

*Sir Perceval of Galles,*  
 ? First half of the 14th century, MS early 15th century  
 based on *Yvain, ou le chevalier au lion* by Chrétien de Troyes, c. 1180

<p>Lef, lythes to me          Two wordes or thre,          Of one that was faire and fre          And felle in his fighte.          5 His righte name was Percyvell,          He was fosterde in the felle,          He dranke water of the welle,          And yitt was he wyghte.          His fadir was a noble man;          10 Fro the tyme that he began,          Miche wirchippe he wan          When he was made knyghte          In Kyng Arthures haulle.          Beste byluffede of alle,          15 Percyvell thay gan hym calle,          Whoso redis ryghte.</p>	<p><i>everyone; listen;</i></p> <p><i>fierce; fighting</i></p> <p><i>brought up; moors</i></p> <p><i>yet; strong</i></p> <p><i>much honor</i></p> <p><i>palace</i> <i>beloved</i> <i>did call him</i> <i>reads correctly</i></p>	<p>My friends,          listen to a few words          about a man who was handsome,          courageous and a great fighter.          His name was Perceval;          he was brought up in the wilderness          and drank water from springs,          and yet he was strong!          His father was an illustrious man who,          from the very beginning          since he'd been made a knight,          won much renown          in King Arthur's hall;          he was loved above all the others.          His name was Perceval,          as we read.</p>
<p>Who that righte can rede,          He was doughty of dede,          A styffe body on a stede          20 Wapynes to welde;          Tharefore Kyng Arthoure          Dide hym mekill honoure:          He gaffe hym his syster Acheflour,          To have and to holde          25 Fro thethyn till his lyves ende,          With brode londes to spende,          For he the knyght wele kende.          He bytaughte hir to welde,          With grete gyftes to fulfill;          30 He gaffe his sister hym till          To the knyght, at ther bothers will,          With robes in folde.</p>	<p><i>bold</i> <i>powerful; war horse</i> <i>wapons; wield</i></p> <p><i>much</i> <i>gave</i></p> <p><i>thence</i> <i>have the use of</i> <i>well knew</i> <i>entrusted; govern</i></p> <p><i>to him</i> <i>both their</i> <i>luxurious</i></p>	<p>Who reads aright [knows that]          he was valiant in performance,          strong on a horse          and skilled in arms;          that's why King Arthur          showed him much honour          and gave him his sister Blanchefleur          to have and to hold in wedlock          until his life's end,          and gave him lands to live off,          for the king recognised his merit.          The king entrusted her to him          with great gifts to seal the bond;          he gave his sister to the knight          with their mutual consent,          with luxurious robes.</p>
<p>He gaffe hym robes in folde,          Brode londes in wolde,          35 Mony mobles untolde,          His syster to take.          To the kirke the knyghte yode          For to wedde that frely fode,          For the gyftes that ware gude          40 And for hir ownn sake.          Sythen, withowtten any bade,          A grete brydale thay made,          For hir sake that hym hade          Chosen to hir make;          45 And after, withowtten any lett,          A grete justyng ther was sett;          Of all the kempes that he mett          Wolde he none forsake.</p>	<p><i>luxurious</i> <i>in his possession</i> <i>possessions</i></p> <p><i>church; went</i> <i>gentle creature</i></p> <p><i>since that time; delay</i> <i>wedding feast</i></p> <p><i>mate</i> <i>delay</i> <i>jousting;</i> <i>contestants</i> <i>cease [from fighting]</i></p>	<p>Luxurious robes, lands to rule,          innumerable wealth          and his sister's hand          Perceval got from the King.          The knight went to the church          to marry that gentle person          for the goodly gifts          and his own sake too.          And then, without delay,          they had a great wedding feast          to honour her that has chosen          the knight to her husband.          The wedding over,          a great jousting took place          where Perceval would meet          whoever challenged him.</p>

<p>50 Wolde he none forsake, The Rede Knyghte ne the Blake, Ne none that wolde to hym take     With schafte ne with schelde; He dose als a noble knyghte, Wele haldes that he highte; 55 Faste preves he his myghte:     Deres hym none elde. Sexty schaftes, I say, Sir Percyvell brake that ilke day, And ever that riche lady lay 60 One walle and byhelde. Thofe the Rede Knyghte hade sworne, Oute of his sadill is he borne And almoste his lyfe forlorne,     And lygges in the felde.</p>	<p><i>black come lance; shield does as ever faithful [to his] promises proves injures; older [knight]  same  on though  destroyed lies</i></p>	<p>He would meet all, the Red Knight and the Black, and all who faced him with lance and shield, He acted as a noble knight, upholding his honour and proving his might; no experienced knight harmed him. He broke sixty lances that day,  as Blanchefleur looked on from the castle walls. Thought the Red Knight took an oath, he was borne out of his saddle and nearly lost his life, left lying in the field.</p>
<p>65 There he lygges in the felde - Many men one hym byhelde - Thurgh his armour and his schelde     Stoneyde that tyde. That arghede all that ther ware, 70 Bothe the lesse and the mare, That noble Percyvell so wele dare     Syche dynttys habyde. Was ther nowthir more ne lasse Of all those that ther was 75 That durste mete hym one the grasse,     Agaynes hym to ryde. Thay gaffe Sir Percyvell the gree: Beste worthy was he; And hamewardes than rode he, 80 And blythe was his bryde.</p>	<p><i>on throughout stunned; time made fainthearted common; noble able blows to suffer  dared; on; grassy plot  victory  happy</i></p>	<p>He lay in the field and many men watched him, stunned that time through armour and shield. Everybody marvelled, the greater and the lesser both, how Perceval could parry such blows as this knight had given. None of those who were there dared meet him on the field and ride against him. Sir Perceval was given the trophy; he was the best of all, and he rode home and his wife was delighted.</p>
<p>And thofe the bryde blythe be That Percyvell hase wone the gree, Yete the Rede Knyghte es he     Hurte of his honde; 85 And therefore gyffes he a gyfte That if he ever covere myghte Owthir by day or by nyghte,     In felde for to stonde, That he scholde qwyte hym that dynt 90 That he of his handes hynte; Sall never this travell be tynt,     Ne tolde in the londe That Percyvell in the felde Schulde hym schende thus undire schelde, 95 Bot he scholde agayne it yelde,     If that he were leveande.</p>	<p><i>though victory  he makes a pledge return (recover)  repay; blow from; received shall; effort be in vain  defeat; under unless; living</i></p>	<p>Blanchefleur was delighted that her husband had won the prize; but the Red Knight was less pleased, as he nursed a broken hand and promised that, if he ever recovered from his injuries, he would meet him in the field; he would repay the blow that he received from his hands. His effort won't be in vain, nor will it be said that Perceval defeated him like that in the field; he will pay him back as long as he lived.</p>

	Now than are thay leveande bathe; Was noghte the Rede Knyghte so rathe For to wayte hym with skathe.	<i>both alive impatient afflict; injury before; calamity</i>	Both remained alive; but this knight saw no cause to rush to afflict Perceval with injury.
100	Er ther the harmes felle, Ne befelle ther no stryffe, Till Percyvell had in his lyffe A son by his yonge wyffe, Aftir hym to duelle.	<i>until</i>	Before the disaster came, there was no conflict, until Perceval had a son by his young wife to be his heir.
105	When the childe was borne, He made calle it one the morne Als his fadir highte byforne - Yonge Percyvell.	<i>on was named</i>	When the child was born, he was christened in the morning by his father's name, young Perceval.
110	The knyghte was fayne a feste made For knave-childe that he hade; And sythen, withowtten any bade Offe justynges they telle.	<i>eager [to have] boy then; further ado of joustings</i>	Sir Perceval announced a banquet to celebrate the birth, and afterwards – what else? – but a jousting!
	Now of justynges they tell: They sayne that Sir Percyvell That he will in the felde duelle, Als he hase are done.	<i> dwell previously</i>	A jousting was anounced; it was proclaimed that Sir Perceval would take on all comers in the field, as he had done.
115	A grete justynge was ther sett Of all the kempes that ther mett, For he wolde his son were gette	<i>contestants trained manner</i>	A great jousting was organized for all the mighty warriors in the land, for Perceval wanted his son to have the same training.
120	In the same wonne. Theroff the Rede Knyghte was blythe, When he herde of that justynge kythe, And graythed hym armour ful swythe, And rode thedir righte sone;	<i>jousting; news prepared for himself; at once</i>	The Red Knight was delighted to hear of the jousting. he armed himself and rode there at once.
125	Agayne Percyvell he rade, With schafte and with schelde brade, To holde his heste that he made, Of maistres to mone.	<i>against broad keep his vow because of injuries</i>	He rode against Perceval with spear and shield to keep his promise, because of old grievance.
	Now of maistres to mone, Percyvell hase wele done, For the love of his yonge sone, One the firste day.	<i>remembered conquests worth mention</i>	As to memorable performance, Perceval has done well on the first day for his son's sake.
130	Ere the Rede Knyghte was bownn, Percyvell hase borne downn Knyght, duke, erle, and baroun, And vencusede the play.	<i>before; ready [to enter the lists] vanquished the field</i>	Before the Red Knight got ready Perceval unhorsed knights, dukes, earls and barons and ruled in the field.
135	Right als he hade done this honour, So come the Rede Knyghte to the stowre. Bot "Wo worthe wykkyde armour!"	<i>as soon as battle a curse on bad equipment!</i>	As soon as he achieved this honour the Red Knight came to fight. Well may Sir Perceval have cried, 'A curse on defective armour!'
140	Percyvell may say. For ther was Sir Percyvell slayne, And the Rede Knyghte fayne - In herte is noghte for to layne - When he went on his way.	<i>joyful conceal</i>	for the Red Knight killed him. And this Red Knight, let us not conceal the fact, was delighted when he left.

145	When he went on his way, Durste ther no man to hym say, Nowther in erneste ne in play, To byd hym habyde;	<i>command; stay</i>	And as he rode away, no one had the stomach to challenge him, in fun nor otherwise, since there he had killed
150	For he had slayne righte thare The beste body at thare ware, Sir Percyvell, with woundes sare, And stonayed that tyde. And than thay couthe no better rede Bot put hym in a prevee stede,	<i>person that there was deadly stunned; time knew; plan sequestered (private) place</i>	the best knight in King Arthur's land.  They had no other plan but to lay Sir Perceval apart as is the custom with the dead to bury them in the ground.
155	Als that men dose with the dede, In erthe for to hyde. Scho that was his lady Mighte be full sary, That lorne hade siche a body:	<i>she sorry lost</i>	Blanchefleur, his lady may well be sorry having lost such a man; she felt no pride indeed.
160	Hir aylede no pryde.	<i>(i.e., she felt)</i>	
	And now is Percyvell the wighte Slayne in batelle and in fyghte, And the lady hase gyffen a gyfte, Holde if scho may,	<i>creature  made a pledge keep it</i>	Now Sir Perceval the strong is dead, slain in combat; and Blanchefleur has made a vow, to keep if she could, that she will never live
165	That scho schall never mare wone In stede, with hir yonge sone, Ther dedes of armes schall be done, By nyghte ne be daye. Bot in the wodde schall he be:	<i>she; dwell [any] place where</i>	with her young son in a place where deeds of arms are performed by day or night, but will bring her son up in the forest, where he will have only
170	Sall he no thyng see Bot the leves of the tree And the greves graye; Schall he nowther take tent To justes ne to tournament,	<i>wilderness shall  groves pay attention</i>	the leaves of the trees to watch and the shady groves; he will never engage in joustings or tournaments, but will run about woodland clearings
175	Bot in the wilde wodde went, With bestes to playe.	<i>go animals</i>	to play with the deer.  To play with the wild deer she took her leave of baron and king and made her way to the wild wood.
	With wilde bestes for to playe, Scho tuke hir leve and went hir waye, Bothe at baron and at raye, And went to the wodde.	<i>she from the nobility; king;</i>	She left halls and bowers behind, taking only a maiden with her that she could call on if need arise.
180	Byhynde scho leved boure and haulle; A mayden scho tuke hir withalle, That scho myghte appon calle When that hir nede stode.	<i>left bower; hall  (i.e., she needed service)</i>	She wanted no other goods but a flock of goats to provide milk to live on.
185	Other gudes wolde scho nonne nayte, Bot with hir tuke a tryppe of gayte, With mylke of tham for to bayte To hir lyves fode. Off all hir lordes faire gere,	<i>goods; require flock of goats drink for</i>	Of all her lord's possessions she left everything except a little hunting spear for her son to use when he got older.
190	Wolde scho noghte with hir bere Bot a lyttill Scottes spere, Agayne hir son yode.	<i>except in anticipation of her son's learning to walk</i>	

	And when hir yong son yode, Scho bade hym walke in the wodde, 195 Tuke hym the Scottes spere gude, And gaffe hym in hande. "Swete modir," sayde he, "What manere of thyng may this bee That ye nowe hafe taken mee? 200     What calle yee this wande?" Than byspakke the lady: "Son," scho sayde, "sekerly, It es a dart doghty; In the wodde I it fande." 205 The childe es payed, of his parte, His modir hafe gyffen hym that darte; Therwith made he many marte In that wodde-lande.	<i>walked about</i>  <i>presented</i>     <i>given to</i> <i>stick</i>  <i>truly</i> <i>is; worthy</i>  <i>pleased</i>  <i>slain beast</i>	And when Perceval could walk she sent him to roam in the woods and put the spear in his hand.  'What is this, mother?' he asked. 'What is this stick for, that you have given me? What is it called?' The lady spoke up: 'Son,' she replied, 'it is called a hunting spear. I found it in the forest.' And the child was delighted with his new toy, and killed many wild creatures in the forest with it.
210	Thus he welke in the lande, With hys darte in his hande; Under the wilde wodde-wande He wexe and wele thrafe. He wolde schote with his spere Bestes and other gere, 215 As many als he myghte bere. He was a gude knave! Smalle birdes wolde he slo, Hertys, hyndes also; Broghte his moder of thoo: 220     Thurte hir none crave. So wele he lernede hym to schote, Ther was no beste that welke one fote To fle fro hym was it no bote. When that he wolde hym have,	<i>walks</i>  <i>branches</i> <i>grew; throve</i>  <i>things</i> <i>carry</i> <i>boy</i> <i>slay</i> <i>male and female deer</i> <i>those</i>  <i>walked</i> <i>useless</i>	He roamed about the trees, javelin in hand, beneath the branches, growing healthy and strong, casting his spear at the woodland game, as many as he could carry. He was a good boy! He would kill small birds, harts and hinds – all came to his mother's table; through no pressure from her. He learnt to throw so well that soon no animal was safe from him if he was bent on getting it.
225	Even when he wolde hym have. Thus he wexe and wele thrave, And was reghte a gude knave Within a fewe yere. Fyftene wynter and mare 230 He duellede in those holtes hare; Nowther nurture ne lare Scho wolde hym none lere. Till it byfelle, on a day, The lady till hir son gun say, 235 "Swete childe, I rede thou praye To Goddes Sone dere, That he wolde helpe the - Lorde, for His poustee - A gude man for to bee, 240     And longe to duelle here."	<i>even then</i> <i>throve</i> <i>truly; boy</i>  <i>gray woods</i> <i>courtesy; learning</i> <i>teach</i>  <i>to; did</i> <i>counsel</i>  <i>power</i>	Growing healthy and strong, he truly was a good boy in a couple of years. Fifteen winters he spent in this way, with no other instruction but the ways of the ancient woodland. Then one day, Blanchefleur said: 'Sweet child, I advise you to pray to God's dear Son that he help you  to become a good man and have a long life.'

	"Swete moder," sayde he, "Whatkyns a godd may that be That ye nowe bydd mee That I schall to pray?"		'Sweet mother,' replied the child. 'Who is this God that you want me to pray to?'
245	Then byspakke the lady even: "It es the grete Godd of heven: This worlde made He within seven, Appon the sexte day." "By grete Godd," sayde he than,	<i>what kind of</i>  <i>directly</i>	'He is the great God of heaven,' she replied, 'who made this world in six days.'
250	"And I may mete with that man, With alle the crafte that I kan, Reghte so schall I pray!" There he levede in a tayte Bothe his modir and his gayte,	<i>if</i>  <i>left with eagerness</i> <i>goats</i> <i>seek</i>	'By Christ!' said the child, 'I will pray with all my might that I may meet with this man.'
255	The grete Godd for to layte, Fynde hym when he may.		And off he went, leaving his mother with her goats, to search for the great God.
	And as he welke in holtes hare, He sawe a gate, as it ware; With thre knyghtis mett he thare	<i>walked; gray woods</i> <i>path</i>	And as he walked in the ancient forest, he saw a path; and there he met three of King Arthur's knights.
260	Off Arthrus in. One was Ewayne fytz Asoure, Another was Gawayne with honour, And Kay, the bolde baratour,	<i>household</i>  <i>warrior</i>	One was Sir Yvain, another the honourable Sir Gawain, and the third Sir Kay, the bold warrior; they were all his relatives and were dressed in fine clothes.
265	And all were of his kyn. In riche robes thay ryde; The childe hadd no thyng that tyde That he myghte in his bones hyde,	<i>time</i>  <i>goat's</i> <i>broad</i>	The boy wore nothing to hide his body but a goatskin. He was stout and well-built;
270	Bot a gaytes skynn. He was a burely of body, and therto right brade; One ayther halfe a skynn he hade; The hode was of the same made, Juste to the chynn.	<i>on both sides</i> <i>hood</i>	he had a goat's skin on either side and a goatskin hood that reached to the chin.
	His hode was juste to his chyn, The flesche halfe tourned within.	<i>hood</i>	The hood reached to his chin, with the skin side turned in.
275	The childes witt was full thyn When he scholde say oughte. Thay were clothede all in grene; Siche hade he never sene:	<i>speak properly</i>  <i>such</i>	The boy's understanding was feeble when he ought to speak. They were clothed all in green; The boy never saw anything like that
280	Wele he wened that thay had bene The Godd that he soghte. He said, "Wilke of yow alle three May the grete Godd bee That my moder tolde mee, That all this werlde wroghte?"	<i>assumed</i>  <i>which</i>	and was certain that they were the God that his mother had spoken of. 'Which of you three is the great God that my mother told me has made this world?' he asked.
285	Bot than ansuerde Sir Gawayne Faire and curtaisely agayne, "Son, so Criste mote me sayne, For swilke are we noghte."	<i>may me save</i> <i>such</i>	'Son,' said Sir Gawain kindly and courteously, 'so Christ may save me, such a title does not belong to any of us.'

