

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

**From Ywain's marriage to his final reconciliation**

The gracious lady quickly commanded all her men to dress themselves in their best array to receive the king that day; she went outside the town with many barons clad in purple and ermine with belts of fine gold. Wearing rich clothing and riding noble steeds, they hailed the king and all his company with full courtesy. There was much joy, with cloths spread on the street, damsels dancing to trumpets and pipes, and song and minstrelsy ringing throughout the castle and city. The lady created much merriment and was prepared with valuable gifts, and she was surrounded by a large throng of people who cried, "Welcome King Arthure. In all this world you bear the flower, king of all kings. Blessed be he who brings you here." The lady went to the king to hold his stirrup as he dismounted, but when he saw her, the two met with much mirth and she welcomed him a thousand times over, as well as Sir Gawain. The king admired her loveliness and embraced her in front of many, to their joy.

There were so many maidens that each knight had a partner, and the lady went among them and arranged amusements. Thus the king and his knights dwelt in the castle for eight days and nights. Ywain entertained them with all kinds of games, and hunting in the many parks and woods in the fair country that he had gained with his wife. He also asked the king to thank the maiden who had helped him win his success. It came time for the king to go home, and all the while they had been there, Sir Gawain had tried to convince Sir Ywain to go with them:

**3. II. 1455-1708, Ywain's trespass and madness**

1455	He said, "Sir, if thou ly at hame, Wonderly men wil the blame. That knight es no thing to set by That leves al his chevalry And ligges bekeand in his bed,	<i>greatly</i>    <i>lies warming himself</i>	"Sir, if you lie at home, you will earn great blame. The knight who abandons his chivalry to stay in bed with the lady he has wed loses respect.
1460	When he haves a lady wed. For when that he has grete endose, Than war tyme to win his lose; For when a knyght es chevalrouse, His lady es the more jelows.	<i>support</i>  <i>renown</i>	When a knight is secure, that is the time to win praise. When a knight follows chivalric pursuits, his lady is the more jealous
1465	Also sho lufes him wele the bet. Tharfore, sir, thou sal noght let To haunt armes in ilk cuntré; Than wil men wele more prayse the. Thou hase inogh to thi despens;	<i>delay</i>  <i>follow; every</i>  <i>use</i>	and loves him the better. Therefore you should not put off practising arms in every country; you will be praised the more. You have enough to spend
1470	Now may thow wele hante turnamentes. Thou and I sal wende infere, And I will be at thi banere. I dar noght say, so God me glad, If I so fayre a leman had,	<i>frequent</i>  <i>travel together</i>	for to seek tournaments; we can go together and I will be at your banner. Though I must say that if I had so fair a lover as yours,
1475	That I ne most leve al chevalry At hame ydel with hir to ly. Bot yit a fole that litel kan, May wele cownsail another man." So lang Sir Gawayn prayed so,		I might forego chivalry and be idle with her at home; but a fool who knows little may well counsel another man." Sir Gawain kept at him so long
1480	Syr Ywayne grantes him forto go Unto the lady and tak his leve; Loth him was hir forto greve. Til hyr onane the way he nome, Bot sho ne wist noght whi he come.	<i>took</i>	that Sir Ywain agreed to ask his lady for permission to go, though he was loathe to grieve her. He went to see her, but she didn't know why he had come.
1485	In his arms he gan hir mete, And thus he said, "My leman swete, My life, my hele, and al my hert,	<i>embrace</i>  <i>beloved</i>	He took her in his arms and began his entreaty: "My sweet love, my life, my heart,

	My joy, my comforth, and my quert, A thing prai I the unto	<i>health</i>	my joy and comfort, I have a request
1490	For thine honore and myne also." The lady said, "Sir, verrayment, I wil do al yowre cumandment." "Dame," he said, "I wil the pray, That I might the king cumvay	<i>truly</i>	that will do us both honor," and she agreed to fulfill all his commandments. "Dame, I pray that I might accompany the king
1495	And also with my feres founde Armes forto haunte a stownde. For in bourding men wald me blame, If I sold now dwel at hame." The lady was loth him to greve.	<i>accompany companions seek to follow arms for a while (i.e., men would think me a joke)</i>	and my fellows to attend deeds of arms for a while, for men will joke about me if I stay at home." The lady did not want to upset him, so she agreed: "Sir, I give you leave for a term I shall set.
1500	"Sir," sho said, "I gif yow leve Until a terme that I sal sayn, Bot that ye cum than ogayn! Al this yere hale I yow grante Dedes of armes forto hante;	<i>only if entire follow</i>	if only you come again. I grant you a year to attend deeds of arms but, as you love me, you must return on this day in a twelvemonth
1505	Bot, syr, als ye luf me dere, On al wise that ye be here This day twelmoth how som it be, For the luf ye aw to me. And if ye com noght by that day, My luf sal ye lose for ay.	<i>owe</i>	no matter what. If you don't come by that day, you will lose my love forever. Mark it well before you leave; this is the eve of St John, and I warn you before you leave to return in twelve months."
1510	Awise yow wele now or ye gone. This day es the evyn of Saint Jon; That warn I yow now or ye wende, Luke ye cum by the twelmoth ende."	<i>before you leave</i>	He said, "I shall not fail to keep the day you have set, and if I could, I would visit you often. But pleae, keep in mind that a man who travels in diverse lands may sometimes have great distress, through imprisonment or sickness. Therefore I ask that you accept these two exceptions."
1515	"Dame," he sayd, "I sal noght let To hald the day that thou has set; And if I might be at my wyll, Ful oft are sold I cum the till. Bot, madame, this understands: A man that passes divers landes, May sum tyme cum in grete destres, In preson or els in sekenes; Tharfore I pray yow, or I ga, That ye wil out-tak thir twa."	<i>fail</i>	The lady said, "I grant willingly all that you ask, and I will lend you my ring which is dear to me. You will not be in danger while you have it and think of me. I shall tell you presently of the stone's virtue: you will not be held in prison even if you have many foes, and sickness will not take you. Nor will you lose any blood nor will be captured in battle while you have the ring and think of me. While you are true in love, you will always be victorious.
1520	The lady sayd, "This grant I wele, Als ye ask, everilka dele; And I sal lene to yow my ring, That es to me a ful dere thing. In nane anger sal ye be,	<i>to</i>	
1525	Whils ye it have and thinkes on me. I sal tel to yow onane The vertu that es in the stane: It es na preson thow sal halde, Al if yowre fase be manyfalde;	<i>exclude these two [possibilities]</i>	
1530	With sekenes sal ye noght be tane, Ne of yowre blode ye sal lese nane; In batel tane sal ye noght be, Whils ye it have and thinkes on me; And ay, whils ye er trew of love,	<i>every bit precious trouble</i>	
1535	Over al sal ye be obove.	<i>hold foes; manifold taken taken</i>	

	I wald never for nakyn wight Lene it are unto na knyght. For grete luf I it yow take; Yemes it wele now for my sake."	<i>any kind of circumstance give; ever give it to you care for</i>	I would never lend it to any knight before, and give it to you now out of great love. Care for it well, for my sake."
1545	Sir Ywayne said, "Dame, gramercy!" Than he gert ordain in hy Armurs and al other gere, Stalworth stedes, both sheld and spere, And also squyere, knave, and swayne.	<i>made ready in haste</i>	Sir Ywain thanked her and hurriedly prepared his armor and other gear, stalwart steeds, shield and spear, and also a squire, knave and swain, which pleased Sir Gawain.
1550	Ful glad and blith was Sir Gawayne. No lenger wald Syr Ywayne byde, On his stede sone gan he stride And thus he has his leve tane. For him murned many ane.		Sir Ywain would wait no longer but mounted his steed and took his leave, which many mourned.
1555	The lady took leve of the kyng And of his menye, ald and ying; Hir lord, Sir Ywayne, sho bisekes With teris trikland on hir chekes, On al wise that he noght let	<i>followers; young</i>	The lady took leave of the king and his company, old and young, and with tears trickling down her cheeks, she asked Sir Ywain to keep the day set
1560	To halde the day that he had set. The knightes thus thaire ways er went To justing and to turnament. Ful dughtily did Sir Ywayne, And also did Sir Gawayne;	<i>fail hold</i>	for his return. The knights went their way to jousts and tournaments, and Sir Ywain did well and likewise sir Gawain;
1565	Thai war ful doghty both infere, Thai wan the prise both fer and nere. The kyng that time at Cester lay; The knightes went tham forto play. Ful really thai rade about	<i>worthily performed</i>	together they did so gallantly that they won the prize far and near. At that time the king stayed at Chester and the knights joined him there, amusing themselves all that year and riding about royally
1570	Al that twelmoth out and out To justing and to turnament; Thai wan grete wirships, als thai went; Sir Ywayne oft had al the lose, Of him the word ful wide gose;		to jousts and tournaments, and they won honor everywhere they went and became greatly renowned, especially Sir Ywain, the word about his pursuit spreading through all the country.
1575	Of thaire dedes was grete renown To and fra in towre and towne. On this wise in this life they last, Unto Saint Johns day was past. Then hastily they hied home	<i>praise goes</i>	They led this life until St John's day was past, when they hurried home to join the king and held great feasts with all the company.
1580	And sone unto the kyng thai come; And thare thai held grete mangeri, The kyng with al his cumpany. Sir Ywaine umbithoght him than, He had forgeten his leman.	<i>hurried</i>	Then Sir Ywain realized he had forgotten his lover: "I have broken her commandment; I will certainly now be destroyed. The term she set is past.
1585	"Broken I have hir cumandment. Sertes," he said, "now be I shent; The terme es past that sho me set. How ever sal this bale be bet? Unnethes he might him hald fra wepe.	<i>feasts</i>	How can this ever be amended?" He could hardly keep from weeping as he remembered all this, when a damsel rode in on her palfrey and eagerly alighted
1590	And right in this than toke he kepe, Into court come a damysele On a palfray ambland wele; And egerly down gan sho lyght	<i>remembered beloved</i>	
		<i>ruined</i>	
		<i>grief be remedied barely; from weeping</i>	
		<i>just as he was remembering all this</i>	

	Withouten help of knave or knyght.		without help from knave or knight.
1595	And sone sho lete hyr mantel fall And hasted hir fast into hall. "Syr Kyng," sho sayde, "God mot the se, My lady gretes the wele by me, And also Sir gude Gawayne	<i>"may God favor you"</i>	She let her cloak fall, went quickly into the hall, and addressed the king: "May God protect you. My lady greets you well, and also the good Sir Gawain
1600	And al thi knyghtes bot Sir Ywayne. He es ateyned for trayture, A fals and lither losenjoure; He has bytrayed my lady, But sho es war with his gilry.	<i>except condemned wicked rascal aware of; deceit</i>	and all your knights, except Sir Ywain. He is condemned as a false traitor. He has betrayed my lady, but she is aware of his guile, though she did not expect
1605	Sho hopid noght, the soth to say, That he wald so have stollen oway. He made to hir ful mekyl boste And said, of al he lufed hir moste. Al was treson and trechery,	<i>expected</i>	that he would steal away like this. His great boast that he loved her most was treason and treachery, and he shall pay dearly.
1610	And that he sal ful dere haby. It es ful mekyl ogains the right To cal so fals a man a knight. My lady wend he had hir hert Ay forto kepe and hald in quert,	<i>dearly pay for</i>	It is not right for so false a man to bear the name of a knight. My lady believed he'd hold her heart and keep it safe and sound, but he has brought her grief
1615	Bot now with grefe he has hir gret And broken the term that sho him set, That was the evyn of Saynt John; Now es that tyme for ever gone. So lang gaf sho him respite,	<i>health harmed</i>	and broken the term she set for him, St John's Day, which is now forever gone. Such a long term she gave him and he's put her off like this.
1620	And thus he haves hir led with lite. Sertainly, so fals a fode Was never cumen of kynges blode, That so sone forgat his wyfe, That lofed him better than hyr life."	<i>treated her viciously creature</i>	Certainly such a false man who so soon forgot his wife, who loved him more than her life, was never born of king's blood."
1625	Til Ywayne sais sho thus, "Thou es Traytur untrew and trowthles And also an unkind cumlyng. Deliver me my lady ring! Sho stirt to him with sterne loke,	<i>loved</i>	She then spoke to Sir Ywain: "You are an untrue traitor, a faithless upstart. Give me my lady's ring!"
1630	The ring fro his finger sho toke; And alsone als sho had the ring, Hir leve toke sho of the king And stirted up on hir palfray. Withowten more sho went hir way;	<i>upstart</i>	With a stern look she stepped up to him, took the ring from his finger, and as soon as she had it she took leave of the king, leapt upon her horse and left without more ado.
1635	With hir was nowther knave ne grome, Ne no man wist where sho bycome. Sir Ywayn, when he this gan here, Murned and made simpil chere; In sorrow than so was he stad,	<i>as soon as lept</i>	She had neither knave nor groom, and no one knew where she went. When Sir Ywain heard this, he was stricken with sorrow and nothing could stop his mourning, which nearly drove him mad.
1640	That nere for murning wex he mad. It was no mirth that him myght mend; At worth to noght ful wele he wend, For wa he es ful wil of wane. "Allas, I am myne owin bane;	<i>went dismal countenance</i>	Nothing could comfort him; he had come to nothing, sorrow confused his wits and he knew he had caused his own destruction: "Alas that I was born.
1645	Allas," he sayd, "that I was born, Have I my leman thus forlorn,	<i>totally confused destroyer (evil, poison) lost utterly</i>	I have lost my love

