

## TROILUS AND CRISEYDE

## BOOK IV

*Foreshadowing*

1. But all too little, welaway the while!  
 Lasteth such joy, y-thanked be Fortune,  
 That seemeth truest when she will beguile,  
 And can to foolès so her song entune  
 That she them hent and blent, traitor commune,<sup>1</sup>  
 And when a wight is from her wheel y-throw  
 Then laugheth she, and maketh her the mow.
- more's the pity  
 thanks to Fortune  
 wants to deceive*
2. From Troilus she gan her brightè face  
 Away to writhe, and took of him no heed,  
 And cast him clean out of his lady's grace,  
 And on her wheel she set up Diomede,  
 For which mine heart right now beginneth bleed;  
 And now my pen, alas! with which I write,  
 Quaketh for dread of what I must endite.
- seizes & blinds  
 person / thrown  
 and grins*
- to turn*
3. For how Criseyde Troilus forsook,  
 Or at the least how that she was unkind,  
 Must hencèforth be matter of my book  
 As writen folk through which it is in mind:<sup>2</sup>  
 Alas! that they should ever causè find  
 To speak her harm; and if they on her lie,  
 I-wis themselves should have the villainy.
- write*
- how C. forsook T.*
4. O you Herynès! Nightè's daughters three,  
 That endèless complainen ever in pain,  
 Magaera, Allecto, and Tysiphone,  
 Thou cruel Mars eke, Father of Quirine,  
 This ilkè Fourthè Book help me to fine,  
 So that the loss of love and life i-fere
- Furies*
- Romulus  
 to finish  
 together*

---

<sup>1</sup> 1:5-6 Fortune, who betrays everyone, is a "traitor common" to all those she seduces onto her wheel, whom she then whirls off, laughing at them.

<sup>2</sup> 3.4: "As those people write to whom we are indebted for the story."

Of Troilus be fully shewèd here.

*(may) be*

-----

*Trojan are beaten in a battle*

5. Lying in host, as I have said ere this,  
The Greekès strong abouten Troyè town,  
Befell that when that Phoebus shining is  
Upon the breast of Hercules Lion,<sup>1</sup>  
That Hector with many a bold baron  
Cast on a day with Greekès for to fight  
As he was wont to grieve them what he might.

*in siege*

*Phoebus = the sun  
i.e. in July-Aug or early Dec.*

*Planned  
As he was accustomed*

6. N'ot I how long or short it was between  
This purpose and that day they fighten meant;  
But on a day well armèd bright and sheen  
Hector and many a worthy knight out went  
With spear in hand, and with big bowès bent,  
And in the beard, withouten longer let,  
Their foemen in the field anon them met.

*I don't know*

*face to face / delay*

7. The longè day with spearès sharp y-ground,  
With arrows, dartès, swords, and maces fell,  
They fight, and bringen horse and man to ground,  
And with their axes out the brainès quell;  
But in the lastè shower, sooth to tell,  
The folk of Troy themselven so misled,  
That with the worse at night homeward they fled.

*fell = terrible*

*beat out  
last assault  
mismanaged*

8. At whichè day was taken Antenor,<sup>2</sup>  
Maugre Polydamas, or Menesteo,  
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polystenor,  
Polites, or eke the Trojan, Daun Rupho,  
And other lessè folk, as Phebuso,  
So that for harm that day the folk of Troy

*Despite efforts of P (A's son)*

<sup>1</sup> 5.1-5: "When the Greeks in force were besieging the town of Troy, it happened ... that Hector ..." The syntax is a little mixed. The stanza begins with "Greeks" as the subject of "lying" but then changes to unexpressed "It" in "(It) befell", (It) happened.

<sup>2</sup> 8.1-4: Antenor's is the one name that matters here. As we are told in 29-30 below, he became the traitor who ensured Troy's destruction.

Dreaden to lose a great part of their joy.

*Truce and exchange of prisoners. Calchas asks for his daughter, Criseyde, in the prisoner exchange*

9. Of Priamus was given, at Greeks' request,  
 A time of truce, and then they gonnen treat  
 Their prisoners to 'changen, most and least,  
 And for the surplus given sums great;  
 This thing anon was couth in every street,  
 Both in the siege, in town, and everywhere,  
 And with the first it came to Calchas' ear.
10. When Calchas knew this treaty shouldè hold,  
 In consistory among the Greekès soon  
 He gan in thringè forth with lordès old,  
 And set him there as he was wont to do,  
 And with a changèd face them bade a boon,  
 For love of God, to do that reverence  
 To stinten noise, and give him audience.
11. Then said he thus: "Lo! Lordès mine, I was  
 Trojan, as it known is, out of dread,  
 And if that you remember, I am Calchás,  
 That alderfirst gave comfort to your need,  
 And toldè well how that you shoulde speed,  
 For dreadèless through you shall, in a stound,  
 Be Troy y-burnt and beaten down to ground.
12. "And in what form or in what manner wise  
 This town to shend, and all your lust achieve,  
 You have ere this well heard me you devise;  
 This knowen you, my Lords, as I believe;  
 And, for the Greekès weren me so leve,  
 I came myself in my proper person  
 To teach in this how you was best to done.
13. "Having unto my treasure nor my rent  
 Right no resport, in respect of your ease,<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus all my good I left and to you went,

*Of = By  
 began to negotiate  
 to exchange  
 (ransom money)  
 immediately known*

*And early on*

*would take place  
 in council  
 push in*

*asked a favor*

*To stop / a hearing*

*without doubt*

*first of all  
 succeed  
 Doubtless / in a while*

*to destroy & your wishes  
 tell you*

*so dear to me*

*best for you to do*

---

<sup>1</sup> 13.1-2: "Having no regard for my own money or property but only your benefit (*ease*)."

Weening in this you, Lordès, for to please;  
 But all that loss ne doth me no dis-ease;  
 I vouchèsafe as wisly have I joy,  
 For you to lose all that I have in Troy,

*Expecting  
 distress  
 I'm willing as surely as  
 For your sake*

14. "Save of a daughter that I left, alas!  
 Sleeping at home when out of Troy I start.  
 O stern, O cruel father that I was!  
 How might I have in that so hard a heart?  
 Alas that I n'ad brought her in her shirt!  
 For sorrow of which I will not live to-morrow  
 But-if you, lordès, rue upon my sorrow.

*I rushed  
  
 nightshirt  
 Unless you, l., take pity*

15. "For, by that cause I saw no time ere now  
 Her to deliver, I holden have my peace,  
 But now or never, if that it likè you,  
 I may her have right soon now doubtèless:  
 O, help and grace amongèst all this press!  
 Rue on this oldè caitiff in distress,  
 Since I through you have all this heaviness.

*because I saw  
 I've kept quiet  
 if it pleases you  
  
 crowd  
 Pity this old wretch*

16. "You have now caught and fettered in prison  
 Trojans enough, and if your willès be,  
 My child with one may have redemption;  
 Now for the love of God and of bounty  
 One of so fele, alas! so give him me:  
 What need were it this prayer for to wern,  
 Since you shall have both folk and town so yern?

*can be exchanged for one  
 generosity  
 One of so many  
 to reject  
 so soon*

17. "On peril of my life I shall not lie,  
 Apollo hath me told it faithfully;<sup>1</sup>  
 I have eke founden by astronomy,  
 By sort, and eke by augury, truly,  
 And dare well say the time is fastè by  
 That fire and flame on all the town shall spread,  
 And thus shall Troyè turn to ashes dead.

*astrology  
 casting lots & divination  
 close*

18. "For certain, Phoebus and Neptunus both,  
 That makeden the walls of all the town  
 Be with the folk of Troy always so wroth

*are so angry*

---

<sup>1</sup> 17.2: Calchas's astrology and consultation of Apollo were mentioned earlier in I, 10-11 as the reason for his abandonment of Troy.

That they will bring it to confusion  
 Right in despite of King Laomedon,  
 Because he would not payen them their hire,<sup>1</sup>  
 The town of Troyè shall be set on fire."

*in punishment of*

19. Telling his tale always this oldè grey,  
 Humble in speech and in his looking eke,  
 The saltè tearès from his eyen tway  
 Full fast y-runen down by either cheek;  
 So long he gan of succour them besech,  
 That for to heal him of his sorrows sore  
 They gave him Antenor withouten more.

*graybeard*

*eyes two*

*for help (to) beg*

*without more ado*

20. But who was glad enough but Calchas tho!  
 And of this thing full soon his needès laid  
 On them that shoulde for the treaty go,  
 And them for Antenor full often prayed  
 To bringen home King Thoas and Criseyde;  
 And when King Priam his safe conduct sent,  
 Th'ambassadors to Troyè straight they went.

*then*

*made h. wishes clear  
 go to negotiate the t.  
 in exchange for A*

21. The cause y-told of their coming,<sup>2</sup> the old  
 Priam the King full soon in general  
 Let hereupon his parliament to hold,  
 Of which th'effect rehearsen you I shall:  
 Th'ambassadors be answered for final,  
 Th'exchange of prisoners and all this need  
 Them liketh well, and forth in they proceed.

*caused to be held  
 the results I will tell  
 have their f. answer  
 everything necessary  
 Pleasèd them*

*Troilus's dilemma*

22. This Troilus was present in the place  
 When askèd was for Antenor Criseyde,  
 For which full soonè changen gan his face,  
 As he that with those wordès well nigh died;  
 But natheless he no word to it said,  
 Lest men should his affection espy;  
 With man's heart he gan his sorrows drye.

*v. nearly*

*endure*

---

<sup>1</sup> 18.1-6: The gods Neptune and Apollo served King Laomedon of Troy and built the walls of the city, but Laomedon, Priam's father, failed to pay them for their work.

<sup>2</sup> 21.1: "The reason for their coming having been made known."

23. And full of anguish and of grisly dread  
 Abode what other lords would to it say, *Awaited*  
 And if that they would grant (as God forbid!)  
 Th'exchange of her. Then thought he thingès tway: *two*  
 First how to save her honour, and what way  
 He mightè best th'exchange of her withstand;  
 Full fast he cast how all this thing might stand. *he calculated*

24. Love him made allè prest to do her bide, *v. anxious to make her stay*  
 And rather dien than she shouldè go,  
 But reason said him on that other side:  
 "Without assent of her ne do not so,  
 Lest for thy work she wouldè be thy foe,  
 And say that through thy meddling is y-blow  
 Your bother love where it was erst unknow."<sup>1</sup> *blown around (in talk)  
love of you both / before*

25. For which he gan deliberen for the best,  
 And though the lordès woulden that she went, *wished her to go  
what they wanted*  
 He wouldè let them grantè what them lest,  
 And tell his lady first what that they meant;  
 And when that she had said him her intent,  
 Thereafter would he worken all so blive *v. forcefully*  
 Though all the world against it wouldè strive.

*Hector argues unsuccessfully against exchanging Criseyde*

26. Hector which that full well the Greekès heard  
 For Antenor how they would have Criseyde,  
 Gan it withstand, and soberly answered:  
 "Sirs, she is no prisoner," he said.  
 "I n'ot on you who that this chargè laid,<sup>2</sup> *I don't know*  
 But, on my part, you may eftsoons them tell *promptly*  
 We usen here no women for to sell." *We're not used to*

27. The noise of people up started then at once  
 As breme as blaze of straw y-set on fire, *fierce*

<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 24.3-7: His reason urged him as follows: "Do not intervene without consulting her in case she should be angry at you and say that because of your meddling the love of you both (*bother*) is exposed (*y-blow*) which was previously secret." Troilus is motivated by the conventional requirement of secrecy in romances and by Criseyde's almost obsessive fear of wagging tongues.

<sup>2</sup> 26.5: "I don't know who gave you this commission."

For infortune it wouldè for the nonce  
 They shoulden their confusion desire.<sup>1</sup>  
 "Hector," quod they, "what ghost may you inspire  
 This woman thus to shield, and do us lose  
 Daun Antenor? A wrong way now you choose,

*their own destruction  
 (evil) spirit  
 and cause us  
 Lord Antenor*

28. "That is so wise, and eke so bold baroun.  
 And we have need of folk, as men may see;  
 He is eke one the greatest of this town.  
 O Hector! let such fantasiès be;  
 O King Priam!" quod they, "thus sayen we,  
 That all our voice is to forego Criseyde."  
 And to deliver Antenor they prayed.

*baron*

29. O Juv'nal lordè, true is thy senténc  
 That little witen folk what is to yern<sup>2</sup>  
 That they ne find in their desire offence,  
 For cloud of error lets them not discern  
 What best is; and lo, here example as yern  
 This folk desiren now deliverance  
 Of Antenor, that brought them to mischance;

*opinion  
 folk know / ask for  
 harm*

*as apt*

30. For after, he was traitor to the town  
 Of Troy. Alas, they quit him out too rathe.  
 O nicè world, lo thy discretion.  
 Criseyde which that never did them scathe  
 Shall now no longer in her blissè bathe;  
 But Antenor he shall come home to town  
 And she shall out; thus saidè here and hown.

