

# Troilus and Criseyde

## Book II

### Proem

#### *The beginnings of hope for Troilus*

1. Out of these blacké wavès for to sail,  
O wind, O wind, the weather 'ginneth clear, *begins to*  
For in this sea the boat hath such travail, *difficulty*  
Of my cunning that unnethes I it steer.<sup>1</sup>  
This sea clepe I the tempestuous mattér *I call*  
Of dis-espair that Troilus was in. *despair*  
But now of hope the Kalendès begin. *Kalendes = first days*

*Invocation of the muse by the narrator. This is history, not his story.*

2. O lady mine that callèd art Cleo, *Cleo = muse of history*  
Thou be my speed from this forth, and my muse *Be thou my help*  
To rhymè well this book, till I have do. *finished*  
Me needeth here no other art to use;  
For-why to every lover I me excuse *Therefore*  
That of no sentiment I this endite *no experience / compose*  
But out of Latin in my tongue it write.<sup>2</sup>

3. Wherefore I will have neither thanks nor blame  
Of all this work, but pray you meekèly,  
Dis-blameth me if any word be lame; *Don't blame*  
For as my author said, so say I.  
Eke, though I speak of love unfeelingly, *Also*  
No wonder is, for it no thing of new's: *is nothing new*  
A blind man cannot judgen well in hues. *colors*

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<sup>1</sup> 1.4: "That my skill (*cunning*) is scarcely (*unnethes*) sufficient to steer it." *that* belongs syntactically at the beginning of the line.

<sup>2</sup> Chaucer's source is, of course, Boccaccio's Italian.

*In different times and places people speak differently and woo differently.*

4. You know eke that in form of speech is change *also*  
Within a thousand years, and wordès tho *then*  
That hadden price, now wonder nice and strange *had value / now very odd*  
Us thinketh them, and yet they spoke them so *They seem to us*  
And sped as well in love as men now do. <sup>1</sup> *And succeeded*  
Eke for to winnen love in sundry ages *And / various times*  
In sundry landès, sundry been usages. *customs*

5. And for-thy if it hap in any wyse  
That there be any lover in this place  
That hearkens, as the story will devise, *tell*  
How Troilus came to his lady's grac;  
And thinketh: "So n'ould I nat love purcháse",  
Or wonders on his speech and his doing,  
I n'ot; but it is me no wondering. *I know not*

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<sup>1</sup> 4.1-5: That the words of these five lines are true, not only for lovers' customs but for English generally, is evident in the grammar and word usage of the lines themselves, even in the present version with its modern spelling and letter forms, but the fact is more dramatically illustrated from the Chaucer manuscripts. Here is the version of these lines as recorded in the Corpus Manuscript:

3e knowe ek that in fourme of speche is change  
With-inne a thousand 3eer and wordes tho  
That hadden pris now wonder nyce and straunge  
Us thenketh hem and 3et thei spake hem so  
And spedde as wel in loue as men now do

In the Campsall MS the first and fourth lines are:

1. Ye knowe ek þat in forme of speche is change
4. Vs thenkeþ hem / and yet þay spak hem so.

It is now 600 years, not 1000, since Chaucer's time, but the reader can see how the language, not just the language of love, has changed significantly : in the use of written characters (e.g. **p** = th and **3** = y), in spelling, grammar, vocabulary, semantics, punctuation conventions and, less obviously, in pronunciation (notice that *so* and *do* no longer rhyme).

This edition is designed to make Chaucer's text more accessible to present-day readers, by modernizing most of the old spelling, and by adding punctuation and glosses to help readers with the syntax and obsolete words of Chaucer's language, which remains intact.

6. For every wight which that to Romè went  
Held not one path, or always one mannér;  
Eke in some lands were all the gamen shent,  
If that they fared in love as men do here,  
As thus, in open doing or in cheer,  
In visiting, in form, or said their saws;  
For-thy, men say, each country has its laws.

*every one*  
*all the fun would be lost*  
*public actions or looks*  
*forms of courting / sayings*  
*Because*

7. Eke scarcely been there in this placè three  
That have in love said like and done in all;  
For to thy purpose this may liken *thee*,  
And *thee* right nought, yet all is said or shall.  
Eke some men grave in tree, some in stone wall,  
As it betides; but since I have begun,  
Mine author shall I follow if I can.

*said or done the same*  
*may please **you***  
*everything gets said*  
*cut (names)*  
*chances*

*End of the Proem to Book II*

*In spite of his own spasm of lovesickness, Pandarus reads the good omens, and goes to  
Criseyde's palace on behalf of Troilus*

8. In May that mother is of monthès glad  
That freshè flowers blue and white and red  
Be quick again, that winter deadè made,  
And full of balm is floating every mead  
When Phoebus doth his brightè beamès spread  
Right in the whitè bull -- it so betid  
As I shall sing, on Mayè's day the third

*Are alive*  
*sweet smell / meadow*  
*P = the sun*  
*sign of Taurus / it happened*

9. That Pandarus, for all his wisè speech  
Felt eke his part of Lovè's shottès keen  
That, could he ne'er so well of loving preach,<sup>1</sup>  
It made his hue a-day full often green;  
So shope it that him fell that day a teen  
In love, for which in woe to bed he went,  
And made, ere it was day, full many a went.

*sharp arrows*  
*color / many times a day*  
*It happened / a pain*  
*toss, turn*

10. The swallow Procnè with a sorrowful lay,  
When morrow came gan make her waymenting,

*song*  
*lament*

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<sup>1</sup> 9.3: "That no matter how good he was at *talking* about love ..." Pandarus has his occasional bout of lovesickness, a somewhat unconvincing and unnecessary element in the story.

Why she forshapen was; and ever lay *transformed*  
Pandáre a-bed, half in a slumbering,  
Till she so nigh him made her chittering *so near*  
How Tereus gan forth her sister take,  
That with the noise of her he gan awake.

11. And gan to call and dress him up to rise *get ready to*  
Remembering him his errand was to do  
From Troilus, and eke his great emprise, *enterprise*  
And cast, and knew in good plight was the moon *cast (a horoscope)*  
To do viage, and took his way full soon *To start something*  
Unto his niece's palace there beside.  
Now Janus, god of entry, thou him guide.

12. When he was come unto his niece's place,  
"Where is my lady?" to her folk said he;  
And they him told, and he forth in gan pace  
And found two other ladies set and she *sitting*  
Within a pavéd parlor, and they three  
Heard a maiden read to them the geste *story*  
Of the siege of Thebès, while them lest.<sup>1</sup> *while it pleased them*

*A playful dialogue between Pandarus and Criseyde*

13. Quod Pandarus: "Ma damè, God you see, *God bless you*  
With all your book and all the company!"  
"Eh, uncle mine, welcome i-wis," quod she; *indeed*  
And up she rose, and by the hand in hie *in haste*  
She took him fast, and saidè: "This night thrice — *Last night*  
To goodè may it turn, — of you I mett." *I dreamed*  
And with that word she down on bench him set.

14. "Yea, nicè, you shall farè well the bet, *the better*  
If God will, all this year," quod Pandarus.  
"But I am sorry that I have you let *hindered*  
To hearken of your book you praisen thus;  
For God's love, what says it? Tell it us.  
Is it of love? Oh, some good you me lere." *may you teach me*  
"Uncle," quod she, "your mistress is not here." *girlfriend, beloved*

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<sup>1</sup> 12.4-8: In an age of few books it was common for one person to read to a group.

15. With that they gonne laugh, and then she said: <sup>1</sup>

"This rómance is of Thebès that we read;  
And we have heard how that King Laius died  
Through Oedipus his son, and all that deed;  
And here we stenten at these letters red, <sup>2</sup>  
How that the bishop (as the book can tell)  
Amphiorax, fell through the ground to hell."

*romance = geste in 12.6*

*stopped  
[actually a soothsayer]*

16. Quod Pandarus: "All this I know myself.  
And all the siege of Thebès and the care;  
For hereof been there makèd bookès twelve.  
But let this be, and tell me how you fare.  
Do 'way your barb, and show your facè bare;  
Do 'way your book, rise up and let us dance  
And let us do to May some óbservance."

*"The Thebaid"*

*widow's headdress  
Put away*

17. "I? God forbid," quod she. "Be you mad?  
Is that a widow's life, so God you save?  
By God, you maken me right sore a-dread,  
You be so wild, it seemeth that you rave.  
It sits me wel bet' ay in a cave  
To bid, and read on holy saintès' lives.  
Let maidens go to dances, and young wives."

*It would be more suitable  
To pray*

18. "As ever thrive I," quod this Pandarus,  
"Yet could I tell a thing to do you play."  
"Now, uncle dear," quod she, "tell it us  
For God's love. Is then the siege away?  
I am of Greeks so fearèd that I die."  
"Nay, nay," quod he, "as ever may I thrive  
It is a thing well better than such five."

*to delight you*

*5 times better*

19. "Yea, holy God!" quod she, "what thing is that?  
What? better than such five? Eh, nay, i-wis  
For all this world ne can I reden what  
It shouldè be: some jape, I trow, is this;  
And, but yourselfen tell us what it is,

*Oh, surely not  
can't guess  
some joke I guess  
unless yourself*

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<sup>1</sup> 14.7: Troilus had remarked in Bk I that Pandarus had had no success in love. His unrequited love for some unspecified woman (*your mistress*) is, in spite of stanzas 9 & 10 above, something of a good-natured joke among family and friends.

<sup>2</sup> 15.5: Red letters (rubrics) marked the beginnings of sections in many medieval MSS.

My wit is for t'arede it all too lean. <sup>1</sup>  
As help me God, I know not what you mean."

*interpret*

20. "And I your borrow, ne never shall, for me,  
This thing be told to you, as may I thrive."  
"And why so, uncle mine, why so?" quod she.  
"By God," quod he, "that will I tell as blive;  
For prouder woman were there none alive,  
An' you it wist, in all the town of Troy.<sup>2</sup>  
I japè not, as ever have I joy."

*I guarantee you / my me*

*tell gladly  
would be  
If you knew  
I'm not joking, honest*

21. Then gan she wonder morè than before  
A thousandfold, and down her eyèn cast  
For never, since the time that she was born,  
To know a thing desired she so fast;  
And with a sigh she said him at the last:  
"Now, uncle mine, I will you not displease,  
Nor asken more that may do you dis-ease."

*eyes*

*cause discomfort*

22. So after this, with many wordès glad  
And friendly tales and with a merry cheer,  
Of this and that they played and gonnen wade  
In many an uncouth, glad, and deep mattér,  
As friendès do when they be met i-fere,  
Till she gan asken him how Hector fared  
That was the townè's wall and Greekès' yard.

*joked & began talk  
unusual  
together*

*scourge of the Greeks*

*Pandarus begins gently to press Troilus's case*

23. "Full well, I thank it God," quod Pandarus,  
"Save in his arm he hath a little wound;  
And eke his freshè brother Troilus,  
The wisè, worthy Hector the secónd,  
In whom that every virtue list abound,  
As allè truth and allè gentleness,  
Wisdom, honor, freedom and worthiness."

*flourishes*

*freedom = generosity*

24. "In good faith, eme," quod she, "that liketh me;

*uncle / pleases me*

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<sup>1</sup> 19.5-6: "Unless you yourself tell us what it is, my mind is too weak to interpret it."

<sup>2</sup> 20.5-6: Pandarus, deliberately rousing and teasing Criseyde's curiosity, tells her that if she only knew, she would be the proudest woman in Troy.

They faren well, God save them bothè two,  
 For truly I hold it great dainty, *very proper*  
 A kingè's son in armès well to do,  
 And be of good condition thereto; *good behavior*  
 For great power and moral virtue here *here = on earth*  
 Is seldom seen in one person i-fere." *together*

25. "In good faith, that is sooth," quod Pandarus; *is true*  
 "But by my truth, the king has sons tway, *two*  
 That is to mean, Hector and Troilus, *to say*  
 That certainly, though that I shouldè die  
 They been as void of vices dare I say, *free of*  
 As any men that live under the sun.  
 Their might is wide y-known, and what they can. *they can do*

26. "Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell.  
 In all this world is not a better knight  
 Than he, that is of worthiness the well *the source*  
 And he well morè virtue has than might. <sup>1</sup>  
 This knoweth many a wise and worthy wight. *person*  
 The samè praise of Troilus I say.  
 God help me so, I know not suchè tway." *two such*

27. "By God," quod she, "of Hector that is sooth;  
 Of Troilus the samè thing trow I. *I think*  
 For dreadless, men tellen that he doth *without doubt*  
 In armès day by day so worthily,  
 And bears him here at home so gentilly *courteously*  
 To every wight, that all the praise hath he *every person*  
 Of them that me were levest praised be." *I'd rather be praised by*

28. "You say right sooth, y-wis," quod Pandarus, *truly indeed*  
 "For yesterday, whoso had with him been, *whoever*  
 He might have wondered upon Troilus.  
 For never yet so thick a swarm of been *bees*  
 Ne flew, as Greeks from him gan fleen. *did flee*  
 And through the field, in every wightè's ear,  
 There was no cry but `Troilus is there!' *every person's*

29. "Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast

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<sup>1</sup> 26.4: "He has even more honor than strength."

There n'as but Greekès' blood and Troilus,  
Now them he hurt, and them all down he cast.  
Aywhere he went it was arrayèd thus:  
He was their death, and shield and life for us,  
That all that day there durst him none withstand  
While that he held his bloody sword in hand.

*was nothing but  
them ... them = these ... those  
Wherever / happened*

*dared*

30. "Thereto, he is the friendliestè man  
Of great estate that e'er I saw my life  
And where him list, best fellowshipè can  
To such as him thinks able for to thrive."  
And with that word then Pandarus, as blive,  
He took his leave and said: "I will go henne."  
"Nay, blame have I, mine uncle," quod she then.

