

**THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID**

A Sequel to Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*

by  
Robert Henryson  
(c.1425-1506)

Abridged and put into modern spelling  
by  
Michael Murphy

from the original, written in Scottish English

## THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

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*Each of the first four stanzas here is given first in modern spelling, followed immediately by the original in medieval Scottish spelling.*

1. A dooly season to a careful dyte  
Should correspond and be equivalent.<sup>1</sup>  
Right so it was when I began to write  
This tragedy; the weather right fervent  
When Aries, in middle of the Lent  
Showers of hail gan from the north descend  
That scantly from the cold I might defend.

*dreary s. / care-filled song  
the same  
v. sharp, bitter  
Spring  
did send down  
barely / defend (myself)*

*Ane dooly sesoun to ane cairfull dyte  
Suld correspond and be equivalent.  
Richt sa it wes quhen I began to wryte  
This tragedy; the wedder richt fervent  
Quhen Aries, in middis of the Lent  
Shouris of haill can fra the north discend  
That scantly fra the cauld I nicht defend.*

2. Yet ne'ertheless, within my orature  
I stood when Titan has his beamis bright<sup>2</sup>  
Withdrawin down and ceilèd under cure  
And fair Venus, the beauty of the night,  
Uprose, and set unto the west full right

*study  
(the sun)  
hidden u. cover*

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<sup>1</sup> 1-2: "A dreary season should correspond to a sad poem." This opening contrasts with a more common medieval way of beginning a poem with a cheerful spring or summer, as in the **The Canterbury Tales**, for example, or **Piers Plowman**.

<sup>2</sup> *beamis*: beams: One feature of the original spelling has been fairly consistently retained for metrical reasons: the *-i-* in such words as *beamis* and *withdrawin* where Southern English would have had *-e-* and Modern English often nothing at all: *beams*, *withdrawn*. Where *-it* in the original represents *-ed* I have generally used the latter.

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Her golden face in opposition  
Of god Phoebus direct descending down.

*Of=To*

*Yet nevertheles, within myn orature  
I stude quhen Tytan had his bemis bricht  
Withdrawin doun and sylit under cure  
And fair Venus, the bewty of the nicht,  
Uprais, and set unto the west full richt  
Hir goldin face in oppositioun  
Of god Phebus direct discending doun.*

3. Throughout the glass her beamis burst so fair  
That I might see on every side me by  
The northern wind had purified the air,  
And shed the misty cloudis from the sky.  
The frost freezèd, the blastis bitterly  
From pole Arctic came whistling loud and shrill  
And causéd me remove against my will.

*through the window*

*Throwout the glas hir bemis brast sa fair  
That I nicht see on every syde me by  
The northin wind had purifyit the air,  
And shed the misty cloudis fra the sky.  
The froist freisit, the blastis bitterly  
Fra pole Artyk came quhisling loud and shill  
And causit me remuf aganis my will*

4. For I trusted that Venus, lovè's queen,  
To whom sometime I het obedience,  
My faded heart of love she would make green;  
And thereupon, with humble reverence,  
I thought to pray her high magnificence;  
But for great cold as then I letted was  
And in my chamber to the fire gan pass.

*promised  
by love*

*hindered  
in=into / did walk*

*For I traistit that Venus, lufis quene,  
To quhom sum-tyme I hecht obedience,  
My faidit hart of luf sho wald mak grene;  
And therupon, with humbil reverence,  
I thoct to pray hir hy magnificence;  
But for greit cald as than I lattit was  
And in my chalmer to the fyr can pass.*

