

The Legend of Pope Gregory / La Légende du pape Grégoire

Le texte moyen-anglais (100 %). Traduction française d'extraits du texte (40 %).

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La traduction, assez littérale mais pas toujours mot-à-mot, suit de près l'ordre des vers.
Les numéros de vers apparaissent tels quels sur le site de la National Library of Scotland.
Le manuscrit présente quelques passages défectueux, indiqués par [... ...].
Dans un souci de lisibilité, le traducteur a séparé les strophes.

¶ Perl him graunted his wille, ywis, {f.1r}
þat þe kniȝt him hadde ytold.
þe barouns þat were of miche pris
Biforn him þai weren ycald.
5000 Alle þe lond þat euer was his
Biforn hem alle, ȝong & old,
He made his soster chef & priis,
þat mani sieȝing for him had sold,

Le comte s'est plié à son vœu, en effet,
Tout comme le chevalier le lui avait demandé.
Les barons qui étaient de haute noblesse
Ont été sommés [à paraître] devant lui.
De toutes les terres qui lui appartenaient,
Devant les tous, jeunes et âgés,
Il faisait de sa sœur chef et dignitaire ;
Nombre d'eux, en soupirant, les lui avait cédées.

¶ & bitauȝt hir þe kniȝt,
1000 þat trewe was in tong & tale,
To kepe þat leuedi ariȝt
Wiþ blisse & wiþ euerliche hale
þer was ferly sorwe & siȝt
When þai schuld asondri fare;
1500 Perl wald ney dyen vpriȝt
To noman couþe he telle his care.

Il indiqua à sa sœur le chevalier
Qui était fidèle en parole et par reputation,
Afin qu'il protège cette dame comme il fallait
En joie et en toute bonne santé.
Il y avait une tristesse visible et compréhensible
Au moment où ils devaient se séparer ;
Le comte voulait presque mourir sur pied,
Mais à personne il ne pouvait dire son mal.

¶ þe kniȝt toke leue & went his way
Wiþ hir þat was briȝt so blosme on brere;
No stint he for no clot in clay
2000 Al what he to his owen were.
þer cam a leuedi briȝt so day
Oȝeines him wiþ glad chere
& seyde 'sir, welcom be þou ay,
Mi trewe lord & ȝour fere.'

2500 ¶ Wel feir he hir vnderstod
þan sche was of hors aliȝt
& serued hir wiþ glad mode
As he was trewe & gentil kniȝt.
Bi þe riȝt hond his wiif he toke,
3000 Til a chaumber sche went ariȝt,
& told his wiif & nouȝt forsoke
What treweþe þat he hadde hir pliȝt.

¶ He told his wiif word & oþer
Hou it was falle of þat dede,
3500 'Wiþ child sche goþ wiþ hier broþer,
We moten hir help at þis nede;
Also þou louest þi rentes riif,
For noþing þat may be,
Ne lete þou no born liif
4000 þerof wite bot we þre.

Il raconta à sa femme, en quelques paroles,
De quelle manière la situation s'était produite.
'Elle porte l'enfant de son frère,
Nous devons l'aider dans son besoin ;
Mais si tu tiens à tes rentes abondantes,
Pour rien du tout, quel qu'il soit,
Tu ne laisseras aucun être vivant
Le savoir, hors nous trois -

¶ No man in lond, child no wiif,
Astow art leuedi gent & fre,
þat ich no here þerof no striif
Of þat þou schalt here & se.’
4500 Þe leuedi him answerd sone,
‘Jesu hir wele vnbinde,
Also he made sonne & mone,
Blosme on brere, lef on linde.

¶ Icham glad of hir coming,
5000 Sori þat ich hir sike finde;
þurth þe help of heuen-king
We schul ben hir wel kinde.’

.... ..
.... ..
5500
.... ..

þan þe time ycomen was
þe leuedi schuld deliuerd be
A sone sche hadde þurth Godes grace,
6000 Ycomen he was of kin fre.
þe leuedi seyde as sche was won,
To hir þat was white so blosme on tre,
‘þou hast’ sche seyde ‘a lefli sone
As ani sinful man may se.’

6500 ¶ At þat bereing of þat wiȝt
Was no liues þing in lond
Bot þat leuedi & þat kniȝt.
þe king of heuen sent his sond,
þe stori y can rade arizt,
7000 Wiȝ tong speke & stille stond;
Seyn Gregori was born þat niȝt
þat seþþen was pope in lond.

¶ þat niȝt þat he was born to man
His moder was in gret þouȝt
7500 Hou he was biȝeten & of wham,
Hou dere sche him hadde ybouȝt.
‘Wiȝ tong alle on wiȝouten man
Wiȝ care icham alle þurth-souȝt;
Helpe, leuedi, for y no can,
8000 Hou þis child schal forþ be brouȝt.

¶ ȝif þis childe duelle stille here,
Men wil þerof speke & wite.
þe word schal spring fer & ner
Hou he was born & biȝete.
8500 Bot men wil don as ich hem lere,
No schal y neuer ete mete;
In oþer londes þan ben here
Help & socour he may gete.’

¶ Sche bad anon men schuld take
9000 A tonne þat was newe ywrouȝt,

Personne au monde, homme, femme ni enfant.
Par ta dignité de noble dame, ce que tu es,
Que je n’entende aucun bruit à ce sujet ;
Tu y veilleras par la vue et par l’ouïe’.
Sa dame lui répondit aussitôt,
‘Que Jésus la délie bien [de ce fardeau],
Tout comme il a créé le soleil et la lune,
La fleur sur la ronce, la feuille sur le tilleul.

Je suis contente de sa venue [chez nous],
Mais désolée de la trouver malade ;
Grâce à l’aide du roi du Ciel
Nous serons très gentils avec elle.’

Il n’y avait présent, à la naissance du garçon,
Aucun être vivant au monde,
Sauf la dame et le chevalier.
Le roi du Ciel m’ayant envoyé son messager,
Je sais interpréter correctement l’histoire,
La raconter de ma langue et puis me taire :
Saint Grégoire naquit cette nuit,
Lui qui était autrefois pape sur cette terre.

La nuit où il naquit parmi les hommes
Sa mère réfléchissait profondément
À la manière de sa conception, et de qui,
Quel prix elle avait payé pour l’avoir.
‘Retirée toute seule, sans personne,
Je suis vraiment tourmentée par un souci ;
Au secours, madame ! car je ne sais pas
Comment cet enfant pourra être présenté.

Si l’enfant reste encore ici,
Les gens en parleront et tout se saura.
La parole se transmettra, de près et de loin,
Comment il a été conçu et comment il est né,
Et les gens se comporteront tels que j’ai appris.
Désormais je ne mangerai plus de viande.
En d’autres terres que celles-ci
Il pourra recevoir aide et secours’.

A bot on þe brim make
þat þe winde it miȝt bere aloft,
Also a cradel, wiþouten wrake, {f.1v}
þat þe childe were þerin ybrouȝt.
9500 Þo gun þai sike for hir sake
& dreri weren in hir þouȝt.

¶ Þe kniȝt seye sche wold dye,
He seyde hir þat it schuld be so.
A bot þai token bi þe weye,
1000 Hir wille þai fonden for to do;
þai token wriȝtes of werkes sleye
Al for to grant hir bone
& a cradel þat sche þer seye.
Hir wille þai fonded for to done

1050 ¶ Þer sche on hir bed sat,
Hir child sche held in armes to,
þe first word þat sche þer spak,
Sche seyde ‘mi gamen is al go.
Now Jesu crist þat sitt in trone
1100 Rade me wele for to do
& sende me þi grace sone,
No was me neuer er so wo.’

