Medieval History

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com

Charlotte Mason
MORNING TIME

Medieval History
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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time***, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™*** curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
  - Poetry
  - Short stories or
  - Fairy tales or tall tales
  - Mythological tales
  - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi				
Bible	Isaiah 1-2	Isaiah 3-5	Isaiah 6-8	Isaiah 9-10	Isaiah 11-13
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Music	Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel		Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel		Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel
Beauty & Nature Loop	Read "Medieval Art & Architecture" & Martini bio, Art Selection 1: Maestà	Read "Gregorian Chant" Listen to: Benedictine Monks Playlist	Art Selection 1: Maestà	Plum Tart, Tea Time Read: Beowulf	Nature Study 1 *Nature journal *Nature walk
History / Geography	TSOM: Ch. 25 The Fall of Rome		TSOM: Ch. 26 Rise of the Church		TSOM: Ch. 27 Mohammed
Language Arts / Citizenship	Isaiah 26:3 Copywork	Poetry: "Whan that Aprill..."	Isaiah 26:3 Copywork	Poetry: "Whan that Aprill..."	Isaiah 26:3 Copywork
Read Aloud	*The Book of King Arthur: Prologue	*The Book of King Arthur: Part One, Ch.1	*The Book of King Arthur: Part One, Ch. 2	*The Book of King Arthur: Part One, Ch. 3	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi				
Bible	Isaiah 14-15	Isaiah 16-17	Isaiah 18-20	Isaiah 21-22	Isaiah 23-25
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Music	Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in		Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in		Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in
Beauty & Nature Loop	Art Selection 2: St. Louis of Toulouse Crowning Robert of Anjou	Read "Medieval Songs & Instrumentals," Listen to: Miri It Is Playlist	Art Selection 2: St. Louis of Toulouse Crowning Robert of Anjou	Angel's Food, Tea Time Read: The Quest for the Holy Graal	Nature Study 2 *Nature journal *Nature walk
History / Geography		TSOM: Ch. 28 Charlemagne		TSOM: Ch. 29 The Norsemen	
Language Arts / Citizenship	John 14:27 Copywork	Poetry: Controlling the Tongue	John 14:27 Copywork	Poetry: Controlling the Tongue	John 14:27 Copywork
Read Aloud	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Two, Ch.1	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Two, Ch.2	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Two, Ch.3	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Three, Ch.1	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi				
Bible	Isaiah 26-27	Isaiah 28-29	Isaiah 30-32	Isaiah 33-34	Isaiah 35-36
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Music	Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel		Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel		Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel
Beauty & Nature Loop	Narrate Simone Martini bio," Art Selection 3: Petrarch's Virgil	Narrate "Gregorian Chant," Listen to: Psalm 90 & 91	Art Selection 3: Petrarch's Virgil	Medieval Gingerbread, Tea Time Read: The Lady of Shalott	Nature Study 3 *Nature journal *Nature walk
History/ Geography		TSOM: Ch. 30 Feudalism		TSOM:Ch. 31 Chivalry	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	John 16:33 Copywork	Poetry: The Love Unfeigned	John 16:33 Copywork	Poetry: The Love Unfeigned	John 16:33 Copywork
Read Aloud	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Three, Ch. 2	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Three, Ch. 3	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Three, Ch. 4	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Three, Ch. 5	*The Book of King Arthur: Part Three, Ch. 6

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi				
Bible	Isaiah 37-38	Isaiah 39-40	Isaiah 41-42	Isaiah 43-44	Isaiah 45-46
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Music	Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in		Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in		Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in
Beauty & Nature Loop	Art Selection 4: Guidoriccio da Fogliano at the Siege of Montemassi	Narrate "Medieval Songs..." Listen to: Miri It Is Playlist	Art Selection 4: Guidoriccio da Fogliano at the Siege of Montemassi	Applemoys, Tea Time Read: A Knight's Tale	Nature Study 4 *Nature journal *Nature walk
History / Geography		TSOM:Ch. 32 Pope Vs. Emperor		TSOM:Ch. 33 The Crusades	
Language Arts / Citizenship	Romans 15:13 Copywork	Poetry: Balade	Romans 15:13 Copywork	Poetry: Balade	Romans 15:13 Copywork
Read Aloud	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part One, Ch. 1	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part One, Ch. 2	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part One, Ch. 3	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part One, Ch. 4	

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi				
Bible	Isaiah 47-48	Isaiah 49-50	Isaiah 51-52	Isaiah 53-54	Isaiah 55-56
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Music	Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel		Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel		Hymn: O come, O come, Emmanuel
Beauty & Nature Loop	Art Selection 5: Clare of Asissi	Listen to: Gregoriano Monjes del Monasterio de Silos Playlist	Art Selection 5: Clare of Asissi	Fine Cakes, Tea Time Read: A Knight's Tale	Nature Study 5 *Nature journal *Nature walk
History/ Geography		TSOM: Ch. 34 The Medieval City		TSOM:Ch. 35 Medieval Self-Government	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Philippians 4:6-7 Copywork		Philippians 4:6-7 Copywork		Philippians 4:6-7 Copywork
Read Aloud	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Two, Ch. 1	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Two, Ch. 2	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Two, Ch. 3	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Two, Ch. 4	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Two, Ch. 5

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi				
Bible	Isaiah 57-58	Isaiah 59-60	Isaiah 61-62	Isaiah 63-64	Isaiah 65-66
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Music	Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in		Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in		Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in
Beauty & Nature Loop	Art Selection 6: Angel of the Annunciation	Listen to: Miri It Is Playlist	Art Selection 6: Angel of the Annunciation	Custard, Tea Time Read: A Knight's Tale	Nature Study 6 *Nature journal *Nature walk
History / Geography		TSOM:Ch. 36 The Medieval World		TSOM:Ch. 37 Medieval Trade	
Language Arts / Citizenship	Colossians 3:15 Copywork		Colossians 3:15 Copywork		Colossians 3:15 Copywork
Read Aloud	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Two, Ch. 6	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Three, Ch. 1	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Three, Ch. 2	*The Book of Three Worthies: Part Three, Ch. 3	

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Medieval Recommended Reading

Elementary & Upper Grades

Saint George and the Dragon, by Margaret Hodges
The Making of a Knight, by Patrick O'Brien
Marguerite Makes a Book, by Bruce Robertson
A Medieval Feast, by Aliki
The Hawk of the Castle: A Story of Medieval Falconry, by Danna Smith
Chanticleer and the Fox, by Geoffrey Chaucer and Barbara Cooney
Castle Diary: The Journal of Tobias Burgess, by Richard Platt
Crispin, by Avi
Redwall, by Brian Jacques
The Arabian Nights, by Andrew Lang
Canterbury Tales, by Barbara Cohen
Chaucer for Children: A Golden Key, by Mrs. H. R. Haweis
The Chaucer Story Book, by Eva March Tappan
The Door in the Wall, by Marguerite de Angeli
Medieval Tales, by Lorna MacDonald Czarnota
Weird But True! Know-It-All Middle Ages, by Michael Burgan
The Story of Beowulf, by Henrietta Elizabeth Marshall
Beowulf: A New Telling, by Robert Nye
The Magna Charta, by James Daugherty
The White Company, by Arthur Conan Doyle
English Literature for Boys and Girls, by H.E. Marshall ch 1-31

Medieval Recommended Reading (continued)

High School

Canterbury Tales, by Geoffrey Chaucer
Beowulf, by Seamus Heaney
Beowulf, by Burton Raffel
The Divine Comedy, by Dante
The Usborne History of Britain: The Middle Ages
The Usborne Internet Linked Medieval World, by Jane Bingham
Chivalry: An Ancient Code for Our Time, by J. Aaron Gruben
King Arthur, by Howard Pyle
Robin Hood, by Howard Pyle
Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott
The Birth of Britain, by Winston Churchill
Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English People
William of Malmesbury's account of the Battle of Hastings
The Magna Carta (modern paraphrase)
In Freedom's Cause by G.A. Henty
The Life of King Alfred, by Asser
Joan of Arc, by Mark Twain
The Story of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans by Andrew Lang
The Once and Future King Books I and II, by T. H. White
The Age of Chivalry, by Thomas Bulfinch

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm

This session, we will learn **Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace** and focus on writing and memorizing one scripture a week: **Isaiah 26:3, John 14:27, John 16:33, Romans 15:13, Philippians 4:6-7, Colossians 3:15.**

Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace (Prayer of Peace) by Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace;
Where hate rules, let me bring love,
Where malice, forgiveness,
Where disputes, reconciliation,
Where error, truth,
Where doubt, belief,
Where despair, hope,
Where darkness, Thy light,
Where sorrow, joy!

O Master, let me strive more to comfort others than to be comforted,
To understand others than to be understood,
To love others, more than to be loved!

For he who gives, receives,
He who forgets himself, finds,
He who forgives, receives forgiveness,
And dying, we rise again to eternal life. Amen.

Isaiah 26:3 (NKJV)

You will keep him in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on You,
Because he trusts in You.

John 14:27 (KJV)

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

John 16:33 (KJV)

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

Romans 15:13 (KJV)

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Philippians 4:6-7 (NKJV)

Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Colossians 3:15 (KJV)

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.

Lord, make me an instrument

of Thy peace;

Where hate rules,

let me bring love,

Where malice, forgiveness,

Where disputes,

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Where error, truth,

Where doubt, belief,

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John 14:27 (KJV)

Peace I leave with you,

my peace I give unto you:

not as the world giveth,

give I unto you.

Let not your heart

be troubled,

neither let it be afraid.

John 14:27 (KJV)

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Let not your heart be troubled,

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John 14:27 (KJV)

Peace I leave with you, my peace

I give unto you: not as the

world giveth, give I unto you.

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Romans 15:13 (KJV)

Now the God of hope fill
you with all joy
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Romans 15:13 (KJV)

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy

and peace in believing, that ye may abound

in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Now the God of hope fill you

with all joy and peace

in believing, that ye may abound

in hope, through the power of the

Holy Ghost.

Romans 15:13 (KJV)

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Philippians 4:6-7 (NKJV)

Be anxious for nothing,

but in everything by prayer

and supplication,

with thanksgiving, let your

requests be made known

to God; and the peace of

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And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.

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to the which also ye are called in one body;
and be ye thankful.

Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Simone Martini. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Maestà*
- *St. Louis of Toulouse Crowning Robert of Anjou*
- *Petrarch's Virgil*
- *Guidoriccio da Fogliano at the Siege of Montemassi*
- *Clare of Asissi*
- *Angel of the Annunciation*

For this session, our music study will include Gregorian Chant, plus songs and instrumentals from Medieval England (featuring The Dufay Collective):

- Benedictine Monks of St Maurice and Saint Maur Clervaux, Luxembourg Playlist
- Psalm 90 & 91
- Gregoriano Monjes del Monasterio de Silos Playlist
- Miri It Is: Songs and Instrumental Music from Medieval England

Artist & Composer Study

Medieval Art & Architecture

The medieval period lasted from the fall of the Western Roman Empire (around 476 AD) to the start of the Renaissance (in 1400 AD). During this time, art and architecture changed dramatically, influenced by religion, feudal society, and cultural exchange. Different artistic styles began to develop as they reflected the values and advancements of the time.

Early Medieval Art (c. 500-1000 AD)

The Early Middle Ages, often referred to as the Dark Ages, saw the decline of large cities and the rise of monasteries and feudal communities. Art from this time was shaped by the remains of Roman culture and the growing influence of Christianity.

Byzantine Art

Byzantine art was part of the Eastern Roman Empire (Byzantium), and featured religious themes, with gold backgrounds and detailed mosaics. Famous examples include the mosaics in the Hagia Sophia in Constantinople and the icons of Saint Catherine's Monastery in Egypt.

Mosaic of Christ Pantocrator from the Hagia Sophia

Aachen Gospels, from of Charlemagne's Palatine Chapel

Insular & Carolingian Art

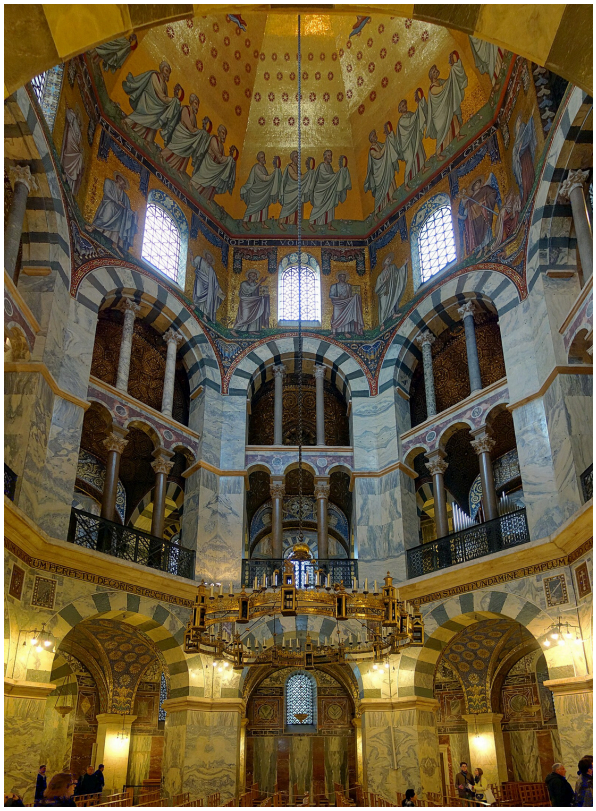
Insular and Carolingian art was found in Western Europe, where monks in Ireland and Britain created beautifully decorated books like the Book of Kells and Lindisfarne Gospels, filled with intricate designs. During the reign of Charlemagne (8th-9th centuries), classical Roman art was revived. The Coronation Gospels and the Palatine Chapel in Aachen are great examples of this mix of Roman, Christian, and local styles.

Romanesque Art & Architecture (c. 1000-1200 AD)

As Europe became more stable and monasteries grew, Romanesque art developed. This style focused on religious themes and sturdy architectural designs.

Architecture

Architecture was an art form all on its own. Romanesque churches and abbeys had thick stone walls, rounded arches, and small windows, giving them a fortress-like appearance. Notable examples include the Abbey of Cluny, the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, and Durham Cathedral, which introduced early Gothic elements.



Palatine Chapel

Pórtico da Gloria, Santiago Cathedral

Sculpture & Painting

Sculpture and painting became more prominent. Church entrances were decorated with relief sculptures showing biblical scenes, often with dramatic expressions to teach and inspire people. Frescoes and illuminated manuscripts were also popular, with vivid depictions of saints, Bible stories, and mythical creatures.

Gothic Art & Architecture (c. 12th-15th Century)

Gothic architecture evolved from the Romanesque style and focused on height, light, and intricate details. This period reflected the growing influence of the Church and the rise of cities throughout medieval Europe.

Windows of Troyes Cathedral

Sculpture & Stained Glass

Sculptures and stained glass were very common throughout this time. Gothic sculptures became more realistic, showing detailed clothing and facial expressions. Stained-glass windows, such as those in Sainte-Chapelle and the Rose Window of Chartres, used vibrant colors to tell biblical stories, filling church interiors with colorful light.

Architectural Innovations

Architectural innovations affected how everything was built. Gothic cathedrals had pointed arches, ribbed vaults, and flying buttresses, which allowed for taller buildings with large stained-glass windows. Famous examples include Notre-Dame in Paris, Chartres Cathedral, and Reims Cathedral.

Notre Dame Cathedral

Ghent Altarpiece, St. Bavo's Cathedral

Painting and Altarpieces

Painting and altarpieces were marked by artists experimenting with depth and perspective a they drew closer to the Renaissance. Gothic panel paintings and altarpieces by artists like Giotto and Duccio showed more human emotion and realism, bridging medieval and Renaissance art.

Notable Medieval Artists

While most medieval art was created by anonymous artists in monasteries and guilds, some individuals became well-known, especially toward the late medieval period. Here are a few important figures who played a key role in shaping European art and paving the way for the Renaissance.

Early Medieval Artists (Byzantine & Insular Art)

- **Theophanes the Greek** (c. 1340–1410) – A Byzantine artist who influenced early Russian religious painting.
- **Eadfrith of Lindisfarne** (late 7th – early 8th century) – Created the Lindisfarne Gospels, a masterpiece of Insular manuscript decoration.

Carolingian & Ottonian Artists

- **Gero of Cologne** (10th century) – Created the Gero Crucifix, one of the first large wooden sculptures of Christ.
- **Master of the Utrecht Psalter** (9th century) – An unknown artist or group responsible for the Utrecht Psalter, an influential Carolingian manuscript.

Romanesque Artists

- **Benedetto Antelami** (c. 1150–1230) – An Italian sculptor and architect known for the Parma Baptistery.
- **Master Hugo** (fl. 1130–1150) – An English artist who illuminated the Bury Bible.

Gothic Artists

- **Giotto di Bondone** (c. 1267–1337) – A painter whose frescoes in the Arena Chapel in Italy showed early use of realism and perspective.
- **Duccio di Buoninsegna** (c. 1255–1319) – A Sienese artist known for the Maestà Altarpiece.
- **Simone Martini** (c. 1284–1344) – A Gothic painter famous for his Annunciation and elegant, detailed artwork.
- **Limbourg Brothers** (fl. 1400–1416) – Known for their illuminated manuscript Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry, an example of International Gothic style.

