

Translated by Nigel Bryant

# The History of William Marshal



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Nigel Bryant

THE BOYDELL PRESS

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First published 2016  
The Boydell Press, Woodbridge

ISBN 978 1 78327 131 3

The Boydell Press is an imprint of Boydell & Brewer Ltd  
PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 3DF, UK  
and of Boydell & Brewer Inc.  
668 Mt Hope Avenue, Rochester, NY 14620–2731, USA  
website: [www.boydellandbrewer.com](http://www.boydellandbrewer.com)

A catalogue record for this book is available  
from the British Library

The publisher has no responsibility for the continued existence or accuracy of URLs for external or third-party internet websites referred to in this book, and does not guarantee that any content on such websites is, or will remain, accurate or appropriate

This publication is printed on acid-free paper

Typeset by  
[www.thewordservice.com](http://www.thewordservice.com)

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Northern France



ARTOIS

VERMANDOIS

BEAUVAIS

FRENCH

ROYAL

ROUEN

CAEN

■ Eu

■ Dieppe

■ Arques

■ Longueville

■ Neufchâtel

■ Aumale

■ Gournay

■ Milly

■ Lyons-la-Forêt

■ Gisors

■ Les Andelys

■ Le Vaudreuil

■ Pont-de-l'Arche

■ Ebeuf

■ Vernon

■ Mantes

■ Évreux

■ Pacý

■ Conches

■ Beaumont

■ Lisieux

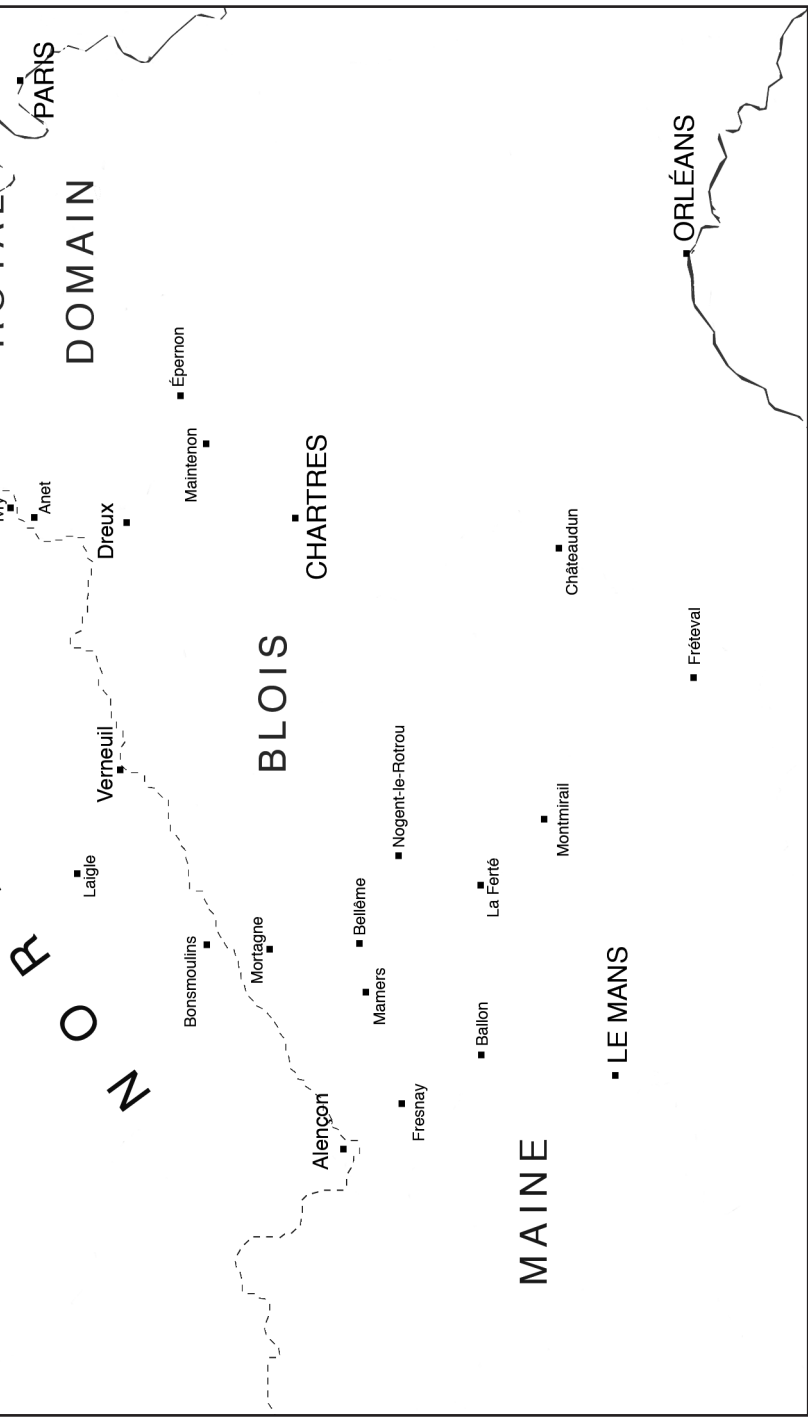
■ Bonneville

■ Tanconville

■ Lillebonne

■

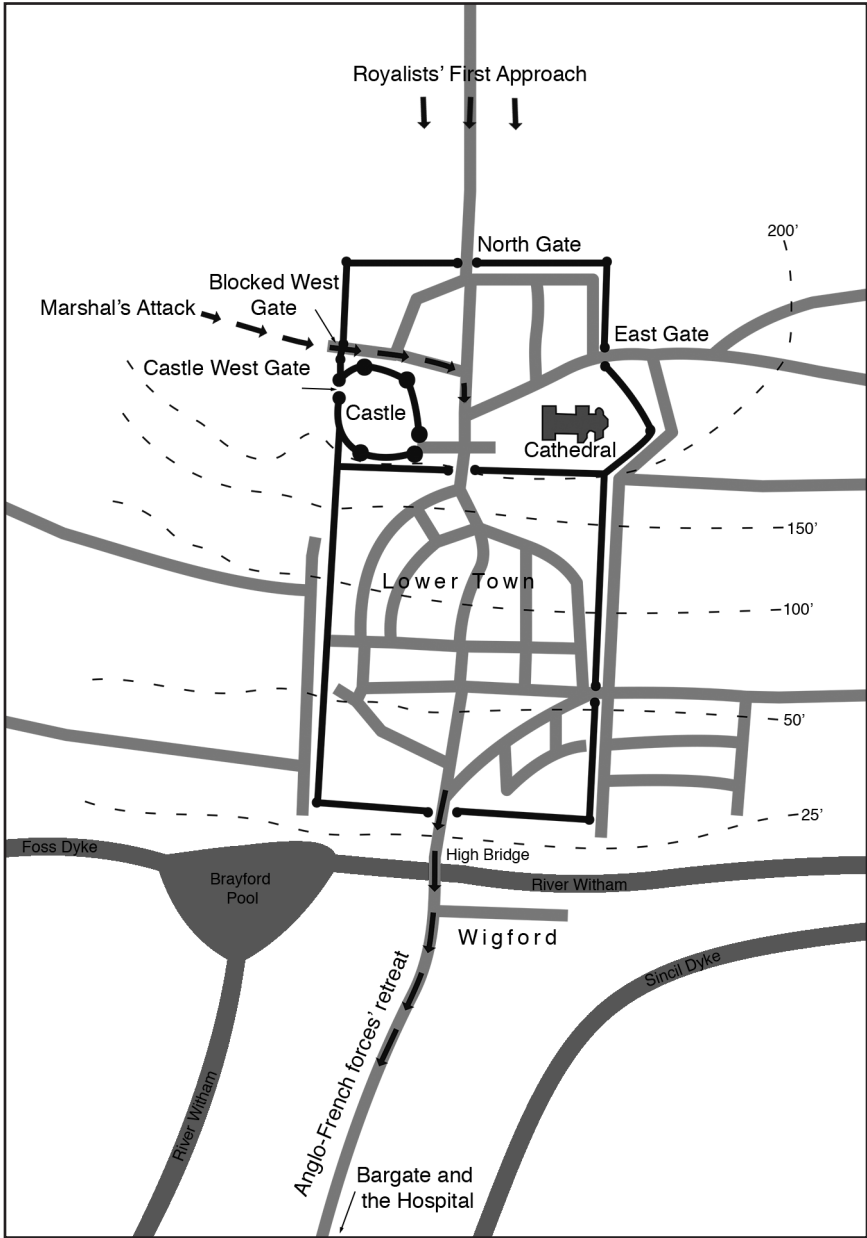
■ Chaumont



Normandy and its Borders



England



The Battle of Lincoln

For Sally

## Introduction

*The History of William Marshal* is the earliest surviving biography of a medieval knight – indeed, it is the first biography of a layman in the vernacular in European history. Composed in verse in the 1220s just a few years after his death, it is a major primary source not simply for its subject's life but for the exceptionally stormy period he had had to navigate. It could hardly be other than major, given that its subject was regarded as the greatest knight who ever lived and that he rose in the course of his long life to be a central figure in the reigns of no fewer than four kings: Henry II, Richard Lionheart, John and Henry III. This remarkable biography was brought to light in the late nineteenth century thanks to a determined hunt for the manuscript by its first editor, the eminent French scholar Paul Meyer.