*released him t. quickly  
 O silly  
 harm*

*one & all*

31. For which, delibered was by parliament,  
 For Antenor to yielde out Criseyde.  
 And it pronouncèd by the President,  
 Although that Hector `Nay' full often prayed;  
 And finally, what wight that it withsaid,  
 It was for naught; it mustè be and should,

*decided*

*no matter who opposed*

---

<sup>1</sup> 27.3-4: "For Misfortune wanted (it) on that occasion that they should choose their own destruction.

<sup>2</sup> 29.2-5: "People have no idea how to ask for something that will not harm them, because of a cloud of error which will not allow them to see what is best." Juvenal, a Roman satirist, is here paraphrased.

For substance of the parliament it would.

*the majority of p. wanted it*

*Troilus's rage and lamentation*

32. Departed out of parliament each one,  
This Troilus, withouten wordès mo'  
Unto his chamber sped him fast alone,  
But if it were a man of his or two,  
The which he bade out fastè for to go,  
Because that he would sleepen, as he said,  
And hastily upon his bed him laid.

*When each had departed  
more*

*Except for*

33. And as in winter leavès be bereft  
Each after other till the trees be bare,  
So that there n'is but bark and branch y-left,  
Lies Troilus bereft of each welfare,  
Y-bounden in the blackè bark of care,  
Disposèd wood out of his wits to braid,  
So sore him sat the changing of Criseyde.

*fall off*

*mad out of h. w. to go  
So badly affected him*

34. He rose him up and every door he shut  
And window eke, and then this woeful man  
Upon his bed's side adown him set,  
Full like a dead imagè pale and wan  
And in his breast the heapèd woe began  
Out burst, and he to worken in this wise  
In his woodness, as I shall you devise.

*(To) burst out  
In his madness*

35. Right as the wildè bull begins to spring  
Now here now there, y-darted to the heart,  
And of his deathè roareth, cómplaining,  
Right so gan he about the chamber start,  
Smiting his breast ay with his fistès smart;  
His head unto the wall, his body to the ground  
Full oft he swapt himselfen to confound.

*(when) pierced*

*hard*

*he threw / to hurt*

36. His eyen two for pity of his heart  
Out streameden as swift as wellès tway;  
The highè sobbès of his sorrows smart  
His speech him reft; unnethè might he say  
"O Death alas! why n'ilt thou do me die?  
Accursed be that day which that Natúre  
Shope me to be a livè creätúre!"

*two wells*

*robbed him, scarcely  
Why will y. not make me d.*

*Shaped me*

37. But after, when the fury and the rage,  
Which that his heartè twist and fastè thrust,  
By length of timè somewhat gan assuage,  
Upon his bed he laid him down to rest.  
But then began his tearès more out-burst,  
That wonder is the body may suffice  
To half this woe which that I you devise.
- twisted & battered badly*
- stand up  
tell you*
38. Then said he thus: "Fortúne, alas the while,  
What have I done, what have I thus a-guilt;  
How mightest thou (for ruthè) me beguile?  
Is there no grace, and shall I thus be spilt?  
Shall thus Criseyde away for that thou wilt?  
Alas! how mayst thou in thy heartè find  
To be to me thus cruel and unkind.
- done wrong  
(for pity's sake!) deceive me  
ruined  
(go) away because you want it*
39. "Have I thee not honourèd all my life,  
As thou well wost, above the goddès all?  
Why wilt thou me from joyè thus deprive?  
O Troilus, what may men thee now call  
But wretch of wretches out of honour fall  
Into misery, in which I will bewail  
Criseyde, alas, till that the breath me fail?
- Well knowest*
- fallen*
40. "Alas, Fortúne, if that my life in joy  
Displeasèd had unto thy foul envy  
Why hadst thou not my father, king of Troy,  
Bereft the life or do my brethren die,<sup>1</sup>  
Or slain myself that thus complain and cry?--  
I, cumber-world, that may of nothing serve,  
But ever die and never fully starve.
- Taken / caused my  
world encumbrance  
constantly die / expire*
41. "If that Criseyde alonè were me left,  
Not roughtè I whither thou would'st me steer;  
And her, alas, then hast thou me bereft.  
But evermore, lo, this is thy mannér,  
To rieve a wight that most is to him dear,  
To prove in that thy gereful violence.
- I would not reck (care)  
And of her  
custom  
deprive a person of what is  
changeable*

---

<sup>1</sup> 40:1-7: "Fortune, if you were foully envious of my joyous life, why didn't you kill my father, the King of Troy, or cause the death of my brothers, or kill me who complain like this ?-- I who encumber the world, good for nothing, constantly dying but never expiring"

Thus am I lost, there helpeth no defence.

42. "O very Lord! O Love, O God! alas!  
That knowest best mine heart and all my thought,  
What shall my sorrowful life do in this case  
If I forego what I so dear have bought?  
Since you Criseyde and me have fully brought  
Into your grace, and both our heartès sealed,  
How may you suffer, alas! it be repealed? <sup>1</sup>

*O true Lord*

*you = god of love*

43. "What I may do I shall, while I may dure  
Alive, in torment and in cruel pain;  
This infortune and this disaventure  
Alone as I was born I will complain,  
Ne never will I see it shine or rain,  
But end I will, as Oedipe I darknès,  
My woeful life, and dien in distress.

*last  
Alive*

44. "O weary ghost that errest to and fro,  
Why n'ilt thou fly out of the woefullest  
Body that ever might on groundè go?  
O soulè, lurking in this woeful nest,  
Fly forth anon, and do mine heart to burst,  
And follow Cressida thy lady dear; <sup>2</sup>  
Thy right place is no longer to be here.

*soul t. wanders*

*cause my heart  
thy = soul*

45. "O woful eyen two! Since your disport  
Was all to see Criseydè's eyen bright,  
What shall you do, but for my discomfòrt  
Standen for naught and weepen out your sight,  
Since she is quenched that wont was you to light?  
In vain from this forth have I eyen tway  
Y-formèd, since your virtue is away.

*delight*

*Count for*

*in vain  
your power, value*

46. "O my Criseyde! O lady sovereign!  
Of thilkè sorrowful soulè that thus crieth,  
Who shall now given comfòrt to thy pain?  
Alas! no wight. But when mine heartè dieth,

*nobody*

---

<sup>1</sup> 42.7: "Alas ! How can you allow it [the seal of our union] to be broken?"

<sup>2</sup> The meter requires three different pronunciations of the heroine's name in 44,45,46.

My spirit, which that so unto you hieth,  
 Receive in gree, for that shall aye you serve;  
 Forthy, no force is though the body starve.

*hastens  
 favorably / will always  
 Therefore, no matter / die*

47. "O you lovers! that high upon the wheel  
 Be set of Fortune, in good áventure,  
 God levè that you ay find love of steel,  
 And longè may your life in joy endure;<sup>1</sup>  
 But when you comen by my sepulture,  
 Remember that your fellow resteth there,  
 For I loved eke; though I unworthy were.

*position  
 G. grant you may always*

*my grave*

*I too was a lover*

48. "O old, unwholesome, and mislived man,  
 Calchas I mean! Alas! what ailed thee  
 To be a Greek since thou art born Troján?  
 O Calchas! Which that wilt my banè be,  
 In cursed timè wast thou born for me.  
 As wouldè blissful Jovè for his joy  
 That I thee had where that I would in Troy."<sup>2</sup>

*evil-living*

*my death*

*Pandarus arrives and attempts to administer consolation*

49. A thousand sighès hotter than the glead  
 Out of his breast each after other went,  
 Meddled with 'plaintès new, his woe to feed,  
 For which his woeful tearès never stent;  
 And, shortly, so his painès him to-rent,  
 He wax'd so mate that joyè nor penáncè  
 He feeleth none, but lieth in a trance.

*hot coal*

*Mingled  
 never stopped  
 tore him  
 grew so depressed*

50. Pandárus, which that in the parliament  
 Had heard what every lord and burgess said,  
 And how full granted was by one assent  
 For Antenor to yelden out Criseyde,  
 Gan well nigh wood out of his wit to braid,  
 So that for woe he n'isté what he meant,  
 But in a rage to Troilus he went.

*citizen*

*nearly mad / to go  
 didn't know*

<sup>1</sup> 47.1.4: "O, you lovers who are sitting on the top of the Wheel of Fortune, god grant that you may always find love as strong as steel, and may your lives be joyful."

<sup>2</sup> 48.6-7: "I wish to God I had you where I want you in Troy."

51. A certain knight that for the timè kept  
 The chamber door undid it him anon, *for him*  
 And Pandarus full tenderly that wept,  
 Into the darkè chamber, still as stone,  
 Toward the bed gan softly for to gon, *to go*  
 So cónfused that he n'istè what to say;  
 For very woe his wit was nigh away. *his mind was nearly gone*

52. And with his cheer and looking all to-torn *behavior & appearance*  
 For woe of this, and with his armès fold,  
 He stood this woeful Troilus befor,  
 And on his piteous face he gan behold;  
 But Lord! so often gan his heart to cold, *to (grow) cold*  
 Seeing his friend in woe, whose heaviness  
 His heartè slew, as thought him, for distress.

53. This woeful wight, this Troilus, that felt  
 His friend Pandàre y-comen him to see,  
 Gan as the snow against the sun to melt.  
 For which this woeful Pándare of pity  
 Gan for to weep as tenderly as he;  
 And speechèless thus been these ilkè tway, *same two*  
 That neither might for sorrow one word say.

54. But at the last this woeful Troilus,  
 Nigh dead for smart, gan bursten out to roar, *nearly d. of pain*  
 And with a sorrowful noise he saidè thus  
 Among his sobbès and his sighès sore:  
 "Lo! Pándare, I am dead, withouten more;  
 Hast thou not heard at parliament," he said,  
 "For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?"

55. This Pandarus, full dead and pale of hue,  
 Full piteously answered and said: "Yes,  
 As wisly were it false as it is true, *indeed, would that it were*  
 That I have heard, and wot all how it is. *& I know how*  
 O mercy, God, who would have trowèd this? *believed*  
 Who would have wend that in so little a throw *thought / time*  
 Fortune our joyè would have overthrow?

56. "For in this world there is no créature  
 As to my doom, that ever saw ruin *As I think*  
 Stranger than this through cas or áventure. *accident or chance*

But who may all eschew or all divine?  
 Such is this world; for-thy I thus define:  
 Ne trust no wight to finden in Fortúne  
 Ay property; her giftès been commúne.<sup>1</sup>

*escape or foresee  
 so I conclude*

57. "But tell me this, why art thou now so mad  
 To sorrow thus? Why liest thou in this wise,  
 Since thy desire all wholly hast thou had,  
 So that by right it ought enough suffice?  
 But I, that never felt in my service  
 A friendly cheer or looking of an eye,  
 Let me thus weep and wail until I die.

*service of love  
 greeting*

58. "And over all this, as thou well wost thyself,  
 This town is full of ladies all about,  
 And, to my doomè, fairer than such twelve  
 As e'er she was shall I find in some rout,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yea, one or two, withouten any doubt.  
 For-thy be glad, mine ownè dearè brother:  
 If she be lost, we shall recover another.

*you know  
 in my judgement  
 group*

*Therefore*

59. "What, God forbid, alway that each pleasance  
 In one thing were, and in none other wight !<sup>3</sup>  
 If one can sing, another can well dance;  
 If this be goodly, she is glad and light;  
 And this is fair, and that can good aright.  
 Each for his virtue holden is for dear,  
 Both heroner and falcon of rivere.

*this (one) / she = that one  
 beautiful / has good sense  
 is valued  
 2 kinds of falcon*

60. "And eke, as writ Zanzis that was full wise,<sup>4</sup>  
 The newè love out-chaseth oft the old,  
 And upon newè case lies new advice.

*need new plans*

---

<sup>1</sup> 56: 6-7: *Property* means something like "something *proper* to oneself", special favors. Her "gifts" are common, i.e. they are for everyone, no individual has ownership rights.

<sup>2</sup> 58.3-5: Either "twelve times as beautiful" or "more beautiful than twelve such women as ever Criseyde was". P. says that there are lots of beautiful women in Troy and that he can find at least one or two of them in some group.

<sup>3</sup> 59.1-2: "God forbid that every pleasure should be concentrated on one object and exclude all others".

<sup>4</sup> 60.1: Zanzis remains unidentified and possibly imaginary.

Think eke, thyself to saven thou art hold.  
Such fire by process shall of kindè cold;  
For since it is but casual pleasánce,  
Some case shall put it out of rémembránce.

*bound  
in time will cool naturally  
chance pleasure  
Some accident*

61. "For all so sure as day comes after night,  
The newè love, labor, or other woe,  
Or elsè seldom seeing of a wight  
Do old affectiöns all over go.  
And, for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho'  
T'abridgè with thy bitter painès smart:  
Abséncè of her shall drive her out of heart."

