

Alliterative Morte Arthure

This is part of the omitted passage on the top of p. 492, where Arthur leaves Waynor (Guinevere) in Mordred's protection:

He sendes forth sodenly sergeauntes of armes
To all his mariners in row to arrest him shippes;
Within sixteen dayes his fleet was assembled,
At Sandwich on the se, sail when him likes.
In the palais of York a parlement he holdes
With all the peeres of the rewme, prelates and other;
And after the preching, in presence of lordes,
The king in his counsel carpes these wordes:
"I am in purpose to pass perilous wayes,
To kaire with my keen men to conquer yon landes,
To outraye mine enemy, yif aventure it shew,[67](#)
That occupies mine heritage, the empire of Rome.
I set you here a sovereign, assent yif you likes,
That is my sib, my sister son; Sir Mordred himselven
Shall be my leutenant, with lordshippes ynow
Of all my lele lege-men that my landes yemes."

He carpes to his cosin then, in counsel himselven:
"I make thee keeper, Sir Knight, of kingrikes many,
Warden worshipful to weld all my landes,
That I have wonnen of war in this world rich.
I will that Waynor, my wife, in worship be holden.
That her want no wele ne welth that her likes;
Look my kidd casteles be clenlich arrayed,
There sho may sujourn herselfe with seemlich bernes;
Fonde my forestes be frithed, of frendship for ever,[68](#)
That none warray my wild but Waynor herselven,
And that in the sesoun when grees is assigned,
That sho take her solace in certain times.
Chaunceller and chamberlain change as thee likes,
Auditours and officers, ordain them thyselven,
Both jurees and judges, and justices of landes;
Look thou justify them well that injury workes.
If me be destined to die at Drightens will,
I charge thee my sektour, chef of all other,
To minister my mobles for meed of my soul
To mendinauntes and misese in mischef fallen.

Take here my testament of tresure full huge;
As I traist upon thee, betray thou me never!
As thou wilt answer before the austere Judge
That all this world winly wisse as Him likes,
Look that my last will be lely performed!
Thou hast clearly the cure that to my crown longes
Of all my wordles wele and my wife eek; [69](#)
Look thou keep thee so clere there be no cause founden
When I to countree come, if Crist will it thole;
And thou have grace goodly to govern thyselfen,
I shall crown thee, knight, king with my handes."

This is part of the omitted passage on p. 522, including Mordred's last communication with Waynor and her eventual fate:

Yet that traitour als tite teres let he fall,
Turnes him forth tite and talkes no more,
Went weepand away and weryes the stounde
That ever his werdes were wrought such wandreth to work!
When he thought on this thing it thirled his herte;
For sake of his sib-blood sighand he rides;
When that renayed renk remembered himselfen
Of reverence and riotes of the Round Table,
He romed and repent him of all his rewth workes,
Rode away with his rout, restes he no lenger,
For rade of our rich king, rive that he sholde.

Then kaires he to Cornwall, care-full in herte,
Because of his kinsman that on the coste ligges;
He tarries trembland ay, tidandes to herken.
Then the traitour treunted the Tuesday there-after,
Trines in with a trayn tresoun to work,
And by the Tamber that tide his tentes he reres,
And then in a mett-while a messenger he sendes
And wrote unto Waynor how the world changed
And what comlich coste the king was arrived,
On flood foughten with his fleet and felled them o life;
Bade her ferken o-fer and flee with her childer
Whiles he might wile him away and win to her speche, [220](#)
Ayer into Ireland, into those oute-mountes,
And wonne there in wilderness within tho waste landes.

Then sho yermes and yeyes at York in her chamber,
Grones full grisly with gretand teres,
Passes out of the palais with all her pris maidens,
Toward Chester in a charre they chese her the wayes,
Dight her even for to die with dole at her herte;
Sho kaires to Caerlion and caught her a veil,
Askes there the habit in honour of Crist
And all for falshed and fraud and fere of her lord!

This appears at the very end of the manuscript, in two different handwritings—neither the main handwriting of the manuscript.

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus.
(Here lies Arthur, king once and king to be.)

Here endes Morte Arthure, written by Robert of Thornton
R. Thornton dictus qui scripsit sit benedictus. Amen.
(May the said R. Thornton, who wrote this, be blessed. Amen.)