<p>290 Than saide the fole one the filde, Was comen oute of the woddes wilde, To Gawayne that was meke and mylde And softe to ansuare, "I sall sla yow all three Bot ye smertly now telle mee 295 Whatkyns thynges that ye bee, Sen ye no goddes are." Then ansuerde Sir Kay, "Who solde we than say That hade slayne us to-day 300 In this holtis hare?" At Kayes wordes wexe he tene: Bot he a grete bukke had bene, Ne hadd he stonde tham bytwene, He hade hym slayne thare.</p>	<p><i>naif in the field</i></p> <p><i>slay</i> <i>unless</i></p> <p><i>should</i></p> <p><i>gray woods</i> <i>grew; angry</i> <i>as if</i></p> <p><i>he [Percyvell] would have</i></p>	<p>Than the wild foolish boy, just come out of the forest, said to Gawain, so gentle and fair of speech, 'Then I will kill you all unless you tell me who you are, since you are not gods.' 'Then who should we say has killed us today in this ancient forest?' asked Sir Kay. The child grew angry at this reply and would have attacked the knight, but Sir Gawain stepped between them.</p>
<p>305 Bot than said Gawayn to Kay, "Thi prowde wordes pares ay; I scholde wyn this childe with play, And thou wolde holde the still. Swete son," than said he, 310 "We are knyghtis all thre; With Kyng Arthoure duelle wee, That hovyn es on hyll." Then said Percyvell the lyghte, In gayte-skynnes that was dyghte, 315 "Will Kyng Arthoure make me knyghte, And I come hym till?" Than saide Sir Gawayne righte thare, "I kane gyffe the nane ansuare; Bot to the Kyng I rede thou fare, 320 To wete his awenn will!"</p>	<p><i>do harm always</i> <i>in a softer manner</i> <i>if</i></p> <p><i>who has remained on</i></p> <p><i>dressed</i></p> <p><i>if</i></p> <p><i>advise; go</i> <i>know; own</i></p>	<p>'Your haughty words will always bring harm,' he told Sir Kay. 'I shall engage this child courteously, if you will allow me. 'Sweet son,' he said, 'We are all knights of King Arthur's, who is waiting on a hill.' 'Will King Arthur make me a knight if I go to him?' asked the boy in goatskins. 'I cannot say,' replied Sir Gawain, 'but I advise you to go to the king yourself and find out.'</p>
<p>To wete than the Kynges will Thare thay hoven yitt still; The childe hase taken hym till For to wende hame. 325 And als he welke in the wodde, He sawe a full faire stode Offe coltes and of meres gude, Bot never one was tame; And sone saide he, "Bi Seyne John, 330 Swilke thynges as are yone Rade the knyghtes apone; Knewe I thaire name, Als ever mote I thryffe or thee, The moste of yone that I see 335 Smertly schall bere mee Till I come to my dame."</p>	<p><i>remain</i></p> <p><i>home</i></p> <p><i>corral</i> <i>mares</i></p> <p><i>Saint</i> <i>such; yonder</i> <i>rode</i></p> <p><i>prosper; thrive</i> <i>largest; yonder</i></p> <p><i>mother</i></p>	<p>To know the King's will they tarried in the place; Perceval got up to return home, and as he walked in the forest, he came across a clearing full of wild horses, foals and mares. 'By Saint John,' he said to himself, 'These are what the knights were riding upon. If only I knew what they were called; as i hope to prosper, I will capture the largest one to carry me till I come back to my mother.</p>

	He saide, "When I come to my dame, And I fynde hir at hame, Scho will telle the name		When I have come home, and found my mother there, she can tell me
340	Off this ilke thynghe." The moste mere he thare see Smertly overrynnes he, And saide, "Thou sall bere me To-morne to the Kynghe."	<i>home</i>  <i>aforementioned</i> <i>largest mare</i> <i>runs down</i> <i>shall</i>	what the creature is called.' So he caught the largest mare and cried: "Tomorrow I shall ride you to the king!"
345	Kepes he no sadill-gere, Bot stert up on the mere: Hamewarde scho gun hym bere, Withowtten faylynghe.	<i>he puts no store in</i> <i>leaps upon</i>	And he leapt up on her bare back and she brought him safely home.
350	The lady was never more sore bygone. Scho wiste never whare to wonne, When scho wiste hir yonge sonne Horse hame brynghe.	<i>sorely overwhelmed</i> <i>knew; what to do</i>  <i>home</i>	The lady had never been so unhappy as when she saw her son riding towards her on that horse,
	Scho saw hym horse hame brynghe; Scho wiste wele, by that thynghe,	<i>knew</i>	for by that she knew
355	That the kynde wolde oute sprynghe For thynghe that be moughte. Than als sone saide the lady, "That ever solde I sorowe dry, For love of thi body,	<i>natural course</i> <i>would prevail</i>  <i>should; endure</i>	that her son's nature could not be suppressed. 'Oh!' she cried, 'that ever I should endure sorrow for your sake,
360	That I hafe dere boghte! Dere son," saide scho hym to, "Thou wirkeste thiselfe mekill unroo, What will thou with this mere do, That thou hase hame broghte?"	<i>work; unrest</i>	for whom I suffered so much! Dear son, ' she said to him, 'you bring trouble on yourself; what will you do with this mare that you've brought home with you?"
365	Bot the boye was never so blythe Als when he herde the name kythe Of the stode-mere stythe. Of na thyng than he roghte.	<i>made known</i> <i>stud-mare strong</i> <i>had he concern</i>	But the boy was delighted only to hear his mother name the creature, and took no notice of anything else.
	Now he calles hir a mere, Als his moder dide ere; He wened all other horses were And hade bene callede soo. "Moder, at yonder hill hafe I bene; Thare hafe I thre knyghtes sene,	<i>before</i> <i>assumed</i>	So now he calls his horse a mare, as his mother did, and thinks that all horses are called mares. 'Mother, ' he said, 'I have been to a hill just over there, where I saw three knights in green and I spoke to them roughly.
375	And I hafe spoken with tham, I wene, Wordes in throo; I have highte tham all thre Before thaire Kyng for to be: Siche on schall he make me	<i>anger</i> <i>promised</i>	I've promised to go before their king and ask if he will
380	As is one of tho!" He sware by grete Goddes myghte, "I schall holde that I hafe highte; Bot-if the Kyng make me knyghte, To-morne I sall hym sloo!"	<i>such a one</i> <i>those</i>  <i>promised</i> <i>unless</i> <i>slay</i>	make me one of them. ' He swore by God's great power, 'I will keep my promise; if he doesn't make me a knight, I'll kill him tomorrow.'



<p>385 Bot than byspakke the lady, That for hir son was sary - Hir thoghte wele that scho myght dy And knelyde one hir knee: "Sone, thou has takyn thi rede, 390 To do thiselfe to the dede! In everilke a strange stede, Doo als I bydde the: To-morne es forthirmaste Yole-day, And thou says thou will away 395 To make the knyghte, if thou may, Als thou tolde mee. Lyttill thou can of nurtoure: Luke thou be of mesure Bothe in haulle and in boure, 400 And fonde to be fre."</p>	<p><i>who; grieved</i> <i>die</i> <i>on</i> <i>plan</i> <i>death</i> <i>every foreign place</i> <i>command</i> <i>first</i></p>	<p>Blanchefleur spoke out – - she was sorry for her son; she thought she might well die and kneeled down. 'Then you have been persuaded to bring about your own death! In any unfamiliar place, do as I tell you: tomorrow is Christmas Day, and you intend to set off to be a knight, as you told me. You know little of courtesy; be sure to act in moderation in hall and chamber, and strive to be well-mannered.'</p>
<p>Than saide the lady so brighte, "There thou meteste with a knyghte, Do thi hode off, I highte, And haylse hym in hy." 405 "Swete moder," sayd he then, "I saw never yit no men; If I solde a knyghte ken, Telles me wharby." Scho schewede hym the menevaire - 410 Scho had robes in payre. "Sone, ther thou sees this fare In thaire hodes lye." "Bi grete God," sayd he, "Where that I a knyghte see, 415 Moder, as ye bidd me, Righte so schall I."</p>	<p><i>hood; bid</i> <i>greet; right away</i></p> <p><i>recognize</i> <i>tell me how I'll know him</i> <i>showed; ermine</i> <i>in sets</i> <i>where; handsome fur</i> <i>hoods</i></p> <p><i>wherever</i></p>	<p>Then the fair lady added, 'When you meet a knight, take off your hood and greet him at once.' 'Sweet mother,' replied Perceval, 'I haven't seen any men so far; if I am to recognize a knight, tell me how.' His mother took out some fine clothes of ermine. 'When you see this fur on their hoods, they are knights.' 'By great God,' he exclaimed, 'whenever I see this fur, I shall behave as you say!'</p>
<p>All that nyghte till it was day, The childe by the modir lay, Till on the morne he wolde away, 420 For thyng that myghte betyde. Brydill hase he righte nane; Seese he no better wane, Bot a wythe hase he tane, And keyvylles his stede. 425 His moder gaffe hym a ryng, And bad he solde agayne it bryng; "Sonne, this sall be oure takynnyng, For here I sall the byde." He tase the ryng and the spere, 430 Stirttes up appon the mere: Fro the moder that hym bere, Forthe gan he ryde.</p>	<p><i>despite anything; happen</i> <i>none</i> <i>sees; means</i> <i>withy (pliable branch); taken</i> <i>bridles</i></p> <p><i>sign (token)</i> <i>await you</i> <i>takes</i> <i>leaps</i></p>	<p>Perceval slept beside his mother all night, and in the morning, he set off on his mare. He had no bridle, so he could see no other way but to take willow halter to control his steed. His mother gave him a ring to bring back when he returned: 'This will be our token, son, for I shall keep waiting here for you.' He took the ring and his hunting spear, leapt up onto the mare's back, from his mother who bore him he rode away.</p>

<p>One his way as he gan ryde,  He fande an haulle ther besyde;  435 He saide, "For oghte that may betyde,  Thedir in will I."  He went in withowtten lett;  He fande a brade borde sett,  A bryghte fire, wele bett,  440 Brynnande therby.  A mawnger ther he fande,  Corne therin lyggande;  Therto his mere he bande  With the withy.  445 He saide, "My modir bad me  That I solde of mesure bee  Halfe that I here see  Styll sall it ly."</p>	<p><i>castle</i></p> <p><i>hindrance</i>  <i>broad dining table</i>  <i>kindled</i>  <i>burning</i>  <i>manger; found</i>  <i>lying</i>  <i>bound</i>  <i>branch</i>  <i>told</i>  <i>should; moderation</i></p> <p><i>shall</i></p>	<p>As he went on his way,  he came to a hall  and said to himself: 'For good or ill,  I shall find out what is inside.'  So he rode in and found  a wide table laid for a meal  and a bright fire  burning in the hearth.  Nearby was a manger  filled with corn,  so he led his mare to it  and tied her up with the halter.  'My mother instructed me  to show moderation,' he thought,  'so I shall take only half  of this fodder,'</p>
<p>The corne he pertis in two,  450 Gaffe his mere the tone of thoo,  And to the borde gan he goo,  Certayne that tyde.  He fande a lofe of brede fyne  And a pychere with wyne,  455 A mese of the kechyne,  A knyfe ther besyde.  The mete ther that he fande,  He dalte it even with his hande,  Lefte the halfe lyggande  460 A felawe to byde.  The tother halfe ete he;  How myghte he more of mesure be?  Faste he fonded to be free,  Thofe he were of no pryde.</p>	<p><i>divides</i>  <i>one of those</i></p> <p><i>dinner; kitchen</i></p> <p><i>divided</i></p> <p><i>another person to sustain</i>  <i>the other</i>  <i>moderation</i>  <i>eagerly; sought; courteous</i>  <i>although</i></p>	<p>and he divided the corn into two  and gave his mare only the one. Then  he went to the table</p> <p>and found a loaf of fine bread  and a jug of wine,  a dinner from the kitchen  and a knife laid by.  What he found  he divided equally  and left one half  for someone else,  eating the other half.  How much more moderate could he be?  He wished very to be well-behaved,  though he wasn't proud.</p>
<p>Thofe he were of no pryde,  Forthyrmore gan he glyde  Till a chambir ther besyde,  Moo sellys to see.  Riche clothes fande he sprede,  470 A lady slepande on a bedde;  He said, "Forsythe, a tokyn to wedde  Sall thou lefe with mee."  Ther he kyste that swete thyng;  Of hir fynger he tuke a rynge;  475 His awenn modir takynnyng  He lefte with that fre.  He went forthe to his mere,  Tuke with hym his schorte spere,  Lepe on lofte, as he was ere;  480 His way rydes he.</p>	<p><i>move</i>  <i>to</i>  <i>more marvels</i></p> <p><i>sign as a pledge</i>  <i>shall; leave</i></p> <p><i>from</i>  <i>own mother's token</i>  <i>noble [woman]</i></p> <p><i>jumped upon [his mare]</i></p>	<p>He then walked further  into a chamber nearby  to see more wonders,  and there he found a pile of fine  clothes and a lady sleeping on a bed.  'We shall exchange gifts  and promises,' he thought.  He kissed the pretty young lady  and took a ring from her finger,  exchanging it  for his mother's token.  Then he went back to his horse,  took his hunting spear,  leapt onto her back  and went on his way.</p>

	Now on his way rydes he, Moo selles to see; A knyghte wolde he nedis bee, Withowtten any bade.		So onwards rides Perceval, seeking marvels and eager to be made a knight without delay.
485	He came ther the Kyng was, Servede of the firste mese. To hym was the maste has That the childe hade; And thare made he no lett	<i>more marvels</i>  <i>further ado</i> <i>where</i> <i>course</i> <i>to [address] him (the King);</i> <i>primary goal</i> <i>permitted no hindrance</i>	And he came to where King Arthur was, eating the first course of a meal. To get to him was Perceval's first goal. He wouldn't be stopped at the gate or the door, but rode straight into the hall, so resolute he was.
490	At gate, dore, ne wykett, Bot in graythely he gett - Syche maistres he made. At his firste in-comyng,	<i>readily</i> <i>so powerfully he acted</i>	He rode right up to the king so closely that his mare nuzzled against the king's forehead.
495	His mere, withowtten faylyng, Kyste the forhevede of the Kyng - So nerehande he rade!	<i>forehead</i> <i>close up; rode</i>	
	The Kyng had ferly thaa, And up his hande gan he taa And putt it forthir hym fraa, The mouthe of the mere.	<i>pulled back in surprise then</i> <i>take</i>	The king was perplexed, he reached up and pushed the horse's mouth away.
500	He saide, "Faire childe and free, Stonde still besyde mee, And tell me wythen that thou bee, And what thou will here."	<i>from whence</i> <i>desire</i>	'Fair noble child,' he said, 'stand beside me and tell me where you are from and why you are here.'
505	Than said the fole of the filde, "I ame myn awnn modirs childe, Comen fro the woddes wylde Till Arthure the dere. Yisterday saw I knyghtis three:	<i>fool; field</i> <i>own</i>  <i>unto; great</i>	The wild foolish boy replied: 'I am my mother's child, come from the forest to find the blessed Arthur. Yesterday I saw three knights;
510	Siche on sall thou make mee On this mere byfor the, Thi mete or thou schere!"	<i>such a one</i>  <i>ere; cut</i>	you shall make me one, as I sit upon this mare, before you eat any more
	Bot than spak Sir Gawayne, Was the Kynges trenchepayne, Said, "Forsothe, is noghte to layne, I am one of thaa. Childe, hafe thou my blyssyng For thi feres folowyng! Here hase thou fonden the Kyng	<i>[who] was; bread server</i> <i>[he]; lie</i> <i>those</i> <i>have</i> <i>following thy fellows</i>	But Sir Gawain spoke up, who served bread to the King, and said, 'Truly, it's no lie, I am one of them. Boy, have here my blessing for following your fellows! Here you have found the King that can make you a knight.'
520	That kan the knyghte maa." Than sayde Peceyvell the free, "And this Arthure the Kyng bee, Luke he a knyghte make mee: I rede at it be swaa!"	<i>thee; make</i>  <i>if</i> <i>see to it</i> <i>demand; so</i>	Then the noble Perceval sais, 'If this is King Arthur, see that he make me knight; I demand it be done! ' Though he was menaly dressed, he swore by God's great power:
525	Thofe he unborely were dyghte, He sware by mekill Goddes myghte: "Bot if the Kyng make me knyghte, I sall hym here slaa!"	<i>meanly; dressed</i>  <i>unless</i> <i>slay</i>	'If the King doesn't make me a knight, I will kill him! '

