þis sweuen me imette þer ich lai and slapte."
Biscopes þis iherden and boc-ilærede men,
þis iheorden eorles, þis iherden beornes;
ælc, bi his witte, wisdom sæiden, 12790
þis sweuen aræhten.
Ne durste þer na cniht to ufele ræcchen na wiht
leoste he sculden leosen his leomen þat weoren him deore.
Forð heo gunnen liðen an eouste bilife;
wind heom stod on wille, selest alre wedere; 12795
heo hæfden al þat heom wes neod; to londen heo comen at Barbefleot.
To Barbefleot, at Costentin, þer com muchel moncun in
of alle þan londe þa Arður hafde an honde;
swa sone swa heo mihten ut of scipe heom rehten.
Þe king his folc hehte herberwe isechen, 12800
an badien þe king wolde þat his folc come.
Nes he þere buten ane niht, þa com him to an hende cniht.
He talde tidinge Arðure þan kinge,
he seide þat þer wes icumen a scaðe liðe,
of westward Spaine, wel dreori feond,* 12805
and inne Brutaine bisi wes to harme;
bi þere sæside þet lond he weste wide;
nu hit hatte Munt Seint Michel þat lond ewelde iwidel.
"Lauerd king," queð þe cniht, "to soðe ich þe cuðe herriht
he hafueð inome þine maȝe mid hahliche strenðe, 12810
heȝe wimmon iboren, Howeles dohter icoren,
Eleine wes ihaten, aðelest maidenen.
To þan munte he heo uerede aðelest maidene;
nu fulle feowertene niht þe feond heo hafueð ihalden þerriht.
Nute we on liue þeh he heo nabbe to wife. 12815
Alle he makeð him to mete þa men þa he igripeð,
ruðeren, hors and þa scep, gæt and þa swin eke;
al þis lond he wule forfare buten þu afeollen ure kare,
lond and þas leode —a þe is ure neode."
Ȝet þe cniht seide to þan uolc-kinge: 12820
"Isihst þu, lauerd, þe munt and þene wude muchele?
Þer wuneð þe scaðe inne þa scendeð þas leode.
We habbeð wið him iuohten wel feole siðen
bi sæ and bi londe; þes leoden he amærde,
ure scipen he aseingde, þat folc he al adrente; 12825
þeo þat feuhten a þan londe þeo he adun leide.

News comes that an ogre has abducted Howel's daughter, Helene

The bishops and learned men heard this, the nobles and warriors heard it; each, according to his ability, spoke with wisdom in interpreting this dream. No one there dared interpret it as in any way ill-omened lest he should lose limbs which he valued. #

They sailed on swiftly eastwards; the wind was favourable, the weather very good, everything they needed they had; they reached land at Barfleur. At Barfleur, in the Cotentin, there landed a great host from all the realms which Arthur held; they disembarked as soon as they could. The king ordered his followers to search out quarters, and the king would remain there until his host assembled.

He had been there only one night, when a nobleman came to him. He brought tidings to King Arthur, said that a monster, a very wicked creature, had come westwards from Spain, and was busy doing mischief in Brittany, laying waste the land far and wide along the sea coast; he wholly controlled that region which is now called Mont St Michel.

'Lord king,' said the knight, 'I tell you truthfully here and now that he has seized with great violence your kinswoman, a lady nobly born, Howel's beloved daughter, the worthiest of women, called Helene. He has carried off that most noble maiden to the mountain; the fiend has now held her fully fourteen days in that place. We do not know at all whether or not he has taken her to wife. He makes his food of all the men he seizes, the cattle, horses and sheep, the goats and swine as well; unless you relieve our sufferings, he will destroy this whole region, destroy the land and its inhabitants — we are in need of you.'