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5. Though love be hot, yet in a man of age  
It kindles not so soon as in youthhead  
Of whom the blood is flowing in a rage,  
And in the old the courage douf and dead *ardor reduced*  
Of which the fire outward is best remed *remedy*  
To help by physic where that Nature failed *medicine*  
I am expert, for both I have assailed. *tried*
6. I mended the fire and bakéd (?) me about,<sup>1</sup> *warmed myself ?*  
Then took a drink my spirits to comfórt,  
And armed me well from the cold thereout.  
To cut the winter night and make it short  
I took a quire (and left all other sport), *book / recreation*  
Written by worthy Chaucer glorious,  
Of fair Cresseid and lusty Troilus.
7. And there I found that after Diomed  
Receivèd had that lady bright of hue  
How Troilus near out of his wit abraid *went*  
And weepèd sore with visage pale of hue *face / color*  
For which wanhope his tears gan renew *despair*  
While esperance rejoicèd him again. *hope*  
Thus while in joy he livèd, while in pain. *now ... now*
8. Of her behest he had great comforting, *promise*  
Trusting to Troy that she should make retour, *return*  
Which he desirèd most of earthly thing,  
Forwhy she was his only paramour. *Because*  
But when he saw passèd both day and hour  
Of her 'gaincome, then sorrows gan oppress *return*  
His woeful heart in care and heaviness.
9. Of his distress me needs not to rehearse, *retell*  
For worthy Chaucer in the same book,  
In goodly terms and in jolly verse *accomplished*  
Compilèd has his cares, whoe'er will look. *Recounted*  
To break my sleep another quire I took

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<sup>1</sup> *Beiket me about* seems to mean that he warmed himself at the fire, turning around to warm (bake?) himself behind.

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In which I found the fatal destiny  
Of fair Cresseid that ended wretchedly.

10. Who wot if all that Chaucer wrote was true? *knows*  
Nor I wot not if this narration  
Be authorized or feignèd of the new *composed anew*  
By some poet through his invention  
Made to report the lamentation  
And woeful end of this lusty Cresseid,  
And what distress she tholèd, and what deid. *suffered / death*

11. When Diomed had all his appetite  
And more fulfillèd of this fair lady, *satisfied*  
Upon another he set his whole delight,  
And sent to her a libel of repudy, *bill of divorce*  
And her excluded from his company.  
Then desolate she walkèd up and down,  
And -- some men say -- into the court common. *prostitution*

12. O fair Cresseid, the flower and A per se *AI, the best*  
Of Troy and Greece, how wast thou fortunate *destined by Fortune*  
To change in filth all thy femininity *orig: feminitee*  
And be with fleshly lust so maculate *stained*  
And go among the Greeks early and late  
So gigolo-like, taking thy foul pleasánce.  
I have pity thee should fall such mischance. *So like a whore*  
*(that on) thee*

13. Yet, ne'ertheless, whate'er men deem or say  
In scornful language of thy brittleness, *frailty*  
I shall excuse, as far forth as I may,  
Thy womanhood, thy wisdom and fairness *beauty*  
The which Fortúne has put in such distress  
As her pleased, and nothing through the guilt  
Of thee, through wicked language to be spilt. *disgraced*

14. This fair lady, in this wise destitute *this way*  
Of all comfórt and consolation  
Right privily, but fellowship, on foot, *without company*  
Disguisèd, passèd far out of the town  
A mile or two unto a mansión  
Builed full gay, where her father Calchas  
Who then among the Greekis dwelling was. *beautifully / C. [lived]*

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15. When he her saw, the cause he gan enquire *did enquire*  
Of her coming. She said, sighing full sore:  
"From Diomed had gotten his desire,  
He waxed weary, and would of me no more."  
Quod Calchas: "Daughter, weep thou not therefor;  
Peráventure, all comis for the best.  
Welcome to me! Thou art full dear a guest."
16. This old Calchas, after the law was tho, *as the law was then*  
Was keeper of the temple as a priest  
In which Venus and her son Cupido  
Were honored, and his chamber was them next. *next to*  
To which Crisseid with bale enough in breast *sorrow*  
Usèd to pass her prayers for to say.  
Till at the last upon a solemn day
17. As custom was, the people far and near  
Before the noon unto the temple went  
With sacrifice devout in their manner.  
But still Cresseid, heavy in her intent  
Into the kirk would not herself present *church*  
For giving to the people any deeming *For [fear of] g. / inkling*  
Of her expulse from Diomed the king, *expulsion*
18. But passed into a secret orature *room*  
Where she might weep her woeful destiny.  
Behind her back she closèd fast the door  
And on her knees bare fell down in hee. *in haste*  
Upon Cupid and Venus angrily  
She crièd out, and said in this same wise:  
"Alas that ever I made you sacrifice. *[to] you*
19. "You gave me once a divine rèsponsail *promise*  
That I should be the flower of love in Troy;  
Now am I made an unworthy outwail, *outcast*  
And all to care translated is my joy. *changed*  
Who shall me guide? Who shall me now convoy *protect*  
Since I from Diomed and noble Troilus  
Am clean excluded as abject odious?
20. "O false Cupid, is none to wite but thou *to blame*  
And thy mother, of love the blind goddess.