	And al es for myne owen foly. Allas, this dole wil mak me dy." An evyl toke him als he stode;		on account of my own folly. I will die from this grief!" An evil took him
1650	For wa he wex al wilde and wode. Unto the wod the way he nome; No man wist whore he bycome. Obout he welk in the forest, Als it wore a wilde beste;	<i>evil spirit possessed him woe; crazy forest; took knew where he went lurked as if he were</i>	and he grew mad from his woe; he went into the forest, walking about like a wild beast. No one knew where he went, and although his men searched everywhere, he could not be found.
1655	His men on ilka syde has soght Fer and nere and findes him nocht. On a day als Ywayne ran In the wod, he met a man; Arowes brade and bow had he,		One day Ywain met a man in the woods who had a bow and broad arrows, and when Sir Ywain saw him, he ran at him fiercely and took the bow and arrows from him.
1660	And when Sir Ywayne gan him se, To him he stirt with bir ful grim, His bow and arwes reft he him. Ilka day than at the leste Shot he him a wilde beste;	<i>assault robbed every</i>	From then on, every day he shot a beast and won good meat without losing his arrows. He lived there a long while on roots and raw venison; he drank the warm blood, which did him much good.
1665	Fless he wan him ful gude wane, And of his arows lost he nane. Thare he lifed a grete sesowne; With rotes amd raw venysowne; He drank of the warm blode,	<i>flesh; abundance lived roots</i>	As he wandered in the forest, he came upon a little hermitage, and when the hermit saw a naked man bearing a bow, he thought him mad and fearfully locked his gate and ran inside.
1670	And that did him mekil gode. Als he went in that boskage, He fand a litil ermytage. The ermyte saw and sone was war, A naked man a bow bare.	<i>woods hermitage hermit; cognizant of</i>	
1675	He hoped he was wode that tide; Tharfore no lenger durst he bide. He sperd his gate and in he ran Forfered of that wode man; And for him thoght it charité,	<i>thought; gone mad; time fastened terrified by; crazy</i>	
1680	Out at his window set he Brede and water for the wode man; And tharto ful sone he ran. Swilk als he had, swilk he him gaf, Barly-brede with al the chaf;		But out of charity, on his window-ledge he set out bread and water for the madman, who soon ran to the food. What he had he gave him: a bread made of barley with the chaff, and although he had never had it before, he ate all he was given, drank the water and disappeared in the forest.
1685	Tharof ete he ful gude wane, And are swilk ete he never nane. Of the water he drank tharwith; Than ran he forth into the frith, For if a man be never so wode,	<i>such; such in abundance previously such ate forest</i>	Even a madman will come where someone has done him good, and so did Ywain, for sure. He returned every day and brought venison, which he laid at the hermit's gate, then ate and drank and went his way. As soon as he left, the hermit took the meat, flayed and cooked it,
1690	He wil kum whare man dose him gode, And, sertainly, so did Ywayne. Everilka day he come ogayne, And with him broght he redy boun Ilka day new venisowne;	<i>prepared</i>	
1695	He laid it at the ermite gate And ete and drank and went his gate. Ever alsone als he was gane, The ermyt toke the flesh onane; He flogh it and seth it fayre and wele;	<i>way flayed; boiled</i>	

1700	Than had Ywayne at ilka mele Brede and sothen venysowne. Than went the ermyte to the towne And salde the skinnes that he broght, And better brede tharwith he boght;	<i>ever</i> <i>boiled</i>	and added it to Ywain's meal.  The hermit took the skins to town and sold them there to buy better bread,
1705	Than fand Sir Ywayne in that stede Venyson and better brede. This life led he ful fele yere, And sethen he wroght als ye sal here.	<i>place</i>  <i>for several years</i> <i>afterwards; toiled</i>	so that Ywain found there both venison and better bread. Thus he lived for many years, and you shall hear what he did next.

As Ywain slept naked under a tree, a lady and her two ladies-in-waiting rode by. One of the maidens saw the knight and went to see him. She looked carefully and thought she had seen him before in many places, and when she saw a scar on his face, she recognized Sir Ywain. She said, "Alas, how can it be that such a noble knight has come to this? It is a great sorrow that he should now be so ugly to look upon." She tenderly wept for him and told her lady, "Madam, we have found Sir Ywain, the best knight in the world. Alas that he is beset of such woe; he must have been placed in some sorrow, and therefore gone mad. Madam, if he were healthy and well in spirit, he would defend you against your foes who are causing you such harm, and your sorrow would be ended."

"If this is Sir Ywain and he doesn't flee," said the lady, "through God's help I hope we shall restore his wit. I wish we were at home, for I have a valuable ointment there that Morgan the Wise gave me, which he told me could cure madness." They were only a half mile away from home, and when they arrived the lady gave the box of ointment to the maiden and told her, "This ointment is very dear to me. Be sure to use it sparingly, and after you have anointed the knight bring what is left back to me quickly." The maiden hastily gathered together shoes, stockings, a shirt, breeches, a rich robe and silk belt, and a good horse and rode back to where Sir Ywain lay. He was still asleep, and she bravely went to him and anointed his head and entire body with the ointment. Against her lady's orders, she used it all and thought it well spent. She left the clothing next to him so that he could be dressed before he saw her.

The maiden kept watch over him from a distance, and when he awoke he looked around sornily and said, "Lady St Mary, what trouble has befallen me that I am now here naked? Has anyone been here? I believe someone has seen me in my sorrow!" He was also puzzled as to how the clothing had been brought. Although he was too weak to stand, he managed to get dressed; he was weary and needed to meet some man who might bring relief. The maiden leapt on her horse and rode by him, pretending that she didn't know he was there. He cried out when he saw her, and she stopped and looked about. He called, "I am here!" She quickly rode over to him and asked what he wanted.

"Lady, I would appreciate your help, for I am in great trouble and have no idea what happened. For charity's sake, I pray that you will lend me the horse you are leading, which is already saddled, and direct me to some town. I don't know what brought me into such woe, nor where to go."

She graciously answered, "Sir, if you will come with me, I will gladly ease you until you are recovered." She helped him onto the horse and soon they came to a bridge; she threw the ointment box into the water and hurried home. When they arrived at the castle, the maiden went to her lady, who asked about the ointment. "Madam, the box is lost, and I nearly was also." In reply to the lady's request for an explanation, she said, "To tell the truth, in the middle of the bridge my horse stumbled and fell, and the box went into the water. Had I not caught my horse's mane, I would have followed and drowned."

"Now I am ruined," said the lady. "That ointment was the greatest treasure I ever had, and I greatly regret its loss. But better than losing you both." She told the maiden to go to the knight and take good care of him, which she did; she had him bathed and gave him good food and drink until he regained his strength, then supplied him with armor and a strong steed.

One day, the rich earl Sir Alers came with knights, sergeants and squires to attack the castle. Sir Ywain took up his armor, gathered his supporters and met the earl in the field. Soon he hit one of Sir Alers' men on the shield so that both knight and steed fell dead. Soon another, a third and a fourth were felled; with every stroke Sir Ywain slew a man. He lost some of his men, but for each one the earl lost ten. The earl's company fled from Sir Ywain's side of the field, but Sir Ywain heartened his men so well that even the most cowardly were brave.

The lady watched the battle and said, "There is a noble knight, eager and very strong. One so doughty and courteous deserves praise." The maiden said, "Surely you may consider your ointment well spent. See how he advances and how many he strikes. Look how he fares among his foes! He slays all he hits. Were there two others like him, I expect their foes would flee, and we would see the earl overcome immediately. Madam, may it be God's will that he wed you and be our lord."

The earl's men were dying fast, so he thought it best to flee, and men might have been amused to see Sir Ywain and his companions chasing the earl's company, of which no more than ten were eventually left alive. The earl fled for dread, and Sir Ywain overtook him at a nearby castle and prevented his entry. When he saw he could not win, the earl yielded to Sir Ywain and promised to go with him that night to surrender to the lady, ask for her grace, and make amends for his misdeeds.

The earl then removed all his armor and gave his helm, shield and sword to Sir Ywain, who took him to the lady's castle. When they saw them coming, everyone there was joyful that the earl had been taken, and they went out to meet them. Sir Ywain greeted the lady and delivered the earl as her prisoner, with the advice to allow him to make amends. The earl swore on the book that he would restore everything he had taken and rebuild both tower and town he had destroyed, and to be her friend evermore. He paid homage to her and secured his promise with guarantors, the best lords of all that land.

Sir Ywain prepared to go and took his leave of the lady, which distressed her. She asked him, "Sir, if it is your will, I pray that you stay here, and I will give into your hands my own body and all my lands," but her beseeching did no good. He refused and asked for only his armor and steed as rewards, which she granted and repeated her invitation, but it was useless. He left, and the lady and her maidens wept.

#### 4. ll. 1975-2682, Ywain saves the lion; Ywain rescues Lunette

1975	Now rides Ywayn als ye sal here, With hevye herte and dreri chere Thurgh a forest by a sty; And thare he herd a hydose cry. The gaynest way ful sone he tase,	<i>narrow pathway</i> <i>hideous</i> <i>straightest; takes</i>	Now you shall hear how Ywain rode through a forest, with a heavy heart and sad face, and heard a most hideous cry. He went to the noise
1980	Til he come whare the noys was. Than was he war of a dragoun, Had asayled a wilde lyown; With his tayl he drogh him fast, And fire ever on him he cast.	<i>lion</i> <i>lion</i> <i>attacked; lion</i> <i>(the dragon)</i>	the fastest way possible and saw that a dragon had assailed a wild lion, and was dragging him by the tail and casting fire upon him.
1985	The lyoun had over litel myght Ogaynes the dragon forto fyght. Than Sir Ywayn made him bown Forto sucore the lyown; His shelde bifore his face he fest	<i>lion</i> <i>ready</i> <i>help the lion</i> <i>held</i>	The lion had little strength left to fight the dragon, so Sir Ywain prepared to help him. Holding his shield in front of his face
1990	For the fyre that the dragon kest; He strake the dragon in at the chavyl, That it come out at the navyl. Sunder strake he the throte-boll, That fra the body went the choll.	<i>jowl</i> <i>asunder; larynx</i> <i>jowl</i>	to protect it from the dragon's fire, he struck the dragon through from cheek to navel and sundered its throat, but the head still hung
1995	By the lioun tail the hevid hang yit, For tharby had he tane his bit; The tail Sir Ywayne strake in twa, The dragon hevid than fel tharfra. He thocht, "If the lyoun me asayle,	<i>head still hung</i> <i>bites</i>	on the lion's tail. Sir Ywain cut the tail in two, and the dragon's head fell off, still attached where it had bitten. He was ready to battle the lion
2000	Redy sal he have batayle." Bot the lyoun wald nocht fyght. Grete fawnyng made he to the knyght. Down on the grund he set him oft, His fortherfete he held oloft,	<i>ready</i> <i>placed himself</i> <i>forefeet</i>	if it attacked him, but instead of fighting the lion sat fawning on the ground, raised up his front paws,
2005	And thanked the knyght als he kowth,	<i>could</i>	and thanked the knight as best he could

	Al if he myght nocht speke with mowth;	<i>even though</i>	without being able to speak.
	So wele the lyon of him lete,	<i>paid homage</i>	He was so thankful that he lay down low
	Ful law he lay and likked his fete.	<i>low; licked</i>	and licked the knight's feet.
	When Syr Ywayne that sight gan se,		When Sir Ywain saw that,
2010	Of the beste him thocht peté,	<i>beast; pity</i>	he pitied the lion
	And on his wai forth gan he ride;		and began to ride on his way;
	The lyown folowd by hys syde.		the lion meekly followed by his side
	In the forest al that day		in the forest all day
	The lyoun mekely foloud ay,	<i>followed always</i>	and never would be parted
2015	And never for wele ne for wa		from the knight,
	Wald he part Sir Ywayn fra.		for good or ill.
	Thus in the forest als thai ware,		As they went through the forest
	The lyoun hungerd swith sare.	<i>very sorely</i>	the lion became very hungry.
	Of a beste savore he hade;	<i>smell</i>	He caught the scent of a prey
2020	Until hys lord sembland he made,	<i>unto; signs</i>	and gestured to his lord
	That he wald go to get his pray;		that he would go to get it,
	His kind it wald, the soth to say.	<i>nature demanded it</i>	as nature demanded;
	For his lorde sold him nocht greve,		he wouldn't go without leave,
	He wald nocht go withowten leve.	<i>permission</i>	so that his master wouldn't worry.
2025	Fra his lord the way he laght	<i>took</i>	He went the distance
	The mountance of ane arow-draght;	<i>distance; arrow's flight</i>	of an arrow's flight
	Sone he met a barayn da,	<i>barren doe</i>	and soon found
	And ful sone he gan hir sla;		and slew a barren doe.
	Hir throte in twa ful sone he bate	<i>bit</i>	He bit her throat in two
2030	And drank the blode whils it was hate.	<i>hot</i>	and drank the hot blood,
	That da he kest than in his nek,	<i>doe; cast; across</i>	then threw the deer over his neck
	Als it war a mele sek.	<i>sack of meal</i>	as though it was a meal sack
	Unto his lorde than he it bare;		and took it to Sir Ywain.
	And Sir Ywayn parsayved thare,	<i>observed</i>	Since it was near nightfall,
2035	That it was so nere the nyght,		Sir Ywain decided
	That no ferrer ride he might.		to ride no farther
	A loge of bowes sone he made,	<i>lodging; boughs</i>	and built a lodge of boughs.
	And flynt and fire-yren bath he hade,		He had flint and stone
	And fire ful sone thare he slogh	<i>struck</i>	and soon made a fire
2040	Of dry mos and many a bogh.	<i>bough</i>	of dry moss and wood.
	The lion has the da undone;	<i>doe</i>	The lion had dismembered the doe,
	Sire Ywayne made a spit ful sone,		and Sir Ywain soon made a spit
	And rosted sum to thaire sopere.	<i>for</i>	and roasted some meat for their supper.
	The lyon lay als ye sal here:		The lion lay still, as you'll hear;
2045	Unto na mete he him drogh	<i>drew near</i>	he would not eat
	Until his maister had eten ynogh.	<i>enough</i>	until his master had enough.
	Him failed thare bath salt and brede,	<i>lacked</i>	Though there was no salt,
	And so him did whyte wine and rede;	<i>also he lacked</i>	bread or wine,
	Bot of swilk thing als thai had,		they were happy
2050	He and his lyon made tham glad.		with what they had.
	The lyon hungerd for the nanes,	<i>you can be certain</i>	The lion, who had grown very hungry,
	Ful fast he ete raw fless and banes.		eagerly ate raw flesh and bones.
	Sir Ywayn in that ilk telde	<i>same lodging place</i>	Sir Ywain laid his head
	Laid his hevid opon his shelde;		on his shield in the lodge,
2055	Al nyght the lyon about gede	<i>paced;</i>	and the lion watched over him
	To kepe his mayster and his stede.	<i>protect</i>	and his steed all night.
	Thus the lyon and the knyght		The lion and the knight
	Lended thare a fouretenyght.	<i>stayed</i>	remained there for a fortnight.

