Troilus and Criseyde by Geoffrey Chaucer

BOOK I

The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen, 1
That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,
In lovinge, how his aventures fellen
Fro wo to wele, and after out of loye,
My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye. 5
Thesiphone, thou help me for tendyte
Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!

To thee clepe I, thou godesse of torment,
Thou cruel Furie, sorwing ever in peyne;
Help me, that am the sorwful instrument 10
That helpeth lovers, as I can, to pleyne!
For wel sit it, the sothe for to seyne,
A woful wight to han a drery fere,
And, to a sorwful tale, a sory chere.

For I, that god of Loves servaunts serve, 15
Ne dar to Love, for myn unlyklinesse,
Preyen for speed, al sholde I therfor sterve,
So fer am I fro his help in derknesse;
But nathelees, if this may doon gladnesse
To any lover, and his cause avayle, 20
Have he my thank, and myn be this travayle!

But ye loveres, that bathen in gladnesse,
If any drope of pitee in yow be,
Remembreth yow on passed hevinesse
That ye han felt, and on the adversitee 25
Of othere folk, and thenketh how that ye
Han felt that Love dorste yow displese;
Or ye han wonne hym with to greet an ese.

And preyeth for hem that ben in the cas
Of Troilus, as ye may after here, 30
That love hem bringe in hevene to solas,
And eek for me preyeth to god so dere,
That I have might to shewe, in som manere,
Swich peyne and wo as Loves folk endure,
In Troilus unsely aventyre. 35

And biddeth eek for hem that been despeyred
In love, that never nil recovered be,
And eek for hem that falsly been apeyred
Thorough wikked tonges, be it he or she;
Thus biddeth god, for his benigneitee, 40
So graunte hem sone out of this world to pace,
That been despeyred out of Loves grace.

And biddeth eek for hem that been at ese,
That god hem graunte ay good perseveraunce,
And sende hem might hir ladies so to plese, 45
That it to Love be worship and plesaunce.
For so hope I my soule best avaunce,
To preye for hem that Loves servaunts be,
And wryte hir wo, and live in charitee.

And for to have of hem compassioun 50
As though I were hir owene brother dere.
Now herkeneth with a gode entencioun,
For now wol I gon streight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double sorwes here
Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde, 55
And how that she forsook him er she deyde.

It is wel wist, how that the Grekes stronge
In armes with a thousand shippes wente
To Troyewardes, and the citee longe
Assegeden neigh ten yeer er they stente, 60
And, in diverse wyse and oon entente,
The ravishing to wreken of Eleyne,
By Paris doon, they wroughten al hir peyne.

Now fil it so, that in the toun ther was
Dwellinge a lord of greet auctoritee, 65
A gret devyn that cleped was Calkas,
That in science so expert was, that he
Knew wel that Troye sholde destroyed be,
By answere of his god, that highte thus,
Daun Phebus or Apollo Delphicus. 70

So whan this Calkas knew by calculinge,
And eek by answere of this Appollo,
That Grekes sholden swich a peple bringe,
Thorugh which that Troye moste been for-do,
He caste anoon out of the toun to go; 75
For wel wiste he, by sort, that Troye sholde
Destroyed ben, ye, wolde who-so nolde.

For which, for to departen softly
Took purpos ful this forknowinge wyse,
And to the Grekes ost ful prively 80
He stal anoon; and they, in curteys wyse,
Hym deden bothe worship and servyse,
In trust that he hath conning hem to rede
In every peril which that is to drede.
The noyse up roos, whan it was first aspyed, 85
Thorugh al the toun, and generally was spoken,
That Calkas traytor fled was, and allyed
With hem of Grece; and casten to ben wroken
On him that falsly hadde his feith so broken;
And seyden, he and al his kin at ones 90
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

Now hadde Calkas left, in this meschaunce,
Al unwist of this false and wikked dede,
His doughter, which that was in gret penaunce,
For of hir lyf she was ful sore in drede, 95
As she that niste what was best to rede;
For bothe a widowe was she, and allone
Of any freend to whom she dorste hir mone.

Criseyde was this lady name a-right;
As to my dome, in al Troyes citee 100
Nas noon so fair, for passing every wight
So auungellyk was hir natyf beautee,
That lyk a thing immortal semed she,
As doth an hevenish parfit creature,
That doun were sent in scorning of nature. 105

This lady, which that al-day herde at ere
Hir fadres shame, his falsnesse and tresoun,
Wel nigh out of hir wit for sorwe and fere,
In widewes habit large of samit broun,
On knees she fil biforn Ector a-doun; 110
With pitous voys, and tendrely wepinge,
His mercy bad, hir-selven excusinge.

Now was this Ector pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorwfully bigoon,
And that she was so fair a creature; 115
Of his goodnesse he gladed hir anoon,
And seyde, `Lat your fadres treson goon
Forth with mischaunce, and ye your-self, in Ioye,
Dwelleth with us, whyl you good list, in Troye.

`And al thonour that men may doon yow have, 120
As ferforth as your fader dwelled here,
Ye shul han, and your body shal men save,
As fer as I may ought enquere or here.'
And she him thonked with ful humble chere,
And ofter wolde, and it hadde ben his wille, 125
And took hir leve, and hoom, and held hir stille.

And in hir hous she abood with swich meyne
As to hir honour nede was to holde;
And whyl she was dwellinge in that citee,
Kepte hir estat, and bothe of yonge and olde 130
Ful wel beloved, and wel men of hir tolde.
But whether that she children hadde or noon,
I rede it naught; therfore I late it goon.

The thinges fallen, as they doon of werre,
Bitwixen hem of Troye and Grekes ofte; 135
For som day boughten they of Troye it derre,
And eft the Grekes founden no thing softe
The folk of Troye; and thus fortune on-lofte,
And under eft, gan hem to wheelen bothe
After hir cours, ay whyl they were wrothe. 140

But how this toun com to destruccioun
Ne falleth nought to purpos me to telle;
For it were a long digressioun
Fro my matere, and yow to longe dwelle.
But the Troyane gestes, as they felle, 145
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dyte,
Who-so that can, may rede hem as they wryte.

But though that Grekes hem of Troye shetten,
And hir citee bisegede al a-boute,
Hir olde usage wolde they not letten, 150
As for to honour hir goddes ful devoute;
But aldermost in honour, out of doute,
They hadde a relik hight Palladion,
That was hir trist a-boven everichon.

And so bifel, whan comen was the tyme 155
Of Aperil, whan clothed is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryme,
And swoete smellen floures whyte and rede,
In sondry wysses shewed, as I rede,
The folk of Troye hir observaunces olde, 160
Palladiones feste for to holde.

And to the temple, in al hir beste wyse,
In general, ther wente many a wight,
To herknen of Palladion servyse;
And namely, so many a lusty knight, 165
So many a lady fresh and mayden bright,
Ful wel arayed, bothe moste and leste,
Ye, bothe for the seson and the feste.

Among thise othere folk was Criseyda,
In widewes habite blak; but nathelees, 170
Right as our firste lettre is now an A,
In beautee first so stood she, makelees;
Hir godly looking gladede al the prees.
Nas never seyn thing to ben preysed derre,
Nor under cloude blak so bright a sterre 175
As was Criseyde, as folk seyde everichoon
That hir behelden in hir blake wede;
And yet she stood ful lowe and stille aloon,
Bihinden othere folk, in litel brede,
And neigh the dore, ay under shames drede, 180
Simple of a-tyr, and debonaire of chere,
With ful assured loking and manere.

This Troilus, as he was wont to gyde
His yonge knightes, ladde hem up and doun
In thilke large temple on every syde, 185
Biholding ay the ladyes of the toun,
Now here, now there, for no devocioun
Hadde he to noon, to reven him his reste,
But gan to preyse and lakken whom him leste.

And in his walk ful fast he gan to wayten 190
If knight or squyer of his companye
Gan for to syke, or lete his eyen bayten
On any woman that he coude aspye;
He wolde smyle, and holden it folye,
And seye him thus, `god wot, she slepeth softe 195
For love of thee, whan thou tornest ful ofte!

`I have herd told, pardieux, of your livinge,
Ye lovers, and your lewede observaunces,
And which a labour folk han in winninge
Of love, and, in the keping, which doubtaunces; 200
And whan your preye is lost, wo and penaunces;
O verrey foles! nyce and blinde be ye;
Ther nis not oon can war by other be.'

And with that word he gan cast up the browe,
Ascaunces, `Lo! is this nought wysly spoken?' 205
At which the god of love gan loken rowe
Right for despyt, and shoop for to ben wroken;
He kidde anoon his bowe nas not broken;
For sodeynly he hit him at the fulle;
And yet as proud a pekok can he pulle. 210

O blinde world, O blinde entencioun!
How ofte falleth al theffect contraire
Of surquidrye and foul presumpcioun;
For caught is proud, and caught is debonaire.
This Troilus is clomben on the staire, 215
And litel weneth that he moot descenden.
But al-day falleth thing that foles ne wenden.

As proude Bayard ginneth for to skippe
Out of the wey, so piketh him his corn,
Til he a lash have of the longe whippe, 220
Than thenketh he, 'Though I praunce al biforn 
First in the trays, ful fat and newe shorn, 
Yet am I but an hors, and horses lawe 
I moot endure, and with my feres drawe.'

So ferde it by this fers and proude knight; 225
Though he a worthy kinges sone were,
And wende nothing hadde had swiche might
Ayens his wil that sholde his herte stere,
Yet with a look his herte wex a-fere,
That he, that now was most in pryde above, 230
Wex sodeynly most subget un-to love.

For-thy ensample taketh of this man,
Ye wyse, proude, and worthy folkes alle,
To scornen Love, which that so sone can
The freedom of your hertes to him thralle; 235
For ever it was, and ever it shal bifalle,
That Love is he that alle thing may binde;
For may no man for-do the lawe of kinde.

That this be sooth, hath preved and doth yet;
For this trowe I ye knownen, alle or some, 240
Men reden not that folk han gretter wit
Than they that han be most with love y-nome;
And strengest folk ben therwith overcome,
The worthiest and grettest of degree:
This was, and is, and yet men shal it see. 245

And trewelich it sit wel to be so;
For alderwysest han ther-with ben plesed;
And they that han ben aldermost in wo,
With love han ben conforted most and esed;
And ofte it hath the cruel herte apesed, 250
And worthy folk maad worthier of name,
And causeth most to dreden vyce and shame.

Now sith it may not goodly be withstonde,
And is a thing so vertuous in kinde,
Refuseth not to Love for to be bonde, 255
Sin, as him-selven list, he may yow binde.
The yerde is bet that bowen wole and winde
Than that that brest; and therfor I yow rede
To folwen him that so wel can yow lede.

