king beryit was  
 The erle of Mureff, Schyr Thomas,  
 Tuk all the land in governyng,  
 All obeyit till his bidding,  
 And the gud lord of Douglas syne  
 Gert mak a cas of silver fyne  
 Ennamylyt throu sutelte,  
 Tharin the kingis hart did he  
 And ay about his hals it bar  
 And fast him bownyt for to far.  
 His testament divisyt he  
 And ordanyt how his land suld be  
 Governyt quhill his gayn-cummyng

Off frendis, and all other thing  
 That till him pertenynt ony wis  
 With sik forsych and sa wys  
 Or his furth-passing ordanyt he  
 That na thing mycht amendyt be.  
 And quhen that he his leve had tane  
 To schip to Berwik is he gane,  
 And with a noble cumpany  
 Off knychtis and off squyery  
 He put him thar to the se.  
 A lang way furthwart saylit he,  
 For betwix Cornwaill and Bretaynne  
 He sayllyt, and left the Grunye of Spayne  
 On northalff him, and held thar way  
 Quhill to Sabill the Graunt com thai,  
 Bot gretly war his men and he  
 Travaillyt with tempestis of the se,  
 Bot thocht thai gretly travaillit war  
 Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar.  
 Thai aryvyt at Gret Sabill  
 And eftre in a litill quhill  
 Thar hors to land thai drew ilkane  
 And in the toun has herbry tane,  
 He hym contenyt rychly  
 For he had a fayr cumpany  
 And gold ynewch for to dispend.  
 The King Alfons him eftre send  
 And hym rycht weill ressavyt he  
 And perofferyt him in gret plente  
 Gold and tresour hors and armyng,  
 Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing  
 For he said he tuk that vaiaage  
 To pas intill pilgramage  
 On Goddis fayis, that his travail  
 Mycht till his saule hele availl,  
 And sen he wyst that he had wer  
 With Saryzynys he wald dwell thar  
 And serve him at hys mycht lely.  
 The king him thankyt curtasly  
 And betaucht him gud men that war  
 Weill knawyn of that landis wer  
 And the maner tharoff alsua,  
 Syne till his innys gan he ga  
 Quhen that the king him levit had.

*[The repute of Douglas in Spain]*

A weill gret sojourne thar he mad,  
 Knychtis that come of fer cowntre  
 Come in gret hy him for to se

And honouryt him full gretumly,  
 And out–our all men fer soveranly  
 The Inglis knychtis that war thar  
 Honour and company him bar.  
 Amang thai strangeris was a knycht  
 That wes haldyn sa worthi and wicht  
 That for ane of the gud wes he  
 Prissyt off the Cristiante,  
 Sa fast till–hewyn was his face  
 That it our–all ner wemmyt was.  
 Or he the lord Douglas had sene  
 He wend his face had wemmyt bene  
 Bot never a hurt tharin had he.  
 Quhen he unwemmyt gan it se  
 He said that he had gret ferly  
 That swilk a knycht and sa worthi  
 And prissyt of sa gret bounte  
 Mycht in the face unemmyt be,  
 And he answerd tharto makly  
 And said, 'Love God, all tym had I  
 Handis my hed for to wer.'  
 Quha wald tak kep to this answer  
 Suld se in it understanding  
 That, and he that maid that asking  
 Had handis to wer, hys face  
 That for faute of defence sa was  
 To–fruschynt intill placis ser  
 Suld have may–fall left hale and fer.  
 The gud knychtis that than war by  
 Pryssyt hys answer gretumly,  
 For it wes maid with mek speking  
 And had rycht hey understanding.

*[Douglas does battle with the Saracens]*

Apon this maner still thai lay  
 Quhill throu the countre thai hard say  
 That the hey king of Balmeryne  
 With mony a mody Saryzine  
 Was entryt intill the land off Spayne  
 All hale the countre to manye.  
 The king off Spaynye on other party  
 Gaderyt his ost deliverly  
 And delt hym intill bataillis thre,  
 And to the lord Douglas gaff he  
 The avaward to led and ster,  
 All hale the strangeris with him wer,  
 And the gret maister off Saynct Jak  
 The tother bataill gert he tak,  
 The rerward maid himselvyn thar.

Thusgat divisyt furth thai far  
 To mete thar fayis that in bataill  
 Arayit redy till assaill  
 Come agayn thaim full sturdely.  
 The Douglas that wes sa worthi  
 Quhen he to thaim of his leding  
 Had maid a fayr monesting  
 To do weill and na deid to dred,  
 For hevynnys blys suld be thar mede  
 Gyff that thai deyt in Goddis service  
 Than as gud werrayouris and wis,  
 With thaim stoutly assemblit he.  
 Thar mycht men felloun fechtyn se,  
 For thai war all wicht and worthi  
 That war on the Cristyn party  
 And faucht sa fast with all thar mayne  
 That Saryzynys war mony slayne,  
 The—quheter with mony fele fachoun  
 Mony a Cristyn dang thai doun,  
 Bot at the last the lord Douglas  
 And the gret rout that with him was  
 Pressyt the Saryzynys sua  
 That thai haly the bak gan ta,  
 And thai chassyt with all thar mayn  
 And mony in the chas has slayn.  
 Sa fer chassyt the lord of Douglas  
 With few, that he passyt was  
 All the folk that war chassand then,  
 He had nocht with him our ten  
 Off all men that war with him thar.  
 Quhen he saw all reparyt war  
 Towart hys ost than turnyt he,  
 And quhen the Saryzynys gan se  
 That the chasseris turnyt agayn  
 Thai relyit with mekill mayn.