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You caused me always understand and trow The seed of love was sowèn in my face And ay grew green through your supply and grace. But now, alas, that seed with frost is slain And I by lovers left, and all forlain."	<i>believe</i>  <i>constantly</i>  <i>forlorn, abandoned</i>
21. When this was said, down in an ecstasy Ravished in spirit, into a dream she fell, And by appearance heard, where she did lie, Cupid the king ringing a silver bell Which men might hear from heaven into hell At whose sound, before Cupid appears The seven planets descending from their spheres. <sup>1</sup>	<i>trance</i>
22. Venus was there present, that goddess gay, Her son's quarrel for to defend, and make Her own complaint, clad in a nice array The one half green, the other half sable black, White hair as gold, combed and shed aback But in her face seemèd great variance: Whiles perfect truth, and whilis inconstance.	<i>beautiful</i>  <i>beautiful garment</i>  <i>flowing behind</i>  <i>Sometimes</i>
23. Under smiling she was dissimulate Provocative with blenkis amorous, And suddenly changed and alterate, Angry as any serpent venomous, Right pungitive with wordis odious. Thus variant was she, who list take keep, With one eye laughs, and with the other weeps	<i>deceitful</i> <i>looks</i> <i>altered</i>  <i>sharp</i>
24. In tokening that all fleshly paramour, Which Venus has in rule and governance, Is sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter and sour, Right unstable and full of variance, Mingled with careful joy and false pleasance, Now hot, now cold, now blithe, now full of woe, Now green as leaf, now withered and ago.	<i>sexual love</i>    <i>care-filled</i> <i>happy</i> <i>gone</i>

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<sup>1</sup> 21.6: *appears* can be used correctly with a plural subject in this dialect. After 21.7 and again after 24.7 several stanzas of the original are omitted, a rather tedious catalogue of the appearance and attributes of other gods /planets: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Phoebus, Mercury and the Moon.

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25. "Lo," quod Cupid, "who will blaspheme the name  
Of his own god, either in word or deed,  
To all [the] gods he does both lak and shame,  
And should have bitter painis to his meed.  
I say this by yonder wretch Cresseid  
The which through me was sometime flower of love  
Me and my mother starkly gan reprove, <sup>1</sup>
- whoever*  
*insult*  
*reward*  
*by = about*  
*The which = who*
26. Saying, of her great infelicity  
I was the cause; and my mother Venus  
A blind goddess her called, that might not see,  
With slander and defame injurious.  
Thus her living unclean and lecherous  
She would return on me and on my mother  
To whom I show my grace above all other.
- unhappiness*  
*blame*  
*respect*
27. And since you are all seven deificate  
Participants of divine sapience,  
This great injury done to our high estate  
Methink with pain we should make recompense.  
Was never to gods done such violence;  
As well for you as for myself I say.  
Therefore, go help to revenge, I you pray."
- deified*  
*wisdom*  
*rank*  
*retribution*
28. Mercurius to Cupid gave answer <sup>2</sup>  
And said: "Sir king, my counsel is that ye  
Refer you to the highest planet here  
And take to him the lowest of degree  
The pain of Cresseid for to modify:  
As god Saturn with him take Cynthia."  
"I am content, " quod he, "to take they twa."
- decide*  
*them two*
29. Then thus proceeded Saturn and the Moon  
When they the matter ripely had digest  
For the despite to Cupid she had done  
And to Venus, open and manifest,
- decided*  
*carefully considered*  
*offence*

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<sup>1</sup> The syntax is *[And who] harshly did reprove me and my mother.*

<sup>2</sup> Mercury's suggestion is this: that the highest planet (Saturn) take the lowest (Cynthia, the Moon) and let these two decide Cresseid's punishment.

