

**TROILUS AND CRISEYDE**

by

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

**Book IV**

**Unabbreviated**

## BOOK IV

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

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

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

So that the loss of love and life i-fere  
Of Troilus be fully shew•d here.

*together  
(may) be*

-----

5. Lying in host, as I have said ere this,  
The Greek•s strong abouten Troy• town,  
Befell that when that Phoebus shining is  
Upon the breast of Hercules Lion,<sup>3</sup>  
That Hector with many a bold baron  
Cast on a day with Greek•s for to fight  
As he was wont to grieve them what he might.

*in siege*  
  
*Phoebus = the sun  
i.e. in July-Aug or early Dec.*  
  
*Planned  
As he was accustomed*

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

*I don't know*  
  
*face to face / delay*

7. The long• day with spear•s sharp y-ground,  
With arrows, dart•s, swords, and maces fell,  
They fight, and bringen horse and man to ground,  
And with their axes out the brain•s quell;  
But in the last• shower, sooth to tell,  
The folk of Troy themselven so misled,  
That with the worse at night homeward they fled.

*fell = terrible*  
  
*beat out  
last assault  
mismanaged*

8. At which• day was taken Antenor,<sup>4</sup>  
Maugre Polydamas, or Menesteo,  
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polystenor,  
Polites, or eke the Trojan, Daun Rupho,  
And other less• folk, as Phebuso,

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

---

<sup>3</sup> 5.1-5: "When the Greeks in force were besieging the town of Troy, it happened ... that Hector ..." The syntax is a little mixed. The stanza begins with "Greeks" as the subject of "lying" but then changes to unexpressed "It" in "(It) befell", (It) happened.

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

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 gonne 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.

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

*And early on*

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

*would take place  
in council  
push in*

*asked a favor*

*To stop / a hearing*

11. Then said he thus: "Lo! Lord•s 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 told• well how that you shoulde speed,  
For dread•less through you shall, in a stound,  
Be Troy y-burnt and beaten down to ground.

*without doubt*

*first of all  
succeed  
Doubtless / in a while*

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

*to destroy & your wishes  
tell you*

*so dear to me*

*best for you to do*

13. "Having unto my treasure nor my rent  
Right no resport, in respect of your ease,<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup> 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, Lord•s, for to please;  
 But all that loss ne doth me no dis-ease;  
 I vouch•safe as wisly have I joy,  
 For you to lose all that I have in Troy,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

17. "On peril of my life I shall not lie,  
 Apollo hath me told it faithfully;<sup>6</sup>  
 I have eke founden by astronomy,  
 By sort, and eke by augury, truly,  
 And dare well say the time is fast• by  
 That fire and flame on all the town shall spread,  
 And thus shall Troy• turn to ashes dead.

*astrology  
 casting lots & divination  
 close*

---

<sup>6</sup> 17.2: Calchas's astrology and consultation of Apollo were mentioned earlier in I, 10-11 as the reason for his abandonment of Troy.

18. "For certain, Phoebus and Neptunus both,  
 That makeden the walls of all the town  
 Be with the folk of Troy always so wroth *are so angry*  
 That they will bring it to confusion  
 Right in despite of King Laomedon, *in punishment of*  
 Because he would not payen them their hire,<sup>7</sup>  
 The town of Troy• shall be set on fire."

19. Telling his tale always this old• grey, *graybeard*  
 Humble in speech and in his looking eke,  
 The salt• tear•s from his eyen tway *eyes two*  
 Full fast y-runnen down by either cheek;  
 So long he gan of succour them beseech, *for help (to) beg*  
 That for to heal him of his sorrows sore  
 They gave him Antenor withouten more. *without more ado*

20. But who was glad enough but Calchas tho! *then*  
 And of this thing full soon his need•s laid *made h. wishes clear*  
 On them that shoulde for the treaty go, *go to negotiate the t.*  
 And them for Antenor full often prayed *in exchange for A*  
 To bringen home King Thoas and Criseyde;  
 And when King Priam his safe conduct sent,  
 Th'ambassadors to Troy• straight they went.

21. The cause y-told of their coming,<sup>8</sup> the old  
 Priam the King full soon in general  
 Let hereupon his parliament to hold, *caused to be held*  
 Of which th'effect rehearsen you I shall: *the results I will tell*  
 Th'ambassadors be answered for final, *have their f. answer*  
 Th'exchange of prisoners and all this need *everything necessary*  
 Them liketh well, and forth in they proceed. *Pleased them*

22. This Troilus was present in the place  
 When ask•d was for Antenor Criseyde,  
 For which full soon• changen gan his face,  
 As he that with those word•s well nigh died; *v. nearly*

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

<sup>8</sup> 21.1: "The reason for their coming having been made known."

But natheless he no word to it said,  
Lest men should his affection espy;  
With man's heart he gan his sorrows drye. *endure*

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

24. Love him made all• prest to do her bide, *v. anxious to make her stay*  
And rather dien than she should• go,  
But reason said him on that other side:  
"Without assent of her ne do not so,  
Lest for thy work she would• be thy foe,  
And say that through thy meddling is y-blow *blown around (in talk)*  
Your bother love where it was erst unknow."<sup>9</sup> *love of you both / before*

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

26. Hector which that full well the Greek•s 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 charg• laid,"<sup>10</sup> *I don't know*

---

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

<sup>10</sup> 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."

*promptly*  
*We're not used to*

27. The noise of people up started then at once  
As breme as blaze of straw y-set on fire,  
For ínfortune it would• for the nonce  
They shouldeñ their confusiõn desire.<sup>11</sup>  
"Hector," quod they, "what ghost may you inspire  
This woman thus to shield, and do us lose  
Daun Antenor? A wrong way now you choose,

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

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

*baron*

29. O Juv'nal lord•, true is thy senténcé  
That little witen folk what is to yern <sup>12</sup>  
That they ne find in their desire offence,  
For cloud of error lets them not discern  
What best is; and lo, here example as yern  
This folk desiren now deliverance  
Of Antenor, that brought them to mischance;

*opinion*  
*folk know / ask for*  
*harm*

*as apt*

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

*released him t. quickly*  
*O silly*  
*harm*

*one & all*

---

<sup>11</sup> 27.3-4: "For Misfortune wanted (it) on that occasion that they should choose their own destruction.

<sup>12</sup> 29.2-5: "People have no idea how to ask for something that will not harm them, because of a cloud of error which will not allow them to see what is best." Juvenal, a Roman satirist, is here paraphrased.

