

## Costume in Medieval Welsh Romance

Heather Rose Jones, PhD

hrjones@earthlink.net

May 13, 2010

### General Works

- Jarman, A.O.H. & Gwilym Rees Hughes. 1992. *A Guide to Welsh Literature*. University of Wales Press, Cardiff.
- Huws, Daniel. 2000. *Medieval Welsh Manuscripts*. University of Wales Press & National Library of Wales, Cardiff.
- Watkin, Morgan. 1962. *La Civilisation Française dans les Mabinogion*. Didier, Paris.
- Davies, Sioned. 1993. *Four Branches of the Mabinogi*. Gomer Press, Llandysul.

### Welsh Texts

- Bromwich, Rachel & D. Simon Evans. 1992. *Culhwch and Olwen*. University of Wales Press, Cardiff.
- Evans, J. Gwenogvryn. 1973. *Llyfr Gwyn Rhydderch*. University of Wales Press, Cardiff.
- Ford, Patrick K. 2000. *Manawydan uab Llyr*. Ford & Bailie, Publishers, Belmont.
- Goetinck, Glenys. 1976. *Historia Peredur vab Efracw*. University of Wales Press, Cardiff.
- Jones, Gwyn & Thomas Jones. 1986. *Mabinogion*. J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London.
- Richards, Melville. 1980. *Breudwyt Ronabwy*. University of Wales Press, Cardiff.
- Roberts, Brynley F. 1975. *Cyfranc Lludd a Llefelys*. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin.

- Roberts, Brynley F. 2005. *Breudwyt Maxen Wledic*. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin.
- Thomson, Derick S. 1968. *Branwen Uerch Lyr*. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin.
- Thomson, R.L. 1980. *Pwyll Penduic Dyuet*. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin.
- Thomson, R.L. 1986. *Owein*. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin.
- Thomson, Robert L. 1997. *Ystoria Gereint uab Erbin*. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, Dublin.
- Williams, Ifor. 1982. *Pedeir Keinc Y Mabinogi*. University of Wales Press, Cardiff.
- Williams, Robert. 1878. *Campeu Charlymaen, being the Gests of Charlemagne, and Bevis of Hampton, The Welsh Version Written in 1336*. Thomas Richards, London.\*

### French Texts

- Comfort, W. W. trans. 1970. *Chrétien de Troyes: Arthurian Romances*. J.M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.
- Stimming, Albert. 1899. *Der Anglonormannische Boeve de Haumtone*. Max Niemeyer, Halle.\*
- Foerster, Wendelin. 1890. *Erec und Enide von Christian von Troyes*. Max Niemeyer, Halle.\*
- Foerster, Wendelin. 1902. *Kristian von Troyes: Yvain (Der Löwenritter)*. Max Niemeyer, Halle.\*
- Weiss, Judith. 2008. *Boeve de Haumtone and Gui de Warewic: Two Anglo-Norman Romances*. Arizona Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, Tempe.

