The following is the text of *Perceval*, or the *Story of the Grail*, by Chrétien de Troyes. The left column is the line number, corresponding to the original Old French text. The middle column is the Old French, and the right column is the English. The line breaks are such so the Old French and English correspond. They are not to be construed as actual breaks in the text; any section break is indicated by a long series of dashes.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Old French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>635 Au matin au chant des oiselés</td>
<td>IN THE morning, when the birds started singing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>636 Se lieve et monte li vallés,</td>
<td>the young man rose and mounted his horse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>637 S’a au chevaucher entendu</td>
<td>He had planned to ride</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>638 Tant que il vit i. tref tendu</td>
<td>but soon saw a tent,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>639 En une praerie bele</td>
<td>standing in a beautiful meadow,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>640 Les le sort d’une fontenele.</td>
<td>close to a spring.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>641 Li tres fu biax a grant merveille:</td>
<td>The tent was wonderfully beautiful,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>642 L’une partie fu vermeille</td>
<td>red on one side</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>643 Et l’autre verz d’orfrois bendee,</td>
<td>green on the other, with golden braid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>644 Desus ot une aigle doree.</td>
<td>At the top was a gilded eagle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>645 En l’aigle feroit li solaus</td>
<td>that gleamed with the reddish light of the sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>646 Qui molt estoit cler et vermaus,</td>
<td>beaming across the meadow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>647 Si reluisoient tout li pre</td>
<td>the radiance of the tent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>648 De l’enluminement del tre</td>
<td>All around this tent,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>649 Entor le tref a la roonde,</td>
<td>the most beautiful in the world,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>650 Qui estoit li plus biax del monde,</td>
<td>stood huts and bowers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>651 Avoit ramees et foillies</td>
<td>made with leafy branches in the Welsh style.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>652 Et loges galesches drechies.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>653 Li vallés vers le tref ala,</td>
<td>The young man went toward the tent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>654 Et dist ains que il venist la:</td>
<td>and said, before he entered,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>655 &quot;Diex, or voi je vostre maison.</td>
<td>&quot;My Lord, this is your home I see!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>656 Or feroie jou mesprison,</td>
<td>What a sin it would be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>657 Se aorer ne vos aloie.</td>
<td>to not enter and worship you,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>658 Voir dist ma mere tote voie</td>
<td>My mother was certainly right,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>659 Qui me dist que mostiers estoit</td>
<td>when she told me that there was nothing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>660 La plus bele chose qui soit,</td>
<td>more beautiful than a church,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>661 Et me dist que ja ne trovaisse</td>
<td>and that, if I were to see one,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>662 Mostier qu’aorer n’i alaisse</td>
<td>I should enter and worship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>663 Le Creator en cui je croi.</td>
<td>the Creator I have faith in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>664 Je li irai priier par foi</td>
<td>Well, I’ll go and pray to him,</td>
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<tr>
<td>665 Qu’il me doinst anqui a mengier,</td>
<td>that he may give me food today,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>666 Que j’en aroie grant mestier.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;for I need some badly.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>667 Lors vient au tref, sel trove overt,</td>
<td>He came toward the tent and found it open;</td>
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<tr>
<td>668 Enmi le tref un lit covert</td>
<td>in the middle was a bed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>669 D’une colte de paile voit;</td>
<td>covered with a fine quilt,</td>
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<tr>
<td>670 El lit toute seule gisoit</td>
<td>and lying alone, on the bed,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>671 Une pucele endormie.</td>
<td>was a sleeping damsel.</td>
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<tr>
<td>672 Mais loing estoit sa compaignie,</td>
<td>Her company was elsewhere.</td>
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<tr>
<td>673 Ales esent ses puceles</td>
