

Arts & Crafts Movement

EART431

Cass Reese

back to the future:

the arts & crafts battle aesthetic confusion



[How society might] maintain
the largest number of **noble**
and happy human beings.

—John Ruskin



The next thing that I require thee,
Chow shalt it do, if it be in thy might;
And I wol telle it yow, or it be nyght.
¶ I'VE heer my mouth, quod the knyght,
I graunte.
¶ Chawnc, quod she, I dar me wel assure
The luf is sauf, for I wol at ende therby.
Gyven me luf, the queene wol see as I.
Lat us which is the proudeste of hem alle
That woth on a coverchief or a callie.
¶ Chat dar seye Nay, of that I shal thec teche.
Lat us go forth withouten longer speche.
¶ Tho rowed she a pistol in his ent,
And bad hym to be glad and have no fere.
¶ THEN they be comen to the court,
This knyght
seyde, he had holde his deryn, as he
hadde bight.
And rody was his answer, as he seyde,
ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde,
And many a wydwe, for that they been wise,
The queene herself sittinge as a justise,
Assembled been, his answer for to heere;
And afterward this knyght was boode appare.
¶ Every wyght comanded was silence,
And that the knyght shoulde telle in
audience.
¶ What thing that worldly women loven best,

This knyght ne stood nat stille as doth a
best.
But to his question anon answered
With many teys, that at the court it bode:
¶ Y' luf lady, generally, quod he,
Whom men desiren have sovremest
As wel over his housbond as his love,
And for to been in maistrie hym above;
This is your moost deryn, though ys no lile,
Dooth as yow list, I am heer at roue wille.
¶ Nathe court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,
Ne wydwe, that contraried that he
seyde,
But seyden, he was worthy han his luf;
And with that word up sterte the olde wyf,
Which that the knyght saugh sittinge in the
grene:
¶ Herye! quod she, my sovrecyn lady queene!
Er that your court departe, do me right;
I taughte this answer unto the knyght;
For which he pughte me his trouthe then.
The firste thing I wolde of hym requere,
He wolde it do, if it lay in his myght,
Bifore the court thanne preyce I thec, sir
knyght,
Quod she, that thou me take unto thy wyf;
For wel thou wost that I have kepte the luf,
If I sey fals, sey Nay, upon thy fer!



¶ This knyght answered, alas, and
wylawey!
I woot right wel that owich was my
beseite,
for Godden love, as chere a newe requeste!
Cash at my good, and let my body go.
¶ Nay thanne, quod she, I shewe us bothe
we!
for though that I be foul, and old, and poore,
I wolde for al the metal, ne for oore
Chat under erthe is grave, or lish above,
But if thy wyf I wene, and eek thy love!
¶ Y' love? quod he, nay, my dampna-
cion?
¶ Alas! that any of my nacion
shoulde ever so foule disparaged be!
¶ But al for myght, the ende is this, that he
contremysed was, he nedes mooste here wedde;
And taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.
¶ Oll wolden som men seye, paraventure,
¶ Chat, for my negligence, I do no cure
Co tellen yow the joye and al tharay,
Chat at the feste was that like day,
Co which thing shortly answered I shal;
I seye, ther was no joye ne feste at al,
Cher was but hevynous, and reache sorwe,
for pryncly he wedded here on morwe,
And at day after hidde hym as an owle;

So wo was hym, his wyf looked so foul,
¶ KATHC was the wo the knyght hadde
in his thought,
Whan he was with his wyf abedde
stowght.
He walweth, and he turneth to and fro;
His olde wyf lay amongst extremis,
And seyde, O deere howe-ownde, benedicite!
faeth every knyght thus with his wyf as ye?
Is this the lawe of kyng Arthure's hous?
Is every knyght of his so dangerous?
I am your owene love, and eek your wyf;
I am she which that saved hath your luf,
And certes, yett dide I yow never unright,
Why fare ye thus with me this feste wyght?
Ye faren lish a man had lost his wil;
What is my gylt? for Godden love tel it,
And it shal been amended, if I may.
¶ Amended? quod this knyght, alas! nay,
nay!
It wol nat been amended never mo,
Chow art so loothly, and so old also,
And therfor comen of so lough a kynde,
Chat lit it wonder is, though I walwe and wynde,
So wolde God, men here wolde breche!
¶ Is this, quod she, the cause of your
unreite?
¶ Yt, certainly, quod he, no wonder is,

the works of Geoffrey Chaucer

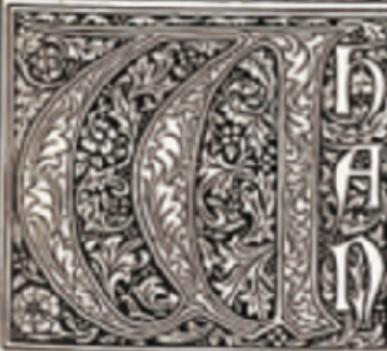
1 William Morris emerged as the leader of the English Arts and Crafts movement. He called for a fitness or purpose, truth to the nature of materials and methods of production, and individual expression by both designer and worker.