<sup>1</sup> It gives a vigorous account of events, full of vivid detail, passionate comment and frequent flashes of humour. And it gives revelatory insights into the attitudes and perceptions of the time, especially into the experience and nature of warfare in the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries.

But while its quality and value have been long acknowledged, the poem has generally been deemed less than impartial and objective. Commissioned as it was by Marshal's own son, and intended not least for his family's fond enjoyment, it is little surprise that the poem's adulation of its subject is rarely (if ever) qualified by regrets for failings or what are nowadays referred to as 'errors of judgement'. Marshal is presented as – to all intents and purposes – flawless: not simply a magnificent warrior, supreme in tournaments and battles alike, but a paragon of the key chivalric virtues of prowess, largesse and unfailing loyalty. A typical view of many historians, therefore, is that expressed by Dan Jones, who has commented that 'a dramatic and highly self-serving 19,000-line Life of Marshal is, despite its obvious exaggerations and distortions, still one of the most enjoyable and interesting sources for this period of English history'.<sup>2</sup>

While most readers will hopefully agree that it is indeed dramatic, enjoyable and interesting, I would suggest that the 'exaggerations and distortions' have themselves been exaggerated. The work does at times treat Marshal and his deeds as heroic in the manner (and on the scale) of the *chansons de geste* or the romance of Alexander, but of course it does: not only were such works the obvious model, the vocabulary, the idiom for recounting the deeds of a great achiever; they were also, in all probability, the model to which Marshal was aspiring in his life – and successfully, to the point where he could become such a model himself. For achieve greatly he undeniably did: he was by any standards extraordinary and seen as such by his contemporaries, and we should beware of responding with