*a person  
supercede*

*to ease*

62. These wordès said he for the nonès all  
To help his friend, lest he for sorrow died,  
For doubtèless to do his woe to fall  
He raughtè not what únthrift that he said;  
But Troilus, that nigh for sorrow died,  
Took little heed of all that e'er he meant;  
One ear it heard, at t' other out it went.

*for the occasion*

*to lessen his pain  
didn't care what nonsense  
nearly*

*Troilus rejects Pandarus's "comfort"*

63. But at the last he answered, and said: "Friend,  
This leechècraft, or healèd thus to be  
Were well fitting if that I were a fiend  
To treason her that true is unto me;  
I pray God never let this counsel thee,  
But do me rather starve anon right here  
Ere I thus do as thou me wouldest lere.<sup>1</sup>

*this kind of medicine  
devil  
To betray  
thee (vb) = succeed  
But make me die  
advise*

64. "She that I serve i-wis, whatso thou say,  
To whom my heart enhabit is by right,  
Shall have me wholly hers till that I die;  
For, Pandarus, since I have truth her hight  
I will not be untruè for no wight,  
But as her man I will ay live and starve,  
And never will no other creature serve.

*indeed, whatever  
devoted*

*promised  
for nobody  
always live & die*

65. "And where thou say'st thou shalt as fair y-find  
As she, let be. Make no comparison

*don't bother*

---

<sup>1</sup> 63.7: "Before I do as you would advise me."

To creäture y-formèd here by kind.  
 O levè Pándare, in conclusiön,  
 I will not be of thine opinïön  
 Touching all this, for which I thee beseech  
 So hold thy peace; thou slay'st me with thy speech.

*by nature  
 O dear P.*

66. "Thou biddest me I shouldè love another  
 All freshly new, and let Criseydè go:  
 It lies not in my power, levè brother,  
 And though I might, yet would I not do so:  
 But canst thou playen racket to and fro,  
 Nettle in, dock out, now this, now that, Pandáre? <sup>1</sup>  
 Now foul fall her that for thy woe hath care!

67. "Thou farest eke by me, thou Pandarus,  
 As he that when a wight is woe-begone,  
 Comes to him apace and says right thus:  
 'Think not on smart and thou shalt feelè none.'  
 Thou must me first transmute into a stone,  
 And rieve me of my passionès all,  
 Ere thou so lightly do my woe to fall.

*a person  
 about pain  
 relieve me  
 cause my woe to f.*

68. "The death may well out of my breast depart  
 The life, so longè may this sorrow mine,  
 But from my soulè shall Criseydè's dart  
 Out nevermore, but down with Proserpine,  
 When I am dead, I will go wone in pain,  
 And there I will eternally complain  
 My woe, and how that twinnèd be we twain.

*cut  
 (under)mine  
 arrow  
 Queen of the underworld  
 dwell in  
 parted are we two*

69. "Thou hast here made an argument, for fine,  
 How that it should a lessè painè be  
 Criseydè to for-go for she was mine,<sup>2</sup>  
 And live in ease and in felicity.  
 Why gabbest thou, that saidest thus to me,  
 That him is worse that is from weal y-throw

*in short  
 prosperity*

<sup>1</sup> 66.6: "Nettle in, dock out" are said to have been the words of a charm for nettle stings.  
 66.7: "Bad luck to the woman who pities your love-pain."

<sup>2</sup> 69.3: *for she was mine*: "because I had enjoyed her love"

Than had he erst none of that weal y-know? <sup>1</sup>

*Than if he'd never known*

70. "But tell me now, since that thee think'th so light  
To changen so in love ay to and fro,  
Why hast thou not done busily thy might  
To changen her that doth thee all thy woe?  
Why n'ilt thou let her from thine heartè go?  
Why n'ilt thou love another lady sweet  
That may thine heartè setten in quiet?

*it seems so easy*

*causes you*

71. "If thou hast had in love ay yet mischance,  
And canst it not out of thine heartè drive,  
I, that have lived in lust and in pleasance  
With her as much as creäture alive,  
How should I that forget, and that so blive?  
Oh, where hast thou been hid so long in mew,  
That canst so well and formally argue?

*always bad luck*

*so quickly*

*cage*

72. "Nay, nay, God wot, nought worth is all thy rede,  
For which, for what ever may befall,  
Withouten wordès more, I will be dead.  
O Death, that ender art of sorrows all,  
Come now, since I so oft after thee call;  
For sely is that death, sooth for to sayn,  
That, oft y-clepèd, comes and endeth pain.

*God knows / advice*

*for you*

*happy*

*called*

73. "Well wot I, while my life was in quiet,  
Ere Thou me slew I would have given hire;  
But now thy coming is to me so sweet,  
That in this world I nothing so desire.  
O Death, since with this sorrow I am afire,  
Thou either do me anon in tearès drench,  
Or with thy coldè stroke my heatè quench.

*well I know*

*Thou = Death; ransom*

*promptly / drown*

74. "Since that thou slayest so fele in sundry wyse  
Against their will, unprayèd, day and night,  
Do me, at my requestè, this service:  
Deliver now the world (so dost thou right)  
Of me that am the woefullestè wight  
That ever was; for time is that I starve,  
Since in this world of right naught may I serve."

*so many in different ways  
unasked*

*Rid the world*

*person*

*time for me to die*

*I'm of no use*

---

<sup>1</sup> 69.6-7: See Bk. III, stanza 233, lines 1625 ff.

75. This Troilus in tears gan to distill,  
 As liquor out of álembic full fast,  
 And Pandarus gan hold his tonguè still,  
 And to the ground his eyen down he cast,  
 But natheless thus thought he at the last:  
 "What! pardee! rather than my fellow die,  
 Yet shall I somewhat more unto him say."

*distilling vessel*

*by God*

*Pandarus tries anothe tack: Abduct her. Troilus rejects this idea*

76. And saidè: "Friend, since thou hast such distress,  
 And since thou list mine arguments to blame,  
 Why wilt thou not thyself help do redress,  
 And with thy manhood letten all this grame?  
 Go ravish her, ne canst thou not? For shame!  
 And either let her out of townè fare,  
 Or hold her still and leave thy nice fare.

*choose to*

*prevent this sorrow*

*Go & abduct her*

*go*

*& stop complaining*

77. "Art thou in Troy and hast no hardiment  
 To take a woman which that loveth thee  
 And would herselfen be of thine assent?  
 Now is not this a nicè vanity?  
 Rise up anon, and let this weeping be  
 And kith thou art a man, for in this hour  
 I will be dead or she shall bleven our."

*no courage*

*agree with you*

*utter foolishness*

*And show*

*remain ours*

78. To this him answered Troilus full soft,  
 And said: "I-wis, my levè brother dear!  
 All this have I myself yet thought full oft,  
 And morè things than thou devisest here,  
 But why this thing is left thou shalt well hear,  
 And when thou hast me given audience  
 Therafter may'st thou tell all thy senténcè.

*Indeed, my beloved*

*left (undone)*

*listened*

*opinion*

79. "First, since -- thou wost -- this town has all this war  
 For ravishing of women so by might,  
 It shouldè not be suffered me to err,  
 As it stands now, nor do so great unright;  
 I should have also blame of every wight  
 My father's grant if that I so withstood,  
 Since she is 'changèd for the townè's good.

*you know*

*abducting w. by force*

*I won't be allowed to*

*from everybody*

*exchanged*

80. "I have eke thought, so it were her assent,  
To ask her of my father of his grace;  
Then think I this were her accusèment,  
Since well I wot I may her not purchase,  
For since my father in so high a place  
As parliament has her exchange ensealed,  
He n'ill for me his letter be repealed.

*if she agreed  
as a favor*

*won't retract his word*

81. "Yet dread I most her heartè to perturb  
With violence, if I do such a game;  
For if I would it openly disturb,  
It must be a dis-slander to her name;  
And me were lever die than her defame;  
As n'ouldè God, but if that I should have  
Her honour lever than my life to save.<sup>1</sup>

*I'd rather  
God forbid  
dearer*

82. "Thus am I lost, for aught that I can see,  
For certain is, that since I am her knight,  
I must her honour lever have than me  
In every case, as lover ought of right.  
Thus am I with desire and reason twight:  
Desire for to disturben her me reddeth,  
And reason n'ill not; so mine heartè dreadeth."

*dearer than myself*

*torn  
to prevent her (going) / urges  
says No / suffers*

83. Thus weeping that he couldè never cease,  
He said: "Alas, how shall I, wretchè, fare?  
For well feel I always my love increase,  
And hope is less and less always, Pandáre.  
Increases eke the causes of my care,  
So, welaway ! why n'ill my heartè burst?  
For, as in love, there is but little rest."

*Alas! why won't*

*Pandarus persists: Take her away*

84. Pandárus answered: "Friend, thou may'st, for me,  
Do as thee list; but, had I it so hot  
And thine estate, she shouldè go with me  
Though all this town cried on this thing by note.  
I would not set at all that noise a groat,  
For when men have well cried, then will they rown.  
A wonder lasts but nine nights ne'er in town.

*Do as you like  
And your rank  
shouted it down  
care a penny  
whisper*

<sup>1</sup> 81.6-7: "God forbid that I should not hold her honor more precious than my life."

85. "Divinè not in reason ay so deep  
 Nor courteously, but help thyself anon.  
 Bet' is that other than thyselfen weep,  
 And namely, since you two be allè one.  
 Rise up, for, by my head, she shall not gon.  
 And rather be in blame a little found  
 Than starve here as a gnat, withouten wound.

*Don't always think so deeply  
 Nor so scrupulously  
 Better  
 And especially  
 go  
 Than die*

86. "It is no shame unto you, nor no vice,  
 Her to withholden that you lovè most.  
 Paraunter she might holden thee for nice  
 To let her go thus to the Greekès' host.  
 Think eke that Fortune, as thyself well wost,  
 Helpeth a hardy man to his emprise, <sup>1</sup>  
 And waiveth wretches for their cowardice.

*Perhaps / think you stupid  
 well know  
 enterprise  
 abandons*

87. "And though thy lady would a little grieve,  
 Thou shalt thy peace full well hereafter make.  
 But as for me, certáin, I cannot 'lieve  
 That she would it as now for evil take;  
 Why shouldè, then, of fear thine heartè quake?  
 Think eke how Paris hath (that is thy brother)  
 A love, and why shalt thou not have another?

*believe  
 take it badly  
 A lover (Helen)*

88. "And, Troilus, one thing I dare thee swear,  
 That if Criseydè, which that is thy lief,  
 Now loveth thee as well as thou dost her,  
 God help me so, she will not take a-grief,  
 Though thou do boote anon in this mischief,  
 And if she willeth from thee for to pass,  
 Then is she false; so love her well the less.

*beloved  
 amiss  
 find a cure  
 wishes*

89. "For-thy take heart and think right as a knight.  
 Through love is broken alday every law  
 Kith now somewhat thy courage and thy might,  
 Have mercy on thyself for any awe;  
 Let not this wretched woe thine heartè gnaw,  
 But manly set the world on six and seven,  
 And if thou die a martyr, go to heaven!

*Therefore  
 daily  
 Show  
 at any rate (?)  
 at odds*

---

<sup>1</sup> 86.5-6: "Fortune favors the brave, as you yourself know well."

90. "I will myself be with thee at this deed,<sup>1</sup>  
 Though I and all my kin upon a stound *in one hour*  
 Shall in a street, as doggès, lien dead  
 Through-girt with many a wide and bloody wound. *Run through*  
 In every case I will a friend be found.  
 And if thee list here starven as a wretch, *If you choose to die here*  
 Adieu, the devil speed him that it recks!"

*Troilus rejects this idea again. Pandarus resumes his role of manager*

91. This Troilus gan with those words to quicken, *recover*  
 And saidè: "Friend, grammércy, I assent; *many thanks*  
 But certainly thou may'st not me so pricken,<sup>2</sup> *goad*  
 Nor painè none ne may me so tormént,  
 That for no case it is not mine intent,  
 At shortè wordès, though I dien should, *In short*  
 To ravish her, but-if herself it would." *To abduct h. / unless*

92. "Why, so I meant," quod Pandare, "all this day. *all this time*  
 But tell me then, hast thou her well assayed, *asked her*  
 That sorrowest thus?" And he him answered "Nay."  
 "Whereof art thou," quod Pandare, "then amayed, *afraid*  
 --That know'st not that she will be evil apaid-- *be displeased*  
 To ravish her, since thou hast not been there, *To carry her off*  
 But-if that Jovè told it in thine ear? *Unless*

93. "For-thy rise up, as nought ne were, anon,<sup>3</sup> *Therefore / at once*  
 And wash thy face, and to the king thou wend, *go*  
 For he may wonder whither thou art gone.  
 Thou must with wisdom him and others blend, *deceive*  
 Or, upon case, he may after thee send *perhaps*  
 Ere thou be 'ware. And shortly, brother dear, *Before you're aware*  
 Be glad, and let me work in this mattér,

---

<sup>1</sup> 90: "I will be beside you in this even if I and my kindred should be killed in an hour in the streets like dogs torn with many wide bloody wounds. If you want to stay and die like a wretch, goodbye, and the devil take anyone who cares."