530	<p>All that ther weren, olde and yynge,  Hadden ferly of the Kyng,  That he wolde suffre siche a thyng      Of that foull wyghte  On horse hovande hym by.  The Kyng byholdes hym on hy;</p>	<p><i>wonder</i>  <i>person</i> <i>waiting</i></p>	<p>All who were there, young and old,  were astounded that the king  should allow himself to be spoken to  like this, by a child  whose horse stood so close to him. The  king looked up at the boy,  and at that sight he saddened,  suddenly, tears ran  down his cheeks  in a trickle.</p>
535	<p>Than wexe he sone sory      When he sawe that syghte.  The teres oute of his eghne glade,  Never one another habade.  "Allas," he sayde, "that I was made,</p>	<p><i>eyes flowed</i> <i>one waiting for the other</i></p>	<p>'Alas!' he cried, 'that I should</p>
540	<p>    Be day or by nyghte,  One lyve I scholde after hym bee  That me thynke lyke the:  Thou arte so semely to see,      And thou were wele dighte!"</p>	<p><i>if; dressed</i></p>	<p>have survived  the one you remind me of!  If you were dressed well,  you would look splendid!</p>
545	<p>He saide, "And thou were wele dighte,  Thou were lyke to a knyghte  That I lovede with all my myghte      Whills he was one lyve.</p>	<p><i>alive</i></p>	<p>If you were dressed well,  you would be the spitting image  of a knight I loved greatly  while he was alive.</p>
550	<p>So wele wroghte he my will  In all manere of skill,  I gaffe my syster hym till,      For to be his wyfe.</p>	<p><i>remembrance</i> <i>have gone by</i> <i>since a thief</i> <i>disagreement</i></p>	<p>He served me so well  in all kinds of things  that I gave him my sister  to be his wife.</p>
555	<p>He es moste in my mane:  Fiftene yere es it gane,  Sen a theffe hade hym slane      Abowte a littill stryffe!  Sythen hafe I ever bene his fo,  For to wayte hym with wo.</p>	<p><i>since that time; foe</i> <i>afflict</i> <i>slay</i></p>	<p>I still think about him a great deal;  it was fifteen years ago now  that a murderous knight took his life,  because of a small hassle.  Since then I became the knight's  enemy and wanted to bring that villain  to grief but I couldn't kill him,  so crafty he is.</p>
560	<p>    His craftes are so ryfe."   He sayse, "His craftes are so ryfe,  Ther is no man apon lyfe,  With swerde, spere, ne with knyfe      May stroye hym allan,</p>	<p><i>numerous</i></p>	<p>He is so crafty  that no man possibly  can defeat him alone,  whether with sword, spear or knife,  unless he were the son of Sir Perceval;  if only we knew where that boy was!</p>
565	<p>Bot if it were Sir Percyvell son.  Whoso wiste where he ware done!  The bokes says that he mon      Venge his fader bane."</p>	<p><i>destroy; alone</i> <i>unless</i> <i>put</i></p>	<p>The books say that he could  avenge the death of his father.  The child felt that he had waited  too long to be made a knight,  for he had no idea that he had ever had  a father who was killed;  he understood the less.</p>
570	<p>The childe thoghte he longe bade  That he ne ware a knyghte made,  For he wiste never that he hade      A fader to be slayne;</p>	<p><i>waited too long</i></p>	<p>The child felt that he had waited  too long to be made a knight,  for he had no idea that he had ever had  a father who was killed;  he understood the less.</p>
575	<p>The lesse was his menyng.  He saide sone to the Kynge,  "Sir, late be thi jangleynge!      Of this kepe I nane."</p>	<p><i>understanding</i>  <i>stop; chattering</i> <i>care</i></p>	<p>So he said to the King anon:  'Sir, let be your talking!  I don't care!</p>

	He sais, "I kepe not to stande With thi jangleyns to lange. Make me knyghte with thi hande, 580 If it sall be done!" Than the Kyng hym hendly highte That he schold dub hym to knyghte, With thi that he wolde down lighte And ete with hym at none.	<i>too long</i>  <i>eagerly promised</i>  <i>provided that at that time</i>	I don't want to stand around here waiting for you to finish talking! Make me a knight with your hands, if you intend to.' The king assured the boy that he would knight him if he got down off his horse and came to eat with him.
585	The Kyng biholdes the vesage free, And ever more trowed hee That the childe scholde bee Sir Percyvell son: It ran in the Kynges mode, 590 His syster Acheflour the gude - How scho went into the wodde With hym for to wonn.	<i>noble countenance believed</i>  <i>mind</i>  <i> dwell</i>	The king looked at the boy and saw in his face and in his build the son of Sir Perceval, and it ran through his mind how his sister had retired into the wild forest to bring up her son in seclusion.
	The childe hadde wonnede in the wodde; He knewe nother evyll ne gude; 595 The Kyng hymselfe understode He was a wilde man. So faire he spakke hym withall, He lyghtes down in the haulle, Bonde his mere amonge tham alle 600 And to the borde wann. Bot are he myghte bygynn To the mete for to wynn, So commes the Rede Knyghte in Emanges tham righte than, 605 Prekande one a rede stede; Blode-rede was his wede. He made tham gammen full gnedede, With craftes that he can.	<i>lived</i> <i>wrong nor right</i>  <i>(i.e., Arthur)</i> <i>(i.e., Perceval)</i> <i>mare</i> <i>turned</i> <i>before</i> <i>enjoy</i>  <i>among</i> <i>riding rapidly</i> <i>clothing</i> <i>full sorry sport</i> <i>knew</i>	The child grew up in the forest and knew neither good nor evil; the King was well aware that the boy was wild. He spoke mildly to the child, who got down off his horse, gave it to someone to look after and went to the table. But before he could reach out for his meal, the Red Knight entered among them all in the hall, on a red horse, clothed all in red, blood red. He brought them a sorry sport with his crafty ways.
610	With his craftes gan he calle, And callede tham recrayhandes all, Kynge, knyghtes inwith walle, At the bordes ther thay bade. Full felly the coupe he fett, Bifore the Kynge that was sett. 615 Ther was no man that durste hym lett, Thofe that he were fadde. The coupepe was filled full of wyne; He dranke of that that was therinn. All of rede golde fyne 620 Was the coupepe made. He tuke it up in his hande, The coupe that he there fandede, And lefte tham all sittande, And fro tham he rade.	<i>cowards</i>  <i>fiercely; cup; took</i>  <i>oppose</i> <i>even though; eager for battle</i> <i>cup</i>  <i>found</i>  <i>rode away</i>	He spoke in his crafty ways and called the king and all his knights who sat at the tables cowards and recreants. He seized a cup that stood on the table in front of King Arthur, and no man dared to stop him, no matter how eager to fight he was. The cup was of gold and full of wine and the Red Knight drank it back, and left them all sitting there and rode out of the hall, taking the goblet with him.

625	Now from tham he rade, Als he says that this made. The sorowe that the Kyng hade Mighte no tonge tell. "A! dere God," said the Kyng than,	<i>(i.e., the author of the poem)</i>	He rode out of the hall, as the tale says. There are no words to describe the sorrow the King felt. 'Ah! Dear God!' cried the King,
630	"That all this wyde werlde wan, Whethir I sall ever hafe that man May make yone fende duelle? Fyve yeres hase he thus gane, And my coupes fro me tane,	<i>who; won</i>  <i>fiend desist</i>  <i>taken from me</i>	'who has won this world, will I ever find a man to face up to this fiend? For five years he has done this to me, taken my cups and humiliated me; and he has killed my knight, Sir Perceval;
635	And my gude knyghte slayne, Men calde Sir Percyvell; Sythen taken hase he three, And ay awaye will he bee, Or I may harnayse me	  <i>since then</i> <i>always</i> <i>before; arm myself</i>	he has taken three already, and always he flees before I have time to take the field against him.'
640	In felde hym to felle."  "Petir!" quod Percyvell the yonge, "Hym than will I down dyng And the coupe agayne bryng, And thou will make me knyghte."	  <i>strike</i>   <i>if</i>	'Jesus!' said Perceval. 'I will cut him down and retrieve your cup, if you will only make me a knight!' 'As I am a true king,' said Arthur, 'I will make you a knight so you will bring back my cup of bright gold.'
645	"Als I am trewe kyng," said he, "A knyghte sall I make the, Forthi thou will bryng mee The coupe of golde brynghte." Up ryse Sir Arthoure,		Up rose King Arthur and went to a private room to fetch some armour to arm the boy. But before he had time to return, the child Perceval had raced off in pursuit to fight the Red Knight,
650	Went to a chamboure To feche doun armoure, The childe in to dynghte; Bot are it was doun caste, Ere was Percyvell paste,	<i>arm</i> <i>before; taken down</i> <i>gone</i>	
655	And on his way folowed faste, That he solde with fynghte.  With his foo for to fighte, None othergates was he dighte, Bot in thre gayt-skynnes righte,	  <i>that [knight]; should</i>  <i>enemy;</i> <i>otherwise; prepared</i> <i>goat</i>	
660	A fole als he ware.  He cryed, "How, man on thi mere! Bryng agayne the Kynges gere, Or with my dart I sall the fere And make the unfere!"		To fight his enemy he had no other gear but only his goatskins foolish as he was.
665	And after the Rede Knyghte he rade, Baldely, withowtten bade: Sayd, "A knyght I sall be made For som of thi gere." He sware by mekill Goddes payne, "Bot if thou bryng the coupe agayne, With my dart thou sall be slayne And slongen of thi mere."	<i>you! (interjection); mare</i> <i>goods</i> <i>terrify</i> <i>infirm</i>  <i>hesitation</i>  <i>with; equipment</i> <i>great</i> <i>unless</i>  <i>thrown off; mare</i> <i>anger</i> <i>fool; foe</i> <i>because he called his horse a</i> <i>mare</i>	'Hoi!' he cried to the Red Knight. 'You on that mare! Give the king his cup back or you'll feel the point of my spear!' He rode after the Red Knight boldly, without hesitation, saying, 'I will be made knight for something of your gear. ' He swore by God's great pain, 'Unless you bring the cup back, I'll kill you with my spear and stike you down from your mare.'
670	The kynghte byhaldes hym in throo, Calde hym fole that was hys foo, For he named hym soo - The stede that hym bere.		The Red Knight looked at him angrily and called his enemy a fool for calling his steed that way.
675			

	And for to see hym with syghte, He putt his umbrere on highte, To byhalde how he was dyghte,		In order to see the boy more clearly, he lifted his visor to look how he was equipped.
680	That so till hym spake. He sayde, "Come I to the, appert fole; I sall caste the in the pole, For all the heghe days of Yole, Als ane olde sakke."	<i>visor</i> <i>armed</i> <i>the one who spoke so to him</i> <i>impudent fool</i> <i>marsh</i> <i>despite</i> <i>as; sack</i>	'If I come to you, you impudent fool,' he cried, 'I will throw you into that bog like an old sack, whether it's Christmas or not.' 'Impudent or whatever I am,' said Perceval, '
685	Than sayd Percyvell the free, "Be I fole, or whatte I bee, Now sone of that sall wee see Whose browes schall blakke." Of schotting was the childe slee:	<i>noble</i>  <i>soon</i> <i>turn pale</i> <i>skillful</i>	we shall soon see whose brows turn pale! He was skillful with his spear; he aimed at the knight and the spear went in the eye and came out through the neck.
690	At the knyghte lete he flee, Smote hym in at the eghe And oute at the nakke.	<i>eye</i> <i>neck</i>	
	For the dynt that he take, Oute of sadill he schoke,	<i>took</i> <i>was shaken</i>	The blow knocked the knight out of his saddle and he fell dead onto the ground. He fell down on the hill and his horse ran off. 'You are a wicked man!' said the child.
695	Whoso the sothe will luke, And ther was he slayne. He falles down one the hill; His stede rynnes whare he will. Than saide Percyvell hym till,		
700	"Thou art a lethir swayne." Then saide the childe in that tyde, "And thou woldeste me here byde, After thi mere scholde I ryde And brynge hir agayne;	<i>feeble knave</i>  <i>if; wait here for me</i>	
705	Then myghte we bothe with myghte Menskfully togedir fyghte, Ayther of us, as he were a knyghte, Till tyme the tone ware slayne."	<i>honorably</i>  <i>one</i>	'If you will wait a second I shall go and fetch your mare back, so we can fight honourably together like knights, till one of us is killed.'
	Now es the Rede Knyghte slayne, Lefte dede in the playne. The childe gon his mere mayne After the stede.	<i>direct</i>	The Red Knight is slain, left dead on the ground. Perceval rode after the Red Knight's steed. The steed was faster than the mare for it had nothing to carry but the saddle and the gear when it ran away and the mare was great with foal and all swelled up; it couldn't bear to run fast and follow the horse with any speed. The boy saw how it was, jumped on his feet and followed at no mean pace.
710	The stede was swifter than the mere, For he hade no thyng to bere Bot his sadill and his gere, Fro hym thofe he yede.	<i>though; went</i> <i>heavy; foal</i> <i>swelled up [animal]</i> <i>run; suffer</i>	
715	The mere was bagged with fole; And hirselle a grete bole; For to rynne scho myghte not thole, Ne folowe hym no spede.		
720	The childe saw that it was soo, And till his fete he gan hym too; The gates that he scholde goo Made he full gnede.	<i>to; take himself</i> <i>steps (gaits)</i> <i>stingy (i.e., no extra steps)</i>	

725	The gates made he full gnede In the way ther he yede; With strenght tuke he the stede And broghte to the knyghte. "Me thynke," he sayde, "thou arte fele	<i>stingy where; went</i>	He didn't spare his pace where he ran after the horse; he caught the steed by force and brought it back to the Red Knight. 'I see I can trust you
730	That thou ne will away stele; Now I houpppe that thou will dele Strokes appon hyghte. I hafe broghte to the thi mere And mekill of thyn other gere;	<i>trustworthy sneak away hope; deal high (horseback) you your mare much</i>	that you won't steal away; But now get up and let us deal blows together. I have brought you your mare and your other gear.
735	Lepe on hir, as thou was ere, And thou will more fighte!" The knyghte lay still in the stede: What sulde he say, when he was dede? The childe couthe no better rede,	<i>before  in that place should; dead knew; advice</i>	Leap up in the saddle and fight some more.' The knight lay still. How could he do otherwise? He was dead. The child didn't know what to do, so he got off his mare.
740	Bot down gun he lyghte.  Now es Percyvell lyghte To unspoyle the Rede Knyghte, Bot he ne couthe never fynd righte The lacyng of his wede.	<i>off his horse strip of his armour  fastenings; armor</i>	He dismounted and went over to strip the body of armour, but he had no idea how to unlace the straps. The Red Knight was so well armed in good steel and iron, that Perceval could find no way of getting the bits off.
745	He was armede so wele In gude ilyn and in stele, He couthe no gett of a dele, For nonkyns nede.	<i>off; piece no matter what taught</i>	'My mother taught me that if I should break my spear, a fire will release the iron. I need a fire,' he thought.
750	He sayd, "My moder bad me, When my dart solde broken be, Owte of the iren bren the tree: Now es me fyre gnede."	<i>burn; wood lacking</i>	So he took out his fire-iron and flint and without any delay he kindled a flame.
755	Now he getis hym flynt, His fyre-iren he hent, And then, withowtten any stynt, He kyndilt a glede.	<i>steel; seizes delay spark</i>	
760	Now he kyndils a glede, Amonge the buskes he yede And gedirs, full gude spede, Wodde, a fyre to make.	<i>woods; went gathers; quickly</i>	He kindled a flame and went off into the bushes to gather firewood to make a fire. He soon had a roaring bonfire on which to put the Red Knight so that he could free all his armour.
765	A grete fyre made he than, The Rede Knyghte in to bren, For he ne couthe nott ken His gere off to take.	<i>burn figure out how</i>	But Sir Gawain had armed himself and for Perceval's sake had followed where the boy fought with the Red Knight. He found the Red Knight lying, killed be Perceval's hand, beside a burning fire of oak and birch.
770	Be than was Sir Gawayne dyght, Folowede after the fyghte Betwene hym and the Rede Knyghte, For the childes sake. He fandte the Rede Knyght lyggand, Slayne of Percyvell hande, Besyde a fyre brynnande Off byrke and of akke.	<i>prepared  lying  burning birch; oak</i>	



	Ther brent of birke and of ake Gret brandes and blake.	<i>birch; oak flames; smoke</i>	Great branches, all blackened, of oak and birch burned there.
775	"What wylt thou with this fyre make?" Sayd Gawayne hym till. "Petir!" quod Percyvell then, "And I myghte hym thus ken, Out of his iren I wolde hym bren		'What is this for?' asked Sir Gawain. 'Jesus,' said Perceval, 'If I can see to it, I want to get at his armour, here on this hill.'
780	Righte here on this hill." Bot then sayd Sir Gawayne, "The Rede Knyghte for thou has slayne, I sall unarme hym agayne, And thou will holde the still."	<i>by Saint Peter! see</i>	'Since you killed the Red Knight, I will help you to disarm him, if you will wait a moment,' cried Sir Gawain
785	Than Sir Gawayn doun lyghte, Unlacede the Rede Knyghte; The childe in his armour dight At his awnn will.	<i>If  dressed</i>	and he got off his horse, unlaced the Red Knight and gave the suit of armour to the child as he wished.
790	When he was dighte in his atire, He tase the knyghte bi the swire, Keste hym reghte in the fyre, The brandes to balde.	<i>dressed takes; neck</i>	When Perceval was dressed in the Red Knight's armour, he took the body by the neck and threw it into the flames.
795	Bot then said Percyvell on bost, "Ly still therin now and roste! I kepe nothyng of thi coste, Ne noghte of thi spalde!"	<i>flames; increase boast roast</i>	'Lie still and roast!' cried Perceval in triumph, I don't care for your distress nor for your limbs.'
800	The knyghte lygges ther on brede; The childe es dighte in his wede, And lepe up apon his stede, Als hymselfe wolde.	<i>care; distressed condition limbs sprawling equipped; arms</i>	As the body burned, the child, wearing the Red Knight's arms, mounted his warhorse
	He loked doun to his fete, Saw his gere faire and mete: "For a knyghte I may be lete And myghte be calde."	<i>becoming allowed to pass called [one]</i>	and looked down at himself, at his gear, fair and proper. 'Now I may be taken for a knight!' he cried.
805	Then sayd Sir Gawayn hym till, "Goo we faste fro this hill! Thou hase done what thou will; It neghes nere nyghte."	<i>nears</i>	'Let us get off this hill!' exclaimed Sir Gawain.
810	"What! trowes thou," quod Percyvell the yonge, "That I will agayn brynge Untill Arthoure the Kynge The golde that es bryghte?"	<i>do you believe</i>	'You have done what you wanted to and night is fast approaching.' 'What!' cried Perceval, 'do you think that I intend to return to King Arthur with the golden cup?' No! As I may prosper, I am as great a lord as he!
815	Nay, so mote I thryfe or thee, I am als grete a lorde als he; To-day ne schall he make me None other gates knyghte.	<i>thrive; prosper</i>	He shall not make me a knight today.
	Take the coupe in thy hande And mak thiselfe the presande, For I will forthire into the lande, Are I doun lyghte."	<i>otherwise [than a] knight  present</i>	Take the cup and give it to him yourself, for I will go further into this land before I get down off my new horse.'
820		<i>before</i>	

