



CHARLES KINGSLEY

HEREWARD THE WAKE

EESTI KIRJANDUSE SELTS

EST. A - 11576

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HEREWARD THE WAKE

ABRIDGED AND SIMPLIFIED FOR THE USE OF
ESTONIAN SCHOOLS

BY

HENRY C. C. HARRIS, B. A.,

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OF TARTU

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29.V.45.*

EESTI KIRJANDUSE SELTS
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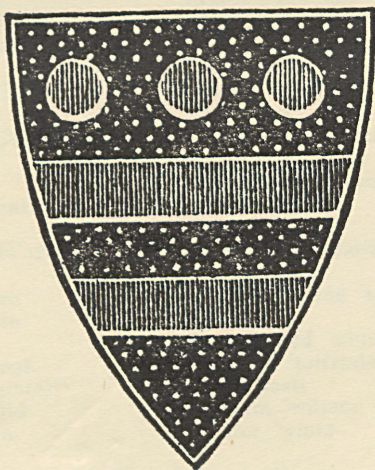
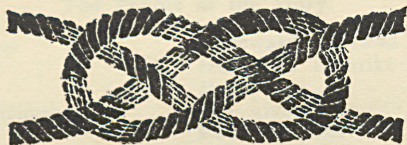
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J. Mällo trükk, Tartus 1937.

HEREWARD'S ARMS.



VIGILA ET ORA.

The People in the Story.

Aldytha ɔl'diəθ	Hereward 'heriwəd
Alef 'ælef	Hoibrich't 'hɔibrikt
Alfgar 'ælfɡə	Hugh hju:
Alfruda 'ælftru:ðə	Ivo 'aivou
Algar 'ælgə	Leofric 'li:oufrik
Arnoul 'ɑ:nou	Martin Lightfoot 'mɑ:tin 'laitfut
Asbiorn 'æzbjɔn	Matilda mə'tildə
Ascelin 'æsəlin	Morcar 'mɔ:kə
Azer 'æzə	Naemansson 'neiməns(ə)n
Baldwin 'bɔ:ldwin	Odo 'oudou
Brand 'brænd	Oswulf 'ɔzwulf
Canute kə'nju:t	Pery 'peri
Cerdic 'sædik	Raoul de Dol 'rɑ:ul di:dɔl
Charlemagne 'ʃɑ:lə'mein	Roland 'rɔulænd
Edric 'edrik	Sigtryg Ranaldsson 'sigtrig 'rænəlds(ə)n
Edwin 'edwin	Siward 'siwəd
Edward the Confessor 'edwəd, kən'fesə	Swend Forkbeard 'swend 'fɔ:kbiəd
Fitz-Osbern fits'ɔzbən	Sweyn Ulfsson 'swein 'ulfs(ə)n
Gilbert 'gilibət	Surturbrand 'sɜ:tə:brænd
Godiva ɡɔ'daivə	Torfrida 'tɔ:fri:də
Godwin ɡɔdwin	Tosti 'tɔ:sti
Gryll 'gril	William 'wiljəm
Gwenoch 'gwənək	Winter 'wintə
Hannibal 'hænib(ə)l	
Harold 'hær(ə)ld	
Herluin 'hə:lui:n	

Uncommon Words.

Berserker 'bɜ:sə:kə:	Marquis 'mɑ:kwis
Chatelain 'ʃætəlein	Norse nɔ:s
Dannebrog 'dænibrɔg	Odin 'ou:dn
Domesday 'du:mzdeɪ	St. Peter sn(t)'pi:tə
Fenris 'fenris	Thor θɔ:
Hildur 'hildə	Viking 'vaikiŋ

Place Names.

Aldreth 'əldrɪə	Leicester 'lestə
Azerdun 'æzədən	Lincolnshire 'lɪŋkənʃɪə
Belgium 'beldʒəm	London 'lʌndən
Boldyke Gate 'bɔldaɪk'geɪt	Marazion 'mæə'zeɪən
Boston 'bɒst(ə)n	Mercia 'mɜ:ʃɪə
Bourne 'bɔ:n	Mildenhall 'mɪld(ə)nhɔl
Brandon 'brændn	Norfolk 'nɔ:fɔk
Bristol 'brɪstl	Normandy 'nɔ:mændɪ
Bruges 'bru:ʒ	Northamptonshire
Bruneswald 'bru:nzwɔld	nɔ:'æm(p)tənʃɪə
Cambridge 'keɪmbrɪdʒ	Northumberland nɔ:'æmbələnd
Cambridgeshire 'keɪmbrɪdʒʃɪə	Northumbria nɔ:'æmbriə
Cheshire 'tʃeʃə	Norway 'nɔ:wei
Chester 'tʃestə	Norwich 'nɔ:ɪdʒ
Constantinople 'kɒnstæntɪ'nɒʊpl	Nottingham 'nɒtɪŋəm
Cornwall 'kɒnw(ə)l	Ouse ʊ:z
Coventry 'kɒv(ə)ntri	Oxford 'ɒksfəd
Crowland 'kroulənd	Peterborough 'pɪ:təbərə
Denmark 'denmɑ:k	Salisbury 'sɔlzb(ə)ri
Derby 'dɑ:bi	Sandwich 'sænwɪʃ
Dover 'douvə	Scheldt skelt
East Anglia 'i:st 'æŋɡliə	Scotland 'skɒtlənd
Ely 'ɪli	Shrewsbury 'ʃru:zb(ə)ri
Ermine Street 'ə:mɪn 'stri:t	Shropshire 'ʃrɒpʃɪə
Evermoe 'evəmju:	Spalding 'spɔ:ldɪŋ
Exeter 'eksətə	Stafford 'stæfəd
Flanders 'flɑ:ndəz	Stamford 'stæmfəd
Fordham 'fɔ:dəm	St. Bertin snber'tɪn
Ghent gent	St. Omer sn'toumɛə
Gweek gwɪk	Sweden 'swɪdn
Guisnes 'gɪznei	Wales weilz
Halifax 'hælifæks	Warwick 'wɔ:ɪk
Hastings 'heɪstɪŋz	Wash wɔʃ
Holland 'hɒlənd	Waterford 'wɔ:təfəd
Huddersfield 'hʌdɔ:zfi:ld	Watling Street 'wɔtliŋ 'stri:t
Humber 'hʌmbə	Westminster 'wes(t)mɪnstə
Ireland 'aɪələnd	Yarmouth 'jɑ:məʊ
Kesteven kes'ti:v(ə)n	York jɔ:k
Lancashire 'læŋkəʃɪə	

HEREWARD THE WAKE.

'Last of the English'.

CHAPTER 1.

HOW HERWARD WAS OUTLAWED (1).

In Kesteven ¹⁾ of Lincolnshire, between the forest and the fen, lies the good market-town of Bourne.

A pleasant place, and a rich, is Bourne now; and a pleasant place and rich must it have been in the old Anglo-Danish ²⁾ times. To the south and west stretched, as now, the limitless flat fen, with the high top of Crowland Abbey ³⁾ shining bright between tall trees upon the southern horizon; and to the north, from the edge of the town fields, rose the great Brunswald, the forest of oak and other trees which still covers many miles of Lincolnshire. There was good hunting after bird and fish in the fen below and good hunting in the forest above.

It is of early days that this story tells; of the latter half of the eleventh century, just before the Norman Conquest ⁴⁾, when Leofric the Earl ruled

1) Kesteven—the centre of Lincolnshire.

2) The old Anglo-Danish times—from about 1016 to 1042.

3) Crowland Abbey—a famous abbey about eight miles from Peterborough.

4) Norman Conquest—the Normans took England in 1066.

over the forest and town and fen and, beside him in that rich part of the country, other free Danish farmers, whose names may still be found in Domesday-book⁵⁾, held small farms for which they had to serve the great earl as soldiers.

Everybody, I think, has heard of Lady Godiva, mistress of Bourne, the most beautiful as well as the most saintly woman of her day.

Less known is her husband Leofric, whose bones lie by those of Godiva in the famous church at Coventry; less known again are their children—Algar or Alfgar, Earl of Mercia⁶⁾ after his father, who died after a short and stormy life, leaving two sons, Edwin and Morcar, always spoken of together.

Leofric's second son was Hereward, whose history this tale tells; his third and youngest was a boy whose name is not known.

Godiva was almost the greatest lady in England. She might have been proud, but she always carried about with her a secret which kept her humble, namely, shame at the bad conduct of Hereward, her son.

Now on a day—about the year 1040—Lady Godiva sat, not at her house door giving food and

5) Domesday-book—a book in which William the Conqueror wrote down the names of all the people in England who held land.

6) Mercia—the great Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Middle England.

fur [f:] + sam-nahic
[glaw] - schinner

clothes to her thirteen poor people⁷⁾, but in her room, with her youngest son, a two-years' boy, at her knee. She was listening with a face of shame to what Herluin, steward of Peterborough⁸⁾, who had met Hereward and his band of fighting men that afternoon, was saying.

They had met him riding along, reading his prayer-book, towards his abbey—'Upon which your son, Lady, told me to stand, saying that his men were thirsty; that he had no money to buy ale with; and that there was no one who could help him so well as a fat priest.

But when he saw who I was he shouted out my name and told his companions to throw me to the ground.'

'Throw you to the ground?' cried Lady Godiva.

'In much mud, madam. After that he took my horse, and then my fur gloves and cloak which you yourself gave me, saying that the rules of my church allowed only one dress and no furs except catskins, or something like them. And then he took from me sixteen silver pennies which I had collected for the use of the abbey, and so left me to walk here in the mud.'

'Bad, bad boy!' cried Lady Godiva and hid her

7) Her thirteen poor people—wherever Lady Godwin went she gave food, clothes and shelter to thirteen poor people.

8) Peterborough—an abbey in Northamptonshire which was founded in 655. It was often known as the Golden Borough because it was very rich.

face in her hands. 'How ashamed I am that I have brought such a son into the world!'

The monk had hardly finished his story when there was a sound of heavy feet, the noise of men shouting and laughing outside, and above all a voice calling for the monk by name. When Herluin heard this he hid behind the curtain of Lady Godiva's bed. The next moment the door of the room was thrown open and in came a noble lad eighteen years old. He had a face of unusual beauty, except that the lower jaw was too long and heavy, and that his eyes looked very strange, for one of them was gray and the other blue. He was short but his chest was extremely broad and his limbs of more than usual strength; his very fine hands and feet and long locks of golden hair showed that he was of noble, and even as he really was, of royal race. He was dressed in a costume of many colours. His wrists and throat were tattooed in blue; he carried sword and dagger, a gold ring round his neck and gold rings on his wrists. He was a lad that would have made the eyes of any mother bright with joy, but there was none in Lady Godiva's eyes as she saw him, nor had there been for many years. She looked at him severely, and he, his face red with the wine he had drunk as he passed through the hall to make him brave for the coming storm, looked at her smiling as if he did not care.

'Well, my lady,' he said before she could speak,

[si:z] - hearing

'I have heard that this man was here; and came home as fast as I could, to see that he told you as few lies as possible.'

'He has told me,' said she, 'that you have robbed the church.'

'Robbed him it may be, an old crow, whom I have not liked for the last ten years.'

'Hereward, Hereward!' cried his mother, 'what words are these?' and she sprang up, and seizing his arm laid her hand upon his mouth.

[si'ni:li] - seawall

CHAPTER 2.

HOW HEREWARD WAS OUTLAWED (2).

hall Lady Godiva talked long and severely to Hereward. 'Is it not enough,' she ended, 'that after all your wicked deeds you must rob the church and drive me—me, who have hidden all these things till now—to tell your father about you?'

'So you will tell my father?' said Hereward coolly. And he went out of the room as if he did not care what she did.

When he was gone the Lady Godiva bowed her head and wept long and bitterly. Nobody dared speak to her for almost an hour. At the end of that time she lifted her head, settled her face again till it was like that of a marble saint over a church door, asked for ink and paper, and wrote her letter. Then

[Over] - aeward

12

she asked for some one she could trust to take it to Westminster.

^{Kenmas}
'There is none so swift or sure,' said her steward, 'as Martin Lightfoot.'

Lady Godiva shook her head. 'I don't trust him,' she said. 'He is too fond of my poor—of the Lord Hereward.'

'He is a strange man, my lady, and no one knows from where he came; but since my lord threatened to hang him for talking to my young master, he has never spoken to the Lord Hereward, or indeed to anybody else.'

So Martin Lightfoot was sent for. He was a tall bony man, as thin as a stick, with a long hooked nose, a small brown beard with few hairs in it, and a high head. He had on an old grey woollen garment and rough shoes of skin. He might have been any age from twenty to forty, but his face was full of scars and showed signs that he had been out in all kinds of weather. He fell on one knee holding his cap in his hand, and looked at the lady's feet with a stupid and frightened look on his face.

'Martin,' said the lady, 'they tell me that you are a silent and a careful man.'

'That am I.'

'I shall try you; do you know the way to London? To your lord's house?'

'Yes.'

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'How long will you take to go there with this letter?'

'A day and a half.'

'When shall you be back here?'

'On the fourth day.'

'And you will go to my husband and give this letter safely to him?'

'Yes.'

'And safely bring back an answer?'

'No, not that.'

'Not that?'

Martin made a strange face and drew his hand first across his leg and then across his throat, meaning that somebody would cut off his legs or kill him.

'He—the Lord Hereward—has promised not to let anybody harm you.'

Martin gave a start. His dull eyes shone for a moment, but the next he answered as shortly as before—

'The bigger fool he. But women's needles are as sharp as men's knives.'

'Needles—whose? What are you talking about?'

'Them,' said Martin, pointing to Lady Godiva's maids—girls of good family who stood around; they were chosen for their beauty after the fashion of those times to attend on great ladies. The girls gave an angry cry of 'No!' and one or two of them laughed, which showed that Martin had spoken the truth. Hereward was the favourite of his mother's

[The 'in']
rely

attendants, and there was not one of the girls but would have done anything to prevent Martin from carrying the letter.

'Silence, man!' said Lady Godiva so severely that Martin saw he had gone too far. 'How can such a man as you know what's in this letter?'

'All the town must know,' replied Martin.

'It is good that they do,' said Lady Godiva, 'and know that right is done here.'

'I will take it,' said Martin. He took it and looked at it, but upside down and without trying to read it.

'His own mother,' he said after a minute or two.

'What is that to you?' asked Lady Godiva, getting red and angry.

'Nothing—I had no mother. But God has one.'

'What do you mean? Will you take the letter or not?'

'I will take it.' He looked at it again without rising from his knee. 'His own father, too.'

'What is that to you, I say again?'

'Nothing—I have no father. But God's son has one.'

'What do you want, you strange man,' said she, half-frightened, 'and how did you come, I ask again, to know what is in the letter?'

'All the town, I say again, must know. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. On the fourth day from this I will be back.'

CHAPTER 3.

HOW HEReward WENT NORTH TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

(Next day Hereward mounted his horse, armed himself from head to foot, and rode to Peterborough, where his uncle Brand was Prior.)

On the fifth day came Martin Lightfoot and found Hereward in Prior Brand's cell.

'Well?' asked Hereward coolly.

'Is he—? Is he—?' said Brand, unable to finish his question.

Martin nodded.

Hereward laughed—a loud, uneasy laugh.

'See what it is,' he said, 'to have just and pious parents. Come, Master Run-alone, speak out and tell us all about it. Your lean wolf's legs have run well. Open your wolf's mouth and speak. Find your lost tongue, I say.'

'Walls have ears as well as the wild wood,' replied Martin.

'We are safe here,' said the Prior, 'so speak and tell us the whole truth.'

'Well, when the earl read the letter, he turned red, and pale again, and then said nothing but—“Men, follow me to the King⁹⁾ at Westminster.” So we went, all with our weapons, twenty or more, and up into the king's new hall¹⁰⁾; and a grand hall it is, but not easy to get into because there was a crowd

9) The king—Edward the Confessor.

10) The king's new hall—Westminster Hall.

[Thin]
1000,
Lahy

of monks and beggars on the stairs. And here sat the king on a high seat, with his pink face and white hair, and on either side of him, on the same seat, sat the old fox and the young wolf ¹¹). And your father walked up the hall, his left hand on his sword, looking an earl all over, as he is.'

'He is that,' said Hereward in a low voice.

'And he bowed; and cried as he stood:—

'“Justice, my lord the king!”'

'And at this the king turned pale and said: “Who? What? O miserable world! O last days drawing nearer and nearer! O earth full of violence and blood! Who has wronged you now, most dear and noble earl?”'

'“Justice against my own son.”'

'And your father got a parchment with a strange seal hanging to it, and sent me off with it that same night to give to the lawman ¹²). So wolf's head ¹³) you are, my lord, and there's no use crying over spilt milk ¹⁴).

'If that is made known you had better start to-night and get past Lincoln before morning,' said Prior Brand.

'I shall stay quietly here, and get a good night's

11) The old fox and the young wolf—Earl Godwin and Harold his son who afterwards became king.

12) Lawman—the king's officer in a certain district.

13) Wolf's head—an outlaw; so called because anybody could kill him as if he were a wild animal.

14) It's no use crying over spilt milk—to be sorry uselessly.

rest; and then ride out to-morrow morning in the face of the whole country. No, not a word! You would not have me go quietly away like a coward?’

Brand smiled; he was very much of the same mind as Hereward.

‘At least go north.’

‘And why north?’

‘You have no quarrel in Northumberland and the king’s commands act very slowly there.’

It was four o’clock on a May morning when Hereward set out to see the world, with good armour on his back, good weapon by his side, good horse between his knees, and—what was very rare in those moneyless but plentiful days—good money in his purse.

As he rode on, slowly and cheerfully, as a man who will not make his horse tired at the beginning of a long day’s journey and knows not where he will pass the night, he noticed a man on foot coming up behind him at a slow, regular trot, like that of a wolf, which, although it was slow, caught him up so fast, that he saw at once that the man could be no common runner.

The man came up, and to Hereward’s surprise it was none other than Martin Lightfoot.

‘What! are you here?’ asked Hereward, rather angry at seeing anybody from his old life which he had just cast off. ‘How did you get out of the Abbey last night?’

Martin’s tongue was hanging out of his mouth like

a dog's; but he seemed like a dog to perspire through his mouth, for he answered without any sign that he was tired.

'Over the wall the moment the prior's back was turned. I was not going to wait till I was chained up in some rat's hole with irons on my legs and beaten till I said I was what I am not—a run-away monk.'

'And why are you here?'

'Because I am going with you.'

'Going with me?' said Hereward. 'What can I do for you?'

'I can do for you,' replied Martin.

'What?'

'Look after your home, wash your shirt, clean your weapons, fight your enemies—anything and everything. You are going to see the world. I am going with you.'

'You want to be my servant?' said Hereward, looking down at him as if he did not trust him.

'Some are not what they seem. I can keep my secrets and yours too.'

'Before I trust you with my secrets,' said Hereward, 'I shall expect to know some of yours.'

Martin Lightfoot looked up with a smile. 'A man can always know his master's secrets if he likes. But that is no reason why a master should know his man's.'

'You will tell me yours or I shall ride off and leave you.'

'Not so easy, my lord. Where that heavy horse can go, Martin Lightfoot can follow.'

'Now what has made you take service with me?'

'Because you are you.'

'Give me none of your dark sayings, but speak out like a man. What can you see in me that you want to share an outlaw's fortune with me?'

'I have run away from a monastery; so have you. I hate the monks; so do you. You have let yourself be outlawed like a true hero. You are the master for me, and with you I will live and die. And now I can talk no more.'

'And with me you shall live and die,' said Hereward pulling up his horse and holding out his hand to his new friend.

Martin Lightfoot took his hand and kissed it. 'I am your man,' he said, 'and true man I shall be to you, if you will be true to me.' And he stepped quietly back behind Hereward's horse as if the business of his life was settled and his mind quite at rest.

And so those two went northward through the green Bruneswald, and were not seen again in that land for many a year.

CHAPTER 4.

HOW HEReward SLEW THE BEAR.

Hereward spent the next few months with Gilbert of Ghent, beyond Northumberland. He soon became everybody's favourite, but he was unhappy because he had not yet done anything worthy of a man. He wanted very much to fight the great white bear that Gilbert kept with other animals, but Gilbert would not let him.

However he made a friend. This was Alftruda, a young English girl about ten years old who was living at Gilbert's. We shall hear more about her later on in the story.

One afternoon, as Hereward was coming in from hunting, Martin Lightfoot behind him, he heard shouts and screams and a great noise in the courtyard. He tried to make his horse go in at the gate, but the animal stopped and turned, making noises of fear, and no wonder, for in the middle of the courtyard stood the bear. The white hair on his neck was standing up till he seemed twice as big as any of the brown bears Hereward yet had seen. His long snake neck and cruel face were turning this way and that, looking for something to kill. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow, and two or three dying dogs showed that the beast had turned, like many men of those days, 'Berserker'¹⁵). The

15) This word was used of the wild Norse fighters of great strength and courage who fought on the battle-field as

courtyard was empty, but from the ladies' room came the shouts and screams of men and women. Knocking at the door, and adding her screams to those inside, was a little figure which Hereward saw was Alftruda. They had shut themselves inside, leaving the child outside and now were too frightened to open the door as the bear rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim. *happened*

Hereward leaped from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout that made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child; then round again at Hereward, and making up his mind to take the larger one first, made straight at him with a growl. *legitimate*

He was within two paces of Hereward when he rose on his hind legs and lifted his iron talons high in the air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; he struck true and strong at it before the mighty paw could fall, right on the bear's nose.

He heard the dull noise of his blow; he felt the sword caught tight. He shut his eyes for a moment, fearing that his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand and the next moment would find him crushed to the earth. Something pulled at *[Jan 11] K. has. 1.6*

if they were mad. The name is said to come from the habit they had of throwing off their armour and fighting in their 'bare sark' or shirt.

his sword. He opened his eyes and saw the huge body bend and roll over slowly to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword which was fixed in its head.

Hereward stood awhile, gazing at the beast like a man astonished at what he had done. He had had his first adventure and he had conquered. He was now a champion—a hero of heroes.

‘Do you not see,’ said Martin Lightfoot’s voice close by, ‘that there is a fair lady trying to thank you, while you are so rude or so proud that you will not even look at her?’

It was true. Little Alfruda had been hanging to his arm for the last five minutes. He took the child up in his arms and kissed her; then putting her down he turned to Martin.

‘I have done it, Martin.’

‘Yes, you have done it; I saw you. What will the people at home say to this?’

‘What do I care?’

Martin shook his head and drew out his knife.

‘What is that for?’ asked Hereward.

‘When the master kills the game, the servant can but take off the skin. We may sleep warm under this fur in many a cold night by sea and land.’

‘No,’ said Hereward laughing, ‘when the master kills the game he must first carry it home. Let us take him and set him against the door there to astonish the brave men inside.’ Bending down he

[rude]
proud

tried to lift the huge body, but he could not. At last, with Martin's help he got it fairly on his shoulders and the two dragged it to the ladies' room and threw it against the door, shouting to the people inside to open it.

There were very few windows in those days so that the people inside had not known at all what was happening outside.

The door was opened a little and out looked two or three men who had run in there together with the women. They had no chance to say anything, for rushing out across the dead bear, the ladies fell upon Hereward, giving him thanks and praise, and after the custom of those days, good, hard kisses.

'You must be made a knight at once,' they cried. 'You have made yourself a knight by that one blow.'

The knights were very angry that Hereward was praised so much by the women.

