TROILUS AND CRISEYDE

by

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Book IV

Unabbreviated
BOOK IV

1. But all too little, welaway the while!
   Lasteth such joy, y-thankèd be Fortúne,
   That seemeth truest when she will beguile,
   And can to foolès so her song entune
   That she them hent and blent, traitor commune, ¹
   And when a wight is from her wheel y-throw
   Then laugheth she, and maketh her the mow.

2. From Troilus she gan her brightè face
   Away to writhe, and took of him no heed,
   And cast him clean out of his lady's grace,
   And on her wheel she set up Diomede,
   For which mine heart right now beginneth bleed;
   And now my pen, alas! with which I write,
   Quaketh for dread of what I must endite.

3. For how Criseydè Troilus forsook,
   Or at the least how that she was unkind,
   Must hencèforth be matter of my book
   As writen folk through which it is in mind: ²
   Alas! that they should ever causè find
   To speak her harm; and if they on her lie,
   I-wis themselves should have the villainy.

4. O you Herynès! Nightè's daughters three,
   That endèless complainen ever in pain,
   Magaera, Allecto, and Tysiphone,
   Thou cruel Mars eke, Father of Quirine,
   This ilkè Fourthè Book help me to fine,
5. Lying in host, as I have said ere this, in siege
   The Greekès strong abouten Troyè town,
Phebus = the sun
   Befell that when that Phoebus shining is i.e. in July-Aug or early Dec.
   Upon the breast of Hercules Lion, 
   That Hector with many a bold baron Planned
   Cast on a day with Greekès for to fight As he was accustomed
   As he was wont to grieve them what he might.

6. N’ot I how long or short it was between I don’t know
   This purpose and that day they fighten meant;
   But on a day well armèd bright and sheen face to face / delay
   Hector and many a worthy knight out went
   With spear in hand, and with big bowès bent,
   And in the beard, withouten longer let,
   Their foemen in the field anon them met.

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

8. At whichè day was taken Antenor, Despite efforts of P (A's son)
   Maugre Polydamas, or Menesteo, Santippe, Sarpedon, Polystenor,
   Polites, or eke the Trojan, Daun Rupho, Polites, or eke the Trojan, Daun Rupho,
   And other lessè folk, as Phebuso,

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

4 8.1-4: Antenor’s is the one name that matters here. As we are told in 29-30 below, he became the traitor who ensured Troy’s destruction.
So that for harm that day the folk of Troy
Dreaden to lose a great part of their joy.

9. Of Priamus was given, at Greeks' request,
A time of truce, and then they gonnen treat
Their prisoners to 'changen, most and least,
And for the surplus given sums great;
This thing anon was couth in every street,
Both in the siege, in town, and everywhere,
And with the first it came to Calchas' ear.

10. When Calchas knew this treaty should hold,
In consistory among the Greeks' soon
He gan in thring forth with lords' old,
And set him there as he was wont to do,
And with a changèd face them bade a boon,
For love of God, to do that reverence
To stinten noise, and give him audience.

11. Then said he thus: "Lo! Lordès mine, I was
Trojan, as it known is, out of dread,
And if that you remember, I am Calchás,
That alderfirst gave comfort to your need,
And toldè well how that you shoulden speed,
For dreadèless through you shall, in a stound,
Be Troy y-burnt and beaten down to ground.

12. "And in what form or in what manner wise
This town to shend, and all your lust achieve,
You have ere this well heard me you devise;
This knownen you, my Lords, as I believe;
And, for the Greekès weren me so leve,
I came myself in my proper person
To teach in this how you was best to done.

13. "Having unto my treasure nor my rent
Right no resport, in respect of your ease,\(^5\)

\(^5\) 13.1-2: "Having no regard for my own money or property but only your benefit (ease)."
Thus all my good I left and to you went,
Weening in this you, Lordès, for to please;
But all that loss ne doth me no dis-ease;
I vouchèsafe as wisly have I joy,
For you to lose all that I have in Troy,

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

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

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

17. "On peril of my life I shall not lie,
Apollo hath me told it faithfully;\textsuperscript{6}
I have eke founden by astronomy,
By sort, and eke by augury, truly,
And dare well say the time is fastèby
That fire and flame on all the town shall spread,
And thus shall Troyè turn to ashes dead.

\textsuperscript{6} 17.2: Calchas's astrology and consultation of Apollo were mentioned earlier in I, 10-11 as the reason for his abandonment of Troy.
18. "For certain, Phoebus and Neptunus both,
That makeden the walls of all the town
Be with the folk of Troy always so wroth
That they will bring it to confusion
Right in despite of King Laomedon,
Because he would not payen them their hire, the town of Troy shall be set on fire."

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

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

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

22. This Troilus was present in the place
When askèd was for Antenor Criseyde,
For which full soonè changen gan his face,
As he that with those wordè well nigh died;

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7 18.1-6: The gods Neptune and Apollo served King Laomedon of Troy and built the walls of the city, but Laomedon, Priam's father, failed to pay them for their work.

8 21.1: "The reason for their coming having been made known."
23. And full of anguish and of grisly dread  
Abode what other lords would to it say,  
And if that they would grant (as God forbid!)  
Th'exchange of her. Then thought he thingès tway:  
First how to save her honour, and what way  
He mightè best th'exchange of her withstand;  
Full fast he cast how all this thing might stand.

24. Love him made allè prest to do her bide,  
And rather dien than she shouldè go,  
But reason said him on that other side:  
"Without assent of her ne do not so,  
Lest for thy work she wouldè be thy foe,  
And say that through thy meddling is y-blow  
Your bother love where it was erst unknow."  

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

26. Hector which that full well the Greekès heard  
For Antenor how they would have Criseyde,  
Gan it withstand, and soberly answered:  
"Sirs, she is no prisoner," he said.  
"I n'ot on you who that this chargè laid,  

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9 24.3-7: His reason urged him as follows: "Do not intervene without consulting her in case she should be angry at you and say that because of your meddling the love of you both (bother) is exposed (y-blow) which was previously secret." Troilus is motivated by the conventional requirement of secrecy in romances and by Criseyde's almost obsessive fear of wagging tongues.

10 26.5: "I don't know who gave you this commission."
But, on my part, you may eftsoons them tell
We usen here no women for to sell."

