The Tale of King Arthur

Sir Thomas Malory (retold by Keith Baines)

King Uther Pendragon, ruler of all Britain, had been at war for many years with the Duke of Tintagil in Cornwall when he was told of the beauty of Lady Igraine, the duke’s wife. Thereupon he called a truce and invited the duke and Igraine to his court, where he prepared a feast for them, and where, as soon as they arrived, he was formally reconciled to the duke through the good offices of his courtiers.

In the course of the feast, King Uther grew passionately desirous of Igraine and, when it was over, begged her to become his paramour. Igraine, however, being as naturally loyal as she was beautiful, refused him.

“I suppose,” said Igraine to her husband, the duke, when this had happened, “that the king arranged this truce only because he wanted to make me his mistress. I suggest that we leave at once, without warning, and ride overnight to our castle.” The duke agreed with her, and they left the court secretly.

The king was enraged by Igraine’s flight and summoned his privy council. They advised him to command the fugitives’ return under threat of renewing the war; but when this was done, the duke and Igraine defied his summons. He then warned them that they could expect to be dragged from their castle within six weeks.

The duke manned and provisioned his two strongest castles: Tintagil for Igraine, and Terrabyl, which was useful for its many sally ports, for himself. Soon King Uther arrived with a huge army and laid siege to Terrabyl; but despite the ferocity of the fighting, and the numerous casualties suffered by both sides, neither was able to gain a decisive victory.

Still enraged, and now despairing, King Uther fell sick. His friend Sir Ulfius came to him and asked what the trouble was. “Igraine has broken my heart,” the king replied, “and unless I can win her, I shall never recover.”

“Sire,” said Sir Ulfius, “surely Merlin the Prophet could find some means to help you? I will go in search of him.”

Sir Ulfius had not ridden far when he was accosted by a hideous beggar. “For whom are you searching?” asked the beggar; but Sir Ulfius ignored him.

“Very well,” said the beggar, “I will tell you: You are searching for Merlin, and you need look no further, for I am he. Now go to King Uther and tell him that I will make Igraine his if he will reward me as I ask: and even that will be more to his benefit than to mine.”

“I am sure,” said Sir Ulfius, “that the king will refuse you nothing reasonable.”

“Then go, and I shall follow you,” said Merlin.

Well pleased, Sir Ulfius galloped back to the king and delivered Merlin’s message, which he had hardly completed when Merlin himself appeared at the entrance to the pavilion. The king bade him welcome.

“Sire,” said Merlin, “I know that you are in love with Igraine; will you swear, as an anointed king, to give into my care the child that she bears you, if I make her yours?”

The king swore on the gospel that he would do so, and Merlin continued:

“Tonight you shall appear before Igraine at Tintagil in the likeness of her husband, the duke. Sir Ulfius and I will appear as two of the duke’s knights: Sir Brustius and Sir Jordanus. Do not question either Igraine or her men, but say that you are sick and retire to bed. I will fetch you early in the morning, and do not rise until I come; fortunately Tintagil is only ten miles from here.”

The plan succeeded: Igraine was completely deceived by the king’s impersonation of the duke, and gave herself to him, and conceived Arthur. The king left her at dawn as soon as Merlin appeared, after giving her a farewell kiss. But the duke had seen King Uther ride out from the siege on the previous night and, in the course of making a surprise attack on the king’s army, had been killed. When Igraine realized that the duke had died three hours before he had appeared to her, she was greatly disturbed in mind; however, she confided in no one.

Once it was known that the duke was dead, the king’s nobles urged him to be reconciled to Igraine, and this task the king gladly entrusted to Sir Ulfius, by whose eloquence it was soon accomplished. “And now,” said Sir Ulfius to his fellow nobles, “why should not the king marry the beautiful Igraine? Surely it would be as well for us all.”
The marriage of King Uther and Igraine was celebrated joyously thirteen days later; and then, at the king’s request, Igraine’s sisters were also married: Margawse, who later bore Sir Gawain, to King Lot of Lowthean and Orkney; Elayne, to King Nentres of Garlot. Igraine’s daughter, Morgan le Fay, was put to school in a nunnery; in after years she was to become a witch, and to be married to King Uryens of Gore, and give birth to Sir Uwayne of the Fair Hands.

A few months later it was seen that Igraine was with child, and one night, as she lay in bed with King Uther, he asked her who the father might be. Igraine was greatly abashed.

“Do not look so dismayed,” said the king, “but tell me the truth and I swear I shall love you the better for it.”

“The truth is,” said Igraine, “that the night the duke died, about three hours after his death, a man appeared in my castle—the exact image of the duke. With him came two others who appeared to be Sir Brastius and Sir Jordanus. Naturally I gave myself to this man as I would have the duke, and that night, I swear, this child was conceived.”

“Well spoken,” said the king: “It was I who impersonated the duke, so the child is mine.” He then told Igraine the story of how Merlin had arranged it, and Igraine was overjoyed to discover that the father of her child was now her husband.

Sometime later, Merlin appeared before the king. “Sire,” he said, “you know that you must provide for the upbringing of your child?”

“I will do as you advise,” the king replied.

“That is good,” said Merlin, “because it is my reward for having arranged your impersonation of the duke. Your child is destined for glory, and I want him brought to me for baptism. I shall then give him into the care of foster parents who can be trusted not to reveal his identity before the proper time. Sir Ector would be suitable: he is extremely loyal, owns good estates, and his wife has just borne him a child. She could give her child into the care of another woman, and herself look after yours.”

