

## BOOK IV

1. But all too little, welaway the while!  
 Lasteth such joy, y-thanked be Fortúne,  
 That seemeth truest when she will beguile,  
 And can to foolès so her song entune  
 That she them hent and blent, traitor commune,<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 brightè face  
 Away to writhe, and took of him no heed,  
 And cast him clean out of his lady's grace,  
 And on her wheel she set up Diomede,  
 For which mine heart right now beginneth bleed;  
 And now my pen, alas! with which I write,  
 Quaketh for dread of what I must endite.
- seizes & blinds  
 person / thrown  
 and grins*
- to turn*
- write*
3. For how Criseydè Troilus forsook,  
 Or at the least how that she was unkind,  
 Must hencèforth be matter of my book  
 As writen folk through which it is in mind:<sup>2</sup>  
 Alas! that they should ever causè find  
 To speak her harm; and if they on her lie,  
 Iwis themselves should have the villainy.
- how C. forsook T.*
- Certainly / the blame*

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<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. (See Appendix 2 below).

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

4. Lying in host, as I have said ere this, *in siege*  
 The Greekès strong abouten Troyè town,  
 Befell that when that Phoebus shining is *Phoebus = the sun*  
 Upon the breast of Hercules Lion, <sup>1</sup> *i.e. in July-Aug or early Dec.*  
 That Hector with many a bold baron  
 Cast on a day with Greekès for to fight *Planned*  
 As he was wont to grieve them what he might. *As he was accustomed*
5. At whichè day was taken Antenor,<sup>2</sup>  
 Mauge Polydamas, or Menesteo, *Despite efforts of P (A's son)*  
 Santippe, Sarpedon, Polystenor,  
 Polites, or eke the Trojan, Daun Rupho,  
 And other lessè folk, as Phebuso,  
 So that for harm that day the folk of Troy  
 Dreaden to lose a great part of their joy.
6. Of Priamus was given, at Greeks' request, *Of = By*  
 A time of truce, and then they gonnèn treat *began to negotiate*  
 Their prisoners to changen most and least, *to exchange*  
 And for the surplus given sums great; *(ransom money)*  
 This thing anon was couth in every street, *immediately known*  
 Both in the siege, in town, and everywhere,  
 And with the first it came to Calchas' ear. *And early on*
7. When Calchas knew this treaty shouldè hold, *would take place*  
 In consistory among the Greekès soon *in council*  
 He gan in thringè forth with lordès old, *push in*  
 And set him there as he was wont to do,  
 And with a changèd face them bade a boon, *asked a favor*  
 For love of God, to do that reverence  
 To stinten noise, and give him audience. *To stop / a hearing*

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<sup>1</sup> 4.1-3: "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>2</sup> 5.1-4: Antenor's is the one name that matters here. As we are told in 25-26 below, he became the traitor who ensured Troy's destruction.

8. Then said he thus: "Lo! Lordès mine, I was  
Trojan, as it known is, out of dread, *without doubt*  
And if that you remember, I am Calchás,  
That alderfirst gave comfort to your need, *first of all*  
And toldè well how that you shoulde speed, *succeed*  
For dreadèless through you shall, in a stound, *Doubtless / in a while*  
Be Troy y-burnt and beaten down to ground.

9. "Having unto my treasure nor my rent  
Right no resport, in respect of your ease,<sup>1</sup>  
Thus all my good I left and to you went,  
Weening in this you, Lordès, for to please; *Expecting*  
But all that loss ne doth me no dis-ease; *distress*  
I vouchèsafe as wisly have I joy, *I'm willing as surely as*  
For you to lose all that I have in Troy, *For your sake*

10. "Save of a daughter that I left, alas!  
Sleeping at home when out of Troy I start. *I rushed*  
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! *nightshirt*  
For sorrow of which I will not live to-morrow  
But-if you, lordès, rue upon my sorrow. *Unless you / take pity*

11. "For, by that cause I saw no time ere now  
Her to deliver, I holden have my peace, *because I saw*  
But now or never, if that it likè you, *I've kept quiet*  
I may her have right soon now doubtèless: *if it pleases you*  
O, help and grace amongèst all this press! *crowd*  
Rue on this oldè caitiff in distress, *Pity this old wretch*  
Since I through you have all this heaviness.

12. "You have now caught and fettered in prison  
Trojans enough, and if your willès be,  
My child with one may have redemption; *can be exchanged for one*

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<sup>1</sup> 9.1-2: "Having no regard for my own goods or welfare but only your benefit (*ease*)."

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?

*generosity  
 of so many  
 to reject  
 so soon*

13. "On peril of my life I shall not lie,  
 Apollo hath me told it faithfully;<sup>1</sup>  
 I have eke founden by astronomy,  
 By sort, and eke by augury, truly,  
 And dare well say the time is fastè by  
 That fire and flame on all the town shall spread,  
 And thus shall Troy turn into ashes dead.

*astrology  
 casting lots / divination  
 close*

14. "For certain Phoebus and Neptunus both,  
 That makeden the walls of all the town  
 Be with the folk of Troy always so wroth  
 That they will bring it to confusion  
 Right in despite of King Laomedon,  
 Because he would not payen them their hire,<sup>2</sup>  
 The town of Troyè shall be set on fire."

*are so angry  
 in punishment of*

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

*graybeard  
 eyes two  
 for help (to) beg  
 without more ado*

16. But who was glad enough but Calchas tho!  
 And of this thing full soon his needès laid  
 On them that shoulde for the treaty go,  
 And them for Antenor full often prayed

*then  
 made h. wishes clear  
 go to negotiate the t.  
 in exchange for A*

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<sup>1</sup> 13.2: Calchas's astrology and consultation of Apollo were mentioned earlier in I, 6-7 as the reason for his abandonment of Troy.