31. For which, delibered was by parliament, *decided*  
 For Antenor to yelden out Criseyde.  
 And it pronounc•d by the President,  
 Although that Hector `Nay' full often prayed;  
 And finally, what wight that it withsaid, *no matter who opposed*  
 It was for naught; it must• be and should,  
 For substance of the parliament it would. *the majority of p. wanted it*
32. Departed out of parliament each one, *When each had departed*  
 This Troilus, withouten word•s mo' *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 sleepen, as he said,  
 And hastily upon his bed him laid.
33. And as in winter leav•s 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• bark of care,  
 Dispos•d wood out of his wits to braid, *mad out of h. w. to go*  
 So sore him sat the changing of Criseyde. *So badly affected him*
34. He rose him up and every door he shut  
 And window eke, and then this woeful man  
 Upon his bed's side adown him set,  
 Full like a dead imag• pale and wan  
 And in his breast the heap•d woe began  
 Out burst, and he to worken in this wise *(To) burst out*  
 In his woodness, as I shall you devise. *In his madness*
35. Right as the wild• bull begins to spring  
 Now here now there, y-darted to the heart, *(when) pierced*  
 And of his death• roareth, c•mplaining,  
 Right so gan he about the chamber start,  
 Smiting his breast ay with his fist•s smart; *hard*  
 His head unto the wall, his body to the ground  
 Full oft he swapt himselfen to confound. *he threw / to hurt*
36. His eyen two for pity of his heart

Out streameden as swift as well•s tway;  
 The high• sobb•s of his sorrows smart  
 His speech him reft; unneth• might he say  
 "O Death alas! why n'ilt thou do me die?  
 Accursed be that day which that Natúre  
 Shope me to be a liv• creätúre!"

*two wells*

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

*Shaped me*

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

*twisted & battered*

*stand up  
 tell you*

38. Then said he thus: "Fortúne, alas the while,  
 What have I done, what have I thus a-guilt;  
 How mightest thou (for ruth•) 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 heart• find  
 To be to me thus cruel and unkind.

*done wrong  
 (for pity's sake!) deceive me  
 ruined  
 (go) away because you want it*

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

*Well knowest*

*fallen*

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

*Taken / caused my*

---

<sup>13</sup> 40:1-7: "Fortune, if you were foully envious of my joyous life, why didn't you kill my father, the King of Troy, or cause the death of my brothers, or kill me who complain like this ?-- I who encumber the world, good for nothing, constantly dying but never expiring"

I, cumber-world, that may of nothing serve,  
But ever die and never fully starve.

*world encumbrance  
constantly die / expire*

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

*I would not reck (care)  
And of her  
custom  
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 heart•s sealed,  
How may you suffer, alas! it be repealed? <sup>14</sup>

*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 ground• go?  
O soul•! 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 Criseyd•'s eyen bright,

*delight*

---

<sup>14</sup> 42.7: "Alas ! How can you allow it [the seal of our union] to be broken?"

What shall you do, but for my díscómfórt  
 Standen for naught and weepen out your sight,  
 Since she is quenched that wont was you to light?  
 In vain from this forth have I eyen tway  
 Y-form•d, since your virtue is away.

*Count for  
 in vain  
 your power, value*

46. "O my Criseyde! O lady sovereign!  
 Of thik• sorrowful soul• that thus crieth,  
 Who shall now given comfort to thy pain?  
 Alas! no wight. But when mine heart• 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.

*nobody  
 hastens  
 favorably / will always  
 Therefore, no matter / die*

47. "O you lovers! that high upon the wheel  
 Be set of Fortune, in good áventure,  
 God lev• that you ay find love of steel,  
 And long• may your life in joy endure;<sup>15</sup>  
 But when you comen by my sepulture,  
 Remember that your fellow resteth there,  
 For I loved eke; though I unworthy were.

*position  
 G. grant you may always  
 my grave  
 I too was a lover*

48. "O old, unwholesome, and misliv•d man,  
 Calchas I mean! Alas! what ail•d thee  
 To be a Greek since thou art born Trojan?  
 O Calchas! Which that wilt my ban• be,  
 In cursed tim• wast thou born for me.  
 As would• blissful Jov• for his joy  
 That I thee had where that I would in Troy."<sup>16</sup>

*evil-living  
 my death*

49. A thousand sigh•s hotter than the gleeð  
 Out of his breast each after other went,  
 Meddled with 'plaint•s new, his woe to feed,  
 For which his woeful tear•s never stent;  
 And, shortly, so his pain•s him to-rent,  
 He wax'd so mate that joy• nor penáncé

*hot coal  
 Mingled  
 never stopped  
 tore him  
 grew so depressed*

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

<sup>16</sup> 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. Pandárus, which that in the parliament  
Had heard what every lord and burgess said,  
And how full granted was by one assent  
For Antenor to yielde[n] out Criseyde,  
Gan well nigh wood out of his wit to braid,  
So that for woe he n'ist• what he meant,  
But in a rage to Troilus he went.

*citizen*

*nearly mad / to go  
didn't know*

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

*for him*

*to go*

*his mind was nearly gone*

52. And with his cheer and looking all to-torn  
For woe of this, and with his arm•s fold,  
He stood this woeful Troilus befor[n],  
And on his piteous face he gan behold;  
But Lord! so often gan his heart to cold,  
Seeing his friend in woe, whose heaviness  
His heart• slew, as thought him, for distress.

*behavior & appearance*

*to (grow) cold*

53. This woeful wight, this Troilus, that felt  
His friend Pandáre 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 speech•less thus been these ilk• tway,  
That neither might for sorrow one word say.

*same two*

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

*nearly d. of pain*

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 trow•d this?  
 Who would have wend that in so little a throw  
 Fortune our joy• would have overthrow?

*indeed, would that it were  
 & I know how  
 believed  
 thought / time*

56. "For in this world there is no crëatüre  
 As to my doom, that ever saw ruin  
 Stranger than this through cas or áventüre.  
 But who may all eschew or all divine?  
 Such is this world; for-thy I thus define:  
 Ne trust no wight to finden in Fortúne  
 Ay property; her gift•s been commúne.<sup>17</sup>

*As I think  
 accident or chance  
 escape or foresee  
 so I conclude*

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

*service of love  
 greeting*

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

*you know  
 in my judgement  
 group*

*Therefore*

---

<sup>17</sup> 56: 6-7: *Property* means something like "something *proper* to oneself", special favors. Her "gifts" are common, i.e. they are for everyone, no individual has ownership rights.

<sup>18</sup> 58.3-5: Either "twelve times as beautiful" or "more beautiful than twelve such women as ever Criseyde was". P. says that there are lots of beautiful women in Troy and that he can find at least one or two of them in some group.

59. "What, God forbid, alway that each pleasance  
 In one thing were, and in none other wight !<sup>19</sup>  
 If one can sing, another can well dance;  
 If this be goodly, she is glad and light;  
 And this is fair, and that can good aright.  
 Each for his virtue holden is for dear,  
 Both heroner and falcon of rivere.

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

60. "And eke, as writ Zanzis that was full wise,<sup>20</sup>  
 The new• love out-chaseth oft the old,  
 And upon new• 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 remembrance.

