¶ The actis and

Deidis of the Illuſter and Vailzeand Campioun, Schir William Wallace, Knicht of Ellerſlie.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

¶ The Firſt Buik.

OVR Anteceſſouris, that we ſuld of reid,
And hald in mynd yair nobill douchtie deid
We let ouir ſlyde thrꝛow verray ſleuthfulnes
And caſtis vs euer to vther beſynes.
On vane gamming is ſet our haill Intent,
Quhilk hes bene ſene in till thir tymis by went.
Our nixt nichtbouris cũmin of Brutus blude,
That oftentymis to Scottis willit lytill gude.
Thocht now of lait God turnit yair mynd & will,
That greit kyndnes yai haue ſchawin vs till.
The hartis of pepill the Lord hes in his hand,
He may yame reu ̃, and gyde at his command.
And thocht all Leidis wald haue yis lãd in thrall,
Oppone his power, God can aganis thame all.
As we haue ſene in our forbearis afoir,
Bot of thir Parabillis, as now I ſpeik no moir.
¶ We reid of ane, richt famous of Renoun,
Of worthy blude that Regnit in this Regioun.
And hyne furth now, I will my purpois vaild,
Of William Wallace, as ze haue hard heir tald.
Yis Forbearis, quha lykis to vnderſtand,
Of auld Lynnage, and trew blude of Scotland.

Schir Rannald Cranfurd, richt Schirek of Ar,
Swa in his tyme he had ane docher fair.
And zoung Schir Rannald, Schirek of yat toun,
His Sister fair, of gude fame and Renoun.
Malcolme Wallace hir gat in mariage,
That Ellerslie than had in heritage.
Auchinbothy and mony ane vther place,
The secund Dyc, he was to gude Wallace.
The quhilk Wallace full hardely had wrocht,
Quhen Walter heir of Wallace to him socht.
Quha lykis to heir, mair knawledge in yat part,
Ga reid the lyne of the first Stewart.
Bot Malcolme Wallace gat on this Lady brycht,
Malcolme Wallace, ane full gude gentill Knicht.
And William als, as Cronicklis beiris on hand,
Quhilk eftir was the Kirkewer of Scotland.
Quhen it was loist with tressoun and falsnes,
Quir set with fais, it fred throw Goddis grace.
King Alexander our worthy King forlorne,
Be auenture his lyfe had at Kingorne.
Thre zeiris still ye Realme stude desolait,
Quhair throw yair rais ane full grevous debait.
Our Prince Dauid Erll of Huntingtoun,
Thre dochteris had of gude fame and Renoun.
Of ye quhilk thre, come Bruce, Balliol, & Haistking
Twa of thir thre desyrit to be King.
The Balliol clamit of ye first gre lynely,
And Bruce the first Aall of ye secund gre by.
To Edward sone vnto Jugland thay send,
Of this greit stryfe, thocht yai suld mak ane end.
Foly it was, forquith it happnit sa,
Succour to seik of thair auld mortall fa.
Edward Langschankis had new begun his weir

Anon

Upon Gascone, into ane awfull feir.
Thay landis quhilkis he clamit stude in sic cais,
He thocht fra hand to mak it haill conquets.
To Norhame Kirk, he come withouttin mair,
The counsall yan of Scotland met him thair.
Full subtellie he chargit thame in bandoun,
As thair Quirlord, to hald of him the Crown.
Bischop Robert in his tyme full worthy,
Of Glasgow Lord, said that we do deny.
Ony Quirlord, bot the greit God abuif,
The King was wraith, and hame he did remuif.
Tit Johne Ballioll followit on him sa fast,
To hald of him, he grantit at the last.
And contrair richt, ane King he maid him yair.
Quhair throw Scotland repentit it full sair.
To the Ballioll, our Lordis wald nocht consent
Edward furth with set doun ane Parliament.
He callit Ballioll to answer for Scotland,
The wyse Lordis gart him sone brek yat band.
Ane Abbot past, and gaif ouir his alledgeance,
King Edward yan it tuik in greit grevance
His Ost he raisit, and come to werk on Tweid,
Bot for to fecht, as yan he had greit dreid.
To Colspatrik of Dunbar sone he send,
His counsall askit, for he the countrie kend.
Fra he was brocht in presence of the King,
Be subtell band, yai cordit on this thing.

¶ The Wynning of Berwik. Cap. ij.

Erll Patrik than, to Berwik couth persew,
Ressaut he was, and traistit verray trew.
The King followit with his men of Renoun,

KIng Edward past, and Cospatrik to Scone
And thair he gat homage of Scotland sone.
For nane was left, ye Realme for to defend,
For Johne Ballioll yan to Montros yat send.
And him depryuit for ay of his Kingrik,
Than Edward his self was callit ane Royall Rik
The Crown he tuik, vpon ye samin stane,
That Gathelus send with his Sone fra Spayne
Quhen Iber Scot first in Scotland came,
That Canmore syne, King Fergus had to Name.
Brocht it to Scone, and gart it stabill thair,
Quhair Kingis war Crownit viij. hundreth zeir
Before the tyme yat King Edward it fand, (mair
Thir Jowellis he gart turs in Jngland.
Jn Londoun set in wittnes of that thing,
Be conqueis yan of Scotland maid him King.
Quhair ỳ stane standis, Scotland suld maister be,
God cheis ye tyme for Margaretis airis to se.
Aucht scoir thay led, of greitest yat yai fand,
Of airis with thame, and Bruce out of Scotland
That office than he bruikit bot schort tyme,
I may not now put all ye deidis in tyme.
On Cronicklis quhy suld I tary lang?
To Wallace agane, now breifly will I gang.
Scotland was loist, quhen he was bot ane Chyld
All haill ouir set with our enemeis wyld.
His Father Malcolme in the Lennox fled,
His eldest Sone thidder with him him he led.
His mother fled with him fra Ellerslie,
To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilspindie.
The Knicht hir Father thidder thame sent,
Unto his Uncle with ane gude Intent.
Jn Gowrie dwelt, and had thair leuing thair,

The First

Eftir mydnicht at rest was all the toun.
Cospatrik rais, the keyis weill he knew,
Lest briggis doun, and Portcullеis thay knew.
Edward Enterit, and gart sla haistely,
Of men and wyfis aucht thousand and fyfty.
And barnis als, be this fals auenture,
Of trew Scottis, chaipit na creature.
Ane Capitane thair, this fals King hes maid,
Towart Dunbar without resting thay raid.

The Battell of Dunbar. Cap. iij.

QUhair gadderit was greit power of scotlād
Iganis Edward, in Battell for to stand.
Thir four Erllis was enterit in that place,
Of Mar, Menteith, and Athoill, vpon cace.
Jn the Castell the Erll gart hald thame in,
That to thair men, without yai micht not win.
Nor zit to thame suppleing for to ma,
The Battellis than, togidder fast thay ga.
Full greit slauchter yat pietie was to se,
Of trew Scottis, ouir set with subteltie.
Erll Patrik than, quhen the fechting was fellaist,
To our fa turnit and harming did vs maist.
Is nane in warld yat skaithis may do mair,
Than weill traistit in bayne familiar.
Our men ar slane without redemptioun,
Thrōw thir deidis, haill tynt was this Regioun.

How King Edward and Cospatrik come to Scone, and put doun Johne Ballioun, and had with yame ye Airis of Scotland. Cap. iiij.

Ane agit man, quhilk reſſauit thame faire.
Than to Dundie Wallace to Scuill thay ſend,
Quhill he of wit full worthely was kend.
Thus he continewit in his tender age,
In armis ſyne did mony vaſſallage.
Quhen Saroun blude in this Regioũ couth Ring
Warkand the will of that vnrichteous King.
Mony greit wrang yai wrocht in this Regioun,
Deſtroyit our Lordis, & brak yair biggingis doun
Baith wyfis and Wedowis, yat tuik at yair awin
Nũnis & Madynnis, quhom yai lykit to ſpil. (will
King Herodis part yai playit into Scotland,
Of young Chyldren, yat yai befoir yame fand.
The Biſchoprikis that was greteſt of baill,
Thay tuik in handis of yair Archebiſchoppis haill
Nocht for the Pape, yai wald na Kirkis forbeir,
Bot grippit all, be violence of weir.
Glaſgow yai gaif, as at thair waill was kend,
To the Diocie of Durhame to ane commend.
Small benefice, yan yai wald nocht perſew,
Bot for this thing full mony vther yat ſlew.
Hangit Barrounis, and wrocht full mekill cair,
It was weill knawin, within the Barnis of Air.
Thair auchtene ſcoir, put to ane felloun dreid,
Bot God abuik hes ſend vs ſum remeid.
It is rememberit farther in the taill,
I will follow vpon my purpois haill.
William Wallace, or he was man of armis,
Greit pietie thocht, yat Scotland tuik ſic harmis.
Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd,
For he was wyſe, richt worthy, wicht and kynd.
In Gowrie dwelt, ſtill with yis worthy man,
As he Increſſit, and with abandoun than.

Into

Into his hart he had full mekill cair,
He ſaw the Sutheroun multiplie mair and mair.
And to him ſelf, oft wald he mak his mane,
Of his gude kyn, yai had ſlane mony ane.
Zit he was than, ſemely, ſtark, and bald,
And he of age, was feuintene wynter ald.
Wappinnis he bair, outher gude ſword or knyfe,
For he with thame, hapnit richt oft to ſtryfe.
Quhair he fand ane out of ane vtheris preſence.
Efter to Scottis, thay did na mair offence.
To cut his throit, or ſtik him ſuddandly,
He waynit nocht, fand he yame anerly.
Sindrie wantit, bot nane wiſt be quhat way,
For as to him yair couth na man ocht ſay.
Lytill of ſpeiche, was courtes and bening,
Sad of countenance, he was baith ald and zing.

¶ How Wallace ſlew young Selbie, the Conſtabillis Sone of Dundie. Cap. v.

Vpone ane day to Dundie he was ſend,
Of cruelnes full lytill thay him kend.
The Cõſtabill was ane felloun man of weir
And vntill Scottis he did full mekill deir
Selbie he hecht diſpiteous and of outrage,
Ane Sone he had, neir twentie zeir of age.
Into the toun he vſit euerie day,
Thre men or four, yairto with him to play.
Ane Hielie ſchrew, wantoun in his Intent,
Wallace he ſaw, and towart him he went.
Lyklie he was, richt big and weill beſene,
Intill ane weid of gudly ganand greene.
He callit on him, and ſaid thow Scot abyde,

A. iij.

Quha Deuil (quod he) the graithit in ſa guid weid
Ane hors mantill it war thy kynd to weir,
Ane Scottis quhittill vnder thy belt to beir.
Rouch Rillingis vpon thy harlotis feit,
Gif me thy knyfe, quhat dois thy geir ſa meit.
To him he zeid, his knyfe to tak him fra,
Faſt be the Collar Wallace can him ta.
Vnder his hand, his knyfe he vaidit out,
For all his men yat ſembilt him about.
Bot help him ſelf, he wiſt of na remeid,
Without reſkew he ſtikkit him to the deid.
The Sqwyar fell of him yair was na mair,
His men followit on Wallace wounder ſair.
The preis was thick, and cũmerit yame full faſt,
Wallace was ſpedy, and greitly als agaſt.
The bludy knyfe was dra win in his hand,
He ſpairit nane, that he befoir him fand.
The hous he knew his Eme had ludgit in,
Thidder he fled, farther he micht nocht win.
The gude wyfe thair, within the cloiſ ſaw he,
And help he cryit, for him yat deit on tre.
The zoung Capitane hes fallin with me at ſtryfe,
In at the dur he went with this gude wyfe.
Ane Ruſſat gown of hir awin ſcho him gaif,
Abone his weid, that couerit all the laif.
Ane ſuddillit Courche, ouir nek and heid leit fall,
Ane wozne quhyte hat ſcho braiſſit on with all.
For yai ſuld nocht lang tary at that In,
Gaif him ane Rock, and ſyne ſat doun to ſpin.
The Sutheroun ſocht quhair Wallace was but
Thay wiſt not weill at quhat zet he in zeid. (dzeid
In that ſame hous thay ſocht him bedely,
Bot he ſat ſtill, and ſpan richt cũnandly.

As of his tyme, he had nocht leirit lang,
Thay left him ſa, and furth this gait can gang.
With hevy cheir, and ſorowfull in thocht,
Na wit of him, as yan get culd thay nocht.
The Inglifmen all than in barrat boun,
Bad fyze all Scottis, that war into that toun.
Zit this gude wyfe held Wallace vntill nicht,
Waid him gude cheir, ſyne put him out of ſicht.
Thzow ane dirk gait ſcho gydit him full faſt,
In couert went, ſyne vp the watter paſt.
Forbure the gait, for wachis that was thair,
His Mother was into ane greit deſpair.
Quhen ſcho him ſaw, ſcho thankit heuinis King,
And ſaid deir Sone, ſa lang quhair hes yow bene
He tauld his Mother of that ſuddand cace,
Than weipit ſcho, and ſaid full oft allace.
Or that thow ceis, thow will be ſlane with all,
Mother he ſaid, God reullar is of all.
Vnſufferabill is the pepill of Ingland,
Wart of thair Ire, me think we ſuld ganeſtand.
His Eme wiſt weill, that he the Sqwyar ſlew,
For dzeid thairof, in greit langour he dzew.
This paſſit ouir quhill diuers dayis war gane,
That gude man dzed that Wallace ſuld be tane.
For Sutheroun ar full ſubtell euerilk man,
Ane greit Dittay for Scottis ordanit yai yan.
Be the Law dayis in Dundie ſet ane Air,
Than Wallace wald na langer Soiozne thair.
His Mother graithit hir in ane Pilgrame weid,
Him ſelf diſagyſit, ſyne glaidly with hir zeid.
Ane ſchozt ſwozd vnder his weid bair he,
In all the land full mony fais had he.
Baith on yair fuit, with yame mair tuik yai nocht

Quha ſpeirit ſcho ſaid, to Sanct Margaret thay
Quha ſeruit hir, ful greit freindſchip yai fād, (ſocht
With Sutheroun folk, for ſcho was of Ingland.
Beſyde Lundȝis, the Ferry ouir thay paſt,
Syne thrȝow the Ochell ſped yai wounder faſt.
Into Dunfermeling thay ludgit all that nicht,
Upon ye morne, quhen that the day was lichr,
With gentill wemen happit thame to pas,
Of Ingland borne, in Lynlithgow wynnād was.
The Capitanis wyfe in Pilgramage had bene,
Fra ſcho thame met, and had ȝoung Wallace ſene
Gude cheir thay maid, for he was wounder fair,
Nocht large of conng, weill taucht and debonair.
Furth talkand thus, of materis yat war wrocht,
Quhill ſouth outr Forth with hir Sone ſcho yame
In to Lynlithgow yai wald not tary lang (hrocht
Thair leif thay tuik, to Donypace thay gang.
Thair dwelt his Eme, ane man of greit riches,
This michtie perſoun hecht to Name Wallace.
Maid yame gude cheir, & was ane full gude man,
Welcūmit yame fair, and to thame tald he than.
Did him to wit the land was all on ſteir;
Tretit thame weill, and ſaid my Sone ſa deir.
Thy mother and yow richt heir with me ſall byde,
Quhill better be, for chance that may betyde.
Wallace anſwerit, ſaid Meſtir nair we will,
Our kyn is ſlane, and that me lykis euill.
And vther mony, worthy in that art,
Leif I, will God, we ſall vs wreik on part.
The Perſoun ſichit, and ſaid my Sone ſa fre,
I can nocht wit how that redȝes may be.
Quhat ſuld I ſpeik of truſtrair at this tyde,
For gift of gude, with him he wald nocht byde.

His

His Mother and he to Ellerſlie thay went,
Upon the morne ſcho for hir brether ſent.
In Corſbie dwelt, and was Schiref of Air,
His Father was deid, had leuit lang tyme thair.
Hir eldeſt Sone yat mekill was of mane,
Hir huſband als, at Lochmabane was ſlane.
Schir Malcolme Wallace was his name but leis
His hoch ſennounis he cuttit in that preis.
On kneis he raucht, feill Ingliſmen thay ſlew,
To him than ſocht ma fechtaris than anew.
On ather ſyde with ſpeiris bair him doun,
Thair ſtickit thay, yat gude Knicht of Renoun.
Unto my taill I left at Ellerſly,
Schir Rannald come vnto his Siſter fre.
Welcūmit thame hame, and ſpeirit of yair Intent
Scho prayit that he, Lord Peirſe to wald went.
Scho Irkit of weir, ſcho culd na farther fle,
To purches peice, in reſt that ſcho micht be.
Schir Rannald had the Peirſeis protectioun,
As for all part, to tak Remiſſioun.
Than he gart wryte to his Siſter that tyde,
In that reſpect, Wallace wald nocht abyde.
His Mother he left, ſcho weipit with hart full ſair
His leif he tuik, ſyne fra his Eme can fair.
Young he was, and to Sutheroun richt ſauage,
Greit rowme yai had deſpyte and eik outrage.
Schir Rannald durſt not weill had Wallace yair
For greit perrell, he wiſt appeirand wair.
For yai had haill the ſtrenthis of this land,
Quhat yai wald do, durſt nane aganis yame ſtād
Schiref he was, and vſit thame amang,
Full fair he dred, yat Wallace ſuld tak wrang.
For he and thay culd neuer weill accord,

He gat ane blaw, thocht he was Lad or Lord.
That profferit him ony lichtynes,
Bot thay repairit ouir mekill to that place.
Als Inglis Clerkis in Prophecie it fand,
How ane Wallace ſuld put yame fra Scotland.
Schir Rannald knew, weill ane mair quyet ſteid
Quhair William micht be better fra thair feid.
With his Uncle, Wallace of Ricardtoun,
Schir Richard hecht, that gude Knicht of Renoū.
Thay landis haill than was his heritage,
Bot blynd he was, ſa hapnit throw curage.
Be Inglifmen that dois vs mekill deir,
In his ryſing, he worthy was in weir.
Throw hurt of Wainis, and meniſching of blude,
Zit he was wyſe, and of his counſall gude.
In Februar, Wallace was to him ſend,
Into Apryll fra him he bownit to wend.
Bot gude ſeruice he did him with pleſance,
As in that ſpace was worthy to auance.

¶ How Wallace paſt to the watter of Irwyn to tak Fiſche. Cap. vj.

SA on ane tyme he deſyrit to play,
Into Apryll, the thrie and twentie day.
To Irwyn watter, fiſche to tak he went,
Sic fantaſie fell into his Intent.
To leid his Net, ane Chyld with him pair zeid,
Bot he or None, was in ane felloun dreid.
His ſword he left, ſa did he neuer agane,
It did him gude, ſuppois he ſufferit pane.
Of that laubour, as than he was nocht ſle,
Happy he was, tuik fiſche aboundantlie.

Or

Or of the day ten houris ouir couth pas,
Rydand thair come, neir by quhair Wallace was:
The Lord Peirſe, was Capitane pan of Air,
Fra him he turnit, and couth to Glaſgow fair.
Part of the Court had Wallace laubour ſene,
To him pair raid fyue cled in garment greene.
Sanct Martynis fiſche, ſaid Scot now we wald
Wallace agane, yame meikly anſwer gaif. (haif,
It war reſſoun me think ze ſuld haue part,
Waith ſuld be delt in all place with fre hart.
He bad his Chyld, gif yame of our waithing,
The Sutheroun ſaid, as now of thy deilling:
We will nocht tak, thow wald gif vs our ſmall,
He lychtit doun, and fra the Chyld tuik all.
Wallace ſaid than, gentil men gif ze be,
Leif vs ſum part, we pray for cheritie.
Ane agit Knicht ſeruis our Lady this day,
Gude freind leif part, and tak nocht all away.
Thow ſall haue leif, to fiſche and tak the mair,
All this forſuith ſall in our flitting fair.
We ſerue ane Lord, thir fiſche ſall to him gang,
Wallace anſwerit, ſaid thow art in the wrang.
Quhom thow wis yow ſcot, in faith yow ſeruis ane
To him he ran, and out ane ſword cā draw. (blaw
William was wa, he had na wappinis thair,
Bot the Bolt ſtaf, quhilk in his hand he bair.
Wallace with it fart on the cheik him tuik,
With ſa gude will, quhill of his feit he ſchuik.
The ſword flaw fra him, ane fuit braid on ye land
Wallace was glaid, and hynt it ſone in hand.
And with ye ſword, ane akwart ſtraik him gaif,
Under the heid, his craig in ſunder draif.
Be that the laif lychtit about Wallace,

He had na help bot only Goddis grace.
On ather syde full fast at him thay dang;
Greit perrell was, gif thay had lestit lang.
Upon the heid, in greit Ire he straik ans;
The scheirand sword, glaid to the collair bane.
Ane vther he hit, on the arme haistely,
Quhill hand and sword bath on ye land can ly,
The tother twa fled to thair hors agane,
He stikkit him yat last was on the plane.
Thre slew he thair, twa fled with all yair micht,
Efter thair Lord, bot he was out of sicht.
Takand the mure, or he and thay culd twyn,
To him yai raid, anone or yai wald blyn.
And cryit abyde, zour men ar martyzit doun,
Richt cruelly into this fals Regioun.
Fyue of zour men heir at the watter baid,
Fischc zow to bring, thocht it na pzoffeit maid.
We ar eschaipit, bot in feild slane ar thre.
The Lord speirit, how mony micht thay be?
We saw bot ane, that hes ourcūmin vs all,
Than leuch the Lord, and said sould not zow fall.
Sen ane zow all hes put to confusioun,
Quha menis it maist, ye Deuill of hell him drown.
This day for me, in faith he beis nocht socht,
Quhen Wallace yus, ye worthy work had wrocht
Thair hors he tuik, and geir yat was lett thair,
Gaif ouir ye craft, and zeid to fischc na mair.
Went to his Eme, and tald him of the deid,
And he for wo neir wozzhit out of weid.
And said sone thir tythandis suttis me soir,
And yai be knawin, yow may tak skaith yairfoir.
Uncle he said, na langer will I byde,
Thir Sutheroun hors, lat se gif I can ryde.

Than

Than bernit Chyld him seruice for to mak,
His Emis sone with him he wald nocht tak.
This gude Knicht said, deir Cousing pray I the,
Quhen thow wantis gude, cum feche aneuch at me.
Siluer and gold, he gart ane to him geif,
Wallace Inclynit, and lawly tuik his leif.

(F)(H)(E)

¶ The Secund buik declairis how Wallace slew the Chyrll with his awin staf in Air. Cap. j.

Z Oung Wallace yan fulfillit of hie curage,
In pzyis of armis desyzous of Vassalage.
Thy vassalage may neuer be forlozne,
Thy deid is knawin, pocht all ȝ warld had swozne
For thy haill mynd, laubour and besynes,
Was set in weir, and verray richteousnes.
And fellown leis of thy deir wozthy kin,
The Rancour mair remanis thy mynd within.
It was his lyke, and maist part of his fude,
To se yame sched, ye byznand Sutheroun blude.
To Duchtirhous, withouttin mair he raid,
And bot schozt tyme, in peice yair he abaid.
Thair was ane Wallace, yat welcūmit him full weill,
Thocht Inglismen yairof had lytill keill.
Baith meit and dzink, at his will had he thair,
In Laglane wod, quhen that he maid repair.
This gentill man full oft was his refeit,
With stuf of hous, full oft he can him beit.
Sa ye desyzit, the soum of Air to se,
His Chyld with him, as than na ma tuik he.
Ay nirr the wod, Wallace gart leif his hors,

Syne on his fuit zeid to the mercat Croſs.
The Peirſe was in the Caſtell of Air,
with Inglifmen greit number and repair.
And all the toun reulling on yair awin wyſe,
To mony Scot yai did full greit ſuppryſe.
All but abaiſſing Wallace amang thame zeid,
The rage of zouth maid him to haue na dreid.
Ane Churll thay had, yat felloun burdingis bair,
Exceidingly he wald lift mekill mair.
Than ony thre yat yai amang thame fand,
And alſ be this ane ſpoir the tuik on hand.
He bure ane ſting in ane buſteous poill,
On his braid bak of ony wald he thoill.
Bot for ane groit, alſ faſt as he micht draw,
Quhen Wallace hard ſpeik of that mery ſaw.
Than he deſyrit at that mercat to be,
And for ane ſtraik he bad him grouris thre.
The Churll grantit, of that proffer was fane,
To pay that ſiluer Wallace was full bane.
Wallace that ſting tuik vp into his hand,
Full ſturdely, befoir him couth he ſtand.
Wallace with that vpon the bak him gaif,
Quhill his Rig bane all into ſunder draif.
The Carll was deid, of him I ſpeik na mair,
The Inglifmen aſſemblit on Wallace thair.
Feill on the feild of folkis fechtand faſt,
He vnabaiſit, and nocht greitly agaſt:
Vpon the heid with the ſting ane dit he,
Quhill bane and brayne he gart in peces fle.
Ane vther he ſtraik on ane baſnet of ſteill,
The tre thair raif, and ſplſcht euerilk deill.
His ſting was tynt, the Inglifman was deid,
For his craig bane was brokin in that ſteid.

He drew ane ſword, that helpit him in neid,
Throw out the thickeſt of the preis he zeid.
And at his hors, full fane he wald haue bene,
Twa fairit him maiſt, yat cruell was and kene.
Wallace returnit, as man of mekill mane,
And at ane ſtraik, the formeſt he bes ſlane.
Ane felloun ſtraik ye tother gat that tyde,
with his gude ſword, he gart him thair abyde.
In at the Corſlait brymlie he him bair,
The groundin ſword, throw out his body ſchair.
Fyue ſlew he thair, or he paſt fra the toun,
He gat his hors, to Laglane maid him boun.
And keipit his Chyld, and leit him nocht abyde,
Eſchaipit thus, he can to Laglane ryde.
Feill followit him on hors and als on fute,
To tak Wallace, as than it was na bute.
The treis was thick, that keipit him full weill,
Bot thair to byde, yat couth he nocht adeill.
Gude ordinance yat effeirit for his ſtait,
His cuſtume was, all tyme baith air and lait.
The Squyar Wallace, in Duchterhous yat was,
Baith bed and meit for him he maid to pas.
As for that tyme that he remanit thair,
Bot fair he laugit, to ſe the toun of Air.
Thidder he paſt, vpon ane mercat day,
Wald God as than, that he had biddin away.
His Emis ſeruand, for to by fiſche he ſend,
Schir Rānald Crauſurd ȳ ſchirref yan was kend.

¶ How Wallace ſlew Lord Peirſeis Stewart, and was tane and preſonit in Air. Cap. vj.

¶ When he had tane, ſic gude as he had bocht,
The Peirſeis Stewart, richt ſadly to him

And ſaid thow Scot, quhome to byis thow that
To ye Schireff, he ſaid be heuinis King. (thing?
My Lord ſall haue it, and ſyne ga ſeche the mair,
Wallace on cace, neir by was gangand thair.
He ſeid to him, ſaid deir freind I pray the,
The Schireffis ſeruand pat pow wald lat him be
Ane Lordly man that Stewart was of blude,
And thocht Wallace him chargit in termis rude.
Ga hyne pow Scot, ye mehill Deuill the ſpeid,
At thy Schireffis vſe, thow wenis vs to leid.
Ane hunting ſtaf, into his hand he bair,
Thair with he ſmoit, on William Wallace thair.
Bot with his tre full lytill ſonze he maid,
Faſt by the Collair, him claucht withouttin baid.
Ane felloun knyff faſt to his hart ſtraik he,
Syne fra him deid, ſchot him richt ſuddandlie.
Catour ſen ſyne, I trow he was na mair,
The Ingliſmen aſſemblit on Wallace thair.
Four ſcoir war ſet in armour burneiſt bown,
On mercat day, for Scottis to keip the toun.
Wallace baldly he dzew ane ſwozd of weir,
Into the birny, the fozmeſt couth he beir.
Out thzow the body ſtikkit him to the deid,
And ſindzie ma, oz he paſt fra that ſteid.
Ane vther abwart, ane lang braik tuik ys thair,
Vpon the kne ye bane in ſunder ſchair.
The thrid he ſtruik on ane peſane of maillze,
His craig in twa, na weirdis micht auailze.
Thus Wallace fairt, als wod as ane Lyoun,
Than Ingliſmen that war in Bargane boun.
Thay keip the gait, with ſpeiris rude and lang,
Foz dynt of ſwozd na man micht to him gang.
Wallace was harneiſt, on his body weill,

At him thay ſocht, with ſchairp ſwordis of ſteill.
And fra his ſtreuth Inueronit him about,
Out thzow the preis, on ane ſyde he brak out.
Vnto ane wall that ſtude be the ſey ſyde,
Foz weill oz wo, thair muſt he neid abyde.
Part of yair ſpeiris in peeis thair he ſchair,
Than fra ye Caſtell, vther help come mair.
Out our the dyke yat glaid on ather ſyde,
Brak doun the wall, na ſuccour was that tyde.
Than Wallace wiſt of na wane bot to de,
To wyn his deid, amang thame thus zeid he.
Vther part in greit Ire heuand faſt,
His bryneiſt brand it bryſtit at the laſt.
Brak in the hyltis, away the blaid it flew,
He wiſt na wane, bot furth his knyff he dzew.
The firſt he flew, quhill him in hand hes hynt,
And vther twa, he ſtikkit with his dynt.
The remanent to him with ſpeiris hes ſocht,
Bure him to ground, that farther he micht nocht.
The Lozdis bad, that yai ſuld nocht him ſla,
To pyne him mair, thay chargit him to ta.
Into thair Inns, ſuppois yat he had ſwozne
Out of the gait, be fozce thay haue him bozne.
Thus gude Wallace, with Ingliſmen was tane,
In falt of help, foz he was him allane.
He cuid nocht ceis, his curage ſa him bair,
Freuoll Fozteun hes brocht him in the mair.
Thir fals Goddes full of vnricht couſines,
And fals Juno, full of dowbilnes.
Thay ſenzeit Goddes, zit Wallace neuer knew,
Greit richt couſines, ay him to mercy dzew.
His hyn micht nocht, him get foz na kin thing,
Micht thay haue payit ye Ranſoun of ane King.

The mair thay bad, the mair it was in vane,
Of yair best men yat day seuin hes he slane.
Thay gart set him, intill ane presoun fell,
Of his torment greit pietie was to tell.
Euill meit and drink, yai gart vnto him geif,
Greit meruell was, gif he micht lang thair leif.
And eik thairto, he was in presoun Law,
Quhill yai thocht tyme on him to hald the Law.
Leif I him thus, into this panefull steid,
Quhill God abuif, do him send sum remeid.
The plane complaint, and pieteous womenting,
The wofull weiping, yat was for his taking.
The tormenting of euerie creature,
Allace thay said how sall our lyfe I dure?
The flour of zouth, into his tender age,
Be forfoun of armis, hes left him in thirlage.
Leuand this day, ane Chiftane haue we nane,
Durst tak on hand, bot zoung Wallace allane.
The land is loist, he is claucht in the snair,
The Iperey of Scotland is in greit cair.

¶How Wallace was presonit in Air and eschaipit. Cap. iij.

Barrellit hering, and watter yai him gaif,
Quhair he was set into that vgly Caif.
Sic fude for him was febill to commend,
Than said he thus, gif God wald me ressaif,
Wy pieteous Spreit, and saull ouir all the laif.
Wy cairfull lyfe, I may nocht now defend,
Ouir few Sutheroun vnto the deith I drew
And that I rew, in deid and verray trew,
That sone I will out of this warld wend
Gif I suld now, in presoun mak ane end.

¶Eternall

¶Eternall God quhy suld I yus wyis die?
Sen my beleif all haill remanis in the.
And thy awin hand full worthely hes wrocht,
Bot thow remeid, na lyfe thay ordane me.
Wy only Sauiour that deit on the tre
Fra hellis presoun with thy blude hes me bocht,
Quhy will thow gif thy handy work for nocht?
And mony vther, in greit pane rhat I se,
For of my lyfe ellis na thing I rocht.
O warpit sword, of temper neuer trew
Thy kruschand blaid in presoun sone me threw.
And Inglismen ouir lytil harmis hes rane
Of vs thay haue vndone ma than anew
Wy faithfull Father despytfully thay slew
Wy brother als, and gude men mony ane,
This is the dait sall vs ouircum Ilk ane.
On this kingris, deir God quhen sall thow rew?
Sen my power thus suddandly is gane
All worthy Scottis, Almichty God zow leid
Sen I na mair in worschip may zow speid
In presoun heir, me worthis to mischeif
Now selie Scotland, that of help hes greit neid,
Thy Natioun standis intill ane felloun dreid
Of warldlynes richt thus I tak my leif
Of vther panis God lat zow neuer preif.
Thocht I for wo furth of my wit suld wend
Nane vther gift I may now to zow geif.
Adew Wallace, vmquhyle was stark and sture
Thow man on neid in presoun now Indure
Thy worthy ayn the may nocht saif for geld,
Ladyis weipis, that was baith myld and mure.
In furious pane thy Mother that the bure
For thow to hir was deirar than the gold

Hir maist deſyre was to be vnder mold
In warlolynes quhy ſuld ony aſſure?
For thow was formit forſy on the fold.
¶ Complene ze pure, yus as zour cedullis tellis
Complene to heuin with wordis that nocht faillis
Complene zour voce to the greit God abuif
Complene for him that ſittis in ſychfull Cellis.
Complene his pane, that thus in dollour dweillis
In langour lyis, for loſſing of thair luſe,
His furious pane was felloun for to puſe.
Complene alſo, ze bridis blyith as beillis
Sum happy chance may fall for zour behuif.
Complene Lordis, complene Ladyis bricht,
Complene for him, that worthy was and wicht
Of Saxonis Sonis yat ſufferit mekill deir.
Complene for him that is in preſoun dicht,
And for na caus, Scotland bot for thy richt.
Complene alſo ze worthy men of weir.
Complene for him that was zour aſper ſpeir,
Few Ingliſmen zit to the deith he dicht.
Complene for him, zour tryumph had to deir.
Cellanus his Maiſter Jauelour was now
In Inglismen, allace quhy ſuld we trow?
Our worthy kyn ar pruit on this wyſe
Sic reull but richt, is lytill till allow,
We think we ſuld in barret mak thame bow
At our power, and ſa we do feill ſyſe
Fra thair danger God mak vs for to ryſe.
That welll hes wrocht before thir tymis now
For thay mark ay to wait vs with ſuppryſe.
Quhat ſuld I mair of Wallace forment tell?
The Fluxis he tuik into that preſoun fell
Neir to the deith, lyklie he was to draw

Thay chargit ye iauellour on him not for to dwell
Bot bring him furth ſone of that vgly Cell
Into Judgement, quhair he ſuld thoill the Law.
This man went doun, and ſuddandly he ſaw.
And to his ſicht, deith had him knappit knell
Syne ſaid to thame, he hes payit that he aw.
Quhen thay preſumit he ſuld be verray deid,
Thay gart ſeruandis withouttin langer pleid.
With ſchoyr auiſe, vnto the wall him beir,
Thay caſt him ouir out of that baikfull ſteid,
Of him thay trowit, thair ſuld be na remeid.
In ane dyke myddyng quhair he remanit thair
His firſt Nureis of the new toun of Air
To him ſcho come, quhilk was full will of reid:
And purcheſt leif away with him to fair.
Into greit Ire thay grantit hir to go
Scho tuik him vp withouttin wordis mo.
And in ane Cart vnlyklie thay him caſt
Atouir the watter thay led him with greit wo,
To hir awin hous, withouttin ony ho.
Scho warmit watter, & all hir ſeruandis faſt
His body weſche, quhill filth of him was paſt,
His hart was wicht, and flikkerit to and fro,
And his twa Ene, at laſt keſt vp alſo.
His Foſter Mother him luifit ouir the laik,
Gat mylk to warme, his lyfe gif ſcho micht faik.
With all hir cure, greit kyndnes couth hym kyith.
Hir Dochter had of twelf oulbis ane knaik
Hir Chyldis pape in Wallace mouth it gaik
The womanis mylk confortit him full ſwyith
Syne in ane bed thay brocht him for to lyith.
And couertly keipit him in that caik
Him for to ſaif, ſa ſecreitly thay micht.

¶ In thair Chalmer thay keipit him that tyde,
Scho gart graith vp ane buird in the hous syde.
With Tapestrie claithis honourit with greit slicht
And that the voce in euerie land suld byde
That he war deid, throuch out the land sa wyde
In presence ay scho weipit vnder slicht
Bot gudly meittis scho graithit at hir micht,
And sa befell into that samin tyde
Quhill farther mair that Wallace worthit wicht.
Thomas Rymour withouttin faill was than,
With the Minister quhilk was ane worthy man,
He vsit oft to that Religious place,
The pepill demit of meikill wit he can
And sa he tald, suppois thay blis or ban
Quhilk happnit suith in mony diuers place
I can nocht say be wrang or richteousnes.
In reull of weir, quhidder he tynt or wan
It man be demit be diuisioun of grace.
Thair man that day had in the mercat bene,
Of Wallace knew this cairfull cace sa kene
His Maister speirit quhat tythingis yat he saw?
His man answerit, of lytill hard I mene
The Maister said, that hes bene seindill sene.
Quhair Scottis and Inglis semblit on ane raw,
Was neuer zit, as far as I culd knaw
Bot outher ane Scot, wald done ane Sutheroll
Or he to him, for auenture micht faw. (tene,
Wallace ze wait, was tane into that steid,
Out owr the wall I saw thame cast him deid
Out of thair presoun, fameist for falt of fude
The Maister said, with hart heuy as leid
Sic deid to thame me thinkis suld soster feid
For he was wicht, and cumin of gentill blude.

Thomas

Thomas answerit, thir tythingis ar nocht gude
And that be suith my self sall neuer eit breid
For all my wit heir schortly I conclude.
Ane woman syne of the new toun of Ir
To him scho went, fra he was fallin thair
And on hir kneis richt lawlie thame besocht
To purches leif scho micht hyne with him fair
In lichtlynes yai grantit to hir thair
Reuir the watter vnto hir hous him brocht
To bury him, als gudly as scho mocht.
Than Thomas said, zit sall I leif na mair
Gif that be trew, be God that all hes wrocht,
The Maister hard, quhat Thomas said in plane
He chargit his man to speid him fast agane.
To se the hous, and warly to espy
Quhat word he hard amang thame besely.
The man went furth, at bidding was all bane,
To the new toun, to pas he did his pane
To that Ilk hous, and went in suddandly
About he blenkit vnto the buird him by
The woman rais in hart scho was nocht fane,
Quha lyis heir, he did demand in plane?
Wallace scho said, full worthy that hes bene,
Than weipit scho, that pietie was to sene.
The man thairto, greit credence gaif he nocht,
Towart the buird, he bownit as he best thocht.
On kneis scho fell, and cryit for Jesus schene
Lat sclander be, and fra zour thocht it sleme.
The man than swore be him that all hes wrocht,
I wald his weilfair, and casit into his thocht.
Micht I on lyfe him anis se with my Ene,
He suld be saif, thocht Ingland wald him deme.
Scho led him vp to Wallace be the greis

He hak with him, fyue fast agane can preis.
With glaid bodwart, yair mirthis to amend,
And come agane, and tauld yame haill to end.
He tauld to thame the first tythingis was leis,
Than Thomas said, for suith or he deceis.
Mony thousand in feild sall tak ane end
Fra this Regioun he sall the Sutheroun send.
And Scotland thryis, he sall bring to ane peace,
Into this Realme, gesit God sall send him grace.
¶ All worthy men, that hes gude wit to waill,
Be war that ze, do nocht mirdeme my taill.
Perchance ze say, to Bruce was nane siclyke
He was als gude, quhair deidis was to assaill,
As of his handis, and dauider in battaill
Bot Bruce was knawin richt air of this kingrik
For he had richt, we call na man him lyke.
Bot Wallace thryis, this kingrik conquest haill,
In Ingland far fecht battell on that fyke.

¶ The Battell of Lowdoun hill.

I will returne to my purpois agane,
Quhen Wallace was releisit of his pane.
The countrie demit, all haill that he was deid
His derrest kyn wist nocht of his remeid.
Quhill haill he was, lyklie to gaug and ryde,
Into that place he wald nocht langer byde.
His trew keiper he send to Ellerslie,
Efter him thair, he durst nocht lat hir be.
Hir dochter als, hir seruandis and hir Chyld,
He gart yame pas vnto his Mother myld.
Quhen thay war gane, na wappinnis yair he saw
To help him with, quhat auenture micht faw.
Ane rouskie sword in ane Nuik he saw stand,
Withouttin belt, bois, bucklair, or band.

Lang

Lang tyme befoir it had bene in that steid,
Ane agit man, it left quhen he was deid.
He drew the blaid, and fand it wald weill byte,
Thocht it was foull, he tuik it with him tyte.
God help his man, for thow sall gang with me,
Quhill better cum will God sone that may be.
To Schir Rannald as than he wald nocht fair,
Into that passage for Sutheroun maid repair.
At Ricardtoun he wald full fane haue bene,
To get him hors and part of armour schene.
Than efterwart as he bowmit to fair,
Thre Inglismen he met rydand to Air.
At yair veyage, in Glasgow fuith had bene,
Ane Longecastell, that cruell was and kene:
Ane bald Squyar, with him gude temen twa,
Wallace drew by, and wald haue lattin yame ga.
To him thay raid, and said despyteously,
Thow Scot abyde, I trow thow be ane spy.
Or ellis ane theif, fra pleseris wald the hyde,
Than Wallace said, with sober wordis tyde,
Schir I am seik, for Goddis fuik lat me ga,
Longecastell said, forsuith it beis nocht swa.
Ane fellouin freik thow semis in thy fair,
Quhill men the knaw, thow sall with me to Air.
Hynt out his sword, yat was of Nobill hew,
Wallace with that, at his lichtning him threw:
Upon the craig, with his sword bes him bane,
Throw braune and lyre, in sunder brak thy bane.
Be he was fallin, the twa was lichtit doun,
To benge his deid, on Wallace maid yame boun.
The tane of thame vpon the heid he gaif,
The rouskie blaid vnto the craig him claif.
The tother fled, and durst na langer byde

With ane rude ſtep Wallace culd eſter glyde.
Out throw his Ribbis, ane ſicker ſtraik gaif he,
Quhill Louer and Lungis men micht atanis ſe.
The hors he tuik, baith wappinnis and armour,
Syne thankit God, with glaid hart in that hour.
Siluer thay had, all with him hes he tane
Him to ſuppoꝛt, foꝛ ſpending had he nane.
Into greit haiſt he raid to Ricardtoun,
Ane blyith ſemblay was at his lychting doun.
Quhen Wallace met with ſchir Richart ye knicht
Foꝛ him had murnit, quhill febill was his micht.
His twa Sonnis, of Wallace was full fane,
Thay had him loiſt, zit God ſaue him agane.
His Eme Schir Rannald, to Ricardtoū come laſt
The woman tald by Coꝛſbie as ſcho paſt.
How Wallace eſchaipit, ſyne on thair wayis zeid,
Schir Rannald zit was in ane ſelloun dreid.
Quhill he him ſaw, in hart he thocht full lang,
Than ſuddandly in armis he him thrang.
He micht nocht ſpeik, bot kiſſit him tenderly,
His trubillit ſpreit was in ane extaſy.
Thy blyith teiris, thay brist fra his Ene twa,
Oꝛ that he ſpak ane lang tyme held him ſa.
And at the laſt richt freindfully ſaid he,
Welcum Nevoy, welcum deir Sone to me.
Thankit be he, that all the warld hes wrocht,
Thus fairlie the hes out of preſoun brocht.
His Mother come, and vther freindis anew,
With full glaid will, to ſe thir tythingis new.
Gude Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wicht
Wald not yame trow, quhil he ſaw him with ſicht.
Fra ſindrie partis, thay socht to Ricardtoun,
Feill worthy folkis, that war of greit Renoun.

Thus

Thus leif I thame, in mirth blythnes and pleſāce
Thankand greit God, of his hie happy chance.

¶ The Thrid Buik.

In Joyus Julij quhen the flouris is ſweit,
Digeſtabill, Engendering with the heit.
Baith flour and fruit, buſkis, & bewis bꝛaid,
Aboundantly in euerie ſlonk and ſlaid.
All beſtiall thair richt cours to Indure,
Weill helpit ar be wirking of Nature.
On fuit aſcendand to the heuinis hicht,
Conſeruit weill be the maker of micht.
Fiſche in the flude refectit Really,
To mannis fude ye warld to occupy.
Bot Scotland ſa, was waiſtit mony day,
Throw weir ſic ſkaith, that laubour was away.
Victall worthit ſcant, oꝛ Auguſt culd appeir,
Throw all the land the fude hapnit full deir.
Bot Ingliſmen, that riches wantit nane,
Be Cariage brocht, pair victall in gude wane,
Struttit bouſis, with wyne and gude vernage,
Enioyit this land as thair awin heritage.
This Kingrik haill, yai reullit at thair will,
Meſſingeris than ſic tythingis tald yame till.
And tauld the Peirſe yat Wallace leuand wes,
And fra thair preſoun in Air eſchaipit hes.
Thay trowit it weill, that Wallace paſt yat ſteid,
Foꝛ Longcaſtell, and his thre men war deid.
Thay waryit the chance, yat Wallace was ſa paſt
In euerilk part, yai war full greitly agaſt.
Throw Pꝛophecie, yat yai had hard befoir,
Lord Peirſe ſaid, quhat neidis wordis moir.
Bot he be faſt, he ſall do greit meruall,
It war the beſt foꝛ King Edwardis auaill.

Micht he him get,to be his ſteidfaſt man,
For gold or land,his conqueis micht ſtand pan.
We think be force he may nocht gottin be,
Wyſe men forſuith,be his eſchaip may ſe.
Thus deine thay him,in mony diuers cace,
Me leif yame thus,and ſpeik of gude Wallace.
In Ricardtoun,he wald na langer byde,
For freindis counſall,nor nocht that may betyde.
And quhen thay ſaw,that it auaillit nocht,
His purpois was,to wenge him gif he mocht.
On Sutheroun blude,that hes his Eldaris ſlane,
Thay leit him wirk,his awin will into plane.
Schir Richart had, thre Sonnis as I zow tald,
Adam,Richart,and Symon that was bald.
Adam Eldeſt was growin into curage,
Fordwart,richt fair,and xviij.zeiris of age.
Large of perſoun,baith wyſe, worthy,and wicht,
Gude King Robert, in his tyme maid him Knicht.
Lang tyme efter in Bruis weiris abaid,
On Inglismen mony gude Iourney maid.
This guid Squyar,with Wallace bownit to ryde
And Robert boyd,quhilk wald na langer byde.
Under thirllage of Seigis of Ingland,
To the fals King,he had neuer maid band.
Cleland was thair,ner Cousing to Wallace,
Syne baid with him in mony perrillous place.
And Edward lytill,his Sister Sone ſa deir,
Full weill graithit into thair armour cleir.
With thair ſeruandis to Ricardtoun thay raid,
To Hauchline mure,ane ſchort tyme thair abaid.
For freindis thame tald, was bundin in thirllage,
That Fenwik ſent was for the Peirſeis Cariage.
Within ſchort tyme,he will bring it to Air,

Out

Out of Carleill thay haue reſſauit it pair.
That pleiſit Wallace, in hart richt grettumly,
Wit ze thay war,ane gudly cumpany.
Towart Lowdoun yai bownit thame to ryde,
And in ane Schaw ane lytill thair beſyde.
Thay ludgit thame for it was neir the nicht,
To wache the way,als gudly as thay micht.
Ane gude trew Scot,quhilk Diſklair hous held
Under Lowdoun,my Author can declair. (thair
He ſaw yame cum,he went to yame in hy,
Baith meit and drink, he brocht thame princly.
And to thame tald,the Cariage men in plane,
Thair ſoir Rydar to Air was paſt agane.
Left thame to cum,with power of greit baill,
Thay trowit be than,thay war in Annandaill.
Wallace than ſaid,we will nocht Soiorne heir,
For change na weid,bot our Ik bayis geir.
At Croſſintoun the way was ſpilt that tyde,
For that ſame way behouit thay to ryde.
And fra the tyme,that he of preſoun ſure,
Gude Homer weid,dayly on him he bure.
Gude licht harnes,fra that tyme vſit he euer,
For ſuddand ſtryfe fra it he wald nocht ſeuer.
Ane Haperzoun vnder his gown he bair,
Ane gude ſteill cap in his bonnet but mair.
Twa gluiffis of plait with claith was couerit weil
In his Doublet ane clois Collair of ſteill.
His face he keipit,for it was euer bair,
With his twa hādis,ye quhilkis full worthy wair
Into his weid,and he come in ane thrang,
Wes na man than, on fuit micht with him gang.
Sa grow in of pith,of power ſtark and ſture,
His terribill dyntis was feirfull to Indure.

Thay traistit mair of Wallace him allane,
Than ane hundreth of Ingland micht be tane.
Thir worthy Scottis maid thair na tarying,
To Lowdoun hill past in the gray dawing.
Occupyst the place, and put thair hors away,
And thocht to wyn, or never hyne to ga.
Twa Scurriouris send, to vesy weill the plane,
Bot thay richt sone, returnit in agane.
To Wallace taid, that thay war cũmand fast,
Than to the ground, all kneilland at the last.
With humbill hartis, prayit with all thair micht,
To God abuik, to help thame in thair richt.
Thay graithit thame to harnes haistely,
Thair sonzeit nane of that gude cumpany.
Than Wallace said, heir was my Father slane,
My brether als, quhilk dois vs mekill pane.
Sa sall my self, or vengit be but dreid,
The tratour is heir, is causer of the deid.
Than hecht thay all, to byde with hartly will,
Be that the power was takand Lowdoun hill.
The knicht Fenwik, conuoyit the cariage,
He had on Scottis, maid mony schrewit veyage.
The sone was rissin, lemand ouir landis licht,
The Inglismen saw pat thay come to the hicht.
Neir him thay raid, and sone the Scottis saw,
He said his men, and said to thame on raw.
Sone is Wallace that eschaipit our presoun,
He sall agane be drawin throw the toun.
His heid I wait, nicht better pleis the King,
Than gold or land, or ony erdly thing.
He gart his seruandis byde with ye Cariage still,
Thocht to demane the Scottis at thair will.
Syne scoir he led, in harnes burneist bricht,

And fyftie war with Wallace in the richt.
Unrebutit, the Sutheroun was in weir,
And fast thay come, full awfull in effeir.
Ane maner of dyke of stanis thay had maid,
Narrowit ye dyke, quhair throw the thickest raid
The Scottis on fuit, fuik the gait thaime befoir,
The Sutheroun saw, thair curage was the moir.
In prydfull Ire thay thocht ouir thame to ryde,
Bot vtherwayis it hapnit in that tyde.
On ather syde togidder fast thay glaid,
The scottis on fuit greit rowme about pame maid,
With pzunzeand speiris, throw plaitis of fyne steil
The Inglismen, that thocht to benge pame weill:
On harnest hors, about pame rudely raid,
That with vneis, vpon thair fuit pat baid.
Wallace the formest in the birny bair,
The groundin speir throw out his body schair.
The schaft he schuik it of the fruichand tre,
Deuoydit it sone, sen na better micht be.
Drew swordis syne, baith heuy schairp and lang,
On ather syde full cruelly thay dang.
Fechtand atanis in that felloun dout,
Than Inglismen Enueronit thame about.
On force ettilit, out throw pame for to ryde,
The Scottis on fuit, that baldly couth abyde.
With swordis schair throw hals and habzik gude,
Upon the feildis schot out the Sutheroun bluide.
Fra hors and man throw harnes burneist bene,
Ane fair assatlze, forsuith pair micht be sene.
Thay traist na syse, bot to the latter end,
Of sa few folk, greit nobilnes micht be kend.
Togidder baid, defendand pame sa fast,
Durst nane dilleuer, quhill pat ye pzeis was past.

The Inglismen, yat war richt wyse in weir,
Be force ordanit, in sunder thame to beir.
Thair cheif Capitane als feirs as ony bair,
Throw matalent and verray proper cair.
Syne ane greit hors into his glitterand geir,
Out ouir castis ane felloun asper speir.
The Knicht Fenwik, that cruell was and kene,
Of Wallace Father he at the deith had bene.
And of his brother, that douchtie was and deir,
Quhen Wallace saw, yat fals Knicht was sa neir
His curage grew in Ire as ane Lyoun,
To him he ran, and freikis feill bair doun.
As he glaid by, ane akwart straik can hym ta,
Baith Thee and Arsoun in sunder gart he ga.
Fra the Cuirsour he fell on the far syde,
With ane schairp sword, he straik him in yat tyde.
Or he was deid, ane greit preis come sa fast,
Quir him to ground, yai bure Boyd at the last.
Wallace was neir, and turnit in agane,
Him to rescew, quhill he rais of the pane.
Wichtly did him wier, quhil he ane sword had tane
Throw out the stour, yir twa in feir ar gane.
The remanent vpon thame followit fast,
In thair passage, feill Sutheroun maid agast.
Adam Wallace the Air of Ricardtoun,
Straik ane Bewmont, ane Squyar of Renoun.
On the pesane with his sword burneist bair,
The burneist blaid his hals in sunder schair.
The Inglismen saw thair Chiftane was slane,
Baldly abaid, as men of mekill mane.
Riche hors Rampand, ruschit freikis vnder feit,
The Scottis on fuit gart mony lois the sweit.
With men lichtit, thame self for to defend,

Quhair

Quhair Wallace come, thair deid was lytill kend
The Sutheroun part, forfruschit war that tyde,
That in that stour, thay micht nocht lang abyde.
Wallace in deid he wrocht richt worthely,
The Squyar Boyd, and all thair Cheualry.
The Inglismen tuik plane part to fle,
Lytill and Cleland gart of thair enemeis de.
On hors lumpart to strent his can yame found,
To succour yame with mony werkand wound.
Ane hundreth deid, in feild was leuit thair,
And thre zemen of Wallace deid but mair
Twa was of Kyle, and ane of Cuninghame,
With Robert Boyd, to Wallace come fra hame.
Four scoir eschaipit, fra feild on fartherouᵗ syde,
The Scottis in place, that baldly couth abyde.
Spuilzeand the feild, of gold and vther geir,
Harnes and hors, quhilk thay mysterit in weir.
The Inglis knaiks thay gart the Cariage leid,
To Clydis Forest, quhen yai war out of dreid.
And band yame fast, with widderis sad and fair,
On bowand treis, syne hangit thame richt thair.
Ne spairit nane, that abill war for weir,
Bot wemen and preistis he gart thame ay forbeir
Quhen this was done, to Dennet sone yai wend,
Of stuf and wyne that God had to thame send.
Ten scoir thay wan, of hors that Cariage bure,
With vittall & wyne, als mekill as thay micht fure
And vther stuf, that thay of Carleill led,
The Sutheroun part out of the feild that fled.
With sorrow socht to the Castell of Ait,
Befoir the Lord, and tald him of thair fait.
Quhat gude thay left, and quha in feild was slane
Throw wicht Wallace, that mekill was of mane.

And how he had gart all thair ſeruandis hang,
The Peirſe ſaid, and that Squyar left lang:
Out of this land he ſall eryle vs clene,
Sa diſpyteſull in warld was neuer ſene.
In our preſoun heir laſt quhen yat he was,
Our fleuthfully our keiper leit him pas.
Than thus our hald, I find weill may nocht be,
we man gar bring our vittell be the ſey.
Bot lois our men it helpis vs richt nocht,
Our kyn may han that euer we bidder ſocht.
Leif I yame now blamand thair fary chance,
And mair to ſpeik of Scottis mēnis gouernance.

¶ Quhen Wallace had weill vincuſt into plane
The fals tyran that had his Father ſlane.
His brother alſ quhilk was ane Douchtie Knicht,
Vther gude men befoir to deith thay dicht.
He gart prouyde, and partit thair vittaill,
With ſtuf and hors, that was of greit auaill.
To keindis about, richt priuely thay ſend.
The remanent full gladly thair thay ſpend.
In Clydis wod, thay Soiornit thair thre dayis,
Na Sutheroū was that did perſew thay wayis.
Bot he thoillit deith, that come in thair daungeir,
The word of Wallace waibit far and neir.
Wallace was kumin on ilke leuand agane,
Thocht Inglißmen yairof had mekill pane.
The Lord Peirſe to Glaſgow cuild he fair,
With wyſe Lordis, and held ane counſall thair.
Quhen thay war met, ma than ten thouſand,
Na Chiftane was, that tyme durſt tak on hand:
To leid ane Range, on Wallace to aſſaill,
Speirit about, quhat was thair beſt counſaill.
Schir Aymeir Wallāge, yat fals traitour & ſtrang
In

In Bothwell dwelt, and than was thane amang
He ſaid my Lord my counſall will I geif,
Bot ze do it, fra ſkaith ze may nocht leif.
Ze man tak peice, without mair tarying,
As for ane tyme, we man ſend to the King.
The Peirſe ſaid, of our trewis will he nane,
Ane awfull Chiftane trewly he is ane.
He will do mair, in faith or that he blyn,
Sutheroun to ſlay, he thinkis it is na ſyn.
Schir Aymeir ſaid, trewis behouis zow tak,
Quhill efterwart, for him prouyſioun mak.
I knaw he will do mekill for his kin,
Gentrice and treuth ay reſtis him within.
How ye Inglißmē tuik peice with Wallace. Ca. ij

HIs Uncle Schir Rannald may mak ye bād
Gif he will nocht, recogneis all his land,
Vnto ye tyme yat he yis work haue wrocht
Schir Rannald was ſone to thair counſall brocht
Thay chargit him to mak Wallace at peis,
Or he ſuld pas to Loudoun or he ceis.
To King Edward, and byde in his preſoun,
Thay ask to haue peice for his Ranſoun.
Schir Rannald ſaid, Lordis ze knaw richt weill,
At my counſall he will nocht do ane deill.
His worthy kyn deſpytefully ze ſlew,
In preſoun ſyne, neir to the deith him drew.
He is at large and will nocht do for me,
Thocht ze thairfoir ſuld now gar me de.
Schir Aymeir ſaid, thir Lordis counſall ſend
Me to the King, to mak ane finall end.
Of his conqueſt forſuith he will it hald,
Wallace nor thow may nocht this Kingrik ſaif:
Wicht Edward King get him for gold or land,

To be his man, than micht he bruik Scotland.
The Lord bad ceis, thow faillis to that Knicht,
Far mair in treuth, than it is ony richt.
The wrang conqueist our King desyris ay,
On him and vs it fall be sene sum day.
Wallace hes richt, baith force and fair Forrtoun,
He hard how he eschaipit our presoun.
Thus said that Lord, and prayit Schir Rannald
To mak this peice, pow Schiref art of Air. (tair,
Is for ane tyne we may auysit be,
Under my Scull I sall be bund to the.
The Inglismen that thay sall do him nocht,
Nor to na Scottis, bot it be on thame socht.
Schir Rannald wist, he micht yame not ganestād
Of Lord Perse he hes resſauit that band.
Perse was trew, and ay of greit auaill,
Sober in peice, and cruell in battaill.
Schir Rannald him bownit on the morne bue
Wallace to seik, in Clydis Forrest raid. (baid,
Sa he him fand bownand to his Denneir,
Quhen pai haif sene yis gude Knicht cūmand neir
Weill he him knew, and tald thame quhat he was
Werrell he had, quhat gart him hidder pas.
Quhill him gude cheir of meittis gude and fyne,
King Edwardis self culd get na better wyne.
Than thay had yair, bernage and bennysoun,
Of bestiall into greit fusioun.
Than efter meit he schew thame of this deid,
How he had bene into sa mekill dreid.
Neuoy he said, worck part of my counsaill,
Tak peice ane quhyle and for the mair auaill.
Bot thow do sa, forsuith thow hes greit syn,
For thay ar set to vndo all thy kyn.

Than

Than Wallace said, to gude men him about,
I will na peice for all this felloun dout.
Bot gif it pleis better to zow than me,
The Squyar Boyd him answerit soberlie.
I gif zow counsall or this gude Knicht be slane,
Tak peice ane quhyle, seppois it do vs pane.
Sa said Adam the Air of Ricardtoun,
And Cleland als, to thair opinioun.
Quith thair consent Wallace this peice hes tane,
As his Eme wrocht, quhil ten monethis war gane
Thair leif thay tuik with sad comfort in plane,
Fand God to broch, thay suld meit haill agane.
Boyd and Cleland past to thair placis hame,
Adam Wallace to Ricardtoun be Name.
Furth with schir Rānald, can William Wallace
And his houshald in Corsbie for to byde. (ryde
This peice was cryit, in August moneth myld,
Thir Goddes of battell furious and wyld.
Mars and Juno ay dois thair bestynes,
Cawser of weir, ay wirker of wickitnes.
And Venus als quhilk Goddes is of lufe,
And auld Saturne his cours for to approche.
Thir four schawis of diuers complexioun,
Battell, debait, Inuy, and destructioun.
I can nocht deme of thair Malancholy,
Bot Wallace culd nocht weill in Corsbie ly.
Him had Ieuar in trauell for to be,
Richt fair he langit the toun of Air to se.

How Wallace slew the Bublar player in the toun of Air. Cap. iiij.

Schir Rannald past, fra hame vp on ane day
Fyftene he tuik, and to ye toun went thay.
Couerit his face, yat na mā micht him knaw

Na thing him rocht how few enemeis him saw.
In sober weid disagysit weill war thay,
Ane Inglisman on the gait saw he play.
At the scrymmage ane bublar on his hand,
Wallace neir by in fellowschip couth stand.
Lichtly he said, Scot dar thow nocht preif?
Wallace said ze, sa thow dar gif me leif.
Sumpte on said he, I defy thy Natioun,
Wallace thair with hes tane him on the Croun.
Throw bublar hand, and the harne pan also,
Unto the schulderis ye scharp sword gart he go.
Lichtly returnit to his awin men agane,
The wemen cryit, our Bublar player is slane.
The man was deid, quhat neidis wordis mair,
Feill men of armis, about him semblit thair.
Aucht score armis upon sertene thay set,
Bot Wallace fone with the formest hes met.
With Ire and will on the heid hes him tane,
Throw the bricht Helme, in sunder brist the bane.
Ane vther braithly in the breist him bair,
His burneist blaid throw out the body schair.
Greit rowme he maid, his men was fechtand fast
And mony ane grome yat maid full fair agast.
For thay war wicht, and weill vsit in weir,
Of Inglismen, richt bauldly doun thay beir.
On yair enemeis greit martyrdome yat maid,
Thair hardy Chirtane sa weill amang yame glaid
Quhat Inglismen that baid into his gait,
Incontrair Scotland maid neuer mair debait.
Feill freiris on fold war fellit vnder feit,
Of Sutheroun blude lay stibbit in the streit.
New power come fra the Castell that tyde,
Than Wallace fled, and drew towart ane syde.

with richt gude will he wald eschew suppryse,
For he in weir, was worthy, wicht, and wyse.
Harnes and heidis he bewit in sunder fast,
Be force out throw the thickest preis he past.
Wallace returnit behynd his men agane.
At the reskew feill Sutheroū hes he slane.
His men all than, he out of perrell brocht,
Fra yair enemeis, with all the power he mocht.
Unto thair hors, thay went but mair abaid,
For danger syne, to Laglane wod thay raid.
Twentie and nyne yai left into that steid,
Of Sutheroun men, that brittinit war to deid.
The remanent agane turnit that tyde,
For in this wod thay durst nocht him abyde.
Toward the toun, thay drew with all thair mane,
Cursand the peice yat tuik befoir in plane.
The Lord Persie, in hart was greitly greuit,
His men suppryst, agane to him releuit.
And feill war deid into thair armour cleir,
Thre of his syn, that war to him full deir.
Quhen he hard tell of thair greit grevance,
Thair self was caus of this mischeiffull chance.
Burning he maid, thocht few Scottis it kend,
Ane Herald than to Schir Rannald he send.
And to him tald of all thair suddand cace,
And chargit him tak Souerance of Wallace.
He said him bald fra merket, toun, and fair,
Quhair he micht best be out of thair repair.
The Sutheroun wist yat it was wicht Wallace,
That thame ourset into that suddand cace.
Thair trewis for this thay wald nocht brek ādeill
Quhen Wallace had this chance eschewit weill
Upone ane nicht fra Laglane hame he raid,

In Chalmer ſone thair reſidence thay maid.
Vpon the morne, quhen that the day was licht,
With Wallace fueth went ſchir Rānald ye knicht.
Schew him the wrīt, yat Lord Perſe him ſent,
Deir Sone he ſaid, this is my haill Intent.
That thow wald grant, quhil yat yir trewis war
Na ſkaith to do till Inglīmē yat is borne, (worne
Bot quhair I pas daylie thow byde with me,
Wallace anſwerit, gude Schir yat may nocht be.
Richt laith I war deir Uncle zow to greif,
I ſall be nocht, quhill tyme I tak my leif
And warne zow als, or yat I fra zow pas,
His Ene and he, on this accordit was.
Wallace with him maid his continewance,
Ills wicht was blyith to do him pleſance.
In Coſbie thus he reſtit thame amang,
Thair ſeuintene Dayis, ſuppois he thocht it lang.
Thocht yat him pleſit as Vymate or King.
Into his mynd remanit ane vther thing.
He ſaw his enemeis maiſter in this Regioun,
Wicht nocht him pleis, thocht he war King with Crown.
Thus leif I him with his deir freind{ſ ſtil,
Of Inglīmen now ſpeik ſum part I will.

¶ The Fourt buik declairis how Wallace wan the Peill of Cargunnok. Cap. j.

IN September that humbill Moneth ſweit,
Quhen paſſit by the hicht was of the heit.
Quitfall and frute ar rypit in abounddance,
As God ordanit to mannis ſuſtenance.
Sagittarius with his aſper bow,
Be Ills Signe the hertis to know.
The chāngeing cours quhilk makis greit differāce

And leiffis had leiſt thair cullour of pleſance.
All warldly thing hes nocht bot ane ſeaſoun,
Baith herb and frute man fra the hicht cum doun.
In this Ills tyme ane greit counſall was ſet,
In Glaſgow toun quhair mony Maiſteris met.
Of Inglis Lordis to ſtanche this countrie,
Than chargit thay all Schireffis thair to be.
Schir Rānald Craufurd behouit yat tyme be yair
For he thow richt was borne Schiref of Air.
His deir Hewin with him that tyme he tuik,
William Wallace, as witnes beiris the buik.
For he na tyme ſuld far be fra his ſicht,
He luſit him with hart and all his micht.
Thay graithit thame without langer abaid,
Wallace ſum part befoir the Court furth raid.
Quir tuik the Chyld, ſchir Rannaldis ſowme ſuld
With him twa mē, yat worthy war in deid. (leid
Softly thay raid, quhill yai the Court ſuld knaw
Sa ſuddandly that tyme him ſelf he ſaw.
The Perſeis Sowme in quhilk greit riches was,
The hors was tyzit, and micht na farther pas.
Fyue men war chargit to keip it weill yat tyde,
Twa was on fuit, and thre on hors can ryde.
The Maiſter man at thair ſeruand can ſpeir,
Quha aw this Sowme? the ſuith yow to me leir.
The man anſwerit withouttin wordis mair,
My Lordis he ſaid, quhilk Schiref is of Air.
Sen it is his, this hors ſall with me gang,
To ſerue our Lord, or ellis me think greit wrang.
Thocht ane ſubiect in deid wald pas his Lord,
It is nocht leuit be na richteous record,
Thay cuttit the brace, and leit the harnes faw,
Wallace was neir, quhen he ſic rubrie ſaw.

He ſpak to thame with manly countenance,
In fair forme he ſaid but variance.
Ze do vs wrang, and it in tyme of peis,
Of ſic rubzie it war gude tyme to ceis.
The Suthe roun ſchzew, in Ire anſwerit him to,
It ſall be wrocht as thow may ſe vs do.
Thow gettis na mendis, quhat neidis wordis mair
Sadly auyſit, Wallace rememberit thair:
Of the promeis he maid his Eme before,
Reſſoun him reullit, as than he did na moir.
Bot paſt away to meit his Eme agane,
Sone and this Reik, was muſit with greit pane.
The hors zit tuik, yai for aunture micht fall,
Band on thair ſowme, ſyne furth ye way can call.
Thair tyrit Sowmar yai left thair in the plane,
Wallace returnit towart the Court agane.
On the moure ſyde ſone with his Eme he met,
And tald how yai ye way had for him ſet.
And war nocht I was bund in my legeance,
Ne partit nocht thus, for all the gold in France.
Ths hors thay reft, quhilk ſuld zour harnes beir,
Schir Rannald ſaid that is bot lytill deir.
We may get hors and vther thing in plane,
And men be loiſt we get thame neuer agane.
Wallace than ſaid, als wyſelie God me ſaif,
Of this greit mys, amendis I ſall haif.
And nouther lat for peice nor zit pleſance,
With witnes heir, I gif vp my legeance.
For towartly ze ar lyke to tyne the richt,
Sone efter ſyne, zour ſelf to deith will dicht.
In wraith thair with, ſuddandly fra him went,
Schir Rannald was wyſe, and beſt in his Intēt.
And ſaid I will, byde at the Mernis this nicht,

Sa

Sa Inglißmen of vs ſall deme nane vtricht.
Gif ony be deid, befoir vs vpon cais,
Than we in Law may byde the richteouſnes.
His ludgeing tuik at the Meirnis ſtill he baid,
Full greit murning for his Neuoy he maid.
Bot all for nocht, quhat micht it him auaill?
As into weir, he wrocht nocht his counſaill.
Wallace raid furth, with his twa zemen paſt,
The Sowmar men he followit wounder faſt.
Be eiſt Cathcart he ouir hyit yaine agane,
Than knew thay weill, that it was he in plane:
Be hors and weid, had arguit thame befoir,
The ſyue to thame, returnit withouttin moir.
Wallace to ground fra his Cuirſour can glyde,
Ane bugreiſt brand he braidit out that tyde.
The Maiſter man with ſa gude will ſtraik he,
Baith hat and heid, in ſunder gart he fle.
Ane vther faſt vpon the face him gaif,
To deid on ground but mercy ſone him draif.
The thrid he hit with greit Ire in that ſteid,
Fey on the feild, he hes him left for deid.
Wallace ſlew thre, be that his zemen wicht
The tother twa, derfly to deith had dicht.
Syne ſpuilzeit thay the harnes or yai wend,
Of ſilver and gold thay gat aneuch to ſpend,
Jowellis thay tuik, the beſt was chaſin thair,
Gude hors and geir, ſyne on thair wayis can fair.
Than Wallace ſaid, at ſum ſteenth wald I be,
Ouir Clyde that tyme was ane gude brig of tre.
Thidder thay paſt, in all thair gadly micht,
The day was gane, and cūmin was the nicht.
Thay durſt nocht weill neir ſtill be Glaſgow byde
In the Lennox, he tuik purpois to ryde.

And ſa he did, fyne iudgit paie that nicht,
As pai beſt micht, quhill that ye day was licht.
To ane Diſtillary he went and ſoiornit thair,
With trew Scottis that his new freindis wair
The counſell met richt gudly on the morne,
Bot feill tythingis war brocht Peirſe beforne.
His men war ſlane, his treaſure als was reft,
With feill Scottis, and paine na Jowellis left.
Thay demit about of pat derf dourfull cace,
The Sutheroun ſaid, forſuith it is Wallace.
The Schireffis Court was cūmand to ye toun,
And he was ane for Scot of maiſt Renoun.
Thay gart ga ſeik Schir Rannald in yat rage,
Bot he was ſtill yan at his herberage.
Sum wyſe men ſaid, heirof na thing he kend,
The men war ſlane heir at the tounis end.
Schir Rannald come be nyne houris of the day,
Befoir the Peirſe, and his men brocht war thay.
Thay followit him of felloun pat was wrocht,
The Iſſyſe of this, to him couth ſay richt nocht.
Thay demit about of pat fell ſuddand cace,
Befoir the Judge pair he denyit Wallace.
And ſa he micht, he wiſt nocht quhair he was
Fra this counſall my purpois is to pas.

