

ST PATRICK'S PURGATORY / LE PURGATOIRE DE SAINT PATRICK (FO. 25R-31V)

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Texte moyen-anglais

Traduction d'extraits (40 %)

*St Patrick's Purgatory**Le Purgatoire de saint Patrick**Saint Patrick convertit les Irlandais*

[...]

& liued in dedeli sinne. {f.25ra}
 Seyn Patrike hadde rewþe
 Of hir misbileue & vntrew[þ]e,
 Þat þai weren inne.

[Les Irlandais...]

[...] vivaient en péché mortel. {fo. 25ra}
 Saint Patrick eut pitié
 De leur fausse croyance et de l'erreur
 Dans laquelle ils se trouvaient.

500 ¶ Oft he proued sarmoun to make,
 Þat þai schuld to God take
 & do after his rede.
 Þai were fulfild of felonie;
 Þai no held it bot ribaudie
 1000 Of noþing þat he sede.

Il tenta souvent de prêcher,
 Afin qu'ils se tournent vers Dieu
 Et qu'ils suivent son enseignement.
 Mais ils étaient remplis de crimes :
 Ils ne tenaient que pour sottises
 Tout ce qu'il racontait.

¶ & al þai seyð commounliche,
 Þat non of hem wold sikerliche
 Do bi his techeing,
 Bot 3if he dede þat sum man [ms *no man*]
 1500 Into helle went þan,
 To bring hem tiding

Ils disaient tous, d'une voie commune,
 Qu'aucun d'eux, certainement,
 N'agirait selon son enseignement,
 Sauf s'il faisait en sorte que quelqu'un
 Descendait en Enfer, alors,
 Afin de leur donner des nouvelles

¶ Of þe pain & of þe wo
 Þe soulen suffri euermo,
 Þai þat ben þerinne;
 2000 & elles þai seyð þat nolden hye
 Of her misdede nouzt repenti,
 No her folies blinne.

De la douleur et de la tourmente
 Que souffraient, pour l'éternité, les âmes
 De ceux qui s'y trouvent ;
 Sinon, disaient-ils, ils ne voulaient point
 Se repentir aucunement de leurs péchés,
 Ni mettre fin à leurs folies.

¶ When sein Patrike herd þis,
 Michel he card forsoþe, ywis,
 2500 & sore he gan desmay.
 Oft he was in afflicc[i]oun,
 In fasting & in orisoun,
 Ihesu Crist to pray

Quand saint Patrick entendit cela,
 Il le déplora énormément, certes,
 Et fut fort découragé.
 Il s'infligea souvent des pénitences,
 En jeun et en prière,
 Afin d'implorer Jésus-Christ

¶ Þat he him schuld grace sende,
 3000 Hou he miht raþest wende
 Out of þe fendes bond,
 & do hem com to amendement
 & leue on God omnipotent,
 Þe folk of Yrlond.

De lui envoyer la grâce [de savoir]
 Comment il pouvait, le plus rapidement,
 Libérer des chaînes du diable,
 Faire venir à la conversion,
 Et faire croire en Dieu Tout-puissant,
 Le peuple d'Irlande.

3500 ¶ & als he was in holy chirche,
 Godes werkes for to wirche
 & made his praier,
 & bad for þat ich þing,
 Sone he fel on sleeping

Alors qu'il fut dans la sainte église,
 Pour labourer aux affaires de Dieu,
 Et faire sa prière,
 Réclamant toute chose nécessaire,
 Il tomba bientôt en sommeil

4000 Toform his auter,

¶ In his chapel he slepe wel swete,
Of fele þinges him gan mete
Þat was in heuen-blis.
As he slepe, forsoþe him þouzt
4500 Þat Ihesu, þat ous dere bouzt, {f.25rb}
To him com, ywis,

¶ & 3af him a bok þat nas nouzt lite:
Per nis no clerk þat swiche can write,
No neuer no schal be.
5000 It spekeþ of al maner godspelle,
Of heuen, & erþe, & of helle,
Of Godes priuete.

¶ More him þouzt, þat God him 3af
In his hond a wel feir staf,
5500 In slepe þer he lay;
& Godes Staf, ich vnderstond,
Men clepeþ þat staf in Yrlond
3ete to þis ich day.

¶ When God him þis 3if hadde,
6000 Him þouzt þat he him ladde
Þennes þe way ful rizt
Into an gret desert;
Þer was an hole michel apert,
Þat griseliche was of sizt.

6500 ¶ Rounde it was about & blak;
In alle þe warld no was his mack,
So griselich entring.
When þat Patrike yseye þat sizt,
Swiþe sore he was aflizt
7000 In his sleeping.

¶ Þo God almi3ten him schewed & seyd,
Who þat hadde don sinful dede
O3aines Godes lawe,
& wold him þerof repenti,
7500 & take penaunce hastily,
& his foliis wiþdrawe,

¶ So schuld in þis ich hole
A parti of penaunce þole
For his misdede;
8000 A nizt & a day be herinne,
& al him schuld [be] forziue his sinne,
& þe better spede.

¶ & 3if he ben of gode creaunce,
Gode & poure wiþouten dotaunce,
8500 & stedfast [of] bileue,
He no schuld nouzt be þerin ful long,
Þat he ne schal se þe paines strong –
Ac non no schal him greue –

¶ In wiche þe soules ben ydo, {f.25va}

Devant son autel.

Dans sa chapelle il rêva doucement,
De nombreuses choses qu'il découvrit
Concernant les joies du Ciel.
En son sommeil il pensa, en vérité,
Que Jésus, qui nous a rachetés au prix fort,
Lui vint, c'est sûr, {fo. 25rb}

Lui remettre un livre qui n'était pas léger :
Aucun savant ne sait écrire un tel tome,
Ni ne pourrait jamais exister.
Cela parle de toute sorte de choses spirituelles,
Du Ciel, de la Terre, de l'Enfer,
Et des secrets divins.

Il lui sembla, de plus, que Dieu lui remit,
Dans la main, une très belle crosse,
Pendant qu'il dormait là ;
C'est la Crosse de Dieu, je crois,
Qu'on appelle cette crosse en Irlande
Encore jusqu'à ce jour.

Quand Dieu lui avait fait ce don,
Il le conduisit, lui sembla-t-il,
De là sur un chemin tout droit
Dans un vaste lieu désertique ;
Il y avait là un gouffre béant,
Qui était horrible à voir.

Il était tout rond et noir ;
Il n'avait pas son pareil dans le monde entier,
D'une entrée si terrifiante.
En voyant cette vision, Patrick,
Effrayé, était fort perturbé
En son sommeil.

9000 Þat haue deserued to com þerto,
 In þis world, ywis;
 & also þan sen he may
 Þat ich ioie þat lasteþ ay,
 Þat is in paradis.

9500 ¶ When Ihesu had yseyd alout,
 & yschewed al about
 Wiþ wel milde chere,
 God, þat bouzt ous dere in heuen,
 Fram him he went wiþ milde steuen,
 1000 & Patrike bileft þere.

¶ When Seyn Patrike o slepe he woke,
 Gode token he fond & vp hem toke
 Of his sweuening:
 Bok & staf þer he fond,
 1050 & tok hem vp in his hond,
 & þonked heuen-king.

¶ He kneld & held vp his hond,
 & þonked Ihesu Cristes sond
 Þat he him hadde ysent,
 1100 Wharþurth he mizt vnderstond
 To turn þat folk of Yrlond
 To com to amendement.

¶ In þat stede wiþouten let
 A fair abbay he lete sett
 1150 Wiþouten ani duelling,
 In þe name of Godes glorie,
 Seyn Patrike & our leuedy,
 Forto rede & sing.

¶ Seyn Patrike maked þe abbay:
 1200 Þat wite wele men of þe cuntray,
 Þat non is þat yliche.
 Regles¹ is þat abbay name,
 Þer is solas, gle & game
 Wiþ pouer & eke wiþ riche.

1250 ¶ White chanounes he sett þerate
 To serue God, arliche & late,
 & holy men to be.
 Þat ich boke & þat staf,
 Þat God Seyn Patrike zaf,
 1300 zete þer man may se.

¶ In þe est ende of þe abbay
 Þer is þat hole, forsoþe to say,
 Þat griseliche is of siȝt, {f.25vb}
 ¶ Wiþ gode ston wal al abouten,
 1350 Wiþ locke & keye þe gate to louken,
 Patrike lete it diȝte.

Quand saint Patrick sortit de son sommeil,
 Il trouva et saisit les véritables preuves
 De sa vision :
 Le livre et la crosse, il les découvrit là,
 Et les prit dans sa main,
 En remerciant le roi du Ciel.