'Unless we can find something,' said one of them, 'to make this young man less proud, life will not be worth living here.'

'Either he must take ship and look for adventures somewhere else, or I must' said another.

Martin Lightfoot heard the words, and knowing that dislike in those times could take very terrible shapes, remembered them and kept his eye on those knights.

*My
under
very angry
knight*

CHAPTER 5.

HOW HEReward WON HIS NAME.

Nobody was so content as Hereward, and therefore he thought that all the world must be just as contented with him; and he was unpleasantly surprised when Martin drew him aside one day and whispered—

‘If I were my lord, I should wear a mail shirt under my coat to-morrow when hunting.’

‘What?’

‘The arrow that can go through a deer can go through a man.’

‘Who wants to harm me?’

‘Any man of the dozen who eat at the same table.’

‘What have I done to them? If I have laughed at them, they have laughed at me, and we are quits.’

‘There is something else, my lord, which you have forgotten.’

‘Eh?’

‘You killed the bear. Do you expect them to forget that?’

‘Pish!’

‘You do not want for wit, my lord. Use it, and think. What right has a little boy like you to come here and kill bears which big men cannot kill?’

Hereward took Martin’s advice, and rode out with three or four knights next morning into the forest; he was not afraid, but angry and sad.

So they rode into the forest and each man had his sport without meeting again for about two hours or more.

Hereward and Martin came to a narrow path between two high banks. Huge trees made a roof over it and turned noon into night. Its banks and rocks stood like walls on right and left, for twenty feet above. The track was too narrow for a horse to turn. Any other day Hereward would have ridden down it a little more carefully than usual. To-day he turned to Martin and said—

'A very fit and proper place for men to do evil, unless you have been drinking beer and thinking beer.'

But he could not see Martin at all.

A small stone thrown from the right bank struck him and he looked up. Martin's face appeared in the grass, his finger on his lips. Then he pointed, first up the path and then down.

Hereward felt that his sword was easy to draw, and then held his spear tightly, with a heart beating, but not with fear.

The next moment he heard the noise of a horse's feet behind him and, looking back, saw a knight charging down the narrow path, his bow in his hand with the arrow drawn to the head.

To turn was out of the question. To stop, even to walk on, meant that the knight would ride over him and throw him helpless to the ground. To ride

to the end of the narrow path and then turn was his only chance. For the first and almost the last time in his life Hereward ran away from an enemy. As he ran, an arrow struck him sharply in the back, but it did not go into his flesh. Near the mouth of the path two other knights rushed out from right and left and stood waiting for him, their spears ready to strike. Hereward was caught. A shield might have saved him, but he had none.

He was not afraid. Dropping the reins, he urged his horse forward and met them at full speed. With his left hand he pushed aside the spear on his left, with his right hand he threw his own spear with all his strength at the enemy on the right and saw it pass clean through the man's chest, while his spear-point dropped and passed Hereward without doing him any harm.

But the knight behind? Would not his sword the next moment be through his head?

There was a noise and, looking back, he saw horse and man rolling in the path and with them Martin Lightfoot. He was already holding the knight's head against the bank and was preparing to strike him with his axe.

'Hold!' shouted Hereward. 'Let me see who he is. Remember that he is at least a knight.'

'But one that will ride no more to-day. I finished his horse as I rolled down the bank.'

It was true. Martin had broken the poor beast's

leg with a blow of the axe and they had to kill it out of pity before they left.

Martin dragged the prisoner forward.

'You?' cried Hereward. 'And I saved your life three days ago!'

The knight did not answer.

'You will have to walk home. Let that be punishment enough for you.'

The third knight had fled and with him the dead man's horse. Hereward and Martin rode home quietly. So Hereward began to win for himself the famous name of 'Wake'—the watcher, whom no man ever caught asleep.

So he armed himself from head to foot and rode away. Great was the weeping in the ladies' room and great the joy in the hall; but never saw they Hereward again upon the Scottish shore.

CHAPTER 6.

HOW HEREWARD HELPED A PRINCESS OF CORNWALL¹⁶⁾ (1).

(Hereward then appeared in Cornwall. He went to see King Alef of Gweek. Here he found a giant who wanted to marry Alef's daughter. Hereward and the giant quarrelled and fought. In order to save Hereward the princess stole the giant's magic sword and hid it. After Hereward had killed the giant, the princess gave him the sword and told him to go to Waterford in Ireland, to her lover, Sigtryg Ranaldsson, and tell him

16) Cornwall—a part of England.

to hurry if he really loved her. Sigtryg's father, King Ranald of Waterford, sent forty Danes to Gweek to demand the princess, but they were seized and cast into prison. Then Sigtryg himself, Hereward and their men came to Gweek in their ships. With Hereward came also his nephews, Siward the Red and Siward the White.)

There was a great feast and much music in the halls of Alef, King of Gweek. It was a great occasion, for King Alef, after Hereward had killed his giant, found that the other kings near him were too ready to attack him and had made a treaty with Hannibal, son of Gryll, King of Marazion¹⁷), by which Hannibal was to help him in time of war. To make the treaty sure, Alef had promised to let Hannibal marry his daughter. Whether the princess liked to marry Hannibal, or not, nobody thought of asking.

To-night was the wedding feast. To-morrow morning Hannibal and the princess were to be married in church and after that set out for Hannibal's home with a fine company.

And as they ate and drank and harped and sang, there came into the hall four badly dressed men—one of them a short, broad man, with black hair and a red beard—and sat down quietly at the very lowest end of all the benches.

In Cornwall on such a day every guest was wel-

17) Marazion—a town in Cornwall.

[Dzai out] -

come, and the strangers sat there but ate nothing, though there was food within reach.

Next to them sat a great Dane, an honest, brave fellow, and from him they heard the reason of this great feast.

The stranger with the black hair had been looking at the princess all the time. He saw her watching him too with a very sad face.

She turned pale and red again; and after a time she spoke.

'There is a stranger there; what his rank is I know not; but he has been put into the lowest place in a house which honours strangers and does not look on them as slaves. Let him take this dish from my hand and eat.' *another*

The servant brought the dish down; he gave a look at the stranger's old clothes, turned up his nose, and making it appear that he did not understand, put the dish into the hand of the Dane. *2009*

'Hold, lads,' said the stranger. 'If I have ears, that dish is for me.'

He seized it with both hands, seizing the hands of the servant and the Dane at the same time. There was a struggle, but the stranger was so strong, that the blood burst from the fingers of both his opponents.

When the eating was over and the drinking began, the princess rose, and came round to drink with each person in the hall.

[a: i: p: m] -
mudstone

With her maids behind her and her harper before her, as the custom was, she drank with each one, slave or free, while the harper played.

She came at last to the strangers. Her face was pale and her eyes red with weeping.

She filled a cup of wine, and one of her maids offered it to the short stranger.

He put it back, courteously but firmly. 'Not from your hand,' he said.

The people around protested against his bad manners, and the harper advised the company to turn him out of the hall.

'Silence!' said the princess. 'Why should he know our ways? He may take it from my hand, if not from hers!'

And she herself held out the cup to him.

He took it, looking all the time at her; and it seemed to the harper as if their hands were too long together round the cup and that he saw a ring shine. The harper was all on fire to find out what seemed to be a secret between the princess and the stranger.

So he could not leave the stranger in peace, and made fun of him every time he passed him as he wandered round the table, offering the harp to any one who wished to play and sing.

'But not to you, Sir Stranger; he that is rude to a pretty girl when she offers him wine is too great a boor to understand music.'

'It is a fool's trick,' answered the stranger, 'to

[mid] - shew
Jones

[2000] -
put off what you must do at last. If I had the time, I would pay you for your music with better than what you have ever heard.'

'Take the harp then, boor!' said the harper with a laugh.

The stranger took it, and drew from it such music as made all heads turn to him at once. Then he began to sing, sometimes by himself, and sometimes his companions joined him in a three-man glee.

In vain the harper in anger tried to pull the harp away. The stranger sang on till all hearts became soft, and the princess, taking the rich shawl from her shoulders, threw it over those of the stranger, saying that it was a gift too poor for such a singer.

'Singer!' roared the bridegroom from the head of the table; 'ask what you like, except my bride and my kingdom, and it is yours.'

'Give me, then, Hannibal Grylls, King of Marazion, the Danes who came from Ranald of Waterford.'

'You shall have them! It's a pity that you have asked for nothing better.'

A few minutes after the harper, bursting with anger, was whispering in Hannibal's ear.

The hot blood ran into his cheeks and his thin lips smiled. Perhaps treachery was in Hannibal's heart, but all that he said was: 'We must not disturb a Cornish wedding.'

But the stranger and the princess had seen that smile.

CHAPTER 7.

HOW HERWARD HELPED A PRINCESS OF
CORNWALL (2).

The wedding took place in the morning and then they began to lead home the bride. First went the harpers, playing and singing; then King Hannibal, carrying his bride behind him on a horse; after them a long line of servants and soldiers, leading other horses loaded with the bride's things. Together with them, without arms, fearing no danger, walked the forty Danes who were informed that they should go to Marazion and from there would take ship for Ireland.

The country there is much cut up by rivers into which the sea comes, so they had timed their journey by the tides, as they did not want to walk through the mud to the boats. On coming to a river, as many of them as could got into a large, flat boat and rowed across to the other bank about a quarter of a mile. Here they walked up a narrow path and into the woods, till they came to another river and had to do the same thing again.

So the first boat-load went up, the harpers in front, harping and singing till the greenwood rang; King Hannibal next and his bride; behind him spear-men and axe-men, with a Dane between every two.

When they had gone up about two hundred feet and were in the heart of the forest, Hannibal turned and made a sign to the men behind him.

[an 'lai] - lalit
solomon

Then each pair of them seized the Dane between them and began to tie his hands behind his back.

'What will you do with us?'

'Send you back to Ireland—a king never breaks his word—but pick out your right eyes first, to show your master how little I care for him. You are lucky that I leave you each an eye to find your friend the singer, whose skin I shall take off if I catch him.'

'You promised!' cried the princess.

'And so did you!' and he gripped her arm which was round him till she screamed. 'So did you promise; but not to me. You shall pass this night in my dog-kennel, after my dog-whip has taught you not to give rings again to wandering singers.'

The poor princess trembled, for she knew too well that such doings were common enough.

But the words had hardly passed Hannibal's lips when he reeled and fell to the ground with a spear through the heart. A strong arm caught the princess. A voice which she knew told her to have no fear.

'Tie your horse to a tree, for we shall want him; and wait.'

Three men rushed on the nearest Cornishmen and cut them down. A fourth untied the Dane and told him to catch up a weapon and fight for his life.

A second pair was killed, a second Dane set free before a minute was past; the Cornishmen, struggling up the narrow path towards the shouts above, were soon all killed, and before the end of half an hour,

all the Danes were free, mounted on horses and making their way towards the west.

'Noble, noble Hereward! The Wake indeed!' cried the princess as she sat behind him on Hannibal's horse. 'I knew you from the first moment, and my nurse knew you too. Is she here? Is she safe?'

'I have taken care of that. She has done us too good service to be left here and be hanged.'

'I knew you in spite of your hair by your eyes.'

'Yes,' said Hereward. 'It is not every man who carries one grey eye and one blue. The more difficult for me to mask myself when I need.'

'But how did you come to this place?'

'When you sent your nurse to me last night to warn me, it was easy for me to ask your road to Marazion, and easier, too, when I found that you would go home the same way we came, to know that we must attack here or nowhere.'

'The way you came? Then where are we going now?'

'Beyond Marazion to a little bay—I cannot tell its name. There lies Sigtryg your lover with three good ships of war.'

'There? Why did he not come for me himself?'

'Why? Because we knew nothing of what was going to happen. We meant to sail straight up the river to your father's town and take you out. We had given our words not to eat or drink in your house except from your own hands—you saw how I kept

[neojm:]

my word. But the wind was against us, so we put into that bay, and there I and these two lads, my nephews, offered to go as spies, while Sigtryg remained to look after the ships. We intended to go back to him and give him news. But when I found you as good as married, I had to do what I could while I could; and I have done it.'

'You have, my noble and true champion,' said she kissing him.

'Humph!' said Hereward, laughing. 'Do not tempt me by being too thankful. It is hard enough to gather honey like the bees, for other people to eat. What if I kept you myself, now that I have you?'

'Hereward?'

'Oh, there is no fear, pretty lady. I have other things to think over than making love to you—and one is, how we are to get to our ships past Marazion town.'

And hard work they had to get there. All the country was up in arms¹⁸); and it was only by a three days' journey through many difficulties, till the horses were quite tired out and left behind, that they made their appearance in the little bay, Hereward proudly leading the princess upon Hannibal's horse.

18) The country was up in arms—everybody had heard of what had happened and had seized his weapons to go out and fight with Hereward and his men.

[221] - noduloo
med.

CHAPTER 8.

HOW HEReward's SHIP RAN ASHORE IN FLANDERS ¹⁹⁾.

Hereward suddenly became home-sick. He wanted to go back and see the old house and the cattle and the lakes and fens where he had lived as a boy.

So he asked Sigtryg's father Ranald for ships, and got at once two good ones as pay for his brave deeds.

One he named the Garpike because she was narrow and had a long beak, and the other the Otter, because he said whatever she seized she would not let go till she heard the bones crack. They were new ships, nearly eighty feet long each, with two banks for twelve oars on each side in the middle, which was open except for a wooden way along the sides for fighting; the back and the front ends of the ships were high, and each had one large sail on which Sigtryg's princess and her ladies had sewn a huge white bear.

But his voyage did not go well. There was a storm and the Garpike went on shore and was left, her crew being hardly saved and very little of the things in her.

At last, after many days, their strength was almost gone. They had long since stopped using their oars, and had been satisfied with letting the ship run before the wind. At night a huge wave broke over them and would have sent the Otter to the bottom

19) Flanders—a country in Europe; now a part of Belgium.

[Ra'st] -
vinnane

if she had not been such a good ship. But she only rolled one side into the waters, shook herself, and went on. But there were three men on the deck when the wave came in, who were not there when it went out.

Wet and wild came the morning, showing nothing but gray sea and gray sky.

All of a sudden the clouds blew away and showed a bright, blue sky, a green rolling sea, and a few miles away a pale yellow line, seen only as they rose on top of a wave, but seen too well. To keep the ship away from the shore was not possible; as they came nearer and nearer the line of sand-hills rose uglier and more terrible.

Already people had seen them from the shore. The country people, who were walking about on the shore, looking for what the storm had cast up, crowded to meet them.

'Axemen and bowmen, put on your armour, and be ready; but neither strike nor shoot till I give the word. We must land in peace if we can; if not we will die fighting.'

So said Hereward and began to guide the ship himself. 'Now then,' as she rushed into the waves, 'pull together and pull with a will.'

The men shouted and sprang from their seats as they pulled at the oars. The sea boiled past them, filled the middle of the ship, and blinded them. The Otter touched the sand, once, twice, three times,

[pi:s] - aahu, peace

[ship]-happens
[ship]-kinds

leaping forward bravely each time; then carried by a huge wave ran high and dry upon the shore, as the oars broke right and left, and the men fell over each other in heaps.

The country people came down like flies to a dead body; but they stepped back as there rose from the decks, not the broad hats of peaceful sailors, but winged helmets, round red shields, and shining axes.

At that moment a party of men on horseback came down among the sand-hills. Before them rode a boy on a small horse and by him, it seemed, a monk. They stopped to talk with the country folk, and then talked among themselves.

Suddenly the boy turned from his party; he rode fast down to the shore, while the monk called after him in vain, and stopped his horse within ten feet of the ship.

'Yield yourselves!' he shouted in French, as he waved a hunting spear. 'Yield yourselves or die!'

Hereward looked at him smiling as he sat there, keeping the head of his frightened horse toward the ship, his long hair blowing out behind him in the wind, his face full of courage and command, but honest and sweet just the same. Hereward thought he had never seen so fair a lad.

'And who are you, my pretty, bold boy?' he asked in French.

'I,' said he, proudly enough, 'am Arnoul, grandson

and heir of Baldwin²⁰), Marquis of Flanders, and lord of this land. And to him I call on you to yield yourselves.'

Hereward looked, not only with interest, but with respect, upon the grandson of one of the most famous and one of the richest of northern kings, a descendant of the mighty Charlemagne²¹) himself. He turned and told the men who the boy was.

'It would be a good trick,' said one, 'to catch him and keep him.'

'Here is what will bring him on board before he can turn,' said another, as he made a noose in a rope.

'Quiet, men! Am I master in this ship, or you?'

Hereward greeted the lad courteously. 'Truly the blood of Baldwin is still good. I am happy to see so noble a son of so noble a race.'

'And who are you who speak French so well, and yet by your dress are neither French nor Fleming?'

'I am Harold Naemansson²²), the Viking; and these are my men.'

'You are Vikings?' cried the boy, urging his horse into the sea. 'You are Vikings! Then come on

20) Baldwin, Marquis of Flanders—ruled from 1036 to 1067. His daughter Matilda was the wife of William the Conqueror.

21) Charlemagne—the famous hero of the Middle Ages. He was born about 742, and became King of the Franks, a German tribe, about 771. He made his kingdom very, very large. He joined the Pope and brought to life again the old Roman Empire of the West. He was crowned Emperor at Rome in 800, and died in 814.

22) Naemansson—no man's son.

shore, and welcome. You shall be my friends. You shall be my brothers. I will answer to my grandfather. I have long wanted to see Vikings. I want to be a Viking myself.'

'By the hammer or Thor ²³),' cried an old Viking, 'and you will make a splendid one, my boy.'

But the boy rode back to his companions, and talked with them for some time.

Then the monk rode down to talk with Hereward.

'Are you Christians?' shouted he before he would come near the ship.

'Christians we are, sir monk, and dare do no harm to a man of God ²⁴).'

The monk rode nearer. His handsome horse, his fur coat, his rich gloves and boots, and besides his air of command, showed that he was no common man.

'I am,' he said, 'the abbot of St. Bertin ²⁵), and teacher of that young prince. I can bring down, at a word against you, the chatelain ²⁶) of St. Omer with all his knights, besides knights and soldiers of my own. But I am a man of peace and not of war; I do not want to shed blood if I can help it.'

'Then make peace,' said Hereward. 'Your lord may kill us if he wants to, or have us as his guests. If he does the first, we shall kill, each of us, a few

23) Thor—the chief god of the Northmen.

24) Man of God—a monk, a priest.

25) St. Bertin—an abbey in the town of St. Omer.

26) Chatelain—the keeper or head of a fortress.

of his men before we die; if the latter, we shall kill a few of his enemies. If you be a man of God, you will give him advice to receive us as guests.'

The abbot rode out of the water faster than he had come in. After some more talk, the boy made a warning sign to his companions, turned and rode fast away through the sand-hills.

'He has gone to his grandfather himself I really believe,' said Hereward.

CHAPTER 9.

HOW HEREWARD MADE THE COUNT OF GUISNES PAY.

(The boy came after two hours or so; Hereward and his men promised to serve Baldwin of Flanders, and they all went to stay at the Abbey of St. Bertin. Young Arnoul stayed by Hereward and his men all the time, listening to their adventures.)

Baldwin of Flanders was very much feared and respected, but at the time of Hereward's arrival he was troubled by the Count of Guisnes²⁷), who would not pay certain taxes or admit that Baldwin was over him.

Therefore, when the chatelain of St. Omer sent word to him at Bruges²⁸) that a strange Viking had landed with his men, calling himself Harold Nae-mansson, and offering to take service with him, Baldwin answered, that the Viking could prove the

27) Guisnes—a town in France.

28) Bruges—a very old and beautiful city of Flanders.

[50/173]
Hereward

truth of his words by making the Count of Guisnes pay; if he did so, then he, Baldwin, would have more to do with him.

So the chatelain of St. Omer, with all his knights and soldiers, and Hereward with his sea-cocks, marched north-west to Guisnes, with little Arnoul riding beside in great joy, for it was the first war he had ever seen.

And they came to the castle of Guisnes and sent word to the Count to pay or fight.

The Count preferring the latter, some of his knights rode out and called on the knights of St. Omer to fight them man to man. Then there was the usual breaking of spears and falling of horses and cutting at heads and shoulders so well defended in armour that no one was much hurt. The bowmen, during this, enjoyed themselves by shooting at the castle walls, from which they broke a few small pieces of stone. And when they were all tired, they stopped fighting on both sides and went to dinner.

At which Hereward's men, who were accustomed to a more serious kind of fighting, stood by laughing and said it was as pretty a play as they had ever seen in their lives.

The next day the same game was repeated.

'Let me go against those knights, sir chatelain,' asked Hereward, who felt the wish to fight burning in him from head to foot, 'and try if I cannot do something towards settling all this. If we fight no faster

than we did yesterday, our beards will grow down to our knees before we take Guisnes.'

'Let my Viking go!' cried Arnoul. 'Let me see him fight!'—as if Hereward had been a pet bull-dog.

'You can break a spear, fine sir, if it please you,' said the chatelain.

'I break more than spears,' said Hereward as he rode off.

'You,' he said to his men, 'come round here to the left; when I drive the Frenchmen to the right, make a run for it and get between them and the castle gate; and we will try the Danish axe against their horses' legs.'

Then Hereward urged his horse forward, shouting 'A Wake! A Wake!' ²⁹⁾ and rushed into the crowd of fighters; and he did many brave things there, till he saw lie on the ground, close to the castle gate, one of the chatelain's knights with four Guisnes knights round him. At them he rode and killed them, every one; and mounted the wounded knight on his own horse and led him across the field, though the bowmen shot fast at him from the wall. And when the knights rode at him, his Danish men got between them and the castle, and made a stand to cover him. Then the Guisnes knights rode at them proudly, crying—'What low knaves have we here who think they can stand against knights on horses?'

29) A Wake! A Wake!—every fighter took some cry to shout on going into battle. Hereward took his own name.

But they did not know the kind of men they had to do with; the Danish shouted: 'A Wake! A Wake!' and turned the spear-points with their shields, and cut off the horses' heads, and would have cut off the knights' heads too, had not Hereward told them to give quarter³⁰⁾ according to the civilised fashion of France and Flanders. Then all the knights who were not taken rode right and left, and let the Danes pass through in peace, with several prisoners and the man whom Hereward had saved.

At which little Arnoul was as proud as if he had done it himself; and the chatelain of St. Omer sent word to Baldwin that the Viking was uncommonly brave; and the heart of the Count of Guisnes became like water; and his knights, both those who were prisoners and those who were not, complained very much of the Danes. How low, they said, for men on foot, not only to stand up to knights, but to bring them down to their own standing ground by meanly cutting off their horses' heads!

To which Hereward answered that he knew the rules of the game as well as they, that he was not hired to play, but to make the Count of Guisnes pay his lord Baldwin, and make him pay he would.

The next day Hereward told his men to sit still and look on, and leave him to himself. Choosing the strongest and boldest knight whom he saw, he rode up to him, spear-point in air, and courteously

30) To give quarter—to spare their lives.

[log] - pala, halz, nott

asked him to come and be killed in fair fight. The knight, seeing that Hereward was not at all a large or a heavy man, replied as courteously that he should have great pleasure in trying to kill Hereward. On which they rode some hundred yards out of the crowd, calling out that they were to be left alone by both sides, for it was a fight of honour between both of them; and turning their horses, rode at each other.

After which act they found themselves and their horses all four in a row, sitting on the ground amid the broken spears.

'Well done!' they both shouted at once, as they leaped up laughing, and drew their swords.

After which they hammered away at each other merrily. The sparks flew; the iron rang; and all men stood still to see that splendid fight.

So they watched and shouted till Hereward hit his man such a blow under the ear, that he dropped and lay like a log.

'I think I can carry you,' said Hereward, and picking him up, he threw him over his shoulder and walked towards his men.

'Bear and bull,' shouted they in delight, laughing to see how much Hereward was like a bear walking off on his hind legs with a bull in his arms.

'He should have killed his bull before he went to carry him,' said one; 'look there!'

And the knight coming to his senses, struggled to escape.

[Creskfu:] - *the stone*
valiant one

But Hereward, though the smaller, was the stronger man; and crushing the knight in his arms walked on without stopping.

'Knights to the rescue! Hoibrich is taken!' shouted they of Guisnes, riding fast towards him.

'A Wake! A Wake! To me Vikings all!' shouted Hereward. And the Danes leapt up and ran to him, axe in hand.

The chatelain's knights rode up too, and so Hereward was able to carry his prisoner back to camp.

'And who are you, brave knight?' asked he of his prisoner.

'Hoibrich, nephew of the Count of Guisnes.'

'So I suppose your uncle will pay to set you free. Till then—Armourer!'

And the unhappy Hoibrich found himself with chains on hands and feet, and was sent off to Hereward's tent, with Martin Lightfoot to take care of him.

The next day the Count of Guisnes, full of sorrow at the loss of his nephew, sent the taxes he had not paid and admitted that Baldwin was lord over him.

And so ended the troubles of Baldwin and the Count of Guisnes.

CHAPTER 10.

HOW HAROLD OF ENGLAND WROTE TO HEREWARD.

(A clever and beautiful young woman, named Torfrida, fell in love with Hereward, and when Hereward saw her beautiful blue eyes and her black hair and lovely face, he also fell in love with her. She gave him a magic armour and he went to war in Holland. When he came back—he had won a very swift mare called "Swallow" there—they were married. He went again to Holland to fight, and this time when he came back from the war Torfrida showed him his little daughter. He was not pleased for he wished for a son.)

'Now, my hero,' said Torfrida, 'I have great news for you as well as a little baby. News from England.'

'You and a baby are worth all England to me.'

'But listen. Edward the king is dead.'

'Then there is one fool less on earth;' answered Hereward, 'and one saint more, I suppose, in heaven.'

'And Harold, the son of Godwin³¹⁾, is king in his place. And he has married your niece Aldytha, and sworn friendship with her brothers.'

'I expected no less. Well, every dog has his day³²⁾.'

'And his will be a short one. William of Normandy³³⁾ has sworn to drive him out.'

'Then he will do it. And the families of Godwin and Leofric will rush into each other's arms and

31) Harold, son of Godwin—killed at the Battle of Hastings 1066.

32) Every dog has his day—every one has a chance of success.

33) William of Normandy—William the Conqueror.

hurry

perish together! Fools, fools, fools! I will hear no more of such a mad world. My love, tell me about yourself. What is all this to me? Am I not a wolf's head and a landless man?

[Pou]-
vacillate

'O! my Hereward, have not the stars told me that you will be an earl and a ruler of men, when all your foes are wolves' heads as you are now? And it is coming true already. Tosti Godwinsson ³⁴) is in town at this moment, an outlaw and a wolf's head himself.'

Hereward laughed a great laugh.

'Aha! Every man to his right place at last. How does he come here?'

[Inland]
summons

'The northern men rose, and killed his servant at York, took all his treasures, and marched down to Northampton, plundering and burning. They would have marched on London, if Harold had not met them there from the king. There they complained against Tosti and all his taxes, and his murders, and his changing the laws, and wanted your nephew Morcar for their earl. A tyrant they would not have. Free they were born, they said, and free they would live and die. Harold had to do justice, even on his own brother.'

'Especially when he knows that that brother is his worst foe.'

'Harold is a better man than you take him for, my Hereward. But Morcar is earl, and Tosti outlawed, and here in St. Omer, with wife and child.'

34) Tosti Godwinsson—brother of Harold the king.

[meig] - notes

'My nephew Earl of Northumbria! As I might have been if I had been a wiser man.'

'If you had, you would never have found me.'

'True, my queen! And so thieves have quarrelled and honest men may get their own back. For as the northern men have done by one brother, so will the eastern men do by the other. Let Harold see how much of that rich Lincolnshire land, which he has taken into his own hands, he holds by this day twelve months. But what is all this to me, my queen, while you and I can kiss and laugh at the world?'

'It means this, beloved, that great as you are, Torfrida your wife must have you greater still; and out of all this trouble you may win something if you be wise.'

'Be still, my queen, and let us play instead of plotting.'

'And this too—you shall not stop my mouth—that Harold Godwinsson has sent a letter to you.'

'Harold Godwinsson is my very good lord,' sneered Hereward.

'And this the letter says with such praises that made my heart beat high with pride—"If Hereward Leofricsson will come home to England, he shall have his rights in law again, and his land in Lincolnshire, and in East Anglia, and land for his men; and if that be not enough, he shall be made earl as soon as a place is vacant."'

[Kin] egg, Terav,

'And what says to that Torfrida, Hereward's wife?'

'You will not be angry if I answered the letter for you?'

'If you answered it in one way—no. If another—yes.'

Torfrida trembled. Then she looked Hereward full in the face with her keen clear eyes.

'Now I shall see whether I have given myself to Hereward in vain, body and soul, or whether I have trained him to be my true and perfect knight.'

'You answered then,' said Hereward, 'thus—'

'Say on,' said she, turning her face away again.

'Hereward Leofricsson tells Harold Godwinsson that he is his equal, and not his man; that he will never put his hands between³⁵⁾ the hands of a son of Godwin. A prince born, a king of the house of Cerdic³⁶⁾, outlawed him from his right, and none but a prince born shall give him his right again.'

'I said it, I said it. Those were my very words!' and Torfrida burst into tears, while Hereward kissed her, calling her his queen, his angel.

'I wanted to give another answer,' she cried, 'I wanted very much. To see you rich and proud upon your own lands, an earl, maybe; maybe, I thought,

35) Put his hands between—a sign that one is the vassal of the other.

36) Cerdic—the first king of the West Saxons. Died about 534.

teatame
trade

[gavon] valitame
petition 51

at times, a king. But it could not be. It did not stand with honour, my hero,—not with honour.'

'Not with honour. Get me gay clothes out of the box, and let us go and feast.'

CHAPTER 11.

HOW WILLIAM THE NORMAN CONQUERED ENGLAND.

It would be useless even to try to give a short account of the reports which came to Flanders from England during the next two years, or of the conversations which followed between Baldwin and his wise men, or between Torfrida and Hereward. Two reports out of three without doubt were not true and two conversations out of three were about these untrue reports.

It is best therefore to give a small description of the state of England after the Battle of Hastings, that so we may get some idea of what Hereward and Torfrida talked about.

William had, as yet, conquered little more than the south of England; hardly, indeed, all that; for some parts, which had belonged to Harold's brother were still in Saxon hands, and the noble old city of Exeter, trusting in her Roman walls, did not fall till two years after, in 1608 A. D.

North of his conquered territory, there stretched almost across England from the town of Chester the province called Mercia, governed by Edwin and

[Ex'hibits]
 circumstances
 to circumstances

Morcar, Hereward's nephews. Edwin called himself Earl of Mercia and held the Danish towns. On the extreme north-west, the Roman city of Chester was his; while on the extreme south-east, Morcar still held large lands round Bourne and the south of Lincolnshire, besides calling himself the Earl of Northumbria. The young men seemed the darlings of the half-Danish Northmen. Chester, Coventry, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Stamford, a chain of fortified towns stretching across England, were at their command.

Northumbria, likewise, was not yet in William's hands. Indeed, it was in no man's hands, for the Free Danes north of the Humber had put Tosti out, setting Morcar in his place. Morcar, instead of living in his earldom of Northumbria had made one Oswulf his deputy, but he had foes enough.

William decided to make friends of the young earls. Perhaps he intended to rule the centre and north of England through them as feudal vassals, and hoped to pay his Normans out of the lands taken from Harold and those who had fought by his side at Hastings. He did not want to make himself, much less to call himself, the conqueror of England. He claimed to be its lawful ruler through his cousin Edward the Confessor, and whoever would acknowledge him as such had no cause to fear. Therefore he sent for the young earls and promised Edwin his daughter in marriage.

[Laird was]
 secured

So far all went well, till William went back to France; but while he sat there, showing the treasures of Edward's palace at Westminster, and more English riches than could be found in the whole of France, while he sat there in his glory, there broke out in England that wrong-doing that lasted as long as England was considered a foreign farm by the Norman kings. Fitz-Osbern, and Odo, the fighting priest, William's half-brother, had been left to rule England while he was absent. Little do they seem to have cared for William's promise that the English were to be ruled by their old laws, and that where land was given to a Norman, he was to hold it as the Englishman had done before him, with no heavier taxes on himself, but with no heavier taxes on the poor people who worked the land for him. Oppression began, and lawlessness and violence. Men were ill-treated on the highways and women in their own homes.

Hot young Englishmen began to leave the country. Some went to the court of Constantinople. Some went to Scotland and dreamt of return and revenge. But Harold's sons went to their father's cousin, Sweyn Ulfsson, King of Denmark, and called on him to come and re-conquer England in the name of his uncle Canute the Great; and many an Englishman went with them.

But as yet the storm did not burst. William returned and with him something like order. He

conquered Exeter; he destroyed churches and towns to make his New Forest. He brought over his Queen Matilda with pomp and great glory. Meanwhile Sweyn Ulfsson was too busy fighting with the new King of Norway to sail for England, and the sons of King Harold of England had to ask help from the Irish Danes, and attacking and burning the country round Bristol, were beaten off by the brave citizens with heavy loss.

So the storm did not burst; and need not have burst, it may be, at all, if William had kept his promised word. But he would not give his daughter to Edwin. His Norman nobles looked upon such a marriage as lowering to a civilised woman. In their eyes, the Englishman was a barbarian; and though the Norman might well marry the English woman, if she had beauty or wealth, it was dangerous to let the Englishman marry the Norman woman, and that woman a princess. The young earls went off—one to the midlands, the other to the north. The people saw their wrongs in those of their earls, and the rising broke out at once. It was the year 1069, a more evil year for England than even the year of Hastings.

The rising was crushed in a few months. The great general marched north, taking the towns one by one, storming, burning, sometimes, whole towns, killing all, cutting off the noses, ears and hands of young and old, and leaving as he went a new, awful sign, a Norman castle—till then almost not seen in

The 1069-1070

England—as a place of safety for his garrisons. At Oxford (plundered and almost destroyed), at Warwick (destroyed quite), at Nottingham, at Stafford, at Shrewsbury, at Cambridge, and at York itself, which had opened its gates trembling to the great Norman leader—at each town rose a castle with its tall square tower within, its wall round, and all the necessaries of the ancient Roman science of making strong places, of which the Danes, as well as the Saxons, knew nothing. Their struggle had only helped to make their chains tighter—and what wonder? There was among them neither unity, nor plan, nor ruling mind and will. Hereward's words had come true. The only man who had a head in England was Harold Godwinsson; and he lay dead with the monks singing masses for his soul.

Edwin and Morcar trembled before a genius greater than their own—a genius, indeed, which had not its equal in the civilised world. They came in and begged pardon of the king. They got it. But Edwin had lost his earldom, and he and his brother became, from that time, men without hope.

CHAPTER 12.

HOW HEREWARD CLEARED HIS HOME OF FRENCHMEN (1).

(One morning a party of English ladies came to St. Omer. At their head was King Harold's mother. Hereward took them to his house and looked after them. They gave him all the

[hi:] land, xent

news from England and told him about the terrible things that were happening there. King Harold's mother praised him and told him he was the only man who could save England from the Normans. So Hereward decided to go to England to spy out the land. He and Martin Lightfoot set sail for England and landed safely.)

It may have been a week later that Hereward came from the direction of Boston, with Martin running at his heels.

As he rode along the summer sun sank low, till just before it went down he came to an island of small closed fields, high banks, elm trees, and a farm inside; one of those most ancient farms of the Southern and Eastern Counties, still to be seen.

'This should be Azerdun,' said he, 'and there inside stands Azer getting in his crops. But who has he with him?'

With the old man were some half-dozen men of his own kind; some helping the servants as much as they could; one or two standing on the top of the banks, as if on watch; but all armed from head to foot.

'His friends are helping him to get them in for fear of the French,' said Martin. 'A pleasant and a peaceful country we have come back to.'

'And a very strong fort they are holding,' said Hereward, 'against either French horsemen or French arrows. How to get them out of that without six times their number, I do not see. It is well to remember that.'

And so he did; and turned to use again and again the war-like strength of an old-fashioned English farm.

Hereward urged his horse up to the nearest gate, and was at once met by a little fair-haired man, as broad as he was tall, who held up a long double axe, that is, an axe with two blades, and told him across the gate to go away.

'Little Winter, little Winter, my darling, my mad fellow, my brother-in-arms, my brother in robbery, are you grown so honest in your old age that you do not know little Hereward the wolf's head?'

'Hereward!' shouted the little man, 'I took you for a Norman in those strange clothes;' and lifting up his voice, he shouted——

'Hereward is back, and Martin Lightfoot at his heels!'

The gate was thrown open and Hereward almost pulled off his horse. He was clapped on the back, turned round and round, admired from head to foot, shouted at by old companions of his boyhood, naughty young men, now settled down into honest farmers, hard working and hard fighting, who had heard again and again, with pride, of his brave deeds across the sea.

'And what,' asked Hereward, after the first congratulations were over, 'of my mother? What of the folk at Bourne?'

All looked each at the other, and were silent.

[gum:ing] - tallipoin

'You are too late, young lord,' said Azer.

'Too late?'

'The Frenchman has given it to a man of Gilbert of Ghent's—his groom, or cook, so far as I know.'

'To Gilbert's man? And my mother?'

'God help your mother and your young brother, too. She ran away to Bourne a short time ago from Shropshire. All her lands in those parts were given away to Frenchmen. Even the church at Coventry was not safe for her, so here she came, but even here the French villains have found her out. Three days ago some five-and-twenty French marched into the place.'

'And you did not stop them?'

'Young sir, who are we to stop an army? We have enough to keep our own. Gilbert, to say nothing of Ivo of Spalding³⁷), can send a hundred men down on us in four-and-twenty hours.'

'Then I,' said Hereward in a voice of thunder, 'will find the way to send two hundred down on him.' Turning his horse from the gate he rode swiftly away towards Bourne.

He turned back as suddenly and galloped into the field.

'Lads! old comrades! will you stand by me if I need you? Will you follow The Wake, as hundreds have followed him already, if he will only go before?'

37) Ivo of Spalding—a Norman follower of William's who had been given lands near Spalding.

'We will, we will.'

'I shall be back before morning. What you have to do, I will tell you then.'

'Stop and eat—only for a quarter of an hour.'

Then Hereward swore a great oath, by oak and ash and thorn³⁸), that he would neither eat bread nor drink water while there was a Norman left in Bourne.

'A little ale then, if no water,' said Azer.

Hereward laughed and rode away.

'You will not go alone against all those villains?' shouted the old man after him. 'Ride, lads, and go with him some of you.'

But when they galloped after Hereward, he sent them back. He did not know yet, he said, what he would do. Better that they should gather their forces, and see what men they could give him in case of open battle. And he rode swiftly on.

When he came within the lands of Bourne it was dark.

'So much the better,' thought Hereward. 'I have no wish to see the old place till I have cleaned it out a little.'

He rode slowly into the long street between the gables, past the cross-roads, and along the water way and the high earth banks of his old home. Above them he could see the great hall, its narrow

38) By oak and ash and thorn—trees considered as specially sacred.

[gerbil] - naturerent

[amid] - John Stone

windows all blazing with light. With a bitter curse he turned back, trying to remember a house where he could stay. Martin pointed one out.

'Old Viking Surturbrand used to live there; perhaps he lives there still,' said Martin.

'We will try;' and Martin knocked at the door.

The side-door was opened, but not the gate, and through the window a rude voice asked who was there.

'Who lives here?'

'Pery, son of Surturbrand. Who are you?'

'An honest man and his servant, looking for a night's lodging.'

'This is no place for honest folk.'

'As for that, we don't wish to be more honest than you would have us; but lodging we will pay for, freely and well.'

'We want none of your money,' and the window was shut.

Hereward rode close to the window and said in a low voice, 'I am a nobleman of Flanders, good sir, and an enemy of all French. My horse is tired and cannot go another step. If you are a Christian man, you will take me in and let me go off safely before morning light.'

'From Flanders!' And the man turned and seemed to ask those inside. At length the door was slowly opened, and Pery appeared, his double axe over his shoulder.

'If you are from Flanders, come in, but be quick, before those Frenchmen see you.'

Hereward went in. Five or six men were standing round the long table upon which they had just laid down their double axes and spears. More than one face Hereward recognised at once. Over the fire sat a very old man, his hands upon his knees, as he warmed his bare feet. He started up at the noise, and Hereward saw at once that it was old Surturbrand, and that he was blind.

'Who is it? Is Hereward come?' asked he with the dull, dreamy voice of age.

'Not Hereward, father,' said some one, 'but a knight from Flanders.'

CHAPTER 13.

HOW HEREWARD CLEARED HIS HOME OF FRENCHMEN (2).

The old man dropped his head upon his chest again, while Hereward's heart beat fast at hearing his own name. In any case, he was among friends, and coming nearer the table he took off his sword and laid it down among the other weapons. 'At least,' he said, 'I shall have no need of you as long as I am here among honest men.'

'What shall I do with my master's horse?' asked Martin. 'He can't stand in the street to be stolen by the drunken French.'

'Bring him in at the front door, and out at the back,' said Pery. 'Fine times these, when a man dare not open his own yard gate.'

'You seem to be all prisoners here,' said Hereward. 'How is this?'

'Prisoners we are,' said the man; and then, partly to talk about something else, 'Will it please you to eat, noble sir?'

Hereward refused; he had made a vow, he said, not to eat or drink but once a day till he had done something he had to do. The men looked at him, still in doubt, but also with respect and admiration. His splendid armour and weapons, as well as his golden hair which fell far below his shoulders and hid a face, which he did not wish them to recognise yet, showed him to be a man of the highest rank. His small hand, as hard and bony as any woodman's showed him to be an old fighting man. The strong Flemish way of speaking English, which both he and Martin used prevented the honest Englishmen from finding him out. They watched him, while he in turn watched them, wondering at their uneasy looks and silence.

'We are a dull company,' said he after some time courteously enough. 'In Flanders they told me that there were none such good drinkers and none such jolly singers as you brave men of the Danelagh³⁹⁾ here.'

39) Danelagh—a part of north-east England where the Danes settled and had their own laws.

Salmond
(prisoners)
in herds,
for instance

'Dull times make dull company,' said one.

'Are you such a stranger,' asked Pery, 'that you do not know what has happened in this town during the last three days?'

'No good, I'm sure, if you have Frenchmen in it.'

'Why was not Hereward here?' cried the old man in the corner. 'It never would have happened if he had been in the town.'

'What?' asked Hereward, trying to control himself.

'What has happened,' said Pery, 'makes a free Englishman's blood boil ⁴⁰⁾ to tell of. Here, sir knight, three days ago, comes in this Frenchman with some twenty villains of his own, and more of Ivo's as well, to see him safe; says that this new king has given away all Earl Morcar's lands and that Bourne is his; kills a man or two; gets drunk; breaks into my lady's room, calling her to give up her keys; and when she gives them, will have all her jewels too. She answers him like a brave princess, and two of the villains lay hold of her. The boy Godwin—the last son—draws his sword on them; and he, a boy of sixteen summers, kills them both without any trouble. The rest set on him, cut his head off, and there it sticks on the gable over the hall to this hour. And do you ask, after that, why free Englishmen are dull company?'

'Our turn will come next,' said some one in a

40) To make one's blood boil—to make a person very angry.

deep voice. 'The turn will go round; no man's life or land, wife or daughter will be safe soon for these accursed Frenchmen unless, as the old man says, Hereward comes back.'

Hereward heard all this without saying a word, but he made a great resolution.

'This is a dark story,' said he quietly, 'and I should, as a gentleman, help this poor lady, if I but knew how. Tell me what I can do now and I will do it.'

'Your health!' cried one. 'You speak like a true knight.'

'And he looks the man to keep his word,' said another.

'He does,' said Pery, shaking his head; 'nevertheless, if anything could have been done, sir, be sure we would have done it; but all our armed men are scattered up and down the country, each taking care, as is natural, of his own farm and his own women. There are not ten soldiers in Bourne tonight; and what is worse, as you, who seem to have known war as well as I, may guess, there is no man to lead them.'

Here Hereward almost said, 'And what if I led you?' and almost, too, discovered himself, but he stopped in time.

He thought it would not be right to let these men go into danger and, perhaps, have their homes burnt over their heads for his sake. No, his mother's

quarrel was his own private quarrel. He would go alone and see the strength of the enemy; and after that, may be, he would call on the people to rise, or—half a dozen plans came into his head as he sat thinking and planning; then, as always, quite sure of himself and his strength.

He was startled by a loud noise outside—music, laughter and shouts.

‘There,’ said Pery with a bitter look, ‘are those Frenchmen dancing and singing in the hall, with my young lord’s head above them!’ And curses bitter and deep went round the room. They sat silent it may be for an hour or more, only moving when, at some fresh burst of noise, the old man started from his sleep and asked if that was Hereward coming.

‘And who is this Hereward of whom you speak?’ asked Hereward at last.

‘We thought you might know him, sir knight, if you come from Flanders, as you say you do,’ said three or four voices in a surprised tone.

‘Certainly, I know such a man; if he be Hereward the wolf’s head, Hereward the outlaw, Hereward the Wake, as they call him. And a good soldier he is, though he be not yet made a knight; and married, too, to a rich and fair lady. I served under this Hereward a few months ago in Holland, and know no man whom I should sooner follow.’

‘Nor I either,’ said Martin Lightfoot from the other end of the table.

Liss + Hereward

'Nor we,' cried all the men at once, each telling some extravagant story of their hero's courage and asking the knight of Flanders whether it was true or not.

Hereward was very glad to find that the people of his home had heard all about him and that he could count on the men if he needed them.

'But who is this Hereward,' said he, 'that he should have to do with your town here?'

Half a dozen voices told him his own story.

'I always heard,' he said, 'that the gentleman was of some noble family; and I will surely tell him all that has happened here as soon as I return to Flanders.'

CHAPTER 14.

HOW HEREWARD CLEARED HIS HOME OF FRENCHMEN (3).

At last they grew sleepy. When the men had lain down on straw, each with his arms by his side, Hereward made signs to Martin and Pery and went out into the backyard as if he were going to look after his horse.

'Pery Surturbrandsson,' said he, 'you seem to be an honest man. Now I have made up my mind to go with my servant to the hall up there and see what those Frenchmen are doing. Will you trust me to go without my running back here if I am found out,

or in any way bringing harm to you by mixing you up in my private affairs? And will you, if I don't come back, keep for your own the horse that I am leaving, and, besides, give this ring to the Lady Godiva, if you can find some way of seeing her face to face?

As Hereward had spoken with some feeling, he had stopped speaking in the Flamish way and had spoken like the Lincolnshire man he was; and therefore it was that Pery, who had been gazing at him by the moonlight all the time, said, when Hereward had done—

'Either you are Hereward, or you are his ghost. You speak like Hereward, you look like Hereward. Just what Hereward would be now, you are. You are, my lord, he whom men call The Wake; and you cannot deny it.'

'Pery, if you know me, speak of me to no living soul, except my mother, and let me and my servant go free out of your gate. If I ask you before morning to open it again to me, you will know there is not a Frenchman left in the Hall of Bourne.'

Pery threw his arms round him silently.

'Get me only,' said Hereward, 'some long woman's clothes and a black mantle, if you can, to cover this bright armour of mine.'

Pery did as he was told. In ten minutes more Hereward and Martin stood under the gable of the great hall. Not a soul was moving outside. The

[faint] - none

moon was faint, but not so faint that Hereward could not see between him and the sky his brother's long hair floating in the wind.

'That I must have down,' he said in a low voice.

'Then here is what we can do it with,' said Martin as he fell over something. 'The drunken villains have left the ladder in the yard.'

Hereward got the head down and wrapped it in the mantle. Then he went quietly round to one of the windows and looked in. The hall was bright with light; a whole month's candles was burning. The table was covered with all his father's best gold and silver dishes and plates; the wine was running upon the floor; the men were sitting as they pleased, all of them more or less drunk; and at the head of the table, most drunk of all, in his father's seat, sat the new Lord of Bourne.

Hereward could hardly believe his eyes. He was no other than Gilbert of Ghent's fat Flemish cook, whom Hereward had seen many a time in Scotland. He turned from the window, and going to Martin, led him round the house.

'Now then, down with the ladder quick, and break in the door. I go in; you stay outside. If any man passes me, see that he doesn't pass you.'

Martin laughed as he helped the ladder down. In another moment the door was burst in and Hereward stood inside the hall. He gave one shout of—
A Wake! A Wake! and then rushed forward.

And then began a murder grim and great. They fought with ale-cups, with knives, with benches; but drunken and unarmed, they were cut down like sheep. Fifteen Normans were in the hall when Hereward burst in. When the sun rose there were fifteen heads upon the gable. Escape had not been possible. Martin had laid the ladder across the door, and the few who had escaped the master's terrible sword, fell over it, to be killed by the man's not less terrible axe.

Then Hereward took up his brother's head and went in to his mother.

The women in the room opened the door. The Lady Godiva sat bent over, almost alone—for most of her servants had run away—upon a low stool, beside a long dark thing covered with a black cloth. She did not even lift up her head when Hereward entered.

He placed his terrible burden gently beneath the black cloth, and then went and knelt before his mother.

For a while neither spoke a word. Then the Lady Godiva suddenly dropped on her knees, threw her arms round Hereward's neck, and wept till she could weep no more.

'Blessed strong arms,' she cried at last, 'around me! To feel something left in the world to protect me; something left in the world which loves me.'

'You forgive me, mother?'

'You forgive me? It was I, I who was wrong—I

who should have loved you, my strongest, my bravest, my noblest—now my all.’

And so she wept on like any child.

CHAPTER 15.

HOW HEReward SENT ROUND THE WAR-ARROW⁴¹).

A wild night that was in Bourne. All the folk, man and woman, were out on the streets, asking the meaning of those terrible cries, followed by a more terrible silence.

At last Hereward walked down from the hall, his sword in his hand.

‘Silence, good people, and listen to me once and for all. There is not a Frenchman left alive in Bourne. If you are the men I take you for, there shall not be one left between Wash and Humber⁴²). Silence, again!’—as a fierce cry of rage and joy arose, and men rushed forward to take him by the hand, the women to throw their arms round him. ‘This is no time for compliments, good folks, but for quick wit and quick blows. For the law we fight, if we do fight; and by the law we must work, fight or not. Where is the lawman⁴³) of the town?

‘I was lawman last night, to see such law done

41) War-arrow—pieces of an arrow were sent round as a sign that the men must gather for war.

42) Wash and Humber—rivers in England.

43) Lawman—the headman of a village or little town.

as is left,' said Pery. 'But you are lawman now. Do as you will. We will obey you.'

'You shall be our lawman,' shouted many voices.

'I? Who am I? An outlaw and wolf's head.'

'We will put you back into your law—we will give you your lands in full meeting of the free men.'

'Never mind a full meeting of the free men for me. Let us have a meeting, if we have one, for a better end and a bigger one than that. Now, men of Bourne, I have put the coal to the wood. Dare you blow the fire till the forest blazes from south to north? I have fought a dozen Frenchmen. Dare you fight against Ivo of Spalding and Gilbert of Ghent, with William Duke of Normandy at their back? Or will you take me, here as I stand, and give me up to them as an outlaw and a robber, to feed the crows⁴⁴⁾ outside the gates of Lincoln? Do it, if you will. It will be the wiser plan, my friends. Give me up to be judged and hanged, and so clear yourselves of the murder of Gilbert's cook—your late lord and master.'

'Lord and master! We are free men!' shouted the landholders.

'You are our lord,' shouted the tenants. 'Who but you? We will follow if you will lead!'

'Hereward is come home!' cried a weak voice behind. 'Let me come to him. Let me feel him.'

44) To feed the crows—to be killed and thrown out into the fields.

And through the crowd, helped by two women, came the mighty form of Surturbrand the blind Viking with shaking steps.

'Hereward is come,' cried he as he threw his arms round his master's son. 'Ahoi! He is wet with blood! Ahoi! he smells of blood! Ahoi! the ravens will grow fat now, for Hereward is come home!'

Some would have taken the old man away, but he pushed them off fiercely.

'Ahoi! come wolf! Ahoi! come kite! Ahoi! come eagle from off the fen! You followed us and we fed you well ⁴⁵⁾ when Swend Forkbeard ⁴⁶⁾ brought us over the sea. Follow us now, and we will feed you better still with the villain French! Ahoi! Swend's men! Ahoi! Canute's men! Vikings' sons, sea-cocks' sons, fighters all! Split up the war-arrow and send it round; and the curse of Odin on every man that will not pass it on! A war-king to-morrow, and Hildur's ⁴⁷⁾ game next day that the old Surturbrand may die like a free holder, axe in hand, and not like a cow in the straw which the Frenchman has left him!'

All were silent as the old Viking's voice, weak

45) We fed you well—we killed many whose dead bodies you ate.

46) Swend Forkbeard—King of Denmark & Sweden: he conquered England in 1013 but was never crowned king. He was the father of Canute.

47) Hildur—the goddess of war, worshipped by the Northman.

when he began, gathered strength from rage, till it rang through the still night air like a trumpet.

The silence was broken by a long wild cry from the forest which made the women start and catch their children closer to them. It was the howl of a wolf.

'Hark to the witch's horse ⁴⁸⁾! Hark to the son of Fenris ⁴⁹⁾, how he calls for meat! Are you your fathers' sons, you men of Bourne? They never let the grey beast call in vain.'

Hereward saw his opportunity and seized it.

'The Viking is right! So speaks the spirit of our fathers; we must show ourselves their true sons. Send round the war-arrow, and death to the man who does not pass it on! Better die bravely together than to be afraid and part company, to be hunted down one by one by men who will never forgive us as long as we have a piece of land for them to take. Pery, son of Surturbrand, you are the lawman. Put it to the vote!'

'Send round the war-arrow!' shouted Pery himself; and if there was a man or two who did not agree, they found it better to shout as loudly as the rest.

Before the morning light, the war-arrow was split into four pieces, and carried out through the whole district of Kesteven. If the piece were put into the house-father's hand, he must send it on at once to

48) The witch's horse—witches were supposed to ride on wolves.

49) Fenris—a demon wolf in whom the Northmen believed.

the next free man's house. If he were away, it was stuck into his house door, or into his great chair by the fire side, and death to him if on his return he did not send it on likewise. All through Kesteven went that night the pieces of the arrow, and with them the whisper, 'The Wake is come again'; till, before noon, there were fifty well armed men in the old field outside the town, and Hereward speaking to them in words of fire.

But they got cold again when he told them he must at once return to Flanders.

'But it must be,' he said. He had promised and his word of honour he must keep. Two visits he must pay before he went, and then to sea. But within the year, if he were alive, he would return, and with him ships and men, it might be with Sweyn and all the power of Denmark. Only let them hold their own till the Danes should come, and all would be well. So they would show that they were free Englishmen, able to hold England against Frenchmen and all strangers. And whenever he came back, he would set fire to three of his farms. They could be seen far and wide over the Brunswald and over the fen; and then all men might know for sure that the Wake was come again.

Then they went down to the water and took a boat, and laid the dead body of Hereward's brother in it; and Godiva and Hereward sat at the dead lad's head.

And they rowed away for Crowland by many a lake and many a river; through narrow reaches of clear brown glassy water; between the dark-green alders; between the pale-green reeds, and then out into the broad lagoons, where hung motionless bird upon bird as far as eye could see. Out of the reeds like an arrow shot the peregrine, chose a duck from the flock, caught him up, struck him dead with one blow of his terrible heel, and swept into the reeds again.

CHAPTER 16.

HOW HEReward SAILED BACK TO ENGLAND AGAIN.

(They came to Crowland Abbey and buried the lad. Hereward swore a great oath never to stop killing while there was a Frenchman on English ground. Winter and Gwenoch, his friends did the same. They went to Peterborough to see his Uncle Brand, who was now a very old man. He asked Brand to make him and his friends knights in the English way. Here was Herluin, the priest, now prior. Hereward paid him for the money he had taken from him just before he was made an outlaw, and he and his friends bent their knees and asked Herluin to forgive them. He did so. They were made knights. Hereward went back to Flanders, and at last, after much talk and delay, it was agreed that the Danes should send a large number of ships and men and help the English to win back England from the Normans.)

At last Hereward's time came. Martin Lightfoot ran in, breathless, to tell how the sails of a great fleet of ships were to be seen near St. Omer.

'Here?' cried Hereward. 'What are the fools doing

down here, walking into the very jaws of the wolf? They should have gone straight to the coast of Lincolnshire. I hope this mistake will not be the first of dozens!

Hereward went to Torfrida's room.

'This is an evil business. The Danes are here where they have no business, instead of being at the mouth of the River Scheldt as I asked them. But go we must or be for ever shamed. Now, true wife, are you ready? Dare you leave home, and relatives, and friends, once and for all, to go, you know not where, with one who may be a bloody corpse by this day week?'

'I dare,' said she.

So they went down by night, with Torfrida's mother, and the child, and all their jewels, and all they had in the world. And their men went with them, forty men, tried and trained, who had vowed to follow Hereward round the world. And there were two long ships ready, and twenty good sailors in each. So when the Danes came in sight of England next morning, they saw two brave ships coming towards them with Hereward's Wake-knot sewn on their sails.

A proud man was Hereward that day, as he sailed into the midst of the Danish fleet, and up to the royal ships, and shouted—

'I am Hereward the Wake, and I come to take

service with my rightful lord, Sweyn, King of England.'

'Come on board then; well do we know you, and right glad are we to have The Wake with us.'

Then Hereward went on board. A tall and noble warrior met him.

'And you are Hereward?' asked he.

'I am. And you are Sweyn Ulfsson, the king?'

'I am Earl Asbiorn, his brother.'

'Then where is the king?'

'He is in Denmark, and I command his fleet; and with me are Canute and Harold, Sweyn's sons, and earls and bishops enough for all England.'

This was said in a proud tone in answer to the look of surprise which Hereward, not thinking of what he was doing, had allowed to pass over his face.

'You are better than nobody,' said Hereward. 'Now, listen, Asbiorn the earl. If Sweyn had been here, I would have put my hands between his, and said in my own name, and that of the men in Kesteven and the fens, Sweyn's men we are, to live and die! But now, as it is, I say for me and them, your men we are, to live and die, as long as you are true to us.'

'True to you I will be,' said Asbiorn.

'Be it so,' said Hereward. 'True we shall also be. Now, where is Earl Asbiorn and all this great company going?'

'We want to try Dover.'

'You will not take it. The Frenchman has strengthened it with one of his castles, and without machines you will sit before it a month.'

'What if I ask you to go there yourself, and try the bravery and the luck, which they say never left Hereward yet?'

'I should say it was a child's trick to throw away against a poor stone wall the life of a man who was ready to raise for you, in Lincolnshire and Cambridge-shire five times as many men as you will lose in taking Dover.'

'Hereward is right,' said more than one chief. 'We shall need him in his own country.'

'If you are wise, it is to that country you yourselves will go. It is ready to receive you. This is ready to fight you. You are attacking the Frenchman at his strongest point, instead of his weakest. Did I not send word to you again and again, begging you to meet me at the Wash, so that I could raise the people for you?'

'I have heard, before now,' said Asbiorn proudly, 'that Hereward, though he be a brave Viking, is more fond of giving advice than of taking it.'

Hereward was about to answer very fiercely. If he had no one would have thought any harm. But he was wise, and kept himself in hand, remembering that Torfrida was there, almost alone, in the midst of a fleet of savage men; and that besides, he had a

great deed to do, and must do it as he could. So he answered——

‘Asbiorn the earl has not, it seems, heard this of Hereward; that because he is accustomed to command, he is also accustomed to obey. He that quarrels with his captain cuts his own throat and his companions’ too.’

‘Wisely spoken!’ said the chiefs, and Hereward went back to his ships.

‘Torfrida,’ he said bitterly, ‘the game is lost before it is begun.’

‘God forbid, my beloved! What words are these?’

‘Sweyn—fool that he is with his carefulness—always the same—has let the prize slip from between his fingers. He has sent Asbiorn instead of himself.’

‘And why is that so terrible a mistake?’

‘We do not want a fleet of Vikings in England to plunder the French and English alike. We want a king, a king, a king!’ And Hereward stamped with rage. ‘And instead of a king we have this Asbiorn—all men know him—false and weak-headed. Here he is going to lose at Dover, and then, I suppose, at the next port, and so on, till the whole season is gone, and the ships and men lost bit by bit. Pray for us to God and His saints, Torfrida, you who are nearer to heaven than I, for we never needed it more.’

So Asbiorn went in and tried to take Dover, and was beaten off with a heavy loss. Then he tried Sandwich, with the same luck. Then he tried other

ports, but everywhere he was beaten off with the loss of men. Hereward lay outside the ports, his soul within him black with rage and shame. He would not go in. He would not fight against his own countrymen. He would not help to turn the whole plan into a robber's raid. And he told Earl Asbiorn that so fiercely that his life would have been in danger, had not the strength of his arm been as much feared as the force of his name was needed.

At last they came to Yarmouth. Asbiorn wanted to land there and try Norwich.

Hereward was at his wits' end⁵⁰), but at last a plan came into his head. Let Asbiorn do what he wanted. He himself would sail round to the Wash, raise the men of his own country, and march eastward through Norfolk to meet him. Asbiorn himself could not refuse so wise a plan. All the earls and bishops said it was a good one, and away Hereward went, his heart almost broken, seeing nothing but evil in the future.

CHAPTER 17.

HOW HERWARD GATHERED AN ARMY (1).

The voyage was rough and wild. Torfrida was ill; the little girl was ill; the poor old mother was so ill that she could not even say her prayers. Torfrida

50) To be at one's wits' end—not to know what to do.

[skio] - June 1890

looked with terror on the rolling waves, with her heart full of fear and her head full of wild thoughts. Again and again she awoke from a short sleep to catch her child closer to her, or to look up for comfort to the strong figure of her husband, as he stood, like a tower of strength, steering and commanding the long night through.

Yes; of him she was sure. Of his courage, of his skill. But she was going she did not know where, and she hardly knew for what. But was it not her duty? Him she loved, and his she was; and him she must follow, over sea and land, till death, and if possible, beyond death again for ever. For his sake she would work like a slave. For his sake she would be strong. She put from her all thoughts of her home and the pleasant south where she was born, and resolved that she would never make him sad or weak by showing him that she was sad or weak. And so by the time they reached the coast, she had quite conquered her womanly weakness.

So, when they landed on the muddy banks of the river, over which a sharp cold wind was blowing, she took her little girl by the hand and went among the men and spoke.

'Seamen and house servants! You are following a great captain upon a great adventure. How great he is you know as well as I. I have given him myself, my wealth, and all I have, and have followed him I know not where, because I trust him utterly. Men,

trust him as I trust him, and follow him to the death.'

'That we will.'

Then she told them she was alone among them with her little girl and asked them to swear that if any harm should come to her or Hereward, they would protect the child and defend her from harm. The men answered with a shout. They crowded round her, they kissed her hands; they bent down and kissed the little girl; they swore—one by God, another by Odin and Thor—that she should be a daughter to each and every one of them, as long as they could hold their swords in their hands.

Then Hereward sent out spies to see whether the Frenchmen were in the country and how the people were getting on at Spalding and Bourne.

The two young Siwards, who had helped him to save the Princess of Cornwall, and Martin Lightfoot went out to bring back news.

Martin came back the very next day with good news. There was not, he said, a Frenchman in the town. Neither was there in Spalding. Ivo had gone away.

So they marched forward and everywhere the landsfolk were working the ground in peace, and when they saw Hereward's fine men, they hurried to meet them and gave them food and ale and all they needed.

And everywhere Hereward split up the war-arrow

and sent it through the country, calling on all the men to arm and come to him at Bourne, in the name of Morcar the earl.

And at every farm and town he blew the trumpet of war, and called every man who could bear arms to be ready for the coming of the Danish army from Norwich.

When he came to Bourne, all men were working on their farms in peace. The terror of The Wake had fallen on the Frenchmen and no man had dared to enter Hereward's home above the gable of which still stuck the fifteen heads.

Then Hereward, as he had promised, set fire to three of his farms close to the Brunswald, and all his outlawed friends, hiding in the forest, knew by that signal that he had come again. The news went round all the country. Gilbert of Ghent, keeping Lincoln Castle for the Conqueror, was very troubled in mind and looked well to gates and walls, for Hereward at once sent him a message that because he had put a villain cook into his mother's lands, he would hang Gilbert from the highest tree he could find.

To this Gilbert answered that he had not put the cook into Bourne nor otherwise harmed Hereward or his. That the king himself had taken Bourne as all men knew. That the cook had pleased the king so much with a dish, that the king had taken the cook away when he left Gilbert, and later on had given him the lands at Bourne. Therefore, Gilbert said, he

knew nothing about the matter. That if Hereward meant to keep the peace, he might live at Bourne till the end of the world; but if he or his men broke the king's peace, and attacked Lincoln city, he, Gilbert, would nail their skins to the door of Lincoln Cathedral as they used to do to the Danes in old times; and that now he and Hereward understood each other.

At this Hereward laughed and said that they had done that for many a year.

CHAPTER 18.

HOW HEREWARD GATHERED AN ARMY (2).

And now poured into Bourne from every side brave men and true; some were great landholders who had lost their lands; others were the sons of those who had not yet lost them; some were Morcar's men, some Edwin's; but probably all were blood relatives of Hereward's or of King Harold's or of each other; they were men of whom nothing is known except that their names are written in Domesday Book. But honour to their very names. Honour to the last heroes of the old English race.

These men, with their servants whom they brought with them, made a very strong force. Having got his men, Hereward's first care was to teach them the art of war of which they knew nothing. They knew nothing of the tactics by which, William of

Normandy, the greatest general of his times, conquered. The English armies were just crowds of men who marched and fought under local leaders, often quarrelling with other leaders. There was no discipline among them. This made it easy for the French with smaller numbers to defeat them. But Hereward had learnt the art of war in Flanders, and he soon turned his outlaws and homeless men into an army of professional soldiers. He also taught them what they had never known to do well—the art of fighting on horseback. That is why his little army held out for so many years against the French, appearing and disappearing with strange swiftness, and conquering against larger numbers.

He grew more and more anxious as the days went by and there came no news from the Danes at Norwich. Time was precious. He sent out spies along Ermine Street⁵¹)—the only road at that time towards the north-west of England—and spies northward along the Roman road to Lincoln. But the former met the French in great numbers near Nottingham, and came back much faster than they went. And the latter met Gilbert of Ghent near Lincoln and had to run into the fens, and came back much slower than they went.

At last news came. A fen-man walked into Bourne and an evil tale he brought. The Danes had

51) Ermine Street—one of the old Roman roads, running from London to Lincoln.

been well beaten at Norwich and he believed that they had set sail for the Humber. Hearing that Hereward had sent round the war-arrow, he himself, being a landless man, had come to join him. And there he was, he said, if Hereward had any need of him.

'Need of you?' said Hereward; 'need of a hundred like you. But this is bitter news.'

And he went to ask Torfrida's opinion as to what he should do. He felt ready to weep with rage. He had deceived his men. He had drawn them into a snare. He had promised that the Danes should come. How should he look them in the face?

'Look them in the face? Do that at once; now; without losing a moment. Call them together and tell them all. If their hearts are true you may do a great deal yet without the Danes. If their hearts are weak, you would have done nothing worthy with them, even if you had Norway as well as Denmark behind your back. At least be true to them, as your only chance of keeping them true to you.'

'Wise, wise wife,' said Hereward, and went out and called his men together and told them every word and all that had passed since he had set sail from Flanders.

'And now I have deceived you and led you into a snare, and I have no right to be your captain more. He that will go in peace, let him go before the Frenchmen shut us in on every side and swallow us up at one mouthful.'

Not a man answered.

'I say it again; he that wants to go, let him go.'

They stood without a move.

Winter spoke at last.

'If all go, there are two men here who stay, and fight by Hereward's side as long as there is a Frenchman left on English ground, for they have made a vow. What say you, Gwenoch, knighted⁵²) with us at Peterborough?'

Gwenoch stepped to Hereward's side.

'None shall go,' shouted a dozen voices. 'With Hereward we will live and die. Let him lead us where he will. We can save England for ourselves without the help of the Danes.'

CHAPTER 19.

HOW HEREWARD FOUND A WISER MAN IN ENGLAND THAN HIMSELF.

(The Danes, sailing along the coast, landed at last at the mouth of the Humber; then going inland, they took York, which was defended by a garrison of Normans. York was set on fire and quite destroyed.)

We must now turn to see what William the Conqueror did. What did he see as he looked at the map of England? He saw three separate fires from northwest to east along Watling Street⁵³).

52) Knighted = made a knight.

53) Watling Street—one of the old Roman roads. It ran from Dover to Chester, passing through London.

At Chester, Edric, who, according to Domesday Book, had lost great lands in Shropshire, Harold's widow, and all the wild Welsh; Edwin, the young earl, Hereward's nephew, was with them probably.

Eastward, round Stafford and the centre of Mercia, was another blaze of furious English courage. Morcar, Edwin's brother, if he was a man, was probably there.

Then in the fens and Kesteven. What meant this news that Hereward of St. Omer was come again, and an army with him? That he was making war on all Frenchmen, in the name of Sweyn, King of Denmark and of England? He is an outlaw, thought William, a man who only talks. But in after years he found out his mistake.

And last, and worst of all, there was the mighty fleet of Sweyn, who claimed England as his rightfully, on the eastern coast. The enemy whom William had feared most of all since he had set foot on English ground had come at last. Where would he strike his blow?

William knew without doubt that the Danes had been beaten at Norwich; he knew, without doubt, for his spies must have told him, that they were going to enter the Wash. To prevent them joining Hereward was not possible. He must prevent them joining Edwin and Morcar.

He decided, it seems—for he did do it—to cut

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the English line in two, and marched upon Stafford as its centre.

But all records of those times are broken. The Normans fought and had no time to write history. The English, beaten and crushed, died and left no sign.

So all we know is that William attacked Morcar's men at Stafford, and destroyed that army altogether. Morcar's men ran east to Edwin at Chester; some of them, certainly, ran to Hereward in the fens.

At Stafford William met his Normans from York who told him of the loss of that city. He became as angry as a devil. He cut off their hands, put out their eyes, and threw them into prison. Then he went northwards.

He found the Danes had left York and gone down to the Humber. But he had his revenge. In the language of the Bible, he destroyed 'the life of the land'. Far and wide the farms were burnt over the farmers' heads; the growing corn upon the ground was burnt; the horses were lamed; the cattle driven off. Yorkshire and much of the neighbouring country lay waste for nine years. It did not get back to its old condition till about a hundred years after. William was crowned king at York while the English for miles around wandered starving in the snow, feeding on rats and mice, and at last upon each other's dead bodies.

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Then William turned to the south-west. Edwin

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and wild Edric and the wilder Welshmen were still burning and killing. They had just attacked Shrewsbury. William came upon them by a way they did not think of.

He crossed England by pathless moors and bogs probably by way of Huddersfield and Halifax and so came into the plains of Lancashire and Cheshire. His soldiers from sunny France could not face the cold, the rain, the terrible country through which they had to pass. They were attacked by the countryfolk, and their difficulties were such that they prayed to be sent home.

'Cowards might go back,' said William, 'he should go on.' If he could not ride, he would walk. Cheered by his example, the army came out upon the flat land of Cheshire.

Then he fell upon Edwin as he had upon Morcar. He drove the wild Welsh back into Wales. He laid the country waste with fire and sword for many a mile, as Domesday Book witnesses to this day. He strengthened the walls of Chester; he stamped out the last fires of rebellion; then he went south to Salisbury, King of England once again.

CHAPTER 20.

HOW HEReward BURNED THE GOLDEN BOROUGh.

In the course of that winter died good Abbot Brand; a week after that came the news that a

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Norman was coming to take the abbey of Peterborough and had got as far as Stamford.

Then Hereward sent him word that if he or his Frenchmen put foot into Peterborough, he, Hereward, would burn it over their heads, and that if he rode a mile out of Stamford down, he should walk back into it barefoot in his shirt.

After this, the Norman remained at Stamford and kept up his spirits by singing the song of Roland⁵⁴), which some say he himself composed.

A week after that the Danes came; but plunder they must have.

'And plunder you shall have!' said Hereward, as a sudden thought came into his head. 'I will show you the way to Peterborough, the Golden Borough, the richest church in England. All the treasures of the Golden Borough shall be yours if you will treat Englishmen as friends, and spare the people of the fens.'

It was a great crime in the eyes of the men of that time. A great crime, taken simply, in Hereward's own eyes. But it was necessary. Something the Danes must have and ought to have; and St. Peter's gold was better in their pockets than in those of the Norman abbot and his French monks.

That night the monks of Peterborough prayed till the long hours passed into the short⁵⁵). The servants

54) Song of Roland—a song about the brave deeds of Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. William the Conqueror made his troops sing it when he was coming over to attack England.

of the monastery ran away into the woods. When the first rosy beams of morning light began to show in the north-eastern sky, they heard, mixing with their own chant, another chant which Peterborough had not heard for three hundred years—the terrible *Yuch-hey-saa-saa*—the war-song of the Vikings of the north.

Their chant stopped of itself. With pale faces and trembling knees, they fled, forgetting all discipline, into the church tower, and from the top looked out north-eastward on the fen.

The first rays of the summer sun were just streaming over the great sheet of green grass and glittering upon the winding river; and on a winding line, too, which seemed endless, of red coats and shields, black hulls, and the flash and foam of countless oars.

And nearer and louder came the roll of the oars like thunder; and mixed with it that grim yet laughing *Heysaa*, which in its very note seemed to speak of the joy of killing.

The ships had all their sails on deck. But as they came nearer, the monks could see the banners of the two first vessels.

The one was the red and white of the terrible Dannebrog⁵⁶). The other was the hardly less terrible Wake-knot of Hereward.

55) The long hours . . . short—till night became morning.

56) Dannebrog—the flag of Denmark.

The monks became more and more frightened. They brought out the things left them from saints. They brought out pieces of St. Peter's chains in a gold box. They held them out over the walls at the ships and prayed to all the saints to whom they belonged. But the *Heysaa* rose louder still and louder. The Danes were coming. And they came.

And all the while a thousand skylarks rose from the fen and chanted their own chant high up in the air.

The holy things had been brought out, but as they would not work, the only thing to be done was to put them back again and hide them; otherwise they would be carried away, being worth a very large sum of money in the eyes of the more Christian part of the Danish army. Then the monks hid the treasures as well as they could, somewhere in the steeple.

The Danes were landing now. The shout which they gave as they leaped on shore made the hearts of the poor monks sink low. Would they be killed as well as robbed? Perhaps not—probably not. Hereward would see to that. Some wanted to yield themselves.

Herluin would not hear of it. They were safe enough. St. Peter's holy chains might not have done anything at once; but they must have done something. St. Peter had been prayed to on his honour, and on his honour he must surely take the matter

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up. In any case, the walls and the gates were strong, and the Danes had no artillery. Let them walk round the abbey and howl like wolves till the Norman abbot and his French soldiers came to the rescue. So said Herluin.

The Danes came up through the little town and to the abbey gates, but it was impossible to enter. They walked round and round like hungry wolves round a winter farm, but found no way of entering.

Prior Herluin grew bold, and coming to the tower over the gate, looked over carefully, and holding up a most holy thing, cursed the Danes in the names of all his saints.

'Aha, Herluin? Are you there?' asked a short square man in gay armour.

'You are Winter?' and the prior uttered what would have been considered a bloodthirsty curse from any but a priest's lips.

With his sharp swift French priest's tongue he sneered, he scolded, he cursed, he argued, and then threatened. Suddenly changing his tone, in words of real power he spoke to them of the anger of God. He set before them all the terrors of the world they could not see.

Some of them began to go away quietly. St. Peter was a bad man to have a quarrel with, they thought.

Winter stood laughing and joking in return for full ten minutes. At last—'I asked,' said he, 'and

you have not answered. Have you forgotten the old heap of peat outside the Bolldyke Gate? For if you have, The Wake has not. He has piled it against the gate, which should be burnt through by this time. Go and see.'

'Now, you sea-cocks,' said Winter, springing up, 'we'll to the Bolldyke Gate too, and all start fair.'

CHAPTER 21.

HOW HEREWARD MET ALFTRUDA AGAIN.

The Bolldyke Gate was on fire; and more so was the little town. There was no time to save it as Hereward would gladly have done for the sake of the people who lived there. They must go. But on to the Bolldyke Gate! Who cared to put out the flames behind him, with all the treasures of the Golden Borough before him? In a few minutes everything was blazing.

Then the men rushed into the Bolldyke Gate, while Hereward and Winter stood and looked with their men, whom they kept close together, waiting their commands. The Danes and their helpers cared not for the great glowing heap of peat. They cared not for one another, hardly for themselves. They rushed into the open gate; they pushed the glowing heap inward with their spears; they pushed one another down into it, and ran over bodies only to fall themselves, rising burnt and yet struggling on

to the gold of the Golden Borough. It was wild work.

'We must now go in and save the monks,' said Hereward, and rushed over the hot peat.

He was only just in time. In the midst of the great court were all the monks, standing close together like a flock of sheep, some kneeling, most weeping bitterly after the fashion of monks. Only Herluin stood in front with a calm but angry face and asked for peace. But his good words helped him little for the savage men did not understand him. They were howling and shouting and getting braver from their own noise. In a moment blood would have flowed, and then all the monks would have been killed.

Hereward saw it, and shouting 'After me, Hereward's men! A Wake! A Wake!' threw the wild Danes right and left and stood face to face with Herluin.

'Now, Herluin, the Frenchman!' said Hereward.

'Now, Hereward, the robber of saints!' said Herluin.

It was a fine sight. The soldier and the churchman, the Englishman and the Frenchman, the man of the then world, and the man of the then church, against each other face to face.

Hereward tried for one moment to make Herluin drop his eyes. But those terrible looks, before which Vikings had trembled, turned off harmless from the

more terrible look of the man who believed himself helped by God and all the saints.

'A robber and a child of the Devil have you been from the day you were born, and a robber and a child of the Devil are you now. Do your last wicked deed. Kill the servants of St. Peter on St. Peter's altar, with your worthy companions, the savages,' said Herluin.

Hereward laughed so jolly a laugh that the prior was astonished.

'Kill St. Peter's monks? Not even his rats! I am a monk's knight. There shall not a hair of your head be touched. Only I must clear out all the Frenchmen from here and all the Englishmen too, as they have chosen to live together with them. Here, Hereward's men! march these priests safe out of the walls, and their prior with them, into the woods, to look after their own poor people!'

'Out of this place I shall not go. Here I am and here I will live or die!'

But as Herluin spoke he was pushed forward almost into Hereward's arms by the monks behind who became almost mad with joy when they heard Hereward's words.

'So go the rats out of Peterborough. Now for the treasure and then to Ely⁵⁷.'

Just before he was carried away, Herluin shouted

57) Ely—a famous monastery and cathedral on an island in the River Ouse in Cambridgeshire.

to Hereward to save the women. Hereward gave a cry and rushed to the door of the guest house. It was not yet burst, but the savages were beating it down with a large bench.

'To me, Hereward's men! Stand back, there! Here are friends inside. If you do not, I'll cut you down!'

But in vain. The door was burst open and the savages poured in. Hereward, unable to stop them, ran at their head, or pretended to do so, with five or six of his own men round him, and went into the hall.

On the floor lay some half-dozen servants. They were killed immediately, simply because they were there. Hereward saw, but could not prevent. He ran as hard as he could to the foot of the stair which led to the upper floor.

'Guard the stair-foot, Winter!' and ran up.

Two women were upon the floor, weeping and praying. 'Lady, you are safe,' said Hereward to the one who was better dressed. 'I will protect you. I am Hereward.'

She sprang up and threw herself with a cry into his arms.

'Hereward! Hereward! save me. I am—'

'Alftruda!' said Hereward.

It was Alftruda, if possible, more beautiful than ever.

'I have got you,' she cried. 'I am safe now. Take me away—Out of this terrible place—take me into

the woods—anywhere—only do not let me be burnt here. Give me air!

She held to him so madly that Hereward, as he held her in his arms, and looked at her extraordinary beauty, forgot Torfrida for a second of time. Holding her tight, he hurried down the stair.

CHAPTER 22.

HOW HEREWARD WENT TO ELY.

Winter and the Siwards were defending the stair with swinging swords. The savages were howling round them, and when Hereward appeared with the women, there was a loud shout of rage.

‘Have you left any jewels in the room, Alfruda?’ he whispered.

‘Yes—jewels—clothes—let them have all, only save me!’

‘Let me pass!’ roared Hereward. ‘There are rich jewels in the room above and you may have them. But the women you shall not touch. Back, I say. Let me pass!’

And he rushed forward. Winter and his men formed a ring round him and the women, while the savage Danes hurried up the stairs to quarrel over the jewels.

They gave Alfruda and her nurse to a Danish bishop, who, under the guard of Winter and Hereward’s men, took them down to the ships.

[The:]-
reking

They were calling for Hereward on all sides.

'Who wants Hereward?'

'Earl Asbiorn—Here he is.'

'The monks have hidden all the treasure. If you wish to save them from being killed, you had better find it!'

Hereward ran with him into the cathedral. The savage men were there, tearing and breaking everything in their search for the treasure. He ran past them into the steeple. There, in a room, they found treasures countless and wonderful.

'We had better keep this to ourselves for a time,' said Earl Asbiorn.

'Not we!' returned Hereward. 'I am a man of my word and we shall share and share alike.'

Asbiorn caught him by the arm. 'What are you going to do? This treasure belongs by right to Sweyn, the king.'

'It belongs to St. Peter, who must lend it to-day to save the poor fen-men from robbers; and not to any king on earth. Take off your hand, earl, if you would keep it safe on your body.'

Asbiorn drew back, his face black with rage. To strike Hereward was more than he or any Berserker in his army dared to do, and besides that he felt that Hereward's words were just.

'Here!' shouted Hereward down the stair. 'Up here, Vikings, Berserkers, and sea-cocks all! Here is gold, here is treasure! Here, eat gold, drink gold,

roll in gold, and know that Hereward is a man of his word and pays his soldiers' wages!

The savage men rushed up the stair, trampling one another to death, and pushed Hereward and the earl into a corner. The room was so full for a few minutes that some died in it. Hereward and Asbiorn, protected by their strong armour, forced their way to the narrow window, and breathed through it, looking out upon the sea of fire below.

'I am sorry for you, earl,' said Hereward. 'But for the poor Englishman's sake, so must it be.'

'King Sweyn shall judge of that. Why do you hold my wrist, man?'

'Daggers sometimes get loose in such a crowd as this.'

'Always The Wake,' said Asbiorn with a forced laugh.

'Always The Wake. And as you have said, King Sweyn shall judge between us.'

Asbiorn left him. Soon only a few remained to look for what their companions may have forgotten.

'Now the play is played out,' said Hereward, 'we may as well go down to our ships.'

Some of the more drunken would have burnt the church too, but Hereward and Asbiorn would not let them. And little by little they got the men down to the ships; some drunk, some cursing and quarrelling because they had got nothing. It was an unpleasant sight, but one to which Hereward, as well

hairpins

as Asbiorn, was too well accustomed to see anything in except an hour's trouble in getting the men on board.

The monks had all fled. And so was the Golden Borough plundered and burnt.

After this Hereward took Torfrida, and the child, and all he had, and took ship to Ely, and there, by the consent of all, took command of the English who were inside.

CHAPTER 23.

HOW HEREWARD PLAYED THE POTTER.

(They held a great meeting in the hall at Ely. King Sweyn of Denmark was there. When he heard how Asbiorn had wasted time and men, he was very angry, but could do nothing. The Danes left England. But the English made up their minds to fight to the last. Just as the meeting was finished, a man came up to Hereward and said he had come to him from Waterford with five ships to fight and die with him. He was Sigtryg Ranaldsson, whose wife Hereward had saved from the giant in Cornwall. Hereward was glad to see his old friend, but very sad to find that his plans had come to nothing. When William heard that the Danes had gone, he marched on Ely, thinking it would be very easy to take, but he made a great mistake. He and his Norman soldiers were beaten off, losing thousands of men. But William kept his soldiers round about the fens, so that Hereward and his English were shut inside. It was necessary that somebody should go out as a spy, so Hereward cut off his long golden hair, put on dirty old clothes, and riding his famous mare, Swallow, got into a boat and rowed across the river.)

[iron 'sawd'] -
how strong

He could not go down the Great Ouse, and up the Little Ouse, which was his easiest way, for the French held all the river below the island of Ely, and, besides, to have come straight from there would make the French doubt him if he fell into their hands. So he went down to Fordham, and crossed the River Lark at Mildenhall; and just before he got to Mildenhall, he met a potter carrying pots upon a pony.

'Stop, my fine fellow,' said he, 'and put your pots on my mare's back.'

'The man who wants them must fight for them,' said the potter, raising a heavy stick.

'Then here's he that will,' said Hereward, and jumping off his mare, he took the stick out of the man's hands and knocked him down.

'That will teach you to know an Englishman when you see one,' said Hereward.

'I have met my master,' answered the potter; 'but dog does not eat dog⁵⁸); and it is hard to be robbed by an Englishman after being robbed a dozen times by the French.'

'I will not rob you. Here is some money for your pots and your coat—for I must have that too. And if you tell any man about this, I will find those who will cut you into little pieces; but if not, then turn your horse's head and ride back to Ely, if you can cross the water, and say what has happened to you,

58) Dog does not eat dog = hunt ei murra hunti.

and you will find an abbot there who will give you another penny for your news.'

So Hereward took the pots, and the potter's dirty coat and went on through Mildenhall, crying after the manner of potters, in the English tongue, 'Pots! pots! good pots and pans!'

But when he got through Mildenhall, he gave mare Swallow a kick and went over the ground so fast northward that his pots danced such a dance as broke half of them before he got to Brandon.

When he came to Brandon, he pulled up, kept the whole pots, threw the broken ones away, and walked into Brandon leading the mare and crying 'Pots!'

So thin and ugly was that famous mare that no one could think she could gallop so fast as to leave better looking horses far behind. Hereward, too, felt quite at home in his part, as able to play the Englishman he was by birth as the Frenchman he was by education. He was happy. He enjoyed the fresh air of the open country; he enjoyed the pleasant ramble out of the island in which he had been shut up so long; he enjoyed the joke of the thing, the adventure, the danger. And so did the English who loved him. None of his deeds is told so lovingly or carefully; and none was so often sung, by farm-house fires or in the camps of outlaws as this.

And so he came to Brandon where William's court was and saw with a curse that a new castle was being built there. But he had to look for some place to

[Hereward] - hucyung, 12nd day

sleep in for night was coming, and he had to wait till next day to see it all.

Outside the town he found a small hut made of mud and said to himself, 'This is bad enough to be good enough for me.'

A very ugly old woman let him in and told him he could sleep in a corner if he gave her a small pot or two. But she could not give him anything to eat. So Hereward threw himself down, after putting the mare in a shed outside. But he did not really sleep. He looked about and saw something that made his blood run cold. In one corner was a dry man's hand, holding a candle in its bony fingers. By this sign Hereward knew that the old woman was a witch. He made the sign of the cross over himself several times.

After a hour or two another old woman, uglier if possible than the first, came in.

'Well, how did you get on?' asked the first. 'Have you seen the king?'

'No, but I have seen Ivo of Spalding. Oh! But who is lying down there?'

'Only an English dog; he can't understand us. Talk on but don't wake him. Have you got the gold?'

Then the old witches began to quarrel about dividing the piece of gold chain that Ivo had given the second. Hereward heard how Ivo had promised the old woman plenty of gold if the Normans could take Ely with her help. Then they came to see

whether Hereward was fast asleep, for they were going to a little well to ask their spirits about the matter. Hereward perspired with fear as they touched him, but he pretended to be quite fast asleep, and they went away. He got up and followed them to a little well not far away. Here he watched them bend over the water and mutter their charms.

Then there was a noise as of water running.

'Once—twice—thrice,' counted the witches. Nine times he counted the sound.

'The ninth day—the ninth day, and the king shall take Ely,' said one in a scream, rising and shaking her fist towards the island.

Hereward wanted to put his dagger into the two old women, but he was afraid that they would make a noise. He had found out so much already, that he wanted to find out more. So he decided to go to the court itself the next day and take what luck sent.

He got quietly back to the hut and lay down again. As soon as he saw the two old witches fast asleep, he fell asleep himself, and was so tired that he lay till the sun was high.

CHAPTER 24.

HOW HEREWARD CHEATED THE KING.

When he came to the outer gate of the castle, he tied up mare Swallow and carried his pots in on his back. The people in the kitchen saw him and

[H: :H] - justine

[Kaunt] - aoutone

End. number

called him in. Just as he was showing his goods to the cooks, a man of rank entered.

'You are very much like that villain Hereward,' he said.

'What?' replied Hereward, pretending not to understand.

'Take him into the hall,' said another, 'and let us see if any man knows him.'

Into the great hall he was taken and everybody looked at him. He bent his knees, made his shoulders round, and tried to look as mean as possible.

Ivo of Spalding and another knight came down and looked at him too.

'Does any one here speak English? Let us question him,' said the other knight.

'Hereward? Hereward? who wants to know about that villain?' answered the pretended potter as soon as he was asked in English. 'I wish I could see some of you noble knights and earls paying him for me; for I owe him more than ever I shall pay him myself.'

'What do you mean?'

'He came out of his island ten days ago, near evening and drove off a cow of mine, and four sheep, which was all I had, noble knights, except these pots.'

'And where is he now?'

'In the island, my lords, almost starving, and his people running away from him every day from

hunger and illness. I doubt if there be a hundred healthy men left in Ely.'

'Take this man to the kitchen and feed him,' said one of the knights and so the matter ended.

Into the kitchen he went. The king's lunch was cooking, so he listened to the talk and heard that it was true what the witches had said; that a great attack would be made on Ely from Aldreth on the ninth day from that, and that boats had been ordered and men and material had been already sent to mend the old way by which they had attacked the first time.

But soon he had to take care of himself. The cooks and their helpers thought it would be a good joke to make him drunk and make fun of him. So they gave him plenty of beer and wine. At last one of them thought of a good plan.

'Pull out his hair and beard, tie something round his eyes, and put him in the midst of his pots and pans. What a smash we shall have.'

Hereward pretended not to understand the words which were spoken in French; but when somebody told him in English what they meant, he grew red about the ears.

He was not going to let them do it. But if he defended himself and made a noise in the king's court, he might very well find himself hanged before evening. However, it was good for him that he had drunk so much beer and wine, for he felt quite brave,

and when one of the men seized him, he pushed him away with some force.

The man struck him hard. Hereward, hot of temper, careless of life, struck back, and hit the man right under the ear.

It was a knock-out.

Up they all jumped and fell upon Hereward with what they could lay hands on.

Then he saw a great spit near the fire, and seizing it he defended himself so well, that he killed one and drove all the rest before him. But numbers were against him. Others came in and soon he was tied and dragged into the hall to be judged for killing a man within the court.

He kept his spirits up⁵⁹). He knew that the king was there; he knew that he would get justice. If not, he could say he was Hereward, and so save his life, for he did not think that William would have him killed.

So he went in boldly and willingly, and up the hall, where, at the end, stood William the Norman.

William had just finished lunch and was washing his hands in a silver basin. Two pages knelt and were putting his boots in order, for he was going hunting.

Then Hereward looked at the face of the great man, and felt at once that it was the face of the greatest man whom he had ever met.

59) Kept his spirits up—he was not afraid; he did not fear.

'I am not that man's equal,' he said to himself. 'Perhaps it will all end in my being his man and he my master.'

The cooks and others all began to speak together.

'Silence!' roared the king, 'and speak one at a time. How did this happen?'

'I don't believe you,' said the king when he had heard. 'A poor English potter comes to my court and kills one of my cooks for sport! I don't believe you, villains! You, man,' he said, 'tell me your tale, and justice you shall have or take, as you deserve. I am the King of England, and I know your tongue, although I don't speak it yet.'

Hereward fell on his knees.

'If you are indeed my lord the king, then I am safe; for there is justice in you; at least so all men say.' And he told his side of the story.

'I believe this story,' said the king. 'Hark you, you villains! Here I am trying to make friends with these English by justice and mercy, whenever they will let me; and here you are, driving them mad, just so that you will have cause to rob the poor people and drive them into the forest. From the lowest to the highest—from Ivo of Spalding there down to you cook-boys—you are all at the same game. And I will stop it! The next time I hear of harm to any poor man or woman, I will hang the wrong-doer, even if he be Odo my brother himself!'

He used so many strange and terrible curses

during this speech, that Ivo shook in his boots, and the others prayed that the roof might not fall upon their heads.

'You are smiling?' said William quickly to the kneeling Hereward. 'So you understand French?'

'A few words only, most gracious king, which we potters pick up, wandering here and there,' said Hereward in French, for so sharp was William's eye he thought it better not to play tricks with him.

'Look you,' said William, 'you are no common man; you have fought too well for that. Let me see your arm.'

Hereward pulled up his sleeve.

'Ha! Potters do not carry sword-scars like these; neither are they tattooed like English earls. Hold up your head and let me see your throat.'

Hereward, who had carefully hung his head to prevent them from seeing the tattoo marks on his throat, was forced to lift it up.

'Aha! So I thought. There is fair ladies' work there. Is not this he who was said to be so like Hereward? Put him in prison till I come back from hunting. But do him no harm, for—and William fixed on Hereward eyes of the greatest intelligence—'were he Hereward himself, I should be very glad to see Hereward safe and sound; my man at last, and earl of all between Humber and the fens.'

But Hereward was too clever to be caught. With a face of comic terror he replied in broken French.

'Have mercy, mercy, lord king! Don't make that devil earl over us! Even Ivo of Spalding would be better than he,' and he went on till William began to laugh.

'Silence!' said he, laughing, as did all around him. 'Go to prison and be good till I come back.'

So Hereward was put into a shed and locked up.

He sat on an empty box, thinking whether he should yield to the king or not, when the door opened and in came a man with a sword in one hand and a pair of leg-irons in the other.

'Hold out your legs, fellow! You are not going to sit at your ease like an abbot, after killing one of us, and making the king angry with the rest of us. Hold out your legs, I say!'

'Nothing easier,' said Hereward cheerfully, and held out a leg. But when the man bent down to put on the irons, he got a kick which knocked him over.

After this he knew very little, at least in this world, for Hereward cut off his head with his own sword.

After that, says the chronicle, he broke away out of the house, and over garden walls, hiding and running, till he came to the front gate, and leaped upon mare Swallow.

Then he shook up the reins, and with one great shout of 'The Wake! The Wake!' rode for his life with knights and their attendants galloping after him.

Who then were astonished but those knights, as

they saw the ugly potter's horse getting farther and farther away from them, till she and her rider had left them far behind?

Then he made a great circle for he was afraid that everybody would be after him, and, through the forest, he came in the early morning to an island not far from Ely and was taken home in a boat by one of his many friends.

CHAPTER 25.

HOW THEY FOUGHT AGAIN AT ALDRETH.

(Hereward told the people at Ely what he had found out and asked Torfrida whether she was clever enough to beat the old witch who would be with the Normans. Torfrida said she was no witch, but she and all the women went barefoot to church and prayed. While there she got the idea that they might burn the reeds in the fens. Hereward kissed her and said it was a great idea. She dressed herself in white and rode at the head of the English soldiers to pray for them during the battle. The Normans had built a new bridge with a tower at the end. Here stood the old witch, cursing, and calling for a thunderstorm. The Normans pushed forward in hundreds. William and Ivo of Spalding also rode out to the end of the bridge near the tower.)

'Forward, men, forward!' shouted William with a laugh.

'Forward!' shouted Ivo of Spalding.

'Forward!' shouted the old witch.

There were fifty yards of deep clear water

[bag] -not

Spuleen

between the Frenchmen and Englishmen. Only fifty yards. Not only arrows but hand-spears and stones flew across every moment. Now and then a man could not stand on the edge and fell into the water. They pushed out canoes, planks, what they could. They crawled upon them like ants. And all the time the old witch in the tower made strange noises, and all the while Torfrida stood in her white robes, pointing with her hand and chanting prayers, which the French could not hear and which they could not understand.

L 49:14
range

'They seem to have a counter witch to yours, Ivo, and a fairer one. I'm afraid the devils would rather listen to her than to that old bag of bones up there,' said William. 'What is she pointing at there?'

'Something among the reeds. Hark to her now! She is singing more like an angel than a devil, I will say for her.'

And Torfrida's song, coming clear and sweet across the water, rose louder and shriller till it almost drowned the noises made by the witch.

'She sees more than we do.'

'But I see!' cried William, striking his hand upon his leg. 'She's showing them where to set fire to the reeds; and they have done it!'

A puff of smoke; a tongue of flame; and then another and another; and a canoe came out of the reeds quickly on the French side and glided into the reeds of the island.

['saus] - sadu
[Kolom] - samman

'The reeds are on fire, men! Have a care!' shouted Ivo.

'Silence, fool! Frighten them once and they will leap like sheep into the water! Men! turn about! draw off—slowly and in order! We will attack again to-morrow.'

The voice of the great captain rose too late. A line of flame was leaping above the reeds, crackling and howling before the evening breeze. The soldiers on the bridge had seen their danger, but too soon, and fled, but where?

A shower of arrows and spears fell upon the head of the column as it tried to turn, throwing it more and more into confusion. One arrow, shot by no common arm, went clean through William's shield, and nailed it to his body. He gave a cry of pain.

'You are wounded. Ride for your life! It is worth a thousand of these!' and Ivo seized William's horse by the head and dragged him through the screaming, struggling crowd.

On came the flames, leaping and crackling. The men in the boats fell, burnt corpses before it. It reached the bridge, went back from the mass of men, then leapt over their heads, and passed on, making a circle of flame about them.

The bridge began to burn. The peat under it began to burn too. They sprang from the burning footway, and jumped into the bottomless bog, cover-

ing their faces and eyes with their poor, burnt hands, and then sank out of sight in the black mud.

Ivo dragged William on, paying no attention to the curses and prayers of the soldiers; and they reached the shore just in time to see between them and the water a long black burning twisting line; the bog to right and left which had been a minute before only reed was now an open dirty sheet of water, with here and there a boat full of cursing men; and at the end of the bridge, the tower with the flames climbing up its posts, and the witch of Brandon throwing herself from the top, and falling dead upon the burning pieces of wood.

'A fool you are! A fool I was!' cried the great king as he rolled off his horse at his tent door, cursing with rage and pain.

Ivo went away quietly. He sent to Brandon for the second witch and hanged her as some small comfort to himself. Nor did he forget to look inside the hut till he found his gold chain, cut into bits, and different other pieces of gold for which the wretched old women had sold themselves. All of this he took.

The next day William took his army away. The men refused to try again. The English magic, they said, was stronger than theirs. Let William take Torfrida and burn her as she had burnt them; then they might try to storm Ely again.

Torfrida saw them turn, flee and die. Her work

was done. She dropped senseless to the ground and lay like that for many hours.

Then she rose, and putting off the rough white robes was herself again, but a sadder woman till her dying day.

CHAPTER 26.

HOW HEReward WENT TO THE GREENWOOD.

(On the advice of his priests, William sent word to the monks in Ely that unless they yielded within a week, all their lands which lay outside the island would be confiscated. At the same time he offered to pardon Hereward and his men, if they would also yield. But Ivo of Spalding and some of the other enemies of Hereward's added that Torfrida would not be pardoned but would be burnt. Hereward was not at home at the time; he was away with a large body of men. Torfrida accompanied by Sigtryg Ranaldsson went down to where the monks were talking and listened at the key-hole. 'All is lost!' she told him. They sent Martin off to tell Hereward, who hurried home as fast as he could. But he was too late. The monks had opened the gates to William's soldiers. Torfrida and her little girl, dressed like boys, escaped. The other English soldiers and Sigtryg Ranaldsson went out to fight the Normans, but they were too few. Then Hereward and his men got into the boats again and went off to live in the greenwood. But first he killed his famous mare Swallow, as there was no room for her in the boat.)

And now is Hereward to the greenwood gone to be a bold outlaw; and not only an outlaw himself but the father of all outlaws who held those forests for

[lois] - roots
[relativ] - singular

two hundred years, from the fens to the Scottish border. They were proud that they slept upon the ground; they were cursed by the Normans and loved by the common people. The Normans hunted them from place to place with horse and hound; the English farmer left for them a barrel of ale or a basket of bread beneath the green trees.

With the same friendly folk they would live by twos and threes during the sharp frosts of winter, but for the greater part of the year they lived in the open air.

And then after a while, the life which had begun in terror and loss of land and relatives became pleasant. They called themselves 'merry men', and the forest the 'merry greenwood'.

Sometimes they came back to civilised life; they got pardon from the king and entered his service; but the love of the forest was too strong in them; they hated the four walls of the Norman castle and quietly slipped back to the forest and the deer.

Little by little, too, law and order arose among them lawless though they were; that instinct of discipline and self-government, side by side with that of personal independence, which is the special mark and special strength of the English character began to act. Strict rules, fair play, and equal justice for high and low—this was the old outlaw spirit.

And now Torfrida was astonished. She had

thought that everything was lost. What was left but to die?

But now she found out that neither her husband nor any of their companions thought that. She argued with them, not to make them yield, but to satisfy her own surprise.

‘But what will you do?’

‘Live in the greenwood.’

‘And what then?’

‘Burn every town a Frenchman holds, and kill every Frenchman we meet.’

‘But what plan have you?’

‘Who wants a plan, as you call it, while he has the sky over his head, the deer in the forest, a bow in his hand, and a sword by his side?’

‘But what will be the end of it all?’

‘We shall live till we die.’

‘But William is master of all England.’

‘What’s that to us? He’s not our master.’

‘But he must be some day. You will grow fewer and fewer. He will grow stronger and stronger.’

‘What is that to us? When we are dead there will be plenty to take our places. You would not turn traitor?’

‘I? never! never! I will live and die with you in your greenwood as you call it. Only—I do not understand you English.’

So The Wake gathered a strong force, about four hundred men, and they went up and down the

Bruneswald, dashing out and laying all waste with fire and sword; that is, such towns as were in the hands of the French.

One day Hereward got a letter. It was from Alfruda. In it she told him that the forces of seven counties were coming to the Bruneswald to hunt him out.

Then Hereward sent spies out in all directions, and they brought home all the news he wanted.

And he went into the heart of the forest with his men and built a strong fort with the trunks of trees, and gave the enemy such a lesson that they did not come after him again for many a day.

CHAPTER 27.

HOW HEREWARD MET HIS END.

(They lived in the forest for some years. Then Torfrida and Hereward quarrelled and she left him and went to Crowland Abbey to his mother, Godiva. Martin went with her. Torfrida became a nun. Hereward sent everything of hers, to Crowland. Then Hereward made peace with King William and got back his lands. He married Alfruda, and after much misery at William's court, broke away from the Normans and settled down once more upon his own lands at Bourne. But the Normans, led by Ivo of Spalding, hated him and plotted to take his life. One day, Alfruda went away on a visit, taking all Hereward's men to look after her, leaving only a few.)

As soon as Alfruda had gone, Hereward sat down to eat and drink. His manner was sad and strange.

He drank much at the mid-day meal, and then lay down to sleep, setting guards as usual.

He slept for some time. Then there was some kind of a noise and a heavy fall, and, waking with a start, he sprang up. He saw his guard lying dead across the door, and above him a crowd of fierce faces, some of which he knew too well. He saw Ivo of Spalding; he saw the Breton, Sir Raoul de Dol; he saw Sir Ascelin from whom he had taken Torfrida's glove when they were young; he saw Sir Hugh of Evermue, his son-in-law; and with them he saw, or seemed to see, the giant of Cornwall, and many another old foe long underground. And Hereward knew that his end was come.

There was no time to put on armour or helmet. He saw sword and shield hanging on the wall, and tore them down. As he put the sword on, Winter sprang to his side.

'I have three spears—two for me and one for you, and we can hold the door against twenty.'

'Till they fire the house over our heads. Shall Hereward die like a wolf? Forward, all the Wake men! A Wake! A Wake!'

And he rushed out. No man followed him except Winter. The rest, unarmed, were running about here and there.

'Brothers in arms, and brothers in Valhalla!' shouted Winter as he ran after him.

They were all gathered in the courtyard.

'Villains!' shouted Hereward, 'Your king has given me his peace; and do you dare break into my house and kill my folk? Is that your French law? And is this your French honour—to take a man when he is not expecting you? Come on, traitors all, and get what you can of an unarmed man; you will buy it dear. Guard my back, Winter!'

And he ran at the crowd of knights, and the fight began. And as he struck, of whom did he think? Of Alftruda? Not so. But he thought of that pale woman who sat at Crowland, with thin bare feet, and rough cloth on her tender body, watching, praying, loving, not complaining. That pale figure had been for many months at the back of all his thoughts and dreams. It was so clear before his mind's eye now, that, not knowing himself what he was doing, he shouted 'Torfrida!' as he struck, and struck the harder at the sound of his old battle-cry.

And now he is all wounded and bleeding. Winter, who has fought back to back with him, has fallen on his face; and Hereward stands alone, turning from side to side, as he sweeps his sword right and left, till the forest rings with the blows, but staggering as he turns. Within a ring of eleven corpses he stands. Who will go in and make the twelfth?

A knight rushes in, to fall down, cloven through the helmet; but Hereward's sword breaks off and he throws it away as his enemies rush in with a shout

of joy. He tears his shield from his arm and with it he kills two more.

But the end is come. Ivo and Hugh of Evermue are behind him now. Four spears are through his back, and push him down upon his knees.

'Cut off his head, Breton!' shouted Ivo. Raoul de Dol rushed forward, sword in hand. At that cry Hereward lifted up his dying head. One stroke more before it was all done for ever.

And with a shout of 'Torfrida!' which made the Brunswald ring, he hurled his shield full in the Breton's face and fell forward dead.

The knights drew their spears from that terrible corpse slowly and with care, as men who have killed a bear, and yet dare not step within reach of the seemingly lifeless paw.

'The dog died hard,' said Ivo. 'Lucky for us that Sir Ascelin had news of his knights being gone to Crowland. If he had had them to help him, we could not have done this deed to-day.'

'I must keep my word with him,' said Ascelin, as he struck off the once fair and golden head.

'Ho, Breton,' cried Ivo, 'the villain is dead. Get up, man, and see for yourself. What's the matter with you?'

But when they lifted up Raoul de Dol, they found him dead. That last mighty stroke of Hereward's had broken his head.

So perished the last of the English.

[Saxons] -
labeled again

Three days after that a boat full of monks from Crowland came and took Hereward's body away. They buried it in the abbey. And when Torfrida died, they buried her in Hereward's grave.

And Hereward's companions were all scattered, some with arms and legs cut off, some with their eyes put out, some with their tongues cut out, to beg by the wayside, or crawl into convents and then die.

It took more than three hundred years before Saxon and Norman joined together into one race which is the English race of to-day, combining in one people the wisdom of the Norman with the bull-dog courage of the Saxon.

VOCABULARY.

NOTE.

A basic vocabulary of 2000 words, according to Professor Thorndike's list, has been taken. Therefore, only those words of the third and following thousands are found in the vocabulary.

Page 7

Outlaw, to ['autlə:] lindpriiks kuulutama
fen [fen] raba
limitless ['limitlis] piiritu
southern ['sʌðə:n] lõunapoolne
horizon [hə'raizn] horisont
century ['sentʃəri] sajand
earl [ə:l] inglise krahv

Page 8

mistress ['mistris] käskijanna, perenaine, proua
saintly ['seintli] püha
bone [bəun] kont, luu
stormy ['stɔ:mi] tormine
tale [teil] jutt, lugu
humble ['hʌmbəl] alandlik
namely ['neimli] nimelt

Page 9

steward ['stjuəd] valitseja, majandusülem
prayer-book ['preəbuk] palveraamat
abbey ['æbi] klooster, abtkond
thirsty ['θɜ:sti] janune
ale [eil] õlu
priest [pri:st] preester

allow, to [ə'laʊ] lubama
penny ['peni] penn, Inglise rahaühik

Page 10.

monk [mʌŋk] munk
unusual [ʌn'ju:zʊ(ə)l] haruldane, ebatavaline
jaw [dʒə:] lõug
extremely [iks'tri:mli] äärmiselt
royal ['rɔi(ə)l] kuninglik
race [reis] rass, tõug
costume ['kɔstju:m] ülikond
wrist [rist] ranne
tattooed [tæ'tu:d] tätoveeritud
dagger ['dægə] pöueoda, puss
severely [si'viəli] valjult, karmilt

Page 11

crow [krou] vares
hidden ['hidn] peidetud
coolly ['ku:li] jahedalt, rahulikult
bitterly ['bitəli] kibedalt
marble ['mɑ:bl] marmor
saint [seint] pühak

Page 12

bony ['bəuni] luine, kondine
hooked ['hukt] kongus

garment [ˈgɑ:mənt] rüü, rõivas
scar [ska:] arm
stupid [ˈstju:pɪd] rumal, juhm

Page 13

safely [ˈseɪfli] kahjutult, kind-
 lalt
shortly [ˈʃɔ:tlɪ] lühidalt
needle [ˈni:dl] nõel
fashion [ˈfæʃ(ə)n] komme, mood
attend [əˈtend] teenima

Page 14

attendant [əˈtendənt] teenija
upside down [ˈʌpsaɪˈdaʊn] pa-
 hupidi, tagurpidi
God [gɒd] Jumal

Page 15

seek, to [si:k] otsima
prior [ˈpraɪə] kloostriivanem
cell [sel] kong, kambrike
nod [nɒd] noogutama
uneasy [ʌnˈi:zi] ebamugav, ra-
 hutu
pious [ˈpaɪəs] vaga, jumalakart-
 lik
wolf [wʊlf] hunt
weapon [ˈwepən] relv

Page 16

beggar [ˈbegə] kerjus
justice [ˈdʒʌstɪs] õiglus
violence [ˈvaɪələns] vägivald,
 vägistus
parchment [ˈpɑ:tʃmənt] pärga-
 ment
spill, spilt [spɪl, spɪlt] maha pil-
 lama

Page 17

coward [ˈkauəd] argpüks, pel-
 gur
armour [ˈɑ:mə] raudrüü

cheerfully [ˈtʃiəf(u)li] rõõmsalt
catch up, to [ˈkætʃʌp] järele
 jõudma
runner [ˈrʌnə] jookaja

Page 18

perspire [pəˈspaɪə] higistama
irons [ˈaɪənz] ahelad
run-away [ˈrʌnəwei] jookasik

Page 19

monastery [ˈmɒnəstri] munga-
 klooster

Page 20

slew [slu:] tappis
scream [skri:m] kisa
courtyard [ˈkɔ:tjɑ:d] lossihoov,
 õu
snake [sneɪk] uss, madu

Page 21

savagely [ˈsævɪdʒli] metsikult
victim [ˈvɪktɪm] ohver
make up one's mind, to otsus-
 tama
growl, to [graʊl] urisema, mõ-
 misema
hind [haɪnd] taga-, tagumine
talon [ˈtælən] küünis
paw [pɔ:] käpp
aside [əˈsaɪd] kõrval, kõrvale

Page 22

awhile [əˈ(h)waɪl] veidi aega
astonish, to [əˈstəniʃ] hämmas-
 tama
adventure [ədˈventʃə] seiklus
champion [ˈtʃæmpjən] vägimees,
 võitja
game [geɪm] jahiloom, saak
 (; mäng, lõbustus)

Page 23

knight [nait] rüütel
keep one's eye on, to jälgima, valvama, silmas pidama

Page 24

mail [meil] soomus
deer [diə] hirv
quits, to be [kwits] „tasa“ olema

Page 25

beer [biə] õlu
spear [spiə] oda, piik
charge [tʃɑ:dʒ] ründama, atakeerima

Page 26

shield [ʃi:ld] kilp
reins [reinz] ratsmed, ohjad

Page 27

punishment [ˈpʌniʃmənt] karistus
watcher [ˈwɒtʃə] valvur
armed [ˈɑ:md] relvastas
Scottish [ˈskɒtiʃ] šoti (omadussõna)
princess [ˈprɪnsəs] printsess
giant [ˈdʒaɪənt] hiiglane
save, to [seɪv] päästma
magic [ˈmædʒɪk] nõiutus

Page 28

occasion [əˈkeɪʒ(ə)n] sündmus, juhtum
treaty [ˈtri:ti] leping
wedding [ˈwedɪŋ] laulatus, pulmad
harp [hɑ:p] kannel

Page 29

slave [sleɪv] ori
opponent [əˈpəʊnənt] vastane

Page 30

harper [ˈhɑ:pə] kandlemängija
courteously [ˈkɔ:tiəsli] viisakalt
firmly [ˈfɜ:mlɪ] kindlasti
protest, to [prəˈtest] protestima
manners [ˈmænəz] kombed
boor [buə] harimatu mees, mats
trick [trɪk] temp

Page 31

glee [gli:] laul
shawl [ʃɔ:l] kaelarätt
bridegroom [ˈbraɪdgru:m] peigmees
bride [braɪd] pruut, mõrsja
kingdom [ˈkɪŋdəm] kuningriik
treachery [ˈtreɪʃ(ə)ri] reetlikkus, äraandlikkus
disturb, to [dɪsˈtɜ:b] segama, häirima

Page 33

lucky [ˈlʌki] õnnelik
grip, to haarama
dog-kennel [ˈdɒgkenl] koerakong
dog-whip [ˈdɒg(h)wɪp] koerapiits
reel [ri:l] taaruma
untie, to [ʌnˈtaɪ] lahti sõlmima, vabastama

Page 34

mask, to [mɑ:sk] maskeerima

Page 35

spy [spai] salakuulaja
humph [hʌmf] hm!
tempt, to [temt] kiusatusse viima

Page 36

ashore [əˈʃɔ:] rannale, kaldale
home-sick, to become [ˈhəʊmsɪk] koduigatsust tundma

garpike [gɑ:paik] haug
 beak [bi:k] laevanina
 otter ['ɒtə] saarmas
 oar [ɔ:] aer
 voyage ['vɔɪdʒ] merereis
 crew [kru:] laeva-meeskond

Page 38

bravely ['breɪvli] julgelt, vapralt
 peaceful ['pi:sf(u)l] rahulik
 helmet ['helmit] kiiver
 yield, to [ji:ld] alistuma

Page 39

heir [eə] pärija
 descendant [di'sendənt] järel-
 tulija
 noose [nu:s] silmus
 rope [roup] köis
 Fleming ['fleɪmɪŋ] flaamlane

Page 40

Christian ['krɪstjən] kristlik,
 kristlane
 abbot ['æbət] abt, kloostri-
 nem
 shed, to [ʃed] valama

Page 41

respected [rɪs'pektɪd] lugupeetud
 count [kaunt] krahv

Page 42

sea-cock ['si:kək] merikaru
 prefer [pri'fæɪ] eelistama
 defend, to [di'fend] kaitsema
 accustomed, to be [ə'kʌstəmd] harjunud olema
 serious ['siəriəs] tõsine
 repeat, to [ri'pi:t] kordama

Page 43

pet [pet] lemmik
 wounded ['wu:ndɪd] haavatud
 knave [neɪv] kelm

Page 44

civilised ['sɪvɪlaɪzd] tsiviliseeri-
 tud, haritud
 prisoner ['prɪznə] vang
 uncommonly [ʌn'kɒmənli] ha-
 ruldaselt
 meanly ['mi:nli] alatult

Page 45

row [rou] rida
 amid [ə'mɪd] keskel
 merrily ['merɪli] lõbusalt
 spark [spɑ:k] säde
 bull [bul] pull

Page 46

rescue ['reskju:] päästmine
 leapt [lept] hüppas
 camp [kæmp] laager
 armourer ['ɑ:mərə] relvasepp
 tent [tent] telk

Page 47

swear, swore, sworn [swə, swə:,
 swɔ:n] vanduma
 friendship ['frendʃɪp] sõprus

Page 48

perish, to ['periʃ] hukkuma, su-
 rema
 treasure ['treʒə] aare
 plunder, to [plʌndə] laastama,
 riisuma
 tax [tæks] maks, lõiv
 murder ['mɜ:də] mõrtsukatöö
 tyrant ['taɪərənt] türann

Page 49

beloved [bi'lʌvd] armastatu, armastatud
plot, to [plɒt] kurja nõu pidama, intrigeerima
sneer, to [sni:ə] irvitama, pilkama

Page 50

keen [ki:n] terav, terane
in vain [veɪn] asjatult
soul [soul] hing
train, to [treɪn] harjutama, õpetama
perfect [pə:fɪkt] täiuslik
angel ['eɪndʒ(ə)] ingel

Page 51

gay [geɪ] kirju, rõõmsameelne
account [ə'kaunt] aruanne
conversations [kɒnvə'seɪʃnz] läbirääkimised
doubt [daʊt] kahtlus
description [dɪs'kri:pʃ(ə)n] kirjeldus
territory ['terɪt(ə)ri] piirkond, maa-ala

Page 52

fortified ['fɔ:tɪfaɪd] kindlustatud
likewise ['laɪkwaɪz] samuti, ka
earldom ['ɛəldəm] krahvkond
deputy ['depju:ti] esindaja
govern, to [gʌv(ə)n] valitsema
feudal [fju:dl] feodaalne
vassal ['væs(ə)] vasall, läänisaaja
claim, to [kleɪm] väitma, nõudlema
marriage ['mæɪrɪdʒ] abielu

Page 53

wrong-doing [rɒŋ'du:ɪŋ] kuritegu, ülekohtus

absent ['æbsnt] äraolev, puuduv
oppression [ə'preʃn] rõhumine, allasurumine
lawlessness ['lɔ:lɪsnɪs] seadusetus
ill-treated ['ɪl'tri:tɪd] halvasti koheldud
highway ['haɪwei] suur maantee
revenge [ri'ven(d)ʒ] kättemaks

Page 54

destroy, to [dɪs'trɔɪ] hävitama, purustama
pomp [pɒmp] toredus, uhkus
meanwhile ['mi:n(h)waɪl] vaheajal
lowering ['ləʊərɪŋ] alandav
barbarian [bɑ:'bɛəriən] barbar
midlands ['mɪdləndz] the central part of England
rising ['raɪzɪŋ] mäss
awful ['ɔ:f(u)] kole, kohutav

Page 55

safety ['seɪfti] julgeolek
garrison ['gærɪsn] garnison
tower ['tauə] torn, kindlustis
Roman ['roumən] rooma (omadussõna)
science ['saɪəns] teadus
tight [taɪt] kitsas, tihe
unity ['ju:nɪti] üksmeel
mass [mæs] missa, katoliiklik jumalateenistus
genius ['dʒi:niəs] geenius

Page 56

elm [elm] jalakas
county ['kaunti] maakond
Ing- lismaal, krahvkond
crops [krɒps] viljasaak
fort [fɔ:t] kindlustis

Page 57

old-fashioned [oul(d)'fæʃ(ə)nd]
vanamoeline
blade [bleid] (relva)tera
robbery ['rɒbəri] röövimine
clap, to [klæp] plaksutama, pat-
sutama
admire, to [əd'maiə] imetlema
boyhood ['bɔihud] poisikesepõlv
naughty ['nɑ:ti] üleannetu
congratulation [kɒn,grætju'leɪʃn]
õnnesoov

Page 58

villain ['vilin] kurjategija
thunder ['θʌndə] müristamine
gallop, to ['gælɒp] galoppima
comrade ['kɒmrid] seltsimees

Page 59

oath [ouə] vanne
oak [ouk] tamm
ash [æʃ] saar
thorn [θɔ:n] okas
forces ['fɔ:siz] sõjaväed

Page 60

curse [kɜ:s] needmine
lodging ['lɒdʒɪŋ] korter

Page 61

recognise, to ['rekəgnaiz] ära
tundma
dreamy ['dri:mi] unistav

Page 62

yard [jɑ:d] hoov, õu
partly ['pɑ:tlɪ] osalt
vow [vau] vanne, lubadus
admiration [ædmi'reɪʃn] imetus
Flemish ['flemɪʃ] flaami

jolly ['dʒɔli] rõõmus
Danelagh ['deɪnlə:] (kohanimi)

Page 63

jewel ['dʒu:ɪl] kalliskivi, juveel
stick, to [stɪk] (kuhugi pistetu-
na) asetsema, olema

Page 64

accursed [ə'kɜ:st] neetud
resolution [rezə'lu:ʃn] otsus
nevertheless [nevəðə'les] ometi,
siiski
scattered ['skætəd] laiali paisa-
tud

Page 65

startle, to ['stɑ:tl] ehmuma, jah-
muma
tone [toun] toon, heli, hääl

Page 66

extravagant [ɪks'trævəgənt] liial-
datud
sleepy ['sli:pi] unine, uinutav

Page 67

ghost [goust] vaim
deny, to [di'nai] eitama

Page 68

float, to [flaʊt] lehvima, hõl-
juma
ladder ['lædə] redel
wrap, to [ræp] mässima
candle ['kændl] küünal

Page 69

grim [grɪm] hirmus, tige, õel
unarmed [ʌn'ɑ:md] relvitu
stool [stu:l] jalapink

burden ['bɜ:dn] koorem, raskus
gently ['dʒentli] õrnalt, tasa
weep, wept [wi:p, wept] nutma
blessed ['blesid] õnnistatud
protect, to [prə'tekt] kaitsema
forgive, to [fə'giv] andestama

Page 70

fierce [fiəs] metsik
rage [reidʒ] viha

Page 71

tenant ['tenənt] rentnik, üürnik

Page 72

ahoi [ə'hɔi] ahoi!
raven [reivn] kaaren, ronk
kite [kait] harksabakull e. tae-
 vahoidja
eagle [i:gl] kotkas
split, to [split] lõhki ajama, lõ-
 hestama

Page 73

trumpet ['trʌmpit] pasun, trom-
 pet
howl, to [haul] ulguma, karjuma
hark [hɑ:k] kuulge!
opportunity [ɒpə'tju:niti] võima-
 lus
put to the vote, to [vout] hää-
 letusele panema

Page 74

stick, stuck, stuck [stʌk] tor-
 kama
power ['paʊə] jõud, võim

Page 75

row, to [rou] sõudma
glassy ['glɑ:si] klaasjas
alder ['ɔldə] lepp
reed [ri:d] pilliroog

lagoon [lə'gu:n] laguun
peregrin ['perigrin] rabapistrik
heel [hi:l] kand
breathless ['breəlis] hingetu
fleet [fli:t] laevastik

Page 76

bloody ['blʌdi] verine
corpse [kɔ:ps] laip, surnukeha

Page 77

rightful ['raitf(u)l] õige, seadus-
 lik
warrior ['wɔriə] sõdur
bishop ['biʃəp] piiskop

Page 78

machine [mə'ʃi:n] masin
luck [lʌk] õnn

Page 79

throat [θrou] kõri
God forbid! ['gɔd fə'bid] Jumal
 hoidku
carefulness ['kæf(u)lnis] ette-
 vaatlikkus, hooslus
alike [ə'laik] sarnane, ühesugune
stamp, to [stæmp] tampima, tal-
 lama
pray, to [prei] palvetama

Page 80

raid [reid] röövretk, saagiretk
eastward ['i:stwəd] ida poole

Page 81

steer, to [stiə] tüürima
resolve, to [ri'zɔlv] otsustama
womanly ['wʊmənli] naiselik
muddy ['mʌdi] mudane

Page 83

message ['mesidʒ] sõnum
otherwise ['ʌðəwaiz] teisiti

Page 84

nail, to [neil] naelutama
cathedral [kə'θi:dr(ə)l] peakirik, katedraal
art [ɑ:t] kunst, osavus
tactics ['tæktiks] taktika

Page 85

defeat, to [di'fi:t] võitma, lööma
professional [prə'feʃ(ə)nəl] elukutseline
hold out, to [hould] vastu panna
swiftness ['swiftnis] kiirus, nohedus
precious ['preʃəs] kallisk, väärtuslik

Page 86

deceive, to [di'si:v] petma
snare [snəə] silmus, lüügi
swallow, to ['swələu] neelama
mouthful ['mauəful] suutäis

Page 87

separate ['sepri:t] eraldatud

Page 88

Welsh [welʃ] Wales'i
blaze [bleiz] leek
furious ['fjuəriəs] kuri, tige, vihane

Page 89

records ['rekə:dz] arhiivid
crushed [krʌʃd] hävitatud, purustatud
devil ['devl] kurat
Bible ['baibl] Piibel

lame, to [leim] vigastama
waste [weist] tühi, rüüstatud
starve, to [stɑ:v] nälgima

Page 90

pathless ['pɑ:ələs] teetu
moor [muə] nõmm, palu
bog [bɒg] soo
plain [plein] tasandik
sunny ['sʌni] päikeseline
witness, to ['witnis] tõendama, tunnistama
strengthen, to ['streŋθ(ə)n] kindlustama, tugevdama
rebellion [ri'beljən] mäss

Page 91

compose, to [kəm'pəuz] looma, luuletama, komponeerima
spare, to [speə] armustama, armu andma
crime [kraim] roim, kuritegu

Page 92

chant [tʃɑ:nt] laul
glitter, to ['glitə] läikima, helkima
winding ['waindiŋ] keerlev, looklev
hull [hʌl] laevakere
flash [flæʃ] välgatus
foam [fəʊm] vaht, kogu
roll [roul] mürin
deck [dek] laevalagi
banner ['bænə] lipp
vessel [vesl] laev

Page 93

skylark ['skailɑ:k] lõoke
holy ['houli] püha
steeple ['sti:pl] kirikutorn
probably ['prɒbəbli] arvatavasti
surely ['ʃuəli] kindlasti

Page 94

take the matter up, to (mingis asjas) midagi tegema
 in any case igal juhul
 artillery [a:'tiləri] suurtükivägi
 bloodthirsty ['blədə:sti] vere-
 januline
 scold, to [skould] tõrelema, riid-
 lema
 threaten, to ['θretn] ähvardama
 joke, to [dʒouk] naljatama

Page 95

peat [pi:t] turvas
 pile, to [pail] virna koguma,
 kuhjama
 inward ['inwə:d] sissepoole

Page 96

flock [flɒk] kari, parv
 then (omadussõna) [ðən] tolle-
 aegne
 harmless ['hɑ:mlis] kahjutu

Page 98

pretend, to [pri'tend] teesklema
 upper ['ʌpə] ülemine

Page 99

madly ['mædli] meeletult
 extraordinary [iks'trɔ:dnri] ha-
 ruldane
 roar, to [rə:ə] mõrgama
 guard [gɑ:d] kaitse

Page 100

countless ['kauntlis] arvutu, lu-
 gematu

Page 101

wages ['weidʒis] tasu, palk
 loose [lu:s] lahti, valla

Page 102

consent, to [kən'sent] nõustuma
 potter ['pɒtə] savinõude tegija,
 pottsepp
 meeting ['mi:tiŋ] koosolek

Page 103

pony ['pəuni] poni, väikest tõu-
 gu hobune
 knock down, to ['nɒkdaun] ma-
 ha lööma

Page 104

birth [bɜ:θ] sünd, päritolu
 education [edju:'keiʃn] haridus
 ramble [ræmbli] matk
 lovingly ['lʌviŋli] armastavalt

Page 105

shed [ʃed] kuur
 witch [witʃ] nõid

Page 106

mutter, to ['mʌtə] pomisema
 charm [tʃɑ:m] nõiasõnad, nõi-
 dus
 fist [fist] rusikas
 court [kɔ:t] hoovkond

Page 107

rank [ræŋk] (kõrge) seisus

Page 108

illness ['ilnis] haigus
 lunch [lʌn(t)] eine
 make fun of, to (millegi üle)
 naljatama
 smash [smæʃ] purustamine

Page 109

temper ['tempə] halb tuju
 spit [spit] praevarras

keep one's spirit up, to julgust alal hoidma
willingly ['wiliŋli] heameelega, tahtlikult
basin ['beisn] kauss
hunting ['hʌntiŋ] jaht

Page 110

deserve, to [di'zə:v] väärima
mercy ['mɜ:si] halastus
wrongdoer ['rɒŋ'duə] kurjategija

Page 111

speech [spi:tʃ] kõne
gracious ['greiʃəs] armuline, helde
sleeve [sli:v] käis
intelligence [in'telidʒ(ə)ns] mõistus, arusaamine

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chronicle ['krɒnikl] kroonika

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circle ['sɜ:kl] sõõr, ring

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canoe [kə'nu:] lootsik
plank [plæŋk] plank, paks laud
crawl, to [krɔ:l] roomama
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robe [roub] lai rüü, mantel
counter ['kauntə] vastane
shrill [ʃri:l] läbilõikav, kriiskav
puff [pʌf] puhang
glide, to [glaid] libisema

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crackle, to ['krækl] praksuma
breeze ['bri:z] tuulepuhang
flee, fled, to [fli:, fled] põgenema

confusion [kən'fju:z(ə)n] segadus, korratud
bottomless ['bɒtəmlis] põhjatu

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post [poust] post, sammast
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senseless ['senslis] meelemärkusetult
confiscated ['kɒnfiskeitid] ära võetud, konfiskeeritud
key-hole ['ki:houl] võtmeauk

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border ['bɔ:də] piir
hound [haund] jahikoer
barrel ['bær(ə)l] vaat, tünn
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frost [frɔ:st] külm, härmatis
instinct ['instiŋ(k)t] loomusund, instinkt, vaist
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traitor ['treitə] reetja, äraandja

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trunk [trʌŋk] puutüvi

nun [nʌn] nunn
 misery ['mizəri] viletsus, häda,
 kurbus

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Breton ['bret(ə)n] a native of
 Bretagne in France
 Valhalla [væl'hælə] Valhalla

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complain, to [kəm'pleɪn] kaebama
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 wisdom ['wɪzdəm] tarkus

REGISTER.

Register sisaldab sõnastikus antud ingliskeelsete sõnade eestikeelsed vasted, asetatult tähestikulisse järjekorda. Number sõna järel tähendab, et sel leheküljel esineb vastav ingliskeelne sõna esmakordselt ja et see sõnastikus esineb samanimbrilise lehekülje sõnade hulgas.

Näit. Sõnastik

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century — sajand
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jne.

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jne.

Kui eestikeelse sõna järel on 2 numbrit (näit. haruldane 10, 99; kindlustis 55, 56), siis on siin tegemist sünonüümidega (samatähenduslike sõnadega), nagu neid esineb ka Eesti keeles, näit.: allik — läte, sõrm — näpp jne.

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CHAPTER 2

A. Questions. 1. How did his mother talk to Hereward?
 2. What had she made up her mind to do? 3. Why had she
 not done this before? 4. What did she do after Hereward had
 left the room? 5. Why did she not trust Martin Lightfoot?
 6. Describe Martin. 7. In how many days did Martin say he

EXERCISES.

CHAPTER 1.

A. Questions. 1. Describe the situation of Bourne. 2. What do you know of the Norman Conquest of England? 3. What were the names of Hereward's father and mother? 4. Why was his mother so humble? 5. What had Hereward and his friends done to Herluin? 6. Describe Hereward. 7. What was there strange about him? 8. Say what you know about Domesday-book.

B. Put into Indirect Speech from: "Well, my lady," to: "for the last ten years".

C. Put into Direct Speech from: "Upon which your son, Lady" to "fat priest".

D. Give other words for: pleasant, famous, conduct, lad; give the opposites of: pleasant, famous, lad, heavy.

E. Put in the prepositions: 1. Everybody has heard — Lady Godiva. 2. He died — a short and stormy life. 3. She felt ashamed — the bad conduct of her son. 4. He told his companions to throw me — the ground. 5. He hid — the curtain.

F. Compare the following adjectives: heavy, noble, unusual, many, possible.

G. Make adverbs from the abovenamed adjectives.

H. Give the noun forms of: rich, limitless, serve, beautiful, saintly.

I. Give the verb forms of: short, long, broad, strong, tale.

J. Change the tenses into the present from: "Godiva was almost etc." to: "Hereward, her son".

CHAPTER 2.

A. Questions. 1. How did his mother talk to Hereward? 2. What had she made up her mind to do? 3. Why had she not done this before? 4. What did she do after Hereward had left the room? 5. Why did she not trust Martin Lightfoot? 6. Describe Martin. 7. In how many days did Martin say he

could be back from London? 8. Why did he not promise to bring the answer back safely? 9. How did Martin try to stop Lady Godiva from sending the letter to Hereward's father? 10. Did he succeed?

B. Tell in your own words what the following mean: Severely, drive me to tell, she bowed her head, till it looked like that of a marble saint, he was a bony man, to attend on, he had gone too far, upside down, what is that to you, to get red.

C. Make questions of the following sentences: He went out of the room. She asked for ink and paper. I don't trust him. Martin Lightfoot was sent for. He fell on one knee.

D. Turn the following questions into the Affirmative (jaatav): Do you know the way to London? Will it take you long to go there? Will you safely bring back an answer? Has he spoken to Hereward?

E. Turn the following sentences into the Negative Form (eitav): So you will tell my father? He is too fond of the Lord Hereward. He is a strange man. You will give this letter safely to him? Women's needles are as sharp as men's knives.

CHAPTER 3.

A. Questions. 1. Where did Hereward go the next day? 2. What news did Martin bring to him? 3. How did Hereward's father look when he received his wife's letter? 4. Did he wait before going to the king about it? 5. Why was it not easy to get into the king's hall at Westminster? 6. What did the king give the earl in answer to his request? 7. To whom had Martin Lightfoot given the parchment? 8. Why did Prior Brand tell Hereward he had better start off at once? 9. Why did he tell Hereward to go north? 10. Who ran after and caught Hereward up? 11. How did Martin look when he came up with Hereward? 12. For what reasons did Martin want to serve him?

B. Put into the Passive Voice: Hereward mounted his horse. Martin found him in Prior Brand's cell. He sent me off with it that same night to the lawman. He noticed a man on foot. I can look after your home.

C. Put into the Active Voice: If that is made known. I shall be chained up. You have let yourself be outlawed. The business of his life was settled. They were not seen again in that land for many a year.

D. Give the meanings of: To seek his fortune. From head to foot. Master Run-alone. Find your tongue. Walls have ears. There's no use crying over spilt milk. Get a good night's rest. Not a word! He will pass the night. No common runner. I can keep secrets. His mind was at rest.

CHAPTER 4.

A. Questions. 1. Where did Hereward spend the next few months? 2. What did he want very much to do? 3. Why did his horse not go in at the gate when he returned from hunting? 4. Describe the bear fully. 5. What special word did they use in those times to show that a person was ready to kill or be killed without fear of death? 6. Where had the other people hidden themselves? 7. How did the bear attack Hereward? 8. Describe the fight between the bear and Hereward. 9. What was the result of Hereward's killing of the bear? 10. Why did the people inside the room not know anything of what was happening outside? 11. Why were the other men very angry with Hereward? 12. What did they say they would do about the matter?

B. Give other words: slew, victim, make up one's mind, pace, talons, leaped.

C. Give the principal parts of the following verbs: slew, struck, spent, became, go, stood, break, draw, caught, saw, threw.

D. Put into Indirect Speech: "When the master kills the game, the servant can but take off the skin. We may sleep warm under this fur in many a cold night by sea and land."

E. Put into Direct Speech: "The knights said that unless they could find something to make that young man less proud, life there would not be worth living. They said that he must take ship and look for adventures somewhere else."

CHAPTER 5.

A. Questions. 1. Why was Hereward so pleased with himself? 2. What gave him an unpleasant surprise? 3. Did Hereward take Martin's advice? 4. Why did the knights attack him in the narrow path? 5. What did Martin mean by pointing first up the path and then down? 6. Why did Hereward run away from the knight who was charging down the path? 7. Why didn't the arrow go into his flesh? 8. What happened at the mouth of the path? 9. What happened to the knight who came charging down the path behind Hereward? 10. What was the result of this affair?

B. Give other words for: we are quits, you do not want for wit, he took Martin's advice, turned noon into night, the knight charged down the path, it was out of the question, I finished his horse.

C. Put in **if**, **when**, or **than**: He was surprised — Martin drew him aside. — I were my lord I should be careful. He would have ridden down it more carefully — usual. He was more content — anybody.

D. Punctuate, putting in capital letters where necessary: hold shouted hereward let me see who he is remember that he is at least a knight but one that will ride no more to-day i finished his horse as i rolled down the bank

E. Give the adjective form of: harm, laugh, wit, knight, grass.

F. Give the noun form of: see, appear, sharply, strike, great.

G. Give the opposites of: quietly, afraid, behind, narrow, carefully.

CHAPTER 6.

A. Questions. 1. In what part of England is Cornwall? 2. Why did Hereward go to Ireland? 3. What happened to the forty Danes sent to Gweek? 4. Why did King Alef of Gweek make a treaty with Hannibal Grylls of Marazion? 5. What was the price Hannibal took for his friendship? 6. Why do you think the princess turned red and then pale after looking at the short, broad stranger? 7. Describe the incident with the dish sent by the princess to the stranger. 8. Explain: the harper was all on fire to find out. 9. How did the stranger pay the harper for the harp? 10. What did Hannibal promise to give the stranger for his music?

B. Use the following words and expressions in sentences: occasion, treaty, to set out, to turn up one's nose, to make fun of, boor, to put off, in vain, treachery, to disturb.

C. Give the comparative and superlative of: much, ready, sure, badly, old.

D. Put in **because** or **therefore**: — the giant was killed, the other kings were ready to attack him. The giant was killed, — the other kings were ready to attack him. She turned red — she knew him. She knew him — she turned red. — the dish was for him, he seized it. She had said it was for him, — it was not for the Dane.

E. Hereward tells Sigtryg about the incident with the dish.

[The son] — are and the

Lobisbi. 11
 em tam
 refer

CHAPTER 7.

A. Questions. 1. What did they do after the wedding? 2. Describe the procession. 3. Who went with them? 4. What kind of country did they pass through? 5. How did they cross the rivers? 6. When did Hannibal give his men a signal? 7. Why did they tie up the Dane's arms? 8. What happened to Hannibal when he was promising to beat his wife? 9. Who do you think did this thing? 10. Tell in your own words how the Danes were set free. 11. How did Hereward know by what road the procession would go home? 12. Why didn't Sigtryg Ranaldsson come himself for his princess? 13. Why wasn't it easy for them to get to the bay where Sigtryg was waiting for them?

B. Put into the Active Voice: The horses were loaded with the bride's things. The Danes were informed that they should go to Marazion. You will be taught by my dog-whip. The Cornish men had all been killed. That has been taken care of by me. The horses must be left behind.

C. Put into the Passive Voice: Hereward helped a princess. King Hannibal carried his bride behind him. Hannibal will make a sign to the men. They have tied the Dane's arms. They had roused all the country. I found you as good as married.

D. Give one word for: to pass the night (in the kennel), to make one's way, to give one's word, to make one's appearance, to make up one's mind.

CHAPTER 8.

A. Questions. 1. Where is Flanders? 2. For what reason did Hereward name his ships the "Garpike" and the "Otter"? 3. Describe the ships. 4. What happened to the "Garpike"? 5. What kind of a voyage did Hereward and his men have in the "Otter"? 6. Tell how they ran the ship aground. 7. Why do you think the country people came down to the ship in such numbers? 8. What did the boy shout to Hereward and his men? 9. What did one of them want to do to the boy? 10. Have you ever heard of the Vikings? 11. Who was the monk who rode down to the ship and how was he dressed? 12. What answer did Hereward give him?