<sup>2</sup> 14.1-6: 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.

To bringen home King Thoas and Criseyde;  
 And when King Priam his safe conduct sent,  
 Th'ambassadors to Troyè straight they went.

17. The cause y-told of their coming,<sup>1</sup> the old  
 Priam the King full soon in general  
 Let hereupon his parliament to hold,  
 Of which th'effect rehearsen you I shall:  
 Th'ambassadors be answered for final,  
 Th'exchange of prisoners and all this need  
 Them liketh well, and forth in they proceed.

*caused to be held  
 the results I will tell  
 have their f. answer  
 everything necessary  
 Pleased them*

18. This Troilus was present in the place  
 When askèd was for Antenor Criseyde,  
 For which full soonè changen gan his face,  
 As he that with those wordès well nigh died;  
 But natheless he no word to it said,  
 Lest men should his affection espy;  
 With man's heart he gan his sorrows drye.

*v. nearly*

*endure*

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

*Awaited*

*two*

*he calculated*

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

*v. anxious to make her stay*

*blown around (in talk)*

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<sup>1</sup> 17.1: "The reason for their coming having been made known."

Your bother love where it was erst unknow."<sup>1</sup>

*love of you both / before*

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

*v. forcefully*

22. Hector which that full well the Greekès heard  
For Antenor how they would have Criseyde,  
Gan it withstand, and soberly answered:  
"Sirs, she is no prisoner," he said.  
"I n'ot on you who that this chargè laid,<sup>2</sup>  
But, on my part, you may eftsoons them tell  
We usen here no women for to sell."

*I don't know  
promptly  
We're not used to*

23. The noise of people up started then at once  
As breme as blaze of straw y-set on fire,  
For ínfortune it wouldè for the nonce  
They shoulden their confusion desire.<sup>3</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*

24. "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.

*baron*

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<sup>1</sup> 20.3-7: 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>2</sup> 22.5: "I don't know who gave you this commission."

<sup>3</sup> 23.3-4: "For Misfortune wanted (it) on that occasion that they should choose their own destruction.

O Hector! let such fantasiès be;  
 O King Priam!" quod they, "thus sayen we,  
 That all our voice is to forego Criseyde."  
 And to deliver Antenor they prayed.

25. O Juv'nal lordè, true is thy senténcé  
 That little witen folk what is to yern <sup>1</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*

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

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

27. For which, delibered was by parliament,  
 For Antenor to yielde out Criseyde.  
 And it pronouncèd by the President,  
 Although that Hector `Nay' full often prayed;  
 And finally, what wight that it withsaid,  
 It was for naught; it mustè be and should,  
 For substance of the parliament it would.

*decided*  
  
*no matter who opposed*  
  
*the majority of p. wanted it*

28. Departed out of parliament each one,  
 This Troilus, withouten wordès mo'  
 Unto his chamber sped him fast alone,  
 But if it were a man of his or two,  
 The which he bade out fastè for to go,

*When each had departed*  
*more*  
  
*Except for*

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<sup>1</sup> 25.2-5: "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.

Because that he would sleepen, as he said,  
And hastily upon his bed him laid.

29. And as in winter leavès be bereft  
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 blackè bark of care,  
Disposèd wood out of his wits to braid,  
So sore him sat the changing of Criseyde.

*fall off*

*mad out of h. w. to go  
So badly affected him*

30. 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 imagè pale and wan  
And in his breast the heapèd woe began  
Out burst, and he to worken in this wise  
In his woodness, as I shall you devise.

*To burst out  
In his madness*

31. Right as the wildè bull begins to spring  
Now here now there, y-darted to the heart,  
And of his deathè roareth, còmplaining,  
Right so gan he about the chamber start,  
Smiting his breast ay with his fistès smart;  
His head unto the wall, his body to the ground  
Full oft he swapt him selfen to confound.

*(when) pierced*

*hard*

*he threw / to hurt*

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

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

33. Alas, Fortúne, if that my life in joy  
Displeasèd had unto thy foul envy  
Why hadst thou not my father, king of Troy,

Bereft the life or do my brethren die,  
Or slain myself that thus complain and cry?--  
I, cumber-world, that may of nothing serve,  
But ever die and never fully starve. <sup>1</sup>

*Taken / caused my  
world encumbrance  
constantly die / expire*

34. "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 heartés sealed,  
How may you suffer, alas! it be repealed? <sup>2</sup>

35. "O you lovers! that high upon the wheel  
Be set of Fortune, in good áventure,  
God levè that you ay find love of steel,  
And longè may your life in joy endure; <sup>3</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*

36. 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 out Criseyde,  
Gan well nigh wood out of his wit to braid,  
So that for woe he ne n'isté what he meant,  
But in a rage to Troilus he went.

*citizen  
nearly mad / to go  
didn't know*

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<sup>1</sup> 33:1-7: "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"

<sup>2</sup> 34.7: "Alas! How can you allow it [the seal of our union] to be broken?"

<sup>3</sup> 35.1.4: "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." On Fortune's Wheel see appendix 2.

37. 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 spechëless thus been these ilké tway,  
 That neither might for sorrow one word say.

*same two*

38. But at the last this woeful Troilus,  
 Nigh dead for smart, gan bursten out to roar,  
 And with a sorrowful noise he saidë thus  
 Among his sobbës and his sighës 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*

39. This Pandarus, full dead and pale of hue,  
 Full piteously answered and said: "Yes,  
 As wisly were it false as it is true,  
 That I have heard, and wot all how it is.  
 O mercy, God, who would have trowèd this?  
 Who would have wend that in so little a throw  
 Fortune our joyè would have overthrow?"