<sup>2</sup> 91.3-7: "But certainly you can't goad me, and no amount of tormenting pain can get me (to do that): in short, I will not agree to abduct her unless she herself wants it, even if that should kill me."

<sup>3</sup> 93.1: "Therefore get up at once (*anon*) as if nothing were the matter and ..."

94. "For I shall shape it so that sikerly  
 Thou shalt this night, some time, in some mannér,  
 Come spoken with thy lady privily;  
 And by her wordès eke and by her cheer  
 Thou shalt full soon perceivè and well hear  
 All her intent, and in this case the best;  
 And farewell now, for in this point I rest."

*fix it /certainly*

95. The swiftè Fame, the which that falsè things  
 Equally reporteth like things true,  
 Was throughout Troy y-fled with prestè wings  
 From man to man, and made this tale all new,  
 How Calchas' daughter with her brightè hue,  
 At parliament, withouten wordès more,  
 Y-granted was in 'change for Antenor.

*Rumor*

*fast*

*exchange*

*Criseyde and her neighbors hear the news*

96. The whichè tale anon right as Criseyde  
 Had heard, she, which that of her father raught  
 (As in this case) right naught, nor when he died,  
 Full busily to Jupiter besought  
 'Give him mischancè that this treaty brought':  
 But, shortly, lest these talès soothè were,  
 She durst at no wight asken it for fear.

*As soon as C*

*cared*

*absolutely nothing*

*prayed*

*brought (about)*

*were true*

*She dared ask no one*

97. As she that had her heart and all her mind  
 On Troilus y-set so wonder fast,  
 That all this world ne might her love unbind,  
 Nor Troilus out of her heartè cast,  
 She would be his while that her life may last;  
 And she thus burneth both in love and dread  
 So that she n'istè what was best to redde.

*didn't know / to do*

98. But as men see in town and all about,  
 That women usen friendès to visit;  
 So to Criseyde of women came a rout  
 For piteous joy, and wenden her delight,  
 And with their talès (dear enough a mite)  
 These women, which that in the city dwell,  
 They set them down, and said as I shall tell.

*a crowd*

*thought to please her*

*chatter / a cent*

99. Quod first that one: "I am glad truly

Because of you, that shall your father see."  
 Another said: "I-wis so am not I,  
 For all too little has she with us be."  
 Quod then the third: "I hope i-wis that she  
 Shall bringen us the peace on every side,  
 That when she goes, Almighty God her guide!"

*Indeed*

100. Those wordès and those womanishè things  
 She heard them right as though she thencè were,  
 For God it wot, her heart on other thing is.  
 Although the body sat among them there,  
 Her adverténcè is always elsèwhere  
 For Troilus full fast her soulè sought ;  
 Withouten word on him she always thought.

*Her attention*

101. These women that thus wenden her to please  
 Abouten naught gan all their talès spend;  
 Such vanity ne can do her no ease,  
 As she that all this meanèwhilè brend  
 Of other passion than that they wend,  
 So that she felt almost her heartè die  
 For woe, and weary of that company.

*hoped to  
 talked about nothing*

*burned  
 With o. p. / thought*

102 For which no longer mightè she restrain  
 Her tearès, they began so up to well,  
 That gavè signès of her bitter pain  
 In which her spirit was and mustè dwell,  
 Remembering her, from heaven unto which hell  
 She fallen was, since she forgoes the sight  
 Of Troilus, and sorrowfully she sighed.

103. And thilkè foolès sitting her about  
 Wenden that she had wept and sighèd sore  
 Because that she should out of the rout  
 Departen, and play never with them more;  
 And they that haddè knowen her of yore  
 Saw her so weep, and thought it was kindnèss,  
 And each of them wept eke for her distress.

*And those same f.  
 Thought  
 the group  
 never socialize*

*affection*

104. And busily they 'gannen her comfórt  
 On things, God wot on which she little thought,  
 And with their talès wenden her disport,  
 And to be glad they often her besought;

*hoped to cheer her up*

But such an ease therewith they in her wrought,  
 Right as a man is easèd for to feel  
 For ache of head, to claw him on his heel.<sup>1</sup>

105. But after all this nicè vanity  
 They took their leave, and home they wenten all;  
 Criseydè, full of sorrowful pity,  
 Into her chamber went out of the hall,  
 And on her bed she gan for dead to fall,  
 In purpose never thencè for to rise,  
 And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

*silly*

*as if dead*

*she did / describe*

106. Her ounded hair, that sunnish was of hue,  
 She rent, and eke her fingers long and small  
 She wrung full oft, and bade God on her rue,  
 And with the death to do bote on her bale;  
 Her huè, whilom bright, that then was pale,  
 Bore witness of her woe and her constraint,  
 And thus she spoke, sobbing in her complaint:

*wavy / sunlike / color*

*She tore*

*take pity*

*to cure her trouble*

*Her color, formerly*

*distress*

*Criseyde's lament*

107. "Alas! " quod she, "out of this region  
 I, woeful wretch and infortunèd wight,  
 And born in cursed constellation,  
 Must go, and thus departen from my knight!  
 Woe worth, alas! that ilkè dayè's light  
 On which I saw him first with eyen twain  
 That causeth me, and I him, all this pain!"

*unfortunate creature*

*Curse !*

*two eyes*

108. Therewith the tearès from her eyen two  
 Down fell as showers in Aperil full swithe,  
 Her whitè breast she beat, and for the woe,  
 After the death she cried a thousand sithes  
 Since he that wont her woe was for to lithe  
 She must forego, for which disáventure  
 She held herself a forelost créature.

*v. copiously*

*For death / times*

*who used to soothe*

109. She said; "How shall he do and I also!

---

<sup>1</sup>

104.5-7: "They give her as much relief as a man with a headache gets from scratching his heel."

- How should I live if that I from him twin! *part*  
 O dearè heartè eke, that I love so,  
 Who shall that sorrow slay that you be in?  
 O Calchas, father! Thine be all this sin!  
 O mother mine, that clepèd were Argive, *w. called A.*  
 Woe worth that day that thou me bore alive! *Curse the day!*
110. "To what fine should I live and sorrow thus? *To what purpose*  
 How should a fish withouten water dure? *live*  
 What is Criseydè worth from Troilus? *(separated) from*  
 How should a plant or other crèature  
 Liven without its kindly nuriture? *natural nourishment*  
 For which full oft a byword here I say,  
 That 'rootèless must greenè soonè die.' *a common proverb*  
*w'out roots green plants must*
111. "I shall do thus: since neither sword nor dart *spear*  
 Dare I none handle for the cruelty,  
 That ilkè day that I from him depart, *That same*  
 If sorrow of that will not my banè be, *my death*  
 Then shall no meat or drinkè come in me  
 Till I my soul out of my breast unsheath,  
 And thus myselfen would I do to death.
112. "And, Troilus, my clothès everyone <sup>1</sup> *all my clothes*  
 Shall blackè be in token, heartè sweet,  
 That I am as out of this world agone, *(As into a convent)*  
 That wont was you to setten in quiet; *(I) Who used to*  
 And of mine order, ay till death me meet, *religious order, always*  
 The óbservances ever, in your abséncè,  
 Shall sorrow be, complaint, and abstinence.
113. "Mine heart and eke the woeful ghost therein *spirit*  
 Bequeath I with your spirit to complain  
 Eternally, for they shall never twin;  
 For though in earthè twinnèd be we twain *part*  
 Yet in the field of pity out of pain *we two are parted*  
 That hight Elysium, shall we be y-fere *called E. / together*

1

112: Criseyde vows to dress in black like a nun in token that she who used to give him delight has left behind the pleasures of the world, and from this point on till her death will observe the rules of her "monastic order": sorrow, complaint, sexual abstinence. This, pre-sumably, will be during the hunger strike that she has vowed in the preceding stanza, unless sorrow kills her first.

As Orpheus and Eurydice his fere.

*his partner*

114. "Thus, heartè mine! for Antenor, alas!  
I soonè shall be 'changèd, as I ween;  
But how shall you do in this woeful case?  
How shall your tender heartè thus sustain?  
But, heartè mine! forget this sorrow and teen,  
And me also; for, soothly for to say,  
So you well fare, I reck not for to die."

*I guess*

*vexation*

*truly*

*Provided you fare well*

115. How might it e'er y-read been or y-sung  
The 'plaintès that she made in her distress?  
I n'ot, but as for me, my little tongue,  
If I describen would her heaviness,  
It shouldè make her sorrow seemè less  
Than that it was, and childishly deface  
Her high complaint, and therefore I it pass.

*I don't know / feeble words*

*Pandarus arrives at Criseyde's*

116. Pandaré, which that sent from Troilus  
Was to Criseyde, as you have heard devise,  
That for the best it was accorded thus,  
And he full glad to do him that service,  
Unto Criseydè in full secret wise  
There as she lay in torment and in rage  
Came her to tell all wholly his messáge;

*described  
in the public interest*

117. And found that she herselfen gan to treat  
Full piteously, for with her saltè tears  
Her breast, her face y-bathèd was full wet,  
The mighty tresses of her sunnish hairs  
Unbraided hangen all about her ears,  
Which gave him very signal of martyr  
Of death, which her heartè gan desire.

*behave*

*signs of martyr's ...  
... death*

118. When she him saw she gan for sorrow anon  
Her teary face betwixt her armès hide,  
For which this Pandare is so woe-begone  
That in the house he might unnèthe abide,  
As he that sorrow felt on every side,  
For if Criseyde had erst complainèd sore  
Then gan she 'plain a thousand timès more:

*scarcely*

119. And in her aspre 'plaintè thus she said:  
 "Pandàrè first of joyès more than two  
 Was causè causing first to me, Criseyde,  
 That now transmuted be in cruel woe.  
 Whe'r shall I say to you welcome or no,  
 That alderfirst me brought unto service  
 Of love, alas! that endeth in such wise?"

*bitter complaint*

*primary cause*

*Whether  
 in first place*

120. "Endeth then love in woe? Yea, or man lies,  
 And every worldly bliss, as thinketh me;  
 The end of bliss ay sorrow occupies,  
 And who that troweth not that it so be,  
 Let him upon me, woeful wretch, y-see,  
 That hate myself, and ay my birth accurse,  
 Feeling always from woe I go to worse.

*always  
 doesn't believe  
 look*

121. "Whoso sees me, sees sorrow all at once,  
 Pain, torment, woe, and 'plaint, and eke distress;  
 Out of my woeful body harm there none is,  
 As langour, anguish, cruel bitterness,  
 Annoy, smart, dread, fury, and eke sickness:  
 I trow i-wis from heaven tearès rain  
 For pity of my aspre and cruel pain."

*Outside of*

*I think  
 bitter*

*Pandarus tries to deliver a message from Troilus*

122. "O thou my niecè, full of discomfort,"  
 Quod Pandarus, "what thinkest thou to do?  
 Why n' ast thou to thyselfen some resport?  
 Why wilt thou thus thyself, alas! fordo?  
 Leave all this work, and take now heedè to  
 What I shall say, and hark of good intent  
 This message which thy Troilus thee sent."

*Why haven't you s. regard  
 destroy*

*listen*

123. Turned her then Criseyde, a woe making  
 So great, that it a death was for to see:  
 "Alas!" quod she, "what wordès may you bring,  
 What will my dear heart senden unto me,  
 Which that I dreadè never more to see?  
 Will he have 'plaint or tearès ere I wend?  
 I have enough if he thereafter send."<sup>1</sup>

*Whom  
 before I go*

<sup>1</sup> 123.7: "I have enough (tears) for both of us if he wants to send for them."

124. She was right such (to see in her viságe)  
 As is that wight that men on bierè bind,  
 Her facè, like of paradise th'imáge,  
 Was all y-changèd in another kind;  
 The play, the laughter men were wont to find  
 In her, and eke her joyès every one,  
 Been fled; and thus lies now Criseyde alone.

*(to judge by her looks)  
 tie on a hearse*

*used to find*

125. About her eyen two a purple ring  
 Bitrent in soothfast tokening of her pain,  
 That to behold it was a deadly thing,  
 For which Pandáre mightè not restrain  
 The tearès from his eyen for to rain;  
 But natheless, as he best might, he said,  
 From Troilus these words unto Criseyde:

*Encircled as true sign*

126. "Lo, niece, I trow that you have heard all how  
 The king, with other lordès, for the best  
 Hath made exchange of Antenor and you  
 That cause is of this sorrow and unrest,  
 But how this case doth Troilus molest  
 That may no earthly mannè's tonguè say;  
 For very woe his wit is all away.