Of Wallace to ſpeik, in wyldernes ſa wyde,
The Lord God be his Gouernour and gyde
Still at pat place, four dayis he ſoiornit hail
Quhill tythingis come to him fra that counſaill.
Than ſtatute thay, in Ilk ſteid of the weſt,
In thay boundis, Wallace ſuld haue nā reſt.
His deir Uncle ane greit airth gart him ſweir,
That he bur leif, na freindſchip ſuld him beir.
And mony vther fell wo was that day,

Robert Boyd ſtall of the toun away.
And Cleland als, befoir with him had beine,
Thay had far leuar to ſe him with thair Ene:
Leuand on lyfe, as thay knew him befoir,
Than of clene gold, ane hyne Myl roum and moir.
Boyd weipit ſair, and ſaid our Lord is gane,
Amang his fais is ſet all him allane.
Than Cleland ſaid, fals Foꝛtoun changis faſt,
Greit God ſen we with him had euer paſt.
Edward Lytill in Annandaill is went,
And wait richt nocht of this new Judgement.
Adam Wallace baid ſtill in Ricardtoun,
Sa fell it thus, with Wallace of Renoun.
He with his power partit meruellouſly,
Be Foꝛtoun of chance ouir turnis dowbilly.
Thair pieteous mane, as than couth nocht be bet,
Thay wiſt na wit quhair that thay ſuld him get.
He left the place quhair he in ludgeing lay,
To Erll Malcolme he went vpon ane day.
The Lennox haill he held into his hand,
To King Edward yan had he nocht maid band.
That land was ſtrait, and maiſterfull to win,
Gude men of armis pat tyme was it within.
The Lord was traiſt, ye men ſicker and trew.
With waik power thay durſt him nocht perſew.
Richt glaid he was of Wallace cumpany,
Welcūmit him fair, with worſchip reuerently.
At his awin will, deſyrit gif he wald
To byde thair ſtill maiſter of his houſhald.
Of all his men he ſuld haill Chiftane be,
Wallace anſwerit that war aneuch for me.
I can nocht abyde, my mynd is ſet in plane,
Wrokin to be, or ellis de in the pane.

Our weſt countrie, thair ſtatute is ſa ſtrang,
Into the Northy my purpois is to gang.
Steuin of Ireland than in the Lennox was,
With wicht Wallace he ordand him to pas.
And vther als, that war borne of Argyle;
Wallace ſtill thair, maid reſidence ane quhyle.
Quhill men it wiſt, and ſemblit ſone him till,
He chargit nane, bot at thair awin gude will.
Thocht pai war ſtrangeris, zit couth he not yame
Bot reſſauit thame all in his weiris to leid. (dreid,
Sumpart of thame was pan of Ireland borne,
That Makfadzeane had exylit out beforne.
King Edwardis man, he was ſworne of Ireland,
Of richt law birth ſuppois he tuik on hand.
To Wallace thair, come ane pat hecht Fawdoun,
Of Malancholy, and euill complextioun.
Heuy of ſtature and dour of contenance,
Sorrowfull was ay, in dreid without pleſance.
Wallace reſſauit, quhat men wald cum him till,
The bodylie aith thay maid him with gude will.
Before the Erll, all in ane gude concord,
And him reſſauit, as thair Capitane and Lord.
His ſpeciall men, that come with him fra hame,
The tane hecht Gray, the tother Keirly be name.
In his ſeruice come firſt in all thair mane,
To Lowdoun hill, quhair pat Fenwik was ſlane.
He thame commandit ay nirt yame to perſew,
For he thame kend, richt hardy, wyſe, and trew.
His leif he tuik, richt on ane fair maneir,
The gude Erll than, he bad him giftis feir.
Wallace wald nane, bot gaif of his feill ſpis,
To pure and riche, vpon ane gudly wyis.
Humbill he was, hardy, wyſe, and fre,

And of riches he held na propertie.
Of honour, worſchip, he was an emprour kend,
As he of gold had aboundantly to ſpend.
Vpon his fais he wan it worthely,
Thus Wallace paſt and his gude Chevalry.
Sortie he had of lykly men at wage,
Throw the Lennox he led yame with curage.
Abone Lenny he iudgit thame in ane vaill,
Ane ſtrenth thair was, quhilk pai thocht to aſſaill.
On Cargunnok thair biggit was ane Wall,
That ſtuffit was with men and virtall weill.
Within ane dyke, Clois, Chalmer, and hall,
Capitane thairof, to name hecht Thirl wall.
Thay led Wallace quhair pat this bigging was,
Thocht to aſſaitze it far by or ye wald pas.
Twa ſpyis he ſend to vesy all the land,
Richt lairth he was, the thing to tak on hand.
The quhilk be force, pat ſuld gang him agane,
Rather he had throw auenture bene ſlane.
Thir men went furth quhē it was large mydnicht
About the hous thay ſpyit all at richt.
Eht wachemen heuy was, and fallin on ſleip,
The brig was drawin pat ye entrie ſuld keip.
The laubouraris lait reklesly went in,
Thir men returnit withouttin noyis or din.
To thair Maiſter, and tald quhat thay had ſene,
Than graithit he ſone thir men of armis kene.
Sadly on fuit vnto the hous thay ſocht,
And enterit in, for letting had thay nocht.
Wicht men aſſayit with all thair besy cure,
Ane lokkit bar was drawin athort the dure.
Bot pai nicht nocht it brek out of the waw,
Wallace was greuit quhen he ſic tary ſaw.

Hum part anoyit, wzaithly to it he went,
Be force of handis, it raiſit out of the ſyene.
Thre elne of breid, als of the wall pullit out,
Than meruellit all his men that was about.
How he did mair, than twentie of thame miche,
Syne with his hart, the zet he ſtraik vp richt.
Quhill brace and bandis he briſtit all aranis,
Frayitlie thay rais, that was within yat wayniſ.
The wache man had ane ſelloun ſtaf of ſteill,
At Wallace ſtraik, bot he keipit him richt weill.
Ridely fra him, he reft it in the thrang,
Dang out his harnis, ſyne in the dyke him ſlang.
The remanent, be that was on thair feit,
Thus Wallace ſone, can with the Capitane meit.
The ſtaf he had, heip and forzit new,
With yat Wallace vpon the heid him drew.
Quhill bane and brane all in ſunder zeid,
His men enterit, that wzthy war in deid.
In handis hynt, and ſtikkit all the laif,
Wallace commandit, yat ſuld na wairman laif.
Twentie and twa, yat ſtikkit in that ſtreid,
Wemen and barnis, quhen yat ye men was deid.
He gart be tane, and keipit in cloſs full weill,
Thar yai thairout, micht haue yairof na feill.
The deid bodyis yai put ſone out of ſicht,
Tuik vp the brig or that the day was licht.
In that place baid four dayis or he wald pas,
Wilk nane yairout, how/that the/water was.
Spuilzeit yat ſteid and tuik thame gan and geir
Jowellis and gold away with yame thay beir.
Quhen he thocht tyme, thay Iſchit on the nicht,
To the nirs wod yat went with all yair micht.
The Capitanis wyfe, wemen and Childzer thre,

Paſt

Paſt quhair yai wald, for Wallace left yame fre.
In that Forreſt he lykit nocht to abyde,
Thay bownit yame ouir Forth for to ryde.
The Wos was ſtrang, to ryde yan was na bute,
Wallace was wicht, and lichtis on his fute.
Few hors thay had, lyſſill thairof yai rocht,
To ſaif thair lyfis, fell ſtrenthis oft thay ſocht.
Steuin of Ireland, he was thair gyde that nicht,
Towart Kincardin ſyne reſſit thair at richt.
In that Forreſt, quhilk was baith lang and wyde,
Quhilk fra the Wos grew to the watter ſyde
Eftir the Sone Wallace walkit about,
Vpon Tech ſyde, quhair he ſaw mony ane rout.
Of wyld beſtis, wauerand in wod and plane,
Sone at ane ſchot, ane greit hart hes he ſlane.
Flew fyre of flynt, and gaithit yair at richt,
Syddandly thair, freſche vennyſoun thay dicht.
Witrall thay had, baith breid and wyne ſa cleir,
With vther ſtuf aneuch at thair Dennеir.
This ſtaf of ſteill, he gaif Keirly to keip,
Syne paſt thay ouir, the watter of Teith ſa deip.
Into Stratherne thay enterit ſiddandly,
In couert paſt, or Southerounſyid thame ſpy.
Quhome yat yai fand of Scotlandis aduerſouris
Without, reſpect, was cum thair fatall houris.
Quhome euer thay met, was at the Juglis fay,
Thay ſlew all down, withouttin mair delay.
Thay ſpairit nane yat was of Inglis blude,
To deith he zeid, thocht he was neuer ſa gude.
This was the grace that Wallace to yame gaif,
Thay ſaifit nane, Knycht, Squyar, nor knaif.
Bot waiſtit all, be wzthynes of weir,
Of that partie, that micht beir bow or ſpeir.

Sum part be ſlicht, ſum part be force thay ſlew,
Bot Wallace thocht pat waiſtit neuer anew.
Siluer thay tuik, and als gold as thay fand,
Vther gude geir full lichtly red fra hand.
Cut it thorris, ſyne in Perthpottis paine beſt,
Put out of ſicht, for pat pai thocht was beſt.
Ilk the blak Furde as thay ſuld pan pas ouir,
Ane Squyar come, and with him bernis four.
To Down ſuld ryde, and wenit pat pai had bene
All Inglißmen, pat he before had ſene.
Tythingis to ſpeir, he huwit thame amang,
Wallace thair with ane gude ſword out ȝe ſwang
Vpon the heid he ſtraik with ſa great Ire,
Throw bane and brane in ſunder ſtrais ye fyre.
The tother thre, in handis ſone war hynt,
Deirſly to death, ſtikkit or thay wald ſtynt.
The hors thay tuik, and quhat thay lykit beſt,
Spuilzeit paine bair, ſyne in the Bog paine keſt.
Of pis mater na mair tary thay maid,
Bot furth pair way, paſſit without abaid.
Thir weirlyke Scottis, all with ane aſſent,
Sa North ouir Erne, out throw the land pai wēt.
In Methuen wod pair ludgeing tuik pat nicht,
Vpon the morne, quhen pat ye day was licht:
Wallace rais vp, went to the Forreſt ſyde,
Quhair pat he ſaw full weill beſtis abyde.
Of wyld and tame, walkand aboundantlie,
Than Wallace ſaid, this countrie lykis me.
Wer men may do, with fude pat pai ſuld baik,
Bot want pai meit, thay rek nocht of ye laik.
Of dayatie fair Wallace tuik neuer keip,
Bot as it come, welcum was meit and ſleip.
Sum tyme he had great ſufficience within,

Now

Now want, now haue, now loiſ, now win.
Now licht, now ſad, now blyith, now in baill,
In haiſt, now hurt, now ſorrow, and now haill.
Now weildād weill, now cald wedder, now heit
Now moiſt, now drouth, now waurand wynd,
Sa fair (wyn, for ſcotlād) richt ful euil (now weit
In fell debair, ſcuim zeirtis and monethis ſeuin,
Quhen he wan peice, and left Scotland in plane,
The Inglißmen maid new conqueiſt againe.
In ſchaltrat termis I will nocht tary lang,
Wallace agane vnto his men can gang.
And ſaid heir is ane land of great aboundance,
Thankit be God of his hie prouveyance.
Scuim of zow feirtis, graith ſone and ga with me,
Richt fair I lang, Sanct Johnſtoun for to ſe.

How Wallace paſt to Sāct Johnſtoun, & ſlew ye Capitane, & how he wan Kincleuin. Cap. ij.

SCuim of Ireland, as God of heuin ſe laik,
Maiſter and leidar I mak the of ye laik
Keip weill my men, lat nane out of thy ſicht
Quhill I gang bidder, ſall cum with all my micht
Byde me ſeuin dayis into this Forreſt ſtrang,
Ze may get fude ſuppois I dwell ſa lang.
Sum part ze haue, and God will ſend zow mair,
Thus turnit he, and to the toun can fair.
The Mair keipit the Port of the Village,
Wallace knew weill, and ſend him his meſſage.
The Mair was brocht, ſaw him ane gudly man,
Richt reuerently he hes reſſaue thame than.
At him he ſpeirit, all Scottis gif ze be,
Wallace ſaid ze and it is peice trow we.
I grant he ſaid, that lykis vs wounder weill,

Trew men of peice man ay sum freindschip feill.
Quhat is zour name? I pray zow tell me it,
William Malcolmesone, he said sen ze wald wit.
In Ettrik Forest hes my wynning bene,
Thair I was borne, amang the Schawis schene.
Now I desyre this Northland for to se,
Quhair I micht fynd better dwelling for me.
The Wair said Schir, I speirit for nane euill,
Bot feill tythingis is oft tymis brocht vs till.
Of ane Wallace, that was borne in the west,
Our Kingis men he haldis at greit unrest.
Wartyris thame doun, greit pietie is to se,
Out of the trewis, forsuth I trow he be.
Wallace said than, we heir speik of that man,
Tythingis of him, to zow tell I nocht can.
For him he gart pan ane Innis graithit be,
Quhair nane suld cum, bot his awin men and he.
The Stewart Keirly brocht thame in fusioun,
Gude thing anouch, the best was in the toun.
Als Inglismen to drinking wald him call,
And commounly he delt nocht thair with all.
In thair presence he spendit resonabilly,
Zit for him self he payit abouudantly.
On Scottis men he spendit mekill gude,
Hane with his will upon ye Sutheroū bluds
Sone he consaut, til his wit priuatly,
Into that toun, quha was of maist party.
Schir James Buttellar, ane agit cruell Knicht,
Keipit Kincleuin, ane Castell wounder wicht.
His Sone Schir Johne, pat dwelt into ye toun,
Under Capitane to Schir Gerard Heroun.
The wemen als, he vesyit at the last,
And sa on ane, his Ene began to cast.

In the South gait, of fassoun ferly fair,
Wallace to hir maid priuatly repair.
Sa fell it thus, fra the toun or he past,
Ye ane accord, thay hapnit at the last,
Wallace with hir in ferreit maid hym glaid,
Sutheroun wist nocht, pat he sic plesance had.
Oft on the nicht he wald say to him sell,
This is far war than ony pane of hell.
That pus with wraith, pir Deuill, bin his out lad
And I with force, may nocht agains yame stand,
To tak this toun, my power is to small,
Greit perrell wis of my self may befall.
Set it in fyre, it will vndo my self,
Or lois my men, chair is na mair to tell.
The zettis ar cloisit, the dykis ar deip with all,
Thocht I wald swome, forsuith pat cam nocht all.
This maner heir, thairfore I will lat slyde,
For in this tyme, I may nar langer byde.
Als sien him fauld, the Capitane was to pas
Hame to Kincleuin, quharof richt glaid he was.
His leif he tuik at Peiris of the toun,
To Wethuen wod richt glaidly maid him boun.
His hoyle he hynt, and blythlie bownit to blaw,
His men him hard, and thair sone can pai draw,
Richt blyith he was, for pat war haill and feir,
Mony at him for, tythingis wald nocht speir.
Or thame commandit for to mak reddy fast,
In gude array out of the wod thay past.
To wart Kincleuin, thay bownit yame pat tyde,
Syne in ane vaill, pat neir was thame besyde.
Fast vpon Tay his buschement he can draw,
In ane derne wod, he stellit thame on raw.
Set Scurriouris furth, the countrie to espy,

Bot ſone or none pair come foir Rydaris by.
The wache turnit to ſe quhat was his will,
He yame commandit, in couert hald thame ſtill.
And we ſchall furth, the hous wil knawledge haſt
And that may ſone be warning to the laſt.
All fozce in weir bois nocht bot greuance,
Wallace was few, bot happy was his chance.
Wald him feill ſyſe his aduerſaris to win,
Be that the Coure of Inglismen come in.
Four ſcoir and ten, weill graithit in thair geir,
Harneſt on hors, as lyklie men of weir.
Wallace ſaw weill thair number was na ma,
He thankit God, and ſyne the feild can ta,
The Inglis men cruellit, greitly quhat pai wild be,
Bot fra pai ſaw pai maid thame for melle:
Ja feill thay beſt, ſchairp ſpeiris in thair tyde,
Ja ouir pai thocht, outoure the Scottis to ryde.
Wallace and his, went cruelly thame agane,
At the firſt tuſche feill Sutheroun men war ſlane
Wallace ſtraik ane with his ſpeir of gude ſteill,
Thzow out the coiſt, pe ſchaft ſtuſchit Ik deill.
Ane burneiſt brand in haill yan hynt he out,
Thzyſe vpon fuit, he thzang thzow all the rout.
Sterne hors thay ſtiklit, ſuld men of armis beir,
Fly vnder fuit was fuilzeit men of weir.
Buttellar ſchiftit him ſelf for to defend,
With men of armis, quhilk full wozthy war kend.
On ather ſyde, feill freikis war fechtand faſt,
Tye Capitane baid, thocht he was ſair agaſt.
Part of Scottis he wozthynes thay ſlew,
Wallace was wa, and towart him he drew.
His men than dred, the Buttellar bald and kene,
Ga vun he ſocht, with Ire and proper tene.

Upon

Upon the heid him ſtraik in matalent,
The burneiſt blaid, thzow out his baſnet went.
Baith bane and bzane, he bzyſtit thzow his weid,
Thus Wallace hand, deliuerit yame of that dzeid.
Nit feill on fold was fechtand fellounly,
Steuin of Ireland, and all the Cheualry.
Into that ſtour did wozthely and weill,
And keirly als, with his gude ſtat of ſteill.
The Inglismen fra thair Chifrane was ſlane,
Thay left the feild, and fled in all thair mane.
Thze ſcoir war ſlane oz thay wald leif that ſteid,
The fleand folk that wiſt of na remeid:
Bot tak the hous thay fled in all thair micht,
The Scottis followit, pat wozthy war and wicht
Few men of fence, war left that place to keip,
Wemen and Pzeiſtis vpon the wall can weip.
Foz weill pai wenit, the fearis war thair Lazd,
To tak thame in, thay maid thame reddy fozd.
Leit doun the brig reſt vp the zettis wyde,
The frayit folk enterit yat durſt nocht byde.
Gude Wallace euer, he followit thame ſa faſt,
Quhill in the hous he enterit at the laſt.
The zet he wozе, quhill cumit was all the rout
Of Inglis and Scottis, he held na man yair out.
The Inglismen that wynnit in that ſteid,
Withouttin grace thay bzyttinit thame to deid.
The Capitanis wyfe, wemen and Pzeiſtis twa,
And zoung Chylder, fozſuith thay ſaue na ma.
Held thame in cloiſ efter this ſuddand cace,
Oz Sutheroun men, ſuld ſeige yame in yat place.
Tuik vp the brig, and cloſit zettis faſt,
The deid bodyis out of ſicht pai gart caſt.
Within the hous, and out with that war deid,

Frue of his awin to buey he gart leid.
In that Caſtell ſeuin dayis ſtill baid he,
And euerilk nicht thay ſpuilzeit brayllie.
To Schoztwod ſchawis led wyne & bittal bricht
Houſhald and geir, baith gold and ſiluer bricht.
Wemen and thay, quham to he grantit grace,
Quhen he thocht tyme, thay put out of the place.
Quhen thay had taine, quhat lykit thame to haik,
Strauk doun the zet, and ſet in fyre the laik.
Out of wyndois ſtanchouris all pai drew,
Full greit Irne werk into the watter threw.
Buirdis durris, and lokkis in thair Ire,
All werk of tre thay bynt in to the fyre.
Syne that pai micht, brak brig and Bulwerk doun
To ſchoztwod ſchaw in haiſt pai maid yaime boun.
Cheiſſit ane ſtrenth, quhair pai yair lugeing maid,
In gude effeir, ane quhyle yair ſtill he baid.
Tit in the toun, of this na wit had thay,
The countrie folk, quhen it was lycht of day:
Greit reik ſaw ryſe, and to Kingſeuin thay ſoche,
Bot wallis and ſtane, mair gude fand thay nocht.
The Capitanis wyfe to Sanct Johnſtoun ſcho
And to Schir Gerard tauld yis felloū deid (zeid,
Als to hir Sone quhat hapnit was be caes,
Than demit thay all, yat it was wicht Wallace.
Befoir tyme thair he ſpyit had the toun,
Than chargit thay all, thay ſuld be reddy boun.
Harneſt on hors into thair armour cleir,
To ſeik Wallace, thay went all furth in feir.
Ane thouſand men weill garneſt for the weir,
To wart the wod wicht awfull in effeir.

¶ Schoztwod Schawis. Cap. iij.

To

TO Schoztwod ſchaw, and ſet it all about,
With fyue ſtaillis, yat ſtalwart war & ſtout.
The ſext yai maid, ane felloū Rayngе to leid
Quhair Wallace was, full wozthy ay in deid.
The ſtrenth he tuik, and bad thame hald it ſtill,
Du euerie ſyde aſſailze quha ſa will.
Schir Johne Buttellar into the Fozeſt went,
With twa hundzeth, fair muſkit in his Intent.
His Fatheris deith, to venge him gif he mocht,
To Wallace ſone with men of armis he ſocht.
Ane cleuch thair was, quhairof ane ſtrenth thay
With thoztour treis, & baldly thair abaid. (maid,
Fra the tane ſyde thay micht Ithe to ane plane,
Syne thzow the wod to the ſtrenth pas agane.
Twentie he had, yat Nobill Archearis wair,
Aganis ſeuin ſcoir of Inglis bowmen fair.
Thze ſcoir of ſpeiris neir hand yame baid full richt
Gif Scottis Ithit, to help yame at thair micht.
On Wallace ſet, ane bikker baid and bene,
Ane bow he bair, was big and weill beſene.
And arrowis als, baith lang and ſchairp with a'w
Na man was yair, yat Wallace bow micht draw.
Richt ſtark he was, and in full ſouer geir,
Baldly he ſchot amang thay men of weir.
Ane Ingill heid vnto the huikis he dzew,
Syne at ane ſchot the formeſt ſone he ſlew.
Inglis Archearis, that hardy war and wicht,
Amang the Scottis, bikkerit with all thair micht
Thair awfull ſchot was felloun for to byde,
Of Wallace men thay woundit feill that tyde.
Few of thame was ſicker of Archery,
Better thay war, and thay gat euin party.
In feild ſo byde, outher with ſwozd oz ſpeir,

Wallace perſauir his men tuik mekill deir.
He gart thame change, and ſtand not in yat ſteid,
He keſt alwayis to ſaif thame fra the deid.
Full greit trauell vpon him ſelf tuik he,
Of Sutheroun Archearis feill men he gart de.
Of Longcaſtell Schyre, bowmē war in yat place
Ane ſair Archear ay waittit on Wallace.
At ane oppin, quhair he vſit to repair,
At him he drew ane ſicker ſchyt and ſair.
Under the Chyn throw ane collar of ſteill,
On the left ſyde, and hurt his hals ſum deill.
Aſtoneiſt he was, bot nocht greitly agaſt,
Out fra his men, on him he followit faſt.
In the turning with gude will hes him tane,
Upon the craig, in ſunder ſtraits the bane.
Than feill of thame, na freindſchip with him fand
Fyftene that day, be ſchot deit with his hand.
Be that his arrowis waiſtit war and gane,
The Inglis Archearis, forſuith yai wantit nane.
Out with thay war, thair power to renew,
On euerilk ſyde, to thame yat cuid perſew.
William Lozane come with his buſteous ſtaill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to aſſaill.
Neuoy he was, as it was knawin plane,
To the Buttellar, befoir that thay had ſlane.
To wenge his Eme, he come in all his micht,
Thre hundzeth led oftmen in armis bricht.
To leid the Raynge on fure he maid him ſwyft,
Wallace to God his conſcience couth remyd.
Syne comfort thame with manly countenance,
Ze ſe he ſaid, gude Schirris thair ordinance.
Heir is nane chois, bot outher do or de,
We haue the richt, the happyer may it be.

That

That we ſall chaip, with grace out of this land,
The Lozane be that, was reddy at his hand.
Be this it was, eſter none of the day,
Feill men of wit, to counſall ſone zeid thay.
The Sutheroun keſt ſchairply on euerilk ſyde,
And ſaw ye wod was nouther lang nor wyde.
Lichtly thay thocht, he ſuld it haid ſa lang,
Fyue hundzeth maid on fuit throw it to gang.
Had men of armis, that egir war of will,
About the Scottis, with mony ſchout full ſchill.
With bow and ſpeir, and ſwordis ſtik of ſteill,
On ather ſyde, na freindſchip couth thay feill.
Wallace in Ire ane buirly brand can draw,
Quhair feill Sutheroun, war ſemblit on ane raw
To fend his men with his deir worthy hand,
The folk war fey, that he befoir him fand.
Throw the thickeſt of ye greit preis he paſt,
Upon his enemeis, he wand wounder faſt.
Aganis his dynt, na weidis micht auaill,
Quhome ſa he hit, was deid withouttin faill.
Of the ferſeſt full braithly bair he doun,
Befoir ye Scottis, that war of greit Renoun.
To hald ye ſtrenth yai preiſſit with all yair micht,
Than Inglismen, yat worthy war and wicht:
Schir Johne Buttellar releuit in agane,
Synderit ye Scottis, and did yame mekill pane.
The Lozane als, that cruell was and kene,
Ane ſair aſſay, forſuith yair micht be ſene.
Than at ye ſtrenth yai micht na langer byde,
The Raynge ſa ſtraug come vpon ather ſyde.
In ye thickeſt wod yai maid thair feill defence,
Aganis thair fais, ſa full of violence.
Richt feill Sutheroun leuit thair lyfe in wrd,

To ane new ſtrenth Wallace and his men fled.
Or thair aduerſaris, thay maid full feill debait,
Bot help vane ſelfyne vthir ſuccour yai wait.
The Sutheroun als, war ſyndrit than in twyn,
Bot thay agane togidder ſone can wyn.
Full ſubtelly thair ordinance thay maid,
The Rayngis agane, thay bownit bot mair abaid.
The Scottis was hurt, a part of vane war ſlane,
Than Wallace ſaid, we laubour all in vane.
To ſlay commounis it helpis vs richt nocht,
Bot thair Chiftanis, that hes vame hidder brocht.
Richt we with ſwa, yat ane of vame war ſlane,
Or ſa fair affay thay cuid nocht get agane.
Be this the Oſt approchand was full neir,
Thus yai thame held, full manly vpon ſteir.
Quhen Wallace ſaw the Sutheroun was at hand
Him thocht na tyme langer yai for to ſtand.
Richt manfully he graithit his geir,
Sadly he went againis thay men of weir.
Throw out the ſtour full faſt fecht and he ſocht,
With Goddis grace to venge him gif he mocht.
Vpon the Buttellar anfully ſtraik he,
Sairgaird he gat vnder ane bowand tre.
The branche in twa he ſtraik abone his heid,
Als to the ground, and ſchit him in that ſteid.
The haill power vpon him come ſa faſt,
That thay be force reſaſit him at the laſt.
Lothine was wa, and thidder faſt couth drawe,
Wallace returnit, in ſuddandly him ſawe.
Out at ane ſyde full faſt to him he zeid,
Ane gat na grith for all his burneiſt weid.
With Ire him ſtraik on his gargaret of ſteill,
Thre trenchand blaid it perſit euerilk deill.

Throw

Throw plait and ſtuf, micht nocht againis it ſtand
Deidly to deith, he left him on the land.
Him hane yai loſit, thocht Sutheroū had it ſwonne,
For his craig bane was all in ſunder ſchonne.
The worthy Scottis did Nobilly that day,
Abour Wallace, quhill he was won away.
He tuik the ſtrenth againis thair fais will,
Abandounly in bergane baid thame ſtill.
The ſery ſone rais, the bald Lozane was deid,
Schir Gerard Heroun tranoyntit to thar ſteid.
And all the Oſt aſſemblit him about,
At the North ſyde than Wallace Iſchit out.
With his gude men, and bownit thame to gā,
Thankand grete God, that thay war partit ſa.
Seuin of his men to deith that day was dicht,
To Cargill wod thay went that ſamin nicht.
In the feild left of the Sutheroun ſex ſcore,
And Lozane als, thair murning was the moir.
The Rayngis in haiſt thay rapit ſone againe,
Bot quhen thay ſaw thair trauell was in vane;
Quhen he was paſt full mekill mane thay maid,
To rype the wod, baith vaill, ſlonk, and ſkaid.
For Buttellaris gold, Wallace tuik gold vpoun,
Bot thay fand nocht, wald thay ſeik outr moir.
Vis hors thay gat, bot nocht ellis of his geir,
With dulefull mane returnit thir men of weir,
To Sanct Johnſtoun with ſorow & grete cair,
Of Wallace furth ane vthir to ſpeik ſum waire.
The ſecund nicht, the Scottis couth vame drawe,
Richt vitnalyng againe to Schort wod ſchawe.
Tuik vp thair gude quhilis was put out of ſichte,
Clenſing and nut, baith gold and ſiluer brichte.
Vpon thair feit, for hors was than thame fra,
Or the Sone raiſ to Merymen wod can ga.

The twa dayis our yair lugeing still yai maid,
On the thrid nicht yai mouit but mair abaid.

How Wallace was sauld to Inglismen be his Lemmane. Ca. iiij.

TO Elchok Park full suddandly thay went,
Thair in yat Kreuch to byde was his Intēt.
Than Wallace said, he wald ga to ye toun,
Arrayit him weill intill ane Preistis gown.
In Sanct Johnstoun dissagyst can he fair,
To this woman, the quhilk we spak of air.
Of his presence scho richt reioyst was,
And ay in dreid how he away suld pas.
He soiornit thair fra none was of the day,
Quhill neir the nicht, or yat he went his way.
He tryst it hir, quhen he suld cum agane,
On the thrid day, than was scho wounder fane.
Zit he was sene with enemeis as he zeid,
To Schir Gerret yat tauld of all this deid.
And to Buttellar, yat wald haue wrokin bene,
Than yai gart tak, yat woman bricht and schene:
Accusit hir fair of resset in that place,
Feil syse scho swoir, yat scho knew nocht Wallace.
Than Buttellar said, we waill weill it was he,
And bot thow tell, in baill fyre sall thow de.
Gif thow will help to bring zone Rebald doun,
We sall the mak ane Lady of Renoun.
Thay gaif to hir baith gold and siluer brichte,
And said scho suld be weddit with ane Knicht.
Quhome scho desyrit, yat was but mariage,
Thus temptit yai hir, throw counsal & greit wage
That scho yame tald quhat tyme he wald be yair,
Than war yai glaid, for thay desyrit na mair.
Of all Scotland bot Wallace at thair will,
Thus ordaind thay, yat pointment to fulfill.

Feill

Feill men of Armis thay graithit haistelie,
To keip the zettis wicht Wallace to espy.
At the ser tryst he enterit in the Town
Wittand na thing of all this fals tressoun.
To hir Chalmer he went but mair abaid,
Scho welcumit him, and ful greit plesance maid.
Quhat that thay wrocht I can not graithly say,
Ryght vnperfite I am of Venus play.
Bot haistely he graithit him to gang
Than scho him tuke, and speirit gif he thocht lang
Scho askit him that nycht with hir to byde
Sone he said nay, for chance that micht betyde
My men ar left at mistreuill all for me,
I may nocht sleip this nycht quhill I thame se.
Than weipit scho, and said full oft allace
That I was maid wa wrth the cursit race.
Now haue I loist the best man that leuand is,
O febill mynde to do sa foull ane mis
O warpit wit, wickit and variance,
That me hes brocht in this mischeuous chance.
Allace scho said in warld that I was wrocht
Gif all this pane on my self mycht be brocht
I haue serrut to be brint in ane gleid,
Quhē Wallace saw scho neir fra wit couth weid
In his armis he claucht hir soberly,
Quha hes done ocht he said, deir hart, haue I?
Na I, quod scho) hes failly wrocht this trane,
I haue zow sauld, richt now ze will be slane.
Scho tald to him hir tressoun to ane end
As I haue said, quhat neidis mair legend.
At hir he speirit gif scho forthocht it sair,
Ze Schir scho said, and sall do euer mair.
My warpit weird in warld I mon fulfill,

E. j.

To mend this mys I wald byrn on ane hill.
He comfort hir, and bad hir haue na dreid,
I will be said haue sumpart of thy weid.
Hir gowne he tuke on him and contrefeis als
Will God I sall eschaip this treffoun fals.
I the forgif withouttin wordis mair,
He kissit hir, syne tuik his leif to fair.
His burely brand helpit him oft in neid,
Richt prluatly hid it vnder that weid.
To the south zet the ganest way he drew,
Quhair that he fand of armit men attrew.
To thame he fauld dissimulit in countenance,
To the Chalmer quhair he was in perchance
Speid fast he said, Wallace is lokkit in
For him thay socht without noyis or din,
To that samin hous about thay can thame fast
Ouk at the zet than Wallace gat full fast.
Richt glaid in hart, quhen that he was without
Richt fast he zeid, ane sture pais and ane stout:
Twa him beheld and bad we will ga se
Ane stalwart quene forsuth some semis to be.
Thay followit him throw the south inche yat twa
Quhē Wallace saw with yame thair cōmen wa
Ygane he turnit, and hes the formest slane,
The tother fled than Wallace with greit mane
Vpon the heid with his sword hes him tane
Left yame baith deid, syne to the strenth him tane
His men he gat richt glaid quhen thay him saw
To thair defence in haist he gart thame draw.
Deuoydit him sone of the womans weid,
Thus chaipit he out of this felloun dreid.

¶ How Wallace eschaipit out of Sanct Johnstoun and past to Glehois Wark. And how he slew Faudoun. Ca. j.

The dark Regioun apperit wonder fast,
In Nouember quhen October was past:
The dayis fall throw ryght cours worthit
To baneist men that is na greit comfort. (schort
With thair power seir placis worthis gang,
Neuir thay think quhen that the nicht is lang.
Thus Wallace saw the nichtis messingeir,
Phebus had loist his lyrie brandis cleir.
Out of the wod thay durst nocht turne yat tyde,
For aduersaris that in thair way wald byde.
Wallace thayne tauld anew war on his hand
The Inglismen war of the town cumand.
The dur yai brak quhair yat throw Wallace was
Quhen thay him myssit thay bownit byne to pas.
In this greit noyis the woman gat away,
Bot to quhat stede I can nocht greithly say.
The Southroun sechis richt sadly for that steid,
Throw the lowis inche and fald yair twa nek beid
Thay knew bot that Wallace was in the strenth
About the Wark thay set on breid and lenth:
With ser hundreth weill graithit in thair armis
All likly men to weild thame of thair barmis.
Ane hundreth men chargit in armis strang,
To keip ane bound that thay had thame amang.
In Gilder land thair was that bratchet bred,
Sicker of sent to follow thawe that fled.
Sche was sa bsit quhick and lyddisdaill,
Quhill scho had bludē na fleing micht auail.
Than said thay all, Wallace micht nocht away,
He tuld be thairis for ocht that he do may.

The Oist thay left in diuers partis that tyde,
Schir Gerard Heroun in the staill can abyde.
Schir Johne Butellar the range he tuke him til
With thre hundreth quhilk war of hardy will
Into the wod vpon Wallace thay zeid,
The worthie Scottis that war in mekle dreid
Socht to ane place for to haue Ischit out
And saw the staill enuyronit thame about.
Igane pat went with hiddeous straikis & strang,
Greit noyis and dyn was raisit thame amang.
Thair cruell deith rycht merueillous to ken
Quhair fourtie matchit aganis thre hundreth men
Wallace sa weill vpon him tuik that tyde:
Throw the greit preis he maid ane way ful wyde
Helpand the Scottis with his deir worthy hand
Fell samen he left key vpon the land.
Zit Wallace loist fyftene into that steid
And fourtie men of Sutheroun thair war deid.
The Butellaris folk sa fruschit war in deid,
The hardy scottis to the strenthis throw pai zeid
Vpon Tay syde thay haistit thame full fast,
In will thay war the watter to haue past.
Better him thocht in perrell for to be
Vpon the land than wilfully to se
His men to drowne quhair reskew mycht be nane
Igane in Ire to the feild ar thay gane
Butellar be than had put his men in array,
On thame he set with awfull hardy assay.
On ather syde with wappnis stif of steill
Wallace againe na freindschip leit thame feill.
Bot do or de thay wist na mair succour,
Thus send thay lang into that stalwart stour.
The Scottis Chiftane was zoung & in ane rage,

Wist in weir, and fechtis with curage.
He saw his men of Sutherzoun tak sic wrang,
Thame to Reuenge all dreidles can he gang.
For mony of thame war bleidand wounder sair.
He couth nocht se na help appeirand thair.
Bot gif thair Chiftane war put out of his gait,
The bynn Butellar sa bauldly maid debait.
Throw the greit preis Wallace to him socht,
His awfull deid he eschewit as he mocht.
Vnder ane Ik with men about him set,
Wallace micht nocht ane graith straik on him get
Zit sched he thame, ane full rude slop hes maid,
The Scottis went out, na langer thair ane baid.
Steuin of Ireland quhilk hardy was and wicht
To help Wallace he did greit preis and micht.
With trew Keirly douchtie in mony deid,
Vpon the ground fell Sutheroun gart pai bleid.
Sextie war slane of Inglismen in that place,
And nyne of scottis pair tynt war throw pat race
Butellaris men sa distroyit war that tyde,
Into the stour he wald na langer abyde.
To get supple he went vnto the staill,
Thus loist he pair ane hundreth of greit vaill.
As thay war best arrayand Buttellaris rout
Betuix parteis than Wallace Ischit out.
Sextene with him thay grauthit thame to ga,
Of all his men he had leuit na ma.
The Inglismen hes missit him in hy,
The hound thay tuke, and follo wit him haistely.
At the Gask wod full fane he wald haue bene,
Bot this fluth Ratche quhilk cruel was and kene
On Wallace fute follo wit wounder fast,
Quhill in thair sicht thay approchit at the last.

Thair hors was wicht, had soiornit weill lang,
To the nixt wod twa myle thay had to gang.
Of vpwith eird thay zeid with all thair micht,
Gude hope thay had, for it was neir the nicht.
Faudoun he tyrit, and said he micht nocht gang,
Wallace was wa to leif him in that thrang.
He bad him ga and said the strenth was neir,
Bot he thairfoir wald nocht the faster steir.
Wallace in Ire on the craig can him ta,
With his gude sword, and straik the heid him fra
Dreidles to ground he duschit to the deid,
Fra him he tap and left him in that steid.
Sum demis it to Ill, and sum to gude,
And I say heir into thir termis rude:
Better it was he did, as thinkis me,
First to the hound it micht greit stopping be.
Als Faudoun was haldin at greit suspitioun,
For he was knawin of bruikill complexioun.
Richt stark he was and had bot lytill game,
Thus Wallace wist, had he bene left allane:
And he war fals to enemeis wald he ga,
Gif he war trew the Sucheroun wald him sla
Micht he do ocht, bot tyne him as it was,
Fra this questioun now schortly will I pas.
Deme as ze list, ze that can best and may,
Bot I reheirs as myne Author will say.
Sternis as than, began for to appeir,
The Inglismen war cumand wounder neir.
Fyue hundreth haill war in that Cheualry,
To the nixt strenth than Wallace can him hy.
Steuin of Ireland vnwittand of Wallace,
And gude Keirlie baid still neir hand that place.
At the mure syde into ane scrogy slaid,

Be eist

Be eist Duplin quhair thay this tary maid.
Faudoun was left besyde thame on the land,
The power come, and suddanly him fand.
For thair sluith hound the gratth way to him zeid
Of vther tred as than scho tuik na heid.
The sluith stoppit at Faudoun still scho stude,
Na forther wald, fra tyme scho fand the blude.
The Inglismen demit for vther yai couth not tell,
Bot yat ye Scottis had fochtin amang yame sell
Richt wa thay war for lossit was thair sent,
Wallace twa men amang the Ost in went.
Dissimulit weill, that na man suld thame ken,
Richt in affeir as thay war Inglismen.
Keirlie beheld vnto the bauld Heroun,
Vpon Faudoun as he was lurkand doun.
Ane subtill straik vpwart him tuik that tyde,
Vnder the cloik the grundin sword can glyde.
By the gude mailze baith craig and hals bane,
In sundet straik, thus endit that Chiftane.
To ground he fell, feill folk about him thrang,
Tressoun thay cryit, ane tratour vs amang.
Keirly with that slaid out at ane syde,
His fellow Steuin than thocht na tyme to byde.
The fray was greit, and fast away thay zeid,
Baith toward Erne thus chaipit yai that dreid.
Butellar was wa of weiping micht nocht stynt,
Thus reklesly this gude Knycht haue thay tynt.
Thay demit all that it was Wallace men,
Or ellis him self, thocht thay culd nocht him ken.
He is richt neir, we sall him haue but taill,
The fevill wod may lytill him auaill.
Fourtie thair past agane to Sanct Johnstoun,
With this deid Corps, to burying maid it boun.

Partit thair men, and diuers wayis raid,
Ane greit power at Duplin still thair baid.
To Dawrich the Butellar past but let,
Wt sundrie furdis the gaitis ymbeset:
To keip the wod quhill it was day thay thocht,
As wallace thus in the thick Forest socht:
For his twa men in mynde he had greit pane,
He wist nocht weill gif thay war tane or slane:
Or chaipit haill be ony Jepardie,
Threttene war left, with him na ma had he.
In the Gask hall thair ludgeing haue thay tane,
Fyre gat thay sone, bot meit than had thay nane.
Twa scheip thay tuik besyde thame in ane fald,
Ordanit the Supper into that semely hald.
Graithit in haist sum meit for thame to dicht,
Sa hard thay blaw rude hornis vpon hicht.
Twa send he furth to luik quhat it micht be,
Thay baid richt lang, and na tythingis hard he.
Bot bustcous noyis sa brymlie blawand fast,
Sa vther twa in to the wod furth past.
Nane come agane bot bustcously can blaw,
Into greit Ire he send thame furth on raw.
Quhen that allane wallace was left thair,
The awfull blast aboundit mekill mair.
Than trowit he weill thay had his ludging sene,
His sword he drew of Nobill mettell kene.
Syne furth he went quhair yat he hard ye horne
Without the dur Faudoun was him beforne.
As to his sicht, his heid into his hand,
Ane croce he maid, quhen he him sa saw stand.
At wallace in the heid he swakit thair,
And he in haist sone hynt it be the hair.
Syne out at him agane he couth it cast,

Into

Into his hart he was greitly agast.
Richt weill he trowit that was na spirit of man
It was sum Deuill that sic malice began.
He wist nane auaill thair langer to abyde,
Up throw the hall thus wicht wallace can glyde
To ane clois stair the burdis raik in twin,
Fyftene fute large he lap furth of that In.
Vp the watter suddanly can he fair,
Agane he blent quhat apperance he saw thair.
Him thocht he saw Faudoun that vgly Syre,
Vpon the hous, and all the laif in fyre.
Ane greit ruse tre he had into his hand,
Wallace as than na langer wald he stand.
Of his gude men full greit meruell had he,
How thay war tynt throw this fell fantaste.
Craistis richt weill all this was suith in deid,
Supppois that it na point be of the Creid.
Power thay had with Lucifer that fell,
The tyme that he departit fra heuin to hell.
Sic mischeif gif his men micht be louit,
Drowne or slane amang the Inglis Dist.
Or quhat it was in lyknes of Faudoun,
Quhilk brocht his men to suddand confusioun.
Or gif the man endit in euill Intent,
Sum wickit Spirit agane for him present.
I can not speik offic Diuinitie,
To Clerkis I will lat all sic maters be.
Bot of wallace on furth I will zow tell,
Quhen he was went out of this perrell fell:
Tit glaid he was that he had chaipit sa,
Bot for his men greit murning can he ma.
Flait be him self to the maker abufe,
Quhy he sufferit he suld sic panis pruue.

He wiſt nocht weill gif it was Goddis will,
Richt or wrang his forȝoun to fulfill.
Had it pleiſit God he trowit it micht nocht be,
He ſuld him ſet in ſic perplexitie.
Bot great curage in his mynd euer draif,
Of Inglißmen ane mendis thinkand to haif.
As he was thus walkand be him allane,
Upon Erne ſyde makand ane pietcous mane.
Schir Johne Butellar to wache pai furdis richt
Out fra his men of Wallace had ane ſicht.
The myſt was went, and to the mountanis gane
To him he raid quhair that he maid his mane.
On loud he ſpeirit, quhat art thow walkȝ pis gait
Ane trew man Schir, thocht my vayage be lait.
Grandis I pas fra Down vnto my Lord,
Schir Johne Stewart, ye richt quha wil record
In Down is now, new cũmin fra the King,
Than Butellar ſaid, this is ane ſelcouth thing.
Thow leid he ſaid, thow hes bene with Wallace,
I ſall the knaw or thow cum of this place.
To him he ſtert, the Curſour wounder wicht,
Drew out a ſword, ſyne maid him for to licht.
Abone the kne gude Wallace hes him tane,
Thrǫw Thee and braune in ſũder ſtraik the bane
Derfly to ground the Knicht fell on the land,
Wallace the hors ſone ſeſit in his hand.
Ane alwart ſtraik ſyne tuke him in that ſteid,
His craig in twa, this was the Butellar deid.
Ane Inglißman ſaw thair Chiftane was ſlane,
Ane ſpeir in reiſt he beſt in all his mane.
On Wallace draif, fra the hors him to beir,
Warly he wrocht, as worthis man in weir.
The ſpeir he wan, without tin mair abaid,

On hors

On hors he lap, and thrǫw ane greit rout raid.
To Dalrich than he knew the furd full weill.
Befoir him come keill ſtuffit in lyne ſteill.
He ſtraik the firſt but baid in the blaſoun,
Quhill hors and man all flet the watter doun.
Ane vther ſone downe fra his hors he bair,
Strampit to ground, and drownit without mair
The thrid he hit in his harnes of ſteill,
Thrǫw out the coiſt the ſpeir it brak ilk deill.
The greit power than efter him can ryde,
He ſaw na wiſdome thair langer to abyde
His burniſt brand in hand braithly he bair,
Quhome he hit richt, thay followit him na mair.
To ſluf the chace few freikis followit faſt,
Bot Wallace maid the gayeſt ay agaſt.
The mure he tuke and thrǫw thair power zeid,
The hors was gude, bot zit he had greit dreid.
For failzeing or he wan to a ſtrenth,
The chace was greit ſcaillit on breid and lenth.
Thrǫw ſtrang danger thay had him ay at ſicht,
At the blak furd thair Wallace down can licht.
The hors ſtiffit, the way was deip and lang,
Ane large lang myle wichtly on fute can gang.
Or he was horſit rydaris about him beſt,
He ſaw full weill lang ſa he micht nocht leſt.
Sad men in deid vpon him can renew,
Without recouering twentie pat nicht he ſlew.
The feirſeſt ay rudely rebutit he,
Keipit his hors, and rycht wiſely can ſle.
Quhill that he come the mirkeſt mure amang,
His hors gaf ouir, and wald na farther gang.
Wallace on fute tuke him with gude Intent,
The hors he ſlew, or that he farther went.

That Inglismen of him suld haue na gude,
And left on fute for weill he vnderstude:
For Sutheroun men of him suld haue na sicht,
In heich hadder he past with all his mycht.
Throw that dark mure fra yame pan hes he socht
Bot suddanly thair come into his thocht:
Greit power wonk at Striuiling brig of tre,
Sichand he said, na passage is for me.
For fault of fude, and I haue fastit lang,
On weirmen now, me think na tyme to gang.
At Cambuskinneth I sall the watter till,
Lat God aboue do with me quhat he will.
Into this land langer I may nocht byde,
Tary he maid sumpart on Forthis syde.
Tuik of his weid and graithit him but mair,
His two.d he band, that wounder scharply sl hair
Amang his geir on his schulders on loft,
Thus in he went, to greit God prayand oft.
Of his hie grace his cause to tak on hand,
Quit the watter he swam to the south land.
Arrayit him sone, the sesoun was richt cauld,
For Pisces was into his dayis auld.
Ourthort the Kers to the Torwod he zeid,
Ane wedow dwelt quhilk helpit him in neid.
Hidder he come or day began to daw,
To ane windo, and prluatly can caw.
Thay speirit his name, bot tel yame wald he nocht
Quhill scho hir self neir to his langage socht.
Fra tyme scho wist that it was wicht Wallace,
Reiosit scho was, and thankit God of his grace.
Scho speirit sone quhy he was him allane,
Murnand he said, as now man haue I nane.
Scho asket him quhair thai his men suld be,

Fair

Fair Dame he said ga get sum meit for me.
I haue fastit sen zister day at morne
I dreid full sair that my men be forlorne.
Greit part of thame to the deith I saw brocht
Scho gat him meit in all the haist scho mocht
Ane woman he callit and als with hir ane chyld
And bad thame pas agane thay wayis wyld.
To the Gask hall tythingis for to speir
Gif part war left of his men in to feir.
And scho suld find ane hors sone in hir gait
He bad thame se gif that place stude in stait,
Thairof to heir he had full greit desyre
Because he thocht it was all into syre.
Thay passit furth withouttin tary mair
Him for to rest Wallace remainit thair.
Refreschit he was with meit drink and heit,
Quhilk causit him throw naturall cours to sleip
Quhair he suld sleip at that woman he spcirit
The wedow had thre sonnis that war leirit,
First twa of thame scho send to keip Wallace
He gart the third ga sone to Monypace
And tald his Eme that he was hapnit thair,
The Persoun come to se of his weilfair.
Wallace to sleip was laid in the wod syde
The twa zoūg men without him neir couth byde.
The Persoun come neir hand thair manet saw
Thay bekynnit him to quhat stede he suld draw.
The Rone was thick that Wallace sleipit in
About he zeid and maid bot lytill dyn.
Sa at the last of him he had ane sycht
Full prluatly quhair that his bed was dicht.
He him beheld, syne said vnto him sell,
Heir is meruell quha lykis it for to tell.

This is ane Perſoun be worthines of hand
Trowis to ſtop the power of Ingland.
Now fals Fortoun the miſwirkar of all,
Be auentyre hes geuin him ane fall.
That he is left without ſupple of ma
Aue cruell wyfe with wapins micht him ſla.
Wallace him hard with pat the ſleip ouer paſt,
Feirfly he rais, and ſaid to him als faſt
Thow leis fals Preiſt war thow ane fa to me,
I wald not vreid ſic vther ten as the.
I haue had mair ſen ziſterday at morne,
Than ſic ſextie war aſſemblit me beſorne.
His Eme him tuke, and wēt furth with Wallace,
He tauld to him of all his pauefull cace.
This nicht he ſaid I was left myne allane
In fell debait with Enemeis mony ane.
God at his will hes ay my lyfe to keip,
Ouer Forth I ſwame that awfull is and deip.
Quhat I haue had in weir befoir this day,
Perſoun and pane to this nicht was bot play.
Sa bet I am with ſtraikis ſad and ſair,
The ſchill watter wyppt me mekill mair.
Efter greit blude throw heit and cald was wrocht
That of my lyfe almaiſt nathing I rocht.
I mene far mair the tynſall of my men,
Nor for my ſelf micht I ſuffer ſic ten.
The Perſoun ſaid deir ſone, thow may ſe weill,
Langer to ſtryfe it helpis nocht adeill:
Thy men ar loſt, and nane will with the byde,
For Goddis faith mak as I ſall deuyſe.
Tak ane Lordſchip quhairon that thow may leif
King Edward will greit landis to the geif.
Unſtill he ſaid of ſic wordis na mair,

This

This is na thing bot eiking of my cair.
I lyke better to ſe the Suthroun de,
Than gold or land that thay can gif to me.
Traiſt thow richt weill of weir I ſall not ceis,
Vntill the tyme I bring Scotland to peis:
Or de thairfoir in plane to vnderſtand
Sa come Keirlie and gude Steuin of Ireland,
Thame dowis Sone to Wallace he yame brocht
Fra thay him ſaw of na ſadnes thay rocht.
For perfite Joy thay weipt with thair Ene,
To ground thay fell, and thankit heuinis Quene
Als he was glaid for reſhew of thame twa,
Of thair ferris leuand war left na ma:
Thay tauld him that Schir Gerard was deid,
How thay had weill eſchapit of that ſtreid:
Throw the Dichell thay had gane all that nicht,
To Erth ferry quhen that the day was lichte.
How ane trew Scot throw tyndnes of Wallace
Brocht thame ane quer ſyne kend thame to chace.
Als Kuſe will gif Wallace leuand war, (place
Feir Dowppais that he ſuld find him thair.
The Perſoun gart gude purueyāce for yame dicht
In the Torwod thay ludgit all that nicht.
Vntill the woman that Wallace north had ſend,
Returnit agane and tauld him to ane end.
Quhat Inglismen in the way ſcho fand deid,
Fell was fallin fey in mony ſindrie ſteid.
The hors ſcho ſaw that Wallace had be reft,
And the Salt hall ſtandand as it was left:
Wythoutin harme, not ſkeirit of it ane ſtane,
Wot of his men gude tythingis ſcho gat nane.
Thairfoir he greuit greitly in that tyde,
In the Forreſt he wald na langer abyde.

The wedow him gaif part of siluer bricht,
Twa of hir Sonnis that worthie war & wicht.
The thrid scho left because he laikit age
In weir as than micht nocht wyn vassalage.
The Persoun than gat thame gude hors and geir
Bot wa he was, his mynd was sa in weir,
Thus tuke he leif without langer abaid,
In Dundaf mure the samin nicht he raid.
Schir Johne ye Grahame quhilk lord was of pat-
Ane agit Knicht had maid nane vther bād. (land
Bot purchest peax in rest he micht byde still,
Tribute he payit full fair agains his will.
A Sone he had bath wise worthie and wicht,
Alexander the feirs at Berwik maid him Knicht.
Quhair Shawin was of battell to haue bene,
Betuix Scottis and the bauld Persee kene.
This zoūg schir Johne richt nobill w as in weir,
On ane braid swozd his father garr him sweir,
He suld be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And he to him quhill lyfe in thame micht Ring.
The nycheis thair Wallace was out of dzeid,
Restit him weill, sa hes he mekle neid.
On the feird day he wald na langer abyde
Schir Johne ye Grahame bownit vō him to ryde
And he said nay, as than it sulde not be,
Ane plane part zit I will not tak on me.
I haue tynt men throw my ouir reckles deid,
Ane brynt chylde als mair sair the fyre suld dzeid.
Freindis sumpart I haue in Cluddisdaill,
I will ga se quhat thay may me auaill.
Schir Johne answerit I will zour counsall do,
Quhen ze think tyme send pmptly me to.
Than I sall cum with my power in haist,

He him

He him betaucht vnto the haly Gaist.
Sanct Johne to bozgh yai fuld meit haill & sound,
Out of Dundaf he and his four couth found.
In Bothwell mure that nicht remanit he,
With ane Crausurd yat iudgit him pmte.
Upon the mozne to the Gilbank he went,
Reissauit he was of mony with glaid Intent.
For his deir Eme zoung Inchinlek dwelt thair,
Brother he was to the Schiref of Air.
Quhen auld Schir Rānald to his deid was dicht
Than Inchinlek weddit that Lady bricht.
And Chylder gat, as storys will record,
Of Lesmahago for he held of that Lord.
Bot he was slane, that pitie was the mair,
With Perseis men into the towne of Air.
His Sone dwelt still, than nyntene zeir of age,
And bruikit haill his Fathers heritage.
Tribute he payit for all his landis braid,
To Lord Persee, as his brother had maid.
I leif Wallace with his deir Unkill still,
Of Inglismen zit sum thing speik I will.
Ane messinger sone throw the countrie zeid,
To Lord Persee, and tauld this felloun deid.
Kincleuin was brynt, brokin and cassin doun,
The Capitane deid of it and Sanct Johnstoun.
The Lorane als in schortwod schawis schene,
Into that land greit sorrow hes bene sene.
Throw wicht Wallace yat all this deid hes done
The towne he spyit, and that forthocht vs sone.
Butellar is slane with douchtie men and deir,
In asper spiche the Persee than can speir.
Quhat word of him I pray the graithly tell,
My Lord he said, richt thus the cais befell.

We knaw for treuth he was left him allane,
And as he fled he flew full mony ane.
The hors we fand yat him yat gait couth beir,
Bot of him self nane vther word we heir.
At Struiling brig we wait he passit nocht,
To deith in Forth he may for vs be brocht.
Lord Persee said, now suithly that war sin,
Sa gude of hand is nane this warld within.
Had he tane pear and bene our Kingis man,
This haill Empyre he micht haue conquest yan.
Greit harme it is our Knychtis that ar deid,
We mon gar se for vther in thair steid.
I trow nocht zit that Wallace loisit be,
Our Clerkis sayis he sall gar mony de.
The messinger sayis, all that full suith hes bene,
Mony hundreth that cruell was and kene.
Sen he began ar loist without remeid,
The Persee said forsuith he is nocht deid.
The cruikis of Forth he knawis wounder weill,
He is on lyke that sall our Nation feill.
Quhen he is stressit, than can he swome at will,
Greit strenth he hes, baith wit and grace yairtill.
Ane messinger the Lord chargit to wend,
And this comand in writ he with him send.
Schir Johne Stewart gart Schiref yā be maid
Of Sanct Johnstoun, and all the landis braid.
Iuro Kincleith thair dwelt nane syne agane,
Thair was nocht bot brokin wallis in plane.
Leif I thame thus rewland the landis thair,
And speik I will of Wallace gladd weilfair.
He send Kerlie vnto Rannald that nicht,
To Boyd and Blair that worthie war & wicht.
And Adame als, his Cousing gude Wallace,

To

To thame declarit all this panefull cace.
Of his eschaip out of that company,
Richt wounder glaid war thir gude Chevalry.
Fra tyme thay wist that Wallace levand was,
Gude expensis thay maid to him to pas.
Maister Johne Blair was ane of that message,
Ane worthy Clerk baith wise and richt sauage.
Leirit he was befor in Pareis toun,
Amang Maisteris in science of gude Renoun.
Wallace and he at hame in scule had bene,
Sone efter wart as veritie was sene:
He was the man that principall vndertuke,
That first compylit in dyte the latine buke.
Of Wallace lyke richt famous of Renoun,
And Thomas Gray Persoun of Liverpoun.
With him thay war, and put in Vitrofall.
Ost ane or baith mekill of his trauail.
And thairfoir heir I mak of thame mentioun,
Maister Johne Blair to Wallace maid him boun
To se his heill his comfort was the mair,
As thay full oft togidder war befoir.
Siluer and gold thay gaif him for to speid,
Sa did he thame frely quhen God it send.
Of gude weilfair as than he wantit nane,
Inglismen wist he was left him allane.
Quhair he suld be was nane of thame couth say
Bot wnit or slane or eschaipit away.
Thairfoir of him thay tuke bot tyrill hrid,
Thay knew him nocht, the les he was in dreid.
All trew Scottis greit sauour to him gaif,
Quhat gude thay had he micht it nocht to craif.
The pear lestit that Schir Rannald had tane,
Thay tyne monethis it suld nocht be out gane.

Haill Criſtnes Wallace remanit thair,
In Lanerk oft to ſport he maid repair.
Quhen that he went to Gilbank fra the toun,
Gif he fand men was of that Natioun.
To Scotland thay did neuer greuance mair,
Sum ſtibbit thay, ſum throttis in ſunder ſchair.
Feill war fund deid, bot nane wiſt quha it was,
Quhome he handlit he leit na farther pas.
Thair Heſſilrig dwelt, yat curſit Knycht to waill,
Schiref he was of all thay landis haill.
Of felloun outrage, diſpitefull in his deid,
Mony of him thairfoir had mekill dreid.
Werurll he thocht, quha durſt his pepill fla,
Without the toun he gart greit number ga:
Quhen Wallace ſaw that thay war ma than he
Than did he nocht bot ſaluſt courteſlie.
Als his four men bure thame ſa quyetlie,
Na Sutheroun culd deme yame vnhoneſtlie.
In Lanerk dwelt ane gentill woman thair,
Ane madyn myld, as my buik will declair.
Auchtene zeir auld, or lytill mair of age,
Als bozne ſcho was to part of heritage.
Hir Father was of wozſchip and renoun,
Ind Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lämingtoun.
As feill was than in the countrie cald,
Befoir tyme thay gentill men war of ald.
Bot this gude man and als his wyfe was deid,
The madin than wiſt of nane, bther remeid.
Bot ſtill ſcho dwelt on tribute in the toun,
And purcheſt had King Edwards protectioun.
Seruandis with hir of freindis at hir will,
Thus leiſit ſcho without deſyre of Jll.
Ane quyet hous as ſcho micht hald in weir,

For Heſſilrig had done hir mekill deir.
Slane hir bzother quhilk eldeſt was and Air,
Jll ſufferit ſcho, and richt lawly hir bair.
Amiabill, ſa bening war and wyſe,
Courtes and ſweit, fulfillit of all gentrice.
Weill reullit of toung, richt haill of countenance,
Of vertewis ſcho was wozthye to auance.
Humbill hir led, and purcheſt ane gude Name,
Of alkin wicht ſcho keipit hir fra blame.
Trew richteous folk ane greit fauour hir lent,
Upon ane day to the Kirk as ſcho went:
Wallace hir ſaw as he his Eye can caſt,
The ſyght of luſe him ſyrſeit at the laſt.
Sa aſperly throw beutie of that bricht,
With greit vneis in preſence byde he micht.
He knew full weill hir kinrent and hir blude,
And how ſcho was in honeſt vſe and gude.
Quhyle wald he think to luſe hir oure the laik,
Ane vther quhyle, he thocht on his defaik.
How that his men war brocht to confuſioun,
Throw his laſt luſe he had in Sanct Johnſtoun.
Than wald he think to leue and lat ouir flyde,
Bot that thocht lang in mynd micht nocht abyde
He tauld keirlie of his new luſt and baill,
Syne aſkit he him of his trew counſall.
Waiſter he ſaid, als far as J haue feill,
Of liklynes it may be wounder weill.
Sen ze ſa luſe, tak hir in mariage,
Gudely ſcho is, and als hes heritage.
Suppois that ze in luiſing feill ane miſ,
Greit God forbid it ſuld be ſa with this.
To mary thus J can nocht zit attend,
J wald of weir firſt ſe ane finall end.

I will na mair allane to my luke gang,
Tak rent to me for dreid I ſuffer wrang.
To proffer luke thus ſone I wald nocht preſt,
Wicht I leif of in weir I think to leif.
Quhat is this luke na thing bot fulliſchnes,
It may reif me baith wit and ſtedfaſtnes.
Than ſaid he thus, this will nocht grauthly be,
Amouris and weir at anis to regne in me.
Richt ſuith it is ſtude I in blis of luke,
Quhair deidis war I ſuld the better preuke.
Bot weill I wait quhair greit ernift is in thocht,
It lattis weir in ye wyſeſt man was wrocht.
Les gif it be bot anerly till ane deid,
Than he that thinkis of luke to ſpeid.
He may do weill, haue he fortoun and grace,
Bot this ſtandis all in ane vther cace.
Ane greit kinrik with feill fais ouirſet,
Richt hard it is amendis for to get.
Irantis of thame, and keip the obſeruance,
Quhilk belangis luke, and all his freuoll chance.
Exempill I haue, that me forthinkis ſair,
I trow to God it ſall be ſa na mair.
The treuth I knaw of this and hir lynnage,
I knew nocht hir, thairfoir I loiſſit ane gage.
To Keirlie he thus arguit in this kynd,
Bot greit deſyre remaning in his mynd.
For to behauld that freely of faſſoun,
Ane quhyle he left, and come nocht in the toun.
On vther thing he maid his wit to waik,
Preuand gif he micht of that langour ſlaik.
Quhen Keirlie ſaw he ſufferit pane for thy,
Dear Schir he ſaid, ze leif in flogardy.
Sa le zour luſt, than ſall ze get comfort,

At his

At his counſall he walkit for to ſport.
Vnto the kirk quhair ſcho maid reſidence,
Scho knew him weill, bot as of eloquence
Scho durſt nocht weill in preſence to him kyth,
Full fair ſcho dred that Sutheroun ſuld hir myth.
For Heſilrig had ane mater new begune,
And hir deſyrit in mariage to his Sone.
With hir madin thus Wallace ſcho beſocht,
To dyne with hir, and priuatly ſcho him brocht.
Throw ane gardin ſcho had gart wirk of new,
Sa Inglifmen nocht of thair meting knew.
Than kiſſit he this may gladly with pleſance,
Sone hir beſocht richt hartly of acquentance,
Scho anſwerit him with humbill wordis wyſe
War my acquentance richt worthie for to pryſe:
Ze ſall it haue as God me ſaif in ſaill,
Bot Inglifmen garris our power faill.
Throw violence of thame and thair bairnage,
That hes weill neir diſtroyit our lynage.
Quhen Wallace hard hir compleyne pietcouſly,
Greuit in hart he was richt gretumly.
Baith Ire and luke him ſet into ane rage,
Bot nocht for thy he ſoberit in curage.
Of his mater he tauld as I ſaid air,
To that gudeiy how luke conſtraint him ſair.
Scho anſwerit him richt reſſonablie agane,
And ſaid I ſall to zour ſeruice be bane.
With all pleſance in honeſt cauſis haill.
And I traiſt nocht ze wald ſet to aſſaill.
For zour worſchip to do me diſhonour,
And I ane Mayde, and ſtandis in mony ſtour,
Fra Inglifmen to ſaif my womanheid,
And coiſt hes maid to keip me fra thair feid,

With my gude will, I will na Leman be,
To na man bone, thairfoir me think suld ze.
Desyre me nocht bot into gudlynace,
Perchance ze think I war to law pertace.
Foꝛ to attend to be zour richteous wyfe,
Into zour seruice I wald vse all my lyfe.
Heir I beseik foꝛ zour woꝛschip in armis,
Ze charge me nocht with na vngodly harmis.
Bot me defend foꝛ woꝛschip of zour blude,
Quhen Wallace weill hir trew taill vnderstude:
As in ane part him thocht it was resson,
Of hir desyre thairfoir to conclusioun.
He thankit hir, and said gif it micht be,
Thro Goddis will that our Kinrik be fre.
I wald zow wed with all hartly plesance,
Bot at this tyme I may nocht tak sic chance.
And foꝛ this cause nane vther now I craik,
Ane man in weir may nocht all plesance haik.
Of thair talk than can I tell zow na mair,
To my purpois quhat band that thay maid thair.
Conclude thay thus, and to the Denner went,
The fair greuance remanit in his Intent.
Lois of his man and lustie pane of lufe,
His leif he tuke at that tyme to remufe.

¶ How Wallace past to Lochmabane, and how thay cuttit his hoꝛs taillis, and how he schaik the blude latter. Ca. ij.

Syne to Gilbank he past oꝛ it was nicht,
Upon ye moꝛne with his four mē him dicht
To the Coꝛheid without resting he raid,
Quhair his Neuoy Thom Haliday him abaid.

And

And Edward Lytill als his Couking deir,
Quhilk was sa blyith quhen he wist him sa neir.
Thankand greit God he send thame saik agane,
Foꝛ mony demit he was in Stratherne slane.
Gude cheir thay maid all out thay dayis thre,
Than Wallace said that he desyrit to se:
Lochmabane toun, and Inglismen yat was yair
On the feird day thay bownit thame to fair.
Sextene he was of gudly Cheualry,
In the Knok wod he leikit all bot thre.
Thomas Haliday went with him to the Town
Edward Lytill and Keirly maid thame bown.
To ane Oistler Thomas Haliday led yame richt,
And gaif command yair Denner suld be dicht.
To heir ane Mes in gude Intent thay zeid,
Of Inglismen thay trowit thair was na dreid.
Ane Cliffurd come was Emis Sone to the Loꝛd
And thre with him, in treuth foꝛ to recoꝛd.
To thair Innis sone efter Wallace past,
Quha aucht thay hoꝛs in greit hething he ast.
The gude wyfe said foꝛ to haue pleist him best,
Thre gentill men ar cūmin out of the west.
Quha Deuill thame maid sa gaylie foꝛ to ryde,
In faith with me ane wed thair mon abyde.
Thir lewit Scottis hes leirit lytill gude,
Lo all thair hoꝛs ar schent foꝛ fault of blude.
Into greit scoꝛne foꝛ outtin woꝛdis mair,
The taillis all of thay thre hoꝛs thay schair.
The gude wyfe cryit, and pietcously couth greit,
Sa Wallace come, and couth the Capitane meit.
Ane woman tauld him thay had his hoꝛs schent
Foꝛ ꝓper Ire he grew in matalent.
He followit fast, and said gude freūdis abyde,

Seruice to tak for thy craft in this tyde.
Marchell thow art without command of me,
Reward agane me think I suld pay the.
Sen I of lait new come out of the west,
In this countrie ane barbour of the best.
To cut and schaik and that ane wounder gude,
Now thow sall feill how I vse to lat blude.
With his gude sword the Capitane hes he tane,
Quhill hors agane he merchellit neuer nane.
Ane vther sone vpon the heid straik he,
Quhill chaftis and cheik vpon the gait can fle.
Be that his men the tother thre had slane,
Thair hors thay tuke, and graithit yame ful bane
Out of the Town, for Denner baid thay nane,
The wyfe he payit, that maid sa pieteous mane.
Than Inglismen fra that Chiftane was deid,
To Wallace socht fra mony sindrie steid.
Of the Castell come cruell men and kene,
Quhen Wallace hes thair suddand semblie sene.
Towart sum strenth he bownit him to ryde,
For than him thocht it was na tyme to bide,
His hors bled fast that gart him dreding baif,
Of his gude men he wald haue had the laif.
To the knok wod withouttin mair thay raid,
Bot into it na Soiorning he maid.
That wod as than was nouther thick nor strang
His men he gat, syne lichtit he to gang.
Towart ane hicht, and led thair hors ane quhyle,
The Inglismen war than within ane myle.
On fresche hors rydand full haistely,
Sextin scoir as than was in that cumpany.
The Scottis lap on quhen thay that power saw,
Frawart the south thame thocht it best to draw.

Than

Than Wallace said, it is na wit in weir,
With our power to byde thame bargane heir.
Zone ar gude men, thairfoir I reid that we,
Innermair seik, quhill God send vs supple.
Haliday said, we sall do zour counsaill,
Bot sair I dreid that thir hurt hors will faill.
The Inglismen in burnist armour cleir,
Be than to thame approchit wounder neir.
Horsit Archearis schot and wald nocht spair,
Of Wallace men thay woundit twa full sair.
In Ire he grew quhen that he saw thame bleid
Him self he turnit, and on thame sone he zeid.
Sextene with him that worthie was in weir,
Of the formest richt scharply doun thay beir.
At that returne fyftene in feild was slane,
The laif thay fled vnto thair power agane.
Wallace followit with his gude Chevalry,
Thomas Haliday in weir was full besy.
Ane duscheman saw, that cruell was and kene,
Twa hundreth haill of weill graithit Inglismen.
Vntill he said, our power is to smaw,
Fra this plane feild I counsall zow to draw.
To few we ar agains zone felloun staill,
Wallace returnit full sone at his counsaill.
At the Corbeid full fane thay wald haue bene,
Bot Inglismen hes weill thair purpois seue.
In plane battell thame followit hardely,
In danger thus thay held thame awfully.
Hew of Horland Wallace followit fast,
He had befoir maid mony Scot agast.
Haldin he was, of weir the worthiest man,
In north Ingland with thame was leuand yam
In his armour weill forgit of fyne steill,

Ane nobill curſour bure him baith faſt and weill.
Wallace returnit beſyde ane burely Aik,
Ind on him ſet ane kelloun ſicker ſtraik.
Baith collar bane and ſchulder blaid in twa,
Thrꝛow the mid coiſt ye gude ſwꝛord gart he ga.
His ſpeir he wan, and als his curſour bꝛicht,
Syne left his awin foꝛ loiſſit was his micht.
Foꝛ laik of blude he micht na farther gang,
Wallace on hoꝛs the Sutheroun men amang.
His men rcleuit, that douchtie war in deid,
Him to reſkew out of that kelloun dꝛeid.
Cruell ſtraikis foꝛſuith thair micht be ſene,
On ather ſyde quhill blude ran on the grene.
Richt perrilous the ſemblay was to ſee,
Hardy and hait continewit the mellee.
Schow and reſkew of Scottis and Inglis als,
Sum keruit bane in ſunder, and ſum the hals.
Sum hurt ſum hynt, ſum doungin to the deid,
The hardy Scottis ſa fleirit in that ſteid.
With Halliday on fute that bauldly abaid,
Amang Sutheroũ ane ful greit rowme yai maid
Wallace on hoꝛs hynt ane Nobill ſpeir,
Out thrꝛow thame raid, as gude Chiftane in weir
Thꝛe ſlew he thair oꝛ that his ſpeir was gane,
Thus his gude ſwꝛord in hand hes he rane.
Dang on derfly, with ſtraikis ſad and ſair,
Quhome that he hit, greuit the Scottis na mair.
Fra Sutheroun men be naturall reſſoun knew,
How with ane ſtraik ay ane man he ſlew.
Than meruellit thay, he was ſa meikill of mane,
Foꝛ thair beſt man in that kynd he had ſlane.
That his greit ſtrenth agane him helpit nocht,
Noꝛ nane ither incontrair Wallace ſocht.