But for to tellen forth in special 260
As of this kinges sone of which I tolde,
And leten other thing collateral,
Of him thenke I my tale for to holde,
Both of his loye, and of his cares colde;
And al his werk, as touching this matere, 265
For I it gan, I wol ther-to refere.
With-inne the temple he wente him forth pleyinge,
This Troilus, of every wight aboute,
On this lady and now on that lokinge,
Wher-so she were of toune, or of with-oute: 270
And up-on cas bifel, that thorugh a route
His eye perced, and so depe it wente,
Til on Criseyde it smoot, and ther it stente.

And sodeynly he wax ther-with astoned,
And gan hire bet biholde in thrifty wyse: 275
`O mercy, god!' thoughte he, `wher hastow woned,
That art so fair and goodly to devyse?'
Ther-with his herte gan to sprede and ryse,
And softe sighed, lest men mighte him here,
And caughte a-yein his firste pleyinge chere. 280

She nas nat with the leste of hir stature,
But alle hir limes so wel answeringe
Weren to womanhode, that creature
Was neuer lasse mannish in seminge.
And eek the pure wyse of here meninge 285
Shewede wel, that men might in hir gesse
Honour, estat, and wommanly noblesse.

To Troilus right wonder wel with-alle
Gan for to lyke hir meninge and hir chere,
Which somdel deynous was, for she leet falle 290
Hir look a lite a-side, in swich manere,
Ascaunces, `What! May I not stonden here?'
And after that hir loking gan she lighte,
That never thoughte him seen so good a sighte.

And of hir look in him ther gan to quiken 295
So greet desir, and swich affeccioun,
That in his herte botme gan to stiken
Of hir his fixe and depe impressioun:
And though he erst hadde poured up and doun,
He was tho glad his hornes in to shrinke; 300
Unnethes wiste he how to loke or winke.

Lo, he that leet him-selven so konninge,
And scorned hem that loves peynes dryen,
Was ful unwar that love hadde his dwellinge
With-inne the subtle stremes of hir yen; 305
That sodeynly him thoughte he felte dyen,
Right with hir look, the spirit in his herte;
Blissed be love, that thus can folk converte!

She, this in blak, likinge to Troylus,
Over alle thyng, he stood for to biholde; 310
Ne his desir, ne wherfor he stood thus,
He neither chere made, ne worde tolde;
But from a-fer, his maner for to holde,
On other thing his look som-tyme he caste,
And eft on hir, whyl that servyse laste. 315

And after this, not fulliche al awhaped,
Out of the temple al esiliche he wente,
Repentinge him that he hadde ever y-iaped
Of loves folk, lest fully the descente
Of scorn fille on him-self; but, what he mente, 320
Lest it were wist on any maner syde,
His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde.

Whan he was fro the temple thus departed,
He streyght anoon un-to his paleys torneth,
Right with hir look thurgh-shoten and thurgh-darted, 325
Al feyneth he in lust that he soiorneth;
And al his chere and speche also he borneth;
And ay, of loves servants every whyle,
Him-self to wrye, at hem he gan to smyle.

And seyde, `Lord, so ye live al in lest, 330
Ye loveres! For the conningest of yow,
That serveth most ententiflich and best,
Him tit as often harm ther-of as prow;
Your hyre is quit ayein, ye, god wot how!
Nought wel for wel, but scorn for good servyse; 335
In feith, your ordre is ruled in good wyse!

`In noun-certeyn ben alle your observaunces,
But it a sely fewe poyntes be;
Ne no-thing asketh so grete attendaunces
As doth youre lay, and that knowe alle ye; 340
But that is not the worste, as mote I thee;
But, tolde I yow the worste poynt, I leve,
Al seyde I sooth, ye wolden at me greve!

`But tak this, that ye loveres ofte eschuwe,
Or elles doon of good entencioun, 345
Ful ofte thy lady wole it misconstrue,
And deme it harm in hir opioun;
And yet if she, for other enchesoun,
Be wrooth, than shalt thou han a groyn anoon:
Lord! wel is him that may be of yow oon!' 350

But for al this, whan that he say his tyme,
He held his pees, non other bote him gayned;
For love bigan his fetheres so to lyme,
That wel unnethe un-to his folk he fayned
That othere besye nedes him desrayned; 355
For wo was him, that what to doon he niste,
But bad his folk to goon wher that hem liste.
And whan that he in chaumbre was allone,
He doun up-on his beddes feet him sette,
And first be gan to syke, and eft to grone, 360
And thoughte ay on hir so, with-outen lette,
That, as he sat and wook, his spirit mette
That he hir saw a temple, and al the wyse
Right of hir loke, and gan it newe avyse.

Thus gan he make a mirour of his minde, 365
In which he saugh al hoolly hir figure;
And that he wel coude in his herte finde,
It was to him a right good aventure
To love swich oon, and if he dide his cure
To serven hir, yet mighte he falle in grace, 370
Or elles, for oon of hir servaunts pace.

Imagininge that travaille nor grame
Ne mighte, for so goodly oon, be lorn
As she, ne him for his desir ne shame,
Al were it wist, but in prys and up-born 375
Of alle lovers wel more than biforn;
Thus argumented he in his ginninge,
Ful unavysed of his wo cominge.

Thus took he purpos loves craft to suwe,
And thoughte he wolde werken prively, 380
First, to hyden his desir in muwe
From every wight y-born, al-outrely,
But he mighte ought recovered be therby;
Remembring him, that love to wyde y-blowe
Yelt bittre fruyt, though swete seed be sowe. 385

And over al this, yet muchel more he thoughte
What for to speke, and what to holden inne,
And what to arten hir to love he soughte,
And on a song anoon-right to biginne,
And gan loude on his sorwe for to winne; 390
For with good hope he gan fully assente
Criseyde for to love, and nought repente.

And of his song nought only the sentence,
As writ myn autour called Lollius,
But pleynly, save our tonges difference, 395
I dar wel sayn, in al that Troilus
Seyde in his song, lo! every word right thus
As I shal seyn; and who-so list it here,
Lo! next this vers, he may it vinden here.

Cantus Troili.

`If no love is, O god, what fele I so? 400
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he!
If love be good, from whennes comth my wo?
If it be wikke, a wonder thinketh me,
Whenne every torment and adversitee
That cometh of him, may to me savory thinke; 405
For ay thurst I, the more that I it drinke.

`And if that at myn owene lust I brenne,
Fro whennes cometh my wailing and my pleynte?
If harme agree me, wher-to pleyne I thenne?
I noot, ne why unwery that I feynte. 410
O quike deeth, O swete harm so queynte,
How may of thee in me swich quantitee,
But-if that I consente that it be?

`And if that I consente, I wrongfully
Compleyne, y-wis; thus possed to and fro, 415
Al sterelees with inne a boot am I
A-mid the see, by-twixen windes two,
That in contrarie stonden ever-mo.
Allas! what is this wonder maladye?
For hete of cold, for cold of hete, I deye.’ 420

And to the god of love thus seyde he
With pitous voys, `O lord, now youres is
My spirit, which that oughte youres be.
Yow thanke I, lord, that han me brought to this;
But whether goddesse or womman, y-wis, 425
She be, I noot, which that ye do me serve;
But as hir man I wole ay live and sterve.

`Ye stonden in hire eyen mightily,
As in a place un-to youre vertu digne;
Wherfore, lord, if my servyse or I 430
May lyke yow, so beth to me benigne;
For myn estat royal here I resigne
In-to hir hond, and with ful humble chere
Bicome hir man, as to my lady dere.'

In him ne deyned sparen blood royal 435
The fyr of love, wher-fro god me blesse,
Ne him forbar in no degree, for al
His vertu or his excellent prowesse;
But held him as his thral lowe in distresse,
And brende him so in sondry wyse ay newe, 440
That sixty tyme a day he loste his hewe.

So muche, day by day, his owene thought,
For lust to hir, gan quiken and encrese,
That every other charge he sette at nought;
For-thy ful ofte, his hote fyr to cese, 445
To seen hir godly look he gan to prese;
For ther-by to ben esed wel he wende,
And ay the ner he was, the more he brende.

For ay the ner the fyr, the hotter is,
This, trowe I, knoweth al this companye. 450
But were he fer or neer, I dar seye this,
By night or day, for wisdom or folye,
His herte, which that is his brestes ye,
Was ay on hir, that fairer was to sene
Than ever were Eleyne or Polixene. 455

Eek of the day ther passed nought an houre
That to him-self a thousand tyme he seyde,
`Good goodly, to whom serve I and laboure,
As I best can, now wolde god, Criseyde,
Ye wolden on me rewe er that I deyde! 460
My dere herte, allas! myn hele and hewe
And lyf is lost, but ye wole on me rewe.'

Alle othere dredes weren from him fledde,
Both of the assege and his savacioun;
Ne in him desyr noon othere fownes bredde 465
But argumentes to his conclusioun,
That she on him wolde han compassioun,
And he to be hir man, whyl he may dure;
Lo, here his lyf, and from the deeth his cure!
The sharpe shoures felle of armes preve, 470
That Ector or his othere bretheren diden,
Ne made him only ther-fore ones meve;
And yet was he, wher-so men wente or riden,
Founde oon the beste, and lengest tyme abiden
Ther peril was, and dide eek such travayle 475
In armes, that to thenke it was mervayle.

But for non hate he to the Grekes hadde,
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
Ne made him thus in armes for to madde,
But only, lo, for this conclusioun, 480
To lyken hir the bet for his renoun;
Fro day to day in armes so he spedde,
That alle the Grekes as the deeth him dredde.

And fro this forth tho refte him love his sleep,
And made his mete his foo; and eek his sorwe 485
Gan multiplye, that, who-so toke keep,
It shewed in his hewe, bothe eve and morwe;
Therfor a title he gan him for to borwe
Of other syknesse, lest of him men wende
That the hote fyr of love him brende, 490

And seyde, he hadde a fever and ferde amis;
But how it was, certayn, can I not seye,
If that his lady understood not this,
Or feyned hir she niste, oon of the tweye;
But wel I rede that, by no maner weye, 495
Ne semed it as that she of him roughte,
Nor of his peyne, or what-so-ever he thoughte.

But than fel to this Troylus such wo,
That he was wel neigh wood; for ay his drede
Was this, that she som wight had loved so, 500
That never of him she wolde have taken hede;
For whiche him thoughte he felte his herte blede.
Ne of his wo ne dorste he not biginne
To tellen it, for al this world to winne.

