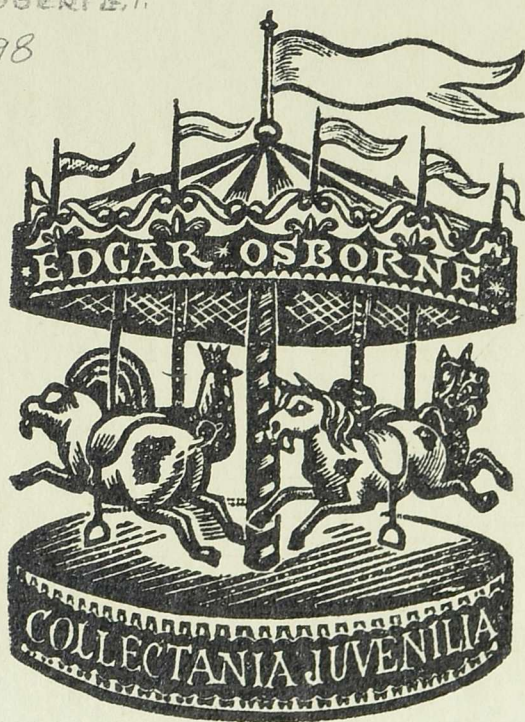






M  
ROBERTS.

1798



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Roberte the Deuyll.

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# Robert the Devil

*Collected and Perfect.*  
*H. F. W. Munster 1889*

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Roberte the Deupll.  
A  
METRICAL ROMANCE,  
FROM AN  
Ancient Illuminated Manuscript.



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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR I. HERBERT.

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1798.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS MS. of ROBERT THE DEVIL appears to have been transcribed, word for word, from an edition in quarto printed either by *Wynken de Worde* or *Pynson*, of which I have seen a fragment consisting of six leaves; these have been collated with the MS.

No mention is made of this edition in Mr. Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*.\* Nor have I ever seen a complete copy or heard of one: it is probable that the impression was destroyed in the fire of London. There are no cuts in the fragment. The Drawings in the MS. seem to be of the time of Elizabeth or James I.

The MS. was formerly in the possession of Mr. Radcliffe.

I. H.

\* Though in p. 227 and 228 is given a transcript of the heads of the chapters, from an edition in the Public Library Cambridge, apparently in prose, coinciding exactly in matter with this.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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from an edition in quarto printed either by  
Thomas or John or Peter, of which I have  
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L. M.

• Though in p. 275 and 276 a transcript of the  
heads of the chapters, from an edition in the Public Library  
Cambridge, apparently is given, containing errors in many  
with this.



THE  
LYFE

OF

Roberte the Deuyll.

---



YSTEN lordinges that of marueyles lyke  
to heare

Of actes that were done sometyne in dede  
By oure elders that before vs were  
How some in myschiette their lyfe dyd leade  
And in this boke may ye se yf that ye will rede  
Of one Robert the deuyll, borne in Normandye  
That was as uengeable a man as myght treade  
On goddes grounde for he delyted all in tyranye.

A

A Duke

## The Life of

A Duke sometyme in Normandye there was  
 Full uertuous and deuoute in all hys lyuyng  
 And in almose dedes, he yede in the waye of grace  
 Of knyghtlye maners, and manfull in iustynge  
 A Lordlye parfone, also courtes in euery thyng  
 Hys dwellynge was at Nauerne vpon fayne  
 At Chrystmas to honoure that holy tyme  
 Open housholde he kepte, and to please God was  
 [fayne.]

A feaste he helde vpon a certayne daye  
 Lordes come thyther of greate renowne  
 And as they fate at dyner a knyght gan saye  
 Vnto the Duke, and on hys knees kneled downe  
 My lorde he sayd ye be owner of many a towne  
 Yet haue ye no lady, nor none heyre  
 After your dayes to reioyce youre grounde  
 Therfore gett youe a princes that ys yonge and fayre.

Wyueles longe said the duke haue I taryed  
 And lyued sole withoute any mate  
 I fe well yt ys youre wyll that I shoulde be maryed  
 But yet woulde I have one to myne estate  
 Accordynge, for and I shoulde take  
 A Lady of nobler bloude than I am  
 Or else of lower degre, soone shoulde I forsake  
 Myne owne worship, and lyue lyke no man.

Yf



## Roberte the Deuyll.

3

Yf I shoulde nowe wedde, and after repent  
And lyue in sorowe and greate langoure  
Than myght I saye that fortune had me sent  
A chaunce mysfortunate, dystaynyng the floure  
Of noble fame that shoulde encrease myne honoure  
Wherefore lordes all, accordinge to prudence—  
A foresight sayeth Salomon ys worthe treasoure  
Yet be we ruled by fortune a Lady of excellence.

Than sayde to the Duke a Baron right bolde  
My lorde I beseeke youre grace of audyence  
The Duke bade hym than saye what he woulde  
In Burgonye sayd the Baron ys a ladye of reverence  
Daughter to the Earle, yf yt please youre magnyfi-  
Her for to take, there wyll no man saye naye [cence  
Than to hys wordes the Duke gave credence  
And sayde I knowe well the Earles doughter that lady  
[gaye

In proceffe that lady to the Duke was maryed  
A feaste was made of greate solempnytye  
And twelve yeares together they taryed  
In wealth and greate prosperytye  
Goddess lawe they kepte and lyued vertuouflye  
Yet chylde together had they none  
They prayed to god with heart deuoutlye  
Yf yt pleased hym for to sende them one.



Euer they prayed, but yt woulde not be  
 In twelve yeare, chylde had they none  
 Good dedes they dyd, and gave almose plentye  
 Alacke said thys Ladye, shall I lyve alone  
 Ofte she syghed and made greate mone  
 That no chylde on her body woulde sprynge  
 The good Duke also ever dyd grone  
 And sayed good Jesu yet heare my cryenge

Lorde sende me a chylde the worlde to multiplye  
 The Duke sayde, yf it be thy wyll  
 My wyfe soroweth in her partye  
 I feare that she wyll her selfe spyll  
 Nothings to the lorde that ys vnpossyble  
 Nowe heare my prayer for loue of thy mother  
 Sende me a chylde my petycion to fullfyll  
 For to be myrry I desyre none other.

And on a tyme the Duke and Duches walked  
 In a garden by them selfe alone  
 Eche of them complayned and to other talked  
 Howe they could have no chylde, and made much  
 Full greate, and saide joy have we none [mone;  
 I curse them saide the Duke that made the maryage  
 For I had leuer to have lyued styll alone  
 Chylde have I none, to reioyce myne herytage.

And











And said yf I had be maryed to another ladye  
 I knowe that I should have had chyl dren ynowe  
 The Duches aunswered as for her partye  
 Yf I had chaunged, verylye I trowe [youe  
 That chyl d ern I shoulde haue had; none haue I by  
 Let vs thanke god of that he doth vs fende  
 For I belave and do verelye trowe  
 That all oure forowe he may yt amende.

So on a morowe the Duke went on huntynge  
 Hys hearte was fullfylled all with thought  
 In hys mynde chydde, and agayne god grudgynge  
 He fighed fore inwordlye and ofte  
 If he myght haue dyed, nothyng he rought  
 And sayde god loueth not me, all in dyspayre  
 Many women haue chyl dren : but myne nought  
 Alas I trowe I shall haue none to be myne heyre.

The fende tempted soore the Duke tho  
 That he wyft not what to do nor saye  
 He left huntynge and homewarde he dyd go  
 And in to hys chaumber he toke the waye  
 So there the Duches at the same tyme laye  
 In as greate trouble as her hufbande was  
 And to her lorde faide no chylde I beare maye  
 I am vnhappye, and therewith sayde alas.

He



## The Life of

He toke her in hys armes and her kyfte  
 And of that Lady he had all hys pleasure  
 And so begate a chylde; and yt not wyfte  
 The Duke to oure Lorde made hys prayer  
 For to sende hym a chylde for to gladde hys chere  
 The ladye saide the Deuyll nowe sende vs one  
 For god wyll not oure petycion heare  
 Therfore I trowe power hath he none

She sayde yf I be conceyued thys houre nowe  
 I geve yt to the deuyll both foule and bodye  
 Lo thys lady was nere folyfsh she I trowe  
 And fullfyllled with greate obstynacye  
 Her owne soule there she put in greate ieopardye  
 For that houre she dyd conceyve with a man chylde  
 That whan he was borne lyued myscheuouflye  
 In thefte and murder lyke a tyraunte wylde

The tyme drewe so that nyne monethes was past  
 Than her tyme drewe on verye nye  
 At the houre of byrth she laboured fast  
 More than a moneth the boke doth specyfye  
 She had many throwes, with many a pytheous crye  
 Ladyes prayed for her, and gaue almese dede  
 They trowed verelye that she shoulde dye  
 With that our ladye wolde her helpe and spede.

And



## Roberte the Deuyll.

7

And asfone as Robert the deuyll was borne  
The fkyes waxed blacke that yt was wonder  
And fodenlye there began a full greate ftorme  
Rayne lyghtenyng with horrible thonder  
They feared that the houle woulde ryue a fonder  
Then blewe the wynde with greate power  
That they wende the dome had he comen there  
For downe wente wyndowes and euery doore.

Halfe the houle the deuyll pulled downe  
Yet at the laft the wether waxed cleare  
So for dreade thys lady laye in a fowne  
That greate wetherynge fhe dyd fore feare;  
Her gentlewomen bade her be of good chere  
They told her that the wather was gone and pafte  
Then to the churche the chylde they dyd beare  
And chryftened yt Robert at the laft.

He was as bygge the fame daye  
As fome chylde of twelue monethes olde  
When they came from Churche he cryed all the  
That yt made many hym to beholde [waye  
Men fawe the chylde lokyd very bolde  
Hys teeth grewe faft when that he fhoude foucke  
The noryfhe nypples fo harde byte he woulde  
That yt went then to her verye hearte roote.