Than

Than ſaid thay all leik he in ſtrenth vntane,
This haill Kinrik he will wyn him allane.
Thay left the feild, and to thair power fled,
Ind tauld thair Lꝛd how euill the foꝛmeſt ſped.
Quhilk Grayſtok hecht, was new cum in ye land
Thairfoꝛe he trowit nane durſt agane him ſtand.
Wounder him thocht, quhen yat he ſaw that ſicht
Quhy his gude men foꝛ ſa few tuik the flicht.
At that returne in feild twentie war tynt,
And Foꝛland als thairfoꝛe he wald nocht ſtynt.
Bot followit faſt with thꝛe hundꝛeth but dꝛeid,
And ſwoꝛe he ſuld be vengit of that deid.
The Scottis wan hoꝛs, becauſe yair awin couth
In fleing ſyne eheiſit the maiſt auaill. (faill,
Out of the feild thus wicht Wallace is gane,
Of his gude men he had not loiſſit ane.
Fyue wounꝺit war, but lichtly furth thay raid,
Wallace ane ſpace behind yame ay abaid.
Ind Halyday pꝛeuit weill in mony place,
Siſter Sone he was to gude Wallace.
Warly thay raid, and held thair hoꝛs in aynd,
Foꝛ thay trowit weill the Sutheroun wald ake
With haill power atanis on thame ſet, (faynd.
Bot Wallace keſt thair purpois foꝛ to let.
To bꝛek thair ray he beſyit him full faſt,
Than Ingliſmen ſa greitly was agaſt.
That nane of thame durſt ruſche out of the ſtaill,
Ill in array togidder held thame haill.
The Sutheroun ſaw how that abandounly,
Wallace abaid neir hand thair Cheualry.
Be Foꝛlandis hoꝛs yai knew him wonder weill
Paſt to thair Lꝛd, and tauld him euer ilk deill.
Ao Schir thay ſaid, foꝛſuith zone ſame is he,

That with his handis garris ſa mony de.
Haue his hoyis grace vpon his feit to byde,
He doutis noeht thyow fyue thouſand to ryde.
We reid ze ceis, and follow him na mair,
Foꝛ dꝛeid that we repent it ſyne full ſair.
He blamit thame, and ſaid men may weill ſe,
Cowartis ze ar that foꝛ ſa few wald fle.
Foꝛ thair counſall zit leif wald he thame noeht,
Into greit Ire he on thame ſadly ſoeht.
Wallād ane place quhair yat micht bargane mak
Wallace was wa vpon him foꝛ to tak.
And he ſa few to byde thame on ane plane,
At Quenisbery he wald haue bene full fane.
Upon him ſelf he take full greit trauell,
To ſend his men, gif that micht him auaill.
Ane ſwoꝛd in hand richt manlyke him to weir,
Ay waittand faſt gif he micht get ane ſpeir.
Now heir now thair, befoir thame to and fra,
His hoyis gaif ouir, and micht na farther ga.
Richt at the Skirt of Quenisbery befell,
Bot vpon grace as myne authoꝛ will tell.
Schir Johne ye Grahame yat woꝛthie was and wicht
To ye Coꝛheid come on ye vther nicht.
Thꝛettie with him of Nobill men at wage,
The firſt douchteer he had in mariage:
Of Halliday was neuoy to Wallace,
Tythingis to ſpeir Schir Johne paſt of ye place.
With men to ſpeik quhair thay ane tryſt had ſet,
Richt neir the ſteid quhair Scottis & Inglis met
Ane Kirkpatrik, that cruell was and kene,
In Eſdaill wod that haik ane zeir had bene.
With Inglilmen he culd noeht weill accoꝛd,
Of Coꝛcheꝛwald he Barroun was and Lꝛd.

Of

Of kin he was to Wallace Mother deir,
On Craufurd ſyde, that meikill had to ſteir.
Twentie he led of woꝛthie men and wicht,
Be than Wallace appꝛochit to thair ſicht.
Schir Johne ye Grahame quhē he ye coūter ſaw
On thame he raid, and ſtude bot lytill aw.
His gude Father he knew richt wounder weill,
Reſt doun his ſpeir, and ſonzeit noeht adeill.
Kirkpatrik als with woꝛthie men in weir,
Fyftie in front at anis doun thay beir.
Thꝛow the thickeſt of thꝛe hundꝛeth thay raid,
On Sutheroun ſyde full greit ſlauchter yai maid
Thame to reſkew that was in felloun thꝛang,
Wallace on fute the greit power amang.
Gude rowme he gat thꝛow help of Goddis grace
The Sutheroun fled, and left thame in that place
Hoꝛſis thay wan to ſtuf the chace gude ſpeid,
Wallace and his that douchtie war in deid.
Grayſtok tuke flicht, on ſterne hoyis and on ſtout,
Ane hundꝛeth held togidder in ane rout.
Wallace on thame full ſadly culd perſew,
The fleing weill of Inglilmen he knew.
That ay the beſt wald pas with thair Chiftane,
Befoir him ſād he gude ſchir Johne ye Grahame.
Ay ſtrykand doun quhome euer he micht hy,
Than Wallace ſaid, this is bot waiſt ſoly.
Commoūis to ſlay, quhair Chiftanis gais away
Zour hoyis ar freſche, thairfoir do as I ſay.
Gude men ze haue ar zit in Nobill ſtait,
To zone greit rout foꝛ Goddis luke hald zour gait.
Sinder thame ſone, we ſall cum at zour hand,
Quhen ſchir Johne had his taill weill underſtād.
Of nane vther fra thyne furth tuke he heid,

To the formeſt he followit weill gude ſpeid.
Kirkpatrik als conſidderit thair counſaill,
Thay chargit thair men ay follow on the ſtaill.
At his command full ſone with thame thay met,
Had ſtraikis and ſair ſadly vpon thame ſet.
Schir Johne the Grahame to Grayſtok fast he
His Pelane pan it helpit him richt nocht. (ſocht,
Vpon the craig ane graith ſtraik gat him richt,
The burly blaid was braid, and burniſt bucht.
In ſunder keruit the mailzeis of fyne ſteill,
Thrzow bzaun and bane it ruſchit euerilk deill.
Deid with that dynt to the groſid doun him dzaif
Be that Wallace aſſemblit on the laif.
Derflie to deith feill freikis thair he dicht,
Rais neuer agane quha euer that he hit richt.
Kirkpatrik than, Thom Haliday and thair men
Thair douchtie deidis war Nobill for to ken.
At the knok heid the bald Graykok was ſlane,
And mony men quhilk war of meikill mane.
To ſaif thair lyfis part in the wod thay paſt,
The Scottis men thay ran togidder faſt.
Quhē Wallace with Schir Johne ye Grahame
Richt gudly he with hūbilnes him greet. (met,
Perdoun he aſkit of the repzufe betoir,
Into the chace, and ſaid he ſuld no moir
Infozmatioun mak to him that was ſa gude,
Quhen that Schir Johne Wallace weill vnder-
Do way he ſaid, pairof as now na mair, (ſtude.
Ze did full richt, it was foz our weill fair.
Wyſer in weir ze ar all out than I,
Father in armis ze ar to me foz thy.
Kirkpatrik ſyne that was his Couſing deir,
He thankit him richt on ane gude maneir

Nocht

Nocht ane was loiſt of all thair Chewalry,
Schir Johne ye Grahame to yame come happyly
The day was done, approchand was the nicht,
At Wallace thay aſkit his counſall richt.
He anſwerit thus, I ſpeik bot with zour leif,
Richt laith I war ony gude man to greif.
Bot thus I ſay in termis ſchozt foz me,
I wald aſſaill gif ze think it may be.
Lochmabane hous, quhilk now is left allane,
Foz weill I wait that power in it is nane.
Carlauerok als zit Marwell hes in hand,
And we had this, thay micht be baith ane wand.
Agānis Sutheroun, that now hes our countrie,
Say quhat ze will, this is the beſt think me.
Schir Johne the Grahame gaif firſt his gude cō-
Syne all ye laif richt with ane hail Intens. (ſent
To Lochmabane richt haiſtely thay ryde,
Quhen yai come yair nocht half ane myle beſyde:
The nicht was mirk, to counſall ar thay gane,
Of Mone oz Sterne apperance was yair nane.
Than Wallace ſaid, me think this land at reſt,
Thom Haliday thow knawis the countrie beſt.
I heir na noyis of feill folk heir about,
Thairfoir I trow we ar the les in dout.
Haliday ſaid, I will tak ane with me,
And ryde befoir the maner foz to ſe.
Watſone he callit, with me thow mak the bown,
With yame thow was ay nichtbour in yis town,
I grant I was with thame agānis my will,
And myne Intent is euer to do thame ill.
Vnto the zet thay twa peirtly furth raid,
The Portar come without langer abaid.
At Johne Watſone tythingis cuid he weir,

Oppin he bad, the Capitane cũmis neir.
The zer but mair vnwyſely vp he drew,
Thom Halliday ſone be the craig him threw.
And with ane knyfe ſtikkit him to deid,
In ane dark hoill doun dreidles keſt him deid.
Johne Watſone hes hynt the keyis in his hand,
The Portar yã with wicht Wallace was cũmand
Thay enterit in, befoir thame fand na ma,
Except wemen and ſimpill ſeruandis twa.
In the kitching lang ſcudlaris had thay bene,
Sone thay war ſlane, quhen the Lady had ſene.
Scho cryit grace for him that deit on tre.
Than Wallace ſaid, Madame zour noyis lat be.
To wemen zit we do bot lytill euill,
And zoung childer we lyke nocht for to ſpill.
I wald haue meit, Halliday quhat ſayis thow,
For faſtand folk to dyne gude tyme war now.
Greit purviance was ordanit thame befoir,
Baith breid and aill, gude wyne, and bther ſtoir.
To meit thay bowit, for thay had faſtit lang,
Gude men of armis vnto the clois gart gang.
Part ſtrand folk on fute thay fra thame glaid,
On the Knoks heid quhair greit melle was maid:
Ay as thay come Johne Watſone leit thame in,
And done to deith, without noyis or din.
Na man left thair that was of Ingland borne,
The Caſtell weill thay beſyit on the morne.
For Johnſtoun ſend ane man of gude degre,
Secund dochter forſuth weddit had he.
Of Hallidays, Deir Kemoy to Wallace,
Greit Capitane thay maid him of that place.
Thay left him thair into ane gude array,
Syne ſchit furth vpon the ſecund day.

wemen had leif in Ingland for to fair,
Schir Johne ye Grahame, & gude Wallace euld
To the Corheid, and ludgit yame yat nicht, (cair.
Vpon the morne the Sone was at the hicht.
Eftir Denner thay wald na langer byde,
Thair purpois tuke in Craufurd mure to tyde.
Schir Johne ye Grahame with Wallace yat was
Thom Halliday agane returnit richt. (wicht,
To the Corhall, and thair remanit but dreid,
Na Sutheroun wiſt principall quha did pis deid
Kirkpatrik paſt in Eſtdaill woddis wyde,
In ſaiftie thair, he thocht he ſuld abyde.
Schir Johne ye Grahame, & gude Wallace in feir
With thame fourtie men of armis cleir.
Throw Craufurd mure as that thay tuke ye way
On Inglismen thair mynd remanit ay.

¶ How Wallace wan ye Caſtel of Craufurd, and how he ſlew the Capitane thairof. Ca. vj.

IRa Craufurd Johne ye watter doun pai ryde
Neir hand the nicht thay lichtit vpon Clyde.
Thair purpois tuke into ane quyet vaill,
Than Wallace ſaid, I wald we micht aſſaull:
Craufurd Caſtell with ſum gude Jeopardie,
Schir Johne ye Grahame how ſay ze beſt may be
This gude Knicht ſaid, and ye men war without,
To tak the hous thair is bot lytill dout.
Ane Squyar than, rcullit that Lordſchip haill,
Of Cũbirland borne, his name was Hoytrund aill.
Than Wallace ſaid, my ſelf will pas in feir,
And ane with me, of herbery for to ſpeir.
Follow on dreich, gif that we myſter ocht,

Edward Lytill with his Waiſter furth ſocht.
To ane Diſtillary,and with ane woman met,
Scho tauld to yame yat Sutheroun yair was ſet
And ze be Scottis I counſall zow pas by,
For and thay may ze will get cuill herbery.
Ar dynk thay ar,ſa haue thay bene richt lang,
Greit word thair is of Wallace thame amang.
Thay trow that he hes fund his men agane,
At Lochmabane feill Inglißmen ar ſlane.
That hous is tynt,that garris thame be full wa
I trow to God that thay ſall ſone tyne ma.
Wallace ſpeirit of Scotland gif ſcho be,
Scho ſaid him zee,and thinkis it to ſe,
Sorrow on thame throw help of Goddis grace,
He aſkit hir quha was into the place.
Na man of fence is left that hous within,
Twentie ar heir makand greit noyis and din.
Allace ſcho ſaid,gif I micht anis ſe,
The worthie Scottis in it maiſt maiſter be.
With this woman he wald na langer ſtand,
Ane bekin he maid,Schir Johne come ar his hād
Wallace went in and ſaid benedicite,
The Capitane ſpeirit,quhat bellamy may thow
That cūmis ſa grym ſum tythingis to vs tel, (be.
Thow art ane Scot,the Deuill thy nattoun quel.
Wallace braid out his ſword withouttin mair,
Into the breiſt the brym Capitane he bair.
Throw out the coſt,and ſtrikit him to deid,
Ane vther he hit akwart vpon the heid.
Quhome euer he ſtrak he brißit bane and lyze,
Full of thame deit,fell flatlingis in the fyze.
Haiſtie payment he maid thame on the dure,
And Edward Lytill keipit weill the dure.

Schir

Schir Johne ye Grahame fane wald haue bene in
Edward him bad at the Caſtell begin.
For of thir folk we haue bot lytill dreid,
Schir Johne ye Grahame faſt to the Caſtell zeid
Wallace rudely ſic routis on thame gaif,
Thay twentie men derfly to deith thay draif.
Fyftene he ſtraik,and fyftene hes he ſlane,
Edward ſchew hyne,quhilk was of meikill mane.
To the Caſtell Wallace had greit deſyre,
Be that Schir Johne had ſet the hous in fyre.
Nane was thair in that greit defence cuild ma,
Bot wemen faſt ſair weip and into wa.
Without the place ane auld Bulwark was maid,
Wallace zeid ouir withouttin langer abaid.
The wemen ſone he ſaiſit fra the deid,
Waik folk he put,and barnis fra that ſteid.
Of purueyance he fand lytill or nane,
Befoir yat tyme thair victuall all was gane.
Zit in that place thay iudgit all that nicht,
Fra Diſtillary brocht ſic gude as thay micht.
Vpon the morne houſis thay ſpulzeit faſt,
All thing that docht out of that place thay caſt.
Treme wark yai brynt,yat war within yai banis
Wallis brak doun that ſtalwart war of ſtanis.
Syne that thay micht,ſyne wald na langer byde,
Vnto Dundaf that ſamin nicht thay ryde.
And iudgit thair with mirth and all pleſance,
Thankand greit God yat lent yame ſic gude chāce

¶ In this Sext Buik is declarit the Spousage of Wallace, and how Hesilrig slew Wallace wyfe in the Toun of Lanerk, and how he slew Hesilrig for the samin cause, and put the Inglismen out of Lanerk.

THan passit was the Octanis of Februar,
And part of Marche be richt degestioun
... Appeirit than the last Moneth of Ver,
The Signe of Somer with his sweit sesoun.
Be that Wallace fra Dundaf maid him boun,
His leif he tuke, and to Kilbank can fair
The rumour rais throw Scotland vp and doun,
With Inglismen, that Wallace luand wair.

Into Ayrsle quhen cleithit is but wene,
The abill ground throw wirking of natour
And woddis hes won yair worthie weidis of greene
Quhen Nympheus in beilding of his bour.
With oyle and balme fulfillit of sweit odour,
Canetris in trace, as thay war wont to gang.
Walkand thair cours in euerie cathall hour,
To gland the huntaris with thair mery sang.

In this same tyme to him approchit new,
His luifsie pane the quhilk I spak of air
Be luifis race he thocht for to persew,
In Lanerk Toun, and bidder can he fair.
At residence ane quhyle remanit thair,
In hir presence as I haue said befoir
Thocht Inglismen greuit at his repair,
Zit he delyrit the thing that set him soir.

The syre of lufe him reullit at sic wyse,

He lykit weill with that gudely to be,
Quhylis he wald think of danger for to ryse,
And vther quhylis out of hir presence fle.
To ceis of weir it war the best for me,
Thus win I nocht bot sadnes on tik syde
Sall neuer man this cowardnes in me se,
To weir I will, for chance that may betyde.

Quhat is this lufe, it is bot greit mischance?
That me wald bring fra armis verrily,
I will nocht change my worschip for plesance
In weir I think my tyme to occupy.
Zit hir to lufe, I will nocht let for thy,
Bair I sall delyre my worschip to reserf
Fra this day furth, thair euer mair did I,
In feir of weir quhidder I leif or sterf.

Quhat suld I say, Wallace was planely set,
To lufe hir best in all the warld sa wyde,
Thinkand he suld of his delyre to get:
And sa befell be concord on ane tyde,
That scho was maid at his command to byde,
And thus began the flynting of his stryfe.
The band begun with graith witnes betyde
Myne Author sayis scho was his weddit wyfe.

Now leif in pear, now leif in gude concord,
Now leif in play, now leif in haill plesance
For scho be chance hes baith hir lufe and Lord,
He thankis lufe that did him sa auance.
Sa euinly held be sauour the ballance,
Sen he at will may lay hir in his armis
Scho thankit God of hir hie happy chance,
For in his tyme he was the flour of armis.

Foztoun him ſchew hir figurit doubill face,
Feill ſyſe oz than he had bene ſet abuſe.
In pzeſoun now deliuerit now throw grace,
Now at vneis, now at vnreſt and ruſe.
Now weill at will weildand his pleſand luſe,
And thocht him ſelf out of aduerſitte,
Deſyzand ay his manheid foz to pzuſe
In curage ſet vpon the ſtagis hie.

The verray treuth I can nocht graithly tell,
Into this lyfe how lang that thay had bene
Thzow naturall cours of generatioun fell,
Ane chylde was cheuit thir twa luikaris betwene
Quhilk gudelie was, ane madin bricht and ſchene.
Sa farther furth become tyme of hir age,
Ane Squyar ſchaw pat pan full weill hes ſene
This lyfe lait man gat hir in mariage.

This vther maid weddit ane Squyar wicht,
Quhilk weill was knawin cummin of Balliollis
And thair Airis be lyne ſuccedit richt, (blude
To Lāmintoun and vther landis gude.
Of this mater the richt quha vnderſtude
Heirof as now I will na mair pzoceid,
Of my ſentence than ſchoztly to concludé
Of vther thing my purpois is to reid.

Richt gudely men come of this Lady zing,
Farther as now of thame I ſpeik na mair
Bot Wallace furth into his weir can ring
He micht nocht ceis greit curage ſa him bair.
Southeroun to flay foz dzeid he wald nocht ſpair,
And thay oft ſyſe feill cauſis to him wzocht
Fra that tyme furth quhilk mouit him mair ſair.

That

That neuer in warld out of his mynd was bzocht

Now leif thy myzth, now leif thy haill pleſance
Now leif thy blis, now leif thy chyldis age
Now leif thy zouth, now follow thy hard chance
Now leif thy luſt, now leif thy mariage.
Now leif thy luſe, foz thow ſall tyne ane gage,
Quhilk neuer in eird ſalbe redemit agane
Fellonn foztoun and all hir feirs outrage
Go leif in weir, go leif in cruell pane.

Fy on foztoun, fy on thy freuoll quheill,
Fy on thy traiſt, foz heir it hes no leſt
That ſa trāſligurit Wallace out of his weill
Quhen he traiſtit foz to haue leuit beſt.
His pleſance heir to him was bot ane geſt,
Thzow thy feirs cours, that hes na hap to ho.
Him thow ouirthzew out of his lykand reſt,
Fra greit pleſance, in weir trauell and wo.

Quhat is foztoun, quha dzawis the dait ſa faſt?
We wait thair is baith weill, and wickit chance.
Bot this fals warld with mony doubill caſt,
In it is nocht bot verray variance.
It is na thing to heuinly gouernance,
Than pzay we all to the maker abuſe
Quhilk hes in hand of Juſtice the ballance,
That he vs grant it of his deir leſtand luſe.

Heirof as now, farther I ſpeik na mair,
Bot to my purpois ſchortly will I fair.

Twelf hundzeth zeir, thairto nyntie & ſeuin,
Fra Chriſt was borne the richteous King of
Williame Wallace into gude lyking gais (heuin.

In Lanerk toun amang his mortall fais.
The Inglismen that euer fals hes bene,
With Heslirig quhilk cruell was and kene.
And Robert Thorne ane fellonn subtile knicht,
Hes fund the way be quhat mene best thay micht
How that thay suld mak contrary to Wallace,
Be argument as he come vpon cace.
On fra the kirk that was without the toun,
Quhill thair power micht be in armis boun.
Schir Johne ye Grahame yat worthie was and
To Lanerk toun gude Wallace to perslew. (trew
Of his weilfair as he full oft had sene,
Gude men he had, in cumpany fyftene.
And Wallace wyne, thay war na feiris ma,
Vpon the morne vnto the Wes can ga.
Thay and thair men graithit in gudely greine,
For the seloun sic vse full lang hes bene.
Quhen sadly thay had said thair deuotioun,
Ane arguit thame, as thay went throw the toun.
The starkest man that Heslirig than knew,
And als he had of lichtly wordis anew.
He saluit thame as it war bot in scorne,
Dew gard gude day, bone senzeour & gude morne
Quhome scornis thow (quod Wallace) quha leirit
Quhy schir he said, come ze not ouir ye see? (thee?
Pardoun me than for I weind ze had bene,
Ane Imbarat to bring ane vncouth Quene.
Wallace answerit, sic pardoun as we haik,
In vs to gif thy part thow sall nocht craik.
Sen ze ar Scottis, zit saluit sall ze be,
Gud clim daucht Lord, Ballanch Banzeochade.
Ma Sutheroun men to thame assemblit neir,
Wallace was laith as than to mak ane steir.

And

Ane maid ane skrip, and tit at his lang sword,
Hald still thy hand (quod he) and speik thy word.
With thy lang sword thow makis mekill boist,
Thairof (quod he) thy dame maid lytill coist.
Quhat cauld hes thow to weir yat gudely greine?
My maist cauld is, bot for to mak the teine.
Quhat suld ane Scot do with sa fair ane knyfe?
He said the preist that last Janglit thy wyfe:
That woman lang hes callit him sa fair,
Quhill that his chylde worthit to be thyne air.
Me think (quod he) thow dispis me to scorne,
Thay dame was Japit or thow was borne.
The power than assemblit him about,
Twa hundreth men that stalwart war and stout
The Scottis saw thair power was cumand,
Schir Robert Thorne and Heslirig at hand.
Greit multitude with wappinis burnist bene,
The worthie Scottis quhilk cruell war and kene
Amang Sutheroun sic dintis gaif that tyde,
Quhill blude on breid, brist fra woundis wyde.
Wallace in stour was cruelly fechtand,
Of ane Sutheroun he smoit of the richt hand.
And quhen that Carll of fechting micht na mair,
With the left hand in Ire beld ane bustair.
Than fra the stump the blude out sprang ful fast,
In Wallace face aboundantly can it cast.
Into greit part it marrit him of his sicht,
Schir Johne ye Grahame ane straik hes tane him
With his gude sword vpō ye sutheroun syde (richt
Deirly to deith draif him into that Ire.
The perrell was richt awfull hard and strang,
The stour indurit meruellously and lang.
The Inglismen zit gadderit wounder fast

The worthie Scottis the gait left at the last.
Quhen thay had slane and woundit mony ane,
To Wallace Innis the ganest way thay gane.
Thay passit sone,defendit thame richt weill,
He and Schir Johne with swordis stif of steill.
Behind thair men,quhill thay the zet had tane,
This woman than quhilk was full will of wane.
The perrell saw with felloun noyis and din,
Set vp the zet,and left thame enter in.
Throuch to ane strenth thay passit of that steid,
Fyftie Sutheroun vpon the gait lay deid.
This fair woman with besynes and micht,
The Inglismen to tary with ane slicht.
Quhill that Wallace into the wod was past,
Than Cartlane craigis thay persewit full fast.
Quhē Sutheroun saw yat chaipit was Wallace,
Agane thay turnit,the woman tuke on cace.
Put hir to deith,I can nocht tell zow how,
Of sic mater I may nocht tarie now.
Quhair greit dule is,but redeming agane,
Renewing of it is bot eiking of pane.
Ane trew woman had seruit hir full lang,
Out of the toun the ganest way can gang.
To Wallace tauld,how all this deid was done,
The panefull wo socht to his hart full sone.
War nocht for schame he had schot to the ground
For bitter baill that in his breist was bound.
Schir Johne ye Grahame baith wyse gentil & fre
Greit murning maid that pietie was to se.
And als the laif that war assemblit thair,
For pure sorrow with hart weipit full sair.
Quhen Wallace feld thair curage was sa small,
He fenzeit him for to comfort thame all.

Ceis

Ceis men he said,this is ane buteles pane,
For we can nocht cheueis hir lyfe agane.
Uneis ane word he micht bring out for tene,
The bailfull teiris brist braithly fra his ene.
Richard he said,sall neuer man me se,
Rest into eis quhill this deid wrokin be.
The sarkles slauchter of hir baith blyith & bricht,
That I awow to the maker of micht.
Of that Natioun I sall neuer forbeir,
Young nor auld that abill is to weir.
Preist nor woman I think nocht for to sla;
In my default,bot gif thay cauſing ma.
Schir Johne he said,lat all this murning be,
And for hir saik thair sall ten thousand de.
Quhair men may weip,thair curage is the les,
It slaikis Ire, of wrang thay suld redres.
Of thair complaint as now I speik na mair,
Of Auchinleck in Kilbank dwelland thair.
Quhen he hard tell of Wallace veratioun,
To Cartlane wod with ten men maid him boun.
Wallace he fand sumpart within the nicht.
To Lanerk toun in all haist thay yame dicht.
The watche as than of thame had lytill dreid,
Partit thair men,syne diuers wayis zeid.
Schir Johne ye Grahame and his gude cōpany,
To Schir Robert Thome full fast thay hy.
Wallace and his,to Hesilrig sone thay past,
In ane heich hous quhair he was sleipand fast.
Struik at the dure with his fute hardely,
Quhill bar and brais in the flure gart he ly.
The Schiref cryit quha makis that greit deray,
Wallace he said,quhilk thow hes socht this day.
The womanis deith, will God thow sall deir by,

Hesilrig thocht it was na tyme to ly.
Out of that hous full fane he wald haue bene,
The nicht was mirk, zit Wallace hes him seis,
Fersly him straik, as he come in greit Ire,
Upon the heid, birstit throw bane and lire.
The scheiring sword glaid to his schulder bane,
Out owr the stair amang thame is he gane.
Gude Alexander trowit nocht that he was deid,
Thryis with ane knyfe he straik him in that steid.
The sery about rais rudely in that streit,
Feill of the laif war fulzeit vnder feit.
Young Hesilrig and wicht Wallace is met,
Ane sicker straik Williame hes on him set.
Dersly to derth, owr the stair dang him doun,
Mony that nicht thay slew in Lanerk toun.
Sum Greissis lap, and sum skikkit without,
Affeirit thay war, with hiddeous noyis and din.
Schir Johne ye Grahame had set ye hous in fyre
Quhair Robert Thorne was brynt vp bane & lyre.
Twelf scoir thay slew yat war of Ingland borne,
Wemen thay leuit, and Wreitchis on the morne.
To pas thair way of bliss and gudis baire,
And swore that thay, agane suld cum na mair.
Quhen Scottis hard thir syne tythingis of new,
Out of all partis to Wallace fast thay drew.
Wenceist the toun quhilk was thair heritage,
Thus Wallace straif aganis that greit barnage.
Ay he began with knyfe and kalwart hand,
To cheueris agane sum rowmis in Scotland.
The worthie Scottis that semblit to him thair,
Cheisit him for cheif, thair Chiftane and leidair.
Aymer Wallange ane felloun Tyran knicht,
In Bothwel dwelt, King Edwards mã ful richt.

Murray

Murray was out, thocht he was richteous Lord,
Of all that land, as trew men will record.
Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,
And vther ma, in this land durst nocht byde.
Bot this fals knicht in Bothwell wirmand was
Ane man he gart sone to King Edward pas.
And tauld him haill of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put his pepill to mischance.
And planely was, rissin agane to Ring,
Greuit thair at, richt greitly was this King.
Throw all Ingland he gart his doaris cry,
Power to get, and said he wald planely:
In Scotland pas, that Realme to statute new,
Feill men of weir to him richt fast thay drew.
The Quene feld weill how that his purpois was
To him scho went, on kneis syne can scho as.
He wald desist, and nocht in Scotland gang,
Ze suld hane dreid, to wirk sa felloun wrang.
Cristinit thay ar, zone is thair heritage,
To reif thair Croun it is ane greit outrage.
For hir counsall at hame he wald nocht byde,
His Lordis him feit in Scotland for to ryde.
Ane Scottis mã yan dwelt with King Edward,
Quhen he hard tell that Wallace rubs sic part:
He stall fra thame als priuarly as he may,
Into Scotland he come vpon ane day.
Hetland Wallace he maid him reddy boun,
This Schot was borne in Kyle at Ricardtoun.
All Ingland coist he knew it wounder weill,
Fra Hull about, to Bristow euerie deill.
Fra Carlile thrwch Sandwiche yat Royall steid
Fra Douer owr, vnto Sanct Bayis heid.
In Picardy and Flanders bauth he had bene,

All Normandy and France hes he fene.
The Purſenant to King Edward in weir,
Bot he culd neuer gar him his armis beir.
Of greit ſtature, and ſumpart gray was he,
The Inglifmen callit him bot Grymſbie.
To Wallace come, and into Kyle him fand,
He tauld him haill the tythingis of Jugland.
Thay turnit his name fra tyme pat he him knew
And callit him Jop of Jugyne he was trew.
In all his tyme gude ſeruice in him fand,
Gaif him to beir the armis of Scotland.
Wallace againe in Clidſdaill ſone he raid,
And his power ſembilit withouttin baid.
He gart command quha wald his part tak,
Ane fre remit he ſuld gar to him mak.
For alkin deid that thay had done befoyne,
The Perſeis peice & Schir Rannalds was woyne
Feill to him drew, that bauldly durſt abyde,
Of Wallace kyn of mony diuers ſyde.
Schir Rannald than ſend him his power haill,
Him ſelf durſt nocht be knawin in battall:
Againe Sutheroun, for he had maid ane band,
Lang tyme befoir, to hald of thame his land.
Adame Wallace paſt out of Ricardtoun,
And Robert Boyd, with gude men of Renoun.
Of Cuninghame and Kyle come men of waill,
To Lanerk focht on hors ane thouſand haill.
Schir Johne ye Grahame, & his gude Cheualrie
Schir Johne of Tynto, with mē pat he micht bet
Gude Auchinleck, that Wallace Vnkill was,
Mony trew Scot, with pair Coſtrane culd pas.
Thre thouſand haill of lykit men in weir,
Ind feill on fute, quhilk wantit hors and geir.

The tyme be this was cumand vpon hand.
The awfull Oſt with Edward of Jugland.

¶ The Battell of Bigar.

TO Bigar come with fertie thouſand men,
In weir weidis, that cruell was to ken.
Thay plantit thair feill Tentis & pauilonis
Quhair clarions blew with mony michtie ſoundis
Pleneiſt that place with gude victuall and wyne
In Cartis brocht thair purueyance full fyne.
This awfull king gart twa Heraldis be brocht,
Gaif thame command in all the haiſt thay mocht.
To charge Wallace that he ſuld cum him till,
Without promis, and put him in his will.
Becaus we wait he is ane gentill man,
Cum in my grace, and I ſall ſaif him than.
As for his lyfe I will vpon me tak,
And efter this gif he wald ſeruice mak.
He ſall haue wage that may him weill ſuffice,
That Rebald wenis, for he hes done ſuppriſe.
To my pepill oft vpon auenture,
Againis me that he may lang Indure.
To this proffer ganeſtandand gif he be,
Heir I awow he ſalbe bangit hie.
Ane zoung Squyar was brother to Schir Hew
He thocht he wald ga diſagyſit to perſew.
Wallace to ſe, that tuke ſa hie ane part,
Bayne Siſter Sone he was to King Edward
Ane coit of Armis he tuke on him but baid,
Quh the Heraldis full priuatly furth raid.
To Tynto hill withouttin reſidence,
Quhair Wallace lay, with his folk at defens.

Ane lik'y Oist as of sa few thay fand,
To him thay socht, and wald na langer stand.
Gif ze be he that reullis all this thing,
Credence we haue brocht fra our worthie King.
Than Wallace gart thre Knichtis to him call,
Syne red the writ in presence of thame all.
To thame he said, answer ze sall nocht craif,
Be word or writ quhill lykis zow best to haif.
In wrytt thay said it war the likyest.
Than Wallace thus began to dyte in haist.
¶ Thow feruar King yow chargis me throw race
That I suld cum and put me in thy grace.
Gif I ganestand, thow hechtis for to hing me,
I wyte to God, and euer I may tak the.
Thow salbe hangit ane exempill to geif,
To King of Reif, als lang as I may leif.
Thow profferis me of thy wagis to haif,
I the defy power and all the laif,
That helpis the heir, of thy fals Natioun,
Will God thow salbe put from this Regioun,
Or de thairfoir contrair thocht thow had fworne
Thow sall vs se or nyne houris the morne,
Battell to gif, maugre of all thy kyn,
For falsly thow wes feikis our Realme within.
This writ he gaif to the Heraldis but mair,
And gude reward he gart delyuer thame thair.
Bot Iop inew weil ye Squyar zoung schir Hew,
And tauld Wallace, for he was euer trew.
He thame commandit that thay suld sone him tak
Him self began fair accusing to mak.
Squyar he said, sen thow hes fenyeit armis,
On the sall fall sumpart of thir harmis.
Exempill to gif to all thy fals Natioun.

Upon

Upon ane hill he gart syne set him doun.
Straik of his heid or he wald farther go,
To the Herald said syne withouttin ho.
For thow art fals to armis and manefworne,
Throw thy cheikis thy toung salbe out schorne.
Quhen that was done, than to the thrid said he,
Armis to Judge thow sall neuer graithly se.
He gart ane Smyth, with his turcas richt thair,
Pull out his ene, syne gaif thame leif to fair.
To zour fals King thy fellow sall the leid,
With thy answer, turs him his Nevoys heid.
Thus fair I dreid the King and all his bouk.
His dum fellow led him vnto thair Oist.
Quhē King Edward his Heraldis thus hes feno
In proper Ire he wore neir wod for tene.
That he wist nocht, on quhat wyse him to wreik,
For sorrow all maist ane word he cuid nocht speik
Ane lang quhyle he stude wythand in ane rage,
On loud he said, this is ane fell outrage.
This deid to Scottis full deir it salbe bocht,
Sa dispitefull in warld was neuer wrocht.
Fra this Regioun I think nocht for to gang,
Quhill tyme that I sall se that Rebell hang.
I lat him thus in syte and sorrow dwell,
Of the gude Scottis schortly I will tell.

Furth fra his men than Wallace raikit richt,
To him he callit schir Iohne Tyntroye knicht
[illegible]. And leit him wit, to Oist he wald ga,
The Inglis Oist, and bad him tell na ma.
Quhat euer thay speirit quhill yat he come agan
Wallace disagyit thus to wirk our ane plane.
Betuix Culter and Bigar as he past,

He was ſone war quhair ane warkman come faſt
Dryuand ane meir, and pitcheris for to ſell,
Gude freind he ſaid in treuth will thow me tell.
With this chaukey quhair paſſis thow trewly?
To ony place quha lykis for to by.
It is my craft, and I wald ſell thame faine,
I will thame by, ſa God me help fra paine.
Quhat pryce lat heir, I will haue thame ilk ane,
Bot half ane mark, for ſic pryce haue I tane.
Twentie ſchillingis, Wallace ſaid thow ſall haif,
I will haue Meir, pitcheris and all the laif.
Thy gowne and hois in haiſt thow put of ſyne,
And mak ane change, for I ſall gif the myne.
And thy auld hude becauſe it is threid bair.
The man wend weill he had ſcornit him thair.
Thow tary nocht, it is ſuith that I ſay,
The man keſt of his febill weid of gray.
And Wallace his, ſyne payit ſiluer in hand.
Pas on he ſaid, thow art ane bad Merchand.
The gowne and hois in clay that claggit was,
The hude heklit, and ſyne maid him to pas.
The quhip he tuke, and furth the Meir can call,
Attour ane bray the bymeſt pot gart fall.
Brak on the ground, the man leuch at his fair,
Bot thow be war, thow tynis of thy chauffair.
The Sone be than was paſſit out of ſicht,
The day was went, and cūmin was the nicht.
Amang the Sutheroun full beſely he paſt,
On ather ſyde his ene he can to caſt.
How Lordis lay, and had thair ludging maid,
The Pauilloun quhair that the Leopardis baid.
Spyand full faſt quhair his auaill micht be,
He cuid weill wynk and luke vp with ane Ee.

Sum

Sum ſcornit him, ſum gleyit Carll callit him plane
Aggreuit thay war of thair Heraldis miſfare.
Sum ſpeirit at him how he ſauld of the beſt,
For fourtie pennyis he ſaid quhill thay may leſt.
Sunn brak ane part, ſum prikkit at his Ee,
Wallace ſtaid out prluatly and leit thame be.
Vnto his Oſt agane he paſſit richt,
His men be than had tane Tynto the Knicht,
Schir Johne ye Grahame gart bind him wonder faſt
For he wiſt weill he was with Wallace laſt.
Sum bad bryn him, ſum hang him in ane cord,
Thay ſwore that he had deſſaut thair Lord.
Wallace be this was enterit thame amang,
To him he zeid, and wald nocht tary lang.
Syne he gart lous him of thay bandis new,
And ſaid he was baith ſober, wyſe, and trew.
To Supper ſone bownit but mair abaid,
He tauld to thame quhat merkat he had maid.
And how that he the Sutheroun ſaw full weill
Schir Johne ye Grahame diſpleſit was ſum deill.
And ſaid to him nocht Chiftane lyke it was,
Thrōw wilfulnes in ſic perrell to pas.
Wallace anſwerit, or he win Scotland fre,
Baith ze, and I, in mair perrell mon be.
And mony vther the quhilk full worthie is,
Now of ane thing we do ſum part ane mis.
Ane lytill ſleip I wald kane that we had,
With zone men ſyne, luke how we may vs glaid.
The worthie Scottis tuke gude reſt quhill neir
Thārais pat vp, to array ſone ordanit thay.
The hill is left, and ro ane plane is gane,
Wallace him ſelf the vangard firſt hes tane.
With him was Boyd, and Auchinleck him biſid,

with ane thouſand of worthie men in weid.
Als mony ſyne in the myddill waird put he,
Schir Johne ye Grahame he gart pair leidar be.
with him young Adam the Lord of Ricardtoun
And Somerueill ane bald Squyar of Renoun.
The third thouſand in the reirward he dicht,
To Walter gaik of Newbigging the Knicht.
with him Tynto that douchtie was in deid,
And Dauid Sone to Schir Walter to leid.
Behind thame neir the fute men gart he be,
And bad thame byde quhill thay pair tyme micht
Ze want wappinnis,and harnes in this tyde(ſe.
The firſt counter ze may nocht weill abyde.
Wallace gart ſone the Chiftanis to him call,
This charge he gaif, for chance that micht befall.
To tak na heid to geir nor zit pellage,
For thay will fle as wod folk in ane rage.
Win firſt the men,the gude ſyne ze may haif.
And tak na tent of couetiſe to craif.
Throw couetiſe men loiſſis gude and lyfe,
I zow command forbeir ſic in our ſtryfe.
Lufe ze laif nane, Lord,Capitane,nor Knicht,
For worſchip wirk,and for our Eldaris richt.
God bliſs vs all,that we may in our dayis,
Put thir fals folk out of our heritage.
Than thay Inclynit all with ane gude will,
His plane command thay hecht it to fulfill.
On the gritt Diſt the partcis faſt can draw,
Cūmand to thame out of the South thay ſaw:
Thre hundreth men into thair Armour cleir,
The ganeſt way to thame approchit neir.
Wallace ſaid ſone,thay ar na Inglißmen,
For by this Diſt the gattis weill thay ken.

Thom

Thom Halyday thay men he gydit richt,
From Annandaill he had led thame that nicht.
His twa gude Sonnis,Johnſtoun & Rutherfurd
Wallace was blyith,fra he had hard that word.
Ha was the laik of his gude Cheualry,
Jardane thair come into thair cumpany.
And Kirkpatrik befoir in Eſkdaill was,
Ane wing thay war in Wallace Diſt to pas.
The Inglis watche, that nicht had bene on ſteir,
Drew to thair Diſt,richt as the day can peir.
Wallace knew weill, for he befoir had ſene,
The kingis Pauillone quhair it was buſkit bene.
Than with riche hors ye Scottis vpō pame raid,
At the firſt counter,ſa greit abaſing maid.
That all the Diſt was ſtoneiſt of that ſicht,
Full mony ane derfly to deith was dicht.
Feill of thame as than was out of array,
The mair awfull and haiſtie was the fray.
The noyis was hudge, throw ſtraitkis that thay
The rumour rais ſa rudely pame amang. (dang,
That all the Diſt was than in point to fle,
The wyſe Lordis fra thay the perrell ſe.
The felloun fray als raſit was about,
And how thair king ſtude in ſa meikill dout.
To his Pauillone full mony thouſand ſocht,
Him to reſkew be ony way thay mocht.
The Erll of Kent that nicht walkand had bene,
with fyue thouſand of men in armour kene.
About the King full ſuddandly thay gang,
And traiſtis weill ye aſſailze was richt ſtrang.
All Wallace folk in vſe of weir was gude,
Into the ſtour, ſone lichtit quhair pat ſtude.
Quhome euer pat hit na harnes micht pame ſkyne

H. iiij.

Fra thay on fute aſſemblit with kwoꝛdis dyut.
Of manheid thay in hartis cruell was,
Thay thocht to win oꝛ neuer hyne to pas.
Feill Inglißmen befoꝛe the king thay ſlew,
Schir Johne ye Grahame come with his powꝛ
Amāg ye Diſt with ye myddil ward he raid (new
Greit martirdome on Sutheroun men yai maid.
The reꝛward than ſet ou ſa hardely,
With Aꝛchebigging and all the Cheualry.
Pauilione ratpis thay cuttit all in ſunder,
Borne to the ground and mony ſmoꝛit vnder.
The fute men come, the quhilk I ſpak of air,
Ou frayit folkis ſet ſtraikis ſad and ſair.
Thocht thay beſoꝛe wantit baith hoꝛs and geir,
Aneuch thay gat, quhat yai wald waill to weir.
The Scottis powꝛ than all togidder war,
The Kingis Pauilione bꝛymly doun thay bair.
The Erll of Keut with ane gude Axe in hand,
Into the ſtour full ſtoutly culd he ſtand.
Beſoꝛe the king makand full greit debait,
Quha beſt did than had the hieſt eſtait.
The felloun ſtour ſa ſtalwart was and ſtrang,
Thairto contingwit meruellouſly and lang.
Wallace him ſelf full ſadly culd perſew,
And at ane ſtraik the cheif Chiſtane he ſlew.
The Sutheroun folk fled faſt and durſt not byde
Hoꝛſit thair king and of the feild can ryde.
Iganis his will, foꝛ he was laith to fle,
Into that tyme he rocht nocht foꝛ to de.
Of his beſt men thꝛe thouſand thair was deid,
Oꝛ he culd find to fle and leif that ſteid.
Twentie thouſand fled with him in ane ſtaill,
The Scottis gat hoꝛs, and followit yat battaill.

Thꝛow

Thꝛow Culter hope oꝛ tyme thay wan the hicht,
Feill Sutheroun folk war marrit in thair micht.
Slane be the gait as thair king fled away,
Baith fair and bꝛicht, and richt cleir was the day.
The Sone ryſin ſchynand ouir hill and daill,
Than Wallace beſt quhat was his beſt auaill
The fleand folk that of the feild firſt paſt,
In to thair king agane yai ſemblit faſt.
Fra ather ſyde ſa mony aſſemblit thair.
That Wallace wald lat follow thame na mair.
Beſoꝛe he raid gart his folk turne agane,
Of Inglißmen ſeuin thouſand thair was ſlane.
Than Wallace Diſt agane to Bigar raid,
Quhair Inglißmen greit puruеyance had maid.
The Jowalry as thay war hidder led,
Pauilionis and all thay leifit quhen thay fled.
The Scotts gat gold, gude geir and vther wage
Beleuit thay war that partit that peillage.
To meit thay went with myrth and pleſance,
Thay ſpaird nocht King Edwardis puruеyance.
With ſolace ſyne ane lytill ſleip thay ta,
Ane priuat watche he gart amang thame ga.
Twa Caikis fell thair lykis foꝛ to ſaik,
With deid Crocis that lay vnput in geaik.
Quhen thay ſaw weill the Scottis war at reſt,
Out of the feild, to ſteill thay thocht it beſt.
Full law thay crap quhill thay war out of ſicht,
Eftꝛ the Diſt ſyne ran in all thair micht.
Quhen yat ye Scottis had ſleipit bot ane quhyle
Than raiſt thay vp, foꝛ Wallace dꝛeidit gyle.
He ſaid to thame the Sutheroun may perſew,
Agane to vs, foꝛ thay ar folk anew.
Quhair Inglißmen pꝛouiſioun makis in weir,

It is full hard to do thame mekill deir.
On this plane feild we will thame nocht abyde,
To sum gude place my purpois is to ryde.
The purueyance thay left was into that steid,
To Roppis Bog he gart seruandis it leid
With ordinance that Sutheroun brocht in thair,
He with the Dist to Dauidschaw can fair.
Quhair thay remanit ane greit space of the day,
Of Inglismen zit sum thing will I say.
As King Edward throw Culter hopis socht,
Quhen he persauit the Scottis followit nocht:
In Johnis Graik he gart his Dist byde still,
Feill fleand folk assemblit sone him till.
Quhen thay war met, the King neir worthit mad
For his deir kyn that he thair tressit had.
His twa Emis into the feild was slane,
His secund Sone that mekill was of mane.
His brother Hew was killit thair full cald,
The Erll of Kent, that cruell berne and bald.
With greit worschip tuke deid befour the King,
For him he murnit sa lang as he micht King.
At this semblay as thay in sorrow stand,
The twa Cuikis come sone in at his hand.
And tauld to him, how thay eschaipit wair,
The Scottis all, as swyne lyis drunkin thair.
Of zour wicht wyne ze gart vs bidder leid,
Full weill ze may be vengit of thair deid.
Upon our lyfis, is suth that we zow tell,
Returne agane, ze sall find thame zour sell.
He blamit thame, and said na wit it was,
That he agane for sic ane taill suld pas.
Thair Chiftane is richt meruellous in weir,
Fra sic perrell he can full weill thame beir.

For

For to seik mair, as now I will nocht ryde,
Our mett is tressit, thairfoir we man nocht byde.
The hardy Duke of Longcastell and Lord,
Soucrane he said, to our counsall concord.
Gif this be trew, we haue the mair availl,
We may thame win, and mak bot licht trauell.
War zone folk deid quha micht agane vs stand?
Than neid we nocht for meit to leif the land.
The King answerit, I will nocht ryde agane,
As at this tyme my purpois is in plane.
The Duke said Schir, gif ze determynit be,
To moue zow mair, it effeiris nocht to me.
Command power, agane with me to wend,
And I of this, sall se ane fruall end.
Ten thousand haill be chargit for to ryde,
Hair in this strenth all nicht I sall zow byde
We may get meit of bestiall in this land,
Gude bynis as now we may nocht bring to hand.
Of West mure land the Lord had met yame pair,
On with the Duke he graithit him to fair.
At the first straik with thame he had nocht bene
With him he led ane thousand weill besene.
Ane Pikard Lord was with ane thousand boun,
Of King Edward he kepit Calice toun.
Thir tweir thousand vnto the toun can fair,
The twa Capitanis sone met thame at Bizair.
With the haill stuf of Roxburgh and Berwike,
Schir Rauf Gray saw yat thay wair Sutheroun
Out of the South approchit to thair richt, (like.
He knew full weill with yame it was not richt.
Aymer Wallance with his power come als,
King Edwardis man ane cyuill Knicht and fals.
Quhen thay war met, thay raid nocht ellis yair,

Bot deid Crocis, and thay war ſpulzeit bair.
Than meruellit thay quhair the Scottis ſuld be,
Of thame about apperance thay culd nocht ſe.
Bot ſpyis yame tauld pat come vō Schir Aymare
In Dauidſchaw thay ſaw yame mak repair.
The feill Sutheroun ſone paſt to that place,
The watche was war, and tauld it to Wallace.
He warnit the Oſt out of the Toun to ryde,
In Roppis Bog he purpoſit to abyde.
Ane lytill Schaw vpon the ane ſyde was,
That men on fute out of the Bog micht pas.
The hoꝛs thay left into that lytill hald,
On fute thay thocht the Mos that thay ſuld hald.
The Inglis Oſt had weill thair paſſage ſene,
And followit faſt with eruell men and kene.
Thay trowit pat Bog micht mak yame lytil baill
Growin ouir with Riſp, & all ye ſward was haill.
On thame to ryde thay ordanit with greit Ire,
Of the foꝛmeſt ane thouſand in the myre.
Of hoꝛs with men, ar plungit in the deip,
The Scottis of thair cūming tuke gude keip.
Vpon thame ſet with ſtraikis ſad and ſair,
Zeid nane away of all that enterit thair.
Licht men on fute vpon thame derfly dang,
Feill vnder hoꝛs war ſmoꝛit in that thꝛang.
Straimpit in Mos, and with rude hoꝛs ouir gane
The woꝛthie Scottis the dry land than hes tane.
Vpon the laif fechtand full wounder faſt,
And mony grume thay maid full ſair agaſt.
The Ingliſmen that deſy was in weir,
Aſſaultzeit ſair, thame fra the Mos to beir.
On ather ſyde, bot than it was na bute,
The ſtrenth thay held richt awfully on fute.

To

To men and hoꝛs gaif mony greuous wound,
Feill to the deith thay ſtikkit in that ſtound.
The Pikard Loꝛd aſſaultzeit ſcharply thair,
Vpon the Grahame with ſtraikis ſad and ſair.
Schir Johne ye Grahame with ane ſtif ſwoꝛd of ſteill
His bꝛicht bꝛyneis he peirſit euerie deill.
Thꝛow all the ſtuf, and ſtikkit him in that ſteid,
Thus of his dynt the bauld Pikard was deid.
The Inglis Oſt tuke plane purpois to fle,
In thair turning the Scottis gart mony de.
Wallace wald fane at the Wallange haue bene,
Of Weſtmureland the Loꝛd was yame betweene
Wallace on him he ſet aue awfull dynt,
Thꝛow Baſnet & ſtuf, yat na ſteill micht out ſtint.
Derfly to deith he left him in that place,
Swa the fals Knicht eſchapit thꝛow this cace.
Gude Robert Boyd hes with ane Capitane met,
Of Berwik than, aue ſad ſtraik on him ſet.
Ourthoꝛt the craig, and keruit the Peſane,
Thꝛow all his weid in ſunder ſtraik the bane.
Feill hoꝛſmen fled faſt, and durſt nocht abyde,
Rebutit euill vnto thair King thay ryde.
The Duke him tauld of all thair Journey haill,
His hart foꝛ Ire boldnit in bitter baill.
Heichly he herht, he ſuld neuer Londoun ſe,
On Wallace deith quhill he reuengit be.
Oꝛ lows his men, agane as he did air,
Thus ſouth he ſocht, with greit ſoꝛꝛow and cair.
Than at the Kirk ane lytill tary maid,
Syne thꝛow the land ouir Sulway faſt he raid.
The Scottis Oſt ane nicht remanit ſtill,
Vpon the moꝛne thay ſpulzeit with gude will.
The deid coꝛps ſyne culd to Bꝛaidwod bair,

At ane counsall thre dayis thay soiornit thair.
At the Forest kirk ane meting ordanit he,
Thay cheisit Wallace Scottis wardane to be.
Traisting he suld thair panefull sorrow ceis,
He restauit all that wald cum to his peis.
Schir William come, that Lord Dowglas was
Forsuke Edward, at Wallace pear can as.
In that thirlage he wald na langer be,
Tribute befoir to Ingland payit he.
In contrair Scottis with thame neuer raid,
Far better cheir Wallace thairfoir him maid.
Thus treitit he, and thereisit wounder fair,
Trew Scottis men, that fewtie maid him thair.
And gaif greitly feill gudis that he wan,
He warnit it nocht to na gude Scottis man.
Quha wald rebell, and gang contrair the richt,
He puneist sair, war he Squyar or Knicht.
Thus meruellously, gude Wallace tuke on hand,
Likly he was, richt fair and weill farrand.
Manly and stout, and thairto richt liberall,
Ylesand and wyse in all gude generall.
To slay forsuith Southeroun he spairit nocht,
To Scottis men full greit proffit he wrocht.
Into the South forsuth than passit he,
As him best thocht he reullit that countrie.
Schireffis he maid, that cruell was and kene,
And Capitanis of trew wyse Scottis men.
Fra Gamyllis peth, the land obeyit him haill,
To Ur watter, baith strenth Forest and daill.
Iganis him in Galloway hous was nane,
Except Wigtoun, bigit of lyme and stane.
That Capitane hard the reull of Wallace,
Away be fey he stall out of that place.

Leuit

Leuit all waist, and culd in Ingland wend,
Bot Wallace sone ane keipar to it send.
Ane gude Squyar, and to name he was cald,
Adam Gordoun as the storie me tald.

ANe strenth thair was at the watter of Cre,
Within ane roche richt stalwart wrocht of tre
Ane gait befoir, na man micht to it win,
But the consent of thame that dwelt thairin.
On the bak syde ane roche and watter was,
Ane strait entre forsuth thair was to pas.
To besy it Wallace him self sone went,
Fra he it saw, he kest in his Intent.
To win the hald, he hes chosin ane gait,
That thay within suld mak lytill debait.
His power haill hes gart byde out of sicht,
Bot tuze with him quhill tyme that it was nicht.
Than tuke he twa quhen that the nicht was dym
Steuin of Ireland and Keirly that culd clym.
Up sone thay went aganis that roche sa strang,
Thus enterit thay the Sutheroun men amang.
The watche befoir tuke na tent to that syde,
Thir tuze in feir sone to the Portar thay glyde.
Gude Wallace than strait the Portar him sell,
Deid ouir the roche into the dyke he fell.
Leit doun the brig, and blew his horne on hicht,
The buschment brast, and come in all thair micht.
At thair awin will, sone enterit in that place,
To Inglismen thay dio full lytill grace.
Sextie thay slew, in that hald was na ma,
Bot ane auld Preist, and sempill wemen twa.
Greit purueyance was in that roche to spend,
Wallace baid still, quhill it was at ane end.

Bȝak down the ſtrenth, baith bȝig & Bulwark all,
Out ouir the Roch thay gart the tymmer fall.
Undid the gait, and wald na langer byde,
In Carrik ſyne, thay bownit thame to ryde.
Hailſit thame nocht, bot ſoberly can fair,
To Turnbery, that Capitane was of Air,
With Lord Perſee to tak his counſail haill,
Wallace purpoſit, that place for to aſſaill.
Ane woman tauld, quhen ye Capitane was gane,
Gude men of fence into the ſteid was nane.
Thay fillit the dyke with eird and tymmer haill,
Syne fyrit the hous, na ſuccour micht auaill.
Ane Preiſt thair was, and gentill wemen patrin,
Quhilk for ye maner, maid hiddeous noyis & din.
Mercy thay cryit, for him that deit on tre,
Wallace gart ſlaik, the fyre and let thame be.
To mak defence na ma was leuit thair,
Ye thame commandit out of the land to fair.
Spulzeit the place, and ſpilt all that thay mocht
Upon the mozne to Cumnok ſone thay ſocht.
To Lanerk ſyne, and ſet ane tyme of Air,
Mirdoaris ſcill, he gart be puniſt thair.
To gude trew men he gaif full nobill wage,
His brother Sonnis put to thair heritage.
To the blak craig in Cumnok paſt agane,
His houſhald ſet with men of meikill mane.
Thre monethis thair he dweit into gude reſt,
The ſubtill Sutheroun fand weill it was ye beſt
Trewis to tak for to eſchew ane chance,
To further this thay ſend for Knicht Wallance.
Bothwell zit that Traitour keipit ſtill,
And Air all haill was at Lord Perſeis will.
Throw greit ſupple of the Capitans of Air,

The

The Biſchop Beik in Glaſgow he dweit thair.
Erll of Stanefurd was Chalmerlane of Ingland,
With Schir Aymer, this Traitour tuke on hand.
To procure peax be ony maner of cace,
Ane ſaif Conduct thay purcheſt of Wallace.
In Ruglin Kirk the tryſt thair haue thay ſet,
And promis maid to meit Wallace but let.
The day of this approchit wounder faſt,
The greit Chancelar and Aymer hidder paſt.
Syne Wallace come, and his men weill beſene,
With him fyftie, arrayit all in grene.
Ilk ane of thame ane bow and arrowis bair,
And lang ſwordis, the quhilk full ſcharply ſchair.
Within the Kirk how ſone he enterit had,
Unto his prayer he paſt but mair abaid.
Syne vp he raiſ and to his tryſt he went,
And his gude men full cruell of Intent.
In Ire he grew, that Traitour quhen he ſaw,
The Inglißmen of his face ſtude greit aw.
Wit reullit him, that he did nane outrage,
The Erll beheld faſt to his hie curage.
Forthocht fampart that he come to that place,
Greitly abaſit for the bult of his face.
Schir Aymer ſaid, this ſpeiche ze may begin,
He will nocht bow to na Prince of zour kyn.
Aſſouerit ze ar, I traiſt ze may ſpeik weill,
For all Ingland he will nocht bȝek ȧ deill.
His ſaif Conduct, or quhair he makis ane band,
The Chancellar than proferrit him his hand.
Wallace ſtude ſtill, and cuid na handis tak,
Freindſchip to thame na vklynes wald he mak.
Schir Aymer ſaid, Wallace ze vnderſtand,
This is ane Lord, and Chancellar of Ingland.

To ſalus him, ze may be ꝓper ſkill,
With ſchort anſe he maid anſwer him till.
Sic ſaluſſing I vſe to Ingliſmen,
Sa ſall thay haue quhair euer I may thame ken.
At my power that mak I God awow,
Out of Conduct gif that I had him now,
Bot for thy lyfe, and all his land ſa braid,
I will nocht brek the ꝓmis that is maid.
I had leuer at anyne a win will haue the,
Without conduct, that I micht wrokin be.
Of thy fals deid, thow dois in this Regioun,
Than of pure gold ane Kingis greit Ranſoun.
Bot for my band, as now I will lat be,
Chancellar ſay furth, quhat ze deſyre of me.
The Chancellar ſaid, the maiſt caus of this thing,
To procure pear, I am ſend fra the King.
With the greit ſeill, and voce of his Parliament,
Quhat I bind heir, our barnage ſall conſent.
Wallace anſwerit, ouir lytill mendis we haif,
Syne of our richt ze occupy the laif.
Quytclame our land, and we ſall nocht deny,
The Chancellar ſaid, of na ſic chargis haue I.
We will gif gold or our purpois ſuld faill,
Than Wallace ſaid in waiſt is that trauaill.
We aſk na gold, be fauour of zour kyn,
In weir of zow, we tak that we may wyn.
Abaiſſit he was to mak anſwer agane,
Wallace ſaid Schir, we Iangill all in vane.
My counſall geuis, I will na fabill mak,
Ar for ane zeir, ane ſmall pear to tak.
Nocht for my ſelf, that I bind to zour Seill,
I can nocht trow, that euer ze will be leill.
Bot for pure folk that greitly hes bene ſuppryſit,

I will

I will tak pear quhill farther we be auyſit.
Than band thay thus, thair ſuld be na debait,
Caſtell and Toun ſuld ſtand in that ilk ſtait.
Fra that day furth quhill ane zeir war at end,
Heillit this pear, and tuke thair leif to wend.
Wallace fra thame paſt into the weſt,
Waid plane repair quhair that him lykit beſt.
Zit ſaiv he dred, that thay ſuld him diſſaik.
This Indenture to Schir Rannald he gaik,
His deir Unkill, quhair it micht keipit be,
In Cumnok ſyne to his dwelling went he.

(F)(✣)(E)

¶ The Sevint part of this Buik declairis how Wallace brynt ye Bernis of Air, and put Biſchop Beik out of Glaſgow, & ſlew Lord Perſee. Ca. j.

IN Febyuar befell the ſamin eace,
That Ingliſmen tuke trewis with Wallace
This paſſit ouir quhill Marche away was
The Ingliſmē keſt all ye wayis yai mocht. (ſocht
With ſubtill and wickit Illuſioun,
The worthie Scottis to put to confuſioun.
Into Apryle the King of Ingland come,
In Cumbirland of pumfret fra his home.
Into Carlile to ane counſall he zeid,
Quhairof the Scottis micht haue ful mekil dreid
Mony Capitane that was of Ingland borne,
Hidder thair paſt, ſemblit thair King beforne.
Na Scottis man to that counſall thay cald,
Bot Schir Aymer, that traitour was of auld.
At him thay ſpeirit how thay ſuld tak on hand,

I. ij.

The rychteous blude to ſtroy out of Scotland.
Schir Aymer ſaid, thair Chiftane can weill do,
Richt wyſe in weir, and hes greit power to.
And now this trewis geuis thame ſic hardiment,
That to zour faith thay will nocht all conſent.
Bot wald ze do richt as I can zow leir,
The pear to thame it ſuld be ſauld full deir.
Than demit he the fals Sutheroun amang,
Howe thay beſt micht the Scottis Barrounis hāg
Four greit Bernis that tyme ſtude into Air,
Wrocht for the king quhen his bigging was pair
Biggit about, that na man enter micht,
Bot ane atanis, nor haue of vther ſicht.
Thair ordanit thay thir Lordis ſuld be ſlane,
Ane Juſtice maid quhilk was of meikill mane.
To Lord Perſee of this mater thay laid,
With ſad auiſe agane to thame he ſaid.
Thay men to me hes keipit treuth ſa lang,
Diſſaitfully I may nocht ſe thame hang.
I am thair ſa, and warne will I thame nocht,
Sa I be quyte, I rek nocht quhat ze wrocht.
Fra thyne I will, and toward Glaſgow draw,
With our Biſchop, to heir of his new Law.
Than cheiſſit thay ane Juſtice feirs and fell,
Quhilk Irnulf hecht as myne Author will tell.
Of South Hamptoun he hecht baith Air & Lord,
He vnder take to pyne thame with ane cord.
Ane vther Air in Glaſgow ordanit thay,
For Clyddiſdaill men to ſtand the ſamin day.
Syne chargit thame in all wayis eirneſtly,
Be na kyn meane Wallace ſuld eſchaip yame by.
For weill thay wiſt, & thir men war ouirthrawin,
Thay micht at wil bruik Scotland as pair awin.

This

This band thay clois vnder thair Scillis faſt,
Syne ſocht ouir mure agane King Edward paſt.
The new Juſtice reſſauit was in Air,
The Lord Perſee can vnto Glaſgow fair.
This Air was ſet in June the xviii. day,
And plainly cryit, na fre man war away.
The Scottis meruellit, and pear tane in the land
Quhy Inglifmen, ſic maiſtrie tuke on hand.
Schir Rannald ſet ane day befoir this Air,
At Monktonn Kirk, his freindis to meit him pair
William Wallace vnto that tryſt cuid pas,
For he as than, Wardane of Scotland was.
This Maiſter Johne ane worthie clerk was paſt
He chargit his kyn for to byde fra that Air.
Richt weill he wiſt, fra Perſee left that land,
Greit perrell was to Scottis appeirand.
Wallace fra thame, into the Kirk he zeid,
Pater Noſter, he ſaid, and als ane Creid.
Syne to the Grece he lenit him ſoberly,
Vpon ane ſleip he ſlaid full ſuddandly.
Cleland followit, and ſaw him fallin on ſleip,
He maid na noyis, bot wiſely cuid him keip.
In that ſlummer, cūmand him thocht he ſaw,
Ane ſtalwart man that toward him cuid draw.
Sone be the hand he hint him haſtelie,
I am he ſaid, in voyage chargit with the.
Ane ſword him gaif, of burely burniſt ſteill,
Gude Sone he ſaid, this ſword thow ſall bruik weill.
Of Topaſion him thocht the plumat was,
Baith hilt and all, glitterand as the glas.
Deir Sone he ſaid, we tary heir to lang,
Thow ſall ga ſe, quhair wrocht is meikill wrang.
Than he him led to ane montane on hicht,

The warld him thocht he micht se at ane sicht.
He left him thair, syne sone he fra him went,
Thairof Wallace studyit in his Intent.
To se him thair he had full greit desyre,
Thairwith he saw begyn ane fellone fyre.
Quhilk brathly bynt on breid out throw ye land
Scotland attour, fra Ros to Sulway sand.
Than sone to him descendit thair ane Quene,
Illuminat licht, schinand full bricht and schene.
In hir presence appeirit sa mekill licht,
That all the fyre scho put out of his sicht.
Gaif him ane wand of cullour reid and grene,
With ane Saphir saynit his face and ene.
Welcum scho said, I cheis the to my luke,
Thow art grantit be the greit God abuke.
To help pepill that sufferis mekill wrang,
With the as now, I may nocht tary lang.
Thow sall returne to thyne awin Rist agane,
Thy derrest kyn ar heir in mekill pane.
This richt Regioun, thow mon redeme it all,
Thy last rewaird in eirth salbe bot small.
Let nocht thairfoir, tak redres of this mis,
To thy rewaird thow sall haue heuinis blis.
Of hir richt hand scho betaucht him ane buik,
Humbly thus hir leif than scho tuik.
Unto the Clud ascendit of his sicht,
Wallace brak vp the buik in all his micht.
In thre partis the buik weill writtin was,
The first letteris, war gros letteris of bras.
The secund gold, the thrid was siluer schene,
Wallace meruellit quhat this wryting suld mene.
To reid the buik he besyt him sa fast,
His Spritt agane to walkand mynd it past.

And

And vp he rais syne suddandly furth went,
This Clerk he fand, and tauld him his Intent.
Of this visioun as I haue said befoir,
Compleitly furth, quhat neidis wordis moir.
Deir Sone he said, my wit vnabill is,
To ratifie sic forderis I say nys.
Zit I sall deme, thocht my cunning be small,
God grant na charge efter my wordis fall.
The stalwart man gaif the that swerd in hand,
Fergus it is first winnar of Scotland.
That montane is, quhair he the had on hicht,
Knawledge to haif of wrang pat thow mon richt.
That fyre salbe feill tythingis ore ze part,
Quhilk will be tauld in mony sindrie art.
I can nocht wit, quhat Quene that that suld be,
Bot gif it be Fortoun ane Lady quhylis richt fre.
The pretty wand I trow be myne Intent,
Betaiknis reull, and cruell chaistement.
The reid cullour, quha graithly vnderstude,
Betaikinis all to greit battell and blude.
The grene curage, that thow art now amang,
In trubill and weir, thow sall continew lang.
The Saphir stane scho blisfit the with all,
Is happy chance will God sall to the fall.
The thrynfald buik, is bot this brokin land,
Thow mon redeme be worthynes of hand.
The bras letteris betaikinis bot to this,
The greit oppres in weir and mekill mys.
The quhilk thow sall bring to the richt agane,
Bot thow, thairfoir mon suffer mekill pane.
The gold betaikinis honour and worthynes,
Victor in armis, manheid and Nobilnes.
The siluer schawis clene lyfe and heuinnis blis,

To thy rewaird that myrth thow ſall nocht miſs.
Dreid nocht thairfoir, be out of all diſpair,
Farther as now heirof I can na mair.
He thankit him, and thus his leif hes tane,
To Coxlbie ſyne with his Unkill raid hame.
With myrthis thus all nicht ſoiornit thair,
Upon the morne thay graithit thame to the Air.
And furth thay raid, quhill thay come to Kyncace,
With dreidfull hart thus ſpeirit wicht Wallace.
At Schir Rannald for the Charter of peis,
Nevoy he ſaid, thir wordis ar nocht leis.
It is leuit in Coxlbie in the kiſt,
Quhair thow it laid, thairof nane vther wiſt.
Wallace anſwerit, had we it heir to ſchaw,
And thay be fals we ſall nocht enter aw.
Deir Sone he ſaid, I pray the pas agane,
Thocht thow wald ſend, thy trauell war in vane.
Bot thow or I, can nane it bring this tyde,
Greit grace it was, maid him agane to tyde.
Wallace returnit, tuke nane with him bot thre,
Nane of thame knew this Indenture bot he.
Unhap him led, forbid him could he nocht,
Of fals deſait this gude Knicht had na thocht.
Schir Rannald raid, but reſting to the toun,
Wittand na thing of all this fals treſſoun.
That wickit Signe ſa reullit that Plancit,
Saturne was than into his hieſt ſtait.
Abone Juno in his Melancoly,
Juppiter, Mars, ay cruell of Inuy.
Saturne as than auancit his nature,
Of Tyrranny he power had and cure.
Rebellis reullis in mony ſeir Regioun,
Trubillous wedder, makis mony ſchippis to droũ

His

His drieching is with Pluto in the Se,
As of the land full of Iniquitie.
He walknis weir, full of Peſtilence,
Filling of wallis with cruell violence.
Poyſoun is ryfe, amang thir vther thingis,
Suddand ſlauchter of Emprouris and Kingis.
Quhen Sampſon pullit to ground the Pillair,
Saturne was than into the hieſt Speir.
At Thebes als of his power thay tell,
Quhen Phioxar ſank throw the eirth to hell.
Of the Troianis he had full mekill cure,
Quhen Achilles at Troy ſlew gude Hector.
Bardeous ſchent, and mony Cietcis mo,
His power zit, it hes na hap to ho.
In braid Bertane feill vengeance hes bene ſene,
Of this and mair, ze wait weill quhat I mene.
Bot to this hous that ſtalwart was and ſtrang
Schir Rannald come and micht nocht tary lang.
Ane balk was knit all full of raipis kene,
Sic ane Tolbuith ſen ſyne was neuer ſene.
Strang men was ſet the entre for to hald,
Nane micht pas in, bot ane as thay war cald.
Schir Rannald firſt, to mak fewtie for his land,
The Knicht went in, and wald na langer ſtand.
Ane rynnand cord thay ſlippit ouir his heid,
Hard to the balk, and hangit him to deid.
Schir Bryce the Blair nixt efter in he paſt,
Unto the deith thay haiſtit him full faſt.
Be he enterit, his heid was in the ſnair,
Tit to the balk, hangit to deith richt thair.
The thrid enterit, greit pietie was for thy,
Ane gentill Knicht Schir Neill of Montgomery
And vther feill of landit men about,

Mony zeid in, bot na Scottis come out.
Of Wallace part thay put to that derf deid,
Mony Crauſurd ſa endit in that ſteid.
Of Carryk men Kennedeis ſlew thay ais,
And kynd Campbellis, that neuer had bene fals.
Thir Rebellit nocht contrair yair richteus croun,
Sutheroun for thy yame put to confuſioun.
Barklayis, Boydis, and Stewartis of gude kyn,
Na Scot eſchaipit that tyme that enterit in.
Upon the balk thay hangit mony pair,
Beſyde thame deid, in ane nuik keſt thame thair.
Sen the firſt tyme, that ony weir was wrocht,
To ſic ane deith ſa mony zeid thair nocht.
Upon ane day throw curſit Saxonis ſeid,
Vengeance of this out throw that kynrent zeid.
Grantit it was fra the greit God of heuin,
Sa ordanit, that law ſuld be thair ſteum.
To the fals Saxonis for thair fell Judgement,
Thair wickitnes ouir all the warld is went.
Ze Nobill men that ar of Scottis kynd,
Thair pieteous deith, ze keip it in zour mynd.
And vs reuenge quhen we ar ſet in thrang,
Dollour it is, heiron to tary lang.
Thus auchtene ſcoir, derfly to deith thay dicht,
Of Barrounis bald, and mony worthie knicht.
Quhen thay had ſlane the worthieſt was thair,
For waik pepill thay wald na langer ſpair.
Into ane garth keſt thame out of that ſteid,
Is thay war bozne, ſpulzeit bair and deid.
Gude Robert Boyd vnto ane Tauern zeid,
With twentie men, that douchtie war in deid.
Of Wallace hous full cruell in Intent,
He gouernit thame, quhen Wallace was abſent.