But whanne he hadde a space fro his care, 505
Thus to him-self ful ofte he gan to pleyne;
He sayde, `O fool, now art thou in the snare,
That whilom lapepest at loves peyne;
Now artow hent, now gnaw thyn owene cheyne;
Thou were ay wont eche lovere reprehende 510
Of thing fro which thou canst thee nat defende.

`What wol now every lover seyn of thee,
If this be wist, but ever in thyn absence
Laughen in scorn, and seyn, `Lo, ther gooth he,
That is the man of so gret sapience, 515
That held us lovers leest in reverence!
Now, thonked be god, he may goon in the daunce
Of hem that Love list febly for to avaunce!'
`But, O thou woful Troilus, god wolde,
Sin thou most loven thurgh thi destinee, 520
That thow beset were on swich oon that sholde
Knowe al thy wo, al lakkede hir pitee:
But al so cold in love, towardes thee,
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone,
And thou fordoon, as snow in fyr is sone.' 525

`God wolde I were aryved in the port
Of deth, to which my sorwe wil me lede!
A, lord, to me it were a gret comfort;
Than were I quit of languisshing in drede.
For by myn hidde sorwe y-blowe on brede 530
I shal bi-laped been a thousand tyme
More than that fool of whos folye men ryme.

`But now help god, and ye, swete, for whom
I pleyne, y-caught, ye, never wight so faste!
O mercy, dere herte, and help me from 535
The deeth, for I, whyl that my lyf may laste,
More than my-self wol love yow to my laste.
And with som frendly look gladeth me, swete,
Though never more thing ye me bi-hete!'
This wordes and ful manye an-other to 540
He spak, and called ever in his compleynyte
Hir name, for to tellyn hir his wo,
Til neigh that he in salte teres dreynte.
Al was for nought, she herde nought his pleynyte;
And whan that he bithoughte on that folye, 545
A thousand fold his wo gan multiplye.

Bi-wayling in his chambre thus allone,
A freend of his, that called was Pandare,
Com ones in unwar, and herde him grone,
And say his freend in swich distresse and care:
`Allas!' quod he, `who causeth al this fare? 551
O mercy, god! What unhap may this mene?
Han now thus sone Grekes maad yow lene?

`Or hastow som remors of conscience,
And art now falle in som devocioun, 555
And waylest for thy sinne and thyn offence,
And hast for ferde caught attricioun?
God save hem that bi-seged han our toun,
And so can leye our holyte on presse,
And bring our lusty folk to holinesse!' 560

These wordes seyde he for the nones alle,
That with swich thing he mighte him angry maken,
And with an angre don his sorwe falle,
As for the tyme, and his corage awaken;
But wel he wist, as fer as tonges spaken, 565
Ther nas a man of gretter hardinesse
Than he, ne more desired worthinesse.
`What cas,' quod Troilus, `or what aventure
Hath gyded thee to see my languisshinge,
That am refus of euery creature? 570
But for the love of god, at my preyinge,
Go henne a-way, for certes, my deyinge
Wol thee disese, and I mot nedes deye;
Ther-for go wey, ther is no more to seye.

`But if thou wene I be thus sik for drede, 575
It is not so, and ther-for scorne nought;
Ther is a-nother thing I take of hede
Wel more than ought the Grekes han y-wrought,
Which cause is of my deeth, for sorwe and thought.
But though that I now telle thee it ne leste, 580
Be thou nought wrooth; I hyde it for the beste.'

This Pandare, that neigh malt for wo and routhe,
Ful often seyde, `Alas! what may this be?
Now freend,' quod he, `if ever love or trouthe
Hath been, or is, bi-twixen thee and me, 585
Ne do thou never swiche a crueltee
To hyde fro thy freend so greet a care;
Wostow nought wel that it am I, Pandare?

`I wole parten with thee al thy peyne,
If it be so I do thee no comfort, 590
As it is freendes right, sooth for to seyne,
To entreparten wo, as glad desport.
I have, and shal, for trewe or fals report,
In wrong and right y-loved thee al my lyve;
Hyd not thy wo fro me, but telle it blyve.' 595

Than gan this sorwful Troilus to syke,
And seyde him thus, "God leve it be my beste
To telle it thee; for sith it may thee lyke,
Yet wole I telle it, though myn herte breste;
And wel wot I thou mayst do me no reste. 600
But lest thow deme I truste not to thee,
Now herkne, freend, for thus it stant with me.

`Love, a-yeins the which who-so defendeth
Him-selven most, him alder-lest avayleth,
With disespeir so sorwfully me offendeth, 605
That streyght un-to the deeth myn herte sayleth.
Ther-to desyr so brenningly me assayleth,
That to ben slayn it were a gretter Ioye
To me than king of Grece been and Troye!
‘Suffiseth this, my fulle freend Pandare, 610
That I have seyd, for now wostow my wo;
And for the love of god, my colde care
So hyd it wel, I telle it never to mo;
For harms mighte folwen, mo than two,
If it were wist; but be thou in gladnesse, 615
And lat me sterve, unknowe, of my distresse.’

‘How hastow thus unkindely and longe
Hid this fro me, thou fool?’ quod Pandarus;
‘Paraunter thou might after swich oon longe,
That myn avys anoon may helpen us.’ 620
‘This were a wonder thing,’ quod Troylus,
‘Thou coudest never in love thy-selven wisse;
How deuel maystow bringen me to blisse?’

‘Ye, Troilus, now herke,’ quod Pandare,
‘Though I be nyce; it happeth ofte so, 625
That oon that exces doth ful yvele fare,
By good counseyl can kepe his freend ther-fro.
I have my-self eek seyn a blind man go
Ther-as he fel that coude loke wyde;
A fool may eek a wys man ofte gyde. 630

‘A whetston is no kerving instrument,
And yet it maketh sharpe kerving-tolis.
And ther thou woost that I have ought miswent,
Eschewe thou that, for swich thing to thee scole is;
Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis. 635
If thou do so, thy wit is wel biwared;
By his contrarie is every thing declared.

`For how might ever sweetnesse have be knowe
To him that never tasted bitternesse?
Ne no man may be inly glad, I trowe, 640
That never was in sorwe or som distresse;
Eek whyt by blak, by shame eek worthinesse,
Ech set by other, more for other semeth;
As men may see; and so the wyse it demeth.

`Sith thus of two contraries is a lore, 645
I, that have in love so ofte assayed
Grevaunces, oughte conne, and wel the more
Counsayllen thee of that thou art amayed.
Eek thee ne oughte nat ben yvel apayed,
Though I desyre with thee for to bere 650
Thyn hevy charge; it shal the lasse dere.

`I woot wel that it fareth thus by me
As to thy brother Parys an herdesse,
Which that y-cleped was Oenone,
Wrot in a compleynte of hir hevinesse: 655
Ye say the lettre that she wroot, y gesse?'
`Nay, never yet, y-wis,' quod Troilus.
`Now,' quod Pandare, `herkneth, it was thus. --

"Phebus, that first fond art of medicyne,'
Quod she, `and coude in every wightes care 660
Remede and reed, by herbes he knew fyne,
Yet to him-self his conning was ful bare;
For love hadde him so bounden in a snare,
Al for the daughter of the kinge Admete,
That al his craft ne coude his sorwe bete." -- 665

`Right so fare I, unhappily for me;
I love oon best, and that me smerteth sore;
And yet, paraunter, can I rede thee,
And not my-self; repreve me no more.
I have no cause, I woot wel, for to sore 670
As doth an hauk that listeth for to pleye,
But to thyn help yet somwhat can I seye.

`And of o thing right siker maystow be,
That certayn, for to deyen in the peyne,
That I shal never-mo discoveren thee; 675
Ne, by my trouthe, I kepe nat restreyne
Thee fro thy love, thogh that it were Eleyne,
That is thy brotheres wif, if ich it wiste;
Be what she be, and love hir as thee liste.

`Therfore, as freend fullich in me assure, 680
And tel me plat what is thyn enchesoun,
And final cause of wo that ye endure;
For douteth no-thing, myn entencioun
Nis nought to yow of reprehencioun,
To speke as now, for no wight may bireve 685
A man to love, til that him list to leve.

`And witeth wel, that bothe two ben vyces,
Mistrusten alle, or elles alle leve;
But wel I woot, the mene of it no vyce is,
For to trusten sum wight is a preve 690
Of trouthe, and for-thy wolde I fayn remeve
Thy wrong conseyte, and do thee som wight triste,
Thy wo to telle; and tel me, if thee liste.

`The wyse seyth, "Wo him that is allone,
For, and he falle, he hath noon help to ryse;" 695
And sith thou hast a felawe, tel thy mone;
For this nis not, certeyn, the nexte wyse
To winnen love, as techen us the wyse,
To walwe and wepe as Niobe the quene,
Whos teres yet in marbel been y-sene. 700
Lat be thy weping and thi drerinesse,
And lat us lissen wo with other speche;
So may thy woful tyme seme lesse.
Delyte not in wo thy wo to seche,
As doon thise foles that hir sorwes eche 705
With sorwe, whan they han misaventure,
And listen nought to seche hem other cure.

Men seyn, "To wrecche is consolacioun
To have an-other felawe in his peyne;"
That oughte wel ben our opioun, 710
For, bothe thou and I, of love we pleyne;
So ful of sorwe am I, soth for to seyne,
That certeynly no more harde grace
May sitte on me, for-why ther is no space.
If god wole thou art not agast of me, 715
Lest I wolde of thy lady thee bigyle,
Thow wost thy-self whom that I love, pardee,
As I best can, gon sithen longe whyle.
And sith thou wost I do it for no wyle,
And sith I am he that thou tristest most, 720
Tel me sumwhat, sin al my wo thou wost.'

Yet Troilus, for al this, no word seyde,
But longe he ley as stille as he ded were;
And after this with sykinge he abreyde,
And to Pandarus voys he lente his ere, 725
And up his eyen caste he, that in fere
Was Pandarus, lest that in frenesye
He sholde falle, or elles sone dye;

And cryde ‘A-wake’ ful wonderly and sharpe;
‘What? Slombrestow as in a lytargye? 730
Or artow lyk an asse to the harpe,
That hereth soun, whan men the strenges plye,
But in his minde of that no melodye
May sinken, him to glade, for that he
So dul is of his bestialitee?’ 735

And with that, Pandare of his wordes stente;
And Troilus yet him no word answerde,
For-why to telle nas not his entente
To never no man, for whom that he so ferde.
For it is seyd, ‘Man maketh ofte a yerde 740
With which the maker is him-self y-beten
In sondry maner,’ as thise wyse treten,

And namely, in his counseyl tellinge
That toucheth love that oughte be secree;
For of him-self it wolde y-nough out-springe, 745
But-if that it the bet governed be.
Eek som-tyme it is craft to seme flee
Fro thing which in effect men hunte faste;
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.