\*Courtesy of Google Books

## Owain: Corresponding Texts

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
a'r petweryd chwech a diodassant vy lludedwisc a dodi gwisc arall ymdanaf, nyt amgen, <b>crys a llawdyr</b> o'r <b>bliant</b> , a <b>ffeis a swrcot a mantell</b> o <b>bali melyn</b> ac <b>orffreis</b> lydan yn y <b>vantell</b> .	and the fourth six [maidens] removed my traveling clothes and put another garment about me, namely, a <b>shirt</b> and <b>trousers</b> of <b>bliant</b> , and a <b>tunic</b> and <b>surcoat</b> and <b>mantle</b> of <b>yellow silk-brocade</b> with wide <b>orphreys</b> on the <b>mantle</b> .	when she had robed me in a <b>short mantle of scarlet stuff spotted with a peacock's plumes</b>	Puis m'afubla un <b>cort mantel Ver d'escarlate peonace,</b>
gwreic velen a'e gwallt dros y dwy ysgwyd, ac a gwaet briw amyl yn y brigeu, a <b>gwisc o bali melyn</b> ymdanei gwedy y rwygaw, a dwy <b>wintas o gordwal brith</b> am y thraet.	a blond woman with her hair over her two shoulders, and many a wound of blood in her tresses, and a <b>garment of yellow silk-brocade</b> about her, having been torn, and two <b>buskins of speckled cordovan</b> about her feet.	She tears her hair and rips her <b>dress</b>	Ses chevos tire et ront ses <b>dras,</b>
<b>peis a swrcot a mantell o bali melyn</b> , ac <b>orffreis</b> lydan yn y <b>vantell</b> o <b>eurllin</b> , a dwy <b>wintas o gordwal brith</b> am y draet a llun <b>llew o eur</b> yn eu <b>kaeu</b> .	[Luned dresses Owain in] a <b>tunic</b> and <b>surcoat</b> and <b>mantle</b> of <b>yellow silk-brocade</b> , with wide <b>orphreys</b> on the <b>mantle</b> of <b>cloth of gold</b> , and two <b>buskins of speckled cordovan</b> about his feet, with an image of a <b>gold lion fastening</b> them.	while every day she has him bathed and washed and groomed. And besides this she prepares for him a <b>robe of red scarlet</b> stuff, brand new and lined with spotted <b>fur</b> . There is nothing necessary for his equipment which she does not lend to him: a golden buckle for his neck, ornamented with precious stones which make people look well, a <b>girdle</b> , and a <b>wallet</b> made of rich gold brocade.	Si le fet chascun jor beignier Et bien laver et apleignier. Et avuec ce li aparaille <b>Robe d'escarlate vermeille</b> De <b>ver</b> forree a tot la croie. N'est riens, qu'ele ne li acroie, Qui covaingne a lui acesmer: Fermail d'or a son col fermer, Ovre a pierres precieuses, Qui font les janz mout gracieuses, Et <b>ceinturè et aumosniere,</b> Qui fu d'une riche seigniere,
Ac ef a vu y velly ar dro hyny daruu y <b>dillat</b> oll	And he was wandering thus till his <b>clothes</b> perished	Then such a storm broke loose in his brain that he loses his senses; he tears his flesh and, stripping off his <b>clothes</b> , he flees across the meadows and fields	Lors li monta uns torbeillons El chief si granz que il forsane, Lors se descire et se depane Et fuit par chans et par arees Et leisse ses janz esgarees,

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
a'r <b>dillat</b> genhyt ... a'r <b>dillat</b> gyr y law ... a'r <b>dillat</b> y wrthaw ... hyny gafas y <b>dillat</b>	and the <b>garments</b> with thee ... and the <b>garments</b> near at hand ... and the <b>garments</b> a short way off from him ... until he reached the <b>garments</b> ...	She sends him also a <b>robe</b> of spotted <b>fur</b> , a <b>coat</b> , and a <b>mantle</b> of <b>scarlet silk</b> . The damsel takes them, and leads in her right hand an excellent palfrey. And she added to these, of her own store, a <b>shirt</b> , some soft <b>hose</b> , and some new <b>drawers</b> of <b>proper cut</b> . ... she came with the <b>clothes</b> ... She carries off the box, and takes hidden refuge by her horse. But she leaves the <b>robe</b> behind, wishing that, if God calls him back to life, he may see it all laid out, and may take it and put it on. ... He sees the new <b>robe</b> lying before him	<b>Robe veire, cote et mantel</b> Li fet porter de <b>soie an grainne</b> . Cele li porte et si li mainne An destre un palefroi mout buen. Et avuec ce I met del suen <b>Chemise et braies</b> deliiees Et <b>chaucés</b> nueves <b>bien tailliees</b> . ... Et puis s'an vient la, ou cil dort, A tot la <b>robe</b> et l'oignemant; ... La boiste an porte, si s'an fuit, Si s'est vers ses chevaus reposte. Mes la <b>robe</b> mie n'an oste Por ce que, se Deus le ravoie, Viaut qu'apareilliee la voie Et qu'il la praingne et qu'il s'an veste. ... Devant lui voit la <b>robe</b> nueve,
ac nyt oed <b>dillat</b> ymdannunt werth pedeir ar hugeint o aryant ... ac y dygei an meirch ninneu ac an <b>dillat</b> ac an eur ac an aryant ... A thrannoeth y kymerth y pedeir gwraged ar hugeint a'e meirch a'e <b>dillat</b>	But the <b>garments</b> on them were not worth twenty four silver pennies ... and he took away our horses and our <b>clothing</b> and our gold and our silver ... and the next day he took the twenty four ladies and their horses and <b>clothing</b>	three hundred maidens, working at different kinds of embroidery. Each one was sewing with golden thread and silk, as best she could. But such was their poverty, that many of them wore no girdle, and looked slovenly, because so poor, and their <b>garments</b> were torn about their breasts and at the elbows, and their <b>shifts</b> were soiled about their necks.	Et par antre les peus leanz Vit puceles jusqu'a trois çanz, Qui diverses oeuvres feisoient. De fil d'or et de soie ovoient Chascune au miauz qu'ele savoit. Mes tel povreté i avoit, Que desliiees et desçaintes An i ot de povreté maintes, Et as memeles et as <b>cotes</b> Estoient lor cotes derotes Et les <b>chemises</b> as cos sales

