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Anthology of Texts in Translation in Medieval and Renaissance Norway

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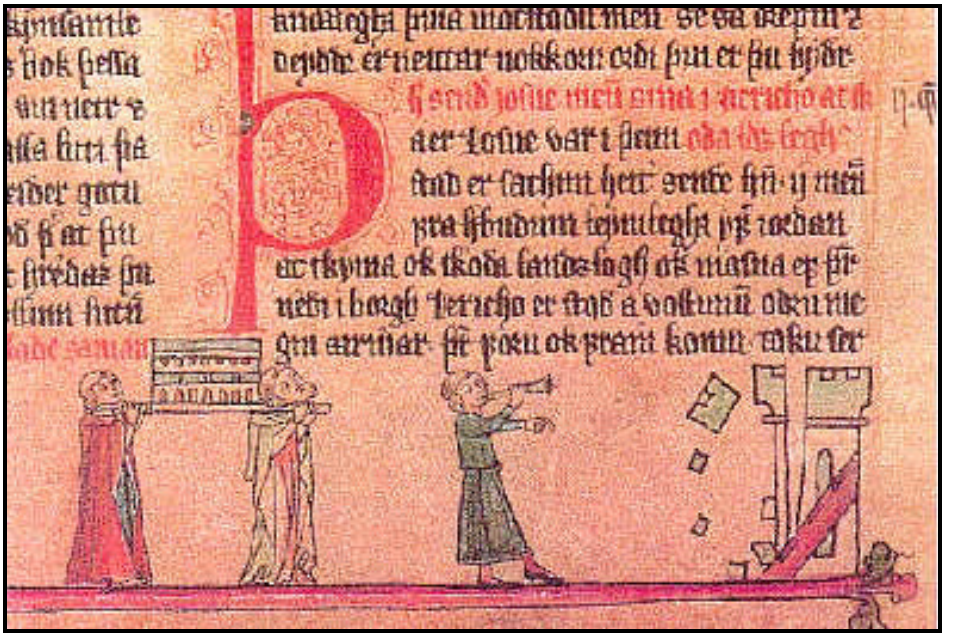

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Introduction

The present anthology of Old Norse and Middle-Norwegian (Danish) texts aims at providing the reader with representative samples of the work performed by scholars and translators in medieval and Renaissance Norway. The selection includes both inter-lingual and intra-lingual translations of various literary genres, as well as excerpts from the medieval historical sagas that were translated into Danish in the 16th century.

The material has been organized predominantly according to genre rather than to chronology: chronicles, courteous chivalric and romance literature, religious (philosophical) and devotional material. The historical material has been regrouped along three themes: Prologues, the (hi)story of Saint Olav Haraldsson, and medieval historians' description of Norway. In addition, I have included samples of translation from the end of the Reformation century and the beginning of the 17th century.

Medieval vernacular and Latin histories have been included—not because they necessarily are translations of earlier histories—although the anonymous vernacular *Ágríp* and Theodoricus' *Historia de antiquitate regum Norwagensium* may be interconnected—rather because they are the source material for 16th century historians and scholars.

As for orthography, I have maintained the presentation of the cited works, which in most instances were copies of earlier copies. The orthography of the texts therefore do not reflect the standard for the periods concerned. The reader will find significant differences between texts from approximately the same time span, and also within one and the same text, illustrating the irregularities so prevalent in medieval vernacular writing and the corruptive action of copyists. Some of the differences are due to natural language development, others to the fact that the translators' came from different school traditions and backgrounds. Some were Icelanders working in Norway others were Norwegians. A reader with some knowledge of the Old Norse language will be able to differentiate various genres and periods. The various linguistic and philological features of the texts have been the subject of numerous studies (see Bibliography), and are only of peripheral interest to this thesis in which the emphasis is on cultural exchange in a historical perspective.

To begin with, I wanted to present the texts in parallel columns, first the source text in Latin or French, then the Old Norse text in the middle, accompanied by an English translation in the third column. However, the requested format prohibited such a presentation. The texts are therefore presented consecutively: Source text—Old Norse/Norwegian translation—accompanied by an English translation of the latter (the only texts not translated are the passages from Snorri's *Heimskringla*, which exist in a number of English translations). If the source text of the English translation has not been indicated, this means that a standardized translation is not available, and consequently that the translation is my own. The Latin or French source texts are extracted from standardized text editions, mainly because the exact sources to many Old Norse sagas still remain unidentified. As a rule, I have not

translated the source texts, only the Old Norse translations thereof, as I somehow presume that the source texts are more available to the specialized reader and that the Latin and French texts have been extensively studied and already exist in modern translation. It is also outside my scope (and not a small task) to try to establish the exact version of the base texts.

Despite the shortcomings of this presentation, I hope that the selected texts will give the reader a perception of how Norwegian medieval and Renaissance translators worked, what elements in the texts they found important, what passages they abridged or suppressed, and to what extent they were using one single (comprehensive) source or if they were working from already established compilations.

Each section has a short introduction.

A. Saga Literature And Historical Chronicles

"Prologus" of *Historia Norwegie*

The author of the first Latin history of Norway remains unidentified, but was probably a member of the diocese of Nidaros, and compiled his history some time around the establishment of the archdiocese in 1152. *Historia Norwegie* emerges as a national history; however, with numerous references to authoritative medieval and classical historians, amongst others Solinus (3rd century) and Adam of Bremen (d.c.1072). The Prologue has by some been seen as an emulation of Honorius of Autun's prologue to *Imago Mundi*. The history is a tribute to the newly created Christened nation, and was the first book in a larger project, as indicated by the "incipit liber primus" with which the history begins.

The second volume of *Historia Norwegie* has not been positively identified, but it has been suggested that it may have been *Passio Olavi*, attributed to Eystein Erlendsson (d. 1188). The extant manuscript text is a copy from between 1443 and 1510. It transited by the Orkney Islands and was found in Scotland in the 1840s by P. A. Munch.

Prologus incipit

… tus in Philostrato suo laudans amicitiam, cum de ceteris vitro bonis ageret, inter veros amicos nihil fere difficile fore meminit. Hujus igitur tanti philosophi satis probabili sententiae nequaquam contraire ausus – tantae enim sagacitati me in omnibus imparem et ad tale et tam grave onus me imbecillem novi debite honestissimis adhortationibus utpote viri peroptimi satisfaciens, ne ingratus crebrorum munerum beneficiis existam, ad quod poscor volens nolens aggredi tentabo. Est enim mihi imperito gravis sarcina situm latissimae regionis circumquaque describere ejusdem rectorum genealogiam retexere et adventum christianitatis simul et paganismi fugam ac utriusque statum exponere. Quod negotium – nimio sudore plenum, florente mente excogitatum meæque imperitiae injunctum, sed hucusque latino eloquio intentatum – quam sit onerosum ut ob invidios quam sit periculosum, ipse optime nosti; obsecundo tamen nostris amminiculis fretus, illorum edacem livorein postponendo, si quid nostra refert, quod vos posteri haec mei laboris emolumenta habebitis; qua in re si quid indocta parentis procacitas, clemens mandantis remittat caritas. Tu igitur, O Agnelle, jure didascalico mi praelate, utcunque alii ferant haec mea scripta legentes non rhetorico lepore polita, immo scrupulosis barbarismis implicita, gratanter ut decet amicum accipito. Neque enim laudis avidus ut chronographus existo neque vituperii stimulos ut falsidicus exhorreo, cum nihil a me de vetustatis serie novum vel inauditum assumpserim, sed in omnibus seniorum assertiones secutus. Si quid vero nostris emporibus memoria dignum accidisse repperi, hoc ipsum addidi quoniam multorum magnificentias cum suis auctoribus ob scriptorum inopiam a memoria modernorum quotidie elabi perspexi.

“Prologus” to *Historia de antiquitate regum norwagiensium*

The text has been extracted from *Commentarii historici duo. hactenus inediti: Alter, De regibus vetustis Norvagicis, alter, De profectione Danorum in Terram Sanctam, circa annum MCLXXXV (1185) susceptam, eodem tempore ab incerto autore conscriptus*: Iohannis Kirchmann, Lübec. Printed by Bernh. Casp. Kirchmanno, J. U. D. in Amsterdam 1684. For an established English translation, see Faulkes & Perkings (1998).

Theodoricus (possibly Þórir) was a 12th century monk at the diocese of Trondheim under the first native archbishop, Eystein Erlendsson (d. 1188), believed to be the author of *Passio Olaui*, and to whom Theodoricus dedicated this history of the Norwegian kings. We do not know much about Theodoricus; however, he must have been quite a learned man, as can be seen by the many references in *Historia de antiquitate regum Norwagiensium* to the writings of authoritative medieval and classical writers.

Prologus

THEODORICI MONACHI in *Ecclesiastica Historia Norwagensium*

Domino & Patri suo, viro Reverendissimo Augustino Nidrosiensi Archiepiscopo Theodoricus humilis peccator debita servitutis subjectionem & orationum suffraga.

(Pagina 1). Opere pretium duxi, *Vir Illustrissime*, pauca haec de Antiquitate Regum Norwagensium breviter annotare, & prout sagaciter perquirere potuimus ab eis, pene quos horum memoria praecipue vigere creditur, quos nos *Islendingos* vocamus, quia haec in suis antiquis carminibus percelerata recolunt. Et quia pene nulla natio est tam rudis & inculta quae non aliqua monumenta suorum antecessorum ad posteros transmiserit, dignum putavi haec, pauca licet majorum nostrorum memoriae posteritatis tradere. Sed quia constat nullam ratam regalis stemmatis successionem in (p. 2) haec terra extitisse ante *Haraldi Pulchrecomati* tempora, ab ipso exordinum fecimus: Non quia dubitaverim, etiam ante ejus aetatem fuisse in hac terra viros secundum praesens seculum probitate conspicuos, *quos nimirum*, ut ait *Boëthius*, c*larissimos suis temporibus viros scriptorum inops deluit opinio*. Ad quod probandum testes ciebo isoneos. *Hugo*, bonae memoriae, canonicus *Sancti Victoris Parisiis* vir undercunque octissimus, ita meminit gentis nostrae in Chronica sua: *Northmanni*, inquit, *de Scuthia inferiori*, illam procul dubio volens intelligi superiorem, quam nos *Suethiam* appelamus, *egressi classe advecti in Gallias, intrantesque per sequanam fluvium amnia depopulati sunt ferro & flamma*. *Sigibertus* quoque *Gyemblaconsis* monachus, in Chronica sua ita scribit: *Northmanni*, inquit, *Aquilonaris gens atrocissima advecti in Gallias cum longis navibus intraverunt Ligerim* [la Loire] *in fluvium & Thurones* [Tours] *usque pervenerunt omnia vastante*. Liquet itaque, viruorum optime, ex his fuisse etiam

ante tempora *Haraldi* in hac terra in bellicus rebus potentes viros, sed, ut diximus, illorum memoriam scritorum inopia delevit. Veritatis vero sinceritas in hac nostra narratione ad illos onmimodo referenda est, quorum relatione haec annotavimus: Quia nos non visa, sed audita conscriptsimus.

Digressiones etiam more antiquorum (p. 3) Chronographorum non utiles, ut arbitramur, ad delectandum animum Lectoris loci compitentibus adjunximus. Vestra igitue *Excellentiae* potissimum praesentem schedulam examinandam misimus, cujus peritiae certissimae scimus nec resecanda superflua quicquam affore; nec benevolentiae ad ea quae recte prolata sunt comprobanda. Omnipotens Deus, custodiat Sanctitatem vesram, longo tempore incolumem, Ecclesiae suae sanctae! Vale.

Explicit Prologus

(A standardized English translation can be found in *Historia de antiquitate regum norwagiensium: An Account of the Ancient History of the Norwegian Kings (Theodoricus Monachus)*. London : Viking Society for Northern Research : pp. 1-2)

Prologue *Heimskringla*

The Old Norse text has been extracted from Pálsson, Steingrímur (1944) *Heimskringla* (Snorri Sturlusson). Reykjavik: Helgafell

Snorri Sturlasson (c.1178/9-1241) was an Icelandic lawyer or "law-sayer" in the service of the Norwegian kings. He was in Norway during the reign of Håkon Håkonsson, in the 1230s, when *Heimskringla* was written. Knowledge of the old laws, and the previous writings of Sæmundr Sigfússon (c.1056-1133) and Ari †órgillsson (c.1067-1148) written more than a century before, as well as Saxo's *Gesta Danorum*, must have spurred Snorri's interest in past political events, the history of the kings and the origins of the nation. *Heimskringla* covers the history of Norwegian kings from Halvdan the Black (9th century) to the death of Magnus Erlingsson (1177).

Prologus (p. 1-3)

Í bók þessi lét ek rita fornat frásagnir um höfðingja þá, er ríki hafa haft á Norðrlöndum ok á danska tungu hafa mælt, sva sem ek hefi heyrt fróða menn segja, sva ok nökkurar kynkvíslir þeira eftir því, sem mér hefir kennt verit, sumt þat, er finnst í langfeðgatali, því er konungar hafa rakit kyn sitt eða aðrir stórættaðir menn, en sumt er ritat eftir fornum kvæðum eða sögulljóðum, er mann hafa haft til skemmtanar sér. En þó at vér vitim eigi sannendi á því, þá vitum vér dæmi til þess, at gamlir fræðimenn hafe slíkt fyrir satt haft. Þjóðólfr inn fróði ór Hvini var skáld Haralds ins hárfagra; hann orti ok um Rögnval konung heiðumhæra kvæði þat, er kallat Ynglingatal. Rögnvald Geirstaðaálfs broður Hálfdanar svarta. Í þess kvæði eru nefndir þrír tigir langfeðga hans ok sagt frá dauða hvers þeira ok legstað. Fjölnir var sá nefndr, er sonr var Yngvifreys, þess er Svíar hafa blótat lengi síðan. Af hans nafni eru Ynglingar kallaðir. Eyvindr skáldaspillir taldi ok lengfeðga Hákonar jarls ins ríka í kvæði því, er Háleygjatal heitir, er ort var um Hákon. Sæmingr er þar nefndr sonr Yngvifreys. Sagt er þar ok frá dauða hvers þeira ok haugstað. Eftir Þjóðólfs sögn er fyrst ritin ævi Ynglinga ok þar við aukit eftir sögn fróðra manna. In fyrsta öld er kölluð brunaöld. Þá skyldi brenna alla dauðamenn ok reisa eftir bautasteina, en síðan er Freyr hafði heygðr verit at Uppsölum, þá gerðu margir höfðingjar eigi síðr hauga en gautasteina til minningar eftir frændr sína. En síðan er Danr mikilláti, Danakonungr, lét sér haug gera ok bauð sik þangat bera dauðan með konungsskrúði ok herbunaði ok hest hans með söðulreiði ok mikit fé annat, en hans ættmenn gerðu margir sva síðan, ok hófst þá haugsöld þar í Danmörku, en lengi síðan helzt brunaöld með Svíum ok Norðmönnum. En er Haraldr inn hárfagri var konungr í Nóregi, þá byggðist Ísland. Með Haraldi váru skáld, ok kunna menn enn kvæði þeira ok allra konunga kvæði, þeira er síðan hafa verit at Nóregi, ok tökum vér þar mest dæmi af því, er sagt er, í þeim kvæðum, er kveðin váru fyrir sjálfum höfðingjunum eða sonum þeira. Tökum vér þat allt fyrir satt, er í þeim kvæðum finnst um ferðir þeira eða orrostur. En þat er háttr skálda at lofa þann mest, er þá eru þeir fyrir, en engi myndi þat þora at segja sjálfum honum þau verk hans, er allir þeir, er heyrði, vissi, at hégómi væri ok skrök, ok sva sjálfr hann. Þat væri þá háð, en eigi lof.

Ari prestr inn fróði Þorgillsson, Gellissonar, ritaði fyrstr manna hér á landi at norrænu máli fræði, bæði forna ok nýja. Ritaði hann mest í upphafi sinnar bokár fra Íslands byggð ok lagasetning, síðan fra lögsögumönnum, hversu lengi hverr, hafði sagt, ok hafði þat áratal fyrst til þess, er kristni kom á Ísland, en síðan allt til sinna daga. Hann tók þar ok við mörg önnur dæmi, bæði konungaævi í Nóregi ok Danmörku ok svá í Englandi eða enn stortíðendi, er görzt höfðu hér í landi, ok þykkir mér hans sögn öll merkiligust. Var hann forvitri ok svá gamall, at hann var fæddr næsta vetr eftir fall Haralds Sigurðarsonar. Hann ritaði, sem hann sjálfr segir, ævi Nóregskonunga eftir sögu Odds Kolssonar, Hallssonar af Síðu, en Oddr nam at Þorgeiri afráðskoll, þeim manni, er vitr var ok svá gamall at hann bjó þá í Niðarnesi, er Hákon jarl inn ríki var drepinn. Í þeim sama stað lét Óláfr konungr Tryggvason efna til kaupvangs, þar sem nú er. Ari prestr kom sjauvetra gamall í Haukadal til Hallr Þorarinssonar ok var þar fjórtan vetr. Hallr var maðr stórvitr ok minnigr. Hann mundi þat, er Þangbrandr prestr skírði hann þrévetran. Þat var vetri fyrr en krístni væri í lög tekin á Íslandi. Ari var tólf vetra gamall, þá er Ísleifr byskup andaðist. Hallr fór milli landa ok hafði félag Óláfs konungs ins helga ok fekk af því uppreist mikla, var honum því kunnigt um ríki hans. En þá er Ísleifr byskup andaðist, var liðít frá falli Óláfs konungs Tryggvasonar nær átta tigum vetra. Hallr andaðist níu vetrum síðar en Ísleifr byskup.

Þá var Hallr at vetratali níræðr ok fjögurra vetra. Hann hafði gört bú í Haukadal þrítökr ok bjó þar sex tigu ok fjóra vetr. Svá ritað Ari. Teitr, sonur Ísleifs byskups, var með Halli í Haukadal at fóstri ok bjó þar síðan. Hann lærði Ara prest, ok marga fræði sagði hann honum, þá er Ari ritaði síðan. Ari nam ok marga fræði at Þuríði, dóttur Snorra goða. Hon var spök at viti; hon mundi Snorri, föður sinn, en hann var þá nær hálfrfertögr, er kristni kom á Ísland, en andaðist einum vetri eftir fall Óláfs konung ins helga. Þat var eigi undarligt, at Ari væri sannfróðr at fornum tíðendum, bæði her ok útan lands, at hann hafði numit at gömlum mönnum ok vitrum, en var sjálfr námgjarn ok minnigr. En kvæðin þykkja mér sízt ór stað færð, ef þau eru rétt kveðin ok skynsamliga upp tekin.

English Translation

In this book I have had written down the old sayings about the ancient chieftains who ruled the northern countries and who spoke the Danish tongue,[1] according to what I have heard wise men report, and also about their ancestry as I have come across. I have learned some from the oral accounts according to which kings and other nobles reckon their lineage. Some of the material derive from old songs and historical poems that people perform for their entertainment. Because, even if we do not know for sure that they are true, we know that old wise men saw in them the truth.

Þjódólfr the wise from Kvine was Haraldr the Fair-Hair's bard, he composed a poem called *Ynglingatal* about King Rögnvaldr the Venerable. Rögnvaldr was son of Óláf Geirstaðaálfs brother, Halvdan the Black. In this poem he enumerates thirty

[1] Old Norse was regularly referred by contemporaneous writers as Danish tongue, testifying to the close relations between the Scandinavian peoples in the earliest vernacular writings.

of his forefathers, how they all died, and where their burial mound is located. Fjölnir is the name of the son of Yngvifrey to whom the Swedes sacrificed for a long time (after his death), from whom the Ynglinge clan descended. Eyvindr the poem breaker also told about the ancestors of earl Hákon in a momentous poem entitled *Háleygjatal*, which he composed for Hákon. In it, Sæmingr is called the son of Yngvifrey, and the poem retells how his forefathers died and where they are buried. [We have] first written the life history of the Ynglinge clan on account of †jóðlfr, augmented with material gathered from the sayings of wise men.

The period is called the "burning age," as it was customary to burn the dead and raise a tall stone pillar in their memory. But ever since Frey was buried in a barrow in Uppsala, many chieftains rather make barrows than erect pillars in memory of their kinsmen and friends. And since Dan the Proud, the Danish King, had a barrow made and asked that his remains be buried in it with his royal apparel, armor, his horse fully mounted, and much of his other earthly belongings, many of his descendants took to this tradition, and thus initiated what is known as the barrow period in Danish history. The burning period continued for some time amongst Swedes and Norwegians.

Iceland was colonized when Haraldr the Fair-Hair was King of Norway. In Harald's household there were bards, and learned men still know their poems and songs about the kings who ruled Norway. We have taken most from these (sources) because what is said in them was performed in front of the chieftains themselves or for their sons. We consider true what is said in them about the (ancient kings') adventures and battles. It is however the habit of the skalds to praise the man before whom they stand; nevertheless, no one would dare tell a man about sham deeds if everyone listening knew that they are only boasting lies, including the patron for whom the poem was composed. Such a behavior [on the part of the skald] would be contempt and not praise […].

Pater Ari Þorgillsson the Wise, son of (Þorgil) Gellisson, was the first in this country to write, in the Norse tongue, about both old and present events. In his book he wrote primarily about the settlement of Iceland, about the recording of the laws, about the lawyers and how long it took them to recite the law, and he counted all the years from these happenings to the introduction of Christianity in Iceland and even after. He also included many other events in his book, such as the history of the kings in Norway and Denmark as well as in England, and other important affairs in this country. I think that all his stories are worthy of our attention. He was very knowledgeable and so old that he was born one winter after the fall of Haraldr Sigurðarson. He wrote, as he put it himself, the life history of the Norwegian kings according to the tales of Oddr Kolsson from Siðu. This Oddr had learned the tale from Þorgeir Afráðskollr (the tenant?), a very wise man and so old that he had lived at Niðarnes when earl Hákon the Mighty was slain. In this place, Óláfr Trgygvason let construct a commercial town which still exists.

Ari priest came to Haukadal at the age of seven to Hallr Þórarinsson and remained there the next fourteen years. Hallr was a man with great knowledge and a good memory. He remembered that †angbradr baptized him when he was three, one year before Christianity was introduced by law in Iceland. Ari was twelve years old when bishop Ísleifr died. Hallr traveled between the (two) countries and engaged in

business with King Óláfr the Saint and became a rich man and acquired great knowledge about Óláf's kingdom. Bishop Ísleifr died almost eight winters after the fall of Óláf Trygvason. Hallr died nine years after the bishop when he was ninety-four. He had settled at Haukadal when he was thirty and lived there for sixty-four years. This is what Ari wrote. Teitr, the son of bishop Ísleifr, was fostered by Hallr in Haukadal and lived there ever since. He taught Ari priest and told him many wise old things, which Ari later recorded. Ari also learned much from Þuríði, the daughter of Snorri the Good. She was wise and she remembered Snorri her father and his adventures. He was about thirty-five when the Christian faith was introduced in Iceland, and died one year after the fall of King Óláfr the Saint. It was not surprising that Ari had so much knowledge about the events of the past, both domestic and foreign, as he had learned from so many wise people, and was both quick to learn and had a good memory. However, I believe that the songs are trustworthy if they are performed right and interpreted with prudence.[2]

[2] For an established English version of Snorri's work, see Snorre Sturlason (1990) *Heimskringla*, or the Lives of the Norse kings. Monsen, Erling & A. H. Smith (Ed. & Trans.) . New York: Dover

On Norway in *Gesta Hammaburgensis ecclesiae pontificum*

The Latin text has been extracted from Adam of Bremen (1876) *Gesta Hammaburgensis ecclesia pontificium ex recensione Lappenberggii, in usum scolarum ex monumenta germaniae historicis recusa*. Hannover: Impensis Bibliopolii Hahniani, pp. 153-189.

Adam of Bremen (d.c. 1072/1076) came to the archdiocese of Bremen-Hamburg in 1068, which had been the archdiocese for all the Northern regions since 831. In 1103, the diocese at Lund became archdiocese for all the Scandinavian peoples and the Atlantic islands. Adam became canon of the Hamburg cathedral and *magister scholarium*. It is uncertain whether or not Adam ever traveled to the North; however, he went to Denmark in 1069, to visit King Svend Estridson (1047-1076).

In his description of the Northern regions, Adam relies to a great extent on previous Latin historians such as Einhard (c.770-840), Martianus Capella (5th century) , Solinus (3rd century) and Orosius (5th century). The *Gesta Hammaburgensis* comprises four books, and the present text is drawn from the last, a predominantly geographical book, in which there is a reference to an island beyond Iceland and Greenland, the Vinland discovered by Leif Eiriksson.[3]

Ingressio: Descriptio insularum Aquilonis. Si placet haec quarti maneant primordia libri.

Provintia Danorum tota fere in insulas dispertita est, sicut etiam legitur in *Gestis sancti Anscarii*. Hanc autem Daniam a nostris Nordalbingis flumen Egdore dirimit, quod oritur in prufundissimo saltu paganorum Isharnho, quem dicunt extendi secus mare barbarum usque ad Sliam lacum. Ceterum flumen Egdore descendit usque in occeanum Fresonicum, quem Romani scribunt Brittannicum. Ex prima quidem pars Daniae, quae Iudlant dicitur, ab Egdore in boream longitudine protenditur (p. 154) habens iter tridui, si in Funem insulam divertis. Si vero a Slieswig in Alaburg per directum viam metiris quinque aut septem habes iter dierum. Haec est strata Ottinis caesaris usque ad mare novissimum Wendile, quod in hodiernum diem ex victoria regis appellatur Ottinsand. Latitudo Iudlant secus Egdoram diffusior est, inde vero paulatim contrahitur ad formam linguae in eum angulum qui Wendila dicitur, ubi Iudlant finem habet. Inde brevissimus in Normanniam transitus est. Ageribi sterilis; praeter loca flumini propinquia, omnia fere desertum videntur; terra salsuginis et vastae solitudinis. Porro cum omnis tractus Germaniae profundis horreat saltibus, sola est Iudlant ceteris horridior, quae in terra fugitur propter inopiniam fructuum, in mari vero propter infestationem pyratarum. Vix invenitur culta in aliquibus locis, vix humanae oportuna. Sicubi vero

[3] Praeterea unam adhuc insulam recitavit a multis in eo repertam occeano, quae dicitur Winland, eo quod ibi vites sponte nascantur, vinum optimum ferentes. Nam et fruges ibi non seminatas habundare, nonfabulosa opinione, sed certa comperimus relatione Danorum (Adam of Bremen: 186). "Furthermore, he (king Svend) mentioned still another island found by many in that ocean. This island is called Wineland because grapevines grow wild there, giving the finest wine. And crops grow plentiful there without having been sown. This is not an imagined invention, we learnt it from the Danes" (my translation).

brachia maris occurrunt, ibi civitates habet maximas. Hanc regionem quondam caesar Otto subiciens tributo, in tres divisit episcopatus, unum constituens apud Sliaswig, quae et Heidiba dicitur, quam brachium quoddam freti barbari alluit, quod incolae Sliam vocant, unde et civitas nomen trahit. Ex eo portu naves emitti solent in Sclavaniam vel in Suediam vel ad Semlant usque in Graeciam. Alterum fecit episcopatum in Ripa, quae civitas alio cingitur (p.155) alveo, qui ab occeano influit, et per quem vela torquentur in Fresiam, aut certe in Angliam vel in nostram Saxoniam. Tertium voluit episcopatum esse in Arhusan. Et hanc fretum quoddam a Fune dirimit brevissimum, quod ab orientali pelago ingrediens, longis anfractibus inter Funem et Iudlant protenditur in boream, usque ad eandem civitatem Arhusan, a qua navigatur in Funem aut Selant sive in Sconiam vel usque in Norwegiam.

Postea vero deficiente hoc episcopatu, quem tercium posuimus, Iudlant duos solummodo episcopatuis retinuit, Sleswicensem videlicet ac Ripensem, donec, mortuo nuper Wal, Ripensi episcopo, diocesis illa discreta est in quatuor episcopatis, auctoritatem suam praebente archiepiscopo. (p. 156) Qui mox consecravit in Ripam Oddonem, in Arhusan Christianum, in Wiberch Heribertum, in Wendilam Magnum, cui, dum post ordinationem rediret, in Albia naufrago subrogavit Albricum. Hii quatuor episcopi tunc Ripensem dono Sueni regis sortiti sunt parrochiam…

(Pagina 169) Transeuntibus insulas Danorum alter mundus aperitur in Sueoniam vel Nordmanniam, quae sunt duo latissima regna aquilonis et nostro orbi adhuc fere incognita. De quibus narravit mihi scientissimus rex Danorum,[4] quod Nordmannia vix queat transiri per mensem, cum Sueonia duobus mensibus non faccile percurratur. *Quod ipse*, inquit, *probaveram, qui nuper sub Iacobo rege 12 annis militavi in illis regionibus, quae altissimis ambea montibus includuntur, magis autem Nordmannia, quae suis alpibus circumdat Sueoniam.* De Sueonia vero nontacent antiqui auctores Solinus et Orosius, qui dicunt, pluriam partem Germaniae Suevos tenere, necnon montana eius usque ad Ripheos montes extendi. Ibi est etiam Albis fluvius, de quo Lucanus meminisse videtur. Ille oritur in praedictis alpibus, perque medios Gothorum populos currit in occeanum, unde et Gothelba dicitur. Fertilissima regio est Sueonia, ager frugibus et melle opimus, extra quod pecorum fetu omnibus antefertur, oportunitas fluminum sylvarumque maxima ubique peregrinis mercibus omnis regio plena. Ita nullis egere Sueonies dicas opibus, exceptas quam nos diligamus sive potius adoramus, superbia.

(Pagina 174) Nunc de superstitione Sueonum pauca dicemus. Nobilissimum illa gens templum habet, quod Ubsola dicitur, non longe positum ab Sictona civitate. In hoc templo, quod totum ex auro paratum est, statuas trium deorum veneratur populus, ita ut potentissimus eorum Thor in medio solium habeat triclinio; hinc et inde locum possident Wodan et Fricco. Quorum significationes eiusmodi sunt: *Thor*, inquit, *praesidet in aere, qui tonitrusa et fumina, ventos ymbresque, serena et fruges gubernat. Alter Wodan,* (p. 175) *id est furor, bella gerit, hominique ministrat virtutem contra inimicos. Tertius est Fricco, pacem voluptatemque largiens mortalibus.*Cuius etiam simulacreum fingunt cum ingenti priapo. Wodanem vero sculpunt armatum, sicut nostri Martem solent; Thor autem cum sceptro Iovem simulare videtur. Colunt et deos ex hominibus factos, quos pro ingentibus factis immortalitate donant, sicut in Vita sancti Anscarii leguntur Hericum regem fecisse.

[4] Svend Estridsson (1047-1076)

Omnibus itaque diis attributos habent sacerdotes, qui sacrificia populi offerant. Si pestis et famis imminet, Thor ydolo lybatur, si bellum, Wodani, si nuptiae celebrandae sunt, Fricconi…

(Pagina 178) Nortmannia, sicut ultima orbis provintia est, in ultimo libri loco convenienter ponetur a nobis. Haec a modernis dicitur Norguegia. De cuius situ vel magnitudine, cum prius aliqua communiter cum Sueonia dixerimus, nunc vero spetialiter hoc dicendum est, quod longitudine sua inextremam septentrionis plagam extenditur haec regio, unde et dicitur. Incipit autem ex prominentibus scopulis huius freti, quod Balticum appellari solet; deinde reflexo, in aquilonem dorso, postquam frementis occeani marginem suo circuit, tandem in Ripheis montibus limitem facit, ubi et lassus deficit orbis. *Nortmannia propter asperitatem montium sive propter frigus intemperatum sterilissima est omnium regionum, solis aptis pecoribus*. Quorum armenta ritu Arabum longe in desertis stabulant. Eoque victu peculii transigunt vitam, ut lacte pecundum in cibos, lana utantur in vestes. Indeque fortissimos educat milites, qui nulla frugum luxuria molliti, sepius impugnant alios, quam ipsi molestentur ab aliquo. Sine invidia cum proximis habitant Sueonibus, quamvis a Danis, aeque pauperibus, non impune temptentur aliquando. Itaque rei familiaris inopia coacti, totum mundum circumeunt et pyraticis raptibus amplissimam terrarum facultatem reportant domum, penuriam suae regionis tali modo sustinentes. Post susceptam vero christianitatem melioribus imbuti scolis, didicerunt iam pacem et veritatem diligere, paupertate sua contenti esse, immo quae habent collecta spargere, non ut prius sparsa colligere. (p. 179) Cumque nefandis artibus maleficorum omnes ab initio servirent, nunc cum apostolo simpliciter confitentur Christum et hunc crucifixzum. Sunt etiam continentissimi omnium mortalium, tam in cibis quam in moribus parcitatem modestiamque summopere diligentes. Praeterea sacerdotum et ecclesiarum tantam habent venerationem, ut vix christianus habeatur, qui non cotidie obtulerit ad missam, quam audierit. Verum baptismus et confirmatio, dedicationes altarium et sacrorum benedicto ordinum apud illos et Danos care omnia redimuntur. Quod ex avaritia sacerdotum prodisse arbitror, quia barbari decimas adhuc dare aut nesciunt aut nolunt, ideo constringuntur in ceteris, quae deberent gratis offerri. Nam et visitacio infirmorumet sepultura mortuorum, omnia ibi venalia. Apud illos tanta morum insignia, ut compertum habeo, sola sacerdotumcorrupuntur avaricia…

(Pagina 182) Post Nortmanniam, quae est ultima aquilonis, nichil invenies habitacionis humanae, nisi terribilem visu et infinitum occeanum, qui totum mundum amplectitur. Is habet ex adverso Northmanniae insulas multas non ignobiles, quae nunc fere omnes Northmannorum ditioni subiacent, ideoque non praeterundae sunt a nobis, quoniam Hammaburgensem parrochiam et ipsae respiciunt. Quarum primae sunt Orchades insulas, quas barbari vocant Organas; ritu Cicladum illae sunt dispersae per occeanum. De quibus (p. 183) Romani auctores Martianus et Solinus ita scripsisse videntur: *A tergo Britanniae unde infinitus patet occeanus, Orchadae sunt insulae, quarum 20 sunt desertae, 16 coluntur…*

On Norway in Historia Norwegi(a)e

The Latin text copied below has been extracted from Gustav Storm (1880) *Monumenta Historica Norwegiae.* Kristiania: Brøgger, pp. 73-82.

The author of this first Latin history of Norway remains unidentified. The author was probably a member of the diocese of Nidaros, and compiled his history some time around the establishment of the archdiocese in 1152. *Historia Norwegie* emerges as a national history; however, with numerous references to a authoritative medieval and classical historians, amongst others Solinus (3rd centruy) and Adam of Bremen (d.c.1072). The Prologue has by some been seen as an emulation of Honorius of Autun's prologue to *Imago Mundi*.

The history is a tribute to the newly Christened nation. The history was the first book in a larger project, as indicated by the "incipit liber primus" with which the history begins. The second volume has not been positively identified, but it is believed that *Passio Olavi*, attributed to Eystein Erlendsson (d. 1188), may have been the second book. The extant manuscript text is a copy dating from between 1443 and 1510.

Incipit liber primus in historia Norwegiae

Norwegia igitur a quodam rege, qui Nor nuncupatus est, nomen obtinuerat. Est autem Norwegia regio vastissima sed maxima ex parte inhabitabilis prae nimietate montium et nemorum ac friorum. Quae in oriente *a*—- (missing text)—- magno flumine incipit, versus occidentem vero vergit et sic circumflexo fine per aquilonem regyrat. Est terra nimis sinuosa, innumera protendens promontoria, habitabilibus zonis per longum cincta: prima, quae maxima et maritima est; secunda mediterranea, quae et montana dicitur; tertia silvestris, quae Finnis inhabitatur, sed non aratur. Circumsepta quidem ex occasu et aquilone (p.74) refluentis occeani, a meridie vero Daciam et Balticum mare habet, sed de sole Swethiam, Gautoniam, Angariam, Jamtoniam. Quas nunc partes (deo gratias) gentes colunt christianae. Versus vero septemtrionem gentes perplures paganismo (proh dolor) inservientes tran Norwegiam ab oriente extenduntur, scilicet Kiriali et Kwaeni, (p.75) cornuti Finni ac utrique Biarmones. Sed quae gentes post istos habitent, nihil certum habemus. Quidam tamen nautae cum de Glaciali insula ad Norwegiam remeare studuissent et a contrariis ventorum turbinibus in brumalem plagam propulsit essent, inter Viridenses et Biarmones tandem applicuerunt, ubi homines mirae magnitudinis et virginum terram (quae gustu aquae concipere dicuntur) se reperisse protestati sunt. Ab istis vero Viridis (p. 76) terra congelatis scopulis dirimitur. Quae patria a Telensibus reperta et inhabitata oc fide catholica roborata terminus est ad occasum Europae, fere contingens Africanas insulas, ubi inundant oceani refluenta. Trans Viridenses ad aquilonem quidam homunciones a venatoribus reperiuntur, quos Scrælinga appellant; qui dum vivi armis feriuntur, vulnera eorum absque cruore albescunt, mortuis vero vix cessat sanguis manare. Sed ferri metallo penitus carent, dentibus cetinis pro missilibus, saxis acutis pro cultris utuntur.

Huc usque situm et circumstantias Norwegiae ostendimus, nunc autem trifariam ejus habitationem exsequamur.

De tripartito incolatu Norwegiae

Zona itaque maritima Decapolis dici potest, nam X civitatibus inclyta est, patrias complectens XXII provinciarum capaces. Prima patria Sinus orientalis dicitur, a terminis Daciae oriens, et usque ad locum, qui Rygiarbit appellantur, extenditur IIII provincias continens. Secunda Gulacia ad insulam, quae Media nuncupatur, usque protelatur VI complectens provincias, quarum ultima nomine Mor villam quandam habet naturae mirabilis; omnes enim stipites arborumque abcisi ramusculi, si per unius anni spatium terrrae inhaerant, in lapides convertuntur. Tertia patria Throndemia vocitatur et est sinus ostio angustissimo, octo capiens provincias in sua latissima receptacula III etiam extra sumens et fiunt XI. Quarta Halogia, cujus incolae multum Finnis cohabitant et inter se commercia frequentant; quae patria in aquilonem terminat Norwegiam juxta locum Wegestaf, qui Biarmoniam ab ea dirimit. Ibi ille profundissimus septentrionalis sinus, qui Charybdim, Scyllam et inevitabiles voragines in se continet; ibi et promontoria congelata, quae immensas glacies fluctivomis inundationibus augmentatas brumalique frigore concretas in maria praecipitant, quibus crebro institores Viridem terram petentes inviti applicant sicquc naufragium passi periclitantur. Ibi etiam cete grandia diversi generis fortissimas naves confringentia, nautas diglutiunt, quosdam submergunt. Ibi equini ceti monoculi jubis diffusis profunda pelagi sulcantes ferocissimi reperiuntur; illic pistrix, illic *hafstrambus*,[5] maxima bellua, sed sine cauda et capite solum susum et jusum dissiliendo veluti truncus, non nisi nautarum pericula praefiguret, apparet. Illic *hafguva*[6] et *hafkitta*[7] prae cunctis marinis monstris maxima et cetera hujuscemodi infinita reperiuntur.

Revertentes a maritimis transferamur ad montana.

De montanis Norwegiae.

Mediterranea zona a metis Gautoniae excipitur; quae item patrias et XII provincias complectens usque Throndemiam porrigitur. Hujus prima patria regnum Raumorum ac Ringorum cum continuis provinciis; secunda Thelemarchia cum remotis ruribus; tertia Heidmarchia cum convallibus Albiae; quarta valles Gudbrandi cum Loariis et finitimis provinciis. Illam terminat magnus mons Dofrarum. Sunt perplures incollatus inter maritima et montana, ut Waldresia et vallis Haddingorum ac ceteri, qui Gulaticis subjacent legibus. Est fluvius in montanis aureis rubens arenis, qui de illo magno stagno Miorso surgens mare orientalis sinus intrat; nam quondam Saxones illo adventantes et per ungulas boum eundem amnem trans-natantium auri metallum inesse deprehendentes furtim conflatum infinitum detulerunt aurum. Est item juxta civitatem Asloiam magna copia argenti metalli, quae nunc nimia aquarum fluentia hominibus vetita sub petrina mole latet absconsa.

Peragratis montanis silvas Finnorum ingrediamur perscrutatum.

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[5] “Hafstrambr” – a sea monster of almost human appearance (havmann); “Hafstraumr” – a sea current.

[6] “Hafgula” – A sea monster

[7] “Hafkitti” – A whale

On Norway in *Om Norgis Rige*

The Middle Norwegian text has been extracted from Harald Beyer (1928) *Om Norgis Rige*. Absalon Pederssøn Beyer. Oslo: Foreningen for Norsk Bokkunst/Beyers Forlag

Absalon Pederssøn Beyer's (1528-1575) Norwegian history is more a personal reflection and commentary upon current and past historical events than a chronological history of past political events. He resented the presence of the Hanseatic League in Bergen and believed that the German merchants—who dominated virtually every aspect of commercial life—were responsible for much of the moral decay in his hometown. After his university studies abroad—first in Copenhagen, then in Wittenberg—he devoted himself to the Chapter of Bergen and the students at the Latin school. He did not himself translate the Old Norse sagas—there is no evidence that he mastered the Old Norse language—but must have read them in either Jon Simonssøn's, Mattis Størssøn's, or Laurents Hanssøn's translations. Simonssøn, a lawyer, came to the Chapter in 1532 as the archbishops deputy administrator, and Hanssøn worked for the administration in the 1540s. The selected passages about Norway can be compared with Theodoricus, Chapter 20 and 22; *Ágrip*, Chapter 31-35; and Adam of Bremen, pp. 153-189.

About Norway (pp. 50-51)

Norgis rige indenlands skiftis udi disse efterskrevne biskops sticts: Trondhjem, Bergen, Staffuanger, Hammer, Opslo.

Ser man nu til Trondhjems erchebiskops stict, da skiftis det udi tre parter, som er er udi det len, ser er omkring Trondhjem paa alle sider, oc udi Hemelanden (Nordland) oc Findmarchen.

Hemlande oc Trondelagen have skjøne agre oc eng, merkelige gode laxefiske oc sildefiske, herlige elver, veldige skove, god gressgang, der vanker oc herlige vildvare, los, rever, maard, biørneskind, ulvskind, felfraas, graaverk, elgskind, hjorter. Item herligt, kraftigt smør, ost oc anden god vare.

Ser man oc til Hemlande, da er det oc eit skjønt fructsommeligt land med agre oc eng, vildvare, med lax oc sild, oc besynderlig den gode, vide berømte raaskering.

Ser man oc til Findmarchen, daa er det mest øer liggendis udi havet, oc er eit ufructsomligt land med korn, fordi sommeren er der saa stackit at der kan det ei voxe. Dog haver Gud udi andre maade med sine guddommelig gaver det beprydet, først at man kan se solen klarligen med sine øyen den høgste sommer igjennom, saa vel om natten som om dagen, saa at hun gaar icke under, oc femmede folk som kommer did, skifte ofte natten til dagen, endog at der er ingen nat. Oc om vinteren, naar han er paa sit høgste oc maanen skinner som om natten der, daa skinner han saa vel om dagen som om natten, oc de have altid ljus at se af. Der nest faar man der herlig fisk, som vide føris i andre land : man faar den lystige oc fede rav (som smager saare vel i lybsk oc hamburgisk vinkellere, oc end i Bremem oc andre steder flere) reckling, item rocker, spord oc hine store hvale, rosmer, med deris huder oc

tender, oc andre underlige ting. Der er oc eit slags djur, man kaller rein. Der faar man røde, hvide, sorte oc blackede rever. Der ser man sildebergen den ganske sommer udi havit, hvorlunde de spele, der faar man oc hine hvide kobber oc mange andre herlige Guds gaver, som er haabrand, haakerling, af hvilken man faar lyse, some føris vide undenlands.

Udi dette stict haver altid kongerne i Norgis rige verit kronede indtil paa denne dag, der er erchestol, der er kongens ypperste sede, der er den vide berømde domkirke, oc paa hennis kirkegaard den sted, paa hvilken kongerne bleve kronede, der var den gyldne ros, som staden haver sit navn af oc kallis Nidros. Til den haver udi fordom tid af adskillige kongeriger oc førstedømme verit en stor berømd søgning til, icke allene for den vrange helligdom som der skede, men ogsaa fordi at de ville beskue udi dette kongerige den vide berømde verdige, drabelige, stadselige oc underlige bygning, som med menneskelige hender synis neppelig at vere opbygd, men af nogle høgre oc ypperligre aand oc forstand.

Famous warriors and heroes (p. 37)

Gud [havde oc] begavit kongerne med veldige, dapper krigsmend oc kemper, som baade havde vilje oc forstand, hjerte oc sind til at vaage deris liv for deris herre oc konge.

Saa haver der udi hver enevolds kongers tid verit besynderlige krigsmend: i Harald Haarfagers tid var Hauck haabrog, i Oluf Tryggvessøns tid var Einar Tambaskjelver, Kolbjørn Stallare, Torsten Oxefod, Ulff Røde. Udi St. Oluffs oc Svend Tjuveskjeggs tid vore Einar Tambarskjelver oc Torberg i Giska, hans brødre oc flere…

English Translation

About Norway

The kingdom of Norway is divided into the following four dioceses: Trondheim, Bergen, Hamar, Stavanger, and Oslo.

The archdiocese of Trondheim is divided into three regions: the counties around Trondheim [in every direction], Hemland (Nordland), and Finnmark.

Hemland and the region called Trøndelag have beautiful fields, wonderful salmon and herring, splendid rivers, vast forests, good grassland. The wildlife there is abundant: lynx, fox, marten, bear skin, wolf skin, leather, grey fur, moose skin, and hides. Furthermore, superb and healthful butter, cheese and other good products.

If we look at Hemland, it is also blessed with fertile land, cornfields and grassland, wildlife, salmon and herring, and especially the famous and tasty stockfish.

Finnmark is mainly a region of islands in the sea. The land is not fertile and is not sown because the summer is not warm and corn cannot grow. Nevertheless, God has in other ways granted the region with divine gifts: Here it is possible, during the summer, to watch the sun in all its brightness as well during the day as during night as it never sets. Foreigners who travel here sometimes become confused as to whether it is day or night because there is no night. Towards mid-winter, the moon

glow as much during the day as during the night, so that people always have light to work by. And people catch wonderful fish, sold to many countries: you have the fat and delicious halibut (which tastes well in the wine cellars of Lübeck and Hamburg, as well as in Bremen and other places), dried fish, skate, eel, great whales and walrus with skin and tusks, and other remarkable things. There is also the animal we call reindeer. There are red, white, black and brown fox. There are heaps of herring in the sea in the summer, and seals, and you can catch white seal, and many others of God's gifts, such as porbeagle, Greenland shark, of which one makes oil for export.

In the diocese (of Trondheim), the Norwegian kings have always been crowned until this day, at the archbishopric, and this is where you find the King's finest residence; and at the cemetery, close to where the kings were crowned, there was a golden rose, from which the name of the town (Nidaros)[8] derived. In ancient times, the town was renowned in many kingdoms and principalities, and visited by many from far and abroad, not only because of the (blasphemous) holy (shrine), but also (by people who wanted) to see the world-famous, worthy, glorious and magnificent building, which (in its splendor) seems to have been built, not by human hands, but by some higher spirit and reason.

Famous warriors

And God also provided the kings with strong, heroic warriors and giant fighters, men who had the will and wit, heart and mind to risk their lives for their lords and kings:

Every ruling king had marvelous knights: Harald the Fair-haired had Hauck the Proud, in the times of Olaf Trygvasson there was Einar Tambarskjelver,[9] marshal Kolbjørn, Torsten Cloven Foot, and Ulff the Red. Saint Olaf and Svend Fork-Beard (Alfivason) (also) had Einar Tambarskjelver and Torberg of Giska, his brothers and many more…

[8] Beyer seems to believe that the "ros" in the old name Nidaros means "rose," when in fact the river Nidar and its estuary ("os") gave the place its name. By the 16th century, Nidaros was regularly referred to as Trondheim in civil affairs.

[9] "Who makes the bow vibrate."

On Olav Haraldsson in *Gesta hammaburgensis ecclesiae pontificum*

The passages presented have been extracted from Adamus Bremensis (1876) *Gesta Hammaburgensis ecclesiae pontificum*. Hannover: Impensis Bibliopopii Hahniani, Liber II (For an established English translation of the Latin text, see Tschan 1959.)

The archdiocese of Bremen-Hamburg had organized the first Christian missions in the North from 831 to 1103. Although most of the early clergy came from the British Isles, the church that they built in Norway came under the supervision of the archdiocese of Bremen-Hamburg. As canon of the administrative center for the emerging Norwegian church, Adam had a special interest in the northern regions and their Christianization. Adam was made canon of the cathedral and *magister scholarum*. It is uncertain whether or not Adam ever traveled to the North; however, he went to Denmark in 1069, to visit King Svend Estridson (1047-1076). In 1072, the diocese at Lund took over the administrative charge of all the Scandinavian peoples and the Atlantic islands, and in 1153, Trondheim became the national archbishopric for the Norwegian Church.

(Liber II, Cap. 49, Pagina 75) Suein, Rex Danorum atque Nortmannorum, veteres iniurias tam occisi fratris quam suae repulsionis ulturus, classe magna transfretavit in Angliam, ducens secum filium suum Chnut et Olaph, filium Cracaben,[10] de quo supra dictum est. Itaque multo tempore multis praeliis adversum (p. 76) Anglos exactis, Suein veteranum regem depulit Edilredum et insulam tenuit in sua ditione, verum brevi tempore. Nam tercio mense postquam victoriam adeptus est, ibidem morte praeventus occubuit.

(Cap. 50, p. 76) Chnud, filius regis cum exercitu reversus in patriam, denuo bellum molitur in Anglos. Olaph a Nortmannis electus in principem, separatus est a regno Danorum. Tunc vero Chnud ancipiti casu turbatus, pactum iniit cum fratre Olaph, filio Herici, qui regnavit in Suedia, eiusque fultus auxilio deliberavit primo quidem Angliam subiugare, deinde Norvegiam. Itaque mille navibus magnis Chnut armatus occeanum transivit Britannicum, per quem, sicut nautae referunt, a Dania in Angliam, flantibus euris, triduo vela panduntur. Hoc mare magnum et valde periculosum a laeva Orcadas habet, dextrorsum attingit Frisiam.

(Cap. 51, p. 76) Triennium ergo Chnut Britanniam oppugnavit. Adelrad, rex Anglorum, apud Lundonam obsessus obiit, simul cum regno amittens vitam. (Et iusto iudicio Dei, qui fratre per martyrium consummato 38 annis sceptrum sanguine polluit. Is parricidium taliter expiavit, relinquens filium parvulum nomine Edvardum, quem suscepit ab Imma uxore. Frater Adelradi Emund, vir bellicosus, in gratiam victoris veneno sublatus est; filii eius in Ruzziam exilio dampnati.

(Cap. 52, p. 77) Chnud regnum Adelradi accepit uxoremque eius Immam nomine, quae fuit sorore comitis Nortmannorum Rikardi. Cui rex Danorum suam Margaretam pro foedere. Quam deinde Chnut repudiatam a comite Wolf duci Angliae dedit, eiusque Wolf sororem copulatam alteri duci Gudvino, callide ratus

[10] Olaf Tryggvason himself, called "Krakeben" (Crow foot) by the Danes (according to Adam in the previous chapter) because he could tell the future by reading birds' feet, an ancient pagan ritual.

Anglos et Nortmannos per conubia Danis fideliores, quae res eum non fefellit. Et Rikardus quidem comes declinans iram Chnut, Iherosollmam profectus, ibidem obiit relinquens filium in Nortmannia nomine Rodbertum, cuius filius est iste Willelmus, quem Franci Bastardum vocant. Wolf autem ex sorore regis Chnut filios suscepit Bern[11] ducem et Suein regem, Guduin a sorore Wolf ducis Suein, Tostin et Haroldum genuit parricidas. Quam generationis seriem, quoniam secuturae lectioni utilem iudicavimus, hic inserere dignum videbatur.

(Cap. 55, P. 78) Inter Chnut et Olaph, regem Nortmannorum, continuum fuit bellum nec cessavit omnibus diebus vitae eorum; Danis pro imperio certantibus, Nortmannis vero pugnantibus libertate. In qua re iustior mihi visa est causa Olaph, cui bellum necessarium magis fuit quam voluntarium. Si quando autem tempus a bellorum motibus quietum erat, idem Olaph judicio et iusticia regnum gubernavit. Dicunt eum inter cetera virtutum opera magnum Dei zelum habuisse, ut a maleficos de terra disperderet, quorum numero cum tota barbaries exundet, praecipue vero Norvegia monstris talibus plena est. Nam et divini et augures et magi et incantatores ceterique satellites antichristi habitant ibi, quorum praestigiis et miraculis infelices animae ludibrio daemonibus habentur. Hos omnes et huiusmodi beatissimus rex Olaph persequi decrevit, ut scandalis firmius coalesceret in regno suo christiana religio. Habuitque secum multos episcopos et presbyteros ab Anglia, quorum monitu et doctrina ipse cor suum Deo praeparavit subiectumque populum illis ad regendum commisit. Quorum clari doctrina et virtutibus erant Sigafrid, Grimkil, Rudolf et Bernard. Hi etiam iussu regis ad Suediam et Gothiam et omnes insulas, quae trans Nortmanniam sunt, accesserunt euangelizantes barbaris verbum Dei et regnum Iesu Christi. Misit etiam nuntios ad archiepiscopum nostrum cum muneribus, petens, ut eos episcopos benigne reciperet suosque ad eum mitteret, qui rudem Nortmannorum populum in christianitate confortarent.

(Cap. 55, p. 80-81) Olaph igitur, clarissimus rex Nortmannorum, contra Chnut, regem Danorum, qui regnum suum impugnaverat, perpetuo decertabat praelio. Tandemque ferunt beatissimum regem Olaph seditione principum, quorum mulieres ipse propter maleficia sustulit, a regno depulsum Norvegiae. Et regnavit Chnut in Nortmannia simul et Dania et, quod nulli regum prius contingere potuit, in Anglia. Olaph vero totam spem suam in Deo ponens, ad comprimendos ydololatras denuo bellum instaurat. Itaque de rege Suenonum, cuius filiam habuit, et populis Islandorum infinitam congregans armatorum multitudinem, patrium regnum vi et armis recepit. Rex igitur christianissimus fortitudine in hostes et iusticia in suos celebris, ad hoc se credidit in regnum a Deo restitutum, ut iam tunc nemini parcere debuisset, qui vel magus permanere vellet aut christianus fieri nollet. Et iam magna ex parte votum implevit, cum paucio, qui remanserant ex magis, in ultionem eorum, quos rex dampnavit, etiam ipsum non obtruncare non dubitarunt. Alii dicunt eum in bello peremptum, quidam vero in medio populi circo ad ludibrium magis expositum. Sunt alii qui asserunt, illum in gratiam regis Chnut latenter occisum, quod et magis verum esse non diffidimus, eo quod regnum eius invasit. Igitur Olaph rex et martyr, ut credimus, tali fine consummatus est; corpus eius in civitate magna regni sui Trondemnis cum decenti est honore tumulatum. Ubi hodieque pluribus miraculis et sanitatibus, quae per eum fiunt, Dominus ostendere dignatur, quanti meriti sit in

[11] Björn

coelis, qui sic glorificatur in terris. [Regnavit autem annis 12.] Agitur festivitas eius 4. Augusti, omnibus septentrionalis occeani populis Nortmannorum, Sueonum, Gothorum, [Semborum], Danorum atque Sclavorum aeterno cultu memorabilis.

(Cap. 71, p. 89) Anno pontificis sexto manu fortis imperator Conradus obiit, et successit ei filius Heinricus, ille qui Ungros domuit. Eodemque tempore memorabiles aquilonis reges obierunt Chnut et Olaph, germani fratres. Quorum alter, videlicet Olaph, rex Sueconum, successorem regni habuit filium, de quo supra diximus, Iacobum. Sub quo iunior Suein, filius Wolf, militavit in Suedia 12 annis, qui retulit nobis, Iacobo regnante christianitatem late in Sueonia diffusam esse. Alter frater, scilicet Chnud, in Anglia decessit, tenuitque regna Danorum, Anglorum ac Nortmannorum in ditione sua per viginti duos annos.

(Cap. 72, p. 90) Post cuius mortem, ut ipse disposuit, succedunt in regnum filii eius, Haroldus in Angliam, Suein in Nortmanniam, Hardechnut autem in Daniam. Iste cum esset filius Imme reginae, sororem habuit eam quam caesar Heinricus in coniugium postea recepit. Ceterum Suein et Harold a concubina geniti erant qui, ut mos est barbaris, aequam tunc inter liberos Chnut sortiti sunt partem hereditatis, Haroldus in Anglia triennium regnavit. Contra quem frater a Dania veniens, in Flandria classem adunavit. Sed rex Anglorum morte praeventus, bellum diremit. Hardechnut Angliam simul possedit et Daniam.

On Olav Haraldsson in *Historia Norwegi(a)e*

The Latin text about Olaf Haraldsson has been extracted from Gustav Storm (1880) *Monumenta historica Norvegiae*, Kristiania: Brøgger, pp. 119-124

The author of this first Latin history of Norway remains unidentified. The author was probably a member of the diocese of Nidaros, and compiled his history some time around the establishment of the archdiocese in 1152. *Historia Norwegie* emerges as a national history; however, with numerous references to a authoritative medieval and classical historians, amongst others Solinus (3rd centruy) and Adam of Bremen (d.c.1072).

The Prologue has by some been seen as an emulation of Honorius of Autun's prologue to *Imago Mundi*. The history is a tribute to the newly Christened nation. The history was the first book in a larger project, as indicated by the "incipit liber primus" with which the history begins. The second volume has not been positively identified, but it is believed that *Passio Olavi*, attributed to Eystein Erlendsson (d. 1188), may have been the second book.

The extant manuscript text is a copy dating from between 1443 and 1510, and was probably not finished, as the story about Olaf Haraldsson ends with the King's return to Norway in the company of his four missionary bishops.

Olavus filius Haraldi Grenscensis

Istis temporibus Olavus filius Haraldi grenscensis in Ruscia clarusa habetur. Hic quia herili solo privatus erat, piraticam exercere necesse habeat. In ea poli, quam nos Holmgardiam appelamus, haud minuta classe sipatus hiemare solebat. qui æstivo tempore cunctos gentiles per ambitum Baltici maris deprædando lacessendo non desistebat urgere. Insulam quoque Eysyslam valde spatiosam ac populosam ex toto vastavit; sed et alias duas colonum frequentia et magnitudne huic æquales, scilicet Gotorum insulam et Eynorum, adeo demolitus est, ut illarum incolæ, quamdiu in Ruscia morabatur, immania redderent tributa. Item in finibus Curorum non minimas de ipsis dans strages celeberrimo exaltabatur triumpho. Post diuturnam tyrannidis sævitiam princeps gloriosus reverti parat ad patriam; atcum pervenisset ad Daniam. rogatus a Sweinone Danorum rege transfretavit cum eo ad Angliam comitante Canuto patrem ipsum, videlicet Sweionem; qui in cunctis congressibus, illius beatissimi tyranni Olavi belligera astutia victoriam adepti sunt. Demum depulso Adelredo totam insulam brevi tamen tempore detinuit Sweino; nam post tres menses ex hac luce subtrahitur ipse. Cum Canutus repatriavit, a Danis rex patris loco constituitur, Olavus interim Britones debellat et usque Hispaniæ partes profectus ibique clarissimos suæ victoriæ titulos relinquens rediit in Daniam et a socio suo tum Danorum rege multum honorifice susceptus est. Qui inter se adoptivæ fraternitatis foedus pepigerunt; sed quoniam ipse Canutus parente orbatus de Anglia inhoneste aufugerat, cum ingenti exercitu iterum illus redire disposuit; socium suum Olavum et ejusdem vocabuli consortem fratrem suum se illo comitari maxime concitavit pollicendo dimidiam, si totam illorum amminiculis lucrari posset insulam. Pergunt itaque alacres simul millenis navibus constipati, plenis velis

prosperis ventis portum *Jarmuthiam* post triduum tenerunt. Inde conciti petunut Londoniam, ubi forte rex Edmundus tunc temporis morabatur patre Adelredo iam orbatus. Rex igitur cognito hostium adventu cives convocat, amnis Tamisiæ pontem munire jussit, ne inimicis liber pateret aditus. Nec mora, dlicta factis impleverunt, ipseque in finitimis provincis exercitum congregavit. Interim Dani cum ingenti clamore ponti appropiantes munitiones eorum omni conamine repugnare coeperunt, illi ex adverso se suaque defensare summa ope nitebantur. Cumque Canutus casso labore per totam diem sic concertasset ac plurimos de suis male perdidisset, Olavus noster pro capessenda victoria seque suosque maximo dedit periculo, quippe cum undecim navibus fortissime remigando pontis propugnacula supervectus, ipsi namque satellites tutantium testudinum tegmine protecti sic delusa defensantium machina per media vitæ discrimina pertransiere audacissime. Unde victorissimo bellatori Olavo jam civitatem ingresso ab universo excercitu insignia laudum præconia referebantur ac tota obtenti triumphi ascribebatur fama.Post captam Lundoniam contra regem Edmundum quinquies in IX mensibus fortissime pugnaverunt; demum defissis utrisque reges, scilicet Edmundus et Canutus, tale inter se pactum statuerunt, ut dum viverent ambo insulam æque regerent, sed qui superstes fieret, totam teneret. Tunc cum regnasset mense uno, præsente luce privatur Edmundus, totumque regnum possedit Canutus; qui duxit matrem defuncti socii nomine Elfigeuam, quæ ut - - - (missing text) - - -

duos filios suos Sweinonem et Canutum cognomine durum; foedus omnino, quod cum suis suffraganeis firmissimum sanciverat, ex toto adnihilans, et fratrem et socium omni mercede laborum frustratos abire permisit. Tunc Olavus Norwegensis sororem Olavi Sveonensis nomine Margaretam, quam diu digna vicissitudine intimi amoris privilegio dilexerat, in ipso discessu desponsavit, sed frustra, nam eandem rex Iarezlafus de Ruscia fratre cogente invitama duxit uxorem. Quod factum maximam odiorum atque discordiarum fomitem inter tres illos nobilissimos principes subministrasset, si non sapientissima soror Margaretæ per consilium sui nutritoris disruptam prioris desponsationis copulam aptissime redintegrasset; hanc etenim Olavus in matrimonium sibi sociavit, ex qua genuit - - - (missing text) - - -

Olavus de Anglia rediens cum duabus magnis onerariis navibus ad patriam transfretavit Norwegiam et cum eo quatuor episcopi, scilicet Grimkellus, Bernardus, Rodulfus, Sigfridus.

Explicet

On Olav Haraldsson in *Historia de antiquitate regum Norwagiensium*

"Historia De Regibus Norvagicis"

The Latin text has been extracted from Commentarii historici duo. hactenus inediti: Alter, De regibus vetustis Norvagicis, alter, De profectione Danorum in Terram Sanctam, circa annum MCLXXXV (1185) susceptam, eodem tempore ab incerto autore conscriptus: Iohannis Kirchmann, Lübec. Printed by Bernh. Casp. Kirchmanno, J. U. D. in Amsterdam 1684.

Theodoricus (possibly Þórir) was a 12th century monk at the diocese of Trondheim under the first native archbishop, Eystein Erlendsson (d. 1188), believed to be the author of *Passio Olaui*, and to whom Theodoricus dedicates his history of the Norwegian kings. We do not know much about Theodoricus; however, he must have been quite a learned man, as can be seen by the many references in *Historia de antiquitate regum Norwagiensium* to the writings of authoritative medieval and classical writers. I have included an English translation of this text, in order to make it easier for the reader to compare this text with that of *Ágríp*, as there are many similarities between the two texts.

Theodorici Monachi in Ecclesiastica Historia Norwagiensium

Domino & Patri suo, viro Reverendissimo Augustino Nidrosiensi Archiepiscopo Theodorisus humilis peccator debita servitutis subjectionem & orationum suffraga.

Cap. XIII: Opinio quorundam, de Baptizmo Beati Olaui, Martyris, filii Haraldi

(Pagina 21) Rex igitur *Olauus* [filius Tryggi], ut facilius totam Christo subjugaret regionem, Norvag. tres sorores suas principibus conjunxit viris, unam *Erlingi*, filio *Scialgs*, *Astrittham* nomine; alteram *Thorgeiri*, potenti viro de *Vuic*, qui postea concremavit *God'rod'* in quidam domo, filium *Gunnildar*, (p. 22) cum ille vellet invadere regnum contra *Olauum*; tertiam, *Hyrringi*, fratri ejusdem: Cumque omnes baptizari fecisset, cursum tetendid ad superiora, scilicet *Uplond*. Ibique tunc puerulum *Olauum* trium annorum, qui postea devotus Christi martyr factus est, invenit una cum matre *Asta*, patre jam defuncto *Haraldo* [Hic fuit filius *Gotd'rotd'ar Syr*, qui extitit Pater *Bernhardo*, qui cognominatus est *Mercator*, & fuit filius *Haraldi Benecomati*], felicem spem & decus Norwagensium futurum. Tunc & eum una cum matre ibidem, secundum quosdam baptizari fecit. Alii contendunt, cum in *Anglia* baptizatum. Sed & ergo legi in Historia *Normannorum*, quod a Roberto in *Normandia Rothomagensi* (Reims) Metropolitano baptizatus fuerit. Constat enim quod *Willelmus*, Dux *Normanniae*, adscriverit eum sibi in auxilium contra *Robertum*, Regem *Franciae*, cognomento *Capet*, qui fuit filius *Hugonis Capet*, nobilissimi Ducis; qui duci *Willelmo* una cum comite Flandrensi bellum inferre parabant. Nitebatur enim eum expellere a *Normannia*, eo quod antecessores ejus vi extorserant provinciam a Rege *Francorum*. Sed sive *Rothomagi*, sive in *Anglia* baptizatus fuerit, tunc constat eum fuisse provectioris aetatis, quando

martyrio coronatus est, quemadmodum illi dicunt (p. 23) quibus maxime in hujus modi credendum est. Nec mirum de *Olavo* hoc contigisse in illa tena, ubi nullus antiquitatum unquam scriptor fuerit: cum idem scribat Beatus *Hieronymus* de *Constantino Magno*, filio *Constantinii & Helenae*: quod quidam dicant, eum *Bithyniae* baptizatum fuisse in ultima senectute, alii *Constantinopoli*: quidam *Romae* a beato Sylvestro papa, & adhuc subjudicelis est, quis verius scripserit.

Cap. XV: De reditu beati Olavi de Anglia in Norwagiam

(Pagina 25) *Olauus* filius *Haraldi*, morabatur in *Anglia* eo tempore. Postea martyr Christi futurus, & ibi tunc reconciliavit *Adalredum* fratribus suis, & ut in Regem sublimaretur obtinuit. Hunc *Adalredum* privavit postea regno *Kanutus*, Rex *Daciae*, qui dictus est *Potens*, & ut perpetuo exularet coëgit. Fertur (p. 26) quod tunc *Olauus* adierit quendam Heremitam, magnae sanctitatis virum, qui ei multa praedixerit, & quia largiturus esset ei Dominus abundantiam gratiae suae, nec non & quali morte ex hac luce migraturus esset ad Christum. Anno post hinc paravit *Olauus* iter suum in *Norwagiam* cum duabus onerariis navibus & sociis apprimè armatis, qui dicuntur fuisse centum viginti omnes loricati. Prospero igitur cursu tramisso Oceano, applicuit primo quodam divino praesagio ad insulam quandam quae materna lingua nostra dicitur *Sæla*, latinè vero interpretatur *felicitas*, nimirum portendus futuram viri beatudinem, & quia spem felicitatis aeternae toti patriae auspicio sui adventus invexerit. Abhinc navigabit in locum qui dicitur *Sautungsund*, ubi & moratus est aliquot dies. Ibi tunc perlatum est ad eum adventare *Hacon*, filium *Erici*, cum duabus navibus, una parva, quam nos vocamus *scuta*;[12] altera longa, quam antiqui: vocabant *Liburnam.* Unde & Horatius:

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium
Amice propugnacula.

Quo comperto, *Olauus* noster excogitavit hujusmodi laqueum. Facit naves suas altrinsecus econtra locari & (p. 27) quia locus erat angustissimus, cordas inter ipsas naves tendi, quae tamen fluctibus aperientur, ne dolum detegerent, ut dum incauti irretirentur, illae si, & sine sanguinis effusione, si fieri posset carperentur: quod & ita contigit. Nam adveniens *Hacon* nil aliud suscipatus, quam esse mercatores, ilico à Rege captus est. Ibi tunc abjuravit totam illam partem *Norwagiae*, quam ipse tenuerat. Inde profectus est in *Angliam*. *Sueino* vero avunculus ejus cum audisset adventum beati *Olavi*, collecto exercitus mox illum insequitur. *Olauus* vero Rex, (hoc enim nomen a suis jam sortitus fuerat, more antiquorum Romanorum, quia & ibi exercitus sibi solebat creare Imperatorem & Regium nomen imponere:). Diffidens de auxilio *Throndensium*: noverat enim eorum facilitatem & inconstantiam, secessit in superiorem provinciam, ibique hyemavit cum vitrico suo *Sivuardo* & *Asta* matre. Adveniente vernali tempore, profecti sunt ambo in *Wic*, ibique exercitu comparato, properant contra *Sueinonem*. Ille vero impiger occurrit eis: confertoque navali praelio, in loco, qui dicitur *Nesiar*, cum *Sueino* vinceretur, detrectans fugam, disposuit cum suis occumbere, nisi prohibitus esset, & invito suo principe & genero, qui sororem ejus in matrimonium duxerit, (p. 28) *Berghliot* nomine, *Einar Tambaskelme*, viro strenuissimo. Hic consulit ei fugam & quodammodo compulit, ut in *Rusciam* pergeret, ubi & diem obiit.

[12] Adam frequently uses Old Norse terms. “Skúta” is a small ship.

Cap. XVI: De fuga Beati Olavi in Rusciam

(Pagina 28) Tempore vero, quo *Ericus* praefuerat, multi quantum ad Christianismum a vero exorbitaverant. Hos ergo ad viam reducere & salutis iter monstrare, Ecclesias in quibus non erant locis, fundare, fundatas reditibus ditare Rex *Olauus* modis omnibus intendebat & cooperator existere viri optimi Beati *Olaui*, filii *Tryggya*, ut quod ille magnifice plantaverat, iste sagaciter, ut a Dei Spiritu doctus, rigaret. Leges patria lingua conscribi fecit, juris & moderationis plenissimas, quae hactenus a bonis omnibus & tenentur & venerantur. Justi tenax ad omnes, neminem affligebat, neminem concutiebat, nullum damnabat, nisi forte, quem propria malitia & obstinatio in malo damnasset; & ut breviter concludam, adhoc tantum principabatur mortalibus, ut eos ad immortalitatis (p. 29) gloriam, quantum in se esset, perduceret: quod & tunc ei evidenter rerum exitus probavit, & quotidie nihilominus beneficiis omnipotentis Dei, pro ejus, ut credimus, meritis collatis, satis superque monstratur. Duxit deinde Rex uxorem *Astrithi*, filiam *Olaui* Regis *Swechorum*, cum tamen ante primogenitam ejus sibi desponsasset: sed interveniente ira patris neuter optatis nuptiis perfrui potuit. Suscepit ex ea filiam nomine *Ulfildi*, quam postea conjunxit *Ottoni*, (Hennig. *Ortholphum* vocat), Duci Saxonum. Post haec, Rex *Kanutus Daciae* & *Angliae*, homo avidus alieni, animadvertens quod pater ejus *Sueino* habuerit tertiam partem *Norwagiae*, simulque considerans, filium sororis suae *Hacon*, tunc secum morantem, a patria expulsum, coepit sollicitare Principes *Norwagiae* adversus Regem, & clanculo pecunia corrumpere *Erlingum*, videlicet filium *Scialgs de Sola*, *Kalf* filium *Arna*, *Thore Hund*, & alios plures. Et quia *Erlingus* praecipuus erat illorum, collegit exercitum, & congressus est navali praelio cum Rege *Olauo*, ubi & ipse occubuit. Et hoc fuit in loco, ejus nomen est *Tunga*. Invito tamen Regen, a quoddam suo *parente*, *Aslac Fina Scalla*,occisus est. Postea Rex, comperto, *Kanutum* Regem adesse, cum innumerabili (p. 30) exercitu, nam mille ducentarum navium fertur classis ejus fuisse, cernensque se imparem congressioni relictis navibus abiit ad *generum* (socerum) suum *Olauum* Regem *Suethiae*. Inde profectus est in *Russiam*, ad *Wirtzlauum* (Jerizlevum) Regem, qui duxerat *Ingigerthi*, quam ipse, ut paulo ante dixi, desponsaverat & habere nequiverat. Moratus est ibi anno uno, honorifice & officiosissime a Rege *Wirtzlauo* susceptus, cujus etiam tutelae commisit filium suum *Magnum*, puerum quinque annorum quem ex concubina susceperat. Interea *Kanutus* Rex allexit sibi omnis *Norwagiae* principes, multa dando & plura promittendo, si fidem servarent nepoti suo *Haconi*, quem secum adduxerat, acceptisque obsidibus ab illis, quibus minus credendum putaret, reversus est in *Angliam*. Deinde post annum, perrexit *Hacon* in *Angliam* pro adducenda uxore sua: Sed cum reverteretur tempestate correptus, coactus est incidere in Charybdim, il illo loco maris, qui dicitur *Perlantzfiorth*, juxta *Orcades insulas*, ibique in illi inimam voraginem, cum omnibus suis absorptus est.

Cap. XVIII: Quod beatus Olauus repatriaverit, & de Corporum humanorum diminutione

(Pagina 33) *Kanutus* igitur Rex *Angliae*, ut cognovit iteritum *Hakonar* nepotis sui, ilico misit *Sueinonum* filium suum, ad gubernandum regnum *Norwagiae*, simulque resistendum *Olauo*, si in patriam redire disponeret. O infelix & inexplebilis cupiditas mortalium! O multum misera humana anima! quae quanto

magis sparsit & in visibila ista, & dilatavit in figuram hujus mundi, quae praeterit, tanto difficilius post hanc vitam recolligitur, & a Deo, qui vera sufficientia est, alienatur. (p. 34) Hoc in *Kanuto* satis superque elucet: qui cum duo regna possideret, tertium justissimo Regi *Olauo*, quod illi ex avita successione debebatur, molitur eripere. *Olauum* itaque, ut fertur, admonitus in somnis, redire eum oportere in *Norwagiam*, vale faciens *Wirtzlauo* & *Ingigerthi*, relictoque ibi filio suo *Magno*, reversus est ad generum suum, *Olauum* Regem in *Swethiam*, ibique anno illo moratus est. Adveniente itaque vernali tempore congregant exercitum auxilio gereri sui, qui magna ex parte erat paganorum, duxitque eum per superiora in Norwagiam. Cumque instaret Rex paganis, ut baptizarentur illique detrectarent suscipere jugum Domini, ait: Se non indigere paganorum & a Deo alienorum, maxime contra Christianos; vilem sibi fore victoriam, quae iniquorum manibus pararetur. Respondent pagani: Paratos se quidem ad usus bellorum, & si quid aliud juberet Rex: istam vero novellam institutionem nolle se veternae consuetudini antiponere: malle se redire in patriam. Quo audito Rex permisit omnes abire. Congregati sunt postea ad eum parentes ejus, cum *Haraldo* fratres ejus, qui tunc erat adolescens quindecim annorum, sed & quidam alii principes: inter quos erant *Ringr*, filius *Dags*, cum filio suo ejusdem (p. 35) nominis, & *Fithr*, comes filius *Arna*, frater *Kalfs*, qui maxime adversabatur Regi. Secutus fuerat & Regem individuus comes in omnibus periculis *Ragnvalder*, filius *Brusa*, filii *Siwardi*, qui primum omnium consulum Orcadum insularum Christianus fuit, ejus superius mentionem fecimus. Isti fuerunt viri strenui & fortes, corpore & animo validiores multo, quam his miseris temporibus, longe tamen suis antecessoribus inferiores. Hujus diminutionis talem reddit rationem *Plinius* Secundus in Naturalis Historia. Verba ipsius ponam. *In plenum*, inquit, *cuncto mortatalium (sic?) generi minorem* (puta, staturam) *indies fieri propemodum observatur; rarosque patribus proceriores,consumente ubertatem seminum exustione, in cujus vires nunc vergat aevum*. Haec *Plinius.* Non enim latebat Philosophos, quia audierant diluvium praecessisse, seculum praesens exustione finiendum. *Lucanus* quoque, non minus Philosophus quam Poëta, dixit, ubi ad *Julium* Caesarem loquitur, eo quod prohibuit comburi mortuos in bello: (p. 36)

Hos, Caesar, populos si nunc non usserit ignis, uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti, communis mundo super est rogus, ossibus astra mixterus.

(Lib. VII, v. 812)

Cuncta namque in terra ex calore & humore procreantur: in quibus calor abundat, fiunt exiliora, graciliora & subtiliora: Et ubi praevalet humor, sunt grossiora, proceriora, & magis corpulenta. Hanc vicissitudinem seculorum exustionis & eluvionis, inducit *Plato*, dicens: Expletis quindecim millibus annorum, eas alternatim accidere omnesque humanum genus interire, praeter paucissimos, qui aliquo casu evadant: Unde postea reparentur homines, hoc semper extisse, & semper futurum esse. Nec tamen mundum Deo voluit coævumesse, sed sicut vestigium ex pede, non pes ex vestigio: & tamen, ex quo pes est, ex eo etiam vestigium: Ita mundum περ ειμαρμενην [eimarmene – "fate"], id est, continuationem temporis imitari quidem aeternitatem, sed apprehendere non posse. Deus quippe simplicissima aeternitas, incircumscriptibilis species, praesentialiter universitatem intuetur. Mundus vero per vicissitudines & tempora diversificatur. In hunc errorem

vicissitudinum seculorum, incidit *Origenes*, notabilis tractator divinarum scripturarum: Quod satis (p. 37) proh dolor, elucet in illo libro quem intitulavit Περι αρχων id est, de principiis, in quo multa doctrinae obvianta commiscuit. Beatus quoque *Hieronymus* loquens de diminutione corporum, mentionem facit de duodecim lapidibus, quos filii Israël sustulerunt de alveo Jordanis fluminis, cum transirent sicco vestigo, sicut & antea Rubrum Mare. Unde & Psalmista canit: *Quid est tibi mare, quod fugit ? & tu Jordanis, quia conversus es retrorsum ?* (Psal. 114 : 5). Jussit namque Dominus, ut ex singulis tribubus singuli viri exportarent lapidem unum super ripam fluminis, quem leviter ferre possent in testimonium tanti miraculi: quos idem Sanctus *Hieronymus*, testatur, se vidisse unum ex eis casu fractum & ferro religatum: tantaeque esse magnitudinis unum quemque, ut vix a duobus viris ferri posset: non quia lapides crevissent, sed quia homines decrevissent: Et certe, jam pene octigenti anni sunt, ex quo Beatus *Hieronymus* ad regna cœlestia transivit. Ante hos quoque fere septuaginta annos, repertus est *Romae*, *Pallas*, filius *Evandri*, quem *Turnus* occidit, cujus mortem Beatus dicit *Augustinus* simulachrum *Apollonis* flevisse mira Daemonis versutia, quasi doluisset occasum viri probissimi. Inventum est etiam vas argenteum, locatum super (p. 38) pectus ejus, in quo confectio myrrhae erat & balsami pretiosissima, indeque egrediebantur duo calami aurei, quorum summitates navibus infigebantur: ut videlicet virtute unguenti corpus non minus interius, quam exterius duraret incorruptum. Inventi sunt autem & duo versus insculpti:

Filius. Evandri. Pallas, quem. lancea. Turni.

Militer. occidit. more. suo. iacet. hic.

Qui postea erectus, patente ingenti vulnere sub pectore pene murum civitatis adaequavit statura sua: ibique stetit, donec balsamo pluviis abluto, in semet ipsum collapsus est & sic iterum terrae ossa mandabantur.

Cap. XIX: Quod beatus Olauus in bello martyr occubuit

Beatus itaque *Olauus* congregata manu, quem habere poterat in *Upland*, tetendit in *Throndheim*. Audierat enim *Sueinonem*, filium *Kanuti*, in *Wic* operi adventum suum cum valida manu, & ideo declinavit ab eo. *Throndenses* autem audito adventu Regis, convenerunt in *Nidrosiensem* citatem, quasi vir unus, adversus Dominum & adversus Christum ejus, juvenes cum senioribus, infelici factione, ut impugnarent sanctum Dei. In quibus erant principes, qui maxime Regi obluctabantur, *Thorer Hunder*, & *Kalfs* (sic.) filius *Arna*.[13] Audiens igitur Rex congregatam adversum se multitudine, misit ad eos *Fin*, fratrem *Kalfs*, cujus superius mentionem fecimus: qui populo pacem offeret, Regis animum paratum nunciaret, oblitum cum praeteritarum injuriarum, ignoscere cuique, quod eatenus perperam egisset: detestari se effusionem humani sanguinis, & maxime in civilibus bellis, nullo modo se velle manum conserere, si salubribus ejus monitis acquiescant. Effera vero mens barbarorum, unanimi (p. 40) consensu paci contradicit: Et multo miseri, magis eligunt Sanctum Dei hortiliter impetere, quam salutaria ejus monita suscipere. Omnes itaque Regi obviam ruunt, & properanti gradu ad locum qui dicitur *Sticlastad'er* perveniunt. Praecesserat tamen eos *Fithr*, nuncius Regis, & obstinatam eorum malitiam Regi intimaverat. Beatus itaque *Olauus*, divina revelatione

[13] Kalfr Arnasson

admonitus, obitum suum quodammodo praesagivit, vocavitque ad se, ut fertur, dispensatorem suum, jubet illi, ut speciales Eleemosynas pro omnibus, qui in eodem praelio contra se arma ferendo, casuri essent, ex regia pecunia devote largiretur: Non immemor praecepti Domini sui: *Diligite inimicos vestros, benefacite his, qui oderunt vos*.[14] Libet hic intueri animum martyris nostri; furebat persecutorum rabies, & miseranda caecitate perculsi, crudeli infamia debacchabantur in Sanctum Dei: ille vero manet immotus & in Christo fundatus, saluti persequentium providendum curat. Et hoc in tali necessitate, ubi quilibet etiam carissimorum suorum oblivisci potuisset. Audite haec obsecro, universi populi! Vir iste natus pene in ultimis partibus Aquilonis, inter barbaros & incultos: Videte, quale fidus emicuerit, quam humilis, quam sublimis: & hoc non in servili conditione, sed (p. 41) in regalo fastigio. Animadvertite quali animo bellum paraverit, quid intenderit. In promptu causa est, procul dubio remota omni ambiguitate, ut sceleratos & inquos à bonorum persecutione compesceret. Christi sanctia stabiliret, de durissimus lapidibus, si fieri potuisset, filios *Abrahae* suscitaret. Haec ita fuisse, certissime declarant cotidiana beneficia, & non minus cebra inusitata miracula, quae omnipotens Deus dignatur operari per ejus merita, non in nostra regione, verum ubicunque locorum, & a quibuscunque auxilium Beati martyris fideliter imploratur. Videre est etiam, quam devote, quam diligenter insecutus sit Beatus iste vestigia illius primi vexilliferi Salvatoris nostri, videlicet beatissimi Protomartyris *Stephani*. Ille inter terrentium ibrem lapidum, pro lapidantibus exoravit: iste pro interemptoribus suis etiam Eleemosynas erogari jubet. Sed in his omnibus ille agnoscendus est, ille laudandus, ille glorificandus, qui & in extrema constantiam. Collatis itaque signis, ferebat vexillum ante Regem vir strenuus, nomine *Biorn*: hic, in primo statim congressu, occisu est a *Thori Hund*, qui primam aciem ducebat contra Regem. Illico subsecutus est occasus Regis, accepto, ut fertur, vulnere ingenti. Quis ei manus (p. 42) intulerit, utrum unum an plura vulnera habuerit, quia a diversis diversa dicuntur, nos nil temere affirmare volumus, nec officioso mendacio aliorum aures demulcere. *Dagr* vero, unus ex principibus Regis, nec non & cognatus ejus, cernens vexillum una cum Rege cecidisset, viriliter illud erexit, hortatus socios & obtestatus, ut necem Regis non velint inultam, ne geminatum gaudium adversarii reportarent & de nece Regis & de incruenta victoria. Inde ruunt omnes in arma, penetrant bis vel ter aciem hostium, plurimos prosternunt, protrahitur pugna usque ad vesperam, nox pugnantes diremit. Discedunt tandem utrique non tam victi, quam sessi & vulneribus afflicti. Occubuit autem Beatus *Olauus* quarto Kal. Augusti, quod tunc erat quarta feria, anno ab incarnatione Domini millesimo vicesimo nono (1029), ut nos certius indagare potuimus.

For a modern English translation, see Anthony Faulkes & Richard Perkings (Eds) (1998) *Historia de antiquitate regum norwagiensium: An Account of the Ancient History of the Norwegian Kings (Theodoricus monachus)*. London: Viking Society for Northern Research : pp. 19-23, 25-31 and 33-34.**)**

[14] "But I say onto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you (Matth. 5: 44)."

On Olav Haraldsson in *Ágrip af Nóregs Konungasogum*

The selected texts have been extracted from Gustav Indrebø (1926)*Ágrip, ei liti norsk kongesoge*. Oslo: Det Norske Samlaget: 50-63)

The anonymous *Ágríp af konunga sögum* was written towards 1190, almost simultaneously with Theodoricus' *Historia de antiquitate regum Norwagiensium*, and the similarities between the two texts are striking, suggesting that the two chronicles may have been written by the same author, and that the one is a translation of the other. The *Ágríp* was composed in Norway, probably by a Norwegian-born scholar closely connected to the archdiocese, and hence is the first vernacular chronicle about the Norwegian kings that was not written by an Icelander.

The Lineage of Olaf Haraldsson. Olaf Comes to Norway

(Chapter 23) Hararldr, faðir Óláfs ens helga, hann var sunr Guðbrøðar, en Guðbrøðar sunr Bjarnar, en Björn sunr Haralds hárfagra, en fyrsti einvalds konungr var yfir Nóregi. En mart er sagt frá víðlendi ferðar Óláfs, en hvégi víða er hann fór, þá sótti hann þegar aftr, er Guð vildi opna ríki fyrir honum, ok kom hann siglande vestan af Englandi með knorrum tveim ok kom at við Sælu ok sigldi síðan í Sauðungasund. Ok sva sem guð skipaði til, þá var sén for Hókonar, er þa stýrði landi eftir Eirik foður sinn,.xv. vetra gamall, enn vænsti maðr, ok stefndi í Sauðungasund, sem allra manna leið var í þat mund, ok óvitandi at Óláfr digri lá fyrir, ok hafði eigi Hókon lið meira en langskip eitt ok skútu eina. En þa er konungrinn varð varr við ferð hans lagði hann sínu megin sundsins hváru skipinu. En þá er Hókon røri á þá, heimtusk brátt skip hans saman ok varð hann þar handtekinn, ok þá hann lif, ok svá lið hans alt, af konunginum ok fyr svór landit Nóreg Óláfi eilífliga. Þa höfðu þeir feðgar Eirikr ok Hókon landi ráðit .XIIII. vetr jarls nafni ok Sveinn Hókonar sunr. Enn helgi Óláfr gaf honum Hókoni Suðreyjar, sem sumir segja, ok styrkþi hann svá, at þeira var hann halzi ok þar var hann konungr meðan hann lifði.

Olaf Become King. The Battle of Nesjar

(Chapter 24) En þa tók inn helgi Óláfr við Nóregs ríki ok styrkþi ríki sitt með kristni ok öllum góðum síðum, ok bar þó með mikill óhœgð, þviat margir leituðu á innan lands ok útan, allra helzt fyr kristnis sakar, er hann bauð. Hann var enn fyrsta vetr lengstum með Sigurði mági sínum á Upplöndum, en of várit eftir sótti Sveinn jarl með herskildi í land hans, ok heldu orrustu fyr Nesjum palmadag við Grenmar ok vann Óláfr siger, þar fell mikill hlutr liðs Sveins, en Sveinn helt undan. Einarr Þambaskelmir kastaði akkeri í skip Sveins ok sigldi með hann nauðgan á braut til Danemarkar; siðan fór Sveinn austr í Garða ok kom aldregi att.

Olaf's Marriage

(Chapter 25) Siðan bað Óláfr dóttur Óláfs sœnska Ástriðar, systur Ingigerðar, er fyrr var heitin honum, ok brá faðir hennar heitum þeim fyr reiði sakar ok gifti Jaritláfi Ausrvegs konungi; ok gaf Óláfr digri með henni börn, en þeira ørnefni eða ørferðir vitum vér eigi nema um Gunnhildi dóttur þeira, er tók Ótto hertogi á

Saxlandi. Óláfr var friðr s†num ok listuligr, jarpt hár hafði hann ok rauðara skegg, riðvaxinn meðalmaðr, ekki hór; hann var á.xx. aldri, er hann kom í Nóreg, ok sýndisk vitrum mönnum í Nóregi hann mikit afbragð í vizku sinnu ok öllum vaskleik um hvern mann fram.

Olaf's Conflict With King Knut. Erling Skjalgsson Falls. Olafr Goes To Russia

(Chapter 26) En á þessu méli reð Knútr fyr Englandi, er hann hafði unnit með hjölp ok með fulltingi ens helga Óláfs ok launaði inum helga Óláfi eigi betr, en hann bar fé undir höfðingja, er í Nóregi váru, sem siðan reyndisk, at þeir skyldu svíkja landit undan honum. Var í þeiri tölu Erlingr á Sóla, Kalfr á Eggju, Þorir hund ok margir aðrir. En þa er inn helgi Óláfr fór austr til mótsvið Knút konung, þa mœtti hann Erlingi ok vænti, at hann væri til liðveizlu kominn í mót honum, en hann réð til konungs þa með bardaga ok helt orrostu við hann, ok vann inn helgi Óláfr sigr ok varð Erlingr svá nauðstaddr, at engi var annarr kostr, enn han hljóp á miskunna konungs ok hann veitti honum vörn, þá er aðrir sóttu at honum. En Áslákr hét maðr fitjaskalli, er stafnbúi var konungs, hann gekk aftr á skip ok hafði undir skauti sér leynilega handøxi, ok varð engi fyrr varr við, en hann hafði höggvit hann í hofuð banasár ok kvað svá at orði: "Svá skal marka niðinginn," en konungrinn svaraði: "Nú hafir þú höggvit Nóreg ór hendi mér." En þá varð hann varr af þeim mönnum, er þar tók hann, at allir stœrstu menn í landinu váru í svikum við hann. ok snørisk hann þá norðr í fjorð þann, er heitir Slygsarfjörðr inn frá Borgund, ok gekk þar af skipum ok upp at dal þeim, er heitir Valldalr, ok helt siðan ór landi á fjogrtánda vetri síz hann kom í land ok þvi næst í Austrvega ok hafði sun sinn með sér, Magnús goða.

Knut Conquers Norway

(Chapter 27) En Knútr skipar þa í ríki fyrst Hókoni systursyni sínum ok gíslaði land undir sik af allra baztra manna sunum, en lagði folkit til áþjánar ok til hlýðskyldis. En Hókon fórsk um várit eftir í Englands hafi, en er Knútr frá þat, þá setti hann Svein sun sins ok Alfívu moður hans í ríkit.

Hard Times Under Svein Alfivasson

(Chapter 28) Var þá í fyrstu svá mikit danskra manna metorð, at eins þeira vitni skyldi hrinda tíu Norðmanna. Engi skyldi ná af landi at fara nema með konungs leyfi, en ef fœri þá felli undir konung eignir þess. En hverr, er mann vægi, skyldi hafa fyr vegit landi ok lausum eyri. Ef maðr varð í útlegð ok tœmðisk honum arfr, þá eignaðisk konungr arf þann.

Olaf Haraldsson Returns. The Battle Of Stiklestað

(Chapter 31) En eftir þetta þá sœkir inn helgi Óláfr aftr í land um Sviþjóð ok kom af Jamtland til Þróndheims ok kom niðr í Veradali, ok tók þá Eggjar-Kalfr uppreist á mót honum ok efldi orrostu með öllu megni bœði fyrir kapps sakar ok illsku ok fekk með sér fjölmenni allra helzt fyr þess sakar, at kristniboð hans kœmi eigi á landit, er menn vissu, at hann myndi ný bjóða ok styrkja með öllu megni sem fyrr hafði hann gert, ok fekk þó þat til orðs, at góðra manna synir skyldu eigi fyrir gísl vera, ok helt orrostu við Óláfr konung á Stiklastöðum. Þeir váru höfðingjar fyr liði þrœnda með Kalfi, Thórir Hundr, Erlendr ór Gerði, Áslákr af Finneyjum. En með Óláfi váru í ferð Haraldr broðir hans, xv. vettra gamall, enn vænsti maðr ok

mikill vexti, Rögnvaldr Brúsa sunr ok Björn enn digri. I þeira orrostu fell Erlendr ór Gerði fyrstr manna ór þrœnda liði. Þat var ok snemma orrostu, er Óláfr konungr fell, hann hafði sverðr í hendi, en hvárki hafði hann hjalm né brynju, hann fekk sár af húskarli Kalfs á kné; þá hneig hann ok bazkfyrir ok skaut niðr sverðinu. Þórir Hundr ok Þorsteinn Knarrasmiðr báru banorð af Óláfi konungi. Ok steig svá enn helgi Óláfr af þeira orrostu ór þessu ríki í himinríki. Björn enn digri fell at höfði konunginum, en Þorsteinn Knarrasmiðr var þegar drepinn á fœtr konunginum. Í þeiri orrostu fell Áslákr af Finneyjum ok fjölði manna af þrœnda liði.

The Famine under Svein and Alfiva

(Chapter 32) En þa tók landsfolkit eftir fall konungs fulliga við vesöld þangat út, er Sveinn var ok Alfiva. Ok var þá hörmulektundir því ríki var at búa bæði með ófrelsi ok meðan óárani, er folkit lifði meir við búfjár mat en manna, fyr þvi at aldregi var ár á þeira dögum…

Fixing the Year of the Battle of Stiklestað

(Chapter 33) En inn helgi Óláfr bar þessa heims.xv. vetr konungsnafn í Nóregi til þess hann fell, þá var hann halffertøgr at aldri, ok var, þá er hann fell, frá burð dróttins vars þúshundrað vetra ok.xi. vetr ok.xx. En í orrostu þeiri, er inn helgi Óláfr fell í, þá varð Harald bróðir hans sára; hann flýði eftir fall hans braut ór landi ok í Austrvega ok svá til Miklagarð, ok segja sumi, at hann tœki konungs nafn í Nóregi, en sumi synja.

Saint Olaf. Sending for Magnus

(Chapter 34) En þá er guð tók at birta jartegnum um inn helga Óláf, þá reðusk (inir) böztu menn til at fara ór landi at sœkja Magnus, sun ins helga Óláfs, þviat menn fundu misræði sín ok iðruðusk ok vildu þá þat bœta á syni hans, er þeir höfðu á sjalfum honum brotit, ok sóttu í Austrvega til Jaritláfs konungs ok báru til þess allra baztra manna orðsending ok bœnarstað, at hann skyldi til lands sœkja. Ok váru höfðingjar í þeiri for Rögnvaldr jarl, Einarr Þambarskelmir, Sveinn bryggjufótr, Karlfr Arna sunr. En þeira bœn var eigi fyrr heyrð né framgeng en þeir unnu honum land ok trúnað, þviat Ingigerðr dróttningstóð á móti.

Magnus Comes to Norway. He is a Hard Ruler

(Chapter 35) En þvi næst kømr hann í land fjórum vetrum eftir fall föður síns Óláfs konungs, ok með þvi at þau Sveinn ok Alfiva vissu manna þokka við hann ok óvindsæld sína, þá flýðu þau til Danmarkr. En Magnús konungr tók við ríki með alþýðu þokka oc siðir, þoát með margs angri væri fyrst, þvíat hann hóf riki sitt með harðræði fyr œsku sinnar sakar ok ágirndar ráðuneytis. Hann var náliga.xi. vetra, er hann kom í land.

English Translation

The Lineage of Olaf Haraldsson. Olaf Comes to Norway

Haraldr, saint Olaf's father, was the son of Guðbrøðar, and Guðbrøðar was the son of Bjarnar, who was the son of Harald Fair-Hair, the first absolute King of Norway. Much has been said about his travels far abroad, but notwithstanding his foreign adventures, he returned when God opened the land for him. He came sailing from the west, from England, with two ships and sighted land at Selje and sailed from there to the strait of Saudung. And as God made things happen, they then saw Håkon arrive, the one who ruled the country after Eirik, his father. He was fifteen winters old and a handsome man. He steered into the strait of Saudung, which was considered safe passage for all at that time, not knowing that the great Olaf had positioned himself there. Håkon had only a longship and a smaller vessel. When the King discovered Håkon's ships, he sailed up with one boat on either side of the strait. When Håkon rowed towards them, the ships suddenly came close to one another and he was taken prisoner. The King let him live and keep his men, but he had to relinquish the country to Olaf for eternity. By then Eirik, Håkon, and Svein Håkonsson, father and sons, had reigned for fourteen years with the title of earls. Saint Olaf gave Håkon the Hebrides, as some say, and empowered him so that he was able to keep them, and he was King there for the rest of his life.

Olaf Becomes King. The Battle of Nesjar

Thereafter Saint Olaf conquered the whole of the country and strengthened it with the Christian faith and many good customs. But the rule was a burden to him, because many turned against him, both within the country and abroad, because he favored Christianity. The first winter he spent mostly in Oppland (eastern and central regions of Norway) together with his brother-in-law Sigurð. In the spring, earl Svein came for him with an army and they engaged in battle at Nesjar by Grenmar on Palm Sunday. Olav won the battle. And a great contingent of Svein's army fell there; however, Svein escaped. Einar Þambaskelmir threw an anchor into Svein vessel and hung on to him and followed him against his will to Denmark. Later Svein went to Russia and never returned.

Olaf's Marriage

Later, Olav asked to marry Astrid, the daughter of Olaf of Sweden, and sister of Ingigerd, to whom he had first been engaged, but her father had broken his promise out of spite and married her off to Jaroslav, King of the Eastern countries (Russia). Olaf had children with Astrid; however, we do not know what their names were or what became of them, except for the daughter Gunnhild, who was married to Otto, the King of Saxony. Olaf was a handsome and proud man with brown hair and red beard. He was thickly set and of medium height, not tall. He was twenty years of age when he came to Norway, and many wise men in Norway thought he was an unusually bright man, abler than most.

Olaf's Conflict with King Knut. Erling Skjalgsson falls. Olaf goes to Russia

At this time, Knut ruled England, which he had conquered with the help and assistance of Saint Olaf. However, he repaid Saint Olaf poorly—as was proven shortly after—and gave the chieftains in Norway secret gifts in order to have them betray him (Olaf) of his country. Amongst the chieftains were Erling of Sola, Kalf of Eggjar, Tore Hund, and many others. When Olaf went eastwards, he met Erling, and thought that he had come to assist him. But Erling prepared to attack him and engaged in a battle against him. Saint Olaf won victory and Erling (became so vanquished that he) had no alternative but surrender to the mercy of the King, who protected him when others sought him out. A man called Aslak Fitjeskalli was the King's steersman. He went back in the boat with a hand-axe hidden under his cape. And before anyone could react, he had given a fatal blow to Erling's head, and said: "Now the coward has been marked." The King answered: "Now you cut Norway off my hand!" Now Olaf learned from the (men he had taken) prisoners that the very greatest men in the country conspired against him. He then turned north to a fjord called Slygsarfjord, in from Borgund. There he went ashore and headed up to a valley called Valldal, and left the country fourteen years after he had come, and went eastwards, taking with him his son, Magnus the Good.

Knut Conquers Norway

Knut first put his sister's son Håkon as ruler of the country, and assured his power by taking sons of the best men hostage, and subjected the people to his will and made them pay him taxes. However, Håkon died the following spring in the English Sea, and when Knut got the news he put Svein, his own son, and his mother Alfiva to rule.

Hard Times under Svein Alfivasson

At this time, the Danish men ranked so high that their witness could overthrow that of ten Norwegians. No one could leave the country without the King's permission, and if a man left, all his properties were confiscated by the King. Anyone who killed a man lost all his land and money. And if a man was outlawed, he could not touch his inheritance which befell the King.

Olaf Returns. The Battle of Stiklestað

After which saint Olaf heads back to the country via Svitjod[15] and came through Jämtland to Trondheim. As he came through the valley Verdalen, Eggjar-Kalf organized an uprising against him, gathering for battle every strong man under his command—as much for the fun of fighting as by wickedness—in order to prevent Olaf from continuing to introduce the Christian faith, which the men knew that he would try with renewed force (as he had done before). Kalf meant that the sons of good men should not be held hostage, and sought battle with King Olaf at Stiklestad. These men were leaders of the troop from Trondheim together with Kalf: Tore Hund, Erlend from Gerði, and Aslak of the Finn Islands. Amongst Olaf's soldiers were Harald, his fifteen-year old brother, a promising young man, big for his age, Ragnvald Brusason, and big Björn. In this battle, Erlend and Gerði died first

[15] The original Sweden, i.e. mid modern-day Sweden.

of the Tronders, and early in the battle Olaf himself fell, too. He had his sword in his hand, but neither helmet nor suit of armor, and was wounded in the knee by Kalf's farmhand. He then knelt down, threw down his sword, and started praying. Tore Hund and Torsteinn Knarresmið were responsible for King Olaf's demise. And Olaf ascended from the battle to his earthly kingdom to Heaven. Big Björn fell at the King's head and Torsteinn Knarresmið was killed at the King's feet. In this battle Aslak of the Finn Islands was killed (too) along with many of the Tronders.

The Famine under Svein and Alfiva

When the King had fallen, the people realized how evil the reign of Svein and Alfiva really was. It became difficult to live in the country, mostly because of the tyranny of the rulers, but also because of the failed harvests. People survived on animal feed more than on proper food, as there was not a single good crop in all the days of Svein's and Alfiva's rule…

Fixing the Year of the Battle of Stiklestað

Saint Olaf had held the title of King of Norway for fifteen years before he fell. He was then thirty-five years old, and was slain one thousand and twenty-nine years after the birth of our Lord. In the battle in which Saint Olaf fell, his brother Harald was also wounded. He fled the country after his brother's fall, and traveled to the East, and later to Constantinople. Some say that he took the title of King of Norway, while others dispute this.

Saint Olaf. Sending for Magnus

But when God started revealing Olaf's miracles, the best men (of the kingdom) prepared to leave the country and look for Magnus, Saint Olaf's son. People now understood that they had acted badly and regretted their misdeeds and wanted to make up for whatever they had done wrong. They went to king Jarislav and carried with them a message from all of them, pleading with Magnus to return to the country. The spokes-persons were earl Ragnvaldr, Einar Þambarskelmir, Svein clump-foot and Kalf Arnason. But their plea was not heard and they had no luck until they swore him loyal service and the land, as the queen Ingigerd stood against it.

Magnus Comes to Norway. He is a Hard Ruler

Magnus returned to the country four years after Olaf, his father, had fallen. And because Svein and Alfiva knew how people favored him (Magnus) and how very unpopular they themselves were, they fled to Denmark. And Magnus finally acceded to the throne, with the approval of the people, although it was hard for some at first, as he started ruling with a harsh hand, mainly because of his young age but also because of his greedy counselors. He was eleven years old when he came to the country…

On Olav Haraldsson in *Heimskringla*

The passages have been extracted from Jónsson, Finnur (1893-1900) *Heimskringla* (*Snorri Sturluson*). Vol. 2. Copenhagen: S. I. Møllers Bogtrykkeri. There are a number of English translations of Snorri's *Heimskringla* available, such as Monsen & Smith (1990). French readers may want to look at Régis Boyer's new edition of Snorri's *Heimskringla*, published in 2000 (See Bibliography).

The selection of chapters from *Heimskringla* and their sequence follows Mattis Størssøn's description of the King-saint and the main events leading up to the battle of Stiklestad. The sequence of Størssøn's and Snorri's narrative are not always concordant. Størssøn not only contracted Snorri's saga, he also rearranged the material considerably. I have arranged the material so that it will be easier for the reader to compare the two chronicles.

Snorri Sturlasson (c.1178/9-1241) was an Icelandic lawyer or "law-sayer" in the service of the Norwegian kings. He resided and worked in Norway during the reign of Håkon Håkonsson, when *Heimskringla* (c.1230-35) was written. The many conflicts over the royal succession in the 12th century and the beginning of the 13th century spurred an interest in the political events of the past, and the King wanted to consolidate his position. The historical writings of Sæmundr Sigfússon (c.1056-1133) and Ari Þórgillsson (c.1067-1148)—written more than a century earlier—as well as Saxo's (d. 1204) *Gesta Danorum*—must have spurred the King's interest in past political events, in the history of his predecessor and the origins of the nation. With a solid knowledge of the old laws and customs, Snorri Sturlason was well suited for the task. *Heimskringla* covers the history of the Norwegian kings from Halvdan the Black (9th century) to the death of Magnus Erlingsson (1177). Where the early Latin chronicles concentrated on reporting the main events, Snorri stands out by writing a chronicle based as much on description as on dialogue between the main characters. The dialogue, so revealing of the Old Norse mentality, is what has made Snorri's sagas such interesting reading, and explains why this medieval writer still has a large popular readership.

Óláfs Saga Helga

(Chapter 1, p. 3) Óláfr, sonr Haraldz ins grenska, fœddisk upp með Sigurði sýr, stjúpfoður sinum, ok Ástu móður sinni. Hrani inn víðförli var með Ástu; hann veitti fóstr Óláfi Haraldzsýni. Óláfr var snimma görviligr maðr, friðr sýnum, meðalmaðr á voxt; vitr var hann ok snimma ok orðsnjallr. Sigurð sýr var búsýslumaðr mikill ok hafði menn sina mjök í starfi, ok hann sjálfr fór optliga at sjá um akra ok eng eða fénað ok enn til smiða, eða þar er menn störfuðu eitthvat.

(Chapter 4, p. 5 Óláfr Haraldzson var þá XII. vetra gamall, er hann steig á herskip fyrsta sinn. Ásta, móðir hans, fekk til Hrana, er kallaðr var konungs-fóstri, til forráða fyrir liðinu ok í för með Óláfi, þviat Hrani hafði opt áðr verit í víking. Þá er Óláfr tók við liði ok skipum, þá gáfu liðsmenn honum konungs-nafn, svá sem siðvenja var til, at herkonungar, þeir er í víking váru, er þeir váru konungbornir, þá báru their konungs-nafn þegar, þótt þeir sæti eigi at löndum. Hrani sat við

stýrihömlu; því segja sumir menn, at Óláfr væri háseti, en hann var þo konungr yfir liðinu. Þeir helda austr með landinu ok fyrst til Danmerkr…

(Chapter 12, p. 15) Óláfr konungr siglði þá vestr til Englandz. Sveinn tjúguskegg Dana-konungr var þenna tima í Englandi með Dana-her ok hafði þar þá setit um hrið ok haft land Aðalráðs konungs. Höfðu þá Danir víða gengit yfir England, var þá svá komit, at Aðalráðr konungr hafði flýit landit ok farit suðr í Valland…

(Chapter 25, pp. 32-33) Eiríkr kom á England til fundar við Knút konung ok var með honum, þá er hann vann Lundnaborg… Eiríkr jarl var á Englandi einn vetr ok áttí nökkurar orrostur, en andat haust eptir ætlaði hann til Rúmferðar, þá andaðisk hann af blóðláti þar á Englandi.

(Chapter 26, pp. 33-34) Knútr konungr átti margar orrustur á Englandi við sonu Aðalráðs Engla-konungs, ok höfði ýmsir betr. Hann kom þat sumar til Englandz, sem Aðalráðr andaðisk; þá fekk Knútr konungr Emmu drótningar; váru börn þeira Haraldr, Hörðaknútr, Gunnhildr. Knútr konungr sættisk við Eaðmund konung; skyldi hafa hálft England hvárr þeirra. Á sama mánaði drap Heinrekr strjóna Eaðmund konung. Eptir þat rak Knút konungr af Englandi alla sonu Aðalráðs konungs…

(Chapter 29, p. 37) þar spurðu þeir til Hákonar jarls, at hann var suðr í Sogni, ok var hans þá ván norðr, þegar er byr gæfi, ok hafði hann eitt skip.

(Chapter 30, p. 38) Óláfr konungr helt inn af leið skipum sínum, er hann kom suðr yfir Fjalir, ok snøri inn til Sauðungs-sunda ok lagðidk þar, lágu sínum megin sundzins hváru skipinu ok höfðu milli sín kaðal digran. Á þeiri sömu stundu røri at sundinu Hákon jarl Eiríksson með skeið skipaðri, ok hugðu þeir vera í sundinu kaupskip .ii. róa þeir í sundit fram milli skipanna. Nú draga þeir Óláfr konungr strenginn upp undir miðjan kjöl skeiðinni ok undu með vindásum; þegar er nökkur festi, gekk upp aptr en steypðisk fram, svá næst hólfði. Óláfr konungr tók þar af sundi Hákon jarl ok alla þá menn hans, er þeir náðu handtaka, en suma drápu þeir, en sumir sukku niðr…

Hákon jarl var upp leiddr á skipit konungs; var hann allra manna friðastr, er menn höfðu sét; hann hafði hár mikit of fagrt sem silki, bundit um hofuð sér gullhlaði; settisk hann í fyrrúmit. Þá mælti Óláfr konungr: «Eigi er þat logit af yðr frændum, hversu fríðir menn þér eruð sýnum, en farnir eruð þér nú at hamingju.» Þá segir Hákon: «Ekki er þetta óhamingja, er oss hefir hent; hefir þat lengi verit, at ýmsir hafa sigraðir verit; svá hefir ok farit með ydrum ok várum frændum, at ýmsir hafa betr haft, en ek lítt kominn af barns-aldri; váru vér nú ok ekki vel við komnir at verja oss, vissum vér nú ekki vánir til ófriðar; kann vera, at oss takisk annat sinn betr til en nú.» Þá svarar Óláfr konungr: «Grunar þik ekki þat, jarl, at hér hafi svá borit, at þú myndir hvárki fá heðan í frá sigr né ósigr?" Jarl segir: «Þér munuð ráða, konungr, at sinni.» Þá segir Óláfr konungr: «Hvat villtu til vinna, jarl, at ek láta þik fara, hvert er þú vill, heilan ok ósakaðan?» Jarl spyrr, hvers hann vildi beiðask. Konungr segir: «Enskis annars en þú farir ór landi ok gefir svá upp ríki yðart ok sverir þess eiða, at þér haldið eigi orrostu heðan í frá í gegn mér.»Jarl svarar, lézk svá gera mundu. Nú vinnr Hákon jarl Óláfi konungi eiða, at hann skal aldri siðan berjask í móti honum ok eigi verja Nóreg með ófriði fyrir Óláfi konungi né sœkja

hann. Þá gefr Óláfr konungr honum grið ok öllum hans mönnum; tók jarl við skipi þvi, er hann hafðiáðr haft. Róa menn í brot leið sína.

(Chapter 32, pp. 41-42) Óláfr konungr inn digri snÉr austr með landi ok átti viða þing við bóendr, ok ganga margir til handa honum, en sumir mæla í móti … Hann fór um haustit á land upp á fund Sigurðar konungs, mág sins, ok kom þar snimma einn hvern dag…

(Chapter 35, pp. 46-47) "Nú skal því upp lúka fyrir yðr, er mér hafir mjök lengi í skapi verit, at ek ætla at heimta föðurarf minn, ok mun ek hvárki koma á fund Dana-konungs né Svíakonungs at biðja þá né einna munu um, þótt þeir hafi ní um hríð kallat sína eign, þat er var arfr Haraldz hárfagra. Ætla ek heldr, yðr satt til at segja, at sœkja oddi og eggju frændleifð mina ok kosta þar at allra frænda minna ok vina oc þeira allra, er at þessu ráði vilja hverfa með mér…"

(Chapter 44, p. 64) Sveinn jarl ok þeir Einarr Þambarskelfir drógu saman her mikinn ok fóru út til Gaulardals it øfra ok stefna út til Niðaróss ok höfðu nær xx hundruð manna. Menn Óláfs váru út á Gaularási ok heldu hestvörð; þeir urðu varir við, er herrinn fór ofan ór Gaulardal ok báru þá konungi njósn um miðnætti. Stoð Ólafr konungr þegar upp ok lét vekja liðit, gengu þeir þegar á skip ok báru út öll klæði sin ok vápn ok þat alt, er þeir gátu með komizk, røru þá út ór ánni; kom þá jamskjótt jarls-liðit til bœjarins; tóku þeir þá jólavistina alla, en brendu húsin öll.

(Chapter 46, p. 66) Vel var Sveinn jarl vingaðr við lenda menn; varð honum gott til liðs. Einarr Þambarskelfir, mágr hans, var með honum ok margir aðrir lendir menn ok margir þeir, er aðr um vetrinn höfðu trúnaðar-eiða svarit Óláfi konungi bœði lendir menn ok bœndr. Þeir fóru þegar ór firðinum, er þeir váru búnir, ok heldu suðr með landi ok drógu at sér lið ór hverju fylki. En er þeir kómu suðr fyrir Rogaland, þá kom til móts við Erlingr Skjálgsson ok hafði mikit lið, ok með honum margir lendir menn; heldu þá öllu liðinu austr til Vikr; þat var, er á leið langaföstu, er Sveinn jarl sótti inn í Víkina. Jarl helt liðinu inn um Grenmar ok lagðisk við Nesjar.

(Chapter 51, pp. 74-75) Nú flýðu sumir menn jarls á land upp, sumir gengu til gri?a. Þá røru þeir Sveinn jarl ut á fjörðinn ok lögðu þeir saman skip sin, ok töluðu höfðingjar milli sín; leitar jarl ráða við lenda menn. Erlingr Skjálgsson réð þat, at þeir skyldu norðr sigla í land ok fá sér liðok berjask enn við Óláf konung. En fyrir þvi at þeir höfðu látið lið mikit, þá fýstu flestir allir, at jarl fœri ór landi á fund Svía konungs, mágs síns, ok eflðisk þaðan at liði; ok fylgði Einarr þvi ráði, þvíat honum þótti sem þeir hefði þá engi föng tilat berjask við Óláf konung. Skildisk þá lið þeira, siglði jarl suðr um Foldina, ok með honum Einarr tambarskelfir; Erlingr Skjálgsson ok enn margir aðrir norðr til heimila sinna; hafði Erlingr um sumarit fjölmenni mikit.

(Chapter 53, p. 78) En er Óláfr konungr kom í Þrándheim, þá verð þar engi uppreist í móti honum, ok var hann þar til konungs tekinn ok settisk þar um haustit í Niðarosi ok bjó þar til vetrvistar ok lét þar húsa konungsgarð ok reisa þar Clemenskirkju í þeim stað, sem nú stendr hon. Hann markaði toptir til garða ok gaf böndum ok kaupmönnum eða þeim öðrum, er honum sýndisk ok húsa vildu. Hann sat þar fjölmeðr, þviat hann treystisk illa þrœndum um trúleik, ef jarl kvæmi aptr í landit; váru berastir í því Innþrœndir, ok fekk hann þaðan engar ýtkdir.

(Chapter 74, p. 124) Ok er þat spurði konungr sá, er þar réð fyrir Raumaríki, þá þótti honum gerask mikit vandmæli; þvíat hvern dag kómu til hans margir menn, er slíkt kærðu fyrir honum, sumir ríkir, sumir óríkir. Konungrinn tók þat ráð, at hann fór upp á Heiðmork á fund Frœreks konungs, þvíat hann var þeira konunga vitrastr, er þar váru þá. En er konungar tóku tal sín í milli, þá kom þat ásamt með þeim, at senda orð Guðrøði konungi norðr í Dala ok svá á Hadaland til þess konungs, er þar var ok biðja þá koma á Heiðmörk til fundar við þá Hrœrek konung. Þeir lögðusk eigi ferð undir höfuð, ok hittust þeir v. konungar á Heiðmork, þar sem heitir á Hringisakri. Hringr var þar inn fimti konungr, bróðir Hrœreks konungs…

(Chapter 75, p. 130) Hrœrekr konungr var maðr forvitri ok hárðráðr; þótti Óláfi konungi hann ótrúligr, þótt hann gerði nökkura sætt við hann. Hann lét blinda Hrœrek báðum augum ok hafði hann með sér; en hann lét skera tungu ór Guðrøði Dala-konungi; en Hring ok aðra .II. lét hann sverja sér eiða ok fara í brot ór Nóregi ok koma aldri aptr; en lenda menn eða bœndr, þá er sannir váru at þessum svikræðum, rak hann suma ór landi, sumir váru meiddir, af sumum tók hann sættir.

(Chapter 84, pp. 154-160) þa barsk at upstigningardag, at Óláfr konungr gekk til hámessu; þa gekk byskup med processio um kirkju ok leiddi konunginn, en er þeir kómu aptr í kirkju, þá leiddi byskup konung til sætis síns fyrir norðan í kórnum; en þar sat it næsta Hrœrekr konungr, sem hann var vanr; hann hafði yfirhöfnina fyrir andliti sér. En er Óáfr konungr hafði niðr sezk, þá tók Hrœrekr konungr á öxl honum hendinni ok þrýsti; hann mælti þá: «Pelkklæði efir þú nú, frændi,» segir hann. Óláfr konungr svarar: «Nú er hátið mikil haldin í minning þess, er Jésús Kristr sté til himna af jorden.» Hrœrekr konungr svarar: «Ekki skil ek af, svá at mér hugfestisk þat, er þér segið frá Kristi; þykki mér þat mart heldr ótrúligt, er þér segið; en þó hafa mörg dœmi orðit í forneskju.» En er messan var upp hafin, þá stóð Óláfr konungr upp ok helt upp höndunum yfir höfuð sér ok laut til altaris, ok bar yfirhöfnina aptr af herðum honum. Hrœrekr konungr spratt þá upp skjótt ok hart: hann lagði þá til Óláfs konungs saxknifi þeim, er rytningr er kallaðr, lagit kom í yfirhöfnina við herðarnar, er hann hafði lotit undan; skárusk mjök klæðin, en konungr varð ekki sárr. En er Óláfr konungr fann þetta tilræði, þá hlióp hann fram við á gólfit. Hrœrekr konungr lagði til hans annat sinni saxinu ok misti hans ok mælti: “Flýr þú nú, Óláfr digri, fyrir mér blindum.” Konungr bað sína menn taka hann ok leiða han út ór kirkin, ok svá var gort…

(Chapter 85, pp. 158-160) … Þorarinn ségir: “Dýrt er dróttins orð, eða hverja bœn viltu af mér þiggja?” Hann segir: “Þá at þú flytir Hrœrek til Grœnlandz og fœrir hann Leifi Eirikssýni.” Þorarinn svarar: “Eigi hefi ek komit til Grœnlandz.” Konungr segir: “Farmaðr slíkr sem þú ert, þá er þér nú mál at fara til Grœnlandz, ef þú hefir eigi fyrr komit…”

….Konungr játaði þessu ok gerðisk Þórarinn hirðmaðr hans. Þá bjó Þórarinn skip sitt, ok er han var búinn, þá tók hann við Hrœreki konungi. En er þeir skilðusk, Óláfr konungr ok Þórarinn, þá mælti Þórarinn: “Nú berr svá til, konungr, sem eigi er ørvænt ok opt kann verða, at vér komum eigi fram Grœnlandsferðinni, berr oss at Íslandi eða öðrum löndum – hvernug skal ek skiljask við konung þenna þess at yðr megi líka?” Konungr segir: “Ef þú kømst til Íslandz, þá skaltu selja hann í hendr Guðmundi Eyjólfssyni eða Skapta lögsögumanni eða öðrum nökkurum höfðingjum, þeim er taka vilja við vináttu minni ok jartegnum. En ef þik berr at öðrum löndum,

þeim er hér eru nærr, þá haga þú sva til, at þú vitir vist, at Hrœrekr komi aldri siðan lífs til Nóregs…

Eptir um sumarit fekk Hrœrekr sótt, þá er hann leiddi til bana. Svá er sagt, at sá einn konungr hvílir á Íslandi.