Keirlie

Keirlie returnit with his Maiſter agane,
Cleland and Boyd, that meikill was of mane
Steum of Ireland went furth into the ſtreit,
Ane trew woman full ſone with him culd meit.
He ſpeirit at hir, quhat happinnit in the Air?
Sorrow ſcho ſaid, is na thing ellis thair.
Feirtly ſcho ſaid, allace quhair is Wallace?
Fra vs agane he paſſit at Kyncace.
Ga warne his folk, and haiſt thame of the toun,
To keip him ſelf I ſalbe reddy boun.
With hir as thau na mair tary he maid,
To his fellowis he went withouttin baid.
And to thame tauld of all this greit miſſair,
To Laglane wod thay bownit without mair.
Be this Wallace was cũmand wounder faſt,
For his freindis he was full ſair agaſt.
Vnto the Bern ſadly he culd perſew,
To enter in, for he na perrell knew.
This trew woman, vpon him loud can call,
O feirs Wallace, feill tempeſt is befall.
Our men is ſlane feill tempeſt is to ſe,
Is beſtiall houndis hangit ouir ane tre.
Our trew Barrounis be twa and twa paſt in,
Wallace weipit, for greit lois of his kyn.
That with vneis vpon his hoirs he baid,
Mair for to ſpeir to this woman he raid.
Deir Nece he ſaid, gif thow the treuth can tell,
Is myne Eme deid, or how the cace befell.
Out of zone Bern forſuith I ſaw him bozne,
Naikit laid law, on cald eirth me befozne.
His frofty mouth I kyſſit in that ſteid,
Richt now manlyke, bair and brocht to deid.
And with ane clayth I couerit his Lichame,

For in his lyfe he did neuer woman schame.
His Sister Sone, thow art worthie and wicht,
Reuenge his deith, for Goddis lufe at thy micht.
Als I sall help, as I am woman trew,
Heir wicht he said, greit God gif yat thow knew
Gude Robert Boyd, quhair euer thow can him se
Williame Craufurd, als gif he leuand be.
Adam Wallace wald help me in this stryfe,
I pray to God send me thame all on lyfe.
For Goddis saik bid thame sone cum to me,
The Justice Innis thow spy for cheritie.
And in quhat feir that thay thair ludging mak,
Sone efter that we sall our purpois tak.
Into Laglane, quhilk hes thair succour bene,
Adew merkat, and welcum woddis grene.
Heirof as than, to hir he spak na mair,
His bydill turnit and fra hir can he fair.
Sic murning maid for his deir worthie kyn,
Him thocht for baill his hairt neir brist in twyn.
As he thus raid, in greit anger and tene,
Of Inglismen thair followit him fyftene.
Wicht waillit men, that toward him cuid draw,
With ane Waissar, to teiche him to the Law.
Wallace returnit in greif and matalent,
With his sword drawin amang yame sone he wēt
The myddill of thame he mankit sone in twa,
Ane vther thair vpon the heid can ta.
The thrid he straik, and throw the coist him claif,
The feird to ground richt deirfly doun he draif.
The fyft he hit with greit Ire in that steid,
Without reskew dreidles he left thame deid.
Than his thre men had slane the tother fyfe,
Fra thame the laif eschaipit with thair lyfe.

Fled

Fled to thair Lord, and tauld him of this cace,
To Laglane wod than rydis with Wallace,
The Sutheroun said, quhat ane that he bit richt,
Without mercy dreidles to deith was dicht.
Meruell thay had, sic strenth in ane suld be,
Ane of thair men at ilk straik he gart de.
Than demit thay, it suld be Wallace wicht,
To thair langage, maid answer ane auld Knicht.
Forsuith he said, he be eschaipit this Air,
All zour new deid is eiking of our cair.
The Justice said, quhen thair sic rumour rais,
Ze wald be feirit, and thair come mony fais.
That for ane man me think zow lyke to fle,
And wait nocht zit, in deid gif it be he.
And thocht it war, I compt him bot full licht,
Quha bydis heir, ilk gentill man salbe Knycht.
I think to deill thair landis haill to mayne,
To zow about, that ar of Ingland bayne.
The Sutheroun drew to yair ludgeing but maire
Four thousand haill that nicht was into Air.
In greit Bernis biggit without the Toun,
The Justice lay with mony bauld Barroun.
Than he gart cry about thay wanis wyde,
Na Scottis beirne amang thame thair suld byde
To the Castell he wald nocht pas for eis,
Bot soiornit thair with thing yat micht him pleis
Greit purueyance be sey was to thame brocht,
With wyne and aill, the best that couth be bocht.
Na watche was set, becaus thay had na dout,
Of Scottis men that leuand was without.
Laubourit in mynd thay had bene all that day,
Of aill and wyne, aneuch chosin had thay.
As beistlyke folk tuke of thame self na keip,

In thair vaines sone sland the sleuthfull sleip.
Throw foul gluttony in swoir swappit like swine
Thair Chiftane was greit Bacchus god of wine.
This wyse woman lang tyme amang yame was
Feill men scho warnit, and gart to Laglaw pas.
Hir self formest, quhill thay with Wallace met,
Sum comfort than into his hart was set.
Quhen he thame saw, he thankit God of miche,
Tythingis he askit the woman tauld him richt.
Sleipand as swyne ar all zone fals menze,
Na Scottis man is in zone cumpany.
Than Wallace said, gif thay all dzunkin be,
I call it best with fyre for thame to se.
Of gude men than, fyve hundreth to him socht,
The woman had tald thir new Burges ȝat dzocht
Out of the Toun with nobill aill and dzeid,
And vther fut, als mekill as thay micht leid.
Thay eit and dzank, the Scottis men that mocht
The Nobillis than Jop hes to Wallace dzocht.
Sadly he said, deir freindis now ze se,
Our kyn ar slane, thairof is greit pietie.
Throw foull murther, the greit despite is moir,
Now sum remeid I wald we set thairfoir.
Suppois that I was maid wardane to be,
Part ar away, fic chargis put to me.
And ze ar heir cumin of als gude blude,
And richteous bourne be auentur and als gude.
Als forduard, fair, als likly of personn,
As euer was I, thair for conclusioun.
Lat vs cheis fyue of this gude cumpany,
Syne cauillis cast quha sall our maister be.
Wallace and Boyd; and Craufurd of Renoun,
And Adam als, than Lord of Ricardtoun.

His Father than was vesyit with seiknes,
God had him tane into his lestand grace.
The fyft Auchunlek, in weir ane Nobill man,
Cauillis to cast, about thir fyue began.
It wald on him, for ocht thay wald deuyse,
Continually quhill thay had callin thryse.
Than Wallace rais and out ane sword can dzaw
He said I awow to the maker of aw.
And to Marie his Mother Virgine cleir,
My Vnkillis deith, now salbe sauld full deir.
With mony ma of our deir worthie kyn,
First or I eit, or dzink we sall begyn.
For sleuth nor sleip, sall neuer remaine with me,
Of this tempest, quhill I auengit be.
Than all inclynit richt humbill of ane accord,
And him ressauit as thair Chiftane and Lord.
Wallace ane Lord, he may be clepit weill,
Thocht rurall folk thairof haue lytill feill
Thay deme na Lord, bot landis be thair pare,
Had he the warld and be wretchit of hart.
He is na Lord bot to the worthynes,
It can nocht be but fredome Lordlynes.
At the Roddis, thay mak full mony ane,
Quhilk worthie ar, thocht landis thay haue nane.
This discussing we leif Heraldis to end,
Vnto my mater breifly I will wend.
Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
Fyne calk ancuch, that his deir Nece micht set.
At ilk ȝet quhair Sutheroun war on raw,
And twentie men he gart sone widdris thraw.
Ilk man vpon thair arme ane pair threw,
Vnto the Toun full fast thay can persew.
The woman past befoir thame subtelly,

Calkit ill̃ zet, thay nedit nocht ga by.
Than feſtnit thay the durris with widdeis faſt,
To ſtapill and helſp with mony ſicker caſt.
Wallace gart Boyd neir hand the Caſtell ga,
With fyftie men anȝe Jeopardy to ma.
Gif ony Iſchit, the fyre quhen that thay ſaw,
All faſt to the zet he ordanit thame to drawe.
The laif with him about the Bernis zeid,
This trew woman him ſeruit weill in neid.
With lynt and fyre, that haiſtie kendill wald,
In cuerik nuik thay feſtnit bleiſſis bald.
Wallace commandit to all his men about,
Na Sutheroun man that thay ſuld lat brek out.
Quhat euer he be, reſkit w nane of that kyn,
Fra the reid fyre, him ſelf ſall pas thairin.
The lemand low ſone lanſit vpon hicht,
Forſuith he ſaid, this is ane pleſand ſicht.
To our hartis it ſalbe ſum redȝes,
Warchit away, thair power war the les.
Vnto the Juſtice, him ſelf on loud can caw,
Lat vs to borgh our men fra ȝour fals Law.
That leuand ar, and chaipit fra ȝour Ire,
Deill nocht thair land, the vnlaw is our ſaire.
Thow had na richt, it ſalbe on the ſene,
The rumour rais with cairfull cry and bene.
The baill fyre brynt, richt brymly vpon loft,
To ſlepand men thair walkning was vnſoft.
The ſicht without was awfull for to ſe,
In all the warld na greitar paine micht be.
Than thay within ſufferit for to dwell,
That euer was wrocht bot purgatorie or hell.
Ane pans of hell weill neir it micht be cald,
Wald folk in fyre hamperit in monyfald.

Feill

Feill biggingis brynt pat worthy war and wicht
Gat nane away, knaif, Capitane, nor Knicht.
Quhen brandis fell of rufe trcis yame amang,
Sum rudely rais in bitter panis ſtrang.
Sum nabit brynt bot belchis all away,
Sum neuer rais bot ſmorit quhare pai lay.
Sum ruſchit faſt to air gif pai micht wyn,
Byndit in fyre pair dedis warfull dym.
The reik fylit with filth of carioun,
Amang the fyre richt foull of infectioun.
The pepill beirrit like wod beiſtis in that tyde,
Within the wallis rampand on ather ſyde.
Rumiſt with reuth, and mony ane griſly grane.
Sum grymly grat quhill thair life days war gane.
Sum durris ſocht the entre for to get.
Bot Scottis men ia wyſely thame beſet,
Gif ony brak be auenture of that ſteid.
With ſwerdis ſone brimmyt thay war to deid,
Or ellis agane be force dreuin in the fyre.
Thair chapit nane bot brynt vp bane and lyre.
The ſtynk ſcaylit of deid bodyis ſa wyde,
The Scottis abhorrit neir hand thame for to byde.
Zeid to the wynd and leit thame cuin allane,
Quhill the reid fyre had pat fals blude our gane.
Ane freir Drumlaw was Pryour than of Air.
Seuin ſcore with him pat nycht tuke harbery pair.
In till his Innis for he micht not thame let,
Quhill neir mydnycht ane wach on thame he ſet.
Him ſelf wolk weill quhill he the fyre ſaw ryſe.
Sum mendis he thocht to tak of that ſuppryſe,
His brether vii. ſone to harnes thay zeid.
Him ſelf chiftane the remanent to leid,
The beſt thay waill of armour and gude geir.

B.

Syne wapins tuke richt awfull in affeir.
Thir viij. Freris in thre partis thay ga,
With swerdis drawin to ilk hous zeid twa.
Sone enterit in quhare Suthroun sleipand war,
Vpone thame set with straikis sad and sair.
Fell freikis thair thay Freiris dang to deid,
Sum nakit fled and gat out of that steid.
The watter socht abaissit out of sleip,
In to the Freir Well that was baith lang and deip.
Fell of thame fell that brak out of that place,
Drounit to ground and deit withoutin grace.
Drounit and slane was all that harbryit thair,
Men callis it the Freris blissing of Air.
Few folk of vale was leuit. Vpon cace,
In the Castell Lord Peircie fra that place.
Befoire the Air fra thyne to Glasgou drew,
Of men and stuf it was to purvey new.
Zit thay within saw the fyre bicnand stout,
With schort aduise Ischit and maid na dout.
The bushment than as warriouris wyse and wicht,
Leit thame allane and to the hous past richt.
Boyd wan the port enterit and all his men,
Reparis intil was left bot nyne or ten.
The formaist sone him self seisit in hand,
Wai d quyte of him syne slew all that thay fand.
Of purvepance in that Castell was nane,
Schort tyme befoir fra it Peircie was gane.
The Erll Arnulf had ressaut that haid,
Quhilk in the toun was brynt to pouder caid.
Boyd gart remane of his xx. men still,
Him self past furth to wit of Wallace will
Reipand the toun quhill nocht was leuit thair,
Bot the wod fyre and belchis brynt full bair.

Of

Of likly men that borne was of Ingland,
Be swerd and fyre that nycht deit tyne thousand.
Quhen Wallace men was weill togidder met,
Gude freyndis he said ze knaw that thair was set.
Sic law as this now into Glasgow toun,
The Bishop Beik and Peircie of renoun.
Thairfor I will in haist we hidder fair,
Of our gude kyn stumpart is loissit thair.
He gart full sone the Burges to him call,
And gaif command in generall to thame all.
In keiping thay suld tak the hous of Air,
And hald it haill quhill tyme that we heir mair.
To byde our King Castellis I wald we had,
Cast we doun all we may be demit our bad.
Thay gart meit cum for he had fastit lang,
Litill he tuke fyne bounit thame to gang.
Hors thay cheis that Suthroun had brocht thair
Inew at will and of the toun can fair.
Thre hundreth haill was in his cumpany,
Richt wounder fast raid this gude chevalry.
To Glasgow brig that biggit was of tre.
Sone passit ouir or Suthroun micht thame se,
Lord Peiree wicht that besy was in weir.
Semblit his men full awfull in affeir,
Than demit thay all that it was wicht Wallace,
He had befoir eschapit throw mony cace.
The Bischop Beik and Peirey that was wicht,
Ane thowsand led of men in armour bricht,
Wallace saw weill quhat nowmer semblit thair.
He maid his men in twa partis to fair,
Graithit thame weill without the town end.
He callit Auchinlek for he the passage kend.
Uncle he said be besy in to weir,

Quhethir will ze the Biſchopis taill vp beir,
Or pas befoze and tak his benyſoun.
He anſuerit him with richt ſchozt prouiſioun,
Wnbiſchopit zit fozſuth I trow ze be.
Zour ſelf ſall firſt his bliſſing tak foz me,
Foz ſickerly ze ſeruit it beſt to nycht.
To bere his taill we ſall in all our mycht,
Wallace anſuerit ſen we mon ſindzy gang.
Perell it is and ze byde fra vs lang,
Foz zone ar men will nocht be ſone agaſt.
Fra tyme we meit foz Goddis faik hy zow faſt,
Our ſindering I wald na Suthzoun ſaw.
Behynd thame cum in thzow the nozth eiſt raw,
Gude men of weir ar all Nozthumburland.
Thay partit thus tube vthir be the hand,
Auchinlek ſaid we ſall do that we may.
We wald lyke euill to byde ocht lang away,
Ins buſteus ſtaill betuix vs ſone mon be.
Bot to the richt Almichty God haue Ee.
Adam Wallace and Auchinlek was bown.
Scuyn ſeoze w̄ thaim on the bak ſyde of the toun,
Richt faſt thay zeid quhill thay war out of ſicht.
The tothir part arrayit thame full richt,
Wallace and Boyd the plane ſtreit vp can ga.
Suthzoun merwalit becauſe thy ſaw na ma,
Thair Enſenze cryit vpone the Perceyis ſyde.
With Biſchop Beik that baldly durſt abyde,
Ane fair ſemblay was at thair meting ſene.
As fyre on flynt it fairit thame betuene,
The hardie Scottis richt awfully thame abaid,
Bzoch feil to ground thzow werd ȝ weil was maid,
Perſſit plaittis with poyntis ſtif of ſteill,
Be foze of hand gart mony cruell kneill.

The

The ſtrang ſtour rais as reik abone thame faſt.
Or myſt thzow Sone vp to the clowdis paſt.
To help thame ſelf ilk ane had meikill neid.
The wourthy Scottis ſtude in ane felloun dzeid.
Zit furthwart faſt thay preſſit foz to be,
And thay on thame greit wounder was to ſe.
The Peircyis men in weir war vſit weill,
Richt feirſly faucht and ſonzeit nocht adeill.
Adam Wallace and Auchinlek come in,
Ane part of Suthzoun richt ſadly thay twyn.
Returnit to thame as nobill men of weir,
The Scottis gat roume and mony doun thay beir.
The new countir aſſailzeit thame ſa faik,
Thzow Inglifmen maid ſloppis at the laſt.
Than Wallace ſelf in to the felloun thzang.
With his guid Sword that heme was and lang.
At Peircyis face with ane guid will he bair,
Bath bane, & bzayne, the fruſchit ſteill thzow ſchair.
Thze hundzeth men quhan Lozd Peircy was de.d,
Out of the gait the Biſchop Beik thay leid.
Foz than thame thocht it was na tyme to byde,
By the freir Kirk to ane wod thair beſyde.
In that fozeſt fozſuth thay tarpit nocht,
On freſch hozs to Bothuell ſone thay ſocht.
Wallace followit with wourhty men and wicht,
Fozfochtin thay war and trauellit all the nycht,
Zit ſtill thay flew in to the chace that day.
The Biſchoppis ſelf and guid men gat away.
Aymeir Wallange reſkewit thaim in that place,
That Knicht full oft did greit harme to Wallace.
Wallace began that nycht at ten houris in Ayr,
On day be it. in Glaſgow ſemblit thair.
Be ane ouir none at Bothuell zer he was.

Kill.

Repentit Wallange or he wald forthir pas.
Syne turnit agane as weill witnessis the buik,
To Dundaf raid and thair resting he tuik.
Tald guid Schir Johne of thir tythingis in Air,
Greit mane he maid he was nocht with him thair.
Wallace soiornit in Dundaf at his will,
Fyue dayis out, quhill tythingis come him till.
Out of the hicht quhair guid men war forlorne,
For Buchane rais, Athole, Menteith, and Lorne.
Vpone Argyle, ane fellone weir thay mak,
For Edwardis saik this thay can vndertak.
The Knicht Campbell in Argyle than was still,
With his guid men aganis King Edwardis will.
And kepit fre Lochaw his heritage,
Bot Makfadzeane than did him greit outrage.
This Makfadzeane to Inglismen was sworne,
Edward gaif him baith Argyle and Lorne.
Fals Johne of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In Ingland than he was ane new maid Lord.
Thus faisly he gaif our his heritage,
And tuke at London of Edward ane greit wage.
Duncane of Lorne zit for the Landis strait,
Quhill Makfadzeane ourset him with the laik.
Put him on force to guid Campbell the Knicht,
Quhilk in to weir was wyse, wourthy, and wicht.
This Makfadzeane was enterit in Scotland,
And mervalouslie that Tyran tuke on hand.
With his power the quhilk I spak of Air,
Thir thre Lordschippis all semblit to him thair.
Fyftene thowsand of cursit folk in deid,
Of all gadering in oist he had to leid.
And mony of thame was out of Irland brocht,
Barnis nor wyfe thay pepill spairit nocht.

Waistit

waistit the land als fer as thay micht ga,
Thay beistly folk couth nocht bot bryne and sla,
In to Lochaw he enterit suddandly,
The guid Knicht Capbell saw guid defence for thy.
To Crag Hummyr with thre hundreth he zeid,
That strenth thay held for all thair cruell deid.
Syne brak the brig that thay micht nocht our pas,
Bot throw ane furd quhair narrow passage was.
Ibandounly Campbell aganis thame baid,
Fast vpone Awfe that was baith deip and braid.
Makfadzeane was vpone the tothir syde,
And thair on force behufit him for to byde.
For at the Furd he durst not enter out,
For guid Campbell micht set him than in dout.
Makfadzeane socht and ane small passage fand,
Had he layser thay micht pas of that land.
Betuix ane Roche and the greit watter syde,
Bot four in front thay micht nane gang nor tyde.
In to Lochaw was beistis greit plente,
And quhill he thocht thair with his oist to be.
And vthir stuf that thay had with thame brocht,
Bot all his cost auailit him richt nocht.
Duncane of Lorne has sene this suddand cace,
Fra guid Campbell he went to seik Wallace.
Sum help to get of thair torment and tene,
Togidder befoir in Dunde thay had bene.
Lernand at Scole in to thair tender age,
He thocht to slaik Makfadzeanis hie curage.
Gud nicht all than with Duncane furth him dicht.
Ane gyde he was and fute man wounder wicht.
Sone gat thay wit quhair Wallace lugit was,
With thair complaynt to his presence thay pas.
Erll Malcolme als the Lennox held at peis,

K iiij.

With his guid men to Wallace can he pꝛeis.
To him thair come guid Richard of Lundy,
Jn to Dundaf he wald na langar ly.
Schir Johne the Grahame als bounit him to ryde,
Makfadzeanis weir ſa greuit him that tyde.

Chow Wallace ſlew Makfadzean. Ca. ij.

Than Wallace thocht his greit power to ſe,
Jn quhat array he reullit that cuntre.
The Rukbie than keipit with greit wrang,
Strueling Caſtell that ſtaluart was and ſtrang.
Quhen Wallace come be ſouth it in ane vaill,
To Erll Malcolme he ſaid he wald it ſaill.
Jn diuers partis, he gart diſſeuer his men,
Of thair power that Suthzoun ſuld nocht ken.
Erll Malcolme baid in buſchment out of ſicht,
Wallace with him tuk guid Schir John ye Knicht
And ane hundzeth of wyſe weir men but dout,
Thzow Strueling raid gif ony wald Iſche out.
Towart the Bzig the ganeſt way thay pas,
Quhen Rukbie law quhair that thair power was,
He tuk ſeuin ſcoir of Archearis that war thair,
Vpone Wallace thay followit wounder ſair.
That feill bikker did tham mekill deir,
Wallace in hand grippit ane nobill ſpeir.
Jgane returnit and hes the fozmaſt ſlane.
Schir John the Grahame that mekil was of mane
Amang thame raid with ane guid ſpeir in hand.
The firſt he flew that he befoir him fand,
Vpone ane vthir his ſpeir in ſo ſunder zeid.
The ſword he dzew, quhilk helpit him in neid.
Jnglis Archearis vpone thame can renew.

That

That his guid Hozs with arowis ſone thay ſlew.
On fute he was quhen Wallace has it ſene.
He lichtit ſone with men of Armes kene.
Amang the rout fechtand full wounder faſt,
The Jngliſmen returnit at the laſt.
At the Caſtell thay wald haue bene full fane,
Bot Erll Malcolme with men of mekill mane,
Betuix the Suthzoun and the zettis zeid.
Mony thay ſlew that douchty was in deid.
Jn the greit pꝛeis Wallace and Rukbie met,
With his guid ſword ane ſtraik vpone him ſet.
Deidly to deid the auld Rukbie he dzaif,
His tua ſonnis eſchapit amang the laif.
Jn the Caſtell be auenture thay zeid,
With thzettie men na ma chaipit that dzeid
The Lennox men with thair guid Lozd that was,
Fra the Caſtell thay ſaid thay wald nocht pas,
Foz weill thay wiſt it micht nocht haldin be.
Foz na lang tyme foz thy thus ozdanit he.
Erll Malcolme tuke the houſs to keip that tyde,
Wallace wald nocht fra his firſt purpoſe byde.
Juſtance he maid to this guid Lozd and wyſe,
Fra thyne to pas he ſuld on na kyn wyſe.
Quhill that he had Striueling the Caſtell ſtrang,
Trew men him tauld thay micht nocht hald it lang.
Than Wallace thocht was maiſt on Makfadzeane
Of Scottis men he had ſlain mony ane,
Wallace auowit that he ſuld wzokkin be.
On that Rebald oz ellis thairfoir de,
Of tyranny King Edward thocht him guid,
Law bozne he was and als of ſympill bluid.
Thus Wallace was ſair greuit in his entent,
To this iourney richt erneſtfully he went.

At Striueling Bzig assemblit to him richt,
Twa thowsand men that wourthy war and wicht.
Towart Argyle he bounit for to ryde,
Duncane of Lorne was thair trew sicker gyde.
Of auld Rukbie the quhilk we spak of Air,
Twa sonnis on lyke in Striueling lewit thair.
Quhen that Bzethir consauit all at richt.
This hous to hald that thay na langar micht,
For cause quhy thay wantit men and meit,
With Erll Malcolme thay maid thame for to treit.
Grace of thair lyfis and thay that with thame was,
Gaif ouir the hous syne couth in Ingland pas.
On the thzid day that Wallace fra thame raid,
With King Edward full mony zeir thay baid.
In Bzuces weir agane come in Scotland,
Striueling to keip the ane of thame tuke on hand.
Wentoun of Bzuce is oft in Wallace buik,
To fend his richt full mekill pane he tuik.
Quhairfore suld I heir ony tary ma,
To Wallace furth now schortly will I ga.
Duncane of Lorne Gilmichell fra him send,
Ane spy to be for he the cuntre kend.
Be our party was past Strath fillane,
The small fute folk began to irk ilkane.
And hors als on force behufit to faill,
Than Wallace thocht that cumpany to waill.
Guid men he said this is nocht meit for vs.
In brokin array and we cum on thame thus,
We may tak skaith and harme our fais small,
To thame in lyke we may nocht assembil all.
Tary we lang ane plane feild quhill thay get.
Upone thame sone sa weill we may nocht set.
Part we man leif vs sollowand to be,

With

with me sall pas our power in to thre,
Fiue hundzeth first to him self has he tane.
Of westland men war wourthy knawin ilkane.
To schir Johne the Grahame als mony ozdanit he,
And fiue hundzeth to Richard of Lundie,
In that part was Wallace of Ricardtoun.
In all gude deid he wes ay reddy boun,
Fiue hundzeth left and micht not with thame ga.
Suppois that thay to byde wes woundir wa,
Thus Wallace oist begouth to tak the hicht,
Our ane montane syne passit out of sicht.
In Glendochar thair spy met thame agane,
With Lozd Campbell then was our folk richt fane.
At thair metting greit blythnes micht be sene,
Thre hundzeth led that cruell war and kene,
He comfort thame and bad thame haue na dzeid.
Sone beistly folk wantis wapnis and weid,
Sone will thay sle scharply and we persew.
Be Loch Douchar full suddandly thame dzew.
Than Wallace said ane lyse we sall all ta,
For heir is nane will fra his fallow ga.
The spy thay send the entre for to se,
Upon the Mos ane Scurreour sone fand he.
To scour the land Makfadzeane had him send,
Out of Cragmore that day he thocht to wend.
Gilmichell tast vpon him followit thair,
With ane guid Swerd that weill & scharply schair
Maid quyte of him that tythingis tald he nane,
The out spy thus wes loisit fra Makfadzeane.
Than Wallace oist vpon thair fut thay licht.
Thair hors thay left thocht thay war neuer sa wicht.
For Mos and Crag thay micht na langar dze,
Than Wallace said quha gangis best lat se.

Throw out the mos delyuerly thay zeid,
Syne tuke the hals quhairof thay had maist dreid.
Endlang the schore ay thre in front thay past,
Quhill all within thair semblit at the last.
Lord Campbell said we haue chesit this hald,
I trow to God thair walknyng sall be cald.
Heir is na gait to fle zone pepill can.
Bot rochis heich and watteris deip and wan.
Auchtene hundreth of douchty men in deid,
On the greit oist but mair proces thay zeid,
Fechtand in front and meikill maistrie maid,
The frayit folk buskit withoutin baid.
Rudly to ray thay ruschit thame agane,
Greit part of thame was men of meikill mane.
Gude Wallace men sa stoutly can thame steir,
The battall on bak fyue aber breid thay beir.
In to the stour feill tyrant gart thay kneill,
Wallace in hand had ane guid stak of steill.
Quhom euer he hit to ground brymlie thame bair,
Roumit him about ane large rude and mair.
Schir John the Graham in deid was richt worthy.
Guid Campbell als, and Richard of Lundy.
Adam Wallace and Robert Boyd in feir,
Amang thair fais quhair dedis war sauld deir.
The felloun stour was awfull for to se,
Makfadzeane than sa greit debait maid he.
With Irland men hardie and cozageous,
The stalwart stryke richt hard and perillous,
Abundance of blude fra woundis wyde and wan.
Stiklit to deid on grouns lay mony man.
Tua bouris large in to the stour thay stan
The ferriest thay a wach of fechtyng and
That ...

Bot Wallace men wald nocht in sounder twyn.
To help thame self thay war of hardy will,
Of Irland blude full fellonly thay spill.
With fell fechting maid sloppis throw the thrang,
On the fals part our wicht weirmen sa dang.
That thay to byde micht haue na langar micht,
The Irland Fold than maid thame for the flicht.
In Craggis clam, and sum in watter flet.
Tua thowsand thair drounit withoutin let,
Bozne Scottis men baid still in the feld.
Kest wapnis thame fra and on thair kneis kneild.
With pietuous woce thay cryit on Wallace,
For Goddis saik to take thame in his grace.
Greuit he was bot reuth of thame he had,
Ressauit thame fair with countenance full sad.
Of our awin blud we suld haue greit piete,
Luk ze slay nane of Scottis will zoldin be,
Of outland men lat nane chaip with the lyfe.
Makfadzeane fled for all his felloun stryfe.
Unto ane Caik within ane clift of stane,
Under Cragmoir with fyftene is he gane.
Duncane of Lorne, his leif at Wallace ask,
On Makfadzeane with worthie men he past.
He grantit him to put thame all to deid,
Thay left nane syne bot brocht Wallace his heid.
Upone ane speir throw the feild it bair,
The Lorde Campbell, syne hynt it be the hair.
Heich on Cragmoir he maid it for to stand.
Still on ane stane for honour of Irland.
The Lyflait men that war of Scotland borne,
Sone at his faith he gart thame be suorne.
Restorit thame that wald cum to his leis.
He leit slay nane that wald cum to his peis.

Eftir this deid in Lorne fyne couth he fair,
Bewilit the land had bene in mekill cair
In Irdcatan ane counſall he gart cry.
Quhair mony man come to his Denzeoury.
All Lorne he gaif to Duncane that was wicht,
And bad him hald in Scotland with the richt.
And thow ſall bruk this land in heritage,
Thy bruthir ſone in London has greit wage.
Nit will he cum he ſall his landis haif,
I wald tyne nane that Veritie micht ſaif.
Mony trew Scot to Wallace couth perſew,
At Irdcatane fra feill ſtrenthis thay drew.
Ane guid Knicht come and with him men ſexty,
He had bene oft in mony ſtrang ieoperdy.
With Inglifmen and ſonzeit nocht adeill,
Ay fra thair fauth he kendit him full weill.
Keipit him fre thoweht King Edward had ſworne,
Schir Johne Ramſay that richteous was borne,
Of Ouchtirhous and bthir landis lord,
And Schirref als as my buke will record.
Of nobill blude and auld anceſtrie,
Continewit weill with wourthy Cheualrie.
In to Stroonchane lang tyme he had bene,
At greit debait amang his enemyis kene.
Richt wichtly wan his leuing in to weir,
To him and his Suthzoun did meikill deir.
Weill he eſchewit and ſufferit greit diſtres,
His ſone was callit the flour of courtlynes
As witneſſis weill in to this ſchort trety,
Efter the Bruce quha reidis that hiſtory,
He reullit weill baith in to weir and peis,
Alexander Ramſay to name he hecht but leis.
Quhen it was weir to armes he him kest,

Vnder the Croun he was ane of the beſt.
In tyme of pear to courtlynes he zeid,
Bot to gentrice he tuke nane bthir heid,
Quhat gentill man had nocht with Ramſay bene,
Of courtlynes thay comptit him not ane prene.
Fredome and trueth he had as men wald as,
Sen he began nane better Squyar was.
Rorburgh ald he wan richt manfully,
Syne held it lang quhill tratouris treſonabilly.
Cauſit his deith I dar nocht tell zow how,
Of ſic thingis I will ga by as now.
I haue had blame to ſay the ſuthfaſtnes,
Thairfoir I will bot lichtly tyn that caiſ.
Bot it be thing that planely ſclanderit is,
For ſic I trow thay ſuld nocht deme na miſ.
Of Alexander as now I ſay na moir,
His fader come as I tald zow befoir.
Wallace of him richt full greit comfort hais,
For he weill couth do harmyng to his fais.
In weir he was richt mekill for to pryſe,
Beſy and trew baith, ſober, wicht and wyſe.
Ane guid Prelat als to Irdchatane focht,
Of his Lordſchip as than he bruukit nocht.
This wourthy Clark cumin of the lynage,
Of Stuclare blude nocht fourtie zere of age.
Choſin he was be the Papis conſent,
Of Dunkeld Lord was maid with guid entent.
Bot Inglifmen that Scotland gruppit haill,
Of benefice thay leit him bruuk bot ſmall.
Quhen he ſaw weill thairfoir he micht nocht mute,
To ſaif his lyfe thre zeris he dwelt in Bute.
Leiffit as he micht and keipit ay guid part,
Vnder ſaufte of James than Lord Stewart.

To gud Wallace quhilk Scotland wan with pane.
Reſtorit this Lord to his leuing againe,
And mony ma that lang had bene ourthrawin.
Wallace thame put richteouſly to thair awin.
The ſmall oiſt als quhilk I ſpak of Air.
In to the hicht that Wallace leuit thair.
Come to the feild quhair Makfadzeane had bene,
Tuke that was left baith weid and wapnis ſchene.
Thrꝛow Lorne ſyne paſt als gudly as thay can,
Of thair nomber thay had not loiſſit ane man.
On the fift day wan to Ardchatane,
Quhair Wallace baid with guid men mony ane.
He welcumit thame vpone ane gudly wyſe,
And ſaid thay war richt mekill foꝛ to pꝛyſe.
All trew Scottis he honoꝛit in to weir.
Gaif that he wan, him ſelf keipit na geir.

Thow Wallace wan Sanct Johnſton. Ca. iij.

Quhen Wallace wald na langar ſoiorne thair,
Fra Ardchatan out thrꝛow the land thay fair.
Towart Dunkeld with guid men of renoun.
His maiſt thocht than was of Sanct Johnſtoun.
He callit Ramſay, that guid knycht of greit vaill.
Sadly auyſit beſocht him of counſaill
Of Sanct Johnſtoun now haue I rememberance
That haue I bene and loiſſit men thrꝛow chance.
Bot ay foꝛ ane we gart ten of thame de,
And zit me think that is na mendis to me.
I wald aſſay fra this land oꝛ we gang,
And lat thame wit thay occupie heir wꝛang.
Than Ramſay ſaid that toun thay man not keip,
The wallis ar lawt ſuppois the dykis be deip.

Ze haue anew that fall thame cummer ſa,
Fill vp the dyke that we may planely ga.
In haill backtell ane thouſand ouir ataris,
Fra this power, thay ſall nocht hald zone wanis.
Wallace was glaid that he ſic comfoꝛt maid,
Furth talkand thus vnto Dunkeld thay raid.
Thre dayis thair thay ludgeit with pleſance,
Quhill tyme thay had foꝛſene thair oꝛdinance.
Ramſay gart big ſtrang Baſtailzeis of tre,
Be gude wꝛichtis the beſt in that cuntre.
Quhen pai war wꝛocht, betaucht pame mē to leid
The watter doun, quhill thay come neir pat ſteid.
Schir Johne Ramſay richt gudely was pair gyde
Reullit thame weill, at his will foꝛ to byde.
The greit Diſt than about the village paſt,
With eird and ſtane thay fillit dykis faſt.
Flaikis thay laid on tymmer lang and wicht,
Ane roume paſſage to the wallis thay dicht.
Feill Baſtailzeis richt ſtarkly vp thay rais,
Gude men of armes ſone to aſſailze gais.
Schir Johne ye Grahame, and Ramſay pat was
The Turat bꝛig aſſegit in all pair micht. (wicht,
And Wallace ſelf at mid ſyde of the toun
With men of armes that was to bargane boun.
The Sutheroun men maid greit defence pat tyde
With Artailze that felloun was to byde.
With Tablaſſer, ganze, and ſtanis faſt,
And hand gunnis richt bꝛymlie out thay caſt.
Funzeit with ſpeiris at men of armis kene,
The Nobill Scottis that wꝛorthy ay hes bene:
At hand ſtraikis fra thay togidder met,
With Sutheroun blude thair wappinnis ſone pai wet.
Zit Ingliſmen pat wꝛorthy war in weir,

Into the stour richt baldly can thame beir.
Bot all for nocht auaillit thame thair deid,
The Scottis throw force vpon yame in thay ȝeid
Ane thousand men ouir wallis ȝeid haistely,
Into the toun rais hiddeous noyis and cry.
Ramsay and Grahame the Turat ȝit yes wyn,
And enterit in, quhair greit stryfe did begyn.
Ane trew Squyar quhilk Rothuē hecht to name,
Come to ye assait with gude Schir John ye Gra-
Threttie with him of men yat pruvit weill (hame.
Amang thair fais with wappunnis stif of steill.
Quhen that the Scottis assemblit on ather syde,
Na Sutheroun was that micht thair dynt abyde
Twa thousand sone was fulzeit vnder feit,
Of Sutheroun blude thay stekkit in the streit.
Schir John Stewart saw weill the toun was
Tuik him to flicht, & wald na langer stynt. (tynt,
In ane licht Barge, and with him men sextie,
The watter doun socht succour at Dundie.
Wallace baid still, quhill the feird day at morne,
And left nane thair that was of Ingland borne.
Riches thay gat of gold and vther gude,
Pleneist the toun, agane with Scottis gude.
Rothuen he left, thair Capitane to be,
In heritage gaif him the office of fe.
Of all Stratherne and Schiref of the tonn,
Syne in ye morth gude Wallace maid him boun.
In Abirdene he gart ane counsall cry,
Trew Scottis men suld assemblit haistely.
To Cowper he raid, to bely that Abbay,
The Inglis Abbot was fled fra thyne away.
Bischop Sinklair without langar abaid,
Wes thame at Glammis, syne furth with yame he
(raid.

Into Brechen thay iudgeit all that nicht,
Home on the morne Wallace gart grauth ar richt,
Displayit on breid the Baner of Scotland,
In gude array, with Nobill men at hand.
Gart planely cry that sauit suld be nane,
Of Sutheroū blude, quhair yai micht be ouirtane
In plane battell throw out ye Weirnis thay ryde
The Inglismen that durst thame nocht abyde,
Befoir the Nicht full feirdly thay fle,
To Dūnotter ane strenth within the se.
Na farther thay micht wyn out of the land,
Thay assemblit thair quhil yai wer four thousand
To ye Kirk yai ran, yat thocht girth to haue tane,
The laif remanit vpon the Roch of stane.
The Bischop than began tretie to ma,
Thair lyfis to get, out of the land to ga.
Bot thay war rad, and durst nocht weill affy,
Wallace in fyre gart set all haistely.
Brynt vp the Kirk, and all that was thairin,
Attour the Roch the laif ran with greit dyn.
Sum hang on craigis richt duilfully to de,
Sum lap, sum fell, sum flotterit in the se.
Na Sutheroun on lyfe was leuit in that hald,
And thay within, thay brynt in powder cald.
Quhen this was done, thay fell on kneis doun,
At the Bischop askit absolutioun.
Than Wallace leuch, said I forgif zow all,
Ar ze weirmen that repentis for sa small.
Thay rewit vs nocht into the toun of Air,
Our trew Barrounis, quhen yat yai hangit yair,
To Abirdene than sadly can thay pas,
Quhair Inglismen besy slittand was.
Fue hundreth Schippis, yat Ruther buir and Air

To turs thair gudis in hauin was bydand thair.
Bot Wallace Dist come on thame suddandly,
Thair schaipit nane of all that greit nauy.
Bot fyll seruandis in thame was leuit nane,
At ane Ebsey the Scottis is on thame gane.
Tuik out the geir, syne set the Schippis in fyre
The men on land, thay bynt baith bane and lyre.
Teid nane away bot Preistis, wyfis and barnis,
Maid thay debait, thay chaipit nocht but harmis.
Into Buchane Wallace maid him to ryde,
Quhair Lord Beamont was ordanit to abyde.
Erll he was maid bot of schort tyme befoir,
He bruikit it nocht for all his busteous schoir.
Quhen he wist weill that Wallace cūmand was,
He left the land, and couth to Slanis pas.
And syne be Schip fled in Ingland agane,
Wallace raid throw the Northland into plane.
At Cromartie fyll Inglismen thay slew,
The worthy Scottis vnto him couth persew.
Returnit agane, and come to Abirdene,
With his byrth Dist vpon the Lammes euin.
Stabillit the land as him thocht best suld be,
Syne with ane Dist he passit to Dundie.

¶How Wallace laid ane Seige to Dundie, and how he gait battel at the hig end of Striuiling to Kirkinghame yat was Thesaurar to Edward King, and to ye Erll of Warrane. Ca. iiij.

Gart set ane Seige about the Castell strang,
I left hym thair, and farther I will gang.
Schir Aymer Wallāge hauldt him full fast
Into Ingland with his haill houshald past.

Bothwell he left was Murrayis heritage,
And tuik him than bot to King Edwardis wage.
Thus his awin land forfuik for euer mair,
Of Wallace deid greit tythingis tald he thair.
Als Inglismen fair murnit in thair mude,
That loissit heir baith lyfe landis and gude.
Edward as than couth nocht in Scotland fair,
Bot Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurair.
With him ane Lord, than Erll was of Warrane,
He chargit thame with numberis mony ane.
Richt weill besene in Scotland for to ryde,
At Striuiling still, he ordanit thame to byde:
Quhill he micht cum with ordinance of Ingland,
Scotland agane he thocht to tak on hand.
This Dist past furth, and had bot lytill dreid,
The Erll Patrik ressauit thame at Tweid.
Malice he had at gude Wallace befoir,
Lang tyme bypast, and than Incressit moir.
Bot throw ane cace it hapnit of his wyfe,
Dunbar fra him scho held into that stryfe.
Throw the supple of Wallace into plane,
Bot he be meane gat his Castell agane.
Lang tyme or than, and zit he couth nocht ceis,
Agane Wallace he preuit in mony preis.
With Inglismen suppleit thame at his micht,
Contrair Scotland yai wrocht full greit vnricht.
Thair musture than was awfull for to se,
Of fechtand men thousandis war sertie.
To Striuiling brig past or thay lykit to byde,
To Erll Malcolme ane Seige thay laid yat tyde
And thocht to keip the command of thair King.
Bot gude Wallace wrocht for ane vther thing.
Dundie he left, and maid ane gude Chiftane,

Wyth twa thousand to keip that hous of stane.
Of Northland men,and dwellaris of Dundie.
That samin nicht, to Sanct Johnstoun went he.
Upon the morne to Schiref mure he raid,
And thair ane quhyle in gude array he baid.
Schir Johne ye grahame said we haif vndertane
With les power,sic thing that weill is gane.
Thā Wallace said,quhair sic things cūmis of neid
We suld thank God,that makis vs to speid.
Bot neir the brig my purpois is to be,
And wirk for thame sum subtill Jeopardie.
Ramsay answerit,the brig we may keip weill,
Of way about,the Sutheroun hes lytill teill.
Wallace send Jop,the battell for to ser,
The Tuisday nixt,to fecht withouttin let.
On Setterday vnto the brig thay raid,
Of gude plane buird, was weill & Joyntly maid.
Gart wachis wait,that nane suld to thame pas,
Ane wycht he tuik,the subtillest that thair was:
And ordanit him to saw the buird in twa,
Be the myd trest,that nans micht ouir it ga.
On Charnall bandis naillit it full sone,
Syne tillit with clay, as na thing had bene done.
The tother end he ordanit for to be
Now it suld stand vpon the Rollaris of tre.
Quhen ane war out,that the laif doun suld fall,
Him self vnder,he ordanit thair with all.
Bund on the trest,in ane Cradill to sit,
To lous the pyn quhen Wallace leit him wit.
Bot with ane horne quhen it was tyme to be,
In all the Dist na man suld blaw bot he.
The day approchit of the greit battell,
The Inglismen for power wald nocht faill.

Ay ser thay war,agane ane of Wallace,
Fyftie thousand maid thame to battell place.
The remanent baid at the Castell still,
Baith feild and hous thay thocht to tak at will.
The worthy Scottis vpon the tother syde,
The plane feild tuik,on fuit maid thame to byde.
Hew Kirkinghame the vangard than led he,
With twentie thousand of lyklie men to se.
Threttie thousand the Erll of Warrane had,
Bot he did than,as the wyse man him bad.
All the first Dist befoir him ouir was send,
Sum Scottis man that weill the maner kend:
Bad Wallace blaw,and said thay war anew,
He haistit nocht,bot sadly couth persew.
Quhill Warranis Dist,thick on the brig he saw,
Fra Jop the horne he hint and couth it blaw:
Sa asperly,and warnit gude Johne wycht,
The Rollar out he straik with greit slicht.
The laif zeid doun quhen the pynnis out gais,
Ane hiddeous cry amang the pepill rais.
Baith hors and men into the watter fell,
The hardy Scottis that wald na langer dwell:
Set on the laif with straikis sad and sair,
Of thame thair ouir,as than louerit thay wair.
At the foir breist thay preuit hardely
Wallace and Grahame,Boyd,Ramsay,& Lundy.
All in the stour fechtand face to face,
The Sutheroun oft bak reirit in that place.
At the first straik fyue aiker braid and mair,
Wallace on fuit,ane greit scharp speir he bair.
Amang the thickest of the preis he gais,
On Kirkinghame ane straik he chosin hais.
In the birneis that polist was full wycht,

The p:unzeand heid the plaitis peirsit richt.
Thzow the body stibbit him but reskew,
Deilly to deith that Chiftane wes adew.
Baith man and hozs at that straik he bair doun,
The Inglis dist quhilk war in battell boun:
Comfort thay tynt quhen yair Chiftane was slane
And mony ane to sle began in plane.
Mit wozthy men baid still into that steid,
Quhill ten thousand war bzocht vnto the deid.
Than sled the laif,and micht na langer byde,
Succour thay socht in mony diuers syde
Sum eist,sum west,and sum sled to the Nozth,
Seuin thousand large,atanis slotterit in Fozth
Plungit in deip,dzownit without mercie,
Nane left on lyfe of all that fell menze.
Of Wallace dist na man was slane of baill,
Bot Andzo Murray into that strang battaill.
The South part yan pat saw yair men was tynt
Als feirsly sled as fyze dois fra the flynt.
The place thay left, Striuiling Castell and toun,
Towart Dunbar, in greit haist maid yame boun.
Quhē Wallace dist had wyn ye feild thzow micht
Tuik vp the bzig and lowsit gude Johne wzicht.
On the flearis syne followit wounder fast,
Erll Malcolme als out of the Castell past.
With Lennox men to stuf the chace gude speid,
Ay be the way thay gart feill Sutheroun bleid.
In the Tozwod thay gart full mony de,
The Erll of Warrane that can full feirsly fle:
With Cozspatrik that graithly was his gyde,
Unchangit hozs out thzow the land thay ryde.
Straicht to Dunbar,bot few with thame yai leid
Mony war slane our sleuthfully that fled.

The

The Scottis hozs had run wounder lang,
Mony gaif ouir,and micht na farther gang.
Wallace and Grahame euer togidder baid,
At Hadingtoun full greit slauchter thay maid.
Of Inglismen quhen thair hozs tyzit had,
Quhen Rāsay come,gude Wallace was ful glaid.
Wyth him was Boyd and Richard of Lundy,
Thze thousand haill was of gude Cheualry.
And Adam Wallace,als of Ricardtoun,
With Erll Malcolme yame fand at Hadingtoun.
The Scottis men on slauchter taryit was,
Quhill to Dunbar, the twa Chiftanis couth pas.
Full sytefull war foz thair contrary cace,
Wallace followit quhill thay gat in that place.
Of thair best men, and Kirkinghame of Renoun,
Thzettie thousand was deid but redemptioun.
Besyde Beltoun Wallace returnit agane,
To follow mair than was it bot in vane.

In Hadingtoun ludgeing he maid all nicht,
Vpon the mozne to Striuiling passit richt.
On ye Assumptioun day befell this cace,
Ay louit be our Lozd of his gude grace.
Conuoyar oft, he was to gude Wallace,
And helpit him in mony sundzie place.
Wallace in haist sone efter this battaill,
Anc greit aith tuik of all the Barrounis haill.
That with gude will wald cum to his presence,
Ye hecht thame als to byde at thair defence.
Schir Johne Menteith was yan of Arrane Lozd
To Wallace come,and maid ane plane concozd.
With witnes thair, with his aith he him band,
Lawtie to keip to Wallace and Scotland.

Quha wald nocht with fre will to richt apply.
Wallace be force, puneist thame rigorously.
Part put to deith, part set in presoun strang,
Greit wrang of him throw baith yir Realmes rang;
Dundie thay gat, sone be ane schort tretie,
Bot for thair lykis thay fled away be see.
Inglis Capitanis that hous had in hand
Left Castellis fre, and stall out of the land.
Within ten dayis, efter this tyme was gane,
Inglis Capitanis in Scotland was leir nane
Except Berwik and Rorburgh Castell wicht,
Yit Wallace thocht to bring thame to the richt.

That tyme thair was ane worthy trew Bu
To name he hecht Cristal of Setoun. (roun
In Jedburgh wod, for saiftie he had bene,
Agane Sutheroun full weill he couth contene.
Edward couth nocht, fra Scottis faith him get,
Thocht he him gaif ane mulzeoū of gold weil met
Herbottill fled fra Jedburgh Castell wicht,
Towart Ingland, thair Setoun met him richt.
With fourtie men Cristall in bargane baid,
Agane seuin scoir, and mekill maistrie maid.
Slew that Capitane, and mony cruell man,
Full greit riches in that Journey he wan.
Houshald and gold, as thay fuld pas away,
The quhilk befoir thay keipit mony day.
Jedburgh he tuik, and Rothuen leuit he,
Ar Wallace will thair Capitane to be.
Bald Setoun syne to Louthiane maid repair,
In this storie ze may heir of him mair.
And into Bruce, quha lykis for to reid,
He was with him in mony cruell deid.

Gude

Gude Wallace than full sadly can deuyse,
To reull the land with worthy men and wyse.
Capitanis he maid, and Schireffis yat was gude
Part of his kyn, and of trew vther blude.
His deir Cousing in Edinburgh ordanit he,
With trew Craufurd, that ay was full worthie.
Keipar of it, with Nobill men at wage,
In Mannwell than he had gude heritage.
Scotland was fre, that lang in baill had bene,
Wallace it wan fra our fals enemeis kene.
Greit Gouernour in Scotland he couth ring,
Waitand ane tyme, to get his richteous king.
Fra Inglismen, that held him in bandoun,
Lang wrangously, fra his awin richteous Croun.

¶ The aucht part of yis buik declairis how Wallace put Cosspatrik out of Scotland. Ca. j.

Iue monethis yus, Scotlād stuid in gude rest
Ane cosiall eryit, paine thocht it was ye best.
In sanct Johnstoun quhair it suld haldin be
Assemblit Clerk, Barruun, and Burges fre.
Bot Cosspatrik wald nocht cum at thair call,
Bad in Dunbar, and maid scorne at thame all.
Thay spak of him, feill Lordis in yat Parliament
Than Wallace said, will ze herto consent:
Forgyt him fre, all thing that is bypast,
Sa he will cum, and grant he hes trespast.
Fra this tyme furth kep lawtie to our Croun,
Thay grant thairto, Clerk, Burges, and Barroū.
Mony haill consent thair writting to him send,
Eicht lawly thus, thay thame to him commend.
Besocht him sam, as ane than of the land,

To cum and tak sum Gouernance on hand.
Lichtly he leuch, in scorne as it had bene,
And said he had sic Message seldin sene.
That Wallace now, as Gouernour sall Ring,
Heir is greit falt of ane gude Prince and King.
That King of Kyle I can nocht vnderstand,
Of him I held neuer zit ane fur of land.
That Bachiller trowis, for Forteun schawis hir
Thair with to lest it sall not lang be weil. (quheil
Bot to zow Lordis, and ze will vnderstand,
I mak zow wyse, I aucht to mak na band.
Als fre I am in this Regioun to Ring
Lord of myne awin, as euer was Prince or King.
In Ingland als greit part of land I haif,
Maurcut thairof thair will na man me craif.
Quhat will ze mair, I warne zow I am fre,
For zour Summoundis ze get na mair of me.
To Sanct Johnstoun this writ he send agane,
Befoir the Lordis was manifest in plane,
Quhen Wallace hard the Erll sic answer makis
Ane greit heit throw curage than he takis.
For he wist weill thair suld be bot ane King
Of this Regioun atanis for to Ring.
Ane King of Kyle, for that he callit Wallace,
Lordis he said, this is ane vncouth cace.
Be he sufferit, we haue war than it was,
Thus rais he vp, and maid him for to pas.
God hes vs thoillit to do sa for the lait,
In lyfe or deith, in faith we sall him haif.
Or gar him grant quhome he haldis for his Lord,
Or ellis war schame, in styfe to record.
I vow to God, with eis he sall nocht be,
Into this Realme, bot ane of vs sall de.

Les

Les than be cum and knaw his richteous King
In this Regioun went baith we sall nocht ring.
His lichtly scorne he sall repent full soir,
Bot power faill or I sall end thairfoir.
Sen in this eird is ordanit me na rest,
Now God be Judge the richt he knawis best.
At that counsall langer he tarryit nocht,
With twa hundreth fra sanct Johnstoun he socht.
To the Counsall maid Instance or he zeid,
Thay suld contene, and of him haue na dreid.
I am bot ane, and for gude caus I ga,
Towart Kingorne the ganest way thay ta.
Upon the morne ouer Forth south thay couth pas
On his veyage he hastit wounder fast
Robert Lawder at Mussilburgh met Wallace,
Fra Inglismen he keipit weill his place.
Couth nane him treit, Knicht, Squyar, nor Lord,
With King Edward for to be at concord.
On Erll Patrik to pas he was full glaid,
Sum said befoir the Bas he wald haue had.
Gude men come als, with Cristall of Setoun,
Than Wallace was four hundreth of Renoun
Ane Squyar Lyle that weill the cuntre knew,
With twentie men to Wallace couth persew.
Besyde Lyntoun, and to thame tald he than,
That Erll Patrik with mony Lyklie man:
At Cokburnis peth he had his gadderyng maid,
And to Dunbar wald cum withouttin baid.
Than Lawder said it war the best think me,
Faster to pas in Dunbar or he be.
Wallace answerit we may at laiser ryde,
With zone power he thinkis bargane to byde.
And of ane thing, ze sall weill vnderstand,

Ane hardyer Lord is nocht into this land.
Wicht he be maid, trew steidfast to ane king,
Be wit and force he can do mekill thing.
Bot wilfully he lykis to tyne him sell,
Thus raid thay furth, and wald na langer dwell.
Be eist Dunbar, quhair men thame tald on cace,
How Erll Patrik was warnit of Wallace.
Neir Innerwik cheisit ane feild at waill,
With nyne hundreth of lykly men to waill.
Four hundreth was with Wallace in the richt,
And thay anone appyrochit to thair sicht.
Greit falt thair was of gude tretie betuene,
To mak concord, and that full sone was sene.
Without reheirs of actioun in that tyde,
On ather part togidder fast thay ryde.
The stour was strang, and wounder perrillous,
Contenit lang with deidis Cheualrous.
Mony thair deir of cruell Scottis blude,
Of this tretie the mater is nocht gude.
Thairfoir I ceis to tell the distructioun,
Pietie it was, and all of ane Natioun.
Bot Erll Patrik the feild left at the last,
Richt few with him to Cokburnis peth yair past.
Aggreuit sair that his men thus was tynt,
Wallace returnit, and wald na langer stynt,
Towart Dunbar, quhair suithfast men him tald,
Na purueyance was left into that hald.
Nor man of fence, all had bene with thair Lord,
Quhen Wallace hard the sicker trew record:
Dunbar he tuik all haill at his bandoun,
Gaif it to keip to Cristall of Scroun.
Quhilk stuffit it weill, with men and gude vittaill
Vpon the morne, Wallace that wald nocht faill

with

with thre hundreth to Cokburnis peth he socht,
Erll Patrik Ischit, for byde him wald he nocht.
Sone to the Park Wallace ane range hes ser,
To Bonkill wod Corspatrik fled but let.
And out of it, to Norhame passit he,
Quhen Wallace saw it micht na better be:
To Caldstreme raid, and ludgeit him on Tweid,
Erll Patrik than in all haist can him speid:
And passit by or Wallace power rais,
Without resting in Ettrik Forest gais.
Wallace followit, bot he wald nocht assaill,
Ane range to mak, as than it micht nocht vaill.
Quir few he had, the strenth was thick and strang
Twelf myle on breid, and thairto twyis als lang.
Into Cokholme Erll Patrik baid at rest,
For mair power Wallace past in the west.
Erll Patrik than him graithit haistelie,
In Ingland past, to get him thair supple.
Out throw the land richt eirnistly couth pas,
To Anthonie Beik, that Lord of Durame was.
Wallace him put out of Glasgow befoir,
And slew Perse, thair malice was the moir.
The Bischop Beik gart sone greit power ryse,
Northumbirland, vpon ane awfull wyse.
Thay ordanit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
To wyn his awin, bot euill dissauit he was.
Thay gart him trow that wallace was Rebell,
And thocht to tak the Kintrik on him sell.
For fals thay war, and euer zit hes bene,
Lawtie and trewth was euer in Wallace sene.
To fend ye richt was all he tuik on hand,
And thocht to bring, the Bruce fre to his land.
Of this mater as now I tary nocht,

with ſtrang power Sutheroun togidder ſocht.
Fra Oyis watter aſſemblit haill to Tweid,
The land Oiſt was thyrttie thouſand in deid.
Of Themis mouth ſend Schippis be the ſee,
To keip Dunbar that nane ſuld thame ſupple.
Erll Patrik paſt with twentie thouſand but let,
Befoir Dunbar ane ſtalwart Seige he ſet.
The Biſchop Beik, and Robert Bruce baid ſtill,
With ten thouſand, in Norame at thair will.
Wallace be this, that faſt was lauborand
In Louthiane come with gude meu fyue thouſād
Richt weill beſene into thair armour bricht,
Thocht to reſkew the Setoun bald and wicht.
Vnder Zeſter that firſt nicht iudgeit he,
Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie,
In Doun Foreſt all that tyme he had bene,
He had the cūming of the Sutheroun ſene.
Fyftie he had of wiſe men into weir,
Thay tald Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir.
Hay ſaid forſuith, and ze micht him ouirſet,
Power agane richt ſone he may nocht get.
My counſall is, that we gif him battall,
He thankit him of comfort and counſall.
And ſaid freind Hay in this caus that I wend,
Sa that we wyn I rek nocht for to end.
Richt ſuith it is that anis we mon de,
Into the richt quha ſuld in terrour be?
Erll Patrik thair ane Meſſinger gart pas,
Tald Anthonie Beik that Wallace cūmand was.
Of this tythingis the Biſchop was full glaid,
Ane mendis of him full fane he wald haue had.
But mair prolong throw Laumyr mure yai raid,
Neir the Spot mure in buſchment ſtill he baid.

As

Quhair Erll Patrik than ordanit for to be,
Wallace of Beik, vnwarnit than was he.
Zit he befoir was nocht haſtie in deid,
Bot than he put baith him and his in dreid.
Vpon ſwyft hors ſcurriouris raid betuene,
The cūming than of Erll Patrik hes ſene.
The hous he left, and to the mure is gane,
Ane plane feild thair, with his Oiſt hes he tane.
Gude Setoun ſyne, Iſchit with few menze,
Part of his men into Dunbar left he.
To Wallace raid was on the richteous ſyde,
In gude array, to the Spot mure thay ryde.
Sum Scottis dred, the Erll ſa mony was,
Twentie thouſand agane ſa few to pas.
Bot Iop perſauit, he bad Wallace ſuld byde,
Tyne nocht zour men, bot to ſum ſtrenth ze ryde.
And I ſall pas to get zow power mair,
Thir ar ouir gude, thus lichtly for to wair.
Than Wallace ſaid, in treuth I will nocht flc,
For four of his, ay ane quhill I may be.
We ar our neir, ſic purpois for to tak,
Ane dangerous chace thay micht vpon vs mak.
Heir is twentie, with this power to day,
Wald him aſſay, ſuppois I war away.
Mony thay ar, for Goddis faik be we ſtrang,
Zone Sutheroun folk, in ſtour wil not byde lāg.

¶ How Corſpatrik brocht in Scotland Biſchop Beik and Robert the Bruce, and how Wallace gaif thame battell, and put thame out of Scotland. Ca. ij.

THir bayne barrell brathly on ather ſyde,
Greit reird pair rais ouir all quhair pat pai
The ſair ſeblie, quhē pai togidder met (ryde.
Feill ſtraikis thair thay ſadly on vther ſet.
Dunzeand ſpeiris throw plaitis peirſit faſt,
Mony of hors doun to the ground thay caſt.
Sadillis thay teym of hors but maiſteris thair,
Of the ſouth ſyde ſyue thouſand doun thay bair.
Gude Wallace Diſt the formeſt cūmerit ſa,
Quhill yat the laif was in will away to ga.
Erll Patrik baid, ſa cruell of Intent,
All haill his Diſt tuik of him hardiment.
Aganis Wallace in mony ſtour was he,
Wallace knew weill that his men wald nocht fle.
For na power that leuand was on lyfe,
Quhill thay in heill micht be ay ane for fyfe.
In that greit ſtryfe mony was handillit hait,
The feill dyntis, the cruell hard debait.
The feirs ſtryking maid mony ane greuous wound
Upon the eird the blude maid to abound.
Ill Wallace Diſt into ane compas baid,
Quhair ſa thay turnit full greit ſlauchter yai maid
Wallace and Grahame, Ramſay full worthy,
The bald Setoun, and Richard of Lundy.
And Adam Wallace, als of Ricardtoun,
Baith Hay and Lyle, with gude men of Renoun.
Boyd, Barklay, Baird, & Lawder yat was wicht
Feill Inglifmen, derfly to deith thay dicht.
Bot Erll Patrik full feirfly faucht agane,
Throw his awin hand mony he put to pane.
Our men on him thrang ford wart into thra,
Baid throw his Diſt feill ſloppis to and fra.
The Inglifmen began planely to fle,

Than

Than Biſchop Beik full ſuddandly thay ſe.
And Robert Bruce, contrair his natiue men,
Wallace was wa, fra tyme he couth him ken.
Of Brucis deidis he was aggreuit mair,
Than all the laif, that day that ſemblit thair.
The greit buſchment aganis brak on breid,
Ten thouſand haill that douchtie war in deid.
The flearis than with Erll Patrik releuit,
Thay faucht agane quhair mony war miſcheuit.
Quhen Wallace ſaw, the buſchment brokin was,
Out of the feild, on hors thay thocht to pas.
Bot he ſaw weill his Diſt ſound in thair weid,
He thocht to fray the formeſt or he zeid.
The new cūmin Diſt about thame ſemblit yair,
On ather ſyde, with ſtraikis ſad and ſair.
The worthy Scottis ſa feirfly faucht agane,
Of Anthonis men mony haue thay ſlane.
Bot that tyran ſa vſit was in weir,
On Wallace Diſt thay did full mekill deir.
And the bald Bruce ſa cruelly wrocht he,
Throw ſtrenth of hand feill Scottis he gart de.
To reſiſt Bruce, Wallace he preſſit faſt,
Bot Inglifmen ſa thick betuix thame paſt:
And Erll Patrik in all the haſt he mocht,
Throw out the ſtour to Wallace ſone he ſocht.
On the Peſane ane fellown ſtraik him gaif,
Reruit the plait, with his ſcharp groundit glaif.
Throw all the ſtuf, and wounnit him ſum deill,
Bot Wallace thocht he ſuld be vengit weill.
Follow it on him, and ane ſtraik ettillit faſt,
Bot ane Hairland rekleſly betuix thame paſt.
Upon ye heid gude Wallace hes him taue,
Throw heid and braune in ſunder ſtraik the baue.

Deid to the ground at that straik he him dzaif,
Thus Wallace was diſſeuerit fra the laif.
Of his gude men, amang thame him allane,
About him socht feill eneimeis mony ane.
Stiftit his hoyis, to ground behuilit him licht,
To kend him ſelf als wyſelie as he micht.
The wozthy Scottis, that micht na langer byde,
With ſair hartis out of the feild thay ryde.
With thame in feir, thay weind Wallace had bene
On fut he was, amang his enemeis kene.
Gude roume he maid about him into bzeid,
With his gude ſwozd that helpit him in neid.
Was nane ſa ſtrang, that gat of him ane straik,
Efter agane maid neuer ane Scot to wzaik.
Erll Patrik than that had greit craft in weir,
With ſpeiris ozdanit, gude Wallace doun to beir.
Anew thay tuik, was haill into the feild,
To him thay zeid, thocht he ſuld haue na beild.
On ather ſyde faſt pzunzeand at his geir,
He hewit of heidis, and wyſelie couth him weir.
The wozthy Scottis of this full lytill wist,
Socht to gude Grahame, quhē yat yair Chiftane
Lawder & Lyle, & Hay yat was ful wicht, (mait.
And bald Ramſay, quhilk was ane wozthy knicht
Lundy and Boyd, and Criſtall of Setoun,
With fyue hundzeth that war in bargane boun.
Him to reſkew full ruidly in thay raid,
About Wallace ane large roume thay maid.
The Biſchop Beik was bzaithly bozne to eird,
Ar that reſkew thair was ane felloun reird.
Oz he gat vp, feill Sutheroun thay ſlew,
Out of the pzeis, Wallace thay can reſkew.
Sone hozſit him, vpon ane Cuirſer wicht,

Towart

Towart ane ſtrenth, rydis in all thair micht.
Richt wyſelie fled, reſkewand mony man,
The Erll Patrik to ſtuf the chace began.
On the ſlearis, thair lytill harme thay wzocht,
Gude Wallace folk away togidder ſocht.
Thir fyue hundzeth, ye quhilk I ſpak of air,
Sa awfully abandounit thame and fair.
Na followar durſt, out fra his fellow ga,
The gude ſlearis ſic turning in thay ma.
Four thouſand haill had tane the ſtrenth befoir,
Of Wallace Oiſt, his comfozt was the moir.
Of Glaſtaden that Fozeſt thocht to hald,
Erll Patrik turnit, thocht he was neuer ſa bald:
Agane to Beik, quhen thaipit was Wallace,
Curſſand Foztoun of his miſchancefull cace.
The feild he wan, and ſeuin thouſand was loiſt,
Deid on that day foz all the Biſchoppis boiſt.
Of Wallace men, fyue hundzeth ſlane I ges.
Bot na Chiftane, his murning was the les
Neir cuin it was, bot Beik wald nocht abyde,
In Launyz mure thay turnit in that tyde.
Thair iudgeing tuik, quhair he thocht maiſt auaill
Foz weill he trowit, the Scottis wald aſſaill:
Vpon the feild quhair thay gaif battell laſt,
The cuntrie men to Wallace gadderit faſt.
Of Edinburgh with Craufurd that was wicht,
Four hundzeth come into thair armour bzicht.
To Wallace raid, be his iudgeing was tane,
Of Teuidaill come gude men mony ane.
Out of Jedburgh with Rothuen at that tyde,
Togidder socht, fra mony diuers ſyde.
Schir Williame yan, yat Lozd was of Dowglas
With him four ſcoir, that micht come to Wallace.

Twentie hundreth of new men met that nicht,
Upon yair fais, to venge thame at thair micht.
At the tirſt feild thir gude men had nocht bene,
Wallace wachis thair aduerſaris hes ſene.
Into quhat wyſe thay had thair lodgeing maid,
Wallace bownit, efter Supper but baid.
In Laumyr mure thay paſſit haiſtely,
Sone to array zeid this gude Chevalry.
Wallace thame maid in twa partis to be,
Schir Johne ye Grahame, & Seroun ordanit he,
Lawder and Hay, with thre thouſand to ryde,
Him ſelf the laſt, tuik wyſelie for to gyde.
With him Lundy, baith Ramſay and Dowglace,
Barklay and Boyd, and gude Adam Wallace.
Be tyms the day approchit wounder neir,
And bricht Titan, in preſence can appeir.
The Scottis oiſt ſone ſemblit into ſicht,
Of thair enemeis thay war nocht reddy dicht.
Out of array feill of the Sutheroun was,
Richt awfully Wallace can on thame pas.
At this entre the Scottis ſa weill thame bair,
Feill of thair fais to deith was brytinnit thair.
Redles thay rais, and mony fled away,
Sum on the ground was ſmoirit quhair yai lay.
Greit noyis and cry was raiſit thame amang,
Gude Grahame come in, yat ſtalwart was & ſtrāg
Fra Wallace men war weill togidder met,
On the South part ſa awfully thay ſet.
Incontrair thame thay frayit folk micht not ſtād
Attanis thair fled, of Sutheroun ten thouſand.
The worthy Scottis wrocht vpon ſic aue wyſe,
Iop ſaid him ſelf yat yai war meikill to pryſe.
Zit Biſchop Beik that feiloun tyran ſtrang,

Baid

Baid in the ſtour, richt awfully and lang.
Ane Knicht Skeltoun, that cruell was and kene,
Befoir him ſtuid, into his armour ſchene.
To fend his Lord, full worthely he wrocht,
Lundy him ſaw, and ſadly to him ſocht.
With his gude ſword, ane abwart ſtraik him gaif
Throw Weſane ſtuf, his craig in ſunder draif.
Quhairof the laif war ſtoneiſt in that ſteid,
The bald Skeltoun of Lundys hand was deid.
Than fled thay all, and micht na langer byde,
Patrik and Beik away with Bruce can ryde.
Fyue thouſand held into ane flop away,
To Norhame hous in all the haiſt thay may.
Our men followit, that worthy war and wicht,
Mony ſlear derfly to deith thay dicht.
Thir thre Lordis to the Caſtell thay ſocht,
Full feill thay wiſſit, that was of Ingland brocht.
At this Journey twentie thouſand thay tynt,
Drownit and ſlane, with ſpeir and ſwordis dynt.
The Scottis at Tweid, than haiſtit thame ſa faſt
Feill Sutheroun men to wrang furdis thay paſt.
Wallace returnit, in Norhame quhen yai wair,
For worthy Bruce his hart was wounder ſair.
He had leuer haue had him at his large,
Ere till our Crown, than of fyne gold ro charge.
Nair yan in Troy was quhen ye Greikis it wan.
Wallace paſſit, with mony awfull man.
Our Patrikis land, and waiſtit wounder faſt,
Tuik out greit gudis, and placis doun can caſt.
Vis Scotis twelf that Wet hamys was cald,
Wallace gart brek thay buirly biggingis bald.
Baith in the Mers and als in Louthiane,
Except Dunbar ſtandand he leuit nane.

M. iiij.

To Edinburgh than vpon the aucht day,
Vpon the morne Wallace without delay:
To Perth he past, quhair ane Counsall was set,
To the Barrounis he schewit withouttin let.
How his greit vow richt weill eschewit was,
To ane maister he gart Erll Patrik pas.
Becaus he said, of Scotland he held nocht,
To King Edward, to get supple he socht.
The Lords was blyith, and welcumit weil Wal-
Thankand greit God of his fair happy cace. (lace
Wallace tuik stait to Gouerne all Scotland,
The barnage haill maid him ane oppin band.
Than delt he land to gude men him about,
For Scotlandis richt had set pair lyfis in dout.
Stanetoun he gaif to Lawder in his wage,
The Knicht Wallange aucht it in heritage.
Than Birgem cruik he gaif Lyle pat was wicht
To Skrymgeour als, full gude rewaird he dicht.
Syne Wallace roun and vther landis pair till,
To worthy men he delt with Nobill will.
To his awin kyn, heritage naue gaif he,
Bot office haill that cuerilk man micht se.
For couetise, thair couth na man him blame,
He baid rewaird, quhill the King suld cum hame.
Of all he did, he thocht to byde the Law,
Befoir his King, maister quhen he him saw.
Scotland was blyith, in dolour had bene lang,
In ilk aue part to gude laubour thay gang.

¶How Wallace past in Jngland, and remanit pair thre quarteris of ane zeir, and come hame agane but battell. Ca. uj.

Be this

Be this the tyme of October was past,
Nouember neir approchit wounder fast.
Tythingis thair come, King Edward greuit
With his power in Scotlād thocht to pas. (was
For Erll Patrik had geuin him sic counsall,
Wallace gat wit, and semblit power haill.
Fourtie thousand on Roslyng mure thair met,
Lordis he said, this is King Edwardis set.
Jn contrair richt to seik vs in our land,
I hecht to God, and to zow be my hand.
I sall him meit for all his greit barnage,
Within Jngland to kend our heritage.
His fals delyze sall on him self be sene,
He sall vs fynd incontrair of his ene.
Sen he with wrang hes riddin this Regioun,
We sall pas now incontrair of his Crown.
I will nocht bid greit Lordis with vs fair,
For myne Jntent I will planely declair.
Our purpois is, outher to wyn or de,
Quha zeildis him sall neuer ransonit be.
The Barrounis than, him answerit worthely,
And said thay wald pas with thair Cheualry.
Him self and Jop prouydit that meuze,
Twentie thousand of waillit men tuik he.
Harnes and hors, he gart amang thame waill,
Wappinnis anew, that micht for thame awaill.
Grathit thir men, that cruell war and kene,
Better in wetr, in warld couth nocht be sene.
He bad the laif on laubour for to byde,
Jn gude array fra Rosling mure thay ryde.
At pair muster gude Wallace couth thame as,
Quhat mysteris ma in ane power to pas?
All of ane will, as I trow set ar we,

In plane battell can nocht discomfeist be.
Our Realme is pure, waistit with Sutheroun
Go wyn on yame gold or vther gude. (blude
The Oist Inclynit all with humbill will,
And said thay suld his bidding than fulfill.
The Erll Malcolme, with Irsland men is gane,
Bot name of reull on him he wald tak nane.
Wallace him knew, ane Lord yat was worthy,
At his counsall he wrocht full steidfastly.
Starker he was, gif thay had battell sone,
For he befoir had in gude Journays bene.
Ane man of strenth, that hes gude wit with all,
Ane haill Regioun may comfort at his call.
As manly Hector wrocht into his weir,
Iganis ane hundreth comptit was his speir.
Bot that was nocht throw his strenth anerly,
Sic reull he led of Nobill Cheualry.
Thir exemplis war worthy for to ken,
Hector I leif, and speik furth of our men.
The Knicht Campbell maid him to that voyage,
Of Lochow cheif, that was his heritage.
The gude Ramsay furth to that Journey went,
Schir Johne the Grahame, forduart in his Intent.
Wallace Cousing, Adam full worthy was,
And Robert Boyd, furth blythly can yai pas.
Saith Auchinlek, and Richard of Lundy,
Lawder and Hay, and Setoun full worthy.

