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\[ n = 2, \quad n_2 = (\nu_2 n) \]

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FROM THE
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BEGIN IN 1858
CHAUCER'S

TROYLUS AND CRYSEYDE

(FROM THE HARL. MS. 3943)

COMPARED WITH

BOCCACCIO'S FILOSTRATO

TRANSLATED BY

Wm. Michael Rossetti.

(Those lines of the Filostrato that Chaucer translated or adapted are given in full; those
which Chaucer did not use—more than half—are only summarized.)

LONDON:
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MDCCLXXIII.
Prefatory Remarks.

For the first time, readers of Chaucer are now enabled to judge of the precise relation borne by the *Troilus and Cressyde* of that supreme poet to the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio—which has long been known to be, to a large extent, its original. I have furnished an exact translation of all the lines of the *Filostrato* adapted, with more or less verbal closeness, by Chaucer; also a summary of those portions of the Italian poem which were not so adapted. The passages of the *Troilus* which are wholly the work of the Englishman, being unaccompanied by any rendering from the Italian, speak for themselves. It will be perceived that Chaucer is, in many instances, a very accurate translator; in others, he has paraphrased without strictly translating. The details of diversity are full of interest to the minute student.

The *Filostrato* is written in the octave metre termed by the Italians "ottava rima" (the measure of Byron's *Don Juan*). Boccaccio is understood to have invented this excellent narrative metre, in which Ariosto, Tasso, and so many other leading poets of his own nation, followed him: by Boccaccio himself the *ottava rima* had first been used in the *Teseide*, prior to the date of the *Filostrato*. The *Troilus and Cressyde* (I need not say) is written in stanzas of seven lines each—an exquisitely melodious and satisfying metrical form, too seldom employed: the natural result is that, when Chaucer takes successive lines from Boccaccio, he mostly gets the matter into a rather smaller space.

The *Filostrato* contains 5704 lines: the *Troilus* is much longer, 8246 lines. The difference, 2542 lines, must of course be counted entirely to the credit of Chaucer. Out of the 5704 lines of Boccaccio, about 2730 have been utilized by Chaucer, leaving 2974 not so utilized. The English poet, less diffuse, has compressed the 2730 lines of the Italian into 2583: hence we obtain the following result:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total lines in the <em>Troilus</em></td>
<td>8246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adapted from the <em>Filostrato</em>,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2730 lines, condensed into</td>
<td>2583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance due to Chaucer alone</td>
<td>5663</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This balance is considerably more than double the number of lines as condensed from Boccaccio. It may, therefore, in general terms, be said that something less than a third of the *Troilus* is taken direct from the *Filostrato*, while more than two-thirds are Chaucer's own. Of course, however, even in these two-thirds Chaucer's poem often follows the same general current as Boccaccio's; and some moderate deduction should be made for lines for which the Englishman is indebted to other authors—Boëthius, Dante, and Petrarch, in especial.

The most important point of absolute difference between the Italian and the English poets—the most important both

1 Professor Morley has said that the *Filostrato* contains 5352 lines, and the *Troilus* 2899 lines additional: this would be a total of 8251. I do not understand these figures; at any rate, they are not correct.
in subject-matter and in scale of treatment—is in the incidents which lead up to the actual amour between Troilus and Chryseis. Boccaccio gives the whole affair simply enough: an assignation made by Chryseis after much urging, and kept by Troilus, and turned to account by both. Chaucer has invented an entirely new series of preliminaries; far more elaborate, and such as almost to leave his Cryseyde in the position of a modest and chaste-minded woman, even after the amour is in full career. At the decisive moment, she has scarcely consented to her own frailty, but has been lured into it. The reader is left to contemplate Cryseyde as loving—Griseida¹ as amorous: though I think some English critics have been too much inclined to ignore the many fine and beautiful qualities which Boccaccio attributes to his heroine, in all the earlier stage of her story, and to treat her as, from the first, by character a courtesan, to whom nothing but an opportunity is wanting. This is, I conceive, not the fact. Boccaccio gives us fully to understand that his Griseida is a noble and decorous lady, who has passed through maiden, married, and widowed life, with a reputation totally and deservedly spotless: she stands a vigorous siege from Troilus, aided by the incessant importunities of her cousin Pandarus. True, from the first she shows symptoms of being not impregnable: she listens, vacillates, deliberates, shrinks, and deliberates again. After a certain interval she makes up her mind to yield, being herself in love with her suitor; and after a further interval she does yield—no doubt advisedly and unregretfully, and not, as the Cryseyde of Chaucer, through a surprise—yet not with any such indelicate haste, or any such sensual callousness and want of personal affection for her lover, as to enable us to consider the two women as showing a native and fundamental difference of character or temperament. In short, the action of Griseida is more amorous than that of Cryseyde, but her nature is almost equally loving: the action of Cryseyde is more loving than that of Griseida, but her nature is almost equally amorous. The English poet neither schemes nor affects (if I do not misapprehend) to invent an essentially different character: but he leads up to the crisis by a more artful and more sympathetic course of incident. Besides, we must remember that the career of Chryseis does not stop short at her amour with Troilus: that is succeeded by another and much less condonable amour with Diomed—and, when we come to this, I think there is, in Boccaccio's entire development of the story, a certain simultaneous march and satisfaction to the reader's mind, not wholly in equal measure present in Chaucer's. We may, at any rate, say thus much:—That the more the reader is disposed to accept Cryseyde as a very superior woman to Griseida, the less must he be inclined to acquiesce in the later stage of Chaucer's poem as an aesthetic and emotional response and congruity; while, the nearer the character of Boccaccio's Griseida is kept to an equal level from first to last, the less is the jar upon the reader's sympathy at the close. If, however, we consider Griseida and Cryseyde to be not very diverse in real character, the intrigue with Diomed stands on much the same footing in both poems; and, in the English work, it only corrects, with some disappointment to his sensibilities, the reader's delight in the lovely and loveable vision which the earlier portion of that poem had seemingly presented to him.

The next point of marked divergence between the Filostrato and the Troilus is in the important personage, Pandarus. In the former narrative, he is a gallant, high-spirited, scheming young knight, the cousin of Chryseis. He is a devoted friend to Troilus; places no particular value, for himself or for others, on the virtue of continence; and, with sufficient off-handness and candour, sets about badgering and wheedling Chryseis into consenting to the prince's passion. His youth, the undisguised laxity of his
morals, and the genuine depth of his friendship for Troilus, make him the most amiable and least condemnable of pimps. His whole philosophy might be summed up in Shakespeare's distich—

"If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind."

He is perfectly self-consistent and natural throughout the poem, without being much of a "character" in the more special sense. To turn him into a character has been, in one word, the great achievement of Chaucer; and never was a creative act of the like kind managed with more splendid ease and instantaneous power. As in the case of Chryseis, the main attributes of this personage are the same as in Boccaccio's poem—especially the redeeming quality of an unselfish and unmeasured love of Troilus, which indeed becomes all the more touching under Chaucer's treatment, by dint of the one simple expedient that he has adopted, of increasing the age of Pandarus. That is, in fact, the essence and the secret of almost all that Chaucer has done for the character. He makes Pandarus the uncle, instead of the cousin, of Cryseyde. Pandarus is still, as we have just noted in the Filostrato, gallant, high-spirited, scheming, a devoted friend, a loose moralist; but all these qualities have to take a different complexion from the change of age and of relationship. The brilliant young man of fashion (as we might term Boccaccio's Pandarus) becomes a battered middle-aged man of the world; his buoyancy and rapidity of character take on a certain aspect of fatal facility; his scheming approaches nearer to treachery—both because he more cunningly undermines the honour of Cryseyde, and because his position as her uncle places him almost in the position of her "guide and philosopher" as well as "friend"; his loose morals, natural to a young man whose passions master him in his own as well as in his friend's cause, become a distinct blunting of the moral sense—a contented adoption of the ignoble as a rule to live and die by. Above all, his experience of life, and his callous bonhomie, have given him a great fund of conversation; and he is never at a loss for an argument, an illustration, a proverb, a quotation, or a jest. This gift of copious and cynical speech is treated by Chaucer with inimitable art, because inimitable nature, and in such wise as to make his Pandarus one of the most complete pieces of character-painting in our literature. With all his defects, still the soft-heartedness of Chaucer's Pandarus, and his utter devotion to Troilus—he is ready at any moment to be drowned in tears in the cause of his niece or his friend—place him distinctly above mere contempt: they make him a pathetic and almost a respectable figure in fiction, no less than a deeply humorous one.

The origin of the story of which Boccaccio has made a masterpiece, and Chaucer (not to speak of Shakespeare after him) a greater masterpiece still, is even yet somewhat obscure. It has been traced up to Benoît de Sainte-More, a cleric, probably Norman by birth, who composed, towards 1184, a poem named the Roman de Troie. He professed to take his story from a Latin translation after Dares, attributed traditionally to Cornelius Nepos; but this profession has no sufficient foundation, so far as the episode of Troilus and Chryseis is concerned. Guido dalle Colonelle, a Sicilian physician, wrote in 1287 his Historia Trojana, appropriating details from Benoît de Sainte-More with a liberal hand. Next after him comes Boccaccio, who for the first time invents Pandarus as a personage in the action.

There are some valuable details regarding this matter in the Introduction of M. L. Moland and C. d'Héricault to a volume of the Nouvelles Françaises en Prose du XIVe Siècle—Paris, Jauzet, 1858. M. Joly has lately (1871) completed in two sections his edition of Benoît de Sainte-More et le Roman de Troie, ou les Metamorphoses d'Homère et de l'Époque gréco-latine au MoyenÂge. This contains the text of the Roman de Troie, with many dissertations. It is a monument of industry, and a mine of erudition; the Chaucerian student may be deeply grateful to M. Joly—and many other literary investigators will be no less his debtors.
It may be expedient to say here a little—a very little—about the successive development of the incidents of the story, up to Boccaccio's treatment of it: his and Chaucer's can be studied at length in the ensuing pages. Dares simply mentions Briseis (or Briseida) among other denizens of the Grecian camp whose persons he describes. Of her he speaks as follows: "Briseidam formosam, altâ staturâ, candidam, capillo flavo et molli, supercilii junctis, oculis venustis, corpore equali, blandam, affabilem, verecundam, animo simplici, piam." In Benoît de Sainte-More's poem, the course of the episode runs thus. Calchas, having deserted from Troy to the Greeks by order of the gods, and having left behind him his daughter Briseïda (termed "la pucele" in verse 12977, and therefore, it must be presumed, not a widow, as in Boccaccio and Chaucer), takes advantage of an exchange of prisoners, after the capture of Antenor by the Greeks, to reclaim her. The loves of Troilus and Briseïda are not described at length, nor the various vicissitudes of them notified: but, now that the lady is to leave Troy, Benoît informs us that she and Troilus are deeply enamoured. Diomed, among other Grecian warriors, receives Briseïda from the Trojans, and forthwith begins making love to her; and she from the first seems anything but ill-disposed towards him. Soon afterwards, in an engagement, he overthrows Troilus, and sends his charger to Briseïda. Diomed gives himself up more and more desperately to his passion: the lady holds off for a while, but finally acknowledges him as her knight, and Troilus has little or nothing more to hope for. Another battle, advantageous to the Trojans, is fought: Troilus wounds Diomed well-nigh to death, and reviles him and Briseïda in terms which seem to show that the anguish of betrayed love has, in the Troilus of Benoît de Saint-More, given way to its indignant. Briseïda, on the other hand, is made amiable in her very sickness, which many readers may be minded to condone. The mortal danger of Diomed is what breaks down the last barrier to her heart, and she can now no longer make any secret of her love, but resolves to be wholly his. Her monologue to this effect ends at verse 20330; and, though the poem goes on to the formidable number of 30108 lines, we hear henceforth no more of her, nor of Diomed as related to her, nor (save in one instance soon afterwards) of Troilus in the character of her deserted and incensed lover. It will thus be perceived that, in the Briseïda narrative of Benoît, the more substantial subject-matter is the Briseïda-Diomed amour, to which the Briseïda-Troilus amour forms rather the proem; whereas, in the Chryseyse narrative of Boccaccio and Chaucer, the main interest by far centres in the Chryseyse-Troilus amour, to which the Chryseyse-Diomed amour forms but the sequel, and, even in that connection, is but little developed except in so far as it wedges the iron into the soul of Troilus. 1

1 M. Joly believes that Benoît de Sainte-More was the original inventor of this story of Troilus and Briseïda. Troilus he took chiefly from Dares, and gave the personage a fuller and more varied development: Briseïda—the "Chryseyse" or "Cressida" of after times—he wholly invented, in her character as the lady-love of Troilus, and a type of feminine inconstancy. "L'histoire de Troilus et de Briseïda... est un tableau plein de malice qui vient, d'une façon tout-à-fait inattendue, se mêler au drame... Cette histoire paraît lui appartenir tout entière. C'est vraiment un de ses grands titres à l'attention... Cependant il n'a pas tout-à-fait inventé Troilus. Il en a fait un héros amoureux; mais il était héros avant lui—à Dares en revient l'honneur... Benoît... a fait de Troilus le vrai type du chevalier en sa jeunesse et en sa fleur, réunissant la force et la beauté, le courage et le charme,—le plus redoutable sur le champ de bataille, le plus digné d'être aimé... Pour que ce vaillant chevalier fût tout-à-fait selon le cœur du moyen-âge, il fallait quelque chose encore. Benoît le sait bien, et à toutes ses perfection Troilus en joindra une dernière: il sera amoureux. Dares n'avait songé à rien de semblable... Il fournisait, il est vrai, à Benoît le nom et un aimable portrait de Briseïda: "Briseidam formosam" [&c. &c in our text]. Il n'en eut évidemment en vue que la captivité d'Achille... Pour Benoît les choses vont autrement: le portrait de Briseïda probablement l'a charmé, et, comme c'est la seule femme qu'il rencontre en dehors de la famille de Plum, la seule aussi qui soit libre d'aider Troilus, il en a fait la fille de Calchas... Remarquons que le
Chaucer does not, in any part of his poem, say aught of his obligations to Boccaccio, but professes to follow "myne oultre callyd Lollius" (B. 1, st. 57), whom he mentions also in the *House of Fame*. Lollius has puzzled everybody that has concerned himself with Chaucer's poem: it appears to me that the most reasonable (assuredly a very ingenious) suggestion is that made, or rather repeated, in 1888 (*Athenaeum*, Oct.), by Dr. R. G. Latham—that Chaucer has, by some blunder or confusion, got the name Lollius out of Horace's line

"Troiani belli scriptorem, maxime Lollii." \(^1\)

Some suspicion may arise that Chaucer supposed the *Filostroto* to be the work, not of Boccaccio, but of Petrarch. His mention of Lollius, above cited, introduces a translated passage which he interpolates out of Petrarch; and the writer of a French prose version of the *Filostroto*, Pierre Seigneur de Beauneau, whose production dates probably in the very latest years of the fourteenth century, and therefore at no great distance of time from Chaucer's states positively that he works from "ung petit [livre] en langue ytalienne que on appelle *Filostroto*, lequel jadis fut fait et compose par ung poete Florentin nomme Petrarque." But, even assuming that Chaucer did attribute poete ne fait qu'indiquer l'amour de Troilus: il ne nous le montre avec Bricidia que pour la lui enlever aussitôt... le personnage que le poete a tenu à peindre c'est Bricidia: ce qu'il voulait mettre en relief ici ce n'était pas l'amour tendre et doux, mais la coquetterie et la légèreté feminines... Ce qui n'était qu'un épisode deviendra une source poétique, où paîSENT quelques-uns des poêles les plus fameux de l'Italie et de l'Angleterre. Mais, en développant l'histoire, Boccace, Chaucer, et Shakespeare, en changent tout-à-fait le caractère.\(^2\)

It has been said, in opposition to Dr. Latham's surprise (with which M. Joly concurs) that Chaucer's knowledge of Latin was inconsistent with his misapprehending the meaning of this line, clearly marked as it is by the cases of the substantives. No doubt there is some force in the objection. But would it not be possible that the line might have been known to Chaucer chiefly (if not solely) in some translation where the true relation of the substantives would be far less patent? Is any such translation known, and how does it render the line in question?

The *Filostroto* to Petrarch, this does not bring us nearer to an explanation of the name Lollius.

The confusion which Chaucer produced by speaking of Lollius was increased by Lydgate in speaking of *Trophe*. Lydgate, in the prologue to his translation of Boccaccio's *Faliste of Princes*, says of Chaucer that

"In youth he made a transalacion
Of a boke which called is *Trophe*
In Lumbarde tonge, as men may rede & se,
And in our vulgar, long or that ye devyde,
Gave it the name of *Troyeles and Crosseyde.*"

The relation of the title *Trophe* to the title *Filostroto* has exercised the minds of commentators almost as much as the relation of the name Lollius to the name Boccaccio. Mm. Moland and d'Héricounit think that Trophi means (Fr.) *true*, (Ital.) *truffa*,—i.e. cozening, betrayal, in allusion to the falsehood of Chrysea to Troilus. Professor Morley thinks it represents the Greek word *τρυφη*—i.e. turning, inconstancy, with the like allusion. M. Joly surmises that Lydgate meant, and perhaps wrote, *Trophe*, in reference to the metrical form of Boccaccio's poem. To me it seems that all these conjectures, however plausible, are wide of the mark; and that a perusal of the words of Boccaccio himself supplies the true explanation.\(^3\)

The Greek word *φιλόστρατος* really means "Army-lover": but Boccaccio did not so understand it. He gave it a passive instead of an active meaning, and supposed it to signify "Love-vanished." Here are his words, at the opening of his proem: "*Filostroto* is the title of this book; and the reason is because this name agrees excellently with the purport of the book. *Filostroto* means a man vanquished and prostrated by love"; such as one can see Troilus to have been, whose love is in this book recounted. For he was so strongly conquered by love, in loving Chrysea, and was in such affliction at her departure,

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\(^1\) My suggestion to this effect was first published in the *Athenaeum* for 26 September 1868.
that little was wanting but that death should seize him."
The like conception re-appears in a speech which Boccaccio
puts into the mouth of Troilus (Bk 5, st. 56). "Then,
himking on this, he added: 'Long I hast thou made the
story of me, O Love, if I would not hide me from myself,
and if memory well reports me the truth of it.
Wherever I go or stay, if well I mark, I discern full a
thousand signs of thy victory which thou hast had
triumphal over me, who once jeered every lover.'" The
question remains: "Can we connect the title Filostrato,
in the sense of 'Love-vanquished,' with the title Trophe?"
I think we can. It seems to me that Trophe is simply
the word Trophy, spelled in a slightly different manner.
A Love-vanquished man might very well be synonymized
into a "Trophy of Love"; a man held up to view as a
monument of Love's potency, or one whose powers of
resistance to Love—his arms and armour, to keep up the
simile suggested by Boccaccio's own words—have been
reft from him by Love the conqueror, and hung up as a
trophy. If the reader dissent from this interpretation, I
must remind him that it has at least one merit—it makes,
for the first time, the assertion of Lydgate consistent, from
a certain point of view, with the actual and known facts
of the case. That the original of Chaucer's Troilus is
named Trophe (i.e. is named Filostrato in a sense which
may be rendered by the word Trophy) is a truth; but
that it is named Sropho, or roph, Truffa, or anything
signifying Inconstancy, is an unmitigated untruth, for in
fact it is named Filostrato. And why should Lydgate
have told this gratuitous falsehood? No explanation is
forthcoming.

There would be many other things to say concerning
the Troilus and Cryseyde—perhaps the most beautiful
narrative poem, of considerable length, in the English
language. That Chaucer is not the sole person entitled to
the credit of its invention and narration has long been
known, is in these pages demonstrated with full detail,
and must be allowed for in anything that we say or that
others feel on the subject. But, even after this has been
admitted, our obligation to Chaucer remains where it was:
we still have to thank him for presenting English readers
with one of the most delightful of English or of possible
poems—an "entire and perfect chrysolyte." The Troilus
and Cryseyde of Chaucer is peculiarly memorable and
unfailingy fascinating, as combining in itself at once the
very topmost blossom and crown of the chivalric passion
and gallantry, and the exquisite first-fruits of that
humorous study of character in which our national writers
have so specially excelled. This is the quality which
culminated so superbly in Shakespeare; which had indeed
culminated, two centuries before Shakespeare, in Chaucer
himself—for there was simply no improving upon the
quality of character-painting exhibited in the Canterbury
Tales, and fore-shown, with no inferior power, in the
Pandarus of Troilus and Cryseyde. The chivalric passion
and gallantry of which we have spoken come in great
measure out of Boccaccio's poem into Chaucer's; the
humorous study of character comes from himself. And it
may be observed that, even as regards the first-named
motive power of the work, its passion and gallantry, the
poem is at once simple and complex; for here love
assumes the form of gallantry and intrigue, while the core
and essence of it are passion—life-long and consuming in
Troilus, but in Cryseyde only quick-flaming and transient.
That there is some sort of monotony, and a good deal of
lengthened diffuseness, in Chaucer's poem, should not in
candour be denied: but the beauty, spirit, and tenderness
of the treatment, induce the reader willingly to pardon
this, and to regard it almost as a quaint and likeable
flavouring, and they carry him on from book to book with.

1 See the Troilus, B. 5, st. 84, and the collation there from the
Filostrato.
equal sympathy and enjoyment. In the more pathetic and moving passages, where the sorrows or the bliss of love supply the poet's inspiration, the very sound of the delicious verses holds one under a spell.

These few words of tribute and gratitude to Chaucer could hardly be withheld from any preface to the *Troilus and Cressyde*. My personal business, however, would have been confined to such points as bear directly upon the relation of the *Troilus* to the *Filostrato*. Leaving, therefore, all else to the accomplished Chaucerian scholars who have undertaken the work, I may here appropriately conclude my ancillary part in it—only adding the account which Lydgate, in his *Troy Book*, gives of the *Troilus and Cressyde*.

W. M. Rossetti.

London, February 1871.
LYDGATE ON CHAUCER AND HIS "TROYLUS."

(From Arundel MS 99, leaf 36, col. 2.)

To be a servaunt / my maister tellith thus
Tyl he was holpe / affir of Pandarus
Thorough whoos Comfort / and mediacion

As in his book / is makid mention
with greet labour / first he Cam to grace
And so Contyneth / by certeyn yeerys space
Tyl fortivne gan / vpon hym frowne

That she fro hym / mvt goon out of towne
al sodeynly / and nevir hym affir see
lo here the ffyn / of false felicite
do here the Eude / of worldly brotylinessse

Of fleasly lust / lo hear the vnstabynesse
lo here the double varysacion
Of worldly blyse / and transmvtacion
This day in myrthe / and in woo to-morwe

ffor ay the ffyn / allos of Ioye is sorwe
ffor now Cryseyde / with the kyngh Thosa
ffor Anthenor / shal goo forth allos
vnto Grekis / and evere with hem dwelle

The hool strooy / Chaucer kan yow telle
yf that ye lyst / no man bet a lyve
nor the processe / half so wel descryve
ffor heoure ynglyss / gylte with his sawes

Rude and boystous / first be Olde dawes
That was ful fer from al perfeccion
And but of litle rapacion
Tyl that he Cam / and thorugh his poetrye

Gan oure tonge / firste to magnifise
And adoure it / with his Elloquence

Troylus and Cryseyde at their parting are so
"Disconsolat / al the longe nyght
That in good faith / yf I shulde a right
the processse hool / of her bothe sorwe
That they made / tyl the next morwe
ffro penynt to penynt / it to speceffye
It wolde me / ful longe Occupye
Of every thyng / to make mention
And tarye me / in my translation
yf I shulde / in her woo procede
But me semyth / that it is no nede
Sith my maister Chaucer here afoarn
In this maseer / hath so wel hym born
In his book / of Troylus and Cryseyde
which he made / longe or that he deyde
Rehersyng first / how Troylus was Contrayre
ffor to assende / vpon loysys stayre
And how that he / for al his Surquedye
Affir he Cam / Oon of the Companye
Of loysys folk / for al his Olde game
whan Cupyde / makid hym ful tame
And brought hym lowe / to hit subjacion
In a temple / as he walk vp and don
whan he his guyys / and his hookys leyde
Amyd the Eyen / Cerelyd of Cryseyde
which on that day / he myght nat a-sartre
ffor thorugh his brest / percyd and his herte
he wente hym hoom / pale syke and wan
And in this wyse Troylus first be-gan
LYDGEA ON CHAUCER AND HIS "TROILUS."  

| To whom honour / laude and Reverence | Among othir / in the higheste sete |
| Thorough out this lond / yove be and songe | ¶ My maister Galfryde / as for a cheft Poete |
| So that the laurer / of youre ynglysh tonge | that euere was yit / in oure langage |
| Be to hym yove / for his excellence | The name of whom / shal fallen in noon Age |
| Right as whylom / by ful hifi sentence | But euere y-liche / with-oute Eclipseyng shyne |
| Perpetually / for a memoriayl | And for my part / I wyl neure fyns |
| ¶ Of Columna / by the Cardinal | So as I Can / hym to magnesfye |
| To Petrark\'s fraunceys / was yoven in ytayle | ¶ In my wryting / pleynil yyl I dye / |
| that the Repoort / nevir affir fayle | And god I preys / his soule brynge in Ioye¹ |
| Nor the honour / dirked of his name | [cf. 63, b. c. col. 1] |
| To be Registed / in the hous of flame | ¶ And wheer I lefte / I wyl ageyn to Troye /" |

¹ At the end of his Troy Book, Lydgate again returns to Chaucer\’s praises. After denouncing the ignorant backbiters and fault-finders, Lydgate says (I quote from Fynson’s ed., A.D. 1518, sign. D iii back, as the Arundel MS 99 has lost its end):

---

For vnto them / my boke is nat dyrect
But to suche / as hase in effect
On symple folke / full compassyon
That goodly can / by correccyon
Amende a thynge / that hyndre neuer adale
Of custome aye / redy to say wele
For he that was grounded / of well sayinge
In all his lyfe / hyndred no makynge
My maister Chaucer / that founde full many spot
Hym lyst nat pyuche / nor grutche at every blot
Nor meue hym selfe / to parturbe his rest
I have herde tolde / but sydes alway the beste
Suffrynyng goodly / of his gentryless

---

Full many thynge / embrased with rudenesse
And if I shall / shortly hym descryue
Was neuer / none / to this dayes alyue
To reken all / bothe yonge and olde
That worthy was / his yukeborne for to holde
And in this londe / if there any be
In borogh or towne / yullage or Cyte
That connyng hath / his tracyes for to sewe
Where he go brode / or be shet in mewe
To hym / I make a dyreccyon
Of this boke / to hase inspecyon
Besecychynge them / with thayr prudent loke
To race and scrape / thorought oult all my boke
Voyde and adde / where them semeth rede
And though so be / that they nat ne rede
In all this boke / no rethorkeles newe
¶ Yet I hope / they shal fynde trewe
The storie playne / cheffy in substaunce
Filostrato

[The summary of those parts of the poem that have not been adapted by Chaucer is enclosed in square brackets. In this summary, the marks of quotation " " are given when I translate a passage literally; the marks " " when I so translate a passage that forms a speech; the marks ' ' when I summarize (without exactly translating) a speech.—W. M. R.]

BOOK I. STANZA I.

[Boccaccio dedicates his poem to his lady—"nobilissima donna"; traditionally reputed to be the same Fiammetta who is named in other writings of his, and who is identified with Maria, a natural daughter of King Robert of Naples, married to a nobleman of advanced age. He says that he will not invoke Apollo or the Muses in commencing this poem, which relates the woe of Troilus for the departure of Chryseis, and which he writes during the much-deplored absence of his own lady.]

Troilus and Criseyde.

[Harl. MS. 3943. The first 10 stanzas (on leaf 1) are in a late 15th-century hand.]

[I. "Bought in Mr Rawlinson's Sale of MSS 1784, pr. No. 658. This has been collated by W. Thomas eqq." On the flyleaf.]

[Proem of eight stanzas.]

(1)

T

He double sorow of Troilus to tells

that was kyng Pryamys sonne of Troye

In lovyng how his aventuris fellen

Frome wo to wele and afftrwarde oute of royne.

my purpose is or I parte you froyne

Thesiphon poy helpe me for to endite

these wofful wordes pat wypyn as I write

2

(2)

TO the clepe I thou godesse of turmente

thou cruel wighte that sorowist ever in peyne

Helpe me that am the sorys Instrumente

That helpith lovers as I can to pleyne

for wel it sitt the sothe for to seyne

vn-to a woffull wighte a drory chere

And to a sory tale a sory chere

8

(3)

For I pat god of louys servauntis serve

Ne dare to love for myn vnliklynesse

Pray for speede though I shulde sterve

so fere I am frome his helpe in derknessse

but netheles myght I do yit gladnesse

To my lover or my love availe

Haue he thanke & myn be the travaile

39 Thine be the honour, and mine be the toil.

TROILUS.
41 And you lovers, I pray you hearken.
43 And, if it happens that in your heart you feel
44 Any pitiful spirit aroused,
45 I pray you that ye pray Love for me,
46 Through whom I, mournful like Troilus.

But ye lovers that baten in gladness
If any drope of pitee in you be
Remembre you for olde passid heynesse
for goddis love and on aduersitee
that other suffer thinke how somtyme pet ye
fownde how love dursst you displesse
Or ellis ye wonne it with gret esse

And prayth for them that been in the caas
Of Troilus as ye may affir here
that love them bryng in hevyn to solas
And for me praieth pet god so doere
he yve me myghte to shewe in some manere
some peyn or wo suche as lovys folke endure
In troilus vnseely Auenture

PRAIETH for them that eke ben dispiered
In love pet nevir nyh Recouerid be
And eke for them pet falsely ben appaired
thorugh wikkid tungi be it he or she
Or thus biddith god for his benynnyte
To graunte theym soone out of this worlde to pas
That ben dispiered out of their lovis gras

And biddith eke for them pet ben at ece
In love pet god them graunte perseueraunce
And sende them myght their loves so to plesse
that it be to them worsripp and plesaunce
And so hope I my sowle best to Auaunce
To pray for them pet lovis servuantis be
And write their woo & lyve in Charite
(7)
49 The Grecian kings were around Troy,
50 Strong in arms.

53 Ever they more invested it from day to day;
54 All accordant in one same resolve—
55 To revenge the outrage and rape
56 Of Queen Helen, made by Paris.

(8)
And for to haue of them compassion
As though I were þer own broþer dere
Now listenyth every wight with goode entencion
for I will now go straight to my matres
In which ye shal the double sorowe here
Of Troylus in leovyng of Crisseide
And how þat she forsoke hym or she deide

(9) [The Story.]
T is wel wist how þe Grekis strong
In armes with a thousand1 shippis went
To troy wardys & the Cite long
Assegid we / yer or they stynt
And in dyuerse wise and in on Intent
The Ravysshynge to vengyn of Heleyn
full beasly thy diden their peyn:

(10)
Now shal it so þat in the town ther was
Dwellyng a lorde of grete Auctoritee
A grete Dyyne þat clepid was Calcas
That in science so experte was he
Knew wel that Troy distroied shulde be
by Aunswer of his god that highte thus
Deliphebus or Apollon Delphicus

(11)
To whan þis Calcas knew by cakelyng2
And eke by asw dere of this Apollo
That greke shalde such a peple byryn
Thurgh which þat Troy must be for-do
he cast Þa none ouþ of the toune to go
fors wele wist he þey for þat Troy shold
Distroied be þe wold þo so nold

1 The older hand of the MS. (1440 A.D.) begins here. The first ten stanzas are written in the same hand as the end of the volume is.
Wherefore secretly to depart
Resolved he, provident and wise;
And, taking place and time for fleeing,
He wended his way to the Grecian host:
Whence he saw many coming to meet him,
Who received him with glad visage,—
Hoping for utmost and good counsel from him
In every accident or peril.

Great rumour was there when it was heard
Through all the city generally
That Calchas had fled therefrom;
And [that he had] as a traitor done wickedly;
And, for the most part of the people, they hardly
From going with fire to his houses. [withheld

Calchas had left in all this mischance,
Without letting her know anything about it,
A daughter of his,

A widow,

Named Chryςea;
To my thinking,
As [discreet &c.] as any other that was born in Troy.
So beautiful and so angelic to see
Was she, that she appeared not a mortal thing.
BOCCACCIO’S ILIUS, BOOK I.

(12)
89 Who, hearing the menacing rumour
90 For her father’s flight, very sorrowful
91 As she was amid so much dubious fury,
92 In a mourning garb, and tearful,
93 She herself on her knees at the feet of Hector;
94 And with voice and aspect very piteous,
95 Excusing herself, (and accusing her father,)
96 Finished her speech begging for mercy.

(13)
97 Hector was pitiful of his nature.
98 Wherefore, seeing the great plaint of her
99 Who was more beautiful than creature else,
100 He comforted her somewhat with kind speech,
101 Saying: “Let with evil hap
102 Thy father go who has so offended us;
103 And thou, secure and cheerful, without annoy,
104 Remain in Troy with us while thou pleasest.

(14)
105 “The pleasure and honour thou wilt;
106 As if Calchas were here, be assured,
107 Thou shalt always have from us all.”

109 She thanked him much for this,
110 And more she would, but it was not allowed her.
111 Wherefore she rose, and returned
112 To her house, and there was at rest.

(15)
113 There she stayed with such household
114 As it befitted her honour to keep,
115 While she was in Troy;
119 And beloved was she,
120 And honoured, by every one that knew her.
116 Nor did she need to care
117 For son or daughter,
118 As it had never been her lot to have any.¹

¹ The reader will observe Chaucer’s deliberate departure from Boccaccio in this particular: Chaucer says that he has no information as to whether or not Crysseide had any children. The affected uncertainty seems to serve little purpose, save that of the

(16)
This lady which that herd al day at oro
her fadris shame his falene and tresoun
wel ny out of her wyt for pure fere
In wyddeys habyt large off samyte broun
Byfor Hector on knees she felt a doun
with chere & voys ful pytous & wepyng
his mercy bad herself excusing

(17)
Now was his Ector pitous of nature
And saw how she was sorrowful bygone
An that she was so faire a creature
Of his gladnes he gladid her anone
And seyd lete your fadir tresoun gone
To sory hap & ye your self in ioy
Dwellingh whil 3ow good lyst in troy

(18)
And al ye honour that men may do 3ow have
As thoght your fadir dwellyd al here
3e shul have. 3our body shul men save
As ferforth as y may enquere & here
And she hym thonkyd oft in humble chere
And ofter wold if it had be his wills
And toke her love went home & held her stilles

(19)
And in her hows abode with such meyne
As to her honour rede was to holde
And while pat she dwellyd yn pat citee
Thurgh out in al with yong & eke with olde
ful wel bylovyd & folkt wele of her toled
But whethir she childryn had or none
I rede not perfir y lete hit gone
121 Things went on in the way of war
122 Between the Trojans and Greeks very often.
125 Many times the Greeks (if the story
126 Errs not) went most fiercely
127 Even on to the fosse, and pillaging around:
128 Sometimes the Trojans sallied from the city
129 Vigorously against the Greeks.

The thingis felle as pei done of were
Bytwix hem of Troy & grekys ful oft
f or some day boght pey of Troy hit ders
And oft foundyn pe Grakis al vnsotf
The folk of Troy & pus fortune a loft
And vndur oft gan hem to whilyn bope
Aftir her cours ay while pey weryn wrope

130 By their Grecian enemies, it ensued not
131 That therefore should ever be intermitted
132 The divine sacrifices, but there were held
133 In every temple the wanted rites.
134 But with greater and more solemn honour
135 Than any other they honoured Pallas
136 In everything, and more than any else tended her.

And, although the Trojans were shut in
By their Grecian enemies, it ensued not
That therefore should ever be intermitted
The divine sacrifices, but there were held
In every temple the wanted rites.
But with greater and more solemn honour
Than any other they honoured Pallas
In everything, and more than any else tended her.

137 Wherefore, the lovely time having come which
138 Reclothes the meads with grass and flowers,

[But though that Grekes hem of Troie shetten] [Harl. 1299]
And her Citee bysegedyn alt aboute
The old vsage nold they of troy lettyn
As for to honour her god and to loutyn
But alpermoost in honour out of dout
They had a relique hight Palladio
That was her trust abovynencychof

139 And, although the Trojans were shut in
140 By their Grecian enemies, it ensued not
141 That therefore should ever be intermitted
142 The divine sacrifices, but there were held
143 In every temple the wanted rites.
144 But with greater and more solemn honour
145 Than any other they honoured Pallas
146 In everything, and more than any else tended her.

147 And so byfot when comyn was pe tyne
Of apparente when clopid is the mede
With newe grene of ioly veer pe pryme

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149 Reclothes the meads with grass and flowers,

[But though that Grekes hem of Troie shetten] [Harl. 1299]
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157 And so byfot when comyn was pe tyne
158 Of apparente when clopid is the mede
With newe grene of ioly veer pe pryme

The lady had no children; therefore, in her subsequent amours, she cannot have been transgressing any maternal obligations, or entailing any shame upon the offspring of her marriage-bed. Chaucer preferentially leaves the whole question uncertain. It may be added that Benoît de Sainte-Mère, whose Roman de Troie furnishes the groundwork of Boccaccio's poem, and thence of Chaucer's also, seems to put forward his "Brisida" as never having been married at all; he terms her more than once "la pucele."
141 The Trojan fathers prepared
142 The wonted honours to the fated Palladium.

143 To which feast
144 Went together, and all with good will.

145 Among whom was the daughter of Calchas,
146 Chryseis, who was in a sombre habit;
147 Who, as much as the rose conquers
148 The violet in beauty, so much was she
149 More than other lady beautiful,—and she alone
150 More than other made the great feast glad.

151 Standing in the temple very near the door
152 In her air lofty, pleasing, and apt.

153 Troilus was going as young men
154 Are wont to do, looking about here and there
154-5 In the great temple, and ranging with his companions,

And sweete smellingly flouris whit & rede
In meny wyse shewyd as y rede
The folk of Troy aftir her observances olde
Palladions feest wentyn for to holde

And to pe temple in all her best wyse
In general went every manere wight
That thrifty was to heryn her servise
And pat so meny a thousand lusty knyght
So meny a fressh lady & maydyng bryght
ful wele byseyyn the most & oke pe leest
Je bothe for pe seson & oke for pe feest

Among pe which was this Cryseyda
In wydowis ahbye blak but natheles
Right as our chef lettre ys now A.
In bewte fyrst so stood she makeles.
Her goodly lokyng gladyd al pe pres

Ne vndur blak cloud so bright a sterre
Nas noyere sayn thing to be prysid derre
(24)
(25)
(26)
(27)

As she was as pei seydyne echon (lxxvii, book)
That her lytheld in her blak wede
And yet she stode ful low & stil alone
Byhynd opere folk in litil brede
And ny pe dore ay vndur shamys drede
Symple of beryng & deboner of chere
With a ful seure lokyng & a manere

Davyn Troyllus as he was wont to gyde
his yonge knyghtis lad hem vp & douyn
In that large temple on every syde
Looking at the pretty women;\textsuperscript{1} Being a man who liked one
No better than the other, and enjoyed his liberty;
And he began to praise now this one, now that,
Disparaging also some of them.

(21)
Indeed, at whiles, thus going about,
Seeing some one who looked hard
At some lady, sighing within himself,
Laughing pointed him out to his companions,
saying: "That woe-begone fellow has cast off
His liberty, so grievous was it to him,
And has handed it over to her:
Mark how vain are his thoughts!"

[Troilus continues with some severe reflections on the
levity of women; saying that he has suffered wofully from
it aforetime, not without amorous enjoyment as well—but
he is now out of all such agitations, lives in peace, and can
afford to smile at other less fortunate men.]

I have hard told of your lyvyng
Ye louers & your lewe observaunce
And such a labour have folk in wynnyng
Of love and in kepyng with dountaunce
And when your prey is lost wo & pennaunce
O verray folys may ye no thing se
Kan none of yow yware by other be

(25)
Without imagining that then for him
Was hastening the dart of Love, which so transfixed
him.\textsuperscript{2}

\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{1} This item is not given in the edition of the Filostrato to
which I mostly confine myself—\textit{Opere Volgari di Giovanni Boccaccio, corretto nei Testi a penne.}
This last-named edition was produced by Fra Luigi Baroni, and is portentously
aliposed. I have to thank Mr Henry Bradshaw, of King's College,
Cambridge (among other courtesies), for warning me against it.}
\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{2} Many of its variations have (it seems) no authority whatever; but,
in the present instance, it would appear that Baronii followed some
MS. corresponding with that which Chaucer consulted, while the
very superior edition of Moutier has followed some other MS. to a
different effect.}

\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{2} These two lines are also from Baroni's edition.}
193 Oh blindness of mortal minds!
194 How often do effects ensue
195 All contrary to our proposing!

O blynd world o blynd intencion
how oft falle al þe effectis contrarie
Of surquyde and such presumpcioun
for caght is proud & also deboner
Daun Troylus is clumbyn on þe staire
And lytil weneth þat he must descendyn
But alday saylith þat þes folys wenyn

As proud bayard gynnyth for to skip
Out of þe wey so prikith hym his corn
Til he a lassehe have of þe longe whiþ
Than thenkith he how y prance al byforþ
sferst in the trays ful fat & new y-short
þet am y but an hore and horsis lawe
I mote endure and as my feres drawe

So ferd it by þat fere and proud knygght
Thogh he a worthy kyngis sonne were
he wend no thinge had had such myght
Ayens his will þat shold his hert sterre
Ye with a loke his hert was ful fere
þat he þat now was moost yn pryde above
Wax sodenly moost seruant vnto love

For thy ensamplik takith of this man
Ye wyse proud & worthy folkys alle
To scorne love which þat so sone can
The fredom of þour hertys to hym thralle
þfor euere was and euere shal by-falle
That love is he þat althing can blynd
þfor may no man vndo þe lawe of kynd
(35)
That pis be soth hath preyd & doth yet
sfor this trow y je knowyn al & some
Men redith not pat folk' han gretter wyt
Than jei pat have with love be most y-name
And strongest folk' be þerwith ouercome
The worthieth & grettest of dege
This was & is and yet men may it se

(36)
And trewly hit ayt wele to be so
sfor alþerwyseest han therwith be pleyd
And they pat han althermoost in wo
with love have bene confortyd and esyd
And oft it hath the crewel hert aseyd
And worthy folk made worthier of name
And causith moost to drede vys & shame

(37)
Now seth it may not goodly be withstoned
And is a thing so vertuous of kynd
Ne gruccith not to love for to be bond
Seth as hym self lest he may yow bynd
Betir is þe wand þat bowyn wol & wynd
Than þat that brestith þefor þe jow rede
Now folowith hym þat so wele may jow lede

(38)
But for to telle forth in especial
As of this kyngis some of whom y told
And levyn al oþer thinges collaterall
Of hym thank y my tale forth to hold
Both of his ioy & of his caris cold
And al his workis as touchyng þis matere
sfor y hit bygan y wil ther-to refere

(26)
291 Thus therefore Troilus, going jeering
292 At one and another, and often
203 Taking a look now at this lady, now at that,
On this lady and now on that lokynge
whether she were of toun or without
And vp-on cas byfel þat þurgh þat rout
his eye peceyvid and so depe hit went
Til on Cryseyd hit amote & þer it stent

(40)
And sodenly wax wondur sore astonyd
And gan her better-byhold in bysy wyse
O verrey god þoght he wher hast þou wonyd
þat art so fayr and goodly to devise
þer with that his hert gan spredes and rise
And soft he sykyd lest men myght þyrm here
And caghth ayen his fyst playing there

(27)
209 She was tall,1 and to her stature
210 All her members answered well:
211 And in her looks
212 She showed a womanly loftiness.

She nas not with þe leuest of her stature
But at her lymys so wele anaweryng
weryn to womanhode that creature
Nas neuer lase mannysh in semynge
And eke the pure wyse of her mereynge
She shewyd wele þat men myght in her gesse
honour astate and womanly noblesse.

(41)
217 That action pleased Troilus, the self-intent
218 Which she showed,2 a little piqued;
219 With her arm she had drawn the mantle aside
220 From her face, making room for herself:
221 As though she said, "May one not stand here?"3
222 And he gave himself the more to marking her looks,
223 Which, more than any others, seem to him worthy
224 Of high praise.

Tho Troylus right wondur wele with-alle
Gan for to lyke her mereynge & her chere
which sundel deynous was for she lete falle
her loke a lytil on syde on such manere
Askauns what may y not stondyn here
And aftir þat her lokiynge gan she light
That neuere thought hym sethi so good a sight

288
289
290
291
292
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294

1 Chaucer does not make Crysseis tall: see, in addition to the present passages, Book 6, st. 116. He has followed the authority of Benoît de Sainte-More, and his successor Guido delle Colonne; whereas Boccaccio adheres to the aboriginal description of "Briseis" given by Dares the Phrygian.
2 "Al tornare Ch'ella fe in se": literally, "at the returning into herself which she made."
3 This "As though she said" follows on properly after "a little piqued": the two intermediate lines being above interpolated from the preceding stanza. In my interrogative translation "May one not stand here?" I have conformed to Chaucer: both the editions I know of the Italian, however, punctuate the phrase affirmatively — "There is no staying here." The Italian words would remain identically the same, whether purporting interrogation or affirmation.
(29)

225 Nor did he perceive—he that was so sage
226 A little while before in censuring others—
227 That Love dwelled within the beaming
228 Of those beautiful eyes, with his darts.

(30)

233 This lady under the black mantle pleasing
234 Troilus more than any other, he, without saying
235 What motive so long kept him there,
236 Without disclosing aught to any one,
237 From afar gazed, and gazed as long

239 As the honours to Pallas lasted.

(30, 31)

240 Then, with his companions, he quitted the temple:
241 For that which he had shortly before spoken
242 (Let the disparaging talk of others should be turned
243 If perhaps the fire were known [against him
244 Into which he had fallen),
244 Keeping his desire well concealed.

CHAUER'S TROYLUS AND CRYSEYE, BOOK I. 13

(43) And of her loke in hym þer gan to quykyn
So grote desire with so strong affection
That in his hertis botme hit gan to stykyn
Of her his fixe and depe impression
And þogh he arst had powrid vp & ðouf
he was so glad his hornys in to shrynk'
vnnethia wist he how to loke or wynk'

295 298 301

(44) Lo he þat lete hym self so cunyng:
And scornyd hym þat loves peynes dryen
was ful vnware that love had his dwellyng
with-yn the soytíl streynys of his eyen
þat sodenly hym thoght he shold dyen
Right with her loke þe spirit of his hert
Blessid he love þat can þus folk conviert

302 305 308

(45) She þis in blak líkyng to Troylus
Oneral thing: he stood to byholde
Ne his desire ne wherfor he stood þis
he neithir chere made ne woord tolde
But from furre her manere to byholde
On oþir thinge some tyme his loke he cast
And oft on her whil þat þe servise last

309 312 315

(46) And after this not fully al a-wapyd [lov. 3, b. 2]
Out of þe temple al osly he went
Repentynge hym þat he had euere y-laped
Of lovis folk lest fully the dissent
Of scorne fil on hym but what he ment
lest it were wyxt on eny manere syde
his woo he gan dissymylyn & eke hyde

316 319 322
When Chrysea had thus left the noble temple, Troilus returned to the palace. The better to hide the love-wound, he there in joyous life, With [his companions], stayed a long while. He took a great spell of jeering at lovers.

When he was pus fro pe temple departyd he straight a-none vn-to pe paleys turnitl Right wip her look thurgh shotyn & dartyl Al feynith he in lust pat he soiniont3 And al his speche & chere he vnournith And ay of lovys servauntsis everywhile hym self to were at hem he gan to smyle

And seyd a lord so 3e lyve al in lyst Ye loyyers for pe kynynge of 3ow That servith moost ententifich and best hym tyt perf as ofte harme as prow your hire is qwyn a-3en 3e god wote how Noght wele for wele but acorne for good servys In feip your ordre is renyld in good wyse

In no certeyn-bene al your observaunces But hit a selly fawe poynitis be Ne no ping sakith so grete attendaunces As doth your lay & pat know al 3e But pat is not pe worst so mote y the But told y which were pe worst y leve Al seyd y soth 3e wold at me greve

But take pis pat 3e loures oft eschewe For good or done of good intencion of ful oft thi lady wol hit myconsetrew And deme hit harme in her opynion And yet if she for oper encheson Be wrope pat shal pe how a groyn anon lord wel is hym pat may be of 3ow one

1 Chaucer, as we see, transfers this to Troilus.
2 This line, in strictness, belongs immediately to the next but two, "He took a great spell," &c.
Then, affecting
That something else called him off,
He told every one to go whither he would.

And, all being gone, all alone
He went to his chamber, where he sat down
Sighing, at the bed's foot;
And began to think over the pleasure
Which he had had that morning in the looks
Of Chryseis, and in the true
 Beauties of her face, numbering them.

He highly commended her air and stature,
And esteemed her of very great heart;
And great fortune
He reputed it to be loved by such a lady;
And all the more if, by long care on his part,
He might procure that, as much as he loved her,
So much he might by her be loved,
Or at least not be rejected as a servant.

Imagining that travail or sighing
Could not be lost for such a lady;
And that his desire ought to be
Much praised, were it ever known
By any, and hence his pangs
Less blamed, being discovered—
This argued the happy youth,
Ill apprehending his future weeping.
Thus toke he purpoy losy craft to sewe
And soorthy wold wirche al privily
Stert to hide his desire al in mewe
From euer wyght born al ytterly
But he might ought recoueryd be perby
Remembrance hym pat love to wyde y-blow
Yeldith litil froyt yoght sweete sede be sow

And ouer al pis myche more he thoght
What to speke and what to holdeyn yn
And what to artyn her to love he soght
And on a songe anone right to bygyn
And gan lound on his sorow po to wyn
For wyth good hope he gan per to assente
Cryseyde for to love and not repente

And of this song not only pis sentence
As wyrt myn auour callyd lollius
But eke save pat our spechis differs
I dare wel seyn in al that Trolyus
Sayd in his songe lo euer word right pus
As y shal seyn & bo so lyst it here
Lo next pis vers he may hit findyn here

'This song is a translation of the 88th sonnet of Petrarch:—

'S'amor non é, che dunque è quel ch'i' sento!
Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa e quale!
Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aspro mortale!
Se ria, ond'è si dolce ogni tormento!

The Song of Troilus.

Ye' no love is good what fele y so
And ife love is what ping & which is he
If love be good fro whens comith my wo
If he be wykkyd a wondre thinkith me
Whens euer torment and aduerse
That comith of love may to me sauer think
For more thrust y the more pat y drynk
[Petrarch's 88th Sonnet continued]

S'a mia voglia ardo, on'd' è 'l pianto 'l lamento?
S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?
O viva morte, o dilettoso male,
Come puoi tanto in me s'io nol consento?

E sì 'l consenso, a gran torto mi doglio.
Fra ai contrari venti, in frale barca
Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo.
Si lieve di saver, d'error si carca
Ch'io medesmo non so quel ch'io mi voglio,
E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.'

297 And to Love he said at whiles
298 With piteous speaking: "Lord, now
299 The soul is thine that used to be mine:
300-2 Which pleases me, because thou hast given me to
serve—
301 I know not whether to say a woman or rather a
goddess.

(39)

305 "Thou, true Lord, abidest in her eyes,
306 As in a place worthy of thy virtue:
307 Wherefore, if my service at all pleaseth thee,
308 I pray thee procure from those the saving
309 Of my soul."

(59) [ii.]

And if y yn myn owne lust brene
Fro whens comith my welyng & my pleynt
Ifth harme agre me 3e wherto 3an y pleyne
I wote ner why vnwery pat y feynt
O qwyk' dethe o swete harme so qweynt
How may y se in me such quantite
But if y consent pat hit so be

(60) [iii.]