(Chapter 92, p. 180) En er sú veizla hafði staðit nökkura daga, þá var konungr ok jarl ok konungs-dóttir á málstefnu; en þat kom upp at tali þeira, at sú var ráðagörð, at Rögnvaldr jarl fastnaði Ástíði, dóttur Óláfs Svía-konungs, Óláfi Nóregs-konungi með þeiri heiman-fylgju, sem áðr hafði skilit verit, at Ingigerðr, syster hennar, skyldi hafa heiman haft. Konungr skyldi ok veita Ástríði þvílíka tilgjöf, sem hann skyldi hafa veitt Ingígerði, systur hennar. Var þá sú veizla aukin, ok var þá drukkit brullaup Óláfs ok Ástriðar drótningar með mikill vegsemð.

(Chapter 130, pp. 281-282) Knútr inn ríki, er sumir kalla inn gamla Knút, hann var konungr í þann tið yfir Englandi ok yfir Danaveldi. Knútr ríki var sonr Sveins tjúguskeggs Haraldzsonar. Þeir langfeðgar höfðu ráðit langa ævi fyrir Danmörku. Haraldr Gormsson, föður-faðir Knúts hafði eignazk Nóreg eptir Haraldz Gunnhildarsonar ok tekit af skatta, sett þar tillandz-gæzlu Hákon jarl inn ríka…

Knútr inn ríki hafði unnit England með orrostum ok barizk til ok hafði langt starf, áðr en landz-fólkit hafði honum hlýðit orðit. En er hann þóttisk fullkominn þar til landz-stjórnar, þá mintisk hann, hvat hann þóttisk eiga þess ríkis, er hann hafði eigi sjálfr varðveizlu yfir, en þat var í Nóregi; hann þóttisk eiga at erfðum Nóreg allan, en Hákon, systur-son hans, þóttisk eiga suman, ok þat með, at hann þóttisk með svívirðing látit hafa; sá var einn hlutr til þess, er þeir Knútr ok Hákon höfðu kyrru haldit um tilkall í Nóreg, at þá fyrst, er Óláfr Haraldzson kom í land hljóp upp alla múgr ok margmenni ok vildi ekki heyra annat, en Óláfr skyldi vera konungr yfir landi öllu. En siðan, er menn þóttusk verða ósjálfráðir fyrir ríki hans, þá leituðu sumir í brót ór landi; höfðu farit mjök margir ríkismenn á fund Knúts konungs eða ríkra bónda synir ok gefir sér ýmist til ørenda; en hverr þeira, er kom á fund Knúts konungs ok hann vildi þýðask, þá fengu allir af honum fullar hendr fjár…

(Chapter 131, pp. 284-288). Knútr inn ríki sendi menn vestan af Englandi til Nóregs, ok var þeira ferð búin allvegliga; höfðu þeir bréf ok innsigli Englakonungs Knúts. Þeir kómu á Óláfs Haraldzsonar Nóreg-konungs um várit í Túnsbergi…

En er þeir fengu lof til at mæla við hann, þá gengu þeir fyrir konung ok báru fram bréfs Knúts konungs ok segja ørendi þau, sem fylgðu, at Knútr konungr kallar sína eign á Nóregi öllum ok telr, at hans forellrar hafa þat ríki fyrir honum; en fyrir þeim sökum, at Knútr konungr vill frið bjóða til allra landa, þá vill hann eigi herskildi fara til Nóregs, ef annars er ef kostr; en er Óláfr konungr Haraldzson vill vera konungr yfir Nóregi, þá fari hann á fund Knúts konungs ok taki landit í lén af honum ok gerisk hans maðr ok gjaldi honum skatta slíka, sem jarlar guldu fyrr. Siðan báru þeir bréf fram ok sögðu þau alt slíkt it sama. Þá svarar Óláfr konungr: “Þát hefi ek heyrt sagt í fornum frásögnum, at Gormr konungr Dana, þótti vera gildr þjóðkonunger ok réð hann fyrir Danmörku einni; en þessum Danakonungum, er siðarr hafa verit þykkir þat ekki einhlítt. Er nú svá komit, at Knútr ræðr fyrir Danmörku ok fyrir Englandi, ok hefir hann þó nú undir sik brotit mikinn hluta Skotlandz. Nú kallar hann til ættleifðar minnar í hendr mér.…

Sendimenn Knúts konungs fóru aptr leið sína, ok byrjaði þeim vel um hafit; fóru þeir síðan á fund Knúts konungs ok sögðu honum ørendislok sín ok svá þau

álykðar-orð er Óláfr konungr mælti síðarst við þá. Knútr konungr svarar: “Eigi getr Óláfr konungr rétt, ef hann ætlar at ek myna einn vilja eta kál alt á Englandi; ek mynda vilja heldr, at hann fynni þat, at mér býr fleira innan rifja en kál eitt; þvíat heðan skolu honum köld ráð koma undan hverju rifi.”

(Chapter 132, p. 288) Óláfr konungr stefndi til sín lendum mönnum sínum ok fjölmentisk mjök um sumarit, þvíat þau fóru orð um, at Knútr inn ríki myndi fara vestan um sumarit…

Óláfr konungr sendi menn um haustit austr til Svíþjóðar á fund Önundar konungs, mágs síns, ok lét segja honum orðsendingar Knúts konungs ok tilkall þat, er hann hafði við Óláf konung um Nóreg, ok lét þat fylgja,at hann hygði, ef Knútr legði Nóreg undir sik, at Önundr myndi lítla hríð þaðan í frá í fríði hafa Svíaveldi, ok kallar þat ráð, at þeir byndi saman ráð sín ok risi í móti, ok segir, at þá skorti eigi styrk til at halda deilu við Knút konung. Önundr konungr tók vel orðsending Óláfs konungs …

(Chapter 134, p. 300) En er á leið várit, bjósk Knútr konungr með liði sínu at fara vestr til Englandz; hann setti eptir í Danmörk Hörðaknút, son sinn, ok þar með honum Úlf jarl, son Þorgils sprakaleggs…

Knútr ríki fór vestr til Englandz…

(Chapter 135, pp. 301-307. Dráp Þórálfs – Þoralf’s murder)

(Chapter 138, pp. 313-320) … þeir kómu at kveldi eins dags í Giska til bús Þorbergs Árnasonar. Var hann eigi heima, en kona hans var heima Ragnhildr, dóttir Erlings Skjalgssonar …

… þá lá Ragnhildr ok skyldi léttari verða ok var allþungt haldin, en prestr var engi í eujunni ok engi nær …

… Sendimen báðu prest fara með sér til húss; honum þótti sem þat myndi vera vanda mikill, en vissi fákunnandi sína ok vildi eigi fara …

Lítlu siðarr fœddi hon barn, þat var mær, ok þótti heldr ómáttuligt…

Ragnhildr hét Steini vináttu sinni fullkommini, ok hann skyldi þangat koma á hennar fund ef hann þœttisk hennar liðsemðar þurfa …

… Var Steinn þar um vetrinn. En eptir jól kómu til Þorbergsendimenn konungs með þeim orðum, at Þorberg skal lóma á fund hans fyrir miðja föstu, ok er lagt ríkt við þessa orðsending. Þorberg bar þar fyrir vini sína ok leitaði ráðs, hvárt hann skyldi á þá hættu leggja, at fara á funds konungs at svá fornu máli…

Siðan fór Þorbergr á fund Árna Árnason, broður síns, ok segir honum þetta mál svá búit ok bað hann fara með sér til konungs. Árni segir: “Undarligt þykki mér um þik, svá vitran mann ok fyrirleitinn, er þú skalt rasat hafa í svá mikla óhamingju ok hafa fengit konungs reiði, þar er engi bar nauðsyn til ; þat væri nökkur várkunn, at þú helir frænda þinn eða fóstbróður, en þetta allz engi, at hafa tekizk á hendr mann islenzkan, at halda útlaga konungs, ok hafa nú þik í veði ok alla frændr þina…”

Konungr hafði þá spurt um fjölmenni þat, er þeir höfðu, ok var han heldr styggr í rœðunni þeira. Fiðr bauð boð fyrir Þorberg ok svá fyrir Stein– bauð hann, at konungr skyldi fé gera svá mikit, sem hann vildi, en Þorberg hafa landz-vist ok veizlur sínar, Steinn lífs grið ok lima. Konungr segir: “Svá lízk mér sem þessi for myni vera svá, at þér mynið nú þykkiask hafa hálf ráð við mik eða meirr; en þess mun mik sízt vara af yðr brœðrum, at þér munuð með her fara í móti mér; kenni ek ráð þessi, er þeir Jaðarbyggjar munu hafa upp hafit; en ekki þarf mér fé bjóða.” Þá

segir Finnr: “Ekki höfum vér bræðr haft fyrir þá sök liðsamnað, at vér mynim ófrið bjóða yðr, konungr; heldr berr hitt til, konungr, at vér viljum yðr fyrst bjoða vára þjónustu; en ef þér neitið ok ætlið Þorbergi okkura afarkosti, þá munu vér fara allir með lið þat, er vér höfum, á fund Knúts ins ríki.” Þá leit konungrinn við honum ok mælti: “Ef þér bræðr vilið veita mér svardaga til þess, at fylgja mér innanlandz ok útan-landz ok skiljask eigi við mik, nema mitt lof ok leyfi sé til, eigi skoluð þér leyna mik, ef þér vitið mér ráðin svikræði, þá vil ek taka sætt af yðr bræðrum.” …

…Gjengu þeir þá þrir bræðr á eitt skip, Þorberg, Finnr, Árni, ok røru inn til bœjar ok síðan gjengu þeir á konungs fund. Fór þá fram þat sáttmál, at þeir bræðr svorðu konungi eiða. Þá leitaði Þorberge Steini sættar við konung; en konungr segir, at Steinn skyldi fara í fríðr fyrir honum, hvert er hann vildi – “en eigi mun hann með mér vera síðan.” Þá fóru þeir Þorberg út til liðsins. Fór þá Kalfr inn á Eggju, en Finnr fór til konungs, en Þorberg ok annat lið þeira fór heim suðr. Steinn fór suðr með sonum Erlings; en um várit snimma fór hann vestr til Englandz, en siðan til handa Knúti inum ríki ok var með honum lengi í góðu yfirlæti.

(Chapter 139, pp. 320-326) … Þá tók konungr til máls ok segir svá; “Sú ráðagörð staðfestisk í skapi mér, at ek ætla í vár at bjóða út leiðangagri af landi öllu, bœði at liði ok at skipum, ok fara síðan með her þann allan, er ek má til fá, í mót Knúti inum ríka, þvíat et veit um tilkall þat, er hann hefir upp hafit til ríkis í hendr mér, at hann mun eigi ætla at hafa þat fyrir hégómamál…

Finnr sendi menn í Bjarkey til Þorir hundz, lét þar krefja leiðangrs, sem annars staðar. En er Þori kómu boð konungs, þá bjósk hann til ferðar ok skipaði af húskörlum sínum skip þar, er hann hafði haft áðr um sumarit til Bjarmalandz; bjó þat með sínum eins kostnaði …

… Þorir verðr seint búinn ór höfninni; en er segl þeira kom upp þá heldu þeir út um Vestfjorð ok siðan á haf út…

… Hann siglði í Englandzhaf, ok kom fram á Englandi; fór siðan á fund Knúts konugs, ok tók hann vel við honum…

Var Þórir þá með Knúti konungi. Finnr Arnason fór með liði því til Óláfs konungs, segir honum alt frá ferð sinni ok svá þat, at hann kvaðask hyggja, at Þórir væri ór landi farinn ok vestr til Englandz á fund Knúts ins ríka– “Ok ætla ek han munu vera oss allóþarfan.” Konungr segir: “Trúi ek því, at Þorir mun vera oss óvinr, ok þykki mér hann ávalt betri firr mér en nærr.”

(Chapter 161, pp. 381-382) Erlingr Skjálgsson ok synir hans allir höfðu verit um sumarit í her Knúts konungs ok í sveit með Hákoni jarl; þar var þá ok Þórir hundr ok hafði metorð mikil. En er Knútr konungr spurði, at Óláfr konungr hafði landveg farit til Nóregs, þá leysti Knútr konungr leiðangrinn ok gaf leyfi öllum mönnum at búa sér til vetrvistar; var þá í Danmörk herr mikill útlendra manna, bœði enskra ok Norðmanna ok af fleirum löndum, er lið hafði komit til hersins um sumarit. Erlingr Skjálgsson fór um haustit til Nóregs með liði sínu ok þá af Knúti konungi stórar gjafir at skilnaði þeira. Þórir hundr var eptir með Knúti konungi. Með Erlingi fóru norðr í Nóreg sendimenn Knúts konungs ok höfðu með sér óf lausafjár; fóru þeir um vetrinn viða um land, reiddu þá af hendi fé þau er Knútr konungr hafði heitit mönnum um haustit til liðs sér, en gáfu inum morgum er þeir fengu með fé keypt vináttu Knúti konungi, en þeir höfðu traust Erlings til yfirferðar. Gerðisk þá

svá, at fjölði manna snørisk til vináttu við Knút konung ok hétu honum þjónostu sinni ok því með, at veita Óláfi konungi mótstöðu; gerðu þat sumir berliga, en hinir váru miklu fleiri, er leynðusk at fyrir alþýðu. Ólafr konungr spurði þessi tiðendi; kunnu margir honum at segja frá þessum tiðendum, ok vat þat fœrt mjök í jöfnmæli þar í hirðinni…

(Chapter 144, p. 347) … Fór konungr þá suðr á Hordaland. Hann spurði þau tiðendi, at Erling Skjalgsson var ór landi farinn ok hafði lið mikit, skipp .IIII. eða .IV. hann hafði sjálfr skeið eina mikla, en synir hans .III. tvítøgessur, ok höfðu siglt vestr til Englandz á fund Knúts ins ríka. Fór þá Óláfr konungr austr með landi ok hafði all-mikit lið; hann leiddi at spurningum, ef menn vissi nokkut til ferðar Knúts ins ríka, en þat kunnu allir at segja, at hann var á Englandi; en þat var ok sagt með, at hann hafði leiðangr úti ok ætlaði til Nóregs….

(Chapter 145, pp. 348) Þá er Óláfr konungr sigldi til Danmerkr, ok helt til Sjólandz; en er hann kom þar, tók hann at herja veitti upgöngur; var þá bœði landz fólkit rænt ok sumt drepit, sumt var handtekit, flutt svá til skipa, en alt flýði, þat er því kom við, ok varð engi viðastada; gerði Óláfr konungr þat it mesta hervirki. En er Óláfr konungr var á Sjólandi, þá spurði hann þau tiðendi, at Önundr konungr Óláfsson hafði úti leiðangr ok fór með her mikinn austan fyrir Skáni ok herjaði hann þar…

(Chapter 148, pp. 354-358 Úlfr jarl sprakaleggsson hafði settr verit til land-varnar í Danmörk, þá er Knútr konungr fór til Englandz; hafði hann selt í hendr Úlfi jarli son sinn, þann er kallaðr var Hörðaknútr. Var þat it fyrra sumar, sem áðr er ritit. En jarl segir þegar, at Knútr konungr hafði boðit honum þat ørendi at skildnaði þeira, at hann vildi, at þeir tœki til konungs yfir Danaveldi Hörðaknút, son Knúts konungs…

Siðan bár jarl fram bréf ok innsigli Knúts konungs, þau er sönnuðu alt þetta, er jarl bar upp. Þetta ørendi studdu margir aðrir höfðingjar. Ok af þeira fortölum allra saman réð mannfólkit þat af, at taka Hörðaknút til konungs, ok var þat gort á því sama þingi. En í þessi ráðagörð hafði verit uphafs-maðr Emma drótning; hafði hon látit gera bréf þessi ok látit innsigla, hafði hon með brögdum nát innsigli konungs, en hann sjálfr var leyndr þessu öllu. En er Hörðaknút ok Úlfr jarl urðu þess varir, at Óláfr konungr var kominn norðan ór Nóregi með her mikinn, þá fóru þeir til Jótlandz, þvíat þar er mest megin Danaveldis; skáru þeir þá upp heror ok stefndu saman her miklum.…

En er spurðu, at Svía-konungr var ok þar kominn með her sinn, þá þóttusk þeir eigi styrk hafa at leggja til bardaga við þá báða. Þá heldu þeir samnaðinum á Jótlandi ok ætluðu at verja þat land fyrir konungum; en skipaherinn drógu þeir allan saman í Limafirði, ok biðu svá Knúts konungs. En er þeir spurðu, at Knútr konungr var vestan kominn til Limafjarðar, þá gerðu þeir sendimenn til hans ok drótningar Emma ok báðu, at hon skyldi verða vis, hvárt konungr var þeim reiðr eða eigi, ok láta þá þess verða vara. Drótning rœddi þetta mál við konung ok segir, at Hörðaknútr, sonr þeira, vildi bœta öllu því, sem konungr vildi, efan hafði þat gort, er konungi þœtti í móti skapi…

En þat fannzk brátt, þegar er landzfólkit spurði, at Knútr inn gamli var kominn, þá dreif til hans allr múgr landzins ok þótti þar traust sitt alt…

(Chapter 149, pp. 359-360) En er Óláfr konungr ok Önundr konungr spurðu, at Knútr konungr var vestan kominn, ok þat, at hann hafði þá óflýjnda her, þá sigla þeir austr fyrir Skáni, taka þá at herja ok brenna heröð, sœkja svá austr fyrir landit til móts við ríki Svía-konungs. En þegar er landz-fólkit spurði, at Knútr konungr var vestan kominn, þá varð ekki af handgöngu við konunga…

Þá sóttu konungar austr fyrir landit ok lögðu at þar, er heitir Áin Helga, ok dvölðusk þar um hrið. Sá spyrja þeir, at Knútr konungr fór með her sinn austr eptir þeim. Þá bera þeir ráðsaman ok tóku þat til, at Óláfr konungr með liði sínu sumu gekk á land upp ok alt á markir til vats þess, er Áin helga fellr ór; gerðu þar á árósinum stíflu með viðum ok torfi, ok stemma svá uppi vatnit, ok svá skáru þeir díki stór ok hleypðu saman fleirum vötnunum, ok gerðusk þar víðir flóar; en í árveginn hjoggu þeir stórviðu. Þeir váru í þessu váru í þessu starfi marga daga, ok hafði Óláfr konungr alt tilstilli um brögð þessi, en Önundr konungr hafði þá stjórn yfir skipa-hernum. Knútr konungr spurði til ferða þeira konunga ok svá skaða þann allan, er þeir höfðu gört á ríki hans; heldr þá til móts við þá, þar er þeir lágu í Ánni helgu; ok hafði her mikinn, ok hálfu meira en þeir báðir…

(Chapter 150, pp 361-365) Þat var einn dag at kveldi, at njósnar-menn Önundar konungs sá sigling Knúts konungs, ok átti hann þá þangat eigi langt. Þá lét Önundr konungr blása herblástr. Ráku menn þá tjöld af sér ok herklæddusk, røru út ór höfninni ok austr fyrir landit, lögðu þá saman skip sín ok tengðu ok bjoggusk til bardaga. Önundr konungr hleypði njósnar-mönnum á land upp; fóru þeir á fund Óláfs konungs ok sögðu honum þessi tíðendi. Þá lét Óláfr konungr brjóta stiflurnar ok hleypa ánni í veg sínn; en hann fór um nóttina ofan skipa sinna. Knútr konungr kom fyrir höfnina; þá sá hann, hvar lá herr konunga búinn til bardaga; þótti honum, sem þá myndi vera sið dags at leggja til orrostu, um þat er herr hans væri allr búinn, þvíat floti hans þurpti rúm mikit á sænum til at sigla; var langt í milli ins fyrsta skips ok ins síðarsta, svá þess, er útarst fór, eða hins, er næst fór landi. Veðr var lítit. En er Knútr konungr sá, at Svíar ok Norðmenn höfðu rýmða höfnina, þá lagði hann inn til hafnar ok svá skipin, sem rúm höfðu; en þo lá megin-herrinn út á hafinu. Um morgininn, er mjök var ljóst, þá var lið þeira mart á landi uppi, sumt á tali, en sumt á skemtan sinni. Þá finna þeir eigi fyrr, en þar geysask votn at þeim með forsfalli; þar fylgðu viðir stórir, er rak at skipum þeira; meiddusk skipin þar fyrir, en vötnin flutu um völluna alla; týndisk þat fólkit, er á landi var, ok mart þat, er á skipum var; en allir þeir, er því kómu við, hjoggu festar sínar ok leystusk út, ok rak skipin mjök sundrlaus. Dreka inn mikla, er sjálfr konungr var á, rak út fyrir straumi; varð honum ekki auðsnúit með árum; rak hann út at flota þeira Önundar konungs. En er þeir kendi skipit, þá lögðu þeir þegar at umhverfis; en fyrir þá sök, at skipit var borð mikit, svá sem borg væri, en fjölði mannz á ok valit it bezta lið, vápnat ok sem øruggligast, þá varð skipit ekki auðsótt; var ok stundin kómm, áðr Úlf jarl lagði at með sínu liði, ok hófsk þá orrosta. Því næst drósk at herr Knúts konungs öllum megin. Þá sá konungar, Ólafr ok Önundr, at þeir mundu unnit hafa þá at sinni þann sigr, sem auðit var; létu þá siga skip sín á hömlu ok leystusk í brót ór her Knúts konungs ok skilðu flotana.…

En er þeir höfðu skilðizk ok sér fór hvárr flotinn, þá könnuðu konungar lið sitt ok funnu, at þeir höfðu ekki mannspell fengit, þat sá þeir ok, ef þeir biði þar þess, er Knútr konungr hefði búit allan her þann, er hann hafði, ok legði ván var, at þeir

mundu sigrask, en auðvitat, ef orrosta tœkisk, at þar myndi verða it mesta mannfall. En er þeir sá, at flotinn Knúts konungs fór ekki eptir þeim, þá reistu þeir viður ok settu upp segl sín..

(Chapter 151, p. 366) Óláfr konungr ok Önundr konungr siglðu austr fyrir veldi Svía-konungs…

(Chapter 158, p. 378) … En hann sendi menn ok lét flytja skip sín austr í Kálmarnir; létu þeir þar upp setja skipin ok fæytja reiða allan ok annan varnaðit varðveizlu…

(Chapter 159, p. 379) Óláfr konungr byrjar ferð sína, fór fyrst upp um Smálönd ok kom fram í vestra Gautland, fór spakliga ok friðsamliga, en landz-menn veittu þeim góðan forbeina. Fór konungr til þess, er hann kom ofan í Víkina ok svá norðr eptir Víkinni, til þess hann kom í Sarpsborg; dvalðisk hann þá þar ok lét þá þar búa til vetrsetu. Gaf konungr þá heimleyfi mestum hluta liðsins, en hafði með sér þat af lendum mönnum, er honum sýndisk. Þar váru með honum allir synir Árna Armoðssonar, váru þeir mest virðir af konungi…

(Chapter 161, pp. 381-382) Erlingr Skjalgsson ok synir hans allir höfðu verit um sumarit í her Knúts konungs ok í sveit með Hákoni jarl; þar var þá ok Þórir hundr ok hafði metorð mikil. En er Knútr konungr spurði, at Óláfr konungr hafði landveg farit til Nóregs, þá leysti Knútr konungr leiðangrinn ok gaf leyfi öllum mönnum at búa sér til vetrvistar; var þá í Danmörk herr mikill útlendra manna, bœði enskra manna ok Norðmanna ok af fleirum löndum, er lið hafði komit til hersins um sumarit. Erlingr Skjalgsson fór um haustit til Nóregs með lið sínu ok þá af Knútr konungi stórar gjafir at skilnaði þeira. Þórir hundr var eptir með Knúti konungi. Með Erlingi fóru norðr í Nóreg sendimenn Knúts konungs ok höfðu með sér of lausafjár; fóru þeir um vetrinn viða um land, reiddu þá af hendi fé þau, er Knútr konungr hafði heitit mönnum um haustit til liðs sér, en gáfu inum morgum, er þeir fengu með fé keypt vináttu Knúti konungi en þeir höfðu traust Erlings til yfirferðar. Gerðisk þá svá, at fjölði manna snørisk til vináttu við Knút konung ok hétu honum þjónostu sinni ok því með, at veita Óláfi konungi mótstöðu; gerðu þat sumir berliga, en hinir váru miklu fleiri, er leynðusk at fyrir alþýðu…

(Chapter 165, pp. 386-389) Þórir, sonr Ölvis á Eggju, stjúpsonr Kalfs Árnasonar ok systersonr Þóris hundz, var manna friðastr, mikil maðr ok sterkr; hann var þá XVIII. vetra gamall…

Han bauð konungi heim til veizlu með lið sitt…

Dagr svarar: “Hann vann þat til fjár, at hann gerðisk dróttins-sviki; hann hefir tekit fé af Knúti inum ríka til höfuðs þér.”…

Konungr lét Þóri taka höndum ok setja í járn. Þá gekk Kálfr at ok bað Þóri friðar ok bauð fyrir hann fé…

Síðan lét konungr drepa Þóri, en verk þat varð at inni mestu öfund bœði þar um Uplönd ok engum mun síðr norðr um Þrándheim, þar sem ætt Þóris var flest. Kálfr þótti ok mikils vert aftaka þessa manns, þvíat Þórir hafði verit fóstrson hans í œsku.

(Chapter 168, p. 391) Þau tiðendi spurðusk í Nóreg, at Knútr inn ríki dró saman her óvígjan í Danmörku, ok þat með, at hann ætlaði at halda liði því öllu til Nóregs ok leggja þar land undir sik…

(Chapter 170, pp. 394-395) … Knútr konungr fór norðr með landi. Kómu þar til hans menn ór heruðum ok játuðu honum þá allir hlýðni. Knútr konungr lá í Eikundasundi nökkura hrið. Kom þar til hans Erlingr Skjalgsson með lið mikit. Þá bundu þeir Knútr konungr vináttu enn at nýju. Var þat í heitum við Erling af hendi Knúts konungs, at hann skyldi hafa land alt til forráða milli Staðar ok Rygjarbits…

(Chapter 171, pp. 395-397) Knútr konungr hafði þá lagt land alt undir sik í Nóreg…

Þegar er Hákon jarl hafði tekit við ríki í Nóregi, þá réðsk til lags við hann Einar Þambarskelfir, mágr hans; tók hann þá upp veizlur allar, þær sen hann hafði fyrr haft, þá er jarlar réðu landi…

Hofsk þá af nýju höfðingskapr Einars.

(Chapter 173, p. 399) … En er Óláfr konungr spurði, at Knutr konungr fór liði sínu norðr fyrir land †á helt Óláfr konungr inn í Oslóarfjórð ok upp í vatn, er Dröfn heitit, ok hafðisk hann þar við, til þesser herr Knúts konungs var farinn um suðr. En í ferð þeiri, Knútr konungr fór norðan með landi, átti hann þing í hverju fylki; en á hverju þingi var honum land svarit ok gefnir gíslar.

(Chapter 174, p. 400) Óláfr konungr helt skipum sínum út til Túnsbergs, þegar er hann spurði, at Knútr konungr var farinn suðr til Danmarkar…

Hann fann þat, at landi var þá svikit undan honum…

Var konungi sá sagt, at Erlingr Skjalgsson hafði liðsamnað mikinn á Jáðri; skeið hans lá fyrir land albúin ok fjölði annarra skipa, er bœndi áttu; váru þat skútur ok lagnar-skip ok róðrar-ferjur stórar.

(Chapter 175, pp. 401-401) … En er Erlingr varð þess varr, at konungr siglði austan, þá lét hann blása liði sínu öllu til skipanna…

Þá sá Óláfr konungr, at þeir Erlingr sóttu eptir mjök, þvíat skip konungsváru sett mjök ok sollin, er þau höfðu flotit á sæ alt sumari ok um haustit ok vetrinn þar til; hann sá, at liðs-munr mikill myndi vera, ef mœtti öllu í senn liði Erlings.

(Chapter 176, pp. 403-407) Óláfr konungr stefndi fyrir innan Bókn; fal þá sýn milli þei…

Tóksk þar orrosta ok var in snarpasta; þá snøri mannfallinu brátt í lið Erlings…

Svá fell vandliga lið Erlings, at engi maðr stóð upp á skeiðinni nema hann einn.

Þá mælti konungr: “Viltu á hönd ganga, Erlingr? “Þat vil ek,” segir hann. Þá tók hann hjálminn af höfði sér ok lagði niðr sverðit ok skjöldinn ok gekk fram í fyrirrúmit. Konungr stakk við honum øxar-hyrnunni í kinn honum ok mælti: “Merkja skal dróttinsvikann.” Þá hlóp at Áslakr Fitjaskalli ok hjó með øxi í hofuð Erlingi, svá at stóð í heila niðri; var þat þegar banasár; lét Erlingr þar líf sitt. Þá mælti Óláfr konungr við Áslak: “Hogg þú allra manna armastr; nú hjóttu Nóreg ór hendi mér.” Áslakr segir: “Illa er þá, konungr, ef þér er mein at höggvi; ek þóttumk nú Nóreg í hond þér höggva;en ef ek hefi þér mein gört, konungr, ok kantu mér óþökk fyrir þetta verk, þá mun mér kostlaus vera þvíat hafa mun ek svá margra manna óþökk ok fjándskap fyrir þetta verk, at ek mynda þurfa at hafa yðart traust ok vináttu.” Konungr segir, at svá skyldi vera…

… En bœndr tóku lík Erlings ok bjoggu um ok fluttu heim á Sóla, svá val þann allan, er þar hafðit fallit; ok var Erlingr it mesta harmaðr, ok hefir þat verit mál

manna, at Erlingr Skjalgsson hafi verit maðr gofgastr ok ríkastr í Nóreg, þeira er eigi bæri tignar-nafn meira…

(Chapter 177, p. 408) Sønir Erlings váru sumir norðr í Þrándheimi með Hákon jarli, en sumir norðr á Hordalandi, sumir inn í fjörðum, ok váru þeir þar í liðsamnaði. En er spurðisk falls Erlings, þá fylgði þeiri sögu útboð austan um Agði ok um Rogaland ok Hörðaland; var þar her boðit út, ok var þat it mesta fjölmenni; ok fór sá með sonum Erlings norðr eptir Óláfi koningi…

Fór Óláfr konungr til þess, er hann kom norðr um Stað ok lagði til Hereyja ok spurði þau tiðendi, at Hákon jarl hafðilið mikit í Þrándheimi…

(Chapter 178, pp. 410-411) Síðan helt Óláfr konungr inn til Steinavágs ok lá þar um nótt…

… En þá er Óláfr konungr kom jafnfram Borgund, þá fór ok skip móti honum, er Áslakr hafði átt. En er þeir hittu Óláf konung, þá sögðu þeir sí tiðendi, at Vigleikr Árnasson hafði tekit at lífi Áslak Fitjaskalla, fyrir þat er hann hafði drepit Erling Skjalgsson…

(Chapter 179, pp. 416-417) … þá fór Óláfr konungr yfir fjall ok kom fram í Einbúa ok var þar um nótt. Óláfr konungr hafði þá verit konungr í Nóregi xv vetrr, með þeim vetri, er þeir Sveinn jarl váru báðir í landi, ok þessum, er nú um hríð hefir verit frá sagt, ok þá var liðit um jól fram, er hann lét skip sín ok gekk á land upp, sem nú var sagt. Þessa grein konungsdóms hans ritaði Ari prestr Þorgilsson inn fróði, er bæði var sannsögull, minnigr ok svá gamall…

(Chapter 180, pp. 417-418) Síðan er Óláfr konungr hafði verit um nótt á Lesjum, þá fór hann með liði sínu dag eptir dag, fyrst til Guðbrandzdala, en þaðan út á Heiðmörk. Sýndisk þá, hverir vinir hans váru, þvíat þeir fylgðu þá honum, en hinir skildusk þá við hann, er með minna trúleik höfðu þjónat honum…

… Óláfr konungr gaf heimleyfi mörgum mönnum sínum, þeim er bú áttu ok börn fyrir at hyggja…

… þar var þá með honum Ástriðr drótning, Úlfhilr dóttir þeira, Magnús sonr Óláfs konungs, Rognvaldr Brúsason, þeir Árnasýnir Þorberg, Finnr, Árni ok enn fleiri lendir menn; hafði hann gott mannval. Björn stallari fekk heymlefi; fór han aptr ok heim til bús síns, ok margir aðrir vinir konungs fóru aptr til búa sínna í leyfi hans…

(Chapter 181, p. 419) þat er at segja frá ferð Óláfs konungs, at hann fór fyrst ór Nóregi austr um Eiðaskóg til Vermalandz, ok þá út í Vatsbú ok þaðan, sem leið liggr, ok kom fram á Næríki…

… Fór hann um sumarit ok létti eigi fyrr, en hann kom austr í Garðaríki á fund Jarizleifs konungs ok þeira Ingigerðar drótningar. Ástriðr drótning ok Úlfhildr konungsdóttir váru eptir í Svíþjóð, en konungr hafði austr með sér Magnús, son sinn.

(Chapter 184, p. 428) Hákon jarl fór þat sumar ór landi ok vestr til Englandz, en er hann kom þar, þá fagnar Knútr konungr honum vel. Jarlinn átti festarmey þar á Englandi, ok fór hann þess ráðs at vitja ok ætlaði brullup sitt at gera í Noregi, en aflaði til á Englandi þeira fanga, er honum þóttu torfengst í Nóregi. Bjósk jarl um haustit til heimferðar ok varð heldr síðbúinn; sigldi hann í haf, þá er hann var búinn…

(Chapter 185, p. 429) Björn stallari sat heima at búi sínu, síðan er han hafði skildizk við Óláf konung…

(Chapter 186, pp. 431-433) Björn stallari spurði tiðendi þau, er sagt var, at Hákon jarl væri týndr…

… Fór síðan dag ok nótt ferðar sinnar, þat á hestum, svá mátti, þat á skipum, er þat bar til… Ok varð konungr allfeginn, er Björn hitti hann. Spurði þá konungr margra tiðenda norðan ór Nóregi. Björn segir, at jarl var týndr ok land var þá höfðingjalaust fyrir.

Björn segir konungi frá því, hverir mest bundusk fyrir, at reisa fjandskap upp í móti konungi ok hans mönnum; nefndi hann til þess sonu Erlings á Jaðri ok aðra frændr þeira, Einar Þambarskelfi, Kálf Árnason, Þóri hund, Hárek ór Þjóttu.

(Chapter 196, pp. 443-444) … En er þat spurðisk í Nóreg, at Óláfr konungr var austan kominn til Svíþjóðar, þá sömnuðusk saman vinir hans, þeir er honum vilu lið veita. Var í þeim flokki tignastr maðr Haraldr Sigurðarson, bróðir Óláfs konungs; hann var þá xv vetra gamall, mikill maðr vexti ok roskinmannligr…

(Chapter 197, p. 444-445) Önundr konungr svarar … "Skal þat eigi seint at segja þér, hvat ek vil til leggja; ek mun fá þér cccc manna, ok veliðaf hirðsveitum mínum góða hermenn ok vel búna til bardaga…"

(Chapter 199, p. 446) Dagr er maðr nefndr, er svá segir at hann var sonr Hrings konungs, þess er land hafði flýit fyrir Óláfi konungi, en menn segja, at Hringr væri sonr Dags Hringssonar, Haraldzsonar ins hárfagra. Dagr var frændi Óláfs konungs; þeir feðgar, Hringr ok Dagr, höfðu staðfestsk í Svía-veldi ok höfðu þar fengit ríki til forráðs. Um várit, er Óláfr konungr var kominn austan til Svíþjóðar, sendi hann orð Dag frænda sínum þau, at Dagr skyldi ráðask til ferðar með honum með þann styrk allan, sem hann hefir til; en ef þeir fá land eignazk í Nóregi, þá skyldi Dagr hafa ríki þar eigi minna, en forellri hans hafði haft…

(Chapter 200, p. 447) Óláfr konungr gerði orð frá sér í byggðir ok sendi orð þeim mönnum, er þat vildu hafa til féfangs sér, at afla hlutskiptis ok hafa uptekðir þ ær, er óvinir konungs sæti fyrir, þá skyldi þeir til hans koma ok honum fylgja…

(Chapter 201, pp. 447-448) Menn þeir eru nefndir, en annarr hét Gaukaþórir, en annarr Afrafasti; þeir váru stíga-menn inir mestu, höfðu með sér xxx manna, sinna maka. Þeir br œðr váru meiri ok sterkari en aðra menn, eigi skorti þá áræði ok hug…

… En er þeir koma þar, þá ganga þeir með sveit sína fyrir konung, ok höfðu þeir förunautar alvæpni itt. Þeir kvöddu hann. Hann spurði, hvat mönnum þeir sé …

… Konungr segir, at honum leizk svá, sem í slíkum mönnum myni vera goð fylgð. "Ek em fúss," segir hann, "við mönnum at taka, eða hvárt eruð ér kristnir menn?" Gaukaþórir svarar, segir, at hann var hvárki kristinn né heiðinn. "Höfum vér félagar engan annan átrúnað, en trúm á okr ok afl okkat ok sigrsæli, ok vinnzk okkr þat at gnógu."

(Chapter 205, pp. 455-456) … Síðan talaði konungr fyrir liðinu ok mælti svá: "Vér höfum mikinn her ok frítt lið. Nú vil ek segja mönnum, hverja skipan ek vil hafa á liði váru. Ek mun láta fara merki mitt fram í miðju liði, ok skal þar fylgja hirð mín ok gestir ok þar með lið, er til vár kom af Uplöndum, ok svá þat lið, er her kom til vár í Þrándheimi. En til h œgri handar fá mínu merki skal vera Dagr Hringsson ok með honum þat lið alt, er hann hafði til föruneytis við oss; skal hann hafa annat

merki. En til vinstri handar frá minni fylking skal vera þat lið, er Svía-konungr fekk oss, ok alt þat lið, er til vár kom í Svía-veldi; skolu þeir hafa it III. merki…

… En ef vér komum í orrostu, þá skolu vér hafa allir eitt orðtak: "Fram, fram krists-menn, kross-menn, konungs-menn!"

(Chapter 213, pp. 469-470) Óláfr konungr var svá búinn, at hann hafð hjálm gyltan á höfði, en hvitan skjöld ok lagðr á með gulli kross inn helgi; í annarri hendi hafði hann kesju þá, er nú stendr í kristskirkju við altara; hann var gyrðr sverði því, er Hneitir var kallat, it bitrasta sverð ok gulli vafiðr meðalkaflinn; hann hafði hringa-brynju.

(Chapter 216, p. 474) Frá því er nú at segja, er aðr var frá horfit, at lendir menn ok bœndr hödðu saman dregit her óvigjan, þegar er þeir spurðu, at konungr var austan farinn ór Garðaríki ok hann var kominn til Svíþjóðar. En er þeir spurðu, at konungr var austan kominn til Jamtalandz ok hann ætlaði at fara austan um Kjöl til Veradals, þá stefndu þeir herinum inn í Þrándheim ok sömnuðu þá saman þar allri alþyðu, þegn ok þræl, ok fóru svá inn til Veradals ok höfðu þar svá mikit lið, at engi maðr var sá þar, er í Nóregi hefði sét jammikinn her saman koma.

(Chapter 195, p. 443) Höfðingjar í Nóregi heldu njósnum austr til Svíþjóðar ok suðr til Danmerkr, ef Óláfr konungr kvæmi austan ór Garðaríki; fengu þeir þegar spurt, svá sem menn fengu skjótast farit, er Óláfr konungr var kominn til Svíþjóðar; en þegar er þat var sannspurt, þá fór herboð um land alt; var stefnt út almenning at liði; kom þá herr saman; en þeir lendir menn, er váru af Ögðum ok Rogalandi ok Hörðalandi, þá skiptusk þeir við, snøru sumir norðr, en sumir austr ok þótti hvártveggja lið fyrir þurfa. Snøru austr synir Erlings af Jaðri ok alt lið þat, er austr var frá þeim, ok váru þeir hofðingjar fyrir því liði; en norðr snørisk Áslakr af Finneyju ok Erlendr ór gerði ok þeir lendir menn, er norðr váru frá þeim. Þessir, er nú eru nefndir, váru allir eiðsvarar Knúts konungs til þess at taka Óláf konung af lífi, ef þeim gæfi fœri á því.

(Chapter 219, p. 478) Lendir menn, þeir er þar váru saman komnir, áttu stefnu ok tal sitt ok rœðu ok skipuðu þá til, hversu fylka skyldi eða hverr höfðingi skyldi vera fyrir liðinu. Þá mælti Kalfr Árnason, at Hárek ór Þjóttu væri bez til feldr at gerask höfuðs-maðr fyrir her þessum– "Þvíat hann er kominn af ætt Haraldz ins hárfagra. Hefir konungr á honum all†ung hug fyrir sakir vígs Grankels, ok mun hann sitja fyrir inum mestum afarkostum, ef Óláfr kømsk til ríkis; er Hárek reyndr mjök í orrostum ok maðr metnaðargjarn."

(Chapter 225, pp. 485-486) Þá er liðit hvártveggja stóð ok kendusk menn, þá mælti konungr: "Hví ertu þar, Kalfr, þvít vér skilðumk vinir suðr á Mœri; illa samir þér at berjask í móti oss eða skjóta geigurskot í lið várt, þvíat hér er IIII. brœðr þinir." Kalfr svarar: "Mart ferr nú annan veg, konungr, en bezt myndi sama; skilðusk þér svá við oss, at nauðsyn bar til atfriðask við þá, er eptir váru; verðr nú hverr at vera þar, sem staddr er; en sættask mundu vit enn, ef ek skylda ráða." Þá svarar Finnr: "Þat er mark á um Kálf, ef hann mælir vel, at þá er hann ráðinn til at gera illa."

(Chapter 226, p.. 486-489) Þórir hundr kom þá ok gekk fram með sveit sína fyrir merkit ok kallaði: "Fram, fram bóandmenn!" Lustu þá upp herópi ok skutu bœði örum ok spjótum. Konungsmenn œpðu þá heróp; en er því var lokit, þá eggjuðusk þeir svá, sem þeim var áðr kent, mæltu svá: "Fram, fram Krists-menn,

kross-menn, konungs-menn!" En er þetta heyrðu bœndr, þeir er út stóðu í arminn, þá mæltu þeir slíkt sama, sem þeir heyrðu þá mæla. En er aðrir bœndr heyrðu þat, þá hugðu þeir þat vera konungsmenn ok báru vápn á þá, ok börðusk þeir þá sjálfir, ok fell mart, áðr þeir kannaðisk við…

… Í fyrstu hríð fellu þeir Arnljótr gellini, Gaukaþórir ok Afrafasti, ok þeira sveit öll, ok hafði hverr þeira mann fyrir sik eða II. eða sumir fleiri. Því þyntisk skipanin fyrir framan merki konungs; bað konungr þá Þórd bera fram merkit, en konungr fylgði sjálfr merkinu ok sú sveit manna, er hann hafði valit til at vera sér nær í orrostu; váru þeir menn í hans liði einna vápnadjarfastir ok bezt búnir.

(Chapter 227, p. 490) Óláfr konungr barðisk þá alldjarfliga; hannhjó til Þorgeirs af Kvistsstöðum, lendz manns, þess er fyrr er getit, um þvert andlit ok í sundr nefbjörg á hjálminum ok klauf höofuðit fyrir neðan auga, svá at nær tók af. En er hann fell, mælti konungr: "Hvárt er þat satt, er ek sagða þér, Þorgeirr, aþú myndir eigi sigrask í okrum viðrskiptum?" Þá hafði Þórðr fengit bana-sár ok fell hann þar undir merkinu. Þá fellu þar ok Þorfiðr muðr ok Gizur gullbrá, ok höfðu hann sótt .II. menn, en han drap annan þeira, en særði annan, áðr hann fell…

Í þenna brum kom Dagr Hringsson með þat lið, er hann hafði haft, ok tók þá at fylkja liði sínu ok setti upp merki. En fyrir því at myrkr var mikit, þá varð ekki skjótt um atgönguna, þvíat þeir vissu eigi vist, hvat fyrir var.

(Chapter 228, p. 492-494) Kálfr ok Óláfr hétu frœndr Kálfs Árnasonar; þeir stóðu á aðra hlið honum, menn miklir ok hraustir. Kálfr var sonr Arnfinnz Armoðssonar, broðursonr Árna Armoðssonar. Á aðra hlið Kálfi Árnasyni gekk fram Þórir hundr. Óláfr konungr hjó til Þóris hundz um herðarnar; sverðit beit ekki, en svá sýnðisk sem dust ryki ór hreinbjálbanum…

Þórir hjó til konungs, ok skiptusk þeir þá nökkurum höggum við, ok beit ekki sverð konungs, þar er hreinbjálbinn var fyrir, en þó varð Þórir sárr á hendi. Konungr mælti til Bjarnar stallara: "Ber þú hindinn, er eigi bíta járn." Björn snøri øxinni í hendi sér ok laust með hamrinum; kom þat högg á öxl Þóri, ok varð allmikit högg, ok rataði Þórir við; en því jamskjótt snøri konungr í móti þeim Kálfi frændum ok veitti bana-sár Óláfi, frænda Kálfs. Þá lagði Þórir hundr spjóti til Bjarnar stallara á honum miðjum, veitti honum bana-sár. Þá mælti Þórir: "Svá bautu vér björnuna." Þorsteinn knarrasmiðr hjó til Óláfs konungs með øxi, ok kom þat högg á fotinn vinstra við knéit fyrir ofan. Finnr Árnason drap þegar Þorsteinn. En við sár þat hneigðisk konungr upp við stein einn ok kastaði sverdinu ok bað sér guð hjálpa. Þá lagði Þórir hundr spjóti til hans; kom lagit neðan undir brynjuma ok rendi upp í kviðinn. Þá hjó Kálfr til hans; kom þat högg inum vinstra megin útan á hálsinn. Menn greinask at því, hvar Kálfr veitti konungi sár. Þessi .III. sár hafði Óláfr konungr til lífláts. En eptir fall hans, þá fell sú flestoll sveitin, er fram hafði gengit með konungi.

(Chapter 229, p. 495) Dagr Hringsson helt þá upp orrostu ok veitti ina fyrstu atgöngu svá harða, at bœndr hrukku fyrir, en sumir snøru á flótta. Þá fell fjölði liðs af bóndum, en þessir lendir menn, Erlendr ór Gerði, Áslakr af Finneyju; var þá merki þat niðr höggvit, er þeir höfðu áðr með farit. Var þá orrostan á kafasta; kölluðu menn þat Dags-hríð. Þá snøru þeir í móti Dag Kálfr Árnason, Hárekr ór Þjóttu, Þórir Hundr, með þá fylking, er þeim fylgði. Var .á Dagr borinn áfli, ok snøri

hann þá á flótta ok alt lið þat, er eptir var; ok verð þar dalr nökkurr upp, sem meginflóttin fór…

(Chapter 235, p. 504) Óláfr konungr fell miðvikudag .IIII. kál. Augusti mánaðar; þat var nær miðjum degi, er þeir funðudsk, en fyrir miðmunda hófsk orrostan, en konungr fell fyrir nón, en myrkrit helzk frá miðmunda til nóns.

(Chapter 57, p. 81). Óláfr konungr lét húsa konungs-garð í Níðarósi. Þar var gör mikil hirðstofa, ok dyrr á báðum endum; hásæti konungs var í miðri stofunni, ok innar frá sat Grimkell hirðbyskup hans, en þar næst aðrir kennimenn hans, en útar frá ráðgjafar hans; í öðru öndugi gegnt honum sat stallari hans Björn digri, þar næst gestir. Ef göfgir menn kómu til konungs, var þeim vel skipat. Við elda skyldi þá öl drekka. Hann skipaði mönnum í þjónostur, svá sem siðr konunga var til. Hann hafði með sér LX hirðmanna ok .xxx. gesta ok setti þeim mála ok lög; hann hafði ok .xxx. húskarla, er starfa skyldu í garðinum slíkt er þurpti ok til at flytja; hann hafði ok marga þræla. Í garðinum var ok mikill skáli, er hirðmenn sváfu í; þar var ok mikil stofa, er konungr átti hirðstefnur í.

(Chapter 58, pp. 81-82) Þat var siðr konungs, at risa upp snimma um morna ok klæðask ok taka handlaugar, ganga síðan til kirkju ok hlýða óttu-söng ok morguntíðum ok ganga síðan á stefnur ok sætta menn ok eða tala þat annat, er honum þóttis skylt; hann stefnði til sín ríkum ok óríkum ok öllum þeim, er vitrastir váru. Hann lét opt telja fyrir sér lög þau, er Hákon Aðalsteinsfóstri hafði sett í Þrándheimi. Hann skipaði lögunum með ráði inna vitrustu manna, tók af eða lagði til, þar er honum sýndisk þá; en kristinn rétt setti hann með umráði Grimkells byskups ok annarra kennimanna ok lagði á þat allan hug at taka af heiðni ok fornar venjur, þær er honum þótti kristnispell í. Svá kom, at bœndr játtu þessum lögum, er konungr setti.

On Olav Haraldsson in *Om Norgis Rige*

The text has been extracted from Harald Beyer (1928) *Om Norgis Rige*. Absalon Pederssøn Beyer. Oslo: Foreningen for Norsk Bokkunst/Beyers Forlag, Chapter 3: 53-54.

Absalon Pederssøn Beyer's (1528-1575) Norwegian history is more a personal reflection and commentary upon current and past historical events than a chronological history of past political events. He resented the presence of the Hanseatic League in Bergen and believed that the German merchants—who dominated virtually every aspect of commercial life—were responsible for much of the moral decay in his hometown.

After his university studies abroad—first in Copenhagen, then in Wittenberg—he devoted himself to the Chapter of Bergen and the students at the Latin school. He did not himself translate the Old Norse sagas—there is no evidence that he mastered the Old Norse language—but must have read them in either Jon Simonssøn's, Mattis Størssøn's, or Laurents Hanssøn's translations. Simonssøn, a lawyer, came to the Chapter in 1532 as the archbishop's deputy administrator, and Hanssøn worked for the administration in the 1540s. The selected passages about Norway can be compared with Theodoricus, Chapter 20 and 22; *Ágrip*, Chapter 31-35; and Adam of Bremen, pp. 153-189.

Oluff Haraldssøn

(Chapter 3, pp. 53-54) Fremdeles er det icke det minste ornament, som Norge er med begavit, at St. Oluff kongis legome findis end paa denne dag ved domkircken helt og huldit, som haver der legit oc ligger uforkrenkit udi fem hundre og 37 aar, som man nu skriver paa dette nerverendis aar 1567 efter Christi byrd, thi St. Oluff regjerende 15 aar, oc der efter anno Christi byrd 1030 var han slagen i Styclestad, hvis blod synis end nu til denne dag uden en lade oc kan aldrig utslettis med vand eller menniskis hender. Jeg regner det iblant Norgis ornamenta besynderligen derfore, at udi andre kongeriger haver oc vel verit hellige konger oc fyrster, ligevis som udi Danmarck St. Knud oc i Sverrige St. Erik oc andre steder, dog hverken les man, heller hører at sige af at deris kongers legomer er saadan ære vederfarit som vor Norigs konge St. Oluff, hvilket uden al tvivl er det for skeet, at Gud baade vil dermed give tilkenne, at St. Oluffs sag, lerdom, bekendelse, krig haver verit ret, oc at Gud vil opvecke hannom til det evige liv, oc give hannom den uforgengelig ærens krone, oc det giver Gud tilkenne udi hans legome, saa at ligervis som Gud bevarer legomet uforkrenkt, saa vil han oc bevare sjelen uforkrenkit, oc lade dennem komme sammen oc blive udødelig. Sancte Oluff maa vel regnis blandt de konger, som have haft Gud oc hans ord kjert, som oc lod christne landet og komme det under god skick, han lod beskrive Graagaasen, som er en streng oc alvorlig laag, oc maa vel kallis lex talionis, en genskreps laag, han førde krig i rigit oc uden, Gud hjemsøgte hannom med kors oc modgang, som altid pleier vere hos dennom, som ville handheve religionen etc.

English Translation

It is still a great endowment, a blessing for Norway, that St. Olaf's body still is found at the Cathedral, completely intact, and that it has lain there unscathed for five hundred and thirty-nine years on this day as we write 1567 after the birth of Christ. St. Olaf reigned for 15 years, and was slain in the battle of Stiklestad in the year 1030 after the birth of Christ, and his blood seems unchanged till this day and no water or human hand is able to change it. There are king-saints in other countries, too, amongst others King Canute of Denmark and King Eric of Sweden. However, I consider it an added blessing to Norway that one never reads in any book nor finds evidence of these kings having been blessed with the same gifts and honor as the remains of St. Olaf. Truly, what happened was that God wanted to acknowledge Saint Olaf's mission, wisdom, confession, and show us that his wars were all just. It is my belief that God will resuscitate Olaf to eternal life and give him the eternal crown of honor. God's honor and mercy was bestowed upon his bodily remains; but, in the same way God will preserve his soul unmarked, and let the two rejoin and become eternally immortal. Saint Olaf was a king who cherished God and his word. He also christened the country, and in order to assure good customs, he had the Grágás written down, a strict and serious law, which can rightly be termed *lex talionis* ("the law of retribution"). He also waged war both within his own realm and abroad, and God burdened him with cross and adversity, in the manner of those whose task it is to introduce and maintain religion.

On Olav Haraldsson in *Den Norske krønike*

The Middle Norwegian text has been extracted from Størssøn, Mattis (1962) *Den Norske Krønike oversatt av M. Størssøn*. Mikjel Sørlie (Ed.). Bergen: J. D. Beyer, pp. 38-54.

Den norske krønike c. 1560—an abridged history of the Norwegian kings, is in essence a summary based on Snorri's *Óláfs saga helga* in *Heimskringla* and the anonymous *Bergsbok*. The orthography in *Den norske kronike* is generally consistent throughout the text; however, there are a few minor discrepancies, for instance in the spelling of names (Harallson, Haralson, Haralldson, Haraldsøn), and sporadic Norwegian forms based on Norwegian dialectical pronunciation, such as "ein" (Danish "een"), and "fraa" (Danish "fra"), and "heim" (instead of the Danish "hiem"), just to mention a few. Størssøn's narrative is kept to the strict necessary, and emphasizes the main events in Olaf's claim to the throne, his exile, his return to the country, and the circumstances leading up to his demise at Stiklestad.

The translation in general follows Snorri's saga quite faithfully; however, much of the dialogue has been substituted by narrative passages and the translator's commentaries. Also, the reformed Størssøn carefully avoided the various hagiographic passages of the Latin and Old Norse sagas, which were significant for the subsequent idolization of the Martyr King, and suppressed the King's visions and dreams, which he experienced throughout his life, as well as the miracle experienced by Tore Hund—the man who gave the King his fatal wound—whose injured hand was healed by the King's blood right there on the battlefield (Snorri, Chapter 230), and the incident concerning the blind man who accidentally touched the dead king, and whose sight was restored (Snorri, Chapter 236; Theodoricus, Chapter 20).

Olav Haraldsson

Oluf Haraldson digre bleff Opfød hos sin steff-fader Siurd Syr till han bleff XII aar gammel, och bleff strax wdferdit till siøs medt ein duelig krigsmand som hed Rane then widfarendis, att forsøge sin mandom, som tha wor sed ij landett, thi att allt Norrige var tha delt emellom koning Suen tiuffuescheg, koning Oluff fonsche och Erich och Suen jarler, som for er rørtt, saa att hand icke kunde komme till nogen regemente epther sin fader, och begynte først att røffue och tage paa the suenske, forti att hans fader vor ther slagen, tesligeste ij Østersøen, Gulland och Øland, huor hand kunde, och brende och brandskattitt hand alle wegne saa att han bleff wide berømpt for en krigsmand, och bleff hannom giffuit konnings naffn, endog hand haffde inthett aff landett.

Der epther drog hand wthi Vestersøen och war wdi Engeland ij then kriig emellom konning Adelrod och konning Knud Harallson ij Danmarck, som kalledis den rige, och war wthi trij aar ij stor ære hoes konning Adellrod indtill hand døde, och ther epther war han nogen stund wdi Normandi med konning Adellrods Sønner, som hede Ettmund och Eduard. Der forbunde de seg till hobe med koning Knud Haralson ij Danmarck och droge ij Engeland medt eitt stort tall folck. Dog bleffue

the affslagne saa att koning Knud Harallson behollt Engeland, och konning Adellrods Sønner motte rømme landit igen. Thett ær nock om hans krii wden landz for han kom till Norrige igen.

Der Oluff Haralson digre forstod att Erich jarl war død ij Engeland, och Norrige var da wnder saa mange høffdinger schifft, som for ær rørt, da giorde han seg rede medt thu schib, och wdualde seg the dueligste krigs folck aff Engeland der paa, och drog till Norrige och komme vnder landit ind for Stad, och seglede siden søder till Wlffuesundt. Der finge the tidende att Haakon jarll Erichson waar paa veyen och willde drage nord ij landett.

Da seglede Oluff Haraldson digre søder ij Sandunge sund.[16] Ij thett samme kom Haakon jarll synden till och lagde till sunditt, der møttis the. Haakon Jarll spranch for bord, och bleff fangen paa sundett och leidtt for kongen. Och war Haakon Jarll then deyligste mand ther kunde were. Da sagde kongen: Santh ær thett som sagtt ær, att ij fiender ære saa deylige och mandelige mend som vere kunde, men eders lycke haffuer nu ænde. Da suarede Haakon Jarll: Jngen wlycke hafuer end sched meg, thett haffuer offte før veridtt skedt emellom wore fiender, att stundom hafuer then ene och stundom then anden offuerhanden, saa kand end nu sche. Tha sagde Oluff Harallson digre: Thett kan ske att thu skall aldrig faa huerken seiger eller lycke her ij landett epther thenne dagh. Och der med motte han suerge en eid att han alldrig skulle kende seg nogen egn till Norrige, icke heller føre nogen krii paa Norrige emod hannom, och ther med rømde hand landit, och for till koning Knud sin morbroder ij Engeland, och bleff ther well vndfangen.

Oluff Haralson digre drog der fraa till Oplanden till sin steffader koning Siurd Syr. Medt hans hielp bleff hand tagen till konge offuer all Oplanden och fick stor anhang aff alle the edlinger vdi landett wor, forthi han wor rett kommen till landett epther koning Haralld haarfagers lagh.

Der epther samlede Suen jarll och Einar tambescher all then macht aff Trondelagen och droge langs landene syder och samlede folck huor te fore fram. Och kom Elling Schialgson paa Sole till dem och hans sønner medt megitt folck aff Jederen, och droge Øster med landit till Bronlagnes. Oluff kong Haralldson drog folch till samen aff Gudbrandsdalen, Heidmarchen och all Oplanden. Der wor ochsaa med hannom koning Siurd Syr hans steffader med all Sin macht, och droge wdt till Søes till Tonsberg och redde sig der till schiff. Da haffde de tidende aff huer andre, och lagde imodt huer andre, Oluff Haraldson och Suen jarll. Jarlen haffde mere folch och smerre schib. Oluff Haralson haffde dueligt folch och wore offte brugede ij kriig, och fich hand therfore offuerhanden. Och Suen jarll och Einar tambescher motte rømme landit och droge till Suerrige till konning Oluff fonsche. Och bleff Suen jarll der død same høst ij Suerrige. Men Einar tamhescher och Elling Schiælgson och andre landemendt droge heim till theris eigit som icke wilde forgøre theris odall.

Der epther drog Oluff Harallson digre langs landene nord till Trondheim och gick allt landitt hannom till hande, och bleff till konge tagen offuer allt landit, och bleff sidendis ij Trondheim om vinteren, och bygde op kongsgaarden och reiste der Clemetz kirche som ther endnu staar. Han lodt bygge och forbedre Trondhiems by som da wor affbrent. Konning Oluff Haralldson digre lodt da wdtbiude offuer allt

[16] Sauesund, east of Atlø y in Fjaler.

landit att the schullde lade seg christne, och sette landzlogen epther som koning Haagen Adelstein haffde begyntt, och sette christenretten med biscop Grimkells raad och samtycke, och bød saa strengelig att holldis skulle aff høg och laag, riig och fattig, schulle gaa eins offuer medt liff och godz, huilken ther imodt brødt.

Der Rørich koning med andre høffdinger aff Heidmarchen forstod att koning Oluff Haralldson digre lod saa strengelig biude christendomen offuer allt landitt, da forbunde dhe seg emod hannom po ny igen. Da drog koning Oluff Harallson digre emod
dem och kom wforuarendis paa dem paa Ringisaager och greb dennom alle dher. Da lodt hand stinge øgen wd po Rørich koning. MenGudrøder koning aff Gudbrandsdallen lod handt skere tungen aff munden. Men dhe andre motte rømme landitt och komme alldrig igen. Rørich koning fullde koning Oluff Haralldson alltiid huor hand for, thi hand hørde hannom nær till.

Dett schede att paa wor Herris himmelferrs dag, dha wore baade kongerne ij kircken, och stod Rørich koning nest hos koning Oluff Haralldson. Ij thett daa slog Rørich koning till koning Oluff Haraldson medt ein kniff och offuerslog hannom saa att han bleff icke saar. Koning Oluff spranch aff stolen. Hand slag anden gang till hannom och slag saa miste och sagde: Flyr du for ein blind mand? Daa bleff hand fangen och sendt till Jsland, der bleff hand død och ligger ther begraffuen, och ær hand den einiste konning som ij Island ær begrafuen.

Konning Oluf fonsche ij Suerrige fortrød att konning Oluff Haraldson haffde saa tuingitt Norrige vnder seg som hannem var till dellt, och bleff therfore ein wfred emellom Suerrige och Norrige saa att huer lagde øde for en anden, huad dhe mest kunde offuerkomme. Da klagede bønderne paa baade siider then store schade som thennom schede formedelst then wfred, och begerede att the motthe nyde fred och søge huer andre om theris nering, thi the kunde icke misse huer andre. Der bleff da handlitt till fredz igen ett forbunt medt saadanne willkor, att koning Oluff Harallson fick Astrid kong Oluff fonschis syster till drottning. Och ther koning Oluff Harallson och koning Oluff fonsche aff Suerrigc wore forenthe, och fred wor landene emellom, da drog kong Oluff Haralldson omkring allt landitt och randsagitt huorledis de hulle christendommen, och straffit strengeligen offuer thennom som icke hullde huad hand paabødett haffde, saa att mange rømde landett siden dhe icke motte sielffue raade. Och bleff ther fore tuedrachtt wthi landitt saa att ther rømde manghe yppermend till Engeland till koning Knud then rige, och klagede att ingen motte nyde sin frellse ij landitt for koning Oluff Haralldson, och menthe att the willde [h]eller were vnder Danmarchs konning, som the haffde før weritt, paa thett att the motte tisheller raade thennom sielffue. Epther saadane raadslag tha sende koning Knud then rige sine ambesaatther till Norrigc och var begerendis att koning Oluff Haralldson skulle komme till hannom och tage landtt aff hannem ij forlening och gellde seg schatt ther aff som jarlene plegede tillforn att giffue ther aff, och sagde att Norrige war hannom arff fallett till epther sin fader kong Suen Tiuffuescheg.

Koning Oluff Harallson suaride ambesatherne saa, att Gorm koning then gamble wor konning offuer Danmarch alleniste och welldig noch. Men the andre konninger Harald Gormson, Suen Harallson Tiuffuescheg haffue thett mere medt wold end medt rette fult Norriges rige ifra mine forelldre wdi nogle aar. Och will jeg

nu werrie mitt fedrene rige for hannom med schiold och spiud saa lenge mitt liiff ærr, och alldrig schall ieg giffue koning Knud eller nogen anden schatt ther aff: Och ther met fore ambesaatherne heim och sagde koning Knud suar igen paa sine ærrinde. Konning Knudthen riige bleff fortørnid aff thesse suar, och sagde att koning Oluff Harallson skulle well fornemme att han skall haffue saa mange raad behoff som hand haffuer sideben end før hand tror.

Epther thenne fornevnde handell kom ther rychte aff Engeland att koning Knud then rige samblid ein stor hob folck och willde drage till Danmarch wdi foraarid. Da lodt koning Oluff Haraldson strax sine ambesaather drage till konning Amund ij Suerrige, och lodt hannom forstaa att koning Knud then rige haffde ij sinne att wille tuinge Norrige wnder seg, och ther som thett saa schede, da lodt hand seg icke nøye wden hand finge Suerrige till medt. Therfore war thett raadeligt atthe forbunde seg till hobe jmod koning Knud, huilckitt the och giorde. Then same sommer ther epther drog kong Knud till Engeland igen och sette Horde Knud sin Søn och med hannom Wllf jarll sin syster Søn (Wlfs fader var Torgylls Sprakeleg) till att weriie landett for wfred.

Der koning Knud then rige war faren till Engelland, kom ther wenighed imellom koning Oluff Harallson och the fire brødre, som wore Torberg Arneson, Find Arneson, Kalf Arneson paa Egge och Arne Arneson. De wore the ypperste medt Elling Schialgson po Sole som wore ij Norrige then tiidt.

Thett begaff seg att koning Oluff Harallson haffde lyst Torberg Arnesøn vdsleg och fredløs for han holt Stein Schaffteson hos seg emod kongens wilge, som och war fredløs. Da forsamledt the brødre seg och droge till Trondheim och lagde seg medt theris folck wid Agdenes. Tha for Find och Arne først till kongen och bød bod for Torberg Arneson och Stein Schaffteson, att the motthe beholle liif och lemmer, men sielff raade huor stor boden schulle were. Da suared koning Oluff wredelig och sagde: Meg tyckis att ij komme saa stercke att ij wille sielffue raade hallfft medt megh. Men ieg haffuer icke formaait saadant aff eder brøderne. Heller tror ieg att Elling paa Sole haffuer veritt aarsage her till. Da suared Find Arneson: Ther som ij icke wille tage thennom till fred som vij nu biude, tha wille vij alle fare till kong Knud then riige mett alt thette folck wij haffue. Daa saagh kongen paa hannom och sagde: J brødre schulle suerge meg ein eid att ij schulle were meg huld och tro, følge meg inden landtz och wthen, och icke schiliies ved meg wthen min villiie, och ij schulle icke døllie thett for meg om ij vithe att ther ærr suig eller forrederij paa min halls for rigitt. Da ginge fram Torberg, Find och Arne Arnesønner och suore kongen then eid. Men Kalff Arneson och Elling Skielgson willde icke suergiie, men huer drog heim till sitt. Men Find Arneson bleff alltiid hos kongen som hans ypperste raadgiffuere.

Naagen stund ther epther lodt konning Oluff Haraldson wdbiude ledingen offuer allt Norrige, medt all macht hand kunde afstedkomme. Torder Hund ij Barkø hand giorde seg rede epther same bud med all machtt. Der floden wor rede, da tøffuede Torder Hund nogen stund, och seglede epther och lagde till siøs och seglede till Engeland till koning Knud, och sagde hannom visse tidende fraa koning Oluff Haralldson. Men koning Oluff Haraldson drog langs landene och samlede folch. Ther hand kom synder for Jederen, da vor Elling Schiælgson dragen till koning Knud med fem schib, och war alle landz høffdingene medt hannom, wden

the som før haffde rømpt till koning Knud. Men Einar tambescher bleff hiemme till sitt eigett, thi hand haffde ingen leen aff kongen. Da drog konning Oluff Harallson till Sieland, och koning Amund ij Suerrige drog ij Schone, røfuid och brende allt thett the offuerkomme som icke vilde gaa thennom till hande. Knud then horde och Wlff jarll Torgylls Sprakalegg son haffde da rømpt till Jutland och samlede der folch att weriie landitt for the norske, thi att Knud then horde haffde ladit tagitt seg till konge saa gott som mod sin faders willie, ther till hialp Wlf jarll och Emmunne drotning. Konning Knud den rige haffde faat wisse tidende att koning Oluff Harallson haffde samlett megitt folch och wor paa veyen till Danmarch. Da lodt hand och berede ein stor skips hær och giorde Haakon jarll till ein høffuismand for folchet nest seg, och seglede aff Engeland och komme med beholden reyse till Danmarch ij Limfiord, ther som Knud then horde och Wlff jarll laage faare medt stor forsambling aff landsfolckit. Der bleffue the mistrøstige, och menthe att koning Knud then rige vilde heffne thet som the haffde seg foretagitt. Dog formedels drottningens bøn skyld da gaff han thennom venschaff. Och saa giorde the rede medt all machtt, och følged kong Knud then rige och lagde till Øresund.

Der konning Oluff Harallson oc koning Amund Oluffson spurde att koning Knud then rige wor kommen aff Engeland medt ein woffueruindelig heer, da seglede the Østher medt Schonelandt, och røffuid och brende huor the fore frem och komme Østher till aaen Hellge, och finge wisse tidende att koning Knud then rige drog epther dennom. Der the laaghe wid aaen Hellge nogle daghe, da tog koning Oluff Harallson ein stor hob folck medt seg, och gick offuer schoffuen till vanditt som aaen løber aff: Och lodt hugge stoer wed wdi aaer munden, och fylthe op osen medt stein, torff och grioth, saa att the stefnde wattnidt saa høgtt att thett gich offuer all marcken, och lodt graffue mange smaa aaer wdi thett store wand. Ther koning Knud then rige fich spøriie till theris ferd, dha drog hand medt all sin herr till thennom. Der kong Amund Oluffson saag att koning Knud then rige kom medtt offliande herr, da lagde hand wdaff haffnen och litt øssther medt landitt, och giorde seg rede medt alle sine schib som han willde giffue och tage, och sende saa bud till koning Oluff Harallson att koning Knud war kommen. Dha lodt han vpbryde dammen. Men koning Knud then rige lagde ind ij haffnen medt saa mange schib som rom fich, och laa dog største parten wden fore. Thi hand willde icke slas modtt quellden. Om morgenen ij lysinger da wor megitt folch gaaitt paa landitt att besee sig. I thett same kom der saa suartt it wand mett fossefall och stor wedtt, saa att ther bleff allt thett folch paa landitt war, thesligeste mange schib bleffue medt folch och allt, wden saa mange som kunde hugge theris ancker. Men thett store schib som koning Knud then rige vor paa, dreff for strømen emodt the norsche och suensche schib. Ther the kende schibett, da lagde de omkring thett medt theris schib och bleff ther eitt hartt slag aff. I thett kom Wlff jarll Spregelegsøn medt sitt schib och lagde mandelig tillhobe. Der de saage att deris macht icke kunde staa koning Knud emodt, da lodt koning Oluff Harallson sende sitt schib till Kalmaren medt huis andit hand icke kunde faa med sig, och drog siellf offuer land op igennom Smaalandene och saa til Westergylland och therfra ind ij Wigen och saa nord till Sarpsborg, och lodt ther rede till winthersede. Da gaff hand alle rigens høffdinger heimloff wden Torberg, Find och Arne Arnasønner, thennom hollt hand ij største ær hos sig. Der koning Knud then riige spurde att koning Oluff Harallson wor dragen till Norrige

landwegen igennom Suerrige, da gaff handtt Elling Schælgson orloff att drage till Norrige, och fich hann om megitt gull och sølff att beuilge folchitt sig till tieniste. Der koning Oluff Harallson haffde werid ij Sarpsborg till offuer jull, tha bleff hannom wnderuist att Torder Olluisøn haffde tagitt penninge aff koning Knud. Da drog hand till hand och lodt hannom affliffue. For thenne gerning bleff hand saa saare hatid aff all hans slecht. Torder Olluisøn wor Kallff Arnessøns steffson, och Torder Hund ij Biørckø wor hans moderbroder. Epther thette blef folchitt saa gaat som oprørisch wthi landett, saa att koning Oluff Harallson fornam att hand ingen troschab haffde aff indbyggerne.

Koning Knud den rige drog till Norrige medt einn suar schibs herr thett same aar, och tog all landett ind, och wende icke før end ij Trondheim. Och der blef hand till konge tagen offuer allt Norrige. Och gaff hand Hakon jarll sin søstersøn allt regementidtt ther offuer. Och Knud then horde sin søn gaff hand Danmarchs rige. Och der Haakon jarll kom ij regementedt ij Norrige, da giorde hand Einar tambescher till then ypperste mand ij landett nest seg.

Ther epther att konning Knudt then rige wor seglet nord omkring till Trondheim, da komme the østen till som wore senth epther schibene ij Kalmarenn, som ther wore opsette, och lagde ind till Opslo. Och laage ther saa lenge att koning Knud then rige
war faren till Danmarch igen, och haffde hand dhaa faait allt Norrige wnder sig forwthen suerdslagh.

Der konning Oluff Harallson fich spurt att kong Knud then rige war dragen nedt igen, da giorde hand seg rede medt thett folch hand kunde faa och drog langs lande norder adt. Der hand kom omkring Jederen, da kom hannom Elling Schiælgson emodt medt mange schib. Der hand kende koning Oluff Harallsons schib, da giorde hand segell och seglede ifraa floden medt ein snecke. Der hand naadde hannom ij Bucknesund, dha lagde the sammen, och bleff ther eitt stort mandfall paa baade siider. Eptherdi att Elling Schiælgson worr medt eitt schib och the andre mett mange schib, tha bleff ther slagitt allesamen paa schibitt wthen Elling Schiælgson. Hand weriede seg saa mandelig att ingen wiste att sige aff att ein mand haffde saa lenge staait, och wilde huercken fly eller begere fredtt.

Da sagde koning Oluff Harallson: Willt thu haffue fred Ellinge? Hand sagde: Ja, och lagde saa ned sitt suerd och schiolden. I thett da støtte koning Oluff Harallson hannom ij kinnen medt øxehørnid och sagde: Merche schall ieg din gudz forreder. I thett samme da sprang Aslach Fittieschall frem och høg ij Ellings hoffuid mett ein øxe saa att han størtedt død ned. Da sagde kong Oluff Harallson: Du høgst som ein arm mand, nu høgstu Norrige aff mine hender. Da suared Aslach: Jeg menthe, herre, att ieg haffuer huggitt rigit till deg och icke efraa. I thett kom schibsfloden all epther och funne Elling liggendis død po marchen, och the som epther komme, anammitt ligitt och førde thett till Sole och lodt thett sømeligen begraffue.

Der epther drog kong Oluff Harallson langs landene norder om Stad. Der fich hand tidende att Haakon jarll och Einar tambescher komme norden till medt eitt stortt tall folch. Da rømde hand ind ij Thodefiord po Sundmør, och haffde hand med seg Astrid sin drottning och sin dotter Wlluille, thesligiste sin søn Magnus, som siden bleff konge offuer Danmarch och Norrige, och reiste ther fraa till fiels, och

kom fram till Einebu po Lessiom, der fraa till Gudbrandzdalen, och saa till Heidmarchen, och theden fraa till Wermeland, och vdt till søes till Nercke. Der tøffuid hand till foraarid, och drag saa der fraa wdi Rysland till Jarleff konning, som otte Astrid drottnings systher som hed Ingeborg,[17] och bleff ther nogle aar, och haffde dog stor attraa till rigett igen. Kallff Arneson och Biørn Stallere finge forloff att drage till bage igen ij landett. Men Torberg, Find och Arne Arnesønner the fullde koning Oluff Haralson ij Rysland och bleffue ther alltiidt hoes kongen till hand drog ij landett igen. Men Kalff Arnesøn gaff seg till Hakon jarll och bleff ein regenther nest hannom wthi Norrige, men Biørn Stallere for heim till sitt eigett och sadt ther stille och haffde ingen forlening wthi landett.

Den same sommer epther drag Haakon jarll till Engeland att hente sin festemø, och bleff seint rede och løb aff om høsten till Norrige. Ther bleff hand medt mand och all saa att ther spurdis alldrigh till thennom.

Den tiid att Biørn Stallere fich spurtt the tidende att Haakon jarll war forgaaen, da redde hand segh till och drog hastelig aff Norrige och till Rysland, och sagde konning Oluff Harallson att Haakon jarll wor bleffuen och landett war hæffdinge løst, och sagde att Norrige stod thaa lettelig till att tuinge wnder hannom. Och da giorde koning Oluff Harallsøn sig rede och steg ij sine schib, och kom frem ij Gylland, och koning Amund aff Suerrige, hans suoger, kom hannom till hielp medt eitt stor tall folch. Thesligiste kom hannom till hielp Harald Siurdsøn, konning Oluff Harallsons halfbroder, mett all den hielp hand kunde affstedkomme, och da war han XV aar gammell. Och ther kom hannom och till hielp Dager Ringsøn, som och wor kommen aff konge slechtt ij Norrige, medt medt XII^{c} mend well webned, och tillforne haffde koning Oluff Harallson samlet XII^{c} mend vdj Suerige. Der kom och till tho duelig kemper, then ene hed Thorer Gausche, then anden hedt Affuer fasthe, medt XXX andre kemper som wore tidtt brugede ij kriig. Mett thette folch drog hand igennom Jampteland och westher offuer Kølen, och theden wdtt till Staff: Der fich hand spurtt sandelig huor handtt monne møde fienderne. Der besaa hand sitt folch, da haffde hand tre tusinde folch, wel webnidt, som tha war sedt wdi landett. Daa schickitt konning Oluff Harallsøn sitt folch wdi ordning, saa att kongens baner schulle fare mitt wdi hoben medt hans eigitt krigsfolch, men Dager Ringsøns baner paa then høgre siide medt sitt folch. Men paa then wenstre side schulle were thett trediie merche medt thett folch aff Suerrige, paa thett att huer landz folch kunde kende best huer andre, och thett war theris løsen: Fram Christi mend, korsmend och kongens mend. Da droge dhe hasteligen till dhe komme wdt till Stickelstad, och ther møtte thennem then forsambling aff bønderne. Da sagde koning Oluff Haralson: Endog att bønderne ere fast flere end wij, da lader os staa mandelig, thi gud hielper den som rett haffuer. Torder Folesøn førde kongens mercke. Konning Oluff Harallson haffde ein forgylt hielm paa hoffuedit, ein huid schiold medt eitt forgylt kors, wdi sin hond haffde hand ein kesiæ och eitt bittert suerd wid siiden som hedt Neitther, handfangen war røed medt gulld, och ein ringe bryniæ.

Nu wille wij see paa then anden siide. Ther Haakon jarll war bleffuen till søes och Norrige war wthen regenther, som for ær rørt, da haffde dhe høffdinger ij Norrige alle stedz sine bespeiiere wde och willde wide om konning Oluff Harallson war till sindz att wille drage ij Norrige igen. Och ther the finge spurtt att kong Oluff

[17] Ingigerd

Harallson war kommen till Suerrige, da lode the schere op tingbudt offuer altt landett, saa att ther samledis ein suar hob folch till sammen offuer allt landett. Elling Schiælgsons søner paa Sole droge synder medt landitt, medt all then macht der war for thennom, och wentid att koning Oluff willde paa then siide drage ind ij landett.

Aslach ij Findøy och Elling paa Gerde droge nord paa medt all then machtt som the finge nord ij fraa sig, thi thesse haffde loffuid konning Knud then rige att the skulle komme koning Oluff Harallson aff dage, om thett ellers war mueligtt. Och ther the herrer ij Norrige spurde for sanning att koning Oluff Haraldson wilde drage igennom Jampteland offuer Kølen, dha steffnde the till hobe ij Trondhiem ein stor hob folch aff adelen och bønderne, saa att ther war mere end X tusinde mand norden och synden aff landett. Da bleff samtychtt att Kallff Arneson paa Egge, Thorer Hund paa Bierchø och Harech paa Tiøtthen schulle raade och were høfuidtzmend offuer folchidt. Och huer aff thennom retthed ett baner op medt all then machtt som war nord ij landett. Ryefyllche, Hordeland, Sognfylche och Fiorde fylche rettidt thett fierde banner op, och droge saa emodt huer andre widt Stickelstad. Och ther koning Oluff Harallson och Kallff Arneson komme saa ner atthe kende huer andre, da sagde kongen till Kallf: Jeg hafde icke trodt deg der till Kallf, att thu skullde saa møde meg, wij wore io wenner then sjiste gangh wij schilldis att paa Sundmør, och ære her tre djne brødre hos mig. Och therfore staar thett theg ille atthu fører affuends schiold jmod meg. Kallf suared: Herre, ieg wor nød till att giøre fred medt thennom som iegh schulle bo ij landett medt, therfore maa nu huer staa sin lycke, ther som huer ær kommen. Dogh haffde ieg gerne seeth [h]eller att fred haffde werid giord imellom os. Da suaridt Find Arneson: Naar som helst att Kalf min broder suarer allsom best, da tencher hand som verst. I thett same roffthe the paa baade siider. Kongens folch roffthe: Frem frem, christmen, korsmen och kongens mend, paa then anden siide: Frem frem, bonde mend och bumen, och eggede huer andre frem saa fast att ther fell ejn stor hob folch paa baade siider. I thette første tillob blefue slagne aff kongens folch Arnliot Gellinn. Thorer gausche och Affuer faste medt theris selschab. Dog haffde huer aff them for seg nedlagtt tho, thre eller flere. Der kongen saa folch falle saa fast, da bad hand Torder Foleson trede flux frem medt banneridt, och fullde siellf epther saa mandelig att bønderne reddis och wigede vnden, och hug till Torger paa Quistad tuert paa ansichtidt, att sønder gich hielmen tuertt igenom hoffuedit wid øgnene, och størtidt dødt ned. Da sagde kongen: Jeg wiste thett schulle saa lychtis medt thin wtrohedt. Ij thett same fich Torder Foleson sit banesaar och sette merchestangen ij jorden och fall ther wnder. Da feell och flere aff kongens gode mend. Torfind och Gittsur gullbraa, och haffde the saa mandelig staaet, att huer aff thennom haffde for sig 3 eller 4 nedlagt. I then wending kom Dagh Ringson medt sin banner och tredde saa mandelig fram att bønderne motte wige. Kallf Arnesøn och Thorer Hund ginge och mandelig fram, och koning Oluff møtthe thennom, och hug kongen till Thorer, och suerdett willde icke bide. Thesligist hug Thorer till kongen igen, och saa schiffthett the nogre hug tillhobe, och bleff Thorer hund saar ij handen. Da sagde kongen till Biørn Stallere: Slaa thu then hund, ther bider inthett suerd paa hannom. Da slo Biørn Stallere till Thorer Hund saa hartt medt ein øxe hammer att hand ragede seg till falls. I thett stach Kallf Arneson till Biørn Stallere, och tuertt igenom, saa att hand feell død ned till jorden, och sagde; Saa pleiie wij att veide biørner. Tosten Knarresmedt hug till kongen och rampte hannom paa wenstre

benett offuen for kneet eitt stort saar. Strax slo Find Arneson Tosten Knarresmed ihiell. Wid thett hug studde kongen seg op till ein sten och kastitt suerditt, och holltt sine hender op och bad till gud. I thett same stach Thorer Hund till kongen medt sitt spiud, och tog wnder brynien op ij liffuidtt, och i thett same hug och Kallff Arneson till kongen paa wenstre siiden adt hallsen. Thisse trij saar haffde konning Oluff Haralldson digre som hannom dreff till døde. Da kongen war fallen, tha fæll och mæste parten aff hans folch, forwden Dagh Ringson, hand hollt end da slagitt saa mandelig, och søchte saa hart fram att bønderne rømde for hannom huor hand frem kom. Da kom Kallff Arneson, Thorer Hund och Harrech paa Kiøtten medt theris hob bønderne till wndsettning, och bleffue dhe hannem for stercke och finge de offuerhanden, och Dag Ringson motthe rymme marchen. Da rymde och alle huer som kunde, och war then største partt saar giortt, och somme wore saa mødde och trette atthe icke kunde [rymme], icke [h]eller dhe som marchen behollt, kunde nogitt forføllie fienderne formachtløse.

Konning Oluff Harallson fell paa Stickelstad om onsdagen 4. Calendas Augusti, ther klocken war mellom eitt och tollff, der hand haffde regeridtt Norrige wdi XV aar. [Obiit: 4 Kalendas Augusti feria 4: millesimo: 28: anno a[b] incarnatione].

Konning Oluff Haralldson, som kalledis then digre, hafde mest sin werellse wdi Trondheim then tiid hand sadt fredelig ij landett, och lodt hand ophygge konningsgaardcn och lodt giøre ein stor sall medt dørrer paa baade ender.Kongens sede lodt hand rede mitt paa gullffuidt. Paa then ene siide satth byscop Grimkell, och ther ifraa hans lerde mend. Paa den andre side satth kongens raad. Reth tuert offuer fraa kongen sath hans marshch Biørn Stallere, och ther nest fremmede ypperlige mend som komme till hannom, huilche hand alltid lodt well trachtere. Naar hand wilde giøre seg glad, tha sadt hand gerne widt schorstensilld. Hand haffde alltid medt seg ij daglige tieniste LX hoffsinder och XXX andre suorne tienere, och haffde forsett thennom huor wid the schulle giøre theris tieniste, ther till XXX andre mend som schulle bestyre allting till kongens hoff huad behoff giordis, ther till saa mange arbeidz folch som behoff giordis, wndertiden flere eller ferre.

Thett war kongens daglige øffuellse att hand stod betiden dags op, och strax hand haffde toeth sig, gich hand ij kircke till ottesang. Siden satth hand rettherting medt sine gode mend, offuervegede rigens gaffn och beste, och lodtt oplese then lagh som koning Haakon Adelstein haffde før satt wdj Trondheim, och medt the wiseste mends raad wdi landitt fraa toch och till sette thett som hannom synthes landett att were nytteligste. Desligeste setthe hand christen retthen medt biscops Grimkells och andre lerde mends raad, och wende sin største fliid till att indføre then rette tro ij landitt och wende folchid fraa heidendommitt.

Konning Oluff Haralldson war ein sedelig, tuchtig mand, wiste well att regere sitt sind, talede sachtelig, milld, dog war hand ein saare hard mand till att straffe huem ther icke halt huad hand paabød. Handtt lodt och schicke lerde mend till Island, Orchnø, Pherø och Hiettland att predige then rette tro for thennom, och war thett hans største wiliie och forsett att hand willde slett ødelegge all willfarellse som war ij land och riger. Och will ieg her medt lade were, och icke mere sige om hans jordeferd eller jertegne som siiden ær schreffuitt om hannom.

English Translation

Olaf Haraldsson was raised by his step-father Sigurd Syr until he was twelve, and was then sent to sea in the company of a valiant warrior named Rane the Widely-Traveled to forge his manhood, as was customary in the country at that time. Norway already had been partitioned between King Sven Forkbeard, King Olaf the Swede, and the earls Erik and Sven, so that he (Olaf Haraldsson) had no access to the realm that he had inherited from his father, because his father had been slain. He therefore started pilfering and raiding in Sweden, and likewise in the Baltic Sea, Götaland and Øland, and everywhere he went, and gained a reputation as a fearless warrior, and was called King although he had no kingdom.

Afterwards, he traveled westwards to England, and stayed there during the war between King Aethelred and King Canute Haraldsson of Denmark, who was named the Great. He remained for three years, in great honor, with King Aethelred, until he (the King) died, thereafter he spent some time in Normandy with Aethelred's sons, Edmund and Edward. There they conspired with Canute Haraldsson of Denmark and went to England in charge of a large army. The outcome of the campaign was that Canute took England and Aethelred's sons had to flee the country yet once more. This will suffice about Olaf's wars abroad before he returned to Norway.

When Olaf Haraldsson "the Giant" understood that earl Erik had died in England, and that Norway had been partitioned between many rulers, as stated above, he prepared two ships and selected the most valiant warriors in England and set out for Norway. He reached the coast at Stad and sailed southwards to Ulvesund. There he heard that earl Håkon Eriksson was on his way north.

Olaf Haraldsson then sailed southwards to a fjord called Sandunge. Earl Håkon came from the south and entered the fjord, and there they met. Earl Håkon jumped over board but was captured and brought before the King. And earl Håkon was a most handsome man. The King said: "Truly it has been said that you—of all our enemies—are both handsome and valiant, but now your luck has ended." Earl Håkon answered: "No bad luck has yet come to me, and it has been customary between enemies that first the one then the other has had the upper hand, and this may still be true." Then Olaf Haraldsson the Giant said: "From this day on you will meet neither luck nor victory in this country." Upon which he had to swear that he would never covet any part of Norway, and not engage in war against the King, and thereafter he fled the country and went to Canute, his mother's brother in England, and was well received there.

Olaf Haraldsson the Giant then went to Oppland to his stepfather Sigurd Syr. With his assistance he was elected King of all Oppland and also obtained the support of many of the leading people in the country, as he had come to Norway on account of Harald Fair-hair's law.

Then earl Sven and Einar Tambarskelve gathered all the available men in Trøndelag (region north and south of Trondheim) and traveled through the counties southward, enrolling on their way as many men as they were able to. Erling Skjalgsson of Sola and his sons joined them as did other brave men from Jæren(The flat fertile region along the coast south of Stavanger), and they headed eastwards to Bronlagnes. King Olaf Haraldsson gathered his army in the Gudbrandsdal (long

valley leading from Lillehammer to Dombås. It was the main route for people traveling over land from Trondheim to Oslo), and throughout Heidmarcken the regions immediately east of Lake Mjøsa) and Oppland. With him was also King Sigurd Syr—his stepfather—with his whole army. They traveled to the coast, to Tønsberg, and prepared a ship there. There, Olaf and earl Sven got news of one another and engaged in a naval battle. The earl had more men and a faster ship; however, Olaf's men were both strong and capable and had more war experience, so that Olaf soon held the upper hand. Earl Sven and Einar tambarskelve had to flee the country and went to Sweden to King Olaf, where earl Sven died that same fall. Einar tambarskelve and Erling Skjalgsson and other countrymen returned home because they did not wish to loose the rights to their properties.

Later, Olaf Haraldsson the Giant traveled northwards to Trondheim, and everywhere people supported him. He was acclaimed King of the whole country and remained in Trondheim during the winter, reconstructing the royal residence and building the Saint Clement Church, which is still standing. He also let rebuild and improve the town of Trondheim, which had burnt. King Olaf Haraldsson the Giant then proclaimed that the whole country should convert to Christianity and be baptized, and amended the laws, a work which had been undertaken by Håkon Athelstan, and incorporated the Christian principles in accordance with the advice and agreement of bishop Grimkjell. He ordered everyone to conform with his commandment, high and low, rich and poor, and those who refused risked both their lives and their property.

When King Rørek and other chieftains heard how severely Olav introduced Christendom in the entire realm, they rallied against him yet again. Olaf Haraldsson the Giant set out for them and surprised them at Ringsaker, and they were all captured. The King had Rørik's eyes stung out and cut the tongue off Gudrød, the King of Gudbrandsdal. The others were free to leave the country and never return. Ever since, King Rørek accompanied King Olaf everywhere, because he was his kin.

It happened that on the Day of the Ascension—when the two kings were in church—that Rørek stood next to King Olaf Haraldsson. Suddenly Rørek struck at the King with a knife, but the King hit him back and was not hurt. King Olaf stood up, Rørek struck again, but missed, and said: "Are you fleeing for a blind man?" He was then arrested and sent to Iceland, where he died and was buried. Rørek is the only Norwegian king to be buried in Iceland.

King Olaf of Sweden complained that Olaf (Haraldsson) had taken Norway, to which he lay claim, by force. From then on there was a conflict between Sweden and Norway, and both kings tried to damage as much as they could of the other's realm. The peasants on both sides complained about the great destruction caused by the strife and demanded that the kings make peace and make amends, because they could not do the one without the other. A peace agreement was then negociated with such conditions that King Olaf Haraldsson was given Astrid, the Swedish King's sister, as queen. And from then on King Olaf Haraldsson and Olaf of Sweden became allies, and there was peace between the two countries. Thereafter King Olaf traveled throughout his kingdom in order to instruct (the people) how to practice the Christian faith, and punished severely those who would not conform with his commandment, so that many fled the country as they could no longer act according

to their own will. There was much unrest in the country and many able men fled to King Canute the Great in England, complaining that no one was free in Norway because of King Olaf Haraldsson, swearing that they would rather serve Canute, the Danish King, as they had done earlier, so as to be able to live according to their own wishes. King Canute thereupon sent word to Olav, ordering him to come to England and receive Norway as an enfeoffment, demanding that he pay the same taxes as the earls used to pay. Canute maintained that Norway rightly belonged to him as he had inherited it from his father, Sven Forkbeard.

King Olaf answered the emissaries that King Gorm the Old had been supreme sovereign over Denmark only, and that the subsequent kings, namely Harald Gormsson and Sven Haraldsson Forkbeard had—for some years and with violent means—unrightly acquired the whole of Norway and seized it from his forebears. “I will therefore defend the country of my ancestors with sword and shield and lance as long as I live, and shall never pay King Canute or any other ruler taxes thereof.” The ambassadors then returned to King Canute and told him the outcome of their mission. Canute the Great was angry with the response, and said that King Olaf Haraldsson should understand that he was going to have to pay heed to as many directions as there were ribs in his body before long.

After the above-mentioned negociations, rumors from England reached Olaf that Canute was gathering a great army and wished to go to Denmark in the spring. King Olaf immediately sent a courier to Sweden, to King Amund, and informed him that King Canute the Great intended to force Norway under his rule, and if that ever happened, he would not be content with only Norway, but would turn on Sweden as well. It was therefore desirable that they rally together against Canute, which they did. The next summer Canute returned to England and set his son Hardicanute[374] to govern Denmark in his absence, assisted by earl Ulf, his sister’s son (Ulf’s father was Thorkil Sprakelegg), who was set to guard the country against danger from abroad.

When King Canute had returned to England, a disagreement erupted between Olav Haraldsson and the four brothers Torberg, Find, Kalf Arnason of Egge, and Arne Arnason. They were the bravest men in the country, next to Erling Skjalgsson of Sola, at that time.

It so happened that King Olaf Haraldsson had banned Torberg Arnason from the country and made him an outlaw because he had kept Stein Skaftesson in his service against the King’s orders. Stein had been then outlawed. The brothers gathered and traveled to Trondheim to confer with their people at Agdenes. Finn and Arne first went to the King and offered to pay requital for Torberg Arnason and Stein Skaftesson, that they should keep head and limbs, but letting the King himself decide the size of the settlement. The King answered angrily: “It seems to me that you have come with much assistance and that you will try to decide yourselves what I shall do. I had not expected this from you brothers; I believe that Erling Skjalgsson of Sola must have been the cause of this commotion.” Finn Arnason then answered: “If you will not accept our offer for peace, then we will all go to King Canute the Great, and bring all the men that we command.” The King looked at him and said: “You brothers should swear me faithful loyalty, and not leave before I grant your leave, and you should not keep hidden from me any conspiration or treachery

against my head or kingdom.” Then Torberg, Finn and Arne stepped forward and swore the oath—except Erling Skjalgsson and Kalf Arnasson who refused—and they all returened to their respective homes, except Kalf who remained with the King as one of his main advisors.

Some time thereafter, King Olaf Haraldsson issued a concription for the entire realm, with all the authority in his possession. Tore Hund of Bjarkøy also prepared for warfare according to the orders. However, when the tide was right, he set his sails and left for England and King Canute, and brought Canute news about Olaf Haraldsson. Olaf meanwhile traveled throughout the kingdom, gathering men. When he came to Sola at Jæren,Erling Skjalgsson had already left for England with five ships, and all the local chieftains were with him, except those who had fled there earlier. However, Einar tambarskelve had remained at home, looking after his own property, as he had no fief under the King. Then the King proceded to Zealand, and King Amund of Sweden went to Scandia, everywhere pilfering and burning those who would not support them. Hardicanute and earl Ulf, the son of Thorkil Sprakalegg (Quickfoot), had then fled to Jutland and gathered people there to defend the country against the Norwegians. Hardicanute had let himself be acclaimed King in his own name against his father’s will, assisted by earl Ulf and Queen Emma. King Canute the Great had heard the news that King Olaf Haraldsson had gathered an army and was on his way to Denmark. He immediately started preparing his ships and put earl Håkon as governor in his absence, left England and arrived safely to Limfjord, where Hardicanute and earl Ulf had gather a great army of the peasantry. The people were discouraged, assuming that King Canute the Great would avenge that which had taken place. Eventually, on accounts of the queen’s earnest insistance they were reconciled. And they prepared for war and followed King Canute to Øresund.

When Olaf Haraldsson and Amund Olafsson learned that Canute the Great had come from England with an invincible army, they sailed eastwards along Scandia to the river Helge. They heard that Canute had set out after them. They remained on the river for some days. Then King Olaf Haraldsson selected a large contingent of men and went through the woods to the lake from whence the river took its water, and let cut large tree trunks with which he filled the river’s outlet. He then filled the barrier with stones, earth and gravel, so that the water flooded the ground, and let his men dig smaller canals in the water. When King Canute the Great heard of this activity, he headed there with his whole army. When King Amund Olafsson saw Canute and his powerful army, he left the harbor and sailed eastwards along the coast and prepared the ships that he wanted to use in the battle and sent word to King Olaf Haraldsson that Canute had arrived. Olaf then broke the dam. Meanwhile King Canute the Great had entered the harbor with as many ships as he could find place for; however, the majority were anchored outside (the harbor), as he did not want to engage in battle in the evening. At dawn, many of his folks had gone ashore to have a look around. Suddenly a rush of water—a huge waterfall—came towards them carrying way all the people who had gathered and some of the ships, except those that they managed to cut loose. The ship carrying King Canute was swept with the current towards the Norwegian and Swedish ships. When they recognized the King’s ship, they gathered around it with their own boats and a fierce battle ensued.

Soon earl Ulf Sprakaleggsson arrived with his ship and men. Realizing that they had no chance against Canute's powerful army, King Olaf Haraldsson sent his ships to Kalmar with all the equipment that he could not carry himself. He then set out through Småland to Western Götaland and along the coast to Viken, to the place called Sarpsborg, and set up his winter quarters there. He granted leave to all his chieftains, except Torberg, Finn and Arne Arnasons: these men he kept with him in great honor. When King Canute the Great discovered that Olaf Haraldsson had returned over land through Sweden to Norway, he gave Erling Skjalgsson permission to return to Norway, and gave him as much gold and silver as he needed to recrute new people. Olaf Haraldsson remained in Sarpsborg til past Christmas. Then he was informed that Tore Olafsson had accepted money from King Canute. The King south him out and had him killed. For this incident he became extremely unpopular with Tore's kinsmen, because he had been Kalf Arnasson's stepson, and Tore Hund of Bjarkøy was his uncle on the mother's side. The killing caused a popular revolt throughout the country, and King Olaf Haraldsson concluded that he could not count on the loyalty of the inhabitants.

King Canute the Great set sail for Norway with a large fleet that same year and conquered the communities along the coast and did not stop until he came to Trondheim, where he was acclaimed King of all Norway. He put earl Håkon, his sister's son, to rule over the country in his absence. He gave the govenorship of Denmark to his own son, Hardicanute, and when earl Håkon was in charge, he appointed Einar tambarskelve his lieutenant and next in command.

As King Canute the Great had sailed north to Trondheim, those (of Olaf's men) who had been sent east to Kalmar in order to get (new) ships, arrived in Oslo, and remained there until Canute had returned to Denmark. Canute had managed to conquer the whole of Norway without battle.

When King Olaf Haraldsson learnt that Canute the Great had left, he gathered as many men as he could, and sailed along the coast northwards. As he passed Jæren, he challenged Erling Skjalgsson with many ships. When Erling recognized the King's ship, he set sails and came out in his own fishingboat. He reached Olaf by the island of Bokn and a fierce battle broke out and many men fell on eather side. Because Erling Skjalgsson only had one ship and the King had many, all the men on board were slain except Erling Skjalgsson himself. He defended himself so courageously that people said they had never seen anyone stand tall for such a long time, wanting neither to flee not to beg for peace.

The Olaf Haraldsson spoke: "Do you want to make peace, Erling?" He replied: "Yes, let us make peace," and lay down his sword and shield. The King then slit him on the cheek with the tip of his axe and said: "I will mark you, God's traitor." In the same instant, Aslak Fitjaskalle leaped forward and charged at Erling's head with his axe so that he fell dead to the ground. Then King Olaf Haraldsson spoke: "You charged like a poor fool, now you cut Norway off my hands!" But Aslak answered: "I do believe, my lord, that I have given you your kingdom and not taken it from you." The fleet sailed up and saw Erling dead on the ground, and his men later took the corpse and buried it at Sola as was appropriate.

Soon afterwards, King Olaf Haraldsson sailed northwards along the coast past Stad. There he heard that earl Håkon and Einar Tambarskelve were heading south

with a great army. Olaf hid in a fjord called Tjodane[18] at Sundmøre—with him were his queen Astrid, his daughter Ulvhild, and his son Magnus, who later became King of both Norway and Denmark—and he traveled from there over the mountains and reached Einebu at Dombås. From there he continued through Gudbrandsdal to Hedemarken, then to Wärmland and further to Närke by the sea where he remained until spring when he departed for Russia and King Jarislav, who had married the queen's sister Ingeborg. He settled there, but always yearned for his own kingdom. Kalf Arnasson and Bjørn Stallare[19] were granted a leave and returned to Norway. Torberg Arnason, however, and his two brothers remained with the King in Russia until he was ready to return. Kalf Arnason, on the other hand, pledged allegiance to Earl Håkon and ruled as his lieutenant in Norway. Bjørn Stallare returned to his home and remained there quiet, as he held no fief.

The same summer, earl Håkon went to England in order to fetch his fiancé. He was delayed, and set out for Norway in the fall. There (at sea) he [went down] with all his men and everything he carried, and no one ever heard from him again.

When Bjørn Stallare heard that earl Håkon had disappeared,he got ready and left Norway hastily for Russia to notify King Olaf Haraldsson of what had become of earl Håkon, explaining that the country was now without a ruler, claiming that it would be an easy task to bring it under his control. The King then prepared his ships and traveled to Götaland, to King Amund of Sweden, his brother-in-law, who lent him many men. Harald Sigurdsson, his half-brother, also wanted to support him with all the means he could gather; he was then only fifteen years old. In addition he obtained the assistance of Dag Ringsson, who was also of Norwegian royal stock. He pledged 1200 armed men. Olaf Haraldsson had himself recruited 1200 men in Sweden. Two valiant warriors also joined his ranks, Gauka-Tore and Avrafaste, commanding 30 other fearless soldiers who had often fought in battles. With these men, Olaf went through Jämtland and west of Kjølen[20] to Stav.[21] There he informed himself about his enemies. He also inspected (counted) his troops: he commanded an army of three thousand, the best equipped men that had ever been in that country. King Olaf Haraldsson then ordered that the royal standard should fly in the middle of his own group, and Dag Ringsson's standard should fly to the right. To the left he ordered the Swedish combattants under the third banner, because the people from each country knew their own best. The battle cry would be: "Charge, Christ's men! Charge, men of the Cross! The King's men!" Then they rapidly advanced to Stiklestad, and met a large gathering of peasants. Then Olaf Haraldsson spoke: "Even though the peasants outnumber us, we will prevail because God helps those who are just." Tord Folesson carried the King's standard; the King had a golden helmet and a whilte shield with a golden cross. In his hand he held an axe and in his belt carried a sharp sword called Neite with a red and gold handgrip. The King wore a coat of mail.

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[18] Mabe Tafjord…

[19] Bjørn Stallare i.e. "stabularius" or the king's most trusted man.

[20] Chain of mountains along the modern borders between Sweden and Norway

[21] Probably a farm.

We will now take a look at the opposing army. Following earl Håkon's disappearance at sea and the subsequent lack of a ruler in Norway, as has been mentioned above, the remaining chieftains had sent out scouts in order to gather information about Olaf's intentions, whether or not he wanted to return to the country. The scouts learnt that King Olaf Haradlsson had come to Sweden, and the chieftains held Þings in all the districts and gathered a large army with men from the whole country. Erling Skjalgsson's sons from Sola and all their men went southwards along the coast, believing that King Olaf would enter the country from the south. Aslak of Findøy and Erling of Gjerde went north with all the men that they could summon on their way. These two had promised King Canute the Great that they would try to kill King Olaf if they ever got a chance to do so. When the chieftains heard that King Olaf Haraldsson indeed intended to cross Kjølen from Jämtland, they gathered an immense army of noblemen and peasants at Trondheim. There were more than ten thousand men from both the northern and the southern parts. They decided that Kalf Arnason of Egge, Tore Hund of Bjarkøy, and Hårek of Tjøtta each should command one division of the popular army. And each fought under a standard and commanded people from the north. A fourth standard gathered men from Ryfylke, Hordaland, Sogn (including the fjord). The four divisions converged on Stiklestad. And when King Olaf Haraldsson and Kalf Arnason were close enough to recognize each other, the King said to Kalf: "I never imagined, Kalf, that we would meet in this way, as we were friends when we parted in Sunnmøre, and three of your brothers are here with me. It therefore seems inappropriate that you should turn the shield of spite against me." Kalf answered: "Lord, I had to make peace with the man (who ruled the country) if I were to live in the country, and therefore we must both do as best as we can in our respective positions. I would, however, have preferred to have seen a peace settlement between us." Then Finn Arnason spoke: "Whenever my brother Kalf seems to have good intentions, he conspires treacherously." In the same instant there were shouts on either side. The King's men cried: "Charge, Christ's men! Charge, men of the Cross! The King's men!" The other side responded: "Charge, peasants and archers!" And they pushed ferociously forward, and many men fell on both sides. In this first engagement the King's men killed Arnljot Gelline, Tore Gauke and Avrafaste with their divisions, despite the fact that they had each slain two or three men or more each. When the King saw that people were killed so easily, he ordered Tord Folesson to charge forward with the standard, and followed himself so valiantly that the peasants fearfully withdrew. He struck Torger of Kvistad so hard across the face that his helmet cracked between the eyes, and he fell dead to the ground. The King then said: "I knew that you would succeed in your betrayal." In the same instant, Tord Foleson received a fatal blow and planted the standard in the ground and fell beneath it. Then many of the King's good men fell. Torfinn Mund and Gissur Gullbrå also had withstood the enemy so courageously that each had slain three or four. At that moment, Dag Ringsson arrived with his standard and advanced so boldly that the peasants withdrew. Kalf Arnason and Tore Hund, too, stepped forward bravely and confronted the King, who struck at Tore, but the sword would not bite. In like manner, Tore struck at the King, and they exchanged blows, and Tore Hund was wounded in the hand. The King then turned to Bjørn Stallare and said: "Kill the dog

that no sword can bite!" Bjørn then stuck Tore Hund so hard with his axe that he almost fell. At the same moment, Kalf Arnason transpierced Bjørn Stallare so that he fell dead to the ground, and said: "This is how we kill bears." Torstein Knarresmed struck the King and wounded him badly in the left leg above the knee. Immediately Finn Arnason killed Torstein. The King leaned against a big boulder and threw away his sword, raised his hands and prayed to God. At that point, Tore Hund on the one side pierced the King with his lance, up under his coat of mail, and Kalf Arnason struck the King in the neck to the left. These three wounds caused the King's demise. When the King had fallen, most of his army fell, too, except Dag Ringsson, who continued to fight valiantly, and charged so boldly that the peasants withdrew from his path. Kalf Arnason, Tore Hund and Hårek of Tjøtta came to the peasants' rescue; they were strong and soon held the upper hand, and Dag Ringsson was forced to flee. Seeing this, all those who were able to took to their feet. However, many were badly wounded, some had no strength to flee, and those who dominated the battle had no force to pursue the enemy.

King Olaf Haraldsson died at Stiklestad on Wednesday the fourth of August, between twelve and one o'clock, when he had ruled Norway for fifteen years. [Obiit: 4 Kalendas Augusti feria 4: millesimo: 28: anno a[b] incarnation].[22]

King Olaf Haraldsson, called the Giant, had resided mainly in Trondheim during the peaceful period of his reign, and he had restaured the royal residence and build a beautiful reception hall with doors in either end and the royal throne in the middle. On the one side sat bishop Grimkjell, and beyond him all the learned men. On the other side sat the King's council. Right in front of the King was his most trusted man, Bjørn Stallare; and beyond this man all the great men who came to visit and whom the King always received graciously. When he wanted to be entertained, the King usually sat by the fireplace. He always had fifteen courtiers and thirty other sworn servants whom he had trained, and thirty other men who were charged with the administration of the court, as well as various workers and laborers, whose number varied according to the needs of the court.

The King usually rose early in the morning, and, after the required ablutions, hastened to the church for the matin song. He then chaired his council of trusted men, determining what was best for the kingdom. He had the law—the one that Håkon Athalstan let record in Trondheim in the old days—read aloud, and, in cooperation with the wisest men in the realm, he removed or appointed (men to important positions) according to what was best for the country. In the same way, he established and recorded the laws concerning the Christian principles, assisted by bishop Grimkjell and other learned men, and always strove to introduce the true faith and convert the people from heathendom.

King Olaf Haraldsson was a virtuous and disciplined man, perfectly composed, gentle and mildly spoken. He was, however, a man who punished harshly those who defied his commandsments. He also sent learned men to Iceland, the Orkney Islands, the Faeroe Islands, and the Shetland Islands to preach the true faith, and it was his wish and intention to eradicate paganism in the entire realm. And I will stop here, and not describe his burial or the miracles that people later have written about.

[22] "He died on August 4, 1028 years after the (the Lord's) incarnation" (my translation).

On Olav Haraldsson in *Chronicon regum Norwegiae*

The text has been extracted from Inger Ekrem (Ed.) (1992) *Halvard Gunnarssøn, Norges kongekrønike*. Oslo: Universitetsforlaget, pp. 150-160.

Halvard Gunnarssøn's (1545-1608) history of the Norwegian kings is certainly representative of the Latin aspirations of the Oslo humanists, who, contrary to the earlier humanists in Bergen, all but abandoned the vernacular and put their entire efforts into the acquisition and mastering of the superior Latin expression. Its formal poetic articulation makes it very different from both the 12th-century Latin chronicles and the various Old Norse writers, and especially from Snorri's colloquial saga style in which the dialogue between the different main characters dominates and carries much of the narrative. However, the verse epic experienced a certain popularity in Europe, too. Ronsard (1524-1585) had undertaken *La Franciade* in 1572, an epic history of the French nation in decasyllables, essentially an imitation of Virgil's *Aeneid* (Brunel 1972). Ronsard dreamed of creating a national epic in the spirit of Ariosto's *Orlando furioso* of 1516, which had earned a considerable reputation during the 16th century. The project was, however, never completed (*Britannica* 2000, Bellenger 1981).

The present text can by no account be termed a translation in the conventional sense of the term, as it probably does not derive from one source alone, but it illustrates the medieval and also Renaissance practice of combining translation, imitation and summary. The use of Latin verse makes it hard to identify any exact prose source material; however, we know that Mattis Størssøn (d.c. 1569) had composed his vernacular history of the Norwegian kings—*Den norske kronike*—around 1560 (it had been published by in 1594). The German historian Albert Krantz (Crantius) (d.1517) had written *Rervm Germanicarum historici clariss. I. Regnorum Aquilonarium, Daniae, Sueciae, Noruagiae, chronica: Quibus gentium origo vetustissima, & Ostrogothorum.* The date of first edition is uncertain, but the history was reprinted in 1571, and may hence have been known to Gunnarssøn. Krantz had been amongst Absalon Beyer's sources, too. In addition, Gunnarssøn could have found some appropriate material in Christiern Pedersen's Danish Saxo translation from the beginning of the 16th century, and in the work of the Swedish Olaus Magnus (1490-1558), who had written and published a Latin history of the Northern people—*Historia de gentibus septentrionalibus*—in 1555 (a huge work consisting of no less than 24 books).

We presume therefore that the immediate sources to this Latin chronicle may have been many, including medieval Latin chronicles and contemporaneous vernacular translations of saga material, and perhaps—if Gunnarssøn was familiar with the Old Norse Language—some of the Old Norse material itself.

S. OLAVS
HARALDI GRONSCHÆI filius,
Cognomento CRASSUS
X. Rex Norwegiæ

Regibus expulsis regnum sortitur *OLAVS*,
Qui cultor veræ relligionis erat.
Nidrosiæ magnis extruxit sumptibus ædem,
Quam Clementinam secula nostra vocant.
Ignibus eversam violentis funditus urbem
Restaurat, sedem figit ibique suam.
Quo mandante sacris populus conversus in undis
Tingitur, et nomen dat tibi, Christe, suum.
Omnibus exitium mortemque minatur acerbam,
Qui sua detractant jussa verenda sequi.
Regulus id patulis *Roricus*[23] vt auribus hausit,
Hedmarchos[24] certa sub ditione tenens
Conspirat contra tecum, *Gudrode*,[25] Monarcham
Cumque alijs, ipsum qui superesse dolent.
Quid fit ? securis nihil et metuentibus illis
Rex venit armata se comitante manu,
Et conjuratos vinc[u]lis constringit, inundat
Hic ubi *Ringsagrios*[26] *Mosa*[27] profundis agros.
Gudrodum lingva, *Roricum* lumine privat,[28]
Sic ambo pœnas quas meruere luunt.
Sed natale solum reliquos mutare coëgit
Inque peregrinis quærere tecta locis.
Roricus semper sequitur comes inde Monarcham
Illi conjunctus Sanguine namque fuit.
Sed quia cultello tentat dare vulnera Regi
Astanti sacris, vincula dura tulit.
Islandisque ideo servandus mittitur idem,
Nunc ubi defuncti corpori ossa cubant.

Post hæc exoritur bellum, quod movit *Olaus*
Fonscho, qui tenuit Suetica sceptra potens.
Nunc Sueones nostris sævi grassantur in oris,
Ruricolas opibus dispoliantque suis.
Nunc Suetico nostri grassantur in orbe vicissim,

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[23] Rørekr

[24] People from the eastern borders of Lake Mjøsa.

[25] Gudrød, the king of Gudbrandsdal

[26] People from the region of Ringsaker.

[27] Lake Mjøsa

[28] Rørek's eyes were pierced.

Et dant in varijs maxima damna locis.
Pax tandem facta est, Soror et *Fonschonis Olao*
Legitimo sacri fœdere juncta thori.
Vtractens gens læto testatur gaudia plausu,
Et dat lætitiæplurima signa novæ.
Postquam districtos Bellona recondidit enses,
Sævaque finito prælia Marte silent,
Totius lustrat regni loca scire laborans,
An colerent vera relligione DEVM.
Quos fecisse suis audit contraria jussis,
Dant illo pœnas præcipiente graves.
Propterea patrios procerum pars magna penates
Mutant, *Cnutonem*[29] navigioque petunt.

Illic se patrijs queritantur sedibus actos

Et non per Regem pace licere frui,
Malleque se dicunt omnes parere *Canuto*,
Pro libitu vt faciant fanda nefanda suo.
His motus magnus contraxit militis agmen
Norvagiam cupiens subdere Marte sibi.
Audijt vt CRASSUS (fama referente) CANUTUM
Colligere armatos agmina densa viros,
Auxilium implorat Suecorum Regis *Anundi*,
Qui *Fonschone* satus de genitore fuit.
Inde petunt Danos instructis classibus ambo,
Pagos devastant et populantur agros.
Scanica Rex Sueonum, Selandica vastas *Olaus*
Prædia, vulcano tecta furente ruunt.
Interea veniens ingenti classe *Canutus*,
Suppetias Danis auxiliumque tulit.
Est statio profugis aptissima navibus, amnis
Qua subit æquoreas*Helga* sonorus aquas.
Hic aliquot nostri nocteque diesque morantur,
Venturos hostes undique fama refert.
Milite mox sylvam transit comitatus *Olaus*
Invenitque, amnis profluat unde, lacum.
Ostia congestis lignis et cespite multo
Obstruit, et cursum continare vetat.
Inque lacum fodiens rivos deduxit, et amnis
Sic subito ductis accumulavit aquis,
Exundansque suo late omnia gurgite complet,
Prata natant, valles herbiferæque natant.
Appulit hic actis instructa classe *Canutus*,
Victor ut hostiles occupet arte rates.
Protinus e portu Sueonum Rex solvit *Anundus*

[29] Canute the Great.

Exhortans socios in fera bella suos.
Sed sævo Danus concurrere noluit hosti,
Sol erat hesperias nam subiturus aquas.
Demissis igitur subit ostia remige velis,
Et sistit volucres anchora jacta rates.
Forte manus Danaum naves egressa sub ortu
Auroræ pedibus littora grata premit.
Mittitur extemplo Regi, qui nuntiat hostes
Advenisse rates et religasse suas.
Mox dedit aggeribus ruptis erumpere flumen
Crassus, vt hostilem perderet arte manum.
Hocce ruit magno sonitu magnoque fragore,
Et secum spumans obvia quæque rapit.
Hostes ad ripam spaciantes obruit omnes,
Atque sub horrisonas vortice torquet aquas.
Brachia nequicquam feriunt luctantia fluctus;
Profuit hic illis fortibus esse nihil.
Namque mari sese cumulatis fluctibus infert,
Cum fremitu volvens corpora, ligna, trabes.
Flumine mox poto multæ (miserabile visu)
Merguntur naves intereuntque viri.
Sed pars districto feriunt retinacula ferro,
Præcisis vitæ consuluere suæ.
Anno Norvagiam petit inde *Canutus* eodem
Navibus, et regni sceptra gerenda capit,
Quæ dedit *Hacquino Iarlo*[30] (fuit ille sororis
Filius) in patriam vela daturus humum.
Hic postquam rerum moderamina cepit, *Olaum*
Expulit, expulsus quo veniente fuit.
Ergo Ruthenorum fugiens petit ille Monarcham[31]
Iarlenum[32] tota concomitante domo.
Proxima cum campos ornaret floribus æstas,
Et decorata suis frugibus arva forent,
Iarolus[33] occiduos vento petit ipse Britannos,
Advehat vt sponsam navibus inde suam.
Quid fit ? cum sociis perit ille furente profundo,
Cum daret ad patrios lintea versa Lares.
Hoc ubi *Biornoni* perlatum venit ad aures
Stallero, regis qui *Mareschalus* erat,
Accessit Russos vectus properante Caballo,
Insanis mersum fluctibus esse refert.

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[30] Earl Hákon.

[31] The Russian monarch.

[32] The earl (!)

[33] Jarislav.

Rex igitur cupiens solio sceptrisque potiri,
Patria conscripto milite rura petit
Vt *Stavum*[34] ducens tria millia venit *Olaus*,
Digerit armatos ordine rite viros.
Mox *Sticlestadium* properans tendebat et hoste
Conspecto fecit talia verba suis:
Nos quamvis superent numeroque et viribus hostes,
Nostra tamen nullo corda pavore tremant.
Quisquis recta facit cultor pietatis et æqui,
Huic fert suppetias auxiliumque DEVS.
Non semper vincit, numero qui vincere fertur,
Victorem pietas justaque causa facit.
Nunc Christique crucisque viri, Regisque viri nunc
Procedant. Ipsis Symbolon illud erat.
Dixit; et intrepidus densos prorumpit in hostes,
Quos decies numero mille fuisse ferut.
Concurrunt acies, multi cæduntur utrinque,
Terraque fumanti sparsa cruore rubet.
Tunc satus antiquo *Tostanus*[35] stemmate Sancti
Fatifero Regis vulnerat ense genu.
Sanguinis erumpit torrens, gladiumque cruentum
Abijcit (hic *Neither*[36] nomine dictus erat)
Saxoque incumbens palmas ad sydera tendit,
Commendans summo se precibusque Deo.
Hundus[37] in orantis condebat viscera ferrum,
Sed gladio sævus gutturaCalvo[38] ferit
Mox heros animam per vulnera reddidit, annos
Quindenos regni cum tenuisset opes.
Tunc a Virgineo partu quadriennia septem
Implerant cursum denaque secla suum.
Si tanti Herois monumentum forte requiris,
Condita Nidrosiæ corporis ossa cubant.
Exitus hic tanti fuerat finisque Monarchæ,
Vix unquam major quo pietate fuit.
Pacis amans placida populos in pace regebat,
Dum licuit, melius qua nihil orbis habet.
Impavidus subijt dubij discrimina Martis,
Pro patria quoties bella gerenda forent.
Testis erit rigido ditissima Suecia ferro,
Et bobus dives Dania testis erit.

