

# **TROILUS AND CRISEYDE**

by

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

**Book II**

## Book II

## Proem

1. Out of these blackè wavès for to sail,  
 O wind, O wind, the weather 'ginneth clear,  
 For in this sea the boat hath such travail,  
 Of my cunning that unnethes I it steer.<sup>1</sup>  
 This sea clepe I the tempestuous matter  
 Of dis-espair that Troilus was in.  
 But now of hope the Kalendès begin.
- begins to  
difficulty*
- I call  
despair  
Kalendes = first days*
2. O lady mine that callèd art Cleo,  
 Thou be my speed from this forth, and my muse  
 To rhymè well this book, till I have do.  
 Me needeth here no other art to use;  
 For-why to every lover I me excuse  
 That of no sentiment I this endite  
 But out of Latin in my tongue it write.<sup>2</sup>
- Cleo = muse of history  
(Be) thou my help  
finished*
- Therefore  
no experience / compose*
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;  
 For as my author said, so say I.  
 Eke, though I speak of love unfeelingly,  
 No wonder is, for it no thing of new's:  
 A blind man cannot judgen well in hues.
- Don't blame*
- Also  
is nothing new  
colors*
4. You know eke that in form of speech is change  
 Within a thousand years, and wordès tho  
 That hadden price, now wonder nice and strange  
 Us thinketh them, and yet they spoke them so
- also  
then  
had value / now very odd  
They seem to us*

---

<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.

And sped as well in love as men now do.<sup>1</sup>  
 Eke for to winnen love in sundry ages  
 In sundry landès, sundry been usages.

*And succeeded  
 And / various times  
 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,  
 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.

*tell*

*I know not*

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*

---

<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** and **3**), 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.

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*

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

*song  
 lament  
 transformed  
 so near*

11. And gan to call and dress him up to rise  
 Remembering him his errand was to do  
 From Troilus, and eke his great emprise,  
 And cast, and knew in good plight was the moon  
 To do viage, and took his way full soon

*get ready to  
 enterprise  
 cast (a horoscope)  
 To start something*

---

<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.

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  
Within a pavéd parlor, and they three  
Heard a maiden read to them the geste  
Of the siege of Thebès, while them lest.<sup>1</sup>

*sitting*  
*story*  
*while it pleased them*

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

*God bless you*  
*indeed*  
*in haste*  
*Last night*  
*I dreamed*

14. "Yea, niecè, you shall farè well the bet,  
If God will, all this year," quod Pandarus.  
"But I am sorry that I have you let  
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."  
"Uncle," quod she, "your mistress is not here."

*the better*  
*hindered*  
*may you teach me*  
*girlfriend, beloved*

15. With that they gonnen laugh, and then she said:<sup>2</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>3</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]*

---

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

<sup>2</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>3</sup> 15.5: Red letters (rubrics) marked the beginnings of sections in many medieval MSS.

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."

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

*Oh, surely not  
can't guess  
some joke I guess  
unless yourself  
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 guarantee you / my me*

*tell gladly  
would be  
If you knew*

<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.

I japè not, as ever have I joy."

*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 desirèd 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 matter,  
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*

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

*uncle / pleases me*

*very proper*

*good behavior  
here = on earth  
together*

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

*is true*

*two*

*to say*

*free of*

*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 flee. *did flee*  
 And through the field, in every wightè's ear, *every person's*  
 There was no cry but `Troilus is there!'

29. "Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast  
 There n'as but Greekès' blood and Troilus, *was nothing but*  
 Now them he hurt, and them all down he cast. *them ... them = these ... those*  
 Aywhere he went it was arrayèd thus: *Wherever / happened*  
 He was their death, and shield and life for us,  
 That all that day there durst him none withstand *dared*  
 While that he held his bloody sword in hand.

