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*The Lais of
Marie de France*

TRANSLATED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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INTRODUCTION

An introduction of this sort usually starts with certain basic facts. When and where the author was born. What the principal biographical details are which might be relevant to his or her literary output. What exactly the author wrote and under what circumstances. What the relationship is between the material being presented and that of earlier authors or of writers contemporary with the author, on whom or by whom influence could have been exerted, in respect of genre, theme or textual details. Sadly, in the case of Marie de France none of this information can be given with certainty. We can assert with conviction that at least one poet by the name of Marie was writing in the second half of the twelfth century, but it is equally certain that the author who composed the lays contained in this volume was not called Marie de France. This appellation is first attested in the *Recueil de l'origine de la langue et poesie françoise* by Claude Fauchet (Paris, 1581, Book II, item 84). It has been used ever since as a convenient and attractive name for our author.

One must begin by examining the textual evidence. The tales which are translated in the present volume are found in a thirteenth-century manuscript in the British Library (Harley 978). These twelve short poems in Old French are included among a number of other items principally in Latin (there is, however, in the manuscript, a collection of fables in Old French). The twelve poems, which are preceded by a fifty-six-line Prologue, are in order: *Guigemar*, *Equitan*, *Le Fresne*, *Bisclavret*, *Lanval*, *Deus Amanz*, *Yonec*, *Laüstic*, *Milun*, *Chaitivel*, *Chevrefoil* and *Eliduc*. The text of the Harley manuscript (MS H) and the order in which the poems appear form the basis of most editions and several translations, including that found in the present volume. The poems were certainly not composed in this order, and some translators (for example E. Mason and H. F. Williams) prefer to select their own order. The

about by a supernatural phenomenon, but that phenomenon is in itself not stressed by Marie, whose interests lie in the injustice done a man by his wife. Irrespective, however, of whether the particular *lai* contains supernatural elements or not, it is incontestable that the world of the *lai* is a fairy-tale world where the unexpected can happen at any time without rational explanation. The fact that Marie often chose folktale material for her *lais* is partly responsible for this, but even where there is no visible popular source, the atmosphere is similar to that of the fairy-tale. This also to some extent accounts for the individuality of the *Lais* as the poetic reality of the fairy-tale is a private not a public one. Lest the irreality of the *Lais* be overstressed, it should be pointed out that there is also more than the odd point of contact with medieval reality: not only are geographical names used, but the characters are medieval people, not the vague characters of the fairy-tale; none of the protagonists is immortal (except perhaps Lanval and his lady), and the harsh reality of death is often present; in *Bisclavret* and particularly in *Lanval* we are also aware of contact with the real legal system in operation at the time.

It is fair to assume that despite some differences between the *lai* and the romance, they were originally intended for the same kind of aristocratic audience. Such a twelfth-century audience we know had a passionate interest in the theory (and practice) of a refined kind of love such as Marie treats in the *Lais*. In some ways they would have seen their own world mirrored in Marie's fictional one: after all, they were of exalted rank, lived in castles, rode horses in forests, participated in tournaments and had love-affairs. Here again, the fairy-tale element may be visible if we are to regard the *Lais* at least partly as wish-fulfilment for a particular social class.

Also instructive is the relationship of the *lai* to the *fabliau*. *Fabliau* is the name given to a variety of short comic verse tale, in length and form comparable to the *lai*, whose period of composition coincides at least partly with that of the *lai*. Here is not the place for a full description of the *fabliau*, but suffice it to say that it could hardly be further removed from the *lai* in terms of spirit and content. Where the *lai* treats in a courtly style the lofty story of knights and ladies, the *fabliau* relates in often obscene language such subjects as the adulterous love of the merchant's wife and the

parish priest, or gross practical jokes played by one character of dubious morals on another. Yet despite this fundamental distinction between the two genres, it is possible to argue that the *fabliau* is in some respects a parody of courtly literature and therefore by definition intended for the same audience.