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[34] Same as Stav above. Probably a farm name.

[35] Þorsteinn Knarrasmiðr (Torstein Knarresmed).

[36] Neitr, the king's sword.

[37] Tore Hund (Þorir hundr).

[38] Kalfr of Eggjar ("Calf") had once been the king's friend..

Regis Adelrodi tres annos vixit in aula
Inter Magnificos primus honore viros.
Sæva sub illius miscentem prælia signis
Vidit frugiferis Anglia dives agris,
Consilijsque utens prudentum condidit æquas
Leges, subjectis justaque jura dedit.
Multa recognoscens addebat legibus atque
Dempsit, *Adelsteno* quas bonus ante tulit.
Quæ sunt in mangno pretio semperque manebunt,
Donec justitiæ nobile nomen erit.
Parva loquor: veræ flagrans pietatis amore
Hostibus hic Christi maximus hostis erat,
Multaque consilijs *Grimchili*[39] præsulis usus
Sanctijt in laudes, optime Christe, tuas.
Hic jus Christiadum[40] statuit, gentemque rebellem
Cogit salvificis tingere corpus aquis.
Insuper Islandis alijs et gentibus illo
Auspice sunt verbi dogmata sparsa Dei.
Singula quid referant ? Cultus abolere profanos
Divorum Regi maxima cura fuit.
Salve Dive Heros, regum celeberrime salve,
Sceptra sub arctoo qui tenuere polo.
Sydera dum volvit cælum, tua gloria vivet,
Semper erit nomen, fama, decusque tuum.

[39] Bishop Grimkjell (d.1049).

[40] "Of Christendum."

B. Romance, Heroic, and Chivalric Literature

Marie de France: “Prologue” to *Lais*

The French source text

The French text has been extracted from Jean Rychner (1971) *Les lais de Marie de France*. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion.

Marie of France was the earliest known women writer and translator in England. She was a noble woman at the Court of Eleanor of Aquitaine (1122-1204), an educated woman interested in the arts. Marie de France wrote in the vernacular Norman French then commonly used in England amongst the upper classes. England was at that time a country of many tongues, and Marie seems to have known several of them. French was her mother tongue, but she also seems to have mastered English and Latin, as well as the Celtic language of the original *Lais*. Marie de France wrote most of her work between 1160 and 1190, and was a contemporary of Chrétien de Troyes. There are many theories as to who she really was. Some claim that she may have been the illegitimate daughter of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and that she had been educated in the convent of Poissy; however, this is far from certain. She not only translated and recreated the *matière de Bretagne* for which she has become so famous. In addition to her *Lais*, Marie composed *Isopet*, Æsop’s*Fables*, from Latin in the 1180s, and translated the *Purgatoire de Saint Patrick* from Latin into French.

The *Lais*, originally Breton poems performed to stringed music by Breton *jongleurs*, were probably written sometime before 1170, and address the question of love, honor and marriage. Marie was inspired by the Latin poetry of Ovid, to whom she refers in *The Lai of Guigamar*. The *fin’amor*—the beautiful but fruitless devotion between lovers, physical or platonic, so cherished by the troubadours—was true love in a sense that could not be found in matrimony. This perception of love comes to the fore in the *Lais*, especially in *Laüstic*, which describes the married state as a source of grief and loneliness. In contrast to Chrétien de Troyes, however, Marie seldom sermoned her audience, despite the fact that many of the *Lais* end rather tragically. Adulterous love is at the core of almost all the *Lais*, in which realism is mixed with the fantastic and supernatural, and sometimes humor and ridicule.

Prologue (p. 1-3)

Ki Deus ad duné escïence
E de parler bone eloquence
Ne s'en deit taisir ne celer,
Ainz se deit voluntiers mustrer.
Quant uns granz biens est mult oïz,
Dunc ad primes est il fluriz,
E quant loëz est de plusurs,
Dunc ad espandues ses flurs.
Custume fu as ancïens
Ceo testimoine Precïens,
Es livres ke jadis feseient,
Assez oscurement diseient
Pur ceus ki a venir esteient
E ki aprendre les deveient,
K'i peüssent gloser la lettre
E de lur sen le surplus mettre.
Li philesophe le saveient,
Par eus meïsmes entendeient,
Cum plus trespassereit li tens,
Plus serreient sutil de sens
E plus se savreient garder
De ceo k'i ert a trespasser.
Ki de vice se voelt defendre
Estudier deit e entendre
A grevose ovre comencier :
Par ceo s'en puet plus esloigner
E de grant dolur delivrer.
Pur ceo començai a penser
D'aukune bone estoire faire
E de latin en romaunz traire;
Mais de me fust guaires de pris :
Itant s'en sunt altre entremis!
Des lais pensai, k'oïz aveie.
Ne dutai pas, bien le saveie,
Ke pur remambrance les firent
Des aventures k'il oïrent
Cil ki primes les comencierent
E ki avant les enveierent.
Plusurs en ai oï conter,
Nes voil laisser ne oblier.
Rimé en ai e fait ditié,
Soventes fiez en ai veillé!
En l'honur de vus, nobles reis,
Ki tant estes prus e curteis,
A ki tute joie s'encline
E en ki quoer tuz biens racine,
M'entremis des lais assembler,
Par rime faire e reconter.
En mun quoer pensoe e diseie,
Sire, kes vos presentereie,
Si vos les plaist a receveir,
Mult me ferez grant joie aveir,
A tuz jurs mais en serrai liee.
Ne me tenez a surquidiee
Si vos os faire icest present.
Ore oëz le commencement!

Old Norse Text

Taken from Robert Cook & Mattias Tveitane (1979) *Strengleikar: An old Norse Translation of Twenty-One Old French Lais*. Oslo: Norsk Historisk Kjeldeskrift-Institutt.

As is so often the case with the Old Norse translations of European literature, the translator is not known, but must have been someone connected with the royal Norwegian court in Bergen, with a fairly good knowledge of the Anglo-Norman court and the literary activity there, as well as with the literary activity in France. The first part of the introduction is not a translation of Marie's Prologue, but a commentary by the translator. The surviving manuscript is dated to the 1270s, probably a copy of an earlier version from the 1250s. The stories of Celtic origin

presumably existed as an already established collection by the time they reached Norway. The original Old Norse title for the *Lais* was Songbook (Lio?abók). Later the collection was known as *Strengleikar* (stringed songs), suggesting that also the Old Norse version, at least in the beginning, may have been accompanied by music.

Forrœða (p. 4-8)

At hæve þæirra er i fyrnskunni varo likaðe oss sat forvitna ok rannzaka þui at þæir varo listugir i vlæom sinom glœgsynir i skynsemdom. hygnir i raðagærðom vaskir i vapnom hœverskir i hirðsiðum millder i giofum ok at allzkonar drængscap. hinir frægiazto. ok fyrir þui at i fyrnskunni gerðusz marger undarleger lutir ok ohæyrðir atburðir a varom dogum. Þa syndisc oss at frœða verande ok viðrkomande þæim sogum er margfroðer menn gærðo um athæve þæirra sem i fyrnskunni varo ok a bokom leto rita. til ævenlægrar aminningar til skæmtanar. ok margfrœðes viðr komande þioða at huerr bœte ok birte sitt lif. af kunnastdiðenna luta. Oc at æigi lœynizsk þat at hinum siðarstom dogum er gærðozk i andværðom. Sua ok at huerr ihugi með allre kunnasto ok koste með ollu afle freme ok fullgere með ollum fongum at bua ok bœta sialvan sec til rikis guðs með somasamlegum siðum ok goðom athævom ok hælgom lifsænda. Þui at daðer ok drængskaper ok allzkonar goðlæikr er skryddi ok pryddi lif þæirra er guði likaðo. ok þæirra er i þæssa hæims atgærðom frægðost ok vinsælldozt i fyrnskonne huerfr þess giorsamlegre sem hæims þæssa dagar mæirfram liða.

En bok þessor er hinn virðulege Hacon konongr ler norrœna or volsko male ma hæita *lioða bok*. Þui at af þæim sogum er þæssir bok birti gærðo skolld i syðra Brætlande er liggr i Frannz lioðasonga. Þa er gærazc i horpum gigiom. Simphanom. Organom. Timpanom. Sallterium. ok corom. ok allzkonar oðrum strænglæikum er menn gera ser ok oðrum til skemtanar þæssa lifs ok lykr her forrœðo þæssare. ok þesso nest er upphaf sanganna.

Ollum[41] þæim er guð hævir let vizsku ok kunnasto ok snilld at birta þa samer æigi at fela ne lœynda lan guðs i ser. hælldr fellr þæim at syna oðrom með goð vilia þat sem guði likaðe þæim at lia. Þa bera þæir sem hinn villdaste viðr lauf ok blóm. ok sem goðlæikr þæirra frægizst i annars umbotum þa fullgærezt allden þæirra ok nœrer aðra. Þa var siðr hygginna ok hœverskra manna i fyrnskonne at þæir mællto frœðe sin sua sem segi með myrkom orðom. ok diupom skilnengom. saker þæirra sem ukomner varo. at þæir skylldo lysa með liosom umrœðom þat sem hinir fyrro hofðo mællt. ok rannzaka af sinu viti þat sem til skyringar horfðe ok rettrar skilnengar. af þæim kænnengom er philosophi forner spekingar hofðu gort. Siðan sem alldren læið framm ok æve mannanna þa vox list ok athygli ok smasmygli mannkynsens. með margskonar hætte. sva at i ollom londum gærðuzc hinir margfroðasto menn mælande sinna landa tungum. En þæir sem lif sitt vilia lytalaust varðvæita. Þa samer jamnan nokot þat at ihuga ok iðna. er þa gære sialfa vinsæla. ok af kunnasto sinne mege aðra frœða. Oc fyrir þui ihugaða ec at gæra nokra goða sogu. ok or volsku i bokmal snua at þat mætta flæsta hugga. er flæstir mego skilia. En lioð þau er ec hævi hœyrt er gor varo i syðra Brætlande af þæim kynlegom atburðom er i þui lande gærðuzc þa likaðe mer at snua ok oðrum segia þui at ec

[41] The translator's preliminaries end here, and Marie's Prologue begins.

hafða mioc morg hœyrt þau er ec vil at visu fram telia. ok engom glœyma af. Þui er ec ma minni minu a koma. æinum kurtæisum konongi er guð leðe yvir oss vizku ok valld. gævo ok gnott margfallegs hins frægiazta goðlæiks. Þui ihuga ec oftsamlega at samna lioðen oll ok i æina bok at fœra þer herra minn hinn hœverske konongr ef þer lika þa er mer fagnaðr at starf mitt þækkez ok hugnar sua hygnum hofðingia ok hans hirðar kurtæisom klærkom. ok hœverskom hirðmonnom.

English Translation

The English translation has been taken from Robert Cook & Mattias Tveitane (1979) *Strengleikar: An old Norse Translation of Twenty-One Old French Lais*. Oslo: Norsk Historisk Kjeldeskrift-Institutt, pp. 5-9.

Foreword

It pleases us to inquire about and examine the deeds of those who lived in olden days, because they were skilled in their arts, discerning in their reason, clever in their counsels, valiant with weapons, well-mannered in the customs of the court, generous with gifts, and most famous for every kind of nobility. And because many marvelous things and events unheard of in our time took place in olden days, it occurred to us to teach men living and those to come these stories, which men of great learning made about the deeds of those who lived in olden days, and which they had written down in books as an everlasting reminder, as entertainment, and as a source of great learning for posterity, so that each man could amend and illumine his life with the knowledge of past events, and so that that will not be concealed in later times which happened in the remote past, and so that everyone might consider with full knowledge and strive with all his strength, and accomplish and achieve with every opportunity to prepare and improve himself for the kingdom of God by means of fitting behavior and good deeds and a holy life's end. For deeds and nobility and every kind of goodness, which embellished and adorned the lives of those who pleased God and those who in olden days earned fame and favors by means of achievements in this world—these things are disappearing more and more as the days of this world march on.

This book, which the esteemed King Hákon had translated into Norse from the French language, may be called the "Book of Lais," because from the stories which this book makes known, poets in Brittany—which is in France—composed lais, which are performed on harps, fiddles, hurdy-gurdies, lyres, dulcimers, psalteries, rotes, and other stringed instruments of all kinds which men make to amuse themselves and others in this world. Here ends this prologue, and the next comes the beginning of the lais.[403]

It is not fitting that all those to whom God has given wisdom and knowledge and the eloquence to make these known should hide and conceal God's gift within themselves; rather, it is proper that they reveal to others with good will that which pleased God to grant them. Then they will bear leaves and blossoms like the most splendid tree, and as their goodness becomes fully ripe and nourish other people. It was the custom of wise and well-mannered men in olden days that they should set

forth their learning, so to speak, in dark words and deep meanings for the sake of those who had not yet come, that these should explicate in lucid discourse that which their forbears had said and probe with their intelligence whatever pertained to the elucidation and correct understanding of the teachings which philosophers, sages of long ago, had made. As time and the lives of men wore on, man's art and attentiveness and acumen increased in many kinds of ways, so that the most learned men in every country began expressing themselves in the language of their country. And it is quite fitting that those who want to preserve their lives faultless be always considering and working at that which may make themselves beloved and which may instruct others from their knowledge. For this reason I thought of making some good story and of translating it from French into Latin, that most might be comforted by that which most could understand. But the lais which I have heard, which were composed in Brittany about the strange adventures that took place in the land, I wanted to translated and tell to others, because I had heard very many things which I certainly want to tell. And I want to leave out nothing of what I can recall to my memory in honor of a courteous king whom God gave us and endowed with wisdom and might, good fortune and an abundance of manifold and renowned goodness. Thus I frequently think of gathering all the songs into one book to give to you, my lord and gracious King. If you like them, I am glad that my work pleases and satisfies such a wise chieftain and the courteous clerks of his court and his gracious retainers.

Marie de France: *Lai of Equitan*

French text extracted from Jean Rychner (1971) *Les lais de Marie de France*. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion: 33-43.

The *Lai of Equitan* addresses the question of love, honor and marriage. Marie de France was inspired by Ovid's poetry as was Chrétien de Troyes. The theme of *fin'amor* developed by the troubadours was a kind of love that could not exist in matrimony. In arranged marriages *fin'amor* had no place. This perception of love comes to the fore in the *Lais*, especially in *Laüstic*, which describes the married state as a source of grief and loneliness.

Marie seldom sermonizes her audience despite the fact that many of the *Lais* end rather tragically. Adulterous love is at the core of almost every *Lai*, in which realism is mixed with the fantastic and supernatural, and sometimes humor and ridicule, as in the *Lais of Equitan*, where the affection between the secret lovers is indeed both true and intense; however, it implies cheating on the husband and upsetting the order and obligations of marriage, and therefore defies basic unbreakable societal principles. Consequently, the tragi-comic end to the tale seems fitting, as it restores order and decorum.

Equitan

Mut unt esté noble barun
Cil de Bretaine, li Bretun!
Jadis suleient par pruësce,
Par curteisie e par noblesce,
Des aventures qu'il oeient,
Ki a plusurs genz aveneient,
Fere les lais pur remembrance,
Qu'um nes meïst en ubliance.
Un ent firent, k'oï cunter,
Ki ne fet mie a ublier,
D'Equitan, ki mut fu curteis,
Sire des Nauns, jostise e reis.
Equitan fu mut de grant pris
Et mut amez en sun païs.
Deduit amout e druërie,
Pur ceo maintint chevalerie.
Cil metent lur vie en nuncure
Ki d'amur n'unt sen ne mesure ;
Tels est la mesure d'amer
Que nuls n'i deit reisun garder.
Equitan ot un seneschal,
Bon chevalier, pruz e leal ;
Tute sa tere li gardout
E meinteneit e justisout.
Ja, se pur ostïer ne fust,
Pur nul busuin ki li creüst,
Li reis ne laissast sun chacier,
Sun deduire, sun riveier.
Femme espuse ot li seneschals
Dunt puis vint el païs granz mals.
La dame ert bele durement
E de mut bon affeitement.
Gent cors out e bele faiture,
En li former uvrat Nature ;
Les oilz out veirs e bel le vis,
Bele buche, neis bien asis :
El rëaume n'aveit sa per!
Li reis l'oï sovent loër ;
Soventefez la salua,
De ses aveirs li enveia,
Sanz veüe la coveita,
E cum ainz pot a li parla.
Priveement esbanïer,
En la cuntree ala chacier
La u li seneschals maneit.
El chastel u la dame esteit

Se herberjat li reis la nuit ;
Quant repeirout de sun deduit,
Asez poeit a li parler,
Sun curage e sun buen mustrer.
Mut la trova curteise e sage,
Bele de cors e de visage,
De bel semblant e enveisiee.
Amurs l'ad mis en sa maisniee :
Une seete ad vers lui traite,
Ki mut grant plaie li ad faite :
El quor li ad lanciee e mise!
N'i ad mestier sens ne cointise :
Pur la dame l'ad si surpris,
Tuz en est murnes e pensis.
Or l'i estuet del tut entendre,
Ne se purrat nïent defendre.
La nuit ne dort ne ne respose,
Mes sei meïsmes blasme e chose :
"Allas! fet il, queils destinee
M'amenat en ceste cuntree ?
Pur ceste dame qu'ai veüe
M'est une anguisse al quor ferue,
Ki tut le cors me fet trembler :
Jeo quit que met l'estuet amer.
E si jo l'aim, jeo ferai mal :
Ceo est la femme al seneschal ;
Garder li dei amur e fei
Si cum jeo voil k'il face a mei.
Si par nul engin le saveit,
Bien sai que mut l'en pesereit.
Mes nepurquant pis iert asez
Que pur li seië afolez.
Si bele dame tant mar fust,
S'ele n'amast e dru n'eüst!
Que devendreit sa curteisie,
S'ele n'amast de druërie ?
Suz ciel n'ad humme, s'el l'amast,
Ki durement n'en amendast.
Li seneschals, si l'ot cunter,
Ne l'en deit mie trop peser :
Suls ne la peot il pas tenir!
Certes, jeo voil a li partir!"
Quant ceo ot dit, si suspira,
Enprés se jut e si pensa.
Aprés parlat e dist : "De quei
Sui en estrif e en effrei ?
Uncor ne sai ne s'ai seü
S'ele fereit de mei sun dru ;
Mes jel savrai hastivement.
S'ele sentist ceo ke jeo sent,
Jeo perdreie ceste dolur.
E Deus! Tant ad de ci qu'al jur!
Je ne puis ja repos aveir ;
Mut ad ke jeo cuchai eir seir!"

Li reis veilla tant que jur fu ;
A grant peine l'ad atendu.
Il est levez, si vet chacier,
Mes tost se mist el repeirier
E dit que mut est deshaitiez ;
Es chambres vet, si s'est cuchiez.
Dolenz en est li senescaus ;
Il ne seit pas queils est li maus
De quei li reis sent les friçuns :
Sa femme en est dreite acheiscuns.
Pur sei deduire e cunforter
La fist venir a lui parler.
Sun curage li descovri ;
Saveir li fet qu'il meort pur li.
Del tut li peot faire confort
E bien li peot doner la mort.

"Sire, la dame li ad dit,
De ceo m'estuet aveir respit ;
A ceste primiere feiee
N'en sui jeo mie cunseillee.
Vus estes reis de grant noblesce ;
Ne sui mie de teu richesce
Qu'a mei vus deiez arester
De druërie ne d'amer.
S'avïez fait vostre talent,
Jeo sai de veir, ne dut nïent,
Tost m'avrïez entrelaissiee,
J'en sereie mut empeiriee.
Si issi fust que vus amasse
E vostre requeste otreiasse,
Ne sereit pas uël partie
Entre nus deus la druërie.
Pur ceo que estes reis puissaunz
E mis sire est de vus tenaunz,
Quidereiez a mun espeir
Le dangier de l'amur aveir.

Amur n'est pruz se n'est egals.
Mieuz vaut uns povres hum leals,
Si ensei ad sen e valur,
E greinur joie est de s'amur
Qu'il n'est de princë u de rei,
Quant il n'ad lëauté en sei.
S'aukuns aime plus hautement
Qu'a sa richesce nen apent,
Cil se dute de tute rien!
Li riches hum requide bien
Que nuls ne li toille s'amie
Qu'il voelt amer par seignurie!"
Equitan li respunt aprés :
"Dame, merci! Nel dites mes!
Cil ne sunt mie fin curteis,
Ainz est bargaine de burgeis,
Ki pur aveir ne pur grant fieu
Mettent lur peine en malveis liu.
Suz ciel n'ad dame s'ele est sage,
Curteise e franche de curage,
Pur quei d'amer se tienge chiere,
Qu'el ne seit mie noveliere,
S'el n'eüst fors sul sun mantel,
Qu'uns riches princes de chastel
Ne se deüst pur li pener
E lealment e bien amer.
Cil ki d'amer sunt novelier
E ki s'aturnent de trichier,
Il sunt gabé e deceü ;
De plusurs l'avum nus veü.
N'est pas merveille se cil pert
Ki par s'ovreine le desert.
Ma chiere dame, a vus m'ustrei :
Ne me tenez mie pur rei,
Mes pur vostre humme e vostre ami.
Seürement vus jur e di
Que jeo ferai vostre pleisir.
Ne me laissiez pur vus murir!
Vus seiez dame e jeo servanz
Vus orguilluse e jeo preianz."
Tant ad li reis parlé od li
E tant li ad crié merci
Que de s'amur l'aseüra
E el sun cors li otria.
Pur lur anels s'entresaisirent,
Lur fiaunces s'entreplevirent ;
Bien les tiendrent, mut s'entramerent,
Puis en murmurent e finirent.
Lung tens durat lur druërie
Que ne fu pas de gent oïe.
As termes de lur assembler,
Quant ensemble durent parler,
Li reis feseit dire a sa gent
Que seignez iert priveement.
Li us des chambres furent clos ;
Ne troveisse humme si os,
Si li reis pur lui n'enveiast,
Ja une feiz dedenz entrast.
Li seneschals la curt teneit,
Les plaiz e les clamurs oieit.

Li reis l'ama mut lungement
Que d'autre femme n'ot talent.
Il ne voleit nule espuser ;
Ja n'en rovast oïr parler.
La gent le tindrent mut a mal,
Tant que la femme al seneschal
L'oï suvent; mut li pesa
E de lui perdre se duta.
Quant ele pout a lui parler
E el li duit joie mener,
Baiser, estreindre e acoler,
E ensemblë od lui juer,
Forment plura e grant deol fist.
Li reis demanda e enquist
Que ceo deveit e que ceo fu.
La dame li ad respundu :
"Sire, jo plur pur nostre amur,
Ki mei revert a grant dolur.
Femme prendrez, fille a un rei,
E si vus partirez de mei ;
Sovent l'oi dire e bien le sai.
E jeo, lasse, que devendrai ?
Pur vus m'estuet aveir la mort,
Car jeo ne sai autre cunfort."
Li reis li dit par grant amur ;
"Bele amie, n'eiez poür!
Certes, ja femme ne prendrai
Ne pur autre ne vus larrai.
Saciez de veir e si creez,
Si vostre sire fust finez,
Reïne e dame v us fereie.

Ja pur nul humme ne lerreie.”
La dame l’en ad mercié
E dit que mut l’en set bon gré ;
E si de ceo l’aseürast
Que pur autre ne la lessast,
Hastivement purchacereit
A sun seignur que morz sereit.
Legier sereit a purchacier,
Pur ceo k’il li vousist aidier.
Il li respunt que si ferat ;
Je cele rien ne li dirrat
Que il ne face a sun poeir,
Turta folie u a saveir.
“Sire fet ele, si vus plest,
venez chacier en la forest
en la cuntree u je sujur.
Dedenz le chastel mun seignur
Sujurnez ; si serez seignez
E al tierz jur si vus baignez.
Mis sire od vus seignera
E avoec vus se baignera.
Dites li bien, nel lessiez mie,
Que il vus tienge cumpanie!
E jeo ferai les bains temprer
E les deus cuves aporter ;
Sun bain ferai chaut e buillant :
Sus ciel nen ad humme vivant
Ne fust escaudez e malmis
Einz que dedenz se feust asis.
Quant morz serat e escaudez,
Vos hummes e les soens mandez,
Si lur mustrez cumfaitement
Est morz al bain sudeinement.”
Li reis li ad tut graanté
Qu’il ferat sa volenté.
Ne demurat mie tres meis
Qu’el païs vet chacier li reis.
Seiner se fet cuntre sun mal,
Ensemble od lui sun senescal.
Al tierz jur dist k’il baignereit,
Li senescals mut le voleit.
“Vus baignerez, dist il, od mei.”
Li senescals dit : “Jo l’otrei!”
La dame fet les bains temprer
E les deus cuves aporter
Devant le lit, tut a devise,
Ad chescune des cuves mise ;
L’ewe buillant feit aporter
U li senescals dut entrer.
Li produm esteit sus levez,
Pur deduire fu fort alez.
La dame vint parler al rei
E il la mist dejuste sei ;
Sur le li al seignur cuchierent
E deduistrent e enveisierent.
Ileoc unt ensemble geü
Pur la cuve, ki devant fu.
L’us firent tenir e garder ;
Une maschine i dut ester.
Li senescals hastis revint ;
A l’hus buta, cele le tint.
Icil le fiert par tel haïr,
Par force li estut ovrir.
Le rei e sa femme ad trovez
U il gisent, entr’acolez.
Li reis garda, sil vit venir ;
Pur sa vileinie covrir
Dedenz la cuve saut joinz piez ;
E il fut nuz e despuillez,
Unques garde ne s’en dona :
Ileoc murut e escauda.
Sur lui est li mals revertiz
E cil en est sauf e gariz.
Li senescals ad bien veü
Coment del rei est avenu.
Sa femme prent demeintenant,
El bain la met le chief avant.
Issi murent ambedui,
Li rei avant e ele od lui.

Ki bien vodreit reisun entendre
Ici purreit ensample prendre :
Tels purcace le mal d’autrui
Dunt tuz li mals revert sur lui.
Issi avint cum dit vus ai.
Li Bretun en firent un lai,
D’Equitan cument il fina,
E la dame ki tant l’ama.

Old Norse Version

The Old Norse and English translations have been taken from Cook, Robert & Mattias Tveitane (1979) *Strengeleikar: an Old Norse Translation of Twenty-one Old French Lais*. Norrøne Tekster 3. Oslo: Norsk Historisk Kjeldeinstitutt: 66-82.

Whereas Marie does not comment in length on the moral implications of this *lais*, the Norse translator takes time to elaborate on the text, maybe inspired by Marie's "ki bien vodreit reison entendre ici purreit ensample prendre" (let he who hears this learn from its example) in the French epilogue. The Norse translator expands the epilogue with his own material, referring to biblical figures like Abraham, Job and Lazarus, quoting Saint Augustine and introducing proverbial sayings in Latin. These sermonizing passages in the text strongly suggest that the translator was a cleric, and that indeed the stories were intended as much to entertain as to admonish and teach good moral (and Christian) behavior.

Equitans strengleicr er her

DYRleger menn ok daða fuller hygner menn ok hœverskir voru i fyrnskonne i Brætlandi at riki ok at rœysta. at vizsko ok atvallde. at forsio ok kvrtæisi. er um atburði þa er jnnanlandz gærðuzt at kunnigir skylldo vera viðkomandom ok æigi glœymazt okunnom þa leto þæir rita til aminningar. strængleika lioð ok af þæim gera til skemtanar ok varo mioc margir þæir atburðir er oss ætmer æigi at glœyma. er viðr læitom lioða bok at gera.

EEinn rikr maðr ok herra hœverska ok kurtæis hofðingi ok ræfsinga stiore Namsborgar EkuitaN at nafni. hinn vaskaste i vapnom hinn trausasti i Riddara skap. vinsæll ok frægr i sinu fostr landi let likæser skæmtan ok kurtæisiRiddarscap ok hirðsiði. en allan hug ohofsamlega lagðe hann a aster ok kuenna þokka. Þui at þæir er mioc ælsca tyna skyndsæmð rett at skilia. herra ekuitan atte ræðes mann æinn er var raustr riddare vel mannaðr ok tryggr maðr. Þessom hafðe herra hans fengit gaumgæfð ok gæzlo allz rikis sins. með rettyndom ok ræfsingom. ok for hæ sua vel með manna malom æftir logum ok landsiðom at engi vandi kunni sa geraz at herra hans þurfti i at [val]kazt þui for hann jafnan at skemtan sinni. meðhundum ok haukom at væiða dyr ok fugla ok riddarar hans ok hirðsvæinar. En ræðis maðr hans atte puso ok æigna kono. af þessari kono varð ollu þui riki siðan harmr ok hormung þesse fru var sua frið orðen at væxti ok fægrð ok allri likams skæpnu. at þo at natturan hæfði hænni huætvitna gevet þat er til fægrðar væri. Engi var sua ræinlifr munnkr i allu þui riki. er hann sa nokkora stund annlit ok alit hænnar at hann myndi æigi skiott snua allum hug sinom til hænnar ok allum hug at unna hænni.

Herra Ekuitan er hofðingi ok herra var þæss lanndz ok rikis hœyrð(i) lof fægrðar hænnar ok frægðar at engi var i ollu þui konongs riki iamnfrið hænni hann sændi hænni oft astsamlegar kueðior. ok rikar giaver ok optsamlega girntisk hann felaxskap hænnar. Þui nest kaus hann æinn fagran dag at fara þangat með famenni. at skemta ser sem ræðes maðr hans bio. ok til þess kastala er su hin friða fru var fyrir. Hon herbyrgði hann þar um nottena. Þa er hann kom af skemtan væiði sinnar.

Nu mæler hann við hana sua mart sem honom likar. ok ma hann nu syna hænni allan huga sinn ok vilia ok fann hann hana hyggna ok hœverska ok goðviliaða. hina bliðasto i orðum. ok sœmeleg i hirðsiðum. ok sua vel ser likande yvir allar þær er honum hofðu fyrr hugnat. ok af þessare viðr rœðo hennar er hann mu sua inætiaðr ast hennar at alla nott fecc hann huarki huilld ne svæfn sakar þessarrar fru. er hann hafði ollum hug sinum til snuit. Sua er hann af ollum hug ok henni um snuinn. at hann er allr angrs fullr. ok ahyggio ok verðr hann nu allr til hænnar horfa. Þui at hann gætr æigi vart sec fyrir valki ok kærði hann mioc harm sinn ok mælltiz æinn við.

Hov herra Guð sagðe hann huilik orlog ok harðr atburðr hava læitt mek i þætta fylki at harmr ok angr sem sua hava bundit mec sarom sorgum af fru þessare er ec hafi her sét. ok losteð hug minn ok hiarta sua unytri ahyggio ok allan mec fra tekit sialfum mer með sua kynlegom hætti at skyndsemð min ter mer ækki. ok valld mitt. ok sua mikit riki er mer mæirr harmr en huggan. ec skialfr allr ok þo usiukr mec ventir at ec værði ælsca hana. ok hallda henni trygglega ast. mina ok æinorð. sua sem ec villdi at hon gærði mer. En ef herra hennarr ok pusi verðr við varr nokkorri niosn ok umsát. Þa man honom at visu mislika miok. En þo at sua se þa ma þat vel setiazc. hælldr en ec fyrir faromc ok tynemc af akefð ok ohofsemð astar hænnar. Osyniom være hon sua frið fru ef hon scal vela um æinn bonda. ok ængan æiga hia unnasta. engi maðr er sa livande. ef þæssi fru væri honum unnandi at hann myndi æigi bœtazt af henni. ef hann væri hennar tryggr unnasti. En ef ræðesmaðr minn spyrr þetta. Þa samer honom æigi illa kunna. Eiga ma hann hana en æigi æinn saman. at visu vil ec at hann miðle hana við mec. sem hann hafðe mællt þætta. Þa andvarpaðe hann af ollu hiarta. ok la þa enn kyrr okihugaði ok siðan mællti hann. til huers sagðe hann eða hui hævi ec slikan angr. ok gere ec mér uró. Enn er mer okunnegt huart þessi fru likar eða æigi at ec se unnasti hænnar. En ec skal vita sem fyrst huart hon hævir nokot kænt þess er ec kenni ec skal nu hætta ok hafna þessom hæimska harm er byr i astar oviti. ok œrslo er gerer mer sua mikinn angr. ok uró. at ec fer æigi huilld ne ró. en nu er langt liðit siðan. er ec for her at væiðum. Nu er daga tok þa ræis hann upp þægar ok klæddizt sa hinn riki maðr þegar ok hofðingi allz þæss rikis. er mykla pining hafðe haft þa nott. hann upp ræis ok for þægar a væiðar. en skiott kom hann aftr ok kuaðs vera siukr mioc ok gekk hann þægar i hitt jnnzta suæfn hus ok lagðe(s)t i rækkio. Ræðes maðr hans ok rikis stiori var ryggr ok harms fullr. af þunglæik sins herra. en hann væit æigi huat sott hann hævir þui at æigin kona hans er sottar sok herra hans hon bryddir hann ok gaddar hon œnguir honom ok hann angrar hon er hans riðu sott. ok ma vera honum sem sarbót. En at gæra ser huggan ok skæmtan. Þa sendi hann æftir hænni. At rœða við hana ok sagðe hann hænni þa. ok syndi hænni allan vilia sinn. ok gerer henni kunnegt at hann dœyr fyrir sakar hænnar. hon ma frialsa hon ma bœta honom ef hon vill hon ma vera dauði hans. ef hon sua illa vil.

HErra minn kuað su hin friða fru. yðr samer at fræsta mer suor min þuiat ec hævi æigi at hugt þesso hino fyrsta sinni ne rað mitt tækit. Þu ert hofðingi mikils rikis ok agætrar tignar. En ec em æigi sua mikils rikis ne sua mattroga manna ne sua rikra at hofðingia scap. ok er þer æigi fallet at sbua til min ast. ok astar þokka. ef þer hæfðit gort vilia yðarn til min þa væit ec at visu at þu myndir skiott hafna mer. ok fyrir lata mek. en frægð min myndi falla. ok lofsæla spillazc. ok mynda ec þa æiga þar fiandr sem nu a ec frændr. Þar ovini sem nu a ek vini. Þui at þu ert æinn hinn

rikasti hofðingi ok minn herra hæfir sitt valld af yðro lane ok myndir þu sua sem ec hygg ætla at ec mynda bila þer. ok gera þer vanda at unna mer. En ast er engo nýt nema hon se trygg ok staðfost. Myklo er villdra felaus maðr ok friðr ef hann er hygginn ok væl mannaðr at daðom ok drængscap ok mæire fagnaðr af hans gofuglæik. en at rikum hofðingia ok mattogum manne er huerflynt hævir lundærni ok gæðlaust af ostaðfæsto. Sa er ann þæirre er hærra er kyns ok mattar. en hans kynkuisl eða valldi fellr ok samer hann ottazt æ at su bili honum er hann ann ok fyrir þui þionar hann hænni með ollum hug ok æftir læti. En sa er rikr er hann ottazt ækki at nokkorr dirvizt at taka unnasto hans. Þui at hann hygzt æiga allt hæimillt. ok um urugt bua sakar valldz sins ok rikis fyrir þui ann hann litit eða allz ækki. Þoat hann æigi hina friðasto ok hina villdasto kono.

Ekuitan svaraðe hænni. Miskunn fru sagðe hann. mæl æigi slikt. æigir sa at fullu kurtæiss er mangar ser unnasto sem bœar maðr voru a stræt. Mangare verr fe sitt i marga vanda varu. at auðgazt ok æignast af þui. Undir himninom er ængi su fru af hon er hyggin ok hœversk. milld ok goðviliað. ef hon er ast trygg ok æigi nybrættin. Þo at hon ætti allzækki nema æina skikkiu þa sœmde æinum herra riks kastala mikit saker hænnar tigna hana ok trygglega unna hænni. En þæir er nybrætnir ero ok i astom otrygguir ok kuenna svikarar listugír at spotta. undir fagrmæle bunir at blækkia þer hovum ver marga séna. er æigi [ero] værðugir duganda manna felagscaps. Þui tyna þæir ollum sœmdom at þæir at fara illzkum ok svikum. En hin kæra unnasta min. Þer iatta ec at ollu sialfan mec. hallt mec æi fyrir herra ne hofðingia hælldr vin Þinn. ok æiginn mann. Urulega suær ec þer ok at sonnu sægi ec þer at ec scal gera þat sem þer likar. Ver þu fru en ec herra. Ver þu mikillot en ec biðill þinn.[42] Þic biðiande. Sa hinn riki herra ok hofðingi het henni sua mykit ok sua oft bað hann hana miskunna ser at hon fæsti honum asta vilia hans. en hann iattaðe hænni sialfan sec. ok gaf þa huart tvægia þæirra oðru samband sitt með umskifti fingr gulla sinna. ok fæsti huart oðru oruggan trygglæik upp a tru sina ok hælldo þau væl handsol sin með tryggri ast. ok stoðþa mioc lengi sua buet astar þokke þæirra sua at æigi kom upp fyrir aðra menn. En huerio sinni er þau sotto stætnufundar sins þa let sa hinn riki herra gera hirðliði sinu kunnegt at hann var bloðlatenn. ok varo þa byrgðar alla hurð[ir] svæfnloftanna. ok var engi sua diarfr at þar þorðe at koma. nema æftir honum være sænt. En um nætr kom hon til hans ok um nætr for hon fra honom er hon unni sua mikit. En rikis stiore herrans hellt vel ok virðulega allt hirðlið hans ok gærðe orskurð allra mala ok saka þæirra er sættar varo. hann unni þessare fru mioc længi. sua trygglega at æigi var hugr hans annarre. Þui at hann villde ænga pusa ser. ok mællti at ængi skylldi þæss geta. En raðgiofum hans ok vinum mislikaðe þat mioc ok sagðo vera mykit urað. ok rœddo þæir kli sua openberlega at kona ræðes mannens hœyrði roð þæirra. ok rœðor oftsamlega. ok likaðe hænne þat allilla þui at hon ottaðezc þat at hann myndi fyrir lata hana ok at hon myndi tyna ast hans. ok felaglegom vilia.

Siðan sem hon matte at komazt ar rœða við hann ok gera honom giarna slikt bliðlæte sem hann girntizc kossa ok halsfong. ok likams losta. Þa stygðizc hon

[42] Whereas Equitan in Marie's original *lai* swears to become the lady's faithful servant ("Ne me laissiez pur vus murir! Vus seiez dame e jeo servanz, Vus orguilluse e jeo preianz." – Please don't let me perish because of my love for you! You shall be the lady and I your servant, you shall be the proud and I the one to beg"), as was the rule for courteous love— *fin'amor*—in the spirit of the troubadours, the Norse translator does not challenge, at least not terminologically, the recommended relationship between the genders promoted by the Church.

honom ok rygðizc ok gærðizc sua harmsfull. at hon gret undarlega mioc sua at hon higsti af sorg ok grate. Sem herra Ekuitan spurði hana hui er hon let sua rygglega ok huat hænni var. ok huerr slikan harm vakte hænni. Þa svaraðe hon. Ec græt sagðe hon saker þin ok okkarrar astar. Þui at ast okkor man snuask mer i mykinn harm ok angr. Ec væit at visu sagðe hon at þu mant kono pusa en ec man vera þa hataað ok hafnað huat man þa verða af mer er ec em fyrir laten af þer. Ec scal þa siolf fyrir fara mer þui at ec se mer enga huggan þa er skiotare luki minum harmum en dauðann.

ÞA suaraðe henni Ekuitan. af mykilli ast. Hin friðasta unnasta min sagðe hann. Ottaszk allzækki. Vit þat at sonnu ok tru at fullo. ef herra þinn lykr nasom ok sinom dagum þec skyllda ec gera fru ok drotnengo allz mins rikis valldz ok hirðliðs allra minna æigna. ok kastala. Þægar sem hon hafðe hœyrt þa þakkaðe hon honom goðvilia hans með mikill avusu. ok mællt[e]. ef þer herra trygguið mer. at þer skuloð æigi fyrir lata mec. saker annarrar. Þa man ec skiott þat sysla ok alæiðis koma. at min herra se dauðr. Þui at litið er fyrir þui ef þer vileð tia mér. ok samþykkiazt. Hann svaraðe hænni at hann scal giarna þat gære sem hænni likar. ok hon vill hava sagt honom. æftir mætti sinom. huart sem þat kann snuazt til illz eða goðs.

HErra sagðe hon. ef yðr likar þa fareð a væiðar i værði mork vars fylkis þar sem optazt sit ec ok kom i kastala mins herra at huilazc ok skulo þer þar yðr bloð lata. Eftir hinn þriðia dag bloðlaz scalltu laugazt. En minn herra scal þa ok laugazt ok með þer bloð lata. Seg honom at hann hallde þer fyrir huetvitna framm dælan felagscap. En ec man lata gera laugarnar ok lata fœra laugarkæren i svæfnhusit ok þa scal ec lata gera laugena i sialfs hans kere sua hæita ok vællande at engi er sa livande maðr ef hann kœmr i sua buna laugena at han scal æigi soðen vera ok mæiddr þa er hann hævir i sæzc kæret. ok hann dauðr ok soðe. sændið æftir yðrom monnom. ok hans vinum. synið þa ok sægið ollum með hueriom hætte er hann er dauðr. i laugænne at uvarom þæim ok braðom dauða.

HErra Ekuitan iatte henni ok samþyktizt at hann scal at visu gera þat sem hænnar vili er til. A hinum þriða manaðe kom Ekuitan þangat i væiði morkena ok let ser þar bloð. ok þo æigi til hæilsu. ok hugganar hælldr til ugævo ok ukomennar uhamengiu. ok at hallda honom felagscap þa let bloð með honom ræðis maðr hans. Eptir hinn þriðia dag bloðláss kuazc hann vilia laugazc. ok þat villdi ok ræðes maðr hans. Oc þa mællte ok herra hans. Vit skolum kuað hann baðer saman laug hava sua sem bloðlát. Herra sagðe hann sua hævi ec ætlat sem þer vilið. Fru hans gecc um laugar gærð. ok let bua huartvæggia kæret. annat með vallanda vatne. er hon ætlaðe boanda sinom. en annat herra sinom. Þat er var með vormu vatne. eftir mundangs hove. En sa hinn dugande ræðes maðr var arlla uppstanðenn ok utgængenn at skemta ser. en fruen kom þa ok rœdde við herra sinn. ok logðuzt þa at bæðe ensman i rækkio. ræðes mannens ok skæmtaðo ser ok leko sua sem þæim likaðe þau leto vorð hia hurðenne. mær æin gætte duranna. Sem ræðesmaðr kom aftr þa gecc hann þegar þangat. ok er hann villde uppskiota hurðenni þa hellt mæren lokonne. en hann laust hana af ræiði. Ok skaut upp hurðenne með ollum afle. ok læit hann þa hærra sinn ok kono sina bæði i æinni ræckio. herra hans þægar sem hann læit hann kommande. ok at fela synd sina. ok svivirðing hins. Þa gaðe hann æigi fyrir at sia. ok liop sem skiotazt í þat kæret er vællande vatne var i. skyrtu æinni klæddr. ok skolaus. do þægar ok soðnaðe allr. Nu er hann tekinn i sialfs sins gilldru ok aftr snuen a hann sialfs hans illzka. en hinn hæill ok væl hallden er hann ætlaðe at dœyða. En ræðes

maðrenn fann þægar þatem titt var um herra hans. ok vissi þa at sonnu at þau hofðu raðet honom dauða. hann græip með skunda kono sina. ok skaut hænni af hofði ovan i kæret. ok luku þau þar bœðe sinu svikafullu livi. mæð værðugum hætti.

EN sa er rett kann at skynia ok skyndemd hævir rett at skilia af þessarre sogu. ma hann sannfrœðazc ar sa er oðrum gærer svik ok ætlar dauða. ma fyrir giallda sinnar illzku. en hann megi þæim fyrir koma er hann villdi giarna illt gera.[43] *E*N sa er þessa bok norrœnaðe ræðr ollum er þessa sogu hœyra bœyrt hava at þæir girnizc alldregi þat er aðrer æigu rettfengit. huarke (fe) ne hiuscaps felaga. ne ovunde alldre annars gott næ gævo. Þui at guð skipar lanom sinom sem hanum synizc. Gæfr þæim er hann vill gævet hava. fra tekr þæim er illa nyta. æða ægir at ræinsa þa ok rœyna sem hinn hælga Jobb. Girnizc ok ængi at auðga sec af annars dauða. Þui at marger dœyia þæir fyrr illum dauða er oðrum æfna at ætla skiotan dauðan. Þui at guð yvirvaker misværkum mannanna ok ser illvilia þæirra snyr upp a þa siælf þær illskur er þæir oðrum gilldra. Guð er vornn ok varnaðr gnog gæva ok urugg gæzla saklausra ok mæinlausra. ryðr skiott ok af þæim rindr uvini ok umsætr allzkyns. Girnizsk ok alldrægi at gera þæim svik ne svivirðingar er yðr gera tign ok þionosto sœmder ok sama. Þuiat þæir ero dalegstir i þæsso livi. en væslastir i oðru livi. er giallda illt fyrir goð vilia i þesso livi. Ef þer vitið ok kænnið yðr sækkia við guð. mæinum ok misverkum. til þæirra er yðr þionat hava ok yðr tignat bœteð við þa eða þæirra arva. er skylldaster ero. ef hinir ero brott tækner. mæðan er þer haveð tima ok frælsi þæssa lifs. Þui at ækki tær þæim i æilivu livi er hafna at bœtazc i þæsso livi. Ecki tæði þæim hinum rika manne er syniaðe hinum hælga lazaro likaþram brauðmola bordz sins. Þa er hann bað hinn hælg(a) Abraham miskunnar ser. i pinslum at Lazarus skyllde kœla brænnande tunga hans. ok þa hann æigi. hann villdi ok at brœðr hans hylpizt er æftir hann lifðu. ok tæðe honom huarki fyrir þui hialp honom allzækki i æilivu livi. Þat sem hann bað ok villdi. at hann hafnaðe at nyta frælsi lifs. mæðan er hann hafðe ok mætte. Til slikra mællti hinn hælgi augustinus þetta. *Quia cum potuit homo benefacere. noluit. inflictum est ei non posse cum uelit.*[44]

SEð vinir guðs Ekuitan Rikr herra. ok agætr hofðingi. svæik ok svivirði hinn villdasta vin sinn. æigin þion sinn. ræðes mann allz rikis sins. er hanum þionaðe. ok hann tignaðe með goðom raðom. ok rettom raðom. ok rœðom með starve sinu ok stiornn. ok af honom tok allan vanda. æftir rettom logumok landzsiðum hann or skar ollum vanda malom. at herra hans skylldi ver(a) frials fyrir ollum ahyggiom. En herra hans svæik hann ok sviuirði puso hans hans. ok samþyktiz dauða hans. En hans fals pusa. er slæit við guð ok hann handsol sin. saker mæiri tignar er hon girntizc ok til sa. bio æignum pusa sinum svik ok dauða. En varr hinn riki drottenn varðe þann er saclauss var. ok aftr snere svikunum a þau er svikin gærðo. ok sæk varo. Þui at þenna dom hafðe Guð longu aðr dœmt. ok upp sagt i orðum hæilagra maNna. Sua sannar hæilagt bokmál. *Omnis iniquitas in suum redibit auctorem*.[45] Nu þo at þætta have gortz i fyrnskunni ok þo at þetta se fornn saga. Þa ognar hon verandom ok viðrkommandom allum er i svikum ok illzsku likar at bui. Þui at

[43] Here ends the translation of Marie's *lai*. The remaining text is the Old Norse translator's own.

[44] "Since man did not do good (things) when he was able to, it has been imposed upon him that he cannot do good when he wants to." This Latin quote originates in Saint Augustine's *De libero arbitrio* (Cook & Tveitane 1979: 80)

[45] "Because injustice will revert upon its author."

huetvitna þat er illt er.kann at ændr nyiaszc þo at i fyrnskunni gærðizc. Þui var þetta með skynsamre snilld sannlega mællt.

Rumor e ueteri *faciet uentura timeri*
Cras poterunt fieri *turpia sicut heri*.[46]

Ok lykr her nu sinu ærendi. sa er bok þessare sneri. En brættar a brætland. Þar sem þetta gærðizt sua sem boken hævir talt upp gerðu Ekuitans lioð i strænglæikum huersu hann lauk livi sinu. ok su með honom er hann unni sua miok. ser ok hænni til dauða.

Equitanus rex fuit. *Sed silenda est dignitas*
Ubi nulla bonitas *sed finis iniquitas*.[47]

English Translation

The English translation has been extracted from Cook, Robert & Mattias Tveitane (1979) *Strengeleikar: an Old Norse Translation of Twenty-one Old French Lais*. Norrøne Tekster 3. Oslo: Norsk Historisk Kjeldeinstitutt: 67-83.

The Lai of Equitan begins here

Excellent and accomplished men, clever men and courteous, were in Brittany in olden days, with power and prowess, with wisdom and with might, prudence and politeness, who, concerning the events which took place in that country—in order that they be known to posterity and not be lost to strangers—had them written in lais for remembrance's sake and made into entertainment. There were many of these adventures which we ought not to forget when we are trying to make a book of lais.

A powerful man and courteous lord and well-mannered leader and strict ruler of Nantes, Equitan by name, most valiant with weapons, very reliable in knighthood, beloved and famed in his native country, was fond of pleasure and courtesy, knighthood and courtly customs, but he immoderately gave all his attention to love and feminine charms—those who love much lose their reason and correct understanding. Lord Equitan had a seneschal who was bold knight, well bred and a faithful man. The lord had given this man the care and keeping of all his realm, with authority to carry out justice and punishment, and he handled men's cases so well according to law and the customs of the land that no difficulty could arise that this lord needed to bother himself about. Thus he was always going out for his pleasure with hounds and hawks to hunt game and fowl together with his knights and courtiers. His seneschal had a spouse and wedded wife; from this woman there later came trouble and tragedy to all the realm. This lady had become so fair in form and beauty and all the shape of her body that it was as though nature had given her everything that belonged to beauty. There was no monk in all the realm so chaste

[46] "The rumor from old (the past) makes (one) fear the future; Tomorrow, the depravities may occur as they came to pass yesterday" (my translation).

[47] "Equitan was king, but dignity had to be silenced. Since there was no honesty, only dishonest end" (my translation).

that, if he ever saw her face and features, he would not turn all his thoughts to her at once and love her with all his heart.

Sir Equitan, who was the leader and lord of this land and kingdom, heard the praise of her fairness and fame: that no one in all the King's realm was her match for beauty. He often sent her affectionate greetings and costly gifts and frequently yearned for her company. Thereupon he chose a fine day to go with a few followers to amuse themselves at the place where his seneschal lived and at the castle where the beautiful lady was. She put him up there for the night when he came in from the sport of hunting. Now he speaks with her as much as he pleases and now he can reveal to her his whole heart and desire. He found her clever and courteous and good-natured, very agreeable in conversation and discreet in courtly manners, and so well pleasing to him above all those who had delighted him before. From this conversation with her he is now so smitten with love for her that he got neither rest nor sleep all night on account of this lady toward whom he had turned all his heart. He is so turned toward her with his full heart that he is all full of care and concern and now has to look entirely to her, because he cannot defend himself from the turmoil. He bewailed his grief and, all alone, spoke to himself.

"Oh Lord," he said, "what fate and cruel chance have brought me into this region, that grief and care have so bound me with painful sorrows on account of this lady whom I have seen here, and struck my mind and heart with such useless anxiety and taken me entirely from myself in such an extraordinary fashion that my reason is of no use to me and my power and such a great kingdom are more care than comfort to me. I shake all over and yet I am not sick. I believe I must love her and hold to her with my firm love and fidelity, just as I would want her to do with me. But if her lord and spouse finds out through some spying or way-laying, he will certainly be very displeased. But though this be so, it must be arranged rather than that I should die and perish from the intensity and immoderation of my love for her. It would be in vain for her to be such a beautiful lady if she should not have to do with only one man and have no lover besides. There is no man alive who, if this lady loves him, would not be improved by her if he were her loyal lover. But if my seneschal should find this out, it is not right that he should take it badly. He can have her, but not all to himself; surely I want him to share her with me." When he had said this, he sighed with all his heart and then lay still and reflected. And then he spoke: "For what purpose," he said, "or why do I have such grief and make unrest for myself? I do not know yet whether this lady is pleased or not that I should be her lover. I shall find out at once whether she has felt anything of what I feel. I shall now stop and cease this silly sorrow which belongs to the folly and frenzy of love and which gives me so much grief and unrest that I get no rest or peace. And now it is long since I came here to hunt." When it began to dawn, he got up at once and the powerful man and lord of all this kingdom, who had had great torment during the night, dressed immediately. He got up and went directly out hunting. But he came back quickly and said he was very sick and went at once to the innermost chamber and lay down on the bed. His seneschal and governor was sad and full of sorrow at the heaviness of his lord; but he does not know what illness he has because his own wife is the cause of his lord's illness. She pricks him and goads him; she tortures him and he suffers. She is his fever, and can also be his cure. To give himself comfort and

pleasure he sent for her to talk with him. He told her then and revealed to her all his desire, and informs her that he is dying for her sake. She can free him, and she can cure him, if she will; she can be his death if she has such an evil desire.

"My lord," said the beautiful lady, "you ought to grant me a delay in answering, for I have not yet reflected or made my decision within these first moments. You are a ruler with great power and high esteem. I do not have such great power, not am I descended from men so mighty and extensive in their authority. It is not fitting for you to turn your love and affection toward me. If you should have your will with me, I know that you would certainly abandon and forsake me quickly. My fame would decline and my good name would be destroyed, and I would then have opponents where I now have kinsmen, enemies where I now have friends; for you are one of the most powerful rulers and my lord has his authority on loan from you. You would, I think, imagine that I would fail you and make it difficult to love me. But love is worth nothing unless it is loyal and firm. Much better is an indigent and handsome man, if he is intelligent and manly in deeds and courage, and there is greater pleasure in his nobility than in a powerful ruler and mighty man who has a changeable temperament, fickle in its unsteadfastness. He who loves a woman who is higher in birth and power than his lineage, or than befits and suits his status, fears constantly that she whom he loves will fail him, and therefore he serves her with full heart and consideration. But he who is mighty does not fear that anyone would dare to take his beloved, for he considers that everything is at his disposal and that he is secure because of his might and power; thus he loves very little or not at all, even though he should possess the most beautiful and excellent woman."

Equitan answered her: "Have mercy, lady," he said. "Don't talk this way. He is not fully courteous who bargains for a woman like a town-dweller bargaining for wares in the street. A huckster invests his wealth in many a choice of ware in order to add to and increase his wealth. There is no lady under heaven, if she is clever and courteous, gracious and good-natured, if she is firm in love and not fickle—though she did not own anything at all except one cloak—whom it would not befit a lord with a splendid castle to cherish much for her own sake and love loyally. But those men who are fickle and unsteady in love and deceivers of women, skilled in making sport, ready to hide deception behind fair language—we have seen many of these, who are not worthy of the company of good people, for they lost all respect from carrying out evil and deception. But my dear sweetheart, I give myself up to you completely. Don't consider me as your lord and leader, but rather as your friend and your own man. Firmly I swear to you and truly I tell you that I shall do what pleases you. You be the lady and I the lord.[48] You be proud and I the suitor begging for you." The mighty lord and leader promised her so much and asked her so often to have pity on him that she pledged her love to him. He gave himself over to her, and each of them gave the other tokens of their relationship by exchanging rings, and each promised to the other firm loyalty based on trust. They kept to their bargain with faithful love. Their affection remained like this for a long time and in such a way that it did not become apparent to other men. Every time they planned a tryst,

[48] Whereas Equitan in Marie's original *lai* swears to become the lady's faithful servant ("Ne me laissiez pur vus murir! Vus seiez dame e jeo servanz, Vus orguilluse e jeo preianz.")

the mighty lord informed his courtiers that he was being bled. All the doors to the chambers were then shut, and no one was so bold that he dared to come in there unless he was sent for. She came to him at night, and she went away during the night from him whom she loved so much. The lord's seneschal managed the court well and worthily and settled all the cases and suits that arose. He (Equitan) loved his lady for a long time so firmly that his heart was not on any other lady, for he did not want to marry anyone, and he said that no one should mention this. But this greatly displeased his advisers and friends, and they said that this was a very bad course. They talked this way so openly that the seneschal's wife often heard their counsel and conversation. This displeased her quite a bit, for she feared that he would give her up and that she would lose his love and friendly favor.

Then, when she was able to come to talk with him and willingly give him such caresses as he desired—kisses and embraces and bodily pleasure—she was peevish with him and sad and became so sorrowful that she wept wondrously much, so that she sobbed from sorrow and distress. When Sir Equitan asked her why she behaved so sorrowfully and what was wrong with her and who had aroused so much grief in her, she answered: "I weep," she said, "because of you and our love, because our love will result in great grief and sorrow for me. I know for certain," she said, "that you will take a wife and I will then be despised and discarded. What will become of me when I am abandoned by you? I shall then destroy myself, because I see no comfort which will more quickly end my sorrow than death."

Then Equitan answered her with great love: "My very beautiful sweetheart," he said, "don't be frightened. Know for a fact and believe that if your lord closes his nostrils and his days, I should make you the lady and queen of all my realm, my dominion and court, all my property and castles." When she had heard this, she thanked him with great gratitude for his benevolence and said: "If you my lord, assure me that you will not abandon me for the sake of another, then I will quickly arrange it and bring it about that my lord will be dead, because there is little in the way if you will help me and agree to it." He answered her that he will gladly do whatever she pleases and whatever she will have asked him, according to his might, whether it turned out for ill or for good.

"Sir," she said, " if you please, go hunting in the forest in our region where I stay very frequently, and come to my lord's castle to rest. There you must let yourself be bled. After the third day of bloodletting, you are to bathe. My lord shall also bathe then and be bled with you. Tell him to keep close company with you in every way. I will have the baths prepared and the bathtubs brought into the bedchamber. I will have the water in his tub so hot and boiling that there is no man alive who, if he comes into a bath prepared this way, will not be boiled and destroyed when he had sat down in the tub. He will be dead and boiled. Send for your men and his friends and show them and tell them all in what way he died in the bath, without their expecting it, from a sudden death."

Sir Equitan assented and agreed with her to do for certain what her will desired. In the third month Equitan came there to the forest and let himself be bled, not for health and happiness, but rather for ill-luck and impending injury. To keep him company, his seneschal let himself be bled with him. After the third day of bloodletting he said he wanted to bathe, and his seneschal also wanted this. Then his

lord spoke: “We shall,” he said, “share our bathing as we did the bloodletting.” “Lord,” he said, “I have always followed your wishes.” His wife saw to the preparation of the bath and had two tubs prepared, one with boiling water, which she intended for her husband, and the other for her lord, which had moderately warm water. The worthy seneschal had risen early and gone out to amuse himself, and the lady came then and spoke with her lord. The two of them lay in the seneschal’s bed and amused themselves and played as they liked. They placed a guard at the entrance: a maiden watched the door. When the seneschal came back, he went there at once, and when he wanted to unlock the door, the maiden held on to the bolt, but he struck at it in his anger and unbolted the door with all his strength. Then he saw his lord and his wife, both in one bed. As soon as his lord saw him coming, in order to conceal his own sin and the disgrace to his seneschal, he did not take care to look ahead, but jumped at once into the tub containing the boiling water, dressed only in a shirt and without shoes. He died immediately and was thoroughly boiled. Now he is taken in his very own trap, and his evil has turned back on himself. And he whom he intended to kill is safe and sound. The seneschal realized then what his lord had been up to and knew for a fact that they had plotted death for him. He swiftly seized his wife and thrust her head-first into the tub. There they both ended their deceitful lives in an appropriate way.

He who knows how to comprehend correctly and who has the capacity to understand properly may be instructed by this story that one who performs deceit on another and plots his death may pay for his evil before he can destroy the one to whom he is eager to do evil.

He who put this book into Norwegian advises all who hear and have heard this story that they never covet that which others own by right, whether property or partner in marriage, and that they never envy another man’s lot or luck. For God deals out his loans as he wishes; he gives to those to whom he wants to give, and he takes away from those who use them badly—or else to purge them and prove them like the holy Job. One should not wish to enrich himself by another’s death, for many die first from an evil death who prepare and intend a swift death for others. For God watches over the misdeeds of men and he sees their malevolence; he turns against themselves the evils which they contrive for others. God is the shield and shelter, sufficient safety and secure keeping for the innocent and harmless. He swiftly rids and removes from them enemies and ambushes of all kinds. You should never seek to perform deceit or disgrace on those who bring you distinction and service, honor and esteem, because those who repay benevolence with evil in this life are the worst in this life and the most wretched in the other life. If you know and feel yourselves guilty before God in malice and misdeeds to those who have served you and honored you, make atonement with them or, if they have been taken away, with their nearest heirs, while you have time and freedom in this life. For in the eternal life nothing will avail those who refuse to atone in life. There was no help for the wealthy man who refused the crumbs of his table to the holy leper Lazarus, when he begged the holy Abraham to have mercy on him in his torments, that Lazarus should cool his burning tongue; he did not receive any mercy. He also wanted his brothers who survived him to be helped, but this too was of no avail. In the eternal life he got no help for what he asked for and wanted, because he refused to use the

freedom of this life when he had it and was able to. To such men Saint Augustine said this: *Quia cum potuit homo bene facere noluit inflictum est ei non posse cum velit*.

Be friends with God. Equitan, the powerful lord and excellent leader, deceived and disgraced his best friend, his own servant, the seneschal of all his country, who served him and honored him with good advice and correct counsel and conversation, with his labor and his legislating. He (the seneschal) relieved him of all difficulties; following just laws and the customs of the land, he settled all complicated cases, that his lord might be free from all worries. But his lord deceived him and dishonored his wife and conspired in his death. But his false wife, who broke her agreement with God and with him for the sake of the greater glory which she coveted and looked for, prepared deception and death for her own husband. But our mighty Lord protected the innocent and turned the deceit back on those who had practiced deceit and were guilty. For God had uttered this decree before and declared it in the words of the holy men, as Holy Scripture witnesses: *Quia iniquitas in suum redibit auctorem*.

Now although this happened long ago, and although this is an old story, it threatens all those living and to come who like to live in deceit and evil, because everything that is evil can renew itself, even though it happened long ago. Therefore this was soundly said, with sagacious skill:

Rumor e veteri faciet ventura timeri
Cras poterunt fieri turpia sicut heri.

And here he who translated this book concludes his message. The Bretons in Brittany, where it happened as the book has reported, composed the "Lai of Equitan" for stringed instruments—about how he ended his life, along with her whom he loved so much, to his death and hers.

Equitanus rex fuit sed silenda est dignitas
Ubi nulla bonitas sed finis iniquitas.[49]

[49] For a translation of these Latin quotes, see Old Norse section above.

Marie de France: *Lai of Chevrefeuille*

The French text has been extracted from Rychner (1971) *Les lais de Marie de France*. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion: 151-154.

The Norwegians enjoyed close relations with the English society and especially the English church, which had given them their first missionaries. The Tristan legend came to Norway in 1226, when a certain monk named Robert translated the story from French for King Håkon Håkonsson. The legend may, however, have been known in an oral tradition for some time, even in Norway.

Of all the *lais* attributed to Marie de France, this is one the shortest. The text is not part of the chivalric *matière de Bretagne*, but rather belongs to the Tristan legend, the first *roman* in the French language, a text of Anglo-Norman tradition, a derivation of Celtic tradition.

The *Lai of Chevrefoil* recounts a minor incident, of Tristan carving a short message for his beloved Queen Isolde on a twig of hazel and leaving it on the road for his sweetheart to pick up. Probably, many stories, oral tales, and songs existed independently of the Tristan legend, as peripheral fairy tales over a similar theme of passionate but impossible love. In *Chievrefoil*, Tristan returns clandestinely from exile, and discovers the Queen, Isolde, with her escort of courtiers in the middle of a forest, on the way to Tintagel. The opposition between true love—the often non-consumed *fin'amor*—and marriage is emphasized, and the emotions of the lovers and the jealousy (and ire) of the (absent) husband brings the narrative forward. Love brings life, but also death, or at least the possibility of death. True love is a sinister and dangerous feeling, something uncontrollable, a liaison that cannot bear fruit, in which the protagonists can find reconciliation only in the hereafter. The twig of hazel left on the road becomes a symbol of the protagonists' impossible love, a cryptic message between the two lovers in the old Irish tradition of Ogham.

Ogham is an alphabetic script tradition dating back to the 4th century, used by the Celtic peoples of the British Isles and Brittany for writing on stone monuments and sending cryptic messages on wooden staves. In Ireland the inscriptions were mainly Celtic, whereas in Wales, the Ogham were usually bilingual Celtic-Latin. In form and usage the Ogham alphabet was akin to the runic letters of the Germanic tribes, but had a more explicit magic function, as it was also used for divinations. The Ogham was used well into the 14th century, and was well known by medieval French and English writers.[50]

Marie de France, at least, seems to have been familiar with the Ogham tradition, which was common in England where she lived, and uses the hazel twig as the central "actor" in this short anecdote, in which the exiled and now "savage" Tristan (cf. the "folly of Tristan") tries to communicate with Isolde, by using a cryptic message reflected in "Bele amie, si est de nus : ne vus sans mei, ne jeo sanz vus" (My beloved, with us it is like this: you cannot live without me, and I not without you), and which the lady was able to decode (Tutes les lettres i conut – She

[50] The 14th century *Book of Ballymore* provides a key for translation of Oghamic scripture (*Britannica* 2000). For more on Marie de France and the Ogham tradition, see Marchello-Nizia (1995).

understood everything in the message), as they had used this method of communication before ("Autre feiz li fu avenu"). The knowledge of the code resulted in a brief rendez-vous in the woods, a reconciliation before yet another separation.

The French text

Asez me plest e bien le voil,
Del lai qu'hum nume *Chievrefoil*,
Que la verité vus en cunt
Pur quei fu fez, coment e dunt.

Plusur le m'unt cunté e dit
E jeo l'ai trové en escrit
De Tristram e de la reïne,
De lur amur ki tant fu fine
Dunt il eurent meinte dolur,
Puis en mururent en un jur.
Li reis Marks esteit curuciez,
Vers Tristram sun nevu iriez;
De sa tere le cungea
Pur la reïne qu'il ama.
En sa cuntree en est alez,
En Suhtwales u il fu nez.
Un an demurat tut entier,
Ne pot ariere repeirier ;
Mes puis se mist en abandun
De mort e de destruction.
Ne vus esmerveilliez neënt,
Kar cil ki eime lealment
Mut est dolenz e trepensez
Quant il nen ad ses volentez.
Tristram est dolenz e pensis,
Pur ceo s'esmut de sun païs.
En Cornwaille vait tut dreit
La u la reïne maneit.
En la forest tuz suls se mist :
Ne voleit pas qu'hum le veïst.
En la vespree s'en eisseit,
Quant tens de herbergier esteit.
Od païsanz, od povre gent,
Perneit la nuit herbergement ;
Les noveles lur enquereit
Del rei cum il se cunteneit.
Ceo li diënt qu'il unt oï
Que li barun erent bani,
A Tintegel deivent venir :
Li reis i veolt sa curt tenir ;
A Pentecuste i serunt tuit ;
Mut i avra joie e deduit,
E la reïne i sera.
Tristram l'oï, mut se haita :
Ele n'i purrat mie aler
K'il ne la veie trespasser.
Le jur que li reis fu meüz,
Tristram est el bois revenuz.
Sur le chemin que il saveit
Que la rute passer deveit,
Une codre trencha par mi,
Tute quarreie la fendi.
Quant il ad paré le bastun,
De sun cutel escrit sun nun.
Se la reïne s'aperceit,
Ki mut grant garde s'en perneit —
Autre feiz li fu avenu
Que si l'aveit aparceü —
De sun ami bien conustra
Le bastun, quant el le verra.
Ceo fu la summe de l'escrit
Qu'il li aveit mandé e dit
Que lunges ot ilec esté
E atendu e surjurné
Pur espïer e pur saveir
Coment il la peüst veeir
Kar ne poeit vivre sans li.
D'euls deux fu il tut autresi
Cume del chievrefoil esteit
Ki la codre se perneit :
Quant il s'i est laciez e pris
E tut entur le fust s'est mis,
Ensemble poënt bien durer,
Mes ki puis les voelt desevrer,
Li codres muert hastivement
E li chievrefoilz ensement.
"Bele amie, si est de nus :

ne vus sans mei, ne jeo sanz vus."

La reïne vait chevachant.
Ele esgardat tut un pendant,
Le bastun vit, bien l'aparceut,
Tutes les lettres i conut.
Les chevaliers ki la menoent
E ki ensemble od li erroent
Cumanda tus a arester :
Descendre voet e reposer.
Cil unt fait sun commandement.
Ele s'en vet luinz de sa gent ;
Sa meschine apelat a sei,
Brenguein, ki mut ot bone fei.
Del chemin un poi s'esluina,
Dedenz le bois celui trova
Que plus amot que rien vivant :
Entre nus meinent joie mut grant.
A li parlat tut a leisir
E ele li dit sun pleisir ;
Puis li mustra cumfaitement
Del rei avrat acordement,
E que mut li aveit pesé
De ceo qu'il l'ot si cungée :
Par encusement l'aveit fait.
A tant s'en part, sun ami lait.
Mes quant ceo vint al desevrer,
Dunc comencierent a plurer.
Tristram a Wales s'en rala
Tant que sis uncles le manda.

Pur la joie qu'il ot eüe
De s'amie qu"il ot veüe
E pur ceo k'il aveit escrit
Si cum la reïne l'ot dit,
Pur les paroles remembrer,
Tristram, ki bien saveit harper,
En aveit fet un nuvel lai ;
Asez briefment le numerai :
Gotelef l'apelent Engleis,
Chievrefoil le nument Franceis.
Dit vus en ai la verité
Del lai que j'ai ici cunté.

Old Norse Version

The Old Norse version has been extracted from Cook, Robert & Mattias Tveitane (1979) *Strengleikar: an Old Norse Translation of Twenty-one Old French Lais*. Norrøne Tekster 3. Oslo: Norsk Historisk Kjeldeinstitutt: 196-198.

Bretar calla Gotulæf en ver kollum Geitarlauf

Mioc licar mér ok giarna vil ec syna yðr þann strengleic er heitir i volsku chefre.fuillenn. Geitarlauf [i norr]œno. hvar þessi strengleicr var gor [ok kveðenn] með hverium hætti þat heui ec a boc [leset þat sem m]argir segia ok sanna um tristram ok um drotneng ok vm hina tryggazto ast þeirra. af hverio þau fengo margan harmulegan harm. ok um siðir do þau bœði a einum degi. Marhæs konungr var reiðr tristram frennda sinvm ok firir bauð honum riki sitt sacar þes at hann unni drotningenni. ok for hann i fóstr lannd sitt. Suðvales þar sem hann var fœddr. ok var hann fulla tolfmanaðe sva at hann fecc ei leyui aftir at fara. Siðan lagðe hann sec i abyrgð lifs eða dauða. En þer latet yðr ei kynlect þyckia. Þui at sa er ann trygglega er harms fullr mioc þa er hann fær ei vilia sinn. ok fyst. Tristram var mioc ryggr ok firir þui for hann or fostrlande sino. ok stefndi i kornbretalannd. Þannog sem drotning var firir. ok fals einnsaman i skogum. En þa er kvellda tóc þa fór hann ór ok tóc sér herbyrgi. ok spurðe hvat tit var með konunge. Þa sagðu þeir honum er fregit hafðo. at allir lenndir menn. ok hafðingiar skolu safnazc i tintaiol. Þuiat konungr vill hallda þar hatið. ok veita ollu hirðliði sinu ok hofðingivm a pikis

dogum skolu allir þar vera. ok man þar ei skorta skemtan ok rikan fagnað. ok skal þar þa drottningen vera. Sem Tristram hafðe heyrt þat. Þa huggadiðzc hann mioc. þui at han man ei fara sva sem um veginn at hann se hana ei. Nu þann dag sem hann vissi at konungr skyldi þangat fara. Þa kom tristram i morkena þa i hia vegenum sem hann vissi at drottning skylldi vm riða. Þa hio hann niðr einn hesli vonnd ok telgdi ferstrenndan[51] med knifi sinum. ok reist nafn sitt a stavenom. ef sva kann at bera at drotning ser stafenn. Þa man hon ihuga unnasta sinn. Þui at sva hafðe henni oðru sinni atborit. Nu var ristið a stavenom at tristram hafðe þar lengi beðit hennar ok umlyz at spyria til hennar ok vita með hverium hætti hann mætti sia hana. Þui at hann ma engum kosti liva on hennar. Sva ferr með ocr kvað hann sem viðuindil[52] sa er binnz um hæslivið. Meðan þessir tveir viðir bua baðar saman. Þa déyr haslenn ok þui nest uiðvimdillenn ok berr hvarki lauf. nema †orna ok firir verðaz bœðe. Hin friða unnasta min. sva ok eftir þeim hætti ero vit. Ei ma ec lifa on þin. ok ei þu on min. drotning kom þa riðannde ok leit stafenn er stoð í veginum. ok toc stafenn. ok upp las þat er á var ristit. Riddara þa er fylgdo henni let hon nema stað. ok bauð þæim at biða sin. hon kvaz vilia stiga af hesti sinum. ok huilazc þar nockura stund. ok gerðo þeir sem hon mællti. En hon gec þa mioc fiarre liði sinu. ok kallaðe hon þa þionasto mey sina. semBrengveinn [het] er henni var iafnan holl ok trygg. Oc gec hon þa af vegenom at hon fann þann er hon mioc elskaðe. yuir alla livannde. ok var i þeim funndi mikill fagnaðr hvarstveggia ok mællti við hann i goðo tome allt þat er henni licaðe ok hann til hennar. Siðan sagðe hon honum með hverivm hætti hann ma fa sætt ok samræðe af herra sinum konungi. ok at konungrinn mioc iðraðezc at hann visti honum i brott . ok trvði vandra manna uraðom. Þui nest skildizc hon við unnasta sinn. En þa er at kom skilnaðe þeira. Þa greto þau bœðe. Tristram dvaldizc i vales allt til þess er konungrinn moðor broðer hanns sendi eftir honum ok uppgaf honum reiði sina. Nv af þeim fagnaðe er hann fec í morkinni af huggan drotningarennar ok af syn hennar ok funndi. at mvna þau orð erhon mællti. Tristram er fullkominn var allzkonar strengleica er i horpu gerazc. fann þa nyian strengleic. Bretar kalla Gotulæf. Valskir menn chæfrefuill. En ver megum kalla Geitarlauf. En nv heui ec yðr sagt þat sem ec veit sannazt um þessa skemtan.

Geitarlauf er her.

English Translation

Cook, Robert & Mattias Tveitane (1979) *Strengeleikar: an Old Norse Translation of Twenty-one Old French Lais*. Norrøne Tekster 3. Oslo: Norsk Historisk Kjeldeinstitutt: 197-199.

The English call (this) "Gotulæf," but we call (it) "Geitarlauf."

It greatly pleases me and I want very much to present to you the lai which is called the Chefrefuill in French and Geitarlauf in Norse, and where this lai was composed and told in that way. I have read in a book those things which may tell and testify about Tristram and the Queen and their very true love, from which they

[51] He cuts "squares" (Ogham letters) into the stave and adds his name.

[52] The Old Norse term for goatleaf. In the title, however, the direct translation "Geitarlauf" has been used.

had much tragic grief; and in time they both died on the same day. King Mark was angry at his nephew Tristram and banished him from his kingdom on account of the fact that he loved the Queen. He went to his native country, South Wales, where he had been born. He stayed there a full twelve months and did not get permission to go back. Then he put his life and death in the balance. Do not let this seem strange to you, for he who loves faithfully is full of sorrow when he does not achieve his will and desire. Tristram was very sad, and because of this he left his native country, South Wales, and made for Cornwall, where the Queen reigned, and hid himself all alone in the forest. When evening fell, he came out and took lodging and asked for the news was concerning the King. They told him—those who had heard—that all the barons and nobles are to assemble at Tintagel, because the King wants to celebrate a holiday there and entertain all his followers and nobles. At Pentecost they are all to be there, and there will be no lack of entertainment and lavish feasting; and the Queen is to be there then also. When Tristram heard that, he was greatly comforted, because she will not travel such a way that he will not see her. Now on the day when he knew that the King was to travel that way, Tristram went into the forest to a place beside the road along which he knew the Queen would ride. Then he cut off a hazel branch and made it four-sided with his knife and carved his name [on] the stick. If it can happen that the Queen sees the stick, then she will think of her sweetheart, because it happened to her this way once before. Now it was carved on the stick that Tristram had long been waiting for her there and listening to detect her approach and to know how he might see her, because he can by no way live without her. “It goes with us,” he said, “as with the honeysuckle that fastens itself around the hazel tree. As long as these two trees are together they live and produce foliage, but if anyone should separate these trees from each other, the hazel will die and then the honey-suckle, and neither of them will produce foliage; instead, they will both dry up and perish. My beautiful sweetheart, such and in the same way are we. I cannot live without you, nor you without me.” Then the Queen came riding and saw the stick standing in the road. She took the stick and read what was carved on it. She had the knights who were accompanying her make a stop and told them to wait for her. She said that she wanted to get off her horse and rest there for a while, and they did as she said. Then she went very far away from her followers and called her serving maiden Brengveinn, who was always loyal and faithful to her. Then she left the road so that she met the one whom she loved greatly above all living things. There was a great joy in that meeting on both sides, and she spoke to him in good ease about everything she pleased and he to her. Then she told him in what way he may gain reconciliation and recognition from her lord the King, and she said that the King sorely regretted having sent him away—he had trusted the bad counsel of evil men. Then she parted from her sweetheart. And when it came to their parting, they both wept. Tristram stayed in Wales until the King, his mother’s brother, sent for him and gave up his anger toward him. Now from the joy which he had in the forest from the comforting of the Queen, and from the sight of her and the meeting, and in order to remember the words which she spoke, Tristram, who was perfect in all sorts of lais that are composed for the harp, made a new lai. The English call it “Gotulæf” and the French “Chefrefuill,” and we call it “Geitarlauf.” I have now told you what I know to be most true concerning this entertainment. Geitarlauf ends here.

Chrétien de Troyes: *Yvain ou le chevalier au lion*

The French text has been extracted from Foerster, Wendelin (1965) *Der Löwenritter (Yvain) von Christian von Troyes*. Amsterdam, Rodopi.

Chrétien de Troyes (c.1135-1190) was a contemporary of Marie de France. He was in the service of Marie of Champagne and her husband, Philippe of Alsace, as court poet. The social status of the French vernacular had by now increased, and the vernacular literature flourished on both sides of the Channel, explaining why Chrétien de Troyes and Marie de France could be part of the same literary tradition, using almost the same vernacular expression. Chrétien was greatly inspired by the Latin culture, especially by Ovid and his *Ars amatoris* (which in *Cligès* he claims to have translated).

In many ways Chrétien epitomizes the notion of *translatio studii* of the emerging French national literature. However, his greatest source of influence was the Celtic legends of King Arthur, in which the fantastic and the heroic went hand in hand. The first *romans* derives from the Celtic literary traditions. By importing and adapting the Arthurian stories and combining them with the literary ideals of the ancient Romans, Chrétien managed to create a new literary genre, the *roman*, a genre deeply rooted in the national vernacular.

His themes were, like thoses of Marie de France, centering around the medieval notion of *fin'amor*, and the opposition between the obligations of true love and the chivalric duties of knighthood. Yvain's problem is that he has not been able to establish a balance between the two: the knightly duties absorb him to such a degree that he forgets the promise he gave to to his lady. Whereas Tristan meets his destiny in the form of a magic love potion and loses control of his life in this way, Yvain and the other knight of Chrétien's imagination have a will of their own that they can either use or waste. They are themselves the architects of their lives. The broken promise and the ensuing separation of the lovers can only be atoned for through a series of trials, either psychological or physical. Love must be tested and found worthy.

Three of Chrétien de Troyes' *romans* were translated into Old Norse in the 13th century: *Eric et Enide, Yvain ou le chevalier du lion*, and *Le conte du graal* (*Perceval and Gawain*). I have tried to make a selection from the text that somehow illustrates the different trials and the complicated psychology involved in the reconciliation between the two lovers.

Introduction: Lines 1 – 174:

ARTUS, li buens rois de Bretaingne,
La cui proesce nos anfaingne,
Que nos soiient preu et cortois,
Tint cort si riche come rois
A cele feste qui tant coste.
Qu'an doit clamer la Pantecoste.
La corz fu a Carduel an Gales.

Aprés mangier parmi les sales
Li chevalier s'atropelerent
La ou dames les apelerent
Et dameiseles et puceles.
Li un racontoient noveles,
Li autre parloient d'amors,
Des angoisses et des dolors

Et des granz biens qu'an ont sovant
Li deciple de son covant
Qui lors estoit riches et buens ;
Mes or i a mout po des suens,
Que a bien pres l'ont tuit leissiee,
S'an est amors mout abeissiee;
Car cil qui soloient amer
Se feisoient cortois clamer
Et preu et large et enorable,
Or est amors tornee et fable
Por ce qui rien n'an santent
Dïent qu'il aimment, mes il mantent.
Et cil fable et mançonge an font
Qui s'an vantent et droit n'i ont.
Mes por parler de çaus furent,
leissons çaus qui an vie durent!
Qu'ancor vaut miauz, ce m'est a vis,
Uns cortois morz qu'un vilains vis.
Por ce me plest a raconter
Chose qui face a escouter,
Del roi qui fu de tel tesmoing
Qu'an an parole pres et loing;
Si m'acort de tant as Bretons
Que toz jorz mes durra ses nons,
Et par lui sont ramanteü
Li buen chevalier esleü
Qui an enor se traveillierent,
Mes cel jor mout s'esmerveilleirent
Del roi qui d'antr'aus se leva,
S'i ot de teus cui mout greva
Et qui mout grant parole an firent
Por ce que onques mes nel virent
A si grant feste an chanbre antrer
Por dormir ne por reposer;
Mes cel jor einsi li avint
Que la reïne le detint,
Si demora tant delez li
Qu'il s'oblia et andormi.
A l'uis de la chanbre desors
Fu Dodinez et Sagremors
Et Keus et mes sire Gauvain
Et avuec aus mes rire Yvains,
Et si i fu Calogrenanz.
Uns chevaliers mout avenanz,
Qui lor ot comancié un conte,
Non de s'enor, mes de sa honte
Que que il son conte contoit
Et la reïne l'escoutoit,
Si s'est de lez le roi levee
Et vint sor aus si a anblee,
Qu'ainz que nus la poïst veoir
Se fu leissiee antr'aus cheoir,
Fors que Calogrenanz sanz plus
Sailli an piez contre li sus.
Et Keus qui mout fu ranponeus.
Fel et poignanz et afiteus.
Li dist : «Par Deu, Calogrenant,
Mout vos voi or preu et faillant,
Et certes mout m'est bel que vos
Estes li plus cortois de nos;
Et bien sai que vos le cuidiez,
Tant estes vos de san vuidiez;
S'est droiz que ma dame le cuit
Que vos aiiez plus que nos tuit
De corteisie et de proesce.
Espoir, que nos ne nos levames,
Ou por ce que nos ne deignames.
Par ma foi, sire, non feïmes,
Mes por ce que nos ne veïmes
Ma dame, ainz fustes vos levez.»
«Certes, Keus, ja fussiez crevez.»
Fet la reïne, «au mien cuider,
Se ne vos poïssiez vuider
Del venin don vos estes plains.
Enuieus estes et vilains
De ranponer voz conpaignons.»
«Dame, se nos ne gaeignons,»
Fet Keus, «an vostre conpaignie,
Gardez que vos n'i perdiens mie!
Je ne cuit avoir chose dite
Qui me doie estre a mal escrite,
Et je vos pri, teisiez vos an!
Il n'a corteisie ne san
An plet d'oiseuse maintenir.
Cist plez ne doit avant venir,
Ne l'an nel doit plus haut monter.
Mes feites nos avant conter
Ce qu'il avoit comancié.
Que ci ne doit avoir tancié.»
A ceste parole s'apont
Calogrenanz et si respont:
«Sire,» fet il, «de la tançon

N’ai je mie grant cusançon;
Petit m’an est et po la pris.
Se vos avez vers moi mespris,
Je n’i avrai ja nul domage;
Qu’a plus vaillant et a plus sage,
Mes sire Keus, que je ne sui,
Avez vos dit sovant enui
Et bien an estes costumiers.
Toz jorz doit puïr li fumiers
Et taons poindre et maloz bruire,
Enuieus enuiier et nuire.
Mes je n’an contrai hui mes,
Se ma dame m’an leisse an pes,
Et je li pri qu’ele s’an teise,
Que ja chose qui me despleise
Ne me comant soe merci.»
«Dame, trestuit cil qui font ci,»
Fet Keus, «buen gre vos an savront,
Que volantiers l’escouteront;
Ne n’an feites vos rien por moi!
Mes foi que vos devez le roi,
Le vostre seignor et le mien,
Comandez li, si feroiz bien.»
«Calogrenanz,» fet la reïne,
«Ne vos chaille de l’ataïne
Mon seignor Keu, le seneschal!
Costumier est de dire mal
Si qu’an ne l’an puet chastiier;
Comander vos vuel et priier
Que ja n’an aiiez au cuer ire,
Ne por lui ne liessiez a dire
Chose qui nos pleise a oïr
Se de m’amor volez joïr,
Si comanciez tot de reschief! »

« Certes, Dame, ce m’est mout grief
Que vos me comandez a feire;
Ainz me laissasse un des iauz treire,
Se correcier ne vos dotasse,
Que hui mes nule rien contasse;
Mes je ferai ce qu’il vos siet,
Comant que il onques me griet.
Des qu’il vos pleft, or antandez!
Cuer et oroilles me randez!
Car parole oïe est perdue
S’ele n’est de cuer antandue.
De çaus i a que ce qu’il öent
N’antandent pas et si le loent;
Et cil n’an ont mes que l’oïe.
Des que li cuers n’i antant mie,
As oroilles vient la parole
Aussi come li vanz qui vole;
Mes n’i areste ne demore,
Ainz s’an part an mout petit d’ore
Se li cuers n’est si esveilliez
Qu’au prandre soit apareilliez;
Que cil la puet an son venir
Prandre et anclorre et retenir.
Les oroilles sont voie et doiz
Par ou s’an vient au cuer la voiz;
Et li cuers prant dedanz le vantre
La voiz qui par l’oroille i antre.
Et qui or me voudra antandre
Cuer et oroilles me doit randre;
Car ne vuel pas parler de songe,
Ne de fable ne de mançonge,
Don maint autre vos ont servi,
Ainz vos dirai ce que je vi.

Yvain discovers that he has forgotten his promise to Laudine. Yvain’s folly (Lines 2695 – 2855)

Tant que ancomança
A panser, que des lors an ça,
Que a sa dame ot congié pris,
Ne fu si de panser sorpris
Con de celui, que bien savoit
Que covant manti li avoit
Et trespassez estoit li termes.
A grant painne tenoit ses lermes,

Mes honte li feisoit tenir.
Tant pansa que il vit venir
Une dameisele a droiture,
Et venoit mout grant anbleüre
Desor un palefroi bauçant;
Devant le paveillon desçant,
Que nus ne fu a son desçandre
Ne nus n’ala son cheval prandre.

Et lués que ele pot veoir
Le roi, si leissa jus cheoir
Son mantel et desafublee
S'an est el paveillon antree
Et tres devant le roi venue
Et dist que sa dame salue
Le roi et mon seignor Gauvain
Et toz les autres fors Yvain,
Le desleal, le traïtor,
Le mançongier, le jangleor,
[Qui l'a leissiee et deceüe.
Bien a sa jangle aparceüe.]
Qui se feisoit verais amerre,
S'est faus et traïtres et lerre.
«Ma dame a cist lerre souduite,
Qui n'estoit de nul mal recuite,
Ne ne cuidoit pas a nul fuer
Qu'il li deüst anbler son cuer.
Cil n'anblent pas les cuers, qui aimment,
Si a teus qui larrons les claimment,
Qui en amor vont faunoiant
Et si n'an sevent tant ne quant.
Li amis prant le cuer s'amie
Einsi qu'il ne li anble mie,
Ainz, le garde que ne li anblent
Larron qui prodome resanblent.
Et cil sont larron ipocrite
Et traïtor qui metent lite
As cuer anbler, don aus ne chaut;
Mes li amis, quel part qu'il aut,
Le tient chier et si le raporte.
Mes Yvain sa ma dame morte,
Qu'ele cuidoit qu'il gardast
Son cuer et si li raportast
Einçois que fust passez li anz.
Yvains, mout fus or oblianz,
Que ne te pot resovenir
Que tu deüsses revenir
A ma dame jusque'a un an.
Jusque'a la feste saint Jehan
Te dona ele de respit,
Et tu l'eüs an tel despit
Qu'onques puis ne t'an remanbra.
Ma dame paint an sa chanbre a
Trestoz les jorz et toz les tans;
Car qui aimme, il est an orpans,
N'onques ne puet prandre buen some,
Mes tote nuit conte et asome
Les jorz qui vienent et qui vont.
Sez tu come li amant font?
Content le tans et la seison.
N'est pas venue sanz reison
Sa complainte ne devant jor,
Si ne di ge rein por clamor,
Mes tant di que traïnos a
Qui a ma dame t'esposa.
Yvains, n'a mes cure de toi
Ma dame, ainz te mande par moi
Que ja mes vers li ne revaingnes
Ne son anel plus ne detaingnes.
Par moi que ci an presant voiz
Te mande que tu li anvoiz.
Rant li, que randre le t'estuet. »

Yvains respondre ne li puet,
Que sans et parole li faut.
Et la dameisele avant saut,
Si li oste l'anel del doi
Puis si comande a Deu le roi
Et toz les autres fors celui
Cui ele leisse an grant enui.
Et ses enuiz tot adés croist,
Quanque il ot tot li ancroist
Et quanqu'il voit tot li enuie.
Mis se voudroit estre a la fuie
Toz seus an li sauvage terre
Que l'an ne le seüst ou guerre,
N'ome ne fame n'i eüst,
Ne nus de lui rien ne seüst
Nient plus que s'il fust an abïsme
Ne het tant rien con lui meïsme
Ne ne set, a cui se confort
De lui qu'il meïsme a mort;
Mes ainz voudra le san changier
Que il ne se puisse vangier
De lui qui joie s'est tolue.
D'antre les barons se remue,
Qu'il crient antr'aus issir del san,
Et de ce ne se gardoit l'an.
Si l'an leissierent seul aler.
Bien sevent que de lor parler

Ne de lor siecle n'a il soing.
Et il va tant que il fu loing
Des tantes et des paveillons.
Lors li monta uns torbeillons
El chief si granz que il forsane;
Lors se descire et se despane
Et fuit par chans et par arees,
Si leisse ses janz esgarees,
Qui se mervoeillent ou puet estre.
Querant le vont par trestout l'estre,
Par les osteus as chevaliers
Et par haies et par vergiers,
Sel quierent la ou il n'est pas.
Fuiant s'an va plus que le pas
Tant qu'il trova delez un parc
Un garçon qui tenoit un arc
Et cinc saietes barbelees
Qui mout ierent trenchanz et lees;
s'ot tant de san que au garçon
Est alez tolir son arçon
Et les saietes qu'il tenoit.
Pour ce mes ne li sovenoit
De nule rien qu'il eüst feite.
Les bestes par le bois agueite
Si les ocit, et si manjue
La veneison trestote crue.
Et tant conversa el boschage
Com hon forsenez et sauvage
Qu'une meison a un hermite
Trova, mout basse et mout petite.
Et li hermites essartoit.
Quant vit celui qui nus estoit,
Bien puet savoir sanz nul redot
Qu'il n'avoit mie le san tot;
Et si fist il, tres bien le sot.
De la peor que il en ot
Se feri an sa meisonete.
De son pain et de s'iaue nete
Par charité prist li prodon,
Si li mist fors de sa meison
Desor une fenestre estroite.
Et cil vient la, qui mout covoite
Le pain, et si le prant et s'i mort.
Ne cuit que onques de si fort
Ne de si aspre eüst gosté.
N'avoit mie cinc souz costé
Li sestier don fu fez li pains
Qui plus iert egres que levains,
d'orge pestriz atot la paille.
Et avuec ce iert sans faille
Moisiz et ses come une escorce.
Mais li fains l'angoisse et efforce;
Tant que le pou li sot li pains;
Qu'a toz mangiers est fauce fains
Bien destranpree et bien confite.
Tot manja le pain a l'ermite
Mes sire Yvains, que buen li sot,
Et but de l'iaue froide au pot.
Quant ot mangié, si se refiert
El bois et cers et biches requiert.
Et li buens hon desoz son toit
Prie Deu, quant aler l'an voit,
Qu'il le defande et qu'il le gart,
Que mes ne vaingne cele part.

Encountering the lion. The lion and the serpent (Lines 3340-3565)

Mes sire Yvains pansi chemine
Par une parfonde gaudine
Tant qu'il oï anmi le gaut
Un cri mout dolereus et haut.
Si s'adreça lors vers le cri
Cele part ou il l'ot oï.
Et quant il parvint cele part,
Vit un lion an un essart
Et un serpant qui le tenoit
Par la coe et si li ardoit
Trestoz les rains de flame ardant.
N'ala pas longues regardant.
Mes sire Yvains cefte mervoille.
A lui meismes se consoille,
Au quel des deus il eidera,
Et dit qu'au lion secorra;
Qu'a venimeus et a felon
Ne doit l'an feire se mal non.
Et li serpanz est venimeus,
Si li saut par la boche feus,
Tant est de felenie plains.
Por ce panse mes sire Yvains
Qu'il ocirra premieremant.
L'espee tret et vient avant

Et met l'escu devant sa face
Que la flame mal ne li face,
Que il gitoit parmi la gole
Qui plus estoit lee d 'une ole.
Se li lions aprés l'asaut.
La bataille ne li refaut.
Mes que que l'an avaingne aprés,
Eider li voudra il adés;
Que pitiez le semont et prie
Qu'il face secors et aïe
A la beste jantil et franche,
A l'espee qui soef tranche
Va le felon serpant requerre,
Si le tranche jusqu'an la terre
Et an deus mitiez le tronçone,
Fiert et refiert et tant l'an done
Que tot le demince et depiece.
Mes il li covint une piece
Tranchier de la coe au lion
Por la teste du serpant felon
Qui par la coe le tenoit;
Tant con tranchier an covenoit
An trancha, qu'onques mains ne pot.
Quant le lion delivré ot,
Cuida qu'a lui le covenist
Conbatre et que sor lui venist;
Mes il ne le se pansa onques.
Oez que fist li lions donques!
II fist que frans et deboneire,
que il li comança a feire
Sanblant que a lui se randoit.
Et ses piez joinz li estandoit
Et vers terre ancline sa chiere,
S'estut sor les deus piez derriere
Et puis si se ragenoilloit
Et tote sa face moilloit
De lermes par humilité.
Mes sire Yvains par verité
Set que li lions l'an mercie
Et que devant lui s'umilie
Por le serpant qu'il avoit mort
Et lui delivré de la mort,
Si li plest mout ceste avanture.
Por le venin et por l'ordure
Del serpant essuie s'espee,
Si l'a el fuerre rebotee
Puis si se remet a la voie.
Et li lions lez lui costoie;
Que ja mes ne s'an partira,
Toz jorz mes avuec lui ira;
Que servir et grader le viaut.
Devant a la voie s'aquiaut
Tant qu'il santi desoz le vant,
Si com il s'an aloit devant,
Bestes sauvages an pasture,
Si le semont fains et nature
D'aler an proie et de chacier
Por sa vitaille porchacier;
Ce viaut nature qu'il le face.
Un petit s'est mis an la trace
Tant que son seignor a mostré
Qu'il a santi et ancontré
Vant et fler de sauvage beste.
Lors le regarde, si s'areste,
Que il le viaut servir an gre;
Car ancontre sa volanté.
Ne voudroit aler nule part.
Et cil parçoit a son esgart
Qu'il li mostre que il l'atant.
Bien l'aparçoit et bien l'antant
Que s'il remaint il remandra,
Et se il le siut il prandra
La veneison qu'il a santie.
Lors le semont et si l'escrie
Ausi com uns brachez feïst.
Et li lions maintenant mist
Le nes au vant qu'il ot santi,
Ne ne li ot de rien manti;
Qu'il n'ot pas une archiee alee,
Quant il vit an une valee
Tot seul pasturer un chevruel.
Cestui prandra il ja son vuel,
Et il si fist au premier saut.
Puis si an but le sanc tot chaut.
Quant ocis l'ot, si le gita
Sor son dos et si l'an porta
Tant que devant son seignor vint,
Qui puis an grant chierté le tint
[Et a lui a pris conpaignie
A trestoz les jorz de sa uie]
Por la grant amor qu'an lui ot.
Ja fu pres de nuit, si li plot

Qu'ilueques se herbergeroit
Et del chevruel escorcheroit
Tant com il an voudroit mangier.
Lors le comance a escorchier,
Le cuir li fant desor la coste,
De la longe un lardé li oste
Et tret le feu d'un chaillo bis,
Si la de seche busche espris
Et met an une broche an rost
Son lardé cuire au feu mout tost,
Sel rosti tant que toz fu cuiz.
Mes del mangier fu nus deduiz;
Qu'il n'i ot pain ne vin ne sel,
Ne nape ne coutel ne el,
Que qu'il manja, devant lui jut
Ses lions, qu'onques ne se mut,
Ainz l'a tot adés regardé
Tant que il ot de son lardé
Tant mangié que il n'an pot plus.
Del chevruel tot le soreplus
Manja li lions jusqu'as os.
Et cil tint son chief a repos
Tote la nuit sor son escu
A tel repos come ce fu;
et li lions ot tant de sans
Qu'il veilla et fu an espans
Del cheval garder, qui peissoit
l'erbe qui petit l'angreissoit.

Au matin s'an revont ansanble
Et itel vie, ce me sanble,
Com il orent la nuit menee,
Out ansanble andui demenee
Pres trestote cele semainne
Tant qu'avanture a la fontainne
Desoz le pin les amena.
La por un po ne forsena
Mes sire Yvains autre foiiee
Quant la fontainne ot aprochiee
Et le perron et la chapele.
Mil foiz las et dolanz s'apele
Et chiet pasmez, tant fu dolanz;
Et s'espee qui fu colanz
Chiet del fuerre, si li apointe
As mailles del hauberc la pointe
An droit le col pres de la joe.
N'i maille qui ne descloe,
Et l'espee del col li tranche
La pel desoz la maille blanche
Si qu'ele an fist le sanc cheoir.
Li lions cuide mort veoir
Son conpaignon et son seignor.
Ainz de rien nule duel greignor
N'oïstes conter ne retreire,
Qu'il comança tantost a feire!
Il se devoutre et grate et crie
Et a talant que il s'ocie
De l'espee don li est vis
Que son seignor avoit ocis.
A ses danz l'epee li oste
Et sor un fust gisant l'acoste
Et derrier a un tronc l'apuie,
Qu'ele ne ganchisse ne fuie
Quant il i hurtera del piz.
Ja fust ses voloirs aconpliz
Quant cil de pasmeisons revint,
Et li lions son cors retint
Qui a la mort toz acorsez
Coroit come pors aorsez
Qui ne prant garde ou il se fiere.
Mes sire Yvains an tel meniere
Dejoste le perron se pasme,
Au revenir mout fort se blasme
De l'an que trespassé avoit,
Por quoi sa dame le haoit,
Et dit : «Que fet que ne se tue
Cist las qui joie s'est tolue ?
Que faz je, las, qui ne m'oci ?
Comant puis je demorer ci
Et veoir les choses ma dame ?
An mon cors por qu'arreste m'ame ?
Que fet ame an si dolant cors ?
S'ele s'an iert alee fors,
Ne seroit pas an tel martire.
Haïr et blasmer et despire
Me doi voir mout et je si faz.
Qui pert la joie et le solaz
Par son mesfet et par son tort,
Mout se doit bien haïr de mort.
Haïr et ocirre se doit;
Et je, tan con nus ne me voit,
Por quoi s'esparng que ne me tu ?

Don n'ai je cest lion veü
Qui por moi a si grant duel fet
Qu'il fe vost m'espee antrefet
Parmi le cors el piz boter ?
Et je doi la mort redoter
Qui a duel ai joie changiee ?
De moi s'est la joie estrangiee –
Joie ? La ques ? N'an dirai plus;
Que ce ne porroit dire nus,
S'ai demandee grant oiseuse.
Des joies fu la plus joieuse
Cele qui m'iert aseüree;
Mes mout par m'ot corte duree.
Et qui ce pert par son mesfet,
N'est droiz que buene avanture et.»

QUE QUE il einsi se demante,
Une cheitive, une dolante
Estoit an la chapele anclose,[53]
Si vit et oï cele chose
Par le mur qui estoit crevez…

[53] An anchorite or anchoress, a recluse withdrawn permanently, usually in a closed cell adjacent to a church. Many recluses were sought out for advice and guidance, talking through a small opening in the wall (Larrington 1995).

Yvain revealed as the Lion-Knight. Reconciliation between Yvain and Laudine. End of *roman* (Lines 6445-6815)

Et li rois dit a son neveu,
Au chevalier vaillant et preu,
Que ses armes oster se lest,
Et mes sire Yvains, se lui plest,
Se relest les soes tolir;
Car bien s'an pueent mes sofrir.
Lors se desarment li vassal,
Si se departent par igal;
Et que que il se desarmoient,
Le lion corant venir voient
Qui son seignor querant aloit.
Tot maintenant que il le voit,
Si comance grant joie a feire.
Lors veïssiez janz arriers treire :
Trestoz li plus hardiz s'an fuit.
«Estez,» fet mes sire Yvains, «tuit!
Por quoi fuiiez? Nus ne vos chace.
Ne dotez ja que mal vos face
Li lion que venir veez!
De ce, s'il vos plest, me creez
Qu'il est a moi et je a lui,
Si somes conpaignon andui.»
Lors sorent trestuit cil de voir
Qui orent oï mantevoir
Les avantures au lion,
De lui et son conpaignon,
Qu'onques ne fu autre que cist
Qui le felon jaiant ocist.
Et mes sire Gauvain li dit :
«Sire conpainz, se Deus m'ait,
Mout m'avez hui avileni!
Mauveisemant vos ai meri
Le servise que me feïstes
Del jaiant que vos oceïstes
Por mes neveuz et por ma niece.
A vos ai je pansé grant piece,
Et por ce estoie angoisseus
Que l'an disoit qu'antre nos deus
Avoit amor et acointance.
Mout i ai pansé sanz dotance;
Mes apanser ne me savoie,
N'onques oï parler n'avoie
De chevalier que je seüsse,
An terre ou je esté eüsse,
Que li chevaliers au lion
Fust nus apelez an son non.»
Desarmé sont einsi parlant,
Et li lions ne vint pas lant
Vers son seignor la ou il sist.
Quant devant lui fu, si li fist
Grant joie come beste mue.
An anfermerie et an mue
Les an covient andeus mener;
Car a lor plaies resener
Ont mestier de mire et d'antret.
Devant lui mener les an fet
Li rois qui mout chiers les avoit.
Un cirurgiien qui savoit
De cirurgie plus que nus
Lor fet mander li rois Artus.
Et cil del garde se pena
Tant que lor plaies resena
Au miauz et au plus tost qu'il pot.
Quant anbedeus garis les ot,
Mes sire Yvains qui sanz retor
Avoit son cuer mis an amor
Vit bien que durer ne porroit,
Mes par amor an fin morroit
Se sa dame n'avoit merci
De lui; qu'il se morroit por li;
Et pansa qu'il se partiroit
Toz feus de cort et si iroit
A la fontainne guerroiier
Et s'i feroit tant foudroiier
Et tant vanter et tant plovoir
Que par force et par estovoir
Li covandroit a feire pes,
Ou il ne fineroit ja mes
De la fontainne tormanter
Et de plovoir et de vanter.

MAINTENANT que mes sire Yvains
Santi qu'il fu gariz et sains,
Si s'an parti que nus nel sot;
Mes avuec lui son lion ot,
Qui onques an tote sa vie

Ne vost leisser sa conpaignie.
Puis errent tant que il virent
La fontainne et plovoir i firent,
Ne cuidiez pas que je vos mante,
Que si fu fiere la tormante
Que nus n'an conteroit la disme;
Qu'il sanbloit que jusqu'an abisme
Deüst fondre la forez tote!
La dame de son chastel dote
Que il ne fonde toz ansanble;
Li mur crollent et la torz tranble
Si que por po qu'ele ne verse.
Miauz vosist estre pris an Perse
Li plus hardiz antre les Turs,
Qu'il fust leanz antre les murs.
Tel peor ont que il maudïent
Lor ancessors et trestuit dïent:
« Maleoiz soit li premiers hon
Qui fist an cest païs meison,
Et cil qui cest chastel fonderent!
Qu'an tot le monde ne troverent
Leu que l'an deüst tant haïr;
Qu'uns seus hon nos puet anvaïr
Et tormanter et traveillier. »
«De ceste chose conseillier
Vos covient, Dame!» Fet Lunete.[54]
«Ne troveroiz qui s'antremete
De vos eider a cest besoing
Se l'an nel va querre mout loing.
Ja mes voir ne reposerons
An cest chastel ne n'oserons
Les murs ne la porte passer.
Qui avroit toz fez amasser
Vos chevaliers por cest afeire,
Ne s'an oseroit avant treire
Toz li miaudres, bien le savez.
S'est or einsi que vos n'avez
Qui defande vostre fontainne,
Si sanbleroiz fole et vilainne.
Mout bele enor i avroiz ja
Quant sanz bataille s'an ira
Cil qui si vos a asaillie.
Certes, vos estes maubaillie
S'autremant de vos ne pansez."
«Tu,» fet la dame, «qui tant sez,
Me di comant j'an panserai
Et je a ton los an ferai.»
«Dame, certes, se je savoie,
Volantiers vos conseillieroie;
Mes vos avriiez grant mestier
De plus resnable conseillier.
Por ce si ne m'an os mesler
Et le plovoir et le vanter
Avuec les autres sofferrai
Tant, se Deu plest, que je verrai
An vostre cort aucun preudome
Qui prandra le fes et la some
De ceste bataille sor lui;
Mes je ne cuit que ce soit hui,
Or si vaudra pis a vostre oes.»
Et la dame li respont lués:
«Dameisele, car parlez d'el!
Leissiez la jant de mon ostel,
Qu'an aus n'ai je nul atandue
Que ja par aus soit defandue
La fontainne ne li perrons.
Mes, se Deu plest, or i verrons
Vostre consoil et vostre san;
Car au besoing, toz jorz dit l'an,
Doit an son ami esprover.»
«Dame, qui cuideroit trover
Celui qui le jaiant ocist
Et les trois chevaliers conquist,
Il le feroit buen aler querrer;
Mes tant com il avra la guerre;
Et l'ire et le mal cuer sa dame,
N'a il el mont home ne fame
Cui il servist, mien esciant,
Jus que il li jurt et fiant
qu'il fera tote sa puissance
De racorder la mefestance
Que la dame a si grant a lui
Qu'il an muert de duel et d'ennui.»
Et la dame dit: «Je sui preste
Ainz que vos antroiz an la queste,
Que je vos plevisse ma foi
Et jurerai, s'il vient a moi,
Que je sanz guile et sanz feintise
Li ferai tot a sa devise
Sa pes se je feire la puis.»
Et Lunete li redit puis:

[54] The lady's maid.

« Dame, de ce ne dotez rien
Que vos ne li puissiez mout bien
Sa pes feire se il vos siet;
Mes del seirement ne vos griet,
Que je le prandrai tote voie
Ainz que je me mete a la voie. »
«Ce,» fet la Dame, «ne me poise.»
Lunete qui mout fu cortoise
Li fist tot maintenant fors treire
Un mout precieus santueire
Et la dame a genouz s'est mise.
Au geu de verité l'a prise
Lunete mout cortoisement.
A l'eschevir del seirement
Rien de son preu n'i oblia
Cele qui eschevi li a.
«Dame,» fet ele, «hauciez la main!
Mes ne voel pas qu'aprés demain
M'an metoiz sus ne ce ne quoi;
Que vos n'an feites rien por moi.
Por vos meïmes le feroiz!
Si il vos pleist, si jureroiz
Por le chevalier au lion
Que vos an buene antanion
Vos peneroiz tant qu'il savra
Que le buen gre sa dame avra
Tot aussi bien com il ot onques. »
La main destre leva adonques
La dame et dist: «Trestot einsi
Con tu l'as dit, et je t'otrie,
Einsi m'aït Deus et li sainz,
Que ja mes cuers ne sera fainz
Que je tot mon pooir n'an face.
L'amor li randrai et la grace
Que il siaut a sa dame avoir,
Se je an ai force et pooir. »
OR A BIEN Lunete esploitié;
De rien n'avoit tel covoitié
Con de ce que ele avoit fet.
Et l'an li avoit ja fors tret
Un palefroi soef anblant.
A bele chiere, a lié sanblant
Monte Lunete, si s'an va
Tant que desoz le pin trova
Celui qu'ele ne cuidoit pas
Trover a si petit de pas;
Ainz cuidoit qu'il li covenist
Mout guerre ainz qu'a lui parvenist.
Par le lion l'a coneü
Tantost com ele l'a veü,
Si vient a lui grant aleüre
Et desçant a la terre dure.
Et mes sire Yvains la connut
De si loing com il l'aparçut
Si la salue et ele lui
Et dit: «Sire, mout liee sui
Quant je vos ai trové si pres.»
Et mes sire Yvains dit aprées:
«Comant? Me queriiez vos donques?»
«Oïl voir, et si ne sui onques
Si liee des que je fui nee;
Que j'ai ma dame a ce menee,
S'ele parjurer ne se viaut,
Que tot aussi com ele siaut
Iert vostre dame et vos ses sire;
Par verité le vos os dire.»
Mes sire Yvains formant s'esjot
De la novele qui il ot,
Qu'il ne cuidoit ja mes oïr.
Ne pot mie assez conjoïr
Celi qui ce li a porquis
Les iauz li beise et puis le vis
Et dit: «Certes, ma douce amie,
Ce ne vos porroie je mie
Guerredoner an nule guise.
A vos feire enor et servise
Criem que pooirs et tans me faille.»
«Sire,» fet ele, «ne vos chaille,
Ne ja n'an soiiez an espans.»
Qu'assez avroiz pooir et tans
A bien feire moi et autrui.
Se je ai fet ce que je dui,
Si m'an doit an tel gre savoir
Con celui qui autrui avoir
Anprunte et puis si li repaie.
Ancor ne cuit que je vos aie
Randu ce que je vos devoie.»
« Si vos avez fet, se Deu me voie,
A plus de cinc çanz mile droiz.
Or an irons quant vos voudroiz.
Mes avez li vos dit de moi
Qui je sui ?» «Nenil, par ma foi!

Ne ne fet comant avez non
Se chevaliers au lion non. »

EINSI parlant s'an vont adés
Et li lions toz jorz aprés
Tant qu'au chastel vindrent tuit troi.
Ainz ne distrent ne ce ne quoi
El chastel n'a home ne fame
Tant qu'il vindrent devant la dame.
Et la dame mout s'esjoï
Tantost con novele oï
De la pucele qui venoit,
Et de ce que ele amenoit
Le lion et le chevalier
Qu'ele voloit mout acointier
Et mout conoistre et mout veoir.
A ses piez s'est leissiez cheoir
Mes sire Yvains trestoz armez,
Et Lunete qui fu delez
Li dit : « Dame, relevez l'an
Et metez force et painne et san
A la pes querre et au pardon
Que nus ne li puet se vos non
An tot le monde porchacier! »
Lors le fet la dame drecier
Et dit : « Mes pooirs est toz suens!
Ses volantez feire et ses buens
Voudroie mout que je poïsse. »
« Certes, dame, ja nel deïsse, »
Fet Lunete, «se ne sust voirs.
Toz an est vostre li pooirs
Assez plus que dit ne vos ai;
Mes des or mes vos an dirai
La verité, si la savroiz :
Ainz n'eüstes ne ja n'avroiz
Si buen ami come cestui.
Deus qui viaut qu'antre vos et lui
Et buene pes et buene amor
Tel qui ja ne faille a nul jor
Le m'a hui fet si pres trover.
Ja a la verité prover
Ne covient autre reison dire :
Dame, or li pardonez vostre ire!
Car il n'a dame autre que vos.
C'est mes sire Yvains, vostre espos. »

ACEST mot la dame tresaut
Et dit: «Se Damedeus me saut,
Bien m'avez au hoquerel prose!
Celui qui ne m'aimme ne prise
Me feras amer maugré mien.
Or as tu esploitié mout bien,
Or m'as tu mout a gre servie!
Miauz vosisse tote ma vie
Vanz et orages andurer!
Et se ne fust de parjurer
Trop leide chose et trop vilainne,
Ja mes a moi por nule painne
Pes ne acorde ne trovast.
Toz jorz mes el cors me covast
Si con li feus cove an la çandre,
Ce don je ne vuel or repandre
Ne ne me chaut del recorder
Puis qu'a lui s'estuet acorder. »

MES sire Yvains ot et antant
Que ses afeires bien li prant,
Qu'il avra sa pes et l'acorde,
Et dit: «Dame, misericorde
Doit an de pescheor avoir,
Conparé ai mon sol savoir
Et je le dui bien conparer,
Folie me fist demorer,
Si m'an rant corpable et forfet.
Et mout grant hardemant ai fet
Quant devant vos osai venir;
Mes s'or me volez retenir,
Ja mes ne vos messerai rien.»
«Certes,» fet ele, «je vuel bien
Por ce que parjure seroie
Se tot mon pooir n'an feisoie
De pes feire antre vos et moi.
S'il vos pleist, je la vos otroi.»
«Dame,» fet il, «cinc çanz merciz!
Einsi m'ait sainz Esperiz,
Que Deus an cest siegle mortel
Ne me porroit lié feire d'el!»

OR a mes sire Yvains sa pes,
Si poez croire qu'onques mes
Ne fu de nule rien fi liez,
Comant qu'il et esté iriez.

Mout an est a buen chief venuz;
Qu'il est amez et chier tenuz
De sa dame et ele de lui.
Ne li sovient de nul enui,
Que por la joie les oblie
Qu'il a de sa tres douce amie.
Et Lunete rest mout a eise;
Ne li faut chose qui li pleise
Des qu'ele a feite pez sanz fin
De mon seignor Yvain, le fin,
Et de s'amie chiere et fine.

DEL CHEVALIER au lion fine
Chrestiens son roman einsi;
Qu'onques plus conter n'an oï
Ne ja plus n'an orroiz conter
S'an n'i viaut mançonge ajoster.

Old Norse version
Ívens saga

The text has been extracted from Blaidsell, Foster W. (1979) *Ívens saga* in *Editiones Arnamagnæanæ, Series B*, Vol. 18. Copenhagen: C.A. Reitzels Boghandel, in which three manuscripts are published in parallel.

The version reproduced here corresponds largely to Holm 9, 4º from the early 15th century, a large codex containing, amongst others: *Amícus saga ok Amilíus*, *Ívens saga*, *Parcevals saga*, *Valvens Þáttr*, *Flóvents saga*, *Möttuls saga* and *Cláruss saga*. The saga was translated at the request of King Håkon Håkonsson in the 13th century, as stated at the very end of the Old Norse version. The extant texts are not from Håkon's own time, but have survived in later copies. To what degree the surviving texts have been shortened and adapted in relation to the original translation is highly uncertain. Yet, it is fairly safe to emphasize the fact that if not the content then at least the orthography has been altered in order to comply with the spelling conventions of later centuries. The orthography in the extant Old Norse version of Chrétien de Troyes' *roman courtois* clearly demonstrates the rapid evolution of the Old Norse language following the collapse of the royal Norwegian court in the early 14th century—a collapse that was accentuated by the Black Death.

The orthography of the present text shows features of the Danish language used in the nation's administration from the end of the 14th century. There are traces of Icelandic influence as well, probably because the copyist may have been an Icelander. The Norse language of the text reveals significant elvolution when compared with the rather archaic form of *Humiliúbók*, for example. By the beginning of the 15th century, we perceive the coming Danish-influenced orthography of the 16th century Norwegian humanists, and see a marked reduction in the frequency of the sounds Þ and ð, which are replaced with regular Ds and aspirated Ts (th). As is often the case with medieval vernacular texts, the spelling is not consistent throughout the text, indicative of a relative degree of uncertainty on the part of the late medieval copist(s). The Old Norse versions of Chrétien's *romans*—as they have survive—are all considerably shorter than Chrétien's chivalric narrative. I have added quotation mark, to indicate direct speech.

Introduction (pp. 3-6)

He[r byri]ar upp sógo hins agæta Jve[nt] er uar einn af Artus kóppum.

[Chapter 1]

HIN agætí kongr Artvrvs red firir Eínglandi sem morgum monnum er kunnikt hann var vm sidir yfir Roma borg. hann <var> þeirra konga frægazstr er verith hafua þanuegh fra hafínu ok vínsælastzr annar enn Karlamagnus. hann hafdí þa róskuzstu Riddara er Jvoru Kristinní. Þat var eínn tíma sem Jafnann ath hann hafdi stefnt til sinn óllum sinum vinum ok hellt hatith áá pikís dogum er vær kóllum huíta sunnu. ok sem kongrin sátt jsínu hasæti ok folkít var sem gladazst þa fell suo mikil þungí áá kongin. ath hann vard firir huathuetna fram ath ganga vtt jsítt herbergí ok sofa fara. Þetta vndruduzst aller menn þui ath aldrí fyr hafdí hann þetta giort. Drottníngín var hiá honum j herberginu enn firir suefnhus durum satu kongs Riddarar þessir. Lancelot ok Sigamor herra Valuen Ivent ok Kæí. suo sem þeim leiddizst þar ath sittia. Þa hlutudu þeir vm huer þeirra skyldí seggia æveæntyr. ok hlaut Kalebrant. hann hof upp eina sógu þa er honum var helldr til vanvirdingar enn sæmdar. Þetta heyrdi drottníngínn ok gekk vtt til þeirra ok bad þa segía eventyrít suo ath hon heyrdí. Kalebrant sv[arar] «fyrrí vildí ek þola mikil meínlæti enn nókkut ydr fra þessu segía. enn þa vil ek eigi angra ydr ok skal ek giora ydvart bod ef þer gioret sem ek segir. verít vel skiliandí ok eyru til legíandí þui ath heyrd ord eru þegar tynd nema hugr hirdi þat er eyra vid tekr. Þeir verda margir optlegha er þat lofa er þeir eigi gáá ath skilía ok hafua eigi meíra af enn þeir heyra medann hugr gleymir ath skilía þui likt sem vind[r] flíugandí ok nemr huergí stadar. suo fara þau ord er heyrd eru nema hugr vakr vid ath taka. Þui ath þeir er minn ord vilía skilía leggi badi til eyru ok hiarta. Þui ath ek vil eigi tína. eim draum ne hegoma ne þat sem efann er j ath trua helldr þat sem ek reynda ok sáá.»