¶ Þan sche hadde ȝouen him souke
& in þe cradel fast him fest,
1150 Wiþ riche cloþes sche gan him louke,
þe croice sche made opon his brest,
Markes four of gold prout
Vnder þe heued sche had yfest,
Ten ma[r]k of siluer þer wiþout
1200 Vnder þe fet sche hadde yprest.

¶ Tables sche toke sone riche
Of yuori layen hir bifore,
Wiþ honden sche wrot & sore gan sike
Hou he was biȝeten & bore.
1250 Sche seyde ‘waleway’ wel ȝare;
‘Mi ioie ichaue alle forlore,
No may no tong telle þe care
þat is me now riȝt bifore.’

¶ For no þing sche no let,
1300 In þe tables wrot sche þanne
þat men him schuld to scole him sett
& ȝif him name of Cristenmanne;
ȝif auentour bitide euer more
He com to liue & were a man
1350 He miȝt se þe sinnes sore
Hou he was ȝeten & of wham.

¶ A cloþ of silk sche wond him inne
þat was of swiþe feir ble,
þe tables sche leyde vnder his chinne
1400 þat men miȝt hem boþen þer yse.
þan was he don þe tonne wiþinne -

Une fois qu’elle lui avait donné le sein
Et dans le berceau l’avait bien attaché,
En riche vêtements elle l’enveloppa,
Elle fit le signe de la croix sur sa poitrine,
Quatre belles pièces d’or, d’une livre
Elle déposa en sécurité sous sa tête,
Ainsi que dix pièces d’argent
Qu’elle plaça sous ses pieds.

Aussitôt prit-elle des tablettes de valeur,
Faites d’ivoire, qu’elle posa devant elle ;
Elle écrit à la main, poussant des soupirs douloureux,
L’histoire de sa conception et de sa naissance.
‘Hélas!’ se lamentait-elle très fort;
‘Toute ma joie, je l’ai perdue,
Aucune langue ne peut raconter la douleur
Qui me confronte à partir de ce moment’.

Car elle ne cacha rien du tout,
En écrivant alors sur les tablettes,
Afin que l’on l’envoie à l’école
Et qu’on lui donne un prénom chrétien ;
Si d’aventure il advenait à l’avenir
Qu’il survive et devienne un homme
Il pourrait y voir les terribles péchés
Par lesquels il avait été conçu et été né.

Elle l’enveloppa d’un tissu de soie
Qui était de très belle apparence ;
Les tablettes, elle les plaça sous son menton
Afin qu’on puisse les voir, toutes deux.
Ensuite on le mit dans le tonneau -

þe bot was feir made of tre -
& bar him down to þe brim,
Bitauzt him God & þe salt se.

La barque était construite en bois solide -
On le porta jusqu'à la côte, puis
On le confia à Dieu et à la mer salée.

145 ¶ Þan þai come to hir wel sone
þer sche lay wel sike in þouzt
& tolden hou þai hadden done
Of þat hye hadde hem bisouzt,
þe bot feir ymade wiþ brome
150 ¶ Vp þe water newe ywrouzt,
'þe tonne & þe litel grome
Into þe see we han ybrouzt.'

þat oþer day on þe morwe
þan herd sche a reuful red:
155 ¶ A messenger com wiþ sorwe
& teld hir þat hir broþer was ded;
þe kniȝtes þat wer to hir swore
Brouzt hir word & to hir seyð
þat he was to deþ ydrore
160 ¶ & vnder erþe schuld be leyð.

¶ Þo was hir care newe.
Sche tok sikeinges þre
& wax al wan of hir hewe
þat was wite so blosme on tre.
165 ¶ þan seyð þe kniȝt, was to hir trewe,
'Y wot no gameþ þe no gle
No helpeþ it noþing for to rewe;
As God wil so schal it be.

¶ Þou schalt graiþe þe ful ȝare,
170 ¶ ȝif þou dost after mi þouzt,
& to þi broþer biring fare
Are he be in erþe ybrouzt.
No helpeþ it no þing to care;
Y not no gayneþ it þe nouzt,
175 ¶ þi feir rode to make it bare,
& sle þiself wiþ idel þouzt.'

¶ Þo sche held hir stille & milde,
Hir sorwe was strong & sterne,
þe þridde day of hire childe
180 ¶ To chirche sche ȝede of hir berne.
Nis non in þis worlde(s) so wilde {f.2r}
No be he neuer so stille
þat he ne mot be milde
& soffre Godes wille.

185 ¶ Þai bosked to þe biring,
þe kniȝt þat couþe of þe roune.
þe þridde day of hir childing
No lenge hadde sche soiuore;
Wel arliche in a morwening,
190 ¶ Opon a palfrey broune,
Wiþ dreri hert & wiþ morning,
þe leuedi went out of þe toune.

¶ Þan sche com to hir halle
þer was sikeing & wayleway.
195 Sche fel adoun toforn hem alle,
Biforn hir broþer þer he lay.
þan sche seye him vnder palle
Sche seyde ‘allas’ þat ilke day.
þe kniȝtes on hir gun calle
200 & fram þe bare token hir oway.

þo he was in erþe ybrouȝt,
& leyde vnder cloude cold,
þe leuedi was wiþ sorwe þurth-souȝt.
Hir kniȝtes were stark & bold
205 Wiþ riȝt þe tale it was ywrouȝt
þe kniȝtes þe tale hir told.
þe leuedi þat dreri was in þouȝt,
Hir tounes wer take in hir hold.

¶ þo was sche knowen, þat leuedi,
210 Bi alle þe londes side
& maiden clene hold of hir bodi,
þerof þe word sprong wide.
Princes proud þat weren ysene
To hir þai busked hem to ride;
215 No was þer non so lef, ich wene,
þat sche þouȝt to his loue abide.

¶ Alle loued hir, wild & tame,
þat wiþ mouþe herd hir speke.
Sche halpe þe pouer & þe lame
220 þe deuel fram hir for to wreke.
Chirches chapels boþe ysame
Werche sche dede þurth Godes wille.
þe riche of hir hadde game
þe pouer loued hir loude & stille.

225 ¶ A riche douke of miȝt strong,
Of Rome he was, as ȝe may here
For coueitise of hir lond
He wald hir wedde & haue to fere
þan gan sche sike & sorwe among
230 & dreri was in hir chere
‘Ywis’ sche seyde ‘he haþ wrong;
Y loue him nouȝt in hert dere.’

¶ He seye he miȝt no þing spede
No nouȝt wiþ hir his wille do,
235 Bateyle on hir he gan bede
Wiþ alle þat miȝt ride & go,
& seyde he wald oway hir lede
ȝif þat he miȝt comen hir to;
Abouten hir he sett his segge
240 Hir tounes þan brent he þo.

¶ Sche swore sche schuld hir neuer zeld,
Bot he wiþ strengþe hir wonne,

Quand elle arriva à sa demeure
Tout était soupirs et lamentations.
Elle s’évanouit devant eux tous,
Devant son frère qui était étendu.
Quand elle le vit sous le drap mortuaire
Elle cria ‘Hélas !’ à l’instant même.
Les chevaliers l’appellèrent
Et la conduirent loin de la bière.

Un riche duc de grande puissance,
Qui venait de Rome, comme vous pouvez l’entendre,
Par convoitise envers ses terres,
Voulait l’épouser et l’avoir en son pouvoir.
Elle se mit à soupirer et à pleurer en public,
Faisant triste mine, visible à tous.
‘Je suis sûre qu’il a mauvaise intention’, dit-elle ;
‘Je ne le porte pas du tout dans mon cœur’.

Il vit qu’il ne pouvait rien faire avancer,
Ni lui imposer sa volonté ;
Il commença une guerre contre elle,
Avec tous ceux qui marchaient ou montaient,
En disant qu’il allait l’enlever
Si toutefois il pouvait y arriver.
Autour de [son château] il fit le siège,
Puis il incendia toutes ses villes.