*Besides  
Of high rank  
can (give)  
to benefit from it  
promptly  
hence*

31. "What aileth you to be thus weary soon,  
And namèly of women? Will you so?  
Nay, sitteth down; by God I have to do  
With you, to speak of wisdom ere you go."  
And every wight that was about them tho,  
That heardè that, gan far away to stand  
While they two had all that them list in hand.

*And especially*

*person / then*

*discussed all they wished*

*Pandarus teases Criseyde's curiosity again with his half revelations*

32. When that their tale all brought was to an end  
Of her estate and of her governance,  
Quod Pandarus: "Now is it time I wend;  
But yet, I say, ariseth, let us dance,  
And cast your widow's habit to mischance:  
What list you thus yourself to disfigüre,  
Since you is tid thus fair an áventure?"

*business  
management  
went away*

*discard your w's gown  
Why do you want?  
to you has happened*

33. "Ah! Well bethought, for love of God," quod she,  
"Shall I not witen what you mean of this?"  
"No. This thing asketh leisure," then quod he,  
"And eke me wouldè muchè grieve, i-wis,  
If I it told and you it took amiss.  
Yet were it bet' my tonguè for to still  
Than say a sooth that were against your will.

*Oh, yes indeed!  
not know*

*indeed*

*better to keep quiet  
truth*

34. "For, nicè mine, by the goddess Minerve,  
And Jupiter that makes the thunder ring,

And by the blisfull Venus that I serve,  
You be the woman in this world living,  
(Withouten paramours) to my witting,  
That I best love, and loathest am to grieve;  
And that you witen well yourself, I 'lieve."

*Except for lovers / knowledge  
most reluctant  
you know / I believe*

35. "I-wis, mine uncle," quod she, "grammercy;  
Your friendship have I founden ever yet;  
I am to no man holden, truly,  
So much as you, and have so little quit;  
And, with the grace of God, emforth my wit  
As, in my guilt, I shall you ne'er offend,  
And if I have ere this, I will amend.

*Indeed / many thanks  
benefited from  
beholden  
repaid  
as far as I know how  
through my fault  
before now*

36. "But for the love of God I you beseech  
As you be he that I most love and trust,  
Let be to me your fremèd manner speech  
And say to me, your niecè, what you list."  
And with that word her uncle anon her kissed  
And said: "Gladly, levè niecè dear  
Take it for good what I shall say you here."

*Leave off y. strange m.  
what you please  
  
my beloved*

37. With that she gan her eyèn down to cast  
And Pandarus to coughen gan a lite,  
And said: "Niece, always, lo, to the last,  
How so it be that some men them delight  
With subtle art their tales for to endite,  
Yet, for all that, in their intention,  
Their tale is all for some conclusion.

*a little  
  
tell, embroider(?)*

38. "And since the end is every talè's strength,  
And this mattér is so bihovèly,  
What should I paint or drawn it on length  
To you that be my friend so faithfully?"  
And with that word he gan right inwardly  
Beholden her, and looken on her face  
And said: "On such a mirror, goodè grace!"

*appropriate  
Why  
  
intensely  
  
God's blessing*

*Pandarus still delays his news*

39. Then thought he thus: "If I my tale endite  
Aught hard, or make a process any while,  
She shall no savor have therein but lite,

*tell  
or drag it out  
but little satisfaction*

And trow I would her in my will beguile.<sup>1</sup>  
For tender wits weenen all be wile  
Thereas they cannot plainly understand;  
For-thy her wit to serven will I fond."<sup>2</sup>

*She will think / deceive  
think all is trickery  
Where  
Therefore / try*

40. And lookèd on her in a busy wise  
And she was ware that he beheld her so,  
And said: "Lord! so fast you me advise!  
Saw you me ne'er ere now? What say you? No?"  
"Yes, yes," quod he, "and bet' will ere I go;  
But by my truth, I thought now if that ye  
Be fortunate, for now men shall it see.

*an intent way  
look at me so hard  
never before now  
better  
if = how  
how fortunate you are*

41. "For t' every wight some goodly aventure  
Sometime is shape, if he it can receive;  
And if that he will take of it no cure,  
When that it comes, but wilfully it waive.  
Lo, neither case nor fortune him deceive,  
But right his very sloth and wretchedness;  
And such a wight is for to blame, I guess.

*good fortune  
is prepared  
no notice  
ignore  
chance  
But simply  
a person*

42. "Good aventure, O bellè niece, have ye  
Full lightly founden, an you can it take;  
And, for the love of God and eke of me,  
Catch it anon lest aventure slake  
What should I longer process of it make?  
Give me your hand, for in this world is none,  
If that you listè, wight so well bigon."<sup>3</sup>

*O lovely n.  
easily / if you  
fortune change  
talk any longer*

43. "And since I speak of good intention,  
As I to you have told well here befor  
And love as well your honour and renown  
As creature in all this world y-born;  
By all the oathès that I have you sworn,  
An you be wroth therfore, or weene I lie,  
Ne shall I never see you eft with eye.

*with good  
If you're angry / or think*

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<sup>1</sup> 39.4-5: "And (she will) think (*trow*) that I deliberately (*in my will*) want to deceive (*beguile*) her."

<sup>2</sup> 39.7: "Therefore I will try (*fond*) to suit my message to her way of thinking."

<sup>3</sup> 42.6-7: "There is nobody (*none ... wight*) in the whole world, if you please, who is so fortunate."

44. "Be not aghast, ne quaketh not. Whereto?  
 Ne changeth not for fearè so your hue  
 For hardily, the worst of this is do,  
 And though my tale as now be to you new  
 Yet trust always, you shall me findè true.  
 And were it thing that me thought unsitting,  
 To you would I no suchè thingè bring."

*Don't shake / Why?  
 color  
 certainly / is over*

*unsuitable*

45. "Now, my good eme, for God's love I you pray,  
 Quod she: "Come off, and tell me what it is;  
 For I am both aghast what you will say  
 And eke me longeth it to wit, i-wis.  
 For whether it be well or be amiss,  
 Say on, let me not in this fearè dwell."  
 "So will I do; now hearken, I shall tell.

*my good uncle*

*afraid  
 also I long to know*

*now listen*

*Finally Pandarus gets to the point*

46. "Now, niece mine, the kingè's dearè son,  
 The goodly, wisè, worthy, fresh and free,  
 Which always for to do well is his wone,  
 The noble Troilus, so loveth thee  
 That, but you help, it will his banè be.  
 Lo, here is all, what should I morè say?  
 Do what you list to make him live or die.

*his custom*

*unless you help / his death*

*what you like*

47. "But if you let him dien, I will starve: <sup>1</sup>  
 Have here my trouthè, niece; I n'ill not lie,  
 Al should I with this knife my throatè carve."  
 With that the tearès burst out of his eye,  
 And said: " If that you do us bothè die,  
 Thus guiltèless, then have you fishèd fair.  
 What mendè you, though that we both apeyre? <sup>2</sup>

*kill myself*

*cause us both  
 you had a good haul!*

48. "Alas, he which that is my lord so dear,  
 That truè man, that noble gentil knight,  
 That nought desireth but your friendly cheer,  
 I see him die there he goes upright  
 And hasteth him, with all his fullè might,

*smile  
 dying on his feet  
 And is in a hurry*

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<sup>1</sup> 47.1: In Chaucer's English *starve* had not yet narrowed its meaning to death from hunger.

<sup>2</sup> 47.7: "How does it help you if we both die?"

For to be slain, if fortune will assent.  
Alas that God you such a beauty sent!

49. "If it be so that you so cruel be  
That of his death you listè not to reck,  
That is so true and worthy, as you see,  
No more than of a japer or a wretch --  
If you be such, your beauty may not stretch  
To make amends of so cruél a deed.  
Avisèment is good before the need.

*don't care  
(A man) who is so  
joker*

*Thought*

50. "Woe worth the fairè gemmè virtuelless!  
Woe worth that herb also that does no bote!  
Woe worth that beauty that is ruthèless  
Woe worth that wight that treads each under foot!  
And you, that be of beauty crop and root,  
If therewithal in you there be no ruth,  
Then is it harm you liven, by my truth.<sup>1</sup>

*Woe to  
No good  
without pity  
flower & root  
no pity*

51. "And also think well that this is no gaude.  
For me were lever thou and I and he  
Were hangèd, than that I should be his bawd,  
As high as men might on us all y-see.  
I am thine eme; the shamè were to me  
As well as thee, if that I should assent  
Through mine abet that he thine honor shent.

*fraud  
I'd rather  
pimp  
uncle  
my collusion / ruined*

52. "Now understand, for I you not require  
To binden you to him through no behest,  
But only that you make him better cheer  
Than you have done ere this, and morè feast,  
So that his life be savèd at the least.  
This all and some, and plainly our intent.<sup>2</sup>  
God help me so, I never other meant.

*promise  
be pleasanter  
more welcome*

53. "Lo, this request is not but skill, i-wis,  
Nor doubt of reason, pardee, is there none.  
I set the worstè that you dreaden -- this:  
Men woulden wonder see him come or gon:

*only reasonable  
I set = Suppose ...  
or go*

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<sup>1</sup> 50.7: "It's a shame that your are alive."

<sup>2</sup> 52.6: "This is all I have to say, and that is our frank wish."

There-against I answer thus anon,  
That every wight, but he be fool of kind,  
Will deem it love of friendship in his mind.

*by nature*  
*Will judge*

54. "What? Who will deemè, though he see a man  
To temple go, that he th' imáges eateth?  
Think, eke, how well and wisely that he can  
Govern himself, that he no thing forgeteth,  
That, where he comes, he praise and thanks him geteth;  
And eke thereto, he shall come here so seld,  
What force were it though all the town beheld?"

*Who w. think*  
*he = Troilus*  
  
*seldom*  
*What matter?*

55. "Such love of friendès reigns in all this town  
And wry you in that mantle evermo';  
And, God so wise be my salvation  
As I have said, your best is to do so,  
But always, goodè niece, to stint his woe,  
So let your daunger sugared be a lite,<sup>1</sup>  
That of his death you be not for to wite."

*wrap yourself*  
  
*to end*  
*to blame*

56. Criseydè, which that heard him in this wise  
Thought: "I shall feelen what he means i-wis."  
"Now, eme," quod she, "what wouldè you devise  
What is your rede that I should do of this?"  
"That is well said," quod he; "certain best is  
That you him love again for his loving  
As love for love is skilfull guerdoning."

*feel out / indeed*  
*Now, uncle /advise*  
*your advice*  
  
*proper return*

57. "Think, eke, how Eldè wasteth every hour  
In each of you a party of beauty,  
And therefore ere that Agè thee devour,  
Go love; for, old, there will no wight of thee.  
Let this provérb a lore unto you be:  
'Too late aware,' quod Beauty, when it passed.  
'And Eldè daunteth Daunger at the last.'<sup>2</sup>

*Age*  
*part*  
  
*no one will want you*  
*a lesson*  
  
*Age overtakes aloofness*

---

<sup>1</sup> 55.6: "Sweeten your attitude a little". *Daunger* was that aspect of the medieval lady that kept men at a distance. See next footnote.

<sup>2</sup> 57.7: "Age overcomes aloofness at last." *Daunger* (Fr. *daungier*) meant literally "power" — in romances the power a woman had over her lover, including the power to keep him at a distance indefinitely without any erotic satisfaction. If this attitude of hers prevails long enough, he says, Age will overtake it.

58. "The kingè's fool is wont to cry aloud,  
 When that he thinks a woman bears her high:  
 `So longè may you liven, and all proud,  
 Till crowè's feet be grown under your eye,  
 And send you then a mirror in to pry  
 In which that you may see your face a-morrow.'  
 Niece, I biddè wish you no more sorrow."<sup>1</sup>

*accustomed  
 acts haughtily  
 proud (women)*

*to look in  
 in the morning*

*Criseyde's delayed response*

59. With this he stint, and cast a-down the head,  
 And she began to burst a-weep anon,  
 And said: "Alas for woe! why n'ere I dead?  
 For of this world the faith is all agone:  
 Alas! what should a stranger to me don,  
 When he that for my bestè friend I wend  
 Redes me to love who should it me defend?"

*stopped  
 into tears  
 Why am I not*

*do  
 whom I took  
 Advises / forbid it to me*

60. "Alas! I would have trusted doubtèless  
 That if that I through my disáventure  
 Had lovèd either him or Áchilles,  
 Hector, or any other creäture,  
 You would have had no mercy nor measúre  
 On me, but always had me in repreve.  
 This falsè world, alas! who may it 'lieve?"

*bad fortune*

*reproof  
 believe, trust*

61. "What! is this all the joy and all the feast?  
 Is this your rede? is this my blissful case?  
 Is this the very meed of your behest?  
 Is all this painted process said, alas,  
 Right for this fine? O lady mine Pallás,  
 Thou in this dreadful case for me purvey,  
 For so astonèd am I that I die."

*advice  
 your promised reward  
 elaborate yarn  
 end, purpose / Athene  
 look after me  
 amazed*

*Pandarus takes serious offence (affected?)*

62. With that she gan full sorrowfully to sigh.  
 "Ah! may it be no bet?" quod Pandarus;  
 "By God I shall no more come here this week,  
 And God to-forn!— that am mistrusted thus;

*no better  
 I swear to God*

---

<sup>1</sup> 58.7: Perhaps the line should read "Niece, I bid and wish you no more sorrow", where 'bid' and 'wish' mean much the same as the modern phrase: 'I hope and pray (that your sorrow won't be any worse).'