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

40. "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*

41. "And over all this, as thou well wost thyself,  
 This town is full of ladies all about,  
 And, to my doomè, fairer than such twelve

*you know  
 in my judgement*

As e'er she was shall I find in some rout,<sup>1</sup> *group*  
 Yea, one or two, withouten any doubt.  
 For-thy be glad, mine ownè dearè brother: *Therefore*  
 If she be lost, we shall recover another."

42. These wordès said he for the nonès all *for the occasion*  
 To help his friend, lest he for sorrow died,  
 For doubtèless to do his woe to fall *to lessen his pain*  
 He raughtè not what únthrif that he said; *didn't care what nonsense*  
 But Troilus, that nigh for sorrow died, *nearly*  
 Took little heed of all that e'er he meant;  
 One ear it heard, at th' other out it went.

43. But at the last he answered, and said: "Friend,  
 This leechècraft, or healèd thus to be *this kind of medicine*  
 Were well fitting if that I were a fiend *devil*  
 To treason her that true is unto me; *To betray*  
 I pray God never let this counsel thee, *thee (vb) = succeed*  
 But do me rather starve anon right here *But make me die*  
 Ere I thus do as thou me wouldest lere.<sup>2</sup> *advise*

44. "She that I serve iwis, whatso thou say,  
 To whom my heart enhabit is by right, *indeed, whatever*  
 Shall have me wholly hers till that I die; *devoted*  
 For, Pandarus, since I have truth her hight *promised*  
 I will not be untruè for no wight, *for nobody*  
 But as her man I will ay live and starve, *always live & die*  
 And never will no other creature serve.

45. "And where thou say'st thou shalt as fair y-find  
 As she, let be. Make no comparison *don't bother*  
 To creäture y-formèd here by kind. *by nature*  
 O levè Pándare, in conclusiön, *O dear P.*

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<sup>1</sup> 41.3-5: 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.

<sup>2</sup> 43.7: "Before I do as you would advise me."

I will not be of thine opinion  
 Touching all this, for which I thee beseech  
 So hold thy peace; thou slay'st me with thy speech.

46. "Thou biddest me I shouldè love another  
 All freshly new, and let Criseyde go:  
 It lies not in my power, levè 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, Pandaré?<sup>1</sup>  
 Now foul fall her that for thy woe hath care!

47. "Thou farest eke by me, thou Pandarus,  
 As he that when a wight is woe-begone, *a person*  
 Comes to him apace and says right thus:  
 `Think not on smart and thou shalt feelè none.' *about pain*  
 Thou must me first transmute into a stone,  
 And reve me of my passïonès all, *relieve me*  
 Ere thou so lightly do my woe to fall. *cause my woe to f.*

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

49. "If thou hast had in love ay yet mischance, *always bad luck*  
 And canst it not out of thine heartè 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? *so quickly*  
 Oh, where hast thou been hid so long in mew, *cage*  
 That canst so well and formally argue?"

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<sup>1</sup> 46.6: "Nettle in, dock out" are said to have been the words of a charm for nettle stings.  
 46.7: "Bad luck to the woman who pities your love-pain."

50. This Troilus in tears gan to distil,  
 As liquor out of álembic full fast, *distilling vessel*  
 And Pandarus gan hold his tonguè 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, *by God*  
 Yet shall I somewhat more unto him say."
51. And saidè: "Friend, since thou hast such distress,  
 And since thou list mine arguments to blame, *choose*  
 Why wilt thou not thyself help do redress,  
 And with thy manhood letten all this grame? *prevent / sorrow*  
 Go ravish her, ne canst thou not? For shame! *Go & abduct*  
 And either let her out of townè fare, *go*  
 Or hold her still and leave thy nice fare. *& stop complaining*
52. "Art thou in Troy and hast no hardiment *no courage*  
 To take a woman which that loveth thee  
 And would herselfen be of thine assent? *agree with you*  
 Now is not this a nicè vanity? *utter foolishness*  
 Rise up anon, and let this weeping be  
 And kith thou art a man, for in this hour *And show*  
 I will be dead or she shall bleven our." *remain ours*
53. To this him answered Troilus full soft,  
 And said: "Iwis, my levè brother dear! *Indeed, my beloved*  
 All this have I myself yet thought full oft,  
 And morè things than thou devisest here,  
 But why this thing is left thou shalt well hear, *left (undone)*  
 And when thou hast me given audience *listened*  
 Therafter may'st thou tell all thy sentéce. *opinion*
54. "First, since -- thou wost -- this town has all this war *you know*  
 For ravishing of women so by might, *abducting w. by force*  
 It shouldè not be suffered me to err, *I won't be allowed to*  
 As it stands now, nor do so great unright;  
 I should have also blame of every wight *from everybody*  
 My father's grant if that I so withstood,

Since she is changèd for the townè's good.

*exchanged*

55. "I have eke thought, so it were her assent,  
To ask her of my father of his grace;  
Then think I this were her accusèment,  
Since well I wot I may her not purchase,  
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*

56. "Yet dread I most her heartè to perturb  
With violence, if I do such a game;  
For if I would it openly disturb,  
It must be a dis-slander to her name;  
And me were lever die than her defame;  
As n'ouldè God, but if that I should have  
Her honour lever than my life to save.<sup>1</sup>

*I'd rather  
God forbid  
dearer*

57. "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.  
Thus am I with desire and reason twight:  
Desire for to disturben her me reddeth,  
And reason n'ill not; so mine heartè dreadeth."

*dearer than myself*

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

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

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

59. "Divinè not in reason ay so deep  
Nor courteously, but help thysself anon.

*Don't always think so deeply  
Nor so scrupulously*

---

<sup>1</sup> 56.6-7: "God forbid that I should not hold her honor more precious than my life."