27. The noise of people up started then at once
As breme as blaze of straw y-set on fire,
For inffortune it wouldè for the nonce
They shoulden their confusion desire.\(^{11}\)
"Hector," quod they, "what ghost may you inspire
This woman thus to shield, and do us lose
Daun Antenor? A wrong way now you choose,
\(^{27}\) The noise of people up started then at once
As breme as blaze of straw y-set on fire,
For inffortune it wouldè for the nonce
They shoulden their confusion desire.\(^{11}\)
"Hector," quod they, "what ghost may you inspire
This woman thus to shield, and do us lose
Daun Antenor? A wrong way now you choose,

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

29. O Juv'nal lord, true is thy senténce
That little witen folk what is to yern\(^{12}\)
That they ne find in their desire offence,
For cloud of error lets them not discern
What best is; and lo, here example as yern
This folk desiren now deliverance
Of Antenor, that brought them to mischance;

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

\(^{11}\) 27.3-4: "For Misfortune wanted (it) on that occasion that they should choose their own destruction.

\(^{12}\) 29.2-5: "People have no idea how to ask for something that will not harm them, because of a cloud of error which will not allow them to see what is best." Juvenal, a Roman satirist, is here paraphrased.
31. For which, delibered was by parliament, decided
For Antenor to yielden out Criseyde.
And it pronounced by the President, no matter who opposed
Although that Hector 'Nay' full often prayed;
And finally, what wight that it withsa[id, the majority of p. wanted it
It was for naught; it must be and should,
For substance of the parliament it would.

32. Departed out of parliament each one, When each had departed
This Troilus, withouten word more
Unto his chamber sped him fast alone,
But if it were a man of his or two, Except for
The which he bade out fast for to go,
Because that he would sleepe[n, as he said,
And hastily upon his bed him laid.

33. And as in winter leaves be bereft fall off
Each after other till the trees be bare,
So that there n'is but bark and branch y-left,
Lies Troilus bereft of each welfare,
Y-bounden in the black e bark of care,
Dispos'd wood out of his wits to braid,
So sore him sat the changing of Criseyde. mad out of h. w. to go

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

35. Right as the wild e bull begins to spring (when) pierced
Now here now there, y-darted to the heart,
And of his death e roareth, complaining,
Right so gan he about the chamber start,
Smiting his breast ay with his fist e smart;
His head unto the wall, his body to the ground he threw / to hurt
Full oft he swapt himselfen to confound.

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

37. But after, when the fury and the rage, Which that his heartè twist and fastè thrust,
By length of timè somewhat gan assuage,
Upon his bed he laid him down to rest.
But then began his tearès more out-burst,
That wonder is the body may suffice
To half this woe which that I you devise.

38. Then said he thus: "Fortúne, alas the while,
What have I done, what have I thus a-guilt;
How mightest thou (for ruthè) me beguile?
Is there no grace, and shall I thus be spilt?
Shall thus Criseyde away for that thou wilt?
Alas! how mayst thou in thy heartè find
To be to me thus cruel and unkind.

39. “Have I thee not honoûrèd all my life,
As thou well wost, above the goddès all?
Why wilt thou me from joyèthus deprive?
O Troilus, what may men thee now call
But wretch of wretches out of honour fall
Into misery, in which I will bewail
Criseyde, alas, till that the breath me fail?

40. “Alas, Fortúne, if that my life in joy
Displeasèd had unto thy foul envy
Why hadst thou not my father, king of Troy,
Bereft the life or do my brethren die, ¹³
Or slain myself that thus complain and cry?--

¹³ 40:1-7: "Fortune, if you were fouilly envious of my joyous life, why didn't you kill my father, the King of Troy, or cause the death of my brothers, or kill me who complain like this?-- I who encumber the world, good for nothing, constantly dying but never expiring"
I, cumber-world, that may of nothing serve,  
But ever die and never fully starve.  

world encumbrance  
constantly die / expire

41. "If that Criseyde alonè were me left,  
Not roughtè I whither thou would’st me steer;  
And her, alas, then hast thou me bereft.  
But evermore, lo, this is thy mannèr,  
To rieve a wight that most is to him dear,  
To prove in that thy gereful violence.  
Thus am I lost, there helpeth no defence.

I would not reck (care)  
And of her  
deprive a person of what is  
changeable

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

you = god of love

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

last  
Alive

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

soul t. wanders  
cause my heart  
thy = soul

45. "O woful eyen two! Since your disport  
Was all to see Criseydè's eyen bright,
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What shall you do, but for my discomfit
Standen for naught and weepen out your sight,
Since she is quenched that won't was you to light?
In vain from this forth have I eyen tway
Y-formèd, since your virtue is away.  

46. "O my Criseyde! O lady sovereign!
Of thilkè sorrowful soulè that thus crieth,
Who shall now given comfort to thy pain?
Alas! no wight. But when mine heartè dieth,
My spirit, which that so unto you hieth,
Receive in gree, for that shall aye you serve;
Forthy, no force is though the body starve.

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

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

49. A thousand sighès hotter than the gleed
Out of his breast each after other went,
Meddled with 'plaintè new, his woe to feed,
For which his woeful tearès never stent;
And, shortly, so his painès him to-rent,
He wax'd so mate that joyè nor penânèce

15 47.1.4: "O, you lovers who are sitting on the top of the Wheel of Fortune, god grant that you may always find love as strong as steel, and may your lives be joyful."

16 48.6-7: "I wish to God I had you where I want you in Troy."
He feeleth none, but lieth in a trance.

50. Pandarus, which that in the parliament
Had heard what every lord and burgess said, citizen
And how full granted was by one assent
For Antenor to yielden out Criseyde,
Gan well nigh wood out of his wit to braid, nearly mad / to go
So that for woe he n'istè what he meant, didn't know
But in a rage to Troilus he went.

51. A certain knight that for the timè kept
The chamber door undid it him anon, for him
And Pandarus full tenderly that wept,
Into the darkè chamber, still as stone,
Toward the bed gan softly for to gon, to go
So confused that he n'istè what to say;
For very woe his wit was nigh away. his mind was nearly gone
52. And with his cheer and looking all to-torn behavior & appearance
For woe of this, and with his armès fold,
He stood this woeful Troilus beforne,
And on his piteous face he gan behold;
But Lord! so often gan his heart to cold, to (grow) cold
Seeing his friend in woe, whose heaviness
His heartèslew, as thought him, for distress.

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

54. But at the last this woeful Troilus,
Nigh dead for smart, gan bursten out to roar, nearly d. of pain
And with a sorrowful noise he saidè thus
Among his sobbès and his sighès sore:
"Lo! Pándare, I am dead, withouten more;
Hast thou not heard at parliament," he said,
"For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?"
55. This Pandarus, full dead and pale of hue,
Full piteously answered and said: "Yes,
As wisly were it false as it is true,
That I have heard, and wot all how it is.
O mercy, God, who would have trowèd this?
Who would have wend that in so little a throw
Fortune our joyè would have overthrow?