<td>Her maids had gone far away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>674 Por coillir floretes noveles</td>
<td>to pick small spring flowers</td>
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<tr>
<td>675 Que par le tref jonchier voloient,</td>
<td>to sprinkle on the floor of the tent,</td>
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<tr>
<td>676 Ensi com faire le soloient.</td>
<td>as they usually did.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>677 Quant li vallés el tref entra,</td>
<td>When the young man entered the tent,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>678 Ses chevax si fort s’esproha</td>
<td>his horse stumbled so loudly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>679 Que la damoisele l’oï,</td>
<td>that the damsel heard it,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>680 Si s’esveilla et tressali.</td>
<td>and woke with a start.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>681 Et li vallés, qui riches fu,</td>
<td>The young man, who was simple,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>682 Dist: «Pucele, je vos salu,</td>
<td>said to her, &quot;Maiden, I bid you hello,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>683 Si com ma mere le m’aprist.</td>
<td>as my mother taught me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>684 Ma mere m’ensaigna et dist</td>
<td>For my mother told me,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Que les puceles saluaisse to always be courteous with girls
En quel que liu que jes trovaisse.» wherever I meet them."
Por le vallet qi fols li samble, seeing the young man, who seemed crazy,
Si se tient por fole provee and thought herself crazy as well
De che qu’l a sole trovee. for having stayed alone, where he found her.
— Ains vos baiserai, par mon chief, "Not before I get a kiss from you, I swear,"
Fait li vallés, cui qu’il soit grief, he said, “And too bad for your lover!
Que ma mere le m’ensaigna. That’s what my mother taught me.”
— Je voir ne te baiserai ja, "A kiss! Never! Not from me,"
Fait la pucele, que je puisse. said the maiden, “Not if I can avoid it.
Fui! que mes amis ne te truisse; Get out! If my lover finds you here, you’re a dead man.”
Car il nel sot faire autrement. for he knew no other way.
Et cele s’est molt desendue she fought him off as best she could,
Et gandilla quanqu’ele pot; and struggled, trying to get free
Mais desfense mestier n’i ot, but it was no use!
Que li vallés en .i. random He stole from her, in spite of all she did,
Le baisa, volsist ele ou non, twenty kisses, so says the story.
Mist le soz lui tote estendue, He held her beneath him;
Et cele s’est molt desendue she fought him off as best she could,
Et gandilla quanqu’ele pot; and struggled, trying to get free
Mais desfense mestier n’i ot, but it was no use!
Que li vallés en .i. random He stole from her, in spite of all she did,
Le baisa, volsist ele ou non, twenty kisses, so says the story.
XX. fois, si com li contes dit, Then, he saw a ring on her finger,
A une esmeraude molt clere. sparkling with a bright emerald.
«Encor fait il, me dist ma mere "My mother,” he said, “also told me
Qu’en vostre doit l’anel presisse, to take the ring from your finger,
Ne que rien plus ne vos fessisse. as long as I do nothing else to you.
Or cha l’anel! jel weil avoir. Give me the ring!  I want it!"
—Mon anel n’aras tu ja voir, "No!  It’s my ring!  You won’t have it!”
Fait la pucele, bien le saches, said the maiden, “you will not
S’a force del doit nel m’esraches.” unless you take it from my finger by force.”
Li vallés par le poing le prent, The young man grabbed her wrist,
Car il nel sot faire autrement. for he knew no other way.
Si a l’anel en son doit pris pulled the ring from her finger
Et en son doit meïsme mis, and put it on his own, saying,
Et dist: «Pucele, bien aiez. "Fair maiden, I wish you well!
Or m’en irai je bien paiez, Now I will go, I have been well paid.
Et molt meilleur baisier vos fait Your kisses are far better
Que chamberiere que il ait than those of my mother’s chambermaids.
En toute la maison ma mere, Your mouth is not bitter.”
Car n’avez pas la bouche amere.» And she, in tears, said to the young man,
Et cele pleure et dist: «Vallet, “Don’t take my little ring!
N’en porte pas mon anelet, It will bring me much grief
Que j’en seroie malbaillie and put it on his own, saying,
Et tu en perdroies la vie, and you will die for it,
Que chamberiere que il ait than those of my mother’s chambermaids.
En toute la maison ma mere, Your mouth is not bitter.”
Rien nule de che que il ot, touched the young man’s heart.
Mais de che que jeûné ot Hunger, however, tormented him
Moroit de fain a male fin. He was starving.
I. bouchel trove plain de vin He found a small cask of wine,
Et .i. hanap d’argent selonc, and a silver cup next to it.
Et voit sor .i. trossel de jonc. On a bunch of rushes
Une toaille blanche et noeve. was a clean, white napkin.
Il le sozliève et desoz trove He picked it up and underneath
.III. bons pastez de chevirol fres, he saw three nice venison pies.
Ne li anuie pas cis mes. Here was a dish that whet his appetite!
Por le fain qui forment l’angoisse, Gnawed by his hunger,
.I. des pastez devant lui froisse he broke open the first one
Et mengié par grant talent, and ate heartily,
Et verse en la colpe d’argent he poured some of the excellent wine
Del vin qui n’estoit mie lais, in the silver cup.
S’en boit sovent et a grans trais,
Several times he took long swigs