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In all her life with pain to be oppressed <sup>1</sup>  
And torment sore, with sickness incurable  
And to all lovers be abominable.

30. This doleful sentence Saturn took in hand,  
And passèd down where careful Cressid lay *care-filled*  
And on her head he laid a frosty wand,  
Then lawfully in this wise gan he say: *like a judge*  
"Thy great fairness and all thy beauty gay,  
Thy wanton blood and eke thy golden hair *hot blood*  
Here I exclude from thee for evermore.

31. I change thy mirth into melánocholy,  
Which is the mother of all pensiveness;  
Thy moisture and thy heat in cold and dry; *into*  
Thine insolence, thy play and wantonness  
To great dis-ease; thy pomp and thy riches  
In mortal need. And great penurity *into*  
Thou suffer shall, and as a beggar die."

32. O cruel Saturn, froward and angry, *perverse*  
Hard is thy doom, and too malicious. *judgement*  
On fair Cresseid why hast thou no mercy,  
Who was so sweet, gentle and amorous!  
Withdraw thy sentence and be gracious  
As thou wast never; so showest through thy deed  
A wrackful sentence given on fair Cresseid. <sup>2</sup> *vengeful*

33. Then Cynthia, when Saturn passed away, *went away*  
Out of her seat descended down belive *quickly*  
And read a bill on Cresseid where she lay *document to*  
Containing this senténce definitive:  
"From health of body I thee now deprive  
And to thy sickness shall be no recure *cure*  
But in doloúr thy dayis to endure. *sorrow*

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<sup>1</sup> The sentence is that "for her whole life she shall be oppressed with severe pain and torment, with incurable sickness, and that she be repulsive to all lovers."

<sup>2</sup> Saturn is known as the planet or god of cruelty and destructiveness, as shown even by his sentence on Cresseid. Knowing this, the poet professes to ask for mercy for Cresseid from one who has never been known to show mercy (*be gracious as thou wast never*)

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34. "Thy crystal eyes mingled with blood I make,  
Thy voice so clear--unpleasant, hoarse and hace  
Thy lusty lyre o'erspread with spots black  
And lumpis haw appearing on thy face.  
Where thou com'st, each man shall flee the place.  
Thus shalt thou go begging from house to house  
With cup and clapper like a lazarus."
- bloodshot*  
*[I make] rough*  
*lovely neck*  
*livid*  
  
*leper*
35. This dooly dream, this ugly vision  
Brought to an end, Cresseid from it awoke,  
And all that court and convocation  
Vanished away. Then rose she up and took  
A polished glass, and her shadow could look,  
And when she saw her face so deformate,  
If she in heart was woe enough, God wate!
- dreary*  
*having come to*  
  
*image looked at*  
  
*God knows*
36. Weeping full sore: "Lo, what it is," quod she,  
"With froward language for to move and stir  
Our crabbèd gods, and so is seen in me.  
My blaspheming now have I bought full dear.  
All earthly joy and mirth I set a-rear.  
Alas this day. Alas this woeful tide,  
When I began with my goddis to chide!"
- complaining*  
*peevish*  
  
*behind*  
*time*  
*gods*
37. By this was said, a child came from the hall  
To warn Cresseid that supper was ready,  
First knockèd at the door, and then could call:  
"Madame, your father bids you come in hee.  
He has marvel so long on gruff you lie,  
And says, 'Your beadis be too long somdeal.  
The goddis wot all your intent full well.' "
- When*  
  
*did call*  
*in haste*  
*prostrate*  
*prayers / somewhat*  
*know*
39. Quod she: "Fair child, go to my father dear,  
And pray him come to speak with me anon."  
And so he did, and said: "Daughter, what cheer?"  
"Alas," quod she, "father, my mirth is gone."  
"How so," quod he, and she gan all expone  
As I have told, the vengeance and the wrack  
For her trespass Cupid on her could take.
- at once*  
  