En ce lieu et sans obstacle,
 Il fit construire une belle abbaye
 Sans le moindre retard,
 Au nom de la gloire de Dieu,
 Pour [honorer] saint Patrick et Notre Dame,
 Par la lecture [de l'office] et le chant.

Saint Patrick fonda l'abbaye.
 Les gens du pays le savent bien,
 Qu'aucune n'est point son égale.
 Cette abbaye s'appelle Reiclés,
 Tout y est bonheur, joie et délice
 Pour les pauvres ainsi que les riches.

Il y établit les chanoines blancs
 Pour servir Dieu, matin et soir,
 Et pour qu'ils se sanctifient.
 Les véritables livre et crosse
 Que Dieu avait donnés à saint Patrick,
 Peut-on encore y voir.

À l'extrémité est de l'abbaye
 Se trouve le gouffre, qui, à vrai dire,
 Est terrifiant à regarder, {fo. 25vb}
 Avec un fort mur de pierre tout autour.
 Avec un verrou à clé le portail est bien fermé,
 Tel que Patrick le fit ordonner.

¹ Il ne s'agit pas du mot français, « règles » (du latin *regula*, la règle monastique), mais d'un terme vieil-irlandais (gaélique), *reiclés* (> *reigléas* en irlandais moderne), qui signifie oratoire, chapelle, ou cellule monastique.

¶ Þat ich stede, siker 3e be,
 Is ycleped þe riȝt entre
 Of Patrikes Purgatorie:
 1400 For in þat time þat þis bifelle,
 Mani a man went into helle,
 As it seyt in þe storie,

¶ & suffred pein for her trespass,
 & com oȝain þurth Godes gras,
 1450 & seyde alle & some,
 Þat þai hadde sen sikerliche
 Þe paines of helle apertliche,
 When þai were out ycome.

¶ & also þai seyde wiþ heye,
 1500 Apertliche þe ioies þai seiȝe
 Of angels singing
 To God almiȝti & to his.
 Þat is þe ioie of paradys;
 Ihesu ous þider bring.

1550 ¶ When alle þe folk of Yrlond
 Þe ioies gan vnderstond,
 Þat Seyn Patrike hem sede,
 To him þai com euerichon,
 & were ycrisned in fonston,
 1600 & leten her misdeed.

¶ & þus þai bicom, lasse & more,
 Cristen men þurth Godes lore,
 þurth Patrikes preier.
 Now herknes to mi talking:
 1650 Ichil ȝou tel of oþer þing,
 ȝif ȝe it wil yhere.

Owain au Purgatoire

Bi Steuenes day, þe king ful riȝt,
 Þat Ingland stabled & diȝt
 Wel wiselich in his time,
 1700 In Norþhumberland was a kniȝt,
 A douhti man & swiþe wiȝt,
 As [ms A] it seyt in þis rime.

¶ Oweyn he hiȝt, wiþouten les,
 In cuntre þer he born wes,
 1750 As ȝe may yhere.
 Wel michel he coupe of batayle,
 & swiþe sinful he was saunfayle {f.26ra}
 Oȝain his creator

¶ On a day he him biþouȝt
 1800 Of þe sinne he hadde ywrouȝt,
 & sore him gan adrede,
 & þouȝt he wold þurth Godes grace
 Ben yschriue of his trispas,
 & leten his misdede.

1850 ¶ & when he hadde þus gode creauce,

Ce même lieu, soyez-en sûrs,
 S'appelle la véritable entrée
 Du Purgatoire de saint Patrick :
 Car, à l'époque où cela s'est passé,
 Beaucoup d'hommes descendirent en Enfer,
 Comme l'histoire [du lieu] nous le raconte,

Où ils souffrirent la peine pour leur offense,
 Puis revinrent par la grâce de Dieu,
 En disant tous sans exception,
 Qu'ils avaient vu, avec certitude,
 Les douleurs de l'Enfer, clairement,
 Une fois qu'ils sortirent [du gouffre].

Une fois que tout le peuple d'Irlande
 Eut compris les joies
 Que saint Patrick leur eut expliquées,
 Tout le monde vint vers lui ;
 Tous furent baptisés aux fonts,
 Et se détournèrent de leurs péchés.

C'est ainsi qu'ils devinrent, petits et grands,
 Chrétiens par la doctrine divine,
 Et par la prière de Patrick.
 Maintenant, écoutez mon discours :
 Je vais vous parler d'une autre affaire,
 Si vous voulez l'entendre.

Aux jours d'Étienne, roi par droit,
 Qui stabilisa et dirigea l'Angleterre
 Bien sagement dans son temps,
 Il y avait en Northumbrie un chevalier,
 Un homme valeureux et un être fort,
 Comme le raconte ce poème.

Il s'appelait Owain, sans dire faux,
 Il naquit là dans ce pays,
 Comme vous pouvez l'entendre.
 Il s'y connaissait finement en bataille,
 Et grand pécheur il était, sans faille {fo. 26ra}
 Contre son Créateur.

He com, as it bifel a chaunce,
 To þe bischop of Yrlond,
 Þer he lay in þat abbay,
 Þer was þat hole, forsoþe to say,
 190 Þ Penance to take an hond.

¶ To þe bischop he biknewe his sinne,
 & prayd him, for Godes winne,
 Þat he him schuld schriue,
 & legge on him penance sore:
 195 He wold sinne, he seyde, no more,
 Neuer eft in his liue.

¶ Þe bischop þerof was ful bliþe,
 & for his sinne blamed him swiþe,
 Þat he him hadde ytold,
 200 & seyde he most penance take,
 3if he wald his sinne forsake,
 Hard & manifold.

¶ Þan answerd þe kniȝt Owain,
 ‘Don ichil’ he seyde ‘ful feyn,
 205 What God me wil sende.
 Þei þou me wost comandy
 Into Patrikes Purgatori,
 Þider ichil wende.’

Le chevalier Owain lui répondit alors,
 En disant : ‘Je ferai bien volontiers
 Ce que Dieu m’enverra.
 Même si tu veux m’ordonner [d’entrer]
 Au Purgatoire de saint Patrick,
 Je m’y dirigerai de suite.’

¶ Þe bischop seyde ‘Nay, Owain, frende.
 210 Þat ich way schaltow nouȝt wende;
 & told him of þe pine,
 & bede him lete be þat mischaunce,
 & ‘Take’ he seyde ‘sum oþer penance,
 To amende þe of sinnes þine.’

215 ¶ For nouȝt þe bischop couþe say,
 Þe kniȝt nold nouȝt leten his way,
 His soule to amende.
 Þan ladde he him into holy chirche,
 Godes werkes for to wirche,
 220 & þe riȝt lawe him kende.

¶ Fiften days in afflic[i]oun, {f.26rb}
 In fasting & in orisoun
 He was, wiþouten lesing.
 Þan þe priour wiþ processoun,
 225 Wiþ croice & wiþ gonfanoun,
 To þe hole he gan him bring.

¶ Þe priour seyde ‘Kniȝt Oweyn,
 Her is þi gate to go ful gain,
 Wende riȝt euen forþ;
 230 & when þou a while ygon hast,
 Liȝt of day þou al forlast,
 Ac hold þe euen norþ.

Le priour dit : ‘Chevalier Owain,
 Voici le chemin qui mène à ton bien,
 Avance donc directement ;
 Après un certain temps de marche,
 Tu perdras toute la lumière du jour,
 Mais dirige-toi pile vers le nord.

¶ Þus þou schalt vnder erþe gon;
 Þan þou schalt finde sone anon
 235 A wel gret feld, apliȝt,
 & þerin an halle of ston –

Swiche in world no wot y non –
Sumdele þer is of lizt.

¶ Namore liztnesse nis þer yfounde
240 Þan þe sonne goþ to grounde
In winter sikerly.
Into þe halle þou schalt go,
& duelle þer tille þer com mo
Þat schul þe solaci.

2450 ¶ Þritten men þer schul come,
Godes seriauñce alle & some,
As it seyt in þe stori;
& hye þe schul conseily
Hou þou schalt þe conteyni
2500 Þe way þurth purgatori.’

¶ Þan þe priour & his couent
Bitauzt him God, & forþ hy went;
Þe gate þai schet anon.
Þe knizt his way haþ sone ynome,
2550 Þat into þe feld he was ycome
Þer was þe halle of ston.

¶ Þe halle was ful selly dizt,
Swiche can make no erþeliche wizt;
Þe pilers stode wide.
2600 Þe knizt wonderd þat he fond
Swiche an halle in þat lond,
& open in ich side.