I see full well that you set light of us  
Or of our death. Alas! I, woeful wretch!  
Might he yet live, of me were naught to reck.<sup>1</sup>

*If he could / to care*

63. "O cruel god, O despitousè Mars,  
O Furies three of hell, on you I cry  
So let me ne'er out of this house depart  
If that I meantè harm or villainy !  
But since I see my lord must needès die,  
And I with him, here I me shrive and say  
That wickedly you do us both to die."<sup>2</sup>

*fierce*

*since  
absolve myself  
cause us both*

64. "But since it liketh you that I be dead  
By Neptunus, that god is of the sea  
From this forth shall I never eaten bread  
Till I mine ownè heartè's blood may see  
For certain I will die as soon as he."  
And up he start, and on his way he raught,  
Till she again him by the lappè caught.

*it pleases you*

*set out  
sleeve*

65. Criseydè, which that well nigh starved for fear,  
So as she was the fearfulestè wight  
That mightè be, and heard eke with her ear  
And saw the sorrowful earnest of the knight,  
And in his prayer saw ekè no un-right,  
And for the harm that might eke fallen more,  
She gan to rue and dread her wonder sore.

*nearly died  
timidest person  
also  
seriousness*

*more harm  
to regret*

66. And thoughtè thus: "Unhappès fallen thick  
Alday for love, and in such manner case  
As men be cruel in themselves and wikke.  
And if this man slay here himself, alas!  
In my présence, it will be no soláce.  
What men would of it deem I cannot say;  
It needeth me full slyly for to play.

*misfortunes  
Every day  
wicked*

*judge*

67. And with a sorrowful sigh she saidè thrice:

*three times*

---

<sup>1</sup> 62.7: "If only he could live, there would be no need to care about me," i.e. I don't really matter. Both of them are overplaying their hands.

<sup>2</sup> 63.6-7: Since Pandarus is neither making nor hearing a confession, but accusing someone, *shrive* seems to mean "I absolve myself."

“Ah, lord! What me is tid a sorry chance <sup>1</sup>  
For my estate now lies in jeopardy,  
And eke mine emè’s life lies in balánce,  
But natheless, with Goddès governance,  
I shall so do: mine honour shall I keep,  
And eke his life”; and stintè for to weep.

*and stopped*

68. "Of harmès two, the less is for to choose  
Yet have I lever maken him good cheer  
In honour, than mine emè's life to lose.—  
You say you nothing else of me require?" <sup>2</sup>  
"No, 'wis," quod he, "mine ownè niece dear."  
"Now, well," quod she, "and I will do my pain.  
I shall my heart against my lust constrain.

*I'd rather be pleasant  
honorably / my uncle's*

*no indeed  
my best  
a. my inclination*

69. "But that I will not holden him in hand:  
Nor love a man ne can I not nor may  
Against my will; but elsè will I fond  
(Mine honour safe) please him from day to day.  
Thereto would I not once have saidè nay  
But that I dread, as in my fantasy.  
But cease the cause, ay ceaseth malady.<sup>3</sup>

*not deceive him*

*I'll try to*

*To that / no  
dreaded / imagination*

70. "And here I make a protestation:  
That in this process if you deeper go,  
That certainly for no salvation  
Of you, though that you starven bothè two,  
Though all the world on one day be my foe,  
Ne shall I ne'er on him have other ruth."  
"I grant it well," quod Pandare, "by my truth.

*even if you both die*

*pity*

71. "But may I trusten well thereto," quod he,  
"That of this thing that you have hight me here,

*promised*

---

<sup>1</sup> 67.2: "What a sad fortune has befallen me."

<sup>2</sup> 68.1-4: "saide thrice" can hardly apply to more than the phrase "Ah, lord" so it would appear that Criseyde is speaking stanza 67 and the first three lines of 68 to herself, and the fourth line of 68 aloud to Pandarus.

Criseyde's terrified timidity of 65 seems at odds with her shrewd assessment of the situation in 66.7 and 67, and with her firm, self confident declaration of 69 and 70.

<sup>3</sup> 69.7: "When the cause of the illness is removed, the illness goes away." There is no fear when the cause of fear is removed.

You will it holden truly unto me?"

"Yea, doubtéless," quod she, "mine uncle dear!"

"Ne that I shall have cause in this mattér,"

Quod he, "to 'plain or after you to preach?"

*complain*

"Why no, pardee; what needeth morè speech?"

*by God*

72. Then fellen they in other talès glad,

*started talking*

Till at the last: "O good eme!" quod she tho,

*uncle / then*

"For love of God, which that us bothè made,

Tell me how first you wisten of his woe;

*you knew*

Wot none of it but you?" He saidè: "No."

*Knows anyone?*

"Can he well speak of love?" quod she: "I pray?

Tell me, for I the bet' me shall purvey."

*better prepare myself*

*Pandarus's version of how he found out about Troilus's love*

73. Then Pandarus a little gan to smile,

And saidè: "By my truth I shall now tell.

This other day, not gone full long a while,

*not long ago*

Within the palace garden by a well

Gan he and I well half a day to dwell,

Right for to speaken of an ordinance

*plan*

How we the Greeks might do a disadvantage.

*inflict a defeat*

74. "Soon after that began we for to leap

And casten with our dartès to and fro,

*spears*

Till at the last he said that he would sleep,

And on the grass adown he laid him tho;

*then*

And I afar gan roamen to and fro,

Till that I heard, as that I walked alone,

How he began full woefully to groan.

75. "Tho gan I stalk full softly him behind,

*Then / creep*

And sikerly, the soothè for to sayn,

*certainly / truth*

As I can clepe again now to my mind,

*recall*

Right thus to Love he gan him for to 'plain.

*complain*

He said: `O, Lord, have ruth upon my pain;

*have pity*

All have I rebel been in mine intent,

*Although*

Now *mea culpa*, Lord, I me repent.<sup>1</sup>

*my fault*

---

<sup>1</sup> 75.7: *mea culpa*, a Latin phrase meaning "through my fault", is from the Catholic confessional prayer called the "Confiteor" (I confess). Its use here is one of the more noticeable anachronisms of the poem. See also 63.6 & 72.3 above.

76. "O God ! that at thy disposition  
Leadest the fine by justè purveyance  
Of every wight, my low confession  
Accept in gree, and send me such penance  
As liketh thee; but from disésperance  
That may my ghost depart away from thee,  
Thou be my shield for thy benignity.<sup>1</sup>

*at your will  
decides the end / providence*

*with favor  
As you please / despair*

77. "For certès, Lord, so sore hath she me wounded  
That stood in black with looking of her eye,<sup>2</sup>  
That to mine heartè's bottom it is sounded,  
Through which I wot that I must needès die.  
This is the worst: I dare me not bewray,  
And well the hotter be the gleadès red  
That men them wry with ashes pale and dead'<sup>3</sup>

*certainly*

*I know  
give myself away  
coals  
Because / cover*

78. "With that he smote his head a-down anon,  
And gan to mutter I n'ot what truly,  
And I with that gan still away to gon,  
And let thereof as nothing wist had I,  
And came again anon and stood him by,  
And said: `Awake, you sleepen all too long;  
It seems me not that Love doth you to long'<sup>4</sup>

*I don't know  
quietly walked away  
pretended I knew nothing  
near him*

79. " `That sleepen so that no man may you wake;  
Who ever saw ere this so dull a man?'  
`Yea, friend,' quod he, `do you your headès ache  
For love, and let me liven as I can.'  
But though that he for woe was pale and wan,  
Yet made he then as fresh a countenance  
As though he should have led the newè dance.

*let you get headaches  
From being in love*

---

<sup>1</sup> 76: "Be my shield against the despair that might alienate my soul from you." This is presumably a mild parody of the Christian belief that despair of God's mercy is the ultimate sin.

<sup>2</sup> 77.2: "in black": a reference back to the temple scene in which Troilus first saw Criseyde: "Among these other folk was Cressida / In widow's habit black". (Bk. I, 25.1-2)

<sup>3</sup> 77.5-7: "The worst part is that I cannot betray myself (by declaring my love openly). So (I am like) the red coals (*gleeds*) which stay hotter when one covers them with dead ashes."

<sup>4</sup> 78.7-64.1: "It does not seem to me that love causes you to yearn (*long*), because you sleep so soundly that one cannot wake you." *Doth you to long* (78.7) = "Causes you to long for (something)".

80. "This passèd forth, till now, this other day,  
It fell that I came roaming all alone  
Into his chamber, and found how that he lay  
Upon his bed; but man so sorely groan  
Ne heard I ne'er, and what that was his moan  
Ne wist I not, for as I was coming  
All suddenly he left his còmplaining.

*I did not know*

81. "Of which I took somewhat suspiciòn  
And near I came, and found he weptè sore,  
And God so wise be my salvatiòn,  
As ne'er of thing had I no ruthè more  
For neither with engine nor with no lore  
Unnethès might I from the death him keep,  
That yet I feel my heartè for him weep.

*God save me !  
greater pity  
ingenuity nor skill  
Scarcely*

82. "And, God wot, never since that I was born  
Was I so busy no man for to preach,  
Ne never was to wight so deepè sworn  
Ere he me told who might have been his leech.<sup>1</sup>  
But now to you rehearsen all his speech  
Or all his woeful wordès for to sound  
Ne bid me not but you will see me swoon.

*God knows  
to any person  
his physician  
to re-tell  
Don't ask me unless*

83. "But for to save his life, and elsè nought,  
And to no harm of you, thus am I driven;  
And for the love of God that us hath wrought  
Such cheer him do that he and I may liven.  
Now have I plat to you my heartè shriven;  
And since you wot that mine intent is clean,  
Take heed thereof, for I no evil mean.

*no other reason  
has made us  
Give him such hope  
plainly / confessed  
you know*

84. "And right good thrift, I pray to God, have ye  
That have such one y-caught without a net,  
An' you be wise as you be fair to see,<sup>2</sup>  
Well in the ring then is the ruby set.  
There were never two so well y-met

*good fortune*

---

<sup>1</sup> 82.3-4: "No man was ever so deeply sworn to secrecy (as I was) before he told me -- the very man who might be his physician" i.e. I might be the one able to help cure him. Pandarus seems to have re-created this incident from the actual scene in Bk I where he squeezes the truth out of Troilus with difficulty.

<sup>2</sup> 84.3: "If you are as wise as you are pretty to look at."

When you be his all whole, as he is yours,  
There mighty God yet grant us see that hour."

85. "Nay! Thereof spoke I not, aha!" quod she,  
"As help me God, you shenden every deal."  
"Oh, mercy, dearè niece," anon quod he,  
"Whatso I spoke, I meantè not but well,  
By Mars the god, that helmèd is of steel.  
Now be not wroth, my blood, my nicè dear."  
"Now, well," quod she, "forgiven be it here."

*you ruin everything*

*Whatever*

*angry / my kin*

*Pandarus leaves. Criseyde considers what she has heard*

86. With this he took his leave, and home he went  
And, Lord, how he was glad and well begone!  
Criseyde arose, no longer she ne stent,  
But straight into her closet went anon,  
And set her down as still as any stone,  
And every word gan up and down to wind  
That he had said as it came to her mind.

*pleased  
delayed  
her room*

87. And waxed somedeal astonished in her thought  
Right for the newè case; but when that she  
Was full avisèd, then found she right naught  
Of peril why she ought afeared be;  
For man may love of possibility  
A woman so his heartè may to-burst,  
And she not love again, but if her lest.<sup>1</sup>

*And became  
new situation  
Had thought about it  
nothing to be afraid of  
to point of heartbreak  
unless she please*

*A fortunate coincidence*

88. But as she sat alone and thoughtè thus,  
Ascry arose at skirmish all without,  
And men cried in the street: "See! Troilus  
Has right now put to flight the Greekès rout."  
With that gan all her meinee for to shout:  
"Ah! go we see; cast up the gatès wide,  
For through this street he must to palace ride,

*A cry*

*Greek troops  
her servants*

---

<sup>1</sup> 87.5-7: A.C. Spearing remarks astutely of these lines: "it is as though Chaucer's thoughts and ours mingle with hers: in this early instance of *style indirect libre* it is unclear who is offering the generalization." **The Medieval Poet as Voyeur**, p. 127.

89. "For other way is from the gate none  
 Of Dardanus where open is the chain." *(a city gate)*  
 With that came he and all his folk anon  
 An easy pace riding in routes twain, *two groups*  
 Right as his happy day was, sooth to sayn, *truth to tell*  
 For which, men say, may not disturbed be  
 What shall betiden of necessity. *What must happen*

90. This Troilus sat on his bayè steed  
 All armed save his head full richely,  
 And wounded was his horse, and gan to bleed,  
 On which he rode a pace full softly;  
 But such a knightly sightè, truly  
 As was on him was not, withouten fail  
 To look on Mars, that god is of battaile.<sup>1</sup>

91. So like a man of armès and a knight  
 He was to see, fulfilled of high prowèss, *to look at*  
 For both he had a body and a might  
 To do that thing, as well as hardiness, *courage*  
 And eke to see him in his gear him dress, *arm himself*  
 So fresh, so young, so wieldy, seemèd he,  
 It was a heaven on him for to see. *athletic*

92. His helm to-hewen was in twenty places,  
 That by a tissue hung his back behind, *hacked*  
 His shield to-dashèd was with swords and maces,  
 In which men mighten many an arrow find *by a sliver it hung*  
 That thirlèd had the horn and nerve and rind;  
 And ay the people cried: "Here comes our joy,  
 And, next his brother, holder up of Troy!" *pierced / sinew / hide*  
*constantly*  
*2nd only to (Hector)*

93. For which he waxed a little red for shame  
 When he the people heard upon him cry, *blushed w. embarrassment*  
 That, to behold, it was a noble game  
 How soberly he cast adown his eye. *pleasing sight*  
 Criseyde anon gan all his cheer espy, *modestly*  
 And let so soft it in her heartè sink *appearance*  
 That to herself she said: "Who gave me drink?" *love potion? alcohol?*

94. For of her ownè thought she waxed all red, *blushed*

---

<sup>1</sup> 90.6-7: He was better to look at than Mars, the god of war.