Simone Martini

c. 1284 – July 1344

Simone Martini was born around 1284 in Siena, Italy, a city famous for its rich artistic culture and deep religious traditions. Although not much is known about his childhood, historians believe he trained under Duccio di Buoninsegna, one of the most important painters of his time.

Duccio's influence can be seen in Martini's elegant lines, vibrant colors, and the use of gold leaf, which gave his paintings a luminous, almost heavenly quality. At the time, Siena was competing with nearby Florence as a center of art and culture, creating an exciting and inspiring environment for young artists like Martini to develop their skills.

Martini became one of the most important artists of the International Gothic style, which was known for its graceful figures, intricate details, and refined beauty. His paintings were different from the stiff and symbolic artwork that had been common in earlier medieval times. Instead, Martini brought a greater sense of life and movement to his work. His ability to combine elements from Byzantine art, such as rich colors and religious symbolism, with the delicate and detailed approach of the Gothic style, made him one of the most sought-after painters of his era.

Some of his most famous works include the "Maestà," a large fresco in Siena's town hall, which depicts the Virgin Mary surrounded by angels and saints, and the "Annunciation with St. Margaret and St. Ansanus," an altarpiece that captures the moment the angel Gabriel tells Mary she will give birth to Jesus.

The latter painting is particularly admired for the expressive emotion on Mary's face and the intricate gold patterns that decorate the scene. Another well-known work, "St. Louis of Toulouse Crowning Robert of Anjou," showcases Martini's ability to paint luxurious fabrics and detailed facial expressions, making his subjects appear almost real.

Later in life, Martini moved to Avignon, France, where he worked for the Papal court. At the time, Avignon was an important artistic and political center, and this move exposed him to French Gothic influences, which made his paintings even more elegant and refined. He continued to paint in Avignon until his death in 1344.

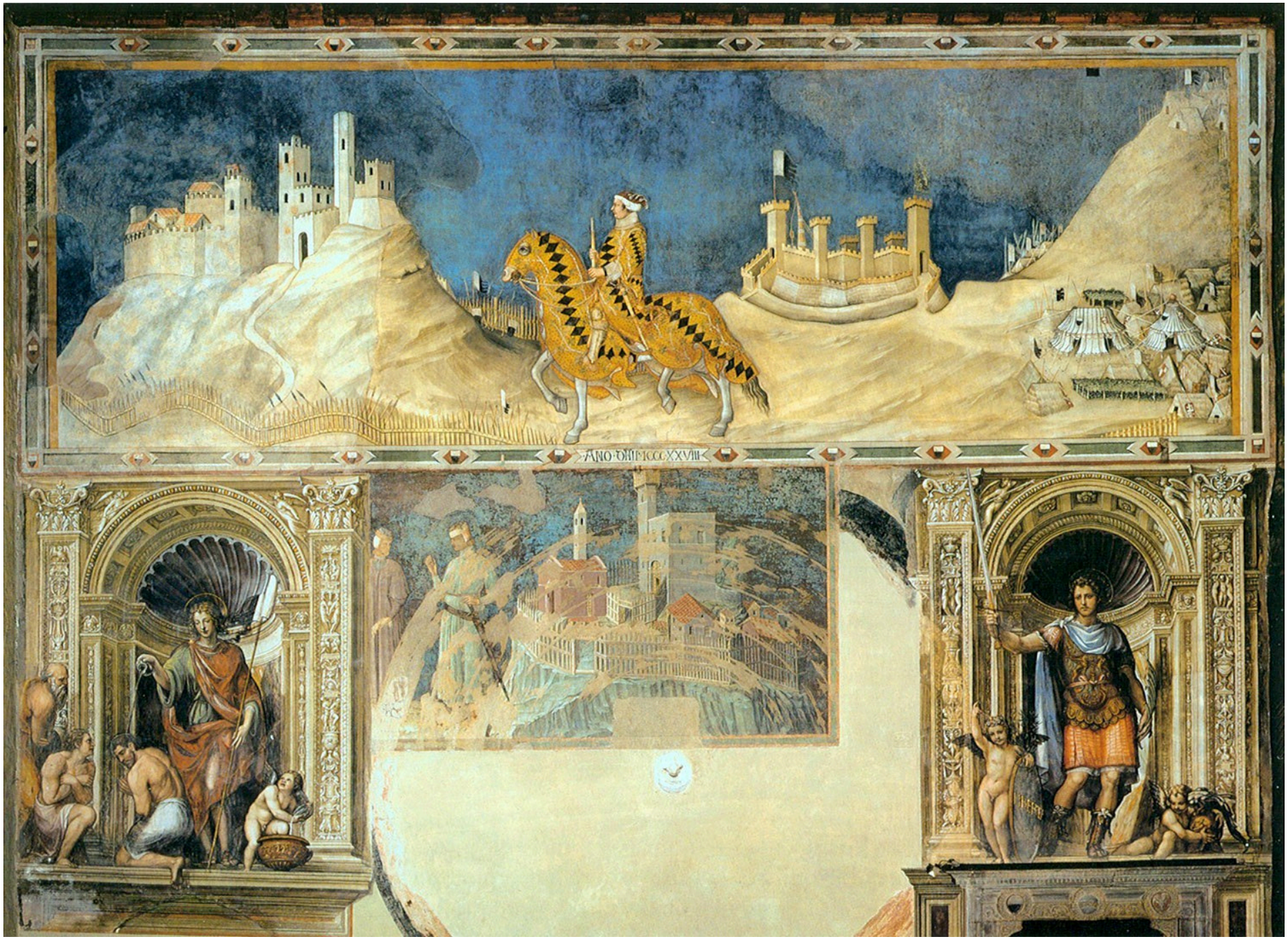
Simone Martini's impact on art lasted long beyond his lifetime. He helped bridge the gap between medieval art and the early Renaissance by introducing more realism, emotional depth, and a greater sense of space in his paintings. His influence can be seen in later artists, such as Gentile da Fabriano and Fra Angelico, who carried his ideas into the next era of European art. Today, his works remain some of the finest examples of the International Gothic style, admired for their beauty, detail, and spiritual depth.

Maestà, (1315)

Maestà, (1315) DETAIL

St. Louis of Toulouse Crowning Robert of Anjou (1317)

Petrarch's Virgil (1336)



Guidoriccio da Fogliano at the Siege of Montemassi (1328)

Guidoriccio da Fogliano at the Siege of Montemassi (1328) DETAIL

Clare of Asissi (1320)

Angel of the Annunciation (1333)

Angel of the Annunciation (1333) DETAIL

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.

Gregorian Chant: A Timeless Musical Tradition

Gregorian chant is one of the oldest and most beautiful forms of music, dating back over 1,000 years. Sung in Latin by monks and priests, it was created as a form of sacred worship, filling grand cathedrals and monasteries with its flowing, prayerful melodies. Unlike modern music, Gregorian chant has no instruments, no set rhythm, and is sung in a free, meditative style that seems to float through the air.

The chant is named after Pope Gregory I (590–604 AD), who helped organize and spread it across medieval Europe. Legend says that Pope Gregory had a vision of a dove (a symbol of the Holy Spirit) whispering melodies into his ear. Inspired, he encouraged monks to sing these special prayers in a unified way, and soon, churches everywhere were using Gregorian chant in their worship. Whether or not the story is true, one thing is certain—his name became forever linked with this ancient music!

At first, the melodies were memorized and passed down orally, but by the 9th century, monks developed musical notation—using early symbols called *neumes*, squiggly lines above the words to show how the melody should move up or down. Eventually, these markings became the first version of musical notes, laying a foundation that helped shape the way we write and read music today.

Gregorian chant stands out for its pure, unaccompanied vocal lines and ancient medieval modes, which give it a mystical, almost otherworldly sound. Though it originated in the Middle Ages, it remains an important part of religious traditions and is still performed in churches, monasteries, and choirs worldwide. Many people also listen to Gregorian chant today for its calming and meditative effects.

Songs & Instrumentals from Medieval England

Medieval music was a rich blend of sacred and secular influences, often linked to religious ceremonies, courtly life, and folk traditions. Gregorian chants were primarily vocal and used in church settings, emphasizing plain, unaccompanied melodies. Whereas secular music was often accompanied by instruments and was performed in courts or villages, included ballads and dances.

Instrumentals varied from lively dance tunes like the "estampie" to more delicate courtly compositions. In Medieval England, a variety of musical instruments were used, particularly in the courts, churches, and folk traditions. Some of the key instruments include:

1. String Instruments

- **Harp**: Harps were usually played by bards and minstrels in both religious and everyday settings.
- **Lute**: Lutes were plucked instruments that could be heard in castles and courts.
- **Vielle**: Vielles were like fiddles and would be played in folk and courtly music.
- **Gitterns:** Gitterns were an early version of the guitar, used for dancing and casual performances.

2. Wind Instruments

- **Recorder**: Recorders are a sweet-sounding woodwind, played in both noble courts and village gatherings.
- **Shawm**: A shawm was a loud, double-reed instrument like an oboe, used in outdoor events and ceremonies.
- **Pipe**: Pipes are a simple flute-like instrument, common in folk music and dancing.
- **Bagpipes**: Bagpipes are played all across Scotland and the British Isles in celebrations and rituals.

3. Percussion Instruments

- **Tambourine**: The tambourine is a small hand drum with jingles, popular in folk music.
- **Drums**: Drums were used in both formal and informal music, ranging from small hand drums to large ceremonial ones.
- **Cymbals**: Hand-held cymbals added drama to religious and festive music.

Gregorian Chants

Week 1 - Benedictine Monks of St Maurice and Saint Maur Clervaux, Luxembourg

Week 3 - “Psalm 90 & 91,” Harpa Dei

Week 5 - Gregoriano Monjes del Monasterio de Silos

Medieval Songs & Instrumentals

Weeks 2, 4 & 6 - Playlist: “Songs and Instrumental Music from Medieval England,” by Dufay Collective

Hymn Study: O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

The beautiful hymn, “O Come, O Come, Emmanuel” is one of the most enduring sacred songs of the Christian faith, particularly associated with the Advent season. With origins dating back to the early medieval church, its lyrics are derived from the ancient “O Antiphons,” a series of prayers sung in monastic communities during the final days of Advent, each invoking a different title for Christ from Old Testament prophecy.

The hymn's Latin text, *Veni, Veni, Emmanuel*, is believed to have been composed between the 8th and 12th centuries, while its solemn yet stirring melody first appeared in 15th-century France.

Rich with biblical imagery, O Come, O Come, Emmanuel expresses the longing and hope of God’s people as they await the coming of the Messiah. The verses call upon Emmanuel, meaning "God with us," to rescue Israel from exile, dispel darkness, and bring peace and salvation. Its chant-like melody creates an atmosphere of reflection and anticipation, mirroring the sacred journey of Advent itself.

Over the centuries, this hymn has transcended time and culture, with numerous translations and adaptations making it a cherished part of Christmas traditions worldwide, and continues to capture the profound mystery and expectation of Christ’s coming, uniting worshippers across generations in a song of faith, hope, and longing for divine light in the world.

Lyrics

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
O come, Thou Dayspring, from on high,
And cheer us by Thy drawing nigh;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heav'nly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Veni, veni Emmanuel

Veni, veni Emmanuel!
Captivum solve Israel!
Qui gemit in exilio,
Privatus Dei Filio.

Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel
nascetur pro te, Israel.

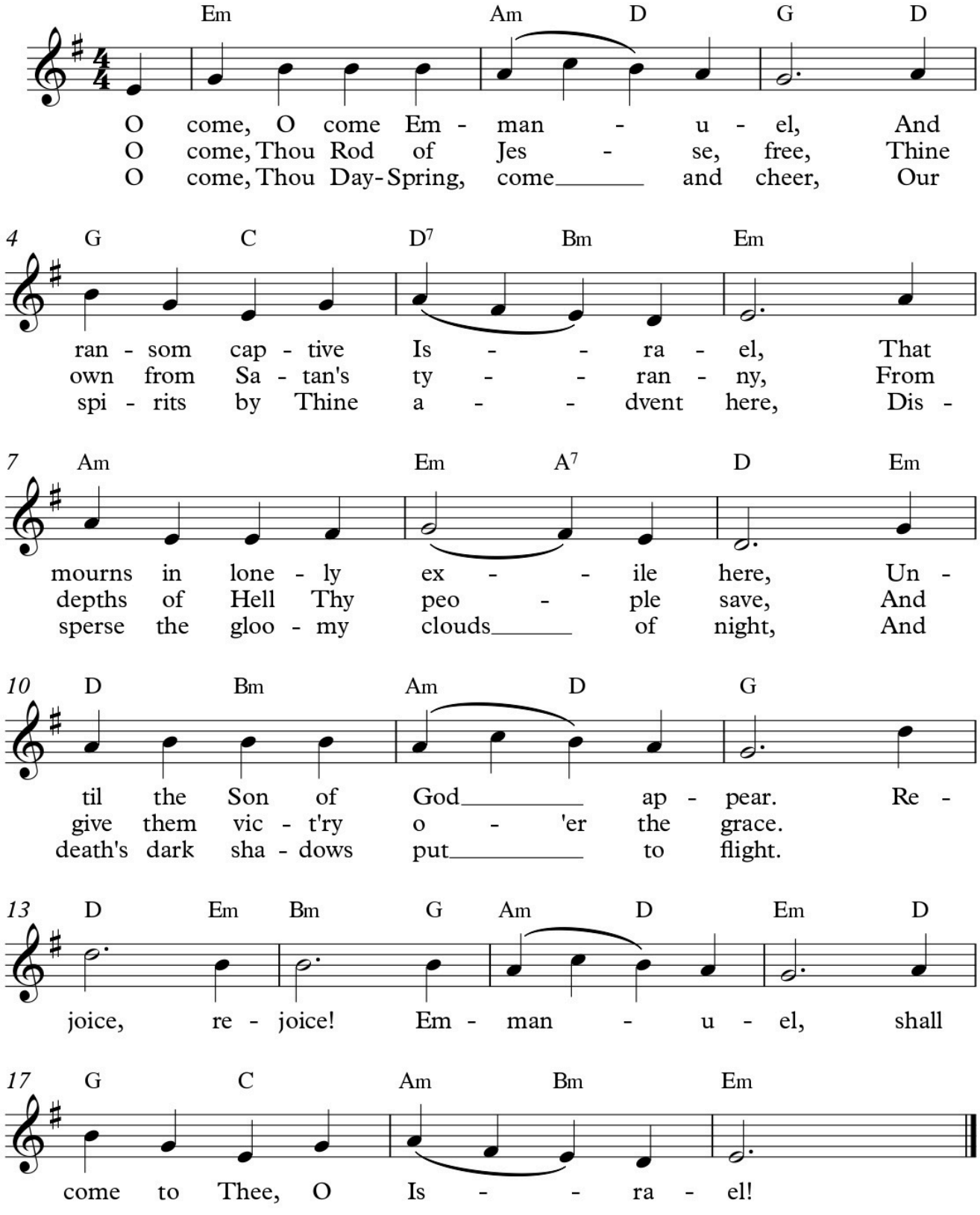
Veni o Jesse virgula!
Ex hostis tuos ungula,
De specu tuos tartari
Educ, et antro barathri.

Veni, veni o Oriens!
Solare nos adveniens,
Noctis depelle nebulas,
Dirasque noctis tenebras.

Veni clavis Davidica!
Regna reclude coelica,
Fac iter Tutum superum,
Et claude vias Inferum.

Veni, veni Adonai!
Qui populo in Sinai
Legem dedisti vertice,
In maiestate gloriae.

O Come, O Come Emmanuel



Folk Song: Sumer is icumen in

One of the most famous pieces of medieval English music is Sumer is Icumen In, a lively musical round that celebrates the arrival of summer. Written in the mid-13th century, the song is a key milestone in Western music history. It's one of the earliest known examples of English secular "polyphony," a type of music where two or more melodies are sung together in harmony.

Preserved in a manuscript from Reading Abbey and written in Middle English, the song describes nature coming to life: cuckoos call, lambs leap, and fields bloom under the sun. Its repetitive, catchy tune suggests it was popular at village gatherings and festivals.

What makes this song especially impressive is its six-part canon structure, allowing voices to layer in a way that was groundbreaking at the time. This highlights the skill of medieval composers and the importance of music in daily life.

Even today, Sumer Is Icumen In is enjoyed by musicians and historians alike, offering a glimpse into the joyful, communal spirit of the Middle Ages. Whether sung in its original language or a modern version, its melody continues to celebrate the arrival of summer across the centuries.

Middle English Lyrics:

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweþ sed and bloweþ med
And springþ þe wde nu,
Sing cuccu!
Awe bleteþ after lomb,
Lhouþ after calue cu.
Bulluc sterteþ, bucke uerteþ,
Murie sing cuccu!
Cuccu, cuccu, wel singes þu cuccu;
Ne swik þu nauer nu.
Sing cuccu nu. Sing cuccu.
Sing cuccu. Sing cuccu nu!

