

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE

BOOK III

Invocation to Love

1. O blissful light, of which the beamès clear
Adorneth all the thirdè heaven fair; ¹
O Sun's lief, O Jovè's daughter dear,
Plesance of love, O goodly debonair,
In gentle hearts ay ready to repair,
O very cause of heal and of gladness,
Y-heried be thy might and thy goodness.

*beloved of the Sun
Pleasure / benign (one)
always ready to dwell
health
praised*

2. In heaven and hell, in earth and saltè sea
Is felt thy might, if that I well discern,
As man, bird, beast, fish, herb and greenè tree
Thee feel in timès with vapour etern. ²
God loveth, and to lovè will not wern;
And in this world no livè creäture
Withouten love is worth or may endure.

*influence, power
won't forbid
is worth [anything]*

3. You fiercé Mars appeasen of his ire,
And as you list you maken heartès dign;
Algatès them that you will set a-fire

*You placate M.
as you wish / worthy
Always*

¹ In medieval astronomy Venus, to whom this invocation is addressed, occupied the third of the seven spheres. She is also, of course, the lover of Mars and goddess of love, the spirit of love that affects all things in Nature. Taken in part from Boccaccio, the invocation is ultimately derived from Boethius, the late classical / early medieval Christian philosopher who celebrated the power of Love (though not Venus) which holds all of God's creation together. Here Chaucer includes the good effects of venereal love.

² 2.3-4: "As man, bird etc... feel you in the seasons (*times*) with your eternal power (*vapour*)."

They dreaden shame, and vices they resign;
You do them courteous be, fresh and benign,
And high or low, after a wight entends,
The joyè that he hath, your might it sends.

*You make them
as a person inclines*

At last, Troilus and Criseyde meet face to face

4. Lay all this meanwhile this sad Troilus
Recording his lesson in this mannér,
"My fay," thought he, "thus will I say and thus,
Thus will I 'plain unto my lady dear,
That word is good, and this shall be my cheer,
This will I not forgotten in no wise."
God leave him worken as he can devise.

*On my faith
complain
behavior
as best he can*

5. And, Lord ! so that his heart began to quappe
Hearing her come, and short gan for to sigh;
And Pandarus, that led her by the lap,
Came near, and gan in at the curtain peek,
And said: "God do boot on all the sick!
See who is here you comen to visit;
Lo! here is she that is your death to wit."

*flutter
sleeve
May God heal
to blame for*

6. Therewith it seeméd as he wept almost.
"Ah! Ah!" quod Troilus, so ruefully,
"Whe'r me be woe, O mighty God, thou wost: ¹
Who is all there I see not truly."
"Sir," quod Criseyde, " 'tis Pandarus and I."
"Yea, sweetè heart, alas! I may not rise
To kneel, and do you honour in some wise."

7. And dressed him upward; and she right tho
Gan both her handès soft upon him lay.
"O, for the love of God do you not so
To me!" quod she. "Eh! what is this to see!"

lifted himself up / then

¹ 6.3: "Whether I am sorrowful, O mighty God, thou knowest."

Sir, come am I to you for causes tway, *two*
 First you to thank, and of your lordship eke *protection also*
 Continuance I wouldè you beseech."

8. This Troilus, that heard his lady pray
 Of lordship him, waxed neither quick nor dead, *became n. alive*
 Nor might one word for shame unto it say, *embarrassment*
 Although men shouldè smiten off his head,
 But Lord! so waxed he suddenly all red; *blushed*
 And, sir, his lesson that he wend to con *intended to recite*
 To prayen her, is through his wit y-run. *out of his head*

9. Criseyde all this espièd well enough,
 For she was wise, and loved him ne'er the less,
 All n'ere he malapert nor made it tough,¹
 Or was too bold to sing a fool a mass; *too grossly flattering ?*
 But when his shame began somewhat to pass *embarrassment*
 His reasons, as I may my rhymès hold,
 I will you tell as teachen bookès old.

10. In changèd voice, right for his very dread,
 Which voice eke quoke, and thereto his mannér *also shook*
 Goodly abashed, and now his huè red, *nicely modest / color*
 Now pale, unto Criseyde his lady dear,
 With look downcast and humbly yolden cheer, *submissive manner*
 Lo the alderfirstè word that him astart, *very first / escaped*
 Was twicè: "Mercy, mercy, my dear heart!"

11. And stint awhile, and when he might out bring, *stopped*
 The nextè word was: "God wot for I have *God knows*
 As farforthly as I have had conning *as far as I knew how*
 Been yourès all, God so my soulè save,
 And shall, till that I, woeful wight, be grave,²
 And though I dare nor can unto you 'plain, *complain*

¹ 9.3: "Because he was not over- aggressive or domineering".

² 11.5: "until I, unhappy man, am buried".

Iwis I suffer not the lessè pain."

Indeed

12. Therewith his manly sorrow to behold
It might have made a heart of stone to rue,
And Pándare wept as he to water would,
And pokèd ever his niecè new and new,
And saidè: "Woe-begone be heartès true;¹
For love of God make of this thing an end,
Or slay us both at once ere that you wend."

*to pity
would (turn)
again & again*

before you go

13. "I? What?" quod she, "By God and by my truth
I wot not what you willè that I say."
"I, what!" quod he;² "that you have on him ruth
For God's love, and do him not to die."
"Now then thus," quod she, "I will him pray
To tellen me the fine of his intent;
Yet wist I never well what that he meant."

*I don't know
pity
don't cause him*

*the goal
knew I never*

Troilus speaks like a model "courtly lover"

14. "What that I mean, O sweetè heartè dear!"
Quod Troilus, "O goodly fresh and free!
That with the streamès of your eyen clear
You woulden sometimes friendly on me see,
And then agreeen that I may be he,
Withouten branch of vice in any wise,
In truth always, to do you my servíce."

look

taint

15. Quod Pandarus: "Lo, here a hard request
And reasonable a lady for to wern!³
Now niecè mine, by natal Jovè's feast,

refuse

¹ 12.5: "True hearts are woebegone" i.e. afflicted with sorrow.

² 13.3: Pandarus is repeating Criseyde's exclamation in exasperated mockery.

³ 15.1-2: As in 13.3 above Pandarus is being mildly sarcastic: "This is a hard request and it would be reasonable for a lady to refuse it."

Were I a god you shouldè starve as yern *die at once*
 That hearen well this man will nothing yearn *desire*
 But your honoúr and see him almost starve *die*
 And be so loth to suffer him you serve." ¹

Criseyde Responds

16. With that she gan her eyen on him cast
 Full easily and full debónairly, *graciously*
 Avising her, and hièd not too fast *Reflecting & not hurrying*
 With ne'er a word, but said him softely: *(to) him = Pandarus*
 "Mine honor safe, I will well truly, *(Provided that)*
 And in such form as he gan now devise, *as he just now said*
 Receiven him fully to my servíce; *him = Troilus*

17. "But natheless this warn I you" quod she,
 "A kingè's son although you be iwis, *indeed*
 Yet you shall have no more sovereignty
 Of me in love than right in that case is; *than is proper*
 Ne will I not forbear if you do amiss *I won't hesitate*
 To wrathen you, and while that you me serve *To get angry with*
 Cherish you right after you deserve. *according as you*

18. "And shortly, dearest heart, and all my knight!
 Be glad, and draweth you to lustiness, *good health(?), joy (?)*
 And I shall truly, with all my fullè might,
 Your bitter turnen all into sweetness.
 If I be she that may do you gladness;
 For every woe you shall recover a bliss."
 And him in arms she took and gan him kiss.

Pandarus, always in the background or foreground, acts the clown

19. Fell Pandarus on knees, and up his eye

¹ 15.3-7: "By Jupiter, if I were a god, you would die at once, for you hear clearly this man who wants nothing but your honor, and you see him almost dying, and yet you are reluctant to let him serve you." Notice the persistent use of "serve" and "service" for the man's relationship to the woman.

To heaven threw, and held his handès high.
 "Immortal God," quod he, "that mayst not die
 (Cupid, I mean) of this mayst glorify;
 And Venus, thou mayst maken melody.
 Withouten hand, meseemeth that in town *hand (to pull rope)*
 For this marvél I hear each bellè sound. ¹ *bell*

20. "But, ho! No more as now of this mattér,
 For why these folk will comen up anon *soon*
 That have the letter read. Lo! I them hear.
 But I conjúre thee, Créssida, and one *I call on*
 And two, thou Troilus, when thou mayest gon *both of you / walk*
 That at my house you be at my warning *when I say*
 For I full well shall shapen your coming.

21. And easeth there your heartès right enough
 And let's see which of you shall bear the bell *win the prize*
 To speak of love aright." Therewith he laughed:
 "For there you may have leisure for to tell."
 Quod Troilus: "How longè shall I dwell
 Ere this be done?" Quod he: "When thou mayst rise
 This thing shall be right as I you devise."

22. With that Elaine and also Deiphebus
 Then upward came right at the stair's end,
 And, Lord! so then gan groanen Troilus,
 His brother and his sister for to blend. *to blind*
 Quod Pandarus: "It time is that we wend; *we should go*
 Take, niecè mine, your leave at them all three,
 And let them speak, and cometh forth with me." *speak (in private)*

23. Now let her wend unto her ownè place, *go*
 And turnè we to Troilus again,
 That gan full lightly of the letter pace *pass over*
 That Deiphebus had in the garden seen;

¹ 19.7: Stories of bells that rang out of their own accord at some remarkable event are common in medieval stories. (See Riverside edition, note to l. 188-9 for references). Pandarus is here clowning again.