Remembering her right thus: "Lo! this is he  
Which that mine uncle swears he must be dead  
But I on him have mercy and pity."  
And with that thought for pure ashamed she  
Gan in her head to pull, and that as fast,  
While he and all the people forth by passed.

*he will die  
Unless I  
embarrassment*

95. And gan to cast and rollen up and down  
Within her thought his excellent prowéss,  
And his estate, and also his renown,  
His wit, his shape, and eke his gentleness;  
But most her favour was, for his distress  
Was all for her, and thought it was a ruth  
To slay such one, if that he meantè truth.

*[She] began to consider  
achievements  
rank / fame  
  
because his d.  
and (she) thought it a pity*

96. Now mighten some envious jangle thus:  
'This was a sudden love; how might it be  
That she so lightly lovèd Troilus?  
Right for the firstè sightè, yea, pardee! '  
Now whoso says so, may he never thee,<sup>1</sup>  
For everything beginning has it need  
Ere all be wrought withouten any dread.

*e. (person) complain*

*By God*

*needs a beginning  
finished / doubtless*

97. For I say not that she so suddenly  
Gave him her love, but that she gan incline  
To like him first, and I have told you why;  
And after that, his manhood and his pain  
Made love within her heartè for to mine  
For which, by process and by good service  
He got her love, and in no sudden wise.

*to dig deep  
by degrees*

98. And also blissful Venus, well arrayed,<sup>2</sup>  
Sat in her seventh house of heaven tho,  
Disposèd well, and with aspectès paid,  
To helpen sely Troilus of his woe.  
And, sooth to say, she n'as not all a foe  
To Troilus in his nativity.  
God wot that well the sooner spedde he.

*then  
& rightly placed  
poor T.  
she = Venus*

*G. knows / succeeded he*

---

<sup>1</sup> 96.5: "Now, whoever says so, may he never prosper." *thee* is the verb "to prosper", not a pronoun.

<sup>2</sup> 98: The planet Venus was in favorable position (for lovers). And her disposition at his birth (*nativity*) was also not bad. Hence he succeeded (*spedde*) sooner.

99. Now let us stint of Troilus a throw,  
That rideth forth, and let us turnen fast  
Unto Criseyde that hung her head full low  
There as she sat alone, and 'gan to cast  
Whereon she would appoint her at the last,  
If it so were her eme ne wouldé cease  
For Troilus upon her for to press.

*stop / a while*

*to think  
how she would act*

*Criseyde's soliloquy: the pros and cons of love*

100. And, Lord! So she gan in her thought argúe  
In this mattér of which I have you told,  
And what to do best were, and what eschew,  
That pleated she full oft in many folds;  
Now was her hearté warm, now was it cold;  
And what she thought of, somewhat shall I write  
As to mine author listeth to indite.

*avoid*

*pleased my a. to write*

101. She thoughté well that Troilus' person  
She knew by sight, and eke his gentleness,  
And thus she said: "All were it naught to do  
To grant him love, yet for his worthiness  
It were honouúr with play and with gladness <sup>1</sup>  
In honesty with such a lord to deal  
For mine estate, and also for his heal.

*his "gentle" birth  
Even though it's impossible*

*honorably  
my good & his health*

102. "Eke well wot I my kingé's son is he,  
And since he has to see me such delight,  
If I would utterly his sighté flee,  
Paraunter he might have me in despite,  
Through which I mighté standen in worse plight.  
Now were I wise, me hate to purcháse  
Withouten need, where I may stand in grace? <sup>2</sup>

*Perhaps*

*Now would I be?  
in favor*

103. "In every thing I wot there lies measúre;  
For though a man forbiddeth drunkenness,  
He naught forbids that every créatúre  
Be drinkéless for always, as I guess;

---

<sup>1</sup> 101.5-7: "It would be an honor for me to associate with such a lord, cheerfully and pleasantly and decently; and it would be for my good and for his health."

<sup>2</sup> 102.6-7: "Would I be wise to invite hate needlessly, when I could have favor?"

Eke, since I wot for me is his distress,  
I ne ought not for that thing him despise,  
Since it is so he meaneth in good wise.

*he means well*

104. "And eke I know of longè time agone  
His thewès good, and that he n'is not nice,  
No vaunter, say men, certain he is none;  
Too wise is he to do so great a vice.  
Ne als' I n'ill him never so cherice  
That he shall make avaunt by justè cause;<sup>1</sup>  
He shall me never bind in such a clause.

*habits / not silly  
No braggart*

*Besides I won't cherish*

105. "Now set a case, the hardest is i-wis,  
Men mighten deemen that he loveth me;  
What dishonour were it to me this?  
May I him let of that? Why nay, pardee;  
I know also, and alday hear and see,  
Men loven women all this town about.  
Be they the worse? Why nay, without a doubt.

*suppose the worst  
might think*

*Can I help that? / by God  
every day*

106. "I think eke, how he able is to have  
Of all this noble town the thriftiest  
To be his love so she her honour save;<sup>2</sup>  
For, out and out, he is the worthiest,  
Save only Hector, which that is the best;  
And yet his life lies all now in my cure,  
But such is love, and eke mine áventure.

*the best  
'so' = provided*

*fortune*

107. "Nor me to love a wonder is it naught,  
For well wot I myself (so God me speed,<sup>3</sup>  
Al' would I that none wisten of this thought),  
I am one the fairest, out of dread,  
And goodliest, whoso that taketh heed,  
And so men say in all the town of Troy;  
What wonder is though he of me have joy?

*I know as God's my judge  
I'd prefer no one knew  
without doubt*

---

<sup>1</sup> 104: "He won't have any genuine reason to boast (about his conquest); I won't give him the excuse."  
Notice the triple negative in line 5: *Ne, n'ill, never*.

<sup>2</sup> 106.3: *so she* ....: "provided that she keep her reputation intact."

<sup>3</sup> 107.2-6: For well I know (as God is my judge, though I would prefer no one knew of this thought) that I am without doubt, the prettiest and most attractive in all the town of Troy, as all men acknowledge."

108. "I am mine ownè woman, well at ease,  
I thank it God, as after mine estate,  
Right young, and stand untied in lushy leas,  
Withouten jealousy or such debate.  
Shall no husband say to me `Checkmate!  
For either they be full of jealousy,  
Or masterfull, or loven novelty.

*well off  
according to my rank  
rich meadows*

*'they' = husbands  
domineering*

109. "What shall I do? To what fine live I thus?  
Shall I not love in case if that me lest?  
What! pardee, I am not religiõus;  
And though that I mine heartè set at rest  
Upon this knight that is the worthiest,  
And keep always mine honour and my name,  
By allè rights it may do me no shame."

*to what purpose?  
if I please  
not a nun*

*(good) name*

110. But right as when the sunnè shineth bright  
In March, that changeth oftentimes his face,  
And that a cloud is put with wind to flight  
Which overspread the sun as for a space,  
A cloudy thought gan through her soulè pace,  
That overspread her brightè thoughtès all  
So that for fear almost she gan to fall.

*to move*

111. That thought was this: "Alas! since I am free,  
Should I now love and put in jeopardy  
My sikerness, and thrallen liberty?  
Alas! how durst I thinken that folly?  
May I not well in other folk espy  
Their dreadful joy, their cõnstraint and their pain?  
There loveth none that she n'as why to 'plain.<sup>1</sup>

*security & give up l.  
how dare I*

*reason to complain*

112. "For love is yet the mostè stormy life  
Right of himself that ever was begun,  
For ever some mistrust or nicè strife  
There is in love; some cloud is o'er that sun;  
Thereto we wretched women nothing can,  
When us is woe, but weep, and sit, and think.  
Our wrecche is this, our ownè woe to drink.

*itself  
silly*

*can (do) nothing  
When we're unhappy  
unhappiness*

---

<sup>1</sup> 111.5-7: "Can't I see in others the joy mixed with dread, their distress and pain? There is no woman in love who does not also have cause (*that she n'as why*) to complain."

113. "Also these wicked tonguès be so prest *eager*  
 To speak us harm; eke men be so untrue,  
 That right anon as ceasèd is their lust *as soon as*  
 So ceaseth love, and forth to love anew:  
 But harm y-done is done, whoso it rue; *whoever has to regret it*  
 For though these men for love them first to-rend, *tear themselves*  
 Full sharp beginning breaketh oft at end.

114. "How often times hath it y-knownen be  
 The treason that to women has been done!  
 To what fine is such love I cannot see, *To what purpose*  
 Or where becometh it when it is gone. *where it goes*  
 There is no wight that wot — I trowè so — *no one who knows, I guess*  
 Where it becomes. Lo! No wight on it spurneth;<sup>1</sup>  
 What erst was nothing, into nought it turneth. *What first*

115. "How busy, if I love, eke must I be  
 To pleasen them that jangle of love and deem, *chatter / judge*  
 And coy them, that they say no harm of me! *And cajole, persuade?*  
 For though there be no cause, yet them can seem *can seem to them*  
 Al' be for harm that folk their friendès queme.<sup>2</sup> *please*  
 And who may stoppen every wicked tongue,  
 Or sound of bellès while that they be rung?"

116. And after that her thought gan for to clear,  
 And said: "He which that nothing undertaketh  
 Nothing achieveth, be him loth or dear;" *like it or not*  
 And with another thought her heartè quaketh;  
 Then sleepeth hope, and after dread awaketh;  
 Now hot, now cold; but thus betwixen tway, *between the two*  
 She rose her up and went her for to play. *enjoy (the company)*

117. Adown the stair anon right then she went  
 Into her garden with her nieces three,  
 And up and down they madè many a went, *a turn*  
 Flexippè, she, Tharbe and Antigone  
 To playen, that it was joy to see, *To socialize*  
 And other of her women a great rout *a large number*

---

<sup>1</sup> 114.6: "Nobody falls over it." That is, it is not lying around in an obvious place.

<sup>2</sup> 115.4-5: "It can seem suspicious to them even when people are just doing something to please their friends."

Her followed in the garden all about.

118. This yard was large, and railèd all the alleys,  
And shadowed well with blossomy boughs green,  
And benchèd new, and sanded all the ways,  
In which she walketh arm in arm between,  
Till at the last Antigone the sheen  
Gan on a Trojan song to singen clear,  
That it a heaven was her voice to hear.

*garden / w. railings*

*the walks*

*the beautiful*

### Antigone's Song <sup>1</sup>

119. She said: "O Love, to whom I have and shall  
Be humble subject, true in my intent,  
As I best can, to you, lord, give I all  
For evermore, my heart's lust to rent.  
For never yet thy gracè no wight sent  
So blissful cause as me, my life to lead  
In allè joy and surety, out of dread."<sup>2</sup>

*my h's desire in tribute  
(to) no person  
(to) me  
without doubt*

120. "You, blissful god, have me so well beset  
In love, i-wis, that all that beareth life  
Imaginen ne could how to be bet.  
For, lord, withouten jealousy or strife  
I love one which that is most ententife  
To serven well, unwearly or unfeigned  
That ever was, and least with harm distrained,"<sup>3</sup>

*better*

*attentive*

121. "As he that is the well of worthiness  
Of truth the ground, mirror of goodlihead,  
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikerness"<sup>4</sup>  
Of virtue root, of lust finder and head,

*the source*

*wisdom / certainty  
of joy the source*

---

<sup>1</sup> Antigone's Song is a literary device which articulates what Criseyde is beginning to feel.

<sup>2</sup> "For your Grace has never send to anyone cause to be so happy as to me, to lead my life in all joy and certainty, without doubt.

<sup>3</sup> 120.7: *Distrained*: variously glossed by editors and lexicographers: "stained, sullied, misled, overcome, oppressed."

<sup>4</sup> 121.3: "a god in wisdom, a rock of certainty."

Through which is allè sorrow from me dead.  
I-wis, I love him best, so does he me;  
Now good thrift have he, whereso that he be.

*Indeed  
good fortune*

122. "Whom should I thank but you, O god of love,  
Of all this bliss in which to bathe I 'gin  
And thanked be you, lord, for that I love.  
This is the rightè life that I am in  
To flemen allè manner vice and sin.  
This does me so to virtue for t'intend  
That day by day I in my will amend.

*begin  
put to flight  
to incline  
improve*

123. "And whoso says that for to love is vice  
Or thralldom, though he feel in it distress,  
He either is envious or right nice.  
Or is unmighty for his shrewèdness  
To lovè, for such manner folk, I guess,  
Defamen Love, as nothing of him know;  
They spoken, but they never bent his bow.

*slavery  
very silly  
from vice is unable  
i.e. never felt love*

124. "What is the sunnè worse, of kindè right,  
Though that a man for feebleness of eye  
May not endure on it to see for bright?  
Or love the worse, though wretches on it cry?  
No weal is worth that may no sorrow dry.<sup>1</sup>  
And therefore who that has a head of ver  
From cast of stones beware him in the war.

*of its nature  
to look / brightness  
decry it  
happiness / endure  
of glass*

125. "But I with all my heart and all my might,  
As I have said, will love unto my last  
My dearè heart, and all my ownè knight,  
In which my heartè growèn is so fast,  
And his in me that it shall ever last.  
Al' dread I first to love him to begin,  
Now wot I well there is no peril in."