	Nowther wolde he doun lyghte, Ne he wolde wende with the knyght, Bot rydes forthe all the nyghte, So prowde was he than.		Perceval wouldn't dismount nor would he go with Gawain, but rode on all that night, so proud was he in that moment.
825	Till on the morne at forthe dayes, He mett a wyche, as men says. His horse and his harnays Couthe scho wele ken.	<i>late in the morning witch  recognize assumed</i>	Late the next morning he met a witch, as people say. She recognised the horse and the arms well.
830	Scho wende that it hade bene The Rede Knyghte that scho hade sene, Was wonnt in those armes to bene, To gerre the stede rynne. In haste scho come hym agayne, Sayde, "It is not to layne, 835 Men tolde me that thou was slayne With Arthours men.	<i>accustomed; be equip; [to] run</i>	She thought that the man she saw was the Red Knight who used to wear that armour and ride that horse. She rushed to meet him. 'I won't lie to you, I thought you had been killed by King Arthur's knights,' she said.
840	Ther come one of my men, Till yonder hill he gan me kenne, There thou sees the fyre brene, And sayde that thou was thare." Ever satt Percyvell stone-still, And spakke no thyng hir till Till scho hade sayde all hir will, And spakke lesse ne mare.	<i>led me to understand where   neither less nor more</i>	'One of my men came and said that the fire burning on that hill yonder was your pyre.' Perceval sat still and didn't reply before she finished with what she was saying.
845	"At yondere hill hafe I bene: Nothyng hafe I there sene Bot gayte-skynnes, I wene. Siche ill-farande fare!" "Mi sone, and thou ware thare slayne 850 And thyn armes of drawen, I couthe hele the agayne Als wele als thou was are."	<i>wretched stuff if carried away could heal you before</i>	'I have been over there,' he replied, 'and saw nothing but goatskins and other miserable things!' 'My son,' said the witch, 'if you were killed and your arms taken away, I would be able to heal you and make you whole!'
855	Than wist Percyvell by thatt, It servede hym of somwhatt, The wylde fyre that he gatt When the knyghte was slayne; And righte so wolde he, thare That the olde wiche ware. Oppon his spere he hir bare 860 To the fyre agayne; In ill wrethe and in grete, He keste the wiche in the hete; He sayde, "Ly still and swete Bi thi son, that lyther swayne!"	<i>knew  he wanted  wrath; anger cast; flames sweat wicked</i>	Hearing this, Perceval saw another use for the fire he had made when he killed the knight; he skewered the witch on the end of his spear, led her back to the bonfire and cast her into the flames in great anger and fury. 'Lie still and sweat by your son, that wicked man!'
865	Thus he leves thaim twoo, And on his gates gan he goo: Siche dedis to do moo Was the childe fayne.	<i>way more eager</i>	And there he left them both and went his way, eager to seek more adventures.

<p>Als he come by a wodd-syde,  870 He sawe ten men ryde;  He said, "For oughte that may betyde,  To tham will I me."  When those ten saw hym thare,  Thay wende the Rede Knyghte it ware,  875 That wolde tham all forfare,  And faste gan thay flee;  For he was sogates cledde,  Alle belyffe fro hym thay fledde;  And ever the faster that thay spedde,  880 The swiftlyere sewed hee,  Till he was warre of a knyghte,  And of the menevaire he had syght;  He put up his umbrere on hight,  And said, "Sir, God luke thee!"</p> <p>885 The childe sayde, "God luke the!"  The knyght said, "Now wele the be!  A, lorde Godd, now wele es mee  That ever was I made!"  For by the vesage hym thoghte  890 The Rede Knyghte was it noghte,  That hade them all bysoughte;  And baldely he bade.  It semede wele bi the syghte  That he had slayne the Rede Knyght:  895 In his armes was he dighte,  And on his stede rade.  "Son," sayde the knyghte tho,  And thankede the childe full thro,  "Thou hase slayne the moste foo  That ever yitt I hade."</p> <p>900 Then sayde Percyvell the free,  "Wherefore fledde yee  Lange are, when ye sawe mee  Come rydande yow by?"  905 Bot than spake the olde knyghte,  That was paste out of myghte  With any man for to fyghte:  He ansuerde in hy;  He sayde, "Theis children nyne,  910 All are thay sonnes myne.  For ferde or I solde tham tyne,  Therefore fledd I.  We wende wele that it had bene  The Rede Knyghte that we hade sene;  915 He walde hafe slayne us bydene,  Withowtten mercy.</p>	<p><i>I myself will [go] to them;</i></p> <p><i>thought</i> <i>destroy</i></p> <p><i>since; thus clad</i> <i>quickly</i></p> <p><i>followed</i></p> <p><i>ermine</i> <i>visor</i> <i>may God watch over you!</i></p> <p><i>countenance</i></p> <p><i>searched for</i> <i>fearlessly; commanded</i></p> <p><i>dressed</i> <i>rode</i> <i>then</i> <i>eagerly</i> <i>greatest</i></p> <p><i>earlier</i> <i>riding</i></p> <p><i>passed (i.e., too old)</i></p> <p><i>these</i></p> <p><i>fear that; should; lose</i></p> <p><i>thought indeed</i></p> <p><i>altogether</i></p>	<p>Soon he came across ten men  on horseback at the edge of a wood.  'Come what may,' he thought  'I will go to them,'  But when those ten men saw him,  they thought it was the Red Knight  bent on destroying them all,  and they made to flee;  When they saw him dressed like that  they ran away quickly.  But the faster they tried to escape,  the faster Perceval pursued them, until  Perceval saw that one of them wore  the ermine of a knight  and he raised his visor.  'Sir, God protect you!' cried he.</p> <p>'God protect you!' said the boy  and the knight stopped and said:  'Thank God! That's a relief!'</p> <p>because from his looks  he realized that the one who pursued  wasn't the Red Knight  and he waited without fear.  It seemed clear as he looked  that the boy must have killed the Red  Knight, wearing his arms  and riding his steed.  'You have killed the greatest enemy I  ever had!' cried this knight  and thanked the boy eagerly.</p> <p>'Why did you run away  before, when you saw me  riding towards you?'  asked the noble Perceval.  'These are my nine sons,'  unflinchingly replied  this old knight,  who was well past  his fighting days, ,  'and it was through fear  of losing them  that I ran from you.  We thought you were  the Red Knight.  He would have killed us all  without mercy.</p>
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	Withowtten any mercy He wolde hafe slayne us in hy; To my sonnes he hade envy	<i>haste of</i>	Without mercy he would have killed us; of all men he hated my sons the most.
920	Moste of any men. Fiftene yeres es it gane Syn he my brodire hade slane; Now hadde the theefe undirtane To sla us all then:	<i>brother undertaken</i>	Fifteen years ago he murdered my brother, and he had vowed to kill us all
925	He was ferde lesse my sonnes sold hym slo When thay ware eldare and moo, And that thay solde take hym for thaire foo Where thay myghte hym ken; Hade I bene in the stede	<i>afraid lest; should; slay older; more [capable] see place</i>	because he feared that my sons should seek revenge when they are old enough, for the death of their uncle. Had I been in the place
930	Ther he was done to the dede, I solde never hafe etyn brede Are I hade sene hym bren."	<i>death until; burn</i>	where he was killed, I would have fasted until I saw his body burn on the pyre.'
	"Petir!" quod Percyvell, "he es brende! I haffe spedde better than I wend Ever at the laste ende." The blythere wexe the knyghte; By his haulle thaire gates felle, And yerne he prayed Percyvell That he solde ther with hym duelle	<i>burned been more successful; thought the more happy became castle their way passed eagerly</i>	'Christ!' exclaimed Perceval. 'I've done even better than I thought I had, then!' The old knight was very happy and led Perceval to his castle where he earnestly invited him to stay and lodge for the night.
940	And be ther all that nyghte. Full wele he couthe a geste calle. He broghte the childe into the haulle; So faire he spake hym withalle That he es doun lyghte;	<i>invite</i>	He was good at getting guests to stay and led Perceval into the hall, by fair speech he persuaded him to dismount, took off his armour, stabled his horse and without any delay set before him a fine meal.
945	His stede es in stable sett And hymselfe to the haulle fett, And than, withowtten any lett, To the mette thay tham dighte.	<i>fetched delay food; prepared themselves</i>	
	Mete and drynke was ther dighte, And men to serve tham full ryghte; The childe that come with the knyghte, Enoghe ther he fande. At the mete as thay beste satte, Come the portere fro the gate,	<i>at the height of the feast</i>	Food and drink was prepared, with men to serve them; Perceval had more than enough.
950	Saide a man was theratte Of the Maydenlande; Saide, "Sir, he prayes the Off mete and drynke, for charyté; For a messagere es he		And while he was eating, the porter came in to announce the arrival of a man from the Land of Women. 'Sir,' said the porter, 'he asks only for a quick meal, for charity, since he is a messenger and may not stay for very long.'
960	And may nott lange stande." The knyght badde late hym inn, "For," he sayde, "it es no synn, The man that may the mete wynn To gyffe the travellande."	<i>who enjoys food to give to the traveler</i>	'Let him in,' said the old knight. 'It is no sin to feed a traveller, when a man has enough.'

965	Now the travellande man The portere lete in than; He haylsede the knyghte as he can, Als he satt on dese. The knyghte askede hym thare		The messenger then entered the hall and greeted the old knight at the high table. The knight asked him
970	Whase man that he ware, And how ferre that he walde so fare, Withowtten any lese. He saide, "I come fro the Lady Lufamour, That sendes me to Kyng Arthoure,	<i>greeted as; dais</i>	who was his lord, and whether he was going to travel far, without any lies. 'I come from the Lady Amour, who's sent me to King Arthur
975	And prayes hym, for his honoure, Hir sorowes for to sesse. Up resyn es a Sowdane: Alle hir landes hase he tane; So bysegas he that woman	<i>whose far; travel lies</i>	on his honour to pray him to help sort her trouble. A sultan has risen up and seized my lady's lands; he's besieged her so
980	That scho may hafe no pese."  He sayse that scho may have no pese, The lady, for hir fayrenes, And for hir mekill reches. "He wirkes hir full woo; 985 He dose hir sorow all hir sythe, And all he slaes down rythe; He wolde have hir to wyfe, And scho will noghte soo. Now hase that ilke Sowdane 990 Hir fadir and hir eme slane, And hir brethir ilkane, And is hir moste foo. So nere he hase hir now soughte That till a castelle es scho broghte, 995 And fro the walles will he noghte, Ere that he may hir too.	<i>put an end to uprisen taken  peace</i>	that she may have no peace.  He's vowed she shall have no peace because of her beauty and of her great wealth; he troubles her much and causes her sorrow, killing her people outright. He wants her to become his wife and she refuses. He has already murdered her father, her uncle and all her brothers and is her greatest enemy. Now she is holed up in a castle and the sultan won't raise the siege until he gets his own way.
1000	The Sowdane sayse he will hir ta; The lady will hirselve sla Are he, that es hir maste fa, 1000 Solde wedde hir to wyfe. Now es the Sowdan so wyghte, Alle he slaes down ryghte: Ther may no man with hym fyghte, Bot he were kempe ryfe." 1005 Than sayde Percyvell, "I the praye, That thou wolde teche me the waye Thedir, als the gates laye, Withowtten any stryfe; Mighte I mete with that Sowdan 1010 That so dose to that woman, Alsome he solde be slane, And I myghte hafe the lyfe!"	<i>despite; beauty great wealth causes; woe causes; days slays straight away  same uncle slain each one of her brothers greatest enemy closely; pursued  until; take  take slay ere; foe  strong  renowned warrior  show thither; roads lie  instantly if I have life [to do it]</i>	until he gets his own way.  My lady has vowed to kill herself before marrying him, who's her greatest foe, but he is so strong that he kills all he encounters and only a hardened warrior can meet with him.' 'I pray you,' said Perceval, 'show me the way to your lady's castle  and I shall engage with this sultan who treats the lady this way and kill him at once, if I may keep my life!'

	The messangere prayed hym mare That he wolde duell still thare:	<i>rather</i>	But the messenger asked him to stay where he was.
1015	"For I will to the Kynge fare, Myne erandes for to say. For then mekill sorowe me betyde, And I lenger here habyde, Bot ryghte now will I ryde,	<i>if</i>	'I shall go to the court of King Arthur,' he said. 'I have already delayed too long and must go immediately, as fast as I can.'
1020	Als so faste als I may." The knyghte herde hym say so; Yerne he prayes hym to too His nyne sonnes, with hym to goo. He nykkes hym with nay.	<i>eagerly; take</i> <i>[Perceval] refuses</i>	The old knight heard him and begged the messenger to take his nine sons with him, but he refused.
1025	Bot so faire spekes he That he takes of tham three, In his felawchipe to be - The blythere were thay.	<i>happier</i>	He did, however, agree to take three of the sons, and they were all very happy to be chosen.
1030	Thay ware blythe of ther bade, Busked tham and forthe rade; Mekill myrthes thay made: Bot lyttill it amende. He was paste bot a while - The montenance of a myle -	<i>these tidings</i> <i>made themselves ready</i> <i>much glee</i> <i>remedied</i> <i>[Perceval]; gone</i> <i>distance</i>	They readied themselves and rode off, laughing and joking with Perceval, but little good it did them. Perceval had thought of a ruse far worse than they imagined,
1035	He was bythoghte of a gyle Wele wese than thay wende. Thofe thay ware of thaire fare fayne, Forthwarde was thaire cheftayne; Ever he sende on agayne	<i>trick</i> <i>imagined</i> <i>journey joyful</i> <i>ahead</i> <i>one back</i>	though they were happy enough to be travelling to King Arthur's court. For at the end of each mile, Perceval sent one of them quickly onwards to the king,
1040	At ilke a myle ende, Untill thay ware alle gane; Than he rydes hym allane Als he ware sprongen of a stane, Thare na man hym kende,	<i>each</i>   <i>issued; stone</i> <i>tells him what to do</i>	and when they were all gone, he rode off alone as though he had been new born, sprung from a stone.
1045	For he walde none sold hym ken. Forthe rydes he then, Amanges uncouthen men His maystres to make.	<i>instruct</i>  <i>foreign</i> <i>wonders; perform</i>	Forth he rode, among men who did not know him, unrecognised, towards adventure.
1050	Now hase Percyvell in throo Spoken with his emes twoo, Bot never one of thoo Took his knowlage.	<i>haste</i> <i>uncles</i> <i>those</i> <i>recognized his plan</i>	Now has Perceval spoken with his two uncles in haste, but neither of them understood his plan.
1055	Now in his way es he sett That may hym lede, withowtten lett, Thare he and the Sowdan sall mete, His browes to blake.	<i>hindrance</i>  <i>turn pale</i>	So he follows his way that will bring him without hindrance where he shall meet the sultan to make him turn pale.
1060	Late we Percyvell the yynge Fare in Goddes blyssynge, And untill Arthoure the Kynge Will we agayne take.	<i>leave; young</i> <i>to fare</i> <i>unto</i>	Let us leave young Perceval a while in God's blessing and turn to King Arthur.

	The gates agayne we will tane: The Kyng to care-bedd es gane; For mournynge es his maste mane. He syghes full sore.	<i>different direction; take</i>  <i>main moan</i>	The king has so much grief at the loss of Perceval that he has taken to his bed.
1065	His wo es wansome to wreke, His hert es bownn for to breke, For he wend never to speke With Percyvell no more. Als he was layde for to ly,	<i>woe; [so] miserable; avenge</i>    <i>put to bed</i> <i>in haste</i>	He sighs heavily, his heart is near to being broken, for he thinks he'll never speak with Perceval again.
1070	Come the messangere on hy With lettres fro the lady, And schewes tham righte thare. Afote myghte the Kyng nocht stande, Bot rede tham thare lyggande,	   <i>on his feet</i> <i>but advise; lying there</i>	As he lay thus, the messenger came with letters from the Lady Amour and showed them to the King.
1075	And sayde, "Of thyne erande Thou hase thyn answare."		The king could not stand, so he read them lying down. 'You can see your answer for yourself!' he said.
	He sayde, "Thou wote thyne ansuare: The mane that es seke and sare, He may full ill ferre fare In felde for to fyghte."	<i>know</i> <i>man; sick; sore</i> <i>hardly travel far</i>	'A man who is sick may not travel to fight in the field.'
1080	The messangere made his mone: Saide, "Wo worthe wikkede wone! Why ne hade I tournede and gone Agayne with the knyghte?"	   <i>woe befall wicked conduct</i>	The messenger was aggrieved. 'Shame on this conduct!' he cried. 'Why did I not turn and accompany that young knight after all?'
1085	"What knyghte es that," said the Kyng, "That thou mase of thy menynges? In my londe wot I no lordyng Es worthy to be a knyghte."	   <i>know</i>	'Which young knight was that which you mention?' asked the king. 'There is no lord in my land worthy of the name.'
1090	The messangere ansuerd agayne, "Wete ye, his name es for to layne, The whethir I wolde hafe weten fayne What the childe highte.	   <i>know; conceal</i> <i>although; known</i> <i>was called</i>	The messenger replied, 'I have no idea of his name, although I would have liked to have learnt it.
	Thus mekill gatt I of that knyght: His dame sonne, he said, he hight. 1095 One what maner that he was dight Now I sall yow telle: He was wighte and worthy, His body bolde and borely, His armour bryghte and bloody -	          <i>much learned</i> <i>mother's; is called</i> <i>equipped</i>          <i>manly; fine</i> <i>goodly</i>	I could only get from him that he was his mother's son, but I will tell you what he looked like: he was strong and healthy, bold and aggressive and had been lately in battle.
1100	Hade bene late in batell; Blode-rede was his stede, His akton, and his other wede; His cote of the same hede That till a knyghte felle."	          <i>jacket; clothing</i> <i>quality</i> <i>to; was befitting</i>	His horse was blood red and so was all his armour and his surcoat, and all of fine quality, as befits a knight.'
1105	Than comanded the Kyng Horse and armes for to brynge: "If I kan trow thi talkynge, That ilke was Percyvell."	          <i>believe</i> <i>same person</i>	The king commanded that his horse and arms be brought to him: 'If I can believe what you say, it is Perceval!' he cried.