For thee have I begun a gamè play *to play a game*
 Which that I never do shall eft for other *again*
 Although he were a thousandfold my brother. ¹

28. "That is to say, for thee I am become *a go-between*
 (Betwixen game and earnest) such a mean
 As maken women unto men to come
 All say I nought -- thou wost well what I mean -- *you know well*
 For thee have I my niece (of vices clean)
 So fully made thy gentleness to trust
 That all shall be right as thyselfen list. *you wish*

29 "But God that all wot, take I to witness *who knows all*
 That ne'er I this for covetisè wrought *worked for profit*
 But only for t'abridgè that distress *to lessen*
 For which well nigh thou diédst as me thought.² *were dying*
 But, good brother, do now as thee ought
 For God's love, and keep her out of blame
 Since thou art wise, and save always her name.

30. "For well thou wost the name as yet of her *you know*
 Among the people, as who saith, hallowed is; *is honored*
 For that man is unborn, I dare well swear,
 That ever wistè that she did amiss:³ *knew / did wrong*
 But woe is me that I that cause all this
 May thinken that she is my niece dear,
 And I her eme, and traitor eke, y-fere.⁴

¹ 27.7: In this and in the following stanzas Pandarus shows considerable unease at the role he has chosen to play. He fears for his own reputation (the noun and verb "pander" do come from his name), and he fears especially for Criseyde's reputation. Hence his demand for a promise of total secrecy.

² 29.1-4: "But I take to witness God, who knows all, that I have not done this out of love of gain (*covetise*), but only to help your distress from which I thought you were going to die."

³ 30.1-4: "For you know well that everyone agrees (*who saith*) she has an honorable name (*name of her hallowed is.*) There is no man alive who has ever known her to do wrong."

⁴ 30.7: "And I her uncle and betrayer at the same time." 'Traitor' makes sense here as Pandarus has some serious doubts about what he is doing to his niece. But Barney in *Riverside* (III, 273, n.) suggests

31. "And were it wist that I, through my engine,
Had in my niece y-put this fantasy
To do thy lust and wholly to be thine,
Why, all the worldè would upon it cry
And say that I the worstè treachery
Did, in this case, that ever was begun,
And she for-lost, and thou right nought y-won.
- known / management*

thy will

for- = totally
32. "Wherefore, ere I will further go a pace,
Yet eft I thee beseech and fully say
That privity go with us in this case
That is to say, that thou us never 'wray.
And be not wroth though I thee often pray
To holden secret such a high mattér.
For skillful is, thou wost it well, my prayer ¹
- go a step further*
once again
secrecy
betray

reasonable
33. "O tongue, alas, so often herebefore
Hast thou made many a lady bright of hue
Say: `Welaway the day that I was born!'
And many a maiden's sorrow to renew
And for the morè part, all is untrue
That men of yelp an' it were brought to preeve.²
Of kindè, no avaunter is to 'lieve.
- before this*

Alas!

An' = if
34. "For well I wot thou meanest well, pardee.
Therefore I dare this fully undertake;
Thou wost eke what thy lady granted thee
And day is set thy charters up to make.
Have now good night, I may no longer wake;
- I know / by God*

You know also
to settle the contract

that it is Chaucer's mistranslation of an Italian word meaning `procurer', `pimp', a pander in fact. .

² 2.7: "You know well that my request (*prayer*) is reasonable (*skillful*)".

³ 33.5-7: *all is untrue ... 'lieve*: "and all is untrue that men boastof (*men of yelp*), if (*an*) it were brought to the proof. In the nature of things (*of kinde*), no boaster can be believed." Pandarus is here referring to the tendency of some men to exaggerate and boast of their sexual conquests and thus embarrass the women who trust them.

And bid for me, since thou art now in bliss,
That God me sende death or soonè liss."

*And pray
comfort soon*

35. Who mightè tellen half the joy and feast
Which that the soul of Troilus then felt
Hearing the faith of Pandarus' behest,
His oldè woe that made his heartè swelt
Gan then for joy to wasten and to melt,
And all the riches of his sighès sore
At oncè fled, he felt of them no more.

*force of P's promise
faint*

Troilus insists on his own discretion and loyalty

36. And gan his look on Pandarus up cast
Full soberly, and friendly on to see,
And saidè: "Friend, in Aprilis the last,
As well thou wost, if it remember thee,
How nigh the death for woe thou foundest me,
And how thou didest all thy busyness
To know of me the cause of my distress;

*you know
How near*

37. "Thou wost how long I it forbore to say
To thee that art the man that I best trust,
And peril was it none to thee bewray,
That wist I well; but tell me if thee list,
Since I so loth was that thyself it wist,¹
How durst I morè tell of this mattér
That quakè now and no wight may us hear?

*You know / hesitated to
no danger in telling you
that I know / please
would I dare
tremble / nobody*

38. "But here with all my heart I thee beseech
That never in me thou deemè such folly
As I shall say: methoughtè by thy speech,
That this which thou me dost for company
I shouldè ween it were a bawdery.

*expect
out of friendship
think / pimping*

¹ 37.5: "Since I was so reluctant that you should know."

I am not wood, all-if I lewèd be:¹ *mad / stupid*
 It is not so! That wot I well, pardee. *know I*

39. "But since that thou hast done me this service *reward*
 My life to save, and for no hope of meed, *enterprise*
 So for the love of God this great emprise *Finish it*
 Perform it out, for now is the most need; *big & small*
 For high and low, withouten any dread, *instructions*
 I will always all thine hestès keep.
 Have now good night, and let us bothè sleep."

*Love makes Troilus a model of discretion in
 their brief lovers' meetings*

40. Thus held them each of other well apaid, *pleased*
 That all the world ne might it bet amend, *make it better*
 And on the morrow, when they were arrayed *dressed*
 Each to his ownè needès gan attend;
 But Troilus, though as the fire he brend *burned*
 For sharp desire of hope and of plesance,
 He not forgot his goodè governance; *self-control*

41. But certain is (to purpose for to go) *to get on with it*
 That in this while, as written is in geste, *story*
 He saw his lady sometimes, and also
 She with him spoke when that she durst and lest, *dared & wished*
 And by their both advice, as was the best,
 Appointeden full warily in this need, *Decided cautiously*
 So as they durst, how that they would proceed. *dared*

42. But it was spoken in so short a wise, *it = their conversation*
 In such await always, and in such fear, *secrecy*
 Lest any wight divinen or devise *figure out or suspect*
 Would of them two, or to it lay an ear, *eavesdrop*
 That all this world so lief to them ne were *so dear*

¹ 38.6: "I am not mad even if I am stupid."

As that Cupido would them gracé send
To maken of their speech aright an end.¹

to complete properly

Criseyde is deeply pleased with Troilus

43. But thilkè little that they spoke or wrought
His wisè ghost took ay of all such heed,
It seemèd her he wistè what she thought
Withouten word, so that it was no need
To bid him aught to do or aught forbid,
For which she thought that love, al' come it late,
Of allè joy had opened her the gate.

*that little / did
spirit / always
(to) her he knew*

*anything
although*

44. And shortly of this process for to pace,
So well his work and wordès he beset,
That he so full stood in his lady's grace
That twenty thousand timès ere she let
She thankèd God she ever with him met;
So could he govern him in such service
That all the world ne might it bet devise;

*this story finish
managed*

finished

*conduct himself
manage better*

45. For why? She found him so discreet in all,
So secret, and eke of such obeisáncé,
That well she felt he was to her a wall
Of steel, and shield from every displeasáncé,
That to be in his goodè governance,
So wise he was, she was no more afeared.
I mean as far as aught to be required.

respect

*in his benign power
afraid
no more than necessary*

46. And Pandarus to quick always the fire
Was e'er alikè prest and diligent;
To ease his friend was set all his desire;
He shoved ay on; he to and fro was sent,

*fan
constantly eager*

Was always pushing

¹ 42. 5-7: "There was nothing in the world they would rather have than that the god of love would graciously give them an opportunity to complete a proper conversation."

He letters bore when Troilus was absént,
That never man as in his friendè's need
Ne bore him bet than he withouten dread.

behaved better without doubt

47. But to the great effect: then say I thus
That standing in concórd and in quiet
These ilkè two, Criseyde and Troilus
As I have told, and in this timè sweet
Save only often mightè they not meet
Ne leisure have their speches to fulfill
That it befell right as I shall you tell,

To get on with story

Pandarus scheming once more

48. That Pandarus that ever did his might
Right for the fine that I shall speak of here
And for to bringen to his house some night
His fairè niece and Troilus y-fere
Thereas at leisure all this high mattér
Touching their love were at the full upbound,
Had, out of doubt, a time unto it found,

goal

together

Where

would be completed

49. For he with great deliberation
Had everything that hereto might avail
Forecast and put in execution,
And neither left for cost nor for travail¹
Come if them lest, them shouldè nothing fail;
And for to be in aught espiéd there,
That, wist he well, an impossible were.

he knew

50. Now is there little more for to be done
But Pandare up and, shortly for to sayn,
Right soon upon the changing of the moon,

1

49.4-7: "and he spared neither cost nor trouble; let them come; nothing would be wanting. He knew well that it was impossible for them to be discovered there". *Impossible* (l.7) seems to have a French stress..

When lightless is the world a night or twain,
 And that the welkin shope him for to rain,
 He straight a-morrow to his nicè went; ¹
 You have well heard the fine of his intent.

*or two
 sky gave signs of*

the point

51. When he was come he gan anon to play,
 As he was wont, and of himself to jape,
 And finally he swore, and gan her say
 By this and that, she should him not escape,
 Nor longer do him after her to gape,
 But certainly that she must, by her leave,
 Come suppen in his house with him at eve.