There



There durst no woman geue hym sucke in faye  
 For hys teeth grewe so peryllouslye  
 That the noryshe nypples he bote a waye  
 But than they woulde no more byde the ieopardye  
 So with an horne he was fedde trewlye  
 At the years ende he could bothe go and speake  
 The elder he waxed, the more vnhappye  
 Shrewdenes he woulde do bothe in house and streate

Hurte woulde he do to woman and man  
 Vngracious was he daye and nyght  
 Yf he amonge any chyldren came  
 He woulde them hurte bothe scratche and byte  
 Caste stones at theyr heades and fyght  
 Breake their shynnes and put some eyes oute  
 Lordes and ladyes of hym had greate delyght  
 And wende yt had ben but wantonnes with oute  
 [doute.

Mennes chyldren there he dyd muche harme  
 Of them he hurte shrewdelye many a one  
 Breake bothe legge headde and arme  
 Therefore he was beloued of none  
 Hys companye chyldren forfoke euerychone  
 They dyd flee fro hym as the deuyll fro holy water  
 We wyll not haue hym amonge vs to come  
 They sayd and he never do; we be the gladder.

For



## Roberte the Deuyll.

9

For and the chyldern had seen hym come  
In to the streate there for to playe  
They woulde take theyr legges, and away runne  
To theyr fathers as faste as they maye  
Roberte the Deuyll dothe come they woulde saye  
For younge chyldren gave hym that name  
The chyldren hydde them in corners euery daye  
And to runne from hym they woulde leaue their game.

And whan that he was aboute seuen yeare of aege  
Hys father sette hym to scole in dede  
With a dyscrete man and a sage  
And prayed hys sonne that he woulde spede  
For to learne bothe to wryte and reade  
And to Roberte the Deuyll hys father sayde  
Sonne, yf thy lyfe in vertue thoue leade  
Than wyll I with the be right well a payed.

Roberte the Deuyll wente to scole a lytell space  
And euer he thought yt to longe ywys  
He learned so that he was past all grace  
Yt happened at the last he dyd amyffe  
Hys master sayde Syr youe muste amende thys  
Or elles forsothe ye shalbe beate  
He sayde yf thou smyte me I wyll make the wyfshe  
That thou thyne owne fleshe rather had eate.

B

Naye



## The Life of

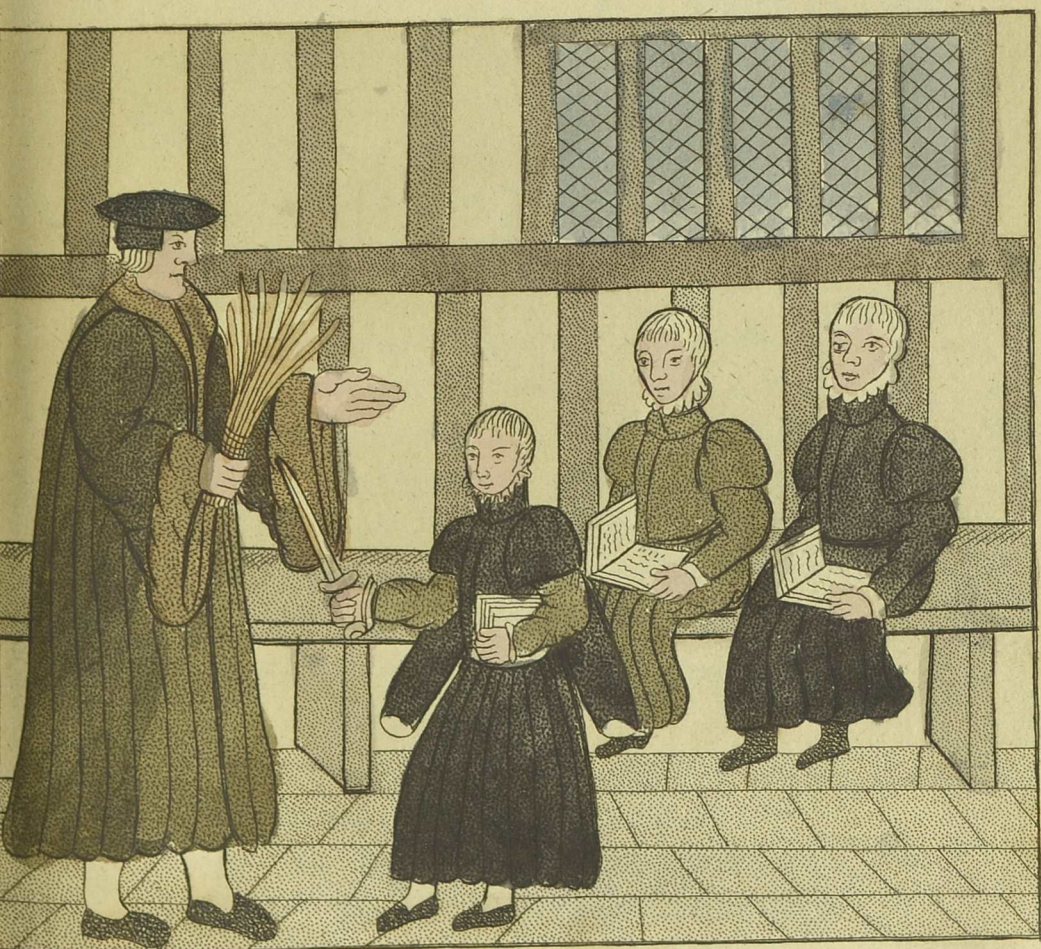
Naye fayde hys mafter ye be to bolde  
 And toke a rodde for to chaſte hym ſoone,  
 So to beate hym he fayde that he woulde  
 Roberte ſawe what he purpoſed to done  
 And fayde ye were better lette me a lone  
 For with a dagger he thruſt hym in to the bellye  
 That the bloude ran downe in to hys ſhone  
 So Slewe hys maſter, and let hym deade lye.

Whan Robert the Deuyll ſawe hys maſter fall  
 He fayde he woulde go to ſcole no more  
 Hys boke he threwe agaynſte the wall  
 The deuyll have the whyt that he was forye therfore  
 Alacke he made hys fathers hearte ſoore  
 When that he hys maſter had ſlayne  
 The Duches curſed the houre that he was bore  
 She fayde of hys companye no man vs fayne.

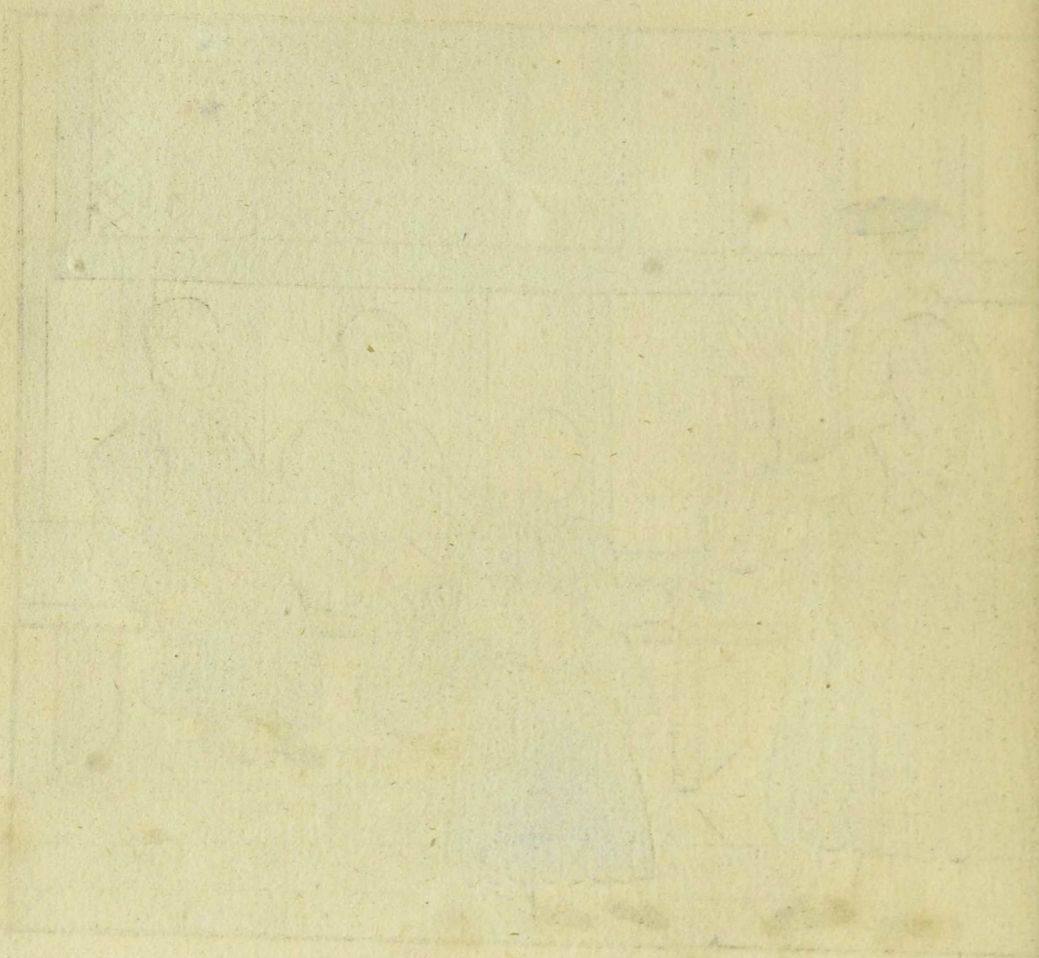
After that there woulde no pryſt hym teache  
 He folowed uice, he woulde be ruled by none  
 And mocke pryſtes whan they ſhoulde preache  
 For and he into the churche had gone  
 He would ſkorne the clearkes euerychone  
 And when they ſonge, come them behynde  
 So threwe duſt in theyr mowthes by one and one  
 And ſome in theyr eyes to make them blynde.