*dreaded  
Now I know*

126. And of her song right with that word she stent,  
And therewithal: "Now niecè," quod Criseyde,  
"Who made this song now with so good intent?"  
Antigone answered anon, and said:  
"Madame, i-wis the goodliestè maid

*stopped*

---

<sup>1</sup> 124.5: "No happiness (or good fortune) is worth anything that has not cost some sorrow."

Of great estate in all the town of Troy,  
And leads her life in most honour and joy."

127. "Forsoothè so it seemeth by her song,"  
Quod then Criseyde, and gan therewith to sigh,  
And saidè: "Lord! is there such bliss among  
These lovers, as they can fair endite?"  
"Yea, 'wis," quod fresh Antigone the white,  
For all the folk that have or be alive  
Ne could not well the bliss of love describe.

*In truth*

*compose, write  
certainly  
have (lived)*

128. "But weenen you that every wretchè wot  
The perfect bliss of love? Why nay, i-wis.  
They weenen all be love if one be hot;  
Do 'way, do 'way! they wot nothing of this:  
Men must ask at saintès if it is  
Aught fair in heaven. And why? For they can tell;  
And asken fiends if it be foul in hell"

*think you / knows  
indeed  
They think it's love*

*'at' = of*

*devils*

*The effect of Antigone's song (or Criseyde's own thoughts)*

129. Criseyde unto the purpose naught answered,  
But said: "I-wis it will be night as fast."  
But every word which that she of her heard  
She gan to printen in her heartè fast,  
And ay gan love her less for to aghast  
Than it did erst,<sup>1</sup> and sincken in her heart,  
That she waxed somewhat able to convert.

*nothing  
certainly / soon*

*to terrify  
at first  
she grew capable of change*

130. The day's honour and the heaven's eye,  
The nightè's foe, — all this clepe I the sun,  
'Gan western fast, and downward for to wrie,  
As he that had his dayè's course y-run,  
And whitè thingès waxen dim and dun  
For lack of light, and stars for to appear,  
That she and all her folk in went i-fere.

*I call  
to sink*

*become dim & dark*

*together*

131. So when it likèd her to go to rest,  
And voided weren they that voiden ought,  
She saidè that to sleepen well her lest;

*departed  
she wanted to sleep*

---

<sup>1</sup> 129.5-6: The syntactic word order is "and ay love gan to aghast her less than it did erst," meaning "And always (i.e. more and more) love began to terrify her less than it had at first."

Her women soon unto her bed her brought.  
When all was hushed, then lay she still and thought  
Of all this thing the manner and the wise;  
Rehearse it needeth not, for you be wise.

*Repeat*

132. A nightingale upon a cedar green  
Under the chamber wall there as she lay,  
Full loudè sang against the moonè sheen,  
Paraunter, in his birdè's wise, a lay<sup>1</sup>  
Of love, that made her heartè fresh and gay;  
That hearkened she so long in good intent  
Till at the last the deadè sleep her hent.

*bright*

*took*

133. And as she slept, anon right then she mett  
How that an eagle, feathered white as bone,  
Under her breast his longè clawès set,  
And out her heart he rent, and that anon;  
And did his heart into her breast to gon.  
Of which she naught agrose, ne nothing smart,  
And forth he flew, with heartè left for heart.

*she dreamt*

*he tore at once  
and caused  
wasn't afraid or hurt*

*Back to Troilus and Pandarus*

134. Now let her sleep, and we our talè hold  
Of Troilus, that is to palace riden  
From the skirmish of the which I told,  
And in his chamber sat and hath abiden  
Till two or three of his messengers yeden  
For Pandarus, and soughten him full fast  
Till they him found, and brought him at the last.

*went*

135. This Pandarus came leaping in at once,  
And saidè thus: "Who hath been well y-beat  
Today with swordès and with slingè-stones  
But Troilus, that hath caught him a heat?"  
And gan to jape, and said: "Lord so you sweat!  
But rise and let us sup and go to rest,"  
And he him answered: "Do we as thee lest."

*fever  
joke*

*as you please*

136. With all the hastè goodly that they might,  
They sped them from the supper unto bed;

*mannerly*

---

<sup>1</sup> 132.4: "By chance, in his bird's fashion, a song of love."

And every wight out at the door him dight,  
And where him list upon his way he sped;  
But Troilus thought that his heartè bled  
For woe till that he heardè some tiding.  
He saidè: "Friend, shall I now weep or sing?"

*person / went  
where he pleased*

137. Quod Pandarus: "Lie still, and let me sleep,  
And don thy hood; thy needès spedde be,<sup>1</sup>  
And choose if thou wilt sing or dance or leap:  
At shortè wordès, thou shalt trowen me,  
Sir, my nicè will do well by thee  
And love thee best, by God and by my troth,  
But lack of púrsuit mar it in thy sloth.<sup>2</sup>

*put on / have been met*

*believe me*

*Unless*

138. "For thus far forth I have thy work begun  
From day to day, till this day by the morrow  
Her love of friendship have I to thee won,  
And thereto has she laid her faith to borrow;  
Algate a foot is hameled of thy sorrow."<sup>3</sup>  
What should I longer sermon of it hold?  
As you have heard before, all he him told.

*in the morning*

*pledged herself*

*make a long story of it*

139. But right as flowers, through the cold of night  
Y-closed, stoopen in their stalkès low,  
Redressen them against the sunnè bright,  
And spreaden, in their kindè, course by row,  
Right so gan then his eyèn up to throw  
This Troilus, and said: "O Venus dear!  
Thy might, thy grace, y-heried be it here."

*recover in the bright sun  
their nature / row by r.*

*praised*

140 And to Pandáre he held up both his hands,  
And said: "Lord, all thine be that I have,  
For I am whole; all bursten be my bands,  
A thousand Troyès whoso that me gave

*I am healthy*

---

<sup>1</sup> 137.2: *don thy hood; thy needès spedde be* may mean: "put your hat back on, i.e. you don't have to beg any more; your wishes have been met." Or "keep your hat on" i.e. "don't get excited; your wishes have been met."

<sup>2</sup> 137.7: The meaning seems to be: "Unless your lazy failure to pursue the matter spoils things."

<sup>3</sup> 138.5: An odd expression which appears to say: "At least one foot of your sorrow is lamed," and therefore sorrow will not be able to pursue you so fast. Hence: your problem is half solved.

Each after other (God so wise me save)  
Ne might not me so gladden.<sup>1</sup> Lo! my heart  
It spreadeth so for joy it will to-start.

*burst*

141. "But, Lord, how shall I do? How shall I liven?  
When shall I next my dearè heartè see?  
How shall this longè time away be driven  
Till that thou be again at her from me?  
Thou mayst answer: `Abide, abide'; but he  
That hangeth by the neck, the sooth to sayn,  
In great dis-ease abideth for the pain."

*at her (house)  
Wait, wait  
to tell truth  
great distress*

142. "All easily now, for the love of Mart,"  
Quod Pandarus, "for everything hath time;  
So long abide till that the night depart.  
For all so siker as thou liest here by me,  
And, God to-forn, I will be there at prime,  
And forthy, work somewhat as I shall say,  
Or on some other wight this chargè lay.

*Mars  
  
As sure  
as G. is my witness / in the a.m.  
And therefore  
person / duty*

143. "For pardee, God wot, I have ever yet  
Been ready thee to serve, and to this night  
Have I nought feigned, but emforth my wit  
Done all thy lust, and shall with all my might.  
Do now as I shall say and fare aright;  
But if thou n'ilt, wite all thyself thy care,<sup>2</sup>  
On me is not along thine evil fare.

*G. knows  
  
as far as I could  
your will  
and succeed  
blame yourself*

*Pandarus devises a little plan to help the lovers meet discreetly*

144. "I wot well that thou wiser art than I  
A thousand fold; but if I were as thou,  
God help me so, as I would utterly  
Of mine own hand write her right now  
A letter, in which I would her tellen how  
I fared amiss, and her beseech of ruth.  
Now help thyself, and leave it not for sloth.

*I know  
  
  
  
  
I felt bad / her pity*

---

<sup>1</sup> 140.4-6: "Anyone giving me a thousand Troys one after the other, I declare to God, could not make me so glad."

<sup>2</sup> 143: "But if you won't do so, blame yourself for your problems; your failure will not be my fault."

145. "And I myself shall therewith to her go  
And when thou wost that I am with her there,  
Worth thou upon a courser right anon  
Yea, hardily right in thy bestè gear  
And ride forth by the place, as naught ne were,  
And thou shalt find us, if I may, sitting  
At some window into the street looking.

*you know  
Mount a horse  
certainly  
as if by accident*

146. "And if thee list, then mayst thou us salue  
And upon me make thy countenance;  
But by thy life, beware and fast eschew  
To tarry aught, God shield us from mischance.  
Ride forth thy way, and hold thy governance.  
And we will speak of thee somewhat, I trow,  
When thou art gone, to do thine earès glow.

*If you like / greet  
look at me  
carefully avoid  
To delay at all  
control your behavior  
I guess  
to make*

*Tips on the art of letter writing*

147. "Touching thy letter, thou art wise enough.  
I wot thou wilt it not dignely endite.<sup>1</sup>  
As make it with these argumentès tough;  
Nor scrivenish nor crafty thou it write.  
Be-blot it with thy tears also a lite;  
And if thou write a goodly word all soft,  
Though it be good, rehearse it not too oft.

*About  
  
full of dry reasoning  
like professional letter writers  
a little*

148. "For though the bestè harper upon live  
Would, on the bestè sounèd jolly harp  
That ever was, with all his fingers five,  
Touch ay one string or ay one warble harp,  
Were his nailès pointed ne'er so sharp,  
It shouldè maken every wight to dull,  
To hear his glee, and of his strokès full.

*alive  
best-tuned lovely h  
  
always 1 s. / play only 1 tune  
  
make everyone bored  
his music / weary*

149. "Nor jumper no discordant thing i-fere,  
As thus, to usen termès of physic  
In lovè's termès.<sup>2</sup> Hold of thy mattér

*Don't jumble / together  
of medicine  
Keep to the point*

---

<sup>1</sup> 147.2: "I know you will not write it over-elaborately."

<sup>2</sup> 149: "Don't jumble discordant things together, like using medical terms to express love; keep to the point of your subject; and keep it consistent (*do that it be like*). It would be incongruous for a painter to put a donkey's feet or an ape's head on a fish; it would not fit (*'cordeth not*); it would be nothing (*n'ere*)"

The form always, and do that it be like;  
For if a painter wouldè paint a pike  
With ass's feet, and head it as an ape,  
It 'cordeth not, so n'ere it but a jape."

*& be consistent  
a fish*

150. This counsel likèd well to Troilus,  
But, as a dreadful lover, said he this:  
"Alas! my dearè brother Pandarus!  
I am ashamed for to write i-wis,  
Lest of mine innocence I said amiss,  
Or that she n'ould it for despite receive;  
Then were I dead, there might it nothing waive."

*pleased  
dread-filled  
  
indeed  
my ignorance  
wouldn't, out of disdain  
avert*

151. To that Pandárus answered: "If thee lest,  
Do what I say, and let me therewith gon,  
For by that Lord that formèd east and west,  
I hope of it to bring answer anon  
Right of her hand; and if that thou wilt none,  
Let be, and sorry may he be his life,  
Against thy lust that helpeth thee to thrive." <sup>1</sup>

*if you please  
go with it  
  
Direct from / don't want to  
all his life*

152. Quod Troilus: "Depardieu, I assent;  
Since that thee list, I will arise and write,  
And, blissful God, I pray with good intent  
The voyage and the letter I shall endite  
So speed it; and thou Minerva white,  
Give thou me wit my letter to devise."  
And sat him down, and wrote right in this wise.

*By God  
Since you wish  
  
write  
Make it succeed  
skill / to compose*

*Troilus's first love letter*

153. First he gan her his rightè lady call,  
His heartè 's life, his lust, his sorrow's leech,  
His bliss, and eke those other termès all  
That in such cases all these lovers seek,  
And in full humble wise, as in his speech,  
He gan him recommend unto her grace.  
To tell all how, it asketh muchel space.

*his own  
desire / doctor*

---

*it) but a joke."*

<sup>1</sup> 151.5-7: *And if ...*: "But if you want none of my advice, forget it, and may anyone who helps you to succeed be sorry as long as he lives."

154. And after this full lowly he her prayed  
 To be not wroth though he of his folly  
 So hardy was to write to her and said  
 That love it made, or elsè must he die,  
 And piteously gan mercy for to cry;  
 And after that he said ( and lied full loud),  
 Himself was little worth, and less he could,

*not angry  
 So bold  
 made him do it  
  
 lied blatantly  
 & knew even less*

155. And that she would have his cunning excused,  
 That little was; and eke he dread her so,  
 And his unworthiness ay he accused;  
 And after that then gan he tell his woe;  
 But that was endèless withouten ho;  
 And said he would in truth always him hold;  
 And read it o'er and gan the letter fold.

*ability  
 dreaded  
 repeatedly  
  
 without end  
 always be true*

156. And with his saltè tearès gan he bathe  
 The ruby in his signet, and it set  
 Upon the wax deliverly and rathe,  
 Therewith a thousand timès ere he let  
 He kissèd then the letter that he shut,  
 And said: "Letter, a blissful destiny  
 Thee shapen is: my lady shall thee see!"

*expertly & fast  
 let (it go)  
  
 a happy fate ...  
 Is prepared for you*

*Pandarus as postman and intermediary*

157. This Pandare took the letter, and betime  
 A-morrow to his niece's palace start,  
 And fast he swore that it was passèd prime,  
 And gan to jape, and said: "I-wis mine heart  
 So fresh it is (although it sorè smart)  
 I may not sleepè never a May's morrow,  
 I have a jolly woe, a lusty sorrow."<sup>1</sup>

*early  
 hurried (or started)  
 about 9 am  
 to joke / indeed  
 it hurts sharply  
 a May morning*

158. Criseyde, when that she her uncle heard,  
 With dreadful heart, and désirous to hear<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> 157.7: These are the oxymorons of love applied jokingly by Pandarus to himself.