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

31. "What aileth you to be thus weary soon,

---

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

- And namèly of women? Will you so? *And especially*  
 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, *person / then*  
 That heardè that, gan far away to stand  
 While they two had all that them list in hand. *discussed all they wished*
32. When that their tale all brought was to an end *business*  
 Of her estate and of her governance, *management*  
 Quod Pandarus: "Now is it time I wend;  
 But yet, I say, ariseth, let us dance, *went away*  
 And cast your widow's habit to mischance:  
 What list you thus yourself to disfigure, *discard your w's gown*  
 Since you is tid thus fair an aventure?" *Why do you want?*  
*to you has happened*
33. "Ah! Well bethought, for love of God," quod she, *Oh, yes indeed!*  
 "Shall I not witen what you mean of this?" *not know*  
 "No. This thing asketh leisure," then quod he,  
 "And eke me wouldè muchè grieve, i-wis, *indeed*  
 If I it told and you it took amiss.  
 Yet were it bet' my tonguè for to still *better to keep quiet*  
 Than say a sooth that were against your will. *truth*
34. "For, niecè 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, *Except for lovers / knowledge*  
 That I best love, and loathest am to grieve; *most reluctant*  
 And that you witen well yourself, I 'lieve." *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, *Indeed / many thanks*  
 And if I have ere this, I will amend. *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." *Leave off / strange*  
*what you please*

And with that word her uncle anon her kissed  
 And said: "Gladly, levè niece dear *my beloved*  
 Take it for good what I shall say you here."

37. With that she gan her eyèn down to cast  
 And Pandarus to coughen gan a lite, *a little*  
 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, *tell, embroider(?)*  
 Yet, for all that, in their intention,  
 Their tale is all for some conclusion.

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

39. Then thought he thus: "If I my tale endite *tell*  
 Aught hard, or make a process any while, *or drag it out*  
 She shall no savor have therein but lite, *but little satisfaction*  
 And trow I would her in my will beguile.<sup>1</sup> *She will think / deceive*  
 For tender wits weenen all be wile *think all is trickery*  
 Thereas they cannot plainly understand; *Where*  
 For-thy her wit to serven will I fond."<sup>2</sup> *Therefore / try*

40. And lookèd on her in a busy wise *an intent way*  
 And she was ware that he beheld her so,  
 And said: "Lord! so fast you me advise! *look at me so hard*  
 Saw you me ne'er ere now? What say you? No?" *never before now*  
 "Yes, yes," quod he, "and bet' will ere I go; *better*  
 But by my truth, I thought now if that ye *if = how*  
 Be fortunate, for now men shall it see. *how fortunate you are*

41. "For t' every wight some goodly aventure *good fortune*  
 Sometime is shape, if he it can receive; *is prepared*  
 And if that he will take of it no cure, *no notice*

---

<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."

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.

*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>1</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 creäture 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*

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*

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

*his custom*

---

<sup>1</sup> 42.6-7: "There is nobody (*none ... wight*) in the whole world, if you please, who is so fortunate."

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.

*unless you help / his death*

*what you like*

47. "But if you let him dien, I will starve:  
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>1</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,  
For to be slain, if fortune will assent.  
Alas that God you such a beauty sent!

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

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 virtueless!  
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>2</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,

*fraud  
I'd rather  
pimp*

---

<sup>1</sup> 47.7: "How does it help you if we both die?"

<sup>2</sup> 50.7: "It's a shame that your are alive."

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.

*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>1</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 woulde wonder see him come or gon:  
 There-against I answer thus anon,  
 That every wight, but he be fool of kind,  
 Will deem it love of friendship in his mind.

*only reasonable*

*I set = Suppose ...  
 or go*

*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>2</sup>  
 That of his death you be not for to wite."

*wrap yourself*

*to end*

*to blame*

56. Criseyde, which that heard him in this wise

---

<sup>1</sup> 52.6: "This is all I have to say, and that is our frank wish."

<sup>2</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.