Sir Ector was summoned, and gladly agreed to the king’s request, who then rewarded him handsomely. When the child was born he was at once wrapped in a gold cloth and taken by two knights and two ladies to Merlin, who stood waiting at the rear entrance to the castle in his beggar’s disguise. Merlin took the child to a priest, who baptized him with the name of Arthur, and thence to Sir Ector, whose wife fed him at her breast.

Two years later King Uther fell sick, and his enemies once more overran his kingdom, inflicting heavy losses on him as they advanced. Merlin prophesied that they could be checked only by the presence of the king himself on the battlefield, and suggested that he should be conveyed there on a horse litter (stretcher). King Uther’s army met the invader on the plain at St. Albans, and the king duly appeared on the horse litter. Inspired by his presence, and by the lively leadership of Sir Brastius and Sir Jordanus, his army quickly defeated the enemy and the battle finished in a rout. The king returned to London to celebrate the victory.

But his sickness grew worse, and after he had lain speechless for three days and three nights Merlin summoned the nobles to attend the king in his chamber on the following morning. “By the grace of God,” he said, “I hope to make him speak.”

In the morning, when all the nobles were assembled, Merlin addressed the king: “Sire, is it your will that Arthur shall succeed to the throne, together with all its prerogatives?”

The king stirred in his bed, and then spoke so that all could hear: “I bestow on Arthur God’s blessing and my own, and Arthur shall succeed to the throne on pain of forfeiting my blessing.” Then King Uther gave up the ghost. He was buried and mourned the next day, as befitted his rank, by Igraine and the nobility of Britain.

During the years that followed the death of King Uther, while Arthur was still a child, the ambitious barons fought one another for the throne, and the whole of Britain stood in jeopardy. Finally the day came when the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the advice of Merlin, summoned the nobility of London for Christmas morning. In his message the Archbishop promised that the true succession to the British throne would be miraculously revealed. Many of the nobles purified themselves during their journey, in the hope that it would be to them that the succession would fall.

The Archbishop held his service in the city’s greatest church (St. Paul’s), and when matins (morning prayers) were done, the congregation filed out to the yard. They were confronted by a marble block into which had been thrust a beautiful sword. The block was four feet square, and the sword passed through a steel anvil which had been struck in
the stone and which projected a foot from it. The anvil had been inscribed with letters of gold: WHOSO PULLETH OUTE THIS SWERD OF THIS STONE AND ANVYLD IS RIGHTWYS KYNGE BORNE OF ALL BRYTAYGNE

The congregation was awed by this miraculous sight, but the archbishop forbade anyone to touch the sword before Mass had been heard. After Mass, many of the nobles tried to pull the sword out of the stone, but none was able to, so a watch of ten knights was set over the sword, and a tournament proclaimed for New Year’s Day, to provide men of noble blood with the opportunity of proving their right to the succession.

Sir Ector, who had been living on an estate near London, rode to the tournament with Arthur and his own son Sir Kay, who had been recently knighted. When they arrived at the tournament, Sir Kay found to his annoyance that his sword was missing from its sheath, so he begged Arthur to ride back and fetch it from their lodging.

Arthur found the door of the lodging locked and bolted, the landlord and his wife having left for the tournament. In order not to disappoint his brother, he rode on to St. Paul’s, determined to get for him the sword which was lodged in the stone. The yard was empty, the guard also having slipped off to see the tournament, so Arthur strode up to the sword and, without troubling to read the inscription, tugged it free. He then rode straight back to Sir Kay and presented him with it.

Sir Kay recognized the sword and, taking it to Sir Ector, said, “Father, the succession falls to me, for I have here the sword that was lodged in the stone.” But Sir Ector insisted that they should all ride to the churchyard, and once there, bound Sir Kay by oath to tell how he had come by the sword. Sir Kay then admitted that Arthur had given it to him. Sir Ector turned to Arthur and said, “Was the sword not guarded?”

“It was not,” Arthur replied.

“Would you please thrust it into the stone again?” said Sir Ector. Arthur did so, and first Sir Ector and then Sir Kay tried to remove it, but both were unable to. Then Arthur, for the second time, pulled it out. Sir Ector and Sir Kay both knelt before him.

“Why,” said Arthur, “do you both kneel before me?”

“My lord,” Sir Ector replied, “there is only one man living who can draw the sword from the stone, and he is the true-born king of Britain.” Sir Ector then told Arthur the story of his birth and upbringing.

“My dear father,” said Arthur, “for so I shall always think of you—if, as you say, I am to be king, please know that any request you have to make is already granted.”

Sir Ector asked that Sir Kay should be made royal seneschal, and Arthur declared that while they both lived it should be so. Then the three of them visited the archbishop and told him what had taken place.

All those dukes and barons with ambitions to rule were present at the tournament on New Year’s Day. But when all of them had failed, and Arthur alone had succeeded in drawing the sword from the stone, they protested against one so young, and of ignoble blood, succeeding to the throne.

The secret of Arthur’s birth was known to only a few of the nobles surviving from the days of King Uther. The archbishop urged them to make Arthur’s cause their own; but their support proved ineffective. The tournament was repeated at Candlemas (February 2) and at Easter, with the same outcome as before.

Finally, at Pentecost (the seventh Sunday after Easter), when once more Arthur alone had been able to remove the sword, the commoners arose with a tumultuous cry and demanded that Arthur should at once be made king. The nobles, knowing in their hearts that the commoners were right, all knelt before Arthur and begged forgiveness for having delayed his succession for so long. Arthur forgave them and then, offering his sword at the high altar, was dubbed first knight of the realm. The coronation took place a few days later, when Arthur swore to rule justly, and the nobles swore him their allegiance.

---

1 One who managed the king’s estate, ran his household, and sometimes also had official state duties or a military command.