¶ & when he hadde long stond þerout,
& deuised al about,
2650 In he went þare. {f.26va}
Þritten men þer come,
Wise men þai war of dome,
& white abite þai bere,

¶ & al her crounes wer newe schorn;
2700 Þer most maister zede biforn
& salud þe knizt.
Adoun he sat, so seyt þe boke,
& knizt Owain to him he toke,
& told him resoun riht.

2750 ¶ ‘Ichil þe conseyl, leue broþer,
As ichaue don mani anoþer
Þat han ywent þis way,
Þat þou ben of gode creauñce,
Certeyn & poure wiþouten dotaunce
2800 To God þi trewe fay;

¶ For þou schalt se, when we ben ago,
A þousend fendes & wele mo
To bring þe into pine.
Ac loke wele, bise þe so,
2850 & þou ani þing bi hem do,
Þi soule þou schalt tine.

Treize hommes viendront là,
Tous ministres de Dieu, divers,
Comme l’histoire le raconte ;
Ils te conseilleront
Comment tu dois te comporter
Sur le chemin qui traverse le purgatoire.’

‘Je vais te conseiller, cher frère,
Comme je l’ai déjà fait pour bien d’autres
Qui sont passés par ce chemin,
Afin que tu sois de bonne croyance,
Sûr et pur, sans douter,
Plaçant ta confiance en Dieu seul ;

Car tu vas voir, une fois que nous serons partis,
Mille demons sinon beaucoup plus
Qui te conduiront à la torture.
Mais fais bien attention et prends garde :
Si tu leur prêtes la moindre confiance
Tu perdras ton âme.

¶ Haue God in þine hert,
 & þenk opon his woundes smert,
 Þat he suffred þe fore.
 290 ¶ & bot þou do [as] y þe telle,
 Bodi & soule þou gos to helle,
 & euermore forlore.

¶ Nempne Godes heiȝe name,
 & þai may do þe no schame,
 295 ¶ For nouȝt þat may bifalle.’
 & when þai hadde conseylde þe kniȝt,
 No lenge bileue he no miȝt,
 Bot went out of þe halle;

¶ He & alle his fellowered
 300 ¶ Bitauȝt him God & forþ þai zede
 Wiþ ful mild chere.
 Owein bileft þer in drede,
 To God he gan to clepi & grede,
 & maked his preier.

3050 ¶ & sone þerafter sikerly
 He gan to here a reweful cri;
 He was aferd ful sore.
 Þei alle þe world falle schold,
 Fram þe firmament to þe mold, {f.26vb}
 3100 No miȝt haue ben no more.

¶ & when of þe cri was passed þe drede,
 Þer com in a grete ferrede
 Of fendes fifti score
 About þe kniȝt into þe halle;
 3150 Loþly þinges þai weren alle,
 Bihinde & eke bifore.

¶ & þe kniȝt þai zeden abouten,
 & grenned on him her foule touten,
 & drof him to heþeing,
 3200 ¶ & seyde he was comen wiþ flesche & fel
 To fechen him þe ioie of helle
 Wiþouten ani ending.

¶ Þe most maister-fende of alle
 Adoun on knes he gan to falle
 3250 ¶ & seyde ‘Welcome, Owein.
 Þou art ycomen to suffri þine
 To amende þe of sinnes tine
 Ac alle gett þe no gain,

Le plus grand chef des démons
 Tomba à genoux devant lui,
 Disant : ‘Bienvenu, Owain.
 Tu es venu pour souffrir la torture
 Afin de te repentir de tes péchés ;
 Mais tout cela ne t’avancera en rien,

¶ For þou schalt haue þine anouȝ,
 3300 ¶ Hard, strong, & ful touȝ,
 For þi dedli sinne.
 No haddestow neuer more meschaunce
 Þan þou schal haue in our daunce,
 When we schul play biginne.

Car tu en auras bien assez, des tortures,
 Dures, fortes et éprouvantes,
 À cause de ton péché mortel.
 Tu n’as jamais eu autant de malchance
 Que tu vas en avoir en dansant avec nous,
 Dès que nous commencerons à jouer !

3350 ¶ Ac no for þan’ þe fendes sede,

‘3if þou wilt do bi our rede,
 For þou art ous leue & dere,
 We schul þe bring wiþ fine amour
 Þer þou com in fram þe priour,
 340 Wip our felawes yfere.

¶ & elles we schul þe teche here,
 Þat þou has serued ous mani 3er
 In pride & lecherie;
 For we þe haue so long yknaue,
 345 To þe we schul our hokes þrawe,
 Alle our compeynie.’

¶ He seyde he nold wiþouten feyle,
 ‘Ac y forsake 3our conseyle;
 Mi penaunce ichil take.’
 350 & when þe fendes yherd þis,
 Amidward þe halle, ywis,
 A grete fer þai gun make.

¶ Fet & hond þai bounde him hard, {f.27ra}
 & casten him amidward.
 355 He cleped to our dri3t;
 Anon þe fer oway was weued
 Cole no spark þer nas bileued
 Þurth grace of God almi3t.

Ils lui ligotèrent fort mains et pieds {fo. 27ra}
 Et le jetèrent au milieu d’eux.
 Mais il fit appel à Notre Seigneur ;
 Tout de suite le feu fut enlevé,
 Il ne resta ni braise ni étincelle
 Grâce à Dieu Tout-puissant.

¶ & when þe kni3t ysei3e þis,
 360 Michel þe balder he was, ywis,
 & wele gan vnderstond,
 & þou3t wele in his memorie,
 It was þe fendes trecherie,
 His hert for to fond.

365 ¶ Þe fendes went out of þe halle,
 Þe kni3t þai ladde wiþ hem alle
 Intil an vncouþe lond.
 Þer no was no maner wele,
 Bot hunger, þrust & chele;
 370 No tre no sei3e he stond.

¶ Bot a cold winde þat blewe þere,
 Þat vnneþe ani man mi3t yhere,
 & perced þurth his side.
 Þe fendes han þe kni3t ynome
 375 So long þat þai ben ycome
 Into a valay wide.

¶ Do wende þe kni3t he hadde yfounde
 Þe deppest pit in helle-grounde.
 When he com nei3e þe stede
 380 He loked vp sone anon;
 Strong it was forþer to gon,
 He herd schriche & grede.

¶ He sei3e þer ligge ful a feld
 Of men & wimen þat wern aqueld,
 385 Naked wiþ mani a wounde.
 Toward þe erþe þai lay defueling,

Il vit là, couchés, un champ plein
 D’hommes et femmes qui étaient détruits,
 Nus et couverts de blessures ;
 Ils rampaient tous par terre.

‘Allas! allas!’ was her brocking,
Wiþ iren bendes ybounde;

¶ & gun to scriche & to wayly,
390 ¶ & crid ‘allas! merci, merci!
Merci, God almiȝt!’
Merci nas þer non, forsoþe,
Bot sorwe of hert & grinding of toþe:
Þat was a griseli siȝt.

3950 ¶ Þat ich sorwe & þat reuþe
Is for þe foule sinne of slewþe,
As it seyt in þe stori. {f.27rb}
Who þat is slowe in Godes seruise
Of þat pain hem may agrise,
4000 To legge in purgatori.

¶ Þis was þe first pain, apliȝt,
Þat þai dede Owain þe kniȝt:
Þai greued him swiþe sore.
Alle þat pain he haþ ouerschaken;
4050 Vntil anoþer þai han him taken,
Þer he seiȝe sorwe more

¶ Of men & wimen þat þer lay,
Þat crid ‘allas & wailleway!’
For her wicked lore.
4100 Þilche soules lay vpward,
As þe oþer hadde ly do[u]nward
Þat ytold of bifore.

¶ & were þurth fet, & hond, & heued,
Wiþ iren nailes gloweand red,
4150 To þe erþe ynayled þat tide.
Owain seiȝe sitt on hem þere
Lopli dragouns alle o fer;
In herd is nouȝt to hide.

¶ On sum sete todes blake,
4200 Euetes, neddren & þe snake,
Þat frete hem bac & side.
Þis is be pain of glotoni:
For Godes loue, be war þerbi.
¶ It rinneþ al to wide.

4250 ȝete him þouȝt a pain strong
Of a cold winde blewe hem among,
Þat com out of þe sky;
So bitter & so cold it blewe,
Þat alle þe soules it ouerþrewe
4300 Þat lay in purgatori.

¶ Þe fendes lopen on hem þare,
& wiþ her hokes hem al totere,
& loude þai gun to crie.
Who þat is licchoure in þis liif,
4350 Be it man oþer be it wiif,
Þat schal ben his bayli.