The knight spoke further to the sovereign:

'Do you see, my lord, the mountain and the vast wood? Therein dwells the miscreant who is harming the people. We have fought with him many times by land and sea; he has ravaged this region, sunk our ships, drowning all our people, has slaughtered those who fought on land. We have suffered it so

We habbeoð idriuen þat swa longe þat we hine læteð ane
faren heu swa he wule after iwille him;
þis lond-cnihtes ne durren wið him mare na fehten."
Arður þis iherde, aðelest alre kinge; 12830
he cleopede him to þene eorl Kæi þe wes his stiward and his mæi;
Beduer eke to him he cleopede —he wes þes kinges birle.
He hæhte heom forðriht beon al war to midderniht
mid alle heore wepne to wenden wið þan kinge
þat na mon under Criste of heore uare nuste 12835
buten Arður þe king and þa tweien cnihtes mid him,
and heore sweines sixe, ohte men and wihte;
and þe cniht þe radde hit þan king heom ladde.
To þere midnihte, þa men weoren aslepe,
Arður forð him wende, aðelest alre kinge. 12840
Biforen rad heore lod-cniht þat hit was dæiliht; *
heo lihten of heore steden and rihten heore iweden.
Þa isezen heo, nawiht feorren, a muchel fur smokien
uppen ane hulle mid sæ-ulode biuallen;
and anoðer hul þer wes swiðe heh —þæ sæ hine bifledde ful neh; 12845
þeruuenon heo isezen a fur þat wes muchel and swiðe stor.
Þæ cnihtes þa tweoneden to whaþere heo faren mihten
þet þe eotend war neore of þeos kinges fore.
Þa nom him to rede Arður þe ræze
þat heo sculden somed faren aneosten þan ane furen; 12850
and zif hine þer funden aquellen hine to deðen.
Forð þe king wende þat he com aneuste;
noht he þer ne funde bute a muchel fur þer berninde.
Arður eode abute and his cnihtes bi his siden;
na whit heo ne funden quikes uppen wolden 12855
buten þat fur muchele and ban vnimete;
bi atlinge heom þuhte þritti uoðere.
Arður þa nuste nenne red godne,
and bigon him to spekene to Beduer his eorle:
"Beduer, far biliue adun of þissen hulle 12860
and wend þe ouer þat water deope mid allen þine iwede,
and mid wisdome wend to þan fure,
and bihalues þe iga and bihald zeorne
zif þu miht afinden oht of þan feonden.
And zif þu hine miht ofziten on aizes cunnes wisen, 12865
wend adun stille þat cume to þan watere

long that we now leave him alone to do as he wishes, as it pleases him; the knights of that region dare no longer fight with him.' #

Arthur, noblest of all kings, paid heed to this; he called to him the earl Kay who was his kinsman and his steward, and Bedevere as well — he was the king's cup-bearer. He immediately ordered them to be fully prepared at midnight with all their accoutrements to go with the king so that no one whatsoever should know of their going save King Arthur and the two knights accompanying him, and six of their followers, stout-hearted men and valiant; and the knight who had made it known to the king should lead them.

At midnight, when all were asleep, Arthur, noblest of all kings, set out. Their guide rode ahead of them until it was daylight, when they dismounted from their horses and prepared their armour. Then they saw, not far off, the smoke of a great fire upon a mountain surrounded at high tide by the sea; and upon another lofty peak, round which the sea closely surged, they saw a fire which was large and burning fiercely. The knights were then uncertain in which direction they should go so that the giant might not be aware of the king's coming.

Then the bold Arthur himself decided that they should go together to one of the fires; and if they discovered him there they should put him to death. The king went forward until he was quite close; he found nothing there except a great fire burning. Arthur, with his knights at his side, circled it; they found no sign of life upon the high ground save that hugh fire and a large number of bones, thirty cartloads it seemed to them at a guess.

