SELECTIONS FROM
CHAUCER

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TROILUS AND CRISEYDE

Book I

The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,
That was the King Priamus sone of Troye,
In loving, how his aventures fellen
Fro wo to wele, and after out of Ioye,
My purpos is er that I parte fro ye.
Thesiphone, thou help me for tendyte
Thisè woful vers that wepen as I wryte!

To thee clepe I, thou goddesse of torment,
Thou cruel Furie, sorwing evere in peyne:
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne!
For wel sit it the sothe for to seyne,
A woful wight to han a drery fere,
And to a sorwful tale a sory chere.

It is wel wist how that the Grekes stronge
In armes with a thousand shippes wente
To Troyewardes, and the citee longe
Assegeden neigh ten yeer er they stente;
And in diverse wyse and oon entente
The ravisshing to wreken of Eleyne,
By Paris doon, they wroughten al hir peyne.

Now fil hit so that in the toun ther was
Dwelling a lord of greet auctoritee,
A gret devyn that cleped was Calkas,
That in sciencè so expert was that he
Knew wel that Troye sholdè destroyed be,
By answere of his god, that highte thus,
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus.

Sk., I, 1–14; 57–70
So whan this Calkas knew by calculinge,
And eek by answere of this Appollo,
That Grekes sholden swich a peple bringe
Thorugh which that Troye moste been for-do,
He caste anoon out of the toun to go.
For wel wiste he by sort that Troye sholde
Destroyed been, ye! wolde who-so nolde.

For which for to departen softly
Took purpos ful this forknowinge wyse,
And to the Grekes ost ful privelv
He stal anoon; and they in curteys wyse
Him deden bothe worship and servyse
In trust that he hath conning hem to rede
In every peril which that is to drede.

The noyse up roos whan it was first aspyed
Thorugh al the toun, and generally was spoken
That Calkas traytor fled was, and alified
With hem of Grece; and casten to ben wroken
On hem that falsly had his feith so broken;
And seyden he and al his kin at ones
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

Now hadde Calkas left in this meschaunce
Al unwist of this fals and wikked dede
His daughter, which that was in gret penaunce,
For of hir lyf she was ful sore in drede,
As she that niste what was best to rede:
For bothe a widowe was she and allone
Of any freend to whom she durste hir mone.

Criseyde was this lady name a-right.
As to my doom, in al Troyes citee
Nas noon so fair; for passing every wight
So aungellyk was hir natyf beautee
That lyk a thing inmortal semed she,
As doth an hevenish parfit creature
That doun were sent in scorning of nature.
This lady, which that al-day herde at ere
Hir fadres shame, his falsnesse, and tresoun,
Wel nigh out of hir wit for sorwe and fere,
In widewes habit large of samit browne,
On knees she fil biforn Ector a-doun;
With pitous voys and tendrely wepinge
His mercy bad, hir-selven excusinge.

Now was this Ector pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorwfully bigoon
And that she was so fair a creature.
Of his goodnesse he glided hir anoon,
And seyde, “Lat your fadres treson goon
Forth with mischaunce! and ye your-self in Ioye
Dwelleth with us, whyl you good list, in Troye.

“And al thonour that men may doon yow have,
As ferforth as your fader dwelled here,
Ye shul han and your body shal men save
As fer as I may ought enquere or here.”
And she him thonked with ful humble chere,
And ofter wolde and it had ben his wille,
And took hir leve, and hoom, and held hir stille.

And so biefel whan comen was the tyme
Of Aperil, whan clothed is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,
And swote smellen flouris whyte and rede,
In sondry wyyses shewed, as I rede,
The folk of Troye hir observaunces olde
Palladiones feste for to holde.

And to the temple in al hir beste wyse
In general ther wente many a wight
To herknen of Palladion the servyse.
And namely so many a lusty knight,
So many a lady freshe and mayden bright,
Ful wel arayed bothe moste and lest,
Ye, bothe for the seson and the feste.
Among thise othere folk was Criseyda
In widewes habit blak; but nathelees
Right as our firste lettre is now an A,
In beautee first so stood she makelees.
Hir godly looking gladede al the prees.
Nas nevere seyn thing to ben preyse derre,
Nor under cloude blak so bright a sterre

As was Criseyde as folk seyde everichoon
That hir bihelden in hir blake wede;
And yet she stood ful lowe and stille alloon
Behinden othere folk in litel brede
And neigh the dore, ay under shames drede,
Simple of atyr and debonaire of chere,
With ful assured looking and manere.

This Troilus, as he was wont to gyde
His yonge knightes; ladde hem up and doun
In thilke large temple on every syde,
Biholding ay the ladyes of the toun,
Now heer, now ther; for no devocioun
Had he to noon to reven him his reste,
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him leste.

And in his walk ful faste he gan to wayten
If knight or squyer of his companye
Gan for to syke, or lete his eyen bayten
On any woman that he coude aspye;
He wolde smyle, and holden it folye,
And seye him thus, “God wot, she slepeth softe
For love of thee whan thou torest ful ofte!

“I have herd told, pardieux, of your livinge,
Ye lovers, and your lewede observaunces,
And which a labour folk han in winninge
Of love, and in the keping, which doubtaunces;
And whan your preyse is lost, wo and penaunces.
O verrey foles! nyce and blindë be ye:
Ther nis not oon can war by other be.”
And with that word he gan cast up the browe,
Ascaunces, “Lo! is this nought wysly spoken?”
At which the God of Lovë gan loken rowe
Right for despyt, and shoop for to ben wroken.
He kidde anoon his bowe nas not broken;
For sudeynly he hit him at the fulle.
And yet as proud a pekok can he pulle!

With-in the temple he wente him forth pleyinge,
This Troilus, of every wight aboute,
On this lady and now on that lokinge,
Wher-so she were of toune or of with-oute.
And up-on cas bifel that thorough a route
His eye perced, and so depe it wente
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it stente.

And sodeynly he wex ther-with astoned,
And gan hirë bet biholde in thrifty wyse:
“O mercy, God!” thoughte he, “wher hastow woned,
That art so fair and goodly to devyse?”
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and ryse,
And softe sighed lest men mighte him here,
And caughte a-yein his firste pleying chere.

She nas not with the lest of hir stature,
But alle hir limes so wel answeringe
Weren to womanhod, that creature
Was nevere lasse mannish in seminge.
And eek the pure wyse of herë mevinge
Shewede wel that men mighte in hir gesse
Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle
Gan for to lyke hir meving and hir chere,
Which somdel deynous was, for she leet falle
Hir look a lite a-side in swich manere,
Ascaunces, “What! may I not stonden here?”
And after that hir loking gan she lighte,
That nevere thoughte him seen so good a sighte.

Sk., I, 264—210; 267—294
And of hir look in him ther gan to quiken
So greet desir and swich affeccioun
That in his hertes botme gan to stiken
Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun.
And though he erst had poured up and doun,
He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke.
Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winke.

Lo, he that leet him-selven so konninge
And scorned hem that Loves peynes dryen,
Was ful unwar that Love had his dwellinge
With-in the subtile stremes of hir yên,
That sodeynly him thoughte he felte dyên,
Right with hir look, the spirit in his herte.
Blessed be Lovê that thus can folk converte!

She, this in blak, lyking to Troilus,
Over alle thyng he stood for to bholde.
Ne his desir ne wherfore he stood thus
He neither chere made, ne word tolde.
But from a-fer, his manerê for to holde,
On other thing his look som-tyme he caste
And eft on hir, whyl that servyse laste.

And after this, not fully al awhaped,
Out of the temple al esiliche he wente,
Repenting him that he had evere y-iaped
Of Loves folk, lest fully the descente
Of scorn fille on him-self; but, what he mente,
Lest it werê wist on any maner syde,
His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

Whan he was fro the temple thus departed,
He streyght anoon un-to his paleys torneth,
Right with hir look thurgy-shoten and thurgy-darted,
Al feyneth he in lust that he soiorneth.
And al his chere and speche also he borneth;
And ay of Loves servants every whyle,
Him-self to wrye, at hem he gan to smyle.
And seyde, "Lord, so ye live al in lest,
Ye loveres! for the conningest of yow,
That serveth most ententifich and best,
Him tit as often harm ther-of as prow.
Your hyre is quit ayein, ye! God wot how!
Nought wel for wel, but scorn for good servyse.
In feith your ordre is ruled in good wyse!"

But for al this, whan that he say his tyme,
He held his pees,—non other bote him gayned.
For Love began his fetheres so to lyme
That wel unnethe un-to his folk he feyned
That othere besye nedes him destrayned.
For wo was him that what to doon he niste,
But bad his folk to goon wher that hem liste.

And whan that he in chaumbre was allone,
He doun up-on his beddes feet him sette,
And first he gan to syke and eft to grone,
And thoughte ay on hir so withouten lette,
That, as he sat and wook, his spirt mette
That he hir saw a temple, and al the wyse
Right of hir look, and gan it newe avyse.

Thus gan he make a mirour of his minde,
In which he saugh al holly hir figure.
And that he wel coude in his herte finde,
It was to him a right good aventure
To love swich oon; and if he did his cure
To serven hir, yet mighte he falle in grace,
Or elles, for oon of hir servaunts pace.

Imagininge that travaillé nor grame
Ne mighte for so goodly oon be lorn
As she, ne him for his desir ne shame,
Al were it wist, but in pryse and up-born
Of alle lovers wel more than biforn:
Thus argumented he in his ginninge,
Ful unavysed of his wo cominge.
Thus took he purpos loves craft to suwe,
And thoughte he wolde werken prively,
First, to hyden his desyr in muwe
From every wight y-born, al-outrely,
But he mighte ought recovered be therby;
Remembring him that love to wyde y-blowe
Yelt bittre fruyt, though swete seed be sowe.

And to the God of Love thus sayde he
With pitous voys, "O lord, now youres is
My spirit, which that oughte youres be.
You thanke I, lord, that han me brought to this.
But whether godesse or womman, y-wis,
She be, I noot, which that ye do me serve;
But as hir man I wol ay live and sterve.

"Ye stonden in hire eyen mightily
As in a place un-to your vertu digne.
Wherfore, lord, if my servyse or I
May lyke yow, so beth to me benigne.
For myn estat royal heer I resigne
In-to hir hond, and with ful humble chere
Bicome hir man as to my lady dere."

In him ne deyned sparen blood royal
The fyr of love, (wher-fro God me blessel)
Ne him forbar in no degree, for al
His vertu or his excellent prowesse;
But held him as his thral lowe in distresse,
And brende him so in sondry wyse ay newe
That sixty tymes a day he loste his hewe.

The sharpe shoures felle of armes preve
That Ector or his othere bretheren diden
Ne made him only ther-foré ones meve;
And yet was he, wher-so men wente or riden,
Founde oon the best, and lengest tymes abiden
Ther peril was, and did eek such travayle
In armes that to thenke it was mervayle.
But for non hate he to the Grekes hadde,
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
Ne made him thus in armes for to madde;
But only, lo, for this conclusioun,
To lyken hir the bet for his renoun,
Fro day to day in armes so he spedde
That alle the Grekes as the deeth him dredde.

And fro this forth tho refte him love his sleep,
And made his mete his foo; and eek his sorwe
Gan multiplye that, who-so toke keep,
It shewed in his hewe, bothe eve and morwe.
Therfore a title he gan him for to borwe
Of other syknessë, lest of him men wende
That the hote fyr of love him brende.

And seyde, he had a fever and ferde amis;
But how it was, certayn, can I not seye,
If that his lady understood not this,
Or feyned hir she niste, oon of the tweye.
But wel I redë that by no maner weye
Ne semed it as that she of him roughte,
Nor of his peyne or what-so-evere he thoughte.

But than fel to this Troilus such wo
That he was wel neigh wood; for ay his drede
Was this, that she som wight had loved so
That severe of him she wolde have taken hede,
For which him thoughte he felte his herte blede.
Ne of his wo ne dorste he not biginne
To tellen it, for al this world to winne.

But whan he had a space fro his care,
Thus to him-self ful ofte he gan to pleyne.
He sayde, "O fool, now art thou in the snare
That whilom Iapedest at loves peyne!
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyne owene cheyne!
Thou were ay wont ech lover reprehende
Of thing fro which thou canst thee nat defende!"
Thisë wordes and ful manye an-other to
He spak, and called evere in his compleynyte
Hir name for to tellen hir his wo,
Til neigh that he in salte teres dreynte.
Al was for nought; she herde nought his pleynyte.
And whan that he bithoughte on that folye,
A thousand fold his wo gan multiplye.

Bi-wayling in his chambre thus allone,
A freend of his that called was Pandare
Com ones in unwar, and herde him grone,
And sey his freend in swich distresse and care.
"Alas!" quod he, "who causeth al this fare?
O mercy, God! what unhap may this mene?
Han now thus sone Grekes maad yow lene?

"Or hastow som remors of conscience,
And art now falle in som devocioun,
And waylest for thy sinne and thyng offense,
And hast for ferde caught attricioun?
God save hem that bi-seged han our toun
And so can leye our Iolyte on presse
And bringe our lusty folk to holinesse!"

These wordes seyde he for the nones alle,
That with swich thing he mighte him angry maken,
And with an angre don his sorwe falle
As for the tyme, and his corage awaken.
But wel he wiste, as fer as tonges spaken,
Ther nas a man of gretter hardinesse
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.

"What cas," quod Troilus, "or what aventure
Hath gyded thee to sen my languishinge,
That am refus of every creature?
But for the love of God, at my preyinge,
Go henne a-way, for certes my deyinge
Wol thee dise, and I mot nedes deye.
Therforë go wey, ther is no more to seye.

Sk., I. 540-574
"But if thou wene I be thus syk for drede,  
It is not so, and therfore scorne nought.  
Ther is a-nother thing I take of hede  
Wel more than ought the Grekes han y-wrought  
Which cause is of my deeth for sorwe and thought.  
But though that I now telle thee it ne leste,  
Be thou nought wrooth: I hyde it for the beste."

This Pandare, that neigh malt for wo and routhe,  
Ful often seyde, "Allas! what may this be?"  
"Now freend," quod he, "if evere love or trouthe  
Hath been, or is, bi-twixen thee and me,  
Ne do thou neverew swich a crueltee  
To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care.  
Wostow nought wel that it am I, Pandare?"

"I wole parten with thee al thy peyne,  
If it be so I do thee no comfort,  
As it is freendes right, sooth for to seyne,  
To entreparten wo as glad desport.  
I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,  
In wrong and right y-loved thee al my lyve.  
Hyd not thy wo fro me but telle it blyve."

Than gan this sorwful Troilus to syke,  
And seyde him thus, "God leve it be my beste  
To telle it thee! For sith it may thee lyke,  
Yet wole I telle it though myn herte breste.  
And yet wot I thou mayst do me no reste.  
But lest thow deme I truste not to thee,  
Now herke, freend, for thus it stant with me.

"Love, a-yeins the which who-so defendeth  
Him-selven most, him alder-lest avayleth,  
With desespeir so sorfully me offendeth  
That streyght un-to the deeth myn herte sayleth.  
Ther-to desyr so brenningly me assayleth  
That to ben slayn it were a gretter Joye  
To me than king of Grece been and Troye!"
“Suffiseth this, my fulle freend Pandare, 
That I have seyd, for now wostow my wo. 
And for the love of God, my colde care 
So hyd it wel: I tolde it nevere to mo; 
For harmses mighte folwen, mo than two, 
If it were wist. But be thou in gladnesse 
And lat me sterve, unknowe, of my distresse.”

“How hastow thus unkindely and longe 
Hid this fro me, thou fool?” quod Pandarus; 
“Paraunter thou might after swich oon longe 
That myn avys anoon may helpen us.” 
“This were a wonder thing,” quod Troylus, 
“Thou coudest nevere in lovë thy-selven wisse; 
How devel maystow bringen me to blisse?”

“Ye, Troilus, now herke,” quod Pandare, 
“Though I be nyce; it happeth ofte so 
That oon that excessë doth ful yvele fare 
By good counsayl can kepe his freend ther-fro, 
I have my-self eek seyn a blind man go 
Ther-as he fel that coude loke wyde. 
A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde.

“A whetston is no kerving instrument 
And yet it maketh sharpe kerving-tolis. 
And ther thow woost that I have ought miswent, 
Eschewe thou that, for swich thing to thee scole is: 
Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis. 
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwarded; 
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

“The wyse seyth, ‘Wo him that is allone, 
For, and he fallë, he hath noon help to ryse.’ 
And sith thou hast a felawë, tellë thy mone; 
For this nis not, certeyn, the nexte wyse 
To winnen love, as techen us the wyse,— 
To walwe and wepe as Niobe the quene, 
Whos teres yet in marbel been y-sene.
"If God wolst thou art not agast of me
Lest I wolde of thy lady thee bigyle,
Thow wost thy-self whom that I love, pardee,
As I best can, gon sithen longe whyle.
And sith thou wost I do it for no wyle,
And sith I am he that thou tristest most,
Tellé me sumwhat, sin al my wo thou wost."

Yet Troilus for al this no word seyde,
But longe he lay as stille as he ded were.
And after this with syking he abreyde,
And to Pandarus voys he lente his ere,
And up his eyen caste he, that in fere
Was Pandarus lest that in frenesy
He sholde falle, or elles sone dye:

And cryde "A-wak!" ful wonderly and sharpe;
"What? slombreystow as in a lytargye?
Or artow lyk an asse to the harpe,
That hereth soun whan men the strenge plye
But in his minde of that no melodye
May sinken, him to glade, for that he
So dul is of his bestialitee?"

And with that Pandare of his wordes steinte;
But Troilus yet him no word answere,
For-why to telle nas not his entente
To nevere no man, for whom that he so ferde.
For it is seyd, "Man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is him-self y-beten
In sondry manere," as thisé wyse treten,

And namely in his counseyl tellinge
That toucheth love that oughte be secree;
For of him-self it wolde y-nough out-springe,
But-if that it the bet governed be.
Eek som-tyme it is craft to seme flee
Fro thing which in effect men hunte faste:
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.
But nathelesse whan he had herd him crye
"Awak!" he gan to syke wonder sore,
And seyde, "Freend, though that I stille lye,
I am not deef. Now pees, and crye no more!
For I have herd thy wordes and thy lore;
But suffre me my mischef to biwayne,
For thy proverbes may me nought avayle.

"Nor other cure canstow noon for me.
Eek I nil not be cured, I wol deye;
What knowe I of the quene Niobe?
Lat be thyn olde ensaumples, I thee preye!"
"No," quod tho Pandarus, "therfore I seye,
Swich is deylt of foles to biwepe
Hir wo, but seken bote they ne kepe.

"Now knowe I that ther reson in thee fayleth.
But telle me if I wiste what she were
For whom that thee al this misaunter ayleth?
Dorstestow that I tolde hir in hir ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy-self for fere,
And hir bisoughte on thee to han som routhe?"
"Why, nay," quod he, "by God and by my trouthel!"

"What? not as bisily," quod Pandarus,
"As though myn owene lyf lay on this nede?"
"No, certes, brother," quod this Troilus.
"And why?"—"For that thou sholdest nevere spede."
"Wostow that wel?"—"Ye, that is out of drede,"
Quod Troilus, "for al that evere ye conne,
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be wonne."

Quod Pandarus, "Alas! what may this be,
That thou despeyred art thus causelees?
What? liveth not thy lady? benedistel
How wostow so that thou art gracelees?
Swich yvel is not alwey botelees.
Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,
Sin thing to come is ofte in aventure,
"What may she demen other of thy deeth,
If thou thus deye, and she not why it is,
But that for fere is yolden up thy breeth
For Grekes han biseged us, y-wis?
Lord! which a thank than shallow han of this!
Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at ones,
'The wrecche is deed, the devel have his bones!'

"Thou mayst allone heer wepe and crye and knele;
But love a woman that she woot it nought
And she wol quyte that thou shalt not fele.
Unknowe, unkist; and lost that is un-sought.
What! many a man hath love ful dere y-bought
Twenty winter that his lady wiste,
That nevere yet his lady mouth he kiste.

"What? shulde he therforç fallen in despeyr,
Or be recreaunt for his owene tene,
Or sleen him-self, al be his lady fair?
Nay, nay, but evere in oon be fresh and grene
To serve and love his dere herties quene,
And thenke it is a guerdoun hir to serve
A thousand-fold more than he can deserve."

And of that word took hede Troilus;
And thoughte anoon what folye he was inne,
And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,
That for to sleen him-self mighte he not winne,
But bothe doon unmanhod and a sinne,
And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte;
For of his wo, God woot, she knew ful lyte.

And with that thought he gan ful sore syke,
And seyde, "Allas! what is me best to do?"
To whom Pandare answerde, "If thee lyke,
The best is that thou tellè me al thy wo;
And have my trouthe, but thou finde it so
I be thy bote or that it be ful longe,
To peces do me drawe and sithen honge!"
"Ye, so thou seyst," quod Troilus tho, "allas!
But, God wot, it is not the rather so.
Ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,
For wel finde I that Fortune is my fo,
Ne alle the men that ryden conne or go
May of hir cruel wheel the harm withstonde;
For as hir list she playeth with free and bonde."

Quod Pandarus, "Than blamestow Fortune
For thou art wrooth, ye, now at erst I see.
Wostow nat wel that Fortune is commune
To every maner wight in som degree?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardee!
That as hir Ioyes moten over-goon,
So mote hir sorwes passen everichoon.

"For if hir wheel stinte any-thing to torne,
Than cessed she Fortune anoon to be:
Now sith hir wheel by no wey may soiorne,
What wostow if hir mutabilitee,
Right as thy-selven list, wol doon by thee,
Or that she be not fer fro thyn helpinge?
Paraunter thou hast cause for to singe!

"And therforë wostow what I thee beseche?
Lat be thy wo and turning to the grounde;
For who-so list have helping of his leche,
To him bihoveth first unwrye his wounde.
To Cerberus in helle ay be I bounde,
Were it for my suster al thy sorwe,
By my wille, she sholde al be thyn to-morwe.

"Loke up, I seye, and tellè me what she is
Anoon, that I may goon aboutè thy nede,
Knowe ich hir ought? For my love tellè me this!
Than wolde I hopen rather for to spede."
Tho gan the veyne of Troilus to blede,
For he was hit, and wex al reed for shame.
"A ha!" quod Pandare, "heer biginneth game!"
And with that word he gan him for to shake,
And seyde, "Theef, thou shalt hir name telle!"
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake
As though men sholde han lad him in-to helle,
And seyde, "Alas! of al my wo the welle,
Than is my swete fo called Criseyde!"
And wel nigh with the word for fere he deyde.

And whan that Pandarë herde hir name nevene,
Lord! he was glad, and seyde, "Freend so dere,
Now far a-right, for Ioves name in hevene!
Love hath biset the wel, be of good chere;
For of good name and wysdom and manere
She hath y-nough, and eek of gentilesse.
If she be fayr thow wost thy-self, I gesse.

"Ne I nevere saw a more bounteuous
Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche
A frendlier, ne a more gracious
For to do wel, ne lassë had nedë to seche
What for to doon; and al this bet to eche
In honour, to as fer as she may strecke,
A kinges herte semeth by hire s a wrecche.

"And for-thy loke of good comfort thou be.
For certeinly, the firste poyn is this
Of noble corage and wel ordeynë,
A man to havë pees with him-self, y-wis.
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is
To loven wel and in a worthy place.
Thee oughte not to clepe it hap, but grace.

"And also thenk, and ther-with glade thee,
That sith thy lady vertuous is al,
So folweth it that ther is som pitee
Amonges alle thise othere in general;
And for-thy see that thou in special
Requere nought that is ayein hir name:
For vertu strecceth not him-self to shame.
"But wel is me that evere I was born
That thou biset art in so good a place.
For, by my trouthe, in love I dorste have sworn
Thee sholde nevere han tid thus fayr a grace.
And wostow why? for thou were wont to chace
At Love in scorn, and for despyt him calle
'Seynt Idiot, lord of thise foles alle.'

"How often hastow maad thy nyce Iapes,
And seyd that Loves servants everichone
Of nycetee ben verray Goddes apes;
And some wolde monche hir mete alone,
Ligging a-bedde, and make hem for to grone;
And som, thou seydest, had a blanchise fevere,
And preydest God he sholde nevere kevere!

"Now beet thy brest, and sey to God of Love,
'Thy grace, lord! For now I me repente
If I mis-spak, for now my-self I love!'—
Thus sey with al thyn herte in good entente.'"
Quod Troilus, "A! lord! I me consente,
And pray to thee my Iapes thou fowyve,
And I shal nevere-more whyl I live."

"Thou seyst wel," quod Pandare, "and now I hope
That thou the goddes wraththe hast al apesed.
And sithen thou hast wepen many a drope,
And seyd swich thing wher-with thy god is plesed,
Now wolde nevere God but thou were esed.
And think wel she of whom rist al thy wo
Heer-after may thy comfort been al-so.

"Wherfore I am, and wol be, ay redy
To peyne me to do yow this servyse.
For bothe yow to plese thus hope I
Her-afterward; for ye beth bothe wyse,
And conne it counseyl kepe in swich a wyse
That no man shal the wyser of it be,
And so may we be gladed alle three."

Sk., I, 904–917; 932–945; 988–994
Whan Troilus had herd Pandare assenteth
To been his help in loving of Criseyde,
Wex of his wo, as who seyth, untormented,
But hotter wex his love, and thus he seythe
With sobre chere, al-though his herte pleyde:
"Now blisful Venus helpe, er that I sterve,
Of thee, Pandare, I may som thank deserve!

"But dere frend, how shal myn wo ben lesse
Til this be doon? and goode, eek telle me this:
How wiltow seyn of me and my distresse?
Lest she be wrooth, this drede I most, y-wis,
Or nil not here or trowen how it is.
Al this drede I, and eek for the manere
Of thee, hir eem, she nil no swich thing here."

Quod Pandarus, "Thou hast a ful gret care
Lest that the cherl may falle out of the mone!
Why, Lord! I hate of thee thy nyce fare!
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done!
For Goddes love, I bidde thee a bone:
So lat me alone, and it shal be thy beste!"—
"Why freend," quod he, "now do right as thee lest.

"But herke, Pandare, o word, for I nolde
That thou in me wendest so gret folye
That to my lady I desiren sholde
That toucheth harm or any vileny.
For dredelees, me were lever dye
Than she of me ought elles understode
But that that mighte soumen in-to gode."

Tho lough this Pandare, and anoon answerde,
"And I thy borwe? fy! no wight dooth but so!
I roughte nought though that she stode and herde
How that thou seyst; but far-wel, I wol go.
A-dieu! be glad! God spede us bothe twol
Yif me this labour and this besinesse,
And of my speed be thyn al that swetnesse."

Sk., I, 1009—1043
Tho Troilus gan doun on knees to falle,
And Pandare in his armes hente faste,
And seyde, "Now fy on the Grekes alle!
Yet, pardee, God shal helpe us at the laste.
And dredelees, if that my lyf may laste,
And God to-forn, lo, some of hem shal smerte.
And yet me athinketh that this avaunt me asterte!

"Now, Pandare, I can no more seye,
But thou wys, thou wost, thou mayst, thou art al!
My lyf, my deeth, hool in thyn hond I leye.
Help now," quod he. "Yis, by my trouthe, Ishal."
"God yeldë thee, freend, and this in special,"
Quod Troilus, "that thou me recomaunde
To hir that to the deeth me may comaunde."

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His fulle freend, than seyde in this manere,
"Far-wel, and thenk I wol thy thank deserve.
Have heer my trouthe, and that thou shalt wel here."—
And wente his wey, thanking on this mater, 
And how he best mighte hir beseche of grace
And finde a tyme ther-to and a place.

For every wight that hath an hous to founde 
Ne renneth nought the werk for to beginne 
With raket hond, but he wol byde a stounde, 
And sende his hertes lyne outë fro with-inne 
Alderfirst his purpos for to winne. 
Al this Pandare in his herte thoughte, 
And caste his werk ful wysly or he wroughte.

But Troilus lay tho no lenger doun, 
But up anoon up-on his stede bay, 
And in the feld he pleyde tho leoun. 
Wo was that Greek that with him mettë that day; 
And in the toun his manerë tho forth ay 
So goodly was and gat him so in grace 
That ech him lovedë that loked on his face.

Sk., I, 1044–1078
For he bicom the frendlyeste wight,
The gentileste, and eek the moste free,
The thriftieste and oon the beste knight,
That in his tyme was or mighte be.
Dedē were his Iapes and his crueltee,
His heighe port and his manere estraunge,
And ech of tho gan for a vertu chaunge.