THis Royall Oist but resting furth thay raid,
To Brokis feild, & yair ane quhyle yai baid.
Thã Wallace tuik, with him fourty but leis,
To Rorburgh zet raid sone or he wald ceis.
Suthroun meruellit, gif it suld be Wallace,

Without assouerance, come to persew that place.
Of Schir Rauf Gray sone presence couth he as,
And warnit him thus, farther or he wald pas.
Our purpois is in Ingland for to ryde,
Na tyme we haif of Seissing now to byde.
Tak tent and heir of our cũming agane,
Gif ouir this hous, send me the keyis in plane.
Thus I command befoir thir witnes large,
Gif thow will nocht, remane with all the charge.
Bot this be done, throw force and I tak the,
Out ouir this wall, thow sall be hangit hie.
With that he turnit, and to his Oist can wend,
This tik command, to Berwik sone he send.
With gude Ramsay, yat was ane worthy Knicht,
The Oist but mair, full awfully he dicht
Began at Tweid, and spairit nocht thay fand,
Bot brynt be force, all haill Northumberland.
All Durame toun thay brynt by in ane gleid,
Abbayis thay spairit, & Kirkis quhair yat yai zeid.
To Zork thay raid, but baid or thay wald blyn,
To bryne and slay, of thame he thocht na syn.
Na sua thay thocht, the samin to lat vs feill,
Bot Williame Wallace quit our querrell weill.
Forthis thay wan, and small Castellis kest doun.
With asper wappinnis payit thair ransoun.
Of presoneris thay wald nocht to keip,
Quhome yai ouir tuik, thay maid thair freindis to
Na sutheroũ lauit, for all yair greit riches, (weip.
All sic trustrie he callit bot wrechitnes.
Vnto the zettis, and Suburbis of the toun,
Braithly yai brynt, and brak yair biggingis doun.
At the wallis assailzeit fyftene Dayis,
Quhil King Edward send to yame in this wayis.

Ane Knicht, ane Clerk, and ane Squyar of peis,
And prayit him fair of byrning for to ceis.
And hecht battell or fyftene dayis war past,
Souerance sa lang gif him lykit he ast.
And als he speirit, quhy Wallace tuik on hand
The felloun stryfe in defence of Scotland?
And said he meruellit, in his wit for thy,
Aganis Ingland, was of sa greit party.
Sen ze haue maid mekill of Scotland fre,
It war gude tyme for to lat malice be.
Wallace hes hard the message say thair will,
With manly voce richt thus he said thame till.
Ze may knaw weill, that richt aneuch we haif,
Of his Souerance I keip nocht for to craif.
Becaus I am ane native Scottis man,
It is my det to do all that I can.
To fend our Kingrik out of dangering,
To his desyre we will grant in sum thing.
Our Ost sall ceis, for chance that may betyde,
Thir fyftene dayis, bargane for to abyde.
And sall do nocht, les than it mufe in zow,
In his respite my self couth neuer trow:
King Edwardis writ, vnder his Scill yai gaif,
Be fourtie dayis that thay suld battell haif.
Wallace than gaif, this credence to thair King,
Thair leif thay tuik, syne passit but resting.
And tald him haill how Wallace leit thame feill,
Of yair Souerance he keipit nocht a deill.
Sic reullit men, sa awfull in effer,
Ar nocht Cristint, as he leidis in weir.
The King answerit, and said it suld be kend,
It cummis of wit, enemeis to commend.
Thay ar to dreid, richt greitly in certane,

Sadly

Sadly thay think of harmis that thay haue tane.
Leif I thame thus, at counsall with thair King,
And of the Scottis agane to speik sum thing.

Wallace tranoyntit vpon the secund day,
Fra Forth yai past, richt in ane gude array.
North west yai went, in battell buskit boun
Thair iudgeing tuik besyde Northallartoun.
And cryit his pear, thair mercatis for to stand,
Thay fourtie dayis, for pepill of Ingland.
Quha that lykit, ony vittall to sell,
Of all thair schoir war mekill for to tell.
Schir Rauf Rymont Capitane of Myltoun was,
With greit power be nicht ordanit to pas
On Wallace Ost, to mak sum Jeopardie,
Feill Scottis men, that dwelt in that countrie
Wist of this thing, and gadderit to Wallace,
Thay maid him wyse of all this felloun cace.
Gude Lundy than, to him he callit thair,
And Hew ye Hay of Lochorquhart was Air.
With thre thousand, yat worthely had worocht,
Syne priuatly on fra the Ost thay socht.
The men he tuik, that come to him of new,
Gydis to be, for thay the cuntrie knew.
The Ost he maid in gude quyet to be,
Ane space fra thame he buskit priuatlie.
Schir Rauf Rymōt, with seuin thousand come in
On Wallace Ost, ane Jeopardie to begin.
The buschment brak, or thay the Ost come neir,
On Sutheroun men, ye worthy Scottis cā leir.
Thre thousand hail war brathly vrocht to groūd,
Iourney thay socht, and sickerly hes found.
Schir Rauf Rymont was stikkit on ane speir,

Thre thousand ſlane that wozthy war in weir.
The Sutheroun wiſt quhen thair Chiftane was
To Miltoun faſt yai fled in all thair mane. (ſlane
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualry,
Amang Sutheroun thay entert ſuddanly.
Scottis and Inglis,into the toun atanis,
Sutheroun men ſchot,& bzaithly beſt doun ſtanis
Of thair awin men richt feill thair haue yai ſlane,
The Scottis about,that war of mekill mane.
Up Greiſſis ran,and feiſit all the toun,
Derfly to deith, the Sutheroun dang thay doun.
Wallace thair hes fundin full greit riches,
Jowellis and gold, wappinnis,and harnes.
Spulzeit the toun of wyne and of vittaill,
To his Oiſt ſend, with cariage of greit vaill.
Thre dayis ſtill within the toun he baid,
Syne bzak doun werk, that wozthely was maid.
Wyfis and barnis thay put out of the toun,
Na man he ſauit that was of that Natioun.
Quhen Scottis had tane, and turſit thair deſyze,
Wallis thay bzak,and ſet the laik in fyze.
The tymmer werk thay bzynt vp all in plane,
On the feird day to his Oiſt raid againe.
Gart caſt ane dyke, that micht ſum ſtrenthing be,
To keip the Oiſt fra ſuddand Jeopardie.
Thau Inglißmen was richt greitly agaſt,
Fra Nozth and South, vnto thair King yai paſt.
At Dunfrayt lay,and held ane Parliament,
To gif battell the Lozdis couth nocht conſent.
Bot Wallace war, of Scotland crownit King,
Thair counſall fand, it was ane perrillous thing.
Foz thocht thay wan,thay wan bot as thay wair.
And gif thay tynt,loiſt Ingland euer mair.

In

In cace it war put in the Scottis hand,
And this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
Gif Wallace wald vpon him tak the Crown,
To gif battaill thay ſuld be reddy boun.
The ſamin meſſage to him thay ſend againe,
And thair Intent thay tald to him in plane.
Wallace thame chargit,fra his preſence abſent,
His Counſall callit, and ſchew thame his Intent.
He and his men Deſyzit battell to haif,
Be ony wyſe, of Ingland ouir the laik.
Him ſelf ſaid firſt,that war ane ouir hie thing,
Againis my faith, to reif my richteous King.
I am his man,borne natiue of Scotland,
To weir the Crown,I will nocht tak on hand.
To ſend the Realme,it is my det be ſkill,
Lat God abone reward me as he will.
Sum bad Wallace vpon him tak the Crown,
Wyſe men ſaid nay,it war deriſioun.
To Crown him King but voce of Parliament,
Foz thay wiſt nocht gif Scotland wald conſent.
Vther ſone ſaid, it was the wzangous place,
Thus demit thay of mony diuers cace.
The Knicht Campbell of wit ane wozthy man,
As I ſaid air,with thame was preſent than.
Hard and anſwerit, quhen mony ſaid thair will,
This war the beſt wald Wallace grant thair till.
To Crown him King Solempnitly foz ane day,
To get ane end of all our lang delay.
The gude Erll Malcolme,ſaid yat Wallace micht
As foz ane day,in fence of Scotlandis richt.
Thocht he refuſſit it leſtandly to beir,
Reſſaue the Crown, as into ſeir of weir.
The peipll all, to him gaif thair conſent,

Malcolme of ald was Lord of Parliament.
Sir Wallace thoillit, and leit thame say yair will
Quhen thay had demit be mony diuers skill:
In his awin mynd he abhorrit with this thing,
The cõmounis cryit mak Wallace crownit King.
Than semblit he, and said it suld nocht be,
At termis schort, ze get na mair of me.
Under cullour our answer we man mak,
Bot sic ane thing I will nocht on me tak.
I will zow suffer, to say that it is swa,
It war ane scorne the Crown on me to ta.
Thay wald nocht lat, the message of Ingland
Cum thame amang, or thay suld understand.
Twa Knichtis past to the message agane,
Quhad yame to trow wallace was crownt in plane
Gart yame traist weil, yat yis was suithfast thing
Deliuerit thus, thay passit to the King.
To Punfret went, and tald that thay had sene,
Wallace Crownit, quhairof yat Lordis war tene.
In barrat wor, in Parliament quhair thay stude,
Than said thay all, thir tythingis ar nocht gude.
He did sa weill in thir tymes befoir,
And now thair King, he will do mekill moir
Ane fortunate man, na thing gais him agane,
And we gif battell, we sall repent with pane.
Ane vther said, and battell will he haue,
Or stroy our land, na tresour may vs saue.
In his conquest, sen first he couth begyn,
He sellis nocht, bot takis that he may wyn.
For Inglismen he settis na dome bot deid,
Price nor pennyis may mak vs na remeid.
Ane Wodstok sayis, ze wirk nocht as the wyse,
Gif that ze tak the auter of suppryse.

For

For thocht we wyn all that ar in Ingland,
The laif ar stark aganis vs for to stand.
Be Wallace saif, vther thay compt bot small,
For thy me think, it war the best of all.
To keip our strenthis of Castellis & wallit toun,
Sa we sall fend the folk of this Regioun.
Thocht Northy be brynt, better of souerance to be,
Than set all Ingland on ane Jeopardie.
Thay grantit all as Wodstok can thame say,
And thus thay put the battell to delay.
And kest thame haill for vther gouernance,
Aganis Wallace to wirk sum ordinance.
Thus Wallace hes in plane discomfeist haill,
Aganis King Edward all his haill battall.
For throw falset and his subtilitie,
Thay thocht he suld for greit necessitie:
And fall of fude, to steill out of the land,
Than this decreit thair wit amang thame fand.
Thay gart the King cry all thair mercat doun,
Fra Trent to Tweid, throughfair and fre toun.
That in thay boundis na man suld vittall leid,
Sic stuf or wyne, vnder the pane of deid.
This same decreit thay gaif in Parliament,
Of Scottis furth to speik is myne Intent.
Wallace lay still, quhill fourtie dayis war gane,
Abydand thame, bot apperance saw he nane.
Battell to haue as thair promeis was maid,
He gart display agane his baner braid.
Repreuit Edward, richt greitly of this thing,
Bauchillit his Speill, blew out on this fals King.
As reckyand, turnit bak and zeid his gait,
Than Wallace maid full mony biggingis hait.
Thay raisit fyre, brynt vp Northallartoun,

N. I.

Agane thyow Zork ſchyre baldly maid yaime bodȝ.
Diſtroyit the land, als far as euer thay ryde,
Scuin myle about, thay bynt on ather ſyde.
And wyrcht ye Sutheroū mony werkād wound,
Baliels ſpilt greit Towȝis can confound.
Wedowis weipit, with ſorrow in thair ſang,
Madynnis murnit, with greit mening amang.
Thay ſpairit nocht, bot wemen and the Kirk,
The worthy Scottis of laubour waid nocht irk.
Gaif to Abbayis richt largely of thair gude,
To all Kirk men thay did na thing bot gude.
The tempȝall land thay ſpuilzeit at thair will,
Gude Gardingis gay, and greit Orchartis yai ſpil
To Zork thay went, thir weirmen of Renoun,
Ane Seige thay ſet richt ſadly to the Toun.
For greit defence thay garneiſt thame within,
Ane felloun aſſe without thay can begin.

¶ The Seige of Zorke. Ca. liij.

Deuydit the Oiſt in four partis about,
With wachis fell, that na man ſuld iſch out
Abone the toun vpon the ſouth part ſyde,
Thair Wallace wald, and gude Lundy abyde.
Erll Malcolme ſyne at the weſt ȝet abaid,
With him ye Boyd yat gude Journeyis had maid
The Knicht Campbell, of Lochow yat was Lord,
At the North ȝet, and Ramſay maid thame ford.
Schir John ye grahame yat worthy was in weir
Auchinleck, Craufurd, with full manly effeir.
At the eaſt port baldly thay boun to byde,
Ane thouſand archearis vpon the Scottis ſyde.
Diſeyrent thame amang the four party,

Fyue

Fyue thouſand bowmen in the toun for thy.
Within the wallis arrayit thame full richt,
Twelf thouſand ma, that ſemelie was to ſicht.
Than ſaid Wallace, and ȝone war on aue plane,
In feild to fecht, me think we ſuld be fane.
Than ſailzeit thay, richt faſt on euerie ſyde,
The worthy Scottis, that baldly durſt abyde.
With ſpeir and ſcheild, for gunnis had yai nane,
Within the dykis yai gart feill Sutheroun grane.
Arrowis thay ſchot, richt feirs as ony fyre,
Out ouir the wallis, that ſlawmit in greit Ire.
Thrȝow birneis bricht with heidis of fyne ſteill,
The Sutheroun blude, of freindſchip nane yai feil
Our ſchynand harnes ſchot the blude ſa ſchene,
The Ingliſmen that cruell war and kene.
Keipit thair toun, and kendit thame full faſt,
Faggaldis of fyre amang the Oiſt thay caſt.
With pik and tar of feill Sowis thay lent,
Mony war hurt or thay fra the wallis went.
Stanis of Springhaldis thay caſt out ſa faſt,
And gaddis of Irne maid mony greme agaſt.
Bot neuertheles the Scottis yat war without,
The toun full oft, thay ſet into greit dout.
Thair Bulwerk bynt, richt bymly of the toun,
Thair Barmkin wan, & greit garrettis keſt doun.
Thus ſailzeit thay, on ilk ſyde with greit micht,
The day was gane, and cūmin was the nicht.
The wery Oiſt, than drew thame fra the toun,
Set out wachis, for reſting maid thame boun.
Wiſch wonndis with wyne, of yame yat was vn-
For nane was deid, of greit mirth yai abōd (ſoūd
Feill men war hurt, bot na murning thay maid,
Confermit the Seige, and ſteidfaſtly thay baid.

N. ij.

Quhen that the Sone on morrow rais vp brycht,
Befor the Chiftanis assemblit thay full richt.
And said amendis of the toun thay suld tak,
For all the fence pat the Sutheroun micht mak.
Arrayit agane,as thay began befoir,
About the toun thay saitze wounder soir.
With fellown schot out ouir the wallis full schene,
Feill Inglismen that cruell war and kene.
With schot war slane,for all thair targis strang,
Burnist helmys,mony to ground thay dang.
Bysm bryttand fyre thay kest to euerie set,
The entres thus in perrell oft thay set.
The defendaris war of full greit defence.
Keipit thair toun,throw strenth and violence.
All thus the day thay drait vnto the nicht,
To Pauillounis bownit mony wery wicht.
All Irk of weir,the toun was strang to win,
Of artailze and Nobill men within.
Quhen that pai trowit ye Scottis war all at rest,
For Jeopardy the Inglismen thame kest.
Schir Johne Mowtoun, was knawin worthy &
Schir william Leis graithit yame ẏ nicht (wicht
With fyue thousand,weill garnist and sauage,
Upon the Scottis, thay thocht to mak skirmage.
And at the set Ischit out haistely,
On Erll Malcolme, and his gude Cheualry.
To chak the wache Wallace and ten hes bene,
Rydand about,and hes thair cūming sene.
He gart ane blaw was in his cumpany,
The reddy men arrayit thame haistely.
Feill of the Scottis Irk nicht in harnes baid,
Be ordinance,for thay se reuill had maid.
With schowt auyse togidder ar thay went,

Upon yair fais,quhair feill Sutheroñ war schent
Wallace knew weill,the Erll to haistie was,
For thy he sped him in the preis to pas.
Ane sword of weir into his hand he bair,
The first he hit,the craig in sunder schair.
Ane vther abwart on the face furth he,
Baith neis and front,in the feild gart he fle.
The hardy Erll befoir his men our past,
Into the preis,quhair feill war fechtand fast.
Ane scheirand sword,he bair drawin in hand,
The first was key,that he befoir him fand.
Quhen Wallace and he was togidder set,
Thair lestit nane agane thame that thay met.
Bot outher deid, or ellis fled thame fray,
Be this the Oist all in ane gude array:
With the greit fery,assemblit thame about,
Than stuid the Sutheroun in ane felloun dout.
Wallace knew weill the Inglismen wald fle,
For thy he preisit in the thickest to be.
Hewand full fast on quhat seigis he fecht,
Aganis his dynt,fyne steill auaillit nocht.
Wallace of hand,sen Arthur had na mais,
Quhome he richt hit,was ay deid at ane straik.
That was weill knawin in mony places quhair,
Quhome Wallace hit,yat durst ye scottis na mair
Als all his men,did cruelly and weill,
That come to strak,yat micht ye Sutheroñ feill.
The Inglismen fled,and left the feild playnely,
The worthy Scottis wrocht thair la yarbely.
Schir Johne Mowtoun in yat place he was ordand,
And twelf hundyth,but ony mair remeid.
Thir mony was left in the feild and slane,
The laif returnit in to the toun ayane.

And reuoit full fair, that euer yat furth couth fold,
Amang yame was full mony ane werkād wound
The Oist agane ilk ane to thair waird raid,
Commandit wache, and na mair noyis maid.
Bot reistit still quhill that the bricht day dew,
Agane began, the toun to sailze new.
All thus thay wrocht with full greit worthynes,
Allailzeit fair, be wit and hardynes.
The Oistis victall worth skant and failzeit fast,
Thus lay thay thair, quhil diuers dayis war past.
The land waistit, and meit was nane to win,
Bot that wist nocht the folk that was within.
Thay dred full fair for thair awin bernyssoun,
For Soucrance prayit the power of the toun.
To speik with Wallace thay desyrit fast,
And be appeirit, and speirit quhat thay ask.
The Mair answerit, said we wald pay ransoun,
To pas your way, and deir na mair our toun.
Greit schame it war that we suld zoldin be,
And tounis haldin of les power than we.
We may nocht wyn, vs lang thocht yat ze byde,
We sall gif gold, and ze will fra vs ryde.
We may gif battell, durst we for our King,
Sen he hes left, it war ouir hie ane thing.
To vs to do, without his ordinance,
This toun of him we hald in gouernance.
Wallace answerit, of your gold rek we nocht,
It is for battell that we hidder socht.
We had leuer haue battell of Ingland,
Than all the gold that gude King Arthur fand.
On Mont Michell, quhen he the Giant slew,
Gold may be gane, bot worschip is ay new.
The King promeist, that we suld battell haif,

His

His wrist thairto vnder his Seill thay gaif.
Letter or band, ze se may nocht auaill,
Vs for this tyme he thocht to gif battall.
Me think we suld on his men wrokin be,
Upon our kyn, mony greit wrang wrocht he.
His deuill lyke deid he wrocht into Scotland,
The Mair said Schir, richt thus we vnderstand.
We haue na charge quhat our King garris vs do,
Bot in this kynd we sall be bound zow to.
Sum part of gold to gif zow with gude will,
And nocht efter to wait zow with nane Ill.
Be na kin meane the power of this toun,
Bot gif our King mak him to battell boun.
Into the Oist, was mony worthy man,
With Wallace na, nor rekkin now I can.
Better it was, for at his will thay wrocht,
Thocht he was best, zit vther tak we nocht.
All seruit thank, to Scotland euer mair,
For manheid wit, the quhilk thay schewit thair.
The haill counsall thus demit thame amang,
The toun to Seige, thay thocht it was to lang.
And nocht ane way to wyn it with na slicht,
The counsall fand, it was the best thay micht.
Sum gold to tak, sen that thay get na mair,
Syne furth away into thair voyage fair.
Than Wallace said, my self will nocht consent,
Bot gif this toun mak vs this plane content:
Tak our baner, and set it on the wall,
For our power thair Realme hes riddin all.
Zoldin to be, quhen we think thame to tak,
In Ingland lang residence and we mak.
This answer sone, thay send vnto the Mair,
And thay consentit, the remanent that was thair

N. iiij.

The baner tuik vp, and ſet it on the toun,
To Scotland was, hie honour and Renoun.
Tha baner thair, fra viii. houris vnto none,
Thair ſmance maid, deliuerit gold full ſone.
Fyue thouſand pundis, all gude gold of Ingland
The Oſt reſſaut, with vittall aboundand.
Baith breid and wyne, richt gladly farth yai gaif
And vther ſtuf, that thay lykit to haif.
Twentie dayis out, the Oſt remanit thair
Bot want of vittall gart thame fra it fair.
Yit ſtill in pear, the Oſt iudgeit all yat nicht,
Quhill on the morne, the Sone was ryſſin bricht.
In till Ayrſyll amang the Schawis ſchene,
Quhen that the ground was cled in tender grene.
Pleſand it war to ony Creature,
In luftie lyfe this tyme for to Indure.
The gude wemen, had fredome largely,
Bot fude was ſkant, thay micht get nane to by.
Turſit Tentis, and in the cuntrie raid,
On Inglißmen full greit heirſchip thay maid.
Byrnt and brak doun, biggingis ſpair thay nocht
Richt worthy Wallace, law to ground yame brocht
All Weſtlaime land thay brint vp in ane fyre,
Brak Parkis doun, diſtroyit all the Schyre.
Wyld Deir thay ſlew, for vther beiſtis was nane,
Quhe wairmen tuik of veniſoun gude wane.
Towart the ſouth, thay tarnit at the laſt,
Ward biggingis bair, als far as euer thay paſt:
The communaris all, to Londoun ar thay went,
Befoir the King, and tald him thair Intent.
And ſaid thay wald, bot he gart Wallace ceis,
Fra thair faith, and tak thame to his peis.
Yit Dreid thair, than durſt to Wallace pas,

Quhairof

Quhairof the King greitly aggreuit was.
Thus Edward left his pepill into baill,
Contrair Wallace he wald nocht gif battail.
Nor byde in feild, for nocht that thay can ſay,
Gaif our the caus, to Londoun paſt his way.
At men of wit, this queſtioun heir I as,
Amang Nobillis gif euer ony was.
Sa lang in Ingland throw force or throw cace,
Sen Brutus deit, but vittall bot Wallace.
Greit Julius, the Empyre had in hand,
Twyis on force was put out of Ingland.
Wicht Arthur als, firſt of weir quhen he preuit,
Alſ twyis yat faucht, ſuppois thay war miſcheuit.
Lowfull Edward durſt nocht wicht Wallace byde
In ane plane battell, for all Ingland ſa wyde.
In Londoun lay, and tuik him to his reſt,
And brad his bow, quhilk hald ze for the beſt?
Deme as ze liſt gude men of diſcretioun,
Richt clair it is to reſolue this queſtioun.
To my ſentence now breifly will I pas,
Quhan Wallace yus throw North ſchyre fournād
Vittall as than, was nane left in the land, (was.
Bot in houſis, quhair it micht be warrand.
The Oſt heirof, abaiſſit was to byde,
Fra fude ſkantit, na pleſance was that tyde.
Sum bad turne hame, ſum wald farther maſe,
Wallace callit Jop, and ſaid to him richt thair.
Throw knawis the land, quhair maiſt aboundāce
Be thow our gyde, and yan we ſall nocht miſ. (is
Vittall to find, that I wait wounder weill,
Thow lys I traiſt of Ingland meikill feill.
The King and his, to ſtark ſtrenthis ar gane,
Bot Jeopardie now perrell haue we nane.

Than Iop ſaid Schir, be ze gydit be me,
The plentieſt part of Ingland ze ſall ſe.
Of wyne and quheit, thair is in Rochmōt Schyre
And vther ſtuf of fude as ze deſyre.
Quhaurof I trow, ze ſalbe weill content,
The Oſt was glaid, and hidderwart thay went.
Mony trew Scot was ſemblit in that land,
To Wallace come, weill ma than nyne thouſand.
Of prelone part ſum had in laubour wrocht,
Fra ather part full faſt to him thay ſocht.
Wallace was blyith of our awin native kin,
That come to him of battil that thay war in.
And all the Oſt of comfort was blythar,
Fra thair awin folk was multipliand mair.
In Rochemont Schyre thay fand aboundance,
Of breid and aill, with vther purueyance.
Brak Parkis doun, and ſlew beiſtis mony ane,
Of wyld and tame, forſuith thay ſpairit nane.
Throw out the land thay paſt in gude array,
Ane ſemely place ſa fand thay in thair way.
Quhilk Rauinſwauch hecht as Iop him ſelf tald
Fehew was Lord, and Capitane in that hald.
Fyue hundreth men war ſemblit in that place,
To ſaif thame ſelf and thair gude fra Wallace.
Ane Royall ſteid faſt by ane Foreſt ſyde,
With Turatis fair, and garratis of greit pryde.
Beildit about, richt lykly to be wicht,
With fyue greit Towris weill biggit to the hicht.
Feill men about, on wallis buſkit bene,
In gude armour, that burniſt was full ſchene.
The Oſt paſt by, and deſyit bot that place,
Zit thay within ou loud defyit Wallace.
Iud Trumpetis blew, with mony weirlyke ſoun,

Than

Than Wallace ſaid, had we zone gallandis doun
On the plane ground, thay wald mair ſober be,
Than Iop ſaid Schir, ze gart his brother de.
In Herald weid, ze wait on Tynto hill,
Wallace anſwerit, ſa wald I with gude will.
Had I him ſelf, bot we may nocht him deir,
Gude men man thoill, of harlottis ſcorne in weir.
Schir Iohn ye grahame wald at ane bikker bene
Bot Wallace ſone the perrell hes foirſene.
Commandit him to lat his feirſnes be,
We haue na men to waiſt in ſic degre.
Wald we thame harme, I knaw ane vther gait,
How we with fyre, within ſall mak thame hait.
For fyre hes bene ay felloun into weir,
On ſic ane place it may do lytill deir.
Thair bulwark auld, I ſe of widderit aiſk,
War it in fyre, thay nicht nocht ſtand ane ſtraik.
Houſis and wod, heir is aneuch plentie,
Quha hewis beſt of this Foreſt lat ſe.
Pull houſis doun, we ſall nocht wane adeill,
The auld tymmer, will gar the grene bryn weill.
At his command full beſely thay wrocht,
Greit wod in haiſt about the place thay brocht.
The Bulwerk wan, thir men of armes bricht,
To the Barmkin, laid tymmer vp on hicht.
Than bowmen ſchot, to keip thame fra the caſt,
Bot thay about had feſtinit fyris faſt.
Wemen and barnis, on Wallace loud thay cry,
On kneis thay fell, and aſkit him mercy.
At ane quarter quhair fyre had nocht ourtane,
Thay tuik thame out fra that Caſtell of ſtane.
Syne bet the fyre with brandis brym and bald,
The reid low raiſ full hie abone that hald

Barrellis of pik, for fence was hungin thair,
All straik in fyre, thair miſcheif was the mair.
Quhen the byrne fyre atour the place was paſt,
Than thay within, micht nouther ſchute nor cait.
Als beſt all of nolt and hors within.
Amang the fyre thay maid ane hiddeous din.
The armit men in harnes was ſa hait,
Sum doun to ground, duſcht but mair debait.
Sum lay ſum fell, into the felloun fyre,
Smoitrit to deith, and byrnt bp bane and lyre.
The fyre brak in at all oppinis about,
Nane baid on loft, ſa felloun was the dout.
Fehew him ſelf lap rudely fra the hicht,
Throw all the fyre, can ouir the Barmkin licht
With ane gude ſword, Wallace ſtraik of his heid,
Jop hint it vp, and turſſit it fra that ſteid.
Fyue hundreth men, that was into that place,
Gat nane away, bot deit withouttin grace.
Wallace baid ſtill, with his power that micht,
Upon the mone the fyre had failzeit micht.
Befoir the zet, quhair it was brynt on breid,
Ane rod thay maid and to the Caſtell zeid.
Straits doun the zet, a tuik that thay micht win,
Jowellis and gold, greit riches was thairin.
Spuilzeit the place, and left nocht ellis thair,
Bot beiſtis, brynt, bodyis and wallis bair.
Than tuik thay hir that was wyfe to Fehew,
Gaif hir command, as ſcho was woman trew.
To turs that held to Londoun to King Edward,
Scho it reſſaut, with greit ſorrow in hart.
Wallace him left, thir chargis to hir gaif,
Say to zour King, bot gif J battell haif:
At Londoun zettis we ſall aſſailze ſair,

In this

In this moneth we think for to be thair.
Traiſt in ye treuth will God we ſall nocht faill,
Bot J deſiſt throw charge of our counſall.
The ſouth weſt part of Jngland we ſail ſe,
Bot he ſeik pear, or ellis bergane with me.
Upon ane tyme he chargit me on this wiſe,
Richt buſteouſly to mak to him ſeruice.
Sic ſall he haue, as he vs caus hes maid,
Than mouit thay, withouttin mair abaid.
Deliuerit ſcho was fra this Cheualry,
Towart Londoun ſcho dicht hir erniſtly.
Unto the toun but mair proces ſcho went,
Quhair Edward lay ſair mouit in his Jntent.
His Neuoys heid, quhen he ſaw it was brocht,
Sa greit ſorrow ſadly vpon him ſocht.
With greit vneis, vpon his feit he ſtude,
Weipand in wo, for his deir tender blude.
The Counſall rais, and prayit him to ceis,
We lois Jngland, bot gif we purches peis.
Than Wodſtok ſaid, this is my beſt counſall,
Tak peice ane tyme as for our awin auaill.
Or we tyne mair, we ſlaik of our curage,
Efter ze may get help be zour barnage.
The King grantit, and bad yame meſſage ſend,
Na man was thair, that durſt to Wallace wend.
The Quene apperit, and ſaw this greit diſtance,
Weill bozne ſcho was of the richt blude of France
Scho trowit weill, pairfoir to ſpeid the errair,
Hir ſelf purpoiſſit in that Meſſage to fair.
Als ſcho forthocht that the King tuik on hand,
Jgane the richt, ſa oft to reif Scotland.
And teill men ſaid, the vengeance hapnit ſair,
Of greit murther, his men maid into Air.

Thus demit thay the counsall thame amang,
To this effect, the Quene bownit to gang.
Quhen scho hes sene ilk man forsaik this thing,
On knets scho fell, and askit at the King.
Souerane scho said, gif it zour willis be,
That I desyre zone Chiftane for to se.
For he is knawin, baith hardy, wyse, and trew,
Perchance he wald crar on wemen rew.
Than on zour men, thay haue done him sic deir,
Quhen he thame seis, it muifis him ay to weir.
It may nocht skaith, suppois I do na vaill,
To help this land, I wald mak my trauaill.
The Lordis all, of hir desyre was fane
Vntó the King maid Instance into plane:
That scho micht pas, the King with ak wart will,
Haik vnto Ire he gaik consent thair till.
Sum of thame said, the Quene luikit Wallace,
For the greit vore of his hie Nobilnes.
Ane hardy man, that is lyklie with all,
Greit seuotir will of Fortoun to him fall.
Ancnt wemen, is sene in mony place,
Sa happinnit, in this tyme of Wallace.
In his rysing, he was ane luikar trew,
And cheisit ane, bot Inglismen hir slew.
Nit said thay nocht, the Quene wald on hir tak,
As for his luse sic trauell for to mak.
Now luse or leik, or for help of thair land,
I mak reheirs, as I in Scripture fand.
Scho graithit hir, vpon ane gudly wyse,
With gold and geir, and folk at hir deuyse.
Ladyis with hir, nane vther wald thay send,
And auld Preistis, that weill the cuntrie kend.
Leif I the Quene to message reddy dicht,

And

And speik farther of Wallace trauell richt.

The worthy Scott̃s amãg pair enemeis raid,
Distructioun greit, vpõ pame haik pai maid.
Waistit the land, about on ather syde,
Na weirman than, durst in thair wayis abyde.
Thay Ransonit nane, bot to the deith thame dicht
In mony steid maid fyris braid and bricht.
The Dist was blyith, and in ane gude estait,
Na power was, that wald mak thame debait.
Greit riches wan, of gold and gude thair till,
Leuing aneuch to tak at thair awin will.
In awfull feir thay trauell throw the land,
Wald biggingis bair, pat thay befoir thame fand,
Greit Barmkinnis brak, of steidis stark & strang,
Thir wicht weirmen of trauell thocht nocht lang.
South in the land richt cruisly thay socht,
To Sanct Albanis, bot harme pair did pai nocht.
The Pryour fled, thame wyne and vennyson,
Refresshit the Dist with fude in greit fusioun.
The nicht appeirit, quhen thay war at that place,
Thay herbryit than, fra thyne ane lytill space.
Cheisit ane steid, quhair thay suld byde all nicht,
Tentis off ground and Pauilliõis proudly picht.
Into ane vaill, besyde ane Riuer fair,
On ather syde quhair wylde beistis maid repair.
Set wachis out, that wyslie couth thame keip,
To Supper went, and tymously couth sleip.
Of meit and drink, thay eeis with sufficiause,
The nicht was schort, quhyl day the dirkful chace.

¶ How the Quene of Ingland come and spak with Wallace. Ca. v.

The mery day ſprang fra the Orient,
With bemis bricht, Illuminit ye Occident.
Eftir Tytan Phebus vpryſit fair,
Heich in the Spheir the Signis maid declair.
Zephirus began his michtie morrow cours,
The ſweit vapour did fra the ground reſours.
The donk dew doun fra the heuin did vaill,
In euerie meid, baith Firth, Foreſt, and daill.
The freiche Reuer amang the Rochis rang,
Throw grene branchis, quhair byrdis bipthly ſāg.
With Ioyous voce, in heuinly harmony,
Than Wallace thocht it was na tyme to ly.
He bliſſit him, ſyne ſuddandly vp he rais,
To tak the air, out of his Tent he gais.
Maiſter Johne Blair was reddy haiſtelie,
To Goddis ſeruice bownit richt reuerentlie.
Quhen that was done Wallace couth him array,
In his armour, quhilk was baith gude and gay.
His ſchynand ſcheild, yat burneiſt was full bene,
His leg harnes, that claſpit was full clene.
Pulanis greis, he claſpit on full faſt,
Ane cloiſ birny, with mony ſicker caſt.
Breiſt plait Braiſſaris, yat worthy war in weir,
Beſyde him furth, Iop couth his Baſnet beir.
His glitterand gluiſkis grauin on ather ſyde.
He ſemit weill in battell for to byde.
Ane gude girdill, and ſyne ane buirly brand,
Ane ſtaf of ſteill he gryppit in his hand.
The Biſt him bliſſit, and prayit God of his grace,
Him to conuoy fra all miſtemperit cace
Wam Wallace, and Boyd furth with him zeid,
Endlang ane Riuer out throw ane flureiſt meid.
And as thay walk atouir the feildis grene,

Out

Out of the South, yai ſaw quhair yat ye Quene.
Towart the Biſt come rydand ſoberly,
Fyftie Ladyis war in hir cumpany.
Waillit of wit, and demit of Renoun,
Sum wedowis war, and ſum of Religioun.
And ſeuin Preiſtis, that enterit war in age,
Wallace to ſie did neuer greit outrage.
Bot gif to him yai maid ane greit offence,
Thus thay approchit on towart thair preſence.
At the Pauilloun quhair thay the Lyoun ſaw,
To ground thay licht, and ſyne on kneis yai faw.
Prayand for peice, thay cry with pietcous cheir,
Erll Malcolme ſaid, our Chiftane is nocht heir.
He bad hir ryſe, and ſaid it is nocht richt,
Ane Quene on kneis, to ony lawer wicht.
Up be the hand, the gude Erll hes hir tane,
Atouir the bent, to Wallace ar thay gane.
Quhen ſcho him ſaw, ſcho wald haue kneillit doū
In armes ſone he claucht yis Quene with Croun.
And kiſſit hir withouttin wordis moir,
Sa did he neuer to na Sutheroun befoir.
Madame he ſaid, richt welcum mot ze be,
How pleiſſit zow, our Diſting for to ſe?
Richt weill ſcho ſaid, of freindſchip we haue neid,
God grant ze wald, of our neceſſair to ſpeid.
Sufferr we mon, ſuppois it lyke vs Ill,
Bot traiſtis weill it is contrair our will.
Ze ſall remane with this Lord I man gang,
Fra zour preſence we ſall nocht tary lang.
The Erll and he, vnto the Pauilloun zeid,
With gude auyſe to deme mair of this deid.
The counſall ſone, Wallace gart call thame to,
Lordis he ſaid, wait ze quhat we ado.

Of thair cũming my ſelf hes na pleſance,
And thairfoir man we wirk with ordinance.
Wemen may be contempning into weir,
Amang ſuillis, that can nocht thame forbeir.
I ſay nocht this, be thir, nor be the Quene,
I trow it be bot gude that ſcho will mene.
Exempill tak, of lang tyme paſſit by,
At Runſy baill, the treſſoun was planely.
Be wemen maid, pat Ganzelone with him brocht,
And Turky wyne, forbeir than couth thay nocht.
Lang vſe in weir, gart thame deſyre thair will,
Quhilk brocht King Charlis to felloun lois & Ill.
The flour of France, without redemptioun,
Throw that foull deid, was brocht to confuſioun.
Command zour men, thairfoir in priuat wyſe,
On pane of lyfe thay wirk nocht on ſic gyſe.
Nane ſpeik with yame bot wyſe men of greit baill
That Lordis ar, and ſworne to this counſall.
His charge thay did, als gudly as thay mocht,
This ordinance throw all the Oſt was wrocht.
He and the Erll bath to the Quene thay went,
Reſſaut hir fair, and brocht hir to ane Tent.
To Dennet bownit, als gudly as thay can,
And ſeruit was with mony ilklie man.
Gude purueyance the Quene had with hir brocht.
Ane aſſay ſcho tuik of all that gude hir thocht.
Wallace perſaut, and ſaid we haue na dreid,
I can nocht trow Ladyis will do that deid.
To poyſoun men for all Ingland to wyn,
The Quene anſwerit, gif poyſoun be thairin:
Of ony thing quhilk is brocht heir with me,
Upon my ſelf, firſt ſorrow ze ſal! ſe.
Done efter meit ane Marſchell gart all absent,

Bot

Bot Lordis and thay, that to the counſall went.
Ladyis appeirit in preſence with the Quene,
Wallace aſkit quhat hir cũming micht mene,
For peice ſcho ſaid, that we haue to zow ſocht,
This bynand weir in baill hes mony brocht.
Ze grant vs peice for him that deit on tre,
Wallace anſwerit, Madame that may nocht be.
Ingland hes done ſa greit harmis to vs,
We may nocht pas, and lichtly leif it thus.
Zes ſaid the Quene, for criſtin folk we ar,
For Goddis ſaik ſen we deſyre na mair.
We aucht haue peice, he ſaid that we deny,
The perfite caus, that ſall I ſchew for quhy.
Ze ſeik na peice bot for zour awin auaill,
Quhen pat zour King had Scotland grippit haill
For na kin thing that he befoir him fand,
He wald nocht thoill the richt blude in our land.
Bot reft thair rent, ſyne put thame ſelf to deid,
Ranſoun of gold micht mak vs na remeid.
His fell fals weir ſall on him ſelf be ſene,
Than ſoberly to him anſwerit the Quene.
Of thir wrangis amendis war maiſt fair,
Madame he ſaid, of him we aſk na mair.
Bot that he wald byde vs into battall,
And God be Judge, he kennis the mater haill.
Sic thing ſcho ſaid, it war nocht gude think me,
Peice now war beſt, and it micht purcheſt be.
Wald ze grant peice, and trewis with vs tak,
Throw all Ingland we ſuld gar prayeris mak:
For zow and yame, pat in the weir war loiſt,
Than Wallace ſaid, quhair ſic cũmis throw boiſt:
Prayer of force, quhair ſa that it be wrocht,
To vs helpis, outher lytill or nocht.

D. ij.

Warly ſcho ſaid, thus wyſe men hes vs kend,
Ay efter weir, peice is the finall end.
Quhairfoir ze ſuld of zour greit malice ceis,
The end of weir is cheritie and peis.
Peice is in heum, with blis and leſtandnes,
We ſall beſeik the Lord of his hie grace:
To command peice, ſen we may do na mair,
Madame he ſaid, or zour prayer cum thair:
Wendis of Ingland we think pan for to haue,
Quhat ſet zow thus, on weir ſa God zow ſaue.
Fra violent weir, that ze think nocht to dwell,
Madame he ſaid, the treuth I ſall zow tell.
Efter the dait of Alexanderis King,
Our land thre zeir ſtuid deſolat but King.
Keipit full weill at concord in gude ſtait,
Throw twa pat clamit thair haipnit greit debait.
Sa ernyſtfully accord thame nocht thay can,
Nour King thay aſkit for to be thair outir man.
Sicly he ſtaid in ſtrenthis of Scotland,
The Kingrik syne he tuik at his awin hand.
He maid ane King aganis our richteous Law,
For he of him ſuld haue the Regioun aw.
Contrair this band, war all the haill barnage,
For Scotland zit, was neuer in thirlage.
Greit Julius, that tribute tuik of all,
His wynning was, in Scotland bot richt ſmall.
Than zour fals King, vnder collour but mair,
Throw band he maid, to Bruce that is our Air.
Vndid that King quhilk he before had maid,
Throw all Scotland, with greit power yai raid.
To Bruce ſen syne he keipit na cunnand,
He ſaid he wald nocht gang and conqueis land:
To vther men, and thus the cace befell,

Than

Than Scotland throw he demanit him ſell.
Slew our Eldaris, greit pietie was to ſe,
In preſoun syne, lang tyme thay preſonit me.
Quhill I was than, caſſin out for deid,
Thankit be God he ſend me ſum remeid.
Vengit to be, I preuit all my micht,
Feill of that kin, to deith syne haue I dicht.
The rage of zouth gart me deſyre ane wyfe,
That rewit I ſair, and will do all my lyfe.
Ane Traitour knicht but mercy gart hir de,
Ane Helliſrig, bot for deſpyte of me.
Than rang I furth in trauell weir and pane,
Quhill we redemit part of our land agane.
Than zour counſall deſyrit of vs ane trew,
Quhilk maid Scotland full graithly for to rew.
Into that peice thay ſet ane ſubtill Air,
Than xviij. ſcoir to deith thay hangit thair.
That Nobillis war, and worthy of Renoun,
Of coit armouris, eldeſt in that Regioun.
That deith wethink to venge in all our micht,
The woman als, that dullfully was dicht.
Out of my mynd that deith will neuer flyde,
Quhill God me tak fra this fals warld ſa wyde.
On Sutheroun ſen, I can na pietie haik,
Zour men in weir I neuer think to ſaik.
The bricht teiris was pietie to behald,
Brist fra his ene quhen he his taill had tald.
The Quene wepit for pietie of Wallace,
Allace ſcho ſaid, wa worth the wicket cace.
In waryit tyme that Helliſrig was borne,
Mony worthy throw his deith ar forlorne.
He ſuld haue pane that faikles ſic ane ſleu[illegible],
Ingland ſen syne hes bocht it deir aneuch

Thocht scho had bene ane Quene or ane Princes,
Madame he said,als God gif me gude grace:
Princes or Quene,of quhat stait sa thay be,
Into hir tyme scho was als deir to me.
Wallace scho said,of this talk we will ceis,
The mendis heirof is gude prayer and peis.
I grant he said,of me as now na mair,
This is richt nocht bot eising of our cair.
The Quene kand weill langage na thing hir bet,
Scho trowit with gold ; that he micht be ouirset.
Thre thousand pund of fynest gold sa reid,
Scho gart be brocht to Wallace in that steid.
Madame he said,na sic tribute we craif,
Ane vther mendis we wald of Ingland haif.
Or we returne fra this Regioun agane,
Of zour fals kyde that hes our Eldaris slane.
For all the gold,and riches in zour Ring,
Ze get na peice but desyre of zour King.
Quhen scho saw weill gold micht hir nocht releif,
Sum part in sport scho thocht him for to preif.
Wallace scho said,ze war clepit my luke,
Wair aboundantly I maid me for to pruse.
Traisting thairfoir zour rancour for to slaik,
Me thinks ze suld do sum thing for my saik.
Richt wyselie he,maid answer to the Quene,
Madame he said,and veritie war sene:
That ze me lufe,I aucht zow luke agane,
Thir wordis all ar nathing bot in vane.
In speiche of lufe,subtill ze Sutheroun ar,
Ze can vs mok,suppois we get na mair.
To tak ane lyking, and syne get na plesance,
Sic lufe as that is nathing to auance.
In Londoun scho said,for zow I sufferit blame,

Our

Our counsall als will lauch quhen I cum hame.
Sa may thay say wemen ar feirs of thocht,
To seik freindschip,and syne can get richt nocht.
Madame we wait how ze war hidder send,
Ze trow we haue bot lytill for to spend.
First with zour gold,for ze ar riche I wis,
Ze wald vs blind,sen Scottis ar sa nys.
Syne plesand wordis of zow.and Ladyis fair,
Als quha suld dryfe the brydis to ane stair.
With ane quhistill pype,for it will freschest call,
Madame as zit,ze may nocht tempt vs all.
Greit part of gude is left amang our kyn,
In Ingland als we find aneuch to wyn.
Abaisit scho was,to mak answer him till,
Weir Schir scho said,sen that it is zour will:
Weir or peice,quhat that zow lykis best,
Lat zour hie wit,and gude counsall degest.
Madame he said,now sall ze vnderstand,
The resloun quhy that I will mak na band.
With zow Ladyis,I can na trewis bynd,
For zour fals King wald sone heirefter synd:
Quhen he saw tyme to brek it at his will,
And plainly say he grantit nocht thair till.
Than had we nane bot Ladyis to repruse,
That sall he nocht,be God that sittis abuse.
Upon wemen I will na weir begin,
On zow in feild,na worschip is to win.
All the haill pais on him self he sall tak,
Of peice or weir,quhat we happin to mak.
The Quene grantit his answer sufficient,
Sa did the laif,in plane that was present.
His deliuerance thay held of greit availl,
And starts aneuch,to schaw to thair counsall.

D. iiij.

Wa was the Quene, hir trauell helpit nocht,
The gold scho tuik, that pai had with hir brocht:
Into the Oist richt frely scho it gaif,
To euerie man that lykit for to haif.
Menstrallis, and Heraldis, scho gaif aboundantle
Beforkand thame, hir freind that thay wald be.
Quhen Wallace saw the fredome of the Quene,
Sadly he said, this suith weill hes bene sene.
Woemen may tempt the wyslest hes bene wrocht,
Your greit gentrice, it sall not be for nocht.
We zow assure our Oist sall do na thing,
Quhill tyme ze may send Message fra zour King.
Gif it be swa, that he accord and we,
Than for zour sark it sall the better be.
Your Heraldis als, sall saifly cum and ga,
For zour fredome, we sall trubill na ma.
Scho thankit him, of his grant mony syse,
And all the Ladyis vpon ane gudly wyse.
Gladly thay drank, the Quene and gude Wallace,
Hir Ladyis als, and Lordis in that place.
Hir leif scho tuik, for outtin langer baid,
Fyue myle that nicht south to ane Nonry raid.
Vpon the morne to Londoun passit thay,
In Westmynster, quhair that the counsall lay.
Wallace answer scho gart schaw to the King,
It neidis nocht heir, now mair reheirs this thing.
The greit commend that scho to Wallace gaif,
Befor the King in presence of the laif.
To trew Scottis, it sald greitly appleis,
Thocht Inglismen thairof had lytill eis.
Of worschip, wit, manheid and gouernance,
Of fredome, treuth, hey of remembrance.
Scho callit him thair into thair hie presence,

Thocht

Thocht contrair thame, he stude at his defence.
Sa Chiftane lyke, scho sayis as he is sene,
Into Ingland I trow hes neuer bene.
Wald ze of gold gif him this Realmis rent,
Fra honour he, will nocht turne his Intent.
Assuerit ze ar, quhill ze may message mak,
Of wyse Lordis sum part I reid zow tak.
To purches peice withouttin wordis mair,
For all Ingland may rew his raid full sair.
Your Heraldis als, to pas to him hes leif,
In all his Oist thair sall na man thame greif.
Than thankit thay the Quene for hir trauell,
The King and Lordis that war of his counsell.
Of hir answer the King appleisit was,
Than thre greit Lordis thay ordanit to pas:
Thair counsall haill hes fund it for the best,
Trewis to tak or ellis thay get na rest.
Ane Herald went in all the haist he may.
To Iuane vaill, quhair that the Scottis lay.
Conduct to haue, till thay had said thair will,
The counsall sone ane Conduct send thame till.
Agane he past with Souerance to his King,
Than cheisit thay thre Lordis for this thing.
The Kene Cliffurd, that than was Wardane haill
Bewmont, Woodstok, all men of meikill vaill.
Quhat thir thre wrocht, ye laif sald stand pair till,
The Kingis self was geuin thame at thair will.
Sone thay war brocht to speiking with Wallace,
Woodstok him schew wit furth mony subtill cace.
Wallace hes hard thair Sophyimis euerilk deill,
As zit he said, me think we mene bot weill.
In wrang ze hald, and dois vs greit outrage,
Of houslis part that is our heritage.

Out of this peice, in plane I mak thame knawin,
Thame for to wyn, ſen that thay ar our awin.
Rorburgh, Berwik, yat ouris lang tyme hes bene
Into the handis of zour fals King I wene.
We aſk heir als be bertew of this band,
Our awin zoũg King be wrang led fra Scotlãd.
We ſall thame haue withouttin wordis mair,
To his deſyre the Lordis grantit thair.
Richt at his will thay haue conſentit haill,
For na kyn thing, the peice thay wald nocht faill.
The zoung Randall, that than in Londoun was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band he can as.
The Erll of Buchane, bot than in tender age,
Eſter he grew ane man of greit vaſſalage.
Cumyng and Foullis he gart delyuer als,
Quhilk eſter was, to King Robert full fals.
Wallange fled ouir, a durſt nocht byde yat mute,
In Picardy to aſk him was na bute.
Bot he wald erar haue had that fals Knicht,
Than ane thouſand of fyneſt gold ſa brycht.
The Bruce he aſkit, bot he was had away,
Befoir that tyme, to Calice mony ane day.
King Edward preuit yat yai micht nocht him get,
Of Gloceſter his Uncle had him fet.
That Calice had, haill into his keiping.
Wallace that tyme gat nocht his richteous King.
The Erll Patrik als fra Londoun thay ſend,
With Wallace to gang, as weill befoir is kend.
Of this mater ane finall gouernance,
To King Edward he gart vp his legeance.
And tuik to hald of Scotland euer mair,
With full glaid hart Wallace reſſauit him yair.
Thay honourit him richt reuerently as Lord,

The

The Scottis was all reioyſit of that concord.
Ane hundreth hors, with zoung Lordis of Renoũ,
To Wallace come, all fred of that preſoun.
Under his Seill King Edward yan gart ſend,
For to gif ouir, and mak ane finall end
Rorburgh, Berwik, quhilk war of mekill baill.
To Scottis men, and all the boundis haill.
For fyue zeir trewis thay promeiſt be yair band
Than Wallace ſaid, we will pas neir Scotland.
Or ocht be Seillit, and thairfoir mak vs boun,
Agane we will beſyde Northallartoun.
Quhair King Edward firſt battell hecht to me,
As we began thair ſall it endit be.
Greit weill the Quene he chargit the Meſſage
It is for hir that we leif our veyage.
Ane day he ſet, quhen thay ſuld meit him thair,
And ſeill the peice withouttin proces mair.
Vpon the morne the Oiſt but mair anyſe,
Tranoyntit north vpon ane gudly wyſe.
To the ſet tryſt that Wallace had thame maid,
The Inglis meſſage come but mair abaid.
Thay ſeillit the peice without langer delay,
The meſſage than vpon the Secund day:
To Londoun went in all the haiſt thay can,
The worthy Scottis with mony gudly man:
To Bamburgh come, with all thair power haill,
Sextie thouſand all Scottis of greit vaill.
Ten dayis befoir Alhallowis euin thay fure,
On Lammes day thay lichtit on Carhame mure.
Thair ludgeit thay, with pleſance as thay mocht,
Quhill on the morne that Preiſtis to yame brocht
In Carhame kirk, and ſeiſſit in his hand,
Rorburgh keyis as thay had maid cõmand:

And Berwik als,quhilk Inglismen had lang,
Thay fred the folk in Ingland for to gang.
For thair lykis Ischit of ather place,
Thay durst nocht weill byde rebnng of Wallace.
Capitane he maid,in Berwik of Renoun,
That worthy was,gude Cristall of Setoun.
Keiper he maid to Roxburgh Castell wicht,
Schir John Ramsay, ane wyse & worthy Knicht.
Syne Wallace self with Erll Patrik in plane,
To Dunbar raid,and restorit him agane.
In his Castell,and als his heritage,
With the consent of all the haill barnage.
Quhen Wallace was aggreit and this Lord,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudly ford.
Scotland atouir fra Ros to Sulway sand,
He raid it thrys,and statute all the land.
In the Lennox, ane quhyle he maid repair,
Schir John Menteith ane quhyle was Capitane
Als twyis befoir he had his Gossop bene, (thair.
Bot na freindschip betuix thame syne was sene.
Twa monethis still he dwelt in Dunbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of stane.
Men left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the Marche,agane he rydis richt.
Into Roxburgh thay cheissit him ane place,
Ane gude Towr thair,he gart big in schort space.
The Kingrik stude in gude worschip and eis,
Was nane sa greit durst his nichtbour displeis.
The abill ground gart laubour thriftely,
Wittall and frute thair grew abundantly.
Was neuer befoir sen this was callit Scotland,
Sic welth and peice atanis in the land.
He send Jop twyis to Bruce in Huntingtoun,

Beseikand

Beseikand him,to cum and tak his Crown.
Counsall he tuik at fals Saronis allace,
He had neuer hap,in lyfe to get Wallace.
Thre zeir as thus,the Realme stude in gude peis
Of this saying me wourthis for to ceis.
And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his lyfe quhat auenture zit befell.

¶Heir endis the first Conqueis of Scotland.

(F)(✝)(E)
(***)

¶The Nynt part of this buik declairis how Wallace past in France. Cap. j.

A Ne Royall king that Regnit into France,
Greit worschip hard, of Wallace gouernance.
The proues,price,and of his worthy deid,
Als Furthwart fair,commendit of manheid.
Baith humbill,trew,and pruifit weill of pryce,
Of honour,treuth,and voyd of couetyce.
That Nobill King Regnand in Royaltie,
Had greit delyte this Wallace for to se.
And knew richt weill schortly to vnderstand,
The greit suppryse,and duirset of Ingland.
He meruellit als,of Wallace small power,
That but ane King tuik sic a Realme to steir.
Aganis Ingland, and gart thair malice ceis,
Quhill thay desyrit with gude will to tak peis.
And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
In schort termis he hes reheirsit all.
Of his Intent compleitly to ane end,

Syne in Scotland, he bad him he ſuld wend.
And he wrait richt with verray greit honour,
To William Wallace as ane Conquerour.

O Louit leid, with worſchip wyſe and wicht,
Thow verray help, in halding of thy richt.
Thow richt reſkewar of thy natiue land,
With Goddis grace agains thy fais to ſtand.
In defence helpar, of thy richteous blude,
O worthy birth, and bliſſit be thy fude.
As it is red of Prophecy before,
In happy tyme for Scotland thow was borne.
I the beſeik with all humilitie,
My cloiſ letter, thow wald conſaif and ſe.
As zour brother Iriſtynit King of France,
To the beirar, ze heir and gif credance.
The Herald him bownit, and to ye Schip is gane
In Scotland ſone, he cūmis into ane.
Bot Herald lyke he ſeikis his preſence,
On land he went, and maid na reſidence,
In cuetie ſteid quhair he preſumit thair,
Sa on ane day, he fand him into Air.
In gude effeir, and manlyke cumpany,
The Herald than with honour reuerently.
Hes ſaluſt him, vpon ane gudely maneir,
And he agane with humbill hawely cheir:
Reſſauit him, into richt gudly wyſe,
The Herald than, with worſchip to deuyſe:
Be tuik to him the Kingis wrize of France,
Wallace on kne, with lawly obeyſance.
Richt reuerently for worſchip of Scotland,
Quhen he it red, and had it vnderſtand:
At this Herald he aſkit his credance,

With

With aſper ſpeiche, and manly countenance.
And he him tald, as I haif ſaid before,
The Kingis deſyre, quhat neidis worthis moir:
The hie honour, and the greit Nobilnes,
Of zour manheid weill kniawin in mony place.
Him lykis alweill zour worſchip to auance,
As ze war borne ane leige man of France.
Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmis ſene,
Als the greit band of kyndnes zow betwene.
And ſen this Realme ſtandis in ſic ſaiftie,
It war worſchip his preſence for to ſe.
Wallace conſaut, withouttin tarying,
The greit deſyre of this gude Nobill King.
Syne to him ſaid, ſa God of heuin me ſaue,
Heireftir ſone, ze ſall ane anſwer haue.
Of zour deſyre that ze haue ſchewit me till,
Welcum ze ar with ane fre harty will.
The Herald baid vnto the twentie day,
With Wallace ſtill, in gude weilfair and play.
Conſumit the tyme with wirſchip and pleſance,
Be gude auyſe maid his deliuerance.
With his awin hand he wrait vnto the King,
All his Intent as tuiching to this thing.
Richt riche rewaird he gaif the Herald to,
And him conuoyit, quhen he had leif to go.
Out of the toun with gudly cumpany,
His leif he tuik, and went vnto the ſey.
Gude Wallace than hes maid his purueyance,
His purpois was to ſe the King of France.
Nereſt but weir to Sanct Johnſtoun couth fair
Ane counſail than he had gart ordane thair.
Into his ſteid, cheiſit ane Gouernour,
To keip the land, ane man of greit honour.

James gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Quhilk Father was as Nozyis heiris on hand.
To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
Mariozy Bzuce syne gat in Mariage.
Thairof as now,to speik I haue na space,
It is weill knawin,thankit be Goddis grace:
And to the Herald withouttin residence,
How he appeirit vnto the Kingis presence.
Fra the Rochell the land sone hes he tane,
Atouir the land he gratthit him to gane.
Seikand the King als gudly as he may,
Sa to the Court he passit on ane day.
To Paris went, as perles of Renoun,
This King that tyme held Palice in that toun.
Quhen he him saw,hes grauthly vnderstand,
He speirit tythandis,the weilfair of Scotland.
The Herald said,into thir termis schozt,
That all was gude,he had the mair comfozt.
Saw thow Wallace the Chiftane of that land,
And he said ze,that dar I tak on hand.
Ane wozthyar,this day is leuand nane,
In way of weir,als far as I haue gane.
The hie wozschip,and the greit Nobilnes,
The gude weilfair,plesance and wozthynes.
The riche rewaird,was michtie foz to se,
That foz zour saik he kythit vpon me.
And his answer in wzit he hes zow sent,
The King ressauit, it with ane gude Intent.

O Royall Roy and richteous Crownit King.
Ze knaw this weill, be vther ma than me,
How yat our Realme, standis in perplexite.
The fals Nationn that we ar Nichtbourris to,

Quhen

Quhen pleisis thame thay mak vs ay ado.
Na band may be maid of sic sufficiance,
Bot ay in it thay find ane variance.
To wait ane tyme will God that I may be,
Within ane zeir I will zour presence se.
Of this answer weill pleisit was the King.
Leif I thame thus in Royaltie to Ring.
And glaid comfozt richt as I haue zow tald,
Of Wallace furth I will my purpois hald.

¶How Wallace past in France,and faucht wi
the Reid Reuar and vincust him. Cap.

IN till Appyll, the ane and twentie day,
The Kalend changit as we vse to say.
The lustie tyme of Mayis freschy cúming,
Celestiall greit blythnes in to bzing.
Principall moneth,fozsuith it may be sene,
The heuinly hewis vpon the tender grene.
Quhen auld Saturne his cluddy cours hes gane,
The quhilk hes bene baith bird and beistis bane.
Zephirus eik with his sweit vapour,
Hie comfozt hes be wirking of natour.
All fructeous thing into the eird adoun,
That reullit is vnder the hie Regioun.
Sober Luna in following of the se,
Quhen bzicht Phebus is in his Chemeis hie:
The Bullis cours sa takin hes his place,
And Juppiter was in the Crabbis face.
Quhen Aries the hait Signe Colerik,
Into the Ram quhilk hes his roumis rike.
Thetis had his place and mansioun,
In Capzicozne the Signe of the Lyoun.

P. I.

Gentill Juppiter with his myld ordinance,
Baith herb and tre reuertis into plesance.
And fresche Flora hir floury mantill spreid,
In euerie vaill baithy hoip hill and meid.
In this same tyme, for thus myne Author sayis,
Wallace to pas of Scotland tuik his wayis.
Be schort anyse he schuip him to the sey,
And fyftie men tuik in his cumpany.
He leit na word than walk of his passage,
Or Inglismen had stoppit his veyage.
Nor tuik na leik at Lordis of Parliament,
He wist full weill thay wald nocht all consent.
To suffer him out of the land to ga,
For thy anone without witting of ma:
He gart foirse and ordane weill his schip,
And thir war thay past in his fellowschip.
Twa Wallacis was his kynnismen full neir,
Craufurd, Cleland, to him war haldin deir.
At Kirkcudbricht he ordanit his passage,
Seymen he set, and gaif thame gudly wage.
Ane gude new Barge, richt worthely wrocht for
Thay wantit nocht, of wyne, victal nor geir. (weir
Wit ze thay war ane gudly cumpany,
Of waillit men, had wrocht full hardely.
Boneallies drank richt gladly on ane morrow
Syne leif thay tuik, & with greit God to borrow:
Boittis war schot, and fra the land thame sent,
With glaid hartis atanis in thay went.
Unto the Schip thay rowit haistely,
The Seymen than wirkand full ernestly.
Ankeris wand in, wyselie on ather syde,
Thair leidis kest, and wairit weill the tyde.
Leit Saillis fall, and hes thair cours anone,

Ane

Ane gudly wynd out of the richt airth come.
Freikis on foirstam reuillit weill thair geir,
Leidis on lebuird, with ane Lordly feir.
Lynis laid out to luik thair passage sound,
With ful Saill pus, fra Scotland Firth yai fould.
Saillit haill ouir, the day and als the nicht,
Upon ye morne quhen yat ye Sone schynit bricht
Thair Schipmaister vnto the Top is went,
South eist he saw, that trublit his Intent.
Sextene Saillis arrayit on ane raw,
In collour reid, that towart vaine couth draw.
The glitterand Sone vpon thame schewit bricht,
The sey about Illuminit with the licht.
This mānis Spryte was in ane extasy,
Doun went he sone, and said richt sorrowfully.
Allace (quod he) the day that I was borne,
Without remeid our lykis ar all forlorne.
In cursit tyme I tuik this cure on hand,
The best Chiftane, and reskew of Scotland:
Ouir recklesly I haue tane vpon me,
With waik power to bring him throw the see.
It forcit nocht, wald God I war torment,
Sa Wallace micht, with worschip chaip vnschēt.
Quhen Wallace saw, and hard this mānis mane,
To comfort him, with gude will is he gane.
Maister he said, quhat hes anoyit the?
Nocht for my self, this man said pieteouslie.
Bot of ane thing I dar weill vndertane,
Thocht all war heir the Schippis in Bertane.
Wart suld we lois, set Fortoun had it sworne,
The best weirman in sey is vs beforne.
Leiland this day, and King is of the see,
Wallace sone speirit, wait thow quhat he may be.

The Reid Reuar thay call him in his ſtyle,
That I him ſaw, O warpit be the quhyle.
For myne awin lyke I wald na murning mak,
Is na man borne, that zone Tyran will tak.
He ſaifis nane, for gold nor ſilver gude,
Bot ſlayis and drownis all deirly in the flude.
He getis na grace, thocht he war king or knicht
This ſextene zeir he hes done greit vnricht.
The power is ſa ſtrang he hes to ſteir,
May nane eſchaip, yat cummis in his dangeir.
Wald ze him buird, na buit is to begin,
The lakeſt ſchip that is his floit within.
May ſaill vs doun vnto the dulefull deid,
Than Wallace ſaid, ſen thow can na remeid:
Tell me his feir, and how I ſall him knaw,
Quhat is his vſe, and ſyne go luge the law?
The ſchip men ſaid, full weill ze may him ken,
Be graith takynnis full cleirly be his men.
His coit armour is ſene in mony ſteid,
All battell bown in rayment all of reid.
This formeſt ſchip that perſewis vs ſa faſt,
Him ſelf is in, and will nocht be agaſt.
He will zow haill quhen yat thay cum zow neir,
Without tary than man ze ſtryke and ſteir.
Him ſelf will enter firſt full hardely,
Thir ar the Signis, yat ze ſall tak him by.
Ane bar of Blew into his ſchynand ſcheild,
Ane bend of Quhyte deſyrand ay the feild.
The Reid betakynis blude and hardyment,
The Quhyte curage, Increſſand his Intent.
The Blew he beiris, for he is criſtin man,
Sadly him anſwerit, William Wallace than.
Thocht he is criſtin, this is na criſtin deid,

Ga vnder

Ga vnder loft, ye Lord God mot vs ſpeid.
Baith Schipmaiſter, and Steiriſman alſo,
Into the how, but baid he gart thame go.
His fyfeie men withouttin langer reſt,
Wallace gart ray, into thair armour preſt.
Aucht and fourtie on luſe huird laid thay law,
William Craufurd than to him can he caw.
And ſaid thow can ſum part of Schipman fair,
Thow hes bene vſit into the toun of Air.
I pray the tak this doctrine weill of me,
Luk that thow ſtand ſtill ſtraitly be the tre.
Quhen thay bid ſtryke, to ſeruice be thow bane,
Quhen I the warne, lat doun the Saill agane.
Cleland Couſing cum tak the ſteir on hand,
Heir ou the waill neir by the ſall I ſtand.
God gyde our Schip, as now I ſay na mair,
The Barge began with ane ful weirlyke fair.
Him ſelf on loft, was with ane drawin ſword,
And bad yair Steiriſman lay endlang the buird.
On loud he cryit, ſtryke doggis or ze ſall de,
Craufurd leit draw the Saill a lyttil we.
The Capitane lap in, ful ſone and wald not ſtynt,
Wallace hes him ſone be the gorget hynt.
On the ouir loft, keſt him quhair yat he ſtude,
Quhill neis and mouth all ruſchit furth of blude.
Anc forgit knyfe, braithly he braidit out,
The weir ſchippis was lappit thame about.
The Barge clippit, bot thay nocht feſtnit faſt,
Craufurd drew Saill, ſchot by and of thame paſt.
The Reuar cryit with pieteous voce full cleir,
Grace of his lyfe, for hun yat bocht vs deir.
Mercy he cryit, for hym that deit on Rude,
Laſer to mend, I haue ſpilt meikill blude.

For my trespas I wald mak sum remeid,
Mony saikles I haue gart put to deid.
Wallace wist weill, thocht he to deith war brocht
Fra thame to chaip, on na wyse micht he nocht.
And of his lyfe sum reskew micht he mak,
Ane better purpois, syne sone than can he tak.
And als he rewit, for his lyfe had bene Ill,
In Latine toung richt thus he said him till.
I neuer tuik man that enemie was to me,
For Goddis saik thy lyfe zit grant I the.
Wai th knyfe and sword, he tuik fra him anone,
Up be the hand, as pzesoner hes him tane.
Upon his swozd, scharply he gart him sweir,
Fra that day furth he suld him neuer deir.
Command thy men, said Wallace to our peis,
Thair schot of gun, that was nocht eith to eeis.
Thay castand war, awfull on ather syde,
The Reid Reuar commandit thame to byde.
Held vp ane gluik in taikning of the trew,
His men beheld and weill that Senze knew.
Left of thair schot, the Signe quhen yat yai saw,
His greitest barge towart him can he caw.
Lat be zour weir, thir ar freindis at ane,
I trow to God our werst houris ar gane.
He asbit Wallace to do quhat was his will,
With schozt auyse, richt thus he said him till.
To the Rochell I wald ze gart thame Saill,
For Inglismen we wait nocht quhat may aill.
He thame commandit forthir wozdis mair,
Turne Saill and wynd, towart the Rochell fair.
For thair will God is our purpois to be,
Luik weill about, for Scurriouris on the se.
His charge thay wzocht in all the haist thay can,

Wallace desyzit to talk mair with this man.
Wysclie he spcirit, in quhat land art thow bozne?
In France he said, and all my Elderis befozne.
And thair we had sum part of heritage,
Thocht keirs Forthoun, pus brocht me in ane rage.
Wallace answerit, how come thow to this lyfe?
Forsuith he said, bot throw ane suddand stryfe.
Sa happinit I, into the Kingis presence,
Quir reckles to do ane greit offence.
Ane wozthy man of gude kyn and Renoun,
That throw my deid was put to confusioun.
Deid of ane straik, quhat neidis wozdis mair,
All mendis it nocht, thocht I repent it sair.
Throw freind in Court, I chaipit of that place,
And neuer sen syne couth get the Kingis grace.
Feill of our kyn thay gart for my saik de,
Fra tyme I saw it micht na better be.
Bot leif the land, that me behuifit on neid,
Upon ane day to Burdeous I zeid.
Ane Inglis Schip sa gat we on ane nicht,
For sey laubour, full ernestly vs dicht.
To me assemblit, mysdoaris vther ma,
Within schozt space we multiplyit sa.
Was few that micht contrair our power gang,
In tyrannie thus haue we rungin lang.
Thir sextene zeiris, I haue bene on the se,
And done greit harme, thairfoir full wa is me.
I saifit quhene for gold oz greit Ransoun,
Bot slew and dzownit intro the sey all doun.
Fauour I did, to folk of Sindzie land,
Bot Frenche men na freindschip in me fand.
Thay gat na grace, als far as I micht Ring,
Als on the sey I cleipit was ane King.

Now se I weill, that my Forroun is went,
Vncust with ane, that garris me sair repent.
Quha wald haue said, this samin day at morne,
I suld with ane, thus lichtly doun be borne.
In greit herthing my men wald it haue tane,
My self thocht als, to haue matchit ony ane.
Bot I haue fund the verray plane contrair,
Heir I gif ouir rubzie for euer mair.
In sic mysreull I sall neuer armes beir,
Bot gif it be in honest vse of weir.
Now haue I tald part of my blis and pane,
For Goddis saik sum kyndnes kyith agane.
My hart will brek, bot I wit quhat ze be,
Outrageously that hes rebatit me.
For weill I weind, that Ieuand had bene nane,
Be force or strenth, micht me as presoner tane.
Except Wallace that hes redemit Scotland,
The best is callit, this day Ieuand of hand.
Into his weir war worschip for to waik,
As now in warld I trow he hes na maik.
Wallace smylit, and said freind it may weill be,
Scotland had neid of mony sic as the.
Quhat is thy name, tell me sa haue thow Seill,
Forsuth he said, Thomas of Longueill.
Weill brwik thow it, all thus styntis our stryfe,
Schaip to pleis God in mending of thy lyfe.
Thy faithfull freind my self thinkis to be,
And als my name I sall sone tell to the.
For chance of weir, thow suld na murning mak,
As weird will wirk, thy forroun man thow tak.
I am that man, that thow anancis sa hie,
And bot schort tyme sen I come to the se.
Of Scotland borne my rycht name is Wallace,

On

On kneis fell, and thankit God of his grace.
I dar avow, that zoldin is my hand,
To the best man, this day that is leuand.
Forsuth he said, this plesis me meikill moir,
Than of Flozingis ze gaif me fyftie scoir.
Thã wallace said, yow art heir now throw chãce,
My purpois is to pas now into France.
Unto the King, sen I am bown to pas,
To my rewaird, thy peice I think to as.
Peice I wald haue, fane of my native King,
And na langer into the Realme to Ring.
Than thow tak leif to cum far it agane,
Into thy seruice I think for to remane.
Seruice he said, Thomas that may nocht be,
Bot gude freindschip, as I sall kelp to the.
Gart draw the wyne, and Ilk ane mery maid,
The Schippis be than was in the Rochell raid.