56. "For in this world there is no créatúre
As to my doom, that ever saw ruin
Stranger than this through cas or áventúre.
But who may all eschew or all divine?
Such is this world; for-thy I thus define:
Ne trust no wight to finde in Fortúne
Ay property; her giftès been commúne. ¹⁷

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

58. "And over all this, as thou well wost thyself,
This town is full of ladies all about,
And, to my doomè, fairer than such twelve
As e'er she was shall I find in some rout, ¹⁸
Yea, one or two, withouten any doubt.
For-thy be glad, mine ownè dearè brother:
If she be lost, we shall recover another.

¹⁷ 56: 6-7: Property means something like “something proper to oneself”, special favors. Her “gifts” are common, i.e. they are for everyone, no individual has ownership rights.

¹⁸ 58.3-5: Either “twelve times as beautiful” or “more beautiful than twelve such women as ever Criseyde was”. P. says that there are lots of beautiful women in Troy and that he can find at least one or two of them in some group.
59. “What, God forbid, alway that each pleasance
In one thing were, and in none other wight! 
If one can sing, another can well dance;
If this be goodly, she is glad and light;
And this is fair, and that can good aright.
Each for his virtue holden is for dear,
Both heroner and falcon of rivere.

60. “And eke, as writ Zanzis that was full wise,
The newe love out-chaseth oft the old,
And upon newe case lies new advice.
Think eke, thyself to saven thou art hold.
Such fire by process shall of kind cold;
For since it is but casual pleasance,
Some case shall put it out of rémembrance.

61. “For all so sure as day comes after night,
The newe love, labor, or other woe,
Or elsè seldom seeing of a wight
Do old affections all over go.
And, for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho’
T’abridgè with thy bitter painè smart:
Absènçe of her shall drive her out of heart.”

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

63. But at the last he answered, and said: "Friend,
This leechè craft, or healèd thus to be
Were well fitting if that I were a fiend
To treason her that true is unto me;

19 59.1-2: “God forbid that every pleasure should be concentrated on one object and exclude all others”.

20 60.1: Zanzis remains unidentified and possibly imaginary.
I pray God never let this counsel thee, 
But do me rather starve anon right here
Ere I thus do as thou me wouldest lere.21

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

65. "And where thou say'st thou shalt as fair y-find
As she, let be. Make no comparison
To creature y-formèd here by kind.
O levèPándare, in conclusion,
I will not be of thine opinion
Touching all this, for which I thee beseech
So hold thy peace; thou slay'st me with thy speech.

66. "Thou biddest me I shouldè love another
All freshly new, and let Criseydè go:
It lies not in my power, levèbrother,
And though I might, yet would I not do so:
But canst thou playen racket to and fro,
Nettle in, dock out, now this, now that, Pandáre? 22
Now foul fall her that for thy woe hath care!

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

21 63.7: "Before I do as you would advise me."

22 66.6: "Nettle in, dock out" are said to have been the words of a charm for nettle stings.
   66.7: "Bad luck to the woman who pities your love-pain."
68. "The death may well out of my breast depart
cut
The life, so long may this sorrow mine,
(under)mine
But from my soul shall Criseyd’s dart
arrow
Out nevermore, but down with Proserpine,
Queen of the underworld
When I am dead, I will go won in pain,
dwell in
And there I will eternally complain
parted are we two
My woe, and how that twinned be we twain.

69. “Thou hast here made an argument, for fine,
in short
How that it should a less pain be
Criseyd to for-go for she was mine,23
And live in ease and in felicity.
Why gabbest thou, that saidest thus to me,
prosperity
That him is worse that is from weal y-throw
Than had he erst none of that weal y-know?

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

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

72. “Nay, nay, God wot, nought worth is all thy rede,
God knows / advice
For which, for what ever may befall,
Withouten word more, I will be dead.
O Death, that ender art of sorrows all,
Come now, since I so oft after thee call;
for you

23 69.3: for she was mine: “because I had enjoyed her love”
For sely is that death, sooth for to sayn,
That, oft y-clepèd, comes and endeth pain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

80. "I have eke thought, so it were her assent,
To ask her of my father of his grace;
Then think I this were her accusèment,
Since well I wot I may her not purchase,
As it stands now, nor do so great unright;
I should have also blame of every wight
My father's grant if that I so withstood,
Since she is 'changèd for the townès good.

81. Yet dread I most her heartè to perturb
With violence, if I do such a game;
For if I would it openly disturb,
It must be a dis-slander to her name;
And me were lever die than her defame;
As n'ouldè God, but if that I should have
Her honour lever than my life to save. ²⁴

82. "Thus am I lost, for aught that I can see,
For certain is, that since I am her knight,
I must her honour lever have than me
In every case, as lover ought of right.

²⁴ 81.6-7: "God forbid that I should not hold her honor more precious than my life."
Thus am I with desire and reason twight:
Desire for to disturben her me reddeth,
And reason n’ill not; so mine heartè dreadeth.’”

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

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

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

86. "It is no shame unto you, nor no vice,
Her to witholden that you lovè most.
Paraunter she might holden thee for nice
To let her go thus to the Greekè' host.
Think eke that Fortune, as thyself well wost,
Helpeth a hardy man to his emprise, 25
And waiveth wretches for their cowardice.

87. "And though thy lady would a little grieve,
Thou shalt thy peace full well hereafter make.

25 86.5-6: "Fortune favors the brave, as you yourself know well."
But as for me, certáin, I cannot 'lieve
That she would it as now for evil take;
Why shouldè, then, of fear thine heartèquake?
Think eke how Paris hath (that is thy brother)
A love, and why shalt thou not have another?  

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

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

90. "I will myself be with thee at this deed, 26
Though I and all my kin upon a stound
Shall in a street, as doggès, lien dead
Through-girt with many a wide and bloody wound.
In every case I will a friend be found.
And if thee list here starven as a wretch,
Adieu, the devil speed him that it recks!"

91. This Troilus gan with those words to quicken,
And saidè "Friend, grammércy, I assent;
But certainly thou may'st not me so pricken, 27

26 90: "I will be beside you in this even if I and my kindred should be killed in an hour in the streets like dogs torn with many wide bloody wounds. If you want to stay and die like a wretch, goodbye, and the devil take anyone who cares."

27 91.3-7: "But certainly you can't goad me, and no amount of tormenting pain can get me (to do that): in short, I will not agree to abduct her unless she herself wants it, even if that should kill me."
Nor painè none ne may me so tormént,
That for no case it is not mine intent,
At shortè wordès, though I dien should,
To ravish her, but-if herself it would."