Now lat us stinte of Troilus a stounde,
That fareth lyk a man that hurt is sore,
And is somdel of aking of his wounde
Y-lissed wel, but heled no del more;
And, as an esy pacient, the lore
Abit of him that gooth aboute his cure.
And thus he dryveth forth his aventure.

Explicit Liber Primus.

Book II

Incipit Liber Secundus

Out of these blake wawes for to sayle,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;
For in this see the boot hath swich travayle,
Of my conning that unnethe I it stere:
This see clepe I the tempestous materre
Of desespeyr that Troilus was inne.
But now of hope the calendes biginne.

O lady myn, that called art Cleo,
Thou be my speed fro this forth, and my muse,
To ryme wel this book til I have do.
Me nedeth heer noon other art to use.
For-why to every lover I me excuse
That of no sentement I this endyte,
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.
In May, that moder is of monthes glade,
That fresshe flouris, blewe, and whyte, and rede,
Ben quike agayn that winter dede made,
And ful of bawme is fleting every mede,
Whan Phebus doth his brighte bemes sprede
Right in the whyte Bole, it so bitidde
As I shal singe, on Mayes day the thridde,

That Pandarus for al his wyse speche
Felte eek his part of loves shottes kene
That, coude he nevere so wel of loving preche,
It made his hewe a-day ful ofte grene.
So shoop it that him fil that day a tene
In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente
And made er it was day ful many a wente.

The swalwe Proignè with a sorwful lay,
Whan morwe com, gan make hir weymentinge
Why she forshapen was; and evere lay
Pandare a-bedde half in a slomeringe
Til she so neigh him made hir chiteringe
How Tereus gan forth hir suster take
That with the noyse of hir he gan a-wake;

And gan to calle, and dresse him up to ryse,
Remembring him his erand was to done
From Troilus, and eek his greet empryse;
And caste and knew in good plyt was the mone
To doon viage, and took his wey ful sone
Un-to his neces paleys ther bi-syde.
Now Ianus, god of entree, thou him gyde!

Whan he was come un-to his neces place,
"Wher is my lady?" to hir folk seyde he.
And they him tolde; and he forth in gan pace,
And fond two othere ladyes sete and she
With-inne a paved parlour; and they three
Herden a mayden reden hem the geste
Of the Sege of Thebes whyl hem lest.
Quod Pandarus, "Ma dame, God yow see,
With al your book and al the companye!"
"Ey, uncle myn, welcome y-wis," quod she,
And up she roos and by the hond in hye
She took him faste, and seyde, "This night thrye,
To goode mote it turne, of yow I mette!"
And with that word she doun on bench him sette.

"Ye, nece, ye shal fare wel the bet,
If God wole, al this yeer," quod Pandarus;
"But I am sory that I have yow let
To herken of your book ye preysen thus.
For Goddes love, what seith it? telle it us!
Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!"
"Uncle," quod she, "your maistresse is not here!"

With that they gonnen laughe, and tho she seyde,
"This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede.
And we han herd how that King Laius deyde
Thurgh Edippus his sone, and al that dede.
And heer we steten at these lettres rede,
How the bishopp, as the book can telle,
Amphiorax, fil thurgh the ground to helle."

Quod Pandarus, "Al this knowe I my-selve,
And al the assege of Thebes and the care,
For her-of been ther maked bokes twelve:—
But lat be this and telle me how ye fare!
Do wey your barbe and shew your face bare!
Do wey your book, rys up, and lat us daunce,
And lat us don to May som observaunce!"

"Ey! God forbede!" quod she, "be ye mad?
Is that a widewes lyf, so God you save?
By God, ye maken me right sore a-drad,
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!
It sate me wel bet ay in a cave
To bidde, and rede on holy seyntes lyves:
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge wyves!"
"As evere thryve I," quod this Pandarus,
"Yet coude I telle a thing to doon you pleye."
"Now uncle dere," quod she, "telle it us
For Goddes love! Is than the assege aweye?
I am of Grekes so ferd that I deye."
"Nay, nay," quod he, "as evere mote I thryve!
It is a thing wel bet than swiche fyve."

"Ye, holy God!" quod she, "what thing is that?
What? bet than swiche fyve? ey, nay, y-wis!
For al this world ne can I reden what
It sholde been. Som Iape, I trowe, is this.
And but your-selven telle us what it is,
My wit is for to arede it al to lene.
As helpë me God, I noot nat what ye mene."

"And I your borowe, ne nevere shal, for me,
This thing be told to yow, as mote I thryve!"
"And why so, uncle myn? why so?" quod she.
"By God," quod he, "that wol I telle as blyve;
For prouder womman werë ther noon on-lyve
And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troye.
I Iape nought, as evere have I Ioye!"

Tho gan she wondren more than biforn
A thousand fold, and doun hir eyen caste;
For nevere sith the tymë that she was born
To knowe thing desired she so faste.
And with a syk she seyde him at the laste,
"Now, uncle myn, I nil yow nought displesë
Nor axen morë that may do yow diseëse."

So after this with many wordes glade
And frendly tales and with mery chere
Of this and that they pleyde and gunnen wade
In many an uncouth glad and deep matere,—
As freendes doon whan they ben met y-fere,—
Til she gan axen him how Ector ferde,
That was the tounes wal and Grekes yerde.

Sk., II, 120-154
"Ful wel, I thanke it God," quod Pandarus,
"Save in his arm he hath a litel wounde;
And eek his fresshe brother Troilus,
The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,
In whom that every vertu list abounde,
As alle trouthe and alle gentillesse,
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthinesse."

"By God," quod she, "of Ector that is sooth.
Of Troilus the same thing trowe I;
For dredelees, men telden that he dooth
In armes day by day so worthily,
And bereth him heer at hoom so gentilly
To every wight, that al the prys hath he
Of hem that me we re levest preyed be."

"Ye sey right sooth, y-wis," quod Pandarus;
"For yesterday who-so had with him been,
He might have wondred up-on Troilus;
For nevere yet so thikke a swarm of been
Ne fleigh as Grekes fro him gonne fleen.
And thorugh the feld in every wightes ere
Thr nas no cry but 'Troilus is there!'

"Therto he is the frendlieste man
Of greet estat that evere I saw my lyve;
And wher him list, best felawshipe can
To such as him thinketh able for to thryve."
And with that word tho Pandarus as blyve
He took his leve, and seyde, "I wol go henne."
"Nay, blame have I, myn uncle," quod she thenne.

"What eyleth yow to be thus wery sone
And namelich of wommen? Wol ye so?
Nay, sitteth down! By God, I have to done
With yow, to speke of wisdom er ye go."
And every wight that was a-boute hem tho
That herde that, gan fer a-wey to stonde,
Wyl they two had al that hem liste in honde.
Whan that hir tale al brought was to an ende
Of hire estat and of hir governaunce,
Quod Pandarus, "Now is it tyme I wende.
But yet, I seye, aryseth, lat us daunce,
And cast your widwes habit to mischaunce!
What list yow thus your-self to disfigure,
Sith yow is tid thus fair an aventure?"

"A! wel bithought! for love of God," quod she,
"Shal I not witen what ye mene of this?"
"No, this thing axeth layser," tho quod he,
"And eek me wolde muche greve, y-wis,
If I it tolde, and ye it toke amis.
Yet were it bet my tongue for to stille
Than seye a sooth that were ayeins your wille.

"For, nece, by the Goddess Minerve,
And Iuppiter, that maketh the thonder ringe,
And by the blissful Venus that I serve,
Ye been the womman in this world livinge,
With-oute paramours, to my witinge,
That I best love and lothest am to greve,
And that ye witen wel your-self, I leve."

"Y-wis, myn uncle," quod she, "grant mercy;
Your frendship have I founden evere yit.
I am to no man holden trewely
So muche as yow, and have so litel quit.
And, with the grace of God, emforth my wit
As in my gilt I shal you nevere offende.
And if I have er this, I wol amende.

"But for the love of God I yow beseche,
As ye ben he that I most love and triste,
Lat be to me your fremde maner speche,
And seyã to me, your nece, what yow liste."
And with that word hir uncle anoon hir kiste,
And seyde, "Gladly, leve nece dere.
Tak it for good that I shal seyã yow here."
With that she gan hir eyen doun to caste,
And Pandarus to coghe gan a lyte,
And seyde, "Nece, alwey, lo! to the laste,
How-so it be that som men hem delyte
With subtil art hir tales for to endyte,
Yet for al that, in hir entencion,
Hir tale is al for som conclusioun.

"And sithen thende is every tales strengthe,
And this materre is so bihovely,
What sholde I peynte or drawen it on lengthe
To yow that been my freend so feithfully?"
And with that word he gan right inwardly
Biholden hir and loken on hir face,
And seyde, "On such a mirour goode grace!"

Than thoughte he thus, "If I my tale endyte
Ought hard, or make a proces any whyle,
She shal no savour han ther-in but lyte,
And trowe I wolde hir in my willë bigyle.
For tendre wittes wen al be wyle
Ther-as they can nat pleynly understonde.
For-thy hir wit to serven wol I fonde."—

And loked on hir in a besy wyse,
And she was war that he byheld her so,
And seyde, "Lord! so fastë ye me avyse!
Sey ye me neverre er now? What sey ye, no?"
"Yes, yes," quod he, "and bet wol er I go.
But by my trouthe I thoughte now if ye
Be fortunat, for now men shal it see.

"Good aventure, O bele nece, have ye
Ful lightly founden, and ye conne it take.
And for the love of God and eek of me,
Cacche it anoon lest aventure slake.
What sholde I lenger proces of it make?
Yif me your hand, for in this world is noon,
If that you list, a wight so well begoon.

Sk., II, 253–280; 288–294
"Beth nought agast, ne quaketh nat. Wher-to?
Ne chaungeth nat for fere so your hewe.
For hardly, the wersste of this is do;
And though my tale as now be to yow newe,
Yet trist alwey ye shal me finde trewe.
And were it thing that me thoughte unsittinge,
To yow nole I no swiche tales bringe."

"Now, my good eem, for Goddes love, I preye,"
Quod she, "com of, and tel me what it is.
For bothe I am agast what ye wol seye,
And eek me longeth it to wite, y-wis.
For whether it be wel or be amis,
Sey on, lat me not in this fere dwelle!"
"So wol I doon, now herkneth, I shal telle.

"Now, nece myn, the kinges dere sone,
The goode, wyse, worthy, fresshe, and free,
Which alwey for to do wel is his wone,
The noble Troilus, so loveth thee
That, bot ye helpe, it wol his bane be.
Lo, heer is al, what sholde I more seye?
Doth what yow list to make him live or deye.

"But if ye let him deyé, I wol sterve—
Have her my trouthe, nece, I nil not lyen!—
Al sholde I with this knyf my throte kerve!"
With that the teres braste out of his yén,
And seyde, "If that ye doon us bothe dyén,
Thus gilteles, than have ye fisshed faire!
What mende ye, though that we bothe apeyre?

"And also thenk wel that this is no gaude;
For me weré lever thou and I and he
Were hanged than I sholde been his baude,
As heyghe, as men mighte on us alle y-see:
I am thyn eem, the shame weré to me
As wel as thee if that I sholde assente,
Thorough myn abet, that he thyn honour shente."
“Now understand, for I yow nought require
To binde yow to him thorugh no bieste,
But only that ye make him bettre chere
Than ye han doon er this, and more feste,
So that his lyf be saved at the leste:
This al and som, and playnly our entente.
God help me so, I nevere other mentel”

Criseyde, which that herde him in this wyse,
Thoughte, “I shal fele what he meneth, y-wis.”
“Now eem,” quod she, “what wolde ye devyse?
What is your reed I sholde doon of this?”
“That is wel seyd,” quod he, “certayn, best is
That ye him love ayein for his lovinge,
As love for love is skilful guerdoninge.

“Thenk eek how elde wasteth every houre
In ech of yow a party of beautee;
And therfore, er that age thee devoure,
Go love, for, oldë, ther wol no wight of thee.
Lat this proverbe a lore un-to yow be:
‘To late y-war, quod Beautee, whan it paste;’
And ‘Elde daunteth Daunger at the laste.’

“The kinges fool is wont to cryen loude
When that him thinketh a womman bereth hir hye
‘So longe motë ye live, and alle proude,
Til crowes feet be growe under your yë,
And sendë yow than a mirour in to pryé
In which that ye may see your face a-morwe!’
Nece, I biddë wisshe yow no more sorwe.”

With this he stente, and caste adoun the heed,
And she bigan to breste a-wepe anoon.
And seyde, “Allas, for wo! why nere I deed?
For of this world the feith is al agoon!
Allas! what sholden straunge to me doon
When he that for my beste freend I wende
Ret me to love, and sholde it me defende?”

Sk., II, 358-364; 386-413
"Allas! I wolde han trusted doutelees
That if that I thurgh my disadventure
Had loved other him or Achilles,
Ector, or any mannes creature,
Ye nolde han had no mercy ne mesure
On me, but alwey had me in repreve.
This false world, allas! who may it leve?"

With that she gan ful sorwfullly to syke.
"A! may it be no bet?" quod Pandarus;
"By God, I shal no-mor, com heer this wyke,
And God to-forn, that am mistrusted thus;
I see ful wel that ye sette lyte of us
Or of our deeth! Allas! I woful wrecche!
Mighte he yet live, of me is nought to recche.

"But sith it lyketh yow that I be deed,
By Neptunus, that god is of the see,
Fro this forth shal I nevere eten breed
Til I myn owene herte blood may see;
For certayn I wol deye as sone as he."
—And up he sterted, and on his wey he raughte,
Til she agayn him by the lappe caughte.

Criseyde, which that wel neigh starf for fere,
So as she was the ferfulleste wight
That mighte be, and herde eek with hir ere
And saw the sorwful ernest of the knight,
And in his preyere eek saw noon unright,
And for the harm that mighte eek fallen more
She gan to rewe and dradde hir wonder sore;

And thoughte thus, "Unhappes fallen thikke
Alday for love and in swich maner case,
As men ben cruel in him-self and wikk.
And if this man slee heer him-self, allas!
In my presence it wol be no solas.
What men wolde of hit deme I can nat seye.
It nedeth me ful slely for to pleye."

Sk., II, 414-420; 428-434; 442-462
And with a sorful syk she seyde thrye,
"A! Lord! what me is tid a sory chaunce!
For myn estat now lyth in Iupartye
And eek myn emes lyf lyth in balaunce;
But nathelees with Goddes governaunce
I shal so doon, myn honour shal I kepe,
And eek his lyf;" and stinte for to wepe.

"Of harmes two the lesse is for to chese.
Yet have I lever maken him good chere
In honour than myn emes lyf to lese.
Ye seyn ye no-thing elles me requere?"
"No, wis," quod he, "myn owene nece dere."
"Now wel," quod she, "and I wol doon my payne.
I shal myn herte ayeins my lust constreyne,

"But that I nil not holden him in honde
Ne love a man, ne can I not ne may
Ayeins my will; but elles wol I fonde,
Myn honour sauf, plese him fro day to day.
Ther-to nolde I nought ones have sayd nay,
But that I dredde as in my fantasye.
But cesse cause, ay cesseth maladye.

"And heer I make a protestacioun
That in this proces if ye depper go
That certaynly, for no savacioun
Of yow, though that ye sterve bothe two,
Though al the world on o day be my fo,
Ne shal I nevere on him han other routhe."—
"I graunte wel," quod Pandare, "by my trouthe.

"But may I truste wel ther-to," quod he,
"That of this thing that ye han hight me here
Ye wol it holden trewly un-to me?"
"Ye, doutelees," quod she, "myn uncle dere."
"Ne that I shal han cause in this matere,"
Quod he, "to pleyne, or after yow to preche?"
"Why no, pardee! What nedeth more speche?"

Sk., II, 463–497
Tho fillen they in othere tales glade
Til at the laste, "O good eem," quod she tho,
"For love of God, which that us bothe made,
Tel me how first ye wisten of his wo:
Wot noon of hit but ye?" He seyde, "No."
"Can he wel speke of love?" quod she, "I preye,
Tel me, for I the bet me shal purveye."

Tho Pandarus a litel gan to smyle
And seyde, "By my trouthe I shal yow telle.
This other day, nought gon ful longe whyle,
In-with the paleys-gardyn by a welle,
Can he and I wel half a day to dwelle,
Right for to spoken of an ordenaunce,
How we the Grekes mighte disavaunce.

"Sone after that bigonne we to lepe,
And casten with our dartes to and fro,
Til at the laste he seyde he wolde slepe,
And on the gres a-doun he leyde him tho.
And I after gan rome to and fro
Til that I herde, as that I welk allone,
How he bigan ful wofully to grone.

"Tho gan I stalke him softlye bihinde,
And sikerly the sothe for to seyne,
As I can clepe ayein now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to pleyne:
He seyde, 'Lord, have routhe up-on my peyne,
Al have I been rebel in myn entente!
Now mea culpa, lord! I me repente.'

"And God wot nevere sith that I was born
Was I so bisy no man for to preche,
Ne nevere was to wight so depe y-sworn
Or he me tolde who mighte been his leche.
But now to yow rehersen al his speche,
Or alle his woful wordes for to soune,
Ne bid me not, but ye wol see me swoune.
"And right good thrift I pray to God have ye,
That han swich oon y-caught with-oute net.
And be ye wys as ye ben fair to see
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set.
Ther were nevere two so wel y-met,
Whan ye ben his al hool as he is youre:
Ther mighty God yet graunte us see that houre!"

"Nay, therof spak I not, a, ha!" quod she,
"As helpè me God, ye shenden every deel!"
"O mercy, dere nece," anoon quod he,
"What-so I spak I mente nought but weel,
By Mars the god that helmed is of steel!
Now beth nought wrooth, my blood, my nece dere!"
"Now wel," quod she, "foryeven be it here!"

With this he took his leve and hoom he wente;
And Lord! how he was glad and wel bigoon!
Criseyde aroos, no lenger she ne stente,
But straught in-to hir closet wente anoon,
And sette herè doun as stille as any stoon,
And every word gan up and doun to winde
That he had seyd, as it com hir to minde.

And wex somdel astonied in hir thought
Right for the newe cas. But whan that she
Was ful avysed, tho fond she right nought
Of peril, why she oughte afered be.
For man may love of possibilitee
A womman so his herte may to-breste
And she nought love ayein but-if hir leste.

But as she sat allone and thoughte thus
Thascry aroos at skarmishe al with-oute,
And men cryde in the strete, "See, Troilus
Hath right now put to flightè the Grekes route!"
With that gan al hir meynee for to shoute,
"A! go we see, caste up the latis wyde!
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays ryde!

Sk., II, 582–616
"For other wey is fro the yate noon
Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne."
With that com he and al his folk anoon
An esy pas ryding, in routes twyne,
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne
For which, men say, may nought disturbed be
That shal bityden of necessitee.

This Troilus sat on his baye stede,
Al armed save his heed ful richely,
And wounded was his hors, and gan to blede,
On which he rood a pas ful softly.
But swich a knightly sighte, trewely,
As was on him, was nought with-outen faile
To loke on Mars, that god is of batayle.

So lyk a man of armes and a knight
He was to seen, fulfild of heigh prowesse;
For bothe he had a body and a might
To doon that thing, as wel as hardinesse.
And eek to seen him in his gere him dresse,
So freshè, so yong, so weldy semed he,
It was an hevene up-on him for to see.

His helm to-hewed was in twenty places,
That by a tissew heng his bak bihinde,
His sheld to-dashed was with swerdes and maces,
In which men mighte many an arwe finde
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and rinde.
And ay the peple cryde, "Heer comèth our Ioye,
And, next his brother, holder up of Troye!"

For which he wex a litel reed for shame
Whan he the peple up-on him herde cryen,
That to biholde it was a noble game,
How sobrelliche he caste doun his yën.
Criseyda gan al his chere aspyen,
And leet so softe it in hir herte sinke,
That to hir-self she sedye, "Who yaf me drinke?"
For of hir owene thought she wex al reed,
Remembring hir right thus, "Lo, this is he
Which that myn uncle swereth he moot be deed
But I on him have mercy and pitee;"
And with that thought for pure a-shamed she
Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as faste,
Whyl he and al the peple for-by paste,

And gan to caste and rollen up and doun
With-in hir thought his excellent prowess,
And his estat, and also his renoun,
His wit, his shap, and eek his gentillesse.
But most hir favour was, for his distresse
Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a routhe
To sleen swich oon if that he mente trouthe.

Now mighte som envyous Iangle thus:
"This was a sodeyn love! How mighte it be
That she so lightly lovede Troilus
Right for the firste sighte; ye, pardee?"
Now who-so seyth so, mote he nevere thee!
For every thing a ginning hath it nede
Er al be wroght, with-outen any drede.

For I sey nought that she so sodeynly
Yaf him hir love, but that she gan enclyne
To lyke him first, and I have told yow why;
And after that, his manhod and his pyne
Made love with-in hir for to myne,
For which by proces and by good servyse
He gat hir love, and in no sodeyn wyse.

And Lord! so she gan in hir thought argue
In this matere of which I have yow told,
And what to doon best were, and what eschue,
That plyted she ful ofte in many fould.
Now was hir herte warm, now was it cold,
And what she thoughte somewhat shal I wryte,
As to myn auctor listeth for to endyte.
She thoughte wel that Troilus persone
She knew by sighte and eek his gentillesse,
And thus she seyde, "Al were it nought to done
To graunte him love, yet for his worthinesse
It were honour with pley and with gladnesse
In honestee with swich a lord to dele
For myn estat and also for his hele.

"Eek wel wot I my kinges sone is he,
And sith he hath to see me swich delyt,
If I wolde utterly his sighte flee
Paraunter he mighte have me in dispyt,
Thurgh which I mighte stonde in worse plyt.
Now were I wys me hate to purchace
With-outer nedȝ ther I may stonde in grace!

"In every thing, I woot, ther lyth mesure.
For though a man forbede dronkenesse,
He nought for-bet that every creature
Be drinkelees for alwey, as I gesse.
Eek sith I woot for me is his distresse,
I ne oughte not for that thing him despyse,
Sith it is so he meneth in good wyse.

"And eek I knowe of longe tyme agoon
His thewes goode and that he is not nyce.
Ne avaunter, seyth men, certein, is he noon;
To wys is he to do so gret a vyce.
Ne als I nel him nevere so cheryce
That he may make avaunt, by Iuste cause.
He shal me nevere binde in swich a clause.

"Now set a cas, the hardest is, y-wis,
Men mighten deme that he loveth me:
What dishonour were it un-to me this?
May I him lette of that? Why nay, pardee!
I knowe also, and alday here and see,
Men loven wommen al this toun aboute;
Be they the wers? Why, nay, with-outer doute!
"I think eek how he able is for to have
Of al this noble toun the thriftieste
To been his love, so she hir honour save;
For out and out he is the worthieste,
Save only Ector, which that is the beste.
And yet his lyf al lyth now in my cure,
But swich is love and eek myn aventure.

"Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought;
For wel wot I my-self, so God me spede,
Al wolde I that noon wistè of this thought,
I am oon the fayreste, out of drede,
And goodlieste, who-so taketh hede;
And so men seyn in al the toun of Troye.
What wonder is it though he of me have Ioye?

"I am myn owene woman, wel at ese,
I thank it God, as after myn estat;
Right yong, and stonde unteyd in lusty lese,
With-outen Ialousye or swich debat.
Shal noon housbonde seyn to me ‘Chekmat!’
For either they ben ful of Ialousye,
Or maisterful, or loven novelrye.

"What shal I doon? to what fyn live I thus?
Shal I nat loven in cas if that me leste?
What, par dieux! I am nought religious!
And though that I myn herte sette at reste
Upon this knight, that is the worthieste,
And kepe alwey myn honour and my name,
By alle right it may do me no shame."

But right as whan the sonne shyneth brighte,
In March that chaungeoth ofte tyme his face,
And that a cloude is put with wind to flighte
Which over-sprat the sonne as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan thorugh hir soule pace,
That over-spradde hir brighte thoughtes alle,
So that for fere almost she gan to falle.
That thought was this: "Allas! sin I am free, 
Sholde I now love, and putte in Iupartye 
My sikernesse, and thrallen libertee?
Allas! how dorste I thincken that folye?
May I nought wel in other folk aspye
Hir dredful Ioye, hir constreynte, and hir peyne?
Ther loveth noon that she nath why to pleyne."

And after that hir thought bigan to clere, 
And seyde, "He which that no-thing under-taketh, 
No thing ne acheveth, be him looth or dere."
And with an other thought hir herte quaketh; 
Than slepeth hope, and after drede awaketh:
Now hoot, now cold, but thus bi-twixen tweye
She rist hir up and wente hir for to pleye.

The dayes honour and the hevenes yeë, 
The nightes fo,—al this clepe I the sonne,— 
Gan westren faste, and dounward for to wrye,
As he that had his dayes cours y-ronne;
And whyte thinges waxen dimme and donne
For lak of light, and sterres for to appere,
That she and al hir folk in wente y-fere.

So whan it lyked hir to goon to reste,
And voyded weren they that voyden oughte,
She seyde that to slepe wel hir leste.
Hir wommen sone til hir bed hir broughte.
Whan al was hust, than lay she stille and thoughte
Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.
Reherece it nedeth nought, for ye ben wyse.

A nightingale upon a cedre grene
Under the chambre-wal ther as she lay
Ful loude sang ayein the mone shene,
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay.
That herkned she so longe in good entente,
Til at the laste the dede sleep hir hente.
And as she sleep, anoon-right tho hir mette
How that an egle, fethered whyt as boon,
Under hir brest his longe clawes sette,
And oute hir herte he rente, and that a-noon,
And did his herte in-to hir brest to goon,
Of which she nought agroos ne no-thing smerte,
And forth he sleigh with herte left for herte.

Now lat hir slepe, and we our tales holde
Of Troilus, that is to paleys riden
Fro the scarmuche, of the which I tolde,
And in his chambre sit, and hath abiden
Til two or three of his messages yeden
For Pandarus, and soughten him ful faste
Til they him founde and broughte him at the laste.

This Pandarus com leping in at ones
And seide thus, “Who hath ben wel y-bete
To-day with swerdes and with slinge-stones
But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete?”
And gan to Iape, and seyde, “Lord, so ye swete!
But rys and lat us soupe and go to reste.”
And he answerde him, “Do we as thee leste.”

With al the haste goodly that they mighte
They spedde hem fro the souper un-to bedde;
And every wight oute at the dore him dighte,
And wher him list upon his wey he spedde.
But Troilus, that thoughte his herte bledde
For wo, til that he herde som tydinge,
He seyde, “Freend, shal I now wepe or singe?”

Quod Pandarus, “Ly stille and lat me slepe,
And don thyth hood, thy nedes spedde be.
And chees if thou wolt singe or daunce or lepe:
At shorthe wordes, thow shalt trowe me,
Sire, my nece wol do wel by thee
And love thee best, by God and by my trouthe,
But lak of pursuit make it in thy slouthe.
"For thus forth I have thy work bigonne,
Fro day to day, til this day by the morwe,
Hir love of frendship have I to thee wonne,
And also hath she leyd hir feyth to borwe.
Algate a foot is hameled of thy sorwe."
What sholde I lenger sermon of it holde?
As ye han herd bbefore, al he him tolde.

But right as flouries, thorough the colde of night
Y-closed, stoupen on hir stalkes lowe,
Redressen hem a-yein the sonne bright,
And spreden on hir kinde cours by rowe,
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe
This Troilus, and seyde, "O Venus dere,
Thy might, thy grace, y-heried be it here!"

And to Pandare he held up bothe his bondes,
And seyde, "Lord, al thyn be that I have.
For I am hool, al brosten been my bondes.
A thousand Troians who-so that me yave,
Ech after other, God so wis me save,
Ne mighte me so gladen. Lo, myn herte,
It spredeth so, for Ioye it wol to-sterte!"

"Al esily, now, for the love of Marte,"
Quod Pandarus, "for every thing hath tyme.
So longe abyd til that the night departe;
For al so siker as thow lyst here by me,
And God toforn, I wol be ther at pryme,
And for-thy werk somwhat as I shal seye,
Or on som other wight this charge leye.

"I woot wel that thow wyser art than I
A thousand fold, but if I were as thou,
God help me so, as I wolde outrely
Right of my owene hond wryte hir right now
A lettre, in which I wolde hir tellen how
I ferde amis, and hir beseche of routhe.
Now help thy-self, and leve it not for slouthe.
“And I my-self shal ther-with to hir goon;
And whan thou wost that I am with hir there,
Worth thou up-on a courser right anoon,
Ye, hardly, right in thy beste gerne,
And ryd forth by the place as nought ne were;
And thou shalt finde us, if I may, sittinge
At som windowe, in-to the stretę lokinge.