But nathelees, whan he had herd him crye 750
`Awake!' he gan to syke wonder sore,
And seyde, `Freend, though that I stille lye,
I am not deef; now pees, and cry no more;
For I have herd thy wordes and thy lore;
But suffre me my mischef to biwayle, 755
For thy proverbes may me nought avayle.

`Nor other cure canstow noon for me.
Eek I nil not be cured, I wol deye;
What knowe I of the quene Niobe?
Lat be thyne olde ensaumples, I thee preye.' 760
`No,' quod tho Pandarus, `therfore I seye,
Swich is delyt of foles to biwepe
Hir wo, but seken bote they ne kepe.
`Now knowe I that ther reson in the fayleth.
But tel me, if I wiste what she were 765
For whom that thee al this misaunter ayleth?
Dorstestow that I tolde hir in hir ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy-self for fere,
And hir bisoughte on thee to han som routhe?'
`Why, nay,' quod he, `by god and by my trouthe!' 770
`What, Not as bisily,' quod Pandarus,
`As though myn owene lyf lay on this nede?'
`No, certes, brother,' quod this Troilus,
`And why?' -- `For that thou sholdest never spede.'
`Wostow that wel?' -- `Ye, that is out of drede,' 775
Quod Troilus, `for al that ever ye conne,
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be wonne.'

Quod Pandarus, `Allas! What may this be,
That thou dispeyred art thus causelees?
What? Liveth not thy lady? Benedicite! 780
How wostow so that thou art gracelees?
Swich yvel is nat alwey botelees.
Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,
Sin thing to come is ofte in aventure.

`I graunte wel that thou endurest wo 785
As sharp as doth he, Ticius, in helle,
Whos stomak foules tyren ever-mo
That highte volturis, as bokes telle.
But I may not endure that thou dwelle
In so unskilful an opinioun 790
That of thy wo is no curacioun.

`But ones niltow, for thy coward herte,
And for thyn ire and folish wilfulnesse,
For wantrust, tellen of thy sorwes smerte,
Ne to thy owene help do bisinesse 795
As muche as speke a resoun more or lesse,
But lyest as he that list of no-thing recche.
What womman coude love swich a wrecche?

`What may she demen other of thy deeth,
If thou thus deye, and she not why it is, 800
But that for fere is yolden up thy breeth,
For Grekes han biseged us, y-wis?
Lord, which a thank than shaltow han of this!
Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at ones,
"The wrecche is deed, the devel have his bones!" 805

`Thou mayst allone here wepe and crye and knele;
But, love a woman that she woot it nought,
And she wol quyte that thou shalt not fele;
Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is un-sought.
What! Many a man hath love ful dere y-bought 810
Twenty winter that his lady wiste,
That never yet his lady mouth he kiste.
`What? Shulde be therfor fallen in despeyr,
Or be recreaunt for his owene tene,
Or sleen him-self, al be his lady fayr? 815
Nay, nay, but ever in oon be fresh and grene
To serve and love his dere hertes quene,
And thenke it is a guerdoun hir to serve
A thousand-fold more than he can deserve.'

Of that word took hede Troilus, 820
And thoughte anoon what folye he was inne,
And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,
That for to sleen him-self mighte he not winne,
But bothe doon unmanhod and a sinne,
And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte; 825
For of his wo, god woot, she knew ful lyte.

And with that thought he gan ful sore syke,
And seyde, `Alas! What is me best to do?'
To whom Pandare answered, `If thee lyke,
The best is that thou telle me thy wo; 830
And have my trouthe, but thou it finde so,
I be thy bote, or that it be ful longe,
To peces do me drawe, and sithen honge!'

`Ye, so thou seyst,' quod Troilus tho, `allas!
But, god wot, it is not the rather so; 835
Ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,
For wel finde I that Fortune is my fo,
Ne alle the men that ryden conne or go
May of hir cruel wheel the harm withstonde;
For, as hir list, she pleyeth with free and bonde.' 840
Quod Pandarus, `Than blamestow Fortune
For thou art wrooth, ye, now at erst I see;
Wostow nat wel that Fortune is commune
To every maner wight in som degree?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardee! 845
That, as hir loyes moten over-goon,
So mote hir sorwes passen everichoon.

`For if hir wheel stinte any-thing to torne,
Than cessed she Fortune anoon to be:
Now, sith hir wheel by no wey may soiorne, 850
What wostow if hir mutabilitee
Right as thy-selven list, wol doon by thee,
Or that she be not fer fro thyn helpinge?
Paraunter, thou hast cause for to singe!

`And therfor wostow what I thee beseche? 855
Lat be thy wo and turning to the grounde;
For who-so list have helping of his leche,
To him bihoveth first unwrye his wounde.
To Cerberus in helle ay be I bounde,
Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe, 860
By my wil, she sholde al be thyn to-morwe.
`Loke up, I seye, and tel me what she is
Anoon, that I may goon aboute thy nede;
Knowe ich hir ought? For my love, tel me this;
Than wolde I hopen rather for to spede.' 865

Tho gan the veyne of Troilus to blede,

For he was hit, and wex al reed for shame;

`A ha!' quod Pandare, `Here biginneth game!'

And with that word he gan him for to shake,

And seyde, `Theef, thou shalt hir name telle.' 870

But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake

As though men sholde han led him in-to helle,

And seyde, `Allas! Of al my wo the welle,

Than is my swete fo called Criseyde!'

And wel nigh with the word for fere he deyde. 875

And whan that Pandare herde hir name nevene,

Lord, he was glad, and seyde, `Freend so dere,

Now fare a-right, for loves name in hevene,

Love hath biset the wel, be of good chere;

For of good name and wysdom and manere 880

She hath y-nough, and eek of gentilesse;

If she be fayr, thou wost thy-self, I gesse,

`Ne I never saw a more bountevous

Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche

A freendlie, ne a more gracious 885

For to do wel, ne lasse hadde nede to seche

What for to doon; and al this bet to eche,

In honour, to as fer as she may strecche,

A kinges herte semeth by hirs a wrecche.
`And for-thy loke of good comfort thou be; 890
For certeinly, the firste poynt is this
Of noble corage and wel ordeyne,
A man to have pees with him-self, y-wis;
So oungest thou, for nought but good it is
To loven wel, and in a worthy place; 895
Thee oghte not to clepe it hap, but grace.

`And also thenk, and ther-with glade thee,
That sith thy lady vertuous is al,
So folweth it that ther is som pitee
Amonges alle thise othere in general; 900
And for-thy see that thou, in special,
Requere nought that is ayein hir name;
For vertue strecceth not him-self to shame.

`But wel is me that ever that I was born,
That thou biset art in so good a place; 905
For by my trouthe, in love I dorste have sworn,
Thee sholde never han tid thus fayr a grace;
And wostow why? For thou were wont to chace
At Love in scorn, and for despyt him calle
"Seynt Idiot, lord of thisefoles alle." 910

`How often hastow maad thy nyce lapes,
And seyd, that loves servants everichone
Of nycetee been verry goddes apes;
And some wolde monche hir mete alone,
Ligging a-bedde, and make hem for to grone; 915
And som, thou seydest, hadde a blanche fevere,
And preydest god he sholde never kevere.
`And som of hem tok on hem, for the colde,
More than y-nough, so seydestow ful ofte;
And som han feyned ofte tyme, and tolde 920
How that they wake, whan they slepen softe;
And thus they wolde han brought hem-self a-lofte,
And nathelees were under at the laste;
Thus seydestow, and lapedest ful faste.

`Yet seydestow, that, for the more part, 925
These loveres wolden speke in general,
And thoughten that it was a siker art,
For fayling, for to essayen over-al.
Now may I iape of thee, if that I shal!
But nathelees, though that I sholde deye, 930
That thou art noon of tho, that dorste I seye.

`Now beet thy brest, and sey to god of love,
"Thy grace, lord! For now I me repente
If I mis spak, for now my-self I love:" 935
Thus sey with al thyn herte in good entente.' 935
Quod Troilus, `A! Lord! I me consente,
And prey to thee my laps thou foryive,
And I shal never-more whyl I live.’

‘Thou seyst wel,’ quod Pandare, `and now I hope
That thou the goddes wrath the hast al apesed; 940
And sithen thou hast wepen many a drope,
And seyd swich thing wher-with thy god is plesed,
Now wolde never god but thou were esed;
And think wel, she of whom rist al thy wo
Here-after may thy comfort been al-so. 945

`For thilke ground, that bereth the wedes wikke,
Bereth eek thise holsom herbes, as ful ofte
Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,
The rose waxeth swote and smothe and softe;
And next the valey is the hil a-lofte; 950
And next the derke night the glade morwe;
And also loye is next the fyn of sorwe.

`Now loke that atempre be thy brydel,
And, for the beste, ay suffre to the tyde,
Or elles al our labour is on ydel; 955
He hasteth wel that wysly can abyde;
Be diligent, and trewe, and ay wel hyde.
Be lusty, free, persevere in thy servyse,
And al is wel, if thou werke in this wyse.
`But he that parted is in every place 960
Is no-ther hool, as witten clercys wyse;
What wonder is, though swich oon have no grace?
Eek wostow how it fareth of som servyse?
As plaunte a tre or herbe, in sondry wyse,
And on the morwe pulle it up as blyve, 965
No wonder is, though it may never thryve.

`And sith that god of love hath thee bistowed
In place digne un-to thy worthinesse,
Stond faste, for to good port hastow rowed;
And of thy-self, for any hevinesse, 970
Hope alwey wel; for, but-if drerinesse
Or over-haste our bothe labour shende,
I hope of this to maken a good ende.

`And wostow why I am the lasse a-fered
Of this matere with my nece trete? 975
For this have I herd seyd of wyse y-lered,
"Was never man ne woman yet bigete
That was unapt to suffren loves hete,
Celestial, or elles love of kinde;"
For-thy som grace I hope in hir to finde. 980

`And for to speke of hir in special,
Hir beautee to bithinken and hir youthe,
It sit hir nought to be celestial
As yet, though that hir liste bothe and couthe;
But trewely, it sete hir wel right nouthe
A worthy knight to loven and cheryce,
And but she do, I holde it for a vyce.

`Wherfore I am, and wol be, ay redy
To peyne me to do yow this servyse;
For bothe yow to plese thus hope I
Her-afterward; for ye beth bothe wyse,
And conne it counseyl kepe in swich a wyse
That no man shal the wyser of it be;
And so we may be gladed alle three.