Yvain discovers that he has forgotten his promise to Laudine. Yvain's folly

Jv[ent] … harm ok sutt (pp. 83-88)

SEM hann sat med harmí slikt Jhuganndí. Þa kom riddandí eínn frid mær firir landtialdit. Hon ste þegar nidr af sínum hestí ok gek hon jnn J landtialtít firir kongín ok heilsadí honum ok herra Val[uens] ok ollum þeimRiddurum er jnní voru ok bar þeim kuedíu sínnar fru. Vtan Iv[ent] hann kalladí hon sannan suikara ok lygí mann ok falsara, kuat hon opinberligha líost ath hann vætí órugr Iastar tryggd hollr J heitum sannr J ordum. enn þu ert vndir hyggiu madr svikal ok þíofr. «Mínn fru ætladí þik heilhugadann ok kom henní þat aldri Jhugg ath þumundír stela ast hennar ok suíka hana. Enn þu Iv[ent] hefir drepit fru mína. Þuiath sidan lidnir voru viii dagar ok xii Man[udir]. sem þu hetz henní aptur ath koma. Þa hefir hon legit Jsuefnhusi sínu hugsotta ok fær huorkí huild nott ne dag. nu sendi hon þer þau ord. ath þv vitir hennar alldri optar ok send henni fíngur gull sítt.» Herra Iv[ent] þagnadí ok vissí eigi hueríu hann skyldí svara. Þuiath badí huarf honum ord ok vizska. Mærín hlíop ath honum ok þreíf af honum fíngur gullít. ok bad kongín heilann vera ok gudí signadann ok allt hans herlíd. vtann Iv[ent] eínn. enn hann angradízst af harmí ok vildí nu þangat fara sem eingí madr þektí

hann. hatadí hann þa ekkí sem sialfan sik ok fell þa áá hann suo mikil ædí ath hann vildí hefna áá sialfum ser þui ath hann hefir nu tyntt alldrí sinní huggan. hann for þa eínn saman. Þui ath hann vildí eigi huggaz af þeirra ordum. hann hliop or landtialdínu til skogar. tyndí hann þa miok suo aullu vítinu ok reif af ser klædin. ok er hann hafdí lengí hlaupít þa mættí ha**n** eínum sveíni er for med boga ok órvar .v. hann tok af sveínínum bogan ok órvarnar ok hliop áá skogínn ok skaut ser dyr ok áát hratt kíott þeirra. ok er hann hafdí leíngí hlaupít hittí hann hus eíns heremita. ok er eínsetu madrin sáá hann ok vissí ath hann hafdí ekkí fullt vítt sítt. Han gaf honum braud ok vatn þui ath hann hræddízst hann. ok uisadí honum áá brot ok bad þes Gud. ath hann kuæmí þar alldri optar. Iv[ent] áátt brauditt. Þo ath þat værí illa bakat þui ath þat uar blautt ok sadukt. alldri ath hann verra braud ok þegar hann var metr hlíop hann aptr Jmórkína. hann mundí giorla huat gott eínnsætu hafdí gíort honum. ok kom eíngín sáá d[agr] sidann er hann gaf honum eigi eitt huert dyr. sía godí madr giordí honum þat til matar ok gaf honum þar med vatn ath drekka …

Yvain's encounter with the lion (pp. 100-104)

Herra Iv[ent] ridr nu þar til er hann kom J einn díupan dal ok þykkan skogg. hann heyrdí hormulikt opp ok lætí. hann stefndí þegar þangat. hann sáá þa eitt mikit leon þar jhrisínu ok einn orm er hellt vm hala hans ok brendí hann af eitrinu ok eldí er hann bles áá hann. suo ath lendar leonsíns suidnudu ok brunn[u] af eitri ok eldí ormssins. Sem herra Iv[ent] saa þenna hínn kynligga hlut. Þa hugsadí hann med ser huorum þeirra hann skyldí hialpa. hann ste nu af hesti sinum ok baatt hann ath eigi skyldi ormrín náá honum. hann bra þa sverdí sínu ok huldí sik skildínum ath eigi skyldí eldrín gíora honum meínn. enn ormrinn bles or kioptum sinum er suo voru mikler sem ofns munní. enn huersu þeir leo skipta med ser ok Ív[ent] þa vill þo hialpa honum þuiath hann vndír stod ath leo æptí áá hann til hialpar. hann hógr þa ormín sundr J midíu ok sidan Jsundr J sma stykkí ok er leo verdr lauss. Þa hugdí herra Ív[ent] ath hann mundí vilía hlaupa áá hann ok bíoz ath vería sik. Enn leo snyr þegar vpp áá maganum ok skreid ath honum sem hann vildí bidía ser fridar med tarum ok gaf sik suo Jvalld herra Ív[ent]. Enn hann tok þui gladliga ok þakkadí gudí er hann hafdí sent honum þuilika fylgd. Reíd nu herra Íu[vent] fram Jvegínn enn leo hans ræn firir honum. Þeir voru vtí halfan manud J skoginum. ok veiddi leonít þeim dyr til matar. hann kom þa fram ath eínum hafum vin vidí ok þar sa hann vndír fyr nefnda keldu ok kapellu ok kendí stolpann ok þegar fell áá hann suo mikil ædí ath hann fell naligha Jvuít. enn suerdít ny huatt fell or slidrum ok j ærslum hans ok umbrotom skeíndizst hann bædí ahalsínum ok vndír geiruortu. Enn þegar leonít ser þetta þa teckr hann suerdít med tónnunum ok dregr brott ok setr þat J einn stofn suoath þat stod fast. ok hlíop sidann vm kringís hann ok hugdí daudan vera ok vildí giarna drepa sik ok heyrdí eingi madr verrí læti enn þat let. Þui ath þat þottíz med ollu hafa tapat sinum herra ok jþui vitkadiz hann. enn leonit sa þat þa nam hann stadar. Síra Ív[ent] kærdí hæimsku sína er hann hafdí rofít trú sína vid fruna ok æptí med miklum harmi ok mælti : «Til huers skal ek

lífa vesal madr var ek suo v geymín. huat skal ek vtann drepa mik sialfr. Ek hefí tynt huggan minní ok fagnadi ok um snuít af sialfs míns glæp virdíng minní ok vent tign minní jtyníng yndi mítt J angurssemi. lif mitt J leidíndí. hiarta mítt J huggsott. vnnustu mína J[o]vín. frelsi mitt J fridleysí. e[da] huí duel ek ath drepa mik.» Þetta heyrdí einn vesol kona er jnní var byrgd J kapellunní …

Reunion between Yvain and Gauvain. Yvain revealed as the Lion-Knight. Reconciliation between Yvain and Laudine. End of *roman* (pp. 140-147)

… Ridu þeir þa heím til herbergís ok voru dregínn af þeim klædinn. J þessv kom leonít hlaupanda ok vrdu menn hræddir miok. Enn herra Iv[ent] bad þa eigi hrædaz þui ath þetta er mínn kumpan ok ek skal borga firir hann. Leonít hliopp ath herra Iv[ent] ok fagnadí honum sem hann kunní. Nu vndír stod herra Val[uen] ath þetta var sa madr er leons Riddari var kalladr ok mesta frægdí hafdí vnnit ok frelsat hafdí systur bornn hans. «Ok hefí ek þui,» s[agdí] herra Val[uen], «alla vega urett uid þik gortt ok þui bidr ek þik firir lata mer þat.» Sidann voru bundínn saar þeirra ok feíngnir til hinir bezstu læknar. ok sem þeir voru badir heiler ok vel færir s[agdí] kongrin upp sæt þeirra. Þat fyrst ath herra Val[uen] ok herra Iu[ent] skyldu være brædr sem fyr hofdu þeir verít. Enn meyiarnar skyldu skipta til helmíngs allt þat er þær erfdu eptir fodur sínn. Enn þeir Iv[ent] ok Val[uen] skyldu ok vera Jafnir Riddarar kalladir vm alla veroldína sidann.

Jvent sæt[t]iz víd fru sín

NV sem herra Iv[ent] hafdí leingí uerith med kongs hírd. Þa kom honum Jhug sáá samí harmr sem fyr hafdí borítt firir sína fru ok hugsadí þa enn ath fara brott or kongs hírd áá launungu ok rida til kelldunnar ok giora þar mikinn gny. ok storm suo ath fru hans skyldi verda at sættaz vid hann. ella skal ek alldri af lata ath giora henni or keldunní eldingar. ok þuinæst for hann brott or hírd kongs suo ath eíngí vissí. enn leon hans fylgdí honum. Þui ath aldri medann hann lifir vil hann lata hans felagskap ok foru þeir þar til er þeir komu til kelldunar. ok giordí hann þa suo miklar eldingar ath aller ottuduzst þeir er J borginní voru med fru hans. ok hugdu ath óll mundu hon nidr hrapa. ok vildu helldr vera áá Persida landi enn Jnnan þeirra veggía er suo miok voru skialfandí. suo voru hræddir um lif sítt ath þeir bólfudu sínu forellrí ok mæltu. «Vei se þeim er fyrstir settu J þessu fylkí bygd ok hus. Þui at Iollum heímínum er eíngi saa stadr er monnum samí meír ath hata enn þenna. Þar sem eínn madr maa suo pína oss ok skelfa.» Þa m[ælti] Luneta. «Fru,» s[agdi] hon. «Ydr samir ath leíta ok god rad til gefa. Þer munuth ónguan þan fínna ath ydr megí hialpa J þessí þrautt nema fiarí se leítat. Þui ath onguann hafí þer þann Jydru riki ath hiarta hafí til ath vería kelduna ok hallda vpp sæmd yduarrí. » Fruínn mæltí. «Ekki þarf þess ath geta er her er. Ok af þui ath þu ert vítr þa gef nu god rad til þui ath Jþorf skal vinar neyta.» Hon s[agdí], «Gud gefí ath vær mættím þann vaska Riddara finna er Jotunínn drap ok sigradizst eínn áá iij Riddurum ok leonit fylgir ok vildí þer hann sætta vid fru sína er hann er o satr vid ok

hann elskar framar enn lif sitt ok ef hann værí her mundí hann frialsa ydr ok yduart riki.» Fruínn s[agdí] þa med harmí, «Ek bid þik ath þu farer ath leita hans. ok skal ek þa festa þer ath allt skal ek þat halda er nu hefir þv talatt.» Mærín m[æltí], «Minn fru kunnit mik eigi er ek vil tala suo ath ek vil þessi heitt ydr hafa stadfost ath ek segí honum eigi lygí ok vil ek heyra eid yduarn þar vm.» «Þat giorí ek gíarna,» s[agdí] fruín. Luneta tekr þa helga doma ok fær fru sinní ok m[æltí], «Eigi vil ek ath þer kennit mer Jmorgínn ath þer sverith þenna eid sakir mín helldr sakir sialfrar ydrar naudsyníar.» Sidan stafadí hon fru sinní eíd aa þann háátt ath saaRiddari er leon fylgír skal sættaz vid fru sina ok huort þeirra vid annat sem þa er blidaz var med þeim. ok sem þessi eidr var vnnín þa var sódladr einn hægr ganggarí ok þegar Jstad ste hon upp aa hann ok reid til er hon kom til keldunnar. Þar saa hon herra Iv[ent] ok leon hans. ste hon þegar af hesti sínum ok fagnadí honum med mikillí gledí ok huort odru. «Suo fegínn em ek ydrum fundí ath alldrí sidann ek var fæd vard ek Jafnnfegínn, utann þa er ek sáá þik rida ath balínu. Þui att ek hefí eid feíngít af mínní fru ath hon skal vera þínn fru enn þu hennar herra.» Ok er hann heyrdí þetta þa vard hann suo vndarligha fegínn. Þui at hann hugdízt alldri þessíspyría ok m[ælti]: «Þat rhædums ek ath ek faí aldri launat þer þínn godvilía ok þionusto,» ok kystí hana oppt sinnís. Mærinn mælti: «Lóngu adr hafí þer þessa þíonusto af mer skyldat.» Sidan stiga þau aa hesta sína ok ridu til kast[alans]enn er fruin spurdí ath mærin var komínn ok med henni sáá Riddari er leon fylgir. var hon hardla fegínn þui ath hon girntíz miogg ath sia hann. Ok sem sira Iv[ent] leítt hana. Þa lagdíz nidr firir fætr henni herklædr enn Luneta stod hia ok m[ælti]. «Fru,» s[agdi] hon. «Halldt vel eid yduarn ok samþykkít hann vid fru sína. enn þui maa eingi leid koma nema þu einn.» Hon tok til hans ok reistí hann vpp ok sagdíz allt þat skyldu gíora er hon mættí honum til sæmdar. «Gud veitt,» s[agdi] Luneta, «hans sok er vndír ydrum vilía ok valdí ok alldri faí þer vildara enn þessí er. Gud vilí ath med ydr buí fridr ok vbrigdiligg astsemd su er alldri huerfí medan þitt lifit bædí. Firir gefit honum fru mínn nu reidi ydra þui ath hann áá óngua fru nema ydr. Þessi er ath sónnu herra Iv[ent] yduar husbondí.» Fruín hliopp þa vpp vid ok mælti: «Jilla hefir þu suikít mik med vælum þínum þuiath þu hefir naudgat mik til ath vnna þeim er alldri vnní ok einskís virdi mik. nu hefir þu daligha syst ok illa mer þionat. helldr vilda ek alla mína lífs daga vpp neyta vid vatnn ok vínd eldingum ok ill vidrí. Enn ef eigi værí mer hropp e[da] brigzlí ok synd ath svería meínn eída þa skyldí hann alldri med mer fáá sætt ne samþykkí frid ne fagnath sakir eínskis þess er hann mættí ath gíora. firir þann harm er enn sír Jhug mer ok hann giordí mer af sinum suikum lygí ok hegoma. enn huersu mikit mer þikkir ath þui vera. Þa þarf þat nu eigi vpp ath telía þui ath ek verd vid hann ath sættaz ok samþykkiaz.» Ok sem herra Iv[ent] heyrdí þetta þa m[ælti] hann: «Fru miskunn beidaz misverkar. Ek hefí dyrt keyptt heimsku mínu ok v vizsku þui gef ek mik sekíann ydr jvalld. ok ef þu vil nu taka vid mer. Þa skal ek alldri optar midgíora vid þigg.» Hon sv[arar], «Giarna vil ek taka vid þer þui ath ek vil eigi riufa eíd mínn ok vil ek nu giora orugga

sætt med okkr ok samþykkí ok ospillileghann frid ok vndarlighann fagnath.» Þa m[ælti] sira Iv[ent] þat: «Veítt ek ath eíngí þessa heíms hlutr giorir mik fegnara. » Nv hefir herra Iv[ent] fengit þann fagnath er hann hefir leingí til lyst. ok maa þui nu huer madr trua ath alldri sidann hann var fædr vard hann Jafn fegínn. Hefir hann nu godri lykt komit [aa] sítt þui ath hann elskar nu fru ok hon hann. ok gleymir hann nu aullum volkum ok vandrædum af þeim mikla fagnadí er hann hafdí af unnosto sinní. Ok lykr ger sógu herra Ivent. er Hakon kongr gamlí lett snua or franzeisu J norenu.

English Translation

Here begins the tale of the famous Ivent who was one of King Arthur's men.

As many people are aware of, the famous King Arthur ruled over England, and later also over the town of Rome. He was the most illustrious of kings on this side of the ocean, and as popular as Charlemagne. He had the most manly and valiant knights of Christendom. Then upon a time he summoned all his friends and held a feast for Pentecost or what we call Whitsun. As the King sat on his throne, and the people were at their happiest, he felt so drowsy that he needed to go to his quarters and get some sleep. All his men wondered greatly at this because he had never before done such a thing. The Queen was with him in his sleeping quarters, and before the door the following knights were sitting: Lancelot, [Calogrenant], Sagramor, sir Gawain, Yvain and Kay. When they were getting bored at sitting there, they drew lots for which of them should tell an adventure. Calogrenant drew the lot. He then began a story that was more to his disgrace than to his honor. The Queen heard this, and went out to them and asked him to tell the story to her as well. Calogrenant answered, "I would rather suffer great pain than tell you anything from this story, but as I do not wish to sadden you I will do as you please if you do as I tell you. Be very discerning and listen carefully, because the word you hear is immediately lost if not the mind guards that which the ears receive. Many people often praise that which they care not to understand and get no more from it than what they hear as the mind forgets to take it in, like the fleeing wind that stops nowhere. In this way, the words that are heard will move on if the mind is not vigilant and ready to receive them. And those who wish to understand my words must put both their ears and heart to the task, because I will not recount a dream nor a lie nor that which is difficult to believe, but rather that which I have heard and seen.

Yvain discovers that he has forgotten his promise to Laudine. Yvain's folly

Yvain [is filled] with sorrow and grief [by his broken promise] As he sat there, his mind filled with sorrow, a beautiful maiden came riding to the (royal) tent. She descended from the horse and entered the tent and stood before the King and greeted him and sir Gawain and all the knights who were present and brought them all her lady's greeting, except Yvain, whom she called a true betrayer, lier and deceiver. She said: "It is clearly evident that he (Arthur) is dependable in love, faithful to his

promises, and true in words, but you (Yvain) are a cunning and deceitful thief. My lady believed you to be honest and kind, and never imagined that you could steal her love and let her down. You, Yvain, have killed my lady. For twelve months and eight days have passed since you promised to return to her, and she has lain unhappy in her bedchamber and cannot find rest either day or night. Now she sends you these words, that you never seek her again, and that you send her ring back." Sir Yvain fell silent, not knowing what to answer, as he had lost both word and wit. The damsel ran to him and pulled the ring from his finger, and asked that the King be firm and God bless him and his regiment, except Yvain. The latter was full of anguish and sorrow and wanted to leave now that no one stood up for him. He hated himself the most, and such a madness fell over him that he wanted to take revenge upon himself, as he had lost his reason. Alone he departed for he did not want to be conforted by their words, and he ran out of the tent and to the forest. He then lost all his wit and tore off his clothes. When he had run for a long while he met a boy carrying a bow and five arrows. He took the bow from the boy and the arrows and dashed into the forest and shot himself a big game and ate its meat raw. When he had roamed for a long time he came upon a hermit's retreat. When the hermit saw him, he understood that he had lost his reason completely. He offered him bread and water, because he was scared of him, and then ordered him away, and prayed to God that he would not come again. Yvain ate the bread even though it was (so) badly baked (that it was) soggy and full of bran. Never he had eaten such unappetizing bread, and as soon as he was satiated, he ran away in the dark. (However) He thought about the hermite and the good he had done for him, and not a day passed whithout him (Yvain) giving him (the hermit) some animal, that the good man prepared as food for him and gave him with water to drink…

Yvain's encounter with the lion. Yvains second fit of madness

Sir Yvain rode until he came to a deep valley and a thick forest. He heard a dreadful cry and sound, and immediately steered in that direction, and saw a mighty lion in the brush and a serpent that held its tale and burned it with its venom and blew fire on it, so that the lion's flanks were cinged and burned from the serpent's poison and fire. As sir Yvain saw this strange thing, he wondered to himself which one of them he should help. He descended from his horse and tied him so that he should not be reached (harmed) by the serpent. He then pulled his sword, and held his shield up to protect him from the fire that the serpent blew from the mouth as if it were as big as the orifice of a furnace. Be that as it may, he and the lion would deal with one another (later), and anyway he wanted to help it because he seemed to understand that the lion asked him for help. He chopped the serpent in two in the middle and then cut it into small pieces in order to free the lion. Then Yvain thought that it would run to (attack) him and prepared to defend himself. However, the lion crawls up to him and immediately turns upon its back[55] as if it asked for peace with its tears and put itself into the hands of sir Yvain, who received him happily and thanked God who had sent him such a companion. Now sir Yvain rode on his way with the lion running before him. They remained half a month in the forest, and hunted game for food. Then he (Yvain) came to a large meadow and saw there the

[55] The two actions are reversed in the text… but this is the logical sequence.

above mentioned fountain and chapel and recognized the pillar. He instantly fell sick with such a great madness that he almost fainted, and his newly sharpened sword again fell out of the sheath and in his witless convulsions he cut himself in the neck and under the nipples. As soon as the lion saw this, it took the sword in the mouth and pulled it away and placed it firmly in a tree stump, and rushed around him (Yvain) believing that he was dead, wanting to kill itself. Never has man heard a worse sound than that which it let out, because it thought that it had lost its master and because it blamed itself. As the lion said this, he (Yvain) came too. Sir Yvain bemoaned his (own) clumsiness and that he had broken the promise to his lady and cried with much sorrow and spoke: "For what reason do I live, miserable man, I (who) was so thoughtless. What can I do but kill myself? I have lost my mind and my joy, and by my own device turned my reputation into misdeed, my honor into destruction, my happiness into despondency, my life into constant worry, my heart into desolation, my sweetheart into an enemy, and my freedom into bannishment. So why do I hesitate to kill myself ?" A poor woman, enclosed into the chapel (an anchorite) heard this and…

Yvain exposed as the Lion-Knight. Reconciliation between Yvain and Laudine. End of *roman* (Lines 6445-6815)

Then they rode home to their sleeping quarters and their clothes were pulled off them. Soon afterwards the lion came running and the men became terribly frightened. But sir Yvain told them not to be afraid, because "this is my companion and I guarantee for him." The lion ran to sir Yvain and greeted him in his own way. Now sir Gawain understood that this was the man known as the Knight with the Lion, who had earned a great reputation and saved his sister's children. "Therefore I have," claimed sir Gawain, "in every way wronged you and ask you now to forgive me for that." Afterwards, the best doctors were fetched and their wounds were dressed. As they both had healed (from their wounds and become quite well again), the King pronounced their settlement: First that sir Gawain and sir Yvain should be brothers as they had been before, next that the girls should receive half of their fathers' inheritance, and Yvain and Gawain should be recognized as equal knights throughout the whole world.

Yvain settles with his lady.

As Yvain now had been in the King's service for a long time, his mind was stricken with the same grief as that which had aggrieved him before on account of his lady, and he thought about leaving the court in secret and ride to the fountain and make much noise and storm there in order that his lady should settle with him. "If not, I shall never stop making lightening flashes for her from the fountain." Thereafter he departed from the King's court furtively and his lion followed him, because in no way he wanted to give up their companionship. They traveled until they reached the fountain, and there he made so much fire and lightening that those who were in the castle with his lady started worrying, thinking that it (the castle) would crumble and fall down, and would rather have been in Persia than within the castle walls which trembled terribly. So frightened were they for their lives that they cursed their ancestors and said: "Woe to those who first built a house in this county, for in the whole world there is no place that men hate more justly than this, where

one man (alone) is able to torment us this much and make us tremble." Then Lunete spoke: "My Lady," she said, "it behooves you to seek good advice. You will find no one here that may help you in this trial, if not far way, for there there is no one here in your realm who has the courage to protect the fountain and defend your honor." The lady answered: "It is not necessary to mention who is here. And because you are wise, give now good counsel, since in need one shall consult one's friends." She (Lunete) said: "Gud give that we must find the valiant knight who killed the giant (jotun) and vanquished three knight singlehandedly, and whom a lion follows. If you wish to reconcile him with his lady, with whom he is in disagreement, and if he loves her more than his own life, and if he is here, then he would free you and save your realm." The lady spoke with sorrow: "I beg you to go looking for him, and I promise to do everything that you now have said." The maiden said: "My lady, do not be angry if I ask you to repeat this promise, that I shall not be forced to tell him a lie. I wish to hear your oath (repeated)." "That I will do gladly," answered the lady. Luneta then took the holy relics and brought them to her mistress and said: "I do not want you to blame me tomorrow that you swore for my sake and not for your own necessity." Afterwards, she dictated (spelled) the oath to her lady to the effect that the Knight with the Lion should settle with his lady, and each of them with the other, in friendship as before. When the oath had been given, an easy horse was saddled and she immediately mounted and rode off until she came to the fountain. There she saw sir Yvain and his lion. She dismounted her horse and greeted him with much joy (and each other). "I am so glad to have found you that not since I was born have I felt such joy, except when I saw you riding towards the stake. For I have obtained from my mistress an oath that she will be your lady and you her lord." When he heard this, he became so wonderfully happy, because he had thought that he would never hear these words, and said: "I fear, that I will never be able repay your good-will and service." And he kissed her several times. The damsel spoke: "A long time ago I owed you this service." Then they mounted their horses and rode to the castle. When the lady heard than the maiden had arrived, and saw that the Knight with the lion accompanied her, she became immensely happy and she very much wanted to see him. And sir Yvan turned to her and prostrated himself before her feet in his armor. Luneta, standing next to him, said: "My Lady, keep your oath and reconcile him with his lady, there is no one who can do this but you." She touched him and made him stand up and told her what she should do to meet him in a settlement. "God knows," Luneta said, "his case depends on your will and power, and you will never get a more suitable than him. God wants you to live together in peace and constant love, indestructible for as long as you both live. Forgive him now my Lady, forget your anger, because he has no lady but you. This is truly your husbond Yvain." The lady now jumped up and said: "You have betrayed me badly with your scheming, for you have forced me to love (a man) who does not love me and who does not esteem me. You have done poor work and served me badly. I would rather use the rest of my days with only water and wind, lightening and bad weather. If I had not considered it loathsome, reprehensible, and a sin to perform perjury, he would not get settlement with me, nor reconciliation, nor peace, nor welcome for whatever he might do, because the sorrow which he caused me by his teachery, lies, and deception is still in me. However, no matter what I think of it—and it does not

need to be told now—I prepare to settle with him and be reconciled." When sir Yvain heard this he spoke: "Lady, (my) misdeeds beg for forgiveness. I have paid dearly for my lack of judgment and witlessness, and I therefore put my guilty self in your hands, and if you now will accept me, I will do you no more wrong." She answered: "I will gladly have you because I will not break my promise and I want us to make a lasting settlement and reconciliation, and (have) unbreakable peace and wonderful joy." Then sir Yvain claimed: "I know that nothing else in the whole world can make me happier." Now sir Yvain had found the joy he had been longing for so long, and (everyone shall believe that) he had never been so happy since the day he was born. He had now come to a good conclusion, for he loved his lady and she (loved) him, and he forgot the difficulties and tribulations because of the great joy that he had from his sweetheat. And thus ends the story of sir Yvain, which King Hakon the Elder had translated into Norse from the French.

Tristan et Yseult

The French text has been taken from the Thomas version—"La fin longue du roman"—in Marchello-Nizia, Christiane (Ed.) (1995) *Tristan et Iseut: Les premières versions européennes*. Paris : Bibliothèque de la Pléiade.

The romance of Tristan and Isolde figures amongst the first texts of the so-called *matière de Bretagne*, which inspired a number of medieval authors, amongst others Marie de France and Chrétien de Troyes. There are a number of anonymous and identified fragmentary manuscripts dealing with the theme. Béroul, a Norman poet, wrote his version in the second half of the 12th century. However, the more known is the Thomas version, named after its author, an Anglo-Norman poet working at the court of Henry II of England.[56] Thomas wrote his Anglo-Norman *roman* in the 1170s, and based his narrative on an ancient Celtic legend about a Pict king. Thomas's original manuscript (the Carlisle version) is highly defective: the whole beginning or the equivalent of 7000 lines are missing. However, his version of the legend has been partially reconstructed from five extant Thomas fragments, the Old Norse adaptation and an Old German translation.[57]

The legend of Tristan was probably the first *roman* of the *matière de Bretagne* to be translated into Old Norse. According to the introduction, Robert, a monk or cleric in the service of Håkon Håkonsson, translated the text in 1226. Given the close ties between the British Isles and the Norwegian court, it is reasonable to believe that some of the legend's material may have been known in its oral form for some time.

The central theme is the passionate but definitely *involuntary* love between the two protagonists. This element of "coercion" is what sets the book apart from the other *romans* of the 12th century. The magic potion launches the narrative and frees the main characters from any responsibility that they might otherwise have had. The potion—an entirely external element—is what attracts the two lovers to one another. The potion causes the unmanageable passion—a purely physical attraction between a man and a woman, whose desire knows only one solution: death and destruction. The story is about a very special and inevitably fatal attraction, about a couple for whom the usual norms of courtly behavior and seduction have been discarded. The story about Tristan and Isolde remains a basically tragic story, as there is nothing Tristan can do to reverse his fate. The main characters have been deprived of both judgment and will, victims of a fatal mistake (the potion was destined for King Mark).

The tale of two love triangles—with the jealous husbond (King Mark) and the discontented wife (the second Isolde, whom Tristan married)—develops not only the theme of passionate and irresistible love, but also the theme of love being possible only outside of marriage. In introducing the main characters' respective spouses, Thomas embraces the theme of the "mal mariée" so central to the chivalric

[56] Henry II (1133-1189), duke of Normandy and count of Anjou, became king of England in 1154. His wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine (1122-1204).

[57] Gottfried of Strasbourg's 1210 translation.

romances. Of course, in a time when marriages were arranged, the passion between true lovers was opposed to the respect and loyalty between legal spouses.

The story of Tristan and Isolde is not a story about a valiant chivalrous hero in pursuit of a lady's approval. In Thomas' romance, no series of trials and heroic challenges can change the outcome of the liaison. The power of seduction and the trappings of physical attraction—symbolized by the love potion—are dangerous, and succombing to desire only leads to disloyalty and betrayal, first to King Mark, then to Tristan's wife, the second Isolde. There is no solution but death, and of this fact the two lovers are aware. Isolde calls the potion the «venim de la navreüre.»[58] Tristan lucidly explains: "El beivre qu'ensemble beuimes, En la mer, quant suppris en fumes, El beivre fud la nostre mort. Nus n'en avrum ja mais confort. A nostre mort l'avrum buë."[59]

[58] The venom on the ship.

[59] "The drink we drank together, at sea, when we were surprised (which surprised us). The drink became our demise. And from it we will never find solace and comfort. We drank to our death."

Old French text

Kardin is Tristan's messenger. He implores Isolde to return to Brittany to heal Tristan's wounds. Death of Tistan and Isolde. End of *roman* (pp. 191-212).

(En sun quer merveille Ysolt… [60]
Dehors la chambre vait ester,
Car lur conseil volt escuter…)

Tristran Kaherdin en apele,
Dit li: "Entendez, beal amis,
Jo sui en estrange païs,
Jo ne ai ami ni parent,
Bel compaing, fors vus sulement.
Unc n'i oi dedut ne deport,
Fors sule par vostre confort.
Ben crei, s'en ma terre fuce,
Par conseil garir i puce.
Mais pur ço que ci n'ad aïe,
Perc jo, bels dulz compainz, la vie.
Senz aïe m'estut murir,
Car nuls hume ne me put garir,
Fors sulement reïne Ysolt,
Et le puet fere, sil volt,
La mecine ad e le poeir,
E se le seüst, le vuleir.
Mais, bels compainz, n'i sai que face,
Par quel engin ele le sace,
Car jo sai ben, s'ele le seüst,
De cel mal aider me peüst,
Par sun sen ma plai garir.
Mais coment i puet ele venir?
Se jo seüse qui i alast,
Mun message a li portast,
Acun bon conseil moi freit,
Des que ma grant message oreit.
Itant la crei que jol sai ben
Qu'ele ne larreit pur nul ren
Ne m'aidast a ceste dolur :
Emvers mei ad si ferm amur!
Ne m'en sai certes conseiler,
E pur ço, compainz, vus requer,
Pur amisté e pur franchice,
Enprenez pur moi ceste service.
Ceste message faites pur moi,
Par cumpanie e sur la fei
Qu'afiastes de vostre main
Quant Ysolt vus dona Brengvein.
E jo ci vus afei la meie :
Si pur mei emprenez la veie,
Vostre liges en devendrai,
Sur tut ren vus amerai. »
Kaherdin veit Tristran plurer,
E ot le pleindre, deconforter.
Al quer en ad mult grant dolur,
Tendrement respunt par amur :
Dit lui : « Bel compaing, ne plurez,
E jo frai quanque vus volez.
Certes, amis, pur vus garir
Me metrai mult pres de murir,
E en aventure de mort
Pur conquer vostre confort.
Pur la lealté que vus dei,
Ne remaindrai mie pur moi
Ne pur choce que fere puise,
Pur destrece ne pur anguise,
Que jo ne mete mun poër
A faire vostre vuler.
Dites que li vuliez mander,
E jo m'en irrai aprester. »
Tristran respunt : « Vostre merci!
Ore entendez que jo vus di.
Pernez cest anel ov vus,
Ço sunt enseingnes entre nus.
E quant en la terre venez,
En curt marcheant vus frez,
E porterez bon draz de seie.
Faitez qu'ele cest anel veie,
Car des qu'ele l'avrad veü
E de vus s'iert aparceü,
Art e engin aprés querra
Que a leisir i parlera.
Dites li saluz de ma part,
Que nule en moi senz li n'a part.
Du cuer tanz saluz li emvei
Que nule ne remaint od moi.
Mis cuers de salu la salue,

[60] Tristan's wife, the second Isolde.

Senz li ne m'ert santé rendu!
Emvei li tute ma salu.
Cumfort ne m'ert ja mais rendu,
Salu de vie ne santé
Se par li ne sunt aporté.
S'ele ma salu ne m'aporte
E par buche ne me conforte
Ma santé od li dunc remaine,
E jo murrai od ma grant peine.
En fin dites que jo sui morz
Se jo par li ne ai les conforz.
Demustrez li ben ma dolur
E le mal dunt ai la langur,
E qu'ele conforter moi venge.
Dites li qu'ore li suvenge
Des emveisures, des deduiz
Que humes ja diz jors e nuiz,
Des granz peines e dé triturs,
E dé joies e dé dusurs
De nostre amur fine et verai,
Quant ele jadis guarri ma plai :
Del beivre qu'ensemble beuimes
En la mer, quant suppris en fumes
El beivre fud la nostre mort,
Nus n'en avrum ja mais confort.
A tel ure duné nus fu,
A nostre mort l'avrum beü.
De mé dolurs li deit membrer
Que suffert ai pur li amer.
Perdu en ai tuz mez parenz,
Mun uncle le rei e ses gens.
Vilment ai esté congeiez
En altres terres eiseilleiez.
Tant ai suffert peine e travail
Qu'a peine vif e petit vail.
La nostre amur, nostre desire,
Ne poet unques hume partir;
Anguise, peine de dolur
Ne porent partir nostre amur.
Cum il unques plus s'esforcerent
De partir, mains epleiterent.
Noz cors feseint desevrer,
Mais l'amur ne porent oster.
Menbre li de la covenance
Qu'ele me fist a la deseverance,
El gardin, quant de li parti,
Quant de cest anel me saisi.
Dit mei qu'en quel terre qu'alasse,
Altre de li ja mais n'amasse :
Unc puis vers altre n'oi amur,
N'amer ne puis vostre serur,
Ne li ne altre amer ne porrai
Tant cum la reïne amerai.
Itant aim Ysolt la reïne
Que vostre serur remaint mechine.
Sumunez la en sur sa fei,
Que ele a cest besunge venge a moi;
Ore i perge s'unques m'ama.
Quanque m'ad fait poi me valdra
S'al buisuingn ne me volt aider,
Cuntre tel dolur conseiller.
Que me valdra la sue amur,
Se ore me defalt en ma dolur?
Ne sai que l'amisté me valt
S'a mun grant besuing ore falt.
Poi m'ad valu tut sun confort,
S'ele ne m'aït cuntre mort.
Ne sai que l'amur ait valu,
Se aider ne moi volt a salu.
Kaherdin, ne vus sai preier
Avant d'icest que vus requer.
Faites la melz que vus poëz,
E Brengvein mult me saluëz.
Mustrez li le mal que jo ai;
Se Deu ne pense, jo murrai.
Ne puz vivre lungement
A la dolur, al mal que sent.
Pensez, cunpaing, de l'espleiter,
E de tost a moi repeirer.
Car se plus tost ne revenez,
Sachez ja mais ne me verrez.
Quarant jurs seit le repiz;
E se ço faites que jo ai diz,
Que Yselt se venge ov vus,
Gardez nuls ne sache for vus.
Celez l'en vers vostre serur,
Que susspeciun n'ait de l'amur.
Pur mire la ferez tenir,
Venue est ma plai guarir.
Vus en merrez ma bel nef,
Porterez i duble tref :
L'un est blanc e l'altre neir.

Se vus Ysolt poëz aver,
Qu'ele venge ma plai garir,
Del blanc siglez al revenir.
E se vus Ysolt n'amenez,
Del neir sigle idunc siglez.
Ne vus sai, amis, plus que dire.
Deu vus conduie, nostre sire,
E sein e salf il vus remaint. »
Dunc suspire e plure e plaint,
E Kaherdin plure ensement;
Baise Tristran, e congé prent,
Vait s'en pur sun ere aprester.
Al primer vent se met en mer,
Halent ancres, levent lur tref,
E siglent amunt al vent suëf,
Trenchent les wages e les undes,
Les haltes mers et les parfundes.
Meine bele bachelerie,
De seie porte draperie,
Danré d'estrange colurs,
E riche veissele de Turs,
Vin de Peito, oisels d'Espaine,
Pur celer e covrer s'ovrainge,
Coment venir pusse a Ysolt,
Cele dunt Tristran tant se dolt.
Trenche la mer ove sa nef,
Vers Engletere a plein tref.
Vint jurz, vint nuz i a curu,
Einz qu'il seit en l'isle venu,
Eint qu'il puise la parvenir
U d'Ysolt puise ren oïr.

Ire de femme est a duter,
Mult s'en deit chaschuns garder.
Car la u plus amé avra,
Iluc plus tost se vengera.
Cum de leger vent lur haür,
E plus dure lur enimisté,
Quant vent, que ne fait l'amisté.
L'amur ne sevent amesurer,
E la haür nent atemprer,
Itant cum eles sunt en ire.
Mais jo nen os mun ben dire,
Car il n'afert nient a mei.
Ysolt estoit suz la parei,
Les diz Tristran escute e ot :
Ben ad entendu chaüm mot.
Aparceüe est de l'amur
El quer en ad mult grant irrur,
Qu'ele ad Tristran tant amé,
Quant vers altre s'est aturné.
Mais ore li est ben descovert
Pur quei la joie de li pert.
Ço qu'ele ad oï ben retent,
Semblant fait que nel sace nent.
Mais tres qu'ele aise en avra,
Trop cruelement se vengera
De la ren del mund qu'aime plus.
Tres que overt furent li us,
Ysolt est en la chambre entrée;
Vers Tristran ad s'ire celee;
Sert le e mult li fait bele semblant,
Cum amie deit vers amant.
Mult ducement a li parole,
E sovent le baise e acole,
E mustre lui mult grant amur,
E pense mal en cele irrur
Par quel manere vengé ert;
E sovent demande e enquert
Kant Kaherdin deit revenir
Od le mire quil deit guarir.
De bon curage pas nel plaint,
La felunie el cuer li maint
Qu'ele pense faire, s'ele puet,
Car ire a ço la comuet,
Kaherdin sigle amunt la mer,
E si ne fine de sigler
De si la qu'il vent a l'atre terre,
U vait pur la reïne quere :
Ço est l'entrée de Tamise.
Vait en amunt a marchandise,
En la buche, dehors l'entrée,
En un port ad sa nef ancree.
A sun batel en va amunt,
Dreit a Lundres, desuz le punt.
Sa marchandise iloc descovre,
Sas dras de seie pleie e ovre.

Lundres est mult riche cité,
Meliur n'ad en christïenté,
Plus vaillante ne melz aisee,
Melz guarnie de gent preisee :

Mult aiment largesce e honur,
Cunteinent sei par grant baldur.
Le recovrer est de Engleterre,
Avant d'iloc ne l'estuet quere.
Al pé des mur li curt Tamise,
Par la vent la marchandise
De tutes les teres qui sunt,
U marchëant cristïen vunt.
Li hume i sunt de grant engin.
Venuz i est dan Kaherdin,
Ove ses dras, a ses oisels,
Dunt il ad dé bons e dé bels.
En sun pung prent un grant ostur
E un drap d'estrange culur
E une cupe ben ovree,
Entaillé e neelee.
Al rei Markes en fait present,
E li dit raisnablement
Qu'od sun aveir vent en sa terre
Put altre guainier e conquere;
Pais li doinst en sa regïun,
Que pris n'i seit s achaisun
Ne damage n'i ait ne hunte
Par chamberlens ne par vescunte.
Li reis li dune ferm pes,
Oiant tuz iceus del palés.
A la reïne vait parler,
Des ses avers li volt mustrer.
Un afiçail ovré de or fin
Li porte en sa main Kaherdin.
Ne qui qu'ele secle melliur seit,
Presen a la reïne em fait.
"Li ors est mult bon," ce dit.
Unques Ysolt melliur ne vit.
L'anel Tristran de sun dei oste,
Just l'altre le met encoste.
E dit: "Reïne, ore veiez!
Icest or n'est plus colurez
Que n'est li ors de cest anel,
Nequident cestu tenc a bel."
Cum la reïne l'anel veit,
De Kaherdin tost s'aparceit.
Li quers li change e la colur,
E suspire de grant dolur.
Ele dute a oïr novele;
Kaherdin une part apele,
Demande si l'anel vult vendre
E quel aveir il en vult prendre,
U s'il ad altre marchandise.
Tut iço fait ele par cuintise,
Car ses gardes decevre volt.
Karherdin est suz a Ysolt:
«Dame,» fait il, «ore entendez,
ço que dirrai si retenez.
Tristran vus mande cum druz
Amisté, service e saluz,
Cum a dame, cum a s'amie
En qui main est sa mort e sa vie.
Liges hume vus est e amis,
A vus m'ad busuig tramis.
Mande a vus ja n'avrat confort,
Se n'est par vus, a cest mort,
Salu de vie ne santez,
Dame, si vus n'i li portez.
A mort est navré d'un espé
Li acers fud entusché.
Nus ne peüm mires trover
Ki sachent sun mal meciner.
Itant s'en sunt ja entremis
Que tuit sun cors unt malmis.
Il languist e vit en dolur,
En anguise e en puür.
Mande a vus qu'il ne vivrad mie
Se il nen ad la vostre aïe,
E pur ço vus mande par mei,
Si vus sumunt par cele fei
E sur icels lealtez
Que vus, Ysolt, a li devez,
Pur ren del munde ne lassez
Que vus a lui ore ne vengez,
Car unques mais n'en ot mester,
E pur ço nel devez lasser.
Ore vus membre dé granz amurs
E des peines e des dolurs
Qu'entre vus dous avez suffert!
Sa vie e sa juvente pert,
Pur vus ad esté eissillez,
Plusurs feiz del rengne chachez;
Le reis Markes en ad perdu;
Pensez dé mals qu'il ad eü!
Del covenant vus dest remembrer
Qu'entre vus fud al desevrer,

Einz el jardin u le baisates,
Quant vus cest anel li dunastes.
Pramistes li vostre amisté.
Aiez, dame, de li pitié!
Si vus ore nel sucurez,
Ja mais certes nel recovrez.
Senz vus ne puet il pas guarir!
Pur ço vus i covent venir,
Car vivre ne puet altrement.
Iço vus mande lealment.
D'enseingnes cest anel emveie,
Guardez le, il le vus otreie. »
Quant Ysolt entent cest message,
Anguice est en sun curage,
E peine e pitié e dolur :
Unques uncore n'ot maür.
Ore pense forment e suspire,
E Tristran sun ami desire,
Mais ele ne set coment aler.
Ov Brengvein en vait parler,
Cunte li tute l'aventure
Del venim de la navreüre,
La peine qu'ad e la dolur,
E coment gist en sa langur,
Coment e par qui l'a mandee,
U sa plaie n'ert ja sanee.
Mustré li a tute l'anguise,
Puis prent conseil que faire puisse.
Ore comence le suspirer
E le plaindre e le plurer,
E la peine e la pesence
E la dolur e la gravance,
Al parlement qu'eles funt
Pur la tristur que de lui unt.
Itant unt parlé nequedent,
Conseil unt pris a le parlement
Qu'eles lur eire aturnerunt
E od Kaherdin s'en irrunt
Pur le mal Tristran conseiller
E a sun grant bosuig aider.
Aprestent sei contre le seir.
Prenent ço que vuolent aveir.
Tres que li altre dorment tuit,
A celé s'en vunt la nut
Mult cuintement, par grant eür,
Par une posterne de le mur
Que desur Tamise estoit.
Al flod muntant l'eve i veneit.
Le batel esteit tut prest,
La reïne ent rée i est.
Nagent, siglent od le trait,
Ysnelement al vent s'en vait.
Mult par s'esforcent de l'espleiter;
Ne finent unques de nager
De si la qu'a le grant nef sunt,
Levent les tres e puis s'en vunt.
Tant cum li venz puet porter,
Curent la lungure de la mer,
La terre estrange en costeiant,
Par devant le porte de Wizant,
Par Buluigne e par Treisporz.
Li vent lur est portanz e fort,
E la nef legere kis guie.
Passent par devant Normendie,
Siglent joius e leement,
Kar oré unt a lur talent.

Tristran, qui de sa plaie gist,
En sun lit forment languist.
De ren ne puet confort aveir,
Mecine ne li put vailler.
Ren qu'il face ne li aüe,
D'Ysolt desire la venue.
Il ne coveite altre ren,
Senz li ne puet aveir nul ben.
Pur li est ço qu'il tant vit,
Languist, atent la en sun lit.
En espeir est de sun venir,
E que sun mal deive guarir,
E creit qu'il senz li ne vive.
Tut jurs emveie a la rive,
Pur ver si la nef revent.
Altre desir al quer nel tent.
E sovent se refait porter,
Sun lit faire just la mer,
Pur atendre e ver la nef,
Coment ele sigle a e quel tref.
Vers nule ren n'ad il desir,
Fors sulement de le sun venir.
En ço est trestut sun pensé,
Sun desir e sa volenté.
Quandqu'ad el mund mis ad a nent,

Se la reïne a lui ne vent.
E raporter se fait sovent,
Pur la dute qu'il en atent,
Kar il se crent qu'ele n'i venge
E que lealté ne li tenge.
E volt melz par altre oïr,
Que senz li veie la nef venir.
La nef desire purveer,
Mais le faillir ne vult saveir.
En sun quer en est angussus,
E de li veer desirus.
Sovent se plaint a sa muiller,
Mais ne li dit sun desirer,
Fors de Kaherdin qui ne vent.
Quant tant demure, mult se crent
Qu'il n'at espleite sa fesance.
Oiez pituse desturbance,
Aventure mult doleruse
E a trestuz amanz pituse!
De tel desir, de tel amur
N'oïstes unc greniur dolur.
La u Tristran atent Ysolt,
E la dame venir i volt
E pres de la rive est venue,
Eissi ke la terre unt veü
Balt sunt e siglent leement.
Del sud lur salt dunques un vent,
E fert devant en mi cel tref;
Refrener fait tut la nef.
Curent al lof, le sigle turnent :
Quel talent qu'aient s'en returnent.
Li venz s'eforce e leve l'unde,
La mer se muet qui est parfunde,
Truble li tens, l'air epessist,
Levent wages, la mer nercist,
Pluet e grisille e creist li tenz,
Rumpent bolines e hobens.
Abatent tref e vunt ridant,
Od l'unde e od le vent wacrant.
Lur batel orent sen mer mis,
Car pres furent de lur païs;
A mal eür l'unt ublïé,
Une wage l'ad depescé;
Al meins ore i unt tant perdu;
Li orage sunt tant creü
Que eskipre n'i ot tant preize
Qu'il püest estre sur ses pez.
Tuit i plurent e tuit se pleinent,
Pur la poür grant dolur maingnent.
Dunc dit Ysolt : « Lasse, chaitive!
Deus ne volt pas que jo tant vive
Que jo Tristran mun ami veie!
Neié em mer volt que jo seie.
Tristran, s'a vus parlé eüsse,
Ne me calsist se puis moruse.
Beals amis, quant orét ma mort,
Ben sai, puis n'avrez ja confort.
De ma mort n'avrez tel dolur,
A ce qu'avez si grant langur,
Que ja puis ne purrez guarir.
En mei ne remaint le venir;
Se Deus volsit, jo venise,
De vostre mal m'entremeïsse,
Car altre dolur n'ai jo mie
Fors de ço que n'avez aïe.
Ço est ma dolur e ma gravance
E al cuer en ai grant pesance
Que vus n'avrez, amis, confort,
Quant jo muer, contre vostre mort.
De la meie mort ne m'est ren.
Quant Deu la volt, jol vul ben.
Mais tres que vus, amis, l'orrez,
Je sai ben que vus en murrez.
De tel manere est nostre amur,
Ne puis senz vus sentir dolur.
Vus ne poëz senz moi murrir,
Ne jo senz vus ne puis perir.
Se jo dei em mer periller,
Dun vus estuet a terre neier.
Neier ne poëz pas a terre :
Venu m'estes en la mer quere.
La vostre mort vei devant mei,
E ben sai que tost murrir dei.
Amis, jo fail a mun desir,
Car en vos bras quidai murrir,
En un sarcu enseveilez;
Mais nus l'avum ore failliz.
Uncore puet il avenir si,
Car jo dei neier ici,
E vus, ço crei, devez neier,
Uns peissuns peut nus dous manger,
Eissi avrum par aventure,

Bels amis, une sepulture.
Tel hume prendre le purra
Ki noz cors i reconuistera,
E fra en puis si grant honur
Cume covent a nostre amur.
Ço que jo di estre ne puet!
E se Deu le vult, si estuet.
En mer, amis, que querreiez?
Ne sai que vus i feïssez.
Mais jo i sui, si i murrai,
Senz vus, Tristran, i neerai.
Si m'est, beal dulz, suëf confort
Que ne savrez ja ma mors.
Avant d'ici n'ert mais oïe,
Ne sai, amis, qui la die!
Apreuf mei lungement vivrez,
E ma venue atendrez.
Se Deu plaist, vus poës garir,
Ço est la ren que plus desir.
Plus coveit la vostre santé
Que d'ariver n'ai volenté,
Car vers vus ai si fine amur!
Amis, dei jo aveir poür,
Puis ma mors, si vus en guarissez,
Qu'en vostre vie m'ubliez
U d'altre femme aiez confort,
Tristran, apreuf la meie mort.
Amis, d'Ysolt as Blanches Mains
Certes m'en crem e dut al mains.
Ne sai se jo duter en dei,
Mais se mort fussez devant moi,
Apreuf vus curt terme vivreie.
Certes ne sai que faire deie,
Mais sur tute ren vus desire.
Deus nus doinst ensemble venir,
Que jo, amis, guarir vus pusse,
U nus dous murrir d'un anguisse. »
Itant cum dure la turmente,
Ysolt se plaint, si se demente.
Plus de cinq jurs en mer dure
Li orages e la laidure.
Puis chet li venz e bels tens fait,
Le blanc sigle unt amunt trait,
E siglent a mult grant espleit,
Que Kaherdin Bretaine veit.
Dunc sunt joius e lé e balt,
E traient le sigle ben halt,
Que hum se puise aparcever
Quel ço seit, le balnc u le neir.
De lung volt mustrer la colur,
Car ço fud al derein jur
Que Tristran lur aveit mis,
Quant il turnerent del païs.
A ço qu'il siglent leement,
Leve li chalz e chet li vent,
Eissi qu'il ne poënt sigler.
Mult suëf e pleine est la mer,
Ne ça ne la lur nef ne vait
Fors itant cum l'unde la trait,
Ne lur batel n'unt il mie.
Or i est grant l'anguserie!
Devant eus pres veient la terre,
N'unt vent dunt la puisent requerre.
Amunt, aval vunt dunc wacrant,
Ore arere, e puis avant.
Ne poënt lur eire avancer,
Mult lur avent grant encumbrer.
Ysolt est mult enuiee,
La terre veit qu'ad coveitee,
E si n'i pot mie avenir.
A poi ne muert de sun desire.
Terre desirent en la nef,
Mais il lur vente trop suëf.
Sovent se claime Ysolt chative.
La nef desirent a la rive,
Uncore ne la virent pas.
Tristrans en est dolenz e las,
Sovent se plaint, sovent suspire
Pur Ysolt que tant desire,
Plure dé oilz, sun cors detuert,
A poi que del desir ne muert.
En cel anguise, en cel ennui,
Vent sa femme Ysolt devant lui,
Purpensé de grant engin.
Dit : «Amis, ore vent Kaherdin!
Sa nef ai veü en la mer.
A grant peine l'ai veü sigler,
Nequident jo l'ai si veüe
Que pur la sue l'aie coneüe.
Deus duinst que tel novele aport
Dunt vus al quer aiez confort. »
Tristran tresalt de la novele,

Dit a Ysolt : « Amie bele,
Savez pur veir que c'est sa nef?
Or dites quel est le tref.»
Ço dit Ysolt : «Jol sai pur veir,
Sachez que le sigle est tut neir.
Trait l'unt amunt e levé halt,
Pur ço que li venz lur falt.»
Dunt a Tristran si grant dolur,
Unques n'out n'avrad maür;
E turne sei vers la pareie,
Dunc dit : «Deus salt Ysolt e mei!
Quant a moi ne volez venir,
Pur vostre amur m'estuet murrir.
Jo ne puis plus tenir ma vie.
Pur vus muer, Ysolt, bele amis.
N'avez pitié de ma langur,
Mais de ma mort avrez dolur.
Ço m'est, amie, grant confort
Que pitié avrez de ma mort.»
«Amie Ysolt,» treis feiz dit,
a la quarte rent l'esprit.
Idunc plurent par la maisun
Li chevaler, li compaingnun.
Li criz est halt, la pleinte grant;
Saillient chevaler e serjant,
E portent li hors sur sun lit,
Puis le chuchent sur un samit,
Covrent le d'un palie roie.
Li venz est en la mer levé
E fert sei en mi liu del tref,
A terre fait venir la nef.
Ysolt est de la nef issue,
Ot les granz plaintes en la rue,
Les seinz a musters, as chapeles;
Demande as humes quels noveles,
Pur quei il funt tel soneïz,
E de quei seit li plureïz.
Uns anciens dunc li dit :
«Bele dame, si Deu m'aït,
Nus avum issi grant dolur
Que ungques genz n'orent maür.
Tristran li pruz, li francs, est mort.
A tut ceus del rengne ert confort,
Larges estoir as bosungius,
A grant aïe as dolerus.
D'une plaie que sun cors ut
En sun lit ore endreit murrut.
Unques si grant chaitivesun
N'avint a ceste regïun.»
Tres que Ysolt la novele ot,
De dolur ne puet suner un mot.
De sa mort ert si adolee,
La rue vait desafublee,
Devant les altres, el palés.
Bretun ne virent unques mes
Femme de la sue bealté.
Mervellent sei par la cité
Dunt ele vent, ki ele seit.
Ysolt vait la ou le cors veit,
Si se turne vers oïent.
Pur lui prie pitusement;

(Short ending)
« Amis Tristran, quant mort vus vei,
Par raisun vivre puis ne dei.
Mort estes pur la mei amur,
E jo muer, amis, de tendrur,
Quant a tens ne poi venir. »
Dejuste lui va dunc gesir,
Embrace le e si s'estent,
Sun espirit a itant rent.

(Long ending)
« Mort estes pur la meie amur,
E jo murc, amis, par tendrur,
Que je a tens n'i poi venir
Vos e vostre mal guarir.
Amis, amis, pur vostre mort
N'avrai je mais pur rien confort,
Joie ne hait ne nul deduit ;
Icil orages seit destruit
Que tant me fist, amis, en mer
Que n'i poi venir, demurer!
Se jo fuisse a tens venue,
Vie vos oüse, amis, rendue,
E parlé dulcement a vos
De l'amur qu'ad esté entre nos.
Plainte oüse la mei aventure,
Nostre joie, nostre emveisure,
La paine a la grant dolur
Que ad esté en nostre amur,
E oüse iço recordé,

E vos baisé e acolé.
Se jo ne poisse vos guarir,
Que ensemble poissum dunc murir!
Quant a tens venir n'i poi,
E jo l'aventure n'oi,
E venue sui a la mort,
De meismes la bevre avrai confort.
Pur mei avez perdu la vie,
Et jo frai cum veraie amie :
Pur vos voil murir ensement! »
Embrace le, si s'estent,
Baise la buche e la face
E molt estreit a li l'enbrace,
Cors a cors, buche a buche estent,
Sun espirit a itant rent,
E murt dejuste lui issi,
Pur la dolur de sun ami.
Tristrant murut pur sun desir,
Ysolt, qu'a tens n'i pout venir.
Tristrant murut pur su amur,
E la bele Ysolt pur tendrur.

Tumas fine ci sun escrit;[61]
A tuz amanz saluz i dit,
As pensis e as amerus,
As emvïus, as desirus,
As enveisiez, as purvers,
A tuz ces ki orunt ces vers.
Si dit n'ai a tuz lor voleir.
Le milz ai dit a mun poeir.
E dit ai tute la verur
Si cum jo pramis al primur.
E diz e vers i ai retrait,
Pur essample issi ai fait
Pur l'estorie embelir,
Que as amanz deive plaisir,
Et que par lieus poissent trover
Choses u se puissent recorder.
Aveir em poissent grant confort
Encuntre change, encontre tort,
Encuntre paine, encuntre dolur,
Encuntre tuiz engins d'amur.

[61] Thomas names himself as the author of the text.

Old Norse version

The Old Norse text has been extracted from *Saga af Tristram ok Ïsönd samt Möttuls saga* (1878), Copenhagen: Thieles Bogtrykkeri (Det Kongelige Nordiske Oldskrift-Selskab), pp. 191-199.

The Old Norse *Saga af Tristram ok Ïsönd* of 1226 and Gottfried of Strasbourg's German translation of 1210—two medieval almost complete translations of Thomas' *roman*—have been used to reconstruct the Thomas version of *Tristan and Isolde*. The Thomas version is, like all the extant French manuscripts, highly defective and lacks not only the whole beginning, but other parts of the manuscripts as well. Consequently, it is not possible to set the Old Norse translation in contrast to the introductory part of the French text, and I have decided to render the end of the *roman* only. As the reader will see, Robert's translation is rather faithful to the original; however, the cleric does suppress passages that he deems peripheral to the tale's progress, and adds devotional material and admonishing passages to his audience, especially in the epilogue. For clarity I have identified direct speech with quotation marks.

Kardin is Tristan's messenger. He implores Isolde to return to Brittany to heal Tristan's wounds. Death of Tistan and Isolde. End of *roman*.

(Tristram sýkist nú dag frá degi—því engi er sá þar, er hánum kunni at hjalpa—enn eitrit dreifðist um allan líkama hans ok limu, ok af því spillist hann allr. Ok kærði hann nú, ef ekki veittist hánum bráðar hjálpir, at hann mundi brátt deya. Nú hugleiðir hann, at engi mætti bœtr um þat ráða, nema Ísönd drottning, unnasta hans, ef hón kvæmi. Enn hann mátti ekki láta flytja sik þangat til hennar.)

Þá sendi hann orð Kardin, at hann skyldi einn saman til sín koma. Enn Ísodd, kona Tristrams, undraðist þat mjök, hvaða ráðagörð þat mundi verða—hvárt hann mundi vilja vera kanúkr eða múkr eða klerkr. Ok vill hón vita, hvaða ráðagörð þeir hafa. Ok stóð hón út við vegginn, at heyra orðræður þeirra, gegnt því er Tristram lá í hvílunni, ok setti menn til at gæta, at engi yrði varr við. Því næst reistist hann upp at hœgendinu, enn Kardin sat hjá hánum—ok kærðu þá harma sína okræddu mart um ást ok félagskap, er þeir höfðu báðir saman átt lengi, ok mikla hreysti ok atgörð, er þeir höfðu gört. Ok nú sér hvárrtveggi þat, at skilnaðr þeirra muni brátt görast; ok grétu þeir þá báðir í sinni samvist, enn nú um skilnað. Ok segir þá Tristram: "Ef ek væra í minu landi, þá mundu ek fá þrahjálpræði af nökkurum manni. Enn hér kann engi svá gott í þessu landi. Af því mun ek deya af hjálpleysa. Enn ek veit öngvan þann lifanda mann, er mik kunni at grœða eðr hjálp veita, nema Ísönd drottning á Englandi. Ok ef hón vissa þetta, þá mundi hón nökkurt ráð til leggja; því hón hefir beztan vilja til ok mesta kunnáttu. Enn nú veit ek eigi, hversu hón má þessa vís verða. Enn ef hón vissi þetta, þá mundi hón sannliga koma með nökkur hœgendi. Engi maðr í þessum heimi er jafnvel kunnandi í læknisdómi ok allrar kurteisrar listar, er kvennmanni sómir at hafa. Nú vil ek biðja þik, Kardin félagi minn, með ástar bœn, at þú farir til hennar, ok seg henni þenna atburð; því engi er sá, (er) ek trúi jafnvel sem þèr—ok öngri ann ek jafnmikit sem henni, ok engi hefir gört

jafnmikit fyrir mínar sakir sem hón—ok því héztu mèr með svörnum eiði, er Ísönd drottning gaf þér Bringvet með mínum bœnastað. Nú gör þetta, sem ek bið þik, sem mik væntir. Enn ek skal, ef ek lifi, umbuna þèr, sem ek em maðr til ok verðugt er."

Nú sér Kardín, at hann er mjök hryggr, ok kunni illa um þetta allt saman ok mælti til hans: "Ek vil gjarnsamliga fara til hennar ok göra allan þinn vilja, ef guð vil, (at) ek koma því fram." Enn Tristram þakkaði hánum ok sagði, at hann skyldi hafa skip hans ok kallast kaupmaðr, er hann kvæmi þar: "Fingrgull mitt skaltu bera til jartegna, ok sýn henni sem fyrst. Ok þá veit hón, hvaðan þú ert kominn; ok mun hón vilja tala við þik einmæli. Ok seg henni þau tíendi ok tilfelli mín, sem orðin eru, ok at hón göri nökkut rað gott fyrir ok skjótt, ef hón vill mèr nökkut hjálpa."

Nú býr Kardin ferð sína bœði skjótt ok vel, með svá marga menn, sem hann vildi. Tristram bað þess lengsta orði, áðr enn þeir skildu, at skunda at öllu ok bera Ísönd drottningu kveðju guðs ok sína margfalda. Síðan minntist hvárr við annan, ok fær Kardin góðan byr ok siglir í haf. Nú þóttist Ísodd, kona Tristrams, vita, at hann unni annarri meir enn henni, af því at hón hafði nú heyrt alla viðrœðu þeirra. Enn hón lét sem hón vissi þat ekki. Nú siglir Kardin yfir hafit ok kemr þar at, sem hann vildi, í Englandi. Ok kallast þeir nú kaupmenn ok görðu bœði at kaupa ok selja—höfðu bœði hauka ok aðra hluti. Kardin tók einn gáshauk í hönd sèr, ok hit fríðasta pell, ok gekk svá til konungs garðs. Kardin var maðr snjallr ok kurteiss ok vel siðaðr ok kvaddi konunginn hœverskliga með blíðum orðum ok mælti: "Vèr félagar erum kaupmenn ok viljum biðja yðr um höfn ok góðan frið, meðan vèr erum hér í landi." Konungr játaði hánum því þegar ok segir, at þeir skyldu vera velkomnir ok hafa góðan frið. Síðan gaf hann konungi þrjár fórnir. Eptir þat gekk hann til drottningar ok heilsaði henni vel ok kurteisliga ok gaf henni eit gullnisti, þat er fríðast mátti verða. Því næst tók hann tvau fingrgull ok sýnir henni ok bað hana kjósa hvárt hón vildi. Enn hón sá á fingrgullin ok kennir þegar fingrgull Tristrams, ok skalf hón þegar öll—ok um snèrist hugr hennar—brá lit ok andvarpaði mjök þungliga; því hón þóttist vita, at hón mundi spyrja nökkur þau tíendi, er ekki væri henni hryggan at. Enn sakir annarra manna, er hjá váru, þá lézt hón vilja kaupa enn ekki þiggja. Því næst fóru þau Kardin á einmæli. Enn hann berr henni kveðju Tristrams með fögrum orðum ok mikilli ástsemd ok segir, at í hennar valdi sè líf hans ok dauði: "Hann er tryggr yðarr unnasti í alla staði." Hann segir í fám orðum þau tíendi, er váru meðr þeim, um hans hagi ok sjúkleika, at hánum lá ekki annat fyrir, enn dauðinn, ef hón kvæmi eigi til hans, sem hón mætti því fyrst við koma. Sem Ísönd skildi þessi tíðendi, písl ok harm beggja þeirra, þá var hón full sorga ok vandræða. Því næst kallaði hón til sín Bringvet ok segir henni þat, er hón hefir fregit um Tristram—hversu hann var staddr í dauða sárum, ok engi var sá þar í landi, er hann kynni grœða—ok spurði hana, hvat til ráðs væri. Hón segir, at hón skyldi búast sem skjótast, er kvelda tœki, ok fara með Kardin ok hafa þat sem hón þurfti. Ok sem nóttin var komin ok öll hirðin var í svefn, þá gengu þær út um leynidyrr, er þær vissu þar vera. Ok þegar var þá Kardin fyrir þeim—ok gengu síðan skyndilega til sjóvar ok á skip ok undu segl sitt ok sigldu braut af Englandi hinn beinsta byr, sem þau vildu kjósa. Ok váru þeir allir glaðir ok kátir ok hugðu nú til annars, enn fram kvam.

Nú er at víkja sögunni til Tristrams, at hann sýkist nú mjök bœði af verk sársins ok angri, er hann bar um Ísönd drottning, at hón kvam ekki, ok engi kunni hánum bót at vinna í því landi. Hann lèt menn sína optliga vera við sjó ok vita ef nökkut fœra at landi. Stundum lèt hann bera sik til sjóvarstrandar, þegar hann trúði varla öðrum til. Enkis fǫsti hann svá í þessarri veröldu, hvárki matar nè drykkjar nè annarra hluta—nema at sjá ok tala við Ísönd drottning. Ok mátti hèr nú heyra harðan atburð, at þá (er) þau Ísönd ok Kardin váru til lands komin, þá kvam mikill stormr í móti þeim, ok rak þau undan landi aptr í hafn út—ok váru úti mörg dœgr, svá harðliga haldin, at þau væntu varla lífs. Þá kærði Ísönd drottning harma sína ok mælti: "Nú vill ekki guð, at ek sjá Tristram lifanda nè hans harma huggand, svá sem ek vilda. O hó, minn sœti vin ok unnasti! ef ek týnumst í þessarri ferð, þa er engi sá lifandi maðr í þessum heimi, er þèr megi hjálp veita af þínu sári nè af þínum dauða þik hugga. Nú vilda ek, at guð vildi sem ek, ok ef ek dœ hér, þá yrði okkr þinn dauði okkr saman komandi." Slika hluti ok marga aðra kærði Ísönd. Enn hennar skipverjar váru mjök hræddir af þeim stormi, at þau mundu týnast.

Ísönd var nú mjök syrgjandi, meir Tristram enn sjálfa sik. Í tíu daga válkuðust þau úti í þessum mikla stormi. Því næst hœgðist stormrinn, ok göröi fagrt veðr, ok rann byrr á. Drógu þeir þá upp segl sitt ok sigldu næsta dag at landi, sem fyrr. Ok þá féll af byrinn, ok rak þá skipit aptr ok fram með landinu, ok var þá engi bátrinn; því hann hafði brotit fyrir þeim. Ok vaxa nú þegar vandræði þeirra ok angr, er þau máttu ekki at landi komast. Svá kunni Ísönd þessu illa, at hón var næsta farin af. Enn þeir, er á landi váru, sá ekki skipit, ok langaði þá mjök þó eptir þeim, er í braut fóru.

Svá mikinn harm ok ógleði hefir nú Tristram, at hann er nú allr megnlauss, andvarpandi, enn stundum vissi hann ekki til sín, sakir Ísöndar drottningar, er hann vildi gjarna at kvæmi. Þá kvam Ísodd kona hans til hans, sem af illri list hugsaði ok sagði: "Unnasti," kvað hón, "nú er Kardin kominn: ek sá at vísu skip hans—ok hafir lítinn byr. guð láti þat bera góð tíendi ok þér til huggunar." Sem Tristram heyrði þat, er hón sagði, þá reisti hann þegar upp, sem hann væri heill, ok mælti til hennar: "Unnasta," kvað hann, "muntu þá vera samfróð, at þat er hans skipð Gör mèr kunnigt, ef satt er, með hverju segli hann siglir." Enn hón svarar: "Ek kenni þar görla, ok með svörtu segla þeir ok hafa byr öngvan—nema rekr aptr ok fram fyrir landinu." Enn hón laug at hánum: því Kardín sigldi með hvìtum ok blám blankandi seglum, stöfuðum: því Tristram hafði svá beðit hann, til merkis, ef Ísönd kvæmi með hánum. Enn ef Ísönd kvæmi ekki með hanum, þa skyldi hann sigla með svörtu segli. Enn Ísodd, kona Tristrams, hafði heyrt allt þetta, þá (er) hón leyndisèr á bak við þílit. Enn sem Tristram heyrði þat, þá var hann svá mjök syrgjandi, at aldri beið hann slíkan harm. Ok snèrist hann þegar upp til veggjar ok mælti þá með harmfullri röddu: "Nú ertú Ísönd mik hatandi. Ek em nú syrgjandi, er þú vilt ekki til mín koma—enn ek sakir þín deyjandi, er þú vildir ekki miskunna sótt minni. Ek em nú syrgjandi sótt mína ok harmandi, er þú vildir ekki koma at hugga mik." Þrysvar kallaði hann Ísönd unnostu sína ok nefndi á nafn, enn hit fjorða sinn gaf hann upp önd sína með lífi sínu.

Enn riddarar ok sveinar, er hjá váru, hörmuðu þetta allir mjök; ok allr borgarlýðr grét hann með miklum harmi. Síðan tóku þeir hann ór rekkju sinni ok lögðu yfir hann ríkuligt pell. Enn þá tók byrr at vaxa þeim (er) á sjónum váru—ok

lögðu þegar til hafnar. Sem Ísönd var nú af skipi gengin, þá heyrðe hón fólkit allt gráta með miklum harmi, öllum klukkum hringjandi. Hón spurði þá, því menn léti svá illa, eðr hvat tíðenda þeir hafði fengit. Einn gamall maðr svarar henni: "Fru," kvað hann, "vèr höfum svá mikinn harm, at aldri kvam slíkr til handa oss. Tristram, hinn vaski ok kurteisi, er nú andaðr, liggjandi í rekkju sinni. Aldri var í þessu landi slíkr harmr komandi." Sem Ísönd heyrði þetta, var hón svá mjök syrgjandi, at hón mátti ekki mæla, ok kastaði yfirklæði sínu af sèr. Enn Bretar undruðu mjök, hvaðan sú hin fríiða frú var komin, eða ór hverju landi hón mundi vera.

Ísönd drottning gekk nú þangat, sem líkit lá á gólfinu, ok snèrist í austr ok bað bœnar sinnar með þessum orðum: "Ek bið þik, guð allsvaldandi, ver þessum manni ok mèr miskunnandi, svá sem ek trúi því, at þú hafir verit borinn af mey Maria í þenna heim, öllu mannkyni til andrlausnar—ok svá sem þú hjálpaðir Máríu Magdalenu ok þoldir dauða fyrir oss synduga menn– ok at þú lèzt negla þik á krossin ok leggja þik með spjóti í þína hœgri síðu herjaðir til helvíta ok leystir þaðan alla þína menn í eilifan fögnuð. Þú ert skapari okkarr. Eilífr allsvaldandi guð, vertú nú syndum okkrum miskunnsamr, svá sem ek vil öllu þessu trúa. Ok ek vil gjarna öllu þessu trúa, ok ek vil þik gjarna lofa ok dýrka. Ok veit mèr þat, (er) ek bið þik, minn skapari, at þú fyrirgefir mèr mínar syndir, einn guð, faðir, sonr ok heilagr andi. Amen."[62] "Tristram," segir hón, "ek unna þèr mikit. Enn nú (er) ek þik dauðan sè, sómir mèr nú ekki at lifa lengr, er ek sè, at þú dótt fyrir mínar sakir. Ok því skal ek ekki lifa eptir þik." Hón talaði þá mörg orð um ást þeirra ok samvist ok um þeirra hörmuliga skilnað. Ok þvi næst lagðist hón niðr á gólfit ok kyssti hann ok lagði hendr um háls hánum. Ok í því lét hón líf sitt. Af því dó Tristram skjótast, at hann hugði, at Ísönd drottning hefði gleymt hánum. Enn Ísönd dó því skjótast, at hón kvam of seint til hans. Síðan váru þau jörðuð. Ok er sagt at Ísodd, kona Tristrams, hafi látit jarða þau Tristram ok Ísöndu sitt hvárum megin kirkjunnar, svá (at) þau skyldu ekki vera nærri hvárt öðru framliðin. Enn svá bar til, at sín eik eða lundr vóx upp af hvars leiði, svá hátt, at limit kvíslaðist saman fyrir ofan kirkjubustina. Ok má þvísjá, hversu mikil ast þeirra á milli verit hefir. Ok endar svá þessa sögu.

English Translation

(Tristan's health now deteriorated from day to day, as there were no one there who could help him with the poison that circulated in his body and limbs, and therefore he weakened rapidly. He complained that, if he did not receive help quickly, he was now going to die. He believed that no one could better advice (and cure) him than his beloved Queen Ísönd, if she would come to him, for he could not be brought to her.)

So he sent a word to Kardin, that he should come to him immediately. Ísodd, his wife, wondered a great deal what sort of counsel he was, whether he was a canon, a monk, or a cleric, and she wanted to know what they were talking about.

[62] Isolde's plea is a mixture of *Pater Noster* and *Credo*, an example of how didactical material was used when presenting chivalric and romance literature

She stood against the wall outside, and listened to their conversation, right opposite Tristan in his bed, who entreated his men not to breathe a word about this to anyone. Then he raised himself upon his pillow, with Kardin sitting next to him, and lamented his anguish and talked extensively on love and friendship, (and said) that they had both been together for a long time, and talked about the travels and adventures they had been through together. And now both realize that they might be separated abruptly, and both wept in their soul when contemplating this separation. Tristan said: "Had I been in my own country, someone would have been able to help me. But here nobody has the (required) skills, and therefore I will die for lack of assistance. I know about only one living person who could bring help and recovery, namely Isolde, the Queen of England. If she knew about this, she would give valuable advice, for she has the best will and knowledge. But I do not know in what way she can be notified about this. If she knew (about my plight) she would truly come with help and support. No person in this world has more appropriate knowledge than she, and now I will ask you, Kardin my friend, with love and prayer, that you go to her, and explain to her the situation. Because there is no one whom I trust as much as I trust you—and no one that I value as much as her, for no one has done as much for my sake as she—because you swore when Queen Isolde gave you Bringven upon my entreaty. Now do what I ask you and what I hope for. And I shall, if I live, reward you abundantly and deservingly."

Kardin saw that he was in great pain and was distressed by it all and said: "I will gladly do as you wish and go to her, and if God is willing I will arrive (there safely)." And Tristan thanked him and said that he was to have his (Tristan's) ship and call himself a merchant upon arrival. "You shall wear my gold ring as a token and show (it to) her. Then she will understand why you have come, and she will want to talk to you alone. Tell her then about my situation and how it came about, so that she can quickly find a remedy if she wants to help me."

Kardin quickly and aptly prepared for his voyage with as many men as he deemed necessary. Tristan then begged him before they parted, that he promptly hasten to Queen Isolde and bring her God's greeting and his own. Then they kissed each other and Kardin got a good wind and sailed to sea. Ísodd, Tristan's wife, now understood that he loved someone else more than he loved her, because she had heard the entire conversation. But she acted as if she didn't know. Kardin sailed across the sea and arrived in England as planned. There he called himself a merchant, interested in both selling and buying, peddling both hawks and other wares. Kardin took a chicken hawk in his hand, and a most exquisite cloth, and went to the king's castle. Kardin was an able man, courteous and well mannered. He talked courteously and amiably with the King, and said: "We are associated merchants and ask for a safe harbor and peace while we are in your kingdom." The King granted him his wishes and said that they were welcome. Then Kardin gave the King three gifts, and went to see the Queen. He greeted her courteously and gave her a most beautiful gold brooch. The he took two golden rings and showed them to her and asked her to select the one she liked the most. Looking at the rings, she recognized Tristran's ring and started trembling all over, and as if choking, she blinked her eyes and breathed heavily, because she understood that she must ask for some disagreable news. Because of the other people who were there present, she did

as if she wanted to buy and not beg. When she got Kardin to herself, he brought her Tristan's greeting with warm words and much love, and told her that she commanded both his death and his life. "He is your true love for ever." In a few words he told her the news, of how Tristan fared, his condition and illness, and that before him there was only death if she did not come to him as quickly as she could. When Isolde heard these tidings, both painful and sad, she became full of grief and torment, and called for Bringven and told her that she had heard news of Tristan; how he was deadly wounded and that there was no one in his country who could treat him, and asked her for her advice. Bringven told her to get ready as quickly as possible and leave with Kardin that same night and do what was needed. When night fell and the whole court was asleep, they left by a secret door that only they knew about and down to the ship, set sail, and quickly left England, chosing the shortest passage. And they were all in good spirits and thought about other things than that which lay in wait for them when they arrived.

Now back to Tristan's story: he weakened rapidly from the pain of his wounds and from sorrow because Queen Isolde did not come, and from the fact that no one in the country could heal him. He let his men repeatedly go down to the shore to see if someone was heading ashore. Sometimes he would let himself be carried down there, as soon as he thought someone had been sighted. He yearned for nothing else in this world—neither food nor drink nor other things—than to see and talk with Queen Isolde.

Now listen to the bad news that befell Isolde and Kardin: they had come close to land, but had encountered a great storm and hostile winds, so that they were repeatedly swept out to sea after having spotted harbor, and remained in the darkness of the day and barely saved their lives. Queen Isolde expressed her grief and said: "Now God does not wish that I see Tristan alive, nor alleviate his sorrow as was my wish. Alas, my sweetest friend and love! How I am pained by this journey! There is no man living in this world who can heal his wounds or release him from death! I wish, if God wants the same thing as I, that if I die here, that in death we may come together." With such words and many others Queen Isolde complained. But the ship's crew was more concerned about the storm, and (feared) that they all should perish.

Isolde was much aggrieved, more on account of Tristan than of herself. They had been drifting around in the great storm for ten days when the wind dropped and the good weather returned. They (finally) got favorable winds, hoisted the sails and sailed the next day towards land as planned. But then the wind calmed again and the boat drifted once more between the shore and the sea, and there was no dinghy because it had been smashed. And their apprehension now increased and their sorrow, for fear that they would not be able to accost. Isolde took this so hard that she almost perished. And those who were on the shore could not see the ship and longed for those who were out there.

Tristan was now so aggrieved and pained that he was all but exhausted and breathing heavily. At times he fell unconscious, yearning for Queen Isolde, whom he wanted to see arriving. Then Ísodd, his wife, full of deception came to him and

said: “My dearest,” she said, “now Kardin has come, for certainly I saw his ship, but it has poor wind. With God’s permission he will bring you good new.” When Tristan heard what she said, he stood up as if he had been healed, and told her: “My dear,” he said, “are you able to tell me truly that the ship was hisð Tell me the truth. With what sail is he sailingð” And she answered: “I know it well, he has hoisted black sails and has no wind. He drifts to and fro land.” But she lied to him: Kardin sailed under white and blue sails as Tristan had asked him, as a sign that Isolde was with him. If Isolde was not with him, he should hoist a black sail. Ísodd, Tristan’s wife, had heard all this, when she had hidden behind the wall. When Tristan heard this, he became intensely aggrieved: never had he known such torment, and he turned grimly against the wall and said with a forlorn voice: “Now, Isolde, you hate me. And I am now aggrieved, for you would not come to me and for your sake I am dying, because you would not take pity on my illness. I wail and grieve in my illness, but you would not come and save me.” Thrice he called Isolde by her name: the forth time he expired and departed.

The knights and companions who were there were much pained and all the people in the town weeped for him with great sorrow. Then they took him out of bed and covered him in rich garments. Then the wind increased for those who were at sea—and they were able to come ashore. As Ísönd came off the ship, she heard that people were sadly weeping, and that bells were tolling. She asked then why people were so distressed, and what kind of bad news they had heard. An old man answered her: “My Lady,” he said, “we have so much pain as we have never had before. Tristan, (a) valiant and courteous (knight), has now departed, and lies on his bed. There was never such a calamity in this country.” As Isolde heard this, she too became greatly pained, and speechless, and threw her coat away. And the Bretons wondered where this beautiful lady came from, from which country she originated.

Queen Isolde hastened to where the deceased lay on the floor, turned to east and prayed with these words: “I beg of you, God almighty, have mercy with this man and myself, as I believe that you were borne into this world by the Virgin Mary for the salvation of all mankind, you, who helped Mary Magdalena, and died for our sins, that you let yourself be nailed to the cross and transpierced in your right side, that you devastated hell and released all your men to eternal bliss. You are our creator. Eternal almighty God, have mercy upon us sinners, as I believe you will have. I want to believe in all these things, and praise and glorify you. Give me that which I ask of you, my Creator, that you forgive me my sins, One God, Father and Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.” “Tristan, “she said, “I love you so much. And now that I see you dead, I no longer wish to live, because you died because of me, and I shall not live when you are dead.” In many words she described their love and union and their unhappy separation. Then she lay down next to him on the floor, kissed him and put her arms around his neck, and died. Tristan died so quickly because he thought she had forgotten him, and Isolde died suddenly because she arrived too late. Later they were buried. And it is said that Ísodd, Tristan’s wife, let Tristan and Isolde be buried on either side of the church, so that they should not be close in death. But an oak or some other kind of tree grew out of their tomb so high that their branches touched and entwined over the roof of the church building, so that we all can understand how much love there was between them.

And here the story ends.

C. Religious (Philosophical) and Devotional Material

Alcuin: *De virtutibus et vitiis*

The Latin version of Alcuin's *De virtutibus et vitiis liber* has been extracted from Migne J. P. (1844-1891) *Patrologiae cursus completus, series latina*. Vol. 101. Paris: Migne, pp. 611-638.

Alcuin (c.730-804) was an English educator, theologian and scholar. He was in the service of Charlemagne in Aachen from 781, as the King's personal advisor and head of the palace school. In 786, he returned to England. Throughout his life, he worked relentlessly for the promotion of learning and education, and his writings reflect his concern for a greater understanding of the Scriptures, and greatly influenced the medieval notion of learning. He was amongst the first to organize classes according to subject matter, with specialized teachers for each subject. He wrote many treatises on the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium*, and did much for the establishment of a standardized curriculum in the various European cathedral schools.

Under Alcuin's leadership, the school at Aachen became a renowned center of knowledge and culture. Towards the year 800, Alcuin produced a new revision of *Vulgata*. At the time, uniformity in the various copies of the Scriptures was rare, and Saint Jerome's *Vulgata* existed in many not always accurate versions. The various orders and chapters often had their own interpretation of the Bible. Clarification, elucidation, and standardization of the Sacred Page were called for. Alcuin's intention was to reproduce *Vulgata* as it has been prepared by Saint Jerome as precisely as possible. *De virtutibus et vitiis* is one of three moral treatises commenting on the Holy Scripture prepared by Alcuin.

Opusculum quintum. De virtutibus et vitiis. Ad Widonem comitem

Epistola nuncupatoria
Dilectissimo filio Widoni comiti, humilis levita Alcuinus salutem.

Memor sum petitionis tuæ et promissionis meæ, qua me obnixe flagitasti, aliqua tuæ occupationi, quam te in bellicis rebus habere novimus, exhortamenta [aliquod … exhortamentum] brevi sermone conscribere, ut habeas [haberes] jugiter inter manus manuales [in manibus] paternæ admonitionis sententias, in quibus teipsum considerare debuisse [potuisse], atque ad æternæ beatitudinis excitare studium: cui tam honestæ petitionis libenter me annuere fateor, optans meæ devotionis apices tibi ad perpetuam proficere salutem. Quos etiam, quamvis minus eloquenter videas esse compositos [videantur esse compositi], tamen certissime scito sanctæ charitatis vigore eosdem essedictatos. Singulis siquidem hujus sermonis seriem distinxi capitulis, quatenus facilius vestræ [tua] devotionis memoriæ hæc mea dicta inhærere potuisse; sciens te in multis sæcularium rerum cogitationibus

occupatum. Unde precor sanctam salutis vestræ [sanctæ salutis tuæ] desiderium ad haram sæpius, quasi ad quoddam recurrere solatium, litterarum lectionem; ut animus exterioribus fatigatus molestiis, ad seipsum reversus habeat, in quo gaudeat; et quo maxime festinare debeat, intelligat. Sicut meas [sicut ego a me has] diligenter flagitasti piæ exhortationis litterulas, ita te humiliter deposco, ut easdem sæpius relegere digneris. Ob hoc tuam, dilectissime fili, dilectionem obnixe deprecor, ut plurima tibi ipse [ut optima tibi ipse] eleemosynarum largitione, et judicum ac judiciorum æquitate, et misericordiæ sedulitate, cœlestis gloriæ habitationem indefessa voluntate præparare studeas. In quo opere et desiderio te divina clementia semper ubique adjuvare dignetur [dilectissime fili].

Caput I: De sapientia (on wisdom)

Primum [primo] omnium quærendum homini est quæ sit vera scientia veraque sapientia: quia *sapientia hujus mundi stultitia est apud Deum* (1 Cor. III, 19). Scientia vera est a diabolo servitio, quod sunt peccata, recedere; et sapientia perfecta est Deum colere secondum mandatorum illius veritatem: quia in his duobus [mandatis] vita beata acquiritur, sicut Psalmista ait: *Diverte a malo et fac bonum* (Psal. XXXIII, 15). Non enim sufficit cuiquam mala non facere, nisi etiam et bona faciat: nec bona facere, nisi etiam et mala non committat [et mala amittat]. Omnis ergo qui sic sapiens est, procul dubio beatus erit in æternum; beata siquidem [vita] est cognitio divinitatis; cognitio [vero] divinitatis virtus boni operis est: virtus boni operis fructus est æternæ beatitudinis.

Caput II: De fide (on faith)

Sed hæc cognitio divinitatis et scientia veritatis per fidem catholicam discenda est; *quia sine fide impossibile est placcere Deo* (Hebr. XI, 6). Vere beatus est, qui et recte credendo bene vivit, et bene vivendo fidem rectam custodit. Igitur sicut otiosa est fides sine operibus [bonis], ita nihil proficiunt opera bona sine fide recta. Unde et beatus Jacobus apostolus dixit: *Quid proderit, fratres mei, si fidem quis dico se habere, opera autem non faciat* [*habeat*]ð *Nunquid poterit fides salvare eumð Fides sine operibus mortua est* [*otiosa est*]. *Sicut enim corpus sine spiritu mortuum est, ita et fides sine operibus mortua est* (Jac, II. 14 seqq): de cujus excellentia est alterius temporis disputare; quia breviarium, quod de mandatis Dei tibi petisti districto sermone fieri, profundissimas de fide catholica rationes [orationes, mendose] explicare non poterit.

Caput III: De charitate (on love)

In præceptis vero Dei charitas obtinet principitum, sine cujus perfectione nihil Deo placere posse Paulus testastur apostolus (I Cor. xiii), qui nec martyrium nec sæculi contemptum, nec ecleemosynarum largitionem, sine charitaris officio quidquam proficere posse [prodesse] ostendit. Inde et ipse Dominus a quodam scriba interrogatus quod esset mandatum maximum, respondit: *Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, et ex tota anima tua, et ex tota mente tua*. Addidit quoque: *Secundum autem simile est huic: Diliges proximum tuum sicut teipsum; in his duobus mandatis tota Lex pendet et prophetæ* (Matth. XXII. 36 seq.). Quod vero ait: *Ex toto corde, ec tota anima, ex tota mente, id est, toto intellectu, tota voluntate, et ex omni memoria Deum esse diligendum*. Dei vero dilectio in observatione

mandatorum ejus tota consistit, sicut alibi ait: *Si quis diligit me, sermones meos servat* (Joan. XIV, 23). Unde ipsa Veritas alibi ait: *In hoc cognoscent omnes, quia mei discipuli estis, si dilectionem habueritis ad invicem* (Ibid. XIII, 35). Item Apostolus: *Plenitudo legis est dilectio* (Rom. XIII, 10). Item Joannes evangelista: *Hoc mandatum habemus a Domino* [Deo], *ut qui dicit Dominum* [Deum], *diligat et proximum* (1 Joan. IV, 21). Si forte quislibet quærat quis sit proximus, sciat omnem Christianum recte proximum dici, quia omnes in baptismo filii Dei sanctificamur, ut fratres simus spiritualiter in charitate perfecta. Nobilior est generatio spiritualis quam carnalis, de qua in Evangelio ipsa Veritats ait: *Nisi quis renatus* [natus] *fuerit ex aqua et Spiritu* [sancto], *non potest introire in regnum Dei* (Joan III, 5). Discat homo quæ sunt præcepta Dei, et ea custodiat quantum valeat: et sic se cognoscat charitatem Dei habere. Quorum aliqua tuæ ostendere, dilectissime fili, devotioni nominatim curabo, ut paucis intellectis [perspectis] facilius aliorum virtutes intelligere valeas.

Caput IV: De spe (on hope)

Tria quidem [quiædam] proposuit animæ nostræ necessaria egregius gentium doctor, dicens: *Spes, fides, charitas, tria hæc: major autem his est charitas* (1 Cor. XIII, 13). Nemo igitur, quamvis ingenti peccatorum pondere prematur, de bonitate divinæ pietatis desperare debet: sed spe certæ [certa] misericordiæ illius indulgentiam sibi quotidianis deprecari lacrymis; quam recte sperare possunt, si ab actione pravi operis cessabunt. Ideo nec propter spem veniæ perseveranter peccare debemus, neque quia Deus juste peccata punit, veniam desperare debemus: sed utroque periculo evitato, et a malo declinemus, et de pietate Dei veniam speremus. Similiter et in omni tribulationum angustia, spe ad solatium supernæ pietatis currendum est, quia in illo solo omnis spes et salus sine dubio consistit, dicente Propheta: *In Deo salutare meum et gloria mea: Deus auxilii mei, et spes mea in Deo est* (Psal. LXII, 7).

Caput V: De lectionis studio (on diligent reading)

Sanctarum lectio Scripturarum divinæ est cognitio beatitudinis. In his enim quasi in quodam speculo homo seipsum considerare potest, qualis sit, vel quo tendat. Lectio assidua purificat anima, timorem incutit gehenne, ad gaudia superna cor instigat legentis. Qui vult cum Deo semper esse, frequenter debet orare [frequenter] et legere. Nam cum oramus, ipsi cum Deo loquimur: cum vero legimus, Deus nobiscum loquitur. Geminum confert donum lectio sanctarum Scriptorarum, sive quia intellectum mentis erudit, seu quod a mundi vanitatibus abstractum hominem ad amorem Dei perducit. Labor honestus est lectionis [studium], et multum ad emundationem animæ proficit. Sicut enim ex carnalibus escis alitur caro, ita ex divinis eloquiis interior homo nutritur et pascitur, sicut Psalmista ait: *Quam dulcia faucibus meis eloquia tua, Domine! Super mel et favum ori mes* (Psal. CXIX, 103). Sed ille beatissimus est, qui divinas Scripturas legens, verba vertit in opera. Omnis plane Scriptura sancta ad nostram scripta est salutem, ut proficiamus in eis in veritatis cognitone. Sæpius cæcus offendit quam videns, sic ignorans legem Dei sæpius ignoranter peccat, quam ille qui scit. Sicut cæcus sine ductore, sic homo sine doctore viam rectam vix graditur.

Caput VI: De pace (on peace)

Salvator ad Patrem rediens, quasi speciale munus discipulis pacis dedit præcepta, dicens: *Pacem meam do vobis, pacem relinquo vobis* (Joan. XIV. 27). In pace vos dimitto, in pace vos inveniam. Proficisciens voluit dare, quæ desiderabat rediens in omnibus invenire. Cujus pacis ornamenta mirabiliter alio ostendit loco, dicens: *Beati pacifici, quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur* (Matth. V. 9). En Filius Dei incipit vocari, qui pacificus esse jam cœpit. Non vult Filius Dei dici, qui pacem noluerit amplecti. Negat sibi Patrem Deum, qui pacificus esse contemnit. Sed hæc pax cum bonis et Dei præcepta servantibus custodienda est, non cum iniquis et sceleratis, qui pacem inter se habent in peccatis suis. Pax Christi ad salutem proficit sempiternam. Pax quæ in diabolo est, ad perpetuam pervenit [ducit] perditionem. Pax cum bonis, et bellum cum vitiis, semper habenda est. mala siquidem hominum impiorum odio habenda sunt, non homines ipsi, quamvis mali sunt, quia creatura Dei sunt. Pax vero, quæ in nobis [in bonis] est, concordam fratrum, et charitatem copulat proximorum. Pax spiritum Dei specialiter promeretur. Pax dilectionis mater est. Pax indicium est sanctitatis, de qua Deus per prophetam ait: *Pacem et veritatem diligite* (Zach. VIII. 19). Pax plebis est sanitas, gloria sacerdotis, et patriæ lætitia, et terror hostium sive visibilium, sive invisibilium. Omnibus viribus pax est custodienda, quia semper in Deo manet. Qui in pace sancta manet, cum sanctis Dei manet. Sacerdotis est in pace populum Dei admonere quid debeat agere: populi est in humilitate audire quæ monet sacerdos. Quidquid non licet, pastoris est prohibere ne fiat: plebis est audire, ne faciat.

Caput VII: De misericordia (on pity)

Præcipuum est misericordiæ bonum, de qua ipse Salvator ait: *Beati misericordes, quoniam ipsi misericordiam consequentur* (Matth. V. 7). Non potest peccator a Deo misericordiam sperare, qui misericordiam non facit peccantibus in se. Ergo dimittat homo temporale debitum, ut mereatur recipere æternale bonum. Si animas nostras cupimus peccatorum sordibus emundari, misericordiam in nos peccantibus non negemus, ut in die retributionis ad promerendam Dei misericordiam misericordiæ operibus adjuvemur. Quomodo a Deo misericordiam exspectat [sperat], qui crudelis est in conservos suos? Sicut quis cupit Deum sibi misereri, ita et misereatur debitoribus suis. Certissime indulgentiam exspectare [sperare] poterit, qui aliis indulgere novit. Ad misericordiæ opus optimo nos in Evangelio Dominus exemplo roboravit, ubi ait: *Estote misericordes, sicut et Pater vester cœlestis misericors est. Qui solem suum oriri facit super bonos et malos, et pluit super justos et injustos* (Luc. VI. 36). Omnis misericordia faciet locum unicuique secundum meritam operum suorum. Qui facit misericordiam, Deo offert sacrificium salutis [satis] placabile. In judice misericordia et disciplina debet esse; quia una sine altera bene esse non possit [poterit]. Nam misericordia sola si fuerit, securitatem facit peccandi subjectis. Iterum, si disciplina sola semper aderit, vertitur animus delinquentia in desperationem, et judex non merebitur a Deo misericordiam, sed hanc misericordiam a seipso debet homo incipere. Quomodo in aliis est misericors, qui in seipso crudelis est? in seipso crudelis est, qui sibi perpetuas peccatis suis parat flammas. Bene misericors est, qui a seipso incipit, et se diligenter custodit, ne puniatur cum diabolo, et sic aliis præstet, quod sibi bonum esse perspicit.

Caput VIII: De indulgentia (on foregiveness)

Dominus in Evangelio ait: *Dimittite, et dimittetur vobis*. Item: *Si dimiseritis hominibus peccata eorum, dimittet et vobus Pater vester cœlestis peccata vestra. Si non dimiseritis hominibus, nec Pater vester cœlestis dimittet vobis peccata vestra*. (Matth. VI. 14, 15). Hæc vero Domini sententia magnam super nos misericordiam [clementiam] sonat his, qui eam recte intelligere possunt. Igitur ex nostro judicio judicat nos Deus, et quodammodo in potestate nostra est, quomodo judicemur a judice Deo. Si misericorditer judicamus de in nos delinquentibus, misericorditer judicabit Deus de nobis in se peccantibus. Intendamus exemplum illius, sicut Doctor gentium ait: *Donate in vobismetipsis, si quis adversus aliquem habet querelam. Sicut Deus donat [donavit] vobis in Christo, ita et vos facite* (Coloss. III, 13). Quomodo Deus in Christo nobis nostra peccata donavit: sic etiam nos his qui in nos peccant, dimittamus. Item: *Nulli malum pro malo reddentes*. Et alio loco: *Noli vinci a malo, sed vince in bono malum* (Rom. XII, 17, 21). Sciendum est certissime quod unusquisque talem indulgentiam accepterus est a Deo cito pervenit, si delinquentium [in nos] preces in nostris auribus acceptabiles sunt. Qui clementer peccantibus ignoscere novit, clementiam divinæ pietatis certissime accipiet. Sic enim remittetur nobis, ut nos remiserimus eis qui nobis quacunque malignate nocuerunt.

Caput IX: De patientia (on patience)

In patientia vestra, dicitur in Evangelio, *possidebitis animas vestras* (Luc. XXI, 19). In omni enim vita humana patientia necessaria est. Sicut itaque patienter sufferre debemus injurias ab alias in nos delatas, ita et patienter tribulationes quæ nobis evenient, sufferre necesse est. Sæpissime in hoc sæculo boni a reprobis tribulationes patiuntur. Ideo si quislibet post bona opera tribulationes patitur, non debet in cogitatione dicere: Perdidi opera mea bona quæ faciebam. Qui enim hoc dixerit, non pro amore Dei, sed pro mercede felicitatis hujus vitæ, aut pro laude humana opus bonum fecisse cognoscitur. Probabitur enim homo flagellis Dei, quo animo benefaciat, vel qua foritudine sufferat tentationes sibi supervenientes. *Tentat enim vos Deus*, dicit Apostulus, *ut sciat si diligitis eum*. Prorsus, *tribulatio patientiam operatur, patientia autem opus est perfectum. Beatus enim vir, qui suffert tentationem, quoniam cum probatus fuerit, accipiet coronam vitæ, quam repromisit Deus intelligentibus se* (Jac. I, 3, 4). Nemo bene sapiens est, qui patientiam non habet. *Fortior est dominator [domitor] animi sui expurgatore urbium* (Prov. XVI. 32). In patientia vero quærenda est ignoscendi facultas, non vindicandi opportunitas. Tales sunt quidam, qui tempore injuriarum patienter sufferunt, ut subsequenter facilius vindicare valeant. Hi veram non habent patientiam. Patientia vera est in faciem fortiter sustinere injurias, et in futuro vindictam non quærere, sed ex corde ignoscere. Sine ferro vel flammis martyres esse possumus, si patientiam veraciter in animo servamus cum proximis nostris. Laudabilis est injuriam tacendo declinare, quam respondendo superare. Qui patienter tolerat mala, in futuro coronam merebitur sempiternam.

Caput X: De humilitate (on humility)

Quanta sit veræ humilitatis virtus, facile ex verbis Domini cognoscitur, qui ut superbiam Pharisæorum damnaret, dixit: *Omnis qui se exaltat, humiliabitur, et qui*

se humiliat, exaltabitur (Matth. XXIII, 12). Humilitatis passibus ad cœli culmina conscenditur; quia Deus excelsus non superbia, sed humilitate attingitur. De quo dictum est: *Deus superbis resistit, humilibus autem dat gratiam* (Jac. IV, 6). Unde et in psalmis dicitur: *Excelsus Dominus et humilia respicit, et alta a longe cognoscit* (Psal. CXXXVIII, 6). Alta posuit pro superbis, humilia vero pro humilibus [pro mansuetis]. Humilia respicit, ut attollat: alta, id est, superba cognoscit, ut dejiciat. Discamus igitur humilitatem, per quam Deo propinquare poterimus, sicut ipse in Evangelio ait: *Discite a me quia mitis sum et humilis corde, et invenietis requiem animabus vestris* (Matth. XI, 29). Per superbiam mirabilis angelorum creatura cecedit de cœlo– per humilitatem [Dei] fragilitas humanæ naturæ ascendit ad cœlum. Honesta est enim inter homines humilitatis consuetudo, sicut Salomon ait: *Ubi fuerit superbia, ibi erit et contumelia. Ubi autem humilitas, ibi et sapientia* (Prov. XI, 2). Item alius [quidam] sapiens: *Quanto major es, humilia te in omnibus, et coram Deo invenies gratam* (Eccli. III, 20). Item Dominus dicit per prophetam: *Ad quem autem respiciam nisi ad humilem, et quietum, et trementem verba mea* (Isai. LXVI. 2)? Quicunque humilis et quietus non erit, non potest in eo habitare gratia Spirtus sancti. Deus humilis factus est nostræ salutis causa, ut erubescat homo superbus esse. Quantum humilitate inclinatur cor ad ima, tantum proficit in excelso. Qui enim humilis erit, exaltabitur in gloria [qui hic humilis fuerit in terra … in gloria futura]. Primus humilitatis gradus est veritatis sermonem humiliter audire, memoriter retinere, voluntarie perficere. Eam quippe, quam non invenit humilem [veritas] fugit mentem. Quantum quis humilior erit de seipso, tanto major erit in conspectu Dei. Superbus vero quanto gloriosior apparet inter homines, tanto dejectior erit ante Deum. Qui enim sine humilitate bona opera agit, in ventum pulverem portat. Quid superbit terra et cinis, dum vento superbiæ dispergitur, quod jejuniis et eleemosynis congregare videtur? Noli, o homo, in virtutibus tuis gloriari; quia alterum habiturus es judicem, non teipsum; in cujus conspectu teipsum in corde tuo humuliare oportet, quatenus ille te exaltet in tempore retributionis tuæ. Descende ut ascendas, humiliare ut exalteris, ne exaltatus humilieris. Qui enim sibi vilis est, ante Deum magnus est [pulcher est]; et qui sibi displicet, Deo placet [et qui sibi placent, Deo displicent]. Esto igitur parvus in oculis tuis, ut sis magnus in oculis Domini. Tanto enim eris apud Deum pretiosior, quanto fueris ante oculos tuos despectior. In summo honore summa tibi sit humilitas. Honoris laus est, humilitatis virtus.

Caput XI: De compunctione corde (on the heart's compunction)

Compunctio cordis ex humilitatis virtute nascitur; de compuntione confessio peccatorum; de confessione pœnitentia; de pœnitentia vera proveniet delictorum indulgentia. Compuntio cordia est humilitas mentis, cum lacrymis, et recordatione peccatorum, et timore judicii. Ex gemino fonte compunctionis solent profluere lacrymæ; id est, dum merita operum suorum diligentius [dum mens … diligentius mala] considerat; altera dum desiderio æternæ vitæ suspirat. Unde Propheta ait: *Sitivit anima mea ad Deum vivum, quando veniam et apparebo ante faciem Dei? Fuerunt mihi lacrymæ meæ panis die ac nocte* (Psal. XLI. 3,4). Item: *Concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini.* Et: *Cor meum, et caro mea exsultaverunt in Deum vivum* (Psal. LXXXIII, 3). Quatuor sunt quantitates affectionum [afflictionum], quibus cogitatio justi tædio salubri compungitur, hoc est, memoria præteritorum

facinorum, recordatio futurarum pœnarum, consideratio peregrinationis suæ in hujus vitæ miseria, desiderium supernæ patriæ quatenus ad eam quantocius valeat pervenire. Quando ergo ista in corde hominis fiunt, sciendum est tunc esse Deum per gratiam suam cordi humano præsentem. Unde et in psalmo dicitur:*Deus vitam meam nuntiavi tibi; posui* [posuisti] *lacrymas meas in conspectu tuo, sicut et in promissione tua* (Psal. LV. 9). Promissio indulgentiæ quam habemus a Deo, lacrymas pœnitentiæ excitat cordi nostro. Thesaurus desiderabilis in corde hominis, compunctionis dulcedo. Anima hominis quæ in oratione compungitur, valde illi proficit ad salutem. Cum per orationem compunctio effunditur, Spiritus sancti præsentiam adesse cordibus nostris non dubium est.

Caput XII: De confessione (on confession)

Hortatur nos sæpius Scriptura ad medicamentum fugere confessionis: Non quod Deus indigeat confessione nostra, cui omnia præsto sunt quæ cogitamus, loquimur, aut agimus; sed nos aliter salvi fieri non possumus, nisi confiteamur pœnitentes quod inique gessimus negligentes. Qui seipsum accusat in peccatis suis, hunc diabolus non habet iterum accusare, in die judicii: si tamen confitens pœnitendo diluit quæ fecit, nec iterum renovat quæ egit [revocat, quæ gerit]. *Confitemini*, dicit Jacobus apostolus, *alterutrum peccata vestra, et orate pro invicem, ut salvimini* (Jac. V, 16). Item beatus Paulus apostolus: *Ore autem confessio fit ad salutem* (Rom. X, 10). Sed et Salomon de confessione peccatorum dixit: *Qui abscondit peccata* [scelera] *sua, non dirigetur: qui autem confessus fuerit, et reliquerit ea, misericordiam consequetur* (Prov. XXVIII,13). Magnum est salutis medicamentum non iterare quæ prave [impie] gessimus, nec priorum cicatrices vulnerum resauciare. Sic autem dicit Joannes evangelista: *Si confiteamur peccata nostra, fidelis est Deus et justus, ut remittat nobis peccata, et mundet nos ab omni iniquitate* (I Joan. I, 9). Similiter et Psalmista ait: *Dixi: Confitebor adversum me injustitiam meam Domino: et tu remisisti iniquitatem* [impietatem] *peccati mei* (Psal. XXXI, 5). Vivens confiteatur peccator quæ fecit, quia non est fructuosa confessio apud inferos, nec pœnitentia ad salutem proficiens. Ecce nunc tempus salutis, ecce nunc tempus acceptabile Deo (II Cor. VI, 2). Tempus est nunc remissionis pœnitentibus; sed tempus erit post mortem vindictæ negligentibus confiteri scelera sua. Omnes enim impii amaram habent in tormentis pœnitentiam, sed non proficit eis pœnitentia ad salutem [remissionem]: sed conscientia torquet eos ad augmentum pœnarum quas patiuntur. Potuerunt enim sibi per confessionem præcavere tormentorum immanitatem, et neglexerunt. Ita sicut foras flammis, ita intus in conscientia propria torquentur. Quomodo potest medicus vulnus sanare, quod ægrotus ostendere erubescit? Deus enim confessionem nostram desiderat, ut justam habeat causam ignoscendi. Qui peccata sua occultat, et erubescit salubriter confiteri, Deum testem habet nunc, et iterum habebit eum ultorem. Optime se judicat homo in hac vita, ne judicetur a Deo damnatione perpetua. Duplicem habere debet fletum in pœnitentia omnis peccator, sive quia per neglentiam bonum non fecit, sed quia malum per audaciam perpetravit. Quod enim oportuit, non gessit, et quod non oportuit, egit. Confessio justificat, confessio veniam peccatis donat. Omnis spes veniæ in confessione consistit. Confessio opus est misericordiæ: salus ægroti unicum est viribus [vitiis] nostris medicamentum cum pœnitentia.

Caput XIII: De pœnitentia (on penitence)

Cujus ipse Salvator in Evangelio virtutem ostendit, dicens: *Pœnitentiam agite, appropinquabit enim regnum cœlorum* (Matth. III, 2). Et Johannes baptista ait: *Facite fructus dignos pœnitentiæ* (Luc. III. 8). Fructus est dignus pœnitentiæ, transacta flere peccata, et eadem iterum non agere, sicut Scriptura ait: *Non adjicies peccatum super peccatum* (Eccli.V, 5). *Lavamini*, dicit Dominus per Isaiam Prophetam, *et mundi estote* (Isai. I, 16). Lavatur itaque et mundus est, qui præterita plangit, et iterum flenda non admittit [non committit]. Lavatur et non est mundus, qui plangit quod gessit, nec deserit: et post lacrymas hæc quæ fleverat, repetit. De his qui post lacrymas ad delicta revertuntur pejora [priora], beatus Petrus terribiliter ait: *Canis revertitur ad vomitum suum* (II Petr. II, 22). *Fili, peccasti*, dicitur in Scriptura sancta, *non adjicias iterum, sed de pristinis deprecare, et remittentur tibi* (Eccli. XXI, 1). Pœnitentia vera non annorum numero consetur, sed amaritudine animi. Unde beatus Petrus mox a Domino indulgentiam recepit, quia amarissime flevit trinæ negationis culpam. Pœnitentia, quamvis sit exigui temporis; si intima cordis amaritudine agitur, non despicitur apud judicem Deum, qui cordis secreta considerat. Non enim longitudinem temporis tantum requirit Deus, quantum affectum sinceritatis [pœnitentis] pensat. Qui enim in Christum tota mente confidit, etiamsi in multis moriatur peccatis, fide sua vivit in æternum, sicut ipse Dominus in Evangelio ait: *Ego sum resurrectio et vita. Qui credit in me, etiamsi mortuus fuerit, vivet: et omnis qui vivit et credit in me, non morietur in æternum* (Joan. XI, 25). De morte animæ dixit, quia propter peccatorum ægritudinem [quæ pro ægritudine] eveniet illi. Deus autem natura misericors est, paratus est salvare per misericordiam, quos non veniet [invenit] salvare per justitiam, qui vult omnes salvos fieri, et neminem perire (I Tim. II, 4): qui per prophetam ait: *In quacunque die conversus fuerit peccator, vita vivet, et non morietur* (Ezech. XVIII, 21). Quamvis quisque sit peccator et impius, si ad pœnitentiam convertatur, consequi posse veniam se per Dei misericordiam non dubitet. In hoc sæculo pœnitentiam facientibus Dei misericordia subvenit. In futuro autem pœnitentia non proficit, sed rationem nostrorum [operum] reddituri sumus. In hac vita tantum pœnitenti [pœnitentiæ] patet libertas, post mortem vero nulla correctionis est licentia.

Caput XIV: De non tardando converti ad Deum [De conversione ad Dominum]

Legitur in litteris divinitus inspiratis dictum: *Fili, ne tardes converti ad Deum* [Dominum] *quia nescis quid futura pariat dies* (Eccli.V, 8). Qui tardat converti, periculum facit animæ suæ, quia *mors non tardat* (Eccli. XIV, 12). Quæ si tardantem converti inveniet, ad tormenta deducit eum. Dissoluta et paralytica [periculosa] cogitatio est, de crastina cogitare conversione, et hodiernam negligere. Quid tu peccator [converti] dissimulas et non metuis, ne tibi mors repentina subripiat diem conversionis? Nonne hominis subito moriuntur? Si bonum est peccata dimittere, et ad Deum converti, cito fiat. Deus tibi promittit remissionem convertenti a peccatis, securitatem tibi non promisit diu vivendi . [Lege prophetas, lege Apostolum, et vide si tibi promissa sit hora aut dies.] Ideo convertat se citius unusquisque ad Deum, et cum invenerit eum, derelinquat impius viam suam. Si subito intrat dies extremus, perit dilatio, et restat damnatio. Perire non vis, redi ad Deum, et vives. Noli desperare [peccando sperare] de venia peccatorum, nec de vita longiori confidere.

Convertere ergo, et pœnitentiam age. Cras,inquis, convertam. Quare non hodie? Quid mali, dicis, si cras dicam? Quid mali, si hodie? Forte dicis: Longa erit vita mea. Dicam, si longa sit [erit], bona sit; si brevis, et ipsa bona sit. Quis ferat malum longum? Prandium longum non vis habere malum, et vitam longam vis habere malam? Villam emis: bonam desideras. Uxorem vis ducere, bonam quæris. Filios tibi nasci vis: bonos optas. Et ut etiam de rebus vilissimis loquar, caligas emis, et non vis malas: et vitam amas malam? Quid te offendit vita tua, quam solam vis malam, ut inter omnia bona [tua] solus sis malus? *Neque tardes converti ad Dominum, et ne differas de die in diem* (Eccli.V, 8). Verba Dei sunt, non mea. Non a me hæc audisti, sed ego tecum audio a Domino.Forte respondes: Cras, cras. O vox corvina! Corvus non redit ad arcam, columba redit. Si enim tunc vis pœnitentiam agere quando peccare non potes, peccata te dimiserunt, non tu illa. Satis alienus a fide est, qui ad agendam pœnitentiam tempus senectutis exspectat. Metuendum est, ne dum sperat misericordiam, indicat in judicium. Neque enim tunc veniam inveniet, qui modo aptum veniæ tempus perdidit. Ibi jam a Deo non potest mereri quod petit, qui hic noluit audire quod jussit. Qui tempus pœnitentiæ datum [sibi] negligit, frustra ante tribunal Christi preces effundit. Festinare debet ad Deum convertendo unusquisque, dum potest, ne si, dum potest, noluerit, omnino cum tarde voluerit, non possit.

Caput XV: De timore Domini (on fearing God)

Initium sapientiæ timor Domini (Psal. CX, 10). Magna est cautela peccati Deum semper pœnitentem [Dei præsentiam] timere. Qui perfecte Deum timet, diligenter se a peccatis custodit. *Timere Deum in novissimuo die bene erit, et merces ejus in æternum permanet* (Eccli. I, 13). Qui erubescit in conspectu hominis peccare, quanto magis debet erubescere in conspectu Dei iniquitatem agere, qui non solum opera, sed et corda considerat. Qui timore sancto Deum metuunt, iniquirunt quæ bona placita sunt illis. Alius est timor filiorum, alius est timor servorum. Servi enim propter tormenta dominos timent, filii vero propter amorem patres timent. Si filii Dei sumus, timeamus eum ex charitatis dulcedine, non de timoris amaritudine. Homo sapiens in omnibus operibus suis metuit Dominum, sciens se nunquam ejus præsentiam fugere posse, sicutPsalmista Deo dicit: *Quo ibo a spiritu tuo, et quo a facie tua fulgiam* (Psal. CXXXIX, 7)? Iterum: *Quia neque ab Oriente, neque ab occidente* (Psal. LXXIV, 1), subauditur, patet locus fugiendi Deum. *Qui timet Deum, accipiet doctrinam ejus, et qui vigilaverint in mandatis illius, invenient benedictionem sempiternam* (Eccli. XXXII, 18). Timentis Deum beata anima (Eccli. XXXIV, 17), et a tentatione diabolica tuta remanet. *Beatus homo, qui semper est pavidus* (Prov. XXVIII, 14), et cui donatum est Dei timorem semper ante oculos habere. Qui timet Dominum, recedit ab itinere pravo, et ad virtutis semitam vias suas dirigit. Timor Domini repellit peccata, et adjicit virtutes. Timor cautum facit hominem et sollicitum ne peccet. Ubi vero timor Domini non est, ibi dissolutio vitæ est. Quisquis Deum in prosperis non timet, vel [saltem] in adversis refugiat ad illum, qui flagellat, ut sanet. *Beatus vir, qui timet Dominum, in mandatis ejus cupit nimis* (Psal. CXI, 1). Timor Dei timorem gehennæ expellit. Sic [ergo] timeamus Deum, ut diligamus eum, *quia perfecta charitas foras mittit timorem servilem* (I Joan. IV, 18).

Caput XVI: De jejunio (On abstinence and fasting)

Perfectum est jejunium, quod in eleemosynis et operatione fit. Cœlum [orationibus in cœlum] transit, et ad thronum altissimi Dei pervenit. Tunc enim homo spiritualis effectus angelis conjungitur, Deoque liberius copulatur, si abstinentia carnis orationibus exaltatur. Per jejunia et orationes occulta mysteriorum cœlestium revelantur, divinique sacramenti arcana panduntur. Adam abstinuit, mansit in paradisio: manducavit, et expulsus est. Jejunia fortia tela sunt adversus tentamenta dæmoniorum; cito enim per abstinentiam vincuntur. Unde etiam Dominus et Salvator noster eorum incursus jejuniis et orationibus præmonet superare dicens: *Hoc genus non ejicitur, nisi in oratione et jejunio* (Matth. XVII, 21).[63] Immundi enim spiritus ibi se fiducialibus immittunt, ubi videbunt frequenter comessationes et ebrietates exerceri. Abstinentia corpus macerat, sed cor impinguescit [impinguat]. Carnem debilitat, sed animam confortat. Sed sciendum est quod jejunia cum bonis operibus Deo optime sunt acceptabilia. Qui autem a cibis abstinent, et prave agunt, dæmones imitantur, quibus esca carnalis non est, et nequitia spiritualis semper inest. Ille enim bene abstinet a cibis, qui et a malitiæ actibus, et a mundi jejunat ambitionibus. Melius est prædicationis sanctæ convivio [et verbi Dei pabulo] victuram in perpetuo mentem reficere, quam ventrem mortiferæ carnis [terreno pane et] deliciosis saturis epulis.

Caput XVII: De eleemosynis (on alms)

Sciendum est enim esse pietatis opus, ut de his quæ nobis cœlestis Pater misericorditer contulit, nos quoque alios adjuvemus. Sunt enim plurimi qui nullam in agris, nullam in vineis, nullam habent in sæculidivinis portionem. Quorum inopiæ de ea quam Dominus nobis dedit copia consulere debemus, ut et ipsi nobiscum Deo pro terræ fecundite benedicant, et gaudeant possidentibus fuisse donata, quæ etiam pauperibus ac peregrinis facta fuerunt communia. Felix estillud horreum, et omnium fructuum multiplicatione dignissimum, unde egentium, et debilium, et peregrinorum saturatur esuries. Quos ideo sub diversis molestiis justitia Dei laborare permisit, ut et miseros pro patientia, et misericordes pro benevolentia coronaret. Efficacissima enim pro peccatis deprecatio est in eleemosynis atque jejuniis; et velociter ad divinas conscendit aures talibus oratio elevata suffragiis, quoniam scriptum est: *Animæ suæ benefacit vir misericors* (Prov. XI, 17). Pars enim corporalium facultatum, quæ indigentibus ministratur, in divitias largenti transit æternas. Ita misericordiam Dei et indulgentiam peccatorum nostrum, pauperum miseratione et eleemosynis meremur: quoniam qui suum ab inope non avertit animum, cito ad se Domini convertir auditum, dicente Domino: *Estote misericordes, sicut Pater vester misericors est* (Luc. VI, 36). Quod reddituram se promittit Veritas, secura expendat [et tribuat] humanitas. Constans esto, Christiane largitor, da quod accipias, sere quod metas, sparge quod colligas. Noli metuere dispendium, noli de dubio suspirare proventu. Substantia tua cum bene erogatur, augetur. Remunerator tuus vult te esse beneficum. Et qui dat ut habeas, mandat ut tribuas, dicens: *Date, et dabitur vobis.* O avare, si aurum diliges, vel divitias sæculi, da, ne perdas. Si

[63] The Latin "hoc genus" in reference to the Devil has been translated by a plural expression, "diofla" and "dioflar", revealing a notion of more than one evil spirit against which Man must be vigilant.

servaveris, sine dubio perdes: si erogaveris, omnino habebis eas æternaliter, dicente ipsa Veritate: *Thesaurizate vobis thesauros in cœlo, ubi nec ærugo, nec tinea demolitur; neque fures effodiunt, et furantur. Ubi enim est thesaurus tuus, ibi est et cor tuum* (Matth. VI, 29). Utique bene dispensantes temporalia acquiretis æterna. Noli timidus esse in largiendo, ne sis egenus in retributione: *quia qui parce seminat, parce et metet* (II Cor. IX, 6). *Qui autem miseretur pauperi, beatus erit* (Prov. XIV, 21). *Redemptio itaque animæ viri, divitiæ ejus* (Prov. XIII, 8). *Honorat Deum, qui miseretur pauperis. Absconde eleemosynam in sinu pauperis,* dicit Scriptura sancta, *et ipsa orabit pro te* (Eccli. XXIX, 15). *Sicut aqua exstinguit ignem, ita eleemosyna exstinguit peccatum. Animam esurientem ne despexeris, et ne exasperes pauperem in clamore suo* (Eccli. IV, 2). Qui avertit aurem suam a clamore pauperis, illius oratio clementiam Dei non merebitur [meretur]. In vita tua benefac animæ tuæ, eleemosynas dans miseris, quia post mortem non habes potestatem bene faciendi. In conviviis tuis pauperes vescantur, et Christus in illis. Tria sunt genera eleemosynarum: una corporalis, egenti dare quidquid potueris; altera spiritualis, dimittere ei a quo læsus fueris; tertia delinquentem corrigere, et errantes in viam reducere veritatis.