Bet is that other than thyselfen weep,  
 And namely, since you two been allè one.  
 Rise up, for, by my head, she shall not gone;  
 And rather be in blame a little found  
 Than starve here as a gnat, withouten wound.

*Better  
 And especially  
 go*

60. "It is no shame unto you, nor no vice,  
 Her to withholden that you lovè most.  
 Paraunter she might holden thee for nice  
 To let her go thus to the Greekès' host.  
 Think eke that Fortune, as thyself well wost,  
 Helpeth [the] hardy man to his emprise, <sup>1</sup>  
 And waiveth wretches for their cowardice.

*Perhaps / think you stupid  
 well know  
 enterprise  
 abandons*

61. "And though thy lady would a little grieve,  
 Thou shalt thy peace full well hereafter make.  
 But as for me, certain, I cannot 'lieve  
 That she would it as now for evil take;  
 Why shouldè, then, of fear thine heartè 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*

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

*beloved  
 amiss  
 find a cure*

63. "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 heartè gnaw,  
 But manly set the world on six and seven,

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

---

<sup>1</sup> 60.5-6: "Fortune favors the brave, as you yourself know well."

And if thou die a martyr, go to heaven!

64. "I will myself be with thee at this deed,<sup>1</sup>  
 Though I and all my kin upon a stound *in one hour*  
 Shall in a street, as doggès, lien dead  
 Through-girt with many a wide and bloody wound. *Run through*  
 In every case I will a friend be found.  
 And if thee list here starven as a wretch, *If you choose to die here*  
 Adieu, the devil speed him that it recks!"

65. This Troilus gan with those words to quicken, *recover*  
 And saidè: "Friend, grammécy, I assent; *many thanks*  
 But certainly thou may'st not me so pricken,<sup>2</sup> *goad*  
 Nor painè none ne may me so torment,  
 That for no case it is not mine intent,  
 At shortè wordès, though I dien should, *In short*  
 To ravish her, but-if herself it would." *To abduct / unless*

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

67. "For-thy rise up, as nought ne were, anon,<sup>3</sup> *Therefore / at once*  
 And wash thy face, and to the king thou wend, *go*  
 For he may wonder whither thou art gone.

---

<sup>1</sup> 64: "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>2</sup> 65.3-7: "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."

<sup>3</sup> 67.1: "Therefore get up at once (*anon*) as if nothing were the matter and ..."

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,

*deceive  
 perhaps  
 Before you're aware*

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

*fix it /certainly*

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

*Rumor*

*fast*

*exchange*

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

*a crowd*

*thought to please her  
 worthless chatter / a cent*

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

*Indeed*

72. These women that thus wenden her to please

*intended to*

Abouten naught gone all their talés spend;  
 Such vanity ne can do her no ease,  
 As she that all this meanèwhilè brend  
 Of other passìon than that they wend,  
 So that she felt almost her heartè die  
 For woe, and weary of that company.

*talked about nothing*

*burned*

*Of = With / thought*

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

*silly*

*as if dead*

*she did / describe*

74. 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 huè, 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*

75. "Alas! " quod she, "out of this regiön  
 I, woeful wretch and infortúnèd wight,  
 And born in cursed constellation,  
 Must go, and thus departen from my knight!  
 Woe worth, alas! that ilkè dayè'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*

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

*spear*

*that same*

*my death*

77. "And, Troilus, my clothés everyone <sup>1</sup>  
 Shall blacké be in token, hearté 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*

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

79. And found that she herselfen gan to treat  
 Full piteously, for with her salté tears  
 Her breast, her face y-bathéd 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 hearté gan desire.

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

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

*scarcely*

81. "Endeth then love in woe? yea, or man lies,

---

<sup>1</sup> 77: 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.

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

*always  
 doesn't believe  
 look*

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

*to judge by her looks  
 tie on a hearse*

*used to find*

83. About her eyen two a purple ring  
 Bitrent in soothfast tokening of her pain,  
 That to behold it was a deadly thing,  
 For which Pandáre mightè not restrain  
 The tearès from his eyen for to rain;  
 But natheless, as he best might, he said,  
 From Troilus these words unto Criseyde.

*Encircled as true sign*

84. "Lo, niece, I trow that you have heard all how  
 The king, with other lordès, 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 mannè's tonguè say;  
 For very woe his wit is all away.

*Distresses T.*

*out of his wits*

85. "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*

86. "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, *storm of pain*  
 May to no long prológue as now entend; *listen*  
 And hereupon you may an answer send.  
 And for the love of God, my niecè dear,  
 So leave this woe ere Troilus be here." *Before T. comes*

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

88. "Grievous to me, God wot, it is to twin," *G. knows / to part*  
 Quod she, "but yet it harder is to me  
 To see that sorrow which that he is in,  
 For well wot I it will my banè be, *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 heartè beateth." *that life*

89. These wordès said, she on her armès 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 fastè by *know / is near*  
 That he shall come? Arise up hastily,  
 That he you not be-weepèd thus ne find, *tear-stained*  
 But you will have him wood out of his mind. <sup>1</sup> *Unless / mad*

90. "I meanè thus: when I him hither bring,  
 Since you be wise, and both of one assent, *one mind*  
 So shapeth how to dísturb your goíng *to prevent*  
 Or come again soon after you be went; *return ...after your departure*

---

<sup>1</sup> 89.7: "Unless you want to drive him mad out of his mind."

Women be wise in short avisement. *fast decisions*  
 And let's see how your wit shall now avail  
 And what that I may help it shall not fail."

91. "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 heartè seeken every vein; *search*  
 If to this sore there may be founden salve  
 It shall not lacken, certain, on my halve."<sup>1</sup> *on my part*

92. 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 goddès 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.