Indeed, some poems which closely resemble *fabliaux* are actually called *lais* in the manuscripts (the title *Le Lai du Lecheor* will give an indication of the subject-matter), and this brings us on to the development of the *lai* after Marie de France. Of the anonymous *lais* written during Marie's period of activity, it may be said that most of them conform more or less to the pattern we have tried to sketch above, but one twelfth-century poem, *Le Lai du Cor*, describes a chastity-test of the ladies at Arthur's court. It is close to the *fabliau* by virtue of its subject-matter, and to the *lai* thanks to its Arthurian setting and the style in which it is written. These last features and its relative brevity may have led its author to call it a *lai* in the knowledge that it did not actually conform to the specific requirements of the genre. Such poems as this (*Lecheor* and *Ignauré* are others) may have been composed as parodies of the *lai* proper and may owe their denomination to the parodic intent. Other poems, such as Jean Renart's *Le Lai de l'Ombre* or the anonymous *Lai de l'Oiselet*, are clearly not meant as parodies of this kind and are yet still called *lais*. The simplest and most plausible explanation of this is that medieval literary terminology is at best rather flexible, and that whereas the word *lai* may have had the specific meaning of the Marie-type Breton *lai* in the twelfth century, its semantic field became enlarged in the thirteenth to cover other sorts of short courtly verse narrative. Recent genre criticism also suggests that, rather than seek to make strict definitions of genres, we may better view medieval vernacular literature as a system of interdependent types each with characteristic features. Some of these features, but not all, are interchangeable and may be found in works of a basically different kind. This is one way of looking at texts such as the *Lai du Lecheor*, or even Marie's *Equitan*, which has been said to resemble a *fabliau*.

Finally, a word should be said about the influence of the *Lais* outside French-language areas. It has been seen that in France other authors wrote *lais*, some in imitation of Marie. Abroad, the *Lais* seem to have enjoyed particular popularity in Scandinavia

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PROLOGUE

Anyone who has received from God the gift of knowledge and true eloquence has a duty not to remain silent: rather should one be happy to reveal such talents. When a truly beneficial thing is heard by many people, it then enjoys its first blossom, but if it is widely praised its flowers are in full bloom. It was customary for the ancients, in the books which they wrote (Priscian testifies to this), to express themselves very obscurely so that those in later generations, who had to learn them, could provide a gloss for the text and put the finishing touches to their meaning. Men of learning were aware of this and their experience had taught them that the more time they spent studying texts the more subtle would be their understanding of them and they would be better able to avoid future mistakes. Anyone wishing to guard against vice should study intently and undertake a demanding task, whereby one can ward off and rid oneself of great suffering. For this reason I began to think of working on some good story and translating a Latin text into French, but this would scarcely have been worthwhile, for others have undertaken a similar task. So I thought of lays which I had heard and did not doubt, for I knew it full well, that they were composed, by those who first began them and put them into circulation, to perpetuate the memory of adventures they had heard. I myself have heard a number of them and do not wish to overlook or neglect them. I have put them into verse, made poems from them and worked on them late into the night.

In your honour, noble king, you who are so worthy and courtly, you to whom all joy pays homage and in whose heart all true virtue has taken root, did I set myself to assemble lays, to compose and to relate them in rhyme. In my heart, lord, I thought and decided that I should present them to you, so if it pleased you to accept them, you would bring me great happiness and I should rejoice evermore. Do not consider me presumptuous if I make so bold as to offer you this gift. Now hear the beginning.

and England. An Old Norse translation of Marie's *Lais* and some anonymous ones was prepared towards the beginning of the thirteenth century by a certain Brother Robert for King Haakon I of Norway, the collection being generally referred to as the *Strengleikar*. The *Strengleikar* belong to a large body of Old Norse versions of Old French works produced during the same period for a monarch with a pronounced taste for French culture. While some of the adaptations of the longer French romances, such as those of Chrétien de Troyes, are reworked to a certain extent to cater for the tastes of a Scandinavian audience, the *Strengleikar* are quite faithful prose translations of the *Lais*. In England, a number of versions of *Lanval* have survived, the earliest dating from the middle of the fourteenth century, and a fragment of a version of *Le Fresne*. In addition, a number of original Middle English poems have been considered as *lais* and may have been written as a result of the popularity of the genre in French. The best known of these is Chaucer's *The Merchant's Tale*. The adaptations of *Lanval* form an interesting example of the different transformations an Old French poem can undergo at the hands of various poets with different intentions and different audiences in mind.

TRANSLATORS' NOTE

Until recently, the *Lais* of Marie de France could really be read in English only from Eugene Mason's translation, first published in 1911 and reprinted in 1954 and 1976. Mason's version is interesting as a piece of period prose, but is frequently little more than a paraphrase of passages he seems not to have properly understood. In 1978 there appeared a blank-verse translation by Joan Ferrante and Robert Hanning which, although infinitely superior to Mason's, lacks the kind of literal accuracy that, short of a poetic miracle, can alone convey the content of the original as precisely as possible.