‘Hélas ! Hélas !’ était leur plainte,
Ils portaient des liens de fer ;

Ils hurlaient et pleuraient,
Criant ‘Hélas ! Miséricorde, miséricorde !
Aie pitié de nous, Dieu Tout-puissant’ !
Il n’y avait point de miséricorde, pourtant,
Mais tristesse de coeur et grincement de dents.
C’était là une vision affreuse.

¶ Þe fendes seyð to þe kniȝt,
 ‘Þou hast ben strong lichoure, apliȝt,
 & strong glotoun also:
 440 Into þis pain þou schalt be diȝt,
 Bot þou take þe way ful riȝt {f.27va}
 Oȝain þer þou com fro.’

¶ Owain seyð ‘Nay, Satan.
 ȝete forþer mar ichil gan,
 445 Þurth grace of God almiȝt.’
 Þe fendes wald him haue hent:
 Þe cleded to God omnipotent,
 & þai lorn al her miȝt.

Þai ladde him forþer into a stede
 450 Þer men neuer gode no dede,
 Bot schame & vilanie.
 Herkneþ now & ben in pes.
 In þe ferþ feld it wes,
 Al ful of turmentrie.

455 ¶ Sum bi þe fet wer honging,
 Wiþ iren hokes al brening,
 & sum bi þe swere,
 & sum bi wombe & sum bi rigge,
 Al oþerwise þan y can sigge,
 460 In diuers manere.

¶ & sum in forneise were ydon,
 Wiþ molten ledde & quic brunston
 Boiland aboue þe fer,
 & sum bi þe tong hing,
 465 ‘Allas!’ was euer her brocking,
 & no noþer preiere.

¶ & sum on grediris layen þere,
 Al glowand oȝains þe fer,
 Þat Owain wele yknewe,
 470 Þat whilom were of his queyntaunce,
 Þat suffred þer her penaunce:
 Þo chaunged al his hewe.

¶ A wilde fer hem þurthout went,
 Alle þat it oftok it brent,
 475 Ten þousend soules & mo:
 Þo þat henge bi fet & swere,
 Þat were þeues & þeues fere,
 & wrouȝt man wel wo.

¶ & þo þat henge bi þe tong,
 480 Þat ‘allas’ euer song,
 & so loude crid,
 Þat wer bachiters in her liue.
 Be war þerbi, man & wiue,
 Þat lef beþ forto chide.

485 ¶ Alle þe stedes þe kniȝt com bi {f.27vb}

Les démons dirent au chevalier :
 ‘Tu as été grand luxurieux, assurément,
 Ainsi qu’un grand gourmand :
 Dans cette douleur tu seras mis,
 Sauf si tu repars droit sur le chemin, {fo. 27va}
 Et retournes d’où tu es venu’.

Ils l’emmenèrent plus loin, en un lieu
 Où les hommes n’ont jamais fait le bien,
 Mais seulement la honte et la vileinie.
 Écoutez maintenant et soyez en paix.
 C’était au quatrième champ,
 Tout plein de tourmentes.

Certains étaient suspendus par les pieds,
 Avec des crochets de fer tout brûlants,
 D’autres par le cou,
 D’autres par le ventre ou encore par le dos,
 Trop de façons pour que je puisse les décrire,
 En diverses manières.

Tous ces lieux que le chevalier traversait

Were þe paines of purgatori
 For her werkes wrong.
 Whoso is lef on þe halidom swere,
 Or ani fals witnes bere,
 490 Þer ben her peynes strong.

Owain anon him biwent
 & sei3e where a whele trent,
 Þat griseliche were of si3t;
 Michel it was, about it wond,
 495 & brend ri3t as it were a brond;
 Wiþ hokes it was ydi3t.

¶ An hundred þousand soules & mo
 Opon þe whele were honging þo;
 Þe fendes þertil oun.
 500 Þe stori seyð of Owain þe kni3t,
 Þat no soule knowe he no mi3t,
 So fast þai gun it tourn.

¶ Out of þe erþe com a li3ting
 Of a blo fer al brening,
 505 Þat stank foule wiþalle,
 & about þe whele it went,
 & þe soules it forbrent
 To poudre swiþe smal.

¶ Þat whele þat renneþ in þis wise,
 510 Is for þe sinne of couaitise,
 Þat regnes now oueral.
 Þe coueytous man haþ neuer anou3
 Of gold, of siluer, no of plou3,
 Til deþ him do doun falle.

5150 ¶ Þe fendes seyð to þe kni3t,
 ‘Þou hast ben couaitise, apli3t,
 To win lond & lede;
 Opon þis whele þou [ms *he*] schal be di3t,
 Bot 3if þou take þe way ful ri3t
 5200 Intil þin owen þede.’

¶ Þer conseyl he haþ forsaken.
 Þe fendes han þe kni3t forþ taken,
 & bounde him swiþe hard
 Opon þe whele þat arn about,
 5250 & so loþly gan to rout,
 & cast him amidward.

¶ Þo þe hokes him torent,
 & þe wild fer him tobrent,
 On Ihesu Crist he þou3t. {f.28ra}
 5300 Fram þat whele an angel him bare,
 & al þe fendes þat were þare
 No mi3t him do ri3t nou3t.

Þai ladde him forþer wiþ gret pain,
 Til þai com to a mounteyn
 5350 Þat was as rede as blod,
 & men & wimen þeron stode.

Étaient les douleurs du purgatoire {fo. 27vb}
 Pour leurs mauvaises actions.
 Quiconque aime jurer par les saints,
 Ou porter un faux témoignage,
 Leurs souffrances seront fortes, là.

Les démons dirent au chevalier,
 ‘Tu as sûrement été coupable de convoitise,
 Voulant gagner terres et richesses ;
 Sur cette roue tu seras placé,
 Sauf si tu repars directement
 Vers ton propre pays’.

Bien que les crochets l’aient déchiqueté,
 Que le feu sauvage l’ait brûlé affreusement,
 Il pensa à Jésus Christ. {fo. 28ra}
 Un ange l’enleva de la roue,
 Et aucun des démons qui s’y trouvaient
 Ne pouvait rien lui faire du tout.

Him þouȝt it nas for non gode,
For þai cride as þai were wode.

¶ Þe fendes seyð to þe kniȝt þan,
5400 ‘Þou hast wonder of þilche man
Þat make so dreri mode:
For þai deserued Godes wreche,
Þem schal sone com a beuereche,
Þat schal nouȝt þenche hem gode.’

5450 ¶ No hadde he no raþer þat word yseyð,
As it is in þe stori leyð,
Þer com a windes blast,
Þat fende & soule & kniȝt vp went
Almest into þe firmament,
5500 & seþþen adon him cast

¶ Into a stinkand riuer,
Þat vnder þe mownteyn ran o fer,
As quarel of alblast.
& cold it was as ani ise:
5550 Þe pain may no man deuise,
Þat him was wrouȝt in hast.

¶ Seyn Owain in þe water was dreynt,
& wex þerin so mad & feynt,
Þat neiȝe he was forlore;
5600 Sone so he on God miȝt þenchen ouȝt,
Out of þe water he was ybrouȝt,
& to þe lond ybore.

¶ Þat ich pain, ich vnderstond,
Is for boþe niþe & ond,
5650 Þat was so wick liif;
Ond was þe windes blast
Þat into þe stinking water him cast:
Ich man be war þerbi.

Cette même douleur, je l’ai compris,
Est pour l’envie et la rancune,
Tellement sa vie avait été mauvaise ;
La rancune, c’était la poussée de vent
Qui le propulsait dans cette eau puante –
Que chacun y prenne gare !

Forþ þai ladde him swiþe wiþalle,
5700 Til þai com to an halle;
He no seiȝe neuere non swiche.
Out of þe halle com an hete,
Þat þe kniȝt bigan to swete, {f.28rb}
He seiȝe so foule a smiche.

5750 ¶ Þo stint he forþer for to gon.
Þe fendes it aperceiued anon,
& were þerof ful fawe.
‘Turn oȝain’ þai gun to crie,
‘Or þou schalt wel sone dye,
5800 Bot þou þe wiþdrawe.’

¶ & when he com to þe halle dore,
He no hadde neuere sen bifore
Haluendel þe care.
Þe halle was ful of turmentri:
5850 Þo þat were in þat bayly
Of blis þai were ful bare,

¶ For al was þe halle grounde
 Ful of pittes þat were rounde,
 & were ful yfilt
 590) To þe brerdes, gret & smal,
 Of bras & coper & oþer metal,
 & quic bronston ymelt.

¶ & men & wimen þeron stode,
 & schrist & crid as þai wer wode,
 595) For her dedeli sinne.
 Sum to þe nauel wode,
 & sum to þe brestes 3ode,
 & sum to þe chin.