And if pat y consente y wrongfully
Compleyne ywis. pus poseyd to and fro
All sterles with yn a bote am y
Middis 3e see bytwix wyndia too
That yn contrarie stondyn euer mo
Alas what 3is is a wondre maladye
For hete of cold for cold of hete y dye

(38)

327 And to pe god of love pus seyd he
328 with pytous voys o lord now your is
329 pe spiryt which that oght enure youris be
330-2 y pe lord pat have broghte me to 3is
331 But whethir goddes or woman she is
332 y-wis y note which pat 3e do me serve
333 But as her man y wil ay lyve and sterre

(61)

334 3e stondyn yn her eyen myghtily
335 As in a place vn to 3our vertue digne
336 wherfor lord ift my servise or y
337 May likyn 3ow so beth to me benign
338 For myn estate rial here y resigne
In to her houd & with wel humble chere
Bycome her man as to my lady dere

(62)
313 Spared not the royal blood
317 The burning love-flames;
314 Nor virtue nor greatness of soul,
316 Nor prowess;
319 But, catching the new lover,
320 Burned his every part.

321 So much more from day to day, with thinking
322 And with the pleasure thereof, did he now purvey
323 The dry fuel within his proud heart,
324 And from the beautiful eyes he imagined he drew
325 Sweet water for his severe burning:
326 Wherefore he cunningly sought
327 Many times to see them, nor perceived
328 That all the more by them was the fire lit up.

332 Day and night, and in all directions,
333 He always went thinking of Chryseis;
334 And "Her excellence and delicate face,"
335 He said, "surpass Polyxena
336 In every beauty, and Helen likewise."

337 Nor did any hour of the day pass by
338 But that he said to himself a thousand times:
339 "O bright light that enamours my heart,
340 O beautiful Chryseis, would to God
341 That thine excellence, which discoulours my face,
342 Would move thee a whit to pity of me!
343 None other but thou can make me glad."

It hym ne deynyd spare blood riaht
The fare of wherfro God me blesse
Ne hym forbare in no degree for all
his verta or his excellent prowess
But held hym as pral low in distres
And bret hym in sundry wyse so newe
That syxty tymes a day he lost his hewe

So mych day fro day his own thought
For list to her gan quykyn and encerce
That every other charge he set at noght
For-thy ful oft his hooft fere to sece
To se her goodly look pan gan he prece
For þer by to be eayd wele he wende
And ay þe ner he was þe more he brende

For euere ner þe fere þe hatter he is
This troupe knowith al þis cumpanye
But were he ferre or nere y dare say this
By night or day by wysdom or folye
his hert which þat is his brestis eye
was euere on her þat fairer was to sone
Than were Eleyne or Polixene

Eke of þe day þer passyd not an hour
That to hym selue a .M. tyme he seyd
God goodly to whom serve y labour
As y best can now wold god Cryseyd
þe wold on me rewe or þat y deyd
My dere hert alas myn hele and hewe
Al my lyst is lost but þe on me rewe
(44)  
345 Every other thought had fled away—
346 Of the great war and of his own well-being; 1
347 And in his breast was heard only
348 That one.
350 Solely to cure the love-wounds
351 Was he concerned.

(45)  
353 The hard battles and dire assaults
354 That Hector and his other brethren made,
355 Followed by the Trojans, from his amorous thoughts
356 Little or nothing moved him;
357 Although often, in the most perilous
358 Assaults, him before the others they saw
359 Work marvellously in arms.

(46)  
361 Nor to this did hate of the Greeks move him,
362 Nor desire that he had of victory
363 To free Troy;
364 But longing for glory,
365 That he might be the more acceptable, caused all this.
367 He became so fierce and strong in arms
368 That the Greeks dreaded him like death.

(47)  
369 Love had already taken sleep from him,
370 And diminished his food, and so multiplied his
    musings
371 That already in his countenance
372 Pallor gave evident sign thereof.
    [Yet he put a smiling face on his distresses; and by-
     standers attributed these to his anxiety concerning the war.

1 "Salute." Chaucer's rendering, "saucacion," would seem to
mean "salvation" in the ecclesiastical sense, and so does "salute"
constantly; but not, I think, in the present instance—rather (in the
direct sense of the word) "well-being, health."

2 [From MS. Harl. 2280, leaf 6, back. Not in Harl. MS.
3943.]
(48)

377 And which it was is not quite certain to us—
378 Whether Chrysea perceived it not,
379 Or dissembled the knowing it:—
380 But this is very clear and manifest,
381 That she seemed to care nothing
382 For Troilus or for the love he bore her.

(49)

385 Hence did Troilus feel such woe
386 That it could not be told; sometimes fearing
387 That Chrysea might be taken by another love,
388 And, on account of that despising him,
389 Would not receive him as her servant;—
390 Scheming in himself full a thousand methods,
391 If he can see to make her feel
392 Honourably his hot desire.

(50)

393 So, whenever he had any space,
394 He went lamenting to himself of love,
395 Saying inwardly: “Troilus, now art thou caught,
396 Thou that wast wont to jeer at others.
397 None of them was ever so consumed as thou. [scorn
399 Now art thou taken in the snare which thou didst so
400 In others, and hast not warded off from thyself.

(51)

401 “What will be said of thee among other lovers,
402 Were this thy love known? [discretion
403 They will all jeer at thee,
404 Saying among themselves: ‘Here now is the man of
405-6 Who used to be biting against our sighs and amorous
407 Be Love praised for it, [plaints:
408 Who has now brought him to such a pass!’

(52)

491 And sayd he had a feuire & ferd a mys
492 But how it was cerayne y can not say
493 If it his lady vndirstode not this
494 Or feynyd her she one or tway
495 But wele rede y pat by no manere wye
496 Ne semyd hit as she of hit roght
497 Or of his pyns or what se eneu he pognit

(53)

498 But than felte Troilus suche wo [leaf 6, in the late hand again]
499 pat was welnygh woode / for all his drede
500 was this pat she hym had in love so
501 That of hym she wolde haue taken hede
502 For that hym thought he felte his hert blede
503 Ne of his wo ne durst he nat begynne
504 To tell her for all this worlde to wynne

(54)

505 But whan he a space frome his care
506 thus to hym sylf ful ofte he ganne compleyn
507 And saide foole now arte thou in the snare
508 that scornyme Iapedist at loves peyn
509 Now arte thou hast now gnowe thyn own cheyn
510 Thow euer worte ech lover reprehende
511 Of thing frome which thou canst þe nat diffende

(55)

512 What will now eneryche louere say of the
513 If this be wist but euor in thyn absence
514 laugh in skorne and say now ther' goth he
515 That is the man of so grete sapience
516 and heide us lovers lesto in Renuerence
517 now thankid be god he may go in the dawnc
518 Of them þat love list febly to Aundece
"And wert thou now, O woful Troilus,
Since it was fixed that love thou must,
Captived by one who but a little only
Should feel of love, that thou be comforted!
But she thou weeppest for
Stands thus,
Cold as ice freezes in the open air,
And I like snow at the fire dissolve!

"And were I now but arrived at the port
To which my ill-fortune carries me!
This would be to me grace and great comfort,
For, dying, I should be rid of all pain.
But, if my trouble, which no one has noticed
As yet—if it be discovered—full
Will my life be of a thousand scorns a day,
And I shall be called crazier than any.

"Oh help me, Love! And thou for whom
I weep, caught more than ever any,
Oh be pitiful a little to him
Who loves thee far better than his life!
Turn now thy beautiful face towards him!
Oh deny me not this grace!"

Then said he many other words,
He wept and sighed, and her name
He called.
To her
None of it reached: whence his torment
Multiplied every day a hundredfold.
BOOK II. STANZA 1.

1. Troilus being in this wise one day alone,
2. Pensive in his chamber,
3. There came in a young man of Troy:¹
4. Who, seeing him on his bed
5. Lying at length and all in tears,
6. "What is this," he cried, "dear friend?"
7. "Has the bitter time already so vanquished thee?"

¹ Boccaccio here adds "of high lineage and very valiant;" but does not for the moment give the name of Pandarbus—it appears in the reply of Troilus.

CHAUER'S TROILUS AND CRYSEYE, BOOK I.

(79)
BEwailynge thus in his chambre alone
A frende of his pat clepid was Pandare
Cam in vnware & herde hym thus grone
And sawe his frende in suche distres & care
Alas quod he who causeth thys fare
O mercy god what vnapp may this mene
have now so soone Grekus made you lene

(80)
Or hast you som Remors of conscience
And erthe now fallen in some Devocioun
And wailist for thi synne and thyne offence
And hast for serde caught attricioun
god sene them pat haue besiegid our' town
And so can lay our' Iolyte in presse
And bryng our' lusty folke in to holynesse

(81)
The wordis saide he for pe nonys alle
that with som thyng he myght hym Angry make
And with an Angre to do sorow falle
As for the tymne and his courage wake
But wel wiste he as ferre tunge spake
Ther' nas a man of gretter hardynesse
than he ner' more desired worthynesse

(82)
What cas quod Troylus what aventure
hath gydid the to se my langweisbyng'
That am refusid of every creature
But for pe love of god at my praying'
Go hens a way for certis my deyng'
Woile pe disease and y mote nedis dey
Therfor go hens ther is no more to sey.
(II. 3)

17 "Nor think thou that Troy besieged,
18 Or travail of arms, or any fear,
19 Is cause of my present distress:
20 This is my least care among others.
21 Something else constrains me to long even to die,
22 Whence I lament my misery.
23 What this may be, friend, concern not thyself;
24 For I keep it unspoken for the best, and tell thee not of it."

(II. 4)

25 The pity of Pandarus then increased.

27 Wherefore he continued: "If our friendship,
28 As was wont, is now a pleasure to thee,
29 Discover to me what is the cruelty ¹
30 Which makes thee so wishful to die:
31 For it is not a friend's act to keep aught
32 Hidden from his friend.

(II. 5)

33 "I will share with thee these sorrows,
34 If I cannot give comfort to thy distress; ²
35 Because it is right with a friend
36 To share everything, distress and gladness:
37 And I think thou knowest well
38 Whether I have loved thee, through right and wrong."

(II. 6)

41 Troilus heaved then a great sigh,
42 And said: "Pandarus, since thou art fain
43 Yet to hear my pangs,
44 I will tell thee briefly what undoes me:
45 Not that I hope that to my desire
46 Any end or quiet may be set by thee,
47 But solely to satisfy thy great beseeching,
48 Whereto I know not how I should give a denial.

¹ Note the difference in the turn of the sentence, as adapted by Chaucer.
² And here again.
(II. 7)

49 “Love, against which he who strives
50 Is the sooner taken, and he struggles in vain,
51 So kinde my heart with a lovely face
52 That, for that, I have put far from me
53 Every other; and this so much perturbs me
54 (As thou mayst see) that hardly
55 Have I a thousand times withheld my hand
56 From taking away my life.

(II. 8)

57 “Let it suffice thee, my dear friend,
58 To hear this of my sorrors, which never
59 Before did I reveal: and I implore thee by God
60 That thou discover not this desire to others,
61 For great annoy might thence ensue to me.
62 Thou knowest what thou didst wish: go, and leave
63 Me here to battle with my woe.”

(II. 9)

65 “Oh!” said Pandarus, “how couldst thou
66 So long keep such a fire hidden from me?
67 For I would have given thee counsel or aid,
68 And found out some means for thy repose.”
69 To whom said Troilus: “How
70 Should I have had it from thee? For I have always
71 Seen thee woe-begone [therefrom:
72 For love, and thou know’st not how to help thyself
73 How then dost thou think to comfort me?”

(II. 10)

73 Pandarus said: “Troilus, I acknowledge
74 That thou sayst the truth. But it often happens
75 That he who knows not to protect himself from the poison
76 Can by good counsel keep others safe:
77 And the blear-eyed has ere now been seen to go
78 Where the clear-sighted goes not well:
79 And, though a man may not adopt good counsel,
80 He may be able to give it in others’ peril.

Love a-yens þe which ho so offendith
hym self moost altherlest availleth
which dispers so sorrowfully me offendith
That straight vn to þe deth myn hert saileth
Therto desire so brennynge: massailith
That to be sleyn hit were a greter icy
To me þan kyng: to be of grece and troy

Svffiseth this my ful frend Pandare
That y have seyd for now wost þou my wo
And for þe love of god the cold care
So hide wele y told it neuer to mo
ssor harmys might folowyn mo þan two
If it were wist but be þow in gladnes
And lete me sterve vnknow of my distres

How hast þou þus vnkyndelich and longe
hid this fro me þow folere þou Pandarus
Perauenture þow mayst afer such on longe
That myn avys anon may helpyn vs
This were a wounder þing quod Troylus
þow coudist neuer yn love þi selþ wisse
how devil mayst þou þan bring me to bllys

Je Troilus herk: me quod Pandare
Thogh I be nys hit happith ofyn so
That one þat excesse doth ful evil fare
By good counsell can kepe his frend þer fro
I have my selþ sene a blynd man go
Ther as he felle that loke cowd wyde
A folere may eke a wye man oft gyde
(91)
A whesston is no kervyng instrument
But hit makith sharp kervyng tolce
And þat þou wost þy have oght myswent
Eschew þow þat for such þing þat þe scote is
Thus oght wyse men be ware by folia
If þow so do þi wit is wele by-waryd
By his contrarie is euery thing declarid

(92)
For how myght euere swetnes have be know [see p. 14]
To hym þat neuere tastyd bitternes
Ne no man wote what gladnes þat þow trow
That neuere was þyn sorow ne distres
Eke white by blak shame by worthines
Eche set by oþer more for oþer semith
As men may se so thes clerkis demith

(II. 11)
81 "I have loved with evil fortune.
['My unrequited love still endures; I am so unlucky
in it because I did not—as you have done—keep it secret.']

(93)
Self þis of two contraries is a lore
That þy have in love so oft assayed
Greuancess me oght to know wel þe more
Counceyllyn þe of þat þou art dysmayed
And eke þow oghtist not ben evil a-payd
Thogh þy desire with þe for to bere
Thin hevy charge hit shal þe lesse dere

(94)
Y wote wel þat it farith þus by me
As to thi broþere Parys an hydesse
which þat y-clepid was Tynome
wrote þy a compleyt of her hevynes
þe sey þe lettre that þe wrote þe gesse
Nay nener yet quod Troylus
No quod Pandare herkenith it was þus
103 "And I, as thou knowest, against my will
104 Love, nor can my sorrow be diminished nor increased.

87 "Nor shall there ever be
88 Any to know what may be told me by thee.

89 "Therefore, my friend, feel sure
90 Of me, and tell me who is cause to thee
91 Of this so distressful and hard life;
92 Nor ever be in fear of my reprehending
93 Love; for
95 Love cannot be rest from the heart,
96 Unless for long while unknit, of itself.
(99)
And wythyn wele that both to be vice
Mistrowyn al or elli al to leve
But wele y wote the mene no vice is
Shor to trust sum wight is a preve
Of troupe & for þi wold y sayn remeve
Thy wrang conceyte & do þe sum wight trist
Thy wo to tel to me if the lyst

(100)
The wise seith wo is lyyn þat is alone
Shor and he fal he hath non help to rise
And seith þou hast a felaw tel þi mone
Shor this certein is not þe next wise
To wynyn love as techyn vs þe wyse
To walwe and wepe as dede Neobe þe qwone
Whos teris yet in þe marble bene ysene

(II. 13)
97 “Leave thine anguish, leave sighing,
98 And by speaking mitigate the pain:
99 Thus doing, the pangs pass off.

(101)
Let be þi wepyng & þi drerinesse
And lote vs lessyn wo wiþ oþer speche
So may þi woful tyme seme lesse
Delite not in wo thy wo to seche
As done þes folis that sorow seche
with sorow than they have misature
And list not to seche hem oþir cure

(102)
Men seyn to wrecche is consolation
To have a noþer felow in his payne
That oght be wele our opynion
Shor boþe þow and I of love we pleyn
So ful of sorow am y þe soþe to seyn
That certeynyly no more hard grace
May sit on me for why þer is no space
(103)
A god wil þou art not agast of me
lest y wold þe of þi lady begile
Thow wost þi self whom þat y love parde
As y best can seth gone long while
And seth þow wost þat do it for no wyle
And sayst y am he þow tristiat most
Tel me sum what seth þat my wo þou wost

(104)

(105)
And cried a-wake ful wondurel & sharpe
what slumbriest þow as yn a litargie
Or art þow lyk an ase vn to an harpe
That herith soun whan men on strengis pley
But in his mynd of þat no melody
May synkyn in to gladyn for þat he
So dul is in his bestialite

(106)
And with þis Pandare of his woordis stynt
And Troylus no thing þet hym answerd
sfor why to tellyn was not his entent
To no man for why þat he so ferd
sfor hit is sayd men makyn oft a yerd
with which þe maker is hym self ybetyn
In sundry maner as þes wise men tretyn
(107)
And namely in his counseil tellyng
That touchith love þat oght to be secre
sfor hym self it wole y now out spring;
But if hit þe bet gouernyd be
Eke it is craft some tym to some sle 1
sfor thy with 2 ym effect men huntith fast 2 for thy mind
Al this in hert gan Troylus cast. 749

(108)
But nathelie whan he had herd hym crie
Awake he gan sighyn wondur sore
And seyd frend þogh þat y stil lye
I am not defe now pees & crye no more
sfor y have herd þi wordis & thi lye
But lete me myn infortune waylyn
sfor thy proverbis may not me avaylyn 756

(109)
Ne othir cure canst þow for me
Eke y nel be curyd y wol dye
what know y of þe qwene Neobe
let be þin old enseamplis þe prey
Nay quod Pandare therfor y sey
Such is delite of folis to be-wepe
Her wo but seche bote þei ne kepe 763

(110)
Now know y that reson in the faillith
But telle me if y wist what she were
sfor whom þat al þis mysauenture aylith
Trist þow þat y told it in her ere
Thy wo seth þow darst not þi self for fere
And her hysoght on þe to have somme roupe
why nay quod he by god & by my troupe 770
(111)
What not as bysily quod Pandarus
As þogð myn owne lyf lay on þia nede
why no pardé sir quod Troylus
And why for þat þow sholdist neuere spede
wost þow þat wel / þe þat is out of drede
Quod Troylus for al þat euere ye cone
She wolde to no such wrecche as ye be won

(112)
Quod Pandarus alas what may þis be
That þow despayrid art thus causeles
what liueth not þi lady benedicite
how wost þow so þat þow art graceles
Such evil is not al wey boteles
why put not þus impossible thi cure
Such things to come is oft in aventure

(113)
I grount wele þat þow endurist wo
As sharp as doth the Siciphus in helle
whos stomake foulis tyrin cuermo
That hightyn vulturus as bokis telle
But y may not endure that þow duelle
In so vuskillful an opinioan
That of þi wo is no curacioan

(114)
But ones net þow for þi coward hert
And for thin yre and folishe wilfulnes
And wantrowist to telle of þi sorowis smert
Ne to thyn owne help do bysines
As mych as speke o word more or lesse
But lyest as he that lyst of no þing recche
what woman could love such a wrecche
(115)
What may she demyn of thi deth
If pow thus dy and she note whi it is
But pat for fere is yoldyn vp thi brethe
for grakis have bysegid vs y-wis
lord such a thong pat pou shalt have for pis
pis shul we seyn and al pe toon at onis
The wrecche is dede the devil have his bonis

(116)
pou mayst alone here wepe knele & cry
But love a woman that she wote it noght
And she wole qwyte hit pat pou shalt not fele
vnknow vnkyst & lost pat is vnsoghth
what meny a man hath love ful dere a-boght
Twenty wyntir pat his lady wist
pat neuer yet his lady mouth he kyst

(117)
What shold he perch for hym selfe disseire
Or be recreant of his owne tene
Or sle hym selfe albe his lady feire
Nay nay but euer in one be frethe & grene
To serve and lone his dere hertis qwene
And thinke it is a guerdon her to serve
A Mf fold more pan he can deserue

(118)
And of that word toke heed Troylus
And boght a-none what foly he was yn
And how that sothe hym seyd Pandarus
pat for to sle hym selfe myght he not wyn
But done vnmanhode and syn
And of his deth the lady not to wyte
flor of his wo god wote she knew but lyte
(119)
And with þat þoght he gan ful sore to sike
And seyd alas what is me best to do
To whom Pandare answerd if the like
The best is þat þow telle me thi wo
And haue my troupe but if þow fynd it so
I be thi bote or þat it be ful long
To pecis do me drawe & seythn hong

(120)
Ye so scist þow quod Troylus þo alas
But god wote it is not þe rathir so
ful hard were it to helpyn in þis cass
for wele fynd þat fortune is my fo
Ne al the men that ride kun or go
May of her cruel wil þe harme withstond
for as her lyst she pleyth wip fre & bond

(121)
Quod Pandarus þan blanyst þou fortune
for þow art wrothe now at þe first þe so
wost þou not wele þat fortune is comune
To every manere wight in some degre
And þow hast discomfort lo parde
That is her ioyes motyn ouergone
So mote her sorowes passyn euerichone

(122)
For if her whele stynt eny þing to turne
That scsid fortune for to be
Now such wele by no wey may soiourne
what wost þow if her mutahylite
Right as thy selfe lest wil do by the
Or þat she be not fer fro thy helpeyng
Perauntur þow hast cause for to syng
Boccaccio's Filostrato, Book II.

(1. 166) "Valours"—which might with equal verbal accuracy be translated "worth" or "valour". I think "high spirit" expresses the general conception fairly; but it is not always, in such cases, easy to decide.

(II. 16)
127 "If she whom thou lovest were my sister,
128 Thou shalt, to my ability, have thy pleasure of her.

(II. 17)
129 "Rise up: tell me—tell who is this:
130 Tell it me fast, so that I may see a way
131 To thy comforting."

"Is the lady an inmate of my own house? If she is the one I am thinking of, I suspect you will be consoled within a week." Troilus still remains bowed down with shame, but at last prepares to speak. He says that love has no regard of persons; it has even been seen that brothers have loved their sisters—sisters their brothers—daughters their fathers—daughters-in-law their fathers-in-law—stepmothers their stepsons.

(II. 20)
157 "Love—and this grieves me much—
158 Has possessed me for thy cousin,
159 I say for Chryseis." And, having said this,
160 Weeping he full prostrate on the bed.

(II. 21)
161 When Pandarus heard her named,
162 He said thus laughing: "My friend,
163 I pray thee by God, be not disconsolate.
164 Love has there bestowed thy desire
165 Than where he could not have allotted it better:
166 For she in truth is worth it, if I
167 Understand character, or greatness
168 Of soul, or high spirit, or beauty.

Chauser's Troylus and Criseyde, Book 1.

(123)
855 And perfor wost þou what þ y the bysecho
let be þi woo & turnyng to þe ground
856 ffor who so lyst have helyngh of his leche
To hym byhouith ferd vnwyry his wound
858 To Cerberus yn heH ay be y bound
wer it my sustir for whom þou makist þis sorow
By my wil she shold be þi in to morow

861

(124)
862 Loke vp y sely tell me what she is
Anone þat y may go about thy neste
Know y oght her for my love tell me þis
Than wold y hope þe nathir for to spede
865 Than gan þe vayne of troylus to blede
ffor he was hit & wax al rede for shame
A ha quod Pandare here byginneth a game

(125)
869 And with þat word he gan hym for to shake
And said thoþ þow shalt her name telle
But þo gan esly Troylus for to quake
And þogh men shold have led hym to helle
872 And seyd alas of al my wo the welle
Than is my swete so callyd Crisyedy
And wel ny with þe word for fere he dyed

(126)
876 And whan þat Pandar herd her name neune
Tho was he glad and seyd fremd so dere
Now fere a right for Iovis name in hevene
love hath byset þe wele be of good chere
879 ffor of good name wysdom & manere
She Hath y-now and eke of gentilnesse
If she be fair þou wost þi self y geasse
(II. 22)

169 "No woman was ever more high-spirited, 1
170 None was more cheerful and better-spoken,
171 None more attractive nor more gracious,
172 None of greater soul, among as many
173 As ever lived: nor is there any so lofty a thing
174 That she would not undertake as far forth
175 As any king.

(127)
Ne y neure saw a more bounteuose
Of her estate ne glader of speche
A frendler ne a more graciuose
Sfor to do wele ne lasse had neede to seche
What for to do and all this bet to eche
In honour to asere as she may streccche
A kyngis hert semith by her a wrecche

(128)
And for pi loke of good comfort pow be
Sfor certainly the first poynt is this
Of noble corage and wele ordeyne
A man to have pees wip hym self y-wis
So oughtest thou for good it is
To love wele and in worthy place
The ought not to clepe hit hap but grace

(129)
And also thenk of pe rwy glade the
That seth pi lady vertuous is al
So folowith hit pat pe is some pite
Almung al the oper vertus in special
And for-thy as pat pow in special
Requere not pat is a-zen her name
Sfor vertu streccith not hym self to shame

(130)
Bvt wele is me pat euere y was born
That pow byset art in so good a place
Sfor be my trouth in love y durst have sworn
The shold never betyd so fair a grace
And west pow why for pow were wont to chace
At love in scorn & for despny hym calle
Seynt Idiote lord of pes folis alle

1 "Valoreus;" I do not think it at all indicates "bounteuouse of her estate," as rendered by Chaucer.
(131)

How oft hast thou made thy nice iapis
And seyd thout loves servauntis euerychon
Of nycte be verrey goddis apys
And some wold monche her brede alon
Ilying in bed and make hem for to grone
And some thou seydist had a blaunch feuere
And praydist god he shold neuer keuere

(132)

And some of hem toke on hem for the cold
More thou know so seydist thou ful oft
And some have seynid oft tymé & told
how þei wake whan her love slepe soft
And þus þei have broght hem selſf a loft
And nátele was vndur at the last
Thus seydist þow and ympedist ful fast

(133)

Jet seydist þou that for the more part
These saytors wold speche in general
And þoghyn þat it was a sikir art
For faillyng for cseyng ouer al
Now may þou ape of þe if þat y shal
But natheles if þat y shold dye
þat now þou art none of þo y durst sey

(134)

Now bete þi brest & sey to god of love
Thi grace lord for now y me repent
If y mispak' for y my selȝ y love
Thus sey wip al þin hert in good entent
Quod Troylus, a lord y me consent
An pray to þe my iapis to foryeve
And y shal euermore whil þat y lyve
(135)
Thow seist wele quod Pandare & now ye hope
That þou the goddis wrothe hast al apesaid
And seth þou hast wept meny a drome
And seid such þing wî which þi god is pleasid
Now wold god neuere but þow were eyd
& þenk wel she of whom rist al thy wo
here aftir may thy comfort be also

(136)
For thilk' ground þat berith þe wedis wyk'
Berith eke þes holsom herbis & ful oft
Next þe foul nettle roghe and thilk'
The lilie wexith white smothe & soft
And next þe valey is the hil a loft
And next the derk night þe glad morow
And also ioy is next þe fine of sorow

(137)
Now lokes þat þow attempre be thy bridhit [Leaf 14, Book]
And for the best ay suffre to the tyde
Or ellis alle our labour is on ydiht
he hastith wele þat wisely can abyde
Be dilligent & trew and alwey hide
Be lusty fre perseuere in thy servise
And al is wele if þow work on þis wise

(138)
But he þat pertyd is in every place
Is nowhet hool as writyn clerkys wyse
What wondir is þogh such on have no grace
Eke wost þou how it farith of love servise
As plante a tre or herbe in sundry wise
And on þe morow pul it up as blyve
No wondir is þogh it may neuere thrive
(II. 24)

185 “Thou mayst well see therefore that Love has set thee
186 In a place worthy of thy desert:
187 Then stand fast in the deed proposed,
188 And have good hope of thy well-being,—
189 Which I think will soon ensue,
190 If thou with thy plaints refuse it not:
192 And I will employ herein all my wits.

[II, st. 24, 1. 7. “Thou art worthy of her, and she of thee.

(II. 27)

209 “I think for certain that every woman, in wish,
210 Lives amorous.

II., st. 25. “Suppose not, Troilus, that I do not clearly see that such amours are unbefitting to a lady of character; or that I am blind to what will be the result to myself, and to her and hers, if such a thing ever reaches the mouth of the vulgar; a thing which, through our folly, has become opprobrious, whereas it used to be true honour, being done for love. But, seeing that desire is imped

[turn to p. 37, at top]

(II. 28)

219 “I can give the like comfort to both;
218 I can please her, and both of you;
217 Perceiving thee wise and discreet,
220 [And] since you will both have to keep it secret,
221 And it will be as though it were not.”

(139)

And sett god of love hath þe bystowid
In place digne vn to thy worthines
Stond fast for to good port þou hast rowyd
And of thy self for eny hevines
hope alwey were for but if drenines
Or ouer hast our bothe labour shend
I hope of this to make a right good ende

(140)

And wost þou why þam lasse aferid
Of þis matere with my nece to trote
For þis have y herd sey of old lerid
was neuere man ne woman yet bygete
þat was vnap to suffre losis hete
Celestial or ellis love of kynd
For þi some grace in her y hope to kynd

(141)

And for to specke of her in special
her bewte to bythenkyn & her youthe
hit sit her not to be celestial
As þet/ þogh her bothe lest and couthe
But Troilus hit sat her wel right noupe
A worthy knyght to love and cherice
And but she do y hold her but a wise

(142)

Therefor y am & wole al day be redy
To peyne me to do sow þis servise
For hope sow to plese this hope y
her-afurwardis for ye be bothe wyse
And kun it councele kep in such wyse
þat no man þerof shal the wyser be
And so we may be gladly al thre

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in action, and every like is not known; I think it may be laid down that however is entitled to follow his lofty longing, if only he be prudent in deed and seeming— without any shame to those whose shame and honour are their own affairs.

[II., st. 27, l. 2. "Nothing but fear of shame restrains any woman; and, if full fortune can without loss of credit be given to such a malady, foolish is she who does not discard the fear, and I think the pain can't hurt her much. My cousin is a widow, and she desires; and, were she to deny it, I would not believe her."

"Ma, per oclouebh 'l disio s' à impedito
All' operare, a tutto stimigliante
Non conosciuto."

I am not clear as to the meaning of these lines, or the drift of the argument of Pandarus. I rather understand him to mean: "True love ought not to be thwarted, and comely souls ought not to be kept apart." An early instance of the philosophy of "Wahlverwandtschaften."

(II. 29)

225 Troilus hearten to Pandaras, so contented
226 In his mind that he seemed to himself
227 Already well-nigh out of all his torment,
228 And was the more re-kindled in his love.

[II., st. 29, l. 6-8. Troilus said: "'I believe what thou says of her; but in my eyes the attempt seems too great."

"Ma troppo me par più sagli occhi miet." Possibly the real meaning is, "But she is thereby all the more lofty, in my eyes."

(II. 30)

233 "Yet how shall the fire wane
234 Which I bear within!"

[II., st. 30, l. 2-3. "I never saw that she was conscious of my love."

237-8 "Through timidity with thee, she will condemn this
238 She will not believe it if thou sayest it. [passion:

["'And, even if she had it in her heart, yet, to seem chaste in thine eyes,"

240 "She will not listen to thee."

(143)

And by my troupe ye have right now of the
A good conseyt in my wit as y gesse
And what it is y wil now pes how se
And thynk seth love of his goodnes
hath pe convetred out of wykkyndnes
That pou shalt be the best post yeus
Of al his lay & most his foos greve

(144)

Ensample se now why pes grete clerkys
That are althermost a-yens the lawe
And be convetred from her wikkid werkeis
Thurgh grace of god pat lest hem to hym drawe
They are the folk that have most god in awe
And strongest feithid be y vndirstond
And kun an errore alpermost withstond

(145)

When Troillus had herd Pandare assentyd
To be his help in lovyng of Cryseyd
He wax of his wo as who seip ynturnement
But bater wax his love & pan he sayd
With sobre chere al þogh his hert ployd
Now blisful Venus now helpe or þat y sterre
Of þe Pandare y mow some þonk deserve

(146)

Bvt dere frend how shal my wo be lesse
Tul þis be done & eke now tellle me this
how wile þow seyn of me & my distresse
lest she be wroth þis drede y most ywys
Or nel not here or row how it is
Al þis drede y and eke for the manere
Of þe her cem she nel no such ping here
(II. 32)

259 “Leave me to act.”

(II. 31)

241 “And, besides this, Pandarus, I should not wish
242 Thee to fancy that I desire
243 From such a lady any dishonour.”

[II., st. 31, l. 4. “But I should only wish that she might be pleased to let me love her: this would be to me a sovereign grace, could I attain it. Ask for this, and more I solicit not of thee.”]

249 To whom answered Pandarus laughing.

[II., st. 32, l. 3. “I am an adept in love-affairs, and have managed more difficult things in my time.”]

255 “This labour shall all be mine,
256 And I will have the sweet end of it be thine.”

(II. 33)

257 Troilus lightly threw himself to the floor
258 From the bed, embracing and kissing him;
259 Swearing afterwards that to conquer the Grecian war
260 In triumph would be nothing to him.

1 “Alusa villanis”, as in Chaucer.
262 "My Pandarus, I commend me to thee:
263 Thou wise, thou friendly—thou knowest all
264 That is needed to put an end to my sorrow."

(II. 34)

265 Pandarus, anxious to serve
266 The young man, whom he greatly loved,
267 Leaving him to go where he would,

[II. 34, 35. Goes to Chryseis, takes her aside, and begins with all sorts of pleasant and courteous talk.]
(155)

For he bycome the frendliest wight
The gentillest and eke the moost fre
The trustiest and on the best knyght
That in his tyme was or myght be
Dede ware his iapis and his cruelte
His by port & his maner straunge
And ech of þo gan for a vertu chaunge

(156)

Now lete vs stint of Troylus a stound
þat farth lik a man þat hurt is sore
And is sumdel of skynge of his wound
Illysaid wel but helid no dele more
And as an esy pacient. the lore?
Abit of hym þat goth about his cure
And þus he drieuth forth his auenture

[End of Book I.]
BOOK II.

[Harl. MS. 3943, leaf 16, back.]

(1) [Proem.]
Owte of þes blake wawes for to sayle  
O wynd wynd the wedir gynnist clere  
For in this see the boot hath such travaile  
Of my comyng þat vnte þet þy ster  
This see clepe þis tempestuous mater  
Of dispar þat Troylus was þyn  
But now ofþ hope þe kalendis bygyn

(2) [Invocation.]
O lady myn that callid art Clyo  
Thow be my spede heraftir in my muse  
To ryme wele þis book tul þy have do  
Ne nedeth here non art for to vse  
For why to eneþy lover y me excuse  
That of no sentymetre þis endite  
But of latyn in my tung it write

(3)
Wherfor y nal neiþer have þonk ne blame  
Of al þis work ne pray yow þus mekely  
disblameth me it eny word ne be lame  
For as myn auter seith so sey I  
Eke if y spak of love vnfeylingly  
Ne wondriþ not for no ping of new is  
A blynd man can not iuggyn wele in hewis
(4)
Je know wel pis in fourme of speche is chaunge
With-yn a thousand yeer and wordis tho
That hadyn pris now wondur nyce & straunge
Vs jinkith hem and jett jpei spak hem so
And did asweH in love as men now do
Eke for to wynyn love in sundry ages
In sundry londis sundry bene vsages

(5)
Eke ther be scarce in pis place thre
Pat have in love done or seyd lik in alle
For to thy purpose this may like the
& to me right vnoth yet al is done or shaH
Eke some grave in tre some in ston wal
Al it betyt but as y have begun
Myn autour shal y folwyn if y kun

(6)
And forthy if hit happe in any wyse
That here be any louter in this place
That herkenith as pe story wol devise
how Troylus cam to his lady grace
And penkyth jpus nold y not love purchase
Or womdith of his speche or his doyng
I note me semith it no womdur thyng

(7)
For every wight pat to Rome went
holt not o pathe ne alwey o manere
And yn some lond were al pe game y-shent
If that men ferd wilp love as men do here
As thus in opyn delyng and in chere
In visityn in fourme or seying her sawis
For jpus men seyn eche cunre hap his lawis

[End of the Proem.]
[The Story.]

(8)
In may pat modir is of al monpes glade
That al flouris fresshyn grene and rede
Be qwys ayen pat wynir dede made
And ful of bawme is fletyn avery mede
Whan phelus dothe his right bemyys sprede
Right so in the white Bulle\(^1\) so it bytyd [—1 corrected]
As y shal syng on mayes day the thrid

(9)
This Pandare for al his wyse speche
Felt sike his parte of lovis shottis kene
That crowde he neuere of love so wele preche
hit made his hewe al day ful grene
So shope it pat fil hym pat day a tene
In love for which ful wo to bed he went
And made or hit were day ful meny a went

(10)
The swalow Songe. with a sorrowful lay
whan morow come gan make his waymesting
whi she forshapyn was and eure lay
Pandare a bed half in alombyng
Till she so ny [hym] made her chiterynge
how Thereus gan forth her sustir take
That with pe noyse of her he gan awake

(11)
And gan to calle & dressyn hym to rise [leat 17, back]
Remembring hym his ernde was to done
From Troylus and eke his grete emprise
An cast & knew in good plyte was the mone
To do viage and toke his wey ful some
vn-to his necis paleys per by side
Now Ianus god of entre pow hym gyde

Went off to where Chryseis lived. Bk. ii. 34. 4.
(12)

When he was come to his necis place
Wher is my lady to her folk sayd he
And pei hym told & he forp ym gan pace
And þere twey oþir ladyes sate & she
With ym a paved parlour and þei thre
herd a maydyn rede hem al þe geest
Of þe sege of thebes whil hem list

(13)

Ma dame quod Pandare god ȝow se
With al þour book and al þe cumpany
Ey vnclie now welcome y-wis quod she
And vp she roes and by þe hond in hy
She toke hym fast and þis night thry
To good mote it turne of ȝow y mette
And wip þat word she down on bench hym sette

(14)

Þe nece þe shul fare wele the bete
If God wole al þis seer quod Pandarus
But y am sory that y have ȝow lette
To herkyn of þour book þe preysin thus
For goddis love what seip it tel it vs
Is it of love some good ye may me lere
vnclie quod she þour maystresse is not here

(15)

Sith þat þei gun laghe & þo she seyd
This romauns is of Thebes þat we rede
And we have herd how þat kyng Layous deyd
Thurgh Edippus his sone & al þat dede
And here we stynyn at þes leþres rede
how þe bishop as þe book gan telle
Amphiorax fil þurgh þe ground of Heit
(16)

Quod Pandarus al pis know y my solue
And al pis sege of thebes and the care
For her of her be made bokys twelve
But let be pis and telle me how ye fare
Do wey your barbe & shew your face bare
Do wey your book rise vp let vs daunce
And lete vs to to may some obscureunce

(17)

I god forbede quod she be 3e mad
Is pat a wydowis lyf so god 3ow save
3e make me by Iovis sere a-drad
3e be so wyld hit semith as 3e rave
hit sate me wele bet ay in a kawe
To byd and rede of holy seyntis lyvis
lete maydenis go daunce & yong wyvis

(18)

As eure thrive y quod Pandarus
3et cowd y telle 3ow a thing to do 3ow pley
Now vnclere dere quod she telle it vs
For goddis love is 3an 3e sege awey
I am of 3e grakis for 3at y day
Nay nay quod he as eure mote y thryve
hit is a thing wel bet 3an such fyve

(19)

3e holy god quod she what ping is that
What bet 3an such fyve y love it not ywis
For al pis world ne can y rede what
Hit shold be some iape I trowe y-wis
And but 3our self telle vs what it is
My wit is forcarid it al to leve
As god me help y not what 3e meue
(20)
And y ȝour borow ne neure shul for me
This ping be told to yow so mote y thrive
And vnole why so why quod she
By God quod he for ȝat wolde y telle as blyve
For prudder woman is þer none on lyve
And þe wist it in al þe toun of Troye
I aipe not so enure have y ioy.

(21)
Þo gan she wondryn more þan byfornares [last 16, blank] 141
A M' fold and doun her eyen cast
For enure seth tyme þat she was bor
To know a thing' desirid she so fast
And with a sike she seyd at the last
Now vnle myn y wolde yow not displesse
To sake more þat may do yow diisse

(22)
So aftir þis with meny wordis glade
And frendly talis and with mery chere
Of þis & þat þei pleyd & gus wade
In meny vncoþe glad & depe matere
As frendis whan þei be met yfere
Tul she gan ask: hym how þat Ector ford
That was þe tounys wall & grekis yerd

(23)
Ful wele y thonk God quod Pandarus
Save in his arme he hath a wound
And eke his fresh brothir Troylus
The wyse worthy Ector þe secound
In whom þat every vertu last abound
In al trouþe and al intilnesse
Wyedom honour fredom and worthines
(24)
In good faith Eme quoq she it likith me
They faryn wele god save hem bope two
For truly y hold it grete deynite
A kyngis son in armys wele to do'
And to be of good condicions perto
For grete powere & moral vertu here
Is seldom seyn in o persone y-fere

(25)
In good faip pat is soth quoq Pandarus
But be myn heed pe kyng hap sonis tway
That is to mane Ector and Troylus
That certeynly poqhi pat y shold day
They be as voyd of vices dare y sey
As any man pat lyvith vnur pe sonne
her myght is wyde know & what pe kosne

(26)
Of Ector nedith no ping to telle
In al pis world per nys a better knyght
As he pat is of worthynes welle
And he wel more vertu hath than myght
pis knowip meny a wyse & worthy knyght
The same prys of Troylus y sey
God help me so y note not such tway

(27)
By god quoq she of Ector pat is sothe
Of Troylus pe same ping trow y
For dredles men telle pat he dothe
In armys day by day so worthily
And berith hym here so gentilly
To euery wight pat al pris hath he
Of hem pat me were levest praysid be
(28)

Je say right wele quocl Pandarus
For yesterday who so had wiþ hym bene
Might haue wondrid vp on Troylus
For neuer yet so þik a swarm of bene
Ne flyen as grekis fro hym ded flene
And þurh þe feld in eueri wightis ere
þer nas no cry but lo Troylus is here

(39)

Now here now þere he hustyd hem so fast
This nas but grekys blood & Troylus
Now hym he hurt & hym a doun he cast
Ay wher he went hit was arayed þus
he was her deþe & sheld of lyf for vs
þat as þat day þer durst none wiþtond
Whil þat he held his blody sword in hond

(30)

Ther-to he is þe frendliest man
Of so grete estate þat euere y saw in my lyve
And wher hym lyst best felawship can
To such as hym thinkip able to thrive
And with þat word þo Pandarus as blyve
he toke his leve & seyd y wyl go heyne
Nay blame have y quocl she vnkil þenne

(31)

What eylith yow to be thus werysom  [End 19, book]
And namely of woman wil þe so
Nay sittith doun by god y have to done
Wiþ yow to of wysdom or ye go
And eueri wight þat was about hem tho
That herd þat gan ferre a way to stond
Whil þat þei two had þat hem lyst on hond
(32)
When p[ah] her tale was brught to pe ende
Of her estate and of her governance
Now quod Pandarus is it tyme y wende
But set y sey a-rise and lete vs daunce
And castith yowr wydowne habit to mysschaunce
What lyst yow pus your self to disfigure
Seth yow is tyd so glad an aventure

(33)
A wele hynoght for love of God quod she
Shal y now wytyne what ye mene of pis
Nay this thing sakith leyser than quod he
And me wold greve right sore y-wis
If y it t[old] and se it tok[e] a-mys
Set weire it bet my tung for to stille
Than sey a sothe set were ayen your wille

(34)
For nece by [pe] goddesse minerve
And jubiter set mak[i] pe pundir ryng'
And by [pe] blasful venus set y serve
Se be the woman set in pis world lyving'
Widout paramour to my wytyng'
Set y best love & lothur am to grewe
& set se wite wel your self y leve

(35)
Iwys myn vncle quod she graunt mercy
Your frendshipe have you found enere yet
I am to no man holdyn trewly
So mych as you & have so litil quyt
And wi[p] be grace of god so ferforp as myght
As in my g[ilt] y shall enere offende
And if ye have or pis y will amende
(36)
Bvt for þe love of god y sowe byseche 246
As þe be he þat y most love and trust
let be to me your frend manere speche
And say to me your nece what yow lust 249
And with that wordes anone hir uncle hir kust
And he seyd gladly leve nece dere    (1-3 rather later hand)
Take it for good þat y shal sey sowe here 252

(37)
Wip þat she gan her ogen douc cast 253
And Pandarus to coghe bygan a lyte
And seyd nece alwey to þe last
how so it be þat some men hem delite
with sotil art or talis to endyte
yet for al þat in her entencion
her tale is al for some conclusion 259

(38)
And seth þe ende is everey talis strengthe 260
An this mater is so behouely
What shold y peynt or draw it on lenghe
To sowe þat be my frend so faithfully
And wip þat word he gan rigth inwardly
Byholdyn her and lokyn in her face
And seyd on such a myrrour good grace 266

(39)
Than þoght he þus if þy my tale endyte 267
Oght hard or make a processes eny while
She shal no saour have þerin but lyte
And tow y wold her in my wil begyle
For tendir wittis wenyn al be wyle
Wher as þei can not pleynly vndirstond
þerfor her wit to servyn wil y fond 273
(36) Chryseis, who sees him, smiling
Said: "Cousin, didst thou never see me,
That thou go'st thus scrutinizing me?"  
To whom replied Pandarus: "Thou well knowest
That I have seen thee, and intend to see thee.
'You look prettier than ever.'"  

"Every one has a chance in life, but not a second
chance. Do you take yours: it is for me, poor wretch, to
be moping.

"Che tu mi val coss mente tenendo:" literally "fixing thy
mind," like Chaucer's "avise."

(37) "Because thine is the best-fortuned
Face that ever woman had in this world.

"There is one who loves you." Chryseis blushes, and
says: 'Don't make game of me. The man must have very
little to think about, and such a thing never occurred to me
since the day I was born.' Pand. 'Did you never perceive
the fact?' Chryseis: 'No; although indeed I do sometimes see

(40) And loked on her on a-vysy wyse
And she was ware what he byholders so
And seyd lord so fast se me advise
What sey se me neuer er than tho
Yes yes quod he & bet wole or y go
But by my trouthe y floght not if se
Be fortunate for now men shul it se

(41) For every wyght some goodly aventure
Sumtyme is happy if he can hit receyve
And if pat he wole take of hit no cure
Whan pat it comith but wilfully it weyve
No nofer cas pat fortune hym deceyve
But right his owne sloupe & wrecchidnes
And such a wight is to blame y gesse

(42) Good aventure bele nece have ye
Ful lightly found & ye kun hit take
And for ye love of god & eke of me
Takip it anon lest aventure alake
What shold y lenger processe to yow make
Yeve me your honde for in pis world is none
If pat 30w list a wight so wel bygone

(43) And y speke of good entencioun
As y 30w have told wele here byform
And love as wele your honour & renown
As creature in al pis world yborn
By all ye othis pat y have 30w sword
If ye be wrepte perfor or wene y ly
Ne shal y neuere se 30w eft with ye
a man prowling round the house. "I have no idea who he is." Pandarus divines that this cannot be Troilus. "He tells her that the lover to whom he has been referring is far too illustrious a personage to be thus unrecognized, and eulogizes him on all sorts of grounds.

Chrys.: 'Are you in earnest? Who can have perfect pleasure of me unless he were my husband? Who is the man?" Pand.: 'No common man—Troilus.'

Beth not a-gast ne qwakith not wherto
Ne changep not for fare so s3our hewe
For hardily the worst of this is do
And poghe my tale to 3ow be now as newe
Yet trustip me 3e shul me fynd trewe
And were it ping me thinkith vnsaitting
To 3ow wold y no such talis bryng'

Now my good eem for goddis love y pray
Quod she come of & telle me what it is
For bohe y am a-gast what 3e wol say
And ek me longith to wytyyn it ywis
For whethir it be for wele or be a-mys
Sey on let me not in this fare dwelle
So wol y do now herkenith how y telle

"He is indeed a citizen,
And not of the lowest, and much my friend.

He lives in plaint, miserable and woebegone,
So much does the splendour of thy visage burn him:
And, that thou mayst know who loves thee so much,
Troilus is he who so greatly desires thee.

Now nece myn pe kyngis dere sone
The good wyse worthy fresh fre
Which alway to do wele is his won
The noble troylus so lovith the
But but 3e help it hit wolc his bane be
Lo here is al what shold y more sey
Do what yow lyst make hym lyve or dey

Bvt if 3e lete hym dy y wolc sterve
have here my troupe nece y wil not lyen
As shold y wip this knyfe my throte kerue
Wip 3at the teris brest out at his eyen
And sayd if 3at 3e do us bope dyen
3us giltes fan have 3e fashid fayre
What wyn 3e poghe we bope apaire
Alas he that is my lord so dere
Dat trow man dat noble worþi knyght
That nght desirith but your lovely chere
I se him day dere he goth vpright
And hast þe hym wip al his ful mght
To be slayn if his fortune asseent
Alas þat god you such a bewte sent

If it so be þat þe so cruel be
Dat of his dethe þe lyst not to recche
That is so trow and worthy as we se
No more þen of a iaper or a wrecche
If þe be such þowr beaute may not streche
To make amendis of so cruel a dede
Avisement is good ay hyfor þe nedde

Wo worþe the fair gemme vertules
Wo worþ þat herbe also þat dop no boot
Wo worþ þat bewte also þat is rowtheles
Wo worþ þat wight þat tret och vndur foot
And ye þat be of bewte crop and rote
If þer-wip-al in yow be no routhethe
þan is it harme þe lyvyn by my trouþe

And also þenk wele þat it is no gaude
For me were lesere that þe and þe
Were hangid þan þe hold be his bawde
As hy as men might on vs se
I am thyn Em þe shame were to me
As wel as if þe hold asseent
þurgh myn abettynþ þat he þin honour shent
(52)
Now vndirstond for y 3ow not require
To bynd yow to hym by no byhoste
But only pat 3e make hym better chere
Than 3e have do or this & more feste
So pat his lyf be savid at the leste
This is al & some & playnly our entent
God help me so y neuere othir ment

(53)
Lo this request is not but skyl y-wis
Ne dowl of reason parde þer is none
I set þe worst lest 3e dreddyyn this
Men wold wondur to se hym come & gone
Ther-a-yens answere y thus anone
That every wight but he be sole of kynd
Wole deme it love of frendship in his mynd

(54)
What ho wil deme þogh he se a man
To temple go þat he þe ymagis stith
Thenk eke how wele and baysily þat he can
Gouere hym seif þat he no ping forgetith
Þat whe þer he comith he þank & pris hym getith
And eke þerto he shal come here so seld
What furs were it if al þe toun byheld

(55)
Such love of frendis regnir in al þis toun
And couere 3ow in þat mantel suermore
And god so wis be my saluaicson
As y have seyd your best is to do so
But good nece alwey to stint his wo
leste your daunger sugryd bene a lyte
þat of his dethe 3e be no þing to wyte
(56)

Cryseyd which þat herd hym in þis wise
Thoght y shalfe what he menith ywis
Now Ene quod she what wold ye devise
What is your rede ye shold done of þis
That is wel seyd quod he certeyn best is
þat þe hym love a-ye for his loyynge
As love for love is skylful guerdonyng.

(57)

penk eke how elde wastip every hour
In ech of yow a partie of bewte
And perfor or age yow devoure
Go love for old þer wolde no wight of þæ
Lete þis prouerbe a lore vn-to þow be
To late y was ware quod bewte at last
And old dauntith daunger at þe last

(58)

The kyngis folke is wont to cryen lowd
When þat hym þinkith a womans berip her hy
So longe mote ye lyve and al prowed
Til crowis feest be wox vndur your ey
And send yow þan a mirour in to pry
In whiche þe may se yowre face a morow
I kepe þan wishe yow no more sorow

(47)

4 And with difficulty she kept back the tears,
5 Already come to her eyes to fall.

(48)

7 "What will others do, when thou dost try hard
8 To make me follow the monarchy of Love?"