- Thought: "I shall feelen what he means i-wis."  
 "Now, eme," quod she, "what wouldé 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*
57. "Think, eke, how Eldé wasteth every hour *Age*  
 In each of you a party of beauty, *part*  
 And therefore ere that Agè thee devour,  
 Go love; for, old, there will no wight of thee. *no one will want you*  
 Let this provérb a lore unto you be: *a lesson*  
 `Too late aware,' quod Beauty, when it passed.  
 `And Eldé daunteth Daunger at the last.'<sup>1</sup> *Age overtakes aloofness*
58. "The kingè's fool is wont to cry aloud, *accustomed*  
 When that he thinks a woman bears her high: *acts haughtily*  
 `So longé may you liven, and all proud, *proud (women)*  
 Till crowè's feet be grown under your eye,  
 And send you then a mirror in to pry *to look in*  
 In which that you may see your face a-morrow.' *in the morning*  
 Niece, I biddé wish you no more sorrow."<sup>2</sup>
59. With this he stint, and cast a-down the head, *stopped*  
 And she began to burst a-weep anon, *into tears*  
 And said: "Alas for woe! why n'ere I dead? *Why am I not*  
 For of this world the faith is all agone:  
 Alas! what should a stranger to me don, *do*  
 When he that for my bestè friend I wend *whom I took*  
 Redes me to love who should it me defend? *Advises / forbid it to me*
60. "Alas! I would have trusted doubtéless  
 That if that I through my disáventure *bad fortune*  
 Had lovèd either him or Áchilles,  
 Hector, or any other creäture,  
 You would have had no mercy nor measúre

---

<sup>1</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 waiting endlessly without any erotic satisfaction. If this attitude of hers prevails long enough, he says, Age will overtake it.

<sup>2</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'.)

On me, but always had me in reprove.  
This falsè world, alas! who may it 'lieve?

*reproof  
believe, trust*

61. "What! is this all the joy and all the feast?  
Is this your red——e? 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 astonéd am I that I die."

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

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;  
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>

*no better  
  
I swear to God  
  
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<sup>2</sup>  
That wickedly you do us both to die.

*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

*died  
timidest person  
also*

---

<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.

<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." Both of them are overplaying their hands.

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.	<i>seriousness</i>  <i>more harm to regret</i>
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 preséncè, it will be no soláce. What men would of it deem I cannot say; It needeth me full slyly for to play.	<i>misfortunes</i> <i>Every day wicked</i>  <i>judge</i>
67. And with a sorrowful sigh she saidè thrice: "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 baláncè, But natheless, with Goddès governance, I shall so do: mine honour shall I keep, And eke his life"; and stintè for to weep.	<i>three times</i>      <i>and stopped</i>
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 niecè dear." "Now, well," quod she, "and I will do my pain. I shall my heart against my lust constrain.	<i>I'd rather be pleasant honorably / my uncle's</i>  <i>no indeed my best a. my inclination</i>
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.	<i>not deceive him</i>  <i>I'll try to</i>  <i>To that / no dreaded / imagination</i>

---

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

<sup>2</sup> 68.1-4: It would appear that Criseyde is speaking stanza 67 and the first three lines of 68 to herself, 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.

But cease the cause, ay ceaseth malady.<sup>1</sup>

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,  
You will it holden truly unto me?"  
"Yea, doubtèless," quod she, "mine uncle dear!"  
"Ne that I shall have cause in this mattér,"  
Quod he, "to 'plain or after you to preach?"  
"Why no, pardee; what needeth morè speech?"

*promised*

*complain  
by God*

72. Then fellen they in other talès glad,  
Till at the last: "O good eme!" quod she tho,  
"For love of God, which that us bothè made,  
Tell me how first you wisten of his woe;  
Wot none of it but you?" He saidè: "No."  
"Can he well speak of love?" quod she: "I pray?  
Tell me, for I the bet' me shall purvey."

*started talking  
uncle / then*

*you knew  
Knows anyone?*

*better prepare myself*

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,  
Within the palace garden by a well  
Gan he and I well half a day to dwell,  
Right for to speaken of an ordinance  
How we the Greeks might do a disadvantage.

*not long ago*

*plan  
inflict a defeat*

74. "Soon after that began we for to leap  
And casten with our dartès to and fro,  
Till at the last he said that he would sleep,  
And on the grass adown he laid him tho;  
And I afar gan roamen to and fro,  
Till that I heard, as that I walked alone,

*spears*

*then*

---

<sup>1</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.

How he began full woefully to groan.

75. "Tho gan I stalk full softly him behind,  
And sikerly, the soothè for to sayn,  
As I can clepe again now to my mind,  
Right thus to Love he gan him for to 'plain.  
He said: `O, Lord, have ruth upon my pain;  
All have I rebel been in mine intent,  
Now *mea culpa*, Lord, I me repent.<sup>1</sup>

*Then / creep  
certainly / truth  
recall  
complain  
have pity  
Although  
my fault*

76. "“O God ! that at thy disposition  
Leadest the fine by justè purveyance  
Of every wight, my low confessiõn  
Accept in gree, and send me such penãnce  
As liketh thee; but from disésperance  
That may my ghost depart away from thee,  
Thou be my shield for thy benignity.<sup>2</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>3</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 gleeedès red  
That men them wry with ashes pale and dead’<sup>4</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,

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

---

<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.