	On a day so it byfell,		One day it came to pass
2060	Syr Ywayne come unto the well. He saw the chapel and the thorne And said allas that he was born; And when he loked on the stane, He fel in swowing sone onane.		that Sir Ywain came upon the well, and saw the chapel and tree and lamented his lot. Andwhen he looked upon the stone he fell into a swoon.
2065	Als he fel his swerde outshoke; The pomel into the erth toke, The poynt toke until his throte - Wel nere he made a sari note! Thorgh his armurs sone it smate,	<i>swooning once again</i>	When he fell, his sword became unsheathed and the pommel stuck in the ground. The point went onto his throat - it might have gone badly with him!
2070	A litel intil hys hals it bate; And wen the lyon saw his blude, He brayded als he had bene wode. Than kest he up so lathly rerde, Ful mani fok myght he have ferde.	<i>stuck</i> <i>stuck</i> <i>very nearly; sorry piece of work</i> <i>pierced</i> <i>neck; bit</i> <i>when</i> <i>roared; gone insane</i> <i>hideous a roar</i> <i>frightened</i>	It cut through his armor and nicked his neck. When the lion saw the blood, he ran about as though he were mad and let out a horrid roar that might have terrified many folk.
2075	He wend wele, so God me rede, That his mayster had bene ded. It was ful grete peté to here What sorow he made on his manere. He stirt ful hertly, I yow hete,	<i>thought; advise</i>	So help me God, he believed that his master was dead, and it was pitiful to hear the sorrow he made in his way. He leapt up, I tell you,
2080	And toke the swerde bytwix his fete; Up he set it by a stane, And thare he wald himself have slane; And so he had sone, for sertayne, Bot right in that rase Syr Ywayne;	<i>leaped up; promise</i>	took the sword between his feet and set it up by a stone; he would have killed himself, I assure you, but just then Sir Ywain arose and as soon as the lion saw him stand,
2085	And alsone als he saw hym stand, For fayn he liked fote and hand. Sir Ywayn said oft sithes, "Allas, Of alkins men hard es my grace. Mi leman set me sertayn day,	<i>that [instant] arose</i> <i>[the lion] saw [Ywain]</i> <i>eagerly he licked</i> <i>repeatedly</i>	he licked his master's feet and hands for joy. Sir Ywain said often, "Alas, of all men I am the most unfortunate. My love set me a certain day, which I broke.
2090	And I it brak, so wayloway. Allas, for dole how may I dwell To se this chapel and this well, Hir faire thorn, hir riche stane? My gude dayes er now al gane,	<i>grief</i>	How shall I live with such sorrow, seeing this chapel and the well, The tree and stone? My good days and joy are now all gone
2095	My joy es done now al bidene, I am nocht worthi to be sene. I saw this wild beste was ful bayn For my luf himself have slayne. Than sold I, sertes, by more right	<i>entirely</i> <i>eager</i>	and I am not worthy to be seen. If this wild beast was ready to kill himself for my love, then certainly by more right
2100	Sla my self for swilk a wyght That I have for my foly lorn. Allas the while that I was born!" Als Sir Ywayn made his mane In the chapel ay was ane	<i>person</i> <i>lost</i>	I should slay myself for such a person that I have lost through my folly. I rue the day that I was born!" As Sir Ywain made his moan, someone in the chapel
2105	And herd his murnyng haly all Thorgh a crevice of the wall, And sone it said with simepel chere, "What ertou, that murnes here?" "A man," he sayd, "sum tyme I was.	<i>lament</i> <i>even so was one</i> <i>all his mourning</i>	heard him through a crevice in the wall and spoke sadly, "Who mourns here?" Sir Ywain replied, "I was once a man. Tell me who you are before I leave."
2110	What ertow? Tel me or I pas." "I am," it sayd, "the sariest wight,	<i>manner</i> <i>go forth</i> <i>sorriest</i>	The voice replied,

	That ever lifed by day or nyght."		"I am the sorriest person that ever lived."
	"Nay," he said, "by Saynt Martyne,		"No," he said, "by St Martin,
	Thare es na sorow mete to myne,	<i>equal</i>	there is no sorrow to match mine,
2115	Ne no wight so wil of wane.	<i>homeless</i>	nor no person so confounded.
	I was a man, now am I nane;		I was a man, now I am none.
	Whilom I was a nobil knyght		Once I was a noble knight
	And a man of mekyl myght;		of great might,
	I had knyghtes of my menye		with knights in my company,
2120	And of reches grete plenté;	<i>wealth</i>	plenty of riches
	I had a ful fayre seignory,	<i>domain</i>	and a lordship, all of which
	And al I lost for my foly.		I lost through my foolishness.
	Mi maste sorow als sal thou here:		My greatest sorrow
	I lost a lady that was me dere."		is losing a lady who was dear to me."
2125	The tother sayd, "Allas, allas,		"Mine is a much worse case,"
	Myne es a wele sarier case:		the other said,
	To-morn I mun bere my jewyse,	<i>must; judgment (doom)</i>	"for tomorrow I must bear my judgment
	Als my famen wil devise."	<i>foes</i>	as my foes will devise."
	"Allas," he said, "what es the skill?"	<i>reason</i>	Sir Ywain asked her the reason.
2130	"That sal thou here, sir, if thou will.		"I will tell you, if you will listen.
	I was a mayden mekil of pride		I was a proud maiden
	With a lady here nere beside;		with a lady who lives nearby.
	Men me bikalles of tresown	<i>accuse</i>	Men have accused me of treason
	And has me put here in presown.		and put me here in prison.
2135	I have no man to defend me,		I have no one to defend me,
	Tharfore to-morn brent mun I be."	<i>burned</i>	so I must be burned tomorrow."
	He sayd, "What if thou get a knyght,		He asked how it would be if she could
	That for the with thi fase wil fight?"	<i>enemies</i>	find a knight to fight her enemies,
	"Sir," sho sayd, "als mot I ga,		but she said, "On my word,
2140	In this land er bot knyghtes twa,	<i>are</i>	there are but two knights in this land
	That me wald help to cover of care:	<i>recover from</i>	who would help me out of my trouble.
	The tane es went, I wate nocht whare;	<i>one is gone; know</i>	One is gone and I don't know where,
	The tother es dweland with the king	<i>other; dwelling</i>	and the other is living with the king
	And wate nocht of my myslykyng.	<i>misfortune</i>	and doesn't know about my distress.
2145	The tane of tham hat Syr Gawayn.	<i>is called</i>	One is called Sir Gawain,
	And the tother hat Syr Ywayn.		and the other Sir Ywain,
	For hym sal I be done to dede	<i>because of him; put to death</i>	the son of King Urien.
	To-morn right in this same stede;		Because of him I shall be put to death
	He es the Kinges son Uriene."		tomorrow, right here in this place."
2150	"Parfay," he sayd, "I have hym sene;		"Truly, I have seen him,"
	I am he, and for my gilt		exclaimed Sir Ywain. "I am he!
	Sal thou never more be spilt.	<i>killed</i>	And you will not be punished for my guilt.
	Thou ert Lunet, if I can rede,	<i>discern</i>	If I'm not mistaken, you are Lunet,
	That helpyd me yn mekyl drede;		who helped me;
2155	I had bene ded had thou nocht bene.		I would be dead if not for you.
	Tharfore tel me us bytwene,		Therefore tell me
	How bical thai the of treson	<i>accuse</i>	who accuses you of treason
	Thus forto sla and for what reson?"		and wants to kill you, and why!"
	"Sir, thai say that my lady		"They say my lady
2160	Lufed me moste specially,	<i>counsel</i>	loved me especially
	And wrought al efter my rede;	<i>sentenced; death</i>	and did as I advised,
	Tharefore thai hate me to the ded.		so they hate me to the death.
	The steward says that done have I		The steward says I have done
	Grete tresone unto my lady.		great treason to my lady.

2165	His twa brether sayd it als, And I wist that thai said fals; And sone I answerd als a sot - For fole bolt es sone shot - I said that I sold find a knyght,	<i>foolishly</i> <i>fool's</i>	His two brothers said it also, and I knew they spoke falsely. Like a fool, I recklessly said I would find a knight to maintain my right and fight all three of them, and thus we agreed.
2170	That sold me mayntene in my right And feght with tham al thre; Thus the batayl wajed we. Than thai granted me als tyte Fourty dayes unto respite;	<i>waged</i> <i>immediately</i>	I was granted forty days respite, so I went to the king's court but found no comfort or solace from knight, knave or swain."
2175	And at the kyniges court I was; I fand na cumfort ne na solase Nowther of knyght, knave, ne swayn." Than said he, "Whare was Syr Gawayn? He has bene ever trew and lele,	<i>fair</i>	Sir Ywain asked where Gawain was, who was always true and loyal and never failed a damsel.
2180	He fayled never no damysele." Scho said, "In court he was noght sene, For a knyght led oway the quene. The king tharfore es swith grym; Syr Gawayn folowd efter him,	<i>very angry</i>	Lunet explained, "He was not in court, for a knight led the queen away, which made the king quite grim. Sir Gawain followed the knight and certainly will not come home until he brings the queen back.
2185	He coms noght hame, for sertayne, Until he bryng the quene ogayne. Now has thou herd, so God me rede, Why I sal be done to ded." He said, "Als I am trew knyght,		Now you have heard, so help me God, why I am doomed to die." He said, "As I am a true knight, I will be ready to fight all three of them tomorrow, for love of you, my dear friend. I shall fight with all my might,
2190	I sal be redy forto fyght To-morn with tham al thre, Leman, for the luf of the. At my might I sal noght fayl. Bot how so bese of the batayle,	<i>it shall be</i> <i>ask</i> <i>conceal</i>	but if anyone asks my name, you must not reveal it; don't tell it to any man." "Sir," she said, "truly, I shall not. I pray to God Almighty that you are not overcome. Since you will amend my mourning, I take the grace that God will send."
2195	If ani man my name the frayne, On al manere luke thou yt layne; Unto na man my name thou say." "Syr," sho sayd, "for soth, nay. I prai to grete God alweldand,	<i>almighty</i> <i>victory</i>	I pray to God Almighty that you are not overcome. Since you will amend my mourning, I take the grace that God will send." Sir Ywain said, "I promise I'll do my utmost to help you; through God's grace I will avenge you on all the three.
2200	That thai have noght the hegher hand; Sen that ye wil my murnyng mend, I tak the grace that God wil send." Syr Ywayn sayd, "I sal the hyght To mend thi murnyng at my myght:	<i>promise</i>	I will avenge you on all the three. He rode into the forest, accompanied by his lion. Sir Ywain had only ridden a while when he found a fair castle,
2205	Thorgh grace of God in Trenyté I sal the wreke of tham al thre." Than rade he forth into frith, And hys lyoun went hym with. Had he redyn bot a stownde,	<i>avenge you against</i> <i>woods</i> <i>ridden; while</i>	and he turned towards it. When he came to the gate he found it kept by four porters. They let down the drawbridge but fled on account of the lion, and told Sir Ywain
2210	A ful fayre castell he fownde; And Syr Ywayne, the soth to say, Unto the castel toke the way. When he come at the castel gate, Foure porters he fand tharate.		
2215	The drawbryg sone lete thai doun, Bot al thai fled for the lyown. Thai said, "Syr, withowten dowl,	<i>because of</i>	

	That beste byhoves the leve tharout."		the beast could not enter.
	He sayd, "Sirs, so have I wyn,	<i>you're obliged to leave outside</i>	The knight told them,
2220	Mi lyoun and I sal nocht twyn;	<i>bliss</i>	"I shall not be parted from my lion;
	I luf him als wele, I yow hete,	<i>part</i>	I love him as well
	Als my self at ane mete;	<i>assure</i>	as I do myself,
	Owther sal we samyn lende,	<i>equally</i>	and we either come in together
	Or els wil we hethin wende.	<i>together remain</i>	or go from here."
2225	Bot right with that the lord he met,	<i>go away</i>	But with that he met the lord,
	And ful gladly he him gret,		who greeted him gladly
	With knyghtes and swiers grete plenté		with many knights, squires,
	And faire ladies and maydens fre;		and fair ladies.
	Ful mekyl joy of him thai made,		Although they were joyful to see him,
2230	Bot sorow in thaire hertes thai hade.		they had sorrow in their hearts.
	Unto a chameber was he led		He was led to a chamber,
	And unharmed and sethin cled	<i>unarmed; afterwards dressed</i>	unarmed, and clad in gay,
	In clothes that war gay and dere.	<i>costly</i>	expensive clothing,
	Bot offtymes changed thaire chere;	<i>manner</i>	but he often saw them sad
2235	Sum tyme, he saw, thai weped all		and sometimes weeping
	Als ai wald to water fall;	<i>ever would; turn</i>	as if they should dissolve in water;
	Thai made slike murnyng and slik mane	<i>such</i>	They lamented and moaned more
	That gretter saw he never nane;		than anybody Ywain had ever seen.
	Thai feynyd tham oft for hys sake		They feigned cheer for his sake,
2240	Fayre semblant forto make.		
	Ful grete wonder Sir Ywayn hade		and he wondered
	For thai swilk joy and sorow made.		that they made both joy and sorrow.
	"Sir," he said, "if yowre wil ware,	<i>if it be your will</i>	He asked the lord to tell him
	I wald wyt why ye make slike kare."	<i>mourning</i>	the reason, if he would,
2245	"This joy," he said, "that we mak now,		and was told, "Our joy is
	Sir, es al for we have yow;	<i>is all because you're here</i>	because you are here,
	And, sir, also we mak this sorow		and our sorrow is for deeds
	For dedys that sal be done to-morow.		that will be done tomorrow.
	A geant wons here nere bysyde,	<i>dwells</i>	A giant named Harpin of the Mountain
2250	That es a devil of mekil pryde;		lives nearby,
	His name hat Harpyns of Mowntain.		and because of that proud devil
	For him we lyf in mekil payn;		we live in great pain.
	My landes haves he robbed and reft,	<i>pillaged; stolen</i>	He has robbed my lands,
	Noght bot this kastel es me left.		so that all I have left is this castle.
2255	And, by God that in hevyn wons,	<i>dwells</i>	By God in Heaven,
	Syr, I had sex knyghtis to sons;		I had six knights as sons;
	I saw my self the twa slogh he,		I saw him slay two of them,
	To-morn the foure als slane mun be -	<i>must</i>	the other four will be killed tomorrow.
	He has al in hys presowne.		He has them in prison,
2260	And, sir, for nane other enchesowne,	<i>reason</i>	for no other reason
	Bot for I warned hym to wyve	<i>refused his marrying</i>	than my refusal to allow him to marry
	My doghter, fayrest fode olyve.	<i>creature alive</i>	my daughter, the fairest child alive.
	Tharfore es he wonder wrath,		In his wrath he has sworn
	And depely has he sworn hys ath,	<i>oath</i>	an oath to win her
2265	With maystry that he sal hir wyn,		
	And that the laddes of his kychyn		and give her to his kitchen lads
	And also that his werst fote-knave		and lowliest foot-knave
	His wil of that woman sal have,		
	Bot I to-morn might find a knight,	<i>unless</i>	unless I find a knight
2270	That durst with hym selven fyght;		to fight him tomorrow,