Caput XVIII: De castitate (on chastety)

Castitas angelica est vita. Castitas cum humilitate, Spiritus sancti merebitur habitationem, quem expellit immunditia libidinum, dicente Scriptura: *Corpus peccatis subditum Spiritus sanctus effugiet* (Sap. I, 5). Membra nostra Deo debent esse dicata, non fornicationi. Opponat homo desiderio carnis suæ æternorum flammas tormentorum. Assuescat juvenis castigati, ut sit dignus sapientia Dei. Ubi immunditia est corporis, ibi habitatio diabolici spiritus; qui maxime gaudet in inquinatione carnis nostræ. Omnes immunditiæ Deo displicent, et maxime quæ non sunt naturales. Admonet itaque nos Scriptura sancta, dicens: *Post concupiscentias tuas non eas, et a voluntate tua avertere. Si præstes animæ tuæ concupiscientias ejus, faciet te in gaudium inimicis tuis* venire (Eccli. XVIII, 30, 31). Ejus quoque modi Salomon sapientissimus proferebat sententias de cavenda immunditia carnis, dicens: *Favus distillans labia meretricis, et nitidius oleo guttur ejus. Novissima autem illius amara quasi absinthium, et acuta quasi gladius biceps. Pedes ejus descendunt ad mortem, et ad inferos gressus illius penetrant. Per semitam vitæ non ambulant, vagi sunt gressus ejus, et investigabiles. Nunc ergo, fili mi, audi me, et ne recedas a verbis oris mei, Longe fac ab ea vias tuas, et ne appropinques foribus domus ejus* (Prov. V, 3-8). Hoc siquidem non solum de meretricum immunditia dixit, sed etiam de omni carnis concupiscientia, quæ sollicitat animam suis consentire desideriis. Sed ratio mentis prohibere debet impetus carnis, et refrenare voluptates ejus iniquas. Item ille qui supra, prohibens cohabitationem feminarum, juvenibus dicit: *Nunquid abscondere potest homo ignem in sinu suo, ut vestimenta illius non ardeant? Aut ambulare super prunas, ut non comburantur plantæ ejus. Sic qui ingreditur ad mulierem proximi sui, non erit mundus, cum tetigerit eam* (Prov. VI, 27-29). Similiter et beatus Paulus admonet nos apostolus, inquiens: *Bonum est mulierem non tangere* (I Cor. VII, 1), quasi statim in tactu periculum esset. Pulchra est casta juvenum pudicitia, et Deo amabilis, et ad omne bonum utilis. Qui filios habet spirituales, vel carnales, nutriat illos in castitate Deo, non in fornicatione diabolo. Quid prodest homini filium habere, nutrire, amare, si æternis eum nutriet

tormentis? Qui in castitate vivunt, angelicam habent in terris coversationem. Castitas hominem cœlo conjungit, angelis facit convivem. Qui mulierem habet legitimam, legitime utatur ea temporibus opportunis, ut benedictionem mereatur filiorum a Deo recipere. Nemo dicat a fornicatione se custodire non posse. *Fidelis est enim Deus*, dicit beatus Apostolus, *qui non permittit nos tentari supra id, quod portare non* [omit. *non*] *possumus: sed faciet etiam cum tentatione proventum* (I Cor. X, 13). Talis unicuique homini tentatio datur, sive in carnis desiderio, sive in ambitione sæculi, vel etiam in quacunque tentationis molestia, qualem aut cum laude vincere, aut cum opprobio succumbere poterit. Omnibus enim castitas semper necessaria est, sed maxime ministris Christi altaris, quorum vita aliorum debet esse eruditio, et assidua salutis prædicatio. Tales enim decet Dominum habere ministros, qui nulla carnis contagione [nullo … contagio] corrumpantur; sed potius continentia castitatis splendeant et totius honestatis fulgeant in populo exemplis.

Caput XIX: De fraude cavenda (on avoiding dishonesty)

Dominus ipse, qui nos benignos admonet de nostra substantia pauperibus et miseris esse, prohibet nos ab omni avaritia et injustitia pecuniæ aquisitione. Qui vero ait: *De justis laboribus tuis fac eleemosynam* (Tob. IV, 7), ipse per apostolum suum hortatur nos, dicens: *Nolite fraude facere* [nolite fraudare] *invicem* (Marc. X, 19). Qui fraude qualibet aliquid acquisierit, perdit justitiam et æquitatem [justitiæ æquitatem]. Dic avare, dic cupide, dic scelerate, quid acquisisti? Forte, dicis: Aurum acquisivi † et verum dicis. Ecce aurum acquisisti per fraudem, et fidem perdidisti per injustitiam. Si in mercato fidem invenires venalem: si bonus esses, quomodo comparasses [comparares] eam? Quare non times perdere ea, quæ [eam, quam] te Deus voluit habere in corde? Aurum habes vel argentum, vel aliud quid pretiosius in arca; sed damnum in corde. His omnibus meliores divitias perdidisti. Id est, fidem, et justitiam, et dilectionem Dei et proximi. Lucrum tuum cogitas, damnum tuum non consideras. Si huic lucro gaudes, quare illa perdita non plangis? Plus ergo perdidisti quam acquisisti. O dives, rapis per potentiam quod tibi placet habere. Et perdis per injustitiam quod te deus vult habere, id est, beatudinem sempiternam. Si omnis fur vel raptor lumen oculorum perdidisset in furto vel rapina, nunquid postea furtum fecisset vel rapinam? et, nescit, quod in ejusmodi peccato lumen perdit cordis, quod melius est omni lumine corporis. Magis, avare, da pauperibus quod habes, ut invenias in cœlo quod dedisti in terra. Quid times pecuniam tuam perdere, et non times ut totus pereas? Pro acquisitione pecuniæ falsum testimonium dicis, mentiris, rapis aliena. Juras, perjuras, quæ lex vetat. Cum hæc omnia facis, quare non times, ne totus ardeas in æternum? Cur, avare, plus amas aurum, quam animam? *Quid* enim *proderit tibi, si mundum universum lucreris, animæ autem tuæ detrimentum patiaris* (Matth. XVI, 26)? Et ipse Dominus dicit in Evangelio: *Cavete ab omni avartia, quia non in abundantia cujusquam vita ejus, quæ possidet* (Luc. XII, 15). Nunquid non divites similiter moriuntur, sicut et pauperes? Non prodesse possunt divitiæ in die ultionis, nec liberabunt male utentes [viventes] eis pœnis sempiternis. Nihil est avaro scelestius, qui animam suam habet venalem pro cupiditate divitiarum. Avaritia modum ignorat, et cum omnia devoret, nescit penitus satiari [saturari]. Esuriens semper et inops est. Avarus vir inferno est similis, qui nunquam impletur.

Caput XX: De judicibus (on judges)

Omnis qui recte judicat, stateram in manu gestat. In utroque sensu [pensu] justitiam et misericordiam portat: ut pro justitia reddat peccatis sententiam pro misericordia peccati temperet pœnam. Quædam vero sunt a judice bono per æquitatem corrigenda, quædam per misericordiam indulgenda. Sine personarum acceptione debent esse judicia. Nihil enim iniquius est, quam munera accipere in judiciis: quia *munera excæcant corda* [oculos] *prudentium, et subvertunt corda* [verba] *justorum* (Deut. XVI, 19). *In quo enim judicio*, dicit Dominus, *judicabitis; judicabitur* [de] *vobis* (Matth. VII, 2). Quapropter judex Deum timeat, ne forte Deo judicante damnetur. Qui innocentes damnat, vel impios justificat pro muneribus; vel cujus muneribus, vel ejuslibet personæ amore vel odio [inique judicat, in Deo judicio vindictam sustinebit]. Nemo principum stultos vel improbos judices ponere debet. Nam stultus per ignaviam ignorat justitiam, improbus autem per cupiditatem subvertit ipsam quam didicit veritatem. Pene gravius lacerantur pauperes a pravis judicibus, quam a cruentissimi hostibus. Nullus enim prædo tam cupidus in alienis, quam judex iniquus in suis. Pejores sunt hostibus judices iniqui. Hostes sæpe fuga vitantur: judices [vero] propter potentiam effugi non possunt, qui divitias et civium oppressione congregare student. Aliquoties judices boni ministros habent rapaces, quorum scelere coinquinantur, si non prohibent rapacitatem illorum. Hi in alienis pereunt peccatis, quia *non solum*, ut egregius mundi doctor ait: *qui faciunt, sed qui consentiunt facientibus, digni efficiuntur morte perpetua* (Rom. I, 32). Sæpe judices pravi cupiditatis causa aut differunt, aut pervertunt judicia. Nec finiunt causas, quousque sacculi eorum impleantur. Quando enim judicant, non causas, sed dona considerant. *Judices pravi*, juxta Prophetæ verbum, *quasi lupi vespere: non relinquunt in mane* (Sopkon. III, 3), hoc est, de præsentis vitæ commodo tantum cogitant, de futuro autem nihil: luporum more cuncta rapientes, et vix pauperibus pauca relinquentes. Iracundus judex judicii examen plene contueri non valet, quia caligine furoris non videt claritatem justitiæ. Non est persona in judicio consideranda, sed causa. Scriptum est enim: *Non accipies personam in judicio* (Deut. I, 17). Iniqui judices errant in veritatis sententia, dum intendunt qualitatem personæ: et nocent sæpe justis, dum improbe defendunt impios. Acceptio munerum in judiciis, prævaricatio est veritatis. Qui Deum timentes juste judicant, æterna a Domino accepturi sunt præmia.

Caput XXI: De falsis testibus (on perjury)

Falsus testis, dicit Salomon, *non erit impunitus* (Prov. XIX, 9). Qui falsum testimonium profert contra proximum suum, exstinguetur lucerna ejus in die ultimo. Qui metu cujuslibet potestatis veritatem occultat, iracundiam Dei super se provocat, quia magis timet hominem quam Deum. Falsidicus testis tribus est personis obnoxius: primium Deo, cujus præsentiam contemnit; deinde judici, quem mentiendo fallit; postremo innocenti, quem falso testimonio lædit. Si falsi testes separantur, mox mendaces invenientur. Uterque [æque] reus est, et qui veritatem occultat, et qui mendacium dicit: quia et ille prodesse non vult, et iste nocere desiderat. Beatus cujus testimonium in conspectu Dei probabile invenietur. Quatuor modis justitia in judiciis subvertitur: timore, cupidate, odio, amore. Timore, dum metu potestatis alicujus veritatem [dicere vel] judicare quislibet pavescit: cupiditate, dum præmio muneris alicujus corrumpitur judex; odio, dum cujuslibet inimicitiæ causa nocere alteri desiderat; amore, dum amicos vel propinquos contra justitiam

defendit potentior. His quatuor modis sæpe æquitas judicii subvertitur, et innocentia læditur. Magis dolendi sunt qui opprimunt pauperes, quam qui patiuntur injuriam. Illi enim qui opprimuntur, temporalem miseriam cito finiunt [transeunt]: illi vero qui opprimunt eos per injustitiam, æternis flammis deputabuntur [deputantur]. Hic vero sæpe a malis boni judicantur: in futura siquidem vita mali judicabuntur a bonis. Sæpe etiam et hic boni infelices sunt et miseri coram hominibus, et mali felices. In illa itaque æterna retributione semper boni felices erunt, et mali semper miseri erunt. Hi quibus bona sunt [bene sit] in hoc sæculo, contendant maxime ne bona perdant perpetua: et qui molestias patiuntur, fortiter eas sufferant, ut æterna beatudine digni inveniantur.

Caput XXII: De invidia (on envy)

Invidia diaboli mors introivit in orbem terrarum (Sap. II, 24). Dum invidebat homini terreno cœlum, quærebat quomodo eum perderet per transgressionem illius mandati, quod Creator homini statuit. Nihil nequius potest esse invidia, quæ alienis torquetur bonis: et quod ipsa non habet, alios invidet habere. Omnibus inimica est bonis invidia. Ubi est invidia, charitas esse non potest. Et ubi charitas non est, ibi nihil boni esse poterit. Qui invidet, diabolo similis est, qui per invidiam hominem de paradisi felicitate dejecit. Magnus vir est, qui invidiam humilitate superat, discordiam charitate destruit. Quid infelicus est homini, quam alterius bonum suum egisse supplicum? Omnis enim invidus animo torquetur. Unde igitur bonus proficit, inde invidus contabescit. Melius est bonorum imitari exempla, quam cos invidiæ stimulo agitare. Invidia sensum mordet, pectus urit, mentem affligit. Nullus de alteris cujuslibet doleat bono, vel felicitate aliena contristetur. Potest itaque homo alterius bonum suum facere, dum amat in altero, quod in se [quod ipse] non facit.

Caput XXIII: De superbia (on arrogance)

Superbis Deus resistit, humilibus autem dat gratiam (Jac. IV, 6; I Petr. V, 5). Maximum diaboli peccatum fuit superbia. Quapropter omni vitio deterior [omnium malorum pejor] est superbia, quæ sæpe et de bonis nascitur actibus, dum homo in suis bonis operibus superbit: et hoc perdit per superbiam, quod habuit per charitatem. Omnium vitiorum novissimum est superbia, dum homo virtutibus ornatur, et in his superbire cœpit [cœperit; cupit]. *Omnis quoque peccati initium superbia est* (Eccle. x, 13), dum anima præcepta contemnit Creatoris, mox in cujuslibet peccati corruit foveam. Omnis superbia tanto in imo jacet, quanto se erigit in alto. Tantoque profundius libitur, quanto excelsius elevator. Qui enim per propiam superbiam attollitur, per Dei justitiam damnatur. Ante ruinam hominis exaltur spiritus ejus. Nihil magis Christiano vitandum est quam superbia, quæ iram Dei provocat. Nam superbia ex angelis dæmones fecit: humilitas autem homines sanctis angelis similes reddit. Superbi cupiunt in se prædicare quod non faciunt: humiles refugiunt, quidquid boni operantur, agnosci. Non elevatur homo in bono suo, nec laudem sibi quærat, quamvis aliquid boni faciat: sed Deum laudare [laudari] cupiat in donis suis, quia nihil boni facit [fecit], nisi quod Deus donavit ei facere.

Caput XXIV: De iracundia (on irascibility)

Egregius mundi Prædicator dicit: *Omnis enim amaritudo, et ira, et indignatio, et clamor et blasphemia tollatur a vobis* (Ephes. IV, 31). Nec enim ira viri justitiam

Dei operari poterit (Jac. I, 29). Ira sine temperamento expers est rationis. Responsio mollis mitigat iram, sermo durus suscitat furorem. *Vir irascundus*, ut ait Salomon, *provocat rixas: qui patiens est, mitigat suscitatas* (Prov. IV, 18). *Spiritum vero ad irascundum facilem quis sustinere poterit* (Prov. xviii, 14)? *Ira non habet misericordiam, nec erumpens furor* finem vindictæ novit (Prov. xxvii, 4).Si te, o homo, præoccupaverit ira, mitiga eam.Illa ira mala est, quæ mentem turbat, ut rectum consilium perdat. Illa ira est justa et necessaria, quando homo contra propria irascitur peccata, et contra seipsum indignatur, dum male agit. Dicit enim Propheta: *Irascimini, et nolite peccare* (Psal. IV, 5). Concessit quod naturæ est, tulit quod culpæ est. Ira alterius tua liniaturpatientia. *Noli vinci a malo, sed vince in bono malum* (Rom. XII, 21). Alterius peccatum tuum sit præmium. Displicet tibi alterius ira? Quod tibi in altero disciplet, in teipso quoque dipliceat. Noli tranquillitatem mentis tuæ alterius perturbatione maculare. Noli te æqualem stulto faccere, quia ira *in sinu stulti requiescit* (Eccle. vii, 10). Si tu irasceris contra eum, erunt [eritis] duo mali, tu et illi. Melius est [esset] te esse bonum, quamquam ille sit malus. Cur tu ex alterius malitia malus efficeris?

Caput XXV: De humana laude no quæranda (on not seeking the praise of men)

Dominus dicit in Evangelio: *Attendite, ne justitiam vestram faciatis coram hominibus, ut videamini ab eis* (Matth. vi, 1), id est, ut ea intentione non faciatis bona, ut ab hominibus vanam laudem habeatis; sed quidquid homo facit boni, pro dei amore et salute animæ suæ, et fraterna charitate faciat. Ideo ipse Dominus dixit de quibusdam, qui eleemosynas faciunt, vel orationes et jejunia, ut ab hominibus laudem accipiant: *Amen dico vobis, receperunt mercedem suam* (Matth. VI, 2). Qui pro eo bonum quodlibet facit, ut ab hominibus laudetur, hæcest merces illius quam quæsivit, et nullam a Deo sperare habet retributionem; quia pro ejus amore non fecit, sed pro vana humanæ laudis jactantia, sicut hypocritæ facere solent. Quod vitium hominibus placendi in boni operibus, Dominus Jesus Christus multum detestatur, et sæpius Pharisæos, qui tales fuerunt in Judæa, terribili [tali] percutit maledictione, dicens: *Væ vobis, hypocritæ* (Matth. XXIII, 13)! [Nos autem non eos imitemur], sed secondum Apostolum: *Qui gloriatur, in Domino glorietur* (I Cor, I, 31). Qui laudem non appetit, nec pro contumelia conturbatur. Nec ideo se bonum existimet homo, quamvis ab alio laudetur, quia Deus inspector est cordis. Quid enim prodest malo homini, si bonus prædicetur? Tunc veraciter hoc quod agit homo bonum est, quando Deo placere desiderat, a quo habet quidquid boni habet vel facit. Qui bona agere videtur, et per hæc non Deo, sed hominibus placere cupit, in vanum laborat, et in ventum seminat. Manum se unusquisque esse studeat in suis operibus; sed de magnitudine sua humanum non quærat favorem, ne perdat quod habuit, et sit parvus factus [et parvus efficiatur]. Quidquid enim homo boni faciat, hoc se sciat habere non a se, sed a Deo. Increpat eos beatus Paulus apostolus qui in suis gloriantur benefactis, dicens: *Quid habes, quod non accepsisti? Si autem accepisti, quid gloriaris, quasi non receperis* (I Cor. IV, 7)? Qui aliquod donum Dei quod meruit, in suam laudem convertit, procul dubio virtutem in vitium transfert, et bonum quod fecit; in peccatum. Cum enim causa jactantiæ pascitur pauper, etiam ipsum misericodiæ opus in peccatum convertitur. Quidquid homo boni agit, Deo quærit laudem, non sibi, sicut ipse Dominus in Evangelio ait: *Sic luceat lux vestra coram*

hominibus, ut videant opera vestra bona, et glorificent Patrem vestrum, qui in cœlis est (Matth. V, 16).

Caput XXVI: De perseverantia in bonis operibus (on perseverence in good deeds)

Non quæritur in Christino initium boni operibus, sed finis: quia de fine suo unusquisque judicabitur. Sunt enim qui bene incipiunt, et male finiunt conversationem suam; sicut Judas primo apostolus, et postea proditor Domini, et facti sui conscius laqued se suspendit (Act. 1). Saulus [Paulus] male cœpit, sed bene finivit: primo persecutor, postea prædicator. Virtus boni operis est perseverantia, ipso Domino dicente: *Qui perseveraverit usque in finem, hic salvus erit* (Matth. X, 22). Non igitur qui cœperit bonum, sed qui perseveraverit in bono, hic salvus erit. Tunc enim placet Deo nostra conversatio, quando bonum quod inchoamus, perseveranti fine complebimus [complemus]. Bonum ergo non cœpisse, sed perfecisse, virtus est. Non inchoantibus præmium promittitur, sed perseverantibus datur. Semper in vita hominis finis quæritur, qualis sit extremo tempore vitæ suæ; quia de fine suo unusquisque aut justificatur, aut condemnatur. Ideo unusquisque instantissime bona quæ cœpit, perficerer contendat, ut perpetuam a Domino mereatur mercedem accipere.

Caput XXVII: De octo vitiis principalibus, et primo de superbia (on the eight main vices, and first on arrogance)

Octo sunt vitia principalia vel originalia omnium vitiorum, ex quibus radicibus omnia corruptæ mentis vel incasti corporis diversarum vitia pullulant iniquitatum. De quibus pauca dicere ratum duximus, vel ex quibus radicibus qui rami vitiosæ germinationis crescere videantur; ut sciat unusquisque radicibus exstirpatis, facilius ramos præcidere posse. Primum vitium est spirituale, superbia, de qui dicitur: *Initium omnis peccati superbia* (Eccli. X, 13), quæ regina est omnium malorum, per quam angeli ceciderunt de cœlo, quæ fit ex contemptu mandatorum Dei. Fit etiam, quando attollitur mens de bonis operibus, et se meliorem æstimat aliis, dum in eo ipse pejor aliis est, quo se meliorem putat. Fit etiam per contumaciam superbia, quando despiciunt homines senioribus obedire suis. Ex ipsa vero nascitur omnis inobedientia, et omnis præsumptio, et omnis pertinacia; contentiones, hæreses, arrogantia. [In loquela clamor, in taciturnitate amaritudo, excelsus et effusus in lætitia risus, irrationabilis in serentitate tristitia, in responsione rancor, falsitas in sermone. Verba passim sine ulla cordis gravitate erumpentia, audacia ad contumelias irrogandas, ad tolerandas pusillanimitas.] Quæ omnia mala vera humilitas famuli Dei perfacile vincere [curare] poterit. [Humilitas vera est, ut diximus, veritatis semonem humiliter audire, memoriter retinere, voluntarie perficere.]

Caput XXVIII: De gula (on overeating)

Primium est corporale peccatum gula, id est, intemperanus cibi vel potus voluptas, per quam primi parentes humani generis paradisi felicitatem perdiderunt, et in hanc ærumnosam hujus vitæ [miseriam] dejecti sunt; ubi omnis homo per peccatum nascitur, per laborem vivit, per dolorem moritur. Quæ tribus modis

regnare videtur in homine; id est, dum homo horam canonicam et statutam gulæ causa anticipare cupit, aut exquisitiores cibos sibi præparare jubet, quam necessitas corporis, vel suæ qualitas personæ exigat, vel si plus accipiet inedendo vel bibendo propter desiderium intemperantiæ, quam suæ proficiat saluti. De qua gula nascitur inepta lætitia, scurrilitas, levitas, vaniloquium, immunditia corporis, instabilitas mentis, ebrietas, libido: quia ex saturitate ventris libido corporis congeritur, quæ per jejunia et abstinentiam, et operis cujuslibet assiduitatem optime vincitur. [Communis enim est regula omnibus religiosis sanis et infirmis, ut de qualicunque cibo nunquam impleant ventrem].

Caput XXIX: De fornication (on fornication)

Fornicatio est omnis corporalis immunditia, quæ solet fieri ex incontinentia libidinis, et mollitia animæ, quæ consentit suæ carni peccare. Nam anima domina debet esse, et imperare carni, et caro famula, et obedire dominæ suæ, id est, rationali animæ. Quæ fornicatio fit per commistionem carnis cum femina qualibet, vel etiam alia quacunque immunditia ad explendum libidinis ardorem. De qua [fornicatione] nascitur cæcitas mentis, inconstantia oculorum vel totius corporis amor immoderatus; sæpe periculum vitæ, lascivia, joca, petulantia, et omnis incontinentia; odium mandatorum Dei, mentis enervatio, et injustæ cupidates; negligentia vitæ futuræ, et præsentis delectatio [dilectio]. Quæ vincitur per castitatem et continentiam consuetam et recordationem ignis æterni, et timorem præsentiæ sempiterni Dei [nos ubique et opera nostra inspicientis].

Caput XXX: De avaritia (on avarice)

Avaritia est nimia divitiarum acquiendi, habendi, vel tenendi cupiditas, quæ pestis inexplebilis est. Sicut hydropicus, qui quanto plus bibit, tanto plus illi sitis ascrescit [addita crescit]: sic avaritia quanto magis habet, tanto plus [habere] desiderat. Et dum modus non est illi in habendo, modus illi non erit in desiderando. Cujus genera [germina] sunt invidia, furta, latrocinia, homicidia, mendacia, perjuria, rapinæ, violentiæ, inquietudo, injusta judicia, contemptus veritatis, futuræ beatudinis oblivio, obduratio cordis. Quæ fit [quæ est] contraria misericordiæ, eleemosynis in pauperes, et toti pietati in miseros. Quæ vincitur per timorem Dei, et per fraternam charitatem, et per opera misericordiæ, et per eleemosynas in pauperes, et per spem futuræ beatudinis, dum falsæ hujus sæculi divitiæ futuræ beatudinis veris divitiis vincuntur.

Caput XXXI: De ira

Ira est de octo vitiis principalibus, quæ si ratione non regitur, in furorem vertitur: ita ut homo sui animi impotens erit [fiat], faciens quæ non convenit. Hæc enim si cordi insidit [insidet], omnem eximit ab eo providentiam facti, nec judicium rectæ directionis [discretionis] inquierere, nec honestæ contemplationis virtutem, nec maturitatem consilii habere poterit, sed omnia præcipitium quoddam faccere videtur. De qua, id est ira, pullulat tumor mentis, rixæ et contumeliæ, clamor, indignatio, præsumptio, blasphemiæ, sanguinis effusio, homicidia, ulciscendi cupiditas, injuriarum memoria. Quæ vincitur per patientiam et longanimitatem, et per rationem intellectuam, quam Deus, inscrit mentibus humanis, et per recordationem [injuriarum et passionum, quas pro nobis injuste pertulit Christus; et

per memoriam]. Orationis Dominicæ, ubi Deo dicitur: *Dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostrisi* (Matth. VI, 12).

Caput XXXII: De acedia (on discouragement)

Acedia est pestis, quæ Deo famulantibus multum nocere probatur, dum otiosus homo torpescit in desideriis carnalibus, nec in opere gaudet spirituali, nec in desiderio [in salute] animæ suæ lætatur, nec in adjutorio fraterni laboris hilarescit: sed tantum concupiscit et desiderat, et otiosa mens per omnia discurrit. Hæc est quæ maxime monachos excutit de cella in sæculum, et de regulari conversatione ejicit eos in abrupta vitiorum. Quæ cum miserabilem obsidet mentem, multis eam inficit miseriis, quæ multa docet mala. De qua nascitur somnolentia, pigritia operis bonis, instabilitas loci, pervagatio de loco in locum, tepiditas laborandi, tædium cordis, murmuratio et inaniloquia [magniloquia]. Quæ vincitur per studium lectionis, per assiduitatem operis boni, per desiderium futuræ præmiorum beatitudinis, per confessionem tentationis, quam in mente habet, per stabilitatem loci et propositi sui, atque exercitium cujuslibet artis et laboris, vel orationum et vigiliarum instantiam, ut nunquam otiosus inveniatur servus Dei. Difficilius invenit diabolus tentandi locum in homine quem in opere invenit bono, quam in eo quem otiosum reperit et nihil boni agentem.

Caput XXXIII: De tristitia (on sadness)

Tristitiæ duo sunt genera: unum salutiferum, alterum pestiferum. Tristitia salutaris est, quando de peccatis suis animus contristatur peccatoris, et ita contristatur, ut confessionem et pœnitentiam agrer quærat; et converti se ad Deum desideret. Alia est tristitia hujus sæculi, quæ mortem operatur animæ, quæ nihil in bono opere proficere valet, quæ animum perturbat, et sæpe in desperationem mittit, ut futurorum spem abstollat [auferat] bonorum. Ex ipsa nascitur malitia, rancor, animi pusillanimitas, amaritudo, desperatio. Sæpe etiam et præsentis vitæ nulla delectatio. Quæ vincitur per lætitiam spiritualem, et spem futurorum, et consolationem Scripturarum, et fraternum [in spirituali jucunditate] colloquium.

Caput XXXIV: De cenodoxia, id est, vana gloria (on conceit, i.e. vainglory)

Vana gloria est, dum homo appetit in bonis suis laudari, et non dat Deo honorem [sed sibi: nec] divinæ imputat gratiæ quidquid boni facit, sed [quasi] ex se habeat vel sæcularis dignitatem honoris, vel spiritualis decorem sapientiæ, dum homo nihil absque Dei gratia vel adjutorio habere possit boni, sicut ipsa Veritas in Evangelio discipulis suis ait: *Sine me nihil postestis facere* (Joan XV, 5). Quapropter qui gloriantur, in Domino glorietur: quia nihil sine Deo donante boni habere poterit. Ex cujus vitii radice multi malitiæ germinare videntur ramusculi: inde jactantia, arrogantia, indignatio, discordia, inanis gloriæ cupido, et hypocrisis, id est, simulatio boni operis, cum se homo vult laudari, quod se agere nescit. Imo pene omnis quæ facit, eo tenore agit, ut ab hominibus laudetur, de quibus ipse Dominus ait: *Amen dico vobis, receperunt mercedem suam* (Matth. VI, 2). [Ista pestis, id est, vana gloria, multiformis avaritia est, et undique bellatori contra vitia pugnanti, et ex omni parte victori etiam vitiorum occurrit. Nam et in habitu et in forma corporis, in incessu, in voce, et in opere, in vigiliis, in jejuniis, in oratione, in remotione, in lectione, in scientia, in taciturnitate, in obedientia, in humilitate, in patientiæ longanimitate

militem Christi vulnerare conatur, et velut perniciosissimus scopulus tumentibus undis obtectus improvisum ac miserabile naufragium prospere navigantibus, dum non cavetur, importat. Nam qui sub specie pulchræ vestis ac nitidæ cenodoxiam non potuit generare pro squalida et inoculta ac viliori conatur inserere; quem non potuit per honorem dejicere, humilitate supplantat, quem scientiæ et elocutionis ornatu nequivit extollere, gravitate taciturnitatis elidit. Si jejunat palam, gloria vanitatis pulsatur; si illud contemnendæ gloriæ causa contexerit, eodem vitio elationis intus in seipse homo subtunditur. Ne vanæ gloriæ contagione maculetur, orationes prolixius sub fratrum vitat celebrare conspectu et quod eas latenter exerceat, non effugit aculeos vanitatis. Alium quod patentissimus sit operum ac laboris, alium quod ad obediendum promptissimus, alium quod humilitate cæteros præcellit, conatur extollere. Alius scientiæ, alius lectionis studio, alius vigiliarum prolixitate tentatur. Non solum ergo sæcularibus operibus, sed etiam suis virtutibus hominem hic morbus niditur sauciare.] Cujus morbi medicina est recordatio divinæ bonitatis, per quam omnia bona nobis collata sunt, quæ habere videmur; etiam et perpetua ipsius Dei charitas, in cujus laude omnia agere debemus, quidquid boni in hoc sæculo operemur, et magis desiderare a Deo laudari in die retributionis æternæ, quam ab homine quolibet in hujus transitoriæ vitæ conversatione. [Ita etiam hanc bestiam poterimus evadere, ut cogitantes illum David cum versum: *Dominus dissipabit ossa eorum, qui hominibus placent* (Psal. LII. 6). Primitus nihil inanis gloriæ gratia faciamus, deinde quæ bono initio fecerimus, observatione simili custodiamus. Ne omnis laborum nostrorum fructus post irrepens vanæ gloriæ morbus evacuat. Quidquid etiam in conversatione fratrum minime communis usus recipit, exsecremus omni studio, et veluto jacantiæ dedtum declinemus, et ea quæ nos possunt inter cæteros notabilis reddere, ac veluti solis facientibus laus apud homines sit conquirenda, vitemus.]

Hi sunt octo totius impietatis duces cum exercitibus suis, et fortissimi contra humanum genus diabolicæ fraudis bellatores. [Qui ergo unum vitium de istis habens sine confessione et pœnitentia moritur, æterna pœna damnatur. Unde dicit Joannes in Epistola sua: *Est peccatum ad mortem, non pro illo, dico, ut quis roget* (Joan, V, 15). Isti vero bellitores] Deo auxiliante facillime vincuntur a bellatoribus Christi per virtutes sanctas. Prima superbia per humilitatem, gula per abstinentiam, fornicatio per castitatem, avaritia per abstinentiam [largitatem et contemptum mundi], ira per patientiam, acedia per instantiam boni operis, tristitia mala per lætitiam spiritualem, vana gloria per charitatem Dei [per sapientiam] [vincitur.] Igitur ex bis Christianæ religionis ductoribus, quos opposuimus diabolicæ impietatis bellatoribus, quatuor præsunt duces gloriorissimi, [quorumnomina hæc sunt] : prudentia, justitia, fortitudo, temperantia.

Caput XXXV: De virtutibus quatuor (on the four virtues)

Primo sciendum est quid sit virtus. Virtus est animi habitus, naturæ decus, vitæ ratio, morum pietas, cultus divinitatis, honor hominis, æternæ beatudinis meritum. Cujus partes sunt, ut diximus, quatuor principales: prudentia, justitia, foritudo, temperantia. Prudentia est rerum divinarum humanarumque, prout homini datum est, scientia; in qua intelligendum est, quid cavendum sit homini, vel quid faciendum: et hoc est, quod in Psalmo legitur: *Diverte a malo, et fac bonum* (Psal. XXXIII, 15).

Justitia est animi nobilitas, unicuique rei propriam tribuens dignitatem. In hac divinitatis cultus, et humanitatis jura, et justa judicia, et æquitas totius vitæ conservatur. Fortitudo est magna animi patientia et longanimitas, et perseverantia in bonis operibus, et victoria contra omnium [omnia] vitiorum genera. Temperantia est totius vitæ modus, ne quid nimis homo vel amet, vel odio habeat; sed omnes vitæ hujus varietates considerata temperet diligientia. Hæc vero in fide et charitate observantibus æternæ gloriæ ab ipsa Veritate Christo Jesu præmia pollicentur. Nulla melior est sapientia, quam ea qua Deus secundum modulum humanæ mentis intelligitur et timetur [et amatur], et futurum ejus creditur judicum. Nam quid est justius quam Deum diligere ejusque mandata custodire, per quem, dum non fuimus, creati sumus [dum perditi fuimus, recreati sumus], et a servitute diabolica liberati, qui nobis omni bona quæ habemus, perdonavit? Et quid hac foritudine melius est quam diabolum vincere, et ejus omnes superare suggestiones et omnia adversa mundi pro Dei nomine fortiter tolerare? Nobilis virtus est valde temperantia, per quam omnis honor vitæ hujus inter homines constat; ut omnia in quacunque causa homo temperantur cogitet, loquatur, et agat cum consilio salutis suæ. Hæc enim sunt levia et suavia Deum diligenti, qui ait: *Discite a me, quia mitis sum et humilis corde: et invenietis requiem animabus vestris. Jugum enim meum suave est, et onus meum leve* (Matth. XI, 29). Nonne melius est et beatius Deum diligere, qui est æterna pulchritudo, æterna fragrantia, æterna jucunditas, æterna dulcedo, æterna suavitas, perpetuus honor, indeficiens felicitas; quam hujus sæculi amare *vanitates et insanias falsa* (Psal. XXXIX, 5), species pulchras [pulchritudinem supervacuam], dulces sapores, sonos suaves, odores fragrantes, tactus jucundos, honores et felicitates sæculi transitorias, quæ omnia velut volatilis umbra recedunt et transeunt, et decipiunt amantem se, et in æternam mittunt eum miseriam? Qui vero Deum et Dominum fideliter amat, et indesinenter colit, et ejus mandata perseveranter implet, æternam cum angelis Dei gloriam perpetualiter possidere dignus efficietur.

Caput XXXVI: Peroratio operis (the end of the work)

Hæc tibi, dulcissimi fili [Wido], brevi sermone, sicut petisti, dictavi; ut habeas ea quotidie quasi manualem in conspectu tuo libellum, in in quo possis teipsum considerare, quid cavere, vel quid agere debeas, atque per singulas vitæ hujus prosperitates vel adversitates exhortari, quomodo ad culmen perfectionis ascendere debeas. Nec te laici habitus vel conversationis sæcularis terreat qualitas, quasi in eo habitu vitæ cœlestis januas intrare non valeas. Igitur sicut omnibus æqualiter regni Dei prædicata est beatitudo, ita omnes sexui, ætati, et personæ æqualiter secundum meritorum dignitatem regni Dei patet introitus. Ubi non est distinctio, quis esset in sæculo laicus vel clericus, dives vel pauper, junior vel senior, servus vel dominus: sed unusquisque secundum meritum boni operis perpetua coronabitur gloria. Amen.

Salomon dicit: *Verbum dulce multiplicat amicos, et mitigat inimicos: et lingua eucharis in bono homine abundabit*. Multi pacifici sint tibi, et consiliarii tibi sint unus de mille. Si possides amicum, in tentatione posside eum, et non facile credas illi. Est enim amicus secundum tempus suum, et non permanebit in die tribulationis. Est amicus, qui egreditur ad amicitiam [qui convertitur ad inimiciam]. Est autem amicus socius mensæ, et non permanet in die necessitatis. Amicus si permanserit fixus, erit tibi coæqualis, et in domesticis tuis attende [fiducialiter aget]. Amicus

fidelis, protectio fortis: qui autem invenit illum, invenit thesaurum. Amico fideli nulla est comparatio, et non est digna ponderatio auri et argenti contra bonitatem fidei illius. Amicus fidelis medicamentum vitæ et immortalitatis; et qui metuunt Dominum, inveniunt illum. Qui timet Dominum, æque habebit amicitiam bonam, quoniam secundum illum erit amicus illius. Fili, a juventute tua excipe doctrinam, et usque ad canos invenies sapientiam: et quasi is, qui arat et seminat, accede ad illam, et sustine bonos fructus illius; in opere enim ipsius exiguum laborabis.

Old Norse Translation

The Old Norse text has been extracted from Indrebø, Gustav (1931) *Gamal norsk homiliebok. Cod. AM 619 4º* Oslo: Jacob Dybwad : «De vitutibus et vitiis," pp. 1-31.

The Norse translator of this work has not been identified, but his work must be seen as an attempt to create material in the vernacular that could help the clerics in their mission work and later help them maintain and strengthen the faith amongst the parishioners. Alcuin wrote the present text as a personal guide to approprate Christian behavior for his son, Widonus, who had wanted his father's advice in matters of devotion and faith. The text is highly didactical, with many features of medieval teaching: multiple repetitions of the main arguments.

De virtutibus et vitiis opens *Humiliúbók*, a collection of devotional texts which has survived in a manuscript from c.1200. Some of the vernacular instructional texts contained therein may be older, probably dating back to the first half of the 12th century. A number of linguistic features suggest the possibility of even older (maybe oral) versions dating back to the first missionaries. Some of the texts—especially the Pater Noster—may have been known in its vernacular (oral) form at the early stages of the Christanization of Norway.

The texts as a collection explain the main articles of faith, the minimum knowledge required by those who wanted to enter the community of Christians. Nothing, however, indicated that all the texts have been translated by the same translator in the same period. It is also difficult to ascertain when the texts were organized into one collection. Alcuin's *De virtutibus et vitiis* has been rather faithfully translated into Old Norse by a cleric who obviously mastered both Latin and the Norse vernacular well.

Quotation marks have been added to mark direct speech.

Cveðiu-sending Alquini diaconi

Alquínus litil-latr diacn sændir quæðiu hinum kærsta syni sinum Widoni. Minnumc ec fyrir-heiz mins ok bønar þinnar þæirra er þu batt mik mioc kostgæflega at ec ritaðe með scommu male noccorahuggan þins fiols-scyldis þess er vér vitum þic hafa í orrestum at þu hafer opt með hondum at-qvæðe faður-legrar aminningar. Ok meger þu í þæim lita þic sialfan. ok vekiasc til æilifrar sæl-lo. Þæirri sva gauuglegre bøn iatte ec mic giarnlega tyia. ok øx-se ec þess at rit minnar goð-fýsi stoðe þér til æilifrar hæilso. En þo at þesse rit synisc lit mæ-fil-lega saman sætt. þa vi-ttu hit visasta at þou ero ort at afle hæilagrar astar. En ec scyrða scipan

þessa mals sér-hværium upphafum til þes at min mál megæuðvællega festasc í minningu yðarrar goð-fysi. þvi at ec vissa þic bundin í morgum veraldlegum lutum. þvi bið ec hæilagt cost-gæfe yðarr(ar) hæilsu at renne opt (til) hugganar þessa boc-stafa. at móðr hugr í hinum ytrvm á-hyggium. hafe þat er hann fagneaftr horfen til sín. ok scili hvært hann scal mest fýsasc. Sva sem þu batt mic vandlega mildrar kenningar. sva bið ec þic at þu later þer sóma at lesa oft þa hina samu kenning. Oc þess bið ec kost-gæflega þína ælscu hín kærste sonr. -atu costgæfer með o-moðum vilia fyrir at bua bygð himnescrar dyrðar þér siolfum með margre væizlu almosogærða. ok í iamngirni doma ok með astsamlegre miskun (.) þvi ver(ke) ok cost-gæfe late sér sóma guðs mildi avalt ok hværvitna at biarga þer hinn kærste sonR.

Vmm speki (on wisdom)

ALLra luta fyrst er manne leitande hvat sé sonn speki. eða sonn hyggiænde. þvi at speki þessa hæims er hæimsca fyrir guði. Sonn hyggiænde er at fara fra diofuls þionæsto þat ero syndir. En algorr speki er at gofga æftir sannlæic boðorda hans, Þvi at í þessum tvæim lutum søkesc sælect lif sva sem Davið prophete mælte. Snustu fra illu. ok ger gott. Eigi vinr manne þorf at hann gere æigi illt nema hann gere gott. ok æigi vinr þorf gott at gera nema hann tyni illu. Hværr er sva er spacr hann man sælvera ei ok ei ifana-laust. Sælect lif er kynning guð-dóms. kynning guð-doms er craftr góz værcs. ok ávoxtr æilifrar fu-sælo.

Vmm trú (on faith)

EN sia kynning guð-dóms ok hyggiændi sannlæiccs er nemande fyrir almennilega trv. Þvi at u-mattolect er at lika guði fyrir utan trv. Sanlega er sa sæll er ret trvir ok væl lifir ok væl lifande. ok varðvæitir retta trv. En sva sem tóm er trv fyr utan goð værc. sva stoðar oc ecci goð værc ón retta trv. Sva mælte hinn sæle Jacobus postole: “Hvat stoðar brøðr mínir þo at noccor sægisc hafa trv. ok hefir hann æigi værken. æigi ma þa trv grøða hann. Tru er tóm fyrir utan goð værc. sva sem urøyndr licamr er aldauðr sva er oc trv douð fyrir utan goð værc.” En annarrar tiðar er at røða umm á-gæte þæirrar trvar. þvi at æigiansscammu male scyra hina diupasto skynsemi almennilegrar trv þat er þu bazt þe gera umm boðorð guðz.

Vmm ast (on love)

AST æignasc hofðingia-dóm. í boðorðum guðs. On þæirrar algørfi sannar Pall postole. Ecci mega guði lica. En hann syndi æcci mega stoða vat-orð. eða hafnan hæims ne olmoso goðe ón astar þionasto. Sva svaraðe ok sialfr drotten var er hann var spurðr af æinum speking hvært boðorð mæst være. “Ælsca þu drotten guð þin af alla hiarta þinu. ok af allre ond þinni. ok af ollum hug þinum.” þat er allre scilningu. ok af ollum vilia þinum. ok af allre minningu er guð ælscande. Annat boðorð er en þesso lict. “Ælska þu nang þin sem sialfan þic.” I þessom tvæim boðorðum standa log oll. ok spa-manna mal. En guðs ælsca oll stændr saman í værðvæizlu boðorða guðs sem hann mælte sialfr. Sa er mic ælscar. hann varð-veitir mál mín. Enn mælte hann sialfr í oðrum stað “Af þvi munu aller vita at þér eroð mínir lære-svæinar. ef þer hafeð ælsco-á meðal yðar.” En mælte Pall postole. “Ælsca er fylling laga.” En Johannes euuangelista sagðe. “Þat boðorð hafum mér af guði at sa ælsce nang sin er guði ann.” En ef noccor spyrr hvær se nangr. þa viti hann hværn

cristin mann ret callaðan vera nang. Þvi at aller helgumc vér í scirn sunar guðs at vér sem andleger brøðr í algorfre aost. Gofgare er andlegr getnaðr en holdlegr. Vmm þann getnað mælte sialfr guð í guðspialle. “Nema hvær værði ændr geten af vatne ok helgum anda. þa ma hann æigi in ganga í riki guðs.” Neme maðr boðorð guðs ok varðvæiti þau sem hann ma bazt. ok kennisic sva hafa ast guðs. Þau boðorð noccor man ec syna. ok nemna fyrir þinni goð-fysi hinn kærste sonr. at þu meger auðvællegra scilia aðra coste at þesse hinir fáo se scildir.

Vmm vaon (on hope)

AGÆTR hæims kennande þioðar syndi þriar noccorar nauðsyniar aðar várrar ok mælte: “Vaon. ok trv. ok aost. Þessar þriar ero. ok er œst þæirra mest.” Engi scal orvilnasc af gøzco guðlegrar miscunnar. þo at hon þrøngvisc mykilli synda byrði. hældr scal hann biðia sér licnar af guðs mildi með hværsdagslegum tarom. ok visi ván. þæirrar licnar mega retlega vætta þæir er af syslu ilzs værcs lata. Af þvi scolum ver æigi stað-fastlega misgera þo at ver vættem licnar. ok æigi orvilnasc miscunnar þo at guð hefni retlega syndugum manne. hældr forðumc vér hvarntvæggia hasca. okvættom oss licnar af mildi guðs. Slict hit sama er rennande með sanre vœn til hugganar yfirlegrar mildi í hværri cvol ok møðe. Þvi at með guði er oll vœn vór ok hæilsa sem spamaðr guðs mælte: “J guði er þrisemi min ok dyrð. Guð er fulting mitt. ok vœn mín er í guði.”

Vmm cost-gæfe lesnengar (on diligent readings)

LESNENG hæilagrar ritningar er kynning guðlegrar sælo. þvi at í þæim ma maðr líta sic sialfan sva sem í noccorre skugg-sio hvilicr hann se eða hvært hann fysisc. Opleg læsneng ræinsar ond manzok fører til ræzlo hælvitis. ok æggiar hiarta lesandans til yfirlegra fagnaða. Sa er vill ávalt með guði væra. opt scal hann biðia fyrir sér. ok op lesa. Þvi at þa er vér lesom. Þa mælar guð við os. Tvinna giof fører lesneng hæilagra ritninga. þvi at annatvæggia er at (hon) lærer scilning hugar eða læiðir mann til astar guðs fra hæims hægóma. Gofug sysla er lesneng. ok stoðar mykit til andar reinsanar. Sva sem licamr føðesc af licalegom føzlom. sva føðesc ok sæðsc onden af guðlegom malom. sem David mælte: “Søtre ero brioste mínu mœl þin drotten. en hunang munni mínum.” Sa er sæl er less goðlegar ritningar. ok snýr orðum í værc. En oll hæilog ritninger ritað til varrar hæilsu. at vér batnem með þæim í kynningu guð-doms. Oftar fællr blindr en siande. Sva eroc. oftar misgerir ovitande log guðs en hin er væit. Sva sem blindr gængr æigi retta gatu ón læiðtoga. sva gængr oc æigi maðr ret ón kiænnanda.

Vmm frið (On peace)

GRØÐARE hæims þa er hann stæig upp til faður sins í himna þa gaf hann lære-svínum sinum boðorð friðar sva sem hina øzta giof. ok mælte: “Frið min gef ec yðr. í frið let ec æftir með yðr. í friði fyrir-let ec yðr. í friði mon ec finna yðr.” Braot farande vildi hann gefa þat. er hann vildi finna með ollum þa er hann aftr køme. Þess friðar buning syndi hann gofuglegan í oðrum stað. ok mælta sva: “Sæler ero friðsamer menn. þvi at þæir monu callasc synir guðs.” Sonr guðs tæcr at callasc. sa er þegar toc at callasc friðsamr. Engi vil sa guðs sonr callasc er æigi vil ælsca frið. Nittir sa guð vera faður sin er hafnar at vera friðsamr. En sia friðr er haldande með góðom ok varðvæitande boðord guðs. en æigi með ill-giarnom. ok o-sið-samom. þæir

er frið hafa meðal sin í syndum sinum. Friðr Crist stoðar þæim til æilifrar hæilsu andar. Frið sa er með diofli er. hann man fram coma til æilifrar glatanar. Friðr með goðom saman tengir aost naonga ok sam-þykki brøðra. friðr æignasc at æin-synu anda guðs. Friðsæmi er moðer ælscu. Friðr er til-saga hæilaglæics. sem drotten vár mælte sialfr. með spa-mannz male: "Elsce þer frið ok sanlæic." Friðr er hæilsa lyðs. dyrð kennimannz. ok glæði fostr-iarðar. ok ræzsla fianda synilegra ok u-synilegra. Af aollu afle er friðr haldande. þvi at með guði unir sa er unir í hælgum friði með þrælom guðs. Kenn-imannz sysla er á at minna lýðen í friði hvat hann scal gera. en lyðren scal lyða með lilil-læte þvi er á minna k(ennimenn) hvatke er æigi er lofat. er hirðis-ens at banna. at æigi verði (þat en) lyðsens er at høyra at æigi gere hann þat.

Vmm miscunn (On mercy)

MISCUNN er hinn øzta goð-giærning sva sem sialfr gr(øðare) vár mælte: "Sæler ero miscun-samr. Þvi at þæir munu fa miscunn." Æigi ma syndugr maðr vætta miscunnar af guði sa er eigi gerer miscunn við þa er misgera við hann. Af þvi fyri-gefe maðr stundlega sculd at hann oðlesc at taca æilift gott. Ef vér vilium reinsa ander varar af synda sauri. ok nittum ver æigi miscunn misgerandum við oss. at vér biargemsc í miscunnar vercum. ok takem miscunn at guði á dæigi ambonar. Hvesso ma sa miscunnar vætta af guði ereigi er miscunn-samr við annan. Sva sem hvær vil guð lata sér miscunna. sva miscunni hann ok sculdarum sinum. Hit visasta ma maðr vætta licnar sér sa er oðrum vil licna. Hit bazta styrcti var drottenn oss til miscunnar værsc þa er hann mælte þetta í guðspialle: "Verþ er miscun-samr sva sem faðer yðar himnescr er miscunn-samr. Sa er sól letr scina yfir goða ok illa. ok sva regner yfir rangláta sem yfir retlata." Oll miscunn gerer stað hværium sem æinum æftir værðlæic værca sinna. Sa er gerer miscun. hann fører øret þæccia fomuðig. J domande scal vera miscunn ok hægning. þvi at hvarge ma vera væl on annarrar. Ef miscunn er æin-saman. þa gerir hon æfling syndar misgerandum. En ef hægning er æin-saman. þa snysc hugr mis-geranda í or-vilnan. en dømanden fær æigi miscunn af guði. En þa miscunn scal maðr upp hæfia af sialfum sér. Hversu ma sá maðr miscunsamr vera við aðra menn er grimr er við sialfan sic. Sa er grimr við sialfan sic er fyrir sér byr æilifan loga. í syndum sinum. Uæl er sa miscun-samr er upp hæfr goð værc af siolfum sær. ok varðvæitir sic vandlega at æigi værði hann pindr með dioflum. ok væiti hann þat siðan oðrum er hann scilr sér vera gott.

Vmm várcunn-læte (on forgiveness and compassion)

DROTTEN vár mælte í guðspialle: "Fyri-gæfe þer. þa man yðr fyri-gæfasc. Ef þér fyri-gefeð maonnum gløpe þæirra. þa man faðer yðar himnescr fyri-gæfa yðr syndir yðrar." Þetta atcvæðe drottens lioðar myccla miscunn yfir oss. Þæim er þat scilia retlega. þvi at guð dømer retlega umm oss. at varom dóme. ok er á noccora lund í varom mætte hvæsso vér dømomsc af guði domanda. Ef vér dømom miscunnsamlega við þa er misgera við oss. þa dømer guð miscun-samelega við oss misgerandum við sic. Hyggium vér at dømom hans. sva sem kennande þioðar mælte: "Fyri-gæfe þer yðr siolfum. ef noccor hefir soc í giægn oðrum. sva sem guð fyri-gaf yðr." Gere þer oc sva. sem guð fyri-gaf oss syndir í Cristni. sva scalum vér oc fyri-gæfa þæim er misgera við oss. "Engum scalu þer giallda illu fyrir illt," cvað Paoll postole. "Hirð æigi þu yfir at stigasc af illu. hældstig þu yfir illt með goðo." Þat megom vér vita at saonnu at hværr sem ein man taca slica licn a guði sem hann

gæfr naonge sinum. Sua* bøn fyri syndum varom man sciot koma til øyrna almatigs guðs. ef tøkelegar værða vaorom øyrum bøner misgerandum við oss. Sa er mildlega vill fyri-gefa mis-gerandum við sic. hit visasta man hann taka miscun af mildi guðs. Þvi at sva værðr oss fyri-gæfet sem vér fyri-gæfom þæim er misbuðu oss af noccore illzcu.

Vmm þolen-møðe (On patience)

"J þolen-møðe yðarre munu þer æigasc sálor yðrar," sagðe drotten vár í guðspialle. J ollu mannz liui er þolen-møðe nauðsynleg. Sva sem vér scolum þolen-møðe bera ó-scil þau er aðer bioða oss. sva er oc nauð-syn at bera þolen-moðlega mæin-læte þau er at hende berasc. Opt taka goðer menn mein-gerðir af illum í þessom hæimi. En ef noccor tæcr mæinlæte aftir goð værc sin. þa scal hann þat æigi mæla í hug-renningu sinni at hann haue glatat goðom værcum sinum þæim er hann gærði. Þvi at sa er þat (mæler) røynisc æigi gort hafa gott værc fyrir sa guðs. hældr fyrir værc-kaupi þessa hæims sælo. eða fyrir manna lofe. Maðr mann røynasc af bardagum guðs hværium hug hann gerer goð værc. "Guð fræistar yðar," qvað Paol postole, "at hann viti ef ælskeð hann." Mæin-læte gerer þolen-møðe. en þolen-møðe er al-gort værc. Sæl er sa er stænzc fræistni. þvi at þa er hann værðr ræyndr hann man taka dyrð þa er guð hét þæim maonnum er hann ælsca. Eigi er sa væl spacr er æigi hæfir þolen-møðe. Droten hugar sins er stærcri en yfir-stigare borga. J þolen-møðe er læitande auð-vældis at fyri-gefa. en æigi føres at hæfna. Þæir ero sumir er þolen-moðlega stanndasc o-scil umm stunnd at siðar mege æirþ auðvællegra hefna. Þæir hafa æiga sanna þolen-møðe. Sonn þolen-møðe er at standasc sterclega ó-scil í andlæte. ok læita æigi siðan hæmdar. hældr fyrir-gæfa í hiarta. Fyrir utan æld eða jarn megom vér vera píndir vattar guðs ef vér varð-væitum sanna þolen-møðe í hug við naonga vara. Loflegra er at næigiasc fra óscilum þægiande. en yfir stiga svarannde. Sa er þolen-møðe ber óskil. hann man æignasc æilífa dyrð annars hæims.

Vmm litil-læte (On humility)

AVÐVÆLDLEGA kænnisc í orðom drottens hvæ mykil se craftr faðr li-li lætes. Þvi er hann fyri-dømde ofmetnað með gyðingium. Ok mælte: "Hværr er sic hæfr upp hann man lægiasc." Litil-lætes fótum scal upp stiga til himnis hæðar. Þvi at hár guð kænnisc æigi í ofmetnaðe. hældr í litil-læte. Guð stændr í gægn dramblátom en gæfr miscun litil-látom. "Hór guð litr lága luti," qvað Davið, "en háfa kænnir hann umm langan veg." Litr hann lága luti at upp hefi han. En háfa. þat er drambláter menn. kænnir hann at hann læge þa. Nemom vér litil-læte fyrir þvi at vér megen nalgasc til guðs sem hann mælte sialfr í guðspialle: "Neme þér at mér þvi at ec litil-látr ok miyc-lundr í hiarta. ok þa munu þér finna hvild á salum yðrum." Fyrir ofmetnað fell niðr gofug scepna af himni. Þat varo englar. En fyrir litil-læta guðs stæig upp til himins ostyrct man-kynet. Gofug vænia er litil-læte á meðal manna. sva sem Salomon mælte: "Þar sem værðr o-fmetnaðr. þar er oc mæin-mæle. En þar er litil-læte er. þar er oc speki." En mælte annar spekingr forðom: "Þvi mæiri sem þu est þa læg þu þic í ollu. þa man tu finna miscun fyrir guði." En mælte guð með spa mannz male: "Til hværs mon ec lita nema til litil-láz ok hugvær. ok þes er huggir orð min. Hværr er æigi værðr litil-látr ok hugværs. þa ma æigi miscunn hæilags anda byggva með þæim." Guð gerðisc litil-látr fyrir sacar hæilsu várar. Scammesc maðr at vera dramlátr. Þvi mæir sem maðr næigisc til lægðar í litil-læte. þvi mæir stoðar

honom þat til hæðar. En sa er litil-látr værðr hann man upp hæfiasc í dyrð. Hinn fyrsti pallr litil-lætes er at høyra litil-latlega sanlæics maol. ok halda minni-lege. ok al-gera viliande. Þvi at hit sanna flyr þann hug er æigi finzc litil-látr. Þvi lægre sem hværr værðr af siolfum sér. Þvi mæiri er hann í augliti guðs. En dramblátr maðr þvi dyrlegre sem hann synisc með maonnum. þvi hærf-ilegre værðr hann fyri guði. En sa er gerer góð værc fyrir utan litil-læte. hann ber mold í vindi. Hvat drambariorð ok asca. þvi at dræifisc af vindi of-metnaðr þat er sýnisc saman samnat í faostum ok í alm(o)sogøðe. Hirð æigi þu maðr at dyrcasc í crapte þinum. Þvi at þu scalt annan hafa domara en æigi sialfan þic. J þess augliti læg þu sialfan þic í hiarta þinu. a hann hefi þic upp á tið ambunar þinnar. Stig níðr þu at upp stigir þu. Læg-tu. at upp hæfis-tu. at æigi læges-tu þa er þu hygr upp at hæfiasc. þvi at sa er heruilegr er með sér. fagr er sa með guði. Oc sa er sér mís-licar hann lícar guði. Ver þu litill fyrir aougum þinum. at þu séér mykil fyrir augum guðs. En þvi dyrlegre værðr þu fyri guði sem þu est óítarlegre fyri augum þinum. J hæstum veg þinum se þér hit hæste litil-læte. Væx lof ef ér craftr litil-lætes.

Vmm tár-mælti (on tearful remorse)

TÁR-mælti hiartans gæfsc af crafte litil-lætes. en af tár-mælti er iateng synda. en af scriftar-gongu iðran. en af sanre iðran man koma lícn synda. Tár-mælti hiartans er litil-læte hugar. Með taorum ok end-minningu synda. ok ræzlo o-orðens doms. ok af tvennom brvnnum viðr-comnengar. ero vaon fram at fliota taor. þat er þa er hugrin lítr vandlega ill værc sin. eða er hann møðesc af girnd æilifs lifs. sem prophete mælte: “Dystir ond mína til guðs lifande. hve nær mon ec coma at vittrasc fyrir andlete þinu. Taor mínváro mer fyri brauð á dægi ok á nott. Ond mín fysisc ok girnisc í garða drottens. Hiarta mit ok licamr mín fagnaðo með guði lifande.” Fiorer ero hætter hugrænningar af þæim er við kømsc hugr retláz mannz með þrifsamlego læiðendi. þat er minning liðinna mis-værka. ok ænd-minning ó-orðenna pinsla. ok at-hugi ut-lægðar sinnar í vesold þessa lifs. ok girnd yfirlegrar fost-riarðar at hann komesc þangat sem sciotast. En þa er þesse lutir værða í hiarta mannz. þa ma vita at nær er miscun guðs hiarta mannz-ens. sem sægir í psalme: “Guð. lif mit boða ec er þer. en þu sætir tær mín í augliti þinu.” Fyrir-hæit licnar þa er ver hofum af guði. Væki taor iðranar í hiartano. Dæccileg fe-hirzla er í hiarta spacz manz. Sciot-læicr við-comnengar ond mannz su er við kømsc íbøn. Harðla mykit stoðar hænne til hæilsu þa er maðr fællir taor í bøn. þa er æcci yfanda at nær er þa hæilagr anda hiaortum vaorum.

Vmm scriftargaongi (On confession)

HVÆTR os oft hæilog ritnin at fara til læcningar scrifta-gaongu varrar. æigi af þvi at guð þurfi scriftar-gaongu varrar. þvi at hann væit alla luti þa er vér gerom ok mælom. ok hyggium. En vér megom æigi annan væg hæilir verða nema vér jattem iðrande þat er vér gerom ranglega ok ó-røklega. Sa er røger sic sialfan í syndum sinum. þann man dic-fullenn æigi røgia í annat sinni á dóms dægi. Ef maðr en þvær af með iðran þat er hann gerði ok gerer þat æigi oftar hann misgerði. “Játte þar syndir hværr oðrum,” qvað Iacobus postole, “ok biði þer á meðal yðar et þer hialpesc.” “Af munni værðr iatneng-til hæilsu,” sagde Paol postole. En Salomon mælte umm jattan synda: “Sa er fælr gløpe sina æigi man hann þrifasc. en sa er í gægn gægnr ok lætr af. hann man sa miscunn.” Mykil hæills-læcning er æigi at

ændr-nyia þat er vér gerðum ómildlega. ok at særa þa sár er fyrr hofðu gróét. Sva mælte Iohannes euuangelista: “Trúr er guð ok retlátr ef vér gaongum í gægn syndum vaorum. at hann man fyri-gæfa óss syndir. ok ræinsa oss af allre illzcu.” “Sagða ec,” qvad David, “Jatta mon ec fyri drotne í gægn mér ollu ranglæte minu. en þu fyri-gaft mér u-mildlæic syndar minnar.” Iatte syndúgr maðr liuande þat er hann gerðe. þvi at æigi er avaxt-samlect at iatta í hælviti. ok stoðar æcci su iðran til miscunnar. Nu er tið hæilsu. ok nu er tið tøkeleg guði. ok nu er tið lausnar iðrandum. En æptir dauðan. Þa man vera tið hæmndar. þæim er ó-rócto at iatta syndi sinar. þvi at aller ómildir menn hafa bitra iðran í pinslum. en æigi stoðar þæim þat til lausnar. Hældr qvælr þa hugscot til pinsla auca þæirra er þæir hafa. Þæir mætto ovæsc við mykillæic cvala fyrir scrifta-gaongu. en þæir orøkto ok þva cvæliasc þæir innan í hugscote sem utan í loga. Hværsu ma læcner grøða þat sár er hinn siuki scammesc at sýna. Guð girnisc scriftar-gaongu varrar at hann hafe rétta soc at fyri-gæfa. Saer læynir syndum sinum ok scammesc at iatta þrifsamlega. þa man hann þan hafa hæmnanda í annat sinn er nu hæfir (hann) vát. Døme maðr sic v(æ)l nu í þesso lifi at æigi fyrdiømesc hann af guði í æilífri fyri-d(ø)mengo. Tve-valdan grát scal hværr syndugr maðr hafa í iðran. Þ(vi at) af orøct giarða hann æigi gott. ok af þvi at hann framde I(l)t fyri of(di)rfð. þvi at þat er byr(I)aðe gerð(e) hann æigi. en þat er æigi byriaðe. þat gerðe hann. Scripta-ganga er læið-retting. ok gæfr lícn syndug(um). Oll vaon licnar stændr saman í scripta-gaongu. Scripta-ganga er miscunar værc. hæilsa siucs. Æinga læcning afls vars með iðran.

Vmm iðran (On repentance)

Þæirrar iðranar craft sýndi sialfr grøðare vaor í guðspialle ok mælte: “Gere þer iðran. Þvi at þat nolgasc himna riki.” “Gere þer mac-legan avoxt iðranar,” qvað Iohannes baptista. Maclegr ávaoxtr iðranar er. at grata liðnar syndir. ok gera æigi hinar somu í annat sinni. sva sem hæilog ritning mæler: “Æigi leggi þer synd á synd.” “Þváésc þér ok vereð ræinir,” qvað drotten vár með spamannz male. Þvæsc sá ok er ræin er grætr liðna luti. ok gerer æigi í annat sin gratlega luti. Þvæsc ok er æigi ræin sa er grætr þat er hann gerði ok lætr æigi af. hældr søker hann æftir taorom þat er hann hafðe gratet. Vmm þa menn mælte Petr postola ó-gorlega er aftr hverfa til hinna fyrri synda æftir taorom: “Hunndr er snyst aptr til spyiu sinnar.” “Misgerðir þu, sonr,” qvað hæilog ritning, “gerðu æigi þat í annat sinni. hældr bið þu at þér fyri gæfesc hinar fyrri.” Sonn iðran virdisc æigi a vættra-taolu. hældr at sarlæic andar. Af þvi toc Petr postole þegar licn af drotne varom at hann gret sarlega gløp þrennar næitingar. Eigi fyri-liz iðran þo at hon se scamrar tiðar ef gorr værðr af hinum innzta sarlæic hiartans. Fyri retlátom domara guði þæim er litr løynda luti hiartans. þvi at æigi virðir guð iam-mioc længð tiðar sem ræinlæic hiartans iðranda mannz. En sa er af ollum hug trøystisc Cristi þo at hann døyi í morgum syndum. þa liuir hann í trv sinni æi ok æi sva sem sialfr drotten mælte í guðspialle: “Ec em uprisa ok lif. Sa er truir á mic. þa man hann lifa þo er han værði daouðr. Oc hværr er lifir ok trvir á mic. hann man aldrigin døyia.” Umm andar daouða mælte hann. þann er at bersc fyri synda sott. Guð er miscunn-samr í øðle. buin at grøða fyri miscun. sa er alla vil hæila gera. ok engi vil hann fyri-farasc lata sa er mælte fyri spamann sin. A hværium dægi er syndugr snysc. lif man hann lifa ok æigi døyia. þo at hvær se syndugr ok ómildr. ifi hann æigi sic mega fa licn af guðs miscunn ef hann snyst til iðranar. I þessom hæimi biærgr guðs miscun þæim er gera iðran. En í oðrum hæímí stoðar

æcci iðran. hældr scolom vér þar gialda scynsemi varra. J þesso lifi lycs upp at æins frælsi iðranar. en aptir dauðan er æcci læýfi til læiðrettinga.

Vmm sotta læiðretting (On conversion in illness)

LESET er á bocom guðlega ablásnom. Sónr dvæl þu æigi at snuasc til drottens. Þvi at þu væizt æigi hvat fyrir byr-óorðens dags. Sa er dvælr at snuaz til til guðs. hann gerer hásca ond sinni. þvi at dauði dvælræigi sa er læiðir til qvala þann er hann finr dvalt hafa at snuasc til guðs. Sundrlaus ok lama hugrenning er at hýggia at morgonlegre snuníngu. en at ó-røkia í dag. Hvat dvælr þu synndugr at snuasc til guðs. ok æigi huggir þu at braðdaoði gripi fra þer læiðrettingar dag. Þvi at menn døyia braðlega. Ef gott er at fyri-lata syndir ok snuasc til guðs. sciot værði þat. Guð hæitir þer laousn ef þu snýsc fra syndum. en æigi hét hann þer uruglæic længi at lifa. Af þvi snyst hværr sem æín sciót til guðs. ok þa er hann finr fyri-late ó-mildr gaotu sina ef in gængr braðlega hinn øfste dagr. þa fyr-farsc dvolen en æftir stændr dømengen. Ef þu vilt æigi fyr-farsc. hværf aftr þu til guðs ok líuí. Hirð æigi þu at orvilnasc synda-lausnar. ok æigi træystasc langu lífi. Snusc þu til guðs ok ger iðran. “A morgon man ec snuasc til guðs,” mon-tu svara. Fyri hvi æigi í dag. “Hvat illa þo at a morgon se,” cvæðr þu. En hvi illa þo at í dag se. “Værðr at þvi at,” þu svarer, “langt man være lif mit.” Ef langt er se þat gott. ef samt værðr se þat ok gott. En hværr man lengi bera ilt. Eigi vilt du lengi hafa illan dagurð. fyri hvi vilt tu længi hafa ilt lif. Bu-stað kaupir þu þer ok girniz þu goz. Kono vil-tu æiga. ok læitar þu goðrar. Sono vilt-tu æiga. ok øsker þu goðra. ok þoæc røða umm hina hærfilægsto luti. Scva caupir þu. ok vilt æigi illa. Fyri hvi ælscar þu illt lif. Hvat græmr þic lif þit er þu vilt þat æit saman er ilt er. at tu sér æinsaman ilr á meðal alra goðra luta þinna. Dvæl þu æigi at snuasc til drottens þins ok fresta æigi dag fra dæigi. Guðs orð ero þessor en æigi min. æigi hœyrir þu þetta af mér hældr ec með þér af guði. Værðr at þvi at þu svarer: “Á morgon á morgon man ec snuasc.” Þat er ramnleg rod. Ramnen hvarf æigi aftr til ærcrænnar Noa. En duuan hvarf aftr. En ef þu vilt iðran gera þa er þu mat æigi misgera. þa fyr-hætr þu syndir en þær æigi þic. Œyre-launzcr er af tru sa er bíðr ælli-tiðar at gera iðran; Þæim er hugganda at hann falle í falz-dóm þa er hann vætter miscunnar. Eigi ma finna miscunn sa er glatar maclegre tið miscunnar. Eigi ma þar geta at guði þat er hann biðr sa er hær vill æigi hæyra þat er hann byðr. Sa er órøcer gefna tið iðranar at þarflausu. hann hellir ut bøner fyrir dom-stol Cristz. Scynda scal hvær maðr sem æin at snuasc til guðs meðan hann ma at æigi sæini hann. ok mege æigi umm siðir þa. er han vildi æigi meðan hann matte.

Vmm ræzlo (On fearing God)

UPHAF spæki er ræzla drotens. Mykil varán syndar er at ræðasc á-valt navistu guðs. Sa er algorlega ræðesc guð. hann varðvæitir sic vandlega viðr syndum. Væl maon þæim værða a hinum æfsta dægi er ræðesc guð. ok man være vænt hans ei ok ei. Sa er scammesc at misgera í augliti manna. scammesc hann mycclo mæir ilt at gera í augliti guðs. þess er lítr æigi at æins være-en. hældr okhiortun. Þæir er ræðasc guð hæilagre ræzlo. þæir læita þes er honom licar væl. Onnur er ræzla sona. en onnur er ræzla þræla. Þrælar ræðasc drotten fyrir cvalar. en søynir ræðasc fæðr fyrir aost. Ef vér erom synir guðs. ræðomc vér hann af astar sœtlæic en æigi af sarlæic ræzlo. Spakr maðr ræðesc guð í ollum vercum sinum. vitande sic hværgi mega flyia navistu hans. sva sem Davið mælte við guð: “Hvært mon ec fara

fra anda þinum. eða hvært mon ec flyia af augliti þinu þvi at æigi lycz up staðr í vestre ne í austri at flyia þic guð."Sa er ræðesc droten man taka kænning hans. ok sa er vaker í boðorðom hans man finna at uruggu æilifa blæzan. Sæl er on(d þ)ess manz er ræðesc guð. ok urugg af diofullegre fræstni. Sæl e(r) maðr sa er-ávalt er rædr. ok þæim er gefet-avalt at hafa gu(ðs) ræzlo fyrir augum. Sa er ræðesc drotten. braut man hann fara fra illri gaotu. ok græiða gaongu sina til dugnaðar stígs.Ræzla drottens ræcr á braut syndir. ok sændir til craftaRæzla gerer man varan ok a-hyggiu-saman at æigi gere hanná miss. Þar er æigi er ræzla guðs. Þar er sundr-laoust lif. Sa er æigi ræðesc guð í far-sælom. þa flyi hann þo til hans í mæinum. þvi at hann bær til þess at hann grøðe. Sæll er sa maðr er ræðesc guð ok fysisc mioc til boð-orða hans. ræzla guðs hon ræcr á-braout ræzlo hælvitis. Ræðomc ver guð sva at ver ælscum hann. þvi at gorr aost hon ræcr á braout þrælslega ræzlo.

Vmm faostu (On fasting)

ALGORR fasta er su er læiðir til himins með olmoso-gøðe ok bønom. ok mon koma til dóm-stols Crist drottens várs. Þvi at þa geresc maðr andlegr ok sam-tængisc frialslega guði ok ænglum ef hann upp hæfsc með bønom ok með mæin læte licams; fyrir faostur ok bøner. vittrasc læyndir lutir himnescra crafta (ok) guðlegra stor-(mer)kia. Meðan Adamr fastaða. þa var hann í paradiso. Át hann. ok var a braut reken. (F)aostur ero styrc vópn í gægn fræistni diofla.[64] Þvi at sciot stigasc þæir yfir fyri við-varnan. Sva minti oc drotten grøðare var at yfir mætte stiga um á-cast diofla með faostum. ok bønom. ok með mæin-læte. ok mælte sva "Þetta kyn diofla ma æigi a braout rekasc nema fyrir bøn ok faostur." Þvi at in flíuga dioflar traustlega þar sem þeir sia opt framt værða of-fat ok of-dryccio. Við-varnan føzlo. þat megrir licam ok fæitir on-dena. læmr holdet. en styrkir hug-scotet. En vitande er at faostur ero þægelegar guði með goðum værcum. En þæir er fasta ok gera ranglega. þæir likiasc æftir dioflum þæim er æigi hafa licams føzlo. en avalt andlega ilzcu. Sa varnar væl við mat er fastar við ilzcu værcum ok veraldar agirni. Bættra er at føða lifande hug með æilifre ond føzlo heilagrar kenningar. en at seðia cvið dauðlegs licáms með lysti-legom crásom.

Vmm almosogøðe (On giving alms)

Þat er vitande mild-legt værc vist at vér biargem oðrum af þæim lutum er miscun-samlega himnescr faðer hæuir oss let. þvi at þæir ero marger er engi æigu auðæfe í jorðum ne í gulle ne í silfri ne í oðfrum auðæfum. en þæirra vesold scolom vér hugga af þæirri gnótt er oss gaf drotten var. at sialfer lofe þæir drotten með oss. fyrir avæxtí iarðar. ok þæir fagn-gefet hafa veret þat æigandom er vár sam-æigit. fatøkium oc utlænzcum. Sæl er su byglaða ok hinn værðasta auca allra avaxta er af þæirri sæðsc hungr þurfanda. ok vanhæila ok utlænzcra. En þa lætr retlæte guðs til þess menn starfa í ymsom mæin-lætom. at ham dyrki vesla menn fyri þolen-møðe. en miscunsama fyrir goðann vilia. Hinn aldyggvazta bøn er fyrir syndum. olmoso-giærð ok faostur. ok man sciot coma til guðs æyrna upp hafen bøn með slicu fultingi. Þvi at sva er ritat. at væl getr miscunsamr maðr ond sinni. Þvi at lutr licamlegrar æigu sa er væitr er þurfandum. Hann snysc í æilif auð-øue þæim er vítir.

64 The Latin "hoc genus" in referrence to the Devil has been translated by a plural expression,"diofla" and "dioflar", revealing a notion of more than one evil spirit against which man must be vigilant.

sva æignumc vér miscunn guðs ok lausn synda varra í miscunnsæmi við auma menn ok olmoso-gøðe. Þvi at sa er æigi snyr hug sinum fra aumum manne. sciot snyr hann til sin hug guðs. sva sem drotten vár mælte: “Vere þer miscunnsamer. sva sem faðer ðar himnescr er miscunsamr.” Væiti maðr veslom. þat er guð hét sic myndu gialda. Vær þu staðfastr cristin maðr væitare. Gef þu þat er þu takir. Sa þu þat er þu scerer. Dræif þu þat er þu famner. Hirð æigi þu at hugga scaða. ok æigi at gryna óífanlega fram-cvamo. vaxa man æiga þin ef þu væitir. Væl vil væitare þin þic aruan. ok sa er gefr at þu hafer. ok byðr hann. at tu væitir. ok sva mæler hann: “Gefe þer ok mon yðr gefet vera.” Þu sin-giarn. ef þu ælscar gull eða auðøfe veraldar. gef þu at æigi glater þu. Ef þu varðvæitir. ifa-laust glatar þu. En ef þu væitir. ollyngis montu hafa þau ei ok ei. Sva sem guð mælte: “Hirði þer auðøfe yður á himni þar er æigi grandar ryð ne molr. ok æigi grafa upp þiofar ne stela. Þar er fe-hirzla þin er. þar er oc hiarta þit.” Hirð æigi rædr at vera þa er þu væitir at þu varðir-æigi a tið ambunar. Sa er sparlega sær. sparlega man hann scæra. En sa er miscunnar aumum. sæl man hann værða. þvi at lausn andar manz ero auð-æfe hans. Gofgar guð þann mann er miscunnar aumum manne. “Fel þu olmoso í scauti vesálz mannz,” qvað hæilog ritning, “ok mun hon biðia fyrir þer.” Sva sem vatn sløcver ækld sva sløcver almosa syndir. eigi scaltu fyri-láta hungranda ond. ok æigi hærstacs á auman mann í kalle þinu. Sa æyru sin snyr fra calle vesals mannz. hans bøn mon æigi oðlasc mildi guðs. Ger þu væl við ond þina í lifi þinu ok gef olmoso. þvi at þu hæfir æigi mát til væl at gera æptir daouðan. Fœð þu auma menn at samcundum þinum. ok Crist með þæim. Þriu ero kyn olmoso-gerðar. Eit licamlegt at gefa aumum þat er hann biðr. Annat andlect. at fyr-gefa þæim er misgort hævir við sic. Hit þriðia er at hirta þann er misgerir. ok læiða viltan á gatu sanlæics.

Vmm ræin-líui (On celibacy)

RÆIN-lifi er ængla lif. Ræin-lifi með litil-læte man hafa lannz-bygð hæilags anda. Þann er braout recr ó-ræinan losta. sva sem hæilog ritning mælte: “Flyia mon hæilagr ande licam þann er undir syndir lægs.” Liðir ok limar. varer sculu vera guði æignaðer. en æigi hordome. Seti maðr a mot girndum sunum loga æilífra cvala. Vænisc ungr maðr ræinlifi. at hann se værðr spæki guðs. Þar sem er sau-lifi licams. þar er bygð diofullegs anda þess er mest fagnar saurgan holz vars. Alt saurlifi mis-licar guði. ok þat mest er æigi er í æðli. A minnir oss hæilog ritning mælande: “Æigi scal tu ganga æptir girndum þinum. ok snus þu fra vilia þinum. Ef þu væitir ond þinni girndir hænnar. þa mon hon coma þer í fagnað ovina þinna.” Þetta at-cvæðe scyrði hinn spacaste Salomon umm viðvarnan licamlegs saurlíuis. ok mælte: “Sva sem driupanda hunang ero varrar port-kono. ok biartara við-smiorvi háls hænnar. en hinir æfsto lutir hænnar ero bitrir sem æitr. ok dyfian. ok hvasser sem tuí-æggiat sværð. føtr hennar stiga niðr til daouða. ok liggia gaoutur hennar til hælvitis. ok gængr hon æigi á stíg lifs-end. Ræckiande ero gongur hennar. ok æigi æfti-führe-legar. En nu høyr þu mic sonr. ok far æigi fra orðum munz mins. Lang ger þu fra hænne gotu þina. ok nolgascæigi hus-dyrr hænnar.” Þetta mælte hann æigi at æins umm saur-lifi port-cvenna. hældr ok umm alla licams munuð. þa er tøygir ondena at lifa æftir girndum sinum. En scynsæmi hugar scal banna holz bæiðni. ok halda aptr rangar munuðir þess. Sva bannaðe Salomon samvistu cvænna ungum maonnum ok mælte: “Æigi ma maðr fela ækld í scauti sinu sva at æigi brenne clæðe hans. eða ganga yfir gløðr sva at æigi brenne il(k)iar hans. Sva er oc sa er in gængr til kono

nangs sins. æigi værðr hann ræin. þa er hann tæcr á henni. Sva minnir oss ok Paol postole mælande: “Gott er manne æigi at taca á cono sva sem þegar se háske í átaocunni.” Fogr er ræin grand-væri ungra manna ok ynni-leg guði ok nyt til alz goz. Sa er hæfir sono andlega eða licamlega. føðe hann þa guði til handá ræinlifi en æigi diofli í hordome. Hvat stoðar manne at æigi sono. oc føða ok ælsca ef hann fœðer þa til æilifra cvala. Þæir er í ræinlifa. þæir hafa ænglafatrð á iorðu. Ræinlifi sam-tængir mann himni. ok gerer borgar-mann ængla. Sa er a logsam-lega kono. hafe hann hana logsamlega a maclegdom tiðum at hann oðlesc at taca blæzan sona af guði. “Sæigi engi sic æigi mega varðvæita við hordome þvi at guð er trvr,” sagðe Paol postole, “ok lætr æigi fræista vár yfir þat er vér megom. hældr mon han gera fulting með fræistni.” Slic fræisti gefsc hværium manne í licams munuð eða í veraldar væg-girni. eða í annare noccore fræistni sem hann má annat tvæggia yfir stiga með lofe eða undir liggia með brigxli. Ollum er ræinlifi nauðsynlegt. en allra mest þionandum alta-is Crist. þvi at þæirra lif scal vera sannara læring. ok oflug kænning hæilsu. Þa þionan samer drotne varum at hafa er æigi saurgisc í æinigri licams ó-ræinsu. hældr scyni þæir í ræ-lifi oc bindendi. ok lysi fyri lyð-enom dome alrar sið-semi. ok gouuglæisc.

De fraude cafenda (On avoiding crime)

SA er oss mínnir goð-giarna at vera af æigu varre við auma menn. hann bannar oss alla singirni. ok ranga á-girni fear. sa er mælte: “Gef þu almoso af retto ærfeðe þinu.” Sialfr mælte hann ok minnir oss mælande þe postola orðom: “Hirðið æigi þer at gera vél á meðal yðar.” Sa er æignasc noccot með vélum. hann glatar iam-girni ok retlæte. Sæg þu singiarn. sæg þu agiarn. sæg þu syndugr hvat þu æignaðesc. Værðr at þvi at tu svarer: “Gull æignaðoms ec.” Satt sægir þu gull æignaðesc þu með vél. en þu glataðer trv fyrir rang-læte. Ef þu fynnir á torge trv fala. hværsu myndir þu caupa hana. ef þu værer goðr maðr. Hvi ræðesc þu æigi at glata þvi er guð vil at tu hafer í hiarta. Gull heuir þu eða silfr. eða annat noccot dy-r lect í orc þinni. en scaða í hiarta. Þessum lutum ollum bettrvm aouðæfum glatar þu. þat er trv ok retlæte. ok ælsca guðs ok naongs. at hygr þu avexti þinum. en æigi litr þu scaða þin. Ef þu fagnar-á vexti þessum. fyrir hvi grætr þu æigi þat er þu glataðer Mæira glataðer þu en þu æignaðesc. Þu aoudigr maðr gripr þu fyrir-ofki þat ér þér licar at hafa. en þu glatar fyrir rang-læte þat er guð vil at tu hafer. þat er æilif fu-ll fæla. Ef hværr þiofr eða viking[65] misti auga sins í stulð eða í rane. þa myndi hann aldrigi siðan stela ne ræna. ok væit hann æigi at í þes kyns synd glatar hann liose hiartans þvi er bættra er hværiu licams liose. Þu sin-giarn maðr gæf þu hældr veslom þa er þu hæfir. at tu finnir á himni þat er þu gaft á iorðu. Hvat ræðesc þu at gefa fe þit. en þu ræðesc æigi at alr fyr-farez tu. Fyrir a-girni fear sægir þu lygi vitni. Lygr þu. Gripr þu þat er þu má. Svær þu u-sært. Gerer þu þat er log banna. Þa er þu gerer slica luti. fyri hvi ræðesc þu æigi. at allr brenner þu ei ok ei. Hvi ælsc þu mæir gull en ond þina. Hvat stoðar þer þo at tu æignisc allan hæimen. en þu biðir scaða andar þinnar. Drotten sialfr mælte í guðspialle: “Varesc þer við alla singirni.” þvi at aouðgir døyia slict hit sama sem aumir. Eigi munu auðæfe stoða a hæmðar dægi. ok munu æigi løysa þa af æilifum pinslum er illa nøyta þæirra. Ecci er fe giarnum manne gløpnare. þæim er ond sina hæfir fala firi-girni fear. Agirni kan

65 The Latin “fur et raptor” has become “thief and viking” in the Norse text.

æigi hát. ok æigi kan hon sæðiasc þo at hon svælgi alla luti. Hungrað er ho(n) avalt ok or-æiga Fe-giarn maðr er lícr hælviti þvi er aldrigin (fyl)lisc.

Vmm dømendr (On judges)

HVÆRR er rét-dømr er. hann ber ret-læte veg í hendi sér. ok innan hanndar ber hann hvartvæggia ret-læte ok miscunn. Ef hann gældr ræfsing syndar fyrir ret læte. stilli hannpinsl syndar fyrir miscunn. aon metnaðar virðing scolu domar vera. Ecci er illgiarnlega en taka mutur í domum. þvi at mutur blinda hiortu spaccra. ok snua orðum retlátra. Ðæim dome er þer dømeð cvað guð mon dømt værða umm yðr. Fyrir þvi ræðesc dømande guðs doma at æigi fyrir-dømesc hann af guði. ef hann fyrir-dømer sac-lausan. en líuir sæckium fyrir mutum. eða fyri aost eða hattre noccors mannz. Engi hofðingi scal sætia hæimsca dømændr ne illgiarna. þvi at hæimscr væit æigi ret-læte guðs fyrir ókønsco. En ill-giarn snyr umm sanlæic þæim er hann væit fyrir fegirni. Þunglegra mæiðasc vesler mann oc facungir af illum dømændum. en af hinum grimastum fiandom. Engi vikingr er iam-giarn á annars æigu sem illgiarn dømande. af sinni. fiandom verri ero illgiarner dømændr. Opt ma forðasc fiandr með flotta. en æigi ma flyia riki dømande. Ðæirra er cost-gæfa at samna aouðøuom af mæiðingu bygðarmanna. Stundum hafa metir dømændr to-kvisa þiona. en þæir saurgasc af þæirra gløp. ef þæir banna æigi-vitni þæirra. Þesser fyrir-farasc í annarra syndum. þvi at sva mælte hæims kænnande: “Æigi at æins þæir er misgera. hældr ok þæir er lata at misgerandum værða macleger æilifs dauða.” Rangláter dømændr dvælia opt doma. eða missnúa fyri fegirni sacar. ok æigi ænda þæir sacar aðr en fulr se sioðr þæirra. En þa er þæir døma. æigi lita þæir a socena. hældr a giafarnar. “Rangláter dømændr, “ sem prophete mælte, “sva sem vargar þat er þæir gripa at apne. æigi lata þæir æptir á morne.” Ðat er at þæir hyggia á hagræðe þessa lifs at æins. en ecci á annat. A varga væniu gripa þæir alla luti. en væita fát veslom. Ræidr dømande ma æigi at fullu lita rettan dom. þvi at hann sér æigi lios ret-lætes fyri ræiði þoco. Eigi er virðande asioner manna á dómom. hældr socena. þvi at sva er scrifat: “Eigi scal tu líta á-siono í dome.” Ranglater dømændr villasc af sannu at-cvæðe þa er þæir hyggia at-siono tiginna manna. ok granda þæir opt ret-látom. þa er þæir lífa-ómildum. Yfir-staplan san-læics er at taca mutum í domom. En þæir er ræðasc guð ok ret-dóma. þæir monu taka æilifa ombun af guði.

Vmm lýg-vitni (On mendacious testimony)

“SCRØC-vátr mon værða æigi ó-þindr,” cvað Salomon. “Sa er sæir lygi-vitni í gægn nange sinum. slocna man líkn hans á hinum æfsta dægi.” En sa er læynir saonnu fyrir ræzslo noccors rikis. frám æggiar hann yfir sic ræiði guðs. þvi at hann ræðesc mæir man en guð. Scrøcr-vátr er a þria vega sæcr. Fyrst fyri guði. þviat hann fyri-læit navistu hans. ok ræðesc mæir riki manns en guð. Siðan dømanda þæim er hann talde líuganda. En siðarsta hinum sac-lausa. þæim er hann grandaðe með lygi-vitni. Ef scildir værða scrøcvattar. þa munu þæir þegar finnasc lygnir. En hvartvæggi er sæcr. sa er læynir sonnu ok sa er sægir lygi. þvi at annar vil æigi duga. en annar girnisc at granda. Sæl er sa er hans vitni finsc dyrlect í auglíti guðs. J fiorum hattom villisc ret-læte í dome. Af ræzlo. ok af fegirni. ok hattre. ok aost. Ræzla er þa ef noccor óasc satt at sægia eða døma fyrir rikis saocum noccors mannz. Fegirni er þa er dømanden saurgasc af ambun noccorrar giafar. Hattr er þa. er maðr granda oðrum af soc noccorrar ú-vinato. Ast er þa er hann lífir vinum sinum eða

frændom í giægn ret-læte. Af þessom fiorum hattom villisc opt iam-girni dóms. ok værðr grandat sac-lausum. Mæir ero þæir harmande remis-bioða veslom eða oðrum monnum. en þæir er þola þæirra óskil. Þvi at þæir er her mæiðasc. sciot enda þæir stund-lega vesold. en þæir er þæim granda fyri ranglæte munu fyri-dømasc til æilifs loga. Her dømasc opt goðer af illum. en í oðru lifi fyri-dømasc á-valt illir af goðom. Opt ero her goðer menn vesler ok aumir fyrir monnum. en illir sæler. En í æilifri ambun ero ávalt goðer sæler. en illir avalt vesaler. Þæir er goða luti haua í þessom hæimi. þa cos-tgæfe þæir sem mest at æigi glate þæir æilifuðgo. En þæir er mæin-læte hafa. standasc þæir þau stæ-lega at þæir geresc værðir æilifrar sælo.

Vmm ofund (On envy)

AF ofund diofuls gec dauði ín í hring iarðar þa er hann oyndi iarðlegom manne himin. ok læitaðe hværsu hann glataðe honom. fyrir yfi-stoplan þess boð-orz er scapare vár hafðe boðet manne. Ecki ma verra vera en ofund su er cvælsc af annars goðo. ok ofundar a óðrum at hafa þat er hann hæfir æigi sialf. Aollu goðo er ofund gagn-staðleg. Þar sem er ofund. þar ma æigi vera aost. En þar sem æigir aost. þar ma æcki vera gott. Sa er ofundar. lícr er sa diofli þæim er fyrir ofund rac man-en braout fra paradisar sælo. Mykil maðr er sa er stigr yfir ofund með litil-læte. ok brytr sundr-þycci með aost. Hvat er manne vesalegra en auga cvol sina af annars goðo. þvi er hværr ofun-samr qvælsc í hug. ok þaðan er goðr batnar. þaðan qvælsc ouund-samr. Bættra er æptir at likia dømom goðra manna en at søkia þa með broddom ofundar. Ofund bitr scilning. ok brenner briostet. ok cvælr hugen. Harme engi af annars goðo. ne ryggvisc af annars sælo. Ma maðr annars gott gera sér at goðo þa er hann ælscar annars goða þat er han gærir æigi sialfr.

Vmm of-metnað (On conceit)

GVÐ stændr í gægn dram-latom. en gæfr miscun litil-latom. En mesta synd var diofli of-metnaðr. Fyri þær sacar er ofmetnaðr hværium læsti værri. þvi at hann gerisc opt af goðum værcum þá er maðr drambar í goðum verkum sinum. ok glatar þvi fyrir ofmetnað er hann hafðe æignasc fyri aost. Allra lasta værstr er ofmetnaðr. þa er maðr pryðisc í craftum ok tæcr at dramba í þæim. Hværrar syndar upp-haf er ofmetnaðr. þa er onden fyri-litr boðorð scapara fins. ok fælr þegar í grof noccorrar syndar. Allr ofmetnaðr ligr þvi neðar sem hann hæfr sic up holegra. ok (f)ellr þvi diupara sem hann drambar mæir í hæð. Þvi at sa er upp hæ(f)sc fyri æigin metnað. hann fyri-dømesc fyrir ret-læte guðs. F(yr)ir falle mannz drambar ande hans. Ecci er cristnum manne mæir f(ly)ianda en ofmetnaðr. Sa er fram æggiar ræiði guðs. þvi at of-metnaðr gærði diofla or ænglum. en litil-læte gerer menn lica ænglum. Dram-lætr girnisc at boða í sér þat er hann gerer æigi. en litil-latr at flyia þat er hann gerer væl. Hæfisc maðr æígi upp í goðo sinu. ok læiti æigi ser lofs þo at hann gere noccot got. hældr scal hann lofa guð í giofum sinum. þvi at hann gerir æcki gott nema þat er honom værðr gefet af guði at gera.

Vmm hæist (On anger)

AGÆTR hæims kennande mælte: “Oll hæist ok ræiði ok bræðe ok call ok guð-lastan takesc fra yðr.” Ræiði fyr utan stilling er laus scynsemi. Miucleg svor

stoða ræiði. Hæstileg maol væcr bræðe. “Ræiðr maðr,” sem Salomon mælte, “æggiar fram þrætton. En sa er þolen-moðr er. hann stoðar vacta ræiði.” En hværr man standasc anda auðvældan at ræiðasc. Ræiði hefir æigi miscunn. ok æigi can up sliten bræðe enda hæfndar. Su ræiði er ill er ukyrrir hug at hann glate rétto raðe. Su reiði er rétt ok nauð-synleg er maðr ræiðisc í gægn syndom. ok í gægn siolfum sér þa er hann gerer illa. þvi at sva mælte prophete. “Ræiðisc þer ok hirðið æigi at misgæra.” Lofaðe hann þat. er æðlisre en af toc hann þat er til synda er. Stillisc annars ræiði af þinni þolen-móðe. “Hirð æigi þu yfir at stigasc af illu. hældr stig þu yfir illt. í góðo.” Se annars synd. þin dyrð. Mislicar þér annars ræiði. mislici þer við sialfan þic. þat er þer misli(a) r við annan. Hirð æigi þu at saurga kyrlæic hugar þins af annars ræiði. Hirð æigi þu at gera þic lican hæimscum manne. þvi at ræiði hvilisc í scauti hæimscs. Ef þu ræiðisc í gægn honom. þa værða tvæir illir af æinum. þu. ok hann. bættra er þer at vera goðum þo at hann se illr. fyrir hvi gerez þu illr af annars illzcu.

Vmm manna lof (On the praise of Man)

DROTTEN vár mælte í guðspialle: “Hyggið át þer at æigi gere þer rétte yðart fyrir monnum. at þer værðið sener af þæim.” Þat er at þer gerið æigi með þæim áhug góð værc. at þér hafeð tomt lof af maonnum. hældr gere maðr fyrir guðs aost. ok hæilsu andar sinnar. ok fyri broðor-lega ælscu. hvatke sem hann gerer gott. Þvi mælte drotten sialfr umm noccora þa er olmoso gera eða bøner eða fastur. at þæir takelof af monnum: “Satt segi ek yðr, tóku þæir verkkaup sitt.” Sá er til þess gerir, hvatki er hann vinnr góz, at hann lofisk af monnum þa er þat vær-caup hans er hann læitaðe. ok man hann æinnigrar ombunar vætta af guði. þvi at hann gerði æigi gott fyri hans aost. hældr fyrir toma røsne manlægs lofs. sva sem scróp-menn ero vaner at gera. Þann lost at lofasc af monnum í goðom værkum lastaðe Crist mioc. ok avitaðe opt með ogorlegre bolfan gyðinga þa er slíkir váro á gyðinga lannde. “Sa er dyrcasc,” cvað Paulus postole, “dyrkisc hann með guði.” Sa er æigi girnisc lofs. æigi ryggvisc hann í mæin-mælom. Etle æigi maðr sic af þvi goðan þo at hann lofesc af monnum. þvi at drotten vár litr hiortun-en. Hvat stoðar illum þo at hann sægisc góðr. Þa er sanlega gott þat er maðr gerir. ef hann girnisc at líca guði þæim er honom gaf hvatke er hann hæfir gott eða gerir. Sa maðr er synis gera gott. ok girnisc hann at lica fyri þat hældr monnum en guði. til onyz starfar hann. ok sær hann í vindi. Coste hværr sem æin at vera mykil í værkum sinum. ok læiti æigi manna lofs fyri mykil-læic sin. at glate gann þvi er (hann) hafðe ok værði litill. þvi at hvatke er maðr gerer gott. viti hann sic þat æigi hafa af sér. hældr af guði. Avitar Pall postole þa er dyrcasc í værcum sinum goðum. ok mæler sva: “Hvat hefir þu þat er þu tóct æigi. En ef þu tóct. hvat dyrcaz tu.” Sa er snyr í sit lof góðo noccoro þvi er hann gærir eða æignasc. ón ifán snýr hann coste í lost. ok goðo þvi er hann gærði í synd. Þa er vesal maðr er fødr af røsnes socom þa snysc miscunnar værc í synd. Hvatke er maðr gerir gott. þa læiti hann guði lofs. en æigi sér. sva sem drotten vár sialfr mælte. í guðspialle: “Sva lysi lios yðart fyrir monnum. at þæir se værc yður goð. ok dyrki faður yðarn þann er á himni er.”

Vmm stað-festi (On steadfastness)

ÆJGI værðr læitat með cristnum monnum upp-haf góz værs. hældr enda. þvi at þæir ero er væl hæfia upp-ferð sina ok ænda illa. sva sem Iudás er fyrst var

postole. en siðan drottens sviki. ok sæliare hans. ok vitande værs sins hængdisc hann í snaoru. En Paol postole hof illa ok ændi væl. ok var fyrst anscote guðs ok allra cristinna manna. en siðan kænnande. Craftr góz værz er staðfæsta sem sialfr drotten mælte. Sa er staðfastr er alt til ænda. sa man hæil værða. Æigi sa er upphæfr gott værc. hældr sa er staðfæstic í goðo. hann man hæil værða. Þvi at þa licar guði atfærð vór. ef vér fyllum með staðfostum ænda gott værc. þat er vér hofum up. Craftr er æigi upp at hæfia. hældr at gera gott. þvi at hæitit er launum upp hæfiandum. en gefet staðfastum. Avalt læitasc í líui manz hui-lícr hann se á hinni æfstu tið lifsséns. þvi at hværr mon annat-tvæggia réttasc eða fyr-dømasc af ænda sinna værca. Þvi coste hværr sem stað-fastlegast at al-gera gott þat er hann hof upp. at hann mege taka æilift vær-ecaup af guði.

Vmm atta hofuð-lasta (On the eight capital sins)

ATTA ero hofuð-læstir ok upp-haf allra synda. Af þæim spretta upp sem af rotom aller læstir ok ilzur saurgaðs hugar. ok ó-ræins licams. Af þæim hofum vér raðet at sægia noccora luti ok hværir cvistir last-fulrar grøðingar synaz vaxa af hværi-ungi rotom. at hværr viti sic auðvællegar mega af sniða limar at undan hoggnom rotom. Fyrstr andlegr lostr er ofmetnaðr. Umm þann lostr er sva mælt: “Upp-haf allra synda er ofmetnaðr.” Sa er konungr alrar ilzcu. Fyrir þann fello niðr ænglar af himni ok urðu at dioflum. Sa gærisc af hafnan boðorða guðs. ok geresc hann þa er hugr mannz hæfsc up af goðum værcum sinum. ok hann ætlar sic bættra en annan. ok er hann þvi værri en aðrer. sem hann ætlaris bættra. Værðr ok ofmetnaðr af þriozsco. þa er menn fyr-lita lyða hinum ællrum monnum sinum. Af þessum ofmetnaðe geresc oll o-lyðni. ok oll dirfð. ok þriozca. þrættor ok villur ok hølne. þessa alla luti ma auðvællega yfir stiga sat litillæte þræla guðs.

Vmm matt-visi (On overeating)

Fyrst licamleg synd er af-át. þat er óstilt fysi áz ok drycs. Fyr þat glataðo hinir fyrsto fæðr man-kyns paradisar sælo. ok varo braout reken í mæinsamlega vesol þessa lifs. þar er hværr maðr gezc með synd. ok livir við ærfeð ok døyr með sarlæic. Etne synisc riki hafa yfir manne í þræmr háttom. þat er þa er maðr girnisc af matt-bræðes socum. at nøyta matar sins fyrir maclega tið. eða setta stund. eða hann byðr ser fyri-bua dyrlegre føzlor en bæiði nauðsyn licams eða tignar hans. eða hann tæcr mæira í áte eða i dryc fyri girnd óstillingar sinnar en stoðe hæilsu hans. Af þeirra ætne geresc óstilt glæði. glima. hægóme. gæðlæysi-ræinsa licams. o-staðfæsti hugar. of-dryccia. losta-sæmi. Þvi at of-fylli qviðaR samnasc licams loste. þat stígs yfir með fostum ok við-varnan synda. ok syslu noccors goðs værcs.

Vmm hordom (On harlotry)

Hordómr er ollr oræinsa licamleg. su er vón er at værða af van-stillingu losta. ok ostyrcð andaR þæirrar er lifir æptir holde sinu. at mi-sgera. þviat ond scal vera drotning ok styra holde. En holdet ambott ok lyða drotningo sinni. þat er scynsam-legre ond. Hordómr værðr af samlage licams með cono noccorre. eða í nøccve oðru saurlifi at fylla hita lostans. Þaðan af geresc blind-læicr hugar. ó-stað-fæsti augna ok alz licams. Ostilt ast. opt háske lífs. Slaug. ok læicar. Bæiðni. ok oll ostilling. hattr boðorða guðs. ok ómægin hugar ok rangar girndir. Orøct-uorðens lifs. en tøyging

ny-lægs. Þat stigsc yfir með ræin-lífi. ok vanda bindændi. ok ænd-minning æilifs ælz. ok fyri ræzlo navistar guðs.

Vmm fe-girni (on cupidity)

AGIRNI er mykil girnd at samna aouðøsom. ok haua ok halda. Su sót er u-fylli-leg. sva sem vatn-kalfr. sa er þvi mæir þystir sem hann dræcr mæira. Sva er oc sin-giarn maðr. þvi flæira em hann hæfir. þvi flæira girnisc hann. ok þa er honom er ængi hatr at haua. æigi værðr honom hóf at girnasc. Þaðan geresc ofund. Stuldir. viking. mandráp. lygi. æiðar ósører. rán. o-friki. óróe. Ranger domar. hafnan san-læics. gløyming ó-orðennar sælo. okharðlæicr hiarta. Sa er værðr gagn-staðlegr. Miscunn. ok olmoso-gøðe við vesla menn. ok allre mildi við auma menn. Sin-girni stigs yfir með ræzlo guðs. ok fyri miscunnar værc. ok olmoso-gærðar við væsla menn. ok fyri vaon o-orðennar sælo. þvi at falsleg auðœfe þessa hæims stigasc yfir fyri son auðœfe ó-orðennar sælo.

Vmm ræiði (On wrath)

RÆIÐI er æin af atta hofuðlastum. En ef hon værðr æigi stilt með scynsæmi. þa snysc hon í øðe. þva at maðr værðr-ómattogr hugar sins gerande þat er æigi gægnir. Ef ræiðistoðvasc æigi. þa tæcr hon fra manne alla forsio værcs. ok ma hann æigi scyn-sæmi afls læita rettrar. ne crapz gofulegra álita. ok ma hann æigi hafa al gørfi rétz raðs. hældr sýniz hann gera alt fyri noccora soc. En af þæirri ræiði sprettr upp þrutnan hugar. þrættor. mæi-mæle. call. hæist. guðlastan. mann-drá(p). fysi at hæfna. ok minning óskila. Su ræiði stigsc yfir með þolemøðe ok bið-lyndum. ok scil-samlegre scynsæmi. þa er guð væitir mælegom hugum. ok fyr ænd-minning drotten-legrar bønar þa ervér mælom við guð: “Fyr-gæf þu oss syndir vaorar sva sem ver fyri-gæfom sculdarum vaorom.”

Vmm læti (On indolence)

LÆTI er sot su er mioc grandar þrælum guðs. Þva dvenar tómr maðr í licamlegom girndum. ok fagnar æigi í andlego værki ne glæðsc í hæilsu sinni. ok æigi fagnar hann í fultingi broðorlegs ærvæðes. hældr rænr hugren tomr um alla luti. ok fysisc onytz at æins. Leti er sva at mest recr munka or æin-sætó til veraldar. ok fra stiorn-legre at-færð til synda forraðs. Þa er leti sæter vesalegom hug. þa fyllir hon hann margrar vesaldar. ok kænnir mart illt. Af þvi gerisc svøfne. tómlæte góz værcs. ó-staðfæsti staðar. torvældi ærvæðes. læiðendi hiarta. mogglan. ok lausræði. Þetta stigs yfir. með cost-gæfe lesningar. fyri sysla goðs værcs. Ok fyri girnd ó-orðennar sælo. Ok fyri iatning fræistni þæirrar er maðr hæfir í hug ser. ok fyrir einorð staðar ok ætlanar sinnar. ok fyrir framneng noccorrar í-þrottar ærfæðes. eða bøna eða vaocu. sva at aldrigi finnisc u-nytr þræll guðs. Torvællegar fiðr diofull fræistni stað með þæim manne er syslir goð værc. en sysl-lausan. ok æcci góz gerande.

Vmm u-glæði (On sadness)

Tvin ero kyn ó-glæði. Annat þrifsamleg. en scað-vænleg. Þrifsamleg ó-glæði er þa er hugr syndugs ryggvisc af syndum sinum. ok sva ryggvisc hann er ham læiti scripta-gaongu. ok at gera iðdran. ok girnisc hann at snuasc til guðs. Onnur er ó-glæði þessa hæims su er ge(r)er dao(u)ða andar. ok ma æcci stoða í goða værki su er u-kyrrir hugen. ok sæn(di)r hann opt í órvilnan. ok tæcr á braut vaon ó-orðenna

goðra luta. Þaðan (ge)risc ilzca. ok tor-møðe hugar. hug-læysi. illyndi. ok opt u-yndi (n)ylegs (li)fs. Þetta stigs yfir með and-legre glæði ok vaon ó-orðenna lu(t)a. ok hug(ga)n ritninga. ok broðor-lego við-mæle. í and-legre scæmtan.

Vmm væg-girni (On vainglory)

Tóm ðyrð er þa er maðr girnisc at lofasc í goðum lutum sinum ok gæfr æigi guði væg. ne æignar guðs miscunn þat er hann gerir væl. hældr ætlar hann at hann hafe af ser veg veraldar tignar. eða fægrð andlegrar spæki þar er hann ma æcci gott haf aon guðs miscunn eða fulting. sem guð mælte við læresvæina sina í guðspialle: "Ecci mego þer gera aon mic." Fyrir þær sacar dyrki hvær drotten varn sa er dyrkasc. þvi at hann ma æcci góz guði gæfande. Ef þess lastar rot væx. þa synaz gróa marger ilzcu limar. Røsne. hølne. hæist. sundr-þycci. girnd tómrar dyrðar. ok scropar. þat er liking góz værcs. þa er maðr vil lata lofa sic fyri þat er hann can æigi gera sialfr. allra hællzt gerer hann með þæirri scipan allt þat er hann gerir at hann lofesc af maonnum. Vm þa mælte drotten var sialfr: "Satt sægi ec yðr tóco þæir værcse sit." Þæirrar sottar læcning er ænd-minníng guðlegrar gøzco. fyrir þat er oss ero væittir aller goðer lutir þæir er ver houum. ok æilif ast hans. J hans lofe scolum ver gera hvatke er vér vinnum góz í þessom hæimi. ok girnasc mæir af lofasc af guði á æilifrar ambunar dægi. en af noccorom manne í af-færð þessa scammelegs lifs.

Vmm hina somu luti (about the same things)

Þesser ero atta læiðtogar allrar umildi hværr með sinum (fylkinum). ok stærcstu hærmenn diofuls værca. ok vela í giægn mæ-kyni. þæir er auðvælla stigasc yfir af hærmonnom Crist fyrir hælga coste at tyianda guði. Fyrst ofmetnaðr fyri litillæte. Etne fyri faostur. Hordomr fyrir ræin-lifi. Singiarna fyri spæci. Ræiði fyri þolenmøðe. Leti fyri stað-fæsti góz værcs. O-glæði ill fyri andlega glæði. Tóm dyrð fyri aost guðs. En þessom hær-maonnum diofullegrar omildi. þar sætium ver á mot fiora læiðtoga þæir er fyrir ganga scriftins siðlætes. Þæirra nómn ero þessor: Vittra. Ret-læte. Styrcð. ok Hofsæmi.

Vmm fiora crafta (on the four virtues)

FYRST er vitanda hvat se craftr. Craftr er gørfi hugar. Pryði øðles. scynsemi lífs. Mildi siða. Gofgan guðdóms. Vægr mannz. ok værðlæicr æilifrar sælo. Þesser lutir ero fiorer upphafleger sem vér sæigum. þat er vitra. ok ret-læte. Styrcð. ok hofsæmi. Vittra er hyggiændi guðlegra luta ok mannlegra sva sem gefet er manne. J þæirri er skiliande hvat manne se gerande eða við hvi siande sva sem lefet er í psalme. *Declina a malo et fac bonum.* Snus tu fra illu ok gerr gott. Ret-læte er gofuglæicr hugar. Væitande hværium sem æinum lut æigi-legan metnað. I þvi varðvæitisc gofgan guð-dóms ok log manna. ok retter domar ok iamgirni alz lifs. Styrcð er mykil þolen-møðe hugar ok staðfæsti í goðum lutum. ok sigr í gægn ollu kyni lasta. Hof-sæmi er hátr alz lifs at maðr ælsci æcki of mioc. ne hafe at hattre. hældr stilli hann allar ymisar girndir þessa lifs með alitlegom at-huga. En þæim er þessa luti varðvæita í trv. ok sanlæic. er hæitit lounum æilifrar dyrðar. af siolfum Iesus Crist drotne vaorom. Engi er hærre speki en su er í þæirri scilr maðr ok ræðesc guð. ok trvir u-orðen dóm hans eptir hætte hugar. eða hvat er rettara en ælsca guð ok varðvæita boðorð hans fyrir þann er vér erom scapaðer ok hann løysti oss af diofullegre þionosto. ok gaf oss alt gott þat er ver hauum. En hvat er þæiri styrcð

bættra en stiga yfir diofull ok allar hans tœygingar. ok standa stærclega allar mæingærðir hæimsens fyrir guðs namne.

Vmm hof-sæmi (on modesty)

HARÐA gofugr er craftr hofsæmi fyrir þa er saman stændr alr végr þessa lífs á meðal manna. at maðr hyggi. ok mæle. ok gere stillilega alla luti. i hværri sem æinni som með ráðe hæilsu sinnar. En þesser ero létter ok søter ælscandum guð þann er sva mælte.[66] Neme þer at mér. þvi at ec em miuk lyndr. ok lilit-látr í hiarta. ok munu þer finna hvild á sálum yðrum. (*Jugum enim meum suave est. et honus meum leve*). Þvi at oc mitt er høgt. ok søtt. ok byrðr mín lett. Bættra er ok sælligra at ælsca guð þann er ér æilífr sælte icr. eilif fægrð. eilífr hílmr. eilíf scæmtan. eilíf végr. ok u-þrotleg sæla. en at ælsca fágrar asióner þessa hæims. ok søta berging. ok fogr líoð. ok dyrlegan hilm. scæmtileg átoc. vég. eða sælor þessa fram faranda lifs. Þesser aller luti fara á-brout. ok líða umb sem scuggi fogls. ok svicva þa er ælsca. ok sænda þ(a) i ælifa cvol. ok vesold. En sa er trvlega ælscar guð almatkan ok gofgar hann u-aflátelega. ok fyllir boðorð hans staðfastlega. maclegr man hann gerasc a(t) eignasc æilífa dyrð með ænglum guðs drottins vars Iesus Crist ei ok ei utan æn(d)a.

(**Epilogue**)

Þessa luti orta ec þer hinn kærste sonr Widoni með scommu male sva sem þu batt at tu hafer þat hværn dag í augliti þinu sva sem hann bóc. J þæirri mát tu lita sialfan þic við hvi þu scalt sia. eða hvat þu scalt gera. ok fræmiasc sva fyri ser-hværiar far-sælor eða úfarsælor þessa lífs at tu meger upp stiga til himin-rikis sælo. Lat æigi þu ræða þic umm buning veraldlegrar-farðar sva sem þu meger æigi in ganga með þæim buningi í dyrð himnæsc lifs. Þvi at sva sem ollum er iamt boðat sæla rikis guðs. sva lycs ok upp inganga himin-rikis hiamt hværium á sinu ok aldre ok kyni æðtir tign værðlæics þar er æigi er græin hværr veret hæfir hær í hæimi. lærðr eða u-lærð. auðigr eða aumr. vngr eða gamall. þræl eða drotten. Hældr munu þar dyrcasc hværr sem æin æptir værðlæic gós værcs sins í æilifri dyrð faður ok sonar ok andans hælga. AMEN.

English translation

Alcuin's salutation

The humble Alcuin greets his dearest son Widonus.

I remember my own promise and your request. You have asked me earnestly to write a few words for your troubled mind, because (we know that) you are often struggling, so that you can readily have at hand these fatherly admonitions, and so that you may see yourself in them and be awakened to eternal bliss. These, your praiseworthy wishes I will gladly redeem, and I hope that my benevolent writing will help you (find) eternal salvation. Even though (my) words seem rambling, you should know for certain that they have been composed with the potency of eternal love.

66 Notice in margin: Discite a me quia mitis sum. et humilis corde ("Teach me to be mild and humble of heart," Matth. xi, 29.)

And I have moulded these words into chapters so that they may easily and willingly enter your memory, as I know for certain that you are bound by many wordly duties. (This is why) I pray that your mind will eagerly seek these holy letters and that your mind, weary of wordly concerns, will turn to them joyfully and understand its innermost desire. Just as you asked me to carefully teach you piety, I ask you to read often that which I teach. I also emphatically ask you, my dear son, to build, with constant determination, a home for yourself in heaven, by giving generous alms, by judging (others) compassionately, and by showing mercy, so that your work and good will will always and forever be rewarded by God's mercy.

On wisdom (Vmm speki)

The first thing man should look for is true wisdom, or the correct way to reason, because the wisdom of this world is considered foolhardiness by God. True wisdom means leaving the Devil's service, which is sin. Complete wisdom means honoring (God) and complying with his commands. Because through these two principles you can seek blessed (eternal) life. The prophet David said: "Turn from evil and do good." Man succeed not simply by *not* doing evil things, he must also *do* good deeds; (furthermore) it is not enough to perform good deeds if he does not also eliminate evil. He who acquires wisdom is indeed blessed for ever and ever. A holy life means knowing the divine, and knowledge of the Divine means (acquiring) strength to (carry out) good deeds and receive eternal salvation.

On faith (Vmm trú)

Knowledge of the Divine and of truth is obtained through (common) faith, because it is impossible to please God and not have faith. Indeed, blessed be whoever has (right) faith and lives righteously. Living righteously (also) safeguards his faith. And just as true faith becomes empty without good deeds, good deeds cannot be without true faith. Saint James, the apostle, said: "What help is it, my brothers, if a man says he has faith, but do no good deeds? Then faith cannot save him. Faith is desultory without good deeds. Like a lifeless completely dead corpse, faith is dead without good deeds." But we'll find another time to talk about the praiseworthiness of faith, because one cannot with few words explain the deepest aspects of common faith, and you asked to have God's word explained to you.

On love (Vmm ast)

The greatest of God's commandments is the precept of love. If love is not complete, asserts Paul the apostle, we will not be recognized by God. He claims that neither martyrium, nor forsaking a home, nor giving large alms, can help if it is not performed in the service of love. Or, like the Lord answered once when he was asked by a wise man which commandment was the more important: "Love the Lord with all your heart, and all your soul, and all your mind." This means that (we) must love God with discernment, resolution, and conviction. The second commandment is equal to the first: "You shall love your neighbor like yourself." These two commandments contain the entire Law and the teaching of the prophets. Loving God means keeping his word as he (himself) instructed (us to): "Everyone shall know that you are my disciples, because you love one another." Paul said: "To love is to fulfill the commandment." And John the Evangelist said: "By loving our neighbors

we love God." And if anyone asks who his neighbor is, the answer is that every Christian man can rightly be called a neighbor. We will all be made holy in the baptism of God's Son, and we are spiritual brothers in (his) perfect love. Spiritual fecundation is of greater worth than corporal impregnation. God himself expounded on the two types of conception in the Gospel: "If a man is not born of water and of the Holy Spirit, he will not be able to enter the kingdom of God." Man must acknowledge God's commandments and honor them as best he can, and confess his love of God. These commands I intend to show you (because of your yearning), my dear son, so that you without difficulty may understand other things, when these few have been explained.

On hope (Vmm vaon)

The well-known teacher showed us three things that were necessary to our soul, and he said: "Hope, faith and love will all remain, but the greatest of the three is love." No one shall doubt (the existence of) the divine mercy, even when he is burdened by many sins. On the contrary, he shall pray daily with tears and hope steadfastly for reconciliation with God. Anyone who turns from evil (deeds) may hope for reconciliation, and we should therefore not hang onto our misdeeds, but seek reconcilation and not doubt God's mercy and God's ability to justly punish sinners. Rather we should denounce (both) these two dangers and hope for reconciliation by God's mercy. In the same way, we shall hurry along with true hope for heavenly tenderness and comfort in our anguish and distress. With God lies all our hope and salvation, as God's prophet said: "God is my all, and my hope lies with God."

On diligent reading (Vmm cost-gæfe lesningar)[67]

To read the Holy Scriptures is to learn about divine bliss. Because in the Scriptures man sees himself as in a mirror, (sees) what kind of man he is and (sees) what he longs for. Frequent reading cleanses a man's soul and leads (him) to fear Hell. It urges the reader to (seek) heavenly bliss. Whoever wants to be with God must regularly pray for his (soul) and read, because when we read, God speaks to us. Reading the Holy Scriptures leads to two gifts: the first (of the two) is that reading gives the soul a clear understanding (of things), the second that it leads man away from the vanity and conceit of this world and onto God's love. Reading is a rewarding act which greatly helps cleanse the soul. As the body gets its nourishment from material food, the soul takes its nourishment from the words of God. Said David: " Sweeter to my soul are the words of my Lord than honey to my tongue." Blessed is he who reads God's Scriptures and turns (his) words into deeds. All of the Holy Scriptures has been written for our salvation, so that we can heal by learning to know the Divine. A blind man falls more often than the seeing. In the same way the ignorant breaks God's commandments more often than the learned. Just like a blind man cannot walk down the street without a guide, mankind cannot find the strait path without knowledge.

[67] Reading the Scriptures—*lectio divina*—was considered a form of *prayer* and *meditation*.

On peace (Vmm frið)

The world's Savior, before ascending to his heavenly Father, gave his disciples the supreme gift of his love and peace and said: "My peace I give you, in peace I leave you, with peace I forgive you, and in peace shall I find you again." Leaving, he wanted to give that which he wanted to find in everyone when he comes back. This wonderous manifestation of peace he displayed (in another part of the Scriptures) when he said: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Those who are called the sons of God are those who love peace. A man who refuses to call God his father does not love peace. And peace shall be kept with mild words and respect for God's commandments, not with misdeeds and indecency between people who keep peace while sinning together. Peace in Christ will help their souls reach eternal salvation. But whoever has (concluded a) peace (agreement) with the Devil will harvest eternal damnation. We shall keep peace with good people, love our neighbors and live in harmony with our brothers. Peace allows us to see God's spirit. The peaceful loves (other) people. Peace leads to holiness. Our Lord said through the prophet: "Love peace and truth." Peace is the salvation of people, the wise man's honor, and joy of the country. Peace means fearing all enemies, both visible and invisible. We should, with all our might, keep peace, because he who loves God loves all God's servants and peace, too. A wise man's task is to remind people of what they shall do to obtain peace, and people shall listen with humility to whatever the wise man teaches. That which is not allowed shall be prohibited by the shepherd, so that the people will not do that which they are not permitted to do.