<sup>1</sup> For a splendid account of Meyer's heroic search, see the Preface of *The Greatest Knight*, Thomas Asbridge (London, 2015), pp. xiii–xviii.

<sup>2</sup> Dan Jones, *Magna Carta* (London, 2014), p. 151.

too much twenty-first-century cynicism or scepticism, and of looking too eagerly for flaws in him and deliberate omissions or evasions in this work; the values and expectations of his time were not our own. I would also argue that this biography is 'self-serving' only insofar as it was designed not simply to commemorate a life which was outstandingly worthy of record and celebration, but also to refute contemporary allegations against Marshal that his family – and the author – felt were unjustified and in need of rebuttal.

### *Envy*

It would be easy to glance over the stock words of the author's short prologue, in which he declares his duty to ensure that his work 'chimes with the truth, irreproachably'. But what immediately follows is in fact crucial: he says that other writers 'are inclined to undertake such tasks with lesser intentions: they just want to run men down! And what is it that drives them? Envy – whose tongue, prompted by its bitter heart, can never stop sniping: it resents any sign of outstanding goodness.<sup>3</sup> This, I would suggest, is an important motive in the poem's whole composition. Time and again Marshal (not to mention his father and Henry II and Richard Lionheart) is depicted as the victim of enemies driven by *envy*. From his earliest years his rivals are jealous: jealous of the favour shown him by the Chamberlain of Tancarville, who takes a shine to him when he's in training as a knight; jealous of the honour and prestige he wins with his series of tournament triumphs; and then, when he's given the great honour of knighting Henry the Young King (even though Marshal 'owned not a single strip of land: all that he had was his chivalry'), we're told that 'many men were jealous of him, though they kept quiet, not daring to say a word'.<sup>4</sup> But they say words soon enough: as he grows ever closer to the Young King, the envious hatch a slanderous plot to poison relations between them, prompting the author to launch into an impassioned diatribe:

This life is blighted by Envy: there are many men so riddled with it that it's close to killing them. Envy will happily burn its own house down to set fire to its neighbour's ... A curse upon it! ... And men diseased with envy were jealous at seeing the Marshal thrive and prosper and so cherished by his lord. They seethed with resentment, almost bursting with frustration at finding no way to do him down: night and day they brooded over how to bring him into conflict with his lord.<sup>5</sup>

But this envy, however unworthy, is all too understandable in an age when material wealth was dependent on the largesse of princes and on what could be acquired through military action and marriage. The author – quite unconsciously, as it is an ever-present fact of life in his world – makes us

<sup>3</sup> Below, p. 27.

<sup>4</sup> p. 49.

<sup>5</sup> p. 81.

sharply aware that men such as William Marshal, the landless younger son of a middle-ranking English noble, could survive in the world only by what they won in combat by capturing knights and booty, and by gaining positions in the retinues of the magnates – and, above all, kings – in whose gift all land and wealth essentially resided. At the very outset, when we see King Stephen laying siege to John Marshal's castle near Newbury, he tells his men that: 'The first man inside will earn such a reward that he'll never want for anything again!' – whereupon we're told 'you should have seen the squires boldly leaping in the ditches and on to the ramparts!'<sup>6</sup> We visualise those squires, ravenous for income, attacking in a swarm.

And in his early career we repeatedly see Marshal – and others – just as hungry, with numerous brilliant vignettes of how knights make their way. Quite apart from all their haggling over captured gear and horses, there is the rather low-grade tournament at 'some out-of-the-way place in Normandy' where Marshal and two companions, Sir Baldwin and Sir Hugh, are indoors eating when jousting starts up outside. They hear a knight come crashing from his horse and cry out in pain. At this,

Marshal went out and saw the knight lying there; he ran to him and swept him up and carried him, fully armed, into the house. What a fine fellow he is who brings such a gift! That bright and courteous knight said to his companions:

'Here – this should help to pay your dues!'

'Oh,' said Sir Hugh, 'well done, that man! I'll happily take your promise of ransom, sir – while I fill my mouth with fresh herrings! Come on – give us your oath!'

And the captive duly gave his word of honour.<sup>7</sup>

This outrageously opportunistic piece of ransom-grabbing is not the only telling episode. There is an earlier passage, at the very start of Marshal's career, which gives a vivid picture of how a good many knights lived and what drove them to take part in tournaments. We're told that 'with peace prevailing tournaments now were held throughout the land' – how else, after all, were knights to pass the time, and how else were they to win booty? – and these tournaments were

attended by any knight who sought to win renown and had the wherewithal.

This was most frustrating for the Marshal, who was in a quandary: all he had was his palfrey, his destrier having died from its wounds ... But the Chamberlain didn't help him, showing him little regard and leaving him humiliated.

How vital, we're reminded, was the sponsorship of lords. And the author continues: 'as we all know, many a noble man has been undone by poverty, and so it was with the Marshal: he hadn't a penny to his name and was forced to sell the mantle he'd worn at his knighting'.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> p. 31.

<sup>7</sup> pp. 102–3.

<sup>8</sup> p. 39.

When it was so easy to be ‘undone by poverty’, Marshal’s singular success on the tournament grounds of Northern France and his outstanding success in winning the confidence of kings, not to mention his breathtaking success on the marriage front, couldn’t fail to make him the object of the utmost envy.