<sup>2</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>3</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>4</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."

And said: `Awake, you sleepen all too long;  
It seems me not that Love doth you to long<sup>1</sup>

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*

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 comíng  
All suddenly he left his cómplaining.

*I did not know*

81. "Of which I took somewhat suspiciõn  
And near I came, and found he weptè sore,  
And God so wise be my salvation,  
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>2</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,

*no other reason*

---

<sup>1</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)".

<sup>2</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.

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.

*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>1</sup>  
 Well in the ring then is the ruby set.  
 There were never two so well y-met  
 When you be his all whole, as he is yours,  
 There mighty God yet grant us see that hour."

*good fortune*

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 niecè dear."  
 "Now, well," quod she, "forgiven be it here."

*you ruin everything*

*Whatever*

*angry / my kin*

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 afearèd 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>2</sup>

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

---

<sup>1</sup> 84.3: "If you are as wise as you are pretty to look at."

<sup>2</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

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*

89. "For other way is from the gatè none  
 Of Dardanus where open is the chain."  
 With that came he and all his folk anon  
 An easy pacè riding in routes twain,  
 Right as his happy day was, sooth to sayn,  
 For which, men say, may not disturbèd be  
 What shall betiden of necessity.

*(a city gate)*

*two groups  
 truth to tell*

*What must happen*

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

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

*to look at*

*courage  
 arm himself  
 athletic*

92. His helm to-hewen was in twenty places,  
 That by a tissue hung his back behind,  
 His shield to-dashèd was with swords and maces,  
 In which men mighten many an arrow find  
 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!"

*hacked  
 by a sliver it hung*

*pierced / sinew / hide  
 constantly  
 2nd only to (Hector)*

---

generalization." **The Medieval Poet as Voyeur**, p. 127.

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

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

*blushed w. embarrassment*

*pleasing sight  
 modestly  
 appearance*

*love potion? alcohol?*

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

*blushed*

*he will die  
 Unless I  
 embarrassment*

95. And gan to cast and rollen up and down  
 Within her thought his excellent prowèss,  
 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*

---

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

98. And also blissful Venus, well arrayed,<sup>1</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*

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 wouldè cease  
 For Troilus upon her for to press.

*stop / a while*

*to think  
 how she would act*

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 heartè 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 thoughtè 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>2</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 kingè's son is he,  
 And since he has to see me such delight,  
 If I would utterly his sightè flee,  
 Paraunter he might have me in despite,  
 Through which I mightè standen in worse plight.

*Perhaps*

---

<sup>1</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.

<sup>2</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."

Now were I wise, me hate to purcháse  
Withouten need, where I may stand in grace? <sup>1</sup>

*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;  
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>2</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.

*even 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>3</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,

<sup>1</sup> 102.6-7: "Would I be wise to invite hate needlessly, when I could have favor?"

<sup>2</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>3</sup> 106.3: *so she* ....: "provided that she keep her reputation intact."

For well wot I myself (so God me speed,  
 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*

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 religious;  
 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 cónstraint and their pain?  
 There loveth none that she n'as why to 'plain.<sup>1</sup>

*security / give up  
 how dare I*

*reason to complain*

112. "For love is yet the mostè stormy life

---

<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."

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*

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

*eager*

*as soon as*

*whoever has to regret it  
 tear themselves*

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,  
 Or where becometh it when it is gone.  
 There is no wight that wot — I trowè so —  
 Where it becomes. Lo! No wight on it spurneth;<sup>1</sup>  
 What erst was nothing, into nought it turneth.

*To what purpose  
 where it goes  
 no one who knows, I guess*

*What first*

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

*chatter / judge  
 And cajole, persuade?  
 can seem to them  
 please*

116. And after that her thought gan for to clear,  
 And said: "He which that nothing undertaketh  
 Nothing achieveth, be him loth or dear;"  
 And with another thought her heartè quaketh;  
 Then sleepeth hope, and after dread awaketh;  
 Now hot, now cold; but thus betwixen tway,  
 She rose her up and went her for to play.