“And if thee list than maystow us saluwe,
And up-on me make thy contenaunce.
But, by thy lyf, be war and faste eschuwe
To tarien ought; God shilde us fro mischaunce!
Ryd forth thy wey, and hold thy governaunce,
And we shal speke of thee som-what, I trowe,
Whan thou art goon, to do thyn eres glowe!

“Touching thy lettre, thou art wys y-nough,
I woot thow nilt it digneliche endyte;
As make it with thise argumentes tough;
Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wryte.
Beblotte it with thy teres eek a lyte.
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,
Though it be good rehersee it not to ofte.

“Ne Iompre eek no discordaunt thing y-fere,
As thus, to usen termes of phisyk.
In loves termes hold of thy matere
The forme alwey, and do that it be lyk;
For if a peyntour wolde peynte a pyk
With asses feet, and hede it as an ape,
It cordeth nought; so nere it but a Iape.”

This counseyl lyked wel to Troilus;
But as a dreadful lover he seydé this:
“Allas, my dere brother, Pandarus,
I am ashamed for to wryte, y-wis,
Lest of myn innocence I seyde a-mis,
Or that she nolde it for despyt receyve.
Thanne were I deed, ther mighte it no-thing weyve.”
To that Pandare answerde, "If thee lest,
Do that I seye, and lat me therwith goon.
For by that Lord that formed est and west,
I hope of it to bringe answere anoon
Right of hir hond; and if that thou nilt noon,
Lat be, and sory mote he been his lyve,
Ayeins thy lust that helpeth thee to thryve."

Quod Troilus, "Depardieux, I assente.
Sin that thee list, I will aryse and wryte,
And blissful God preye ich with good entente
The vyage, and the lettre I shal endyte,
So spede it! And thou Minerv, the whyte,
Yif thou me wit my lettre to devyse!"
And sette him doun, and wroot right in this wyse.—

First he gan hir his righte lady calle,
His hertes lyf, his lust, his sorwes leche,
His blisse, and eek thise othere termes alle
That in swich cas these loveres alle seche.
And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche,
He gan him recomaunde un-to hir grace,—
To telle al how, it axeth muchel space.

And after this ful lowly he hir preyde
To be nought wrooth, though he of his folye
So hardy was to hir to wryte, and seyde
That love it made or elles moste he dye,
And pitously gan mercy for to crye;
And after that he seyde, and ley ful loude,
Him-self was litel worth, and lesse he coude;

And that she sholde han his conning excused
That litel was, and eek he dredde hir so,
And his unworthinesse he ay acused;
And after that than gan he telle his wo;
But that was endeles, withouten ho;
And seyde he wolde in trouthe alwey him holde;—
And radde it over, and gan the lettre folde.

St., II, 1051–1085
And with his salte teres gan he bathe
The ruby in his signet, and it sette
Upon the wex deliverliche and rathe.
Ther-with a thousand tymes er he lette
He kiste tho the lettre that he shette,
And seyde, "Lettre, a blissful destenee
Thee shapen is, my lady shal thee see!"

This Pandarē took the lettre, and that by tyme
A-morwe, and to his neces paleys sterte,
And faste he swoor that it was passed pryme,
And gan to Iape, and seyde, "Y-wis, myn herte,
So fresh it is, al-though it sore smerte,
I may not slepe nevere a Mayes morwe.
I have a Ioly wo, a lusty sorwe."

Criseyde, whan that she hir uncle herde,
With dreedful herte and desirous to here
The cause of his cominge, thus answerde,
"Now by your feyth, myn uncle," quod she, "dere,
What maner windes gydeth yow now here?
Tel us your Ioly wo and your penaunce.
How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce?"

"By God," quod he, "I hoppe alwey bihinde!"
And she to-laugh, it thoughte hir herte breste.
Quod Pandarus, "Loke alwey that ye finde
Game in myn hood, but herkneth if yow leste.
Ther is right now come in-to toune a geste,
A Greek espye, and telleth newe thinges,
For which come I to telle you tydinges.

"Into the gardin go we, and we shal here
Al prevely of this a long sermoun."
With that they wenten arm in arm y-ferre
In-to the gardin from the chaumbre doun.
And whan that he so fer was that the soun
Of that he speke, no man here mighte,
He seyde hir thus, and out the lettre plighte:

Sk., II, 1086–1120
"Lo, he that is al hooly youres free
Him recomaundeth lowly to your grace,
And sent to you this lettre heer by me.
Avyseth you on it whan ye han space,
And of som goodly answere yow purchace,
Or, helpè me God, so pleynly for to seyne,
He may not longe liven for his peyne."

Ful dredfully tho gan she stonde stille,
And took it nought, but al hir humble chere
Gan for to chaunge, and seyde, "Scrit ne bille,
For love of God, that toucheth swich matere,
Ne bring me noon! And also, uncle dere,
To myn estat have more reward I preye
Than to his lust. What sholde I more seye?"

"And loketh now if this be resonable,
And letteth nought for favour ne for slouthe
To seyn a sooth: Now were it covenable
To myn estat, by God and by your trouthe,
To taken it, or to han of him routhe,
In harming of my-self or in repreve?
Ber it ayein, for him that ye on leve!"

This Pandarus gan on hir for to stare,
And seyde, "Now is this the grettest wonder
That evere I sey! Lat be this nyce fare!
To deethe mote I smiten be with thonder
If, for the citee which that stondeth yonder,
Wolde I a lettre un-to yow bringe or take
To harm of yow. What list yow thus it make?"

"But thus ye faren wel neigh alle and some
That he that most desireth yow to serve,
Of him ye recche leest wher he biconie,
And whether that he live or elles servye.
But for al that that evere I may deserve,
Refuse it nought," quod he and hente hir faste,
And in hir bosom the lettre doun he thraste.
And seyde hir, "Now cast it away anoon,
That folk may seen and gaueren on us tweye."
Quod she, "I can abyde til they be goon,"
And gan to smyle, and seyde him, "Eem, I preye,
Swich answere as yow list your-self purveye,
For trewely I nil no lettre wryte."
"No? Than wol I," quod he, "so ye endyte."

Therwith she lough, and seyde, "Go we dyne."
And he gan at him-self to Iape faste,
And seyde, "Nece, I have so greet a pyne
For love that every other day I faste;"
And gan his beste Iapes forth to caste,
And made hir so laugh at his folye
That she for laughter wende for to dye.

And whan that she was comen in-to halle;
"Now eem," quod she, "we wol go dyne anoon."
And gan some of hir women to hir calle,
And streyght in-to hir chaumber gan she goon.
But of hir besinesses, this was oon
A-monges other things, out of drede,
Ful prively this lettre for to rede;

Avysed word by word in every lyne,
And fond no lak, she thoughte he coude good;
And up it putte, and wente hir in to dyne.
And Pandarus, that in a studye stood,
Er he was war she took him by the hood
And seyde, "Ye were caught er that ye wiste!"
"I vouche sauf," quod he, "do what yow liste."

Tho wessen they, and sette hem doun and ete.
And after noon ful slely Pandarus
Gan drawe hir to the windowe next the strete,
And seyde, "Nece, who hath arayed thus
The yonder hous that stant afor-yeyn us?"
"Which hous?" quod she, and gan for to biholde,
And knew it wel, and whos it was him tolde,
And fillen forth in speche of thinges smale,
And seten in the windowe bothe tweye.
Whan Pandarus saw tyme un-to his tale,
And saw wel that hir folk were alle a-weye,
"Now nece myn, tel on," quod he, "I seye,
How lyketh yow the lettre that ye woot?
Can he ther-on? For by my trouthe I noot."

Therwith al rosy hewed tho wex she,
And gan to humme, and seyde, "So I trowe."
"Acquyte him wel, for Goddes love," quod he;
"My-self to medes wol the lettre sowe,"
And held his hondes up, and sat on knowe,
"Now goode nece, be it nevere so lyte,
Yif me the labour it to sowe and plyte."

"Ye, for I can so wryte," quod she tho;
"And eek I noot what I sholdę to him seye."
"Nay, nece," quod Pandare, "sey not so.
Yet at the leste thanketh him, I prey,
Of his good wille, and doth him not to deye.
Now for the love of me, my nece dere,
Refuseth not at this tymę my preyere."

"Depar-dieux," quod she, "God leve al be wel!
God helpę me so, this is the firste lettre
That evere I wroot, ye, al or any del."
And in-to a closet, for to avyse hir bettre,
She wente allone, and gan hir herte unfettre
Out of disdaynes prison but a lyte;
And sette hir doun and gan a lettre wryte,

Of which to telle in short is myn entente
Theffect as fer as I can understonde:—
She thonked him of al that he wel mente
Towardes hir, but holden him in honde
She nolde nought, ne make hir-selven bonde.
In love, but as hir suster him to plese
She wolde fayn, to doon his herte an ese.

Sk., II, 1191-1225
She shette it, and to Pandarus gan goon,
Ther as he sat and loked in-to strete,
And doun she sette hir by him on a stoon
Of Iaspre, up-on a quisshein gold y-bete,
And seyde, "As wisly helpę me God the grete,
I nevere did a thing with more peyne
Than wryte this, to which ye me constreyne;"

And took it him. He thonked hir and seyde:
"God woot, of thing ful ofte looth bigonne
Comęth ende good; and nece myn, Crisyde,
That ye to him of hard now ben y-wonne
Oughte he be glad, by God and yonder sonne!
For-why men seyth, 'Impressiounes lighte
Ful lightly been ay redy to the fligte.'"

And right as they declamed this matere,
Lo, Troilus, right at the stretes ende,
Com ryding with his tenthe som y-fere
Al softly, and thiderward gan bende
Ther-as they sete, as was his wey to wende
To paleys-ward. And Pandare him aspyde,
And seyde, "Nece, y-see who cometh here ryde!

"O flee not in!—he seeth us, I suppose,—
Lest he may thinke that ye him eschuwe."
"Nay, nay," quod she, and wex as reed as rose.
With that he gan hir humbly to saluwe,
With dredful chere, and ofte his hewes muwe;
And up his look deboairly he caste,
And bekkede on Pandare, and forth he paste.

Pandare, which that stood hir faste by,
Felte ieren hoot, and he bigan to smyte,
And seyde, "Nece, I pray yow hertely,
Tel me that I shal axen yow a lyte.
A womman, that were of his deeth to wyte
With-outeren gilt but for hir lakkęd routhe,
Were it wel doon?" Quod she, "Nay, by my trouthe!"
“God helpè me so,” quod he, “ye sey me sooth.
Ye felen wel your-self that I not lye.
Lo, yond he rit!” Quod she, “Ye, so he dooth.”
“Wel,” quod Pandare, “as I havë told yow thrye,
Lat be your nyce shame and your folye,
And spek with him in esing of his herte.
Lat nycetee not do yow bothe smerte.”

But ther-on was to heven and to done:
Considered al thing it may not be;
And why? for shame; and it were eek to sone
To graunten him so greet a libertee.
For playnly hir entente, as seyde she,
Was for to love him unwist if she mighte,
And guerdon him with no-thing but with sighte.

But Pandarus thoughte, “It shal not be so,
If that I may. This nyce opioun
Shal not be holden fully yeres two.”
What sholde I make of this a long sermoun?
He moste assente on that conclusioun
As for the tyme; and whan that it was eve,
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

And on his wey ful faste homward he spedde,
And right for Ioye he felte his herte daunce;
And Troilus he fond alone a-bedde,
That lay as dooth these loveres, in a traunce,
Bitwixen hope and derk desesperaunce.
But Pandarus right at his in-cominge
He song, as who seyth, “Lo! sumwhat I bringe.”

And seyde, “Who is in his bed so sone
Y-buried thus?” “It am I, freend,” quod he.
“Who Troilus? Nay, helpè me so the mone,”
Quod Pandarus, “thou shalt aryse and see
A charme that was sent right now to thee,
The which can helen thee of thyh accesse,
If thou do forth-with al thy besinesse.”
"Ye, through the might of God!" quod Troilus.
And Pandarus gan him the lettre take,
And seyde, "Pardee, God hath holpen us.
Have heer a light, and loke on al this Blake."
But ofte gan the herte glade and quake
Of Troilus, whyl that he gan it rede,
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

But fynally, he took al for the beste
That she him wroth, for sumwhat he biheld
On which, him thoughte, he mighte his herte reste,
Al covered she the wordes under sheld.
Thus to the more worthy part he held,
That, what for hope and Pandarus biheste,
His grete wo for-yede he at the leste.

Wherfore I seye alwey that day and night
This Troilus gan to desiren more
Than he did erst, thurgh hope, and did his might
To pressen on, as by Pandarus lore,
And wryten to hir of his sorwes sore
Fro day to day. He leet it not refreyde
That by Pandare he wroth somwhat or seyde.

But to Pandare alwey was his recours,
And pitously gan ay til him to pleyne,
And him bisoughte of rede and som socours.
And Pandarus, that sey his wode peyne,
Wex wel neigh deed for routhe, sooth to seyne,
And bisily with al his herte caste
Som of his wo to slean, and that as faste.

And seyde, "Lord and freend and brother dere,
God woot that thy disese dooth me wo.
But woltow stinten al this woful chere,
And, by my trouthe, or it be dayes two,
And God to-forn, yet shal I shape it so
That thou shalt come in-to a certayn place,
Ther-as thou mayst thy-self hir preye of grace.

Sk., II, 1317-1330; 1338-1344; 1352-1365
"But Troilus, yet tell me, if thee lest,
A thing now which that I shal axen thee:
Which is thy brother that thou lovest best
As in thy verray hertes privete?"
"Y-wis, my brother Deiphbus," quod he.
"Now," quod Pandare, "er houres twyes twelve,
He shal thee ese-unwist of it him-selve.

"Now lat me allone and werken as I may;"
Quod he; and to Deiphbus wente he tho
Which had his lord and grete freend ben ay.
Savë Troilus no man he lovede so.
To telle in short, with-outen wordes mo,
Quod Pandarus, "I pray yow that he be
Freend to a cause which that toucheth me."

"Yis, pardee," quod Deiphbus, "wel thow wost,
In al that evere I may, and God to-fore,
Al nere it but for man I love most,
My brother Troilus. But sey wherfore
It is; for sith that day that I was bore,
I nas, ne nevere-mo to been I thinke,
Ayeins a thing that mighte thee for-thinke."

Pandare gan him thonke, and to him seyde,
"Lo, sir, I have a lady in this toun
That is my nece, and called is Criseyde,
Which som men wolden doon oppressioun
And wrongfully have hir possessioun.
Wherfore I of your lordship yow biseche
To been our freend, with-oute more speche."

Deiphbus him answerde, "O, is not this,
That thow spekest of to me thus straungely,
Criseyda my freend?" He seyde, "Yis."
"Than nedeth," quod Deiphbus hardely,
"Na-more to speke; for trusteth wel that I
Wol be hir champioun with spore and yerde.
I roughte nought though alle hir foos it herde.
"But tell me, thou that woost all this materie,
How I might best avaylen? Now, lat see."
Quod Pandarus, "If ye, my lord so dere,
Wolden as now don this honour to me,
To prayen hir to-morwe, lo, that she
Com un-to yow hir playntes to devyse,
Hir adversaries wolde of hit agryse.

"And if I more dorste preye as now,
And chargen yow to have so greet travayle,
To han som of your bretheren heer with yow
That mighten to hir cause bet avayle,
That woot I wel she mighte nevere fayle
For to be holpen, what at your instaunce,
What with hir other freendes governaunce."

Deiphebus, which that comen was of kinde
To al honour and bountee to consente,
Answerde, "It shall be doon. And I can finde
Yet gretter help to this in myn entente.
What wolt thou seyn if I for Eleyne sente
To speke of this? I trowe it be the beste;
For she may leden Paris as hir lest.

"Of Ector, which that is my lord, my brother,
It nedeth nought to preye him freend to be.
For I have herd him o tymel and eek other
Speke of Criseyde swich honour that he
May seyn no bet, swich hap to hir hath she.
It nedeth nought his helpes for to crave;
He shall be swich right as we wole him have.

"Spek thou thy-self also to Troilus
On my bihalve, and pray him with us dyne."
"Sir, al this shall be doon," quod Pandarus;
And took his leve, and nevere gan to fyne,
But to his neces hous as streyf as lyne
He com; and fond hir fro the mete aysse;
And sette him doun, and spak right in this wyse.
He seyde, "O veray God, so have I ronne!
Lo, nece myn, see ye nought how I swete?
I noot whether ye the more thank me conne.
Be ye nought war how that fals Poliphete
Is now aboute eft-sones for to plete
And bringe on yow advocacyês newe?"
"I? No," quod she, and chaunged al hir hewe.

"What is he more aboute? me to drecche
And doon me wrong? What shal I do, allass?
Yet of him-self no-thing ne wolde I recche,
Nere it for Antenor and Eneas,
That been his freendes in swich maner cas.
But for the love of God, myn uncle dere,
No fors of that, lat him have al y-fere;

"Withouten that, I have ynough for us."
"Nay," quod Pandare, "it shal no-thing be so.
For I have been right now at Deiphues
And Ector and myn othere lordes mo,
And shortly maked ech of hem his fo,
That by my thrift, he shal it never winne
For ought he can, whan that so he biginne."

And as they casten what was best to done,
Deiphues of his owene curtasye
Com hir to preye in his propre persone
To holde him on the morwe companye
At diner, which she nolde not denye,
But goodly gan to his preyere obeye.
He thonked hir, and wente up-on his weye.

Whan this was doon, this Pandare up a-noon,
To telle in short, and forth gan for to wende
To Troilus as stille as any soone,
And al this thing he tolde him word and ende,
And how that he Deiphebus gan to blende.
And seyde him, "Now is tyme, if that thou conne,
To bere thee wel to-morwe and al is wonne."
"Thow shalt gon over night, and that as blyve,
Un-to Deiphebus hous as thee to pleye,
Thy maladye a-wey the bet to dryve,
For-why thou semest syk, soth for to seye.
Sone after that, doun in thy bed thee leye
And sey thou mayst no lenger up endure,
And ly right ther, and byd thyng aventure.

"Sey that thy fevere is wont thee for to take
The same tyme and lasten til a-morwe.
And lat see now how wel thou canst it make;
For par-dee, syk is he that is in sorwe.
Go now, farwel! And, Venus heer to borwe,
I hope, and thou this purpos holde ferme,
Thy grace she shall fully ther conferme."

Quod Troilus, "Y-wis, thou nedeles
Counseylest me that sykliche I me feyne!
For I am syk in ernest, douteles,
So that wel neigh I sterve for the peyne."
Quod Pandarus, "Thou shalt the bettre pleyne,
And hast the lasse nede to countrefete;
For him men demen hoot that men seen swete.

"Lo, hold thee at thy triste cloos, and I
Shal wel the deer un-to thy bowe dryve."
Therwith he took his leve al softly,
And Troilus to paleys wente blyve.
So glad ne was he nevere in al his lyve;
And to Pandarus reed gan al assente,
And to Deiphebus hous at night he wente.

What nedeth yow to tellen al the chere
That Deiphebus un-to his brother made,
Or his access, or his syklych manere,
How men gan him with clothes for to lade
Whan he was leyd, and how men wolde him glade?
But al for nought; he held forth ay the wyse
That ye han herd Pandare er this devyse.
But certayn is, er Troilus him leyde,
Deiphébus had him prayed over night
To been a freend and helping to Criseyde.
God woot that he it graunted e anon-right
To been hir fulle freend with al his might.
But swich a nede was to preye him thenne,
As for to bidde a wood man for to renne.

The morwen com, and neighen gan the tyme
Of meel-tyde, that the faire quene Eleyne
Shoop hir to been, an houre after the pryme,
With Deiphébus, to whom she nolde fayne;
But as his suster, hoomly, sooth to seye,
She com to diner in hir playn entente.
But God and Pandarch wiste al what this mente.

Com eek Criseyde, al innocent of this,
Antigone, hir suster Tarbe also.
But flee we now prolixite best is,
For love of God, and lat us faste go
Right to the effect with-oute tales mo,
Why al this folk assembled in this place,
And lat us of hir saluinges pace.

Gret honour did hem Deiphébus certeyn,
And fedde hem wel with al that mighte lyke.
But evere-more, “Allas!” was his refreyn,
“My goode brother Troilus, the syke,
Lyth yet”—and therwith-al he gan to syke.
And after that he peyned him to glade
Hem as he mighte, and chere good he made.

Compleyned eek Eleyne of his syknesse
So faithfully that pitee was to here,
And every wight gan waxen for accesse
A leche anoon, and seye, “In this manere
Men curen folk; this charme I wol yow lere.”
But ther sat oon, al list hir nought to teche,
That thoughte, “Best coude I yet been his leche!”
The tyme com fro diner for to ryse,
And, as hem oughte, arisen everychoon,
And gonne a while of this and that devyse.
But Pandarus brak al this speche anoon
And seyde to Deiphebus, “Wole ye goon,
If it your wille be, as I yow preyde,
To speke heer of the nedes of Criseyde?”

Eleyne, which that by the hond hir held,
Took first the tale, and seyde, “Go we blyve!”
And goodly on Criseyde she biheld,
And seyde, “Ioves lat him nevere thryve
That dooth yow harm, and bringe him sone of lyve!
And yeve me sorwe but he shal it rewe
If that I may and alle folk be trewe.”

“Tellè thou thy neces cas,” quod Deiphebus
To Pandarus, “for thou canst best it telle.”—
“My lorde my ladyes, it stant thus:
What sholde I lenger,” quod he, “do yow dwelle?”
He rong hem out a proces lyk a belle
Up-on hir fo, that highte Poliphete,
So heynous that men mighte on it spete.

Spak than Eleyne, and seyde, “Pandarus,
Woot ought my lord, my brother, this matere,
I mene Ector? or woot it Troilus?”
He seyde, “Ye, but wolë ye now me here?
Me thinketh this, sith Troilus is here
It were good, if that ye wolde assente,
She tolde hir-self him al this er she wente.

“For he wole havë the more hir grief at herte
By-causë, lo, that she a lady is.
And by your leve I wol but right in sterte
And do you wite, and that anoon, y-wis,
If that he slepe, or wole ought here of this.”
And in he lepte, and seyde him in his ere,
“God have thy soule, y-brought have I thy bere!”

Sk., II, 1597–1617; 1625–1638
To smylen of this gan tho Troilus,  
And Pandarus with-oute rekeninge  
Oute wente anoon to Eleyne and Deiphbus,  
And seyde hem, "So ther be no taryinge,  
Ne more pres, he wol wel that ye bringe  
Criseyda, my lady, that is here;  
And as he may enduren, he wole here.

"But wel ye woot the chaumber is but lyte,  
And fewe folk may lightly make it warm.  
Now loketh ye—for I wol havé no wyte  
To bringe in prees that mighte doon him harm  
Or him disesen, for my bettre arm!—  
Wher it be bet she byde til eft-sones,  
Now loketh ye that knownen what to doon is.

"I sey for me, best is, as I can knowe,  
That no wight in ne wente but ye tweye,  
But it were I; for I can in a throwe  
Reherce hir cas unlyk that she can seye;  
And after this she may him ones preye  
To ben good lord, in short, and take hir leve.  
This may not muchel of his ese him reve.

"And eek, for she is straunge, he wol forbere  
His ese, which that him thar nought for yow.  
Eek other thing that toucheth not to here  
He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,  
That secret is and for the tounes prow."  
And they, that no-thing knewe of this entente,  
With-oute more to Troilus in they wente.

Eleyne in al hir goedly softe wyse  
Gan him saluwe, and womanly to pleye,  
And seyde, "Y-wis, ye moste always aryse!  
Now fayre brother, beth al hool, I preye!"  
And gan hir arm right over his sholder leye,  
And him with al hir wit to recomforte.  
As she best coude, she gan him to disporte.
So after this quod she, "We yow biseke,
Me dere brother, Deiphebus, and I,
For love of God, and so doth Pandare eke,
To been good lord and freend right hertely
Un-to Criseyde, which that certeinly
Receyveth wrong, as woot wel heer Pandare,
That can hir cas wel bet than I declare."

This Pandarus gan newe his tunge affyle,
And al hir cas rehere, and that anoon.
Whan it was seyd, sone after in a whyle,
Quod Troilus, "As sone as I may goon,
I wol right fayn with al my might ben oon,
Havè God my trouthe, hir cause to sustene."
"Good thrift have ye," quod Eleyne the quene.

Quod Pandarus, "And it your wille be
That she may take hir leve er that she go?"
"Or elles God for-bede," tho quod he,
"If that she vouche sauf for to do so."
And with that word quod Troilus, "Ye two,
Deiphebus, and my suster leef and dere,
To yow have I to speke of o materre,

"To been avysed by your reed the bettre:"—
And fond, as hap was, at his beddes heed
The copie of a tretis and a lettre
That Ector had him sent to axen reed.
If swich a man was worthy to ben deed,
Woot I nought who; but in a grisly wyse
He preyede hem anoon on it avys.

Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfolde
In ernest greet; so did Eleyne the quene.
And roming outward faste it gan biholde,
Downward a steyre in-to an herber grene.
This ilke thing they redden hem bi-twene,
And largely the mountaunce of an houre
They gonne on it to reden and to poure.

Sk., II, 1674–1708
Now lat hem rede, and turne we anoon
To Pandarus, that gan ful faste prye
That al was wel, and oute he gan to goon
In-to the grete chambre and that in hye,
And seyde, "God save al this companye!
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Eleyne,
Abydeth yow, and eek my lordes twayne.

"Rys, take with yow your nece Antigone,
Or whom yow list, or no fors, hardly:
The lasse prees, the bet; com forth with me.
And loke that ye thonke humblely
Hem alle three and, whan ye may goodly
Your tyme y-see, taketh of hem your leve
Lest we to longe his restes him bireve."

Al innocent of Pandarus entente
Quod tho Criseyde, "Go we, uncle dere."
And arm in arm inward with him she wente,
Avysed wel hir wordes and hir chere.
And Pandarus in ernestful manere
Seyde, "Alle folk, for Goddes love I preye,
Stinteth right heer and softlye yow pleye.

"Avyseth yow what folk ben heer with-inne,
And in what plyt oon is, God him amende!
And inward thus ful softlye biginne.
Nece, I coniure and heighly yow defende,
On his half which that sowle us alle sende,
And in the vertu of corounes twyne,
Slee nought this man that hath for yow this peyne!

"Fy on the deve! thenk which oon he is
And in what plyt he lyth. Com of anoon!
Thenk al swich taried tyde but lost it nis!
That wol ye bothe seyn whan ye ben oon.
Secoundelich, ther yet devyneth noon
Up-on yow two: com of now if ye conne!
Whyl folk is blent, lo! al the tyme is wonne!"
But now to yow, ye lovers that ben here,
Was Troilus nought in a cankedort,
That lay and mighte whispring of hem here,
And thoughte, "O Lord, right now rengeth my sort
Fully to dye or han anoon comfort!"
And was the firste tyme he shulde hir preye
Of love: O mighty God, what shal he seye?

Explicit Secundus Liber.

Book III

Incipit Liber Tercius

O blissful light, of which the bemes clere
Adorneth al the thridde hevene faire!
O sonnes leef, O Ioves daughter dere,
Plesaunce of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentil hertes ay redy to repaire!
O verray cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Y-heried be thy might and thy goodnesse!

Ye in my naked herte sentement
Inhelde, and do me shewe of thy swetnesse.
Caliope, thy vois be now present,
For now is nedë: sestow not my destresse,
How I mot telle anon-right the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus heryinge?
To which gladnesse, who nede hath, God him bringe!

Lay al this mene whyle Troilus
Recording his lessoun in this manere:
"Ma fey!" thoughte he, "thus wol I seye and thus;
Thus wol I pleyne un-to my lady dere;
That word is good, and this shal be my chere;
This nil I not foryeten in no wyse."
God leve him werken as he gan devyse.

Sk., II, 1751–1757; III, 1–7; 43–56
And Lord! so that his herte gan to quappe,
Hering hir come, and shorte for to syke!
And Pandarus, that ladde hir by the lappe,
Com ner, and gan in at the curtin pyke,
And seyde, "God do bote on alle syke!
See who is heer yow comen to visyte:
Lo, heer is she that is your deeth to wyte!"