*[Douglas seeks to rescue another knight and is killed]*

And as the gud lord of Douglas  
 As I said er, reparand was  
 Sa saw he rycht besid thaim ner  
 Quhar that Schyr Wilyam the Sanctecler  
 With a gret rout enveround was.  
 He was anoyit and said, 'Allace!  
 Yone worthy knyght will sone be ded  
 Bot he haff help, and our manheid  
 Biddys us help him in gret hy  
 Sen that we ar sa ner him by,  
 And God wate weill our entent is  
 To lyve or de in hys service,

Hys will in all thing do sall we.  
 Sall na perell eschewyt be  
 Quhill he be put out of yone payn  
 Or than we all be with him slayn.'  
 With that with spuris spedely  
 Thai strak the hors and in gret hy  
 Amang the Saryzynys thai raid  
 And roume about thaim haf thai maid,  
 Thai dang on fast with all thar mycht  
 And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.  
 Grettar defens maid never sa quhone  
 Agayne sa fele as thai haf done,  
 Quhill thai mycht last thai gaf battaill  
 Bot mycht na worschip thar availl  
 That thai ilkan war slayn down thar,  
 For Saryzynys sa mony war  
 That thai war twenty ner for ane.  
 The gud lord Douglas thar was slane  
 And Schyr Wilyam the Sanct Cler alsua  
 And other worthy knyghtis twa,  
 Schyr Robert Logane hat the tane  
 And the tother Schyr Walter Logane,  
 Quhar our Lord for his mekill mycht  
 Thar saulis haff till his hevynnys hycht.  
 The gud lord Douglas thus wes ded,  
 And Sarazynys in that sted  
 Abaid no mar bot held thar way,  
 Thai knyghtis dede thar levyt thai.  
 Sum off the lord Douglas men  
 That thar lord ded has fundyn then  
 Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa,  
 Lang quhill our him thai sorowit sua  
 And syne with gret dule hame him bar.  
 The kingis hart haiff thai fundyn thar  
 And that hame with thaim haf thai tane,  
 And ar towart thar innys gane  
 With gretyng and with ivill cher,  
 Thar sorow wes angry for till her.

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

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

How that thar douchty lord wes slayn  
 With Sarazynys that releyt agayn,  
 And quhen he wyst that it was sua  
 Out–our all othyr him was wa  
 And maid sa wondyr yvill cher  
 That all wondryt that by him wer.  
 Bot to tell off thar sorowing  
 It noyis and helpis litill thing,  
 Men may weill wyt thocht nane thaim tell  
 How angry for sorow and how fell  
 Is to tyne sic a lord as he  
 To thaim that war off his mengne,  
 For he wes swete and debonar  
 And weill couth trete hys frendis far,  
 And his fayis rycht fellounly  
 Stonay throu his chevalry  
 The–quether off litill affer wes he.  
 Our all thing luffit he lawte,  
 At tresoun growyt he sa gretly  
 That na traytour mycht be him by  
 That he mycht wyt that he ne suld be  
 Weill punyst off his cruelte.  
 I trow the lele Fabricius  
 That fra Rome to werray Pyrrus  
 Wes send with a gret mengne  
 Luffyt tresoun na les than he,  
 The–quether quhen Pirrus had  
 On him and on his mengne maid  
 Ane outrageous discumfitour  
 Quhar he eschapyt throu aventour  
 And mony off his men war slayne,  
 And he had gadryt ost agayne,  
 A gret maistre off medicyne  
 That had Pyrrus in governyne  
 Perofferyt to Fabricius  
 In tresoun to sla Pyrrus,  
 For intill his neyst potioun  
 He suld giff him dedly pusoun.  
 Fabricius that wonder had  
 Off that peroffre that he him maid  
 Said, 'Certis, Rome is welle off mycht  
 Throu strenth off armys into fycht  
 To vencus thar fayis, thocht thai  
 Consent to treusoun be na way,  
 And for thou wald do sic trewsoun  
 Thou sall to et a warysoun  
 Ga to Pyrrus and lat him do  
 Quhatever him lysis on hart tharto.'  
 Than till Pyrrus he send in hy  
 This maistre and gert opynly  
 Fra end till end tell him this tale.

Quhen Pyrrus had it hard all hale  
 He said, 'Wes ever man that sua  
 For leawte bar him till his fa  
 As her Fabricius dois to me.  
 It is als ill to ger him be  
 Turnyt fra way of rychtwisnes  
 Or ellis consent to wikkitnes  
 As at midday to turne agayn  
 The sone that rynnys his cours playn.'  
 Thus said he off Fabricius,  
 That syne vencussyt this ilk Pyrrus  
 In plane bataill throu hard fechtung.  
 His honest leawte gert me bring  
 In this ensample her, for he  
 Had soverane price off leawte,  
 And sua had the lord of Douglas  
 That honest lele and worthy was  
 That wes ded as befor said we,  
 All menynt him strang and preve.

*[The body of Douglas brought home and buried]*

Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,  
 Thai debowalyt him and syne  
 Gert seth him sua that mycht be tane  
 The flesch all haly fra the bane  
 And the carioune thar in haly place  
 Erdyt with rycht gret worschip was.  
 The banys have tha with thaim tane  
 And syne ar to thar schippis gane  
 Quhen thai war levit off the king  
 That had dule for thar sorowing.  
 To se thai went, gud wind thai had,  
 Thar cours till Ingland haiff thai maid  
 And thar sauffly aryvyt thai,  
 Syne towart Scotland held thar way  
 And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy,  
 And the banys honorabilly  
 Intill the kyrk off Douglas war  
 Erdyt with dule and mekill car.  
 Schyr Archebald his sone gert syn  
 Off alabast bath fair and fyne  
 Ordane a tumbe sa richly  
 As it behovynt to sua worthy.

*[The death of Moray]*

Quhen that on this wis Schyr Wilyam  
 Off Keth had brocht his banys hame

## THE BRUS

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