*at once to jest
 accustomed / joke*

make him run after her

52. At which she laughed, and gan her fast excuse,
 And said: "It raineth, lo! how should I gon?"
 "Let be," quod he, "nor stand not thus to muse;
 This must be done, ye shall come there anon."
 So at the last hereof they fell at one,
 Or elsè -- soft he swore her in her ear --
 He wouldè never comen where she were.

go

*promptly
 came to agree*

53. Soon after this she unto him gan rown,
 And askèd him if Troilus were there.
 He swore her nay, for he was out of town,
 And saidè: "Niece, I posè that he were,
 You durstè never have the morè fear.
 For rather than men might him there espy
 Me lever were a thousandfold to die."

whisper

*let's suppose
 You don't need to*

I'd rather

54. Naught list mine author fully to declare ²
 What that she thought when that he said her so,
 That Troilus was out of town y-fare,

gone

¹ 50.2-6: "But Pandare up and ... went." This is an early instance of what became, as the OED puts it, "colloquial and dialectal" usage.

² 54.1: "My source (*author*) doesn't choose to say."

And if he saidé thereof sooth or no; *truth*
 But that without await with him to go *delay*
 She granted him, sith he her that besought, *since he asked her*
 And as his niece obeyèd as her ought.

55. But natheless yet gan she him beseech,
 Although with him to go it was no fear,
 For to beware of goosish people's speech, *foolish, goose-like*
 That dreamen thingès which that never were,
 And well avisen him whom he brought there; *And be careful*
 And said him: "Eme, since I must on you trist *Uncle / trust*
 Look all be well; I do now as you list." *See that all /as you wish*

56. He swore her "Yes" by stockès and by stones,
 And by the godès that in heaven dwell,
 Or elsè were him lever soul and bones *he would rather*
 With Pluto King as deepè be in hell
 As Tantalus; what should I morè tell?
 When all was well he rose and took his leave,
 And she to supper came when it was eve *evening*

Criseyde arrives at Pandarus's house with her retinue

57. With a certain of her ownè men, *certain (number)*
 And with her fairè niece Antigone,
 And other of her women nine or ten;
 But who was glad now, who, as trowen ye *do you think*
 But Troilus? that stood and might it see
 Throughout a little window in a stew, *in a small room*
 Where he be-shut since midnight was, in mew, *cooped up*

58. Unwist of every wight but of Pandare. *Unknown to everyone*
 But to the point. Now when that she was come
 With allè joy and allè friendès fare, *in friendly fashion*
 Her eme anon in armès hath her nome, *Her uncle / taken*
 And after to the supper all and some,
 When as time was, full softly they them set.

God wot there was no dainty fare to fet.¹

59. And after supper gonnen they to rise,
At ease well, with hearts full fresh and glad,
And well was him that couldè best devise
To liken her, or that her laughen made:²
He sang, she played; he told a tale of Wade;
But at the last, as every thing hath end,
She took her leave, and needès wouldè wend.³

*found a way
To please*

60. But, O Fortúne! executrix of wyrd,
O influénces of these heavens high!
Sooth is that under God you be our hirds,
Though to us beastès be the causes wry;
This mean I now, for she gan homeward hie;
But execute was all beside her leave
The godès' will, for which she mustè bleve.⁴

*minister of destinies

Truth / shepherds
unclear
(prepared) to go
done / without her leave
remain*

61. The bentè moonè with her hornès pale,
Saturn and Jove, in Cancer joinèd were,
That such a rain from heaven gan avale
That every manner woman that was there
Had of that smoky rain a very fear;⁵
At which Pandare then laughèd, and said then:
"Now were it time a lady to go hence?"

*crescent moon
Jupiter
pour

What a time for!*

¹ 58.7: "God knows there was no dainty food lacking."

²

59.3-7: "And he was glad he knew the best way to please her or make her laugh. ... He told a story about Wade", a character, mentioned occasionally in medieval literature but about whom almost nothing is now known. There is an obscure reference to his boat in the *Merchant's Tale*, 1424.

³ 59.7: "She said goodbye; she had to be on her way."

⁴ 60.6-7: "The will of the gods was done without her leave, and so she had to stay."

⁵ 61.1-5: The torrential rain was supposedly caused by this particular planetary conjunction of the moon, Saturn and Jupiter in Cancer.

62. "But goodè niece, if I might ever please
 You any thing, then pray I you," quod he,
 "To do mine heart as now so great an ease
 As for to dwell here all this night with me;
 For why? This is your ownè house pardee, *by God*
 For by my truth, I say it not in game,
 To wend as now it were to me a shame." *(for you) to go*

63. Criseydè, which that could as muchè good *had as much sense*
 As half a world, took heed of his prayér,
 And since it rained, and all was in a flood,
 She thought: "As good cheap may I dwellen here, *I might as well*
 And grant it gladly with a friendly cheer
 And have a thank, as grouch and then abide; *grumble & then stay*
 For home to go it may not well betide. *not really possible*

64. "I will," quod she, "mine uncle lief and dear! *beloved*
 Since that you list; it skill is to be so. *S. you wish / it's reasonable*
 I am right glad with you to dwellen here; *stay*
 I saidè but in game that I would go."
 "Iwis grand mercy niecè," quod he tho; *Indeed, thanks / then*
 Were it in game or no, thee sooth to tell, *truth*
 Now am I glad since that you list to dwell." *you're pleased to stay*

Pandarus announces where everyone will sleep

65. Thus all is well; but then began aright
 The newè joy, and all the feast again;
 But Pandarus, if goodly had he might,
 He would have hièd her to bed full fain, *hurried / gladly*
 And said; "O Lord! this is a hugè rain,
 This were a weather for to sleepen in,
 And that I redd us soonè to begin." *advise*

66. There is no morè, but hereafter soon *no more (to say)*

The voidè drunk and travers drawn anon,¹
 Gan every wight that haddè naught to do
 More in the place out of the chamber gone;
 And evermore so sternly it ron *rained*
 And blew therewith so wonderfully loud,
 That well nigh no man hearen other could.²

67. Then Pandarus, her eme, right as him ought, *uncle*
 With women such as were her most about,
 Full glad unto her beddè's side her brought,
 And took his leave, and gan full low to lout, *bow*
 And said: "Here at this closet door without, *outside the room door*
 Right overthwart, your women lyen all, *across / all will lie*
 That whom you list of them you may her call." *So that / wish*

68. So when that she was in the closet laid, *in the room in bed*
 And all her women forth by ordinance *in an orderly way*
 A-beddè weren, there as I have said, *in bed*
 There was no more to skippen nor to dance,
 But bidden go to beddè, with mischance,
 If any wight were stirring anywhere, *anyone*
 And let them sleepen that a-beddè were.

The next part of Pandarus's plan begins

69. But Pandarus, that well could each a deal *knew every bit of*
 The oldè dance, and every point therein, *The old game (of love)*
 When that he saw that allè thing was well,
 He thought he would upon his work begin,
 And gan the stwè door all soft unpin,³ *little room / unlock*

¹ 66.2-4: "When the nightcap (*voide*) had been drunk and the curtain (*travers*) drawn, everyone who had no more business there left the room."

² 66.6-7: "The wind blew so extraordinarily loud that people could hardly hear each other speak."

³ 69.5: We left Troilus in the *stew* (a little room) at 57.4-7, there referred to as a *mew*.

And still as stone, withouten longer let, *delay*
 By Troilus adown right he him set.

70. And, shortly to the point right for to gon, *to get to the point*
 Of all this work he told him ord and end, *beginning & end*
 And saidè: "Make thee ready right anon,
 For thou shalt into heaven's blissè wend." *go*
 "Now blissful Venus! thou me gracè send,"
 Quod Troilus, " for never yet no need
 Had I ere now, ne halfendeal the dread." *nor half*

71. Quod Pandarus: "Ne dread thee ne'er a deal, *not a bit*
 For it shall be right as thou wilt desire;
 So thrive I, this night I'll make it well, *I'm betting*
 Or casten all the gruel in the fire." *or ruin everything*
 "Yet blissful Venus! this night me inspire,"
 Quod Troilus, "as wis as I thee serve, *surely*
 And ever bet and bet shall till I sterve." *better & better / die*

72. Quod Pandarus: "Thou wretched mouse's heart,
 Art thou aghast so that she will thee bite?
 Why, don this furréd cloak upon thy shirt,
 And follow me, for I will have the wite; *the blame (for what?)*
 But bide, and let me go before a lite;" *a little*
 And with that word he gan undo a trap, *trapdoor*
 And Troilus he brought in by the lap. *sleeve (?)*

73. The sternè wind so loud began to rout *strong / sound*
 That no wight other's noisè mighten hear,
 And they that layen at the door without
 Full sikerly they slepten all ifere; *certainly / together*
 And Pandarus with a full sober cheer
 Goes to the door anon withouten let *quickly / w/o delay*
 There as they lay, and softly he it shut;

Pandarus goes secretly to speak to Criseyde

74. And as he came againward privily *again quietly*

His niece awoke, and asketh: "Who goes there?"
 "Mine own dear niecè," quod he, "it am I,
 Ne wonder not, ne have of it no fear."
 And near he came, and said her in her ear:
 "No word, for love of God, I you beseech, *Not a word*
 Let no wight rise and hearken of our speech.