Ther-with it semed as he wepte almost.
"A ha!" quod Troilus so rewfully,
"Wher me be wo, O mighty God, thou wost!
Who is al ther? I see nought trewely."
"Sirè," quod Criseyde, "it is Pandare and I."
"Ye, swete herte? Allas, I may not ryse
To knele, and do yow honour in som wyse."

And dressede him upward, and she right tho
Gan bothe here hondes softe upon him leye.
"O, for the love of God, do ye not so
To me!" quod she; "Ey! what is this to seye?
Sir, come am I to yow for causes tweye:
First, yow to thonke, and of your lordship eke
Continuaunce I wolde yow biseke."

This Troilus, that herde his lady preye
Of lordship him, wex neither quik ne deed,
Ne mighte a word for shame to it seye,
Al-though men sholde smyten of his heed.
But Lord, so he wex sodeinliche reed!
And sire, his lesson, that he wende conne
To preyen hir, is thurgh his wit y-ronne.

Criseyde al this aspyedé wel y-nough,
For she was wys and lovede him nevere-the-lasse,
Al nere he malapert or made it tough,
Or was to bold to singe a fool a masse,
But whan his shame gan somewhat to passe,
His resons, as I may my rymes holde,
I yow wol telle as techen bokes olde.
In chaunged vois, right for his verry drede,
Which vois eek quook, and ther-to his manere
Goodly abayst, and now his liewes rede,
Now pale, un-to Criseyde, his lady dere,
With look doune cast and humble yolden chere,
Lo, the alderfirste word that him asterte
Was twytes, “Mercy, mercy, swete herte!”

And stinte a whyle, and whan he mighte out-bringe,
The neste word was, “God wot, for I have,
As feythfully as I have had konninge,
Ben youres, also God my sowle save!
And shal til that I, woful wight, be grave.
And though I dar ne can un-to yow pleyne,
Y-wis, I suffre nought the lasse peyne.

“Thus muche as now, O wommanliche wyf,
I may out-bringe, and if this yow displesse,
That shal I wreke upon myn owne lyf
Right sone, I trowe, and doon your herte an ese,
If with my deeth your herte I may apace.
But sin that ye han herd me somwhat seye,
Now recche I nevere how sone that I deye.”

Ther-with his manly sorwe to bholde
It mighte han maad an herte of stoon to rewe.
And Pandare weep as he to warre wolde,
And poked evere his nece newe and newe,
And seyde, “Wo bigon ben hertes trewe!
For love of God, make of this thing an ende,
Or slee us bothe at ones er ye wende!”

“I? what?” quod she, “by God and by my trouthe,
I noot nought what ye wilne that I seye.”
“I? what?” quod he, “that ye han on him routhe,
For Goddes love, and doth him nought to deye.”
“Now thanne thus,” quod she, “I wolde him preye
To telle me the fyn of his entente.
Yet wiste I nevere wel what that he mente.”

Sk., III, 92–126
“What that I mene, O swete herte dere?”
Quod Troilus, “O goodly fresshe free!
That with the stremes of your eyen clere
Ye wolde som-tyme frendly on me see,
And thanne agreeën that I may ben he,
With-oute braunce of vyce in any wyse,
In trouthe alwey to doon yow my servyse.

“And I to ben your verray humble trewe,
Secret, and in my paynes pacient,
And evere-mo desire freshly newe
To serven and been y-lyke diligent,
And with good herte al hooly your talent
Receyven wel, how sore that me smerte,—
Lo, this mene I, myn owene swete herte.”

Quod Pandarus, “Lo, heer an hard requeste,
And resonable a lady for to werne!
Now nece myn, by natal Ioves feste,
Were I a god, ye sholde sterve as yerne,
That heren wel this man wol no-thing yerne
But your honour, and seen him almost sterve,
And been so looth to suffren him yow serve.”

With that she gan hir eyen on him caste
Ful esily and ful debonairly,
Avysing hir, and hyed not to faste
With nevere a word, but seyde him softly,
“Myn honour sauf, I wol wel trewely,
And in swich forme as he can now devyte
Receyven him fully to my servyse,

“Biseching him for Goddes love that he
Wolde in honour of trouthe and gentilesse,
As I wel mene, eek mene wel to me,
And myn honour with wit and besinesse
Ay kepe. And if I may don him gladnesse
From hennes-forth, y-wis, I nil not feyne.
Now beth al hool, no lenger ye ne pleyne.

Sk., III, 127-133; 141-168
"But nathelees, this warne I yow," quod she,
"A kinges sone al-though ye be, y-wis,
Ye shul na-more have soverainetee
Of me in lovę than right in that cas is.
Ne I nil forbere, if that ye doon a-mis,
To wrathen yow; and whyl that ye me serve,
Cherycen yow right after ye deserve.

"And shortly, dere herte and al my knight,
Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustinesse,
And I shal trewely with al my might
Your bittre tornen al in-to swetnesse.
If I be she that may yow do gladnesse,
For every wo ye shal recovere a blisse."
And him in armes took, and gan him kisse.

Fil Pandarus on knees, and up his yën
To hevenę threw, and held his hondes hye.
"Immortal God!" quod he, "that mayst nought dyen,
Cupide I mene, of this mayst glorifye.
And Venus, thou mayst make melodye!
With-outen hond, me semeth that in towne
For this merveyle I here ech belle sowne.

"But, hol no more as now of this matere,
For-why this folk wol comen up anoon
That han the lettre red. Lo, I hem here.
But I coniure thee, Criseyde, and oon
And two, thou Troilus, whan thow mayst goon,
That at myn hous ye been at my warninge;
For I ful wel shal shape your cominge.

"And eseth ther your hertes right y-nough;
And lat see which of yow shal bere the belle
To speke of love a-right!" Ther-with he lough.
"For ther have ye a layser for to telle."
Quod Troilus, "How longe shal I dwelle
Er this be doon?" Quod he, "Whan thou mayst ryse,
This thing shal be right as I yow devyse."
With that Eleyne and also Deiphibus
Tho comen upward, right at the steyres ende;
And Lord! so than gan grone Troilus,
His brother and his suster for to blende.
Quod Pandarus, “It tyme is that we wende.
Tak, nece myn, your leve at alle three,
And lat hem speke, and cometh forth with me.”

She took hir leve at hem ful thriftily,
As she wel coude, and they hir reverence
Un-to the fulle diden hardly,
And spoken wonder wel in hir absence
Of hir in preysing of hir excellence,
Hir governaunce, hir wit, and hir manere
Commendeden: it Ioye was to here.

Now lat hir wende un-to hir owne place,
And borne we to Troilus a-yein,
That gan ful lightely of the lettre passe,
That Deiphibus had in the gardin seyn.
And of Eleyne and him he wolde fayn
Delivered been, and seyde that him lest
To slepe and after tales have reste.

Eleyne him kiste and took hir leve blyve,
Deiphibus eek, and hoom wente every wight.
And Pandarus as faste as he may dryve
To Troilus tho com as lyne right.
And on a paillet al that glade night
By Troilus he lay with mery chere
To tale; and wel was hem they were y-fere.

Whan every wight was voided but they two,
And alle the dores were faste y-shette,
To telle in short, with-oute wordes mo,
This Pandarus with-outen any lette
Up roos and on his beddes syde him sette
And gan to spaken in a sobre wyse
To Troilus, as I shal yow devyse.
“Myn alderlevest lord and brother dere,
God woot and thou that it sat me ful sore
When I thee saw so languisshing to-yere
For love of which thy wo wex alwey more;
That I with al my might and al my lore
Have evere sithen doon my bisinesse
To bringe thee to Ioye out of distresse;

“And have it brought to swich plyt as thou wost,
So that thorough me thou stonest now in weye
To fare wel. I seye it for no bost,
And wostow why? For shame it is to seye,
For thee have I bigonne a gamen pleye
Which that I nevere doon shal eft for other
Al-though he were a thousand fold my brother.

“That is to seye, for thee am I bicomen,
Bitwixen game and ernest, swich a mene
As maken wommen un-to men to comen:
Al sey I nought, thou wost wel what I mene.
For thee have I my nece, of vyces clen,
So fully maad thy gentillesse triste
That al shal been right as thy-selve liste.

“But God, that al wot, take I to witnesse
That nevere I this for coveityse wroughte,
But only for to abregge that distresse,
For which wel nygh thou deydest, as me thoughte.
But gode brother, do now as thee oughte,
For Goddes love, and keep hir out of blame,
Sin thou art wys, and save alwey hir name.

“Wherfore, er I wol ferther goon a pas,
Yet eft I thee biseche and fully seye
That privattee go with us in this cas,
That is to seye, that thou us nevere wreye.
And be nought wrooth though I thee ofte preye
To holden secree swich an heigh matere;
For skilful is, thow wost wel, my preyre.

Sk., III, 239–266; 281–287
"For wel I woot thou menest wel, parde:
Therfore I dar this fully undertake.
Thou wost eek what thy lady graunted thee,
And day is set the chartres up to make.
Have now good night, I may no lenger wake;
And bid for me sin thou art now in blisse
That God me sende deeth or sone lisse."

Who mighte telle half the Ioye or feste
Which that the sowle of Troilus tho felte,
Hering the effect of Pandarus biheste?
His olde wo that made his herte swelte
Gan tho for Ioye wasten and to-melte;
And al the richesse of his sykes sore
At ones fledde, he felte of hem no more.

And gan his look on Pandarus up caste
Ful sobrely and frendly for to see,
And seyde, "Freend, in Aperil the laste,
As wel thou wost if it remembre thee,
How neigh the deeth for wo thou founde me;
And how thou didest al thy businesse
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse.

"Thou wost how longe I it for-bar to seye
To thee that art the man that I best triste;
And peril was it noon to thee by-wreye,
That wiste I wel. But tellè me, if thee liste,
Sith I so looth was that thy-self it wiste
How dorste I mo tellen of this materes,
That quake now and no wight may us here?

"But natheles by that God I thee swere
That as him list may al this world governe,
And, if I lye, Achilles with his spere
Myn herte cleve, al werë my lyf eterne
As I am mortal, if I late or yerne
Wolde it biwreye, or dorste, or sholde conne,
For al the good that God made under sonne.
"But heer with al myn herte I thee biseche
That nevere in me thou deme swich folye
As I shal seyn: me thoughte by thy speche
That this, which thou me dost for companye,
I sholde wene it were a bauderye.
I am nought wood, al-if I lewed be;
It is not so, that woot I wel, pardee!

"And that thou knowe I thenke nought ne wene
That this servyse a shame be or Iape,
I have my faire suster Polixene,
Cassandre, Eleyne, or any of the frape.
Be she nevere so faire or wel y-shape,
Telle me which thou wilt of everichone
To han for thyh, and lat me thanne allone."

Thus held him ech with other wel apayed
That al the world ne mighte it bet amende.
And on the morwe whan they were arayed,
Ech to his owene nedes gan entende.
But Troilus, though as the fyr he brende
For sharp desyr of hope and of plesaunce,
He not for-gat his gode governaunce.

But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,
That in this whyle, as writen is in geste,
He say his lady som-tyme; and also
She with him spak whan that she dorste or lest.
And by hir bothe avys as was the beste
Apoynateden ful warly in this nede,
So as they dorste, how they wolde procede.

But it was spoken in so short a wyse;
In swich awayt alwey and in swich fere,
Lest any wyght divynen or devyse
Wolde of hem two, or to it leye an ere,
That al this world so leef to hem ne were
As that Cupido wolde hem grace sende
To maken of hir speche aright an ende.
And shortly of this proces for to pace,
So wel his werk and wordes he bisette
That he so ful stood in his lady grace
That twenty thousand tymes or she lette
She thonked God she evere with him mette;
So coude he him governe in swich servyse
That al the world ne mighte it bet devyse.

But now, paraunter, som man wayten wolde
That every word or sonde or look or chere
Of Troilus that I rehersen sholde,
In al this whyle, un-to his lady dere:
I trowe it were a long thing for to here;
Or of what wight that stant in swich disioynte,
His wordes alle, or every look, to poynte.

But to the grete effect: than sey I thus,
That stonding in concord and in quiete
Thise ilke two, Criseyde and Troilus,
As I have told, and in this tyme swete,
Save only often mighte they not mete,
Ne layser have hir speches to fulfelle,
That it befel right as I shal yow telle,

That Pandarus, that evere did his might
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringe to his hous som night
His faire nece and Troilus y-ferne,
Wer-as at leyser al this heigh mater
Touching hir love were at the fulle up-bounde,
Had out of doute a tyme to it founde.

And Troilus, that al this purveyaunce
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,
Had heer-up-on eek maad gret ordenaunce
And founde his cause and ther-to his aray,
If that he were missed night or day
Ther-whyl he was aboute this servyse,
That he was goon to doon his sacrifyse.

Sk., III, 470–476: 491–497; 505–518; 533–539
And moste at swich a temple alone wake,
Answered of Apollo for to be;
And first to seen the holy laurer quake
Er that Apollo spak out of the tree
To telle him next whan Grekes sholden flee,
And forthy lette him no man, God forbede,
But preye Apollo helpen in this nede.

Now is ther litel more for to done,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to seyne,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the mone,
Whan lightles is the world a night or twyene
And that the welken shoop him for to reyne,
He streight a-morwe un-to his nece wente.
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

Whan he was come, he gan anoon to pleye
As he was wont, and of him-self to Iape.
And fynally, he swor and gan hir seye,
By this and that, she sholde him not escape,
Ne lenger doon him after hir to gape,
But certeynly she moste, by hir leve,
Come soupen in his hous with him at eve.

At which she lough, and gan hir faste excuse,
And seyde, “It rayneth. Lo, how sholde I goon?”
“Lat be,” quod he, “ne stond not thus to muse.
This moot be doon, ye shal be ther anoon.”
So at the laste her-of they felle at oon;
Or elles, softe he swor hir in hir ere,
He nolde neverie come ther she were.

Sone after this to him she gan to rowne,
And askede him if Troilus were there.
He swor hir, “Nay, for he was out of towne,”
And seyde, “Nece, I pose that he were,
Yow thurftie nevere have the more fere.
For rather than men mighte him ther aspye,
Me were lever a thousand fold to dye.”

Sk., III, 560-574
Nought list myn auctor fully to declare
What that she thoughte whan he seyde so,
That Troilus was out of towne y-fare,
As if he seyde ther-of sooth or no;
But that with-oute awayt with him to go
She graunted him, sith he hir that bisoughte,
And as his nece obeyed as hir oughte.

But natheles, yet gan she him biseche,
Al-though with him to goon it was no fere,
For to be war of goosish peples speche,
That dremen thinges which that neveere were,
And wel avyse him whom he broughte there.
And seyde him, "Eem, sin I mot on yow triste,
Loke al be wel, and do now as yow liste."

He swor hir, "Yis, by stokkes and by stones,
And by the goddes that in hevene dwelle,
Or elles were him lever, soule and bones,
With Pluto king as depe been in helle
As Tantalus!" What sholde I more telle?
Whan al was wel he roos and tak his leve,
And she to souper com whan it was eve,

With a certayn of hir owene men,
And with hir faire nece Antigone,
And othere of hir wommen, nyne or ten.
But who was glad now, who as trowe ye
But Troilus, that stood and mighte it see
Thurgh-oute a litel windowe in a stewe
Ther he bishet sin midnight was in mewe,

Unwist of every wight but of Pandare?
But to the poyn: Now whan she was y-come
With alle Ioye and alle frendes fare,
Hir eem anoon in armes hath hir nome,
And after to the souper, alle and some,
Whan tyme was, ful softe they hem sette.
God wot, ther was no deyntee for to fette.
And after souper gonnen they to ryse,
At ese wel with hertes fresshe and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devyse
To lyken hir, or that hir laughen made.
He song; she pleyde; he tolde tale of Wade.
But at the laste, as every thing hath ende,
She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.

But O Fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influences of thise hevenes hye!
Soth is that under God ye ben our hierdes,
Though to us bestes been the causes wrye.
This mene I now, for she gan hoomward hye,
But execut was al bisyde hir leve
At the goddes willë; for which she moste bleve.

The bente mone with hir hornes pale,
Saturne and Iove in Cancro ioyned were,
That swich a rayn from hevene gan avale
That every maner womman that was there
Had of that smoky reyn a verray fere;
At which Pandarë tho lough and seyde thenne,
"Now were it tyme a lady to go henne!

"But goode nece, if I mighte evere plese
Yow any-thing, than prey I yow," quod he,
"To doon myn herte as now so greet an ese
As for to dwelle heer al this night with me,
For-why this is your owene hous, pardee.
For by my trouthe I sey it nought a-game,
To wende as now it werë to me a shame."

Criseyde, which that coude as muche good
As half a world, took hede of his preyere.
And sin it ron and al was on a flood,
She thoughte, "As good chep may I dwellen here,
And graunte it gladly with a freendes chere,
And have a thank, as grucche and than abyde.
For hoom to goon it may nought wel bityde."
"I wol," quod she, "myn uncle leef and dere,—
Sin that yow list, it skil is to be so.
I am right glad with yow to dwellen here;
I seyde but agame I wolde go."
"Y-wis, graunt mercy, nece!" quod he tho;
"Were it a game or no, soth for to telle,
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle."

Thus al is wel; but tho bigan aright
The newe Ioye and al the feste agayn.
But Pandarus, if goodly had he might,
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde fayn,
And seyde, "Lord, this is an huge rayn!
This were a weder for to slepen inne,
And that I rede us sone to biginne.

"And nece, woot ye wher I wol yow leye,
For that we shul not liggen fer asonder,
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,
Heren noise of reynes nor of thondre?
By God, right in my lyte closet yonder.
And I wol in that outer hous allone
Be wardeyn of your wommen everichone.

"And in this middel chaumber that ye see
Shul youre wommen slepen wel and softe;
And ther I seyde shal your-selve be.
And if ye liggen wel to-night com ofte
And careth not what weder is on-lofte.
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow leste,
So go we slepe: I trowe it be the beste."

Tho Pandarus, hir eem, right as him oughte,
With women swiche as were hir most aboute,
Ful glad un-to hir beddes syde hir broughte
And took his leve and gan ful lowe loute
And seyde, "Heer at this closet-dore with-oute,
Right over-thwart, your wommen liggen alle,
That whom yow liste of hem ye may heer calle."
So whan that she was in the closet leyd,
And alle hir wommen forth by ordenaunce
A-bedde weren ther as I have seyd,
Ther was no more to skippen nor to trunque,
But boden go to bedde, with mischaunce!
If any wight was stering any-where,
And late hem slepe that a-bedde were.

But Pandarus, that wel coude ech a del
The olde daunce, and every poynth ther-inne,
Whan that he seyde that alle thing was wel,
He thoughte he wolde up-on his werk biginne,
And gan the stewe-dore al softe un-pinne,
And stille as stoon with-outen lenger lette,
By Troilus a-doun right he him sette.

And shortly to the poynth right for to gon;
Of al this werk he tolde him word and ende,
And seyde, "Make thee redy right anon,
For thou shalt in-to hevene blisse wende."
"Now blisful Venus, thou me grace sende,"
Quod Troilus, "for nevere yet no nede
Had I er now, ne halvendel the drede."

Quod Pandarus, "Thou wrecched mouses herte,
Art thou agast so that she wol thee byte?
Why, don this furred cloke up-on thy sherte,
And folowe me, for I wol han the wyte.
But byd, and lat me go biforn a lyte."
And with that word he gan un-do a trappe,
And Troilus he broughte in by the lappe.

The sterne wind so loude gan to route
That no wight other noyse mighte here;
And they that layen at the doré with-oute
Ful sykerly they sleptn alle y-fere.
And Pandarus with a ful sobre chere
Goth to the doré anon with-outen lette
Ther-as they laye, and softly it shette.

Sk., III, 687–707; 736–749
And as he com ayeinward privel,  
His nece awook and asked, "Who goth there?"  
"My dere nece," quod he, "it am I.  
Ne wondreth not ne have of it no fere."  
And ner he com, and seyde hir in hir ere,  
"No word, for love of God, I yow biseche!  
Lat no wight ryse and heren of our speche!"

"What! which wey be ye comen, bendiste?"  
Quod she, "and how thus unwist of hem alle?"  
"Heer at this secre trappe-dore," quod he.  
Quod tho Criseyde, "Lat me som wight calle."  
"Ey! God forbede that it sholde falle,"  
Quod Pandarus, "that ye swich foly wroughte!  
They mighte deme thing they nevere er thoughte!

"Now nece myn, ye shul wel understonde,"  
Quod he, "so as ye wommen demen alle,  
That for to holde in love a man in honde  
And him hir 'leef' and 'dere herte' calle,  
And maken him an howve above a calle,  
I mene as love an other in this whyle,  
She doth hir-self a shame and him a gyle.

"Now wherby that I telle yow al this?  
Ye woot your-self, as wel as any wight,  
How that your love al fully graunted is  
To Troilus, the worthieste knight  
Oon of this world, and ther-to trouthe plyght  
That, but it were on him along, ye nolde  
Him nevere falsen whyl ye liven sholde.

"Now stant it thus, that sith I fro yow wente,  
This Troilus, right platly for to seyn,  
Is thurgh a goter by a privè wente  
In-to my chaumbre come in al this reyn,  
Unwist of every maner wight, certeyn,  
Save of my-self, as wisly have I Ioye,  
And by that feith I shal Priam of Troye!

Sk., III, 750-763; 771-791
“And he is come in swich peyne and distresse
That, but he be al fully wood by this,
He sodeynly mot falle in-to wodnesse,
But-if God helpe. And cause why this is:
He seyth him told is of a freend of his
How that ye sholdë love oon that hatte Horaste,
For sorwe of which this night shal been his laste.”

Criseyde, which that al this wonder herde,
Gan sodeynly aboute hir herte colde,
And with a syk she sorfully answerde,
“Allas! I wende, who-so tales tolde,
My dere herte wolde me not holde
So lightly fals! Allas! conceytes wronge,
What harm they doon, for now live I to longe!

“Horaste? Allas! and falsen Troilus?
I knowe him not, God helpe me so,” quod she;
“Allas! what wikked spirit tolde him thus?
Now certes, eem, to-morwe, and I him see,
I shal ther-of as ful excusen me
As eveere dide womman, if him lyke.”
And with that word she gan ful sore syke.

Quod Pandarus, “Thus fallen is this cas.”
“Why, uncle myn,” quod she, “who tolde him this?
Why doth my dere herte thus, allas?”
“Ye woot, ye nece myn,” quod he, “what is.
I hope al shal be wel that is amis.
For ye may quenche al this if that yow lest,
And doth right so, for I holde it the beste.”

“So shal I do to-morwe, y-wis,” quod she,
“And God to-forn, so that it shal suffyse.”
“To-morwe? Allas, that were a fayr,” quod he,
“Nay, nay, it may not stondon in this wyse.
For, nece myn, thus wryten clerkes wyse,
That peril is with drecching in y-drawe:
Nay, swich abodes been nought worth an hawe.

Sk., III, 792–812; 841–854
“And nece myn, ne take it not a-greif,—
If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,
God help me so, ye had him nevere leef,
That dar I seyn, now ther is but we two.
But wel I woot that ye wol not do so:
Ye been to wys to do so gret folye
To putte his lyf al night in Iupartye.”

“Had I him nevere leef? By God, I wene
Ye hadde nevere thing so leef,” quod she.
“Now by my thrift,” quod he, “that shal be sene.
For sin ye make this ensample of me,
If I al night wolde him in sorwe see
For al the tresour in the toun of Troye,
I bidde God I nevere mote have Ioye!”

Quod tho Criseyde, “Wole ye doon o thing,
And ye therwith shal stinte al his disese?
Have heer, and bereth him this blew ring;
For ther is no-thing mighte him bettre plese
Save I my-self, ne more his herte apese.
And sey my dere herte that his sorwe
Is causeles, that shal be seen to-morwe.”

“A ring?” quod he, “ye, hasel-wodes shaken!
Ye, nece myn, that ring moste han a stoon
That mighte dede men alyve maken,
And swich a ring trowe I that ye have noon.
Discrecioun out of your heed is goon:
That fele I now,” quod he, “and that is routhe.
O tymel y-lost, wel maystow cursen slouthel!”

Criseyde answerte, “As wisly God at reste
My sowle bringe as me is for him wo!
And eem, y-wis, fayn wolde I doon the beste
If that I hadde grace to do so.
But whether that ye dwelle or for him go,
I am til God me bettre minde sende
At Dulcannon, right at my wittes ende.”

Sk., III, 862–875; 883–896; 925–931
Quod Pandarus, “Ye, nece, wol ye here? 
Dulcarnon called is ‘fleming of wrecches:’ 
It semeth hard, for wrecches wol not lere 
For verray slouthe or othere wilful tecches. 
This seyd by hem that be not worth two fecches; 
But ye ben wys, and that we han on honde 
Nis neither hard, ne skilful to withstonde."

“Than, eem,” quod she, “doth her-of as yow list. 
But er he come I wil up first aryse; 
And for the love of God, sin al my trist 
Is on yow two and ye ben bothe wyse, 
So wircheth now in so discreet a wyse 
That I honour may have and he plesaunce. 
For I am heer al in your governaunce.”

“That is wel seyd,” quod he, “my nece dere, 
Ther good thrfit on that wyse gentil herte! 
But liggeth stille, and taketh him right here. 
It nedeth not no ferther for him sterte; 
And ech of yow ese othere sorwes smerte 
For love of God! And Venus, I thee herie, 
For soné hope I we shulë ben alle merie!”

This Troilus ful sone on knees him sette 
Ful sobrely, right by hir beddes heed, 
And in his beste wyse his lady grette; 
But Lord, so she wex sodeynliche reed! 
Ne though men sholden smyten of hir heed, 
She coude nought a word a-right out-bringe 
So sodeynly for his sodeyn cominge.

But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele 
In every thing, to playe anoon bigan, 
And seyde, “Necë, see how this lord can knele! 
Now for your trouthe, seeth this gentil man!”
And with that word he for a quisschen ran, 
And seyde, “Kneleth now whyl that yow lestë, 
Ther God your hertes bringe sone at reste!”

Sk., III, 932–966
Can I not seyn, for she bad him not ryse,
If sorwe it putte out of hir remembrance,
Or elles if she toke it in the wyse
Of duëtee, as for his observaunce;
But wel finde I she did him this plesaunce
That she him kiste, al-though she syked sore;
And bad him sitte a-doun with-outen more.

Criseyde, that was Troilus lady right,
And clerç stood on a ground of sikernesse,
Al thoughte she, hir servaunt and hir knight
Ne sholde of right non untrouthe in hir gesse,
Yet nathelees, considered his distresse,
And that love is in cause of swich folye,
Thus to him spak she of his Ialousye:

"Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excellence
Of love, ayeins the which that no man may,
Ne oughte eek goodly maken resistence,
And eek bycause I felte wel and say
Your grete trouthe and servyse every day,
And that your herte al myn was, sooth to seyne,
This droof me for to rewe up-on your peyne;

"And your goodness; have I founde alwey yit,
Of which, my dere herte and al my knight,
I thonke it yow as fer as I havē wit,
Al can I nought as muche as it werē right.
And I, emforth my conning and my might,
Have and ay shal, how sore that me smerte,
Ben to yow trewe and hool with al myn herte!"

With that a fewe brighte teres newe
Out of hir eyen fille, and thus she seyde:
"Now God, thou wost, in thought ne dede untrew
To Troilus was nevere yet Criseyde!"
With that hir heed doun in the bed she leyde
And with the shete it wreigh, and syghed sore,
And held hir peas: not o word spak she more.
This Troilus, whan he hir wordes herde,
Have ye no care, him liste not to slepe;
For it thoughte him no strokes of a yerde
To here or seen Crisyde his lady wepe.
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,
For every terr which that Crisyde asterte,
The crampe of deeth to streyne him by the herte.

And in his minde he gan the tyme acurse
That he cam there, and that he was born;
For now is wikke y-turned in-to worse,
And al that labour he hath doon biforn
He wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but lorn.
"O Pandarus," thoughte he, "allas! thy wyle
Serveth of nought, so welawey the whyle!"

And therwthal he heng a-doun the heed,
And fil on knees, and sorfully he sighte.
What mighthe he seyn? He felte he nas but deed;
For wrooth was she that shulde his sorwes lighte.
But natheele, whan that he spaken mighte,
Than seyde he thys: "God woot that of this game,
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame!"

Ther-with the sorwe so his herte shette
That from his eyen fil ther not a tere,
And every spirit his vigour in-knette,
So they astonede and oppressed were.
The feling of his sorwe or of his fere
Or of ought elles fled was out of towne,
And doun he fel al sodeynly a-swowne.