2

HERE BEGINNETH THE
BURY AND PIRSG THE

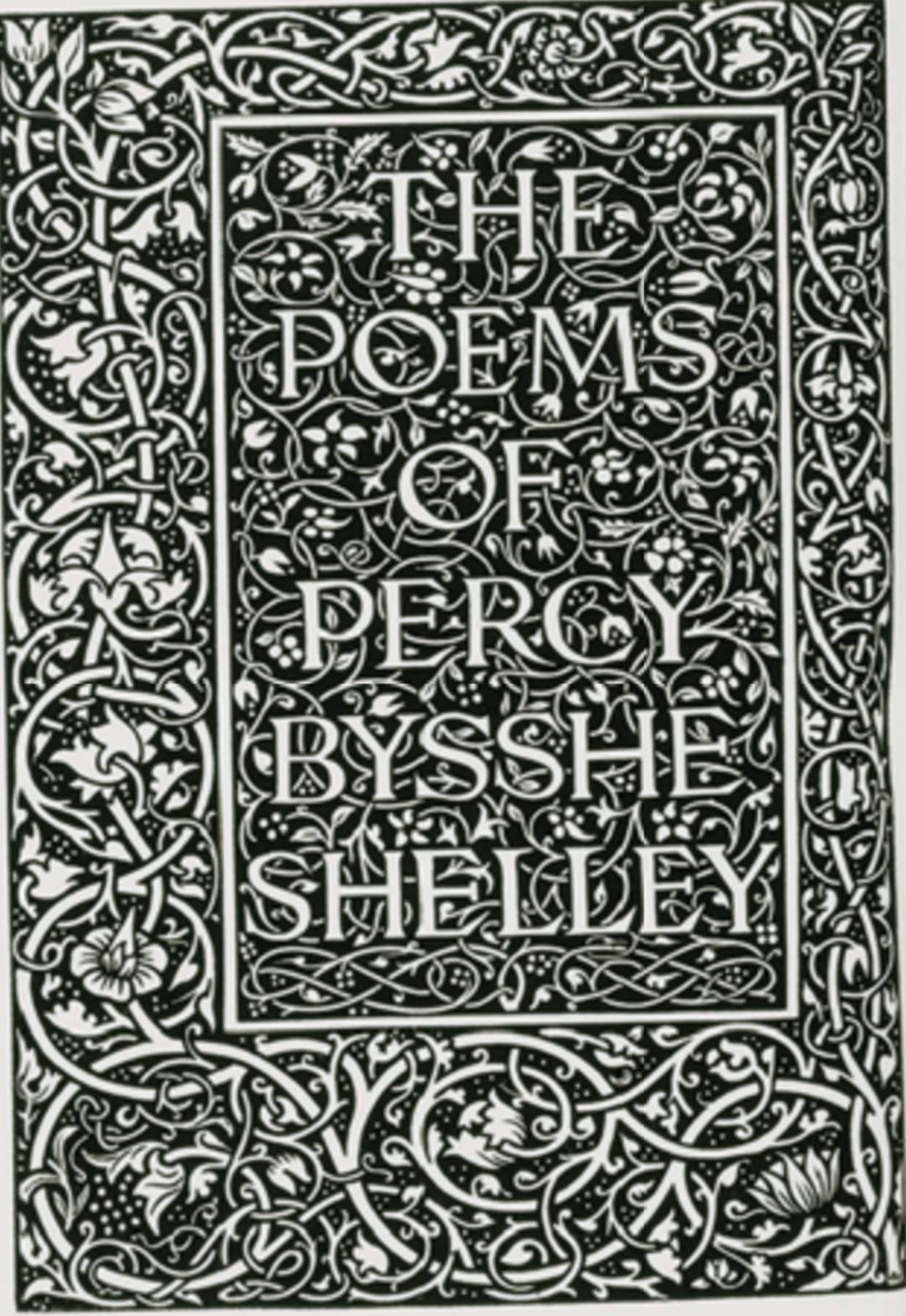


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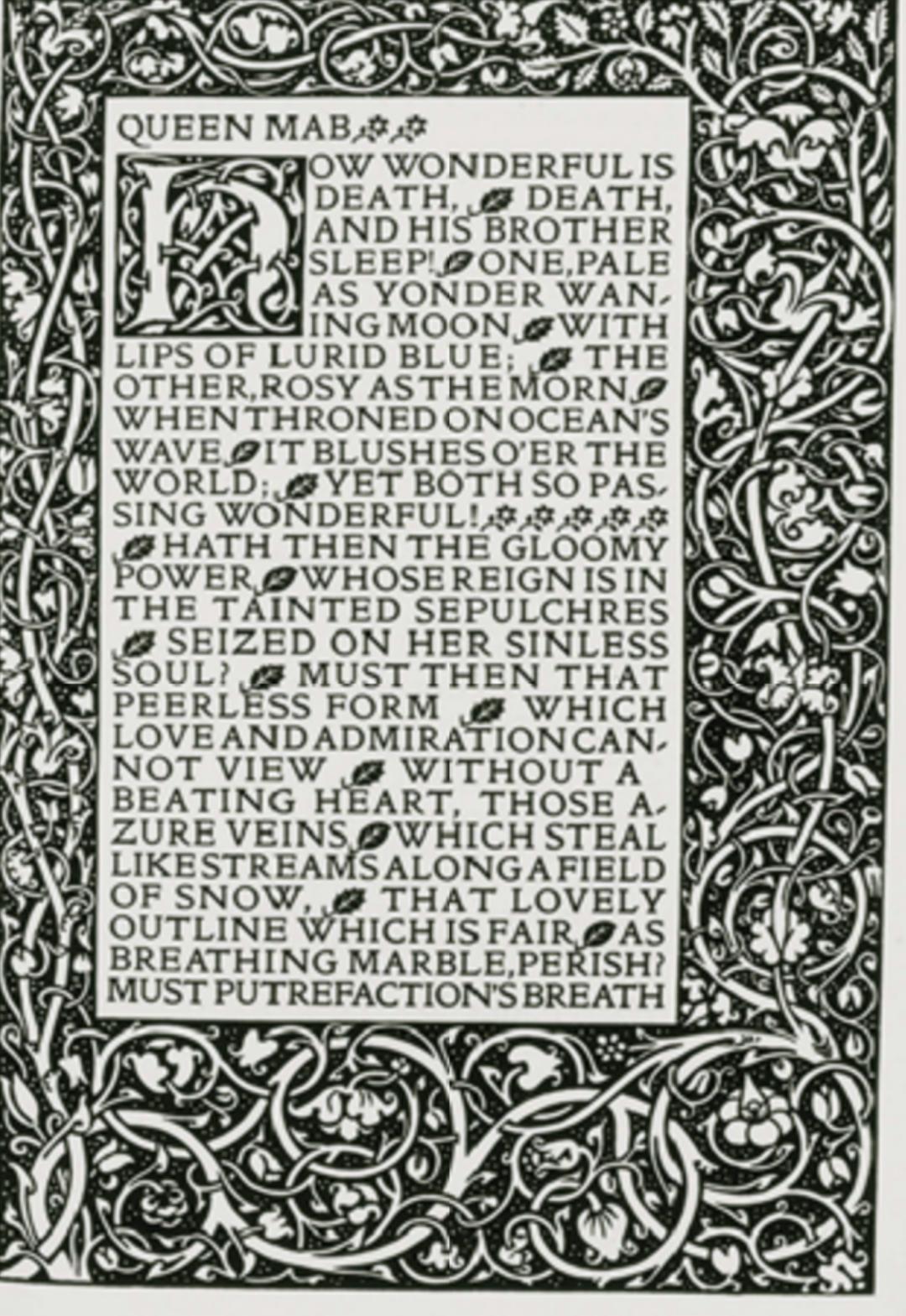
CHC Aprile with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour:
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breath
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth



A dense, intricate border of black and white floral and vine motifs surrounds the text on the left page.

THE
POEMS
OF
PERCY
BYSSHE
SHELLEY

QUEEN MAB, * * *

A dense, intricate border of black and white floral and vine motifs surrounds the text on the right page.

HOW WONDERFUL IS
DEATH, DEATH,
AND HIS BROTHER
SLEEP! ONE, PALE
AS YONDER WAN-
ING MOON, WITH
LIPS OF LURID BLUE; THE
OTHER, ROSY AS THE MORN,
WHEN THRONED ON OCEAN'S
WAVE, IT BLUSHES O'ER THE
WORLD; YET BOTH SO PAS-
SING WONDERFUL! * * *
HATH THEN THE GLOOMY
POWER, WHOSE REIGN IS IN
THE TAINTED SEPULCHRES
SEIZED ON HER SINLESS
SOUL? MUST THEN THAT
PEERLESS FORM WHICH
LOVE AND ADMIRATION CAN-
NOT VIEW WITHOUT A
BEATING HEART, THOSE A-
ZURE VEINS, WHICH STEAL
LIKE STREAMS ALONG A FIELD
OF SNOW, THAT LOVELY
OUTLINE WHICH IS FAIR, AS
BREATHING MARBLE, PERISH?
MUST PUTREFACTION'S BREATH



ET ECO SI EXAL
TATVS FVERO A
TERRA OMNIATRAHAM
AD MEPSVM

¶ When the Priest, standing before the Table, hath so ordered the Bread and Wine, that he may with the more readines and decency break the Bread before the People, and take the Cup into his hands, he shall say the Prayer of Consecration, as followeth.



ALL glory be to thee, Almighty God, our heavenly Father, for that thou, of thy tender mercy, didst give thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; who made there (by his one oblation of himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in his holy Gospel command us to continue, a perpetual memory of that his precious death and sacrifice, until his coming again: For in the night in which he was betrayed, (a) he took Bread; and when he had given thanks, (b) he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat, (c) this is my Body, which is given for you; Do this in remembrance of me. Likewise, after supper, (d) he took the Cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for (e) this is my Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins: Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me.

WHEREFORE, O Lord and heavenly Father, according to the institution of thy dearly beloved Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, we, thy humble servants, do celebrate and make here before thy Divine Majesty, with these thy holy gifts, which we now offer unto thee, the memorial thy Son hath commanded us to make; having in remembrance his blessed

The Oblation.





Chapter XV. Yet Hallblithe speaketh with the king.



O wore the days and the moons;
 & now were some six moons worn
 since first he came to the Glitter-
 ing Plain; and he was come to
 Wood-end again, and heard and
 knew that the King was sitting
 once more in the door of his pavi-
 lion to hearken to the words of his

people; and he said to himself: "I will speak yet a-
 gain to this man, if indeed he be a man; yea, though
 he turn me into stone." And he went up toward the
 pavilion; and on the way it came into his mind what
 the men of the kindred were doing that morning; &
 he had a vision of them as it were, and saw them yoh-
 ing the oxen to the plough, and slowly going down
 the acres, as the shining iron drew the long furrow
 down the stubble-land, and the light haze hung a-
 bout the elm-trees in the calm morning, & the smoke
 rose straight into the air from the roof of the kind-
 red. And he said: "What is this? am I death-doomed
 this morning that this sight cometh so clearly
 upon me amidst the falseness of this unchanging
 land?"