<sup>2</sup> 158.2: *Dreadful* cannot here mean "filled with dread" in our sense of the word "dread." The tag phrase *without dread* generally means "without doubt" so here *dreadful* would mean "filled with doubt," or, in view of the self-mockery of Pandarus's opening remark and Criseyde's own lighthearted response, something more like "bursting with curiosity."

The cause of his coming, right thus answered;  
"Now by your faith, mine uncle," quod she, "dear!  
What manner windè guideth you now here?  
Tell us your jolly woe and your penáncé;  
How far forth be you put in lovè's dance?"

*agony*  
*What's your position in*

159. "By God," quod he, "I hop always behind."  
And she to-laughed it thought her heartè burst.<sup>1</sup>  
Quod Pandarus: "Look always that you find  
Game in my hood, but hearken if you lest;  
There is right now come to the town a guest,  
A Greek espy, and telleth newè things,  
For which I come to tellen you tidings.

*laughed so hard*  
*s'thing to laugh at / listen / please*

160. "Into the garden go we, and you'll hear  
All privily of this a long sermón."  
With that they wenten arm in arm i-fere  
Into the garden from the chamber down;  
And when that he so far was, that the sound  
Of what he spoke no man it hearen might,  
He said her thus, and out the letter plight:

*story*  
*together*

*pulled*

161. "Lo! he that is all wholly yourès free,  
Him recommedeth lowly to your grace,  
And sends to you this letter here by me;  
Aviseth you on it when you have space,  
And of some goodly answer you purcháse,  
Or, help me God so, plainly for to sayn,  
He may not longè liven for his pain."

*totally & completely*

*Study it*  
*provide*

*Criseyde is "daungerous"*

*See notes to 55 & 57 above*

162. Full dreadfully then gan she standen still,<sup>2</sup>  
And took it not, but all her humble cheer  
Gan for to change, and saidè: "Scrip nor bill,  
For love of God, that toucheth such mattér,  
Ne bring me none; and also, uncle dear!  
To mine estate have more regard, I pray,  
Than to his lust: what should I morè say?"

*manner*  
*writing nor letter*  
*deals with*

*my position*  
*his desires*

---

<sup>1</sup> 159.2: "until she thought her heart would burst."

<sup>2</sup> 162.1: As with 158.2, *dreadfully* here can hardly mean "full of dread", but neither can it mean "full of curiosity" in the context. "With uncertainty? apprehension? offended modesty?"

163. "And looketh now if this be reasonable,  
And letteth not for favour nor for sloth:  
To say a sooth. Now is it covenable  
To mine estate, by God and by my truth,  
To take it, or of him to have ruth  
In harming of myself or in reprove?  
Bear it again for him that you on 'lieve." <sup>1</sup>

*don't hold back  
the truth / suitable  
my position  
pity  
in reproach*

164. This Pandarus gan on her for to stare,  
And said: "Now is this the greatest wonder  
That e'er I saw; let be this nice fare:  
To death may I smitten be with thunder  
If for the city which that standeth yonder  
Would I a letter to you bring or take  
To harm of you! What list you thus it make?"

*stop this foolishness  
to gain the city  
why do you take it so?*

*Under pressure she relents and reads Troilus's letter in private*

165. "But thus you faren — well nigh all and some,  
That he that most desireth you to serve,  
Of him you reckon least where he become,  
And whether that he live or else starve;  
But for all that, that e'er I may deserve,  
Refuse it not," quod he, and hent her fast,  
And in her bosom down the letter thrust,

*you = women  
care least what happens  
die  
grabbed her hard*

166. And said [to] her: "Now cast it away anon  
That folk may see and garen on us tway."  
Quod she: "I can abide till they be gone,"  
And gan to smile, and said him: "Eme, I pray,  
Such answer as you list, yourself purvey,  
For truly I will no letter write."  
"No! then will I," quod he, "so you endite."

*stare at us both  
I can wait  
Uncle  
as you please, carry  
provided you dictate*

167. Therewith she laughed, and said: "Go we dine;"  
And he gan at himself to jape fast,  
And said: "Niece, I have so great a pine  
For love, that every other day I fast;"  
And gan his bestè japes forth to cast,  
And made her so to laugh at his folly  
That she for laughter weened for to die.

*have lunch  
to joke  
pining  
jokes  
expected*

---

<sup>1</sup> 163: "Take it back to him you believe in" (to him you represent?).

168. And when that she was come into the hall,  
 "Now eme," quod she, "we will go dine anon *uncle*  
 And gan some of her women to her call,  
 And straight into her chamber gan she gon; *proceeded to go*  
 But of her busynesses this was one  
 Amongest other thingès, out of dread, *without question*  
 Full privily this letter for to read.

169. Avisèd word by word in every line, *having read*  
 And found no lack, she thought he couldè good; *knew how to act properly*  
 And put it up, and went her in to dine; *to lunch*  
 And Pandarus, that in a study stood, *stood abstractedly*  
 Ere he was 'ware she took him by the hood,  
 And saidè: "You were caught ere that you wist."  
 "I vouchèsafe," quod he; "do what you list." *before you knew*  
*I agree / what you like*

170. Then washen they, and set them down to eat;  
 And after noon full slily Pandarus  
 Gan draw him to the window nigh the street, *near*  
 And saidè: "Niece, who hath arrayèd thus *fixed*  
 The yonder house that stands afore-gainst us?" *opposite*  
 "Which house?" quod she, and gan for to behold,  
 And knew it well, and whose it was him told.

171. And fellen forth in speech of thingès small, *made small talk*  
 And sitten in the window bothè tway.  
 When Pandarus saw time unto his tale,  
 And saw well that her folk were all away,  
 "Now, niecè mine, tell on," quod he, "I pray;  
 How liketh you the letter that you wot? *you know about*  
 Can he thereon? for by my truth I n'ot." <sup>1</sup>

172. Therewith all rosy hued then waxèd she, *she blushed*  
 And gan to hum, and saidè: "So I trow."  
 "Acquit him well for God's love," quod he, *I guess so*  
 Myself to-meedès will the letter sew;" *Reward*  
 And held his handès up, and fell on knee. *as reward (to me/you?)*  
 "Now, goodè niecè, be it ne'er so lite, *little*  
 Give me the labor it to sew and plite." <sup>2</sup> *fold*

<sup>1</sup> 171.7: "Does he know how to write well, for, on my word, I don't know".

<sup>2</sup> 172.7: A parchment letter would have been sewn shut.

173. "Yea, for I can so writè," quod she tho,  
"And eke I n'ot what I should to him say."  
"Nay, niece," quod Pandarus, "say you not so,  
Yet, at the leastè, thanketh him I pray  
Of his good will. O do him not to die!  
Now for the love of me, my niece dear  
Refuseth not at this time my prayér."

*I can indeed / then  
But I don't know*

*cause him not*

*She answers Troilus's letter*

174. "Depardieu!" quod she, "God leve all be well;  
God help me so, this is the firstè letter  
That e'er I wrote, yea all or any deal,"  
And into a closet for t'avise her better  
She went alone, and gan her heart unfetter  
Out of Dísdain's prison but a lite,  
And set her down and gan a letter write.

*Indeed / God grant*

*all or part  
private room  
to unbind  
a little*

175. Of which to tell in short is mine intent  
Th' effect as far as I can understand:  
She thankèd him of all that he well meant  
Towardès her, but holden him in hand  
She would not, ne make herselfen bound  
In love, but as his sister him to please  
She would ay fain, to do his heart an ease.

*deceive him  
nor bind herself*

*would always gladly*

176. She shut it, and to Pandare in gan gon  
There as he sat and looked into the street,  
And down she sat her by him on a stone  
Of jasper on a cushion gold y-beat,  
And said: "As wisly help me God the great,  
I never did a thing with morè pain  
Than writè this, to the which you me constrain."

*gold-embroidered  
As surely / great G.*

*pressure*

177. And took it him. He thankèd her and said:  
"God wot, of thing full often loth begun  
Cometh end good; and, niece mine, Criseyde,  
That you to him of hard now been y-won<sup>1</sup>  
Ought he be glad, by God and yonder sun!

*reluctantly begun  
good result*

---

<sup>1</sup> 177. 4-7: "He ought to be glad that it was difficult for him to win you. Because, they say, impressions easily made just as easily take flight."

For-why men say, impressionès light  
Full lightly been ay ready to the flight.

178. "But you have played the tyrant nigh too long,  
And hard was it your heartè for to grave.  
Now stint, that you no longer on it hong, <sup>1</sup>  
Al wouldè you the form of daunger save.  
But hasteth you to do him joyè have;  
For trusteth well, too long y-done hardness  
Causeth despite full often, for distress." <sup>2</sup>

*just about too l.  
to impress  
the appearance of "daunger"  
to give him joy*

*Troilus rides by on cue*

179. And right as they declarèd this mattèr,  
Lo! Troilus right at the streetè's end  
Came riding with his tenthè some i-fere <sup>3</sup>  
All softly, and thitherward gan bend  
There as they sat, as was his way to wend  
To palace-ward, and Pandare him espied,  
And said: "Niece! See who comes herè ride!

*in a group of 10  
moved towards  
to travel  
towards the palace*

180. "O fly not in! He sees us, I suppose,  
Lest he may thinken that you him eschew."  
"Nay, nay," quod she, and waxed as red as rose.  
With that he gan her humbly to salue  
With dreadful cheer, and oft his huès mue, <sup>4</sup>  
And up his look he debonairly cast,  
And beckèd on Pandàre, and forth he passed.

*avoid  
and became  
he = T / salute, greet  
his color changed  
graciously  
nodded to*

181. God wot if he sat on his horse aright,  
Or goodly was beseen that ilkè day!  
God wot whe'r he were like a manly knight!

*God knows  
was good looking  
God knows whether*

---

<sup>2</sup> 178.3-4: "Now cease and do not persist in it any longer -- even if you want to keep up the appearance of "daunger" (see above 57.7).

<sup>2</sup> 178.6-7: Hardness persisted in too long induces contempt because of the distress (it causes).

<sup>3</sup> 179.3: *with his tenthè sum i-fere*: *tenthè sum* is probably a relic of an OE idiom meaning "one of ten," i.e. he and nine others.

<sup>4</sup> 180.5: Once again the precise connotation of *dreadful* is difficult to pin down. (See 158 & 162 above). It might have a range of meaning from 'apprehensive' to 'courteous'; *and oft his hues (gan) mue*: 'and his color changed often' implies shyness and apprehension.

What should I dretch, or tell of his array?  
Criseyde, which that all these thingès saw,  
To tell in short, her likéd all i-fere:  
His person, his array, his look, his cheer,

*delay / clothes*  
*everything pleased her*  
*dress / attitude*

182. His goodly manner and his gentleness,  
So well, that never since that she was born  
Ne haddè she such ruth of his distress;  
And how so she had hard been here-beforn,  
To God hope I she hath now caught a thorn  
She shall not pull it out this nextè week;  
God send her more such thornès on to pick!

*such pity on*  
*And however much*

183. Pandárus, which that stood her fastè by,  
Felt iron hot, and he began to smite,  
And saidè: "Niece, I pray you heartily  
Tell me what I shall asken you a lite;  
A woman that were of his death to wite,  
Without his guilt, but for her lack of ruth,  
Were it well done?" Quod she: "Nay, by my truth."

*strike*  
*(the answer to) what / a little*  
*to blame*  
*pity*

184. "God help me so," quod he, "you say me sooth,  
You feelen well yourself that I naught lie.  
Lo! yond he rides." Quod she: "Yea, so he doth."  
"Well," quod Pandáre, "as I have told you thrice,  
Let be your nicèty and your follý,  
And speak with him in easing of his heart:  
Let nicèty not do you both to smart."

*tell truth*  
*yonder*  
*3 times*  
*squeamishness*  
*cause you pain*

185. But thereon was to heaven and to don,  
"Considering all things, it may not be."  
"And why?" "For shame. And it were eke too soon  
To granted him so great a liberty."  
For plainly her intent, as saidè she,  
Was, for to love him únwist if she might,  
And guerdon him with nothing but with sight.<sup>1</sup>

*there was humming & hawing*  
*For modesty*  
*unknown*  
*And reward*

---

<sup>1</sup> 185: Many editions have no quotation marks in this stanza. They would seem to regard it all as authorial comment. If they are right, the stanza is an interesting example of a technique many of us regard as very modern, especially joycean, where the narrator is "speaking" in the "voice" of one or more of his characters, the *style indirect libre* referred to by Spearing in an earlier passage. ( See above, II.87.5-7). My quotation marks and punctuation could easily be changed in a number of ways. In 185.3 Riverside has *speche* for *shame*, and glosses it as '(fear of) malicious speech.'

186. But Pandarus thought: "It shall not be so;  
If that I may, this nice opinion  
Shall not be holden fully yearès two."  
What should I make of this a long sermón?  
He must assent on that conclusion  
As for the time, and when that it was eve,  
And all was well, he rose and took his leave.

*squeamish attitude*

*long story  
agree to this result  
evening*

*Pandarus returns to Troilus*

187. And on his way full fast he homeward sped,  
And right for joy he felt his heartè dance,  
And Troilus he found alone a-bed,  
That lay, as do those lovers, in a trance,  
Betwixen hope and dark dis-ésperance.  
But Pandarus right at his in-coming  
He sang, as who saith: "Lo! somewhat I bring."