Therwith his pous and pawmes of his hondes
They gan to frote, and wete his temples twayne;
And, to deliveren him from bittre bondes,
She ofte him kiste. And shortly for to seyne,
Him to revoken she did al hir peyne.
And at the laste he gan his breeth to drawe,
And of his swough sone after that adawe.

Sk., III, 1065–1092; 1114–1120
And gan bet minde and reson to him take,
But wonder sore he was abayst, y-wis.
And with a syk, whan he gan bet a-wake,
He seyde, "O mercy God, what thing is this?"
"Why do ye with your-selven thus amis?"
Quod tho Criseyde, "is this a mannes game?
What Troilus! wol ye do thus, for shame?"

And therwith-al hir arm over him she leyde,
And al foryaf, and ofte tyme him keste.
He thonked hir, and to hir spak, and seyde
As fil to purpos for his herte reste.
And she to that answerde him as hir leste,
And with hir goodly wordes him disporte
She gan, and ofte his sorwes to comforthe.

Quod Pandarus, "For outh I can espyen,
This light nor I ne serven heer of nought;
Light is not good for syke folkes yfn.
But for the love of God, sin ye be brought
In thus good plyt, lat now no hevy thought
Ben hanging in the hertes of yow tweye:"
And bar the candel to the chimeneye.

Sone after this, though it no nede were,
Whan she swiche othes as hir list devyse
Had of him take, hir thoughte tho no fere
Ne cause eek non to bidde him thennes ryse.
Yet lesse thing than othes may suffysa
In many a cas; for every wight, I gesse,
That loveth wel meneth but gentilesse.

But in effect she wolde wite anoon
Of what man and eek wher and also why
He Ielous was, sin ther was cause noon;
And eek the signe that he took it by
She bad him that to telle hir bisily
Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on honde
That this was doon of malice hir to fonde.

St., III, 1121-1155
With-outen more, shortly for to seyne,
He moste obeye un-to his lady heste;
And for the lasse harm he moste fayne
He seyde hir whan she was at swich a feste
She mighte on him han loked at the leste:
Not I not what, al dere y-nough a risshe,
As he that nedes moste a cause fisshe.

And she answerde, "Swete, al were it so,
What harm was that sin I non yvel mene?
For by that God that bougte us bothe two
In alle thing is myn entente clene.
Swiche arguments ne been not worth a bene;
Wol ye the childish Ialous contrefete?
Now were it worthy that ye were y-bete."

Tho Troilus gan sorwfully to syke
Lest she be wrooth, him thoughte his herte deyde;
And seyde, "Allas! upon my sorwes syke
Havė mercy, swete herte myn, Criseyde!
And if that in tho wordes that I seyde
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespace.
Do what yow list, I am al in your grace."

And she answerde, "Of gilt misericorde!
That is to seyn that I foryeve al this.
And evere-more on this night yow recorde,
And beth wel war ye do no more amis."
"Nay, dere herte myn," quod he, "y-wis."
"And now," quod she, "that I havė do yow smerte,
Foryeve it me, myn owne swete herte."

This Troilus with blisse of that supplysed
Putte al in Goddes hond, as he that mente
No-thing but wel; and sodeynly avysed
He hir in armes faste to him hente.
And Pandarus with a full good entente
Leyde him to slepe, and seyde, "If ye ben wyse,
Swowneth not now lest more folk aryse."

Sk., III, 1156–1190
This Troilus in armes gan hir streyne,
And seyde, “O swete, as evere mote I goon,
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we twyne:
Now yeldeth yow, for other bote is noon!”
To that Criseyde answerde thus anoon,
“Ne had I er now, my swete herte dere,
Ben yolde, y-wis, I were now not here!”

O! sooth is seyd that heled for to be,
As of a fevre or other gret syknesse,
Men moste drinke, as men may often see,
Ful bittre drinke; and for to han gladnesse
Men drinken often peyne and gret distresse:
I mene it heer, as for this aventure,
That thourgh a peyne hath founden al his cure.

O blissful night, of hem so longe y-sought,
How blithe un-to hem bothe two thou were!
Why ne had I swich on with my soule y-bought,
Ye, or the leeste Ioye that was there?
Awey, thou foule Daunger and thou Fere,
And lat hem in this hevene blisse dwelle,
That is so heygh that al ne can I telle!

Thise ilke two that ben in armes laft,
So looth to hem a-sonder goon it were
That ech from other wende been biraft,
Or elles, lo, this was hir moste fere,
That al this thing but nyce dremes were:
For which ful ofte ech of hem seyde, “O swete,
Clippe ich yow thus, or elles I it mete?”

But whan the cok, comune astrologer,
Gan on his brest to bete and after crowe,
And Lucifer, the dayes messager,
Gan for to ryse and oute hir bemes throwe;
And estward roos, to him that coude it knowe,
Fortuna maior, than anoon Criseyde
With herte sore to Troilus thus seyde:—

Sk., III, 1205–1218; 1317–1323; 1338–1344; 1415–1421
"Myn hertes lyf, my trist, and my plesaunce,
That I was born, alsa! what me is wo
That day of us mot make desseveraunce!
For tyme it is to ryse and hennes go,
Or elles I am lost for everemo!
O night, alsa! why niltow over us hove
As longe as whanne Almena lay by Iove?

"Thou dost, alsa! to shortly thyng offyce,
Thou rakel night, ther God, maker of kinde,
Thee for thyn haste and thyn unkinde vyce
So faste ay to our hemi-spere binde
That nevere-more under the ground thou winde!
For now, for thou so hyest out of Troye,
Have I forgon thus hastily my Ioye!"

This Troilus, that with tho wordes felte,
As thoughte him tho, for pietous distresse
The blody teres from his herte melte,
As he that nevere yet swich hevinesse
Assayed had out of so greet gladnesse,
Gan therwith-al Crisseyde his lady dere
In armes streyne, and seyde in this manere:—

"O cruel day, accusour of the Ioye
That night and love han stole and faste y-wryen,
A-cursed be thy coming in-to Troye,
For every bore hath oon of thy bright yên!
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?
What hastow lost? Why sekestow this place,
Ther God thy lyght so quenche, for his grace?

"Allas! what han thise lovers thee agilt,
Dispitous day? Thyn be the pyne of helle!
For many a lover hastow slayn and wilt;
Thy pouring in wol no-wher lete hem dwelle.
What proferestow thy light heer for to selle?
Go selle it hem that smale seles graven:
We wol thee nought, us nedeth no day haven."

Sk., III, 1422–1428; 1436–1463
Therwith ful sore he sighte, and thus he seyde,
"My lady right, and of my wele or wo
The welle and rote, O goodly myn, Criseyde,
And shal I ryse, allas! and shal I go?
Now fele I that myn herte moot a-two!
For how sholde I my lyf, an houre save
Sin that with yow is al the lyf I have?

"But nathelees, myn owene lady bright,
Yit were it so that I wiste outrely
That I, your humble servaunt and your knight,
Were in your herte set so fermely
As ye in myn, the which thing trewely
Me lever were than thisé worldes twayne,
Yet sholde I bet enduren al my peyne."

To that Criseyde answered right anoon,
And with a syk she seyde, "O herte dere,
The game, y-wis, so ferforth now is goon
That first shal Phebus falle fro his spere,
And every egle been the dowves fere,
And every roche out of his place sterte,
Er Troilus out of Criseydes herte!

"Ye be so depe in-with myn herte grave
That, though I wolde it turne out of my thought,
As wisly verray God my soule save,
To dyen in the peyne, I coude nought!
And for the love of God that hath us wrought,
Lat in your brayn non other fantasye
So crepe that it cause me to dye!

"And that ye me wolde han faste in minde
As I have yow, that wolde I yow bi-seche;
And if I wiste soothe lythat to finde,
God mighte not a poynyt my Ioyes eche.
But, herte myn, with-oute more speche,
Beth to me trewe, or elles were it routhe;
For I am thyn, by God and by my trouvelte!"
Agayns his willè, sin it mot nedes be,
This Troilus up roos, and faste him cledde,
And in his armes took his lady free
An hundred tyme, and on his wey him spedde,
And with swichè wordes as his herte bledde,
He seyde, "Farèwel, my dere herte swete,
Ther God us graunte sounde and sonè to mete!"

To which no word for sorwe she answerde,
So sore gan his parting hir distreyne;
And Troilus un-to his paleys ferde
As woo bigon as she was, sooth to seyne.
So hard him wrong of sharp desyr the peyne
For to ben eft ther he was in plesaunce
That it may nevere out of his remembraunce.

Returned to his real palais, sone
He softe in-to his bed gan for to slinke,
To slepe longe as he was wont to done.
But al for nought; he may wel ligge and winke,
But sleep ne may ther in his herte sinke,
Thenking how she, for whom desyr him brende,
A thousand-fold was worth more than he wende.

Crisseyde also, right in the same wyse,
Of Troilus gan in hir herte shette
His worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wyse,
His gentilesse, and how she with him mette,
Thonking Love he so wel hir bisette,
Desyring eft to have hir herte dere
In swich a plyt she dorste make him chere.

Pandare, a-morwe, which that comen was
Un-to his nece, and gan hir fayre grete,
Seyde, "Al this night so reyned it, allass!
That al my drede is that ye, nece swete,
Han litel layser had to slepe and mete.
Al night," quod he, "hath reyn so do me wake
That som of us, I trowe, hir hedes ake."

Sk., III, 1520–1540; 1548–1561
And ner he com and seyde, "How stont it now
This mery morwe, nece,—how can ye fare?"
Criseyde answerde, "Nevere the bet for yow,
Fox that ye been, God yeve your herte care!
God help' me so, ye caused al this fare.
Trowe I," quod she, "for al ye your wordes whyte.
O! who-so seeth yow knoweth yow ful lyte!"

With that she gan hir face for to wrye
With the shete, and wex for shame al reed.
And Pandarus gan under for to prye,
And seyde, "Nece, if that I shal been deed,
Have heer a swerd and Smyteth of myn heed."
With that his arm al sodeynly he thriste
Under hir nekke, and al the laste hir kiste.

I passe al that which chargeth nought to seye,—
What! God foryat his deeth, and she al-so
Foryaf, and with hir uncle gan to pleye,
For other cause was ther noon than so.
But of this thing right to the effect to go,
Whan tyme was, hom til hir hous she wente,
And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

Now torne we ayein to Troilus,
That restes ful longe a-bedde lay,
And prevely sente after Pandarus
To him to come in al the haste he may.
He com anoon, nought ones seyde he "Nay,"
And Troilus ful sobrely he grette,
And doun upon his beddes syde him sette.

This Troilus, with al the afeccioun
Of frendes lovë that herte may devyse,
To Pandarus on kneës fil adoun,
And er that he wolde of the place aryse,
He gan him thonken in his beste wyse.
A hondred sythe he gan the tyme blesse
That he was born to bringe him fro distresse.
He seyde, "O frend, of frendes the alderbeste
That evere was, the sothe for to telle,
Thou hast in hevene y-brought my soule at reste
Fro Flegiton, the fery flood of helle,
That though I mighte a thousand tymes selle
Upon a day my lyf in thy servyse,
It mighte nought a mot in that suffyse.

"Thus hastow me no litel thing y-yive,
For which to thee obliged be for ay
My lyf, and why? For thorugh thyn help I live;
For elles deed had I be many a day."
And with that word doun in his bed he lay,
And Pandarus ful sorely him herde
Til al was seyd, and than he him answerde:

"My dere frend, if I havë doon for thee
In any cas, God wot, it is me leef;
And am as glad as man may of it be,
God helpë me so. But tak now not a-greef
That I shal seyn: be war of this mischeef,
That ther-as thou now wrought art in-to blisse
That thou thy-self ne cause it nought to misse.

"For of Fortunes sharp adversitee
Theworste kinde of infortune is this:
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren whan it passed is.
Thou art wys y-nough, for-thy do nought amis.
Be not to rakel though thou sitte warme,
For if thou be, certeyn it wol thee harme."

Quod Troilus, "I hope, and God to-forn,
My dere frend, that I shal so me bere
That in my gilt ther shal no thing be lorn,
Ne I nil not rakle as for to greven here.
It nedeth not this matere ofte tere;
For wistestow myn herte wel, Pandare,
God woot, of this thou woldest litel care."

Sk., III, 1597-1603; 1611-1631; 1639-1645
Tho gan he telle him of his glade night.
And wher-of first his herte dredde, and how,
And seyde, “Freend, as I am trewe knight,
And by that feyth I shal to God and yow,
I had it nevere half so hote as now;
And ay the more that desyr me byteth
To love hir best, the more it me delyteth.

“I noot my-self not wisly what it is;
But now I fele a newe qualitee,
Ye, al another than I did er this.”
Pandare anwerde, and seyde thus, that “he
That ones may in hevene blisse be,
He feleth other weyes, dar I leye,
Than thilke tyme he first herde of it seye.”

This is o word for al; this Troilus
Was nevere ful to speke of this materre,
And for to preyzen un-to Pandarus
The bountee of his righte lady dere,
And Pandarus to thanke and maken chere.
This tale ay was span-newe to biginne
Til that the night departed hem a-twinne.

Sone after this, for that Fortune it wolde,
I-comen was the blisful tyme swete,
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,
Ther he was erst, Criseyde his lady mete;
For which he felte his herte in Ioye flete,
And feythfully gan alle the goddes herie.
And lat see now if that he can be merie.

Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they ben met,
To aske at me if that they blythe were;
For if it erst was wel, tho was it bet
A thousand-fold, this nedeth not enquire.
A-gon was every sorwe and every fere;
And bothe, y-wis, they had, and so they wende,
As muche Ioye as herte may comprende.
But cruel day, so wel-awey the stounde!
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes knewe,
For which hem thoughte felen dethes wounde:-
So wo was hem that changen gan hir hewe,
And day they gonnen to dispysye al newe,
Calling it traytour, envyous, and worse,
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

Quod Troilus, "Allas! now am I war
That Pirous and tho swifte stedes three,
Which that drawen forth the sonnes char,
Han goon som by-path in despyt of me,
That maketh it so sone day to be.
And for the sonne him hasteth thus to ryse
Ne shal I nevere doon him sacrifyse!"

But nedes day departe moste hem sone;
And whan hir speche doon was and hir chere,
They twinne anoon as they were wont to done,
And setten tyme of meting eft y-ferne.
And many a night they wroughte in this manere,
And thus Fortune a tyme ladde in Ioye
Criseyde and eek this kings eone of Troye.

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singinges,
This Troilus gan al his lyf to lede.
He spendeth, Iusteth, maketh festeynges;
He yeveth frely ofte, and chaunge thou wede,
And held aboute him alwey, out of drede,
A world of folk, as cam him wel of kinde,
The fressheste and the beste he coude fynde.

And most of love and vertu was his speche,
And in despyt had alle wrecchednesse;
And doubtlesse, no nedē was him biseche
To honoure hem that hadde worthinesse
And esen hem that weren in distresse.
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,
That lover was, whan he it wiste or herde.

Sk., III, 1695–1722; 1786–1792
For sooth to seyn, he lost held every wight  
But-if he were in Loves heigh servyse,  
I mene folk that oughte it been of right.  
And over al this, so wel coude he devyse  
Of sentement, and in so unkouth wyse  
Al his array, that every lover thoughte  
That al was wel, what-so he seythe or wroughte.

Thou lady bright, the daughter to Dione,  
Thy blinde and winged sone eek, Daun Cupyde;  
Ye sustren nyne eek that by Elicone  
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde:  
That ye thus fer han deyned me to gyde,  
I can no morē but—sin that ye wol wende—  
Ye heried been for ay, with-outen ende!

Thourgh yow have I seyd fully in my song  
Theffect and Ioye of Troilus servyse,  
Al be that ther was som disese among,  
As to myn auctor listeth to devyse.  
My thridde book now ende ich in this wyse;  
And Troilus in lust and in quiete  
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte swete.

Explicit Liber Tercius.

Book IV

Incipit Quartus Liber

But al to litel, weylawey the whyle,  
Lasteth swich Ioye, y-thonked be Fortune!  
That semeth trewest whan she wol bygyle,  
And can to foles so hir song entune  
That she hem hent and blent, traytour comune;  
And whan a wight is from hir wheel y-throwe,  
Than laugheth she and maketh him the mowe.
O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,  
That endeles compleynen evere in pyne,  
Megera, Alete, and eek Thesiphone;  
Thou cruel Mars eek, fader to Quiryne:  
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,  
So that the los of lyf and love y-fere  
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Ligging in ost, as I have seyd er this,  
The Grekes stronge aboute Troye toun,  
Bifel that whan that Phebus shyning is  
Up-on the brest of Hercules Lyoun,  
That Ector, with ful many a bold baroun,  
Caste on a day with Grekes for to fighte,  
As he was wont to greve hem what he mighte.

The longe day, with speres sharpe y-grounde,  
With arwes, dartes, swerdes, maces felle,  
They fighte and bringen hors and man to grounde,  
And with hir axes oute the braynes quelle.  
But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle,  
The folk of Troye hem-selven so misledden  
That with the worse at night homward they fledden.

At whiche day was taken Antenor,  
Maugre Polydamas or Monesteo,  
Santipee, Sarpedon, Polynestor,  
Polyte, or eek the Troian Daun Ripheo,  
And othere lasse folk, as Phebuseo.  
So that for harm that day the folk of Troye  
Dredden to lese a greet part of hir Ioye.

Of Pryamus was yeve at Greek requeste  
A tyme of trewe, and tho they gonnen trete  
Hir prisoneres to chaungen, moste and lest,  
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete.  
This thing anoon was couth in every strete,  
Bothe in thasseege, in toune, and every-where,  
And with the firste it cam to Calkas ere.
Whan Calkas knew this tretis sholde holde
In consistorie among the Grekes, sone
He gan in thringe forth with lordes olde,
And sette him ther-as he was wont to done;
And with a chaunged face hem bad a bone,
For love of God, to don that reverence
To stinte noyse and yeve him audience.

Than seyde he thus, "Lo! lordes myne, I was
Troian, as it is knowen out of drede;
And if that yow remembre, I am Calkas;
That alderfirst yaf comfort to your nede,
And tolde wel how that ye sholden spede.
For dredeles thorugh yow shal in a stounde
Ben Troye y-brend and beten doun to grounde.

"Having un-to my tresour ne my rente
Right no resport, to respect of your ese,
Thus al my good I loste and to yow wente,
Wening in this you, lordes, for to plese.
But al that los ne doth me no disese.
I vouche-sauf, as wisly have I Ioye,
For yow to lese al that I have in Troye,

"Save of a daughter that I lafte, allas!
Sleping at hoom, whan out of Troye I sterte.
O sterne, O cruell fader that I was!
How mighte I have in that so hard an herte?
Allas! I ne had y-brought hir in hir sherte!
For sorwe of which I wol not livë to morwe,
But-if ye lorde rewe up-on my sorwe.

"Ye have now caught and fetere in prisoun
Troians y-nowe; and if your wille be
My child with oon may have redempcioun,
Now for the love of God and of bountee,
Oon of so fele, allas! so yeve him me!
What nedë were it this preyerë for to werne
Sin ye shul bothë han folk and toun as yerne?"
Telling his tale alway, this olde greye,
Humble in speche and in his looking eke,
The salte teres from his eyen tweye
Ful faste ronnen doun by eyther cheke.
So longe he gan of socour hem by-seke
That for to hele him of his sorwes sore
They yave him Antenor, with-oute more.

But who was glad y-nough but Calkas tho?
And of this thing ful sone his nedes leyde
On hem that sholden for the tretis go,
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde
To bringen hoom King Toas and Criseyde.
And whan Pryam his save-garde sente,
Thembassadours to Troye streyght they wente.

The cause y-told of hir coming, the olde
Pryam the king ful sone in general
Let heer-upon his parlement to holde,
Of which the effect rehersen yow I shal.
Thembassadours ben answered for fynal,
Theschaunge of prisoners and al this nede
Hem lyketh wel, and forth in they procede.

This Troilus was present in the place
Whan axed was for Antenor Criseyde,
For which ful sone chaungeng gan his face,
As he that with tho wordes wel neigh deyde.
But nathelees, he no word to it seyde
Lest men sholde his affeccioune espye;
With mannes herte he gan his sorwes drye.

And ful of anguish and of grisly drede
Abood what lorde wolde un-to it seye.
And if they wolde graunte, as God forbede,
Theschaunge of hir, than thoughte he thinges tweye:
First, how to save hir honour, and what weye
He mighte best theschaunge of hir withstonde.
Ful faste he caste how al this mighte stonde.
Love him made al prest to doon hir byde,
And rather dye than she sholde go;
But rcsoun seyde him, on that other syde,
"With-oute assent of hir ne do not so,
Lest for thy wwerk she wolde be thy fo
And seyn that thorugh thy medling is y-blowe
Your bother love, ther it was erst unknowe."

For which he gan deliben, for the beste,
That though the lordes wolde that she wente,
He wolde late hem graunte what hem leste,
And telle his lady first what that they mente.
And whan that she had seyd him hir entente,
Ther-after wolde he werken also blyve
Though al the world ayein it wolde stryve.

Ector, which that wel the Grekes herde,
For Antenor how they wolde han Criseyde,
Gan it withstone, and sobrely answerde:
"Sires, she nis no prisoner," he seyde;
"I noot on yow who hath this charge leyde,
But on my part ye may eft-sone him telle
We usen heer no wommen for to selle."

The noyse of peple up-stirte than at ones,
As breme as blase of straw y-set on fyre;
For infortune it wolde, for the nones,
They sholden hir confusioun desyre.
"Ector," quod they, "what goost may yow enspyre
This womman thus to shilde and doon us lese
Daun Antenor? A wrong wey now ye chese,

"That is so wys and eek so bold baroun,
And we han nede of folk, as men may see.
He is eek oon the grettest of this toun.
O Ector, lat tho fantasyes be!
O King Pryam," quod they, "thus seggen we,
That al our voys is to for-gon Criseyde;"
And to deliveren Antenor they preyde.
O Iuvenal, lord! trewe is thy sentence
That litel witen folk what is to yerne
That they ne finde in hir desyr offence;
For cloude of errour lat hem not descerne
What best is: and lo, hear ensample as yerne.
This folk desiren now deliverance
Of Antenor, that broughte hem to mischaunce!

For he was after traytour to the toun
Of Troye; alas! they quitte him out to rathe!
O nyce world, lo, thy discrecioun!
Criseyde, which that nevere did hem skathe,
Shal now no lenger in hir blisse bathe;
But Antenor, he shal come hoom to toune,
And she shal oute: thus sayden here and howne.

For which delibered was by parlement
For Antenor to yelden up Criseyde,
And it pronounced by the president,
Al-theigh that Ector "Nay" ful ofte preyde.
And frynaly what wight that it with-seyde,
It was for nought, it moste been, and sholde;
For substaunce of the parlement it wolde.

Departed out of parlement echone,
This Troilus, with-oute wordes mo,
Un-to his chaumber spedde him faste allone,
But-if it were a man of his or two,
The which he bad oute faste for to go
By-cause he wolde slepen, as he seyde,
And hastely up-on his bed him leyde.

He rist him up, and every dore he shette
And windowe eek, and tho this sorweful man
Up-on his beddes syde a-doun him sette,
Ful lyk a deed image pale and wan.
And in his brest the heped wo bigan
Out-breste, and he to werken in this wyse
In his woodnesse, as I shal yow devyse.

Sk., IV, 197–224; 232–238
Right as the wilde bole biginneth springe
Now her, now ther, y-darted to the herte,
And of his deeth roreth in compleyninge,
Right so gan he aboute the chaumbre sternete,
Smyting his brest ay with his festes smerte.
His head ay to the wal, his body to the grounde,
Ful ofte he swapté, him-selven to confounde.

But after whan the furie and the rage
Which that his herte twiste and faste threste,
By lengthe of tyme somewhat gan asswage,
Up-on his bed he leyde him doun to reste.
But tho bigonne his teres more out-breste
That wonder is the body may suffysye
To half this wo which that I yow devyse.

Than seyde he thus, "Fortune! allas, the whyle!
What have I doon, what have I thus a-gilt?
How mightestow for reuthe me bigyle?
Is ther no grace, and shal I thus be spilt?
Shal thus Criseyde awey for that thou wilt?
Allas! how maystow in thyn herte finde
To been to me thus cruel and unkinde?

"O olde, unholsom, and mislyved man!
Calkas I mene, allas! what eyleth thee
To been a Greek, sin thou art born Troian?
O Calkas, which that wilt my bane be,
In cursed tyme was thou born for me!
As wolde blissful Ilove, for his Ioye,
That I thee hadde wher I wolde in Troye!"

A thousand sykes hotter than the glede
Out of his brest ech after other wente,
Medled with pleyntes newe, his wo to fede,
For which his woful teres nevere stente.
And shortly, so his peynes him to-rente
And wex so mat that Ioye nor penaunce
He feleth noon, but lyth forth in a traunce.
Pandare, which that in the parlement
Had herd what every lord and burgeys seyde,
And how ful graunted was by oon assent
For Antenor to yelden so Criseyde,
Gan wel neigh wood out of his wit to breyde,
So that for wo he niste what he mente;
But in a rees to Troilus he wente.

A certeyn knight, that for the tyme kepte
The chaambique-dore, un-did it him anoon.
And Pandare, that ful tendreliche wepte,
In-to the derke chaambique, as stille as stoon,
Toward the bed gan softly to goon,
So confus that he niste what to seye.
For verry wo his wit was neig aweye.

And with his chere and looking al to-torn
For sorwe of this, and with his armes folden,
He stood this woful Troilus biforn
And on his pitous face he gan biholden.
But Lord, so often gan his herte colden,
Seing his frend in wo, whos hevinesse
His herte slow, as thoughte him, for distresse!

But at the laste this woful Troilus,
Ney ded for smert, gan bresten oute to rore,
And with a sorwful noyse he seyde thus
Among his sobbes and his sykes sore:
"Lo! Pandare, I am deed, with-outen more.
Hastow nought herd at parlement," he seyde,
"For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?"

This Pandarus, ful deed and pale of hewe,
Ful pitously answerde and seyde, "Yis!
As wisly were it fals as it is trewe
That I have herd and wot al how it is!
O mercy, God, who wolde havë trowed this?
Who wolde havë wend that in so litel a throwë
Fortune our loye wolde han over-throwe?

Sk., IV, 344–364; 372–385
"But tell me this, why thou art now so mad
To sorwen thus? why lystow in this wyse,
Sin thy desyr al holly hastow had,
So that by right it oughte y-now suffyse?
But I, that nevere felte in my servyse
A frendly chere or loking of an ye,
Lat me thus wepe and wayle, til I dye.

"And over al this, as thou wel wost thy-selve,
This town is ful of ladies al aboute;
And to my doom, fairer than swiche twelve
As evere she was, shal I finde in som route,
Ye, oon or two, with-outer any doute.
For-thy be glad, myn owene dere brother,
If she be lost, we shul recovere another."

This wordes seyde he for the nones alle
To helpe his freend lest he for sorwe deyde.
For douteles to doon his wo to falle,
He roughte not what unthrift that he seyde.
But Troilus, that neigh for sorwe deyde,
Tok litel hede of al that evere he mente:
Oon ere it herde, at the other oute it wenete.

But at the laste answerde and seyde, "Freend,
This lechecraft, or heled thus to be,
Were wel sitting if that I were a feend,
To trysen hir that trewe is unto me!
I pray God lat this consayl nevere y-thee;
But do me rather sterve anon-right here
Er I thus do as thou me woldest lere.

"She that I serve, y-wis, what so thou seye,
To whom myn herte enhabit is by right,
Shal han me holly hirel til that I deye.
For Pandarus, sin I have trothe hir hight,
I wol not been untrew for no wight;
But as hir man I wol ay live and sterve
And nevere other creature serve.
“And ther thou seyst thou shalt as faire finde
As she, lat be, makè no comparisoun
To creature y-formed heer by kinde.
O leve Pandare, in conclusioun,
I wol not be of thyn opinioun,
Touching al this. For which I thee biseche
So hold thy pees; thou sleest me with thy speche!”

This Troilus in teres gan distille
As licour out of alambyk ful haste;
And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille,
And to the grounde his eyen doun he caste.
But nathelees, thus thoughte he at the laste,
“What, parde, rather than my felawê deye,
Yet shoal I somwhat more un-to him seye.”