93. And shortly, all the soothè 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 lornè, welaway! *was as good as lost, alas*  
 "For all that comes, comes by necessity:  
 Thus to be lorn it is my destiny."<sup>2</sup> *lost*

94. Then said he thus: "Almighty Jove in throne,  
 That wost of allè things the soothfastness, *Who know / truth*  
 Rue on my sorrow, or do me dien soon, *Take pity ... or make me die*  
 Or bring Criseyde and me from this distress."  
 And while he was in all this heaviness, *1083*

---

<sup>1</sup> 91.5-7: 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>2</sup> 93.7: After this line in the original there follows the long argument about predestination. Most of it has been omitted here, but the omitted stanzas can be read in the appendix.

Disputing with himself in this mattér,  
Came Pandarus and said as ye may hear:

95. "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 owné foe?  
What, párdee, 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*

96. "Hast thou not livèd 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*

97. "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>1</sup>  
Nor if she can herself disturben it.  
Thou hast not yet assayèd all her wit:  
A man may all betime his necké beede  
When it shall off, and sorrowen at the neede.

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

98. "For-thy take heed of that that I shall say:  
I have with her y-spoke and long y-be,<sup>2</sup>  
So as accorded was betwixt us tway,  
And ever more methinketh thus, that she  
Hath somewhat in her hearté'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*

---

<sup>1</sup> 97.2-3: "Since you do not yet know how the business of her departure is going to work out."

<sup>2</sup> 98.2: "and I have spoken and been with her a long time."

99. "For which my counsel is: when it is night  
 Thou to her go and make of this an end  
 And blessèd Juno, through her greatè 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*

100. This Troilus answerèd, and sighèd sore:  
 "Thou say'st right well, and I will do right so."  
 And what him list he said unto him more,  
 And when that it was timè 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*

101. Sooth is, that when they gonnen first to meet <sup>1</sup>  
 So gan the pain their heartès for to twist,  
 That neither of them might the other greet,  
 But them in armès took and after kissed;  
 The lessè woeful of them bothè n'iste  
 Where that he was, ne might one word out bring,  
 As I said erst, for woe and for sobbing.

*Truth is  
 didn't know  
 before*

102. But when their woeful weary ghostès twain  
 Returnèd been there as they ought to dwell,  
 And that somewhat to weaken gan the pain  
 By length of 'plaint, and ebbèn gan the well  
 Of their tears, and the heart unswell;  
 With broken voice all hoarse for-shrieked, Criseyde  
 To Troilus these ilkè wordès said:

*spirits two  
 complaint / to ebb  
 hoarse with shrieking  
 these very*

103. "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

---

<sup>1</sup> 101.1: "The truth is that at first when they met ..."

Right with the word always in point to pace,  
 And thus she lies with huës pale and green  
 That whilom fresh and fairest was to seen.

*on point of leaving  
 her color pale & wan  
 That once*

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

*Calling  
 knows no o. remedy  
 Whether / knew*

105. He riseth up, and long straight he her laid.  
 For sign of life for aught he can or may  
 Can he none find for nothing in Criseyde,  
 For which his song full oft is "Welaway!"  
 But when he saw that speechèless she lay,  
 With sorrowful voice, and heart of bliss all bare,  
 He said how she was from this world y-fare.

*laid her down  
 Alas!  
 gone*

106. And after this with stern and cruel heart  
 His sword anon out of his sheath he twight,  
 Himself to slay, how sorè that him smart,<sup>1</sup>  
 So that his soul her soulè follow might  
 There as the doom of Minos would it dight,<sup>2</sup>  
 Since Love and cruel Fortune it ne would  
 That in this world he longer liven should.

*pulled  
 judgement / direct  
 didn't wish*

107. Then said he thus, fulfilled of high disdain:  
 "O cruel Jove! and thou Fortúne advèrse!  
 This all and some is, falsely have you slain  
 Criseyde, and since you may do me no worse,

*filled with  
 In short*

---

<sup>1</sup> 106.3: *how sore* ...: either "however much it might hurt" or "(because) he hurt so much".

<sup>2</sup> 106.4-7: "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 thus each time.

Fie on your might and workès so diverse!  
 Thus cowardly you shall me never win;  
 There shall no death me from my lady twin. *separate*

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

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

110. Took her in armès two, and kissed her oft,  
 And her to glad he did all his intent,  
 For which her ghost, that flickered ay aloft, *soul / above (her body?)*  
 Into her woeful heart again it went;  
 But at the last, as that her eyen glent *glanced*  
 Aside, anon she gan his sword espy  
 As it lay bare, and gan for fear to cry.

111. And askèd him why he had it out draw?  
 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 armès fast to fold,  
 And said; "O mercy, God! lo which a deed!  
 Alas! how nigh we weren bothè dead! *what a deed*  
*how nearly*

112. "Then if I had not spoken, as grace was,  
 You would have slain yourself anon?" quod she. *by good fortune*

"Yea, doubtless." And she answered: "Alas!  
 For by that ilké Lord that madé me  
 I n'ould a furlong way alive have be *2 or 3 minutes*  
 After your death, to have been crownéd queen  
 Of all the lands the sun on shineth sheen;<sup>1</sup> *brightly*

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

114. When they were in their bed in armès fold,  
 Naught was it like those nightès 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 ilké wordès said:

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

116. "Now, that I shall well bringen it about  
 To come again soon after that I go  
 Thereof am I no manner thing in doubt,  
 For dreadèless within a week or two *doubtless*  
 I shall be here; and that it may be so

---

<sup>1</sup> 112.5-7 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."

By allè right, and that in wordès few,  
I shall you well a heap of wayès show.