	For the luffe of Percyvell, 1110 To horse and armes thay felle; Thay wolde no lengare ther duelle: To fare ware thay fayne. Faste forthe gan thay fare; Thay were aferde full sare, 1115 Ere thay come whare he ware, The childe wolde be slayne. The Kyng tase with hym knyghtis thre: <i>takes</i> The ferthe wolde hymselfe be; Now so faste rydes hee, 1120 May folowe hym no swayne. The Kyng es now in his waye; Lete hym come when he maye! And I will forthir in my playe To Percyvell agayne.		For the love of Perceval they all fell to their arms; they did no longer tarry but were eager to set out. They took their horses and set off, frightened that if they did not hurry the child would be killed before they arrived. The king took three knights with him, and himself the fourth, and they rode like the wind.
	1125 Go we to Percyvell agayne. The childe paste oute on the playne, <i>journeyed across</i> Over more and mountayne, <i>moor</i> To the Maydenlande; Till agayne the even-tyde, 1130 Bolde bodys sawe he byde, <i>men</i> Pavelouns mekill and unryde <i>large; numerous</i> Aboute a cyté stonde. On huntynge was the Sowdane; <i>out</i> He lefte men many ane, <i>a one</i> 1135 Twenty score that wele kan: Be the gates yemande - <i>guarding</i> Elleven score one the nyghte, And ten one the daye-lighte - Wele armyde at alle righte, <i>particulars</i> 1140 With wapyns in hande.		Perceval traversed the plain and crossed the mountains into the Land of Women.  And about evening he saw a number of men and of large pavilions surrounding a city. The sultan, who was a giant, was away hunting, but he had left a large guard over the castle. Four hundred were by the gates alone, two at night and two in the day, well armed at all points and with weapons at the ready.
	With thaire wapyns in thaire hande, There will thay fight ther thay stande, Sittande and lyggande, Elleven score of men. 1145 In he rydes one a rase, <i>in a rush</i> Or that he wiste where he was, <i>before; knew</i> Into the thikkeste of the prese <i>crowd</i> Amanges tham thanne. And up stirt one that was bolde, 1150 Bygane his brydill to holde, And askede whedire that he wolde <i>where</i> Make his horse to rynne. He said, "I ame hedir come For to see a Sowdane; 1155 In faythe, righte sone he sall be slane, And I myghte hym ken. <i>if only; see</i>		With weapons in their hands they will fight where they stand sitting or lying, two hundred men. Perceval raced towards them before he knew where he was, and rode right into the greatest crowd. One of them jumped up and grabbed his bridle and asked where he thought he was rushing to. 'I have come to see the sultan,' replied Perceval, 'for he will shortly be killed, in faith, if I can find him!



	If I hym oghte ken may, To-morne, when it es lighte daye Than sall we togedir playe		If I can find him, we will play together with hardy weapons as soon as it is day.
1160	With wapyns unryde." They herde that he had undirtane For to sle thaire Sowdane. Thay felle aboute hym, everilkane, To make that bolde habyde.	<i>cruel</i>	When they heard that he had undertaken to kill their sultan, they all rushed at him to seize him fast.
1165	The childe sawe that he was fade, The body that his bridill hade: Even over hym he rade, In gate there bisyde. He stayred about hym with his spere;	<i>everyone brave one remain [for battle] eager for battle person; held</i>	Perceval trampled under his horse's feet the man who held his bridle,  and then laid waste about him with the point of his spear. None could withstand him in that moment.
1170	Many thurgh gane he bere: Ther was none that myght hym dere, Percevell, that tyde.	<i>thrust pierce oppose</i>	
	Tide in townne who will telle, Folkes undir his fete felle;	<i>what happened</i>	To tell the truth, men fell under his feet; the brave Perceval hurried to kill them.
1175	The bolde body Percevelle, He sped tham to spill. Hym thoghte no spede at his spere: Many thurgh gane he bere, Fonde folke in the here,	<i>hastened rest for;</i>	
1180	Feghtyng to fill. Fro that it was mydnyghte Till it was even at daye-lighte, Were thay never so wilde ne wighte, He wroghte at his will.	<i>foolish people of the enemy (i.e., they get their fill of fighting)</i>	He pierced many a man, the foolish folk got enough of the fight. He fought from midnight until daybreak; however strong they were he had his way.
1185	Thus he dalt with his brande, There was none that myght hym stande Halfe a dynt of his hande That he stroke till.	<i>dealt blows; sword withstand struck</i>	He wielded his sword so there was no one who could stand even half a stroke he dealt with his hand.
	Now he strykes for the nonys, Made the Sarazenes hede-bones Hoppe als dose hayle-stones Abowtte one the gres;	<i>strongly grass in turn dawn low</i>	He hits them so hard that the Saracens' head bones hop like hail upon the grass! When dawn broke,
1195	Thus he dalt tham on rawe Till the daye gun dawe: He layd thaire lyves full law, Als many als there was. When he hade slayne so many men, He was so wery by then, I tell yow for certen,		they all lay dead.  Perceval was so tired with the killing, I tell you,
1200	He roghte wele the lesse Awther of lyfe or of dede; To medis that he were in a stede Thar he myghte riste hym in thede A stownde in sekirnes.	<i>cared scarcely at all death in the midst of that place he would rest himself there moment; safety</i>	that he cared neither for life nor for death,  but only for a place to rest a moment in safety.

1205	Now fonde he no sekirnes, Bot under the walle ther he was, A faire place he hym chese, And down there he lighte. He laide hym down in that tyde;	<i>safety</i> <i>except</i> <i>chose for himself</i>	The only safety he could find, however, was beneath the castle wall. He chose a nice spot and dismounted there. He lay down that time and his horse stood over him.
1210	His stede stode hym besyde: The fole was fayne for to byde - Was wery for the fyght Till one the morne that it was day. The wayte appon the walle lay:	<i>glad; abide</i>	The boy was glad to stay there, wearied with fighting, till the dawning of the day. The watch came out onto the the wall
1215	He sawe an uggly play In the place dighte; Yitt was ther more ferly: Ther was no qwyk man left therby! Thay called up the lady	<i>sentinel</i> <i>fearful performance</i> <i>provided</i> <i>marvel</i> <i>living</i>	and saw the carnage made by the gates. They were astounded. There wasn't anybody left alive! The Lady Amour was called to see for herself.
1220	For to see that sighte.		
	Now commes the lady to that sight, The Lady Lufamour, the brighte; Scho clambe up to the walle on hight Full faste to beholde;		The lady came, Lady Amour the beautiful; she climbed the steps onto the wall and down below
1225	Hedes and helmys ther was (I tell yow withowtten lese), Many layde one the gresse, And many schelde brode.	<i>lie</i> <i>grass</i>	she saw heads and helmets and many shields lying, I tell you no lie.
	Grete ferly thaym thoghte	<i>wonder</i>	They all marvelled
1230	Who that wondir had wroghte, That had tham to dede broghte, That folke in the felde, And wold come none innermare For to kythe what he ware,	<i>death</i>  <i>no further inside</i> <i>make known</i>	how this had come about, and who might have killed all the folk in the field and wouldn't come in to make himself known and claim his reward.
1235	And wist the lady was thare, Thaire warysounne to yelde.	<i>reward; claim</i>	
	Scho wold thaire warysone yelde: Full faste forthe thay bihelde If thay myghte fynde in the felde	<i>their reward pay</i>	And as they looked all around, to see if they might find who accomplished that; they peered down at the foot of the wall and saw a great red horse and a bloody knight lying at its feet.
1240	Who hade done that dede; Thay loked undir thair hande, Sawe a mekill horse stande, A blody knyghte liggande By a rede stede.	<i>just below</i> <i>mighty</i>	Then said the Lady Amour: There lies the knight who has done all this, if I guess right; either he is asleep or he is himself dead, for his armour is covered in blood.'
1245	Then said the lady so brighte, "Yondir liggis a knyghte That hase bene in the fighthe, If I kane righte rede; Owthir es yone man slane,		
1250	Or he slepis hym allane, Or he in batelle es tane, For blody are his wede."	<i>clothes</i>	

	Scho says, "Bloody are his wede, And so es his riche stede;		His armour is covered in blood, and so is his splendid horse;
1255	Siche a knyght in this thede Saw I never nane. What so he es, and he maye ryse, He es large there he lyse, And wele made in alle wyse,	<i>country</i>	I have never seen such a knight in this country. Whoever he may be, he looks strong and well built.
1260	Ther als man sall be tane." Scho calde appon hir chaymbirlyayne, Was called hende Hatlayne - The curtasye of Wawayne He weldis in wane;	<i>judged</i>	She called her chamberlain - they called him noble Hatlain, because he was as courteous as Sir Gawain -
1265	Scho badd hym, "Wende and see Yif yon man on lyfe be. Bid hym com and speke with me, And pray hym als thou kane."	<i>go yonder; alive</i>	and instructed him to go and see whether the knight was alive. 'If he is,' she said, 'ask him to come and speak with me.'
	Now to pray hym als he kane, 1270 Undir the wallis he wane; Warly wakend he that mane: The horse stode still. Als it was tolde unto me, He knelid down on his kne;	<i>goes</i> <i>cautiously awakened; man</i>	The chamberlain went beneath the wall and woke the knight up, while the horse stood still. And as it was told to me, he knelt down and said politely:
1275	Hendely hailed he that fre, And sone said hym till, "My lady, lele Lufamour, Habyddis the in hir chambour, Prayes the, for thyn honour,	<i>courteously greeted;</i> <i>nobleman</i>	'My lady, the beautiful Amour, awaits you in her chamber and urges you to come to her, if you will.'
1280	To come, yif ye will." So kyndly takes he that kyth That up he rose and went hym wyth, The man that was of myche pyth Hir prayer to fulfill.	<i>fair</i> <i>awaits you</i>	Perceval arose courteously and went with the chamberlain to comply with the lady's wish.
	1285 Now hir prayer to fulfill, He folowed the gentilmans will, And so he went hir untill, Forthe to that lady. Full blythe was that birde brighte	<i>request</i>	He followed the chamberlain and went to meet the Lady Amour. She was delighted to see him
1290	When scho sawe hym with syghte, For scho trowed that he was wighte, And askede hym in hy: At that fre gan scho frayne, Thoghe he were lefe for to layne,	<i>fair lady</i> <i>manly</i> <i>questioned</i> <i>noble one; ask</i> <i>eager to hide the facts;</i>	for she trusted in his strength and started questioning him; she asked Perceval (though he would rather conceal it) whether he knew who had killed all those people.
1295	If he wiste who had tham slayne - Thase folkes of envy. He sayd, "I soghte none of tho; I come the Sowdane to slo, And thay ne wolde noghte late me go;	<i>those</i> <i>slay</i>	'I had no desire to kill them,' replied Perceval, earnestly. 'I have come to kill the sultan, and they tried to stop me,
1300	Thaire lyfes there reft I."		

	He sayd, "Belyfe thay solde aby." And Lufamour, that lele lady, Wist ful wele therby The childe was full wighte.	<i>happily; abide</i> <i>fair</i> <i>knew</i> <i>powerful</i>	so I had to take their lives.' The lady could see that Perceval was a powerful warrior and was overjoyed
1305	The birde was blythe of that bade That scho siche and helpe hade; Agayne the Sowdane was fade With alle for to fighte. Faste the lady hym byhelde:	<i>noble lady; news</i> <i>such a helper</i> <i>against; [he] was determined</i> <i>earnestly</i>	to have such a helper; he was determined to fight with the sultan. The lady look at him closely.
1310	Scho thocht hym worthi to welde, And he myghte wyn hir in felde, With maystry and myghte. His stede thay in stabill set And hymselfe to haulle was fet,	<i>govern</i> <i>field of battle</i>  <i>hall; brought</i>	He would make her a good husband, she thought, if he could win her in the field. They led his horse to a stable and Perceval into a hall,
1315	And than, withowtten any let, To dyne gun thay dighte.	<i>delay</i> <i>prepare</i>	where he was given a meal.
	The childe was sett on the dese, And served with reches - I tell yow withowtten lese -	<i>high table</i> <i>dainties</i> <i>lie</i>	Perceval was seated at the high table and served with many delicacies, I tell you truly.
1320	That gaynely was get, In a chayere of golde Bifore the fayrest, to byholde The myldeste mayden one molde, At mete als scho satt.	<i>handsomely was served</i>   <i>on earth</i>	He was given a chair of gold opposite the fairest maiden in the world.
1325	Scho made hym semblande so gude, Als thay felle to thaire fude, The mayden mengede his mode With myrthes at the mete, That for hir sake righte tha	<i>friendly welcome</i>  <i>roused his spirits</i>  <i>then</i>	And she made such friendly and entertaining conversation as they fell to their food  that for her sake
1330	Sone he gane undirta The sory Sowdane to sla, Withowtten any lett.	<i>undertake</i>  <i>delay</i>	Perceval had at once promised to kill the sultan without delay.
	He sayd, withowtten any lett, "When the Sowdane and I bene mett, A sadde stroke I sall one hym sett, His pride for to spyll." Then said the lady so free, "Who that may his bon be Sall hafe this kyngdome and me,	<i>solemn</i>  <i>death (bane)</i>	Without delay he said, 'When the sultan and I meet in battle,' 'I shall burst his pride with the point of my spear!' 'Whoever does so,' the maiden responded, 'shall win this kingdom, and me as well, to do with as he likes.'
1340	To welde at his will." He ne hade dynded bot smalle When worde come into the haulle That many men withalle Were hernyste one the hill;	<i>a little</i>    <i>armed</i>	Perceval was only a little way into his first course when news came that the enemy was gathering.
1345	For tene thaire felawes were slayne, The cité hafe thay nere tane. The men that were within the wane The comon-belle gun knylle.	<i>anger [that]</i> <i>nearly taken</i> <i>stronghold</i> <i>did knell</i>	Through their anger at the massacre the Saracens had nearly taken the city. The bells were ringing to summon all to arms.