*need new plans  
 bound  
 in time will cool naturally  
 chance pleasure  
 Some accident*

61. "For all so sure as day comes after night,  
 The new• love, labor, or other woe,  
 Or els• seldom seeing of a wight  
 Do old affections all over go.  
 And, for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho'  
 T'abridg• with thy bitter pain•s smart:  
 Absence of her shall drive her out of heart."

*a person  
 supercede*

*to ease*

62. These word•s said he for the non•s all  
 To help his friend, lest he for sorrow died,  
 For doubt•less to do his woe to fall  
 He raught• not what unthrift that he said;  
 But Troilus, that nigh for sorrow died,  
 Took little heed of all that e'er he meant;  
 One ear it heard, at t' other out it went.

*for the occasion*

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

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

*this kind of medicine  
 devil  
 To betray*

<sup>19</sup> 59.1-2: "God forbid that every pleasure should be concentrated on one object and exclude all others".

<sup>20</sup> 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 here.<sup>21</sup>

*thee (vb) = succeed*  
*But make me die*  
*advise*

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

*indeed, whatever*  
*devoted*  
  
*promised*  
*for nobody*  
*always live & die*

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

*don't bother*  
*by nature*  
*O dear P.*

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

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

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

<sup>21</sup> 63.7: "Before I do as you would advise me."

<sup>22</sup> 66.6: "Nettle in, dock out" are said to have been the words of a charm for nettle stings.

66.7: "Bad luck to the woman who pities your love-pain."

68. "The death may well out of my breast depart  
 The life, so long• may this sorrow mine,  
 But from my soul• shall Criseyd•'s dart  
 Out nevermore, but down with Proserpine,  
 When I am dead, I will go won in pain,  
 And there I will eternally complain  
 My woe, and how that twinn•d be we twain.
- cut  
 (under)mine  
 arrow  
 Queen of the underworld  
 dwell in  
 parted are we two*
69. "Thou hast here made an argument, for fine,  
 How that it should a less• pain• be  
 Criseyd• to for-go for she was mine,<sup>23</sup>  
 And live in ease and in felicity.  
 Why gabbest thou, that saidest thus to me,  
 That him is worse that is from weal y-throw  
 Than had he erst none of that weal y-know?
- in short  
 prosperity  
 Than if he'd never known*
70. "But tell me now, since that thee think'th so light  
 To changen so in love ay to and fro,  
 Why hast thou not done busily thy might  
 To changen her that doth thee all thy woe?  
 Why n'ilt thou let her from thine heart• go?  
 Why n'ilt thou love another lady sweet  
 That may thine heart• setten in quiet?
- it seems so easy  
 causes you*
71. "If thou hast had in love ay yet mischance,  
 And canst it not out of thine heart• drive,  
 I, that have lived in lust and in pleasance  
 With her as much as creäture alive,  
 How should I that forget, and that so blive?  
 Oh, where hast thou been hid so long in mew,  
 That canst so well and formally argue?
- always bad luck  
 so quickly  
 cage*
72. "Nay, nay, God wot, nought worth is all thy rede,  
 For which, for what ever may befall,  
 Withouten word•s more, I will be dead.  
 O Death, that ender art of sorrows all,  
 Come now, since I so oft after thee call;
- God knows / advice  
 for you*

---

<sup>23</sup> 69.3: *for she was mine*: "because I had enjoyed her love"

For sely is that death, sooth for to sayn,  
That, oft y-clep•d, comes and endeth pain.

*happy  
called*

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

*well I know  
Thou = Death; ransom*

*promptly / drown*

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

*so many in different ways  
unasked*

*Rid the world  
person  
time for me to die  
I'm of no use*

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

*distilling vessel*

*by God*

76. And said•: "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 town• fare,  
Or hold her still and leave thy nice fare.

*choose to*

*prevent this sorrow  
Go & abduct her  
go  
& stop complaining*

77. "Art thou in Troy and hast no hardiment  
To take a woman which that loveth thee  
And would herselfen be of thine assent?  
Now is not this a nic• vanity?  
Rise up anon, and let this weeping be  
And kith thou art a man, for in this hour

*no courage*

*agree with you  
utter foolishness*

*And show*

I will be dead or she shall bleven our."

*remain ours*

78. To this him answered Troilus full soft,  
And said: "I-wis, my lev• brother dear!  
All this have I myself yet thought full oft,  
And mor• 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 senténcé.

*Indeed, my beloved*

*left (undone)*

*listened*

*opinion*

79. "First, since -- thou wost -- this town has all this war  
For ravishing of women so by might,  
It should• 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 'chang•d for the town•'s good.

*you know*

*abducting w. by force*

*I won't be allowed to*

*from everybody*

*exchanged*

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

*if she agreed*

*as a favor*

*won't retract his word*

81. "Yet dread I most her heart• 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'ould• God, but if that I should have  
Her honour lever than my life to save.<sup>24</sup>

*I'd rather*

*God forbid*

*dearer*

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

*dearer than myself*

---

<sup>24</sup> 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 heart• dreadeth."

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

83. Thus weeping that he could• never cease,  
He said: "Alas, how shall I, wretch•, 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 heart• burst?  
For, as in love, there is but little rest."

*Alas! why won't*

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

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

85. "Divin• 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 all• one.  
Rise up, for, by my head, she shall not gon.  
And rather be in blame a little found  
Than starve here as a gnat, withouten wound.

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

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

*Perhaps / think you stupid  
  
well know  
enterprise  
abandons*

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

---

<sup>25</sup> 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 should•, then, of fear thine heart• quake?  
 Think eke how Paris hath (that is thy brother)  
 A love, and why shalt thou not have another?

*believe*  
*take it badly*  
  
*A lover (Helen)*

88. "And, Troilus, one thing I dare thee swear,  
 That if Criseyd•, 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 mischíef,  
 And if she willeth from thee for to pass,  
 Then is she false; so love her well the less.

*beloved*  
  
*amiss*  
*find a cure*  
*wishes*

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

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

90. "I will myself be with thee at this deed,<sup>26</sup>  
 Though I and all my kin upon a stound  
 Shall in a street, as dogg•s, 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!"

*in one hour*  
  
*Run through*  
  
*If you choose to die here*

91. This Troilus gan with those words to quicken,  
 And said•: "Friend, grammércy, I assent;  
 But certainly thou may'st not me so pricken,<sup>27</sup>

*recover*  
*many thanks*  
*goad*

---

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

<sup>27</sup> 91.3-7: "But certainly you can't goad me, and no amount of tormenting pain can get me (to do that): in short, I will not agree to abduct her unless she herself wants it, even if that should kill me."

Nor pain• none ne may me so tormént,  
 That for no case it is not mine intent,  
 At short• word•s, though I dien should,  
 To ravish her, but-if herself it would."

*In short  
 To abduct h. / unless*

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 Jov• told it in thine ear?"