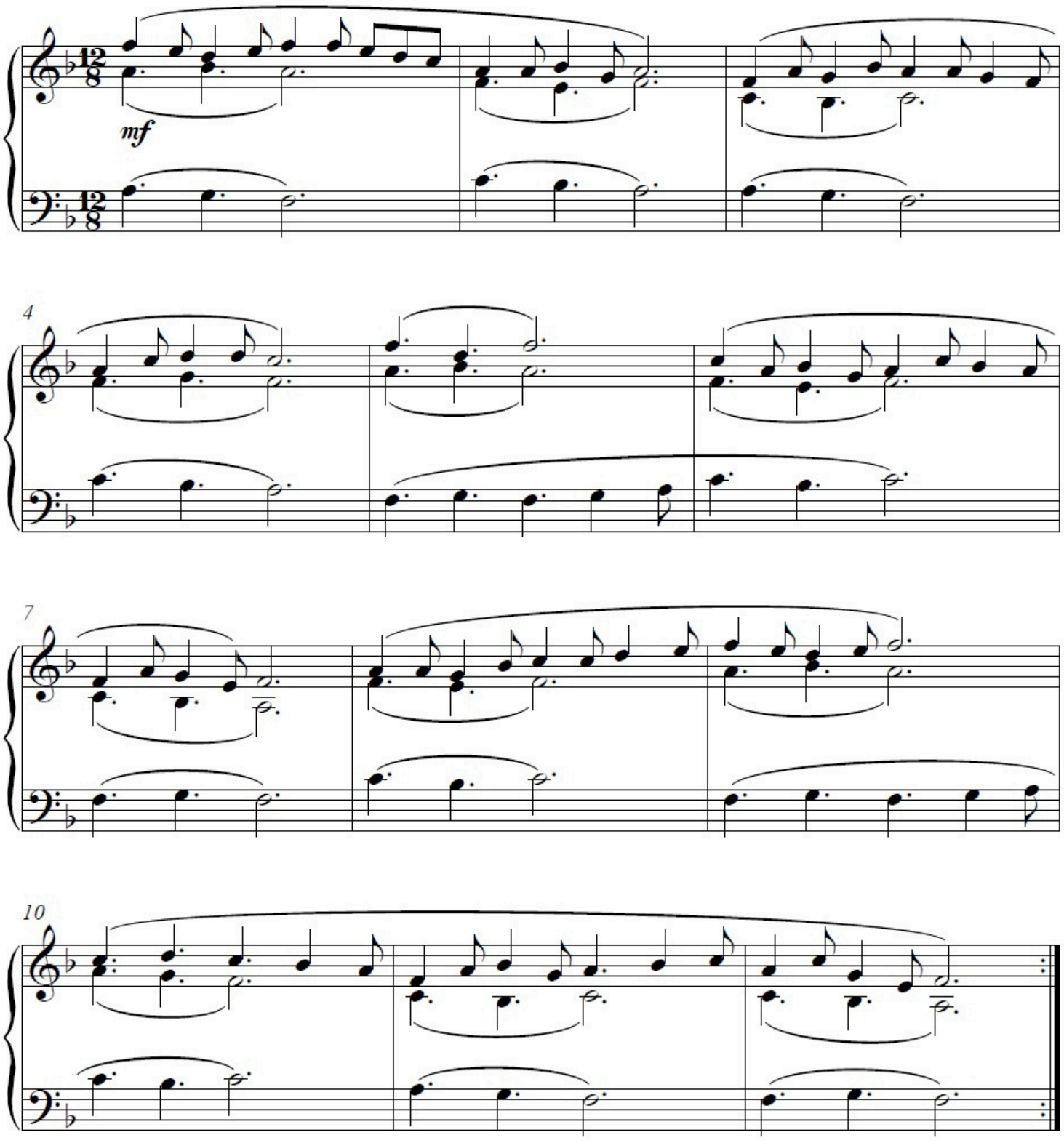
Modern English Lyrics:

Summer is a coming in,
Loudly sing, Cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth wood anew,
Sing, Cuckoo!
Ewe bleateth after lamb
The cow lows after the calf.
Bullock starteth buck, too, verteth,
Merrily sing, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo, well you sing, cuckoo;
Of cease thee never now,
Sing cuckoo now. Sing, Cuckoo.
Sing Cuckoo. Sing cuckoo now!

Sumer Is Icumen In

(Arranged for Piano)

Traditional
arranged Jim Paterson



Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Geoffrey Chaucer. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens with **listening links** so they can hear the poetry in Middle English, as well as links to **interlinear translations or paraphrases** to better understand what they are hearing.

Have fun with these poems by letting your students listen to each one first and see just how much they understand. *Can they pick out words? Do they understand the gist of the poem?*

- "Whan that Aprill..." (opening lines from Canterbury Tales)
- Controlling the Tongue
- The Love Unfeigned
- Balade

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. The poems and content we have chosen are:

- The Lady of Shalott
- O Come, O Come, Emmanuel (& Veni, Veni Emmanuel)
- Knights' Code of Chivalry

"Some say that the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth."

~ Charles Kingsley

Geoffrey Chaucer

c. 1343 - October 25, 1400

Geoffrey Chaucer was an English poet, author, philosopher, and diplomat, and is widely regarded as the father of English literature. His most famous work, *The Canterbury Tales*, revolutionized English poetry and storytelling, shaping the future of the English language. Chaucer was one of the first writers to use Middle English in a major literary work, at a time when Latin and French dominated the written word.

Chaucer was born around 1343, most likely in London, to a prosperous family of wine merchants. His father, John Chaucer, was a respected vintner and held connections with the royal court, which likely helped the young Geoffrey to gain early exposure to courtly life and education. Although little is known about his formal schooling, Chaucer was well-versed in Latin, French, and Italian, indicating a strong education.

In his early years, Chaucer served as a page in the household of Elizabeth de Burgh, Countess of Ulster, which provided him access to the aristocratic and intellectual circles of England. This experience helped shape his understanding of courtly manners, politics, and literature.

The beginning of his adult life was marked by his service in the Hundred Years' War, and in 1359, he was part of an English campaign in France under King Edward III. He was captured during a siege, but was later ransomed for £16 (equivalent to over £14,500 by today's standards!) which suggests how important he was.

After returning to England, Chaucer became a royal servant and was trusted with several diplomatic missions to France, Italy, and Spain. These journeys exposed him to the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, which profoundly influenced his literary style.

Throughout his life, Chaucer held numerous prestigious positions, including being a controller of customs and exports, a clerk of the king's works where he supervised royal building projects, and a member of Parliament. And throughout all his political duties, Chaucer wrote extensively, producing poetry that reflected the complexity of medieval society. Some of his notable early works include *The Book of the Duchess, The House of Fame,* and *Parliament of Fowls.*

Around 1387, Chaucer began writing *The Canterbury Tales*, his most ambitious and influential work. The book contains a collection of stories told by 30 pilgrims on a journey from London to Canterbury, and provides a rich tapestry of medieval English life, featuring characters from different social classes, including a knight, a miller, a prioress, a merchant, a cook, and a pardoner.

Each tale reflects the storyteller's personality, blending humor, morality, satire, and deep philosophical insights. Chaucer's use of iambic pentameter and rhymed couplets marked a turning point in English poetry, laying the foundation for later poets like William Shakespeare. Although *The Canterbury Tales* was unfinished at Chaucer's death, its impact on English literature was profound.

Chaucer's later years were marked by political turbulence, and he lost favor at court during the reign of Richard II, though he was later granted a pension by King Henry IV in 1399. He died on October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His tomb became the first in what would later be known as *Poets' Corner*, where many of England's greatest writers, including Shakespeare and Charles Dickens, would be laid to rest.

Yet Geoffrey Chaucer's work remains a c

ornerstone of English literature. He transformed storytelling by making English a liter

ary language, capturing the richness of human nature with wit, realism, and social commentary. His influence can be seen in poets such as John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and T.S. Eliot.

Geoffrey Chaucer Selections

"Whan that Aprill..."
(Opening lines from *The Canterbury Tales*)

Listen here.
Interlinear translation here.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote,
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licóur
Of which vertú engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale foweles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open ye,
So priketh hem Natúre in hir corages,
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kowthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The hooly blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

The Love Unfeigned

Listen here.
Paraphrase here.

O YONGE fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love up groweth with your age,
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilke god that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre.

And loveth him, the which that right for love
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene a-bove;
For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al hoolly on him leye.
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke?

Geoffrey Chaucer Selections

Controlling the Tongue

Listen here.
Interlinear translation here.

My son, keep well thy tongue, and keep thy friend.
A wicked tongue is worse than a fiend;
My son, from a fiend men may them bless.
My son, God of his endless goodness
Walled a tongue with teeth and lips eke,
For man should him avise what he speak.
My son, full oft, for too much speech
Hath many a man been spilt, as clerkes teach;
But for little speech avisely
Is no man shent, to speak generally.
My son, thy tongue shouldst thou restrain
At all time, but when thou dost thy pain
To speak of God, in honour and prayer.
The first virtue, son, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restrain and keep well thy tongue;
Thus learn children when that they been young.
My son, of muckle speaking evil-avised,
Where less speaking had enough sufficed,
Cometh muckle harm; thus was me told and taught.
In muckle speech sin wanteth nought.
Wost thou whereof a rakel tongue serveth?
Right as a sword forcutteth and forcarveth
An arm a-two, my dear son, right so
A tongue cutteth friendship all a-two.

Truth

Listen here.
Paraphrase here.

Fle fro the pres, and dwelle with sothefastnesse,
Suffise thin owen thing, thei it be smal;
For hord hath hate, and clymbyng tykelnesse,
Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal.
Savour no more thanne the byhove schal;
Reule weel thiself, that other folk canst reede;
And trouthe schal delyvere, it is no drede.

Tempest the nought al croked to redresse,
In trust of hire that tourneth as a bal.
Myche wele stant in litel besynesse;
Bywar therfore to spurne ayeyns an al;
Stryve not as doth the crokke with the wal.
Daunte thiself, that dauntest otheres dede;
And trouthe shal delyvere, it is no drede.

That the is sent, receyve in buxumnesse;
The wrestlyng for the worlde axeth a fal.
Here is non home, here nys but wyldernesse.
Forth, pylgryme, forth! forth, beste, out of thi stal!
Know thi contré! loke up! thonk God of al!
Hold the heye weye, and lat thi gost the lede;
And trouthe shal delyvere, it is no drede.

Therfore, thou Vache, leve thine olde
wrechednesse;
Unto the world leve now to be thral.
Crie hym mercy, that of hys hie godnesse
Made the of nought, and in especial
Draw unto hym, and pray in general
For the, and eke for other, hevenelyche mede;
And trouthe schal delyvere, it is no drede.

Poetry Study

Title:

_____

Type of Poem:

_____

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.

Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

_____

_____

_____

_____

Write three adjectives about the poem.

_____ _____ _____

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

_____

_____

_____

_____

On either side the river lie

Long fields of barley and

of rye

That clothe the wold and

meet the sky;

And through the field the

road runs by

To many-towered Camelot;

And up and down the

people go,

Gazing where the lilies blow

Round an island there below

The island of Shalott.

On either side the river lie

Long fields of barley and of rye,

That clothe the wold and meet the sky;

And through the field the road runs by

To many-towered Camelot;

And up and down the people go,

Gazing where the lilies blow

Round an island there below,

The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,

Little breezes dusk and shiver

Through the wave that runs for ever

By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four grey walls, and four grey towers

Overlook a space of flowers,

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott.

On either side the river lie

Long fields of barley and of rye,

That clothe the wold and meet the

sky;

And through the field the road

runs by

To many-towered Camelot;

And up and down the people go,

Gazing where the lilies blow

Round an island there below,

The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,

Little breezes dusk and shiver

Through the wave that runs for ever

By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four grey walls, and four grey towers

Overlook a space of flowers,

And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
    To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
    Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
    Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
    Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
    Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
    To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
    The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
    Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
    Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
    And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
    The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
    Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
    As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
    Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
    As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
    Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
    As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
    Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse,
Like some bold seër in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance--
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right--
The leaves upon her falling light--
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

O come, O come, Emmanuel,

And ransom captive Israel,

That mourns in lonely

exile here,

Until the Son of God

appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

O come,

Thou Rod of Jesse, free

Thine own from

Satan's tyranny;

From depths of hell

Thy people save,

And give them victory

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee,

O Israel.

O come, Thou Dayspring,

from on high,

And cheer us by

Thy drawing nigh;

Disperse the gloomy

clouds of night,

And death's dark shadows

put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee,

O Israel.

O come,

Thou Key of David, come

And open wide our

heav'nly home;

Make safe the way

that leads on high,

And close the path

to misery.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee,

O Israel.

O come, Adonai,

Lord of might,

Who to Thy tribes,

on Sinai's height,

In ancient times didst

give the law

In cloud and majesty

and awe.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee,

O Israel.

O come, O Bright

and Morning Star,

And bring us comfort

from afar!

Dispel the shadows

of the night

And turn our darkness

into light.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee,

O Israel.

O come,

O King of nations, bind

In one the hearts

of all mankind;

Bid all our sad

divisions cease,

And be Yourself

our King of Peace.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

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And ransom captive Israel,

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Until the Son of God appear.

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Thine own from Satan's tyranny;

From depths of hell Thy people save,

And give them victory o'er the grave.

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Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Veni, veni Emmanuel!

Captivum solve Israel!

Qui gemit in exilio,

Privatus Dei Filio.

Gaude, gaude, Emmanuel

nascetur pro te, Israel.

Veni o Jesse virgula!

Ex hostis tuos ungula,

De specu tuos tartari

Educ, et antro barathri.

Veni, veni o Oriens!

Solare nos adveniens,

Noctis depelle nebulas,

Dirasque noctis tenebras.

Veni clavis Davidica!

Regna reclude coelica,

Fac iter Tutum superum,

Et claude vias Inferum.

Veni, veni Adonai!

Qui populo in Sinai

Legem dedisti vertice,

In maiestate gloriae.

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The Knights' Code of Chivalry

The Knights' Code of Chivalry is inspired by the song of Roland, the Duke of Burgundy and the Code of Chivalry in the legends of King Arthur and Camelot.

Code of Chivalry

1. To fear God and maintain His Church
2. To serve the liege lord in valour and faith
3. To protect the weak and defenseless
4. To give succour to widows and orphans
5. To refrain from the wanton giving of offense
6. To live by honour and for glory
7. To despise pecuniary reward
8. To fight for the welfare of all
9. To obey those placed in authority
10. To guard the honour of fellow knights
11. To eschew unfairness, meanness and deceit
12. To keep faith
13. At all times to speak the truth
14. To persevere to the end in any enterprise begun
15. To respect the honour of women
16. Never to refuse a challenge from an equal
17. Never to turn the back upon a foe

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Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six recipes for our hospitality tea: Plum Tart, Angel's Food, Medieval Gingerbread, Applemoys, Fine Cakes, Custard.

We will also have three Storytime Teas and one Poetry Tea Time:

Storytime Tea 1: *Legends That Every Child Should Know,* "Beowulf," by Hamilton Wright Mabie

Storytime Tea 2: *The Tale of King Arthur and the Round Table,* "The Quest for the Holy Graal," by Andrew Lang

Poetry Tea Time: "The Lady of Shalott," by Alfred Tennyson

Storytime Tea 3: *The Chaucer Story Book*, "The Knight's Tale," by Eva March Tappan (A PDF has been included to download)

"Patience is a conquering virtue."

~ Geoffrey Chaucer

Plum Tart

Ingredients:

5-6 medium plums
½ tsp cloves
¼ cup sugar
1 tsp cinnamon
½ tsp ginger
2 Tbsp Butter, cut into pieces
Pie crust

Directions:

Line a pie tin with a bottom crust. Mix sugar and spices together and sprinkle half over the crust. Cut the plums, removing the stones, and cut longways into thin slices. Arrange them over the crust in a circular pattern and sprinkle the rest of the spices on top. Add the cut butter over the plums. Bake for 45-50 minutes at 350° degrees.

Angel's Food

Ingredients:

8 oz cream cheese
1 cup ricotta cheese
1-2 T sugar
Rosewater or vanilla

Directions:

Beat together ricotta and cream cheese with an electric mixer until creamy. Add enough sugar to reach desired sweetness. Add flavoring: traditional medieval recipes call for rosewater, but we substituted with vanilla. Serve with pear or apple slices or graham crackers.

Medieval Gingerbread

Ingredients:

4 tsp ground ginger
1 tsp ground cloves
¼ tsp cinnamon
1 tsp pepper
2 cups honey
2 cups breadcrumbs

Directions:

Bring the honey to the boil, making sure it doesn't scorch. Remove the pan from heat and stir in the breadcrumbs. Add the spices and transfer to a baking tray or casserole dish, about ½ an inch thick. Allow to cool, then cut and serve.

Applemoyse

Ingredients:

3 cups apple sauce
¾ cup sugar
3 egg yolks
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. ginger

Directions:

Mix with ingredients in a saucepan. Heat until it starts to boil and becomes very thick. Serve warm or cold.

Fine Cakes

Ingredients:

2 cups flour
1 cup room temperature butter
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt

Directions:

Cream together the sugar, butter, and salt. Mix together the cinnamon and flour and add to the creamed mixture. If needed, mix in a little water to make the dough manageable. Press dough into a baking sheet lined with parchment paper. Prick all over with a fork at regular intervals, and bake for 30 minutes at 325 degrees.

Custard

Ingredients:

⅔ c. milk
2 large eggs
¼ tsp cinnamon
¼ tsp ginger
¼ tsp nutmeg
¼ tsp cloves
¼ tsp salt
pinch of ground saffron

Directions:

Beat egg, put through strainer into milk. Heat over low heat and stir, careful to make sure it doesn't curdle. Grind saffron with salt, mix with spices, and add to milk/egg mixture. When it gets hot, add the sugar and stir until thick. Pour into a room temperature metal bowl and put it on ice. Continue stirring with a hand mixer until thick. Refrigerate if necessary. Garnish with dates and currants.