## Geraint: Corresponding Texts

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
<p>macwyf gwineu ieuanc eskeirnoyth teyrneid ar arnaw. A chledyf eurdwrn ar glyn. A <b>pheis</b> a <b>swrcot</b> o <b>bali</b> ymdanaw. A dwy <b>eskid issel</b> o <b>gordwal</b> am y drayd. <b>Allen</b> o <b>borfor glas</b> ar warthaf hynny. Ac <b>aual eur</b> vrth pob cwrrr idi.</p>	<p>a young, brown-haired squire, bare-legged and princely, on [the horse]. A gold-hilted sword at his knee. And a <b>tunic</b> and <b>surcoat of silk-brocade</b> around him. And two <b>low</b> <b>shoes of cordovan</b> on his feet. And a <b>llen</b> of <b>blue-</b> <b>purple</b> over that with a <b>gold apple</b> at each corner of it.</p>	<p>Mounted on his horse, and clad in an <b>ermine mantle</b>, he came galloping down the road, wearing a <b>coat of splendid</b> <b>flowered silk</b> which was made at Constantinople. He had put on <b>hose</b> of <b>brocade, well made and cut</b>, and when his golden spurs were well attached, he sat securely in his stirrups.</p>	<p>Sor un destrier estoit montez, Afublez d'un <b>mantel hermin</b>; Galopant vint tot le chemin, S'ot <b>cote</b> d'un <b>diaspre noble</b>, Oui fu fez an Costantinoble. <b>Chauces</b> ot de <b>paile</b> chauciees, Mout <b>bien faites et bien tailliees</b>, Et fu es estriers afichiez, Uns esperons a or chauciez;</p>
<p>A diskynnu a oruc yn y neuad ac adaw yno y uarch a dyuot racdaw tu ar loft ef ar gvr gwynllwyt. Ac nyny lloft y gwelei gohenwreic yn eisted ar obennyd a <b>hen dillat</b> <b>atueiledic</b> o <b>bali</b> amdanei. A ffan uuassei nyny llawn ieuengtitt tebic oet ganthaw na welsei neb wreic degach no hi. A morwyn a ged gyr y llaw a <b>chrys</b> a <b>llenlliein</b> ymdanei <b>gohen</b> yn dechreu <b>atueilaw</b></p>	<p>He dismounted in the hall and left his horse there and proceeded towards the loft, he and the gray- headed man. And in the loft he saw a rather old woman sitting on a pillow, with <b>old tattered</b> <b>garments of silk</b> around her. And when she had been in her full youth, he supposed that no one had seen a woman as fair as she. And he found a maiden beside her with a <b>shift</b> and <b>linen-llen</b> around her, rather <b>old</b> and beginning to be <b>ragged</b>.</p>	<p>The lady came out with her daughter, who was dressed in a <b>soft white under-robe</b> <b>with wide skirts hanging loose in folds</b>. Over it she wore a <b>white linen garment</b>, which completed her attire. And this <b>garment</b> was so <b>old</b> that it was <b>full of</b> <b>holes down the sides</b>. Poor, indeed, was her garb without, but within her body was fair.</p>	<p>La dame s'an est fors issue, Et sa fille qui fu vestue D'une <b>chemise par panz lee</b>, <b>Deliëe, blanche et ridee</b>. Un <b>blanc chainse</b> ot vestu dessus; N'avoit robe ne mains ne plus. Mes tant estoit li <b>chainses viez</b> Que as <b>cotes estoit perciez</b>. Povre estoit la robe defors, Mes dessoz estoit biaus li cors.</p>
<p>Na wiset y uorwyn ... dim ymdanei onyt <b>ychrys</b> ae <b>llenlliein</b> nyny del y lys arthur y wisaw o</p>	<p>Let the maiden wear ... nothing about her except her <b>shift</b> and her <b>linen-</b> <b>llen</b> until she comes to</p>	<p>Tomorrow at dawn I wish to take your daughter to court, <b>dressed</b> and arrayed as she is at present. I wish my lady, the Queen, to dress her in her best <b>dress</b> of</p>	<p>Demain par son l'aube del jor An tel <b>robe</b> et an tel ator An manrai vostre fille a cort. Je vuel que ma dame l'atort</p>