Til þat þe child were comen to eld
þat sche lete fasten in þe tonne.
245 0 zete may God swiche grace sende,
þat made boþe mone & sonne,
zete he may liue & wele ende
þat þe douk him haþ bigonne.

Now lete we þis leuedi be
250 0 & telle we hou þe child was founde.
Listeneþ now alle to me.
Y wot it sanke nouzt to þe grounde.
Al þat God wil haue don þan schal be.
Riȝt as his moder him hadde ywounde,
255 0 þe winde him drof fer in þe se,
Swiþe fer in þilke stounde.

¶ To fischers weren out ysent
þat breþeren were boþe, y wene,
Out of an abbay þai weren ysent
260 0 Wiþ nettes & wiþ ores kene
To lache fische to þat couent;
þe monkes þai þouzt to queme.
þat day was hem no grace ylent
For stormes þat were so breme.

265 0 ¶ Erlich in a morning
Er liȝt com of þe day
þai seye a bot cum waiueing
Wiþ þe child þat in þe cradel lay
To liue God him wald bring – {f.2v}
270 0 His wille in lond wrouzt be ay –
þe fischers miri gun sing
& þider þai tok þe riȝt way.

¶ þe tonne anon to hem þai nome
þat was swiþe wele ywrouzt.
275 0 þai no rouzt whider þe bot þer com
þat þe tonn þider brouzt.
To rist riȝt as zede þe mone
þer risen stormes gret aloft,
To lache fische hadde þai no tome,
280 0 To toun to nim was al her þouzt.

¶ Fast þai drowen to þe lond
Wiþ ores gode ymade of tre,
For stormes wald þai noþing wond,
Drenched wende þai wele to be.
285 0 þabot com opon þe strond
þe fischers ȝif he miȝt se;
Also God sent his sond
þat child schuld ysaued be.

¶ þe abot was þider sent,
290 0 Biheld þe tonne was made of tre,
þeron were his eyȝen ylent.
Anon seyð þat abot fre,
'Whare haue ȝe þis tonne yhent

Laissons donc cette dame à son sort,
Pour raconter comment l'enfant fut trouvé.
Écoutez-moi, vous tous, alors :
Je sais que le bateau n'a pas coulé au fond.
Tout ce que Dieu veut accomplir, arrivera.
Dès que sa mère l'eut enveloppé,
Le vent le poussa loin sur la mer,
Très éloigné, pendant un bon moment.

Deux pêcheurs furent commissionnés -
Ils étaient frères de sang, je crois -
On les avait envoyés d'une abbaye
Avec des filets et des rames bien taillées
Pour attraper du poisson pour le couvent.
Ils pensaient donner satisfaction aux moines.
Ce jour, la chance ne leur était pas favorable
À cause des tempêtes qui étaient si rudes.

Un jour, très tôt le matin,
Avant même que l'aube ne pointe,
Ils virent un bateau danser sur l'eau
Avec l'enfant qui se reposait dans le berceau,
Car Dieu voulait le maintenir en vie -
Que sa volonté soit toujours faite dans ce monde -
Les pêcheurs, ravis, se mirent à chanter
En se dirigeant droit vers le lieu.

& what may þerin be?
295 0 No sey3e y neuer swiche a present
In fischers bot in þe se.'

þe fischers answerd boþe yliche,
To þe abot þai speken anon,
'Bi þe king of heuenriche,
300 0 Our þinges be þerin ydon.'
þat child þan bigan to scriche
Wiþ steuen as it were agrome.
þe fischers were adrad of wreche,
þai nist what þai mi3t done.

305 0 ¶ þabot bad wiþouten wou3
Vndo þe tonne þat he þer say
þe fischers were radi anou3
To don his wille þat ich day.
A cloþ of silk þabot vp drou3
310 0 þat on þe childes cradel lay.
þo lai þat litel child & lou3
Opon þabot wiþ ey3en gray.

¶ þabot held vp boþe his hond
Wiþ hert gode to Crist ywent
315 0 & seyð 'lord y þank þi sond
þat þou me hast 3ouen & lent.'
Of yuori tables long
þabot fond þer in present;
þerto he gan sone fong
320 0 & sey3e what þer was writen & dent.

¶ þabot bad þe fischers boþe
Ten mark & þe cradel take,
& bad þai schuld nou3t be wroþ
For þat litel childes sake.
325 0 þo was þat siluer alle her owe
þe tresore to hem þai gun take,
Anon þai were alle biknowe
Hou þai fond þat litel knape.

¶ þat o fischer was riche of wele
330 0 & hadde halle of lim & ston;
þat oþer was pouer & had children fele,
Gold no siluer hadde he non.
þabot toke wiþ him to bere
Ten marke.....
335 0 & þe litel grome
& bad him telle for non au3t
In what maner he was ycome.

¶ Bot sigge his douhter þat ich nau3t
To bere þat child for God aboue
340 0 & bid þe abot 3if he mau3t
Cristen him for Godes loue.
He tok þat child wiþouten hete
& bar it hom wiþouten wrake.
A wiman had he sone ygete

L'abbé ordonna sans hésitation
Qu'on ouvre le tonneau qu'il voyait là.
Les pêcheurs étaient tout aussi prêts
À lui obéir sur le champ.
Un tissu de soie l'abbé retira
Qui était placé dans le berceau de l'enfant.
Ainsi le bébé, couché, se mit à rire
En regardant l'abbé de ses yeux gris.

L'abbé leva les deux mains,
Son bon cœur tourné vers le Christ,
En disant, 'Je te remercie, Seigneur, de ce signe
Que tu m'as donné et envoyé'.
De longues tablettes d'ivoire
L'abbé trouva là, dans la foulée ;
Il les saisit aussitôt
Et vit ce qu'il y avait d'écrit et de gravé.

L'abbé ordonna aux deux pêcheurs
De prendre le berceau et les dix pièces de monnaie,
En les exhortant de ne pas se fâcher
À cause de ce petit enfant.
Désormais l'argent leur appartenait pleinement,
Ils n'hésitèrent pas à prendre ce trésor ;
Alors, ils étaient tout reconnaissants
D'avoir trouvé le petit gamin.

[Note : cette strophe possède un vers supplémentaire
(9 au lieu de 8), ce qui va décaler la numérotation,
donnant, au total, 1061 vers au lieu de 1060]

3450 Him to bere Cristen to make.

¶ When þe fischer y-eten hadde
No wold he no lenger late.
To þabot sone he ladde
& fond him redi atte gate.
3500 Þabot wist þerof anouȝ,
It no was him no þing loþ
þe fischer þan þe child forþ drouȝ
Wiþ salt & wiþ þe crisme cloþ.

¶ ‘Mi douhter sent zou þis child
3550 To cristen it, wiþouten oþ.’
Þabot louȝ, þat was milde,
& wiþ hem to chirche he goþ.
Þabot was cleped Gregorij, {f.3r}
þer þe child his name he toke.
3600 Prest & clerk stode þer bi
Wiþ tapers, liȝt & holy boke

‘Ma fille vous envoie cet enfant
Pour le baptiser, ma foi !’
L’abbé rit, tout en douceur,
Puis se rendit à l’église avec eux.
L’abbé s’appelait Grégoire,
C’est pourquoi l’enfant prit son nom.
Le prêtre et le clerc se tenaient à côté
Portant des chandelles et le livre saint.