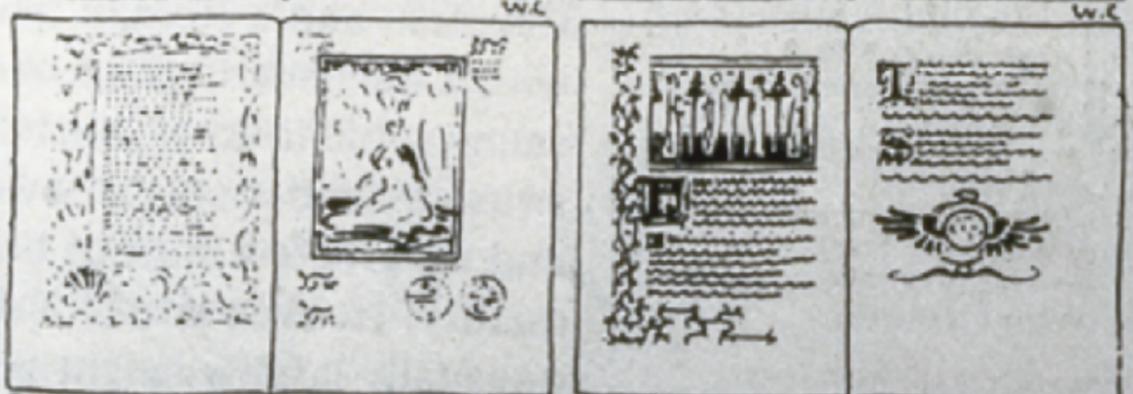
THUS he came to the pavilion, and folk fell
 back before him to the right and the left, and
 he stood before the King, and said to him:
 "I cannot find her; she is not in thy land." Then
 spake the King, smiling upon him, as erst: "What
 wilt thou then? Is it not time to rest?" He said:
 "Yea, O King; but not in this land." Said the King:
 "Where else than in this land wilt thou find rest?
 Without is battle and famine, longing unsatisfied,
 and heart-burning and fear; within it is plenty and
 peace and good will and pleasure without cease. Thy
 word hath no meaning to me." Saith Hallblithe:
 "Give me leave to depart, & I will bless thee." "Is
 there nought else to do?" said the King. "Nought
 else," said Hallblithe. Therewith he felt that the
 King's face changed though he still smiled on him,
 and again he felt his heart grow cold before the King.
 But the King spake and said: "I hinder not thy



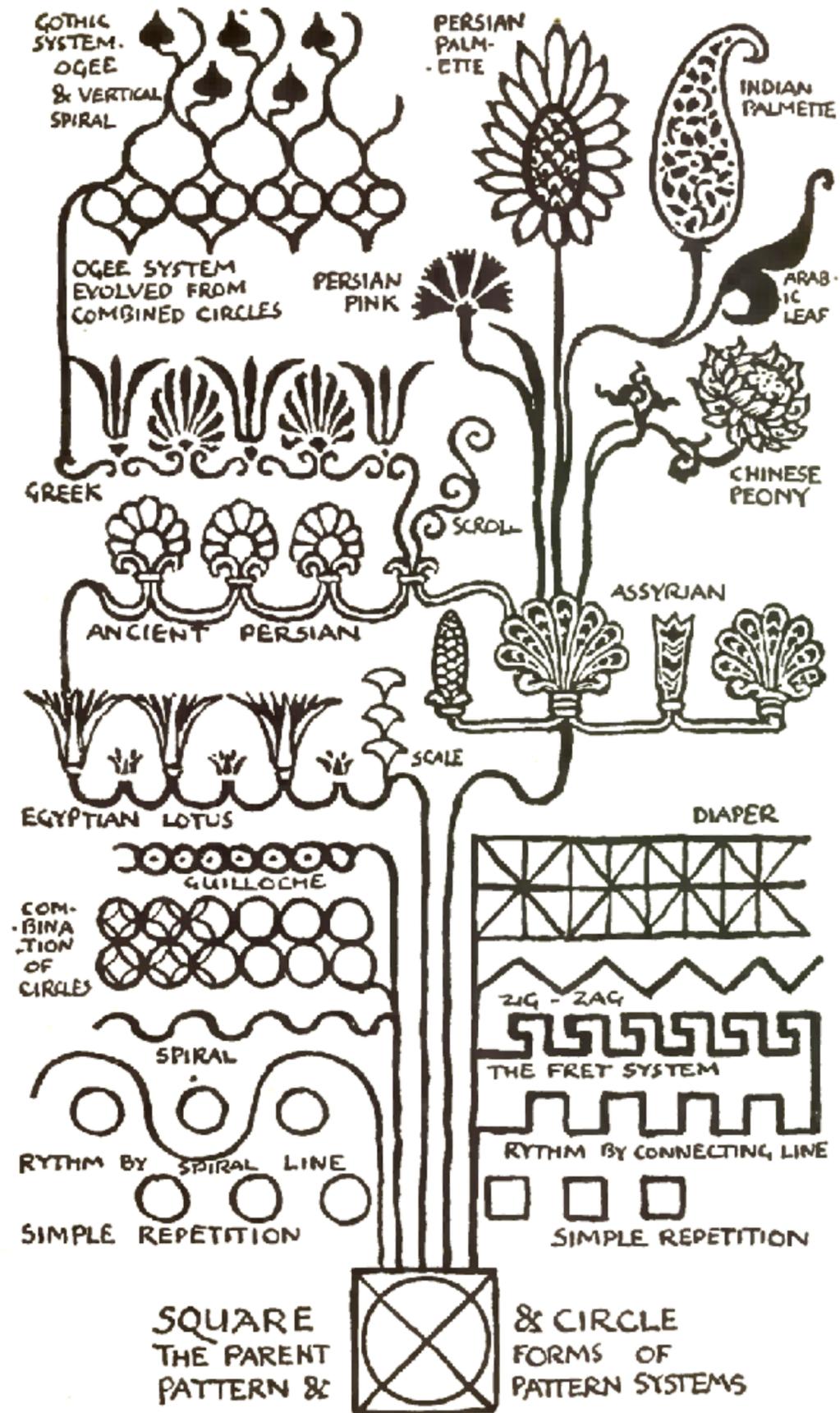
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william de Morris



The next thing that I inquire thee,
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might;
And I will tell it you, or it be right.

HEREBY hear my trouthe, quod the knyght,
I graunte.

Chaunte, quod she, I dar me wel assure
Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol at onke the by;
Upon my lyf, the quene wol swere as I.
Let us which is the proudest of hem alle
That wote on a coverchief or a callie.
That dar saye Nay, of that I shal thee teche.

Cho rowmed she a gisel in his eye,
And had hym to be glad and have no fere.

THEN they be comen to the court,
This knyght

seyde, he had holde his day, as he
haddid sight.

And rety was his answer, as he seyde,
ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde,
and many a wydwe, for that they been wise,
the quene herself outpight as a justise,
assembled been, his answer for to heere;
and afterward this knyght was boke appare.

Every wight comanded was silence,
and that the knyght shoulde telle in
audience.

What thing that worldly women loves best,

This knyght he stood nat stille as doth a
best.

But to his question anon answered
With many teys, that al the court it hord:

Thy lady, generally, quod he,
Whom men desires have sovereynste

As wel over his housbond as his love,
And for to been in maistris hym above;

This is your moost dese, though ye me kille,
Dooth as you list, I am heer at your wille.

At the court he was ther wyf, no mayde,
Ne wydwe, that contraried that he
seyde.

But seyden, he was worthy than his lyf;
And with that word up sterte the olde wyf,
Which that the knyght saugh outpight in
grete.

Mercy! quod she, my sovereyn lady quene!
Er that your court departs, do me right;
I taughte this answer unto the knyght;
For which he plighte me his trouthe then.

The firste thing I wolde of hym requere,
He wolde it do, if it lay in his myght.

Before the court thanne preyed I thes, sir
knyght.

Quod she, that thou me take unto thy wyf;
For wel thou wost that I have kept thy lyf.

If I sey fals, sey Nay, upon thy fey!



This knyght answered, I liss, and
wylawcy!

I woot right wel that swich was my
myghte.

For Goddes love, as chees a newe requeste!
Cash at my good, and let my body go.

Nay thanne, quod she, I shrewed us bothe
two!

For though that I be foul, and cold, and poore,
I shal for al the metal, ne for goot

That under erthe is grave, or liss above,
But if thy wyf I wene, and eek thy love!

I love? quod he, nay, my dampna-
cion!

I liss! that any of my nacoon
shoulde evere so foule disparaged be!

But al for myght, the ende is this, that he
contremed was, he nedes moote hire wedde;

and taketh his olde wyf, and gooth to bedde.

When wolden noon man oere, paraventure,
That, for my negligence, I do no cure

To tellen you the joye and al thaway,
That at the feste was that ilke day.

