Than the kynge dremed a mervaylous dreme wherof he was sore adrad.
(But all thys tyme kynge Arthure knew nat kynge Lottys wyff was his sister.) But thus was the dreme of Arthure: hym thought there was com into hys londe gryffens and serpentes, and hym thought they bren te and slowghe all the people in the londe; and than he thought he fought with them and they did hym grete harme and wounded hym full sore, but at the laste he slew hem.

When the kynge waked, he was passynge hevy of hys dreme; and so to putte hit oute of thought he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge. And as sone as he was in the foreste, the kynge say a grete harte before hym.

"Thys harte woll I chace," seyde kynge Arthure.

And so he spurred hys horse and rode aftir longe, and so by fyne force oftyn he was lyke to have smytten the herte. Wherefore as the kynge had chased the herte so longe that hys horse lost his brethe and felle downe dede, than a yoman fette the kynge another horse. So the kynge saw the herte unboced and hys horse dede, he sette hym downe by a fowntayne, and there he felle downe in grete thought. And as he sate so hym thought he herde a noyse of howundis to the som of thirty, and with that the kynge saw com towarde hym the strongeste beste that ever he saw or herde of. So thys beste wente to the welle and dranke, and the noyse was in the bestes bealy lyke unto the questyng of thirty coupyl houndes, but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no noise in the bestes bealy. And therewith the beeste departed with a grete noyse, whereof the kynge had grete mervayle. And so he was in a grete thought, and therewith he felle on slepe.


Thenne the kyng dremed a merueillous dreme wherof he was sore adrad / But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster / Thus was the dreme of Arthur / hym thought ther was come in to this land Gryffons and Serpentes / And hym thoughte they brente and slough alle the peple in the lad And thenne hym thoughte / he faughte with hem / and they dyd hym passynge grete harme / and wounded hym ful sore / but at the last he slewe hem /

Whanne the kynge awaked / he was passynge heuy of his dreme / and so to put it oute of thoughtes / he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntyng / As soone as he was in the forest / the kynge sawe a grete hert afore hym /

this herte wille I chace said kyng Arthure /

And so he spored the hors / and rode after longe / And so by fyne force ofte he was lyke to haue smyten the herte / where as the kynge had chaced the herte soo long that his hors had loste hys brethe and fylle doune dede / Thenne a yoman fette the kyng another hors /

So the kyng sawe the herte enbusshed and his hors dede / he sette hym doune by a fontayne and there he fell in grete thoughtes / And as he satte so hym thoughte he herd a
noyse of houndes to the somme of xxx / And with that the kynge sawe comyng toward hym
the straungest best that euer he sawe or herd of / so the best wente to the welle and drank /
and the noyse was in the bestes bely lyke vnto the questyng of xxx coupyl houndes / but alle
the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bely / and therwith the best
departed with a grete noyse / wherof the kyng had grete merueyll / And so he was in a grete
thoughte / and therwith he fell on slepe.