¶ & þe child feir & sleye
He cristned in þe salt flod
& seþþen baren it vp an heyȝe,
3650 Offred it to þe holy rod.
Þabot dede so he schold.
þe cloþ he tok wele to hold
... .. four mark of gold
& þe tables þat ich of told

3700 mode
In cloþe fast þai gun him fold
..... .. & God
þe child he tok wele to hold.
.... .. men to ȝares fiue
3750 Wel hende it was þat child to lok
.... .. þat it gan þriue
He nam & sett it to boke

..... him lere fast & swiþe.
Y schal þe finde anouȝ, ywis.
3800 Who so wil þe stori liþe
Wordes he may heren of blis.
What helpeþ it long for to drawe?
Gregorii couþe wele his pars
& wele rad & song in lawe
3850 & vnderstode wele his ars.

... went he on a day to plawe
As children don atte bars.
.... toke wiþ his felawe
Ac Gregorij þe stronger was.
3900 s he were wode
To him fast sone he lepe
.... .. as of vnmild mod
For hert tene sore he wepe.

... .. to his moder sone

395 0 Wip grim hert & wip gret
.... wibe anon
Hou Gregorij him hadde ybede.
.... is a wonder þing.
No can sche nouzt hir wordes lete
400 0 Wipouten anis kines duelling
Sche gan Gregori to þrete.

¶ & seyð ‘þou treytour fondling,
Whi hastow mi sone ybete?
In þis world is [no] man liuing
405 0 Þat wot hou þou was bigete.’
Gregorij stod stille so ston,
Wip dreri hert hom he nome;
A word spac he þer non
Til he to þabot come.

410 0 hert fre he made his mone.
Þan seyð þabot ‘leue sone
[Whi] artow comen so dreri hom?
Who haþ þe (seyð) don ouzt bot loue?’
[Se]yd þe child ‘wipouten lesing,
415 0 Þe fischers wif is vnhende.
.... ed me traitour fondling
& seyð y ne am nouzt of þi kende.’

.... þabot ‘be stille.
Swiche þouzt lete þou be
420 0 rade & sing schirllle
Perfore þis hous is graunted þe
.... schal fulfillle
Wip alle þe monkes [þat] herin be.
When God of me haþ don his wille
425 0 Þou schalt ben abot after me.

¶ ‘Nay, for soþe’ quap he sone,
‘Þi þouzt is now fro min riht,
Ac 3if þou wilt ouzt for me don
3if me order to be kniht;
430 0 To þat mister ichil gon,
Helme to bere & brini briht.
Oþer mister wil y non
Perwhiles icham so 3ong & liht.

‘Non, en vérité’, dit-il aussitôt,
‘Ta pensée est bien éloignée de la mienne,
Mais si tu veux faire quelque chose pour moi
Élève-moi au rang de chevalier ;
En voilà un monastère ou j’irai volontiers,
Portant le heaume et la cotte brillante.
Ne voudrais-je point autre abbaye
Tant que je reste ainsi, jeune et sans attaches.

¶ Bi him þat made þe water
435 0 & lef to spring on grene tre,
Til ich wite who be mi fader
No schal y neuer bliþe be;
& who me 3af cloþ & hater
Til þat y mi moder se
440 0 Perfore to drenche in salt water
Fro þis schame y wil now fle.’

Par celui qui créa l’eau
Et la feuille qui bourgeoonne sur l’arbre vert,
Jusqu’à ce que je découvre qui est mon père
Jamais je ne connaîtrai aucune joie ;
Aussi, celle qui m’a donné la soie et les vêtements,
Jusqu’au jour où je puisse voir ma mère.
Au risque, donc, de me noyer dans la mer
Je pars, alors, pour fuire cette honte’.

¶ Þabot no miht þat child lett
For no bode of pans rounde;
Þe cloþ of silke he þer fet
445 0 Þat Gregori was in ywounde.

His nedes feir he þer bett {f.3v}
& made him kniȝt in þat stounde.
His tables in his hond he sett
& bad him rede þat he þer founde.

450 ¶ Þe kniȝt answerd sone oȝein,
Þe tables þer held an hond,
Bitven hem wiþouten sweyn
He radde alle þat he þer fond.
'ȝif it be soþe þe letters seyn,
455 Michel it is opon mi þouȝt
Of a ȝong child, a douȝti sweyn,
Of what lond he is no telleþ he nouȝt.'

¶ Þan he hadde þe letters rad
Þat in þe tables were yw[rete],
460 'Whar was þe child' he seyde 'bistad
Þat in þe tonne was ylete?
& whider þe water haþ him lad?
Telle me ȝif þat ȝe wite.'
Þabot biheld þe child & bad
465 Þat he schuld bi him site.

He told him wel sone anon
In what maner he was yfounde.
'Þe cloþ of silk þou hast opon
Þat þou were in ȝong ywounde,
470 Þine markes of gold euerichon,
Lo! hem here hole & sounde,
& þine tables of yuori bon
Þat feir ben & eke rounde.'

¶ 'Now is þe time comen to þende,
475 Y swere bi Jesu heuene-king
Þat y nam nouȝt of þi kende
Bot yhold for a fondling.
Now Jesu leue me grace to wende
Þer mi schame may be hed,
480 & sechen after mi riȝt kende
Þat ich was of comen & bred.'

¶ Þabot present him a schip
Þer þat mani stode arouwe.
Þe child was hende & þerin lip,
485 At her parting he wepe a þrouwe.
Þe ropes wer fast yknett,
To þe se þai gun drawe.
Þe winde on her seyl was sett
& hard he gan for to blowe,

490 ¶ & drof him to þe londes side
Þat was in his moder hond.
Gregorij com wiþ michel pride
As kniȝt of vncouþe lond.
Mani man wendeþ fer & wide,
495 Moche may heren & sen among,
Atte last him schal bitide

His auentour be it neuer so strong.

¶ Pan Gregorij cam out of þe bargge;
He hadde a wel gode stede,
500 Helme & brini & briȝt targge
Kniȝt he semed gode at need
Þis felle in þe time of Marche
Þat ich of sing & rede.
He tok his in as kniȝt large,
505 To þe portreues hous he ȝede.

Þe portreue seyȝe þat he was hende
& wel feir him vnderstode;
Him þouȝt he was of gode kende
& eke a milde man of mode,
510 Bot at þe þridde dayes ende
Als-so þai saten atte bord,
His ost seyð ‘wider wiltow wende?’
& Gregori no spac no word.

¶ Ac bleþeliche wite he wold
515 ‘Haþ her ben ani wer long?
Oþer ani man þat dorst hold
A kniȝt vncouþe þat wer strong?’
His ost wel sone him told
What wer was hem among.
520 ‘Our bestes ben robbed & sold,
Our tounes brent al wiþ wrong.’

Gregorij seyð ‘what ayleþ þat?
Whi ne drawe ȝe to acord & loue?’
His ost seyð ‘sone, for what?
525 Bi Jesu þat sitt ous al aboue,
Purth a maiden hende of pris
Is þis werre al ycome,
& þurth a douk þat vnhende is
Þat wold hir haue to wiue ynome.

530 ¶ So trewe in lond y not no may,
Of bodi so feir & so fre,
Tomorwe sone when it is day
Þe leuedi þou schalt at chirche se.
To hir steward wil y gon {f.4r}
535 & tellen him þe soþe of þe;
Reseyued bestow sone anon
ȝif þou wilt serue & wiþ hir be.’

¶ Gregori was feir wiþalle,
O bodi for to bihold;
540 Schred he was in gode palle.
When day com þat he go schold,
‘Ariseþ’ he seyð ‘ȝif ȝe be ȝare.
Redy icham, to chirche y wold.’
His ost spac & ȝaf answare,
545 & ȝede forþ wiþ þe bird so bold.

¶ When he was to chirche ycome

Grégoire sortit alors du bateau ;
Il faisait très belle figure,
Avec le heaume, la cotte et le bouclier brillant,
Un bon chevalier, semblait-il, en cas de besoin.
Cela se passait au mois de mars,
Ce dont je chante et que je raconte.
Il prit ses quartiers comme un grand chevalier,
Puis il se rendit chez le capitaine du port.