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
<p>wenhwyuar y <b>wisc</b> auynho ymdanei.</p>	<p>Arthur's court, and Gwenhwyfar dresses her in the <b>clothing</b> she desires.</p>	<p><b>satin</b> and <b>scarlet</b> cloth." There was a maiden near at hand, very honourable, prudent, and virtuous. She was seated on a bench beside the maid with the <b>white shift</b>, and was her own cousin -- the niece of my lord the Count. When she heard how Erec intended to take her cousin in such very poor array to the Queen's court, she spoke about it to the Count. "Sire," she says, "it would be a shame to you more than to any one else if this knight should take your niece away with him in such sad array." And the Count made answer: "Gentle niece, do you give her the best of your <b>dresses</b>." But Erec heard the conversation, and said: "By no means, my lord. For be assured that nothing in the world would tempt me to let her have another <b>robe</b> until the Queen shall herself bestow it upon her." When the damsel heart this, she replied: "Alas! fair sire, since you insist upon leading off my cousin thus dressed in a <b>white shift and chemise</b>, and since you are determined that she shall have none of my dresses, a different gift I wish to make her. ..."</p>	<p>De la soe <b>robe</b> demainne,  De <b>samiz</b> et de <b>dras an grainne</b>."  Une pucele estoit leanz,  Mout preuz, mout sage, mout vaillanz.  Lez la pubele au <b>chainse blanc</b>  S'estoit assise sor un banc,  Et sa cosine estoit germainne  Et niece le conte demainne.  Quant la pucele ot antandue  Que si tres povremant vestue  An voloit mener sa cosine  Erec a la cort la reïne,  A parole an a mis le conte.  "Sire", fet ele, "mout grant honte  Seroit a vos plus qu'a autrui,  Se cist an menoit avuec lui  Vostre niece si povremant  Atornee de vestemant."  Et li cuens respont: "Je vos pri,  Ma douce niece, donez li  De voz <b>robes</b>, que vos avez,  La mellor que vos i savez."  Erec a la pucele oïe  Et dist: "Sire, n'an parlez mie!  Une chose schiez vos bien:  Ne voudroie por nule rien  Qu'ele eüst d'autre <b>robe</b> point  Jusque la reïne li doint."  Quant la dameisele l'oï,  Lors respondi et dist: "Hai!"  Biaus sire, quant vos an tel guise  An <b>blanc chainse</b> et an sa <b>chemise</b>  Ma cosine an volez mener,  Un autre don livuel doner,</p>