	And I have none to him at ga. What wonder es if me be wa?"		and I have no one to send. Is it any wonder I have such woe?"
	Syr Ywayn lystend hym ful wele, And when he had talde ilka dele,	<i>every bit</i>	Sir Ywain listened well and when he had heard everything
2275	"Syr," he sayd, "me think mervayl That ye soght never no kounsyl At the kynges hous here bysyde; For, sertes, in al this werld so wyde Es no man of so mekil myght,		he said, "I am surprised you haven't sought counsel at the King's nearby castle, for surely in all this world there is no man so strong
2280	Geant, champioun, ne knight, That he ne has knyghtes of his menye That ful glad and blyth wald be Forto mete with swilk a man That thai myght kyth thaire myghtes on."	<i>giant</i> <i>company</i>	- be it a giant, champion or knight - that a knight in the King's company would not be glad to encounter him to test his strength."
2285	He said, "Syr, so God me mend, Unto the kynges kourt I send To seke my mayster Syr Gawayn; For he wald socore me ful fain. He wald nocht leve for luf ne drede,	<i>make known; prowess</i>	The lord replied, "Sir, so help me God, I sent to the king's court for Sir Gawain, for he would gladly help me; he would not delay for love nor fear
2290	Had he wist now of my nede; For his sister es my wyfe, And he lufes hyr als his lyfe. Bot a knyght this other day, Thai talde, has led the quene oway.	<i>known</i>	if he knew of my need, for his sister is my wife, and he loves her as his life. But they said that a knight has led the queen away and Sir Gawain has gone seeking her and has not returned."
2295	Forto seke hyr went Sir Gawayn, And yit ne come he nocht ogayn." Than Syr Ywayne sighed sare And said unto the knyght right thare; "Syr," he sayd, "for Gawayn sake	<i>assist</i>	Sir Ywain sighed and said, "Sir, I will undertake this battle with the giant for Gawain's sake,
2300	This batayl wil I undertake Forto fyght with the geant; And that opon swilk a covenant, Yif he cum at swilk a time, So that we may fight by prime.	<i>known</i>	on the condition that come so that we may fight early in the morning; I can stay no later. for I have a deed that must be done tomorrow by noon."
2305	No langer may I tent tharto, For other thing I have to do; I have a dede that most be done To-morn nedes byfor the none." The knyght sare sighand sayd him till,	<i>if</i> <i>attend</i>	With a sigh the knight prayed that God would aid him, and everyone in the hall fell on their knees before Sir Ywain. A beautiful maiden, the loveliest one might see, entered with her mother, and both were sad and mournful.
2310	"Sir, God yelde the thi gode wyll." And al that ware thare in the hall, On knese byfor hym gan thai fall. Forth thare come a byrd ful bryght, The fairest man might se in sight;	<i>noon</i>	
2315	Hir moder come with hir infere, And both thai morned and made yll chere. The knight said, "Lo, verraiment, God has us gude socure sent, This knight that of his grace wil grant	<i>lady</i> <i>together</i>	
2320	Forto fyght with the geant." On knese thai fel down to his fete And thanked him with wordes swete. "A, God forbede," said Sir Ywain,	<i>truly</i>	The knight told them, "Truly, God has sent us good succor; this knight, of his grace, will fight the giant," and they also knelt at his feet and thanked him sweetly. "God forbid," said Sir Ywain,

	"That the sister of Sir Gawayn Or any other of his blode born Sold on this wise knel me byforn." He toke tham up tyte both infere And prayd tham to amend thaire chere. "And praies fast to God als wa, That I may venge yow on yowre fa, And that he cum swilk tyme of day, That I by tyme may wend my way Forto do another dede; For, sertes, theder most I nede. Sertes, I wald noght tham byswike Forto win this kinges rike." His thoght was on that damysel, That he left in the chapel. Thai said, "He es of grete renowne, For with hym dwels the lyoun." Ful wele confort war thai all Bath in boure and als in hall. Ful glad war thai of thaire gest, And when tyme was at go to rest, The lady broght him to his bed; And for the lyoun sho was adred. Na man durst negh his chamber nere, Fro thai war broght thareyn infere. Sone at morn, when it was day, The lady and the fayre may Til Ywayn chamber went thai sone, And the dore thai have undone. Sir Ywayn to the kyrk gede Or he did any other dede; He herd the servise of the day And sethin to the knyght gan say, "Sir," he said, "now most I wend, Lenger here dar I noght lende; Til other place byhovos me fare." Than had the knyght ful mekel care; He said, "Syr, dwells a litel thraw For luf of Gawayn that ye knaw; Socore us now or ye wende. I sal yow gif withowten ende Half my land with toun and toure, And ye wil help us in this stoure." Sir Ywayn said, "Nai, God forbede That I sold tak any mede." Than was grete dole, so God me glade, To se the sorow that thai made. Of tham Sir Ywayn had grete peté; Him thoght his hert myght breke in thre, For in grete drede ay gan he dwell For the mayden in the chapell. For, sertes, if sho war done to ded, Of him war than none other rede				
2325					
2330					
2335		<i>betray</i>	<i>realm</i>		
2340				<i>guest</i>	
2345			<i>approach</i>		
2350			<i>went</i>	<i>before; deed</i>	
2355				<i>I'm obliged to go</i>	
2360			<i>while longer</i>		
2365			<i>help</i>		
2370			<i>if; battle</i>		
2375			<i>reward</i>	<i>grief; make me glad</i>	
			<i>plan</i>		

	Bot oither he sold hymselfen sla Or wode ogain to the wod ga.	<i>either; slay become insane again in the forest at that instant; lad</i>	than to either kill himself or return to the woods in madness.
2380	Ryght with that thare come a grome And said tham that geant come: "Yowre sons bringes he him byforn, Wel nere naked als thai war born." With wreched ragges war thai kled And fast bunden; thus er thai led.	<i>told them  dressed securely</i>	At that moment a groom came and announced the giant's arrival: "He is bringing your sons before him, naked as they were born." They were clad in wretched rags and bound fast.
2385	The geant was bath large and lang And bare a levore of yren ful strang; Tharwith he bet tham bitterly. Grete rewth it was to here tham cry; Thai had no thing tham forto hyde.	<i>bar; iron beat pity to hide themselves with</i>	The giant was large and tall and carried a strong iron pole with which he beat them bitterly, and it was a great pity to hear them cry.
2390	A dwergh gode on the tother syde, He bare a scowrge with cordes ten; Tharewith he bet tha gentil men Ever on ane als he war wode. Efter ilka band brast out the blode;	<i>dwarf went  beat those as if he were mad after each stroke burst</i>	A dwarf was on their other side, who constantly beat them with a scourge with ten cords as though he was mad, so that blood burst out with every blow.
2395	And when thai at the walles were, He cried loud that men myght here, "If thou wil have thi sons in hele, Deliver me that damysele. I sal hir gif to warisowne	<i>health  give as a prize</i>	When they reached the walls, the giant cried loudly: "If you want your sons back healthy, deliver that damsel to me. I will give her as a prize
2400	Ane of the foulest quisteroun, That ever yit ete any brede. He sal have hir maydenhede. Thar sal none other lig hir by Bot naked herlotes and lowsy."	<i>scullions ate  lie down contemptible persons</i>	to one of the foulest scullions who ever ate bread. He will take her maidenhead so that no one will lie with her except naked and lousy rascals."
2405	When the lord thir wordes herd, Als he war wode for wa he ferd. Sir Ywayn than that was curtays, Unto the knyght ful sone he sais: "This geant es ful fers and fell	<i>as if; woe; became (fared) then who  ferocious; bold</i>	When the lord heard this, he acted like a madman out of woe. Courteous Sir Ywain told the knight he would fight the giant: "This giant is fierce and bold
2410	And of his wordes ful kruell; I sal deliver hir of his aw Or els be ded within a thraw. For, sertes, it war a misaventure That so gentil a creature	<i>power short while</i>	and his words are cruel. I shall deliver your daughter or else be dead shortly, for surely it would be ill fortune for such a noble creature
2415	Sold ever so foul hap byfall To be defouled with a thrall." Sone was he armed, Sir Ywayn; Tharfore the ladies war ful fayn. Thai helpid to lace him in his wede,	<i>slave  joyous armor</i>	to be defouled by a thrall." Soon he was armed, and the ladies gladly helped him lace his armor. He leapt on his steed, and they prayed God would grant him
2420	And sone he lepe up on his stede. Thai prai to God that grace him grant Forto sla that foul geant. The drawbrigges war laten down, And forth he rides with his lioun.		the grace to slay the foul giant. The drawbridges were let down and he rode forth with his lion; he left many a mourning man in the castle
2425	Ful mani sari murnand man Left he in the kastel than, That on thaire knese to God of might Praied ful hertly for the knyght. Syr Ywayn rade into the playne,	<i>knees</i>	who prayed heartily on their knees for the knight. Sir Ywain rode onto the plain

2430	And the geant come hym ogayne. His levore was ful grete and lang And himself ful mekyl and strang; He said, "What devil made the so balde Forto cum heder out of thi halde?	<i>steel pole</i>	and the giant came forward. The giant's pole was great and long, and he was large and strong, and his only armor was a bull's hide. The giant spoke to him:
2435	Whosoever the heder send, Lufed the litel, so God me mend. Of the he wald be wroken fayn." "Do forth thi best," said Sir Ywayn. Al the armure he was yn,	<i>sent you here</i>  <i>avenged gladly</i>  <i>(i.e., the giant)</i>	"What devil made you so bold to come here out of your stronghold? Whoever sent you loves you little and wishes to be avenged."
2440	Was noght bot of a bul-skyn. Sir Ywayn was to him ful prest, He strake to him in middes the brest. The spere was both stif and gode - Whare it toke bit, outbrast the blode.	<i>at him quickly</i> <i>the middle of</i>  <i>pierced</i>	Sir Ywain came at him fast and struck him in the breast with his spear so hard that it went through the bull's skin and brought forth blood.
2445	So fast Sir Ywayn on yt soght, The bul-scyn availed noght. The geant stombild with the dynt, And unto Sir Ywayn he mynt, And on the shelde he hit ful fast,	<i>blow</i> <i>aimed a blow</i>	The giant stumbled from the blow and swung at Sir Ywain. He hit Sir Ywain's shield with such force that his pole was bent, and it was a marvel that the shield lasted.
2450	It was mervayl that it myght last. The levore bended tharwithall, With grete force he lete it fall, The geant was so strong and wight, That never for no dint of knyght	<i>pole</i>	The giant was so strong and powerful that he never took any weapon other than his pole into battle.
2455	Ne for batayl that he sold make, Wald he none other wapyn take. Sir Ywain left his spere of hand And strake about him with his brand, And the geant mekil of mayn	<i>should</i>  <i>sword</i> <i>giant great of strength</i>	Sir Ywain left his spear and struck the giant with his sword, and the giant returned the blows
2460	Strake ful fast to him ogayn, Til at the last within a throw He rest him on his sadelbow; And that parcaiyved his lioun, That his hevid so hanged down,	<i>for a while</i> <i>(i.e., rested himself)</i>	until Sir Ywain soon slumped over his saddlebow. When the lion saw this,
2465	He hopid that hys lord was hyrt, And to the geant sone he styrt. The scyn and fless bath rafe he down Fro his hals to hys cropoun; His ribbes myght men se onane,	<i>thought</i>  <i>skin; flesh; tore</i> <i>neck; buttocks</i>	he thought that his master was hurt and quickly rushed at the giant. He tore his skin and flesh from throat to buttocks, so that men might see his ribs, which were bare to the bone.
2470	For al was bare unto bane. At the lyown oft he mynt, Bot ever he lepis fro his dynt, So that no strake on him lyght. By than was Ywain cumen to myght,	<i>bone</i> <i>aimed a blow</i> <i>(i.e., the lion dodges his blows)</i>	The giant aimed at the lion often but was unable to strike him as the lion leapt away from the blows. By then Ywain recovered his strength and repaid the giant full well.
2475	Than wil he wreke him if he may. The geant gaf he ful gude pay; He smate oway al his left cheke, His sholder als of gan he kleke, That both his levore and his hand	<i>it cost the giant dearly</i>  <i>off did he snatch</i>	He smote away his left cheek and pulled his shoulder so that the giant's pole and hand fell down on the ground.
2480	Fel doun law upon the land. Sethin with a stoke to him he stert And smate the geant unto the hert:	<i>low</i> <i>thrust</i>	Then he struck the giant in the heart,