And seyde “Freend, sin thou hast swich distresse,
And sin thee list myn arguments to blame,
Why nilt thy-selven helpen doon redresse,
And with thy manhod letten al this grame?
Go ravisshe hir ne canstow not? For shame!
And outhere lat hir out of toune fare,
Or hold hir stille and levê thy nyce fare!

“Artow in Troye, and hast non hardiment
To take a womman which that loveth thee,
And wolde hir-selven been of thyn assent?
Now is not this a nyce vanitee?
Rys up anoon, and lat this weping be,
And kyth thou art a man; for in this houre
I wil be deed, or she Jal be leven oure.”

To this answerede him Troilus ful softe
And seyde, “Parde, leve brother dere,
Al this have I my-self yet thought ful ofte,
And more thing than thou devysest here.
But why this thing is laft, thou shalt wel here;
And whan thou me hast yeve an audience,
Ther-after mayst thou telle al thy sentence.

Sk., IV, 449–455; 519–546
"First, sin thou wost this toun hath al this werre
For ravisshing of wommen so by might,
It sholde not be suffred me to erre,
As it stant now, ne doon so gret unright.
I sholde han also blame of every wight,
My faders graunt if that I so withstode,
Sin she is chaunged for the tounes goode.

"I have eek thought, so were it hir assent,
To aske hir at my fader of his grace;
Than thenke I this were hir accusement,
Sin wel I woot I may hir not purchace.
For sin my fader in so heigh a place
As parlement hath hir eschaunge enseled,
He nil for me his lettre be repeled.

"Yet drede I most hir herte to pertourbe
With violence, if I do swich a game;
For if I wolde it openly distourbe,
It moste been disclaudre to hir name.
And me were lever deed than hir defame,
As nolde God but-if I sholde have
Hir honour lever than my lyf to save!

"Thus am I lost for ought that I can see;
For certeyn is sin that I am hir knight,
I moste hir honour lever han than me
In every cas, as lover oughte of right.
Thus am I with desyr and reson twight:
Desyr for to distourben hir me redeth,
And reson nil not, so myn herte dreeth."

Thus weping that he coude nevere cesse,
He seyde, "Allas! how shal I, wrecche, fare?
For wel fele I alwey my love encresse,
And hope is lasse and lasse alwey, Pandare!
Encressen eek the causes of my care;
So wel-a-wey, why nil myn herte breste?
For as in love ther is but litel reste."
Pandare answerde, "Freend, thou mayst, for me, 
Don as thee list. But had ich it so hote, 
And thyn estat, she sholde go with me. 
Though al this toun cryede on this thing by note, 
I nolde sette at al that noyse a grote. 
For when men han wel cryed, than wol they rounge: 
A wonder last but nyné night nevere in toune.

"Devyne not in reson ay so depe 
Ne curteysly, but help thy-self anoon. 
Bet is that othere than thy-selven wepe, 
And namely, sin ye two been al oon. 
Rys up, for by myn heed, she shal not goon! 
And rather be in blame a lyte y-founde 
Than sterve heer as a gnat with-oute wounde!"

This Troilus gan with tho wordes quiken, 
And seyde, "Freend, graunt mercy, ich assente. 
But certaynly thou mayst not me so priken, 
Ne peyne anoon ne may me so tormente, 
That for no cas it is not myn entente, 
At shorte wordes, though I dyen sholde, 
To ravishe hir, but-if hir-self it wolde."

"Why, so mene I," quod Pandarus, "al this day. 
But telle me than, hastow hir wel assayed, 
That sorwest thus?" And he answerde, "Nay." 
"Wher-of artow," quod Pandaré, "than a-mayed, 
That nost not that she wol ben yvel apayed 
To ravishe hir, sin thou hast not ben there, 
But-if that Iove tolde it in thyn ere?"

"For-thy rys up, as nought ne were, anoon, 
And wash thy face, and to the king thou wende, 
Or he may wondren whider thou art goon. 
Thou most with wisdom him and othere blende; 
Or up-on cas he may after thee sende 
Er thou be war. And shortly, brother dere, 
Be glad and lat me werke in this matere.
“For I shall shape it so that sikerly
Thou shalt this night som tyme in som manere
Com speke with thy lady prevely,
And by hir wordes eek and by hir chere
Thou shalt ful sone apaceyve and wel here
Al hir entente, and in this cas the beste.
And far now wel, for in this poyn I reste.”

The swifte Fame, which that false thinges
Egal reporteth lyk the thinges trewe,
Was thorough-out Troye y-fled with preste winges
Fro man to man, and made this tale al newe,
How Calkas daughtar with hir brighte hewe,
At parlament, with-out wordes more,
I-graunted was in chaunge of Antenore.

The whiche tale anoon-right as Criseyde
Had herd, she which that of hir fader roughte,
As in this cas, right nought, ne whan he deyde,
Ful bisily to Iuppiter bisoughte
Yeve him mischaunce that this tretis broughte.
But shortly, lest thisë tales sothe were,
She dorste at no wight asken it for fere.

As she that had hir herte and al hir minde
On Troilus y-set so wonder faste
That al this world ne mighte hir love unbinde
Ne Troilus out of hir herte caste,
She wol ben his, whyl that hir lyf may laste.
And thus she brennethe bothe in love and drede,
So that she niste what was best to rede.

But as men seen in toune and al aboute
That wommen usen frendes to visyte,
So to Criseyde of wommen com a route
For pitous Ioye, and wenden hir delyte.
And with hir tales dere y-nough a myte,
These wommen, which that in the cite dwelle,
They sette hem down and seyde as I shal telle.
Quod first that oon, "I am glad trewely
By-cause of yow that shal your fader see."
A-nother seyde, "Y-wis, so nam not I;
For al to litel hath she with us be."
Quod tho the thridde, "I hope, y-wis, that she
Shal bringen us the peas on every syde,
That whan she gooth, almighty God hir gyde!"

Tho wordes and tho wommanisshe thinges
She herde hem right as though she thennes were;
For, God it wot, hir herte on other thing is,
Although the body sat among hem there.
Hir advertence is alwey elles-where;
For Troilus ful faste hir soule soughte,
With-outen word alwey on him she thoughte.

For which no lenger mighte she restreyne
Hir teres, so they gonnen up to welle,
That yeven signes of the bittre payne
In which hir spirit was and moste dwelle,
Remembring hir, fro hevene unto which helle
She fallen was sith she forgoth the sighte
Of Troilus; and sorrowfully she sighte.

And thilke foles sitting hir aboute
Wenden that she wepte and syked sore
By-cause that she sholde out of that route
Departe and nevere pleye with hem more.
And they that had y-knownen hir of yore
Seye hir so wepe, and thoughte it kindenesse,
And ech of hem wepte eek for hir distresse.

But after al this nyce vanitee
They toke hir leve, and hoom they wenten alle.
Criseyde ful of sorweful pitee,
In-to hir chaumbre up wente out of the halle,
And on hir bed she gan for deed to falle,
In purpos nevere thennes for to ryse.
And thus she wroughte as I shal yow devyse.

Sk., IV, 687–700; 708–721; 729–735
Hir ounded heer that sonnish was of hewe,
She rente, and eek hir fingres longe and smale
She wrong ful ofte, and bad God on hir rewe
And with the deeth to doon bote on hir bale.
Hir hewe, whylom bright, that tho was pale,
Bar witnesse of hir wo and hir constreynte.
And thus she spak, sobbing in hir compleynye:

"Alas!" quod she, "out of this regioun
I, woful wrecche and infortuned wight,
And born in corsesd constellacioun,
Mot goon, and thus departen fro my knight.
Wo worth, alas! that ilke dayes light
On which I saw him first with eyen tweyne,
That causeth me, and I him, al this peyne!"

Therwith the teres from hir eyen two
Doun fille as shour in Aperill ful swythe.
Hir whyte brest she bet, and for the wo
After the deeth she cryed a thousand sythe,
Sin he that wont hir wo was for to lythe
She mot for-goon; for which disaventure
She held hir-self a forlost creature.

How mighte it evere y-red ben or y-songe,
The pleynpte that she made in hir distresse?
I noot; but as for me, my litel tonge,
If I discreven wolde hir hevinesse,
It sholde make hir sorwe seme lesse
Than that it was, and childishly deface
Hir heigh compleynye, and therfore ich it pace.

Pandare, which that sent from Troilus
Was to Criseyde, as ye han herd devyse.
That for the beste it was accorded thus,
And he ful glad to doon him that servyse,
Un-to Criseyde in a ful secrey wyse,
Ther-as she lay in torment and in rage,
Com hir to telle al hoolly his message.
And fond that she hir-selven gan to trete
Ful pitously; for with hir salte teres
Hir brest, hir face, y-bathed was ful wete;
The mighty tresses of hir sonnish heres
Unbroyden hangen al aboute hir eres,
Which yaf him verray signal of martyre
Of deeth, which that hir herte gan desyre.

Whan she him saw, she gan for sorwe anoon
Hir tery face a-twixe hir armes hyde,
For which this Pandare is so wo bi-goon
That in the hous he mighte unnethe abyde,
As he that pitee felte on every syde.
For if Criseyde had erst compleyned sore,
Tho gan she pleyne a thousand tymes more.

And in hir aspre pleynte than she seyde,
"Pandare first of Ioyes mo than two
Was cause causing un-to me Criseyde,
That now transmuwed been in cruel wo.
Wher shal I seye to yow 'welcome' or no,
That alderfirst me broughte in-to servyse
Of love, allas! that endeth in swich wyse?"

"And thou, my suster, ful of discomfort,"
Quod Pandarus, "what thankestow to do?
Why ne hastow to thy-selven som resport,
Why woltow thus thy-selve, allas! for-do?
Leef al this werk and tak now hede to
That I shal seyn, and herkne of good entente
This, which by me thy Troilus thee sente."

Tornede hir tho Criseyde, a wo makinge
So greet that it a deeth was for to see:—
"Allas!" quod she, "what wordes may ye bringe?
What wol my dere herte seyn to me,
Which that I drede nevere-mo to see?
Wol he have pleynte or teres er I wende?
I have y-nowe, if he ther-after sende!"
She was right swich to seen in hir visage
As is that wight that men on bere binde:
Hir face, lyk of Paradys the image,
Was al y-chaunged in another kinde.
The pley, the laughtre men was wont to finde
In hir, and eek hir Ioyes everychone,
Ben fled, and thus lyth now Criseyde allone.

Aboute hir eyen two a purpre ring
Bi-trent in sothfast tokning of hir payne,
That to biholde it was a dedly thing,
For which Pandare mighte not restreyne
The teres from his eyen for to reyne.
But nathelesse, as he best mighte, he seyde
From Troilus thise wordes to Criseyde:—

"Lo, nece, I trowe ye han herd al how
The king with othere lordes for the beste
Hath mad eschaunge of Antenor and yow,
That cause is of this sorwe and this unreste.
But how this cas doth Troilus moleste,
That may non erthely mannes tonge seye;
For verray wo his wit is al aweye.

"For which we han so sorwed, he and I,
That in-to litel bothe it had us slawe;
But thurgh my conseil this day fynally
He somwhat is fro weeping now with-drawe.
And semeth me that he desyreth fawe
With yow to been al night for to devyse
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse."

"Gret is my wo," quod she, and sighte sore
As she that feleth dedly sharp distresse;
"But yet to me his sorwe is muchel more,
That love him bet than he him-self, I gesse.
Allas! for me hath he swiche hevinesse?
Can he for me so pitously compleyne?
Y-wis, this sorwe doubleth al my payne."
Grevous to me, God wot, is for to twinne,"
Quod she, "but yet it harder is to me
To seen that sorwe which that he is inne;
For wel wot I it wol my bane be,
And deye I wol in certayn," tho quod she.
"But bidde him come, er deeth, that thus me threteth,
Dryve oute that goost which in myn herte beteth."

Thisë wordes seyd, she on hir armes two
Fil gruf, and gan to wepe pitously.
Quod Pandarus, "Alas! why do ye so,
Syn wel ye wot the tyme is faste by
That he shal come? Arys up hastely
That he yow nat biwopen thus ne finde,
But ye wol han him wood out of his minde!

"For wiste he that ye ferde in this manere,
He wolde him-selve slee; and if I wende
To han this fare, he sholde not come here
For al the good that Pryam may dispende.
For to what fyn he wolde anoon pretende,
That knowe I wel; and for-thy yet I seye,
So leef this sorwe or platly he wol deye."

"Go," quod Criseyde, "and uncle, trewely,
I shal don al my mighte me to restreyne
From weping in his sighte, and bisily,
Him for to glade, I shal don al my peyne,
And in myn herte seken every veyne.
If to this soore ther may be founden salve
It shal not lakken, certain, on myn halve."

Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he soughte
Til in a temple he fond him al alone,
As he that of his lyf no lenger roughte.
But to the pitouse goddes everichone
Ful tendrely he preythe and made his mone
To doon him sone out of this world to pace;
For wel he thoughte ther was non other grace.

Sk., IV, 904–924; 939–952
And shortly, al the sothe for to seye,
He was so fallen in despeyr that day
That outhrely he shoop him for to deye.
For right thus was his argument alwey:
He seyde he nas but loren, waylawey!
"For al that comth, comth by necessitee;
Thus to be lorn, it is my destinee.

"For certaynly this wot I wel," he seyde,
"That for-sighte of divyne purveyaunce
Hath seyn alwey me to for-gon Criseyde,
Sin God seeth every thing, out of douteaunce,
And hem desponeth thoughg his ordenaunce
In hir merytes sothly for to be
As they shul comen by predestinee.

"But nathelees, allas! whom shal I leve?
For ther ben grete clerkes many oon
That destinee thorugh argumentes preve;
And som men seyn that nedely ther is noon,
But that free chois is yeven us everichoon.
O, welaway! so slye arn clerkes olde
That I not whos opinion I may holde.

"For som men seyn, if God seth al biforn,
Ne God may not deceyved ben, pardee,
Than moot it fallen, though men had it sworn,
That purveyaunce hath seyn bifore to be.
Wherefore I sey that from eterne if he
Hath wist biforn our thought eek as our dede,
We havê no free chois, as these clerkes rede."

Than seyde he thus, "Almighty Iove in trone
That wost of al this thing the soothfastnesse,
Rewe on my sorwe or do me deye sone,
Or bring Criseyde and me fro this distresse."
And whyl he was in al this hevinesse
Disputing with him-self in this matere,
Com Pandare in and seyde as ye may here.
"O mighty God," quod Pandarus, "in trone, 
Ey! who seigh evere a wys man faren so? 
Why, Troilus, what thenkestow to done? 
Hastow swich lust to been thyn owene fo? 
What, parde, yet is not Crisyde a-go! 
Why lust thee so thy-self for-doone for drede 
That in thyn heed thyn eyen semen dede?

"Hastow not lived many a yeer biforn 
With-outen hir, and ferd ful wel at ese? 
Artow for hir and for non other born? 
Hath kindé thee wroughte al-only hir to plese? 
Lat be, and thenk right thus in thy dise, 
That, in the dees right as ther fallen chaunces, 
Right so in love ther come and goon plesaunces.

"And yet this is a wonder most of alle, 
Why thou thus sorwest, sin thou nost not yit, 
Touching hir going, how that it shal falle, 
Ne if she can hir-self distorben it. 
Thou hast not yet assayed al hir wit. 
A man may al by tyme his nekke bede 
Whan it shal of, and sorwen at the nede.

"For-thy tak hede of that that I shal seye: 
I have with hir y-spoke and longe y-be, 
So as accorded was bitwixe us tweye. 
And evere-mo me thinketh thus, that she 
Hath som-what in hir hertes prevetee 
Wher-with she can, if I shal right arede, 
Distorbe al this of which thou art in drede.

"For which my counsell is, whan it is night, 
Thou to hir go and make of this an ende; 
And blissful Iuno thoughg hir grete might 
Shal, as I hope, hir grace un-to us sende. 
Myn herte seyth, 'Certeyn shal not wende;' 
And for-thy put thyne herte a whyle in reste, 
And hold this purpos, for it is the beste."

Sk., IV, 1086–1120
This Troilus answerde, and sighte sore,
"Thou seyst right wel, and I wil do right so;"
And what him liste, he seyde un-to it more.
And whan that it was tyme for to go,
Ful prevely him-self, with-uten mo,
Un-to hir com as he was wont to done.
And how they wroughte, I shal yow telle sone.

Soth is that whan they gonne first to mete,
So gan the peyne hir hertes for to twiste
That neither of hem other mighte grete,
But hem in armes toke and after, kiste.
The lasse woful of hem bothe niste
Wher that he was, ne mighte o word out-bringe,
As I seyde erst, for wo and for sobbinge.

Tho woful teres that they leten falle
As bitre weren, out of teres kinde,
For peyne as is ligne aloës or galle.
So bitre teres weep nought, as I finde,
The woful Myrra through the bark and rinde.
That in this world ther nis so hard an herte
That nolde han rewed on hir peynes smerte.

But whan hir woful wery gostes tweyne
Retorne been ther-as hem oughte dwelle,
And that som-what to wayken gan the peyne
By lengthe of pleyne, and ebben gan the welle
Of hir teres, and the herte unswelle,
With broken voys al hours for shrighet, Criseyde
To Troilus thise ilke wordes seyde:

"O Iove, I deye, and mercy I beseche!
Help, Troilus!" and ther-with-al hir face
Upon his brest she leyde, and loste speche;
Hir woful spirit from his propre place
Right with the word alwey up poynt to pace.
And thus she lyth with hewes pale and grene,
That whylom freshe and fairest was to sene.
This Troilus, that on hir gan bigholde,
Cleping hir name—and she lay as for deed
With-outé answere, and felte hir limes colde,
Hir eyen thrown upward to hir heed—
This sorwful man can now noon other reed,
But ofte tyme hir colde mouth he kiste.
Wher him was wo, God and him-self it wiste!

He rist him up and longe streight he hir leyde;
For signe of lyf, for ought he can or may,
Can he noon finde in no-thing on Criseyde,
For which his song ful ofte is "Weylaway!"
But whan he saugh that specheles she lay,
With sorwful voys and herte of blisse al bare
He seyde how she was fro this world y-fare!

So after that he longe had hir complayned,
His hondes wrong, and seyde that was to seye,
And with his teres salte hir brest bireyned,
He gan tho teris wypen of ful dreye,
And pitously gan for the soule preye,
And seyde, "O Lord, that set art in thy trone,
Rewe eek on me, for I shal folwe hir sone!"

And after this, with sterne and cruel herte,
His swerd a-noon out of his shethe he twighte
Him-self to sleen, how sore that him smerte,
So that his sowlé hir sowle folwen mighte
Ther-as the doom of Mynos wolde it dighte,
Sin Love and cruel Fortune it ne wolde
That in this world he lenger liven sholde.

Than seyde he thus, fulfild of heigh desdayn,
"O cruel Iove, and thou, Fortune adverse,
This al and som, that falsly have ye slayn
Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no worse,
Fy on your might and werkes so diverse!
Thus cowardly ye shul me nevere winne.
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

Sk., IV, 1156-1176; 1184-1197
"And thou, citee, which that I leve in wo,
And thou, Pryam, and bretheren al y-fere,
And thou, my moder, farewell! for I go!
And Attropos, make redy thou my bere!
And thou, Criseyde, O swete herte dere,
Receyve now my spirit!" wolde he seye,
With swerd at herte al redy for to deye.

But as God wolde, of swough ther-with she abreyde
And gan to syke and "Troilus" she cryde.
And he answorde, "Lady myn Criseyde,
Live ye yet?" and leet his swerd doun glyde.
"Ye, herte myn, that thanked be Cupyde!"
Quod she, and ther-with-al she sore sighte,
And he bigan to glade hir as he mighte.

Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir ofte,
And hir to glade he did al his entente,
For which hir goost, that flikered ay on-lofte,
In-to hir woful herte ayein it wenle.
But at the laste, as that hir eyen giunte
A-syde, anoon she gan his swerd aspye
As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye,

And asked him why he it had out-drawe.
And Troilus anoon the cause hir tolde,
And how himself ther-with he wolde have slawe,
For which Criseyde up-on him gan biholde,
And gan him in hir armes faste folde,
And seyde, "O mercy, God, lo, which a dede!
Allas! how neigh we were bothe dede!

"Than if I ne hadde spoken, as grace was,
Ye wolde han slayn your-self anoon?" quod she.
"Ye, douteless;" and she answorde, "Allas!
For by that ilke Lord that made me,
I nolde a forlong wey on-lyve han be
After your deeth, to han be crowned queene
Of al the lond the sonne on shyneth shene."

Sk., IV, 1205-1239
Whan they were in hir bedde in armes folde,
Nought was it lyk tho nightes heer-biforn;
For pitously ech other gan biholde
As they that hadden al hir blisse y-lorn,
Biwayling ay the day that they were born.
Til at the last this sorwful wight Criseyde
To Troilus these ilke wordes seyde:—

"Lo, herte myn, wel wot ye this," quod she,
"That if a wight alwey his wo compleyne,
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,
It nis but folye and encrees of peyne.
And sin that heer assembled be we twyne,
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne
It were al tyme sone to biginne.

"I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,
And as I am avysed sodeynly,
So wol I telle yow whyl it is hoot.
Me thinketh thus, that neither ye nor I
Oughte half this wo to make skilfully.
For ther is art y-now for to redresse
That yet is mis, and sleen this hevinesse.

"Sooth is, the wo, the which that we ben inne,
For ought I woot, for no-thing elles is
But for the cause that we sholden twinne.
Considered al, ther nis no-more amis.
But what is than a remede un-to this
But that we shape us sone for to mete?
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

"Now that I shal wel bringen it aboute
To come ayein, sone after that I go,
Ther-of am I no maner thing in doute.
For dredeles, with-in a wouke or two
I shal ben heer. And that it may be so
By alle right, and in a wordes fewe,
I shal yow wel an heep of weyes shewe.
“Now herkneth this, ye han wel understonde
My going graunted is by parlement,
So forfroth that it may not be with-stonde
For al this world, as by my Iugement.
And sin ther helpeth noon avysement
To letten it, lat it passe out of minde,
And lat us shape a bettre wey to finde.

“The sothe is that the twinning of us tweyne
Wol us disese and cruelliche anoye.
But him bihoveth som-tyme han a peyne
That serveth Love, if that he wol have Ioye.
And sin I shal no ferther out of Troye
Than I may ryde ayein on half a morwe,
It oughte lasse causen us to sorwe.

“So as I shal not so ben hid in muwe
That day by day, myn owene herte dere,
Sin wel ye woot that it is now a truwe,
Ye shul ful wel al myn estat y-here.
And er that truwe is doon, I shal ben here,
And than have ye bothe Antenor y-wonne
And me also: beth glad now, if ye conne!

“I see that ofte ther-as we ben now
That for the beste, our consel for to hyde,
Ye speke not with me nor I with yow
In fourtenight, ne see yow go ne ryde.
May ye not ten dayes than abyde
For myn honour in swich an aventure?
Y-wis, ye mowen elles lite endure!

“Ye knowe eek how that al my kin is here,
But-if that onliche it my fader be;
And eek myn othere thinges alle y-fere,
And nameliche, my dere herte, ye,
Whom that I nolde leven for to see
For al this world as wyd as it hath space;
Or elles see ich nevere Ioves face!
"Why trowe ye my fader in this wyse
Coveteth so to see me, but for drede
Lest in this toun that folkes me dispysse
By-cause of him for his unhappy dede?
What woot my fader what lyf that I lede?
For if he wiste in Troye how wel I fare,
Us nedeth for my wending nought to care.

"Ye seen that every day eek, more and more,
Men trete of pees. And it supposed is
That men the quene Eleyne shal restore,
And Grekes us restore that is mis.
So though ther nere comfort noon but this,
That men purposed pees on every syde,
Ye may the bettre at ese of herte abyde.

"And though so be that pees ther may be noon,
Yet hider, though ther nevere pees ne were,
I moste compe; for whider sholde I goon,
Or how mischaunce sholde I dwelle there
Among tho men of armes evere in fere?
For which, as wisly God my soule rede,
I can not seen wher-of ye sholden drede.

"Have heer another wey, if it so be
That al this thing ne may yow not suffyse.
My fader, as ye knowen wel, pardee,
Is old, and elde is ful of coveityse.
And I right now have founden al the gyse,
With-oute net, wher-whel I shal him hente.
And herkneth how, if that ye wole assente.

"The moeble which that I have in this toun
Un-to my fader shal I take, and seye
That right for trust and for savacioun
It sent is from a freend of his or twaye,
The whiche freendes ferventliche him preye
To senden after more, and that in hye,
Whyl that this toun stant thus in Iupartye.

Sk., IV, 1338–1351; 1359–1372; 1380–1386
"And that shal been an huge quantitee, 
Thus shal I seyn, but, lest it folk aspyde, 
This may be sent by no wight but by me. 
I shal eek shewen him if pees bityde 
What fremdes that ich have on every syde 
Toward the court, to doon the wrathe pace 
Of Priamus, and doon him stonde in grace.

"So what for o thing and for other, swete, 
I shal him so enchaunten with my sawes 
That right in hevene his sowle is, shal he mete! 
For al Appollo or his clerkes lawes 
Or calculating avayleth nought three hawes; 
Desyr of gold shal so his sowle blende 
That as me lyst I shal wel make an ende.

"And if he wolde ought by his sort it preve 
If that I lye, in certayn I shal fonde 
Distorben him and plukke him by the sleve, 
Making his sort, and beren him on honde, 
He hath not wel the goddes understonde. 
For goddes speken in amphibilogyes, 
And for oo sooth they tellen twenty lyes.

"Eek drede fond first goddes, I suppose: 
Thus shal I seyn, and that his cowarde herte 
Made him amis the goddes text to glose 
Whan he for ferde out of his Delphos sterte. 
And but I make him sone to converte 
And doon my reed with-in a day or tweye 
I wol to yow oblige me to deye."

And treweliche, as writen wel I finde, 
That al this thing was seyd of good entente; 
And that hir herte trewe was and kinde 
Towardes him, and spak right as she mente, 
And that she starf for wo neigh, whan she wente, 
And was in purpos evere to be trewe. 
Thus writen they that of hir werkes knewe.
This Troilus with herte and eres spradde
Herde al this thing devysen to and fro;
And verraylich him semed that he hadde
The selve wit, but yet to lete hir go
His herte misforyaf him evere-mo.
But fynally he gan his herte wreste
To trusten hir, and took it for the beste.

But natheles the wending of Criseyde,
For al this world, may nought out of his minde;
For which ful ofte he pitously hir preyde
That of hir heste he mighte hir trewe finde.
And seyde hir, "Certes, if ye be unkinde,
And but ye come at day set in-to Troye,
Ne shal I nevere have hele, honour, ne Ioye.

"For al-so sooth as sonne up-rist on morwe,
And God! so wisly thou me, woful wrecche,
To reste brinche out of this cruel sorwe,
I wol my-selven slee if that ye drecche.
But of my deeth though litel be to recche,
Yet, er that ye me cause so to smerte,
Dwel rather heer, myn owene swete herte!

"For trewely, myn owene lady dere,
Tho sleightes yet that I have herd yow stere
Ful shaply been to failen alle y-fere.
For thus men seyn, 'That oon thenketh the bere,
But al another thenketh his ledere.'
Your sire is wys, and seyd is, out of drede,
'Men may the wyse at-renne, and not at-rede.'

"It is ful hard to halten unespyed
Bifore a crepel, for he can the craft.
Your fader is in sleighte as Argus yéd;
For al be that his moeble is him birafte,
His olde sleighte is yet so with him laft
Ye shal not blende him for your woman hede,
Ne feyne a-right, and that is al my drede.
"I noot if pees shal evere-mo bityde;
But pees or no, for ernest ne for game,
I woot sin Calkas on the Grekes syde
Hath ones been and loste so foule his name,
He dar no more come her ayein for shame,
For which that wey for ough I can espie
To trusten on nis but a fantasye.

"Ye shal eek seen your fader shal yow glose
To been a wyf; and as he can wel preche
He shal som Grek so preyse and wel alose
That ravisshen he shal yow with his speche,
Or do yow doon by force as he shal teche.
And Troilus, of whom ye nil han routhye,
Shal causeles so sterven in his trouthe!

"And over al this, your fader shal despyse
Us alle, and seyn this citee nis but lorn;
And that thassee nevere shal aryse
For-why the Grekes han it alle sworn
Til we be slayn and doun our walles torn.
And thus he shal you with his wordes fere
That ay drede I that ye wol bleve there.