Le capitaine vit bien qu’il était noble
Et comprit qu’il lui voulait du bien ;
Il lui parut être de bonne famille
De même qu’un homme de bon caractère.
Toutefois, au bout de trois jours,
Alors qu’ils étaient attablés,
Son hôte lui demanda : ‘Où veux-tu aller ?’
Mais Grégoire ne dit pas un mot.

Une fois qu’il était arrivé à l’église

To se þe leuedi hende & gode,
Wel gentil was þat feir gome
& gret his moder þer sche stode.
550 Þe leuedi þat was so trewe of loue,
þer sche lay bifor þe rode,
þe cloþ of silk sche knewe aboute
þat sche him 3af into þe se flode.

¶ Þe comely leuedy feir of hewe
555 Loked on him wiþ eyzen to
Bot noþing sche him knewe
So long he hadde ben hir fro.
Hir eyzen on him fast sche þrewe
& sey3e wele sche loued him þo;
560 Þe cloþ of silk sche sey3e al newe
þat sche him 3af, þan hir was wo.

¶ Þe leuedi sone anoþer þouzt
þat o cloþ was oþer yliche.
Sche loked on him þat ous bouzt,
565 Þe kni3t of kin sche þouzt riche
þe steward þer sche 3af þe dome
Vnderfong him queyntliche.
þo hadde þe strong douke of Rome
Al bisett hir castel diche.

570 ¶ Ytizt he hadde his pauiloun,
His tentes sprad ful wide,
Baners vp sett & gomfeynoun
About þe castel wiþ pride.
þe kni3tes þat loked þe toun
575 To þe castel gun ride
To wite conseyl & resoun
3if þai schuld þe douk abide.

¶ Gregori was feir of teyle,
Strong & stef in eueri liþ,
580 'Schame it is' he seyde 'saunfeyle
For to libbe in sorwe & siþ.
Arme we ous & take bateyle,
& ich meself schal wende 3ou wiþ.
þe doukes ost we schal aseyle
585 þat ne loueþ no peys no griþ.'

¶ Þe kni3t alle in feir schroude
Him gan arme swiþe wel,
At a postern þai wenten out
Wiþ scharpe speres & swerdes of stiel.
590 Þe waites wer stille & noþing loude.
þai schoten out of þe castel.
Gregori was of hert proude,
þe doukes ost he biheld eueridel.

¶ Ich wot a stede he bistrode,
595 He toke a launce holle & sounde
þer þe doukes ost him rode.
þe erþe dined & þe grounde,

Pour voir la dame noble et bonne,
Tout poli était ce bel homme
Et salua sa mère là où elle se tenait.
La dame était d'un amour si fidèle [à Dieu],
Qu'elle se coucha là, devant la croix ;
Le tissu de soie, elle le reconnut sur lui,
Celui qu'elle lui avait donné en le confiant aux flots.

Cette charmante dame, de beau visage
Le dévisa de ses deux yeux,
Mais elle ne le connut point, car
Il avait été éloigné d'elle depuis si longtemps.
Elle ne cessa de lui faire les grands yeux,
Elle comprit, alors, qu'elle l'aimait ;
Elle voyait aussi le tissu de soie comme neuf,
Celui qu'elle lui avait donné, ce qui la troublait.

Mais la dame [se ravisa] rapidement, en pensant
Qu'un tissu ressemble bien à un autre.
Elle regarda [le Christ], celui qui nous a rachetés,
Puis le chevalier qu'elle imaginait de riche famille.
Aussitôt elle donna à l'intendant l'ordre
De le recevoir avec toute sollicitude.
Car le puissant duc de Rome avait mis
Le siège tout autour des douves de son château.

As he þe stori wrot me seyð;
He was þer worþ an hundred pounde -
600 Wif spere scharp & swerd he leyð
Adoun al þat he þer founde.

¶ Þe folk out of þe castel cam
Wif launces heye & gomfeynoun.
Þe douk was wele ywar of ham,
605 Wif grete route vnder þe toun.
A litel wiȝt after þe none
Þer was ycraked mani a croun,
Mani a kniȝt þer died sone,
Er þan þe sonne ȝede adoun.

610 ¶ Strong it were me to telle
Þe folk þat þer was yslawe;
Also þou sest þe water of welle,
Þe blod of þe hille gan doun drawe.
Y wot y schold long duelle
615 Alle þat soþe for to saye,
So men may here speke & spelle
Þer no was no childes playe.

¶ After þe douke souȝt Gregorij,
Þurth his ost & þurth his here,
620 Wif grim noise he made a cri
'A launce ichil to þe bere.'
Þe douk was proude, wiþouten feyle, {f.4v}
To him he dresced anoþer spere.
He bar þe douk over his hors teyl
625 Þat he groned as a bere.

¶ Þo was þe douke wiþ strengþe ytake
& brouȝt to þe conteise sone.
Sche bad men schuld him kepe & wake,
For him þat made sonne & mone,
630 & seyð men schuld neuer slake
His bondes for no mannes bone,
Bot ȝif he wald hir peys make
Of þat he hadde hir misdome.

Ainsi fut dompté le duc par la force
Et amené immédiatement devant la comtesse.
Elle ordonna qu'on le garde sous surveillance,
Pour cause du Créateur du soleil et de la lune ;
Elle dit qu'on ne devait point défaire
Ses liens à la demande de qui que ce soit,
Sauf s'il acceptait de faire la paix avec elle
Pour tous ses méfaits contre elle.

¶ Þei he war proude & prince beld,
635 Raunsoun for his body sche toke;
Wif grim eyȝen sche him beheld
& dede him swere opon a boke
To pay þe ransoun at þe time
Wiþouten ani kines striif,
640 Þe þridde day at heye prime,
Oþer he schuld lese his liif.

Bien qu'il fût orgueilleux, un prince courageux,
Elle obtint une rançon pour sa personne ;
Aux yeux sévères elle le dévisea
Et l'obligea à jurer sur un livre [la Bible]
De payer la rançon au moment voulu
Sans provoquer de troubles dans le pays,
Le troisième jour à prime [6 heures du matin],
Sous peine de perdre la vie.

¶ Þo was þer pays wel gode in lond
& þer no was no more striif;
Þai þonked alle Godes sond
645 & liued in pes alle her liif.
Fram hir went þe douke þo
To his lond & to his hous,
Bateyls no loued he no mo

For he was þer al confous.

650 Gregori was michel of mounde,
Bot he was wonderliche pouer;
Into oþer londe he wald founde
Grace more for to couer,
To win wele & pans rounde.
655 Bot oft he gan sike sore
When he þouzt on þe hard stounde
Hou he was biȝeten & bore.

¶ He seyde he wold oway fare
More of armes for to do.
660 Þe cuntas þo hadde care
& seyde ‘sir, schal ȝe nouzt go.’
To hir steward spac sche þare
‘What may we ȝeuen him er he go?
He no may nouzt wende o way so bare;
665 He haþ ywroken ous of our fo.’

¶ Þe steward hir answerd þare,
‘Swiche kniȝt no wot y non.
Y wot þou dost þiselue care
ȝif þou le[te]st him fro þe gon
670 For he is trewe in ich a tale,
Strong & stef in ich a bon;
Mani man he haþ don bale,
On him þou miȝt þi loue wele don.’

¶ Þe conseil was ȝeuen & sone don;
675 Þe kniȝt schuld his moder wedde.
To chirche þai went swiþe sone;
Tvay barouns þe leuedi ledde.
Alle þat men schuld to spouseing don,
Þe prest song, þe clerk redde,
680 Als men schuld wiif vnderfon
& holden hir to bord & bedde.