75. "What! which way be you come? Ben'dicitee!" *Bless me!*
 Quod she. "And how, thus unwist of them all?" *unknown to*
 "Here at this secret trappè-door," quod he.
 Quod then Criseydè: "Let me some wight call." *Let me call someone*
 "Eh! God forbiddè that it should befall,"
 Quod then Pandáre, "that you such folly wrought
 They mighten deemen thing they never thought. *guess at*

76. "It is not good a sleeping hound to wake,
 Nor give a wight a cause for to divine. *person / to suspect*
 Your women sleepen all, I undertake, *I assure you*
 So that for them the house men mighten mine,¹ *(under)mine*
 And sleepen will till that the sunnè shine,
 And when my tale y-brought is to an end,
 Unwist right as I came so will I wend. *Unnoticed / leave*

77. "Now, niecè mine, you shall well understand,"
 Quod he, "so as you women deemen all, *judge, think*
 That for to hold in love a man in hand, *deceive*
 And him her lief and her dear heart to call, *her beloved*
 And maken him a hoove above a caul--
 I mean, as love another in meanwhile--
 She doth herself a shame, and him a guile.² *make a fool of him*
a deception

78. "Now whereby that I tellen you all this *The reason why*

¹ 76:4-5: "So that, as far as they are concerned, you could put mines under the house, and they would still sleep till sunup."

² 77: This stanza says roughly: "All you women agree that it is a shameful trick in love to deceive a man, and call him your beloved and sweetheart, making a fool of him while loving another."

You wot yourself as well as any wight,
 How that your love all fully granted is
 To Troilus, that is the worthiest knight,
 One of this world, and thereto truth y-plight,
 That but it were on him along, ¹ you n'ould
 Him never falsen while you liven should.

You know / person

Unique / & given your word
his fault
betray

79. "Now stands it thus, that since I from you went
 This Troilus, right platly for to sayn,
 Is through a gutter by a privy went
 Into my chamber come in all this rain,
 Unwist of every manner wight certáin ²
 Save of myself, as wisly have I joy,
 And by the faith I owe Priam of Troy.

bluntly
by a private passage

Unknown / person
As surely

80. "And he is come in such pain and distress,
 That but he be all fully wood by this,
 He suddenly must fall into woodness
 But if God help; and causè why is this:
 He says he told is of a friend of his,
 How that you should love one that hatte Horaste, ³
 For sorrow of which this night shall be his last."

If he isn't fully mad
madness
Unless
he's told by a friend
a man called

81. Criseyde which that all this wonder heard,
 Gan suddenly about her heartè cold,
 And with a sigh she sorrowfully answered:
 "Alas! I weened, who so that talès told,
 My dearè heartè wouldè me not hold

grow cold

I thought that whoever
not think me

¹ 78.3-7: "that your love is fully granted and your word pledged (*truth y-plight*) to Troilus, the worthiest knight in the world, that unless he does something wrong (*but it were on him along*), you will never be unfaithful to him while you live."

² 79.5: "Unknown to every kind of person certainly."

³ 80.5-6: "He's been told by a friend that you are reputed to be in love with a man called Horaste."

So lightly false. Alas! conceitès wrong!
 What harm they do! for now live I too long.

wrong thoughts

82. "Horaste, alas! And falsen Troilus?
 I know him not, God help me so," quod she.
 "Alas! what wicked spirit told him thus?
 Now certès, eme, to-morrow an' I him see,
 I shall thereof as full excusen me
 As ever woman did, if that him like."
 And with that word she gan full sore to sigh.

and betray T?

*certainly uncle / if I
exonerate*

Pandarus is still urging Troilus's case to Criseyde

83. Quod Pandarus: "Thus fallen is this case."
 "Why, uncle mine," quod she, "who told him this?
 Why does my dearè heartè thus, alas?"
 "You wot, yea, niece mine," quod he, "what is.
 I hope all shall be well that is amiss,
 For you may quench all this if that you lest
 And do right so, for I it hold the best."

This is the situation

You know how it is

please

84. "So shall I do tomorrow, iwis," quod she
 "And God to-forn, so that it shall suffice."
 "Tomorrow! Alas, that were a fair!" quod he,
 "Nay, nay! It may not standen in this wise.
 For, niece mine, thus writen clerkès wise
 That peril is with drecching in y-draw.¹
 Nay, such abodès be not worth a haw.

*indeed
before God
a fine thing!*

hesitations / straw

85. "And, niece mine (ne take it not agrief),²
 If that you suffer him all night in this woe,
 God help me so, you had him never lief,
 That dare I say, now there is but we two.
 But well I wot that you will not do so.

*If you allow
you never held him dear
now only 2 of us are here
I know*

¹ 84.6: "that danger is by delaying drawn in", i.e. that delay involves danger.

² 85.1: ("Don't take this the wrong way".)

You be too wise to do so great folly
To put his life all night in jeopardy."

86. "Had I him never lief! By God, I ween ¹
You had never thing so lief," quod she.
"Now by my thrift," quod he, "that shall be seen;
For since you make this example of me
If I all night would him in sorrow see
For all the treasure in the town of Troy,
I pray to God I never may have joy.

*so dear
Upon my word*

87. "Now look then, if you that be his love
Shall put all night his life in jeopardy
For thing of nought, now by that God above
Not only this delay comes of folly
But of malice, if that I shall not lie.
What! platly, an' you suffer him in distress,
You neither bounty do nor gentleness."

For no good reason

*bluntly, if you leave
kindness nor*

88. Quod then Criseydé: "Will you do one thing,
And you therewith shall stint all his dis-ease?
Have here and beareth him this blue ring
For there is nothing might him better please
Save I myself, nor more his heart appease;
And say to my dear heart that all his sorrow
Is causeless; that shall be seen tomorrow."

stop / distress

89. "A ring!" quod he; "Yea! hazel woods you shake! ²
Yea, nicé mine, that ring must have a stone
That mighten a dead man alive make."³

Nuts!

¹ 86.1-2: "I never loved him! By God, I am sure *you* never held anything so dear."

² 89.1: "Hazel woods" is a favorite dismissive expression of Pandarus. See also V.57.1 and 142.5.

³ 89.2-3: "The ring would have to have a (magic) stone that could make dead men come alive." Precious stones were supposed to have various magical powers. Books called "lapidaries" were devoted to the topic.

And such a ring, I trow, that you have none. *I'm sure*
 Discretion out of your head is gone;
 That feel I now," quod he, "and that is ruth. *pity*
 Oh, timè lost! well mayst thou cursen sloth.

90. "Now have I told what peril he is in
 And his coming unwist to every wight *unknown*
 Ne pardee, harm may there be none, nor sin. *by God*
 I will myself be with you all this night.
 You know eke how he is your ownè knight *also*
 And that by right you must upon him trist *trust*
 And I all prest to fetch him when you list." *ready / you wish*

91. This accident so piteous was to hear *plausible story*
 And eke so like a sooth at primè face *truth on the face of it*
 And Troilus her knight to her so dear,
 His privy coming and the siker place, *secret / safe*
 That though that she did him as then a grace,
 Considerèd all thingès as they stood,
 No wonder is, since she did all for good.

92. "Then eme," quod she, "do hereof as you list,¹ *uncle / wish*
 But ere he come I will up first arise, *But before*
 And for the love of God, since all my trist *trust*
 Is on you two, and you be bothè wise,
 So worketh now, in so discreet a wise,
 That I may honour have and he pleasánce,
 For I am here all in your governance."

93. "That is well said," quod he, "my niecè dear!
 There good thrift on that wisè gentle heart! *Good fortune*
 But lieth still, and taketh him right here, *receive him*
 It needeth not no farther for him start; *move*
 And each of you ease other's sorrows smart, *sharp*

¹ 92.1: "Then, uncle," she said, "do as you wish about this."

For love of God, (and, Venus, I thee hery)
 For soon hope I that we shall all be merry."

I praise thee

Troilus appears

94. This Troilus full soon on knees him set
 Full soberly right by her beddè's head,
 And in his bestè wise his lady gret;
 But Lord! so she waxed suddenly all red,
 Nay, though men shoulde smiten off her head
 She couldè not a word aright outbring
 So suddenly, for his sudden coming.

*greeted
 blushed*

coherent

95. But Pandarus that so well couldè feel
 In everything, to play anon began
 And saidè: "Niece, see how this lord can kneel.
 Now for your truthè see this gentle man."
 And with that word he for a cushion ran
 And saidè: "Kneeleth now while that you lest
 Where God your heartès bringè soon at rest."

to joke

96. Can I not say, for she bad him not rise,
 If sorrow it put out of her réembrance,
 Or elsè that she took it in the wise
 Of duèty as for his óbservance;
 But well find I she did him this pleasáncè,
 That she him kissed, although she sighèd sore,
 And bade him sit adown withouten more.

*in the way ...
 ...of doing his lover's duty*

w/o. more ado

Pandarus steps aside but not away

97. Quod Pandarus: "Now will you well begin
 Now do him sittè, goodè niecè dear,
 Upon your beddè's sidè there within
 That each of you the bet may other hear."
 And with that word he drew him to the fire
 And took a light and found his countenance
 As for to look upon an old romance.

Now make him sit

better

made a pretence

98. Criseyde that was Troilus' lady right,
 And clear stood in a ground of sikerness, *certainty*
 Al' thought she that her servant and her knight *Al(though)*
 Ne should of right no úntruth in her guess, ¹ *suspect*
 Yet natheless, considered his distress, *considering*
 And that love is in cause of such folly, *is the cause*
 Thus spoke she to him of his jealousy:

Criseyde speaks to assuage Troilus's supposed jealousy

99. "Lo, heartè mine! as would the excellence
 Of love, against the which that no man may,
 Ne ought eke, goodly maken résistance,² *nor, indeed, ought*
 And eke because I feltè well and saw *truly felt*
 Your greatè truth and service every day,
 And that your heart all mine was, sooth to sayn,--
 This drove me for to rue upon your pain; *to take pity*

100. "And your goodness have I found always yet,
 Of which, my dearè heart, and all my knight,
 I thank it you, as far as I have wit, *ability*
 Al' can I not as much as it were right;³ *Al(though) / as I should*
 And I, emforth my cunning and my might, *according to my ability*
 Have, and ay shall, how sorè that me smart, *always / however / hurt*
 Be to you true and whole with all my heart;

101. "But certain is, some manner jealousy

¹ 98.3-6: "Although she thought that her "servant", her knight, should not even suspect her of unfaithfulness, yet nevertheless, considering that he was distressed and that love causes such follies, she spoke to him about his jealousy."