On pity (Vmm miscunn)

Mercy is the greatest of all good deeds. Our Savior himself said: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." A sinner shall not know God's mercy if he does not show mercy to those who sin against him. Therefore, man shall forgive temporal sin in order to inherit eternal goodness. And we shall cleanse our defiled souls and not refuse mercy for those who did us wrong. We shall be saved by our acts of mercy and be worthy of God's mercy on the day of reckoning. Who can know God's mercy if he does not show mercy to his fellow men? Just like every man wishes for God to have mercy, he shall himself have mercy upon those who do him wrong. Whoever reconciles himself with others is sure to obtain (divine) reconciliation. The Lord urged us with great insistence to be merciful. In the Gospel he said: "Be merciful like your Father in heaven is merciful, he who lets the sun shine upon both good and evil, and lets rain pour down on both righteous and unrighteous." The mercy (that we) show and its worth will decide our position. The one who has mercy brings a pleasing offer to God. The judge shall show mercy and uprightness, because these two are interrelated. If mercy stands alone it will only give strength to the misdeeds of sin. And if uprightness stands alone it will bewilder the mind of the sinner, and the judge will not know God's mercy. Finally, Man shall show mercy unto himself. Because how can anyone have mercy with others if he is hard on himself? He is hard on himself who through his own sins prepares himself for eternal flames. He is good against himself who shows mercy upon himself, who

carefully guards himself so that he will not be tortured by the Devil, well knowing that others (later may benefit from) that which he knows is good for himself.

On compassion and forgiveness (Vmm várcunn-læte)

Our Lord said in the Gospel: “Forgive and you will be forgiven. If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you your trespasses.” This message from the Lord reveals his great mercy, and means that if we understand things right, God will judge us justly according to our own judgment, and it is also to a certain extent up to us (to decide) how we are to be judged by God. If we (ourselves) judge mercifully those who do us wrong, then God will have mercy (upon us) when we sin against him. Let us consider his example. The Apostle to the heathens said: “Forgive one another (even) if someone has a claim against you. Because God forgave you, you shall forgive one another.” As God through Christ forgave all our trespasses, we shall forgive those who do us wrong. “Never repay evil with evil,” said Paul the apostle. “Be careful not to be defeated by evil, rather overcome evil with good.” And we may know for sure that every one of us shall be reconciled with God in the same way that we reconcile with our neighbors. Our prayer for our sins will soon come to the ears of God almighty if we keep our ears open for the plea of those who do us wrong. He who forgives those who do him wrong is merciful: he truly will find God’s compassionate mercy. For we shall be pardoned as we have pardoned those who with any kind of wickedness did us wrong.

On patience (Vmm þolen-móðe)

“In your patience,” said our Lord in the Gospel, “ you possess your soul.” Patience is necessary throughout the lives of all men. Just as we must carry with patience the injustices others may put upon us, it is also necessary that we must carry with patience other grievances that we encounter. Good men are often harmed by the evil (people) of this world. And if someone is harmed when doing good, he shall not say to himself that the good deeds were wasted, but rather he should concede that the good deeds were not performed for the love of God, but in order to obtain worldly happiness, or the praise of men. Indeed, many men will see by God’s punishment which deeds are good. “God tempts you,” said Paul the apostle, “in order to know that you love him. Misfortune calls for patience, and patience is a complete virtue. Blessed is he who withstands temptation, because when he has proven that he is worthy he may obtain the honor that God bestows upon those who love him.” No one is wise who does not possess patience. The Lord’s will (is) strong and (can) conquer (any) fortress. In patience we easily find the ability to forgive and not seek vengence. Some people will for some time patiently suffer injustice, but later and with much outrage they will repay in kind. Theirs is not true patience. True patience means confronting injustice face to face, not seeking revenge, but rather (seeking) forgiveness of the heart. In this way, without fire and iron, we become God’s witnesses (martyrs) by displaying true patience when dealing with our neighbors. It is more commendable to refuse injustice in silence than to conquer it with words. Whoever suffers injustice with patience will earn eternal glory in the other world.

On humility (Vmm litil-læte)

We learn from the words of the Lord just how much heavenly strength there is in humility. As he condemned the insolence of the Jews, he said: “Anyone who exalts himself shall be abased.” Humble feet shall ascend to heavenly pastures, because one cannot know God with haughtiness, only with humbleness. God stands against the arrogent, but is merciful with the humble. “The almighty God looks with favor upon the humble,” says David, “and recognizes the proud from far away.” He sees small things so that he can lift them up. He recognizes the proud and the insolent, so that he can lay them down. Let us learn humbleness so that we may draw nearer to God. As he himself said in the Gospel: “Learn from me, I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls.” Beautiful angels fell from heaven on account of their arrogance. By God’s own humbleness, the impotent mankind (was allowed to) ascend to the heavens. Humbleness amongst men is a great virtue. Salomon said: “Where there is pride there are also bad tongues; but where there is humility, there is wisdom.” Another learned man once said: “The greater you are, the lower you must stoop in order to find God’s mercy.”And God spoke through the words of the prophet: “To whom do I look if not to the humble and meek and the ones who remember my words?” The Holy Spirit will not abide with those who are not humble and meek. God became humble for the sake of our salvation, (and therefore) Man should be ashamed of his pride. The more a man kneels down in humility, the more it helps him to (obtain) glory. Whoever is humble will be lifted up to (heavenly) glory. The first step towards humility is to meekly listen to the words of truth, remember them, and willingly to do everything (they prescribe). Because truth shrinks from a mind in which it cannot find humility. The lower a man holds himself in esteem, the more he counts in the sight of God. The more a proud man has the esteem of men, the less he will be recognized by God. Likewise, whoever performs good deeds but lacks humility, (only) carries dust in the wind. Why be proud of dust and ashes, when whatever was collected by fasting and (giving) alms will be carried away by the winds of pride? Mankind, do not strive to gather that which you produce with the toil of your hands, for you shall be judged by someone else than yourself. (When you stand) before his sight, you shall lower your heart, so that he in (due) time will ressuscitate you to your reward. Abase yourself and you will be axalted. Be humble and you shall be glorified, (be humble) so that you will not be humiliated by not being exalted (when you thought you would be). For he who humbles himself finds grace before God. Moreover, whoever esteems himself lowly pleases God. Be (of) little (importance) in your own eyes and be voluminous in the eyes of God. And the more you are worth in the eyes of God, the more defiled you will be in your own eyes. The best way is humility. Your esteem will augment if it draws its strength from humility.

On the heart’s compunction (Vmm tár-mælti)

A heart full of remorse is given the strength of humility. Remorse leads to the confession of sins. Of confession comes true repentance, and of true repentance comes merciful reconciliation (with God). The heart’s tearful compunction means a humble mind. With tears, the heart remembers its sins and fears the coming judgment. Repentance flows out from two fountains: the first is when man carefully

searches his mind for sins, second when he is consumed by yearning for eternal life. The prophet said: “My soul thirsts for a life in God, when may I come before your sight? My tears were bread to me, day and night. My soul yearns for and wishes for the Lord’s house. My heart and body rejoice in the living God.” Four thoughts will lead a just man to bliss: the anguishing memory of the misdeed; the soul’s recognition of the torment (meted out on the last day) of judgment; the acknowledgement of exile in this life; and the yearning for the heavenly kingdom (fatherland), that it will come as soon as possible. These feelings are in Man’s heart, and you must know that God’s mercy is close to the heart of men. It is written in the psalm: “God, I bring words of my life, and you look at my tears.” The promise of mercy that we have from God calls on tears in our heart. A stately treasure is found in the wise man’s heart. Repentance comes quickly to Man’s soul when he repents tearfully through prayer. Without a doubt the Holy Spirit is then present in our hearts.

On confession (Vmm scriftar-gaongi)

The Holy Scriptures encourages us to seek the healing (action) of confession. Not because God needs our confession, as he knows everything we do, say and think, but because we can only find bliss by remorsefully confessing our wrongdoings and the things that we left undone. Whoever inculpates himself on account of his sins shall not be taken into custody by the Devil on the Day of Jugdment, as he has cleansed himself with remorse over what he has done and will not again do anything wrong. “Confess you faults one to another,” said James the apostle, “and pray for one another so that you may be healed.” “In the mouth lies the promise of salvation,” said Paul the apostle. And Salomon said about confessing sins: “He who covers his sins shall not prosper, but he who goes to confession and forswears (his actions) will find mercy.” A cure will be found if we do not repeat the ungodly things that we did, and (if we do) not touch the wounds that have already healed. Thus John the evangelist said: “God is faithful and just, if we confess our sins he will forgive our trespasses and cleanse us from all evil.” Likewise David said: “I have said: I will confess my misdeeds before the Lord, and he will forgive me my ungodly sins.” Man should confess his sins while he is still living, because it is useless to confess your sins in Hell where your remorse cannot lead to mercy. “Now is the time of salvation, and now is the time that suits God.” Now is the time for redemption. After death comes the time to punish those who did not confess their sins. Because (all) ungodly men shall have bitter remorse in the (coming) torment, as confession will not redeem them or free them (then), rather the torment of their souls will increase. They might have avoided agony and pain had they confessed in time, but now their negligence causes their souls to suffer in flames. For how can a doctor heal a wound that the sick is too ashamed to show him? God wants to hear our confession so that he can justly forgive. Whoever hides his sins or is too ashamed to graciously confess, will—in another time (on the Day of Judgment)—be punished by the one who witnessed (what he has done). If a man judges himself in this life, he shall not be judged to eternal damnation by God. There are two reasons to cry for a sinful repenting man: the things he omitted to do and the fact that he wantonly encouraged evil. (Because) What he should have done he did not do, and that which he should not do he did. Confession gives guidance and frees him from

his sins. All hope of reconciliation lies in confession. Confession is the work of mercy and a cure for the sick. Only remorse and redemption can give us health and strength.

On penitence (Vmm iðran)

Our Savior (himself) has shown us the power of confession in the Gospel. He said: “Repent, the kingdom of heaven is near.” “Bring fruit worthy of your repentance,” said John the Baptist. The appropriate expression (fruit) of repentance is to shed tears for the sins that you committed, and not repeat them. The Holy Scriptures say: “Do not add sin to sin.” “Cleanse yourself and remain clean,” said the Lord through the prophet. Whoever weeps over things that he has done but does not repeat (his sin) has been cleansed and is clean. And will not be clean whoever weeps for what he did, but will not change, and who, after having wept, seeks back to the sins for which he cried (in the first place). On the subject of men who return to their sins in tears, Peter the apostle said: “The dog returns to its own vomit.” “You have sinned, my son,” says the Holy Scriptures, “do not repeat your sins, rather pray that you will be forgiven (your) first sin.” True repentence will not be counted in winters (years of remorse), but in the pain of the soul. Therefore Peter the apostle immediately reconciled with our Lord, weping bitterly for the three times he (had) renounced (him). Our remorse will not be refused—even if it lasts only a short while—if it originates from the innermost suffering of the heart. Because the just judge, God, looks into the heart’s hidden corners. God does not as much look at the length of time (of remorse) as much he examines the purity of the repenting person. And whoever trusts in Christ with all his mind, even if he dies with many sins, will, because of his faith, live eternally. The Lord himself said in the Gospel: “I am ressurrection and life. Whoever believes in me shall live even if he were dead. Whoever lives and believes in me shall never die.” About the death of the soul, he said that it happens because of bitter sin. God is merciful by nature, prepared to save (souls) for (the sake of) mercy. He wishes to save everyone and let no one perish. As he said through the prophet: “Man can turn from his sins any day, and (thus) live and not die.” Even if he is a depraved sinner, Man can be reconciled with God the merciful if only he repents. In this world, God’s mercy saves the repenting. In the coming world remorse will not help, as we (then) must show the accounts. In this life, repentence will open (the door to) salvation: after death there will be no possibility of conversion.

On conversion in illness (Vmm sotta læðretting)

One can read in books of divine inspiration that: “My son, do not postpone your conversion to the Lord, because you do not know what the coming judgment will bring.” Whoever delays converting to God puts his soul in (grave) danger, for death will not wait and rewards with pain and torment whoever postpones conversion. A dissipated and paralyzed mind thinks of converting tomorrow but leaves things undone today. Why do you hesitate, sinner, to turn to God? Do you not realize that death may grab you suddenly the day you decide to convert? Because men do die suddenly. If it is good to leave your sins and turn to God, then do it quickly. God promises to set you free if you turn to him and shy from sin; however, he never promised (for sure) that you will have a long life. Therefore, every man

should turn promptly to God, and when he finds (God), leave the ungodly path, for if his last day suddenly arrives, all doubt will be gone and only the judgment will remain. If you do not wish to perish, turn to God and to (eternal) life. Do not give up hope of redemption; however, do not count on a long life. Turn to God and repent. "Tomorrow I will turn to God," you may answer. Why not today? "What harm can it do to wait until tomorrow?" And what harm can it bring to do it today? "What is it worth?" you answer, "My life may be long." If it is long, make it (a) good (life), and if it is short, make it good (too)." But who may bear bad things for a long time? You cannot live long on a poor diet, why should you then have a long poor life? If you want to buy a house, you look for a nice one. And if you want a wife, you look for a good one. You want sons and wish for capable ones. I now only talk about daily things. When you buy shoes you, you do not purchase bad ones. So why do you hold on to a harmful life? What harm has life done to you that it alone is evil and you alone are bad amongst all your good things? "Do not wait to turn to your Lord and do not postpone it (your conversion) day by day." These are God's words and not mine, and you do not hear them from me, but we both hear (them spoken by) God. Maybe you say: "Tomorrow, tomorrow I will convert." This is the raven's advice. The raven did not return to Noah's arch, but the dove came back. So, if you wish to make amends when you no longer are able to sin, then you leave your sins and not the other way around. Whoever waits until his senior days with repentance is exiled from faith. He thinks he will be condemned, but still hopes for mercy. Whoever squanders the moment of mercy will not find forgiveness; and whoever does not believe in God's word or heed his commandments will not hear God's ordinance. Whoever has not used (well) the time granted for repentence will—to no avail—babble his prayers before Christ's tribunal. Therefore everyone should hasten to God while it is still time, and not later, when he may want to but not be able to.

On fearing God (Vmm ræzlo)

"The source of wisdom is the fear of God." Our great sins (make us) always fear God's presence. If a man fears God completely, he carefully guards himself against sin. "Whoever fears God will get his reward on the day of judgment for ever and ever." Whoever is ashamed of his trespasses before his peers will be even more ashamed before God who looks not only at the deeds but at the heart. Those who fear God with holy piety seek that which pleases Him. The fear of a son is different from that of a slave. The slave fears the master because (he fears) punishment, whereas a son fears his father out of love. If (indeed) we are God's children, we shall fear Him because of sweet love and not because of agonizing fear. A wise man fears God in all his deeds, knowing with himself that nowhere can he escape His presence. As David said to God: "Where can I go from your spirit, and where shall I flee from your presence?" No place exists, to the west or to the east, where one can flee from God. "Whoever fears the Lord will accept his teaching, and whoever is vigilant and obeys his commands shall find undisturbed eternal blessing." Blessed be the soul of a man who fears God and is undisturbed by the Devil's temptations. Blessed be the man who is always pious, he shall constantly be reminded of his fear of God. Whoever fears the Lord will take the path that leads away from evil and turn his feet towards the path of virtue. The fear of God chases sin, and gives strength. The fear of God makes a man cautious and thoughtful, and helps him not commit

wrongdoings. Where there is no fear of God, there is debauchery. He who has no fear of God in happiness (usually) seek him in misfortune and asks him for salvation. Blessed is the man who fears God and greatly wishes to obey his command. The fear of God chases the fear of Hell. Let us fear God and love him, for "perfect love chases the servant's fear."

On fasting (Vmm faostu)

Complete fasting—along with giving alms and praying—leads to heaven and the tribunal of our Lord, Christ. (Because) fasting enhances spirituality and connects (a person) with the Savior and the angels through (his) prayers and asceticism. The powers of the heavens and the mark of the Divine will be revealed to us through fasting and prayers through fasting and prayers. While Adam fasted, he was still in paradise, but then he ate and was abruptly exiled. Fasting is a mighty weapon against the temptations of the Devil, for they are quickly overcome who skip it. Our Lord and Savior reminded us that we must resist the Devil's temptation with fasting, prayers, and asceticism. He said: "These kinds of Devils can only be exorcised by prayers and fasting." Because the Devils fly trustingly to where they often see overeating and drunkenness. Shy away from food: slim the body and nourish the spirit. Fasting weakens the flesh but strengthens the soul. And we know that fasting, in conjunction with good deeds, pleases God. Those who fast yet trespass shall be compared with the Devils, theirs is not spiritual food, but always spiritual wickedness. Whoever guards himself against evil deeds and the cupidity of the world with fasting is wise. It is better to feed the living mind with the eternal spiritual nourishment of holy learning than to satisfy the mortal flesh with delightful dishes.

On giving alms (Vmm almosogøðe)

We must realize that we should help other people with the things that we were given by the mercy of our heavenly Father. There are many who do not possess riches on earth—neither gold nor silver, nor other wealth—and we should seek to alleviate their destitution with the means that we have received from our Lord, so that (we) ourselves—together with them—may praise the Lord for the crop of our toil, and joyfully give to the poor and the stranger that which we rightly possess together. Blessed are the barns and worthy all the crops that feed the hungry and thirsty, the sick and the stranger. For God in his righteousness lets men toil with various burdens, but he rewards the unfortunate for their patience and the merciful for their good will. The most effective tools against sins are giving alms and fasting. A prayer aided by these [virtues] will quickly be brought to God's ears. Because it is written: "Man guards his soul by showing mercy." Whoever gives his worldly belongings to someone (that he knows is) in need, will see his gift turned into eternal riches. In the same way, we shall obtain God's mercy and absolution for our sins by having compassion for the poor and by giving alms. For he who does not turn his mind to the poor, will turn his mind to God. Like our Lord said: "Be merciful as your Father in heaven is merciful." One should help the poor with that which God has promised to give. Be steadfast, you generous Christian man. Give that which you acquire, sow that which you glean, disperse that which you gather. Do not fear for your earthly possessions, do not worry about (your) safe sustenance. Your own

(possessions) will grow when you give. Your benefactor wants you to give what you have: he who gave so that you can have, asks you to give, and says: “Give and you shall receive.” You cupid, if you love gold or worldly treasures, give so that you will not perish. Unquestionably, if you guard your (riches) you shall perish, and if you give everything (that you may possess) you will own it for ever and ever. Or like God said: “Gather your riches in heaven where there is no rust or moth, and where thieves cannot undig them. For where your treasure is, there will also your heart be.” Do not fear to be without possessions, for if you give, you will not stand empty-handed on the day of retribution. Whoever sows parsimoniously will glean sparingly. But he who is merciful towards the poor will be blessed. For a man’s riches are his soul’s mortgage. God honors the one who is merciful to the poor. “Hide your alms in the poor man’s cape,” the Holy Scriptures say, “and the gift will be for you.” Like water extinguishes fire, alms extinguish sins. You shall not think lowly of a hungry soul, and not be angry with a poor man who calls you. If a man turns his ear away from the poor, his prayers do not deserve God’s (attention). Do well unto your own soul in this life and give alms, for you will not be able to do well after death. (If you) feed the poor at your banquet table, you feed Christ with them. There are three kinds of alms: first the physical, given to the poor who begs of you; second the spiritual, forgiving those who did you wrong; third (the one) correcting trespassers and guiding sinners onto the path of truth.

On celibacy (Vmm ræin-líui)

A chaste life is (like) the life of angels. Chastity in conjunction with humbleness provides a home for the Holy Spirit, who eliminates unchaste desire(s). The Scriptures says: “The Holy Spirit will flee from a body that is defiled by sin.” Our limbs and joints should be dedicated to God, not to harlotry. Man must measure his lust against the flames of purgatory. Young men must become accostumed to chastity in order to be worthy of God’s wisdom. When the body leads an unchaste life, the Devil’s spirit lodge in it, the one who the most treasures the uncleanliness of our body. God loaths everything unclean, and particularly that which is not according to nature. The Holy Scriptures warn us, saying: “You shall not go after your lust, but turn away from your desire. If you give in to the yearnings of your soul, then (it will let) you become the joy of your enemies.” The wise Solomon wrote these words as a warning against the unchaste life of the body: “ For the lips of a prostitute drips with honey, and brighter than oil her neck. But her end is more bitter than venom and death and sharper than a two-egged sword. Her feet descend towards death, and her path leads to hell. She does not climb the ladder of life. Her stride is uncertain, and impossible to follow. And now, listen to me, son, and depart not from the words of my mouth. Shy her gate and keep far from the door to her house.” This he said not only about the unclean life of the prostitute, but also about (all) bodily longings that lure the soul to live according to its desires. A wise mind shall forbid the wishes of the body, and restrain its desires. And Salomon also forbade young men to live with women [without being married] and said: “Man cannot hide a flame in his loin without burning his clothes, or walk on hot coals without burning the soles of his feet. Likewise, if a man visits his neighbors wife and touches her he cannot be clean.” Paul the apostle admonishes us in the same way, saying: “It is good for a man not to touch a woman,” [meaning] there is

immediate danger in touching. Beautiful is the innocence of adolecsence; (it is) endearing to God and beneficial to all good things. Whoever has sons, spiritual or mortal, will raise them to be chaste in God's service and not in harlotry for the (benefit of the) Devil. How can it benefit man to have many sons, to raise and love them, if he raises them to eternal punishment? Those who are chaste have the company of angels on (this) earth. A chaste life unites a man with heaven, and the angels will pledge for him. Whoever has a legally acquired wife shall rightfully enjoy her at the appropriate times so that he will be worthy of the blessing of sons (by God's will). No one can claim that he is not able to guard himself against harlotry, because "God is faithful," said Paul, the apostle, "and will not let us be tempted more than what we are able to [resist], rather he will assist us (when confronted) with temptation." Temptation is given everyone, be it carnal lust or worldly cupidity, or any other allurement that we must overcome with honor or succumb to with disgrace. We all need to live a chaste life, and most of all the servants of Christ's altars, because their life shall be a true example, and (they should) unequivocally teach (the road to) salvation. It behooves our Lord to have servants who are not defiled by the uncleanliness of the body. Rather, they (should) shine in their chastity and their abstinence, and enlighten the congregation with the example of uprightness and propriety.

On avoiding crime (De fraude cafenda)

He who exhorts us to be charitable with poor people forbids all (kinds of) cupidity and unlawfully gathered wealth. He who said: "Give alms of your rightly earned possessions," also said through the words of the apostle: " Be careful not to betray one another." Whoever acquires something by dishonest actions looses [his sense of] justice and [his] good reputation. Tell me, you greedy and power-seeking (person), tell me sinner what you have acquired. Maybe you answer: "I have acquired gold!" Rightly you say so, for you acquired gold through treason, but you lost your faith because of your misdeeds. If in the markedplace you found a faith for you to bid on, what would be your bid if you were a good man? Why are you not afraid of losing what God wants you to have in the heart? You have gold and (you have) silver, and other precious things in your chest; but you have a wound in your heart. (All these things and) the best riches of all, i.e. faith, (the sense of) justice, and love of God and (your) neighbors, you have lost. Your mind is on (your) earnings but you do not see the damage to yourself. If you treasure increased earnings, why do you not weep for that which you stand to forfeit? You lose more than you gain. You rich man! By way of your supremacy you take whatever you yearn to possess, and, by your misdeeds, you destroy what God wants you to have, which is eternal bliss. If every thief or viking lost his eyes while stealing or robbing, he could never steal or rob again. But he does not realize that by these kinds of sins he loses the heart's light, which is better for everyone than the light of the body. Rather, you greedy man, give what you own to the poor and you will recover in heaven that which you gave on earth. Why are you afraid to give what you own, when you do not fear perishing completely. For the love of wealth you give false testimony. You lie. You take what you like. You swear deceitfully. You do what is prohibited by law. You do all thises things, yet why are you not afraid of burning for ever and

ever? Why do you love gold more than (you love) your soul? Why acquire the entire world if you destroy your soul? The Lord himself said in the Gospel: “Be ware of covetousness.” For the rich die in the same way as the poor. Wealth cannot help anyone on the Day of Judgment, and cannot free from eternal punishment a man who used his riches improperly. No one is more sinful than a greedy man who—for the love of wealth—puts his soul up for sale. Cupidity knows no modesty. It will not be satisfied unless it swallows everything. It is always hungry and impecunious. A greedy man resembles Hell, (a place) that can never be filled.

On judges (Vmm dømendr)

He who judges justly carries the weight of justice in his hands, and in his hands he holds both equity and mercy. If he sees fit to punish sins in the name of justice he must also alleviate the pains of (his) punishment in the name of mercy. A judge shall evaluate without arrogance. Nothing is worse than accepting bribes when judging, because a gift blinds the wise man’s hearts. “The judgment that they pass,” says God, “shall be passed on themselves.” Therefore, a judge shall fear God’s judgment so that he will not be condemned by God for sentencing an innocent or for freeing a guilty man because of bribes, or for the love or hate of someone. No ruler shall put a fool or an evil man to judge (others), for the fool in his foolishness does not know justice and the evil turns into truth that which (he knows) leads to wealth. The poor man suffers more heavily by the lack of impartial judgment than by (the actions of) his most implacable enemies. No robber[433] yearns more than a corrupt judge for the possessions of others: Corrupt and evil judges are the worst enemies. Often (you) can escape the enemy, but you cannot escape the power of a judge who strives to gather riches by destroying people. Sometimes, the judges employ larcenous servants, and are (themselves) defiled by the trespasses (of their servants) if they do nothing to discourage their thievery. These judges will perish on the account of somebody else’s sins. This earth’s Teacher said: “Not only they who commit sins, but also those who let sinners sin, shall appropriately meet eternal death.” Often unrighteous judges delay their judgment or twist a case because of greed, and do not conclude their cases until their purse is full. When they pass judgment, they do not look at the case but at the gifts. “Unrighteous judges,” says the Prophet, “are like wolves; that which they catch at night they do not let go in the morning. This is because they think about improving (their condition in) this life and nothing else. In the manner of wolfes, they take everything (that they covet) and give little for the poor. An irate judge cannot look at his judgment correctly, because he sees not with the light of justice in the fog of (his) anger. One should not look at a man’s appearance, but at the case (presented). It is written: “You shall not look at the appearance when passing your judgment.” Inequitable judges are led astray (even) by true statements, for they consider people’s rank and appearance, and therefor often injure the innocent, and save the ungodly. In truth, it is a sin to accept bribes for a judgment. Those who fear God pass equitable judgments and shall forever be rewarded by God.

On mendacious testimony (Vmm l£gvitni)

“A false witness,” says Solomon, “shall not go unpunished.” Whoever testifies mendaciously against his neighbors, (will see) the mercy expire on that last day.

Whoever hides the truth for fear of another man's power calls the wrath of God upon himself, because he fears man more than God. A perjurer sins in three ways: First against God, because he neglects His presence and fears man's power more than God's; then against the judge, because he lied; and finally against the innocent whom he harms with his false testimony. If you isolate false witnesses, you easily discover that they lie. And both the one who hides the truth and the one who lies are sinners. For the former is good for nothing, and the latter (only) wishes to harm. Blessed be the one whose testimony is deemed worthy in the sight of God. There are four reasons why justice is perverted by a judge: fear, greed, hate, and love. Fear when someone dreads passing a judgment or speaking up when faced with another man's power. Greed when the judge is defiled by (the reward of) bribes. Hate when a man yearns to damage others because of a conflict. Love when a man delivers his friends and kinsmen by going against (that which is) right. By these four factors the equity of the judgment is often overturned and the innocent is harmed. However, they are (even) more to be pitied the ones who treat the poor or other people unfairly, than those who suffer their injustice, because those who suffer will soon see the end of their temporal unhappiness, whereas the ones who unjustly harms others will be condemned to eternal flames. Here (in this world) the good is often judged by the evil, whereas in the next life the evil will be judged by the good. Often, in this world, good men are considered insignificant and poor by other men, and the wicked (are considered) blessed. But eternal reward is always given the blessed, and the wicked will be poor. Those who enjoy good times in this world must take care not to lose their eternal reward, and those who suffer injustice shall stand strong because they will receive eternal bliss.

On envy (Vmm ofund)

"Because of the Devil's covetousness death came into the earth's sphere." The Devil begrudged earthly man (his access to) heaven, and looked for a way to destroy him and have him go against the commandments of our Creator. Nothing is worse than envy, because (the envious) suffers from what other people possess. (The envious) looks with cupidity upon that which other people own and which he does not have himself. Envy opposes everything that is good. Where there is envy there can be no love. And where there is no love there can be no goodness. Whoever is envious resembles the Devil, who, because of envy, chased man brutally from the bliss of Paradise. Great is the man who overcomes envy with humbleness or breaks it down with love. Miserable the man who seeks to increase his punishment by other people's possessions. For whoever is envious suffers in his soul, because that which causes the righteous to improve, strangles the envious. It is better to copy the example of the good men than to seek (people) with a sting of envy. Envy eats away (your) discernment, burns the heart and strangles the mind. Do not grieve over other people's possessions, do not covet other people's happiness. A man can make other people's good actions his own so that he comes to love the goodness in others even though he does not do the actions himself.

On conceit (Vmm of-meðnad)

God resists the proud, but gives grace to the humble. The worst sin was the Devil's arrogance. Of all the sins, conceit is the greatest because it often springs

from good deeds, when the arrogant is proud of his work and loses that which he has acquired by love. The worst vice of all is conceit, because it makes a man glow in the accomplishment (of his deeds) and boast of them. Pride is the source of all sin. For (in it) the soul despises the commandments of its Creator, and quickly falls into the snare of sin. Conceit lies as low as it wants to be high. And the conceited falls deeper the more he claims being distinguished. The one who elevates himself (in his pride) will be condemned by God's righteousness. The first to fall is the pride of a man's soul. A Christian man should above all avoid pride, which calls on the wrath of God. Whereas conceit transformed angels into devils, humility makes men resemble angels. The proud wants fame for what he did not do, but the humble avoids hearing about his good deeds. A man shall not elevate himself for his good deeds, and not seek praise when he accomplishes good actions. Rather he shall praise God for his gifts, because man cannot do anything good if God has not given him to do so.

On anger (Vmm haist)

The world's famous Teacher said: "Let all anger, wrath, irascibility, clamor and blasphemy be put away from you." Untamed wrath is without discernment. A humble answer soothes the anger, whereas a hostile word foments irascability. "A wrathful man," says Salomon, "stirs up strife, but the meek apeases the enkindled wrath."And who can withstand a soul that easily takes to anger? Wrath knows no mercy, and released anger does not know the end of revenge. The angry man's mind is so agitated that he loses his judgment. Yet, wrath becomes justified and necessary when a man's anger is directed towards sin and against himself when he has trespassed. For the Prophet said: "Be angry, but be careful not to trespass." And so (God) allowed man to act according to the laws of nature, but took away his right to sin. Apease the anger of others by your patience. "Be not overcome by evil, rather overcome evil with good." Regard other people's sins as your virtue. If you condemn anger in others, then you should condemn the anger in yourself. Do not let the wrath of others disturb your soul's tranquility. Do not act like a fool, for wrath resides in his bosom. If you are angry with him, then one evil person becomes two: you and him. It is better for you to be good, even though he is evil. Because why should you become evil because of another man's meanness?

On the praise of man (Vmm manna lof)

Our Lord said in the Gospel: "Take heed that you do not perform good deeds in front of (your fellow) men in order to be seen by them." This means that you shall not act with the empty praise of men in mind, but rather that you shall do (good deeds) for the love of God, for the salvation of your soul, and for the love of your neighbors (regardless of what you do). The Lord himself said this about those who give alms, pray, or fast in order to be praised by others: "Verily I say onto you, they already have their reward." Whoever does whatever it takes to solicit the praise of men will get what he sought; he cannot hope for God's (eternal) reward, because he he did not act for the love of God, but rather for the empty praise of other men in the manner of the hypocrites. This sin, to be praised by men for one's good deeds, Christ strongly condemned, and he often castigated in terrifying terms the Jews who were in Palestine. "Whoever praises," says Paul the Apostle, "shall praise God." For

he who does not seek praise will not fear slander. A man cannot consider himself worthy because he is esteemed by men, for the Lord looks into our hearts. What does it help a man to claim that he is good (when he is not)? A man's actions are truly good if he yearns for the approval of God who gave him everything that he owns and does. Any man who seems to be doing good but only seeks to please men and not God will toil to no avail: he sows in the wind. Every one of us shall try to be great in our deeds, but not seek the praise of men for our greatness and thus lose what we had and become insignificant. Because no matter what good a man does, he knows that it does not come from himself but from God. Paul the apostle condemns those who glow from their good deeds, and says: "What do you have that you did not receive, and if you only received it, why do you brag?" The one who turns into praise something that he did not do or acquired, without a doubt turns virtue into offense and good deeds into sin. When a poor man becomes fodder for praise, mercy is turned into sin. Whatever good work a person does, he shall strive to praise God and not himself, as the Lord said himself in the Gospel: "Let your light shine before men, so that they may see your good work and glorify (our) Lord who is in heaven (for them)."

On steadfastness (Vmm stað-festi)

Christian men do no look at how good deeds came about, but rather at what the actions accomplished. Because there are men who start behaving good but who end up badly, like Judas who first was an apostle, then the Lord's traitor and vendor. Realizing what he had done, he went and hanged himself. And Paul the apostle (first) lived badly but ended well, because initially he was the enemy of both God and Christians, but later a teacher. The virtue of good deeds lies in steadfastness, as the Lord himself said: "He who is steadfast to the end shall be saved." I.e. not the one who starts doing good things, but he who persists in good work shall be saved. Because God approves of our behavior when we accomplish the good deeds that we undertake (and persist) until the end. The virtue lies not in the start or the deed itself, for the promise of a reward is given to those who start doing good actions, (it is) given to those who are steadfast (in their effort). Always in a man's life one looks at how he fared at the end, to see whether he would be saved or condemned for what he did towards the end of his life. Therefore everyone should seek to be steadfast in the accomplishment of the good deeds that he has undertaken, so that he can receive God's eternal reward.

On the eight capital sins (Vmm atta hofuð-lasta)

There are eight capital sins, the sources of all the other sins. From these, as from a root, spring all other wrongdoings and sins that defile our minds and deprave our bodies. We have found it appropriate to say a few words about them, about the different offshoots of vice, and (indicate) from which root they seem to grow, so that everyone can easily understand which branches to eliminate when the root has been extirpated. The first spiritual vice is arrogance. About this sin it has been said: "The source of every sin is conceit." It is the greatest of all sins. Because of it, angels fell from heaven and became devils. Arrogance leads to disrespect for God's commandments, and comes when a man's mind revels in his good work and believes that he is better than others, when (in fact) the higher he holds himself in

esteem the worse (off) he is (compared with the others). Arrogance can be born of obstination, such as when someone disdains listening to his elders. Such arrogance engenders disobedience as well as audacity, obstinence, quarrels, defection, and pomposity. God's servants can overcome all of these (vices) with humility.

On overindulgence (Vmm matt-visi)

Intemperance and overeating is the first carnal sin, meaning the insatiable yearning for food and drink. This is why the first human beings were expelled from the bliss of Paradise and were brutally driven into the suffering and destitution of this world, where every man is born into sin, lives by his toil, and dies in pain. Overeating seems to have a threefold hold on man: Firstly, when he so much longs for food that he enjoys his meal long before the appropriate time; secondly, when he orders food too copious for his needs and (social) rank; and finally if he—in his greediness—consumes more food and drink than is wise or good for his health. Overindulgence engenders licentious joy, fighting, prevarication, debauchery, depravity, unsteadfast mind, overdrinking, and lust. Because overeating causes carnal lusts that (only) fasting and the abstinence from sins, in conjunction with good work, (can help us) overcome.

On harlotry (Vmm hordom)

Harlotry signifies all those things that defile the body because of shameless lust. (Harlotry) overcomes the soul and makes it live for carnal needs. The soul should be our body's housekeeper (the mistress who rules over it), and the body should be the maid and obey its mistress. This is wise. Harlotry means intercourse with a woman or in other ways succombing to the impurity of carnal lust. This vice leads to blindness of the mind, unsteadfastness of the eyes and the whole body, licentious love, often mortal danger, wantonness, conflict, lewdness, every (type of) immodesty, disrespect for God's commandments, a powerless mind, a yearning for the forbidden, as well as an unorderly life and the allurement of yet other sins. This can be ovecome by living chastely, by chosing abstinence, by reminding oneself of the eternal fire and by fearing God's presence.

On avarice (Vmm fe-girni)

Avarice means a strong desire to collect wealth, keep it and make it grow. This is an insatiable disease which resembles a dropsy patient who becomes more and more thirsty the more he drinks. This also applies to a greedy man, for the more he owns the more he wants: there is no modesty in his possessions and no limit to his yearning. From avarice other vices emerge: envy, thievery, robbery, manslaughter, mendacity, perjury, raids, violence, conflict, inquitable judgment, disdain for the truth, disregard for future happiness, and hardening of the heart who refuses mercy and alms to the poor, and every other generosity towards the destitute and impecunious. Avarice can be overcome by the fear of God in the hope of future bliss, by merciful deeds, and by giving alms to the poor. The false wealth of the world must cede to the future blessed riches (of heaven).

Om wrath (Vmm ræði)

Wrath is (also) one of the eight capital sins, and if it is not controlled (wisely) it will turn into destruction, so that man no longer controls his (own) mind and does

things that can harm him. If anger is not curbed, it will take away a man's perspicacity and discernment so that he no longer has the strength to seek justice, profess an honest opinion, or give equitable advice, rather he seems to do (what he does) for some (obscure) reason. From wrath spring an inflated mind, quarrel, insult, contempt, irascability, blasphemy, manslaughter, vindictiveness, and the memory of injustice. Wrath is best overcome with patience and composure, and the lucid discernment with which God bequeathed the human mind. Let us be reminded of the Lord's prayer and say: "Forgive us our debt as we forgive our debtors."

On indolence (Vmm læti)

Laziness is an ailment that greatly afflicts God's servants, for it leads the empty-headed into carnal lust. The indolent do not rejoice in spiritual work or revel in the salvation of the soul, nor in the assistance offered by the toil of his fellow men, but rather (his) mind is drained and empty and he only yearns for useless things. Indolence is what drives monks and hermits back to the world, from an orderly behavior to the domination of sins. When indolence becomes the seat of a poor soul, it fills it with many worldly things and teaches it much evil. Therefore (the indolent) becomes drowsy, slow to do good deeds, unsettled, reluctant to toil, weary of heart, discontent, and loose-mouthed. This can be overcome with diligent reading, with the accomplishment of good works, with a longing for future bliss, by confessing the temptations that a man carries in his mind, with constancy and wisdom, by encouraging physical work, prayers, and vigilance (vigils): God's servants are never idle. The Devil finds it more difficult to tempt a man who is occupied doing good work, than the unemployed who never does any good.

On melancholy (Vmm u-glæðe)

There are two types of melancholy: one is remedial, the other is detrimental. Melancholy becomes remedial when the mind is sad because of its sins, when—full of sorrow—it seeks confession, (it) wishes to repent and turn to God. The other (type) is sadness on account of this world, a sadness that kills the soul and hinders the accomplishment of good deeds. It troubles the mind, often sends it into agony, and brutally takes away the hope for future compensation. Such melancholy causes wickedness, unwillingness, despondency, ill temper, and often leads to dissatisfaction with the present life. This can be mastered with spiritual joy and hope for things to come, with the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, and with brotherly conversation in spiritual exultance.

On vainglory (Vmm væg-girni)

Empty praise is when man yearns to be complimented for his good work, when he does not recognize God's role and (fails to) dedicate his good deeds to God's mercy, but rather believes that on his own merit he has received the approval of this world and the beauty of spiritual wisdom, as if (it is possible that) he can have good things without God's help and mercy. In the Gospel, God said to his disciples: "For without me you can do nothing." Therefore, he who is praised shall glorify the Lord, since he cannot do anything without God's generosity. If the vice is allowed to grow roots, it seems (able) to produce many evil offshoots, such as boasting, pride, irascability, disagreement, yearning for empty praise, and hypocrisy: receiving

approval for deeds that he did not do but for which man wants praise. The vainglorious works in such a way that he ensures the praise of his fellow men. About this our Lord himself said: “Verily I say unto you, they (already) have their reward.” The (only) cure for this affliction is to be reminded of God’s benevolence, by which we receive all good things, and of His eternal love. To obtain His praise we will do whatever we can in this world and yearn more for God’s approval on the day of eternal reward than for the praise of any human being in (this) our shameful life.

More on the same things (Vmm hina somu luti)

There are eight common vices and their defenders, the Devil’s strong warriors drafted against mankind, who are easily conquered with the help of Christs soldiers and (holy) virtues in the service of God. First, arrogance (is conquered) with humility; then overeating with fasting; harlotry with celebacy; avarice with wisdom; wrath with patience; indolence with steadfastness in good work; melancholy with spiritual joy; and empty praise with the love of God. Against the wickedness of the Devil’s warriors we muster the four authorities of Christian life: wisdom, righteousness, strength and modesty.

On the four virtues (Vmm fiora crafta)

First we need to define what virtue means. Virtue is the soul’s attire, the adornment of our nature, (manifest in) a discerning life, pious mores, and adoration of the Divine. (On account of these virtues) a worthy man will be honored with eternal salvation. The four original virtues that we consider are the following: wisdom, righteousness, strength and modesty. Wisdom means knowledge of divine and human things that have been given to man. With their help, we are able to understand what man shall do and what he shall look at. One reads in the psalm: *Declina a malo et fac bonum*, meaning “turn from evil and do good.” Justice is the soul’s entitlement, which confers to every (righteous) man his just worth. In it (we find) the respect for God and the law of men, fair judgment and equity in life. There is great strength in patience of the mind, in steadfastness in good work, and in victory over various kinds of vice. Modesty means, throughout life, trying not to covet anything excessively, not to hate anyone, but rather to take special care to restrain one’s various yearnings (in this life). Those who in faith and truth strive towards (the accomplishments of) these virtues can hope for eternal approval by Christ himself, our Lord. There is no greater wisdom than the one that makes a person—if he puts his mind to it—understand and fear God and believe in the coming judgment. What is better than to love God and respect his commandments—God—by whom we were created, who freed us from the Devil’s service, and who gave us everything that we have? And what is better than (to have) the strength to overcome the Devil and all his temptations, and for the (sake of the) name of God bravely suffer the tribulations of this world?

On modesty (Vmm hof-sæmi)

Modesty is an especially commendable virtue because in every way it stands in the midst (of the community) of men: it causes Man to think and to speak and humbly perform every task with his salvation in mind. And this is easy and sweet for those who love God, who said: “Learn from me, because I am meek and lowly of

heart, and you shall find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light" (*Jugum enim meum suave est, et onus meum leve*. Matth. XI, 29.). Therefore, my task is easy and agreeable, and my burden is light. It is better and more beneficial to love God—who is eternal sweetness, beauty, fragrance, jubilation, worth and endless bliss—than to love pretty appearances and sweet tastes, or sweet sounds, lovely scents, joyful touches, or honors and happiness of this world. These are all things that disappear quickly, (they) evaporate like the shadow of a bird and fail those who love them and send them into eternal pain and misery. But whoever truly loves God almighty and always praises him and steadfastly complies with his commandments will appropriately be worthy of eternal bliss with the angels of Jesus Christ, our eternal Lord.

(Epilogue)

I have written about these things, my dear son Widonus—briefly, like you asked me to do—so that you can have them before your eyes in a handbook every day. In my writing you may see for yourself what you ought to say or do. This handbook may help you through the fortunes or misfortunes of this life so that you may ascend to bliss in heaven. Do not worry about the attires of this world, for they are garments that you cannot wear when you enter the glory of heavenly life. The bliss of God's kingdom is offered to everyone, and the door to heaven is open to people of every age and gender according to their degree of merit. (In God's kingdom) there is no consideration for what people have been in this world, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, young or old, slave or master. Instead, everyone will be rewarded on account of the good work that they performed, in eternal praise of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. AMEN.

Gregorius: *Homilia VIII*

The Latin text of has been extracted from Étaix, Raymond (1999) *Gregorius Magnus. Homiliae in Evangelia*. *Corpus Christianorum. Series Latina CXLI.* Turnholt: Brepols Publishers, pp. 53-56.

Saint Gregory (c.540-604) the Great was a theologian and a fervent church reformer, who helped organize medieval papacy. His teaching built on the writings of Saint Augustine (354-430), especially on Augustine's ideas of a Christian society. Gregory reformulated Mass and introduced song as part of the liturgy. One of his many achievements was the establishment of Christian missions in the British Isles. Soon, the Church's presence in England became the main base for many missionary campaigns on the continent. Missionary bishops of the Church in the British Isles were central to the introduction of Christianity in Norway in the 11th century.

As a pope, Gregory introduced the notion of holy war in relation to the heathens, and launched many rather aggressive missionary campaigns around the Mediterranean Sea in order to prevent pagan sacrificial rites.

Saint Gregory was of a frail health, and did not always have the strength to read his sermons himself; rather, a notary with a good voice would deliver the homilies for him. The homilies were dictated to the notary, and Gregory revised the text before its pronunciation during Mass. Saint Gregory's work has customarily been organized according to whether or not the theologian had read the material himself. He himself published his homilies in the order in which they had been written and pronounced. Of his work there are many surviving copies as it was customary for rich people to hire clerks to record the sermons as they were delivered. The Church also had people taking shorthand of his words.

In *Humiliúbók*, where we find Gregory's homily, the majority of the titles appear in Latin. Usually, a medieval homily would combine a given text from the Evangelium and the actual sermon pronounced by the preacher. Gregory's *Homilia VIII* in fact is the only text in the Old Norse Book of Homilies called a homily and not a sermon. The introductory passage to the homily is essentially a rather faithful rendering of St. Luke in *Vulgata*, whereas the homily itself looks for its inspiration in a number of other medieval exegetical writings.

For clarity, *u* has been written *v* and vice versa when deemed appropriate. *A* and *b* represent different familiar variants of the text.

Lectio sancti evangelii secundum Lucam (Luke: 2, 1-20)

In illo tempore exiit edictum a Cesare Augusto, ut describeretur universus orbis. Haec descripto prima facta est a praeside Syriae Cyrino. It ibant omnes ut profiterentur singuli in suam civitatem. Ascendit autem Ioseph a Galilaea de civitate Nazareth in Iudeam civitatem David, quae vocatur Bethleem, eo quod esset de domo et familia David, ut profiteretur cum Maria desponsata sibi uxore praegnante. Factum est autem, cum essent ibi, impleti sunt dies ut pareret. Et peperit filium suum primogenitum, et pannis eum involuit, et reclinavit (posuit : a) eum in praesepio, quia non erat ei locus in diversorio. Et pastores erant in regione eadem vigilantes et

custodientes vigilias noctis supra gregem suum. Et ecce angelus Domini stetit iuxta illos, et claritas Dei circumfulsit illos, et timuerunt timore magno. Et dixit illus angelus: Nolite timere. Ecce enim evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum, quod erit omni populo, quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator, qui est Christus Dominus, in civitate David. Et hoc vobis signum: invenietis infantem pannis involutum et positum in praesepio. Et subito facta est cum angelo multitudo militiae caelestis laudantium Deum et dicentium: Gloria in altissimis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

Homilia lectionis eiusdem habita ad populum in basilica beata Mariae die Natalis Domini

1. Quia, largiente Domino, missarum sollemnia ter hodie celebraturi sumus, loqui diu de evangelica lectione non possumus. Sed nos aliquid vel breviter dicere Redemptoris nostri nativitas ipsa compellit. Quid est quod nascitur Domino mundus decribitur, nisi hoc quod aperte monstratur, quia ille veniebat in carne, qui electos suos ascriberet in aeternitate? Cui contra de reprobis per prophetam dicitur: *Deleantur de libro viventium, et cum iustis non scribantur* (Psal. LXIX, 28). Qui bene etiam in Bethleem nascitur; Bethleem quippe domus panis interpretatur. Ipse namque est qui ait: *Ego sum panis vivus qui de caelo descendi* (Joan. vi, 35 & 41). Locus ergo in quo Dominus nasceretur, domus panis ante vocatus est, quia futurum profecto erat, ut ille ibi per materiam carnis appareret, qui electorum mentes interna satietate reficeret. Qui non in parentum domo, sed in via nascitur, ut profecto ostenderet quia per humanitatem quam assumpserat, quasi in alieno nascebatur. Alienum videlicet non secundum potestatem dico, sed secundum naturam. Nam de potestate eius scriptum est: *In propria venit* (Joan, I, 11). In natura etenim sua ante tempora natus est, in nostra venit ex tempore. Qui ergo aeternus permanens temporalis apparuit, (profecto: add. a) alienum est ubi descendit. Et quia per prophetam dicitur: *Omnis caro fenum* (Isai. XL, 5), factus homo fenum nostrum vertit in frumentum, qui de semetipso ait: *Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terram mortuum fuerit, ipsum solum manet* (Joan. XIII, 24). Unde et natus in praesepio reclinatur, ut fideles omnes, videlicet sancta animalia, carnis suae frumento reficeret, ne ab aeternae intelligentiae pabulo ieiuna remaneret. Quid est autum quod vigilantibus pastoribus angelus apparet eosque Dei claritas circumfulget, nisi quod illi prae ceteris videre sublimia merentur, qui fidelibus gregibus praeesse sollicite sciunt? Dumque ipsi pie super gregem vigilant, divina super eos gratia largius coruscat.

2. Regem vero natum angelus nuntiat, eiusque voci angelorum chori concinunt et congaudentes clamant: *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis* (Luc. II, 14). Prius quippe quam redemptor noster per carnem (in carne: a) nasceretur, discordiam cum angelis habuimus, a quorum claritate atque munditia per primae culpae meritum, per cotidiana delicta longe distabamus. Quia enim peccando extranei eramus a Deo, extraenos nos a suo consortio deputabant angeli cives Dei. Sed quia nos cognovimus regem nostrum, recognoverunt nos angelis cives suos. Quia enim caeli rex terram nostrae carnis assumpsit, infirmitatem nostram illa iam angelica celsitudo non despecit. Ad pacem nostram angeli redeunt,

intentionem prioris discordiae (rixae: a) postponunt, et quos infirmos prius abiectosque despexerant, iam socios venerantur. Hins est enim

(a) quod Gedeon angelum adorat, nec tamen prohibetur;

(b) quod Loth vel Iosve angelos adorant, nec tamen adorare prohibentur;

Iohannes vero in Apocalypsi adorare angelum voluit, sed tamen idem hunc angelus ne se debeat adorare compescit dicens: *Vide ne feceris, conservus tuus sum et fratrum tuorum* (unus enim conservorum et fratrum tuorum sum : a). Quid est quod ante Redemptoris adventum angeli ab hominibus adorantur et tacent, postmodum vero adorari refugiunt, nisi quod naturam nostram, quam prius despexerant, postquam hanc super se assumptam conspiciunt, substratam sibi videre pertimescunt † Nec iam sub se velut infirmam contemnere ausi sunt, quam super se videlicet in caeli rege venerantur. Nec habere dedignantur hominem socium, qui super se adorant hominem Deum.

Curemus ergo, fratres carissimi, ne qua nos immunditia polluat, qui in aeterna praescientia et Dei cives (civibus: a) et angelis aequales sumus. Vindicemus moribus dignitatem nostram, nulla nos luxuria inquinet, nulla turpis cogitatio accuset, non malitia mentem mordeat, non invidiae rubigo consumat, non elatio inflet, non ambitio per terrena oblectamenta dilaniet. Dii etinem vocati sunt homines. Defende ergo tibi, homo, contra vitia honorem (dignitatem : a) Dei, quia propter te factus est Deus homo.

The Old Norse Version

The text has been extracted from Indrebø, Gustav (1931) *Gamal Norsk Homiliebok*, Oslo: Jacob Dybwad, pp. 38-43.

Humiliúbók is a collection of devotional texts, which have survived in a manuscript from c.1200. The *Humiliúbók* (*Codex AM 619, 4º*) is in fact the oldest surviving Norwegian manuscript. Some of the vernacular instructional texts contained therein may be somewhat older, probably dating back to the first half of the 12th century. A number of linguistic features suggest the possibility of even older (maybe oral) versions of some of the texts, some of which may indeed date back to the first missionaries who needed material in the vernacular in order to preach for the natives. Some of the texts—especially the *Pater Noster*—may therefore have been known in its vernacular (and probably oral) form at the early stages of the Christanization of Norway. We know that on the Continent, especially in France and Anglo-Normand England, the sermons were frequently translated by the preacher, either ahead of Mass or spontaneously during its pronunciation. The missionaries needed vernacular versions of the material to reach their audience. The Mass was conducted entirely in Latin; nevertheless, the sermon was an occasion to connect with the parishioners.

The texts may indeed have been translated over some time, by more than one translator, and assembled into one collection. It is also difficult to ascertain exactly when the texts were organized into one collection. The collection of (highly didactical) texts outlines and explains the main articles of the faith. In essence, it contains the minimum knowledge required by those who wanted to enter the

community of Christians. The story of the Nativity—as the Passion of Easter—was of course central in the teaching of the Evangelium. It had many of the features of a fairy tale: it was a narrative in which a man of poor and humble origin acceded to the heavenly kingdom.

Like most of the texts in the Old Norse Book of Homilies, the narrative elements are emphasized, and the theological and philosophical are toned down, in some respects the homily conveys the bare essentials, repeated and reiterated for the benefit of the audience.

Quotation marks have been added to indicate direct speech.

Lectio (Luke: 2, 1-20)

Jn nativitate domini nostri Iesv Cristi sermo

Gvðspioll segia fra iarteinum burðar drottens vars Iesu Crist þes er berasc let á þesse enne hælasto not fra Mario møyo. Augustus konungr sende boðorð umm allan hæim at lata rita mann-tal í hverri borg. at hann vissi hve mykin scatt hann scyldi hæimta or hverio heraðe. En sia ritning hofsc fyrst af Syrlannz þæim er Cyrinus het. ok for þa hver til sins heraðs. Ða for Ioseph or Galilea í borg Dauið þa er Bethléém hæitir með festar-kono sinni Marie. þui at þau varo or kyni Dauid. En er þau varo þar. þa fyldosc dagar Marie. ok bar hon son sin frumgeten. ok vafðe hon hann í ræifum ok lagðe hann í eto. þui at eigi var rum í gesta-scala. En hirðar varo í þvi heraðe ok heldo nat-vaoco yfir hiorð sinni. engil guðs stoð hia þæim ok skæin mykit lios yfir þa. ok ræddosc þæir. En engillen mælte við þa: “Egi scolo þer ræðasc. þvi at ec boða yðr mykin fagnað þann er vera mon aollum lyð. þui at í dag er boren grøðare hæims Cristr drottenn í borg Dauið. En þat er yðr at marke at þer munuð finna barn vaft í ræifum ok lagt í eto.” Ða gerðesc fiolðe engla með þessom æinum engle. ok louaðo aller guð ok mælto: “Dyrð se guði á himnum. ok á iorðu friðr monnum er gott vilia.” En er englar hurfu fra þæim. þa mælto hirðar með sér: “Faorum ver allt í Bethléem ok siom orð þat er gorzc heuir ok drotenn syndi os.” Ða foro þæir scyndilega ok funno Ioseph ok Maria ok barn í eto lagt. En er þæir sao. þa kendo þæir orð þat eþæim var sagt ok undraðosc allir er þessor tiðende høyrðo er hirðarner saogðu. En Maria varðvæite oll orð þessor í hiarta sinu. En hirðar hurfu aptr ok lofaðo guð í ollum lutum þæim er þæir hofðu sét eða hæyrt.

Ómelia Gregorij

Egi megom vér langt mæla ummscyring þessa guðspiallz goðer brøðr.[68] þvi ar vér sculom þrysvar messo syngva á þessom degi. En þo scyldir os siolf burðar-tið lausnara vars at mæla noccot. Hvi gegnir þat at allr hæimr var ritat at mann-tale þa er Cristr var borenn. nema þvi at þa vitraðesc sa í licam er ritat heuir tal allra valldra manna sinna á lifs boc. Ðar á mote er sva mælt umm vanda menn. Másc þæir af lifs boc ok ritasc eigi með retlátum. Maclega var Cristr borenn í Bethléem. þui at Bethléem þyðisc brauðs hus. En sialfr drotenn mælte: “Ec em brauð lifanda er niðr ste ec af himni.” Staðr sa er drottenn var boren í calladeðsc aðr brauðs hus. þui at þat var fyrir ætlat at sa myndi þar vitrasc í licam. er føða myndi himnescre føszlo hiarto sinna manna. egi var hann at frænda sinna heimili borenn. heldr at fornom vege. þvi

68 The Latin text has the mention of brothers (and sisters) only once at the end, whereas the Norse translator emphasized the personal entreaty, when addressing the Norse audience, which in the beginning probably consisted of members of the monachial orders, the future native missionaries.

at hann var sua sem á annars oðale heldr an sino. þa er usynlilegr guð toc synilegan manndom á sic. Annars oðal callaðe ec egi at veldi hans hældr at øðle. þvi at sva er ritat umm velde hans at hann com til sins egins. J sino øðle er hann getenn fyrir tiðir af fæðr. en í varo øðle com hann á tið. En er eilifr guð gerðesc stundlegr maðr. þa var annars oðal þar er hann com. En sva mælte Ysaias spamaðr: "Hvert hold er sem gras." En er guð gerðisc maðr. þa snere hann grasleg øðle varo í hveiti sva sem hann mælte umm sialfan sic. "Eit saman er hveiti-corn neme þat falle á iorð ok døye." Af þvi var hann lagðr í eto þa er hann var borenn. þui at hann føðer heilog cyqvende. þat ero trvaðer menn. at egi missi ander þæirra ennarðre føzlo þa er þæir bergia holde hans. Uxe ok asne stoðo yfir etonne. þui at noccorer af gyðingum ok af hæiðnum þioðum kendo burð Crist. Vxi merkir gyðinga. en asne hæiðna menn. Engil vitraðesc vacaondum hirðum ok skein lios guðs yfir þæim. þvi at þæir gøre hælzt oðlasc himnesca luti er mildlega cunnu styra guðs hiorð. Oc skin þvi gnoglegar lios guðs miscunnar yfir þæim. sem þæir vaka trvlegar yfir hiorð guðs. Maclega vittraðesc engil með liose þa er Crist var boren. þvi at hann er sialfr lios ret-latra þat er lysir hvern mann er kemr í hæim. Maclega vacto hirðar yfir hiorð. þui at sa var boren er þetta mælte: "Ec em góðr hirð." Hirðar merkia kenni-menn. en not su er þæir heldo voco yfir hiorð sinni merkir haska freistonar. Við þæirra fræistni sculo varðvæita sic ok sina menn aller þæir er algorlega reca fra sér urøctar svefn. En er engil hafðe boðat burð himna konungs. þa sannaðe marger engla-floccar mal hans ok callaðo ok mælto: "Dyrð se guði á himnum ok á iorðu friðr maonnum þæim er gott vilia." Fyrr en lausnare vár lete berasc varum vér sundr-þyccir við engla. þui at vér varom langt scildir fra hæilaglæic þæirra fyrir værðlæic ennar fyrsto syndar. ok fyrir hvesdagslegar varar af-gerðir. En er ver urðum ut-lager fra guði fyrir syndir varar. þa virðo englarborgar-menn guðs os ulennda fra sinu samlage. en er vér kendom konong varn. þa kendo englar os borgar-menn sina. En með þvi at himna konungr toc á sic iorð licams vars. þa fyrir-lítr egi engli tign óstyrclæic varn. Englar hverfa aptr til friðar vars ok leggia niðr hit forna missæte. ok fagna þeir nu þæim sua sem sinum lagsmaonnum er þæir fyr-lito fyrr sva sem recninga. Af þui er sagt at forner fæðr luto ænglum ok var þæim egi þat bannat. en Iohannes postole vildi luta engle. en engillen bannaðe honom þat ok mælte: "Se við þu at gera þat. þui at ec em sam-þræl þin ok brøðra þinna." Hvi gegnir þat er menn luto englom fyrir hin-gat quamo lausnara vars ok var þæim egi þat bannat. en siðan vildo þæir egi lata menn luta sér. nema þvi at þæir ræðasc at fyr-lita øðle vart undir sér siðan er þeir sia þat upp haft yfir sic með Criste lausnara varom. ok þora þæir egi at sia mæ-lect øðle undir ser sva sem ostyrct með þvi at þeir gofga þat yfir sér á himna cononge. ok lata þeir lica ser at virða mannen iafninga sin. þui-at þæir gofga guð mann yfir sér. Costum vér ok þa goðer brøðr at engi oreinse saurge os þar er vér erom gorfer iafningiar engla oc borgar-menn guðs. Saurge egi os losta-semi ne liot hugrenning. Biti egi illza hug varn ne ofund. Blase egi á os ofmetnaðr ne tæle os ræiði. dræiui egi agirnd hug varom til iarð-legra luta. Virðum ver ok þa með mycclum at-huga englar mælto: "Friðr se maonnum á iorðu þæim er gott vilia." Fyri hvi saogðu þæir hældr frið þæim er gott vilia en þæim er gott vinna. nema af þvi at goðæv-c mego gorr værða aon goðom vilia. en góðr vili er aldrigi tomr af goðo verki. Þat er goðr vili at gera lystanda alla goða luti þa er maðr ma. ok vilia flæira gott gera en hann mege. Þæir er þv-ilikir ero muno æignasc sannan frið með guði. þo at þæir sæ-sva mioc

þrøngðer í mæinnum hæims at þæir mege fát góz gera. þui at guð dømer mæir at vilia en at vercum. En sumir synasc mart gott gera þeir er þo æignasc egi þenna frið. þui at þeir hafa egi goðan vilia þa er þeir leita iarðlegrar ambonar fyri goð vænns. En er englar hurfu fra hirðum segir í guðspialleno. þa mælto hirðar með sér: “Faorum vér allt í Bethleem ok siom orð þat er drotten syndi os.” J orðum sinum ok í vercum syndo hirðar os hvat ver sculum gera. eða hvessu ver scolum renna hug varom í Bethleem borg Dauið. ok minnasc þæirra luta er þar gerðosc á þesse tið. En af þui mælto þæir sua “faorum ver allt í Bethléém” sva sem þæir ætte langa læið at fara. I þui er þæir mælto sva. þa sýndu þæir os hvat vér scolum gera. Faorum vér ok þa í hugrenningum varom allt í ena himnesco Bethleem þat er brauðs hus. egi þes er manna handum er gort. hældr lifanda brauðs þes er niðr ste af himni. þar manum vér finna drottenn eigi liggianda í eto. hældr rikianda yfir ænglum. Hirðar foro scyndilega ok “funno Mariam ok Ioseph ok barn lagt í eto.” ok kendo þæir er þæir sao orð þat er þæim var sagt fra svæini þessom. Hirðar funno drotten þa er þæir foro scyndilega. þvi at þæir mego líta dyrð guðs er æigi dvælia dag fra dægi at snuasc til drottens. hældr scynda þæir at læita hans með goðum verkum. Oc fundo þæir Mariam ok Ioseph ok barn lagt í eto. Með gløggum athuga ero merkiande guðspialleg orð. Hirðar funno fyrst Ioseph ok Mariam ok siðan svæin. þui at þæir er guðs vilia læita scolo fyrst søkia fulting arnaðarorz hæilagra. en siðan mono þæir finna guðs miscunn þa er þæir læita. En er vér lysomsc af gæisla guðs miscunnar ok megom skilia taocn guðs. þa scolom vér boða nangum varum þa er saomo guðs miscun. at aðrer rettesc af vaorom dømom ok kenningum ok lofe guð. þui at þat er far eptir í guðspialleno. “Aller undraðosc þæir er høyrðo þat er hirðar saogðu þæim.” Hirðar saogðu þat er þæir sa ok høyrðo. en aller undraðo er høyrðu orð þæirra. þvi at lærðir menn sculu vita lyð sinum kenningar þær er þæir scilia á bocom. en lyðren scal varðvæita i hiortum sinum með athuga kenningar þær er hann hæyrir. “Ða hurfu hirðar aptr ok dyrcaðo guð í ollum lutum þæim er þæir sao ok hæyrðu.” Hvat merkir þat er hirðar foro fra hiorðu sinni ok læitaðo drottens. en þeir hurfo aptr til hirðar er þæir funno hann. nema þat at vér sculom æigi gløyma guði fyri ælsco naongs. ok hafna æigi nangs ælsco fyrir guðs aost. hirðar hurfu aptr til hiarðar þa er þæir funno drotten. þui at kenni-menn sculu æigi fyr-lita varðvæizlu lyðs. þo at þæir cos-tæfe at skilia tacn dyrðar guðs. Hirðar hurfu aptr ok lofaðo guð í ollum lutum þæim er þæir sao ok hæyrðu. þvi at hvær er scilia ma tacn guðs mattar scal guði æigna en eigi sér allt þat er hann ma scilia gott ok gera. En með þvi at vér haoldum í dag burðar tið drottens vars Iesu Crist goðer brøðr. þa scolum ver noccot røða umm dyrð þessar haotiðar. Ðat er vitanda at hinn fyrsti maðr var scapaðr or ó-saugaðre iorðu sa er glataðe í dauða ser siolfum ok ollu kyni sinu. af þui var maclegt at sa lete fra ræinni møyio berasc er bøtte ens fyrsta mannz af-giærð. ok aptr læidde kyn hans allt til lifs fra dauða. Ðat er oc maclect at Cristr bøtte með litillæte þa synd er Adam gerðe með ofmetnaðe. Hin forne Adam braut boðorð guðs ok lýddi tøygingo diofuls. ok hof sic up í ofmetnað ok vildi lícr vera guði. en hinn nyie Adam sa er Crist. var lyðin guði fæðr ok lægðe sic. ok toc manns licam á sic. ok ste niðr til iarðar af himni. at hann læiddi til himins af iorðu man-kyn þat er faresct hafðe í enne fyrsto synd. Mykit er tacn astar guðs ok litillætes. Maðr hafnaðe guði. ok hvarf braut fra honum. en guð ælscaðe mann ok com hingat til manna. ælscaðe hann syngan ok gerðe retlátan. ælscaðe hann síucan ok gerðe hæilan. ælscaðe hann anauðgan. ok gerðe frialsan. ok

æscaðe sva framarla at hann seði sic til dauða at ver mættim lifa. En þat er vitanda at þriar ero tiðer hæims. Æin fyrir log. en onnur undir logum. en þriðia undir miscunn. Tið var fyriR log allt fra upp-hafe hæims til þes er Moyses gaf hin forno log. Tið var undir laogum fra Moysi allt til burðar Crist. En miscunnaR tið er fra burð Crist allt (til) ennda hæims. þui at drotten væitti miscunn í burð sinum ollu mankuni þvi er var fyrir log ok unndir logum. ok ollum þæim er eptir burð hans como í hæim. Þessar tiðir þrennar merkiar. iii. messor þær er þessas hotið þiona. Not-messa merkir þa tið er callasc fyrir log. þui at þa var enn æigi lyst miscun burðar Crist fyrir alldaR-fæðrum. sva sem not-messo scal syngua fyrir allt dags lios. Miðmessa en sungin er at døgra-mote merkir laga tið. þviat log spamanna lysto noccot yfir burð Crist þo at hann køme siðar fram. sva sem þessa messo tið hefir lut af nott ok af dæigi. Dag-messa merkir miscunnar tið. þui at burð drottens rac braout alla villu-not or hiortum truaðra ok syndi æilift lios retlátummaonnum sva sem salma-scaldet mælte. “Upp rann lios retlatra eptir myrcr miscunsamr ok retlátr drotten.” Gofgum vér ok þa goðer brøðr ok systr taocn end-bøttaR varar með ræinum hug. ok lofum vér drotten í ollum vercum miscunnar hans. Elscom ver drottenn Iesum Crist boren í varom licam at vér megem sia hann konung. dyrðar lifanda ok rikianda í sinu velde fyr y-utan enda. AMEN.

English Translation

Lectio: Luke: 2, 1-20

The Gospel tell (us) about the miracles that took place when our Lord, Jesus Christ, was born, when He let (Himself) be born in the most holy of nights by Virgin Mary. King Augustus sent word to the whole world that a census should be organized in every city, in order for him to establish the taxes to be collected from each county. Cyrenius, the Earl of Syriah, was the first to start the census, and (for this count) everyone went to his county (of origin). Joseph left Galilee (and went) to the city of David, the one called Bethlehem, together with his fiancée, Mary, because they descended from David’s family. And when they were there, the days had come for her delivery, and she gave birth to her first-born son, swaddled him and put him in a manger, because there was no room for them at the inn. And shepherds abided there in the county, keeping watch over their flock at night. (Suddenly) God’s angel stood before them and shone brightly upon them, and they were scared. But the angel said to them: “Fear not, for I carry a message of great happiness which shall be (given) to all people. For on this day the world’s Savior, the Lord Christ, has been born in the city of David. And this is the sign you shall look for: you shall find a child swaddled in a manger.” And a multitude of angels joined the first angel and they all praised God and said: “Glory to God in heaven and peace on earth for men of good will.” Then the angels withdrew, and the shepherds said to one another: “Let us all go to Bethlehem and see the Word that has come to be and that (the) Lord has made known to us.” Then they hurried along and found Joseph, and Mary, and the child who lay in the manger. And when they (the shepherds) saw this, they understood the word that had been said, and everyone (present) wondered at the tidings that they had heard, and at what the shepherds had

said. And Mary guarded all these words in her heart. And the shepherds returned (to their fields) and praised God for all the things that they had seen and heard.

Omelia Gregorij:

We shall not speak lengthily to explain this Gospel, dear brothers, as we on this day shall celebrate three masses. However, we ought to say something about the birth(day) of our Redeemer.

What does it mean that all people were registered when Christ was born? (It means) that He revealed Himself in the flesh, he who has recorded every human being in the world in his Book of Life. On the other hand, about evil men it has been said: "Their names shall be blotted from the Book of Life, and will not be recorded with the righteous." It (was) appropriate for Christ to be born in Bethlehem, because Bethlehem means "house of bread." Like the Lord Himself said: "I am the living bread that came down from heaven." The city where our Lord was born had been called the "house of bread" for a long time, for it was predestined that he should be made flesh there, to feed his men's hearts with heavenly food. He was not born at home with his family, but on the road, so that he was on another man's pasture rather than on His own: and the invisible God became visible man. But when I said "another man's pasture" I was not thinking of His power to acquire pasture, but rather of what had been written about Him, that He should come to His own. He had been conceived in His own form (long) before time by the Father, but in our form He came in (our) time. And the eternal God became temporal man. However, He came to someone else's ancestral pasture. Said the prophet Isaiah: "All flesh is grass." And when God became man, he turned pasture into wheat fields, and said about Himself: "Forlorn is the corn of wheat that falls to the ground and dies."

He was placed in a manger when He was born, because He feeds holy creatures, i.e. men of faith: their souls shall not lack spiritual food if they taste His flesh. An ox and an ass stood over the manger, because some Jews and heathens understood that Christ was born. The ox marks (signifies) the Jews and the ass (signifies) the heathens. An angel appeared before the vigilant shepherds, and God's light shone brightly upon them, because those who guide God's flock with gentleness shall access heaven. And God's mercy shines more brightly upon those who faithfully watch over God's herd. It was appropriate that the angel appeared before them with light when Christ was born for He is Himself the light of the righteous, and He shines for every man that comes into this world.

It was (also) appropriate that the shepherds kept watch over their herd, because He who was born said: "I am the good shepherd." The shepherds heeded the wise men, (because) the *night* when they kept watch over their herd *signifies* the danger of temptation. They carefully guarded themselves against temptation, and kept watch over people who had rejected the slumber of indifferent neglect. And when the angel had brought the message about the birth of the King, a multitude of angels confirmed the news, and exclaimed: "Glory to the Lord in heaven and peace on earth to men of good will."

When our Redeemer was born, we were in disagreement with the angels, we were far from their holiness, separated (from them) by the existence of the first sin

and by our daily misdeeds. We were banned from God because of our sins, and the angels—who were citizens of God's community—had banned us from their company. However, when we recognized our King, they accepted us as their fellow citizens. And (ever) since the King of Heaven assumed human form, the noble angels no longer despise our unruliness. The angels seek peace with us and have put down the previous animosity. They now embrace as their companions (all) those who were banned and whom they used to look down upon with contempt. It has been said that the forefathers kneeled for the angels, and it was not forbidden. But when John the apostle kneeled for the angel, he (the angel) forbade him (to do so) and said: "Be careful, because I am a fellow servant like yourself and your brothers." What does it mean (then) that men knelt for the angels before the coming of our Redeemer, that it was not forbidden then, but that later men were not allowed to kneel? (It means) that they (now) fear showing contempt for our (human) nature because they are themselves subordinate to Christ our Redeemer. And they do not dare consider human nature inferior to their own (nature) or powerless, because they honor the King of heaven. They now reckon Man as their peer because they consider the God-Man their superior.

Attention, good brothers,[69] that no dirt defile us, and that we are being honored as the equals of angels, citizens of God's society. Let us not be stained by thoughts of lust and shame. Let not ill temper and envy consume us. Let no wind of conceit and arrogance sweep us away, nor let wrath guide us. Let not cupidity turn our mind towards earthly occupations. Let us pay attention to what the angels said: "Peace on earth for men of good will." Why did they say "peace for men of good will" rather than "peace for those who do good," if not because good deeds cannot exist without good will, and good will is never void of good deeds. Having good will means happily doing every good act that a man should do and wanting to do more (good deeds) than he is capable of. Such people will obtain true peace in God, even if they live in such harsh conditions that they can do only a few good acts. Because: "God judges more your will than your work." Some people seem to be doing good deeds, but do not have peace, and that is because they do not possess true goodwill and only seek earthly rewards for their actions.

"When the angels disappeared from the shepherds," says the Gospel, "they said to one another: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see the Word that has come to be and that our Lord has made known to us." Both in words and deeds, the shepherds show us what we should do: go to Bethlehem—to the City of David—in our thoughts and remember the things that happened there at this time (of the year). And therefore they said: "Let us all go to Bethlehem," as though they had a long way to go. By saying this, they showed us what we ought to do. Let us all go there in our thoughts, (let us go) to the heavenly Bethlehem that is the "house of bread," not (bread) made of human hands, but living bread which descended (to us) from heaven. There we shall find the Lord, not laying in the manger, but commanding the angels. The shepherds went quickly and found Joseph, Mary, and the child in the manger, and (they) understood the word that had been said about this boy. The shepherds found

[69] The Latin text has the mention of brothers (and sisters) only once at the end, whereas the Norse translator emphasized the personal entreaty, when addressing the Norse audience, which in the beginning probably consisted of members of the monastic orders, the future native missionaries.

the Lord because they hurried, and they found God's glory because they did not defer from one day to the other to turn to the Lord, but (willingly) hastened to seek Him. And they found Mary, Joseph, and the child in the manger. Let us read the words of the Gospel with discernment. The shepherds found Joseph and Mary first and *then* the boy. This means that those who look (to understand) God's will shall first seek the assistance and interception of the saints. Later they will find what they were looking for, (namely) God's mercy. When we are in the ray of light of God's mercy, we will understand God's sign, and we shall tell our neighbors about this mercy so that others may be guided by our example and knowledge, and start praising God. For the Gospel continues thus: "All those who heard it, wondered at the things that had been said." The shepherds reported what they had seen and heard, and everyone wondered at their words. Learned men shall communicate to people the knowledge that they extract from (holy) books, and people shall carefully safeguard in their hearts the knowledge that they hear. "And the shepherds returned (to their fields) and praised God for all the things that they had seen and heard." What does it mean that the shepherds left their flock and went looking for the Lord, that they returned to their flock when they had found Him, if it is not that we should never forget God for the love of our neighbor, nor forget our neighbors for the love of God? The shepherds returned to their flock when they had found the Lord. Likewise, the priests shall not abandon people, although they struggle to understand the mysteries of God. The shepherds returned and praised God for all the things that they had seen and heard. Whoever understands the signs of God's might shall dedicate to God—and not to himself—everything that he understands and (everything) that he does good. And, good brothers, since we celebrate today the birth of our Lord, Jesus Christ, we shall explain something about this holiday.

It is well known that the first man was created from clean earth, and that he destroyed (in death) both himself and all his kin. Therefore it was appropriate that He who let Himself be born from a pure virgin atoned for the trespasses of the first man, and thereafter led all His kin away from death to life. It is also appropriate that Christ atoned humbly for the sins which Adam committed with arrogance. Old Adam disobeyed God's command and (instead) listened to the devil's temptations, and elevated himself with conceit and (in his folly) wanted to be equal to God. The new Adam, which is Christ, obeyed God the Father, he humiliated himself, appeared in human flesh, and descended from heaven to earth in order to lead Mankind from earth to heaven after they had gone astray (as a result of the first sin). The signs of God's love and humility are evident. Man left God and turned abruptly from him, but God loved Man and came down to him. God loves the sinner and makes him righteous, He loves the sick and heals him, He loves the slave and frees him. He loves (Man) so much that He sold Himself to death so that we may live. And it is well known that time on earth can be divided into three eras: the first time was before the law, the second under the law, and the third (and present), time of mercy.

The time of the law spans from the origin of the world till God gave old Moses the Ten Commandments. The time under the law spans from Moses till the birth of Christ. And the time of mercy is the time from the birth of Christ till the end of the world.

By being born, the Lord showed mercy for all Mankind, those who lived before the law, those who lived under the law, and all those who came into this world after His birth. These three times are represented in the three masses that we celebrate during this holiday. The Night Mass marks the time we call “before the law,” (the time in which) the mercy of Christ’s birth had not been revealed to the patriarchs. Therefore we sing the Night Mass before the light of day. The Middle Mass is celebrated when day and night meet, because the prophet’s message illuminated the birth of Christ even though he would only come forth later. This Mass belongs to both day and night. The Day Mass marks the time of mercy, as the birth of (our) Lord abruptly expelled the night of bewilderment from the hearts of believers and revealed the eternal light to the righteous. As the Psalmist said: “Unto the upright there arises a light in the darkness, the merciful and righteous Lord.” So let us glorify, then, good brothers and sisters, the signs of our restitution with an unsullied mind, and let us praise the Lord for all His merciful accomplishments. Let us love our Lord Jesus Christ, born into human flesh so that we can recognize Him as the king of glory, living in and ruling over His kingdom forever. AMEN.

Visio Sancti Pauli

There are many versions of this popular visionary text, some featuring the apostle Paul, some featuring other known personalities, such as the *Visio Philiberti* and the *Visio Bernardi*. The *Visio* exists in both shorter and longer versions and is representative of a medieval tradition of anonymous mystical material. The Latin text in its earliest form dates back to the 3rd century.

Originally composed in Greek, it was translated into Latin in the 6th century and was widely disseminated throughout Christianity. During the Middle Ages, it was translated into a number of vernaculars, and also into Old Norse. Two distinct Old Norse versions have been preserved—AM 619, 4º and AM 624, 4°—and I have included both in this survey. Brandes reproduces two Latin texts, whereof the second is the more known and disseminated version of the *Visio sancti Pauli*. The *Visio*—in essence a dialogue between Paul and the archangel Michael on the various aspects of the Apocalypse—is in many ways related to a number of medieval dialogues between the body and the soul, to a medieval tradition of mystical writing.

The visionary literature aimed primarily at inciting faithful Christians to greater virtue and piety. The dreamer in *Visio sancti Pauli*, falls into an "unnatural" slumber on Saturday knight—the night when one used to believe that the soul was able to leave the body temporarily—to wake up much later to tell of his journey through Hell, purgatory and back, and to warn people of the dangers ahead if they did not conform to the prescriptions of God (i.e. the Church). The theme of the visionary's travel down to the underworld and back was also used by Dante (1265-1321) in *La divina commedia*. In Europe, the visionary genre was thus a common literary form of expression.

The Latin Text

The following medieval Latin text has been extracted from Brandes, Herman (885) *Visio S. Pauli: ein Beitrag zur visionslitteratur, mit einem deutschenund zwei lateinishen Texten.* Halle: M. Neidermeyer, pp. 75–80.

Dies dominicus dies est electus, in quo gaudent angeli et archangeli maior diebus ceteris. Interrogandum est, quis primus rogaverit Deum, ut anime habeant requiem in penis inferni. Id est beatus apostolus Paulus et Michahel archangelus, quando iverunt ad infernum, quia Deus voluit, ut Paulus videret penas inferni. Vidit vero Paulus ante portas inferni arbores igneas et peccatores cruciatos et suspensos in eis. Alii pendebant pedibus, alii manibus, alii capillis, alii auribus, alii linguis, alii brachiis. Et iterum vidit fornacem ignis ardentem per septem flammas in diversis coloribus, et puniebantur in eo peccatores. Et septem plage erant in circuitu eius: prima nix, secunda glacies, tercia ignis, quarta sanguis, quinta serpens, sexta fulgur, septima fetor. Et in illa anime peccatorum puniuntur, qui non egerunt penitenciam post peccata commissa in hoc mundo. Ibi cruciantur et recipiunt omnes secundum opera sua. Et alii flent, alii ululant, alii gemunt, alii ardent et querunt mortem, quam non inveniunt, quia anime non possunt mori. Timendus est nobis locus inferni, in

quo est tristicia sine leticia, in quo est dolor sempiternus, in quo est gemitus cordis, in quo est bargidium magnum, in quo est habundancia lacrimarum, cruciatio et dolor animarum, in quo est rota ignea habens mille orbitas. Mille vicibus uno die ab angelo tartareo volvitur, et in unaquaque vice mille anime cruciantur in ea. Postea vidit flumen orribile, in quo multe bestie dyabolice erant quasi pisces in medio maris, que animas peccatrices devorant sine ulla misericordia quasi lupi devorant oves. Et desuper illud flumen est pons, per quem transeunt anime iuste sine ulla dubitacione, et multe peccatrices anime merguntur unaqueque secundum meritum suum. Ibi sunt multe bestie dyabolice multeque mansiones male preparate, sicut dicit dominus in ewangelio: *Ligate eos per fasciculos ad comburendum; id est similes cum similibus, adulteros cum adulteris, rapaces cum rapacibus, iniquos cum iniquis*. Tantum vero potest quisque per pontem illum ire quantum habet meritum. Ibi vidit Paulus multas animas dimersas, alie usque ad genua, alie usque ad umbilicum, alie usque ad labia, alie usque ad supercilia, et perhenniter cruciantur. Et flevit Paulus et suspiravit et interrogavit angelum: *Qui essent dimersi usque ad genua?* Cui angelus dixit: *Qui se mittunt in sermonibus alienis aliis detrahentes*. *– Alii dimersi sunt usque ad umbilicum*? *– Hi sunt fornicatores et adulterantes, qui postea non recordantur venire ad penitenciam*. *– Alii mersi usque ad labia*? *– Hi sunt, qui lites faciunt inter se (et) in ecclesia non audientes verbum dei*.*- Alii usque ad supercilia*? *– Hi sunt, qui gaudent de malitia proximi sui*. Et flevit Paulus et dixit: *Ve his, quibus preparantur tante pene*! Deinde vidit alium locum tenebrosum plenum viris ac mulieribus comedentes linguas suas. De quibus ait angelus: *Hi sunt feneratores pecuniarum, qui usuras querunt et non sunt misericordes. Propterea sunt in hac pena*. Et vidit alium locum, in quo omnes pene erant, erantque ibi puelle nigre habentes vestimenta nigra, indute pice et sulfure et dracones igneos et serpentes atque vipere circa colla sua. Et erant .iiij. angeli maligni increpantes eas habentes cornua ignea, qui ibant in circuitu earum, dicentes: *Agnoscite filium dei, qui mundum redemit*. Et interrogavit Paulus, que essent. Tunc sic respondit angelus: *He sunt, que non servaverunt castitatem usque ad nuptias et maculate necaverunt infantes suos et in escam porcis et canibus dederunt et in fluminibus vel aliis perdicionibus proiecerunt et postea penitenciam non fecerunt*. Post hoc vidit viros ac mulieres in loco glaciali, et ignis urebat de media parte et de media frigebat. Hi erant, qui orphanis et viduis nocuerunt. Postea vidit viros ac mulieres super canelia ampnis et fructus ante illos erant. Quibus non licebat aliquit sumere ex eis. Hi erant, qui solvunt ieiunium ante tempus. Mox vidit in alio loco unum senem inter .iiij. dyabolos plorantem et ullulantem. Et interrogavit Paulus, quis esset. Dixitque angelus: *Episcopus negligens fuit; non custodivit legem dei, non fuit castus de corpore vel de verbo nec cogitacione vel opere, sed fuit avarus et dolosus atque superbus. Ideo sustinet innumerabiles penas usque in diem iudicii*. Et flevit Paulus. Et dixit ei angelus: *Quare ploras, Paule? Nondum vidisti maiores penas inferni*. Et ostendit illi puteum signatum .vij. sigillis et ait illi: *Sta longe, ut possis sustinere fetorem hunc*. Et aperto ore putei surrexit fetor malus et durus superans omnes penas inferni. Et dixit angelus: *Si quis mittatur in hoc puteo, non fiet commemoracio eius in conspectu domini*. Et dixit Paulus: *Qui sunt hi, domine, qui mittuntur in eo*? Et dixit angelus: *Qui non credunt, filium dei Christum venisse in carnem nec nasci ex Maria virgine et non baptizati sunt nec communicati corpore et sanguine Christi*. Et

vidit in alio loco viros ac mulieres et vermes et serpentes comedentes eos. Et erat anima una super alteram quasi oves in ovili. Et erat profunditas eius quasi de terra ad celum. Et audivit gemitum et suspirium magnum quasi tonitruum. Et postea aspexit in celum a terra ac vidit animam peccatoris inter dyabolos .vij., quum ululantem deducebant eo die de corpore. Et clamaverunt angeli dei contra eam dicentes: *Ve, ve, misera anima, que operata es in terra*? Dixerunt ad invicem: *Vide istam animam, quomodo contempsit in terra mandata dei. Mox illa legit cartam suam, in qua erant peccata sua, et se ipsam iudicavit*. Tunc eam demones susceperunt mittentes in tenebras exteriores. Ibi erit fletus et stridor dencium. Et dixit ei angelus: *Credis et agnoscis, quia sicut homo fecerit sic accippiet*? Post hoc in uno momento adduxerunt angeli animam iustam de corpore portantes ad celum. Et audivit vocem milium angelorum letancium ac dicencium: *O anima leta, felicissima, o beata, letare, quia fecisti voluntatem dei tui*. Deinde dixerunt hoc simul: *Levate eam ante Deum et ipsa leget opera sua bona*. Postea Michahel collocavit eam in paradiso, ubi erant omnes sancti. Et clamor factus est contra animam iustam, quasi celum et terra commoverentur. Et exclamaverunt peccatores, qui erant in penis, dicentes: *Miserere nobis, Michahel archangele, ac tu, Paule, dilectissime Dei, intercedite pro nobis ad dominum*. Quibus sic ait angelus: *Flete et flebo vobiscum et Paulus fleat, ut, si forte misereatur vestri, oremus, ut vobis donet misericors Deus aliquid refrigerium*. Audientes hoc, qui erant in penis, exclamaverunt una voce et Michahel archangelus et Paulus apostolus et milia milium angelorum. Tunc audito sono eorum in quarto celo dicencium: *Miserere, Christe, filiis hominum.* Deus descendit de celo et dyadema in capite eius. Quem ita deprecantur, qui in inferno erant, una voce dicentes: *Miserere nobis, fili Davit excelsi*. Et vox filii Dei audita est per omnes penas: *Quit boni fecistis? Quare postulatis a me requiem? Ego crucifixus fui pro vobis. lancea perforatus, clavis confixus, acetum cum felle mixtum dedistis mihi in potum. Ego pro vobis me ipsum in martirio dedi, ut vinceretis mecum. Sed vos fuistis fures et avari et invidiosi, superbi et maledicti, nec ullum bonum egistis nec penitenciam nec ieiunium nec elemosinam, sed mendaces fuistis in vita vestra*. Post hoc prostravit se Michahel et Paulus et angelorum milia milium ante filium Dei, ut requiem haberent die dominico omnes, qui erant in inferno. Et ait Dominus: *Propter Michahelem et Paulum et angelos meos et bonitatem meam maxime dono vobis requiem ab hora nona sabbati usque in prima hora secunde ferie*. Mestus ergo hostiarius baratri, cui nomen canis est Cerberus; eternaliter elevavit caput suum tristis super omnes penas. Vere letati sunt omnes, qui cruciabantur ibi, ac clamaverunt dicentes: *Benedicimus te, fili Davit excelsi, qui donasti nobis refrigerium in spacio unius diei et noctis. Nam plus est nobis remedium huius diei et noctis quam totum tempus vite, quod consumptum est super terram*. Ideo qui custodierunt ipsum sanctum diem dominicum, habeant partem cum angelis dei. Et interrogavit Paulus angelum: *Quot pene sint in inferno*. Cui ait angelus: *Sunt pene .c.xliiij. milia, et si essent .c. viri loquentes ab inicio mundi et unusquisque .c.iiij. linguas ferreas haberent, non possent dinumerare penas inferni*. Nos vero, karissimi fratres, audientes ista mala convertamur ad dominum, ut regnemus cum ipso et vivamus in secula seculorum. Amen.

Un samedi par nuit or *La descente de saint Paul en enfer*

It has been suggested that the (anonymous) French visionary poem known as *Un Samedi par nuit* may have been one of the immediate sources to the Old Norse versions of *Visio sancti Pauli*. The *visio* was translated into many vernaculars in the Middle Ages, and also into Old Norse. The French poem reproduced below is found in manuscript No. 815—dating back to the 14th century (originally preserved at Toulouse Public Library)—in which it appears in the last four folios. How old the poem is remains uncertain, but the surviving manuscript is the work of one single scribe, and the language reflects the spoken (somewhat degenerate) vulgar French of 14th century England, and not the more acceptable language spoken at the French court. Nevertheless, the exact geographical origin has not been identified.

The vernacular versions of the *visio* became popular reading. In view of the close ties to both Anglo-Normand England and the continental French territories, the manifest interest for literature from the French territories in medieval Norway, and the fact that *Un samedi par nuit* follows the Latin text quite closely, I have included this text as one of the many sources which inspired the author of the Old Norse text as it appears in *Humiliúbók* (Codex AM 619, 4º). The French poem can be found in P. Meyer's article in *Romania* 1895, pp. 365-375.

Un samedi par nuit

Oyez qe jeo treve en escrit
Des peines qe seint Poul vit.
Les almes unt repos al dimayne,
Car [le] livere prent a temoyne;
Et si vous voillez de voir savoir
Qui fist almes repos avoir,
Jeo vous dirrai en parole:
Ceo fut seint Michel e seint Poul,
Car Deu moustra a ces turmenz
K'en enfern seufrent les dolenz;
Pur ceo qe les ama a volenté
Les peines d'enfern l'ad moustré.
Mettez entente, jeo vous pri,
Tut sanz priere si frez, jeo qui.
Quant vous les orrés counter
N'i ad tel que ne dust plurer.
Oiez les peines qe jeo moustrai,
E pur vour garnir les vous dirrai.
Ore fet seint Michel: "Poul, veiez;
Les peines d'enfern ore entendez."
Devaunt la porte vit arbres ardanz
E sur eus peccheurs pendre pluranz,
Les uns par les meins, autres par les piez,
Acuns par les chevus, acuns par les niez
Uns par les langes, uns par les oiez,
Plusurs par les bras furent pendez.

Après s'en alerent plus avant.
Lors vit Poul un furn ardant;
La flanme qe issit fut set colurs;
Illuk arderent les peccheours.
Checune peine par diverse manere.
Neif esteit la peine premere,
La secunde fust flanme de feu
La tierce un orrible serpent fu,
La quarte sanc, la quinte glace:
N'i out nul qe haite sa face.
La syme peine foudre estoit,
La setyme fume qe mult puoit.
Ffet seint Poul: "Qi sunt iceles
Qe tanz peines seuffrent eles?"
Seint Michel respund" "Jeo vous dirrai,
Car les peccheours garnir voderai:
Ceus qe mourrunt sanz repentaunce,
E de lour oevres ne firent penaunce,
Illuk arderunt dolorousement,
Plurent cremerunt sanz sessement.
Mort desirent, mès nul ne finira,

Car alme morir ne purra.”

Pus vit un fluvie orrible a ver,
Debles cum pessons en moer
Devoranz almes k’en l’ewe erent,
Cum leons berbiz estranglerent;
Sur un pount outre la fluvie passerent.
Les almes qe dreture[l]s erent
L’alme outrepasser poiei[en]t,
Si cum deservi avei[en]t.
La vit Poul almes turmentez:
Les uns as genuls furent plungés,
Les uns al ventre, les uns a umbils,
Les uns furent dekes a sorsils.

Seint [Poul] en plure mult tendrement,
E demaund l’angel mult faitement:
“Dite, Michel, ne le celez nient,
Pur quei sunt eus plungez diversement?”
Jeo vus dirrai queus ces sunt :
“Ces ke a genoil en l’ewe estunt
Envie e tricherie ceus amerent,
Et sur lour preomes[70] mal parlerent,
E de ceo ne pristerent confessioun.
Pur ceo unt tele dampnacioun.
Ces ke a les levres veiés plunger
En les eglises volient tencer,
E quant relement furent as eglises,
Unkes ne atendirent a Deu servises,
Ne a Deu [ne] tendrent nul pleit,
Mès a fable tut ke le prestre chanteit.
Ceus qe a sorsil sunt aval
Sunt qi virent lor proemes aver mal,
Mult furent joios en corage
Quant les virent aver damage.”
”Mar,” fet seint Poul, “fur eus neez
A qi ce turmens sunt aparileez!”

De illuk fu mené en autre lus,
En un oscur leu e tenebrus.
Illuke vit hommes e femmes plusurs
Mangans lor langes en grant dolurs.
Tus iceus furent usurers
Ki pristerent a gable lur deners;
Nuls ne pristerent si non pur quei;
Pur ceo merci ne averunt en sei.

Pus vit un leu mult tenebrus;
En lui furent hommes plusurs.
Illek femmes eschiverent dedenz.
Vestues furent de neir vestemenz;
De piz e de foudre furent medlez
E en granr feu estoient liez.
Dragons e crapons les agregeient,
E plusurs serpens sur eus pendeient,
E quatre diables les avironeient.
Un ardant bastoun checun porteient;
Checun de eus ferement crieit
E maldist Deu qi le munde feseit.

Seint Poul demand qi ceus erent
Ke si dolerousement waimenterent.
Li angel respund mult faitement:
“Ceus perderunt lur virginement;
Lur cors despenderent en putage
E en tricherie trestut lur age;
Ne atendrent qe espousés erent,
Mès de Deu sei aloynnerent,
Lour enfans a pors jetterent
E chiens, e en ewe les neierent.
De ceo ne voillent penaunce fere;
Pur ceo lour covint tel doil trere.”

Pus vit un leu mult glacial
O merveillouse peine e mal;
De l’un part ardant estoit,
D’autre part ardant estoit.
“Ceo ke tu veies en ces turmenz
Mal fierent a totes genz,
Car a mal fere ceo acoustumerent
E de nul homme pité ne averent.
Iceus sur la reo mys sunt,
Freid a chaud graunt seuffrunt.
Mil foiz les diables la reo turnerent;
De freit e de chaud peinés erent.”

Entre vous, riches, bien dymez,
De seint Eglise rien ne tolez,
Ke dues sunt a Deu rendez,
E vos feirez bien gardez.
Pus fut il mené meintenant
A un leu orrible e mult graunt.
La vit un peccheour waimentant;
Entre quatre diables dut seiant.
“Les comendemens Deu ne vout garder
Ne de Deu ne vout unkes penser.
Il ne estoit chaste de son cors
Ne de pensés ne de parols;
Orgoillous estoit e avers,
Ensement estoit grant trichers;

[70] Proches.

Pur ceo fut pené en ceste manere.
Car sa peine estoit mult fere."
Seint Poul plura mult tendrement
E li angel respondit mult faitement:
Uncore n'as veü le granz turmentz
K'en enfern seuffrent les dolenz."

Dunkes un peut li moustreit
Ke large e parfund estoit,
Qe de seet seals fut enselé
E de granz barres fut fermé.
Seint Poul de loins sei reteneit
Pur la pouour ke de illek munteit.
"Mar," fet seint Poul, "furent il neez
Ke en ceste leu erent penez!"
Dunt dist li angel: "Poul, vous di
Ceux ke plungés erent ici,
Tank cum le secle pur[ra] durer,
Merci de Deu ne purrunt aver."
"Queus sunt ceus e dites, pur Dieu!"
"Ces sunt le paiens e li Judeu
Ke ne creirent pas ke Deus
De la douce virgine fu neez.
Bapteme n'urent ne crestienté,
Ne del cors Jhesu furent acuminé.
Pur ceo sunt en cest turment
E dampnez ici perpetuelement."

Pus vit il hommes e femes ou erent,
… (texte manquant) …
Les queus vermes les penetrent
Et grantz serpens les decirrerent.
Checun alme sur autre seiet,
Checun autre trop presseit.
Ou parfund furent il mis
Si cum de ciel en tere, li fut a vis.
La vit seint Poul estrange doil fere,
Crier, braier cum tonere.

Pus vit seet diable amunt
Ke un alme peccheresse unt.
Icel jour de sun corps pris estoit,
Criant, waimentant, deol fesoit.
Les anges crierent a la cheitive:
"Alas! Ke fiz tu en ta vie?
Ores en peines tu irras
E jammès de illik ne repeieras:
Les comandemens Deu ne gardas;
Ore est tun cri: Alas! Alas!"
La chartre de ses pecche[z] li fu baillé.
Il les vit, e sei mesme ad jugé.
Les diables le pristerent erraument,
En peines la mistrent a son jugement.

Pus est seint Poul amunt gardant;
Les anges vist em l'eir volant
Ki porterent vers le ciel
L'alme de un dreiturel.
Plus de mil anges encountre li
Vindrent a joie, disant ici:
"Tu, seint alme, par es benuré;
En grant joie ers demené.
Tu gardas les preceps Jhesu Crist."
La chartre le baillant; ces fèz list;
Ces bons fèz pus ad lu,
Par unt en ciel est sun leu.
Lors seint Michel en paraïs
Les mist od les Deu amys.

Les peccheours d'enfern ceo veient,
E[n] haut criant, e diseient:
"Michel e seint Poul, amys Jhesu,
Requerez Deu pur nostre salu.
Priez pur nous ensemblement
Ke de nos penes faces aleggement."
Michel repund mult faitement:
"Plurez touz e criez ensement,
E Poul od nous plur[r]a; si saverom
Si Deu veut fere acun pardoun."

Quant ceo oierent k'en peines erent,
Touz en haut ensemble crierent.
Michel e seint Poul crierent hautement
E mil miliers des anges ensement.
Dunke le cri al quarte ciel fut oï:
"Jhesu, le fiz Deu, de nous eiez merci."
Pus est Deu de ciel descenduz;
E quant ceus en peine il unt veüz:
"Merci, douce sire, nous vous prioms,
Car grant mester nous en avoms."
Dunke fut la vois Deu oïe:
"Qe feistes pur moi en vostre vie?
A quei crïez ore merci
Quant nul[e] n'avez deservi?"
"Michel," dit Poul, "dites moi
Queus sunt ces homes qi jeo voi ?"
"Oiez," fet il, "de celes gens
Pur quei il seuffrunt teus turmens
En seint eglise furent ordinez
Prestres a servir Dampnedeez,
Mès de matyn n'av[e]ient cure,
Amerent folie e demesure;

Messes ne voilleient unkes chanter,
Meuz voleient en pareïs muser.
Nel di jeo pur esclaundre:
Meuz voleient en chambre
Ove les dames foulement juer;
Pur ceo reseyvent il tel luer."
Dieu qe de ci[e]l descendu estoit
A touz iceus dolens dunkes disoit:
"Les costés percés pur vous avoi,
E vous ne festes unkes pur moi.
Eisel me donastes pur estancher mon soy,
Mès tele guster ne porroy.
Pur vous avoi les meins liez
E les pes e meins a fust fichez.
Avers vous fustes e envyous,
Lecchers, medïanz e orgoillous,
Larons, robbeours e trichers,
Ffaus jurours, persouz e pecchers.
Trestut festes ke la char voleit;
Pur ceo est trestut dreit
Ke vous en peine demergez.
E pardoun jammès ne eiez."
Michel e Poul dunkes enclinerent
E mil mil angles qe illek erent
Devant le fiz Deu aourerent,
E umblement a li tous prierent
Ke le dimenge urent les armes repos
K'en enfern esteient clos.
Dunkes li haut roi de merci
A eus trestuz parlad ici:
"Ne mie soulement pur Michel,
Ne pur Poul mon elit e Gabriel,
Ne pur touz mes freire que en terre sunt,
Ke pur vifs e mors oblacions funt,
Mès soulement pur ma benigneté,
Ma misericorde e ma pité,
Jeo engranterai aleggement
A trestouz qe sunt en turment,
Del houre de noune, le samadi,
Deskes al prime houre en lundi,
Ke il averunt touz aleggement
De lur peines e lur turment."
Dunt celi mult tres benuré serra
Ke bien le dimeinge gardera.
Kant les diebles ceo entenderent
Ke les cheitifs almes turmenterent ….
(The end is missing from the manuscript)

The Old Norse *Visio sancti Pauli* (in AM 624, 4º)

The following text has been copied from Tveitane, Mattias (1965) *En norrøn version av Visio Pauli* (AM 624, 4°). Bergen/Oslo: Universitetsforlaget, pp. 8-13. I have added quotation marks to indicate direct speech.

This Old Norse version of a text entitled *Visio sancti Pauli* has been transmitted in conjunction with another medieval visionary text, the *Visio Tnugdali.* The most complete Old Norse version of this *Visio* is found in AM 624, 4º, a rather complete manuscript of which only a minor part of the beginning is missing. The Old Norse text follows the Latin Brandes version quite closely, starting at *et desuper illud flumen est pons, per quem transeunt anime iuste…*

Visio sancti Pauli

. . . aana ok ganga þar yfer godra manna saaler aan allri hræzlu, enn syndogra manna saaler ganga miog hræddar, ok s(ko)lu þær af falla brwne. ok ganga sumar. leing[ra] enn sumar skemmra ok s(ka)l j þeirre aa brenna sem j ellde likur medur likum enn illr medur jllum. [Su]mer standa til j þeirre aa til nafla eda til knia sumer under hendr, sumer under hauko sumer til uarra enn sumer til brwna ok huern dag ero þeir eilijfliga pijnder. Þa komz paal p(osto)li vid ok klauck uesauld þeirra ok eymd ok spurde eingill hueriu þetta gegndi eda sætti. enn eingell sagdi honum: "þeir menn sem standa til kni[a] ero þeir sem baakmaaluger woro ok gott þ*otti* margt at mæla wm adra munnskvalldurok [o]hliodon giordo j kirkiu þa er enn helga

messa var sungin, enn þeir menn er til nafla standa woro hord[omsmenn] ok aatu ofmicit ok drucku ok eigi uilldo lata hungra sic firi guds saker. Enn þeir er under hendr standa ræntu ok staalu jafn kristna sier, enn þeir er under hauko standa suikia annan til lijfs ok fiar. enn þeir er til munnz standa lifdi efter munadar rade ok ei þyrmdo fodr ok modur j illum ordum ok firilietu guds ord ok helga trw. enn þeir til brwna standa baurdo fodr sinn ok moodr ok sooro eida raanga ok myrto menn til fiar sier ok toko fie illa edr ræntu kirkiur ok eigi uilldu firigefa odrom ok eigi uilldu til skriftar ganga nie yf[irb]æta.

Þuij nest komo pau i þann stad er [menn] aatu twngar sijnar. Þesser eru þeir sagdi eingell er selldu aar leigu ord sijn ok toko uid mwtum ok uoro omyskunnsamer uit þurfamenn, blotrijfer ok gaudrijfer eru. nu komo þeir j þann stad er konur ungar ok margar uoro. Þær uoro i bikod[om kyrt]lum, brunno þær jnnan enn fruso utan. ormar ok pauddor hraukto ok [. . . .] sarliga, enn fiandur staungodo þær med spiotum enn sumer baurdo med uaundum. Þa spurdi pall p(osto)li huat þær hofdu giort til sua micilla pijsla, ei[n]gellsuar(rar) honum : “Þessar saurgodoz under frændur sijna ok giordu hordom under bændr sijna,ok drapu aa laun baurn sijn ok þær konur er fie toko a sier, þad woro pwtor ok eigi idroduz firi daudan. Þa komo þeir j þann stad er menn aatu froska pauddr ok naudror ok allzkyns kuikendi. Þa spurdi pall p(osto)li huat þær hofdo giort. Þasuaradi eingell: “Þesser menn aatu ok drucku aa haatijdum ok satu j maurgum dryckium ok uilldu eigi hlyda þa er enn helga messa war swngin ok uilldu eigi fasta ok uoro offaster af fie sijno wit fatæka menn ok helga stade.

Þa gengo þau enn ok fundo hus micit ok sau j þuimenn marga ok alla nockta ok woro sumt konur enn swmt karlmenn ok uoro jlla pijnder af froste ok elldi. P(aul)us spyr: “huat giordo þesser menn til sua micilla pijsla? Eingell sua(rar): “Þesser menn uilldo eigi gefva firi gud saker klædi nie skuo ok eigi mat nie dryck ok lietuz eigi siaa nie uita uesauld nie eymd fatækra manna f[au]durlausra barna, eckna ok kuenna forstaudolausra ok ecki uilldo hialpa frændum sijnum ok uisudo wr herbergium sijnum turfamonnum.

Þa komo þeir j þann stad er madur stod uid stku ok twnga hans dreigen wt ok inn um kuerkr honum ok negld uit stikuna ok stodu uid fiandr ok baurdo, hana medur iarnuolum. Pal spurdi p(osto)linn þui sia madur þoldi sua micla pijno. eingell suar(ar): “Þesse madurinn ok huerr annara er sua eru pijnder woro jller j tungu, um baru skiott uitne ok þeir er þui oollo er frændur urdo fiandmenn, ok uiner [hro]parar (?) uoro af hans rog[i] ok margyrdum, ok sua gramde hann gud att sier med sinne twngo, þar er hann soor oosæra eida ok m(æ)l(t)i uid fodr sinn ok modur, brædr ok systur eda presta eda kennimenn þa er messor syngia ok foro med lygi ok lausung manna j millum. enn komo þeir i þann st[ad er] menn uoro grafner j iord nidr under hendr ok war lagdr aa herdar þeim endr ok aa [k]etill ok woro þar i saaler kristinna manna ok wall sem maatte. Þa s(pyrr) pall p(osto)li huad þesser menn hefdi giort. eing[e]ll sua(rar): “Þeir woro drottins suikarar, ræntu heilaga kirkiu, drapu b(ysku)pa ok lærda menn adra ok baurdo faudr ok modr, baurn eda syskin eda skynda fræ[n]dur ok foro med galldra ok giornijngar eda firigiordo monnum eda bwfie af fiandans krafte. Þa m(æl)l(t)i pa(ll) p(ostoli): “Uei uei ydr syndogum monnum: oosyniu uoro þier borner i heimen.” Þa suaradi eingell: “Þui lætr þu sua aumliga att þessara manna sælum ok pijslum: eigi hefer þu enn sied þeira manna pijsler er mestar eru i heluijti.”

Þa leidde han p(osto)lan at siaa einn brunn med vij innseglum. þa m(æl)l(t)i eing[e]ll uid p(osto)lan at han skylldi standa langt fra att hann mætti standaz þa enu miclu ooþefan er þadann laust wr þeim enum fwla brunne. enn wr þessum enum fwlla pytt ok illa þa laust sua illum þef at hann uar uerre enn allar adrar heluijtis kualer. ok enn sagdi eingell sua att huerr þeirra er j þenna pytt fellr saal aa alldri uon til guds. þa sua(rar) p(all) p(osto)li: "Huerir eru þeir er sua eru aumer." mich(ael) eingell sua(rar): "Þeir sem eigi uilldo trw aa gud almattigan ok þeir sem taulodu lygi att gud uæri fader ok s(on)r ok heilagur ande, ok þui at hann sie af helgum anda ok borinn af mariu meyio ok ei trwdo bwrd kristz nie upprisu hans, ok þui at hann uæri krossfestur ok þeir er toko uid trw ok kristne ok hielldu eigi sijdan, ok eigi uilldo taka holld ok blod drottins uors ihesu christi ok eigi uilldu til skriftar ganga. nu komo þeir j þann stad er uoro konor ok karlar ok þoldu illar pijsler, æptu sem hæst ok hofdo micla raudd ok hrædiliga, ok war þar leidiligur krytur ok gratr, op ok gabb ok gnistann tanna. þeir menn uoro brender aa baale ok sinndranda griote, ok aumliga uellder ok barder med sleggium, enn suma rijfu wargar ok hundar j sundur, en suma hiuggo ormar ok naudror ok sua illa kualdar att þad fær einge talid nie tint mannligri twngo at eij þylde þad folk fleira ok uerra ok woro þ æsaaler j sua diupum stad sem er j mine [h]imens [ok] jardar, ok sagdi eingell at þad uoro bannsetter menn þeir sem gud pijndo ok j hofudsyndum ok j glæpum uoro ok uilldu eigi aflata nie yferbæta nie sættaz uitt gud, ok þeir er aurvilnaudoz guds myskunnar ok alldri uilldo firigefa audrum misgiorder.

[O]k þa saa p(osto)linn borna saal syndogs mannz til heluijtis ok fylgdo vij einglar fiandans ok foro med hana jlla ok baurdo hana ok brugdo brixlom ok m(æl)l(t)o sua uit hana: uei uerde þier syndlog sala, aum ok uesaul ertu. aa uorar fortaulor hlydder þu þier miog oohagligar ok eigi giorder þuþurfter þijnar medan þu maatter biarga þier hier j u[er]olldinne. Þa saa hann adra saal borna tjl himinrikis ok fylgdo henne vij einglar guds med miclum saung ok dyrdligri raudd ok ooumrædiligum fagnadi ok gled ok m(æl)l(t)o þeir uit saalina: "Gledz þu enn helga þui at þugerder þijns drottins uilia ok alldri sk(an)tu þijna samuist uid hann skilia. Þui at þuskilder likam þinn fra maurgo, þui er honum þotti gott att hafa ok giorder þad firi guds saker þess sk(al)tu nw niota ok taka þa sælu aa moti er einge kann fra att seigia ok er sw sæla endalaus. þaa æptu syndogra manna saler er i heluijti woro med aumligri rauddo ok m(æl)l(t)u sua: "Myskunna myskunna." Michaell ok pall p(osto)li heyrdo til huersu aumliga þessar saler gretu ok bado. sijdan badu þær þessum ordum: "Michael ok Pall p(osto)li, myskunna myskunna guds uesligum saalum ok ueit þeim nockra hialp ok myskun. ok þæsuarar drottinlig raudd sua mælandi: "Ek uar krossfestr firi ydrar saker ok ek uar þremmauglum negldur. mier uar gefit eitur at drecka, ok ek þoldi haduligar hrakningar ok [uard] uid uerde selldur. sijdan þoldi ek drap ok dauda firi ydur att þier skylldot uera med mier j eilijfum fagnadi. Enn þier lietud j moti koma lygi ok lausung dramb okmanndrap ok aagirne ok aufond, skraukuitne ok munneida hordom ok lostaseme, hlaatur ok skelke ofaat ok ofdryckiu, lete ok lijkams munod, mikelæti, blot ok bann ok wmyskunnseme uidr þer ydar þurfto. þier fostodud jlla minn pijslardag ok hielldut illa heilagt minn upprisudag, enn helga drottins dag. ek lieda ydr allt þad er þier þurftod att hafa, enn þier uilldot ecki gefa til minna þacka huorki mat nie dryck.

oouerdogur er saa at þiggia myskunnina seiger bokin er aungva uill audrum ueita, þa uard illur rytur i þeim uesaulum saalum ok baadu enn myskunnar.

Þa suarade guds raudd ok m(æl)l(t)i: “Firi mijna micla myskun ok bænn Michaell eingels ok Pals p(osto)la, þa gef ek ydr huijld fra noni laugardagsins ok til fyrsto tijdar maanudags. þa glauddozt allar kristnar saaler uit þa giof, enn þær hinar ueslaugo saler hrygdoz uid þa giof ok huijld er aungva uon aattu til guds. enn m(æl)l(t)u kristnar saler: “Blezadur siertu guds [sonr] er þu gaft oss huilld þessa. er oss ok meiri huijlld at þessum helgum dægrum enn atollom daugum lijfs uors nw mæler sua bokin af guds ordum: “Saa er helldur uel hinn helga drott ins dag ok hinn helga pijslar dag uors herra ihesu christi ok gengur riettiliga til skrifta, hann s(ka)l riettliga med gudi uera utan enda.

Pall p(osto)li spurdi eingell: “Huersu margar pijsler woro j heluijte.” Eingell suarar: “Þo at uæri hundrad tungna ok uær aurtalin. þa uinnaz þ æ ei gi til at telia allar pijsler er i heluijte eru. ok þ æ r saumo twngr uæ r i fyrr mæddar maadar ok moodar enn fiengi talt alla þa hluti gæzsku ok sælu er med gudi eru j himnum ok hans helgum monnum.” Nw hofum wier heyrt huersu micit skilr eilijfa sælu ok eilijfa kuaul. giorum sem dauid seiger j psalltarnum: *Declina a malo et fac bonum*. Laatum af jllu ok giorum gott. þa eigum uier uist hia kriste ok erum þa wid skillder þessar piisler sem nu hefer werit fra sagt ok saa er æ sæll er þar s(ka)l blijfa ok wera. Nw gerum af þui þaurf wora ok naudsyn ok latum eigi ganga aa oss oorækt ok hirtunarleysi sem flesta menn tæler þa hina litlu stund er uier erum hier j heime. Nw eigum uier sua at gera sem uier uilium þessa hina litlu stund att uier sewm utan enda sæler med gudi. þad uill hann ok hans helger menn *per omnia secula seculorum*. Amen

English Translation

… And the souls of God’s good men went over fearlessly, whereas the souls of sinful men crossed with much fear, and some fell into the flames. Some went far and some went a shorter distance, but they shall all burn in the river of flames, the likeable with the likeable, the wicked with the wicked. Some stand in the river up to the navel, some to the knees, others to the arms, others again up to the chin, some to the lips, some to the eyebrows, and every day they suffer intolerable pain. Then (one day) Paul the Apostle came by and was moved by their misery and misfortune and asked the angel who these people were. The angel answered: “The men who stand in the river (of flames) up to their knees are those who spoke ill about other behind their backs, and who only sought to talk about gossip and who made much noise in church when the holy Mass was celebrated. And the people who are in up to their navel were men who delighted in harlotry, who ate and drank too much, and who never were hungry for the sake of God. Those who are in up to their arms, are men who robbed and stole from other Christians, and those who have the flames up to their chin are the ones who betrayed others (or life and) money. Those who are in up to their mouth are those who lived according to the advice of desire and who in their words had no respect for their father and mother and who showed no esteem for the word of God or the holy faith. Those who are in to the brows are the ones who stood

firmly against their parents, swore falsly and killed men for money, took bad money, or robbed churches, never wanted to forgive others, and who never confessed and never wanted to do penitence."

Then they arrived in a place where men ate their own tongues. About these, the angel said that they sold or lent their words and accepted bribes and were merciless with people in need, carried out pagan sacrifices and had a foul language. Next they came to a place with women, children and many other people dressed in black robes, burning hot on inside, and freezing cold on the outside, chased by toads and serpents [….] and pain, and enemies stabbed them with their spears, others were beaten savagely. Paul the Apostle asked what these people had done to deserve so much suffering. The angel asnwered: "These people defiled their friends and family and committed harlotry while praying, they killed their own children for (the sake of) money. The wives that they took were prostitutes and they never feared death." Then they came to a place where men ate frogs, toads, serpents and all sorts of living animals. Paul the Apostle asked what they had done. And the angel answered: "These men ate and drank during the holidays and went to drinking partiesand would not listen when Mass was celebrated and would not fast and were eating before poor people in church.

They went further ahead and saw a large house and saw in it many wealthy people, some women and some men who were badly suffering by fire and ice. Paul asked: "What made them deserve so much pain?" The angel answered: "These men would not, for the sake of God, give clothes, shoes, nor food and drink, and would not see or hear about (the plight of) poor people. They had no pity for the children of the poor, widows or women without guardians, and would not help their friends and family nor give them shelter for a night."

Then they came to a place where men were tied to poles and their tongues were forced up and down their throats, their nails were pulled out, and they stood by the Enemy (the Devil) who transpierced them with an iron rod. Paul asked why these men suffered so much pain. The angel answered: "These men and all the others who are punished in this way all had bad tongues, spreading rumors about and slandering family, friends and enemies. (They all were the victims of his) loose tongue and then he irritated God with his tongue when he committed perjury and quarrelled with his father, mother and siblings, as well as with the learned men (priests) who celebrated Mass. He lied and sought the company of depraved men." Thereafter, they arrived in a place where men were buried in the ground up to the arms or to the shoulders, some (were) in kettles. These were the souls of Christian men. They were wailing (loudly). Paul asked what they had done. The angel answered: "They were the Lord's traitors; they robbed the holy church, killed bishops and other learned men (priests), stood against their fathers and mothers, children or siblings; they hurried their friends, spoke spitefully and delved into sorcery, or wasted other men and their property with the help of power of the Enemy. Paul the Apostle then said: "Woe sinful men, unjustly you were born into this world." Then the angel answered: "Why do you have pity on the suffering souls of these men? You have not yet seen to what degree a man can suffer in Hell."

Then he led the Apostle to see a well with seven seals. And the angel warned the Apostle that he should keep a distance because of the stench that emanated from

the foul well. Because this foul and evil pit exuded a stench that was much worse than any other (stench) in Hell. The angel said that everyone in this well had fallen in because (their) souls never put their trust in God. Paul the Apostle asks: “Who are these miserable people?” The (arch)angel Michael answered: “They are those who never wanted to believe in God the almighty, and those who lied to God our Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, who was of the Holy Spirit, born to Virgin Mary, and those who did not believe that Christ was born and resuscitated, or that he was cruxified. They were against the Christian faith and would never take the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and never confess.” Now they came to a place where women and men suffered severe torture according to their sins and they were awfully red and dreadful. They wailed terribly and cried. There were cries and mockery, and the gnashing of teeth. These men were burned at the stake or (perishing) in red-hot cauldrons. Some were boiled, others struck with sledgehammers, yet others torn to pieces by dogs and wolves, and others were stung by serpents: they were all under so much pain that they could not talk or (they) had forgotten (lost) human speech and could not talk clearly as other people. These souls were in the deepest abyss between heaven and earth, and the angel said: “These men were excommunicated and God punished them for the capital sins and mischief (that they committed) that they would not give up. They did not repent nor solicit a reconciliation with God; they gave up God’s mercy because they would not forgive other people’s misdeeds.”

The Apostle then saw the souls of sinful men carried into Hell, and seven angels accompanied the Enemy who maltreated them and struck them and accused them. They said: “Alas, you miserable and sinful soul! You did not heed our warnings and now you have much discomfort because you never did your duties when you still had the time to save yourself on earth.” Then he saw one of the souls that were carried into Hell, accompanied by seven of God’s angels who sang gloriously and with indescribable beauty and joy: “Rejoice in holiness—soul—and act according to God’s will so that you never will suffer or be separated from him. Separate your body from many (sins), so that it will be good to you. Do this for the sake of God, and do not enjoy or take that which is against the soul, and that it cannot resist or denounce, and then your soul will be eternal.” Then souls of the sinful that were in Hell then exclaimed miserably: “Mercy, Mercy!” (Archangel) Michael and Paul the Apostle heard how these miserable souls cried and prayed, and entreated them with the following words: “Michael and Paul, mercy, mercy upon God’s most despicable souls, bring them assistance and pity.” The Lord answered them:”I was cruxified for you, and I was nailed with three nails, and I was given vinegar to drink, and I was treated with shameful scorn and sold for money. Later I was killed and died for you so that you should be with me in eternal bliss. But you (repaid me) with lies and unrestrained arrogance, manslaughter, cupidity and jealousy, perjury and false testimony, harlotry and lust, laughter and merriment, overindulgence and excessive drinking, the spirit’s and the body’s desire, pride, pagan sacrifice and swearing, inclement toward s those who needed you. You did not fast for my Passion, and poorly commemorated my resurrection, and (did not worship on) the day of the King Saint. I gave you everything you need and you did not even thank me for food and drink. It is unworthy, says the Book, for the one who

has sought his fate in another place to beg for mercy." The miserable souls started to whimper and continued to beg for mercy.