*Distresses T.*

*out of his wits*

127. "For which we have so sorrowed, he and I,  
 That unto little both it had us slaw;  
 But through my counsel this day finally  
 He somewhat is from weeping now withdraw:  
 It seemeth me that he desireth faw  
 With you to be all night for to devise  
 Remedy in this, if there were any wise.

*it has almost slain*

*eagerly  
 to plan  
 way*

128. "This, short and plain, th'effect of my messáge,  
 As farforth as my wit may comprehend;  
 For you that be of torment in such rage,  
 May to no long prológue as now entend;  
 And hereupon you may an answer send.  
 And for the love of God, my niecè dear,  
 So leave this woe ere Troilus be here."

*storm of pain  
 listen*

*Before T. comes*

129. "Great is my woe," quod she, and sighèd sore,  
 As she that feeleth deadly sharp distress,

- "But yet to me his sorrow is much more,  
That love him bet' than he himself, I guess. *better*  
Alas! for me hath he such heaviness?  
Can he for me so piteously complain?  
I-wis, this sorrow doubles all my pain. *Indeed*
130. "Grievous to me, God wot, it is to twin," *G. knows / to part*  
Quod she, "but yet it harder is to me  
To see that sorrow which that he is in,  
For well wot I it will my banè be, *I know / be my death*  
And die I will in certain then," quod she.  
"But bid him come ere Death, that thus me threats,  
Drive out that ghost which in mine heartè beats." *that life*
131. These wordès said, she on her armès two *T.w. (having been) said*  
Fell gruf, and gan to weepen piteously. *face down*  
Quod Pandarus: "Alas! why do you so,  
Since you well wot the time is fastè by *know / is near*  
That he shall come? Arise up hastily,  
That he you not be-weepèd thus ne find, *tear-stained*  
But you will have him wood out of his mind. <sup>1</sup> *Unless / mad*
132. "For, wist he that you fared in this mannér,  
He would himselfen slay; and if I wend *If he knew*  
To have this fare, he shouldè not come here *I thought*  
For all the good that Priam may despend. <sup>2</sup> *behavior*  
For to what fine he would anon pretend,  
That know I well, and for-thy yet I say, *therefore*  
So leave this sorrow, or platly he will die. *plainly*
133. "And shapeth you his sorrow for t' abridge *take steps; lessen*  
And not increasè, levè nicè sweet: *dear*  
Be rather to him cause of flat than edge,<sup>3</sup> *healing than wounding*  
And with some wisdom, you his sorrows bet. *make better*  
What helpeth it to weepen full a street, *fill a street with*

---

<sup>1</sup> 131.7: "Unless you want to drive him mad out of his mind."

<sup>2</sup>

132: 2-5: "If I thought you would behave like this I would not have him come here for all the wealth of Priam, because he would aim (*pretend*) at that end (*fine*)' i.e. suicide. That I do know."

<sup>3</sup> 133.3: In the Squire's Tale there is a magic sword whose flat heals the wounds inflicted by the edge. Achilles had a similarly gifted spear.

Or though you both in saltè tearès dreynt?  
Bet' is a time of cure ay than of 'plaint.

*drowned*  
*Better / always / complaint*

134. "I meanè thus: when I him hither bring,  
Since you be wise, and both of one assent,  
So shapeth how to dísturb your going  
Or come again soon after you be went;  
Women be wise in short avisèment.  
And let's see how your wit shall now avail  
And what that I may help it shall not fail."

*one mind*  
*to prevent*  
*return ...after your departure*  
*fast decisions*

135. "Go," quod Criseyde, "and, uncle, truly  
I shall do all my might me to restrain  
From weeping in his sight, and busily  
Him for to glad I shall do all my pain,  
And in mine heartè seeken every vein;  
If to this sore there may be founden salve  
It shall not lacken, certain, on my half.'<sup>1</sup>

*to cheer / do my best*  
*search*

*on my part*

*Pandarus leaves Criseyde, and finds Troilus meditating on Predestination*

136. Goes Pandarus, and Troilus he sought  
Till in a temple he found him all alone,  
As he that of his life no longer raught,  
But to the piteous goddès everyone  
Full tenderly he prayed and made his moan,  
To do him soon out of this world to pace,  
For well he thought there was no other grace.

*cared*  
*merciful gods*

*To make him / to pass*

137. And shortly, all the soothè for to say,  
He was so fallen in despair that day,  
That utterly he shope him for to die;  
For right thus was his argument alway:  
He said he n'as but lornè, welaway!  
"For all that comes, comes by necessity:  
Thus to be lorn it is my destiny."<sup>2</sup>

*to tell truth*

*prepared*

*was as good as lost, alas*

*lost*

---

<sup>1</sup> 135.5-7: Modern punctuation cannot accommodate the flexibility of the unpunctuated syntax of the manuscripts which seems to allow line 6 (*If ...*) to go both with 5 and with 7.

<sup>2</sup> 137.6-7: "*For all ...destiny*": These two lines sum up the long involved scholastic argument about Predestination in the stanzas that follow (missing in some MSS). It is, in

138. "For certainly, this wot I well," he said,  
 "That foresight of divinè purveyance  
 Hath always seen me to forego Criseyde,  
 Since God sees everything, out of doutance,  
 And them disposeth through his ordinance  
 In their merits soothly for to be  
 As they shall comen by predestiny.

*know I  
 providence  
 has foreseen I would lose C.  
 without doubt  
 predestination*

139. "But natheless, alas, whom shall I 'lieve?  
 For there be clerkès greatè, many a one,  
 That Destiny through argumentès preeve;  
 And some men say that needly there is none,  
 But that free choice is given us everyone.  
 Oh, welaway, so sly been clerkès old  
 That I n'ot whose opinion I may hold.

*believe  
 scholars  
 prove  
 certainly  
 alas!  
 I don't know*

140. "For some men say, if God sees all befor  
 And God may not deceivèd be, pardee,  
 Then must it fall, although men had it sworn,  
 What Purveyance hath seen before to be.  
 Wherefore I say that from eterne if He  
 Hath wist before our thought as eke our deedè,  
 We have no free choice as these clerkès read.

*for sure  
 resolved against it  
 Providence  
 eternity  
 Has known  
 scholars, clerics*

141. "For other thought or other deed also  
 Might never be, but such as Purveyance  
 (Which may not be deceivèd never mo')  
 Hath felt before withouten ignorance;  
 For if there mightè be a variance  
 To writen out from Godès purveying,  
 Then n'ere no prescience of thing coming;

*Providence  
 to squirm  
 would be no foreknowledge*

142. "But it were rather an opiniõn  
 Uncertain, and no steadfast foreseeing,  
 And certès, that were an abusión  
 That God should have no perfect clear witting  
 More than we men that have doubtful weening,  
 But such an error upon God to guess

*blasphemy  
 knowledge  
 doubtful knowledge  
 to suppose*

---

form and content, a medieval Christian scholar's argument rather than the thinking of a pagan lover in distress. It derives from Boethius's *Consolations of Philosophy* but without Boethius's argument in favor of human free will.

Were false and foul and wicked cursedness.

143. "Eke this is an opinion of some  
That have their top full high and smooth y-shorn  
They say right thus that thing is not to come  
For that the prescience hath seen before  
That it shall come; but they say that therefore  
That it shall come, therefore the purveyance  
Wot it before, withouten ignorance.

*have tonsures (i.e. clerics)*

*say that because*

*Knows it*

144. "And in this manner, this necessity  
Returneth in his part contrair again;  
For, needfully behoves it not to be  
That th'ilke thingès fallen in certáin  
That be purveyed; but needly, as they sayn,  
Behoveth it that thingès which that 'fall  
That they in certain be purveyed all.

*it does not have to be*

*necessarily*

*It must be / befall*

145. "I mean as though I laboured me in this  
T'enquiren which thing cause of which thing be;  
As whether that the prescience of God is  
The certain cause of the necessity  
Of thingès that to comen be, pardee;  
Or if necessity of thing coming  
Be causè certain of the purveying.

*foreknowledge*

146. "But now n' enforce I me not in showing  
How th' order of causes stands; but well wot I  
That it behoveth that the befalling  
Of thingès wist beforen certainly  
Be necessary, al' seem it not thereby  
That prescience put falling necessaire  
To thing to come, al' 'fall it foul or fair.

*I won't (can't?) demonstrate*

*the occurrence*

*known before*

*makes the event necessary*

*whether good or bad*

147. "For if there sits a man yond on a see  
Then by necessity behoveth it  
That certès thine opinion sooth be  
That weenest or coniectest that he sits,  
And further-over now againward yet,  
Lo right so is it of the part contrary  
As thus -- now hearken for I will not tarry.

*on a seat*

*certainly / is true*

*thinkest*

*on the other hand*

148. "I say that if th' opinion of thee

Be sooth for that he sits, then I say this: *Is true*  
 That he must sitten by necessity;  
 And thus necessity in either is  
 For in him need of sitting is, i-wis, *indeed*  
 And in thee need of sooth; and thus, forsooth, *truth*  
 There must necessity be in you both.

149. “But thou mayst say, the man sits not therefore *is true*  
 That thine opinion of his sitting sooth is;  
 But rather for the man sat there before.  
 Therefore is thy opinion sooth i-wis  
 And I say though the cause of sooth of this  
 Comes of his sitting, yet necessity  
 Is interchangèd both in him and thee.

150. “Thus in this samè wise, out of doutance, *no doubt*  
 I may well maken as it seemeth me,  
 My reasoning of Godè’s purveyance  
 And of the thingès that to comen be;  
 By whichè reason men may well y-see  
 That thilke thingès that on earthè fall *befall, happen*  
 That by necessity they comen all.

151. “For although that for thing shall come, y-wis, *beause things / indeed*  
 Therefore it is purveyèd certainly  
 Not that it comes for it purveyèd is.  
 Yet, natheless behoves it needfully *necessarily*  
 That things to come be purveyèd, truly  
 Or elsè thingès that purveyèd be  
 That they betiden by necessity. *happen*

152. “And this sufficeth right enough certáin  
 For to destroy our free choice every deal;  
 But now is this abusíon to sayn *balsphemy, absurdity*  
 That falling of the thingès temporal  
 Is cause of Godè’s prescience éternal:  
 Now truly, that is a false senténcé *opinion*  
 That things to come should cause his prescience.

153. “What might I ween an I had such a thought *If I had*  
 But that God púrveys thing that is to come  
 For that it is to come and elsè nought?  
 So might I ween that thingès, all and some, *I might think*

That whilom been befall and overcome,  
 Been cause of thilkè sovereign purveyance  
 That forewot all withouten ignorance.

*That once  
 divine foreknowledge  
 that foresaw*

154. "And overall this yet say I more thereto  
 That right as when I wot there is a thing,  
 Y-wis that thing must needfully be so;  
 Eke right so when I wot a thing coming  
 So must it come; and thus the befalling  
 Of thingès that been wist before the tide  
 They may not been eschewèd on no side ."

*when I know  
  
 the occurrence  
 known beforehand  
 avoided*

155. Then said he thus: "Almighty Jove in throne,  
 That wost of allè things the soothfastness,  
 Rue on my sorrow, or do me dien soon,  
 Or bring Criseyde and me from this distress."  
 And while he was in all this heaviness,  
 Disputing with himself in this mattér,  
 Came Pandarus and said as you may hear:

*Who know / truth  
 Take pity ... or kill me*

1083

*End of Predestination argument. Exasperated, Pandarus chides Troilus*

156. "O mighty God," quod Pandarus, "in throne !!  
 Ey! Who ever saw a wise man faren so?  
 Why, Troilus, what thinkest thou to do,  
 Hast thou such lust to be thine ownè foe?  
 What, pàrdee, yet Criseyde is not a-go.  
 Why list thee so thyself for-do for dread,  
 That in thine head thine eyen seemen dead?"

*such desire  
 not yet gone  
 Why do you want to destroy  
 (So) that / eyes*

157. "Hast thou not livèd many a year before  
 Withouten her, and fared full well at ease?  
 Art thou for her and for no other born?  
 Hath Kind thee wrought all only her to please?  
 Let be, and think right thus in thy dis-ease,  
 That in the dice right as there fallen chances  
 Right so in love there come and go pleasánces.

*Has Nature made you  
 distress*

158. "And yet this is a wonder, most of all,  
 Why thou thus sorrowest, since thou know'st not yet,

Touching her going, how that it shall fall,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor if she can herself disturben it.  
 Thou hast not yet assayèd all her wit:  
 A man may all betime his neckè beed  
 When it shall off, and sorrowen at the need.

*befall  
 prevent it  
 tested her ingenuity  
 soon enough stick out  
 When he's to be beheaded*

159. "For-thy take heed of that that I shall say:  
 I have with her y-spoke and long y-be,<sup>2</sup>  
 So as accorded was betwixt us tway,  
 And ever more methinketh thus, that she  
 Hath somewhat in her heartè's privity  
 Wherewith she can, if I shall right a-redde,  
 Disturb all this of which thou art in dread.