¶ Ich man after his misgilt
 600) In þat pein was ypilt,
 To haue þat strong hete;
 & sum bere bagges about her swere
 Of pens gloweand al of fer,
 & swiche mete þer þai ete.

605) ¶ Þat were gaelers in her liif.
 Be war þerbi, boþe man & wiif,
 Swiche sinne þat 3e lete.
 & mani soules þer 3ede vpriztes,
 Wiþ fals misours & fals wiztes,
 610) Þat fendes opon sete.

¶ Þe fendes to þe kni3t sede,
 'Þou most bap̄i in þis lede
 Ar þan þou hennes go;
 For þine okering & for þi sinne
 615) A parti þou most be wasche herinne,
 O cours or to.'

¶ Owain drad þat turment, {f.28va}
 & cleped to God omnipotent,
 & his moder Marie,
 620) Yborn he was out of þe halle,
 Fram þe paines & þe fendes alle,
 Þo þai (ms: *he*) so loude gan crie.

Anon þe kni3t was war þer,
 Whare sprang out a flaumme o fer,
 625) Þat was stark & store.
 Out þe erþe þe fer aros,
 Þo þe kni3t wel sore agros;
 As cole & piche it fore.

¶ Of seuen maner colours þe fer out went,
 630) Þe soules þerin it forbrent;
 Sum was 3alu & grene,
 Sum was blac, & sum was blo.
 Þo þat were þerin, hem was ful wo,
 & sum as nadder on to sene.

635) ¶ Þe fende haþ þe kni3t ynome,

Les démons dirent au chevalier :
 'Tu dois te baigner dans ce plomb fondu
 Avant que tu ne partes d'ici ;
 Pour cause de ton usure et de ton péché
 Tu dois y plonger un de tes membres,
 Une ou deux fois'.

Owain, craignant fort cette torture, {fo. 28va}
 Fit appel à Dieu Tout-puissant,
 Ainsi qu'à Marie, sa mère.
 On l'emporta hors de cette salle,
 Loin des douleurs et de tous les démons,
 Bien qu'ils aient crié si fort.

& to þe pit þai weren ycome,
 & seyð þus in her spelle,
 ‘Now, Owain, þou miȝt solas make,
 For þou schalt wiþ our felawes schake
 640 Into þe pit of helle.

¶ Þis ben our foules in our caghe,
 & þis is our courtelage
 & our castel tour;
 Þo þat ben herin ybrouzt,
 645 Sir kniȝt, hou trowestow ouzt,
 Þat hem is ani þing sour?

¶ Now turn oȝain or to late,
 Ar we þe put in at helle-gate;
 Out no schaltow neuer winne,
 650 For no noise no for no crie,
 No for no clepeing to Marie,
 No for no maner ginne.’

¶ Her conseil þe kniȝt forsoke.
 Þe fendes him nom, so seiþ þe boke,
 655 & bounde him swiþe fast;
 Into þat ich wicke prisoun,
 Stinckand & derk fer adoun
 Amidward þai him cast.

Le chevalier ignora leur conseil.
 Les démons le saisirent, comme le dit le livre,
 En le ligotant très vite ;
 Dans cette même prison affreuse,
 Puante, obscure et très profonde,
 Ils le jetèrent en plein centre.

¶ Euer þe neþer þat þai him cast
 660 Þe hatter þe fer on him last.
 Þo him gan sore smert, {f.28vb}
 He cleped to God omnipotent,
 To help him out of þat turment,
 Wiþ gode wille & stedefast hert.

665 ¶ Out of þe pit he was yborn,
 & elles he hadde ben forlorn
 To his ending-day.
 Þat is þe pine þat ich of rede,
 Is for þe foule sinne of prede,
 670 Þat schal lasten ay.

¶ Biside þe pit he seiȝe & herd
 Hou God almiȝten him had ywerd;
 His cloþes wer al torent.
 Forþer couþe he no way,
 675 Þer him þouȝt a diuers cuntray;
 His bodi was al forbrent.

¶ Þo chaunged Owain rode & hewe;
 Fendes he seiȝe, ac non he no knewe,
 In þat diuers lond;
 680 Sum sexti eiȝen bere,
 Þat loþeliche & griseliche we[re],
 & sum hadde sexti hond,

Alors Owain changea de couleur et de mine ;
 Il vit des démons, mais il n’en reconnut aucun,
 Dans cette région variée ;
 Certains avaient soixante yeux,
 Qui étaient horribles et répugnants,
 D’autres avaient soixante mains.

¶ Þai seyð ‘Þou schalt nouȝt ben alon,
 Þou schalt hauen ous to mon,
 685 To teche þe newe lawes,
 As þou hast ylernd ere,

Ils dirent : ‘Tu ne seras pas tout seul,
 Car tu nous auras comme compagnons,
 Pour t’enseigner de nouvelles lois,
 Comme tu l’as appris ici,

In þe stede þer þou were
Amonges our felawes.’

Dans ce lieu où tu as déjà été
Parmi nos semblables’.

¶ Þe fendes han þe kniȝt ynome,
690 To a stinkand water þai ben ycome;
He no seiȝe neuer er non swiche.
It stank fouler þan ani hounde,
& mani mile it was to þe grounde,
& was as swart as piche.

Owain vit qu’il y passait par-dessus
Un pont étroit, très résistant.
Les démons lui dirent alors :
‘Alors, messire chevalier, vois-tu cela?
C’est là le pont du Paradis,
Il va falloir que tu le traverses ;

6950 ¶ & Owain seiȝe þerouer ligge
A swiȝe strong naru brigge.
Þe fendes seyð þo,
‘Lo, sir kniȝt, sestow þis?
Þis is þe brigge of paradis,
7000 Here ouer þou most go;

Mais nous, on va te jeter des pierres,
Et le vent te renversera,
En te précipant dans la catastrophe.
Tu ne peux rien d’autre, pour le monde entier,
Que de tomber en plein dedans
Parmi d’autres de nos semblables.

¶ & we þe schul wiȝ stones þrowe,
& þe winde þe schal ouer blowe,
& wirche þe ful wo.
Þou no schalt, for al þis midnerd,
7050 Bot ȝif þou falle amidwerd {f.29ra}
To our fe[la]wes mo.

¶ & when þou art adoun yfalle,
þan schal com our felawes alle,
& wiȝ her hokes þe hede.
7100 We schul þe teche a newe play –
Þou hast serued ous mani a day –
& into helle þe lede.’

Owain devant les portes du Paradis

¶ Owain biheld þe brigge smert,
þe water þervnder, blac & swert,
7150 & sore him gan to drede,
For of o þing he tok ȝeme:
Neuer mot in sonnebeme
þicker þan þe fendes ȝede.

Le pont était haut comme une tour,
Aussi aiguisé qu’un rasoir,
Tout en étant très étroit ;
L’eau qui coulait en-dessous
Bouillonnait d’éclairs et de tonnerre,
Ce qui annonçait, pensait-il, le désastre.

¶ Þe brigge was as heiȝe as a tour,
7200 & as scharpe as a rasour,
& naru it was also;
& þe water þat þer ran vnder
Brend o liȝting & of þonder,
þat þouȝt him michel wo.

Aucun savant ne peut décrire à l’encre,
Ni aucun homme ne peut imaginer,
Ni aucun maître d’école concevoir,
De ce qui existe, je le crois vraiment,
Sous le pont du Paradis,
La moitié des tourmentes.

7250 ¶ Þer nis no clerk may write wiȝ ynke,
No no man no may biþinke,
No no maister deuine,
þat is ymade, forsoþe ywis,
Vnder þe brigge of paradis,
7300 Haluendel þe pine.

¶ So þe dominical ous telle,
þer is þe pure entre of helle –
Sein Poule berþ witesse.
Whoso falleþ of þe brigge adoun,

7350 Of him nis no redempcioun,
Noiþer more no lesse.

¶ Þe fendes seyð to þe kniȝt þo,
‘Ouer þis brigge miȝt þou nouȝt go,
For noneskines nede.

7400 Fle periil, sorwe & wo,
& to þat stede, þer þou com fro,
Wel fair we schul þe lede.’

¶ Owain anon him gan biþenche
Fram hou mani of þe fendes wrenche

7450 God him saued hadde.
He sett his fot opon þe brigge,
No feld he no scharp egge,
No noþing him no drad.

¶ When þe fendes yseyȝe þo, {f.29rb}
7500 Þat he was more þan half ygo,
Loude þai gun to crie,
‘Allas, allas, þat he was born.
Þis ich kniȝt we haue forlorn
Out of our baylie.’