(49)

Wip þis he stint & cast a down his hede
And she bygan to wepe right anone
And seyd alas for wo why ner y dede
For of þis world þe saip is al a gone
Alas what shold straunge folk to me done
When he þat for my best frend y wend
Ret me to love and shold it me defend
1 "I thought, Pandarus, if I
Had ever fallen into such folly,
That, if Troilus had ever come into my desire,
Thou wouldst have beaten me—

5 Not to speak of reproving.

Alas y wold have trustyd doubtles
If y throught my disaunture
had loid ðeir hym or Achilles
Ector or any othir creature
3e nold han had no mercy ne mesure
On me but alway had me in reprefe
This fals world alas ho shal it love

What is þis al þe joy & al þe fest
þat þe of so made is þis my blissful cas
Is þis þe verrey mede of þour byheste
Is this al þis peyntid proces alas
Right for þis o lady myn pallas
þou in þis dreadful cas for me purvey
For soe astonyd am y that i dey

Wip þat she gan ful sorrowfully to syke
A may it be no bet quoth Pandarus
By god y shal no more come here is wyke
And god to-forn þat am mistrowid þus
I se wel þat þe set lyte ofe va
Or of our dofe alas y woful wrecche
Might he yet lyve ofe me is not to recohe

O cruel god o despitous Marte
O furious ire of heH on zow I cry
So lete me neuer out of þis hous departe
If þe ment harme or env vilany
But seth y se my lord mote nedis dye
And y with hym here y me shrieve & sey
þat wikkedyly þe done us bope to day
But seth it liketh pow that ye be dede
by neptunus that god is of ye see
Fro þis forþ shal ye neuere styn brede
Til y myn own hert blode may se
For cerelyn y wil dye as some as he
& vp he start & forth his weye he raght
Til she ayen hym by þe lape caughht

Cryseyde þat welny start for þat fare
So as she was þe freyste wight
þat might be & herd eke wip her ere
& saw þe sorrowful ernst of þe knight
And in his prayer eke saw non vnright
And for the harme eke þat might fal more
She gan to rewe & drede her wondur sorre

And þoght þus vnhappis fallyn þik
Al day for lown in such maner cas
And men be cruel in hem self & wyk
And if þis man here ale hym self alas
In my presence hit nel be no solas
What men wold of yt deme y can not sey
hit nedij me ful aley for to play

And wip a sorrowful syke she seyd thrice
A Lord me is bytrod a sory chaunce
For myn astate luth þu a supardye
And eke myn emys lyf in balsance
But nathenly wip good gouernaunce
I shal so done myn honour for to kepe
And eke his lyf & stynt for to wepe
(68)
Of harmys two þe lasse is for to cheese
Yet have y lever make hym good chere
In honour than myn emys lyf to lese
þe sey þe me no thyng requere
No y-wis quod he myn own nece dere
Now welo quod she & y wole do my payne
I skal my hert a-þens my lyst constreyne

(69)
Bvt þat y nel not holdyn hym in hond
Ne love no maþ þat can no wight ne may
Aþens his wille but ellis wol y fond
Myn honour safe plesse hym fro day to day
Ther-to nold y not ones have seyd nay
But þat y drede as yn my fantasy
But cesyd cause ay ceñith malady

(70)
Bvt here y make a protestacion
That in þis proces if ye depper go
That certeynly for no salvacion
Ofþ þogh ðe sterve bothe two
Þogh al þe world on o day be my foo
Ne skal y neuere on hym have opær roupe
I grauntw welo quod Pandare by my troupe

(71)
Bvt may y trust welo to þow quod he
That on þis thing þat þe have bight me here
Ye wol it holdyn trowly to me
þe doules quod she myn vnclere dere
Ne þat skal y have cause in þis materere
to playne or ofter þow to preche
Why no parde what nedithe more speche
(55)

6 "And tell me . . .
7 . . . . . . . . in what manner
8 Thou first found'st it out of Troilus."

Pandarus here gives a fictitious narrative of how Troilus implored Love to inspire some (unnamed) lady with pity of him. It would be all the more glory to Love to light his flame in a widow's breast.

(56)

1 Then Pandarus smiled, and answered:
2 "I will tell thee, as thou wouldst know it.
3 The other day, things being in a calm
4 Through the truce then made, a fancy took
5 Troilus that I with him through shady woods
6 Should go for pastime.

(57)

We began talking of love. Then he sang to himself.
I was not close by, but strained to overhear him.
And, as far as I can remember,
He plained to Love of his torment,
Saying: 'My lord'—
O god, that at thy disposition
ledest forth thy name in true persuasion
Of every right my lowe confession
Accepte in gre and send me pardonance
As likith the but from desperance
That may my gost al-way departe fro þe
Thow be my sheld for thy benigne

For certis lord so sore hath she me woundid
That stood in blak wip lokyng of her eyen
That to my hertis bate it is soundid
Thurgh which y wote þat y must nedis dyen
Þis is þe worst y dare me not bywryen
And wele þe hattere bene þe gledis rede
Þat mes hem wryen witi asahyn pale as lode

Wip þat he smote his heed a-doun a-none
An gan to motre y note ner what trewly
And y wip þat gan stil a-awy to gone
And lete þer-of as wist no þing had y
And come a-entre a-none & stode hym by
And seyd a-wake þe apleyn al to long
Hit semith not þat love doþ 30w long

Þat apleyn so þat no man may yow wake
Who sey euor or þis so dul a man
þe frend quow he do þe 30ur heedis ake
For love & lete me lyve as y can
But þogh he for wo was pale & wan
Yet made he þo as fresshe contenaunce
As þogh he shold have led þe newe daunce
"But no opportunity for this occurred to me
Till to-day, when I found him all alone;
Entering his chamber, in doubt
Whether he was there, he was on the bed;
And, seeing me, he turned aside.

6 Whereof I conceived some suspicion;
7 And, coming nearer, I found he was weeping
8 Sore, and sorely he lamented.

"I comforted him the most I could;
And, with new art and wily device,
I got out of his mouth what ailed him,
First giving him my faith in pledge.

"This pity moved me, and for him I come
To thee.
What wilt thou do? Wilt thou remain unbending,
And leave him—who has no care of himself
Through loving thee—to come to so dire a death?"
"Well is the gem set in the ring,
If thou art wise as thou art beautiful.
Nor was ever donzel
So well joined to any damsel
As thou with him, if thou be wise:
Blessed thou if thou but know it!"

Chryseis: "'God so make him joyful and healthy,
and me also, as pity for him has come on me through thy talking. I am not cruel, as thou fanciest, nor bare of pity.'
And, stopping awhile, after a great sigh, being already heartstruck, she pursued: 'Ah me! I see whither thy pitying wish draws thee: and I will do it, for satisfy thee I must, and he is worthy of it. Be content if I look at him.
But, to avoid shame, and worse per chance, pray him to be discreet, and to do what shall be no discredit to me, nor yet to himself.'" Pandarus pledges himself to this.

1 Pandarus being gone, alone

2 Into her chamber went Chryseis fair;

Within her heart revolving every least word
And statement of Pandarus.

1 "Novells"—items of news, narrated fact. Perhaps this word was in Chaucer's mind, rather wrested from its true bearing, when, in st. 87, he spoke of "the newe cas."
(88)
But as she sat alone & thought thus
In the sky rose a skarmishe al wip-out
And men cried in the strete the Troylus
hap right now put to flight þe grekis rout
Wip þat gan all þe meyne for to shout
A go we sene cast vp the latis wyde
For purgð þis strete he must to paleys ride

(89)
For oþer wey is fro þe satis none
Of Cardanus þer opyn is the cheyne
Wip þat com he & al his folk anone
An eþy pas ridyn in routes tweyne
Right as hit happid sothe to seyne
For which men sey may not destourblind be
That shal betyde of necessite

(81)
And with all leisure
Alone with Pandarus he went, to see the beauty
Of Chryseis.

(90)
This Troylus sate vp on his bay stede
Al armayd save his heed richely
And woundid was his hors & gan to blede
On which he rood a pas ful softly
But such a knyghtly sight trewly
As was on hym was not wip-out faile
To loke on Mars þat god is of batail

(91)
So lyke a man of armys & a knyght
he was to sene fulfild of hye prowessee
For boþe he had body and myght
To do þat thing as wel as hardynesse
And eke to se hym in his gere hym dresse
So freashe so yung so weldy semyd he
hit was an hevyn on hym for to se
She stood at a window,
And perhaps expected what happened:
She did not show herself severe or harsh
Towards Troilus, who was gazing on her;
But always, along the right breast,
Looked towards him modestly:"

Troilus rendered thanks to Pandarus and to God.
Chryseis, charmed with his air, no longer remained lukewarm or hesitating, but "desires him above all other bliss; and much regrets her lost time, when she knew not of his love."

Troilus gets discreet glances at Chryseis; she, equally discreet, "showed herself to him from time to time, lovely and cheerful." This could not last long without renewed pangs to Troilus. He often poured out his soul to Pandarus, and invoked the absent Chryseis to have pity on him. "'Oh were I but with thee one winter's night,' and then to stay a hundred and fifty in hell!"

"Winter's night" because (no doubt) the nights are long in that season.

"This man is handsome, noble, wise, and discreet,
Who loves thee,—and fresher than a garden-lily;
Of royal blood and of highest valour.

"Hearest thou not the anguish of his plaint?"

This is a line from Dante's *Inferno.*
Now myght some envious ianglyn þus
This was a sodeyn love how myght þis be
That she so lightly lovyd Troylus
Right for the fyrst sight parde
Now who þat seith so neuer mote he the
For euer þing a bygynnyng hath neðe
Or al be wroght wip-out eny drede

For y sey not þat she so sodeynly
Yaf-hym her love but she bygan encline
To like hym þo & y have told þow why
And aftir þat his manhood & his pine
Made love wip-in her hert for to myne
For which by processe & by good servise
he wan her love & in no sodeyn wise

And also blisful venus wel arayed
Sate in her vij. hous of hevyn þo
Dispoedyd wele & wiþ aspecyk payed
To helpe sely Troylus of his wo
And soth to sey she nas not his fo
To Troylus in his natuyte
God wote þat wele þe sonner sped he

Now lete vs stynt of Troylus a throw
That ridip forþ and lete vs turne fast
vnto Cryseyd þat hing her heed ful lowe
Ther as she sate alone and gan to cast
Wher-on she wold aþoynt her at þe last
If it so were her eme nold seye
For Troylus vp on her for to prosee
(100)
And lord so she gan in her hert argue
Of this matere of which y have 3ow told
& what to do best were & what teschewe
That plytid she ful oft in meny fold
Now was her hert warm now was it cold
And what she poght sumwhat y shal write
As to me myn autour lest for to endyte

(101)
She poght first pat Troylus persone [leaf 36, back]
She knew by sight & eke his gentilnes
And sayd puse al were it not to done
To graunte hym love al for pe worthines
hit were honour wip pley & wip gladnes
In honeste with such a lord to dele
For myn astate & also for his hele

(102)
Eke wale wote y my kingis sone is he
And seth he hath to se me such delite
If y wold vituriich his sight fte
Paraenture he myght have me in dispite
Thurgh which y myght stond in wone plite
Now were y a fole me hate to purchase
Wip-out nede wher y may stond in grace

(103)
In every ping y wote per lith mesure
For thogh a man for drunkenesse
He had forbode pat every creature
Be drinkes for al wey as y gose
Eke seth y wote for me is his distresse
I ought not for pat thing hym dispise
Seth hit is so he menith it in good wise
(104)

And eke y know of longe tyme agone
his thewys and þat he is not nyce
Ne auauntour certenly he is none
To wys is he to do so grete a vice
Ne as y nal neuer so hym cherise
That he may make auaunt by iuste cause
he shal me neuer bynd wip such a clause

(105)

Now set y a cas thus y-wys
Men myght demyn þat he lovip me
What dishonour were it to me this
May y hym lette why nay parde
I know also & alday here and se
Men lovyn wymmes al þis toun about
Be they þe wors nay wip-outyn dout

(106)

I thenc eke how able he is to have
Of al this noble toun the thriftest
That woman is so she her honour save
For out and out he is þe worthiest
Save only Ecour which þat is þe best
þat his lyf littal now in al my cure
But such is love & eke myn auenture

(107)

Ne me to love a wondir is it noghth
For wele wote y my self so god me spede
As wold y þat no man wist of þis þoght
I am one þe fayrest with-outyn drede
And goodliest ho so takith hede
And so men seyn in al þe toun of troy
What wondur is it þoght he on me have ioy.

(69)

"I am young, beautiful, charming, and gladsome.
2 "A widow, rich, noble, and beloved.

(69)

4 "Why should not I be in love?"

(75)

5 "If perchance honour forbids me this,
I will be prudent, and will keep my liking so hidden
That it shall not be known
That I have ever held a lover in my heart.

(73-75)

"This is no time for marrying. Besides, it is better to keep one's liberty, and husbands are by no means so ardent as lovers. Stolen waters are sweet. "Then do thou heartily receive thy sweet lover, who has certainly been sent thee by God, and satisfy his hot desire." But next came a revulsion of feeling.

(108)

I am myn owne woman wele at ese
I thonk it god aftir myn astate
Right yung & stond vntyd in lusty less
Wipout ielosye or eny such debate
Shal none husband say to me chokmate
For eiper þei be ful of ielosye
Or maystreful or lovyn nonelry

(109)

What shal y do to what fyn lyve y þus
Shal y not love in cas þat me lyst
What parde y am not in religious
& þoght þat y myn hert set at rest
vpon þis knyght þat is the worthiest
And kepe alwey myn honour & my name
By al right y may do me no shame

(110)

Bvt right as whan þe sonne shynith bright
In marche þat chaungith oft tyme his face
And þat a cloud þet put þe wynd to flight
þe which ouer-sprad þe sonne as for a space
A clowdy þoght gan þrugð her hert pace
þet ouer-sprad her opir thoughtis að
So þat for fere almost she gan to falt

(111)

That þoght was þis alas seth y am free
Shold y now love & put in iupardy
Mi sikirnes and thrallyn liberte
Alas how durst y thank þat foly
I may wele in othir folk aspy
her drellful ioy her constreynt & pleynt
þer loviþ none wiþ-out boþe care & peyn
(75-78)

"Knowest thou not how dreadful
A life is led languishing with love?"

'Love is full of sighing and jealousy. And then Troilus
is too great a man for me, and will soon leave me forlorn.
And the thing will be discovered, and I shall lose my
reputation. Then let me leave such lovemaking to those
who like it.' Next she began to sigh hard, "and could not
expel from her chaste bosom the handsome face of Troilus."

(112)

For love is yet pe most stormy lyf
Right of hym self pe euere was hygus
For euere some mystrust or nice strif
Ther is in love some cloudis in peasure susne
Perto we wrecychyd wyremen ne kun
Whan vs is wo but sit wepe & think
Oure wreche is our owne wo to drink

(113)

Also pes wikkdy tungs be so prest
To speke vs harm eke men be so vnrew
Pat right a-none [as] ceasid is her lest
So se[s]ith love & for to love a new
But harme ydon is don who so it rew
For foch pes men for love hem self vnoonde
Ful sharp byggynnyng brekith oft at ende

(114)

How oft tym may men rede & se
Pe tresoun pat to wymmen hath be done
To what is such love y can not se
Or wher bycomip it whan it is gone
Per is no wight pat wote y trow none
Wher it bycomip lo no wight on it spurnip
Pat anst was no thing in to no ping it turnip

(115)

How byay eke if y love y must be
To plesyn hem pat ianglyn of love & demen
And koy hem pat thei sey non harme by me
For foch per be no cause yet hem semyn
Al be for harme pat folk her fremdis quemyn
And who may stoppe eury wikkid tung
Or soun of bellis whil pei ben y-rung
(116)
And after þat þer þoght bygan to clere
And seyd ho that no thing vndir takith
No ping eschewip be hit leve or dere
And wip a-noþer þoght her hert quakith
þan aleþip hope & aftir drede awakith
Now hote now cold but þas bytwix twey
She rist her vp & went her for to ply

(117)
Adoun þe staire a-non right she went
Into a gardyn þere wip her necis thre
And vp & doun þai madyn meny a west
Flexipe & she tarke and Anteigne
To ply that it ioy was to se
And oper of her wymmes a grete route
her folowdyn in þe gardyn al about

(118)
þis þerd was large & raylþ þe Aleyes
And shadowyd wele with bloomy bowis grene
I-benchid new & sandid al þe wyes
In which she walkþ arms in arme bytwene
Til at þe last Anteigne the shene
Gan on a troiþ lay to syngyn clere
þat it an hevyn was for to here

(119) [Anteigne’s Song of Love.]
She seyd love to whom y have & shalt
Be humble sugst trew in myn entent
As y can best lord þeve y aþ
For euermore myn hertis lyf to rent
For þet þi grace no wight sent
So blisful cause as me my lyf to lede
In al ioy and seurte out of drede
(120)
Jo bliaful god have me so wele y-sette
In love y-wis jat al jat berith lyf
Ymagine ne coupe how to be bet
For lord wip-out easouy or strif
I love on which is moost ententif
To servyn wele vnwery & vnseynd
Jat euere was & lest wip harme distreynd

(121)
As he jat is pe welle of worthinesse
Of trouthe ground mirour of goodlyhede
Of wit apollo ston of Sikernesse
Of vertu rote fynder of lust & hede
Iwis which is alh sorow fro me dede
Iwis y love hym best so doth he me
Now good thrift have he wher so jat he be

(122)
Whom shold y thonk but jow god of love
Of al jis blys which jat y bathe yn
And jankyd be jow god for jat y love
This is pe right lyf jat y am yn
To flme al manere vice and synne
This doth me so to vertu entende
Jat day by day y am in wil amende

(123)
And who jat seith jat for to love is vice
Or thraldom poeth he fele in hit distresse
he is opir envious or nyce
Or is vnworthy for his shrewdenesse
To love for which manere folk y gesse
Diffamyn love as pei ef hym no jing know
pei spekyn mych but pei bent neuere his bow
(124)
What is þe sumne wore of kynd right
Thogh þat a man for felenes of eyen
May not endure to se on hit for bright
Or love þe wore þogh wreches on hit crier
Now wale is he worthi þat may no sorow drier
& for þi who þat hath an hede of verre
Fro caste of stonye ware hym in þe wære

(125)
Bvt y wiþ al myn hért & al my myght
As y have wol love vn to my last
My dere hert and al myn owne knyght
In which myn hert is growyn so fast
And his in me þat it shal euere last
All dred þat to love hym to bygynne
Now wote y wale þer is no payn ther yn

[End of Anteigne's Love-Song.]

(126)
And of her song right with þat word she stynt (ward) 876
And þerwith al now nece quod Cryseide
Who made þis song wiþ so good entent
Anteigne answerid anone & seyde 879
Ma dame y-wis the goodliest mayde
Of grete estat in al the toon of Troy
And leyd her lyf in most honour & ioy

(127)
Forsote so it semith by her song 883
Quod þo Cryseyd & gan þerwiþ to sike
And seyde is þer such blisse among;
þes lovers as þe kun faire endite 886
þe y-wis quod freshe Anteigne þe white
For al þe folk þat have or bene on lyve
Ne kun wale þe blisse of love discryve

(128)
Bvt wene þe that any wroche wote
The þorð bleþ of love may y-wys
þei wene al be love it on be hote
Do wey þei wote no þing of this
Men must ask of seyntis if it is
Oght fair in hevyn why for þei can telt
And axe of fendis if it be foul in heft

(129)
Cryseyd þer-to her no þing answerde
But seyd y-wis it wil be night as fast
But every word which þat she of herd
She put hit in her hert fast
And ay gan love her las for to gast
þat ded her oft sykyn in her hert
That she wax able sumwhat to convete

(130)
The dayes honour & the hevenis eye
The nightis foo al þis clepe y the sonne
Gan wreslyn fast & donward for to wry
As he þat had his dayes cours y-ronne
And whit þingis gan to wexe donne
For læk of light and sterri to spere
þat she and all her folk went home y-fere

(131)
So whan it likyd her to go to rest [leave 25, back]
And voydyd were þo þat voyd shold out
She seyd þat alepyn wale her lest
her wemen sone vn-to her bed her broght
Whan al was shet þat lay she stil & þoght
Of all þe thinges þe manère & þe wyse
Reheasyn þe nedij not for þe be wise [1 MS. Reheysn]

TROYLUS.
(132)
A nyghtynangle vpon a cedere grene
vndur þe chambrë was þer as she lay
Ful lowd song aþen þe mone shane
Perauntur in his briddis wise a lay
Of love which þat made her hert gay
her herkenyd she so long in good entent
Til at þe last dede slepe her hent

(133)
And as she slepe a-non right þo her1 met [1 MS. H]
how þat an Egyl fetherid whit as bone
vndur her brest her long clawis set
And out her1 hert rent & þat anone
And ded his hert in to her brest gone
Of which no ping she abasshid ne smert
And forth he fly wip hert left for hert

(134)
Now lete we her slepe & forth our talis hold
Of Troylus þat is to paleys ridyn
For þe scarmysahe of þe which y told
And in his chambræ syt and hath abydyn
Til iij or iij of his messagers þodyn
For Pandare & soghtyn hym so fast
Tul þei hym foundyn & broghtyn at þr last

(79)
Pandarus went to Troylus, and from afar called to him:
'Be of good cheer, for I've already managed a great part of
the affair.'

(135)
This Pandare come lepyng yn at ones
And sayd þus who hath be wel y-bete
To day wip swerdis & with slyngetonyys
But Troylus þat hath caghþ hym an hete
And gan to iape & sayd lord so þe swete
But ris & lete vs sope & go to reste
And he answerd do we as the leste
(136)
With al þe hast goodly þat þei myght
They sped from her sooper to her bed
And euer wight out at þe dore hym dight
& wher hym list vp on his wey hym sped
Troylus þat þonght þat his hert¹ bled
For wo ful he herd some tydyng:
he seyd frend shal y now wepe or synge
952

(137)
Quoð Pandarus ly stille and lete me slepe
And do doun þin hooð þi nedis sped be
& cheere if þou wilt daunce or syng or lepe
At short wordis þou shalt trust to me
Sir my nece wole do wale by the
And love þe best by god & be my troupe
But lack of pursute make it in þi aloupe
959

(138)
For þus ferforþ have þi work begunne
Fro day to day tul þis day by þþ morow
her love of frendship to þe have y wonne
And per-to hap she leyd her feip to borow
Algat sumwhat þatþe have lessid þi syrow
What shold y lenger sermons of yt hold
As þe have herd² byfor he al hym told³
966

(139)
But right as flouris þurgh cold of nyght
I-closid stoupyng her stalkys loue
Redresyn hem a-yen þe sonne bright
And spredyng in her right cours by row
Right so gan Troylus his eyen vp to throw
This Troylus and seyd venus dere
Thy might þi grace y-heried be it here
973

¹ These lines are borrowed by Boccaccio almost verbatim from Dante: also the next line but one.
(81)
1 Then he embrac'd Pandaruse a good thousand times;

(140)
And to Pandare he held vp bope his bondis
And sayd lord al thyyn be þat y have
For y [am] hole al broostyn be my bondis

2 So delighted

A thousand Troyes ho so þat me yave
Eche aftir opir god so wis me save
Ne might so me gladyn lo myne herte

3 That he would have been no more so if

But spredith so for loy it wil to-sterte

4 A thousand Troyes had been given him.

(89)
1 "What shall I do, Pandaruse? Thou sayst nought."

(141)
But lord how shal y do how shal y lyvin [medal, next]
When shal y next my dere hert se
how shal þis long tymes a-way be dryvin
Til þow be ayen at her fro me
Thow mayst answere abyshe abyshe but he
That hangith by þe nek þe soþe to seyn
In grete disease abysdith for the þeyn

(90)
2 "Nor have I dissembled,
Nor ever shall dissemble, to give succour to thy pains;
And I am always braceado
To do for thee, not only what bests,
But all things whatever.

(142)
Alsoe lyly now for þe love of Marte
Quod Pandaruse for every thing' hath tymes
So long sheby til þat the night departe
For alsoe sikar as þow be ayen by me
And goð tofor þow wol þe þer at pryme
And for thy werk sumwhat as y sey
Or on some oper wight þis charge ley

(143)
For perde god wote y have euere þet
Be redy the to serve & in-to þis night
have y not feynid but euere for my wit
Done al þi list & shal do wiþ mye might
Do now as y shal sey & fare ariȝt
And if þou nelt, wyte al þi self þe care
On me is not along þin evil fare
“I know that, in all matters, six to one,
Thou seest better than I; but nevertheless,
Were I in thee, I would write
The whole of my pain to her with my hand;
And hereupon I would beseech her by God,
And by love and of her courtesy,
That she would have some thought of me.

7 “And, this being written,
8 I will take it to her without delay.”

Y wote wolde þat þow wiser art than þy
A Mf fold but itf þow were as þow
God help me so as þow wolde viturly
Right of myne owne honde write her now
A lettre in which þow wolde telle her how
I ferd a-mys & her byseche of roupe
Now help þi selfe & leve it for no aloute

And þy my selfe shal þerwith to her gone
& whan þow wost þy am with her there
Worthe þou vpou a curser right anone
Je hardly right in thi best gere
And ride for-by þe place as noght ne were
And þou shal fynd vs if þy may sittynge
In some wyndow in-to þe strate lokynge

And if þou list þan mayst þou ve salwe
And vp-on me thou make thi contenence
But be thi lyf þe ware þat þow eachewe
To tarien oght god shald it fro mischaunce
Ride forth & hold thy gouernaunce
And we shal speake somwhat of þe þe y rowte
Whan þow art go to do þin eris glowe

Towchyng þis þou ar Wyse ynow
I wote þow wilt it dignymlye it endeite
Or make it with þes argumentis tow
Ne scryvenlyc or craftly þow it write
Biblote it with teris eke a lyte
And if þow write a goodly word al softe
Thogh þit be good reheers it not to ofte
(148)
For pogh the best harpoure vp-on lyve
Wold vp-on þe best sownyd ioly harpe
That euere was wip al his fingris fyve
Touche euere o strenge or euere o werble harpe
Were his naylis poyntid neuer so sharpe
he shold make euery wight to dull
To here his gle and of his strokis sult

(149)
Ne iompre eke no discordant thing in dere
As þus to vse termes of physikc
In lovys termes hold of thy matere
The fourme alwey & do þat it be lyk
For if a peyntour wold peynt a pykke
Wip assis feet & heed it as an ape
Hit corddid not so nere it but a iape

(93)
This counsel pleased Troilus much;
But, as a timid lover, he replied:
“Alas! Pandarus, thou wilt see,
As it is known that women are shamefaced,²
That Chrysis will reject the writing that thou shalt take,
For shame, with injurious words.”
¹ This has no direct equivalent in Chaucer; but his expression
“I am ashamed,” &c. may be a sort of reflex from it.

(94)
To this Pandarus replied: “If it please thee,
Do what I say, and then leave me to act;
For, so may Love set me in his peace,
I expect to bring thee back an answer thereto
Written with her hand; and, if thou likest not this,
Timid and sad thou mayst have to bide.
Thou wilt then repent for thy torment;
It will no more be in me to make thee happy.”

(150)
This counsell likyd wele to Troilus
But as a dreedful lover he sayd this
Alas my dere brothir Pandarus
I am ashamyd for to write y-wis
leyst of myn innocens y sayd a-mys
Or þat she nold hit for despite receyve
þan wer y dode þer might no pinge me weyve

(151)
To þat Pandare answerid if þow lyst
Do that y say lete me þer-wilt gone
For by that lord that fourmyd est & west
I hope of hit to bryng answerd anon
Right of her Hond & if þow melt nono
lete be & sorry mote he be his lyve
Ayens þi list þat helpith þe to thrive

[leaf 81, back]
(95) Then said Troilus: "Be
Thy pleasure done. I am going, and will write:
And I pray Love, of his courtesy,
The writing and the letter and the mission
He make fruitful."
To his dearest lady he wrote
A letter quickly, and thus he said.

(152) Quod Troylus depardere y assente
Seth pat pe list y Wolfe aryse & wryte
And blissful god pray ich in good entent
The viage & pe lettre y shal endite
So spede it and pow Minerus it write
Jeve pow me wyt my lettre to devise
& sete hym doun & wrote right in this wysey

(153) [Troilus's Letter.]

Ferst gan he her his right lady calle
his hertis lyf his list his sorowis leche
his blis & eke his opor termes alle
That in such cas pese lovers al seche
And in ful humble wyse as in his speche
he gan hym recomande to her grace
To tel al how hit axith mychil space

(103-106) I cannot, as is the wont, send you a salutation, for in
myself is no salubrity.
"I cannot avoid that which Love wills,
Who has erst made daring a viler than I;
And he constrains me to write the words.
Your image is always present to me.
"And me give pardon,
Prythee, my sweet hope.
"I well know that never
Was that for which I come deserved by service of mine.

(103-106) Be pitiful as you are lovely: you will understand me.
I had much else to say, but will only implore of Love
"that, as I am thine, so some day thou mayst become
mine, and never be severed from me."

(100, 102, 107) "From these things, lady, is born a fire
Which day and night tortures my soul,
Without allowing me to find stay or pause."
You alone can console me: for God's sake do it.
Having therefore written all these things
In a paper, he folded it orderly.

(154) And aftir ful lowly he her prayd
To be not wroth pogh he of his foly
So hardy to telle to write and seyd
jot love it made or ellis must he dy
And pytously gan mercy for to cry
And aftir he seyd and lyed lourd
he was lilet worth and lesse he cowd

(155) And pat she shold have his cunning excusid
That lilet was & eke he drod her so
And his vnworthynes he ay accusid
And aftir pat jay gan he telle his wo
And that was infynyte for Ay & oo1 [1-2 in a rather later hand]
And how he wold him alwey in trouj hold
And his sadew made and gan it fold2

[End of the Letter.]
‘You alone can console me: for God’s sake, do it.
And on his cheeks all tearful
He bathed the gem, and then sealed it.
And first he kissed it a hundred times and more—

Saying: “My letter, thou wilt be
Blessed, in hand of such a lady shalt thou come.”

Pandarus, taking the moving letter,
Went to Chryseis,—who,

When she saw him come, leaving
The company in which she was,

Said: “What affair
Now brings thee hither?”

And wip his salt teris gan he bath
The ruby in his signet & hit sette
Wp-on þe wex delierlich and rathe
Ther-wip a thousand tymes or he lette
He kyssid þo þe lettre þat he ahet
And sayd lettre a blissful destyne
The shapyn is my lady shal þe se

This Pandare vp þerwip & þat þe tyme
On morow & to his nesis paleys sterre
And seid alepe þe and it is pryme
And gan to iape & seyd þus myn hert
So freshe is it thoghł love it smert
I may alepe neure a mayes morow
I have a ioly wo & a lusty sorow

Criseyd whan þat she her vncele herd
With dредful hert and desirous to here
þe cause of his comyng þus answerd
Now by þour feith myn vncele quið she dere
What manere wynd gydith þow hidir here
Tel us þour wo and þour penaunce
how ferforþ þe þe þat in lovis daunce

By god quið he þy hope alwey behynd
And she to laghe as þogh her hert to-brest
[1 MS. ft]
Quid Pandarus loke al wey ye fynde
Game in myn hood but herkif if þow list
þer is right now come in-to þis toun a gest
A greke a spyes and tellith newe thinges
For which come þ to telle þow tydylnges
(160)
In-to þe gardyn go we & þe shul here 1114
Al pryvily of þis a long sermon
Wiþ þat they arme in arme y fere
In-to þe gardyn fro the chaumbir doun
And what þat he so ferre was þat þe soun
Of his wordis no man here myght
He seyd þus & out þe lettre plight 1120

(161)
Lo he þat is al holy youris fre 1121
Recomandith hym as lowly to your grace
And sent to yow this lettre here by me
Avisith yow on hit whan þe have space 1124
And some goodly answere yow purchase
Or help me god so playnly for to seyn
he may not longe lyvyn for his peyn 1127

// "And some answer will make him joyous.
/ "Him whom for thee I seem to see
Dying, so little hast thou care of him."

(162)
Chryseis remained timorous,
Without taking it; and a whit her pleasant
Countenance changed.

// "Oh! leave it not with me, my Pandarus!
// "Have regard
Somewhat for me—not only for the young man.

Ful dredfully þo gan she stonde sthil 1128
And toke hit not and al her humble chere
Gan for to chaunge and seyd hym sthil
For love of god þat touchip such materre
No bring me none and also vnclere dere
To myn estate have more reward y pray
Than to his lust what shold y more say 1134

(163)
"Look now whether that which thou askest is fesitting.

"And see whether I do well in taking it [the letter].
"And whether, to alleviate the pains
Of another, one ought to do an act dishonest in oneself.
"Carry it back, for the love of God!"

And lokith now if this be reasonable 1135
And letþþ noþer for fayour ne for slouthe
To say a sothe now were hit cudeneable
To myn estate by god & by your troupe
To takyn it or havyn of hym rouþe
In harmynge of my selfe or in reprefe
Bere it a-þen for hym þat þe on love 1141
(164)

Pandurs was a little perturbed at this,
Said:

This is a strange thing to think on—
That what is most desired by women,
Of this they all show themselves loth and indignant,
Before other people.

"Now this deny me not."

She took it, and put it in her bosom.

(165)

But pus ye faryn wel ny al and some
That he pot most desirith 3ow to serve
Of hym 3e recyn lest wher he bycome
Or whethir he dye or ellis starve
But for al that pot euere y may deserve
Refuse 3e it not quod he & hent her fast
And in her bosom doun 3e lettre cast

(166)

And seyd cast it now a-way anone (best) 1155
That folk may se & gawryn on vs twey
Quod she y can abyde tul they be gone
And gan to smyle and seyd hym Emo y pray
Such answere as 3ow lyst hym purvey
For truly y nel no lettre wyte
No than wol y quod he so pot 3e endite

(167)

Therwith she lough & seyd go we dyne
And he gan at hym self tho iape fast
And seyd y have so grete a pyne
For that every othir day y fast
And gan his best iape forp cast
And made her so laghe at his folly
That she for laghtir went for to dy
She went into her chamber.
She read and re-read it with pleasure.

She perceives that Troilus is indeed smitten. This pleases her, for she is the same, altho' she had not allowed it to appear. She says to herself: 'I must find time and place to extinguish this fire. Otherwise people will discover that I am love-lorn; and it is no intention of mine to die, or to make some one else die, when I can heal both to our mutual satisfaction. Next time Pandarus comes, I will show no coyness. 'No one shall have to call me pitiless to Troilus: ah, were I but now in his sweet arms, clasped face to face!'—Pandarus returns to Chryseis.

Avisid word by word in every lyne
And fond no lak' she pognit he cowd good
And put hit vp & went her for to dyne
But Pandarus pat in a study stood
Ar he was ware she toke hym by p' hood
And seyd ye were caught or ye wyst
I wouches saif quod he doth right as ye lyst

Tho wyshyn pei and setyn down to ste
And aftir none ful alely Pandarus
Gan draw hym to pe wyndow next p' strete
And seyd nece ho hath arayed thus
Pe sondur hous pat stont a forgens vs
Whiche hous quod she & come for to behold
And knew it wele & whos it was hym told

And smiling he said: "Lady, what
Think'st thou of my friend's writing?"
``She immediately turned red,
Without saying any more but “God knows.”
“Pray,” said Pandarus, “think how to content him.”

I. e. (according to the context in the Filostrato) to send a reply in writing.
If Chrysis yields to the pity which she feels for Troilus, we might expect that he would thereby be much (not “little”) contented. The meaning appears to be that, tho’ she is willing to content him as far as circumstances admit, regard for her reputation will make his fruition scanty.

And she to him: “I hardly know how to do it.”
Chrysis promises to write, as Pandarus presses her so much.

“But pray God the thing may go well!”

And she, in one corner
Of her chamber,
Sat down to write in this manner.

I shall be glad to content you, so far as my honour and chastity may allow. I received your letter; but know not how to meet your wishes, “as I mean to keep well and whole that which is most to be prized in the world—namely, to live and die in honour.” To gratify you would be well, if the world were what it ought to be; but, such as it is, so we must use it, or else suffer the consequences.

To the pity which made me feel for thee,
In my own despite, I must nevertheless yield—
Whereby thou wilt be little contented by me.”

 Therewith al rosy hewyd þo wax she
And gan to humme & seyd so y trow
Aqwyte hym wel for goddis love quod he
My selfe þe mede wol þe lettre sow
& held his hondis vp & fil on know
Now good nece be hit neure so lyte
Jef me þe labour hit to sow & plite

Jef for y can so write quod she þo
And eke y note what y shold hym sey
Nay nece quod Pandare sey not so
Jef at þe lest thank hym y prey
Of his good wil & doth hym not to dey
Now for þe love of me my nece dere
Refusith not at þis tyde my prayere

Depardeux quod she god leve al be wele
God help me so þis is þe seust lettre
Pat euere y wrote þe alle & every dale
And in a closet for to vyse her bettere
She went & bygan her hert vnfettre
Out of dasenous prison but a lyte
And sate her doun & gan her lettre write

Of which to tell in short is myn estent
The efect as y can vndestonde
She þonkyd hym of þat he wel ment
Towardis her but holdyn hym in honde
She nold not ne make her selues bonde
In love but as his suster hym to plese
She wold ay fayn to do his hert an ese

1198
1201
1204
1205
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1212
1215
1218
1219
1222
1225
She folded it, and sealed it, and gave it to Pandarus.

'You will make allowances. Were it not derogatory, I would willingly do as you wish. Possibly the time will yet come. Be as patient as you can. "I say no more, but that I pray God to content thy desire and mine."

'But she will change her tone ere long.'

(176)
She shet it & to Pandare yn to gone bere as he sate and lokyd in to the strete And dow she set her by hym on a stone Of Iaspar on a cousyyn wip gold ybete And sayd As wyaly help me god pe grete I neure dyd a thynge wip more peyne Pan write pis to which ye me constreyne

(177)
And toke it hym he ponkyd her & seyd God wote of thing ful lothe bygume Comith ende good & nec myn cryesyd Oght ye glad by god & jondur somne For why men seyn impressions lyght
Ful redy bene ay lighty to the flight

(178)
Bjt ye have playd ye tirant ny to long And hard was it your hert for to grave Now stynt ye no longer ye hong
Aly wold ye ye fourme of daunger save But hastiow to do hym joy have For trustith wele to long don hardnes Causith despite ful oft for distres

(179)
And right as pei declarid pis mater
To Troylus right at pe strete ende
Come rydyng wip his x soame y fere
Al softely and tidward gan he bend
Per as pei sate as was his wey to wende
To paleys ward & Pandare hym aspyde
And seyd noce y se ho comip here ryde
(180)
O fies not yn he seyd as ye suppose
lest he may think þat þe hym scoweth
Nay nay quod she & wax as rede as rose
Wip þat he gan her humbly to salewe
Wip dredeful chere & of þe his newe newe
And vp his looke debonerly he cast
And bekkyd on Pandare & forþ he past

(181)
God wote if he sate on his hors a-right
Or goodly was byseyn þat ilk day
God wote wher he was lyk a manly knyght
What should þe dreeche or telle of his array
Criseyd which þat all þis þing say
To tel in short she lykkyd al in fere
his persone array his loke & his chere

(182)
His goodly manere and his gentilnesse
So wele þat neure seth þat she was born
Ne had she suche roupe of his distresse
& how so she hath bene hard here byform
To good hope hath she caught a thorn
She shal nat pul it out þis next weke
God send mo suche þornes on to steke

(183)
Pandre which þat her stood fast by
Felt þe iryn hote and he gan to amyte
And seyd seye þe pray sow hertily
Tel me þat þe shal axyn now a lyte
A woman þat were of his deþe to wyte
With-out his gilt but for her lac of roupe
Were it wele do nay quod she by my troupe
(184)

God help me so quod he ye seyn ful sothe
ye falyn wele your selfe pat y ne lye
lo 23and he ridith ye quod she so he dope
Wele quod Pandare as y have told 30w thrie
leste be your nycete and your foly
And spekiȝ wip hym in eyng of his hert
leste nycete not do 30w bope smert

(185)

But þerow was to heve & to done
Considerid al þing wele it may not be
For why for speche & it were al to sone
To graunte hym so grete a libertè
Eke pleynly her entent as seyd she
Was for to love hym vnwist if she myght
& gwerdon hym wip no þing but wif sight

(186)

But Pandare þoghþ it shold not be so
If that y may this nyce opinion
Shal not be hold fully þerie two
What shold y make of þis a long sermon
he must assent on þat conclusion
Al for þe tyme & when it was eve
And al was wele he roos & toke his lave

(187)

Who soon, seeking for young
Troilus, went to him with it.

And on his wey ful fast homward he sped
And right for joy he felt his hert daunce
And Troilus he fond alone a bed
That lay as done þes lovers in a traunce
Bytwix hope and derk' deepuraunce
But Pandare right at hys in-comynge
he song as who seith sumwhat y bryng'
And presented it to him with supreme delight.

Who, taking it, read what was written therein,
With haste, and sighing,
Changing his heart according to the words.

But yet at last, pondering within himself
Well everything that she had written,
He said inly: "If I understand her,
Love constrains her; but, like a misdoer,
She still goes covering herself under shield."
And the like appeared also
To Pandarus, with whom he spoke out all;
Wherefore Troilus takes heart more than his wont,
Somewhat laying aside his sad distress.
3/ From day to day his ardour grew the more;
And, altho' hope sustained him
To endure, yet was it heavy to the heart.
Wherefore more than once, from his great fervour
It may be guessed, he wrote letters.

3/ Wherfor y sey alwy se bope day & nyght
This Troylus gan to desiryn more
Thurgh hope and dede his nyght
To pres on as by Pandarus lore
And wrote to her of his sorowis sere
For day by day he lete her not reffreye
bat by Pandare sumwhat he wrote or seyd

(192)
(193)
(194)
(195)

He often complained of Love, and of the procrastination
of Chrysæus. Pandarus frequently used his urgencies with
her—"who, altho' she listened willingly to him, said: "‘I
can no more: I do towards him as thou bastest me, dear
my brother.'" Pand. : "This is not enough: you must
console him and speak to him." Chrys. : "Never: I will
never yield up to him my honour. I will always love him
as a brother." Pand. : "This crown [of chastity] the
prie's and praise in those from whom they cannot flich it.
They all talk like saints; and then they catch you all
napping. No one will ever know anything about Troilus.'"
Do good while the chance offers.' Chrys. : 'In aught not
touching my honour, I am his.' Pand. : 'Then why would
you have him die?' Chrys. : 'Ah, Pandarus! you are my
ruin! I shall lose my honour! ' ‘Now I can no more:
since such is thy pleasure, I am content to do his will.'
But, for Heaven's sake, keep it secret, and make Troilus do
the same.' Pand. : 'No fear of that.' Chrys. : 'As your
own honour also is at stake, I can believe you will be
silent.' Pand. : 'When shall Troilus come to speak to
you? The sooner the better.' Chrys. : "'Thou know'st
TROYLUS.
that in this house there are women and others with me, some of whom will have to go to the forthcoming feast; and then I will be with him. He must not be vexed at this delay. I will then talk with thee of the manner, and of his coming. 'Only see to his being discreet, and managing well to conceal his ardour.'

(196)

And certainly y note if pow it woost But pō pat bene expert in love hit sey hit is on of pō thingis pō furthrip most A man to have a l eyer for to prey And a sykir place his wo to wrey For in good hert yt mote some wo impresse To here and se pē gillies yn distresse

(197)

Parauntir ūnkyst pō if it be so That kynd wold do her for to bygynne To have a maners routhe vp on my wo Seip daunger pān pō shalt me neuer so wyn So ruli þer her hertis gost with yn þat thogh she bend yet stont a root What in effect is þis vn to my boot

(198)

Thenk her-aþens þat whan þe sturdy okes On whiche men hakkyn oft for þe nones And receyved haþ þe gret fallyng strokes þe gret swyfþ dōþ it þan fal at ones As done þes rokkkes or þes mylstones For swyfþer cours comiþ þing þat is of weight Whan it descendith þan do thingis light

(199)

Bvt rede þat blowþ doun with every blast lyghtly oesid þe wynd it wil vp ryse But so nel not an oke whan it is cast hit nedip me not þe long for to wyse Men shul rejoyse of a gret enseĭse Achieve it wille & stond wiþ-out dout Al have men be þe lenger þer about
(200)

But Troylus telle me if ye lyst
A thing which ye shal aryyn ye
Which is ye brothir ye crow love best
As ye verrey hertis pryvite
I-wis my brothir deiphebus quod he
Quod Pandere or oures prises twelve
He shal ye e se vnwist of hit hymselfe

(201)

Now lete me alone & work as ye may
Quod he & to deiphebus went he tho
Which had his lord & grete frend ben ay
Save Troylus no man he lovid so
To telle in short with-out wordis mo
Quod Pandere y pray crow deiphebus yat ye be
Frend to a cause which yat touchip me

(202)

3es parde quod deiphebus wel crow woost
In al yat eure y may and god to fore
Al nere hit but for men y love most
My brother Troylus but say wherfor
hit is for seth ye day that y was bore
I nas no eure to be y thanke
Ayens a thing yat myght ye forthenke

(203)

Pandere gan hym to thanke & sayd
Lo here ye have a lady in this toun
That is my nece and callid is Cryseyd
Which some men wold done oppression
And wrongfully hane her possessioun
Wherfor ye of youre lordship crow byseche
To be our frend wipout more speche
(204)

Deiphebus answerd o is not this  
That pow spekist of to me pus strongly  
Of Cryseyd my frend he seyd jis  
Than nedith quoct deiphebus hardily  
No more of jis for trusstith welo pat y  
Wole be her champion with sperre & yerd  
I roght not jough al her foos hit hered

(205)

Bvt tel me how for pow woost of this matere  
hit might best now availyn lete se  
Quoct Pandare if se my lord so dere  
Woldyn as now do this honour to me  
To prayen her to morow lo pat shes  
Come vn to your hous your pleyntis to devise  
her aduersaries woldyn of hit grise

(206)

O if xat more y duret pray as now  
& charge sow to have so grete travaile  
To have some of your bretherin wip sow  
That might in her cause bet availe  
Than wote y she might neuere falle  
To be holp what at your instaunce  
What with her othir frendis susteneunce

(207)

Deiphebus which xat comyn was of kynd  
To al honour and bounte to conseinte  
Answerd hit shal be do & I can fynd  
set gretter halp of this in myn entent  
What wol to seyne if y for Elyyn sent  
To speke of jis y trow it be the best  
She may ledyn Paris as her lest
(208)

Of Ector which is my lord my brothir
hit nedith not to pray hym fred to be
For y have herd hym bothe o tyme & ojer
Speke of Crisseyd which honour pat he
May sey not bet such hap to hym hath she
So nedith not vs more hulp to crave
he shal be such right as we wole hym have

(209)

Speke pow thy self also to Troylus
On my byhalve & pray hym wiþ vs dyne
Sir al this shal be done quod Pandarus
And toke his leve and neutre gan to fyne
But to his necis hows as straith as lyne
he come & fond her fro the mete arise
And sate hym doun and spak right in þis wise

(210)

He seyd a verray god so y have ronne
Lo noce myn se þe not how y swele
I note wheþer þe me the more thonk cowne
Be ye not ware how þat fals polyfete
Is now about eftsones for þow to plete
And bring on þow aduocaries newe
I no quod she & chaungid al her hewe

(211)

What is he more a-bout me for to dreche [Line 17 lost] 1471
And do me wrong whal shal y do alas
Yet of hym self no þing wold y recche
Ner it for Antenore and Eneas
þat bene his frendis in such maner cas
But for þe love of god myn vncle dere
No fors of yt lete hym have al þe fere
(212)

Whip out that ye have ye now for us
Nay quo? Pandare it shall no ping be so
For ye have right now spoke with Deiphobus
And Ector and myn othr lordis mo
And shortly made eche of hem his fo
That be my thrift he shal it neuer wyn
For oght he can whas so that he bygyn

(213)

And as he castyn what was best to done
Deiphobus on his owne curtesy
Come her to pray in his propre persone
To hold on þe morow cumpayn
At dyner which she nold not deny
But goodly gan to his prayer obey
he thankid her & went vp on his way

(214)

Whan þis was done þis Pandare vp anone
To tel in short & forth he gan to wende
To Troylus as stil as eny stone
And al þis thing he told hym word & ende
& how þat Deiphobus gan he to blende
And said now is tyme if þat þou kunne
To bere þe wele to morow & al is wonne

(215)

Now speke now pray now pitously compleyne
Leve not for nice shame or drede or slouþe
Some tyme a man must telle his peyne
Byleve it & she wil have on þe rouþe
þou shalt be sauid by thi faith & trouþe
But wele wote y þou art now in a drede
And what it is y ley y can it rede
(216)

\[\text{Dow } \text{jenkist now how shold y do al this} \quad \text{(1506)}\]

For by my chere mustyn folk' aspye
That for love is \( \text{p}\)at y fare a mys
Yet had y lover vnwist for sorrow dye
Now \( \text{jenk} \) not so for \( \text{you} \) dost grete foly
For y right now have found me materes
Of sleight to keueryn al thy chere

(217)

\[\text{Dow ahalt go to nyght } \& \text{ pat as blyve} \quad \text{(1513)}\]

To decepbeus hous as for to play
The malady away \( \text{p} \)e bet to dryve
For why \( \text{you} \) semist sike the sothe to sey
So aftir \( \text{p} \)at doun in pi bed \( \text{p} \)e ley
And sey \( \text{you} \) mayst no lenger vp endure
And be right tabide \( \text{p} \)en aventur

(218)

\[\text{Sey } \text{pat } \text{pe feuere is the wont to take} \quad \text{(1520)}\]

The same tyme and last til a morow
& let se now how wel \( \text{you} \) canst it make
For pardes sike is he \( \text{p} \)at is in sorrow
Go now fare wele and venes here to borow
I hope & \( \text{you} \) pis purpos hold ferme
Thy grace she shal fully the conferme

(219)

\[\text{Quod} \quad \text{Troylus ywis now nedeles} \quad \text{(1527)}\]

Counsellist \( \text{p} \)ou me \( \text{p} \)at sike y me fayne
For y am sake in earnest douteles
So \( \text{p} \)at wel ny y sterve for the peyne
\[\text{Quod} \quad \text{Pandare} \quad \text{p} \text{ow ahalt } \text{p} \text{e betir pleyne}\]
And hast \( \text{p} \)e lesse nede contrefete
For hym men deme hoot \( \text{p} \)at men se swete
Lo hold þe at thy triste close and y
Shal wele þe dere vn to thy bowe dryve
þerwip he toke his leue al softly
And Troilus went to paleys as blyve
So glad was he neuere in al his lyve
And to Pandarus rode gan al assente
And to Deiphebus hous at nyght he went

What nodeþ me to telle yow al þe chere
That Deiphebus vn to his broþer made
Or his actis or his sikly manere
how men gan hym with cloþes for to lade
When he was leyd & how men wold hym glade
But al for noght he held alwey þe wise
þat þe han herd Pandare or þis devise

Bvt certeyn is or Troylus hym had leyd
Deiphebus had hym prayd ouer nyght
To be a frend & helpynge to Cressid
God wote þat gruuntid he a-none right
To be her ful frend wþ al his might
But such a node was to pray hym þen
As to pray a wodeman for to ren

The morow come & neighyn gan y’ tyme
Whan þat þe faire quene Elyne
Shope her to be an hour aftir prime
With Deiphebus whom she wold not feyne
But as his sustur homly þe sothe to seyne
She come to dyner in her pleyn entent
But god & Pandare wist non what it meng
(224)
Come eke Criseid innocent of this
Anteigne her sustur Marbe also
But fle now prolixite best is
For love of god & let vs fast go
Right to ye effect wip out talis mo
Whi al pis folk assemblid in pis place
& let vs of her salwyng pace

(225)
Grete honour ded hem Deiphebus certein
And fed hem wip al pot might lyke
But overmore alas was his refrein
My good trew bropir the sike
lith yet & þerwip-al gan he sike
& after þat he peynid hym to glade
hem as he might & good chere hem made

(226)
Compleynid eke Eleyne of his siknessse
So faithfullly þat pitee was to here
And every wight gan woxe for þe accessee
A leche a-none and seyd on þis manere
Men curith folk; þis charme y wol þe lere
But þer sat on al lest her not to toche
That jought best cowd þet be his leche

(227)
Aftir compleynyt hym gynnyn þei to please
As folk do þet whan some men have bygus
To praise a man & vp wip pris him reise
A Mt fold þet hier þan þe sun
he is he can þat fewe lordis kun
And Pandarus of þat þei wold afferme
he not foryat her preysing to conferme
(228)
Hard alwey pis crised wele ynow
And every word gan for to notifie
For which wip sobre chere her hert loght
For ho is he pat nold her glorifie
To wyn such a knyght to lyve or dye
But al passe y lest y to longe dwelle
For o payn is not al pat y of telle

(229)
Pe tyme come fro dyner to ryse
And as here oght pei raiyn euerychone
And gus a whyle of: pis & pat devise
But Pandare brak al pat speche anon
And seid to Deiphebus wil 3e gone
If it 3our wil were as y 3ow prayd
To speke here of pe nodis of Crissayd

(230)
Eleyn which pat by pe hond her hald
Toke fust pe tale & seyd go we blyve
And goodly on Crissid she byheld
And seid Iovis lethe hym neuere thrive
Pat dop 3ow harme or bryng hym sore of lyve
& seve me sorow but he shal it rew
If pat y may & al folk be trewe

(231)
Tel þou þi necis cas quoed Deiphebus
To Pandare for þou canst it best telle
Mi lordis & my ladies it stont þus
What ahold y lenger make 3ow dwelle
he rong out þe processe as a belle
vp on her foo þat hight Poliphete
So haynous þat men might on hit spete
(233)
Answerd of his eche wor of hem þan on þer
And Poliphete gun they to warien
hangid be such on were he my broþere
& so he shal for he ne may not tarien
What shold y lenger in þis tale tarien
Pleynly at ones al þei her hightyn
To be her frendis al þat þei mightyyn

(233)
Spak þan Eleyne & seid þan Pandarus
Wote oght my lord my broþer þis mater
I mene Êctor or wote hit Troilus
He seid her 3e but he seid wol 3e here
Me thought þat Troilus is here
It were good if 3e wulff assent
She told hym her self al þis or she stent

(234)
For he wil have more her grete at hert
By cause lo þat she a lady is
& by your love y wolde but right yn stert
And do yow wyte & þat a-none y-wis
If þat he slepe or wil not here of þis
And ym he lepe & seid hym in his ere
God have þi soul y-brought y have þi bere

(235)
To smelyn of þis þo bigan Troylus
And Pandarus þo wip-out rekenyng:
Out went a-none to Eleyne and Deiphubes
And seid hem so þer be no taryng
Ne more pres he wole wele þat þe bring
Criside my lady þat is here
& as he may endure he wol 3ow here
(236)
Bvt wele 3e wote þe chambre is but lyte & few folk may lightly make hym warme
Now lokip for y wele have no wyte
To bring in prese þat might do hym harme
Or him disesse for my betir harme
Wher it be betir to byde tul eftsones
Now lokip þe þat wite what to done is

(237)
Y sey for me best as y can knowe
þat no wight yn wend now but þe twey
But it were y for y can in a throwe
Reherce her cas vnlike þat she can sey
And aftir þis she may hym ones pray
To be good lord in short & take her leve
þis may not mychil of þis esse hym greve

(238)
And eke for she is straunge he wil forbere
his esse which hym oght not for þow
Eke oþir þing þat touchip not to here
he wil þow tel y wote it wel right now
þat secrete is & for þe tumnis prow
And þe þat no þing knew of his entent
Without more to Troilus yn þei went

(239)
Eleyne in al her goodly soft wyse
Gan hym salue & womanly him plye
And seid y-wis 3e must algate arise
Now fair broþer be al hole y pray
& gan her arme on his right shuldir lay
And hym wiþ al her wit to conforte
As she best coupe she gas hym diporte
(240)
So after pis quod she we 3ow byseche 1674
My dere brohir Deiphebus and y
For loue of god and so Pandare eke
To be good lord & frend ful hertily
Vn to Crisieid which jet certeiny
Receyvyt wrong as wote wel here Pandare
jet can her cos wel but jet y declare 1680

(241)
This Pandare gan now his tung a-vyle 1681
[sent 60, 61ck]
And al her cas reherce & jet a-none
What it was he seid sone afir in a while
Quod Troilus as sone as y may gone
I wole right fyn wip al my might alone
have god my troupe her cause sustene
Good prift have 3e quod Eleyne jet quene 1687

(242)
Quod Pandarus And hit your wil be 1688
jet she may take her leve or jet she go
Or ellis god forbede it quod he
If jet she vouchip safe to do so
And wip jet word quod Troylus 3e to
Deiphebus & my sustir love & dare
To 3ow have [y] to speke of a matere 1694

(243)
To be avisid by your rede jet bettre 1695
And had as hap was at his beddis hede
Jet copie of a tretis & a lettre
That Ector had hym sent to axin rede
If such a man was worthy to be dede
Note y not how but in a grialy wise
he prayed hem on it a-none a-vise 1701


(244)
Deiphbus gan pis lettre to vnfolde
In Ernest grete so ded Eleyne pe qwene
And romyng vtward fast it gan byhold
Donward a stair in to an herber grene
pis ilk ping pei reddy hem bytwene
And largelly pe montaunce of an hour
pei gun on hit to reddy and to pour

(245)
Now letse hem rede & turne we anonc
To Pandare pat gan ful faste pri
tat al was wel & out he gan to gone
Into pe grete chambre and pat in hy
And seid god save al pis cumpanye
Come nece myn my lady qwene Eleyne
Abidith sow & eke my lordis twyne

(246)
Rys take wip sow your nece Anteigne
Or whom sow lyst or no fors hardily
pe lasse pres the bot com forth with me
And lokip pat so ponc humbly
hem al thre & whan 3e may goodly
3our tyme is taki of hem 3our leve
lest we to longe his restis hym byrve

(247)
Al innocent of Pandarus entent
Quod so Criseyd go we vncle dere
And arme in arme ynward with hym she went
Avising her wele of her wordis & chere
And Pandarus in ernefulest manere
Al folk for goddis love y pray
Styntith right here & softly sow play
(248)
Avisiþ 3ow what folk be her yn
And in what plite on is god him amende
And ynwardly þus ful softly begunne
Nece y conjure & holy 3ow defende
On his halþ which vs souls hath sende
And in þe vertue of corounys tweyn
Sle not þis man þat hath for 3ow þis peyn

(249)
For on his dele þenk one which he is
And in what plite he liþe come of a-none
Thenk al such taried tyde lost it is
þat wil ye boþe seyn whan þe bene one
Secondly þer it deignith none
vp on 3ow two come of if þe kun
Whil folk is blent lo al þis tymse is won

(250)
In tyterynge in pursute & delayes
þe folkþ devyne at waggyng of a stre
þat þoght 3e wold have aftir mery dayes
þan dore ye not for why she & she
Spak such a word þus lokyd he & he
lest tymse be lost y dare not wiþ 3ow dele
Come of þerfor & bring 3e hym to hele

(251)
But now to 3ow þe loner þat bene here
Was Troillus not in a kankerdote
þat lay & myght the whistrying of hem here
And þoght a lord now rennith my sort
Fully to dethe or have a-none comfort
And was þe fast tymse he ahold her prey
Of loun a myghty God what shal he say

[End of Book II.]
Boccaccio now reinvokes his lady, as he prepares to recount the amorous bliss of Troilus. The Prince, tho' still longing for more, was well pleased with the amount of favour he already enjoyed from Chryseis. Pandarus, after leaving her, rejoined him in a temple, drew him aside, and said:

'I have fashioned Chryseis to your will.'