The Reid Blasonis, as yai had borne in weir
The toun was sone into ane suddand feir.
The Reid Reuar thay said was at yair hãd,
The quhilk throw strenth, micht nane aganis him
Sum schippis fled, & sum ye land hes tane (stand.
Clariounis blew, and Trumpetis mony ane.
Quhen Wallace saw the peipill was on fleir,
He gart command na Schip suld neirar peir.
Bot his awin Barge, in the haun gart draw,
The folk was glaid, quhen thay the baner saw.
Full weill thay knew, in gold the reid Lyoun,
Leit vp the port reissaut thame in the toun.
Thay souerit him, for all he had thair brocht,
The Reid Naue into the haun thay socht.
On land syne went, quhair yat yame lykit to pas,

Richt few wist thair, quhat Scottisman Wallace
Bot weil yai thocht he was ane gudly mã, (was,
And honourit him with all the craft thay can.
Thay four dayis still, Wallace remanit thair,
Thir men he callit, quhen he was boun to fair.
He thame commandit vpon that coist to byde,
Quhill he thame fred, for chance yat micht betyde.
Beir zow euinly, quhat gude that euer ze spend,
Leif of zour awin, quhill I zow tythingis send.
Gar sell thir Schippis, and mak zow men of peis
It war gude tyme of wictkitnes to ceis.
Zour Capitane sall pas to the King with me,
Thrzow help of God, I sall his warrand be.
He gart graith him, in suit with his awin man,
Was na man thair, yat micht weill Thomas ken.
Lyklie he was, manly of countenance,
Lyke to the Scottis be mekill gouernance.
Saif of his toung, for Scottis had he nane,
In latine weill he micht haue sufficit for ane.
Thus past thay on, in all the haist thay may,
To Yoris toun thay went vpon ane day.
Tythingis war brocht of Wallace to the King,
Sa greit dehyte he had of na kin thing.
As in that tyme quhill he had sene Wallace,
To meit him self he wairrit vpon cace.
In ane garding quhair he gart thame be brocht,
To his presence with manlyke feir thay socht.
Twa and fyftie atanis kneland doun,
And salust him, as Roy of maist renoun.
With reuilit speiche in sa gudly auyse,
All France couth nocht mair nurtour yame deuyse
The Quene had leif, and come in hir effeir,
For mekill scho hard of Wallace deid in weir.

Quhat neidis mair of courtesy to tell,
Thay keipit weill, that to the Scottis befell.
Of kingis fair, I dar mak na reherss,
My febill mynd, my trubillit spyrite transuers.
Of the riche seruice, quhat neidis wordis mair,
Micht nane be fund, bot I was present thair.
Sone efter meit, the King to Perlour went,
With gudly Lordis, thair Wallace was present.
Than commonit thay of mony sindrie thing,
To speik with him, greit dehyte had the King.
At him he speirit, of weir the gouernance,
He answerit him with manly countenance.
To euerie point, als far as he had feill,
In Latine toung, richt naturally and weill.
The King consauit sone be his hie knawlage,
Quhat weirmen wsit be reif in thair passage.
Into quhat mynd the Reid Reuar than was,
Meruell he said, how he leit Wallace pas.
To him he said, ze ar sum thing to blame,
Ze micht haue send with our Herald fra hame.
Efter power, to bring zow thrzow the se,
God thank zow Schir, thairof aneuch had we.
Few men may pas, quhair thay find na perrall,
Richt quhene may keip, quhair nane is to assaill.
Wallace he said, thairof meruell haif I,
Ane Tyran Regnis in Ire full cruelly.
Upon the sey, that greit sorrow hes wrocht,
Micht we him get, it suld not be for nocht.
Borne of this land, ane natiue man to me,
Thairfoir on vs, the greitest harme dois he.
Than Thomas quoik, and changit countenance
He hard the King his euill deidis disauance.
Wallace beheld, and fenzeit in ane part,

Forsuith he said, we fand nane in that art.
That pȝdderit vs ony sic vnkyndnes,
Be ȝour leif Schir, I speik in hamelynes.
Trow ȝe be sicht, ȝe couth that Squyar knaw,
To lang it war, sen tyme that I him saw.
Bot thir wordis, of him ar bot in vane,
Or he cum heir, richt gude men will be slane.
Than Wallace said heir haue I brocht with me,
Of lyklie men that dwelt in our cuntrie.
Quhilk of all thir wald ȝe call him maist lyke,
Amang thame blent, this Royall Roy maist tyke,
Uesyit thame weill, baith stature and curage,
Maner, maakdome, thair fassioun and uesage.
Sadly he said, auysit soberly
That largest man ye quhilk standis neist ȝow by.
Wald I call him, be makdome to deuise,
Thir ar na thing bot wordis of office.
Befoir the King on kne fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy, of hie honour and grace.
With waist wordis I will ȝow nocht trauall,
Now I will speik sum thingis for myne auaill.
Our barrone land hes bene ouirset with weir,
Be Saxonis feid, that dois vs mekill deir.
Slane our Eldaris, distroyit our richteous blude
Waistit the land, of gold and vther gude.
And ȝe ar heir in micht and Royaltie,
Eye ȝe suld haue to our aduersitie.
And vs support for kyndnes of the band.
Quhilk is confermit betuix ȝow and Scotland.
Als I am heir, for ȝour charge at plesance,
My lyflatt is bot honest cheuisance.
Flour of Realmes forsuith is this Regioun,
To my rewaird I wald haue greit guerdoun.

Wallace

Wallace he said, now ask quhat ȝe wald haif,
Gude gold or land sall nocht be lang to craif.
Wallace answerit, swa ȝe grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue, it sall sone choisin be.
Quhat euer ȝe ask that is in this Regioun,
Ȝe sall it haue, except my wyfe and Crown.
He thankit him of his greit kinglynes,
All my rewaird salbe asking of grace
Peice to this man, I brocht with me thrȝow chãce
Heir I quyteclame all vther gift in France.
This same is he, gif that ȝe knaw him weill,
That we of spak, Thomas of Longoueill.
Be rigour ȝe, desyrit he suld be slane,
I him restoir vnto ȝour grace agane.
Ressaif him fair, as leige man of ȝour land,
The King meruellit, and couth in study stand.
Perfytlie knew, that it was Longoueill,
He him forgaif, his trespas euery deill.
Bot for his saik that had him bidden brocht,
For gold nor gude, ellis he did it nocht.
Wallace he said, I had leuer of gude land,
Thre thousand pund haue seissit in thy hand.
That I haue said, sall haldin be in plane,
Heir I ressaif Thomas to peice agane.
Deir ar to me, than euer he was befoir,
All for ȝour saik, thocht it war mekill moir.
Bot I wald wit how this meruell befell,
Wallace answerit, the treuth I sall ȝow tell.
Than he reheirsit, quhat hapnit on that day,
As ȝe befoir myne Author hes hard say.
Quhen the gude King had hard the suddand cace,
Upon the sey be for sicht of Wallace.
The King him held richt wourthy to auance,

Forsuith he said, we fand nane in that art.
That pydferit vs ony sic vnkyndnes,
Be zour leif Schir, I speik in hamelynes.
Trow ze be sicht, ze couth that Squyar knaw,
To lang it war, sen tyme that I him saw.
Bot thir wordis, of him ar bot in vane,
Or he cum heir, richt gude men will be slane.
Than Wallace said heir haue I brocht with me,
Of lykly men that dwelt in our cuntrie.
Quhilk of all thir wald ze call him maist lyke,
Amang thame blent, this Royall Roy maist ryke,
Vesyit thame weill, baith stature and curage,
Maner, maydome, thair fassoun and visage.
Sadly he said, auysit soberly
That largest man ye quhilk standis neist zow by.
Wald I call him, be maydome to deuise,
Thir ar na thing bot wordis of office.
Befoir the king on kne fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy, of hie honour and grace.
With waist wordis I will zow nocht trauall,
Now I will speik sum thingis for myne auaill.
Our barrane land hes bene ouirset with weir,
Be Saxonis feid, that dois vs mekill deir.
Slane our Eldaris, distroyit our richteous bludis
Waistit the land, of gold and vther gude.
And ze ar heir in micht and Royaltie,
Eye ze suld haue to our aduersitie.
And vs support for kyndnes of the band.
Quhilk is confermit betuix zow and Scotland.
As I am heir, for zour charge at plesance,
My lyfrent is bot honest cheuisance.
Flour of Realmes forsuith is this Regioun,
To my reward I wald haue greit guardoun.

Wallace

Wallace he said, now ask quhat ze wald haif,
Gude gold or land sall nocht be lang to craif.
Wallace answerit, swa ze grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue, it sall sone chosin be.
Quhat euer ze ask that is in this Regioun,
Ze sall it haue, except my wyfe and Crown.
He thankit him of his greit Kinglynes,
All my reward salbe asking of grace
Peice to this man, I brocht with me throw chāce
Heir I quyt clame all vther gift in France.
This same is he, gif that ze knaw him weill,
That we of spak, Thomas of Longoueill.
Be rigour ze, deliuir it he suld be slane,
I him restoir vnto zour grace agane.
Ressaif him fair, as leige man of zour land,
The King meruellit, and couth in study stand.
Perfytlie knew, that it was Longoueill,
He him forgaif, his trespas euery deill.
Bot for his saik that had him bidder brocht,
For gold nor gude, ellis he did it nocht.
Wallace he said, I had leuer of gude land,
Thre thousand pund haue seisit in thy hand.
That I haue said, sall haldin be in plane,
Heir I ressaif Thomas to peice agane.
Deirar to me, than euer he was befoir,
All for zour saik, thocht it war mekill moir.
Bot I wald wit how this meruell befell,
Wallace answerit, the treuth I sall zow tell.
Than he reheirsit, quhat hapnit on that day,
As ze befoir myne Author hes hard say.
Quhen the gude King had hard the suddand cace,
Vpon the sey be forsicht of Wallace.
The King him held richt wourthy to auance,

He ſaw in him manheid and Gouernance.
Sa did the Quene and all thir vther Lordis,
Ilk wicht of him greit honour than recordis.
He purchest peice for all the power haill,
Fourtene hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Gart cry thame fre, trew ſeruandis to the King,
And neuer agane, forfalt into ſic thing.
Quhen Thomas was reſtorit to his richt,
Of his awin hand the King had maid him Knicht
Efter he gaif ſtait to his neireſt Air,
And maid him ſelf with Wallace for to fair.
Thus he hes brocht, thay men fra reif throw cace,
Be ſuddand chance of him and wicht Wallace.
Thus leif we thame in worſchip and pleſance,
At lyking ſtill with the gude King of France.

¶How Wallace paſt in Guyan. Cap. iij.

Thay twentie dayis he ludgit into reſt,
Sa to remane he thocht it nocht the beſt.
Still into peice, he couth nocht lang indure,
For quhy contrarious it was to his nature.
Richt weill he wiſt Ingliſmen occuppit
Guyan that tyme, thairfoir he hes eſpyit.
Sum Jeopardie vpon thame for to mak,
Ane gudly leif he at the King couth tak.
Of Frenche men he wald nane with him call,
Bot that firſt tyme for auenture that micht fall.
Bot Schir Thomas that ſeruice couth perſew,
He wiſt nocht weill gif all the laif was trew.
Of Scottiſmen than ſemblit haiſtely
Ayne hundreth ſone of worthy Cheualry.
In Guyan land full haiſtely can ryde,

Raiſſit

Raiſſit feill fyre, and waiſtit wynningis wyde.
Forthis thay brak, and ſtalwart biggingis wan,
Derfly to deith, brocht mony Sutheroun man.
Ane weirlyke toun ſa fand thay in that land,
Quhilk Schemēt hecht, yat Ingliſmē had in hād.
Towart that ſteid, full ſadly Wallace ſocht,
Be ony way, aſſailze gif he mocht.
Bergane to hauc, and he micht get thame out,
Greit ſtrouth of wod, yair was yat toun about.
The toun ſtude als vpon ane watter ſyde,
Into ane Park, that was baith lang and wyde.
Thay duſkit thame, quhill paſſit was the nicht,
Quhen the Sone rais, four hundreth mē he dicht.
The laif he gart Craufurd in buſchement tak,
Gif thay myſterit ane reſkew for to mak.
Than Longoueill that ay was full Sauage,
With Wallace paſt, as ane to that ſkirmage.
Thir four hundreth, yat was full weill arrayit,
Befoir the toun, the plane baneir diſplayit.
It was nocht weill than knawin in yat cuntrie,
The Lyoun in gold, yat awfull was to ſe.
Ane forray keſt, and ſeiſſit mekill gude,
Weirmen within, that wyſelie vnderſtude.
Sone Iſchit out, the pray for to reſkew,
The worthy Scottis feill Ingliſmen thay ſlew.
The laif for dreid, fled to the toun agane,
The forray tuik the pray, and paſſit in plane.
Towart the Park, bot power of the toun,
Iſchit agane in awfull barteil boun.
Ane thouſand haill of men in armes ſtrang,
Few baid within, that micht to armes gang.
Than Wallace gart the forrayaris leif ye pray,
Aſſemblit ſone vnto ane gude array.

Ane cruell counter was at that meitting ſene,
Of wicht weirmen into thair armour ſchene.
Feill left thair lyfe vpon the Sutheroun ſyde,
Bot nocht for thy, full baldly thay abyde.
Of the Scottis part than worthy men thay ſlew,
William Craufurd that weill the perrell knew:
Out of the Park he gart the buſchment pas,
Into the feild quhair feill men fechtand was.
At thair entre thay gart full mony de,
The Inglißmen was wounder fauth to fle.
Full worthely thay wrocht into that place,
Baid neuer ſa few ſa lang aganis Wallace.
With ſic power, that day as he was thair,
On ather ſyde aſſailzeit wounder ſair.
Into that ſtour ſa fellounly he wrocht,
That worthy men derfly to deith was brocht.
With pointis peirſſit throw plaittis birnit bricht,
Wallace him ſelf, and Schir Thomas the Knicht.
Quhome ſa thay hit, maid neuer mair deſait,
The Sutheroun part was handillit thair ſa hait.
Into that place thay micht na langer byde,
Out of that feild with ſair hartis thay ryde.
Vnto the toun thay fled full haiſtely,
Wallace followit, and his gude Chevalry.
Fechtand ſa faſt into the thickeſt thrang,
Quhill in the toun thay enterit thame amang.
With him Craufurd, and Longoueill ye knycht,
And Richard als, Wallace his Coulang richt.
Fyftene thay war, of Scottis in cumpany,
Thus happnit tha, amang that greit party.
Ane cruell portar gat vp vpon the wall,
Pullit out the pyn, leit the port Culzeis fall.
The Inglißmen ſaw, enterit in was na ma,

Vpon

Vpon the Scottis full hardily thay ga.
Bot to ane wall thay haue thair bakkis ſet,
Sad ſtraikis and ſair baldly about thame bet.
Richard Wallace the Turngreece weill hes ſene,
He followit faſt vpon thair portar kene.
Vpon the wall, deid doun in ane dyke him draif,
Gat vp the port, and leit in all the laif.
Quhen Wallace men, had thus the entre wyn,
Full greit ſlauchter agane thay haue begun.
Thay laiſit nane vpon the Sutheroun ſyde,
That wappinis bair, or harnes in that tyde.
Wemen and barnis, the gude thay tuik yame fra,
Syne gaif thame leif in the rowme land to ga.
The Pyctis als, that was nocht in the feild,
Of agit men that micht na wappinis weild.
Thay ſlew nane ſic, for Wallace charge it was,
Bot maid thame fre, at larges for to pas.
Riches of gold thay gat in greit plentie,
Harnes and hors, that micht thame weill ſupplie.
With Frenche folk pleneiſt the toun agane,
On the tent day, the feild thay tuik in plane.
The Riuer doun into the land thay ſocht,
On Sutheroun men ful greit maiſtry yai wrocht.
Than quhen trew men to the King talð this taill,
Of Frenche men he ſemblit ane battall.
Twentie thouſand of trew liegis of France,
His brother thame led, was Duke of Orliance.
Throw Guyan land, in rayit battell thay raid,
To follow Wallace, quha maid bot lytill baid.
For Frenche ſupple to help him in thair richt,
Neir Burdeous or thay ouirtak him micht.
Gude Wallace was thair, & cholin hes ane plane,
For ſtil men tauld, yat Burdeous with greit mane.

Within schort tyme thocht battell for to geif,
Bot fra thay wist, that Frenche folk wald releif:
With greit power for helping of Wallace,
Vther purpois thay tuik into schort space.
In Dicardy sone message couth thay send,
Of Wallace cuming thay hail tauld to ane end.
Of Gloceſter Capitane of Calice was,
The hardy Erll, and maid him for to pas.
In Ingland sone, and syne to Londoun went,
Of Wallace deid he tauld in thair Parliament.
Sum planely said, that Wallace brak the peis,
Wyse men said nay, and prayit thame for to ceis.
Lord Bewmont said, he tuik bot for Scotland,
And nocht for France, yat sall ze vnderstand.
Gif our Indenturis speikis of ony mair,
He hes done wrang the suith ze may declair.
Wodstok answerit, said ze haue spokin weill,
Bot contrair richt, yat taill is euerill deill.
Gif zone be he, that band for him and his,
Nay na man say, bot he hes wrocht a mys.
For principally he band with vs the trew,
And now agane beginnis malice new.
Schir King he said, gif ze think euer to mak,
On Scotland weir, on hand now ze sald tak.
Quhill he is out, or ellis it helpis nocht,
As Wodstok said, the haill counsall hes wrocht.
Power thay raisit, in Scotland for to ryde,
Be land and sey, yai wald na langer byde.
Thair land Erll thay rayit sone in deid,
Thair vangard tuik the hardy Duke to leid.
Of Gloceſter, that of were had greit feill,
Of Longcastell the Duke gouernit weill
The myddill ward, and to the sey thay send,

Schir

Schir John Stewart, yat weil ye northland kēd.
The Knicht Wallange befoir the Erll in raid,
And sic ane way with euill Scottis men maid.
Mony Castellis he gart sone zoldin be,
To Inglismen, withouttin mair melle.
Or the best wist, that it was weir in plane,
Enterit he was into Bothwell agane.
Schir Johne Stewart that come in be the se,
Sanct Johnstoun sone gat throw ane Ieopardie
Dundie thay tuik, and put Scottis men to deid,
In Fyfe fra thame was nocht keipit ane steid.
And all the south, fra Cheuiot to the se,
Into the west, thair micht na succour be.
The worthy Lord that suld haue gouernit this,
God hes him taue, we trow to leſtand blis.
His Sone Walter, that bot ane Child zit was,
Trew men him tuik, and couth in Arrane pas.
Adam Wallace, than wist of na supplie,
To Rauchlie went, and Lindesay of Cragie.
Gude Robert Boyd in Bute maid residence,
For haistie dissait, thay tuik thame to defence.
Schir John ye grahame, in Dundaf micht nocht
Succour he socht to the Forest of Clyde. (byde,
The Knicht Stewart, ane Schirek maid of Fyfe,
Schir Aymeris brother, and gaif for terme of lyfe
Thay landis all, that Wallange aucht befoir,
Richard Lundy, had greit dreid throw yair schoir.
He lykit nocht for to cum to thair peis,
For thy in Fyfe thay wald nocht lat him ceis.
To pas ouir Tay, as than it micht nocht be,
For Inglismen sair reullit that cuntrie.
Out of that land he stall away be nicht,
Auchtene with him, that worthy war & wicht.

And als his Sone, that was in tender eild,
Bot efter sone, he couth weill wappinis weild.
At Striuiling brig, or that the wache was set,
Thair passit he, the way withouttin let.
In Dūdaf mure schir Johne ye Grahame he socht,
Ane woman him tald, as yai before was wrocht.
Vnto ane strenth, he went vpon the morne,
Lanerk was tane with zoung Thomas of Thorne.
Hay and Lundy thay micht na langer remane,
Be south Tynto to iudge thay maid in plane.
Schir Johne ye grahame gat wit yat yai war yair
To thame he past, withouttin process mair.
Wallange gart bring fra Carlile cariage,
To stuf Bothwell, baith wyne and gude bernage.
Lundy and Grahame gat wit of that vittall,
Richt suddandly thay maid thame to assaill.
Fyftie thay war of Nobill Cheualry,
Iganis four scoir of Inglis cumpany.
Ane Squyar than, keipit the cariage,
All Brankistuhait haill, that was his heritage.
Lundy & Grahame, met with yat Squyar wicht,
Feill Inglismen, derfly to deith thay dicht.
Sertie was slane vpon the Sutheroun syde,
And fyue Scottis, sa baldly thay abyde.
Greit gude thay wan, baith gold and vther geir,
Vittall and hors, thus hapnit in this weir.
Syne yai haue sene, weill lang yai micht not lest,
Into that land, for thy thay thocht it best.
To seik sum place, in strenth that thay micht byde
For Sutheroun folk had plenesit on Ilk syde.
Lundyis iudge thay lest vpon ane nicht,
Into the Lennox thay past the way full richt.
To Erll Malcolme that keipit that cuntrie,

Fra

Fra Inglismen throw help of thair supplie.
Setoun and Lyle into the Bas abaid,
For Inglismen sa greit maistrie had maid.
That all the South was tane into thair hand,
And How ye Hay thay send into Ingland.
And vther Iirls, to presoun at thair will,
The Northisd Lordis saw na help come yame till
Ane Squyar Guthrie, amang yame ordanit thay,
To warne Wallace in all the haist he may.
Out of Abirbrothok he passit to the se,
And at the Sluce land takin sone hes he.
In Flanderis land na residence he maid,
In France he past, bot Wallace weill abaid.
On his purpois, in Guyan at the weir,
On Inglismen he had done mekill deir.
Quhill gude Guthrie had gottin his presence,
He haistit fast, and maid na residence.
He hes him tauld, with Scotland how it stude,
Than Wallace said. thir tythingis ar nocht gude.
I had exempill of tymes that is by worne,
Trewis to bynd, with yame that is manesworne.
Bot I as than, couth nocht think of sic thing,
Becaus that we tuik peice with thair fals King.
Be thair Chancellar the tother peice was bunoin
And that full fair our foir Elderis hes fundin.
Vnder that trew yai gart auchtene scoir de,
That Nobillis war, the best in our cuntrie.
To the greit God, my abow heir I mak,
Peice with that King think I neuer to tak.
He sall repent that he this weir began,
Thus mouit he with mony Royall man.
Vnto the King, and tald him his Iuuent,
To lat him pas the King wald nocht consent.

Quhill Wallace thair, maid promeis be his hand,
Gif euer agane he thocht to leif Scotland.
To cum to him, his greit Seill he him gaif,
Of quhat Lordschip that he lykit to haif.
Thus at the King ane hastie leif tuik he,
Na man with him he brocht of that cuntrie.
Bot his awin men, and Schir Thomas ye Kniche
In Flanderis land, thay past with all pair mycht.
Guthzeis Barge at the Sluce couth ly still,
To ye sey yat went, with ane full egir will.
Baith Forth and Tay, thay left and passit by,
On the North coist, gude Guthzie was thair gy.
In Montros hauin thay brocht him to the land,
To trew Scottis it was ane blyith tythand.
Schir Jehne Ramsay, yat worthy was & wicht,
Fra Ouchtirhous the way he cheillit richt.
To meit Wallace with men of armis strang,
For his dwelling, thay had thocht wounder lang.
The trew Rothuen come als withouttin baid,
In Birnane wod he had his ludgeing maid.
Barklay, Bissat, to Wallace semblit fast,
With thze hundreth to Ouchtirhous he past.

(F)(+)(E)

¶ The Tent Buik declairis how Wallace wan Sanct Johnstoun be ane Jeopardie. Ca. j.

THe latter day of August fell this cace,
For the reskew thus ordanit gude Wallace.
Of Sanct Johnstoū, yat Sutheroun occu-
Fast towart Tay thay passit and espyit. (pyit
Or it was day vnder Kynnoull thame laid,

Out

Out of the toun, as Scottismen to him said:
Thair seruandis Ischit with Cartis, hay to leid,
Swa was it suith, and hapnit in that steid.
Than ser thair come, and brocht bot Cartis thze,
Quhen yai of hay was leidand belylie.
Guthzie with ten, in handis hes thame tane,
Pat all to deith, of thame he saifit nane.
Wallace in haist, gart tak thair vmest weid,
And siclyke men thay wanlit weill gude speid.
Four was richt gude, Wallace him self tuik ane,
Ane Russet cloik, and with him gude Rothuen.
Guthzie, Bissat, and als gude zemen twa,
In that Ilk fute, thay graithit thame to ga.
Fyftene thay tuik, of men of armis wicht,
In Ilk Cart hyue, thay ordanit out of sicht.
Full subtellie thay couerit thame with hay,
Syne to the toun thay went the ganest way.
Thir Carteris had schort swordis of gude steill,
Under thair weid, callit furth the Cartis weill.
Schir John Ramsay, baid in the buschemēt still,
Quhen myster war, to help yame with gude will.
Thir trew Carteris past on withouttin let,
Attour the brig, and enterit at the zet.
Quhen thay war in, thair cloikis kest thame fra,
Gude Wallace than the cheif portar couth ta.
Upon the heid, quhill deid he hes him left,
Syne vther twa the lyfe fra thame he reft.
Guthzie, Bissat, did richt weill in the toun,
And Rothuen als, dang of thair fey men doun.
The armit men, that in the Cartis war brocht,
Rais vp and weill thair deuoir dewly wrocht.
Upon the gait thay gart fell Sutheroun de,
Than Ramsays spy, hes sene thame get entre.

The buſchement brak baith brig and port hes wyn
Into the toun greit ſtryfe thair was begun.
Twentie and ane or Ramſay come in plane,
within the toun had fourtie Sutheroun ſlane.
The Ingliſmen to array was nocht gane,
The Scottis as than, laiſer leit yame haue nane.
Fra gude Ramſay with his men enterit in,
Thay faiffit nane, was knawin of Sutheroũ kin.
And Longoueill, ye worthy Knicht ichir Thomas
Preuit weill thair, and mony vther place.
Againis his dynt, few Ingliſmen micht ſtand,
Wallace in him greit faith and kyndnes kand.
The Sutheroun part ſaw weil ye toun was tynt
Feirſly thay fled, as fyre dois of the flynt.
Sum fled, ſum fell, into draw dykis deip,
Sum to the kirk, thair lyfe gif thay micht keip.
Sum fled to Tay, and in ſmall beſchell zeid,
Sum derfly deit, and drownit in that dreid.
Schir Johne Pſewart at the weſt zet out paſt,
To Methuen wod he ſped him wounder faſt.
Ane hundreth men the kirk tuik for ſuccour,
Bot Wallace wald na grace grant in that hour.
He bad ſlay all of cruell Sutheroun kyn,
Thame for to ſlay, he ſaid it was na ſyn.
Four hundreth men within the toun was deid,
Sewin ſcoir on lyfe, chaipit out of that ſteid.
Wyfis and barnis, thay maid thame fre to ga,
With Wallace will he wald ſlay nane of tha.
Riches thay fand, that Ingliſmen had brocht new
Pleneiſd the toun, with worthy Scottis trew.
Schir Johne Pſewart left Methuen Foreſt ſtrag
Nocht to the Gaſk full feill Sutheroun amang.
And ſyne in Fyfe quhair Wallange Schireff was
Maid

Maid Scurriouris fone, out throw ye lãd to pas.
And gadderit men, ane ſtalwart cumpany,
To Ardagane he drew thame priuatly.
Ordanit thame in reddy bergane bown,
Igane he thocht to ſailze Sanct Johnſtoun.
Quhair Wallace lay, and wald na langer reſt,
Reullit the toun, as than him lykit beſt.
Schir Johne Ramſay greit Capitane ordanit he,
Rothuen Schireff, at ane accord to be.
This charge he gaif, gif men yame warning maid
To cum to him, withouttin mair abaid.
And ſa yai did, quhen tythingis was yame brocht
With ane hundreth Wallace turth fra yame ſocht.

¶The Battell of Blak Irne ſyde Foreſt. Ca. ij.

IN Fyfe he paſſit, to beſy that cuntrie,
Bot wrang warnit of Ingliſmen was he.
Schir Johne Pſewart, quhẽ yai war paſſit (by,
Fra the Dychell he ſped him haiſtely.
Upon Wallace followit with all his micht,
In Abirnethy tuik iudgeing that nicht.
Upon the morne with fyftene hundreth men,
To Blak Irneſyde, as his gydis couth him ken.
Thair Wallace was, and micht na meſſage ſend,
To Sanct Johnſtoun, to mak this Journey kẽd.
For Ingliſmen that full ſubtill hes bene,
Greit wachis warnit, yat nane micht pas betuene
Than Wallace ſaid, this mater plesis nocht me,
He callit to him the Squyar gude Guthrie.
And Biſſat als, that knew full weill the land,
And aſkit at yame quhat deid was beſt on hand.
Meſſage to mak, our power for to get,

With feill Sutheroun we will be vnbeſet.
And wickit Scottis that knawis this Foreſt beſt
Thay ar the caus that we may haue na reſt.
I dreid far mair Wallange that is the gyde,
Than all the laif, that cūmis vpon that ſyde.
Than Guthrie ſaid, micht we get anis our Tay,
To Sanct Johnſtoun it war the ganeſt way.
And warne Ramſay, we wald get ſuccour ſone,
Quir ſuith it is, that can nocht weill be done.
Richt weill I wait, Weſchell is leuit nane,
Fra the wod hauin, to ye Ferry callit Arrane.
Than Wallace ſaid, the watter awfull is,
My ſelf can ſwoume, I trow and aill na myſ.
Bot currour vſe accordis nocht for me,
And leif zow heir, zit had I leuar de.
Throw Goddis grace we ſall better eſchew,
The ſtrenth is ſtrang, and we ar men anew.
In Elchok Park bot fourtie men war we,
For ſeuin hundreth, and gart feill Sutheroun de.
Eſchaipit weill in mony vnlykly place,
Sa ſall we heir, throw help of Goddis grace.
Quhill men may laſt, we may this wod hald ſtill,
For thy I vil man be of trew hardy will.
And that we do ſa Nobilly into deid,
Of vs be fund, eftir na lak to reid.
The richt is ouris, we ſuld mair ardent be,
I think to freith this land or ellis de.
His waillit ſpeiche, with wit and hardiment,
Maid all the laif ſa cruell of Intent.
Sum bad tak feild, and gif battell in plane,
Wallace ſaid nay, thay wordis ar in vane.
We will nocht leif, that may be our auantage,
This wod to vs is worth ane zeiris wage.

Of

Of hewin tymmer in haiſt he gart thame tak,
Sillis of Aik, and ane greit Barreris mak.
At ane four front, faſt in the Foreſt ſyde,
Maid ane greit ſtrēth quhair yai purpoſit to byde.
Stellit thame faſt, to treis that growand was,
That thay micht weill in fra the Barreris pas.
And ſe thair vaill on ather ſyde about,
Syne cum agane, quhen yai ſaw yair was dout.
Be that this ſtrenth arrayit was at richt,
The Inglis Oſt approchit to thair ſicht.
Than Pſewart come, yat way for to haue wend,
That thay war wont, his gydis ſa him kend.
At thair entre, thay thocht to haue paſſage,
Bot ſone thay fand, yat maid yame greit ſkopage.
Ane thouſand he led of men in armis ſtrang,
With fyue hundreth he gart John Wallāge gang.
Without the wod, that nane ſuld chaip him fra,
Wallace with him had fourtie Archearis thra.
The laif was ſpeiris, full Nobill in ane neid,
On thair enemeis thay bikker with greit ſpeid.
Ane cruell counter was at the Barreris ſene,
The Scottis defence, ſa ſicker was and kene.
Sutheroun ſtude aw, to enter thame amang,
Feill to the ground, yai ouirthrew in that thrang.
Ane rowme was left, quhair part of front micht
Quha enterit in, agane zeid neuer mair. (fair,
Fourtie thay ſlew, that ganewart vald haue paſt
All diſarayit, the Oſt was all agaſt.
Ane part of hors throw ſchot to deith was brocht,
Brak to ane plane, the Sutheroun to thame ſocht
Than Pſewart ſaid, allace how may this be,
And do na harme, our greit rebute haue we.
He callit Wallange, and aſkit his counſall,

Schiref thow art, quhat may vs maist auaill.
Bot few thay ar, that makis this greit debait,
Johne Wallange said, this is the best I wait.
To ceis heirof, and remane heir beside,
For thay may nocht lang in this Forest byde.
For fait of fude thay man in the cuntrie,
Than war mair tyme to mak on thame melle.
Or thay be wyn, on force into this stryfe,
Feill that ze leid, sall erar leis the lyfe.
Than Ple wart said, this rede I will nocht tak,
And Scottis be warnit, reskew sone will cal gar mak
Of this despite amendis I think to haif,
Or de thair foir in number with the laif.
Into ane range my self on fute will fair,
Aucht hundreth he tuik, the lykliest yat was yair.
Syne bad the laif byde at the Barreris still,
With Johne Wallange to reull yame at his will.
Wallange he said be fordwart in this cace,
In sic ane straif, we couth nocht get Wallace.
Tak or slay him, I promeis be my lyfe,
That King Edward sall mak the Erll of Fyfe.
At zone Eist part we think to enter in,
I bad na mair, micht ze this Barreris wyn.
Fra thay be closit graithly amang vs sa,
Bot meruell be, thay sall na farther ga.
Assailze fair, quhen ze wit we cum neir,
On ather syde we sall hald thame on steir.
Thus Plewart thair vpon ane awfull wyse,
Wallace hes sene, quhat hes bene thair deuyse.
Gude men he said, vnderstand this deid,
Forsuth he said, thay ar richt mekill to dreid.
Sone Plewart is ane worthy Nobill Knicht,
Fordwart in weir, richt hardy, wyse, and wicht.

His

His assailze he ordanis wounder fair,
Vs for to harme, mānis wit can do na mair.
Plesand it is, ane wyse Chiftane to ga,
Sa Chiftane lyke, it suld greit comfort ma.
To his awin men, and thay of worschip be,
Than for to se ten thousand cowartis fle.
Sen we ar set, with enemeis on Ilk syde,
And heir on force mon in this Forest byde.
That all the laif of vs abaissit be,
Assay the first, for Goddis saik cruellie.
Craufurd he left, and Longoueill the Knicht,
Fourtie with thame, to keip the Barreris wicht.
With him sertie, all worthy men in weid,
To meit Plewart, with hardy will he zeid.
Ane maner of dyke, into the wod was maid,
Of thortour ryis, baldly he thair abaid.
Ane dounwith vaill the Sutheroun to yame had,
Sone semblit thay, with straikis fair and sad.
Scharp speiris than, duschand on ather syde,
Throw birneis bucht, maid woūdis deip & wyde.
The vantage was, the Scottis thame dantit sa,
That na Inglismen durst fra his fellowis ga.
To bek array, or formest enter in,
Of cristynit blude to se it was greit sin.
For wrangous caus, and hes bene mony day,
Feill Inglismen in the dyke deid thair lay.
Speiris full sone, all into splenderis sprang,
With scharp swordis thay hewit on in thrang.
Blude brist out throw fyne harnes and maill,
Johne Wallange als, full scharply can assaill.
Vpon Craufurd, and the Knicht Longoueill,
With thair power keipit the Barreris weill.
Maid gude defence, be wit, manheid, and micht,

Ie the entre ſeill men to deith thay dicht.
Thus all ataris thay ſaillzeit ather place,
Nane that was thair durſt turne fra ye Barrace.
To help Wallace na man of his durſt pas,
To reſkew thame,ſa fell the fechting was.
At ather hand thay handillit war full hait,
Bot do or de,na ſuccour ellis thay wait.
Wallace was ſtad into that ſtalwart ſtour,
Guthrie,Biſſat,with men of greit valour.
Richard Wallace,that worthy was of hand,
Pſewart meruellit,yat contrair yame micht ſtād.
That euer ſa few micht byde in battell place,
Aganis thame,and machit face for face.
He thocht him ſelf,to end that mater weill,
Faſt preſſit in,with ane gude brand of ſteill.
Into the dyke,ane Scottis man gart he de,
Wallace thairfoir in hart had greit pietie.
Ane mendis to haue,he followit on him faſt,
Bot Inglißmen ſa thick betuix thame paſt:
That vpon him,ane ſtraik get culd he nocht,
Uther worthy deidly to deith he brocht.
Sloppis thay maid throw all the Cheualry,
The hardy Scottis than wrocht ſa worthely.
Than Sutheroun ſaw of thair gude men ſa dreſt,
Langer to byde,yame thocht it nocht the beſt.
Four ſcoir war ſlane,or thay wald leif the ſteid.
And fyftie ais was at the Barreris deid.
Ane Trumpet blew, and fra the wod thay drew,
Wallange left of,that ſicht fra that he ſaw.
To ſaillze mair,thay thocht it was na ſpeid,
Without the wod to counſall ſone thay zeid.
The worthy Scottis,to reit thame was full faine
Fell hurtis thay had,bot few of thame was ſlane.

Wallace

Wallace bad all,of gude comfort to be,
Thankit be God,the fairar part haue we.
Zone knicht Pſewart hes at greit Journeyis
Sa fair aſſay I haue bot ſeildin ſene. (beue
I had leuar on Wallange wrokin be,
Than ony man that is of zone menze.
The Scottis all vnto the Barreris zeid,
Stanchit woundis,that couth full braithly bleid.
Sum Scottiſmen had bled full mekill blude,
For falt of drynk,and als wanting of fude.
Sum febillit faſt,that had feill hurtis thair,
Wallace thairfoir ſichit with hart full ſair.
Ane hat he hint to get watter is game,
Uther refuge as than he wiſt of nane.
Ane lytill ſtrand he fand that ran him by,
Of cleir watter he brocht thame aboundantly.
And drank him ſelf,ſyne ſaid with ſober mude,
The wyne in France me thocht not half ſa gude.
Than of the day,thre quarteris was ouir went,
Schir Johne Pſewart, hes caſſin in his Intent.
To ſaillze mair,as than he couth nocht preik,
Quhill on the morne that new men couth releik.
And keip thame in,quhill thay for honger ſoir,
Cum in his will,or ellis de thairfoir.
Wallange he ſaid, I charge the for to byde,
And keip thame in,quhill I to Cowper ryde.
Thow ſall remane with fyue hundreth at thy will
And I ye morne with power ſall cum the till.
Johne Wallange ſaid, this charge heir I forſaik,
Efter this day,all nicht I may nocht waik.
Bot traiſtis weill,thay will I ſchye to the plane,
Thocht ze byde ais,or ellis de in the paine.
Pſewart bad byde,or vnderly the blame,

I the command on gude King Edwardis name.
Or heir to God, abow I mak beforne,
And thay brek out to hyng the hie the morne.
Of his command John Wallange had greit dreid
Pslewart fra thame with nyne scoir into deid.
Nirt hand the wod, and his gude men of Fyfe,
The Scottis was blyith, quhē ỳ yat hard sic tryse.
Wallace drew neir, his tyme quhen yat he saw,
To the wod syde, and couth on Wallange caw.
That Knicht hes hecht ye morne to hang the hie,
Cum in to vs, I sall thy warrand be.
In contrair him, and all King Edwardis micht,
Tak we him quyk, we sall him hang on hicht.
Ane gude Lordschip I sall the gif heir Eist,
In this Ilk land that thy brother hes leist.
Wallange was wyse, full sone couth vnderstand,
Be lyklines Wallace suld wyn the land.
And better him war, into the richt to byde,
Than be in weir vpon the tother syde.
With schort auysement, to Wallace in thay socht,
Than Pslewart cryit, and said that beis for nocht.
And fals of kynd, thow art of heritage,
Edward on the hes euill wairit greit wage.
Heir I sall byde, my purpois to fulfill,
Outher to de, or haue the at my will.
For all his speiche, to pas yat wald nocht spair,
With full glaid hart Wallace reſſaut yame yair.
Be that Rothwen, and Ramsay of Renoun,
Wt ane trew Scot, yat past to Sãct Johnstoun.
Thame warning maid, yat Pslewart followit fast
Vpon Wallace, than war thay sair agast.
Out of the toun, I sicht in all thair micht,
Nyth thre hundreth, yat worthy war and wicht.

To

To Blak Irneſyde assemblit in that place,
As Wallange was gane in to gude Wallace.
The Knicht Pslewart hes weill thair cūming sene
Ane fair plane feild he cheisit thame betuene.
Elleuin hundreth, and four scoir than had he,
The Scottis men, war fyue hundreth and sertie.
Thir was bot few, ane plane feild for to tak,
Out of the wod gude Wallace can him mak.
He wist na wit of thame that cūmand was,
Nair hardiment was fra the ſtrenth to pas.
Bot quhen he hard, Rothuen and Ramsay cry,
Of Ouchtirhous blyith was this Chenalry.
Micht thay of gold, haue brocht ane Kingis rent,
To gude Wallace micht nocht sa weill content.
Than to array thay zeid on ather syde,
In cruell Ire at battell bowne to byde.
Worthyer men than Pslewart semblit thair,
In all his tyme Edward had neuer mair.
Bot Pslewart saw his number was far ma,
His power sone he gart deuyde in twa.
To fecht in that caus Knichtly he thame kend,
In that Journey outher to wyn or end.
The worthy Scottis yat first amang yame baid,
Full greit slauchter on Inglismen thay maid.
Into the wod befoir had preuit weill,
Than on the plane thay sonzeit neuer adeill.
In curage grew, as thay war new begun,
Schort rest thay had, fra rysing of the Sone.
Be that Ramsay, and gude worthy Rothuane,
Throw out the thickest of the preis is gane.
Sloppis thay maid amang the Inglismen,
Disseuerit thame be twentie, and be ten.
Quhen speiris war gane, with swordis of mettel

To Inglismen thair cũming sauld full deir.
Wallace and his be worthynes of hand,
Feill Sutheroun blude gart licht vpon ye land.
The twa feildis togidder reillit than,
Schir Johne Ɏlewart with mony Nobill man.
To help thair Lord thre hundreth in ane place,
Abour him stude,and did thair besynes.
Defendand him with mony awfull dynt,
Quhill all the outwart of the feild was tynt.
Of commounis part,into the Forest fled,
Succour to seik, thir men sa had thame led.
The Scottis hes sene sa mony in ane rout,
With Ɏlewart stand, that Inueronit him about,
Vpon all sydis,assailzeit wounder sair,
The polest plaitis with poyntis peirsit bair.
The Sutheroun maid defence full cruelly,
All occuppit was this Nobill Cheualry.
Schir Johne Ramsay wald thay had zoldin bene
Wallace said nay,it is all wrang ze mene.
Ransoun to tak,we can nocht now begin,
On sic ane wyse,this land ze may nocht win.
Zone Knicht of auld our enemie hes bene,
Sa fell to vs, of thame I haue nocht sene.
Now he sall de throw help of Goddis grace,
Ye come to pay his Ransoun in this place.
The Sutheroun saw,and wist planely to de,
Reskew was nane,suppois that thay wald fle.
Freschly thay raucht,as thay had enterit new,
Vpon our syde part worthy men thay slew.
Thã Ɏlewart said,allace throw wrangous thing
Our lyfis we lois,for deffyze of our king.
That fellonn Knicht dourit his lyfe richt nocht,
Amang the Scottis full manfully he wrocht.

Billet

Billet he straik to deith for outtin mair,
Wallace preuit with his sword birneist bair.
At Ɏlewartis hals,he ettillit with greit Ire,
Throw pesane sted, in sunder straik the swyre.
Deid to the ground he ruschit for all his micht,
Be Wallace,and thus endit that gude Knicht.
The remanent without mercy thay sla,
For gude Billet, the Scottis was wounder wa.
In handis sum,thay stikkit but remeid,
Na Sutheroun past with lyfe out of that steid.
Than to the wod,for thame that left the feild,
Ane range thay set thus micht thay get na beild.
Zeid nane away was contrair our opinioun,
Gude Rothuen past agane to Sanct Johnstoun.
Schir Johne Ramsay to Cowper Castell raid,
That hous he tuik, for defence nane was maid.
Wallace, Craufurd,and with yame gude Guthrie
Richard Wallace had lang bene in mellie.
And Longueill into Lundoris baid still,
Fastit thay had to lang agane thair will.
Wallange thay maid thair Stewart for to be,
Of meit and drink thay fand aboundantlie.
The power fled,and durst na langer byde,
That was befoir vpon the Sutheroun syde.
Vpon the morne to Sanctandrois thay past,
Out of the toun that Bischop bownit fast.
The King of Ingland had him thidder send,
That rent at will he gaik him in commend.
His Kingis charge,as than he durst nocht hald,
Ane wrangous Pape yat Tyran micht be cald.
Few fled with him,and gat away be see,
For all Scotland,Wallace he wald nocht se.
Of him as than, he maid bot licht record,

Gart reskoir him, that thair was richteous Lord.
The worthy knicht that into Cowper lay,
Gart spuilze it vpon the secund day.
Syne ordanit men, at the command of Wallace,
But mair proces for to cast doun the place.
Wyndouris gart sone pers out throw the wall,
Syne puncionis fyrit, vnto the ground kest all.
Schir Johne Ramsay syne to Carrell can fair,
Sutheroun was fled, and left bot wallis bair.
Efter Oslewart thay durst nocht tary lang,
The Scottis at large out throw all Fyfe yai răg.
Na Inglismen was left in that cuntrie,
Bot in Lochleuin thair baid ane cumpanie.
Vpon that Inche in small houslis thay licht,
Castell was nane, bot wallit with watter wicht.
Besyde Carrell semblit Wallace befoyne,
His purpois was for to assay Kingoyne.
Ane Knicht Mwlgraif, Capitane in it was,
Be schoyt auyse he purposit for to pas.
Erar he wald byde challange of his King,
Than with Wallace to reckin for sic thing.
That hous thay tuik, and lytill tary maid,
Vpon the moyne withouttin mair abaid.
Atour the mure, quhair thay the tryst had set,
Neir Scotland well thair lidging tuik but let.
Efter Supper, Wallace bad thame ga rest,
Wy self will walk, me think it may be best.

¶ The wynning of Lochleuin. Cap. iij.

AS he commãdit but grunching yai haue done,
Into thair sleip Wallace him grauthit sone.
Past to Lochleuin as it was neir mydnicht.

Auchtene with him, that he had wayrit richt
Thir men weind weill he come to bene it,
Fellowis he said, I do zow weill to wit.
Consídder weill this place and vnderstand,
That it may do full greit skaith to Scotland.
Out of the south, and power cum thame till,
Thay may tak in, to keip at thair awin will.
Vpon zone Inche richt mony men may be,
And syne I sche out, thair tyme quhen yat yai se.
To byde langer heir we may nocht vpon chance,
Zone folk hes fude, traist weill at sufficance,
Watter fra thame, forsuith can nocht be fet,
Sum vther wyle behouis vs for to get.
Ze sall remane heir at this part all still,
And I my self the boit sall bring zow till,
Thair with his weid in haist of castis he,
Vpon zone syde na wache man can I se.
Held on his sark, and tuik his sword sa gude,
Bund on his nek, syne lap into the flude,
And ouir he swame, for letting had he nocht,
The Boit he tuik, and to his men it brocht.
Arrayit him weill, and wald na langer byde,
Bot passit in, and rowit to the tother syde.
The Inche yai tuik, with drawin swordis in hãd,
Thay spairit nane, that thay befoir thame fand.
Straik durris vp, and stikkit men quhair yai lay,
Vpon the Sutheroun this sadly sembill thay.
Threttie thay slew, that was into that place,
To mak defence, the Inglismen had na space.
Thair wemen syne, was send out of that steid,
Wemen nor barnis, he gart neuer put to deid.
The gude thay tuik, as it had bene thair awin,
Than Wallace said, fellowis I mak zow knawin

The purley gane that is within thir wanis,
We will nocht tyne, gif sembill vs all at anis.
Lat warne Ramsay, and our gude men Ilkane,
I will remane quhill that this stuff be gane.
Send furth ane man thair horsis for to keip,
Drew vp the bolt, syne beddis full to sleip.
Wallace power, heir Scotland well quhilis lay,
Before the Sone thay mysit him away.
Sum mening maid, and meruellit of that cace,
Ramsay bad ceis, and murne nocht for Wallace.
It is for gude, that he is fra vs went,
That fair ye se, and trauit weill werraiment.
Wy held to wed, Lochleuin he pasit to se,
Bot in that place, na Inglismen knew he.
Into this land, betuix thir watteris left,
Tythingis of him, full sone ze sall heir eft.
Is thay about war thipand on this wyse,
Ane tlage come, and chargit thame to ryse.
Wy Lord he said, to Dinner hes zow cald,
Into Lochleuin, quhilk is aye hailsit hald.
Ze sall fair weill, thairfoir put of all sorrow,
Thay graithit thame, richt airly on the morrow.
And throddee past, of Wallace will to wit,
Thair semblit in, ane full blyith fellowschip.
Thay lugit yame fair, quhil thir dayis was at end
Of ilteis and drink, thay had aneuch to spend.
Turnit furth geir, that Southertoun had brocht yair
Gart bryn the boit, to Sanct Johnstoun yai fair.
Bischop Sinklar, that worthy was and wyse,
To Wallace come, and tauld him his anyse.
Thus he desyrit Wallace with him wald ryde,
And in Dunkeld Sotozne that wynter tyde.
Bot he said nay, that hald I nocht the best,

And

And Scotland thus, in peice we can nocht rest.
The Bischop said, planely ze may nocht wend,
Into the North, for men I reid zow send.
I grant (quod he) and cheisit ane messingair,
The worthy Jop was with the Bischop thair.
And Maister Blair, quhill Wallace come yai baid
With yat gude Lord, yat Nobill cheir yame maid.
Wallace send Blair, into his Dailis weid,
To warne ȝ west, quhair freindis had greit dreid.
How thay suld pas, or to gude Wallace wyn,
For Inglismen, that held thame lang in twyn.
Adam Wallace, and Lindesay that wicht,
Rauthlic thay left, and went away by nicht.
Throw out the land, to the Lennox thay fair,
To Erll Malcolme, that welcumit yame full zair.
Maister Johne Blair, was blyith of that semblie,
Gude Grahame was, yair, and Richard of Ludie.
Als Robert Boyd, that out of Bute thame socht,
Gat yai Wallace, of na thing than thay rocht.
Bot Inglismen betuix thame was sa strang,
That thay in plane, micht nocht weill to him gang.
Jop passit on, for na thing wald he let,
Greit power than, as thair he couth nocht get.
The Lord Cumyng, that Erll of Buchane was,
For auld Inuy, he wald lat na man pas.
That he micht lat in gude Wallace supplie,
The Erll Patrik at plane feild beipit he.
Nic pure men come, and preuit all thair micht,
To help Wallace in fence of Scotlandis richt.
The gude Randall in tender age was kend,
Yarr of gude men out of Murray he send.
Jop passit agane, and come in presence sone,
Before Wallace, and tauld how thay had done.

Bot Maiſter Blair,ſa gude tythingis him brocht,
That of the Cumyng Wallace full lytill rocht.
Als Ingliſmen, than had full mekill dreid,
Fra Fyfe was tynt, the war thay trowit to ſpeid.
The Duke and Erll that tyme in Scotland led,
Capitanis thay maid,in Ingland ſyne thay ſped.
Wallace him bownit,quhe he thocht tyme ſuld be,
Fra Sanct Johnſtoun, and tuik with him fyftie.
Steuin of Ireland, and Keirly yat was wicht,
For Ingliſmen thay had haldin the richt.
In waith men weid,and fendit thame richt weill
To gude Wallace thay war als trew as ſteill.
To follow him,thay twa thocht neuer lang,
Throw the Dychell, thay maid yame for to gang.
Of mair power he tarvit nocht that tyde,
To keip the land the laik he gart abyde.
To Striuilling brig,as than he wald nocht pas,
For ſtrang power of Ingliſmen thair was.

¶The wynning of Erth. Cap. iiij.

TO Erth Ferry thay paſſit priuatly,
And duſkit thame in ane dern ſteid thair by.
Ane crivell Capitane in Erth dwelt that zeir.
In Ingland borne, and hecht Thomlin of weir.
Ane hundreth men was at his leiding ſtill,
To bruik that land thay did power and will.
Ane Scottis fiſchear quhilk yat had tane befoyne,
Contrair his will, gart him be to thame ſwoyne.
In thair ſeruice thay held him day and nicht,
Befoir the Sone Wallace gart Jop him dicht.
And ſend him furth the paſſage to eſpy,
On that fiſchear he hapnit ſuddandly.

All

All him allane, bot ane boy that was thair,
Jop hynt him ſone,and for na dreid wald ſpair.
Be the collar,and out ane knyfe pullit he,
For Goddis ſaik this man aſkit mercie.
Jop ſpeirit ſone,of quhat Natioun art thow,
Ane Scot he ſaid, bot Sutheroun gart me bow.
In thair ſeruice,aganis my will full ſair,
Bot for my lyfe,that I remanit thair.
To ſeik fiſche I come on this Northſyde,
Be ze ane Scot,I wald fane with zow byde.
Than he him brocht in preſence to Wallace,
The Scottis was blyith, quhen yai haue ſene yis
For with his boit yai micht weil paſſage haif,(cace
For Ferry craft he thocht nocht for to craif.
Upon that ſyde,lang ſpace thay tarvit nocht,
In the ſouth land with glaid harris thay ſocht.
Syne brak the boit,quhen thay war landit thair,
Seruice of it,Sutheroun micht haue na mair.
Than throw the Mos, thay paſſit full gude ſpeid,
To the Torwod yat man with thame thay leid.
The Wedow thair, brocht tythingis to Wallace,
Of his trew Eme,that dwelt in Donypace.
Thomlin of weir,in preſoun had him ſet,
For mair treſour ya nhe befoir micht get.
Wallace ſaid Dame he ſall weill louſit be,
The mone be none,or ma thairfoir ſall de.
Scho gat thame meit,and in quyet thay baid,
Quhill it was nicht, ſyne reddy ſone thay maid.
Towart Erth hall,richt ſuddandly thame drew,
Ane ſtrenth thair was,yat weill ye fiſchear knew.
Of draw dykis,and full of watter wan,
Wyſelie thairof hes warnit thame this man.
On the bak ſyde he led thaime priuatlie

Fra the watter, as wount to cum was he.
Our ane ſmall hzig, gude Wallace enterit in,
Into the hall him ſelf thocht to begin.
Fra the Supper, as thay war bown to ryſe,
He ſaluſt thame vpon ane awfull wyſe.
His men him followit, ſuddandly atanis,
Haiſtie ſozrow was raſit in thay wanis.
With ſcheirād ſwozdis, ſcharply about yame dang
Feill on the flure, was fellit thame amang.
With Thomlin weir, Wallace him ſelf hes met,
Ane felloun ſtraik ſadly vpon him ſet.
Thzow heid and ſwyze, all thzow ye coiſt him claik
The wozthy Scottis faſt ſtukkit of the laik.
Keipit durris, and to the deith thame dicht,
To chaip away, the Sutheroun had na micht.
Sum wyndois ſocht foz to haue bzokin out,
Bot all foz nocht, full fey was maid that rout.
About the fyze buſchit the blude ſa Reid,
Ane hundzeth men was ſlane into that ſteid.
Than Wallace ſocht quhair his Uncle ſuld be,
In ane deip Coif he was ſet dulefullie.
Quheir watter ſtude, and he in Irnis ſtrang,
Wallace full ſone, the bzais vp he dang.
Of that myzk hoill, bzocht him with ſtrenth a liſt,
Bot noyis he hard, of na thing ellis he wiſt.
Sa blyith befoir, in warld he had nocht bene,
And thair with ſichit, quhen he had Wallace ſene.
In dykis out, the deid bodyis thay keſt,
Grauthit the place, as that thame lykit beſt.
Maid full gude cheir, and wyſe wachis thay ſet,
Quhill neir the day, thay ſleip withouttin let.
Quhen thay had ſicht, ſpuilzeit the place in hy,
Fand ganand geir, bauth gold and Jowalry.

Quir

Quir all that day in quyet held thame ſtill,
Quhē Sutheroun come, reſſauit yame with gude will.
In yat laubour ye Scottis was ful bane,
Ingliſmen come in, bot nane zeid out agane.
Wemen and barnis put in pzeſoun and caik,
Sa thay micht mak na warning to the laik.
Steuin of Ireland, and Keirly yat was wicht,
Keipit the pozt vpon the ſecund nicht.
Befoir the day the wozthy Scottis rais,
Curſſit gude geir, and to the Tozwod gais.
Remanit thair, quhill nicht was cūmin on hand,
Syne bowmit thame in quyet thzow the land.
The wedow ſone, fra thay war paſſit dout,
Ane ſeruand ſend, and leit the wemen out.
To pas fra Erth, quhair yat yame lykit beſt,
Now ſpeik of thame, that went into the weſt.

¶ How Wallace bzynt the Ingliſmen in Dunbertane. Cap. v.

WAllace him ſelf was ſicker gyde that nicht,
To Dunbartane the way he cheiſit richt.
Oz it was day, foz than the nicht was lang,
Vnto the toun full pzimatly thay gang.
Mekill of it Ingliſmen occuppit,
Gude Waallce ſone, thzow ane dark garth him
Vnto ane hous quhair he was wont to ken, (hyit
Ane wedow dwelt, that was freind to our men.
About hir bed, on the bak ſyde was maid,
Ane dern wyndo, was nouther lang noz bzaid.
Thair Wallace callit, and ſone fra ſcho him knew
In haiſt ſcho rais, and pzimatly him dzew:
To ane cloiſ barn, quhair thay micht keipit be,

Baith meit & drink, scho brocht yame greit plentie.
Ane gudly gift, to Wallace als scho gaif,
Ane hundreth pund, and mair atour the laif.
Syne Sonis scho had, was likly men and wicht,
Ane aith to him scho gart thame sweir full richt.
In peice thay dwelt, in trubill thay had bene,
And tribute payit to Inglis Capitanis kene.
Schir Johne Menteith, the Castell had in hand,
Bot sum men said thair was ane prewe band.
To Sutheroun maid, be meanis of that Knicht,
In thair supplie to be at all his micht.
Thairof as now, I will na proces mak,
Wallace that day, ane schort purpois can tak.
Quhen it was nicht he bad the lebow pas,
And mark the duris, quhair Sutheroun Dwellād
Syne efter this, he and his Chevalry, was.
Graithit thame weill, and wappins tuik in hy.
Went on the gait, quhair Sutheroū was on fer
Ane greit Distillary our Scottis tuik to kep
Ane Inglis Capitane was sittand vp sa lait
Quhen he and his, with drink was maid sa
Syne men was thair, with him set in hie cu
Sum wald haue had gude Wallace in that ra
Sū wald haue būd, schir Johne ye grahame throw
Sū wald haif had guid boyd at swordis ety (brety
Sum wisit Lundy, yat chaipit was in Fyfe,
Sum wichter was, nor Setoun yan in Dryfe.
Quhen Wallace hard, the Sutheroū man sic dyn
He gart all byde, and him allane went in.
The laif remanit to heir of thair tythance,
He saluit thame with sturdy countenance.
Followis he said, sen I come laitfra ame,
In trauell I was, in land our vncouth tame.

Fra

Fra South Ireland I come in this cuntrie,
The new conqueis of Scotland for to se.
Part of your drink, and sum gude I wald haif,
The Capitane than, ane schrewit answer him gaif
Thow semis ane Scot vnlikly vs to spy,
Thow may be ane of Wallace cumpany.
Contrait our King he is rysin agane,
The land of Fyfe he hes riddin in plane.
Thow sall heir byde, quhill we wit how it be,
Be thow of his, thow sall be hangit hie.
Wallace thocht than it was na tyme to stand,
His Nobill sword he grippit sone in hand.
Quir thort the face, drew the Capitane in tene,
Straik all away, that grew abone his Ene.
Ane vther braithly in the breist he bair,
Baith braune & bane, ye buirly blaid throw schair.
The laif ruschit vp, to Wallace in greit Ire,
The thrid he fellit, full derfly in the fyre.
Steuin of Ireland, and Keirly in that thrang,
Keipit na charge, bot enterit thame amang.
And vther ma, that to the dure can preis,
Quhill yai him saw, yair culd na thing thame eis
The Sutheroun men full sone was brocht to deid
The blyith Distillar, bad thame gude aill & breid.
Wallace said nay, quhill we haue laiser mair,
To be our gyde, thow sall befoir vs fair.
And begyn fyre quhair yat the Sutheroun lyis,
The Distillar sone vpon ane haistie wyis.
Hynt fyre in hand, and to ane greit hous zeid,
Quhair Inglismen was into mekill dreid.
For thay wist nocht, quhill yat ye Reid low rais,
As wod beistis amang ye fyre than gais.
With panis fell, ruschit full sorrowfully,

The laif without of our gude Cheualry.
At Ilk hous quhair the Diſtillar began,
Keipit the duris, fra thame chaipit na man.
For all pair micht, thocht king edward had ſworne
Gat nane away, that was of Ingland borne.
Bot outher brynt, or but reſkew was ſlane,
And ſum throw force dreuin in the fyre agane.
Part Scottis folk in ſeruice thame amang,
Fra ony pane frely thay leit thame gang.
Thre hundreth men was to Dunbertane ſend,
To keip the land, as thair Lord had thame kend.
Skaithles of thame, for ay was rhis Regioun,
Wallace or day maid him out of the toun.
Unto the Coif of Dunbertane thay zeid,
And all that day, thair ſoiornit but dreid.
Baith meit and drink the Diſtillar gart be brocht
Quhē nicht was cūmin, in all ye haiſt thay mocht
Towart Roſneith full ernſtly thay gang,
For Inglisnen was in that Caſtell ſtrang.
On the Garloch thay purpois thame to byde,
Betuix the Kirk, that neir was thair beſyde.
And to the Caſtell full priuatly thay ga,
Under ane bray thay lubgit thame full la.
Under the watter quhair commoun vſe had thay
The Caſtell ſtuf vnto the Kirk Ilk day.
Ane mariage als, was that day to begin,
Ill Iſchit out, and left na man thairin.
That ſence micht mak, bot ſeruandis in that place
Thus to that tryſt thay paſſit vpon cace.
Wallace and his drew thame full priuatly,
Neir hand the place, quhen thay war paſſit by.
Within the hall, and thocht to keip that ſteid,
Fra Sutheroun men, or ellis thairfoir be deid.

Compleit

Compleit was maid, the mariage into plane,
Unto Roſneth thay paſſit hame agane.
Four ſcoir and ma, was in that cumpany,
Bot nocht arrayit, as was our Cheualry.
To the Caſtell thay weind to pas but let,
The worthy Scottis ſa hardly on thame ſet.
Fourtie ataunis derfly to ground thay bair,
The remanent effrayit war ſa ſair.
Langer in feild thay had na micht to byde,
Bot feirſly fled fra thame on ather ſyde.
The Scottis thair with, weill hes ye entre win,
And ſlew all thair, that in the hous was fundin.
Syne on the ſtearis followit wounder faſt,
Na Inglisman with lyfe thair fra thame paſt.
The wemen ſone thay ſeiſit into hand,
Keipit thame cloiſ for warning of the land.
And deid bodyis all out of ſicht thay keſt,
Than at gude eis thay maid thame for to reſt.
On thar purueyance ſeuin dayis ludgit thair,
At rude coiſtis, to ſpend thay wald nocht ſpair.
Quhē Sutheroun come, thay tuik thame glaidly
Bot out agane thay leit nane of that kin. (in,
Quhat tythingis ſend the Capitane of yat ſteid,
Thair ſeruitouris the Scottis put to deid.
Spuilzeit the place, and left na gudis thair,
Brak wallis doun, and maid the biggingis bair.
Quhen yat had ſpilt all ſtane werk yat yai mocht,
Syne kendillit fyre, and fra Roſneth thay ſocht.
Quhen thay had brynt all trein werk in yat place
Wallace gart freith the wemen of his grace.
To do thame harme neuer his purpois was,
Than to Falkland, the worthy Scottis can pas.
Quhair Erll Malcolme, was bydand at defence,

Richt blyith he was of Wallace gude preſence.
Than he fand thair ane Nobill cumpany,
Schir Johne ye Grahame, and Richard of Lūdy.
Adam Wallace that worthy was and wyſe,
Barklay, and Boyd, with men mekill to pryſe.
At Criſtynmes, yair Wallace Soiornit ſtill,
Of his mother tythingis was brocht him till.
That tyme befoir, ſcho had left Ellerſlie,
For Inglißmen ſcho durſt nocht in it be.
Fra thyne diſagyſit ſcho paſt in pilgrame weid,
Sum girth to leik, to Dunfermling ſcho zeid.
Seiknes ſcho had, forſuith into that ſteid,
Deceiſſit ſcho was, God tuik hir Spryte to leid.
Quhen Wallace hard yat yir tythingis war trew
How ſadnes ſa, on Ilk ſyde can perſew.
In thank he tuik, becaus it is naturall,
He louit God with ſicker hart and haill.
Better him thocht, as it was hapnit ſa,
Than Sutheroun ſuld put hir to vther wa.
He ordanit Jop, and alſwa maiſter Blair,
Thidder to pas, and for na coiſt to ſpair.
Bot honorabilly ye Corps put in Sepulture,
At his command thay ſeruit all the cure.
Doand thairto, as deith requyzit to haif,
With riche entrie, the Corps thay put in graif.
Agane thay turnit, and ſchewit of hir end,
He thankit God, quhat grace that euer he ſend.
He ſeis the warld ſa full of fantaſy,
Comfort he tuik leit all murning ga by.
His maiſt deſyre was for to freith Scotland,
Now will I tell quhat cace yan come on hand.

(F)(✠)(E)

¶How

¶How Schir William Dowglas wan the Caſtell of Sauquhair be ane Jeopardie, and how William Wallace reſſet wit him fra the Inglißmen, and put thame out of that part. Cap. vj.

Schir William lang of Dowglasdaill was
Be his firſt wyfe, as richt is to record (lord
Deceiſſit than out of this warldly cair,
Twa Sonis he had with hir that leuit thair.
Quhilk ilklie was, and abill in curage,
To Scuill war ſend into thair tender age.
James and Hew, ſa hecht thir brether twa,
And efter ſone thair Vncle culd thame ta.
Gude Robert Keith had thame fra Glaſgow coun
And ouir the ſey, to France he maid him boun.
At ſtudy ſyne he left thame in Paris,
With ane Maiſter, yat worthy was and wyſe.
The King Edward tuik thair Father yat Knicht,
And held him ſtill, thocht he was neuer ſa wicht.
Quhill ſyne he had aſſentit to his will,
Ane mariage als thay haue ordanit him till.
The Lady Ferres of power and hie blude,
Bot thairof come to his lyfe lytill gude.
Twa Sonis he gat on this Lady but mair,
With Edwardis will he tuik his leif to fair.
In Scotland come, and brocht his wyfe in peis,
In Dowglas dwelt, forſuith this is na leis.
King Edward trowit that he had ſteidfaſt bene,
Faſt to thair faith, bot the contrair was ſene.
Ay Scottis blude remanit into Dowglas,
Aganis Ingland, that preuit in mony place.
The Sauquhair was ane Caſtell fair and ſtrang

Ane Inglis Capitane had done feill ſcottis wrang.
Into it dwelt ane Bewfurd he was cald,
That held all waiſt, fra thyne to Dowglas hald,
Richt neir of kyn was Dowglas wyfe and he,
Thairfoir he trowit in peice of him to be.
Schir William ſaw, that Wallace rais in plane,
And richt lyklie to freith Scotland agane.
To help him part, into his mynd he teſt,
For in that lyfe richt lang he couth nocht reſt.
He thocht na charge to brek vpon Ingland,
It was throw force pat euer he maid thame bād.
Ane zoung man than, that hardy was and bald,
Borne with him ſelf, and Thomas Dikſoun cald.
Deir freind he ſaid, I wald preif at my micht,
And mak ane fray to fals Bewfurd the knicht.
In Sauquhair dwellis, I dois ful greit outrage,
Than Dikſoun ſaid, my ſelf in that veyage.
Sall for zow pas, with Anderſoun to ſpeik,
Freindſchip to me my Couſing will nocht brek.
He is the man thair fyre leidis thame till,
Throw his help zour purpois ze may fulfill.
Schir William than in all the haiſt he micht,
Threttie trew men in that veyage he dicht.
And tald his wyfe, to Dunfreis he wald fair,
Ane tryſt he ſaid of Ingland he had thair.
Thus paſſit he, quhair yat na Sutheroun wiſt,
With thir threttie, throw waiſt land at thair liſt.
Quhill nicht was cūmin, he buſchit vane full law
Into ane cleuch neir at the watter of Craw.
To the Sauquhair Dikſone allane he ſend,
And he ſone maid with Anderſoun this end.
Dikſoun ſuld tak baith his hors and his weid,
Be it was day, ane draucht of wod to leid.

Agane

Agane he paſt, and tald the gude Dowglas,
Quhilk drew him ſone into ane priuat place.
Anderſoun tald quhat ſtuf that was thairin,
To Thomas Dikſoun, was richt neir of his kin.
Fourtie thay ar, all men of meikill daill,
Be thay on fuit, thay will zour fair aſſaill.
Gif ze happin the entrie for to get,
On thy richt hand ane ſtalwart ape is ſet.
Thair with thow may defend the in ane thrang
Be Dowglas wyfe, he byde nocht fra the lang.
Anderſone zeid to the buſchement in hy,
Neir the Caſtell he drew thame priuatly.
Vnto ane Schaw, Sutheroun miſtraiſtit nocht,
To the nixt wod with Dikſoun ſone he facht.
Graithit ane draucht on ane waid ſipp and law,
Chargit ane hors, and to the toun can draw.
Arrayit he was, intill Anderſonnis weid,
And bad haue in, the Portar cōme gude ſpeid.
This hour he ſaid, thow micht haue bene away,
Vntymous thow art, for it is ſcantly day.
The zet zeid vp, Dikſoun gat in but mair,
Ane thortour band that all the draucht vp bair.
He cuttit it, the ſipp to ground coutinga,
Cūmerit the zet, ſtriking thay micht nocht ma.
The Portar ſone he hynt into that ſtrife,
Twyis throw the heid, and reft him ſone his lyfe.
The are he gat that Anderſoun of ſpak,
Ane bolnand maid, quair with ye buſchement brak
Dowglas him ſelf was formeſt in that preis,
In ouir the wod, enterit or thay wald ceis.
Thre wachemen was, fra the wallis cūmin new,
Within the cloſe the Scottſmen thame ſlew.
Or ony cry was raiſit in that ſtour,

Dowglas had tane the zet of the greit Tour.
Rau vp the Grece quhair that the Capitane lay,
On fuit he gat,and wald haue bene away.
Quit lait it was,Dowglas straik vp the dure,
Bewfurd he fand in myddis of the flure,
With ane stif swozd to deith he hes him dicht,
His men followit, that wozthy war and wicht.
The men thay slew,that was within thay wanis
Syne in the clois thay semblit all at ananis.
The bous thay tuik, and Sutheroun put to deid,
Gat nane bot ane,with lyfe out of that steid.
Foz that the zet sa lang vnsteikit was,
This spy he fled, and to Durrisdeir can pas.
Tald that Capitane that thay had hapnit sa,
And vther he gart vnto the Emoch ga.
And Tyberis mure was warnit of this cace,
And Lochmabane all semblit to this place.
The countrie als,quhen thay hard of sic thing,
To seige Dowglas,and hecht thay suld him hing.
Quhen Dowglas wist, that nane was fra thame
To sailze him,he trowit ý pai wald schaip. (chaip
Dikſone he send vpon ane Cuirsour wicht,
To warne Wallace in all the haist he micht.
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plane,
With four hundzeth that was of mekill mane.
Kilsyth Castell he thocht to vesy it,
That Raundall held, bot trew men leit him wit
That he was out,that tyme in Cũmernald,
Lord Cumyng dwelt on tribute in that hald.
Quhen Wallace wist,he gart Erll Malcome ly,
With twa hundzeth in buschement neir thairby.
To keip the hous,that nane suld to it fair,
He tuik the lait in the wod syde neir thair.