7550 ¶ When he was of þe brigge ywent,
He þonked God omnipotent,
& his moder Marie,
Þat him hadde swiche grace ysent,
He was deliuerd fro her turment,
7600 Intil a better baylie.

¶ A cloþ of gold him was ybrouȝt,
In what maner he nist nouȝt,
Þo God him hadde ysent.
Þat cloþ he dede on him þere,
7650 & alle woundes hole were,
Þat er þen was forbrent.

¶ He þonked God in trinite,
& loked forþer & gan yse
As it were a ston wal.
7700 He biheld about fer & neȝe,
Non ende þeron he no seiȝe,
O red gold it schon al.

¶ Forþermore he gan yse
A gate – non fairer miȝt be
7750 In þis world ywrouȝt.
Tre no stel nas þeron non,
Bot rede gold & precious ston,
& al God made of nouȝt.

¶ Jaspers, topes & cristal,
7800 Margarites & coral,
& riche safer-stones,
Ribes & salidoines,
Onicles & causteloines,
& diamaunce for þe nones.

Quand les démons voyaient donc {fo. 29rb}
Qu’il avait fait plus que la moitié du chemin,
Ils se mirent à crier fort :
‘Hélas, hélas, qu’il est né, celui-là !
Ce même chevalier avons-nous perdu,
Il est sorti de notre pouvoir’.

On lui apporta un châle d’or,
De quelle manière, il n’a point compris,
Alors que c’est Dieu qui le lui avait envoyé.
Il mit le châle autour de lui,
Et toutes ses blessures furent guéries,
Là où, auparavant, il était brûlé.

De plus, cependant, il vit
Un portail – plus beau ne peut être
Fabriqué au monde.
Ni bois ni acier n’était posé dessus,
Mais l’or rouge et la pierre précieuse,
Que Dieu avait créés du néant.

7850 ¶ In tabernacles þai wer ywrouzt,
 Richer miȝt it be nouzt,
 Wiþ pilers gent & smal,
 Arches ybent wiþ charbukelston,
 Knottes of rede gold þeropon,
 7900 & pinacles of cristal.

¶ Bi as miche as our Saueour
 Is queinter þan goldsmitþe oþer paintour,
 Þat woneþ in ani lond, {f.29va}
 So fare þe gates of paradis
 7950 Er richer ywrouzt, forsoþe ywis,
 As ȝe may vnderstond.

¶ Þe gates bi hem selue vndede:
 Swiche a smal com out of þat stede,
 As it al baume were;
 8000 & of þat ich swetenisse
 Þe kniȝt tok so gret strengþe, ywis,
 As ȝe may forþeward here,

¶ Þat him þouzt he miȝt wel,
 More bi a þousand del,
 8050 Suffri pain & wo,
 & turn oȝain siker, apliȝt,
 & oȝain alle fendes fiȝt,
 Þer he er com fro.

¶ Þe kniȝt ȝode þe gate ner,
 8100 & seiȝe þer com wiþ milde chere
 Wel mani [in] processiou, n,
 Wiþ tapers & chaundelers of gold,
 Non fairer no miȝt ben on mold,
 & croices & gomfainoun.

8150 ¶ Popes wiþ gret dignite,
 & cardinals gret plente,
 Kinges & quenes þer were,
 Kniȝtes, abbotes & priours,
 Monkes, chanouns & frere prechours,
 8200 & bischopes þat croices bere;

¶ Frere menours & iacobins,
 Frere carmes & frere austines,
 & nonnes white & blake.
 Al maner religioun
 8250 Þer ȝede in þat processiou, n,
 Þat order had ytake.

¶ Þe order of wedlake com also,
 Men & wimen mani & mo,
 & þonked Godes grace,
 8300 Þat haþ þe kniȝt swiche grace ysent,
 Þe was deliuerd from þe fendes turment,
 Quic man into þat plas.

¶ & when þai hadde made þis melody,
 Tvay com out of her compeynie,
 8350 Palmes of gold þai bere;

Les portes s'ouvrirent d'elles-mêmes :
 Un tel parfum sortit de ce lieu,
 Qu'on dirait que c'était un baume ;
 De cette véritable douceur
 Le chevalier prit si grande force, certes,
 Comme vous allez l'entendre de suite,

Qu'il lui semblait qu'il pouvait bien,
 Plus que mille fois davantage,
 Souffrir la douleur et la peine,
 Et retourner sain et sauf, assurément,
 Afin de se batter contre tous les démons,
 Là d'où il venait de sortir.

Une fois qu'ils ont terminé cette mélodie,
 Deux membres sortirent de la compagnie,
 Portant des palmes d'or ;

To þe kniȝt þai ben ycome, {f.29vb}
 Bitvix hem tway þai han him nome,
 & erchebischopes it were.

¶ Vp & doun þai ladde þe kniȝt,
 840) & schewed him ioies of more miȝt,
 & miche melodye.
 Mirie were her carols þere;
 Non foles among hem nere,
 Bot ioie & menstracie.

8450) ¶ Þai ȝede on carol al bi line,
 Her ioie may no man deuine,
 Of God þai speke & song;
 & angels ȝeden hem to gy,
 Wiþ harpe & fiþel & sautry,
 8500) & belles miri rong.

¶ No may þer no man caroly inne,
 Bot þat he be clene of sinne,
 & leten alle foly.
 Now God, for þine wo[u]ndes alle,
 8550) Graunt ous caroly in þat halle,
 & his moder Marie.

¶ Þis ich ioie, as ȝe may se,
 Is for loue & charite
 Oȝain God & mankinne.
 8600) Who þat lat erþely loue be,
 & loueþ God in Trinite,
 He may caroly þerinne.

Oþer ioies he seiȝe anouȝ:
 Heiȝe tres wiþ mani a bouȝ,
 8650) Þeron sat foules of heuen,
 & breke her notes wiþ miri gle,
 Burdoun & mene gret plente,
 & hautain wiþ heiȝe steuen.

¶ Him þouȝt wele wiþ þat foules song
 8700) He miȝt wele liue þeramong
 Til þe worldes ende.
 Þer he seiȝe þat tre of liif
 Wharþurth þat Adam & his wiif
 To helle gun wende.

8750) ¶ Fair were her erbers wiþ floures,
 Rose & lili, diuers colours,
 Primrol & paruink,
 Mint, feþerfoy & eglentere,
 Colombin & mo þer were {f.30ra}
 8800) Þan ani man mai biþenke.

¶ It beþ erbes of oþer maner
 Þan ani in erþe [groweþ here],
 Þo þat is lest of priis.
 Euermore þai grene springeþ,
 8850) For winter no somer it no clingeþ,

Ils avancèrent vers le chevalier, {fo. 29vb}
 Puis ils le placèrent entre eux deux –
 C'était en fait des archevêques.

Personne ne peut chanter là-dedans,
 À moins d'être blanchi de tout péché,
 Et détourné de toute folie.
 Ô Christ, donc, au nom de toutes tes blessures,
 Permetts-nous de chanter dans cette grand-salle ;
 Ô Marie, sa mère, [exauce-nous] aussi.

Il pensait qu'avec la chanson des oiseaux
 Il saurait bien vivre parmi eux
 Jusqu'à la fin du monde.
 Il vit là aussi l'Arbre de Vie
 Par lequel Adam et son épouse
 Sont allés en Enfer.

& swetter þan licorice.

¶ Per beþ þe welles in þat stede,
 Þe water is swetter þan ani mede,
 Ac on þer is of priis,
 890) Swiche þat seynt Owain seiþe þo,
 Þat foure stremes vrn fro,
 Out of paradis.

Là en ce lieu se trouvent des sources,
 Dont l'eau est plus douce que l'hydromel,
 Mais l'une d'elles est encore plus précieuse :
 Car saint Owain vit tout de suite
 Que quatre rivières jaillissaient d'elle,
 Coulant du Paradis.

¶ Pison [ms *Dison*] men clepeþ þat o strem,
 Þat is of swiþe briþt lem;
 895) Gold is þerin yfounde.
 Gihon [ms *Fison*] men clepeþ þat oþer, ywis,
 Þat is of miche more priis
 Of stones in þe grounde.

¶ Þe þridde strem is Eufrates,
 900) Forsoþe to telle, wiþouten les,
 Þat rinneþ swiþe riþt.
 Þe ferþ strem is Tigris;
 In þe world is make nis,
 Of stones swiþe briþt.

905) ¶ Who loueþ to liue in clenesse,
 He schal haue þat ich blisse,
 & se þat semly siþt.
 & more he þer yseiþe
 Vnder Godes glorie an heiþe –
 910) Yblisced [be] his miþt.