Þo was he erl of gret anour,
Yknowen in alle Aquiteyne,
Boþe of castel & of tour,
685 Þe folk of him was ful feyne.
O[f] alle þe gode men of þat lond
Manred he toke, þat is to seyn,
To be boxsom to his hond,
Boþe kniȝt & eke sweyn.

690 ¶ Gregorij forȝat him nouzt
Of þat sorwe was in his hold;
On his tables was al his þouzt
Þer þai were in toun ifold.
Þider he went & sone souzt
695 Þer þai wer in toun to hold;
Markes of gold wele ywrouzt
He ȝaf þe portreue redi told.

After þat he went wel sone

L'intendant lui répondit sur le champ :
‘Un tel chevalier, je n'en connais point.
Je crois que tu te feras tort
Si tu le laissais partir d'ici,
Car il est fiable, aux dires de tous,
Fort et courageux jusqu'à l'os ;
Il a porté un coup mortel à beaucoup d'hommes.
À lui, tu pourrais très bien donner ton amour’.

Le conseil fut donné et bientôt mis en œuvre ;
Le chevalier devait épouser sa mère.
Ils se rendirent très rapidement à l'église ;
Deux barons accompagnèrent la dame.
Tout ce qu'on doit faire lors d'un mariage,
Le prêtre chantait, le clerk lisait,
Tout comme l'on doit prendre femme
Et la conduire à la table comme au lit.

Dès lors, il était comte, grandement honoré,
Célèbre partout en Aquitaine,
Dans tout château et toute forteresse,
Les gens lui étaient très attachés.
Parmi tous les hommes bons du pays
Il prit des conseillers, pour ainsi dire,
Afin qu'ils lui soient obéissants, sous la main,
Aussi bien des chevaliers que des paysans.

As prince proude in pride
700) & þouȝt what he miȝt don
& wher he miȝt his tables hide.
To a chaunber he ȝede alon
Þat deryn was in somers tide
& leyde hem vnder a ston,
705) Þat noman seye þat stode biside.

¶ Þerafter wel oft it was his wone
Into þat chaunber for to wende.
Þerin most noman come
No of his sorwe wite non ende.
710) He was a dreri moder sone {f.5r}
When he held his tables long;
Þerfore wel oft it was his won
His bodi for to pine strong.

¶ Þer nis non so deryn dede
715) Þat sum time it schal be sene;
Þider in wald he nouȝt lede
For soþe, noiþer king no quene.
A wiman þerof toke hede
Þat it was þe lawe ogeyn
720) Þat he so oft þider in ȝede
Wiþouten kniȝt oþor sweyn.

¶ On hunting on a day he fore
Wiþin a dale in a forest
Wiþ houndes þat were liȝt on more
725) For to take þe wilde best.
Þe leuedi at hom so briȝt so flour
Alone left, wiþouten chest,
Þan was hir told a tiding stour,
Þerof sche hadde wonder mest.

730) ¶ Hou þat þerl himselue alon -
A wiman told hir þe tale -
Into þe chaunber was won to gone,
Wiþouten felawe gret & smale.
'Þerin he makeþ reweli mone,
735) Leuedi, leue þou wele mi tale.
Þe hewe þat he haþ þan opon
It is boþe wan & pale.'

¶ Þe leuedi wonder hadde þo,
For diol [doel] sche wald dye
740) 'What wil he in þat chaunber do
Me to sorwe & to treye?'
Sche bad hir maidens þerout go
A stounde for to pleye,
& þai deden also;
745) Out of þe chaunber þai toke þe way.

¶ Þan alon sche left þerinne;
Non wist what sche ment.
Þe cuntasse nold neuer blinne,
Þe chaunber dore of hokes sche hent.

Comment le comte, tout seul -
- une servante lui raconta toute l'histoire -
- Avait l'habitude d'aller dans cette chambre,
- Sans compagnon, de haut ni de bas état.
'Là dedans il gémit piteusement,
Croyez bien, madame, ce que je vous dis.
La tête qu'il fait à ce moment-là
Est à fois triste et pâle'.

La dame était donc tellement bouleversée,
Qu'elle faillit mourir de douleur.
'Que peut-il bien faire dans cette chambre
Qui tant m'attriste et m'éprouve ?'
Elle ordonna à ses compagnes de sortir
Se distraire pendant un certain temps,
Ce qu'elles firent de suite ;
Sortant de la chambre, elles s'en allèrent.

750 Sche souzt & fond wiþ hert vnmild
þe tables þat wiþ hir sone sche sent
& knewe it was hir owen child
þat in his armes aniȝt sche went.

þo þe leuedi hadde þe latters radde
755 þat sche wrot, ich wene,
Sone sche bicom al mad
& wex boþe pale & grene.
Sche fel aswon on hir bed
& loude bigan for to reme.
760 Hir steward herd hou sche was bisted,
Sone he cam hir to queme.

¶ Sche bad anon men schuld hir fett
Hir lord þerl hir bifore
& þat noman schuld him lett,
765 As he was hende & to hir swore.
A kniȝt on o palfrey him sett,
þe lord he fond vnder a tre
& teld hou þe leuedi gret,
& non wist whi it miȝt be.

770 ¶ Þerl nold no lenge abide,
At þe wode he lete his houndes alle,
þe stede he smot bi þe side
Til he com to his owen halle.
þurth chaumbers boþe heyȝe & wide
775 To Jesu he herd hir calle;
On bed he fel hir bisid -
Ysprad it was wiþ grene palle.

¶ þe leuedi briȝt so blosme on bouȝ
Hir sone sche kist swiþe sone;
780 Sori sche was & noþing louȝ,
Sche crid to God þat sitt in trone.
Oft sche hadde ioie anouȝ
Bitvene þe prime & þe none;
Anoþer þing to sorwe hir drouȝ,
785 þe sinnes þat sche hadde done.

¶ When sche waked of þat res
Hir sone sche seye hir bifore.
Sche bad him telle wiþouten les
In what lond he was ybore.
790 ‘Be stille’ he seyde ‘& haue þi pes
& lete swiche wordes be forlore;
For loue, leuedi, þou me ches,
Icham þine & to þe swore.’

¶ þe tables riche of yuori
795 þe leuedi tok out of hir sleue.
‘Of whom’ sche seyde ‘is þis stori?
Telle me, ȝif y may þe leue.
Whenne noman stont þe bi, {f.5v}
In chaunber þou letest al þine hewe;
800 Y wot þou art wel dreri,

Les riches tablettes d’ivoire
La dame sortit de sa manche.
‘De qui’, dit-elle, ‘parle cette histoire ?
Réponds-moi, si je peux te croire.
Quand personne n’est auprès de toi
En privé, tu laisses tomber les apparences ;
Je sais bien que tu es très déprimé,

Pine sorwes ben euer aliche newe.'

He answerd at þat sawe
Wiþ hert cheld so ani ston
& seyð 'icham wele biknowe
805 Þat in þe se ich was ydon;
Biþeten ich was ozaines þe lawe -
To God & to þe y sigge -
& out of ioie icham yblawe,
Mi soule is brouzt lowe to ligge.

810 Sche seyð 'allas, mi soule won;
So sinful no was neuer no oþer.
Now icham wedded to mi sone
Þat on me biþat mi broþer.
Lord Jesu þat sitt aboue,
815 Þou wost fram ende to oþer,
Þi michel merci & þi loue
Þat sinful man may help & frouer.'

¶ Do seyð þerl 'y se & finde
Þat ich long haue ysouzt,
820 Þat y schal þus knowe mi kinde;
Ywis, no likeþ it me nouzt.'
He þat was bifore schal be bihinde
Þat haþ ous in sorwe brouzt
& careful he schal oway winde
825 As he was glad of our þouzt.