*like it or not*

*between the two  
 enjoy (the company)*

---

<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."

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,  
 Flexippè, she, Tharbe and Antigone  
 To playen, that it was joy to see,  
 And other of her women a great rout  
 Her followed in the garden all about.

*a turn*

*To socialize  
 a large number*

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 heartè'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.

*my h's joy 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, unwearry or unfeigned  
 That ever was, and least with harm distrained,<sup>2</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

*the source*

*rock of certainty*

---

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

<sup>2</sup> 120.7: *Distrainded*: variously glossed by editors and lexicographers: "stained, sullied, misled, overcome, oppressed."

Of virtue root, of lust finder and head,  
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.

*of joy the source*

*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 thankèd 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:

*stopped*

---

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

"Madame, i-wis the goodliest maid  
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*

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 sinken 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;  
Her women soon unto her bed her brought.

*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."

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*

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;  
 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

*mannerly*

*person / went  
 where he pleased*

---

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

For woe till that he heardè some tiding.  
He saidè: "Friend, shall I now weep or sing?"

137. Quod Pandarus: "Lie still, and let me sleep,  
And don thy hood; thy needès spedde be,<sup>1</sup> *put on / have been met*  
And choose if thou wilt sing or dance or leap:  
At shortè wordès, thou shalt trowen me, *believe 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> *Unless*

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

139. But right as flowers, through the cold of night  
Y-closèd, stoopen in their stalkès low,  
Redressen them against the sunnè bright, *recover in the bright sun*  
And spreaden, in their kindè, course by row, *their nature / row by r.*  
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." *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, *I am healthy*  
A thousand Troyès whoso that me gave  
Each after other (God so wise me save)

---

<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.

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 feignèd, 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*

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*

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

*you know  
Mount a horse*

---

<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."

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.

*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*

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,<sup>2</sup>  
 As thus, to usen termès of physic  
 In lovè’s termès. Hold of thy mattér  
 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.”

*Don’t jumble / together  
 of medicine  
 Keep to the point  
 & be consistent  
 a fish*

---

<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 make 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 it*) but a joke.”

150. This counsel likèd well to Troilus,  
 But, as a dreadful lover, said he this:  
 "Alas! my dearè brother Pandarus!  
 I am ashamèd 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 set him down, and wrote right in this wise.

*By God  
 Since you wish*

*write  
 Make it succeed  
 skill / to compose*

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*

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*

---

<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."

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 endéless 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*

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>  
 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>3</sup>

*laughed so hard*

---

<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."

<sup>3</sup> 159.2: "until she thought her heart would burst."

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.

*something 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*

162. Full dreadfully then gan she standen still,<sup>1</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*

163. "And looketh now if this be reasonáble,  
 And letteth not for favour nor for sloth:  
 To say a sooth. Now is it covenáble  
 To mine estate, by God and by my truth,  
 To take it, or of him to havè ruth  
 In harming of myself or in repreve?  
 Bear it again for him that you on 'lieve."<sup>2</sup>

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

---

<sup>1</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?"

<sup>2</sup> 163: "Take it back to him you believe in" (to him you represent?).

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 nicè fare: *stop this foolishness*  
 To deathè may I smitten be with thunder *to gain the city*  
 If for the city which that standeth yonder *why do you take it so?*  
 Would I a letter to you bring or take  
 To harm of you! What list you thus it make?
165. "But thus you faren — well nigh all and some, *you = women*  
 That he that most desireth you to serve, *care least what happens*  
 Of him you reckon least where he become, *die*  
 And whether that he live or elsè starve;  
 But for all that, that e'er I may deserve,  
 Refuse it not," quod he, and hent her fast, *grabbed her hard*  
 And in her bosom down the letter thrust,
166. And said [to] her: "Now cast it away anon *stare at us both*  
 That folk may see and garen on us tway." *I can wait*  
 Quod she: "I can abide till they be gone," *Uncle*  
 And gan to smile, and said him: "Eme, I pray,  
 Such answer as you list, yourself purvey, *as you please, carry*  
 For truly I will no letter write."  
 "No! then will I," quod he, "so you endite." *provided you dictate*
167. Therewith she laughed, and saidè: "Go we dine;" *have lunch*  
 And he gan at himself to jopen fast, *to joke*  
 And said: "Niece, I have so great a pine *pinning*  
 For love, that every other day I fast;" *jokes*  
 And gan his bestè japès forth to cast,  
 And made her so to laugh at his folly  
 That she for laughter weened for to die. *expected*
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  
 Amongèst 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;  
 And put it up, and went her in to dine; *knew how to act properly to lunch*

And Pandarus, that in a study stood,  
 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."