¶ Sum soule he seyþe woni bi selue,
 & sum bi ten & bi tuelue.
 & euerich com til oþer;
 & when þai com togiders, ywis,
 915) Alle þai made miche blis
 As soster doþ wiþ þe broþer.

Il aperçut telle âme vivant seule,
 D'autres par dix ou par douze,
 Et chacune se dirigeait vers les autres.
 Quand elles se rencontraient, en effet,
 Elles manifestaient une grande joie,
 Comme une soeur le fait avec son frère.

¶ Sum he seiþe gon in rede scarlet,
 & sum in pourper wele ysett,
 & sum in sikelatoun;
 920) As þe prest ate masse wereþ,
 Tonics & aubes on hem þai bereþ,
 & sum gold bete al doun. {f.30rb}

Le chevalier savait parfaitement bien,
 Grâce à leurs vêtements,
 Quel était leur état de vie,
 Et les actions qu'ils avaient accomplies,
 Ceux qui se vêtirent ainsi [sur Terre],
 Tant qu'ils vécurent parmi les hommes.

¶ Þe kniþt wele in alle þing
 Knewe bi her cloþeing
 925) In what state þat þai weren,
 & what dedes þai hadde ydo,
 Þo þat were ycloþed so,
 While þai were mannes fere.

¶ Ichil þou tel a fair semblaunce,
 930) Þat is a gode acordaunce
 Bi þe sterres clere:
 Sum ster is briþter on to se
 Þan is bisides oþer þre,
 & of more pouwere.

935) ¶ In þis maner ydelt it is,

Bi þe ioies of paradis:
 Þai no haue nouzt al yliche;
 Þe soule þat haþ ioie lest,
 Him þenkeþ he haþ aldermest,
 940) & holt him also riche.

¶ Þe bischopes oþain to him come,
 Bitven hem tvay þai him nome,
 & ladde him vp & doun,
 & seyð ‘Broþer, God, herd he be.
 945) Fulfild is þi volente;
 Now herken our resound.

¶ Þou hast yse wiþ eiþen þine
 Boþe þe ioies & þe pine –
 Yherd be Godes grace.
 950) We wil þe tel bi our comun dome,
 What way it was þat þou bicome,
 Er þou hennes pas.

¶ Þat lond þat is so ful of sorwe,
 Boþe a[n e]uen & amorwe,
 955) Þat þou þus com bi –
 Þou suffredes pain & wo,
 & oþer soules mani mo –
 Men clepeþ it purgatori.

¶ & þis lond þat is so wide,
 960) & so michel & so side,
 & is ful of blis,
 Þat þou hast now in ybe,
 & mani ioies here yse,
 Paradis is cleped, ywis.

965) ¶ Þer mai no man comen here {f.30va}
 Til þat he be spourged þere,
 & ymade al clene.
 Þan comeþ þai hider’ þe bischop sede,
 ‘Into þe ioie we schul hem lede,
 970) Sumwhile bi tvelue & tene.

¶ & sum ben so hard ybounde,
 Þai nite neuer hou long stounde
 Þai schul suffri þat hete.
 Bot 3if her frendes do godenisse,
 975) 3if mete, or do sing messe,
 Þat þai han in erþe ylete,

¶ Oþer ani oþer almosdede,
 Alle þe better hem may spede
 Out of her missays,
 980) & com into þis paradis,
 Þer ioie & blis euer is,
 & libbe here al in pays.

¶ As hye comeþ out of purgatori,
 So passe we vp to Godes glori,
 985) Þat is þe heiþe riche,
 Þat is paradis celestien;

Les évêques revinrent vers lui,
 Le placèrent entre eux deux,
 Pour le promener par-ci par-là,
 En disant : ‘Frère, Dieu soit loué !
 Ta volonté est accomplie ;
 Écoute donc notre explication.

Tu as vu de tes propres yeux
 Et les joies et la souffrance –
 La grâce de Dieu soit louée !
 Nous allons t’expliquer notre idée commune,
 Concernant la voie que tu as suivie,
 Avant que tu ne partes d’ici.

Personne ne parvient jusqu’ici {fo. 30va}
 Avant qu’il ne soit purgé là [au purgatoire],
 Et qu’il n’ait été parfaitement purifié.
 Enfin, ils arrivent ici, dit l’évêque,
 Et nous les conduisons vers la joie,
 Par groupes de douze et de dix.

Certains encore sont liés si fort [en péché],
 Qu’ils ne savent jamais pour combien de temps
 Ils doivent souffrir cette chaleur.
 Mais si leurs amis font de bonnes actions,
 Par des aumônes ou des offrandes de messe,
 Ce que [les morts] avaient négligé sur terre,

Ou toute autre oeuvre de charité,
 C’est d’autant plus rapidement qu’ils pourront
 Sortir de leur souffrance,
 Afin d’atteindre ce Paradis,
 Là où se trouve la joie, bonheur éternel,
 Et rester ici tout en paix.

Perin com bot Cristen men:
No ioie nis þat yliche.

¶ When we comen out of þe fer
990 Of purgatori, ar we com her,
We no may nouzt anonizt,
Til we han her long ybe,
We may nouzt Godes face yse,
No in þat stede alizt.

9950 ¶ Þe child þat was yborn tonizt,
Er þe soule be hider ydizt,
Þe pain schal ouerfle.
Strong & heui is it þan,
Here to com þe old man,
1000 Þat long in sinne haþ be.'

¶ Forþ þai went til þai seiþe
A mounteyn þat was swiþe heiþe,
Þer was al gamen & gle.
So long þai hadde þe way ynome,
1005 Þat to þe top [*ms cop*] þai weren ycome,
Þe ioies forto se.

¶ Þer was al maner foulen song,
Michel ioie was hem among,
& euermore schal be; {f.30vb}
1010 ¶ Þer is more ioie in a foules mouþe,
Þan here in harp, fiþel or crouþe,
Bi lond oþer bi se.

Au Paradis terrestre, Owain reçoit l'enseignement spirituel

¶ Þat lond, þat is so honestly,
Is ycleped paradis terestri,
1015 Þat is in erþe here;
Þat oþer is paradis, Godes riche:
Þilke ioie haþ non yliche,
& is aboue þe aire.

¶ In þat, þat is in erþe here,
1020 Was Owain, þat y spac of here,
Swiche þat les Adam;
For, hadde Adam yhold him stille,
& wrouzt after Godes wille –
As he oþain him nam –

1025 ¶ He no his ofspring neuermo
Out of þat ioie no schuld haue go;
Bot for he brac it so sone,
Wiþ pike & spade in diche to delue,
To help his wiif & him selue,
1030 God made him miche to done.

¶ God was wiþ him so wroþ,
Þat he no left him no cloþ,
Bot a lef of a tre,
& al naked ȝede & stode.

L'enfant qui naît ce soir,
Avant que l'âme ne soit transportée ici,
Échappera à la douleur.
Terrible et lourd est-il, alors,
De venir ici en tant que vieillard,
Qui vit depuis longtemps dans le péché'.

Ils avancèrent jusqu'à ce qu'ils virent
Une montagne qui était très haute,
Où tout était délices et plaisirs.
Ils avaient pris le chemin depuis si longtemps,
Qu'ils étaient arrivés tout en haut,
Afin de voir ces joies.

Ce pays, d'apparence si belle,
S'appelle le Paradis terrestre,
Qui se trouve ici, sur Terre.
L'autre Paradis est le royaume de Dieu,
Dont la joie n'a pas son pareil ;
Il est au-delà des cieux.

Dans le premier, qui est ici sur Terre,
Se trouvait Owain, lui dont je parle à présent,
Et c'est cela qu'Adam a perdu ;
Car si Adam s'était tenu tranquille,
S'il avait agité selon la volonté de Dieu,
Au lieu de se retourner contre lui,

Ni lui ni sa progénie n'aurait jamais été
Obligés de s'éloigner de cette joie ;
Or, puisqu'il la rompa si vite,
C'est avec pic et bêche pour creuser le fossé,
Pour aider son épouse et lui-même,
Que Dieu les contraignit à travailler fort.

1035 Loke man, 3if hye ner wode,
At swiche a conseil to be.

¶ Po com an angel wiþ a swerd o fer,
& wiþ a stern loke & chere,
& made hem sore aferd;
1040 In erþe to ben in sorwe & wo,
þerwhile þai liued euermo,
He drof hem to midnerd.

¶ & when he dyed to helle he nam,
& al þat euer of him cam,
1045 Til Godes sone was born,
& suffred pain & passioun,
& brouzt him out of þat prisoun,
& elles were al forlorn.