To which thing shortly answered I shal;
I seye, ther nas no joye ne feste at al.

Cher nas but hevynous, and muche sorow,
For prively he wedded hire on morow.

And al day after hidde hym as an owle;

So wo was how, his wyf looked so foule.

Heretic was the wo the knyght hadde
in his thought.

When he was with his wyf abedde
yrought.

He wote, and he turneth to and fro;
His olde wyf lay smylinge exreme,

And seyde, O deere housbond, benedicite!
faith every knyght thus with his wyf as ye!

Is this the lawe of kyng Arthure's hous?
Is every knyght of his so dangerous?

I am your owne love, and eek your wyf;
I am she which that saved hath your lyf.

And certes, yet dide I you nevere unright,
Why fare ye thus with me this feste wyght?

Ye faren lyk a man had lost his wyl;
What is my gilt? For Goddes love tel it.

And it shal been amended, if I may.

Amended? quod this knyght, I liss, nay,
nay!

If wel nat been amended nevere mo,
Thow art so loothly, and so cold also.

And therto comen of so rough a kynde,
That litel wonder is, though I wate and wynde.

So wotte God, myn herte wolde breste!
In this, quod she, the cause of your
unreite?

Ye, certainly, quod he, no wonder is.

GoldenTypeITC

ABCDEFGHIJKLM
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Normal

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THE complete list of concert artists of the highest musical standing whose names are printed here will appear under our personal direction during the coming season. To those who are familiar with the exacting standards of this office and with its reputation in the past no further introduction than the mention of these renowned names will be necessary. Boston concerts never disappoint



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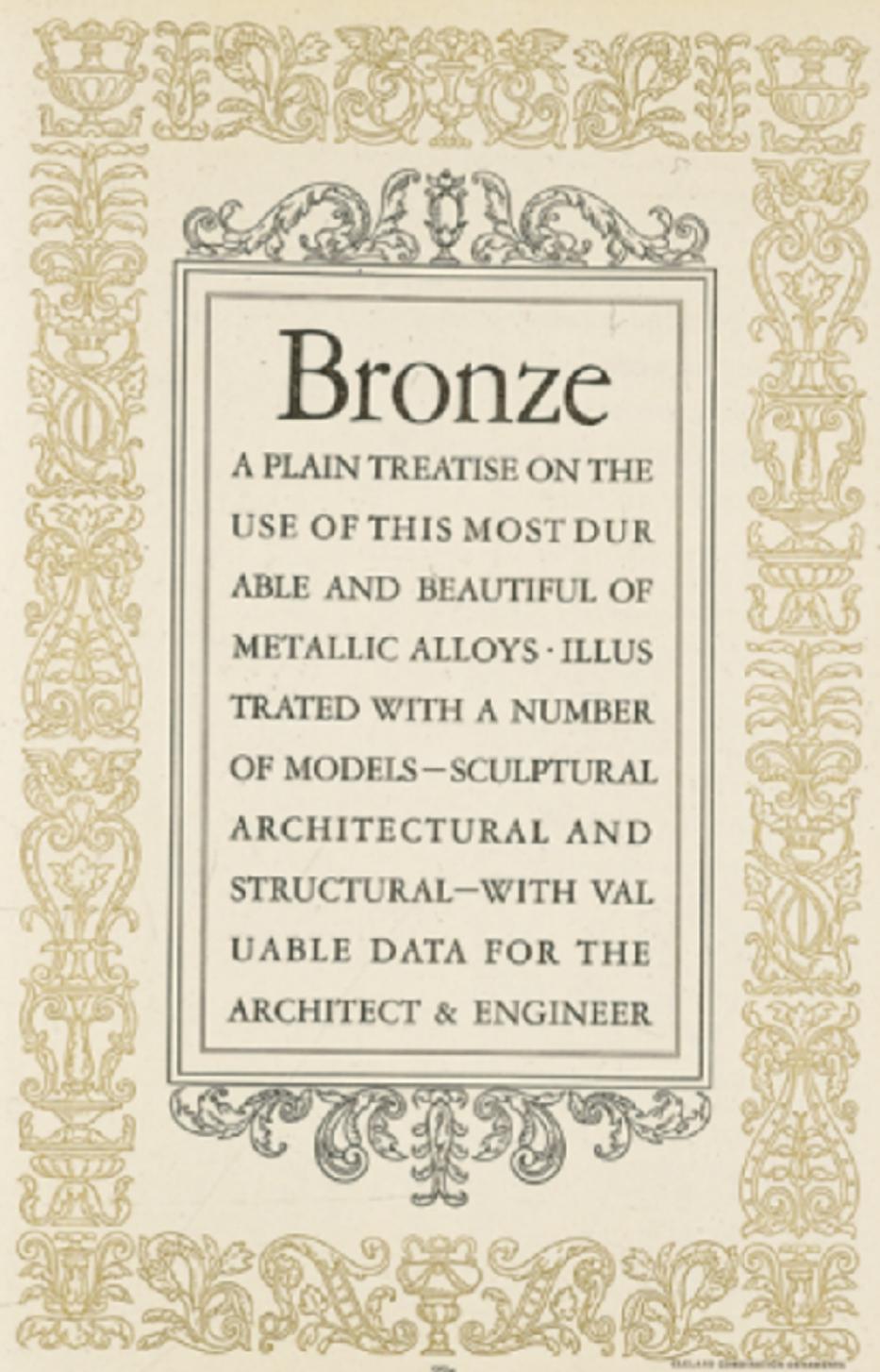
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PSALME XCVIII.

CANTATE DOMINO.
A PSALME FOR DAUID.



SYNGE VNTO the Lord a new songe, for he hath done maruelous thyngs. With hys awne ryght hande & wyth his holy arme hath he gotten hymselfe the victory.

The Lord declared hys saluacyon, his ryghteousnes hath he openly shewed in the syght of the Heathen. He hath remembred hys mercy and trueth towarde the house of Israel: and all the endes of the worlde haue sene the saluacyon of oure God. Shewe youre selues ioyfull vnto the Lorde all ye landes, synge, reioyse, and geue thankes. Prayse the Lorde vpon the harpe, synge to the harpe wyth a psalme of thankesgeuyng. With trompettes also and shawmes: O shewe youre selues ioyfull before the Lorde the kynge. Let the see make a noyse and all that therein is, the rounde worlde, and they that dwell therein. Let the ffoudes clappe their handes, and let the hylfes be ioyfull together. Before the Lord, for he is come to iudge the earth. Wyth ryghteousnes shall he iudge the worlde, and the people with equite.



PSALME XCIX.

DOMINVS REGNAVIT.
OF DAUID.



THE Lorde is kyng, be the people neuer so vnpacient: he sitteth betwene the Cherubins, be the earth neuer so vnquiet. The Lorde is greate in Sion, and hye aboue all people.

They shall geue thankes vnto thy name, which is great, wonderfull & holy. The kynges power loueth iudgement, thou hast prepared equyte, thou hast executed iudgment and ryghteousnes in Iacob. O magnifye the Lorde oure God, and fall downe before his fote stole, for he is holy. Moses & Aaron among his preastes, and Samuel amonge soche as call vpon hys name: these called vpon the Lorde, & he hearde them. He spake vnto them out of the cloudy pyller, for they kepte hys testimonyes, & the lawe that he gaue them. Thou heardest them, O Lord oure God, thou forgauest them O God, and punyshedst theyr awne inuencyons. O magnifye the Lorde oure God, and worshippe him vpon his holy hyll, for the Lorde oure God is holy.

PSALME C.

IVBILATE DEO.
A PSALME FOR THANKESGEUYNGE.



O BE be ioyfull in the Lorde, all ye landes, serue the Lorde with gladnes, and come before hys presence with a songe. Be ye sure, that the Lorde he is God: It is he that

Eine deutsche Schrift



Eine deutsche Schrift von
Rudolf Koch  geschnitten
und herausgegeben von
Gebr. Klingspor
Offenbach
a. M.





IN THE BEGINNING

GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. ¶ AND THE EARTH WAS WITHOUT FORM, AND VOID; AND DARKNESS WAS UPON THE FACE OF THE DEEP, & THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

¶ And God said, Let there be light: & there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: & God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day. ¶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, & let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: & it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening & the morning were the second day.