*Therefore / that which  
 agreed between us both*

*interpret  
 Prevent*

160. "For which my counsel is: when it is night  
 Thou to her go and make of this an end  
 And blessèd Juno, through her greatè might  
 Shall, as I hope, her grace unto us send.  
 My heart says certainly she shall not wend,  
 And for-thy put thy heart awhile in rest  
 And hold thy purpose, for it is the best."

*she = Criseyde / go  
 therefore*

*Troilus comes to Criseyde*

161. This Troilus answered, and sighèd sore:  
 "Thou say'st right well, and I will do right so."  
 And what him list he said unto him more,  
 And when that it was timè for to go,  
 Full privily himself withouten more  
 Unto her came, as he was wont to do,  
 And how they wrought I shall you tellen soon.

*What he pleased*

*more ado  
 acustomed to do  
 behaved*

162. Sooth is, that when they gonnen first to meet<sup>3</sup>  
 So gan the pain their heartès for to twist,  
 That neither of them might the other greet,  
 But them in armès took and after kissed;  
 The lessè woeful of them bothè n'iste

*Truth is*

*didn't know*

---

<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 158.2-3: "Since you do not yet know how the business of her departure is going to work out."

<sup>2</sup> 159.2: "and I have spoken and been with her a long time."

<sup>3</sup> 162.1: "The truth is that at first when they met ..."

Where that he was, ne might one word out bring,  
As I said erst, for woe and for sobbing.

*said before*

163. The woeful tearès that they leten fall  
As bitter weren, out of tearès kind,  
For pain, as is ligne-aloès or gall;  
So bitter tearès wept not, as I find,  
The woeful Myrrha through the bark and rind;<sup>1</sup>  
That in this world there n'is so hard a heart  
That n'ould have ruèd on their paines smart.

*wouldn't have pitied*

*Criseyde passes out*

164. But when their woeful weary ghostès twain  
Returnèd been there as they ought to dwell,  
And that somewhat to weaken gan the pain  
By length of 'plaint, and ebben gan the well  
Of their tears, and the heart unswell;  
With broken voice all hoarse for-shrieked, Criseyde  
To Troilus these ilkè wordès said:

*spirits two*

*complaint / to ebb*

*hoarse with shrieking  
these very*

165. "O Jove! I die, and mercy I beseech;  
Help Troilus," and therewithal her face  
Upon his breast she laid, and lost her speech,  
Her woeful spirit from its proper place  
Right with the word always in point to pace,  
And thus she lies with huès pale and green  
That whilom fresh and fairest was to seen.

*on point of leaving  
her color pale & wan  
That once*

166. This Troilus that on her gan behold,  
Clepung her name, and she lay as for dead,  
Withouten answer, and felt her limbès cold,  
Her eyen upward thrown unto her head,  
This sorrowful man can now no other redde,  
But often time her coldè mouth he kissed.  
Whe'r him was woe, God and himself it wist.

*Calling*

*knows no o. remedy*

*Whether / knew*

167. He riseth up, and long straight he her laid.  
For sign of life for aught he can or may  
Can he none find for nothing in Criseyde,  
For which his song full oft is "Welaway!"

*laid her down*

*Alas!*

---

<sup>1</sup> 163.5: Myrrha was turned into a tree through which she wept tears of myrrh.

But when he saw that speechèless she lay,  
 With sorrowful voice, and heart of bliss all bare,  
 He said how she was from this world y-fare.

*gone*

168. So after that he long had her complained,  
 His handès wrung, and said what was to say,  
 And with his tearès salt her breast be-rained,  
 He gan those tearès wipen off full dry,  
 And piteously gan for her soulè pray,  
 And said: "O Lord, that set art in thy throne,  
 Rue eke on me, for I shall follow her soon."

*lamented*

*Take pity*

169 She cold was, and withouten sentiment  
 For aught he wot, for breath ne felt he none,  
 And this was him a pregnant argument  
 That she was forth out of this world agone;  
 And when he saw there was no other won  
 He gan her limbès dress in such mannère  
 As men do them that shall be laid on bier.

*feeling*

*for him a strong a.*

*help  
 to arrange  
 in coffin*

170. And after this with stern and cruel heart  
 His sword anon out of his sheath he twight  
 Himself to slay, how sorè that him smart,<sup>1</sup>  
 So that his soul her soulè follow might  
 There as the doom of Minos would it dight,<sup>2</sup>  
 Since Love and cruel Fortune it ne would  
 That in this world he longer liven should.

*pulled*

*judgement / direct  
 didn't wish*

171. Then said he thus, fulfilled of high disdain:  
 "O cruel Jove! and thou Fortúne advèrse!  
 This all and some is, falsely have you slain  
 Criseyde, and since you may do me no worse,  
 Fie on your might and workès so diverse!  
 Thus cowardly you shall me never win;  
 There shall no death me from my lady twin.

*filled with*

*In short*

*separate*

---

<sup>1</sup> 170.3: *how sore* ...: either "however much it might hurt" or "(because) he hurt so much".

<sup>2</sup> 170.4-7: "So that his soul might follow hers to wherever Minos would direct it, since Love and Fortune no longer wished him to live in this world." Minos was a judge of souls in the underworld. In the original, *soule* is spelled with an *-e* each time.

172. "For I this world, since you have slain her thus,  
 Will let, and follow her spirit low or high; *will leave*  
 Shall never lover say that Troilus  
 Dare not for fearè with his lady die,  
 For certain I will bear her company;  
 But since you will not suffer us liven here, *allow her to live*  
 Yet suffer that our soulès be i-fere. *allow / together*

173. "And thou, City! which that I leave in woe,  
 And thou, Priam! and brethren all i-fere! *together*  
 And thou, my mother! farewell, for I go,  
 And Atropos! make ready thou my bier,<sup>1</sup>  
 And thou, Criseyde! O sweetè heartè dear!  
 Receivè now my spirit," would he say,  
 With sword at heart, all ready for to die.

*Criseyde wakes up from her faint*

174. But, as God would, of swoon she then abraid, *from swoon she woke*  
 And gan to sigh, and "Troilus!" she cried;  
 And he answered: "Lady mine, Criseyde!  
 Live you yet?" and let his sword down glide.  
 "Yea, heartè mine! that thankèd be Cypride," *Venus*  
 Quod she, and therewithal she sorè sighed,  
 And he began to glad her as he might, *to cheer*

175. Took her in armès two, and kissed her oft,  
 And her to glad he did all his intent, *gladden*  
 For which her ghost, that flickered ay aloft, *soul / above*  
 Into her woeful heart again it went;  
 But at the last, as that her eyen glent *glanced*  
 Aside, anon she gan his sword espy  
 As it lay bare, and gan for fear to cry.

176. And askèd him why he had it out draw?  
 And Troilus anon the cause her told,  
 And how himself therewith he would have slaw, *slain*  
 For which Criseyde upon him gan behold,  
 And gan him in her armès fast to fold,  
 And said; "O mercy, God! lo which a deed!  
 Alas! how nigh we weren bothè dead! *what a deed*  
*how nearly*

---

<sup>1</sup> 173.4: Atropos: the Fate who cuts the thread of life.

177. "Then if I had not spoken, as grace was,  
You would have slain yourself anon?" quod she.  
"Yea, doubtèless." And she answered: "Alas!  
For by that ilkè Lord that madè me  
I n'ould a furlong way alive have be  
After your death, to have been crownèd queen  
Of all the lands the sun on shineth sheen;<sup>1</sup>
- by good fortune*  
  
*2 or 3 minutes*  
  
*brightly*
178. "But with this selvè sword which that here is  
Myself I would have slainè," quod she tho.  
"But whoa ! for we have right enough of this,  
And let us rise and straight to beddè go,  
And therè let us speaken of our woe,  
For by that mortar which that I see bren  
Know I full well that day is not far henne."
- this same*  
*then*  
  
  
*lamp / burn*  
*hence*
179. When they were in their bed in armès fold,  
Naught was it like those nightès here-beforn,  
For piteously each other gan behold,  
As they that hadden all their bliss y-lorn,  
Bewailing all the day that they were born,  
Till at the last this woeful wight Criseyde  
To Troilus these ilkè wordès said:
- lost*
180. "Lo, heartè mine! well wot you this," quod she,  
"That if a wight always his woe complain,  
And seeketh not how holpen for to be,  
It n'is but folly and increase of pain;  
And since that here assembled be we twain  
To finden boote of woe that we be in,  
It were all time right soonè to begin.
- how to be helped*  
  
  
*we two*  
*find a cure*
181. "I am a woman, as full well you wot,  
And as I am avisèd suddenly,  
So will I tell it you while it is hot:  
Methinketh thus, that neither you nor I  
Ought half this woe to maken--skilfully,  
For there is art enough for to redress  
What yet's amiss, and flee this heaviness.
- you know*  
*I've just had a thought*  
  
  
*in truth*  
*enough ways to change*

---

<sup>1</sup> 177.5-7 ff: "I would not have stayed alive for three minutes after your death, not if I were to be crowned queen of all the earth the sun shines brightly on."

182. "Sooth is, the woe the which that we be in,  
 For aught I wot, for nothing elsè is  
 But for the causè that we shoulde twin;  
 Considered all, there is no more amiss.  
 And what is then a remedy unto this  
 But that we shape us soonè for to meet?  
 This all and some is, my dear heartè sweet!

*The truth is  
 For all I know, for no other reason  
 should separate*

*arrange to meet*

*Criseyde's plan for returning to Troy*

183. "Now, that I shall well bringen it about  
 To come again soon after that I go  
 Thereof am I no manner thing in doubt,  
 For dreadèless within a week or two  
 I shall be here; and that it may be so  
 By allè right, and that in wordès few,  
 I shall you well a heap of wayès show.

*doubtless*

184. "For which I will not maken long sermon,  
 For timè lost may not recovered be,  
 But I will go to my conclusiõn,  
 And to the best in aught that I can see;  
 And for the love of God forgive it me  
 If I speak aught against your heartè's rest,  
 For truly I speak it for the best,

185. "Making alway a protestation,  
 That now these wordès which that I shall say  
 Is but to shoven you my motiõn  
 To find unto our help the bestè way,  
 And taketh it no otherwise I pray;  
 For, in effect, what so you me command  
 That will I do, for that is no demand.

186. "Now hearken this: You have well understood  
 My going granted is by parliament,  
 So farforth that it may not be withstood  
 For all this world, as by my judgèment;  
 And since there helpeth no avisèment  
 To letten it, let it pass out of mind,  
 And let us shape a better way to find.

*So that*

*argument  
 To prevent*

187. "The sooth is this; the twinning of us twain

*parting of us two*

Will us dis-ease and cruelly annoy, *distress*  
 But him behoveth sometimes to have pain  
 That serveth Love, if that he will have joy;<sup>1</sup>  
 And since I shall no farther out of Troy *shall (go)*  
 Than I may ride again on half a morrow, *morning*  
 It ought the lessè causen us to sorrow;

188. "So as I shall not now be hid in mew, *in cage*  
 That day by day, mine ownè heartè dear,  
 Since well you wot that it is now a truce, *you know*  
 You shall full well all mine estate y-hear, *hear how I am*  
 And ere that truce is done I shall be here;  
 And thus have you both Antenor y-won  
 And me also. Be glad now if you can.

189. "And think right thus: Criseyde is now agone,  
 But what! she shall come hastily again."  
 "And when, alas?" "By God, lo, right anon, *soon*  
 Ere dayès ten, this dare I safely sayn,  
 And then as erstè shall we both be fain, *as before / be glad*  
 So as we shall together ever dwell,  
 That all this world ne might our blissè tell.

190. "I see that oft-time whereas we be now, *in our present situation*  
 That for the best, our counsel for to hide, *to keep our secret*  
 You speak not with me nor I with you  
 In fortènight, nor see you go nor ride;<sup>2</sup> *For 2 weeks*  
 And may you not ten dayès then abide *wait*  
 For mine honóur, in such an áventure?  
 I-wis you may, or elsè lite endure. *Indeed / little*

191. "You know eke how that all my kin is here  
 But if that only it my father be, *Except for*  
 And eke mine other thingès all i-fere, *connections all together*  
 And namèly, my dearè heartè, ye,  
 Whom that I n'ouldè leavè for to see  
 For all this world as wide as it has space,

---

<sup>1</sup> 187.3-4: "Whoever serves Love has to have pain sometimes if he is also to have joy."

<sup>2</sup> 190.1-4: "There are many times when we have been in the same situation as we are now. To keep our secret, you do not speak with me nor I with you for two weeks on end, and I don't even see you walk or go on horseback."

Or elsè see I never Jovè's face.

*may I never see*

192. "Why trowè you my father in this wise  
Coveteth so to see me, but for dread  
Lest in this town that folkès me despise  
Because of him for his unhappy deed?  
What wot my father what life that I lead?  
For if he wist in Troy how well I fare  
Us needed for my wending naught to care.