Arthur did not have any sure plan of action then, and addressed himself to his earl Bedevere:

'Bedevere, go down quickly from this mountain and cross the deep water in all your armour, and approach that other fire with caution; go near to it and look carefully if you can find any sign of the ogre. And if you manage by any means whatsoever to catch sight of him, come down quietly until you reach the water

and seien me þer sone what þu isezen habbe.
And zif hit ilimpeð swa þat þu liðen to þan fure,
and þe feond þe ofzite and þu to fuse,
hafe mine godne horn þe al mid golde is ibon 12870
and blawe hine mid maine, swa mon scal for neode,
and fus þe to þan feonde and bigin to fihten;
and we þe scullen fusen to swa we hit swiðest mazen don.
And zif þu hine ifindest aneouste þan fure
and þu al unazeten azein miht iwende, 12875
þenne forbeode ich þe bi þine bare life
þat þu nauere wið þene scucke feht no biginne."
Beduer iherde what his lauerd him seide.
His wepnen he on him dude and forð him iwende,
and up astæh þene munt þe is unimete. 12880
He bar an his honde ænne gære swiðe stronge,
ænne sceld an his rugge irust al mid golde, *
hælm an his hafde hehne of stele.
His bodi wes bifeong mid fæire are burne;
he hafde bi his side enne brond al of stele. 12885
And forð he gon steppen, stið-imainede eorl,
þat he com fusen an neouste þan furen,
and he under ane treo gon him atstonden.
Þa iherde he wepen wunder ane swiðen,
wepen and weinen, and wanliche iberen. 12890
Þa þe cniht wende þat hit þe eotend weoren,
and he anbursten agon swulc weore a wilde bar,
and forzæt sone þat his lauerd him sæide.
His sceld he bræid on breoste, his spere he igrap faste,
and an neoste gon fuse touward þan fure; 12895
he wende to finden þene feond sturne
þat he fehten mihte and fondien hine seolue.
Þa fond he þer ane quene quecchen mid hafde,
heor-lockede wif —weop for hire wei-sið,
wanede hire siðes, þat heo wæs on liues— 12900
þat set bi þan fure mid reolichen ibere,
and sæt and biheold æuere ænne burinæsse,
and hire zeddes sæide zeomere stefne:
"Wale, Eleine! Wale, deore maide!
Wale þat ich þe uedde, þat ich þe uostredde! 12905
Wale þat þæ wald-scaðe here þe haueð þus foruare!

and there tell me at once what you have seen. And if it so happens that the ogre sees you approaching the fire and rushes at you, take this good horn of mine which is all adorned with gold and blow it with all your might, as a man should when in need, and rush towards the ogre and begin attacking him; and we will hasten to you as quickly as we can. And if you come upon him near the fire and you can slip away unnoticed, then I forbid you on your very life to start fighting with the demon at all.'

Bedevere paid heed to what his lord said to him. He put on his armour and set off, and climbed up the towering mountain. He bore in his hand a very stout spear, on his back a shield all encrusted with gold, on his head a tall steel helmet. His body was covered with a splendid coat of mail; at his side he had a sword all wrought of steel. The stout-hearted earl pressed on until, shortly, he came close to the fire and halted beneath a tree.

Then he heard very loud wailing, wailing and howling, and hideous shrieks. The knight thought then that it must be the giant and, growing as furious as a wild boar, immediately forgot what his lord had said to him. He slung his shield before his chest, grasped his spear firmly, and rushed towards the fire, expecting to encounter the fierce ogre so that he might do battle and prove himself worthy. Then he came upon a woman there, a grey-haired woman with trembling head, weeping in her wretchedness, lamenting her lot, that she was still alive; she sat by the fire crying bitterly, gazing fixedly at a grave, making her moan in a piteous voice:

'Alas, Helene! Alas, dear maid! Alas that I fed you, that I fostered you! Alas that the demon has brought you to such a