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

93. "For-thy rise up, as nought ne were, anon,\(^{28}\)
And wash thy face, and to the king thou wend,
For he may wonder whither thou art gone.
Thou must with wisdom him and others blend,
Or, upon case, he may after thee send
Ere thou be 'ware. And shortly, brother dear,
Be glad, and let me work in this matér,

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

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

96. The whichè tale anon right as Criseyde

\(^{28}\) 93.1: "Therefore get up at once (anon) as if nothing were the matter and ..."
Had heard, she, which that of her father raught
(As in this case) right naught, nor when he died,
Full busily to Jupiter besought
'Give him mischancè that this treaty brought':
But, shortly, lest these talès soothè were,
She durst at no wight asken it for fear.

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

didn’t know / to do

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

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

Indeed

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

101. These women that thus wenden her to please
Abouten naught gan all their talès spend;

hoped to

talked about nothing
Such vanity ne can do her no ease,
As she that all this meanè while brènd
Of other passion than that they wend,
So that she felt almost her heartè die
For woe, and weary of that company.

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

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

104.  And busily they ’gannen her comfòrt
On things, God wot on which she little thought,
And with their talè wenden her disport,
And to be glad they often her besought;
But such an ease therewith they in her wrought,
Right as a man is easèd for to feel
For ache of head, to claw him on his heel.29

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

29 104.5-7: “They give her as much relief as a man with a headache gets from scratching his heel.”
106. Her ounded hair, that sunnish was of hue,  
   She rend, and eke her fingers long and small  
   She wrung full oft, and bade God on her rue,  
   And with the death to do bote on her bale;  
   Her huë, whilom bright, that then was pale,  
   Bore witness of her woe and her constraint,  
   And thus she spoke, sobbing in her complaint:  
   wavy / sunlike / color  
   She tore  
   take pity  
   to cure her trouble  
   Her color, formerly  
   distress

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

108. Therewith the tearës from her eyen two  
   Down fell as showers in Aperil full swithe,  
   Her whitë breast she beat, and for the woe,  
   After the death she cried a thousand sithes  
   Since he that wont her woe was for to lithe  
   She must forego, for which disadventure  
   She held herself a forelost creatûre.  
   v. copiously  
   For death / times  
   who used to soothe

109. She said; "How shall he do and I also!  
   How should I live if that I from him twin!  
   O dearë heartë eke, that I love so,  
   Who shall that sorrow slay that you be in?  
   O Calchas, father! Thine be all this sin!  
   O mother mine, that clepëd were Argive,  
   Woe worth that day that thou me bore alive!  
   part  
   w. called A.  
   Curse the day!

110. "To what fine should I live and sorrow thus?  
   How should a fish withouten water dure?  
   What is Crisëydë worth from Troilus?  
   How should a plant or other creatûre  
   Liven without its kindly nuritûre?  
   For which full oft a byword here I say,  
   That 'rootë less must greenë soonë die.'  
   To what purpose  
   live  
   (separated) from  
   natural nourishment  
   a common proverb

111. "I shall do thus: since neither sword nor dart
Dare I none handle for the cruelty, 
That ilkè day that I from him depart, 
If sorrow of that will not my banè be, 
Then shall no meat or drinkè come in me 
Till I my soul out of my breast unsheath, 
And thus myselfen would I do to death.

112. ?And, Troilus, my clothès everyone 
Shall blackè be in token, heartè sweet, 
That I am as out of this world agone, 
That wont was you to settèn in quiet; 
And of mine order, ay till death me meet, 
The óbservances ever, in your absénce, 
Shall sorrow be, complaint, and abstinence.

113. “Mine heart and eke the woeful ghost therein 
Bequeath I with your spirit to complain 
Eternally, for they shall never twin; 
For though in earthè twinnèd be we twain 
Yet in the field of pity out of pain 
That hight Elysium, shall we be y-fere 
As Orpheus and Eurydice his fere.

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

115. How might it e’er y-read been or y-sung 
The 'plaintès that she made in her distress? 
I n’ot, but as for me, my little tongue, 
If I describen would her heaviness,

---

30 112: Criseyde vows to dress in black like a nun in token that she who used to give him delight has left behind the pleasures of the world, and from this point on till her death will observe the rules of her "monastic order": sorrow, complaint, sexual abstinence. This, presumably, will be during the hunger strike that she has vowed in the preceding stanza, unless sorrow kills her first.
It should make her sorrow seem less
Than that it was, and childishly deface
Her high complaint, and therefore I it pass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

122. "O thou my niecè, full of discomfórt," 31
Quod Pandarus, "what thinkest thou to do?
Why n' ast thou to thyselven some resport?
Why wilt thou thus thyself, alas! fordo?
Leave all this work, and take now heedè to
What I shall say, and hark of good intent
This message which thy Troilus thee sent."

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

124. She was right such (to see in her viságe) 32
As is that wight that men on bierè bind,
Her face, like of paradise th'imáge,
Was all y-changèd in another kind;
The play, the laughter men were wont to find
In her, and eke her joyès every one,
Been fled; and thus lies now Criseyde alone.

125. About her eyen two a purple ring

31 122.1: niece: most MSS have suster, sister. 7: this message: many mss omit message. ...

32 123.7: “I have enough (tears) for both of us if he wants to send for them.”
Bitrent in soothfast tokening of her pain,  
That to behold it was a deadly thing,  
For which Pandárë mightë not restrain  
The tearë from his eyen for to rain;  
But natheless, as he best might, he said,  
From Troilus these words unto Criseyde:

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

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

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

129. "Great is my woe," quod she, and sighèd sore,  
As she that feeleth deadly sharp distress,  
"But yet to me his sorrow is much more,  
That love him bet' than he himself, I guess.  
Alas! for me hath he such heaviness?  
Can he for me so piteously complain?  
I-wis, this sorrow doubles all my pain.

130. "Grievous to me, God wot, it is to twin,"  
Quod she, "but yet it harder is to me
To see that sorrow which that he is in,
For well wot I it will my banè be,
And die I will in certain then," quod she.
"But bid him come ere Death, that thus me threateth,
Drive out that ghost which in mine heartè beateth."  

131. These wordès said, she on her armès two
Fell gruf, and gan to weepen piteously.
Quod Pandarus: "Alas! why do you so,
Since you well wot the time is fastè by
That he shall come? Arise up hastily,
That he you not be-weepèd thus ne find,
But you will have him wood out of his mind.  