BEOWULF

From *Legends That Every Child Should Know; a Selection of the Great Legends of All Times for Young People*

by Hamilton Wright Mabie

Old King Hrothgar built for himself a great palace, covered with gold, with benches all round outside, and a terrace leading up to it. It was bigger than any hall men had ever heard of, and there Hrothgar sat on his throne to share with men the good things God had given him. A band of brave knights gathered round him, all living together in peace and joy.

But there came a wicked monster, Grendel, out of the moors. He stole across the fens in the thick darkness, and touched the great iron bars of the door of the hall, which immediately sprang open. Then, with his eyes shooting out flame, he spied the knights sleeping after battle. With his steel finger nails the hideous fiend seized thirty of them in their sleep. He gave yells of joy, and sped as quick as lightning across the moors, to reach his home with his prey.

When the knights awoke, they raised a great cry of sorrow, whilst the aged King himself sat speechless with grief. None could do battle with the monster, he was too strong, too horrible for any one to conquer. For twelve long years Grendel warred against Hrothgar; like a dark shadow of death he prowled round about the hall, and lay in wait for his men on the misty moors. One thing he could not touch, and that was the King's sacred throne.

Now there lived in a far-off land a youngster called Beowulf, who had the strength of thirty men. He heard of the wicked deeds of Grendel, and the sorrow of the good King Hrothgar. So he had made ready a strong ship, and with fourteen friends set sail to visit Hrothgar, as he was in need of help. The good ship flew over the swelling ocean like a bird, till in due time the voyagers saw shining white cliffs before them. Then they knew their journey was at an end; they made fast their ship, grasped their weapons, and thanked God that they had had an easy voyage.

Now the coastguard spied them from a tower. He set off to the shore, riding on horseback, and brandishing a huge lance.

"Who are you," he cried, "bearing arms and openly landing here? I am bound to know from whence you come before you make a step forward. Listen to my plain words, and hasten to answer me." Beowulf made answer that they came as friends, to rid Hrothgar of his wicked enemy Grendel, and at that the coastguard led them on to guide them to the King's palace. Downhill they ran together, with a rushing sound of voices and armed tread, until they saw the hall shining like gold against the sky. The guard bade them go straight to it, then, wheeling round on his horse, he said, "It is time for me to go. May the Father of All keep you in safety. For myself, I must guard the coast."

The street was paved with stone, and Beowulf's men marched along, following it to the hall, their armour shining in the sun and clanging as they went. They reached the terrace, where they set down their broad shields. Then they seated themselves on the bench, while they stacked their spears together and made themselves known to the herald. Hrothgar speedily bade them welcome. They entered the great hall with measured tread, Beowulf leading the way. His armour shone like a golden net-work, and his look was high and noble, as he said, "Hail, O King! To fight against Grendel single-handed have I come. Grant me this, that I may have this task alone, I and my little band of men. I know that the terrible monster despises weapons, and therefore I shall bear neither sword, nor shield, nor buckler. Hand to hand I will fight the foe, and death shall come to whomsoever God wills. If death overtakes me, then will the monster carry away my body to the swamps, so care not for my body, but send my armour to my King. My fate is in God's hands."

Hrothgar loved the youth for his noble words, and bade him and his men sit down to the table and merrily share the feast, if they had a mind to do so. As they feasted, a minstrel sang with a clear voice. The Queen, in cloth of gold, moved down the hall and handed the jewelled cup of mead to the King and all the warriors, old and young. At the right moment, with gracious words, she brought it to Beowulf. Full of pride and high purpose, the youth drank from the splendid cup, and vowed that he would conquer the enemy or die.

When the sun sank in the west, all the guests arose. The King bade Beowulf guard the house, and watch for the foe. "Have courage," he said, "be watchful, resolve on success. Not a wish of yours shall be left unfulfilled, if you perform this mighty deed."

Then Beowulf lay down to rest in the hall, putting off from him his coat of mail, helmet, and sword.

Through the dim night Grendel came stealing. All slept in the darkness, all but one! The door sprang open at the first touch that the monster gave it. He trod quickly over the paved floor of the hall; his eyes gleamed as he saw a troop of kinsmen lying together asleep. He laughed as he reckoned on sucking the life of each one before day broke. He seized a sleeping warrior, and in a trice had crunched his bones. Then he stretched out his hand to seize Beowulf on his bed. Quickly did Beowulf grip his arm; he stood up full length and grappled with him with all his might, till his fingers cracked as though they would burst. Never had Grendel felt such a grip; he had a mind to go, but could not. He roared, and the hall resounded with his yells, as up and down he raged, with Beowulf holding him in a fast embrace. The benches were overturned, the timbers of the hall cracked, the beautiful hall was all but wrecked. Beowulf's men had seized their weapons and thought to hack Grendel on every side, but no blade could touch him. Still Beowulf held him by the arm; his shoulder cracked, and he fled, wounded to death, leaving hand, arm, and shoulder in Beowulf's grasp. Over the moors, into the darkness, he sped as best he might, and to Beowulf was the victory.

Then, in the morning, many a warrior came from far and near. Riding in troops, they tracked the monster's path, where he had fled stricken to death. In a dismal pool he had yielded up his life.

Racing their horses over the green turf, they reached again the paved street. The golden roof of the palace glittered in the sunlight. The King stood on the terrace and gave thanks to God. "I have had much woe," he said, "but this lad, through God's might, has done the deed that we, with all our wisdom, could not do. Now I will heartily love you, Beowulf, as if you were my son. You shall want for nothing in this world, and your fame shall live forever."

The palace was cleansed, the walls hung anew with cloth of gold, the whole place was made fair and straight, for only the roof had been left altogether unhurt after the fight.

A merry feast was held. The King brought forth out of his treasures a banner, helmet, and mail coat. These he gave to Beowolf; but more wonderful than all was a famous sword handed down to him through the ages. Then eight horses with golden cheekplates were brought within the court; one of them was saddled with King Hrothgar's own saddle, decorated with silver. Hrothgar gave all to Beowulf, bidding him enjoy them well. To each of Beowulf's men he gave rich gifts. The minstrels sang; the Queen, beautiful and gracious, bore the cup to the King and Beowulf. To Beowulf she, too, gave gifts: mantle and bracelets and collar of gold. "Use these gifts," she said, "and prosper well! As far as the sea rolls your name shall be known."

Great was the joy of all till evening came. Then the hall was cleared of benches and strewn with beds. Beowulf, like the King, had his own bower this night to sleep in. The nobles lay down in the hall, at their heads they set their shields and placed ready their helmets and their mail coats. Each slept, ready in an instant to do battle for his lord.

So they sank to rest, little dreaming what deep sorrow was to fall on them.

Hrothgar's men sank to rest, but death was to be the portion of one. Grendel the monster was dead, but Grendel's mother still lived. Furious at the death of her son, she crept to the great hall, and made her way in, clutched an earl, the King's dearest friend, and crushed him in his sleep. Great was the uproar, though the terror was less than when Grendel came. The knights leapt up, sword in hand; the witch hurried to escape, she wanted to get out with her life.

The aged King felt bitter grief when he heard that his dearest friend was slain. He sent for Beowulf, who, like the King, had had his own sleeping bower that night. The youth stood before Hrothgar and hoped that all was well.

"Do not ask if things go well," said the sorrowing King, "we have fresh grief this morning. My dearest friend and noblest knight is slain. Grendel you yourself destroyed through the strength given you by God, but another monster has come to avenge his death. I have heard the country folk say that there were two huge fiends to be seen stalking over the moors, one like a woman, as near as they could make out, the other had the form of a man, but was huger far. It was he they called Grendel. These two haunt a fearful spot, a land of untrodden bogs and windy cliffs. A waterfall plunges into the blackness below, and twisted trees with gnarled roots overhang it. An unearthly fire is seen gleaming there night after night. None can tell the depth of the stream.

Even a stag, hunted to death, will face his foes on the bank rather than plunge into those waters. It is a fearful spot. You are our only help, dare you enter this horrible haunt?"

Quick was Beowulf's answer: "Sorrow not, O King! Rouse yourself quickly, and let us track the monster. Each of us must look for death, and he who has the chance should do mighty deeds before it comes. I promise you Grendel's kin shall not escape me, if she hide in the depths of the earth or of the ocean."

The King sprang up gladly, and Beowulf and his friends set out. They passed stony banks and narrow gullies, the haunts of goblins.

Suddenly they saw a clump of gloomy trees, overhanging a dreary pool. A shudder ran through them, for the pool was blood-red.

All sat down by the edge of the pool, while the horn sounded a cheerful blast. In the water were monstrous sea-snakes, and on jutting points of land were dragons and strange beasts: they tumbled away, full of rage, at the sound of the horn.

One of Beowulf's men took aim at a monster with his arrow, and pierced him through, so that he swam no more.

Beowulf was making ready for the fight. He covered his body with armour lest the fiend should clutch him. On his head was a white helmet, decorated with figures of boars worked in silver. No weapon could hurt it. His sword was a wonderful treasure, with an edge of iron; it had never failed any one who had needed it in battle.

"Be like a father to my men, if I perish," said Beowulf to Hrothgar, "and send the rich gifts you have given me to my King. He will see that I had good fortune while life lasted. Either I will win fame, or death shall take me."

He dashed away, plunging headlong into the pool. It took nearly the whole day before he reached the bottom, and while he was still on his way the water-witch met him. For a hundred years she had lived in those depths. She made a grab at him, and caught him in her talons, but his coat of mail saved him from her loathsome fingers. Still she clutched him tight, and bore him in her arms to the bottom of the lake; he had no power to use his weapons, though he had courage enough. Water-beasts swam after him and battered him with their tusks.

Then he saw that he was in a vast hall, where there was no water, but a strange, unearthly glow of firelight. At once the fight began, but the sword would not bite—it failed its master in his need; for the first time its fame broke down. Away Beowulf threw it in anger, trusting to the strength of his hands. He cared nothing for his own life, for he thought but of honour.

He seized the witch by the shoulder and swayed her so that she sank on the pavement. Quickly she recovered, and closed in on him; he staggered and fell, worn out. She sat on him, and drew her knife to take his life, but his good mail coat turned the point. He stood up again, and then truly God helped him, for he saw among the armour on the wall an old sword of huge size, the handiwork of giants. He seized it, and smote with all his might, so that the witch gave up her life.

His heart was full of gladness, and light, calm and beautiful as that of the sun, filled the hall. He scanned the vast chamber, and saw Grendel lying there dead. He cut off his head as a trophy for King Hrothgar, whose men the fiend had killed and devoured.

Now those men who were seated on the banks of the pool watching with Hrothgar saw that the water was tinged with blood. Then the old men spoke together of the brave Beowulf, saying they feared they would never see him again. The day was waning fast, so they and the King went homeward. Beowulf's men stayed on, sick at heart, gazing at the pool. They longed, but did not expect, to see their lord and master.

Under the depths, Beowulf was making his way to them. The magic sword melted in his hand, like snow in sunshine; only the hilt remained, so venomous was the fiend that had been slain therewith. He brought nothing more with him than the hilt and Grendel's head. Up he rose through the waters where the furious sea-beasts before had chased him. Now not one was to be seen; the depths were purified when the witch lost her life. So he came to land, bravely swimming, bearing his spoils. His men saw him, they thanked God, and ran to free him of his armour. They rejoiced to get sight of him, sound and whole.

Now they marched gladly through the highways to the town. It took four of them to carry Grendel's head. On they went, all fourteen, their captain glorious in their midst. They entered the great hall, startling the King and Queen, as they sat at meat, with the fearful sight of Grendel's head.

Beowulf handed the magic hilt to Hrothgar, who saw that it was the work of giants of old. He spake to Beowulf, while all held their peace, praised him for his courage, said that he would love him as his son, and bade him be a help to mankind, remembering not to glory in his own strength, for he held it from God, and death without more ado might subdue it altogether. "Many, many treasures," he said, "must pass from me to you to-morrow, but now rest and feast."

Gladly Beowulf sat down to the banquet, and well he liked the thought of the rest.

When day dawned, he bade the King farewell with noble words, promising to help him in time of need. Hrothgar with tears and embraces let him go, giving him fresh gifts of hoarded jewels. He wept, for he loved Beowulf well, and knew he would never see him any more.

The coastguard saw the gallant warriors coming, bade them welcome, and led them to their ship. The wind whistled in the sails, and a pleasant humming sound was heard as the good ship sped on her way. So Beowulf returned home, having done mighty deeds and gained great honour.

In due time Beowulf himself became King, and well he governed the land for fifty years. Then trouble came.

A slave, fleeing from his master, stumbled by an evil chance into the den of a dragon. There he saw a dazzling hoard of gold, guarded by the dragon for three hundred winters. The treasure tempted him, and he carried off a tankard of gold to give to his master, to make peace with him.

The dragon had been sleeping, now he awoke, and sniffed the scent of an enemy along the rock. He hunted diligently over the ground; he wanted to find the man who had done the mischief in his sleep. In his rage he swung around the treasure mound, dashing into it now and again to seek the jewelled tankard. He found it hard to wait until evening came, when he meant to avenge with fire the loss of his treasure.

Presently the sun sank, and the dragon had his will. He set forth, burning all the cheerful homes of men: his rage was felt far and wide. Before dawn he shot back again to his dark home, trusting in his mound and in his craft to defend himself.

Now Beowulf heard that his own home had been burnt to the ground. It was a great grief to him, almost making him break out in a rage against Providence. His breast heaved with anger.

He meant to rid his country of the plague, and to fight the dragon single handed. He would have thought it shame to seek him with a large band, he who, as a lad, had killed Grendel and his kin. As he armed for the fray, many thoughts filled his mind; he remembered the days of his youth and manhood. "I fought many wars in my youth," he said, "and now that I am aged, and the keeper of my people, I will yet again seek the enemy and do famously."

He bade his men await him on the mountain-side. They were to see which of the two would come alive out of the tussle.

There the aged King beheld where a rocky archway stood, with a stream of fire gushing from it; no one could stand there and not be scorched. He gave a great shout, and the dragon answered with a hot breath of flame. Beowulf, with drawn sword, stood well up to his shield, when the burning dragon, curved like an arch, came headlong upon him. The shield saved him but little; he swung up the sword to smite the horrible monster, but its edge did not bite. Sparks flew around him on every side; he saw that the end of his days had come.

His men crept away to the woods to save their lives. One, and one only,
Wiglaf by name, sped through the smoke and flame to help his lord.

"My Lord Beowulf!" he cried, "with all your might defend life, I will support you to the utmost."

The dragon came on in fury; in a trice the flames consumed Wiglaf's shield, but, nothing daunted, he stepped under the shelter of Beowulf's, as his own fell in ashes about him.

The King remembered his strength of old, and he smote with his sword with such force that it stuck in the monster's head, while splinters flew all around. His hand was so strong that, as men used to say, he broke any sword in using it, and was none the worse for it.

Now, for the third time, the dragon rushed upon him, and seized him by the neck with his poisonous fangs. Wiglaf, with no thought for himself, rushed forward, though he was scorched with the flames, and smote the dragon lower down than Beowulf had done. With such effect the sword entered the dragon's body that from that moment the fire began to cease.

The King, recovering his senses, drew his knife and ended the monster's life. So these two together destroyed the enemy of the people. To Beowulf that was the greatest moment of his life, when he saw his work completed.

The wound that the dragon had given him began to burn and swell, for the poison had entered it. He knew that the tale of his days was told. As he rested on a stone by the mound, he pondered thoughtfully, looking on the cunning work of the dwarfs of old, the stone arches on their rocky pillars. Wiglaf, with tender care, unloosed his helmet and brought him water, Beowulf discoursing the while: "Now I would gladly have given my armour to my son, had God granted me one. I have ruled this people fifty years, and no King has dared attack them. I have held my own with justice, and no friend has lost his life through me. Though I am sick with deadly wounds, I have comfort in this. Now go quickly, beloved Wiglaf, show me the ancient wealth that I have won for my people, the gold and brilliant gems, that I may then contentedly give up my life."

Quickly did Wiglaf enter the mound at the bidding of his master. On every side he saw gold and jewels and choice vases, helmets and bracelets, and over head, a marvellous banner, all golden, gleaming with light, so that he could scan the surface of the floor and see the curious treasured hoards. He filled his lap full of golden cups and platters, and also took the brilliant banner.

He hastened to return with his spoils, wondering, with pain, if he should find his King still alive. He bore his treasures to him, laid them on the ground, and again sprinkled him with water. "I thank God," said the dying King, "that I have been permitted to win this treasure for my people; now they will have all that they need. But I cannot be any longer here. Bid my men make a lofty mound on the headland overlooking the sea, and there place my ashes. In time to come men shall call it Beowulf's Barrow, it shall tower aloft to guide sailors over the stormy seas."

The brave King took from his neck his golden collar, took his helmet and his coronet, and gave them to his true knight, Wiglaf. "Fate has swept all my kinsmen away," said he, "and now I must follow them."

That was his last word, as his soul departed from his bosom, to join the company of the just.

Of all Kings in the world, he was, said his men, the gentlest to his knights and the most desirous of honour.

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAAL

by Andrew Lang

I.