'The delight will be mine: to you am I beholden for it.' Pandarus was contented with the assurances of Troilus.

Meanwhile the appointed time arrived. Chryseis called for Pandarus, and told him as much. Pandarus regretted that Troilus had gone away on some warlike emergency, but sent a messenger to recall him. The two friends concerted together their course of action. They then went secretly to the house of Chryseis, the night being dark and thick; and Troilus entered alone into a private quarter of the mansion, already hushed. "Chryseis had well heard him enter, and, as had been agreed, she coughed so that he should hear. And, in order that he might not be wearied in waiting, she often spoke in a decisive tone, and hastened all her people off to sleep, saying that she felt so drowsy that she could no longer keep awake." She then went down at once to the lurking-place of Troilus, torch in hand. "Him she saluted; then said, as best she could, "Sir, if I have offended by keeping shut up in such a place thy royal splendour, I pray thee for God's sake to pardon me, sweet my desire." To whom said Troilus: "'Fair lady, sole hope and bliss of my mind, the star of thy beautiful face, splendid and lustrous, has ever been before me, and this little den has been dearer to me, certes, than my palace; and to ask pardon for such a matter is out of place!' Then he embraced her, and they kissed mouth to mouth. A thousand kisses and caresses succeeded, and they mounted the stairs to the chamber.

They undressed, and entered the bed; where the lady, already in her last smock, said to him playfully: "'My mirror, new brides are shamefaced the first night.'" To whom said Troilus: "'My soul, I pray thee let me have thee in my arms naked as my heart longs for.'" And she then: "'Away with it!'" "And, throwing off her smock, she quickly nestled into his arms; and, clasping one another with fervour, they knew the last bliss of love.

'And I should hope to return in due time.'

'Love has so enthralled me for you that, even if I wished to be heart-whole, I could not succeed.'

'I will recall you as soon as ever I can.'

He returned at night to the same place of concealment in the house of Chryseis. She also came down as before. Chryseis protests her love in terms of the most fervent emphasis: Troilus does the like. They are both profuse in lovers' prattle and in caresses.

The sun seems to them to have risen much earlier than usual.
BOOK III.

(1) [Proem.]

O blisful light of which þe bemes clere
Adornith æl þe thrid hevyn faire
O sonnyæ leef O Iovis doghtir dere
Plesaunce of loun O goodly deboyncyræ
In gentil hertis redy to reperæ
O verray cause of helæ & of gladness
I-heried be þi myght and þi goodnes

Heaven, earth, the sea, and hell,
Each feels in itself thy potency,
O clear Light! And, if I discern the truth,
The plants, the seeds, and the grass, in like wise,
The birds, the beasts, the fish, with eternal
Vapour 2 feel thee in the pleasant time,—
And men and gods: nor does a creature
In the world avail or endure without thee.

Thou first to the high effects
For which all things live and are
Movedst Jove joyous, O beautiful goddess; and mild
Thou often makest him 8 to the troublous works
Of us mortals; and merited weeping
Thou turnest into glad and delightful feasts;
And thou hast sent him down either in a thousand forms,
When thou hast wounded him now for one woman
And now for another.

TROILUS.
Thou, at thy pleasure, makest fierce Mars benign
And humble, and chasest away all ire:
Thou expellest cowardice, and with high disdain
Thou fill'st him who sighs for thee, O Goddess!
Thou deserving and worthy of lofty lordship
Makest every one according as he desires;
Thou makest all courteous and well-mannered
Who are a whit inflamed with thy fire.  

1 Hercules was in love: why not I? I bless the moment
I fell in love with so perfect a creature—and all my love-pangs; and most of all God for having created her. For others be realms, riches, arms, horses, woods, hounds, birds, the studies of Pallas, and the prowess of Mars! For me my lady suffices, and exalts me above Jove. Oh may she never be another's!  

Thou in unity houses and cities,
Realms and provinces and the whole world,
Holdest, beautiful Goddess; thou of friendships
Art certain cause, and dear fruit of them;
Thou only knowest the hidden qualities
Of things—whence thou forseest such a construction;
That thou makest to marvell
Any who know not how to estimate thy power.

Thou, O Goddess, seest all to the universe,
Whereby it maintains itself in being:
Neither is any one adverse to thy son
But he repents of it, if he endures to be.

1 It is curious to observe how Chaucer sometimes shuffles about Boccaccio's lines. In this stanza we have Chaucer's line 1 corresponding to Boccaccio's 1 and 2; 2 to 5; 3 to 8; 4 to 5; 5 to 7, but with the word "beigne" coming out of line 1, where the Italian poet applies it to Mars; 6 to 6; 7 corresponds perhaps to 4, rather than any other line.
2 "Onde il costrutto vi metti tal," &c. This phrase is not entirely clear to me, but I understand it in the sense which the translation conveys. Chaucer's expression "may not construe," &c. is evidently derived herefrom.

\[\text{\scriptsize (4)}\]
\begin{align*}
\text{Je fere Mars apesyn of his yre} & \quad 22 \\
\text{& as zow list je makyn hertis digno} & \\
\text{Algatis hem dat je wil set a fyre} & \\
\text{Bei dreyne shame & voce bei reigne} & \quad 25 \\
\text{Je do hen curteys to be & benigne} & \\
\text{& hys or low aftir dat a wicht entendith} & \\
\text{Je ioyes he hath your myght hym sendith} & \quad 28 \\
\end{align*}

\[\text{\scriptsize (5)}\]
\begin{align*}
\text{Je holdyn regne & hous in vnyte} & \quad 29 \\
\text{Je sothfist cause of frondships bene also} & \quad \text{[sam 45]} \\
\text{Je know al thilke couerid qualite} & \\
\text{Of pingis which dat folk on wondrin so} & \\
\text{When dei may not construe how it may io} & \quad 32 \\
\text{She lovith or why he lovith here} & \\
\text{As whi dat fissh not comith to dat were} & \quad 35 \\
\end{align*}

\[\text{\scriptsize (6)}\]
\begin{align*}
\text{Je folk of lawe have set in universe} & \quad 36 \\
\text{And jis know y by hem dat louers be} & \\
\text{Pot who so stryvith wip so wheth pe were} & \\
\text{Now lady bright for jis benignyto} & \\
\text{At reverence of hem dat servyn pe} & \quad 39 \\
\text{Whos clerke am so techith me devise} & \\
\text{Some ioy dat is felt in jis serviso} & \\
\end{align*}

\[\text{\scriptsize (7)}\]
\begin{align*}
\text{Ye in my nakyd hertis scentement} & \quad 43 \\
\text{Inheld & do me shews of swevetnes} & \\
\text{Caliphe jis voyes be now present} & \\
\text{For is now nedo seest jis not of my distress} & \quad 46 \\
\text{how jis mot telde a non right jis gladnes} & \\
\text{Of Troylus to Venus heryng} & \\
\text{To which gladnes ho nedo god hym bring} & \quad 49 \\
\end{align*}
(8) [The Story.]
Lay al þis mene while Troy.i.
Recordynge his lesson in þis manere
Ms fey þoght he þus wul þy sey and þus
Thus wolde þy pleyne vn to myn hert dere
þat word is good & þis shal be my chere
þis wolde þy not forystyn in no wyse
God love hym werk as he gan devise

(9)
And lord so as his herte gan to quappe
herynge her come & short for to sike
And Pandarus þat led her by the lappe
Come nere and gan yn at þe curtyn pike
And seyd god do bote on al syke
Se who is here þow comyn to visite
lo here is she þat is þour detho to wyte

(10)
Þerwith it semyd as he wept almost  [leaf 45, back]
Aha god help quod Troylus so rewfully
Wher me be wo o myghty god þow wost
Who is ther y se not trowely
Sir quod Cryseyde it is Pandare and y
Ye swete hert alas y may not rise
To knele & do þow honoure in some wise

(11)
And dressid hym vpward & she right þo
Gan bohe her hondis vp on hym ley
O for loue of god do ye not so
To me quod she ey what is þis to sey
For comyn am y for causys twey
Ferst þow to thank & of þour lordship eke
Continuance þow wolde þow lyseke
(12)
This Troilus ṣat hert hit lady pray
hym of lordship was neiþer qwyrk ne dede
Ne myght o word for shame to hit say
Al ṣogli men aholden smytyrn of hit hede
But lord so he wax sodenly rede
& sir his lesson ṣat he had wend had kun
To prayen her was þurgh his hert yrune

(13)
Cryseyd al þis aspyed wel y-now
For she was wys lovid hym neuere þo les
Al nere he malapert or made avowe
Or was to bold to synge a folie a mes
But when his shame gan sumwhat to passe
his wordis as y may rymes holde
I wolde ȝow telt as techyn bokys olde

(14)
Hym chaungid voys right for his verye drede
Which voys quoke & also his manere
Goodly abasshid & now his hewe is rede
Now pale vn to Cryseid his lady dere
With loke doun cast & humble goldyn chere
lo alþerſerst word that hym a-ſtert
Was twies mercy mercy my dere hert

(15)
And stynt a while & whan he myght out brynge
The next was god wote for y have
As ferforthly as y have kunnyng
Bene youres so god my soule save
And shal tum that y woful wight be grave
& þogli y ne dare ne can vn to ȝow playne
I-wys y suffre not the lesse peyne
(16)
Thus myeñ as now O womanlich wyf
I may out bring and if it jow displesse
That shal y wreke vp on myn owne lyf
Right sone y trow and do yowr hert see
If wip my deethe y may yowr hert ase
For sethi ye have herd me sumwhat say
Now recche y neure how sone jat y dy

(17)
Therwith his manly sorow to byhold
hit mighth have made an hert of stone to rew
And Pandare wepe as he to watir wold
And seyd wo bygone bene hertis trewe
And procurid euer his noce new & newe
For loue of god make of hym an ende
Or пре во both at onys or we wende

(18)
Y what quod she be god & by my trouthe
I note not what ȝe wold y sey
y what quod he jat ȝe have of hym routhie
For goddis lone and doth hym not to dy
Now this quod she y wold hym prey
To tell me jat ȝe fyn of his entent
Yet wist y neure wele what jat he ment

(19)
What jat y mene swete hert dere
Quod Troilus godely fresthi and fre
That with ȝe streme of ȝour eyen clere
ye wold some tyme on me rew and se
And jat ye agreyn jat it may so be
Wip out braunch of vice in any wyse
In troupe alwey to do jow my servise
(20)
As to my lady cheif & right resorte
With al my wit and al my diligence
And y to have right as yow list confort
Vndur your yerde eke to al myn offence
As doppe if pat y breke your defence
And yow designe me so honoure
Me to commaundyn oght in any houre

(21)
And y to be your verrey humble trewe
Secrete & yn my peynes pacient
And euermore desiryn freshe newe
To serve and bene y-lyke diligent
And with good hert al holy your talent
Receyve in gre how sore pat me smert
lo this mene y myn owne swete hert

(22)
Quod Pandarus lo here an hard request
And resonable a lady for to werne
Now nece by natal Iovia feest
Were y a god ye aholde sterve as yerne
pat heryn wel pis man wole no jing werne
But your honour & sene hym almost sterve
And bene so lothe to suffryn hym 3ow servye

(23)
Wip bat she gan her eyon on hym cast
Ful easily and ful debonerly
Avisid her and hyed her not to fast
With neuere a word but seyd hym sobroly
My honour save y wol treuly
And in such fourme as y can now devise
Receyvin hym fully to my servise
(24)
Bysechyng hym for goddis love þat he
Wold in honour of trouth and gentilnes
As y wel mene! mene ake wele to me
And myn honour with wit & bysynes
Ay kepe & if y may do hym gladnes
Fro hene-forth ywis y wole not feyn
Now beth al hole no lenger þat 3e pleyn

(25)
But natheles this worne y yow quoch she
A kynges sone þoght ye be y-wis
Ye shul no more have souereynste
Of my love þan right in þis cas is
Ne y wil forbere if 3e do a-mys
To wratthyyn yow & whil þat 3e me serue
Cherise yow right as ye deserue

(26)
And shortly dere hert & al my knyght
Beth glad & drawith yow to lustines
And y shal trewly with al my myght
your bitrate turne al in to sweetnes
If y be she þat may do yow gladnes
For ever ye 3e shul rescoure a blis
And hym in armys toke and gan hym kys

(27)
Fil Pandare on knees and vp his eyen
To heryn threw & held his hondis hors
Immortal god quoch he þat mayst not dysen
Cupide y mene of þis mayst þow glorift
And Venus þow mayst make melodie
Withoutyn hond me semith þat in tovn
For þis miracl y here echelle soun
(28)

But ho no more now of pis materes
For whi this folk wol come vp a-none
Bat haue pe lettre lo y here hem here
But aiorne Creiseide and one
And pe Troilus whau pat pow mayst gone
Bat at my hous ye be at my warnynge
For y ful wel shal shape for youre comynge

(29)

And seith peur hertis right y-now
And let se which of 30w shal bere pe beft
To speke of loue a-right pe r-y-now
For peere have pe a leyser for to teft
Quod Troilus long shal it not dweft
Or this be don. quod he whan peu mayst rise
This pinge shal be right as ye devise

(30)

With bat Eleyne and eke Deiphebus
They come vpwardis at pe staires ende
And lord so groeth Troilus
his brofher and his sustir for to blende
Quod Pandare it tyme is bat we wende
Take nece myn your leve at al thre
And let hem speke & comith forth with me

(31)

She toke her leve at hem ful thriftily
As she wel couthe / & pei her reverence
vn to the ful dedyn hardily
And wondur wele speke in her absence
Of her in prayysyn her excellence
her gouernance her wit & her manere
Comendid it was ioy to here
(32)

How lete we her wend to her owne place
And turne we to Troyulus a-ye
That yaf ful lightly of pe pace
Pat deiphebus had in pe gardyn seyn
And of Eleyne and hym he wold feyn
Delierid be and seid pat hym lyst
To slepe & after tales have rest

(33)

Eleyne hym kyst & toke her leve as blyve
Deiphebus eke & home went every wight
And Pandarus as fast as he may dryve
To troilus come po as blyve a right
And on a paylet al pat glade nyght
By troilus he lay with blisful chere
To tale & wel was hem pei were in fere

(34)

When every man was voidid but pei two
And all the dolor were fast ye-shet
To tell in short without wordis mo
This Pandare without eny lette
Vp roos & vp on his beddis syde hym set
And gan to spekyn in a sobre wyse
To Troylus & how y shal yow devise

(35)

My alther levest lord and brospir dere
God wote and how it sat me so sore
When ye pe saw so langwisshyng to yeer
For loue of which ye wo wax al wey more
That [y] with al my wit and al my lore
have euere seth do my byssiness:
To-bring ye to joy out of distresse

3 "My friend, I felt so much for thee,
4 When this year I saw thee languishing
5 So strongly for love, that my heart suffered
6 In itself, for thee, great part of thy torment:
7 For, to give thee comfort, I have never rested
8 Until I have found it.

TROYLUS.
And have it broght to such plty as jou wost 246
So þat thurgh me þow stondist now in wey 247
To faryn wele y say it for no boste 248
And wost jou why for shame it is to say 249
For þe have y bygyn a game to play 250
Which þat y shal neuere do for othir 251
Al þogh he were a thousand told my brothir

That is to say for the am y bycomyn 253
Bytwix game and ernest such a mene 254
As makyn wymmes vn to men to comyn 255
Thow wost þi self what þat y wold mene
For the have y my nece of vices clene
So fully made thy gentilnes to trist
þat al shal be right as thy selvyn lyst

But god þat al wote take y to witnes 260
þat neuere ÿ for coustise þis wroght
But only to abrege thy distresse
For which welyn þow deydist as me þoghit
But good brothir now as the oght
For goddis loue so help her out of blame
Seth þou art wys so save al wey her name

For wele þou wost the name yet of here 267
Among þe peple as who seith halowid is
For that man is vnbose þar dare wele swere
þat euere þet wist she did a mys
But wo is me þat y þat cause al this
May thenk þat she is my nece dere
And þir hir eme and traytour eke y-fere 273
(8)
6 "This can never happen
7 Without great shame to me, who am her relative,
8 And likewise her pimp.¹

(9)
1 "Wherefore I pray thee all I can
2 That this business be occult between us.

(10)
4 But, for God's sake, mind that the thing be unspoken,
5 And by no chance issue forth from thy breast,
6 O my dear friend! nor be displeased
7 If many a time I beseech thee of this:
8 Thou seest well that my prayer is befitting.

¹ "Trattator"—one who treats or negociates, a go-between. Chaucer's word "traytour" is no doubt taken from "trattator"; but not with strict correctness (it, as I presume, he means "traitor" in the modern sense of that word), for "traitor" is in Italian "traditori."
(44)
O tung' alas so ofsyn here byforn
hath made ful meny a lady bright of heewe
Seyd wel a wey pe tyme pat y was born
And meny a maydenes sorow for to newe
And for pe more parte al is vntrew
pat men of yelp and it were to preve
Of kynd none avauntour is to leve

(45)
For avauntour & a lyer al is one    [leaf 45]
As ye suppose a woman grauntith me
her love and seith pat oper wol she none
And ye am sworn to hold it secre
And aftir y go telle hit two or thre
I-wis y am avauntour at pe leest
And a lyer for y breke myn hest

(46)
Now loke pen if pei be ought to blame
Such manere folk: what shal ye clepe hem what
That hems avaunte of wymmen, and be name
That neuere yet behight hem pis ne that
Ne knowyn hym [no] more pen myn old hat
No wondur is so God me sende hele
Pogh women drede with vs men to dele

(47)
I sey not pis for no mistrust of yow
Ne for no wyse man but for folis nyce
And for pe harme pat is in pe word now
As wele for folys oft as for malice
For wele wote y pat in wyse folk pat vice
No woman dredith if she be wel a-visid
For wyse men by folys oft be chastisid
1 "And nothing but time lacks to this effect."

(11)
1 Who could tell entire the joy
2 Which the soul of Troilus felt,
3 Hearing Pandarus' for his sadness
4 Went the more waning the more he spoke.
5 The sighs which he had in great abundance'
6 Gave way, and the evil pain
7 Departed.

(12)
1 And as the new spring
2 Of a sudden reclothes with fronds and flowerets the
3, 4 Which have been naked in the rigid season, [bushes

(12)
7 Thus full forthwith of new joy
8 Troilus laughed, serene in countenance.

(48)
But now to purpos leue brothir dere 330
have al þat y have seyd in mynde
And kepe the clos & be now of good chere 333
For at þi day þow shalt me trewe fynde
I shal thy processe set in such a kynd 336
And god to-form þat it shal the suffise
For it shal be right as þow wylte devise

(49)
For wele y wote þow menyst wele parde 337
Therfor y dare this wel vndurtake
þow wost eke what þi lady gruunitid the
And day is set thy chartris vp to make 340
have now good nyght y may no lenger wake
And byd for me seth þou art now in blis
þat god me send dethe sone or lyse

(51)
But right so as þes holtes and þes hayes 351
That hane in wynetre dede be and drye
Reustyn hem in grene whan þat may is
When every lusty lesteth best to play 354
Right in that self wyse sothe to sey
Wax sodenly his hert ful of ioy
Þat gladder was þer neuer none in troy
(13)
1 And, after a little sigh, looking
2 Pandarus in the face, he said: "Dear friend,
3 Thou must remember both how and when
4 Thou erewhile found'st me weeping, in the bitter
5 Time that I used to have through love;
6 And also the like when thy words sought
7 To get to know
8 What was the cause of my sorrowing.

(14)
1 "Thou knowest how long I held back from revealing it
2 To thee, who sole art my only friend:
3 Nor was there notwithstanding any peril in saying it.
4 Now therefore think how I could ever do such a
5 thing—
6 Who, whilst I am saying it to thee,
7 Tremble for fear lest any one else should hear it.

(15)
1 "But none the less I swear to thee by that God
2 Who equally governs heaven and earth,—
3 And so may I not come within the hands of hard
4 Agamemnon,—that, if my life were eternal,
5 As mortal it is, thou mayst live secure
6 That, to the best of my power, this knowledge
7 Shall be in my own breast.

1 At this point, Chaucer substitutes Achilles for Agamemnon; but he only postpones the king of men, who comes in in St. 55, 1. 4. Perhaps he was guided by the reflection that Troilus did actually, at last, fall by the hand of Achilles.
(16)
1 "How much for me thou hast said and done
2 I sufficiently know and manifestly see;
3 Nor could I ever recompense thee
4 For every act.

(16)
6 "But by our friendship I beseech thee
7 That thou no more give thyself that vile name.

(17)
1 "Leave it to the money-loving wretches
2 Whom gold induces to such a service:
3 Thou hast done it to save me from the bitter
4 Plainings I was in,—
7 As should be done by a friend.

(18)
1 "And, that thou mayst know how full
2 Good-will is borne towards thee by me,
3 I have my sister Polixena,
4 Prized above others for beauty,
5 And also there is along with her Helen,
6 Most beautiful, who is my sister-in-law;
7 Open thy heart, if any of them is to thy liking,—
8 Then leave me to go to work with any one of them.

A that pow hast y-do so myche for me
That y ne may hit neuermore deserve
This know y wele al might y now for pe
A thowsand tymes on a morow sterve
I can no more but pat y wole the serve
Right as thyn own whidir so pow wende
For enermore vn to my lyves ende

But here with al myn hert y pe byseche
That neure in me pow deme such foly
As y shal say me poghit by thy speche
pat pis which pow me doest for cumpany
I shold wene hit were a bawdry
I am not wood al-pogh y lewd be
hit is not one pat wote I wele parde

But he pat gothe for gold or for ricchesse
On such message cal hym as pe lest
And pat pow dost cal hit lentinesse
Compassion felawship and trist
Deporte it for wyde wher is wyst
how pat per is dieresite requirid
Bytwix thinges lyk as y have lerid

And pat pow know y þenk it not ne wene
That this servise a shame be or a iape
I have my fair sustir Polixene
Cassandre Eleyne or any of pe frape
Be she neure so fair or wele y-shape
Tel me which pow wilt of euerichon
To have for þin & let me þan alon
(19)

1 "But, since thou hast done so much, far more than I
2 Could have prayed thee, bring to the effect
3 My desire when it shall seem to thee the time."

(20)

1 Pandarus remained contented with Troilus,
2 And each looked after his own affairs.
3 But, although to Troilus every day appeared a hundred
4 Ere he should be grappling-to with her,
5 Yet he endured, and with the utmost self-control
6 He sway’d the amorous assaults.

1 Chaucer reverses the position of these two lines, as they stand in Boccaccio. Further on, at st. 72, Chaucer uses the noticeable expression—

"Ther was som lettre hem bytwene
That wold, as seth myn autor, wale contene
Ny half this books, of the whiche hym lest not write.”

I do not find any such expression in Boccaccio; who does, however (as we have already seen), speak of an interchange of letters, in B. 2, st. 131, and again in B. 3, st. 3. Another somewhat similar instance occurs further on, in st. 88 of the present B. of Troilus. Chaucer says —

"Noght lest myn auour fully to declare
What that she thought what that he seid so;”

but, in point of fact, Boccaccio does not only omit a detailed statement of Chryséis’s thoughts on this occasion, but the occasion itself—the entire incident—is in Chaucer alone, and not at all in Boccaccio.

(20)

8 Giving the day, with his men, to laborious Mars,
7 [And] the night-time to thoughts of love.

(60)

Bvt seth pow hast y-do me pis servise
My lyf to save and for no hope of mede
So for the love of god pis grete emprise
Parfourme it out for now is most mede
For his or owe with outyn any drede
I wole alwey this heisie al kepe
have now good nyght & let vs bope slepe

(61)

Bus held ech e of hem with opir so a-payed
That al pe world hit might not bet amend
And on the morow whan pei were bope arayed
Eche to his own nodis gan entende
But Troilus pogli as pe fire he brend
For sharp desire of hope & of preusanace
he not foryat his wyse gournaunce

(62)

Bvt in hym-self with manhod gan restrique
Eche rakil dede & eke vnbridelid chere
That al pe pat lyvyn soth to seyne
Ne shold have wyst by word ne by manere
What pat he met as touching pis materes
From eche in that as ferresas in the cloude
he was / so wele dissimuly he cowde

(63)

And al pis whil pat y now devise
This was his lyf with al his ful myght
By day he was in martis hys servise
That is to savy in armes as a knyght
And for pe most part the long nyght
he lay & thoght how pat he myght serve
his lady best her thonk’ for to deserve

421
424
427
428
431
434
435
438
441
(64)
Mel y not swere alpogh he lay softe
pat in his thought he was sum what dissaed
Ne pat he turnd on his pilwis oft
And wold oft pat he myssed have be sesaid
But in such cas men be not awy pleiad
For oght y wote no more pan was he
That y can deme of possibilite

(65)
But certeyn is to purpos for to go
That in pis while as wryth is in geest
he sey his lady sumtyme and also
She with hym spak whan pat she durst & lest
And by her bope avys as was the best
Apoynetedyn ful warly in this nede
So as pei durst how ferre pei wold procede

(66)
But hit was spoke in so short a wyse
In which aweyte alwey & in which fer
lest any wight devynid or devise
Wold in pis speche or to hit ley an ere
Pat al pis world so leef to hem ne were
As pat cupide wold hem space sende
To make of his speche a right ende

(67)
But pat litil pat they speake or wroght
his wise gest toke ay of al such hede
hit semyd her he wist what she thought
Wip-out word so pat it was no nede
To bid hym noght to do ne noght forbede
For which she poght al-pogh he come late
Of al ioy had openyd her pe yate
(68)
Al shortly to his process forth to passe
So wele his work: his wordis he byset
Pat he so ful stode in his lady grace
Pat xx thousand tymes or pat she let
She thonkid god pat euere she wip hym met
So conthe he hym gonerne in servise
That al the world ne myght it bet devise

(69)
For why she fond hym so discrete in all
So secrete and in such observauncce
Pat wele she felt he was to her a wal
Of stele and sheld from euery displesaunce
That to hem in his good gouernaunce
So wys she was pat she was more a-ferd
I mene as fere as it oght be request

(70)
And Pandarus to quyke evir þe fire
Was euere ylyk: prest and diligent
To eke his frend was set al his desire
he shove ay on [&] to and fro he went
he letfre bare whan Troylus was absent
That neutre man as in his forendi nede
No bare hym bet þan he wip-outyn drede

(71)
But now perauntre some men waytin wold
That euery sond or word or loke or chere
Of Troylus þat y rehercyn shold
In al þis wise vn-40 his lady dere
I trow it were a long thing for to here
Or of that sight þat stont in such disioynt
his wordis alle or euery loke to poynyt
(72)
Forsope y have not herd it dond or pis
In story none ne no man here y wene
And sogh y wold y contehe not y-wis
For per was some lettre hem bytwene
pat wold as seith myn autour wele contene
Ny half pis bookes of pe which hyse lest not write
how shold y pan a lyne of it endyte

(73)
But to pe grete effect pan sey y thus
pat stondyng in corde and in quiete
This ilk tewe Cryseid and troylus
As y have told in pis tyme swete
Savely oft myght pei not mete
Ne leysar have her speches to fulfills
bat hit byfel right as y shal yow telle

(74)
pat Pandare which pat enere ded his myght
Right for pe fyn pat y shal speke of her
As for to bring to his hous sum nyght
his faire nece and Troylus y-fere
Wher as at leysar al pis hye matere
Touching her love were at ful vp bound
had out of doute a tyme to hit found

(75)
For he with grete deliberacion
had euer y ping pat herto might availe
Forecast and put in execucion
And neiher left for cost ne for travaile
Come if hem lest hem shold no ping faile
Ne for to bene in oght aspyed there
That wist he an impossible were
(76)
Drolles hit was clere in the wynd
Of every pye and every letgame
Now al is wele for al his world is blynd
In this matere bothe frende & tame
This tymbre is al redy for to frame
Vs lakkith noght but pat we wytyw wold
A certein hour in which we comyn shold

(77)
And Troylus pat al this purveaunce
knew at the ful and waytid on hit ay
had here vp-on eke made his ordinaunce
And found his cause & per-to al the aray
pat if pat he were missid nyght or day
The while he was about his servise
Then he was gone to done his sacrifice

(78)
And moost at such a temple a lone wake
Answerid of Apollo for to be
And forst to se he holy Laurere quake
Or pat the god spak out of the tre
To telle hym next when pat he grokis aholde sile
And for-thy let hym no man god forbede
But prayeth Apollo help hym-in his nede

(79)
Now is per litil more for to done
But Pandare vp & shortly for to seyn
lo sone vp chaungyng of the mone
Whan lightles is pe world a nyght or tweyn
An that pe welkyn shope hym for to reyn
he streight a morow vn-to his nece went
Ye have wele herd the fyn of his entent
(80)
When he was come he gan a-none to play [line 60, back] 554
As he was wont & of hymself to iape
And fynaly he swore and gan her say
Be pis & that she shold hym not ascape 557
Ne done hym lenger aftir her to gape
But certainly she must by her leve
Come soupe in his hous with hym at eve 560

(81)
At which she lough & gan her fast excuse 561
And sayd it reynith to how shold y gone
let be quod he ne stond we jus to muse
This must be don ye shul be þer a-none 564
So at þe last herof they fil at one
Or ellis soft he swore her in her ere
he wold neuere come more a-yan þere 567

(82)
Sone aftir this she gan to hym rowne 568
And axid hym if Troillus were there
he swore her nay for he was out of tomm
And sayd y suppose that he were there 571
Yow durst have neuere the more fere
For naper þan men myght hym ther aspye
Me were lever a thousand fold to dye 574

(83)
Mght lest myn autour fully to declare 575
What þat she thought when þat he seid so
That Troillus was out of tomm y-fare
As if he seyd thereof sothe or no 578
But þerwith out with hym to go
She gruuntyd hym sath he her bysoght
And as his nece obeyed as her oght 581
(84)
Bvt yet natheles she hym did bysoche
Al-Þoght hym to go it was no sare
For to be ware of goashe peple speche
pat dremyn thinges which pat neure were
& wele avise hym what pat he broght þere
And seid Em seth y must on yow tryst
loke al be wele y do now as ye lyst

(85)
He swore her by stokks & by stones
And by the goddis pat in hevyn dwel
And allis wer hym lever soul & bones
With Pluto kyng as depe be in helle
As Manes what shold y more telle
Whan pis was do he roos & toke his leve
And she to soper come whan it was eve

(86)
With a certeyn of her owne men
And wip her fair nece Anteigne
And her wymmen wele a .ix. or .x.
But who is glad who now as trow ye
But Troilus þat stood & myght it se
Thurgh-out an hole wip-yn a litil stewe
Ther he beshit til mydnight was in meswe

(87)
Unwist of evry wight but of Pandare
But to þe point now whan she was come
With al ioy and al frendis fare
Her eme anone her hath in armes nome
And aftir to the Soper all and some
Whan tyme was ful soft þei hem set
God wote þer was no desyte for to fe
(88)

And after sopur gun they for to rise
At esse wele with hertis fresh & glade
And wele was hym pat best-coupe devise
To lykyn her or pat laugha made
he song she playd he told pe tale of Wade
But at pe last as euery thing hath ende
She toke her leve and nedis wold wende

(89)

But o fortune executrice of werdis
O influens of thes hevenis hye
Soth is pat vndre god ye bene our herdys
Pogh to vs bestis is pe cause y-wrye
I mene it now for she gan home to hye
But execut was al byside her leve
Pe goddis will for which she must byleve

(90)

The berte mone wip his hornys pale
Saturne & Iovis in cancro Iovis were
pat madyn such a reyne fro hevyn a-vale
That euery manere woman pat was there
had of pis amokis rayn a verrey fore
At which Pandre lough & said then
Now were it tyne al best to go hen

(91)

But good nece if y might euere plese
Yow with ey ping yan pray y yow quod he
To do myn hert as now so grete an esse
As for to dwell here al pis night with me
For whi pis is your own hous parde
Now be my trouthe y sey it not a game
To gone as now hit were to me a shame
(92)
Cryside which þat coude as mich good
As halfe a world toke hede of his prayere
And sey hit rone and al was on a flood
She þoght as good chepe may y dwellyn here
And graunte hit frendly wiþ a frendis chere
And have a þonk as grucche & þan abyde
For home to go it may not wele betyde 644

(93)
Ywis quod she myn nuncle lene and dere
Seth þat þow list it is skil hit be so
I am right glad wiþ þow to dwellyn here
I seyd but a game þat y wold go
I-wis graunt mercy nece quod he tho
Wre it a game or none þe sope to tell
Now am y glad seth þat þe wolyn dwelly. 651

(94)
þus al is wele but þo bygan a right
The newe ioy and all þe feest a-yen
But Pandare if goodly he had myght
he wold have hyed hym to bed fayn
And seid lord þis is an honge payn
þis were a wedir for to alypyn yn
And þere vs sone for to begynne 658

(95)
And nece wyte ye wher y wil þow ley
For þat we shul not lye farre a sundre
And for ye sholdyn neiþer dare y sey
here noyse of rayn ne of thundre
By god right yn my litil closet yondre
And y wole in this litil hous alone
Ben wardyn of yow wymmen euerychone 665
(96)
And in þis middil chaumber þat ye se
Shul your wymmen slepe wele & softe
And þer y seyd shal your selvyn be
And if ye ligge wele to night comith ofte
And carith not what wedris be alofte
Goth yn a-none & whan so þat ye lyst
Go we slepe y trow it is the best

(97)
Ther is no more but her aftir sone
They voydids & drunk & curtyns drew anone
Gan euery wight þat had not ellis to done
More in þat place gan out of chaumber gone
And euermore so sternelich it rone
And blew þerwith so wondirliche lowd
Þat waly ny man heryn othir cowld

(98)
Þo Pandare her Eme right as hym ought
Wip women suche as were her moost about
Ful glad vn to her beddis syde broght
And toke his leve & gan ful lowe to loue
And seyd here at þis closet dore wip-out
Right ouerthwart your women liggyn al
Þat whom yow lyst of hem ye may her calif

(99)
So whan she was in þe closet layd
And al her wymmen forth by ordennance
A bed werin þere as y have said
There was no more to skippe me to tauce
But bodyn gone to bed with mychaunce
If eny man was steryng eny where
And lete hem slepe þat abed were
(100)

And Pandare þat cowd wel ech a dele
The old daunce & every poynct ther-in
When þat he wist þat al þing was wele
he þoght he wold vp on his werk' bygin
And gan þe stewe dere al soft vnpyyn
And stil as stone wipout more let
By Troylus a-doun right he hym set

(101)

And shortly to þe poynct right to gone
Of al þis werk' he told hym word & ende
And seyd make the redy right a-none
For þou shalt to hevyn blis wende
Now blisful Venus þou me grace sende
Quod Troylus for neuer yet no nede
Had y or now ne halvyndel the drede

(102)

Quod Pandare ne drede þe neuer a dele
For hit shal be right as þow wilt desire
So thryve y þis night y shal make it wele
Or cast al þe grewel in the fire
Now scynt venus þis night þou me enspire
Quod Troylus as wisly y the serve
And euere bet & bet shal tul y sterve

(103)

And if þe had o venus ful of mirthe
Aspect bad of Mars or of Saturne
Or þow cumbrid or let were in my birthe
Thy father praþ al þitk harme disturne
Of grace & þat y glad a-yen may returne
For love of hym þow lovedist in þi sawe
I mene Aton þat wip þe bore was slaw
(104)
O Ioue for þe loute of fair Europe
þe which in forme of bole a-wei þou fist
Now help maris wip þi blody cope
For þe love of Ciphis þat þow ne lette
O Phebus þenk whan diane her self shet
vndur þe bark & lawrer wax for-drede
Yet for her love o help me at þis nede

(105)
Mercury for þe love of hyerce eke
For which Pallas was with aglauros wroþe
Now helþ & diane eke y the byseke
That þis viage be not in the loth þat
Of fatele sustrin which or any cloþe
Me shapyn was my destyne me sporne
Now helþith to þis werk þat is begonne

(106)
Quod Pandare þou wrecchid mousis hert
Art þow a-gast lest aþe wolþ þe byte
Why do on þis furrid cloke on þi shert
And folow me for y wol have þe wyte
But byde & let aþe go byþor a lyte
And wip þat word he gan vn-do þe trappe
And Troilus he broght yn by þe lappe

(107)
þe sterne wynd so lowd gan to route
þat no wight otheris noyse myght here
And þei þat lyen at the dore withoute
Ful sykirly þei sleþyn al þ-y-fore
Quod Pandare with a ful sobre chere
Goth to dore a-none with-out lettre
The þer as þei lay and softly hit shet
(108)
And as he come a-ward prively
his nece a-woke & seid he goth there
My dere nece quod Pandare it am y
Ne wondrith not ne have of it no fare
And nerre he come & seyd her in her eie
No word for loun of god y now byseche
let no wight a-rise & here of our speche

(109)
What which wey be ye comyn benedicite
Quod she & how thus vnwist of hem alt
her at pis secre trapdore quod he
Quod fo Criseide Let me sum wight calf
Ey god forbede pat it shold faht
Quod Pandare pat ye such folly wroghtyn
pei might deme ping pei neuere ere boghtyn

(110)
Hit is not good a slepyng hound to wake  [leaf 3b, back]  764
Ne yeve no wyght a cause to devyne
Your wymmes alt y dare vndirtake
Slepe pat for hem men myght pis house myne
And slepe willyn tul the sonne shyne
And whan my tale is broght to an ende
vnwist right as y come so wol y wende

(111)
Now nece myn ye shal wele vndirstand
Quod he so as ye wymmes demyn alt
pat for to hold in love a man in hand
And hym her lyf & her dere hert calf
And makyn hym a howe a-bowe a calf
I men as love a nothir in pis while
She doth her self a shame and hym a gyle
(112)
Now wherby þat y telle yow al this
Ye wote your self as wele as eny wight
how þat your love fully graundid is
To Troylus þe worthiest knyght
On of þis world & þerto troupe y-plight
þat but it nere one a long ye nold
hym neuere falsyn whil ye lyve aholde

(113)
Now stant þat þat seth y fro yow wen
This Troylus platly for to seyn
Is þurgh a gotur by a pryve wen
In-to my chambre y-come in al þis reyn
vntwist of eny maner wight certeyn
Save of my self as wisly have y joy
And by þat feith y ow Pryam of troy

(114)
And he is come in such peyn & distresse
þat but he be al fully wood by this
he sodenly mote fal in-to woodnes
But if god help & cause whi is þis
he seþ hym told is of a frend of his
how þat þe aholde love on hat horaste
For sorow of which þis night wol be his last

(115)
Cryseid þat which of þis woundur herd
[and see]  
Gan sodenly a-bout her hert cold
And with a sike ful sorrowfully answer<
Alas y wend who so talys told
My dere hert wold me not hold
So lightely fals alas conseites wrong<
What harme þei done for now y lyve to long<
Horast alas and falsyn Troylus
I know hym not god help me so quod she
Alas what wikkid spiryt told hym þus
Now certis Eme to morow & y may hym se
I shal of þat as fully excuse me
As did euere woman if þat hym lyke
And with þat word she gan ful sore to sike

God quod she so worldly selynesse
Which clerkis callyn fals felicite
Y-medlid is with meny a bititnes
Ful anguisehous it is god wote quod she
Condicion of veyne prosperite
For two ioyes comyn not y-fare
Or ellis no wight hath hem long here

Brothe wele of manys ioy vnstable
Wip what wight þow be how so þat þow play
Eiper he wote þat þow ioy art mevable
Or wote it not it mote be on of twey
Now if he wote it not how may he sey
That he hath verrey ioy & selynes
þat is of ignoraunce ay in derknes

Now if he wote þat ioy is transorie
As euery ioy of worldly ping must fse
þan euery tyme he hath þat in memory
The drede of leysing makith hym þat he
May in no porfite selynes be
& if to lese his ioy he set not a myte
þan semith hit þat ioy is worth ful lyte
(120)
Wherfor y wold devyne in pis mater
That trewly for oght y can aspye
Ther is no verrey wele in pis world here
For o þow wikkid serpent ielosye
Thow mysbylevid envyous folye
Why hast þou þus troylus me made vntrust
þat neuer yet a-gilt hym þat y wist

(121)
Quoð Pandare þus fallyn is þis cas
Why yncle quoð she ho told hym this
Whi dotði my dere hert þus alas
þe wote ye nece myn quoð he what is
I hope al shal be wele þat is a mys
For ye may quench al þis if ye lest
And dop right so for y hold it þe best

(122)
So shal y do to morow ywis quoð she
And god to-form so þat it shal suffise
To morow alas þat wer fair quoð he
Nay nay it may not stond in þis wyse
For nece myn þis writyn clerkis wise
þat peril is with drechying in y-drawe
Nay such a-bodis be not worth an howe

(123)
Nece al þing haþ tymë y dare avowe
For whan a chambr a fyre is or an haþ
hit nedith more sodenly hit to rescow
Than to dispute & axe amongis alþ
how is þis candeð in þe straw y-faþ
A benedicte for al among þat fare
þe harme is don & fare-wel faldfare
(124)
And nece myn take hit not a grefe
If þat ȝe suffre hym al nigh in þis wo
God help me so ye had him neuere lefe
 þat dare y wele sey now þer is but we two
But wele y wote ye wol not do so
Ye bene to wys to do so grete foly
To put his lyf al nyght in iupardy

(125)
Had y hym neuere lefe. be god y wene
yet had y neuere thing so left queþ she
Now be my thrifte queþ he it shal be sene
For seth ye make þis ensample of me
If y hym al wold in sorow se
For al þe tresour in þe toun of troy
I pray to god y neuer more have ioy

(126)
Now loke þan if ȝe be his love
Shal he put his lyf al night in Iupardy
For þing of nocht now by þat [god] a-bowe
Not only þis delay comþ of foly
But of malice if þe shal not lye
What platly & ȝe suffre him in distresse
Ye done hym neiþer good ne gentilnesse

(127)
Quod þo Cryseid wil þe done o thinge.
And þe þerwith shul styntyn his disesse
havith here & berith hym þis blew ring
For þer is no þinge might hym better plese
Saf þy my selfe ne better his hert aperse
And sey dere hert that his sorow
Is needeles þat shal be seyn to morow
(128)

A ring quel he ye hasilwode is shakyn
Je nese myn pat ring must have a stone
That might dede men a-lyve makyn
And such a ring trow y se have none
Discretion is out of your heede gone
Pat fele y now quel he & pat is routhe
O tyme y-lost wel may pou cysyn aloupe

(129)

Wote ye not wele pat hue & noble corage
Ne sorowith not ne styntith eke for lyte
But if a fole were in a ielouse rage
I nold set his sorow at a myte
But feest hym with a few wordis white
Anoter day whan pat I myght hym fynd
But pis thing stont al in a nopter kynd

(130)

This is so gentil & so tendre of hert
Pat with his depe he wrele his sorow wreke
For trustith wele how sore pat hym smert
He wil to yow no ielous word speke
And for thi nese or pat his hert to-broke
So speke your self to hym of pis matere
For with o word ye may his hert sterile

(131)

Now have y told what peril he is yn
& his comyng unwisst is to enery wight
And parde harme may here be none ne syn
I wil my self be wip sow al pis nyght
Ye know wele eke he is your own knyght
And pat be right ye must yp on hym trist
And y am prest to fet hym whan ye lyst
This accident so pitous was to here
And eke so lyke a soth at prime face
And Troilus her knyght vn-to her so dere
his pryve comynge & þe sikir place
That þogh þo she did a tho a grace
Considerid al thinge as þei stood
No wondur is for she did al for good

Cryseide answerd as wysly god at rest
My soul bryng as me is for hym wo
Eme y-wis sayn wold y do þe best
If þe y had grace to do so
But wheþer þat þe dwelle or for hym go
I am tul god me betrir wit sende
At Bulcarnom right at my wittis ende

Quod Pandare ye nece wol ye here
Bulcarnom clepid is flamyng of wrecchis
hit semith hard for wrecchis nel hit here
For verrey sloþ & oþer wilful trecches
þis seid is by hem þat be not worth two trecches
But þe be wys & þat we have in hond
Is neþer hard ne skilful to withheld

Than sem quod she doth her-of as ye lyst
But or he come y wil ferst a-rise
And for þe loun of god seth al my trist
Is on þow two & ye be bothe wysye
So wurkþ now in so discrete a wyse
þat y honour may have & he plesaunce
For þat am here al in your gouernance
This is wel seid quod Pandare my nece dere
Pat good thrift on pat wys gentil hert
But liggith stīf and takith hym right here
Hit nedith not for hym ferper to stert
& ech of yow see opere sorowes smert
For lōne of god & venus pat y herie
For sone y hope we shul bene al merye

This Troylus on knees some hym set
Ful sobrely right by her beddis hede
And on his best wys he his lady gret
But lord so she wax sodenly rede
And pōgh she shold a-nom have be dede
She coude not o woord out bring'
So sodenly for his sodeyn comyn'

But Pandare pat so wele coupe fale
In every ping to play anone by-gan
And sayd nece how wel lord can he knele
Now for your troupe y say pis gentil man
And wiþ pat word he for a cusañyn ran
And seid kneshith now whil pat yow lyst
There god your hertis some bryng at rest