Et dist: «Pucele, cist pasté,
then said, "Maiden,

Ne sont hui par moi gasté.
I can’t finish these all alone

Venez mengier, qu’il sont molt buen,
Come eat with me, they’re delicious.

Assez avra chascuns del suen,
We’ll each have our own

S’en i remandra .i. entiers.»
and there will be one left.

Et cele pleure endementiers,
In spite of his invitation, and his pleading

Que que cil li prie et semont,
she kept crying, the whole time.

Conques .i. mot ne li respont
The girl didn’t answer

La damoisele, ains pleure fort;
but cried very hard,

Molt durement ses poins detort.
wringing her hands out of despair.

Et cil menga tant com lui plot
And the young man kept on eating

Et but tant que assez en ot
and drinking as much as he wanted,

Si recovri le remanant.
and covered what was left.

Lors prist congié tot maintenant,
Then, suddenly, he started to leave,

Puis comanda a Dieu celi
and commended to God

Cui ses salus point n’abeli.
she who had not at all appreciated his farewell.

«Diex vos salt, fait il, bele amie,
"May God be with you, fair maiden." he said,

Mais por Dieu ne vos poist il mie
"But, by God, don’t be angry

De vostre anel, se je l’en port,
because of your ring I’m taking.

Car ains que je muire de mort,
Before I die a sweet death,

Le vos guerredonerai gié.
I’ll find a way to pay you back.

Que chevalier a eü chi.»
that a knight has stopped here.

— Non a, sire, je vos affi;
"No, my lord, you have my word

Mais .i. vallet galois i ot,
it was just a young Welshman,

Anïeus et vilain et sot,
a boor, a peasant and a fool

Qui a de vostre vin beü
who drank your wine,

Tant com lui plot et bel li fu,
to his heart’s desire,

Et menga de vos .iii. pastez.
and ate your meat pies."

— Et por ce, bele, si plorez?
"Is that why, my love, you are crying so?

S’il n’eüst beü et me[n]gié
He could have eaten and drunk everything,

Trestot, si le volsisse gié.
with my consent.”

— Il i a plus, sire, dist ele.
"There is something else, my lord," she said,

Mes aniax est en la querele,
"It is about my ring;

Qu’il le m’a tolu, si l’en porte.
he took it from me.

Je volissse mix estre morte
I would rather be dead

Qu’il l’eüst ensi porté.»
than his having taken it.”

Ez vos celui desconforté
Here he had a terrible feeling,

Et angoisseus en son corage.
he felt a pang of anguish.

S’il n’eüst beü et me[n]gié
He could have eaten and drunk everything,

Trestot, si le volsisse gié.
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than his having taken it.”

Ez vos celui desconforté
Here he had a terrible feeling,

Et angoisseus en son corage.
he felt a pang of anguish.

«Par foi, fait il, ci ot outrage.
“My word,” he said, “that’s going too far!

Et des qu’il l’en porte, si l’ait;
But if he has taken it, let him keep it!

Mais je quit qu’il i ot plus fait.
I was afraid that something else had happened.

Se plus i ot, nel celez ja.
Was there anything else?

— Sire, dist ele, il me baisa.
Don’t hide anything from me.”

— Baisa? — Voire, jel vos di bien,
“a kiss?” “Yes, that’s what I said,
Mais ce fu maleoit gre mien.  
but I couldn't do anything."

— Aïnçois vos sist, et si vos plot;  
“Say that it was with pleasure,

Onques nul contredit n’i ot,”  
and you said nothing against it,”

Fait cil cui jalousie angoisse,  
he yelled, becoming crazy with jealously.

«Cuidiez que je ne vos connoisse?  
“You think I don't know you?

Si fas, certes, bien vos connois;  
Oh no, I certainly do!

Ne sui si borgnes ne si lois  
I'm not so blind, my eyes are not so crossed

Que vostre falseté ne voie.  
that I cannot see through your lies.

Entree estes en male voie,  
But now you'll pay,

Entree estes en male paine,  
and now you'll suffer.

Ne ja ne mengera d’avaine  
Your horse won't eat any oats

Vostre chevax, ne n’iert saigniez  
nor will he be bled

Jusque je m’en serai vengiez.  
until I get my revenge.

Et là ou il desfeerra,  
And, if he loses his shoes,

Jamais referez ne sera;  
he won't get any new ones.

S’il muert, vos me sivrrez a pié.  
If he dies, you'll follow me on foot.

Ne jamais ne seront changié  
Never again will you change

Li drap dont vos estes vestue,  
the clothes you're wearing.

Ainz me sivrrez a pié et nue  
You'll end up following me naked and on foot

Tant que la teste en avrai prise;  
and will do so until I have his head;

Ja n’en ferai autre justise.”  
that is the justice I'll exact.”

Atant s’assist et si menga.  
On these words, he sat down to eat.