*explain*  
*punishment*  
*offence / did take*
39. He lookèd on her ugly leper face

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The which before was white as lily flower.  
Wringing his hands, oft-times he said Alas!  
That he had lived to see that woeful hour.  
For he knew well that there was no succour *help*  
To her sickness, and that doubled his pain.  
Thus was there care enough betwixt them twain. *trouble / two*

40. When they together mournéd had full long,  
Quod Cresseid: "Father, I would not be kenned. *recognized*  
Therefore, in secret wise you let me gang *go*  
To yon hospital at the towné's end,  
And thither some meat for charity me send *food*  
To live upon, for all mirth on this eard *earth*  
Is from me gone. Such is my wicked wierd. *fate*

41. Then in a mantle and a beaver hat,  
With cup and clapper, wonder privily *very secretly*  
He opened a secret gate, and out thereat  
Conveyed her that no man should espy,  
Unto a village half a mile thereby, *from there*  
Delivered her in at the spittal house, *hospital*  
And daily sent her part of his almous. *alms*

42. Some knew her well, and some had no knowledge  
Of her because she was so deforméd  
With boils black o'erspread in her visage  
And her fair color faded and alteréd.  
Yet they presuméd for her high regret *from her deep grief*  
And still mourning, she was of noble kin. *quiet or constant*  
With better will, therefore, they took her in.

43. The day passéd, and Phoebus went to rest,  
The clouds black o'erwhelméd all the sky.  
God wot if Cressid was a sorrowful guest *God knows*  
Seeing that uncouth fare and harbory. *coarse food & shelter*  
But meat or drink she dresséd her to lie *Without food / prepared*  
In a dark corner of the house alone,  
And in this wise weeping she made her moan:

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44. "O sop of sorrow sunken into care,  
 O caitiff Cresseid, now and evermore,  
 Gone is thy joy and all thy mirth on earth  
 Of all blitheness now art thou blackened bare.  
 There is no salve may save thee of thy sore.  
 Fell is thy fortune, wicked is thy weird  
 Thy bliss is banished, and thy bale on breard.  
 Under the earth, God, if I graven were,  
 Where none of Greece nor yet of Troy might hear.<sup>1</sup>

*steeped in  
 outcast  
 joy / totally stripped  
 medicine  
 Bad / fate  
 thy grief grows  
 would that I were buried*

45. "Where is thy chamber, wantonly beseen,  
 With burly bed and bankours 'broidered bene,<sup>2</sup>  
 Spices and wines to thy collation,  
 The cups all of gold and silver sheen,  
 The sweetè meatis served on platis clean  
 With saffron sauce of a good season,  
 Thy gay garments, with many a goodly gown,  
 Thy pleasant lawn pinned with golden preen?  
 All is a-rear, thy great royal renown.

*luxuriously decorated  
 lovely / covers / embroidered well  
 food  
 bright  
 pretty  
 linen / brooch  
 behind*

46. "Where is thy garden, with the grasses gay  
 And freshè flowers which the queen Flora  
 Had painted pleasantly in every pane  
 Where thou wast wont full merrily in May  
 To walk and take the dew by it was day,  
 And hear the merle and mavis many a one;  
 With ladies fair in carrolling to go  
 To see the royal renks in their array  
 In garments gay garnished in every grane?

*beautiful  
 goddess of flowers  
 flower bed  
 when  
 blackbird & thrush  
 singing  
 people  
 decorated in e. way*

47 "Thy great triumphant fame and high honoúr  
 Where thou wast called of earthly wights the flower,  
 All is decayed, thy weird is weltered so

*people  
 fate is changed*

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<sup>1</sup> Cresseid's lament is expressed in nine-line stanzas different from the seven-line rhyme royal of the narrative part of the poem. Beginning with stanza 45 the lament takes the form of the "Ubi sunt" theme, a trope common in the Middle Ages, commenting on the transience of worldly pleasures, and the mortality of great rulers and great beauties. It derives from the phrase "Ubi sunt qui ante nos fuerunt?: Where are those who went before us?" Its best known modern representative is Rosetti's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" and its refrain "But where are the snows of yesteryear?", a version of a poem by the medieval French poet Francois Villon.