Kan y not soyn for she bad hym not rise
If sorow it put out of her remembrunce
Or ellis she toke it in such a wyse
Of dewte as for his observaunce
But wele find y she did hym pis pleasance
Pat she hym kyssid al-pōgh she syghid sore
And bad hym sit down wiþ-out more
(140)
Quod Pandare now wol ye wele bygynne. Now doth hym syytyn now good nce dere
Vp-on 3our beddis syde al þer with-yn
Þat ech þe of yow þe bet may opir here
And wiþ þat word he drow hym to þe fere
And toke a light & fond his contenauce
As for to loke vp-on an old romaunce

(141)
Cyreyde þat was Troylus lady right
An clere stode on ground of sikirnes
Al þogh she her seruanunt & her knyght
Shold of right non vntrouþ in her geese
Yet nathes considerid his distresse
And þat lone is in cause of such foly
Þus to hym spak she of his iloysy

(142)
Lo hert myn as wold the excellence
Of loue a-yens þe which no wight may
Ne oght eke goodly make resistence
And eke by cause y felt wele & say
Your good trouþe & servise every day
And þat your hert al myn was soþ to seyn
Þis drove me to rewe vp-on 3our peyn

(143)
And your goodnes have y found alwey yet
Of which my dere hert & al my knyght
I thank it yow as ferre as y have wyt
Al kan y not as mich as it were right
And y aþir my kunnyng & my myght
have & ay aþal how sore þat me smert
Be to yow trew wiþ al my hert
(144)
And drelles þat shal be found at preve
But hert myn what al þis is to seyn
Shal wele be told sô þat þe yow not greve
Þogh y now ryght on yow self pleyn
For þer-with mene y finaly þe peyn
Þat holt your hert & myn in heuynes
Fully to ale & cche wrong to redresse

(145)
Now good hert myn note y for why ne how  [1399]
Þat Iloseye þe wikkid serpent wythir
Thus causeles is cropyn in-to yow
þe harms of which y wold fayn deliner
Alas þat he al hole or of hym a shyvre
Shold have her refute in so digne a place
Þat Iowe out hym sone of your hert race

(146)
But o þou Iowe O auctor of nature
Is þis an honour vn-to your dette
Þat folk vngilty suffryn her hure
And who þat gilte is al quyte gop he
O were it leful for to pleyn to the
Þat vndeservid suffrist Iloseye
Of þat y wold vp-on þe pleyn & crye

(147)
EKe al my wo is þis þat folk now veyn
To sey right þus þat Iloseye is lone
And wold o busheH of Ilosey excuse
For þat o greyn of þone is in it sowe
But þat wote hy god þat syt a-bove
If it be like or lone or hate or grame
And aftir þat hit oght beþe his name
(148)

But certeyn some manere Ielosye
Is excusable more than some y-wis
And wher cause is & some with fantasy
With pite so wele repressid is
That hit vmmethe dope or seith a-mys
But goodly dreynkith vp al his distresse
And that excuse y for the gentilnes

(149)

And some so ful of furie is & despite
That surmountith his reprehension
But hert myn ye be not in that pylete
That ponk ye god for seith your passion
I wil not clepe it but illusion
Of Abundance and bysey cure
That doth your hert pis diisse endure

(150)

Of which ye am right sory but not wrope
But for my devoir & my hertis rest
Wher ye wil by ordinal or by othe
verrey set or in what wise ye last
For lous of god let preve it for ye best
And if ye be guity do me to dey
Alas what myght ye more done or say

(151)

Wip that a fewe bright teris newe
Out of her eyen fal & pus she seyd
Now god pow woest in poght & dode vntewe
To Troilus was nearer yet Cryseide
Wip hit her heed down in ye bed she leyd
And wip ye shete hit wrie & sighid sore
And held her pees that o word spak no more
(152)
Bvt now to quenchyn al this sorow
So hope y þat he shal for he best may
For y have seyn of a ful misty morow
Folowyn oft a mery somers day
And aftir wyntir comith grene may
Folk sene al day and eke men rede in story
þat aftir sharp shoures is oft victory

(153)
This Troylus whan he her wordis herd
Have ye no care hym lost not to slepe
Eke it þoght hym no strokes of a þerd
To here or se his lady Cryseid wepe
But wele he felt a-bout his hert crepe
For euer tere with þat Cryseide a-start
þe crampe of deth to streyn hym by þe hert

(154)
And in his mynd he gan þe tyme acurse
þat he cam þere or þat he was borne
For now is wyk y-turnyd in-to wurs
And al þat labour he hath byforne
he went it lost he þoght it not but lorne
O Pandare he þoght alas þe while
Servip of noght so welawe þi wyle

(155)
1And þerwipal he hinge adown his heede [bead 67]
And fel on knees and sorwfulli sight
what miȝt he seie he felt he nas but deed
For wroþ wæs acue þat schulde hises daïes liȝt
But neþelles whanne he þanne speke miȝt
þus seide he þet god woot of þis game
whanne al is wist þanne am I not to blame

[1 & fresh knei, spellings och for sh, I for y (pron.), his for her, &c., writes 5 season now]
(156)

Therwiþ for sorwþ þat his hert swelt
þat from hise ijen þer fel not a teere
And euery spirit his vigour ske inknitt
So þei a-stonied and oppressid were
þe felinge of his sorwþ or of his feere
Or of ought ellis fledde was out of town
And doune he felle sodenly in a swoun

(157)

This was no litle sorw for to se
For al was schitt but Pandir vp als fast
O nece peas or we beþ lost quod he
Beþ not a-gast but certeyn at þe last
For þis or for þat he into þe bedde hims cast
And seid oo þeef is þis a manes herte
And of he rente vn-to his bare schirte

(158)

And seide nece þe helpe vs now
Allas oure owne Troiles is born
y-wis so wolde I & I wist how
Ful fayn quod sche allas þat I was born
þe nece wolþ þe pulle out þe thorn
þat stikeþ in his herte quod Pandare
Seie al forþsue & stint is al þis fare

(159)

The þat me quod she louere were
þan al þe good þe sune aboute goþ
And þerwiþ sche swoore him in his eere
I-wis my deere herte I am not wroþ
eHaue here my trouþe and mannys an oþer goþ
Now spake to me for it am I Crieside
But al for nouþ þit might he not abreide
(160)
Therwip his poues and pawmes of his hondes
bei gan to froote and wette hisse templis tweyne
And to deleyure him from bittir bondis
Sche ofte him kiste & schortly for to seyne
Him to reuoken sche dide al hir peyne
So at pe last he gan his bres to drawe
And of his swown soone aftir pe adawe

(161)
And gan betir mynde and resoun to him take
But wondir soore I was abaschid L-wis
And wip a sigh whanne he gan bet a-wake
He seide. O mercy what ping is pis
whi do ye wip youre seluen pus a-mys
Quod Creseid is pis a mannees game
wole Troillus do pus allass for schame

(162)
And þerwip hir arme ouer him sche leide
And al forvaf and ofte tyme him kist
he þanked hir & to hir spak and seide
As fal to purpose of his herti rest
And sche to þat anweride as hir list
And wip hir goodly wordis him disporte
he gan. & ofte hise sorwes to counforte

(163)
Quod Pandre for ouȝt I can aspian
þis liȝt nece I ne serueþ here of nouȝt
Liȝt is not good for sijke folkis iȝen
But for þe loue of god siȝen þe ben brouȝt
In þis good pliȝt lete now non hevy þouȝt
Be hangeþe in þe hertiþ of þou tywey
And bare þe candel to þe chymeney
Boothe after pis pouz it no node were
whanne sche suche oopes as hir list devise
Hadde of him take hir pought po no feere
Ne cause eke non to bidde him: pane rise
3it lesse ping pane pis may suffice
In manye case for every wright I gesse
þat louë wel & mene but gentilnesse

(165)
But in effecte sche wolde wite anoone
Of what man. & where. & also why
He Ialous was. siyen þer was cause noone
And eke þe signe þat he tooke it by
þat badde sche him to telle hir bisily
Or ellis certeyn sche bare him on honde
þat pis was done of malice hir to fond

(166)
Wip-oute Moore shorthly for to seyn
He muste obey vnto his ladies heest
And for þe lesse harme he most feyn
He seide whanne sche was at suche a foest
Sche miȝt on him haue loked at þe leest
Not I not what al dere y-now a rische
As he þat nedia moest a cause fische

(167)
And sche anseride him swete al were it so
what harme was þat siyen I non yuel mene
For bi þat god þat wrouȝt va boþe twoo
In al þing al myn entent is clene
Sche argumentis ben not worþe a bene
wole 30 þe childische Ielouye countirfete
Now were it worþi þat 3e were y-bete
(168)
Thanne Troilus gan sorwfully to sijke
lest sche be wroop him pouȝt his herte drede
And seide alas vpon my sorwe sijke
Hauere mercy my swete herte my Criside
And if þat in þe wordis þat I seide
Be any wronge I wole no more trespace
Doby þat you list I am al in youre grace

(169)
And sche anweride of gilte mysericorde
þis is to seie þat I forynge al þis
And everemore on þis niȝt þe recorde
And boþ wel ware þe do no more a-mys
Naye deere herte myn quod he ywys
And now quod sche þat I have done þou smerte
Forynge it me myn owene dere herte

(170)
Thus Troilus wip blisse of þat wprised
Putte al in goddis sonde as he þat ment
No þing but wel & sodenly A-vised
He hir in hise armes to him fast hent
And Pander wip a ful good entent
Leide him to slepe & seide if þe be wise
Swownep not now lest more folk a-rise

(171)
What miȝt or may þe selvy larke seie
whanne þat þis sparhauk hæp it in his foote
I can no more but of þis ilke tweie
To whom þis tale sugre be or sote
þoun þat I tarie a yeere sumtyme I mote
Aftir myn autour telle hir gladnesse
As wel as I have talde hir heuynesse
(172)
Criscid whiche þat felt hir þus I-take
As writen clerkis in her bookis oolde
Riȝt as an auspen leef sche gan to quake
whane sche him felt hir in hise armes fooide
And troiillus al hool of cares oolde
Gan þanke þo þe brieȝt goddis seuene
þus sundry peynes bryngeþ folk to heuene

(173)
Thus Troiillus gan hir in armes streyne
And seide O suete as enere mot I gone
Now be þo cauȝt now is þer but we tweeyn
Now sold þou for oþer boote is noone
To þat Criscid answeride þus anoone
Nad I or now my swete herte deere
Be solden I-wis I were now not here

(174)
Seȝ þis seid þat yuel is for to keune
As of a fyer or oþir greet sijknesse
Men must drinke as men may often se
Ful bittir drinke & for to hauve gladnesse
Men drinkeþ ofte peyne & greet distresse
I mene it he as for this aventure
 þat þoruȝ a peyne. hap founden al his cure

(175)
And now swettenesse seemþ moore swete 
þat bittirnesse assaied was biforne
For oute of woo in blisse now þei flete
Noon suche þei felen aȝen þei were borne
Now is it bittir þan boþe þwo were lorne
For loue of god take evry womman hedde
To wirke þus if it come to þe nede
(176)
Crissid al quite from every drede & tene
As sche þat iuste cause hadde him to triste
Made suche feeste ioys it was to sene
whanne sche his troupe & entent clene wiste
And as aboute a tre wip manye a twiste
Bitrent and wripen is þe swete woodbynde
Gan ech e of hem in armes ðer wynde

(177)
And þe abaschid nistyngeale
þat stynte pirste whanne sche begysmeth singe
whanne þat sche heereþ any heerdis tale
Or in heggis any wight steringe
And aftir sikir dop his vois out ring
Right so Crissid whane his drede stent
Opened his herte & tolde hishir entent

(178)
And rigþ as he þat seep his deþ yschapen
And dien mote in ouste þat he can gesse
And sodenly rosecause dop þanne him ascapen
And from his deþ is brouþt in sikernesse
For al þe world in suche a present gladnesse
was Troilus & häþ his lady suete
wip were þap god lat-vs neuerere mete

(179)
 Hir armes smale hir streiþt bak & softe
Hir sidis longe fleischely smoþpe & white
He gan to stroke & good pristse bad ful ofte
On hir snowe whit þroote hir brestis rounde & lite
Thus in this hevyþ he ganþ hym delite
And þerþþal a þousand tymes hir kist
Þat what to do for ioys vnneþe þe wiste
(180)

Thanne seide he þus O. loue, O. Charite [leaf 36, back] 1254
þi modir eke sitheres þe swete
Aftir þi self next heried be sche
Venus mene I þe wele wylyl planete 1257
And next þat ymeneus I the grete
For neuer was man to goddis y-holde
As I. whiche þe haue brouȝt from cares coolede 1260

(181)

Benienyn loue þou hooly god of þingis 1261
who so wele grace & list þe not to honouryn
Lo his desire wele fies wipouten wings
derkst þou of bounte hem socouryn 1264
þat servyn best & alþermest labouryn [this line in corrector's hand]
þit were al lost þat dar I seie wel certis
But if þi grace passe alleoure desertis 1267

(182)

And for me þat coude leest disserue 1268
Of hem þat Ionipred be to þi grace
hath holpen hem þer y was lyke to sterve [1-3 corrector's hand]
And me bistowed in so hiȝ a place 1271
þat ilke boundis may no blis pace
I can no more but laude and reuenance
Be to þi bounte & to þi excellence 1274

(183)

And þerwijal Criseid anoon he kiste 1275
Of whiche certeyn sche felt no disese
And þus seide he now wolde god I wiste
Min herte swete hou I miȝte þou plese 1278
A what man quod he was euere þus at eese
As I on whiche þe fairest & þe best
þat euere I sey deineȝ hir hert rest 1281
Here may ye se pat mercy passiç riçt
be experience of pat. is felt perynne
pat am vnworçi to so swete a whiçt
But herëç hert myn of youre benygnite
So þinkeç ponç that I vnworçi be
3it mote I nede a-mende in sum wise
Riçt þornç þe vertu of youre seruise

(185)

[And for the loue of gode. my lady dere
Sith gode hath. wrought me you to serue
As thus he wyll. how that ye be my stote
To doo me lyve. if that ye lust or sterwe.
So techith me. how that I may deserve
your thonke. so that [thoruh myn ignorance
I do no thyng[ that] do you dispuiseance]

(186)

For certes. freshe womanlich wyf
This dar I scyn. that trouhte And diligence
That shal ye fynde in me al my life³
Ne I woile not certeine breke your defense
And yf I doo. presente or in absence
For' loue of gode. lat ale me wítt that dede
yf that it like. vnto your womanhede

(187)

Iwys quod she. myn owne hertes truste
My grounde of ese. and al myn hert dere
Gramercy for onç you. is al my truste
But let vs fall. a-way fro this materede
For this soufficeth. wyche that seide is here
And at oo worde. wyhoute repentance
welcome my knyght. my pe. my soufficance
(31)  
1 Long would it be to recount the fruition,
2 And impossible to tell the delight,
3 Which they took together.
(33)  
3 If to me were given the cunning
4 Which the poets had, one and all,
5 It could not be expressed by me.
6 Let him conceive it who was ever so far on,
7 Thanks to Love, as these were.

(33)  
1 Oh sweet night! oh much desired!
2 What a one wast thou to the two joyful lovers!

(34)  
2 Holding each other embraced,
3 They felt as though they were bereft one of the other.
6 But they seemed to be dreaming of being embraced:
7 And the one oft-times asked of the other,
8 "Hold I thee in my arms, or do I dream, or is it indeed thou?"

(35)  
1 They looked on one another with so much desire
2 That the one turned not eyes from the other;
3 And one said to other: "My love,
4 Oh can it be that I am with thee?"
5 "Yea, heart of my body, thanks be to God therefor,"
6 Many times replied one to other;
7 And, often clasping close,
8 They sweetly kissed together.

(188)  
OF her delite. or Ioyes oun of the leste
where impossible. to my wyte to say
But fugeth ye that haue been at the feste
In suche gladnesse. yf that hem lyst to play
I can no more. but thus. this ilke tway
That nyght by-twix. drede and sikernesse
They felt in loue. the grete worthinessse

(189)  
O blisful nyght: of hem so longe ysought
how blithe vnto hem bothe. to you were
why nade I. suche oon. wyth my soule bought
ye or the lestoye. that was there
A-wey thou foule. dannger and thou fere
And let hem. in this heauenly blisse dwelle
That so high is. that no man coulde telle

(190)  
This ilke two. that been in arme lefte
So lothe to hem. a sonder gone it were
That ech from. other wende be byrste
Or elles loo. this was hir moote fere
lest al this thynge. but dremes were
For wych ful ofte. ech of hem seide o swete
Clippo I you thus or elles I hit mete

(191)  
And lorde so he gan godely on her see
That euer his eye. blent from hir face
And seide o dere hert/ may it bee
That this be sothe. that ye be in this place
yee hert myvn. gode thonke I of his grace
Quod tho Cristeide. and therwyth-al hym kyste
That were is spirit. was for Ioye he nyste
(36)  
1 Troilus often kissed the beautiful amorous eyes
2 Of Chryseis, saying:
3 “Ye set in my heart such fiery
4 Darte of love, wherewith I all burn up.
5 Ye keep me, and ever will keep me,
6 Beautiful eyes of mine, in the love-net.”

(37)  
1 Then he kissed them, and again re-kissed.
3 And no while
4 Did he pass without a thousand sighs;
5 Not of those sorrowful ones whereby one loses colour,
6 But of those loving ones by which was shown
7 The affection which lay in his breast.

1 “Plit,” literally “ploue.”

(192)  
This troilus ful ofte. hir eyen twoo  [Ehel. 1509]
Gañ for to kyse, and seid o eyen clere
hit were ye. that wroghten me this whoo
ye humble nettes. of my lady dere
Thogh thur be mercy. wryten in your chere
Gode wote that tixite. ful harde is sothe to fynde
how cowde ye me. wythouten bonde bynde

(193)  
Therwyth he gan hir faste in armes take
And wel a thousand tymes. gan he sike
Noo suche sorrowful sikes. as men make
For sorwe. or elles what thotolke been sike
But esy sikes. suche as been to like
That sweyd his affection wythinne
Of wych sykes. cowde he not blynne

(194)  
Sone after this spake they of sundry thinges
And ful to purpos. of her a-venture
And playing. enchaunged hir ringes
Of wych I can not tell no scripture
But wol I wote. a broche golde and asure
Creasid hym yafe. and stake it on hys sherte
In wych a rubye. was sette like an herte

(195)  
Lorde trowe ye. a covetours wreche
That blameth louse. and halfe of hit despit
That of the peynes. that he gan moke and teche
was ever right yit. yeue hym suche delite
As in louse. a poynt in som plite.
Nay doules. for as gode me saue
So parfit Ioye. may no negarde hane

(38)  
1 Ah! here [et pitiful misers reflect—
2 Who censure a man that is in love,
3 And that has not wholly given himself up, as they do,
   to making pence 2
4 In whatever way—
5 And let them see whether, by holding these most dear,
6 So much pleasure was ever felt by them
7 As Love gives in one sole point [fortuna.
8 To a man whom he [Love] is conjoined with Good-

2 “Denari.” Chaucer gives the same word, “penes : at the present day (at any rate) the term “denari” is used in Italian simply as equivalent to “money.”
1. They will say yes, but they will lie.
2. And this love they will call a piteous madness,
3. With laughter and jeers;
4. Without seeing that but one hour shall that be
5. When they shall lose themselves and their pence,
6. Without having known what joy is.
7. In all their lives God make them sad,
8. And give their gains to lovers!

1. They wyl say yis, but lorde so they lye
2. Tho be sy wrecches. ful of who and dред
3. Tho clepe loue. a wodenesse for folye
4. But it shal fal hem. as I shal a-Rede
5. They shal for-gooy. the white and eke the Rede
6. And lyve in who. there gode yeue hem. myschance /
7. And every louer. in his trouthes avance

[As wolde god / these wrecches that despise [Note 2b]
seruye of loue/ had / heris as longe
as had / Mida / ful of couetise
and therto dronkin had / as hot & as strong
as Crasus dide / for hise afectis wrong
to techyn hem / that / couetis is vice
and loue is vertu / thouh men hold it nyce]

1. This ilk two. of wyche I you seye
2. Than gonnye they. to speke and pleye
3. And eke reherison. how and when and where
4. They knewem first. but euer in woo and fere
5. That pased was. but al their businesse
6. I-thonked goda. was tourned to gladnessse

1. And euer more whan that they fill to speke
2. Of any woo. of suche. nyme y-gonne
3. Wyth kyssynge. al that tale shulde broke
4. And fallen in a new Iove a-now
5. For to Recouere blisse and been at ese
6. And passed woo / wyth Ioyes countrepese
(41) No reckoning was there taken of sleeping;

But their wish was that the night might not be too short
For keeping awake to good purpose long enough.
They could not satiate themselves one with the other;
Though much was the doing and the saying,
Such as they thought pertaining to that act.

(200) Reson wyl not that I spoke of slepe
For it is a-cordith not to my materere
Gode woot he toke / of that ful litle kepe
But lest he thyght. that was to hem so dere
Ne shulde in vayne / escape in no manere
hit was bysete. in Ioye and besinesse
Of al that sovneth in to gentilnesse

(201) But how al thogh. I cawe not alle
As cau myn auctor. of his excellence
yit haue I seide. and god to-forn shal
In every thing. the grete of his sentence
And yif that I that loue Reuerence
have ony thing. in eched for the beste
Doth therwythaule. Ryght as your self lyste

(202) For my wordes here. and every parte
I spake hem alle vnnder correction
Of you that felynge. haue in loues arte
And putte hem. hole in your discricon
Teneurement. or make diminucion
Of my langage. and that I you beeche
But now to purpose. of my Rather speche

(203) When that the Cok commune Astrologer
Gan ou his brest. beta. and affyr crowe
And lucifer the dayes messanger
Gan for to Rise. and oute her stremes throwe
And estward Roos. to hym that cowde it knowe
Fortuna maior. that a-noon Creside
wyth hert sore. to Troylus thus seide

(42) But, when, near to daytime, they heard the cocks
Crow, for the dawn which was rising.

(43) Which when Chrysea heard crow,
Sorrowful she said:
(43)

2 “O my love,
3 It is getting time to rise,
4 If indeed we want to conceal our desire.”

(204)

Myn hertis lyf / my trust and my plesaunce (Harl. 1890) 1422
That I was born, alas what me is woo
That day of vs. must make dissererunce
For tyme it is. to Ryse and hens goe
Or elles I am. but lost for suerromoo
O nyght alas. why nylt thou houer ws houe
As longe [as] when Almena. lay by Ioue (end of Harl. 1890 lat)

(205)

[Harl. 3943 again: leaf 60.]
O blak niêt as folke in bookes reede
pat schapen art þis world bi god to hide
At certeyn tymes wip þi derke weede
þat vnþir þat men niêt in her nest abide
Wel ouþten beestis þus playne & folkes chide
þat þere as day wip labour wolde vs brest
There þou niêt þus fleest & deynest not vs rest

(206)

Thou dost al so schortly þin office
þou rakel niêt þat god maker of kynde
þee for þin hast and þin vnkynde vice
So fast vn-to þoure emyspery bynde
þat neuere moore vnþir þe grounde þou wynde
For now þou hiest so [faste] out of troye
Hauue I forgon þus hastily my Ioye

(207)

Thus Troillus þat wip þis wordis felte
As þouȝte him þo from pitouse distresse
þe bloodi teers from his hert melte
As he þat neuer sit suche heuyynesse
Assaide hadde but of so groot gladnesse
Gan þerwiþal Criseid his ladi deere
In armes strayne ðe & seide in þis manere

(44)

1 Troilus embraced her, almost weeping.

2 And, clasping her close, he kissed her.
5 Then he commenced, saying to her:
3 Cursing the day that was coming,
4 That separated them so untimely.

(208)
O cruel ladi accuser of pe Ioye
pat nijt & loue haue stole & fast ywriem
Acursd be pí comyng in to Troye ·
For every bore hap oone of pí bright yen
Envious day what liste þee to aspiem
What hast þou lost whi sekest þou þis place ·
God þi list quenehe for his grace

(209)
Alas what haue þise louers þee agilt
Dispitouse day þine ben þe peynes of helle
For manye oone hast þou alayn and wilt
þi powringe wolte lat hem nowhere dwelle
What profrists þi list here to selle
Go selle it hem þat smale seelis graue
We nile þee not : vs nedeþ no day to haue

(210)
And eke þe sunne tytan gan he chide
wel mowen manye men þee dispise
þou hast þe dawnynge al nijt þe biside
And suffrist hir to soone vp fro þee rise
For to disese louers in þis wise
What holde þi bed þere and eke thy morowe
I bidde god so þeþe þou boþe sorwe

(44)
7 "How am I ever to part from thee?"
8 For the bliss I feel, lady, thou giv'st it me.

(211)
Therwip ful sore he siçed & þasme he said
My ladi riȝt of my wele or woo
þe welle of roote of good likinge Criseid
And schal I rise alas and schal I so
Now fele I þat my hert mot a twoo
For hou schulde I my lijf an our saue
Siþen þat wip þou al my lijf I haue
(45)
5 “Neither know I about returning, how nor when.

(46)
1 “Ah what shall I do, if already, at the first step,
2 The longing to return so strains me
3 That life endures it not, woe is me! 

(47)
1 “If I could think that I stand continually in thy mind,
2 My beautiful lady, as thee I hold
3 Within mine,
4 This would be dearer to me than the Trojan realm,
5 And I would be patient at this parting.”

(48)
1 Chryseis sighing replied to him.

(212)

What schal I do for certes I not how
Ne whanne alak I schal þe tyme se
þat in þis place I may be ofte wip you
And of my lijf god wote hou þat schal be
So þat desire riȝt now [so] streine þe
þat I am deed anoone but I retorne
hou schulde I longe Alas sojourne

(213)

But nepeles myn owene ladi brjȝ
þit were it so þat I wist vttirly
þat I youre humble seruaunt & youre kniȝt
Were in youre herte set als femely
As þe in myn þe whiche þing truly
Me lenere were þan þis worldis twayne
þit schulde I þe bettir endure al my peye

(214)

to þat Criseid answerid riȝt anoone
And wip a siȝ sche sche 1 seide O hert dere
þe game ywis so ferforþe now is gone
þat firste schal Phebus falle from his spere
And heune egle be as þe douves sere
And everi rock out of his place stert
Er Troilus out of Crissidis hert

(215)

Ye be so depe riȝt in my herte grene
þat þouȝ I schulde tunne it out of my þouȝt
As wisly god my soule saue
To die in þe peye I coupe nouȝt
And for þe loue of god þat vs hap wrouȝt
Lat in youre herte no noyonse fantasie
So crepe þat it cause me to die
(216)
And þat þe wolde me hauue als fast in mynde
As I haue þou þat wole I þou biseche
And if I wist sopely þat to fynde
God miȝt not ȝo poynþ of my Ioyes eche
But hert myn wip outen more speche
Beþ to me trewe or ellige were it rouþe
For I am ȝoures bi god and bi my trouþe

(217)
Be glad for þi & lyueþ in sikernesse
þis seid I neuere or þis ne schal to no mo
And if it to ȝow were a greet gladnesse
To turne ðen soon after þat þe go
Als fayn wolde I as þe þat it were so
As wely god my herte bringe at rest
And him in armes took and ofte kist

(218)
Aȝens his wille siþ it mot nedes be
þis Troilus vp roœs & fast him cledde
And in hise armes toke his ladi fre
An .C. tyme & on his weie him spedde
And wip suche vois as þouþ his hert bleddde
He seide farwel dere hert swete
þat vs graunt sound & soone to mete

(219)
To whiche for sorwe no word sche answerd
So sore gan his parting hir distreine
And Troilus to his paleis ferd
As woo-bigone as sche was sop to seine
þo hard him wrong of scharp desire þe payne
For to be ofte þere he was in pleasaunce
þat it may neuere out of his remembraunce
1 Returned to his royal palace, Troylus
2 Silently entered his bed,
3 To sleep, if he could, somewhat at ease:
4 But sleep could not enter his bosom;
7 Thinking within himself how far beautiful Chryseis
8 What he had supposed.

1 And he went revolving every act
2 In his thought, and her wise talk.

7 And with such thoughts the more did he burn
8 Strongly in love, and he perceived it not.

1 Chryseis was with herself doing the same;
2 Talking of Troylus in her heart;
3 And, congratulating herself on such a lover,
4 She gave infinite thanks to Love for it;
5 And it seems to her full a thousand years ere
6 Her charming lover returns to her.

1 In the morning Pandarus had come.²

¹ The word “touchinge” in Chaucer looks like a corruption of the text, instead of “thanking.”
² “Had come” to Troylus, in Boccaccio—not to Chryseis, as in Chaucer.
(224)

And niȝ he come and seid hou stant it now
pis mey morwe nece hou kunne ȝe fare
Criseid answeride neure ȝe bot for ȝow
Fox ȝat ȝe ben. god ȝeus ȝow hertis care
God helpe me so ȝe causep al ȝis fare
Trowe I quod sche for alle ȝoure wordis white
O. ho seep [he] ȝou knoweȝ ȝou but a lite

(225)

With ȝat sche gan hir face wrie
wij ȝe schete & wex for schame reed
And Pandre gan vndire for to prie
And seide nece if ȝat I schal be dede
hauw here a swerid & smite of myn heed
Wij ȝat his armes sodenly he priȝt
Vndir hir nek & at ȝe last hir kist

(226)

I passe al ȝat chargep not to see
what god forȝaf his deȝt & sche also
Forȝaf. And wij her vncke gan to pleie
For ȝer cause was ȝer non but so
But of ȝis ȝing rïȝt to ȝe fext to go
Whanne tyme was home to hir hons sche went
And Pandre hadde fully his entent

(227)

Now turne we aȝen to Troillus
ȝat restes ful longe in bedde lay
And priuely sent after Pandarar
To him to come in al ȝe hast he may
he come anoone not oones seid he may
And Troillus ful sobrely he grette
And doune yppon ȝe beddis side him sette
3 Troilus

4 Eagerly threw himself on his neck.

7 "Thou from hell hast set me in paradise.

1 "I never could effect so much,
2 Were I to die for thee a thousand times a day,
3 As to do an atom of what
4 I openly acknowledge is due to thee.

(57)

1 "The sun, which sees the whole world, sees not
2 So beautiful a woman, nor so delightful,
3 If my words deserve credit,
4 So well bred, charming, and attractive,
5 As is she thanks to whom
6 I in sooth live the joyfulest of men.
7 Praised be Love who made me his,
8 And likewise thy good service.

(58)

1 "Thou therefore hast given me no little thing.
2 "My life shall always be obliged to thee.
3 "Thou hast raised it from death to life."
4 And here he ceased, more joyful than ever.
5 Pandarus, having heard him, stayed awhile, and then
6 He thus cheerfully replied to his words.

(59)

1 This troillus wip al þe affecciouns
2 Of frendis loue þat herte may deuise
3 To Pandre on knees fel doun
4 And or he wolde of þe place riue
5 he gan him þanke on his best wiue
6 An hundrid tymes and gan þe tyme blesse
7 þat he of his modir borne wesse
8 1590
9 1593
10 1596

(228)

1 pat euere was þe scoþe for to telle
2 þou hast in heuene brouȝt my soule to rest
3 Fro Flegiton þe firy fiende of helle
4 þat þough I miȝt a þousand tymes selle
5 Vpon a day my lijf in þi seruice
6 It miȝte not in þat a myte suffice
7 And seyd O frend of frendis alther best
8 1597
9 1600
10 1603

(230)

1 The sunne whiche þat al þe world may se [see, seek] 1604
Sauȝ neuere ȝit my lijf þat dare I leye
2 So ȝoly so faire so goodlye as is sche
Whos I am al & schal till þat I deye
3 And that I thus am hers dare I seye
þat þanked be þe hije worþinesse
Of loue .And eke þi kynde bizinesse
4 1607
5 1610

(231)

1 Thou hast now me no litle þing [i-]eune 1611
For whiche to þee oblisched be for ay
2 Mi lijf .and whi. for þorugh þi helpe I lyue
Or ells deed hadde I be for manye a day
3 And wip þat worde dounne on his bedde he lay
And Pandre ful sobrly him herde
4 Til al was seide .& thanne he þus anawerde [i be inter] 1617
"Fair sweet friend, if I have done anything
That is grateful to thee, I am extremely pleased,
And it is supremely gratifying to me.
But none the less I more than ever remind thee
To put a bridle to thine amorous mind,
And to be wise; so that, whereas thou hast slaked thy
With delightful joy,
Thou do not return into annoy through talking."  

1 The four lines which follow next in Chaucer, beginning stanza 233, are not from Boccaccio, but from Dante.

My dere frende If I have do for þee
In any caue, god woote it is me leef
And am as gladde as man may of it be
God helpe me so, but take it not a greef
þat I shal saie, bewar of þis mischeef
þat þere as now þou art brouhte in blisse
þat þou þi sif. cause it not to mysee

For of fortunes scharp aduersite
þe werst kynde of Infortune is þis
A man to haue be in prosperite
And it remembriþ whanne it passid is
þou art wise ynow for þi do not-amis
Be not to rakel pough þou sit warme
For if þou be certeyne it wole þee harme

Thou art at ese and holde þee wel þerynne
For also sure as reed is every fire
Als greet a craftes is to kepe wele as wyn
Bridel alwei wel þi speche & þi desire
For worldly joye holt not but bi a wire
þat preueþ wel it brekiþ al day so ofte
For þi nude is to wirche wip it softe

"I will do it so that it shall content thee,"
Replied Troilus to his dear friend.

Quod Troylus y hope and god to-form
My dere frende þat y shal so me bere
þat in my giff þer shal no thing be lorn
Ne rakyl nel y be for to grevyn here
Hit nedip not al day þis þing to tere
For wist þow my hert wele Pandare
God wote of þis ful litil woldist þow care
3 Then he related to him his happy adventures,
4 And continued: "I tell thee in truth
5 That I was never inside the nets of Love
6 As I am now; and still more than the old one,
7 Now does the fire bake me which I have caught
8 From the eyes and face of Chryseis.

(62)
1 "But this fire
2 Which I feel now is of other quality
3 Than the former one."

(63)
1 The young man could not satiate himself
2 With talking to Pandarus of the bliss
3 Which he had felt, and the delight,
4 And the comfort given to his pains.

(64)
1 In short while, the happy fortune
2 Of Troilus gave opportunity for his loves.

(236)
Po gan he telle hym of his glade nyght
And whereof first his hert dred & how
And seid frend as y am a trewe knyght
And by pat feith y shal to god & yow
I had hit neuere half so hoot as now
And ay pe more pat desire me bitith
To lune her best pe more hit me delitith

(237)
Y not not wisely what it is
But now y fele a newe qualite
Ye al a noaer pan y ded or pis
Pandare answerd & seid pus pat he
Pat may onys in hevyn blis be
he fulith coper-wise dare y ley
pan pat tyme he herd first of hit sọy

(238)
This is a word for al this Troylus
Was neuere ful to speke of pis matere
And for to prayse to Pandarus
pe bounte of his right lady dere
And Pandare to ţonkyn & makyn chere
pis tale was span newe to bygyn
Til pat pe night departid hem a twyn

(239)
Sone aftir pis for pat fortune it wolde
pat comyn was pe bliaful tyme swete
That Troylus was warnid pat he sholde
pever he was arst Cryseid his lady mete
For which he felt in joy his hert fete
And faithfully gan al pe goodnes herys
And let se now if he can be mery
1 Chryseis
3 Pursued wholly the same course as before.
6 With great joy
7 They entered the chamber together,
8 And lay down without any delay.

And holdyn was þe fourme & al þe wyse [letter, book] 1674
Of his comyng and eke of here also
As hit was arat which nedip not devise
But pleyly right to þe effect to go 1677
In ioy and seure Pandarus hem to
Abed broght whan þat hem two lost
And þus þei be in quiete and in rest 1680

What nedith to yow seth þei be met
To aske at me if þei blithe were
For if it eft was wele þo was it bet
A thousand fold þan arat it nedip not to enquire
And gone was euery sorow & euery fere
And boþ y-wis þei had & so þei wend
As miche ioy as hert myght comprehend 1687

This is no litil þing for to sēy
This passip any wyt for to devise
For ech of hem gan opir lust obey
Felicite which þat þes clerkes wise
Comendyn so ne may not here suffise
This ioy may not writyn be with ynk
þis passith al þat hert may bethink'

1 But the hostile day was approaching,
2 As by signs was manifestly discerned:
3 Which each angrily blasphemed.

But cruel day so welaway þe stound 1695
Gan for to a-proche as þei by signes knewe
For which hem þoghþ þei felt deþes wound
So wo was hem þat chaungyn gan her hewe 1698
And day þei gun to despise al newe
Callyng hit traytour envious & wors
And bittrily þe dayes light to curs 1701
(244)

Quod Troylus alas now y am ware
That Pirous and þe swift stedis thre
Which þat drawyn forth þe suonis chare
hath go some bipath in despite of me
þat makþ hit so sone day to be
And for þe suyne hastith hym so to rise
Ne shal y neuere done hym sacrifise

(245)

Bvt nedis departe hem must sone
And speche doun was here & there
þei twyn a-none as þei be wont to dow
And settyn tymye of metyng eft yn ferth
And meny a nyght þei wroght in þis manere
And þus for fortune a tymhe byd in joy
Criseid and eke þis kinges sone of troy

(246)

In suffisance in blis and yn likynges
This Troylus gan al his lyf to lede
he spendith justith and makith festynge
he yeuth of frely and chaungith weode
and holt about hym al wey out of drede
A world of folk' as come him wel of kynd
þe fresshed and þe best he myght fynd

(247)

þat such a vois of hym was & a steuene
þurgh-out þe world of honour & largesse
That it yp rong vn to þe yate of hevene
And as in lune he was in such gladnes
þat in his hert he demyd as y ges
That þer is no louers in þis world at eae
So welc as he & þus gan loun hym pleae

(71)

1. The one made parting from the other
2. In the accustomed mode, after many sighs;
3. And they provided for the future that, without
4. Delay, they should return to those desires.

(72)

1. Troilus was content, and in songs
2. And joy he led his life.
3. Troilus sings, and makes wondrous glee;
4. He jousts, spends, and gladly makes presents,
5. And he often renews and changes clothing.

(72)

5. He believed in himself that all
6. Other men live in dull sadness,
7. Compared with himself;
8. So much did his happiness charm and please him.
The lofty beauties and the lovely looks
Of any other lady he prizes nought,
Save his Chrysea.

(73)

He sometimes took Pandarus
By the hand, and went into a garden with him;
And with him he would first speak of Chrysea,
Her excellence and her courtesy:
Then joyfully he began with him,
Wholly removed from melancholy,
Joyfully to sing in this wise.¹

¹ The song given by Boccaccio comprises the passages cited (pp. 105—106) as being utilized by Chaucer in the proem to Canto 3. Consequently the song now given by Chaucer differs in detail from Boccaccio's, and is adapted from Boethius.

The goodly heed or beaute which jat kynd
In any other lady had y-sette
Can not jat mountaunce of o knot vnbyud
Of bounte his hert of al Crisedita net
he was so narwe y-maskid and y-knet
That hit vnsone on eny manere side
hit nel not be for noght jat may betide

And by jat honde ful oft he wold take
This Pandare and yn to gardyn lede
And such a feest & such a processe make
hym of Criseyd and of her womanhede
And of her beute jat with-out drede
hit was an hevyn his wordis for to here
And jat he wold syng in jis manere

(Not in Harl. 3943; taken from Harl. 1339, leaf 34, back.)

Love that ouer see and of erthe hath gouernaunce
Loue jat his hestes hath in euene heye
Loue jat with a holesome alliaunce
Halt peple Isynyd as hym lust hem gye
loue jat kennyth law [&] companye
And coulpes doth in vertu for to dwells
[
. . . . . . no gap in the MS.]

That jat werlde with feth wiche jat is stabuht
Diverseth so his stoundis concordyng
That elementes jat byn discordabuht
holdith A boute perpetueff doyng
That phebus mote forthe his ros dai brynge
And that the mone hath lordecheip over the [nyghtes]
Ah this dothe lone y-heride be his myghtes
(252)
That that the see þat gredi is toflowyn [Hart. 1260] 1758
Constreynyth to a serton ende so
His fodes þat so farsly they ne grevyþ [leaf 85] 1761
To drenchen erthe and ever more moo
And yf that louse, ougught [leþe] hys brydyl goo
Al that [now] loueth / a sonder shold lepe
And lost were aþ / þat loue holt now to kepe 1764

(253)
So wolde gode that Auctor is of kynde
þat with hys bonde, lowe of his vertu lyst
To cheryson hertes, and alle fast bynde
þat from hys bonde they woy no wyght ne onte wyste
And hertes tolde hem. wolde I þat he twyste
To make hem loue and that hem lyst ay Rewe
On hertes soore and kepe hem that ben trewe]
1771

(90)
1 In the actions opportune for their war
2 He was always the first in arms;
3 For he issued forth on the Greeks out of the city
4 So brave and so strong and so fierce
5 That every one dreaded him, if the story errs not:
6 And this so daring spirit,
7 Beyond wont, did Love lend him,
8 Of whom he was a faithful servant.

(91)
1 In the times of truce¹ he went fowling,
2 Holding falcons, gerafulons, and eagles.
3 And sometimes he hunted with hounds,
4 Pursuing bears, boars, and great lions;
5 He contemned all the small animals.
6 And, from time to time seeing Chryseis,
7 He remade himself gracious and beautiful,
8 Like a falcon issuing from the hood.

(254)
In al þe nedis for þe tounys worre [Hart. 3643, leaf 64, book] 1772
he was & ay þe ferst in armys dight
And certeynlty but if þat boskys erre
Save Ector moost dreed of any wyght
And þis erere of hardyynes of myght
Come hym of loue his lady grace to wynne
þat alterid his spirit so withyn
1778

(255)
Out of Troy an haukyng wold he ride
Or hunt bore bere or lyow
þe smale bestis lete he go beside
And when he come rydyng to þe toun
Felt his lady fr her wyndow domu
As freshe as fawcon comith out of mewe
Ful redy was hym goodly to salewe 1785
1. All his talk was of love
2. Of fair breeding, and full of courtesy;
3. He highly praised the honouring of worthy men,
4. And in like wise the discarding of the bad.

(256)
And most of loue & vertu was his speche
And in despite had al wrecchidnes
And doubtles no nede was hym bische
To honouryn hem pat haddyn worthines
And seyn hem pat weryn in distres
And glad was he if eny wight wel ferde
Pat louver was whan he hit wist or herde

(257)
For sope to seyn he lorn had enery wight
But if he were in louys hye servise
I mene folk pat oght it bene of right
And ouer al pis so wele coupe he deuise
Of sentement and yn so vncooue wise
Aft his aroy pat euery louver thoght
Pat al was lone pat enere he seyd or wroght

(258)
And pogh pat he be come of blood ryal
Hym lest of pride at no wight chace
Benyn he was to ech in general
For which he gate hym ponk in euery place
Pus wold longe y-heried be his grace
Pat pride envie ire and avarice
He gan to fle and euery ophir vice

(259)
Yow lady bright pe doghīr of Diono  [latt 80]
Thy blynd eke & wyngyd som daun Cupide
ye sustryn eke ix that by Elicone
In hill Pernaso lest to a-bye
Pat ye pus ferre han deynid me to gyde
I can no more but seth pat ye wol wende
Ye heried be for aye wip-outyn ende
(260)
Durh 3ow have y seid fully in my song
Theeffect and ioy of Troylus servise
Al be it pat þere were some dissesse among
As to myn antour lest to devise
Me my boke now ende y in þis wise
And Troylus in lyst and in quyete
Is with Cryseyde his own hert sueute

[End of Book III.]

[No break in the MS.]
BOOK IV.

(Addison MS. 3943, on leaf 65.)

(1) (Proem)

But al to litil welaway þe while
lastith such ioy þonkid be fortune
þat seemith trusty whan she wolde bygile
And can to folis so her song entune
þat she hem hent & blent traitour commune
And whan a wight is from her whole y-prow
þan lawghip she and makiþ hym þe mow

(2)

From Troylus she gan her bright face
Awey to wrye and toke of hym nos hede
But cast hym cleene out of his lady grace
And on her whole she set vp Diomede
For which right now myn hert gynnip to blede
And now my penne alas with which y write
Quakip for drede of þat y must endyte

(3)

For how Cryseyd Troylus forsoke
Or at þe lost how that she was vnkynde
Mote henis-forth be mater of my boke
And wriþyn folk thurgþ which it is in myyn (Ad 15
Alas þat suere þei shold cause fynd
To speke her harme & if þei on her lye
I-wis hem self shuld have þe vilanye.
BOOK IV.

(1)
1 The Greeks holding the city straitened
2 By close siege,—
3 Hector, in whose hands
4 Was the whole war, made a selection
5 Of his friends and also of the Trojans;
6 And valorous, with his chosen band,
7 He issued into the ample plains against the Greeks,—
8 As many another time he had done.

(2)
3 But at last the fighting of the Trojans
4 Did not turn out well; whence needful after all
5 It was to flee with damage and travail.

(3)

(4) [Invocation]
Y ye herynes nightis doghtryn thre
Pat endales compleynyn euer in pyne
Megera aliste pow therisphone
Thow cruel god eke fadir of Qwyrine
This ferpe book me helpith for to fyne
So pat þe loos of lyþ & loue y-fere
Of Trolyls be fully ashell here.

(5) [The Story.]
Lyngyn þyn coest as þy have seyd or this
The grekys strong' a-bout troy toun
Byfal whan þat Phebus shynyng is
Vp on þe brest of Hercules lyon
That Ector wip meny a bold baron
Cast on a day with grekys for to fight
As he was wont to greve hew what he myght

(6)
Note y how long or short hit was bytwene
This purpuse & þat day þe þus ment
But at þe day wele armyd bright & shene
With spere in hond & big bowys bent
Ector and meny worthy wight out went
And in þe borde without eny lenger let
Her fomen in þe feld anone they met

(7)
þe long day with speris sharp y-ground
Wip arwes dartzis swordis macys felle
þei figh & brynþ hores & man to ground
And wip her axes out þe brayn quale
But in þe last shour þe sothe to tell
þe folk of Troy hem sciff so mysaeddyn
þat wip þe wors hemward at nyght þei fleddyn
Among whom [prisoners] was the magnificent Antenor, 
His son Polydamos, and Monestheus, 
Xanthippus, Sarpedon, Polymnestor, 
Also Polites, and the Trojan Riphios.

So that great wailing and mourning was made in Troy, 
And, as it were, an omen of still worse sorrow.

Priam asked for a truce, and it was granted him; 
And they began to treat together 
For exchanging prisoners that time, 
And for giving money for the surplus.

Which Calchas hearing of, with altered 
Face and with loud plaint, he betook himself 
Among the Greeks; and, through the hoarse bawling,¹

He yet besought that they would hear him a little.

"Lords," began Calchas, "I was 
A Trojan, as you all know; 
And, if well you remember, I am he 
Who first to that for which ye have come hither 
Brought hope; and I told you that you 
Will obtain it at the fitting term,—

That is, victory in your enterprise,—

And Troy shall be by you destroyed and burned.

1 I translate this in conformity with Chaucer's phrase, "to stynge mysete." I am not sure, however, but that Boocaccio means the words to apply to Calchas himself, "hoarse with vociferating" ("per lo gridar fico").
1 "Also the order and mode to be held.
2 "Herein ye know, for I have showed it you.
3 "Save for a young daughter of mine
4 Whom I left there. Alas! hard
5 And rigid father that I was! Had I but brought her,
deserted,
6 Hither into safety!
7 The hurry was too great to allow of my bringing away
Chrysea.

(9)
1 "Nor hitherto have I seen a time to be able to claim her:
2 Therefore I have kept silence.
3 But now is the time when I may get at her,
4 If I can succeed in obtaining this boon from you.
5 If this opportunity fails me, I shall never get her back,
and may as well die at once.
6 "Console,
7 For God's sake, sire, this old captive,
8 Who is void and bereft of all other solace.

(12)
And in what foure & ye what manere wise
This toun is shent and al your lust shal cheve
Ye haue or pis wele herd me yow devise
This knowyn ye my lordis as y leve
And for pe grekiis weryn me so leve
I come my self in prope persons
To teche yow what you was best to done

(13)
Havyng vn-to my tresour ne my rent
No resport to respect of your ese
Thus al my good y lost & to yow went
Wenyng in pis my lord yow to plesse
But al my lose me doth no disease
I vouche saft also have y ioy
For yow to lese al pat y had in troy

(14)
Save of a doghtir pat y left alas
Sleepynge at home when out of toun y stert
O sterne O cruel fadir that y was
how myght y in pat have so hard an hert
Alas y ne had her broght in her short
For sorow of which y wole not lyve to morow
But if ye lordis wole ruwe on my sorow

(15)
For by pat cause y sawe no tymne or now
Her to deliuere y have hold my pees
But now or neuere if it liket you
I may her have for pat is doules
O help & grace among al pis pres
Rewith on pis old caytif in distresse
purght yow seth y am broght in wrecchines
1 "Here are with you a number of noble barons, ye have now caght & fetirid yn prison Troians y-now and if your wil be
2 Trojans and others. My child wiþ on may have redemption
4 Give me one only of the many, Now for þe love of god & of bounte
5 In place of whose releasing One of so fele alas so grauntith me
6 I may have my daughter. What were þis prayer now to warne
(11) Seth þe shal have folk & þe towne as yere
1 'Be not greedy of gold in exchange for the captives. 113
3 "Every Trojan force, all their riches, Vp peril of my lyf þe shal not lye
4 Are in your hands for certain." Apollo hath me told sikirly
5 "Hector, who as yet keeps Troy gates closed against you I have eke foundyn by astronomye
8 is doomed soon to die a violent death." By sort and augury eke truely
(17) And dare wele say þe tyme is fast by Þat fer & flaume on al þe towne shal sprede
And þus shal troy turne in to asshyn dede
(18) For certeyn phebus & Neptunus bope And þus shal troy turne in to asshyn dede
That madyn al þe wallis of þe towne 119
Be with þe folk of Troy alway so wore þat þe wolde bryng hem to confusion
Right in despyle of king lameadow By-cause he nold not pay hem her hire
The town of Troy shall be set a fire 126
(12)
1 Saying this, the aged priest, Tallyng his tale alway þis old gray
2 Humble in his speaking and in his aspect, humblely his speche and lokyng eke
3 Ever scored his cheeks with tears. þe salt teris from his eyen tway
5 Nor were Ful faste ran doun on either cheke
6 His prayers void of pitiful effect; So long of mercy he gan hem byseke
7 For, when he ceased, the Greeks with clamour þat for to help hym of his sorowis sore
8 All cried: "Let Antenor be given him." They þan þat hym Antenore wip-out more
1 And Calchas was content, 
2 And he committed the business to negociators. 
7 [Diomed was] then to give the word of Calchas 
8 To surrender Antenor for his daughter. \(^1\)

\(^1\) These two lines come from Baron's edition of the Filostrato; there is nothing strictly corresponding to them in Moutier's edition.

\(^2\) I reproduce Chaucer's word, "parlement." Boccacio's word also is "parlamento"—but used, I presume, in no more extended sense than "parley, pourparler."

3 Who [the negociators] told his wish to king Priam, 
4 And to his sons, and to the lords 
5 Who also were there; whence a parliament \(^2\) 
6 Was held about this. 
6 And to the ambassadors 
7 They replied briefly—if they would surrender to them the persons specified, 
8 Theirs would be given up.

1 Troilus was present at the demand 
2 Which the Greeks made; and, hearing Chryseis 
3 Asked for, he suddenly felt his heart within 
4 Go all transperced; 
5 Troilus felt as if he should die. 
6 So that he thought he should die, there sitting. 
7 But with difficulty nevertheless he restrained within 
8 His love and plaining, as was befitting.

1 And, full of anguish and of fierce dread, 
2 He began to await what should be answered. 
6 If he should hear it debated among his brothers 
7 That Chryseis should be surrendered to Calchas. 

(16)
8 The alarmed donzel stood beween two. 

(15)
8 How by any means he could avert it.