¶ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: & it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, & herb yielding seed after his kind, & the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening & the morning were the third day.

¶ And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, & years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: & it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, & to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day. ¶ And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, & every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, & every winged fowl after his kind: & God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, & multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening & the morning were the fifth day. ¶ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the

PRINTING AND THE RENAISSANCE

PRINTING AND THE RENAISSANCE: A PAPER READ BEFORE THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB OF ROCHESTER NEW YORK BY JOHN ROTHWELL SLATER.



NEW YORK

William Edwin Rudge

1921

AL NOME DEL NOSTRO Signore
GESU CRISTO CROCIFFISSO E DELLA
SUA MADRE VERGINE MARIA.



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POVERELLO DI CRISTO, MESSER
SANTO FRANCESCO, E DALQUANTI
SUOI SANTI COMPAGNI, A LAUDE
DI GESU CRISTO. AMEN.

CAPITOLO PRIMO.

Capitolo 1

NPRIMA E DA CON-
siderare che il glorioso
Messer Santo Francesco
in tutti gli atti della vita
sua fu conforme a Cristo
benedetto: che come Cristo nel principio
della sua predicazione elesse dodici Apo-
stoli, a dispregiare ogni cosa mondana, a
seguire lui in povertade, & nell'altre vir-
tudi; così Santo Francesco elesse dal prin-
cipio del fondamento dell'Ordine dodici
Compagni, possessori dell'altissima po-
vertade, e come uno de' dodici Apostoli di
Cristo, riprovato da Dio, finalmente s'im-
piccò per la gola; così uno de' dodici
Compagni di Santo Francesco, ch'ebbe nome
Frate Giovanni dalla Cappella, apostatò, e final-
mente s'impiccò se medesimo per la gola. E que-
sto agli eletti è grande assempro & materia di
umiltade e di timore; considerando che nessuno
è certo di dovere perseverare alla fine nella grazia
di Dio. E come que' Santi Apostoli furono al tut-
to maravigliosi di sanitade e di umiltade, e pieni

Alternate Gothic

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Clearface

Cloister Bold

Franklin Gothic

News Gothic

Souvenir

Stymie Medium



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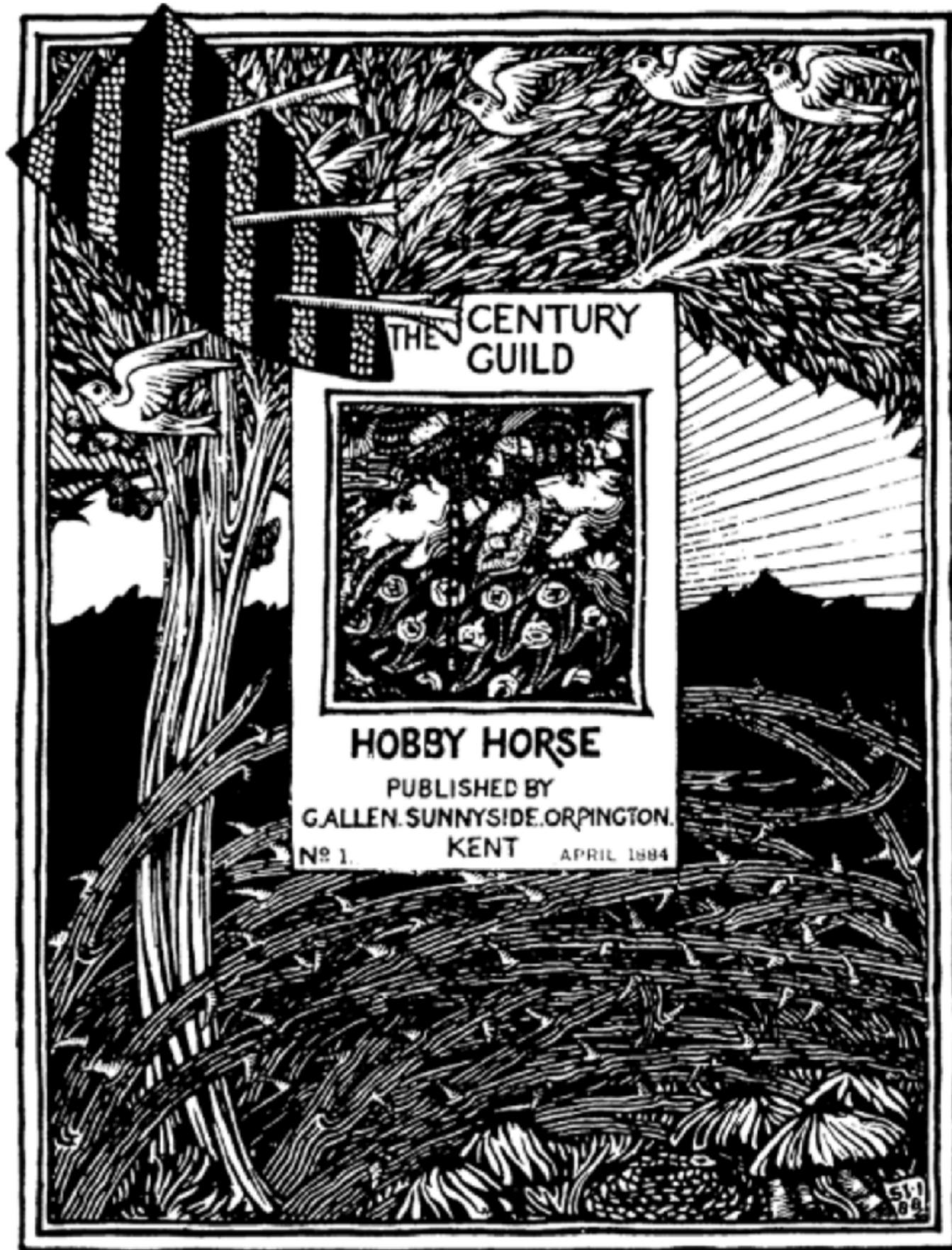
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THE CENTURY
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HOBBY HORSE

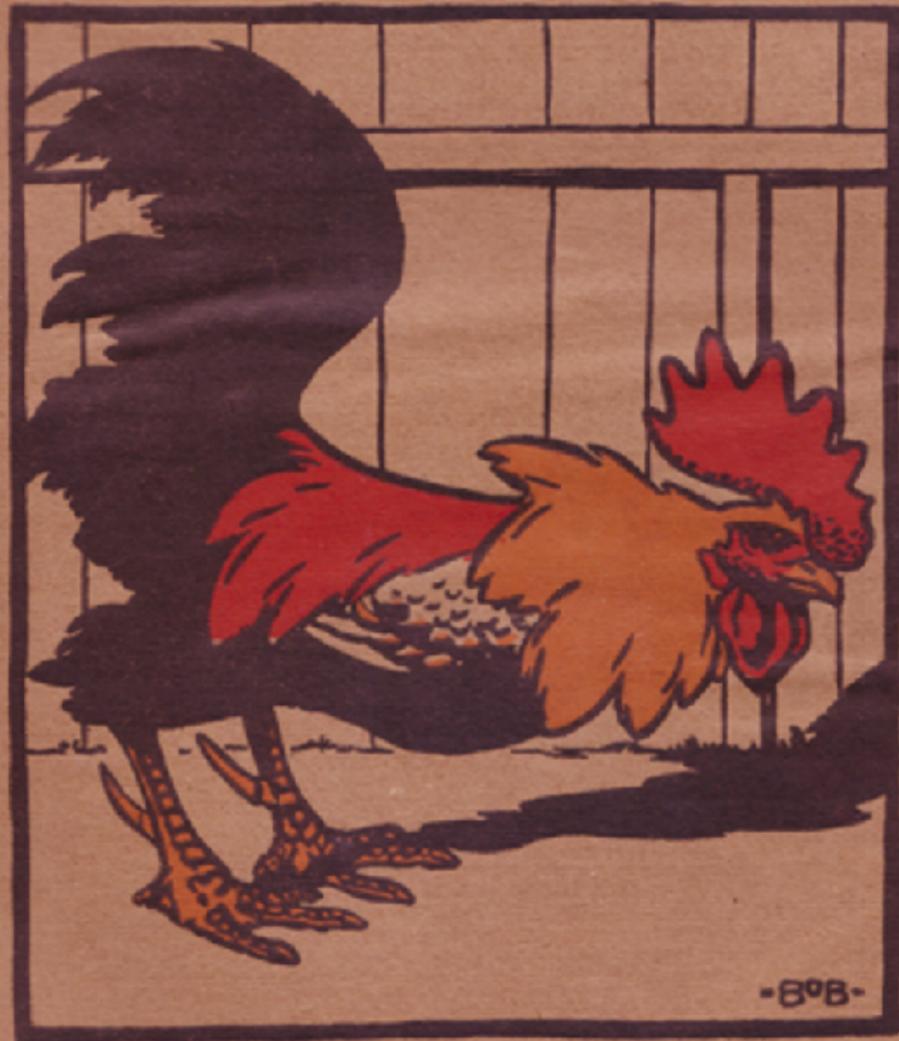
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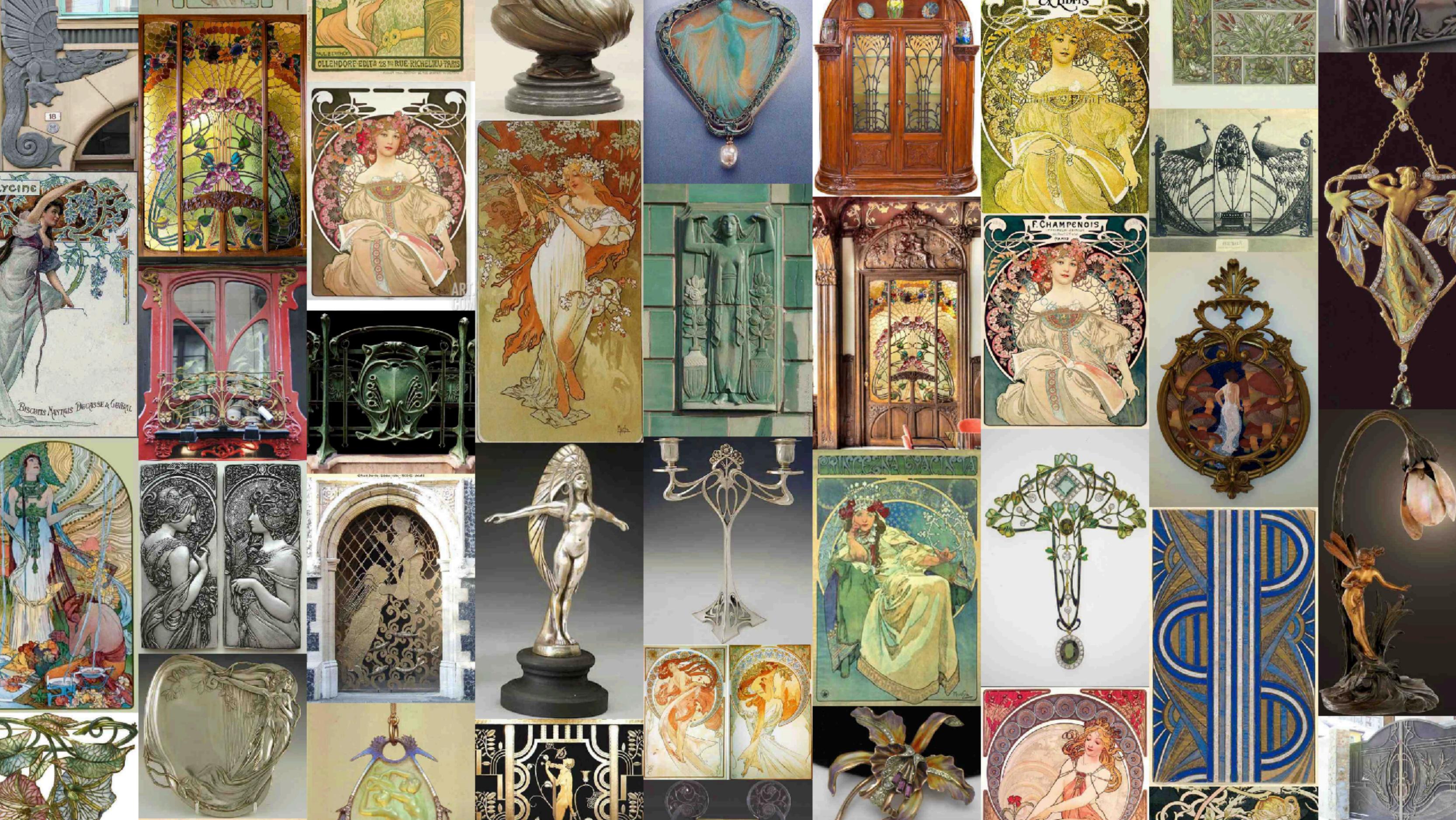
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ま 似 て 刺 あり
水 鏡 里 名 者 味 京 非 ち ち 鳥 聲
今 子 三 歌 如 一 好 事 家 其 骨 と
愛 ち 東 知 了 一 一 振 舞 の 里 ち 石
町 一 八 神 類 三 種 あり 赤 水 鶴 尻
水 鶴 上 水 水 鶴 下 上 三 品 一 八 之 歌
如 け 林 あり