`And, by my trouthe, I have right now of thee
A good conceyt in my wit, as I gesse,
And what it is, I wol now that thou see.
I thenke, sith that love, of his goodnesse,
Hath thee converted out of wikkednesse,
That thou shalt be the beste post, I leve,
Of al his lay, and most his foos to-greve.

`Ensample why, see now these wyse clerkes,
That eren aldermost a-yein a lawe,
And ben converted from hir wikked werkes
Thorugh grace of god, that list hem to him drawe,
Than arn they folk that han most god in awe,
And strengest-feythed been, I understonde,
And conne an errour alder-best withstonde.‘

Whan Troilus had herd Pandare assented
To been his help in loving of Criseyde, 1010
Wex of his wo, as who seyth, untormented,
But hotter wex his love, and thus he seyde,
With sobre chere, al-though his herte pleyde,
`Now blisful Venus helpe, er that I sterve,
Of thee, Pandare, I may som thank deserve. 1015

`But, dere frend, how shal myn wo ben lesse
Til this be doon? And goode, eek tel me this,
How wiltow seyn of me and my destresse?
Lest she be wrooth, this drede I most, y-wys,
Or nil not here or trowen how it is. 1020
Al this drede I, and eek for the manere
Of thee, hir eem, she nil no swich thing here.’

Quod Pandarus, `Thou hast a ful gret care
Lest that the cherl may falle out of the mone!
Why, lord! I hate of the thy nyce fare! 1025
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done!
For goddes love, I bidde thee a bone,
So lat me alone, and it shal be thy beste.‘ --
`Why, freend,’ quod he, `now do right as the lest.'
But herke, Pandare, o word, for I nolde 1030
That thou in me wendest so greet folye,
That to my lady I desiren sholde
That toucheth harm or any vilenye;
For dredelees, me were lever dye 1035
Than she of me ought elles understode
But that, that mighte sounen in-to gode.’

Tho lough this Pandare, and anoon answerde,
`And I thy borw? Fy! No wight dooth but so;
I roughte nought though that she stode and herde
How that thou seyst; but fare-wel, I wol go. 1040
A-dieu! Be glad! God spede us bothe two!
Yif me this labour and this besinesse,
And of my speed be thyn al that sweetnesse.’

Tho Troilus gan doun on knees to falle,
And Pandare in his armes hente faste, 1045
And seyde, `Now, fy on the Grekes alle!
Yet, pardee, god shal helpe us at the laste;
And dredelees, if that my lyf may laste,
And god to-forn, lo, som of hem shal smerte;
And yet me athinketh that this avaunt me asterte! 1050

`Now, Pandare, I can no more seye,
But thou wys, thou wost, thou mayst, thou art al!
My lyf, my deeth, hool in thyn bonde I leye;
Help now,’ Quod he, ‘Yis, by my trouthe, I shal.’
`God yelde thee, freend, and this in special,’ 1055
Quod Troilus, `that thou me recomaunde
To hir that to the deeth me may comaunde.’
This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His fulle freend, than seyde in this manere, 1059
`Far-wel, and thank I wol thy thank deserve;
Have here my trouthe, and that thou shalt wel here.’ --
And wente his wey, thenking on this matere,
And how he best mighte hir beseche of grace,
And finde a tyme ther-to, and a place.

For every wight that hath an hous to founde 1065
Ne renneth nought the werk for to biginne
With rakel hond, but he wol byde a stounde,
And sende his hertes lyne out fro with-inne
Alderfirst his purpos for to winne.
Al this Pandare in his herte thoughte, 1070
And caste his werk ful wysly, or he wroughte.

But Troilus lay tho no lenger doun,
But up anoon up-on his stede bay,
And in the feld he pleyde tho leoun;
Wo was that Greek that with him mette that day. 1075
And in the toun his maner tho forth ay
So goodly was, and gat him so in grace,
That ech him lovede that loked on his face.

For he bicom the frendlyeste wight,
The gentileste, and eek the moste free, 1080
The thriftieste and oon the beste knight,
That in his tyme was, or mighte be.
Dede were his Iapes and his crueltee,
His heighe port and his manere estraunge,
And ech of tho gan for a vertu chaunge. 1085

Now lat us stinte of Troilus a stounde,
That fareth lyk a man that hurt is sore,
And is somdel of akinge of his wounde
Y-lissed wel, but heled no del more:
And, as an esy pacient, the lore 1090
Abit of him that gooth aboute his cure;
And thus he dryveth forth his aventuren.

Explicit Liber Primus

Book II

Incipit Prohemium Secundi Libri.
Out of these blake wawes for to sayle,
O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere;
For in this see the boot hath swich travayle,
Of my conning, that unnethe I it stere:
This see clepe I the tempestous mater 5
Of desespeyr that Troilus was inne:
But now of hope the calendes biginne.
O lady myn, that called art Cleo,
Thou be my speed fro this forth, and my muse,
To ryme wel this book, til I have do; 10
Me nedeth here noon other art to use.
For-why to every lovere I me excuse,
That of no sentement I this endyte,
But out of Latin in my tonge it wryte.

Wherfore I nil have neither thank ne blame 15
Of al this werk, but prey yow mekely,
Disblameth me if any word be lame,
For as myn auctor seyde, so seye I.
Eek though I speke of love unfelingly,
No wondre is, for it no-thing of newe is; 20
A blind man can nat luggen wel in hewis.

Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche is chaunge
With-inne a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and straunge
Us thinketh hem; and yet they spake hem so, 25
And spedde as wel in love as men now do;
Eek for to winne love in sondry ages,
In sondry londes, sondry ben usages.

And for-thy if it happe in any wyse,
That here be any lovere in this place 30
That herkneth, as the storie wol devyse,
How Troilus com to his lady grace,
And thenketh, so nolde I nat love purchace,
Or wondreth on his speche or his doinge,
I noot; but it is me no wonderinge; 35

For every wight which that to Rome went,
Halt nat o path, or alwey o manere;
Eek in som lond were al the gamen shent,
If that they ferde in love as men don here,
As thus, in open doing or in chere, 40
In visittinge, in forme, or seyde hire sawes;
For-thy men seyn, ech contree hath his lawes.

Eek scarsly been ther in this place three
That han in love seid lyk and doon in al;
For to thy purpos this may lyken thee, 45
And thee right nought, yet al is seyd or shal;
Eek som men grave in tree, som in stoon wal,
As it bitit; but sin I have begonne,
Myn auctor shal I folwen, if I conne.

Exclipit prohemium Secundi Libri.

Incipit Liber Secundus.

In May, that moder is of monthes glade, 50
That fresshe flooeres, blewe, and whyte, and rede,
Ben quike agayn, that winter dede made,
And ful of bawme is fletting every mede;
Whan Phebus doth his brighte bemes sprede
Right in the whyte Bole, it so bitidde 55
As I shal singe, on Mayes day the thridde,

That Pandarus, for al his wyse speche,
Felt eek his part of loves shottes kene,
That, coude he never so wel of loving preche,
It made his hewe a-day ful ofte grene; 60
So shoop it, that hym fil that day a tene
In love, for which in wo to bedde he wente,
And made, er it was day, ful many a wente.

The swalwe Proigne, with a sorwful lay,
Whan morwe com, gan make hir waymentinge, 65
Why she forshapen was; and ever lay
Pandare a-bedde, half in a slomeringe,
Til she so neigh him made hir chiteringe
How Tereus gan forth hir suster take,
That with the noyse of hir he gan a-wake; 70

And gan to calle, and dresse him up to ryse,
Remembringe him his erand was to done
From Troilus, and eek his greet empryse;
And caste and knew in good plyt was the mone
To doon viage, and took his wey ful sone 75
Un-to his neces paleys ther bi-syde;
Now Ianus, god of entree, thou him gyde!

Whan he was come un-to his neces place,
`Wher is my lady?' to hir folk seyde he;
And they him tolde; and he forth in gan pace, 80
And fond, two othere ladyes sete and she,
With-inne a paved parlour; and they three
Herden a mayden reden hem the geste
Of the Sege of Thebes, whyl hem leste.

Quod Pandarus, `Ma dame, god yow see, 85
With al your book and al the companye!
`Ey, uncle myn, welcome y-wis,' quod she,
And up she roos, and by the hond in hye
She took him faste, and seyde, `This night thrye,
To goode mote it turne, of yow I mette!' 90
And with that word she doun on bench him sette.

`Ye, nece, ye shal fare wel the bet,
If god wole, al this yeer,' quod Pandarus;
`But I am sory that I have yow let
To herknen of your book ye preysen thus; 95
For goddes love, what seith it? tel it us.
Is it of love? O, som good ye me lere!'
`Uncle,' quod she, `your maistresse is not here!

With that they gonnen laughe, and tho she seyde,
`This romaunce is of Thebes, that we rede; 100
And we han herd how that king Laius deyde
Thurgh Edippus his sone, and al that dede;
And here we stenten at these lettres rede,
How the bisshop, as the book can telle,
Amphiorax, fil thurgh the ground to helle.' 105

Quod Pandarus, `Al this knowe I my-selve,
And al the assege of Thebes and the care;
For her-of been ther maked bokes twelve: --
But lat be this, and tel me how ye fare;
Do wey your barbe, and shew your face bare; 110
Do wey your book, rys up, and lat us daunce,
And let us don to May som observance.'

`A! God forbede!' quod she. `Be ye mad?
Is that a widewes lyf, so god you save?
By god, ye maken me right sore a-drad, 115
Ye ben so wilde, it semeth as ye rave!
It sete me wel bet ay in a cave
To bidde, and rede on holy seyntes lyves;
Lat maydens gon to daunce, and yonge wyves.'

`As ever thryve I,' quod this Pandarus, 120
`Yet coude I telle a thing to doon you pleye.'
`Now, uncle dere,' quod she, `tel it us
For goddes love; is than the assege aweye?
I am of Grekes so ferd that I deye.'
`Nay, nay,' quod he, `as ever mote I thryve! 125
It is a thing wel bet than swiche fyve.'

`Ye, holy god,' quod she, `what thing is that?
What! Bet than swiche fyve? Ey, nay, y-wis!
For al this world ne can I reden what
It sholde been; som lape, I trowe, is this; 130
And but your-selven telle us what it is,
My wit is for to arede it al to lene;
As help me god, I noot nat what ye meene.'
`And I your borow, ne never shal, for me,
This thing be told to yow, as mote I thryve!’ 135
`And why so, uncle myn? Why so?’ quod she.
`By god,’ quod he, `that wole I telle as blyve;
For prouder womman were ther noon on-lyve,
And ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troye;
I iape nought, as ever have I loye!’ 140

Tho gan she wondren more than biforn
A thousand fold, and doun hir eyen caste;
For never, sith the tym that she was born,
To knowe thing desired she so faste;
And with a syk she seyde him at the laste, 145
`Now, uncle myn, I nil yow nought displese,
Nor axen more, that may do yow disese.’