² 99.1-3: The syntax is a little unsatisfactory, but the meaning is reasonably clear: "because of the excellence of love which no one should resist ..."

³ 100:3 ff: "I thank you as far as I know how, although I cannot as much as I should; and I, according to my ability and strength, have been and always will, however much it hurts me, be true to you ..."

Is excusable more than some iwis, ¹ *than others indeed*
 As when cause is, and some such fantasy
 With piety so well repressèd is, *sense of right*
 That it unnethès does or says amiss, *scarcely*
 But goodly drinketh up all his distress;
 And that excuse I for the gentleness.

102. "And some's so full of fury and despite *some (jealousy) / hatred*
 That it surmounteth his repression; *overpowers his restraint*
 But, heartè mine! you be not in that plight,
 That thank I God, for which your passion
 I will not call it, but illusion
 Of abundance of love and busy cure, *& great concern*
 That doth your heartè this dis-ease endure." *that causes*

103. With that a fewè brightè tearès new
 Out of her eyen fell, and thus she said:
 "Now God, thou wost, in thought nor deed, untrue *thou knowest*
 To Troilus was never yet Criseyde."
 With that her head down in the bed she laid,
 And with the sheet it wry, and sighèd sore, *covered*
 And held her peace; not one word spoke she more.

Criseyde's response makes Troilus deeply abashed

104. This Troilus, when he her wordès heard,
 Have you no care, him listè not to sleep, ²
 For it thought him no strokès of a yard
 To hear or see Criseyde his lady weep, ³

¹ 101: She says that some kinds of jealousy are more excusable than others: first, when there seems to be real cause; and second when such unwarranted feeling is repressed so that it rarely leads to inappropriate act or words, but swallows its pain; and that is excusable because of the self-control.

² 104.2: "You can be sure he did not want to sleep."

³ 104.3-4: These lines appear to mean "It seemed to him that hearing Criseyde weep was not just like being beaten by the strokes of a rod, but"

But well he felt about his heartè creep,
 For every tear which that Creseyde astart, *that escaped C.*
 The cramp of death to strain him by the heart.

105. And in his mind he gan the time a-curse
 That he came there, and that he was y-born,
 For now is wicked turnèd into worse, *bad into*
 And all that labour he had done befor
 He wend it lost; he thought he n'as but lorn. *considered / he was finished*
 "O Pandarus!" thought he, "alas! thy wile *trick*
 Serveth of naught, so welaway the while! *Is no good / Alas!*

106. And therewithal he hung adown his head,
 And fell on knees, and sorrowfully sighed.
 What might he say? he felt he n'as but dead, *as good as dead*
 For wroth was she that should his sorrows light;¹ *angry / lighten*
 But natheless when that he speaken might,
 Then said he thus: "God wot that of this game *God knows*
 When all is wist, then am I not to blame." *known*

107. Therewith the sorrow so his heartè shut
 That from his eyen fell there not a tear,
 And every spirit his vigour eke in knit,
 So they astonèd and oppressèd were;² *stunned*
 The feeling of his sorrow or his fear
 Or of aught else fled were out of town;
 Adown he fell all suddenly a-swown. *in a swoon*

Pandarus to the rescue after Troilus's unheroic response

108. This was no little sorrow for to see,
 For all was hushed and Pandar up as fast; *jumped up or spoke up*

¹ 106.4: "For she who was supposed to lighten his sorrow was angry."

² 107.3-7: Each of the three "spirits" in his body tightened up (*knit*) as if stunned, so that he had no feeling, and fainted. The three spirits were the "vital", the "animal", and the "natural."

"O, niece, peace, or we be lost," quod he.
 Be not aghast." But certain at the last *afraid*
 For this or that he into bed him cast,
 And said: "O thief, is this a mannè's heart?"
 And off he rent all to his barè shirt,

109. And saidè: "Niecè, but you help us now, *Unless*
 Alas your ownè Troilus is lorn." *finished*
 "Iwis, so would I an I wistè how, *Indeed / if I knew how*
 Full fain," quod she. "Alas that I was born." *Very gladly*
 "Yea, niece, will you pullen out the thorn
 That sticketh in his heartè," quod Pandàre.
 "Say `All forgiven', and stint is all this fare" *this fuss will be over*

110. "Yea, that to me", quod she, "full lever were *more pleasing*
 Than all the good the sun aboutè goeth;" *i.e. in all the world*
 And therewithal she swore him in his ear,
 "Iwis, my dearè heart ! I am not wroth,
 Have here my truth," and many another oath. *I swear*
 "Now speak to me, for it am I Criseyde;"
 But all for naught; yet might he not abraid. *awake*

111. Therewith his pulse and palmès of his hands
 They gan to frote, and wet his temples twain, *to rub / both temples*
 And to deliver him from bitter bonds
 She oft him kissed; and, shortly for to sayn,
 Him to revoken she did all her pain; *revive*
 And at the last he gan his breath to draw,
 And of his swoon soon after that a-daw, *And from / to awake*

112. And gan bet mind and reason to him take;
 But wonder sore he was abashed iwis, *better*
 And with a sigh when he gan bet awake *embarrassed indeed*
 He said: "O mercy, God! what thing is this?" *more fully awake*
 "Why do you with yourselven thus amiss?" *behave so stupidly?*
 Quod then Criseyde. "Is this a man's game?
 What, Troilus! will you do thus for shame?"

113. And therewithal her arm o'er him she laid,
 And all forgave, and oftentime him kissed.
 He thankèd her, and to her spoke and said
 As fell to purpose for his heartè's rest;
 And she to that him answered as her lest,
 And with her goodly words him to disport
 She gan, and oft his sorrows to comfórt.

to cheer

Pandarus finally leaves

114. Quod Pandarus: "For aught I can espyen
 This light nor I ne serven here of nought.¹
 Light is not good for sickè folkès eyen.
 But, for the love of God, since you be brought
 In thus good plight, let now no heavy thought
 Be hanging in the heartès of you tway."
 And bore the candle to the chimeney.

eyes

situation

two

115. Soon after this, (though it no needè were)
 When she such oathès as her list devise
 Had of him taken, her thoughtè then no fear
 Nor cause eke none to bid him thence arise:
 Yet lesser thing than oathès may suffice
 In many a case, for every wight I guess
 That loveth well meaneth but gentleness.

as she chose

person

116. But in effect she wouldè wit anon
 Of what man, and eke where, and also why
 He jealous was, since there was causè none,
 And eke the signè that he took it by,²
 She bade him that to tell her busily,
 Or elsè, certain, she borè him on hand
 That this was done of malice, her to fond.

wanted to know at once

exactly

would suspect

to test

¹ 114.1-2: "As far as I can see, neither this light nor I are doing any good here."

² 116.4: "And what the evidence was."

117. Withouten morè, shortly for to sayn,
 He must obey unto his lady's hest, *command*
 And for the lessè harm he mustè feign; *pretend*
 He said her when she was at such a feast
 She might on him have lookèd at the least;
 N'ot I not what (all dear enough a rush) *I don't know / straw*
 As he that needs must a causè fish. ¹ *fish for a reason*
118. And she answered: "Sweet, al' were it so, *even if it were*
 What harm was that, since I no evil mean?
 For, by that God that wrought us bothè two,² *made*
 In allè things is mine intentè clean;
 Such arguments ne be not worth a bean:
 Will you the childish jealous counterfeit? *act like a jealous child*
 Now were it worthy that you were y-beat." *deserve to be spanked*
119. Then Troilus gan sorrowfully to sigh.
 Lest she be wroth him thought his heartè died, *angry*
 And said: "Alas! upon my sorrow's sick
 Have mercy, O sweet heartè mine, Criseyde!
 And if that in those wordès that I said
 Be any wrong, I will no more trespass. *offend*
 Do what you list; I am all in your grace." *you want / at your mercy*
120. And she answered: "Of guilt, misericord;³ *mercy*
 That is to say, that I forgive all this,
 And evermore on this night you record, *remember*
 And be well 'ware you do no more amiss." *And take care*
 "Nay, dearè heartè mine! " quod he, "i-wis." *indeed*
 "And now," quod she, "that I have done you smart *caused you pain*
 Forgive it me, mine ownè sweetè heart!"

¹ 117.6-7: "I don't know (what else he invented), none of it worth a rush (straw), like a man who must fish around for a reason."

² 118.3: This is one of the comparatively few obtrusive Christian anachronisms that have found their way into the pagan milieu of the poem. See also just below 129.1-2 and 151.3-5. Also II.89.3 and V.154.5.

³ 120.1: "For guilt (there is) mercy."

121. This Troilus with bliss of that surprised
 Put all in God's hand, as he that meant
 Nothing but well, and, suddenly avised,
 He her in armès fastè to him hent,
 And Pandarus, with full good intent
 Laid him to sleep, and said: "If you be wise,
 Swooneth not now, lest morè folk arise." ¹

*determined
tightly squeezed*

122. What might or may the silly larkè say
 When that the sparrow-hawk has it in his foot?
 I can no more but of these ilkè tway,
 (To whom this talè sugar be or soot)
 Though that I tarry a year, sometime I must
 After mine author tellen their gladness,
 As well as I have told their heaviness.