Than was nane other tale to tell,  
 Bot fast unto the erth he fell,  
 2485 Als it had bene a hevy tre.  
 Than myght men in the kastel se  
 Ful mekil mirth on ilka side.  
 The gates kest thai opyn wyde;  
 The lord unto Syr Ywaine ran,  
 2490 Him foloud many a joyful man;  
 Also the lady ran ful fast,  
 And hir doghter was noght the last.  
 I may noght tel the joy thai had;  
 And the foure brether war ful glad,  
 2495 For thai war out of bales broght. *evil fate*  
 The lord wist it helpid noght  
 At pray Sir Ywayn for to dwell, *to; stay*  
 For tales that he byfore gan tell.  
 Bot hertly with his myght and mayn  
 2500 He praied him forto cum ogayn  
 And dwel with him a litel stage, *time*  
 When he had done hys vassage. *knightly obligations*  
 He said, "Sir, that may I noght do;  
 Bileves wele, for me bus go." *(Ywain)*  
 2505 Tham was ful wo - he wald noght dwell -  
 Bot fain thai war that it so fell. *I must go*  
 The neghest way than gan he wele,  
 Until he come to the chapele.  
 Thare he fand a mekil fire  
 2510 And the mayden with lely lire *flesh white as a lily*  
 In hyr smok was bunden fast *smock*  
 Into the fire forto be kast.  
 Unto himself he sayd in hy *in haste*  
 And prayed to God almyghty,  
 2515 That he sold for his mekil myght  
 Save fro shame that swete wight.  
 "Yf thai be many and mekil of pryse,  
 I sal let for no kouwardise; *great in excellence*  
 For with me es bath God and right, *desist; cowardice*  
 2520 And thai sal help me forto fight.  
 And my lyon sal help me -  
 Than er we foure ogayns tham thre."  
 Sir Ywayn rides and cries then,  
 "Habides, I bid yow, fals men!  
 2525 It semes wele that ye er wode,  
 That wil spill this sakles blode. *innocent person's blood*  
 Ye sal noght so, yf that I may."  
 His lyown made hym redy way.  
 Naked he saw the mayden stand  
 2530 Bihind hir bunden aither hand:  
 Than sighed Ywain wonder-oft,  
 Unnetes might he syt oloft. *barely; set up on [his horse]*  
 Thare was no sembland tham bitwene, *semblance*  
 That ever owther had other sene.  
 2535 Al about hyr myght men se

who fell to the earth  
 as though he were a heavy tree.

There was much mirth  
 everywhere in the castle,  
 and the gates were opened wide;  
 the lord, followed by many a joyful man,  
 ran to Sir Ywain,  
 as did the lady  
 - and the daughter did not come last.  
 The four brothers  
 were extremely happy  
 to be brought out of misery.  
 The lord knew it would do no good  
 to ask Sir Ywain to stay

but strongly beseeched him  
 to come again  
 and visit a while  
 after his deed was done.  
 Sir Ywain declined  
 and they were sad he would not stay,  
 but pleased with the way  
 things had gone.  
 Sir Ywain went to the chapel  
 the shortest way possible,  
 and when he arrived he found  
 Lunet dressed only in her smock,  
 bound and ready to be cast  
 into a roaring fire.  
 Hastily he prayed  
 to God Almighty  
 to save the sweet person  
 from shame through his power:  
 "If there are many mighty foes,  
 I will not withdraw for cowardice,  
 for both God and right are with me  
 and will help me fight.  
 And so will my lion;  
 therefore we are four against those three."  
 Sir Ywain rode in and cried,  
 "Wait, false men.  
 It seems you are mad  
 to spill this innocent blood  
 and won't, if I can stop you."  
 His lion made way for him,  
 and Sir Ywain saw the maiden  
 standing naked with hands bound behind.  
 He sighed often  
 and barely kept his saddle,  
 but they exchanged no looks  
 that they knew each other.  
 She was surrounded

	Ful mykel sorow and grete peté Of other ladies that thare were, Wepeand with ful sory chere. "Lord," thai sayd, "what es oure gylt? 2540 Oure joy, oure confort sal be spilt. Who sal now oure erandes say? Allas, who sal now for us pray?" Whils thai thus karped, was Lunet On knese byfore the prest set, 2545 Of hir syns hir forto schrive. And unto hir he went bylive, Hir hand he toke, and up sho rase; "Leman," he sayd, "whore er thi fase?" "Sir, lo tham yonder in yone stede 2550 Bideand until I be ded; Thai have demed me with wrang. Wel nere had ye dwelt over lang! I pray to God He do yow mede That ye wald help me in this nede." 2555 Thir wordes herd than the steward; He hies him unto hir ful hard. He said, "Thou lies, fals woman! For thi treson ertow tane. Sho has bitraied hir lady, 2560 And, sir, so wil sho the in hy. And tharfore, syr, by Goddes dome, I rede thou wend right als thou com; Thou takes a ful febil rede, If thou for hir will suffer ded." 2565 Unto the steward than said he, "Who so es ferd, I rede he fle; And, sertes, I have bene this day, Whare I had ful large pay; And yit," he sayd, "I sal nocht fail." 2570 To tham he waged the batayl. "Do oway thi lioun," said the steward, "For that es nocht oure forward. Allane sal thou fight with us thre." And unto him thus answerd he, 2575 "Of my lioun no help I crave; I ne have none other fote-knave; If he wil do yow any dere, I rede wele that ye yow were." The steward said, "On alkins wise 2580 Thi lyoun, sir, thou most chastise, That he do here no harm this day, Or els wend forth on thi way; For hir warand mai thou nocht be, Bot thou allane fight with us thre. 2585 Al thir men wote, and so wote I, That sho bitrayed hir lady. Als traytures sal sho have hyre, Sho be brent here in this fire."			
		<i>messages</i>		with sorrow and pity, and the weeping of other ladies there, who said, "Lord, what is our guilt? Our joy and comfort shall be destroyed! Who now shall speak for us?"
		<i>spoke</i> <i>priest</i> <i>confess</i> <i>(Ywain) went quickly</i>		Lunet knelt before the priest to confess her sins.
		<i>where are</i>		Sir Ywain went to her, took her hand, and she stood up. He asked where her foes were, and she told him, "Sir, they are over there awaiting my death. They have judged me wrongly. You nearly arrived too late, and I pray that God will reward you for helping me in this time of need."
		<i>waiting</i> <i>judged me falsely</i> <i>nearly</i> <i>grant you reward</i>		The steward heard them and rushed over and said: "You are lying, false woman; you are taken for your treason. She has betrayed her lady, sir, and so she will you. Therefore, I advise you to go back the way you came; you follow feeble advice if you die for her."
		<i>these</i> <i>hastens; cruelly</i>		Sir Ywain said to the steward, "Whoever is afraid, I advise him to flee. Today I have been where I had full satisfaction, yet I shall not fail to do battle here."
		<i>haste</i> <i>heaven</i> <i>advise</i> <i>counsel</i>		The steward insisted that the lion not enter the battle and that Sir Ywain fight the three men alone, as agreed. Sir Ywain answered, "I crave no help from my lion, who is my only footman. If he wishes to harm you, I advise you to protect yourself." The steward said, "You must control your lion so that he does no harm here or else go your way, for you may not defend the lady unless you fight all three of us. Both men and I know that she betrayed her lady. She shall have the reward of a traitor and be burned in this fire."
		<i>whoever's afraid I suggest</i>		
		<i>satisfaction</i>		
		<i>agreement</i>		
		<i>harm</i> <i>advise; you protect yourself</i> <i>every way</i> <i>restrain</i>		
		<i>guarantee</i>		
		<i>these; know; know</i> <i>reward</i>		

	Sir Ywayn sad, "Nai, God forbedel!"		Sir Ywain knew the truth and told him,
2590	(He wist wele how the soth gede.)	<i>stood</i>	"No! God forbid.
	"I trow to wreke hir with the best."	<i>plan to avenge her</i>	I intend to avenge her as best I can."
	He bad his lyoun go to rest;		At his bidding,
	And he laid him sone onane		the lion lay down
	Doun byfore tham everilkane;		with his tail between his legs
2595	Bitwene his legges he layd his tail		and watched the encounter.
	And so biheld to the batayl.		
	Al thre thai ride to Sir Ywayn,		The three rode towards Sir Ywain
	And smertly rides he tham ogayn;		and he met them;
	In that time nothing tint he,	<i>wasted</i>	he lost no time, for one of his blows
2600	For his an strake was worth thaires thre.	<i>one</i>	was worth three of theirs.
	He strake the steward on the shelde,		He struck the steward on the shield
	That he fel doun flat in the felde;		and knocked him down flat in the field,
	Bot up he rase yit at the last	<i>yet</i>	but he rose up and attacked
	And to Sir Ywayn strake ful fast.		Sir Ywain with fast strokes.
2605	Tharat the lyoun greved sare;		The lion would
	No lenger wald he than lig thare.	<i>lie there</i>	no longer lie there
	To help his mayster he went onane;		but went to help his master,
	And the ladies everilkane,		and at that sight
	That war thare forto se that sight,		the ladies prayed
2610	Praied ful fast ay for the knight.		continuously for the knight.
	The lyoun hasted him ful hard,		The lion rushed in
	And sone he come to the steward.		and charged at the steward.
	A ful fel mynt to him he made:	<i>fierce blow</i>	
	He bigan at the shulder-blade,		Beginning at the shoulder blade,
2615	And with his pawm al rafe he downe	<i>paws; tore</i>	the lion tore the armour
	Bath hauberk and his actoune	<i>mail; jerkin (leather vest)</i>	and the padded under-jacket
	And al the fless doun til his kne,	<i>flesh</i>	and flesh down to the knee
	So that men myght his guttes se;		with his paw, so that the guts could be seen.
	To ground he fell so al torent	<i>torn to pieces</i>	The steward fell to the ground,
2620	Was thare no man that him ment.	<i>mourned</i>	torn apart to the death,
	The lioun gan hym sla.		but no one mourned.
	Than war thai bot twa and twa,		Now it was two against two.
	And, sertainly, thare Sir Ywayn		Sir Ywain did all he could
	Als with wordes did his main	<i>best</i>	to chastise the lion,
2625	Forto chastis hys lyowne;		but no matter what he said,
	Bot he ne wald na more lig doun.		the lion wouldn't lie down again.
	The liown thought, how so he sayd,		The animal thought
	That with his help he was wele payd.	<i>satisfied</i>	his help pleased his master.
	Thai smate the lyoun on ilka syde	<i>(the remaining two assailants)</i>	They gave him many wide wounds
2630	And gaf him many woundes wide.		on every side,
	When that he saw hys lyoun blede,	<i>(i.e., Ywain)</i>	and when Sir Ywain saw his lion bleed,
	He ferd for wa als he wald wede,	<i>would go mad</i>	he feared his woe would drive him mad.
	And fast he strake than in that stoure,	<i>battle</i>	He fought so grievously
	Might thare none his dintes doure.	<i>endure</i>	that no one could endure his blows
2635	So grevosly than he bygan		and down went both mount and man.
	That doun he bare bath hors and man.		
	Thai yald tham sone to Sir Ywayn,	<i>yielded</i>	They yielded to Sir Ywain,
	And tharof war the folk ful fayne;		which pleased the folk,
	And sone quit to tham thaire hire,	<i>paid; reward</i>	and reparation was soon made
2640	For both he kest tham in the fire		when Sir Ywain cast them both in the fire,
	And said, "Wha juges men with wrang,		saying: "Whoever judges wrongly

	The same jugement sal thai fang."	<i>receive</i>	shall receive the same."
	Thus he helpid the maiden ying,	<i>young</i>	Thus he helped the young maiden
	And sethin he made the saghtelyng	<i>afterwards; peace</i>	and then made peace
2645	Bitwene hyr and the riche lady.		between her and the rich lady.
	Than al the folk ful hastily		The folk offered Sir Ywain
	Proferd tham to his servise		their service in all ways,
	To wirship him ever on al wise.		
	Nane of tham al wist bot Lunet		and no one but Lunet knew
2650	That thai with thaire lord war met.		that he was already their lord.
	The lady prayed him als the hend	<i>courteously</i>	Alundyne invited him
	That he hame with tham wald wende		to remain with them
	Forto sojorn thare a stownd,	<i>awhile</i>	while his wounds healed,
	Til he wer warist of his wound.	<i>healed</i>	
2655	By his sare set he nocht a stra,	<i>wound; straw</i>	but he cared only
	Bot for his lioun was him wa.		about his injured lion and said,
	"Madame," he said, "sertes, nay,		"Madam, I certainly may not stay."
	I mai nocht dwel, the soth to say."		
	Sho said, "Sir, sen thou wyl wend,		She said, "Sir, since you will leave,
2660	Sai us thi name, so God the mend."	<i>tell</i>	tell us your name,"
	"Madame," he said, "bi Saint Symoun,		and he replied, "by St Simon
	I hat the Knight with the Lyoun."	<i>am called</i>	I am called the Knight with the Lion."
	Sho said, "We saw yow never or now,	<i>before</i>	She said, "We have never
	Ne never herd we speke of yow."		seen you before or heard about you,"
2665	"Tharby," he sayd, "ye understand,		and he explained,
	I am nocht knawen wide in land."		"I am not widely known in this land."
	Sho said, "I prai the forto dwell,		She asked him to live with them,
	If that thou may, here us omell."	<i>among</i>	
	If sho had wist wele wha it was,		though had she known who he was
2670	She wald wele lever have laten him pas;	<i>rather</i>	she would rather he left.
	And tharfore wald he nocht be knawen		For both their sakes,
	Both for hir ese and for his awyn.	<i>ease</i>	he therefore did not reveal his identity
	He said, "No lenger dwel I ne may;		and told her, "I may not stay any longer.
	Beleves wele and haves goday.	<i>remain</i>	Good day, and I pray
2675	I prai to Crist, hevyn kyng,		to Christ, heaven's king,
	Lady, len yow gude lifing,	<i>grant</i>	that He grant you a good life
	And len grace, that al yowre anoy		and, through His grace,
	May turn yow unto mykel joy."		turn your trouble into much joy."
	Sho said, "God grant that it so be."		She replied, "God grant that it be so."
2680	Unto himself than thus said he,		To himself he said
	"Thou ert the lok and kay also	<i>lock; key</i>	"You are the lock and key
	Of al my wele and al my wo."		to all my happiness and sorrow."