*all this time  
 asked her  
 afraid  
 displeased  
 To carry her off  
 Unless*

93. "For-thy rise up, as nought ne were, anon,<sup>28</sup>  
 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 mattér,

*Therefore / at once  
 go  
 deceive  
 perhaps  
 Before you're aware*

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

*fix it / certainly*

95. The swift• Fame, the which that fals• things  
 Equally reporteth like things true,  
 Was throughout Troy y-fled with prest• wings  
 From man to man, and made this tale all new,  
 How Calchas' daughter with her bright• hue,  
 At parliament, withouten word•s more,  
 Y-granted was in 'change for Antenor.

*Rumor  
 fast  
 exchange*

96. The which• tale anon right as Criseyde

*As soon as C*

---

<sup>28</sup> 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 mischanc• that this treaty brought':  
 But, shortly, lest these tal•s sooth• were,  
 She durst at no wight asken it for fear.

*cared*  
*absolutely nothing*  
*prayed*  
*brought (about)*  
*were true*  
*She dared ask no one*

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

*didn't know / to do*

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

*a crowd*  
*thought to please her*  
*chatter / a cent*

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

*Indeed*

100. Those word•s and those womanish• things  
 She heard them right as though she thenc• were,  
 For God it wot, her heart on other thing is.  
 Although the body sat among them there,  
 Her advertence is always els•where  
 For Troilus full fast her soul• sought ;  
 Withouten word on him she always thought.

*Her attention*

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

*hoped to*  
*talked about nothing*

Such vanity ne can do her no ease,  
 As she that all this mean•whil• brend  
 Of other passïon than that they wend,  
 So that she felt almost her heart• die  
 For woe, and weary of that company.

*burned*  
*With o. p. / thought*

102 For which no longer might• she restrain  
 Her tear•s, they began so up to well,  
 That gav• sign•s of her bitter pain  
 In which her spirit was and must• dwell,  
 Remembering her, from heaven unto which hell  
 She fallen was, since she forgoes the sight  
 Of Troilus, and sorrowfully she sighed.

103. And thilk• fool•s sitting her about  
 Wenden that she had wept and sigh•d sore  
 Because that she should out of the rout  
 Departen, and play never with them more;  
 And they that hadd• knowen her of yore  
 Saw her so weep, and thought it was kindnéss,  
 And each of them wept eke for her distress.

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

104. And busily they 'gannen her comfórt  
 On things, God wot on which she little thought,  
 And with their tal•s 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 eas•d for to feel  
 For ache of head, to claw him on his heel.<sup>29</sup>

*hoped to cheer her up*

105. But after all this nic• vanity  
 They took their leave, and home they wenten all;  
 Criseyd•, 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 thenc• for to rise,  
 And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

*silly*  
*as if dead*  
*she did / describe*

---

<sup>29</sup> 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 rent, and eke her fingers long and small  
 She wrung full oft, and bade God on her rue,  
 And with the death to do bote on her bale;  
 Her hu•, 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 infortún•d wight,  
 And born in cursed constellatíon,  
 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*

*Curse!*  
*two eyes*

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

*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 dear• heart• 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 clep•d 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 Criseyd• worth from Troilus?  
 How should a plant or other créatúre  
 Liven without its kindly nuritúre?  
 For which full oft a byword here I say,  
 That 'root•less must green• soon• die.'

*To what purpose*  
*live*  
*(separated) from*

*natural nourishment*  
*a common proverb*

111. "I shall do thus: since neither sword nor dart

*spear*

Dare I none handle for the cruelty,  
 That ilk• day that I from him depart,  
 If sorrow of that will not my ban• be,  
 Then shall no meat or drink• come in me  
 Till I my soul out of my breast unsheath,  
 And thus myselfen would I do to death.

*That same  
 my death*

112. ?And, Troilus, my cloth•s everyone<sup>30</sup>  
 Shall black• be in token, heart• sweet,  
 That I am as out of this world agone,  
 That wont was you to setten in quiet;  
 And of mine order, ay till death me meet,  
 The óbservances ever, in your absénce,  
 Shall sorrow be, complaint, and abstinence.

*all my clothes  
 (As into a convent)  
 ( I ) Who used to  
 religious order, always*

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 earth• twinn•d be we twain  
 Yet in the field of pity out of pain  
 That hight Elysium, shall we be y-ferre  
 As Orpheus and Eurydice his fere.

*spirit  
 part  
 we two are parted  
 called E. / together  
 his partner*

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

*I guess  
 vexation  
 truly  
 Provided you fare well*

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

*I don't know / feeble words*

---

<sup>30</sup> 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. Pandár•, 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 Criseyd• in full secret wise  
 There as she lay in torment and in rage  
 Came her to tell all wholly his messáge;

*described  
 in the public interest*

117. And found that she herselfen gan to treat  
 Full piteously, for with her salt• tears  
 Her breast, her face y-bath•d 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 heart• gan desire.

*behave*

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

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

*scarcely*

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

*bitter complaint  
 my uncle*

*Whether  
 in first place*

120. "Endeth then love in woe? Yea, or man lies,  
 And every worldly bliss, as thinketh me;  
 The end of bliss ay sorrow occupies,  
 And who that troweth not that it so be,  
 Let him upon me, woeful wretch, y-see,

*always  
 doesn't believe  
 look*

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 tear•s rain  
For pity of my aspre and cruel pain."

*Outside of*

*I trow  
bitter*

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

*Why haven't you s. regard  
destroy*

*listen*

123. Turned her then Criseyde, a woe making  
So great, that it a death was for to see:  
"Alas!" quod she, "what word•s may you bring,  
What will my dear heart senden unto me,  
Which that I dread• never more to see?  
Will he have 'plaint or tear•s ere I wend?  
I have enough if he thereafter send."<sup>32</sup>

*Whom  
before I go*

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

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

*used to find*

125. About her eyen two a purple ring

---

<sup>31</sup> 122.1: *niece*: most MSS have *suster*, sister. .7: *this message*: many mss omit *message*. ...

<sup>32</sup> 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 Pandár• might• not restrain  
 The tear•s from his eyen for to rain;  
 But natheless, as he best might, he said,  
 From Troilus these words unto Criseyde:

*Encircled as true sign*

126. "Lo, niece, I trow that you have heard all how  
 The king, with other lord•s, 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 mann•'s tongu• say;  
 For very woe his wit is all away.

*Distresses T.*

*out of his wits*

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

*it has almost slain*

*eagerly  
 to plan  
 way*

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

*storm of pain  
 listen*

*Before T. comes*

129. "Great is my woe," quod she, and sigh•d 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.