<sup>2</sup> With lovely bed and covers embroidered well".

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Thy high estate is turned in darkness dour.  
Thy leper lodge take for thy burly bower, *lovely*  
And for thy bed take now a bunch of straw.  
For waléd wine and meatis thou haddest tho *select / then*  
Take mouléd bread, perry and cider sour. *mouldy / perry = a drink*  
But cup and clapper, now is all ago. *But = except for / gone*

48. My clear voice and my courtly carolling  
Where I was wont with ladies for to sing,  
Is rauc as rook, ful hideous, hoarse and hace. *raucous / h. & rough*  
My pleasant port all others precelling *features / excelling*  
Of lustiness I was held most condng,  
Now is deformed the figure of my face *love / worthy*  
To look on it no lede now liking has. *no man*  
Soppéd in site I say with sore sighng,  
Lodgéd among the leper lede: "Alas, *Steeped in sorrow*  
*leper folk*

49. O ladies fair of Troy and Greece, attend *listen*  
My misery, which none may comprehend,  
My frivol fortune, my infelicity, *changed / unhappiness*  
My great mischief, which no man can amend.  
Beware in time; approaches near the end,  
And in your mind a mirror make of me.  
As I am now, perádventure that ye,  
For all your might, may come to that same end,  
Or elsè worse, if any worse may be.

50. Naught is your fairness but a fading flower, *Nothing*  
Naught is your famous laud and high honouír *praise*  
But wind inflate in other menné's ears; *men's*  
Your rosy red to rotting shall return.  
Example make of me in your memoúr, *memory*  
Who of such thingis woeful witness bears,  
All wealth in earth away as wind it wears. *departs*  
Beware therefore; approaches near the hour.  
Fortune is fickle when she begins and steers." *begins to stir (or steer)*

51. Thus chiding with her dreary destiny,  
Weeping she woke the night from end to end, *remained awake*  
But all in vain. Her dool, her care-ful cry *sorrow*

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- Might not remede, not yet her mourning mend. *be a remedy*  
A leper lady rose, and to her went  
And said: "Why spurnest thou against the wall *knock yourself*  
To slay thyself and mend nothing at all? *improve*
52. Since that thy weeping doubles but thy woe,  
I counsel thee, make virtue of a need.  
Go learn to clap thy clapper to and fro  
And live after the law of leper lede." *leper folk*  
There was no boot, but forth with them she yede *remedy / went*  
From place to place, while cold and hunger sore  
Compellèd her to be a rank beggar. *abject*
53. That samè time of Troy the garrison  
Which had to chieftain worthy Troilus,  
Through jeopardy of war had stricken down *chance*  
Knights of Greece in number marvelous. *praise*  
With great triúmph and laud victorious  
Again to Troy right royally they rode  
The way where Cresseid with the lepers bode. *waited*
54. Seeing that company come, all with one steven *voice*  
They gave a cry and shook [their] cups good speed, *quickly*  
Said: "Worthy lords, for Godè's love of heaven, *for love of God in h.*  
To us lepers part of your almis deeds." *(give) part*  
Then to their cry noble Troilus took heed,  
Having pity, near by the place gan pass *did pass*  
Where Cressid sat, not witting what she was. *not knowing*
55. Then upon him she cast up both her een, *eyes*  
And with a blink it came into his thought *glance*  
That he sometime her face before had seen,  
But she was in such plight he knew her not.  
Yet then her look into his mind it brought  
The sweet visage and amorous blinking *glances*  
Of fair Cresseid, sometime his own darling. *at one time*
56. A spark of love that to his heart could spring *did spring*  
And kindled all his body in a fire  
With hot fever; a sweat and trembling  
Him took while he was ready to expire. *until he*  
To bear his shield his breast began to tire.