### *Respect*

Nonetheless, the author depicts Marshal as less materialistic than his fellows. Importantly, at the tournament at Pleurs

he performed so many feats of arms that every great lord, every count and baron and knight, yearned to match him. And what a hard time he gave his jealous rivals! But he wasn’t concerned with spoils: he was so intent on fighting well that he gave no thought to booty; he won something of far more value, for the man who wins honour has made a rich profit indeed.<sup>9</sup>

Later, at a tournament between Anet and Sorel, he saves no fewer than fifteen knights from capture and

once they were safe they offered again, quite properly, to surrender themselves to him – but he declined to take anything from them and declared them completely free. This earned their warmest thanks and admiration, and they promised to be his knights wherever they met in future; he asked for nothing more.<sup>10</sup>

And when King Richard routs the French at Fréteval Marshal and his men take no part in the bountiful plunder, mounting instead – echoing Charlemagne’s nephew Roland or Alexander’s general Emenidus – a fine rearguard to ensure Richard’s army’s safety:

Loot and drink the English won in abundance – and food! Gorgeous fish and meat a-plenty! But the Marshal and his men, let me tell you, gave no thought to booty, only to guarding the king’s army ... When [the others] took to their lodgings that night they all boasted before the king about their spoils, displaying their winnings; but the king said: ‘The Marshal’s done better than any of you ... He’d have bailed us all out if we’d been in trouble. That’s why I rate his actions higher than any of ours.’<sup>11</sup>

And so it is, perhaps, that Marshal wins such exceptional respect, to the point where, according to the poet, Marshal’s word alone is enough to satisfy the Young King’s numerous creditors, as he tells them:

‘My lord hasn’t the money on him, but you’ll have it within the month.’

<sup>9</sup> pp. 58–9.

<sup>10</sup> pp. 69–70.

<sup>11</sup> pp. 138–9.

'Truly,' said the burghers, 'if the Marshal gives his guarantee we're not worried at all – it's as good as being paid!'

In cases such as this no respect or credit was shown to barons, counts or vavasors, but the Marshal, with no revenue or land behind him, was entirely trusted simply on account of his character, known to all.<sup>12</sup>

Is this, one might be forgiven for thinking, all too good to be true? An 'exaggeration and distortion'? After all, the author makes even more extravagant claims. He declares that Henry the Young King

had no peer in prowess and largesse. Neither Arthur nor Alexander, who devoted their lives to prowess, achieved so much in so little time ... And how could it be otherwise? For his tutor in arms was the finest in his time or at any time since, so I find in my sources. It's the Marshal I mean, who without the slightest doubt gave him unfailing, devoted attention.<sup>13</sup>

The author makes Marshal, in other words, the ultimate inspiration for the great flowering of chivalry that takes place under the Young King, who (conveniently ignoring, it might be said, his irresponsibility and profligacy) is described by the author as 'the portal, the door, the gateway through which the spirit of knighthood returned; he was its standard-bearer'.<sup>14</sup> An implication of the whole work is likewise that Marshal is ultimately responsible for transforming the continent's perception of England as 'a land suited only to vavasors and men with no ambition'.<sup>15</sup>

### *Credibility*

So how worthy of credence are these amazing claims, written for the subject's family – and not even in sober prose but in the rhyming octosyllabic verse strongly associated with fanciful romances? Its audience's familiarity with the latter is clear: the poem contains references not only to Arthur and the prophecies of Merlin but also to the *Roman d'Alexandre* and the *Roman de Renart* – and, in the cases of Alexander and Reynard, the references are so oblique that the familiarity is evidently great. But it is important not to be too distracted by the verse-form or the vocabulary of epic and romance. In her interesting study of chivalric biographies Elisabeth Gaucher notes, for example, how the *History of William Marshal*, like epics and romances, uses animal imagery – references to a lion, a boar, a sparrowhawk, an eagle – to convey its hero's bearing in combat,<sup>16</sup> and this is certainly true. It's true, too, that there is one episode, the tournament at Joigny, in which, in unmistakable romance fashion, knights are inspired to mighty feats by the presence of the countess and her female entourage:

<sup>12</sup> p. 81.

<sup>13</sup> pp. 64-5.

<sup>14</sup> p. 55.

<sup>15</sup> p. 43.

<sup>16</sup> Elisabeth Gaucher, *La biographie chevaleresque: Typologie d'un genre* (Paris, 1994), p. 113.