Our aim has been to provide a plain English prose translation of Marie's *Lais* which renders them as closely as the semantic differences between Old French and Modern English will allow. We hope that both the general public and students of literature with no Old French will be able to read this translation with profit and pleasure (to use a medieval idea) in the knowledge that it is not too much a deformation of the original. Stylistically our final version differs in one major respect from our own earlier efforts and from Marie: we have renounced trying to reproduce Marie's rather short staccato phrases, often no more than a line long, and have given a little more 'flow' to the translation in order to make the *Lais* somewhat easier reading. We have, however, avoided adding to the sense, and have included 'ands', 'buts', etc., only where the context allowed. Those who know Modern French, or whose Old French is rusty, will be able to get an idea of the relationship between Marie's language and the modern idiom by looking at the text of *Laüstic* (in G. S. Burgess's edition) printed as an appendix.

We have not loaded our translation with explanatory or interpretative notes. With a few exceptions, anything that calls for comment is explained in the Index of Proper Names at the back. Moreover, many of the issues that are likely to be unfamiliar to the

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LANVAL

Just as it happened, I shall relate to you the story of another lay, which tells of a very noble young man whose name in Breton is Lanval. [1-4]

Arthur, the worthy and courtly king, was at Carlisle on account of the Scots and the Picts who were ravaging the country, penetrating into the land of Logres and frequently laying it waste.

The king was there during the summer, at Pentecost, and he gave many rich gifts to counts and barons and to those of the Round Table: there was no such company in the whole world. He apportioned wives and lands to all, save to one who had served him: this was Lanval, whom he did not remember, and for whom no one put in a good word. Because of his valour, generosity, beauty and prowess, many were envious of him. There were those who pretended to hold him in esteem, but who would not have uttered a single regret if misfortune had befallen him. He was the son of a king of noble birth, but far from his inheritance, and although he belonged to Arthur's household he had spent all his wealth, for the king gave him nothing and Lanval asked for nothing. Now he was in a plight, very sad and forlorn. Lords, do not be surprised: a stranger bereft of advice can be very downcast in another land when he does not know where to seek help. [5-38]

This knight whose tale I am telling you had served the king well. One day he mounted his horse and went to take his ease. He left the town and came alone to a meadow, dismounting by a stream; but there his horse trembled violently, so he loosened its saddlegirth and left it, allowing it to enter the meadow to roll over on its back. He folded his cloak, which he placed beneath his head, very disconsolate because of his troubles, and nothing could please him. Lying thus, he looked downriver and saw two damsels coming, more beautiful than any he had ever seen: they were richly dressed in closely fitting tunics of dark purple and their faces

were very beautiful. The older one carried dishes of gold, well and finely made – I will not fail to tell you the truth – and the other carried a towel. They went straight to where the knight lay and Lanval, who was very well-mannered, stood up to meet them. They first greeted him and then delivered their message: 'Sir Lanval, my damsel, who is very worthy, wise and fair, has sent us for you. Come with us, for we will conduct you safely. Look, her tent is near.' [39–76] The knight went with them, disregarding his horse which was grazing before him in the meadow. They led him to the tent, which was so beautiful and well-appointed that neither Queen Semiramis at the height of her wealth, power and knowledge, nor the Emperor Octavian, could have afforded even the right-hand side of it. There was a golden eagle placed on the top, the value of which I cannot tell, nor of the ropes or the poles which supported the walls of the tent. There is no king under the sun who could afford it, however much he might give. Inside this tent was the maiden who surpassed in beauty the lily and the new rose when it appears in summer. She lay on a very beautiful bed – the coverlets cost as much as a castle – clad only in her shift. Her body was well formed and handsome, and in order to protect herself from the heat of the sun, she had cast about her a costly mantle of white ermine covered with Alexandrian purple. Her side, though, was uncovered, as well as her face, neck and breast; she was whiter than the hawthorn blossom. [77–106]