	Now knylyyn thay the comon-belle.		
1350	Worde come to Percevell, And he wold there no lengere duelle, Bot lepe fro the dese - Siche wilde gerys hade he mo - Sayd, "Kynsmen, now I go.	<i>high table</i> <i>impulsive ways; plenty</i>	When the news came to Perceval, he leapt from the table  – for his had such rash manners. 'Friends, now I go! I shall kill them all before I die!' he shouted. The maiden kissed him, set his helmet upon his head and then Perceval went to fetch his horse.
1355	For alle yone sall I slo Longe are I sese!" Scho kiste hym withowtten lett; The helme on his hede scho sett; To the stabill full sone he gett,	<i>before; cease</i> <i>delay</i>	In his rage, no man dared ride with him. He rode out alone.
1360	There his stede was. There were none with hym to fare; For no man then wolde he spare! - Rydis furthe, withowtten mare, Till he come to the prese.	<i>hold back</i> <i>alone</i> <i>Sowdan's gang</i>	
1365	When he come to the prese, He rydes in one a rese; The folkes, that byfore hym was, Thaire strenght hade thay tone; To kepe hym than were thay ware;	<i>in a rush</i>  <i>taken</i> <i>oppose; eager</i>	When he came to the enemy ranks Perceval raced in at a gallop; the men who stood against him had gathered their strength, eager to stop him.
1370	Thaire dynttis deris hym no mare Then whoso hade strekyn sare One a harde stone. Were thay wighte, were thay woke, Alle that he till stroke,	<i>blows harm</i> <i>fiercely</i>  <i>strong; weak</i>	But all the blows that were aimed at him bounced off his armour as though he was made of stone! The mighty and the feeble fell before him with equal indignity.
1375	He made thaire bodies to roke: Was ther no better wone. I wote, he sped hym so sone That day, by heghe none With all that folke hade he done:	<i>fall back</i> <i>fate</i>  <i>noon</i>	By midday there was not a man left alive on the whole field.
1380	One lefe lefte noghte one.	<i>alive</i>	
	When he had slayne all tho, He loked forthir hym fro, If he myghte fynde any mo With hym for to fyghte;		When he had killed them all Perceval looked about him to see if there was anyone left to fight with; and as he looked, in the distance he caught sight of four knights with shields riding towards him.
1385	And als that hardy bihelde, He sese, ferre in the felde, Fowre knyghtis undir schelde Come rydand full righte.	<i>hardy [lad] looked about</i> <i>sees far</i>  <i>vigorously</i>	One was King Arthur, the other Ywain, the flower of chivalry, the third the honourable Gawain and Kay the keen knight. 'I will ride to meet these four,' Perceval said to himself, 'and if one of these is the sultan,' I shall do as I have promised.'
1390	One was Kyng Arthour, Anothir Ewayne, the floure, The thirde Wawayne with honoure, And Kay, the kene knyghte.	<i>most excellent</i>	
1395	Percevell saide, withowtten mare, "To yondir foure will I fare; And if the Sowdane be thare, I sall holde that I highte."	<i>keep; promised</i>	

	Now to holde that he hase highte, Agaynes thaym he rydis righte, And ay lay the lady brighte		Perceval rode towards them as the lady watched from the battlements.
1400	One the walle, and byhelde How many men that he had slane, And sythen gane his stede mayne Foure kempys agayne, Forthir in the felde.	<i>on</i>  <i>rode; powerful</i> <i>warriors to meet</i>	She had seen the carnage and now saw him turn his horse towards four knights further afield.
1405	Then was the lady full wo When scho sawe hym go Agaynes foure knyghtys tho, With schafte and with schelde.	<i>to meet</i>	She was really worried whan she saw him go encounter those four knights with spear and shield.
1410	They were so mekyl and unryde That wele wende scho that tyde With bale thay solde gare hym byde That was hir beste belde.	<i>great; huge</i> <i>time</i> <i>grief; make</i> <i>protector</i>	They were huge and strong and she feared hey might overcome the man she hoped would protect her.
	Thofe he were beste of hir belde, As that lady byhelde,	<i>protection</i>	
1415	He rydes forthe in the felde, Even tham agayne.	<i>directly against</i>	
	Then sayd Arthoure the Kyng, "I se a bolde knyghte owt spryng; For to seke feghtyng,	<i>charging</i> <i>seek battle</i>	King Arthur gazed at the advancing man. 'I see a bold knight riding towards us intent on a fight,' he said.
1420	Forthe will he frayne. If he fare forthe to fighte And we foure kempys agayne one knyght, Littill menske wold to us lighte If he were sone slayne."	<i>warriors</i> <i>honor</i>	'It would bring us very little honour, if the four of us were to set upon him all at once.'
1425	They fore forthward right faste, And sone kevells did thay caste, And evyr fell it to frayste Untill Sir Wawayne.	<i>lots</i> <i>try</i> <i>unto</i>	So they moved forward and cast lots who would meet him and all the time it fell upon Sir Gawain.
	When it felle to Sir Wawayne To ryde Percevell agayne, Of that fare was he fayne, And fro tham he rade.	<i>against</i> <i>chance</i>	Delighted, Gawain rode off to fight Perceval.
	Ever the nerre hym he drewe, Wele the better he hym knewe,	<i>nearer</i>	As Gawain drew near, he glimpsed the red arms and guessed that it was the boy.
1435	Horse and hernays of hewe, That the childe hade. "A, dere God!" said Wawayne the fre, "How-gates may this be?	<i>however</i>	'Dear God, ' thought the noble Gawain, 'What shall I do?
1440	If I sle hym, or he me, That never yit was fade, And we are sisters sones two, And aythir of us othir slo, He that lifes will be full wo That ever was he made."	<i>his enemy</i> <i>for</i> <i>if</i> <i>lives; utterly woeful</i>	We have no quarrel between us. We are cousins – if I kill him, or he kills me, the one who lives will be sorry to have been born at all.

1445	Now no maistrys he made, Sir Wawayne, there als he rade, Bot hovyde styll and habade His concell to ta. "Ane unwyse man," he sayd, "am I,	<i>menacing gestures</i>  <i>remained; stopped</i> <i>take</i>	So he made no threatening gestures  but made his horse stand still and waited to think things out. 'I am a fool for getting myself into this position,' he told himself.
1450	That puttis myselfe to siche a foly; Es there no man so hardy That ne anothir es als wa. Thogfe Percevell hase slayne the Rede Knight, Yitt may another be als wyghte,	<i>also</i> <i>although</i>	Nobody is so bold that he need not fear another. Perceval has killed the Red Knight; but another may have been just as strong
1455	And in that gere be dyghte, And taken alle hym fra. If I suffire my sister sone, And anothir in his gere be done And gete the maystry me appon,	<i>armor; dressed</i>  <i>am gentle with</i> <i>equipment</i>	and have killed him in his turn and taken the armour. If I were to back down now, and then find that it is not Perceval, and be defeated,
1460	That wolde do me wa;  It wolde wirke me full wa! So mote I one erthe ga, It ne sall noghte betyde me swa, If I may righte rede!	<i>woe</i>    <i>be well advised</i>	my reputation would be ruined.    I will not let that happen, by God!
1465	A schafte sall I one hym sett, And I sall fonde firste to hitt; Then sall I ken be my witt Who weldys that wede." No more carpys he that tyde,	<i>try</i>   <i>wears that armor</i> <i>debates</i>	I will set a lance to him, will try to strike first and judge by the outcome who is sitting in that saddle.' He stopped his debate; they came together,
1470	Bot son togedyr gon thay ryde- Men that bolde were to byde, And styff appon stede; Thaire horse were stallworthe and strange, Thair scheldis were unfaillande;	   <i>strong</i>	two bold men and sure in their saddles. Their horses were strong and stout, their shields did not fail them –
1475	Thaire speris brake to thaire hande, Als tham byhoved nede.  Now es broken that are were hale, And than bygane Percevale For to tell one a tale	<i>splintered in</i> <i>as they were bound to do</i>  <i>ere; whole</i>	both their lances broke to the hilt with the impact.  Perceval then spoke what was on his tongue.
1480	That one his tonge laye. He sayde, "Wyde-whare hafe I gane; Siche anothir Sowdane In faythe sawe I never nane, By nyghte ne by daye.	<i>on</i> <i>far and wide</i> <i>such</i>	He cried out: 'I have never met such a sultan as you, wherever I went!
1485	I hafe slayne, and I the ken, Twenty score of thi men; And of alle that I slewe then, Me thoghte it bot a playe Agayne that dynt that I hafe tane;	<i>tell you</i>    <i>compared to; blow</i> <i>possessed</i>	I have killed, let me tell you, four hundred of your men and it seemed like child's play  compared to the blow that you've just given me!
1490	For siche one aughte I never nane Bot I qwyte two for ane, Forsothe, and I maye."	<i>unless; repay</i>	But I shall return it two strokes for your one.'

<p>Then spake Sir Wawayne -  Certanely, is noghte to layne -  1495 Of that fare was he fayne,  In felde there thay fighte:  By the wordis so wylde  At the fole one the felde,  He wiste wele it was the childe,  1500 Percevell the wighte -  He sayse, "I ame no Sowdane,  Bot I am that ilke man  That thi body bygan  In armours to dighte.  1505 I giffe the prise to thi pyth.  Unkyndely talked thou me with:  My name es Wawayne in kythe,  Whoso redys righte."</p>	<p><i>lie</i>  <i>glad</i></p> <p><i>naïf in</i></p> <p><i>strong</i></p> <p><i>same</i></p> <p><i>prize; strength</i></p> <p><i>among my people</i></p>	<p>Than Sir Gawain spoke –  it cannot be denied  he was glad of what happened.</p> <p>From these bold words  that the boy spoke  Gawain knew  that it was Perceval the strong.  'I am no sultan!' he cried.  'I'm the same man  who dressed you  in that armour.  And I give you the prize.  You spoke unkindly;  my name is Sir Gawain.</p>
<p>He sayes, "Who that will rede the aryghte,  1510 My name es Wawayne the knyghte."  And than thay sessen of thaire fighte,  Als gude frendes scholde.  He sayse, "Thynkes thou noghte when  That thou woldes the knyghte brene,  1515 For thou ne couthe noghte ken  To spoyle hym alle colde?"  Bot then was Percevell the free  Als blythe als he myghte be,  For then wiste he wele that it was he,  1520 By takens that he tolde.  He dide then als he gane hym lere:  Putt up hys umbrere;  And kyste togedir with gud chere  Those beryns so bolde.</p>	<p><i>advise you</i></p> <p><i>cease</i></p> <p><i>didn't know how</i>  <i>plunder</i></p> <p><i>details</i>  <i>had been taught</i>  <i>visor</i></p> <p><i>warriors</i></p>	<p>They ceased from fighting  as good friends should.  'Do you remember,' said Gawain,  'when you wanted to burn that knight  because you didn't know  how to remove his armour?'  The noble Perceval  was happy then  because he realized  by the details Gawain gave  who it was he was fighting against  and put up his visor;  they kissed and embraced one another,  these bold warriors.</p>
<p>1525 Now kisede the beryns so bolde,  Sythen talkede what thay wolde.  Be then come Arthour the bolde,  That there was knyghte and kyng  Als his cosyns hadd done,  1530 Thankede God also sone.  Off mekill myrthis thay mone  At thaire metyng.  Sythen, withowtten any bade,  To the castelle thay rade  1535 With the childe that thay hade,  Percevell the yynge.  The portere was redy thare,  Lete the knyghtis in fare;  A blythere lady than . . .  1540 . . . . .</p>	<p><i>warriors</i></p> <p><i>by</i></p> <p><i>reminisce</i></p> <p><i>delay</i></p>	<p>And as they were talking,  King Arthur rode up.  He was glad to see them  greeting one another  and talking merrily  as cousins should,  and thanked God for it.  In Perceval's company  they then all rode to the castle;</p> <p>the porter was ready  and opened the gates for them.  The lady was most happy...</p>



	"Mi grete socour at thou here sende, Off my castell me to diffende, Agayne the Sowdane to wende, That es my moste foo."	<i>that</i>	that you have sent Perceval to succour me and defend my castle and ride against the sultan who is my greatest enemy.
1545	Theire stedis thay sett in the stalle. The Kyng wendis to haulle; His knyghtis yode hym with alle, Als kynde was to go. Thaire metis was redy,	<i>greatest enemy</i>  <i>goes</i> <i>went</i> <i>as was the custom</i> <i>food</i>	Their horses were taken to the stables and the king made his way to the hall with his three knights, as it was proper. A fine meal was spread before them and they all fell to,
1550	And therto went thay in hy, The Kyng and the lady, And knyghtis also.	<i>quickly</i>	the King with the lady and the four knights too.
	Wele welcomed scho the geste With riche metis of the beste,		She entertained them with delicacies of the best,
1555	Drynkes of the derreste, Dighted bydene. Thay ete and dranke what thay wolde, Sythen talked and tolde Off othir estres full olde,	<i>most costly</i> <i>prepared for everyone</i>  <i>then</i> <i>stories</i>	with the finest wines ready for everyone. And when they have eaten their fill, the King and the Queen talked together, recounting old tales.
1560	The Kyng and the Qwene. At the firste bygynnyng, Scho frayned Arthour the Kyng Of childe Percevell the yying, What life he had in bene.	<i>outset</i> <i>questioned</i> <i>about</i> <i>had formerly</i>	First and foremost she asked the King about the child Perceval and how he had lived.
1565	Grete wondir had Lufamour He was so styffe in stour And couthe so littill of nurtour Als scho had there sene.	<i>strong; battle</i> <i>knew; courtesy</i>	She was curious how he could be so accomplished in battle and yet so untutored in the finer arts of courtesy.
	Scho had sene with the childe No thyng bot werkes wylde: Thoghte grete ferly on filde Of that foly fare. Then said Arthour the Kyng Of bold Percevell techyng,	<i>acts of violence</i> <i>wonders in field</i> <i>foolish behavior</i>  <i>Perceval's upbringing</i>	She had seen nothing so far but his roughness and marvelled a lot at his foolish behaviour. And King Arthur explained all about his upbringing, from the very first moment till the present time:
1570	Fro the firste bygynnyng Till that he come thar: How his fadir was slayne, And his modir to the wode gane For to be there hir allane		how his father had been killed and his mother had taken him as a baby into the wild forest and brought him up in seclusion for full fifteen years, playing with wild animals only; it was little wonder if he was a bit wild.
1575	In the holtis hare, Fully feftene yere To play hym with the wilde dere: Littill wonder it were Wilde if he ware!	<i>animals</i>	
1585	When he had tolde this tale To that semely in sale He hade wordis at wale To tham ilkane. Then said Percevell the wighte,	<i>[Arthur]</i> <i>comely one; hall</i> <i>will</i> <i>each of them</i>	When King Arthur had explained all this, he turned to speak with others,  but Perceval piped up:
1590	"Yif I be noghte yitt knyghte, Thou sall halde that thou highte, For to make me ane."	<i>promised</i>	'If I am not yet a knight, you must do as you promised and make me one!'

	Than saide the Kyng full sone, "Ther sall other dedis be done, 1595 And thou sall wynn thi schone Appon the Sowdane." Then said Percevell the fre, "Als sone als I the Sowdane see, Righte so sall it sone be, 1600 Als I hafe undirtane."	<i>[knight's] shoes against</i>	'Your work is not finished,' said the king. 'You shall win your spurs upon the sultan.' 'As soon as I see him,' said Perceval, 'I'll despatch him as I promised.'
	He says, "Als I hafe undirtane For to sla the Sowdane, So sall I wirke als I kanne, That dede to bygynn." 1605 That day was ther no more dede With those worthily in wede, Bot buskede tham and to bedde yede, The more and the mynn; Till one the morne erely 1610 Comes the Sowdane with a cry, Fonde all his folkes hym by Putt into pyn. Sone asked he wha That so durste his men sla, 1615 And wete hym one lyfe gaa, The maystry to wynn.	<i>undertaken</i>	'As I promised to kill the sultan I will do all I can to have it done.' But there was nothing left to do that day except go to bed and rest.  Early the next morning, the sultan came with a great ado and found all his men put to death. He asked at once who dared to treat his men that way and whether he was alive to fight with him.
	Now to wynn the maystry, To the castell gan he cry, If any were so hardy, 1620 The maistry to wynn: "A man for ane, Thoghe he hadd all his folke slane, Here sall he fynde Golrotherame To mete hym full ryghte, 1625 Appon siche a covenande That ye hefe up your hande; Who that may the better stande And more es of myghte To bryng that other to the dede, 1630 Browke wele the londe on brede And hir that is so faire and rede, Lufamour the brighte!"	<i>activity</i>  <i>prepared themselves; went less</i>  <i>torment (i.e., dead) who</i>	He rode to the castle walls and challenged anyone bold enough to engage in a battle: 'Although you have killed all my men,' he cried, 'you shall find Golrotherame ready to fight with you here, on a condition you must swear to: whoever makes as tronger stand and proves to be of greater might to kill the other, will possess these broad lands and the Lady Amour so fair and bright!
	Then the Kyng Arthour And the Lady Lufamour 1635 And all that were in the towre Graunted therwith. Thay called Percevell the wight; The Kyng doubled hym to knyghte. Thofe he couthe littill insighte, 1640 The childe was of pith. He bad he solde be to prayse, Therto hende and curtayse; Sir Percevell the Galayse Thay called hym in kythe.	<i>[a man]</i>  <i>pact lift</i>  <i>death possess; broad land</i>  <i>had little wisdom strong</i> <i>act in a praiseworthy way</i>  <i>among his people</i>	King Arthur, Lady Amour and all in the tower agreed to these terms on Perceval's behalf and called the lad to them. King Arthur dubbed him knight; for although he was very ignorant he was magnificent in battle, but he urged him to show some breeding. The king dubbed him Sir Perceval the Welshman.