How the King went on Pilgrimage and his Squire was slain in a Dream.

Now the King was minded to go on a pilgrimage, and he agreed with the Queen that he would set forth to seek the holy chapel at St. Augustine, which is in the White Forest, and may only be found by adventure. Much he wished to undertake the quest alone, but this the Queen would not suffer, and to do her pleasure he consented that a youth, tall and strong of limb, should ride with him as his squire. Chaus was the youth's name, and he was son to Gwain li Aoutres.

"Lie within to-night," commanded the King, "and take heed that my horse be saddled at break of day, and my arms ready."

"At your pleasure, Sir," answered the youth, whose heart rejoiced because he was going alone with the King.

As night came on, all the Knights quitted the hall, but Chaus the squire stayed where he was, and would not take off his clothes or his shoes, lest sleep should fall on him and he might not be ready when the King called him. So he sat himself down by the great fire, but in spite of his will sleep fell heavily on him, and he dreamed a strange dream.

In his dream it seemed that the King had ridden away to the quest, and had left his squire behind him, which filled the young man with fear. And in his dream he set the saddle and bridle on his horse, and fastened his spurs, and girt on his sword, and galloped out of the castle after the King. He rode on a long space, till he entered a thick forest, and there before him lay traces of the King's horse, and he followed till the marks of the hoofs ceased suddenly at some open ground and he thought that the King had alighted there. On the right stood a chapel, and about it was a graveyard, and in the graveyard many coffins, and in his dream it seemed as if the King had entered the chapel, so the young man entered also. But no man did he behold save a Knight that lay dead upon a bier in the midst of the chapel, covered with a pall of rich silk, and four tapers in golden candlesticks were burning round him. The squire marvelled to see the body lying there so lonely, with no one near it, and likewise that the King was nowhere to be seen. Then he took out one of the tall tapers, and hid the candlestick under his cloak, and rode away until he should find the King.

On his journey through the forest he was stopped by a man black and ill-favoured, holding a large knife in his hand.

"Ho! you that stand there, have you seen King Arthur?" asked the squire.

“No, but I have met you, and I am glad thereof, for you have under your cloak one of the candlesticks of gold that was placed in honour of the Knight who lies dead in the chapel. Give it to me, and I will carry it back; and if you do not this of your own will, I will make you.”

“By my faith!” cried the squire, “I will never yield it to you! Rather, will I carry it off and make a present of it to King Arthur.”

“You will pay for it dearly,” answered the man, “if you yield it not up forthwith.”

To this the squire did not make answer, but dashed forward, thinking to pass him by; but the man thrust at him with his knife, and it entered his body up to the hilt. And when the squire dreamed this, he cried, “Help! help! for I am a dead man!”

As soon as the King and the Queen heard that cry they awoke from their sleep, and the Chamberlain said, “Sir, you must be moving, for it is day;” and the King rose and dressed himself, and put on his shoes. Then the cry came again: “Fetch me a priest, for I die!” and the King ran at great speed into the hall, while the Queen and the Chamberlain followed him with torches and candles.

“What aileth you?” asked the King of his squire, and the squire told him of all that he had dreamed. “Ha,” said the king, “is it, then, a dream?”

“Yes, Sir,” answered the squire, “but it is a right foul dream for me, for right foully it hath come true,” and he lifted his left arm, and said, “Sir, look you here! Lo, here is the knife that was struck in my side up to the haft.” After that, he drew forth the candlestick, and showed it to the King. “Sir, for this candlestick that I present to you was I wounded to the death!” The King took the candlestick in his hands and looked at it, and none so rich had he seen before, and he bade the Queen look also. “Sir,” said the squire again, “draw not forth the knife out of my body till I be shriven of the priest.”

So the King commanded that a priest should be sent for, and when the squire had confessed his sins, the King drew the knife out of the body and the soul departed forthwith. Then the King grieved that the young man had come to his death in such strange wise, and ordered him a fair burial, and desired that the golden candlestick should be sent to the Church of Saint Paul in London, which at that time was newly built.

After this King Arthur would have none to go with him on his quest, and many strange adventures he achieved before he reached the chapel of St. Augustine, which was in the midst of the White Forest. There he alighted from his horse, and sought to enter, but though there was neither door nor bar he might not pass the threshold. But from without be heard wondrous voices singing, and saw a light shining brighter than any that he had seen before, and visions such as he scarcely dared to look upon. And he resolved greatly to amend his sins, and to bring peace and order into his kingdom. So he set forth, strengthened and comforted, and after divers more adventures returned to his Court.

II.

The Coming of the Holy Graal.

It was on the eve of Pentecost that all the Knights of the Table Round met together at Camelot, and a great feast was made ready for them. And as they sat at supper they heard a loud noise, as of the crashing of thunder, and it seemed as if the roof would fall on them. Then, in the midst of the thunder, there entered a sunbeam, brighter by seven times than the brightest day, and its brightness was not of this world. The Knights held their peace, but every man looked at his neighbour, and his countenance shone fairer than ever it had done before. As they sat dumb, for their tongues felt as if they could speak nothing, there floated in the hall the Holy Graal, and over it a veil of white samite, so that none might see it nor who bare it. But sweet odours filled the place, and every Knight had set before him the food he loved best; and after that the Holy Vessel departed suddenly, they wist not where. When it had gone their tongues were loosened, and the King gave thanks for the wonders that they had been permitted to see. After that he had finished, Sir Gawaine stood up and vowed to depart the next morning in quest of the Holy Graal, and not to return until he had seen it.

"But if after a year and a day I may not speed in my quest," said he, "I shall come again, for I shall know that the sight of it is not for me." And many of the Knights there sitting swore a like vow.

But King Arthur, when he heard this, was sore displeased. "Alas!" cried he unto Sir Gawaine, "you have undone me by your vow. For through you is broken up the fairest fellowship, and the truest of knighthood, that ever the world saw, and when they have once departed they shall meet no more at the Table Round, for many shall die in the quest. It grieves me sore, for I have loved them as well as my own life." So he spoke, and paused, and tears came into his eyes. "Ah, Gawaine, Gawaine! you have set me in great sorrow."

"Comfort yourself," said Sir Lancelot, "for we shall win for ourselves great honour, much more if we die in this wise than in any other, since die we must."

But the King would not be comforted, and the Queen and all the Court were troubled also for the love which they bore these Knights. Now among the company sat a young Knight whose name was Galahad. He had already achieved fame by his deeds in the field and tourney, and the Queen marvelled at the likeness he bore to Sir Lancelot. She asked him whence he came, and of what country, and if he was son to Sir Lancelot. And King Arthur did him great honour, and he rested him in his own bed. And next morning the King and Queen went into the Minster, and the Knights followed them, dressed all in armour, save only their shields and their helmets. When the service was finished the King would know how many of the fellowship had sworn to undertake the quest of the Graal, and they were counted, and found to number a hundred and fifty. They bade farewell, and mounted their horses, and rode through the streets of Camelot, and there was weeping of both rich and poor, and the King could not speak for weeping. And at sunrise they all parted company with each other, and every Knight took the way he best liked.

III.

The Adventure of Sir Galahad.

Now Sir Galahad had as yet no shield, and he rode four days without meeting any adventure, till at last he came to a White Abbey, where he dismounted and asked if he might sleep there that night. The brethren received him with great reverence, and led him to a chamber, where he took off his armour, and then saw that he was in the presence of two Knights. "Sirs," said Sir Galahad, "what adventure brought you hither?"

"Sir," replied they, "we heard that within this Abbey is a shield that no man may hang round his neck without being dead within three days, or some mischief befalling him. And if we fail in the adventure, you shall take it upon you."

"Sirs," replied Sir Galahad, "I agree well thereto, for as yet I have no shield."

So on the morn they arose and heard Mass, and then a monk led them behind an altar where hung a shield white as snow, with a red cross in the middle of it. "Sirs," said the monk, "this shield can be hung round no Knight's neck, unless he be the worthiest Knight in the world, and therefore I counsel you to be well advised."

"Well," answered one of the Knights, whose name was King Bagdemagus, "I know truly that I am not the best Knight in the world, but yet shall I try to bear it," and he bore it out of the Abbey. Then he said to Sir Galahad, "I pray you abide here still, till you know how I shall speed," and he rode away, taking with him a squire to send tidings back to Sir Galahad.

After King Bagdemagus had ridden two miles he entered a fair valley, and there met him a goodly Knight seated on a white horse and clad in white armour. And they came together with their spears, and Sir Bagdemagus was borne from his horse, for the shield covered him not at all. Therewith the strange Knight alighted and took the white shield from him, and gave it to the squire, saying, "Bear this shield to the good Knight Sir Galahad that thou hast left in the Abbey, and greet him well from me."

"Sir," said the squire, "what is your name?"

"Take thou no heed of my name," answered the Knight, "for it is not for thee to know, nor for any earthly man."

"Now, fair Sir," said the squire, "tell me for what cause this shield may not be borne lest ill befalls him who bears it."

"Since you have asked me," answered the Knight, "know that no man shall bear this shield, save Sir Galahad only."

Then the squire turned to Bagdemagus, and asked him whether he were wounded or not.

"Yes, truly," said he, "and I shall hardly escape from death;" and scarcely could he climb on to his horse's back when the squire brought it near him. But the squire led him to a monastery that lay in the valley, and there he was treated of his wounds, and after long lying came back to life. After the squire had given the Knight into the care of the monks, he rode back to the Abbey, bearing with him the shield.

"Sir Galahad," said he, alighting before him, "the Knight that wounded Bagdemagus sends you greeting, and bids you bear this shield, which shall bring you many adventures."

"Now blessed be God and fortune," answered Sir Galahad, and called for his arms, and mounted his horse, hanging the shield about his neck. Then, followed by the squire, he set out. They rode straight to the hermitage, where they saw the White Knight who had sent the shield to Sir Galahad. The two Knights saluted each other courteously, and then the White Knight told Sir Galahad the story of the shield, and how it had been given into his charge. Afterwards they parted, and Sir Galahad and his squire returned unto the Abbey whence they came.

The monks made great joy at seeing Sir Galahad again, for they feared he was gone for ever; and as soon as he was alighted from his horse they brought him unto a tomb in the churchyard where there was night and day such a noise that any man who heard it would be driven nigh mad, or else lose his strength. "Sir," they said, "we deem it a fiend."

Sir Galahad drew near, all armed save his helmet, and stood by the tomb. "Lift up the stone," said a monk, and Galahad lifted it, and a voice cried,"Come thou not nigh me, Sir Galahad, for thou shalt make me go again where I have been so long."

But Galahad took no heed of him, and lifted the stone yet higher, and there rushed from the tomb a foul smoke, and in the midst of it leaped out the foulest figure that ever was seen in the likeness of a man. "Galahad," said the figure, "I see about thee so many angels that my power dare not touch thee."

Then Galahad, stooping down, looked into the tomb, and he saw a body all armed lying there, with a sword by his side. "Fair brother," said Galahad, "let us remove this body, for he is not worthy to be in this churchyard, being a false Christian man."

This being done they all departed and returned unto the monastery, where they lay that night, and the next morning Sir Galahad knighted Melias his squire, as he had promised him aforetime. So Sir Galahad and Sir Melias departed thence, in quest of the Holy Graal, but they soon went their different ways and fell upon different adventures.

So Sir Galahad and Sir Melias departed thence, in quest of the Holy Graal, but they soon went their different ways and fell upon different adventures. In his first encounter Sir Melias was sore wounded, and Sir Galahad came to his help, and left him to an old monk who said that he would heal him of his wounds in the space of seven weeks, and that he was thus wounded because he had not come clean to the quest of the Graal, as Sir Galahad had done. Sir Galahad left him there, and rode on till he came to the Castle of Maidens, which he alone might enter who was free from sin.

There he chased away the Knights who had seized the castle seven years agone, and restored all to the Duke's daughter, who owned it of right. Besides this he set free the maidens who were kept in prison, and summoned all those Knights in the country round who had held their lands of the Duke, bidding them do homage to his daughter. And in the morning one came to him and told him that as the seven Knights fled from the Castle of Maidens they fell upon the path of Sir Gawaine, Sir Gareth, and Sir Lewaine, who were seeking Sir Galahad, and they gave battle: and the seven Knights were slain by the three Knights. "It is well," said Galahad, and he took his armour and his horse and rode away.

So when Sir Galahad left the Castle of Maidens he rode till he came to a waste forest, and there he met with Sir Lancelot and Sir Percivale; but they knew him not, for he was now disguised. And they fought together, and the two knights were smitten down out of the saddle. "God be with thee, thou best Knight in the world," cried a nun who dwelt in a hermitage close by; and she said it in a loud voice, so that Lancelot and Percivale might hear. But Sir Galahad feared that she would make known who he was, so he spurred his horse and struck deep into the forest before Sir Lancelot and Sir Percivale could mount again. They knew not which path he had taken, so Sir Percivale turned back to ask advice of the nun, and Sir Lancelot pressed forward.

IV.

How Sir Lancelot saw a Vision, and repented of his Sins.

He halted when he came to a stone cross, which had by it a block of marble, while nigh at hand stood an old chapel. He tied his horse to a tree, and hung his shield on a branch, and looked into the chapel, for the door was waste and broken. And he saw there a fair altar covered with a silken cloth, and a candlestick which had six branches, all of shining silver. A great light streamed from it, and at this sight Sir Lancelot would fain have entered in, but he could not. So he turned back sorrowful and dismayed, and took the saddle and bridle off his horse, and let him pasture where he would, while he himself unlaced his helm, and ungirded his sword, and lay down to sleep upon his shield, at the foot of the cross.

As he lay there, half waking and half sleeping, he saw two white palfreys come by, drawing a litter, wherein lay a sick Knight. When they reached the cross they paused, and Sir Lancelot heard the Knight say, "O sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the Holy Vessel come by me through which I shall be blessed? For I have endured long, though my ill deeds were few." Thus he spoke, and Sir Lancelot heard it, and of a sudden the great candlestick stood before the cross, though no man had brought it.

And with it was a table of silver and the Holy Vessel of the Graal, which Lancelot had seen aforetime. Then the Knight rose up, and on his hands and knees he approached the Holy Vessel, and prayed, and was made whole of his sickness. After that the Graal went back into the chapel, and the light and the candlestick also, and Sir Lancelot would fain have followed, but could not, so heavy was the weight of his sins upon him. And the sick Knight arose and kissed the cross, and saw Sir Lancelot lying at the foot with his eyes shut. "I marvel greatly at this sleeping Knight," he said to his squire, "that he had no power to wake when the Holy Vessel was brought hither."

"I dare right well say," answered the squire, "that he dwelleth in some deadly sin, whereof he was never confessed."

"By my faith," said the Knight, "he is unhappy, whoever he is, for he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, which have undertaken the quest of the Graal."

"Sir," replied the squire, "you have all your arms here, save only your sword and your helm. Take therefore those of this strange Knight, who has just put them off." And the Knight did as his squire said, and took Sir Lancelot's horse also, for it was better than his own.

After they had gone Sir Lancelot waked up wholly, and thought of what he had seen, wondering if he were in a dream or not. Suddenly a voice spoke to him and it said, "Sir Lancelot, more hard than is the stone, more bitter than is the wood, more naked and barren than is the leaf of the fig tree, art thou; therefore go from hence and withdraw thee from this holy place."

When Sir Lancelot heard this, his heart was passing heavy, and he wept, cursing the day when he had been born. But his helm and sword had gone from the spot where he had laid them at the foot of the cross, and his horse was gone also. And he smote himself and cried, "My sin and my wickedness have done me this dishonour; for when I sought worldly adventures I ever achieved them and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfited in any quarrel, were it right or wrong. But now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, I see and understand that my old sin hinders me, so that I could not move or speak when the Holy Graal passed by."

Thus he sorrowed till it was day, and he heard the birds sing, and at that he felt comforted. And as his horse was gone also, he departed on foot with a heavy heart.

V.

The Adventure of Sir Percivale.

All this while Sir Percivale had pursued adventures of his own, and came nigh unto losing his life, but he was saved from his enemies by the good Knight, Sir Galahad, whom he did not know, although he was seeking him, for Sir Galahad now bore a red shield, and not a white one. And at last the foes fled deep into the forest, and Sir Galahad followed; but Sir Percivale had no horse and was forced to stay behind. Then his eyes were opened, and he knew it was Sir Galahad who had come to his help, and he sat down under a tree and grieved sore.

While he was sitting there a Knight passed by riding a black horse, and when he was out of sight a yeoman came pricking after as fast as he could, and, seeing Sir Percivale, asked if he had seen a Knight mounted on a black horse. "Yes, Sir, forsooth," answered Sir Percivale, "why do you want to know?" "Ah, Sir, that is my steed which he has taken from me, and wherever my lord shall find me, he is sure to slay me." "Well," said Sir Percivale, "thou seest that I am on foot, but had I a good horse I would soon come up with him."

"Take my hackney," said the yeoman, "and do the best you can, and I shall follow you on foot to watch how you speed." So Sir Percivale rode as fast as he might, and at last he saw that Knight, and he hailed him. The Knight turned and set his spear against Sir Percivale, and smote the hackney in the breast, so that he fell dead to the earth, and Sir Percivale fell with him; then the Knight rode away. But Sir Percivale was mad with wrath, and cried to the Knight to return and fight with him on foot; but the Knight answered not and went on his way. When Sir Percivale saw that he would not turn, he threw himself on the ground, and cast away his helm and sword, and bemoaned himself for the most unhappy of all Knights; and there he abode the whole day, and, being faint and weary, slept till it was midnight.