God answered angrily: "Because of my great mercy and the entreatises of the (angel) Michael and the apostle Paul, I will grant you your rest between noon Saturday and the first daylight on Monday. Then all the Christian souls rejoiced for the gift, but the miserable souls were sorrowful for the gift of rest and gave up (?) hoping for God‘s mercy. The Christian souls exclaimed: "Blessed be you, Son of God, for the respite you granted us, it will benefit us more on this holy day than on any other day of our life." The Holy Scripture says: "Whoever celebrates God's holidays and (remembers) the Passion of Jesus Christ our Lord, and whoever regularly confesses, shall righteously abide with God for ever and ever."

Paul the Apostle asked the angel: "How many punishments are there in Hell?" The angel answered: "There are hundredfolds and innumerable (punishments) and no one is able to count them all. Likewise, it is just as difficult for men and minds to count all the good things and the souls that are with God in heaven and all his saints." Now we have heard how eternal life and eternal damnation are separated. Do as David said in the Psalm: *Declina a malo et fac bonum*. Let us abandon evil and do good (deeds) so that we for sure will earn Christ and push away all the pain that we now have seen. Blessed be the one who shall remain (with Christ). Let us act according to (our) needs and misery, let us not go astray, (let us be) free from punishment for the short time that we lived on earth. We ow it (ourselves) to act in such as way that we experience eternal bliss with God, as he wants and (as) his saints (want), *per omnia secula seculorum*. AMEN

Old Norse *Visio sancti Pauli apostoli* in *Humiliúbók* (AM 619, 4º)

The Old Norse text has been taken from Indrebø, Gustav (1931) *Gamal Norsk Homiliebok*. Oslo: Jacob Dybwad, pp.148-153.

The *Visio sancti Pauli* which appears in *Humiliúbók* (*Codex AM 619, 4º*) does not mention Saint Paul by name at all, he is only referred to in the title, and the text is not a direct translation of the Latin *Visio* as we know it. The narrator (maybe Paul, maybe not) recounts a dialogue between his body and soul. In fact, the text in *Humiliúbók* in many instances is more akin to Hugh of Saint Victor's *Soliloquium de arrha animae* (of which there exists an Old Norse-Icelandic translation, see Har?arsson 1995), i.e. more a dialogue than a monologue, despite the deceiving title.

In the Apocalyptic Old Norse *Visio*, the soul takes on the role of Archangel Michael, and guides the body through Purgatory, through a series of terrible visions of the body's fate in after-life, of the torment it will suffer if it does not amend its sinful behavior. The soul explains the sins that lead to the misery, at the same time admonishing the listener to greater piety and devotion. The soul accuses the body, but the body returns the accusation. The exact source text for this *Visio* is uncertain, but there were probably more than one source text, from which the Norse translator-writer composed his own (almost original) work. Alcuin's *De virtutibus et vitiis*, which had been translated quite early on, may have given the author of the *Visio* some of its material.

In the 14th century, visionary literature flourished in Europe. In Northern Europe, Birgitta of Vadstena (1303-1373) established a new order based primarily on her experience as a visionary. In Norway, the most famous visionary poem remains without a doubt *Draumkvedet* (The Dream), which has survived in the collective memory well into modern times.

The Old Norse version in *Humiliúbók*

Ein loaugar-dag at kveldi svafek í hvilo mínni. ok sá ec í draume mínum myccla sion. Þat syndisc mér at líc æit lá folget unndir gulu clæðe. ok sálan var ór faren. Sva syndisc mer at hon være noccvið ok í barns liki. ok væinaðe sér mioc. ok var sú hin auma grøn graslaucr. ok henne hermdisc við licamenom ok blotaðe honom ok sagðe: "Licámr ec món sægia till tiðenðe fra þér. þvi at þu gerðir aldrigin þat er mér være til gagns. ok aldrigin helz þu æinnorð hvarke við guð ne við mik. Þu hafðer alldrigin aost við guð scapara þin. Þu førðer honom aldrigin fórn flærð-laust. Þu vart íllz lofta fullr þes er menn calla ágirnd. Oll u-trú hafðe fæst røtr sinar í brioste þino. Þu hafðer þa sótt er engi maðr fær bót af. at heitir idropicus. þat caollum vér vatn-calf. Þes mæir er hinn dræcr er þa sott hefir. þes mæir þystir hann. ok værðr aldrigi fullr. þva þes flæira er þu hafðer þes flæira girndiz þvi. var þat synduct værc. (er) þu hugðilsc lifa ávalt. Grannar þínir ok cunnir menn fóro ór hæiminum. þat rædisc þu aldrigin. born þæirra ok ærfingia gerðir þu sækia ok toct fe þæirra. með slícri illzu oxso aouðæfe þin. Vsæl ok ámur. illu hæille var þu fødr þat þionaðer æigi guði meðan þu lifðir. Þvi at fyrr en þu léter lifet være maol at iðdraz misgerninga þínna. Nu hefir þu latet lifet ok aouðæfe mykil. þu sialfr est glataðr-u sæl ok fyrir-faren. Hvar ero nu penningar þinir þeir er þér þótto iarn-goðer er þu vart vánr at samca ok iðulega at tælia. Hvar ero nu silf-kær þaou er þér þotto sva fógr. Hvar ero scickior þinar ok onnur clæðe. Hvar ero nu hæstar þæir er konnungar ok iarlar hofðu gefet þer. Nu mát þu ecci af nyta. her værðr þu at liggia fúl ok døynande. Frændr þinir ok kunningar hværr þæirra hefir tækit lut sín af aouðøsum þinum. Jllo heilli samkaðer þu fra þvi er þu vart alen þat allt er þu hefir nu glatat á æinum dægi. þeir aller er tækit hafa þeir muno gera sér gaman af. Þeir hafa gort sem vargar. þeir hirða æigi hvær þa sér meðan þeir scripta song sin. Nu sia þeir þic andaðan. þæim er enskis ugágns af þér vón. scipt er yður vináta. heðan í fra monu þæir þic æigi rædasc. Aller ero fiándr þinir nu. aldrigi siðan scaltu hitta vín þin þann er þore mæla við þic. ok allt møter þér þat er þu hefir fyrr gort þat scal þér nu fram kuma. øleg er su fórn. vindr scal þec føkia. fræ þit er þrotet orðet at engu. Þu toct við scírn með oleum ok crismo sneresc til guðs. ok næitaðesc dioflinom. þæirri gøzsco fylgðir þulitla stund. sem þu mátír sciotast lezt þu laoust sannande. ok ælscaðer þu flærð er þu næitaðer guði ok sneresc áptir ok átzt þu spyo þina.[71] Vesol scepna. þu vart illz fullr. ok lausungar fullr. ok ofundar fullr. Hordómr þin máte alldrigin fyllasc. Þu hafðer hunang í male þino en gall í brioste þinu. meðan þu mæltir slét við mann. þa hugðir þu honum flærð. þu forðfðesc eigi æiða. hælr fyrir-sórt þu þic opt. Drotens-sviki þa var engi þín make nema Iudas æin. er svæic scapara sin. Þu vart illa lunndaðr ok drambs fullr. ok þes kenni ec nu. fyrir þínar misgerningar missi

71 A reiteration of Alcuin's Canis "revertitur ad vomitum suum."

ec himinrikis vist. ok fyrir mít høglect herbyrgie þole ec nu mykit illt. at ec ma æigi sia guð. ok enga vist með honum hafa. Ec var goleg scapað ok skír ok frælsborenn. en þu hefir gorfa micat ambót. Sva mæla hælgar bøcr at þu scyldimer þiona meðan ec var með þér. Þu gerðir alt hofuct sem hinn illi þræl gerir er svícr sin droten.[72] ok læitar honum til ósoma. Ec mátta þic æigi hepta ok æigi fra illu hværfa. Þa er þu comt til andláz ok vart sæccr við guð. þa vildir þu þit fe æigi scipta ok æigi vasalingum gefa til guz þacca. þo matte varla vinnaz at þu gæfer allt fyrir guz sacar. Þat sægir hin hælgi Augustinus at sá hefir varla enndaloóc góð er avalt søfr unnz at hann kennir bána vísan. þvi segi ec þér vesol vétr at þu vart avalt aflátr. þu hafðer mykin styrc-læic meðan ec var í þer. Ec gerða þic gangføran. mælande. ok høyrande ok sofande. Nu em ec fra þer scild ok þit dramb er nu fallet. þit oflæte er nu fallet. nu ertu sem fouski. Þu vart drambvisare en bersercr ok potesc vera hære en gron er væx á hæsta fialle. ok synisc yfir alla mork. þau trio er næst standa henne mego æigi þrifasc fyrir hennar ofriki. Sol má æigi til kuma at værma þau. þau ero ávalt í myrcre bæðe vætr ok sumar. Slícr vartu vesal oc meðan þu lifðir. sa-tøcr cristin maðr mátte æigi hia þér vera ne hafiasc. engi máte hia þer vera er æigi scyldi hungraðr ok þyrstr vera. Þu rænter alla ok fargaðer unndir þic. nu ero þæir fegnir-u farnaðr þins. ok mæla sín í millum. Synir þinriok þæir er vinir þínir caollaðasc. Faðer vár hann var ricr rytta. hann cugaðe sína granna ok gerðe sér alla lyða. hann oðlaðesc mykit riki. ok drap margan mann fyrir riki þat er sva mykit er. nu taokum vér døme eptir honum ok leitum við at fá bornum varum onnur riki iam-mykil. Þolum æigi þat at sa se granne vár er æigi lúte unndir os. ok æigi þore upp hefia hofuð. Verum sem licaster fæðr varum. hann var avalt vikingr. leggium þioð unndir os þa erom vér synir hans. hann unne ós almykit. sva er æigum vér atunna varum bornum. Vesol scepna er tu. hus þín ok hyski stændr nu eptir þic þér til enscis gagns. þvi at aldrigin scal vera gorr æin almosa fyrir þer ne fyri mér. en ef gorr være þa myndi occr þat ecki stoða. Nu can ec sægia þér tiðende er þér man æingaigfnaðr at vera. kona þin hefir gipsc manne þæim er hon kaus sér meðan þu lát á nastrám. hon let at daouðe þecte henne mykit embætte er þec toc. langt þotte henni þit lif ok illt þit felag. nu hefir hon tækit unngan mann sa þyccir henne vænne. sa þionar hennem sem hana lyftir til. þvi hefir hon aost við hann. vit tu hvat hon scal gera fyrir saol þina. Engi er sa maðr í husi þinu er þore næmna þic. Hvat scal ec flæira umm røða. engan léz tu eptir þec er þér være trvr. þvi er hvær sa hæimscr er sæter þvi atarn gere eptir hans daga. Þu vart illr ok sva vándr at þu røcter hvarke guð ne goða menn. þu sotter alldrigin guðs husa forn nema fyri manna male. Postola guðs eða aðra hælga menn dyrcaðer þu aldrigin. nu sculu þæir enga biorg þér væita. hældr man tu vera dømdr fyrir illzu þina. En ec vesol vetr. þvi þole ec hungr ok þorsta ok rænta ec þo engan mann. ok ænscis manz fe át ec ne drac ec. ok engan þorða ec at døma. Þu ætter at þola þesse pinsl fyrr en ec. nu døme guð almatigr occar í millum. Licamr meðan þu vart hæil þa vartu morgum manne þecr. en nu ertu hverium læiðr. þu ilmir illa ok þínar vistir ero í illum stað. ok þat er maclect fyrir illzu sacar þinna."

Þa svaraðe lícamr salenne ok mælte hart við salo: "Ráðalaus fála illo hæilli var-tu scapað. þu røgemíc fastlega en ec þic. Nu hyggium vít at bæða umm þetta róg ok verði sa dømdr til dauða er rangare hefir. Ec em buin at gera sát ef þu vilt mér

72 Kark? The slave Kark betrayed his master earl Håkon who was hiding from the king in the pigsty. King Olaf Tryggvason had put a price on the earl's head. Kark was immediately executed by the king.

lyða at vit bæðe fyri þina illzcu hofum mist æilífan fagnað. En þat er maclect er þu hefir mist þvi at þu hugðir fyrr en gort være. þvi at hvetvitna er hugt fyrr en gort se. Þu systiR þat æit er illt var ok eggiaðer þu mic til. en ec lydda raðum þinum. Adamr myndi oc æigi syngasc ef æigi være órmr ok-æggian kono. sva æggiaðer þu mic. blotað værð þu. Droten mín scapare væit þat ec var engu verri en þu. þvi at ec-af røcta scapara mín fyrir á-æggian salu minnaR. En við þic at mæla saol þat er sannast er. ec var nøydr til at lifa eptir þér. mér myndi ecci stoða at hafa usæt við þic. þvi at ec var gorr or moldo. ec var þit í-lát. þu qvæictir mic sva sem guð vildi í ondverðo þa er hann scapaðe ocr. hann festi ocr saman ok endr-fødde af scirn sinni. Vit qvaoðum nei við diofligum ok við ollum hans vercum. vit tocum ócr hald þar er guð var. er mát sic sva litils at hann toc hold fyrir sakar vaorar. en siðan læt næglasc á cros. þvi at hann vildi þva syndir várar ok hina forno synd er Adamr hafðe aflat os. Enga sina scepno vildi guð ælsca iam-væl sem ós ef vér brytim æigi hans boðorð. með fiandans á-æggian. Þu gerðir at eckenda illt. ok at ec gecc í illan stað ok ec laoug. ik allt illt þat er ec gerðe með þinni áæggian. Nu er þat auðsynt at alldrigin mynda ec syngasc ef æigi være þu mér. ok eigi mynda ec rørasc hældr en stæin ok mynda ec þa æigi í hælviti cuma. Nu vildaðe guð þes biðia at ec være æinhvær onnur scepna. ok æigi þurfta ec þa luti ræðasc er nu ræðumc ec. þat at mín uprisning mér man vera hvarke goð ne fógr. ok mon vera fyrir þinar sakar. Gæfe guð sunr Mario at loken være þin æfe. þa myndi hvarke occat til hvælitis kuma. Hvat stoðar mér þat er ec mæla nema ecki. occar ufagnaðr man æigi aptr sæigasc. Nu være þat mín vili at ec mætta þic drepa. þvi at þu scyldir stýra mér ok føra til hafnar. en þu førðir mic utan borz. ok drectir míc á diupi. Með illum styris-manne mínum eM ec cumin í pinsl. þu ert ávita værð. þu scyldir fyrir mer raða. en þu hefir spilt fyrir báðom ocr. Ec var guðs hus. nu hefir þu gort þiofs fylsni. Ec var bønar hus. nu em ec hordóms buð ef noccor maðr vildi í bua. En siðan þu scildisc við mik þa sótte engi maðr til mín. ok engi mapr vildi nér biorg væita. sva hefir þu fyrir mér spilt. Nu hefir þu mic røgdan en ec píc. ok þesse deild man ocr gera ecci nema mæin. Nu scal tu væita svor. en vit þu þat at mér er rangt boðet en guð hann væit þat væl. Nu late hann þat vita þa menn er enn lifa. þvi at ecci stuðar þat at þæim se sagt er daouðir ero. þvi at of siðla er. En occar hágr er sva comenn at ocr hælpr ecci hvat sem fyrir ocr er gort. þat man ocr vera til engra lausna."

Enn mæler sá er þenna draom sa: "Sva syndisc mér at bucren lagðest niðr ok rétte sic sva hvart at kistu-fialar tóco at braca. en sialfr hann andvarpaðe sva sem maðr er andasc vil. En salan þa er hon sa þat. þa toc hon at ræðasc ok øymde sec ok mælte sva: "Vesol scepna em ec at ec scal bíða guðs ræiði. guð hvi metr þu þic þes at syna áfl þit við iam-u-styrct vætr sem ec em. þvi at þu scapaðer mic dauðlegan. ok meðan ec mátte lifa. þa var engi sá dagr at ec scyldi æigi syndir gera. ok engi maðr annar lifir sva at hann syngasc æigi. Vesol er su scepna er slict er fyrir lagt. Guð scapare min hvi scapaðer þu mic ok ofsacaðar siðan. Undarlect þyccir hvi þu visdóms brvnnr scapaðer þa luti er æigi gafosc væl. Þeir aller er fara til hælvitis ecci monu þæir lofa miscun þina. ok þeir er en lifa veroldo. þæir þrætta sin í millum. En flestir mæla sva at þæim þyccir unndarlect er þin scepna scal fyrir-farasc siðan þu mazt son þin sva lítils at þu lézt hann taca manlega ásyn. Fyrir vára laousn þolde hann pínsl ok var á cros nægldr. Þvi næst þa dþlde hann daouða. Nu er þat

unndarlect hvi fianden er sva diarfr at hann þorer misgranda ok mis-þyrma þvi er guðs sonr þolðe dauða fyrir.”

Oc sva væinaðe sér su sál. En i svi como fiandr ok toko hana á braout ok báro hana sva u-þyrmilega sem vargar margerbera saouð æin. En hon øpte ascrámlega. en þat stoðaðe henne ecci. Þvi at dómr hennar vár þa loken.

English Translation

Visio Sancti Pauli (or *Debate between the Body and the Soul*)

A Saturday night as I lay sleeping on my bed I had a wondrous sight. It seemed to me as though a corpse lay under the yellow bedsheet and that the soul had left it. To me the corpse seemed naked and in the form of a child. It moaned (painfully), the wretched thing was green as chives. It castigated the body and said: “Body, I have bad news for you, because you never did that which could benefit me. You never kept your promises, neither to God nor to me. You never loved God, your creator. You never brought Him an honest offering. You were full of (that which men call) greed. Distrust had made roots in your heart, you were afflicted with the disease for which there is no cure: *Hydropicus* which we call dropsy. The more the dropsy patient drinks water, the more he thirsts, and his thirst will never be quenched. It was the same with you: the more you had, the more you yearned for, making it a sinful occupation, and you believed that you would live forever. Your neighbors and well-known men left this world, but you never feared: you outlawed their children and heirs and seized their property. With (such) wickedness you increased your riches. Miserable and pitiable (creature)! From (the day of your) birth you were afflicted. You never served God when (you were) living, and before you departed you should have regretted your misdeeds. Now you have left life and your riches, and are yourself destroyed, miserable and damned. (Now) where is your money that gave you such pleasure and that you used to collect and eagerly count? Where is your silverware now that you used to find so lovely? Where are your fur capes and other clothes now? Where are the horses that kings and earls gave you? Today you cannot use them, you will remain lying here, dead and rotten. Your kinsmen and acquaintances have taken a share of your riches. Towards your misfortune you gathered everything that you now have lost in one day, and all those who have taken it will benefit from it. They have been like wolves, no one heeds the others as they share the loot between them. Now they see you dead and you can do them no more harm. Gone is their friendship, and from now on they will no longer fear you. They are all your enemies now, and never again shall you find a friend who dares talk to you. Everything that you have done shall come to you and be revealed. This message is miserable. The wind shall blow you away, your seed is useless, reduced to nothing. At your baptism, you received the onction and turned to God and disavowed the Devil. These good virtues you practised for a short while, but you soon let go of truth for the love of mischief; you abandoned God and turned to eat your own vomit. Miserable creature, you were full of evil and imprudence, full of envy. Your lust was never satisfied. You had honey on your tongue but gall in your

heart: while you were talking amicably with a man, you were conspiring against him. You did not shy from swearing, often you preferred perjury. No one could more than you betray his lord but one: Judas who betrayed his Creator. You were wicked and full of conceit, and this I know now: because of your misdeeds I will certainly lose (my place in) heaven, and because of my easy lodgings I must suffer much pain, that I shall not see God nor abide by Him. I was created good, pure and free, and you have made me a slave. The Holy Scriptures say that you should have served me while I was with you. You did everything wrong, like that wicked slave who betrayed his master and lead him to disgrace. I could not hinder you nor turn you from wickedness. When you were dying and standing guilty before God, you would not settle your succession or give your riches to the poor in gratitude to God. Hardly was it expected that you should give (anything) for the sake of God. Saint Augustine says that the end is hardly good for the one who sleeps until he (knows that) death is certain. Therefore I tell you, miserable, you were always haughty, you had much strength while I was within you. I enabled you to walk, talk, listen and sleep. Now I am no longer with you and your smugness has fallen, your pride has gone, and you are like rotten wood. You were prouder than a berserk and thought you were higher than a spruce tree growing on the top of a mountain, visible from all sides. The trees (growing) close to this tree cannot thrive because of its might. The sun cannot warm them, they are always in the shadow both winter and summer. In the same way you were miserable when you lived. A poor Christian man could not be near you without feeling hunger and thirst. You robbed them all and subjected them to you. Now they benefit from your unhappiness and between them they say, your sons and those who called themselves your friends: “Our father, he was a rich scoundrel, he subjugated his neighbors and made them all obey him. He gathered much land and killed many (a man) for his realm. Now we have learned from him. Let us see to it that our children will have as much as he had. Let us not tolerate a neighbor who is not subjugated to our will, but who dares lift his head up high. Let us be like our father. He was always a Viking (robber). Let us make people subservient and be his true sons. He loved us much, and we shall love our children in the same way.” Miserable creature you are! Your house, farm hands and livestock cannot profit you any longer, because never will anyone give alms on your behalf or for me, and even if someone should (give alms) it would not change our situation. I will now tell you news that you will not cherish: your wife has married the man she was with when you lay dying. She let it be known that death did her a kind service by removing you. Your life seemed long to her and your company unpleasant. Now she has taken a younger man that she finds handsome, and who serves her as she pleases. Therefore she loves him. What will she do for your soul? No one in your house is man enough to mention your name. What shall I tell you more? You left no one behind who is loyal to you, and (anyway) it is foolish to believe that one can influence people’s actions after death. You were so evil and wicked that you heeded neither God nor man. You never sought God’s house with an offering, except to have people talk. You never revered God’s apostles or other holy men, and now they will not help or save you, instead you will be punished for your misdeeds. I, too, poor creature, must suffer thirst and hunger even though I never robbed anybody, or ate his food, or drank his drinks, and although I never judged anyone. You should

suffer the pains of judgment more than I, but God Almighty will judge between us in heaven. The body, while you were still living, was treasured by many, but now you appear hideous to all. You reek badly and sojourn in a sinister place, and rightly so, because of your wicked deeds."

Then the body responded and cautioned the soul: "Helpless soul, you had bad luck when you were born. You blame me and I (blame) you. Now we should think and know that we both will be judged and that the one who sinned the most will be sentenced to death. I am ready to reconcile if you will listen to me and know that we both, in view of our wickedness, have lost eternal bliss. It is however befitting that you should lose it because you thought before doing (your misdeed), and so everything was planned before it was carried out. You sought evil things and incited me to the same, and I listened to your advice. Adam may not have have sinned had the serpent not been, and had not his wife entreated him. In the same way you incited me, you accursed. My Lord and Creator knows that I was no worse than you, because if I refused my Creator it was because my soul egged me on. And to tell you the truth, soul, I was obliged to live according to you, because it would have been to no avail quarreling with you. As I was made of earth, I was your receptacle. You awoke me (to life) as God had wanted at the onset when he created the two of us. He bound us together and let us be born again through his baptism. We said no to the Devil and to all his undertakings, and we took our existence from where God is, he who thought himself so little that he took on (human) existence for our sake, and later let himself be nailed to the cross so that he could take away both our own sin and the one inherited from Adam. God would love none of his creation more than us if we had not let our enemy incite us to break his law. You made me judge badly, go to bad places, and lie. All the bad things that I did, I did on your incitement. It is now evident that I never would have sinned had you not been there, and that I should not have moved more than a stone, and not have come to Hell. I wish to God that I was someone else (another creation) and that I need not fear what I now am afraid of, namely that my ressurrection will be neither pleasant nor pretty, and that it be so because of you. Give that God, Mary's son, put a lid on your life so that none of us will come to Hell. But what help is it to me that I talk when nothing can be said about our misfortune? I now wish to kill you because you should have guided me to harbor. Instead you led me astray and drowned me in the deep. Because of my evil helmsman, I came to perdition and pain. You deserve punishment. You decided for me and you made both of us perish. I was God's temple, now I am a shelter for thieves. I should have been a house of prayers, (but) now I am a place of harlotry if anyone would like to reside there. Since you left me, no man has come to see me and no one has wanted to bring me salvation. This much you have ruined for me. Now you have said yours and I (have said) mine, and this dispute gives us nothing but pain. Now you must look for an answer and realize that I received bad orders and that God knows this very well. Now let Him make this known to the living, for it cannot benefit those who are dead, (for them) it is too late. But for us, the situation has gone so far that nothing can be done (for us) and nothing can give us salvation."

Then he said, the person who had the dream: "It seemed to me as if the corpse lay down and stretched out so brusquely that the coffin squeeked. And (that) he heaved for breath like a dying man. When the soul saw this, it was frightened,

moaned and said: “How miserable I am, that I shall wait for the wrath of God. God, why do you measure your strength against a weekling like me, you who created me mortal? While I was alive there was not a day that I did not sin, since there is no man alive who does not commit sin. Miserable the creature who has been created this way. God, my Creator, why did you create me like this and then accuse me (so) harshly? It seems bizarre that you, fountain of wisdom, created things that are not good. Those who go to Hell will not praise your mercy and those who remain on earth quarrel amongst them. Many of them say that they find it strange that your creation shall perish, (in view of the fact that) you reckoned your Son so lowly that you let him take on human shape. For our redemption he suffered pain and was nailed to the cross. Then he suffered death. It is then strange that the Enemy is so bold as to dare hurt and dishonor those for whom God’s Son suffered death.” Now the soul started weeping. In the same instance, the Enemies came and took him and carried it away brutally like wolves carrying away a lamb. The soul screamed with terror but to no avail. Sentence had been rendered.

Honorius of Autun: *Elucidarium*

Honorius of Autun (c.1080-c.1156) was a theologian and disciple of Anselme (1033-1109), archbishop of Canterbury. Little is known about his private life, and he preferred to remain anonymous. As he says in the prologue: "Nomen autem meum ideo volui silentia contegi, ne invidia tabescens suis juberet utile opus contemnendo neglegi."[73] However, there is common consensus as to him presumably being English. He became a recognized vulgarizers of his time, a fervent advocate of enlightenment and correct teaching of the faith. Like Vincent of Beauvais (c.1190-1264) more than a century later, and other medieval scholastic compilators (both before and after him), Honorius commented on the *auctores* and explained the more complicated aspects of religious thought for both clerics and lay people.

His writing reflected the view of the emerging universitarians. He deemed ignorance the greatest enemy of mankind, and wrote *Elucidarium* as an questions-and–answers book. Both this book and his *Imago mundi*—a world history and geography book—knew a wide dissemination throughout medieval Christianity. The book aimed at summarizing the accepted Roman Catholic theology in the form of a dialogue.

The Latin Text

The Latin text taken has been extracted from Yves Lefevre (1954) *L'Elucidarium et les Lucidaires: contribution par l'histoire d'un texte, à l'histoire des croyances religieuses en France au moyen âge*. Paris: Boccard: pp. 356-477.

Prologus

Saepius rogatus a condiscipulis quasdam quaestiunculas enodare, importunitati illorum non fuit facultas negando obviare, praesertim metuens illo elogio multari si creditum talentum mallem in terra silendo occultari. "Divitas quas devoravit extrahet Deus de ventre ejus (Job. XX, 15)," quas abscondit a verbi Dei famem patiente. Et ut labor meus non solum praesenti proficiat aetati, disputata curavi stylo transmittere posteritati, rogans ut quicumque his studuerit legendo incumbere, pro me satagat Deo preces effundere. Titulus itaque operi, si placet, Elucidarium praefigatur, quia in eo obscuritas diversarum rerum elucidatur. Nomen autem meum ideo volui silentia contegi, ne invidia tabescens suis juberet utile opus contemnendo neglegi; quod tamen lector postulet ut in caelo conscribatur nec aliquando de libro viventium delatur. Fundamentum igitur opusculi supra petram Christum jaciatur et tota machina quatuor firmis columnis fulciatur: primam columnam erigat prophetica auctoritas; secundam stabiliat apostolica dignitas; tertiam roboret expositorum sagacitas; quartam figat magistrorum sollers subtilitas.

[73] "And I shall not mention my name, so that no one will be prejudiced by envy and disregard a useful book."

Liber primus: De divinis rebus (pp. 364-365)

D. - Creavit per partes?

M. - Omnia simul et semel fecit, ut dicitur: Qui manet in aeternum creavit omnia simul (Eccli. XVIII, 1). "Distinxit autem omnia per partes sex diebus, tribus elementa et tribus ea quae sunt infra elementa. Prima itaque die fecit diem aeternitatis, scilicet spiritualem lucem, et omnem spiritualem creaturam. Secunda die caelum quod spiritualem creaturam secernit a corporali. Tertia mare et terram. Aliis tribus diebus, quae infra sunt, prima die fecit diem temporalitatis, scilicet solem et lunam et stellas, in supremo elemento, quod est ignis. Secunda die in medio elemento, quod est aqua, pisces et volucres. Et pisces quidem in crassiori parte aquae reliquit; volucres autem in tenuiorem partem aquae, quod est aer, sustulit. Tertia die bestias et hominem de ultimo elemento, id est de terra, condidit.

D. - Sentiunt elementa Deum?

M. - Nihil unquam fecit Deus quod insensibile sit. Quae enim sunt inanimata, nobis quidem sunt insensibilia et mortua; Deo autem omnia vivunt et omnia creatorem sentiunt. Caelum quippe eum sentit, quia ob ejus jussum incessabili revolutione semper circuit; unde dicitur: "Sol et luna et stellae eum sentiunt, quia loca sui cursus inerrabiliter servando repetunt. Terra eum sentit, quia semper certo tempore fructus et germina producit. Flumina eum sentiunt, quia ad loca unde fluunt semper redeunt. Mare et venti eum sentiunt, quia ei imperanti mox quiescendo obediunt. Mortui eum sentiunt, quia ad ejus imperium resurgunt. Infernus eum sentit, quia quos devorat eo jubente reddit. Omnia bruta animalia Deum intelligunt, quia legem sibi ab eo insitam jugiter custodiunt. [Quae tamen omnia per ministerium fiunt angelorum.]

Liber secundus: De rebus ecclesiasticis (pp. 405-406)

M. - Quaere quae vis et audies quae cupis.

D. - Dicitur malum nihil esse et, si nihil est, valde mirum videtur cur Deus angelos vel homines damnet, cum nihil faciant. Si autem aliquid est, videtur a Deo esse, cum omnia sint ex ipso, et sequitur quod Deus sit auctor mali et injuste eos qui hoc faciunt damnet.

M. - A Deo nempe sunt omnia fecit bona valde; et ideo malum probatur nihil per substantiam esse. Omnia autem quae fecit Deus subsistunt; omnis vero substantia bona est, sed malum non habet substantiam: igitur malum nihil est. Quod autem malum dicitur nihil est aliud quam ubi non est bonum, sicut caecitas ubi non est visus aut tenebrae ubi non est lux, cum caecitas et tenebrae non sint substantiae. Tria sunt: creatur, natura, factura; creatura ut elementa; natura ut ex eis nascienta; factura quae angelus vel homo facit aut patitur. Faciunt peccata, patiuntur poenas peccati; haec Deus non fecit, sed fieri permisit, ut dicitur: "Deus mortem non fecit (Sap. I, 13)." Peccatum autem nihil est aliud quam quod praeceptum est non facere aut aliter quam praeceptum est agere, sicut nec malum est aliquid nisi bono, id est gaudio, carere. Quod saltem vocabulum habet a Deo; tali modo habet, cum fit per illam substantiam quam

fecit Deus. Juste vero damnat eos Deus, id est non dat eis gaudium, qui non faciunt vel aliter faciunt quam sit praeceptum.

Liber secundus (p. 412)

D. - Unde sunt dignitates?

M. - A Deo sunt utique omnes dignitates vel potestates malorum seu bonorum, ut dicitur: "Non est potestas nisi a Deo (Rom. XIII, 1)." Cur autem aliquando mali, aliquando vero boni potestates sortiantur, jam superius dictum est.

D. - Quam sentiam profers de his qui eas emunt vel vendent?

M. - Qui eas emunt, cum Simone interitum subibunt; qui vero vendunt, cum Giezi lepram animae incurrunt.

D. - Habent prelati majus meritum apud Deum?

M. - Ordo officii aut dignitas potestatis nihil confert homini apud Deum si desit meritum. Porro qui in ecclesiasticis praesunt, ut episcopi [abbates]et presbyteri, si verbo et exemplo bene praesunt, tot praemia prae aliis habebunt, quot animae per eos salvae fiunt, ut dicitur: "Super omnia bona sua constituet eos (Matth. XIV, 47)." Si autem subditis verbum salutis subtrahunt et eos in foveam mortis per prava exempla ducunt, tot poenas prae aliis haereditabunt, quot animae eorum exemplo perierunt, vel quot salvare praedicando neglexerunt, ut dicitur: "Cui plus committitur, plus ab eo exigitur (Luc. XII, 48);" et iterum: "Potentes potenter tormenta patientur (Sap.VI, 7)." Qui autem in saecularibus praelati sunt, ut reges et judices, si juste judicant et subjectos clementer tractant, majorem gloriam prae aliis a justo judice Deo consequentur, quia "qui bene ministrant, gradum bonum sibi acquirunt (1 Tim. III, 13)." Si autem injuste et crudeliter populum opprimunt, atrocia supplicia prae aliis habebunt, quia "durissimum judicium his qui praesunt fiet (Sap. VI, 6)" et "judicium sine misericordia ei qui non facit misericordiam (Jac. II, 13)."

Liber tertius: De futura vita (pp. 447-448)

D. - Quid est infernus vel ubi?

M. - Duo sunt inferni: superior et inferior.[74] Superior infima pars hujus mundi, quae plena est poenis; nam hic exundat nimius aestus, magnum frigus, fames, sitis, varii dolores corporis ut verbera, animi ut timor et verecundia; de hoc dicitur: "Educ de carcere," hoc est de inferno, "animam meam (Psal. CXLI, 8)," id est vitam meam. Inferior autem locus spiritualis, ubi ignis inexstinguibilis, de quo dicitur: "Eruisti animam meam ex inferno inferiori (Psal. LXXXV, 13)." Qui sub terra esse dicitur, ut, sicut corpora peccantium terra cooperiuntur, ita animae peccantium sub terra in inferno sepeliuntur, ut de divite dicitur: "Sepultus est in inferno (Luc. XVI, 22)." In quo novem speciales poenae esse leguntur.

D. - Quae?

M. - Prima ignis qui ita semel est accensus, ut, si totum mare influeret, non exstingueretur; cujus ardor sic istum materialem vincit ignem, ut iste pictum ignem; ardet et non lucet. Secunda est intolerabile frigus, de quo dicitur: "Si igneus mons immitteretur, in glaciem verteretur." De his duabus dicitur:

[74] Compare this passage with *Visio sancti Pauli* (AM 624,4º).

"Fletus et stridor dentium (Matth. XXIV, 51)," quia fumus de igne excitat fletus oculorum, frigus stridorem dentium. Tertia vermes immortales, id est serpentes et dracones visu et sibilo horribiles, qui, ut pisces in aqua, ita vivunt in flamma. Quarta est fetor incomparabilis. Quinta flagra caedentium, ut mallei ferrum percutientium. Sexta tenebrae palpabiles, ut dicitur: "Terra tenebrarum, ubi nullus ordo et sempiternus horror inhabitat (Job. X, 22)." Septima confusio peccatorum, quae omnia ibi omnibus patent et se abscondere non valent. Octava horribilis visio daemonum et draconum, quos igne scintillante vident, et miserabilis clamor flentium et insultantium. Nona sunt ignea vincula, quibus singulis membris constringuntur.

Liber tertius (p. 459)

D. - Qualiter fiet judicum?

M. - unc sunt boni et mali mixti et multi videntur boni qui sunt mali et multi putantur mali qui sunt boni. Tunc ab angelis boni a malis, ut grana a paleis, secernentur et in quatuor ordines dividentur. Unus ordo est perfectorum cum Deo judicantium. Alter justorum, qui per judicium salvantur. Tertius impiorum sine judicio pereuntium. Quartus malorum, qui per judicium damnantur.

D. - Qui sunt qui judicium?

M. - Apostoli, martyres, monachi, virgines.

D. - Quomodo judicabunt justos?

M. - Monstrant eos suam doctrinam et sua exempla fuisse imitatos et ideo regno dignos.

Old Norse Translation

The Old Norse translation has been extracted from Firchow, Evelyn Scherabon & Kaaren Grimstad (1989) Elucidarium in Old Norse translation. Reykjavik: Stofnun Arna Magnussonar.

Elucidarium was translated into Old Norse in the last half of the 12th century, probably close to the beginning of the 13th century. The text has survived in many more or less complete manuscripts, the earliest being AM 674a, 4º and AM 675, 4º, the latter was part of the manuscript known as *Hauksbok*. Like many of the surviving medieval texts in the vernacular—like the first historical chronicles—it came into being at a time when the Church was by way of establishing firm roots in Norway and the archdiocese in Trondheim was established. However, as the Church consolidated its position as both a secular and ecclesiastical authority, Norway was the scene of incessant quarrels between the various pretenders to the throne (Indeed, the civil wars did not end until far into the reign of Håkon Håkonsson [r. 1217-1263]). The þ had replaced ð in many positions. Þþ/Ðð orthography is unstable throughout the text.

Against a backdrop of societal unrest and strife, the Norse translator must have found Honorius' The Norse translator of *Eluciarium* remains anonymous: he may have been either a Norwegian or an Icelander. *Elucidarium* was not the only text by

Honorius in Old Norse, he is also believed to be the probably source to *De exaltatione sancta crucis* in *Humiliúbók*. Honorius worked in a time of doctrinal dispute, the dispute over lay investiture in the wake of the reformation initiated by Pope Gregory VII, in essence a struggle between secular and ecclesiastical powers striving to gain control of the Church and the wealth that it held, and it was therefore important to clarify and "elucidate" the main articles of faith and ensure correct interpretation of the Scriptures.

Prologus (p. 2)

Ofst vas ek beþenn af samlere sueinom minom at leysa or yandreþom necquerra spurninga oc syndesc mer omaclect at neita þeim fyse sinne allra helzt af þvi at ek hreddomc at fyr dømasc ef ek fela þegiande í iorþo pund þat es Goþ selde mer þuiat Goþ tekr fra þeim auþove es þeira vill einn niota oc spara viþ þurfand Enn af þvi reit ek oc sendac boc þessa. at sysla mín stoþaþe eige at eins þessar tiþar monnom heldr oc þeim es siþarr ero. Enn huerr biþe fvrr mer es þessa boc less. Bok þessa kalla ek*elucidarium* enn þat es lvseng þuiat ihenne necquerer mvrquer hluter. Enn af évi þagþa ek vuer nafne mino at eige egiaþe ovvnnd ohlvþna menn at hafna nvto verke. Enn sa es boc þessa less biþe at þat nafn se ritet alifs bok a himne. Enn þessa verx grundvollr scal setr vesa vuer biarg þat es christus oc oll sia smiþ es studd meþ .iiii. stoplom. Enn fvrsta stopol reiser spamanna sc¤nseme. en annan styþr postola tign. en þriþia efler speke feþra en enn .iiij. fester vitr. ahvggia lerefeþra. Enn sia boc es oll gór efster tuegia viþr mele. Þat es spvrianda leresveinns oc varannda lerefoþor. Boc sia heiter*elucidarius*.

Book I (pp. 6-8)

D. - Vas honom duol necquer at scapa eþa scapaþa hann alt senn?

M. - Aei-no avga bragþe scapaþe hann alt senn sem ritet es. Saes eiliver scapaþe alt senn. Enn hann scifste ollo íhlute á .vi. dogom hofoþ scepnom .iii. daga en aþra .iii. þeim hlutom es fvr ǹnan hofoþ skepnor ero. EN fvrsta dag scop hann eilifs dag þat es andlect lios oc alla andlega skepno. Annandag scop hann hímin þann es skilr licamlega scepno fra andlegre. EN en þriþia dag se oc iorþ. EN iiii. dag scop hann tiþlegan dag þat es sol oc tungl oc stiornor á eNne ofsto hofoþ scepno. Þat es áhimne. EN .v. dag scop hann fogla oc fisca. oc sette fogla ílofste enn fisca ívatne. EN .vi. dag scop hann dyr oc maN ór enNe neþ-sto hofoþ skepno. Þat es ór iorðo.

D. - KeNna scepnor Goþ?

M. - Etke gerþe Goþ þat es eige keNne hann þui at andlauser hluter ero oss dauþer. oc oscynsameer eN aller hluter lifa Goþe oc keNna scapera sinn. Himinn keNner hann þui at hann snvsc of valt efster boþorþe hans sem ritet es. Goþ gerþe himna ískilningo. Sol oc tungl oc stiornor kenNa Goþ þui at þau varþveita staþe rasar siNar at vilia hans. Iorþ keNner hann þui at hon gefr ávoxt oc gros ásiNne tíþ. Ár kenna Goþ þuiat þér huerva afstr avalt til staþa sinna þaþan es þér falla. Ser oc vinndar keNna Goþ þuiat þeir stoþasc at boþorþe hans. Dauþer menn keNna hann þuiat þeir risa up at raþe hans. Heluite kenner hann. Þuiat þat geldr sem hann bvþr þa es þat glévpþe. Oll cvquende kenna Goþ þuiat þau halda logom þeim es hann gaf þeim.

Book 2 (p. 62)

D. - Hvaðan com tign ok velldi?

M. - Af gvði er oll tign ok velldi goðra ok illra sem sagt er Ekci er yelldi aNnat en af gvði.

D. - Hvat dømir þv vm þa er kav pa eða selia tignar vellde?

M. - Þeir er þat kavpa fara til davða með Simoni mago en þeir er selia þat yerða fyrir andar likðro.

D. - Hafa hofðingiar meira velldi firir gvði en aðrir?

M. - KeNni manz þionosta er tignar velldi tior manni ekci yið gvð er yerðleiks misser. En kircna hofðingiar þat ero biskopar ok prestar en þeir geya goð dømi iorðvm eða yerkvm þa taka þeir sva myklv framar dyrð sem margar ander hialpaz af þeira dømvm sem ritat er en ef þeir spara heilso orð yið lyð sinn eða leiða þa í davða grof með illvm dø dømvm þa taka þeir þeimmvm fleiri pinslir en aðrer sem margar andar faraz af þeira dømvm eða sva margha sem þeir orøkto at grøda ikenningv sem ritat er. Af þeim heimter gvð meira er hann leir meira ok taka amot qvaler. En þeir er yeralldrir tign hafa sem konongar eða domenðr ok kynna millega yar kynna lyð sinvm þa mvnv þeir meiri miskvn taka en aðrer menn af gvði rettlatom domanda þvi at þeir eignaz goðan sess af gvði er yel þiona hanom. En þeir er fyrir døma at grimleika þa taka þeir meiri kvaler en aðrer þvi at þeir hafa miskvnn lavsa doma.

Book 2 (p. 81)

D. - Hvat er helvíte. Eda hvar er þat.

M. - Tvenn erv helviti annad et nedra. en annat et efra. Et efra heluíti er hin nedste hlvtr þessa heims. En sa stadr er fvllvr mýrkra og meína. ellz og frostz. hvngvrs og þorsta og annarra likams kvala. bardaga og ecka og hræslv. sem ritad er: Leid þv ond mina or dýflizv. Þat er at skilia fra helvite. Hit nedra helviti er anndlig kvol. Þat er o slavckviligvr elldr sem ritad er: Þv leýster avnd mina fra helvite hinv nedra. Sa stadr er vnder iordv. at svo se ander sýndvgar gafnar j pisler sem likamer j iord. j þeim stad ero .ix. hofvd pisler. En fýsta er svo akafligvr elldr. at eigi mvnde slokna þott j felli avll votn og sior. Sa elldr brenner og jýser eigi. og þeim mvn heitare en vor elldr. sem sia se likneske skrifad eptir hinvm. Avnnvr er frost svo mikid. at elldligt fiall mvndi verda at svelli ef þangat felle. Vm þessar písler er ritad: Þar er gratvr og gnotrvn tanna. Þviat reƒkvr af elldi giorer grat avna. En frost ta Nna gnotrvn. Þridía kvol erv hræðiliger ormar ok drekar (o…leger) j sýn og j roddv. Þeir er svo lifa j ellde sem fiskar j vatne. Fiorda kvol er leidiligvr davn. Fimta grimlegr bardage. Setta mýrkvr þat er þreifa ma vm. sem ritad er: Mýrkra iord og meina. Þar er býgger margr híte og eilif hræsla. Siovnda er sýnda skemd. Þviat þa ma ecke liott verk leýnast. Atta er hræsla ogvrligrar sýnar diofla og dreka. Þeirra er blasa elldi og brennv steine. og vesalig heýrn grasz og diofla hlatvrs. Nivnda kvol er elldlig bond er þran þva ollvm lidvm.

Book 3 (p. 89)

D. - Huerso gøresc domr sa.

M. – Nu ero samblandner Goþer oc iller oc svnasc marger goðer. Þeir es iller ero. enn þeir sumer iller es Goþer ero. en þa skilia englar Goþa fra illom sem corn fra ognom. oc scifsta þeim ifiorar sueiter. Ein sveit es algorra […] døma meþ drotne onnor retlatra þeira es hialpasc idome. En þri£ia omildra es fvr farasc ón dóm en fiorþa ilra es fyr farasc idome.

D. - Huerer scolo døma?

M. - Postolar oc pinder oc munkar oc meyiar.

D. - Huerso døma þeir retlata?

M. - Svna þeir þa dyrþar fvþar es þeir botnoðo afkenningom þeira oc dømom.

D. - Huerer hialpasc ídome?

M. - þeir er gerþo miskunnar verk ílogsamlegom hiuscap oc þeir es svnþer sinar botto meþ íþrunn oc olmoso gøþe. viþ þa es sva melt. Komeþ ér blezaþer foþor minns. Þuiat mik hungraþe oc gofoþ ér mér at eta.

English Translation

The English translation has been taken from Firchow, Evelyn Scherabon & Kaaren Grimstad (1989) *Elucidarium in Old Norse translation*. Reykjavik: Stofnun Arna Magnussonar.

Prologus (p.3)

I have often been asked by my fellow disciples to answer questions and clear up doubts. (Hence) I did not think it right to refuse their request especially since I was afraid to be damned, if, by remaining silent, I hid in the earth the talent that God had given to me (Matth. 25: 25). For God takes away riches from those who use them only to further their own benefit and keep them from those in need. For this reason, I wrote ands published this book so that my efforts would be of use not only to contemporaries but also to posterity.

Let everyone who reads this book pray for me. I shall call this book *Elucidarius*, i. e. illuminator, because a number of unexplained matters are clarified here. I shall not mention my name, so that no one will be prejudiced by envy and disregard a useful book. But whoever reads this book should pray that its name be recorded in the book of life in heaven, that the foundation of it be set up on the Rock which is Christ (1 Cor. 10: 4), and that the whole be supported by four columns. The first column serves to hold up the understanding of the prophets; the second to support the honor of the apostles; the third to strengthen the wisdom of the fathers; and the fourth to uphold the wise concerns of the teachers (i.e. the Church fathers).

This book is entirely made up of dialogue, of the questions of the Disiple and the answers of the Master. This book is called *Elucidarius*.

Book 1 (pp. 7-9)

(D): Did it take him long to create everything or did He create everything at once ?

(M): He created everything in the twinkle of an eye, as is written: “He who lives eternally created all at once (Eccle. 18: 1).” And He divided everything in six days: the elements in three days, and in the next three days those things which are contained in the elements. On the first day He created eternal day, which is spiritual light, and all spiritual creatures. On the second day He created heaven, which separates the earthly from the spiritual creatures. On the third day He created the sea and the earth. On the fourth day He created temporal day, that is sun, moon and stars in the highest element which is heaven. On the fifth day He created the birds and the fish, and put the birds in the sky and the fish in the water. On the sixth day He created animals and Man out of the lowest element which is earth.

(D): Do all creatures know God ?

(M): God made nothing which does not know him. Although lifeless things seem dead and not rational to us, nevertheless all things live for God and know their Creator. Heaven knows Him and forever turns according to His command, as is written: “God made the heavens by wisdom (Ps. 135/136: 5).” The sun, moon, and stars know God because they stay in their tracks according to His will. The earth knows Him and produces vegetation and grass at the appropriate times. The rivers know God and they stop at His command. The dead know Him and they rise at His will. Hell knows Him and it returns those it devoured as He commands. All animals know God and they observe the laws which he gave them.

Book 2 (p. 63)

D. - Where do honor and power come from?

M. - From God come all honor and power for the good and the wicked, as is written: “There is no power but of God (Rom 13: 1).”

D. - How do you judge those who buy or sell honorable positions?

M. - Those that buy suffer death with Simon Mage (Acts 8: 9-24). But those who sell contract spiritual leprosy.

D. - Do leaders have more power before God than other men?

M. - The teacher’s job is an honorable position, but it is of no use before God if there is no merit. If leaders of the churches, that is bishops and priests, provide good examples in words and deeds, then they receive as much glory as the number of souls that are redeemed by their example, as is written. But if they hold back the words of salvation from their people, or lead them to the grave of death by their bad example, then they will suffer as many torments as souls were lost by their example or as many as they neglected to save by their teaching. As is written: “God required more from those to whom He gives more (Luke 12: 48),” and they will receive their torments. Those who possess worldly honor, like kings and judges, and who can nobly pardon their people will receive greater mercy from God, the righteous Judge (2 Tim. 4: 8), than

other men, because they will be given a fitting seat by God who serve Him well. And those who cruelly condemn others will suffer more pain because they have “delivered” judgment without mercy (Jas. 2: 13).

Book 2 (p. 81)

D. - What is hell and where is it?

M. - There are two hells: one is the lower, the other is the upper. Upper hell is the lowest part in this world. That place is full of pains and darkness and disease, fire and frost, hunger and thirst, and other pains of the body, such as fighting, grief and fear, as is written: “Bring my soul out of prison (Psal. 141: 8 and 142: 7), which is to be understood out of hell. Lower hell is spiritual torture, that is inextinguishable fire, as is written; “You delivered my soul from the lower hell (Psal. 85/86: 13).” This place is below the earth so that sinful souls are buried in torment as bodies are buried in the earth. In this place there are nine main torments. The first is such extreme fire that it could not be extinguished even if all lakes and the ocean would cover it. That fire burns but does not shine, and it will be to the same extent hotter than regular fire as fire is hotter than a picture painted of it. The second is frost, so great that a mountain of fire would turn into ice if it covered it. About this torment is written: “There is weeping and gnashing of teeth (Matth. 8: 12 & 24: 51),” because the smoke of the fire makes the eyes weep and the frost makes the teeth gnash. The third torment is terrible snakes and dragons, horrible in appearance and in the voice, which live in fire just as fish live in water. The fourth torment is repulsive stench. The fifth is fierce battle. The sixth is darkness that can be touched, as is written: “The earth of darkness and disease where much heat lives and eternal fear (Job. 10: 22).” The seventh is the disgrace of sin, because no ugly deed can be hidden there. The eighth is fear of the dreadful sight of devils and dragons which spew fired brimstone, and the miserable noise of weeping and the laughter of the devils. The ninth torment is fiery fetters which bind all members.

Book 3 (p. 89)

D. - How will the judgment takec place?

M. - Now the good and the wicked are blended together, and many seem good who are wicked and some seem wicked who are good. But at the time of judgment the angels will separate the good from the wicked like wheat from chaff, and they will divide them into four hosts. One host consists of the perfect who judge with the Lord; the third consists of the ungodly who perish without judgment; and the fourth are the wicked who perish in the judgment.

D. - Who will judge?

M. - The apostles and the martyrs, the monks and the virgins.

D. - How do they judge the righteous?

M. - They show that they are worthy of glory because they have been improved by their teaching and examples.

D. - Who will be saved in the judgment?

M. – Those who accomplished works of mercy in lawful marriage and those who atones for their sins through repentance and charity. To them it is said: “Come you blessed of my Father, for I was hungry and you gave me to eat (Matth. 25: 34).”

D. New Orientations: Incursions into French Literature

Philippe de Commynes: *Mémoires*

The work of Philippe de Commynes (c.1447-1511) became very popular in the 16th century, and more than thirty-three editions of his *Mémoires* were printed. The first part of his memoirs was printed posthumously in 1524, i.e. the section about Louis XI (r.1461-1483) and the second part about Charles VIII (r.1483-1498) was published in 1528. The text was translated into many European vernaculars. The German Reformation-century historian and philosopher Johannes Sleidanus (1506-1556) translated Commine's work into Latin in 1545. Hans Mogensen (1525-1595), bishop in Trondheim translated the history into Danish(-Norwegian) in 1574.

Philippe de Commynes was born into the bourgeoisie, his father was Bailiff of Gent in the Flanders, godson of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Philippe de Commynes was educated and well read and developed an interest for history at an early age, although like many young men from the rich middle and upper classes, he never learned Latin. The perception that Latin was necessary for anyone with intellectual aspirations was typical of the period. Says Arild Huitfeld—the man who edited and published Mogensen's translation in 1605:

> "Jeg haffuer ofte forwndret mig, att aff en wlærdt mand, som icke forstoed latinen, nogit sligtt dett fuldkommen wor, skulle kunde forebringes, men der jeg seer heden thill dend lange forfarenhed, øffuelse oc brug, hand haffuer hafft thill hoffue, vdj krig oc legationer, forundrer mig thes icke saa saare, och maa well bekiende, att lærdom oc forfaring vdj latinen oc goede konster er goed, oc till huad som vdj skrifft skall wdgaae thienlig; men ett forstandigt hoffuit aff øffuelse, land brug oc forfaring er dett meste som giør werckid." (Nørlund 1913, p. 7).[75]

At approximately twenty years of age, De Commynes moved to Lille, to the court of Burgundy, where he entered into the service of Charles of Charolais (1433-1477)—later Duke of Burgundy—whom he accompanied in the Battle of Montlhéri in July 1465, and later in the Battle of Dînant in 1466. He had first hand knowledge of the conflict. De Commynes became a skilled diplomat in the service of the Duke and was sent on numerous delicate missions abroad, to England, Brittany and Spain. His merits were many, and in 1472, the King—Louis XI—convinced him to join him as chamberlain and confidential advisor in his struggle against Charles, an ally of Edward IV of England, whose sister became his third wife in 1468. The change of allegiance was not De Commynes' first choice. In fact, Louis withheld De Commynes' annuity as a means of pressurizing him to abandon Charles and to enter into his own service. De Commynes soon advanced to become the head of the King's diplomatic corps, a position he held until the King's death in 1483. His work was always handsomely rewarded, and De Commynes became one of the richest

[75] I have often wondered if a man without learning—a man who does not know Latin—could produce something perfect. As I see how he [de Commynes] has made good use of his head, his long experience and practice, [both] in war and [diplomatic] missions, I no longer wonder as much, and must confess that although learning and experience in Latin and the arts are indeed good and convenient for anyone who writes, a good head, practice and long experience will do the work, too."

proprietors in France. As a result of his close personal relationship with the key players in French politics during the tumultuous second half of the 15th century, Commynes wrote a history with a different touch. He was not merely the historian of events, the external observer, but also, to a considerable extent, an insider to the conflict, an active participant in the happenings, a man whose work influenced the very outcome of the various political adventures. In his capacity of personal advisor—first to Charles, the Duke of Burgundy; then to Louis, the King of France—he had first-hand access to what happened both behind the scenes and in public. A conscientious man, he did not like to report on things to which he had not himself been witness, and if he did, he warned the reader of the fact, and was careful to mention his sources.

Hans Mogensen, according to Nørlund, used a certain Jean de Selves' abbreviated edition of De Commynes' *Mémoires* as source text when translating this French history. I have not been able to locate any edition of Commynes' history published by a Jean de Selves. It is therefore not possible to compare the translated text with its direct source. This may be why Mogensen's version does not quite correspond to the extracted (and standardized) French version by Gaston Paris that I have used. Mogensen's Danish-Norwegian is fairly homogenous, however, in Chapter XVIII the orthography deviates somewhat from the earlier chapters, especially as regards the personal pronoun "hand" (he) which sometimes is spelled "han." The link "oc" (and) becomes "och" and the verb "vor(e)" is spelled "waar", where the double –aa- only suggests a long wovel and not the traditional "å" (o). In Chapter XVIII, Mogensen, or maybe the posthumeous printer, also augments the use of the German double-s "ß"—replacing both double and single s—even at the end of words, which is rather unusual. This usage is not, however, consistent throughout the chronicle. The increased presence of the double ß in the narrative (and especially in the chapter concerned) may have been due to influence from translations of German devotional material after the Reformation as well as being a remnant of medieval manuscript paper-saving techniques. The German capitalization of nouns was, however, not adopted.

The selected text passages includes De Commynes' description of the battle of Montlhéri from his time with the Duke of Burgundy, and his description of Louis XI, his new master from 1472.

The French Text

The selected text has been extracted from Paris, Gaston & Alfred Jeanroy (Eds.) (1927) *Extraits des chroniqueurs français: Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Commines* (avec notes et glossaire). Paris: Hachette. For an established English translation of Commines' history and description of Louis XI, see Jones 1972. Capitalization of nouns is not consistent throughout the poem. Whether this is due to the author or the printer is uncertain.

Épisodes de la bataille de Montlhéri

(Paris & Jeanroy 1927, pp. 358-371)

(The Count of Charolais, knowing that Louis XI, who was at Bourbonnais, had started returning to Paris, put up his position at Longjumeau, intending to block him,

while his back-troops, under the commandment of the Count of Saint-Paul, had directed his men two miles further south, at Montlhéri. The King had wanted to avoid an engagement, but one of his lieutenants, Pierre de Brézé, great seneschal of Normandie, had other intentions. The head troops of the royal army, at the village of Montlhéri, ran into Saint-Paul's troops on July 16, 1475. The Count of Charolais, as soon as he heard, hastened to assist his lieutenant.)

Il avoit esté dit que on marcheroit a trois foys, pour ce que la distance des deux batailles estoit longue. Ceulx du roy estoient vers le chasteau de Mont le Héry, et avoyent une grant haye et ung fossé au devant d'eulx. Oultre estoient les champs pleins de blédz et de febves, et d'autres grains trés fors: car le territoire y estoit bon.

Tous les archiers du dit conte marchoient a pied devant luy et en mauvais ordre : combien que mon advis est que la souvereine chose du monde pour les batailles sont les archiers, mais qu'ilz soient par milliers (car en petit nombre ne vallent rien) et que ce soient gens mal montez, a ce qu'ilz n'ayent point de regret a perdre leurs chevaulx, au que de tous les poinctz n'en ayent point; et vallent myeulx pour vray, pour ung jour, et cest office ceulx qui jamais ne veirent riens que les bien exercitez. Et aussi telle opinion tiennent les Angloys, qui sont la fleur des archiers du monde.

Il avoit esté dit que on se reposeroit deux fois au chemin, pour donner alayne aux gens de pied, pour ce que le chemin estoit long, et les fruict de la terre lons et fors, qui les empeschoient a aller; toutesfois tout le contraire se feist, comme se on eust voulu perdre a son escient. Et en cela monstra Dieu que les batailles sont en sa main, et dispose de la victoire de son plaisir. Et ne m'est pas advis que le sens d'ung homme sceust porter ne donner ordre a ung si grant nombre de gens, ne que les choses tinssent aux champs comme elles sont ordonnees en chambre; et que celluy qui se estimeroit jusques la mesprendroit envers Dieu, s'il estoit homme qui eust raison naturelle; combien que ung chascun y doit faire ce qu'il peult et ce qu'il doit, et recongnoistre que c'est ung des accomplissemens de oeuvres que Dieu a commencees aucunes foys par petites mouvetez et occasions, et en donnant la victoire aucunes foys a ung, et aucunes foys a l'autre; et est ce mistere si grant, que les royaulmes et grans seigneuries en prennent aucunes foys fin et desolation et les autres acroissement et commencement de regner.

Pour revenir a la declaration de cest article, le dict conte marcha tout d'une boutee, sans donner alayne a ses archiers et gens de pied. Ceulx du roy passerent ceste haye par deux boutz, tous hommes d'armes; et comme ilz furent si près que de getter les lances en arrest, les hommes d'armes Bourguignons rompirent leurs propres archiers, et passerent dessus sans leur donner loisir de tirer ung coup de flesche, qui estoient la fleur et esperance de leur armee; car je ne croy pas que les douze cens hommes d'armes, ou environ, qui y estoient, qu'il en y eust cinquante qui eussent sceu coucher une lance en arrest. Il n'y en avoit pas quatre cens armez de cuirasses, et si n'y avoit pas ung seul serviteur armé. Et tout cecy a cause de la longue paix, et que en ceste maison de Bourgogne ne tenoient nulles gens de souldee,[76] pour soulager le peuple de tailles; et oncques puis ce jour ce quartier de Bourgongne n'eut repos jusques a ceste heure, qui est pis que jamais.

[76] Le terme "soldat" signifies a trained soldier ("soldé" – i.e. salaried).

Ainsi rompirent eulx mesmes la fleur de leur armee et esperance; toutefoys Dieu, qui ordonne de tel misere, voulut que le cousté où se trouva le dit conte (qui estoit a la main droite vers le dit chasteau) vanquist sans trouver nulle deffense: et me trouvay ce jour tousjours avec lui, ayant moins de crainte que je n'euz jamais en lieu ou je me trouvasse depuis, pour la jeunesse en quoy j'estoie, et que je n'avoye nulle cognoissance du peril, mais estoye esbahy comme nul ne osoit deffendre contre tel prince a qui j'estoye, en estimant que ce fust le plus grant de tous les autres. Ainsi sont gens qui n'ont point d'experiance: dont vient qu'ilz soustiennent assez d'arguz mal fondez et a peu de raison. Par quoy l'on ne se repent jamais pour parler peu, mais bien souvent de trop parler.

A la main senestre estoit le seigneur de Ravestain[77] et messire Jacques de Sainct-Pol, et plusieurs autres, a qui il sembloit qu'ilz n'avoient pas assez d'hommes d'armes pour soustenir ce qu'ilz avoient devant eulx; mais dès lors estoient si approuchez qu'il ne falloit plus parler d'ordre nouvelle. En effet, ceulx la furent rompuz a plate costure, et chassez jusques au charroy; et la pluspart fouyrent jusques en la fourest, qui estoit près de demye lieue. Au charroy se rallierent quelques gens de pied Bourguignons. Les principaulx de ceste chasse estoient les nobles du Daulphiné et Savoysiens, et beaucoup de gens d'armes aussi; et se attendoient d'avoir gaingé la bataille; et de ce cousté y eut une grant fuyte des Bourguignons, et de grans personnaiges, et fuyoient la pluspart pour gaigner le Pont Saincte Maixence, qui cuydoient qu'il tinst encores pour eulx. En la fourest y en demeura beaucoup, et, entre autres, s'y estoit retiré monseigneur le connestable,[78] qui estoit assez bien accompaigné; le charroy estoit assez près de la dicte fourest, et monstra bien depuis qu'il ne tenoit encores pas la chose pour perdue.

Le conte de Charoloy chassa de son costé demye lieue, oultre le Mont le Hery, et a bien peu de compaignie; toutesfois nul ne se deffendoit, et trouvoit gens a grant quantité; et ja cuydoit avoir la victoire. Ung vieil gentil homme de Luxembourg, appelé Anthoine Le Breton, le vint querir, et luy dist que les Françoys s'estoient ralliez sur le champ, et que s'il chassoit plus gueres, il se perdroit. Il ne se arresta point pour luy, non obstant que il luy dist par deux ou trois foys. Incontinent arriva monseigneur de Contay[79] (dont cy dessus est parlé), qui luy dit semblables parolles comme avoit faict le vieil gentil homme de Luxembourg, et si audacieusement, qu'il estima sa parole et son sens, et retourna tout court: et croy que s'il fust passé oultre deux traictz d'arc, qu'il eust esté prins comme aucuns autres qui chassoient devant luy; et passant par le village trouva une flote de gens a pied qui fuyoient: il les chassa, et si n'avoit pas cent chevaulx en tout. Il ne se retourna que ung homme a pied, qui luy donna d'ung voulge parmy l'estomac; et au soir s'en veit l'enseigne. La pluspart des autres se sauverent par les jardins; mais celuy la fut tué.

Comme il passoit rasibus du chastel, veismes les archiers de la garde du roy devant la porte, qui ne bougerent. Il en fut fort esbahy, car il ne cudoit point que il y eust plus ame de deffense. Si tourna a costé pour gaigner le champ, ou luy vindrent

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[77] Adolphe de Ravestain (d.1528) , son of Duke of Clèves and Marie de Burgundy, Philippe le Bon's sister. Adolphe de Ravestain was thus the cousin of the Duke of Charolais, whom he served loyally all his life.

[78] Louis de Luxembourg had been knighted in 1465; he was beheaded in 1475.

[79] Louis de Chantai, in the service of the Duke of Burgundy.

courre sus quinze ou seize hommes d'armes ou environ (une partie des siens s'estoient ja separez de luy), et d'entrée tuerent son escuyer trenchant, qui s'appelloit Philippe d'Oignies, et portoit ung guidon de ses armes: et la le dit conte fut en très grant dangier, et eut plusieurs coups, et entre les aultres ung en la gorge d'une espee, dont l'enseigne lui est demouree toute sa vie, par deffault de sa baviere qui luy estoit cheute, et avoit esté mal attachee dès le matin; et luy avoie veu cheoir; et luy furent myses les mains dessus, disant : « Monseigneur, rendez vous, je vous congnois bien: ne vous faictes point tuer. » Tousjours se deffendoit: et sur ce debat le filz d'ung medicin de Paris nommé maistre Jean Cadet (qui estoit a luy), gros et lourt et fort, monté sur ung cheval de ceste propre taille, donna au travers, et les despartit. Tous ceulx du roy se retirent sur le bort d'ung fossé, ou ils avoient esté le matin; car ils avoient craincte d'aucuns qu'ils veoient marcher, qui s'aprochoient; et luy, fort sanglant, se retira a eulx comme au milieu du champ; et estoit l'enseigne du bastart de Bourgogne[80] toute despecee, tellement qu'elle n'avoit pas ung pied de longueur; et a l'enseigne des archiers dudit conte il n'y avoit pas quarante hommes en tout; et nous y joignismes (qui n'estions pas trente) en très grant doubte. Incontinent il changea de cheval, et luy bailla ung qui estoit lors son paige, qui avoit nom Simon de Quingy, qui depuis a esté bien congneu.

Le dit conte se mist par le champ, pour rallier ses gens; mais je veiz telle demye heure que nous, qui estions demourez la, n'avions l'oeil que a fouyr, se il fust marché cent hommes. Il venoit a nous dix hommes, vingt hommes, que de pied, que de cheval; les gens de pied blessez et lassez, tant de l'oultrage que leur avions faict le matin,[81] que aussi des ennemys, luy revint incontinent qui n'amena pas cent personnes, mais peu a peu en venoit. Notre champ estoit aussi ras en demie heure; devant les bleds estoient si granz et la pouldre la plus terrible du monde, tout le champ semé de mors et de chevaulx, et ne se congnoissoit nul homme mort, pour la pouldre.

Incontinent veismes saillir le conte de Sainct Pol du boys, qui avoit bien quarante hommes d'armes avec luy, et son enseigne; et marchoit droict a nous, et croissoit de gens; mais il nous sembloit bien loing. On luy envoya trois ou quatre foys prier qu'il se hastast; mais il ne se mua point, et ne venoit que le pas, et fit prendre des lances a ses gens, qui estoient a terre; et venoit en ordre (qui donna grant reconfort a noz gens), et se joignirent ensemble avec grant nombre, et vindrent la ou nous estions; et nous trouvasmes bien huyt cens hommes d'armes, de gens de pied peu ou nuls, qui garderent bien le dit conte qu'il n'eust la victoire entiere: car il y avoit ung fossé et une grande haye entre les deux batailles dessus dictes …

Des deux parties y mourut deux mille hommes du moins: et fut la chose bien combatue, et se trouva des deux coustez de gens de bien, et de bien lassez. Mais ce fut grant chose, a mon advis, de se rallier sur le champ et estre trois ou quatre heures en ceste estat, l'ung devant l'autre, et devoient bien estimer les deux princes ceulx qui leur tenoient si bonne compaignie a ce besoing: mais ilz en firent comme

[80] Antoine, "the bastard of Burgundy," natural son of Philippe le Bon (1421-1504), captain in the successive services of the Duke of Burgundy, Louis XI and Charles VIII.

[81] The row of archers had been broken by their own *cuiriassiers* that morning.

hommes, et non point comme anges: tel perdit ses offices et estatz pour s'en estre fouy, et furent donnez a d'autres, qui avoient fouy dix lieues plus loing. Ung de nostre costé perdit auctorité, et fut privé de la presence de son maistre; ung mois après eut plus auctorité que devant.

Cloz que nous feusmes de ce charroy, chascun se logea le mieulx qu'il peut. Nous avions grant nombre de blecez, et la pluspart fort descouragez et espouvantez, craignans que ceulx de Paris, avec deux cens hommes d'armes qu'il y avoit avec eulx, et le mareschal Joachim,[82] lieutenant du roy en la dicte cité, sortissent, et que l'on eust affaire de deux coustez. Comme la nuyt fut toute close, on ordonna cinquante lances, pour veoir ou le roy estoit logié. Il y en alla par adventure vingt. Il y pouoit avoir trois gectz d'arcs de nostre camp jusques ou nous cuydions le roy. Cependant monseigneur de Charroloys beut et mangea ung peu, et chascun en son endroit, et luy fut adoubee sa playe qu'il avoit au col.

Au lieu ou il mengea fallut oster quatre ou cinq hommes mors pour lui faire place, et mit l'on deux boteaulx de paille ou se sist: et en remuant illec, ung de ces pauvres gens nudz commencea a demander a boire; on luy getta en la bouche un peu de ptizanne de quoy le dit seigneur avoit beu, dont le cueur luy revint, et fut congneu, et estoit un archier de corps du dit seigneur, fort renommé, appellé Savarot, et fut pensé et guery …

Environ mynuit revindrent ceulx qui avoient esté mis dehors, et pouez penser qu'ilz n'estoient point allez loing; et rapporterent que le roy estoit logié a ces feuz qu'ils avoient veu. Incontinent on y en envoya d'autres: et une heure après se remettoit chascun en estat pour combattre; mais la pluspart avoit myeulx envye de fouyr. Comme vint le jour, ceulx que on avoit mis hors du camp rencontrerent ung charretier qui estoit a nous et avoit esté prins le matin, qui apportoit une cruche de vin du village, et leur dist que tout s'en estoit allé. Ilz envoyerent dire ces nouvelles en l'ost, et allerent jusques la. Ils trouverent ce qu'il disoit et le revindrent dire: dont la compaignie eut grant joye: et y avoit assez de gens qui disoient lors qu'il falloit aller après, qui faisoient bien mesgre chiere une heure devant. J'avoye un cheval extremement las et vieil. Il beut ung seeil plein de vin: par aucun cas d'adventure il y mit le museau; je le laissay achever; jamais ne l'avoye trouvé si bon ne si fraiz …

Tout ce jour demoura encores monseigneur de Charroloys sur le champ, fort joyeulx, estimant la gloire sienne, qui depuis luy a cousté bien chier : car oncques puis il ne usa de conseil d'homme, mais du sien propre : et estoit trés inutile pour la guerre paravant ce jour, et n'aymoit nulle chose qui y appertinst; mais depuis changerent ses pensees, car il y a continué jusques a sa mort; et par la fut finee sa vie et sa maison destruicte, et si elle ne l'est du tout, si est elle bien desolee. Trois grans et saiges princes, ses predecesseurs, l'avoient eslevee bien hault, et y a peu de roys (sauf celluy de France) plus puissans de luy, et pour belles et grosses villes, nul ne l'en passoit. L'on ne doibt trop estimer de soy, par especial un grant prince; mais doibt congnoistre que les graces et bonnes fortunes viennent de Dieu. Deux choses plus je diray de luy: l'une est que je croy que jamais nul homme ne peut porter plus de travail que luy, en tous endroicz ou il faut exerciter la personne; l'autre que a

[82] Joachim Rouault, the king's lieutenant in Paris.

mon advis je ne congneuz oncques homme plus hardi. Je ne luy ouy oncques dire qu'il fust laz, ny ne luy viz jamais faire semblant d'avoir peur, et si ay esté sept annees de renc en la guerre avec luy, l'esté pour le moins, et en aucunes l'iver et l'esté. Ses pensees et conclusions estoient grandes; mais nul homme ne les sçauroit mettre a fin, si Dieu n'y eust adjousté de sa puissance.

Caractère de Louis XI

(Paris & Jeanroy 1927, pp. 372-377)

Je me suis mys en ce propoz pour ce que j'ay veu beaucoup de tromperies en ce monde, et de beaucoup de serviteurs envers leurs maistres, et plus souvent tromper les princes et seigneurs qui voluntiers escoutent. Et entre tous ceulx que j'ay jamais congneu, le plus sage pour soy tirer d'un mauvais pas, en temps d'adversité, c'estoit le roy Loys onzieme, nostre maistre, et le plus humble en parolles et en habits, qui plus travailloit a gaigner ung homme qui le pouoit servir ou qui pouoit nuyre. Et ne se ennuyoit point a estre reffusé une foys d'ung homme qu'il praticquoit a gaigner; mais y continuoit, en luy promettant largement, et donnant par effect argent et estatz qu'il congnoissoit qui luy plaisoient. Et ceulx qu'il avoit chassez et deboutez en temps de paix et de prosperité, il les rachaptoit bien chier quant il en avoit besoing, et s'en servoit, et ne les avoit en nulle hayne pour les choses passees. Il estoit naturellement amy des gens de moyen estat et ennemy de tous grans qui se pouoient passer de luy. Nul homme ne presta jamais tant l'oreille aux gens, ny ne s'enquist de tant de choses comme il faisoit, ny ne voulut congnoistre tant de gens; car aussi veritablement il congnoissoit toutes gens d'auctorité et de valleur qui estoient en Angleterre, Espaigne et Portingal, Ytalie et seigneuries du duc de Bourgongne, et en Bretaigne, comme il faisoit ses subgectz. Et ces termes et façons qu'il tenoit, dont j'ay parlé icy dessus, luy ont sauvé la couronne, veu les ennemys qu'il s'estoit luy mesme acquis a son advenement au royaulme. Mais sur tout luy a servy sa grant largesse; car ainsi comme saigement conduysoit l'adversité, a l'opposite, dès qu'il cuydoit estre asseur, ou seullement en une treve, il se mettoit a mescontenter les gens par petiz moyens qui peu luy servoyent, et a grant peyne pouoit endurer paix. Il estoit legier a parler de gens, et aussi tost en leur presence que en leur absence, sauf de ceulx qu'il craignoit, qui estoient beaucoup, car il estoit assez craintif de sa propre nature. Et quant pour parler il avoit receu quelque dommaige, ou en avoit souspesson, et il le vouloit reparer, il usoit de ceste parolle au personnaige propre: « Je sçay bien que ma langue m'a porté grant dommage, aussi m'a elle faict quelque-foys du plaisir beaucoup; toutes fois c'est raison que je repare l'amende. » Et ne usoit point de ces privees parolles qu'il ne feist quelque bien au personnage a qui il parloit, et n'en faisoit nulz petiz.

Encores faict Dieu grant grace a ung prince quant il scet bien et mal, et par especial quant le bien le precede, comme au roy nostre maistre dessus dict. Mais a mon advis que le travail qu'il eut en sa jeunesse, quant il fut fugitif de son pere et fouyt soubz le duc Philippes de Bourgongne, ou il fut six ans, luy vallut beaucoup, car il fut contrainct de complaire a ceulx dont il avoit besoing; et ce bien luy apprit adversité, qui n'est pas petit. Comme il se trouva grant et roy couronné, d'entrée ne pensa que aux vengences, mais tost luy en vint dommaige et quant et quant la repentence, et repara ceste follie et ceste erreur en regaignant ceulx a qui il tenoit tort, comme vous entendrez cy après. Et s'il n'eust eu la nourriture autre que les

seigneurs que j’ay veu nourrir en ce royaulme, je ne croy point que jamais se fust ressours; car ils ne les nourrissent seullement que a faire les folz en habillemens et en parolles; de nulles lettres ilz n’ont congnoissance, ung sage homme on ne leur met a l’entour, ilz ont des gouverneurs a qui on parle de leurs affaires, a eulz riens; et ceulz la disposent de leurs affaires. Et telz seigneurs y a, qui n’ont que treize livres de rente en argent, qui se gloriffient de dire: « Parlez a mes gens, » cuydans par ceste parolle contre-faire les très grans. Aussi ay je veu bien souvent leurs serviteurs faire leur prouffit d’eulx, et leur donner bien a congnoistre qu’ilz estoient bestes. Et si d’aventure quelc’un s’en revient, et veult congnoistre ce qui luy appartient, c’est si tard qu’il ne sert plus de gueres; car il fault noter que tous les hommes qui jamais ont esté grans et faict grans choses ont commencé fort jeunes. Et cela gist a la nourriture, ou est de grace de Dieu.

Danish-Norwegian Translation

The text has been extracted from Nørlund, Poul (Ed.)(1913) *Hans Mogensens (1525-1595) Oversættelse af Philippe de Commynes «Memoires» [1574].* Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel.

Første Bog

Hertog Carl slar sin leiger for Monthleri, oc stod en slactning der samme steds, imellom kongen aff Franckerig oc hannem.

Cap: V.

(Page 35) Der hertog Carl (som sagd er) fick aff kongens optog aff Borbonois at vide, oc at hand kom (som hand mente) dragendis lige at hannem; fick hand oc i sinde at drage hannem under øignene, oc da fremsagde hand for sitt folck her offuen bemelte breffs indehold, personen wneffnd som det skreff, paa det at huer mand skulle vere fortenckt wdi at holde sig well, fordi hand wor til sinde at ville forsøge sin løcke. Di lagde hand sig i en bonde by hoss Pariis, kalled Longimeau, oc greffuen aff S: Paul med alt fortoged lagde hand til Montlheri, huilcked er to mile lenger frem. De vdsende speidere og reigsener offuer landit, at forfare om kongens komme, oc huad veig hand drog…

(Pages 39-41) Alle hertogens skytter droge for hannom, ilde wdi ordning. Nu siunis mig at i en slachtning ere skøtterne den beste part aff folkid, met saa skell, at de ere mange i følge; fordi ere de faa, da er de til ingen ting nøttige. Det er oc gott at de ere ilde ridindis, at de icke achte om at miste deris heste: eller at de aldelis ingen haffue. De erre oc strax første dag nøtteligere til denne gierning, de det aldrig saae, end de som ere der udi well forsøgte. Saaledis mene ocsaa de Engelske, som ere blomsterid for alle skøtter i werden. Det wor sagd, at mand tyßer skulle raste paa veyen, at folckit kunde faa till aande, fordi veyen wor long, oc grøden paa iorden høy oc tyck, huilcked dennom sinckede paa deris gong. Dog skede det alt tuert emod, lige som mand vilde haffue tabt med vilge, oc der wdi gaff gud tilkiende; at slachtinger staa i hans hand, oc hand skicker seyeren effter sin vilge.[83]

Oc siunes mig, at it meniskis forstand icke skulde kunde formaa, at raade saadant it stort tall folck, oc skaffe det saa, at det holdis i marcken, saa som det i et kammerß eller stue kand besluttis. Oc achter ieg, at huem sig kiender der god fore: forhomodede sig, oc forgrebe sig imod gud, der som hand ellers vore det meniske som haffde naturlig fornufft. Saa bør dog huer i sin sted der wdi at giøre, huad hand kand, oc hans befaling vdkreffuer, oc vide at det er at fuldkomme enn aff de gierninger, som gud haffuer budit. Seyeren, aff ringe orsage, giffuis stundum den ene, stundum den anden. Oc er dette saa stor en hemmelighed; at konger oc store herrdømme der aff tage deriß ende oc ødeleggelser, oc andre deriß grøde oc fremuext til at regnere.

At igien komme till denne slachting at fortelie, drog hertog Carl frem met it ryck, oc icke gaff sine skøtter oc fod folck raaderom till at hente aande. Kongens folck gaffue sig paa tuende stæder till dette gærde, oc alle vore de kyriß. Oc der de

[83] Mogensen has inverted the order of the text. In Commynes' history the first four sentences are at the end of the paragraph.

vore saa ner, at de lagde glauffuene i røsten, spilte de Burgundiske deriß egne skytter, oc offuer rede dennom, at icke finge tid till at skiude it skud, huilke dog wore blomsterid oc fortrøstning aff deris herr. Fordi ieg icke tror, at aff XII^{c} kyrißer som vi haffde, vore L som viste rett at legge it glauffuen wdi. Der vor icke en eniste thienere eller suend, som haffde røsting paa. Oc dette altsammen kom aff den longuarendis fred, oc att det huß Burgundien icke holt meged folck i stedze besolding, paa det, at de kunde skone folckit med skat. Men effter den dag, som ieg her omtal, haffde diße land aldrig huile, indtill denne time, paa huilken det er verre med dennom, end det nogen tijd veredt haffuer.

Saalediß spilte de selff blomsterid of fortrøstningen paa deris herr. Dog wilde gud (som i saadanne himmelige sager haffuer at raade oc biude) saa haffue det, at paa den side, som hertog Carl vor, (huilket vor paa den høyre haand emod slottet) vant hand seyer, oc fant ingen synderlig modstand. Oc denne dag lod ieg mig altid finde hoß hannom, oc haffde minde frøct, end ieg nogen tijd siden haffuer hafft, ehuor ieg haffuer verid i krig. Det volte den vngdom, som ieg vor wdi, oc at ieg haffde ingen forstand paa, huad fare ieg vor wdi. Men ieg forundrede mig, at ingen torde sette verye emod min herre, oc kom i den mening, at hand haffde ingen lige. Saadanne ere folck som icke erre forsøgte, oc der aff kommer det, at mand offte holler oc forsuarer mange meninger, som erre ilde grundede oc føye skellige. Der fore er det got at bliffue ved hans mening som sagde, at mand aldrig angrer, at mand haffuer forlidet taled: men offte mand angrer, at haffue taled for megedt.

Paa den venstre haand vor herren aff Rauenstein oc her Iacob aff S:Paul oc mange andre, huilcke vel saage oc kunde forstaa, at de icke haffde reigsetøg nock, til at bestaa det folck medt, som de haffde for haanden, men de vore allerede komne hin anden saa nær; at det icke vor taleført, at tencke paa, sagen anderledis att bestille.

Diße bleffue plat spilte, oc slagne paa flucht, oc iagede indtil vougnborgenn, oc den største part flyde hen ind i den skouff, som vor der hoß paa en halff mileueigs. Hoß vougnborgen forsamlede sig noget igienn aff det burgundiske fodfolck. De fornembste som vore med at iauge ephter, vore de edle aff Delphinat oc aff Sauoien, oc mange kyrißer der iblant. Diße mente nu, at de haffde alt vundit slagedt. Der skede en stor flucht aff de Burgundiske, oc end aff merckelige personer, oc den største part giorde deriß beste, at de kunde naa Pont S:Maxence, huilcked de mente at enda holt paa deris haand. Monge aff dennom bleffue hollendiß i skouffuen, oc iblant andre haffde greffuen aff S:Paul hullid sig der hen. Di der hand kom paa flucht, vor hand vel nær skouffuen. Oc lod sidenvel paa kiende, at hand icke enda foreholt, at vi haffde tabt med alle.

Hertogen aff Burgundien bliffuer undsett oc reddit aff en, fød til Paris.

Cap. VI.

(Pages 41-43) Hertog Carl paa sin side iagede effter vell en halff mill paa hin side Montheri, med ringe følge oc selfskaff. Oc endog att hand fant megit folck for sig; vor der dog ingen som sette verye. Derfore tenckte hand at hand allerede haffde vundit. En gammell herre mand, kalled Antonius aff Brithanien, kom effter hannom, oc opnaade hannom, oc sagde hannom, at Frantzoserne vore igien sammen ruckte paa marcken, oc at der som hand noget lenger sette ephter fienden, forkaste hand sig selff. Hand stillede sig icke for den skyld, dog hand sagde hannom dette tho eller

thre gange. Strax kom herren aff Contay (huilcken der offuen er omtaledt) oc sagde hannom lige samme ord, som den gamble ædel mand hannom sagd haffde. Oc sagde hand hannom det med saadan dristighed, at hand gaf giem paa hans ord, oc andsaa hans forstandighedt, oc vende kort igien. Oc tror ieg for vist, at haffde hand draged tu pilskud frem bæder, haffde hand bleffuen fangen, som nogle andre bleffue, huilcke iagede nogedt for wdt. Som hand nu drog tilbage igien igiennom lanßbyen, fant hand enn samling aff fodfolck som flyde. Dennom sette hand ephter, oc haffde dog icke, alt beregnet, hundred mand met sig. Ingenn aff detthe fod folck vende sig, wden en fodgangere, huilcken gaff hannom it stød aff it knæbelspiud for sin mauge, huilcked om afftenen bor sit tegen med sig. Den største part aff de andre fielte sig iblant hauffuerne, men denne bleff slagen.

Der hand drog hart frem for slotted, der motte wy see for slotz porten skøtter, som vore kongens draffuantere,[84] oc de stode stock stille. Ther paa forundrede hannom saare. Thi hand icke tenckte, at der skulle vere nogit meniske mere, som skulle sla fra sig. Hand vende aff til en side, at hand kunde naa marcken. Der møtte oc rende hannom an femten eller sexten kyrißer. En part aff hans folck vore allerede skilde fra hannom, oc de andre som rende hannom an, ihielsloge hans drost,[85] som førde en liten kiende fane med hans waaben wdi, hueß nauffnn vor Philippus aff Orgues.

Hertogen vore i saare stor faare, og fick mange hug, oc iblant andre it i sin hals, huor aff hand bar tegen alle sine dage. Det volte at baartid aff hans kyriß hannom vor undffaldet, oc haffde strax om morgenen verid ille anskrued, oc ieg saag at det falt fra hannom. Hannom bleffue hender paa lagde, sigendis, herre giffuer eder fangen, ieg kiender eder vell, lader eder icke slaa ihiel. Dog veriede hand sig, oc giorde sit beste, oc der de saa droges, sette tuert ind paa thennom en lægis søn aff Parijs, med nauffnn Iohan Cadet, som hannom tiente, en stor oc groff karl sidendiß paa en sterck hest, oc saaledis skilde hand dennom adt.

Alt kongens folck holt sig hen paa bredden aff grøfften, der som de haffde verid om morgenen, fordi de begynte at beffrøgte sig for megit folck, som de saage komme dragendiß oc komme flux an. Oc hertogen, som vor megit blodig, holt sig hen i mod dennom, saa got som mit paa marcken, oc den bastart aff Burgundien hans fane vor aff reffuen, saa at hund icke vor offuer en fod long. Oc hoß hertogens draffuanteries fennicke vore aldt til hobe regnet XL mand, oc wy, som icke vore trediuge, sloge os til dennom, oc vor os saare ilde tilmode.

Strax skiffte hert. Carl hest, oc fick en som hans smaadreng reed, hues nauffn vor Simon aff Quingy, som siden bleff well nauffnnkundig. Hertogen gaff sig vd paa sletten at sancke sit folck: men det varede en halff time, at wi vore plat forladne, oc midler tid saag vort øige effter inthed andet, end at fly, som wy oc giort haffde, dersom wi haffde bleffuit anrende aff hundrede mand. Wort folck kom plockendis til oß igien, med thi mand oc med XX mand, somme till fods, oc somme til hest. Fodfolckit vor saart oc træt, saa vel aff det offuermaade arbeide, som wy om morgenen komme dennom til at giøre: som ocsaa aff det arbeide som de haffde hafft

[84] The "drabants" (of Old German origin) were a king's or ruler's personal guardsmen. The Danish-Norwegian adjective "drabelig" (strong and valliant) probably derives from this term.

[85] From Old German "droste," equivalent of the Norwegian "stallare", from the Latin "stabularius" (French "Ecuyer"): the king's most trusted man.

for fienden. Det vor den tijdt at der icke vore hundrede mand hoß hertogen: men komme da nogle, oc da nogle. Kornid wor høyt, oc støffuen saa forferdelig som hand kunde vere i verden. All marcken laag offuerstrødt med døde mend og heste, oc kunde man ingen død mand kiende for støff.

I allen de saa vi greffuen aff S. Paul dagis op aff skouffuen, som haffde vell XL kyrißer hos sig, oc drog lige ad oß, oc bleff io sterckere oc sterckere. Men det siuntis oß at vare well lenge før en hand kom frem. Wy sende hannom try eller fire bud, at hand skulle skynde sig: men hand achtede det inthed, oc kom aleniste fod for fod. Hand lod sit folck optage glauffuen som laa paa iorden. Oc kom i got ordenn, huilckedt gaff wort folck fortrøstning, oc de sloge sig nu sammen i store hobe tall, oc komme did som wi wore, at wi bleffue omsiger well VIII^{c} kyrißer, fodfolck faa eller ingen, huilcked volte os, at min herre icke fick fuldkommen seyeruinding. Thi der vor enn grøfft oc it stor gærde emellom begge slachtorden…

Kong Loduig effter det nederlag til Mondtheri holder sig hen til Corbeill. Cap. VII.

(Page 45) … Paa baade sider bleffue slagne tu tusind mand i det minste, oc det gick vel hart til paa baade sider, oc fantis paa begge sider erlige folck fulduell trette. Men det wor (som mig siuntis) meged, saa at samblis igien paa marcken oc bliffue i saadan skickelse tre eller fire timer, den ene emod den anden.

Begge diße førster haffde burt at holle meged aff alle dennom, som i denne nød hulde dennom saa got selskaff: men de giorde der wdi som mennisker, oc icke som engle. En møste sin befalning oc statt, fordi hand flyde, oc bleff samme stât giffuen en anden, som flyde ti mil lenger. En paa vor side møste sin beffalning, oc ombar sin herris tieniste, en maaned der ephter kom hand høigre i spilled en hand vor før.

Der voris voungborg vor slagen, lægrede huer sig det beste hand kunde. Wi haffde monge saarede, oc den største part vor frychtsom oc mistrøstig, befrøctendis at de aff Parijs, med de IJ^{c} kyrißer, som de haffde hoß sig, oc marschalck Joachim kongens stathollere der samme steds, skulle giffue sig vd aff byenn, of fienden saaledis skulle faa oß at tage vare paa baade sider. Der det vor natted bleffue udsende 1 kyrißer, at forffare huor kongen haffde slaged leiger eller taged herberge. Aff dennom vdrede hen ved XX, oc kunde der vere ved try pilskud fraa vor lieger, did hen som wi tenckte att kongen skulle vere. Disemellom od oc drack hertog Carl nogit lidit, oc huer for sig lige saa, oc bleff hans saar forbundit som hand haffde i halßen. Paa den sted hand fick sig mad, maate hand lade kaste aff veigen fire eller fem døde kroppe, at der kunde bliffue rom. Der henlagdis tu knippe halm, at hand kunde sette sig der paa. Wdi allen de som mand velte affsted ett aff de arme nøgne menisker, begynde hand at kreffue dricke, hannom bleff giffuit noged lidet tilgiort byguand i munden, aff huilcked hertog Carl haffde drucked: da fick hand til sig, oc bleff kient, oc vor en aff hertogens draffuanter, vell nauffnkundig, kalled Sauaric, hand bleff forbunden og lægt… (p. 45)

(Pages 46-47) …Ved midnatz tide komme igien de som vore udsende, oc kand mand tencke, at de haffde icke longt veridt; de førde tiender, at kongen vor leigredt hos den ild, som de haffde seet. Strax der effter vdsende mand andre, oc en time der

ephter skickede huer mand sig til at slaa. Dog den største part aff folked haffde mere mod til at fly.

Ther det dagedis, møtte de, som vdsende vore, en vougnsuend, oß tilhørendis, som om morgenen tilforn vor bleffuen fangen, oc nu kom bærendis med en krucke vijn aff landsbyen: hand sagde dennom, at kongen vor alt vnduigt. De bortsende nogle til stæden oc funde som hand sagde, oc komme oc giorde ord der aff, huor vid den hele her bleff ganske gladt. Der vore monge som haffde gierne villed, at wi haffde giffued os ephter fiendenn, di mand kunde well tencke at deris glæde vor icke megen. Ieg haffde en time tilforn en hest, træt paa det yderste, oc der til gammell. Det hendede sig saa, at hand drack enn hæll spand vijn vd. Oc der ieg saag at hand fick mund der wdj, lod ieg hannom dricke imen igien vor. Oc der aff bleff hand saa løstig, at ieg aldrig haffde befundit hannom saa god eller saa sterck, som hand vor siden.

Effter det slag till Montlheri lod det hws Burgundien aldrig aff, at helde oc undergaa, indtil hertog Carls dødt.
Cap. VIII.

(Page 47-48) … All den dag bleff ennda hertug Carl paa platzen, oc vor megit glad, menendis at all æren aff alt det, som sked vor, hørde hannom till allene, huilcked siden haffuer kosted hannom saare dyre. Di ephter den dag brugte hand aldrig folckes raad: men sitt egit allene, i den sted at hand indtiill samme dag haffde verid megit nøttig i krig, oc haffde icke taged sig fore nogen ting, som hannom icke burde. Men siden bleffue hans tancker omskiffte oc forvende, oc bleff der vid ind till sin dødt, oc i saa maade bleff hans liiff at ende, oc hans huss oc slecht forderffuid eller oc meget elendight, om det icke er aldelis forderffuidt. Trende stormechtige oc viise førster, hans forfædre, haffde set det vell høyt. Oc ere faa konger (vndtagen den aff Franckerige) mechtigere til krig en hand vor. Ingen mand, oc synderligen ingen stor første skall holle formegit aff sig selff: menn skall kiendis at all naade oc god løcke kommer aff gudt.

Tvende ting vill ieg sige om hannom: den ene, at ieg tror, at aldrig nogen tog siig mere arbeid till, end hand, ehuor itt meniske skulle lade sig bruge. Thet andit, at mig siunis ieg kiende aldrig it dristigere meniske. Ieg hørde hannom aldrig sige, at hand vor trætt. Oc aldrig saa hannom at hand lod sig mercke, at hand vor ræd. Oc end haffuer ieg vært VII aar vd adt slæs i krig mett hannom, io om sommeren, oc i somme aff dennom baade vinther oc sommer. Hans tancker oc opsett wore store. Men inthed meniske kunde dennom fuldriffue, wden gudt med sin macht haffde giort der till.

Kong Lodwig den XI wor ydmig i ordt oc klædesid, oc lagde vind paa att vinde en mand, och giøre hannom sig anhengig szom hannom kunde skade eller frome.
Cap. XVIII.

(Page 69-71) Jeg haffuer begynt denne tale, fordi ieg haffuer ßeedt møget aff denne verdzenz bedrog, aff mange tienere emod deris herrer, och aller mest att thienere haffuer daaret offuerdaadige førster och herrer, ßom ycke velde høre folk tale, ßnarere end de ydmige, som gierne høre och lade sig sige.

Jblant andre ßom ieg nogen tidt haffuer kient vor kong Lodvig den XI voris naadige herre den aller klaageste, att helpe ßig aff wløcke i modgangs tydt. Hand vaar den allerydmigiste i talle oc klædeßid, och giorde største flyd till, att gøre sig anhengig en mand, som hannom kunde fromme, eller ßom hannom icke kunde skade. Och lod hand sig icke nøige met, att hand feck en gang ney aff en mand, som hand haffde taget sig fore at vinde oc tage paa ßin side: mend bleff bestandigh och hart ved, loffuendis och strax giffuendis hannom pendinge, stât och befalning, ßom hand forstod adt hannom stod huu adt. Och de hand haffde foruiist och affthacked, dennom ygenkiøbte hand well dyre, och giorde sig gaffun medt dennom, naar hand det behøffuede. Och waar dennom ike hadsk for nogen ting, ßom war forgangen. Aff natur wor hand folkis wen aff midell maade stât, och de store deris wven, ßom haffde hannom inthet behoff. Aldrig nogen mand lod ßig saa gierne ßige aff folk, ßom hand, eller forspurde sig ßaa møgett, som hand, om allehonde, eller welde kiende saa møget folck ßsom hand. Fordi i ßandhed kiende hand alle anßeeligoch duelig folk, ßom vore y Engelandt, i Spanien, i Portugall, i Jtalien, och y hertogens aff Burgundien landt, jo ßaa well som hand kende ßine wndersatte. Och disse wilkor och sidvoner, ßom ieg her offuen haffuer omtalet, haffue reddet hannom ßin krone, andsiendiss de fiender som hand giorde ßig ßelff, der hand først kom thill riget. For alle ting haffuer hans store rundhed veret hannom nøttig. Och lige ßom hand wißeligen kunde ledßage ßig i modgang: ßaa och tuert emod, ßaa tillige ßom hannom siuntis at han waar forvared och wdi tryghed, ßette hand ßig till aff ringe orßage att fortørne folk aff ringe stât, ßom hand haffde føyge gaffn aff. Och kunde hand ßaare ilde taale fredßomelighed. Hand waar rund att thale om folk, ßaa ßnart i deris nerværelsse, ßom yderis fraværelsße (undetaget dennom som hand fryctede faare), fordi hand waar ßaare reder aff ßin egen nature, och naar hand haffde talet ßig thill skade, eller befryctede ßig, att ßaa skulle were: welde hand bøde och læge dett igen, och talde gierne ßadan ord thill perßonen ßelffuer, som hand haffde tâld for nær. Jeg wed vell att min tunge haffuer giort mig stort skaade, ßaa haffuer hun offthe giort mig thill wilge, dog er det billigt, att ieg bøder mit faldßmaal. Oc disse wenlige ord brugte hand ike nogen tidt, att hand io ocßaa giorde perßonen ßom hand thaalde thill, møgett thill gode. Oc nor han velde gøre nogen mand thill gode, giorde han det ike ßom føyge waar.

Gud giør io stor naade med en første, naar hand giffuer hannom, at hand forstaar ßig paa ont och gott. Oc synderligen naar dett gode gaar fore ßom nu sagt er om vor naadisgte herre och konge. Men ieg troffuer well, att den ginwordighed ßom han haffde i ßinn vngdom, der han bleff fluctig for ßin fader, och henflyde thill hertog Philippus aff Burgundien, huor han waar y sex aar: giorde stort gaffn paa hannom. Fordi han da nøddis thill att føyge ßig effther deris ßinnd, ßom hannd paa den thid trengde thill, och dette gode (huilcked icke er føige) lerde modgang hannom. Men der han bleff mectig och en kroned kong, thenckte hand i begyndelßønn icke paa andett enn heffungerighed. Men vell snart waar dett hannom skadelige, ßaa att hand dett storligen angrede, och rettede denne forßielße, och formotte thennom ßom hand haffde giort wrett, ßom y her effther skulle faa att høre.

Men derßom hand icke haffde hafft anden opfødzell, enn ßom ieg haffuer ßeet herene haffue her y rigett, troer ieg icke, att hand nogen tidt haffde gaait ßin ßag ßaa well igennom. Fordi di opfødes intet thill andet en daarlighed i klædeßid, ordt och

taale. Wdi bogen haffue de intet lærdt. Jcke en eneste forstandige mand laade de vere y deriss omgengilße. De haffue hoffmesterer, huilcke mand skall thaale medt, om huiss dennom macht paaligger, och ey med dennom silff, och disse raade for alle deris ßaager. Och findes well denn herre, ßom icke haffuer offuer XIII pund ind att komme, och tager ßig dog ßodanne herre forer till, att huem ßom haffuer medt hannom att gøre, dennom forvißer hand, ßigendis, du mott thale medt mitt folk, och will ßaaledis giøre de store herrer alting effther.

Jeg haffuer ochßaa well offthe ßeet deris tienere gøre deris egenn profit hoss dennom, och lærdt thennom att di ere bæst och ingen forstand haffue. Oc derßom ßaa skeer, att hand sig betencker, och will vende igien, och selff ßee thill medt, och vide huad hannom thilhører: er det menligen ßaa ßilde tagit, att det føige kand fromme hannom. Fordi dette skall mand mercke: att huert menniske ßom haffuer verid nogit, och giort noget ßynderligt i werden, den haffuer begynt y ßin wngdom. Och dett altßammen kommer paa opfødzelßøn och aff gudtz naade.

English Translation

First Book
(The Duke) Charles positioned his troops at Montlheri, and a great battle took place there between him and the King of France.
Chapter V.

When Charles—as mentioned above—was informed about the King's mustering of the Burbonnais, and that he was on his way, decided to keep an eye on him, and had the above-mentioned letter read to his people—the author of the letter is unknown—ordering that each man should prepare himself (for war), because he (the King) intended to try his luck. He positioned his own troops in a small village near Paris called Longimeau, and the Count of Saint Pol and the vanguard at Montlheri, two miles further ahead. Charles then sent scouts across to reconnoiter the King's whereabouts and to find out from what direction he would be coming…

It was said, that they were to rest three times on their way to allow the foot-troops to regain their breath, since the route was long and the crop high in the fields, considerably slowing their progress. However, the contrary happened, as if they wanted to loose. God revealed his intent in their action: the battle was in his hands and he distributed victory according to his will.

All the Duke's archers advanced ahead of him, in bad order. It seems to me that in a battle, the archers are the best of the foot people, provided that they are many, because if they are just a few they are of no use. It is an advantage that they are not on horseback, because then they do not have to worry about losing their horse, as they have none to lose. They (the archers) are most useful the first day, even though this is not always understood, not even by those who have war experience. This is also the opinion of the English, who are well known for having the best archers in the world.

And it seems to me, that one man's wit alone would not suffice to command such a large number of people, and that it is difficult to perform in the field that

which has been decided in the chamber or in the office. And I regard as conceited whoever claims to be capable of such a deed; he acts against the will of God, even if he is a man who usually displays discernment. So, everyone should do as best he can according to his rank and capabilities, and know that doing so means accomplishing one of the tasks that God has given us. The victory—of little consequence—is given alternatively to the contending parties. It is no secret that kings and great realms sometimes have been vanquished and destroyed in battle, yet others have been strengthened and given (expanded) command.

But let us return to the story of the battle. Lord Charles advanced without halt, and did not allow his archers and foot soldiers to rest and regain their breath. The King's men, however, stopped twice, and they were all cuirassiers. When they came close enough to touch the (enemy's) armor with their brands,[86] the soldiers from Burgundy overtook their own archers before these had had time to send off a single shot.

The archers are after all the pride and consolation of their lord. However, I believe that of the 1200 cuirassiers under our command, only 50 were able to use their weapons. And there was not one servant or soldier who carried a coat of mail. This was the result of long-lasting peace, and the fact that the House of Burgundy did not keep a large army (on a regular basis), in this way sparing their subjects from taxation. Further to the battle, the peace in the region was broken, and the conditions are today worse than they have ever been.

(Behaving like they did) they wasted the pride and consolation of their lord; however, God (who commands in such secret events) arranged matters according to his own will, so that lord Charles, who was on the right flank, won victory. And he hardly met with resistance. I was with him the entire day, and was less fearful than I have been in subsequent battles. This, of course, was because of my youth, and (the fact) that I did not fully understand the danger that I was in. I wondered why no one put up a defense against my lord, and decided that he had no match. This of course was due to my inexperience. Inexperienced people often hold and defend opinions based on poor judgment and reasoning. Therefore I agree with the man who claimed that one seldom regrets having spoken too little, only having said too much.

To the left, lord Ravenstein and sir James of Saint-Paul and many others—who could well see and understand that they were not equipped to support the people under their command—realized that they were already so close to the enemy that there was no alternative but battle.

They were beaten and pushed into retreat, chased up against the circle of wagons.[87] Most of the soldiers fled into the nearby woods, situated approximately half a mile from their position. In the circle of wagons, the foot soldiers of Burgundy had gathered. Amongst the men who participated in the chase were noblemen of the Delphinat and the Savoy, and many cuirassiers. They were of the opinion that they had already won the battle. The soldiers of Burgundy had taken to flight—even some of the more exceptional men—the majority did their best to reach the Saint-

[86] "Getter les lances en arrest," meaning that they could check the enemy, stop them from advancing. Mogensen seems to have misunderstood somewhat: "en arrest" becomes "i rø sten" ("in the armor, cuirass).

[87] It was common military strategy to position the utility wagons in a circle, creating a mobile fortress into which the soldiers could retreat.

Maxence Bridge, which they still believed to be under their control. Many of them kept to the woods, amongst others the Count of Saint-Paul, who had been close to the woods when he ran for cover, and who later admitted that he imagined that we had lost on all fronts.

The Duke of Burgundy is rescued and saved by a man born to Paris.
Cap. VI.

The Duke (lord Charles), on his side of Montlheri, had chased on approximately half a mile further with a rather battered detachment. And even though he encountered quite a number of people on his way, he met no resistance. He therefore presumed that he had already won. An old man, called Anthony of Brittany, came after him, reached him and told him that the French again were gathering in the field, and that if he continued to pursue the enemy he would forfeit his luck. He nevertheless did not stop his men, although the old man repeated his message two or three times. However, shortly after, the lord of Contay (mentioned above) came to him with the same message as the old man. He informed him so resolutely that the Duke heeded his words, acknowledged his perspicacity and turned around. Indeed, had he advanced but two more arrowshots, he would have been taken prisoner as had been those of his men who had chased some distance ahead. As he retreated through the village, he found a group of fleeing people. He set after them, accompanied by, all counted, less than a hundred men. None of them turned, except one, who charged at him with his short spear and wounded him in the stomach, a wound that he carried into the evening. Most of the people sought cover in gardens and fields, but this one man was killed.

When (the lord of Contray) approached the castle, we saw archers in front of the castle entry. These were the King's guardsmen and they remained quite motionless. He (the lord of Contray) was greatly surprised, because he had thought that there was no one left to defend the place. He immediately pulled his troops over to one side of the field where he was attacked by fifteen or sixteen cuirassiers. He had by now been separated from parts of his contingence, and the attackers quickly killed his marshal, who carried a small banner with his escutcheon, a certain Philip of Oignies.

The Duke was now in very dire straits and received many blows and cuts, amongst others one in the neck, the mark of which he carried throughout his life. This was mainly due to the fact that his coat of mails had fallen off, and that he had been poorly protected from the morning, when I had seen it come apart. He was captured, and was told: "Sire, surrender, I know you well and will not kill you." However, he still resisted, and did his best (to free himself) when the son of a doctor in Paris named John Cadet—a big and brave man in his service—charged directly at them on a strong horse and in this way managed to free the Duke.

All the King's men were by the ditch, in the same position as in the morning, because they had been scared by a group of people that they had seen approaching. And the Duke, who was wounded and bloodstained, remained with them, almost in the middle of the field. The Bastard of Burgundy's banner was torn: not more than a foot of fabric remained. Of the Duke's lieutenants, every man counted, only fifteen remained, and we—who were not even thirty—joined them, greatly disheartened.

Charles immediately changed horse, taking the one used by his page, a certain Simon of Quincy, who later earned an honorable reputation. The Duke then rode around the field gathering his men. This took him approximately half an hour, and we were left undefended, yearning to run away, which we probably would have done had we been attacked by a hundred men. Then our people (returned and) joined

us, ten or twenty at a time: some by foot, some by horse. The foot soldiers were terribly wounded and tired, as much by the manner in which we had treated them that same morning,[88] as by the heroic struggle they had put up against the enemy. At one point, the Duke commanded less than a hundred men; however, people continued to join our ranks in trickles. The wheat was high and the dust thick and terrible. The entire battle field was strewn with dead corpses and horses, and the grime and dust made the dead almost unrecognizable.

We then caught sight of the Count of Saint Paul emerging from the woods, accompanied by about fourty cuirassiers. They were heading in our direction. We all felt that he was not advancing quickly enough, and sent him three or four couriers, urging him to hasten to our rescue. He seemed, however, not to heed our pleas, but advanced slowly, picking up short spears and weapons on his way. He then organized his troops and came to join us—giving our people renewed hope—so that we, after some time, counted more than seven hundred cuirassiers. We had, nevertheless, very few foot soldiers, a fact that explains why my master did not win a complete victory, because there was a wide ditch and a hedgerow between us and the enemies.

After the defeat at Montlheri, King Louis keeps to Corbeil.
Cap. VII.

… At least two thousand men fell on either side. The battle had been fierce and on both sides many soldiers were exhausted. However, many (or so it seemed to me) still re-organized in the field, and engaged in new battles for another three or four hours, in man-to-man combat.

Both noblemen should have appreciated the effort of the men who had fought so valiantly for them in these times of great distress; however, they acted like men and not angels. One man lost his command and estate because he fled; his estate was given to someone else who fled even ten miles further. And one man on our side lost his command because he served his master ill; notwithstanding, one month later he had come higher in the game than before.

When our circle of wagons had been conquered, each man set up his quarters wherever he could find one. We had many wounded, and most of them were disheartened and weary, fearing that the people from Paris, with their two hundred cuirassiers, and Marshal Joachim, the King's governor, should set out from town so that we would be sourrounded by the enemy. When dark fell, we sent one cuirassier to reconnoiter where the King had set up camp and taken in for the night. He reported that the enemies were approximately twenty and that they were approximately three arrowshots way from us, indeed in (the direction) where we had presumed the King to be. While the scouts were on their mission, the Duke ate and drank a little, and his men, too. The wound in his neck was dressed. In the place where he had his meal, we had to move four or five corpses to make room for him and found two hayballs for him to sit on. As the men moved the corpses, one of the poor naked bodies claimed that he was thirsty. He was given a little barley-water from (Duke) Charles' goblet and soon regained strength. This man later became

[88] The *cuirassiers* had broken the line of archers.

quite famous, and served in the Duke's guard. His name was Savaric, and his wounds were tended to and healed…

… By midnight the scouts returned to our camp. They had not been far away, and told us that the King was in the camp whose fire they had seen. Immediately, new scouts were sent out, and an hour later everyone prepared for yet another battle. However, most of the men would have preferred to flee.

As the morning broke, the scouts met one of our young charioteers who had been captured the previous day. He emerged from the village, carrying a jug of wine, and told them that the King already had retreated. People were sent into the village to verify this information and came back confirming the young man's tale. The whole army rejoiced. There were many who would have liked us to pursue the enemy, who—they thought—must have been a rather dispirited flock. I had a horse, exhausted to the limit, and old as well. It so happened, that he drank a whole bucket of wine. When I saw how thirsty he was, I let him drink what he liked. He became so strengthened from the drink: I had never seen him in a better shape…

After the battle of Montlheri, the House of Burgundy steadily declines until the death of the Duke (Charles).
Cap. VIII.

Charles (the Duke) remained in the field, rather cheerful, estimating that the victory was due to his effort alone, an opinion that later would cost him dearly. For after that day he would no longer take anyone's advice; but only act according to his own whim. Up until then, he had indeed been both valliant and useful in war, never doing anything inappropriate. But, from this day on his attitude changed and he became fickle and inconstant and remained such until his dying day. Consequently, by the time he departed, he had managed to ruin his house and lineage, and devastated what three great princes—his own ancestors—had assembled and built. And yet there have been few kings (except the French) who were better warlords than him. No man, and especially no great leader, should hold himself in too great an esteem, but rather recognize the fact that fortune and mercy are given by God.

There are two things that I wish to say about him: firstly, that I believe that no human being worked as hard as he did, never sparing himself. Secondly, that I have never met a more courageous man. I never heard him say that he was tired, and I cannot recall having discerned his fear, although I served him more than seven years in battle, in summer as well as in winter, and in some years both summer and winter. His thoughts and ambitions were great, but no man could have accomplish as much if not God had put his powerful mercy in the balance.

King Louis XI was humble in words and apparel and (wisely) sought the support of people who would otherwise work against him.
Cap. XVIII.

I have decided to include the present comment, as I have witnessed much (foolishness) disloyalty and betrayal in this world. Impudent servants who have turned against their lords, in particular servants who have deceived their masters,

and great princes and lords who have not heeded the advice of good and humble people.

Amongst all the people that I have known, the wisest was King Louis XI, our lord and master, who often let himself be guided through adversity and misfortune. He was humble in speech and dress, and sought the company and service of those who could otherwise have harmed him. And he did not let himself be discouraged if a man that he wanted in his service refused; he continued to approach him and give him money and gifts, always making his intentions clear. Even those that he had banished and cut off, he sometimes bought back with gifts if necessary, and never showed resentment towards any of them for what had passed between them. He was a friend of the people by nature—of middle stature—and the enemy of the mighty and powerful, of whom he had no use. No man listened so closely to what people said as he, or sought people's advice as often he, or knew as many people as he did. For truly, he knew every esteemed and clever person in England, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and in the Duchy of Burgundy, as well as he knew his own subjects. His behavior and the conditions (of his accession)—described above—saved his crown, and (eased relations with) the enemies that he got when he first came to the country. For in all things his generosity did him great service. Nevertheless, just as he indeed knew how to behave in adversity, he could—when he thought himself safe and guarded—for some obscure reason ridicule and offend people of lesser rank, people whose services he eventually needed. He seemed not to be able to tolerate peacefulness, and often spoke about people, in their presence as well as behind their backs (except those that he feared, as he was fearful of nature). When he had spoken himself into trouble, or believed to have gotten himself into a tight spot, he would express his regret and make amends, often appealing directly to the person he had offended. "I know that my tongue now has done me harm, although it has often served me well. It is now proper that I repair the damage of my slanderous tongue." And with such friendly words it never took him long to reconcile with the offended person. And whenever he wanted to settle with a person, he did what was necessary (and spared no expenses).

God has great mercy upon a prince when he teaches him the difference between good and evil. And especially when the good takes precedence over the bad as in the case of our merciful King and master. However, I do believe that the adversity he had encountered in his youth—when he was forced to flee from his own father and take refuge with Philip of Burgundy, with whom he stayed for six years—stood him well. Because he had been obliged to please the people whose protection he needed. Adversity taught him this skill (which in itself is not a small gift). In the beginning, when he acceded to power and crown, he thought of nothing but revenge. But he soon realized that revenge was more harmful to him than reconciliation. He therefore regretted and amended his actions, speaking to the person that he had wronged (I will tell you about him later).

I believe that if he had not been brought up the way he had, but rather in the fashion of this country's lords, he would not have been able to govern as well as he did; for they (the lords of this country) are brought up to think about nothing but their clothes and apparel, badly schooled in both writing and speech. Of bookly

knowledge they are poor, and they keep not one wise man in their entourage.[89] They have their chamberlains with whom they communicate and who govern and rule in their place. Such people—who sometimes earn less than thirteen pounds (a year)—often consider themselves great men, sending people who seek their advice to members of their staff, (in this way) emulating the truly great.

I have seen servants profit from their lords, making themselves irreplaceable, claiming that they are the only ones who really understand the matters at hand. When finally the master decides to have a look at things for himself in order to assess his possessions, it is often too late and of no avail. And one should notice this: every man who has become someone, and who has done great things in this world, has started in his youth. Success depends both on the upbringing and on God's mercy.

[89] Confirming what we have stated earlier, that the upper classes were often poorly educated, as education was considered fitting for the professional classes.

Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas: *Hexamaëron*

The first Christian thinker to write about the six days of creation was Ambrosius of Milan (c.330-394), Saint Augustine's (354-430) distinguished teacher. In the next centuries, a number of hexameral poems and essays were composed, by reputable scholars such as Saint Basil and Bede (c.672-735). The Danish scholar Anders Sunessøn (c.1180-1223) also wrote a more than eight-thousand-line long *Hexamëron*, as did his contemporary Robert Grosseteste (1168-1253). Medieval hexameral literature reflects a long tradition of didactical and devotional writing which was revived by the humanists and later by reformed scholars. The hexameral tradition reached Norway when Anders Christensen Aarebo translated Du Bartas rather rambling poem in the early 17th century.

Du Bartas' *La Sepmaine* recounts and explains the history of the six days of creation, and in many ways reflects the persistent interpretation of Genesis in the Renaissance, both Catholic and Protestant. The world created by du Bartas is still geocentric, despite the discoveries of scientists such as Copernicus (1473-1543), who had published *De revolutionibus orbum coelestium* (1543). Copernicus' heliocentric view of the universe went against the inherited vision of Ptolemy, upon whose writings generations of learned medieval men had construed their understanding of the universe.

La Sepmaine respects the chronology of Genesis, but is over-strewn with digressions, often departing from the main theme on the cue of a word or an idea that has caught the imagination of the author. His epic vision of the creation was soon translated into a number of European languages, including Danish(-Norwegian). Despite the aspirations of the title, Du Bartas' poem on the Genesis mixes material from both the Old and the New Testament.

> "…Je ne présente icy une confession de foy, ains un Poëme, que je pare autant qu'il le peut porter, des plus exquis joyaux que je butine sur toutes sciences et professions" (Preface).

The French Text

The French text has been extracted from Yvonne Bellenger (Ed.) (1981) *La sepmaine [1581] de Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas*. Paris: Nizet, pp.1-36.

***La Sepmaine* ou *Création du monde* de Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas**

Le premier Jour

Toy qui guides le cours du ciel porte-flambeaux,
Qui, vray Neptune, tiens le moite frein des eaux,
Qui fais trembler la terre, et de qui la parole,
Serre et lasche la bride aux postillons d'Aeole,
Esleve à toy mon ame, espure mes esprits,
Et d'un docte artifice enrichi mes escrits.
O Pere, donne moy que d'une voix faconde
Je chante à nos neveux la naissance du monde.
O grand Dieu, donne moy que j'estale en mes vers
Les plus rares beautez de ce grand univers.
Donne moy qu'en son front ta puissance je lis :
Et qu'enseignant autruy moy-mesme je m'instruise.
De toujours le clair feu n'environne les airs :
Les airs d'éternité n'environnent les mers :
La terre de tout temps n'est ceinte de Neptune :
Tout ce Tout fut basti, non des mains de Fortune,
Faisant entrechoquer par discordans accords
Du resveur Democrit' les invisibles corps.
L'immuable decret de la bouche divine,
Qui causera sa fin, causa son origine :
Non en temps, avant temps, ains mesme avec le temps.
J'enten un temps confus : car les courses des ans,
Des siecles, des saisons, des mois et des journees
Par le bal mesuré des astres bornees.

Or donc avant tout temps, matiere, forme et lieu,
Dieu tout en tout estoit, et tout estoit en Dieu,
Incompris, infini, immuable, impassible,
Tout-esprit, tout-lumiere, immortel, invisible,
Pur, sage, juste, et bon, Dieu seul regnoit en paix :
Dieu de soy-mesme estoit et l'hoste et le palais.
Prophane, qui t'enquiers, quel important afaire
Peut l'esprit et les mains de ce Dieu solitaire
Occuper si long temps ? quel souci l'exerça
Durant l'eternité qui ce Tout devança :
Veu qu'à si grand puissance, à si haute sagesse
Rien ne sied point si mal qu'une morne paresse ?