*better*

*Indeed*

130. "Grievous to me, God wot, it is to twin,"  
 Quod she, "but yet it harder is to me

*G. knows / to part*

- To see that sorrow which that he is in,  
 For well wot I it will my ban• be, *I know / be my death*  
 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 heart• beateth." *that life*
131. These word•s said, she on her arm•s two *T.w. (having been) said*  
 Fell gruf, and gan to weepen piteously. *face down*  
 Quod Pandarus: "Alas! why do you so,  
 Since you well wot the time is fast• by *know / is near*  
 That he shall come? Arise up hastily,  
 That he you not be-weep•d thus ne find, *tear-stained*  
 But you will have him wood out of his mind. <sup>33</sup> *Unless / mad*
132. "For, wist he that you fared in this mannér,  
 He would himselfen slay; and if I wend *If he knew*  
 To have this fare, he should• not come here *I thought*  
 For all the good that Priam may despend. <sup>34</sup> *behavior*  
 For to what fine he would anon pretend,  
 That know I well, and for-thy yet I say, *therefore*  
 So leave this sorrow, or platly he will die. *plainly*
133. And shapeth you his sorrow for t' abridge *take steps; lessen*  
 And not increas•, lev• niec• sweet: *dear*  
 Be rather to him cause of flat than edge,<sup>35</sup> *healing than wounding*  
 And with some wisdom, you his sorrows bet. *make better*  
 What helpeth it to weepen full a street, *fill a street with*  
 Or though you both in salt• tear•s dreynt? *drowned*  
 Bet' is a time of cure ay than of 'plaint. *Better / always / complaint*
134. "I mean• thus: when I him hither bring,  
 Since you be wise, and both of one assent, *one mind*

---

<sup>33</sup> 131.7: "Unless you want to drive him mad out of his mind."

<sup>34</sup> 132: 2-5: "If I thought you would behave like this I would not have him come here for all the wealth of Priam, because he would aim (*pretend*) at that end (*fine*)' i.e. suicide. That I do know."

<sup>35</sup> 133.3: In the Squire's Tale there is a magic sword whose flat heals the wounds inflicted by the edge. Achilles had a similarly gifted spear.

So shapeth how to dísturb your going      *to prevent*  
 Or come again soon after you be went;      *return ...after your departure*  
 Women be wise in short avis•ment.      *fast decisions*  
 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,      *to cheer / do my best*  
 And in mine heart• seeken every vein;      *search*  
 If to this sore there may be founden salve  
 It shall not lacken, certain, on my half.'<sup>36</sup>      *on my part*

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,      *cared*  
 But to the piteous godd•s everyone      *merciful gods*  
 Full tenderly he prayed and made his moan,  
 To do him soon out of this world to pace,      *To make him / to pass*  
 For well he thought there was no other grace.

137. And shortly, all the sooth• for to say,      *to tell truth*  
 He was so fallen in despair that day,  
 That utterly he shope him for to die;      *prepared*  
 For right thus was his argument alway:  
 He said he n'as but lorn•, welaway!      *was as good as lost, alas*  
 "For all that comes, comes by necessity:  
 Thus to be lorn it is my destiny. <sup>37</sup>      *lost*

138. "For certainly, this wot I well," he said,      *know I*

---

<sup>36</sup> 135.5-7: Modern punctuation cannot accommodate the flexibility of the unpunctuated syntax of the manuscripts which seems to allow line 6 (*If ...*) to go both with 5 and with 7.

<sup>37</sup> 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 divin• purveyance  
 Hath always seen me to forego Criseyde,  
 Since God sees everything, out of doutance,  
 And them disposeth through his ordinance  
 In their merits soothly for to be  
 As they shall comen by predestiny.

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

*predestination*

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

*believe  
 scholars  
 prove  
 certainly*

*alas!  
 I don’t know*

140. “For some men say, if God sees all befor  
 And God may not deceiv•d be, pardee,  
 Then must it fall, although men had it sworn,  
 What purveyance hath seen before to be.  
 Wherefore I say that from eterne if He  
 Hath wist before our thought as eke our deed•,  
 We have no free choice as these clerk•s read.

*for sure  
 resolved against it*

*eternity  
 Has known  
 scholars, clerics*

141. “For other thought or other deed also  
 Might never be, but such as purveyance  
 (Which may not be deceiv•d never mo’)  
 Hath felt before withouten ignorance;  
 For if there might• be a variance  
 To writen out from God•s purveying,  
 Then n’ere no prescience of thing coming;

*to squirm  
 would be no foreknowledge*

142. “But it were rather an opinion  
 Uncertain, and no steadfast foreseeing,  
 And cert•s, that were an abusion  
 That God should have no perfect clear witting  
 More than we men that have doubtful weening,  
 But such an error upon God to guess  
 Were false and foul and wicked cursedness.

*blasphemy  
 knowledge  
 doubtful knowledge  
 to suppose*

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.

*say that because*

*Knows it*

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

*it does not have to be*

*necessarily*

*It must be / befall*

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

*foreknowledge*

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

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

*the occurrence*

*known before*

*makes the event necessary*

*whether good or bad*

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

*on a seat*

*certainly / is true*

*thinkest*

*on the other hand*

148. "I say that if th'opinion of thee  
 Be sooth for that he sits, then I say this:  
 That he must sitten by necessity;

*Is true*

And thus necessity in either is  
 For in him need of sitting is, i-wis, *indeed*  
 And in thee need of sooth; and thus, forsooth, *truth*  
 There must necessity be in you both.

149. “But thou mayst say, the man sits not therefore  
 That thine opinion of his sitting sooth is; *is true*  
 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 interchang•d both in him and thee.

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

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

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

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

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

*That once  
 divine foreknowledge  
 that foresaw*

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

*when I know*

*the occurrence  
 known beforehand  
 avoided*

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

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

1083

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 own• foe?  
 What, párdée, yet Criseyde is not a-go.  
 Why list thee so thyself for-do for dread,  
 That in thine head thine eyen seemen dead?"

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

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

*Has Nature made you  
 distress*

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

Touching her going, how that it shall fall,<sup>38</sup>  
 Nor if she can herself disturben it.  
 Thou hast not yet assay•d all her wit:  
 A man may all betime his neck• beed  
 When it shall off, and sorrowen at the need.

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

159. "For-thy take heed of that that I shall say:  
 I have with her y-spoke and long y-be,<sup>39</sup>  
 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.

*Therefore / that which*  
*agreed between us both*  
  
*interpret*  
*Prevent*

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

*she = Criseyde / go*  
*therefore*

161. This Troilus answered, and sigh•d 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 tim• for to go,  
 Full privily himself withouten more  
 Unto her came, as he was wont to do,  
 And how they wrought I shall you tellen soon.

*What he pleased*  
  
*more ado*  
*acustomed to do*  
*behaved*

162. Sooth is, that when they gonnen first to meet<sup>40</sup>  
 So gan the pain their heart•s for to twist,  
 That neither of them might the other greet,  
 But them in arm•s took and after kissed;

*Truth is*

---

<sup>38</sup> 158.2-3: "Since you do not yet know how the business of her departure is going to work out."