1645	Kyng Arthour in Maydenlande Dubbid hym knyghte with his hande, Bad hym ther he his fo fande To gyff hym no grythe.	<i>peace</i>	And so King Arthur made Perceval a knight in the Land of Women and told him to show no peace when he met his foe.
	Grith takes he nane:	<i>peace</i>	Sir Perceval rode out to meet the sultan Golrotherame, who was deadly in fight.
1650	He rydes agayne the Sowdane That highte Gollerotherame, That felle was in fighte. In the felde so brade, No more carpyng thay made,	<i>was called cruel</i>	
1655	Bot sone togedir thay rade, Theire schaftes to righte. Gollerotheram, thofe he wolde wede, Percevell bere hym fro his stede Two londis one brede,	<i>spears; raise rage knocked him off</i>	In the broad field they rode at one another without any further ado, their spears at the ready. No matter how Golrotherame raged, with skill and might Perceval knocked him from his saddle and hurtled him a long way off. The sultan lied on the ground and his steed ran off.
1660	With maystry and myghte. At the erthe the Sowdane lay; His stede gun rynn away; Than said Percevell one play, "Thou haste that I the highte."	<i>in what I promised you</i>	'You have got what I promised,' mocked him Sir Perceval.
1665	He sayd, "I highte the a dynt, And now, me thynke, thou hase it hynt. And I may, als I hafe mynt, Thou schalt it never mende." Appon the Sowdan he duelled	<i>received intended</i>	'I have promised you a blow and now I think you've got it, and I have a mind I shall make it stick!' He pinned the sultan to the ground where he lay
1670	To the grownde ther he was felled, And to the erthe he hym helde With his speres ende. Fayne wolde he hafe hym slayne, This uncely Sowdane,	<i>pressed</i>	
1675	Bot gate couthe he get nane, So ill was he kende. Than thynkes the childe Of olde werkes full wylde: "Hade I a fire now in this filde,	<i>hapless means could trained</i>	with the point of his spear. Perceval tried to kill this hapless man, but could find no way of doing so, so badly was the boy trained. In desperation he thought of his old wild ways: 'If I had a fire alight, he'd soon be burnt.
1680	Righte here he solde be brende."  He said, "Righte here I solde the brene, And thou ne solde never more then Fighte for no wymman, So I solde the fere!"	<i>terrify you</i>	I'd burn you right here and then you would fight no more for any woman, so much I'd scare you!' Than Gawain said to him, 'If you knew how to fight, you'd get off your steed and win the battle on him.'
1685	Then said Wawayne the knyghte, "Thou myghte, and thou knewe righte, And thou woldes of thi stede lighte, Wynn hym one were." The childe was of gamen gnede;	<i>if if; get off defeat; in battle banter cautious</i>	The boy did not get the point; he stood and thought, 'God, could this be a steed that I thought was a mare?'
1690	Now he thynkes one thede, "Lorde! whethir this be a stede I wende had bene a mere?" In stede righte there he in stode, He ne wiste nother of evyll ne gude,	<i>can this; steed mare place</i>	As he stood there, he was all confused but then he changed his mind and let go of his spear.
1695	Bot then chaunged his mode And slaked his spere.	<i>released</i>	

	When his spere was up tane, Then gan this Gollerothiram, This ilke uncely Sowdane,			The hapless sultan, this Golrotherame, had already got to his feet; he drew his sword and struck at Sir Perceval with it.
1700	One his fete to gete. Than his swerde drawes he, Strykes at Percevell the fre. The childe hadd no powsté His laykes to lett.	<i>same hapless</i>		The boy had no power to oppose his sword-play. His horse acted on its own impulse; when it saw the sword coming, it leapt over a hillock full five paces' length.
1705	The stede was his awnn will: Saw the swerde come hym till, Leppe up over an hill, Fyve stryde mett. Als he sprent forby,	<i>power sword play; oppose acted on his own toward him</i>		As it moved past, the sultan cried out; the boy woke up from his thoughts he'd been absorbed in.
1710	The Sowdan keste up a cry; The childe wann owt of study That he was inn sett.	<i>measured flew past</i>		
	Now ther he was in sett, Owt of study he gett,	<i>awoke; meditation absorbed in</i>		
1715	And lightis downn, withowtten lett, Agaynes hym to goo. He says, "Now hase thou taughte me How that I sall wirke with the." Than his swerde drawes he	<i>absorbed in hesitation</i>		Now he has woken up, he dismounts without hesitation and goes to the sultan. 'Now you have shown me what to do with you!' He drew his sword and took a fierce swing at the sultan.
1720	And strake to hym thro. He hitt hym even one the nekk-bane, Thurgh ventale and pesane. The hede of the Sowdane He strykes the body fra.	<i>work</i>		He hit him on the neckbone, cutting through his armour, so that he struck the sultan's head clean off the body.
1725	Then full wightly he yode To his stede, there he stode; The milde mayden in mode, Mirthe may scho ma!	<i>assails; fiercely chest and neck armor</i>		He returned to gather his horse, and the maiden, Lady Amour, jumped for joy.
	Many mirthes then he made; In to the castell he rade, And boldly he there habade With that mayden brighte. Fayne were thay ilkane That he had slane the Sowdane	<i>from went</i>		
1730	And wele wonn that wymman, With maystry and myghte. Thay said Percevell the yying Was beste worthy to be kyng, For wele withowtten lesyng	<i>spirit make</i>		Perceval rode happily into the castle and went up to the maiden's chamber.
1735	He helde that he highte. Ther was no more for to say, Bot sythen, appon that other day, He weddys Lufamour the may, This Percevell the wighte.	<i>each</i>		Everybody was glad that he's killed the sultan and won the woman with skill and might. They swore the young Perceval was worthy to be a knight for he kept his promise without a lie. What more needs to be said? They were married the very next day.
1740		<i>young</i>		
		<i>he kept his promise</i>		
		<i>maiden</i>		

1745	Now hase Percevell the wight Wedded Lufamour the bright, And is a kyng full righte Of alle that lande brade.	<i>broad</i>	And so Perceval has now married the bright Lady Amour and is now king of all he surveys.
1750	Than Kyng Arthour in hy Wolde no lengare ther ly: Toke lefe at the lady. Fro tham than he rade: Left Percevell the yying Off all that lande to be kyng,	<i>leave of</i>	King Arthur takes his leave, he won't tarry any longer.  He rode back home and left the young Perceval to rule over all that land that he got with a ring from the lady he married.
1755	For he had with a ryng The mayden that it hade. Sythen, appon the tother day, The Kyng went on his way, The certane sothe, als I say,	<i>the next</i>	And right the next day King Arthur rode away without any delay as truth I tell.
1760	Withowtten any bade.	<i>delay</i>	
	Now than yong Percevell habade In those borowes so brade For hir sake, that he hade Wedd with a ryng.	<i>broad whom</i>	Young Perceval has stayed in those broad domains for his lady's sake.
1765	Wele weldede he that lande, Alle bowes to his honde; The folke, that he byfore fonde, Knewe hym for kyng.	<i>ruled bow sought</i>	He ruled the country well and the people loved him and acknowledged him as king.
1770	Thus he wones in that wone Till that the twelmonthe was gone, With Lufamour his lemman. He thoghte on no thyng, Now on his moder that was, How scho levyde with the gres,	<i>dwells; place beloved</i>	And for twelve months he lived with the Lady Amour;  but then his thoughts turned to his mother whom he had left living only on what she could gather from the forest, and on spring water.
1775	With more drynke and lesse, In welles, there thay spryng.	<i>upon grass</i>	
	Drynkes of welles, ther thay spryng, And gresse etys, withowt lesyng! Scho liffede with none othir thyng	<i>grass; it's no lie</i>	Eating grass and drinking water from pools; it is no lie! She lived thus, in the ancient forest, like an animal.
1780	In the holtes hare. Till it byfelle appon a day, Als he in his bedd lay, Till hymselfe gun he say, Syghande full sare,	<i>gray woods</i>	So it happened one day, as Perceval was lying in his bed he said to himself with a heavy sigh: 'On Christmas last
1785	"The laste Yole-day that was, Wilde wayes I chese: My modir all manles Leved I thare."	<i>unprotected left</i>	I went on wild ways; my mother I'd left all unprotected.' And so he thought,
1790	"Blythe sall I never be Or I may my modir see, And wete how scho fare."	<i>happy until know; fares</i>	'I'll never be happy until I have seen my mother and found out how she's doing.'

<p>1795 Now to wete how scho fare, The knyght busked hym yare; He wolde no lengare duelle thare     For noghte that myghte bee. Up he rose in that haulle, Tuke his lefe at tham alle, Both at grete and at smalle; 1800 Fro thaym wendis he. Faire scho prayed hym even than, Lufamour, his lemman, Till the heghe dayes of Yole were gane,     With hir for to bee. 1805 Bot it served hir of no thyng: A preste he made forthe bryng, Hym a messe for to syng,     And aftir rode he.</p>	<p><i>made himself ready soon</i></p> <p><i>leave from</i></p> <p><i>eloquently</i></p>	<p>So to find out how she is he made to set off to find her, and he wouldn't stay for no amount of persuasion.</p> <p>He took his leave of everyone, both the great and the low, and goes his way. Lady Amour tried to talk him into staying until the end of Twelfth Night with her, but to no avail.</p> <p>He called a priest, heard Mass, and departed.</p>
<p>1810 Now fro tham gun he ryde; Ther wiste no man that tyde Whedirwarde he wolde ryde,     His sorowes to amende. Forthe he rydes allone; Fro tham he wolde everichone: 1815 Mighte no man with hym gone,     Ne whedir he wolde lende. Bot forthe thus rydes he ay, The certen sothe als I yow say, Till he come at a way 1820 By a wode-ende. Then herde he faste hym by Als it were a woman cry: Scho prayed to mylde Mary     Som socoure hir to sende.</p>	<p><i>arrive</i></p> <p><i>close by</i></p>	<p>He rode away and no one knew where he would go to mend his worries. Perceval rode alone,</p> <p>I tell you in all faith, until he came to a path at the edge of a forest, and there he found a woman crying out to the Virgin Mary to send her some help.</p>
<p>1825 Scho sende hir socour full gude, Mary, that es mylde of mode. As he come thurgh the wode,     A ferly he fandte. A birde, brighteste of ble, 1830 Stode faste bonden till a tre - I say it yow certanly - Bothe fote and hande. Sone askede he who, When he sawe hir tho, 1835 That had served hir so,     That lady in lande. Scho said, "Sir, the Blake Knyghte Solde be my lorde with righte; He hase me thusgates dighte 1840 Here for to stande."</p>	<p><i>marvel</i> <i>noble lady; complexion</i></p> <p><i>thus tied</i></p>	<p>And the Virgin so merciful sent it amazingly quickly, I tell you, for as Perceval was going through a wood he found an amazing thing – a beautiful woman bound hand and foot fast to a tree. He asked her who had done this to her when saw her like this</p> <p>and she replied: 'Sir, the Black Knight, who is my husband. He has done this to me, and bound me here in this way.</p>

	She says, "Here mon I stande For a faute that he fandē That sall I warande Is my moste mone. 1845 Now to the I sall say: Appon my bedd I lay Appon the laste Yole-day - Twelve monethes es gone - Were he knyghte, were he king,	<i>fault</i>  <i>greatest moan</i>	I must stand here for a transgression that is my greatest sorrow.  Now I will tell you: twelve months ago, on Christmas Day, as I lay upon my bed asleep, someone, be he knight or king, came in to me and stole the ring from my finger and left me his. I didn't see who it was who exchanged his ring for mine but whoever he be, he has taken the better one!
1850	He come one his playnge. With me he chaungede a ring, The richeste of one. The body myght I noghte see That made that chaungyng with me, 1855 Bot what that ever he be, The better hase he tone!"	<i>sporting</i> <i>exchanged</i> <i>finest of all</i>     <i>taken</i>	
1860	Scho says, "The better hase he tane; Siche a vertue es in the stane, In alle this werlde wote I nane Siche stone in a ryngē; A man that had it in were One his body for to bere, There scholde no dyntys hym dere, Ne to the dethe bryngē." 1865 And then wiste Sir Percevale Full wele by the ladys tale That he had broghte hir in bale Thurgh his chaungyng. Than also sone sayd he 1870 To that lady so fre, "I sall the louse fro the tre, Als I ame trewe kyng."	<i>stone</i> <i>know of none</i>  <i>war</i>  <i>blows; harm</i>   <i>into grief</i> <i>exchanging [of rings]</i>     <i>shall loosen you</i>	For the one he took has a stone that is unique. In this whole world I know of none like it. Whoever wears it cannot be hurt by any blow in battle, and cannot die.' Immediately, Perceval knew by what the lady has said that he had been the one who had caused the lady all this woe. He said at once, 'I'll untie you from the tree, as I am a true king.'
1875	He was bothe kyng and knyght: Wele he helde that he highte; He loused the lady so brighte, Stod bown to the tre. Down satt the lady, And yong Percevall hir by. Forwaked was he wery: 1880 Rist hym wolde he. He wende wele for to ryst, Bot it wolde nothyng laste. Als he lay althir best, His hede one hir kne, 1885 Scho putt on Percevell wighte, Bad hym fle with all his myghte, "For yonder comes the Blake Knyghte; Dede mon ye be!"	<i>kept; promised</i> <i>loosened</i> <i>bound</i>   <i>he was utterly weary from</i> <i>lack of sleep</i> <i>rest himself</i>   <i>very comfortably</i>  <i>awakened</i>     <i>must</i>	Both knight and king, he did what he said: he released the bright lady  and they both sat on the ground together. He was worn out and would have rest, and fell asleep with his head on the lady's knee.  But he did not sleep for long, for the lady soon cried: 'Wake up! Here comes the Black Knight! Run for your life or you'll be dead soon!

1890	Scho sayd, "Dede mon ye be, I say yow, sir certanly: Yonder out comes he That will us bothe slee!" The knyghte gan hir answeere, "Tolde ye me noghte lang ere 1895 Ther solde no dynttis me dere, Ne wirke me no woo?" The helme on his hede he sett; Bot or he myght to his stede get, The Blak Knyght with hym mett, 1900 His maistrys to mo. He sayd, "How! hase thou here Fonden now thi play-ferre? Ye schall haby it full dere Er that I hethen go!"	earlier blows; harm ere conquest; accomplish playmate pay for it dearly hence	I tell you for sure, sir, here comes the one who will kill us both! 'Did you not tell me just now that I could not die, that no blows could do me harm or cause me trouble?' retorted Perceval as he set his helmet on his head. But before he could mount his horse, the Black Knight had appeared to show his might. 'What is going on here?' cried he. 'Were you making love together? You shall pay for this before I go!
1905	He said, "Or I hethyn go, I sall sle yow bothe two, And all siche othir mo, Thaire waryson to yelde." Than sayd Percevell the fre, 1910 "Now sone than sall we see Who that es worthy to bee Slayne in the felde." No more speke thay that tyde, Bot sone togedir gan thay ryde, 1915 Als men that wolde were habyde, With schafte and with schelde. Than Sir Percevell the wight Bare down the Blake Knyght. Than was the lady so bright 1920 His best socour in telde;	hence reward engage in war camp	I'll kill you both and all other such, by way of your reward.' 'We shall see anon,' cried the noble Perceval, 'who it is that deserves to lie slain in the field! They didn't say a word more but fell upon each other like hardened warriors, with shield and lance. The bold Sir Perceval bore down upon the Black Knight and would have delivered a fatal blow had not the lady intervened.
1925	Scho was the beste of his belde: Bot scho had there bene his schelde, He had bene slayne in the felde, Right certeyne in hy. 1925 Ever als Percevell the kene Sold the knyghtis bane hafe bene, Ay went the lady bytwene And cryed, "Mercy!" Than the lady he forbere, 1930 And made the Blak Knyghte to swere Of alle evylls that there were, Forgiffe the lady. And Percevell made the same othe That he come never undir clothe 1935 To do that lady no lothe That pendid to velany.	protectors unless even as; brave should; death spared injury pertained	If she didn't interpose and shielded the Black Knight then, Sir Perceval surely would have killed him.  The lady came between them and cried, 'Mercy!' For the lady's sake he spared the Black Knight's life and made him swear to forgive the lady, whatever wrongs there might be. On his part, Perceval swore that he never did anything to dishonour the lady.



	"I did hir never no velany; Bot slepande I saw hir ly: Than kist I that lady -		'I have never dishonoured her; I saw her lie sleeping and I kissed her then –
1940	I will it never layne. I tok a ryng that I fande; I left hir, I undirstande, That sall I wele warande, Anothir ther-agayne."	<i>lie</i>  <i>conceal</i>	I won't conceal it. I took a ring from her and in exchange, I'll warrant, I left another there.'
1945	Thofe it were for none other thyng, He swere by Jhesu, Heven-kyng, To wete withowtten lesyng, And here to be slayne; "And all redy is the ryng;	<i>believe</i> <i>guarantee</i> <i>as a substitute</i> <i>not otherwise</i>	He swore by Jesus, the king of Heaven, that it was just the way things were and no lie, and he would maintain that upon his life. 'And here is the ring,' he said.
1950	And thou will myn agayne bryng, Here will I make the chaungyng, And of myn awnn be fayne."	<i>lying</i>  <i>if</i> <i>exchange</i> <i>joyful</i>	'If you have the one I left with you, we shall exchange them and I'll be happy to have my own back.'
	He saise, "Of myn I will be fayne." The Blak Knyghte ansuers agayne: 1955 Sayd, "For sothe, it is noghte to layne, Thou come over-late. Als sone als I the ryng fande, I toke it sone off hir hande; To the lorde of this lande	<i>joyful</i>  <i>lie</i> <i>too late</i>	'Surely, and it's no lie, it is too late for that,' said the Black Knight. 'As soon as I saw the ring, I took it from off her hand and carried it straight away to the lord of this land, a good man, who is the stoutest giant that anybody has known.
1960	I bare it one a gate. That gate with grefe hafe I gone: I bare it to a gude mone, The stalwortheeste geant of one That any man wate.	<i>straight away</i> <i>way</i> <i>man</i> <i>most stalwart giant of all;</i> <i>knows</i>	Neither king nor knight dares ask for the ring, for he would be struck down with the greatest force.
1965	Es it nowther knyghte ne kyng That dorste aske hym that ryng, That he ne wolde hym down dyng With harmes full hate."	<i>strike</i> <i>much violence</i>	
	"Be thay hate, be thay colde," 1970 Than said Percevell the bolde, For the tale that he tolde He wex all tene. He said, "Heghe on galous mote he hyng That to the here giffes any ryng,	<i>hot</i>  <i>because of</i> <i>angry</i> <i>high; gallows</i> <i>you here gives</i>	'Great or not,' said Perceval boldly, furious at the news he has just heard,  'may anyone who gives you any ring hang high on the gallows unless you bring back mine that you gave away! And if you cannot, tell me straight away the truth: who is the one you speak of, who is so bold? There is no need for words – let me win it back if I can, for you've given away both on your part, even if they were more valuable.'
1975	Bot thou myn agayne brynge, Thou haste away geven! And yif it may no nother be, Righte sone than tell thou me The sothe: whilke that es he	<i>[that] you have</i> <i>none other</i>	
1980	Thou knowes, that es so kene? Ther es no more for to say, Bot late me wynn it yif I may, For thou hase giffen thi part of bothe away, Thof thay had better bene."	<i>truth</i> <i>know; bold</i>  <i>more valuable</i>	

1985	He says, "Thofe thay had better bene." The knyghte ansuerde in tene, "Thou sall wele wete, withowtten wene, Wiche that es he! If thou dare do als thou says,	<i>more valuable anger know; doubt which</i>	The knight answered angrily, 'You will soon find out, doubtlessly, what he is. If you dare do what you say,
1990	Sir Percevell de Galays, In yone heghe palays, Therin solde he be, The riche ryng with that grym! The stane es bright and nothyng dym;	<i>lofty horrid creature</i>	Sir Perceval, you will find him in yonder palace; the terrible giant has your ring. The stone is bright and clear.
1995	For sothe, ther sall thou fynd hym: I toke it fro me; Owthir within or withowt, Or one his play ther abowte, Of the he giffes littill dowte,	<i>he you; has no fear</i>	You'll find it there – the giant took it from me. Whether you meet him outside or inside, he fears you little, and that you will find out. '
2000	And that sall thou see."		
	He says, "That sall thou see, I say the full sekirly." And than forthe rydis he Wondirly swythe.	<i>tell you; surely swiftly</i>	Perceval galloped away in full speed.
2005	The geant stode in his holde, That had those londis in wolde: Saw Percevell, that was bolde, One his lande dryfe;	<i>castle [his] power gallop [his horse]</i>	The giant who ruled that land was in his castle and saw Sir Perceval approaching fast.
2010	He calde one his portere: "How-gate may this fare? I se a bolde man yare On my lande ryfe. Go reche me my playlome, And I sall go to hym sone;	<i>however prepared to fight well-endowed battle weapon</i>	'How can this happen?' he called to his gatekeeper, 'that a man rides freely in my land? Give me my battle weapons and, by my word,
2015	Hym were better hafe bene at Rome, So ever mote I thryfe!"	<i>prosper</i>	he will soon wish that he were somewhere else.'
	Whethir he thryfe or he the, Ane iryn clobe takes he; Agayne Percevell the fre	<i>thrive; prosper iron club</i>	Grasping an iron club, he went to meet Sir Perceval.
2020	He went than full right. The clobe wheyhed reghte wele That a freke myght it fele: The hede was of harde stele, Twelve stone weghte!	<i>weighed a lot knight (168 pounds)</i>	The club was heavy enough to fell a knight in full armour: the head of hard steel alone weighed twelve stones!
2025	Ther was iryn in the wande, Ten stone of the lande, And one was byhynde his hande, For holdyng was dight.	<i>iron; shaft (140 pounds' worth) designed</i>	The shaft was made of iron worth 140 pounds, well shaped for good grip. All in all, the club
2030	Ther was thre and twenty in hale; Full evyll myght any men smale, That men telles nowe in tale, With siche a lome fighte.	<i>all (i.e., 322 pounds weight) poorly weapon</i>	weighed 322 pounds; a mere mortal man could hardly fight with such a weapon.