*Why do you think*

*What does m.f. know?  
If he knew  
my departure*

193. "You see that every day, eke more and more,  
Men treat of peace, and it supposèd is  
That men the queen Elainè shall restore,  
And Greeks restoren us what is amiss.  
So though there n'erè comfort none but this,  
That men purpósen peace on every side,  
You may the better at ease of heart abide.

*Helen*

*though there were no*

194. "For if that it be peace, mine heartè dear,  
The nature of the peace must needès drive  
That men must intercómmunen i-fere  
And to and fro eke ride and go as blive  
All day, and thick as bees fly from a hive,  
And every wight have liberty to bleve  
Whereas him list the best, withouten leave.

*will require  
communicate together  
readily*

*to stay  
Wherever he thinks best*

195. "And though so be that peace there may be none,  
Yet hither, though there never peace ne were,  
I mustè come, for whither should I gon?  
Or how, mischancè! should I dwellè there  
Among those men of armès ever in fear?  
For which, as wisly God my soulè redde,  
I cannot see whereof you shoulde dread.

*how on earth*

*as surely /guide*

196. "Have here another way, if it so be  
That all this thing ne may you not suffice:<sup>1</sup>  
My father, as you knowen well, pardee,  
Is old; and eld is full of covetise.  
And I right now have founden all the guise,  
Withouten net wherewith I shall him hent;  
And hearken, now if that you will assent.

*by God  
old age / greed  
the very way  
catch him without a net*

---

<sup>1</sup> 196.1-2: "Here's another argument, if those already mentioned are not enough for you."

197. "Lo! Troilus, men say, that hard it is  
 The wolf full and the wether whole to have;<sup>1</sup>  
 This is to say, that men full oft i-wis  
 Must spenden part the remnant for to save;  
 For aye with gold men may the heartè grave  
 Of him that set is upon covetise  
 And how I mean I shall it you devise.
- impress  
 on greed  
 I'll tell*
198. "The moble which that I have in this town  
 Unto my father shall I take and say  
 That right for trust and for salvation  
 It sent is from a friend of his or tway  
 The whichè friendès fervently him pray  
 To senden after more, and that in hie,  
 While that this town stands thus in jeopardy.<sup>2</sup>
- goods  
 safety  
 or two  
 for more / in haste*
199. "And that shall be of gold huge quantity;  
 Thus shall I say, but lest folk it espied,  
 This may be sent by no wight but by me:  
 I shall eke showen him, if peace betide,  
 What friendès that I have on every side  
 Towards the court, to do the wrath to pace  
 Of Priamus, and do him stand in grace.
- nobody  
 At court, to cause / to pass  
 restore him to favor*
200. "So what for one thing and for other, sweet!  
 I shall him so enchanten with my saws,  
 That right in heaven his soul is shall he mete:  
 For, all Apollo or his clerkès laws  
 Or calculing availeth not three haws;  
 Desire of gold shall so his soulè blend  
 That as me list I shall well make an end.
- my words  
 dream  
 3 straws  
 blind  
 do as I please*
201. "And if he would aught by his sort it preeve  
 If that I lie, in certain I shall fonde
- test by divination  
 find a way*

---

<sup>1</sup> 197.1-2: "it is hard to have the whole sheep (*wether*) if the wolf is full (from feeding on the sheep)." You can't have both.

<sup>2</sup> 198. The gist of the stanza seems to be that since her father is old (and therefore covetous) she will take her moveable possessions and give them to him, pretending that they are sent from some old friends for safe keeping, who also want him to send her back for more. How this would appeal to his covetousness is not clear. Calchas would hardly need "sort" to see through this particular plan.

Disturben him and pluck him by the sleeve  
 Making his sort, and bearen him in hand,  
 He hath not well the goddès understand,<sup>1</sup> *understood*  
 For goddès speak in amphibologies, *riddles*  
 And for one sooth they tellen twenty lies. *truth*

202 . "Eke dread found firstè goddès, I suppose.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus shall I say, and that his coward heart  
 Made him amiss the goddès' text to glose, *wrongly to interpret*  
 When he, for fearè, out of Delphi start.<sup>3</sup> *rushed*  
 And but I make him soonè to convert *And unless / to change*  
 And do my redde within a day or tway, *follow my advice*  
 I will to you obligè me to die." *I promise to kill myself*

203. And truly, as written well I find,  
 That all this thing was said of good intent,  
 And that her heartè truè was and kind  
 Towardès him, and spoke right as she meant,  
 And that she starved for woe nigh when she went, *she nearly died*  
 And was in purpose ever to be true;  
 Thus writen they that of her workès knew.

204. This Troilus, with heart and earès spread, *open*  
 Heard all this thing devisen to and fro; *discussed*  
 And verily him seemèd that he had  
 The selfè wit, but yet to let her go *same feeling*  
 His heartè misforgave him evermo'. *had misgivings*  
 But finally he gan his heartè wrest *compel*  
 To trusten her, and took it for the best.

205. For which the great fury of his penánce  
 Was quenched with hope, and therewith them between

---

<sup>1</sup> 201.4-5: *Making ...understand*: "While he is doing his divination, and convince him he has not understood...."

<sup>2</sup> 202.1: "It was fear that first created the gods." Editors agree that this was a commonplace dating back to Roman times: "Timor invenit deos". It is hardly reverent. Notice that Criseyde's irreverence in this line and the two preceding is not penalized any more than Troilus's in 171 above. See also V, 30.4-7 below. Contrast the situation in Henryson's sequel, **The Testament**.

<sup>3</sup> 202.3-4: According to Benoit, Calchas had consulted the oracle at Delphi where he learned that Troy would fall, so he had gone over to the Greeks. See Bk I, stanzas 10-14.

Began, for joy, the amorousè dance,  
 And, as the birdès, when the sun is sheen, *shining*  
 Delighten in their song in leavès green,  
 Right so the wordès that they spoke i-fere *together*  
 Delighted them and made their heartès clear.

*Troilus does not share her confidence in the plan*

206. But nathelees the wending of Criseyde, *departure*  
 For all this world, may not out of his mind,  
 For which full oft he piteously her prayed  
 That of her hest he might her truè find, *to her promise*  
 And said her: "Certès, if you be unkind,  
 And but you come at day set into Troy, *unless / on agreed day*  
 Ne shall I ne'er have honour, heal, nor joy. *health*

207. "For all so sooth as sun uprist to-morrow, *as true / rises*  
 -- And God, so wisly thou me woeful wretch *surely*  
 To restè bring out of this cruel sorrow,--  
 I will my selfen slay if that you dretch;<sup>1</sup> *delay*  
 But of my death though little be to reck, *care*  
 Yet ere that you me causen so to smart,  
 Dwell rather here, mine ownè sweetè heart! *Stay*

208. "For truly, mine ownè lady dear,  
 Those sleightès yet that I have heard you stere *these tricks / propose*  
 Full shapely be to failen all i-fere; *v. likely / together*  
 For thus men say: `That one [way] thinks the bear,  
 But all another thinketh his leader.'<sup>2</sup> *his master*  
 Your sire is wise, and said is, out of dread: *your father / for sure*  
 `Men may the wise outrun, but not out-redde.' *outwit*

209. "It is full hard to halten unespied *to limp undetected*

---

<sup>1</sup> 207.2-4: *thou* refers to God and *you* to Criseyde. Lines 2-3 are a parenthesis addressed to God saying something like: "and as surely as I hope that thou wilt give me, a woefilled wretch, rest from this terrible sorrow ..."

<sup>2</sup> 208.2-7: "The tricks that you have mentioned are likely to fail completely. For, as they say, `The bear wants one thing, but his master wants something else.' Your father is astute, and, as they rightly say: `You can outrun a wise man, but not outwit him.'"

Before a cripple, for he can the craft.<sup>1</sup>  
 Your father is, in sleight, as Argus-eyed,  
 For all be that his moble is him bereft,  
 His oldè sleight is yet so with him left,  
 You shall not blind him, for your womanhead,  
 Nor feign aright, and that is all my dread.

*he knows  
 in cunning has 100 eyes  
 Although his goods are lost  
 His old skill*

*Nor lie with skill*

210. "I n'ot if peace shall ever more betide,  
 But peace or no, for earnest nor for game,  
 I wot, since Calchas on the Greekès' side  
 Has oncè been, and lost so foul his name,  
 He dare no more come here again for shame,  
 For which that way, for aught I can espy,  
 To trusten on is but a fantasy.

*I don't know  
 in earnest or in jest  
 I know*

211. "You shall eke see your father shall you glose  
 To be a wife; and as he can well preach,  
 He shall some Greek so praise and well alose,  
 That ravishen he shall you with his speech,  
 Or do you do by force as he shall teach.  
 And Troilus, of whom you n'll have ruth,  
 Shall causèless so starven in his truth.

*persuade  
  
 commend  
 he'll seduce  
 Or make you by f. do as  
 won't have pity  
 die faithful*

212. "And over all this, your father shall despise  
 Us all, and say this city n'is but lorn,  
 And that the siegè never shall arise,  
 — For-why the Greekès have it all y-sworn,—  
 Till we be slain and down our wallès torn.  
 All thus he shall you with his wordès fear,  
 That ay dread I that you will blevè there.<sup>2</sup>

*as good as lost  
 shall be raised  
 Because  
  
 frighten  
 I constantly d. / remain*

213. "You shall eke see so many a lusty knight,  
 Among the Greekès, full of worthiness;  
 And each of them with heartè, wit, and might  
 To pleasen you do all his busyness,  
 That you shall dullen of the rudèness  
 Of us silly Trojans, but if ruth

*do his best  
 grow tired / plainness  
 simple / unless pity*

<sup>1</sup> 209.1-2: "In front of a cripple it is hard to get away with pretending to be a cripple, because he knows the real thing."

<sup>2</sup> 212.1-7: This same argument is indeed used in Bk V, 127-132, though not by Calchas, to persuade Criseyde to stay with the Greeks.

Remordè you, or virtue of your truth.<sup>1</sup>

*fills you with remorse*

214. "And this to me so grievous is to think,  
That from my breast it will my soulè rend;  
Ne dreadèless in me there may not sink  
A good opinion, if that you wend;  
For-why your father's sleightè will us shend.  
And if you go, as I have told you yore,  
So think I n'am but dead, withouten more.

*Nor indeed do I have ...  
...a good feeling (?) if you go  
Because / trickery / ruin  
before  
I'm as good as dead*

*Troilus's suggestion*

215. "For which with humble, true, and piteous heart  
A thousand timès mercy I you pray,  
So rueth on mine asper painès smart,  
And do somewhat as that I shall you say,  
And let us steal away betwixt us tway,  
And think that folly is when man may choose  
For accident his substance ay to lose.<sup>2</sup>

*take pity / bitter sharp p.  
two  
little thing / main thing*

216. "I meanè thus, that since we may ere day  
Well steal away and be together so,  
What wit were it to putten in assay  
(In case you should unto your father go)  
If that you mighten come again or no?  
Thus mean I, that it were a great folly  
To put that sikerness in jeopardy.

*Easily  
What's the point / to the test  
that certainty*

217. "And, vulgarly to speaken of substance:  
Of treasure may we bothè with us lead  
Enough to live in honour and pleasance  
Until the timè that we shall be dead;  
And thus we may eschewen all this dread,  
For every other way you can record

*bluntly / money  
take  
may avoid  
mention*

---

<sup>1</sup> 213.6-7: "Unless (*but if*) pity fills you with remorse, or virtue [reminds you] of your promise." Or "Unless pity and the strength (*virtue*) of your promise fill you with remorse."

<sup>2</sup> 215.6-7: A theological distinction between the true substance of something, and the less important accidents: color, shape, weight, etc. So he is saying that it is stupid to lose the main thing out of consideration for some unimportant detail. In this case their love is the main thing and the unimportant detail is presumably what people will think of them if they elope. A few lines later (217.1) he has another meaning for *substance*: money.

My heart, i-wis, may not therewith accord.

*indeed / agree*

218. "And hardily ne dreadeth no povert,  
For I have kin and friendès elsèwhere,  
That though we comen in our barè shirt  
Us shouldè never lack nor gold nor gear,  
But be honourèd while we dwelten there:  
Go we anon, for as in mine intent  
This is the best, if that you will assent."

*And certainly / poverty*

*clothes*

*Let's go now / opinion*

*Criseyde's objection and her vow of fidelity*

219. Criseyde with a sigh right in this wise  
Answerèd him: "I-wis, my dear heart true!  
We may well steal away as you devise,  
And finden such unthrifty wayès new,  
But afterward full sore it will us rue;  
And, help me God so at my mostè need!  
As causèless you suffer all this dread.

*suggest*

*dubious*

*we'll regret*

220. "For th'ilké day that I, for cherishing  
Or dread of father or of other wight,  
Or for estate, delight, or for wedding,  
Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight,  
Saturn's daughter, Juno, through her might  
As wood as Athamante do me dwell <sup>1</sup>  
Eternally in Styx, the pit of hell!