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- Within a while he changèd many a hue,  
And ne'ertheless, not one another knew. *short space / color  
the other*
57. For knightly pity, and memorial  
Of fair Cresseid, a girdle gan he take, *belt he took*  
A purse of gold and many a gay jewell, *beautiful*  
And in the skirt of Cressid down gan swake. *did throw*  
Then rode away, and not a word he spake,  
Pensive in heart while he came to the town *until*  
And for great care oftsithes almost fell down. *often*
58. The leper folk to Cressid then gan draw *did approach*  
To see the equal distribution  
Of the alms, but when the gold they saw  
Each one to other privily gan roun, *secretly whispered*  
And said: "Yon lord has more affection  
Howe'er it be, unto yon lazaress *that female leper*  
Than to us all. We know by his almess." *alms*
59. "What lord is yon?" quod she. "Have you no fell *yon=that / knowledge*  
Has done to us such great humanity?" *(who) has*  
"Yes," quod a leper man. "I know him well.  
Sir Troilus it is, gentle and free."  
When Cressid understood that it was he,  
Stiffer than steel there start a bitter stound  
Throughout her heart, and fell down to the ground. *there shot / pain*
60. When she o'ercame, with sighing sore and sad, *revived*  
With many a care-ful cry she called: "Ochone!  
Now is my breast with stormy stoundis stad, *Alas! (Gaelic)*  
Wrappèd in woe, a wretch full will of wone" *beset with storm of pain*  
Then swooned she oft ere she could refrain,  
And ever in her swooning cried she thus:  
"O false Cresseid, and true knight Troilus. *utterly hope-less*
61. "Thy love, thy loyalty, and thy gentleness  
I counted small in my prosperity,  
So efflate was I in my wantonness,  
And climbed upon the fickle wheel so high. *puffed up*  
All faith and love I promisèd to thee *wheel of Fortune*  
Was in itself fickle and frivolous. *All the faith*  
O false Cresseid, and true knight Troilus.
62. "For love of me thou kept good continence, *sexual restraint*

## TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

Honest and chaste in conversation,  
Of all women protector and defence  
Thou wast, and helpèd their opiniõn. *reputation*  
My mind, in fleshly foul affection  
Was inclinèd to lustis lecherous.  
Fie! False Cresseid, and true knight Troilus.

63. When this was said, with paper she sat down,  
And in this manner made her testament: *her will*  
"Here I beteach my corpse and carrion *bequeath*  
With wormis and with toadis to be rent. *eaten*  
My cup and clapper and my ornaments  
And all my gold the leper folk shall have  
When I am dead, to bury me in grave.

64. "This royal ring, set with this ruby red  
Which Troilus in drury to me sent *token of love*  
To him again I leave it when I'm dead  
To make my care-ful death unto him kend. *known*  
Thus I conclude shortly and make an end.  
My spirit I leave to Diane where she dwells *(goddess of chastity & hunting)*  
To walk with her in waste woods and wells.

65. "O Diomed, thou hast both brooch and belt  
Which Troilus me gave in tokening  
Of his true love." And with that word she swelt. *fell (dead)*  
And some one leper-man took off the ring,  
Syn buried her withouten tarrying. *Then / delay*  
To Troilus forthwith the ring he bare, *carried*  
And of Cresseid the death he gan declare. *did relate*

66. When he had heard her great infirmity,  
Her legacy and lamentation,  
And how she ended in such poverty,  
He swelt for woe, and fell down in a swoon. *became weak*  
For great sorrow his heart to burst was bound. *ready to break*  
Sighing full sadly said: "I can no more.  
She was untrue, and woe is me therefore."

67. Some said he made a tomb of marble gray  
And wrote her name and superscription, *an inscription*  
And laid it on her grave where that she lay,  
In golden letters, containing this reasõn: *statement*  
"Lo, fair ladies, Cresseid of Troy town,  
Sometime counted the flower of womanhead,  
Under this stone, late leper, she lies dead."

TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID

68. Now, worthy women, in this ballad short  
Made for your worship and instruction  
Of charity I 'monish and exhort:  
Ming not your love with false deception.  
Bear in your mind this short conclusion  
Of fair Cresseid as I have said before.  
Since she is dead I speak of her no more.

*admonish*  
*Mingle*

Here ends  
**The Testament of Cresseid**

TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID