Lecture 3: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

Text 1: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, 25-32

25 Bot of alle that here bult of Bretaygne kynges dwelt; Britains noblest
Ay was Arthur the hendest, as I haf herde telle.
Forthi an aunter in erde I attle to schawe,
That a selly in sight summe men hit holden,
And an outrage aventure of Arthures wonderes.
30 If ye wyl lysten this laye bot on litel quile,
I schal telle hit atst, as I in toun herde,
with tonge; a ... while at once

Text 2: The Dialect Areas of England

Text 3: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, 37-49

þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon Krystmasse
With mony luflych lorde, ledez of þe best,
Rekenly of þe Rounde Table alle þo rich breþer,
With rych reuel oryst and rechles merþes.
þer tournayed tulkes by tymeþ ful mony,
Justed ful joléd þise gentyle kniȝtes,
Syþen kayred to þe court caroles to make.
For þer þe fest watz ilyche ful ÿften dayes,
With alle þe mete and þe mirþe þat men couþe avyse;
Such glaum ande gle glorious to here,
Dere dyn vpon day, daussyng on nyȝtes,
Al watz hap vpon heþe in hallez and chambrez
With lordez and ladzies, as leuest him þoþt.
Text 4: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, 1-214

Thenne he bowes to the berwe, aboute hit he **goes; mound**
waketh,
Debatande with hymself quat hit be myght.

**2180** Hit hede a hole on the ende and on syther syde,
And overgrowen with grese in glodes anywhere;
And al was holw inwith, nobot an old 
**hollow; nothing but** cave,
Or a crevisse of an olde cragle—he couthe hit noght deme 
**with spelle.**

**2185** ‘Well Lorde,’ quoth the gentyle knyght,
‘Whether this be the grene chapelle?
Here myght aboute myndnyght
The dele his matynnnes telle! 
**devil; matins**

‘Now wisse,’ quoth Wowyn, ‘wysty is here;
This oritore is ugly, with erbes overgrowen;
Wey bisemes the wyce wreked in grene
Dehe here his devocioun on the develes wyse.
Now I fele hit is the fende, in my fye wytes,
That has stoken me this stoven to strye me here.

**2190** This is a chapel of meschaunce—that chekke hit bytyde!
Hit is the corsest kyrrk that ever I com inne.’ **most accursed**

Text 5: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, 140-156

140 Half etayn in erde I hope that he were;
Bo mon most I algate myyn hym to bene,
And that the myryste in his muskel that myght ride,
For of bak and of breest al were his bodi 
**although** sturne,
Both his wombe and his wast were worthily smale,
145 And alle his featres folwande in forme that he hade,
 ful clene.
For wonder of his hwe men hade,
Set in his semblaut sene;
 He ferde as freke were fade,
150 And overal enker grene.

Ande al graythed in grene this gome and his wedes:
A strayt cote ful streght that stek on his sides,
A mere mantile abof, mensked withinne
With pelure pured apert, the pane ful clene
155 With blyth the blanneur ful blyght, and his hod bothe,
That was laighe fro his lokkes and layde on 
**thrown back from** his schulderes;

Text 5: *SGGK*, 1-19

Sithen the sege and the assaut was sesed at Troye, **after; ceased**
The borghe brittened and brent to brodes and askes,
The talk that the tramnes of tresoun ther wroght
Was tried for his tricherie, the trewest on erthe:
5 Hit was Ennees the athel and his highe kynde 
**noble; kindred** That sithen depresed provinces, andpatrounes biconce
Welnegehe of al the wele in the West Iles: 
**wellnigh; wealth** Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym swythe,
With get bobbaunce that burgh he biges upon fyrst,
10 And nevenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat;
Ticius to Tuskan, and teldes 
**goes to** (Tuscany; dwellings bigymes;
Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes up homes;
And fer over the French floyd Felix Brutus
On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he settes
wyth wynne,
Where weree and wrake and wonder
Bi sythes has wonst therinne,
And oft bothe blyse and blunder
Ful skete has skyfted synne.