So after this, with many wordes glade,
And frendly tales, and with mery chere,
Of this and that they pleyde, and gunnen wade 150
In many an unkouth glad and deep matere,
As freendes doon, whan they ben met y-fere;
Til she gan axen him how Ector ferde,
That was the tounes wal and Grekes yerde.

`Ful wel, I thanke it god,’ quod Pandarus, 155
`Save in his arm he hath a litel wounde;
And eek his fresshe brother Troilus,
The wyse worthy Ector the secounde,
In whom that ever vertu list abounde,
As alle trouthe and alle gentillesse, 160
Wysdom, honour, fredom, and worthinesse.

`In good feith, eem,’ quod she, `that lyketh me;
They faren wel, god save hem bothe two!
For trewely I holde it greet deyntee
A kinges sone in armes wel to do, 165
And been of good condiciouns ther-to;
For greet power and moral vertu here
Is selde y-seye in o persone y-fere.’

`In good feith, that is sooth,’ quod Pandarus;
`But, by my trouthe, the king hath sones tweye, 170
That is to mene, Ector and Troilus,
That certainly, though that I sholde deye,
They been as voyde of vyces, dar I seye,
As any men that liveth under the sonne,
Hir might is wyde y-knowe, and what they conne. 175

`Of Ector nedeth it nought for to telle:
In al this world ther nis a bettre knight
Than he, that is of worthinesse welle;
And he wel more vertu hath than might.
This knoweth many a wys and worthy wight. 180
The same prys of Troilus I seye,
God help me so, I knowe not swiche tweye.'

`By god,' quod she, `of Ector that is sooth;
Of Troilus the same thing trowe I;
For, dredelees, men tellen that he dooth 185
In armes day by day so worthily,
And bereth him here at hoom so gentilly
To every wight, that al the prys hath he
Of hem that me were levest preyshed be.'

`Ye sey right sooth, y-wis,' quod Pandarus; 190
`For yesterday, who-so hadde with him been,
He might have wondred up-on Troilus;
For never yet so thikke a swarm of been
Ne fleigh, as Grekes fro him gonne fleen;
And thorugh the feld, in everi wightes ere, 195
Ther nas no cry but "Troilus is there!"

`Now here, now there, he hunted hem so faste,
Ther nas but Grekes blood; and Troilus,
Now hem he hurte, and hem alle doun he caste;
Ay where he wente, it was arayed thus: 200
He was hir deeth, and sheld and lyf for us;
That as that day ther dorste noon with-stonde,
Whyl that he held his blody swerd in honde.

`Therto he is the frendlieste man
Of grete estat, that ever I saw my lyve; 205
And wher him list, best felawshipe can
To suche as him thinketh able for to thryve.'
And with that word tho Pandarus, as blyve,
He took his leve, and seyde, `I wol go henne.'
`Nay, blame have I, myn uncle,' quod she thenne. 210

`What eyleth yow to be thus wery sone,
And namelich of wommen? Wol ye so?
Nay, sitteth down; by god, I have to done
With yow, to speke of wisdom er ye go.'
And every wight that was a-boute hem tho, 215
That herde that, gan fer a-wey to stonde,
Whyl they two hadde al that hem liste in honde.

Whan that hir tale al brought was to an ende,
Of hire estat and of hir governaunce,
Quod Pandarus, `Now is it tyme I wende; 220
But yet, I seye, aryseth, lat us daunce,
And cast your widwes habit to mischaunce:
What list yow thus your-self to disfigure,
Sith yow is tid thus fair an aventure?'}
`A! Wel bithought! For love of god,` quod she, 225
`Shal I not witen what ye mene of this?`'  
`No, this thing axeth layser,` tho quod he,  
`And eek me wolde muche greve, y-wis,`  
If I it tolde, and ye it toke amis.  
Yet were it bet my tonge for to stille 230  
Than seye a sooth that were ayeins your wille.

`For, nece, by the goddesse Minerve,`  
And Iuppiter, that maketh the thonder ringe,  
And by the blisful Venus that I serve,  
Ye been the womman in this world livinge, 235  
With-oute paramours, to my wittinge,  
That I best love, and lothest am to greve,  
And that ye witen wel your-self, I leve.`

`Y-wis, myn uncle,` quod she, `grant mercy;`  
Your freendship have I founden ever yit; 240  
I am to no man holden trevely,  
So mucche as yow, and have so litel quit;  
And, with the grace of god, emforth my wit,  
As in my gilt I shal you never offende;  
And if I have er this, I wol amende. 245

`But, for the love of god, I yow beseche,`  
As ye ben he that I love most and triste,
Lat be to me your fremde manere speche,
And sey to me, your nece, what yow liste:'
And with that word hir uncle anoon hir kiste, 250
And seyde, `Gladly, leve nece dere,
Tak it for good that I shal seye yow here.'

With that she gan hir eiyen doun to caste,
And Pandarus to coghe gan a lyte,
And seyde, `Nece, alwey, lo! To the laste, 255
How-so it be that som men hem delyte
With subtil art hir tales for to endyte,
Yet for al that, in hir entencioun
Hir tale is al for som conclusioun.

`And sithen thende is every tales strengthe, 260
And this materere is so bihovely,
What sholde I peynte or drawen it on lengthe
To yow, that been my freend so feithfully?'
And with that word he gan right inwardly
Biholden hir, and loken on hir face, 265
And seyde, `On suche a mirour goode grace!'

Than thoughte he thus: `If I my tale endyte
Ought hard, or make a proces any whyle,
She shal no savour han ther-in but lyte,
And trowe I wolde hir in my wil bigyle. 270
For tendre wittes wenen al be wyle
Ther-as they can nat pleynly understonde;
For-thy hir wit to serven wol I fonde --'

And loked on hir in a besy wyse,
And she was war that he byheld hir so, 275
And seyde, 'Lord! So faste ye me avyse!
Sey ye me never er now? What sey ye, no?'
'Yes, yes,' quod he, 'and bet wole er I go;
But, by my trouthe, I thoughte now if ye
Be fortunat, for now men shal it see. 280

`For to every wight som goodly aventure
Som tyme is shape, if he it can receyven;
And if that he wol take of it no cure,
Whan that it commeth, but wilfully it weyven,
Lo, neither cas nor fortune him deceyven, 285
But right his verray slouthe and wrecchednesse;
And swich a wight is for to blame, I gesse.

`Good aventure, O bele nece, have ye
Ful lightly founden, and ye conne it take;
And, for the love of god, and eek of me, 290
Cacche it anoon, lest aventure slake.
What sholde I lenger proces of it make?
Yif me your hond, for in this world is noon,
If that yow list, a wight so wel begoon.

`And sith I speke of good entencioun, 295
As I to yow have told wel here-bifor,
And love as wel your honour and renoun
As creature in al this world y-born;
By alle the othes that I have yow sworn,
And ye be wrooth therfore, or wene I lye, 300
Ne shal I never seen yow eft with ye.

`Beth nought agast, ne quaketh nat; wher-to?
Ne chaungeth nat for fere so your hewe;
For hardely the werste of this is do;
And though my tale as now be to yow newe, 305
Yet trist alwey, ye shal me finde trewe;
And were it thing that me thoughte unsittinge,
To yow nolde I no swiche tales bringe.'

`Now, my good eem, for goddes love, I preye,'
Quod she, `com of, and tel me what it is; 310
For bothe I am agast what ye wol seye,
And eek me longeth it to wite, y-wis.
For whether it be wel or be amis,
Say on, lat me not in this fere dwelle:'
`So wol I doon; now herkneth, I shal telle: 315
`Now, nece myn, the kinges dere sone,
The goode, wyse, worthy, fresshe, and free,
Which alwey for to do wel is his wone,
The noble Troilus, so loveth thee,
That, bot ye helpe, it wol his bane be. 320
Lo, here is al, what sholde I more seye?
Doth what yow list, to make him live or deye.

`But if ye lete him deye, I wol sterve;
Have her my trouthe, nece, I nil not lyen;
Al sholde I with this knyf my throte kerve --` 325
With that the teres braste out of his yen,
And seyde, `If that ye doon us bothe dyen,
Thus giltelees, than have ye fisshed faire;
What mende ye, though that we bothe apeyre?

`Allas! He which that is my lord so dere, 330
That trewe man, that noble gentil knight,
That nought desireth but your freendly chere,
I see him deye, ther he goth up-right,
And hasteth him, with al his fulle might,
For to be slayn, if fortune wol assente; 335
Allas! That god yow swich a beautee sente!

`If it be so that ye so cruel be,
That of his deeth yow liste nought to recche,
That is so trewe and worthy, as ye see,
No more than of a lapere or a wrecche, 340
If ye be swich, your beautee may not streche
To make amendes of so cruel a dede;
Avysement is good bifoir the nede.

`Wo worth the faire gemme vertulees!
Wo worth that herbe also that dooth no bote! 345
Wo worth that beautee that is routhelees!
Wo worth that wight that tret ech under fote!
And ye, that been of beautee crop and rote,
If therwith-al in you ther be no routhe,
Than is it harm ye liven, by my trouthe! 350

`And also thenk wel that this is no gaude;
For me were lever, thou and I and he
Were hanged, than I sholde been his baude,
As heyghe, as men mighte on us alle y-see:
I am thyn eem, the shame were to me, 355
As wel as thee, if that I sholde assente,
Thorough myn abet, that he thyn honour shente.

`Now understond, for I yow nought requere,
To binde yow to him thorugh no beheste,
But only that ye make him bettre chere 360
Than ye han doon er this, and more feste,
So that his lyf be saved, at the leste;
This al and som, and playnly our entente;
God help me so, I never other mente.

`Lo, this request is not but skile, y-wis, 365
Ne doute of reson, pardee, is ther noon.
I sette the worste that ye dredden this,
Men wolden wondren seen him come or goon:
Ther-ayeins answere I thus a-noon,
That every wight, but he be fool of kinde, 370
Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde.

`What? Who wol deme, though he see a man
To temple go, that he the images eteth?
Thenk eek how wel and wysly that he can
Governe him-self, that he no-thing foryeteth, 375
That, wher he cometh, he prys and thank him geteth;
And eek ther-to, he shal come here so selde,
What fors were it though al the toun behelde?