*stood abstractedly*  
  
*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,  
 And saidè: "Niece, who hath arrayèd thus  
 The yonder house that stands afore-gainst us?"  
 "Which house?" quod she, and gan for to behold,  
 And knew it well, and whose it was him told.

*near*  
*fixed*  
*opposite*

171. And fellen forth in speech of thingès small,  
 And saten 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?  
 Can he thereon? for by my truth I n'ot." <sup>1</sup>

*made small talk*

*you know about*

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

*she blushed*  
*I guess so*  
*Reward*  
*as reward (to me/you?)*

*little*  
*fold*

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 niecè dear  
 Refuseth not at this time my prayér."

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

*cause him not*

174. "Depardieu!" quod she, "God leve all be well;  
 God help me so, this is the firstè letter

*Indeed / God grant*

---

<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.

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.

*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, niecè mine, Criseyde,  
 That you to him of hard now been y-won<sup>1</sup>  
 Ought he be glad, by God and yonder sun!  
 For-why men say, impressionès light  
 Full lightly been ay ready to the flight.

*reluctantly begun  
 good result*

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>2</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

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

---

<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.

<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).

Causeth despite full often, for distress.”<sup>1</sup>

179. And right as they declarèd this mattér,  
Lo! Troilus right at the streetè's end  
Came riding with his tenthè some i-fere<sup>2</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>3</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!  
What should I dretch, or tell of his array?  
Criseydè, which that all these thingès saw,  
To tell in short, her likèd all i-fere,  
His person, his array, his look, his cheer,

*God knows  
was good looking  
God knows whether  
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*

---

<sup>1</sup> 178.6-7: Hardness persisted in too long induces contempt because of the pain (it causes).

<sup>2</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>3</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 'courteous' to 'apprehensive'. *and oft his hues (gan) mue*: 'and his color changed often' implies shyness and apprehension.

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

184. "God help me so," quod he, "you say me sooth, *tell truth*  
 You feelen well yourself that I naught lie.  
 Lo! yond he rides." Quod she: "Yea, so he doth." *yonder*  
 "Well," quod Pandáre, "as I have told you thrice, *3 times*  
 Let be your nicèty and your follý, *squeamishness*  
 And speak with him in easing of his heart:  
 Let nicèty not do you both to smart." *cause you pain*

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

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

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, *in bed*

---

<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.'

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."

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

*gave up*

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,  
 Therewith full oft encreaseth eke desire;  
 Or, as an oak comes of a little spire,  
 So through this letter which that she him sent  
 Increasesn 'gan desire, of which he brent.

*whatever*

*shoot*

*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  
 To pressen on, as by Pandárus' lore,

*did before  
 advice*

---

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

And writen to her of his sorrows sore  
 From day to day: he let it naught refreid  
 That by Pandáre he somewhat wrote or said.

*grow cold*

193. And did also his other observánces  
 That to a lover 'longeth in this case;  
 And after that these dicé turned on chances,  
 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.

*belong  
 as the dice came up*

*Or glad*

194. But to Pandáre always was his recourse,  
 And piteously gan ay to him to 'plain,  
 And him besought of redde and some succourse;<sup>2</sup>  
 And Pándarus, that saw his woodè pain,  
 Waxed well nigh dead for ruthè, sooth to sayn,  
 And busily with all his heartè cast  
 Some of his woe to slay, and that as fast;

*advice & help  
 bitter  
 Grew / for pity  
 determined  
 to relieve / quickly*

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 the guiltless in distress.

*I don't know if you know it*

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

---

<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."