The maiden called the knight, who came forward and sat before the bed. 'Lanval,' she said, 'fair friend, for you I came from my country. I have come far in search of you and if you are worthy and courtly, no emperor, count or king will have felt as much joy or happiness as you, for I love you above all else.' He looked at her and saw that she was beautiful. Love's spark pricked him so that his heart was set alight, and he replied to her in seemly manner: 'Fair lady, if it were to please you to grant me the joy of wanting to love me, you could ask nothing that I would not do as best I could, be it foolish or wise. I shall do as you bid and abandon all others for you. I never want to leave you and this is what I most desire.' When the girl heard these words from the man who loved her so, she granted him her love and her body. Now Lanval was on the right path! She gave him a boon, that henceforth he could wish for nothing which he would not have, and however generously

he gave or spent, she would still find enough for him. Lanval was very well lodged, for the more he spent, the more gold and silver he would have. 'Beloved,' she said, 'I admonish, order, and beg you not to reveal this secret to anyone! I shall tell you the long and the short of it: you would lose me forever if this love were to become known. You would never be able to see me or possess me.' He replied that he would do what she commanded. [107–52] He lay down beside her on the bed: now Lanval was well lodged. That afternoon he remained with her until evening and would have done so longer had he been able and had his love allowed him. 'Beloved,' she said, 'arise! You can stay no longer. Go from here and I shall remain, but I shall tell you one thing: whenever you wish to speak with me, you will not be able to think of a place where a man may enjoy his love without reproach or wickedness, that I shall not be there with you to do your bidding. No man save you will see me or hear my voice.' When he heard this, Lanval was well pleased and, kissing her, he arose. The damsels who had led him to the tent dressed him in rich garments, and in his new clothes there was no more handsome young man on earth. He was neither foolish nor ill-mannered. The damsels gave him water to wash his hands and a towel to dry them and then brought him food. He took his supper, which was not to be disdained, with his beloved. He was very courteously served and dined joyfully. There was one dish in abundance that pleased the knight particularly, for he often kissed his beloved and embraced her closely. [153–88]

When they had risen from table, his horse was brought to him, well saddled. Lanval was richly served there. He took his leave, mounted, and went towards the city, often looking behind him, for he was greatly disturbed, thinking of his adventure and uneasy in his heart. He was at a loss to know what to think, for he could not believe it was true. When he came to his lodgings, he found his men finely dressed. That night he offered lavish hospitality but no one knew how this came to be. There was no knight in the town in sore need of shelter whom he did not summon and serve richly and well. Lanval gave costly gifts, Lanval freed prisoners, Lanval clothed the jongleurs, Lanval performed many honourable acts. There was no one, stranger or friend, to whom he would not have given gifts. He experienced great joy and pleasure, for day or night he could see his beloved often and she was entirely at his command. [189–218]

In the same year, I believe, after St John's day, as many as thirty knights had gone to relax in a garden beneath the tower where the queen was staying. Gawain was with them and his cousin, the fair Ywain. Gawain, the noble and the worthy, who endeared himself to all, said: 'In God's name, lords, we treat our companion Lanval ill, for he is so generous and courtly, and his father is a rich king, yet we have not brought him with us.' So they returned, went to his lodgings and persuaded him to come with them.

The queen, in the company of three ladies, was reclining by a window cut out of the stone when she caught sight of the king's household and recognized Lanval. She called one of her ladies to summon her most elegant and beautiful damsels to relax with her in the garden where the others were. She took more than thirty with her, and they went down the steps where the knights, glad of their coming, came to meet them. They took the girls by the hand and the conversation was not uncourtly. [219-52] Lanval withdrew to one side, far from the others, for he was impatient to hold his beloved, to kiss, embrace and touch her. He cared little for other people's joy when he could not have his own pleasure. When the queen saw the knight alone, she approached him straightaway. Sitting down beside him, she spoke to him and opened her heart. 'Lanval, I have honoured, cherished and loved you much. You may have all my love: just tell me what you desire! I grant you my love and you should be glad to have me.' 'Lady,' he said, 'leave me be! I have no desire to love you, for I have long served the king and do not want to betray my faith. Neither you nor your love will ever lead me to wrong my lord!' The queen became angry and distressed, and spoke unwisely: 'Lanval,' she said, 'I well believe that you do not like this kind of pleasure. I have been told often enough that you have no desire for women. You have well-trained young men and enjoy yourself with them. Base coward, wicked recreant, my lord is extremely unfortunate to have suffered you near him. I think he may have lost his salvation because of it!' [253-86]

When he heard her, he was distressed, but not slow to reply. He said something in spite that he was often to regret. 'Lady, I am not skilled in the profession you mention, but I love and am loved by a lady who should be prized above all others I know. And I will tell



you one thing: you can be sure that one of her servants, even the very poorest girl, is worth more than you, my lady the Queen, in body, face and beauty, wisdom and goodness.' Thereupon the queen left and went in tears to her chamber, very distressed and angry that he had humiliated her in this way. She took to her bed ill and said that she would never again get up, unless the king saw that justice was done her in respect of her complaint. [287-310]