Yf











## Roberte the Deuyll.

11

Yf he fawe any men or women deuoutlye knele  
For to ferue God with theyr prayer, or ftande  
Pryuelye behynde them woulde he fteale  
And geue them a fowce with hys hande  
To caufe fome to yell out theyr tongues longe  
Or els he woulde make theyr heades go to grounde  
Theyr neckes he hurte fore he was fo ftronge  
And many olde folkes he caufed to founde.

Yt was vnpossible for a clarke to write  
The dedes he dyd that weare full vengeable  
Then gentlemen that weare fadde and dyfcrete  
Complayned to hys father withoute fable  
The Duke fayde, to chafte hym I am not able  
Than Robert was brought before hym  
He fayde: Sonne, thy dedes ben reproueable  
Thou fhameft me and all thy hole kynne.

Thow doeft all thyng that dyspleafeth god  
Thy fcolemafter thou flewest with a knyfe  
Because that he woulde haue beate the with a rodde  
To the pryftes in churche thou doeft much greyfe  
Full ofte I wyshe me oute of my lyfe  
For thou of thy dedes arte fo hounge and perylloufe  
That chyl dren younge bothe mayde and wyfe  
Whych dothe the knowe geueth the theyr curfe.



## The Life of

All one with hym, in at the one eare and out at  
 He was neuer the better daye nor nyght [the other  
 Hys olde laye kept, he woulde do none other  
 He was neuer glad but when he dyd fyght  
 To swere and lye, theryn he had greate delyght  
 At last hys mother to her lorde spake  
 And sayd yt were best to make hym a knyght  
 Thys noble ordre let Robert the deuyll take.

For I trust then he wyll amende  
 Whan he that greate othe doth heare  
 Yt wyll make hym forye for that he dyd offende  
 And the workes of god hereafter for to leare  
 The Duke consented euen ryght there  
 And asked Robert yf he woulde lyue vnder awe  
 Of god, and the order of knight-hode beare  
 He aunswered I sett not thereby a strawe.

At the last Robert was made a knyght  
 Hys father bade hym take hede of hys othe  
 To dystroye wronge and to maynteyne right  
 And do trewe justyce for leefe or for lothe  
 For a knyght that in cheualrye goethe  
 Euer agaynst vice he muste fyght  
 And supporte trewe maydens, and he so dothe  
 He ys an inherytoure of heauen, goddes own knyght.  
 Robert



Robert aunswered, father at youre commandement  
 I wyll thys greate order vpon me take  
 But for to chaunge all myne entent  
 As for my manners I wyll not forsake  
 All men shall not ones me make  
 For to leaue my customes olde  
 I will contynewe and neuer wyll flake  
 Thoughe I therfore my lyfe lose shoulde.

The Duke caused a greate iustynge to be  
 Lordes came fro many a farre lande  
 And Ladyes also that runnyng to see  
 He that shoulde be moste doughtye of hande  
 There was many a knyght full stronge  
 That thought theyr clothes of full greate pryce  
 Yet a gayne Roberte there myght none stande  
 As for worship by hym woulde none ryse.

A fylde was ordeyned bothe brode and wyde  
 With lystes fayre where they shoulde runne  
 Tentes were pyght on euery syde  
 Greate was the people that thether come  
 The daye was fayre, hote shone the sonne [crys  
 Greate trumpets blewe, the herauldes made theyr  
 That euery knyght hys deuoune shoulde done  
 For to proue who was moste myghtye.

Knights



Knightes then dressed them to the fyeelde  
 In Syluer armoure fayre and bright  
 Barons doughtye with speare and shyelde [lyght  
 With helmes and haubreks that all the fyeelde dyd  
 Stedes in trappoure the was a goodlye fyght  
 Speare heades that a stronge cote woulde faylle  
 Clothe of golde in harnes curyouslye pyght  
 Worne of haburghin many a stronge mayle.

Robert the deuyll came in as meke as a Lyon  
 In hys fyfte he had a greate speare  
 Of sure wodde bothoughe and longe  
 Hys loke so grymme many men dyd feare  
 Also that houghe staffe that he dyd beare  
 Was almost as bygge as some twayne.  
 Vnoccupied saide Robert why stande we here  
 For to leaue all worke he woulde full fayne.

The Duke bade them all to begynne  
 A fayre knyght then fentred hys speare  
 In fayth sayde Robert I wyll runne to hym  
 And lyghtly turned hys greate stede there  
 Eche agayne other speares dyd beare  
 Those coursers dyd runne, they smote in the fyeelde  
 Hartye were bothe, nought dyd they feare  
 That knyght smote Robert fore in the shyelde.

That











That the stroke made Robert right wrothe  
 To hym he thought for to ryde agayne  
 He fentred hys speare, and forthe he gothe  
 With hys shyelde Robert mette playne  
 And stroke so soore that he smote it euen in twayne  
 And throughe the knyghtes shulder the speare dyd  
 I trowe therof Robert was fayne [runne  
 And asked yf any more woulde come.

Another knyght thought Robert to assaylle  
 So yode they together with greate raundone  
 Loth were they bothe for to fayle  
 And hastelye theyr stedes strongelye dyd runne  
 So swyfte with strenght Robert dyd come  
 That hys speare ran thorowe the knyghtes bodye  
 And to the earthe dead fell he downe  
 All men wondred of Robert trewlye.

The thyrde knyght to the grounde he smote  
 And brake hys horse backe asonder  
 There was none that myght stande a stroke  
 Of hym that daye, nowe the people dyd wonder  
 To se that all knyghtes to hym were vnder  
 For so soore Robert dyd them assayle [thonder  
 A man had ben as good to haue be smytten with  
 As to haue a stroke of hys hand without fayle.

Thre



Thre noble Barons he flewe there that daye  
He fared as he had ben a fyende of hell  
All was in earneste, and not in playe  
Fro theyr horses many knyghtes he fell  
And brake theyr armes as the bokes do tell  
For he threwe so greselye and soore  
That they knewe nother wo nor well  
On stedes myght they ryde never more.

All that he mette, he them downe threwe  
Yonge nor olde he spared none  
For pittye had he no more than a Jue  
That daye he hurte there many a one  
And lyke a boore at the mouth he dyd fome  
He fought and stroke all while that he was able  
In peace he woulde not haue them to stande alone  
He loued murderers that were euer Vengeable.

To kill and Slea was all hys delyght  
Tenne noble stedes backes he dyd bruff  
When that he at theyr masters dyd smyte  
Or with hys speare at them dyd thrust  
To fight euer more and more he had lust  
For all hys pleasure was in deathe sett  
And euer he cryed who wyll more iuste  
The deuyll was in hym no man myght hym lette.

And



And whan hys father sawe howe in vengeance  
He was sett, and woulde no sad wayes take  
In hys thought he toke greate greuance  
And bade that all the knyghtes shoulde departe  
Eche theyr waye, and no more justes to make  
Than Robert woulde not obey the commaundement  
Of hys father, but sayd sorowe shoulde awake  
For then in myscheif he sett all hys ententte.

He woulde not go fro the battaylle  
But hue and flewe on euery syde  
The stronge knyghtes there he dyd assaylle  
All the people fledde, they durst not abyde  
The knyghtes all awaye dyde tyde  
With lordes and Ladyes euerychone  
Robert loughe whan he that spyed  
Than thought he I will no more go home.

Than Robert rode into the countrey  
And robbed and kylled many a one  
Maydens and wyues he rauyshed pytteouflye  
He pulled downe abbeys and houses of stone  
For all the Churches that he dyd by come  
Thorowe that countrey of Normandye  
By hys wyll there shoulde stande none  
For all hys pleasure was in murder and robberye.



He brente houses and flewe yonge chyldeire  
 Death vpon death was all hys lyfe  
 The countrey complained to hys father  
 Howe theyr seruantes were slayne with Robertes  
 Some sayde he hathe rauyshed my wyfe [knyfe  
 And by oure daughters he hathe layne  
 They prayed the Duke to stynte that stryfe  
 Or to flee that lande they would full fayne.

The Duke wepte and sayde alas  
 That euer I hym begate on woman  
 My prayer vnto Jesu euer was  
 For to sende me a chylde for I had none  
 And nowe gode hath sente me one  
 That maketh me full heauy and sad  
 The Duches wayled and made great mone  
 That from her mynde she was nye madde.

The Duke made hys seruantes to ryde  
 To seke Robert in Cyttie and in towne  
 Good watche was layde on euery fyde  
 On holte and heath in fyelde and towne  
 And in euery place that they dyd come  
 The countrey Robert dyd curse and blame  
 And prayed that he myght haue an yll death soone  
 For he the ordre of knyghthode dothe shame.

With.



With Robert at the last these men mette  
 They sayde that he shoulde with them them goo  
 All aboute Robert shortlye they sette  
 One asked hym what he woulde doo  
 Wylt thou go with vs, he sayde noo  
 And drewe hys sworde and with them dyd fyght  
 Full greate woundes he gaue one or twoo  
 And all the resydue he put to flyght.

And all that he toke he put theyr eyes oute  
 So bade them go seeke theyr way home  
 And serued them all so withoute doute  
 These poore men they made greate mone  
 So Robert departed and lefte them alone  
 And sayde tell my father that yt ys for hys sake  
 Then these men in tyme to the courte came home  
 And shewed what mastryes Robert dyd make.