"Ye shul eek seen so many a lusty knight
A-mong the Grekes ful of worthiness,
And ech of hem with herte, wit, and might,
To plesen yow don al his besinesse,
That ye shul dullen of the rudeness
Of us sely Troians, but-if routhye
Remorde yow, or vertu of your trouthe.

"And this to me so grevous is to thinke
That fro my brest it wol my soule rende.
Ne dredeles in me ther may not sinke
A good opinoun if that ye wende,
For-why your faderes sleighte wol us shende.
And if ye goon, as I have told yow yore,
So thenk I nam but deed, with-oute more.
"For which with humble, trewe, and pitous herte
A thousand tymes mercy I yow preye.
So reweth on myn aspre peynes smerte,
And doth somwhat as that Ishal yow seye
And lat us stele away betwixe us tweye.
And thnk that folye is, whan man may chese,
For accident his substaunce ay to lese.

"I mene this, that sin we mowe er day
Wel stele away and been to-gider so,
What wit were it to putten in assay,
In cas ye sholden to your fader go,
If that ye mighte come ayein or no?
Thus mene I, that it were a gret folye
To putte that sikernesse in Iupartye.

"And vulgarily to speken of substaunce
Of tresour, may we bothe with us lede
Y-nough to live in honour and plesaunce
Til in-to tyme that we shul ben dede.
And thus we may eschewen al this drede;
For everich other wey ye can recorde,
Myn herte, y-wis, may not ther-with acorde.

"And hardily, ne dredeth no povertye,
For I have kin and frendes elles-where
That, though we comen in our bare sherte,
Us sholde neither lakke gold ne gerye
But been honoured whyl we dwelten there.
And go we anoon, for, as in myn entente,
This is the beste, if that ye wrote assente."

Criseyde, with a syk, right in this wyse
Answerde, "Y-wis, my dere herte trewe,
We may wel stele away as ye dęvyse,
And finde swiche unthrifty weyes newe,
But afterward ful sore it wol us rewe.
And helpe me God so at my moste nede
As causeles ye suffren al this drede!

Sk., IV, 1499–1533
"For thilke day that I for cherisshinge
Or drede of fader, or of other wight,
Or for estat, deilty, or for weddinge
Be fals to yow, my Troilus, my knight,
Saturnes doughter, Iuno, thorugh hir might,
As wood as Athamante do me dwelle
Eternaly in Stix, the put of helle!

"But that ye speke away thus for to go
And leten alle your freendes, God for-bede
For any womman that ye sholden so,
And namely sin Troye hath now swich nede
Of help. And eek of o thing taketh hede,
If this were wist, my lyf laye in balaunce
And your honour: God shilde us fro mischaunce!

"And if so be that pees her-after take,
As alday happeth, after anger, game,
Why, Lord! the sorwe and wo ye wolden make
That ye ne dorste come ayein for shame!
And er that ye Iuparten so your name,
Beth nought to hasty in this hote fare;
For hasty man ne wanteth neveere care.

"What trowe ye the peple eek al aboute
Wolde of it seye? It is ful light to arede.
They wolden seye, and swere it, out of doute,
That love ne droof yow nought to doon this dede,
But lust voluptuous and coward driede.
Thus were al lost, y-wis, myn herte dere,
Your honour, which that now shyneth so clere.

"And also thenketh on myn honestee,
That floureth yet, how foule I sholde it shende,
And with what filthe it spotted sholde be,
If in this forme I sholde with yow wende.
Ne though I livede un-to the worldes ende,
My name sholde I neveere ayeinward winne.
Thus were I lost, and that were routhe and sinne.
"And trusteth this, that certes, herte swete,
Er Phebus suster, Lucina the shene,
The Leoun passe out of this Ariete,
I wol ben heer, with-outen any wene.
I mene, as helpê me Iuno, hevenes quene,
The tenthe day, but-if that deeth me assayle,
I wol yow seen, with-outen any fayle."

"And now, so this be sooth," quod Troilus,
"I shal wel suffre un-to the tenthe day,
Sin that I see that nede it moot be thus.
But for the love of God, if it be may,
So lat us stele prively away!
For evere in oon, as for to live in reste,—
Myn herte seyth that it wol been the beste."

"O mercy, God, what lyf is this?" quod she;
"Allas, ye slee me thus for verry tene!
I see wel now that ye mistrusten me;
For by your wordes it is wel y-sene.
Now for the love of Cynthia, the shene,
Mistrust me not thus causeles, for routhe,
Sin to be trewe I havê yow plight my trouthe.

"And thenketh wel that som tyme it is wit
To spende a tyme a tyme for to winne;
Ne, pardee, lorn am I nought fro yow yit,
Though that we been a day or two a-twinne.
Dryf out the fantasies yow with-inne,
And trusteth me, and leveth eek your sorwe,
Or heer my trouthe, I wol not live til morwe.

"For if ye wiste how sore it doth me smerte,
Ye wolde cesse of this; for God, thou wost
The pure spirit wepeth in myn herte
To see yow wepen that I love most,
And that I moot gon to the Grekes ost.
Ye, nere it that I wiste remedye
To come ayein, right heer I wolde dye!

Sk., IV, 1590–1624
"And over al this, I pray yow," quod she tho,
"Myn owene hertas soothfast suffisaunce,
Sin I am thyne al hool, with-outen mo,
That whyl that I am absent, no plesaunce
Of othere do me fro your remebraunce.
For I am evere a-gast, for-why men rede
That 'Love is thing ay ful of bisy drede.'"

To this answerde Troilus and seyde,
"Now God, to whom ther nis no cause y-wrye,
Me glade, as wis I nevere un-to Criseyde,
Sin thilke day I saw hir first with yē,
Was fals ne nevere shal til that I dyē.
At shorte wordes, wel ye may me leve:
I can no more, it shal be founde at preve."

"Graunt mercy, goode myn, y-wis," quod she,
"And blisful Venus lat me nevere sterve
Er I may stonde of plesaunce in degree
To quyte him wel that so wel can deserve.
And whyl that God my wit wol me conserve,
I shal so doon, so trewe I havē yow founde,
That ay honour to me-ward shal rebounde.

"For trusteth wel that your estat royal
Ne veyn delyt, nor only worthinesse
Of yow in werre, or torney marcial,
Ne pompe, array, nobleye, or eek richesse,
Ne made me to rewe on your distresse;
But moral vertu, grounded upon trouthe,
That was the cause I first had on yow routhel

"And this may lengthe of yeres not for-do,
Ne remuable Fortune deface.
But Iuppiter, that of his might may do
The sorwful to be glad, so yeve us grace
Er nightes ten to meten in this place,
So that it may your herte and myn suffysse.
And fareth now wel, for tyme is that ye ryse."

Sk., IV, 1639–1645; 1653–1673; 1681–1687
And after that they longe y-pleyned hadde,
And ofte y-kist and streit in armes folde,
The day gan ryse, and Troilus him cladde,
And rewfulliche his lady gan biholde
As he that felte dethes cares colde.
And to hir grace he gan him recomaunde:
Wher him was wo, this holde I no demaunde.

For mannys heed imaginyn ne can,
Ne entendement considere, ne tounge telle,
The cruel peynes of this sorwful man,
That passen every torment doun in helle.
For whan he saughe that she ne mighte dwelle,
Which that his soule out of his herte rente,
With-outen more, out of the chaumbre he wente.

Explicit Liber Quartus.

Book V

Incipit Liber Quintus

Aprochen gan the fatal destinee
That Ioves hath in disposicioun,
And to yow, angry Parcas, sustren three,
Committeth to don executioun;
For which Criseyde moste out of the toun,
And Troilus shal dwelle forth in pyne
Til Lachesis his threed no lenger twyne.—

Ful redy was at pryme Dyomede,
Criseyde un-to the Grekes ost to lede,
For sorwe of which she felte hir herte blede
As she that niste what was best to rede.
And trewely, as men in bokes rede,
Men wiste nevere womman han the care
Ne was so looth out of a toun to fare.

Sk., IV, 1688–1701; V, 1–7; 15–21
This Troilus, with-outen reed or lore,
As man that hath his Ioyes eek forlore,
Was wayting on his lady evere-more
As she that was the soothfast crop and more
Of al his lust or Ioyes heer-tofore.
But Troilus, now farwel al thy Ioye,
For shalow never seen hir eft in Troye!

Soth is that whyl he bood in this manere,
He gan his wo ful manly for to hyde,
That wel unnethe it seen was in his chere.
But at the yate ther she sholde oute ryde
With certeyn folk, he hoved hir tabyde
So wo bigoon, al wolde he nought him pleyne,
That on his hors unnethe he sat for peyne.

For ire he quook, so gan his herte gnaue,
Whan Diomede on horse gan him dresse,
And seyde un-to him-self this ilke sawe,
"Allas," quod he, "thus foule wrecchednesse
Why suffre ich it, why nil ich it redresse?
Were it not bet at ones for to dye
Than evere-more in langour thus to drye?

"Why nil I make at ones riche and pore
To have y-nough to done er that she go?
Why nil I bringe al Troye upon a rore?
Why nil I sleen this Diomede also?
Why nil I rather with a man or two
Stele hir a-way? Why wol I this endure?
Why nil I helpen to myn owene cure?"

But why he nolde doon so fel a dede,
That shal I seyn, and why him liste it spare:
He had in herte alwey a maner drede
Lest that Criseyde in rumour of this fare
Sholde han ben slayn; lo, this was al his care.
And elles, certeyn, as I seyde yore,
He had it doon, with-outen wordes more.
Criseyde, whan she redy was to ryde,
Ful sorwfully she sighte, and sayde, "Allas!"
But forth she moot for ought that may bityde,
And forth she rit ful sorwfully a pas.
Ther nis non other remedie in this cas.
What wonder is though that hir sore smerte,
Whan she forgoth hir owene swete herte?

This Troilus in wyse of curteisye,
With hauk on honde, and with an huge route
Of knightes, rood and did hir companye,
Passing al the valeye fer with-oute.
And ferther wolde han riden, out of doute,
Ful fayn, and wo was him to goon so sone,
But torne he moste, and it was eek to done.

And right with that was Antenor y-come
Out of the Grekes ost, and every wight
Was of it glad, and sayde he was wel-come.
And Troilus, al nere his herte light,
He peyned him with al his fulle might
Him to with-holde of weping at the lest,
And Antenor he kiste, and made feste.

And ther-with-al he moste his leve take,
And caste his eye upon hir pitously,
And neer he rood his cause for to make,
To take hir by the hond al sobrely.
And he ful softe and sleighly gan hir seye,
"Now hold your day, and dooth me not to deye!"

With that his courser torned he a-boute
With face pale, and un-to Diomed
No word he spak, ne noon of al his route;
Of which the sone of Tydeus took hede,
As he that coude more than the crede
In swich a craft, and by the reyne hir hente.
And Troilus to Troye homward he wente.

Sk., V, 57-91
This Diomede, that ladde hir by the brydel,
Whan that he saw the folk of Troye aweye,
Thoughte, "Al my labour shal not been on ydel
If that I may, for somwhat shal I seye.
For at the worshe it may yet shorte our weye.
I have herd seyd eek tymes twy es twelve,
'He is a fool that wol for-yete him-selve.'"

But natheles this thoughte he wel ynoough,
"That certaynly I am aboute nought
If that I speke of love, or make it tough;
For douteles, if she have in hir thought
Him that I gesse, he may not been y-brought
So sone awey; but I shal finde a mene
That she not wite as yet shal what I mene."

This Diomede, as he that coude his good,
Whan this was doon gan fallen forth in speche
Of this and that, and asked why she stood
In swich disese, and gan hir eek biseche
That if that he encreshe mighte or eche
With any thing hir ese, that she sholde
Comaunde it him, and seyde he doon it wolde.

For twevely he swoor hir as a knight
That ther nas thing with which he might hir plese,
That he nolde doon his peyne and al his might
To doon it for to doon hir herte an ese.
And preyede hir she wolde hir sorwe apese,
And seyde, "Y-wis, we Grekes con have Ioye
To honoure n yow, as wel as folk of Troye."

He seyde eek thus, "I woot yow thinketh straunge—
No wonder is, for it is to yow newe—
Thaquateinunce of these Trojanes to chaunge
For folk of Grece that ye neuer knewe.
But wolde nevere God but-if as trewe
A Greek ye shulde among us alle finde
As any Trojan is, and eek as kinde.
"And by the cause I swoor yow right, lo, now,
To been your freend, and helply, to my might,
And for that more acquesintance eek of yow
Have ich had than another straunger wight,
So fro this forth I pray yow, day and night,
Comaundeth me, how sore that me smerte,
To doon al that may lyke un-to your herte;

"And that ye me wolde as your brother trete,
And taketh not my frendship in despyt;
And though your sorwes be for thinges grete,
Noot I not why, but out of more respyt
Myn herte hath for to amende it greet delyt.
And if I may your harmes not redresse
I am right sory for your hevinesse.

"And nere it that we been so neigh the tente
Of Calkas, which that seen us bothe may,
I wolde of this yow telle al myn entente;
But this enseled til another day.
Yevè me your hond, I am and shal ben ay,
God helpe me so, whyl that my lyf may dure,
Your owene aboven every creature.

"Thus seyde I nevere er now to womman born;
For, God myn herte as wisly glade so,
I lovede nevere womman heer-biforn
As paramours, ne nevere shal no mo.
And, for the love of God, beth not my fo:
Al can I not to yow, my lady dere,
Compleyne aright, for I am yet to lere.

"And wondreth not, myn owene lady bright,
Though that I speke of love to you thus blyve;
For I have herd or this of many a wight
Hath loved thing he nevere saugh his lyve.
Eek I am not of power for to stryve
Ayens the God of Love, but him obeye
I wol alwey, and mercy I yow preye.

Sk., V, 127–140; 148–168
"Ther been so worthy knightes in this place,
And ye so fair, that everich of hem alle
Wol peynen him to stonden in your grace.
But mighte me so fair a grace falle
That ye me for your servaunt wolde calle,
So lowly ne so trewely you serve
Nil noon of hem as I shal til I sterve."

Criseyde un-to that purpos lyte answere,
As she that was with sorwe oppressed so
That in effect she nought his tales herde
But heer and ther, now heer a word or two.
Hir thoughte hir sorwful herte brast a-two.
For whan she gan hir fader fer aspye,
Wel neigh doun of hir hors she gan to sye.

But natheles she thonked Diomed
Of al his travaile, and his goode chere,
And that him listhe his friendship hir to bede;
And she accepteth it in good manere,
And woldę do fayn that is him leef and dere;
And trusten him she wolde, and wel she mighte,
As seyde she, and from hir hors she alighte.

Hir fader hath hir in his armes nome,
And twenty tyme he kiste his daughter swete,
And seyde, "O dere daughter myn, wel-come!"
She seyde eek she was fayn with him to mete,
And stood forth mewet, milde, and mansuete.
But heer I leve hir with hir fader dwelle,
And forth I wol of Troilus yow telle.

To Troie is comę this woful Troilus,
In sorwe aboven alle sorwes smerte,
With felon look and face dispensous.
Tho sodeinly doun fro his hors he sterte,
And thorugh his paleys with a swollen herte
To chambre he wente. Of no-thing took he hede,
Ne noon to him dar speke a word for drede.
And ther his sorwes that he spared hadde
He yaf an issu large, and "Deeth!" he cryde;
And in his throwes frenetyk and madde
He cursed Iove, Appollo, and eek Cupyde,
He cursed Ceres, Bacus, and Cipryde,
His burthe, him-self, his fate, and eek nature,
And save his lady every creature.

And rewen on him-self so pitously
That wonder was to here his fantasye.
Another tyme he sholde mightily
Conforte him-self, and seyn it was folye
So causeles swich drede for to drye.
And eft biginne his aspre sorwes newe
That every man mighte on his sorwes rewe.

On hevene yet the sterres were sene,
Al-though ful pale y-waxen was the mone,
And whyten gan the orisonte shene
Al estward as it wonted is to done,
And Phebus with his rosy carte sone
Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

This Pandare, that of al the day biforn
Ne mighte have comen Troilus to see,
Al-though he on his heed it had y-sworn,
For with the King Pryam alday was he
So that it lay not in his libertee
No-pher to gon, but on the morwe he wente
To Troilus whan that he for him sente.

"My Pandarus," quod Troilus, "the sorwe
Which that I drye, I may not longe endure.
I trowe I shal not liven til to-morwe,
For which I wolde alwey, on aventure,
To thee devysen of my sepulture
The forme, and of my moeble thou dispone
Right as thee semeth best is for to done.

Sk., V, 204-210; 260-266; 274-287; 295-301
"But of the fyr and flaumbe funeral
In which my body brenne shal to glede,
And of the feste and pleyes palestral
At my vigile, I praye thee take good hede
That al be wel; and ofre Mars my stede,
My swerd, myn helm, and, leve brother dere,
My sheld to Pallas yef, that shyneth clere.

"The poudre in which myn herte y-brend shal torne,
That preye I thee thoue take and it conserve
In a vessel that men clepe an urne
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitously I sterwe,
So yef it hir, and do me this plesaunce
To preye hir kepe it for a remembrance."

Pandare answere, and seyde, "Troilus,
My dere freend, as I have told thee yore
That it is folye fo to sorwen thus
And causeles, for which I can no-more.
But who-so wol not tronwen reed ne lore,
I can not seen in him no remedye,
But lat him worthen with his fantaseye.

"But Troilus, I pray thee, tell me now
If that thou traverse er this that any wight
Hath loved paramours as wel as thou?
Ye, God wot, and fro many a worthy knight
Hath his lady goon a fourtenight
And he not yet made halvendel the fare.
What nede is thee to maken al this care?

"For which with al myn herte I thee biseche
Un-to thy-self that al this thou forythe;
And rys up now with-oute more speche,
And lat us caste how forth may best be drive
This tyme, and eek how freshly we may live
Whan that she cometh, the which shal be right sone:
God helpe me so, the beste is thus to done."
This Troilus answerde, "O brother dere,
This knowne folk that han y-suffred peyne,
That though he wepe and make sorrowful chere,
That feleth harm and smert in every veyne,
No wonder is; and though I evere pleyne
Or alwey wepe, I am no-thing to blame,
Sin I have lost the cause of al my game.

"But sin of fyne force I moot aryse,
I shal aryse as sone as evere I may;
And God, to whom myn herte I sacrifyse,
So sende us hasteley the tenthe day!
For was ther nevere fowl so sayn of May
As I shal been whan that she cometh in Troye
That cause is of my torment and my Ioye.

"But whider is thy reed," quod Troilus,
"That we may pleye us best in al this tourne?"
"By God, my conseil is," quod Pandarus,
"To ryde and pleye us with King Sarpedoun."
So longe of this they spokken up and doun,
Til Troilus gan at the laste assente
To ryse, and forth to Sarpedoun they wente.

Thus Pandarus with alle peyne and wo
Made him to dwelle, and at the woukes ende
Of Sarpedoun they toke hir leve tho,
And on hir wey they spedden hem to wende.
Quod Troilus, "Now God me grace sende
That I may finde at myn hom-cominge
Criseyde comen!" and ther-with gan he singe.

"Ye, hasel-wode!" thoughte this Pandare,
And to him-self ful softly he seyde,
"God woot, refreyden may this hote fare
Er Calkas sende Troilus Criseyde!"
But natheles he Iaped thus and seyde
And swor, y-wis, his herte him wel bighyte
She wolde come as sone as evere she mighte.
Whan they un-to the paleys were y-comen
Of Troilus, they doun of hors alighte,
And to the chambre hir wey than han they nomen.
And in-to tyme that it gan to nighte,
They spaken of Criseyde the brighte.
And after this, whan that hem bothe leste,
They spedde hem fro the soper un-to reste.

On morwe, as sone as day bigan to clere,
This Troilus gan of his sleep tabreyde,
And to Pandare, his owene brother dere,
"For love of God," ful pitously he seyde,
"As go we seen the paleys of Criseyde;
For sin we yet may have namore feste,
So lat us seen hir paleys at the leste."

And ther-with-al, his meyne for to blende,
A cause he fond in toune for to go,
And to Criseydes hous they gonnen wende.
But Lord! this sely Troilus was wo!
Him thoughte his sorweful herte braste a-two;
For whan he saugh hir dores sperred alle,
Wel neigh for sorwe a-doun he gan to falle.

Therwith whan he was war and gan biholde
How shet was every windowe of the place,
As frost, him thoughte, his herte gan to colde;
For which with chaunged deedlich pale face,
With-outen word, he forth bigan to pace.
And as God wolde, he gan so faste ryde
That no wight of his contenauence aspyde.

Than seyde he thus, "O paleys desolat,
O hous of houses whylom best y-hight,
O paleys empty and disconsolat,
O thou lanterne of which queynt is the light,
O paleys whylom day that now art night,
Wel oughtestow to falle and I to dye,
Sin she is went that wont was us to gye!"
Ther-with he caste on Pandarus his yē
With chaunged face, and pitous to bisholde.
And whan he mighte his tyme aright aspye,
Ay as he rood to Pandarus he tolde
His newe sorwe, and eek his Ioyes olde,
So pitously and with so dede an hewe,
That every wight mighte on his sorwe rewe.

Fro thennesforth he rydeth up and doun,
And every thing com him to remembraunce
As he rood forth by places of the toun
In which he whylom had al his plesaunce.
"Lo, yond saugh I myn owene lady daunce,
And in that temple with hir eyen clere
Me caughte first my righte lady dere.

"And yonder have I herd ful lustily
My dere herte laughe, and yonder pleye
Saugh I hir ones eek ful blisfully.
And yonder ones to me gan she seye,
'Now goode swete, love me wel, I preye!'
And yond so goodly gan she me bisholde
That to the deeth myn herte is to hir holde."

Than thoughte he thus, "O blisful lord Cupyde,
When I the proces have in my memorie
How thou me hast werreyed on every syde,
Men mighte a book make of it, lyk a storie.
What nede is thee to seke on me victorie,
Sin I am thyn, and hoolly at thy wille?
What Ioye hastow thyn owene folk to spille?

"Wel hastow, lord, y-wroke on me thyn ire,
Thou mighty god, and dredful for to greve!
Now mercy, lord, thou wost wel I desire
Thy grace most, of alle lustes leve.
And live and deye I wol in thy bileeve,
For which I naxe in guerdon but a bone,
That thou Criseyde ayein me sende sone."
And after this he to the yates wente
Ther-as Criseyde out-rood a ful good paas,
And up and doun ther made he many a wente,
And to him-self ful ofte he seyde "Alas!
From hennes rood my blisse and my solas!
As wolde blissful God now for his Ioye
I mighte hir seen ayen come in-to Troye."

Upon the walles faste eek wolde he walke,
And on the Grekes ost he wolde see,
And to him-self right thus he wolde talke,
"Lo, yonder is myn owene lady free,
Or elles yonder ther tho tentes be!
And thennes comth this eyr that is so sote
That in my soule I fele it doth me bote."

This longe tyme he dryveth forth right thus,
Til fully passed was the nynthe night;
And ay bi-syde him was this Pandarus,
That bisily did al his fulle might
Him to conforte and make his herte light,
Yeving him hope alwey, the tenthe morwe
That she shal come and stiten al his sorwe.

Up-on that other syde eek was Criseyde
With wommen fewe among the Grekes stronge,
For which ful ofte a day "Alas!" she seyde,
"That I was born! Wel may myn herte longe
After my deeth; for now live I to longe!
Alas! and I ne may it not amende,
For now is wors than evere yet I wende.

"My fader nil for no-thing do me grace
To goon ayein, for nought I can him queme;
And if so be that I my terme passe,
My Troilus shal in his herte deme
That I am fals, and so it may wel seme.
Thus shal I have unthank on every syde.
That I was born, so welawey the tyde!

Sk., V, 603–609; 666–672; 680–700
"And if that I me putte in Iupartye
To stele awey by night, and it bifalle
That I be caught, I shal be holde a spye;
Or elles,—lo, this drede I most of alle,—
If in the hondes of som wrecche I falle,
I am but lost, al be myn herte trewe.
Now mighty God, thou on my sorwe rewe!"

Ful pale y-waxen was hir brighte face,
 Hir limes lene, as she that al the day
 Stood whan she dorste and loked on the place
 Ther she was born and ther she dwelte had ay.
 And al the night wesing, allas! she lay.
 And thus despeired, out of alle cure,
 She ladde hir lyf, this woful creature.

Ful ofte a day she sighte eek for destresse,
 And in hir-self she wente ay portrayinge
 Of Troilus the grete worthinesse,
 And alle his goodly wordes recordinge
 Sin first that day hir love bigan to springe.
 And thus she sette hir woful herte a-fyre
 Thorugh remembraunce of that she gan desyre.

Ful rewfully she loked up-on Troye,
 Biheld the toures heighe and eek the halles.
 "Allas!" quod she, "the plesaunce and the Ioye,
 The which that now al torned in-to galle is,
 Have I had ofte with-inne yonder walles!
 O Troilus, what dostow now?" she seyde.
 "Lord! whether yet thou thenke up-on Criseyde?

"Allas! I ne hadde trowed on your lore
 And went with yow, as ye me radde er this!
 Than hadde I now not syked half so sore.
 Who mighte have seyd that I had doon a-mis
 To stele awey with swich on as he is?
 But al to late cometh the letuarie
 Whan men the cors un-to the grave carie."

Sk., V, 701-721; 729-742
"But natheles, bityde what bityde,
I shal to-morwe at night, by est or west,
Out of this ost stele on som maner syde,
And go with Troilus wher-as him lest.
This purpos wol I holde, and this is best.
No fors of wikked tonges Iangleye,
For evere on love han wrecches had envye.

"For which, with-outen any wordes mo,
To Troye I wol, as for conclusioun."
But God it wot, er fully monthes two,
She was ful fer fro that entencioun.
For bothe Troilus and Troye toun
Shal knotteles through-oute hir herte slyde;
For she wol take a purpos for tabyde.

This Diomeded, of whom yow telle I gan,
Goth now with-in him-self ay arguinge
With al the sleighte and al that evere he can
How he may best with shortest taryinge
In-to his net Criseydes herte bringe.
To this entente he coude nevere fyne;
To fisshen hir he leyde out hook and lyne.

But natheles wel in his herte he thoughte
That she nas nat with-oute a love in Troye.
For nevere sithen he hir thennes broughte
Ne coude he seen her laughe or make Ioye.
He niste how best hir herte for tacoye.
"But for to assaye," he seyde, "it nought ne greveth;
For he that nought assaydeth nought nacheveth."

Yet seide he to him-self upon a night,
"Now am I not a fool, that woot wel how
Hir wo for love is of another wight,
And heer-up-on to goon assaye hir now?
I may wel wite, it nil not been my prow.
For wyse folk in bokes it expresse,
'Men shall not wowe a wight in heviness.'

Sk., V, 750-756; 764-791
“But who-so mighte winnen swich a flour
From him for whom she morneth night and day,
He mighte seyn he were a conquerour.”
And right anoon, as he that bold was ay,
Thoughte in his herte, “Happe how happe may,
Al sholde I deye, I wol hir herte seche.
I shal no more lesen but my speche.”

This Diomede, as bokes us declare,
Was in his nedes prest and corageous;
With sterne voys and mighty limes square,
Hardy, testif, strong, and chevalrous
Of dedes, lyk his fader Tideus,
And som men seyn he was of tunge large;
And heир he was of Calidoine and Arge.

Criseyde mene was of hir stature,
Ther-to of shap, of face, and eek of chere,
Ther mighte been no fairer creature.
And ofte tyme this was hir manere,
To gon y-tressed with hir heres clere
Doun by hir coler at hir bak bihinde,
Which with a threed of gold she wolde binde.

And save hir browes Ioyneden y-fere,
Ther nas no lak in ought I can espyen.
But for to spoken of hir eyen clere,
Lo, trewely, they writen that hir syēn
That Paradys stood formed in hir yēn.
And with hir riche beautee evere-more
Strof love in hir ay which of hem was more.

She sobre was, eek simple and wys with-al,
The best y-norisshèd eek that mighte be,
And goodly of hir speche in general,
Charitable, estatlich, lusty, and free;
Ne nevere-mo ne lakked hir pitee;
Tendre-herted, slyding of corage;
But trewely I can not telle hir age.
But for to tellen forth of Diomede:—
It fil that after on the tenthe day
Sin that Criseyde out of the citee yede,
This Diomede, as fresshe as braunche in May,
Com to the tente ther-as Calkas lay,
And feyned him with Calkas han to done;
But what he mente I shal yow telle sone.