The king had returned from the woods after an extremely happy day. He entered the queen's apartments and when she saw him, she complained aloud, fell at his feet, cried for mercy and said that Lanval had shamed her. He had requested her love and because she had refused him, had insulted and deeply humiliated her. He had boasted of a beloved who was so well-bred, noble and proud that her chambermaid, the poorest servant she had, was worthier than the queen. The king grew very angry and swore on oath that, if Lanval could not defend himself in court, he would have him burned or hanged. The king left the room, summoned three of his barons and sent them for Lanval, who was suffering great pain. He had returned to his lodgings, well aware of having lost his beloved by revealing their love. Alone in his chamber, distraught and anguished, he called his beloved repeatedly, but to no avail. He lamented and sighed, fainting from time to time; a hundred times he cried to her to have mercy, to come and speak with her beloved. He cursed his heart and his mouth and it was a wonder he did not kill himself. His cries and moans were not loud enough nor his agitation and torment such that she would have mercy on him, or even permit him to see her. Alas, what will he do? [311-51]

The king's men arrived and told Lanval to go to court without delay: the king had summoned him through them, for the queen had accused him. Lanval went sorrowfully and would have been happy for them to kill him. He came before the king, sad, subdued and silent, betraying his great sorrow. The king said to him angrily: 'Vassal, you have wronged me greatly! You were extremely ill-advised to shame and vilify me, and to slander the queen. You boasted out of folly, for your beloved must be very noble for her handmaiden to be more beautiful and more worthy than the queen.' [352-70]

Lanval denied point by point having offended and shamed his

lord, and maintained that he had not sought the queen's love, but he acknowledged the truth of his words about the love of which he had boasted. He now regretted this, for as a result he had lost her. He told them he would do whatever the court decreed in this matter, but the king was very angry and sent for all his men to tell him exactly what he should do, so that his action would not be unfavourably interpreted. Whether they liked it or not, they obeyed his command and assembled to make a judgement, deciding that a day should be fixed for the trial, but that Lanval should provide his lord with pledges that he would await his judgement and return later to his presence. Then the court would be larger, for at that moment only the king's household itself was present. The barons returned to the king and explained their reasoning. The king asked for pledges, but Lanval was alone and forlorn, having no relation or friend there. Then Gawain approached and offered to stand bail, and all his companions did likewise. The king said to them: 'I entrust him to you on surety of all that you hold from me, lands and fiefs, each man separately.' When this had been pledged, there was no more to be done, and Lanval returned to his lodging with the knights escorting him. They chastised him and urged him strongly not to be so sorrowful, and cursed such foolish love. They went to see him every day, as they wished to know whether he was drinking and eating properly, being very much afraid that he might harm himself. [371-414]

On the appointed day the barons assembled. The king and queen were there and the guarantors brought Lanval to court. They were all very sad on his account and I think there were a hundred who would have done all in their power to have him released without a trial because he had been wrongly accused. The king demanded the verdict according to the charge and the rebuttal, and now everything lay in the hands of the barons. They considered their judgement, very troubled and concerned on account of this noble man from abroad, who was in such a plight in their midst. Some of them wanted to harm him in conformity with their lord's will. [415-32] Thus spoke the Count of Cornwall: 'There shall be no default on our part. Like it or not, right must prevail. The king accused his vassal, whom I heard you call Lanval, of a felony and charged him with a crime, about a love he boasted of which angered my lady. Only the king is accusing him,

so by the faith I owe you, there ought, to tell the truth, to be no case to answer, were it not that one should honour one's lord in all things. An oath will bind Lanval and the king will put the matter in our hands. If he can provide proof and his beloved comes forward, and if what he said to incur the queen's displeasure is true, then he will be pardoned, since he did not say it to spite her. And if he cannot furnish proof, then we must inform him that he will lose the king's service and that the king must banish him.' They sent word to the knight and informed him that he should send for his beloved to defend and protect him. He told them that this was not possible and that he would receive no help from her. The messengers returned to the judges, expecting no help to be forthcoming for Lanval. The king pressed them hard because the queen was waiting for them. [433-70]