Thys good Duke in hearte was right wo  
 When he sawe hys mennes eyes oute  
 Fore angre he wylt not what to do  
 But commaunded all the courte aboute  
 Counstable and bayllifes with all theyr route  
 All men to take hym who so maye  
 And in pryson to put hym withoute doute  
 He charged all men good watche to laye.



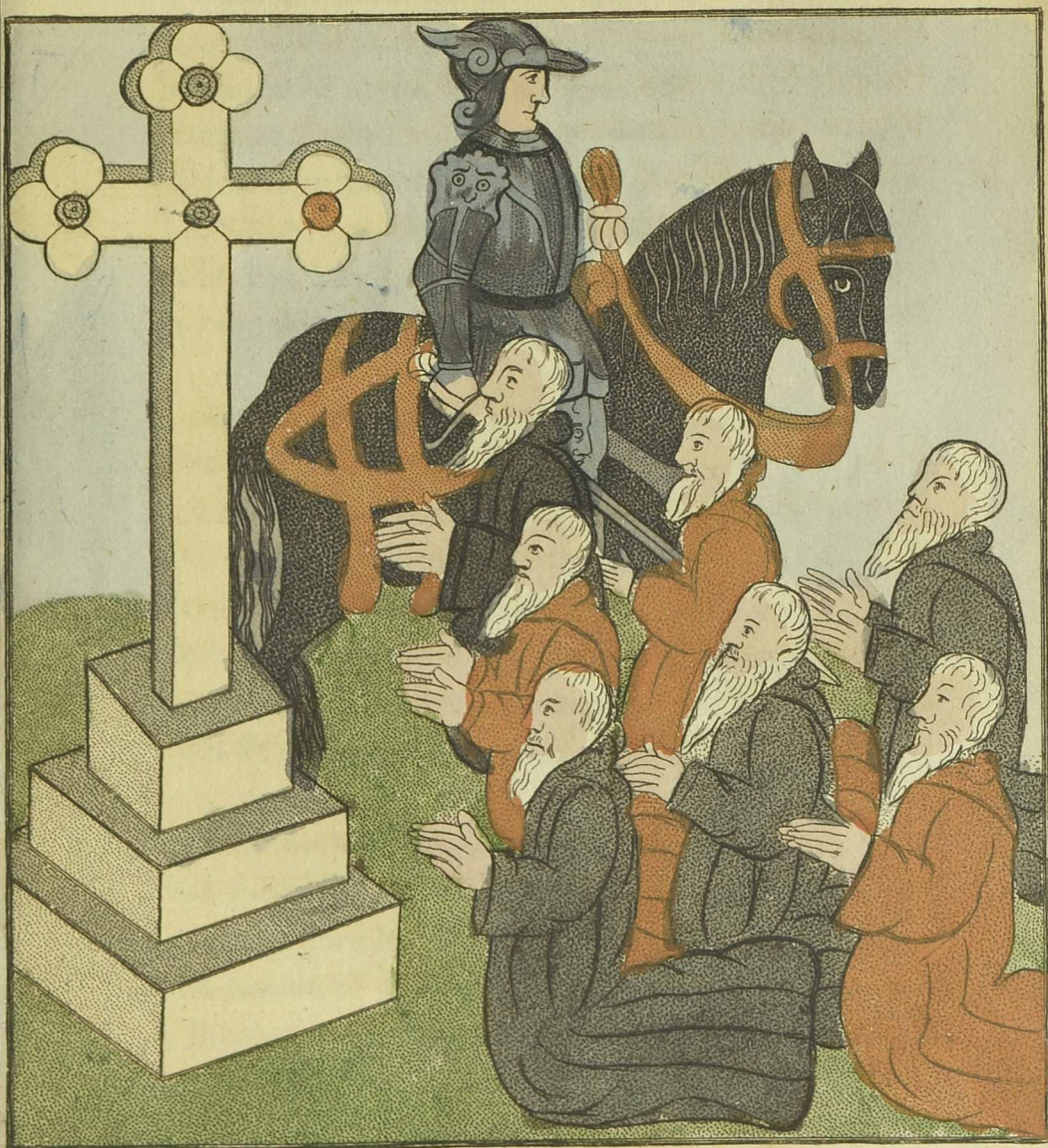
So when Robert knewe of thys warke  
 He gathered a great companye theues yll  
 He gate hym into a forrest full darke  
 Where yt was farre from boroughe or hyll  
 There he lyued and all dyd he kyll  
 That he myght fe in the heath so playne  
 Corne and fruites all dyd he spyll  
 In doyng myscheif allwaye was he fayne.

Yt was hys pleasure to eate fleshe on the frydaye  
 A dogge dyd faste as well as he  
 Poore pylgrymes he kylld goynge by the waye  
 And holy hermytes that lyued deuoutlye  
 So on a daye he rose vppe earlye  
 And in the forrest seuen hermytes he founde  
 Before a crosse knelynge on theyr knee  
 Of theyr prayers to heauen wente the sownde.

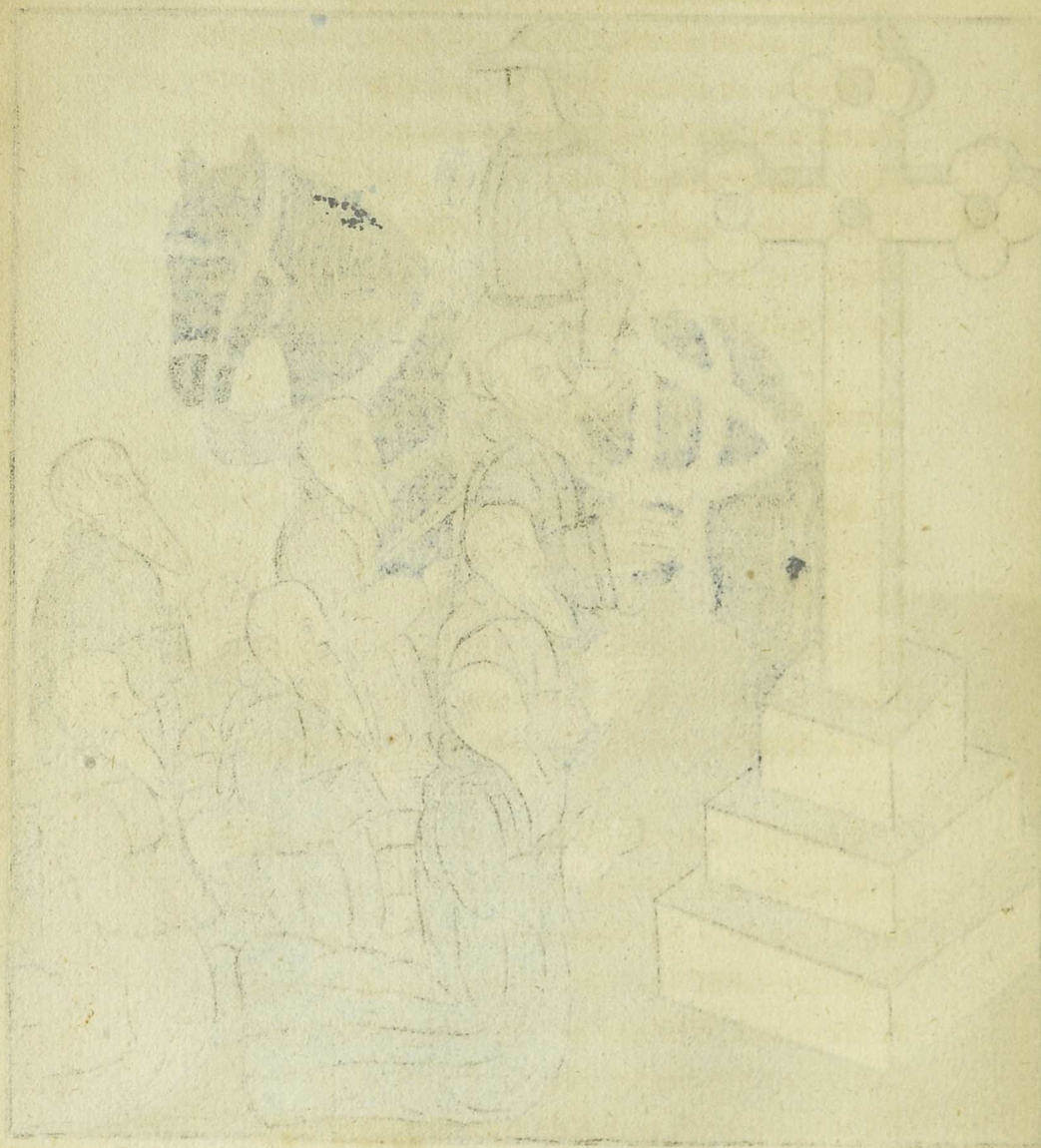
What holy whoresones he sayde be youe  
 That gapeth vpwardes after the moone  
 If ye be a thrust ye shall drynke nowe  
 And oute he drewe hys swearde full soone  
 The hermytes wylt no what to done  
 But suffered death for Jesus sake [runne  
 So throughe one of theyr bodyes hys sworde dyd  
 For feare all the other dyd tremble and quake.

Than











Than he strake of theyr heades all  
 And reioysed at that peryllouse dede  
 In scorne he sayde, fyrs do youe fall  
 Patter and praye ye in youre crede  
 Full faste these holy men dyd blede  
 That Robertes clothes were readde as vermulon  
 With hys sworde he thought further to spede  
 In vengeance he rought not where he become.

Lo thys caytiffe was blynde and myght not see  
 The cloudes had in clipped the Sunne of grace  
 Lyke to an apple that the core dost putryfie  
 The darke mystes of uice smote hym in the face  
 He was none of the shepe of Israel but the kyd of  
 He exyled pittye as dyd cruel Kynge Pharao [golyas  
 Heaped full of synne, as euer he was  
 That flewe hys own mother, men called hym Nero.