At midnight he waked and saw before him a woman, who said to him right fiercely, "Sir Percivale, what doest thou here?" "Neither good nor great ill," answered he. "If thou wilt promise to do my will when I call upon thee," said she, "I will lend thee my own horse, and he shall bear thee whither thou shalt choose."

This Sir Percivale promised gladly, and the woman went and returned with a black horse, so large and well-apparelled that Sir Percivale marvelled. But he mounted him gladly, and drove in his spurs, and within an hour and less the horse bare him four days' journey thence, and would have borne him into a rough water, had not Sir Percivale pulled at his bridle. The Knight stood doubting, for the water made a great noise, and he feared lest his horse could not get through it. Still, wishing greatly to pass over, he made himself ready, and signed the sign of the cross upon his forehead.

At that the fiend which had taken the shape of a horse shook off Sir Percivale and dashed into the water, crying and making great sorrow; and it seemed to him that the water burned. Then Sir Percivale knew that it was not a horse but a fiend which would have brought him to perdition, and he gave thanks and prayed all that night long. As soon as it was day he looked about him, and saw he was in a wild mountain, girt round with the sea and filled with wild beasts. Then he rose and went into a valley, and there he saw a young serpent bring a young lion by the neck, and after that there passed a great lion, crying and roaring after the serpent, and a fierce battle began between them.

Sir Percivale thought to help the lion, as he was the more natural beast of the twain, and he drew his sword and set his shield before him, and gave the serpent a deadly buffet. When the lion saw that, he made him all the cheer that a beast might make a man, and fawned about him like a spaniel, and stroked him with his paws. And about noon the lion took his little whelp, and placed him on his back, and bare him home again, and Sir Percivale, being left alone, prayed till he was comforted. But at eventide the lion returned, and couched down at his feet, and all night long he and the lion slept together.

SIR PERCIVALE SLAYS THE SERPENT

VI.

An Adventure of Sir Lancelot.

As Lancelot went his way through the forest he met with many hermits who dwelled therein, and had adventure with the Knight who stole his horse and his helm, and got them back again. And he learned from one of the hermits that Sir Galahad was his son, and that it was he who at the Feast of Pentecost had sat in the Siege Perilous, which it was ordained by Merlin that none should sit in save the best Knight in the world. All that night Sir Lancelot abode with the hermit and laid him to rest, a hair shirt always on his body, and it pricked him sorely, but he bore it meekly and suffered the pain. When the day dawned he bade the hermit farewell. As he rode he came to a fair plain, in which was a great castle set about with tents and pavilions of divers hues. Here were full five hundred Knights riding on horseback, and those near the castle were mounted on black horses with black trappings, and they that were without were on white horses and their trappings white. And the two sides fought together, and Sir Lancelot looked on.

At last it seemed to him that the black Knights nearest the castle fared the worst, so, as he ever took the part of the weaker, he rode to their help and smote many of the white Knights to the earth and did marvellous deeds of arms. But always the white Knights held round Sir Lancelot to tire him out. And as no man may endure for ever, in the end Sir Lancelot waxed so faint of fighting that his arms would not lift themselves to deal a stroke; then they took him, and led him away into the forest and made him alight from his horse and rest, and when he was taken the fellowship of the castle were overcome for want of him.

"Never ere now was I at tournament or jousts but I had the best," moaned Sir Lancelot to himself, as soon as the Knights had left him and he was alone. "But now am I shamed, and I am persuaded that I am more sinful than ever I was." Sorrowfully he rode on till he passed a chapel, where stood a nun, who called to him and asked him his name and what he was seeking.

So he told her who he was, and what had befallen him at the tournament, and the vision that had come to him in his sleep. "Ah, Lancelot," said she, "as long as you were a knight of earthly knighthood you were the most wonderful man in the world and the most adventurous. But now, since you are set among Knights of heavenly adventures, if you were worsted at that tournament it is no marvel. For the tournament was meant for a sign, and the earthly Knights were they who were clothed in black in token of the sins of which they were not yet purged. And the white Knights were they who had chosen the way of holiness, and in them the quest has already begun. Thus you beheld both the sinners and the good men, and when you saw the sinners overcome you went to their help, as they were your fellows in boasting and pride of the world, and all that must be left in that quest. And that caused your misadventure. Now that I have warned you of your vain-glory and your pride, beware of everlasting pain, for of all earthly Knights I have pity of you, for I know well that among earthly sinful Knights you are without peer."

VII.

An Adventure of Sir Gawaine.

When Sir Gawaine departed he rode long without any adventure. From Whitsunday to Michaelmas he rode and found not the tenth part of the adventures he was wont to do. But it befell on a day that he met Sir Ector de Maris, at which they rejoiced exceedingly, complaining to one another of the lack of adventure in the quest on which they were set.

"Truly," said Sir Gawaine to Sir Ector, "I am nigh weary of this quest, and loth to follow it to further strange countries."

"One thing seems strange to me," said Sir Ector, "I have met with twenty Knights, and they all complain as I do."

"I wonder," said Sir Gawaine, "where your brother is." "I can hear nothing of him," answered Sir Ector, "nor of Sir Galahad, Sir Percivale, or Sir Bors, but they fare well, no doubt, for they have no peers."

As they sat talking there appeared before them a hand showing unto the elbow covered with red samite, and holding a great candle that burned right clear; and the hand passed into the chapel and vanished, they knew not where. Then they heard a voice which said, "Knights full of evil faith and poor belief, these two things have failed you, and therefore you may not come to the adventure of the Holy Graal." And thereat they went to a holy man to whom they confessed their sins. Said he, "This is the meaning of the vision: you have failed in three things, charity, fasting, and truth, and have been great murderers."

"Sir," said Gawaine, "by your words it seems that our sins will not let us labour in that quest?"

"Truly," answered the hermit, "there be an hundred such as you to whom it will bring naught but shame." So Gawaine departed and followed Sir Ector, who had ridden on before.

VIII.

The Adventure of Sir Bors.

When Sir Bors left Camelot on his quest he met a holy man riding on an ass, and Sir Bors saluted him. Anon the good man knew him to be one of the Knights who were in quest of the Holy Graal. "What are you?" said he, and Sir Bors answered, "I am a Knight that fain would be counselled in the quest of the Graal, for he shall have much earthly worship that brings it to an end." "That is true," said the good man, "for he will be the best Knight in the world, but know well that there shall none attain it but by holiness and by confession of sin."

So they rode together till they came to the hermitage, and the good man led Sir Bors into the chapel, where he made confession of his sins, and they ate bread and drank water together. "Now," said the hermit, "I pray you that you eat none other till you sit at the table where the Holy Graal shall be." "Sir," answered Sir Bors, "I agree thereto, but how know you that I shall sit there?" "That know I," said the holy man, "but there will be but few of your fellows with you. Also instead of a shirt you shall wear this garment until you have achieved your quest," and Sir Bors took off his clothes, and put on instead a scarlet coat. Then the good man questioned him, and marvelled to find him pure in life, and he armed him and bade him go.

After this Sir Bors rode through many lands, and had many adventures, and was often sore tempted, but remembered the words of the holy man and kept his life clean of wrong. And once he had by mischance almost slain his own brother, but a voice cried, "Flee, Bors, and touch him not," and he hearkened and stayed his hand. And there fell between them a fiery cloud, which burned up both their shields, and they two fell to the earth in a great swoon; but when they awakened out of it Bors saw that his brother had no harm. With that the voice spoke to him saying, "Bors, go hence and bear your brother fellowship no longer; but take your way to the sea, where Sir Percivale abides till you come."

Then Sir Bors prayed his brother to forgive him all he had unknowingly done, and rode straight to the sea. On the shore he found a vessel covered with white samite, and as soon as he stepped in the vessel it set sail so fast it might have been flying, and Sir Bors lay down and slept till it was day. When he waked he saw a Knight lying in the midst of the ship, all armed save for his helm, and he knew him for Sir Percivale, and welcomed him with great joy; and they told each other of their adventures and of their temptations, and had great happiness in each other's company. "We lack nothing but Galahad, the good Knight," Sir Percivale said.

IX.

Adventure of Sir Galahad.

Sir Galahad rested one evening at a hermitage. And while he was resting, there came a gentlewoman and asked leave of the hermit to speak with Sir Galahad, and would not be denied, though she was told he was weary and asleep. Then the hermit waked Sir Galahad and bade him rise, as a gentlewoman had great need of him, so Sir Galahad rose and asked her what she wished. "Galahad," said she, "I will that you arm yourself, and mount your horse and follow me, and I will show you the highest adventure that ever any Knight saw."

And Sir Galahad bade her go, and he would follow wherever she led. In three days they reached the sea, where they found the ship where Sir Bors and Sir Percivale were lying. And the lady bade him leave his horse behind and said she would leave hers also, but their saddles and bridles they would take on board the ship. This they did, and were received with great joy by the two Knights; then the sails were spread, and the ship was driven before the wind at a marvellous pace till they reached the land of Logris, the entrance to which lies between two great rocks with a whirlpool in the middle.

Their own ship might not get safely through; but they left it and went into another ship that lay there, which had neither man nor woman in it. At the end of the ship was written these words: "Thou man which shalt enter this ship beware thou be in steadfast belief; if thou fail, I shall not help thee." Then the gentlewoman turned and said, "Percivale, do you know who I am?"

"No, truly," answered he. "I am your sister, and therefore you are the man in the world that I most love. If you are without faith, or have any hidden sin, beware how you enter, else you will perish." "Fair sister," answered he, "I shall enter therein, for if I am an untrue Knight then shall I perish." So they entered the ship, and it was so rich and well adorned, that they all marvelled.

In the midst of it was a fair bed, and Sir Galahad went thereto and found on it a crown of silk, and a sword drawn out of its sheath half a foot and more. The sword was of divers fashions, and the pommel was of stone, wrought about with colours, and every colour with its own virtue, and the handle was of the ribs of two beasts. The one was the bone of a serpent, and no hand that handles it shall ever become weary or hurt; and the other was a bone of a fish that swims in Euphrates, and whoso handles it shall not think on joy or sorrow that he has had, but only on that which he beholds before him. And no man shall grip this sword but one that is better than other men.

So first Sir Percivale stepped forward and set his hand to the sword, but he might not grasp it. Next Sir Bors tried to seize it, but he also failed. When Sir Galahad beheld the sword, he saw that there was written on it, in letters of blood, that he who tried to draw it should never fail of shame in his body or be wounded to the death. "By my faith," said Galahad, "I would draw this sword out of its sheath, but the offending is so great I shall not lay my hand thereto." "Sir," answered the gentlewoman, "know that no man can draw this sword save you alone;" and she told him many tales of the Knights who had set their hands to it, and of the evil things that had befallen them.

And they all begged Sir Galahad to grip the sword, as it was ordained that he should. "I will grip it," said Galahad, "to give you courage, but it belongs no more to me than it does to you." Then he gripped it tight with his fingers, and the gentlewoman girt him about the middle with the sword, and after that they left that ship and went into another, which brought them to land, where they fell upon many strange adventures.

On the shore they saw three score Knights by a castle to which they repaired. And the owner of this castle was a gentlewoman on whom years ago had befallen a great malady of which there was but one remedy. It was that she must be anointed with a dish of the blood of a maid pure and fair, and a King's daughter withal.

And the Knights accosted them, and counselled them to withdraw, saying they might go without harm, only they must needs have their custom. And this custom was the blood of Sir Percivale's sister.

And Sir Galahad drew his sword with the two handles, and slew whatever withstood him. But night fell, and a good Knight promised to harbour them for the night safely and surely, saying, "On the morrow we dare say you will accord with the custom."

"Then," said Sir Percivale's sister, "fair Knights, I fain would heal this fair lady, for thus shall I gain great worship and my lineage withal, and better is one harm than twain. And therefore there shall be no battle, but to-morrow at morn I shall yield you your custom of this castle." And then there was great joy. It chanced that while she bled on the morrow, she lifted her hands and blessed them, and she said, "Madam, I die to make you whole, for God's love pray for me." With that she fell in a swoon. Then Galahad and his fellows lifted her up and stanched her, but she died, and weeping, they put her body in a barge as she had wished. In her hand Sir Percivale put a letter showing how she had helped them, and they covered her with black silk; so the wind arose and drove the barge from the land, and all Knights beheld it disappear from sight.

X.

Sir Lancelot meets Sir Galahad, and they part for Ever.

Now we must tell what happened to Sir Lancelot.

When he was come to a water called Mortoise he fell asleep, awaiting for the adventure that should be sent to him, and in his sleep a voice spoke to him, and bade him rise and take his armour, and enter the first ship he should find. So he started up and took his arms and made him ready, and on the strand he found a ship that was without sail or oar. As soon as he was within the ship, he felt himself wrapped round with a sweetness such as he had never known before, as if all that he could desire was fulfilled. And with this joy and peace about him he fell asleep. When he woke he found near him a fair bed, with a dead lady lying on it, whom he knew to be Sir Percivale's sister, and in her hand was the tale of her adventures, which Sir Lancelot took and read.

For a month or more they dwelt in that ship together, and one day, when it had drifted near the shore, he heard a sound as of a horse; and when the steps came nearer he saw that a Knight was riding him. At the sight of the ship the Knight alighted and took the saddle and bridle, and entered the ship. "You are welcome," said Lancelot, and the Knight saluted him and said, "What is your name? for my heart goeth out to you."

"Truly," answered he, "my name is Sir Lancelot du Lake."

"Sir," said the new Knight, "you are welcome, for you are my father."

"Ah," cried Sir Lancelot, "is it you, then, Galahad?"

"Yes, in sooth," said he, and kneeled down and asked Lancelot's blessing, and then took off his helm and kissed him. And there was great joy between them, and they told each other all that had befallen them since they left King Arthur's Court. Then Galahad saw the gentlewoman dead on the bed, and he knew her, and said he held her in great worship, and that she was the best maid in the world, and how it was great pity that she had come to her death.

But when Lancelot heard that Galahad had won the marvellous sword he prayed that he might see it, and kissed the pommel and the hilt, and the scabbard. "In truth," he said, "never did I know of adventures so wonderful and strange." So dwelled Lancelot and Galahad in that ship for half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power. And after six months had gone it befell that on a Monday they drifted to the edge of the forest, where they saw a Knight with white armour bestriding one horse and holding another all white, by the bridle. And he came to the ship, and saluted the two Knights and said, "Galahad, you have been long enough with your father, therefore leave that ship and start upon this horse, and go on the quest of the Holy Graal."

So Galahad went to his father and kissed him, saying, "Fair sweet father, I know not if I shall see you more till I have beheld the Holy Graal." Then they heard a voice which said, "The one shall never see the other till the day of doom." "Now, Galahad," said Lancelot, "since we are to bid farewell for ever now, I pray to the great Father to preserve you and me both." "Sir," answered Galahad, "no prayer availeth so much as yours."

The next day Sir Lancelot made his way back to Camelot, where he found King Arthur and Guenevere; but many of the Knights of the Round Table were slain and destroyed, more than the half. All the Court was passing glad to see Sir Lancelot, and the King asked many tidings of his son Sir Galahad.

XI.

How Sir Galahad found the Graal and died of that Finding.

Sir Galahad rode on till he met Sir Percivale and afterwards Sir Bors, whom they greeted most gladly, and they bare each other company. First they came to the Castle of Carbonek, where dwelled King Pelles, who welcomed them with joy, for he knew by their coming the quest of the Graal would be fulfilled. They then departed on other adventures, and it is told how Galahad cured the maimed King by anointing him with blood from a certain holy spear.

That same night at midnight a voice bade them arise and quit the castle, which they did, followed by three Knights of Gaul. Then Galahad prayed every one of them that if they reached King Arthur's Court they should salute Sir Lancelot his father, and those Knights of the Round Table that were present, and with that he left them, and Sir Bors and Sir Percivale with him. For three days they rode till they came to a shore, and found a ship awaiting them. And in the midst of it was the table of silver, and the Holy Graal which was covered with red samite. Then were their hearts right glad, and they made great reverence thereto, and Galahad prayed that at what time he asked, he might depart out of this world.

So long he prayed that at length a voice said to him, "Galahad, thou shalt have thy desire, and when thou askest the death of the body thou shalt have it, and shalt find the life of the soul." Percivale likewise heard the voice, and besought Galahad to tell him why he asked such things. And Galahad answered, "The other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Holy Graal, I was in such a joy of heart that never did man feel before, and I knew well that when my body is dead my soul shall be in joy of which the other was but a shadow."

Some time were the three Knights in that ship, till at length they saw before them the city of Sarras. Then they took from the ship the table of silver, and Sir Percivale and Sir Bors went first, and Sir Galahad followed after to the gate of the city, where sat an old man that was crooked. At the sight of the old man Sir Galahad called to him to help them carry the table, for it was heavy. "Truly," answered the old man, "it is ten years since I have gone without crutches."

"Care not for that," said Galahad, "but rise up and show your good will." So he arose and found himself as whole as ever he was, and he ran to the table and held up the side next Galahad. And there was much noise in the city that a cripple was healed by three Knights newly entered in. This reached the ears of the King, who sent for the Knights and questioned them. And they told him the truth, and of the Holy Graal; but the King listened nothing to all they said, but put them into a deep hole in the prison.