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

*So that*  
*argument*  
*To prevent*

118. "The sooth is this; the twinning of us twain  
Will us dis-ease and cruelly annoy,  
But him behoveth sometimes to have pain  
That serveth Love, if that he will have joy;<sup>1</sup>  
And since I shall no farther out of Troy  
Than I may ride again on half a morrow,  
It ought the lessè causen us to sorrow;

*parting of us two*  
*distress*  
*shall (go)*  
*morning*

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

*in cage*  
*you know*  
*hear how I am*

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

*soon*  
*as before / glad*

121. "I see that oft-time whereas we be now,

*in our present situation*

---

<sup>1</sup> 118.3-4: "Whoever serves Love has to have pain sometimes if he is also to have joy."

That for the best, our counsel for to hide,  
 You speak not with me nor I with you  
 In fortnight, nor see you go nor ride;<sup>1</sup>  
 And may you not ten dayès then abide  
 For mine honóur, in such an áventure?  
 Iwis you may, or elsè lite endure.

*to keep our secret*  
*2 weeks at a time*  
*wait*  
*Indeed / little*

122. "You see that every day, eke more and more,  
 Men treat of peace, and it supposed is  
 That men the queen Eléna shall restore,  
 And Greeks restoren us what is amiss.  
 So though there n'erè comfort none but this,  
 That men purposen peace on every side,  
 You may the better at ease of heart abide.

*Helen*  
*though there were no*

123. "For if that it be peace, mine heartè dear,  
 The nature of the peace must needès drive  
 That men must intercómmunen ifere  
 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*

124. "Have here another way, if it so be  
 That all this thing ne may you not suffice:<sup>2</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*

125. "The moble which that I have in this town  
 Unto my father shall I take and say

*goods*

---

<sup>1</sup> 121.1-4: "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 end, and I don't even see you walk or go on horseback."

<sup>2</sup> 124.1-2: "Here's another argument, if those already mentioned are not enough for you."

That right for trust and for salvation *safety*  
 It sent is from a friend of his or tway  
 The whichè friendès fervently him pray  
 To senden after more, and that in hye, *for more / in haste*  
 While that this town stands thus in jeopardy.<sup>1</sup>

126. "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,<sup>2</sup> (  
 He hath not well the goddès understand, *understood*  
 For goddès speak in amphibologies, *riddles*  
 And for one sooth they tellen twenty lies. *truth*

127. "Eke dread found firstè goddès, I suppose.<sup>3</sup>  
 Thus shall I say, and that his coward heart  
 Made him amiss the goddès' text to glose, *wrongly to interpret*  
 When he, for fear, out of Delphi start.<sup>4</sup> *rushed*  
 And, but I make him soonè to convert *And unless / to change*  
 And do my redde within a day or tway, *follow my advice*  
 I will to you obligè me to die." *I'll kill myself*

128. This Troilus, with heart and earès spread, *open*

---

<sup>1</sup> 125. 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.

<sup>2</sup> 126.4-5: *Making ...*: "While he is doing his divination, and convince him he has not understood...."

<sup>3</sup> 127.1: "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 107 above. See also V, 30.4-7 below. Contrast the situation in Henryson's sequel, **The Testament**, that follows Bk. V here.

<sup>4</sup> 127.3-4: 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 6-10.

Heard all this thing devisen to and fro; *discussed*  
 And verily him seeméd that he had  
 The selfè wit, but yet to let her go *same feeling*  
 His heartè misforgave him evermo'. *misgave*  
 But finally he gan his heartè wrest *compel*  
 To trusten her, and took it for the best.

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

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

131. "For all so sooth as sun uprist to-morrow, *as true / rises*  
 -- And God, so wisly thou me woeful wretch *surely*  
 To restè bring out of this cruel sorrow,--  
 I will my selfen slay if that you dretch;<sup>1</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 ownè sweetè heart!

132. "For truly, mine ownè lady dear,  
 Those sleightès yet that I have heard you stere *these tricks / propose*  
 Full shapely be to failen all i-fere; *likely / together*

---

<sup>1</sup> 131.2-4: *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 ..."

For thus men say: `That one [way] thinks the bear,  
But all another thinketh his leader.'

Your sire is wise, and said is, out of dread:  
`Men may the wise outrun, but not out-redde.'<sup>1</sup>

*his master  
your father / for sure  
outwit*

133. "It is full hard to halten unespied  
Before a cripple, for he can the craft.<sup>2</sup>  
Your father is, in sleight, as Argus-eyed,  
For all be that his moble is him bereft,  
His oldè sleight is yet so with him left,  
You shall not blind him, for your womanhead,  
Nor feign aright, and that is all my dread.

*to limp undetected  
he knows  
in cunning has 100 eyes  
Although his goods are lost  
His old skill  
Nor lie with skill*

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

*I don't know  
in earnest or in jest  
I know*

135. "You shall eke see your father shall you glose  
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 causeless so starven in his truth.

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

136. "And over all this, your father shall despise  
Us all, and say this city n'is but lorn,  
And that the siegè never shall arise,

*as good as lost  
shall be raised*

---

<sup>1</sup> 132.2-7: "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 the wise man, but not outwit him.'" *way* ( 1.4) is added.

<sup>2</sup> 133.1-2: "In front of a cripple it is hard to get away with pretending to be a cripple, because he knows the real thing."

-- For-why the Greekès have it all y-sworn,--  
 Till we be slain and down our wallès torn.  
 All thus he shall you with his wordès fear,  
 That ay dread I that you will blevè there.<sup>1</sup>

*Because*  
*frighten*  
*I constantly d. / remain*

137. "You shall eke see so many a lusty knight,  
 Among the Greekès, full of worthiness;  
 And each of them with heartè, wit, and might  
 To pleasen you do all his busyness,  
 That you shall dullen of the rudèness  
 Of us silly Trojans, but if ruth  
 Remordè you, or virtue of your truth.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

139. "For which with humble, true, and piteous heart  
 A thousand timès mercy I you pray,  
 So rueth on mine asper painès smart,  
 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>3</sup>

*take pity / bitter sharp p.*  
*two*  
*little thing / main thing*

---

<sup>1</sup> 136.1-7: This same argument is indeed used in Bk V, 102-6, though not by Calchas, to persuade Criseyde to stay with the Greeks.