Wale þat ich wes iboren —mine leomen he haueð tobroken!"
Þa bisæh þat wif abuten whar þe eotend come buȝen,
biseh a þene eorl Beduer þa icumen wes þer.
Þa sæide þat wif hore, þer heo sæt bi fure: * 12910
"Whæt ært þu, fære whit? Eært þu angel, eært cniht?
Beoð þine feðer-heomen ihaneked mid golden?
Ȝif þu ært of heuene þu miht isund faren heonene;
and ȝif þu ært eorðlic cniht ærm þu iwurðest forðriht,
for nu anan cumeð þe scaðe þe alle þine leomen wule todraȝen; 12915
þeh þu weore stel al he þe awalt iwildel.
He uerde to Brutaine, to aðelest alre bolde,
to Howeles castle, hæh mon inne Brutene.
Þa ȝaten alle he tobrac and binnen he gon wende;
he nom þare halle wah and helden hine to grunde; 12920
þæs bures dure he warp adun þat heo tobarst a uiuen.
He funde i þan buren fæirest alre bruden,
Eleinen wes ihaten, aðelest kunnen,
Howeles dohter, hæh mon of Brutene,
Arðures maȝe, of swiðe heȝe cunne. 12925
Ich wes hire uoster-moder and feire heo uostredde.
Þer þe eotend unc ifeng forð mid himseoluen
fiftene mile
into þisse wilde wude, hider, to þissen ilke stude;
þus he us diste todæi a seouen nihte. 12930
Sone swa he hider com, swa he þat maide inom;
he wolde mon-radene habben wið þan maidene.
Ælde næfde heo na mare buten fihtene ȝere,
ne mihte þat maiden his mone iþolien;
anan swa he lai hire mide, hire lif heo losede sone, 12935
and her he heo biburede, burden alre hendest,
Eleine, min aȝen uoster, Howelles dohter.
Þa he hafde þis idon, swa me seoluen inom,
a uolden he me laiden and lai mid me seoluen.
Nu hafeð he mine ban alle ladliche abrokene, 12940
mine leomen al toleðed; mi lif me is alaðed!
Nu ich habbe þe itald hu we beoð her ihæd;
flih nu swiðe lest he þe ifinde,
for ȝif he cumeð aboloȝen mid his balu-ræsen,
nes he neuere iboren þe maȝen stonden þe biuoren." 12945
Efne þissen worden þa þat wif seide,

cruel end in this place! Alas that I was ever born — he has broken my bones!'

When the woman looked in the direction from which the giant would approach, she caught sight of the earl Bedevere who had come there. Then the grey-haired woman, where she sat by the fire, said:

'What are you, fair creature? Are you an angel or a man? Are your wings threaded with gold? If you are from heaven you may leave here unharmed; and if you are a mortal man you will shortly be destroyed, for the demon is coming now and will tear you limb from limb; though you be clad all in steel he will utterly overpower you. He came to Brittany, to the most magnificent of all dwellings, to the castle of Howel, ruler of Brittany. He tore down all the gates and forced his way in; he grasped the wall of the hall and hurled it to the ground; he smashed down the chamber door so that it shattered into pieces. In the chamber he found the fairest of all women, a lady of royal blood, called Helene, the daughter of Howel, ruler of Brittany, a man of most noble lineage, Arthur's kinsman. I was her foster-mother and raised her fittingly. The giant carried both of us off with him fifteen miles from there into this wild wood, here, to this very place; this he did to us a week ago today.

As soon as he got here, he seized the maiden, meaning to have intercourse with the girl. The maiden was no older than fifteen and could not endure his violation; as soon as he lay with her, she died instantly, and he buried her here, the fairest of all women, my own foster-child Helene, Howel's daughter. When he had done this, he took me and threw me on the ground and lay with me. Now he has cruelly broken all my bones, disjointed all my limbs; my life is hateful to me! Now that I have told you how we have been used here, flee quickly now lest he discover you, for if he comes in a rage, in furious onslaught, there is no man alive who can protect you.'