When they were about to give their verdict, they saw two maidens approaching on two fine ambling palfreys. They were extremely comely and dressed only in purple taffeta, next to their bare skin; the knights were pleased to see them. Gawain and three other knights went to Lanval, told him about this, and pointed the two maidens out to him. Gawain was very glad and strongly urged Lanval to tell him if this was his beloved, but he told them that he did not know who they were, whence they came or where they were going. The maidens continued to approach, still on horseback, and then dismounted before the dais where King Arthur was seated. They were of great beauty and spoke in courtly fashion: 'King, make your chambers available and hang them with silken curtains so that my lady may stay here, for she wishes to lodge with you.' This he granted them willingly and summoned two knights who led them to the upper chambers. For the moment they said no more. [471-98]

The king asked his barons for the judgement and the responses, and said that they had greatly angered him by the long delay. 'Lord,' they said, 'we are deliberating, but because of the ladies we saw, we have not reached a verdict. Let us continue with the trial.' So they assembled in some anxiety, and there was a good deal of commotion and contention. [499-508]

While they were in this troubled state, they saw two finely accoutred maidens coming along the street, dressed in garments of Phrygian silk and riding on Spanish mules. The vassals were glad

of this and they said to each other that Lanval, the worthy and brave, was now saved. Yvain went up to him with his companions, and said: 'Lord, rejoice! For the love of God, speak to us! Two damsels are approaching, very comely and beautiful. It is surely your beloved.' Lanval quickly replied that he did not recognize them, nor did he know or love them. When they had arrived, they dismounted before the king and many praised them highly for their bodies, faces, and complexions. They were both more worthy than the queen had ever been. The older of the two, who was courtly and wise, delivered her message fittingly: 'King, place your chambers at our disposal for the purpose of lodging my lady. She is coming here to speak with you.' He ordered them to be taken to the others who had arrived earlier. They paid no heed to their mules, and, as soon as they had left the king, he summoned all his barons so that they might deliver their verdict. This had taken up too much of the day and the queen, who had been waiting for them for such a long time, was getting angry. [509-46]

Just as they were about to give their verdict, a maiden on horseback entered the town. There was none more beautiful in the whole world. She was riding a white palfrey which carried her well and gently; its neck and head were well-formed and there was no finer animal on earth. The palfrey was richly equipped, for no count or king on earth could have paid for it, save by selling or pledging his lands. The lady was dressed in a white tunic and shift, laced left and right so as to reveal her sides. Her body was comely, her hips low, her neck whiter than snow on a branch; her eyes were bright and her face white, her mouth fair and her nose well-placed; her eyebrows were brown and her brow fair, and her hair curly and rather blond. A golden thread does not shine as brightly as the rays reflected in the light from her hair. Her cloak was of dark silk and she had wrapped its skirts about her. She held a sparrowhawk on her wrist and behind her there followed a dog. There was no one in the town, humble or powerful, old or young, who did not watch her arrival, and no one jested about her beauty. She approached slowly and the judges who saw her thought it was a great wonder. No one who had looked at her could have failed to be inspired with real joy. [547-84] Those who loved the knight went and told him about the maiden who was coming and who, please God, would deliver him. 'Lord and friend, here comes a

lady whose hair is neither tawny nor brown. She is the most beautiful of all women in the world.' Lanval heard this and raised his head, for he knew her well, and sighed. His blood rushed to his face and he was quick to speak: 'In faith,' he said, 'it is my beloved! If she shows me no mercy, I hardly care if anyone should kill me, for my cure is in seeing her.' The lady entered the palace, where no one so beautiful had ever before been seen. She dismounted before the king, and in the sight of all, let her cloak fall so that they could see her better. The king, who was well-mannered, rose to meet her, and all the others honoured her and offered themselves as her servants. [585-610] When they had looked at her and praised her beauty greatly, she spoke thus, for she had no wish to remain: 'King, I have loved one of your vassals, Lanval, whom you see there. Because of what he said, he was accused in your court, and I do not wish him to come to any harm. You should know that the queen was wrong, as he never sought her love. As regards the boast he made, if he can be acquitted by me, let your barons release him!' The king granted that it should be as the judges recommended, in accordance with justice. There was not one who did not consider that Lanval had successfully defended himself, and so he was freed by their decision. The maiden, who had many servants, then left, for the king could not retain her. Outside the hall there was a large block of dark marble on to which heavily armed men climbed when they left the king's court. Lanval mounted it and when the maiden came through the door, he leapt in a single bound on to the palfrey behind her. He went with her to Avalon, so the Bretons tell us, to a very beautiful island. Thither the young man was borne and no one has heard any more about him, nor can I relate any more. [611-46]