Sache, O blasphemateur, qu’avant cest Univers
Dieu bastissoit l’Enfer, pour punir ces pervers
Dont le sens orgeuilleux en jugement appelle,
Pour censurer ses faits, la Sagesse eternelle.
Quoy ? sans bois pour un temps vivra le charpentier,
Le tisseran sans toile, et sans pots le potier :
Et l’Ouvrier des ouvriers, tout puissant et tout sage
Ne pourra subsister sans ce fragile ouvrage ?
Quoy ? le preux Scipion pourra dire à bon droit
Qu’il n’est jamais moins seul, que quand il se voit :
Et Dieu ne pourra point (Ô Ciel, quelle manie!)
Vivre qu’en lou-garou, s’il vit compagnie ?
Quoy ? des sages Gregeois l’honneur Pryenien
Dira, que lui marchant, chamine tout son bien :
Et Dieu, qui richement en tous thresors abonde ?
Sera necessiteux sans les thresors du Monde ?
Dieu ne sort hors de soy pour prendre ses esbat.
Il ne mendie rien, ains tousjours haut et bas,
Il fait de l’Ocean de ses douces largesses
Regorger, liberal, mille mers de rishesses.
Avant qu’Eure souflast, que l’onde eust des poissons,
Des cornes le Croissant, la Terre des moissons,
Dieu, le Dieu souverain n’estoit sans exercice :
Sa Gloire il admiroit : sa Puissance, Justice,
Providence et Bonté estoyent à tous momens
Le sacré-sainct object de ses hauts pensemens.
Et si tu veux encor, de ceste grande Boule
Peut estre, il contemploit l’archetype et le moule.
Il n’estoit solitaire, avecques lui vivoyent
Son Fils et son Esprit, qui par tout le suivoient.
Car sans commencement, sans semence et sans mere,
De ce grand univers il engendra le pere :
Je di son Fils, sa Voix, son Conseil eternel,
De qui l’estre est esgal à l’estre paternel.
De ces deux proceda leur commune Puissance,
Leur esprit, leur Amour : non divers en essence,
Ains divers en personne, et dont la Deité
Subsiste heureusement de toute eternité,
Et fait des trois ensemble une essence triple-une.
Tout beau, Muse, tout beau, d’un si profond Neptune
Ne sonde point le fond : garde toy d’approcher
Ce Charybde glouton, ce Capharé rocher :
Où mainte nef, suivant la raison pour son Ourse,
A fait triste naufrage au milieu de sa course.
Qui voudra seurement par ce gouffre ramer,
Sage, n’aille jamais cingler en haute mer :

Ains costoye la rive ayant la Foy pour voile,
L'Esprit sainct pour nocher, la Bible pour estoile.
Combien d'esprits subtils ont le monde abusé,
Pour avoir cest Esprit pour patron refusé :
Et quttant le sainct fil d'une vierge loyale,
Se sont, perdans autruy, perdus dans de daedale ?
Dans les sacrez caiers du double Testament
A peine l'homme peut eslire un argument,
Dont le sens soit plus haut, l'enqueste plus penible,
Le sçavoir plus utile, et l'erreur plus nuisible.
Aux rais de ce soleil ma veue s'esblouit,
En si profond discours mon sens s'evanouit :
De mon entendement tout le fil se rebouche,
Et les mots à tous coups tarissent dans ma bouche.
Or ceste Trinité (que, pour ne m'empescher,
J'aime plus mille fois adorer qu'esplucher)
Dans l'infini d'un rien bastit un edifice,
Qui beau, qui grand, qui riche, et qui plein d'artifice
Porte de son ouvrier empreinte en chasque part
La beauté, la grandeur, et la richesse et l'art :
Beauté, grandeur, richesse, artifice, qui boûche
Des hommes-chiens sans Dieu la blasphemante bouche.
Eschelle qui voudra les estages des cieux,
Franchisse qui voudra d'un saut ambitieux
Les murs de l'univers : et bouffi d'arrogance,
Contemple du grand Dieu face à face l'essence :
Face encore, qui voudra, ses plus beaux pensemens
Ramper par le limon des plus bas elemens,
Et contemple, attentif, tellement cest ouvrage,
Que l'honneur de l'ouvrier s'estouffe en son courage.
Piqué d'un beau souci je veux qu'ore mon vers
Divinement humain se guinde entre deux airs :
De peur qu'allant trop haut, la cire de ses ailes
Ne se fonde aux rayons des celestes chandeles :
Et que trainant à terre, ou que razant les eaux,
Il ne charge les bouts de ses craintifs cerceaux.
Il me plait bien de voir ceste ronde machine,
Comme estant un miroir de la face divine.
Il me plait de voir Dieu : mais comme revestu
Du manteau de ce Tout tesmoin de sa vertu.
Car si les raiz aigus, que le clair soleil darde,
Esblouissent celui qui, constant, les regarde,
Qui pourra soustenir sur les cieux les plus clers
Du visage de Dieu les foudroyants esclers ?
Qui le pourra trouver separé de l'ouvrage,
Qui porte sur le front peinte au vif son image ?

Dieu qui ne peut tomber és lourds sens des humains,
Se rend comme invisible és œuvres de ses mains :
Fait toucher à nos doigts, flairer à nos narines,
Gouster à nos palais ses vertus plus divines :
Parle à nous à toute heure, ayant pour truchemens
Des pavillons astrez les reglez mouvemens.
Vraiment cest univers est une docte eschole
Où Dieu son propre honneur enseigne sans parole.
Une vis à repos, qui par certains degrez
Fait monter nos esprits sur les planchers sacrez
Du ciel porte-brandons : une superbe sale
Où Dieu publiquement ses richesses estale :
Un point, sur qui lon peut, sans crainte d'abysmer,
Des mysteres divins passer la large mer.
Le monde est un nuage à travers qui rayonne
Non le fils tire-traits de la belle Latone :
Ains ce divin Phœbus, dont le visage luit
A travers l'espesseur de la plus noire nuict.
Le monde est un theatre, où de Dieu la puissance,
La Justice, l'Amour, le Sçavoir, la Prudence,
Jouent leur personnage, et comme à qui mieux mieux,
Les esprits plus pesans ravissent sur les cieux.
Le monde est un grand livre, où du souverain maistre
L'admirable artifice on lit en grosse lettre.
Chasque œuvre est une page, et chaque sien effect
Est un beau charactere en tous ses traits parfaict.
Mais, tous tels que l'enfant, qui se paist dans l'eschole,
Pour l'estude des arts, d'un estude frivole,
Nostre œil admire tant ses marges peinturez
Son cuir fleurdelizé, et ses bords sur-dorez :
Que rien il ne nous chaud d'aprendre la lecture
De ce texte disert, où la docte Nature
Enseigne aux plus grossiers, qu'une Divinité
Police de ses loix ceste ronde Cité.
Pour lire là dedans il ne nous faut entendre
Cent sortes de jargons, il ne nous faut aprendre
Les charactere Turcs, de Memphe les pourtrets,
Ni les poincts des Hebrieux, ni les notes des Grecs.
L'Antarctique brutal, le vagabond Tartare,
L'Alarbe plus cruel, le Scythe plus barbare,
L'enfant qui n'a sept ans, le chassieux veillard,
Y lit passablement, bien que despourveu d'art.
Mais celui qui la Foy reçoit pour ses lunettes,
Passe de part en part les cercles des Planettes :
Comprend le grand Moteur de tous ces mouvements,
Et lit bien plus courant dans ces vieux documens.

Ainsi donc, esclairé par la Foy, je desire
Les textes plus sacrez de ces Pancartes lire :
Et depuis son enfance, en ses aages divers,
Pour mieux contempler Dieu, contempler l'univers.
Cest admirable ouvrier n'attacha sa pensee
Au fantasque dessein d'une œuvre pourpensee
Avec un grand travail : et, qui plus est, n'eslût
Quelque monde plus vieil, sur lequel il voulût
Modeler cestui-ci, ainsi que fait le maistre
D'un bastiment royal, qui, plus tost que de mettre
La main à la besogne, eslit un bastiment,
Où la richesse et l'art luisent esgalement :
Et ne pouvant trouver en une seule edifice
Toutes les beautez en bloc, il prend le frontispice
De ce palais ici, d'un autre les piliers,
D'un autre la façon des riches escaliers :
Et choississant par tout les choses les plus belles,
Fait un seul bestiment dessus trente modelles :
Ains n'ayant rien qu'un Rien pour dessus lui mouler
Un chef d' œuvre si beau, l'Eternel, sans aller
Ravasser longuement, sans tressuer de peine,
Fit l'air, le ciel, la terre, et l'ondoiante plaine :
Ainsi que le soleil, qui, sans bouger des cieux,
Couronne de bouquets le Printemps gracieux :
Engrosse sans travail nostre mere feconde,
Et, lointain, rajeunit le visage du monde.
La force et le vouloir, le desir et l'effect,
L'ouvrage et le dessein d'un ouvrier se parfaict,
Marchent d'un mesme pas : sous sa loy tout se renge,
Et, ferme en ses projets, d'avis onc il ne change.
Et toutefois ce Rien ne vid ensemblement
Paroistre sa matiere, et son riche ornement.
Car comme cil qui veut equipper des gallees,
Pour se faire seigneur des provinces salees,
A son œuvre songeant, fait grand amas de bois,
De cordage, de fer, de toiles, et de poix :
Puis quand tout est ensemble, à l'arbre un arbre voue,
Ce bout d'ais à la pouppe, et cest autre à la proue,
Et cest autre au tillac : comme l'art et le soing
Lui guident l' œil, l'esprit, et le fer, et le poing.
Ainsi le Tout-puissant, avant que, sage, il touche
A l'ornement du monde, il jette de sa bouche
Je ne sçay quel beau mot, qui rassemble en un tas
Tout ce qu'ores le Ciel clost de ses larges bras.
Mais l'avare nocher trouve ja toute faite
La matiere navale : et Dieu la fait, l'apreste,

L’agence, l’embellit : pour un si haut dessein
Ne mendiant sujet, industrie ni main.
Ce premier monde estoit une forme sans forme,
Une pile confuse, un meslange difforme,
D’abismes un abisme, un corps mal compassé,
Un Chaos de Chaos, un tas mal entassé :
Où tous les elemens se logeoyent pesle-mesle :
Où le liquide avoit avec le sec querelle,
Le rond avec l’aigu, le froid avec le chaud,
Le dur avec le mol, le bas avec le haut,
L’amer avec le doux : bref durant ceste guerre
La terre estoit au ciel et le ciel en la terre.
La terre, l’air, le feu se tenoyent dans la mer :
La mer, le feu, la terre estoyent logez dans l’air,
L’air, la mer, et le feu dans la terre : et la terre
Chez l’air, le feu, la mer. Car l’Archer du tonnerre
Grand Mareschal de camp, n’avoit encor donné
Quartier à chacun d’eux. Le ciel n’estoit orné
De grands touffes de feu : les plaines esmaillees
N’espandoyent leurs odeurs : les bandes escaillees
N’entrefendoyent les flots : des oiseaux les souspirs
N’estoient encore portez sur l’aille des Zephirs.
Tout estoit sans beauté, sans reglement, sans flamme.
Tout estoit sans façon, sans mouvement, sans ame :
Le feu n’estoit point feu, la mer n’estoit point mer,
La terre n’estoit terre, et l’air n’estoit point air :
Ou si ja se pouvait trouver en un tel monde,
Le corps de l’air, du feu, de la terre, de l’onde :
L’air estoit sans clarté, la flamme sans ardeur,
Sans fermeté la terre, et l’onde sans froideur.
Bref, forge en ton esprit une terre, qui, vaine,
Soit sans herbe, sans bois, sans mont, sans val, sans plaine
Un Ciel non azuré, non clair, non transparent,
Non marqueté du feu, non vousté, non errant :
Et lors tu concevras quelle estoit ceste terre,
Et quel ce ciel encor où regnoit tant de guerre,
Terre, et ciel, que je puis chanter d’un stile bas,
Non point tels qu’ils estoient, mais tels qu’ils n’estoient pas
Ce n’estoit donc le monde, ains l’unique matiere
Dont il devoit sortir, la riche pepiniere
Des beautez de ce Tout : l’embryon qui devoit
Se former en six jours en l’estat qu’on le void.
Et de vray ce monceau confusement enorme
Estoit tel que la chair, qui s’engendre, difforme,
Au ventre maternel, et par temps toutesfois,
Se change en front, en yeux, en nez, en bouche, en doigts :

Prend ici forme longue, ici large, ici ronde,
Et de soy peu à peu fait naistre un petit monde.
Mais cestui par le cours de nature se fait
De laid, beau : de mort, de vif : et parfait, d'imparfait :
Et le monde jamais n'eust changé de visage,
Si du grand Dieu sans-pair le tout-puissant langage
N'eust comme siringué dedans ces membres morts
Je ne sai quel esprit qui meut tout ce grand corps.
La palpable noirceur des ombres Memphitiques,
L'air tristement espais des brouillars Cimmeriques,
La grossiere vapeur de l'infernal manoir,
Et si rien s'imagine au monde de plus noir,
De ce profond abisme emmanteloit la face.
Le desordre regnoit haut et bas dans la masse,
Tout estoit en brouillis, et ce Tas mutiné
Se fust, seditieux, soy-mesme ruiné
Tout soudain qu'il nasquit, si la vertu divine
Esparse dans le corps de toute la machine,
N'eust servi de mastic, pour ensemble coller
Le vageux Ocean, le ciel, la terre, et l'air :
Qui çà et là choquant l'un l'autre à l'adventure,
Taschoient faire mourir la naissante nature
Ainsi qu'un bon esprit, qui grave sur l'autel
De la docte memoire un ouvrage immortel,
En troupe, en table, au lict, tout jour, pour tout-jour vivre,
Discourt sur son discourt, et nage sur son livre
Ainsi l'Esprit de Dieu sembloit, en s'esbatant,
Nager par dessus de cest amas flottant.
(Autre soing ne veilloit pour lors dans sa poitrine :
Si le soing peut tomber en l'essemce divine)
Ou bien comme l'oiseau qui tasche rendre vifs
Et ses œufs naturels, et ses œufs adoptifs,
Se tient couché sur eux, et d'une chaleur vive,
Fait qu'un rond jaune-blanc en un poulet s'avive :
D'une mesme façon l'esprit de l'eternel
Sembloit couver ce gouffre, et d'un soin paternel
Verser en chasque part une vertu feconde.
Pour d'un si lourd amas extraire un si beau monde.
Car il n'est rien qu'un tout, qui clot de son clos tout :
Dont la sur-face n'a milieu, ni fin, ni bout.
Il n'est qu'un Univers, dont la voute supreme
Ne laisse rien dehors, si ce n'est le Rien mesme.
Or quand bien ce grand Duc, qui bien heureux aprit
En eschole d'Oreb les loix du sainct Esprit,
Ne nous rendroit certains que Dieu par sa puissance
Fit en deux-fois trois-jours toute mortelle essence,

La raison demolit ces nouveaux firmamens,
Dont Leucippe a jetté les fresles fondemens :
Veu que si la Nature embrassoit plusieurs mondes,
Du plus haut univers les terres, et les ondes,
Vers le monde plus bas descendroyent sans repos,
Et tout re *refondroit* en l'antique Chaos.
Il faudrait d'autre-part entre ces divers mondes
Imaginer un vuide, où leurs machines rondes
Se peussent tournoyer, sans que l'un mouvement
Au mouvement voisin donnast empeschement
Mais tous corps sont liez d'un si ferme assemblage,
Qu'il n'est rien vuide entr'eux. C'est pourquoy le breuvage
Hors du tonneau percé ne se peut escouler
Qu'on n'ait d'un souspirail fait ouverture à l'air.
C'est pourquoy le soufflet dont la bouche est bouchee
Ne peut estre eslargi. C'est pourquoy l'eau cachee
Dans un vase bien-clos ne se glace en hyver.
La clepsydre ne peut les jardins abreuver
S'on ferme sa gargouille : et l'argentine source,
Qui dans le plomb creusé fait son esclave course,
Forçant son naturel rejaillit vers les Cieux,
Tant et tant à tous corps le vuide est odieux.
Dieu ne fit seulement unique la nature :
Ains il la fit bornee et d'aage, et de figure,
Voulant que l'estre seul de sa divinité
Se vid tousjours exempt de toute quantité.
Vraiment le Ciel ne peut se dire sans mesure,
Veu qu'en temps mesuré sa course se mesure.
Ce tout n'est immortel, puis que par maint effort,
Ses membres vont sentant la rigueur de la mort :
Que son commencement de sa fin nous asseure,
Et que tout va ça bas au change d'heure en heure.
Composez hardiment, ô sage Grecs, les cieux
D'un cinquieme element : disputez, curieux,
Qu'en leurs corps par tout rond l'œil humain ne remarque
Commencement, ni fin : debatez que la Parque
Asservit seulement sous ses cruelle loix
Ce que l'Astre argenté revoid de mois en mois.
Le foible estayement de se vaine doctrine
Pourtant ne sauvera ce grand Tout de ruine.
Un jour de comble-en-fond les rochers crousleront :
Les monts plus sourcilleux de peur se dissoudront :
Le Ciel se crevera : les plus basses campagnes
Boursoufflees croistront en superbes montagnes :
Les fleuves tariront, et si dans quelques estang
Reste encor quelque flot, ce ne sera que sang :

La mer deviendra flamme : et les seches balenes,
Horribles, mugleront sur les cuites arenes :
Et son midi plus clair le jour s'espaissira,
Le ciel d'un fer rouillé sa face voilera :
Sur les astres plus clairs courra le bleu Neptune :
Phœbus s'emparera du noir char de la Lune :
Les estoiles cherront. Le desordre, la nuict,
La frayeur, le trepas, la tempeste, le bruit,
Entreront en quartier : et l'ire vengeresse
Du juge criminel, qui ja desja nous presse,
Ne fera de ce Tout qu'un bucher flamboyant,
Comme il n'en fit jadis qu'un marez ondoyant.
Que vous estes, helas! de honte et de foy vuides,
Escrivains, qui couchez dans vos Ephemerides
L'an, le mois, et le jour qui clorront pour tousjours
La porte de Saturne aux ans, aux mois, aux jours ?
Et dont le souvenir faict qu'ore je me pasme,
Privant mon corps de force, et de discours mon ame.
Vostre menteuse main pose mal ses jettons,
Ne mesconte en sa chifre, et recherche à tastons
Parmi les sombres nuicts les plus secretes choses
Que dans son cabinet l'Eternel tient encloses.
C'est luy qui tient en main de l'horloge le poids,
Qui tient le Calendrier, où ce jour, et ce mois
Sont peints en lettre rouge : et qui courans grand-erre
Se feront plutost voir, que prevoir à la terre.
C'est alors, c'est alors, ô Dieu : que ton fils cher,
Qui semble estre affublé d'une fragile chair,
Descendra glorieux des voutes estoilees.
A ses flancs voleront mille bandes ailees :
Et son char triomphal, d'esclairs environné,
Par Amour et Justice en bas sera trainé.
Ceux qu'un marbre orgueilleux presse dessous sa lame
Ceux que l'onde engloutit, ceux que la rouge flamme
Esparpille par l'air : ceux qui n'ont pour tombeaux
Que les ventres gloutons des loups ou des corbeaux :
Esveillez, reprendront, comme par inventaire,
Et leur chairs et leurs os, orront devant la chaire
Du Dieu qui, souverain, juge en dernier ressort,
L'arrest diffinitif de salut, ou de mort.
L'un t'esprouvera doux, l'aure armé de justice,
L'un vivra bien-heureux, l'autre en cruel supplice,
L'vn bas et l'autre haut. O toy, qui d'autre fois
D'un juge Italien as redouté la voix,
Fay, las! que quand le le son du cornet de ton Ange,
Huchant de Thule au Nil, et d'Atlas jusqu'au Gange,

Citera l’univers prochain de son deces,
Le Juge et l’Avocat tu sois de mon proces.
De sagesse et pouvoir l’inepuisable source,
En formant l’Univers, fit donq ainsi que l’ourse,
Qui dans l’obscure grotte au bout de trente jours
Une masse difforme enfante au lieu d’un ours :
Et puis en la lechant, ores elle façonne
Ses deschirantes mains, or’ sa teste felonne,
Or’ ses pieds, or’ son col: et d’un monceau si laid
Son industrie anime un animal parfait.
Car du vent de sa bouche ayant fait dans le Vuide
Un Tas confusement froid, ardent, sec, humide :
Par temps du monde bas Dieu separe le haut :
Met à part peu à peu le chaud avec le chaud :
Renvoye le solide aveques le solide,
Le froid avec le froid, l’humide avec l’humide,
Autant qu’il est besoin : et forme ingenieux,
En six jours tous les corps de la terre et des cieux.
Non qu’ensemble il ne peust des humains la demeure
Parfaire et commencer : qu’il ne peust en mesme heure
Cindrer les cieux flambans, peupler nostre air d’oiseaux,
De bestes les forests, et de poissons les eaux :
Mais employant tant d’art, tant de jours, tant de peine,
A bastir un palais pour la semence humaine
Qui ne vivoit encore, il nous monstre combien
Il doit estre soigneux et de l’heur, et du bien
De ceux qu’il a ja faits, et vers qui par promesses
Il a cent mille fois obligé ses richesses.
Nous monstre que l’ouvrier, pour le bien imiter,
D’un bouillonnant desir ne doit precipiter
La besongne entreprise, ains d’une longue attente
Repasser mille fois la lime patiente
Sur l’ouvrage cheri, sa hastant lentement :
Car ce qui se fait bien, se fait prou vistement.
O pere de sagesse, ô Pere de lumiere,
Et qui peut, et qui doit sortir mieux la premiere
De ce monde confus, que la vive Clarté,
Sans qui mesme le beau semble estre sans beauté!
En vain Timanthe eust peint son horrible Cyclope,
Parrhase son rideau, Zeuxe sa Penelope,
Apelle sa Venus, si jamais le Soleil
N’eust pour les faire voir, sur eux jetté son œil.
En vain, certes, en vain d’artifice si rare,
Le temple Ephesien, le Mausole, le Phare,
Eussent esté bastis par les excellents doigts
De Ctisiphon, de Scope, et du maistre Cnidois,

Si l'oublieux mantaux des nuicts plus eternelles
Eust aux yeux des humains emblé choses si belles.
Hé! quel plus vif souci tombe en l'entendement,
De celuy qui projette un royal bastiment,
Que de le bien percer ? afin que l'œil du Monde,
Faisant au tour de nous chasque jour une ronde
Y darde ses rayons : et qu'encore chasque part
Face ouverte parade et de depence et d'art.
Soit que l'esprit de Dieu, agitant la sur-face
Du bouillant Ocean, qui couvroit ceste Masse,
En fist sortir du feu (comme quand dans les Cieux
L'austre moite et le Nord font choquer, furieux,
Sous le Cancre brulant deux nues opposites,
L'air s'allume à mi-nuict d'esclairs ardamment vistes)
Soit que Dieu desbrouillant le Cahos peu à peu,
Prist ceste grand clarté de l'element du feu :
Soit que Dieu tout autour de la Masse flottante
Pour douze heures tendist une nue luisante,
Qu'apres il brunissoit, afin qu'en sa saison
La nuict envelopast l'un et l'autre horizon :
Soit que Dieu fist desja ce clair brandon, qui dore
L'univers de ses rais, mais non tel qu'il est ore :
Ou soit qu'il allumast un autre clair flambeau
Sur le front de l'Amas encor tout voilé d'eau :
Qui, volant à l'entour, donnoit le jour par ordre
Aux embrouillez climats de ce gouffreux desordre,
Comme ores faict Titan, qui par le ciel porté
Est le char flamboyant de la mesme clarté :
Il n'eust pas si tost dit, LA LUMIERE SOIT FAITE,
Que ce Tas s'achemine à sa forme parfaite :
Et laisse, illuminé des rais d'un grand flambeau,
Son vestement de deuil, pour en prendre en plus beau.
Clair brandon, Dieu te gard, Dieu te gard, torche sainte,
Chasse-ennuy, chasse-dueil, chasse-nuit, chasse-crainte,
Lampe de l'Univers, mere de verité,
Juste effroy des brigans, seul miroir de beauté,
Fille aisnee de Dieu : que tu es bonne et belle,
Puis que l'œil clair-voyant de Dieu te juge telle!
Puis que ton propre ouvrier, en ses divins propos,
Ne peut, bien que modeste, assez chanter ton los!
Mais dautant qu'on ne sent plaisir qui ne desplaise,
Si sans nul intervalle on s'y plonge à son aise :
Que celuy seulement prise la sainte paix,
Qui long temps a porté de la guerre le fait :
Et que des noirs corbeaux l'opposé voisinage
Des cignes Caystrins rend plus blanc le plumage :

L'Architecte du Monde ordonna qu'à leur tour
Le jour suivist la nuict, la nuict suivist le jour.
La nuict, pour temperer du jour la secheresse,
Humecte nostre ciel, et nos guerets engresse.
La nuict est celle-là qui charme nos travaux,
Ensevelit nos soins, donne trefve à nos maux.
La nuict est celle-là qui de ses ailes sombres
Sur le monde muet faict avecques les ombres
Degouter le silence, et couler dans les os
Des recreus animaux un sommeilleux repos.
O douce Nuict, sans toy, sans toy l'humaine vie
Ne seroit qu'un enfer, où le chagrin, l'envie,
La peine, l'avarice, et cent façons de morts
Sans fin bourelleroyent et nos cœurs et nos corps.
O Nuict, tu vas ostant le masque et la feintise,
Dont sur l'humain theatre en vain on se desguise
Tandis que le jour luit : ô Nuict alme par toy
Sont faits du tout esgaux le bouvier et le Roy,
Le pauvre et l'opulent, le Grec, et le Barbare,
Le Juge et l'accusé, le sçavant et l'ignare
Le maistre et le valet, le difforme et le beau,
Car, Nuict, tu couvres tout de ton obscur manteau.
Celui qui condamné pour quelque enorme vice
Recherche sous les monts l'amorce d'avarice,

Et qui dans les fourneaux, noirci, cuit et recuit
Le soulfre de nos cœurs, se reposer la nuict.
Celui qui tout courbé le long des rives, tire
Contre le fil du fleuve un trafiqueur navire,
Et, fondant tout en eau, remplit les bords de bruit,
Sur la paille estendu, se repose la nuict.
Celui qui d'une faulx maintefois esmoulue
Tond l'honneur bigarré de la plaine velue,
Se repose la nuict : et dans les bras lassez
De sa compagne perd tous les travaux passez.
Seuls, seuls les nourrissons des neuf doctes pucelles,
Cependant que la nuict de ses humides ailes
Embrasse l'Univers, d'un travail gracieux,
Se tracent un chemin pour s'envoler aux cieux.
Et plus haut que le Ciel d'un vol docte conduisent
Sur l'aile de leurs vers les humains qui les lisent.
Ja desja j'attendoy que l'horloge sonnast
Du jour la derniere heure, et que le soir donnast
Relasche à mes travaux : mais à peine ai-je encore
Dessus mon horizon veu paroistre l'Aurore.
Mon labeur croist tousjours : voici devant mes yeux
Passer par escadrons l'exercite des cieux.

Anges, soit donq que Dieu vous fit ceste journee
Sous le nom, ou du ciel, ou de la flamme aisnee :
Soit que vous printes estre avec cest ornement,
Qui de medailles d'or pare le firmament :
Soit que de plusieurs jours vostre heureuse naissance
De tout cest univers ait devancé l'essence,
(Car aussi je ne veux combattre obstinement
Pour une opinion, es choses mesmement
Où le subtil discours d'une vaine science
Ne me seroit si seur, que mon humble ignorance)
Je tiens pour tout certain que les doigts tout-puissants
Vous creerent jadis immortels, innocents,
Beaux, bon, libres, subtils, bref d'une essence telle
Que presque elle esgaloit l'essence paternelle.
Mais tout ainsi que ceux que la faveur des Rois
Pousse en plus-haut degré, ce sont ceux maintefois
Qui brassent la revolte, et sans juste querelle
Sement par leur patrie une guerre immortelle :
Si qu'en fin justement d'un effroyable saut
Ils tombent aussi haut qu'ils taschoyent voler haut :
Ainsi maints bataillons d'esprits portans envie
A l'eternel surjon d'où ruisseloit leur vie,
Se bandent contre Dieu, pour priver (bien qu'en vain)
De couronne sa teste, et de sceptre sa main.
Mais luy, qui n'est jamais desarmé de tonnerres,
Contre les boute-feux des sacrileges guerres,
Les precipite en l'air, où bien es lieux plus bas :
Car l'enfer est par tout où l'Eternel n'est pas.
Ce peuple ensorcelé de superbe et de rage,
A gaigné pour le moins sur nous cest avantage,
Qu'il sçait combien l'enfer est esloigné des cieux,
Car il l'a mesuré d'un saut ambitieux.
Tant s'en faut que Satan et son escadre face
Profit de ce dur fleau, qu'il croist tousjours d'audace,
Tant plus croist son supplice : imitant les lezards,
Qui bien qu'ils soyent coupez en trois ou quatre parts,
Menacent le bleçeur, s'aigrissent davantage :
Voire mesme en mourant monstrent vive leur rage.
Depuis, ce revolté, Roy des airs plus espais,
Avec le Tout-puissant n'a ni treve ni paix,
Desireux d'enterrer de ses fait la memoire,
De miner son Eglise, et de saper sa gloire :
Desireux de priver tout ce grand corps de chef,
De Roy ceste cité, de patron ceste nef.
Mais s'estant de tout temps la majesté divine
Logee en lieu si seur, que la sape, la mine,

L’eschelle, le canon et tous tels autres arts
Sont foibles pour forcer ses invaincus rampars,
Ne pouvant nuire au chef, les membres il oppresse :
Et pardonnant au tronc, les branches il despece.
L’oiseleur, le pescheur, le veneur ne tend pas
Tant et tant de gluaux, d’hameçons et de laqs
Aux oiseaux, aux poissons, aux animaux sauvages,
Qui n’ont autre logis que les deserts bocages :
Que ce malin Esprit tend d’engins pour tromper
Ceux-mesmes qui ne font mestier que de piper.
Avec le traict mignard d’un bel œil il atrape
Le bouillant jouvenceau : l’argent lui sert de trape
Pour prendre l’usurier : par l’acueil gracieux
D’un Prince il va trompant l’esprit ambitieux.
Il gaigne avec l’apast de cent doctrines vaines
Ceux qui foulent aux pieds les richesses humaines.
Et la foy, la foy mesme est le piege où sont pris
Par l’art de ce pipeur les plus devots esprits :
Pipeur vrayment semblable à la verte chenille,
Qui le flairant honneur des plus gais mois nous pille,
Et qui nos doux fruitiers despouille de toison,
Pour puis la convertir en amere poison.
Qui ne seroit trompé par l’accorte malice
Du prince de la nuict, qui maintefois se glisse
Dans les membres gelez des dieux d’or ou de bois,
Et leur fait prononcer des veritables vois ?
Qui taille du Prophete, et d’un feu saint allume
Or, la vierge de Delphe, or, la vierge de Cume ?
Or, tire du tombeau le dernier juge Hebrieu,
Pour predire à son roy les jugemens de Dieu ?
Ore d’une fureur profanement divine
Du pontife d’Amon eschaufe la poictrine :
Si bien que quelque fois d’un gosier non menteur
Aux peuples aveuglez il chante le futur ?
Qui ne seroit trompé par cil qui transfigure
En couleuvre un rameau ? qui du Nil l’onde pure
Convertit en pur sang ? qui sur les licts royaux
Fait pleuvoir par milliers grenouilles et crapauds ?
Car comme il est esprit, il void, bien qu’invisible,
Les menees des grands : il sent, bien qu’insensible,
Leurs plus ardans desirs : et comme en pareil faits,
Exercé de tout temps, il juge des effects.
Joint que pour hebeter les ames plus gentiles,
Pocher l’un et l’autre œil aux esprits plus habiles ;
Et dans ses laqs subtils les plus fins enretter,
Il predit ce qu’il veut lui-mesme executer.

Que si l'homme prudent (bien que presque en mesme heure,
Suivant l'ordre commun, tout homme naisse et meure :
Que le corps soit encor un trop lourd instrument
Pour suivre de l'esprit le viste mouvement)
Par la seule vertu des metaux et des plantes,
Produits dix mille effects, dignes des mains puissantes
Du pere de ce Tout : qui doute que leur main
N'enfante quelque fois maint acte plus qu'humain ?
Veu qu'estans immortels, la longue experience
Des simples plus secrets leur donne conoissance :
Et qu'un corps importun n'empesche leurs esprits
De faire en un moment ce qu'ils ont entrepris.
Non qu'ils n'ayent tousjours dessus le col la bride,
Pour vaguer çà et là où l'appetit les guide.
Pour aveugler la terre, et, du monde vaincueurs,
Exercer tyrannie en nos corps et nos cœurs.
Dieu les tient enchaisnez és fers de sa puissance,
Sans que mesme un moment ils puissent sans licence
Avoir la clef des champs : c'est par son sauf-conduit
Que l'esprit mensonger le fol Achab seduit,
Luy faisant batre aux champs, pour obstiné, combatre
L'ost qui doit de son corps chasser l'ame idolatre.
Armé de la vertu de son sainct passe-port
Il tente l'humble Job, met ses valets à mort :
Joint aux pertes du bien les pertes du lignage,
Et verse sur son chef dommage sur dommage.
Pource que l'Eternel, ores pour esprouver
La foy des plus constans, ores pour abreuver
D'erreur ceux qui d'errer gloutement se repaissent,
Emancipe souvent ces brouillons, qui ne cessent
De batre mesme enclume, et poursuivre, insensez
Les damnables efforts en Adam commencez.
Mais comme à contre-cœur ceste apostate bande
S'attaque aux fiers tyrans : et pour les bons se bande,
L'escadron innocent qui ne desire pas
Ni s'eslever trop haut, ni descendre trop bas,
De gayeté de cœur à tous momens chemine
Où le pousse le vent de la bonté Divine :
Et son sacré dessein n'eut jamais autre but,
Que la gloire de Dieu, et des Saints le salut.
Un desreglé desir n'entre en sa fantasie :
L'aspect du Tout-puissant est sa douce Ambrosie :
Et les pleurs repentans d'un agneau retrouvé
Est le plus doux Nectar dont il soit abreuvé.
L'esprit ambitieux de l'homme ne desire
Qu'avoir sceptre sur sceptre, empire sur empire :

Il n’aspire au contraire à plus grande grandeur :
Son repos gist en peine, en service son heur.
Car Dieu n’a pas si tost la parole avancée,
Branlé si tost le chef, si tost presque pensée
Une haute entreprise, où par moyen exquis
Le ministere saint des Anges soit requis,
Que ses vistes couriers ne prenent la volee
Pour mettre en effect. L’un d’une course ailee
Suit la fuite d’Agar, son chemin acourcit,
Et par discours sucrez son exil adoucit.
L’autre conduit d’Isaac les puissantes armees,
L’autre guide Jacob es terres Idumees :
L’autre, expert medecin, redonne aux foibles yeux
Du fidele Tobit l’usufruict cler des cieux :
L’autre, d’aise ravi, dans Nazareth asseure
Qu’une dame sera Mere et vierge, en mesme heure :
Et qu’elle enfantera pour le salut humain
Son pere, son epoux, son fils, son germain.
Voire que sa matrice heureusement feconde
Comprehendra celui-là qui comprend tout le monde.
L’autre d’un zele ardent à pieds et mains le sert
Par le sable infertil du montagneux desert.
L’un l’exhorte au jardin de vuider le calice
Par le pere broyé, pour laver nostre vice.
L’autre annonce sa vie aux dames qui cuidoyent
Que ses membres gelez sous la tombe attendoyent
De l’Archange le cri : l’autre contre esperance
Predit du premier Jean l’incroyable naissance.
L’un, du decret divin fidele executeur,
Des brebis d’Israel eslargit le Pasteur.
L’autre fait en peu d’heures un horrible carnage,
De tous les fils ainez du Memphien rivage :
Exemptant les maisons dont le sacré posteau
A pour sa sauvegarde un peu de sang d’agneau.
L’autre devant Solime en moins d’un rien moissonne
L’ost de Senacherib, de qui l’ire felonne
N’espargnoit le ciel mesme, esgalant à ses dieux
L’inimitable ouvrier de la terre et des cieux.
Ses soldats ja vainqueurs des forces de l’Aurore
Assiegoyent la cité, qui seule seule adore
Le Dieu sans compagnon, si qu’à peine un moineau
Pouvait sans leur congé franchir le sainct creneau.
Adonc Ezechias, qui comme sage Prince
Represente à ses yeux de toute sa province
L’entier ravagement, les ceps de ses vassaux,
Le trespas de ses fils, les lubriques assauts

Livrez aux chastetez des royales pucelles,
Son propre corps haché de dix mil allumelles,
Le temple sans paroi, l'encensoir sans odeurs,
L'autel sans holocauste, et Dieu sans serviteurs,
Couvrant son chef de cendre, et d'un sac sa poitrine,
Appelle à son secours la puissance Divine,
Qui sa requeste appointe, et foudroye ses dards
Sur ses fiers escadrons des ethniques soudards.
Car tandis qu'à l'entour du feu des corps de garde
Ils ronflent seurement, l'Eternel qui regarde
De mauvais œil l'armee, et de bon la cité,
Envoye un escrimeur contre Assur irrité.
Dont l'espée à deux mains d'un seul revers ne coupe
Le corps d'un seul soldat, ains de toute une troupe :
Et foudroyant, sanglante, or derriere, or devant,
Passe par les armets comme à travers le vent.
Ja chacun gagne au pié, mais sa course est trop lente
Pour eviter les coups d'une espee volante,
Qu'on void parmi les airs sans qu'on voye le bras,
Qui pousse en une nuict tant d'hommes au trespas :
Ainsi que des moulins on void rouer les voiles
Sans voir l'esprit venteux qui soufle dans leur toiles.
L'Aube au registre bisarre à peine encor chassoit
L'ombre qui les sommets du Liban brunissoit
Que le veillant Hebrieu du creneau de sa ville,
Descouvrant tout d'un coup cent quatre vints cinq mille
Idolatres tuez, fremit d'aise en son cœur,
Pour voir tant de vaincus sans sçavoir le vaincueur.
Sacrez tuteurs des saincts, Archers de nostre garde,
Assesseurs, Postillons, Heraux de cil qui darde
L'orage sur le dos des rocs audaciaux :
O communs truchemens de la terre et des cieux,
Je suyvroy plus long temps vostre viste plumage :
Mais ayant entrepris un si lontain voyage,
Je crains de perdre cœur, si au commencement
Je fay trop de chemin, et vay trop vistement :
Veu que le pelerin qui genereux desire
Voir les murs et les mœurs de maint estrange empire
Sage, se diligente assez le premier jour,
S'il passe seulement le sueil de son sejour.

FIN DU I. JOUR

Middle Norwegian Translation

Text extracted from Anders (Christensen) Arrebo (1965) *Hexaëmeron [1630]*. Copenhagen: Munksgaards Forlag (pp. 53-76).

Anders Christensen Aarebo (1587-1637) was the first of the Norwegian writers to return to vernacular poetry and prose. A Dane by birth, he had come to Norway as bishop of the diocese of Trondheim. With him he brought a marked interest in the intellectual actvity on the Continent, not only the evolution in Germany, where most Norwegian humanists had sought their inspiration.

The *Hexaemëron* starts with a dedication to king Frederik III (1609-1670) by the author's son, Christen Andersen Arrebo,[90] who also wrote the introduction to the posthumeous 1661 edition, in which he deplores the fact that the use of the vernacular had all but been abandoned by the intellectuals of the 16th century. Indeed, after the first vernacular efforts of Absalon Beyer and Mattis Størssøn, the emphasis of the Norwegian humanists had been mainly on Latin composition. This was also the case in Denmark, where Latin remained the language of science and scholarly expression until the 19th century.[91] However, in both Norway and Denmark, German persisted as the language of culture and commerce for yet some time. Says Christen Arrebo: «Thi det er os alt for vitterligt, at (… det) Danske Spraag efter Reformationen oc hen imodt halfandet Hundre Aars Tiid, er meget blefvet forsømt, ja af mange foract (p. 15).»[92]

Master Anders obviously saw the need for literature in the vernacular and also appreciated the possibility of strengthening the Lutheran doctrine through poetic composition at a time when other, and maybe less desirable, Protestant movements came into being around Europe. He especially held the Zwingly brothers in contempt, and probably found the religious standpoints of the French Protestant movement, supported by Du Bartas, more palatable. The *Hexamëron* includes—as an epitaph—a short hexamëral poem in the vernacular by Peder Palladius (1503-1560), Denmark's first Lutheran superintendent—indicating this reforming theologian's continual influential position more than a century after his death.

In its Danish-Norwegian version, Du Bartas' material has undergone considerable modifications. The leading themes to a large extent were rearranged by Aarebo; the main elements are nevertheless all present, and there are less divagations in the translated version. Indeed, Arrebo's *Hexaemërton* can be seen as a poetic *recreation* more than a loose translation of Du Bartas' poem on the Genesis—and represents, not only the first example of hexameral literature in Norway, but also the first attempt by a Norwegian "post-humanist" to reunite with the "modern" epic genre of contemporaneous Europe.

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[90] The spelling varies between Aarebo, Arrebo, and Arø boe.

[91] The philosopher Sø ren Kierkegaard had to seek a royal dispense from the university regulations when he presented his master dissertation at the beginning of the 19th century.

[92] "For it has become evident (to us) that (..) the Danish language after the Reformation and for now almost a century and a half, has been greatly neglected, and even despised."

“Store ere dine Gierninger ô Herre,
hvo dennem acter seer sin Hiertens Lyst der paa.”
(Psalm 111)

Verdens første Vges første Dag.

Kand kaldis
Ætiologia & Photologia Mosaica
Første Materies oc første Liuses Skabning.

Historien *Gen. Cap*. I. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,

v. 1. I Begyndelse skabte Gud Himmelen oc Jorden.
2. Oc Jorden var øde oc tom, oc der var mørke ofven ofver Afgrunden: Oc Guds Aand svefvede ofven ofver Vandene.
3. Oc Gud sagde: Vorde lius, oc der blef lius.
4. Oc Gud saa, Liuset var got: oc giorde Skilsmis mellem Liuset oc Mørket.
5. Oc Gud kallede Liuset Dag, oc Mørket kallede hand Nat: Oc der blef Aften oc der blef Morgen, een Dag.

Indhold.

Hvor mange Stycker ere her
Som Guds Børn skulle hafve kier'?

Puncter her otte hafve vi nu,
Hvilke som bør at kommis i Hu.
Skaberen først med heeder oc ære.
Siden hvad hans materi mon være.
Dernest, oc hveden saadant hand hâr
Tiiden den fierd' Omstændighed var.
Endelig, for det femte Beskrifvis.
Vilkor, som dermed kunde begifvis.
Saasom: den Jord var øder oc tom
Mørket var ofver Afgrunden grum,
Der til at Guds Aand Vandene ruer,
Ligesom Fugl med Vingerne bruer.
Liuset nu for det siette saa brat,
Liuser oc demper mørkeste Nat.
Liuset oc for det siuvend' er yndigt
Ottend' er det, at Liuset saa fyndigt
Skilles fra Mørk, oc næfnis af Gud
Dermed gaaer første Dagen oc ud.
Merker her paa i Jesu Guds Nafn
Skabren til Priis, oc eder til Gafn.
Hjælper, ô hjælper mig, Gud den Almæctig at priise,
Gud den Skabere riig, Gud Herren den viise.
Himle-førsterne stærk ô hellig Engleske Skare
Stiller priisen i værck: siung Sool; siung Maane du klare.
Blankest' himmelske Huus forziert med Stiernene mange
Planet-kryllende Blus fordeelt i højden der prange,
Op! Lof Mesteren stoor: op Elementerne mæctig',

Ild, Luft, Vandet oc Jord, Lof siger Skaberen præctig.
Sky-høj biergenes Top; i dale nedrig' oc dybe;
Cederen rank her op; frem trær af Fedme som drybe;
Beester tamme samt vild' i jord, paa Jorden, i vande;
Hvad som findis i Ild, i Luft med lefvendes Aande;
Hver paa egentlig viis, Stemm' i, sin Skaber at priise,
Liiflig gaaer an den Priis med Sang oc deiligste Viise.
Dyreste Konge-blod; I førster mæctig i Skare;
Jordens Dommere good' i Guds sted Landet som vare;
Almues Folk hver mand, Viif, Dreng, oc hverrende Pige,
Borger- oc Bunde-stand; ô alle fattig' oc Rige,
Hiælper, hiælper en hver med Mund, med Hierte, med Tunge,
Hellige Skaberen kier, en Dict ret hellig at siunge.
Seba-Dronning[93] til Priis med Pract Kong Salomon gæsted'
Hun af Seba højviis, dog Viisdom højere frested'
Oc der Dronningen kom, hun Kongens Klogskab anhørde,
Grandsked' oc saa sig om hvad Pract hans Bygning medførde,
Ja besictede grandt, hans taffel-ordning oc Sæder
Kostelig oc befandt hans Tieners Bolig oc Klæder,
Hafde hun nær besvimt, oc daanet falden til Jore
Ofver slig velberjmt, oc præctig Kongelig fore.
Salige (sagde hun) maae vist dine Tienere være,
Hvilke beskue saa, din Pral oc Førstelig Ære.
Kieriste Christi Ven, hvad er Kong Salomons Huuse?
Ere de værd med Pen, mod Himlens Bygning at roose?
Eller hans Tafel-skik mod den Huusholdning at priise
Hvilken med Mad oc Drik, al Verden monne bespiise?
Enge-Lilien grøn langt gaaer hans Herlighed ofuer.
Hafve-rosen saa skøn langt større Herlighed lofver.
Bien i Trunt oc Stok langt artiger virker sin Kage,
End Kong Salomons Kok al sin Sku-essen kand bage.
Ej Bie-Kongen er stoor, dog hâr hand Tienere fleere,
Oc gaaer stærcker til Bord, oc Skaanes Kagen ej meere,
Spiiser end ocsaa sødt, oc aldrig Dugen optager,
Setter de Svenne blødt, dem liige Klæder opdrager.
Derfor oc hvo som ret slig HErrens Gierning begrunder.
Maae vel snarligen, slet til Jorden, synke med Vnder.
Ja hand hiertelig Spør, hvo er den Mester oc Herre
Som sligt skaber oc giør? hvad Titel monne hand bære?
Salomon ej; som bær dog priis, for alle de viise,
Crœsus er icke verd, i slige maader at priise.
Engelen ej var til, sig self ej kunde hand giore,
Mindre saadant eet Spil i ringste maader udføre.
Mose Guds Mand oc Ven, en høj Scribenter for alle,
Med forgyldene Pen, mon hannem *Elohim* kalde.[94]

[93] Aarebo refers to a completely different set of biblical figures than does Du Bartas to convey some of the same ideas.

Elohim er hans Nafn som har af ævighed været
Gud til ævige Gafn, oc Gud ævindelig ære d;
Hves u-endelig Mact, oc Viisdom uden al ende
Hves u-kændelig Pract sig hermed gifver tilkænde.
Som Apostelen klart de Romer' oc alle mon sige:
Hans u-siunliger art sees af hands Skabninger riige.
Ja Propheter end oc os Øjet beder opkaste,
Himmelen uden spraag kundgiør hans Krafter saa faste.
Græset er ej saa lidt, Græshoppen icke saa ringe,
Skaber pæger det friit, for Skaber denne mon springe.
Drager da Moses frem den alsommæctigste Herre,
Den vi uden al glem, Gud Fader kalde med ære,
Himmel oc Jord har skabt, den vi i Troen paakalde,
Hves Regiment oc Kraft, sig stræcker ofver os alle.
Skulle vi derfor her, nu ret grandgifvelig merke,
Skaberen eenist er, som Gud er eene hin stærke;
Dog er Skaberen skøn; den Gud er Skaber hin sande,
Som er Fader oc Søn, oc begges helliger Aande.
Faderen hand har skabt alting ved Sønnen hin kiære,
Oc den hellig Aands Kraft mon Liifvet gifve ja nære.
Mose det lærer vel, i sin Ebræiske Tale,
Hvor hand monne med Skel Tre-enigheden afmale:
Guder (siger jo hand) hand skabte Himmel oc Jorden,
Hvilket har slig Forstand; Een Gud er Skabere vorden,
Dog den eeniste Gud er i Personerne Trendig,
Al Natuuren imod, dog hand det selfver er stændig.
Lader sig oc med Fliid Personer alle saa høre:
Nu er Skabelsens tiid, ladr os nu Mennisken giøre.
Ved slig Fleerhed Guds Mand end da det lader ej blifve
Men Personerne hand ret Nafnlig monne beskrifve:
Faderen kalder hand Gud; den Søn, hans væsentlig orde,
Næfner oc Guds Aand ud, som qvegned Himmel oc Jorde.
David siunger ocsaa ret, med samhældige Stemme
Hvilket jo icke maa i Vand beskrifvis, at glemme.
Himmelen ved Guds Ord, oc hans Munds væsentlig Aande,
Med sin gandske hær stoor skabt see vi herlig at stande.
Flyer ej Ørnen højt i Apostoliske Skare?
Dog hand torde fuld nøjt en anden Lærdom medfare.
Høj oc himmelske Ting Paradiis-Studenteren lærde,
Dog hand saadant omkring i sin' Epistler, ej keerde.
Det samtycker oc vi, oc tacke Skabren den kiære,
Gaaende langt forbi den Manichæiske Lære,
Som, med svermende Mund vil tvende Guder opdrømme,
En ret Skamper oc ond oc en af Godhed berømme:
Got oc lyckeligt Verk de Gud den gode tilskrifve,

[94] Early Hebraic denomination for God, possibly a plural form.

Men, den onde Gud, sterck Skyld, for det onde de gifve.
O nej! ofver al Spot, slig Spot er slagende bommer,
Ont, saa vel som alt got, af Herren alleene frem kommer.
Lius hand skaber oc mørck, hand Freden gifver oc tager,
Jød' oc grummeste Tyrk, den Ond' ej Skaber ej mager.
Ond er Diefvelen oc; hvor ond hand immer kand være,
I begyndelsce dog good, hannem skabte vor HErre.
Tyrker Jøderne med, som ville Sønnen ej kænde,
Samt al Kætterske Sæd, vi Ryggen ville tilvende,

Oc paa Skaberens Trøst, den Bygnings Grundvold, betracte
Den Mosaiske Røst, for alle Svermer at acte.

Himmel oc Jorden.

Ævige Gud, hvad Verk, vil saadan Bygning udkrefve,
Som, saa præctig oc stærk mon ofvr oc under os svefve.
Salomon hand hug ned i Libanon Cederne Ranke,
Lood Skibsfloden oc med, hen til Ost-Indien vanke,
Hiram[95] søgte hand oc, om Træ, Bygmester' oc trygge,
Før hand kunde faae nok til HErrens Tempel at bygge.
End vil Torfver oc Steen til Bonde-hytter oc Lude,
End vil Tømmer oc Green til Hyrde-bolig at klude.
Icke begrifveligt hvad verden skulde da fordre!
Icke beskrifveligt hvor den saa kunde bygt vorde?
Dens Materie her nu kaldis Himmel oc Jorden.
Selsomt dette jo er, at, der af, Verden er vorden;
Er da Jorden af Jord, af Himmel Himmelen blefven?
Hveden kom første Jord? hvoraf er Himmelen drefven?
Er ej Himmel oc Jord paa anden oc trede Dag giorde,
Hvor da blifver Guds Ord? til hvad vil skrifveren vorde,
Vi her skulde forstaae hvad Mose Himmelen kalder,
Før vi viidere gaa', at vi paa Vejen ej falder.
Himmelen første Dag, oc Jorden Mose vil næfne,
Thi til bunden oc tag, der strax maa være good efne,
Al Materi paa stand den Bygning kunde behøfve,
Reede Gud først fra haand, oc vilde siden ej tøfve.
Mose taler om Gud, som om Huus-herren hin lærde,
Naar hand ryster sig ud oc vil en Bygning forfærde,
Legger hand Kalk oc Steen, samt Lecter, Sparrer tilhaabe,
Smuct paa Hænderne reen, oc vil der efter ej snaabe:
Om Materie slig, naar den skønt ligger paa Jorde,
Siger mand prydelig, oc med Konst-talendes orde:
See! der ligger hans Huus (dog er ej Huuset til rede)
Priis ham viides oc roos, vil efter Tømmer ej lede.

[95] Hiram (: Huram) (r. 969-936 BC)—Phœnician king—maintained friendly relations with king Solomon, and supplied the material necessary to the construction of the Temple in Jerusalem.

Moses giør saadant oc, hand kalder Himmel oc Jorde,
Paa sit hellige Spraag det der til Skulde nu vorde,
Thi hand siger jo klart, at Jorderig icke var ferdigt,
Men var øde ja bart, heel u-gestaltigt, u-værdigt,
Icke var Vandet Vand oc Ild ej Ild hin skære,
Icke var Landet Land, ej været vindede dære.
Himmel oc Jordens Malm var u-staffered altsammen,
Vdi stoor Damp oc Qvalm foruden nyttige gammen:
Thi Viismanden ocsaa om den Materie første
Siger, at den var raa, full af V-siunlighed største.
Viidere spørgis kand, hvor Verdens Skabere værdig
Slig materie fand til sit Konstycke saa ferdig?
Var *Democritus*[96] her, hand skuld' os gæckelig lære,
Sigende, der, see der! de grand i Soolen mon være
Viiselig, udaf dem er Verden lodded tilhaabe,
Jeg siger det nu frem paa *Democritiske* Lofve;
Lofve du maat saa hen at phantasere til fulde
Dîg troer ingen min Ven: slig Daarskab fatte jeg skulde?
Kieriste sig mig dog, af hvad de Soole-grand flyde,
Komme de self af sig, oc, førend Soolen, sig yde?
Est du icke self til, fast mindre findes din Skugge,
Gæcken giør gæcke-spil, du ager i Børnenis Vugge.
Moses siger, hvorfra forvist det Forraad maae være,
Hannem høre vi maae, hand vil det kortelig lære.

Skabte

Den Almæctige Gud, som Verden til intet vil giøre,
Med sit kraftige Bud, mon den af intet opføre.
Naar der skabes en ting, er sligt af intet at tage
Hastelig, som i spring af intet noget at mage.
Æolus ej var til, som Vinden drifver oc styrer,
Mulciber tabte Spil, som Ilden gifver oc fyrer.
Ja *Neptunus* var vek, som Vandet Strømmende drifver,
Samt *Summanus* saa kæk, som Skalden Jorden tilskrifver.
Icke da hardt ej blødt, ej smuct ej slemmeste Stycke,
Icke da suurt ej sødt, ej tyndt, oc icke det tycke,
Icke da varm' ej kuld, var der for haanden at finde,
Icke da Vand oc Muld, men intet ude samt inde.
Der udofver vi her vor Skabere gifver den ære,
For Bygmestere hver, maae hand Lof-palmen vel bære.
Thi naar Konstener vil en Bygning rede fra haande,

[96] Democritos (c. 455 - 370 BC): Greek philosopher born in Thrace. He was widely traveled, who had learned from his teacher—Leucippus—that all things were made of tiny particles. Refining and elaborating Leucippus' ideas, Democritos developed an atomic theory, proposing that the universe is composed of two indivisible elements—matter and non-matter, or more precisely the atom and the void. An infinite number of eternal and uncaused atoms differing from each other only in shape, arrangement, and magnitude, move through infintite space (Britannica 2000). Du Bartas refers to this philosopher as the «resveur,» i.e. a dreamer. Arrebo also seems to share Du Bartas's opinion, and has little esteem for a theory which he describes as «Daarskab,» i.e. folly.

Seer hand flittelig til, at Forraad rede mon stande,
Der maae Væcten i høj, af Bierget Steenen' at tage,
Hand sit Tømmer oc Tøj af Skofven lader hiem-age,
Hand maae Kalken saa blød fra ofnen lade hiem-kiøre,
Hand maa Teglen saa rød, fra Tegl-gaard lade fremføre.
Ellers det vist tilgaar, som lærde *Physici*[97] skrifve:
Intet af intet mand faaer af intet intet kand blifve.
Men den Mestere stoor af Verdens Skaber oc Mager,
Ickun et eenist' Ord for al Materi fremdrager.
Finder saa Kalk oc Steen, hvor der var aldrig at finde,
Hitter saa Træ oc Green oc andet Forraad ej mindre,
Finder saa Land oc Vand, op under sin Tunge saa mæctig,
Hitter saa Qvind' oc Mand, i mindste Finger saa præctig;
Her frem Himmelen hool, Jeg vil der efter ej lede,
Ved op Maanen oc Sool; strax staae de HErren til rede,
Jorderigs Creatur, oc Himlens gandske Hærskare,
Koster ickun et Ord, flux staaer den uden al Fare,
Som den Kongelig Pen med ære monne berømme,
Oc den Tharser igien sig icke monne forsømme.
Ligesom ocsaa hand af intet Grunden opretter,
Ligesaa hand for sand paa intet bunden nedsetter,
Jorderig icke staaer paa Steen, paa Piller oc Bielker,
Ej paa ringeste Haar paa rør oc svageste Stilker,
Men i Luften saa blød som Klodden uden al lænke
Henger den uden Nød! Hvo kand det under betænke?
Luften ej bære kand det Løf, som falder af Qviste,
Vnder al Verdens sand, kand dog ej samme Luft briste!
Sisyphus Æoli Søn en Steen kand ickc fremføre,
Blødeste luft ej støn, naar den al Verden maae bære.
O Almæctige Gud, hvad er din' idretter stoore!
Vinkend' er hvert dit Bud der ofven oc nedre paa Jôre.
Saa Huusfaderen vel oc hver som bygger paa Lande,
Maa jo sige med Skel: Guds Gierninger underlig stande,
De vist underlig er' oc HErren mæctig med ære,

Den sligt Skaber oc giør hand maae en Konstener være

Trôde vi det forvist oc Hiertet vilde samtycke,
Aldrig os leddig Kiist' oc Køcken kunde da trycke;
Kunde ret ingen Nød os da i Verden angribe;
Kunde da os ej død forsagd' af Landene drifve;
Men vi Søgte vor Brød i hans utømmelig Kammer,
Sagde til HErren sød i al vor Nød-stand oc Jammer.
Din aldmæctige Haand, af intet, Himmelen skabte,
Du høj-præctige Mand, af Klippen, Vandet udklapte,
Olien striid udflød hvor Olien icke var inde,

[97] Scientists in general.

Skulde vi da om Brød vel led' oc icke det finde?
Skulde vel nogen Mand i Grafven blifve med alle!
Thi Gud HErren hand kand med et Ord snarligen kalde:
Viidere gaae vi fort, oc maae vel spørge med rette,
Naar alt saadant er giort, vi vill' ej tiden opsette.

v. 1. I Begyndelse.

Moses her træder frem os i Sandhedenat leede,
Siger foruden glem; hves i Begyndelsen skeede.
Ved Begyndelsen her, den tiid kand icke betydis,
Som af Ævighed er, oc skal i Ævighed ydis,
Tiden oc ej ret kand med varrig Ævighed, næfnis,
Den gaaer ofver Forstand oc med Fornuften ej Jæfnis,
Af den ævige tiid hår Gud den ævige været,
Fader oc Sønnen bliid, tillige med hellig Aand ære d,
Blifver oc æviglig, foruden ophør oc Ende,
Boendis self i sig, det ingen alder kand vende.
Men Begyndelsen er altings begyndelse første,
Der vor Skabere kier, ved Guddoms Macten den største,
Himmel oc Jordens Grund, af intet skabte med ære,
Mennisken mangelund, saa, sine Krafter at lære.
For Begyndelse slig, ej tiid, Folk hafver ej været,
Gud var eene for sig dog liige priised oc ære d
Thi den Engelske Skar' oc alle Helgenes Skare
Førendis de skabtis, var', oc for ham stoode saa klare;
Tiden for os er tiid, for Gud er Ævighed ævig,
Ævigehe er saa viid, oc æder tiiden saa svevig.
Aldrig os skuffe maa' *Aristoteliske* Skole,
Lader os ofvergaae Fornuftens stinkende Huule,
Ingen at troe det sandt, som *Aristoteles* drifver,[98]
Naar hand farer med tant, oc Verden ævig beskrifver,
Sigende: det ej var mueligt, Gud lefde saa eentlig,
Intet at hafve for, men leddig, ingen oc tienlig;
Sige hand derfor vil, for Gud var intet at giøre,
Der ej Verden var til, der i sig kraftig at røre,
Sluttet hand derfor saa: vist Verden ævig mon være,
Skal ej heller forgaa, sligt vil den Hedning vel lære.
Hedning hedenske Tal, men vi som Christne maae svare
Tænke hand maa' oc skal ja sige Meening den bare,
Om ej Skifherren kand foruden Skibene, lefve,
Eller een Tømmermand oc dog i Ladhed ej svefve?
Hafver en Smid ej Mact at hand kand arbeid forhåle,
Hannem dog u-tillagt hand skuld' i Ledighed dvale?
Kunde da Gud, en Gud foruden Verden ej blifve,

[98] Aarebo clearly rejects the Scholastics classification of knowledge and wisdom according to *Categoriae decem* by Aristotle, explained in Porphyry's *Isagoge*, which had been translated from Greek into Latin in the 4th century.

Packe dig ok gak ud slig tant vi macten ej gifve.
Kund' oc *Scipio* klar om sig saa skrifve med ære,
Hand mindst eene var da naar hand maat' eene mest være,
Skulde Gud icke da nok eenlig meget bestille,
Som kand alting formaa, giør alting efter sin ville?
Bias[99] af Færne Stad fra Guld fra Sølfvet forjagen
Sagde da end vel glad, sig intet at være fratagen
Sin Formue hand bar, sin Skat hand gandske medførde,
Skatten hans Viisdom var oc Konst som hannem tilhørde.[100]
Gud self alting formaaer, self hâr hvad hannem kand lyste,
Intet mangler derfor, om Verdens Skatter ham bryste.
Om du gæckelig Nar forvitziger viidre vil spøre:
Hvad Gud hafde dog for, hvad hafde hand ævig at giøre?
Svarer dig *Augustin* hand til dem Helfvede skabte,
Som mod Villien sin paa slig Forborgenhed gabte.
Seer du Luft-springer arm den uden Rigdom oc Ære,
I hves ævige Barm al Skat mon liggende være?
Viisdom qvellet er hand oc ærens springende Kilde,
Mactens dybeste Strand hvo vilde tænke saa ilde?
Hand jo syssler nok med Gudoms Krafter at hafve
Kand oc holde vel Spraag, om Verden siden at skabe,
Med sin kieriste Søn oc beggis væsentlig Aande,
I forborgene Løn oc i sin' ævige Lande.
Vden Moder oc tiid, foruden anfang tillige
Hafver Faderen bliid født den som alle giør riige,
Meenis her Sønnen kier sin Faders klareste Billed,
Sligt af Ævighed er, som Guds Aand lærer, bestilled.
Siger skriften saa der hand blef ævig tilsinde,
Vd i Verden at gaa af sin forborgene thinde,
Oc med mæctige Haand nest Verdens Skabning hin bolde
Skabte den første Mand oc gaf hâm Verden i Volde;
Som Viisdommen oc saa' ej Adam at holde ret farfve,
Tænkte hand ævig paa hvor hand skuld' Himmerig arfve,
Oc i Christo sin Søn før Verdens grundvoller lagdis,
Valde hand Adams Køn, det saa hans Naade behagdis.
Siger du da med Skel Gud hafd' ej noget at skaffe?
Før al Verden blef til? du det ô Dicter mon klaffe.
Vilde du ocsaa grandt din Skaber bedre betracte,
Skulle du uden Tant det om hans Ævighed acte,
At den ævige Gud er alting ævigt for Øje,
Skuer mand ind oc ud det lange, dybe, det høje.
Hves for Mennisken er u-skabt oc intet med alle,

[99] A rather obscure Greek philiosopher (d.c. 570 BC). In Greek mythology, Bias was the son of Amythaon, and the grandson of Creteus. His brother Melampus had the gift of divination and assisted Bias, who, wanting to marry Pero, first had to pass a test: He was to steal Phylacus' herd, guarded by a ferocious dog who never slept (Cerberus).

[100] A reference to the seven liberal arts contained in Trivium and Quadrivium.

For hans Ævighed det dog skabt mand maatte vel kalde,
Icke før være kand Adam, for Ævigheds Herre,
Førend den sidste Mand, som u-skabt endnu mon være.
Slutte vi derfor saa; hvad os i tiden er blefvet,
Mon af Ævighed staa for Gud, som ævig hår lefvet,
Er nu nogen saa fix hand ydermere vil spørre,
Hvi Gud Dagene sex sig tiltog Verden at giørre,
Kunde hand icke foort tillig' altingest vel mage,
Være sig lidt oc stoort, ej lang betænkende tage.
Guds u-endelig Mact, tør ingen Christen paatviile,
Hafde hand ickun sagt; frem alting uden hviile,
Vare det oc vel skeed saa snart hand vilde det tale,
Hindret skulde hvo det, som Gud ej vilde forhale?
Meent du spør-siug Mand, Gud, slig Bygmester at være,
Af Arbeidet, som kand, vel arme trætte hiembære?
Legende gaaer det af, sig self den Gierning maae giøre
Falder oc vel i Lafv' om Gud vil Fingrene røre.
Soolen i Hafven skin staferer Jorden med Grøde,
Locker ud Rosen fin, foruden Arbeid oc Møde
Skulde da ærens Sool, af Trældom mattig opgifvis
Skulde vel kraftens Stool, saa kraftløs gandske beskrifvis,
Eller oc meent du saa, hand Skabelonen maae hafve
Trine den til oc fra, saa snart hand noget vil skabe?
Nej, det kommer ham let foruden Trældom oc Møde,
Konsten for ham er slet der paa sig ingen tør støde.
Men den viiseste Gud vil dermed gifve til kænde,
Hand ej fusend' hen ud men med betænkelig' Hænder,
Viiselig alting giør os at erindre ja læe,
At vi flittelig bør hans Skabning acte samt ære,
Naar vi stykeviis see en Konst alt efter den anden,
Oc saa frydelig lee at ræcke Konsteren Handen.
Vilde hand oc dermed vor sex Dags Gierning vel ære
Os at føre til Sed ej Ledigggænger at være.
Hand end vilde forsand os til Hukommelse føre,
Alle Ting med forstand, oc med Betænkning, at giøre.
Spørgis oc ej med Skel, hvor læng' en Gierning bestillis,
Men hvor loflig oc vel, derfra en Mestere skillis.
Om *Neptunus* med hast det haf-svelg dybeste søger,
Bliif paa Landene fast see til du maadelig brøjer
Ingen endnu slog bund i Hofved-Viisdommens kilde;
Mangen gick dog til grund, som der i sticke Bund vilde,
Kom ej svelget for nær, den blinde Klippe dig møder,
Mod det farlige Skær dit Skib i Styckerdu støder.
Segle for Guds Ords Segl Guds Aand tag stedse til Skifherr
Du saa løber ej fejl, dig hafnen aldrige glipper.
Viidere ville vi nu slig første Skabning beskrifve,

Med eenfoldigste Hu bedst fatte Mosen oc grifve.
v. 2. Oc Jorden var øde oc tom.
Jorden talis her om, oc den afskildris ret troolig,
Øde den var oc tom, foruden Skickels' oc boolig
Vden prydels' oc art, materi' icke polered,
Vden Liuset saa klart, grof, mørk oc icke stafered,
Borte var Bøg oc Eeg, oc alle Træernes Skare,
Borte var Folk oc Qveg, oc alle Krogene bare,
V-klarered oc var al Skabning ofven oc neden,
Dog til ringeste Haar henlagt paa Platsen oc Steden,
Som hand siger nu fort, at der var mørket det grumme
Ofver Vandene stort, oc ofver Afgrunden den romme,
Intil Liuset af Gud, paa samme Dagen, funderis
Som dref Mørkheden ud at Verden noget poleris.
Ej (som Kætter omgaais) en grum Sataniske Skare,
Ved den Afgrund mand kand oc Helfved' icke forstande,
Men det dybeste Vand oc de Vand flydende Lande:
Hves arbeidet oc var der som Afgrunden laa øde,
Borte var Dagen klar, oc borte var Soolen hin røde.
Oc Guds Aand svefvede ofver Vandene.

Moses skriider nu frem oc vil os viidere lære

Guds Aands Virkning beqvem, den raa Materi til ære,
Slig Materi oc Malm, oc Verdens første Figure,
Liggend i Mørk oc Qvalm oc i U-fructbarhed stoore,
Med sin qvegende Kraft Guds Aand forvarmed' oc qvegde,
Gaf den Styrkc med Saft, oc til al Grøde bevegde.
Ja som Hønnen ret varm sin' eg udligger oc bruer,
Vnder sit Bryst oc Barm, dem siden qvegner oc ruer;
Eller som Jorden rum udaf Soel-varmen undfanger,
Saa blef Verden, før tom, af Guds Aands qvegelse, svanger,
At den riigelig gaf fra sig baad' Vrter oc Grøde,
Oc Metallerne braf, med Sølf oc Guldet det røde,[101]
Adamanten saa skær, oc skønnest' ædele Steene,
Samt oc Kaaber der er, med Tin oc Messing det reene.
Samme Guds mæctig' Aand med slig stor-virkende haande,
Aldrig udleggis kand, om vær oc anden slags Aande,
End om hellig Aand good, Guddommens trede Persone,
Som saa bredde sig ud, Liif gaf den raa Skabelone.
Fader oc Sønnen dog saadan Naturens Vndsetning
Her tilleggis end oc, som en udvortis forretning
Icke da, anden Aand var skabt, oc kunde til være,
Ingen oc Konsten kand foruden den ævige Herre.
Vi da lade det staa', oc for det siette forfare,
Hveden Liuset kom fra, oc deilig *Phœbus* hin klare.

[101] The early 17th century saw the beginning of the mining industry in Norway.

v. 3 Oc Gud sagde: Blifve Lius, *oc* der blef Lius.

Skabningen ej staaer maal, naar Øjet mangler oc breckis,
Var end billedet Staal, det ingen Mestere teckis;
Jammerligt er oc vist i Huuset i Mørket at sidde,
Vden skinnende gniist oc uden Dagen hin hviide.
Passelig Lyst var det i Mørket at sidde det Dybe,
Oc, paa Madikers Sed, hver andr' om Halsen krybe,
Derfor oc efter at den ny Materi Gud skabte,
Vdi mørke slet sad oc efter Liuset friit gabte,
Vdbrød morgenen fro *Apollo* Klarhedens HErre,
Os til Glæde til Roo med Lius oc Dagning den skære,
Ret til Aftenen ud, sin Klarhed Jorderig sendte,
Indtil HErren vor Gud self første Dagen vel endte.
Spørge mand maae sig for: Hvo er den biudende HErre,
Som saa myndig fremgaaer, oc biuder mørket med ære,
At det rømmer af Land, oc Liuset skinner saa fage
Ofver dybeste Vand, langt bort alt mørket at jage,
***T**itan* icke det er med sin' opvartere Liuse:
Natten ej fanen bær, sig *Ades*[102] lader ej kiuse.
Mose fremdrager her den førrige Mestere giefve,
Som Materien der hår skabt i Luften at svefve,
Den Treenige Gud, som hand før *Elohim* kalder
Raaber hand endnu ud, at ham den ære tilfalder,
Liuset at hand hår giord, som selfver Liuset mon være,
Ved sit væsentlig Ord, sin Søn vor Frelsere kiere.
Gud da sagde: bliif Lius, sig packe Natten hin sorte,
Dag begynder at gryes, saa brydis Mørckhedens Porte.
Strax brød Klarheden ud, gaf Lius i Vinkeler alle.
Al Naturen imod, for Liuset Mørket mæe falde:
Thi Guds kraftiger Ord er jdel Væsen oc Gierning,
Aldrig paa Tafel-bord saa svindig rinder den Terning,
Guds Ord ere jo før til Verck oc Gierninger giorde
Læben hand icke rør, før jo fuldbiurdis hans Orde.
Tænke her alle paa Fornuftens Sclaver oc Trælle,
Lade sig Guds Ord staa, det ej naturlig udtrælle.
Gud hand blifver vel Gud, hans Ord de blifve vel sande
Naar Fornuften gaaer ud, oc Liif ej hafver, ej Aande.
Billigen mand nu spør, hvad Liuset skulde vel være,

Som Gud skaber oc giør, ved Sønnen Klarhedens Herre?

Moses setter da her, det Lius i Dagene trende,
Førend Soolen saa skær blef skabt, ret Liuset at tænde,
Førend Soolen saa klar, som Verdens Øje mon være,
Med Planeternes Skar' oc Maan' oc Stiernerne Skære,

[102] Hades, the Greek god of death.

Nogen Tiid blef udkast, oc virkt paa Himmlen den reene,
Verden at liuse fast, som blankest' ædele Steene.
Er da Datteren før, end Moderen monne fremskriide,
Sligt mand neppelig hør, det Naturkyndig' ej viide.
Vi her skulle forstaa', om Liuset dømme, som førre
Om Materien raa, Gud vilde Verden af giøre.
Ligesom Moses der det monne Jorderig næfne,
Som ej Jorderig er, men Sæd oc Jorderigs efne;
Vi oc skulle forstaa, ved Lius, Guds første Dag giorde,
Den Materi raa, hvoraf der skulde Lius vorde,
Hvilken Skaberen god der efter Dagen den fierde
Kostelig mestred' ud, oc ret fuld Klarhed forærde,
Ja uddelede der slig Sæd stafered til alle
Skinnende Legemer, som ham bedst kunde befalde.
Soolen gaaer for i Dants, bær Lycte for Stierner end alle,
Gifver oc Maanen glants, de hende frue maae kalde.
Liunild oc anden Ild, oc ædle skinnende Steene,
Stierne hver blank oc mild, Planeter Liuse samt reene,
Som vi viidere faaer paa fierde Dagen at høre,
Hvor den HErre formaaer sit Lius ofver Verden at føre.
Skulle vi midler tiid os det om Liuset indbilde,
Som Lius-Mesteren bliid den første Morgen bestilte,
Søndag oc Mandag tiids oc Tiisdag siden til qvelde,
Liuste Materien hviid før Dagen vilde sig helde.
Vi her lade det staae vill' ej paa svellende Dybe
Men slaa Seglene fra, oc inden Skærene krybe.
U-ransagelig Ting os icke gafner at forske,
Job gaaer saadant omkring, men sligt randsage de dorske.
Vi behøfver ej meer, end at vi skue med Ære
Ja med Under vi seer, Gud ypperste Mester at være.
Efter Liuset oc Ild tør hand i Flinten ej leede,
Liuset er vel bestild, foruden Lampen hin feede.
Soolen maa' undergaa', oc Maanen qvelder oc falder,
Liuset maae for ham staae, naar hand ret vinker oc kalder,
Slig en ærefuld Gud vi maae bekiende med Ære,
Ind vi kommer oc ud, vi fryct for hannem maae bære.
Kryber du skønt i vraa, du stiel, du booler oc røfver,
Du for hannem maa staae, du ej hans Øjen undløber.

v. 4. Oc Gud saa, at Liuset var godt.

Kostelig Roos oc Lof fick Kronen i Salomons Tiide,
Som til zierlig behof, i Templen liuste saa viide:
Skickelsen deilig var, men længer Liuset ej vared,
Præsternis Oliekar der til blef aldrig u-spared.
Evige Gud, hvad Roos, vil Dagens Klarhed fortiene,
Baade som fra oc hoos skin ofver guldet det reene,
Hører oc aldrig op, men Liuset dejlig oc klare,

Ofverskin Dal oc Top, saa længe Verden skal vare.
Skulde det vær' ej got, som Godhed selfver mon giøre,
Være foruden Spot, hves Viisdommen self mon udføre;
Got var Liuset dernest, for egen Skickels' hin klare,
Klarhed er altid bæst, oc liigest Englenis Skare.
Liuset end siges got, for sin udretninger goode,
Verdens deilige Slot, for dig u-siunlig her stoode:
Verdens underlig Ting, af hvilke Skaberen kændis,
Ginge du vel omkring, om Liuset aldrig optændis.
Liuset er allerbæst, for det af Skaberen priisis,
Som veed oc allermeest, hvad meest skal ære beviisis;
Hvad nu Skønhed self, saa højt mon rose med Ære,
Acter mand saare vel, det kand ei skønnere være.
Lifliger Øjentrøst, ô Sandheds skønneste Moder,
Phosphori[103] søøde Røst, oc nærmest' Englenis Broder,
Præctig *Darii*[104] Sool, oc du *Sysigambis* (?) saa herlig,
Træder du nu af Stooel, du Qvinde tuctig oc ærlig:
Deilige Gudernis Brud, oc HErrens Daatter den første?
Hvo kand rose dig ud, ô Lius, ô Klarheden største?
Lære vi derfor her Guds stoore Godhed at kænde,
Hvor høj-naadig hand er, oc hielperig uden al ende.
Thi at liuset er got, den Seendis aldrig kand necte,
Vilde skønt Zebaoth,[105] for Liuset aldrig end fecte.
Salomon giør det sødt, oc priis det lifligt at være,
Oc udi Øjet blødt som Siunets synderligst' Ære.
Lycten i Mørken vraa med Oli aldrig anstucken
Dig kand stødendis slaa, om du skønt ick' end er drucken:
Ligesaa Øjet dit, foruden Liuset det klare
Er for Veggen U-friit, oc heele Kroppen i Fare.
Øjet Legemet tien, for Lyct' oc ledsagere bæste:
Liuset Øjet igien, den samme Tieneste maa læste.
Liuset vor Fører' er, os ofver Stocken at bringe,
Fødderne Liuset lær ofver Becken farlig at springe,
Vild' os ellers ret vist, vor Vandring meget fortryde,
Kund' oc foruden fris, baad' Hals oc Beenene bryde.
Det ret lærde med Suk, de Sodomitiske Fegge,
Løbende blinde-buk til Lothis Stolper oc Vegge.
Blindmanden det kundgiør, som steds' i mørket maae trefve,
Fanger dig det udfør, som uden Soolen maae lefve,
Spør Ægyptier til, de skulde saadant berette,
Som det jammerlig spil ret aldrig skulle forgiette:
Liige den samme Nød vild' os oc kommet i Haande,

[103] Phosphorus – literally "the portal of light."

[104] King of Persia (522-486 BC).

[105] Hebrew for "multitudes," a term used when adressing or talking about God, i.e. the God og "multitudes."

Om Gud aldrig udbrød med lius oc Dagen i Lande.
Skulle vi derfor nu vor Morgenstierne strax priise,
Oc af inderste Hu vor Liußmester Ære beviise,
Naar vi Morgenen froo, see Dag paa Vinduer bryde,
Skulle vi uden roo, de vacte-Lerke adlyde,
Oc med Hiertenes Bøn højt ofver Himlene svinge,
Siungende Lofsang skøn, som vel for HErren kand klinge,
Som dref Mørkheden bort, med dends Gespenster oc Drømme,
Oc lod dag skæret kort os Soolens Ansict indrømme:
Bedende, vi den Dag maae vel fordrifv' oc fortære,
Efter vor Guds Behag, oc til hans Herligheds ære.
Drifve vi dette Verk, som Liusene vel monne egne
Skal vor Dag-HErre stærck vor Hænders Gierning velsigne;
Naar vi skulle nu kort tilluck' her Øjet med alle,
Os hand hente vil bort til Liusens Riige henkalde.
Giøre vi her imod oc ilde Liuset andvende,
Mod vor Skabere good, med kort oc dobbel i Hænde,
Eller med suus oc duus, svig, Vold, lætferdige Sæder,
Oc med Kande, med Kruus, med sværen Banden oc Æder.
Ere vi redlig værd' at Gud skal Øjet udsticke,
Oc all ynkelig færd' i Mørket ævig tildricke.
Ligesom oc vor Gud ref os af Mørkhedens Snare,
Os hand frelste saa ud af Syndsens Grumhed oc Fare.
Vi som vare før mørk, oc Satans fattige fanger,
Træfvet i Dødsens Drek, oc leed stoor Marter oc Anger,
Vi nu kaldis et Lius, i Christo, Jesu vor HErre,
Frii fra Satans u-tys oc Mørkheds onde besvære.
Thi vi skulle med Fliid, betænk at Natten er gangen,
Vandr' i Dagen saa bliid som er saa herlig oplangen,
Icke den Vgle graa samt Flagermuusen paa slecte,
Som i dystere vraa, Ja, heldst i Mørket vil fecte.
Haf Soolsicken i act, som efter Soolen sig skicker
Aabner sit Blad, med Pract, naar den saa varmelig sticker
Christus være vor Sool, vort Lius, Geleitsmand oc Fører
Til sin Herligheds Stool, saa os ej Mørket berører.
Oc Gud giorde Skilsmis imellem Mørket oc Liuset.
Den alvidende Gud oc Ordens præctige HErre,
Al U-orden imod, hand saa' at være paa ferre
En u-endelig Striid, imellem Mørkhedens Skare,
Oc (u-hændelig Spliid) imellem Liuset det klare
Disse Fiender stærck' ah! hafde været til møde
Drefvet et selsomt Verk, oc heele Verden lagt øde;
Deres Orden blef splidt oc Krigsfolk menget tilhaabe
Ingen blef anden qvit, før de laa falden i Grobe.
Liuset blef Mørkheds Mand oc mørket Liuset udslucte,
Ingen da saae sin Haand, naar hver sit Herreverk brugte,

Blefve paa ny igien et *Chaos*, mangen at kiuse,
Aldrig fik Verden Skin, oc skint' ej Dagen hin liuse,
Mod slig underlig Chor, mon Ordens HErren fremriide,
Setter en Pind derfor, kan slig u-orden ej liide,
Skicker oc hvert sit Maal, hvor viidt hver skulle sig strecke,
Ved den ringeste naal kand der ofver ej trecke.
Gandske Jorderig viid hand dem til Grentser mon sette,
Forekommer saa Striid oc dermed demper al trette.
Lius Dag-HErren saa skær hand ofver Jorden regierer,
Mørk Nat-HErren oc er, hand under ej mindre hofverer.
Skifte saa gaard paa ny, naar Dag sig packer af Lande,
Rider strax Nat i ny, med sorten Fanen i Haande.
Ved slig Orden oc Skik, skal det til Dommedag vare,
Lige til Punct oc Prik med Sommer oc Vinter hin svare.
Vi saa kunde forstaa' hvad Skilsmis Mose her meener,
Gud fandt mesterlig paa, oc Nat med Dagen foreener.
Allerviiseste Gud, du est i Gierninger præctig,
Victigt er hvert dit Bud, oc al din Idret er mæctig.
Kunde din Hierte-mand, af Nat oc Dagenes skifter,
Kænde din Ærestand, at du sligt drabelig stifter,
Ville vi oc med ham, for samme Gierning dig ære,
Os see viidere frem, hvad Titel de monne her bære.

v.3. Oc Gud kallede Liuset Dag, oc Mørket kallede hand Nat

Adam den første Mand, af Jorden røder oc ringe
Kaldte den Skaber sand, lood ham slig Naade gelinge,
At hand kændte sin Bruud, gaf hende Nafnet med Ære,
Hevah den Jomfru pruud det Nafn Lif-lille mon være,
Gaf oc Diurene Nafn, som dem best kunde beqvemme
Fugl oc Krage med Rafn: de ocsaa lyde hans Stemme.
Men før Adam blef Tolk, self Kongen Nafnen' udbytte,
Til stor Ære sit Folk oc Vndersatternes nytte,
Liuset kalder hand her, den Dag hin blanke, den skære,
Af undretning det skeer, thi Dagen skulde Lius være.
Mørket nefner hand Nat, thi naar som Natten mon komme
Hafver hand Mørket sat, som David siunger den Fromme,
Om oc Guds Creatuur, de skulle Nafnløse forblifve,
Tungen ej kunde vor sit Embed nogenlunde drifve;
Næfn Land eller næfn Vand, om du det ickc før vidste
Qvinde næfn eller Mand, oc næfn skriin eller næfn kiiste,
Peder ej Peder er, oc Hans ej kunde Hans være,
Var Nafn icke for hver, hvoraf vi kunde det lære:
Natten ej Natten var, om Nafnet icke var gifvet,
Dagen ej Dagen klar, oc Lifvet icke var Lifvet.
Heraf kunde vi see, hvad nytte Nafnet medfører,
Oc ej ellers kand skee, at Tungen gafnlig sig rører.
At slig Vexel oc Skift, med Lius oc Mørket at drifve.

Siger den hellig Skrift, nu, første dagen at blifve.

Oc der blef Aften, oc der blef Morgen een (eller første) Dag

Aftenen næfnis først, som gik for Liuset det klare,
Oc med Mørkheden størst al Natten maatte først vær.
Dagen her talis om, den skal natuurligen actis,
For en Døgen saa rom, hvormed oc Natten betractis.
Meningen er da saa; der første Natten forfaret,
Da kom Dagen oppaa, oc indtil Aftenen vared:
Tiden oc samme Stund, fra Aften til Aften at falde,
Træder frem Sandheds Mund, det første Dagen at kalde.
O du Skabere viis, du Nat oc Dagenes HErre,
Mørk samt Liuset dig priis, for dig sig bøje med ære,
Natten ej træder fra, før den dig fødder maa kysse,
Dagen gaaer icke paa, den maae jo Skaberen grysse.
Hesperus[106] med sin Hær sig først begifver ud viide.
Der hand siden paa qver maae klaren *Lucifer* biide,
Jagten hand der beseer, som en stormæctige HErre,
Tiden dermed fortær, som den ej kunde til være.
Løfven af Kulden gaaer, den stærke Diurenis HErre,
Biørnen af Hul udfar, hand bruger Labben end verre,
Ulfven af Skou oc Klyft, saa fyrig kommer at springe,
Ræfven af Krat oc Gryft, hand priiser Fooden ej ringe.
Saadane, her oc der, for Jægere noksom passere,
Svermende strengt en hver ofvr Bjerg oc Dale grassere.
Hver sit bedste da giør men Natten rinder oc vinder,
Hver sit bytte hiemfør, oc hver sin Spiise da finder:
Saa faar Skaberen Lof, som skabte Natten hin mørke,
Diurene til behof, de Lemmer hungrig' at styrcke.
Uglen, om Dagen bliid, for Kragen icke kand blifve,
Mørket oc Nattetiid, da hende Føden maae gifve.
Soolen i Middags Stund, kand Aftenbacken ej liide,
Strax Dag ganger paa Grund, om Næring vanker hun viide.
Er dog Natten alleen, ej Diur saa blefven til gode,
Men, som huldeste Ven, end oc gaaer Folket til Foode,
Dagen os matter ud, veed os med Trældom at spæge,
Natten er Dokter good, de trette Lemmcr at læge.
Natten vor Omhu stoor, (naar Hofved stickis i Puden)
Sticker i Graf oc Jord, vi Sorgen sofve foruden:
Mangen gaar krank i Seng, ham Natten siden *curerer*,
Mangen i hø oc eng, sin Kraft om Natten formeerer.
Dug oc leddige Disk, som Dagen decker oc breder,
Natten med Sild oc Fisk, saa herlig pryder oc Klæder.
Kortvil oc tiids fordriif, hvorpaa mand meget spenderer,

[106] Hesperos, according to Greek mythology, son of Eos and brother of Atlas, disappeared from the world of mortals, and it was believed that he had been transformed into the star which shines the brightest at the onset of night: The evening star.

Dig til Natten begiif, med Søfn hun Tiiden fortærer.
Duggen om Natte Tiid, bedst Luft oc Marken forlesker,
Dagen saa heed oc bliid, tilforne krenker oc qvetsker.
O du ædele Nat (ô Nattens Skabere kiere)
Nyttelig est du sat, skøn mon din Virkelse være.
Vare du icke til, ret Usle skulde vi skriide,
Dagen, med eget Spil, gaf ej at brænde, samt biide.
Men som Vinteren tær, hves Somren alleene beskærer;
Natten saa gifver hver, hves siden Dagen fortærer,
Være sig Græs oc eng, Korn oc Fruct, oc være sig kierne
Være sig Roo i Seng, oc være sig Hviilen i hierne,
Natten det bytter ud sin viise Skaber til Ære,
Natten er derfor good, som Dagen sagdis at være.
Begge bør liige Priis, de begg' oc ære fortiene,
Dog mest Skaberen viis, Gud, Sønnen oc hellig Aand reene.
Vocte sig derfor hver, hand ej Guds Orden forskeerer,
Oc med Svermen oc blær, den nattelig Hvjle, fortærer,
Ja med dobbel oc Drik, den søde Natte-Søfn bryder,
Samt med Balgen oc Stick, som Løfven, Skraaler oc Skryder:
Oc saa Dagen imod, som Sviin, til Middag, hensofver,
Intet nyttig oc good, til det, mand priiser oc lofver.
Slig *Cyclopiske* Viis, oc *Epicuriske* Lefnet,
Gifver en skiden Priis, oc Lønnis med idel U-trefned.
Derfor hver, Dagen bliid, med Arbeid oc Møde, fortære,
Oc af yderste Fliid, med Gud oc Æren, sig nære.
Natten sof sødelig, gif HErren alting at raade,
Hannem befal du dig, saa lefver du Christelig Maade.
Hermed hafve vi da, bract første Dagen til ende,
Gud regiere os saa, vi ret hans Godhed maae kænde.

English Translation

The first day of the first week
May be called

Ætiologia & Photologia Mosaica
or
The creation of the first substance and light.

History of the Genesis, Chapters 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth
And the Earth was barren and empty, and there was darkness over the abyss; and God's Spirit oscillated over the waters.
And God said: let there be light, and there was light.
And God saw that the light was good, and separated light from darkness.
And God called the light day and the darkness night. The night fell and dawn broke, and the first day arrived.

Contents

How many articles (of the faith) should children learn and cherish?

We will now present eight articles
That we should all remember.
First the Creator with glory and honor.
Then what his substance may contain.
Next, how he thoughtfully
Created time.
Finally, we will describe
The elements as they were given.
It happened like this:
The earth was barren and empty,
Darkness reigned over the abyss,
And God's Spirit floated over the waters
Like a bird on its wings.
Light came suddenly,
Light extenuated the darkest night.
The light was lovely,
The light was concise,
Separated from darkness, and named by God,
Then the first day came to an end.
A token of the name of God, Jesus
In Praise of the Creator,
As it was accomplished for your welfare.

Helper, oh! Help me praise God, the almighty,
God, the munificent Creator and wise Lord.

Celestial Prince, the powerful and holy multitude of Angels
Begins to praise your creation; Sing, bright Moon!
Radiant celestial dwelling adorned with many bright stars,
The planet's crescent light placed upon high.
Rise up! Praise the great Master: Rise up, tremendous elements!
Fire, air, water and earth, praise the glorious Creator!
Majestic mountain tops and abysmal valleys below,
Upright cedars; trees of dripping abundance: Rise up!
Tame animals and wild beasts on the earth and in the waters,
What exists in fire, in air with a living spirit;
Everyone in its own voice, sing out, praise the Creator,
Happily praise in song and verse
Men of royal blood; multitude of potent princes,
Earthly judges, God's representatives,
Every common man, woman, youngster and maiden,
Every townsman and farmer, every poor man and rich,
Oh Savior, help every mouth, heart and tongue,
Dear Creator, to sing your holy verse!
The praised Queen of Sheeba visited Solomon with pomp and grandeur,
She, the highest of Sheeba, sought a higher wisdom,
And when the Queen came, she listened to the King's sound judgment,
Enquired and perused the magnificence of his abode,
Examined his rich table and customs.
When she had seen his servants' quarters and clothing
She almost fainted, and almost fell to the ground,
Overcome by such opulence and royal supplies.
Blessed, she said, are your servants
Who in such manner display your royal wealth and glory.
Dearest friend in Christ, what is the value of King Solomon's house?
Is it worthy of written praise, when compared with the construction of heaven?
Or can his table compare with the (divine) Household
Which provide food and drink to the entire world?
The green lily of the valley is more magnificent,
The beautiful garden rose deserves far greated praise,
The bee in trunk and tree more artfully shapes his cake,
Than King Solomon's cook (bakes) in his oven.
The bee-king is not great; however, he has many servants,
Who wait at his table, but do not forsake the cake,
He eats many sweets, but never depletes the dew.
He treats the swains mildly, and gives them similar clothes.
Therefore, what explains this lord's actions
Must however soon fall to the ground, weak,
And sincerely ask where is the Master and Lord
Who created all these things? What is his title?
Not Solomon, who indeed deserves praise among all wise men,
And Crœsus is not worthy of such praise.

(When) the Angel did not exist, (he) could not create himself,
And much less give birth to such a play.
God's man and friend, Moses, esteemed scribe,
With a golden (slate) pen, may have called him *Elohim*
Elohim was the name of the One who existed from time immemorial,
God, the eternal benefactor, God, the eternally venerable,
Whose immeasurable might and endless wisdom,
Whose unfathomable magnificence manifest themselves,
As the Apostle explained to the Romans and everyone:
His invisible presence can be seen in the kingdom of living things.
Yes, the prophets ask us to look upwards,
The silent heavens announce his unwavering force.
The grass is not insignificant, the grasshopper is not of lesser value,
The Creator points to it: it springs from the Creator.
Moses introduced us to the almighty Lord
Whom we respectfully call God our Father,
Who created earth and heaven, and upon whom we call in trust.
Whose regiment and power encompass us all.
Therefore we ought to recognize
That the Creator is one, like God is one and omnipotent.
The Creator is graceful; and God is true Creator,
He is Father and Son, and both are Holy Spirit.
The Father created all things by his beloved Son,
And the power of the Holy Spirit gives life and nurishes it.
Moses teaches it well, in his Hebrew speech,
In which he rightly describes the Trinity.
Divinities, he says, created heaven and earth.
This must be understood thus: One God became Creator,
However, God is a threesome person,
Against nature, albeit it is his own creation.
Let all people listen to what he says:
Now is the time of creation, now let us make Man.
However, (God of) Multiplicity does not create Man instantly,
But he justly gives a name to the (Divine) Persons:
The Father he names God; the Son is called his significant Word.
He also names God's Spirit, who animates heaven and earth.
David, too, righteously glorifies—with a harmonious voice
That one should not hold in contempt or forget—
Heaven with God's word, and (glorifies) the material Spirit with his mouth.
Along with His great multitude of created beings we stand in awe.
Does not the eagle fly high in the Apostolical flock?
Nevertheless, he dares not belong to another wisdom.
The student of Paradis will discover high and celestial things,
But he will not always see it in the Epistles.
We agree and thank our dear Creator:
He went far beyond the teaching of the Manicheans,

Who, with a seductive voice, wanted to split in two God's existence:
One shameful and evil, the other good.
Beautiful and blissful was the work of the Benign God,
Whereas the Wicked God, they believed, was the creator of all evil.
But No! such contempt is inconceivable arrogance;
The Wicked as well as the Good has been issued by One Lord alone:
He created light and darkness: He gives peace and takes it away.
The Wicked cannot create neither Jews nor fierce Turks,
The Devil is evil—be that as it may—
In the beginning he, too, was created good by our Lord.
We shall turn from Turks and Jews, from those who did not recognize the Son,
And from all heretics,
And solicit the consolation of the Creator, the foundation of our house.
Beware of the Moisaic voice.

Heaven and earth

Eternal God, what does it take to make such a construction,
A construction, strong and beautiful, floating beneath and above us.
Solomon cut down the cedars of Lebanon,
Let the flood come, and sailed on it to the East Indies,
Where Hiram consulted him about wood and a master builder,
So that he could construct a temple for the Lord.[107]
If we need turf and stone to build farmsteads and barns,
If we need timber and branches to make a herdsman's cottage,
How then can we imagine what it takes to create a whole world?
Or determine where it should be created?
Its substance is called heaven and earth.
However, the material from which the world has been created remains a mystery:
Is the earth made of earth, and heaven of heaven?
From what was the first earth made? From where did the heavens appear?
Were not the heavens and the earth created on the second and third day?
Where, then, was God's word? And what became of the writer?
We now should try to understand what Moses called "heaven"
Before we procede, so that we do not stumble on our way.
Moses wanted to name (the) heaven(s) and earth the first day,
Because, from the lowest part to the hemispherical roof there should be a good distance.
All the substance may have been needed in the construction.
God prepared it first with his hand, and did not want to linger.
Moses speaks about God as Master of the House, as the Omniscient,
Who reaches out his hand whenever He creates.
He poses chalk and stone, cross-beams and props,
With clean hands, and will not show conceit afterwards.

[107] Hiram (: Huram) (r. 969-936 BC)—Phœnician king—maintained friendly relations with king Solomon, and supplied the material necessary to the construction of the Temple in Jerusalem. Solomon and Hiram had joint trade missions in both the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

Such substance, when it is beautifully arranged on earth,
Man finds attractive, and describes it in articulate words:
Look! Here lies His house (yet the house is not ready)!
Praise him widely and glorify him, and look not for building material!
Moses did the same, he named heaven and earth,
In his Holy Tongue that was yet to be,
Because he said clearly, that the earth was not yet complete,
But barren and empty, in fact unshapely and unworthy:
There was no water, no fire, no Purgatory;
There was no land, and no winds:
The substance of heaven and earth had not yet been organized!
Immense vapors, turmoil and useful delight,
The Magus says about the first substance
That it was raw, brimming with invisible greatness.
Further we ask, how did the world's Creator
Find material worthy for his creation?
Was Democritus here, he would surely teach us why.[108]
While we speak, take a look! The particles of the sun,
Certainly, they weld the creation together
According to Democrite's law.
You praise them, but have you tried to imagine them fully?
Nobody will believe your theory: how can I understand such folly?
I query from whence these sun particles flow,
Do they arrive on their own account and contribute to the sun?
If you do not exist, you cannot cast a shadow.
The cuckoo bird enjoys his game, but you are taught restraint from the craddle.
Moses for certain tells us from where the supplies come,
Listen to him, and he will teach us.

The creation

God almighty, whom the world (in its folly) wants to vanquish,
With invincible command has the power to create from nothing.
When a thing has been created, it has been formed by nothingness,
Quickly, as if sprung from nothing similar.
Æolus, who rules and fuels the winds, did not exist;
Mulciber, consumed by fire, lost his game,
Even Neptune, who rules streams and water, was weak.
And the bold Summanus, to whom the poet attributes the earth.
There was no hardness or softness, no beauty or deformity;
Nothing acid, nothing sweet, neither thin nor thick;
Neither warmth nor coldness to be found;

[108] Democritos (c. 455 - 370 BC): Greek philosopher born in Thrace. He was widely traveled, and had learned from his teacher, Leucippus, that everything is made of tiny particles. Refining and elaborating Leucippus' ideas, Democritos developed an atomic theory, proposing that the universe is composed of two indivisible elements—matter and non-matter, more precisely the *atom* and the *void*. An infinite number of eternal and uncaused atoms differing from each other only in shape, arrangement, and magnitude, move through infintite space (*Britannica* 2000). Du Bartas refers to this philosopher as the «resveur,» i.e. a dreamer. Arrebo seems to share Du Bartas's opinion, and has little esteem for the theory which he describes as «Daarskab,» i.e. folly.

No water or earth, nothing without, nothing within.
We therefore attribute to our Creator the honor
Of this creation; and carry palm branches in our hands.
For when the master Builder prepares his house
He carefully assures himself that he has the material ready at hand,
That the scales are right and the stones have been cut from the mountain.
With his sleigh, he fetches his timber and tools from the woods;
And soft limestone from the kiln;
Red bricks from the brickwork.
For the rest, it is like the learned *Physici* claim:
When Man gets a piece of nothingness he can make nothing,
Whereas the Great Master, the Creator of the World, the Maker
Needs only a word to make the material converge,
Finds chalk and stone where they were never found before,
Discovers trees and branches and other supplies,
Discovers land and water with the power of His tongue.
Creates Man and Woman, perfect down to the little finger,
Between the abyss of the universe I will not try to look for the same.
The moon and the sun were instantly ready at the command of the Lord,
The created earth and the heavenly multitudes, everything,
Merely require a word to suddenly come into existence.
The things that a royal pen acclaimed;
The Tarser does not forget.
Just as He made the foundation from nothing,
He also deposited the foundation on unoccupied nothingness,
The earth does not repose on stone, pillars and beams,
Nor on fragile reeds or stems,
But on mild air. Without a single chain the globe
Hangs easily! Who can understand these things?
The air cannot carry the leaf as it falls from its twig,
And under the sand of this world the same air cannot dissolve!
Sisyphus, son of Æolus, could move the stone,
But the thinnest air without effort carries the entire world.
Oh almighty God how great are your achievements!
Your every command upon high beckons to us on earth,
So that every husband and every human builder
With conviction exclaim: The work of God is wonderful,
It is miraculous! Glory to God almighty
Who created such things, he is a true artist.
If only we believe firmly and in our hearts agree,
Never an empty chest of drawers or a depleted kitchen
Nor anything in the world could torment us,
And impending death could not chase us from the land,
We would seek out our Brother in his inexhaustible kitchen,
Confide in our sweet Lord, tell him of our misery and anguish.
Your powerful hand created the heavens from nothing,

You—honorable Man of the Rock—made water stream by clapping your hands,
You had oil dripping from where there was none.
Should we then ask for bread and not find it?
Can anyone remain in the grave forever?
God our Lord may with only a word call us:
We hasten on, and rightfully learn,
That when all is done, we cannot chose the moment.

In the beginning

Moses steps out before us to lead us towards truth.
He recounts without mistake what happened in the beginning.
In the beginning, time was not to be understood,
Time, born of eternity, exists eternally,
Eternal time cannot be measured accurately,
It surpasses our intelligence and cannot be fully discerned.
God, the Eternal, has existed from eternity,
Father, Son, and honorable Holy Spirit
Remain eternal, without termination or boundary,
Residing in themselves (in a place) where age cannot reach them.
The beginning is the beginning of everything,
For our dear Creator, with divine authority, the greatest,
created the noble foundation of heaven and earth from nothing,
As well as Man, whom he taught about His power.
In the beginning, before time, Man did not exist,
God was alone, however, honored and glorified
Because the multitude of angels and saints
Long before their creation, already existed, and clearly stood before him:
Time for us is continuance, because God is eternal eternity,
Eternity is span, and time volatile.
We should never let ourselves be disappointed by Aristotle's school,
Let us rather transcend the stinking hole of reason,
Nobody believes what Aristotle taught,
When he offers his worthless merchandise, and describes the eternal world,
Saying that it could not be possible for God to exist completely alone,
To exist for no one, articulate, nothing effective,
He would surely say that for God there was nothing to do,
As the world did not exist, in which his authority could command,
Finally, he admitted: Truly, the world must be eternal
That I will not deny, that such is pagan teaching,
Christians must disapprove of the pagan discourse of the pagans,
They must contemplate and advance their opinion.
Whether a shipowner can live without his ships
Or whether a lumberjack can idly roam,
Does not a smith have the possibility to delay his work?
Yet does his hand deliberately repose?
How then could God, a God without a world, not exist?
Get out, leave! We should not confront Divine Authority with such nonsense.

Scipio wrote lucidly and honorably,
He was alone when he most needed to.
Why then shouldn't God in his solitude be able to do great things?
God, the Omnipotent, who does everything according to his own will?
Bias, chased from the gold and silver of his ancestors' city
Said happily that he had lost nothing,
His carried his fortune with him, he still possessed his treasure:
Wisdom and art were his treasures.
God can produce whatever he likes, and possess whatever he desires.
He does not covet this world's vanity.
If you in your folly ask:
What was God's purpose, what eternal task lay ahead?
Augustin argue that he created Hell
For those who, against His will, embraced senselessness.
Is He, then, like an acrobat without riches and honor?
In whose eternal bosom lies hidden the true treasure?
He is the fountain of wisdom and the running stream of honor.
Who dares think lowly of the foundation of power?
He works divine forces,
He can and will use his tongue to create the world,
With his beloved Son and Holy Spirit,
As concealed remuneration in his eternal realm.
Without mother or past, without commencement,
The benevolent Father begat the One who makes every man rich,
The Son, his Father's illumination,
As we are taught by the Holy Spirit, an accomplishment *from* and *of* eternity.
The Scriptures say that he was of an eternal mind,
He went out into the world from his hidden peaks,
And with his potent hand, after the conception of the world,
He created the first man and gave him the world to command;
And in his wisdom, too, gave Adam his hue,
And eternally pondered how he should inherit heaven,
And in Christ, long before he made the world's foundation,
He chose Adam's sex, as pleased his Excellency.
How, then, can you pretend that God had no purpose?
Before the creation of the world? You poet try to make sense of it all.
If you examine closely your Creator,
You will easily discover his never-ending task,
And acknowledge that the eternal God is endless to the eye,
Whether you look high or low into the abysmal universe.
What is un-created and empty in company with nothingness for Man,
For Him the Eternal is created,
Adam, the first man, in the mind of the Lord of Eternity,
Cannot exist before the last man, still unborn.
We therefore must conclude that eveything which has been created in time
Must stand before God, who has existed from infinity.

Still, there will be people who ask:
Why did God take six days to create the world?
Why could he not conveniently have created it all at once?
Be it small or big, we need not think long.
No Christian dares doubt God's endless might,
Had he only said: Come forth without repose,
It would have happened as soon as he had spoken,
For what could have hindered the accomplishment of God's will?
Did you mean, curious Man, that God was a builder
Who exhausted from his work must be carried home at the end of the day?
The legend says that a task will be well performed
If only God touches the fingers of the builder.
When the sun shines in the garden the soil yields a good crop,
It calls the budding rose to bloom, without effort or toil.
Should the glorious sun then fade from servitude?
Should the seat of power, be described as powerless?
Or did you mean that He needs a measuring rod or a mould
(And use them) when He creates?
But no! He can create without toil and effort,
The skill, for him, is to create without disturbance.
In this way the wise God does manifest himself,
He never hurries, but with experienced hands
Performs his tasks and makes us remember and learn
That we must guard and honor his creation,
When we see it partially, one piece of art after the other,
When we laugh and reach our hand towards the Artist,
He (in turn) will recognize our six-day task
Teach us good manners and not let us be idle.
He will also lead us to remembrance,
So that we perform our tasks thoughtfully and with discernment.
Do not ask incessantly how long a good deed takes,
But rather how worthy it is, how skillfully and well done.
If Neptune in haste seeks the deepest part of the sea,
Stay on land, you can only passably break the waves.
No one has yet reached the bottom of the master-fountain of wisdom,
However, many have been shipwrecked trying.
Do not venture close to the gorge where the blind rock will greet you,
Against the treacherous reef your boat will be splintered,
Sail on God's Word, hire God's Spirit as shipmaster,
Then you cannot sail astray and you will always find harbor.
Now we will procede with the description of the first creation,
And with a humble mind interpret Moses and his slate.

2. And the earth was barren and empty

We will speak about earth, and describe it reasonably.
The earth was barren and empty, without shape and abode,
Without adornment and art, its substance yet not refined,

Without light: coarse, dark and unpretentious,
Without beech, oak and other trees,
Without people, without herds: every nook was empty.
The bottom and the top of an indeterminate creation,
Everything down to the smallest strand of hair strewn over the rocks.
He was speaking now, in the grim darkness,
Over the great waters, and over the vast abyss,
And God's light, that same day, was pondered,
Chased darkness away and let the world emerge.
Not (associated with heretics) a grim satanic multitude.
By the abyss one cannot fathom Hell,
Only deep waters and floating land,
The task resided where the abyss revealed its emptiness,
The day was covered in black, and the red sun had dissappeared.

And God's Spirit oscillated over the waters

Moses steps out and wants to teach us,
The action of the Spirit, in honor of the raw material.
The substance and the ore, and the world's first figure,
Hidden in dark suffocating vapor, in the great infecundity,
Stimulated by the power of God's Spirit, warmed and excited,
It gave strength and fluidity, and encouraged growth.
Like a warm hen who lays her eggs
And cares for them under her breast and broods over them;
The earth, too, warmed by the sun, receptive, conceives.
The earth, stimulated by the God's Spirit, was impregnated
And abundantly provided both herbs and crops;
And solid metals, (both) shining silver and red gold:
The gleaming diamond, the most precious stones,
Copper, pewter, and spotless brass.
The same powerful Spirit of God, His effective hand,
Can not be explained using the elements and climatic emanations.
Neither can (we explain) the compassionate Holy Spirit, the third person of the Divinity,
Who spread out and animated the dormant mould.
Father and Son in this way lent assistance
To nature from the exterior.
No other spirit had until then existed or been created.
No one but the eternal Lord mastered the art (of creation).
Let this now be considered done with, and let us move on to explain
How light came to be, the wonderous Phœbus.

3. And God said: let there be light, and there was light.

The creation does not measure up when the eye is deficient.
If the image was forged in steel, it could please no one.
Miserable whoever sits in a dark house,
Without a shimmer of light, without the brightness of day.

Miserable whoever sits in the darkness of the abyss,
Who, like worms, crawl around one another's neck.
Therefore, after the creation of the new substance,
In the darkness, and in the free light,
As the morning broke, Apollo, Lord of brightness,
Sat peacefully, distributing light and day for our delight
Upon earth until evening.
Until God our Lord himself ended the first day.
One may ask who is this commanding God
Who procedes so purposefully and bids darkness
To leave the land and lets the sun shine so instantly,
Who chases darkness over the deep waters, far away?
It is certainly not Titan and his servants:
The night has no banner and Hades will not be enticed,
Moses points to the first great master
Who created the floating substance,
God of Trinity, whom he earlier had called Elohim,
All glory he gives to Him
For having made light, He who is himself light.
With His significant word, his Son, our dear Savior.
God said: Let there be light, let the black night recede.
Then dawn broke and the gateway of darkness was shattered.
Immediately, every nook and cranny was illuminated.
Against (its inherent) nature, darkness ceded for light,
Because God's powerful word is sheer substance and achievement.
Before the die is cast on the table,
God's word was already at work and created action.
His lips haven't moved; yet his word has already been fulfilled.
Think about the thralls of reason,
Let the word of God stand, it is not naturally confining.
God remains God, and his word remains truth.
When reason expires, when it has no more vitality or spirit,
Justifiably Man asks what light really is,
Created by God with his Son, the Lord of Luminosity?
Moses places the (creation of) light to the third day.
Before creating the bright sun, He made light,
Before the sun, which was to be the eye of the world,
The multitude of planets, the moon and the stars,
For some time were excluded and alone in the skies
And the earth shone as the brightest stone.
Did, then, the daughter step forth before the mother?
This is highly improbable, and against the knowledge of scientists.
We should understand and perceive light
As we understand the raw substance from which God wanted to mould the world.
Like Moses, who named the earth
When it did not yet exist, only its seed and substance,

We, too, should comprehend that God made the first day from light.
The raw substance from which light was created
And from which the good Creator, on the fourth day,
Wondrously moulded and perfected;
The seed was given
To many shining bodies, as He deemed best and according to His command.
The sun danced at the head of the procession, giving light to all the stars,
Giving life to the moon, whom they all call mistress of the house.
Lightening and other conflagrations, and resplendent precious stones,
The stars, bright and mild, and the planets all shine together,
This we hear about on the fourth day.
How the Lord places a light above the world.
Shouldn't we then believe that the light
Which the first Illuminator ordered
Sunday and Monday and Tuesday until night,
Was shining white substance before that day came to an end.
We must let it stand, not venture into deep waters,
But lower our sails and go within the reefs.
It is not useful to enquire into the impenetrable,
Job tried, but it is an employment for the indolent.
All we need is to acknowledge with praise
And wonderment that God is the supreme Master.
After creating light, He lead fire through the flint,
Light is good, as is the lamp.
The sun may set and the moon smother and fall,
He still commands light with a gesture of his hand.
Such a God we must glorify and praise,
We enter and exit, but we always fear Him.
If, depraved, you crawl and hide, steal, and rob,
When you stand before Him, you cannot escape His eye.

And God saw that the light was good

In the time of Solomon, the crown received much acclaim and worship,
Appropriately, the temple shone far and wide,
The appearance was wonderful, but light was insufficient,
So the priests' lamps were constantly refilled.
Eternal God, what praise does the light of day deserve
Which shines on pure gold and yet
Never dies? Beautiful and immaculate light
Shall shine upon valleys and peaks as long as the world exists.
Wasn't it good, of goodness borne,
Without a blemish, achieved by the Wisdom itself?
The light was good because of its sheer appearance,
Sheerness is always best, in appearance the likeness of angels.
Light is good because of its admirable radiation,
If the marvelous castles of this world stood invisible before you,
Mysterious things indicating the Creator,

Could you wander about if light did not exist?
The creation is good because it has been praised by the Lord himself.
What part of creation deserves a greater compliment (than light);
More than beauty—which we justly praise.
However, beauty cannot be more glorious than light.
A consolation for the eyes, the lovely mother of truth,
The sweet voice of Phosphory,[484] the angels' brother,
Beautiful sun of Darius,[485] and you, glorious Sysigambi,[486]
Step down from your throne, virtuous and honorable lady,
You, lovely bride of the gods, and first daughter of our Lord:
How can we justly glorify you, O light, the greatest brightness?
We now learn about God's great benevolence,
The Eternal Helper is high and mighty.
That light is good, no seeing man can deny,
Although Zebaoth would never fight over it;
Solomon gives it sweet praise,
The darling of the eye, the privilege of sight.
The lamp in the nooks of darkness will never pierce the eye,
But it can strike you as if you were drunk;
Your eye is, without light,
Confined, and the body in danger.
The eye should serve the body, that is best for the lamp and its holders,
And light will repay the service,
Light is our guide, leading us past the threshold,
Light leads our feet when we cross the river,
Guides us whereever we roam.
It can, without woven fabric, adorn our feet and neck.
The learned man with a sigh, the Sodomite with pleasure,
Ran blind into Lot's pilars and walls.
The blind man affirms, he always strays in darkness.
You become crippled if you must live without the sun,
Ask the Egyptians, they know how it is,
They could never decode and understand the game.
Likewise, we will experience the same misery
If God never lets light and day shine over the land.
We therefore at once should praise the morning star,
And of our innermost soul show our gratitude to the Master of Light,
When early in the morning we see dawn brake upon our panes.
We should, without delay, obey the guardian larks,
And with the heart's prayer fly on the wings of heaven,
Sing a hymn, a lovely chant in the ears of the Lord,
Who chased darkness, with its specters and dreams,
And let day reveal to us the face of the sun.
We should pray that we must use the day well,
According to God's desire and to his magnificent glory.
If we achieve this, and use light well,

Then our Lord of daylight will bless the accomplishments of our hands.
And when finally we shall close our eyes,
He will call us to his bright kingdom.
If we resist and use light badly,
Use it against our good Creator, with deceitful hands,
Or with intemperance, dishonesty, violence, and debauchery,
And with mug, and jar, cursing and swearing,
Then we truly deserve that God should pierces our eyes
So that we miserably must wander in eternal darkness.
Like God saved us from the snare of darkness,
He also saved us from the pitfalls and dangers of sin.
We were dismal prisoners of Satan,
Caught in the web of death, suffering great pain and anguish.
We now are called by the light, by Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Free of Satan's darkness and evil oppression.
We should carefully ponder the passing of night,
And wander blissfully in the day that broke,
And not imitate the owl or bat
Who would rather hide in somber and dismal crevasses.
Do like the sunflower which turns to the sun,
Which magnificently opens its leaves when it feels warmth.
Christ is our sun; our light; our guide and helmsman;
Leading us to his throne where darkness cannot reach us.

And God separated light from darkness.

The omniscient God, Lord of the Word,
Was alerted against disorganization,
The interminate battle between the extensiveness of darkness
And the brightness of light (a dreadful discord),
These enemies were strong, Oh! And if they were hurled together,
Driven by a terrible machinery, they risked the devastation of the whole world;
The order would be splintered and a mighty army would gather,
And one could not vanquish the other: they would both end in the chasm.
Light would become a servant of darkness, and darkness would extinguished light,
No one would see a thing, when each relied on the work of their separate Lords,
A new Chaos would emerge, seducing many,
And the world would never again bathe in light, day would not brake:
Against such a sinister chorus the Lord of the Word would step out,
To put a stop to the turmoil, he would not tolerate such unorderly behavior,
He would measure out how far each party should reach,
And they might not trespass his limit by the length of a needle.
The whole earth must respect his command,
Appease strife and settle disputes.
The Lord rules by the light of day;
He no less commands by the dark of night,.
He changes residence at the end of the day,
And rides on with the black standard in his hand.

And the order will remain like this until Judgment Day.
As surely as summer will alternate with winter.
We understand what separation Moses talked about,
God ordered separation when he connected night and day.
Omniscient and wise God, you are glorious in your performance,
Weighty are every one of your commandments and your entreprise great.
If a warm-hearted man[109] could, from your bold project of alternating day and night,
Learn about your honor and eminence,
Why shouldn't we, with him, glorify you for the same work?
Look ahead and see what name they have been given.

And God called the light day and the darkness night.

Adam, the first man, made of earth, frail and insignificant,
Called upon the true Creator, who let him taste his mercy,
Let him know his bride, and honorably named her
Eve, noble virgin whose name means "life-giving,"
He also named the animals, as was appropriate, and
The birds: crow and raven, they all obeyed his voice.
But before Adam became interpreter, even the King changed name,
In honor of his people and for the benefit of his subjects,
He named light *day*, bright and clear,
Of purpose it happens, because day shall be light,
He named darkness *night*, and when night fell,
He enveloped, according to David,
God's creatures, who were to remain unnamed.
Without names the tongue cannot go about its business;
Try to name a land or water that you do not know,
A woman or a man, name a box or a chest,
Peter could not be Peter, Hans could not be Hans,
Had not their names already existed for us to learn:
Night could not be night if the name had not been given,
Day could not be day, and life not life.
From this we understand what use we have of names,
And that without names the tongue would be of no use.
This alternation between light and dark,
The Holy Scripture says, came about the first day.

Night fell and dawn broke, and the first day arrived

The evening came first, it existed before light,
The darkness of the first night had to endure.
The first day here mentioned,
Naturally also embraced night.[110]
The meaning is, therefore, that to the first bygone night
We add one day and the evening, too;

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[109] Moses.

[110] The Norwegian term *døgn* covers 24 hours.

From night to night the first day lasted,
It emerged from the Mouth of Truth who named it on the first day.
Oh, wise Creator, Lord of day and night!
Both light and darkness praise your name, and bow before you in awe,
Night never withdraws without kissing your feet,
Day never ends without greeting you.
Hesperus with his army sets out into the vast space.
He must wait for and chase bright Lucifer,
He supervises the hunt, like a mighty lord,
And consumes time as if it shouldn't exist.
The lion wanders through the cold, the greatest king of beasts,
The bear comes out of its den, rummaging with his paws,
The wolf emerges from woods and gullies, ready to bounce,
The fox from brushes and ditches, cunning on its feet.
The preys from every corner pass the hunters
On their way to the hills and the pastures of the valleys.
Everyone does as best he can and before morning breaks,
Each takes home a game, each finds his larder,
And praises the Creator, who created the darkness of night
For the benefit of the animals who seek to strengthen their limbs.
The owl, cheerful in the day, cannot find peace for the crow,
But when night falls, he can hunt for his food.
The afternoon pasture cannot suffer the midday sun.
When day fades into evening it gathers its strength elsewhere.
However, had the night been alone, it couldn't have benefitted the animals.
Now night is a dear friend, it serves the people,
The day wears us out with all its assignments,
Night is a good doctor for tired limbs,
Night cares for us (when we put our head on the pillow)
It cares for earth and grave: our grief is alleviated by sleep.
Many a sick man was cured during the night,
Many in barns and fields their strength have recovered.
The tablecloth and sideboard put out by the day,
Is garnished by herring and fish caught during the night.
Idleness and entertainment, for which we pay much,
Takes us away from the night and wastes our sleep.
The dew of night refreshes field and air,
And the heat of day spoils them.
Oh, noble night (Oh beloved Creator of the night)!
Your worth is proven, your action benign.
Without you we would be miserable,
The day, in its own playhouse, gave nothing to burn or to hunt,
But like winter depletes that which summer alone has brought forth;
Night gives each and everyone what they consume during day,
Either grass or pasture, corn or fruit, or kernels,
Either rest in bed or repose of mind.

Night alternates with day in honor of its Creator:
Both should be praised, both deserve esteem,
But most of all, the wise Creator, God, Son and pure Spirit.
Beware, therefore, do not defy God's word,
Waste not the nightly rest and sweet slumber
For reckless drinks and games,
Or with sheath and stick, brag like the roaring lion,
So that you, like a brute, dead drunk, fall into stupor at noon,
With disregard for that which man holds in praise and esteem.
Cyclopic and Epicurian debauchery
Has a steep price, and is rewarded with utter embarrassment.
Therefore, pass your day in honest work and toil
Of the best quality, encouraged by God and his glory.
Sleep well at night, and let the Lord rule everything,
Take his orders, live like a worthy Christian.

Now we have explained the first day,
Let God rule our lives so that we may learn to know his generosity.

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