132. "For, wist he that you fared in this mannér,
He would himselfen slay; and if I wend
To have this fare, he shouldè not come here
For all the good that Priam may despend.  
For to what fine he would anon pretend,
That know I well, and for-thy yet I say,
So leave this sorrow, or platly he will die.

133. And shapeth you his sorrow for t’ abridge
And not increasè levè niecè sweet:
Be rather to him cause of flat than edge,
And with some wisdom, you his sorrows bet.
What helpeth it to weepen full a street,
Or though you both in saltè tearès dreynt?
Bet’ is a time of cure ay than of ’plaint.

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

135. "Go," quod Criseyde, “and, uncle, truly
I shall do all my might me to restrain
From weeping in his sight, and busily
Him for to glad I shall do all my pain,
And in mine heart seekevery vein;
If to this sore there may be founden salve
It shall not lacken, certain, on my half.’

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

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

138. “For certainly, this wot I well,” he said,

\footnotesize{36 135.5-7: Modern punctuation cannot accommodate the flexibility of the unpunctuated syntax of the manuscripts which seems to allow line 6 (If … )to go both with 5 and with 7.

37 137.6-7: These two lines sum up the long involved scholastic argument about Predestination in the stanzas that follow (missing in some MSS). It is, in form and content, a medieval Christian scholar’s argument rather than the thinking of a pagan lover in distress. It derives from Boethius’s Consolations of Philosophy but without Boethius’s argument in favor of human free will.}
“That foresight of divine purveyance hath always seen me to forego Criseyde, since God sees everything, out of doubtance, and them disposeth through his ordinance in their merits soothly for to be as they shall come by predestiny.

139. “But natheless, alas, whom shall I believe? For there be clerk great many a one, that Destiny through argument prove; and some men say that needly there is none, but that free choice is given us everyone. Oh, welaway, so sly been clerk old! That I n’ot whose opinion I may hold.

140. “For some men say, if God sees all before and God may not deceive be, pardee, then must it fall, although men had it sworn, what purveyance hath seen before to be. Wherfore I say that from eternity if He hath wist before our thought as eke our deed, we have no free choice as these clerk read.

141. “For other thought or other deed also might never be, but such as purveyance (which may not be deceive never mo’) hath felt before without knowledge; for if there might be a variance to writhen out from God’s purveying, then n’ere no prescience of thing coming; would be no foreknowledge.

142. “But it were rather an opinion uncertain, and no steadfast foreseeing, and certes, that were an abuson that God should have no perfect clear witting more than we men that have doubtous weening, but such an error upon God to guess were false and foul and wicked cursedness.

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

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

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

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

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

148. “I say that if th’opinion of thee
Be sooth for that he sits, then I say this:
That he must sitten by necessity;
And thus necessity in either is
For in him need of sitting is, i-wis,
And in thee need of sooth; and thus, forsooth,
There must necessity be in you both.

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

150. “Thus in this same wise, out of doubtance,
I may well maken as it seemeth me,
My reasoning of God’s purveyance
And of the things that to come be;
By which reason men may well y-see
That thilke things that on earth fall
That by necessity they come all.

151. “For although that for thing shall come, y-wis,
Therefore it is purveyed certainly
Not that it comes for it purveyed is.
Yet, nonetheless behoves it needfully
That things to come be purveyed, truly
Or else things that purveyed be
That they betiden by necessity.

152. “And this sufficeth right enough certain
For to destroy our free choice every deal;
But now is this abasement to say
That falling of the things temporal
Is cause of God’s prescience eternal;
Now truly, that is a false sentence
That things to come should cause his prescience.

153. “What might I ween an I had such a thought
But that God puresys thing that is to come
For that it is to come and else thought?
So might I ween that thing, all and some,
That whilom been befall and overcome,
Been cause of thilkö sovereign purveyance
That forewot all withouten ignorance.

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

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

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

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

158. "And yet this is a wonder, most of all,
Why thou thus sorrowest, since thou knowöst not yet,
Touching her going, how that it shall fall,\(^{38}\)
Nor if she can herself disturben it.
Thou hast not yet assayed all her wit:
A man may all betime his necke beed
When it shall off, and sorrowen at the need.

159. "For-thy take heed of that that I shall say:
I have with her y-spoke and long y-be,\(^{39}\)
So as accorded was betwixt us tway,
And ever more methinketh thus, that she
Hath somewhat in her heart's privity
Wherewith she can, if I shall right a-redde,
Disturb all this of which thou art in dread.

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

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

162. Sooth is, that when they gonnen first to meet\(^{40}\)
So gan the pain their heartès for to twist,
That neither of them might the other greet,
But them in armès took and after kissed;

\(^{38}\) 158.2-3: "Since you do not yet know how the business of her departure is going to work out."

\(^{39}\) 159.2: "and I have spoken and been with her a long time."

\(^{40}\) 162.1: "The truth is that at first when they met ..."
The less ê woeful of them both ê n'iste
Where that he was, ne might one word out bring,
As I said erst, for woe and for sobbing. didn't know

163. The woeful tear ê s that they leten fall
As bitter weren, out of tear ê s kind,
For pain, as is ligne-alo ê s or gall;
So bitter tear ê s wept not, as I find,
The woeful Myrrha through the bark and rind; 41
That in this world there n'is so hard a heart
That n'ould have ru ê d on their paines smart. wouldn't have pitied

164. But when their woeful weary ghost ê s twain
Return ê d been there as they ought to dwell,
And that somewhat to weaken gan the pain
By length of 'plaint, and ebben gan the well
Of their tears, and the heart unswell;
With broken voice all hoarse for-shrieked, Criseyde hoarse with shrieking
To Troilus these ilk ê word ê s said: these very

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

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

167. He riseth up, and long straight he her laid.
For sign of life for aught he can or may

41 163.5: Myrrha was turned into a tree through which she wept tears of myrrh.
Can he none find for nothing in Criseyde, 
For which his song full oft is "Welaway!"
But when he saw that speechèless she lay, 
With sorrowful voice, and heart of bliss all bare,
He said how she was from this world y-fare. 

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

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

170. And after this with stern and cruel heart 
His sword anon out of his sheath he twight 
Himself to slay, how sorèth that him smart,42 
So that his soul her soulè follow might 
There as the doom of Minos would it dight, 43 
Since Love and cruel Fortune it ne would 
That in this world he longer liven should.

171. Then said he thus, fulfilled of high disdain: 
"O cruel Jove! and thou Fortûne adverèse! 
This all and some is, falsely have you slain 

42 170.3: *how sore ...*: either "however much it might hurt" or "(because) he hurt so much". 