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
<p>A dewis ar holl <b>wiscoed</b> Gwenhwyuar y'r uorwyn; a'r neb a welei y uorwyn yn y <b>wisc</b> honno, ef a welei olwc wedeidlwys delediw arnei.</p>	<p>And the maiden had a choice of all Gwenhwyfar's <b>garments</b>, and whoever saw the maiden in that <b>garment</b>, he would see a seemly and beautiful sight.</p>	<p>It is poverty that has compelled her to wear this <b>white linen garment</b> until both sleeves are torn at the side. And yet, had it been my desire, she might have had <b>dresses</b> rich enough. For another damsel, a cousin of hers, wished to give her a <b>robe</b> of <b>ermine</b> and of <b>spotted or grey silk</b>. But I would not have her dressed in any other <b>robe</b> until you should have seen her. Gentle lady, consider the matter now and see what need she has of a fine becoming <b>gown</b>." And the Queen at once replies: "You have done quite right; it is fitting that she should have one of my <b>gowns</b>, and I will give her straightway a rich, fair gown, both fresh and new." The Queen then hastily took her off to her own private room, and gave orders to bring quickly the fresh <b>tunic</b> and the <b>greenish-purple mantle, embroidered with little crosses</b>, which had been made for herself. The one who went at her behest came bringing to her the <b>mantle</b> and the <b>tunic</b>, which was lined with <b>white ermine</b> even to the sleeves. At the wrists and on the neck-band there was in truth more than half a mark's weight of beaten gold, and everywhere set in the gold there were precious stones of divers colors, indigo and green, blue and dark brown. This <b>tunic</b> was very rich, but not a whit less precious, I trow, was the <b>mantle</b>. As yet, there were no ribbons on it; for the <b>mantle</b> like the <b>tunic</b> was brand new. The <b>mantle</b> was very rich and fine: laid about</p>	<p>Povretez li a fet user  Cest <b>blanc chainse</b>, tant que as cotes  An sont andeus les manches rotes.  Et neporquant, se moi pleüst,  Buenes <b>robes</b> affez eüst;  Qu'une pucele, sa cosine,  Li vost doner <b>robe d'ermine</b>,  De dras de <b>soie veire ou grise</b>;  Mes je ne vos an nule guise  Que d'autre <b>robe</b> fust vestue  Tant que vos l'eüssiez veüe.  Ma douce dame, or an pansez!  Grant mestier a, bien le veez,  D'une bele <b>robe</b> avenant."  Et la reïne maintenant  Li respont: "Mout avez bien fet!  Droiz est que de mes <b>robes</b> et.  Et je li donrai buene et bele,  Tot or androit, fresche et novele."  La reïne erraumant l'an mainne  An la foe chanbre demainne  Et dist qu'an li aport isnel  Le fres <b>bliant</b> et le <b>mantel</b>  De la <b>vert porpre croisilliee</b>  Qui por le suen cors fu tailliee.  Cil, cui ele l'ot comandé,  Li a le <b>mantel</b> aporté  Et le <b>bliant</b> qui jusqu'as manches  Fu forrez <b>d'erminetes blanches</b>.  As poinz et a la cheveçaille  Avoit sanz nule devinaille  Plus de demi marc d'or batu;  Et pierres de mout grant vertu,  Indes et verz, bloes et bises,  Avoit par tot sor l'or assises.</p>