The ladies redoubled the strength, the spirit, the courage and the heart of every knight present ... As a thunderbolt smashes and crushes all it strikes, sparing nothing in its path, so the knights inspired by the ladies fell on all before them. It was a brilliant contest, with many fine deeds of arms that day, but the knights who'd enjoyed the company of the ladies overcame all opposition.<sup>17</sup>

But before these worryingly whimsical lines undermine the reader's confidence, it should be stressed that this episode is notable for being very untypical. In any case, it might also be argued that, looking at the memorably witty and specific incident at the heart of this episode (Marshal slipping away from pre-tournament dancing to win a horse in response to a good-humoured song about him), there is every reason to believe that it is all – however extraordinary it may seem to us – a perfectly accurate account of what happened, or at least of how it was perceived and understood by those involved.

It's true, too, that the author's description of Marshal's very first combat – in a fierce skirmish at Neufchâtel-en-Bray – teeters on the brink of fancy (and possibly topples in) when he describes the novice knight's inspirational intervention:

Watching from the windows of upper chambers were knights and ladies and crowds of townsfolk, all distraught, beside themselves to see the Marshal stranded, without support. With one voice they cried:

'Knights of Normandy! Shame on you, not going to the Marshal's aid! It's dreadful to see him fighting against such odds!'

Heralds and minstrels, keen to record and proclaim great deeds of arms they witnessed, flocked after him, crying: 'Come, see the good knight making the mighty squadrons reel!'

When the Normans heard this wake-up call they struck out to right and left – their enemies didn't want to be anywhere near!<sup>18</sup>

But let's not be too hasty. Just how fanciful *is* it? It may be expressed in somewhat romanticised terms, but, as with the passage about the ladies, perhaps we should beware of being too sceptical: the author may well be waxing lyrical (or, rather, epic) because he's so inspired by real events. Who is to say that he's wrong to claim that young Marshal's example turned the tide, or that the townsfolk, too, were 'inspired by this display of prowess [and] rushed to take up arms themselves'? And who is to say he's exaggerating when he tells us that Tancarville and his companions 'all declared – and rightly so, for they'd seen it with their own eyes – that the Marshal had fought better than anyone on either side that day, and he was awarded all the honour and esteem'?

In any case, this passage is untypical. The author's work is generally invaluable for specific, minute details of medieval combat. At Le Mans, for example,

the Marshal reached out and seized Sir Andrew de Chauvigny's bridle and led him off; he hauled him back as far as the gate, and the horse, moving at speed,

<sup>17</sup> pp. 63–4.

<sup>18</sup> p. 37.

already had its head inside the gate when someone on the brattice flung down a massive stone that struck Sir Andrew on the arm, doing him no good at all – it broke his arm in two. Another man hurled a big, weighty lump that caught the horse on the head and made him rear so violently that the reins came loose in the Marshal's hand and he was left there while the horse shot away; so Sir Andrew was free and managed to escape, though he was sorely wounded. The Marshal dumped the bridle in the gateway to be collected by a boy; then he returned to the fray.<sup>19</sup>

And then, as fire takes hold of the city and Le Mans burns, the author describes how

they saw a woman in terrible distress, carrying her belongings from her house which had just caught fire. The Marshal, ever compassionate, was filled with sorrow and pity, and bade his squires dismount and go to her aid at once; he dismounted himself and gladly gave her all the help he could ... He took hold of a feather mattress that was smouldering beneath: there was so much smoke that it got inside his helm and choked him and he was forced to take it off.<sup>20</sup>

These and many other passages have the absolute ring of truth, and their vivid visual – almost cinematic – quality makes the work a joy to read. The author's historically important account of the Battle of Lincoln, too, is dramatic, certainly, but the drama is in no way contrived, suggesting little in the way of 'exaggeration and distortion', and it is likewise full of detail that lends it a high degree of credibility. As the French and the rebel barons take to flight

they had a hard time reaching the outer gate, and there they fell foul of a wretched stroke of luck: a cow had wandered through the gate and triggered the bar, closing the gate so that no one on horseback could get through: they were well and truly stuck. In their desperation to escape they killed the cow, but that just made the shambles worse, and many of their knights were captured there, as easily as could be.<sup>21</sup>

And the dramatic death of the count of Perche in the fighting in front of Lincoln cathedral is recounted by the author with great precision and control: as Marshal reaches out to seize the count's bridle

the count had already taken a mortal wound from a sword, thrust in a fearful lunge through his visor by Sir Reginald Croc; and now, as he saw our forces driving his men back, he let go of his reins and gripped his sword in both hands; then William the Marshal dealt him three successive blows upon the helm, so fierce and strong that they left clear marks upon it, whereupon the count collapsed and went tumbling from his horse. Seeing him fall, the Earl Marshal thought he'd lost consciousness and feared he'd be held to blame. He said to William de Montigny:

<sup>19</sup> p. 118.