*same two
sweet or bitter (like soot)

According to*

123. Criseydè, which that felt her thus y-take,
 (As writen clerkès in their bookès old)
 Right as an aspen leaf she gan to quake
 When she him felt her in his armès fold;
 But Troilus all whole of carès cold,
 Gan thanken then the blissful goddès seven.
 Thus sundry painès bringen folk to heaven.

*seized

planetary influences*

124. This Troilus in armès gan her strain
 And said: "O sweet, as ever may I gon,
 Now you be caught, now is there but we twain
 Now yieldeth you, for other boote is none."
 To that Criseydè answered thus anon:
 "Ne haddè I ere now, my sweet heart dear
 Been yold, i-wis I werè not now here."

*As sure as I live
we two
help
promptly
If I hadn't before now ...
... surrendered ...*

125. Criseyde, all quit from every dread and teen

worry

¹ The presence of Pandarus throughout this scene has bothered many readers. We should, perhaps, remember the comparative lack of privacy even in large wealthy medieval households. Anthony Spearing points out that even in royal households in the early Middle Ages it was common for others to sleep in the royal bedroom. Of this scene he says: "The normality of a situation in which a bedroom, even that of a married couple, is shared by others must have made clarification unnecessary." (**The Medieval Poet as Voyeur**, p. 135).

As she that just cause had in him to trust,
 Made him such feast that joy it was to see,
 When she his truth and clean intentè wist, *knew*
 And as about a tree with many a twist
 Betrènt and writhes the sweetè woodèbine *entwines / honeysuckle*
 Gan each of them in arms the other wind.

126. And as the new abashèd nightingale, *just disturbed*
 That stinteth first, when she begins to sing, *stops*
 When that she heareth any herdè tale, *herdsman talk*
 Or in the hedges any wight stirring, *anybody*
 And after, siker doth her voice out ring-- *more firmly*
 Right so Criseyde, when that her dreadè stent, *stopped*
 Opened her heart, and told him her intent.¹

127. And right as he that sees his death y-shapen, *execution*
 And dien must, in aught that he may guess, *to all appearances*
 And suddenly rescue doth him escapen, *causes him to e.*
 And from his death is brought in sikerness,-- *safety*
 For all this world in such present gladness
 Was Troilus, and has his lady sweet.
 With no worse hap God let us never meet! *luck*

128. Her armès small, her straightè back and soft,
 Her sidès long, fleshly smooth and white
 He gan to stroke, and good thrift bade full oft *and eagerly greeted*
 Her snowish throat, her breastès round and lite. *little*
 Thus in this heaven he gan him to delight
 And therewithal a thousand times her kissed,
 That what to do, for joy unnethe he wist. *he hardly knew*

Troilus's promises to Criseyde

129. "Ah, for the love of God, my lady dear!
 Since God hath wrought me for I shall you serve, *has made me to serve you*

¹ 126: Criseyde is compared to a singing nightingale which is easily startled from its singing by the sound of a herdsman speaking, or anything moving in the hedge, but which sings out unrestrained when she sees there is no danger.

As thus I mean that you will be my steer, *steersman i.e. pilot*
 To do me live, if that you list, or starve,¹
 So teacheth me how that I may deserve *teach me (imper.)*
 Your thanks, that, through minè ignorance
 I do no thing that you be displesance: *may displease you*

130. "For certès, fresh womanly wife,²
 This dare I say: that truth and diligence,
 That shall you finden in me all my life.
 Ne will I, certain, breaken your defence;³ *your commands*
 And if I do, présent on in absènce,
 For love of God, let slay me with the deed, *have me killed for*
 If that it like unto your womanhood." *if it please*

131. "I-wis", quod she, "mine ownè heartè's list!
 My ground of ease, and all mine heartè dear!
 Grammmery! for on that is all my trist: *Indeed / desire*
 But let us fall away from this mattér, *Many thanks / trust*
 For it sufficeth this that said is here;
 And at one word, withouten répentance,
 Welcome my knight, my peace, my suffisance!" *fulfillment*

An interjection from the narrator

132. Of their delight or joys one of the least
 Were impossible to my wit to say, *for my ability*
 But judgeth you that have been at the feast
 Of such gladness, if that them list to play; *if they chose to make love*
 I can no more but thus: these ilké tway *I know / same two*
 That night, betwixen dread and sikerness, *certainty*

¹ 129.2-5: "Since God has made me to serve you, I mean since he wants you to be my guide (*steer*) who will cause me to live or die (*starve*) as you choose, teach me ..."

² 130.1: *Wife* probably has as its primary meaning simply "woman", with strong overtones of the meaning "spouse". The ME spelling is "*fresshe womanliche wif*"; pronouncing the two final -*e*'s would give the two extra syllables needed to make up a pentameter line.

³ 130.4: "Nor will I, certainly, disobey your commands." *defence* is the French word meaning literally "prohibition".

Felten in love the greatè worthiness. ¹

133. O blissful night! of them so long y-sought,
How blithe unto them bothè two thou were!
Why n'ad I such a one with my soul bought,
Yea, or but the least joyè that was there? ²
Away thou foulè Daunger and thou Fear! ³
And let them in this heaven's blissè dwell
That is so high that all ne can I tell.

pleasing

The lovers again

134. These ilkè two, that be in armès left,
So loth to them asunder go it were,
That each from other wenden been bereft;
Or elsè, lo! this was their mostè fear,
That all this thing but nicè dreamès were,
For which full oft each of them said: "O sweet!
Clip I you thus? Or else do I it meet?"

*so reluctant to part
thought they were robbed
greatest
only foolish dreams*

Hold I? / dream it?

135. And, Lord! so he gan goodly on her see,
That ne'er his look ne blentè from her face,
And said: "O my dear heartè! may it be
That it be sooth? that you be in this place?"
"Yea, heartè mine! God thank I of his grace,"
Quod then Criseyde, and therewithal him kissed,
That where her spirit was for joy she n'ist.

*looked so intently
turned
can it be ...
...true?*

didn't know

136. Soon after this they spoke of sundry things,
As fell to purpose of this áventure,
And playing, interchangeden their rings,

*various
about this event*

¹ 132-3: Once more, in these stanzas the narrator draws attention to his own lack of personal experience of the joys of love hence his inability to describe even the least of their joys.

² 133.3-4: "Why didn't I sell my soul for such a night or for the smallest joy they experienced?"

³ 133.5: "*Daunger*" was the personification of that part of the lady's nature or training that urged her to be "*daungerous*", that is, to keep her lover at a distance. In the **Romance of the Rose** Daunger was portrayed as an ugly (*foul*) "churl".

Of which I cannot tellen no scripture,
 But well I wot a brooch gold and azure,
 In which a ruby set was, like a heart,
 Criseyde him gave, and stuck it on his shirt.

inscription
I know

137. These ilké two of whom that I you say,
 When that their heartès well assurèd were,
 Then they began to speaken and to play,
 And eke rehearsen how, and when, and where,
 They knew them first, and every woe or fear
 That passèd was; but all such heaviness,
 I thank it God, was turnèd to gladness.

began / relax

each other

138. Reason will not that I speak of sleep,
 For it accordeth not to my mattér;
 God wot they took of it full little keep,
 But lest this night that was to them so dear
 Ne should in vain escape in no mannér,
 It was beset in joy and busyness
 Of all that souneth into gentleness.¹

doesn't go with
G. knows / notice

accords with

139. But when the cock, common astrologer,
 Gan on his breast to beat and after crow;
 And Lucifer, the day's messenger,
 Gan for to rise, and out her beams to throw,
 And eastward rose -- to him that could it know,
 Fortuna Major² -- then anon Criseyde
 With heartè sore to Troilus thus said:

everyone's star-reader

L = the morning star

a star group

*Aubade*³

¹ 138.4-7: These four lines would appear to mean something like this: "But lest this night, so dear to them, should slip away from them, they packed it busily with joy of every kind that accorded with 'gentleness'."

² 139.3-6: A rather pretentious "scientific" way, following the farmyard way, of saying that dawn was approaching in the east.

³ Here begins the *aubade* or *alba*, a version of the dawn song where lovers lament the coming of day to interrupt their joy. In this double *alba* Criseyde complains against the Night for being too

140. "Mine heartè's life, my trust, all my pleasance!
 That I was born, alas! that me is woe,
 That day of us must make disseverance, *between us / parting*
 For time it is to rise and hence to go,
 Or elsè I am lost for evermo'. *evermore*
 O Night! alas! why n'ilt thou o'er us hove *hover*
 As long as when Alcmena lay by Jove? ¹

141. "O blackè Night! as folk in bookès read,
 That shapen art by God this world to hide *art created*
 At certain timès with thy darkè weed, *clothing*
 That under that men might in rest abide,
 Well oughten beasts to plain and folk thee chide,
 That there as day with labor would us brest, *oppress*
 That thou thus fleest and deignest us not rest. *don't allow us*

142. "Thou dost, alas! so shortly thine office, *quickly / job*
 Thou rakel Night,² that God maker of kind, *hasty / of the natural world*
 Thee for thine haste, and thine unkindè vice
 So fast ay to our hemispherè bind,
 That never more under the ground thou wind;
 For now, for thou so hiest out of Troy *because you hurry*
 Have I foregone, thus hastily, my joy."