43 170.4-7: "So that his soul might follow hers to wherever Minos would direct it, since 
Love and Fortune no longer wished him to live in this world." Minos was a judge of souls 
in the underworld. In the original, *soule* is spelled with an -e each time.
Criseyde, and since you may do me no worse,
Fie on your might and work so diverse!
Thus cowardly you shall me never win;
There shall no death me from my lady twin.

172. "For I this world, since you have slain her thus,
Will let, and follow her spirit low or high;
Shall never lover say that Troilus
Dare not for fear with his lady die,
For certain I will bear her company;
But since you will not suffer us liven here,
Yet suffer that our souls be separate.

They shall no death me from my lady twin.

173. "And thou, City! which that I leave in woe,
And thou, Priam! and brethren all together!
And thou, my mother! farewell, for I go,
And Atropos! make ready thou my bier. 44
And thou, Criseyde! O sweet heart dear!
Receive now my spirit," would he say,
With sword at heart, all ready for to die.

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

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

176. And askèd him why he had it out draw?

44 173.4: Atropos: the Fate who cuts the thread of life.
And Troilus anon the cause her told,
And how himself therewith he would have slaw,
For which Criseyde upon him gan behold,
And gan him in her armes fast to fold,
And said; "O mercy, God! lo which a deed!
Alas! how nigh we weren bothedead!

177. "Then if I had not spoken, as grace was,
You would have slain yourself anon?" quod she.
"Yea, doubtless." And she answered: "Alas!
For by that ilk Lord that madè me
I n'ould a furlong way alive have be
After your death, to have been crowned queen
Of all the lands the sun on shineth sheen; 45

178. "But with this selvè sword which that here is
Myself I would have slainè," quod she tho.
"But whoa! for we have right enough of this,
And let us rise and straight to beddè go,
And therè let us speaken of our woe,
For by that morter which that I see bren
Know I full well that day is not far henne."

179. When they were in their bed in armèes fold,
Naught was it like those nightès here-beforn,
For piteously each other gan behold,
As they that hadden all their bliss y-lorn,
Bewailing all the day that they were born,
Till at the last this woeful wight Criseyde
To Troilus these ilkè wordès said:

180. "Lo, heartè mine! well wot you this," quod she,
"That if a wight always his woe complain,
And seeketh not how holpen for to be,
It n'is but folly and increase of pain;
And since that here assembled be we twain
To finden boote of woe that we be in,

45 177.5-7 ff: "I would not have stayed alive for three minutes after your death, not if I were to be crowned queen of all the earth the sun shines brightly on."
It were all time right soonè to begin.

181. "I am a woman, as full well you wot,
And as I am avisèd suddenly,
So will I tell it you while it is hot:
Methinketh thus, that neither you nor I
Ought half this woe to maken--skilfully,
For there is art enough for to redress
What yet's amiss, and flee this heaviness.

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

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

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

185. "Making alway a protestation,
That now these wordès which that I shall say
Is but to showen you my motion
To find unto our help the bestèway,
And taketh it no otherwise I pray;
For, in effect, what so you me command
That will I do, for that is no demand.
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186. "Now hearken this: You have well understood
My going granted is by parliament,
So farforth that it may not be withstood
For all this world, as by my judgment;
And since there helpeth no advisement
To letten it, let it pass out of mind,
And let us shape a better way to find.

187. "The sooth is this; the twinning of us twain
Will us dis-ease and cruelly annoy,
But him behoveth sometimes to have pain
That serveth Love, if that he will have joy; 46
And since I shall no farther out of Troy
Than I may ride again on half a morrow,
It ought the less causen us to sorrow;

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

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

190. "I see that oft-time whereas we be now,
That for the best, our counsel for to hide,
You speak not with me nor I with you
In fortènight, nor see you go nor ride; 47

46 187.3-4: "Whoever serves Love has to have pain sometimes if he is also to have joy."

47 190.1-4: "There are many times when we have been in the same situation as we are now. To keep our secret, you do not speak with me nor I with you for two weeks on
And may you not ten days then abide
For mine honour, in such an adventure?
I-wis you may, or else endure.

Indeed / little

191. "You know eke how that all my kin is here
But if that only it my father be,
And eke mine other things all intercourse,
And namely, my dear heart ye,
Whom that I should leave for to see
For all this world as wide as it has space,
Or else I see I never Jove's face.

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

193. "You see that every day, eke more and more,
Men treat of peace, and it supposed is
That men the queen Elaine shall restore,
And Greeks restore what is amiss.
So though there were no comfort none but this,
That men purposed peace on every side,
You may the better at ease of heart abide.

194. "For if that it be peace, mine heart dear,
The nature of the peace must needs drive
That men must communicate together
And to and fro eke ride and go as readily
All day, and thick as bees fly from a hive,
And every wight have liberty to stay
Whereas him list the best, withouten leave.

195. "And though so be that peace there may be none,
Yet hither, though there never peace were,

end, and I don't even see you walk or go on horseback."
I muste come, for whither should I gon?
Or how, mischancer should I dwell in there
Among those men of armes ever in fear?
For which, as wisely God my soulrede,
I cannot see whereof you shoulden dread.

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

197. "Lo! Troilus, men say, that hard it is
The wolf full and the wether whole to have;
This is to say, that men full oft i-wis
Must spenden part the remnant for to save;
For aye with gold men may the heart grave
Of him that set is upon covetise
And how I mean I shall it you devise.

198. "The mobile which that I have in this town
Unto my father shall I take and say
That right for trust and for salvation
It sent is from a friend of his or tway
The which friendes fervently him pray
To senden after more, and that in hie,
While that this town stands thus in jeopardy.

48 196.1-2: "Here's another argument, if those already mentioned are not enough for you."

49 197.1-2: "it is hard to have the whole sheep (wether) if the wolf is full (from feeding on the sheep)." You can't have both.

50 198. The gist of the stanza seems to be that since her father is old (and therefore covetous) she will take her mobile possessions and give them to him, pretending that they are sent from some old friends for safe keeping, who also want him to send her back for more. How this would appeal to his covetousness is not clear. Calchas would hardly need "sort" to see through this particular plan.
199. "And that shall be of gold huge quantity; Thus shall I say, but lest folk it espied, This may be sent by no wight but by me: I shall eke shown him, if peace betide, What friendès that I have on every side Towards the court, to do the wrath to pace Of Priamus, and do him stand in grace.  

200. "So what for one thing and for other, sweet! I shall him so enchanten with my saws, That right in heaven his soul is shall he mete: For, all Apollo or his clerkès laws Or calculating availeth not three haws; Desire of gold shall so his soulèblend That as me list I shall well make an end.  