¶ 'Sone what schal me to rede?
Y sike for our boþer sake;
Mi blisse schal ben euer gnedede,
Mi strong sorwe schal neuer slake.'
830 He bad hir loue almose dede,
Penaunce al for to take,
'To heuen-blis it wil þe lede
& of þi soule a gode seynt make.

¶ Moder, now we schul part atvinne
835 & neuer oþer in þis lond se;
He haþ ous cleped & cald of sinne,
þe holy gost & persones þre.
Bifor þe dom of alle mankin,
Bifor Godes face, so schal it be;
840 Better is lay þan neuer blinne,
Our soules to maken fre.'

¶ Robes riche hadde he þan,
As prince þat was miche of miht,
He toke cloþes of pouer manne;
845 þe loue of God was on him liht.
At his moder leue he nam
Ar þe day was vp briht,
Out of his lond þan he cam,
A penaunt he semed pouer, apliht.

850 ¶ A pike he made of his spere,

Tes chagrins sont ainsi toujours renouvelés'.

Il répondit à ce discours,
Le coeur froid comme une pierre,
En disant : 'Je suis conscient, en effet,
Que l'on m'a remis à la mer ;
J'ai été conçu de façon illégale -
Devant Dieu et devant toi je l'avoue -
J'ai été poussé par le vent, loin de toute joie,
Mon âme est atterrée, au plus bas'.

Elle répondit : 'Hélas ! mon âme s'évanouit ;
Jamais n'a existé une aussi grande pécheresse.
Je suis donc marié à mon fils,
Celui qu'a engendré sur moi mon frère !
Seigneur Jésus qui règne au Ciel,
Toi, seul, connais en long et en large
Ta grande miséricorde et ton amour
Qui peuvent aider et consoler l'être pécheur'.

So palmer þat walkeþ wide.
þe þridde niȝt to a fischer
He cam bi þe se side.
Gregorij wold duelle stille
855 0 Al þat ich niȝtes tide,
& ȝif it war his wille
Til day þat he most abide.

¶ þe fischer answerd wiþ wordes vnmilde
'Me þenk' he seyde, þou art a spie.
860 0 þi bodi is white, þi flesche is wilde,
þis liif mauȝtow nouȝt long dreye.
ȝif þou al niȝt wer me hende,
þou wost do me vilainie.
Bi him þat schal ous all amende,
865 0 In mine hous schal tow nouȝt lye.

Gregori coupe nouȝt preye,
No lenger he nold biseche,
Bot ȝede forþ alle in his way
Barfot his sinnes for to leche.
870 0 þe fischers wiif, ich ȝou say,
For him bigan to wepe;
For him þan sche wald dye
Bot he miȝt in hir hous slepe.

¶ þe fischer seye his wiif þouȝt,
875 0 þe penant he lete clepe oȝein.
þat niȝt he was to rest ybrouȝt
Out of þe winde & þe reyn.
þe wiif him bedded wel soft
In a chaunber þer he schould leyn.
880 0 To Crist he cleped swiþe oft
þat miȝtful is of miȝt & main.

¶ þo it was time for to soupe
þe cloþ was leyde, þe bord ysett.
þe winde blewe schille & loude,
885 0 þe fer biforn hem was bett.
þe wiif wel ȝern was about {f.6r}
þat Gregorij were þer fet.
þe housbond was stern & stout
þe penaunt hadde hard gret.

890 0 ¶ Gregorij was simple of sawe,
In he com wiþ resoun.
He wesche his honden as it was lawe
& bi þe fer sett him adoun.
A cloþ biforn him was drawe
895 0 & ȝaf him win of maser broun,
Bred wel white of what yslawe,
þe best þat was in alle þe toun.

¶ þe penaunt seyde 'mi leuedi schene,
Mi bodi askeþ no swich mete,
900 0 Bot barly brede & water clene
ȝif ich it miȝt finde & gete.'

Le pêcheur comprit la pensée de sa femme ;
Il fit donc rappeler le pénitent.
Ce dernier fut invité à y passer la nuit
À l'abri du vent et de la pluie.
La femme lui prépara un bon lit doux
Dans une chambre où il pouvait coucher.
Il remercia maintes fois le Christ
Pour sa toute-puissance en toutes choses.

Alors, à l'heure du souper,
On mit la nappe, on dressa la table.
Le vent poussait fort et bruyamment,
Mieux était le feu devant eux !
La femme s'occupait bien attentivement
À ce que Grégoire fût bien servi.
Le mari restait grave et dur,
Le pénitent en était tout triste.

Le pénitent dit : 'Ma belle dame,
Mon corps ne réclame point de tels mets,
Seulement du pain d'orge et de l'eau pure
Si je pourrai en trouver et en obtenir'.

Þe fischer seyð 'þou þeues fere,
þou makest ous of þe to speke,
Þis gret fische tofor me here,
905) Bodi & heued þou wost it ete.

¶ 3if þou bi þiselue were,
Anou3 þou wost ete & drink;
No mete þe to dere no were,
& þou no semest nouzt to swinke.
910) Þis treytour sitt among ous here,
To þe water he ginneþ blenke.
þou schost haue ben ermite or frere
In wode oþer in roche brinke.'

¶ '3a, quaþ he 'þerafter ich haue souzt;
915) Þe place is nouzt 3ete yfounde.
To swiche a stede ich wald be brouzt
þat y mi3t liuen in a stounde.'
'3is' quaþ þe fischer 'drade þe nouzt,
Y knowe a roche al ridi rounde;
920) Þerin þer is an hous ywrouzt
Wel depe at þe se grounde.'

¶ Gregorij seyð 'for loue of on
þat dyed on þe rode tre,
Bring me to þat roche of ston
925) Fischer, 3if þi wille be.'
þe fischer seyð 'bi seyn Jon,
When y li3t of day may se
Feters ichil cast þe opon
& to þat roche bring y þe.'

930) ¶ Þe penaunt lay & nouzt no slepe
Bot þouzt on God þat sitt in trone
þat he him sende gode hap
His penaunce wele for to done.
His tables he þer for3at
935) Amorwe when he schuld go,
& when þat he was war of þat
Ywis, him was swiþe wo.

¶ Þanne he was to þe roche ycome,
Yfetred & fast ybounde,
940) Þe keye was wel raþe ynome
& cast into þe se grounde.
Gregorij bisouzt Crist
þat þe keye schuld neuer be founde
Til for soþe þat he wist
945) His soule wer out of sinne ybounde.

¶ Þerin was his woniing
To seuenten winter weren agon;
Wiþ penaunce & gret fasting
To God of heuen he made his mone,
950) Wiþouten mete, wiþouten drink,
Bot dewe þat fel on þe marbel ston.
þe stori seyð wiþouten lesing,

Le pêcheur rétorqua : 'Espèce de voleur,
Tu nous obliges à dire à ton sujet,
Que ce grand poisson là, devant moi,
Tu saurais en manger et le corps et la tête.

Si tu te trouvais tout seul,
Tu saurais assez bien manger et boire ;
Aucun plat ne te serait trop cher,
Bien que tu ne sembles point gagner [ta vie].
Voilà que ce traître s'assied parmi nous,
Vers l'eau il tourne son regard.
Tu aurais dû être ermite ou frère
Vivant aux bois ou au bord d'une roche'.

'En effet', dit-il, 'je suis à la recherche de cela ;
L'endroit n'a pas encore été trouvé.
Je voudrais qu'on m'emmène dans un tel lieu
Où je pourrais vivre un certain temps'.
'Dans ce cas', dit le pêcheur, 'ne t'inquiète pas,
Je connais une roche déjà toute ronde ;
Là-dessus se trouve une cabane construite
Bien ancrée au niveau de la mer'.