At these words which the woman uttered, Bedevere began to

Beduer heo gon hirten mid hendeliche worden:
"Leofe moder, ich æm mon, and cniht æm wel idon;
and ich þe wule suggen þurh soðe mine worden
næs nan kempen iboren of nauer nare burden 12950
þat mon ne mæi mid strenðe stupen hine to grunde,
and hire þe, ane alde wifmon —swiðe lutle beoð þine mæhten. *
Ah hafuen nu swiðe godne dæi, and ich wulle faren minne wæi."
Adun him ferde Beduer to his duȝeðe-kinge
and talde him hu he hafde kare and hu he hafde al ifare, 12955
and what þat wif alde of þan maidene him talde,
and hu þe eotend ælche dæi bi þan alde wiue lai.
þer heo heom bitwenen heolden heore runen
hu heo mihten taken on þat þe scucke weore fordon.
Þeo while com þe eotende faren and fusden to his fure; 12960
he bar uppen his rugge burðene grete,
þat weore twælf swine iteied tosomne,
mid wiðen swiðe grete ywriðen al togadere.
Adun he warp þa dede swin and himseolf sæt þerbi.
His fur he beten agon and muchele treowen læiden on; 12965
þa six swin he todroh, and euere he to þan wiue loh;
and sone umbe while he lai bi þan wife.
Ah he nuste noht þan tidende þat comen to his wife-þinge.
He droh ut his gleden, his flæsce he gon breden,
and þa six swin he gon æten alle ær he arise of selde; 12970
al biwaled on axen wanliche weoren þa sonden.
And seoððen he gon ræmien and raxlede swiðe,
and adun lai bi þan fure and his leomen strahte.
Lete we nu þene eotend bilafuen and atlien to þan kinge.
Arður, at þan watere, his wapnen nom an honde, 12975
and þe eorl Beduer, god cniht, wis and war;
and þe þridde wes Kæi, þes kinges stiward and his mæi.
Ouer þan watere heo comen, iwepned mid þan bezsten,
and stiȝen up þan hulle mid allen heore maine
þat heo comen fusen aneuste þan furen 12980
þer þe eotende lai and slæp and þa quene sæt and weop.
Arður hine teh bisiden his iferen,
forbad heom bi heore leomen and bi heore bare liuen
þat nan, neoren swa kene, þat heom neh comen
buten he iseȝen þat hit ned weoren. 12985
Beduer atstod him þere and Kæi his iuere.

comfort her with kind words:

'Dear mother, I am a mortal, and a well-trained knight; and I tell you truthfully that no warrior was ever born of woman whom someone could not by force bring low, and so aid you, an old woman who has very little strength. But now I bid you farewell, and I will go my way.'

Bedevere went down to his sovereign and told him what distress he had witnessed and how he had fared in all matters, and what the old woman had told him about the girl, and how each day the giant lay with the old woman. Then they discussed among themselves how they might contrive that the demon should be destroyed.

Meanwhile the giant came back, hastening to his fire; on his back he carried a great load, twelve swine bound together, tied all together with very stout thongs. He threw down the dead pigs and seated himself close by. He began to build up his fire, throwing much wood upon it; six of the swine he pulled to pieces, all the while eyeing the old woman; and almost immediately he lay with her. But he knew not what tidings had reached the woman he was abusing. He spread out his burning embers and began to roast his meat, and before he rose from where he sat he had eaten all six swine; the food was all smeared and blackened with ashes. And afterwards he yawned and stretched mightily, and lay down by the fire stretching out his limbs.

Let us now leave the giant and turn to the king. Arthur, at the waterside, took up his weapons, as did the earl Bedevere, a brave knight, alert and skilful; and the third man was Kay, the king's kinsman and his High Steward. Well armed, they advanced across the water and climbed up the hill with all their might until shortly they came close to the fire where the giant lay sleeping and the woman sat weeping. Arthur drew close to his companions, and forbade them upon pain of life and limb to advance any further, however eager they might be, unless they saw that it was necessary. Bedevere and his comrade Kay halted there.