As he departed mourning, only Lunet knew who he was; he asked her to keep his secret, and she did. She accompanied him on his way, and he said, "My good friend, I pray that you tell no one who has been your champion, and also that you do all you can to make my lady friends with me. Since you two are now reconciled, help bring us together." "Certainly, sir," she said, "I will do so gladly. And for what you have done for me today, may God give you reward, as He well may."

Sir Ywain took his leave and was greatly worried about his lion, who could go no farther due to his injuries. The knight pulled grass from the field and made a couch on his shield upon which he laid the lion. He rode through forest and over hills until he came to a castle. He called and soon the porter opened the gates and welcomed him. As he entered he was met by folk who helped him, for which he was grateful. They gently laid down the shield and lion, led the steed to the stable, and unlaced Sir Ywain's armor. The lord, lady and their sons and daughters were pleased that he was there, and after greeting him they had him taken to a chamber with a richly prepared bed, and laid his lion near him. His every need

was served, and two of the lord's daughters who were skilled in leechcraft tended both knight and lion, who stayed until they were healed and then went their way.

Meanwhile, a great lord in that land died, leaving two daughters as heirs. As soon as he had been buried, the elder sister went to court to find a knight who would win all the land for her. The younger sister saw she would only keep her rightful portion through battle, so she wanted to go to court for counsel. The elder sister arrived at court first and asked Sir Gawain for his help, to which he agreed, "but only if it is kept private. If you make any boast about me, you will lose all my help." The younger sister came the next day and went to Sir Gawain, but he told her he could not help her. As she wept and wrung her hands, news came about a knight with a lion who had slain a wicked giant.

The knight Sir Ywain had saved was at the court along with his wife, who was Gawain's sister, and their sons, and they had brought the dwarf with them. They told Sir Gawain how the Knight with the Lion delivered the sons out of prison and nobly undertook the battle for Sir Gawain's sake, but Gawain didn't know who he was. The younger maiden asked the king for a grace period of forty days according to law, for she knew there was no man who would fight Sir Gawain and she thought to find the knight of whom they spoke.

The king granted her the respite and she took leave of him and all the baronage and started her journey. She searched day and night, through castle and town, for the Knight with the Lion who helps all who need him. No one throughout the land had heard news of him or knew where he was. She became so sorrowful that she took ill but kept going and came to the castle where Sir Ywain had been cured of his sickness. She was well known there and as welcome as family, greeted with joy and made glad. She told her situation to the lord and was given help right away.

As she lay there in healing care, a maiden took up her search and came to the castle where Ywain had wedded Alundyne. They told her how the Knight with the Lion had slain three knights of rank all at once, but no one knew where he went. They told her, "The only one who can tell you is the maiden for whose sake he came here and undertook the battle. We believe she can inform you—she is over in that church and we advise you to go there," which she hastily did.

She found Lunet, and after they greeted each other she asked the maiden if she could tell her anything. Lunet graciously answered that she would saddle her horse and accompany her. As they rode, Lunet told her how she had been taken and held, wickedly accused by traitors, and would have been burned had God not sent her the Knight with the Lion, who released her from prison. She brought the maiden to the plain where she had parted from Sir Ywain and said, "I can tell you no more except that this is where he left me. I don't know which way he went, but he was sorely wounded. May God who suffered wounds for us, grant that we see him healthy and sound. I may stay no longer, but may Christ who harried hell grant you success in your errand," and with that she hurried home.

The maiden soon came to the castle where Sir Ywain had been healed and found the lord with a great company of knights and ladies at the gate. She hailed them politely and asked if they knew where she might find a knight with a lion. The lord said he had just left, pointed to his steed's hoof prints and told her to follow them. She spurred her horse and rode as fast as she could until she saw him and his lion. She hurried so fast that she finally overtook him. She called him with a glad heart, and after he graciously returned her greeting, she said:

"Sir, I have widely sought you, not for myself but for a highly regarded damsel, held to be both reasonable and wise. Men who would take her inheritance do her a great outrage, and she trusts no one but God and you, for your great goodness. Through your help she hopes to win all her right. She says no living knight may help her half as well as you; great words of your deed will spread if you win her heritage. She became gravely ill from worry so that she couldn't travel any more, and I've sought you everywhere. Therefore, I would like your answer as to whether you will come with me or prefer to stay here."

"The knight who lies idle often wins little esteem," he replied, "so I shall take my own advice. I will gladly go wherever you lead me and heartily help you in your need. Since you have sought me so far, I certainly won't fail you." Thus they went forth until they reached a castle named The Castle of Heavy Sorrow. Sir Ywain thought it best to stay overnight, for the sun was setting. But all the men they met looked at them in wonder and said, "You wretched, unhappy man! Why will you take lodging here? You will not pass through without harm." Sir Ywain immediately replied, "Truly, you are discourteous; you should not speak so rudely to a stranger unless you know his reasons." They said, "You'll find out tomorrow before noon."

Sir Ywain ignored them and he, his lion and the maiden went to the castle. The porter welcomed them at the gate with a similar warning, but they still entered without speaking to him. They found a well-prepared hall, and a fair place enclosed within a fence. Sir Ywain looked through the stakes and saw many maidens weaving silk and gold wire. But they were

dressed in poor, torn clothing and were weeping. Their lean faces were dirty and their smocks black. They suffered hunger, thirst and cold, and all wept constantly. When Ywain saw this, he went back to the gates, but they were locked fast. The porter blocked their way and said, "Sir, you must go back. You may want to leave, but you must remain until tomorrow, which will bring you great sorrow, for you are among foes here."

"I have been so before and passed through well, as I shall here," replied Sir Ywain. "But, friend, will you tell me about the maidens who are working all this rich ware?" The porter refused and told him to look elsewhere, so Sir Ywain found a hidden gate through which he entered and spoke to the maidens: "May God, as He suffered sore wounds, send you recovery from your distress so that you may find cheer." "Sir," they said, "may God make it so." He said, "Tell me your trouble and I shall amend it if I can."

One of them answered, "Before you leave us, we shall tell you the truth of who we are and why we are here. Sir, we are all from Maidenland. Our king passed through many countries seeking adventures to test his prowess. He lodged here once, which was the beginning of our woe, for two champions live here who men say are demons born of a woman and a ram. They have done great harm to many knights who stay here overnight and then must fight both of them at once, as do you. Alas that you took your lodgings here.

"Our king was fourteen years old and in command of himself when he was to fight the champions, but he had no strength against both of them. When he saw he would be slain, he knew no better scheme to save his life than to make a pledge to yield thirty maidens a year as tribute, all of whom should be the fairest of his land and of high rank. This must continue as long as the fiends live, or until they are taken in battle or slain. Then we would be free, but it is useless to speak of it, for there is no one in the world who may avenge us.

"We work silver, silk and gold, the richest on earth, and we are never better clad or given half our fill of bread. The best workers earn only four pennies a week, which is little for clothes and food. Each of us might win forty shillings a week, but unless we work harder we are sorely beaten. It doesn't help to tell our tale, for there is no cure for our suffering. Our greatest sorrow since we began is seeing many doughty dukes, earls and barons slain by the champions, who you must fight tomorrow."

Sir Ywain said, "God shall strengthen me in every deed against the devils and all their terror, and may He deliver you from your foes." With these words, he left and went into the hall, where no one greeted him. His steed and the maiden's horse were hastily taken and fed well in the expectation that they would not be returned. Sir Ywain passed through the hall, leading the maiden, into an orchard where he found a knight sitting on a gold cloth under a tree. A lady and maiden sat with him, and the young girl read them a romance (though I don't know what it was about). The knight was lord of the place and the girl, who was fifteen years old and gracious, good and fair, was his heir.

They arose as soon as they saw Sir Ywain, and the knight took him by the hand, greeted him merrily, and welcomed him. The girl willingly unarmed Sir Ywain and brought him finely wrought clothing of rich, soft material, as well as shoes, hose and other gear. She served him and his bright maiden with all her might. Soon they went to a supper of the best food and drink, then to rest. At daybreak Sir Ywain and the damsel arose and went to a chapel to hear mass, after which Sir Ywain prepared to leave and thanked his host profusely. The lord said, "Don't be offended, but you may not leave. Since the old days there has been an unlucky law that must be observed by friend or foe. Whether it is wrong or right, you must take up shield and spear against two men-at-arms of great strength. If you overcome them in battle, you shall have all these lands, my daughter in marriage, and also all my heritage." Sir Ywain declined the offer, saying that a king or emperor might wed the maiden with honor. The lord said, "No knight shall come here without fighting the two champions, and so shall you, for it is the known traditional custom."

"Since I must," replied Sir Ywain, "the best that I may do is put myself boldly in their hands and take the grace God sends." The champions were soon brought forth, and Sir Ywain said, "By Christ, you seem to be the devil's sons, for I have never seen such champions." Each carried a great, round shield and a strong, long club to which were attached many thongs of hide. Their bodies were well armored but their heads were bare. When the lion saw them, he knew they would fight with his master and he was anxious to help him. He stared at them fiercely and beat his tail on the ground, and the champions felt menaced and told Sir Ywain to remove the lion or concede defeat. Sir Ywain said, "That would do me dishonor." They said, "Then take your beast away so that we can play together." Sir Ywain replied, "Sirs, if you are aghast, take the beast and bind him fast." They said, "He shall be bound or slain, for you shall have no help from him. You must fight us alone, which is customary and right." Then Sir Ywain asked one of them, "Where do you wish to have the beast placed?" "He shall be locked in a chamber."

Sir Ywain locked the lion in a chamber, which made the champions feel bold. Sir Ywain put on his armor, mounted his noble steed, and boldly rode toward them. The maiden was quite afraid and prayed to God for his victory. They struck him with their clubs on his shield so that it fell into pieces, and it was a wonder that any man could bear the strokes he took. He was in need of help, for he had never been in such a fight, but ever manly he returned their blows and, as the book tells, he gave double of those he took.

The lion was greatly sad, always thinking of how Sir Ywain helped him and now he could not help the knight unless he could break out of the chamber. He could hear the battle but could find no way to escape. At last he came to the threshold and quickly cast up the earth as fast as four men could have with spades, and he soon made a huge hole. Meanwhile Sir Ywain was in great pain and afraid, as well he should have been, for neither of the champions were wounded. They could protect themselves so well that blows did them no harm; there was no weapon that could get a sliver out of their shields. Ywain was at a loss and expected to die; the damsel mourned, as she thought he would be slain and her help would be gone. But Sir Ywain continued to fight, and assistance came quickly.

The lion was free and would soon avenge his master! He ran in fiercely, and then it was too late for them to pray for peace. He rushed at one fiend and pulled him down to the ground. The maiden was overjoyed, and everyone in the place was glad and said that the champion would never rise whole. His fellow tried with all his might to pick him up, and as he stooped over Sir Ywain struck his neckbone asunder so that his head rolled in the sand. Thus Ywain had the upper hand. He dismounted and went to where the lion was lying on the other champion. The lion saw his master coming and wanted a part of the revenge, so he tore off the demon's right shoulder, taking both arm and club with it. The champion spoke to Sir Ywain as well as he could:

“Sir Knight, as you are noble, I pray for mercy which, by reason, should be given to one who asks for it meekly. Therefore, grant me mercy.”

Sir Ywain said, “I will grant it if you will say that you have been overcome.” The wounded man admitted defeat and surrendered to Sir Ywain, who agreed to do him no further harm, to protect him from the lion, and to grant him the peace within his power. Then all the folk came, as well as the lord and lady, who embraced him and offered him lordship and marriage to their daughter, which Sir Ywain refused:

“Since you give her to me now, I return her to you, free of me forever. Sir, take no insult, for I may not take a wife until my obligations are better fulfilled. But I ask one thing: that all these prisoners be freed. God has granted me the fortune to deliver them.” The lord agreed immediately and again advised him to take his daughter, but Sir Ywain again declined: “Sir, she is so courteous, gracious and worthy of praise that there is no king, emperor or man of honor in the world who might not marry her, and so would I happily if I could. But as you see, I have a maiden here who I must follow wherever she leads me. Therefore, I bid you farewell.”

“You won't leave so easily!” threatened the lord. Since you will not do as I say, you will stay here in my prison.”

Sir Ywain replied, “If I lie there all my life, I shall never marry her, for I must go with this maiden until we come to her destination.” The lord saw it was useless to argue further so he gave him leave, but he would have preferred that he stayed.

Sir Ywain then took all the prisoners, who came before him nearly naked and woebegone. He stayed at the gate until they all passed through in pairs playing games among themselves. They could not have made more joy if God had come from heaven on high and lighted among them than they made to Sir Ywain. Folk from the town came before him, blessed the time he was born and praised his prowess, which was equal to none. They escorted him out of the town with a full procession. The maidens then took their leave, full of mirth. They prayed for Sir Ywain's success and safety, and he in turn prayed for theirs. Thus they went their way, and we will tell no more of them.

Sir Ywain and the maiden traveled for a week. The maiden knew the way well to the castle where the sick maiden lay, so they arrived quickly. When they came to the gate, she led Sir Ywain in. The maiden was still ill, but when she heard that her messenger had returned and brought the knight, she was so happy that she felt recovered. She was sure she would receive her inheritance from her sister, and she graciously greeted and thanked the knight. Everyone in the castle welcomed him with merry cheer and gave him every kind of comfort, including a good night's rest.