<sup>39</sup> 159.2: "and I have spoken and been with her a long time."

<sup>40</sup> 162.1: "The truth is that at first when they met ..."

The less• woeful of them both• n'iste *didn't know*  
 Where that he was, ne might one word out bring,  
 As I said erst, for woe and for sobbing. *said before*

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

164. But when their woeful weary ghost•s twain *spirits two*  
 Return•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 *complaint / to ebb*  
 Of their tears, and the heart unswell;  
 With broken voice all hoarse for-shrieked, Criseyde *hoarse with shrieking*  
 To Troilus these ilk• word•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, *on point of leaving*  
 And thus she lies with hu•s pale and green *her color pale & wan*  
 That whilom fresh and fairest was to seen. *That once*

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

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

---

<sup>41</sup> 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 speech•less she lay,  
 With sorrowful voice, and heart of bliss all bare,  
 He said how she was from this world y-fare.

*Alas!**gone*

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

*lamented**Take pity*

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

*feeling**for him a strong a.**help  
to arrange  
in coffin*

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

*pulled**judgement / direct  
didn't wish*

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

*filled with**In short*


---

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

<sup>43</sup> 170.4-7: "So that his soul might follow hers to wherever Minos would direct it, since Love and Fortune no longer wished him to live in this world." Minos was a judge of souls in the underworld. In the original, *soule* is spelled with an *-e* each time.

Criseyde, and since you may do me no worse,  
 Fie on your might and work•s so diverse!  
 Thus cowardly you shall me never win;  
 There shall no death me from my lady twin.

*separate*

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 soul•s be i-fere.

*will leave*

*allow her to live  
 allow / together*

173. "And thou, City! which that I leave in woe,  
 And thou, Priam! and brethren all i-fere!  
 And thou, my mother! farewell, for I go,  
 And Atropos! make ready thou my bier,<sup>44</sup>  
 And thou, Criseyde! O sweet• heart• dear!  
 Receiv• now my spirit," would he say,  
 With sword at heart, all ready for to die.

*together*

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 sor• sighed,  
 And he began to glad her as he might,

*from swoon she woke*

*Venus*

*to cheer*

175. Took her in arm•s 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 glent  
 Aside, anon she gan his sword espy  
 As it lay bare, and gan for fear to cry.

*gladden  
 soul / above*

*glanced*

176. And ask•d him why he had it out draw?

---

<sup>44</sup> 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, *slain*  
 For which Criseyde upon him gan behold,  
 And gan him in her arm•s fast to fold,  
 And said; "O mercy, God! lo which a deed! *what a deed*  
 Alas! how nigh we weren both• dead! *how nearly*

177. "Then if I had not spoken, as grace was, *by good fortune*  
 You would have slain yourself anon?" quod she.  
 "Yea, doubt•less." And she answered: "Alas!  
 For by that ilk• Lord that mad• me  
 I n'ould a furlong way alive have be *2 or 3 minutes*  
 After your death, to have been crown•d queen  
 Of all the lands the sun on shineth sheen; <sup>45</sup> *brightly*

178. "But with this selv• sword which that here is *this same*  
 Myself I would have slain•," quod she tho. *then*  
 "But whoa ! for we have right enough of this,  
 And let us rise and straight to bedd• go,  
 And ther• let us speaken of our woe,  
 For by that mortar which that I see bren *lamp / burn*  
 Know I full well that day is not far henne." *hence*

179. When they were in their bed in arm•s fold,  
 Naught was it like those night•s here-beforn,  
 For piteously each other gan behold,  
 As they that hadden all their bliss y-lorn, *lost*  
 Bewailing all the day that they were born,  
 Till at the last this woeful wight Criseyde  
 To Troilus these ilk• word•s said:

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

---

<sup>45</sup> 177.5-7 ff: "I would not have stayed alive for three minutes after your death, not if I were to be crowned queen of all the earth the sun shines brightly on."

It were all time right soon• to begin.

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

*you know  
I've just had a thought*

*in truth  
enough ways to change*

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

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

*arrange to meet*

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 dread•less within a week or two  
I shall be here; and that it may be so  
By all• right, and that in word•s few,  
I shall you well a heap of way•s show.

*doubtless*

184. "For which I will not maken long sermon,  
For tim• lost may not recovered be,  
But I will go to my conclusiön,  
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 heart•'s rest,  
For truly I speak it for the best,

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

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

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

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

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

190. "I see that oft-time whereas we be now, *in our present situation*  
 That for the best, our counsel for to hide, *to keep our secret*  
 You speak not with me nor I with you  
 In fort•night, nor see you go nor ride; <sup>47</sup> *For 2 weeks*

---

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

<sup>47</sup> 190.1-4: "There are many times when we have been in the same situation as we are now. To keep our secret, you do not speak with me nor I with you for two weeks on

And may you not ten day•s then abide  
 For mine honóur, in such an áventure?  
 I-wis you may, or els• lite endure.

*wait*

*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 thing•s all i-fere,  
 And nam•ly, my dear• heart•, ye,  
 Whom that I n'ould• leav• for to see  
 For all this world as wide as it has space,  
 Or els• see I never Jov•'s face.

*Except for  
 connections all together*

*may I never see*

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

*Why do you think*

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

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

*Helen*

*though there were no*

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

*will require  
 communicate together  
 readily*

*to stay  
 Wherever he thinks best*

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

---

end, and I don't even see you walk or go on horseback."

I must• come, for whither should I gon?  
 Or how, mischanc•! should I dwell• there  
 Among those men of arm•s ever in fear?  
 For which, as wisly God my soul• redde,  
 I cannot see whereof you shoulde dread.

*how on earth*  
*as surely / guide*

196. "Have here another way, if it so be  
 That all this thing ne may you not suffice:<sup>48</sup>  
 My father, as you knowen well, pardee,  
 Is old; and eld is full of covetise.  
 And I right now have founden all the guise,  
 Withouten net wherewith I shall him hent;  
 And hearken, now if that you will assent.

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

197. "Lo! Troilus, men say, that hard it is  
 The wolf full and the wether whole to have;<sup>49</sup>  
 This is to say, that men full oft i-wis  
 Must spenden part the remnant for to save;  
 For aye with gold men may the heart• grave  
 Of him that set is upon covetise  
 And how I mean I shall it you devise.

*impress*  
*on greed*  
*I'll tell*

198. "The moble which that I have in this town  
 Unto my father shall I take and say  
 That right for trust and for salvation  
 It sent is from a friend of his or tway  
 The which• friend•s fervently him pray  
 To senden after more, and that in hie,  
 While that this town stands thus in jeopardy.<sup>50</sup>

*goods*  
*safety*  
*or two*  
*for more / in haste*

---

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

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

<sup>50</sup> 198. The gist of the stanza seems to be that since her father is old (and therefore covetous) she will take her moveable possessions and give them to him, pretending that they are sent from some old friends for safe keeping, who also want him to send her back for more. How this would appeal to his covetousness is not clear. Calchas would hardly need "sort" to see through this particular plan.