143. This Troilus, that with those wordès felt
 -- As thought him then, for piteous distress -- *it seemed to him*
 The bloody tearès from his heartè melt,

short; Troilus against the Day for coming too soon. This poetic genre goes back at least to Ovid, and was very popular in medieval French and German lyric verse, where it is known as *alba*, *aube*, *aubade* or *tagelied*. Act 3, Sc.5 of **Romeo and Juliet** is part of this tradition. So is John Donne's poem "Busy Old Fool". See also below stanzas 175 -176.

¹ 140.6-7: Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, was one of Jove's many lovers. Jove made their love-night three times longer than usual.

² 142: "Because, hasty Night, you do your work in such a hurry, may God who made all of Nature, tie you because of that haste and unnatural vice, so tightly to our hemisphere that you may never again go under the earth. Now, because you are in such a hurry to be away from Troy, I have had to forego my joy."

As he that never yet such heaviness
 Assayed had out of so great gladness,¹
 Gan therewithal Criseyde his lady dear
 In armès strain, and said in this mannér: *to squeeze*

144. "O cruel Day! accuser of the joy
 That Night and Love have stole and fast i-wrien, *covered*
 Accurséd be thy coming into Troy!
 For every bore has one of thy bright eyen: *every chink / eyes*
 Envious Day! what list thee so to spyen? *Why do you want to spy?*
 What hast thou lost? why seekest thou this place?
 There God thy light so quenchè, for his grace! *May God quench*

145. "Alas! what have these lovers thee aguilt?²
 Despitous Day! thine be the pain of hell, *Cruel*
 For many a lover hast thou slain, and wilt; *and will again*
 Thy poring in will nowhere let them dwell: *peering*
 What! profferest thou thy light here for to sell? *offerest*
 Go, sell it them that smallè sealès grave;³ *engrave*
 We will thee not; us needeth no day have." *We want*

146. And eke the sunnè Titan gan he chide,⁴ *Tithonus*
 And said; "O fool! well may men thee despise,
 That hast all night the Dawning by thy side, *Aurora*
 And sufferest her so soon up from thee rise, *And (you) allow*
 For to dis-easen lovers in this wise; *to distress*
 What! hold your bed there, thou and eke thy Morrow; *also / Morning (Aurora)*
 I biddè God so give you bothè sorrow." *pray*

147. Therewith full sore he sighed, and thus he said:
 "My lady bright, and of my weal or woe *joy*

¹ 143.4-5: *As he ... sadness* may mean "like a man who had never experienced such depression after such great joy."

² 145.1: "How have these lovers offended thee?"

³ 145.6: Craftsmen who do fine detailed engraving on small seals need good light.

⁴ 146.1: Titan is the sun. It would seem from the following lines that Titan is being confused with Tithonus, the mortal lover of the goddess of dawn, Aurora.

The well and root! O goodly mine, Criseyde, *The source*
 And shall I rise, alas! and shall I go?
 Now feel I that mine heartè must a-two; *must (break) in two*
 And how should I my life an hourè save,
 Since that with you is all the life I have?

148. "What shall I do? for certès I n'ot how *certainly I don't know how*
 Nor when, alas, I shall the timè see
 That in this plight I may be eft with you, *situation / again*
 And of my life God wot how shall that be,
 Since that desire right now so burneth me
 That I am dead anon but I return: *soon unless I*
 How should I long, alas! from you sojourn? *stay away*

149. "But natheless, mine ownè lady bright!
 Yet were it so that I wist utterly *Yet if I knew*
 That I your humble servant and your knight
 Were in your heart y-set so firmly
 As you in mine, the which thing truly
 Me lever were than have these worldès *twain,* *I'd rather / two*
 Yet should I bet endure all my pain." *better*

150. To that Criseyde answered right anon,
 And with a sigh she said: "O heartè dear!³
 The game iwis so far forth now is gone,
 That first shall Phoebus fallen from the sphere, *the Sun*
 And every eagle be the dovè's fere, *companion*
 And every rock out of his placè start, *his = its*
 Ere Troilus go out of Cressid's heart.

151. "You be so deep within mine heartè grave, *engraved*
 That though I would it turn out of my thought,
 As wisly very God my soulè save,
 To dien in the pain I couldè not;¹ *surely*
 And for the love of God, that us hath wrought, *under torture*
 Let in your brain no other fantasy

¹ 151.1-4: "You are so deeply engraved in my heart that even if I wanted to erase you from my thoughts under the pain of torture, I could not, as sure as I hope God will save my soul."

So creepen, that it cause me to die. *may cause*

152. "And that you me would have as fast in mind
 As I have you, that would I you beseech,
 And if I wistè soothly that to find,¹
 God might not one point of my joyès eche. *increase*
 But, heartè mine! withouten morè speech,
 Be to me true, or else werè it ruth, *it would be a shame*
 For I am thine, by God and by my truth.

153. "Be glad forthy, and live in sikerness, *therefore / in certainty*
 Thus said I ne'er ere this, ne shall to mo'; *never before*
 And if to you it were a great gladness
 To turn again soon after that you go,
 As fain would I as you that it were so, *glad*
 As wisly God mine heartè bring to rest";
 And him in armès took, and often kissed.

Troilus finally has to leave

154. Against his will, sith it must needès be, *since*
 This Troilus up rose, and fast him clad, *dressed*
 And in his armès took his lady free *gracious*
 A hundred times, and on his way him sped, *prepared to leave*
 And with such words as though his heartè bled,
 He said: "Farewell, my dearè heartè sweet!
 That God us grantè sound and soon to meet." *safe*

155. To which no word for sorrow she answered,
 So sorè gan his parting her distraign, *distress*
 And Troilus unto his palace fared,
 As woebegone as she was, sooth to sayn, *truth*
 So hard him wrung of sharp desire the pain
 For to be eft there he was in pleasance, *back again where*
 That it may ne'er out of his rémembrance. *never (go) out*

156. Returnèd to his royal palace soon,

¹ 152.3: "If I knew for certain that I would find that."

He soft unto his bed gan for to shrink,
 To sleepè long, as he was wont to do;
 But all for naught; he may well lie and wink, *close his eyes*
 But sleep may there none in his heartè sink,
 Thinking how she, for whom desire him brend, *burned*
 A thousand fold was worth more than he wend. *imagined*

157. And in his thought gan up and down to wind *review*
 Her wordès all, and every countenance, *look*
 And firmly impressen in his mind
 The leastè point that to him was pleasánce,
 And verily of thilkè rémembrance *at that memory*
 Desire all new him burned, and lust to breed
 Gan more than erst, and yet took he no heed.¹ *more than before*

158. Creseydè also right in the samè wise
 Of Troilus gan in her heart to shut *to treasure*
 His worthiness, his lust, his deedès wise, *lust = his passion (for her)*
 His gentleness, and how she with him met,
 Thanking Love he so well her beset, *who had so favored her*
 Desiring eft to have her heartè dear *again / sweetheart*
 In such a plight that she durst make him cheer.² *place*

Enter Pandarus again, clowning in poor taste

159. Pandar, which that a-morrow comen was *in the a.m.*
 Unto his niece and gan her fair to greet,
 Said: "All this night so rainèd it alas!
 That all my dread is that you, niece sweet!
 Have little leisure had to sleep and meete. *dream*
 All night," quod he, "hath rain so do me wake, *kept me awake*
 That some of us I trow their headès ache." *I guess*

160. And near he came and said: "How stands it now

¹ 157.6-7: *and lust ... heed*: This has nothing to do with a desire (in Troilus) to produce progeny. The syntax is: "lust 'gan to breed (grow) more than before." The meaning of the last clause: *and ... heed* is obscure.

² 158.6-7: "Hoping to have her sweetheart where she could give him delight."

This merry morrow, niece, how can you fare?" *are you doing*
 Criseyde answered: "Never the bet for you, *better*
 Fox that you be; God give your heartè care.
 God help me so, you causèd all this fare, *this business*
 Trow I," quod she, "for all your wordès white. *I guess / innocent*
 Oh, whoso sees you, knoweth you full lyte." *very little*

161. With that she gan her facè for to wry *to cover*
 With the sheet, and waxed for shame all red, *blushed in embarrassment*
 And Pandarus gan under for to pry
 And saidè: "Niece, if that I shall be dead,
 Here, have a sword, and smiteth off my head."
 With that, his arm all suddenly he thrust
 Under her neck, and at the last her kissed.

162. I pass all that which chargeth not to say *doesn't matter*
 What! God forgave His death, and she also
 Forgave, and with her uncle gan to play, *to joke*
 For other cause was there none than so. *nothing else to be done*
 But of this thing right to the effect to go *To make a long story short*
 When time was, home to her hosue she went,
 And Pandarus has fully his intent.¹

Pandarus goes to Troilus's house

163. Now turnè we again to Troilus,
 That restèless full long a-beddè lay,
 And privily sent after Pandarus *secretly sent for*
 To him to come in all the haste he may:
 He came anon, not oncè said he nay,
 And Troilus full soberly he gret, *greeted*
 And down upon the beddè's side him set.

¹ Some recent critics have seen more than hints of incest in stanzas 161 & 162. Certainly the action of 161 seems odd, but Pandarus is not noted for his sensitivity and good taste. Reading deliberate ambiguity into lines 162.1 & .7 and into a word like *play* (.3) could partly justify such a suspicion which is, however, dismissed by the Riverside editor as "baseless & absurd." The scene is not in Boccaccio, and stanza 162 is not in the Corpus MS, the source MS for both Riverside and Windeatt's edition.

164. This Troilus with all th' affection
 Of friendly love that heartè may devise
 To Pandarus on knees fell he adown;
 And ere that he would of the place arise *And before / from*
 He gan him thanken in his bestè wise
 A hundred sithe; and gan the timè bless *100 times*
 That he was born, to bring him from distress.