5. ll. 3387-3773: Ywain's duel with Gawain

	Until that town fast gan thai ride Whare the kyng sojorned that tide; And thare the elder sister lay,	<i>to</i> <i>at that time</i>	At dawn they rode fast to the town where the king was staying. The elder sister was there
3390	Redy forto kepe hyr day. Sho traisted wele on Sir Gawayn, That no knyght sold cum him ogayn; Sho hopid thare was no knyght lifand, In batail that might with him stand.	<i>trusted</i> <i>against</i> <i>thought</i>	ready to keep her day; she trusted that no knight would challenge Sir Gawain or could withstand him in battle.
3395	Al a sevenight dayes bidene Wald noght Sir Gawayn be sene, Bot in ane other toun he lay; For he wald cum at the day Als aventerous into the place,	<i>taken together (i.e., a week)</i>  <i>adventurous</i>	Sir Gawain stayed in another town for a week so that he was not seen, and planned to arrive on the set day in the guise of an armed adventure-seeking knight
3400	So that no man sold se his face; The armes he bare war noght his awyn, For he wald noght in court be knawyn. Syr Ywayn and his damysell In the town toke thaire hostell;		so that no one would see his face. He wore someone else's coat of arms so that he wouldn't be recognized at court. Sir Ywain and the younger sister lodged in town,
3405	And thare he held him prevely, So that none sold him ascry. Had thai dwelt langer by a day, Than had sho lorn hir land for ay. Sir Ywain rested thare that nyght,	<i>kept himself secretly</i> <i>inform upon</i>	and he kept out of sight so that no one would give him away. They arrived just in time; a day later and the maiden would have lost her land forever.
3410	And on the morn he gan hym dyght; On slepe left thai his lyowne And wan tham wightly out of toun. It was hir wil and als hys awyn At cum to court als knyght unknowyn.	<i>prepare</i> <i>asleep</i>	They rested there that night and in the morning Sir Ywain prepared himself; they went out of town, leaving the lion asleep so the knight would come to court unknown.
3415	Sone about the prime of day Sir Gawayn fra thethin thare he lay, Hies him fast into the felde Wele armyd with spere and shelde; No man knew him, les ne more,	<i>to</i>  <i>thence</i>	Around prime, Sir Gawain hurried to the field, well armed with spear and shield. No one knew him except the maiden for whom he was fighting.
3420	Bot sho that he sold fight fore. The elder sister to court come Unto the king at ask hir dome. Sho said, "I am cumen with my knyght Al redy to defend my right.	<i>judgment</i>	The elder sister came to court to ask for the king's judgment: "I have come with my knight, ready to defend my right.
3425	This day was us set sesowne, And I am here al redy bowne; And sen this es the last day, Gifes dome and lates us wend oure way. My sister has al sydes soght,	<i>appointed time</i>  <i>give judgment</i>	This is the day that was set, I stand here ready, and since my sister is not here, give judgement and let us go our way. She has searched everywhere
3430	Bot, wele I wate, here cums sho noght; For, certainly, sho findes nane, That dar the batail undertane This day for hir forto fyght Forto reve fra me my right.		but found no one that dares undertake the battle to seize my right from me, so she will not come.
3435	Now have I wele wonnen my land Withowten dint of knightes hand. What so my sister ever has mynt, Al hir part now tel I tynt:	<i>rob</i>  <i>claimed</i> <i>I proclaim lost</i>	Now I have won my land without knights' blows; despite my sister's attempt, she has lost all her part.

<p>Al es myne to sell and gyf,  3440 Als a wreche ay sal sho lyf.  Tharfore, Sir King, sen it es swa,  Gifes yowre dome and lat us ga."  The king said, "Maiden, think noght lang."  (Wele he wist sho had the wrang.)  3445 "Damysel, it es the assyse,  Whils sityng es of the justise,  The dome nedes thou most habide;  For par aventure it may bityde,  Thi sister sal cum al bi tyme,  3450 For it es litil passed prime."  When the king had tald this scill,  Thai saw cum rideand over a hyll  The yonger sister and hir knyght;  The way to town thai toke ful right.  3455 (On Ywains bed his liown lay,  And thai had stollen fra him oway.)  The elder maiden made il chere,  When thai to court cumen were.  The king withdrogh his jugement,  3460 For wele he trowed in his entent  That the yonger sister had the right,  And that sho sold cum with sum knyght;  Himself knew hyr wele inogh.  When he hir saw, ful fast he logh;  3465 Him liked it wele in his hert,  That he saw hir so in quert.  Into the court sho toke the way,  And to the king thus gan sho say,  "God that governs alkin thing,  3470 The save and se, Syr Arthure the Kyng,  And al the knyghtes that langes to the,  And also al thi mery menye.  Unto yowre court, sir, have I broght  An unkouth knyght that ye know noght;  3475 He sais that sothly for my sake  This batayl wil he undertake;  And he haves yit in other land  Ful felle dedes under hand;  Bot al he leves, God do him mede,  3480 Forto help me in my nede."  Hir elder sister stode hyr by,  And tyl hyr sayd sho hastily:  "For Hys luf that lens us life,  Gif me my right withouten strife,  3485 And lat no men tharfore be slayn."  The elder sister sayd ogayn:  "Thi right es noght, for al es myne,  And I wil have yt mawgré thine.  Tharfore, if thou preche al day,  3490 Here sal thou no thing bere oway."  The yonger mayden to hir says,</p>	<p><i>beggar forever shall she live</i></p> <p><i>judgment</i>  <i>(i.e., don't presume)</i>  <i>wrong</i>  <i>custom</i></p> <p><i>await</i></p> <p><i>dawn</i>  <i>reasoned with them</i></p> <p><i>withheld</i>  <i>believed in his heart</i></p> <p><i>laughed</i>  <i>in good spirits</i></p> <p><i>belong</i></p> <p><i>unknown</i></p> <p><i>many</i></p> <p><i>in spite of</i></p>	<p>All is mine to sell and give,  and she shall live as a wretch always.  Therefore, Sir King,  give your judgment and let us go."  The king knew she was in the wrong  and advised her to be patient:  "Maiden, the court, while sitting,  is the justice and you must  await its judgment.  Your sister may come in time,  for it is little past prime."</p> <p>As the King was speaking,  they saw the younger sister  and her knight riding over a hill.</p> <p>(They had stolen away from the lion,  who lay on Sir Ywain's bed.)  The elder sister was unhappy  and the king withheld his judgment,  for he was sure the younger sister,  whom he knew well, had the right  and would come with a knight.</p> <p>He laughed when he saw her,  glad to see her  in such good health.  She entered the court  and said to the king,  "Sir King, may God,  who governs all things,  save you, your knights  and all your company!  I have brought with me  an unknown knight  who will undertake  battle for my sake.  He has deeds to do elsewhere  but has put them off  to help me; may God reward him."  To her sister she said,  "For God's sake,  give me my right without strife  and let no man be slain."</p> <p>But the elder sister refused:  "You have no right, for all is mine  and I will have it, despite you.  You can preach all day  but carry nothing away."  The younger girl replied,</p>
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<p>"Sister, thou ert ful curtays,  And gret dole es it forto se,  Slike two knightes als thai be,  3495 For us sal put thamsel to spill.  Therefore now, if it be thi will,  Of thi gude wil to me thou gif  Sumthing that I may on lif."  The elder said, "So mot I the,  3500 Who so es ferd, I rede thai fle  Thou getes right noght, withowten fail,  Bot if thou win yt thurgh batail."  The yonger said, "Sen thou wil swa,  To the grace of God here I me ta;  3505 And Lord als He es maste of myght,  He send his socore to that knyght  That thus in dede of charité  This day antres hys lif for me."  The twa knightes come bifer the king  3510 And thare was sone ful grete gederung;  For ilka man that walk might,  Hasted sone to se that syght.  Of tham this was a selly case,  That nowther wist what other wase;  3515 Ful grete luf was bitwix tham twa,  And now er aither other fa;  Ne the king kowth tham noght knaw,  For thai wald noght thaire faces shew.  If owther of tham had other sene,  3520 Grete luf had bene tham bitwene;  Now was this a grete selly  That trew luf and so grete envy,  Als bitwix tham twa was than,  Might bath at anes be in a man.  3525 The knightes for thase maidens love  Aither til other kast a glove,  And wele armed with spere and shelde  Thai riden both forth to the felde;  Thai stroke thaire stedes that war kene;  3530 Litel luf was tham bitwene.  Ful grevosly bigan that gamyn,  With stalworth speres strake thai samen.  And thai had anes togeder spoken,  Had thare bene no speres broken.  3535 Bot in that time bitid it swa,  That aither of tham wald other sla.  Thai drow swerdes and swang about,  To dele dyntes had thai no dout.  Thaire sheldes war shiferd and helms rifen,  3540 Ful stalworth strakes war thare gifen.  Bath on bak and brestes thare  War bath wounded wonder sare;  In many stedes might men ken  The blode out of thaire bodies ren.</p>	<p><i>in jeopardy</i></p> <p><i>exist on</i></p> <p><i>if you're so afraid, I advise</i>  <i>you to flee</i></p> <p><i>except that you</i></p> <p><i>entrust</i></p> <p><i>hazards</i></p> <p><i>assembly</i></p> <p><i>for; strange</i>  <i>knew who; was</i></p> <p><i>each other's foe</i></p> <p><i>marvel</i></p> <p><i>together</i>  <i>if; once</i></p> <p><i>fear</i>  <i>splintered; helmets split</i></p> <p><i>places; see</i>  <i>run</i></p>	<p>"Sister, you are courteous  and it is sad to see  that such knights as these  risk their lives for us.  Therefore, will you give me  something from your property  on which I may live?"  The elder said, "Whoever is afraid,  I advise them to flee.  You'll get nothing  unless you win it through battle."  The younger sister  thus asked God for grace,  for herself and for the knight  who was risking his life  for her out of charity.</p> <p>The two knights came before the king,  and a large crowd gathered.  Every man who could walk  wanted to see the sight  of two unknown knights  fighting each other.  Nor did the king know  who they were,  for they would not show their faces.  If either had seen the other,  there would have been  great love between them,  but now they were foes.  It was a great wonder  that true love and great envy  might be in a man at once.  The knights each threw down  the gauntlet on behalf of his maiden,  and well-armed  they rode forth into the field.  The steeds were eager  and the knights  started the battle furiously,  exchanging strong blows.  Had they once spoken to each other,  no spear would have been broken,  but as it was they wished  to slay each other.  They drew their swords and swung them  and didn't fear to deal blows.  Their shields were shattered  and their helms split.  Both were sorely wounded  on the back and breast;  men saw the blood run out  in many places.</p>
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<p>That wist whether sold have the prise;  For thai saw never so stalworth stoure,  3600 Ful dere boght thai that honowre.  Grete wonder had Sir Gawayn,  What he was that faght him ogain;  And Sir Ywain had grete ferly,  Wha stode ogayns him so stifly.</p> <p>3605 On this wise lasted that fight  Fra midmorn unto mirk night;  And by that tyme, I trow, thai twa  War ful weri and sare alswa.  Thai had bled so mekil blode,</p> <p>3610 It was grete ferly that thai stode;  So sare thai bet on bak and brest,  Until the sun was gone to rest;  For nowther of tham wald other spare.  For mirk might thai than na mare,</p> <p>3615 Tharfore to rest thai both tham yelde.  Bot or thai past out of the felde,  Bitwix tham two might men se  Both mekil joy and grete peté.  By speche might no man Gawain knaw,</p> <p>3620 So was he hase and spak ful law;  And mekil was he out of maght  For the strakes that he had laght.  And Sir Ywain was ful wery.  Bot thus he spekes and sais in hy:</p> <p>3625 He said, "Syr, sen us failes light,  I hope it be no lifand wight,  That wil us blame if that we twin.  For of al stedes I have bene yn,  With no man yit never I met</p> <p>3630 That so wele kowth his strakes set;  So nobil strakes has thou gifen  That my sheld es al toreven."  Sir Gawayn said, "Sir, sertainly,  Thou ert noght so weri als I;</p> <p>3635 For if we langer fightand were,  I trow I might do the no dere.  Thou ert no thing in my det  Of strakes that I on the set."  Sir Ywain said, "In Cristes name,</p> <p>3640 Sai me what thou hat at hame."  He said, "Sen thou my name wil here  And covaites to wit what it were,  My name in this land mani wote;  I hat Gawayn, the King son Lote."</p> <p>3645 Than was Sir Ywayn sore agast;  His swerde fra him he kast.  He ferd right als he wald wede,  And sone he stirt down of his stede.  He said, "Here es a fowl mischance</p> <p>3650 For defaut of conisance.</p>	<p><i>which of the two should  battle</i></p> <p><i>dark</i></p> <p><i>wonder  beat</i></p> <p><i>dark</i></p> <p><i>before</i></p> <p><i>hoarse  might  taken</i></p> <p><i>quickly  we lack</i></p> <p><i>part  places</i></p> <p><i>could</i></p> <p><i>split open</i></p> <p><i>injury</i></p> <p><i>are called</i></p> <p><i>know  am called</i></p> <p><i>become mad  leaps</i></p> <p><i>recognition</i></p>	<p>who should have the prize;   that honor was dearly bought.  Both Sir Gawain and Sir Ywain  had great wonder  about their opponent.</p> <p>The fight lasted  from midmorning to night,  and by that time, I believe,  both knights were exhausted and sore;  they had lost so much blood  it was amazing that they still stood.  They hit each other so hard  over the breast and the back,  because nether would spare the other.  When they could no longer fight  due to darkness, they agreed to rest.  But before they left the field,  the two would see  both joy and pity.  No one might recognize Gawain  by his voice, for he was hoarse  and spoke low, and he was weak  from the strokes he had received.  And Sir Ywain was very weary,  but he spoke hastily:  "Sir, since the light fails,  I doubt that anyone  would blame us if we part,  for of all the places I have been,  I have never met a man  who could deliver his strokes so well;  you have given me so many  that my shield is torn apart."  "Sir," replied Sir Gawain,  "certainly you are not as weary as I,  and if we fought any longer  I don't believe I could harm you.  You owe me no debt,  for I received as many blows as I set."  Sir Ywain said, "In God's name, tell  me what you are called."  Sir Gawain replied,  "If you want to know my name,  it's known to many in this land;  I am called Gawain, son of King Lot."  Sir Ywain was aghast;  he cast away his sword  and acted as though he might go mad.  He leapt off his steed and said,  "This is a fowl misfortune  caused by lack of identification.</p>
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	A, sir," he said, "had I the sene, Than had here no batel bene; I had me yolden to the als tite, Als worthi war for descumfite."		Ah, sir, had I seen you there would have been no battle. I would have yielded defeat to you immediately."
3655	"What man ertou?" said Sir Gawain. "Syr," he said, "I hat Ywayne, That lufes the more by se and sand Than any man that es lifand, For mani dedes that thou me did, 3660 And curtais ye have me kyd. Tharfore, sir, now in this stoure I sal do the this honowre: I grant that thou has me overcumen And by strenkyth in batayl nomen."	<i>yielded myself; quickly</i>  <i>am called</i>	Sir Gawain asked who he was. "Sir," he said, "I am Ywain, who loves you more than any living man for the deeds you have done for me and the courtesy you have shown me. Therefore, in this battle I will do you the honor of granting that you have overcome me and taken me by strength."
3665	Sir Gawayn answerd als curtais: "Thau sal noght do, sir, als thou sais; This honowre sal noght be myne, Bot, sertes, it aw wele at be thine; I gif it the here withowten hone 3670 And grantes that I am undone." Sone thai light, so sais the boke, And aither other in armes toke And kissed so ful fele sithe; Than war thai both glad and blithe.	<i>shown me</i> <i>contest</i>  <i>taken</i>	"You shall not do so," Sir Gawain replied courteously. "This honor shall not be mine but certainty ought to be yours. I give it to you without delay and concede defeat." As the book says, soon they both dismounted, embraced, and kissed each other many times. They stood together happily
3675	In armes so thai stode togeder, Unto the king com ridand theder; And fast he covait forto here Of thir knightes what thai were, And whi thai made so mekil gamyn, 3680 Sen thai had so foghten samyn. Ful hendli than asked the king, Wha had so sone made saghteling Bitwix tham that had bene so wrath And aither haved done other scath.	<i>ought well to be yours</i> <i>give it to you here; delay</i>  <i>dismounted</i>  <i>many times</i>	I give it to you without delay and concede defeat." The king asked kindly how they had been reconciled so soon when they had tried so angrily to harm each other.
3685	He said, "I wend ye wald ful fain Aither of thow have other slayn, And now ye er so frendes dere." "Sir King," said Gawain, "Ye sal here. For unknawing and hard grace 3690 Thus have we foghten in this place; I am Gawayn, yowre awin nevow, And Sir Ywayn faght with me now. When we war nere weri, iwys, Mi name he frayned and I his;	<i>desired to hear</i>  <i>they were so happy</i>  <i>who; peace</i>  <i>injury</i>	until the king came riding up and very much desired to hear who these two knights were, and why they now were rejoicing when they had fought together before. The king asked kindly how they had been reconciled so soon when they had tried so angrily to harm each other.
3695	When we war knawin, sone gan we sese. Bot, sertes, sir, this es no lese, Had we foghten forth a stownde, I wote wele I had gone to gronde; By his prowes and his mayne, 3700 I wate, for soth, I had bene slayne." Thir wordes menged al the mode Of Sir Ywain als he stode; "Sir," he said, "so mot I go,	<i>bad fortune</i>  <i>nephew</i>  <i>nearly exhausted, truly</i> <i>asked</i>  <i>lie</i> <i>a minute longer</i>  <i>disturbed; heart</i>	Either would have killed the other but were now dear friends. "Sir King, we fought here on account of ignorance and ill fortune," explained Gawain. "I am Gawain, your nephew, and fought Sir Ywain just now. When we were nearly exhausted, we asked each others' name and as soon as we found them out, we ceased. But truly, had we fought longer, I know I would have been thrown to the ground and would have been slain by his prowess and strength." These words disturbed Sir Ywain's mind: "Sir, so help me God,