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
		<p>the neck were two <b>sable skins</b>, and in the <b>tassels</b> there was more than an ounce of gold; on one a hyacinth, and on the other a ruby flashed more bright than burning candle. The <b>fur lining</b> was of <b>white ermine</b>; never was finer seen or found. The cloth was skillfully embroidered with little crosses, all different, indigo, vermilion, dark blue, white, green, blue, and yellow. The Queen called for some ribbons four ells long, made of silken thread and gold. The ribbons are given to her, handsome and well matched. Quickly she had them fastened to the mantle by some one who knew how to do it, and who was master of the art. When the <b>mantle</b> needed no more touches, the gay and gentle lady clasped the maid with the <b>white gown</b> and said to her cheerily: "Mademoiselle, you must change this <b>frock</b> for this <b>tunic</b> which is worth more than a hundred marks of silver. So much I wish to bestow upon you. And put on this <b>mantle</b>, too." ... she takes the <b>robe</b> ... she took off her <b>frock</b> as being of no further value ... she dons the <b>tunic</b> and girds herself, binding on tightly a golden belt and afterwards puts on the <b>mantle</b>."</p>	<p>Mout estoit riches li <b>bliauz</b>,  Mes por voir ne valoit noauz  Li <b>mantiaus</b> de rien que je sache.  Ancor n'i avoit mise atache;  Car toz estoit fres et noviaus  Et li <b>bliauz</b> et li <b>mantiaus</b>.  Mout fu buens li <b>mantiaus</b> et fins:  Au col avoit deus <b>sebelins</b>,  Es <b>tassiaus</b> ot d'or plus d'une once;  D'une part ot une jagonce,  Et un rubi de l'autre part  Plus cler que chandoile qui art.  La <b>pane</b> fu de <b>blanc ermine</b>;  Onques plus bele ne plus fine  Ne fu veüe ne trove.  La porpre fu mout bien ovree  A croisetes totes diverses,  Indes et vermoilles et perses,  Blanches et verz, bloes et jaunes.  Unes ataches de quatre aunes,  De fil de soie a or ovrees,  A la reïne demandees.  Les ataches li sont bailliees,  Beles et bien aparelliees.  Ele les fist tot maintenant  Metre el mantel isnelemant,  Et s'an fist tel home antremetre,  Qui bien estoit mestre del metre.  Quant el <b>mantel</b> n'ot rien que feire,  La jantis dame demoneire  La pucele au <b>blanc chainse</b> acole  Et si li dist franche parole:  "Ma dameisele, a cest <b>bliaut</b>,  Qui plus de çant mars d'arjant vaut,  Vos covient cest <b>chainse</b> changier;</p>

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
			De tant vos vuel je losangier. Et dest <b>mantel</b> asublez sus! ... La <b>robe</b> prant ... La a son <b>chainse</b> desvestu; Que nel prise mes un festu; ... Puis vest le <b>bliaut</b> , si se çaint, D'un orfrois a un tor s'estraint, Et le <b>mantel</b> après afuble.
a chyuoit titheu ... a <b>gwisc</b> ymdanat, a ffar gweiraw dy uarch, a dwc y <b>wisc waethaf</b> ar dy helw gennyt vrth uarchogaeth.	Arise ... and <b>dress</b> yourself, and ready your horse, and take your <b>worst garment</b> to protect you while riding	And now at once prepare yourself to take the road. Rise up from here, and <b>dress</b> yourself in your <b>richest robe</b> , ... while she dressed herself fitly in her <b>richest robe</b> .	Aparellirez vos or androit; Por chevaunchier vos aprestez. Levez de ci, si vos <b>vestez</b> De vostre <b>robe la plus bele</b> , ... Que bien et bel f'est atornee De la <b>mellor robe</b> qu'ele ot,
deffro a <b>gwisc</b> ymdanat	arise and <b>dress</b> yourself	Erec has armed and <b>dressed</b> himself	Erec s'est armez et <b>vestuz</b> .
uorwyn-wreic ieuanc ae <b>marchawc wisc</b> ymdanei	a young maiden with a <b>riding garment</b> about her	The maiden was rending her <b>garments</b> , and tearing her hair and her tender crimson face.	La pucele aloit <b>detirant</b> Ses mains, et ses crins descirant Et sa tandre face vermoille.