10 But who was glad y-now but Calchas þo 
11 And of þis ful sone his nede he leyde 
12 On hem þat shold for the tretyg go 
13 And hem for Antenor ful oft preyde 
14 To bring home kyng Hos and Crisseide 
15 And when Priamus her safe conduyt hem sent þe Ambassiatours to Troy streight þei went 
16 Þe cause y-told of her comyng þe old 
17 Priamus þe kyng; ful sone in general 
18 Gan þerþen his parlement to holde 
19 Of which þefect rehersyn yow þe shal 
20 Þambassiatours hem answeryd for final 
21 The chaunge of prisoners and al þis nede 
22 hem likith wele and forthe þei gan procede 
23

20
21
22
23

(20)
(21)
(22)
(23)
1 Love made him eager
2 To oppose everything. But on the other side was
3 Reason who gainsaid it, and who
4 Made very dubious that daring enterprise,
5 Lest haply, at this, Chrysois should be angry
6 Through shame.

(16)

Love hym made al prest to do her byde
Or rathir dyen þan she shold go
But reason sayd hym on þat oþer side
With-out þassent of her do not so
Lest for thy work she wold be thy foo
And say þat þurgh þi medlyng is y-blow
Your bo pe loun þer it was art unknon

(24)

For whiche he gan deliureyn for þe best
þat þoght þe lordis wold that she went
he wolde suffre hem grounte what hem lest
And tell his lady fyrst what þei ment
And whan þat she had told hym her entent
þer afir wold he wurkyn as blithe
Thogh þi þe world a-yen hit wold strive

(25)

H[ec]tor which þat wele þe grekis herde
For Anteigne how þei wold have Crisside
Gan hit withstood & sobrely answerd
Sirs she is no prisoner he sayd
I note on yow ho þis charge leyde
But for my parte þe may wel sone hym telle
We vayn here no wymmes for to selle

(26)

The yoys of þþ þeþle start vp þan at onys
As breme as blase of straw y-set a fyre
For infortune wold for the nonys
They sholdyn her confusion desire
Ector quocl þei what goost may yow enspire
This woman þus to sheld & done vs lese
Daun Antenore a wrong wey now ye chese
(28)
That is so wys a ye is so bold baron
And we have noke of folk as men may se
He eke is one the grettest of this town
O Ector let us such fantasies be
O kyng Priamus quod \( \text{bei lo } \) tus say we
\( \text{pat our wil is to forgo} \) Cryseide
And to deliure Antenore \( \text{bei preyle} \)

(29)
O Iuuenas 
lorde sothe is thy sentence
that litil knou folk what is to yerne
that they ne fynde in their desire of
for cloude of error late them discern
What best is and lo her ensample as yerne
These folk desiren now delyuenaunce
Of Antenor \( \text{pat brought hem to myschaunc} \)

(30)
For he was affir traitour to the town
Of Troy alas they quyte hym oute to rathe
O nyce worde lo thy discrecioun
Crisseide which \( \text{pat nevir did them skathe} \)
shal now no lenger [in] hir blis[se] bathe
But Antenor he sha\( \text{t com home to town} \)
And she sha\( \text{t oute thus saide her} \) and hown

(17)
2 Many things were discussed
3 Between the barons,
4 And that Chryseis should be surrendered.
5 They said she had never been detained.—Troilus fell
down in a swoon. Priam, Hector, and his brothers, did
their best to recover him. At last he revived; and, without
allowing any time for questioning, he made off, and returned
to his palace.

(31)
For which delyuerid was by parliament
for Antenor to yale oute Crisseide
And it pronouncid by the president
Ay though Ector nyth ful ofte praise
that finally what wight \( \text{pat it withe} \)side
It was for nought It must be and shulde
For substaunce of the parliament it wolde
(22)

2 Without hearkening or turning to any one,
3 He went into his chamber, and said that he wished
4 To rest himself; wherefore everyone,
5 Friend and servitor although dear,
6 Went out. 1

(23)

Here Boccaccio again addresses his lady. He says that her benign influence will not be needed to enable him to describe the misery of Troilus, for his own personal experience of the sorrows of parting will sufficiently guide him. He implores her to return; and it ought to be soon, for meanwhile his life is failing. (In his poem, it may be added, Boccaccio expressly affirms that he has never been favoured by his lady as was Troilus by Chrysea. Valeat quantum.)

(26)

Troilus gave vent to his wretchedness with such self-abandonment that he seemed a rabid wild-beast, and not a man.

8 But first they closed the windows.
1 Troilus therefore, remaining alone
2 In his chamber looked and dark.

1 The first two lines of the succeeding stanza, 23, are taken by Chaucer from Dante.
2 These lines also are evidently founded by Boccaccio upon a passage in Dante.

(32)

DEpartid out of parliament euerychone
This Troilus withoutyn wordis moo
In to his chambre spedde hym faste allone
but yif it wer a man of his or two
the whiche he bad oute faste for to goo
because he wolde slepe as he saide
And hastily vpon his bedde hym laide

(33)

And as in wynter levis bene berafiite
Eche aftir other till the tree be bare
so pot ther nys but barks & braunc he laffite
lithe Troilus berafiite of eche welfare
I-boundyn in te b[l]akk' barks of care
Disposid oute of his witt to braide
So soor hym satt the exchaunge of Crisside

(34)

HE Raisith hym vp & eueri dore he shott
And wyndow eke & thos this sorowful man
vpon his bedde side adowne hym sett
full like a Dede ymage pale and wannne
And in his brest the hepid wo biganne
Out-brest and he to wirks in this wise
In his woodenesse as I shal yow devise

(35)

Ryght as the wilde bullens begynnyth to sprynges
now here now ther! I-dartid to the harte
And of his deth roth a compleynynge
Right so ganne he aboute the chambr sterte
Smytyng his brest ay with his fistis smerte
his hede to the waft his bodie to the grounde
Full ofte he swappid hym silt to confownde
(28)
1 His wretched eyes, for pity of his heart,
2 Wept sore, and seemed two fountains.
4 The high sores of his weeping
5 Also took away the purport of his vain words.
7 They went asking nothing else except death,
8 Blaspheming and flouting the gods and himself.

(29)
1 After the great fury had given way,
2 And by continuance his weeping moderated,
4 He threw himself on his bed awhile;
5 Not ceasing, however, wholly or a little,
6 To weep sore, and to sigh so much
7 That his head and breast hardly sufficed him
8 For so much distress as he gave himself.

(30)
1 Then soon afterwards he began to say
2 To himself in his wailing: "O miserable Fortune,
3 What have I done to thee, that thou thus opposest every desire
4 Of mine? Hast thou no
5 Other concern than my wretchedness?

(31)
7 "I who erewhile loved thee far
8 Better than any other god, as thou cruel knowest!

1 I have translated these lines as I worded thus:
   "Ghi alti singhiosi del planto a le vane
   Parole Ancor togliervano il valore."
This corresponds in sense with the passage in Chaucer, and also with the passage in Baron's edition of the Filiastre. In Moutier's edition, it stands "a le vane," &c., which I certainly conceive to be a misreading.

(36)
Hys eyne two for pty of the herte
cute srenzyd as swite wellis tvey
the his sobbis of his sorowis amerte
his speche hym raffte ymtestis myght he sey
O deyl allas why ylte you do me day
O cursid be pat day which pat nature
Shope me to be a livis creature

(37)
But aftir whanne pe furie & pe rage
Which pat herte twiste & fast throst
be lengths of tyme somwhat gan assuaghe
upon his bedde he laide hym down to roste
but tho biganne his teris cute to breste
that wondre is the bodie may suffise
To half this wo which I you devise

(38)
Than saide he thus o fortune allas pat while
What haue I done what haue I thus agyte
how maist pou for ruth me beguyle
Ya ther' no grace & shal I thus be spilte
Shall this crieseide away for pat thou wilt
Allas hau maist pou in thyn hertes fynde
To be to me thus cruel & vnkynde

(39)
HAue I the not honourid alf my liff
As thou wel wotist aboue the goddis alf
Why ylte pou me frome Ioy thus depyriff
O Troilus what may men the calf
but wretche of wreschis out of honour fall
In-to mysrie in whiche I will bewaile
Crieseid allas vn-to the breth me faile
(31)
1 "If my happy and gracious life
2 Displeased thee,
3 'Why didst thou not rather demolish Troy?
4 "Why didst thou not bereave me of my father,—
5 Why not Hector?"

(40)
Allas fortune yif þat my lif in Ioy
displead hadde vn-to thy foule envye
Why ne haddist þou my fadir kyng of Troy
by craffte the lif þat or done my brotheres dey
Or slayne my silf / þat thus compleyn & cry
I cembre the worlde þat my thyng serve
but alwey dy & nevir fully sterve

(32)
1 "If Chryseis alone had been left me,
2 For no other great harm
3 Should I care, nor say a word about it.
4 "But thy darts go straight
5 Always to the things one has the greatest appetite for,
6 To show the more the power of thy deceiving.

(41)
Yve that allone Crisseide wer' me laffte
noght rought I whodirwardes þou wilt stere
And hir allas þan hast þou me beraffe
but enemore lo this is thy maners
To reve a wighte þat most is to hym dere
to proue in that thy greffulf violence
thus am I lost' ther' helpith no diffence

(33)
1 "Ah me! Love, sweet lord and pleasant,
2 Who knowest all that lies within my soul!
3 What will my sorrowing life do
4 If I lose this bliss, this my peace!
5 Ah me! gentle Love, who once
6 Didst console my mind, veritable lord!
7 What shall I do if she is taken from me
8 To whom, by thy will, I gave all myself?"

(42)
O verry lorde of love / o god allas
that knowist best myn herte & all my thoughte
What shall my sorrowfull lif do in þis cas
Yet I fero þat I so dere haue boughte
Seu ye Crisseide haue me fully broughte
In to your grace & both our hertis ensallid
how may ye suffre allas it me repeliþ

(34)
1 "I will weep, and always remain doleful
2 Wherever I am, while the life
3 Shall endure in this my anguished body.

(43)
What shall I do I shaft whil I may endure
On live in turment & in cruel peyn
this infortune or this disauntur'
alone as I was borne y-wis compleyn
ne neuer I son it shyne or reyn
but end I wil as edippe in darknesse
my sorrowfull lif & dey for distresse
(34)
4 "O soul wretched & astray,
5 Why fleest thou not out of the most ill-fortuned
6 Body that lives? O soul brought low,
7 Part from the body, and follow Chryseis!
8 Why dost it not? Why not loose thyself?

(35)
1 "O woful eyes, whose whole comfort
2 Was in the face of our Chryseis,
3 What will ye now do? In sorrowful mourning
4 Ye will always be since she will be divided from you;
5 And your faculty will be destroyed,
6 Vanquished and conquered by your weeping.
7 In vain will ye now see other virtue,
8 If your well-being is taken from you.

(36)
1 "O my Chryseis! O sweet bliss
2 Of the sorrowing soul which calls on thee!
3 Who will any more give comfort to my pains? ¹
4 'At least the departure of my Chryseis might have been
so far delayed as to inure me a little to the sorrow of it.

¹ "To thy peyne" is printed in Chaucer—which seems much less appropriate.

(44)
O verry gooste pat errest to & froo
Why nyste jou ale out of the wofulst
body / that euer myghte on grounde go
O soule beryng in this wo ymnest
she forth out of myn hert & lat it brost
And folowe alway Crisseid thi lady dere
Thy right place is now no lenger here.

(45)
O wofull eyn two / syn your disporte
Was a[l] to se / Crissaydis eyn brighte
What shaft ye do but for my discomfor
stonde for nought wepe forth your sight
sym she is queynt / pat wont was you to lighte
In veyn frome this forth have I eyn tvey
I-fowmed / synn your vertue is awaye

(46)
O my Crisseide / o lady soueraigne
Of thilke woful soule pat thus cryste
who shaft now yeve comforte to my peyne
Allas the wight but whan my hert doith
my spirite whiche pat so vn to you hieth
Receive in gre for pat shaft ay you serue
for now no force is thowe þe bodie sterue

(47)
O ye louers that high vpon the whole
ben sett of fortune in goode aventure
god len þat ye fynde ay love of stele
And long mote youre lift in joy endure
but whan ye com þe my sepultur:
Rommbrith þat your felowe restith here
for I lound eke thowe I unworthy wer
1 "O mis-lived! old man, O insane old man!
2 What fantasy moved thee, or what spite,
3 To go to the Greeks, thou being a Trojan!
4 'Wretched traitor! none was more honoured in Troy
than thou!''
5 'O that thou hadst died the day of thy escape!
or the day when thou didst redeem my Chryseis!
6 Thou art the cause of the sorrow which goes to my heart!

A Thousande sikis hotter than the glede
Out of his breast eche affir othir wente
medlid with pleynte new his woo to fede
which his woofful teers never stente
shortly so his teers hym turment
wex so mate pat Ioy ne pensance
felith he noone but lieth furth in a trauce

"Malvisauto;" may mean "who has lived a bad life," but I
fancy its force rather is "who does ill to be alive." "Why, the
old wretch oughtn't to be alive at all!" is the idea which darts
through Troilus's mind.

"Insane." I think it pretty clear that Boccaccio means
"insane" in our ordinary sense for that word; but Chaucer's
"unholsom" is no doubt founded on Boccaccio's epithet, and is
highly picturesque.

Trovilo seems to forget that, if Calchas had not come into the
world, neither would Chryseis have done the like.

chaucer's troilus and cryseide, book iv. 183

330 Calcias I mene alias what Ailid the
ben a Groke sen jou arte born troian
the which jou writ me bane be
In cursed tym arte jou I-borne for me
As wold balisful Iose for his Ioy
I the had / whe' I wolde in Troy
333
336
337 A Thousande sikis hotter than the glede
Out of his breast eche affir othir wente
medlid with pleynte new his woo to fede
which his woofful teers never stente
shortly so his teers hym turment
wex so mate pat Ioy ne pensance
felith he noone but lieth furth in a trauce
340
343
344 Pandare which pat at j° parlimente
haddre herde what every lorde and burgeis saide
how fuff grauntid was by commes assente
for Antenor to yelde oute Crisseide
gan welny woods out of his witte to braide
So pat for wo he nyste what he mente
but Dares to Troilus he faste went
347
350
351 A sorten knyght that for the tymke kepte
The chambre dore / vndid it hym anone
And pandare that full tendirly wepte
Into his derke chambre stille as stone
Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone
so confusid pat he ne wiste what to say
for verry wo his witte was my awaye.
(44)
1. Troilus, as soon as he saw him,
2. Ran to [embrace] his neck, weeping so sore
3. That a man could not well express it:
4. Which the sorrowful Pandarus observing,
5. He began to weep, so much was he concerned at it:
6. And in this wise, doing nothing else
7. Than weeping sore, they remained awhile,
8. Without either speaking, much or little.

(45)
1. But, after Troilus had recovered breath,
2. He first began to Pandarus:
3. "I am dead!
4. "Hast thou yet heard how
5. My Chryseis is taken from us by the Greeks!"

(46)
1. Pandarus, who not less sorely wept,
2. Replied: "Yes! Were it only not true!
3. Woe is me! for I did not think
4. That this time so sweet and unchequered
5. Would so soon come to nought.
(56)
For in this world ther nys no creature
As to my dome jat euer saw ryne
stranger than is thorough cas or aventure
but who may aft eschew or aft dyuynes
suche is the world for-thy I thus dyfynec
ne trust no wight to fynde in fortune
Ay prosperite for hir yiftis ben comune

(57)
But teft me this whi art thou yves madde
To sorowe thus whi liest thou in pis wise
syn thy desire / aft holly hast thou hadde
so jat by right It ought ynoough sufishe
but I jat neuer felt in no servise
A friendly cher' or lokyng oft an ey
let me thus wepe & waile til I dey

(58)
And oner al this as thou wel wost j's silue
This towne is full of ladies all aboute
And to my dome fairer jat suche twelue
As she euyr was shal I fynde in sume route
Ye one or two with-outyn any doute
for-why be glade myn own dere brother
Yf she be loste we shaluet recover a nother'

(59)
What god forbede alwey jat ech pleasauns
In one ping were and in noo other wight
Yef oon can sing an other can wel dauns
Yef pis be goodly that is glad & light
And this is fair' & that can good a right
Eche for his vertue holden is for dere
Bothe heyroner and faukons for ryuer
1 "And, as I erewhile often heard say, 
The new love always chases away the old.1

5 "Then do not think of dying for her."

1 Chaucer attributes this terse generalization to "Zausis that was so wise:" or (as said in a note in Mr. Bell's edition) "Zausis or Zanas, for the name is so spelt in the printed editions," Mr. Bell adds that "nothing is known" of this philosopher. Boccaccio, in the corresponding line, does not give any author's name. His words are "E come io udii gid setente dire."

Is it possible that a misreading of "gid so" is the origin of "Zausis?" This seems to me the less unlikely, inasmuch as the accent over the a (in "gid") might, in MS., have been misread as the mark for a w or as. The supposed name would thus have stood "Giauso" or "Gianeo" (pronounced Jauseo or Janese), and the transition from this to Zausis or Zanas does not seem inconceivable. However, this is but a desperate guess at best. It may be added that the only name I can find a little like Zanas, and in some other respects not wholly ineligible, is Tectos, a Byzantine rhetorician of the twelfth century, who wrote something bearing on the Trojan war. But I know of no even plausible reason for connecting him with Chaucer's Zausis.

(50)

1 Troilus, hearing Pandarus, began the more strongly
2 To weep;

2 Saying afterwards:

3 "I pray God to send me death
4 Ere I should commit such an outrage.
7 "Her
8 To whom I am given, and am wholly hers.

5 "However beautiful, graceful, and courtly,¹
6 Other women may be, and I allow this to you,
7 None of them was ever like her.

¹ "Accorta." The shade of meaning conveyed by the Italian word is something between sprightly, clever, and mannerly; a woman comme il faut, who knows how to hold her own.

1 "Which even if I wished to do, which I wish not.

2 'I could never vanquish my love. No woman is comparable to my Chryseis: the universe shall cease before I love another.

(64)
SHo þat I serve I wisse what so thou say [leaf 71, back] 442
To whom myn herte an habite is of right
Shalt haue me hooly hirs tisst that I dev
For Pandarus sithe I haue trought hir' plight
I will nat be vntrewes for noo wight
But as hir' man I will ay lyue & sterue
And neuer other creature serue

(65)
And there' þou seyeast I shaft as fair fynde
As she lete be make noo comparison
To creature I formed hir' be kynde
O leue Pandare in conclusion
I will nat be of thine opinion
Touching all this for whiche I þe beseeche
Soo holde þin pees / þou aleeest me with þin speche

(66)
THou counsellast me I shulde lose an other
AH freashly new & let Creseida goo
Hit lieth nat in my power dere brother
And thou þ I myght I wolde nat doo soo
But canste thou play rakett too & froo
Nett in dokke oute now her' now þor' Pandar'
Now foule falle hir' for thi woo þat care

(67)
THou fareset eke by me þou Pandarus
As he þat whan A wight is woo be-goome
He cometh to him A pace & seyeth riste þus
Thenke nat vn smerthe & þou shalte fele noon
Thou muste me first graue in A stoone
And reuue me my passages AH
Or thou so lightly doo my woo to falle
1 "And death and the tomb will alone be able to sever
2 This my firm love.
3 "These shall take my soul with them
4 Down into hell to the uttermost pangs:
5 There together shall they wait for Chryseis.

1 "But thou dost speak argumentatively,
2 As though reasoning that it is less pain
3 To lose than never to have had anything.
4 It is manifest folly,
5 Pandarus, if this is in thy mind;
6 For that [woe] which ill fortune brings to one
7 Who has been happy surpasses every woe.

1 "But tell me, if thou art interested in my love,
2 Since it seems to thee so easy
3 To change love, as just now
4 Thou wast reasoning to me, why
5 Hast thou not changed thy course? Why
6 Doth thy untoward love theke so much woe?
7 Why hast thou not followed another lady
8 Who would have put thy life in peace?

1 "If thou, who art wont to live indignant against Love,
2 Hast not been able to transfer it to another,
3 I, who always lived joyous with her,\
4 How shall I be able to expel it from her so
5 As thou sayest?\n5 'Love cannot be expelled from the heart; though change
   and change may gradually undermine it.'

"It," i.e. love—thy love for the lady in question. The Italian lends itself, in a way English cannot, to making "Love" a personage in the first line, and a mere sentiment in the second.
(60)
7 "Oh come, Death, to me who call thee!

(61)
3 "Death, thou wilt be as sweet to me
4 As is life to him who spends it joyously.
5 Oh delay not! for this fire has
6 Already so burned my every vein
7 That thy stroke will be a cooling to me.

(62)
7 "Thou slayest so many against their will
8 That thou mayst well do me this pleasure."

(63)
1 Thus weeping did Troilus lament.
2 Pandarus did his best to comfort Troilus, but in vain.

(72)

MAy nay god wote mouth worth is al pis rode
For which for whate put ever may be-faith
With-oute worder moo I will be dede
O deeth that yendir arte of sorowes alle
Come now sithe I soo ofte after pe calle
For seyly is pe deeth soth for to seyne
That ofte is cleped comyth & endeth payne

(73)
WEB wote I while my lif was in quiste
Or thou me slou I wolde A yven hir'
But now pi comyng is to me so swete
That in pis worlde I no ping so desire
O deeth sithe with this sorwe I am on fire
Thou eyther doe me a noon in teres drench
Or with pi cold strooke my herte hete quench

(74)
SYthe pe pat you sleest so fele in sondry wise [see 73, book] 512
A-yens her' will vnpayed day & nyght
Doo me at my request pis seruise
Delyuer now pe worlde so doste you right
Of me pe am pe woofflest wyght
That euer was for tyme is pat I sterue
Sithe in pis worlde of no ping may I serue

(75)
THus Troilus in teres ganne destille 519
As liquore out of lambyke full faste
And Pandarus gan holde his tungs stille
And to the grounde doune his yher he caste
But nathlees pe pought he at pe laste
What parde rather peo my follawe dey
Yet shafl I sumwhat moore to hym say
(64)

1 To whom Pandarus said: “My dear friend,
2 If my arguments please thee not,
5 Why dost thou not take, in the way thou canst, redress
6 For thy life,
6 And ravish her away!
7 ‘There was Paris, who ran off with Helen from Greece.
8 “Yet not so much but that he hoped that even yet
Chryseis might love him.”

(65)

1 “And wilt thou, in thine own Troy, not dare
2 To ravish a woman thou likest?”
6 “Dry the sad tears from thy face;
7 And now show thy great soul,
8 Acting so that Chryseis shall be ours.”

(66)

1 Troilus then answered Pandarus.
4 “I have thought of what thou sayest,
5 And have also devised many other things,
6 Although I weep, and wholly abandon myself,
7 To my grief.

1 Perhaps Chaucer’s phrase, “Why this thing is loft,” is trace-
able to Boccaccio’s “tutto m’addosso.”
2 Boccaccio’s language here is not very perspicuous, but no
doubt what his Troilus says is to the following effect: “If the com-
 pact with the Greeks had been made for exchanging Chryseis for
Antenor, and if Antenor and the others had already returned to
Troy under that compact, I would gladly break faith with the
Greeks, and retain Chryseis: but, as it stands, I cannot venture to
do this, for the retaining of Chryseis would involve the non-return
of Antenor.”

(67)

4 “The time does not allow of such an error;
5 Whereas, if every one of our men had returned
6 Hither, and also Antenor,
7 I should not mind about breaking faith.”

(68)

1 And seide frende sithe þou hast þis distres
2 And sythe þe list meyn argumentes to blame
3 Whi neit þou holpe to doone redresse
4 And with þin manhood lete Alle þis game
5 To rauishe hir ne canst þou not for shame
6 And eithele lete hire out of toune fare
7 Or holde hire stille and leue þis nyse care

(69)

1 Arte þou in Troys & hast noon hardyment
2 To take A woman which that loueth the
3 And wolde hir selfe be at þine aßsent
4 Now is þis nat A nyse vanite
5 Rise vp A-non and lett þi wepyng be
6 And kithe þou arte A man for in þis hoor
7 I will be dede but she be leue ouer

(70)

1 To this answerd Troilus ful ofte
2 And seide parde leue brother deere
3 Alle this haue I my self ymagened yet ful ofte
4 And moore þing þan þou demest her
5 But whi þis thing is letto þou shalt wel her
6 And whan þou hast me yeven Audiens
7 Ther Aftir maist þou tell al thi sentens

(71)

1 First sithe þou west þis towne hath al þis worlde þau saynt þau
2 For rauisheynge of women so by myght
3 It shulde nat be suffred me to erre
4 As it stant now me do me so grete vnright
5 I shulde haue also blame of evry wight
6 My fadres graunt yif þot I so withstood
7 Sithe she is chaunge for the towne goode

(72)

1 526
2 529
3 532
4 533
5 536
6 539
7 540
8 543
9 546
10 547
11 550
12 553
(69)  
1 "I had also thought of asking her  
2 Of my father, that he should give me her of his grace:  
3 Then I reflect that this would be an accusing of her,  
4 And making manifest the things committed.  
5 Nor yet can I hope that he would give her.

(80)  
1 I have ake bought so it were her assent  
2 To sake hir at my fadir of his grace  
3 Thanne jinke I bis were her accusation  
4 Sithe well I wote I may hir nat purchase  
5 For synne my fadir in so high A place  
6 As parlement hath hir eschaunge ensealed  
7 He neff for me his lettre be repesed

(68)  
1 "Then I fear to perturb by violent  
2 Rapine her honour and her fame:  
3 Nor know I well whether she would be pleased with it.

(81)  
1 Ye drede y must hir herte to perturbe  
2 Let violens yf I doo suche A game  
3 For yf I wolde openly it desturbe  
4 Hit must be disclaunnder to hir name  
5 And me wer leuer be dele þan hir defame  
6 As noide god but yf I shulde hauue  
7 Hire honoour leuyr þan my lif to saue

(82)  
1 Thus am I losse for ought þat I can se  
2 For certeyn is sitew I am hir knyght  
3 I must hir honour saue leuer þan me  
4 In every case as louver ought of right  
5 Thus am I with desir & reason twiste  
6 Desir for to destourbe it me redeith  
7 And reason will nat soo myrð herte dreedith

(70)  
1 "Wherefore the heart does not venture to adopt a decision;  
2 As on one side it wishes for this,  
3 And on the other dreads to displease.

(83)  
1 His weeping pat he coude neuer see  
2 And seide alas how shal I wroche fare  
3 For wel fel I alwey my louse encrease  
4 And hope is lasse & lasse alwey Pandare  
5 Encresem ek the causes of my care  
6 So wellawey whi nyth my herte breste  
7 For as in Loue is per but litel reste
(71)

1 Pandarus then said: "Thou wilt do
2 As thou choosest; but, if I were inflamed
3 As thou sufficiently showest thyself to be,
4 I having the power that thou hast,
5 I would do my utmost to carry her off,
6 Whomever it might displease.

(72)

1 "Love looks not so subtly
2 As it appears thou dost.
3 "She will be pleased with what thou shalt do.
4 Do choose rather to be somewhat reprehended
5 Than to die with pangs in mournful wailing.

(73)

7 "Fortune assists
8 Whoever is daring, and she rejects the timid.

(74)

1 "And, even if this thing displeased her,
2 In a short time thou shalt have peace again for it:
3 Not that I believe she would be angry at it.
4 "Let her do without [reputation], as Helen does.
4 "So much does the love which thou bearest her delight her.

1 "Therefore take to thee daring, be valorous;
2 Love needs neither promise nor faith.
3 Show thyself now a little spirited;
4 Have mercy on thyself:—

5 I will be with thee in any perilous case."

1 Troilus understood very well the discourse
2 Of Pandarus, and replied: "I am content.
4 [But, if] my torment [were] greater
5 Than it is,—to the courteous lady,
6 To satisfy myself, I would not do [even] a little detriment:
7 Rather would I die,
8 Therefore I will first hear it from her."
(77)
2 "Wash thy face, and let us return to court.
5 For, remaining here, we cause to wonder
6 Every one who knows it.

(78)
1 Most swift Fame, who
2 Equally reporteth the false and the true,
3 Had flown with quickest wings
4 Through all Troy; & with fluent word
5 Had narrated
7 That Chryseis was given by the sovereign
8 To the Greeks in exchange for Antenor.

(79)
1 "Sciolla." This is the reading in Moutier’s edition. In Baron’s, it is "acorta."—apt, ready—which is so far the more plausible reading that it makes the rhyme accurate.

(80)
(92)
WHi so quod Pandar’ I mene aha þis day
But tell me than hast þou hir’ well assayed
That sorwist thus & he answers him nay
Wer’-of arte þou quod Pandar’ paun A-mayed
That knowes nat þat she nyH nat be euH A-plied
To rauesh hir’ sithe þat þou hast nat ben ther’
But yif þat I oue tolde it the in þine ere
638

(93)
FOr-thi rise vp as nought ne wep A-noow
And waiashe thi face & to the kyng þou wende
Or he may mervaille wheder þou arte goone
Thou muaste with wisdom him & other blynde
Or vppon case he may after the sende
Or thou be war’ & shortly brother dere
Be gladde & let me werke in þis mater
644

(94)
FOr I shall shape it soo þat sikirlye
Thou ashe þis nyght some tyme in some maner
Come speke with thi Lady previliye
And by hir’ wordes ake & by her’ cher’
Thou schalte full soone A-parevyue & wel her’
Alle hir’ entent & of þis case þe besto
And fare now wel for in this pointe now I reste
648

(95)
The swifte fame which þat false thinges
Egaþh reportith lyke the þinges trewe
Was þurghout Troye l-fledde with prest wynge
From man to man & made þes tidinges new
How Calcas daughter with her bright hewe
At Parlement with-oute wordes more
I-graunted was in chaunse of Anthenore
651
(79)
1 Which news when Chryseis heard it,  
2 Who already care no more  
3 For her father,  
7 For fear lest that which she heard tell  
8 Were true, she durst not enquire.

5 As one who had turned her desire  
6 To Troilus, whom she loved more than any other.

"Pietosa allegrezza."
I translate with Chaucer's own (the most literal) equivalents. The phrase sums up a world of lackadaisical condolences and shallow congratulations. All this passage about the visiting ladies looks especially Chaucerian in the Troilus, one is surprised to find how entirely he is indebted to Boccaccio for it.

(80)
1 But, as we see that it happens  
2 That one woman goes to another to visit her,  
4 Thus many of them came to spend  
5 The day with Chryseis, all full  
6 Of piteous joy.¹

¹ Chaucer appears to get his expression "on every side" from Boccaccio's "d'ogni partito," at the close of 1.8. The context, however, is not the same; and I do not find the meaning of the expression wholly clear in either instance.

(81)
1 One said: "Certainly I am greatly pleased  
2 That thou art returning to thy father, & to be with him."  
3 The other said: "And, for me, I am displeased  
4 To see her depart hence from us."
5 The other said: "She will be able to plan our peace,  
8 On every side."

(96)
The whiche tale a-noon right as Cresseide  
3 He had herd she which pat of hir fadir rought  
As in pis case right nouzt ne whan he dyed  
FuH besily to Jupiter be-sowzte  
Yef hem mischauns pat pis tretyes brought  
But shortly leste these tales sothes were  
She durste of no wight ake hem for fere  
669

(97)
As she pat hadde hir' herte & alle hir' mynde  
On Troilus 1-sett so merucilously fast  
That AH pis wornde ne myght hir' loute vnbynde  
Ne Troilus oute of hir' herte caste  
She will be his while pat hir' lyf may last  
And thus she brenmeth hop in loute & drode  
So that she nyste what was best to rede  
670

(98)
Bu't as men see In townes & alle aboutes  
That women vsen frenedes to visites  
So to Cresside of women come A route  
For pitous Ioy and wondr hir to delite  
And with hir tales dere ynodh A myte  
The women whiche pat in the Cite dulle  
They sett hem doun & seide as I shal telle  
683

(99)
SEyde furste the toone I am gladde truely  
Be cause of you pat shal your' fadir see  
A nother seide I-wisse soo nam nat I  
For aff to litel hast she with vs bee  
Quod the thridde I-wisse I hope pat shee  
Shaft bringe vs no pese on every side  
That whan she gothe aff myghty god hir' guide  
686
(82)
1 This and much other feminine talk
2 She heard, as if she were not there.
3 And the beautiful face could not conceal
4 The lofty gentle thoughts she had of love.
5 The body was there, and the soul was elsewhere,
6 Seeking Troilus without knowing where.

(83)
1 And these women, who fancied they were giving her
2 Comfort by staying, supremely
3 Displeased her by talking to her,—
4 As one who felt in her mind
5 A quite other passion than those saw
6 Who were there; and very often
7 She took leave of them in a ladylike way,
8 Such a desire had she to remain without them.

(84)
1 She could not restrain some sighs;
2 And at whiles some tear,
3 Falling, gave sign of the martyrdom
4 In which her soul was constrained.

(100)
The words and þe womannyaȝþ pinges
She herde hem right as thouȝ she thense weȝ
For god it wote hir' herte on Þer pinges is
Al þouȝ the body sate amonge hem þȝr
Hir' adueriens is Alwey ellis wherȝ
For Troilus fulȝ fate hir' soule sought
With-þouten wordes on hym alwey she thought

(101)
The þes women þat þus wende hir' to please
A-boute nouȝȝ ganne alþ hir' tales spende
Suche vanite ne cauȝ doon hir' noon ease
As she þat alle þis meane while brende
Of other passiouȝ þan þei wende
So that she felte al mooste hir' herte dye
For woo / & wery of their companie

(102)
For which myght she no lenger restreyne
Hir' teris þei gan so vp to heȝ
That gaft signes of hir' bitter peyne
In which hir' spirite was and mustþ dueȝ
Remembring hir frome heuens vnto which heȝ
She fallen was sythe she forgotten the sight
Of Troilus & sorwefulȝ she sighþe

(103)
And thilke folys sittynȝ hir' A-boute
Wende þat she wepte & syhed scorȝe
By cause þat she shulde oute of þe route
Departe & neuer pley with hem moore
And þȝr þat hadde knowen hir' of youȝr
Say her' wepe & þouȝte hit kyndenȝe
And echþ of hem weþte for hir distres
1 And each tried to comfort her
2 Still about what grieved her not:
3 Many words they spoke to console her.
4 And it was nought else than scratching her
5 On the heels when her head itched.

(86)
1 But, after much cackling in vain,
2 As most women do, they took leave,
3 And went away: and she forthwith,
4 Vanquished and impelled by bitter grief,
5 Into her chamber, weeping low,
6 Entered.

(87)
1 The woful one had on her bed
2 Thrown herself at full length.

7 And, plucking her blonde hair, she tore it.
8 And ever she implored death a thousand times.

(86)
8 She made such a weeping that the like was never made.

(88)
1 She said: "Alas ill-fortuned!
2 Me miserable, woful! whither am I going?
3 O wretched I, who was born in bad conjuncture,
4 Where do I leave thee, sweet my love?
5 Oh that I had not, my sweet desire,
6 Seen thee ever! since such dire fortune
7 Now robes both me from thee, and thee from me."

(104)
And besiye pei gonen hir' conforte
Of thing god wote on whiche she lited pouye
And with hir' tales wende hir' disporte
And to be gladde pei ofte hire besouye
But such an ese pei with pei hire wrought
Right as A man is eased for to fele
For Ache of hed to clawe him on the hele

(105)
But After all òh peis nyse vanite
They toke her' love And home pei went all
Crosseide full of sorwefull pytke
Into the chambr the went out of pe halle
And vn hir' bedde she ganne for woo to faft
In purpos thens neuer for to ryse
And pus she wrought as I shal' you devise

(106)
Hir ougne her' þat sonysað was of hew
She rente & eke fyngers longe and smale
She wroge fuð ofte & praide god on hir' rewe
And with þe deth to doo boote on hir' bale
Hir' hew whilome bright þat þoo was pale
Bar' witnesse of hir' woo and hir' constreynte
And thus she spake sobbyng in her' complainte

(107)
Allas quod she oute of this region
I woofful wretch and infornutat wight
And borne in cursed constellacion
Mot goo & departe þus fro my knyght
Woo wurth allas þat ylke daye lyght
On which I saugh hym first with yvn twayn
That causeth me & I hym alþ pis peyne
3 Her white breast
4 She often beat, calling Death
5 To slay her, since she had to leave her beloved
6 Through hard fate.

(89)

3 "What shall I do, parted, Troilus, from thee?"
4 "But thou who lovest me so much, what wilt thou do?"
1 "Oh my father, iniquitous and disloyal!
5 "Oh that I now had been stifled at my birth!"

(90)

7 "Ah me! how shall I endure,
8 Troilus, to see myself parted from thee?"

(89)

4 "Certainly, I think I shall never eat or drink;
5 And, if of itself the bewildered soul goes not
6 From out the body, I will do my utmost
7 To expel it by famine.

(108)

AND therewith þe teres from hir yhen twoo
Downe felle as shour in Aprill swythe
Hir white brest she bete And for the woo
Athur the deth she croued A thousande sithe
Sythe he þat wonete hir wo was for to lythe
She motte for-goo for which disaventure
She held hir selfe A score Lornes creatur

(109)

She seide how shal he doo & I also
How shulde I lyue yff that I frome hym twynne
O dere herte eke that I loue soo
Who shall þat sorwe fie þat ye ben Inne
O Calcas fadir thyne be alle þis synne
O modir myn þat cleped were argyue
Woo worthes that day þat jou me bare on lyue

TO what fyne shulde I lyue & sorwe þus
How shulde a fysshe withoute watir dur'
What is Cresseide worth from Troilus
How shulde A plante or a lynes creature
Lyue withoute his kynde noretur'
For which ful ofte A byesword her' I say
That Roteles mote grene sone dayes

(111)

I shalh doo þus synþ neþer swerde no darte
Dar' I noon handill for þe ereselte
That ylke day I mote from you departe
Yef sorwe of þat nyH nat my bane be
Thanþ shal no mete & drynke come in me
Tilh I my sowle oute of my breste vnaheth
And þus my sile will I doo to þe dethe
3 "Heart of my body! my black clothing
4 Shall be a true witness to my sorrows.

1 "How can I live without soul?
2 That will remain here for certain,
3 With our love, and to lament with thee."

1 Who could ever narrate at full
2 What Chryseis said in her weeping?
3 Certainly not I, for the word falls short of the fact,
4 So cruel and dire was her distress.
6 Pandarus came,
7 And went into the chamber,
8 There where she was making her piteous plaint.

1 He saw her on the bed, swathed
2 In sobe, in weeping, and in sighs;
3 And saw all her breast and her face bathed
4 In tears, and her eyes in passions
5 Of weeping, and dishevelled,
6 Giving true sign of her poignant pangs.

7 Who, when she saw him, between her arms
8 For shame concealed her face.

And fonde that she hir self gan to trete
Full pitously for with hir salte teeres
Hir brest hir face I-bathed was full wete
The mighty tresses of hir sonniyash herd 
Vnbroyden hange a-boute hir ere
Which yauie him verrr sylne er of martir
Of dethe pe which hir herte ganne desir

Whan she him saugh she gan for sorwe a-noon
Hir tery face atwine hir handes hide
For which pe Pandar is so wo begone
That in pe house he might vnnethes abide
As he that pite felte on every side
For yif Cresseide hadde erste compleyneyd sor
Tho ganne she playne a thousand tyme ꞌt or

And in hir aspre compleit þus she seid Pandar first of Ioyes moore pe þa(th) tuo
Was cause causing vn to me Cresseide
That now transmuen ben & cruelt wo
Wheder shal I sey welcome or noo
That Aldirfirst brouȝt vn-to serve
Of loue ala þat endeth in such wise
(120)
ENdithe panse louse in woo ye or men lieth
And a\H wordly blisse as thinketh me
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupieth
And who so trowe\H nat put it so be
Lete him vpon me woofu\H wreche see
That my selfe hate & ay my birth I curse
Felyng alwey frome wikked y goo to wurse

(121)
WHo so me seeth he sayth sorw al at ones
Peyne torment pleynete woo distresse
Oute of my wooful body harme per non ys
As Anguis\H langor\H cru\H hittimesse
Anoy smerte drede furye & eke sikenesse
I trowe Iwys frome heuan terys reyne
For pite of myn Aspre cru\H eyne

(99)
1 "But thou, my disconsolate sister,
2 What art thou minded to do?
3 "Why undo thy beautiful person?
5 Rise up, and turn round, and speak;
7 And hear what I say,
8 Being sent to thee by thy sweet friend."

(123)
TROYLUS.

(201)

(122)
AND ye my Suster full of discomforde
Quod Pandarus what thinke ye to doo
Why ne haue ye to yours self somme desporde
Why wilt ye pus your selfe alas for doo
Leueth a\H pis werke And taketh soo
That I shaff sey & herynyd with good entent
The whiche by me your Troilus you sent

(201)
(100) She was such to look at in the visage
2 As is she who is carried to the grave;
3 An her face, made in paradise,
4 All all was seen transfigured.
5 Her loveliness and the delightful smile,
6 Fleeing, had abandoned her.

(124) She was yst such to se in hir' visage
As is pat wight pat men on bere bynde
Hir' face lyke of Paradise þe ymage
Was aft chaunged in An other kynde
The ple y þe laughter men was wonte to fynde
In hir and eke hir' foyes everychow
Ben fledde and þus listh Cresside A-lone

(125) Aboute hir' eyen tuoo a purpur' ryng
Betrent in sothfaste tokenys of hir' peyne
That to beholde it was A dedly thing
For which Pandar' myght not restreyne
The teres from hir yen for to reyne
But natheles as he best myght he seide
From Troilus thes wordes to Cresside

(126) LO nece I trowe ye haue herz aß how
The king with odir Lordes for the beste
Hath made þe chaung of Anthenore & you
That cause is of þis sorwe & his vuneste
But how þis case dothe Troilus moleste
That may none erthely mannnes tunge sey
As shortly he þat shapeth him to deye

(127) For which we haue so sorwed he & I
That in-to liteß bothe it hathes vs slawe
But þurgh my counsell þis day finall
He sumwhat is frome weping now withdrawe
And semeth me þat he desireth fawe
With you aß night for to devise
Remedye in this yef ther weri in any wise
6 “Wherefore, I, as he desired,
7 Am come to tell it thee.”

Thus shorte & pleyn ye effectes of my message
As ferforth as my witte can it comprehende
For ye pat bene of torment in suche rage
May to longe prolong as now entent
And hereupon ye may answer him sende
And for the loue of god my nece dere
So leue his woo or Troilius be Here

(128)

GRefe is my woo quod she & sight score [foot 78]
As she pat felith dedly sharpe distresse
But yet to me his sorwe ye moche moore
That loue him better pan he him self as I gesse
Allas for me hath he such heuynesse
Kanne he so pitously compleyne
I-wis his sorwe doubleth att my payne

(129)

6 “Heavy is to me my departure, God sees it ;
7 But more so is it to me to see Troilus afflicted,—
8 And [this is] most insupportable, on my faith,
9 So that I shall die of it without reprieve.
10 Tell him to come when he likes.”

GReuenous god wote to me is to twyne
Quod she but yet harder is to me
To se the sorwe whiche pat he is Inne
For wel I wote It wil my hane be
And day I wilit certeyn quod she
But bidde him come or dethe pat jus me treth
Dryue out pat gost which in my hert he beteth

(130)

1 And, saying this, she fall back supine,
2 Then recommenced her weeping on her arms.
3 To whom Pandarus said: “Ah me! poor thing,
4 Now what wilt thou do? wilt thou not take some
5 Comfort, reflecting that near
6 Is now already the hour when he whom thou so much
7 Lovest
8 Will be in thine arms? Rise up, readjust
9 Thyself, that he may not find thee so squalid.

These words saide she on hir Armes tuo
Fell grof & gan to wepe pitously
Quod Pandarus allas why doo ye soo
Sithen wil ye wol the tyme is fast by
That he shal com Arise vp hastily
That he you not bewepyn tus you finde
But ye wilt haue him wood out of his mynde
(107)
1 "If he knew that thou art doing thus,
2 He would kill himself, nor could any one
3 Restrain him; and, if I supposed
4 That thou wouldst remain thus, he should not put here
5 His foot, believe me.
6 For I know that trouble would hence ensue to him.
7 Therefore rise up, re-make thyself such

(132)
For wiste he that ye ferde in this maner
He wolde him self alee & yf I wende
To hau this fare he sholde nat comm her'
For all the good that Priam may spende
For to what fine he wolde a-noon pretende
That knowe I well & for-thi yet I say
So leue pis sorwe for platly he will dey

(106)
8 "That thou mayst alleviate and not increase his sorrow."

(133)
And shapeth now his sorwe for to Abregge
And nat encresse Lefo nece sweete
Both rathir to him cause of flatte þan egge
And with sum wisdhum ye his sorwis bete
What helpeth it to wepe ful A strete
Or þou ye both with salt trete dreynt
Bettir is a tyme of care Ay þan of pleyn.

(134)
I Mene þis that whan I him hider bringe [Leaf 78, back]
Sith þe bene wise and bothe of oone assent
So shapeth you hou to desturbe your goyng
Or come A-gein sone Aftir þat ye ben went
Wommen ben wise in shorte auisement
And lett as now how your witt shat Avail
And þat I may helpe it shat nat faile

(108)
1 "Go," said Chryseis; "I promise thee,
2 My Pandarus, I will make the effort.

(135)
Gothe quod Cresseis & vnclie truely
I shal doo alle my myght me to restreyne
From wopinge in his sighte & besily
Him to comforte I shal doo aþ my peyn
And in myn herte seke ever yeue
Yef to his score ther may be founden saluo
Hit shal nat faile certeyne vn my behalue
(109)

1. Pandarus found Troilus brooding.

(136)

G0the Pandarus & Troilus he sought
Tið in A Temple he fonde him A-lone
As he that of his lif test no more rought
But to the pytous goddes everychow
Fuð tendirly he preyed & mad his mone
To doone hym sone out of þis worlde to passe
For wel he þouȝte þere nas noon oþer grace

(137)

A Nd shortly alle the sothe for to sey
He was so fallen in despeire þat day
That vttirly he shope him for to day
For riht þis was his Argument alwey
He seid he nas but Lorn welawey
For aþ þat comþ comþ by necessite
Thus to ben Lorn it is my destine

(138)

FOr certeynly this wote I wel he seide
That for sight of deyne peruyms
Hatþ seynþ alwey me for to forgonþ Cresoide
Sith þod seth euerþ ping oute of doughtauns
And him disposeþ þurgh his ordinauus
In hir merites sothly for to be
As thei shul come by prædëstene

(139)

But naþheles Alas whom shal I leue
For ther ben grete clerkes many one
That destyue þurgh argumentþe preue
And somþ menþ seynþ þat nedly þer nys noon
But that free choys in yeue vs everychow
O welawey so alye were clerkes olde
That I not whiche opinion I may holde
(140)
For somen seen ye before Albefors
Ne god may nat decaued ben pard
Than mot it fallen to men had it sworn
That purpuauns hath seen before to be
Wherefore I say that fromweterne ye  he
Hath wist before our pought eke as your dede
We had no fre choys [as] pis clerkes rede

(141)
For other pought nor other dede Also
Might neuer ben but such as puruyance
Which may not ben decaued neuer moo
Hath falt before with-outen ignorance
For yif ther might ben A variaunce
To written out fro goddes puruyng
Ther wer no prescient of ping connynge

(142)
But it wer rather an opinion
Uncerteyn & no stedfast forseyng
And certes that were an abuysion
That god shulde haue no perfite clere weting
More than we men that han doutrous wenyng
But such an errore vpon god to gesse
Were false & foule & wikked cursednesse

(143)
EKe this is an opyinion of some
That han her toppe ful high & smoth yahoors
They seen riht pis pat ping is nat to come
For that seen prescien hath seen before
That it shal come but poi seyn pat perfoure
That it shal come perfoure poi puruyance
Wote it before with-outen ignorance
(144)
ANd in this maner this necessite
Retorneth in his part contrarie aseyne
For nedfully behoueth it not to be
That thilke pinges fallen in certein
That ben puruyed but nedfully as þei sein
Behoueth þat þinges which þat fall
That þei in certein ben puruyed aþt

(145)
I mene as þough I labored me in þis
To enquryyn which þinge cause of which þing be
As whethir þat þe prescient of god is
The certein cause of necessite
Of þinges þat to come ben parde
Or yef necessite of þinge comynge
Be cause certein of the puruyenge

(146)
But nowe ne enforce I mene not in shewing
How the orde of causes stant but wel wote I
That it behoueth þat the befallynge
Of þinges wist before certeiny
By necessarye alle same it not ther by
That prescient put fallynge necessarye
To þinge to come alle falle it foule or faire

(147)
For yef there sit A man yond on a se
Than by necessite behoueth it
That certe þin opinion soth be
That wenest or comittist þat he sit
And further ouer now a-yenward yet
Lo rist so is it of the part contrarie
As þus nowe herkenyth for I will nat tarie
(148)
I say pray the opinion of the
Be sooth for pray he say I pis
That he not sitten by necessite
& pis necessite in eythir is
For in him nede of sittynge is Iwis
And in pe nede of soth & pis for soth
Ther mot necessite ben in you bothe

(149)
But thou maist seyn pe man sit not perchore
That pin opinion of pis sitting soth is
But rather for the man sit perch before
Therfore is pin opinion soth I-wis
And I say pouh pe cause of soth of pis
Comth of his sittynge yet necessite
Is enterchaunged both in him & in the

(150)
Thus in the same wise out of doutance
I may wel maken as it semyth me
My resonynge of goddes puruycunce
And of the pinges that to come be
By whiche reson men may weft I-see
That pilke pinges that in erthe falls
That by necessite pei come alle

(151)
For all pouh that for pinges shat come Iwis
Therfore is it puruycd certainly
Nat that it comth for it puruycd is
Yet nathelesse byhoueth it needyly
That thynge to come be puruycyd trewdly
Or ellis pinges that purued be
That pei betyden by necessite
(152)

And pis suffiseth riȝt Inough corteyn
For to destroyeoure fre chaȝys euerynelb
But nowe is pis abusib to sayn
That fallynge of the thynge temporaib
Is cause of goddes prescienb eternalib
Now truely that is a false sentence
That þinge to come shulde cause his prescient

(153)

What myght I wene & I haþ such a þouȝtb
But þat god purveyth þinge þat is to comen
For that it is to me & elles noght
So myght I wene þat þinges al & somb
That whilom ben by false & ouercomb
Be cause of þilke souereyn purveyance
That forewitt al with-out ignoraunce

(154)

And ouer al þis riȝt yet seye I more herto (leaf 96, back)
That riȝt as whan I wot þer is A þing
Is wisþ þat thing mote nedefully be soo
Eke riȝt so whan I wote a þinge comyng
So mote it come & this þe beffallyng
Off thinges þat ben wist before the tide
They mowe nat ben eschewed on noo side

(155)

THan seide he þis Almyghty Ioue in trone
That wast of alle þinge the sothfastnesse
Rewe on my soreward doo me dye or somb
Or bringe Cresseide and me fro þis detresse
And while he was in alle þis heynnesse
Desputynge with him selbe in this materb
Come Pandare & seide as ye may here
4 And said to him: "Now art thou so dejected
5 As thou showest, courageous youth?
6 Thy bliss is not yet parted from thee.
7 Why as yet dost thou so much distress thyself
8 That the eyes in thy head seem already dead?

(110)

1 "Thou hast lived long enough without her.
3 "Wast thou born into the world merely for her?

(156)

O myghty god quod Pandaruss in trone
Ey who sey euer a wise man farewell
Why Troilus what pinkest thou to done
Haste thou suche lust to be pine ougne foo
What parde yet nys nat Cresceide Agoo
Why list ye soo pine selfe for doo for drede
That in pine hed pine yhen seme dede

(157)

Haste thou natt leued many A yeere byforn
With-outen hir & ben suft wel at ease
Arte thou for hir & for noon oper borne
Hath nature pse wrouzt al onely hir to plese
Let be & pinke riist pse in pine disease
That vn the dyce riist as fallen chauns
Right so in loue pse kommen & gone plesauns

(158)

An d yest of pis I merueyle most of alle
Whi pse sorwest sith pse knowest nat yet
Touching hir goyng hou pse it shall falle
Ne yif she can hir self disturbyw it
Thou hast nat yet assayed of hir wit
A man may alle be tyrne his nekke bore
Whan it shall of & sorwyn at p se node

(159)

For-thi take hed of pse I shall pse sey
I hauue with hir spoken and long I-be
So as accored was bytwen vs tway
And suymore me pinkesth pse she
Hath sumwhat in hir hertes priuete
Wherwith she canue yif I shal ariyted rede
Disture al pis of which pse art in drede

8 "I spoke to her, and was with her a long while.