*in bed*

*despair*

188. And said: "Who is in his bed so soon  
Y-buried thus?" "It am I, friend," quod he.  
"Who? Troilus! nay, help me so the moon,"  
Quod Pandarus, "Thou shalt up rise and see  
A charm that was y-sent right now to thee,  
The which can healen thee of thine access,  
If thou forthwith do all thy busyness."

*attack*

189. "Yea, through the might of God," quod Troilus.  
And Pandarus gan him the letter take,  
And said: "Pardee, God hath holpen us.  
Have here a light, and look on all these black."  
But often gan the heartè glad and quake  
Of Troilus while he it gan to read,  
So as the wordès gave him hope or dread.

*to him*

*I declare / helped  
black [letters]*

*According as*

190. But, finally, he took all for the best  
That she him wrote, for somewhat he beheld  
On which he thought he might his heartè rest,  
Al' covered she the wordès under shield;<sup>1</sup>  
Thus to the morè worthy part he held,

---

<sup>1</sup> 190. 4-5: She disguised her feelings somewhat; but he concentrated on the more hopeful parts.

That what for hope, and Pandarus' behest,  
His greatè woe foryede he at the least. *gave up*

*Troilus writes to Criseyde regularly, but needs endless support from his friend*

191. But, as we may all day ourselven see,  
Through morè wood or coal, the morè fire;  
Right so increase of hope of what it be, *whatever*  
Therewith full oft encreaseth eke desire;  
Or, as an oak comes of a little spire, *shoot*  
So through this letter which that she him sent  
Increasen 'gan desire, of which he brent. *burned*

192. Wherefore I say always, that day and night  
This Troilus gan to desiren more  
Than he did erst through hope, and did his might *did before*  
To pressen on, as by Pandarus' lore, *advice*  
And writen to her of his sorrows sore  
From day to day: he let it naught refreid *grow cold*  
That by Pandaré he somewhat wrote or said.

193. And did also his other observánces  
That to a lover 'longeth in this case; *belong*  
And after that these dicè turned on chances, *as the dice came up*  
So was he either glad or said 'Alas!'  
And held after his gisté ay his pace;<sup>1</sup>  
And after such answers as he had,  
So were his days sorry, other glad. *Or glad*

194. But to Pandaré always was his recourse,  
And piteously gan ay to him to 'plain,  
And him besought of redde and some succour;<sup>2</sup> *advice & help*  
And Pandarus, that saw his woodè pain, *bitter*  
Waxed well nigh dead for ruthè, sooth to sayn, *Grew / for pity*  
And busily with all his heartè cast *determined*  
Some of his woe to slay, and that as fast; *to relieve / quickly*

---

<sup>1</sup> And adapted his pace to his resting spots. i.e. presumably, he didn't rush things, but accepted what he could get as it came.

<sup>2</sup> 194.2-3: "And [Troilus] constantly to him [Pandarus] made his complaint and begged him for advice and help."

195. And saidè: "Lord and friend and brother dear,  
God wot that thy dis-easè doth me woe.  
But wilt thou stinten all this woeful cheer,  
And, by my truth, ere it be dayès two,  
And God to-forn, yet shall I shape it so  
That thou shalt come into a certain place  
Thereas thou may'st thyself her pray of grace.

*causes me pain  
If you would stop / behavior*

*With God's help*

*ask her favor*

196. "And certainly, I n'ot if thou it wost,  
But those that been expért in love it say,  
It is one of the things that furthers most,  
A man to have a leisure for to pray,  
And siker place his woe for to bewray;  
For in good heart it must some ruth impress,  
To hear and see thee guiltless in distress.

*I don't know if you know it*

*helps  
to plead  
And a secure p. / reveal  
pity*

197. "Paraunter thinkest thou: <sup>1</sup> 'though it be so  
That Kindè wouldè do her to begin  
To have a manner ruth upon my woe,  
Says Daunger: 'Nay, thou shalt me never win'  
So ruleth her her heartè's ghost within,  
That, though she bendè, yet she stands on root;  
What in effect is this unto my boote?'

*Perhaps  
Nature w. cause her  
some pity*

*heart of hearts  
firmly rooted  
What good is it to me?*

198. "Think here-against, when that the sturdy oak,  
On which men hacketh often for the nones,  
Receivèd hath the happy falling stroke,  
The greatè sway doth it come all at once,  
As do these rockès or these millè-stones.  
For swifter course comes thing that is of weight  
When it descendeth, than do thingès light.

*against that  
one after the other*

*come down*

199. "And reed that boweth down for every blast,  
Full lightly, ceasè wind, it will arise;  
But so n'ill not an oak when it is cast;  
It needs me not thee longè to forbyse.  
Men shall rejoicen of a great emprise  
Achievèd well that stands withouten doubt,  
Al' have men been the longer thereabout.

*when wind stops  
felled  
give many examples  
undertaking*

*Even though men*

---

<sup>1</sup> 197: There are three "voices" in this stanza: 1. Pandarus, who says it all : "Paraunter thinkest thou ..." 2. Troilus's conjecture voiced by Pandarus: 'though it ...' to the end 3. Daunger : 'Nay ...win ' within Troilus's imagined speech.

*Pandarus has another devious plan*

200. "But, Troilus, yet tell me, if thee lest, *if you will*  
A thing now which that I shall asken thee:  
Which is the brother that thou lovest best,  
As in thy very heartè's privity?" *privacy*  
"I-wis my brother Deiphebe," quod he. *Indeed*  
"Now," quod Pandaré, "ere hourès twicè twelve  
He shall thee ease, unwist of it himself. *unaware*

201. "Now let me alone and worken as I may,"  
Quod he, and to Deiphebus went he tho, *then*  
Which had his lord and greatè friend been ay; *always*  
Save Troilus, no man he lovèd so.  
To tell in short, withouten wordès mo', *more*  
Quod Pandarus: "I pray you that you be  
Friend to a causè which that toucheth me." *concerns*

202. "Yes, pardee," quod Deiphebus, "well thou wost,  
In all that e'er I may, and God to-fore, *you know*  
Al n'ere it but for the man that I love most, *before God*  
My brother Troilus. <sup>1</sup> But say wherefore  
It is; for since that I was bore,  
I n'as, ne nevermore to be, I think, <sup>2</sup>  
Against a thing that mightè thee for-think." *displease you*

203. Pandárus gan him thank, and to him said:  
"Lo, sir, I have a lady in this town,  
That is my niece and callèd is Criseyde,  
Which some men woulden do oppression,  
And wrongfully have her possessions.  
Wherefore I of your lordship you beseech  
To be our friend, withouten morè speech."<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> 202.1-4: "Yes indeed," said Deiphebus. "You know well that [I will help you] in any way I can, I swear to God, [sooner than I would help any other man] except for the man I love most in the world, my brother Troilus."

<sup>2</sup> 202.6: "I wasn't and I will never be, I hope"

<sup>3</sup> This information is news to the reader as much as to Deiphebus. Pandarus mentions it later to Criseyde as if it were news to her also. It is discussed at dinner later, but then disappears from

204. Deiphebus answered him: "Oh, is not this  
That thou speak'st of to me thus strangely,  
Criséyde, my friend?" He said: "Yes."  
"Then needeth," quod Deiphebus, "hardily,  
"No more to speak; for trusteth well that I  
Will be her champion with spur and yard:  
I roughtè not though all her foes it heard.
- as a stranger*  
*C. has 4 syllables*
- whip*  
*I care not*
205. "But tell me, thou that wost all this matter,  
How I might best availen." "Now let's see,"  
Quod Pandarus. "If you, my lord so dear,  
Would as now do this honouúr unto me,  
To prayen her to-morrow, lo, that she  
Come unto you her 'plaintès to devise,  
Her adversaries would of it agrise.
- you who know*  
*help best*
- complaints to tell*  
*Be frightened*
206. "And if I morè durstè pray as now,  
And chargen you to have so great travail,  
To have some of your brothers here with you,  
That mighten to her causè bet' avail,  
Then wot I well she mightè never fail  
For to be helpèd, what at your instáncè,  
What with her other friendès' governance."
- dare ask at present*  
*ask you / trouble*
- better*
- support*  
*management*
207. Deiphebus, which that comen was of kind  
To all honouúr and bounty to consent,  
Answered: "It shall be done, and I can find  
Yet greater help to this in mine intent.  
What wilt thou say if I for Helen sent  
To speak of this? I trow it be the best,  
For she may leaden Paris as her lest.
- was by nature inclined...*  
*... to consent to*
- I think*  
*as she likes*
208. "Of Hector, which that is my lord, my brother,  
It needeth not to pray him friend to be;  
For I have heard him, one time and eke other,  
Speak of Criseyde honour such that he  
May say no bet', such hap to him has she.  
It needeth not his helpè for to crave;  
He shall be such right as we will him have.
- more than once*
- better / favor with him*
209. "Speak thou thyself also to Troilus

---

the poem.

On my behalf, and pray him with us dine."  
"Sir, all this shall be done," quod Pandarus,  
And took his leave, and never gan to fine,  
But to his niece's house as straight as line  
He came, and found her from the meat arise,  
And set him down, and spoke right in this wise.

*stop*  
*risen f. her meal*

*Pandarus is back at Criseyde's*

210. He said: "O very God! so have I run,  
Lo! niece mine, see you not how I sweat?  
I n'ot whether you morè thank me can;  
Be you not 'ware how falsè Poliphet  
Is now about eftsoonès for to plead,  
And bringen on you advocacies new?"  
"I? No," quod she, and changèd all her hue.

*don't know*  
*immediately*  
*legal claims*  
*color*

211. "What! Is he more about me for to dretch,<sup>1</sup>  
And do me wrong? What shall I do? alas!  
Yet of himselfen nothing would I reck  
N'ere it for Antenor and Aeneas,  
That be his friends in such a manner case;<sup>2</sup>  
But for the love of God, mine uncle dear!  
No force of that, let him have all i-fere;

*to vex*  
*wouldn't care*  
*Were it not*  
*No matter / everything*

212. "Withouten that I have enough for us."  
"Nay," quod Pandaré, "it shall be no thing so,  
For I have been right now at Deiphibus,  
At Hector, and mine other lordès mo',  
And shortly makèd each of them his foe,  
That, by my thrift, he shall it never win  
For aught he can, when so that he begin."

*if I can help it*  
*whenever he begins*

213. And as they casten what was best to don,  
Deiphebus, of his ownè courtesy,

*planned / to do*

---

<sup>1</sup> 211.1: "Is he about to annoy me again?"

<sup>2</sup> 211.4-5: Benoit de Saint-Maure and Guido delle Colonne (two sources for Chaucer's story) wrote that Antenor and Aeneas were both involved in the treacherous act of removing the Palladium, a holy relic on which depended the safety of Troy. As we shall see later in this poem, Antenor, taken prisoner by the Greeks, is exchanged for Criseyde, and then betrays Troy. See Bk IV, st. 19-31 below.

Came her to pray — in his proper person —  
To hold him on the morrow company  
At dinner, which she wouldè not deny,  
But goodly gan his prayer to obey.  
He thankèd her, and went upon his way.

*in person  
to be his guest*

*politely accepted invitation*

*Pandarus back to Troilus's house, where we hear the rest of his plan*

214. When this was done this Pándare up anon,  
(To tell in short) and forth gan for to wend  
To Troilus as still as any stone,  
And all this thing he told him ord and end,  
And how that he Deiphebus gan to blend,  
And said him: "Now is time, if that you can,  
To bear thee well to-morrow, and all is won.

*(got) up  
to go*

*from start to finish  
deceive*

*do your part*

215. "Now speak, now pray, now piteously complain:  
Let not for nicè shame or dread or sloth.  
Some time a man must tell his ownè pain:  
Believe it, and she shall have on thee ruth;  
Thou shalt be savèd by thy faith, in truth.  
But well wot I, thou art now in a dread,  
And what it is I lay I can arede.

*Shrink not w. foolish s.*

*have pity*

*I bet I c. tell*

216. "Thou thinkest now, 'How should I do all this?  
For by my cheerè mustè folk espy  
That for her love is that I fare amiss;  
Yet had I lever unwist for sorrow die.'  
Now think not so, for thou dost great folly.  
For right now have I founden a mannér  
Of sleightè for to cover all thy cheer.

*my behavior  
act oddly*

*I'd rather die unknown*

*a kind ...  
... Of guile*

217. "Thou shalt go overnight, and that as blive,  
To Deiphebus' house, as thee to play,  
Thy malady away the bet' to drive;  
For why thou seemest sick, the sooth to say;  
Soon after that, down in thy bed thee lay,  
And say thou may'st no longer up endure,  
And lie right there and bide thine áventure.

*quickly  
as if to relax  
the better*

*Because  
lie down in bed*

*await your destiny*

218. "Say that the fever is wont thee for to take  
The samè time, and lasten till a-morrow;  
And let see now how well thou canst it make,

*usually hits you*

*carry it off*

For pardee, sick is he that is in sorrow:  
Go now, farewell, and Venus here to borrow,  
I hope, an' thou this purpose holdè firm,  
Thy gracè shall she fully there confirm."

*with V. on our side  
an' = if  
your good fortune*

219. Quod Troilus: "I-wis, thou needèless  
Counselest me that sickly I me feign,  
For I am sick in earnest, doubtèless,  
So that well nigh I starvè for the pain."  
Quod Pandarus: "Thou shalt thee better 'plain,  
And hast the lessè need to counterfeit,  
For him men deemen hot that men see sweat.