¶ Hereof spekeþ Daud in þe sauter,
1050 Of a þing þat toucheþ here,
Of God in Trinite,
Opon men, þat ben in gret honour,
& honoureþ nouzt her creatour {f.31ra}
Of so heizze dignite.

1055 ¶ Alle þat ben of Adames kinne,
þ[at here in erþe haue don sinne],
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{12 lines lost where miniature cut out}
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.... ..

.... ..
B.... ..
In þe paine of purgatori;
1070 & bot he haue þe better chaunce,
At domesday he is in balaunce
Ozaines God in glorie.

¶ Þe bischopes þe kniȝt hete
To tellen hem [ms *him*], þat he no lete,
1075 Wheþer heuen were white or biis,
Blewe or rede, ȝalu or grene.
þe kniȝt seyð ‘wiþouten wene,
Y schal say min aviis.

¶ Me þenkeþ it is a þousandfold
1080 Briȝter þan euer was ani gold,
Bi siȝt opon to se.’
‘ȝa’ seyð þe bischop to þe kniȝt,
þat ich stede, þat is so briȝt,
Nis bot þe entre.

De cela parle David dans le Psautier,
D’un sujet qui est ici à propos,
De Dieu dans la Trinité,
De ces hommes qui, tenus en grand honneur,
N’honorent point leur Créateur {fo. 31ra}
Dont la dignité est si haute.

Tous ceux qui sont de la race d’Adam,
Qui ont commis des péchés dans ce monde,
[manuscrit abîmé sur douze vers]

1085 ¶ & ich day ate gate o siþe
 Ous comeþ a mele to make ous bliþe,
 Þat is to our biheue:
 A swete smal of al gode,
 It is our soule fode.
 1090 Abide, þou schalt ous leue.’

¶ Anon þe kniȝt was war þere,
 Whare sprong out a flaumbe o fer,
 Fram heuen-gate it fel.
 Þe kniȝt þouȝt, al fer & neiȝe,
 1095 Þat ouer al paradis it fleiȝe,
 & ȝaf so swete a small.

¶ Þe holy gost in fourme o fer {f.31rb}
 Opon þe kniȝt liȝt þer,
 In þat ich place;
 1100 Þurth vertu of þat ich liȝt
 He les þer al his erpelich miȝt,
 & þonked Godes grace.

¶ Þus þe bischop to him sede,
 ‘God fet ous ich day wiþ his brede,
 1105 Ac we no haue [i]n oure neiȝe
 So grete likeing of his grace,
 No swiche a siȝt opon his face,
 As þo þat ben on heiȝe.

¶ Þe soules þat beþ at Godes fest,
 1110 Þilche ioie schal euer lest
 Wiþouten ani ende.
 Now þou most bi our comoun dome,
 Þat ich way þat þou bicome,
 Oȝain þou most wende.

1115 ¶ Now kepe þe wele fram dedli sinne,
 Þat þou neuer com þerinne,
 For nonskines need.
 When þou art ded, þou schalt wende
 Into þe ioie þat haþ non ende ;
 1120 Angels schul þe lede.’

Retour au monde, transformé

¶ Þo wepe seynt Owain swiþe sore,
 & prayd hem for Godes ore,
 Þat he most þer duelle;
 Þat he no seiȝe neuermore,
 1125 As he hadde do bifore,
 Þe strong paines of helle.

¶ Of þat praier gat he no gain.
 Þe nam his leue & went oȝain,
 Þei him were swiþe wo.
 1130 Fendes he seiȝe ten þousand last,
 Þay flowe fram him as quarel of alblast,
 Þat he er com fro.

¶ No nere þan a quarel miȝt fle,

Puis le chevalier prit connaissance
 D’une flamme de feu qui jaillit,
 Tombée de la porte du Ciel.
 Il sembla au chevalier que, d’un bout à l’autre,
 Elle vola partout sur le Paradis,
 Donnant un parfum tellement doux.

Le Saint-Esprit, en forme de feu, {fo. 31rb}
 Se posa là sur le chevalier,
 En ce lieu même ;
 Grâce à cette même lumière,
 Il perda d’emblée toute sa force terrestre,
 Et remercia Dieu pour son don.

Ainsi lui dit l’évêque :
 ‘Dieu nous nourrit chaque jour de son pain ;
 Pourtant nous n’avons à peine
 Une assez grande appréciation de sa grâce,
 Ni une telle vision de sa face,
 Comparable à ceux qui sont là-haut.

Pour les âmes qui sont à la fête de Dieu,
 Cette même joie durera pour toujours
 Sans jamais s’arrêter.
 Tu dois alors, selon notre opinion commune,
 Ce même chemin par lequel tu es venu ici,
 Reprendre en sens invers.

Garde-toi donc du péché mortel,
 Que tu ne tombes jamais dedans,
 Pour aucune raison, quelle qu’elle soit.
 Quand tu mourras, tu vas atteindre
 Cette joie qui n’a pas de fin ;
 Des anges t’y conduiront’.

No fende no miȝt him here no se,
 1135 For al þis warld to winne;
 & when þat he com to þe halle,
 Þe þritten men he fond alle,
 Oȝaines him þerinne.

¶ Alle þai held vp her hond,
 1140 & þonked Ihesu Cristes sond
 A Þousand times & mo, {f.31va}
 & bad him heiȝe, þat he no wond,
 Þat he wer vp in Yrlond,
 As swiþe as he miȝt go.

1145 ¶ & as ich finde in þis stori,
 Þe priour of þe Purgatori
 Com tokening þat niȝt,
 Þat Owain hadde ouercomen his sorwe,
 & schuld com vpon þe morwe,
 1150 Þurth grace of God almiȝt.

¶ Þan þe priour wiþ processiouun,
 Wiþ croice & wiþ gomfainoun,
 To þe hole he went ful riȝt,
 Þer þat kniȝt Owain in wende.
 1155 As a briȝt fere þat brende,
 Þai seiȝe a lem of liȝt,

¶ & riȝt amiddes þat ich liȝt
 Com vp Owain, Godes kniȝt.
 Þo wist þai wele bi þan,
 1160 Þat Owain hadde ben in paradis,
 & in purgatori, ywis,
 & þat he was holy man.

¶ Þai ladde him into holi chirche,
 Godes werkes for to wirche.
 1165 His praiers he gan make,
 & at þe ende on þe fiften day,
 Þe kniȝt anon, forsoþe to say,
 Scrippe & burdoun gan take.

Ils l'emmenèrent dans la sainte église,
 Pour accomplir les oeuvres divines.
 Il se mit à prier donc,
 Et à la fin, le quinzième jour,
 Le chevalier, pour dire vrai,
 Prit son besace et son bâton.

¶ Þat ich holy stede he souȝt,
 1170 Þer Ihesus Crist ous dere bouȝt
 Opon þe rode-tre,
 & þer he ros fram ded to liue
 Þurth vertu of his woundes fiue –
 Yblisced mot he be.

Il chercha ce même lieu saint,
 Là où Jésus Christ nous racheta
 Sur l'arbre de la Croix,
 Là où il ressuscita de la mort à la vie
 Grâce à ses cinq blessures –
 Béni soit-il !

1175 ¶ & Bedlem þer þat God was born
 Of Mari his moder, as flour of þorn,
 & þer he stiȝe to heuen;
 & seþþen into Yrlond he come,
 & monkes abite vndernome,
 1180 & liued here ȝeres seuen.

Bethléhem aussi, où naquit le Christ
 De Marie sa mère, comme fleur sur épine,
 Ainsi que le lieu où il monta au Ciel² ;
 Puis Owain retourna en Irlande,
 Assuma l'habit de moine,
 Et y viva durant sept ans.

² La syntaxe ici peut prêter à confusion. L'Évangile de Luc (24:50) situe l'Ascension à Béthanie, village au pied du mont des Oliviers ; les Actes des Apôtres (1:12) indiquent aussi le mont des Oliviers, sans préciser le lieu, que les exégètes placent en haut plutôt qu'en bas de la montagne. En tous les cas, il ne s'agit pas de Bethléhem.

¶ & when he deyde he went, ywis,
 Into þe heize ioie of paradis,
 Þurth help of Godes grace.
 Now God, for seynt Owains loue,
 1185 Graunt ous heuen-blys aboute {f.31vb}
 Bifor his swete face. Amen
Explicit

Quand il mourut il monta, assurément,
 Jusqu'à la haute joie du Paradis,
 Grâce au secours de Dieu.
 Que Dieu donc, pour l'amour de saint Owain,
 Nous accorde la béatitude du Ciel {fo. 31vb}
 Devant sa douce face. Amen
Explicit