201. "And if he would aught by his sort it preeve If that I lie, in certain I shall fonde Disturben him and pluck him by the sleeve Making his sort, and bearen him in hand, He hath not well the goddès understand, For goddès speak in amphibologies, And for one sooth they tellen twenty lies.  

202. "Eke dread found firstègoddès, I suppose. Thus shall I say, and that his coward heart Made him amiss the goddès’ text to glose, When he, for fearè, out of Delphi start. And but I make him soonèto convert  

51 201.4-5: Making ...understand: “While he is doing his divination, and convince him he has not understood....”  

52 202.1: "It was fear that first created the gods." Editors agree that this was a commonplace dating back to Roman times: "Timor invenit deos". It is hardly reverent. Notice that Criseyde’s irreverence in this line and the two preceding is not penalized any more than Troilus’s in 171 above. See also V, 30.4-7 below. Contrast the situation in Henryson’s sequel, The Testament.  

53 202.3-4: According to Benoit, Calchas had consulted the oracle at Delphi where he learned that Troy would fall, so he had gone over to the Greeks. See Bk I, stanzas 10-14.
And do my redde within a day or tway,  
I will to you obligè me to die."  

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

204.  This Troilus, with heart and earès spread,  
Heard all this thing deviseñ to and fro;  
And verily him seemed that he had  
The selfê wit, but yet to let her go  
His heartè misforgave him evermo'.  
But finally he gan his heartè wrest  
To trusten her, and took it for the best.  

205.  For which the great fury of his penánce  
Was quenched with hope, and therewith them between  
Began, for joy, the amorousè dance,  
And, as the birdès, when the sun is sheen,  
Delighten in their song in leavès green,  
Right so the wordès that they spoke i-fere  
Delighted them and made their heartès clear.  

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

207.  "For all so sooth as sun uprist to-morrow,  
-- And God, so wisly thou me woeful wretch  
To restè bring out of this cruel sorrow,--
I will my selfen slay if that you dretch;\textsuperscript{54}  
But of my death though little be to reck,  
Yet ere that you me causen so to smart,  
Dwell rather here, mine own\(\varepsilon\)sweet\(\varepsilon\)heart!  

208. "For truly, mine own\(\varepsilon\)lady dear,  
Those sleight\(\varepsilon\)s yet that I have heard you stere  
Full shapely be to failen all i-fere;  
For thus men say: `That one [way] thinks the bear,  
But all another thinketh his leader.'  
Your sire is wise, and said is, out of dread:  
`Men may the wise outrun, but not out-redde.' \textsuperscript{55}

209. "It is full hard to halten unespied  
Before a cripple, for he can the craft. \textsuperscript{56}  
Your father is, in sleight, as Argus-eyed,  
For all be that his moble is him bereft,  
His old\(\varepsilon\)sleight is yet so with him left,  
You shall not blind him, for your womanhead,  
Nor feign aright, and that is all my dread.  

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

211. "You shall eke see your father shall you glose  

\textsuperscript{54} 207.2-4: \textit{thou} refers to God and \textit{you} to Criseyde. Lines 2-3 are a parenthesis addressed to God saying something like: "and as surely as I hope that thou wilt give me, a woefilled wretch, rest from this terrible sorrow ..."

\textsuperscript{55} 208.2-7: "The tricks that you have mentioned are likely to fail completely. For, as they say, `The bear wants one thing, but his master wants something else.' Your father is astute, and, as they rightly say: `You can outrun a wise man, but not outwit him.'"

\textsuperscript{56} 209.1-2: "In front of a cripple it is hard to get away with pretending to be a cripple, because he knows the real thing."
To be a wife; and as he can well preach,
He shall some Greek so praise and well alose,
That ravishen he shall you with his speech,
Or do you do by force as he shall teach.
And Troilus, of whom you n'ill have ruth,
Shall causè less so starven in his truth.

212. "And over all this, your father shall despise
Us all, and say this city n'is but lorn,
And that the siegè never shall arise,
— For-why the Greekès have it all y-sworn,—
Till we be slain and down our wallès torn.
All thus he shall you with his wordès fear,
That ay dread I that you will blevè there. 57

213. "You shall eke see so many a lusty knight,
Among the Greekès, full of worthiness;
And each of them with heartè, wit, and might
To pleasen you do all his busyness,
That you shall dullen of the rudènness
Of us silly Trojans, but if ruth
Remordè you, or virtue of your truth. 58

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

215. "For which with humble, true, and piteous heart
A thousand timès mercy I you pray,
So rueth on mine asper painès smart,

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57 212.1-7: This same argument is indeed used in Bk V, 127-132, though not by Calchas, to persuade Criseyde to stay with the Greeks.

58 213.6-7: "Unless (but if) pity fills you with remorse, or virtue [reminds you] of your promise." Or "Unless pity and the strength (virtue) of your promise fill you with remorse."
And do somewhat as that I shall you say,
And let us steal away betwixt us tway,
And think that folly is when man may choose
For accident his substance ay to lose. 59

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

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

217. "And, vulgarly to speaken of substance:
Of treasure may we bothè with us lead
Enough to live in honour and pleasance
Until the timè that we shall be dead;
And thus we may eschewen all this dread,
For every other way you can record
My heart, i-wis, may not therewith accord.

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

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

220. "For th'ilkè day that I, for cherishing 
Or dread of father or of other wight, 
Or for estate, delight, or for wedding, 
Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight, 
Saturn's daughter, Juno, through her might 
As wood as Athamante do me dwell ⁶⁰ 
Eternally in Styx, the pit of hell!

221. "And this on every god celestial 
I swear it you, and eke on each goddess, 
On every nymph and deity infernal, 
On satyry and fauny more and less 
(That halfè-goddè be of wilderness); 
And, Atropos, my thread of life thou brest ⁶¹ 
If I be false; now trow me, if thou lest.

222. "And thou, Simois, that as an arrow clear 
Through Troy aye runnest downward to the sea, 
Be witness of this word that said is here, 
That thilkè day that I untruè be 
To Troilus, mine ownè heartè free, 
That thou return backward unto thy well, 
And I with body and soul sink into hell.

223. "But that you speak away thus for to go 
And letten all your friendè -- God forbid 
For any woman that you should do so! 
And namèly, since Troy hath now such need 
Of help; and eke of one thing taketh heed: 
If this were wist, my life lay in balànce 
And your honoùr, God shield us from mischance!

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60 220.5-6: "(May) Juno make me live eternally in Styx, the pit of hell, as mad (wood) as Athamas", the King of Thebes who was driven mad at the request of Juno.