Ane

Ane Scurriour set,to warne gif he saw ocht,
Sone Raundall come,of yame he had na thocht.
Quhen he was cũmin ý twa buschementis betuene
The Scurriour warnit thir cruell men and kene.
Quhē Erll Malcolme had barrit yame fra ye place
Na Sutheroun zeid with lyfe thay did yat grace.
Yart Lennox men thay left the hous so ta,
On cuilzeing than thay wald na tary ma.
To seige housis,than Wallace couth nocht byde,
Throw out the land in awfull wyse thay ryde.
Than Lynlithgow toun, yai bynt into yair gait.
Quhair Sutheroũ dwelt,yai maid yair biggings.
The ȝeill yai tuik,slew yame ý was yairin, (haue
On Sutheroun blude,ye Scottis thocht na sin.
Syne on the mozne bynt Dalkeith in ane gleid.
Than to ane strenth in Newbottill wod yai zeid.
Be that Lawder,and Cristall of Seroun,
Come fra the Bas,& bynt Nozth Berwik toun.
Foz Inglismen yair suld na succour get,
Quhome yai our tuik,thay slew foz ourtin let.
To meit Wallace thay past in all thair micht,
Ane hundzeth with thame of men in armis bricht.
Ane blyith meting that tyme was thame betuene
Quhen Erll Malcolme,& Wallace hes yame sene.
Thomas Dikſoun was met with gude Wallace,
Quhilk grantit sone,foz to reskew Dowglas.
Dikſoun he said,wait thow of thair multytie,
Thre thousand men yair power may nocht be.
Erl Malcolme said,thocht yai war thousadis fyfe
Foz this actioun me thinks yat we suld stryfe.
Than hew the hay,yat dwelt vnder trewage,
Of Inglismen sone he gart our that wage.
Wair foz to pay,as than he lykit nocht,

S. iij.

With fyftie men to Wallace furth he socht.
To Bebis kast, bot na Sutheroun yame baid,
Thair at the Croce, ane plane cry hame thay maid.
Wallace commandit, quha wald cum to his peis,
And byde thairat, reward suld haue but leis.
Gude Rutherfurd, that euer trew had beue,
In Ettrik wod, agane the Sutheroun bene.
Biddin he had, and done thame mekill deir,
Sertie he led of Nobill men of weir.
Wallace him welcumit, that come in his supplie,
With Lordlyke keir, and Chiftane lyke was he.
Thau to array, thay went without the toun,
Thair nunber was ser hundreth of Renoun.
In deitnis nicht, all men of mekill waill,
With glaid hartis thay past throw Cliddisdaill.
The Seige began, was to the Sauquhair set,
Sic rythingis come, that maid thairin ane let,
Quhen Sutheroū hard yat Wallace was sa neir,
Throw haistie fray, the Dift was all in feir.
Na man was yair, wald for ane vther byde,
Purpois thay tuik, in Ingland for to ryde.
The Chiftane faid, fen thair King had beforr,
Fra Wallace fled, thair cauffs was the mor.
Fra South yat socht, so byde it was greit wraith
Dowglas as yan, was thus quyte of thair fkath.
In Crauford mure be than was gude Wallace,
Quhen men him tauld that Sutheroū vpon cace:
Was fled away, and durft him nocht abyde,
Thre hundreth than he cheiflit with him to ryde.
In licht harnes, and hors yat thay wald waill,
The Erll Malcome he bad byde with the ftaill.
To follow thame ane bak gaird for to be,
To fluk the chace, in all haift howrit he.

Throw

Throw Dunfideir he tuik the gaueft gait,
Richt kane he wald with Sutheroun mak debait.
The plaueft way abone Moxtoun thay hald,
Bydand the hicht, gif that the Sutheroun wald.
Mas to perfew, or turne to Lochmabane,
Bot tent thairto the Inglifmen fuik nane,
Doun richt yai held, grauh gydis south yame left,
Abone Clofdurn Wallace approchit neir.
In Ire he grew, quhen thay war in his ficht,
To yame thay fped, with will and all thair miche.
On ane out part ye Scottis fet that tyde,
Hewin fcott at eird thay had long at aue fyde.
The Sutheroun faw, that it was happit fa,
Turnit in agane, than fum refkew to ma.
Quhen thay trowit beft, agains Wallace to ftand
Erll Malcolme come, than richt neir at thair hand.
The haill power tuik plane purpois to fle,
Quha was at eird, Wallace gart lat thame be.
Vpon the formeft followit with all his micht,
The Erll and his amang the laift can licht.
Did all to deith, yat vnhorfit war yat tyde,
Efter the hors full freichly than thay ryde.
Fyfte hundreth large, or thay paft Dalpunfoun,
On Sutheroun fyde, to ground was bocht doun.
The Scottis hors, mony begouth to tyre,
Anppois thair fell was feirs as quy fyre.
The fleatis left, baith wod, watteris and hill,
To tak the plane, fpeidfull thay thocht thame till.
In greit battell away full faft thay raid,
Fuo ye ftrenthis thay thocht to mak na baid.
Neir Lochmabane, and Nychthous thay went,
Befyde Croichmad, quhair feill Sutheroun was
Richt mony hors that rynnn had fa lang, (fchent.

And trauellit fair, thay micht na farther gang.
Schir Johne ye Grahame vpon his fuit was fre;
Than Wallace als, lychtit withouttin let.
Thir twa on fuit amang yair enemeis zeid,
Was nane but hors, micht fra yame pas for speid.
On Inglismen sa cruelly thay socht,
Quhome thay ouirtuik, agane harmit vs nocht.
To Wallace come, ane part of power new,
On restit hors that peirtly couth persew.
Adame Cozey with gude men of greit baill,
And Johnstoun als, that dwelt into Eskdaill.
And Kirkpatrik was in that cumpany,
And Halliday, quhilk semblit sturdily.
Quhair thay enterit ye fairze was sa fair,
Deid to the ground, feill flearis doun thay bair.
Seuin scoir was haill of new cūmin men in deid,
The South partie of yame had mekill dreid.
Wallace was hoyst vpon ane Cuirsour wicht,
That gude Cozey had brocht him to that sicht.
To stuf the chace with new Chrualry;
Commandit Grahame, and his gude men for thy.
Cogidder byde, and follow as thay micht,
Thre Capitanis yair full sone to deith yat dicht.
That restit hors sa wounder weill him bair,
Quhome he ouirtuik, agane rais neuer mair.
Raithly he raid, and wrocht full mony wound,
Thir thre Capitanis he stikkit in ane stound.
Of Durrisdeir, Ennoch, and Teberris mure,
Lord Clifurdis Eme away to Carlile fure.
The quhilk before yat kepit Lochmabane,
Na landit man with him chaipit bot ane.
For Warwell als, out of Carlauerok come,
On ye Sutheroun the ganest way hes nome.

Into

Into the chace sa wilfully thay ryde,
Few gat away, that come vpon that syde.
Besyde Cokpule full feill fechting thay fand,
Sum drownit was, sum slane vpon the land.
Quha chaipit was, in Ingland fled away,
Wallace returnit, na prisoner tuik thay.
In Carlauerok, that nicht resting thay maid,
Vpon the morne to Dumfreis blythly raid.
Thair Wallace cryit, quha wald cum to his peis,
Aganis Sutheroun, thair malice for to ceis.
To trew Scottis he ordanit warysoun,
Quha takit had, he grantit remissioun.
In Dumfreis than, he wald na langer byde,
The Sutheroun fled of Scotland on Ilk syde.
Be sey and land without langer abaid,
Of Castellis, tounis, yan Wallace Chiftanis maid.
Reulit the land, and put it in gude rest,
With trew keiperis the quhilkis he traistit best.
The gude Dowglas, that I zow tald of air,
Keiper he was, fra Drumlanerik to Air.
Becaus he had, on Sutheroun sic thing wrocht,
His wyfe was wraith, bot yat scho schew it nocht.
Under couert hir malice held perfyte,
Ane Serpent waitis, hir tyme yat scho may byte.
To Dowglasdaill, scho wrocht full mekill cair,
Of that as now, I leif quhill farther mair.
Bot Sutheroun men durst yan fra Castellis hald
Thay left Scotland, befoir as I zow tald.
Sauf ane Moyroun, ane Capitane keirs and fell,
That held Dundie, Wallace wald nocht dwell.
Thidder he past, and lappit it about,
Quhen Moyroun saw, that he was in yat dout.
He askit leif with thair for lyfis to ga,

Wallace denyis, and sayis it beis nocht swa.
The last Capitane of Ingland yat heir was,
I gaif him leif haill with his men to pas.
Thow sall forthink sic maistrie for to mak,
All Ingland sall of the ereyptill tak.
Sic men I weind, fra tyme for to haue woune,
Thow saidis nought, suppois thy king had swone.
He gart commandin Scottis suld to yame speik,
Gaif cunsall the seige, and said we sall vs weik:
On Inglismen, as skill will of Dundie,
Skrymgeour he maid, thair Constabill to be.
Ane Ballingair of Ingland that was thair,
Past out of Tay, and come to Quhitbie fair.
To Loudoun send, and taild of all this cace,
To hyng Mortoun sa wo wit had Wallace.
Befoir this tyme, Edward with power zeid,
To weir on France, for than he had na dreid.
Befoir he trowit Scotland to be his awin,
Quhen thay him wair quhow his men was ouir-
Agane he tuik, to Ingland heistely, (thrawin:
And left his deid, all fiklit in foly.
Gascoun he claimit all in heritage,
He left it thus, with all his hie damage.
And Flanderis als, he thocht to tak on hand,
All thir he left, and come to rest Scotland.
Quhe yat this king in Ingland was cumin hame,
Cumoundis yai maid, & chargit Bruce be name.
And vther ma, that lyst vnder his Crown,
Bischop Barroun, to cum at his Summoun.
Quhe Wallace thyis thro wrang trace had fred Scot-
This tyran King tuik planely vpon hand. (land
For sic despyte, that he micht haue na rest,
He thocht to him, to mak it plane conquest.

In

In conclise he had rungin sa lang,
Chiftanis he maid, yat thay suld nocht pas wrang
Fydis thay cheis, fra strenthis thame to gy,
Thay thocht na mair to byde at Jeopardy.
In plane battell, and thay micht Wallace wyn,
He trowit of weir, thay wald na mair begyn.
Leif I this King mak and his Ordinance,
My purpois is, to speik sum thing of France.
The Inglismen, than Guyan held of weir,
To Frenche folk, yai did full mekill deir.
King and cunsall sone in thair wittis best,
To get Wallace, thame thocht it was the best.
For Guyan land the Inglismen had thay,
Than schuip thay thus, in all the haist thay may.
For thay traistit gif Scotland war weill stad,
Wallace wald cum, as he thame promeist had.
The samyn Herald befoir in Scotland was,
Thay him commandit, and ordanit he suld pas.
Into Scotland without langer delay,
Out of the Sluce als guidly as he may.
Reddy he was, in Schip he past on cais,
In Tayis mouth but baid the hawin he taiss.
Quhair Wallace thay, was at ye saitze still,
And he ressauit the Herald with gude will.
Thair wrait he red, and said thame on this wyse,
Ane answer sone he couth thame nocht deuyse.
To honest Innis, the Herald thay he send,
On Wallace coist richt baldly for to spend.
Quhill tyme he saw how vther materis zeid,
Than answer he suld haue withouttin dreid.
The wit of France, thocht Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with his Herald thay send.
Praise of his deid, and als the descriptioun,

Of him tane thair be men of diſcretioun.
Clerkis, Knichtis, Heraldis that him ſaw,
Bot I heirof, can nocht reheirs at aw.
Wallace ſtature of greitnes and of hicht,
Was Judgit thus be diſcretioun of ſicht.
That ſaw him baith on Cheuall and in weid,
Nyne quarteris large of hicht he was in deid.
Thrid part that lenth, in ſchulderis braid was he,
Richt ſemely ſtraug, and richt luſtie to ſe.
In lymmis greit, with ſtalwart pais and ſound,
His braunis hard, with armis lang and round.
His handis maid richt lyke to ane Palmeir,
Of manlyke mak, with naillis lang and cleir.
Proportionat fair, and lang was his viſage,
Richt ſad of ſpeiche, and abill of curage.
Braid breiſtit heich, with ſturdy craig and greit,
His lippis round, his neis was ſquair and treit.
Broundant broun hair on brow is and breis licht
Cleir aſper ene, lyke Dyamantis bricht.
Under his chyn, on his left hyde was ſene,
Be hurt ane wen his cullour was ſanguene.
Woundis he had in mony diuers place,
Bot fair and haill weill keipit was his face.
Of riches als he keipit na propir thing,
Gaif pat he wan, lyke Alexander the King.
In tyme of peis meik as ane mayd ſuld be,
Quhair weir approchit, the richt Hector was he.
To Scottis men richt gude credence he gaif,
Bot knawin eneimyis pat couth him nocht diſſaif.
Thir properteis war Judgit into France,
Of him to be, ane gudly rememb rance.
Maiſter John Blair, this Patroun couth reſſaif,
In Wallace buik he breuit it with the laif.

Bot

Bot he heirof, as than tuik lytill heid,
His laborous mynd was all of vther deid.
At Dundie Seige, this erneſt as he lay,
Cythingis to him Jop brocht vpon ane day.
How Edward King with lyklie men to waill,
Ane hundreth thouſand come for to aſſaill.
Than Scotland ground thay had tane vpon race
Into ſum part it greuit gude Wallace.
He maid Skrymgeour at the hous to ly,
With twa thouſand, and chargit him for thy.
That nane ſuld thaip with lyfe out of that ſteid,
That Sutheroun war, bot put pame all to deid.
Skrymgeour grantit, richt faithfully to bide,
With aucht thouſand Wallace can fra him ryde.
To Sanct Johnſtoun thre dayis he graithit pair
With ſad auyſe towart the ſouth can fair.
For King Edward that tyme ordanit had,
Ten thouſand haill, to pas that was full glaid.
With zoung Wodſtok, ane Lord of mekill micht,
Ar Striuling brig he ordanit thame full richt.
And thair to byde, the entrie for to weir,
Of Wallace than, he trowit to haue na deir.
Thair leif thay tuik, and paſt on but delay,
Richt Royally into ane gude array.
To Striuling come, and thair waid nocht abyde
To ſe the North bezond Forth can thay ryde.
Sic new curage ſa fell in his Intent,
Quhilk maid Sutheroun full lait for to repent.

(T)(✠)(D)

¶The Elleuint Buik declairis the Battell of the Fawkirk. Cap. I.

This woddſtok raid into ye Northy gude ſpeid,
Of Scottis as than, he had bot lytill dreid.
For weill thay trowit for to reſkew Dundie
Thair Schippis come to Tay in be the ſe.
His gydis ſaid, that thay ſuld leid him by
Sanct Johnſtoun quhair paſſage lay planely.
The hicht thay tuik, and luikit thame about,
Sa war thay war of Wallace and his rout.
Than in ſumpart he remordit his thocht,
The Kingis command becaus he keipit nocht.
Bot fra he ſaw thay fewar was nor he,
He wald thame byde, and outher do or de.
Schir Johne Ramſay formeſt this power ſaw,
Said zone ar thay, that ze ſe hidder draw.
Outher Sutheroun that cūmis ſa cruellie,
Or Erll Malcolme to ſeik zow for kupplie.
Than Wallace ſmylit, ſaid Inglißmen thay ar,
Ze may thame ken richt weill quhair yat yai fair
On Schireff muire Waallse the feild hes tane,
With aucht thouſand, of worthy men in wane.
The Sutheroun war richt douchtie into deid,
Togidder ſtraik ſtuffit in ſteill weid.
Than ſpeiris ſone all into ſplenderis ſprent,
The hardy Scottis out throw ye Sutheroū wēt
In rayit battell ſeuin thouſand doun thay bair,
Deid on the bent, that cowerit neuer mair.
Richt fell fechting with wappinnis groūdin kene,
Blude fra beirnis was buſchit on the grene.
The ſtalwart ſtour that fellonn was and ſtrang,
The worthy Scottis ſa derfly on thame dang.
That all was deid within ane lytill ſtound,
Nane of that place had power for to found.
Young Woddiſtok hes baith lyfe and diſt forlorne
The

The Scottis ſpuilzeit of gude geir thame beforne
Quhat thame thocht beſt of fyne harnes yai waill
Baith gold and gude, and hors that micht auaill.
To Striuiling brig, without reſting thay raid,
Or ma ſuld cum, Wallace this ordinance maid.
Paſt ouir the brig, Wallace gart wrichtis call,
And with craftis men vndid the paſſage all,
Syne thay ſame folk he ſend to the Drip furd,
Gart ſet the ground with ſtark ſtaikkis and burd
Nyne or ten Sillis he beſt the gait befoir,
Endlang the ſchaid maid it als deip as ſchoir.
Than Wallace ſaid we ſall on ane ſyde ba,
Zone King and I, bot gif he ſouthwart fle.
He ſend Lawder, quhilk had in hand the Bas,
Endlang the coaſt quhair ony Veſſchell was.
And men with him, that beſylie couth luik,
Of Ilk boit ane buird or twa out tuik.
Schippis thay bynt of ſtrangeris yat was yair,
Setoun and he, to Wallace thus can fair.
In Striuiling lay vpon his purpois ſtill,
For Inglißmen, to ſe quhat way thay will.
The Erll Malcolme Striuiling in keiping had,
To him he come, with men of armis ſad.
Thre hundreth haill, that ſicker was and trew,
Of Lennox folk, thair power to renew.
Schir Johne the Grahame fra Dundak ſickerly,
To Wallace come, with ane gude Cheualry.
Tythādis him brocht, ye Sutheroū come at hand
In Torphichen King Edward was ludgeand.
Diſtroyand the place of purueyance was thair,
Sanct Johnis gude as than yai wald nocht ſpair
Gude Stewart of Bute come to Wallace yair,
With him he had twelf hundreth men and mair.

The Cumyng than was past in Cummernald,
Upon the morne bownit the Stewart bald.
Sone to array, with men of armis bricht,
Twentie thousand than semblit to thair sicht.
The Lord Stewart, and Cumyng furth yat rydc
To the Fawkirk, and thocht thair to abyde.
Wallace and his, than to array thay zeid,
With ten thousand of worthy men in deid.
Quha cuid behald his awfull Lordly buik,
Sa weill besene, ta fordwart, sterne and stout.
Sa gude Chiftanis, as with sa few thay bair,
Without ane King, was neuer in Scotland seine.
Wallace him self, and Erll Malcolme the Lord,
Schir Johne ye grahame, & Ramsay at record.
Setoun, Lawder, and Ramsay yat was wicht,
Adam Wallace was to that Journey dicht.
And mony vther quhilk preue weill in preis,
Thair namis all, I may nocht heir rehers.
Sutheroun or than, out of Torphichen fure,
Thair passage maid into Slamannane mure.
Into ane plane set Tentis and Pauilloun,
South the Fawkirk, a lytill abone the toun.
Gude Iop him self Judgit be his sicht,
In haill number ane hundreth thousand richt.
Of Wallace come the Scottis sic comfort tuik,
Quhen thay him saw all dreddour thay forsuik.
For of Inuy was few thair that it wist,
Tressonabill folk thair mater wirkis with list.
Poysoun sen syne at the Fawkirk is cald,
Throw greit tressoun and corruptioun of ald.
Lord Cumyng had Inuy at gude Wallace,
For Erll Patrik that happit vpon cace.
Countes of Marche was Cumyngis Sister deir,

Under

Under cullour he wrocht on this maneir.
Into the Ost had ordanit Wallace deid,
And maid Stewart to fall with him at pleid.
That Lord he said, that Wallace had na richt,
Power to leid, and he present in sicht.
He bad him tak the vangaird for to gy,
Sa wist he weill that he suld stryke for thy.
Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his consall,
Said Schir ze knaw, quhat may vs in vre auaill
Yone awfull King is fellown for to byde,
Richt vrabasit Wallace answerit that tyde.
And I hane sene ma tymis into Scotland,
With zone ilk King quhē Scottismē tuik on hand
With fewar men, than now ar bidder sicht,
This Realme agane, to full gude purpois brocht.
Schir wē will fecht, for we vsit men anew,
As for ane day, sa that we all be trew.
The Stewart said, he wald tak vangaird haif,
Wallace answerit, and said sa God me saif.
That ze sall nocht, sa lang as I may ring,
Nor na man ellis, quhill I se my richtedais King.
Gif he will cum, and tak on him the Crown,
At his command, I sall be reddy boun.
Throw Goddis grace I reskewit Scotland twyis
I wat to mak, to tyne it on sic wyse.
To tyne for boist, that I haue gouernit lang,
Thus half in wraith, stewart yon can he gang.
Stewart thairwith all bowbit into hand,
Wallace he said, be thy I tell ane tayll.
Say furth (quod he) of the fairest ze can,
Unhappely he stant, thus he began.
Wallace he said, thow takis the mekill cure,
Sa fairis it be wirking of nature.

T. I.

How ane Howlet complenit of his Fetherame,
Quhill Dame nature tuik of ilk bird but blame:
Ane fair fedder, and to the Howlet gaif,
Than he throw pryde rebutit all the laif.
Quhairfoir suld thow thy Senze schaw sa hie,
Thow thinkis nane heir, that suld thy fellow be.
This makis it, thow art cled with our men,
Had we our awin, thyne war bot few to ken.
At thir wordis gude Wallace brynt as fyre,
Quir hastely he answerit him in Ire:
Thow leid he said, the suith full oft hes bene,
Thair haue I biddin, quhē thow durst not be sene
Cōtrair thy enemeis na mair for Scotlandis richt,
Nor dar the Howlet, quhen ye day is licht.
That taill full neir thow hes tald be thy sell,
To thy defyre thow sall me nocht compell.
Cumyng it is hes geuin the this counsall,
Will God ze sall of zour first purpois taill.
This fals tratour, that I of danger brocht,
Is wounder lyke this Realme to bring to nocht.
For thyne oggart outher thow sall byde or de,
To preson led, or cowartly to fle.
Reskew of me, thow sall get nane this day,
Thair with he turnit, and fra thame raid his way
Ten thousand haill, away with Wallace raid,
Nane better was in all the warld sa braid.
As of sic men, that ieuand was on lyfe,
Allace greit harme fell Scotland for that tyme.
Past to ane wod, fra the Fawkirk be eist,
He wald nocht byde for command nor requeist.
For charge of nane, bot it had bene his King,
That micht that tyme bring him fra his ering.
The vther Scottis that saw this difference,

For discomfort to leif the feild was boun.
Bot that thay men was native to Stewart,
Principall of Bute, tuik hardiment in hart.
Lord Stewart was at Cumyng greuit thair,
Hecht and he leuit, he suld repent full sair.
The greit trespas that he throw mysknawlage,
Had gart him mak to Wallace in that place.
Of thair debait it was ane greit pietie,
For Inglismen than micht na blythar be.
Haistit sa fast, ane battell to the feild,
Thrertie thousand, yat weil couth wapping weild.
The Erll of Harthfurd was chosin yair Chiftane,
The gude Stewart than to array is gane.
The feild he tuik, as trew and worthy Knicht,
The Inglismen come on with full greit micht.
Thair feill meiting was awfull for to se,
At that counter thay gart feill Sutheroun de.
Quē speiris war spilt, hynt out with swerdis scone
On ather syde full douchtie deid was done.
Feill on the ground was fellit in that place,
Stewart and his can on thair enemeis race.
Blude bristit out throw maillze burnist bricht,
Twentie thowsand with dreidful wappins dicht
Of Sutheroun men derfly to deith thay ding,
The remanent agane fled to the King.
Ten thousand than efter the deid sicheuit,
With thair Chiftane vnto the Nist releuit.
Agane to ray the hardy Stewart zeid,
Quhen Wallace saw this worthie Nobill deid:
Held vp his handis, with humbill prayer preist,
O God he said, gif zone Lord grace to leist.
And power haue, his worschip to attend,
To wyn thir folk, and tak the haill commend.

Greit harme it war, thar the fuld be ourset,
Ony new power thay than on him rebet.
Be that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayir,
The Bischop Beik, that oft had bene assayit.
Fourtie thousand vpon the Scottis to fair,
With feill effeir thay raiset vp richt chair.
The Brucis Baner with gold and goulis cleir,
Quhen Wallace saw the battellis approchit neir:
The richt Lyoun aganis his awin kynrike,
Allace he said, the warld is contrair like.
This land suld be zone tyrants heritage,
That cūmis thus, to strop his awin barnage.
Sa I war fre, of it that I said Air,
I wald forsweir Scotland for euer mair.
Contrair Bruce, I suld resset thame now,
Or de thair foir, to God I mak avow.
The greit debait in Wallace wit can wald,
Betuix kyndnes, and wilfull vow was maid,
Kyndnes bad him reskew thame fra pair sa,
Than will said nay, quhy fuill wald thow do sa?
Thow hes na wit, with richt thy self to leid,
Suld thow help him, that wald put the to deid.
Kyndnes said zit, thay ar gude Scottis men,
Than will said wit, the veritie thow may ken.
Had thay bene gade all ane we had bene,
Be reassoun bath, the contrair weill is sene.
For thay me hait, mair than the Sutheroun leid,
Kyndnes said nay, that schaw yai nocht in deid.
Thocht ane of yame, be fals into thair saw,
Be caus of him thow suld nocht lois thame aw.
Thay haue done weill into zone tellouin flour,
Reskew yame now, and tak ane hie honour.
Wil said thay wald haue reft fra me my lyfe,

I bald

I bald for thame in mony ane kelloun stryfe.
Kyndnes said help, thair power is at nocht,
Syne wreik on him, that all the malice wrocht.
Will said this day thay sall nocht helpit be,
That I haue said, sall ay be said for me.
Thay ar bot deid, God grant thame of his blis,
Inuy lang syne, hes done greit harme and mis.
Wallace thair with turnit for yre and tene,
Teiris for baill brist out fra baith his ene.
Schir Johne ye Grahame, & mony worthy wicht
Weipit in wo, for sorrow of that Knicht.
Quhen Brucis battell vpon the Scottis straik,
Thair cruell cūming, maid cowartis for to quaik.
Lord Cumyng fled to Clintermald away,
Abont the Scottis, the Sutheroun lappit thay.
The men of Bute befoir thair Lord thay schude,
Defending him, quhen feill stremis of blude:
All thame about, in floitis quhair thay feld,
Baithit in blude was Brucis sword and weid.
Throw feill slauchter of feill men of his awin,
Sone to the deid, the Scottis war duirth awin.
Syne slew the Lord, for he wald nocht be tane,
Quhē Wallace saw, yat yair gude men war gane
Lordis he said, quhat now is zour counsall?
Twa choissis thair is, I reid the best ze waill.
Zonder the King his Oist abandoumand,
With Bruce and Beik in zone battell to stand.
Zone King in weir wyse and kelloun hes bene,
Thair Capitanis als, full cruell ar and kene.
Better of hand is nocht leuand I wis,
In tyranny, ze trow me weill of this.
Nor Bruce and Beik, to quhat syde thay be set,
We haue ane chois, quhilk is full hard but let.

And we turne eist, for strenth in Louthiane land,
Thay stuke ane chace, richt hard I vnderstand.
Tak we the mure, zone King is vs befoir,
Thair is bot this, without vn wordis moir.
To the Torwod, for our succour is thair,
Throw Bruces Dik, forsuith first man we fair.
Ilkane vs volo, thair neidis na debait;
Zone men ar deid, we neid nocht stryue for stait.
Thay consent haill to wirk richt as he will,
Quhat him thocht best, thay grantit to fulfill.
Gude Wallace than, yat stourly couth thame steir,
Befoir thame raid, into his armour cleir.
Reullit his speiris, all in ane number round,
And we haue grace, for to pas throw yame sound
And few be loist, to our strenth will we ryde,
Want we mony, in faith we sall abyde.
With thair armit hors, fast on the Dik yai raid,
The reird than rais, quhen speiris in sunder glaid.
Duschis in dros, huntit with speiris dynt,
Fra forgit, steill the fyre flaw furth but stynt.
The fellone thrang, quhen hors and men renewit,
Vp draif the dust, quhair yai pair pithis preuit.
The tothen Dik nicht nocht yair deidis sa,
For stour that rais, quhill thay disseuerit be.
The worthy Scottis bitt thousand doun yai baire
Few was at eird, that gude Wallace brocht yair.
The King tryit hors vpon yame for to ryde,
Bot this wyse Lord gaif him counsall to byde,
The Erll of Torth said Schir ze wirk ane mis,
To birk array, zone men quyte throw thame is.
Thay ken the land, and will to strenthis draw,
Tak we the plane, we ar in perrell aw.
The King counsaut, that his counsall was richt,

Reullit

Reullit his Dik, and baid still in thair sicht.
Or Bruce and Beik nicht returne thair battall,
The Scottis war throwand had ane greit auaill
Wallace commandit the Dik suld pas away,
To the Torwod in all the haist thay may.
Him self and Grahame, and Lawder tirruit in,
Betuix battellis, price and pryswes for to win.
And with thame baid in yat place hundreth his fyre
Of west land men, wit in Jeopardie.
Vpon wicht hors, yat richt wyselie couth ryde,
Ane slop thay maid, quhair thay set on ane syde.
Na speiris thay had bot swordis of gude streill,
Thair with in stour, thay leit thair enemeis feill.
How thay full oft had preuit bene in preis,
Of Inglismen thay maid feill to deceis.
Or Bruce thairof nicht weill persauing haik,
Thre hundreth yair was graithit to yair graik.
The hardy Bruce ane Dik abandounit,
Threttie thousand he reullit be force and wit.
Vpon the Scottis, his men for to reskew,
Seruit thay war with gude speiris anew.
And Bischop Beik ane stuk to him to be,
Quhen gude Wallace thair ordinance can se:
Allace he said, zone man hes mekill micht,
And our gude will, to vndo his awin richt.
He bad his men towart the Dik in ryde,
Thame for to saif, he wald behind thame byde.
Mekill he trowit in God and his awin deid,
To saif his men into his douchtie weid.
Vpon him self mekill trauell he tais,
The greit battell, compleit vpon him gais.
In the foir brunt, he returuit full oft,
Quhome euer he hit, thair sanchyng was vnsoft.

That day in hand knawin was nocht his maik,
Ane Sutheroun man ay he slew at ane straik.
Bot his awin strenth, micht not againis yame be,
Towart his Ost, behouit him to fle.
The Bruce him hurt, at his returning thair,
Under the hanche, ane deip wound and ane sair.
Blude bruist out, braithly ane speiris lenth,
Fra the greit Ost, he fled towart his strenth.
Sic ane slear befoir was neuer sene,
Nocht at Gaderis of Gaudifere the kene.
Quhen Alexander reskewit the Forreouris,
Micht nocht to him, be compairit in thay houris.
The feill turning of forreouris he maid,
How bandounly befoir the Ost he baid.
Nor how gude Grahame with cruell hardyment,
Nor how Lawder amang his fais went.
Now thame allane into the stour thay stude,
Quhill Wallace was in stanching of his blude.
Be than he had stemmit full weill his wound,
With thre hundreth, vnto the feild can found.
To reskew Grahame, and Lawder ȳ was wicht,
Bot Bischop Beik come with sic strenth & slicht.
The worthy Scottis, thay reirit far on bak,
Seuin aithir breid in turning of thair bak.
Tit was thay twa, thair delyuerit weill,
Be his awin hand, and ane gude sword of steill.
The awfull Bruce, amang yame with greit mane
At the reskew, thre Scottismen hes slane.
Quhome he hit richt, ay at ane straik was deid,
Wallace preisit in, thairfoir to set remeid.
With ane gude speir ye Bruce was seruit but baid
With greit Iniury, to Wallace fast he raid.
And he to him, alsonzeit nocht forthy

The Bruce him myst, as Wallace passit by.
Athwart he straik, with his schairp groundin glaik
Speir and horss craig, he all in sunder draik.
Bruce was at eird, or Wallace turnit about,
The greit battell of Sutheroun sterne and stout.
Thay horsit Bruce, with men of greit valour,
Wallace allane was in that stalwart stour.
Grahame preissit in, and straik ane Inglis knicht
Befoir the Bruce, vpon the Basnet bricht.
That fruell stuk, and all his vther weid,
Baith bane & braune, ye nobill sword throw zeid.
The knicht was deid, gude grahame returnit tite
Ane subtell knicht, yair at had greit despite.
Followit at wait, and hes persauit weill,
Grahamis birny, to narrow was sum deill.
Beneth the waist, at cloiss it micht nocht be,
On the fillat full sternly straik that he.
Peirsit the bak, in the bowellis him bair.
With ane schairp speir, that he micht leif na mair.
Grahame turnit thair, & smoit that knicht in tene
Throw the Visair, ane lytill beneth the ene.
Deid of that dynt, to the ground he duschit doun,
Schir Iohne ye Grahame swounit on his arsoun
Or he ouirrome to pas to his party,
Feill Sutheroun men, that was on fuit him by:
Stikkit his horss, that he na farther zeid,
Grahame zald to God his gude spreit & his deid.
Quhē Wallace saw yis gud knicht to deid brocht
The piteous pane sa fair thirlit his thocht.
All out of kynd it alterit his curage,
His wit in weir, was than bot ane wod rage.
The horss him bair, in feild quhair sa him list,
For of him self, as than lytill he wist.

Lyke ane wod beist, that war fra reſſoun rent,
As wikles wy into the Diſt he went.
Dingand on hard quhat Sutheroun he richt hit,
Straucht vpon hors, agane micht neuer sit.
Into that rage, full feill folk he dang doun,
All him about was reddit ane greit roume.
Quhen Bruce perſauit, with Wallace it ſtude ſa,
He chargit men lang ſpeiris for to ta.
And ſlay his hors, ſa he cuild nocht eſchaip,
Feill Sutheroun pan to Wallace can paine ſchaip
Peirſit his hors with ſpeiris on ather ſyde,
Woundis pat maid, pat war baith deip and wyde
Of ſchaftis part Wallace in ſunder ſchair,
Bot feill heidis into his hors left thair.
Sum wit agane to Wallace, can redoun,
In his awin mynd ſa reullit him reſſoun.
Sa for to de he thocht it na vaſſage,
Than for to fle, he tuik intill ane rage.
Spurrit the hors, he ran in ane randoun,
To his awin folk, was bydand on Caroun.
The ſey was in, thay ſtoppit and ſtill ſtude,
On loud he eryit, and bad thame tak ye ſtude.
Togidder byde, ze may nocht lois ane man,
At his command thay tuik the watter than.
He returnit, the entrie for to beip,
Quhill all the Diſt was paſſit ouir the deip.
Syne followit faſt, and deid his hors ſuld faill,
Him ſelf was cled in hevy plait of maill.
Thocht he couth ſwoume, he trowit he micht nocht
The cleir watter cuillit the hors ſum deill. (weill,
Atour the ſtude he bair him to the land,
Syne fell doun deid, and micht na langer ſtand.
Keirly full ſone ane Curſour to him brocht,

Than

Than vp he lap, amang the Diſt he ſocht.
Grahame was away, and vther fyftene wicht,
On Magdalene day, thir folk to deith was dicht.
Thyrtie thouſand of Inglißmen for trew,
The worthy Scottis vpon that day thay ſlew.
Quhat be Stewart, and ſyne be wicht Wallace,
For all his price King Edward rewit that race.
To the Torwod, he bad the Diſt ſuld ryde,
Keirly and he paſſit on Caroun ſyde.
Behaldand ouir vpon the ſouth party,
Bruce formeſt come, and couth on Wallace cry.
Quhat art thow thair? ane man Wallace can ſay,
The Bruce anſwerit, that hes thow preuit to day.
Abyde he ſaid, thow neidis nocht now to fle,
Wallace anſwerit, I eſchewit nocht for the.
Bot that thy power hes neir thyne awin vndone,
Amendis will God, herof we ſall haue ſone.
Langage of the, the Bruce ſayis I deſyre,
Say furth quod he, thow may for lytill hyre.
Ryde fra thy Diſt, and gar yame byde with Beik,
I wald fane heir, quhat thow lykis to ſpeik.
The Diſt baid ſtill, the Bruce paſſit paine fra,
Na man with him, bot ane Scot pat hecht Ra.
Quhen that the Bruce out of thair heiring were,
He turnit in hy, and this queſtioun can ſpere.
Quhy wirkis thow thus, I micht in gude price be?
Than Wallace ſaid, bot in defait of the.
Throw thy falſet, thyne awin wit is myſkend,
I clame na richt, bot wald this land defend.
That thow vndois throw thy fals cruell deid,
Thow hes tint twa, pat was worth far mair meid
Vpon this day, with ane gude King to found,
For fyue Milloun of fyneſt gold ſa round.

That euer was wrocht, in werk or cunze bricht,
I trow in warld be nocht ane better knicht.
Than was gude Grahame, of treuth & hardyniet,
Teiris thair with fra Wallace ene doun went.
Bruce said far mair on this day we haue loist,
Wallace answerit, allace thay war euill coist.
Throw thy tressoun pat suld be our richtous king
That wilfully distroyis thyne awin offspring.
The Bruce answerit, will thow do my deuyse?
Wallace said nay, thow leuis in sic ane wyse:
Thow wald me mak at Edwardis will to be,
Nit had I leuer, ye mone be hangit hie.
Nit sall I say, as I wald counsall geif,
Than as ane Lord, thow micht at lyking leif.
At thyne awin will in Scotland for to ring,
To be in peice, and hald of Edward king.
Of that fals king I think neuer to tak,
Bot contrair him with my power to mak.
I clame na thing as be tytill of richt,
Thocht I micht reif, sen God hes lent me micht.
Fra the thy Crown of this Regioun to weir,
Bot I will nocht sic charge vpon me beir.
Greit God wait best, quhat weir I tuik on hand,
For to keip fre, that thow art ganestandand.
It micht be said of lang tyme befone,
In curiste tyme, thow was for Scotland bone.
Schame thow nocht, that neuer zit did gude,
Thow Regnegat deuorar of thy blude,
I vow to God may I thy maister be,
In ony feild, thow sall far rather de:
Than sall ane Turk, for thy fals cruell weir,
Paganis to vs, dois nocht sa mekill deir.
Than leuch the Bruce at Wallace ernistnes,

And

And said thow seis, that thus standis the cais.
This day thow art with our power ourset,
Aganis zone king, ourhand thow may not get.
Than Wallace said we ar be mekill thing,
Starker this day incontrary zone king.
Than at Bigger quhair he left mony of his.
And als the feild, sa sall he do with this.
Or de thairfoir, for all his mekill micht,
Into this feild we haue loist bot ane knicht.
And Scotland now, into sic perrell is stad,
To leif it thus; I micht be callit full mad.
Wallace he said, it approchis neir the nicht,
Wald thow the mone, quhe pat pe day is licht:
Or nyne of Bell meit me at this Chapell,
By Donypace, I wald haue thy counsell.
Wallace said nay, or that Ilk tyme be went,
War all the men byne to the Orient.
Into ane will with Edward quha had twone,
We sall bergane or nyne houris the mone.
Of his wrang reif, outher he sall think schame,
Or de thairfoir, or fle in Inglland hame.
Bot and thow will, sone be the hour of thre,
At that Ilk tryst, will God I sall the se.
Quhill I may leif, this Realme sall nocht forfaie,
Bruce promeist him, with twelf Scottis to be pair.
Than Wallace said, stuid thow richteous to me,
Ane contrepeir, I suld nocht be to the.
I sall bring ten, and for thy power ma,
I git na force, thothr thow be feeind or fa.
Thus thay depart, the Bruce passit his way,
To Lynlithgow raid, quhair K. Edward lay.
The feild had left, and ludgit be south the toun,
To Supper set, as Bruce at the Pauilloun.

Sa enterit in, and saw vacand his seit,
Na watter he tuik, bot maid him to the meit.
Fastand he was, and bene in mekill dreid,
Bludy was all his wappinis and his weid.
Sutheroun Lordis, scornit in termis rude,
And said behaild, zone Scot eitis his awin blude.
The King thocht euill thay maid sic derisioun,
Bad haue watter to Bruce of Huntingtoun.
Thay bad him wesche, he said that wald he nocht
This blude is myne, that hurtis maist my thocht.
Sadly the Bruce than in his mynd remordit,
The wordis suith Wallace had him recordit.
Than rewit he sair, fra ressoun had him knawin,
That blude & land suld baith haue bene his awin.
With thame he was, lang or he gat away,
Bot contrair Scottis he faucht nocht fra yat day
Leif I the Bruce sair murnand in his Intent,
Gude Wallace sone, agane to his Oist went.
In the Torwod, quhilk had thair ludging maid,
Fyris thay bet, that was baith bricht and braid.
Of noit and scheip thay tuik at sufficence,
Thairof full sone to get yame sustinence.
Wallace sleipit, bot schort quhyle and sone rais,
To reuill the Oist on ane gude mais he gais.
To Erll Malcolme, Ramsay and Lundy wicht,
With fyue thousand in battell yame he dicht.
Wallace, Lawder, and Cristall of Setoun,
Fyue thousand led, and Wallace of Ricardtoun.
Full weill arrayit into thair armour clene,
Past to the feild, quhair that the chace had bene.
Imang deid men seikand the worthyaist,
The Corps of Grahame for quhome yat murning
Quhẽ yat him fand, & guid Wallace him saw (maist

He

He lychtit doun, him hynt befoir thame aw.
In armis by behaldand his paill face,
He killit him, and cryit full oft allace.
My best brother, in warld that euer I had,
My afald freind, quhen I was hardest stad.
My hoip, my heill, thow was of maist honour,
My faith, my help, my strenthar into stour.
In the was wit, fredome and hardynes,
In the was treuth, manheid and Nobilnes.
In the was reull, in the was gouernance,
In the bertew, withouttin variance.
In the lawtie, in the was greit largnes,
In the gentrice, in the was steidfastnes.
Thow was greit caus of wyning of Scotland,
Thocht I began and tuik the weir on hand.
I vow to God that hes the warld to wald,
Thy deid sall be to Sutheroun full deir sald.
Martir thow art for Scotlandis richt and me.
I sall the venge or ellis thairfoir to de.
Was na man thair fra weiping micht refreine,
For lois of him, quhen thay hard Wallace plene.
Thay carvit him with worschip and honour,
In the Fawkirk maid him ane Sepultour.
Wallace commandit his men thairfoir to byde,
His ten he tuik, for to meit Bruce that tyde.
South west he past, quhair that the tryst was set,
The Bruce full sone, and gude Wallace is met.
For lois of Grahame, and als for propir tene,
He grew in Ire, quhen he the Bruce hes sene.
Thair salusing was bot bustous and thrawin,
Rewis thow he said, thow art contrair thy awin.
Bruce said Wallace, rebute me nocht na mair,
Myne awin deidis hes bet me wounder sair.

Quhen Wallace hard, with Bruce pat it kindlie,
On kneis he fell, fair countenance can him ma.
In armis sone, the Bruce hes Wallace tane,
Out fra thair men, in counsall are thay gane.
I can nocht tell perfytlie thair language,
Bot this was it, that ane and all had of knawlege.
Wallace him prayit cumlie his Sutheroun king
The Bruce said nay, that lattis me ane thing.
I am sa bund, with witnes to be kend,
For all Ingland I wald nocht tak my heid.
Bot of ane thing, I hecht to God and the,
That contrair Scottis, agane I sall nocht be.
Into na feild, with wappinis that I beir,
In thy purpois I sall the neuer deir.
Gif God the grantis ourhand of vs to haif,
I will bot fle, myne awin self for to saif.
And Edward chasp, I pas with him agane,
Bot I throw force be outher tane or slane.
Bleis he on me, quhen that my terme is out,
I cum to the, may I chaip fra that doutt.
Of thair counsall I can tell yow na mair.
The Bruce tuik leif, and can to Edward fair.
Richt sad in mynd, for Scottismen that war loist,
Wallace in haist prouydit sone his Ost.
He maid Cranfurd, the Erll Malcolme to gyde,
Ohe latch way to Innerrauyth to ryde.
For thair wachis than suld thame not espy,
The tother Ost him self left hastely.
Be south Mamwell, quhill that thay war betwene
Ochthe out Wachis, thir chaipit thay wele.
The Erll Malcolme on Lynlithgow con entir,
Thair hastely, grent tresyse he can begin.
Wallace was nocht all to the barrell boun,

Quhen

Quhen that thay hard, the cery ryse in the toun.
On Edwardis Ost thay set full suddandly,
Wallace and his, maid lytill noyis or cry.
Bot occuppit with wappinis in that stour,
Feill fellit to deith, that was without armour.
All disarrayit the Inglis Ost was than,
Amang ye Pauilliounis ye Scottis quhair mony
Cuttit doun cordis, gart many Tentis fall, (man
Nane sonzeit than, aganis was fechtand all.
Gude Wallace Ost, & Erll Malcolme with micht
King Edward than with awfull feir on nicht:
Cryit to array, on Bruce sa sterne and stour,
Twentie thousand in armis him about.
Into harnes had biddin all the nicht,
Bot frayit folk sa duilfully was dicht.
On ilk syde fled, for feirsnes of thair deid,
Wallace and his, sa rouchly throw thame zeid.
Towart the King, and fellit feill to ground,
Quha baid yame pair, richt feill fechting hes ioind
The cruell King richt awfully abaid,
To all his folk ane grett comfort he maid.
The worthy Scottis agans him in that stour,
Feill Sutheroun slew into thair fyne armour.
Sa fordwarrly thay preissit in that thrang,
Befoir the King, maid sloppis thame amang.
Inglis commounis than fled on ather syde,
Bot Nobill men, thair durst nane vther byde.
The Bruce as than, to Scottis did na greuance,
Bot Judge he was, with senzeit countenance.
Sa did he neuer into na battell air,
Nor zit efter, sic deid as he schew thair.
The Erll Malcolme, be than into the toun,
The Erll Harthfurd, to fle he maid him boun.

Ll. i.

The Lennox men set thair lugeis in fyre,
Than feirdly fled feill mony Sutheroun fyre.
The King Edward, yat zit was fechtand still,
Hes sene yame fle, yan lykit him full Ill.
The wourthy Scottis fast towart him yai preis,
His bydill neir, assayit oz thay wald ceis.
His baner man Wallace slew in that place,
And syne to ground, the baner sone thay race.
The Erll of Zorik counsallit the King to fle,
Than he returnit, sen na succour thay se.
The Inglismen hes sene thair baner fall,
Without comfozt, to fle thay purpois all.
Ten thousand men, in feild and toun was deid,
Of Edwardis folk, oz him self left that steid.
Twentie thousand away togidder raid,
King and Chiftanis na langer tary maid.
The Scottis in haist, than to thair hozs yai zeid,
To stuf the chace, with wozthy men in weid.
The Lennox folk, that wantit hozs and geir,
Tuik thame at will, to help thame in yair weir.
At stragil raid, quhat Scot micht fozmest pas,
On Sutheroun men, quhair full greit slauchter
Wallace hes sene the Scottis bnozdourly, (was
Follow the chace, he maid Maissaris in hy.
Thame foz to reull, and altogidder ryde,
Commandand thame, Ilk ane suld vther byde.
Into fleing the Sutheroun subtell ar,
Se thay ane tyme, thay will set on vs sair.
Feill scaillit folk to thame will sone renew,
Foz ze se weill that thay ar men anew.
The followaris war reullit weill with skill,
In gude array thay raid all at his will.
And slew doū fast, quhat Sutheroun yai ouirtak

Contrair

Contrair ye Scottis come nocht maistrie to mak.
Into the chace, thay haistit thame sa neir,
Na Inglisman durst fra the Dist out steir.
The frayit folk at stragill was fleand,
Drew to the King, weill ma yan ten thousand.
Thzettie thousand in number yan war thay,
Into array togidder past yai away.
Feill Scottis hozs sa dzeuin was in trauaill,
Foz run that day, sa Irkit began to faill.
The Sutheroun was with hozs seruit sa weill,
Of Wallace chace, the Sutheroun had sum feill.
Of hozs thay war purueyit in greit wane,
The King changit of sindzie hozs of Spane.
Than Wallace said, Lozdis ze may weill se,
Zone folk ar now, all that zone King may be.
Foz falt of stuf we lois ouir mekill thing,
Had we gude hozs to pas befoir this King:
We suld mak end of all this lang debait,
Zit sum of thame sall be handillit sa hait.
Part of our hozs ar haldin freschc and wicht,
Set on thame fast, quhill that we ar in micht.
With yat ye Scottis sa hard amang thame drew
Of the outwaird thze thousand yair yai slew.
In Craukurd mure mony ane man was slane,
Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of mane.
Than said he thus, gude Erll of Huntingtoun,
Ze se the Scottis puttis feill to confusioun.
Wald ze with men, agane on thame releif,
And mar thame anis, I sall quhill I may leif:
Luif zow far mair than ony vther Knicht,
And foz all this sall put zow to zour richt.
Than said the Bruce, Schir lous me of my band,
And I sall turne, I hecht zow be my hand.

The king full ſone conſidderit in his mynd,
Quhen he hard Bruce anſwer him in ſic kynd:
Fra Inglißmen the Bruceis hart ſet is,
Than keſt he thus, how he ſuld mend that mis.
And ſa he did in Ingland at his will,
Na Scottis man he leit with Bruce byde ſtill.
Bot quhair he paſt, held him in ſubiectioun,
Of Inglißmen, vnder ane greit bandoun.
He turnit nocht, noꝛ na mair langage maid,
In rayit battell the king to Sulway raid.
With mekill pane paſt vpon Ingland coiſt,
Fyftie thouſand in that trauell thay loiſt.
Quhen Wallace ſaw, he chaipit was away,
Vpon command, agane returnit thay.
To Edinburgh withouttin woꝛdis moir,
Put in Craukurd, that Capitane was befoir.
Of heritage he had in Wanwell land,
Wallace commandit, Jlk man ſuld hald in hand.
Thair awin office, as thay befoir tyme had,
Put in gude peice, Scotland in richt he ſtad.
On the tent day to Sanct Johnſtoun he went,
Semblit Loꝛdis, ſyne ſchawit yame his Jntent.
Sbꝛymgeour come, yat than had wyn Dundie,
Wallace command that tyme weill keipit be.
He kaiſzeit ſa, quhill ſtrang hounger yame dꝛaif,
Sa ſtabillit war, the hous to him thay gaif.
Thay wageouris ſone, he put to confuſioun,
Syne bꝛocht Moꝛroun to mak ane concluſioun.
Befoir Wallace, and ſone fra he him ſaw,
He gart hyng him, foꝛ all king Edwardis aw.
Maſounis, myndouris, with Sbꝛymgeour furth
Keit doun Dundie, & pairof maid ane end. (he ſēd,
Wallace ſadly, quhen thir deidis war done,

The

The Loꝛdis he callit, & his will ſchew yame ſone.
Gude men he ſaid, J was zour Gouernour,
My mynd was ſet to do zow ay honour.
And foꝛ to bring this Realme to richteouſnes,
Foꝛ it J paſt in mony panefull place.
To wyn our awin, my ſelf J neuer ſpaird,
At the Fawkirk thay oꝛdand me rewaird.
Of thair rewaird, ze heir na mair thꝛow me,
To ſic giftis God will full weill haue E.

NOw ze ar fre thꝛow the maker of micht,
Ye grant zow grace foꝛ to defend zour richt
Als J pꝛeſume gif harme be oꝛdand me,
Thay ar Scottis men, quhilk ſuld ye wirkaris be
J haue aneuch of our auld enemeis ſtryke,
We think our awin ſuld nocht Jnuy my lyke.
My office here, ouir planely J reſing
J think na mair to tak on me ſic thing.
In France J will, and wyn my leuing thair,
As now aupſit, and hame to cum na mair.
Loꝛdis ganeſtude, bot all that helpit nocht,
Foꝛ ony thair, he did as him ſelf thocht.
Biſchop Sinklair, was beſyit with ſeiknes,
Into Dunkeld, and ſyne thꝛow Goddis grace:
He recouerit quhen Wallace paſt away,
Eftir the Bruce he leuit mony ane day.
Gude Wallace thus tuik leif in Sanct Johnſtoun
Auchteue with him, to Dundie maid yame boun.
Longoueill paſt, that douchtie was in deid,
The Barrounis ſone of Bꝛeichen with him zeid.
Twa bꝛether als, with thair Uncle thame dicht,
Symon Wallace and Richard that was wicht.
Schir Thomas Gray, this Pꝛeiſt can with him

Edward Lytill,gude Iop and Maiſter Blair.
Gude Keirly paſt,had bene with Wallace lang,
And done full weill in mony felloun thrang.
This Keirly than,that couth with Wallace fair,
Will Ker he hecht,myne Author dois declair.
Keirlie in Iriſch,is bot Ker lytill ſaid,
In Carrik he had heritage of ald.
His foirbeaz,quhilk worthy was of hand,
Sanct Dauid King him brocht out of Ireland,
Syne at Dūnoir,quhair firſt Norowais come in
This gude Ker maid greit diſcomfit of yair kin.
With ſeuin hundreth, he diuiſt nyne thouſand,
Sum drownit in Donne,ſum ſlane vpon ye land.
Thay landis haill the gude King gaif him till,
How Wallace paſt,now farther ſpeik we will.

¶How Wallace met with Iohne of Lyn vpon the ſey. Cap. ij.

AMang Merchandis pus Wallace tuik ye ſe,
Pray we to God,that he thair helper be.
Thay ſaillit furth be part of Ingland ſchoir,
To Humber mouth, quhen that thay come beſoir.
Out of the South ane greit Reid Saill yai ſe,
Into the Top,thre Leopardis ſtandand hie.
The Merchandis than, ye ſigne quhē yat yai ſaw
Cumand ſa neir,thay war diſcomfort aw.
For weill thay wiſt,that it was Iohne of Lyn,
Scottis to ſlay,he ſaid it was na ſyn.
Thir krayit folk thay zeid to Confeſſioun,
Than Wallace ſaid, ſic ane deuotioun:
Zit ſaw I neuer,in na place quhair I paſt,
That for ane Schip,me think zow all agaſt.

Zone

Zone wod Cattis,ſall do vs lytill deir,
We ſaw yame faill twyis ma quhen yat yai weir.
On ane fair feild,ſa ſall thay on the ſe,
Deſpite it is,to ſe thame ſtand ſa hie.
The Steirſman ſaid,Schir will ze vnderſtand,
He faikis nane,that is borne of Scotland.
We may nocht fle fra zone Barge wait I weill,
Weill ſtufit yai ar,with gun and ganze of ſteill.
Vpon the ſey zone Reuar lang hes bene,
To richteous men he dois full meikill tene.
Wicht we be faifit we reik nocht of our gude,
This vſe he hes,in ſchort for to concludē.
Ane ſtude he beiris vpon his coit armour,
Ay drownand folk,ſa paintit is his figour.
Suppois we murne,ze ſuld haue na meruaill,
Than Wallace ſaid,heir is men of mair vaill:
To ſaill the Schip,thairfoir in how thow ga,
And thy feiris,na mair cūmir thow ma.
Wallace and his,than ſone to harnes zeid,
Quhen thay war graithit into thair worthy weid
Him ſelf and Blair,and the Knicht Longueill,
Thir thre hes tane to keip the mydſchip weill.
Befoir was aucht, and ſer beeft he kend,
Syne twa he cheiſit;the Top for to defend.
And Gray he maid yair Steirſman for to be,
The Merchandis than ſaw thame ſa manfullie:
Defend thame ſelf,becaus thay had na weid,
Out of the how thay tuik ſkynnis gude ſpeid.
Ay betuix twa ſtuffit woll as thay micht beſt,
Agane the ſtraik,that thay micht ſumpart reſt.
Than Wallace leuch, and commendit thame aw,
Of ſic harnes,befoir he neuer ſaw.
Be that the Barge come on thame wounder faſt,

Scuin scoir in hir, that was na thing agast.
Quhen Johne of Lyn saw yame in armour bricht
He leuch and said, thir haultand wordis on hicht.
Zone glaikit Scottis, can vs nocht vnderstand,
Fullis thay ar, new cūmin of the land.
He cryit stryke, bot nane answer thay maid,
Blair with ane Bow, schot fast withouttin baid.
Or thay clippit, he schot bot arrowis thre,
And at ilk schot, he gart ane Reuar de.
The Briggantis than yai bikkerit wounder fast,
Amang the Scottis, with schot of gunnis cast.
And thay agane, with speiris heidit weill,
Feill woundis maid, throw plaitis of fyne steill.
Ather vther festnit with clippis kene,
Ane cruell counter thair was at schipburd sene.
The derf schot draif als thick as haill schour,
Lestit yair weill, neir the space of ane hour.
Quhen schot was gane, ye Scottis greit comfort
At hand straikis thay war sicker and sad.
The Merchandis als, with sic thing as yai micht,
Preuit full weill, in defence of thair richt.
Wallace and his, at neir straikis quhen thay se,
With schairp swordis, yai gart feill Briggātis de.
Thay in the Top, sa wichtly wrocht with hand,
In the south Top yair micht na Reuar stand.
All the mydschip of Reuaris was maid waist,
That to gif our in point thay war almaist.
Than Johne of Lyn was richt greitly agast,
He saw his folk about him failze fast.
With egir will he wald haue bene away,
Bad wynd the Saill in all the haist thay may.
Bot fra the Scottis than micht yai nocht eskey,
The Schippis sa fair on ather syde thay wey.

Thay

Thay saw na thing that micht be to thame eis,
Craufurd on loft, thair Saill brynt in ane bleis.
Or Johne of Lyn schuip for to leif that steid,
Of his best men, sextie war brocht to deid.
Thair schip by ouris, ane burd was mair of hicht,
Wallace lap in amang thay Reuaris wicht.
Ane man he straik, ouir schip burd in the se,
On the ouir lok he slew sone vther thre.
Longoueill enterit, and als gude Maister Blair,
Thay gaif na grace, to freik yat yai fand thair.
Wallace him self with Johne of Lyn he met,
At his collair ane felloun straik he set
Baith Helme and heid, fra the schulderis he draif,
Blair ouir the burd, in the sey kest the laif.
Of his, body than all the remanand,
Enterit and slew, the Briggantis that yai fand.
The Schip thay tuik, greit gold and vther geir,
That thay Reuaris had gadderit lang in weir.
Bot Maister Blair spak na thing of him sell,
In deid of armis, quhat auenture that befell.
Schir Thomas Gray was Preist yan to Wallace
Put in the buik how thame hapnit this cace.
That Blair was in, and mony worthy deid,
Of quhilk him self had na plesance to reid.
Wallace gart reull the schip with his awin men,
And saillit furth the richt cours for to ken.
In the Sluce hauin, quhill thay enterit be,
The Merchandis weill he helpit in saifte.
Of gold and geir he tuik part that thay fand,
Gaif thame the Schip, syne passit to the land.
Throw Flanderis raid, vpon ane gudly wise,
Enterit in France, and syne socht to Parise.
The glaid tythingis, yat to the King was brocht,

Of Wallace cũning, it comfort all thair thocht.
Thay trowit be him, to get redres of wrang,
The Sutheroun had, in Guyan wrocht sa lang.
The Peiris of France war still at yair Parliamẽt
The King commandit, with haill and trew Intẽt
Thay suld foirse aue Lordschip to Wallace,
The Lordis than all demit of this cace.
For Guyan was all haill out of thair hand,
Thay thocht it best for to gif him that land.
For weill thay trowit, he had wrocht sa befoir,
He suld it wyn, or ellis de thairfoir.
Allwa of it thay micht na profeit haif,
This was the caus to Wallace thay it gaif.
This Decreit sone thay schew vnto the King,
Displesit he was, thay maid him sic ane thing.
Of Guyan thus, quhen Wallace had ane feill,
Na land he said, lykit him half sa weill.
My chance is thus, for to be ay in weir,
And Inglismen, hes done our Realme maist deir.
It was weill knawin my defence richteous yair,
Richt haue I heir, my comfort is the mair.
I thank zow Lordis, maid sic rewaird to me,
Your purpois is, I sall nocht I dill be.
The King bad him be Duke of Guyan land,
To yat command Wallace was ganestandand.
Becaus that land was haistely to conqueis,
His thocht was ay to wyn it throw Goddis grace
Bot neuertheles the King had maid him Knicht,
And gaif him gold for to mantene his richt.
And syne gaif charge to all weirmen in France,
Thay suld be haill at Wallace Ordinance.
And als of him he bad him armis tak,
Wallace forsuik, sic changeing for to mak.

Sen

Sen I began, I buir the Reid Lyoun,
And thinkis to be, ay trew man to that Crown.
I thank zow Schir, of this mychtie rewaird,
Your men heirfoir, sall nocht richt lang be spaird.
I think to quyte sum part ze kythit on me,
In zour seruice, or ellis thairfoir to de.
Gude Wallace thocht his time he wald not waist
Vnto the weir, he graithit him in haist.
All Scottis men that was into that land,
To him thay socht with thair fewtie and band.
Longoueill als, ane greit power can rais,
In Wallace help, this gude Knicht gladly gais.
Ten thousand haill of Nobill men thay wair,
The braid Baner displayit of Scotland thair.
Thir weirmen sone vpon Guyan thay fure,
Brak bigging, doun, quhilk had bene stark & sture
Sutheroun thay slew, agane thame maid debait,
Richtly on breid, thay raisit fyris hait.
Schemon yai tuik, that Wallace first had winin,
And slew all men of Sutheroun yair was fundin.
Into that toun Wallace his dwelling maid,
All thair about he wan the countrie braid.
The worthy Duke of Orpyance was Lord,
Semblit his folk into ane gude accord.
Twelf thousand than, he had in armour bricht,
And thocht to help gude Wallace in his richt.
Leif I thame thus, the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speik sũ part how Scotlãd tuik greit skaith.

¶ How Edward King of Ingland come in Scotland and maid haill Conqueis thairof. Cap. iij.

(F)(+)(E)

The fals Inuy, and the wickit treassoun,
Imang thame self, brocht feill to confusioun.
The knicht wallāge in scotland maid repair
The fals Menteith, schir Johne withouttin mair.
Betuix thay twa was maid ane priuate band.
Sa on ane day thay met into Annand.
Of the Lennox schir Johne had greit delyze,
Schir Aymeir hecht he suld it haue in hyze.
To hald in fee, and vther landis mo,
Of king Edward, sa he wald pas him to.
Thus cozdit thay, and syne to Londoun went,
Edward was glaid to hald that pointment.
Menteith annone, was bound to that fals king,
To further him, to Scotland in all thing.
Syne passit hame, and Wallange with him fure,
Quhill he was brocht, agane our Carlile mure.
King Edward than, in Ire and feirs outrage,
Be threttie dayis he raisit his barnage.
In Scotland past, and thair na stopping fand,
Na Chiftane was, that durst agane him stand.
Foz Menteith tald yai thocht to mak Bruce king
All trew Scottis wald be pleist of that thing.
Zit mony fled, and durst nocht byde Edwarr,
Sum into Ros, and in the Ilis past part.
Bischop Sinklair agane fled into Bute,
With that fals king he had na will to mute.
Thus without straik the Castellis of Scotland,
King Edward hes tane into his awin hand.
Deuydit syne, to men that he wald lyke,
Strenthis and touis, to Ros throw ye kingrike.
Baith hicht and baill, obeyit haill his will,
That he commandit thay purpois to fulfill.
The Bischoppis all Inclynit to his Crown,

Baith

Baith tempozall, and the Religioun.
The Romane buikis, yat pan war in Scotland,
He gart yame beir to Scone quhair yai yame fād.
And but redeme thay brynt thaime all Ilk aue,
Salisbery vse, our Clerkis than hes taue.
The Lozdis he tuik, yat wald nocht of him hald,
In Ingland send, the Nobill blude of ald.
Schir William lang Dowglas to Londoun send
In strang prefoun, quhair throw he maid ane end.
Erll Thomas als, that Lozd was of Murray,
And Lozd Fresar with him he send away.
Alls Hew the Hay, and vther airis ma,
He gart Wallange with yame in Ingland ga.
Na man was left, all this mane land within,
Fra Edwardis peice, was knawin of ony kin.
Setoun, Lawder, Dwelt still into the Bas,
With thame Lundy, and men that wozthy was.
The Erll Malcolme, and Campbell past but let,
In Bute succour, with Sinklair foz to get.
Schir John Ramsay, and Rothuen yai fled nozth
To thair Cousing, that Lozd was of Fillozth,
He past with yame throw Murray landis richt,
Sa fand yai yair ane gentill wozthy knicht.
That Clement hecht, full cruell ay had bene,
And kendit weill amang thair enemeis kene.
He thocht neuer at Edwardis will to be,
Into his tyme he gart feill Sutheroun de.
He led thir Lozdis, in Ros withouttin mair,
At the stok furd, ane stark strenth biggit thair.
Keipit that lang, richt wozthely be weir,
To thair enemeis thay did full mekill deir.
Adam Wallace and Lindesay of Cragey,
Away thay fled, into the nicht be sey.

And Robert Boyd, quhilk was baith wyse & wicht
Arrane thay tuik, to send yame at thair micht.
And Cospatrik into Dunbar dwelt still,
Fewtie full sone he maid King Edward till:
Abirnethie, Lord Soullis and Cumyng als,
And Johne of Lorne, yat lang tyme had bene fals
The Lord of Bzeichen, and mony vther ma,
At Edwardis peice for giftis yat he yame ga.
Justing of peice, for twentie dayis set he,
Of Inglismen, in Lorne that men micht se.
Plane to declair, bot for this caus I wis,
That all Scotland be conqueis than was his.
The Lordis than, and gude Bischop Sinklair,
Syne out of Bute thay maid ane Ballingair.
To gude Wallace, tald him thair tozment haill,
Thau wzait thay thus, to get Bute of thair baill.

Our hoip, our heill, and our haill Gouernour,
Our gudly gyde, our best Chiftane in stour.
Our Lord, our luif, our strēth in richteousnes
For Goddis saik redeme vs anis to grace.
And tak the Crown, to vs it war kyndair,
To bzuik for ay, or fals Edward it bair.
The wzit he gat, bot zit suffer he wald,
For greitt faiset, that part him did of ald.
Mekill dolour it did him in his mynd,
Of thair myssair, for trew he was and kynd.
He thocht to tak amendis of thair wzang,
He answerit nocht, bot into weir furth rang.
Of King Edward, zit mair furth will I mele,
Into quhat wyse that he couth Scotland dele.
In Sanct Johnstoun, the Erll of Zorik he maid
Capitane to be, of all thay landis bzaid.

Fra

Fra Tay to Dee, and vnder him Buttellair,
His Gzandschir had at Kincleuin endit thair.
His Father als, Wallace had baith thame slane,
Edward thairfoir, maid him ane man of mane.
The Lord Bewmont into the Nozth he send,
Thay Lordschippis haill, he gaif thame in cōmend
To Striuiling syne, fra Sāct Johnstoun he went
Thair to fulfill the laif of his Intent.
The Lord Cliffurd, he had than Dowglasdaill,
Reullar to be of the South Marchis haill.
All Galloway he gaif Cumyng in hand,
Wist nane bot God, how lang yat stait suld stand
The gentill Lord, gude Bischop of Lambertoun,
Of Sanctandzois had Dowglas of Renoun.
Befoir that tyme, zoung James wicht and wise,
To him was cum, fra Scuillis of Parise.
Ane pziuate fauour the Bischop to him bair,
Bot Inglismen was sa greit maisteris thair:
He durst nocht weill in place schaw him kyndnes,
Quhill on ane day he tuik sum hardynes.
Dowglas he callit, and couth to Striuiling fair,
Quhair King Edward was deiland landis thair.
He pzoferit him to the Kingis seruise,
To bzuik his awin, sen he wist in this wise
Dowglas he was, than he forsuik planelie,
Sweiris be Sāct George, he bzuikis na lands of me.
His Father was incontrair of my Crown,
Thairfoir as now, he bydis in our pzesoun.
To the Bischop nane vther answer he maid,
Bot as he plesit, delt out thay landis bzaid.
To the Lord Soullis, all haill the Mers gaif he,
And Capitane als of Berwik for to be.
Olyphant yan, yat he in Striuiling fand,

Quhen he him had, he wald nocht keip his band.
The quhilk he maid, or he Striuiling him gaif,
Diſſaitfully this King couth him diſſaif.
Into Ingland, ſend him to preſoun ſtrang,
In greit diſtres he leuit thair full lang.
Quhen Edward King had delt this Regioun,
His leif he tuik, in Ingland maid him boun.
Out of Striuiling ſouth wart as yai can ryde,
Cumyng hapnit neir hand the Bruce to byde.
Thus ſaid he Schir, and ze can keip counſall,
I can zow leir, quhilk may be zour auaill.
The Bruce anſwerit, quhat euer ze ſchaw to me,
As for my part, ſall weill conceillit be.
Lord Cumyng ſaid, Schir ze knaw not yis thing
Of all this Realme ze ſuld be richteous King.
Than ſaid the Bruce ſuppois I richteous be,
I ſe na tyme to tak ſic thing on me.
I am haldin into my enemeis hand,
Under greit aith, quhen I come in Scotland.
Nocht part fra him, for profkeit nor requeiſt,
Nor for na ſtrenth, bot gif deid me arreiſt.
He hecht agane to gif this land to me,
Now fynd I weill it is bot ſubteltie.
For thus thow ſeis, he deillis my heritage,
To Sutheroun part, and ſum to traitouris wage.
Than Cumyng ſaid, will ze heirto concord,
Of my landis, and ze lyke to be Lord.
Ze ſall thame haue, for zour richt of ye Crown,
Or and ze lyke, Schir for my warysoun:
I ſall zow help, with power at my micht,
The Bruce anſwerit, I will nocht ſell my richt.
Bot on this wyſe, quhat Lordſchip thow will craif
For thy ſupplie, I hecht it thow ſall haif.

Cum

Cum fra zone King Schir with ſum Jeopardie,
Now Edward hes all Galloway gewin to me.
My Nevoy Soullis, that keipis Berwik toun,
At zour command his power ſall be boun.
My Nevoy als, ane man of mekill micht,
The Lord of Lorne hes greit rowme in ye hicht.
My thrid Nevoy, ane Knicht of greit Renoun,
Will ryſe with vs, of Bzeichen the Barroun.
Than ſaid the Bruce, fell thair ſa fair ane chance,
That we micht get agane Wallace of France:
Be wit and force, he couth this Kingrik wyn,
Allace we haue bene ouir lang haldin in twyn.
To that langage Cumyng maid na record,
Of auld deidis into his myind remord.
The Bruce and he completit furth thair band,
Syne yat ſame nicht ſeillit it with thair hand.
This Ragment left the Bruce with Cumyng thair
With King Edward haine in Ingland couth fair.
And yair remanit, quhil yis ragmēt was knawin,
Thre zeir or mair, or Bruce preſſit to his awin.
Sum men demis, Cumyng the Ragment ſchrid,
Sum men thairfoir, agane mahis defend.
Nane may ſay weill that Cumyng was ſaibles,
Becaus his wyfe was Edwardis Conſignes.
He ſeruit deid be richt law of his King,
Sa reklesly myſkeipit ſic ane thing.
Had Bruce paſt by, but baid to Saint Johnſtoun
Be haill aſſent, and reſſauit his Crown.
On Cumyng ſyne he micht haue done the law,
He couth nocht thoill, fra tyme that he him ſaw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
Of Wallace me[illegible], in ſum parᵗ ſpeik will we.

(F)(✠)(S)

¶ The Twelft Buik declairis how wallace Conqueiſt the land of Guyan, and how he was maid Lord thairof. Cap. j.

The ſair trauell, the erniſt beſynes,
The fell laubour he had in mony place.
To wyn the land, yat ye gude King him gaif
Into his Regne he wald na Sutheroun ſaif.
In Guyan land Wallace was ſtill at weir,
Of Scotlandis lois, it did his hart greit deir.
Of trew Scottis in mynd he had pietie,
He thocht to help, his tyme quhen he micht ſe.
Of ſet battellis fyue he diſcomfeiſt haill,
But Jeopardie, and mony ſtrang aſſaill.
Syne thay forſuik, and durſt him nocht abyde,
The Sutheroun fled, fra thyne on ather ſyde.
To Burdeous, into greit multiplic,
The toun thay ſtuf, with victuallis be the ſe.
All Guyan land Wallace tuik to his peis,
To Burdeous he paſt or he wald ceis.
On out biggingis full greit maiſtrie he maid,
Still twentie dayis, at ſtrang aſſailzeing baid.
Forthis and werk that was without the toun,
Thay brak and brynt, and put to confuſioun.
Hedgis and dayis, be laubour that was thair,
Fruitzeit and ſpilt, thay wald na fruitis ſpair.
The Inglißmen maid greit defence agane,
With ſchot and caſt, that meikill war of mane.
Of gūnis thay war, and ganzeis ſtuffit weill,
All artailze, and wappinis of fyne ſteill.
With men and meit within was buſkit bene,
The greit Capitane, was wyſe, cruell, and kene.
Of Glocester the huge Lord and Here,

The

The Erll had bene ay bſit into were.
Keipit his men be wit and hardyment,
Without the toun yair durſt nane fra him went.
The land without was neir waiſtit away,
Weirmen ſa lang into the countrie lay.
In Wallace Diſt ſa ſcant was of victaill,
Thay micht nocht byde na langer to aſſaill.
Than this wyſe Lord the Duke of Ozyance,
To Wallace ſaid, Schir ze ſuld ken this chance.
It ſtandis our weill with yis fals ſutheroū bludc
For on na wyſe can we ſtop thair ſude.
The hauin thay haue, and ſchippis at thair will,
Of Ingland cūmis, victuall anouch thaime till.
The land is pure of victuall ſuld vs beild,
And ze ſe weill, als thay forſaik the feild.
Thay will nocht fecht, thocht ze all zeir ſuld byde,
Ze may of peice pleneis thir landis wyde.
My counſall is, in plane anent this thing,
That ze wald pas with worſchip to the King.
Be his aſſent, ze may at laiſer waill,
With prouiſioun agane thame to aſſaill.
Wallace Inclynit, and thankit this wyſe Lord,
Than thay returnit, all in ane gude accord.
Paſt vp in France, with honour to the King,
And ſchew him haill the veritie of this thing.
And he thairof in hart was wounder glaid,
Frenche men befoir, yat hundzeth zeir nocht had:
Of Guyan haill ſa meikill in thair hand,
Mayting be than was new cūmin of Scotland.
Fra part of Lordis, and gude Biſchop Gaſtair,
Beſocht the King into thir termis fair.
Of his gentrice, and of his gudly grace,
For thair ſupple, to counſall gude Wallace:

X. ij.

To cum agane,and bring thame of bandoun,
And tak to weir,the Crown of that Regioun.
This writ as than,he wald nocht to him ſchaw,
Richt laith he was,for freindſchip, feid,or aw.
Wallace ſuld pas ſa ſone fra his preſence,
And dwelling place he tuik to his reſidence.
In Schyrmone ſtill,Wallace his dwelling maid,
And held about,richt lykand landis braid.
Ane kene Capitane than clamit in heritage,
Office of it,and greit landis in wage.
Thairfoir he thocht gude Wallace for to ſla,
Under cullour ſic maiſtrie for to ma.
Lang tyme he ſocht to get ane day and place,
Said he deſyrit in ſeruice to Wallace.