	Ye know yowreself it es noght so.		you know yourself this is not so.
3705	Sir King," he said, "withowten fail, I am overcumen in this batayl." "Nai, sertes," said Gawain, "bot am I." Thus nowther wald have the maistri, Bifore the king gan aither grant,		Without fail, Sir King, I was overcome in this battle." Gawain insisted it was he who lost; thus neither would claim victory.
3710	That himself was recreant.	<i>defeated</i>	
	Than the king and hys menye Had bath joy and grete peté; He was ful fayn thai frendes were, And that thai ware so funden infere.		The king and his company had both joy and great pity; Arthure was well pleased that the two friends were together.
3715	The kyng said, "Now es wele sene That mekil luf was yow bitwene." He said, "Sir Ywain, welkum home!" For it was lang sen he thare come. He said, "I rede ye both assent	<i>found</i>	The king said, "Now the great love between you two is well seen. Welcome home, Sir Ywain!" for it had been a long time since the knight had been seen there.
3720	To do yow in my jument; And I sal mak so gude ane ende That ye sal both be halden hende." Thai both assented sone thartill To do tham in the kynges will,	<i>held [to be] courteous thereto</i>	"I advise you to assent to my judgment, and I will make such a good ending that you'll both be considered gracious." Both knights agreed to do the King's will, if the maidens would also do so.
3725	If the maydens wald do so. Than the king bad knyghtes two Wend efter the maydens bath, And so thai did ful swith rath.	<i>fetch; both</i>	The king had two knights bring the maidens before him,
	Bifore the kyng when thai war broght		and he told them his thought:
3730	He tald unto tham als him thocht, "Lystens me now, maydens hende, Yowre grete debate es broght til ende; So fer forth now es it dreven		"My gracious maidens, your debate has gone so far that judgment must be made, and I will judge you as well as I can."
3735	That the dome most nedes be gifen, And I sal deme yow als I can." The elder sister answerd than: "Sen ye er king that us sold were, I pray yow do to me na dere." He said, "I wil let for na saw	<i>judgment must judge protect injury neglect; speech</i>	The elder sister answered: "Since you are the King who should protect us, I pray you not to injure me." Arthure said that the laws of the land must prevail:
3740	Forto do the landes law. Thi yong sister sal have hir right, For I se wele that thi knyght Es overcumen in this were." Thus said he anely hir to fere,	<i>conflict only; frighten</i>	"Your sister shall have her right, for I see clearly your knight was overcome in the battle." He said this to frighten her since he knew she would not part with the lands otherwise, and she said, "Sir, since it has gone this way now, I must fulfill your commandment, whether I wish to or not."
3745	And for he wist hir wil ful wele, That sho wald part with never a dele. "Sir," sho said, "sen thus es gane, Now most I, whether I wil or nane, Al yowre cumandment fufill,		He explained to her the settlement: "I've known that your desire was wrong, so now I will divide your lands and you will only have your own share, which is half."
3750	And tharfore dose right als ye will." The king said, "Thus sal it fall, Al yowre landes depart I sall. Thi wil es wrang, that have I knawin. Now sal thou have noght bot thin awin,		She answered angrily,
3755	That es the half of al bydene." Than answerd sho ful tite in tene	<i>quickly in anger</i>	

	And said, "Me think ful grete outrage To gif hir half myne heritage." The king said, "For yowre bother esse		"I find it a great outrage to give her half of my heritage!" The king said, "For your ease,
3760	In hir land I sal hir sese, And sho sal hald hir land of the And to the tharfore mak fewté; Sho sal the luf als hir lady, And thou sal kith thi curtaisys,	<i>the ease of you both (put in legal possession of a feudal holding)</i>	I shall place her in legal possession of her land, which she shall hold from you in fealty. She shall love you as her lady, and you will show your courtesy by loving her accordingly as your tenant."
3765	Luf hir efter thine avenant, And sho sal be to the tenant." This land was first, I understand, That ever was parted in England. Than said the king, "Withowten fail,	<i>show honor</i>	I understand that this was the first partition of land in England, and the king decreed that in honor of the battle that all future sisters should divide lands between themselves.
3770	For tha luf of that batayl Al sisters that sold efter bene Sold part the landes tham bitwene."		

The king told Sir Gawain and Sir Ywain to remove their armor, and as they spoke the lion broke out of the chamber where he had been left sleeping. As the knights unlaced their gear, he came running there; he had searched everywhere for his master and was overjoyed to find him. When the folk saw the lion they began to run to town out of fear, but Sir Ywain called them back again:

"Lords, I assure you that I will protect you from the beast, who will do you no harm. Believe me, we are friends and good fellows; he is mine and I am his. I wouldn't give him up for any treasure."

When they heard this, everyone said, "This is the greatly renowned Knight of the Lion who slew the giant; he is doughty of deeds!" Then Sir Gawain immediately said, "I am greatly shamed. I beg your mercy, Sir Ywain, for having trespassed against you, who helped my sister in her need! I have now evilly repaid you. You risked your life for love of me, and my sister told me that you said we had been friends and good companions for many days, but I didn't know who it was. I have since given it much thought; yet for all I can do, I have been unable to find anyone who could tell me of the Knight with the Lion."

When the knights' armor was unlaced, all the folk saw the lion lick his master's hands and feet to relieve his suffering, and they marveled at the lion's mirth. The knights were brought to rest, and the king had some of the best surgeons ever seen come to heal them. As soon as they were healthy, Sir Ywain hurried to leave, for he had no rest day or night on account of the love in his heart. If he could not get the grace of his lady, he would go mad or die.

He secretly left the court and all his friends and rode right to the well. His lion went with him always and would not be parted from him. He cast water on the stone and the storm arose immediately. The thunder blasted, and he thought the great forest and all about the well would sink into hell. The lady was very afraid, for all the castle walls quaked so fast that men might think all would sink into the earth. Never in middle-earth<sup>8</sup> were castle folk so afraid. But Lunet knew who it was, and she said to her lady:

"Now we are hard beset, and I don't know what we should do. You have no knight who will go to the well and fight the assailant, and if there is no battle or no knight to defend you, your reputation will be lost forever." The lady said she would rather be dead and asked for Lunet's advice. The maiden said, "Madam, I will gladly counsel you if it will bring help, but in this case someone wiser is needed." Then she deceitfully suggested, "Madam, perhaps some of your knights may come home this very day and defend you from this shame."

"Oh!" she said, "don't speak of my company, for I know well I have no knight to defend me. Therefore you must be my counselor; I will do whatever you say."

Lunet said, "Madam, if we had that knight who is so courteous and honorable and has slain the great giant and also the three knights, you might trust in him. But I know that there has been strife between him and his lady for many days, and I have heard him say that he would remain with no lady unless she would make an oath to use her power, day and night, to bring him together with his love."

The lady answered quickly, "I will do so with full good will, and pledge to use all my power." Lunet said, "Madam, don't be angry, but I need an oath from you so that I may be certain." The lady said, "I will do that gladly." Lunet took rich relics, a missal and chalice, and the lady knelt and laid her hand on the book, while Lunet, greatly pleased, administered the oath:

"Madam, you shall swear here to do all in your power, day and night, in every way without hesitation to reconcile the Knight with the Lion and his lady of great renown so that no fault may be found with you," and the lady swore to it. Lunet was satisfied and had her lady kiss the book.

Lunet then mounted her horse and rode quickly to the well by the shortest way she knew. Sir Ywain sat under the thorn tree with his lion lying in front of him, by which she recognized the knight. She dismounted, and he laughed as soon as he saw her. Theirs was a happy meeting with fair greetings exchanged, and she gave him good news:

"I thank God to have found you so soon, and I bring you tidings. Either my lady will forswear an oath she has made on relics and books, or you two will be made friends." Sir Ywain was wonderfully glad with this news and he thanked her many times for her goodness. She thanked him much more for the deeds he had done before, so both were in each others' debt and their efforts well spent. He asked if she had told the lady his name, and Lunet said "No, then I would be blameworthy. She will not learn it from me until you have kissed and are reconciled."

Then they rode to the town, and the good lion ran with them. When they entered the castle gate, they spoke to no one. The lady was lighthearted when she heard her damsel had returned with the lion and the knight, for more than anything else she wanted to know about him. Sir Ywain knelt when he met the lady, and Lunet told her, "Take up the knight, Madam, and according to our covenant, make peace with him quickly, before he leaves." The lady had the knight arise and said:

"Sir, in every way I will take pains in all things to bring about the reconciliation between you and your lady."

"Madam, you are right," said Lunet, "for only you have that power. You shall now hear the truth: this is my lord, Sir Ywain. May God send you such love that it will last all your lives." The lady stepped back and stood silent for a long time, then spoke:

"How is this, damsel? You, who should be loyal to me, make me love one who has caused me woe, whether I wish to do so or not. I must either be forsworn or love him, although I would rather we were separated. But whether it turns out for good or ill, I shall fulfill my pledge." Sir Ywain was well pleased to hear this and said:

"Madam, I have done wrong and paid dearly for it, as I should have. Truly, it was great folly to stay away past my term day, but I shall never, through God's grace, do more wrong. And the man who craves mercy shall have it, by God's law." She agreed to make peace, and Sir Ywain took her in his arms and kissed her often; he had never been so happy.

Now Sir Ywain's sorrows are ended, and he and his wife loved each other loyally all their lives. And true Lunet, the gracious maiden, was honored by young and old and lived as she liked. She had mastery over all things after the lord and lady and was honored everywhere. Thus the Knight with the Lion became Sir Ywain once more and regained his lordship. He and his wife lived in joy and bliss, as did Lunet and the lion, until death took them.

I have heard no more about them, neither in romance nor in told tale. But Jesus Christ, in His great grace, grant us a place in heaven if He wills it. Amen, amen, for charity.

*Ywain and Gawain* is thus ended. God grant us all His dear blessing. Amen.