	Now are thay bothe bown, Mett one a more brown, 2035 A mile without any town, Boldly with schelde. Than saide the geant so wight, Als sone als he sawe the knyght, "Mahown, loved be thi myght!"	<i>armed</i> <i>moor</i> <i>outside</i>	Now they were both armed, they met on a windswept moor far from any town.
2040	And Percevell byhelde. "Art thou hym, that," saide he than, "That slew Gollerotherame? I had no brothir bot hym ane, When he was of elde."	<i>Mahomet</i>	'By the mighty Mahomet!' swore the giant as soon as he saw Perceval.
2045	Than said Percevell the fre, "Thurgh grace of God so sall I the, And siche geantes as ye Sle thaym in the felde!"	<i>alone</i> <i>full grown</i>	'Are you the one,' he asked, 'who killed Golrotherame?' He was my only brother!'
	Siche metyng was seldom sene. 2050 The dales dynned thaym bytwene For dynttis that thay gaffe bydene When thay so mett. The gyant with his clobe-rome Wolde hafe strekyn Percevell sone, 2055 Bot he therunder wightely come, A stroke hym to sett. The geant missede of his dynt; The clobe was harde as the flynt: Or he myght his staffe stynt	<i>prosper</i>	'By the grace of God, I shall kill you too and all giants like yourself!' replied Perceval.
2060	Or his strength lett, The clobe in the erthe stode: To the midschafte it wode. The Percevell the gode, Hys swerde owt he get.	<i>resounded</i> <i>to each other</i>	Such a meeting has seldom been seen. The valleys echoed with the noise of their clash.
	2065 By then hys swerde owt he get, Strykes the geant withoutten lett, Merkes even to his nekk, Reght even ther he stode; His honde he strykes hym fro, 2070 His lefte fote also, With siche dyntis as tho. Nerre hym he yode. Then sayd Percevell, "I undirstande Thou myghte with a lesse wande 2075 Hafe weledid better thi hande And hafe done the some gode; Now bese it never for ane The clobe of the erthe tane. I tell thi gatis alle gane, 2080 Bi the gude Rode!"	<i>club-weapon</i> <i>smitten</i> <i>skillfully</i> <i>before; stop</i> <i>control</i> <i>was embedded</i> <i>then</i>	The giant would have killed Perceval with his club, but the young knight stepped inside the blow to repay him with his own. The giant missed in his stroke; the club was hard as flint and before he could stop it or hold back his blow it got stuck in the ground up to the shaft. Then Perceval drew his sword.
		<i>delay</i> <i>thrusts straight</i> <i>from him</i> <i>those</i> <i>nearer; went</i> <i>smaller stick</i> <i>is; anyone</i> <i>from; to take</i> <i>Cross</i>	He thrust the sword into the giant's neck where he stood and then cut off his hand and his left foot too. With strokes like this Perceval stepped nearer. 'You would have been better off with a lighter club,' he observed, helpfully. 'You could wield it better and it would be more of use. As it is, nobody will wrest it out of the ground. By the Cross, I think you're done for.

	He says, "By the gud Rode, As evyll als thou ever yode, Of thi fote thou getis no gode; Bot lepe if thou may!"		By the Cross, your foot won't help you much in walking, however poorly; but you can surely hop! '
2085	The geant gan the clobe lefe, And to Percevell a dynt he yefe In the nekk with his nefe. So ne neghede thay. At that dynt was he tene:	<i>however poorly you walk</i> <i>hereafter</i> <i>hop</i> <i>leave</i> <i>gave</i> <i>fist</i> <i>near approached</i> <i>outraged</i>	The giant let go of his club and struck Perceval a blow with his fist.
2090	He strikes off the hande als clene Als ther hadde never none bene. That other was awaye. Sythen his hede gan he off hafe; He was ane unhende knave	<i>already chopped off</i> <i>then; cut off</i> <i>discourteous</i> <i>shave</i>	Perceval was so angry that he cut off that hand clean off, as if the giant had never had it – the other was already gone. Then he cut off the giant's head; he was a discourteous fellow to shave a giant like that, to tell the truth!
2095	A geantberde so to schafe, For sothe, als I say!		
	Now for sothe, als I say, He lete hym ly there he lay, And rydis forthe one his way		Perceval left him lying there and rode forward
2100	To the heghe holde. The portare saw his lorde slayne; The kayes durste he nocht layne. He come Percevell agayne; The gatis he hym yolde.	<i>high castle</i>  <i>keys; conceal</i>  <i>yielded</i>	to the castle. The porter saw his master slain and dared not withhold the keys; he went to meet the young knight and opened the gates.
2105	At the firste bygynnyng, He askede the portere of the ryng - If he wiste of it any thyng - And he hym than tolde:		At once Perceval asked him whether he knew anything about the ring and the porter
2110	He taughte hym sone to the kiste Ther he alle the golde wiste, Bade hym take what hym liste Of that he hafe wolde.	<i>showed; chest</i> <i>knew [to be]</i> <i>desired</i>	led him to the giant's chest where all his gold was stored, and invited Perceval to take whatever he wanted.
	Percevell sayde, hafe it he wolde, And schott owtt all the golde	<i>cast</i> <i>the floor</i> <i>flew out</i>	Perceval tipped all the gold out onto the floor and there was the ring.
2115	Righte there appon the faire molde; The ryng owte glade. The portare stode besyde, Sawe the ryng owt glyde, Sayde ofte, "Wo worthe the tyde	<i>woe be the time</i>	'A curse on the day that ever that ring was made!' cried the porter.
2120	That ever was it made!" Percevell answerde in hy, And asked wherefore and why He banned it so brothely, Bot if he cause hade.	<i>cursed; vehemently</i> <i>unless</i>	Sir Perceval asked the porter why he cursed the ring so heartily – he must have had a weighty reason.
2125	Then alsone said he, And sware by his lewté: "The cause sall I tell the, Withowten any bade."	<i>fealty</i>  <i>delay</i>	Then the porter replied, 'I'll tell you why, by my faith, without delay.

<p>2130 He says, "Withowtten any bade, The knyghte that it here hade, Theroff a presande he made,     And hedir he it broghte. Mi mayster tuke it in his hande, Ressayved faire that presande:</p> <p>2135 He was chefe lorde of this lande,     Als man that mekill moghte. That tyme was here fast by Wonnande a lady, And hir wele and lely</p> <p>2140 He luffede, als me thoghte. So it byfelle appon a day, Now the sothe als I sall say, Mi lorde went hym to play,     And the lady bysoghte.</p>	<p><i>brought it here present</i></p> <p><i>received</i></p> <p><i>had great power</i></p> <p><i>dwelling goodly and loyally</i></p> <p><i>importuned</i></p>	<p>The knight who brought it here offered it as a gift to my master, and he received it with a good will; he was the lord of this land, a man of great power.</p> <p>At that time a lady lived nearby and my master loved her loyally, as it seemed to me.</p> <p>So one day my master, I tell you truly, went to woo that lady</p>
<p>2145 Now the lady byseches he That scho wolde his leman be; Fast he frayned that free,     For any kyns aughte. At the firste bygynnyng, 2150 He wolde hafe gyffen hir the ryng; And when scho sawe the tokynyng,     Then was scho un-saughte. Scho gret and cried in hir mone; Sayd, "Thefe, hase thou my sone slone 2155 And the ryng fro hym tone,     That I hym bitaughte?" Hir clothes ther scho rafe hir fro, And to the wodd gan scho go; Thus es the lady so wo, 2160 And this is the draghte.</p>	<p><i>asked; noble lady on any terms</i></p> <p><i>distraught wept; grief thief; slain taken entrusted tore</i></p> <p><i>course [of fate]</i></p>	<p>and asked her to be his love, importuning her greatly.</p> <p>Right away, he would give her that ring and when she saw that token, she was distraught. She wept and cried in her grief, "Thief! Have you killed my son and taken the ring from him that I entrusted to him? ' She tore her clothes and went into the wood, so desperate was she, and that's how it was.</p>
<p>For siche draghtis als this, Now es the lady wode, iwys, And wilde in the wodde scho es,     Ay sythen that ilke tyde. 2165 Fayne wolde I take that free, Bot alsonne als scho sees me, Faste awaye dose scho flee:     Will scho noghte abyde." Then sayde Sir Percevell, 2170 "I will assaye full snelle To make that lady to duelle;     Bot I will noghte ryde: One my fete will I ga, That faire lady to ta. 2175 Me aughte to bryng hir of wa:     I laye in hir syde."</p>	<p><i>because of; luck (draughts) gone mad, truly</i></p> <p><i>ever since</i></p> <p><i>as soon as</i></p> <p><i>attempt; quickly</i></p> <p><i>capture rescue her from woe (i.e., "I am her son.")</i></p>	<p>The fate would have it that the lady went mad and so she's lived wild in the forest and has been there ever since. I have tried to catch her, but as soon as I come near, she flies off like a startled animal.'</p> <p>'I shall go after her at once,' said Sir Perceval then, 'and try to make her stay myself, but not on horseback; I will go on foot to capture that lady. I ought to be able to cure her grief, for I am her son.</p>

<p>He sayse, "I laye in hir syde;  I sall never one horse ryde  Till I hafe sene hir in tyde,  2180 Spede if I may;  Ne none armoure that may be  Sall come appone me  Till I my modir may see,  Be nyghte or by day.  2185 Bot reghte in the same wode  That I firste fro hir yode,  That sall be in my mode  Aftir myn other play;  Ne I ne sall never mare  2190 Come owt of yone holtis hare  Till I wete how scho fare,  For sothe, als I saye."</p>	<p><i>time</i>  <i>have better luck</i></p> <p><i>went</i>  <i>determination</i>  <i>despite anything else</i>  <i>more</i>  <i>gray woods</i>  <i>know; fares</i></p>	<p>I won't ride a horse  until I've seen her,  if luck will serve me.  And I will bear no armour</p> <p>till I've met my mother  by day or night.  But I'll look for her  in that same forest  where I departed from her,</p> <p>and will not come out again  of that ancient wood  till I find out how she's doing,  and that's the truth.</p>
<p>Now for sothe, als I say,  With that he helde one his way,  2195 And one the morne, when it was day,  Forthe gonn he fare.  His armour he leved therin,  Toke one hym a gayt-skyne,  And to the wodde gan he wyn,  2200 Among the holtis hare.  A sevenyght long hase he soghte;  His modir ne fyndis he noghte.  Of mete ne drynke he ne roghte,  So full he was of care.  2205 Till the nynte day, byfell  That he come to a welle  Ther he was wonte for to duelle  And drynk take hym thare.</p>	<p><i>left</i>  <i>goatskin</i></p> <p><i>cared about</i>  <i>anxiety</i>  <i>ninth</i></p>	<p>And so in the morning  Perceval set out,  leaving his armour behind  and entered the deep forest,  wearing only the skin of a goat.</p> <p>For seven days he searched,  but could find no trace of his mother.  He was so focused upon his task  that he neither ate nor drank;  until on the ninth day,  he came to a spring in the forest in the  place he used to live at  and paused to drink.</p>
<p>When he had dronken that tyde,  2210 Forthirmare gan he glyde;  Than was he warre, hym besyde,  Of the lady so fre;  Bot when scho sawe hym thare,  Scho bygan for to dare,  2215 And sone gaffe hym answare,  That brighte was of ble.  Scho bigan to call and cry:  Sayd, "Siche a sone hade I!"  His hert lightened in hy,  2220 Blythe for to bee.  Be that he come hir nere  That scho myght hym here,  He said, "My modir full dere,  Wele byde ye me!"</p>	<p><i>farther; walk</i>  <i>then; aware</i></p> <p><i>hide</i></p> <p><i>hear</i></p>	<p>And when he had drunk  and left the spring,  he was aware suddenly  of the lady beside him.  When she saw him,  she was startled and tried to hide.  But seeing his goatskin  she cried: 'I had  a son like that once!'</p> <p>Perceval was delighted to hear this  and crept closer to her,  so's she could hear him, calling:  'Mother dear, stay still!'</p>

2225	Be that, so nere getis he That scho myghte nangatis fle, I say yow full certeynly. Hir byhoved ther to byde. Scho stertis appon hym in tene;	<i>with that in no way</i>	And when he was so close that she could not escape,
2230	Wete ye wele, withowtten wene, Had hir myghte so mekill bene, Scho had hym slayne that tyde! Bot his myghte was the mare, And up he toke his modir thare;	<i>it behooved her anger know; doubt had she been strong enough</i>	she turned on him and would have killed him if her strength sufficed!
2235	One his bake he hir bare: Pure was his pryde. To the castell, withowtten mare, The righte way gon he fare; The portare was redy yare,	<i>greater  he had no pride</i>	But Perceval was the stronger, so he took her up and carried her on his back, humbly and gently, to the castle, without more ado.
2240	And lete hym in glyde.  In with his modir he glade, Als he sayse that it made; With siche clothes als thay hade, Thay happed hir forthy.	<i>soon walk  walked</i>	The porter was ready to let him in.  He went in with his mother, as the tale says They wrapped her up in such clothes as they could find.
2245	The geant had a drynk wroghte, The portere sone it forthe broghte, For no man was his thoghte Bot for that lady. Thay wolde not lett long thon,	<i>covered; accordingly</i>	The giant had a special drink, and the porter brought it to her, for he had no thought but for the lady.
2250	Bot lavede in hir with a spone. Then scho one slepe fell also sone, Reght certeyne in hy. Thus the lady there lyes Thre nyghttis and thre dayes,	<i>did not wait long then poured [the liquid]</i>	They gave her the drink with a spoon, and she fell asleep at once  and lay sleeping for three days and three nights, with the porter awake by her side all the time.
2255	And the portere alwayes Lay wakande hir by.  Thus the portare woke hir by - Ther whills hir luffed sekerly, - Till at the laste the lady	<i>watched beside her; while [he];</i>	The porter kept watch over her, because he loved her truly; and when at last the lady woke, she was back in her own state again and walking normally, as she had not been doing for some while.
2260	Wakede, als I wene. Then scho was in hir awenn state And als wele in hir gate Als scho hadde nowthir arely ne late Never therowte bene.	<i>awakened (i.e. , right mind) normal way formerly or recently</i>	They all went down on their knees to thank God for this happy outcome.
2265	Thay sett tham down one thaire kne, Thanked Godde, alle three, That he wolde so appon tham see As it was there sene. Sythen aftir gan thay ta	<i>look</i>	
2270	A riche bathe for to ma, And made the lady in to ga, In graye and in grene.	<i>prepare make</i>	And they filled a bath for Perceval's mother and made her get into it.

<p>Than Sir Percevell in hy  Toke his modir hym by,  2275 I say yow than certenly,  And home went hee.  Grete lordes and the Qwene  Welcomed hym al bydene;  When thay hym on lyfe sene;  2280 Than blythe myghte thay bee.  Sythen he went into the Holy Londe,  Wanne many cités full stronge,  And there was he slayne, I undirstonde;  Thusgatis endis hee.  2285 Now Jhesu Criste, hevens Kyng,  Als He es Lorde of all thyng,  Grante us all His blyssyng!  Amen, for charyté!</p>	<p><i>altogether</i></p> <p><i>then</i></p> <p><i>in this way</i></p>	<p>Then Sir Perceval took his mother  and returned home.</p> <p>The queen and all her lords  welcomed him  and were very joyful  to see him alive.  Afterwards, he went to the Holy Land,  captured many cities,  and there he was killed, as I gather.  And so ended he.  Now Jesus Christ, King of Heaven,  as you are Lord of all things,  grant us your blessing.  Amen.</p>
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Mary Flowers Braswell, ed., *Sir Perceval of Galles and Ywain and Gawain*, Medieval Institute Publications 1995  
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