165. He said; "O friend! of friends the alderbest *best of all*
 That ever was, the soothè for to tell, *truth*
 Thou hast in heaven y-brought my soul at rest
 From Phlegethon, the fiery flood of hell, *river*
 That though I might a thousand timès sell
 Upon a day my life in thy service,
 It mightè not a mote in that suffice. *an iota*

166. "The sunnè, which that all the world may see,
 Saw never yet (my life that dare I lay)
 So inly fair and goodly as is she *So totally*
 Whose I am all, and shall till that I die;
 And that I thus am hers, dare I well say,
 That thankèd be the highè worthiness
 Of Love, and eke thy kindè busyness. *effort*

167. "Thus hast thou me no little thing y-give;
 For which to thee obligèd be for ay *given*
 My life; and why? For through thy help I live, *for ever*
 Or elsè dead had I been many a day."
 And with that word down in his bed he lay,
 And Pandarus full soberly him heard
 Till all was said, and then he him answered:

Pandarus gets serious again

168. "My dearè friend! if I have done for thee
 In any case, God wot it is me lief, *God knows, I'm pleased*
 I am as glad as man may of it be,
 God help me so. But take it not agrief
 What I shall say. Beware of this mischief,

That where as now thou brought art into bliss
 That thou thyself ne cause it not to miss.

thou art brought

169. "For of Fortuna's sharp adversity
 The worstè kind of infortune is this,
 A man to have been in prosperity,
 And it remember when it passèd is:
 Thou'rt wise enough; forthy do not amiss;
 Be not too rakel though that thou sit warm,
 For if thou be, certain it will thee harm."

*therefore
 rash*

Troilus re-assures him

170. Quod Troilus: "I hope, and God toforn,
 My dearè friend, that I shall so me bear
 That, in my guilt, there shall be nothing lorn,
 N'I n'ill not rakel for to grieven her.¹
 It needeth not this matter oft to steer,
 For, wistest thou my heartè well, Pandare,
 God wot, of this thou'dst little care."

*before God
 through my fault / lost
 I won't be so rash as to
 talk about
 if you knew
 God knows / worry*

171. Then gan he tell him of his gladdè night,
 And whereof first his heartè dread and how,
 And saidè: "Friend, as I am a true knight,
 And by that faith I shall to God and you,
 I had it never half so hot as now,
 And ay the morè that desire me biteth
 To love her best the more it me delighteth.

dreaded

I owe

And ever the more

172. "I n'ot myself not wisly what it is,
 But now I feel a newè quality,
 Yea, all another than I did ere this."
 Pandárus answered and said thus, that "he
 That oncè may in heaven's blissè be,
 He feeleth other wayès, dare I lay,
 Than thilkè time he first heard of it say."

I really don't know

other than

*I bet
 that time / heard of it*

¹ 170.4: *N/I n'ill* = nor will I. Notice the emphatic triple negative in the first half line.

The lovers together again

173. Soon after this, for that Fortúne it would, *wished it*
 Y-comen was the blissful timè sweet
 That Troilus was warnèd that he should
 There he was erst, Criseyde his lady meet,¹ *Where he first*
 For which he felt his heart in joyè fleet, *float*
 And faithfully gan all the goddès hery; *praise*
 And let's see now if that he can be merry.
174. And holden was the form and all the wise *kept / manner*
 Of her coming, and eke of his also,
 As it was erst, which needeth not devise;² *before / not tell*
 But plainly to th'effect right for to go: *to the point*
 In joy and surety Pandarus them two
 A-beddè brought when that them bothè lest; *both wished*
 And thus they be in quiet and in rest.
175. But cruel day, so welaway the stound! *alas the moment*
 Gan for t'approach, as they by signès knew,
 For which them thought they felten deathè's wound:
 So woe was them that changen gan their hue, *So sad they were / color*
 And day they gonnen to despise all new, *they began / anew*
 Calling it traitor, envious, and worse,
 And bitterly the day's light they curse.³
176. Quod Troilus "Alas! now am I ware *aware*
 That Pyrois, and those swift steedès three *P = one of the sun's horses*
 Which that drawn forth the Sunnè's car *chariot*
 Have gone some by-path in despite of me, *short cut*
 And maketh it so soonè day to be;

¹ 173.3-4: "Troilus was told to meet his lady again at the same place as before," i.e. Pandarus's house.

² 174.1-3: "The arrangements for her arrival and for his were the same as before, which I don't need to tell you about."

³ 175.7 & 176: Another short *alba* follows where we are given only Troilus's words, not Criseyde's. In the earlier more elaborate one they both participate, Criseyde berating Night and Troilus Day. See above, III, st. 140 ff.

And for the Sun him hasteth thus to rise
Ne shall I never do him sacrifice."

177. But needès day departen them must soon;
And when their speechè done was and their cheer,
They twin anon, as they were wont to do,
And setten time of meeting eft ifere.
And many a night they wrought in this mannér:
And thus Fortuna led a time in joy
Criseyde and eke this kingè's son of Troy.

*day must separate
goodbye's ?
separate soon
again together*

(for) a time

The effects of love

178. In suffisance, in bliss, and in singings,
This Troilus gan all his life to lead;
He spendeth, jousteth, maketh eke feastings;
He giveth freely oft, and changeth weed;
He held about him always, out of dread,¹
A world of folk, as came him well of kind,
The freshest and the best that he could find,

In satisfaction

clothes

*I assure you
came naturally to him*

179. That such a voice was of him and a steven
Throughout the world, of honour and largesse,
That it up rang unto the gate of heaven;
And as in love he was in such gladness
That in his heart he deemèd as I guess
That there n'is lover in this world at ease
So well as he, and thus gan love him please.

*So that his fame & reputation
for h. & generosity*

*judged
is not*

180. The goodlihead or beauty which that kind
In any other lady had y-set,
Can not the mountance of a knot unbind

nature

as much as a knot

¹ 178.5-7: "I assure you (*out of dread*) he kept around him a company of people who were the finest that he could find, as was natural for him."

The good effect of human sexual love on a man's manners and military prowess mentioned here and earlier, and below in stanzas 184-187 was a commonplace of medieval romance. But this sentiment should be compared or contrasted with that of the final stanzas of the poem, as well as with the opening Invocation of Bk. III above, and with "Canticus Troili", immediately below.

About his heart of all Criseyde's net;¹
 He was so narrow y-meshèd and y-knit
 That it undone in any manner side
 That will not be, for aught that may betide.

*tightly enmeshed & knit
 in any way*

181. And by the hand full often he would take
 This Pandarus, and into garden lead,
 And such a feast and such a process make
 Him of Criseyde, and of her womanhood,
 And of her beauty, that withouten dread,
 It was a heaven his wordès for to hear,
 And then he wouldè sing in this mannér:

praise & long account

without doubt

CANTICUS TROILI²

182. "Love, that of earth and sea hath governance,
 Love, that his hestès hath in heaven high,
 Love, that with a wholesome álliance
 Holds people joinèd as him list them gie,
 Love, that knitteth law of company,
 And couples doth in virtue for to dwell,
 Binds this accord that I have told and tell.

commands

pleases to guide

association

causes

183. "So would to God that author is of kind,³
 That with his bond Love of his virtue list
 To circle heartès all and fast to bind,
 That from his bond no wight the way out wist,
 And heartès cold them would I that he twist
 To make them love, and that list them ay rue

who made Nature

his power would choose

no one / would know

and always take pity

¹ 180. "The goodness or beauty that Nature had bestowed on any other woman could not untie a single knot in the net of his affection for Criseyde. He was so tightly enmeshed that there was no possibility that he could be untied in any way."

² Troilus's hymn to love is based on Boethius's **Consolations of Philosophy** II, meter 8.

³ 183. "I wish that God, who is the author of nature, would cause Love to use his power (*virtue*) to encircle all hearts and tie them fast so that no one would know the way out of that bond. And I wish that He would change cold hearts to make them love and take pity on suffering people, and that He would guard those people who are true (in love)."

On heartès sore, and keep them that be true."

184. In allè needès for the townè's war
 He was -- and ay -- the first in armès dight, *always first armed*
 And certainly -- but if that bookès err -- *unless*
 Save Hector most y-dread of any wight; *most feared by every (enemy)*
 And this increase of hardiness and might
 Came him of love, his lady's thank to win, *Came to him from love*
 That alterèd his spirit so within.

185. In time of truce on hawking would he ride,
 Or elsè hunt the boar, bear, or lion,
 The smallè beastès let he go beside; *didn't bother with*
 And when that he came riding into town,
 Full oft his lady from her window down
 As fresh as falcon comen out of mew, *cage*
 Full ready was him goodly to salue. *greet*

186. And most of love and virtue was his speech,
 And in despite had he all wretchedness; *in contempt all bad conduct*
 And doubtèless no need was him beseech *(to) beseech*
 To honour them that haddè worthiness,
 And easen them that weren in distress; *to help*
 And glad was he if any wight well fared *anyone did well*
 That lover was, when he it wist or heard. *knew*

187. And though that he be come of blood royál
 Him list of pride at no wight for to chase; *out of pride / to despise*
 Benign he was to each in general,
 For which he got him thanks in every place:
 Thus would Love, (y-heried be his grace!) *Love wished, praised be*
 That pride and envy, ire and avarice, *(So) that anger*
 He gan to flee, and every other vice.¹

¹ 187.5-7: "This was the will of Love (may He be praised), so that he [Troilus] began to flee pride, envy, anger, avarice and every other vice."

Here ends Book III