`Swich love of freendes regneth al this toun;
And wrye yow in that mantel ever-mo; 380
And god so wis be my savacioun,
As I have seyd, your beste is to do so.
But alwey, goode nece, to stinte his wo,
So lat your daunger sucred ben a lyte,
That of his deeth ye be nought for to wyte.' 385

Criseyde, which that herde him in this wyse,
Thoughte, 'I shal fele what he meneth, y-wis.'
`Now, eem,' quod she, `what wolde ye devyse?
What is your reed I sholde doon of this?'
`That is wel seyd,' quod be. `certayn, best is 390
That ye him love ayein for his lovinge,
As love for love is skilful guerdoninge.

`Thenk eek, how elde wasteth every houre
In eche of yow a party of beautee;
And therfore, er that age thee devoure, 395
Go love, for, olde, ther wol no wight of thee.
Lat this proverbe a lore un-to yow be;
"To late y-war, quod Beautee, whan it paste;"
And elde daunteth daunger at the laste.

`The kinges fool is woned to cryen loude, 400
Whan that him thinketh a womman bereth hir hye,
"So longe mote ye live, and alle proude,
Til crowes feet be growe under your ye,
And sende yow thanne a mirour in to prye
In whiche that ye may see your face a-morwe!" 405
Nece, I bidde wisshe yow no more sorwe.'
With this he stente, and caste adoun the heed,
And she bigan to breste a-wepe anoon,
And seyde, 'Allas, for wo! Why nere I deed?
For of this world the feith is al agoon! 410
Allas! What sholden straunge to me doon,
Whan he, that for my beste freend I wende,
Ret me to love, and sholde it me defende?

`Allas! I wolde han trusted, doutelees,
That if that I, thurgh my disaventure, 415
Had loved other him or Achilles,
Ector, or any mannes creature,
Ye nolde han had no mercy ne mesure
On me, but alwey had me in repreve;
This false world, allas! Who may it leve? 420

`What? Is this al the loye and al the feste?
Is this your reed, is this my blisful cas?
Is this the verray mede of your beheste?
Is al this peynted proces seyd, allas!
Right for this fyn? O lady myn, Pallas! 425
Thou in this dredful cas for me purveye;
For so astonied am I that I deye!

With that she gan ful sorwfully to syke;
`A! May it be no bet?' quod Pandarus;
`By god, I shal no-more come here this wyke, 430
And god to-forn, that am mistrusted thus;
I see ful wel that ye sette lyte of us,
Or of our deeth! Allas! I woful wrecche!
Mighte he yet live, of me is nought to recche.

`O cruel god, O dispitouse Marte, 435
O Furies three of helle, on yow I crye!
So lat me never out of this hous departe,
If that I mente harm or vilanye!
But sith I see my lord mot nedes dye,
And I with him, here I me shryve, and seye 440
That wikkedly ye doon us bothe deye.

`But sith it lyketh yow that I be deed,
By Neptunus, that god is of the see,
Fro this forth shal I never eten breed
Til I myn owene herte blood may see; 445
For certayn, I wole deye as sone as he --'
And up he sterete, and on his wey he raughte,
Til she agayn him by the lappe caughte.

Criseyde, which that wel neigh starf for fere,
So as she was the ferfulleste wight 450
That mighte be, and herde eek with hir ere,
And saw the sorwful ernest of the knight,
And in his preyere eek saw noon unright,
And for the harm that mighte eek fallen more,
She gan to rewe and dredde hir wonder sore; 455

And thoughte thus, 'Unhappes fallen thikke
Alday for love, and in swich maner cas,
As men ben cruel in hem-self and wikke;
And if this man slee here him-self, alas!
In my presence, it wol be no solas. 460
What men wolde of hit deme I can nat seye;
It nedeth me ful sleyly for to pleye.'

And with a sorwful syk she seyde thrye,
'A! Lord! What me is tid a sory chaunce!
For myn estat lyth in lipartye, 465
And eek myn emes lyf lyth in balaunce;
But nathelees, with goddes governaunce,
I shal so doon, myn honour shal I kepe,
And eek his lyf,' and stinte for to wepe.

'Of harmes two, the lesse is for to chese; 470
Yet have I lever maken him good chere
In honour, than myn emes lyf to lese;
Ye seyn, ye no-thing elles me requere?'
'No, wis,' quod he, 'myn owene nece dere.'
'Now wel,' quod she, 'and I wol doon my peyne; 475
I shal myn herte ayeins my lust constreyne.

`But that I nil not holden him in honde,
Ne love a man, ne can I not, ne may
Ayeins my wil; but elles wol I fonde,
Myn honour sauf, plese him fro day to day; 480
Ther-to nolde I nought ones have seyd nay,
But that I dredde, as in my fantasye;
But cesse cause, ay cesseth maladye.

`And here I make a protestacioun,
That in this proces if ye depper go, 485
That certaynly, for no savacioun
Of yow, though that ye sterve bothe two,
Though al the world on o day be my fo,
Ne shal I never on him han other routhe. --'
`I graunte wel,' quod Pandare, `by my trouthe. 490

`But may I truste wel ther-to,' quod he,
`That of this thing that ye han hight me here,
Ye wol it holden trewly un-to me?’
`Ye, doutelees,' quod she, `myn uncle dere.'
`Ne that I shal han cause in this matere,' 495
Quod he, `to pleyne, or after yow to preche?’
`Why, no, parde; what nedeth more speche?’
Tho fillen they in othere tales glade,
Til at the laste, ’O good eem,’ quod she tho,
`For love of god, which that us bothe made, 500
Tel me how first ye wisten of his wo:
Wot noon of hit but ye?’ He seyde, `No.’
`Can he wel speke of love?’ quod she, `I preye,
Tel me, for I the bet me shal purveye,’

Tho Pandarus a litel gan to smyle, 505
And seyde, `By my trouthe, I shal yow telle.
This other day, nought gon ful longe whyle,
In-with the paleys-gardyn, by a welle,
Gan he and I wel half a day to dwelle,
Right for to spoken of an ordenaunce, 510
How we the Grekes myghte disavaunce.

`Sone after that bigonne we to lepe,
And casten with our dartes to and fro,
Til at the laste he seyde he wolde slepe,
And on the gres a-doun he leyde him tho; 515
And I after gan rome to and fro
Til that I herde, as that I welk allone,
How he bigan ful wofullly to grone.

`Tho gan I stalke him softlye bhiinde,
And sikerly, the sothe for to seyne, 520
As I can clepe ayein now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to pleyne;
He seyde, "Lord! Have routhe up-on my payne,
Al have I been rebel in myn entente;
Now, MEA CULPA, lord! I me repente. 525

"O god, that at thy disposicioun
Ledest the fyn by luste purveyaunce,
Of every wight, my lowe confessioun
Accepte in gree, and send me swich penaunce
As lyketh thee, but from desesperaunce, 530
That may my goost departe awey fro thee,
Thou be my sheld, for thy benigneete.

"For certes, lord, so soore hath she me wounded,
That stod in blak, with loking of hir yen,
That to myn hertes botme it is y-sounded, 535
Thorugh which I woot that I mot nedes dyen;
This is the worsste, I dar me not bi-wryen;
And wel the hotter been the gledes rede,
That men hem wryen with asshen pale and dede."

`With that he smoot his heed adoun anoon, 540
And gan to motre, I noot what, trewely.
And I with that gan stille awey to goon,
And leet ther-of as no-thing wist hadde l,
And come ayein anoon and stood him by,
And seyde, "A-wake, ye slepen al to longe; 545
It semeth nat that love dooth yow longe,

"That slepen so that no man may yow wake.
Who sey ever or this so dul a man?"
"Ye, freend," quod he, "do ye your heades ake
For love, and lat me liven as I can." 550
But though that he for wo was pale and wan,
Yet made he tho as freshe a countenaunce
As though he shulde have led the newe daunce.

This passed forth, til now, this other day,
It fel that I com roming al allone 555
Into his chaumbre, and fond how that he lay
Up-on his bed; but man so sore grone
Ne herde I never, and what that was his mone,
Ne wist I nought; for, as I was cominge,
Al sodeynly he lefte his compleyninge. 560

Of which I took somwat suspicioun,
And neer I com, and fond he wepte sore;
And god so wis be my savacioun,
As never of thing hadde I no routhe more.
For neither with engyn, ne with no lore, 565
Unethes mighte I fro the deeth him kepe;
That yet fele I myn herte for him wepe.

`And god wot, never, sith that I was born,
Was I so bisy no man for to preche,
Ne never was to wight so depe y-sworn, 570
Or he me tolde who mighte been his leche.
But now to yow rehersen al his speche,
Or alle his woful wordes for to soune,
Ne bid me not, but ye wol see me swowne.

`But for to save his lyf, and elles nought, 575
And to non harm of yow, thus am I driven;
And for the love of god that us hath wrought,
Swich chere him dooth, that he and I may liven.
Now have I plat to yow myn herte shriven;
And sin ye woot that myn entente is clene, 580
Tak hede ther-of, for I non yvel mene.

`And right good thrift, I prey to god, have ye,
That han swich oon y-caught with-oute net;
And be ye wys, as ye ben fair to see,
Wel in the ring than is the ruby set. 585
Ther were never two so wel y-met,
Whan ye ben his al hool, as he is youre:
Ther mighty god yet graunte us see that houre!'
`Nay, therof spak I not, a, ha!' quod she,
`As helpe me god, ye shenden every deel!' 590
`O mercy, dere nece,' anoon quod he,
`What-so I spak, I mente nought but weel,
By Mars the god, that helmed is of steel;
Now beth nought wrooth, my blood, my nece dere.'
`Now wel,' quod she, `foryeven be it here!' 595

With this he took his leve, and hoom he wente;
And lord, he was glad and wel bigoon!
Criseyde aroos, no lenger she ne stente,
But straught in-to hir closet wente anoon,
And sette here doun as stille as any stoon, 600
And every word gan up and doun to winde,
That he hadde seyd, as it com hir to minde;

And wex somdel astonied in hir thought,
Right for the newe cas; but whan that she
Was ful avysed, tho fond she right nought 605
Of peril, why she oughte afered be.
For man may love, of possibilitee,
A womman so, his herte may to-breste,
And she nought love ayein, but-if hir leste.

But as she sat allone and thoughte thus, 610
Thascry aroos at skarmish al with-oute,
And men cryde in the strete, `See, Troilus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekes route!
With that gan al hir meynee for to shoute,
`A! Go we see, caste up the latis wyde; 615
For thurgh this strete he moot to palays ryde;

`For other wey is fro the yate noon
Of Dardanus, ther open is the cheyne.'
With that com he and al his folk anoon
An esy pas rydinge, in routes tweyne, 620
Right as his happy day was, sooth to seyne,
For which, men say, may nought disturbed be
That shal bityden of necessitee.