Pandaruss tells Troilus that Chryseis is still more afflicted than he: this evidence of her love may at least be some consolation.
(112)
1 “I have just arranged with her
2 That thou shalt go to her, and this evening
3 Be with her.”
4 Troilus should explain his plans to her, and see how she
5 Takes them
7 “Perhaps you will find out methods which
8 Will be great alleviations to your woes.”

(113)
1 To whom Troilus replied sighing:
2 “Thou speak’st well, and thus will I do.”
3 And many other things he said. But, when
4 It seemed to him time to be going,
6 He went off.
6 Chryses comes to him in the wonted manner, bearing a
6 Torch.

(114)
3 She came to him, and in her arms
4 Received him, and he her, seized
5 With heavy grief; and dumb they both
6 Could not conceal their wounded heart.
8 They began a great and staunchless weeping.

(115)
1 Their sobs forbade utterance.

(160)
For which my counsel is what it is night
Thou to hir goo and make of this an ende
And blissful lone þurgh þine grete myght
Shal as I hope hir grace to vs sende
Myn herte seyth certeyne she shall nat wende
And for þi put þine herte awhile in rest
And holde þi purpose for it is the best

(161)
This Troilus answerd & sighed soore
Thou seyest riht wel & I will doo riht soo
And what him liste he seide to him moore
But what þat it was tymes for to goo
Ful preuely him self with aoute moo
Vn-to hir come as he was woste to done
And hou þei wrouȝt I shal tell ye sone

(162)
5 is þat whanne þei gane first to mate
So ganne þe peine her hertes for to twiste
And neiþer of hem oþer might grete
But hem in Armes toke & oþer kiste
The lasse woþuþ of hem boþe I nyste
Wher þat he was ne miȝt A worde oþe bringe
As I seide erste for woo & for sobbyng

(163)
The woþuþ þeres þat þei leþyn faȝt
As bitter worþ oþe of þeres kynde
For peye as is ligne Aloes or gaff
So bittir þeres wepith nat as I fin le
The woþuþ Mirra þurgh þe barke & rynde
That in þis worlde þer nys so harde an herte
That holde haue rewed on heir peye smerte
(116)
1 But, when the outworned spirits
3 Had returned into their places
4 By the slacken of the dolorous pangs,
5 Chryseis
7 Said with broken voice.
8 "Oh my lord! who takes me from thee, and whither am I going?"

(117)
1 Then she fell back with her face on his breast;
4 And the soul sought out means\(^1\) to fly.
5 And Troilus, gazing on her aspect,
6 And calling her, and not finding himself heard,
7 And her eyes veiled as she fell,
(118)
3 Often kissing the tearful visage,
2 He placed her recumbent,
4 Seeking whether he could see in her
5 Any sign of life.
7 From life so disconsolate,
8 He said weeping, she had passed away.

(164)
But whan he was woorful of his stowe
Returned ben þere as them ought duel
And þat sumwhat to makyn ganne þe pe peyne
By length of pleynite & oþre gan þe welle
Of teres & þe herte vnweill
With broken voyse aþt hore for shreight Cresside
To Troilus theis ilke wordes seide

(165)
O Iowe I crye & mercy I besheche
Helpe Troilus & þere-will-all his face
Vpon his brest she leyde and loste speche
Hir wooful spiriþe from his propre place
Right with þe worde alwey A pownt to pace
And þus she lyth with hewe þale & grene
That whilome freisahi & fairest was to sene

(166)
This Troilus þat on hir ganne beholde
Clepeing hir name / and she lay as for dede
Whiden answer & folte hir lymes colde
Hir yeþ throwen vpward þe hir hede
This sorweful man canþ now no maner rede
But ofte tymes hir colde mouth he kiste
Whethere him was woo god hir-nelie it wiste

(167)
HE riste him vp & long streyte hir leyde
For signes of lif for ought he canþ or may
Cas he nos findes in nothing on Cresside
For whiche his songes is full ofte Welaweþ
tBut whan he say þat specheles she lay
With sorweful herte & voyse of blisse alle bare
He seide how she was frome þe worlde I-fare

\(^1\) "Ingenuity" = wrought ingeniously, made efforts of ingenuity, tried hard.
5 Wherfore, after a very long lamenting,
7 He wiped her face.

1 She was cold and without any sensation,¹
2 So far as Troilus discerned;
3 And this seemed to him a true argument
4 That she had finished her days.
7 He composed her body,
8 As is usually done with dead things.

1 And, having done this, with bold spirit
2 He drew his own sword from the sheath,
3 Wholly resolved to take death,
4 In order that his soul might follow
5 That of the lady, with fate so mournful,
6 And might dwell with it in hell,²—
7 Since grievous Fortune and harsh Love
8 Chased him forth out of this life.

1 But first he said, incensed with high wrath:
2 “O cruel Jove, and thou dire Fortune,
3 Behold, I come to that which ye will!
4 Ye have bereft me of my Chryseis.

¹ “Sentimento”—as in Chaucer.
² “Inferno.” not perhaps implying more than we now mean by Hades.
(122)
1 "And I will quit the world, and will follow
2 Her with my spirit, since so it pleases you.
3 "Perhaps there [beyond the grave] I shall have better
fortune with her, having respite from my sighs, if
there one can love—as I have erewhile heard say that
one can."
7 "Since ye will not see me in life,
8 At least place my soul with her.

(123)
1 "And thou, city, which I leave in war,
2 And thou Priam, and ye dear brothers,
3 God be with you, for I am going underground.
5 "And thou, for whom woe so clutches me,
7 Receive me, Chryseis!"—he would have said,
8 Already with the sword at his breast, to die.

(124)
1 When she, recovering consciousness,
2 Heaved a very great sigh, calling Troilus.
3 To whom he said: "My sweet desire,
4 Now dost thou still live?"
7 He comforted her.

(125)
2 And afterwards, seeing the sword,

(126)
For in his worldes sithe ye haue slayn her? pus
Wil lete & folwe his? spirete lowe or high
Shal neuer louver say pat Troilus
Dare not for fer? with his Lady dye
For certeine I will ber? his? company
But sithe ye wil nat suffre vs to lyue her?
Yet suffreth pat our soules ben? in fare

(127)
And pou Cite which pat I lyue in woo
And pou Priam & brethren alle in fere
And pou Modir Escuba farewell for I goo
And Attropos make redy pou me her? ber?
And pou Cresseid O swete herte dere
Receyue now my spriugt whil I say
With swerde at herte Al redy for to dyey

(128)
Bvt as god wolde A swoght pe? with she Abrieide [d?m, buk]
And game to sigh and Troilus she cryes
And he answerd lady myn Cresseide
Lyue ye yet & lette his swerd? doune glide
Ye herte myns pat thanked be Cipride
Quod she & ther? with all she scorre sight
And he began to gladder as he myght

(129)
HE tokes his in his armes tuo & kiste his ofte
And hir? to gladde he dide all his entent
For whiche hir goste pat fykered ay on lofte
In-to hir? woofull herte ayen? it went
But at the last as hir? ey glente
A-side A-now? she gan? his swerde espie
As it lay bare and gan? for fer? to crie
3 She began: "Why was that drawn
4 Forth from the sheath? To whom Troilus, weeping,
5 Related what his life had been.

6 Wherefore she said: "What is this I hear?"

7 "Then, if I had lingered yet awhile,
8 Thou wouldst have slain thyself in this place!

1 "Ah woful me! What hast thou told me?"
2 I would never have remained in life
3 After thee.

3 "But through my sorrowing breast
4 I would have stuck it. Now we have much
5 To thank God for. Let us now go to bed:
6 There we will talk over our woes.

7 If I consider the waning torch,
8 A great part of the night is already gone."

(127)

1 As otherwhile the close embracings
2 Had been, so were they now;
3 But these were with bitter tears more
4 Than they had been with sweetness.
5 "Yet talk, pleasant and sad, began between them without delay."
7 And Chrysis began.

(176)

And Asked him whi hat he hadde oute drawe
And Troilus a-now pe cause his tolde
And how he byf fort hede he wolde haue alawe
For which Cresseide yppou him gan beholde
And gan him in armes fast foldo
And seide O mercy god Lo which A dede
Allas hou ney were both dede

(177)

THan yif I ne had spoken as grace was
Ye wolde a slaye anon your silf quod she
Ye doustles and she anwered allas
For by hat ilke Lord that made me
I nolde A furlonge way on lyue haue be
After your deth to ha be crowned quene
Of alle the londe pe somme on shyneth shene

(178)

But with pe same swerde which hat her is
My silf I wolde haue slaye quod she too
But Hoo for we haue rjft I-now of pis
And lete vs rise & strete to bedde goo
And per lete vs spoke of oure wo
For by pe morter which hat I see brenne
Knowe I ful wel that day is nat ferre henne

(179)

WHan pei Wer in hire bedde in Armej foldyn
Nat was it lik pe nijter her beforne
Ful pitously echpe oper gan beholde
As pei hat haden al blisse I-lorne
Be-wayling ey pe day pei wer borne
Till at pe laste pis woufui wight Cresseide
To Troilus pis ilke wordes seide
8 'Nothing ever so much distressed me as this my departure.
Nevertheless, on second thoughts, some hope appears.
My father recalls me, and I shall have to go away
with Diomed.

TO herte myn wel wote ye pis quod she
That yf a wight his woo alwey compleyne
And sekeh nat hou helped for to be
It nys but fooly and encrease of peyne
And sithe pat her assembeld be we twayne
To fynde bote of wo pat we be Inne
It were alle tymes sone to be-gynne

(180) 1254

I am a woman as ful wel ye wote
And as I am a-vised sodeinly
So wil I tell you sithe that it is hote
Me thinketh pat neyer ye ne I
Ought half pis woo make skilfully
For ther is arte I now for to redresse
That is amys and sle pis heuynesse

(181) 1261

Sothe is pe woo pe which we be Inne
For ought I wot for no ping ellis ys
But for pe cause pat we shulde twynne
Considerd al per nys no more a-mys
But what is pane A remedye vn-to pis
For we shape vs sone to mete
This alle & somme my dere herte swete

(182) 1264

(183) 1268

NOW pat I shall bring it wel aboute
To comen a-yen sone aftir pat I goo
Thereof am I no maner ping in doute
For drodeses with Inne A wooke or tooo
I shal be here & pat it may be soo
Be alle rjyt & in wordes fewe
I shall you wel an hepe of wyles showe

(183) 1275
(184)
For which I wil nat make longe sermon
For tyme yloste may nat recovered be
But I wil goo to my conclusion
And to the best in ought I can se
But for the loue of god for-yeveth me
Yef I speke ought a-yens youre hertes reste
For treuely I speke it for ye beste

(185)
Making alwey A protestacion
That now ye wordes which yat I shalh say
Nys but to shewe you my mocyon
To finde vn-to your helpe ye best wey
And taketh it now oser wise I prey
For in effecte what so ye me comaunde
That wyth I doo for yat is no demaunde

(186)
Herkenith now yis & ye wilt vnstande
My goynge graunted is by parlament
Soo ferforth yat it may nat be withstande
For al yis worde as by my Ingament
And sith ye helpeith noon auisement
To lete it lightly passe out of mynde
And lete vs shape a bettir wey to finde

(187)
Such is yis ye twijlynyng of vs twayne
With vs disease & cruely aorney
But him behoueth some tyme to haue a peine
That serveth loue yif he wilt haue Ioye
And sith I shal no further oute of Troye
Than I may ride a-yen on halfe a morowe
It ought the lesse cause vs to sorwe
8 'Peace will soon be concluded: then I shall return. 
 Even if the prospect of peace fails, [I can come in time of truce']—[see the lines translated to compare with the Troylus, B. 4, St. 188, l. 5].]

(131)

8 'Such visits are permitted to women, and my relatives in Troy will be inviting me.'
4 "In time of truce
5 I shall have occasion to come hither.

(132)

8 'So as I shall not be hidde in mewe
That day be day myn ougne herte dere
Sithe wel ye wot pat it is now trewe
Ye shall full wel of myn estate here
And or pat treus be doom I shalbe here
And pan haue ye bothe Anthener I-wonne
And me Also beth glade now yif ye conne

(188)

(133)

1 "Then we shall be able to take some solace.

(189)

Thenke ript þus Cresseide is now a-gone
But what she shalh come hastily a-yn
And whanne alas be god ript A noun
Or dayes x þus dare I saulye seyne
And þan att este shalh we best feyne
So as we shalh to-gedir euer deth
That alle þis worlde ne might our blisses tell

(190)

6 "Indeed, I see that, when we are in Troy,
7 We have to pass several days without seeing each other
8 Sometimes, with tormenting pains.

(131)

1 "Thou know'et that here are all my relatives
2 Except my father; and everything of mine
3 Still remains here.

(133)

(191)

YE knowe wel eke þat all my kynne is her'
But þat onely it my fadir be
And eke myn odir þinges all in fer'
And nameliche my dere herte ye
Whome þat I nolde leue to see
For alle þis worlde as wyde as it ha'þ space
Or ellis se I neuer Ione in his fac
(134)
3 "My father now has this desire;
4 And perhaps he fancies that I cannot remain here,
5 Because of his misdeed, without apprehension
6 Of violence, or of blame to be incurred by me.

(131)
5 "Peace is continually treated of
6 Between you and the Greeks; and, if his wife
7 Is restored to Menelaus, I think you will have it.

(134)
1 "And, besides this, a greater hope
2 Of returning, whether peace or not, is born in me.

(135)
1 "And what to do should [my father] keep me among
2 The Greeks,
3 Who, as thou seest, are always under arms!
8 Nor do I well see any one contrary to [my returning].
HAue her an other way yif it so be
\mat{at aH pia \text{pring} ne may you suffice} 
My fadir as ye knowen wel parde
Is old & age is full of counse
And I ryst now haue founden alle the gise
With-outen nett wher-with I shal him hent
And herkenyth now yif pat ye wilH assent

LO Troilus men say pat harde it is
The wolfe full & \text{he} wethir hoole to haue
This is to say pat men full ofte I-wisse
Must spende part \text{he} remenaunt for to saue
For ay with golde men may \text{he} herte graue
Of him that set is vppon Covetise
And how I mene I shal it you deseise

The moeble which I haue in pis townes
Vn to my fadir shalH I take & say
That ryst for trust & for saucion
It sent is frome a frende of his or tway
The which frendes ferentully him prey
To sende aftir more & \text{pat} in his
While that pis towne stant in Ieopardie

\text{And pat shalbe an huge quantite} (leaf 66)
Thus shal I say but lest it folke capie\ref{86}
This may be sent by no wight but by me
I shal eke shewe him yf pess bside
What frendes I haue on every side
Towardes \text{he} Courte to doo \text{he} wrathe pase
Of Priam\text{us} and make him stande in grace
7 "And he, through avarice,
8 Will be glad at my returning." 1

1 In the ensuing stanza 203 Chaucer avers that "written wel I fynde" that Chrysie made in good faith her protestations of love to Troilus, and of her resolution to return. He did not "fynde" this expressly and categorically set forth in the *Filostroto*; but Boccaccio clearly implies as much.

(200)

SO what for oo thing & for other swete
I shal him so enchannte with my sawes
That rist in heuen his sowle shat he mete
For aH appollo or his Clerkyshe lawes
Or Calkelyng A-rayletth nat thre hawes
Desire of gold shat so his sowle blynde
That as me list I shal wel make an ende

(201)

ANd he it wolde owte by his sorte to preue
Yef þat I lye in certein I shaþ fonde
Desturbe him & plukke him by þe aleue
Making his sorte or ber him on honde
He hath nat wel þe goddes vndirstonde
For Goddes spekyn in Amphibologies
And for A soth þe telþ twenty lies

(202)

Eke drede fonde first goddes I suppose
Thus shal I sey & þat his coward herte
Made him a-mys þe goddes tezte to glose
Whan he for drede out of Delphos sterte
And but I make him sone to convurte
And doo my rede with-in A day or twey
I witt to you oblige me to dey

(203)

ANd truely is wretyn wel I finde
That al þis þing was seide of good entent
And þat hir herte was trow good & kinde
Towards him & spakke rist as she ment
And þat she sterue for wo ner whan she went
And was in purpoce ever to be true
þus write þei þat of hir werkes knewe
(137)
1 Troilus listened attentively to the lady;
2 And her talk touched his mind,
3 And almost probably it appeared to him
4 That that which she said must certainly
5 Be so—but, because he was much in love,
6 He still lent faith to it slowly.
7 Yet at the last, as it was his own wish,
8 Seeking within himself, he persuaded himself to believe
it.

(138)
1 Whence part of the heavy grief
2 Departed from them, and hope returned;
3 And, then becoming less stern in will,
4 They recommenced the amorous dance.
5 And as the bird from leaf to leaf,
6 In the new time, takes delight
7 In his song, so did those,
8 Speaking to each other of many things.

(139)
1 But, as it could not pass out of Troilus's
2 Heart that she would have to depart,
3 He began to speak in this wise:

7 "What life dost thou suppose
8 That mine will be if thou returnest not soon?

(140)
1 "Live as certain as of death
2 That I would kill myself, wert thou to delay
3 At all overmuch to return hither.
(208)
For truely my oune Lady der
Tho sleightes yet pat I haue herde you stor
Ful shappely bene to faile alle in fere
For jus men say pat one ynketh be or
But al an other ynketh pe leder
Your sir is wise & sith it is oute of drede
Men may pe olde ouer-renne & nat ouer-rêde

(209)
IT is ful harde to halte vn-espid
Be-fore A Crepiïf for he can pe crafte
Youre Fadir is in sleight as argus eyed
For alle-be pat his mobles bene berafte
He vnirstandeth / hou he is lafte
Ye shal nat blynde him for al your womanhed
Ne feyne a right & pat is al my drede

(141)
1 "I know not whether peace will ever be made between us:
2 Whether peace or not,
5 [Considering] the infamy of his misdeed,
2 I scarcely
3 Think that Calchas will ever return hither:
8 That he should send thee back I scarcely credit.

(142)
1 "He will give thee a husband among the Greeks:
4 He will cajole thee.

(210)
I Not yef pees shal euermore be-tyde
But pees or noo for ernest ne for game
I wote sithe Calcas on the Grekis syde
Hath ones bee & loste so foule his name
He Dare no more come her a-year for shame
For whiche pis wey for ought pat I can spie
To truste on is but fantasie

(211)
YE shal eke se your fadir shal you close
To be A wiff and as he canne wel preche
He shal some Greke so preyse & wel alose
That raniushe he shal you withe his speche
Or doo you doone with force as he shal you teche
And Troilus of whom he nift haue routh
Shal causeles so sterue in his trouth
2 "And he will show thee that, in remaining besieged, there is danger of coming to a bad pass.

8 "I fear that thou wilt never return to Troy.

4 "He will cause that thou shalt be honoured by the Greeks.

1 "And this is to me so grievous to think . . .

8 "If thou leavest me, consider that I am dead.

1 'Let us then seek out some means of preventing your departure altogether.

3 "Let us go off to another region.
(145)
1 "Let us then flee hence secretely,
2 And go thither together, thou and I.

7 "And this is the more secure.

(144)
6 "There are, afar from here,
7 People who will gladly see us.

8 "And who will even always acknowledge us as lorde."

(145)
6 "This I would wish, & this is my desire,
7 Wert thou to approve it."

(146)
1 Chryseis, sighing, replied to him:
2 "Dear my bliss, and delight of my heart,
3 All these things might come to pass,
4 And even more, in the form thou hast said.

(216)
1 I mene þus sithe we may or day
2 Wel stele a-þey and be to-gider soo
What witte wer' it to putte it in Asay
In case ye shulden to youre fadir goo
Yeþ that ye myght come a-þey or noo
Thus mene I þat it wer' a grete folie
To put þat sikirste in Jeopardie

(217)
ANd vulgarily to spoke of substauns
Of tresoure may we bothe with vs lede
I-nough to lyue in honour & plesauns
Til vn-to the tymo þat we shulbe dede
And þus we may eschewe aþ this drede
For everych oþer wey þat ye canne recorde
Myn hert I-wisse þer-witþ may nat accorde

(218)
ANd hardly dredeþ no pouerste
For I haue kynne and frendes ellis wher'
That fought we comen in our' bare shirte
Vs shulde nouþir lakke golde ne ger'
But be honoureþ while we duele ther'
And goo we aþoon for as in myn entent
This is þe best for vs and ye wilt assent

(219)
CResseid him with a sight right in þis wise
Answerd I-wis my dere herte trewe
We may wel stele A-þey as ye denne
Or finde suche vnthrifty wyse newe
But Alþerwarde it will vs fulþ score rewé
And helpe me god so at my moste node
As causeles ye suffryn aþ þis drede
7 "Commands, cajolements, or husband,
8 Will never wrest my affection from thee.

5 "But I swear to thee by those amorous
6 Darts which, for thee, have entered my breast.

(220)
For such day I for cherishing
Or drede of fadir or for other wight
Or for estate delite or for wedding
Be false to you my Troilus my knyght
Saturnes daughter I owe purgh birt' myght
As woode as athamante do me duelle
Eternaly in Stix pe pitte of helly

(221)
And pis oon' every god celestial
I swere it yow & eke on ech goddes
On every Nimphe And dayte infernal
On stater & ferrry more & lesse
That halfe goddes bene of wildernesse
And Antrope my thred of lif thou brestes
Yef I be false now troweth me yef ye laste

(223)
And thou Symoys pat as an arwe cler
purgh Troy rynnest ay downewards to pe see
Bere witnesse of pis wordes pat seyde is hot
That ilke day pat I vontrews be
To Troilus myn ougne herte fre
That thou retornke bakward to pin welle
And I withe body & sowle synke in to helly

(147)
1 "But what thou wast saying about going away.
2 Is not a wise counsel, to my thinking. You must have
some heed of yourself and your friends. Were we to
go away, three ill-sequences might ensue—1st, The
evil of broken faith.

(148)
1 "And thus would be in peril of thy family;
2 For, if for a woman thou hadst left
3 Them beyond aid and counsel . . .

(223)
But pat ye speke A-vey pis for to goo
And leue alle your frendis god forbede
For any woman pat ye shulde soo
And namely sith Troie hath such neste
Of helpe & eke of oo ping taketh hede
Yef pis wer' wist my lif were in baluns
And your' honour loste god shalde vs from myschauns
4 'They would inspire others with fear of stratagems.
   You and yours would be much blamed, and the real
8 truth of the matter would never be believed.
1 "And, if any time demands faith or loyalty,
2 That of war appears to be it.

(149)

(150)

(151)

(152)

(154)

1 "Then reflect that my honour
2 And my chastity, held as supreme,
3 With what infamy they would be spotted.

'Besides, whatever is most securely possessed is least
prized. Our loves derive half their charm from their
scurvy.'
5 "Nor would they ever be upraised again
6 By excuse, or by virtue
7 Which I might work, whatever I might do,
8 If I remained in life a hundred thousand years.

(224)

(225)

(226)

(227)

1 And yef so be þat pees hereafter take
2 As alday hapnethe after anger game
3 We lorde þe sorwe & woo þat ye wolde make
4 That ye ne durste come a-yned for shame
5 And her þat ye fepartede so your name
6 Beth nolt to hastye in þis hote fare
7 For hastye man ne wanted neger care
8 Which sounds so illustrous1 of thy valour.

(228)

1 And also þinketh on myne honeste
2 That fourest þet how fowle it shulde it shende
3 And with what sight it shulde shulde be
4 Yef in þis fowrne I shulde with you wende
5 Ne þouȝ I lyued vn-to þeworde ende
6 My name shulde I nener wynne
7 Thus were I lost & þat were routhe & synne

1 And for þi ale with reson alle þis hete
2 Men say þe sufferanþe overcometh þe proude parde
3 Eke who so haue þe life mote lete
4 Thus maketh vertu of necessite
5 Be pacient & þinke þat lorde is he
6 Of fortune Ay þat nought witt of hire roche
7 And she ne daunseth no wist but a wrecche

1 "Clara."—the "clere" of Chaucer, or the Latin "clara."
7 “For on the tenth day,
8 Without any fail, I will return hither.”

(155)
1 “If thou,” then said Troilus, “wilt be here
2 By the tenth day, I am content.
   ‘Yet how will it be possible for me to get through the interval?’

(156)
1 “Oh for God’s sake find a way of remaining!”

(157)
1 “Ah me!” said Chryseis, “thou slayest me!
3 And I see thou confidest not
4 In my promise as much as I had supposed.

(159)
1 “To wait for the time is useful at whiles,
2 In order to gain the time, my soul:
3 I am not, as thou wouldest shew, taken from thee,
4 Through being given up to my father.

(228)
AND trusteth þis certes herte swete
Or Phesus suater Lucyna þe shene
The Lyon) passe oute of his ariete
I wil be her with-outen any wene
I menne as helpe me loue iene) queene
The xth day but defte me assaile
I wil you se with-outen any faile

(229)
AND now so þis be soth quod Troilus
I shal wel suffre vn to þe xth day
Sith þat I see þat nodes it muste be thus
But for the loue of god yif it be may
So lete vs stele preueycle A-way
For eyre in oone as for to lyne in reste
Myn herte seith þat it wiff be þe beste

(230)
O Mercy god what lift is this quod she
Allas ye ale me þus for very tene
I see wel now þat ye mistrusten me
For be youre wordes it is wel sene
Now for the Loue of Cynthea þe shene
Mis-trust me nat þus causeles for routh
Sith to be trewe I you plight my trouth

(231)
ME thinketh wel þat somme tyme it is witte
To spende a tyme a tyme for to wynne
Ne parde lorn am I nat from you yett
Though þat we ben A day or tweyne atwynne
Dryne out þe fantasies you with-Inne
And trusteth me And leueth all your sorwe
Or her’ my trouth I will nat lyne til to morwe
5 "For, if thou knewest how it pains me,
7 Thou wouldest regret it.
(158)
5 "For the soul within my heart weeps for it,
(160)
6 "To see the wailings and the so hard sighs
7 That thou for this sendest forth.
(159)
5 "Nor fancy in thy heart that I am so silly
6 As not to find out a mode and way
7 Of returning to thee.
(161)
1 "For thee in joy and desire
2 I hope to live, and to return soon.
(160)
1 "Wherefore I pray thee, if my prayer availeth,
2 Both by the great love thou bearest me,
3 And by that which I bear thee, which is so great,
4 That thou take comfort for this my going.
(161)
5 "So that I
6 May have no more pain.
(162)
1 "And I pray thee,
(161)
8 My sweet reposer,
(162)
1 While I shall be afar,
2 That thou let not thyself be caught by the cheer
3 Of any woman, or by roaming fancy.
7 Wouldst thou leave me for another, knowing
8 That I love thee more than ever woman loved man
4 For, were I to know it, thou mayst hold for certain
5 That I should kill myself like a mad woman."
6 Making complaint of thee beyond desert.

(163)
1 To this last portion, sighing,
2 Troilus replied: "If I wanted to do
3 That which thou now touchest on suspectingly,
4 I fail to see how I ever could.
5 'I will tell you why I love you so passionately. I was
   not captivated by beauty, nor yet by high birth.

(236)
For in his world ther Layyth lady noon
Yef nat ye wer vntrew ye god defende
That so be-trayed wer' or woo be-good
As I nat all trouth to you intende
And doughties yef that I ojer wende
I ner' but ded and or ye cause fynde
For goddes Love so beth me nat vnynde

(237)
TO his answerd Troilus & seide
Now god to whome per nys no cause ywrey
Me gladdes as wisse I nowe vn-to Cresseide
Sitethe thilke day I saugh hir first with yhe
Was neuer false ne shaile till that I day
At short wordes wel ye may me leue
I can no moore it shaile be founden at preue

(238)
GRaunt mercy god myne I-wisse quod she
And blisfull Venus let me neuer sterue
Or I may stonde of plessans in degre
To quete him wel pat so wel can deserue
And while pat god my withe with me y-serue
I shal so doo so trewe I haue you founde
That ay honour to me warde shaile rebounde

(239)
For trusteth well that your estate Roial
Ne veyne delite ne onlye worthinesse
Of you in guerre or tourney marcial
Ne pumpe array noblere or eke richesse
Ne made me to rew on your destresse
But morall vertue grounded vpon trouth
That was the cause I first hadde on yow routh

1 In Boccaccio, these words, and the remainder of the speech, are assigned to Troilus, not Chryseis.

(164)
5 "Nor yet any ornament, no riches,
6 Made me feel love for thee in my heart."

(165)
2 "Although in all these you abound. 'But lofty
   and lordly demeanour, thy high spirit and chivalrous
talk.'"
"Thy manners nobler than any one else,
And thy graceful ladylike disdain,
Whereby vile appeared to be to thee
Every lowbred appetite and doing,
Set thee in my mind with love.

"Popolese"; Chaucer's word "peoplesch."

And these things years cannot take away,
Nor mobile Fortune."

'What solace shall I have when you are gone? None but death.'

After they had conversed much,
And wept together, because the dawn was already nearing,
They left off,

Commending themselves each to other:
And thus they parted tearful.

BEke gentilH herte & manhood hat ye hadde
And hat ye hadde as me thought in despite
Every ping hat souned in to badde
As rudenessse and poeplesh Appetite
And hat your resounse bridled your delite
Thus made a-bouen every creature
That I was your & shal whil I may dur'

AND pis may length of yeres nat for-do
Ne reasonable fortune to deface
But Jupiter pat of his might may do
The sorwefull to be gladdo so yene vs grace
Or nightes x to mete in pis place
So that it may your herte & myn suffise
And farethe now well for tym is hat ye rise

But After that pat longe compleined hadde
And ofte I-kiste & streite in Armes folde
That pat day gan rise & Troilus him cladde
And pitously his Lady gan be-holde
As he pat feltethe cares coldde
And to hir grace he gan him recomande
Wher' him was woo pis holde I no demaunde

FOR mannes hed ymagnye ne can
Ne entendement considere ne tungue telle
The cruelly peynes of pis woefulH man
That passen euery torment doune in halle
For whan he sawe hat she ne myght duelle
Whiche hat his sowle oute of his herte rent
With-outen more oute of the chambre he went

Explicit Liber quartus
BOOK V.

Et Incipit Liber Quintus.

1  Now was approaching the dolorous fate,
2  The more heavy for him to bear
3  As the more glory had elevated him
4  Which made him be seen there victorious.
5  But thus of this world goes the state
6  That man is then more prone to fall,
7  And falls all the heavier, when aloft
8  He has the more mounted above the green enamel.

A

1  Approchin gan pe fateH desteyne
    That Ioue hath in disposicion
    Committed to done execution
2  And to you Angurry parcas sustren thre
    For whiche Cresside muste oute of the toun.
    And Troilus shalH dust forth in pyne
3  Till Latesis his thred no lenger twyne

(2)

The Auricomas tressed Phabus hie on loft
Thres had alle with his hemes shene
The snowes molten & Zephirus as ofte
y-brout A-yeni the tendre leaves grene
Sith pat pe sone of Escuba pe quenes
Began to lose hir firste for whom his sorwe
Was all that she departe shuld on morwe

(3)

FuH redy was at Prime Diomed
Cresside on to peGrekes ooste to lede
For sorwe of which she felte hir herte blede
As she that nyst what was best to rede
And truely as men in bookes rede
Men wiste never woman have pe care
Ne was so lothe oute of A townes to fare

Book V. (1)

1  The sun had twice melted
2  The snowes on the high hills, and as often
3  Zephir restored the leaves
4  And the fair flowers to the despoiled plants,
5  Since from Atene had departed
6  The rich ships, Africus [wind] blowing,
7  By which Theseus and his crew were carried
8  Into the conquered Scythian ports.

1  That same day Diomed came.
3  Wherefore Pram gave him Chryses,—
4  Of sighs, of plaints, and of woe,
5  So full as to distress those who see her.
6 On the other side was her lover,
7 In such sorrow that nobody
8 Ever saw any one the like.

(2)
1 True it is that by great force he hid
2 Wonderfully within his sorrowing breast
3 The great battle which he had
4 With sighs and with tears; and in his aspect
5 Nothing or little as yet was to be seen.

(3)
5 And he said below his breath:
6 "O miserable woful, and why wail I longer?"
7 Is it not better once to die
8 Than always live and languish in wailing!

(4)
1 "Why do I not with arms perturb this pact?"
3 'Why do I not cut my father in pieces, and challenge
4, 5 all my brothers?'
6 "Why in wailing and in woful outcry
7 Do I not plunge Troy?"
2 Why do I not here slay Diomed?
7 Why do I not seize away
8 Chryses now, and heal myself?"

(5)
8 Sothe is pat while he bode in pis maner
He gan his woo full manly for to hide
That well vmethe it sen was in his cher'
But at ye yate per' she shulde cute ride
With certeyn folke he hoved hir' to A-byde
So wo be-goon he wolde him nat compleyne
That on his hors he sate vnethe for peyne

(6)
F0r Ire he qucke so ganne his herte gnawe
Whan Diomed on horse gan' him dreece
And seide vn to him self pis ylke sawe
Alas quod he pus foule A. wretchednesse
Whi suffre I it whi nyh I it redresse
Wer' it nat best at ones to deye
Than enuer-more in langor' pus to dreye

(7)
WHI nil I make at ones riche & poore
To have I-nough to doone or pat she goo
WHI nil I bringe alle Trois vppon Roore
WHI nil I ale pis Diomed also
WHI nil I rather with a man or tuoo
Stele hir' away whi with I pis endur'
WHI nil I helpe to myn ougne cure
6 But so fierce and audacious a scheme
7 Fear made him abandon, lest slain
8 Chryseis should be in such a fray.

1 "Valle;" Chaucer renders the word by "valeye;"—no doubt through a misapprehension, "valley" being "valle" in Italian.

4 She mounted the horse, and despitefully
5 Began saying to herself.
6 'Ah cruel Jove and Fortune, why sever me from Troilus? I will not propitiate you with a single sacrifice till I am restored to him.' "Then she turned indignantly to Diomed, and said, 'Now let us go; we have been showing ourselves sufficiently to these people—who may well hope for relief from their troubles if they look closely to the honourable exchange that thou hast made; who hast, for a woman, restored so great and so redoubted a king.'"

9 And, having said this, she gave her horse the spur.
3 Priam and his barons perceived her rage. She would hear no one,
8 Nor look at any.
1 Troilus, in guise of a courtesy,
2 Mounted on horse with several companions,
3 With a falcon on his fist; and he bore her company
4 As far as beyond the whole rampart;—
5 And gladly the whole journey
6 Would he have gone up to her lodgement,
7 But it would have been too patent.

10 And already Antenor had come among them,
2 Given up by the Greeks; and with great greeting
3 And with honour had
4 The Trojan youths received him. And, although this
5 Return was to Troilus, within his heart,
6 Very vexatious, on account of Chryseis surrendered,
7 Yet he received him with a good face.
(12)
1 And, being already at point of leave-taking,
2 They gazed into the eyes one of the other.
3 And then Troilus approached her so near.
4 And next they took each other by the right hand.
5 Nor could the lady withhold her tears.
6 She could hear him speaking under-breath,
7 And he said: "Return, make me not die."
8 And here writ all he must his Love take
9 And cast his ye vppon hir' pitously
10 And nere he rode his causes for to make
11 To take hir' by the honde sobirly
12 And Lordes so she gan' wepe tenderly
13 And he fur softe & aly gan' hir' sey
14 Now holdeth your dayle & lete me not dey

(13)
1 And, without any more, turning his courser,
2 All coloured in face, to Diomed
3 He spoke not at all; and of those doings
4 Diomed alone took notice.1
5 Diomed perceives their love; and, turning it over in his
6 thoughts he is smitten with Chryseis.
7 With his courser turned he A-boute
8 With face pale and to Diomed
9 No worde he spake ne noon of all his route
10 Of which he sone of Tideus toke hede .i. Diomed
11 As he but coude moore þau þe crede
12 In such crafte & by þe rene hir' hent
13 And Troilus to Troie homewarde he wente.

(14)
THis Diomed þat lodde hir by þe brideff [leaf 91]
Whan that he saught the folke of Troye A-way
Thought alle my labour shal nat be ydne
Yef þat I may for sum what shal I say
For at þe werste it may yet shorte your way
I haue herd seyde eke tyne twyes twelve
He is a folc þat will for-yete hymse selue

(15)
But nathenles þus þought he welte ynowe
That certenly I am a-boute nought
Yef þat I spoke of loun or make it tough
For doughntles ye þe haue in hir' þought
Him þat I gisse he may nat be oute brought
So sone A-way but I shal fynde A meane
That she nat wete as yet shal what I mene

1 In line 6 of this stanza, we find that Diomed "by the reyne hire hente." I think Chaucer must have misunderstood here the corresponding line in Boccacio, "di solei si piglia"—supposing it to mean (which it might do, so far as the mere words are concerned) "he takes hold of her." The real signification is, "he gets taken by her—takes a fancy to her."
(16)
This Diomede as he pat coude his good
Whan tyne was gan falli forth in speche
Of pis & pat And axed whi she stode
In such di[m]eorse & hir ganne be-seche
That yef he encreas migth hir eche
With any [ing] hir ease pat she shulde
Comaunde it him & seide he done it wolde

(17)
For truely he swore hir as A knyght
That ster nas [ing] with which he might hir please
That he wil done his herte & all his might
To done it for to doo hir herte & ease
And preside she wolde hir serwe appease
And seide I-wis we Grekes can haue Ioye
To honoure you as wel as folke of Troye.

(18)
He seide eke [us] I wote pat you [innep] straunge
No merueyle is it is to you new
The acquaintauns of pis Troiannes to chaunge
For folke of Grece pat ye neuer knewe
But wolde neuer god but yef as trewe
A Greke ye shulden a-monge vs alz finde
As any Troiand is and eke as kynde

(19)
And by cause I swore Loo you right now [leaf 91, back]
To be youre frende & helpe to my might
And for the more acquintauns eke of you
Haue I hadde [anne] an opor straunge wight
So frome pis furth I pray you day & night
Comaundeth me hou soore pat me smerte
To doo alle pat may like vn to youre herte
(20)
\textit{And ye me wolde as youre brother trete}
And taketh nat my frendshipes in despite
And pough your sorwes be for pinges grete
I knowe not withoute more respite
Mine hert hath for to amends it grete dolte
And yef I may nat youre harmes redresse
I am riyt sory for your heuynessse}

(21)
\textit{For pough ye Troiauns with vs grakes wroth}
Haue many A day be alwey yet parde
One god of loue In sothe we serue both
And for the loue of god my lady dere
Whom so ye hate be nat wroth with me
For truly per can noo wight you serue
That halfe so Loth your wretched wolde deserve}

(22)
\textit{And nor' it pat we be so night je tente}
Of Calcas which pat se vs bothe may
I wolde of pis you telle alle myne entent
But pis ensealle to an other day
Yef me your hand I am & shalbe ay
God helpe me so while pat my lif may dur'
Yours ougnes A-boue evrey ofer creature}

(23)
\textit{Thus seide I neuer or nowe to woman borne}
For god as wissely myne herte gladde so
I Loued neuer woman her by-forne
As paramours ne neuer shal not none moo
And for the Loue of god be nat my foo
Alle I can nat to you my Lady dere
Compleine a-right for I am yet to Lere}
\hspace{1em} (24)
\hspace{1em} And meresileth nat myndougne Lady bryet
\hspace{1em} Though I spake of Loue to you Ius blyue
\hspace{1em} For I haue herde of or pis full many A wight
\hspace{1em} Hath loved thing he never ere say his lyue
\hspace{1em} Ne I am nat of power for to stryue
\hspace{1em} A-yeur pe goddes of Loue but hem obey
\hspace{1em} I will all-weise \\ & mercy I you prey

\hspace{1em} (25)
\hspace{1em} Ther' bene so worthi knyghtes in pis place
\hspace{1em} And ye so faire ther' euerich of hem alle
\hspace{1em} Will peyne hem to stonde in youre grace
\hspace{1em} But myght me so fair a grace besele
\hspace{1em} That ye me for you servant wolde calle
\hspace{1em} So looly ye so truly you serue
\hspace{1em} Nih noon of hem as I shall til I sterue

\hspace{1em} (26)
\hspace{1em} Cresseid vn-to that purpos litel answerd
\hspace{1em} As she sat was with sorwe oppressed soo
\hspace{1em} That in effecte she nought his tales herde
\hspace{1em} But her' & pere now her' A word or tuo
\hspace{1em} Hire bought hir sorwefull hert' brest in tuo
\hspace{1em} For whom she gan hir' fadir' to espie
\hspace{1em} Wel nye doune of hir' horse she gan to sye

\hspace{1em} (27)
\hspace{1em} But natheles she panned Diomede
\hspace{1em} Of alle his Trauyle \\ & his good chere
\hspace{1em} And that him liste his frendshipe to bede
\hspace{1em} And she accepte hit in good maner
\hspace{1em} And will do fayne that is him lefe \\ & der'
\hspace{1em} And truste she wolde \\ & wel she might
\hspace{1em} As seid she \\ & frome hir' horse she light
(14)
1 Her father received her with great welcoming.
3 She remained silent and modest.
4 Her heart was still faithful to Troilus—but not long to
8 continue so.

(15)
1 Troilus to Troy, sad and anguished
2 As ever man was, returned,
3 And in his face felon and iniquitous.¹
5 Here dismounting,
8 He entered his chamber alone.
6 He brooked not
7 That anything should be said to him by anybody.

(16)
1 Here to the woe that he had restrained
2 He gave large place, calling on Death.
3 It was a chance that his outcries were not heard in the
4 palace.
4 His state became still worse at night.
5 He blasphemed the day that he was born,
6 And the gods, and the goddesses, and nature.
3 He bitterly regretted not having carried off Chryseis—or
8 else at least asked for her in marriage, and possibly
with success.

(17)
1 And, turning himself here and now there
2 In his bed, without finding a spot.

(18) "Fellone e iniquoso." I have translated literally, so as to
compare with Chaucer. "Fell and dangerous" might come nearer
to the true sense.

(19)
3 He said within himself at times, weeping:

(20) His fadir hath his in Armee I nome
And twenty tymes he kiste his daughter swete
And said O dere daughter myne wel come
She saides she was fayns with him to mete
And stooke furth meynth myld & mansute
But her I leue hir with hir fadir duelle
And furth I wil of Troilus you telle

(21) TO Troye is come, his wooffull Troilus
In sorwe abouyns all sorwe smarte
With Lyon looke with face despitous
Thoo soooldily doun from his horse he sterte
And thurgh his palleys with A swollen herte
To Chaumbre he went of no ping toke he hede
Ne noone to him durste speke A worde for drede

(22) And per his sorwe per he spared hadde
He yane an issue large & doth he cried
And in hisse throwes frentik & madde
He cursed Ioue Appollo & eke Cupide
He cursed Ceres Bachus and eke Cipride
His birthe him-self his fate and eke nature
And saue his Lady euerie creature

(23) TO bedde he gott and waileth þere and tourneth
In fury as doth þe Ixion in heit
And in his wise heuyer till day so soiourneth
But thoo by-ganne his herte A little vnswett
Thurghte teres whiche þat gonnen vp well
And pitously he cried vpon lygre Crescende
And to him self right þus he spake & seide
6 “The white breast
7 The mouth, and the eyes, and the beautiful face, did I kiss.
4 What a night is this, having regard
5 To the past one (if I understand
6 What hour it is)!

(20)
3 “Now I find myself alone, alas! and weeping.
5 Now I go embracing
6 The pillow.

(21)
1 “What then shall I do, wretched, wobegone?
2 I will wait, if only I can do so."

(18)
1 He also cursed himself,
2 That he had thus let her depart.

(24)
4 “O sweet my bliss, O my dear delight,
5 O beauteous lady to whom I gave myself!"
8 Oh seest thou not that I die, and thou help'st me not?

(25)
1 “Who sees thee now, sweet lovely soul?
2 Who sits with thee, heart of my body?
4 “Who now listens to thee, who speaks with thee?
5 Ah me, wretcheder than other! not I!

(21)
1 “But, if thus my mind deponds
2 At her departing, how
3 Can I hope to be able to endure?"

1 In Boccaccio, these words form part of the speech addressed by Troilus to Pandarus (the latter having come in, in st. 22). There seems to be something of a quinty touch of fidelity to his original, in the transfer made by Chaucer of this and succeeding outpourings of Troilus, from his speech to Pandarus, into his earlier soliloquy. In st. 26 of the *Flidestrato*, Troilus says to Pandarus: “As thou now hearest me, Pandarus, the like have I done all night.” Accordingly Chaucer, by thus transferring the utterances, shows us that the forlorn lover really did the like.

(32)
Where is my oune Lady lefe & dere
Where is her white brest wher' is it wher'
Where ly't hir' armes & hir' yeu cler'
That yister night pis tyme with me wer'
Now may I wepe A-lone many a tere
And graue A-boute I may but in pis place
Save a pillowse I fynde nought to embrace

(33)
How shal I doo whan I shal I come A-yea
I note alia whi let me I hir' goo
As wolde god pat I hadde be alway
O herte myn Cresside O swete soo
O lady myn pat I love & no moo
To whome for ever-more my herte I endowe
Se hou I dey ye nifh me nat rescowe

(34)
Who seeth you now my rjht Lode-stere? (last st.)
Who sitte rjht now or stant in your presence
Who can' comfrte now your hertes werre
Now I am gone whom' frome your' audiens
Who speketh for me rjht now in myn Absens
Allas noo wight & pat is aif my care
For weft I wote as yuelh as I ye fare

(35)
How shulde I pus x dayes ful endur
Whan I pe furst nyght haue aif pis tene
How shal she doo eke sorweulf creatur
For the tendernesse how shal she eke sustene
Such woo for me O pitous pale & grene
Shalbe your' freisah womanly face
For longyng or ye retornne vn-to pis place
4 "Or else, if any sleep in my languishing
5 Has found place,  
6 I dream of fleeing,
7 Or of being alone in dreadful places,
8 Or in the hands of raging enemies.

(27)
4 "And oftentimes a tremour seizes me,
5 Which shakes and wakens me,
2 And such panic is in my heart:
6 Love,
7 Along with Chryseis, I call on aloud.
5 And it makes to seem
6 That I am falling from aloft downwards.

(28)
2 "And I have pity of myself.
4 "I confess
5 That I ought still to hope for aid.
7 But the heart, which loves her,
8 Permits me not, and ever calls on her."

ANd whan he felt in Alnoi slomeringes
A-none he shulde be-gynne for to grone
And dreme of pe dreffullest pinges
That might be as dreme he were a-lone
In place horrible makinge ay his mone
Or mett þat he was a-monge alle
His enemeyes and in-to her handes falls

(36)
(37)
ANd þer-wit-h an his body shulde sterte
And with the sterste all sodeinly A-wake
And such A tremour fell a-boute his herte
That of þe fere his body shulde quake
And þer-wit-h an he shulde a noyse make
And some As þough he shulde Fallde depe
From his A-lofte & þan he shulde wepe

(38)
ANd rewe vn himself so pitously
That meruaile was to here his fantasie
Another tyme he shulde mighty
Comforte him self & sey it was foly
So causers suche drede for-drye
And ofte begynne his Aspre pynes newe
That ever man wold vn his sorwes rewe

(39)
WHoo coude telle a riht or full descriue
His woo his pleint his Langour & his pyne
Not alle the men þat haue or ben A lyne
Thou rede þi self fulle wel deuyne
That suche A woo my witte ne can diffine
Vn ydefft for to write it shulde y swynke
Whan þat my witte is wery on hit to þinke
(22)
3 He soon had him [Pandarus] called.

1 Pandarus had not been able in the day to go
2 To him, nor [could] any one else.

6 And well could he guess
7 What he [Troilus] had done that night,
8 And also what he wanted.

(23)
1 “O my Pandarus!” said Troilus.

(40)
ON heuene yet þe sterres wer ysen
Al-pough full pale ywaxen was þe mone
And whiteny gap þe Oriens shene
AH Estwards as hit wonte is to done
And Phebus with his rosie char sone
Gan after þat to dresse him vp to far
What Troilus hath sent After Pandar

(41)
This Pandar þat of alle þe day be-forme
Ne might hauwe come Troilus to see
AH-pough in his hed he had it sworne
For with the king Priam all day was he
So that it lay not in his liberté
Nower’ to goo but on þe morwe he went
To Troilus whan þat he for him sent

(42)
For in his herte he coude wel devyne
That Troilus all night for sorwe woke
And þat he wolde telle hym of his pyne
This knew he wel I-nowh with-outen booke
For which to Chambre streyte þ’ wey he toke
And Troilus þoo soberly he grete
And vn þe bedde ful sone he gan þim sett

(43)
MY Pandarus quod Troilus þe sorwe
Which þat I drye I may no lenger endur’
I trowe I shall nat lyue till þo-morwe
For which I wolde alwey on anentur’
To demise on my sepulture
The foume & on my mooble þou dispone
Right as þe semyth beste is to done
But of the fire and flawme funcraft
In which my body brente shal to golde
And of the feste and pleise palestraht
At my vigile I prey ye take good heed
That ye be wel & offre Marce my sted
My sword myn helme & leue broper der
My sheld to Pallas yif ye shinethe cler

The pouder in which my herte brent shal turne
That prey I ye pou take & hit conservue
In a vessel ye men cople an vrne
Of golde & to my Lady ye I servue
For love of whom yeus pitysly I sterue
So yeus hit hir & do me pis plesauns
To prey hir keep hit for a remembrance

For I wel fele by my malady
And by my dreams now & yoor a-go
That certeyn ye must medis dey
The Oule eke which ye hat hec escahpilo
Hatth after me shreight all yeus niptes tuo
And god mercureve of me woofull wrecche
The soule guide & whan ye lest it feche

He said: "Pray tell me, Troilus.

Andere Answerde & seide Troilus
My dere frende as I haue told ye yore
That it is A folys for to sorwe yus
And causeles for which I cano no more
For who so wil nat trowe rede no lore
I cano nat se in hym no remedy
But let him worth with his fantasie
6 "Think' st thou not that the amorous stroke
7 Was ever felt by others than thyself,
8 Or that others have had to go through a parting?  

   (30)

(29)
5 "This melancholy is to have an end."

   1 This line occurs in a somewhat different connexion in Boccaccio, and the phrase is put hypothetically, "If this melancholy," &c.

(48)

But Troylus I pray pe tells me now
Ye frot you trowe or pis pat any wight
Hath loved paramour as wel as you
Ye god wrote frome many A worji knyght
Hath his Lady gone A fourtenyght
And he nat yet made haluendel pe fare
What nede is pis pe to make alle pis care

(49)

Sythe day be day thou maist pis soluen see [see & back] 337
That frome his loue or ellis frome his wif
A man mote departe of necessite
Ye pough he loue hir as his ougne liff
Yet nyth he with him self make strif
For wel you woste my leue brother dere
That alway frendes may nat ben in fere

(50)

How done thoes folkes pat sene hir' lounes wedded 344
By frendes might as it be-tidde ful ofte
And sene hem in her' spouses bedde ybedded
God wrote pei take it wisely faire & softe
For whi good hope halte vp hir' hertes on loftes
And for pei can a tymes of sorwe endure
As time hem hurt tymes doth hem cure

(31)

1 "And thou ought' st to do the like.

4 "This is not so long a sojourniing.

2 Thou say' st that she hath by the tenth day

3 Promised thee to return hither.

(51)

SO shuldest you endur & let alyde 351
The tyme & fonde to be gladdde & light
X dayes nys so longe to A-bye
d And eth she to pe come a-yen' hath bight
She nif hir' behest breke for no wight
For-drede pe nat pat she nif fynde way
To come a-yen my lif' pat durste y ley
1 "Chase away dreams and panics:
2 Let them go to what they are—the winds.
3 They proceed from melancholia.
8 "They make neither much nor little to the future.
6 Dreams and auguries, which silly people
7 Look to, are not worth a bean.