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: *nobody*  
 I shall eke showen him, if peace betide,  
 What friend•s that I have on every side  
 Towards the court, to do the wrath to pace *At court, to cause / to pass*  
 Of Priamus, and do him stand in grace. *restore him to favor*

200. "So what for one thing and for other, sweet!  
 I shall him so enchanten with my saws, *my words*  
 That right in heaven his soul is shall he mete: *dream*  
 For, all Apollo or his clerk•s laws  
 Or calculing availeth not three haws; *3 straws*  
 Desire of gold shall so his soul• blend *blind*  
 That as me list I shall well make an end. *as I please*

201. "And if he would aught by his sort it preeve *test by divination*  
 If that I lie, in certain I shall fonde *find a way*  
 Disturben him and pluck him by the sleeve  
 Making his sort, and bearen him in hand,  
 He hath not well the godd•s understand,<sup>51</sup> *understood*  
 For godd•s speak in amphibologies, *riddles*  
 And for one sooth they tellen twenty lies. *truth*

202. "Eke dread found first• godd•s, I suppose.<sup>52</sup>  
 Thus shall I say, and that his coward heart  
 Made him amiss the godd•s' text to glose, *wrongly to interpret*  
 When he, for fear•, out of Delphi start.<sup>53</sup> *rushed*  
 And but I make him soon• to convert *And unless / to change*

---

<sup>51</sup> 201.4-5: *Making ...understand*: "While he is doing his divination, and convince him he has not understood...."

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

<sup>53</sup> 202.3-4: According to Benoit, Calchas had consulted the oracle at Delphi where he learned that Troy would fall, so he had gone over to the Greeks. See Bk I, stanzas 10-14.

And do my redde within a day or tway,  
I will to you oblig• me to die."

*follow my advice  
I promise to kill myself*

203. And truly, as written well I find,  
That all this thing was said of good intent,  
And that her heart• tru• was and kind  
Toward•s 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 work•s knew.

*she nearly died*

204. This Troilus, with heart and ear•s spread,  
Heard all this thing devisen to and fro;  
And verily him seem•d that he had  
The self• wit, but yet to let her go  
His heart• misforgave him evermo'.  
But finally he gan his heart• wrest  
To trusten her, and took it for the best.

*open  
discussed  
same feeling  
had misgivings  
compel*

205. For which the great fury of his penance  
Was quenched with hope, and therewith them between  
Began, for joy, the amorous• dance,  
And, as the bird•s, when the sun is sheen,  
Delighten in their song in leav•s green,  
Right so the word•s that they spoke i-fere  
Delighted them and made their heart•s clear.

*shining*

*together*

206. But natheless 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 tru• find,  
And said her: "Cert•s, if you be unkind,  
And but you come at day set into Troy,  
Ne shall I ne'er have honour, heal, nor joy.

*departure*

*to her promise*

*unless / on agreed day  
health*

207. "For all so sooth as sun uprist to-morrow,  
-- And God, so wisly thou me woeful wretch  
To rest• bring out of this cruel sorrow,--

*as true / rises  
surely*

I will my selfen slay if that you dretch;<sup>54</sup> *delay*  
 But of my death though little be to reck, *care*  
 Yet ere that you me causen so to smart,  
 Dwell rather here, mine own • sweet • heart! *Stay*

208. "For truly, mine own • lady dear,  
 Those sleight • s yet that I have heard you stere *these tricks / propose*  
 Full shapely be to failen all i-ferre; *v. likely / together*  
 For thus men say: `That one [way] thinks the bear,  
 But all another thinketh his leader.' *his master*  
 Your sire is wise, and said is, out of dread: *your father / for sure*  
 `Men may the wise outrun, but not out-redde.'<sup>55</sup> *outwit*

209. "It is full hard to halten unespied *to limp undetected*  
 Before a cripple, for he can the craft.<sup>56</sup> *he knows*  
 Your father is, in sleight, as Argus-eyed, *in cunning has 100 eyes*  
 For all be that his moble is him bereft, *Although his goods are lost*  
 His old • sleight is yet so with him left, *His old skill*  
 You shall not blind him, for your womanhead,  
 Nor feign aright, and that is all my dread. *Nor lie with skill*

210. "I n'ot if peace shall ever more betide,  
 But peace or no, for earnest nor for game, *I don't know*  
 I wot, since Calchas on the Greek • s' side *in earnest or in jest*  
 Has onc • been, and lost so foul his name, *I know*  
 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 *persuade*

---

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

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

<sup>56</sup> 209.1-2: "In front of a cripple it is hard to get away with pretending to be a cripple, because he knows the real thing."

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 caus•less so starven in his truth.

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

212. "And over all this, your father shall despise  
 Us all, and say this city n'is but lorn,  
 And that the sieg• never shall arise,  
 — For-why the Greek•s have it all y-sworn,—  
 Till we be slain and down our wall•s torn.  
 All thus he shall you with his word•s fear,  
 That ay dread I that you will blev• there.<sup>57</sup>

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

213. "You shall eke see so many a lusty knight,  
 Among the Greek•s, full of worthiness;  
 And each of them with heart•, wit, and might  
 To pleasen you do all his busyness,  
 That you shall dullen of the rud•ness  
 Of us silly Trojans, but if ruth  
 Remord• you, or virtue of your truth.<sup>58</sup>

*do his best  
 grow tired / plainness  
 simple / unless pity  
 fills you with remorse*

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

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

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

*take pity / bitter sharp p.*

---

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

<sup>58</sup> 213.6-7: "Unless (*but if*) pity fills you with remorse, or virtue [reminds you] of your promise." Or "Unless pity and the strength (*virtue*) of your promise fill you with remorse."

And do somewhat as that I shall you say,  
 And let us steal away betwixt us tway,  
 And think that folly is when man may choose  
 For accident his substance ay to lose.<sup>59</sup>

*two*  
*little thing / main thing*

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

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

*that certainty*

217. "And, vulgarly to speaken of substance:  
 Of treasure may we both• with us lead  
 Enough to live in honour and pleasance  
 Until the tim• 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.

*bluntly / money*  
*take*

*may avoid*  
*mention*

*indeed / agree*

218. "And hardily ne dreadeth no povert,  
 For I have kin and friend•s els•where,  
 That though we comen in our bar• shirt  
 Us should• never lack nor gold nor gear,  
 But be honour•d while we dwelten there:  
 Go we anon, for as in mine intent  
 This is the best, if that you will assent."