Criseyde, at shorte wordes for to telle,
Welcomed him, and doun by hir him sette;
And he was ethe y-nough to maken dwelle.
And after this with-outen longe lette
The spyces and the wyn men forth hem fette;
And forth they speke of this and that y-fere,
As freendes doon, of which som ye shal here.

He gan first fallen of the werre in speche
Bitwixe hem and the folk of Troye toun;
And of thassege he gan hir eek byseche
To telle him what was hir opinoun.
Fro that demaunde he so descendeth doun
To asken hir if that hir straunge thoughte
The Grekes gyse, and werkes that they wroughte;

And why hir fader tarieth so longe
To wedden hir un-to som worthy wight.
Criseyde, that was in hir peynes stronge
For love of Troilus, hir owene knight,
As ferforth as she conning had or might,
Answerde him tho; but as of his entente,
It semed not she wiste what he mente.

But natheles, this ilke Diomede
Gan in him-self assure, and thus he seyde:
"If ich aright have taken of yow hede,
Me thinketh thus, O lady myn, Criseyde,
That sin I first hond on your brydel leyde,
Whan ye oute come of Troye by the morwe,
Ne coude I nevere seen yow but in sorwe."
“Can I not seyn what may the cause be
But-if for love of som Troyan it were,
The which right sore wolde athinken me
That ye for any wight that dwelleth there
Sholden spille a quarter of a tere,
Or pitously your-selven so bigyle.
For dredelees, it is nought worth the whyle.

“The folk of Troye, as who seyth, alle and some
In preson been, as ye your-selven see;
For thennes shal not oon on-lyve come
For al the gold bitwixen sonne and see.
For trusteth wel, and understondeth me,
Ther shal not oon to mercy goon on-lyve,
Al were he lord of worldes twyês fyve!

“Swich wreche on hem for fecching of Eleyne
Ther shal be take, er that we hennes wende,
That Manes, which that goddes ben of peyne,
Shal been agast that Grekes wol hem shende.
And men shal drede, un-to the worldes ende,
From hennes-forth to ravisshe any quene,
So cruel shal our wreche on hem be sene.

“And but-if Calkas lede us with ambages,
That is to seyn, with double wordes slye,
Swich as men clepe a ‘word with two visages,’
Ye shul wel knowen that I nought ne lye,
And al this thing right seen it with your ye,
And that anoon, ye nil not trowe how sone.
Now taketh hede, for it is for to done.

“What wene ye your wyse fader wolde
Han yeven Antenor for yow anoon,
If he ne wiste that the citee sholde
Destroyed been? Why nay, so mote I goon!
He knew ful wel ther shal not scapen oon
That Troyan is; and for the grete fere
He dorste not ye dwelte lenger there.

Sk., V. 876–910
"What wol ye more, lufulsom lady dere?  
Lat Troye and Troyan fro your herte pace!  
Dryf oute that bittre hope and make good chere,  
And clepe ayein the beautee of your face  
That ye with salte teres so deface.  
For Troye is brought in swich a Iupartye  
That, it to save, is now no remedye.

"And thenketh wel, ye shal in Grekes finde  
A more perfit love er it be night  
Than any Troyan is, and more kinde,  
And bet to serven yow wol doon his might.  
And if ye vouche sauf, my lady bright,  
I wol ben he to serven yow my-selve,  
Ye, lever than be lord of Greces twelve!"

And with that word he gan to waxen reed,  
And in his speche a litel wight he quook,  
And caste a-syde a litel wight his heed,  
And stinte a whyle; and afterward awoke,  
And sobrelieche on hir he threw his look,  
And seyde, "I am, al be it yow no Ioye,  
As gentil man as any wight in Troye.

"For if my fader Tydeus," he seyde,  
"Y-lived had, I hadde been er this  
Of Calidoine and Arge a king, Criseyde!  
And so hope I that I shal yet, y-wis.  
But he was slayn, alas! the more harm is,  
Unhappily at Thebes al to rathe,  
Polymites and many a man to scathe.

"But herte myn, sin that I am your man,  
And been the ferste of whom I seche grace  
To serven you as hertely as I can  
And evere shal, whyl I to livé havé space,  
So, er that I departe out of this place,  
Ye wol me graunte that I may to-morwe  
At bettre leyser telle yow my sorwe."

Sk., V, 911–945
What sholde I telle his wordes that he seyde?
He spak y-now for o day at the meste.
It preveth wel he spak so that Criseyde
Graunted, on the morwe, at his requeste
For to spoken with him at the lest,
So that he holde speke of swich matere;
And thus to him she seyde, as ye may here,

As she that had hir herte on Troilus
So faste that ther may it noon arace;
And straungely she spak, and seyde thus:
"O Diomed, I love that ilke place
Ther I was born; and Ioves, for his grace,
Delivere it sone of al that doth it care!
God, for thy might, so leve it wel to fare!

"That Grekes wolde hir wraththe on Troye wreke,
If that they mighte, I knowe it wel, y-wis;
But it shal not bifallen as ye speke.
And God to-forn, and ferther over this,
I wot my fader wys and redy is;
And that he me hath bought, as ye me tolde,
So dere, I am the more un-to him holde.

"That Grekes been of heigh condicioun,
I woot eek wel. But certein, men shal finde
As worthy folk with-inne Troye toun,
As conning, and as parfit, and as kinde,
As been bitwixen Orcades and Inde.
And that ye coude wel your lady serve,
I trowe eek wel, hir thank for to deserve.

"But as to speke of love, y-wis," she seyde,
"I had a lord to whom I wedded was,
The whos myn herte al was til that he deyde.
And other love, as helpé me now Pallas,
Ther in myn herte nis, ne nevere was.
And that ye been of noble and heigh kinrede,
I have wel herd it tellen, out of drede.

Sh., V, 946-980
"And that doth me to han so gret a wonder,
That ye wol scornen any womman so.
Eek, God wot, love and I be fer a-sonder;
I am disposed bet, so mote I go,
Un-to my deeth, to pleyne and maken wo.
What I shal after doon, I can not seye,
But trewely as yet me list not pleye.

"To-morwe eek wol I speke with yow fayn,
So that ye touchen nought of this mater.
And whan yow list, ye may come heer ayein.
And er ye gon, thus muche I seye yow here:
As helpē me Pallas with hir heres clere,
If that I sholde of any Greek han routhe,
It sholde be your-selven, by my trouthe!

"I sey not therforē that I wol yow love,
Ne I sey not nay, but in conclusioun,
I mene wel, by God that sit above!"
And ther-with-al she caste hir eyen doun,
And gan to syke, and seyde, "O Troye toun,
Yet bidde I God, in quiete and in reste
I may yow seen, or do myn herte breste."

But in effect, and shortly for to seye,
This Diomedē al freshely newe ayeyn
Gan pressen on, and faste hir mercy preye;
And after this, the sothe for to seyn,
Hir glove he took, of which he was ful fayn.
And fynally whan it was waxen eve
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

The brighte Venus folwede and ay taughte
The wey ther brode Phebus doun alighte;
And Cynthea hir char-hors over-raughte
To whirle out of the Lyon, if she mighte;
And Signifer his candesles shewed brighte
Whan that Criseyde un-to hir bedde wente
In-with hir fadres faire brighte tente.
Returning in hir soule ay up and doun
The wordes of this sodein Diomede,
His greet estat, and peril of the toun,
And that she was allone and hadde nede
Of freendes help; and thus bigan to brede
The cause why, the sothe for to telle,
That she tok fully purpos for to dwelle.

The morwe com, and goostly for to speke,
This Diomede is come un-to Criseyde,
And shortly, lest that ye my tale breke,
So wel he for him-selve spak and seyde,
That alle hir sykes sore adoun he leyde.
And fynally, the sothe for to seyne,
He refte hir of the grete of al hir peyne.

And after this, the storye telleth us
That she him yaf the faire baye stede,
The which she ones wan of Troilus;
And eek a brooch (and that was litel nede)
That Troilus was, she yaf this Diomede.
And eek the bet from sorwe him to releve,
She made him were a pencel of hir sleve.

I finde eek in the stories elles-where,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede
Of Troilus, tho weep she many a tere
Whan that she saugh his wyde woundes blede;
And that she took to kepen him good hede,
And for to hele him of his sorwes smerte.
Men seyn—I not—that she yaf him hir herte.

But trewely the storye telleth us
Ther made neuer womman more wo
Than she whan that she falsed Troilus.
She seyde, "Allas! for now is clene a-go
My name of trouthe in love for evere-mo!
For I have falsed oon the gentileste
That evere was, and oon the worthieste!
"Allas! of me un-to the worldes ende
Shal neither been y-witen nor y-songe
No good word, for thisë bokes wol me shende.
O, rolled shal I been on many a tonge,
Through-outë the world my belle shal be range,
And woman most wol hate me of alle!
Allas, that swich a cas me sholde falle!

"They wol seyn, in as muche as in me is,
I have hem don dishonour, weylawey!
Al be I not the firstë that did amis,
What helpeth that to do my blame awey?
But sin I see ther is no bettre way,
And that to late is now for me to rewe,
To Diomede algate I wol be trewe.

"But Troilus, sin I no bettre may,
And sin that thus departen ye and I,
Yet preye I God so yeve yow right good day
As for the gentileste, trewely,
That evere I say to serven feithfully,
And best can ay his lady honour kepe:"
And with that word she braste anon to wepe.

But trewely, how longe it was bitwene
That she for-sook him for this Diomede,
Ther is non auctor telleth it, I wene.
Take every man now to his bokes hede;
He shal no terme vinden, out of drede.
For though that he bigan to wowe hir sone,
Er he hir wan yet was ther more to done.

Ne me ne list this sely woman chyde
Ferther than the storyë wol devyre.
Hir name, allas! is publishshed so wyde
That for hir gilt it oughte y-now suffyse.
And if I mighte excuse hir any wyse,
For she so sory was for hir untrouthe,
Y-wis, I wolde excuse hir yet for routhe.

Sk., V, 1058-1078; 1086-1099
This Troilus, as I biforn have told,
Thus dryveth forth as wel as he hath might.
But often was his herte hoot and cold,
And namely that ilke nynthe night
Which on the morwe she hadde him byhight
To come ayein. God wot, ful litel reste
Had he that night; no-thing to slepe him leste.

The laurer-crownèd Phebus with his hete
Can in his cours ay upward as he wente
To warmen of the est see the wawes wete;
And Nisus daughter song with freshe entente,
Whan Troilus his Pandare after sente,
And on the walles of the toun they playde
To loke if they can seen ought of Criseyde.

Til it was noon they stoden for to see
Who that ther come; and every maner wight
That cam fro fer, they seyden it was she
Til that they coude knowen him a-right.
Now was his herte dul, now was it light.
And thus by-aped stonden for to stare
Aboute nought, this Troilus and Pandare.

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seyde,
“For ought I wot, bi-forê noon sikerly
In-to this toun ne comth nought heer Criseyde.
She hath y-now to done, hardly,
To winnen from hir fader, so trowe I.
Hir olde fader wol yet make hir dyne
Er that she go, God yeve his herte pyne!”

Pandare answerde, “It may wel be, certeyn,
And for-thy lat us dyne, I thee biseche,
And after noon than mayst thou come ayein.”
And hoom they go, with-oute more speche;
And comen ayein, but longe may they seche
Er that they finde that they aftercape.
Fortune hem bothe thenketh for to Iape.
Quod Troilus, "I see wel now that she
Is taried with hir olde fader so
That er she come it wol neigh even be.
Com forth, I wol un-to the yate go.
Thise portours been unkonning evere-mo;
And I wol doon hem holden up the yate
As nought ne were, al-though she come late."

The day goth faste, and after that comth eve,
And yet com nought to Troilus Criseyde.
He loketh forth by hegge, by tree, by greve,
And fer his heed over the wal he leyde.
And at the laste he torned him and seyde,
"By God, I woot hir mening now, Pandare!
Almost, y-wis, al newe was my care.

"Now douteles, this lady can hir good;
I woot she meneth ryden prively.
I comende hir wysdom, by myn hood!
She wol not maken peple nycely
Goure on hir whan she comth; but softly
By night in-to the toun she thenketh ryde.
And, dere brother, thenk not longe to abyde.

"We han nought elles for to don, y-wis.
And Pandarus, now wolto wrowen me?
Have heer thy trouthe, I see hir! Yond she is!
Heve up thyen eyen, man! Maystow not see?"
Pandare answerede, "Nay, so mote I thee!
Al wrong, by God! What seystow, man, wher arte?
That I see yond nis but a fare-carte."

The wardein of the yates gan to calle
The folk which that with-outë the yates were,
And bad hem dryven in hir bestes alle,
Or al the night they moste blyven there.
And fer with-in the night, with many a tere
This Troilus gan hoomward for to ryde;
For wel he seeth it helpeth nought tabyde.
But natheles, he gladded him in this:
He thoughte he misaccounted had his day.
And seyde, "I understonde have al a-mis;
For thilke night I last Criseyde say,
She seyde, 'I shal ben heer, if that I may,
Er that the mone, O dere herte swete,
The Lyon passe, out of this Ariete;'

"For which she may yet holde al hir bieste."
And on the morwe un-to the yate he wente,
And up and down, by west and eek by este,
Up-on the walles made he many a wente.
But al for nought; his hope alwey him blente,
For which at night, in sorwe and sykes sore,
He wente him hoom, with-outen any more.

The thridde, ferthe, fisfte, sixte day
After tho dayes ten, of which I told,e,
Bitwixen hope and drede his herte lay,
Yet som-what trusting on hir hestes olde.
But whan he saugh she nolde hir terme holde,
He can now seen non other remedye
But for to shape him sone for to dye.

Ther-with the wikked spirit, God us blesse,
Which that men clepeth the wode Ialousye,
Can in him crepe in al this hevinesse;
For which, by-cause he wolde sone dye,
He ne eet ne dronk, for his malencolye,
And eek from every companye he fledde.
This was the lyf that al the tyme he ledde.

He so defet was that no maner man
Unnethe mighte him knowe ther he wente;
So was he lene, and ther-to pale and wan
And feble that he walketh by potente.
And with his ire he thus him-selven shente;
And who-so axed him wher-of him smerte,
He seyde, his harm was al aboute his herte.

Sk., V, 1184-1197; 1205-1225
Pryam ful ofte, and eek his moder dere,
His bretheren and his sustren gonne him freyne
Why he so sorwful was in al his chere,
And what thing was the cause of al his peyne.
But al for nought; he nolde his cause pleyne,
But seyde he felte a grevous maladye
A-boute his herte and fayn he wolde dye.

So on a day he leyde him doun to slepe,
And so bifel that in his sleep him thoughte
That in a forest faste he welk to wepe
For love of hir that him these peynes wroughte.
And up and doun as he the forest soughte,
He mette he saugh a boor with tuskes grete
That sleep ayein the brighte sonnes hete.

And by this boor, faste in his armes folde,
Lay kissing ay his lady bright Criseyde;
For sorwe of which, whan he it gan biholde,
And for despyt, out of his sleep he breye,
And loude he cryde on Pandarus, and seyde,
"O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and rote!
I nam but deed, ther nis non other bote!

"My lady bright Criseyde hath me bitrayed,
In whom I trusted most of any wight;
She elles-pher hath now hir herte apayed.
The blissful goddes through hir grete might
Han in my dreem y-shewed it ful right.
Thus in my dreem Criseyde I have biholde:" —
And al this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

Pandare answerde and seyde, "Allas the whyle
That I was born! Have I not seyd er this
That dremes many a maner man bigyle?
And why? for folk expounden hem a-mis.
How darstow seyn that fals thy lady is
For any dreem, right for thyn owene drede?
Lat be this thought, thou canst no dremes rede.
“Paraunter, ther thou drekest of this boor,
It may so be that it may signifye
Hir fader, which that old is and eek hoor,
Ayein the sonne lyth on poynpt to dye,
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe and crye,
And kisseth him ther he lyth on the grounde:
Thus shuldestow thy dreem a-right expounde.”

“How mighte I thanne do?” quod Troilus,
“To knowe of this, ye, were it nevere so lyte?”
“Now seystow wysly,” quod this Pandarus;
“My reed is this, sin thou canst wel endyte,
That hastely a lettre thou hir wryte,
Thorough which thou shalt wel bringen it aboute
To knowe a sooth of that thou art in doute.

“And see now why: for this I dar wel seyn,
That if so is that she untrewye be,
I can not trowe that she wol wryte ayeyn.
And if she wryte, thou shalt ful sone see
As whether she hath any libertee
To come ayein, or elles in som clause,
If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.”

Acorded been to this conclusioun,
And that anoon, these ilke lordes two;
And hastely sit Troilus adoun
And rolleth in his herte to and fro
How he may best discryven hir his wo.
And to Criseyde, his owene lady dere,
He wroth right thus, and seyde as ye may here:

“Right fresshe flour, whos I have been and shal,
With-outen part of elles-whel servysse,
With herte, body, lyf, lust, thought, and al:
I, woful wight, in every humble wyse
That tonge telle or herte may devyse,
As ofte as materre occupyeth place,
Me recomaunde un-to your noble grace.

Sk., V, 1282–1302; 1310–1323
“Lyketh it yow to witen, swete herte,
As ye wel knowe how longe tyme agoon
That ye me lafte in aspre peynes smerte
Whan that ye wente, of which yet bote noon
Have I noon had, but evere wers bigoon
Fro day to day am I, and so mot dwelle
Whyl it yow list, of wele and wo my welle!

“And if so be my gult hath deeth deserved,
Or if you list no more up-on me see,
In guerdon yet of that I have yow served,
Biseche I yow, myn hertes lady free,
That heer-upon ye wolden wryte me,
For love of God, my righte lode-sterre,
Ther deeth may make an ende of al my werre;

“If other cause aught doth yow for to dwelle,
That with your lettre ye me recomforte.
For though to me your absence is an helle,
With pacience I wol my wo comporte.
And with your lettre of hope I wol desporte.
Now wryteth, swete, and lat me thus not pleyne:
With hope or deeth delivereth me fro peyne.

“Y-wis, myn owene dere herte trewe,
I woot that whan ye next up-on me see,
So lost have I myn hele and eek myn hewe,
Criseyde shal nought cone knowe me!
Y-wis, myn hertes day, my lady free,
So thursteth ay myn herte to biholde
Your beautee that my lyf unnethe I holde.
Le vostre T.”

This lettre forth was sent un-to Criseyde,
Of which hir answere in effect was this:
Ful pitously she wroot ayein, and seyde
That al-so sone as that she mighte, y-wis,
She wolde come, and mende al that was mis.
And fynally she wroot and seyde him thanne
She wolde comy, ye, but she niste whanne.
But in hir lettre made she swich festes
That wonder was, and swerëth she lovëth him best,
Of which he fond but botmeles bihestes.
But Troilus, thou mayst now est or west
Pype in an ivy leef, if that thee lest:
Thus gooth the world! God shilde us fro mischaunce,
And every wight that meneth trouthe avaunce!

Fortune, which that permutacioun
Of thinges hath as it is hir committed
Through purveyaunce and disposicioun
Of heighe Iove, as regnes shal ben flitted
Fro folk in folk, or whan they shal ben smitted,
Gan pullë awaye the fetheres brighte of Troye
Fro day to day, til they ben bare of Ioye.

Among al this, the fyn of the parodie
Of Ector gan approchën wonder blyve;
The fate wolde his soule sholde unbodie,
And shapen had a mene it outë to dryve,
Ayeins which fate him helpeth not to stryve.
But on a day to fighten gan he wende,
At which, allas! he caughte his lyves ende.

For whom, as olde bokes tellen us,
Was mad swich wo that tongue it may not telle;
And namely the sorwe of Troilus,
That next him was of worthinesse welle.
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwelle,
That, what for sorwe and love and for unreste,
Ful ofte a day he bad his herte breste.

But natheles, though he gan him dispayre,
And dradde ay that his lady was untrewë,
Yet ay on hir his herte gan repayre.
And as these loveres doon, he soughte ay newe
To gete ayein Criseyde, bright of hewe.
And in his herte he wente hir excusive
That Calkas causeode al hir taryinge.
And ofte tyme he was in purpos grete
Him-selven lyk a pilgrim to disgyse
To seen hir; but he may not contrefete
To been unknowen of folk that weren wyse,
Ne finde excuse aright that may suffyse,
If he among the Grekes knowen were;
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

To hir he wroot yet ofte tyme al newe
Ful pitously, he lefte it nought for slouthe,
Biseching hir that sin that he was trewe
That she woldę come ayein and holde hir trouthe.
For which Criseyde up-on a day for routhe,
I take it so, touching al this materē,
Wrot him ayein, and seyde as ye may here:

"Cupydes sone, ensample of goodlihede,
O swerd of knighthod, sours of gentilesse!
How mighte a wight in torment and in drede
And helelees, yow sende as yet gladnesse?
I hertelees, I syk, I in distresse,
Sin ye with me nor I with yow may dele,
Yow neither sende ich herte may, nor hele.

"Your lettres ful, the papir al y-pleynted,
Conseyved hath myn hertes piętee;
I have eek seyn with teres al depeynted
Your lettre, and how that ye requeren me
To come ayein, which yet ne may not be.
But why, lest that this lettre founden were,
No mencioun ne make I now for fere.

"For I have herd wel more than I wende,
Touching us two, how things han y-stande,
Which I shal with dissimulung amende.
And—beth nought wrooth—I have eek understonde
How ye ne doon but holden me in honde.
But now no fors, I can not in yow gesse
But alle trouthe and alle gentilesse.

Sk., V, 1576–1603; 1611–1617
“Comen I wol, but yet in swich disioynte
I stonde as now, that what yeer or what day
That thisshal be, that can I not apoynte.
But in effect, I prey yow, as I may,
Of your good word and of your frendship ay.
For trewely, whyl that my lyf may dure,
As for a freend ye may in me assure.

La vostre C.”

This Troilus this lettre thoughte al straunge
Whan he it saugh, and sorwefully he sighte.
Him thoughte it lyk a kalendes of chaunge;
But fynally he ful ne trwen mighte
That she ne wolde him holden that she highte.
For with ful yvel willē list him to leve
That loveth wel, in swich cas, though him greve.

Stood on a day in his malencolye
This Troilus, and in suspecioun
Of hir for whom he wende for to dye.
And so bifel that through-outē Troye toun,
As was the gyse, y-borē was up and doun
A maner cote-armure, as seyth the storie,
Biforn Deiphebe in signe of his victorie,

The whiche cote, as telleth Lollius,
Deiphebe it had y-rent from Diomede
The same day. And whan this Troilus
It saugh, he gan to taken of it hede,
Avysing of the lengthe and of the brede,
And al the werk. But as he gan biholde,
Ful sodeinly his herte gan to colde,

As he that on the color fond with-inne
A brooch, that he Criseyde yaf that morwe
That she from Troye moste nedes twinne,
In remembrance of him and of his sorwe;
And she him leyde ayein hir feyth to borwe
To kepe it ay. But now ful wel he wiste
His lady nas no lenger on to triste.
He gooth him hoom, and gan ful sone sende
For Pandarus; and al this newe chaunce
And of this brooch he tolde him word and ende,
Compleyning of hir hertes variaunce,
His longe love, his trouthe, and his penaunce.
And after deeth, with-outen wordes more,
Ful faste he cryde his reste him to restore.

Than spak he thus: "O lady myn Crisseyde,
Wher is your feyth, and wher is your bieste?
Wher is your love, wher is your trouthe?" he seyde.
"Of Diomedes haves ye now al this feste!
Alas! I wolde haves trowed at the leste
That, sin ye nolde in trouthe to me stonde,
That ye thus nolde han holden me in honde!

"O Pandarè, that in dremes for to triste
Me blamed hast, and wont art ofte up-breyde,
Now maystow see thy-selve, if that thee list,
How trewe is now thy nece, bright Crisseyde!
In sondry formes, God it woot," he seyde,
"The goddes shewen bothe Ioye and tene
In sleep, and by my dreem it is now sene.

"And certaynly, with-oute more speche,
From hennesforth, as ferforth as I may,
Myn owene deeth in armes wol I seche.
I recche not how sone be the day!
But trewely, Crisseyde, swete may,
Whom I have ay with al my might y-served,
That ye thus doon I have it nought deserved."

This Pandarus that alle these thinges herde,
And wiste wel he seyde a sooth of this,
He nought a word ayein to him answerde;
For sory of his frendes sorwe he is,
And shamed, for his nece hath doon a-mis.
And stant astoned of these causes tweye
As stille as stoon: a word ne coude he seye.
But at the laste thus he spak, and seyde,
"My brother dere, I may thee do no-more.
What shulde I seyn? I hate, y-wis, Criseyde!
And God wot, I wol hate hir everemore!
And that thou me bisoughtest doon of yore,
Having un-to myn honour ne my rreste
Right no reward I did al that thee lest.

"If I did ought that mighte lyken thee,
It is me leef. And of this treson now,
God woot that it a sorwe is un-to me!
And dredelees, for hertes ese of yow,
Right fayn wolde I amende it, wiste I how.
And fro this world, almighty God I preye
Delivere hir sone: I can no-more seye!"

Gret was the sorwe and pleynte of Troilus;
But forth hir cours Fortune ay gan to holde.
Criseyde loveth the sone of Tydeus,
And Troilus mot wepe in cares colde.
Swich is this world; who-so it can biholde,
In ech estat is litel hertes rreste.
God leve us for to take it for the beste!

In many cruel batayle, out of drede,
Of Troilus, this ilke worthy knight,
As men may in these olde bokes rede,
Was sene his knighthod and his grete might.
And dredelees, his ire day and night
Ful cruelly the Grekes ay aboughte;
And alwaye most this Diomede he soughte.

And ofte tyme I finde that they mette
With blody strokes and with wordes grete,
Assaying how hir speres weren whette;
And God it woot, with many a cruel hete
Gan Troilus upon his helm to-bete.
But natheles, Fortune it nought ne wolde,
Of otheres hond that either deyen sholde.
The wrath the, as I began yow for to seye,
Of Troilus, the Grekes boughten dere;
For thousandes his hondes maden deye,
As he that was with-outen any pere,
Save Ector in his tyme, as I can here.
But weylaway, save only Goddes wille,
Dispitously him slough the fiers Achille.

And whan that he was slayn in this manere,
His lighte goost ful blissfully is went
Up to the holownesse of the seventh spere,
In convers leting every element;
And ther he saugh with ful avysement
The erratik sterres, herkening armonyne
With sounes fulle of hevenish melodye.

And doun from thennes faste he gan avyse
This litel spot of erthe, that with the see
Embraced is, and fully gan despyse
This wrecched world, and held al vanitee
To respect of the pleyn felicitee
That is in hevene above; and at the laste,
Ther he was slayn, his loking doun he caste.

And in him-self he lough right at the wo
Of hem that wepten for his deeth so faste;
And dampned al our werk that folweth so
The blinde lust, the which that may not laste,
And sholden al our herte on hevene caste,
And forth he wente, shortly for to telle,
Ther as Mercurie sorted him to dwelle.—

Swich fyn hath, lo, this Troilus for love,
Swich fyn hath al his grete worthinesse,
Swich fyn hath his estat real above,
Swich fyn his lust, swich fyn hath his noblesse,
Swich fyn hath false worldes brotelenesse.
And thus bigan his loving of Criseyde,
As I have told, and in this wyse he deyde.
O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love up groweth with your age,
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilke God that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre.

And loveth him, the which that right for love
Upon a cros, our soules for to beye,
First starf, and roos, and sit in hevene a-bove;
For he nil falsen no wight, dar I seye,
That wol his herte al holly on him leye.
And sin he best to love is, and most meke,
What nedeth feyned loves for to seke?

Lo heer, of Payens corses olde rytes,
Lo heer, what alle hir goddes may availle,
Lo heer, these wrecched worldes appetytes,
Lo heer, the fyn and guerdon for travaille
Of Love, Appollo, of Mars, of swich rascaille!
Lo heer, the forme of olde clerkes speche
In poetrye, if ye hir bokes sache!—

O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,
To vouchen sauf, ther nede is, to corecte,
Of your benignitees and zeles gode.
And to that sothfast Crist, that starf on rode,
With al myn herte of mercy evere I preye;
And to the Lord right thus I speke and seye:

Thou oon, and two, and three, eterne on-lyve,
That regnest ay in three and two and oon,
Uncircumsccript, and al mayst circumsccryve,
Us from visible and invisible foon
Defende. And to thy mercy, everichoon,
So make us, Iesus, for thy grace digne,
For love of mayde and moder thyyn benigne! Amen.

Explicit Liber Troili et Criseydis.