61 221.6: "(May) Atropos, cut the thread of my life." Atropos was the Fate who cut the thread of life which had been spun by Clotho and measured by Lachesis. ⁷: thou = Troilus
224. "And if so be that peace hereafter take,
As all day happens after anger, game,
Why, Lord! the sorrow and woe you woulden make
That you ne durst not come again for shame!
And ere that you jeopärden so your name
Be not too hasty in this hottè fare;
For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

225. "What trow you eke the people all about
Would of it say? It is full light t'arede.
They woulden say, and swear it out of doubt,
That love ne drove you not to do this deed,
But lust voluptuous and coward dread:
Thus were all lost i-wis, mine heartédar,
Your honour which that now so shineth clear.

226. "And also thinketh on my honesty,
That flowereth yet, how foul I should it shend,
And with what filth y-spotted it should be,
If in this form I shouldè with you wend:
Not though I lived unto the worldés end
My namè should I never againward win:
Thus were I lost, and that were ruth and sin.

227. And for-thy slay with reason all this heat. 62
Men say: `The suffrant overcomes', pardee;
Eke: `Whooso will have lief, he lief must lete.' 63
Thus maketh virtue of necessity
By patience, and think that lord is he
Of Fortune aye that naught will of her reck,64
And she ne daunteth no wight but a wretch.

228. "And trusteth this, that certès heartè sweet!
Ere Phoebus' sister, Lúcina the sheen,

62 227.1: "And so control your excitement with reason."

63 227.3: 'He who wants to have (something) desirable, must give up (something else) he desires.'

64 227.6-7: "he is always Fortune's master who cares nothing about her."
The Lion passeth out of this Ariete
I will be here withouten any ween;  
I mean, as help me Juno, heaven's queen!
The tenthè day, but-if death me assail,
I will you see withouten any fail."

229. "And now, so this be sooth," quod Troilus,
"I shall well suffer unto the tenthè day,
Since that I see that needs it must be thus;
But for the love of God, if it be may,
So let us stolen privily away,
For ever in one as for to live in rest, 
My heartè says that it will be the best."

230. "O mercy, God! what life is this !" quod she,
"Alas! you slay me thus for very teen:
I see well now that you mistrusten me,
Now for the love of Cynthia the sheen
Mistrust me not thus causèless, for ruth,
Since to be true I have you plight my truth.

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

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

65 228: She promises to be back in Troy before the moon passes out of the sign of Aries where it is at the moment, into the sign of Leo, a period, apparently, of about 10 days. Another Chaucerian display of astronomic knowledge for indicating time.

66 229.6: "To live together forever peacefully."
Yea, n'ere it that I wist a remedy
To come again, right herè would I die.

233. "But certès I am not so nice a wight
That I ne can imaginèn a way
To come against the day that I have hight,
For who may hold a thing that will away? 67
My father naught, for all his quaintè play!
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troy
Another day shall turn us all to joy.

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

235. "And o'er all this I pray you," quod she tho,
"Mine ownè heartè's soothfast suffisance!
Since I am thine all whole withouten mo',
That while that I am absent, no pleasance
Of other do me from your rémembrance, 68
For I am e'er aghast; for why?  Men redde
That love is thing aye full of busy dread.

236. "For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that you were untrue, as God defend!
That so betrayèd were or woe-begone
As I, that allè truth in you intend;
And doubtèless if that I other wend
I n'ere but dead, and ere you causè find, 69

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67 233.4: "Who can hold back a person who wants to get away?"

68 235.4-5: "While I am absent, don't let pleasure from any other woman drive me out of your memory."

69 236.5-7: "If I thought otherwise, I'd be as good as dead, and unless you find a real reason, for God’s sake, please do not be unkind."
For God's love, be not to me unkind."

237. To this answered Troilus, and said:
"Now God, to whom there is no cause y-wry, 
Me glad, as wis I never to Criseyde, 
Since thilkè day I saw her first with eye, 
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:70 
At shortè words, well may you me believe; 
I can no more; it shall be found at preve."

238. "Grammércy, good heart mine i-wis," quod she, 
"And, blissful Venus, let me never starve 
Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree 
To 'quite him well that so well can deserve;71 
And while that God my wit will me conserve 
I shall so do, so true I have you found, 
That aye honóur to me-ward shall redound. 72

239. "For trusteth well that your estate royál, 
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness 
Of you in war or tourney martial, 
Nor pomp, array, nobley, or eke richesse, 
Ne madème to rue on your distress, 
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth; 
That was the cause I first had on you ruth."

240. "Eke gentle heart, and manhood that you had, 
And that you had (as me thought) in despite 
Every thing that souned into bad, 
As rudeness and peoplish appetite, 

70 237.1-5: " Now may God, from whom nothing is hidden, make me glad that (as) I was never unfaithful to Criseyde from the day I first saw her, and never will be till the day I die"

71 238.3-4: Ere ...: "Before I am in a position pleasant enough to repay him who deserves it so well." or "Before I am able to repay him the degree of pleasure he so well deserves."

72 238.5-7: "And as long as God preserves me, I shall do so; I have found you so true that honor will always accrue to me for that."
And that your reason bridled your delight;
This made aboven every creature
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.  

241. “And this may length of yearès not fordo,
Nor rémuable Fortune it deface,
But Jupiter, that of his might may do
The sorrowful to be glad, so give us grace
Ere nightès ten to meeten in this place,
So that it may your heart and mine suffice;
And fare now well, for time is that you rise.”

242. And after that they long y-plainèd had,
And often kissed, and strait in armès fold,
The day gan rise, and Troilus him clad,
And ruefully his lady gan behold,
As he that feltè deathès carès cold;
And to her grace he gan him recommend.
Whe'r him was woe, this hold I no demand.

Here ends Book IV

Appendix 1

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

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

73 240.6-7: “This was what made me yours above any other living person, and I shall remain yours as long as I live.”

74 163.7: "Whether (Wh'er) he was sorrowful, I don't think there is any need to ask."
however, in his ballade Fortune (45-46) has her say to the "plaintiff":

\[
\text{Thou borne art in my regne of variance (kingdom of change)} \\
\text{About the wheel with others most thou drive.}
\]

In the \textit{Alliterative Morte Arthure}, on the other hand, Fortune tells Arthur:

\[
\text{"I chose thee my selfen ..."} \\
\text{And (she) set me softly in the see (seat) (3347-3350).}
\]

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

a. He can choose to be on it or not.

b. He and everyone else is on it whether they wish or no.

c. Fortune singles him out to be on it.

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

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

regnabo  regnavi

sum sine regno