Then he leste these seuen hermytes deadde  
 And rode oute of the wodde lyke a wylde dragon  
 So lyke a bore he threwe vp hys headde  
 The bloude of the hermytes couered all hys gowne  
 A shepherde he sawe and rode to hym soone  
 But whan the herdes man dyd hym espye  
 Yt was no hede to bydde hym begone  
 He ranne hys waye then for feare dyd he crye.



At the laste he the shepherde ouertoke in faye  
 And asked what tydynges that he woulde tell  
 The shepherd agayne to hym dyd faye [help  
 I was of youe afrayde I wende ye had come oute of  
 And as for tydynges, here ys darkenes castell  
 There lyeth the Duches of Normandye  
 With many a lorde of her counsell  
 Of all thys greate lande the royalltye.

So Robert came to the towne there the castell  
 The people sawe one ryde as he had ben madde [stode  
 With a sworde in hande, and all arayed in bloude  
 To runne in to house euery man was gladde  
 At the last Robert began to waxe sadde  
 And sayde alas that euer he was borne  
 In murder and myschief my lyfe haue I ladde  
 Hys heere of hys heade he thought to haue torne.

Than he was a bashed spoore in hys mode  
 Whan that the people woulde hym not abyde  
 What yt mente than he vnderstode  
 Euery body them selfe from hym dyd hyde  
 Than to the Castle gate Robert dyd ryde  
 Ayd fayne with some body he woulde speake  
 But whan any man hym espyede  
 They ranne awaye as they dyd in the streate.

Than



















Than with a heauy hearte downe dyd he tyght  
 And went streyght into the Castell hall  
 But when the people of hym had a sight  
 None durst hym byde there at all  
 Many for helpe dyd crye and calle  
 Hys mother sawe hym as she sate at meate  
 For feare she beganne to fall  
 And hasted her awaye for to gette.

And when he sawe hys mother goynge  
 He sayde alas Lady mother speake with me  
 Hys hearte for sorowe brast in weepyng  
 Whan he sawe her from hym so flee  
 And sayde to hys mother full pitteouslye  
 Lady tell me howe that I was borne  
 That I haue ledde my lyfe so mischeuouslye  
 In the tempests of uice with many a greate storme.

Hys mother all unto hym tolde  
 Howe she gave hym to the fende both soule and bodye  
 And he asked her howe she durste be so bolde  
 To gyue hym from god allmightye  
 I knowe he sayd that I haue lyued synfullye  
 As euer dyd the emperoure greate Nero  
 Amende I wyll and for mercye crye  
 My dedes will I bewaylle wherfoeuer I go.

Hys



Hys mother prayed hym to smyte of her headde  
 For the trespase she sayde, that I dyd to thee  
 I am worthy therefore for to be deadde  
 To god I offended also in obstynacye  
 Sleaze me she sayde, and I forgiue yt thee,  
 He sayde, Mother I wyll not do so  
 I had leuer be beaten full bytterlye  
 And on my feate to the worldes ende to go.

Than for woo Robert fell to the ground  
 And a greate whyle there he so laye  
 There sodenlye he rose in that stounde  
 And saide Mother nowe I go my waye  
 To Rome wyll I hie as fast as I maye  
 And prayed her to commende hym to hys father dere  
 So he desyred them all for hym to praye  
 And went forth with a full pytteous chere.

So shortly Robert toke hys horse and rode  
 Streight vnto the forrest to hys companye  
 Than the Duchesse that in the Castle abode  
 Shryked full sore with a full pytteous crye  
 And saide alas lorde to synfull am I  
 All women beware, curse neuer your chylde  
 And yf that ye do, then be youe in jeopardye  
 Also in myscheyff they shalbe defyelde.

Wyth



Wyth that the Duke came into the chaumber  
 And asked her why she dyd wepe and wayle  
 She sayde Robert youre sonne hath ben here [sayle  
 And shewed how that he wolde to Rome without  
 Ah, sayde the Duke, I feare yt wyll lyttell auayle  
 He is not able to make restytucion  
 Alacke sayd the Duke yet am I gladde fauns sayle  
 That he ys wyllynge to make hys confession.

Nowe ys Robert come to the forrest agayne  
 And founde hys men all at dyner syttyng  
 To conuerte them to goodnes he would full fayne  
 And sayde my felowes, with pytteous lamentynge  
 Let vs remember oure synfull lyuynge  
 And aske god mercy with greate repentaunce  
 Yf we leade thys lyfe styll, yt will vs brynge  
 To hell withoute ende, with horrible vengeance.

Let vs remember he saide our synfull lyfe  
 We haue murdered people full cruellye  
 Rauyshed maydens and many a wyfe  
 Slayne prystes and hermytes full pytteouslye  
 And abbeys haue ben dystroyed through our robbery  
 With Nunnes, Ankers, take yt in remembraunce  
 Howe we put them in ieopardie  
 Wherfore I dreade hell, with horrible vengeance.



Houses we haue brentte many a one  
 And spylte of chyl dren much precyous bloude  
 Compassion there, nor pyttye had we none  
 In myscheyff we delyted, and neuer in good  
 And nowe let vs remember hym that dyed on the rode  
 That from vs yet hath kept hys sworde by sufferaunce  
 For and we nowe in deathes daunce stode  
 To hell shoulde we go, with horrible vengeaunce.

One sayde Robert, what be youe there  
 And stode up and began hym to skorne  
 Will youe see fellowes : the fox wylbe an anker  
 What master, ye be as wyfe as a shepe newe shorne  
 I trowe youre buttocke be prycked with a thorne  
 For your wytt ys oute of temperaunce  
 I woulde not haue thys tearme aboute borne  
 That we shoulde to hell go with horrible venge-  
 [aunce.

Another these faide master Roberte, harke  
 To preache to vs yt ys all in vayne  
 And what I saye, I praye you yt marke  
 Thys lyfe wyll we leade in wordes playne  
 Euer yet in these workes we haue be fayne  
 For our synne we entende not to do pennaunce  
 We wyll not forsake thoughe ye stryue vs agayne  
 To hell woulde we rather go with horrible vengeaunce.  
 Than



Than Roberte sawe that they woulde not amende  
 But in myscheyf there to lyue styll  
 And to the poore men they wyll ofte offende  
 Thus then he conspyred in hys wyll  
 One after another for to kyll  
 To make short he kyllled them euerychone  
 He sayde ye haue be readye euer to do euyl  
 Therfore alyue wyll I not leaue one.

He tolde them a good seruaunte must haue good  
 Nowe do I paye youe after your deseruyng [wages  
 There dead in the floore all theyr bodyes sprayles  
 Robert shutt the doore and they laye within  
 And sayde of myscheyf this ys the endyng  
 So he thought to sett the house on fyre  
 But he dyd not, he yede a waye fighyng  
 And sayd alas I haue payde my men theyr hyre.

Than Robert toke hys horse and blessed hym  
 So throughe the forrest he toke the waye  
 Ouer hylles and downes fast rydyng  
 Thus rode he styll all a longe daye  
 And ofte for synne he cryed well awaye  
 Than of an abbaye he had a sight  
 Whiche ofte he had robbed in good faye  
 Alas saide Robert there will I lodge to nyght.



For faulte of meate then he hongred fore  
 And sayde to eate fayne I wolde haue some  
 Alacke nowe that euer I was bore  
 And when the monkes dyd se hym come  
 Eche man hys waye fast dyd ronne  
 And saide here cometh the furyous serpent  
 Roberte, which ys I trowe a deuylls sonne  
 That in murmer and myscheif hath a greate talent.

Than forthe he rode to the churche dore  
 And discended from his horse right there  
 So he kneled downe in the floore  
 And to oure lorde god he made hys prayer  
 Sayinge, swete Jesu that bought me dere  
 Haue mercy on me for that precyous bloude.  
 That ran from your hearte with longis speare  
 Which stonge youe in the side hangynge on the roode.

Then vp he rose and went to the Abbot  
 And sayde to hym with pitteouse lamentynge  
 I haue bene so symple father, that ye well wot  
 That nowe I feare the sworde that ys lyghtly comynge  
 Of our lordes vengeaunce for my false lyuynge  
 And of all that I haue offended vnto youe  
 Forgeue me for hys loue that was hangynge [bowe.  
 Seuen houres on the crosse and there hys head dyd  
 And











And when they hearde hym pitteouslye complayne  
 And in hys harde hearte toke repentaunce  
 The monckes all thereof were fayne  
 So there he tolde them all in substaunce  
 Howe he was in wyllinge to suffer pennaunce  
 And to Rome to take hys Journeye  
 So there he called to hys remembraunce  
 Of hys lodge and therof toke the abbot the keye.

Thys keye to the Abbot there he toke  
 And tolde hym that he shoulde haue all the treasure  
 In the theues lodge yf that he woulde loke  
 That he had robbed synce the fyrst houre  
 And saide my meynye lyen dead in the floore  
 The Abbot he prayed to geue hys father the keye  
 For I wyll not slepe one night where I do another  
 Tyll I in Rome with the pope speke maye.

And praye my father to make restytucion  
 For me to all them that I dyd offende  
 I crye hym mercy also I am hys sonne  
 Hym for to myscheif also I dyd entende  
 But what thoughe, nowe I trust to amende  
 There Robert toke hys leaue of all the hole couent  
 Hys horse and hys sworde he to hys father sende  
 And so departed and on hys feete forthe wentte.

Than



Than rode the Abbot to the Duke of Normandye  
 And shewed of Robert all that was befall  
 There he delyuered vp the keye  
 And of hys entente he sheowid the Duke all  
 Then he hys men before hym dyd call  
 And sayde I wyll ryde and restore the goodes agayne  
 And euery man hys owne haue shall  
 Then were the Dukes seruauntes all fayne.

Nowe Robert walked ouer dale and hyll  
 By holte and heath, many a wery waye  
 He laboured night and daye euer styll  
 At the last he came to Rome on Sherethursdaye  
 All nyght poorely in the streate he laye  
 And on the good frydaye to churche he went tywis  
 Towardes the quyre and nothyng dyd saye  
 For that daye the Pope sayed all the seruyce:

The Popes seruauntes bade hym go backe  
 They smote Robert and thrust hym asyde  
 Tho to hym self he sayde, oute alacke  
 Yet he thought boldlyer for to abyde  
 Where people were thynnest there he espyed  
 So prest amonge them tyll he came to the pope  
 And fell downe to hys fete and loude there he cryed  
 As rayne the teares fell fro hys eyes god wotte.

The











## Roberte the Deuyll.

31

The popes seruantes would haue pulled hym asyde  
Oure holy father, yet aunswered naye  
Medle not with hym, lett hym abdyde  
That I maye here what he dothe saye;  
Robert aunswered I am here thys daye  
The synfullest lyuer that euer was founde  
Synce Adam was made in Canaan of clāye  
I am the greatest synner that lyued on grounde.

The pope sayde what art thou good frende  
And whye makest thoue thys lamentacon  
Oh good father saide Robert to god I haue offended  
I desyre youe to heare my confession  
Of my greate synnes the abhomynacon  
On them to muse yt ys vnnumerable  
Vice and I rested all waye in one habytacion  
With murder and euery vnthryfte culpable.

Art thou Robert the deuyll sayde the pope than  
That ys the worst creature of all the worlde yll  
Yee yee syr sayde Robert I am the same man  
Greate myscheyf haue I do, and muche yll  
As to robbe and flea, both burne and kyll  
The pope sayd, here in goddes name I thee warne  
By uertue of hys passion stande here styll  
Do to me nor my men no maner of harme.

Naye



Naye naye sayde Robert, neuer chrysten man  
 Wyll I hurte by night nor daye  
 The pope toke hym by the hande than  
 And bade hym hys confession to hym saye  
 Thereto Robert woulde not saye naye  
 But all hys synnes confessed and tolde  
 The pope whan he hym hearde dyd quake for fraye  
 For to heare hys synnes hys hearte waxed nye colde.

And tolde howe hys mother gaue hym to the feende  
 In the houre of hys fyrst contemplacyon [of hell  
 The pope sayd Robert I thee tell  
 Thou must go to an hermyte three miles withoute the  
 Robert sayde with good will thys shalbe done [towne  
 Then wente he to the popes goostlye father  
 The pope commaunded hym so to done  
 That the hermyte might hys confession heare.

In the mornyng Robert walked ouer hyll and dale  
 He was full werye of his labourynge  
 At the laste he came in to a greate vale  
 And founde same hermyte standinge  
 He spake with the hermyte, and shewed of hys lyuynge  
 And tolde that he was sente fro the pope of Rome  
 But when that holy man hearde hys confession  
 He sayd brother ye be right wellcome.

And











And for youre synnes euer youe muste be sorye  
 For as yet I will not affoylle youe  
 In a lyttell chappell all nyght shall youe lye  
 Do ye as I do youe counsell nowe  
 Aske god mercye, and let youre hearte bowe  
 For all thys nyght I wyll wake and praye  
 Vnto oure lorde, that I maye knowe  
 Yf in saluacion ye do stande in the waye.

So they departed, the hermyte fell on slepe  
 An aungell sodenlye to hym dyd appeare  
 And saide to Goddes commaundement take good kepe  
 And of Robertes pennaunce thou shalt heare,  
 He muste counterfeyt a foole in all manere  
 The meate that he shall eate, he muste pull yt from  
 And neuer to speake, but as he dombe weare [a dogge  
 Thys pennaunce done, he shalbe forgeuen of god.

The hermyte with that shortlye dyd awake  
 And called Robert, and spaeked to hym [take  
 And saide heare nowe the pennaunce that ye shall  
 God commaundeth the to counterfet a foole in all  
 thinge  
 Meate none to eate, withoute a dogge do yt brynge  
 To the in hys mouth, then muste thou yt eate  
 No worde to speake, but as bdombe euer beyng  
 With dogges every nyght also thou must sleepe.



The hermyte said, tyll thy synnes be forgeue  
Thou must do as I haue here sayde  
With thys sharpe pennaunce thou must lyue  
Tyll god of hys debtes by the be payde  
Forget not thys, in thy hearte let it be layde  
At the last god wyll sende the worde agayne  
Robert wepte as thoughe he shoulde haue dyed  
And sayde thys pennaunce will I do full fayne.

The hermyte bade hym remember althyng  
And whan thy synnes be cleane forgeuen the  
By an Aungell god wyll sende the warnyng  
Nowe maye thou no longer byde with me  
Robert blessed the hermyte then trewlye  
So eche toke theyr leaue of other  
Nowe god for euer be wyth the  
He sayd to Robert, nowe farewell brother.

There poore Robert departed fro the hermyte  
And blessed hym and agayne went to Rome  
For to do hys pennaunce in the strete  
And whan that he thether was come  
Lyke as he had ben a foole he dyd ronne  
And lepte and daunced from one syde to another  
Many folke laughed at hym soone  
And wende he had ben a feole, they knew none other.  
Boyes



Boyes folowed hym throughe the strete  
 Castynge styckes and stones at hym  
 And some with rodde hys bodye dyd beate  
 The chyldren made greateshout and cryenge.  
 Burges of the cyttie at Robert laye laughynge  
 Oute of theyr wyndowes to se hym playe  
 The boyes threwe dyrte and myre at hym  
 Thus contynewed Robert manye a daye.

Thus he played the foole on a season  
 He came on a tyme to the Emperours Courte  
 And sawe that the gate stode all open  
 Robert ranne into the hall and beganne to worke  
 So daunced and lept and aboute so starte  
 At the laste the Emperoure had pyttie on hym  
 Howe he taere hys clothes and gnew hys shyрте  
 And bade a seruante meate hym for to brynge:

Thys seruante brought Robert plentye of meate  
 So proferde hyt hym and saide go dyns  
 Robert sate styll he woulde not eate  
 Yet god wotte hys belly greatespyne  
 At last themperoure sayde yonder ys a hounde of myne  
 And bade hys seruante throwe hym a bone  
 So he dyd, and whan Robert yt had spyne  
 Alack thought Robert, he shall not eate yt alone.



He lept from the table and with the dogge faught  
 And all for to haue the bone awaye  
 The hounde at the last by the fyngers hym caught  
 So styll in hys mowthe he kepte hys praye,  
 Whan Robert sawe that, downe he laye  
 The dogge gnawe the one ende and Robert the other  
 The Emperoure laughed whan he that sawe  
 And sayde the dogge and he fought harde together.

The Emperoure sawe that he was hongrye  
 And bade to throwe the dogge a hole losse  
 Whan Robert sawe that he was glad greatlye  
 For to lose hys parte he was right lothe,  
 And agayne to the dogge he goeth  
 So brake the losse a sonder and to the hounde  
 He gaue the one halfe to saye the sothe  
 And ate the other as the dogge dyd on the grounde.

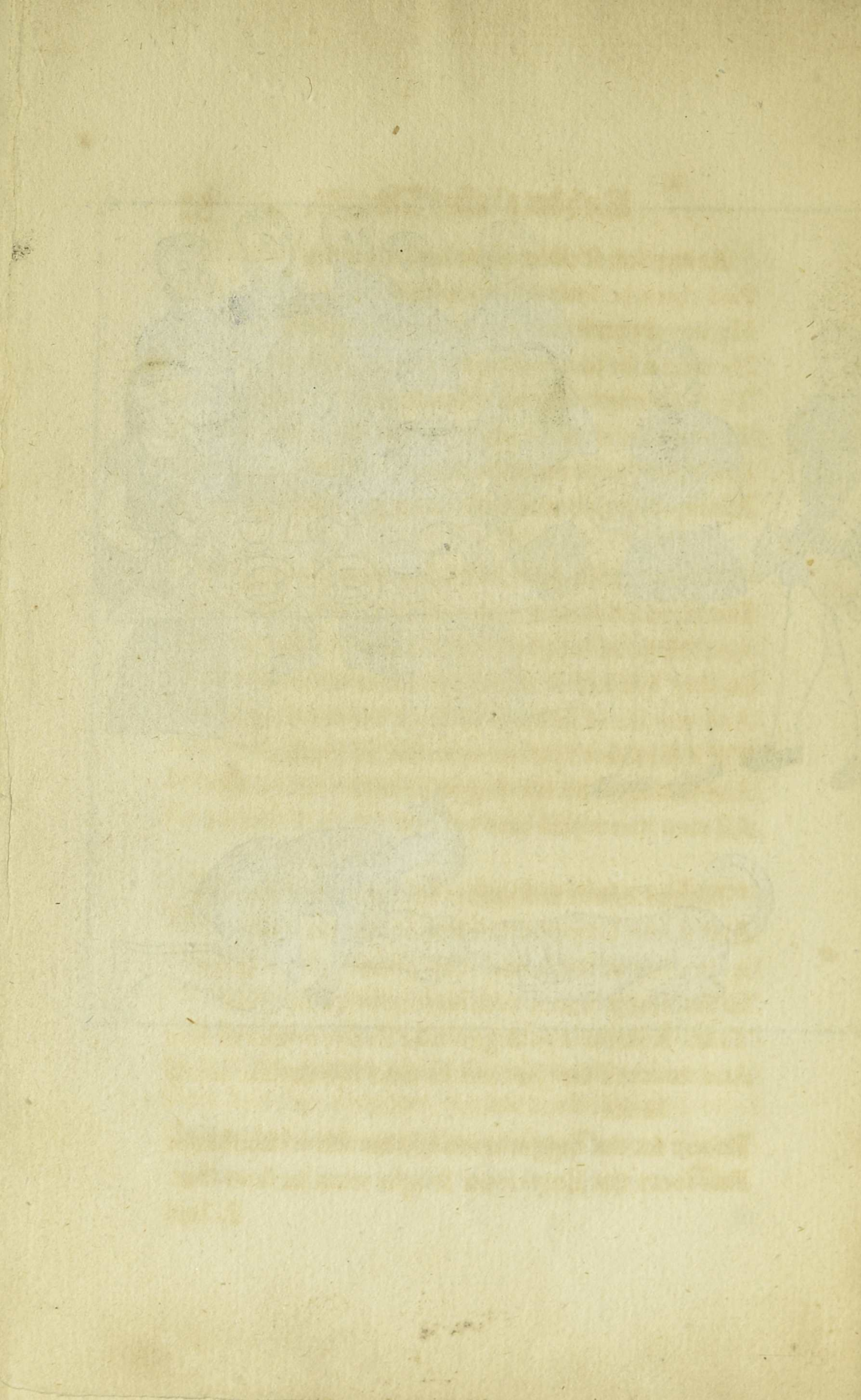
The Emperoure saide, syth that I was borne  
 Sawe I neuer a more foole naturall  
 Nor suche an ydeot sawe I neuer beforne  
 That had leuer eate that that to the dogge dyd fall  
 Rather then that that was proffered hym in the hall  
 Than Robert toke hys staffe and smote at forme and  
 stile  
 What forowe was in hys hearte they knewe not all  
 There men were gladd to see hym playe the foole.

At











At the last Robert went into a garden  
 And there he founde a fayre fountayne  
 He was a thurst and whan he had dronken  
 He wente in to hys dogge agayne  
 To folowe hym euer he was fayne  
 Thus vnder a stayre at nyght laye the hounde  
 And euer hys pennaunce Robert dyd not dysdayne  
 Allwaye hys bed was with the dogge on the grounde.

Whan the Emperoure espyed hym lye there  
 Fett hym a bed to a man dyd he saye  
 And lett yt be layed for hym under the stayre  
 So they dyd and Robert poynted as naye  
 And woulde have them to beare the bed awaye  
 Then they fett hym an arme full of strawe  
 And therupon by hys dogge he laye  
 All men marueyled that yt sawe.

Muche myrth and sporte he made euer amonge  
 And as the Emperoure was at dyner on a daye  
 A Jue fate at the borde, that greate rowme longe  
 In that house beare, and was receyued all waye  
 Than Roberte hys dogge toke in hys armes in fayre  
 And touched the Jue and he ouer hys sholder looked  
 backe

Robert set the dogges ars to hys mowth without naye  
 Full soore the Emperoure loughe whan he sawe that.

Robert



Robert sawe a bryde that shoulde be maryed  
 And soone he toke her by the hande  
 So into a foule donge myxen he her caryed  
 And in the myre he let her stande  
 The Emperoure stode and behelde hym longe  
 At the last Robert toke a quicke Catte  
 And ranne into the kechyn amonge the thronge  
 And threwe her quicke into the beefe potte.

Lordes and barons loughe that they coule not  
 To see hym make myrth withoute harme [stande  
 They saide he was the meryest in all that lande  
 With that a messenger the Emperoure dydwarne  
 That aboute rome was many a Sarasyne  
 And saide the Seneschall hathe gathered a great armye  
 Because ye wyll not let your daughter haue hym  
 He purpofeth all Rome for to dystroye.

Thys Emperoure had a doughter that coule not  
 The whiche the Seneschall loued as hys lyfe [speake  
 And ofte with the Emperoure he dyd treate  
 For to haue her vnto hys wyfe  
 And for that cause the Seneschall made thys stryfe  
 Because the Emperoure in nowise woulde  
 Geue hym hys doughter, he swere ofte sythe  
 Maugre hys head wyne her he shoulde.

The











The Emperoure heard of the Sarasyns that were  
 For to dystroye theyr chrystyan Countrey [come  
 He made a crye in greate Rome  
 That younge and olde shoulde make readye  
 As manye as were betwene fystene and syxtye  
 Lordes barons and knyghtes drewe out of euery cost  
 With an houghe companye and a myghtye  
 They thought for to Fell the Sarasyns greate hoste.

So forth withall bothe these hostes mette  
 Wyth weapons bright and stedes stronge  
 So with soore strokes together they sette  
 Theyr speares braste in peces longe  
 Many a doughtye was slayne in that thronge  
 Greate horses stamped in yron wedes  
 Oure chrysten men were put to the wronge  
 With woundes depen that full fore bledes.

Oure lorde on hys seruantes had compassion  
 And sent an Aungell with horse and armure  
 Vnto Robert as he dranke in the garden  
 There the Aungell bade hym arme hym sure [dure  
 And saide bestryde thys good stede that longe will en-  
 And in all haste go ryde and helpe the Emperoure  
 Alacke thought Robert nede hath no cure  
 Than rode he forth the space of an houre.

He



He rode into the thickest of the fyeelde  
 And hue and slewe of the Sarasyns a greate nombre  
 No steele nor harburgyn that with hym helde  
 Hys dentes rouges as yt had ben thonder  
 He smote mennes bodyes cleane a sonder  
 Hys sworde made many a head to blede  
 That the Emperoure had greate wonder  
 What knyght yt was that he sawe so doughtye in  
 [dede.

With the helpe of god and Robert that knyght  
 That daye the Sarasyns losse the fyeelde  
 And whan that ended was that fyght  
 Euery man houered and behelde  
 Where that whyte knyght was that wepon dyd welde  
 But Robert wente into the garden  
 And layde downe bothe harnes and shyld  
 Yt vanyshed a waye, he wyft not where yt became.

And all thys sawe the Emperours doughter  
 That the Aungell brought Robert the whyte stede  
 And howe at the welles fyde he dyd of all hys armure  
 Therof she had greate maruayle in dede  
 At the last the Emperours men dyd of theyr wede  
 And came to dyner into theyr lordes hall  
 The Emperoure said this daye Jesu dyd vs spede  
 And the white knyght fayre must hym befall.

Than



Than Robert came in lyke a foole playnge  
 Into the hall, and leapte from place to place  
 The Emperoure was glad to se Robert daunfynge  
 Than he spyed a great race of bloude in Robertes face  
 But that he gate when he in the battayle was  
 The Emperoure wende that hys seruāntes had hurt  
 And saide, there ys some rybaude in this place [hym so  
 That hath hurte my Robert, that no harm can do.

The Emperoure asked whether that whyte knyght  
 Hys lordes aunswered, we can not saye [was gone  
 At the last hys doughter that was bothe deafe and  
 Euer she poynted to Robert allwaye [dombe  
 Her father wondred at her in good faye  
 And asked her mystres, what hys doughter ment  
 She said, she meaneth that Robert thys daye [dente.  
 Holpe youe to wyne the fylde with hys doughty

Her mystres said that Robertes greate bloudye race  
 Youre doughter meaneth he had it in the fylde  
 At her wordes the Emperoure afshamed was  
 And waxed angrye and that hys doughter behelde  
 He saide thys folysh mayde thynketh he fought in the  
 He bade her mestres teache her more better [fielde  
 Far and she will not wyser be in her elde  
 A foole shall she dye, there maye no man let her.

F

Than



Than the seconde tyme the Sarafins came to Rome  
 And with the Emperoure fought afore fyeelde  
 The Aungell agayne to Robert dyd come  
 And then he rode forth hys weapon to welde  
 He perished brestplates and many ashylde  
 He strooke of bothe legge and arme  
 The Emperoure that knyght agayne behelde  
 To watche for hym hys men he dyd warne.

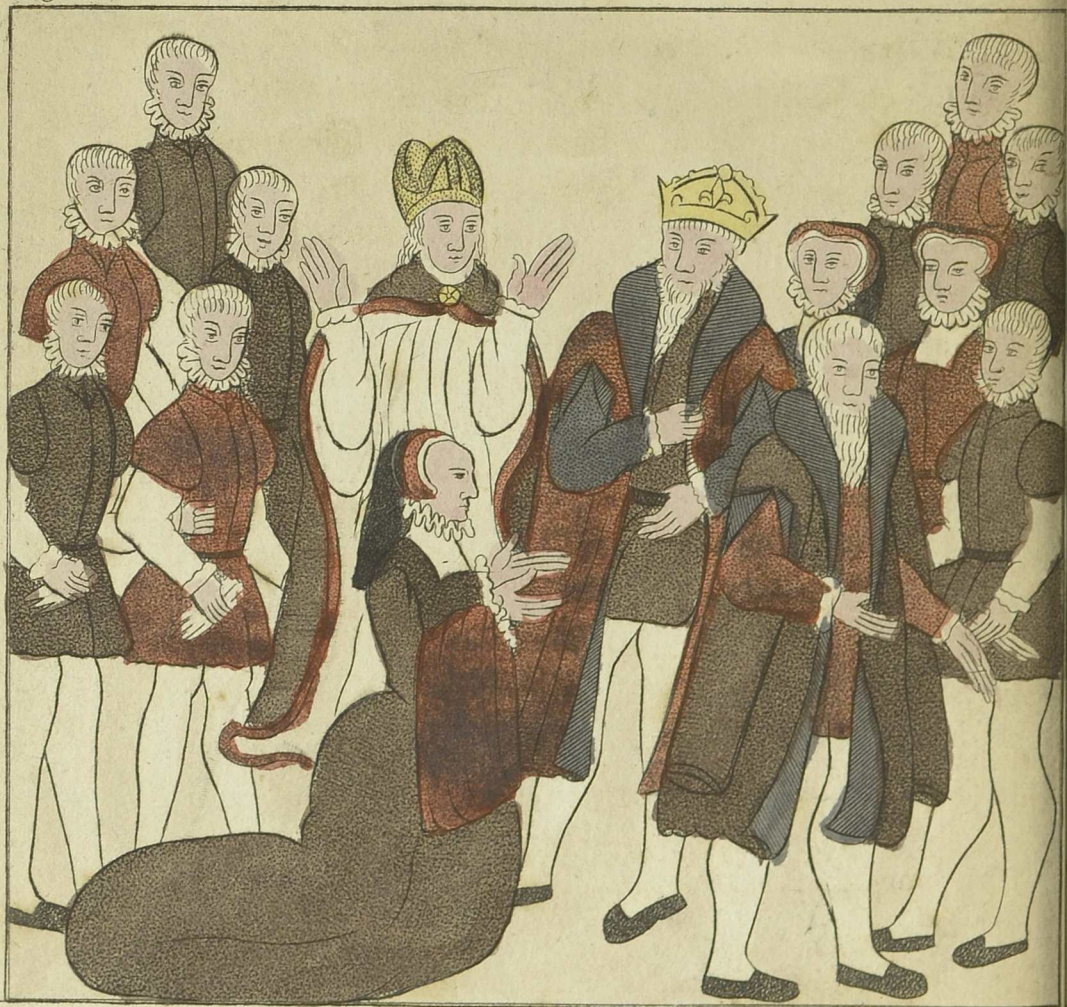
But he was gone they wyft not whether  
 So on the morowe an other fyeelde was pyght  
 The Emperoure charged euery man to do his endeued  
 For to haue knowen that whyte knyght  
 So on the morowe that they shoulde fyght  
 Syxe knyghtes laye in a woode preuelye and styll  
 They sayde we wyll of that noble man haue a sight  
 And to our lorde brynge hym we wyll.