梅

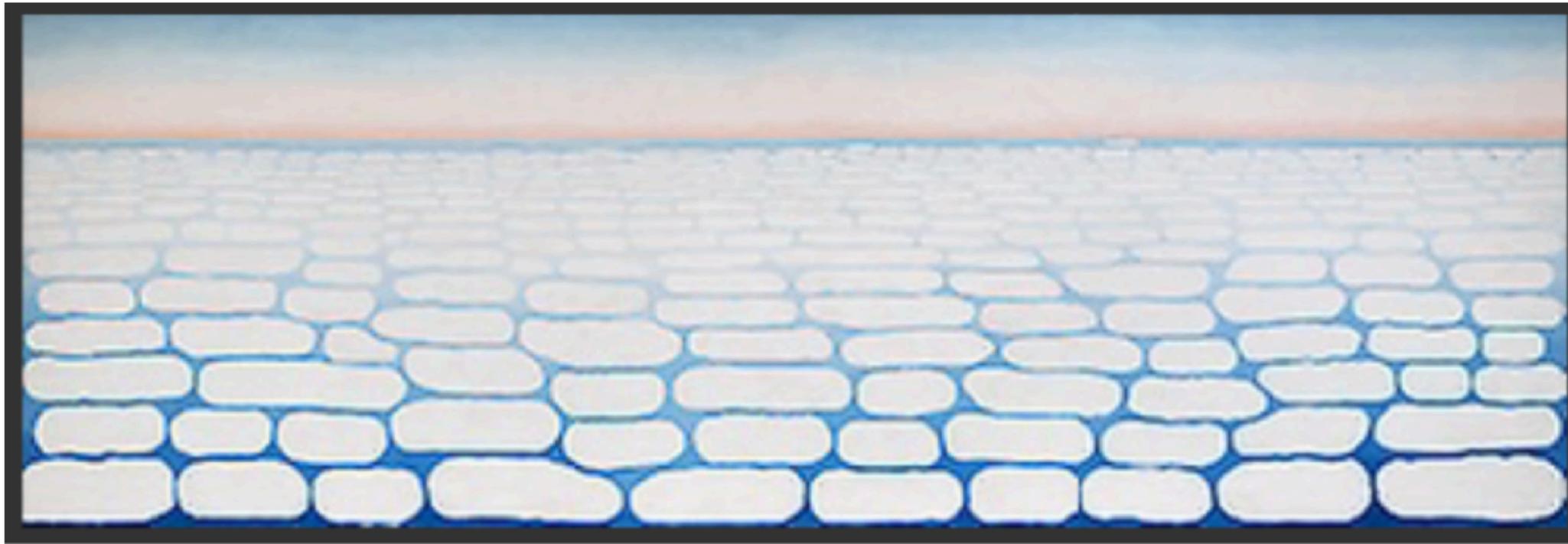


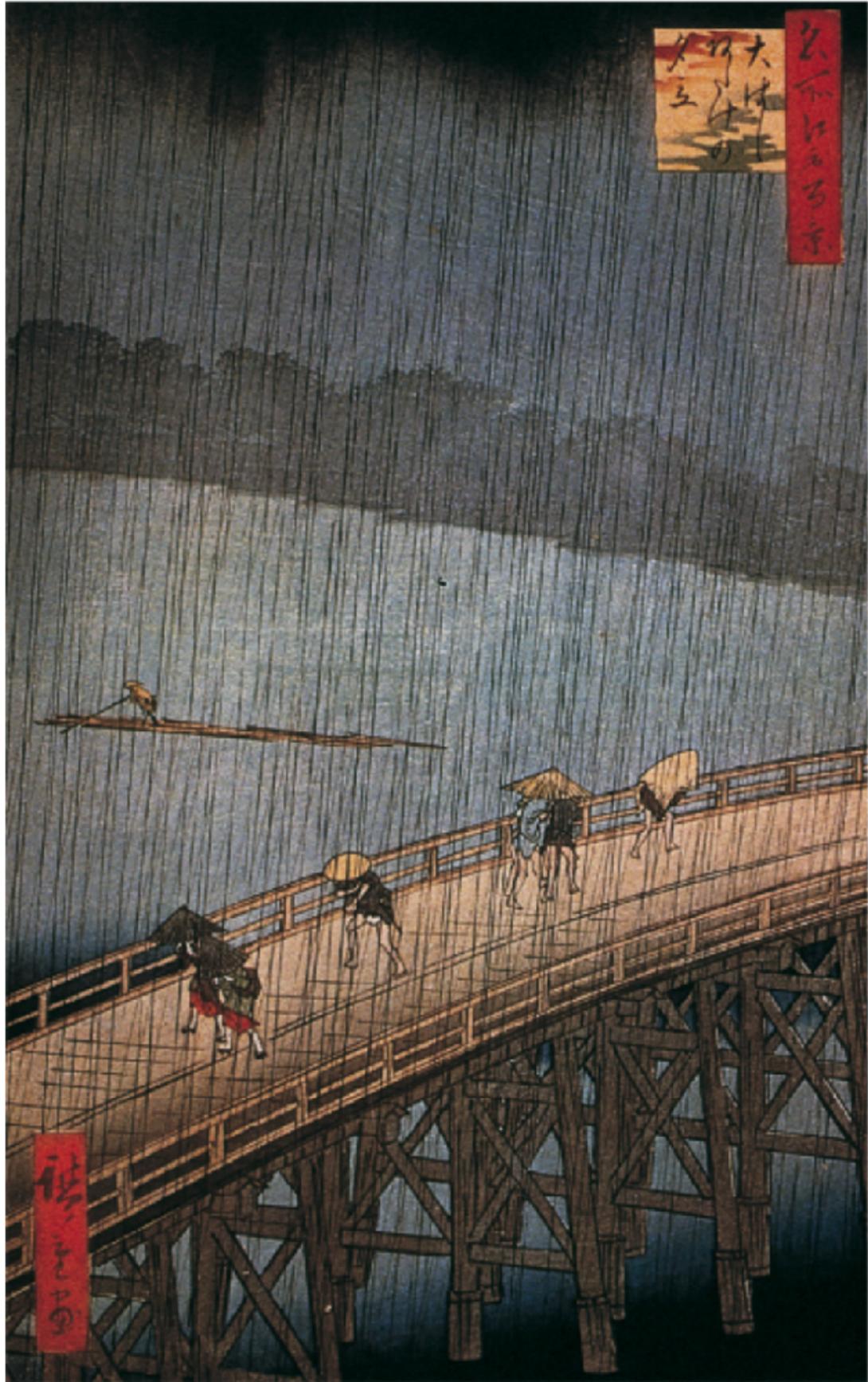


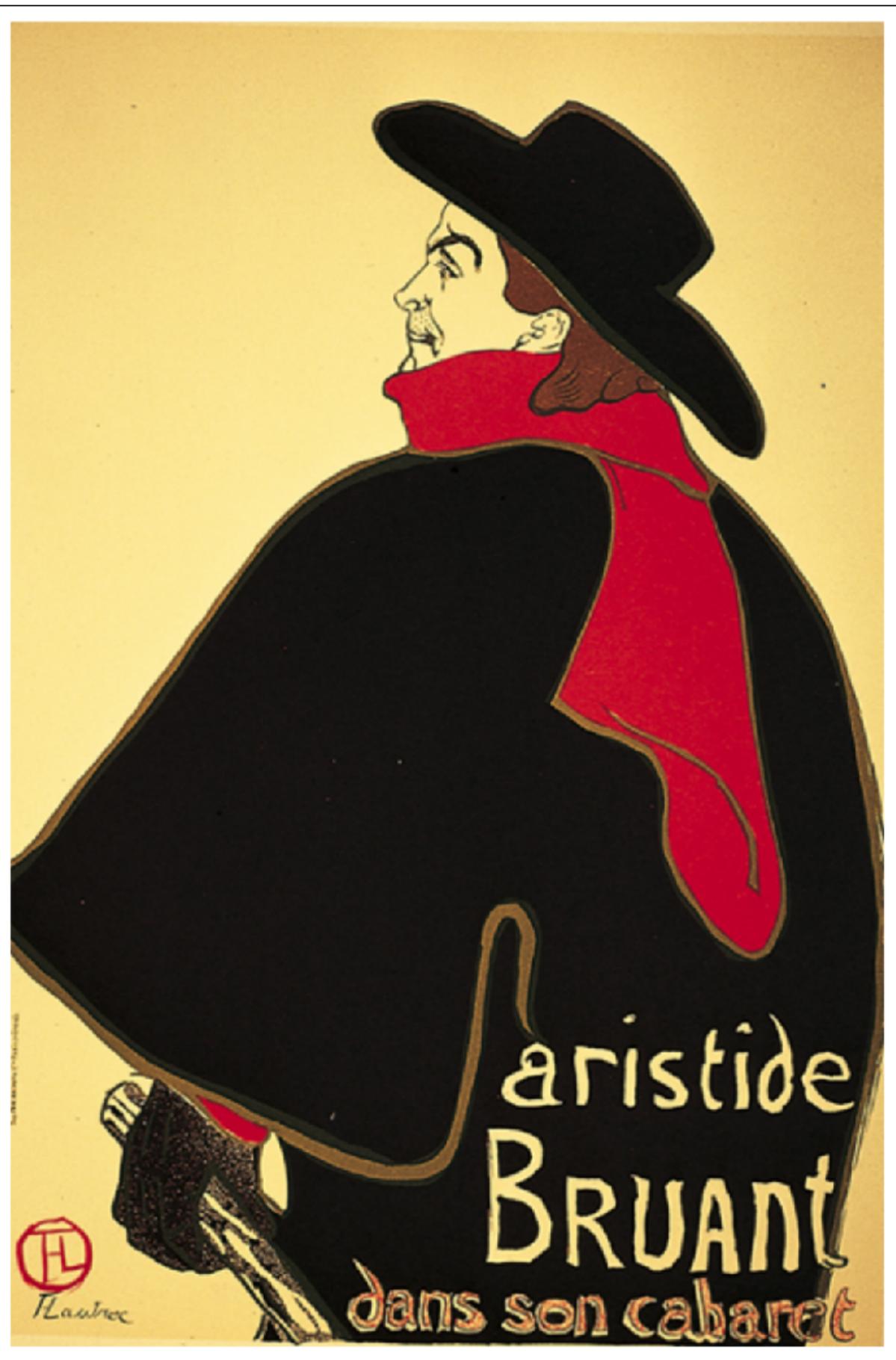


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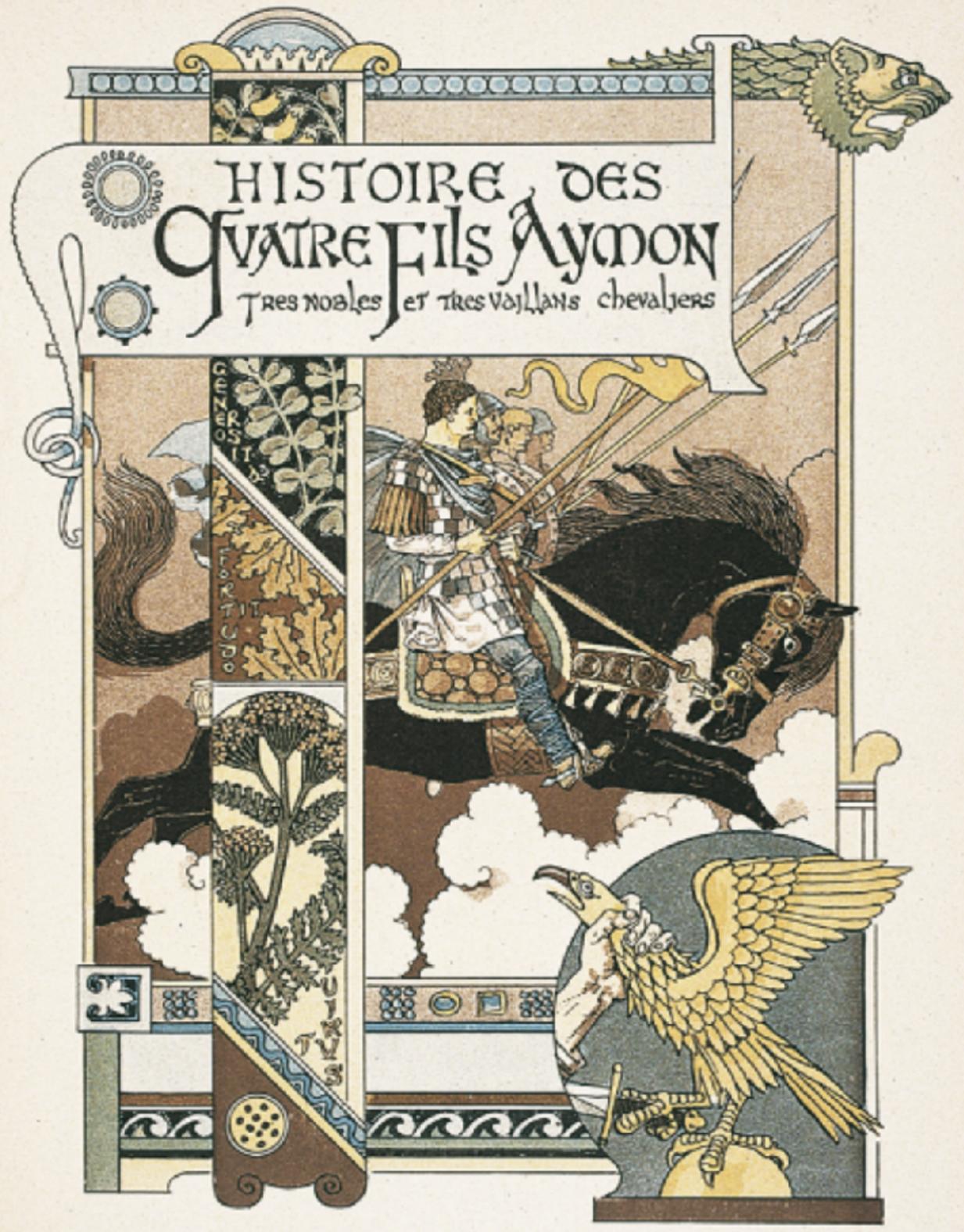
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TRES NOBLES ET TRES VAILLANS CHEVALIERS





Ombreux Charlemagne, vous donne
 ma sœur en mariage, et vous le
 faites, je vous en prie, si ce pré-
 sent n'appartient pas au Cac-
 chier tel que moi. Mais cependant
 est la Dame par la main et la con-
 dition l'Église, car Dieu qui est
 mon Dieu donna la sœur à Char-
 lemeigne.

Quand ils furent partis, Regnaud
 vint à ses frères, qui étoient à Mon-
 taban. Ils arrivèrent et assaillirent
 les lieux, qui habitoient, lui jour de
 Roi. Vous fut une chartre de mariage
 de Regnaud, car il pensoit bien que
 ce vaillant Chevalier le défendrait de
 tout son pouvoir.



IX

Comme Charlemagne apant appris
 que Regnaud et ses frères étoient au fort
 de Montaban, comme le Roi Hui
 de lui rendre ses ennemis, savoir Regnaud et
 ses frères, sans peine d'être assié-
 gé. Le Roi répondit qu'il n'en feroit rien.

Le Roi Charlemagne étant à Paris, eut un jour envie d'aller en pèlerinage à Saint-
 Jacques en Galice. Il partit de Paris, et mena avec lui Oger le Danois, Naimés
 de Bavière, et plusieurs autres Seigneurs. Après plusieurs journées de marche,
 ils arrivèrent à Saint-Jacques. Quand ils y furent, le Roi entra dans l'Église et offrit dix
 marcs d'or sur l'autel. Après avoir fait sa dévotion, il se mit en marche pour passer
 à Bordeaux. Comme il étoit en chemin, il aperçut le Château de Montaban au delà de
 la Gironde. Il dit alors : Seigneurs, voici une forteresse considérable : je sais que le



au bord d'une très grande et profonde rivière. Il fit mettre sa tente dans cet endroit,
 avec un dragon au-dessus. Ce lieu étoit tellement situé qu'on pouvoit découvrir tout
 le pays. Montaban étoit environné de deux rivières, la Dordogne et la Gironde.
 Roland voyant l'endroit si bien fortifié, en fut surpris, et dit à ses gens : Seigneurs,
 je ne suis pas surpris si les quatre fils Aymon font la guerre à mon oncle, puisqu'ils
 ont un Château si bien fortifié. Jamais nous ne viendrons à bout de prendre Montaba-
 ban. — Vous avez tort, dit Olivier ; nous avons bien pris Losanes, et nous avons
 abattu la grande Tour et le Donjon de Constantinople, ainsi nous pourrions bien avoir
 Montaban ; et si Regnaud et ses frères ne viennent se rendre, leur vie est en grand
 danger. — Je vous promets, dit Roland, qu'ils n'en feront rien ; mais je vous jure
 que Regnaud nous fera telle peur que le plus hardi voudroit être à Paris. Il est cou-