## Bown: Corresponding Texts

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
Yna y dywawt bradmwnd yn uchel.	Then said Bradmwnd loudly,		
Ermyn heb ef. Dyro di ymi dy verch di oth vod.	"Ermyn," said he. "Give to me your daughter willingly.	"Hermin," said Brademund, "give me your daughter.	"Hermine", dist Brademound, "vostre file me donez,
ac om gomedy. Mi ay mynnaf othanuod.	And if you refuse me, I want her against your will.	By Mahomet, if you refuse,	e, par Mahumet! Si vus la deveez,
ac ny adaf na thir na dayar	And I will not leave neither land nor earth	I'll leave you neither castle nor city	jeo ne vus lerrai chasteus ne citez
na thref na chastell itti wedy hynny.	nor town nor castle to you after that.	nor even half a foot of your land.	ne de vostre tere ne mie demi pez;
A gwedy darffo ym gytsynnyaw a hi.	And after it happens that I approve of her	Josiane shall lie by my side,	Josiane girra delez le moun costé,
mi ay rodaf hi	I will give her	and then she'll be given in grief and shame	e puis serra doné a doel e a vilté
yr dyn bawhaf om holl gyfoeth.	to the vilest man in all my land.	to the poorest man in my land!"	a le plus mauveis ke seit en ma tere trové!"
Os oth anuod y cahaf.	If I get her against your will.		
		"By Mahomet!" said Hermin, "you're lying, scoundrel;	"Par Mahun!" dist Heremine, "glotoun, vus mentez,
		nothing will happen as you say."	il ne serra mie ausi com tu dist avez."
Disgynnu a wnaeth Ermin o ben y castell	Ermin descended from the top of the castle	Then he descended from the tower,	A donkes se en est de la tur envalez,
a galw y varchogyon y gyt.	and called his knights together.	called all his knights to him,	ses chevalers tretuz ad a sei apellez,
a datcanu udunt ymadrodyon bradmwnd	And told them the words of Bradmwnd	told them all about Bradmwnd, the strong king,	de le fort roi Bradmound les ad il tut countez,
ae getymdeithon. Ac eu bygwth.	and his companions, and their threat.		
a gofyn kyghor udunt a wnaeth.	And he asked their advice.	and asked for their counsel: "My lords, what do you advise?"	conseil lur demaund: "Seignurs, que me loez?"
Sef a wnaeth iosian y verch dywedut yn gyntaf. Mi a wn gyghor da.	This is what Iosian his daughter did: she spoke first. "I know good advice."	Josiane began to speak and said: "My lord, hear me!	Josiane emparla e dist: "Sire, escotez!
urdaw bown yn varchawc urdawl.	Elevate Bown as a knight.	By Mahomet, if you knight Boeve,	Par Mahumet! Se Boefs adubbez,

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
ac ef a wna nerth mawr it a chanhorthwy.	And he will provide great strength for you and assistance.	be sure he will give you valuable help.	bon secours vus freit, sachez de veritez.
Canys y dyd arall yd oedwn o ben y twr yn edrych arnaw.	Because the other day I was watching him from the top of the tower	For with my own eyes I saw him when he was weaponless	Car jeo vi de mes oilz, quant fu desarmez
pan y hachubawd dec fforestwr.	when he attacked ten foresters.	and ten foresters challenged him;	e dis foresters li urent defiez,
a hwyntwy yn aruawc.	And they were armed		
ac ynteu heb dim arueu. Gwedy ryadaw y gledyf heb gof yn lle	And he without arms, having left his sword thoughtlessly where	he had no sword because he had left it behind	il ne avoit point de branc, car il l'out obliez
y lladyssei pen y baed.	he had cut off the boar's head.	when he killed the mighty, raging boar;	la ou il tua le fort sengler devez,
ac eissoes a dryll y paladyr a oed yny law.	And with a piece of a spear that was already in his hand	he had only the stump of a thick lance	il ne avoit ke un tronsoun de une launce quarrez
ef a ladawd hwech onadunt.	He slew six of them	and with it he killed six of them and maimed the rest.	si en tua sis, les autres ad afolez,
ar petwar a ffoyssant.	And four fled.	But they fled, so frightened were they."	mes il en fuirent, taunt furent espuntez."
A minneu ae hurdaf ef.	"I shall elevate him."	"By Mahomet!" said the king, "he shall be knighted."	"Par Mahun!" dist li roi, "il serra adubbez."
Bown a elwit attunt.	Bown was called to them.	Then Boeve was called forward.	A taunt fu Boefs avaunt apellez.
ac ermin a dywawt wrthaw.	And Ermin said to him,	"Boeve," said the king, "listen to me:	"Boefs", dist li roi, "a moi entendez:
Mi ath urdaf yn varchawc urdawl. A gwedy hynny ti a arweddy	I will elevate you to be a knight. And after that you will carry	I shall knight you and then you will carry	jeo vus frai chevaler e pus si porterez
vy stonderdi ymlaen vy gallu.	my standard before my forces."	my banner into battle in front of my barons."	ma banere en bataile devaunt mon baronnez."
Mi a wna dy ewyllys di arglwyd ymhobpeth. Herwyd y gallwyfi oreu.	"I will do your will, lord, in everything,	"My lord," said Boeve, "let it be as you wish."	"Sire", ceo dist Beofs, "si seit com vus comaundez."
	according to the best I am able."		
Ac yna y hurdawl ermin ef yn varchawc urdawl.	Then Ermin elevated him to be a knight.		
ac y <b>gwiscawd</b> arueu ymdanaw.	And <b>dressed</b> armor about him,		