197. "Paraunter thinkest thou:<sup>1</sup> 'though it be so  
That Kinde 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*

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

*if you will  
  
privacy  
Indeed  
  
unaware*

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

*then  
always  
  
more  
concerns*

---

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

202. "Yes, pardee," quod Deiphebus, "well thou wost,  
 In all that e'er I may, and God to-fore,  
 Al n'ere it but for the man that I love most,  
 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."

*you know  
 before God*

*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."

204. Deiphebus answered him: "Oh, is not this  
 That thou speak'st of to me thus strangely,  
 Criséydè, my friend?" He saidè: "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 mattér,  
 How I might best availen." "Now let's see,"  
 Quod Pandarus. "If you, my lord so dear,  
 Would as now do this honoúr 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

*dare ask at present  
 ask you / trouble*

*better*

---

<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"

For to be helpèd, what at your instánce,  
What with her other friendès' governance."

*support  
management*

207. Deiphebus, which that comen was of kind  
To all honoúr 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 Criseydé 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  
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*

210. He said: "O very God! so have I run,  
Lo! niecé mine, see you not how I sweat?  
I n'ot whether you morè thank me can;  
Be you not 'ware how falsè Poliphét  
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,

*to vex*

*wouldn't care*

*Were it not*

---

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

That be his friends in such a manner case;<sup>1</sup>  
 But for the love of God, mine uncle dear!  
 No force of that, let him have all i-fere;

*No matter / everything*

212. "Withouten that I have enough for us."  
 "Nay," quod Pandáre, "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,  
 Came her to pray — in his proper persón —  
 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.

*planned / to do*

*in person  
 to be his guest*

*politely*

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?"

---

<sup>1</sup> 211.4-5: Benoit de Saint-Maure and Guido delle Colonne (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.

- 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,  
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."
- usually hits you  
  
carry it off  
  
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 softèly,  
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,
- the welcome  
  
Or his (T's) attack  
bedclothes to load*

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.

*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*

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,  
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.

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

*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 Déiphebe 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. Complainèd 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

*physician*

---

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

Men curen folk; this charm I will thee lere." <sup>1</sup>  
 But there sat one, al' list her not to teach,  
 That thought: "Best could I be his leech."

*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,  
 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>2</sup>  
 But all pass I, lest you too longè dwell;  
 But for one fine is all that e'er I tell.

*to take note of*  
*w. serious face*  
*be proud*  
*enable*

*one purpose*

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,

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

---

<sup>1</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.

<sup>2</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 knight live or die?" 228.6: *But all ... dwell* : "But I pass over this lest you be delayed too long."

And give me sorrow but he shall it rue <sup>1</sup>  
If that I may, and allè folk be true."

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,  
And so he shall, for it ne may not vary."<sup>2</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.

*more vehemently  
to curse*

*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>3</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*

235. To smilen of this then gan Troilus;  
And Pandarus, withouten reckoning,

*delay*

---

<sup>1</sup> 230: "May God punish me, if I don't make him regret it, if I can help it and if everyone is loyal."

<sup>2</sup> 232.3: "for it (the law) cannot vary for anyone" (?).

<sup>3</sup> 234.4: "And let you know (*do you wit*), and that promptly indeed."

Out wentè to Elaine and Deiphebus,  
 And said them: "So there be no tarrying,  
 No morè press, he will well that you bring  
 Criséydé, my lady that is here,  
 And as he may endure, he will hear.

*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>1</sup>  
 To bring in press that mightè 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.

*you know / little*

*no blame  
 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>2</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,

*greet & joke with  
 Indeed / at once*

---

<sup>1</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.

<sup>2</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."

And him with all her wit to recomfórt;  
As she best could, she gan him to disport.

*her ability  
entertain*

240. So after this quod she: "We you beseech,  
My dearè brother Deíphebe and I,  
For love of God, and so does Pándare eke,  
To be good lord and friend right heartily  
Unto Criseydé, 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  
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.

*sharpen  
at once*

*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 vouchésafe 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 advise.

*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*

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>  
 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>2</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>3</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,

*come on now!  
 time*

---

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

<sup>2</sup> 247.7: "Stay right here and entertain yourselves quietly."

<sup>3</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.

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.

*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*

251. But now to you, you lovers that be here,  
 Was Troilus not in a cankédort,  
 That lay and might the whispering of them hear?  
 And thought: "O Lord! right now runneth my sort  
 Fully to die or have anon comfórt;"  
 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