Even here they were not without comfort, for a vision of the Holy Graal sustained them. And at the end of a year the King lay sick and felt he should die, and he called the three Knights and asked forgiveness of the evil he had done to them, which they gave gladly. Then he died, and the whole city was afraid and knew not what to do, till while they were in counsel a voice came to them and bade them choose the youngest of the three strange Knights for their King. And they did so. After Galahad was proclaimed King, he ordered that a coffer of gold and precious stones should be made to encompass the table of silver, and every day he and the two Knights would kneel before it and make their prayers.

Now at the year's end, and on the selfsame day that Galahad had been crowned King, he arose up early and came with the two Knights to the Palace; and he saw a man in the likeness of a Bishop, encircled by a great crowd of angels, kneeling before the Holy Vessel. And he called to Galahad and said to him, "Come forth, thou servant of Christ, and thou shalt see what thou hast much desired to see." Then Galahad began to tremble right hard, when the flesh first beheld the things of the spirit, and he held up his hand to heaven and said, "Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that which hath been my desire for many a day. Now, blessed Lord, I would no longer live, if it might please Thee." Then Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God; and he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said, "Fair lord, salute me to my lord Sir Lancelot, my father, and bid him remember this unstable world." Therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers, and while he was praying his soul suddenly left the body and was carried by angels up into heaven, which the two Knights right well beheld.

Also they saw come from heaven a hand, but no body behind it, and it came unto the Vessel, and took it and the spear, and bare them back to heaven. And since then no man has dared to say that he has seen the Holy Graal.

When Percivale and Bors saw Galahad lying dead they made as much sorrow as ever two men did, and the people of the country and of the city were right heavy. And they buried him as befitted their King. As soon as Galahad was buried, Sir Percivale sought a hermitage outside the city, and put on the dress of a hermit, and Sir Bors was always with him, but kept the dress that he wore at Court.

When a year and two months had passed Sir Percivale died also, and was buried by the side of Galahad; and Sir Bors left that land, and after long riding came to Camelot. Then was there great joy made of him in the Court, for they had held him as dead; and the King ordered great clerks to attend him, and to write down all his adventures and those of Sir Percivale and Sir Galahad.

Next, Sir Lancelot told the adventures of the Graal which he had seen, and this likewise was written and placed with the other in almonries at Salisbury. And by-and-by Sir Bors said to Sir Lancelot, "Galahad your son saluteth you by me, and after you King Arthur and all the Court, and so did Sir Percivale; for I buried them with mine own hands in the City of Sarras. Also, Sir Lancelot, Galahad prayeth you to remember of this uncertain world, as you promised when you were together!" "That is true," said Sir Lancelot, "and I trust his prayer may avail me." But the prayer but little availed Sir Lancelot, for he fell to his old sins again. And now the Knights were few that survived the search for the Graal, and the evil days of Arthur began.

The Lady of Shalott

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
    To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
    Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
    Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
    Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
    Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
    To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
    The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
    Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
    Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
    And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
    The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
    Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
    As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
    Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
    As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
    Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
    Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
    The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse,
Like some bold seër in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance--
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right--
The leaves upon her falling light--
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Plutarch

Plutarch Selection

For our Plutarch selection, we have chosen the chapter "The Admiral of the Fleet," a study of Cimon from *The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks*, and included it on the following pages. The book may also be purchased on Amazon.

The Admiral of the Fleet

The Children's Plutarch: Tales of the Greeks, by F.J. Gould

"THEY are coming! The enemies are coming! We shall be taken by the Persians; our houses burned; our husbands slain!"

So screamed the women in the streets of Athens; and the children added their shrill cries.

"We will mount our horses and go out to meet the Persians before they reach the city," shouted an Athenian.

"No," cried a young man, who pushed his way among the crowd. Tall and handsome was Cimon (Ky-mon), and the hair fell in thick locks over his shoulders.

"No," he said, as he held up a horse's bridle in his hand. "Come with me, friends, to yonder temple; and after we have offered our prayers there we will do as the wise Themistocles (Them-is-to-kleez) has advised. We will go into our ships."

The sound of his strong voice and the brave look on his face seemed to put heart into the folk of Athens and many men, women, and children went at his heels as he made his way to a temple. There he laid upon the altar his horse's bridle, saying that Athens had no need of horses and horsemen just now. She must be saved by the wooden walls—that is, the ships. Then he took a shield down from the wall of the temple, and walked along the street to the harbor. A large number of galleys were anchored there. Soon the vessels were crammed with families carrying such articles as they had been able to snatch in haste from their homes. The women and children sailed across the bay. And that evening Cimon fought among the Greeks at the famous sea-fight of Salamis, about which I told you a few pages back.

Some time afterward the Athenian fleet needed a new captain.

"The man we want," said the people, "is Cimon, for when we were stricken with fear he made a stout show, and gave us fresh courage; and for an admiral of the fleet we want a man that will encourage his countrymen besides knowing all about the handling of ships."

So Cimon was elected admiral, and, in the service of the city, he did many great deeds. He gained much treasure in the wars, and his house was well furnished, and his estate was large. Cimon, however, had no desire to keep his goods all to himself, and he did not write the word "PRIVATE" at his gate.

He ordered all the fences round his fields and gardens to be thrown down, so that every passer-by who cared might go in and rest or partake of the fruit. I believe that is quite the right thing for rich men to do, if only they could be sure that strangers would behave with care, and pay respect to the beauty of the garden, and refrain from injuring tree or shrub. Perhaps the Athenian people were more polite in their conduct than many American people. Well, besides this, he bade his servants lay out a supper-table every evening, the dishes being laden with plain but wholesome food, and any poor man might enter and eat as he pleased.

Sometimes you could see Cimon walking in the street in the company of well-dressed young men who formed his guard. An old and meanly attired citizen would pass by.

"You see that old gentleman?" Cimon would say, turning to one of his young men. "Change clothes with him."

Then the young man would take off his handsome cloak and tunic and hand them to the aged Athenian, who, in his turn, would give up his patched and worn garments. And sometimes, by order of the admiral, his companions would slip money quietly into the pocket of a needy man, and not perhaps until he reached home did the poor fellow discover that he was richer than he knew!

"Ah," said certain people, who loved to sneer, "why does Cimon bestow so many gifts upon the citizens? It is only in order that they may elect him to some office or make him a mighty man in the State of Athens."

But that was not the case; for, when the common folk had a dispute with the nobles, Cimon took the side of the nobles. He neither flattered the poor people nor bowed humbly to the rich. When a Persian gentleman rebelled against his king, and came to Athens for refuge, he was followed by spies who sought to arrest him and carry him back to Persia. He thought he could not do better than seek the protection of the admiral of the fleet. So one day he called at Cimon's house and asked to see him. As soon as he was admitted to the antechamber (the chamber joining the room where Cimon sat) he placed two cups, easy to be seen, one full of silver coins and the other full of gold. This was what we should call a bribe. He did not think it would be enough just to beg for Cimon's aid; he made sure Cimon would do nothing unless he was paid for it.

While Cimon was talking with the Persian his eyes fell on the cups, and he smiled.

"Sir, would you rather have me for your hired servant or your friend?"

"My friend, of course," eagerly answered the Persian.

"Go, then," said the admiral, "and take these things away. I am willing to be your friend, and no doubt, if ever I need money, you will always be ready to give some to your friend when he asks."

Thus you see Cimon would not stoop to take bribes. He loved Athens, and he loved his fellow-men, and if he did a service to any he did it because it was a just and generous thing to do, and not because he wanted a commission (or payment) for it.

In the year 466 B.C. he sailed along the coast of Asia Minor with two hundred galleys, and met a Persian fleet of over three hundred ships at the mouth of a river. A battle followed; arrows flew; sails were torn; ships sunk; men drowned; and the Greeks captured two hundred of the enemy's vessels. That very same day the Athenians landed and attacked a Persian army on the shore, and captured many tents that were full of spoil. The treasures thus obtained were taken to Athens, and helped to pay for the building of new walls round the city. Cimon had no wish to keep his share of the spoil, and he spent it in draining the muddy water off from a marsh near Athens; also in planting trees in a place called the Academy, so that people might walk up and down in shady avenues. He thus used his wealth for the public good; and that is what every rich man ought to do.

You may remember what I told you about the hardy men of Sparta; and you know Sparta was a Greek State (or country) not far from Athens. Perhaps, too, you may remember that the Spartans kept slaves called Helots (Hel-ots). Now, these Helots were not content to be slaves, and now and then plotted to gain their freedom; and no doubt we to-day should think they had a right to do so; but, you see, in those times the Greeks and Romans and all nations considered it quite a proper thing to keep slaves. Well, the Helots of Sparta were waiting for a chance to gather together and slay their masters. And one day this chance seemed to have come.

Hundreds of Spartan young men and boys were leaping, running, boxing, and performing other exercises in a large building known as the Portico. A shout was suddenly raised. "Hi! look at that hare!"

The timid creature was scampering past the Portico as hard as it could run. With a great halloo the young men followed after it, laughing and joking. Just then an earthquake happened. The ground trembled; the rocks on the mountain near the city were loosened, and the Portico fell with a crash, burying the boys in the ruins. People were in terror lest their houses should come down upon their heads, and ran hither and thither for safety. In the midst of the terror the slaves were quietly assembling. They had no houses to lose; they wanted their liberty; and they thought now was the moment to strike. When one of the Spartan rulers saw the danger he bade men blow trumpets of alarm, and, at the sound, the Spartan citizens seized swords, spears, and shields, and rushed to the usual meeting-place of the warriors; and then they were told of the peril of the slaves. Even as it was the Helots would not give up hope, but retired to the country, so as to form an army for the assault on the city of Sparta.

In the hour of distress the Spartans sent word to Athens, and begged for help. The messenger was clad in a red cloak, and when he stood among the crowd of Athenians who gathered round him they noticed the strange contrast between the redness of his robe and the ashen paleness of his cheeks.

"No," cried one speaker; "let the Spartans fight their own battles. It is not our business. Sparta has always been proud and jealous toward Athens. Let the slaves make themselves lords, and Sparta will learn a lesson and be humble."

Then stood up the admiral of the fleet, and the faces of the people were turned toward him earnestly.

"It may be true," he said, "that Sparta has been proud and jealous; and that was wrong. But, after all, my friends, Sparta is a Greek State, and the city of Sparta is a companion to Athens. We ought not to take pleasure in seeing the limbs of our friends crippled; and we ought not to take pleasure in seeing the companions of Athens injured."

At that the people raised a great shout, and asked Cimon to lead them to the aid of Sparta; and he did so, and Sparta was delivered from the fear of the Helots.

Years afterward Cimon commanded the fleet of Athens in an expedition against the Persians, and he arrived off the shores of Egypt, in sight of the enemy's ships; but there he fell sick and died. As he lay dying he said to the sailors about him:

"Conceal my death. If the Persians know I am dead, they will attack you with the more boldness. Sail away before they learn the fact."

And the sails were spread, and the Athenian fleet made its way toward Greece as the sun was setting; and the sun went down, and the admiral died. His last thought was for the city which he loved.

History & Geography

For geography, you can read chapters 17-22 of Richard Halliburton's *Book of Marvels: The Occident* (online here). See the next page for website links that coincide with these chapters.

We have selected 3 maps for your family to study: a map of Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire, a map of the Byzantine Empire at the death of Justinian I, and a map of Europe at the height of the Middle Ages.

Older students can read: *The Story of Mankind*, chapters 25-37. (Log in to the course page to download these chapters.)

"Time and tide will wait for no man."

~ Geoffrey Chaucer

History & Geography

History & Geography

To really make Richard Halliburton's *Book of Marvels: The Occident* come alive, check out the corresponding **Complete Book of Marvels** website. The following URLs directly coincide with the chapters you will study:

- Chapter 17, **Gibraltar**
- Chapter 18, **Carcassonne**
- Chapter 19, **Mount St. Michael**
- Chapter 20, **The Ornament and the Honor of France**
- Chapter 21, **The Tiger of the Alps**
- Chapter 22, **The Monastery of St. Bernard**

Additionally, **this site** has more videos to go alongside the chapters.

For further study:

Regional Maps of the Middle Ages:
https://www.brown.edu/Departments/Italian_Studies/dweb/images/maps/decworld/polimaps.php

History of the Middle Ages:
https://www.history.com/topics/middle-ages
(Please pre-screen these.)


Europe at the Fall of the Western Roman Empire in 476 AD
Western Roman Empire to 476
Germanic peoples
Celtic peoples
Frankish victory
Ostrogothic victory
KDM. OF ODOACER
Alamanni
Britons
Picts
Scots
Britons
Angles
Saxons
Jutes
Jutes
Angles
Saxons
Danes
Warni
Thuringians
Franks
Saxons
Saxons
Britons
REALM OF SYAGRIUS
Soissons (486)
Tolbiac (496)
Vouillé (507)
Alamanni
KDM. OF THE BURGUNDIANS
KDM. OF THE RUGII
Heruli
Langobards
KDM. OF THE OSTROGOTHS
REALM OF NEPOS
Verona (489)
Isonzo (489)
(490-493)
KDM. OF ODOACER
KDM. OF THE GEPIDS
Huns
Huns
Slavic peoples
Baltic peoples
Alans
Alans
Crimean Goths
Huns
CAUCASIAN REALMS
KDM. OF THE SUEBI
KDM. OF THE VISIGOTHS
Basques
KDM. OF THE VANDALS
Moors
EASTERN ROMAN EMPIRE
SASSANID EMPIRE
Ghassanids
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Bay of Biscay
North Sea
Baltic Sea
Black Sea
Adriatic Sea
Tyrrhenian Sea
Aegean Sea
Ionian Sea
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
1 : 15 000 000
0 100 200 300 400 500
km


ATLANTIC OCEAN
Loire
Rhine
Danube
Dniepr
KINGDOM OF THE FRANKS
ALEMANNI
AVARS
ANTAE
AVARS
ALANS
Genava
Aquincum
HERULI
AVARS
CRIMEA
Theodosia
Po
Ticinum
LOMBARDS
BULGARS
Albana
KINGDOM OF THE SUEVES
Ebro
PYRENEES
Rhône
Genua (Genoa)
GEPIDS
Chersonesus
LAZICA
CAUCASUS
Ravenna
SCLAVENI
Black Sea
Petra
Lake Sevan
Caspian Sea
Salmantica
Massilia (Marseille)
Busta Gallorum
DALMATIA
THRACE
Sinope
Tagus
KINGDOM OF THE VISIGOTHS
Corsica
Rome
PREFECTURE OF ITALY
Narona
Adrianopole
Chalcedon
ARMENIA
Dyrrhachium
Constantinople
Nicomedia
Theodosiopolis
Valentia
Balearic Islands
Neapolis (Naples)
Mt. Lactarius
MACEDONIA
Ancyra
Melitene
Lake Van
Amida
Lake Urmia
Gazaca
Corduba
Sardinia
Caralis
PREFECTURE OF ILLYRICUM
Edessa
Nisibis
ANATOLIA
Ecbatana
Septem
PREFECTURE OF AFRICA
Saldae
Messana
Athens
Ephesus
ISAURIANS
SYRIA
Euphrates
SĀSĀNIAN EMPIRE
Caesarea
Carthage
Sicily
Syracuse
Miletus
Antioch
Sparta
Ctesiphon
Cyprus
Salamis
MAURETANIANS
Crete
Babylon
Tigris
ATLAS MTS.
VANDALS
Mediterranean Sea
PREFECTURE OF THE EAST
Damascus
Persian Gulf
MOORS
Shaṭṭ al-Jarīd
Tripolis
Cyrene
Jerusalem
Alexandria
Pelusium
LAKHMIDS
Aila
GHASSĀNIDS
Nile
EGYPT
Diospolis Magna
ARABIAN DESERT
Red Sea
SAHARA
0 200 400 mi
0 300 600 mi
THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE AT THE DEATH OF JUSTINIAN IN 565 CE
Empire at the beginning of Justinian's reign in 527 CE
Justinian's reconquests
© Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc.