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
Nyt amgen.	namely		
<b>actwn</b> da dilis ysgafyn.	a good, secure, light <b>aqueton</b>		
		He laced up his <b>leggings</b> very tightly,	Une <b>chauses</b> lassa, ke mult furent sarrez,
a <b>lluryc</b> dwy dyplic.	and a doubled <b>breastplate</b>	then put a <b>hauberk</b> on his back,	après ad un <b>hauberk</b> en son dos endosez,
yr hon ni ffwysei dec arugeint o fwnei y wlat.	which did not weigh 30 [pieces] of money of the land.	weighing less than ten coins in money	ke ne peise mie dis deners demoné,
		but nevertheless very close-knit;	mes nequedent mult esteit serré,
ac nyt oed aryf aallei argyweddu un o hynny trwy y <b>lluryc</b> .	And there was no weapon that could injure one of them through the <b>breastplate</b> .	it could not have been damaged by a sharp weapon.	par arme trenchaunt ne poeit estre empiré.
Ac ar uchaf hynny <b>quire</b> diogel.	And over that a secure <b>cuirass</b> .		
a <b>chynsallt</b> hossaneu <b>lluryc</b> .	And a <b>surcoat, armored hose</b> [i.e., chausses]		
a <b>chrimogeu</b> am y draet ay ysgeired.	and <b>greaves</b> on his feet and his legs		
ac ar warthaf hynny <b>ysparduneu eureit</b> .	And over that, <b>golden spurs</b>	King Hermin attached his <b>gilded spurs</b>	Roi Hermine li chause les <b>esporouns deorrez,</b>
Am y ben y dodet <b>penguch bwrkum</b> a <b>ffaylet</b> .	On his head was placed a <b>[1] coif</b> and a <b>fillet</b> .		
ac ar warthaf hynny <b>helym eureit</b> echdywynedic.	and under that a glittering <b>golden helm</b> .		
A gwedy hynny y rodes y brenhin cledyf idaw. Ac y gwisgawd ymdanaw.	And after that the king gave his sword to him and dressed it about him.	and girded his sword on to his left side.	seinte l'a espeie par le senestre costez,
ac ny bu eiroet y gystal.	And there was never its equal	No better blade was ever forged from steel;	unkes meilour braunc ne fu de ascer forgé,
kan ny phylei. Ac ny phlygei.	because it would not blunt and not bend		

Welsh	Translation from Welsh	Translation from French	French
yr a ffustit ac ef. Ac nyt oed well y neb y vot yn aruawc. Noc yn noeth. Or y trewit ac ef.	despite how one struck with it. And it was no better for anyone to be armed than naked if one struck with it.		
		it was as long as an arm and as wide as a foot.	un braz out de long, de large out un pe;
a morglei oed y enw.	And Morglei was its name.	It was called Murgleie and had conquered many kingdoms.	l'en le apele Murgleie, conquis out meint regné.
A iosian a rodes march idaw.	And Josian gave a horse to him.	The girl gave him a valuable horse.	La pucele li doune un destrer prisé,
ac arwndel oed y enw.	And Arwndel was his name.		
ac ny bu na chynt na gwedy y gystal na y ganfuanet.	And there was never previously nor after his equal nor as swift.	No better horse could be found:	unkes meillour cheval de li ne fu trové,
		God never made an animal, you can be sure,	unkes deu ne fist beste, sachez de verité,
		that came within a mile of overtaking it.	ke li ateindereit de un arpent mesuré.

**[1] "bwrkum" appears to be corrupt. Compare the "penngwch pwrqwin" (Burgundian coif) of Owein, but possibly instead "bwcrum" (buckram).**