*that day / for love*

*person*

*for rank*

*(may) S's daughter*

*As mad*

221. "And this on every god celestial  
I swear it you, and eke on each goddess,  
On every nymph and deity infernal,  
On satyry and fauny more and less  
(That halfè-goddès be of wilderness);  
And, Atropos, my thread of life thou brest <sup>2</sup>  
If I be false; now trow me, if thou lest.

*deity*

*satyrs & fauns*

*Fate / cut*

*trust me, please*

---

<sup>1</sup> 220.5-6: "(May) Juno make me live eternally in Styx, the pit of hell, as mad (*wood*) as Athamas", the King of Thebes who was driven mad at the request of Juno.

<sup>2</sup> 221.6: "(May) Atropos, cut the thread of my life." Atropos was the Fate who cut the thread of life which had been spun by Clotho and measured by Lachesis. .7: *thou* = Troilus

*Her further objections*

222. "And thou, Simois, that as an arrow clear  
Through Troy aye runnest downward to the sea,  
Be witness of this word that said is here,  
That thilkè day that I untruè be  
To Troilus, mine ownè heartè free,  
That thou return backward unto thy well,  
And I with body and soul sink into hell. *River S*
223. "But that you speak away thus for to go  
And letten all your friendès -- God forbid *leave*  
For any woman that you should do so!  
And namèly, since Troy hath now such need  
Of help; and eke of one thing taketh heed:  
If this were wist, my life lay in baláncè *known / would lie*  
And your honoúr, God shield us from mischance!
224. "And if so be that peace hereafter take,  
As all day happens after anger, game, *constantly / play*  
Why, Lord! the sorrow and woe you woulden make  
That you ne durst not come again for shame! *dare not*  
And ere that you jeopárden so your name *jeopardize*  
Be not too hasty in this hottè fare; *excited way*  
For hasty man ne wanteth never care. *is never without trouble*
225. "What trow you eke the people all about *What do you think*  
Would of it say? It is full light t'arede. *easy to guess*  
They woulden say, and swear it out of doubt,  
That love ne drove you not to do this deed,  
But lust voluptuous and coward dread:  
Thus were all lost i-wis, mine heartè dear, *for sure*  
Your honour which that now so shineth clear.
226. "And also thinketh on my honesty, *my good name*  
That flowereth yet, how foul I should it shend, *ruin*  
And with what filth y-spotted it should be,  
If in this form I shouldè with you wend: *go*  
Not though I lived unto the worldè's end  
My namè should I never againward win: *win back*  
Thus were I lost, and that were ruth and sin. *pity*

227. "And for-thy slay with reason all this heat.<sup>1</sup>

Men say: 'The suffrant overcomes', pardee;

Eke: 'Whoso will have lief, he lief must lete.'<sup>2</sup>

Thus maketh virtue of necessity

By patience, and think that lord is he

Of Fortune aye that naught will of her reck,<sup>3</sup>

And she ne daunteth no wight but a wretch.

*The patient man*

*make! (imperative)*

*scares nobody*

228. "And trusteth this, that certès heartè sweet!

Ere Phoebus' sister, Lúcina the sheen,

The Lion passeth out of this Ariete

I will be here withouten any ween;<sup>4</sup>

I mean, as help me Juno, heaven's queen!

The tenthè day, but-if death me assail,

I will you see withouten any fail."

*the moon*

*Leo / Aries*

*doubt*

*unless I die*

229. "And now, so this be sooth," quod Troilus,

"I shall well suffer unto the tenthè day,

Since that I see that needs it must be thus;

But for the love of God, if it be may,

So let us stealen privily away,

For ever in one as for to live in rest;<sup>5</sup>

My heartè says that it will be the best."

*if this is true*

*Criseyde shows annoyance at Troilus's doubts*

230. "O mercy, God! what life is this !" quod she,

"Alas! you slay me thus for very teen:

I see well now that you mistrusten me,

For by your wordès it is well y-seen.

Now for the love of Cynthia the sheen

*vexation*

*the bright moon*

<sup>1</sup> 227.1: "And so control your excitement with reason."

<sup>2</sup> 227.3: 'He who wants to have (something) desirable, must give up (something else) he desires.'

<sup>3</sup> 227.6-7: "he is always Fortune's master who cares nothing about her."

<sup>4</sup> 228: She promises to be back in Troy before the moon passes out of the sign of Aries where it is at the moment, into the sign of Leo, a period, apparently, of about 10 days. Another Chaucerian display of astronomic knowledge for indicating time.

<sup>5</sup> 229.6: "To live together forever peacefully."

Mistrust me not thus causèless, for ruth,  
Since to be true I have you plight my truth.

*for pity's (sake)*  
*pledged*

231. "And thinketh well that sometimes it is wit  
To spend a time, a timè for to win;  
Ne, pardee, lorn am I not from you yet.  
Though that we be a day or two a-twin,  
Drive out those fantasiès you within,  
And trusteth me, and leaveth eke your sorrow,  
Or (here my truth) I will not live till morrow.

*is wise*

*lost*  
*apart*

*(I swear)*

232. "For, if you wist how sore it doth me smart,  
You wouldè cease of this. 'Fore God, thou wost  
The purè spirit weepeth in my heart  
To see you weepen that I lovè most,  
And that I must go to the Greekès host;  
Yea, n'ere it that I wist a remedy  
To come again, right herè would I die.

*if y. knew / it hurts me*  
*Before God! you know*

*if I didn't know a way*

233. "But certès I am not so nice a wight  
That I ne can imaginen a way  
To come against the day that I have hight,  
For who may hold a thing that will away?<sup>1</sup>  
My father naught, for all his quaintè play!  
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troy  
Another day shall turn us all to joy.

*so stupid a person*

*by the day I've promised*

*cannot / cunning tricks*  
*By my skill, my going*

*They pledge mutual loyalty and love*

234. "For-thy with all my heart I you beseech,  
If that you list do aughtè for my prayer;  
And for the love which that I love you eke,  
That ere that I departè from you here  
That of so good a comfort and a cheer  
I may you see, that you may bring at rest  
My heartè which that is on point to burst.

*Therefore*  
*if you want*  
*also*

235. "And o'er all this I pray you," quod she tho,  
"Mine ownè heartè's soothfast suffisance!  
Since I am thine all whole withouten mo',  
That while that I am absent, no pleasance

*then*  
*true*

---

<sup>1</sup> 233.4: "Who can hold back a person who wants to get away?"

Of other do me from your rémembrance, <sup>1</sup>  
 For I am e'er aghast; for why? Men redde  
 That love is thing aye full of busy dread.

*always afraid / They say  
 is always*

236. "For in this world there liveth lady none,  
 If that you were untrue, as God defend!  
 That so betrayèd were or woe-begone  
 As I, that allè truth in you intend;  
 And doubtèless if that I other wend  
 I n'ere but dead, and ere you causè find, <sup>2</sup>  
 For God's love, be not to me unkind."

*God forbid  
 expect  
 If I thought otherwise*

237. To this answered Troilus, and said:  
 "Now God, to whom there is no cause y-wry,  
 Me glad, as wis I never to Criseyde,  
 Since thilkè day I saw her first with eye,  
 Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:<sup>3</sup>  
 At shortè words, well may you me believe;  
 I can no more; it shall be found at preve."

*hidden  
 make me glad / surely*

*In brief  
 when tested*

238. "Grammércy, good heart mine i-wis," quod she,  
 "And, blissful Venus, let me never starve  
 Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree  
 To 'quite him well that so well can deserve;<sup>4</sup>  
 And while that God my wit will me conserve  
 I shall so do, so true I have you found,  
 That aye honóur to me-ward shall redound. <sup>5</sup>

*Many thanks  
 never die*

*To repay*

*That ever*

---

<sup>1</sup> 235.4-5: "While I am absent, don't let pleasure from any other woman drive me out of your memory."

<sup>2</sup> 236.5-7: "If I thought otherwise, I'd be as good as dead, and unless you find a real reason, for God's sake, please do not be unkind."

<sup>3</sup> 237.1-5: "Now may God, from whom nothing is hidden, make me glad that (*as*) I was never unfaithful to Criseyde from the day I first saw her, and never will be till the day I die"

<sup>4</sup> 238.3-4: *Ere ...*: "Before I am in a position pleasant enough to repay him who deserves it so well." or "Before I am able to repay him the degree of pleasure he so well deserves."

<sup>5</sup> 238.5-7: "And as long as God preserves me, I shall do so; I have found you so true that honor will always accrue to me for that."

239. "For trusteth well that your estate royál,  
 Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness *prowess*  
 Of you in war or tourney martial, *tournament*  
 Nor pomp, array, nobley, or eke richesse, *noble rank*  
 Ne madé me to rue on your distress, *to take pity on*  
 But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;  
 That was the cause I first had on you ruth. *had pity*
240. "Eke gentle heart, and manhood that you had,  
 And that you had (as me thought) in despite *you despised*  
 Every thing that souned into bad, *smacked of evil*  
 As rudeness and peoplish appetite, *and common lust*  
 And that your reason bridled your delight;  
 This made aboven every creäture  
 That I was yours, and shall while I may dure. <sup>1</sup> *endure*
241. "And this may length of yearès not fordo,  
 Nor rémuable Fortune it deface, *wipe out*  
 But Jupiter, that of his might may do *changeable*  
 The sorrowful to be glad, so give us grace *can cause*  
 Ere nightès ten to meeten in this place,  
 So that it may your heart and mine suffice;  
 And fare now well, for time is that you rise."
242. And after that they long y-plainéd had, *lamented*  
 And often kissed, and strait in armès fold, *tight*  
 The day gan rise, and Troilus him clad,  
 And ruefully his lady gan behold, *looked at his lady sadly*  
 As he that feltè deathè's carès cold;  
 And to her grace he gan him recommend.  
 Whe'r him was woe, this hold I no demand.<sup>2</sup> *Whether*
243. For man's head imaginen ne can *can't imagine*  
 N'entendement consider, nor tongue tell *Nor [can] the mind c.*  
 The cruel pains of this sorrowful man  
 That passen every torment down in Hell. *surpass*

---

<sup>1</sup> 240.6-7: "This was what made me yours above any other living person, and I shall remain yours as long as I live."

<sup>2</sup> 163.7: "Whether (*Wh'er*) he was sorrowful, I don't think there is any need to ask."

For when he saw that she ne mighte dwell,  
(For which his soul out of his heartè rent)  
Withouten more he out of chamber went.

*W'out more [words]*

**Here ends Book IV**

## Appendix 1

**WHEEL OF FORTUNE**

This theme or convention is ubiquitous in the art and literature of the Middle Ages, one illustration of the constant theme of Mutability. The notion of Fortune whimsically spinning a wheel with men on it probably originates with Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy* (II, poem 1, prose 2). There Fortune presents herself as non-malevolent, but, at the same time, as raising or degrading men for her own amusement. She implies that men get on the Wheel only if they wish. Chaucer, however, in his ballade *Fortune* (45-46) has her say to the "plaintiff":

*Thou borne art in my regne of variance* (kingdom of change)  
*About the wheel with others most thou drive.*

In the *Alliterative Morte Arthure*, on the other hand, Fortune tells Arthur:

*"I chose thee my selfen ..."*  
*And (she) set me softly in the see* (seat)  
 (3347-3350).

There are, therefore, at least three notions of the relationship of man to the Wheel of Fortune.

- a. He can choose to be on it or not.
- b. He and everyone else is on it whether they wish or no.
- c. Fortune singles him out to be on it.

Possibly the most potent presentation of the Wheel in medieval English literature is that in the *Alliterative Morte Arthure* (3250 ff) where Arthur shares his fate with the other eight of the Nine Worthies, including Hector. Two other versions of the Death of Arthur also present a dream in which Arthur sees himself hurled to destruction from the Wheel: the *Stanzaic Morte Arthure* (3168 ff), and Malory's *Morte Darthur* ("The Day of Destiny"). Neither of them shows or even mentions Lady Fortune. The Wheel is also prominent in the poem "Summer Sunday" and in *The Kingis Quair* (1114 ff), a poem attributed to King James of Scotland.

Visual illustrations of the Wheel are as common as their literary counterparts. One of those

occurs so frequently that Patch calls it the Formula of Four. It shows four figures on the Wheel, one each at the 12, 3, 6, and 9 o'clock positions. The figure at 12, generally crowned, is accompanied by the Latin word "regno" (I reign). Two others — clockwise — with "regnavi" (I have reigned), "sum sine regno" (I am without a throne). Both of these are tumbling off. The fourth, "regnabo" (I shall reign), is clawing his way up.

regno

regnabo

regnavi

sum sine regno

For one web illustration of the Wheel see

<http://special.lib.gla.ac.uk/exhibns/treasures/boccaccio.html>

Here fashionable young people seem to be the climbers.