Arður gon stepe vorð, stið-imoded kempe,
þat he com to þan ulette þer þe feond lai and slæpte.
Æuere wes Arður ærhðe bideled;
þet wes sutel þeron, sellic þah hit þunche, 12990
for Arður mihte þere þene eotende al tohæuwe,
slan þene scucke þer he lai and slapte.
Þa nolde Arður on slepen na wiht hine areppen
leste he an uferre dazе upbræid iherde.
Þa cleopede Arður anan, aðelest kingen: 12995
"Aris, aris, feond-scaðe, to þine fæie-siðe!
Nu wit scullen delen þene dæd of mire mazen!"
Ær þe king hæfde þæs ful isæide,
þe eotend up asturte and igrap his mucle clubbe,
and wende mid þan dunten Arður al todriuen. 13000
Ah Arður bræid hezе his sceld buuen his hælme
and þe eotend smat þeranouenan þat al he gon toscenen;
and Arður him swende to an hizende mid his sweorde
and þen chin him ofswipte mid alle þan cheuele;
and sturte him biaften ane treo þe þer stod aneouste, 13005
and þe eotend smat after biliue and noht hine ne hutte,
ah he þat treo smat þat al his clubbe todraf.
And Arður aneouste þat treo bieorn abute;
and swa Arður and þe scucke biurnen hit þreie abuten.
Þa wes þe eotend heui swiðe and Arður wes swiftre 13010
and oftoc þene eotend, and up ahof his gode brond
and þat þih him ofsmat, and eotend adun wæt.
And Arður atstod and biheold þa gon to spekene þe ueond:
"Lauerd, lauerd, zef me grið! Wha is þat me fihteð wið?
Ne wende ich þat na man a þissere weorlde-richen 13015
me mihte þus lehtliche aleggen mid fehte
bute hit Arður weore, aðelest alre Brutte;
and neoðeles næs ich nauere of Arðure afæred sære."
Þa him sæide Arður, aðelest kingen:
"Ich æm Arður þe king, Bruttene deorling. 13020
Tel me of þine cunne and whar beo heore beonste,
and wha þe weore on uolde fader oðer moder ihalde,
and of wulche londe þu art iliðen hidere,
and whi þu mine mazе aualled hafuest mid morðe."
Þa andswarede þe feond þer he læi and biheold: 13025
"Al þis ich wulle don, and þine treoðe underfon

Arthur defeats the giant of Mont St Michel

Arthur, the stout-hearted warrior, went forward until he reached the place where the ogre lay sleeping. Arthur, as was plain to see, was quite undaunted — strange as it may seem — for Arthur could have cut the giant to pieces there and then, killed the demon where he lay sleeping. But Arthur would never attack him while asleep lest he should later suffer reproach.

Then Arthur, noblest of kings, immediately called out:

'Arise, fiendish devil, arise to meet your doom! Now we two shall settle accounts for the killing of my kinswoman!'

Before the king had quite finished speaking, the ogre leapt up and grasped his giant club, intending to destroy Arthur utterly at a blow. But Arthur raised his shield high above his helmet and the giant struck it so that it was completely shattered; and Arthur instantly swung at him with his sword and sliced off his chin and the whole jaw along with it; and then he leapt behind a tree which stood nearby, and the giant quickly struck again and did not touch him at all, but struck the tree so that his club was completely shattered. And Arthur immediately ran round the tree; and so Arthur and the demon circled it three times. The giant moved very slowly then and Arthur was the swifter and caught up with the giant and, raising his trusty sword, cut through his thigh so that the ogre fell to the ground. And Arthur stood and watched as the ogre began to speak:

'Lord, lord, have mercy on me! Who is it that is fighting against me? I thought no man in this mortal world might so easily defeat me in combat unless it were Arthur, noblest of all the Britons; and yet I was never greatly afraid even of Arthur.'

Then Arthur, noblest of kings, said to him:

'I am King Arthur, beloved of the Britons. Tell me of your race and where they have their dwelling-place, and who in this world might be accounted your mother or your father, and from which land you have come here, and why you have brutally killed my kinswoman.'