B. Put in some or any: He asked Ranald for — ships. — of her crew were saved. They had not — strength left. There were not — men on deck. — men on horseback

came down, but there were not — peaceful sailors to meet them.

C. Put in the proper prepositions: He wanted to see the old house (in, from, at) which he had lived. Each had a sail (in, on, by) which was the figure of a bear. They let the ship run (after, behind, before) the wind. A huge wave broke (into, with, over) them. Hereward looked (in, with, from) interest upon the boy.

D. Give the principal parts of: blow, bring, see, make, ride.

E. Give the verb form of: advice, belief, receipt, thought, satisfaction.

CHAPTER 9.

A. Questions. 1. In what manner did the Count of Guisnes trouble Baldwin of Flanders? 2. On what conditions did Baldwin say he would be willing to take Hereward into service? 3. What was the usual manner of fighting in Flanders? 4. How did Hereward and his men like this kind of fighting? 5. What did Hereward himself think about it? 6. What surprise awaited the knights of Guisnes when they rode against Hereward's Vikings? 7. What opinion had the knights of Guisnes about the Vikings' manner of fighting? 8. Describe the fight between Hereward and Hoibricht. 9. What was the result of Hereward's taking Hoibricht prisoner? 10. What is your opinion about settling a question by fighting?

B. Put the following into the Interrogative (küsiiv) Form: Baldwin was very much pleased. It is the first war he has ever seen. The bowmen will enjoy themselves. I break more than spears. Hereward had been hired to make him pay.

C. Use the **-ing** form of the verb: The knight said he would have pleasure in (try) to kill Hereward. He walked on without (stop). The Count of Guisnes refused (pay) the taxes. He could prove his words by (make) the Count pay. Hereward's men were accustomed to a more serious kind of (fight).

D. Make sentences with the following: to admit, to send word, man to man, to give quarter, the rules of the game.

E. Write a letter from the Chatelain of St. Omer to Baldwin about Hereward's deeds.

CHAPTER 10.

A. Questions. 1. What news did Torfrida give Hereward on his return from Holland? 2. Who had become King of England after Edward's death? 3. Who wanted to be King of

England? 4. Why had Harold outlawed his brother Tosti? 5. What was Hereward's opinion about the quarrel between Harold and Tosti? 6. What did Harold of England write to Hereward? 7. What answer did Torfrida give to this letter? 8. Was Hereward pleased with her answer? 9. Why? 10. Did Torfrida herself like the answer she had given?

B. Give the opposites of: beautiful, clever, swift, mare, niece.

C. Give other words for: foe, ruler, wolf's head, treasures, plunder, what's all this to me.

D. Conjugate in all tenses, in the third person, the proverbs "Every dog has his day", and "When thieves quarrel, honest men get their own".

E. Put into the Affirmative Form: Have you news from England? Has William of Normandy sworn to drive him out? Have not the stars told me you will be an earl? Will Hereward come home to England? Did the northern men rise?

F. Use the following in sentences: to fall in love, to drive out, to perish, to come true, tyrant, full in the face, keen.

G. Write a short essay on: Free were we born and free will we live and die.

CHAPTER 11.

A. Questions. 1. What was the date of the Battle of Hastings? 2. In what part of England was William full king? 3. What part of the country did Edwin and Morcar hold? 4. What position did Northumbria hold? 5. What did William decide to do in order to rule the north and centre of England? 6. How did he pay his Norman followers for their help? 7. What right did William say he had to the throne of England? 8. What did he promise Edwin? 9. What happened when William went back to Normandy for a short time? 10. What promise had William made to the English? 11. What was the result of the oppression and lawlessness? 12. What did William do when he came back? 13. Why did the Norman nobles think it lowering to them to let an Englishman marry a Norman? 14. What was the date of the rising? 15. Describe how William put the rising down. 16. What was the reason the English could not stand against William? 17. What did William build all over the country to hold it?

B. Put into the Negative Form: Two reports out of three were true. William had conquered the whole of England.

Northumbria was in William's hands. Fitz-Osbern and Odo kept William's promise to the English. He gave his daughter to Edwin.

C. Give other words for: account, territory, at their command, likewise, deputy, all went well, little they cared, destroy, beat off, the rising was crushed.

CHAPTER 12.

A. Questions. 1. Why did Hereward and Martin go to England? 2. What was Azer doing when Hereward arrived at the farm? 3. Why was Hereward astonished? 4. What was Hereward's opinion of the old English farm? 5. Describe Little Winter. 6. How did his old friends greet Hereward? 7. What change had taken place in his friends? 8. What had happened to the lands of Hereward's mother in Shropshire? 9. What had happened to Hereward's old home at Bourne? 10. Why didn't Pery let Hereward in when he knocked at the door? 11. What did Hereward see when at last he entered? 12. What were the old Viking's first words?

B. Choose the right prepositions: Martin was running (with, from, at) his heels. A pleasant country we have come back (from, under, to). He urged his horse (between, of, to) the gate. You have grown honest (over, behind, in) your old age. I took you (at, by, for) a Norman.

C. Use the **-ing** form of the verb: But (lodge) we will pay for. They told Hereward of the (give away) of his lands. Azer was busy with the (get in) of his crops. They looked at each other without (speak). After (run away) to Bourne she lived at home.

D. Punctuate, putting in capital letters where necessary: and what of my mother what of the folk at bourne all looked at each other and were silent you are too late young lord said azer too late the frenchman has given it to his cook.

CHAPTER 13.

A. Questions. 1. How did Hereward feel when he heard the old Viking mention his name? 2. What was the Danelagh? 3. Describe what happened in Hereward's old home. 4. Why had the English not done anything to help the Lady Godiva? 5. Why didn't Hereward want to lead the men against the French just at that time? 6. What startled the company in the room? 7. What opinion of Hereward had all the people in the room? 8. What was Hereward very glad to find?

B. Put into Indirect Speech: She answers him like a brave princess, and two of the villains lay hold of her. The boy Godwin—the last son—draws his sword on them; and he, a boy of sixteen summers, kills them both without any trouble. The rest set on him, cut his head off, and there it sticks on the gable over the hall till this hour.

C. Put into Direct Speech: Pery said that their armed men were scattered up and down the country and that there were not ten soldiers in Bourne that night; and what was worse, as Hereward, who seemed to have known war as well as he, might guess, there was no man to lead them.

D. Use a sentence instead of the words in italics. Example: Hereward's heart beat fast *at hearing* his own name = Hereward's heart beat fast *when he heard his own name*. *Coming nearer the table, he took off his sword. He had made a vow not to eat or drink but once a day. What?* said Hereward, *trying to control himself*. Hereward heard all this *without saying a word*. They sat silent, *only moving at some fresh outburst of noise*.

E. Give the principal parts of: beat, know, sing, find, drink.

F. Make sentences with: to make one's blood boil; to dare; vow; to find out; outburst; turn; to keep one's word; to be sure of oneself.

CHAPTER 14.

A. Questions. 1. Of what were the beds in Pery's house made? 2. Why did the men sleep with their arms by their sides? 3. What had Hereward made up his mind to do? 4. What did he ask Pery to do if he, Hereward, did not come back? 5. How did Pery find out that it was Hereward who spoke to him? 6. What did Hereward ask Pery to give him? 7. How did Hereward get his brother's head down from the gable? 8. Describe what Hereward saw when he looked through the window of the hall. 9. Who was the new Lord of Bourne? 10. What did Hereward mean when he said to Martin: "If any man passes me, see that he doesn't pass you"? 11. What did Hereward do to the drunken Normans in his hall? 12. Where was his mother at this time? 13. How did she receive him when he went to see her?

B. Put in **because** or **therefore**. He had spoken like a Lincolnshire man, and — Pery recognized him. If I ask you to open the gate before morning, it is — there is not a Frenchman left. None could escape — Martin laid the

ladder across the door. They were quite drunk — they could not fight. She wept — she had not seen him for a long time. She was sorry for what she had done, — she wept.

C. Put in **much, many, few, or little**: There was — noise in the hall. — soldiers were in Bourne. The — who escaped Hereward did not escape Martin. There were — drunken Frenchmen in the hall. He had seen — battles. There was — rest for him that night.

D. Give the comparative and superlative of: sleepy, honest, bright, drunken, little, much, few, terrible.

E. Put in the prepositions: — another moment the door was burst. They fought — knives. There were heads — the gable. She sat — a dark thing. He placed his burden — the cloth. She threw her arms — him.

F. Find other words for: to grow sleepy; to make up one's mind; private affairs; face to face; to deny; a living soul; he could hardly believe his eyes; to kneel; to weep.

CHAPTER 15.

A. **Questions.** 1. Why did all the folk of Bourne come out upon the streets? 2. What did they promise to do for Hereward when they heard his words? 3. What did Hereward ask them to be ready to do? 4. What did old Surturbrand the Viking call on them to do? 5. How were the people informed that there was to be fighting? 6. How was the man who did not send the war-arrow further punished? 7. What did Hereward promise to do within the year? 8. In what manner would he let them know that he was back? 9. What did they do with Hereward's dead brother? 10. Describe the fens through which the boat passed.

B. Put into Indirect Speech: There is not a Frenchman left alive in Bourne. If you are the men I take you for, there shall not be one left between the Wash and Humber. This is no time for compliments, good folks, but for quick wit and quick blows. For the law we fight, if we do fight; and by the law we must work, fight or not.

C. Put into Direct Speech: The old Viking said that Hereward had come again. He was wet with blood and he smelt of blood. Surturbrand said further that the ravens would grow fat then because Hereward had come home. He then called the wolf, the kite and the eagle to come from the fen. He told them to follow and the men of Bourne would feed them better than before.

D. Find other words for: I have put the coal to the wood. To feed the crows. Send round the war-arrow. To hold one's own.

CHAPTER 16.

A. Questions. 1. What oath did Hereward swear at Crowland Abbey? 2. Give the names of his two best friends. 3. Have we heard of Winter before? 4. Why did Hereward and his friends go to Peterborough? 5. What did the Danes agree at last to do? 6. Why was Hereward angry when the Danish fleet came to St. Omer? 7. Who met Hereward when he went aboard the royal Danish ship? 8. What difference is there in the promise that Hereward would have given to Sweyn and that which he did give to Asbiorn? 9. Why did Hereward not agree to attack Dover? 10. What was Hereward's object in inviting Sweyn to come to England? 11. What did Asbiorn gain by his attempts to take the ports? 12. Why did not Hereward help him? 13. What was Hereward's plan?

B. Put into the Passive Voice: They buried the lad at Crowland. Brand made him and his friends knights in the English way. The Danes agreed to send a large number of ships. A tall and noble warrior met him. They said that he had spoken wisely.

C. Put into the Active Voice: The strength of his arm was feared. Asbiorn was beaten off with heavy loss. The game was lost before it was begun, he said. Dover had been strengthened with a castle. Hereward's Wake-knot was sewn on the sails.

E. Use in sentences: A child's trick. To give advice. To keep oneself in hand. To cut one's own throat. To raid.

CHAPTER 17.

A. Questions. 1. What kind of a voyage did Hereward and his men have to the Wash? 2. What were Torfrida's thoughts during this voyage? 3. What did she do when they arrived? 4. Where and why did the two Siwards and Martin Lightfoot go? 5. How did the people of the country meet Hereward and his men? 6. What did Hereward do as he marched through the country? 7. How was it that the people round Bourne were able to work their farms in peace? 8. What message did Hereward send to Gilbert of Ghent? 9. What was the latter's answer?

B. Put in **some** or **any**: — swore by God and others by Odin. Gilbert said he did not know — thing about the matter. She could not find — comfort in her thoughts. In — places he sent the war-arrow round.

C. Give the adjective forms of: roll, comfort, courage, woman, adventure.

D. Give the noun forms of: protect, Danish, skilful, sad, conquer.

E. Use in sentences: for ever, slave, for one's sake, utterly, to bear arms, to keep the peace.

F. Fill in the blanks: The voyage was very —. She was born in the — south. They landed on the — banks of the river. All his — friends knew that he had come again. He had put a — cook into his mother's lands.

G. Give the opposites of: sure, safe, strong, sad, high.

CHAPTER 18.

A. Questions. 1. Who were the men who came to join Hereward? 2. What was Hereward's first care after getting his men? 3. How had English armies been formed till that time? 4. What did Hereward teach them besides discipline? 5. Why did he get anxious as time went on? 6. What happened to the spies he sent out? 7. What news did the fen-man bring? 8. Why was Torfrida's advice good? 9. How did the men decide the question put to them?

B. Change the tenses in the first paragraph into the present.

C. Give the opposites of: lost, known, honour, hero, bitter.

D. Put the following into the Interrogative Form: He grew more and more anxious. They came back faster than they went. The Frenchmen will shut us in. With Hereward we will live and die. We can save England for ourselves without the help of the Danes.

E. Put the following into the Affirmative: Have you need of me? Shall I look them in the face? Have I deceived you? Did some of the men go away? Had Hereward understood Gilbert?

F. Find other words for: brave men poured into Bourne, made a very strong force, to defeat, his army held out, time was precious.

G. Give the adjective form of: land, probably, tactics, quarrel, profession, north, peace.

CHAPTER 19.

A. Questions. 1. What was the name of the man who was wiser than Hereward? 2. What did William the Conqueror see as he looked at the map? 3. Where were the three risings in England against the Normans? 4. Which of his enemies had William feared the most? 5. What did William decide to do to break up his enemies? 6. Why have we no records of those times? 7. How did William treat his Normans who had lost York? 8. What did he himself do to York and the country round it? 9. How did William attack Edwin and the wild Edric? 10. Did his soldiers like the march by Huddersfield and Halifax?

B. Put into the Negative Form: William found a wiser man in England than himself. William knew that the Danes had been beaten at Norwich. It was possible to prevent them from joining Hereward. He became as angry as a devil. Yorkshire lay waste for nine years.

C. Use the **-ing** form of the verb: The English were brought to (feed) on rats and mice. After (attack) York, they burnt it. To prevent them (join) Hereward was not possible. He decided on (cut) the English line.

CHAPTER 20.

A. Questions. 1. Give another name for the Golden Borough. 2. What message did Hereward send to the Norman who was going to be abbot of the Golden Borough? 3. How did the Norman comfort himself? 4. How did Hereward decide to satisfy the Danes' wish for riches? 5. What made him decide on this? 6. Describe what the monks did when they knew the Vikings were coming. 7. Describe the scene in the early morning as the Viking ships came up the river. 8. What is the name of the Danish flag? 9. How did Herluin try to put bravery into his monks' hearts? 10. Describe the scene between Herluin and Winter.

B. Omit **that** in the following sentences: Hereward sent him word that he would burn the abbey. The shout that they gave made the monks afraid. He said that St. Peter must do something. Winter said that Hereward had fired the peat.

C. Put in **much** or **many**: Hereward offered them — plunder. There were — monks in the abbey. They had — things left them by the saints. There was — fear in their hearts.

D. Leave out **whom** in the following: This was the Norman whom he had seen. They prayed to the saints in whom they believed. St. Peter, to whom they had prayed, would help them. Let the Danes whom they saw walk round the abbey.

E. Use in sentences: to send word, barefoot, to keep up one's spirits, to spare, the long hours passed into the short, their hearts sank low, to see to it, on one's honour, to utter.

CHAPTER 21.

A. Questions. 1. Why would Hereward have saved the little town round Peterborough? 2. Did the Danes wait till the fire at the Bolldyke Gate was out? 3. What made them so eager to get into the abbey? 4. Where were Hereward and his men at this moment? 5. What were all the monks doing? 6. Why could Hereward not make Herluin drop his eyes? 7. For what reason did Hereward not kill any of the monks? 8. What did the monks behind Herluin do when they heard Hereward's orders to his men? 9. Why did Hereward run to the guest's house? 10. Whom did he meet in there?

B. Put in **because** or **therefore**: Herluin's good words did not help him — the savages did not understand them. His terrible looks turned off harmless — Herluin believed himself helped by God. He was a monk's knight — he would not kill any of them. The monks were mad with joy — they pushed Herluin forward. Hereward managed to save her — he was first into the house.

C. Give the comparative and superlative of: little, good, terrible, wicked, worthy, jolly.

D. Put in the proper stops, capital letters, etc.: Hereward saw it and shouting after me herewards men a wake a wake threw the wild danes right and left and stood face to face with herluin now herluin the frenchman said hereward now hereward the robber of saints said herluin it was a fine sight.

CHAPTER 22.

A. Questions. 1. What did Alfruda have to give up in order to save her life? 2. Where was she sent by Hereward? 3. Why did Earl Asbiorn call for Hereward? 4. Where did they find the treasure? 5. Why did Asbiorn want to keep the news of the treasure to himself? 6. Why didn't Hereward let him do it? 7. Why did Hereward hold Asbiorn's wrist in the room? 8. What did Hereward mean by saying,

“daggers sometimes get loose in a crowd”? 9. Describe the end of the plunder of the Golden Borough.

B. Find other words for: swinging swords, we had better keep this to ourselves, I am a man of my word, share and share alike, the play is played out.

C. Put into Direct Speech: Hereward asked Alfruda if she had left any jewels in the room. She answered that she had left both jewels and clothes; he was to let the savages have all if he would only save her. Then Hereward roared out to the men to let him pass. There were rich jewels in the room above and they might have them. But they were not to touch the women.

D. Put into Indirect Speech: “We had better keep this to ourselves for a time,” said Earl Asbiorn. “Not we,” returned Hereward. “I am a man of my word and we shall share and share alike.” “What are you going to do?” said Asbiorn. “This treasure belongs by right to Sweyn, the king.” “It belongs to St. Peter, who must lend it to-day to save the poor fen-men,” said Hereward.

CHAPTER 23.

A. Questions. 1. What is a potter? 2. Who came from Ireland to help Hereward? 3. What was the result of William’s attack on Ely? 4. How did William shut in Hereward and his men? 5. In what way did Hereward mask himself? 6. How did Hereward get some pots and a potter’s coat? 7. Why were a good many of his pots broken when he got to Brandon? 8. Where did he spend the night at Brandon? 9. Why did his blood run cold as he looked round the old woman’s room? 10. What had Ivo of Spalding promised the second witch? 11. Why? 12. What did their charms tell the old witches about Ely?

B. Put in *if*, *when* or *than*: — Hereward saw him he was very glad. — the meeting was finished a man came up to him. It would make the French doubt him — he fell into their hands. That will teach you to know an Englishman — you see one. — you tell any man about this, I shall cut you into little pieces. Swallow was uglier — any other horse. The second witch was braver — the first.

C. Put into the Active Voice: His soldiers were beaten off. It is hard to be robbed by an Englishman. Half of his pots were broken. He had been shut up in the island for a long time. A new castle was being built there.

D. Put into the Passive Voice: He found a small mud hut. Ivo had given her a gold chain. They muttered their charms. They held a great meeting in the hall. He took the potter's coat.

CHAPTER 24.

A. Questions. 1. What did Hereward do when he came to the castle gates? 2. Where was he taken to from the kitchen? 3. Why? 4. How did he escape from the questions they put him? 5. Did he find out anything from the talk of the people round him? 6. What did he find out? 7. How did the cooks and their helpers think to amuse themselves? 8. What was the result of the joke? 9. Why was he not afraid when he was taken before William? 10. What did Hereward think when he saw William? 11. Describe how William gave Hereward justice. 12. What made William think Hereward was not a poor potter? 13. What proof did he get? 14. How did Hereward escape from the prison?

B. Change the tenses from Past into Present Perfect in the two paragraphs beginning, "After that, says the chronicle," and ending, "galloping after him."

C. Give the opposites of: island, friend, empty, comic, sharp.

D. Use in sentences: a man of rank, a good joke, to make fun of, to grow red, a knock-out, at the same game, wrong-doer, to pick up, to play tricks.

E. Give other words for: to question, to starve, to doubt, he grew red about the ears, hot of temper, to fall upon.

F. Put into the Interrogative Form: He was taken into the hall. William was washing his hands. The king's lunch is cooking. Hereward has bent his shoulders. The cooks will make fun of him.

CHAPTER 25.

A. Questions. 1. What idea did Torfrida get while she was praying? 2. What had the Normans done to help their attack? 3. Describe the attack on Ely. 4. What was William's opinion of Torfrida? 5. At what was Torfrida pointing while she sang? 6. What effect had the burning of the reeds on the Norman soldiers? 7. Why did Ivo of Spalding drag William out of the confusion? 8. Describe the burning of the bridge. 9. How did Ivo comfort himself for his ill success?

B. Put in the prepositions: They went barefoot — church. They had built a bridge with a tower — the end.

Spears flew — the water every minute. He struck his hand — his leg. A shower of arrows threw them — confusion.

C. Use the **-ing** form of the verb: The witch thought of (conquer) them by (curse). They tried to cross by (push) out canoes. Her (sing) was more like that of an angel. The (crackle) of the reeds and the (howl) of the wind drowned all other noises.

D. Put into the Negative Form: Torfrida sang like a devil. William liked her singing. The voice of the great captain will rise too late. The head of the column has been thrown into confusion. William's shield had been nailed to his body. The men refuse to try again.

E. Give the plurals of: arrow, witch, hundred, canoe, bag of bones, puff, sheep, cry, mass.

F. Give the principal parts of: flee, fly, flow, ride, glide.

CHAPTER 26.

A. **Questions.** 1. What message did William send to the monks? 2. Did the monks accept his terms? 3. What happened to Torfrida and her little girl? 4. Where did Hereward and his men go after the monks had opened Ely to the Normans? 5. How did they live in the merry greenwood? 6. What were the principles of the old outlaw spirit? 7. Why could Torfrida not understand the English? 8. Did Hereward leave the Normans in peace after he had gone to the greenwood? 9. How did he trouble them? 10. What news did Alfruda send him?

B. **Omit that:** William sent word to the monks that their lands would be confiscated. Ivo added that Torfrida would be burnt. They said that they would live until they died. Torfrida said that she did not understand them. Alfruda wrote that a force of Normans would come against them.

C. Put in **much** or **little**: The monks were — afraid of William. There was — of the old spirit left among them. The spies brought home — news. They were — cursed by the Normans and — loved by the common people.

D. Use in sentences: on (my, his, her, etc.) advice, key-hole, to curse, by twos and threes, civilised, self-government, fair play, to lay waste, many a day, the open air.

E. Give the adjective form of: satisfy, surprise, master, plenty, force, instinct, independence.

CHAPTER 27.

A. Questions. 1. What did Torfrida do after she and Hereward had quarrelled? 2. Who became Hereward's second wife? 3. Why was he left almost alone one day? 4. What awoke him from his sleep? 5. Who was the only man to follow Hereward out against his foes? 6. Had his foes done an honourable thing in taking Hereward by surprise? 7. How many men had he killed in the fight before his sword broke? 8. How did Hereward kill his fifteenth man? 9. Where did they bury Hereward? 10. How long did it take before Saxon and Norman joined together into one race?

B. Put in because or therefore: Torfrida left him — she quarrelled with him. Hereward had trouble with William — he broke away. There was no time to put on his armour — his enemies were upon him. Only one man went out with him — the others were unarmed. They hated him — they killed him.

C. Give the comparative and superlative of: strange, much, usual, heavy, fierce, pale, bare, rough, tender, lifeless.

D. Punctuate, putting in all the capital letters where necessary: the dog died hard said ivo lucky for us that sir ascelin had news of his knights being gone to crowland if he had had them here to help him we could not have done this deed to-day i must keep my word with him said ascelin as he struck off the once fair and golden head.

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