Europe (AD 1000) ~ The High Middle Ages
Kingdom of France:
1 Flanders (C.)
2 Normandy (C.)
3 Francia (D.)
4 Brittany (D.)
5 Champagne (C.)
6 Burgundy (D.)
7 Aquitaine (D.)
8 Toulouse (C.)
9 Gascony (D.)
Holy Roman Empire:
1 Saxony (D.)
2 Danish March
3 Friesland
4 W. Franconia (D.)
5 E. Franconia (D.)
6 L. Lorraine (D.)
7 U. Lorraine (D.)
8 Thuringia
9 Lausitz (M.)
10 Meißen (M.)
11 Bohemia (D.)
12 Nordgau (M.)
13 Bavaria (D.)
14 Moravia (M.)
15 Austria (M.)
16 Carinthia (D.)
17 Swabia (D.)
18 Verona (M.)
19 Tuscia
20 Lombardy
21 Romagna
22 Spoleto (D.)
23 Papal State
Byzantine Empire:
1 Thrace
2 Strymon
3 Macedonia
4 Paristrium
5 Thessalonice
6 Hellas
7 Peloponnesus
8 Nicopolis
9 Cephalonia
10 Dyrrhachium
11 Lombardia
12 Calabria
13 Naples
14 Aegean Isles
15 Crete
16 Samos
17 Thracesion
18 Cibyraeotarum
19 Anatolicon
20 Opsicium
21 Optimatum
22 Bucellariorum
23 Paphlagonia
24 Charsianon
25 Cappadocia
26 Seleucia
27 Cilicia
28 Lycandus
29 Sebastea
30 Armeniacon
31 Colonea
32 Chaldea
33 Mesopotamia
34 Melitene
35 Antioch
36 Cyprus
37 Cherson
Frontier of the H.R.E in 962
Frontier of the H.R.E after 1033
The Papal State in 962 / after 1001
Kingdom of Germany / Italy
Empire of Cnut the Great (until 1035)
Viking settlement in Ireland & Scotland
Lombard principalities
K. of DENMARK
Benevento
Abbreviations:
K. = Kingdom ; C. = County ; D. = Duchy ; P. = Principality ; M. = March ; W. = West ; E. = East ; L. = Lower ; U. = Upper
0
300 km
Shetland Is.
Orkney Is.
Hebrides
K. of NORWAY
Sami
Finns
Bulgars
K. of SWEDEN
Gotland
Estonians
Livonians
Lithuanians
Prussians
Mordvins
K. of SCOTLAND
IRELAND
WALES
K. of ENGLAND
North Sea
Baltic Sea
K. of DENMARK
Pomerania
D. of POLAND
KIEVAN RUS'
HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE
(since 962)
K. of FRANCE
(House of Capet, 987)
K. of BURGUNDY
(to the Empire, 1033)
K. of HUNGARY
Pechenegs
Khazars
Black Sea
K. of CROATIA
SERVIA
BULGARIA
(to Byzantium, 1018)
VENETIAN REPUBLIC
(finally to Byzantium successively)
BYZANTINE EMPIRE
K. of LEÓN
(since 910 ; union with Castile, 1035)
CASTILE
(kingdom, 1035)
K. of PAMPLONA
NAVARRE
ARAGON
(kingdom, 1035)
C. of BARCELONA
CALIPHATE OF CÓRDOBA
(929 - 1031)
Balearic Is.
Corsica
(disputed ; to Pisa, 1077)
Sardinia
(to the Giudicati, 900)
Benevento (P.)
Capua (P.)
Salerno (P.)
Sicily
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
FATIMID CALIPHATE
Crete
Cyprus
HAMDANID DYNASTY
(905 - 1004)
(to the Fatimids, 1004)

Nature Study

Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Cinnamon 1

Cinnamomum

- Cinnamon is a spice that was used in many Medieval-era recipes.
- Cinnamon comes from the interior bark of various tree species of the same name, and they can produce different varieties of the spice.
- Cinnamon was believed to have healing properties in the Medieval period and has been traditionally used to treat colds, sore throats, coughs, digestive problems, and the flu.
- The two main types of cinnamon are known as ceylon and cassia. Ceylon is known as “true cinnamon” and is considered higher quality with a delicate flavor, whereas cassia is the most common form of cinnamon and has a stronger, spicier flavor.

Clove 1

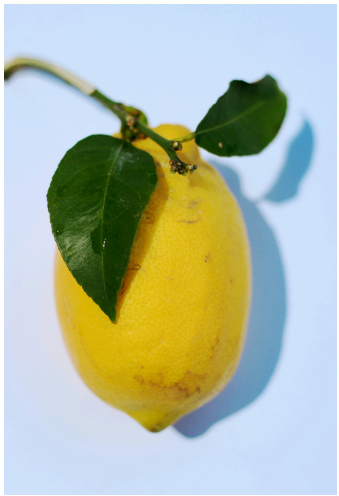
Syzygium aromaticum

- Cloves are a spice made from the dried flower buds of the clove tree, which comes from the Myrtle family.
- “Clove” originates from the Latin word “clavus,” meaning “nail,” because the dried spice is nail-shaped.
- Clove was used both as a spice and as a medicine in the Middle Ages and is traditionally used to relieve toothaches and digestive pains.
- In an ancient Chinese book dating back to around 200 B.C., a rule was listed that required people to use cloves to freshen their breath before speaking with the emperor.

Eucalyptus 2

Eucalyptus

- Eucalyptus is a type of plant that includes over 660 different varieties of trees and shrubs native to Australia.
- The tallest Eucalyptus trees can grow to over 200 feet!
- Eucalyptus trees are also known as gum trees.
- Eucalyptus leaves were often used as a remedy for fevers and infections by Aboriginal Australians.
- In modern times, the essential oils of the leaves are often used in skincare or in medicinal products to help clear colds and stuffy noses.



Lemon 2

Citrus × limon

- Lemons grow on small evergreen trees that are thought to have originated in what is now modern-day India.
- Lemons are a hybrid fruit that came from bitter oranges and citron fruits being bred together.
- Lemon contains high levels of Vitamin C, making it a valuable tool to aid the body in fighting off colds and the flu.
- There are many varieties of lemon, with the most common one being the ‘Eureka’ lemon, which grows year-round, making it easy to supply at most grocery stores.

Rosemary 3

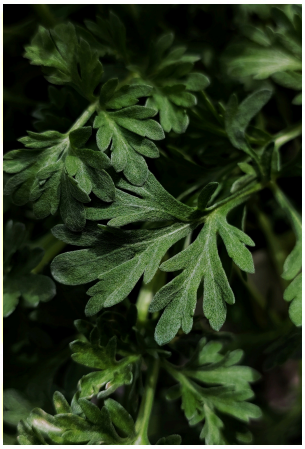
Salvia rosmarinus

- Rosemary is an herb that comes from the leaves of an evergreen shrub that can grow to about 6 ½ feet.
- Rosemary was thought to improve memory in ancient times, and for this reason, the herb is still burned in many homes in Greece today before students take exams.
- Rosemary had many uses in the Medieval era- it was used medicinally for ailments of all kinds, for skin and haircare, and was often worn as a bridal wreath.
- Rosemary was thought in Medieval Europe to ward off negativity and was burned in households to keep the Black Plague from entering.

Sage 3

Salvia officinalis

- Sage is an herb that comes from the leaves of an evergreen undershrub that is native to the Mediterranean.
- Sage's botanical name, "salvia," comes from the Latin word "salvare," meaning "to cure."
- Sage was highly valued in the Medieval era, used for both cooking and medicinal purposes.
- Medicinally, sage was often used to cure sore throats, aid digestion, reduce fevers, cure snakebites, and much more.



Wormwood 4

Artemisia absinthium

- Wormwood is an herb that comes from North Africa and Eurasia. It has also been brought to Canada and the U.S., where it grows throughout many areas.
- Wormwood has a strongly bitter flavor, which was said to help it treat a variety of stomach ailments in ancient times, including intestinal parasites.
- Wormwood is said to have many healing properties, including antifungal, antimalarial, antiseptic, and antidepressant effects.
- Shakespeare himself mentioned wormwood in his works, including in Romeo and Juliet and in Hamlet. In Hamlet, Hamlet himself says "That's wormwood," in Act 3, Scene 2, meaning "that's bitter" or "that's distasteful."
- Wormwood is the name of a star in Revelation that is said to fall and turn waters bitter.

Meadowsweet 4

Filipendula ulmaria

- Meadowsweet is a flower that comes from the rose family and is native to Europe and Western Asia. It is commonly found in meadows, which is what gives it its name.
- Although "meadowsweet" is this plant's true name, it also goes by several other names, such as mead wort, bridewort, queen of the meadow, and lady of the meadow.
- Meadowsweet was often scattered at weddings to disguise bad smells or made into bridal garlands, hence one of its nicknames, bridewort.
- Meadowsweet was commonly used as a flavoring for drinks in the Middle Ages, as well as a pain reliever and fever reducer.
- Salicylic acid, a key ingredient in aspirin, was first extracted from meadowsweet and used to develop the common over-the-counter medicine we know today.

Oregano 5

Origanum vulgare

- Oregano, also known as wild marjoram, is a flowering plant that comes from the mint family. Oregano is related to a different herb, marjoram, which gives it its secondary name, “wild marjoram”.

- Oregano was commonly used for medicinal purposes in the Middle Ages, and was used to treat many conditions, such as toothaches, stomach problems, coughs, and rheumatism.

- In modern times, oregano is most often used as an herb to flavor dishes and is a major component in Italian seasoning blends.

- Oregano became popular in U.S. cuisine post-World War II when American soldiers brought it back after being stationed in Italy.

Angelica 5

Angelica archangelica

- Angelica is a plant that comes from the carrot family and is used as an herb. It grows wild in many Nordic countries such as Norway and Denmark, and also in Russia and the Faroe Islands.

- Angelica has many different names, including garden angelica, Norwegian angelica, and wild celery.

- Angelica’s main name comes from the fact that it was considered to have “angelic” properties as it was used as a medicinal remedy for many ailments, such as to ward off disease, purify blood, and even as a cure for the Black Plague.

- Angelica can be made into a hard candy by stripping its stems of leaves, crystalizing them in sugar, and using green food dye. This candy was popular in Europe as a traditional candy, and is still made today.

Horehound 6

Marrubium vulgare

- Horehound, also known as white horehound, comes from the mint family and is a flowering plant native to parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe.

- The name “horehound” comes from the Old English words “hoar,” meaning “furry” and “hune,” meaning “a class of herbs and plants.” This is because the stems of the horehound plant are covered in small hairs.

- Horehound was used in medieval times as a remedy for respiratory infections, and its first recorded medicinal use goes back even farther, to 1st century B.C., where it is listed as an herbal remedy in an ancient Roman encyclopedia.

- Horehound is commonly made into a hard candy similar in shape to a cough drop which is said to have a flavor similar to root beer. Horehound candies are often used as an herbal remedy for coughs today.

Camphor 6

Camphora officinarum

- The camphor tree, also known as Camphora officinarum, is a tropical tree native to East Asia with glossy green leaves and small white flowers.

- The bark and wood of the camphor tree were used to make camphor, an extremely valuable substance in the Medieval period.

- Camphor was used as a perfume ingredient in the Middle Ages as well as an ingredient in many sweets.

- Camphor has been used for medicinal purposes for centuries for many conditions, including as a nasal decongestant, a topical remedy for sprains and swelling, and bug bites and skin irritation. It is still used today to help combat itching skin or joint pain.

- Camphor oil was used to embalm mummies in Ancient Egypt.

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a medieval-inspired heraldry bunting. We have intentionally kept this lesson simple so that everyone in the family can create together and even experiment with their own designs if desired.

However, older students may enjoy using muslin fabric with felt cutouts sewn or glued together. If you choose to create a fabric bunting, bias tape (cotton twill) will be sturdier for hanging.

Take this project to the next level by having your kids and teens research their family crests or create a unique design based on their values and interests, then design and paint a shield (using cardboard or wood) with their heraldry on it.

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

Medieval Heraldry Bunting

Heraldry developed in the 12th century in Europe as a way to identify knights and noble families. Since knights wore full suits of armor, their faces were hidden, so they used unique symbols, colors, and patterns on their shields and banners to be recognized in battle and tournaments. Over time, heraldry became a complex system with specific rules and meanings.

Heraldic Colors and Meanings:

- **Red (Gules)** – Bravery, strength
- **Blue (Azure)** – Loyalty, truth
- **Green (Vert)** – Hope, joy
- **Black (Sable)** – Wisdom, grief
- **Gold (Or)** – Generosity, wealth
- **Silver/White (Argent)** – Purity, peace

The Code of Heraldry:

- A coat of arms follows strict rules, including who can bear it and how it must be displayed.
- In battle, a coat of arms identified friend or foe.
- Heraldry was inherited, passed down through generations.

Heraldic Ordinaries (Basic Shapes on the Shield):

- **Fess** – A horizontal band across the shield
- **Pale** – A vertical stripe down the center
- **Chevron** – An upside-down V shape
- **Bend** – A diagonal stripe
- **Saltire** – An X-shaped cross
- **Cross** – A cross dividing the shield

Heraldic Charges (Symbols on the Shield):

- **Animals:** Lion (courage), Eagle (power), Wolf (perseverance), Boar (bravery)
- **Objects:** Crown (royalty), Sword (justice), Anchor (hope), Fleur-de-lis (purity, associated with France)
- **Plants:** Oak tree (strength), Rose (England), Thistle (Scotland)

Historical Inspiration from European Heraldry:

- **England:** The three lions of Richard the Lionheart, the Tudor rose
- **France:** The fleur-de-lis of the French monarchy
- **Germany:** The black eagle of the Holy Roman Empire
- **Scotland:** The red lion rampant on a gold field
- **Spain:** The castle and lion from Castile and León

Supplies Needed:

- Card stock (white)
- Markers or acrylic paints
- Hole punch
- Twine or ribbon
- Scissors
- Ruler
- Pencil
- Template

Instructions:

1. Transfer the bunting pattern to your card stock using the template on the following pages. The template will produce 6 triangles, or simply cut out rectangular shapes if preferred. Each student should have at least 3-7 pennants for their bunting.

2. Using a ruler and pencil, sketch a design on each pennant. Choose a heraldic ordinary (fess, chevron, bend, etc.) for your design. Older students can add a heraldic charge (animal, object, or plant symbol) if so desired. Use **this guide from the Heraldry Society** as inspiration.

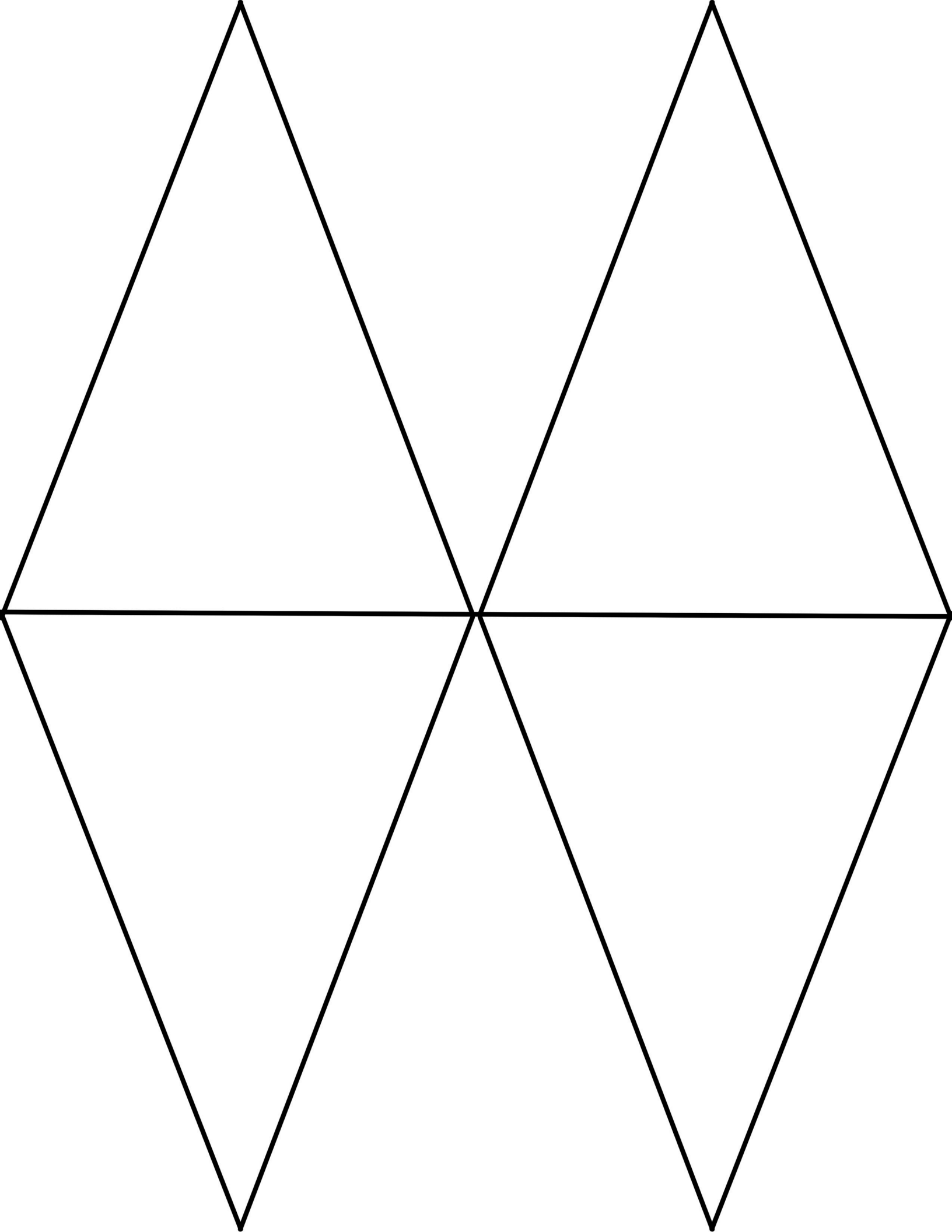
3. Use markers or acrylic paints to fill in each bunting with appropriate heraldic colors. Ensure the colors and symbols reflect traditional meanings (or create your own meaning).

4. Add details by outlining designs with a black marker to make them stand out, adding patterns like checkers, stripes, or flourishes.

5. Use a hole punch to create holes in the top corners of each pennant, then thread twine or ribbon through the holes to create a garland. Space the banners evenly and secure them with knots if needed.

6. Tie small loops to both ends of the twine or ribbon for hanging.

7. Display your heraldry bunting by hanging it in your home, bedroom, or for a fun, medieval-themed event!



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