<sup>20</sup> p. 119.

<sup>21</sup> pp. 203–4.

'Dismount and take off his helm – it's giving him trouble: I fear he can't stand up.'

When the helmet was removed and the Marshal, at his side, saw that he was stone-cold dead, there was much consternation; but from the moment the blade had been pulled from the wound dealt through his visor, his death had been inevitable. It was a grievous pity that he died so.<sup>22</sup>

This graphic reportage (though admittedly involving a possible element of blame-shifting)<sup>23</sup> is far more typical of the author's work than his description of Marshal's youthful combat at Neufchâtel.

The reason may of course be that his sources by that point were more reliable.<sup>24</sup> For the early part of the work (Marshal's childhood and youth and the life of his father John), the author was dependent on the distant reminiscences, probably retold and embroidered at second- and even third-hand, of Marshal's family; but as the work progresses the author is clearly drawing on first-hand, eye-witness accounts, notably of Marshal's son (William Marshal II) and of his squire and constant companion John of Earley. He is also drawing on documents, both tournament rolls and clerical records: if some of Marshal's tournament winnings seem improbably rich, it's worth noting that Marshal and Roger de Gaugy

were companions for two years, and at every tournament they attended they won richer spoils than six or eight others put together. That's not a wild and naïve guess: it's exactly what was recorded by the clerks of the court who kept accounts – Wigan, the clerk of the kitchen, and others indeed, recorded that between Pentecost and Lent they captured precisely one hundred and three knights; and that's not to mention the horses and equipment they won, of which the clerks kept no account.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>22</sup> p. 201.

<sup>23</sup> It is, of course, interesting to see that, even in a pitched battle, killing an opponent of the count's status was not necessarily desirable: the object was to capture. It's also interesting to compare the author's animated and detailed account (and indeed his involvement of Marshal) with that of Roger of Wendover, who, in his *Chronicle*, after describing English crossbowmen killing large numbers of the enemies' horses, records in somewhat leaden terms: 'the party of the barons was greatly weakened, for when the horses fell to the earth slain, their riders were taken prisoners, as there was no one to rescue them. At length, when the barons were thus weakened, and great numbers of their soldiers had been made prisoners and safely secured, the king's knights rushed in a close body on the count of Perche, entirely surrounding him; and as he could not withstand their force as they rushed him, they called on him to surrender, that he might escape with his life. He, however, swore that he could not surrender to the English, who were traitors to their lawful king. On hearing this a knight rushed on him, and striking him in the eye, pierced his brain, on which he fell to the ground without uttering another word.' *Roger of Wendover's Flowers of History*, Vol. 2, tr. J. A. Giles (London, 1849), p. 395.

<sup>24</sup> For an excellent discussion of the author's sources see D. Crouch, 'Writing a Biography in the Thirteenth Century: The Construction and Composition of *The History of William Marshal*', in *Writing Medieval Biography, 750–1250: Essays in Honour of Professor Frank Barlow* (Woodbridge, 2006), pp. 221–35.

<sup>25</sup> p. 63.

The author's declared intention to see that his work 'chimes with the truth, irrefragably' is underlined in his account of the Battle of Sandwich, where he tells us that 'according to eye-witnesses, it's reckoned there were at least four thousand slain, not counting those who leapt in the sea to drown, whose numbers no one knows. But I wasn't there myself, and I'm not going to make rash claims when numbers are uncertain: no one likes or respects a man who strays into falsehood and speculation.'<sup>26</sup> And, of the Battle of Lincoln, he says that

I should add at this point that those who've given me accounts of what followed don't all agree, and I can't comply with them all – I'd lose track of myself and be less worthy of credence. No one should tell untruths when recording proper history: falsehoods have no place in such a celebrated story, heard about and witnessed by so many.<sup>27</sup>

And that, surely, is a crucial point: Marshal's life was 'witnessed by so many', was lived so much in the public eye, and the events involved were of such magnitude, that excessive claims – let alone downright falsehoods – in this biography would have struck his contemporaries as risible and shameful, and, far from impressing and earning him the respect and adulation of posterity, would have been a matter of dishonour.