(32)

THi sweuenes eke and að ði fantasie
Drīne out & bett hem fare to mischauns
For ði procede malencolie
That doði the fele in slepe að ðis penauns
A strawe for alle sweuenys significauns
God helpe me soo I counte hem natt at a bene
Ther wote no man a rijst what dremez men

(52)

For prestes of þe temple telle þis
That Dremez bene the revelaciouns
Of Goddes and aswel þei telle I-wisse
That þei bene infernal illusions
And leches seyne þat of complexions
Proceden þei or faste or of glotenye
Who wote in soth þus what þei signifie

(53)

(54)

EKe other say that sorwe impressions
As yef A wight hath faste a pinge in mynde
That þorof come such A-visions
And other seyne as þei [in] bokis fynde
That After tymes of þe yer by kynde
Men dreme & þat þe effect goth by þe mone
But leue no dreme for it is nat to done

(55)

WER worth of dremez ay these olde wisse
And truely eke Augurrye of þes foules
For fer of which men wene lesse hir liffe
As Rauenes qualmes or shrikyng of þes oules
To trowe on it bothe false & foule is
Allas alas so noble a creature
As is man shal drede such ordur
1 “Then, for God’s sake, pardon thyself.”

4 “Rise up, lighten thy thoughts;
   A te stes perdone.” “Spare thyself” would be the more
   idiomatic English equivalent (though less energetic): but would
   not compare so closely with Chaucer’s line.

   Chaucer’s “not hennes but a myle” has no equivalent in the
   present line of the Filostrato: but in st. 40 we are told that Troilus
   and Pandarus arrived at Sarpedon’s lodgment “after perhaps four
   thousand paces.” Sarpedon had been taken prisoner along with
   Antenor (Troilus, B. 4, st. 8); and neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer
   tells us how he had already got back to Troy.

5 “And talk with me of past pleasures,
6 And to the future ones address thy lofty soul,
7 For they will very shortly return:

8 Then take comfort, having good hope.

(34)

1 “This city is great and delightful;
2 And now it is in true, as thou knowest.
3 Let us go to some pleasant part.

(38)

2 “Let us go to Sarpedon."

(34)

5 “And thy distressful
6 Life thou wilt spend along with him,
7 Till the term passes which the beautiful lady has fixed,
8 Who has wounded thy heart.

(35)

1 “Pray do this, I implore thee: rise up!
2 It is not a magnanimous act to sorrow
3 As thou dost, and to be still lying flat.

6 “And people would say that thou for the adverse times,
7 Like a coward, and not for love, art weeping,
8 Or that thou feignest to be sick.”

(56)

For whiche with all myne hert I pese behache
Vn-to pin self fat pou ait pis for-yeune
A-rise now vp with-oute more speche
And lette caste hou furth may be dreue
This tyme & eke hou freisely we may lens
Whan fat she comth pe which shalbe rjte sone
God helpe me so pe besta is puse to done

Rise lete vs speke of Lusty lift in Troye
That we haue ledde & furth pe tyme drive
And eke of Tyme comyng vs reioye
That bringe shal our blisse now so blyue
And langour of pes twies dayes fyue
We shal perwith so for-yete oure oppresse
That wel vnethe vs done shalht duersesse

(57)

This townes is full of Lordes al Aboute
And tresse lasten al pis meanes while
Goo we play vs in somme lusty route
To Serpedon nat hens but A myle
And þus pou shalte þe tyme wel þeguile
And dryue it furth vnto þat blisful morwe
That þou hir se þat cause is of þi sorwe

(58)

Now rise my dere brother Troilus
For certe it now honoure is to the
To wepe and in thi bedde to Iouke thus
For truely of oo thing truste me
Yef þou lye þus A day tuoo or thre
The folke wil se þat pou for Cowardise
The fynest sike And þat þou darste nat Arise
(36)

2 "Nor can he know it who has not experienced it.  
1 Alas! he who loves much weeps greatly.

4 "Therefore I ought not to be blamed  
5 If I never did anything else but weep.  
3 What that bliss is which I have lost go."

1 By looking at the numbering of these lines of the Filostrato, the reader will see the true sequence of this expression.

6 "But since thou, friend, hast prayed me,  
7 I will comfort myself to the best of my power.

(37)

1 "May God soon send me the tenth day!  
4 Never was rose in sweet spring  
5 So beautiful as I am disposed to return  
6 When I shall see the fresh cheer  
7 Of that lady returned to Troy,  
8 Who is to me the cause of torment and woe.

(38)

1 "But whither can we go for pastime,  
2 As thou say'st?  
3 Yet how can I stay there, haunted by the notion that possibly Chryseis may have returned meanwhile, and I not to know it!" Pandarus replies: 'I will leave some one to attend to that sole matter, and to give us notice if anything happens.'

(40)

3 They arrived where Sarpedon was.

(41)

1 This man, as he who was of high heart  
2 More than others in everything,  
6 [Honoured them] always with sumptuous  
7 Grandeur of banquets, such & so many

3 Next comes the phrase "Let us go to Sarpedon," already extracted on p. 97. These words appear, in the Filostrato, to be spoken by Troilus, not Pandarus.

8 That their equal had never been held in Troy,

(60)

T His Troilus answerd O brother myn  
This knowen folke hat haue suffred pyne  
That though he wepe & make sorweful cher  
That falsith harme & smerte in every veyne  
No merueyle is and thou I euer pleyne  
Or allewey wepe I am no ping to blame  
Sith I haue lost the cause of alle my game

(61)

But sith of fyne force I mote a-rise  
I shal a-rise as sone as euer I may  
And God to whom my herte I sacrifice  
So sende vs hastely he x day  
For was heuer foule so fayne of may  
As I shalbe when she comth in to Troye  
That cause is of my turment & myn Ioye

(62)

But whedir is þine counsell quod Troilus  
That we may pleye vs best in all þis town  
Be god my counsell is quod Pandarus  
To ride & pleye vs with king Serpedoun  
So longe of þis þei spokyn vp and doune  
Till Troilus gaw at þo laste assent  
To rise & furthe to Serpedoun þei went

(63)

T His Serpedoun as he þat honorable  
Was euer his lift & full of his largesse  
With all that might be served on table  
That deynete was all coste it gret richesse  
He fedde hem daye by daye þat such noblesse  
As seiden bope þo most & eke þe leste  
Was neuer or þat daye wiste at any feste.
6 With songs and music,—

4 Now with graceful feast
5 Of ladies beautiful and of high rank.

(42)

1 But what availed these things to the loving
2 Troilus, who had not his heart upon them?
3 He was there whither often the desire
4 Formed in his thought drew him;
5 And Chryseis, as his god,
6 He always saw with the eyes of his mind,—
7 Imagining now one thing now another.

(43)

1 Every other lady was painful to him to see.
2 Every pastime, every sweet song,
3 Was troublesome to him, not seeing her
4 In whose hands Love had placed the key
5 Of his piteous life.

(44)

1 And there passed not evening nor morning
2 That he cried not with sighs,
3 "O beautiful light!"
6 Calling her that she should salute him.

(64)

NE in this worldere nys non Instrument [and 90] 442
Delicious purgh wynde or touche of corde
As ferre as any wight hath ever went
That tunge tells or hert may recorde
That at þe feste it nas weft herde accordre
Ne of Ladies eke so faire A Cunpanie
On dauns or thoo nas neuer sene with ye 448

(65)

But what anaileth þis to Troilus
That for his sorwe noþ þinge of þat rought
For euer in one is his herte pitous
Ful besily Cresseide his Lady sought
On hir was euer alþ þat his herte rought
Now þis now þat so faste ymageining
That conforte I-wisse cam him noon þing 455

(66)

THes ladies eke þat at þis feste bene 456
Sithe þat he saugh his Lady was A-eway
It was his sorwe ypov hem to sene
Or for to her an instrument so pley
For she þat of his herte kepith þe key
Was Absent Lo þis was his fantesie
That no wight shulde make melodie 462

(67)

NE ther hour in all þe day or night 463
Whan he was ther as no man might him her
That he ne seide O Louesome Lady bright
How haue ye fareþ sithe þat ye wer her here
Wel come I-wisse myn ougne Lady dere
But welaweþ alþ þis nas but a mase
Fortune his ougne entendeth bette to glase 469
(45)  
6 The letters sent to him by her  
7 He turned over full a hundred times a day. ¹

(46)  
1 They had not stayed there three days  
2 When Troilus began to say to Pandarus:

3 "What are we doing here any longer? Are we tied down  
4 That we must here live and die?  
5 Do we wait to be shown out? ²  
6 To tell thee the truth, I should like to go.  
7 Oh for God's sake let us be off! Enough have we been

8 With Sarpedon, and well received."

(47)  
1 Then Pandarus: "Now did we for fire  
2 Come hither?  
5 Whither now wilt thou go, and to what place

6 In which thou canst make a cheerfuller stay?  
4 "To go away now would seem a slight.

¹ The next exquisite line of Chaucer  
"Resigne yoghe shape, hire wommanhede,"  
differs from Boccaccio's  
"Tanto di rivedere gli places."—  
4 a. "so much did he like to re-see them [the letters]." But I  
suspect that Chaucer got his line out of Boccaccio, through misreading "rivederla" ("to re-see her") instead of "rividerla,"  
² "Accomiatati"—dismissed with a goodbye: exactly corresponding to Chaucer's "forth congeyen."

7 "Do let us remain two days yet: then we will go."

TROILUS.
(48)
1 Although Troilus stayed against his will,
2 Still he remained in his wonted thoughts.
4 But, taking leave after the fifth day,
6 They returned to their homes,—
7 Troilus saying on the road: “O God!
8 Shall I find my love returned?”

(49)
1 But Pandarus said within himself otherwise:
4 “This thy longing, so fiery and fierce,
5 May hap to cool:”
2 As he who knew entire
3 The intention of Calchas at full.

(50)
1 When they had returned home,
2 They both entered a chamber together.
4 And they talked much of Chryseis

(51)
7 Troilus saying: “Let us go, & so we shall see
8 The house at least, since we can no more.”

(72)
Thus Pandarus with alle peyne & woo
Made hym to duelle, and at þe wookes ende
Of Serpedon: þei toke hir' leue theo
And on hir' wey / þei spedde hem to wende
Quod Troilus now god me grace sende
That I may finde at my home comyng
Cresseide comen & þerwith gan he sing

(73)
YE hase þe wode þought þis Pandar’
And to him self full sobrely he seide
God wote refroyden gan) þis hote fare
Or Calcas sende Troilus Cresseide
But nathese laped he þus & pleyde
And swore I-wisse his herte him wel behight
She wolde com as some as ever she might

(74)
WHan’ thei vnto the Paleis were y-comen) [not cat]
Of Troilus þei doune of horse light
And to the Chambre here wye have þe” nomere
And vn-to tymo þat it ganne to nighte
They spake of Cresseide the bright
And after þis whan’ þat hem bothe lesthe
Thei spedde hem from the soper vnto reste

(75)
ON morwe asonne as day by-gan to clere
This Troilus be-gan of his slepe to Abreide
And to Pandar’ his oughe broþer der’
For lone god full pitounly he seide
As goo we see the Paleis of Cresseide
For sithe we may have no more feste
Yett lete vs goo se hir’ Paleis at þe leste
(61)
4 And he feigned various causes with the others
5 That were with him.

(52)
1 It seemed to him that his heart was bursting,
2 When he had seen the door locked up,
3 And the windows.
4 And in his face all changed
5 He would have given manifest sign hereof
6 To any one who might at once have looked on him.

(53)
3 Then he said:
3 "Alas! how luminous!
4 And delightful was the place!"
7 Now, without her, thou remainest dark!
8 Nor know I whether thou art ever to have her again."

(76)
AND per'with-all his meyne for to blende
A cause he fonde in towne for to goo
And to Cresséisdes house pei gan to wende
But Lord pis sely Troïlus was woo
He pouȝt his sorweful herte berste on tuo
For whan he saugh his doores spered alle
Wil nye for sorwe a doune he gan to falle

(77)
THere-wit all he was war' and gan' beholde
How shitt was every wyndowe of the place
As firste him pouȝt his herte gan' to colde
For wit' chaunged dult & pale face
With-outen' worde he furth by-gan' to pace
And as god wolde he gan' so faste ride
That no wriȝt of his countenans espide

(78)
THan seide he þus O Paleis desolate
O house of houses whilom best yght
O Paleis empty & disconsolate
O lanterne of which quaint is þ' light
O Paleis whilome day þat now art night
Wetli oughteest þou to falle & I to dye
Sith she is went þat wonde was vs to guiæ

(79)
O Paleis whilom Knewen of Housen Ah [Leaf 27, book]
Enlumined with some of Alle bliss
O ring frome which þe ruby is oute falt
O cause of woo þat cause hast bene of hisse
Yet siths I may noo bett fayne wolde I kisse
Thy colde doores dureste I for þis route
And farewell shryne of whiche þe seint is out
Then to Pandarus, as he best could, sorrowful
He spoke of his new anguish.

Hence he went riding through Troy,
And every place brought her back to his mind.

"There she stood when she took me
With love, by her beautiful and charming eyes.

"Here I saw her laugh joyously;
Here in high spirits

"Here she saluted me graciously.

1 "Suoa nova angoeia." Here "nuova" (new) means most probably—as it frequently does in old Italian—"unprecedented, strange, extreme;" but Chaucer takes the epithet literally, and speaks of "His newe sorwe, & ch his joyes olde."

"Here I saw her pitiful to my sighs."

The with he caste on Pandarus his yee
With changed face & pitious to beholde
And whan he myght his tyme a-rjst espie
Ay as he rode to Pandarus he tolde
His newe sorwe & eke his Ioyes olde
So pitously & with so dede an heue
That every wight myght on his sorwe rewe

From thence-forth he rideth vp & down
And every ping come him to remembrains
As he roode so by þe Paleis in þe Toune
In which he had whilom all his plesauns
Lo yender saugh I laste my Lady dauns
And in þat temple with hir yew clere
Me caught first my rjst Lady dere

And yonder haue I herde fulh lustilye
My dere herte laught & yonder pley
Saugh I here cones eke fulh blissfully
And yender cones to me gann she sey
Now good swete Loue me weft I prey
And yonder so goodly ganne she me byholde
That to þe deth myn herte is to hir holde

And at þe corner in þe yonder house
Herde I myn alderlesuest lady dere
So womanly with voys melodyous
Sing so wel so goodly & so clere
That in my sowle me þinketh I it here
The blissful soune & in þe yonder place
My lady firste me receyued vnto hire grace
(56)  
1 Then, thinking this, he proceeded:
2 "O Love!
4 Well does memory repeat to me the truth of it.¹
3 Long hast thou made the story of me.
6 Full a thousand signs of thy victory
7 Do I discern, which thou hast had triumphal
8 Over me, who once jeered every lover.

(57)  
1 "Well hast thou avenged thine injuring,
2 Lord potent & greatly to be feared!
3 But, since the soul has set itself to serve thee
4 Wholly, as thou mayst clearly see,
5 Let it not die disconsolate.
8 "So that she may return, to put an end to my woes,

(58)  
1 He would sometimes go up on the gate
2 By which his lady had issued.
3 "Hence issued she who comforts me!

¹ See the Prefatory Remarks, p. 11, for the true sequence of this line.
5 "Up to that place I escorted her;
6 And here I parted from her.

(59)
5 "Oh! shall I see thee
6 Ever return, with thy lovely ways,
7 To rejoice me?"

(60)
1 And it seemed, even to himself, that in face
2 He was less coloured than his wont;
3 And for this he had a fancy
4 That he was sometimes pointed out with finger,
5 As if people were saying: "Why so quelled
6 And so bewildered has Troilus become?"
7 It was not they who pointed him out;
8 But he suspects who knows the thing true.

(88)
ANd to ye yonder hill I gan my guide
Alas & per I toke of hir mynde Leue
And yender I saugh hir to hir fadir ride
For sorwe of which myn herte will to-cleue
And hedir home I come whan it was eue
And her I duelle outhe caste from alle Ioye
And shal till I may se hir after in Troye

(89)
ANd of him self ymagined He ofte
To be defett & pale & waxe lesse
Than he was wonte & pat men seide softe
What may it be who can the sothe gose
Whi Troilus hath alle pis heuynes
And all pis nas but his malencolie
That he hadde of him self suche A fantasie

(90)
AN ojer tyme ymagynyd he wolde
That evry wight pat went by ye waye
Hadde of hir routh & pat pei shulde
I am right sory Troylus will day
And pus he droff a day yett forth or tweye
As ye haue herd rjst such A lif gan he lede
As he that stode betweende hope & drede

(61)
1 Wherefore it pleased him to show in verse
2 Who was the cause of it.

(91)
4 Giving as it were some respite to his sorrow.
6 With low voice he went singing.
1 "The sweet sight and the beautiful soft glance
2 Of the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen,
3 Which I have lost, make seem so heavy
4 My life that I go bearing groans.
7 I have longings for death."
8 'O Love! Why didst thou not kill me from the first?
   Let me die now, so that my disembodied soul may fly
   into the arms of my Chryseis!'

1 When he had thus said in song,
2 He returned to his old sighing.

4 Wherefore he often said to himself:
5 "When this [moon] shall have become,
6 With her new horns, such as she appeared
7 When our lady departed,
8 Then shall my soul be returned hither."

1 The old moon was already horned
2 At the departure of Chryseis; and he,
3 Leaving her house, had seen it in the morning.

1 The days long, and the nights longer,
2 Appeared to him beyond the wonted mode.
5 He said: "The sun has entered into new errors."

1 "Diesi porto di morte"—i.e., "io porto diesi di morte." From
the peculiar nautical turn which Chaucer gives to his phrase, I
think it pretty clear he had misunderstood Boccaccio, and supposed
him to say "io diesi porto di morte" = "I desire the port (or
harbour) of death."
1 He gazed on the tented Greeks—
7 Saying often:
8 "Or here or there is my lovely lady."

4 And that which blown
5 He felt in his face, he used to give himself to believe that it was like
6 Sighs sent him by Chryseis.

(71)
1 In such wise, and in many other ways,
2 He passed the time, sighing.
3 And with him was for ever Pandarus,
4 Who often encouraged him to do this:
5 And into converse cheerful and gay
6 He sought to draw him, to the best of his power,—
7 Giving him always good hope
8 Of his charming and excellent love.

(1)
1 On the other side, on the shore of the sea,
2 With few women, among the armed men,
3 Was Chryseis.

(6)
4 "Wherefore my heart is beggared of joy,
5 And for comfort I in vain ask for death.
6 I fled the bad, and followed after the worse."

(90)
\[\text{Upon the walls faste eke wolde he walke}
\text{And on the Grekes ofte a wold a sec}
\text{And to him self right thus he wolde talke}
\text{Lo yender is myn oune Lady fre}
\text{Or elles yender yfer ye tentes be}
\text{And thens comth pis eir pat is so swote}
\text{That in my sowe I fele it doth me bote} \]

(97)
\[\text{AND hardly pis wynde pat more & more}
\text{Thus stoundemole encreaseth in my face}
\text{Is of my Lady depe aikes score}
\text{I preue it thus for in noome oper space}
\text{Of ali pis town saue onaly in pis place}
\text{Fele I no wynde pat soumeth so lyke peyne}
\text{It seith alias whi twynned be we tweyne} \]

(98)
\[\text{This long tymes he dryusth forth riht thus}
\text{This fully passed was he in the night}
\text{And ay beside was this Pandarus}
\text{That besily dede ali his ful might}
\text{Him to comforte & make his herte light}
\text{Yeuyng him hope alwey he xthe morwe}
\text{That she shal come & stynte alle his sorwe} \]

(99)
\[\text{Upon pat other side eke was Cresseide} \]
\[\text{With women feue a-monge the Grekes stronge}
\text{For which fulf ofte A day alias she seide}
\text{That I was borne wel may myn herte Longe}
\text{After my deth for nowe lyue I to Longe}
\text{Alias I ne may it nat amende}
\text{For now is worse than ever yet I wende} \]
(100)

MI fader wilt for no ping do me grace
To gone a-yen for sucht I can hym queene
And yef so be yet I my terme pace
My Troilus shal in his herte deme
That I am false & so it may wel seme
Thus shall I haue vn-thanke on every side
That I was borne so welawey the tide

(101)

And yef yet I me put in jeopardy
To stole a-vey be night & it be-falle
That I be caught I shalbe holden espie
Or else Lo this drede I moost of all
Yef in the handes of somme wrech I fall
I nam but lost albe myn herte trewe
Now al-mighty god thou on my sorwe rewe

Book VI. (1)

6 Her fresh and delicate cheeks
7 Had become pallid and thin.

3 And in bitter tears
4 The nights were consumed by her.

(2)

1 She wept, murmuring to herself
2 The once-passed pleasure with Troilus.
4 And the whole of the words
5 She went recollecting all to herself.

(102)

Ful pale waxen was hir bright face
Hir lemes lene as she yet al pe day
Sode whan she durst & loked on pe place
The she was borne & yet she duallid ay
And al pe night weping Alas she lay
And pus deesperid out of alle cure
She ladde hir lif pis woofull creature

(103)

Ful ofte a day she sithed sike for distresse
And in hir sowle she went ay porting
Of Troilus pe grete worthinesse
And al pe goodly wordis according
Sith first yet day hir loue be-gan to spring
And pus she sette hir wooffull herte a fire
Thurgh remembruns of yet she gan desire
(3)
1 Nor would any one have been so pitiless
2 That, hearing her plain sorrowfully,
3 He could have forborne weeping with her.
4 She wept so bitterly:

7 And what wrought her the worst of all
8 Was that she had no one to mourn with.

(4)
1 She looked on the walls of Troy,
2 On the palaces, towers, and fortresses,
3 And said to herself: "Ah me! how much joy,
4 How much pleasure, and how much sweetness,
5 Had I once within there! And now in sad annoy.¹
7 Ah me, my Troilus! what dost thou now?
8 Is there yet in thee any memory of me?

(5)
1 "Ah woe is me! now had I but consented to thee,
2 And we both would have gone together!
4 For now these pains would not be felt
5 By me.
7 And who would afterwards have spoken ill of me
8 For having gone away with such a man as he!

(6)
1 "Ah, woe is me! late do I discern . . .

¹ The next line in Boccaccio runs—"I here consume my dear beauties;" giving the speech a new turn, which Chaucer does not follow.
(7)
1 "But I will do my utmost to flee hence,
3 "And return to thee.
7 I had rather that
8 Whoever chooses should be able to speak and bane about this."

(108)
But nathes betide what be-tide
I shall to morwe by Esthe or west
Oute of pis hoste stele by somme maner side
And goo with Troilus wher as him leste
This purpes wil I holde & pis is best
No fors of wikked tungen Iangellarie
For ever vn Loue han wrecchis had enve

(109)
For who so wil of euer words take hede [last 100, hea] 757
Or rule him Aftir euer wightes witte
Ne shall he never thrive out of drede
For yet that somen blamen euer yett
Lo other maner folke commaundyn hitte
And as for me for alle suche variauns
Felicite clepe I my sufficiansa

(110)
For which whith-outen any wordes mo 764
To Troye I will as for conclusion
But god it wote or fully monethes tuo
She was ful ferre frome pat entencion
For bothe Troilus & Troie tou
Shal knottles oute of hir herte glide
For she vil take purpos for to abyde

(111)
This Diomed of whom telle I gan 771
Goth now with-Inne him selfe aye Arguing
With alle pe sleight & all pat euere he gan
How he may best with shortset taryeng
In To his nette Cresseide herte bring
To pis entent he coude neuer fyne
To fissh hir he leide oute hole & lyne
And he said to himself at first view:
“A vain labour, I think, is mine:
This lady is sorrowful for love of another.
"Ah me! I went, amiss for myself, to Troy, when I
brought her away!"

But naethels wel in his herte he poust
That she nas [nat] with-outen a lous in Troie
For neuer sithe he hir' pens broust
Ne coude he sene hir' laugh or make Ioi
He nyste how biste hir' herte to accoy
But for to assaie he seide it not ne greuit shall
For he pat noust assaiep noust acheueth

Yet seide he to him self vpon a night
Now am I nat a fore pat wote wel how
Hir' woo is for loye of an other knyght
And her'-vpon to goo & assaie her' now
I may wel wete it wil nat be my prow
For pes folke in bokes it expresse
Men shal nat wowe A wight in heuynesse

I ought to be too sovereign an artist,
If I would expel thence the first,
To enter there myself.”

But, as being of great daring
And of great heart, he resolved in himself,
If he had for certain to die from it,
Since he had come to this pass, to show her the sharp assaults
Which Love made him feel for her.

He was tall and handsome in person; young, fresh, and
most pleasing.

Strong and bold, as is related;

And had the gift of the tongue as much as any Greek
whatever.
The lucent eyes and angelic face.

Discerning, wise, honourable, and high-bred. 1

"Accorta, savia, onesta, e costumata." I have given English equivalents as nearly as I can select them; but not one of them realises exactly and completely the shade of meaning which the mind catches in the Italian words.
(9)
1. She had not been there the fourth day
2. After the bitter departure, when
3. A fair pretext for going to her was found
4. By Diomed, who
5. Found her alone, sighing.
6. He marvelled to find her so altered.

(11)
7. And, taking a seat.

(12)
1. And first he entered upon speaking with her
2. Of the fierce war between them and the Trojans;
3. Asking her what she thinks about it.
5. Hence he next came down to asking
6. Whether she thought the ways of the Greeks strange.

(120)

AND certainly in story as it is founde
That Troilus was never vn-to no wight
As in his tymes in no degre secounde
In doyng þat longeth to a knyght
Aþ might a gesant passe him of might
His herte ay with the firste & with þe laste
Stod peregáð to doo what þat him caste

(121)

But for to telle furth of Diomed
It fille þat After þe xth day
Sith þat Cresśide oute of þe Cite yede
This Diomed as freissh as braunch in may
Come to the Tente þere as Calcas lay
And fyned him with Calcas haue to done
But what he ment I shal you tellis some

(122)

CResside at shorthe wordes for to telle
Welcomed him & doune him by hit sett
And he was the I-nowth to make dueð
And after þis with-oute longer lett
The spises & þe wyne men furth hem fett
And forth þei spake of þis & þat in fer
As frendes done of which som shal ye her

(123)

HE gaw first falls on þe wreþ in speck
Betwixe hem & þe folke of Troy toun
And of þe agise hens gaw his eke byseeð
To telle him what was his opinion
From þat demaund he descended doun
To ask his yef his strong þouþt
The Grekes guise & werkes þat þei wroþt
8 Why Calchas delayed to give her in marriage.
   (13)
1 Chryses, who still had her soul
2 In Troy set upon her dear lover,
5 Answered Diomed.
3 She did not perceive his device.
6 Her speech often pained his heart, yet sometimes encouraged him.

(14)
1 Who, when he had got on easy terms with her
2 By conversing, began to say:
3 "Youthful lady, if I have well looked on you.
7 "From the day when we left Troy up till now,
5 That [countenance] I seem to see transformed
6 By painful anguish.

(15)
1 "Nor know I what the cause can be,
2 If it be not love; which, if you are wise,
3 You will cast away.

(16)
1 "Nor imagine that any one who is inside
2 Will find pity from us for evermore.

(124)

1 And wher her fader taried so Longe  [leaf 103]
To wedde hir to some worthi wijt
Crescide that was in hir paynes stronge
For loute of Troilus her ougne knyght
As farforth as she had konnyng and might
Answerid him tho but as of his entent:
He semyd natt she wist whathe he ment:

(125)

1 But nathelesse pis ilke Diomed
Can in him self assure & þus he saide
yef I a-right haue taka of you hede
Me thinketh þus O Lady myn Crescide
Sith þat I first haue on your briden leode
Whan ye ote of Troye come by þe morwe
Ne coude I neuer se you but in sorwe

(126)

1 Anno I nat sey what may þe cause be
But yef for loute of sum Troiane it wer
The which riȝt sore wolde for-thynke me
That ye for any wight þat duelld ther
Shulde spille a quarter of 1 tere
Or pitously so your self be-guile
For dredles it is nat worth þe while

(127)

1 The folke of Troie as who seith al & somme
In þis mond bene as ye your self se
Neuen thens shal nat one on lyue come
For alle the golde betwixte somme & see
Trusteth weif & understandeth me
Thor nat oone to mercy go on lyue
All wer he lordes of worlde twyes fyve

(128)

1 Can I nat sey what may þe cause be
But yef for loute of sum Troiane it wer
The which riȝt sore wolde for-thynke me
That ye for any wight þat duelld ther
Shulde spille a quarter of 1 tere
Or pitously so your self be-guile
For dredles it is nat worth þe while

"Either here among the living, or among the dead in hell.

A most signal example shall be to [any man]
The punishment that we will bestow upon Paris.

\( \text{Were there twelve Hectors and sixty brothers,} \)

3 "If Calchas with word-juggles and delusions

4 \{ Does not here hoodwink us.

4 \{ We would triumph over them.

7 "Which will be in brief.

\( \text{And do not suppose that Calchas would have} \)

2 Re-demanded you with so much urgency,\(^3\)

3 If he did not foresee that which I say.

4 'I discussed the whole matter with Calchas before he

7 took it upon him to redemand you.

8 He took counsel to get you back here.

\( \text{I encouraged his resolve, hearing of your great excel-
}

lences.}

4 And I offered myself as negotiator; which Calchas

accepted, knowing my good faith. The labour was a

8 pleasure to me, for your sake.

\(^1\) "Ambage." Chaucer has taken the word direct from Boccaccio; and then (not over-artistically, it must be admitted) has to devote two succeeding lines to the explanation of it.

\(^2\) A different line (st. 18, v. 3) corresponds still more closely with the wording of the one in Chaucer—"And J, bearing him give Antenor for you.'
BOCCACCIO'S *FILOSTRATO*, BOOK V

(20)

1 "Wherefore I would say, fair and dear lady,
2 Leave the fallacious love of the Trojans:
3 Chase away this bitter hope.
4 And recall the splendid beauty.
5 For to such a pass is Troy now come
6 That every hope men have there is lost.

(21)

'The Trojans, with their king, and his sons, are mere barbarians and brutes, compared to the Greeks.'

(22)

1 "And think not that among the Greeks love
2 Is not,—far higher and more perfect
3 Than among the Trojans.

5 'Your angelic beauty will easily find here a worthy lover.'
7 "And, were it not to displease you, I will be the man,
8 More gladly than now king of the Greeks.'

(23)

1 And, having said this, he turned scarlet
2 Like fire in the face, and his speech
3 Somewhat trembling. He drooped his lids to earth,
4 Turning away his eyes from her a whit.
5 But next, with a sudden thought, he became again
6 More prompt than he had been.
6 And with rapid
7 Speech he pursued: "Be it to you no annoy,
8 I am as gentle as any man in Troy.

CHAUCEL'S TROYLUS AND CRYSEYE, BOOK V

(131)

1 What will ye more louselov' lady dar'
2 Let Troie & Troiane from your herte passe
3 Drywe out þe bitter hope & make good che\'r
4 And clope A-yen þe beute of your face
5 That ye with salt Teres so deface
6 For Troie is brouht in such a leoparde
7 That it to saue is now noo remedie

(132)

1 And pynketh þat ye shal in Grekes fynde
2 A more perfite Loue or it be night
3 Than any Troiian is & more kynde
4 And bettir to serue you wille þat do his migt
5 And yef ye vouche saue my Lady bright
6 I wil be he to serue you my silf
7 ye Leuer þan þe kyng of Greces twelue

(133)

1 And with þat wordes he gan to wex rede
2 And in his speche A litle while he quoke
3 And caste A-side A litle wight his hed
4 And stynte A while & Afterwaerde he wooke
5 And sobrely on hir he caste his Loke
6 And seide I am aþ be it you no Joy
7 A Gentil man as any wight in Troie

1 "Chà ve' dir dunaque."—I.e. "Perchà io voglio dir dunaque."
But in a cursory reading one might naturally suppose the phrase to stand for "Che vuol tu dir dunaque."—What *wilt thou* then say—strictly corresponding to Chaucer's "What wol ye moore!" and it is obvious that the English poet made this mistake. The proof that Boccaccio really meant "voglio," and not "vuol," lies in the fact that Dione addresses Chryseis, throughout this scene, in the second person plural—"you"—instead of the more intimate "thou." Chryseis (it may be added) responds with "thou"—not, evidently, as any unseemly familiarity, but as using the privilege of a lady to her "servant."

2 "Gentil"—noble, high-born.
1 “If my father Tydeus had been living,
3 Of Calydon and Argos I should have been
4 King, as I intend yet to be.
2 He was slain fighting at Thebes.

(25)
2 “Me
4 Take as your servant.”
6 “I will be such as your dignity, and the exalted beauty
which I see in you beyond all others, demand; so that
you also will hold Diomed dear.” Chryses had
answered few words and timidly; but now counted
his audacity great.

(26)
7 So much could Troilus yet in her.
6 Looking askance at him displeased,
8 And thus she spake with subdued voice.
(37)
1 “I love, Diomed, that city
2 In which I grew and was brought up.

(134)
FOR yet my fader Tydeus He seide
I lyued had I had ben or pis
Of Calidoinge & Arge A king Cresseid
And so hope I pat I shal yet I-wisse
But he was slayne alas ye harms is
Vnhappily at Thebes aff to rathe
Polymites & many a man to scathe

(135)
But herte myn sithe pat I am your man
And bome ye fiste of whom I seke grace
And serve you as hertaly as I can
And euer shal while I to lyue haue space
Soo or I departe out of this place
That ye me graunte pat I may to morwe
At better leiser tells ye my sorwe

(136)
What shulde I tell his wordes pat he seide
He spake ynoogh for oon day at ye meste
Hit proud wel he spake soo pat Cresseide
Grantaed on ye morwe at his request
For to spake with him at ye Leste
So that he nolde speke of such matier
And tis to him she said as ye may her

(137)
AS she pat had hir hert on Troilus
So faste pat per might non it a race
And straungelie she spake & seide thus
O Diomed I loue pat ilke place
Ther I was borne & Ione for hir grace
Deliner it sone of aH pat doth it Care
God for ye might so leue it wel to fare
(138)
That Grekes wolde heir' wretih on Troie wreke
Yef þat þei miȝt it knowe wel y-wisse
But it shall nat befallen as ye speke
And god to forme & further ouer þis
I wote my fadir wise & redy is
And þat he me halfe boute as ye me tolde
So der I am þe more vnto him beholde

(139)
That Grekes ben of hight condition
I wote eke wel but certeyn men shall fynde
As worthi folke with Inne Troie towne
As connyng as perfite & as kynde
As bene betweene Orchades & ynde
And þat ye coude wel your Lady serue
I trwe it wel hir' þanke for to deserve

(140)
But As to speke of Lone I-wise she seide
I hadde A Lorde to whom I wedded was
The woos myn herte Al was vnto he dayt
And oþer loue as helpe me now Pallas
Ther-Inne myne herte nys ne never was
And ye be of noble and he kyndes
I haue wel herde it telle oute of Dredes

(141)
And þat doth me to haue so grete A wondr
That ye will scorne any woman soo
Eke god wote Loue & I bene ferre A-sondr
I disposed am better so mote I goo
Vnto my deth to playne & make woo
What I shal after doo can I nat sey
But truely as yet me luste nat play
(31)
1 "The time is evil, and ye are in arms.
2 Let the victory come which thou expectest,
3 Then I shall know much better what to do,
4 Perhaps delights will please me much more

5 Than now they do—

5 "And thou mayst speak to me again;
6 And peradventure thy words will be dearer to me
7 Than they are now.

(30)
7 "Not for this do I say that I am sorry
8 At being loved by thee, certainly."

(31)
8 "‘A man must look to time and season when he wishes to capture any one.’" Diomed augured well from these last words, and protested himself ever hers.

(142)
MYne Herte is now in tribulation
And ye in Armes bene bese day be day
Hereafter whan ye have wonne jemestone
Parauenture ye so it happen may
That whan I see that I never say
That shal I wrecch that I never wroght
This woordes to you I-ough suffice ought

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(143)
TO morwe eke wil I spoke with you fayne
So that ye touch nat of pis matier
And whan ye list ye may come her ayen
And or ye goon thus much I say you her
As helpe me Pallas with heré here cler
If ye shulde on any Greke haue routh
It shulde ben on your self by my trouth

995

(144)
I Sey nat persever yet I wil you Love
Ne sey nat nay but in conclusion
I mene wel be god pat sitte À-boue
And therwithal she kiste her yen doun
And gan to sake & seye O troie toue
Yet prey I god in quites & in reste
I may þe see or do my herte breste

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(145)
But in effecte & sobrely for to say
This Diomede al freisñt new s-yen
Gan þrere at þræ & faste hir mercy prey
And after þis þe sotþ for to seyne
Hir’ gloue he toke of which he was ful fayne
And finally whan it waxe eue
And alñ was wel he roose & toke his Leue

1009

(32)
8 Nor said he more, and after this he went.
1 "He was tall and handsome in person; young, fresh, and most pleasing."

5 "And his nature was prone to love. (See p. 260.) Which things Chrysieus, in her sorrows, he being gone, pondered over—hesitating whether to approach or to flee him. These things made her cool down in the ardent thought that she had of returning; these snapped her upright will towards Troilus, and dragged back her desire; and a new hope somewhat dissipated her fierce torment. And thus it was that, moved by these causes, she kept not her promise to Troilus."

The bryst Venus folowed & ay taught
The wyer broode Phebus doun alight
And Cintyeas hir shar hornou rought
To whirle oute of the lyoun yef she might
And signifir his Candeall shewed Light
Whan pat Creseside vnto hir rest went
Wi-th inne hir fadres faire bright tent

Retoumyng in hir soule ay vp & doun
The wordes of pis sodein Diomede
His grete estate & peril of þe toune
And þat she was alone & had nede
Of frendes helpe & þus began to brede
The cause whi þe sothe for to teyte
That she toke purpos fully for to duelle

The morwe come & gosteley for to speke
This Diomede is comen vnto Creseside
And shortlye lest þat ye my tale brake
So wel for him self he spake & seide
þat all hir sikes sore a-doun he leyde
And finally þe sothe for to seynye
He rahte hir all the grete of hir peyne

And after þis the story tellith vs that she him yafe þe fair bay stede
The which he ones wanne of Troilus
And eke A broche & þat was liteh nede
That Troilus was she yafe Diomede
And eke the bette frome sorwe him to releue
She made him wer a penseh of hir sleue
(150)
I fynde ek in stories alles wher
whan the body hurt wase Diomede
O Troilus poy wepte she many A tere
Whan the she sawh his wide wounds blede
And the she toke to kepe him good heede
And for to helpe him of his sorwes smerte
Men say I note she yafe him her herte

(151)
But truely the story toldith vs
Ther made neuer woman more woo
Than she whan she falsed Troilus
She seid alas for now is clene a-goo
Any name of trouth I leue for euer-moo
For I haue falsed one the gentillesse
That euer was and one the worthieste

(152)
Allas on me vn-to the worldes ende
Shal neuer be y-wretyn ne y-songe
No goode word for thes bookes wil me shende
O yrolled shat I be on many A tunge
Thurgh-oute the worlde my belle shalbe runge
And women moste will hate me of alle
Allas pat suche a cas me shulde be-falle

(153)
Thei will me say in as much as me Is
I haue hem done dishonour welawey
Albe I nat the furste pat dede A-mysse
What helpe the pat to done my blame a-way
But sith I se noo better wey
And to late it is now for to rewre
To Diomede al gate I wilbe trewe
(154)  
But Troilus eith I no bettir may  
And sithe þat þus departen ye & I  
yet prey I god to yeue you right good day  
As for the gentillest trueuly  
That euer I say to serve feithfully  
And best can ye his Ladies honour kepe  
And with þat worde she berste anone to wepe  

(155)  
AND certez you haten shal I neuer  
And frendes Loue þat shal ye hauve of me  
And my good wurde al might I lyue euere  
And truly I will sory be  
For to se you in aduersite  
And gilteles I wote wel I yow lene  
But all shal passe & þus take I my Lene  

(156)  
But trueely hou longe it was betwen  
That she forsoke him for þis Diomede  
Ther' is non auctoer telseth it I wene  
Take euer man now of his bookes hede  
He shat no terme finde oute of drede  
For pongh he begaþ to louse hir' sone  
Or he hir wan yet was þer more to doone  

(157)  
ME me ne liste þis selie woman chide  
Further þan þe story witt devise  
Hir' name allas publisshed is so wide  
That for hir' gilt it ought I-nough suffise  
And yf I might excusere in any wise  
For she so sory was for hir' vntrought  
I-wisse I wolde excusere for pite & routh
1. Troilus, as has been said above,
2. Was passing the time, expecting the appointed day.

· As "he went alone," we must suppose that he picked up Pandarus on the way.

5. He went alone towards the gate,
6. Talking much with Pandarus about this:
7. And they went on looking towards the camp,

8. If they could see any one coming to Troy.

1. And every one who was seen by them
2. To come towards them, alone or in company,
3. Was supposed to be Chryseis,
4. Until he had neared them so close
5. As to be openly known.
6. And thus they remained till past noon,
7. Often fooled by their credulity.

Troilus said: "Before meal-time
2. She would not now come, as far as I can guess:
3. She will have great trouble in getting quit
4. Of her old father—more than she would wish.
8. [She would have come] if she had not stayed to eat with him."

The Laurer Laurgerus crowned Phoebus with his heke
Ganv in his course ay vpward as he went
To warne of pe Est see pe wavas wete
And nius daughter songe witA freisch entent
When Troilus his Pandar after sent
And on pe walles of pe towne pei pleide
To loke yif pei can se ought of Cresseyde

TyR it was none pei stoden for to se
Who pe come & every maner wight
That come frome ferr pei seide pe it was she
TH pei coude knowe hem A-right
Now was his herte dulle now was it light
And thus be-Iaped stonden for to stare
A-boute noust pei Troilus & Pandar

TO Pandarus pei Troilus seide
For ought I wote be-fore none sikerly
In-to pe towne se comth nat hiri Cresseyde
She hath ynoough to do hardelye
To wynne from hir fader so trowe I
Hir olde fader wil yet make hir dye
Or that she gow god yeue his herte pyne
(4) Pandarus said: "I think thou speakest the truth.
1 So let us go, and then we will return."
3 Troilus consented, and so in fine they did.
5 They returned: but their surmise deceived them,
6 As it turned out, and they found it in vain.

(5) Troilus said: "Perhaps
1 Her father will have prevented her, and will want her to stay.
3 Up to the twilight, and therefore her return
4 Will be late. Now let us stay outside,
5 So that she may have her entry expedited;
6 For often these wardours
7 Are wont to keep in talk those who come,
8 Without making a distinction of befitting persons."

(6) Twilight came, and then came evening.

(7) Therefore he turned to Pandarus, saying:

(8) "This lady will have acted wisely.
4 She will be minded to come covertly:
5 Therefore she awaits the night, and I commend her for it.
6 She doesn't want to make people wonder.
1 "Therefore do not mind waiting,
2 My Pandarus."
3 "We have now nothing else to do.
5 And, if I err not, I think I see her!
6 Pray look down! Oh dost thou see what I do?"

7 "No," said Pandarus, "if well I unbar my eyes,
8 "What thou showest me seems to me a cart."

9
1 "Alas! thou say'st true," said Troilus.
2 The sun had now set, and some stars were perceptible.
6 "There comforts me
7 In my desire I know not what sweet thought.
8 "Hold for certain that now she is to come."

10
1 Pandarus
6 Made a show
7 Of believing him.
1 To himself, but under-breath,
2 He laughed at what Troilus said.
7 And he said: "From Ætna,
8 The poor fellow expects a wind."

11
6 "But Troilus made them delay more than two hours."

1 The wardours
2 Were making a great noise on the gate,
3 Calling withinside citizens and strangers.
5 Also all the country-people with their beasts,
4 Whoever did not want to remain outside.
7 At last, the sky being all starry,
8 He returned inside with Pandarus—
(12)  
7 Saying: "We are fools
8 For having expected her to-day.

(13)  
1 "She told me she would stay ten days
2 With her father, without staying there the least longer,
3 And then would return to Troy.

5 "Therefore she ought to be coming to-morrow.

(14)  
1 "To-morrow morning betimes we must return,
2 Pandarus." And so they did:
3 But little availed the looking upward and downward.
7 It being already night, they returned within:
8 But this to Troilus was too too bitter.

(15)  
1 And the glad hope he had had
2 Almost had no longer what to fasten on:
3 Whereof he much condoled with himself,
4 And began strongly to murmur
5 Both at her and at Love; nor did it seem to him
6 That for any cause she ought so much to delay
7 To come back—having promised to him
8 Her return, on her faith.

(16)  
1 But the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the
   sixth day,
2 After the tenth day already past,
3 Hoping and not hoping for her return,
4 Was expected with sighs by Troilus.
7 And all in vain—she still returned not.

(170)  
But natheless he gladeth him in this
He poust amys he compted had his day
And seide I understande I haue all a mysse
For thilke night I laste Cresseid say
She seide I shal be her yef pat I may
Or pat pe mone O der herte swete
The Lioun passe oute of his Ariete

(171)  
For which she may yet holde at hir' behest
And on pe morwe vn-to pe yate he went
And vp & down by weste & eke by Est
Vpon pe walles made he many A went
But al for noust his hope alwey him blent
For which at night In sorwe & sikes sore
He went him home withouten any moor'

(172)  
His Hope al clene oute of his herte fiedde
He ne hath wheron lengew for to honge
But for pe peyne him poust his herte bledde
So wer' his throwes sharpe and wonder strong'
For whan he saugh pat she abode so long'
He nist what he ymagin of hit might
Sithe she hath broken pot she him behight

(173)  
The thr'dde fourth x" & pe sexte day
After the x days of which I tolde
Betwixe hope & drede his herte Lay
Yet somewhat trusting on hir' hestes olde
But whan he say she nolde hir' term bolde
He canne nat se non oper remedie
But for to shape him sone for to dye
3 And the fell
4 Spirit of Jealousy—heavy affliction...

(19)
1 He scarcely ate or drank.
7 And every feast and every company
8 In like wise he shunned to his utmost.

(20)
1 And he had become such in his semblance—
2 “He looked more like a wild beast than a man.”
3 Nor would any one have recognized him,
4 So pallid and woe-begone was his aspect:
5 All vigour had abandoned his body.

1 In Boccaccio, it is Priam only who does this—the line about the brothers and sisters being taken (as the reader sees) from a later stanza.

(21)
1 Priam,
2 Paris, and his other brothers and sisters,
3 Sometimes called him in,
4 Saying: “My boy, what dost thou feel?
5 What thing is it that so weighs thee down?”

(22)
1 “Hector said the like to him.”
5 To all of whom he said that at his heart
6 He felt pains.
7 But he never explained what the pains were.

(23)
1 Troilus had one day, all melancholy
2 For the broken faith, disposed himself to sleep.
5 It appeared to him that, within a shadowy wood,
3 In dream he saw the perilous
4 Misdeed of her who made him languish.
7 He seemed
8 To see a great wild-boar that ranged.

(174)
1214 The with the wikked spirite þer god vs blisse
Which þat men clepe woode Ielousie
Ganne in him crepe in all his heuynesse
For whiche cause he wolde some dye
He ne Ete ne Dranke for his malencolie
And eke from euerie companie he fledde
This was þe lif þat al þe tyme he ledde

(175)
1219 HE so defete was þat no maner man
Vnnethe him miȝt knowe þer he went
So was he Lene & þerto pale & wanne
And feble þat he walked by A potent
And with his Ire he þus him-self shent
But who-so axed him wher' him smerte
He seide his harme was aȝ aboute his herte

(176)
1226 Priam ful ofte & eke his moder der'
His Brethryȝ & his susters gan him freynȝ
Whi sorweful He was aȝ in his cher'
And what þing was þe cause of his paynȝ
But al for nought he nolde his cause playnȝ
But seide he felte a greuous malady
A-boute his herte & faynȝ wolde he die

(177)
1233 SO on A day he leide him down to slepe
And so be-fell þat in his slepe he thought
That in A forest faste he walked to wepe
For Loue of hir' þat him þis peyne wrought
And þat & down as he þe foreste sought
Him mett he say a boore with tuskes grete'
That slepte a-yenȝ þe briȝt sonnes hete
1 And then afterwards he seemed to see
2 Beneath his [the boar's] feet Chryses, from whom
3 He with his claws tore the heart.
4 Chryses did not seem distressed at it, but rather to enjoy it.
7 Which was so fierce a rage to him
8 That this broke his feeble slumber.

And by bis Boor² faste in Armes folde
Lay kissing ay his Lady brist Cresseide
For sorwe of which whan he pat can beholda
And for despite oute of his slepe he breide
O Pandarus now knowes I croppes & roote
I name but dede ther is non other boote

1 "Thy Chryses, alas! has deceived me,
2 In whom I trusted more than in woman else:
3 She has given her love to another.
5 The gods have shown it to me in dream."
6 And hereupon he narrated all his dream to him.

"My Lady bright Cresseide hath me troued [leat 1st, bask]"
In whom I trusted moste of any wight
She elleswher hath now hir heste a-paied
The blisfull goddes purgh her' gret majst
Haue in my dreame y-shewed it fullt ript
Thus in my dreame Cresseide haue I beholde
And all pis ping to Pandarus he tolde

1 'Diomed is now accepted by her: he alone is the cause of her not returning.

1 "Alas me! Chryses, what subtle wit,
2 What new delight, what alluring beauty,
3 What grudge against me, what just indignation,
4 What misdeed of mine, what dire strangeness,³
5 Have been able to draw thy lofty soul to another object?
6 Alas me, firmness!
7 Alas promise! alas faith and loyalty,
8 Who has cast ye out of my beloved?

O my Cresseid alas what subtilte
What newe liste what bowte what sciens
What wrath of iustie cause hane ye to me
What gitle of me what felt experiens
Hath from me refte alas your adverstens
O trust O feight O depe assuarms
Who hath me rafte Cresseid my plaisauns

¹ i.e. God clearly wills that I should die.
³ "Qual fieris straneasa?" I understand Troilus to mean "What strange or outrageous conduct on my part." Chaucer's "fel experience" is a vaguer expression, but perhaps intended in the same sense, substantially.
(30)
1 "Alas! why did I ever let thee go?
2 'Why did not I carry Chryseis off? Then she would not
3 be false, nor I miserable.'
(31)
1 "I believed thee, and hoped for certain
2 That thy faith was sacred, and that thy words
3 Were a truth most sure and overt,
4 More than to the quick the light of the sun:
5 But thou spakest ambiguously and covertly.
(32)
1 "What shall I do, Pandarus! I feel a fire
2 Lit anew fiercely in my mind,
3 So that I find no space within my thought.
4 I will with my hands take death,
5 For to stay longer in such a life were no pastime.
6 Since Fortune so wretched a fate
7 Has brought me, to die will be a delight,
8 Whereas living would be pain and despite."
(33)
Troilus seized a knife, and would have pierced his breast,
had not Pandarus arrested his hand. Troilus implored
his friend to loose him, and not baulk him of his pur-
pose; then threatened to wound Pandarus first, and
next kill himself. Pandarus would have been unable
to resist his frantic efforts, had not Troilus been greatly
reduced in strength. At last he succeeded in disarming
him, and made him sit down.
(37)
1 [Pandarus], after bitter weeping, towards him
2 Turned pitiful, with these words.
3 'I always thought your friendship for me was so perfect
that, had I bidden you to do so, you would have slain
yourself: yet now you will not live at my beseeching!
You seem to have conceived the idea that Chryseis is
in love with Diomed; for no other reason than your
dream.
(40)
1 "I have told thee erewhile that folly
2 It was to look too much into dreams.
3 There has been none, nor is, nor ever will be,
4 Who can for certain well interpret
5 What, when a man sleeps, fancy
6 Can show forth with various forms.
(43)
1 "Wert thou to find it true that thou for another
2 Hast been abandoned by Chryseis,
3 Thou oughtst not . . . . .