Grégoire répliqua : 'Pour l'amour de celui
Qui est mort sur le bois de la croix,
Amène-moi à ce rocher de pierre,
Pêcheur, si tu le veux bien'.
Le pêcheur répondit : 'Par saint Jean,
Dès que je vois la lumière du jour
Je mettrai des fers sur toi
Et je t'amènerai sur cette roche'.

Le pénitent se coucha mais ne dort pas,
Pensant à Dieu qui siège sur son trône,
Priant qu'il lui envoie le bonheur
De pouvoir bien accomplir sa pénitence.
Ses tablettes, il les oublia derrière lui
Le lendemain au moment de partir,
Et quand il s'en est rendu compte
Il était, je crois, terriblement triste.

Oþer liif no ladde he non.

¶ Now schal we lete Gregorij,
955 0 Bitake we him God þat made man.
Herkeneþ alle þat beþ hendi
Of þe pope þat dyed þan.
His frendes were for him sori
þo his liif dayes wer don.
960 0 Ded he was so seyt þe stori,
His soule went to heuen son.

þe bischopes þat were of þat lond,
& of grete autorite,
To Rome were comen þurth Godes sond
965 0 Into þat holi cite.
A cardinal spac þer among,
& seyde schortliche att wordes þre,
'Wite 3e wele it may nouzt long
longtemps
Cristendom vnloked be.'

970 0 ¶ Anoþer spac for to spede,
þat wele couþe a resoun telle,
& bad þat men schuld nim hede
þat cristendom nouzt doun felle.
'Tvelue apostles in erþe 3ede, {f.6v}
975 0 þe þrittend was God himselue.
þe pope is in stede at nede,
þe cardinals be þe apostles tvelue.

¶ Bot now of him is don þe dede,
Lowe he liþ loken in ston.
980 0 Who may þat folk wisse & rede
Now pope in Rome haue we non?
Biseche we God wele to spede,
Our eleccioun wele to don,
Also þe world haþ alle nede,
985 0 To help & ward cristendom.'

¶ þe cardinals al togider come -
Ensembled þai were alle þo -
& bisouzt God þat made mone
An holi man to vnderfo
990 0 þat digne were to ben in Rome
Her leccioun wele to do,
þat to þe world toke 3eme
& holi chirche loke to.

¶ þai layen alle in affliccioun,
995 0 þe cardinals euerichon,
þe bischopes alle of þe toun
Wiþ hem weren ygon.
An angel cam fram heuen adoun,
Bri3ter þan þe rouwel bon,
1000 & seyde 'made is þis aleccioun.
þe king of heuen haþ chosen 3ou on.

Nous laisserons Grégoire maintenant,
Nous le confions à Dieu qui fit l'homme.
Écoutez, vous tous qui êtes nobles,
Au sujet du pape qui mourut alors.
Tous ses amis le pleuraient
Car les jours de sa vie étaient achevés.
Mort de sa belle mort, comme on le dit,
Son âme monta directement au Ciel.

Les évêques qui étaient en poste dans ce pays,
Et qui détenaient une grande autorité,
Sont arrivés à Rome par inspiration divine
Jusqu'à cette sainte ville.
Un cardinal prit la parole parmi eux,
En disant brièvement, en trois mots,
'Vous savez bien que cela ne peut durer
Que la chrétientée reste non protégée'.

Ils étaient tous atterris par la douleur,
Tous les cardinaux sans exception,
Ainsi que tous les évêques de la ville
Qui les avaient accompagnés.
Arriva un ange descendu du Ciel,
Plus éclatant que l'ivoire [os rouelle],
Qui déclara : 'Cette élection est déjà faite,
Car le roi du Ciel vous a choisi quelqu'un.

¶ Ich bid zou seche anon.
It comeþ zou to miche frame.
In þe world is swiche non
1005 To be pope wiþouten blame;
He woneþ in a roche of ston,
Gregorij, it is his name.
Þe salt seis about him gon,
Wiþ penaunce he is waschen clane.’

1010 ¶ Þan þai hadde herd þe steuen
Of þe angel þat is so briȝt,
Anon þai þonked God of heuen
Of alle his michel holy miȝt,
Messangers þai senten seuen.
1015 Þe way token þai wel riȝt,
To þe toun þai ȝede wel euen
Þer Gregorij was herberd aniȝt.

Þurth þe grace of Jesu Crist,
Þat sent vertu in ston & gras,
1020 To þe fischers hous þai went wiþ list
Þe[r] Gregori herberwed was,
Þai asked him herberwe sone.
Spending þai hadde anouȝ, apliȝt;
Þerfore him þouȝt it was to done
1025 & herberwed hem þat ich niȝt.

¶ Þe fischer hadde alday ybe
In þe se wiþ nettes strong
& þer he toke fisches þre
Þat were boþe gret & long.
1030 Þe fischer bad hem com & se
Wat fische þai wold fond;
Wel feir it schuld ydiȝt be
& y-opened to her hond.

¶ Þer þe fisches alle lay,
1035 Þe best of alle þai chosen to,
& bad men schuld hem seþe & play
& boile hem in water þo.
Þe fischer fond þerin a keye
When þe wombe was vndo,
1040 & þouȝt þat Gregori was faye,
& þerfore him was ful wo.

Þan þai hadde soped euerichon
& were glad of þat niȝt,
Þe fischer asked hem anon
1045 To what lond þai hadden tiȝt.
Þai seyden ‘long haue we gon,
After a penaunt ysouȝt riȝt
Þat woneþ in a roche of ston,
We not where he is aliȝt.

1050 ¶ In Rome pope is þer non.
Loue of God on him is liȝt,
We schuld wiþ ous bring him hom

Je vous enjoins de chercher tout de suite.
Cela vous sera d’un grand avantage.
Il existe dans le monde un être tel
Qu’il peut devenir pape sans défaut.
Il habite sur un rocher de pierre :
Grégoire, c’est son nom.
Les eaux maritimes l’entourent,
La pénitence l’a lavé de toute imperfection’.

Là où tous les poissons étaient entassés,
Ils en choisirent les deux meilleurs,
En ordonnant qu’on les prepare avec soin,
Puis les faire bouillir à l’eau.
Le pêcheur trouva une clé là-dedans
Dès qu’on ouvrit le ventre.
Il pensait que Grégoire était mort, par le destin,
Ce qui le rendait plein de tristesse.

Quand tout le monde avait soupé,
Ils étaient bien contents de la soirée.
Puis le pêcheur leur demanda
En quelle direction ils avaient l’intention d’aller.
Ils répondirent : ‘Nous avons longtemps voyagé
À la recherche d’un véritable pénitent
Qui habite sur un rocher de pierre,
Mais nous ne savons pas où il s’est établi.

Il n’existe plus de pape à Rome,
Mais l’amour de Dieu est descendu sur lui.
Nous devons le ramener avec nous à la maison

3if we miȝt of him haue siȝt.
Þe fischer swore ‘bi seyn Jon,
1055 Þider y can ȝou wisse ariȝt.
Y brouȝt him to þat roche of ston,
Oliue [alive] no wot ich him no wiȝt.

¶ Per ich him feterd fast & bond;
He me suffred & stille lay
1060 & þe keye wiþ mi riȝt hond
Into þe se y cast oway...

Si nous arrivons à mettre l’œil sur lui’.
Le pêcheur jura : ‘Par saint Jean,
Je peux vous guider là-bas sans problème.
Je l’ai conduit moi-même à ce rocher nu,
Mais je ne le crois plus encore en vie.

Je l’ai enchaîné et ligoté là, bien fort ;
Il a tout accepté sans résister,
Puis de ma propre main droite
J’ai jeté la clé à la mer, bien loin.