*And certainly / poverty*

*clothes*

*Let's go now / opinion*

219. Criseyd• with a sigh right in this wise  
 Answer•d him: "I-wis, my dear heart true!  
 We may well steal away as you devise,  
 And finden such unthrifty way•s new,  
 But afterward full sore it will us rue;

*suggest*  
*dubious*  
*we'll regret*

---

<sup>59</sup> 215.6-7: A theological distinction between the true substance of something, and the less important accidents: color, shape, weight, etc. So he is saying that it is stupid to lose the main thing out of consideration for some unimportant detail. In this case their love is the main thing and the unimportant detail is presumably what people will think of them if they elope. A few lines later (217.1) he has another meaning for *substance*: money.

And, help me God so at my most• need!  
As caus•less you suffer all this dread.

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

*that day / for love  
person  
for rank  
(may) S's daughter  
As mad*

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

*deity  
satyrs & fauns  
Fate / cut  
trust me, please*

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 thilk• day that I untru• be  
To Troilus, mine own• heart• free,  
That thou return backward unto thy well,  
And I with body and soul sink into hell.

*River S*

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

*leave*

*known / would lie*

---

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

<sup>61</sup> 221.6: "(May) Atropos, cut the thread of my life." Atropos was the Fate who cut the thread of life which had been spun by Clotho and measured by Lachesis. .7: *thou* = Troilus

224. "And if so be that peace hereafter take,  
 As all day happens after anger, game, *constantly / play*  
 Why, Lord! the sorrow and woe you woulden make  
 That you ne durst not come again for shame! *dare not*  
 And ere that you jeopárden so your name *jeopardize*  
 Be not too hasty in this hott• fare; *excited way*  
 For hasty man ne wanteth never care. *is never without trouble*
225. "What trow you eke the people all about *What do you think*  
 Would of it say? It is full light t'arede. *easy to guess*  
 They woulden say, and swear it out of doubt,  
 That love ne drove you not to do this deed,  
 But lust voluptuous and coward dread:  
 Thus were all lost i-wis, mine heart• dear, *for sure*  
 Your honour which that now so shineth clear.
226. "And also thinketh on my honesty, *my good name*  
 That flowereth yet, how foul I should it shend, *ruin*  
 And with what filth y-spotted it should be,  
 If in this form I should• with you wend: *go*  
 Not though I lived unto the world•'s end  
 My nam• should I never againward win: *win back*  
 Thus were I lost, and that were ruth and sin. *pity*
227. ?And for-thy slay with reason all this heat. <sup>62</sup>  
 Men say: `The suffrant overcomes', pardee; *The patient man*  
 Eke: `Whoso will have lief, he lief must lete.' <sup>63</sup>  
 Thus maketh virtue of necessity *make! (imperative)*  
 By patience, and think that lord is he  
 Of Fortune aye that naught will of her reck, <sup>64</sup>  
 And she ne daunteth no wight but a wretch. *scares nobody*
228. "And trusteth this, that cert•s heart• sweet!  
 Ere Phoebus' sister, Lúcina the sheen, *the moon*

---

<sup>62</sup> 227.1: "And so control your excitement with reason."

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

<sup>64</sup> 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;<sup>65</sup>  
 I mean, as help me Juno, heaven's queen!  
 The tenth• day, but-if death me assail,  
 I will you see withouten any fail."  
*Leo / Aries  
 doubt  
 unless I die*

229. "And now, so this be sooth," quod Troilus,  
 "I shall well suffer unto the tenth• 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;<sup>66</sup>  
 My heart• says that it will be the best."  
*if this is true*

230. "O mercy, God! what life is this !" quod she,  
 "Alas! you slay me thus for very teen:  
 I see well now that you mistrusten me,  
 For by your word•s it is well y-seen.  
 Now for the love of Cynthia the sheen  
 Mistrust me not thus caus•less, for ruth,  
 Since to be true I have you plight my truth.  
*vexation  
 the bright moon  
 for pity's (sake)  
 pledged*

231. "And thinketh well that sometimes it is wit  
 To spend a time, a tim• 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 fantasi•s you within,  
 And trusteth me, and leaveth eke your sorrow,  
 Or (here my truth) I will not live till morrow.  
*is wise  
 lost  
 apart  
 (I swear)*

232. "For, if you wist how sore it doth me smart,  
 You would• cease of this. 'Fore God, thou wost  
 The pur• spirit weepeth in my heart  
 To see you weepen that I lov• most,  
 And that I must go to the Greek•s host;  
*if y. knew / it hurts me  
 Before God! you know*

---

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

<sup>66</sup> 229.6: "To live together forever peacefully."

Yea, n'ere it that I wist a remedy  
To come again, right her• would I die.

*if I didn't know a way*

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

*so stupid a person  
by the day I've promised  
cannot / cunning tricks  
By my skill, my going*

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

*Therefore  
if you want  
also*

235. "And o'er all this I pray you," quod she tho,  
"Mine own• heart•'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, <sup>68</sup>  
For I am e'er aghast; for why? Men redde  
That love is thing aye full of busy dread.

*then  
true  
always afraid / They say  
is always*

236. "For in this world there liveth lady none,  
If that you were untrue, as God defend!  
That so betray•d were or woe-begone  
As I, that all• truth in you intend;  
And doubt•less if that I other wend  
I n'ere but dead, and ere you caus• find, <sup>69</sup>

*God forbid  
expect  
If I thought otherwise*

---

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

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

<sup>69</sup> 236.5-7: "If I thought otherwise, I'd be as good as dead, and unless you find a real reason, for God's sake, please do not be unkind."

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 thilk• day I saw her first with eye,  
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die.<sup>70</sup>  
At short• words, well may you me believe;  
I can no more; it shall be found at preve."

*hidden  
make me glad / surely*

*In brief  
when tested*

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

*Many thanks  
never die*

*To repay*

*That ever*

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 mad• me to rue on your distress,  
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;  
That was the cause I first had on you ruth.

*prowess  
tournament  
noble rank  
to take pity on*

*had pity*

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,

*you despised  
smacked of evil  
and common lust*

---

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

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

<sup>72</sup> 238.5-7: "And as long as God preserves me, I shall do so; I have found you so true that honor will always accrue to me for that."

And that your reason bridled your delight;  
 This made aboven every creäture  
 That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.<sup>73</sup>

*endure*

241. "And this may length of year•s 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 night•s 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."

*wipe out  
 changeable  
 can cause*

242. And after that they long y-plain•d had,  
 And often kissed, and strait in arm•s fold,  
 The day gan rise, and Troilus him clad,  
 And ruefully his lady gan behold,  
 As he that felt• death•'s car•s cold;  
 And to her grace he gan him recommend.  
 Whe'r him was woe, this hold I no demand.<sup>74</sup>

*lamented  
 tight*

*looked at his lady sadly*

*Whether*

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,

---

<sup>73</sup> 240.6-7: "This was what made me yours above any other living person, and I shall remain yours as long as I live."

<sup>74</sup> 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":

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