*pretend to be sick*

*almost dying*

*think*

220. "Lo, hold thee at thy tristè close, and I  
Shall well the deer unto thy bowè drive."  
Therewith he took his leave all softely,  
And Troilus to palace wentè blive.  
So glad ne was he never in all his life,  
And to Pandárus' redde gan all assent,  
And to Deiphebus' house at night he went.

*(hunting) station*

*at once*

*took all P's advice*

221. What needeth it to tellen all the cheer  
That Deiphebus to his brother made,  
Or his access, or his sickly mannér,  
How men go him with clothès for to lade,  
When he was laid, and how men would him glad?  
But all for naught; he held forth ay the wise  
That you have heard Pandáre ere this devise.

*the welcome*

*Or his (T's) attack  
bedclothes to load  
laid (on bed) / cheer up  
he held to the plan*

222. But certain is ere Troilus him laid,  
Deiphebus had him prayèd overnight  
To be a friend and helping to Criseyde  
God wot that he it granted anonright  
To be her fullè friend with all his might:  
But such a need was it to pray him then  
As for to bid a wood man for to run.

*lay down*

*at once*

*madman*

*Part One of Pandarus's plan*

223. The morrow came, and nighen gan the time  
Of mealtide, that the fairè Queen Elaine  
Shope her to be an hour after prime  
With Deiphebe, to whom she would not feign,

*approach  
Helen  
Prepared / about 10 a.m.*

But as his sister, homely, sooth to sayn,  
She came to dinner in her plain intent;  
But God and Pándare wist all what this meant.

*like family, to tell truth*

*knew*

224. Came eke Criseyde all innocent of this,  
Antigone her niece and Tarbe also:  
But fly we now prolixity best is,<sup>1</sup>  
For love of God, and let us fast y-go  
Right to th' effect withouten talès mo',  
Why all this folk assembled in this place,  
And let us of their saluingès pace.

*to the point / words*

*pass up their greetings*

225. Great honour did them Deíphebe certáin,  
And fed them well with all that might them like,  
But evermore, "Alas!" was his refrain:  
"My goodè brother, Troilus the sick,  
Lies yet;" and therewithal he gan to sigh,  
And after that he painèd him to glad  
Them as he might, and cheerè good he made.

*Is confined to bed  
took pains to entertain*

226. Complained eke Elaine of his sickness  
So faithfully, that pity was to hear,  
And every wight gan waxen for access  
A leech anon, and said: "In this mannér  
Men curen folk; this charm I will thee lere."<sup>2</sup>  
But there sat one, al' list her not to teach,  
That thought: "Best could I be his leech."

*for fevers  
physician  
teach  
although she didn't choose to  
his physician*

227. After complaint, him 'gonnen they to praise,  
As folk do yet when some wight has begun  
To praise a man, and up with praise him raise  
A thousand fold yet higher than the sun;  
"He is, he can, what fewè lordès can;"  
And Pandarus, of that they would affirm,  
He naught forgot their praising to confirm.

*they began*

*that = that which*

228. Heard all this thing Criseyde well enough,  
And every word gan for to notify,

*to take note of*

---

<sup>1</sup> 224.3: "The best thing for us now is to avoid wordiness ."

<sup>2</sup> 226.3-5: "Everyone began to turn into a doctor (*leech*) of fevers: 'This is the way to cure people. I'll show you a charm.'" *Access* is fever or sudden illness.

For which with sober cheer her heartè laughed;  
For who is that ne would her glorify  
To mowen such a knight do live or die? <sup>1</sup>  
But all pass I, lest you too longè dwell;  
But for one fine is all that e'er I tell.

*w. serious face  
be proud  
enable  
one purpose*

*Pandarus guides the topic of conversation from Troilus's "illness"  
to Criseyde's property predicament*

229. The timè came from dinner for to rise,  
And as them ought, arisen every one,  
And gan awhile of this and that devise;  
But Pandarus broke all this speech anon,  
And said to Deiphebus: "Will you go on,  
If it your willè be, as I you prayed,  
To speak here of the needès of Criseyde?"

*chat*

230 Elainè, which that by the hand her held,  
Took first the tale, and saidè: "Go we blive;  
And goodly on Criseyde she beheld,  
And saidè: "Jovè never let him thrive  
That does you harm, and bring him soon of live,  
And give me sorrow but he shall it rue <sup>2</sup>  
If that I may, and allè folk be true."

*Helen who  
Spoke first / at once  
looked kindly  
(May) Jove  
and (may J) take his life*

231. "Tell thou thy niece's case," quod Deiphebus  
To Pandarus, "for thou canst best it tell."  
"My lordès and my ladies, it stands thus;  
What should I longer," quod he, "do you dwell?"  
He rung them out a process like a bell  
Upon her foe that hight was Polyphete,  
So heinous that men mighten on it spit.

*why should I delay you  
rattled off a case  
Against / was called*

232. Answered of this each worse of them than other,  
And Polyphete they gannen thus to wary,  
"A-hangèd be such one, were he my brother,

*more vehemently  
to curse*

---

<sup>1</sup> 228.4-5: "Who is [she] who would not glorify her[self] to be able to make (*mowen ... do*) such a knight live or die?" i.e. What woman would not be proud to be in a position to decide whether such a ....  
228.6: *But all ... dwell* : "But I pass over this lest you be delayed too long."

<sup>2</sup> 230: "May God punish me, if I don't make him regret it, if I can help it and if everyone is loyal."

And so he shall, for it ne may not vary.”<sup>1</sup>  
What should I longer in this talè tarry?  
Plainly all at oncè they her hight  
To be her help in all that e’er they might.

*promised*

233. Spoke then Elaine, and said to Pandarus:  
"Wot aught my lord my brother of this mattér,  
I mean Hectór, or wot it Troilus?"  
He said: "Yea, but will you now me hear?  
Methinketh this, since Troilus is here,  
It werè good, if that you would assent,  
She told herself him all this ere she went;

*Does my b. know anything?  
does T. know?*

234. "For he will have the more her grief at heart,  
Because, lo! she a worthy lady is;  
And by your leave I will but in right start,  
And do you wit, and that anon i-wis,<sup>2</sup>  
If that he sleep or will aught hear of this;"  
And in he leaped and said him in his ear:  
"God have thy soul! for brought have I thy bier."

*just nip in  
let you know & promptly indeed*

*hearse*

*Pandarus begins to manipulate people’s movements*

235. To smilen of this then gan Troilus;  
And Pandarus, withouten reckoning,  
Out wentè to Elaine and Deiphebus,  
And said them: "So there be no tarrying,  
No morè press, he will well that you bring  
Criséyde, my lady that is here,  
And as he may endure, he will hear.

*delay*

*Provided there's no delay  
No crowding / he agrees  
C. has 4 syllables  
as far as he is able*

236. "But well you wot the chamber is but lite,  
And fewè folk may lightly make it warm;  
Now looketh ye — for I will have no wite <sup>3</sup>

*you know / little*

*no blame*

---

<sup>1</sup> 232.3: "for it (the law) cannot vary for anyone" (?).

<sup>2</sup> 234.4: "And let you know (*do you wit*), and that promptly indeed."

<sup>3</sup> 236 : "Now take heed whether (*looketh ...whe'er*) it may be better for her to wait until later (*eftsoones*), for I will not take the blame for bringing in a crowd that may harm him or distress (*dis-ease*) him, not for my right arm! Take heed you who know what to do." Pandarus the puppet master is pretending to defer to the opinions of others while in the very act of manipulating them.

To bring in press that mighte do him harm,  
Or him dis-easen, (for my better arm!) —  
Whe'er it be best she bidè till eftsoonès,  
Now looketh you, that knowen what to do is.

*a crowd that  
wait until later*

237. "I say for me, best is as I can know,  
That no wight in ne wentè but you tway,  
But it were I, for I can in a throw  
Rehearse her case unlike what she can say,  
And after this she may him oncè pray  
To be good lord, in short, and take her leave;  
This may not muchel of his ease him rieve.

*It's my opinion  
nobody but you 2  
Except me / in a minute  
Go over  
deprive*

238. "And eke, for she is strange, he will forbear  
His easè, which that him thar not for you;  
Eke other thing that toucheth not to hear <sup>1</sup>  
He will it tell, I wot it well right now,  
That secret is, and for the townè's prow."  
And they, that nothing knew of his intent,  
Withouten more to Troilus in they went.

*she is not related  
need not do for you  
I know  
benefit*

239. Elaine in all her goodly softè wise  
Gan him salute and womanly to play,  
And said: "I-wis you must algate arise;  
Now, fairè brother, be all whole I pray;"  
And gan her arm right o'er his shoulder lay,  
And him with all her wit to recomfórt;  
As she best could, she gan him to disport.

*greet & joke with  
Indeed / at once  
her ability  
entertain*

240. So after this quod she: "We you beseech,  
My dearè brother Déiphèbe and I,  
For love of God, and so does Pándare eke,  
To be good lord and friend right heartily  
Unto Criseydè, which that certainly  
Receivèd wrong, as wot well here Pandáre,  
That can her case well bet' than I declare."

*brother-in-law  
far better*

241. This Pándarus gan new his tongue affile  
And all her case rehearse, and that anon.  
When it was said, soon after in a while

*sharpen  
at once*

---

<sup>1</sup> 238.3-5: "Other things that should not be discussed publicly (*toucheth not to hear*) he wants to talk about (I know that well) -- state secrets that are for the city's welfare."

Quod Troilus: "As soon as I may gon,  
I will right fain with all my might be one,  
(Have God my truth), her causè to sustain."  
"Good thrift have you," then quod the Queen Elaine.

*walk*  
*I'll be glad*  
  
*Good fortune*

242. Quod Pandarus: "An' it your willè be  
That she may take her leave ere that she go?"  
"O, elsè God forbid it," then quod he,  
"If that she vouchèsafe for to do so."  
And with that word quod Troilus: "You two,  
Deiphebus and my sister lief and dear,  
To you have I to speak of one mattér,

*If*  
*say goodbye before*  
  
*If she wants*

243. "To be avisèd by your redde the better;"  
And found, as hap was, at his bed's head  
The copy of a treatise and a letter  
That Hector had him sent to asken redde  
If such a man was worthy to be dead.  
Wot I not who, but in a grisly wise  
He prayèd them anon on it avise.

*your advice*  
*luck would have it*  
*document*  
*advice*  
  
*w. grim countenance*  
*consider*

244. Deiphebus gan this letter to unfold  
In earnest great, so did Elaine the Queen,  
And roaming outward fast it gan behold,  
Downward a stair, into an arbour green;  
This ilkè thing they readen them between,  
And largely the mountance of an hour  
They gan on it to readen and to pore.

*intently*  
*shaded garden*  
  
*full length*

*Pandarus the puppet master has **almost** maneuvered the lovers into a meeting*

245. Now let them read, and turnè we anon  
To Pandarus, that gan full fast to pry  
That all was well, and out he gan to gon  
Into the greatè chamber, and that in hie,  
And said: "God save all this company!  
Come, nicè mine, my lady Queen Elaine  
Abideth you, and eke my lordès twain.

*look to see*  
*he went*  
*in haste*  
  
*Awaits / two*

246. "Rise. Take with you yourè niece Antigone,  
Or whom you list, or, no force hardily;<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> 246.2: "Or whomever you want. Oh, it doesn't matter really."

The lessè press the better. Come forth with me,  
And looketh that you thanken humbly  
Them allè three, and when you may goodly  
Your time y-see, taketh of them your leave,  
Lest we too long him of his rest bereave."

*When you ...  
... see that it's time  
deprive*

247. All innocent of Pandarus' intent  
Quod then Criseydé: "Go we, uncle dear!"  
And arm in arm inward with him she went,  
Avising well her wordès and her cheer;  
And Pandarus in earnestful mannér  
Said: "Allè folk, for God's love I pray,  
Stinteth right here, and softèly you play. <sup>1</sup>

*inside  
considering*

248. "Aviseth you what folk be here within,  
And in what plight one is, God him amend!"  
And inward thus : "Full softèly begin,  
Niece, I conjúre and highly you defend,  
On his behalf which that soul all us sends,  
And in the virtue of the crownès twain, <sup>2</sup>  
Slay not this man that has for you this pain.

*Consider  
God cure him  
And privately (he said):  
I ask and firmly charge you  
i.e. in God's name*

249. "Fie on the devil! Think which one he is,  
And in what plight he lies; come off anon;  
Think all such tarried tide but lost it n'is,  
That will you bothè say when you be one;  
And secondly, there yet divineth none  
Upon you two; come off now, if you con.  
While folk is blent, lo! all the time is won.

*come on now!  
time  
w. you're united  
nobody guesses yet  
if y. know (what's best)  
blinded*

250. "In teetering and pursuit and delays  
The folk divine at wagging of a stree,  
And though you would have after merry days,  
Then dare you not. And why? For she and she  
Spoke such a word; thus lookèd he and he:  
Lest time be lost I dare not with you deal,  
Come off therefore, and bringeth him to heal."

*people guess / straw  
afterwards*

*deal (at length)  
to health*

---

<sup>1</sup> 247.7: "Stay right here and entertain yourselves quietly."

<sup>2</sup> 248.6: All annotators agree that the phrase *in virtue of the crowns twain* is obscure and not adequately explained. I add one more guess to the others: "for the sake of two heads," i.e. two lives, his and mine. Pandarus had said earlier that her obdurate refusal would kill both of them.

251. But now to you, you lovers that be here,  
Was Troilus not in a cankedort,  
That lay and might the whispering of them hear?  
And thought: "O Lord! right now runneth my sort  
Fully to die or have anon comfort;"  
And was the firstè time he should her pray  
Of love; O mighty God! what shall he say?

*on the spot*  
*approaches my fate*  
*or promptly have*  
*ask her ...*  
*... For her love*

Here ends Book II