Then the ogre, where he lay gazing up, answered:

'All this I will do, and trust to your mercy if you allow

wið þat þu me lete liuien and mine leomen hælen."
Arður hine iwræððede wunder ane swiðe
and he Beduer cleopede, balde his kempe:
"Ga aneouste, Beduer, and hefd him binim her, 13030
and fere hit forð mid þe adun of þisse munte."
Beduer aneouste com and his hæfued him binom;
and swa heo þeonene ferden adun to heore iferen.
Þa sat þe king adun and hine gon to resten,
and þas word seide Arður þe sele: 13035
"No uæht ich nauere ueht non uppen þissere uolden
buten þa ich sloh þene king Riun uppen þan munte of Rauinite!"
Seoðden heo uorð wenden and to þere uerde comen.
Þa þe þat hafd iseȝe sellic heom þuhte
whar weore under heuene swulc hafed ikenned. 13040
Howel of Brutaine beh to þan kinge
and þe king him seide al of þan maidene.
Þa wes Howel sari and sorhful an heorte forþi,
and nom al his feren and ferde to þan munte
þer þat Brutisce maide bibured læi on eorðe. 13045
He lette þer areren sone ane chireche swiðe faire
a Seinte Marie nomen, Drihtenes moder.
And seoðden he ȝæf nome þan hulle ær he þonne wende,
and hehte hine Æleine Tunbel; nu hit hæhte Munt Seint Myhhel.
Þa wes Arðures hired sellich isomned, 13050
of Irlonde and of Scotlonde þider weoren iscriðene.
Þa lette þe king blauwen bemen an hireden
and wenden of Brutaine bisie men and kene
þurhut Normandie þæ hehte þa Neustrie;
heo uerden þurhut France and folc heom after ferde; 13055
heo buȝen ut of France into Burguine.
His hauwæres þer comen and heolden his iferen,
and cudde þan kinge, þer i þare cuðde,
þat Luces þe kaisere and al his Romanisce here
þiderward heo comen fromward heore þeoden, 13060
and swa heo wolden fusen in touward France
and al þat biwinnen, and seoðden wenden hidere
and Bruttes alle aquellen quicke þer heo heom funde,
and Arður þene kene ibunde lede to Rome.
Þa wes aboloȝen baldest alre kingen 13065
and hehte a þan feldes slen alle his teldes,

me to live and let my limbs be healed.'

Arthur was extremely angry and he called out to Bedevere, his bold warrior:

'Come quickly, Bedevere, and strike off his head upon the spot, and bring it down with you from this mountain.'

Bedevere at once came and struck off his head; and then they went down from that place to their companions. Then the king sat down to rest, and the valiant Arthur spoke these words:

'Never in this world have I fought such a fight save when I slew King Riun upon the mountain of Ravinite!'

Then they went on until they came to the army. Those who saw the head thought it wondrous that such a head might exist anywhere on earth. #

Howel of Brittany went to the king and the king told him all about the maiden. Then Howel was sad at that and sorrowful at heart, and took all his followers and went to that mountain where the Breton maiden lay buried in the earth. Then he had a magnificent church erected there, dedicated to St Mary, mother of the Lord. And then, before he went from there, he named the mountain, calling it Helene's Tomb; it is now called Mont St Michel. #

By then Arthur's forces had assembled in all their splendour, having made their way there from Ireland and from Scotland. Then the king caused trumpets to be blown throughout the host and active and eager men marched from Brittany across Normandy which was then called Neustrie; they marched through the whole of France and, the people of the region following them, passed from France into Burgundy. There his spies came and joined his company, and there, in that place, informed the king that the emperor Lucius and his whole Roman army were moving out of their own land in that direction, intending to press on so into France, conquer it all, and then come here and slaughter all Britons whatsoever, wherever they found them, and lead the valiant Arthur in chains to Rome. Then the boldest of all kings was enraged and ordered all his tents to be pitched in the field,