<sup>2</sup> 137.6-7: "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."

<sup>3</sup> 139.6-7: 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 (141.1) he plays with another meaning of *substance*: money.

140. "I meanè thus, that since we may ere day  
 Well steal away and be together so, *Easily*  
 What wit were it to putten in assay *What's the point / to the test*  
 (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. *certainty*
141. "And, vulgarly to speaken of substance: *bluntly / money*  
 Of treasure may we bothè with us lead *take*  
 Enough to live in honour and pleasance  
 Until the timè that we shall be dead;  
 And thus we may eschewen all this dread, *avoid*  
 For every other way you can record *mention*  
 My heart, iwis, may not therewith accord. *indeed / agree*
142. "And hardily ne dreadeth no povert, *And certainly / poverty*  
 For I have kin and friendès elsèwhere,  
 That though we comen in our barè shirt  
 Us shouldè never lack nor gold nor gear, *clothes*  
 But be honourèd while we dwelten there:  
 And go we anon, for as in mine intent *at once / opinion*  
 This is the best, if that you will assent."
143. Criseydè with a sigh right in this wise  
 Answerèd him: "Iwis, my dear heart true!  
 We may well steal away as you devise, *suggest*  
 And finden such unthrifty wayès new, *dubious*  
 But afterward full sore it will us rue; *we'll regret*  
 And, help me God so at my mostè need!  
 As causèless you suffer all this dread.
144. "For th'ilkè day that I, for cherishing *that day / for love*  
 Or dread of father, or of other wight, *person*  
 Or for estate, delight, or for wedding, *for rank*  
 Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight,  
 Saturn's daughter, Juno, through her might *(may) S's daughter*

As wood as Athamante do me dwell <sup>1</sup>  
Eternally in Styx, the pit of hell!

145. "And this on every god celestial  
I swear it you, and eke on each goddess,  
On every nymph and deity infernal,  
On satyry and fauny more and less  
(That halfè-goddès be of wilderness);  
And, Atropos, my thread of life thou brest <sup>2</sup>  
If I be false; now trow me, if thou lest.

*deity  
satyrs & fauns*

*Fate / cut  
trust me, please*

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

*River S*

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

*leave*

*known / would lie*

148. "And if so be that peace hereafter take,  
As all day happens after anger, game,  
Why, Lord! the sorrow and woe you woulden make  
That you ne durst not come again for shame!  
And ere that you jeoparden so your name  
Be not too hasty in this hottè fare;

*constantly / peace*

*dare not  
jeopardize  
excited way*

---

<sup>1</sup> 144.5-6: "(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>2</sup> 145.6: "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.

For hasty man ne wanteth never care.

*is never without trouble*

149. "What trow you eke the people all about  
Would of it say? It is full light t'arede.

*What do you think  
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 iwis, mine heartè dear,  
Your honour which that now so shineth clear.

*for sure*

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

*my good name  
ruin*

*go*

*win back  
pity*

151. "And for-thy slay with reason all this heat.<sup>1</sup>  
Men say: `The suffrant overcomes', pardee;  
Eek: `Whoso will have lief, he lief must lete.'<sup>2</sup>  
Thus maketh virtue of necessity  
By patience, and think that lord is he  
Of Fortune ay that naught will of her reck,<sup>3</sup>  
And she ne daunteth no wight but a wretch.

*The patient man*

*make! (imperative)*

*scares*

152. "And trusteth this, that certès heartè sweet!  
Ere Phoebus' sister, Lúcina the sheen,  
The Lion passeth out of this Ariete

*the moon  
Leo / Aries*

---

<sup>1</sup> 151.1: "And so control your excitement with reason."

<sup>2</sup> 151.3: 'He who wants to have (something) desirable, must give up (something else) he desires.'

<sup>3</sup> 151.6-7: "he is always Fortune's master who cares nothing about her."

I will be here withouten any ween;<sup>1</sup> *doubt*  
 I mean, as help me Juno, heaven's queen!  
 The tenthè day, but-if death me assail, *unless I die*  
 I will you see withouten any fail."

153. "And now, so this be sooth," quod Troilus, *if this is true*  
 "I shall well suffer unto the tenthè day,  
 Since that I see that needs it must be thus;  
 But for the love of God, if it be may,  
 So let us stolen privily away,  
 For ever in one as for to live in rest;<sup>2</sup>  
 My heartè says that it will be the best."

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

155. "But certès I am not so nice a wight *so stupid a person*  
 That I ne can imaginen a way  
 To come against the day that I have hight, *by the day I've promised*  
 For who may hold a thing that will away?<sup>3</sup>  
 My father naught, for all his quaintè play! *cannot / cunning tricks*  
 And by my thrift, my wending out of Troy *By my skill, my going*  
 Another day shall turn us all to joy.

156. "And o'er all this I pray you," quod she tho, *then*  
 "Mine ownè heartè's soothfast suffisance! *true*

---

<sup>1</sup> 152: 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. This kind of pedantic display of astronomic knowledge for indicating time is a weakness of Chaucer's.

<sup>2</sup> 153.6: "To live together forever in peace."

<sup>3</sup> 155.4: "Who can hold back a person who wants to leave?"

Since I am thine all whole withouten mo',  
 That while that I am absent, no pleasance  
 Of other do me from your rémembrance,<sup>1</sup>  
 For I am e'er aghast; for why? Men redde  
 That love is thing ay full of busy dread.