ANe tryſte thay ſet with kyſtene on the ſyde,
Fourtie thair by he gart in buſchement byde.
Of men in armis,quhen he with Wallace met,
Richt awfully he bad thame on him ſet.
Nane armour had Wallace men in that place,
Bot ſword & knyfe yai bure on yame throw grace
Part of his men left neir ane Foreſt ſyde,
Richt buſkeouſly the Capitane ſaid that tyde:
That Wallace held of his landis vnricht,
Richt ſoberly he ſaid to that Frenche knicht:
I haue na land,bot quhilk the King gaif me,
My lyfe thairfoir hes bene in Jeopardie.
The knicht anſwerit,thy lyfe ſall be forlorne,
Or ellis that land,the contrair quha had ſworne.
Abak he lap,and out ane ſword he drew,
The buſchement brak, quhen he that takin ſchew.
Gude Wallace thocht that mater ſtude not weill,
Hir geppit ſone ane ſcheirand ſword of ſteill.

And

And at ane ſtraik the knicht to deith he draif,
About ſerrene ſone lappit all the laif.
Wallace and his,ſa worthely thay wrocht,
Full feill thay ſlew,that faireſt on thame focht.
The knichtis brother,yat ſtalwart was & ſtrang,
And thocht thay ſuld be vengit or thay gang.
Of Wallace men ſum part he woundit ſair,
Wawand thair was, into ane Medow thair:
Nyne ſtout Carllis,all ſeruandis to that knicht,
Syithis thay hynt,and ran in all thair micht:
To the fechtaris,or thay come neir that place,
Bot thame perſaut,richt weil hes gude Wallace.
Sa awfull thing,of ſic he neuer ſaw,
Thame to reſiſt,him ſelf can to thame draw.
Into the four left his men fechtand ſtill,
To meit thay Carllis,that come with egir will.
The firſt leit draw at Wallace with his Syith,
Deliuer he was, and heich ouirlap it ſwyith.
Ane akwart ſtraik hit the Churll on the heid,
Derfly on ground,he hes him left for deid.
The tother he met,ouir lap his Syith ſa kene,
On the ſchulder,als ſtraik him in that tene.
Throw all the coiſt,the Nobill ſword doun ſchair
The thrid he met,with ane full awfull fair.
The groundin Syith, at Wallace he leit draw,
This gude Chiftane clenely ouir lap thame aw.
With his guid ſword he maid ane hiddeous woūd
Left him for deid, ſyne on the feird can found.
On the Rig bane in greit Ire can him ta,
Cleuit the coiſt richt cruelly in twa.
Thre formeſt Syithis yis gude Wallace ouir lap,
And four he ſlew,yat ſaw ſic was thair hap.
For ane man ay he ſlew at euerilk ſtraik,

The laſt fled firſt, this can thair power ſlaik.
Wallace followis, and ſone the fyft ouirtais,
Straik him to deith, that na farther he gais.
Syne ſped him ſone, vnto his men agane,
Be than thay had the Knichtis brother ſlane.
Fyftie and ſex, deirly to deith was dicht,
Except ſeuin men, that fled out of thair ſicht.
Fyue Wawaris als, that Wallace ſelf with met,
To Frenchemen, ſen ſyne na ſic tryſt ſet,
Becaus that thay him brocht to ſic ane cace,
The King hard tell, weill chaipit was Wallace.
Send for him ſone, ſyne prayit him for to be,
Of his houſhald, and leif in gude ſaiftie.
For weill he ſaw thay had him at Inuy,
Still with him ſelf, he gart him byde for thy.
Twa zeiris thair, Wallace with myzth abaid,
Still into France mony gude Journey maid.
The King him pleiſit in all his gudly mane,
Fra him he thocht, he ſuld nocht part agane.
Lordis and Ladyis honourit him reuerently,
Wzetchis and Schrewis, ay had him at Inuy.

¶How Wallace flew the twa Campiounis. Cap. ij.

TWa Campiounis, yat time dwelt vō ye King
Had greit deſpite, at Wallace in all thing.
Togidder zeid ay thir twa Campiounis,
Of fellonn force, and thrawart conditiounis.
Richt greit deſpite thay ſpak ay of Scotland,
Quhill on ane day, it hapnit vpon hand.
Wallace and thay war leuit thame allane,
Be auenture, into ane hous of ſtane.

Thay

Thay bſit to beir na wappinis in that hall,
Thay trowit thairfoir, ane myſ yai micht not fall.
Thair commonnit thay of Scotland ſcornefully,
Than Wallace ſaid, ze wrang vs vtterly.
Sen we ar bund in freindſchip to zour King,
And he of vs, is pleſit in all thing.
All Scottiſmen hes helpit this Realme fra dreid,
Me think ze ſuld, gif gude word for gude deid.
Quhat may ze ſpeik of zour enemeis bot euill,
In lichtlynes thay maid anſwer thair till.
And him diſpytit in thair langage als,
Ze Scottis thay ſaid, hes euer zit bene falſ.
Wallace tuik ane, on the face in his tene,
With his gude hand, quhill neis mouth and ene:
Throw the braith blaw, all buſchit out of blude,
Grouflingis to groūd he ſmoit him quhair he ſtude
The tother hynt to Wallace in that ſteid,
For weill he weind, his fellow had bene deid.
And he agane, in greif him grippit ſair,
Quhill his ſpreit failzeit, yat he micht do na mair.
The firſt freik rais, and ſmoit on Wallace faſt,
Baith to the deith he brocht thame at the laſt.
Upon ane Pillair thair harnis out he dang,
And with his handis out at ye dur yame ſlang.
And ſaid quhat Deuill, mouit zone Carlis at me,
Lang tyme in France, I wald haif lattin yame be
Traiſt weill in treuth, thus war thay gane in deid
Thocht Frenche mē now, not lykis yairok to reid.
Als I will ceis, and put it out of Ryme,
Better it is, quha richt can luik the tyme:
Mony greit Lord was diſpleiſit in France,
Bot ye gude King, yat knew all haill the chance.
Richt greit deſpite, of Scotland ſpokin had thay,

This paſſit ouir,quhill yat vpon ane day:
Was nane of thame,yat durſt it vndertak,
Be had done wrang, or yairfoir battell mak.

¶How Wallace ſlew the Lyoun in the Barrace. Cap. iij.

THis Royall Roy ane hie worſchip him gaif,
Is Conquerour,him honourit ouir ye laif.
Ane fell Lyoun yis King had gart be brocht
Within Barrace,for greit harme yat he wrocht.
Tyrliſit in Irne na mair power him gaif,
Of wodnes he exceidit all the laif.
Bot he was fair,and richt felloun in deid,
In that ſtrang ſtreuth he gart men him feid.
Keipit him clos,for men and beſtiall,
In Court yair dwelt twa Squyarſ of greit vaill.
That Couſingis war,to ye Cāpioūs twa,
The quhilk befoir Wallace hapnit to ſla.
Ane band thay maid in prευy concluſioun,
At thair power to wirk his confuſioun.
Be ony meane, throw fraud and ſubteltie,
Efter yairfoir yai thocht nocht for to de.
To deith or ſchame,ſa yat yai micht him bring,
Upon ane tyme thay went vnto the King.
This Scot thay ſaid,that ze ſa weill fair mak,
Be ſeis nocht heir,bot he wald vndertak.
Be his greit force to put to confuſioun,
Now he deſyris to fecht with zour Lyoun.
And bad vs aſk,at zow this battell ſtrang,
Ze grant him leif in the Barrace to gang.
Sadly agane, to thame anſwerit the King,
Sair me forthinkis he deſyris ſic a thing.

Bot

Bot I will nouther, for greif nor zit pleſar'ee,
Deny Wallace,quhat he deſyris in France.
Than went thay furth, & ſone met with Wallace,
Ane figurat taill thay tauld him in yat cace.
Wallace thay ſaid,the King deſyris that ze,
Direnze battell,ſa cruell for to ſe.
And chargis zow, to fecht with this Lyoun,
Wallace anſwerit in haiſtie concluſioun.
And I ſall do quhat be the Kingis will,
At my power richt gladly to fulfill.
Than paſſit he vnto the King but mair,
Ane Lord of Court,quhen he approchit thair:
Unwyſelie ſpeirit without prouiſioun,
Wallace dar ze, ga fecht with our Lyoun?
And he ſaid ze,ſa the King ſuffer me,
Or with zour ſelf,gif ze ocht better be.
Quhat will ze mair,this thing admittit was,
That Wallace ſuld vnto the Lyoun pas.
The King chargit to bring him gude harnes,
And he ſaid nay,God ſcheild me fra ſic cais.
I ſuld it tak,gif I faucht with ane man,
Bot for ane Dog,that nocht of armis can.
I will haue nane,bot ſinglit as I ga,
Ane greit mantill about his hand can ta.
And ane gude ſword with him he tuik na mair,
Abandoundly in Barrace enterit thair.
Greit cheinzeis was wrocht in ye zet with a gin,
And pullit to, quhen Wallace was thairin.
The wod Lyoun, on Wallace quhair he ſtude,
Rampand he brayit,for he deſyrit blude.
With his round pollis in the mantill rocht ſa,
Athwart the bak zit Wallace can him ta.
With his gude ſword, that was of birneiſt ſteill,

His body in twa,it cuttit euerilk deill.
Syne to the King he raikit in greit Ire,
And ſaid on loud,was this all zour deſire?
To wair ane Scot this lichtly into vane,
Is thair na Doggis,yat ze zit wald haue ſlane?
Ga bring yame furth,ſen I man Doggis quell,
To do bidding,quhill yat I with zow dwell.
It ganis full weill,to graith me in Scotland,
For greiter deidis,yair men hes tane on hand.
Than with ane Dog in battell to encheif,
At zow and France,for euer I tak my leif.
The King perſauit yat Wallace greuit was,
Sa erniſtly he aſkit leif to pas.
Rewit in his mynd,that it was happnit ſa,
Sa lewd ane deid,to lat him vnderta.
Knawand the worſchip,and ye greit Nobilnes,
Of him quhilk ſprang,yat tyme in mony place.
Hamely he ſaid, it ſuld diſpleis zow nocht,
Ir ze deſpyit,it bred neuer in my thocht.
And be the faith I aw the Crown of France,
I thocht neuer to charge zow to ſic chance.
Bot men of vaill,that aſkit it for zow,
Wallace anſwerit,to God I mak ane vow:
I lykit neuer,ſic battell to be in,
Upon ane Dog,na worſchip is to win.
The King conſauit how this falſet was wrocht,
The Squyaris baith, was to his preſence brocht.
Cuild nocht deny,quhen thay come him befoir,
Ill thair treſpas,thay tald withouttin moir.
The King commandit,yai ſuld be done to deid,
Smoit of thair heidis without ony remeid.
The Campiounis, lo for Inuy cauſles,
To ſuddād deith Wallace yame brocht throw cais

The Squyaris als,fra yair falſnes was kend,
Inuy yame brocht,baith to ane ſuddand end.
Lordis behald,Inuy the euill Dragoun,
In cruell fyre he bynis this Regioun.
For he is nocht yat aboundis in Inuy,
To ſum miſcheif, it bringis thame haſtely.
Forſaik Inuy,thow ſall the better ſpeid,
Heirof as now, I will na farther reid.
Bot in my mater,that I befoir began,
I ſall declair,als planely as I can.

QVhen Wallace ſaw, thay had him at Inuy,
Langer to byde,he couth nocht yan planely.
Better him thocht,in Scotland for to be,
And auenture tak,outher to leif or de.
To help his awin,he had far mair pleſance,
Than thair to byde,with all the welth in France.
Than his haill mynd,manheid,and curage,
Was planely ſet, to wyn out of bondage.
Scotland agane,fra pane, and mekill ſchoir,
He bowit he ſuld,or ellis de thairfoir.
The King hes ſene how gude Wallace is ſet,
The letter than, him gaif withouttin let.
The quhilk of lait fra Scotland was him ſend,
Wallace it ſaw,and weill yair harmis kend.
Be the firſt writ thairto accordiall,
Thame to ſupple,he thocht he wald nocht faill.
Quhairof ſuld I,heirof lang proces mak,
Wallace of France ane gudly leif can tak.
The King hes ſene,it wald nocht ellis be,
To Chaimer went, behald him micht nocht he.
For greit langour,quhen Wallace can remufe,
The King to him keipit kyndnes ay and lufe.

Jowellis and gold, his worſchip for to ſaif,
He bad thame gif als meikill as he wald haif.
Lordis and Ladyis weipit wounder faſt,
Quhen Wallace thair, ſa tuik his leif and paſt.
Na man he tuik, bot quham he thidder brocht,
Agane with him gude Longoueill furth ſocht.
For pane or blis, yat gude Knicht left him neuer,
For cace befell, quhill deith maid pame diſſeuer.
Towart the Sluce, in gudlie feir paſt he,
Ane Veſſchell gat. and maid him to the ſe.
Fucht Schipmen keyit, & gudly wage pame gaif,
To Scotland fure, the Firth of Tay thay haif.

¶ How Wallace come in Scotland agane at the Battell of Elchok Park. Cap. xiij.

Upon the nicht Wallace the land hes tane,
At Ernis mouth, and is to Elchok gane.
He gart the Schip in couert ſaill away,
Sa out of ſicht, thay war or it was day.
At Elchok dwelt, ane Wallace Couſing deir,
That Craufurd hecht, ye hous quhē yai come neir.
On the bak ſyde Wallace ane wyndo fand,
And in he callit, ſyne Craufurd come at hand.
Fra tyme he wiſt, that it was gude Wallace,
Into his Barn he ordanit yame ane place.
Ane mow of corne he biggit thame about,
And cloſit it weill, nane micht perſaif thair out.
Bot at ane place quhair meit was to yame brocht
And bedding to, als gudly as he mocht.
Ane dern houll furth on the north ſyde thay had,
Unto the watter, quhairof Wallace was glaid.
Four dayis or kyne, in reſt yai ſoiornit thair,

Quhill

Quhill meit was gane, than Craufurd bownit for
To Sāct Johnſtoun yair purueyance to by (mair
Ingliſmen thocht he tuik mair aboundantly:
Than he was wount in ony tyme befoir,
Thay haue him tane, put him in preſoun foir.
Quhat gaiſtis he had, to tell thay maid requeſt,
He ſaid it was bot to ane Kirking feiſt.
Zit thay preſumit the cūming of Wallace,
Knawledge to get, yai ſet ane ſubtell race.
Thay leit him pas with thing that he had bocht,
Syne efter fone in all the haiſt thay mocht.
To harnes zeid the power of the toun,
Fucht hūdreth men vō Buttellar maid yame boun
Followit on dreich, quhill yat yis man come hame
Wallace him ſaw, and ſaid he ſeruit blame.
In my ſleiping ane fell viſioun me tald,
Till Ingliſmen, that thow ſuld me haue ſaid.
Craufurd him ſaid, he had bene tormient ſair,
With Ingliſmen that had him at diſpair.
Thairfoir ryſe vp, and ſone ſum ſuccour ſe,
I dreid full ſair thay ſet wachis on me.
The worthy ſcottis yai graith yame in guid weid
Thair wappinis tuik, ſyne of that hous thay zeid.
Thus ſuddandly thir feill Sutheroun yai ſaw,
To few thay war to fecht agane thame aw.
That kenely come, with zoūg Buttellar ye knicht,
Than Wallace ſaid, ane plane land is nocht richt:
Bot Elchok Park, that is neir heir beſyde,
The firſt aſſaltze, we think thair to abyde.
Anone thay war, and Craufurd with gude wil,
The twentie man, the number to fulfill,
The Park thay tuik, Wallace ane place hes ſene,
Of greit Holing, yat grew baith heich and grene.

with thoztour treis ane manex of ſtrenth maid he
Oz that war wyn, thay thocht to gar feill de.
The wod was thick, bot lytill of weid and lenth,
And yai had meit, yai thoeht to hald that ſtrenth.
The Jugliſmen than paſt to Craufurdis place,
Fand in the barn the ludgeing of Wallace.
Than Craufurdis wyfe in handis thay haue tane,
And aſkit at hir, quhat way the Scottis is gane?
Richt weill thay trowit, that Wallace ſuld yair be
Fra France to Tay, he was cũmit thzow the ſe.
Scho wald nocht tell foz boiſt noz zit rewaird,
Thã Buttellar ſaid, ouir lãg thow hes bene ſpaird
Thair with he grew in matalent and Jre,
And gart thame big ane bzaid byrnand fire.
The Sutheroun ſwoze yarin ſcho ſuld bzynt be,
Than Wallace ſaid ſcho ſall nocht end foz me.
Greit ſin it war, zone faikles wicht to ſla,
Oz ſcho ſuld end, in faith yair ſall de ma.
He left the ſtrenth, and the plane feild can ta,
On loud he cryit, and ſaid lo heir thy ka.
Thinkis thow not ſchame foz to kozmẽt ane wyfe,
Cum firſt to me, and mak end of our ſtryfe.
Fra Buttellar had on feild gude Wallace ſene,
Foz auld malice he wore neir wod foz tene.
Upon ye Scottis thay ſchuip all with greit mane
Gude Wallace ſoue the ſtrenth he tuik agane.
Ane feill bikker the Jugliſmen began,
Aſſailzeit ſair with mony cruell man.
Bot yai within war Nobill of defence,
Maid greit debait with fozce and violence.
At the entrie fyftene thay put to deid,
Than all the lait remouit fra that ſteid.
Zeid to array, agane to ſailze new,

Wallace

Wallace beheld, quhilk weill in weir him knew.
Fellowis he ſaid agane all at this place,
Thay will nocht faill, bot thus ſtandis the caſe.
Zone Knicht thinkis foz to deuyde his men,
In Seir placis, the ſuith ze ſall weill ken.
Agane on vs to pzeik how it may be,
Vs now behouis ſum vther way to ſe.
Contrair thair micht, ane gude defence to mak,
Now Longueill thow ſall ſer with the tak:
William my Eme, als mony ſall with zow ga,
And fyue with me, as now we haue na ma.
Knicht Buttellar than, partit his men in thre,
Wallace beſpit quhair Buttellar ſchuip to be.
Thidder he yan paſt, that entrie foz to weir,
Quhilk fyde thay did aſſailze with greit feir.
Wallace leit part on the entrie begin,
Bot nane zeid out, that on the Scottis come in.
Sewin fozmeſt was that in the frount firſt zeid,
Wallace fyue men thai douchtie was in deid.
Ilk ane ſlew ane, and Wallace gare thrin de,
Buttellar was neiſt, and ſaid yis will nocht be.
Abak he drew, and leſt his curage ſlaik,
The wozthy ſcottis pzeuit weill foz ſcotlandis ſaik.
Gude Longueill his counter maid ſa ſair,
And Craufurd als, thay ſailzeit thaime na mair.
Richt neir be than appzochit to mirk nicht,
And Kernis to appeir, began into thair ſicht.
Sutheroun ſet wachis, and to thair Supper wẽt
The Buttellar was ſair greuit in his Jntent.
Zit fure thay weill, of gude ſtuf, aill, and bzeid
Wallace and his, thay wiſt of na remeid.
Bot cald watter that ran out thzow ane ſtrand,
In that ludgeing, nane vther fude thay fand.

Than Wallace said, gude fellowis think not lang,
Will God we sall be sone out of this thrang.
Suppois we fast ane day ouir or ane nicht,
Tak all in thank, this pane for Scotlandis richt.
The Erll of Yorik was in Sanct Johnstoun still
To Buttellar send, and bad him byde at will.
To him full sone yair suld cum new power,
And als him self thus tauld the Messinger.
Buttellar wald fane Wallace had zoldin bene,
Or the Erll come, and for this caus was sene:
His Grandschir and his Father baith he slew,
This Knicht yair with towart ye Park him drew
Quhat cheir thay maid, vpon the Scottis he raid,
Than Wallace said, far better than thow wald.
The Buttellar said, I wald fane speik with the,
Wallace answerit, thow may for bytill se.
Wallace he said, thow hes done me greit skaith,
My Father and my Grandschir thow slew baith.
Than Wallace said, for skait that thow art in,
It war my det, for to vndo thy kin.
And I think als, as God of heuin me saik,
That my twa handis sall graith the to thy graik.
The Buttellar said, that is nocht lyklie now,
Bot we the haue, we sall gar sydis sow.
Of this I aik, and thow wald mak me grant,
Quhat I the hecht, yat thing thow sall not want.
Say furth (quod he) be thy desyre reasonabill,
I sall it grant, withouttin ony fabill.
The Buttellar said, Wallace thow knawis richt,
Thow may not chaip, be power nor be slicht.
And sen thow seis, it may me better be,
For thy gentrice thow wald the zeild to me.
Than Wallace said thy will vnfulfillit is,

Thow

Thow wald me do, quhilk is ouir hie ane mis.
Zoldin I am, to better I can pruse,
To quhome he askit: to the greit God abuse.
For euerilk day, sen I had wit of man,
Befoir my werk, to zeild me I began.
And als at euin, quhen yat I failzeit licht,
I me betuik, to the maker of micht.
The Buttellar said, me think thow hes done weill
Zit of ane thing, I pray the lat me feill.
For thy manheid, yis to me manifest,
Quhen that thow seis, thow may na langer lest:
On this Ilk place, quhilk I haue tane to weir,
That thow cum furth, and all vther forbeir.
Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyre,
And said I sall, thocht thow war wod as fyre.
And all Ingland the contrarie had sworne,
I sall cum out, at that Ilk place the morne.
Or ellis this nicht, traist weill yat I the say,
I byde nocht heir, quhill nyne houris of the day.
Buttellar send furth, ye chas wache on Ilk syde,
In that Ilk place baldly he bownit to byde.
Thus still thay baid, quhill day began to peir,
Ane thick myst fell, ye Planeit was nocht cleir.
Wallace assayit, all that place about,
Leit as he wald, at ony ane place brek out.
Quhill Buttellaris men away fra him couth ga,
To help the laif, quhen yai saw it was sa.
Wallace and his, fast sped thame to that steid,
Quhair Buttellar baid, feill men yai draif to deid.
The worthy Scottis sone passit throw yat melle,
Craufurd thair with was sair hurt in ye kne.
At eird he was, gude Wallace turnit agane,
And at ane straik he hes the Buttellar slane.

Hynt vp that man, vnder his arme ſa ſtrang,
Defendand him out of that felloun thrang.
Gude roume he maid, amāg yame quhair he gais,
Quith his richt hand he flew fyue of his fais.
Bure out Craufurd be force of his perſoun,
Syne alber braid, or euer he ſet him doun.
The Sutheroun fand, ȝ thair Capitane was deid
Semblit him about, bot yan was na remeid.
Threttie with him, of the wichteſt thay brocht,
Deid on that place quhair at ye Scottis out ſocht
Wallace and his, be than was fra thair ſicht,
Sutheroun baid ſtill for greit lois of that nicht.
The myſt was mirk, that Wallace lykit weill,
Him ſelf was glaid, and ſaid to Longoueill:
At Methuen wod, is my deſyre to be,
For thair is beſtiall to get of greit plentie.
Be than thay war, weill cūmin to the hicht,
The myſt ſlaikit, the Sone ſchynit fair and brycht.
Sone war thay war, ane lytill ſpace thame by,
Of four and threttie in ane cumpany.
Than Wallace ſaid, be zone freind or fa,
We will thame ſe, ſen that thay ar na ma.
Quhen thay come neir ane Nobill Knicht it was,
The quhilk to Name hecht Hew of Dundas.
And ſchir Johne Scot, ane wyſe & worthy knicht,
Into Stratherne ane man of meikill micht.
For thair he had, greit part of heritage,
Dundas Siſter he had in mariage.
Paſſand thay war, and micht na langer leſt,
To Inglißmen, thair ſewtie for to feit.
The Lord of Breichen ſic cūnand had yame maid
Of King Edward to hald thair landis braid.
Bot fra thay ſaw, that it was wicht Wallace

Held

Held vp thair handis, and thankit God of grace.
Of his greit help, quhilk he had ſend yame yair,
To Methuen wod with ane aſſent thay fair.
Sone gat thame meit of beſtiall that thay fand,
Reſtit that day, quhē nicht was cūmin on hand:
To Birnane wod, but reſting ar thay gane,
Quhair yai haue fund, ȝ Squyar gude Ruthuane
In outlaw vſe he had lang leuit thair,
Of beſtiall, quhill he micht get na mair.
Thay tarȳit nocht, bot into Athoill zeid,
Quhair meit was ſcant, yair Wallace had greit
Paſſit to Lorne, richt lytill fand he thair, (dreid
Of wyld and tame, that countrie was maid bair,
Bot in ſtrenthis, thair fude was leuit nane,
Thir worthy ſcottis yan maid ane pieteous mane
Schir Johne Scot ſaid, he had far rather de
Into gude name, and leif his airis fre.
Than for to byde, as bund in ſubiectioun,
Quhen Wallace ſaw thir gude men of Renoun:
With hunger ſtad, almaiſt micht leif na mair,
Wit ze for thame he ſichit wounder ſair.
Gude men he ſaid, I am the caus of this,
At zour deſyre I ſall amend this mis.
Or leif zow fre, ſum cheuiſance for to ma,
All him allane he bownit for to ga.
Prayit thame byde, quhill he micht cum agane,
Out owir ane hill he paſſit into plane.

OUt of thair ſicht, into ane Foreſt ſyde,
Ye ſet him doun vnder ane Aik to byde.
His Bow and Sword he lenit to ane tre,
In anguiſche, greif, on grouf ſa turnit he.
This pieteous mane, was for his men ſa wrocht,

That of him ſelf,lytill thing than he rocht.
O wrecche he ſaid,that neuer couth be content,
Of ouir greit micht,yat ye greit God the lent.
Bot thy feirs mynd,wilfull and variabill,
With greit Lordſchip thow couth not ſa byde ſta-
And wilfull wit,for to mak Scotland fre, (bill
God lykis nocht,that I haue tane on me.
Far worthyar than I,of birth was borne,
Throw my delyte,for hounger ar forlorne.
I als at God,thame to reſtoir agane,
I am the caus,I ſuld haue all the pane.
Quhyle ſtudyand yus,quhyle flytād with him ſell,
Quhill at the laſt,vpon ſleiping he fell.
Thre dayis befoir thair had him followit Fyue,
The quhilk was bund,or ellis to lois yair lyue.
The Erll of Yorke bad yame ſa greit guardoun,
That thay be thirſt,thocht to put Wallace doun.
Thre of yame was borne men of Ingland,
And twa was Scottis, yat tuik ye deid on hand.
And ſum men ſaid,ye thrid brother betraiſit,
Kyndrōme eiſt, quhair greit ſorrow was raiſit.
Ane Child yai had quhilk helpit to beir meit,
In wildernes,amang the montanis greit.
Thay had all ſene the diſſeuering of Wallace,
Fra his gude men,and quhair he baid on cace.
Amang thick wod,in couert held thame law,
Quhill thay perſauit,he couth on ſleiping faw.
And than thir fyue,approchit Wallace neir,
Quhat beſt to do,at vther faſt thay ſpeir?
Ane man ſaid thus,it war ane hie Renoun,
And we micht quick leid him to Sanct Johnſtoun
Lo how he lyis,we may our grippis waill,
Of his wappinis,he ſall haue nane auaill.

We ſall him bynd in contrair of his will,
And leid him thus on bak ſyde of zone hill.
Sa that his men ſall na thing of him knaw,
The tother four aſſentit to his ſaw.
And thairthir fyue maid thanne vnto Wallace,
And thocht throw force to bynd him in that place.
Quhat trowit thir fyue for to hald Wallace doun?
The manlyeſt man,the ſtarkeſt of perſoun.
Leuand he was,als ſtude into ſic richt,
We traiſt weill God his deidis hes in ſicht.
Thay grippit him,and out of ſleip he braid,
Quhat menis this? than ſadly Wallace ſaid.
About he turnit,and vp his armis thrang,
On thay traitouris with knichtly feir he dang.
The ſtarkeſt man into his hand hynt he,
And all his harnis he dang out on ane tre.
His ſword he gat,ſone efter that he raiſ,
Campioun lyke,amang the four he gais.
Euer ane man,he gart de at ane dynt,
Quhē tyna was deid,ye tother thre wald not ſtynt
Maid thame to fle,bot than it was na bute,
Was nane leuand micht fra him pas on fute.
He followit faſt,and ſone to deith thame brocht,
Than to the Chyld,ſadly agane he ſocht.
Quhat did thow heir? ye Chyld with ane pail face
On knees fell,and aſkit Wallace grace.
With thame I was,& knew na thing yair thocht,
Into ſeruice,as thay me bad I wrocht.
Quhat beiris thow thair? bot meit ye Chyld can ſay,
Ga tak it vp,and pas with me away.
Meit in this tyme is far better nor gold,
Wallace and he furth foundit on the fold.
Quhat brocht Wallace fra his enemeis bald,

Quha bot greit God, yat hes this warld to hald.
He was his help in mony felloun thrang,
Quith glaid cheir thus, vnto Erne can he gang.
Baith roiſtit fleſche, yair was als breid and cheis,
To ſuccour yame, yat was in point to leis.
And he it deillis to four men and fyftie,
Quhilk had befoir faſtit ouir dayis thre.
Syne tuik his part, he had faſtit als lang,
Quhair hard ze euer ony in ſic thrang.
In hounger ſa ſleipand and wappinles,
Sa weill recouerit, as Wallace did in caiſ.
Plainely be force vincuſt his enemeis fyue,
Men of wit this queſtioun now diſcryue.
Withouttin glois I will tell furth my taill,
How come this meit? the fellowſchip aſkit haill.
To thair deſyre, Wallace na anſwer zaid,
Quhair fyue was deid, he led yame furth and taid
Greitly diſpleiſit was all that Cheualry,
To ane Chiftane thay held it fantaſy.
To walk allane, Wallace with ſobir mude,
Sayis heirof, is cum na thing bot gude.
To the Law land agane full faſt thay ſocht,
Speirit at yis Chyld, gif he couth wis yame eght.
Quhair thay micht beſt, of purueyance for to win,
Of nane he ſaid was that countrie within.
For all about, in als far as I knaw,
Quhill yat ze cum doun to the Rannoch haw.
That Lord hes ſtuf, baith aill, breid, and vernage,
Of King Edward he takis full meikill wage.
Than Wallace ſaid, my ſelf ſall be zour gyde,
I knaw that ſteid, about on ather ſyde.
Throw the wyld land, he gydit thame full riche,
To Rannoch hall he brocht thame yat ſame nicht.

Ane wache was our, and that full ſone thay ta,
He was ane Scot, zit he wald nocht him ſla.
Bot gart him tell the maner of that place,
Thus enterit thay within ane lytill ſpace.
The zet thay wan, for Caſtell was yair name,
Bot mud wall wicht, withouttin lyme or ſtane.
Wallace in haiſt ſtraik vp the Chalmer dure,
With his richt fuit, that ſtalwart was and ſture.
Than thay within walknit ſuddandly,
The Lord gat vp, and mercy can him cry.
Fra tyme he wiſt that gude Wallace was thair,
He thankit God, ſyne ſaid thir wordis mair.
Trew man I was, and wyn againis my will,
With Inglilmen, ſuppois I lykit Ill.
All Scottis we ar, yat in this hous is now,
At zour command, all baldly ſall we bow.
Of our Natioun gude Wallace had pietie.
Tuik aithis of thame, and ſyne meit aſkit he.
Gude cheir yai maid, quhill licht day on ye morne,
This trew man than ſone ſemblit him before.
Thre Sonis he had, yat ſtalwart war and bald,
And twentie men of kyn in his houſhald.
Wallace was blyith thay maid him ſic ſupplie,
Said I thank God, yat we thus multiplie.
All that day ouir, in gude lyking thay reſt,
Wachis thay waill, to keip thame that couth beſt.
Vpon the morne the licht day quhen thay ſaw,
Than Wallace ſaid our power for to knaw.
We will tak feild, and vp our Baner rais,
In richt of Scotland, and contrair of our fais.
We will na mair now vs in couert hyde,
Power to vs, will ſembill on Ilk ſyde.
Than hors thay get, the beſt that culd be thair,

Towart Dunkeld the ganeſt way thay fair.
The Biſchop than gat to Sanct Johnſtoun,
The Scottis ſlew that was of yair Natioun.
Baith pure and riche, and ſeruandis yat yai fand,
Left nane on lyfe that bozne was of Ingland.
The place thay tuik, and maid yame weill to fair,
Of purueyance that Biſchop had brocht thair.
Jowellis thay gat, baith gold and ſiluer bricht,
With gude cheir yair fyue dayis Soiornit richt.
On the ſext day Wallace to counſall went,
Gart call the beſt, and ſchew yame his Intent.
Na men we haue to ſailze Sanct Johnſtoun,
Into the Nozth, thairfoir lat mak vs boun.
In Roſs ze knaw gude men ane ſtrenth hes maid,
Heir yai of vs, yai cum withouttin baid.
Alſ into Bute is gude Biſchop Sinklair,
Fra he get wit, he cummis withouttin mair.
Gude weſtland men, of Arrane and Rauchlie,
Fra thay be warnit, thay will all cum to me.
Thus purpois tuik, and in the Nozth yai ryde,
Na Ingliſman durſt in thair gait abyde.
Quhome Wallace tuik, yai knew ye auld ranſoun
Fra he come hame, to ſle thay mak yame boun.
And Scottiſmen ſemblit to Wallace faſt,
In awfull feir out thzow the land thay paſt.
Strenthis was left, wit ze all deſolait,
Agane thir folk na man durſt mak debait.
In rayit battell thay raid to Abirdene,
In haill number vij. thouſand than was ſene.
Bot Ingliſmen had left the toun all waiſt,
On euerilk ſyde away than can thame haiſt.
In all that land left nouther mair noz les,
Lozd Bewmont tuik the ſey at Buchane nes.

Thzow

Thzow Scotland than was maniſeſt in plane,
The Lozdis that fled, in hart was wounder fane.
The Knicht Clement of Roſs come ſuddandly,
In Murray land, with thair gude Cheualry.
The hous of Narne yat guid knicht weill wes tane
Slew the Capitane, and gude men mony ane.
Out of Murray, and Buchane land come thay,
To ſeik Bewmont, bot he was paſt away.
Than thir gude men to Wallace paſſit richt,
Quhē Wallace ſaw ſchir Johne Ramſay ȳ knicht
And vther gude men, that had bene fra him lang,
Greit curage yan was raiſit thame amang.
The land he reullit, as that him lykit beſt,
To Sanct Johnſtoun, ſyne raid oz yai wald reſt.

¶The Seige of Sanct Johnſtoun.

ATeuerilk pozt ane ſtalwart wache he maid,
Confermit ane Seige, and ſteidfaſtly abaid.
Biſchop Sinklair in all gude haiſt him dicht,
Come out of Bute, with ſemely men be ſicht.
Out of the Ilis, of Rauchlie and Arrane,
Lindeſay and Boyd, with gude men mony ane.
Adam Wallace, Barroun of Ricardtoun,
Full ſadly ſocht to Wallace of Renoun.
At Sanct Johnſtoun baid at the Saitze ſtill,
Foz Sutheroun men, yat micht weill pas at will.
Foz in thair way thair durſt na enemie be,
Bot fled away, be land and alſ be ſe.
About that toun thus ſemblit thay but moir,
Foz thay had bene with gude Wallace bekoir.
Setoun, Lawder, gude Richard of Lundie,
In ane gude Barge thay paſt about the ſe.

In Sãct Johnſtoun hauin, yair anberis haue yai
Twa Inglis ſchippſ, yai tuik withouttin let. (ſet
The tane thay brynt, and ſtukkit the tother weill,
With artailze, and ſtalwart men in ſteill.
To keip the Port, yair ſuld cum na vittaill,
Into the toun, nor men that micht auaill.
Fra South and Northh, mony of Scotland fled,
Left Caſtellis waiſt, feill lemit thair lyfis in wed.
The Sutheroun Biſchop yat befoir left Dunkell,
To Londoun paſt, and tald Edward him ſell
In Scotland yairhad fallin aue greit myſchance,
Than ſend he ſone for Aymeir the Wallance.
And aſkit him, quhat than was beſt to do,
He hecht to pas, and tak greit gold thairto.
Into Scotland ſum meanis for to mak,
Aganis Wallace, on hand this can he tak.
He ſaid he wald, vndo King Edwardis Crown,
Bot gif he micht throw treſſoun put him doun.
King Edward hecht, quhat thing ỹ Wallange bād
He ſuld it keip, yairto he gaif his hand.
Wallange tuik leif, and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell coue, fyne keſt in his Intent.
Quhat man thair was micht beſt Wallace begyle
And ſone he fand within ane lytill quhyle:
Schir Johne Menteith Wallace Goſſop was,
Ane Meſſinger Schir Aymeir hes gart pas.
Vnto Schir Johne, and ſone ane tryſt hes ſet,
At Ruglyn Kirk, thir twa togidder met.
Than Wallange ſaid, Schir Johne yow knawis
Wallace agane tyſis contrair ye King. (yis thing
And yow may haue quhat lordſchip yow wil wail
And yow wald with as I wald gif counſaill,
Our tyran haldis the Realmis at trubill baith,

To

To thriftie men it dois full meikill ſkaith).
Ye traiſtis ye, yow may full weill him tak,
Of this mater, I reid ane end yow mak.
War he away we micht at lyking Ring,
As Lordis all, and leif vndet ane King.
Than Menteith ſaid, he is our Gouernour,
For vs he baid in mony felloun ſtour.
Nocht for him ſelf, bot for our heritage,
To ſell him thus, it war ane foull outrage.
Than Wallange ſaid, and thow weill vnderſtude
Greit merite it war, he ſpillis ſa meikill blude.
Of criſtin men, puttis ſaullis into perrell,
I bynd me als, he ſall be haldin baill.
As for his lyfe and keipit in preſoun,
King Edward wald haue him in ſubiectioun.
Than Menteith thocht ſa thay wald keip cũnand
He wald full fane haue had him of Scotland.
Wallange ſaw him into ane ſtudy be,
Thre thouſand pund of fyne gold leit him ſe.
And hecht he ſuld the Lennox haue at will,
Thus treſſonabilly Menteith grantit thair till.
Ane Obligatioun with his awin hand he maid,
Syne tuik ye gold, and Edwardis Seil ſa braid
And gaif thame his, quhen he his tyme micht ſe,
To tak Wallace, our Sulway gif him fre.
To Inglismen, be this treſſonabill concord,
Schir Johne ſuld be of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace ſuld in Ingland keipit be,
Sa Edward micht mak Scotland to him fre.
Thair couetiſe was our greit maiſter ſene,
Mane exempill takis how ane vther hes bene.
For couetiſe put in panis ſtrang and fell,
For couetiſe the Serpent is in hell.

For couetiſe gude Hector tuik the deid,
For couetiſe thair can be na remeid.
Thrꝛow couetiſe gude Alexander was loiſt,
And Julius als, for all his reik and boiſt.
Thrꝛow couetiſe deit Arthur of Britane,
For couetiſe, thair hes deit mony ane.
For couetiſe the tratour Gauilloun,
The flour of France he put to confuſioun.
Thrꝛow couetiſe thay poyſonit gude Godefray,
In Antioche, as the Author will ſay.
For couetiſe Menteith vpon fals wyis,
Betraiſit Wallace, yat was his Goſſop thrꝛis.
Wallange in haiſt, with blyith will and gude hart
To Londoun paſt, and ſchew to King Edwart.
Of thair contract he had far mair pleſance,
Than of fyne gold geuin in Ballance:
Of greiter wecht than his Ranſoun micht be,
Of Wallace furth zit ſpeik ſum part will we.

AT Sanct Johnſtoun was at the ſeigeing ſtill,
In ane mornitig ye Sutheroũ with guid will
Fyue hundꝛeth men in armis richt Egerly,
Thay Iſchit furth to mak ane Jeopardy.
At the South Pꝛt vpon Scot and Dundas,
Quhilk in yair tyme richt wyſe and worthy was.
Iganis thair fais richt ſcharply faucht and ſair,
In that counter ſeuin ſcoir to deith thay bair.
Zit Ingliſmen that cruell was and kene,
Full derfly faucht, quhair douchtie deid was ſene.
Fra the weſt zet drew all the Scottis haill,
To the fechtaris, quhen yai ſaw nocht auaill.
Bot in agane, full faſt thay can thaime ſpeid,
The Knicht Dundas preuit douchtie in deid.

Quir

Quir neir the zet, full bandounly he baid,
With ane gude ſword, full greit maiſtrie he maid.
Nocht wittand weill, his fellowis was him fra,
In at the zet, the Sutheroun can him ta.
Unto the Erll thay led him haiſtelie,
Quhen he him ſaw, he ſaid he ſuld nocht de.
To ſlay this ane, it may vs lytill remeid,
He ſend him furth, to Wallace in that ſteid,
Unto the Nꝛth his battellis hes he bꝛocht,
Quhill he him ſaw, of this he wiſt richt nocht.
Send to the Erll, and thankit him largelie,
Hecht foꝛ to quyte, quhen he ſic caus micht ſe.
Bot zit yairfoir, ſouerance he wald nocht grant,
Thocht thay war zoldin, and cum recryant.
Foꝛ gold noꝛ gude he wald na tribute tak,
Ane greit aſſault, than he began to mak.
The Erll of Fyfe, dwelt vnder trewis lang,
Of King Edward, and than he thocht it wꝛang.
That Wallace ſa was ſeigand Sanct Johnſtoun
Bot gif he come in richt help of the Crown.
To Ingliſmen he wald nocht keip that band,
Than he come ſone, with gude men of the land.
And Johne Wallange was yan Schirref of Fyfe,
To Wallace paſt, and ſtarkit him in that ſtryfe.
The Erll was cũmin of gude trew Nobill blude,
Of ye auld Thane, quhilk in his tyme was gude.
Than all about to Sanct Johnſtoun yai gang,
The felloun fault, was hiddeous, ſchairp & ſtrang.
Full feill faggaldis, into the dyke thay caſt,
Haddir and hay, wound about ſtaikis faſt.
With treis and eird, ane greit paſſage yai maid,
Out ouir the wallis, thay zeid in battell bꝛaid.
The Sutheroun than, maid greit defence agane,

Quhil at the wallis thair was ane thouſand ſlane
Wallace zeid in, and his rayit battell richt,
All Sutheroun men derfly to deith pat dicht.
To ſaif the Erll, Wallace the Herald ſend,
Gude Iop him ſelf, the quhilk befoir him kend:
Foꝛ Dundas ſaik, he ſaid he ſuld nocht de,
Wallace him ſelf, thus oꝛdanit foꝛ to be.
Ane ſmall Haiknay to him he gart be tak,
Siluer and gold, his coiſtis foꝛ to mak
Set on his cloik, ane takin foꝛ to ſe,
Ane Lyoun in ware, that ſuld his Conduct be.
Conuoyit him furth, and na man him with all,
Wemen and barnis, Wallace gart freith pame all.
And ſyne cryit trew Scottis to thair awin,
Pleneiſt ye lād, quhilk lang had bene ouirthꝛawin
Than Wallace paſt, the ſouth land foꝛ to ſe,
Edward the Bꝛuce in his tyme richt woꝛthie.
That zeir befoir he had in Ireland bene,
And thair with him cruell men and kene.
Fyftie in feir, was of his motheris kin,
At Kirkcudbꝛicht in Galloway enterit in.
With thay fyftie, he had vincuſt nyne ſcoir,
And ſyne he paſt withouttin tary moir.
To Wigtoun ſone, and that Caſtell hes tane,
Sutheroun was fled and left it all allane.
Wallace him met, with trew men reuerentlie,
To Lochmabane, went all that Cheualrie.
Thay maid Edward baith Lord and leidar yair,
This conditioun Wallace him maid but mair.
Bot ane ſchoꝛt tyme to byde Robert the King,
Gif he come uocht in this Regioun to Ring:
That Edward ſuld reſſaik the Crown but faill,
Thiꝛ heeht Wallace, and all the barnage haill.

In Lochmabane Pꝛince Edward leyndit ſtill,
And Wallace paſt to Cumnok with gude will.
At the Blak bog, quhair he was wount to be,
Upon that ſteid ane Royall hous held he.
Inglis Wardanis to Londoun paſt but mair,
And tauld the King of all thair greit myſfair.
How Wallace can Scotland fra thame reduce,
And how he had, reſſaunt Edward Bꝛuce.
The Commounis ſwoꝛe yat ſuld cum neuer mair,
Upon Scotland, and Wallace leuand wair.
Than Edward wꝛait to Wenteith pꝛiualy,
Pꝛayit him to haſt, the tyme was paſſit by.
Of the pꝛomeis, ye quhilk pat he was bundin,
Schir Johne Wenteith, into his wit hes fundin:
How he ſuld beſt his purpois do fulfill,
His Siſter ſone in haiſt he callit him till.
And oꝛdanit him in dwelling with Wallace,
Ane aith agane he gart him mak on cace.
Quhat tyme he wiſt, Wallace in quyet dꝛaw,
He ſuld him warne, quhat auenture micht faw.
This man grantit, that ſic thing ſuld be done,
With Wallace thus, he was in ſeruice ſone.
Bot of treſſoun Wallace had lytill thocht,
His lauboꝛous mynd in vther materis wꝛocht.
Thus Wallace thꝛys, hes maid all Scotland fre,
Than he deſyꝛit in reſtand peice to be.
Foꝛ as of weir he was in ſum part Irk,
He purpoiſit than to ſerue God and the Kirk.
And foꝛ to leif vnder his richteous King,
That he deſyꝛit atouir all eirdly thing.

¶ How Wallace was betraiſit be Schir Johu of Wenteith, and had in Ingland, and Martyꝛit thair. Cap. v.

The Herald Iop, in Ingland ſone he ſend,
And wrait to Bruce richt hartly his cõmend
Beſeikand him, to cum and tak his Crown,
Nane ſuld ganeſtand, Clerk, Burges, nor Barroũ
The Herald paſt, quhen Bruce ſaw his credance,
Thairof he tuik, ane perfyte greit pleſance.
With his awin hand, agane wrait to Wallace,
And thankit him of lawtie and kyndnes.
Beſeikand him, this matter to conceill,
For him behouit, out of Ingland to ſteill.
For lang before was keipit the Ragment,
Quhilk Cumyng had, to byde the Parliament.
Into Londoun, and gif thay him accuſe,
To cum fra thame, he ſuld mak ſum excuſe.
He prayit Wallace, on Glaſgow mure to walk,
The nixt firſt nicht of Julij for his ſalk.
And bad he ſuld, bot into quyet be,
For he with him, micht bring few Chevalrie.
Wallace was blyith, quhen he this wryting ſaw,
His houſhald ſone, he gart to Glaſgow draw.
That moneth thair, he ordanit thame to byde,
Keirly he tuik, Ilk nicht with him to ryde.
And this young man yat Menteith to him ſend,
Wiſt nane bot yir, quhat way yat Wallace wend.
The quhilk gart warne his Eme the xviij. nicht,
Sertie full ſone, Schir John Mẽteith gart dicht.
Of his awin kyn, and allya was borne,
To this treſſoun he gart yame all be ſworne.
Fra Dumbertane yai ſped thame haiſtely,
Neir Glaſgow Kirk thay buſkit yame priuely.
Wallace paſt furth quhair yat ye tryſt was ſet,
Ane ſpy thay maid, and followit him but let.
Robert Hailſtoun, was neir the way beſyde,

And

And bot ane hous quhair Wallace wiſt to byde.
He woik on fuit, quhill paſſit was mydnicht,
Keirly and he, than for ane ſleip yame dicht.
Thay bad this man, that he ſuld walk his part,
And walkin Wallace, come men fra ony art.
Quhen thay ſleipit, yis traitour tuik gude hed,
He met his Eme, and bad him haue na dreid.
On ſleip he was, and with him bot ane man,
Ze may him haue, for ony craft he can.
Without the hous, thair wappinnis laid yame fra
For weill thay wiſt, gat Wallace ane of tha.
And on his keit, his Ranſoun ſuld be ſauld,
Thus ſemblit thay about that febill hauld.
This traitour wache fra Wallace than he ſtall,
Baith knyfe and ſword, his bow and arrowis all.
Eſter mydnicht in handis thay haue him tane,
Slomerit on ſleip, with him na man bot ane.
Keirly thay tuik, and led him fra that place,
Did him to deith, withouttin langer ſpace.
Thay thocht to bynd, Wallace with ſtrẽthis ſtrãg:
On fuit he gat, thay fell traitouris amang.
He grippit about, bot na wappin he fand,
Upon ane Sting he ſaw beſyde him ſtand:
The bak of ane he briſtit in that thrang,
And of ane vther the harnis our he dang.
And als mony as handis couth on him lay,
Be force him hynt, for to haue him away.
Bot that power ane fuit micht nocht him leid,
Out of that hous, quhill yai or he war deid.
Schir Johne ſaw weill, be force it couth not be,
Or he war tane, erar he thocht to de.
Menteith bad ceis, and thus ſpak to Wallace,
Syne ſchew him furth, ane full richt ſubtell cace.

Ze haue ſa lang beir vſit zow, allane,
Quhill wit thairof is into Ingland gane.
Thairfoir heir me, and ſober zour curage,
The Inglifmen with ane full greit barnage:
Ar ſemblit heir, and ſet this hous about,
That ze be forze, on na wayis may wyn out.
Suppois ze had the ſtrenth of gude Hector,
Amang this Oiſt, ze may nocht lang Indure.
And thay zow tak in haiſt zour deith is dicht,
I haue ſpokin with Lord Cliffurd that Knicht.
With thair Chiftane, weill menit for zour lyfe,
Thay aſk na mair, bot be quyte of zour ſtryfe.
To Dunbartane ze ſall pas furth with me,
In zour awin hous, ze may in ſaiftie be.
Sutheroun ſic vſe with Wenteith lang had thay,
That Wallace trowit, ſum part that he wald ſay.
Wenteith ſaid Schir, lo wappinis we naue haik,
We come in traiſt, zour lyfe gif we micht ſaik.
Wallace trowit weill, and he his Goſſop thryis,
That he wald nocht be na maner of wyis:
Him do betrais, for all Scotland ſa wyde,
Ane aith of him he aſkit in that tyde.
Thair wantit wit, quhat ſuld his aithis mote,
Forſwozne to him, he was lang tyme befoir.
The aith he maid, Wallace come in his will,
Richt fraudfully all thus he ſchewit him till.
Goſſop he ſaid, as Preſoner yai mon zow ſe,
Or yan thzow force, yai will tak zow fra me,
Ane Courche with ſlicht vpon his handis yai laid,
And vnder ſyne with ſicker cordis thay braid.
Baith ſchairp and teuch, and faſt togidder drew,
Allace the Bruce, micht fair that bynding rew.
Quhilk maid Scotland ſone brokin vpon eace,

For

For Cumyngis deith, and lois of gude Wallace.
Thay led him furth in feir amang thame aw,
Feirly he myſt, and na Sutheroun he ſaw.
Than wiſt he weill, that he betraiſſit was,
Towart the South with him quhen yai can pas.
Zit thay him ſaid, in trenth he ſuld nocht de,
King Edward wald, him keip in gude faiftie.
For the honour in weir that he had wrocht,
The fair bandis ſa trublit all his thocht.
Credence thairto forſuith he couth nocht geif,
He wiſt full weill, thay wald nocht lat him leif.
Ane fals foull cais yat Wenteith hes him ſald,
Quhen on this wyſe gude Wallace he was cald.
Sum men ſayis it was to ſaif his Lord,
Thay leid all out, that maid that fals record.
At the Fawkirk the gude Stewart was ſlane,
Our Chronicklis, reheirſis that in plane.
On Magdalene day the xviij. zeir befoir,
Cumyngis deith thairfoir it witneſſis moir.
At Reſtoun Wallace was treſſonabilly,
Thus fallſy ſtollin fra his gude Cheualry.
In Glaſgow lay, and wiſt nocht of this thing,
Thus he was loiſt in byding of his King.
South thay him led, ay haldand the waiſt land,
Deliuerit him in haiſt ouir Sulway ſand.
The Lord Cliffurd, and Wallange tuik him thair
To Carleill toun, full faſt with him thay fair.
In Preſoun him ſet, that was ane greit dolour,
That hous eftir, thay callit Wallace Tour.
Sum men ſyne ſaid, yat knew not weill ye eace,
In Berwik toun, to deith thay put Wallace.
Contrair is knawin, be this opinioun,
For Scottiſmen than had all Berwik toun.

To Scotland fre, vntill yat Soullis it gaif,
For Lord Cumyng to Ingland with the laif.
Ane vther point is, the tratouris durst nocht pas,
That fauld him ſa, quhair ſcottiſmen maiſter was.
The thrid point is, ye commounis of Ingland,
Quhat thay deny, thay will nocht vnderſtand.
That thing be done, for witnes that may be,
Na credence gif farther nor yai may ſe.
To ſe him de Edward had mair deſyre,
Than to be Lord of all the haill Empyre.
And for this caus thay keipit him ſa lang,
Quhill ye commounis micht vnto Londoun gāg.
¶Allace Scotland, to quhome ſall thow cōplene?
Allace fra pane, quha ſall the now refrene?
Allace thy help, is faſtly brocht to ground,
The beſt Chiftane in braith bandis is bund.
Allace thow hes now loiſſit thy gyde of licht,
Allace quha ſall defend the in thy richt?
Allace thy pane approchit wounder neir,
With ſorrow ſone, thow man be left on ſteir.
Thy gracious gyde, thy greiteſt Gouernour,
Allace ouir neir is cum thy fatall hour.
Allace quha ſall now beit the of thy baill?
Allace quhen ſall of harmis thow be haill?
Quha ſall defend? quha ſall the now mak fre?
Allace in weir, quha ſall thy helper be?
Quha ſall the keip? quha ſall the now redeme?
Allace quha ſall the Saxonis fra the fleme?
I can na mair, bot beſeik God of grace,
The to reſtoir, in haiſt to welth and peice,
Sen gude Wallace may ſuccour the na mair,
The lois of him Increſſis mekill cair.
Now of his men, in Glaſgow ſtill that lay,

Quhat

Quhat ſorrow rais, quhen thay miſſit him away.
The cruell pane, the wofull complening,
Thairof to tell it war ouir heuy thing.
I will lat be, and ſpeik thairof na mair,
Lytill reheirs is ouir mekill of cair.
And principally quhair redemptioun is nane,
It helpis nocht, to tell thair pieteous mane.
The deith yairof is zit in remembrance,
I will lat ſlaik of ſorrow the ballance.
Bot Longoueill to Lochmabane can pas,
and yair hecht he quhair gud prince Edward was
Out of Scotland he ſuld pas neuer mair,
Lois of Wallace ſocht to his hart ſa ſair.
The Realme of France he vowit neuer to ſe,
Bot avenge Wallace, or ellis yairfoir to de.
Thair he remanit quhill cūming of the King,
with Bruce in weir, yis guid knicht furth did ring.
Remembrance ſyne is in the Brucis Buik,
Secund he was, quhē yai Sanct Johnſtoū tuik.
Followit the King at wynning of the toun,
The Bruce thairfoir, gaif him full greit guardoun
¶All Charteris landis ye gude King to him gaif
Charteris ſen ſyne of his kyn is the laif.
Quhairto ſuld I far in this Stozy wend,
Bot of my buik to mak ane finall end.
Robert the Bruce come hame on the thrid day,
In Scotland eftir, that Wallace was yad away.
To Lochmabane, quhair he fand gude Edwart,
Quhairof he was, greitly reioyſit in hart.
Bot fra he wiſt, Wallace away was led,
Sa mekill baill into his breiſt was bred.
Neir out of wit he worthit for to weid,
Edward full ſone yan to his brother zeid.

Ane ſuddand chance this was in wa fra weill,
Gude Edward ſayis yis helpis nocht adeill.
Lat murning be, it may be na remeid,
Ze haue him tynt, ze ſuld Reuenge his deid.
Bot for zour cauſ, he tuik the weir on hand,
In zour defence, and thyis hes freed Scotland.
The quhilk was tynt, fra vs and all our kyn.
War nocht Wallace, we had neuer enterit in.
Myſtrour he was, of lawte and manheid,
In weir the beſt, that euer ſall power leid.
Had he lyuit, for to haue tane zour Crown,
Wald nane him let, pat was in thys Regioun.
Had nocht beue he, ze ſuld had na entres,
Into this Realme for treſſoun and falſnes.
That ſall ze ſe, the tratour that him ſald,
Fra zow he thinkis, Dunbartane for to hald.
Sum comfort tak, and lat ſum of this ſorrow,
The King chargit Edward vpon the morrow.
Redyes to tak of wrang pat wrocht him was,
To Dalſwyntoun he ordanit him to pas.
And men of armis, gif pat fand Cumyng thare,
Put him to deith, for na dreid thay ſuld ſpare.
Thay fand him nocht, the King him eftir ſew,
Into Drumfreis, quhare witnes was anew.
That happit wrang, our greit haſt in ane King,
To wirk by law, it may ſkaith mekill thing.
I neid nocht heir na farther for to ſchaw,
How that was done, is knawin to zow aw.

HOt zoung Dowglas firſt to the King cã pas,
In all his weir, pat wicht and worthy was.
Nor how ye King hes tane on hand ye Croun,
Of all that heir I mak bot ſchort mentioun.

Nor how Lord Soulis gaif Berwik toun away.
How eftir ſone tynt was Galloway.
How Johne of Lorne agane his richt King rais,
On athir ſyde how Bruce had mony fais.
How bald Brechen contrair his King couth ryde,
Richt few was than in weir with him to byde.
For how the North was geuin fra the gude King
Quhilk maid him lang, in panefull weir to Ring.
Bot trew to him, was James ye gude Dowglas
For Brucis richt, baid weill in mony place.
Under the King he was the beſt Chiftane,
Bot Wallace I ſet ane Chiftane him allane.
Thairfoir to him is na comparifoun,
As of ane man, ſaif reuerence of the Crown.
Bot ſa mony as of the Dowglas hes bene,
Gude of all thing, was neuer in Scotland ſene.
Comparifounis I can nocht weill declair,
Of Brucis Buik, as now I ſpeik na mair.
Maiſter Johne Barbour, quhilk was ane worthy
He ſaid the Bruce amang his vther weris. (Clerk
In this mater I am preiſit all maiſt,
To my purpois breifly I will me haiſt.
How gude Wallace was ſet amang his fais.
To Londoun with him Clifford & Wallange gais
Quhair King Edward was richt fane of yͤ fang,
Thay haue him ſet richt in ane Preſoun ſtrang.
Of Wallace end my ſelf waild leif for dreid,
To ſay the werſt, bot richteouſnes me leid.
For fynd his lyfe was all ſa verray trew,
His fatall hour I will nocht fenze now.
Wenteth him ſauld, pat ouir weill was knawin
Feill of that kyn, in Scotland yan was ſawin.
Chargit to byde vnder the greit Judgement,

That King Robert actit in his Parliament:
Thairof I mak na langer continewance,
Bot Wallace end in warld was displesance.
Thairfoir I ceis, and puttis it nocht in Ryme,
Scotland may thank the blyfsit happy tyme:
That he was borne, be principall pointis twa,
This is the first, or that we farther ga.
Scotland he fred, and brocht it fra thirllage,
And now in heuin he hes his herberage.
As it is preuit be gude experiance,
Wyse Clerkis it hes zit in remembrance.

¶Becaus that the mair part of thir thingis followand, ar altogidder superstitious and not agreeabill to ye treuth of Goddis word, we haue thocht it expedient to admonische the (gude Reidar) that albeit we gane insert yame efter the forme of our Copie, zit notwithstanding we do na thing les than allow or approue thame for ony treuth, bot rather on the ane part we haue reteint thame still to schaw the blyndnes and errour of that tyme, quhairin me wer (as it wer) enforcit to beleif sic vanitcis and lesis: pat now that may be steirit vp to gif thankis to the Eternall our God that hes oppinnit thair eyis and deliuerit yame from Ignorance, yat yai may cleirly discerne betuix liche and mirknes, richt and wrang. On the vther part to satisfie the appetytis of mony that culd nocht esely permit ony thing to be tane away or altcrit in this wark, quhair in we haue borne with thame, altcrand almaist na thing heirin, lest thay suld Judge vs raschc or hastie in ony thairof, at our libertie and pleasure.

HOw that ane Monk of Bury Abbay than,
Into that tyme ane richt Religious man.
Ane zoūg mā als, with him in ordour stude
Quhilk knew his lyke, was clene, perfyte, & gude.
This Father Monk was vesyt with seiknes,
Out of the warld, as he suld pas on eais.
His brother saw, his speir lyklie to pas,
Ane band of him, richt ernestly couth he as,

To

To cum agane, and schaw him of the meid,
That he suld ask of God for his gude deid.
He grantit him, at his power to preif,
And cum agane, gif God wald gif him leif.
His speir changit out of yis warldis pane,
In that same tyme come to the Monk agane.
Sic thing hes bene, and is be doce and sicht,
Quhair he appeirit, pair schynit mekill licht.
Lyke to Lanternis, that Illuminit sa cleir,
That warldly licht thairto micht be na peir.
Ane voce said thus, God hes me grantit grace,
That I sall keip my promeis in this place.
The Monk was blyith of this clene figure fair,
Bot ane fyre brand in his foirheid he bair.
And pat him thocht mislyst all the laif,
Quhair art thow speirit answer sa God the saif.
In Purgatory how lang sall thow be thair?
Bot half ane hour, to cum, and lytill mair.
Purgatory is, I lat the weill to wit,
In ony place quhair God will it commit.
Ane houris space I was pair Judgit to be,
And that pallis suppois I speik with the.
Quhy hes thow that, and all the laif sa haill?
For of science, I thocht me maist of vaill.
Quha prydis yairin yair laubour is in waist,
For science cūmis bot of the haly Gaist.
Efter thy hour, quhatis thy passage euin?
Quhen tyme cūmis, he said to lestand heuin.
Quhat tyme is that? I pray zow now declair,
Twa ar on lyfe, man be befoir me thair.
Quhilk twa ar thay? the veritie me ken,
The first hes bene ane greit slayer of men.
Now yai him keip, to Martyr in Londoun toun,

On Wednisday, befoir king and Commoun.
Is nane on lyfe, that hes sa mony ilane,
Brother he said, that taill is bot in vane.
For slauchter is to God abhominabill,
Than said the spreit, forsuith this is na fabill.
He is Wallace defender of Scotland.
For richteous weir, that he tuik vpon hand.
Thair richteousnes is luifit ouir the laif,
Thairfoir in heuyn he sall that honour haif.
Syne ane pure Preist, is meikill to commend,
He tuik in thank, quhat thing that God him send.
For godlynes, and gude deuotioun,
Heuin he sall haue to leidand waryoun.
I am the thrid, grantit throw Goddis grace,
Brother he said, tell I this in our place,
Thay will bot deme, I outher dreme or raik,
Than said the Spreit, this witnes yow sall haik.
The bellis sall ring, for ocht that ze do may,
Quhen thay him slay, haif ane hour of the day.
And sa thay did, ye Wonk wist quhat yai ailit,
Throw braid Bertane ye word yairof was saillit
The spreit tuik leif, at Goddis will to be,
Of Wallace end, to heir is greit pietie.

AND I wald nocht put men in greit dolour,
Bot lichtly pas, out ouir this fatall houre.
On Wednisday yir fals Sutheroun furth brocht,
To martyr him, as thay befoir had wrocht.
Wallace was Martyrit, ye suith to zow to tell,
As wer Oswald, Edmond, Edward, with panis
Of men in armis led him ane full greit rout, (tell.
With ane bald spreit Wallace blent about.
Aue Preist he alsait, for him that deit on tre,

Syne

King Edward than commandit his Clergie,
And said I charge, in pane of lois of lyfe,
Nane be sa bold zone tyran for to schryfe.
He hes rung lang incontrait of my hienes,
Ane dissit Bischop sone present in that place.
Of Canterbery he than was richteous Lord,
Aganis the king he maid this richt record.
And said my self sall heir his Confessioun,
Gif I haue micht, incontrair of thy Crown.
Or thow throw force sall stop me fra this thing,
I vow to God quhilk is my richteous King:
Or all Ingland I sall than Interdyte,
And mak it knawin thow art ane Heretyke.
The Sacrament of Kirk I sall him geif,
Syne tak thy chois to sterf or lat him leif.
It war mair baill in worschip of thy Crown,
To keip sic ane on lyfe in thy bandoun.
Than all the land and gude yat thow hes reft,
Bot couetise ye ay fra honour dreft.
Thow hes thy lyfe rung in all wrangous deid,
That sall be sene, on the or on thy seid.
The King gaif charge thay suld the Bischop ta,
Bot wyse Lordis counsaillit to lat him ga.
All wyse men said, yat his desyre was richt,
To Wallace than he raikit in thair sicht.
And sadly hard his Confessioun to end,
Humbly to God his spreit he did commend.
Lawly him seruit with hartly deuotioun,
Upon his kneis, and said ane Orisoun.
His leif he tuik, and to Westmynster raid,
The Cleuch men than yai buir Wallace but baid,
Unto ane place, his martyrdome to tak,
For to his deity he will na furthering mak.

Fra the firſt nicht he was tane in Scotland,
Thay keipit him into that ſamin band.
Na thing he had that hes done him gude,
Bot Inglißmen him ſerue of cairfull fude.
This warldly lyfe deſyris the ſuſtenance,
Thocht he it gat incontrair of pleſance.
Thay threttie dayis his bandis yai durſt not ſlaik
Quhill he was bund on ane Scamyll of Aik.
Quith Irne cheinzeis,that war baith ſtark & kene,
Ane Clerk thay ſet to heir quhat he wald mene.
Thow Scot he ſaid,yat ſa greit wrang hes done,
Thy fatall hour, thow ſeis approchis ſone.
Thow ſuld in mynd remember thy myſdeid,
That Clerkis may,quhen yai yair Pſalmes reid:
For Criſtin ſaullis,yat makis thame to pray,
In thair number,yow may be ane of thay.
For now thow ſeis,on force thow man deceis,
Than Wallace ſaid,for all thy round reheirs:
Thow hes na charge,ſuppois I had done myſ.
Zone bliſſit Biſchop hes hecht I ſall haue blys.
And I trow weill,that God ſall it admit,
Thy ſimulate wordis, ſall not my conſcience ſmit.
Comfort I haue,of way that I ſuld gang,
Maiſt pane I feill,that I byde heir ſa lang.
Than ſaid this Clerk,our King oft ſend the till,
Thow micht haue had, all Scotland at thy will,
To hald of him,and ceiſſit of thy ſtryfe,
Sa as ane Lord,to rungin furth thy lyfe.
Than Wallace ſaid,thow ſpeikis of michty thing,
Had I leſtit,and gottin my richteous King,
Fra worthy Bruce had reſſauit his Crown,
I thocht haik maid Ingland at his bandoun.
That vtterly ſuld haue bene at his will,

Quhat

Quhat pleſſit him,to ſait thy King or ſpill.
Weill ſaid the Clerk, I ſe thow repentis nocht,
Of wickitnes,thow hes ane felloun thocht.
Is nane in warld,that hes ſa mony ſlane,
Thairfoir to aſk,me think thow ſuld be bane,
Grace at our King,and ſyne at his barnage,
Than Wallace ſmylit,anc lytill at his langage.
I grant he ſaid, ſum Inglißmen I ſlew,
In my querrell,me thocht nocht half anew.
I muſit na weir,bot for to wyn our awin,
Baith God and mā ye richt full weill hes knawin
Thy fruſtrat wordis dois nocht bot tyris me,
I the command of Goddis Name lat me be.
Ane Schiref gart this Clerk ſone fra him pas,
Richt as thay durſt,grantit quhat he wald as.
Ane Pſalter Buik Wallace had on him euer,
Fra his Chyldheid,with it he wald nocht ſeuer.
The better he trowit in veyage for to ſpeid,
Bot than he was diſpuilzeit of his weid.
This grace he aſkit at Lord Cliffurd that Knicht,
To lat him haue his Pſalter buik in ſicht.
He gart ane Preiſt it oppin befoir him hald,
Quhill thay to him,had done quhat yat yai wald.
Steidfaſt he red,for ocht thay did him thair,
Feill Sutheroun ſaid,that Wallace feld na fair.
Gude deuotioun ſa was his beginning,
Continewit yair with,and ſwa was his ending.
Quhill ſpeiche and Spreit at anis all can fair,
To leſtand blys,we trow for euer mair.
I will nocht tell how he deuydit was,
In ſyue partis,and ordanit for to pas.
Nit bis ſpreit thus, be lyklines was weill,
Of Wallace lyfe quha hes ane better teill.

Way ſchew furth mair, with wit and eloquence,
For I to this hes done my diligence.
Efter the Proſe geuin fra the Latine buik,
Quhilk Maiſter Blair in his tyme vnder tuik.
In fair Latine compplit to ane end,
With gude witnes, the mair is to commend.
Biſchop Sinklair than Lord was of Dunkell,
He gat this Buik, and confirmit it him ſell.
For verray treuth, thairof he had na dreid,
Him ſelf hard greit part of Wallace deid.
His purpois was to haue ſend it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk, patrin to gif his dome.
Bot Maiſter Blair, and als ſchir Thomas Gray,
Efter Wallace thay leuit mony ane day.
Thir twa knew beſt of gude ſchir Williamis deid
Fra ſertene zeir, quhill nyne and twentie zeid.
Fourtie and fyue Wallace of age was ſaid,
That tyme pat he was to the Sutheroun ſaid:
Thocht this mater be nocht to all pleſance,
His ſuithfaſt deid is worthy to auance.
All worthy men, that reidis this rurall dyte,
Blame nocht the buik, thocht I be Imperfyte.
I ſuld haue thank, ſen I na trauell ſpaird,
For my trauell na man hecht me rewaird.
Na charge I had, of King nor vther Lord,
Greit harme I thocht his gude deid ſuld be ſmord
I haue ſaid heir, neir as the proces gais,
And fenzeit nocht, for freindis nor zit for fais.
For conſtis heirof, was na man bund to me,
In this ſentence, I had na will to le.
Bot in als mekill, as I reheirſit nocht,
Sa worthely as Nobill Wallace wrocht.
Bot in ane point, I grant, I ſaid ane mis,

Thir

Thir twa knichtis ſuld blamit be of this.
The Knicht Wallace of Cragy richteous Lord,
And Lyddaill als, gart me mak wrang record.
On Allartoun mure, ye Crown he tuik ane day,
To get battell, as myne Author will ſay.
Thir twa gart me ſay on ane vther wyſe,
To Maiſter Blair, we did part of ſuppryſe.

GO Nobill buik fulfillit of ſentence,
Suppois thow be barrane of eloquence.
Go worthy buik, fulfillit of worthy deid,
Bot the to help, of langage thow hes neid.
Quhen gude makeris rang weill in to Scotland,
Greit harme it was, that nane of thame the land.
Zit thair is part, that can the weill auance,
Now byde the tyme, and be in remembrance.
I zow beſeik of zour beneuolence,
Quha will nocht loif, lak nocht my eloquence.
Ir is weill knawin I am ane Rurall man,
And heir hes done, als gudely as I can.
My toung did neuer ornate termis embrace,
I beſeik God that geuar is of grace:
Hald hell and eird, and ſet ye heun abuſe,
That he till vs grant, his deir leſtand luſe.

¶ Thus endit williame Wallace the wicht,
Behind him left nocht ſic ane knicht.
Be worthynes, and deid of hand,
Fra thraldome thryis he fred this land.

¶ Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik at the Expenſis of Henrie Charteris, & ar to be ſauld in his Buith, on the North ſyde of ye gait abone the Throne. Anno. Do. M. D. LXX.