On the morowe the sunne shone bright  
 Bothe partyes there was assembled  
 All the fyeelde gaue a greate lyght  
 Of the gleyues that glyftred, the stedes trembled  
 A wonder to heare the brydles that gyngled  
 With arbelaters they shot many a quarell  
 All the grounde of the noyse rombled [well.  
 Throughe the helpe of Robert the Chrysten men sped  
 That











That daye Robert proued hym doughtye of hande  
 Manye fro theyr horses downe he dyd shlynge  
 None was able hys dente for to with stande  
 There men myght heare greate rappes ryng  
 The noyse of gunnes made such a bellowynge  
 All the fyelde fowned as yt had ben thonder  
 Of bloude greate gutters they myght se runnyng  
 And many a knyghtes head clesste a sonder.

All Sarasyns fled, the chrysten won the fyelde  
 Robert rode awaye than full pryuelye  
 The knyghtes in the wodde hym behelde  
 And lowde vnto hym beganne to crye  
 Syr knyght speake with vs for thy courtesye  
 Robert thought not agayne to turne  
 The other knyghtes rode after hastelye [runne:  
 And smote theyr horses with spores and after dyd

Roberte ranne ouer dale and hyll  
 Hys stede was good that he had there  
 A bolde knyght folowed after hym styll  
 And into the reste he threwe hys speare  
 So strongelye to Robert he hyt beare  
 To haue slayne hys horse, and smote hym in the thye  
 The speare head brast, and in hys legge bode there  
 Than was thys gentle knyght full soorye.



Backe agayne rode than thys knyght so bolde  
 And shewed the Emperoure that he was gone agayne  
 There of hys speare heade he hym tolde  
 To see hym quod the Emperoure I woulde full fayne  
 Than throughe all hys lande he dyd proclayme  
 That he that woulde shewe the greate wounde with  
     the speare head  
 Shoulde haue hys doughter, and not her layne  
 Vnto hys wyfe her for to wedde.

When the Seneschall hearde the proclamacion  
 He made hymself a greate wounde throughe the thye  
 So gate a speare and whyte armour soone  
 And so rode to the Emperoure with all hys meynye  
 And said Syr Emperoure that valyaunt knyght am I  
 That faued youe thre tymes fro grame  
 The Emperoure said to hym, thou art not lykelye  
 And bade hym holde hys peace for shame

At last the Seneschall shewed hym hys wounde  
 And said, beholde thys and the head of the speare  
 The Emperoure was abashed in that stounde  
 So there he gaue the Seneschall hys doughter  
 And on the morowe he shoulde be maryed vnto her  
 So was the Emperoure by hym beguyled  
 He wende verelye that he had ben there  
 And fought in the fielde as a knyght doughted.

On



On the morowe thys greate weddyng shoulde be  
That the Seneschall shoulde haue hys doughter  
And so brought her to church, the seruyce began  
There by myrakle thys lady spake to her father [ready  
And saide thys traytoure he hath beguyled youe here  
For Robert was he that helpe you in the fyelde  
I sawe an Aungell brynge hym bothe shylde and speare  
With these two wordes downe on her knees she kneeled.

And the Emperoure whan he sawe hys daughter  
For ioye he was nere oute of hys mynde [speake  
And thanked god for that myracle greate  
Than the Seneschall with shame shranke behynde  
So to the Pope the Emperoure dyd wynde  
The mayde tolde the Pope what Robert had done  
And brought them to the welle the speare head to fynde  
And betwene two stons she espyed yt sone.

[greate  
Than went to seke Robert bothe lordes and ladies  
At the laste they founde hym lye vnder the stayre  
Amonge the dogges and with them dydde eate  
They desyred hym to speake with wordes fayre  
But he made signes as he coulde not heare  
With that came an hermyte & toke hym by the sleue  
Sent thether by god he was hys goosflye father  
And bade hym speake, sayinge hys synnes were forgave.  
Yet



Yet was he afearde to speake, and durst not  
 The Emperoure prayed hym to se hys thye  
 Robert woulde not heare, but whan he sawe the Pope  
 He ranne and played hys tauntes about lyghtlye  
 The pope bade hym speake for the loue of Marye  
 Robert hym scorned and gaue hym hys blessinge  
 He woulde not breake hys pennaunce, he had leuer dye  
 Then the hermyte bade hym speake, forgeuen is thy  
 [synne.

With that Robert fell downe on hys knee  
 And thanked Jesu that forgauē hym hys mysluyngē  
 The pope and the Emperoure were glad trewlye  
 But most of all that ladye made reioysyngē  
 That was the Emperours doughter that yongelyngē  
 Desyryngē her father that she myght Robert wedde  
 For thy askyngē said he, I gyue the my blessingē  
 In all the haste daughter yt shalbe spedde.

Than Robert maryed the Emperours doughter  
 A feast was holde of great solempnytie  
 Eche of them were full gladde of other  
 And at the last when ended was thys ryaltie  
 He toke leaue of the Emperoure and to hys owne  
 He yede for the imp hys father was dead [countrey  
 Also a false knyght put hys mother in greate ieopardye  
 Whych Robert at the laste hynge by the headde.

With











With hys mother he mette in the cyttie of Rome  
 The Duches was then glad and blythe  
 That Robert her sonne so vertuous was come home  
 Whiche in hys youthe lyued so myscheuous a lyfe  
 Than all men loued hym, both mayde and wyfe  
 Tyll it befell vpon a certayne daye  
 A messenger came from the Emperoure full swythe  
 And prayed hym to come to Rome in all the haste he  
 maye

He tolde that the Seneschall had greate warre  
 With hys lorde the Emperoure in dede  
 Robert sent after men nye and farre  
 In all the haste thether he gan spede  
 But ere he came was done a myscheuous dede  
 The Seneschall the Emperoure had slayne  
 For sorowe Robertes hearte dyd blede  
 In fyelde he woulde haue fought full fayne.

The Seneschall hearde that Robert was come  
 And purposed for to mete hym in the fyelde  
 He reared up many a black Sarafon  
 With wepon stronge bothe speare and shyelde  
 So ether partyes other behelde  
 And fought together a greate batteyll  
 There Robert with hys handes the Seneschall kylde  
 So to hys countrey returned without fayle.

And



And whan he came agayne to Normandy  
 He dreade euer god and kepte hys lawe  
 So lyued he full deuoutelye  
 For all thyng he woulde he do vnder awe  
 And punyshe Rebelles both hange and drawe  
 Than was he called the seruaunte of god  
 No thefe woulde he saue that he myght knowe  
 For dreade of goddes righteoufnes the sharpe rodde

One chylde by the Emperours doughter he had  
 That was a knyght with Kinge charles of Fraunce  
 In manfull dedes he hys lyfe ladde  
 Doughty he was bothe with speare and launce  
 Lo, thy Robert ended hys lyfe in pennaunce  
 And whan he dyed hys soule went to heauen hye  
 Nowe all men beare these in remembraunce  
 He that lyueth well here, no euyl death shall dye

Yonge and olde that delyteth to reade in storye  
 Yt shall youe styrre to uertuous lyuynge  
 And cause some to haue theyr memorye  
 Of the paynes of hell, that ys euer duryng  
 By readyng booke men knowe all thyng  
 That euer was done, and hereafter shall be  
 Idlenes to myscheif many a one doth bryng  
 And specially as we daylye may see.

Take



Take youe ensample of thys story olde  
Howe that he in youth dyd greate vengeance  
In doynge myscheife he was euer bolde  
Tyll god sent to hym good remembraunce  
And after that he toke suche repentaunce  
That he was called the seruante of god by name  
And so contynewed without varyaunce  
God geue vs grace that we may do the same.

Here endeth the lyfe of  
Robert the Deuyl.





# Robert the Bruce

I am your champion of the day  
I know that he is yours by right  
In every battle he was ever  
I'll not let a poor good fellowship  
And now that he has taken vengeance  
That he was called the champion of God by name  
And to comfort with his vengeance  
God gave us victory that we may do the same

How ended the life of  
Robert the Bruce











01