*always afraid / They say*

157. "For in this world there liveth lady none,  
 If that you were untrue, as God defend!  
 That so betrayèd were or woe-begone  
 As I, that allè truth in you intend;  
 And doubtèless if that I other wend  
 I n'ere but dead, and ere you causè find,<sup>2</sup>  
 For God's love, be not to me unkind."

*God forbid*

*expect*

*If I thought otherwise*

158. To this answered Troilus, and said:  
 "Now God, to whom there is no cause y-wry,  
 Me glad, as wis I never to Criseyde,  
 Since thilkè day I saw her first with eye,  
 Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:<sup>3</sup>  
 At shortè words, well may you me believe;  
 I can no more; it shall be found at preve."

*hidden*

*make me glad / certainly*

*In brief*

*when tested*

159. "Grammercy, good heart mine! iwis," 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>4</sup>  
 And while that God my wit will me conserve  
 I shall so do, so true I have you found,

*Many thanks*

*never die*

*To repay*

---

<sup>1</sup> 156.4-5: "While I am absent, don't let pleasure from any other woman drive me out of your memory."

<sup>2</sup> 157.5-7: "If I thought otherwise, I'd be as good as dead, and unless you find a real reason (to be unkind) ...."

<sup>3</sup> 158.1-5: " 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>4</sup> 159.3-4: "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."

That ay honóur to me-ward shall redound. <sup>1</sup>

*That ever*

160. "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 riches,  
Ne madè 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*

161. "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,  
And that your reason bridled your delight;  
This made aboven every créature  
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure. <sup>2</sup>

*you despised  
smacked of evil  
and common lust*

*endure*

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

*wipe out  
changeable  
can cause*

163. And after that they long y-plainèd had,  
And often kissed, and strait in armès fold,  
The day gan rise, and Troilus him clad,  
And ruefully his lady gan behold,  
As he that feltè deathè's carès cold;  
And to her grace he gan him recommend.

*lamented  
tight*

*looked at his lady sadly*

---

<sup>1</sup> 159.5-7: "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."

<sup>2</sup> 161.6-7: "This was what made me yours above any other living person, and I shall remain yours as long as I live."

Whe'r him was woe, this hold I no demand.<sup>1</sup>

*Whether*

Here ends Book IV

Appendices below

---

<sup>1</sup> 163.7: "Whether (Wh'er) he was sorrowful, I don't think there is any need to ask."

## Appendix 1

Predestination stanzas omitted from Book IV between stanzas 93 and 94 above.

The notorious digression (or lecture) on Fortune and Predestination has been largely skipped in this version as inappropriate in its context especially in an edition for students and general readers. It is agreed by many, though by no means all, that the "meditation", phrased rather like a dry scholastic lecture on Predestination is totally out of place in the mouth of a lover, especially a lover in pain over the forced departure of his beloved, let alone the mouth of a lover in pagan Troy, whose intellectual endowments have not been noted before by the author. Artistically, it is a mistake. The point that Fortune, Destiny, God or the gods rule our lives in spite of the best laid plans, is readily made in a far shorter space, and indeed has already been made more than once in the poem, and will be briefly again. The lecture seems an artistic lapse on Chaucer's part. Here it is:

“For certainly, this wot I well,” he said,  
 “That foresight of divinè purveyance  
 Hath always seen me to forego Criseyde,  
 Since God sees everything, out of doutance,  
 In their merits soothly for to be  
 As they shall comen by predestinee.

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

“For some men say, if God sees all befor  
 And God may not deceived be, pardee,  
 Then must it fall, although men had it sworn,  
 That purveyance hath sayn before to be.  
 Wherfore I say that from eterne if He  
 Hath wist before our thought as eke our deedè,  
 We have no free choice as these clerkès rede.

“For other thought or other deed also

Might never be, but such as purveyance  
 (Which may not be decieved never mo')  
 Hath felt before withouten ignoraunce;  
 For if there mighte be a variance  
 To writhen out from Godès purveying,  
 Then n'ere no prescience of thing coming;

“But it were rather an opinïon  
 Uncertain, and no steadfast foreseeing,  
 And certès, that were an abusïon  
 That God should have no perfect clear witting  
 More than we men that have doubtous weening,  
 But such an error upon God to guess  
 Were false and foul and cursed wickedness. (wicked cursedness= B)

Eke this is an opinion of some  
 That have their top full high and smooth y-shore  
 They say right thus that thing is not to come  
 For that the prescience hath seyn before  
 That it shall come; but they say that therefore  
 That it shall come, therefore the purveyance  
 Wot it before, withouten ignorance.

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

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

“But now ne enforce I me not in showing  
 How the order of causes stands; but well wot I  
 That it behoveth that the befalling  
 Of thingès 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.

“For if there sits a man yond on a see  
 Then by necessity behoveth it  
 That certès thine opinion 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.

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

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

“Thus in this samè wise, out of doutance,  
 I may well maken as it seemeth me,  
 My resaoning of Gode's purveyance  
 And of the thinges that to comen be;  
 By whichè reason men may wel y-see  
 That thilke thinges that on earthe fall  
 That by necessity they comen all.

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

And this sufficeth right enough certáin  
 For to destroy our free choice every deal;  
 But now is this abusion to sayn

That falling of the thinges temporal  
Is cause of Godes prescience eternal:  
Now truly, that is a false sentéce  
That things to come should cause His prescience.

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

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 thinges that been wist before the tide  
They may not been eschewed on no side .”

Appendix 2  
(See next page for Wheel of Fortune)

### 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). Here 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, however, in his ballade *Fortune* has her say to the "plaintiff":

*Thou borne art in my regne of variaunce*      (kingdom of change)  
*About the wheel with others most thou drive*      (45-46).

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

*"I chose thee my selfen ..."*  
*And (she) sette 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 the 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). The 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