 rageux, et ses frères aussi ; ils ont de vaillans Chevaliers,
 parquoi je suis d'avis que tant qu'ils auront à vivre,
 ils ne seront jamais pris.

Quand le pavillon de Roland fut
 tendu, ils aperçurent un grand
 nombre d'oiseaux entre les
 deux rivières. Alors il
 dit à l'Archevêque
 Turpin et aux
 autres Ba-
 rons :

Voyez
 que nous sommes
 bien logés ; allons chasser avec
 nos faucons. — Seigneur, dit l'Ar-
 chevêque Turpin, très volontiers. Roland

monta à cheval, et périt avec lui une trentaine
 de Barons qui emportèrent leurs faucons, montè-
 rent sur des mulets ; ils prirent seulement leurs épées,
 et partirent à la chasse où ils prirent beaucoup d'oiseaux
 de rivière. L'Archevêque Turpin et Oger n'y furent point ;
 mais ils restèrent dans leurs tentes à la tête de l'armée, et
 interrogeoient un vaillant Chevalier sur
 la manière dont on s'étoit servi pour
 prendre la grande Ville de Troÿe.

Il y avoit un espion de Regnaud qui
 s'étoit glissé dans l'armée du Roi pour
 savoir tout ce qui s'y passoit. Il partit
 aussitôt, et alla raconter à Regnaud que
 Roland et Olivier étoient allés à la chasse
 avec trente chevaliers bien armés. Regnaud







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1906.

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THANKSGIVING
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Chapter
III.

HOW SIR TRISTRAM
AND ISOUD WERE
IN PRISON, AND
HOW HE FOUGHT
FOR HER BEAUTY,
AND SMOTE OFF
ANOTHER LADY'S
HEAD. Thus as Sir
Tristram and La Beule
Isoud were in prison, it
happened a knight and a
lady came unto them
where they were, to
cheer them. I have mar-
vel, said Tristram unto
the knight and the lady,
what is the cause the lord
of this castle holdeth us
in prison: it was never
the custom of no place of
worship that ever I came

in, when a knight and a lady asked harbour, and they to receive them, and after to destroy them that be his guests. Sir, said the knight, this is the old custom of this castle, that when a knight cometh here, he must needs fight with our lord, and he that is the weaker must lose his head. And when that is done, if his lady that he bringeth be fouler than our lord's wife, she must lose her head: and if she be fairer proved than is our lady, then shall the lady of this castle lose her head. So God me help, said Sir Tristram, this is a foul custom and a shameful. But one advantage have I, said Sir Tristram, I have a lady is fair enough, fairer saw I never in all my life days, and I doubt not for lack of beauty she shall not lose her head; and rather than I should lose my head I



HOW SIR TRISTRAM
DRANK OF THE
LOVE DRINK





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