### *Justification*

Little wonder, then, that the author is at pains throughout to justify all assertions, to give evidence – and, as it were, witnesses – to legitimise all of Marshal's claims and to repudiate implied accusations against him. Lest anyone should have been tempted to believe the slanderous charge of his adultery with the Young King's queen (Margaret, daughter of Louis of France), the author stresses that letters patent in support of Marshal were sent by no lesser persons than the French king himself, the counts of Dreux and Blois and the archbishop of Reims – they clearly believed not a word of it; and the Young King's subsequent devotion to Marshal, even entrusting him on his death-bed with carrying his cross to the Holy Land, makes it plain that his doubts of Marshal's fidelity had vanished. Similarly, lest there should have been any question about Marshal's deserving of the hand of the fabulously wealthy heiress Isabel de Clare ('the damsel of Striguil')<sup>28</sup> – or any cynical observation that he'd waited and waited till the best possible heiress was on offer (though why shouldn't he?) – the author makes it a royal gift twice over as he shows Richard Lionheart, shortly after Henry II's death, confirming and thoroughly approving the arrangement:

<sup>26</sup> p. 209.

<sup>27</sup> p. 198.

<sup>28</sup> A striking reminder that a wealthy heiress was a priceless (and vulnerable) commodity is the fact that when Marshal goes to claim his bride, the inheritrix of vast estates, she is residing for safe keeping in the Tower of London.

'My lord,' said the Chancellor, 'I hope you'll not object: I wish to remind you that the king gave the Marshal the damsel of Striguil.'

'God's legs, no, he didn't!' said Count Richard. 'He merely promised to! But I do give her to him absolutely – the young lady and her estate. I know they'll be well and truly safe in his hands.'<sup>29</sup>

This is rapidly followed by the author's depiction of what is virtually a legal debate, in which he shows King Richard confirming Marshal's right to the vast estate in Leinster that he'd inherited from his 'forebear' (his new wife's late father), but which was being withheld by the Lord of Ireland, Richard's brother (soon to be king) John:

The Marshal came to King Richard and requested him to ask his brother John to give him back his land in Ireland – and a very reasonable request it was, I'd say, for it had been conquered by his forbear. The king did ask this of his brother, but he didn't warm to the idea at all; he wouldn't consider it.

'What?' said the king. 'John! You surely don't mean to withhold what's rightfully his? He can't expect any favours from you if you won't even give him what he owns! But you shall indeed, for God's legs, that's my will!'

'I'll do so,' John replied, 'on condition that the gifts of land I've made to my men are allowed to stand.'

'That's not possible,' said the king. 'What would he be left with? You've given it all to your followers, every bit!'

'In that case, sire, if you insist, I ask merely that he leaves Theobald my butler the land I placed in his possession.'

'Very well,' the king replied, 'provided he holds it as the Marshal's vassal – otherwise it'll be a grievous loss to him. But he's not to acknowledge any other gift of land you've made – only that one.'<sup>30</sup>

Vindications, justifications and explanations come thick and fast. Should anyone have listened to sniping about Marshal staying at home and not joining the Third Crusade (in which a staggering number of figures who appear in the first half of the *History* were to die), the author points out that Marshal had 'already made the journey to the Holy Land to seek God's mercy, faithfully taking there his lord the Young King's cross and, thanks be to God, fulfilling his mission admirably and to the letter. Whatever anyone else may tell you, that's how it was.'<sup>31</sup> The phrase 'whatever anyone else may tell you' is more than a little suggestive. And there may well have been serious sniping about Marshal having paid homage to the king of France, an apparently treasonous act against King John, for the author devotes a lengthy episode to insisting that John himself had given Marshal permission to do just that – to pay King Philip homage for his land in Normandy (again acquired through marriage to Isabel de Clare). Marshal had said:

<sup>29</sup> p. 125.

<sup>30</sup> pp. 127–8.

<sup>31</sup> p. 129.