This Troilus sat on his baye stede,
Al armed, save his heed, ful richely, 625
And wounded was his hors, and gan to blede,
On whiche he rood a pas, ful softly;
But swych a knightly sighte, trewely,
As was on him, was nought, with-outen faile,
To loke on Mars, that god is of batayle. 630

So lyk a man of armes and a knight
He was to seen, fulfild of heigh prowesse;
For bothe he hadde a body and a might
To doon that thing, as wel as hardinesse;
And eek to seen him in his gere him dresse, 635
So fresh, so yong, so weldy semed he,
It was an heven up-on him for to see.

His helm to-hewen was in twenty places,
That by a tissew heng, his bak bihinde,
His sheld to-dasshed was with swerdes and maces, 640
In which men mighte many an arwe finde
That thirled hadde horn and nerf and rinde;
And ay the peple cryde, `Here cometh our Ioye,
And, next his brother, holdere up of Troye!'

For which he wex a litel reed for shame, 645
Whan he the peple up-on him herde cryen,
That to biholde it was a noble game,
How sobreliche he caste doun his yen.
Cryseyda gan al his chere aspyen,
And leet so softe it in hir herte sinke, 650
That to hir-self she seyde, `Who yaf me drinke?'

For of hir owene thought she wex al reed,
Remembringe hir right thus, `Lo, this is he
Which that myn uncle swereth he moot be deed,
But I on him have mercy and pitee;' 655
And with that thought, for pure a-shamed, she
Gan in hir heed to pulle, and that as faste,
Wyl he and al the peple for-by paste,

And gan to caste and rollen up and doun
With-inne hir thought his excellent prowesse, 660
And his estat, and also his renoun,
His wit, his shap, and eek his gentillesse;
But most hir favour was, for his distresse
Was al for hir, and thoughte it was a routhe
To sleen swich oon, if that he mente trouthe. 665

Now mighte som envyous Iangle thus,
`This was a sodeyn love; how mighte it be
That she so lightely lovede Troilus
Right for the firste sighte; ye, pardee?`
Now who-so seyth so, mote he never thee! 670
For every thing, a ginning hath it nede
Er al be wrought, with-outen any drede.

For I sey nought that she so sodeynly
Yaf him hir love, but that she gan enclyne
To lyke him first, and I have told yow why; 675
And after that, his manhod and his pyne
Made love with-inne hir for to myne,
For which, by proces and by good servyse,
He gat hir love, and in no sodeyn wyse.
And also blisful Venus, wel arayed, 680
Sat in hir sevenethe hous of hevene tho,
Disposition wel, and with aspectes payed,
To helpen seyly Troilus of his wo.
And, sooth to seyn, she nas not al a fo
To Troilus in his nativitee; 685
God woot that wel the soner spedde he.

Now lat us stinte of Troilus a throwe,
That rydeth forth, and lat us tourne faste
Un-to Criseyde, that heng hir heed ful lowe,
Ther-as she sat allone, and gan to caste 690
Wher-on she wolde apoynte hir at the laste,
If it so were hir eem ne wolde cesse,
For Troilus, up-on hir for to presse.

And, lord! So she gan in hir thought argue
In this matere of which I have yow told, 695
And what to doon best were, and what eschue,
That plyted she ful ofte in many fold.
Now was hir herte warm, now was it cold,
And what she thoughte somwhat shal I wryte,
As to myn auctor listeth for to endyte. 700

She thoughte wel that Troilus persone
She knew by sighte and eek his gentillesse,
And thus she seyde, ‘Al were it nought to done,
To graunte him love, yet, for his worthinesse,
It were honour, with pley and with gladnesse, 705
In honeste, with swich a lord to dele,
For myn estat, and also for his hele.

‘Eek, wel wot I my kinges sone is he;
And sith he hath to see me swich delty,
If I wolde utterly his sighte flee, 710
Peraunter he mighte have me in dispyt,
Thurgh which I mighte stonde in worse plyt;
Now were I wys, me hate to purchace,
With-outen nede, ther I may stonde in grace?

‘In every thing, I woot, ther lyth mesure. 715
For though a man forbede dronkenesse,
He nought for-bet that every creature
Be drinkelees for alwey, as I gesse;
Eek sith I woot for me is his distresse,
I ne oughte not for that thing him despyse, 720
Sith it is so, he meneth in good wyse.

‘And eek I knowe, of longe tyme agoon,
His thewes goode, and that he is not nyce.
Ne avauntour, seyth men, certein, he is noon;
To wys is he to do so gret a vyce; 725
Ne als I nel him never so cheryce,
That he may make avaunt, by luste cause;
He shal me never binde in swiche a clause.

`Now set a cas, the hardest is, y-wis,
Men mighten deme that he loveth me; 730
What dishonour were it un-to me, this?
May I him lette of that? Why nay, pardee!
I knowe also, and alday here and see,
Men loven wommen al this toun aboute;
Be they the wers? Why, nay, with-outen doute. 735

`I thenk eek how he able is for to have
Of al this noble toun the thriftieste,
To been his love, so she hir honour save;
For out and out he is the worthieste,
Save only Ector, which that is the beste. 740
And yet his lyf al lyth now in my cure,
But swich is love, and eek myn aventure.

`Ne me to love, a wonder is it nought;
For wel wot I my-self, so god me spede,
Al wolde I that noon wiste of this thought, 745
I am oon the fayreste, out of drede,
And goodlieste, who-so taketh hede;
And so men seyn in al the toun of Troye.
What wonder is it though he of me have loye?

`I am myn owene woman, wel at ese, 750
I thank it god, as after myn estat;
Right yong, and stonde unt eyd in lusty lese,
With-outen lalousye or swich debat;
Shal noon housbonde seyn to me "Chekmat!"
For either they ben ful of lalousye, 755
Or maisterful, or loven novelrye.

`What shal I doon? To what fyn live I thus?
Shal I nat loven, in cas if that me leste?
What, par dieux! I am nought religious!
And though that I myn herte sette at reste 760
Upon this knight, that is the worthieste,
And kepe alwey myn honour and my name,
By alle right, it may do me no shame.'

But right as whan the sonne shyneth brighte,
In March, that chaungeth ofte tyme his face, 765
And that a cloud is put with wind to flighte
Which over-sprat the sonne as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan thorugh hir soule pace,
That over-spradde hir brighte thoughtes alle,
So that for fere almost she gan to falle. 770
That thought was this: `Allas! Sin I am free,
Sholde I now love, and putte in lupartye
My sikernesse, and thrallen libertee?
Allas! How dorste I thenken that folye?
May I nought wel in other folk aspye 775
Hir dredful loye, hir constreynt, and hir peyne?
Ther loveth noon, that she nath why to pleyne.

`For love is yet the moste stormy lyf,
Right of him-self, that ever was bigonne;
For ever som mistrust, or nyce stryf, 780
Ther is in love, som cloud is over that sonne:
Ther-to we wrecched wommen no-thing conne,
Whan us is wo, but wepe and sitte and thinke;
Our wreche is this, our owene wo to drinke.

`Also these wikked tonges been so prest 785
To speke us harm, eek men be so untrewe,
That, right anoon as cessed is hir lest,
So cesseth love, and forth to love a newe:
But harm y-doon, is doon, who-so it rewe.
For though these men for love hem first to-rende, 790
Ful sharp biginning breketh ofte at ende.

`How ofte tyme hath it y-knownen be,
The treson, that to womman hath be do?
To what fyn is swich love, I can nat see,
Or wher bicometh it, whan it is ago; 795
Ther is no wight that woot, I trowe so,
Wher it bycomth; lo, no wight on it sporneth;
That erst was no-thing, in-to nought it torneth.

`How bisy, if I love, eek moste I be
To plesen hem that langle of love, and demen, 800
And coye hem, that they sey non harm of me?
For though ther be no cause, yet hem semen
Al be for harm that folk hir freendes quemen;
And who may stoppen every wikked tonge,
Or soun of belles whyl that they be ronge?’ 805

And after that, hir thought bigan to clere,
And seyde, ‘He which that no-thing under-taketh,
No thing ne acheveth, be him looth or dere.’
And with an other thought hir herte quaketh;
Than slepeth hope, and after dreed awaketh; 810
Now hoot, now cold; but thus, bi-twixen tweye,
She rist hir up, and went hir for to pleye.

Adoun the steyre anoon-right tho she wente
In-to the gardin, with hir neces three,
And up and doun ther made many a wente, 815
Flexippe, she, Tharbe, and Antigone,
To pleyen, that it loye was to see;
And othere of hir wommen, a gret route,
hir folwede in the gardin al aboute.

This yerd was large, and rayled alle the aleyes, 820
And shadwed wel with blosmy bowes grene,
And benched newe, and sonded alle the weyes,
In which she walketh arm in arm bi-twene;
Til at the laste Antigone the shene
Gan on a Troian song to singe clere, 825
That it an heven was hir voys to here. --

She seyde, `O love, to whom I have and shal
Ben humble subgit, trewe in myn entente,
As I best can, to yow, lord, yeve ich al
For ever-more, myn hertes lust to rente. 830
For never yet thy grace no wight sente
So blisful cause as me, my lyf to lede
In alle loye and seurtee, out of drede.

`Ye, blisful god, han me so wel beset
In love, y-wis, that al that bereth lyf 835
Imaginen ne cowde how to ben bet;
For, lord, with-outen lalousye or stryf,
I love oon which that is most ententyf
To serven wel, unwery or unfeyned,
That ever was, and leest with harm distreynd. 840

`As he that is the welle of worthinesse,
Of trouthe ground, mirour of goodliheed,
Of wit Appollo, stoon of sikernesse,
Of vertu rote, of lust findere and heed,
Thurgh which is alle sorwe fro me deed, 845
Y-wis, I love him best, so doth he me;
Now good thrift have he, wher-so that he be!

`Whom sholde I thanke but yow, god of love,
Of al this blisse, in which to bathe I ginne?
And thanked be ye, lord, for that I love! 850
This is the righte lyf that I am inne,
To flemen alle manere vyce and sinne:
This doth me so to vertu for to entende,
That day by day I in my wil amende.

`And who-so seyth that for to love is vyce, 855
Or thraldom, though he fele in it distresse,
He outher is envyous, or right nyce,
Or is unmighty, for his shrewednesse,
To loven; for swich maner folk, I gesse,
Defamen love, as no-thing of him knowe; 860
Thei speken, but they bente never his bowe.
`What is the sonne wers, of kinde righte,
Though that a man, for feblesse of his yen,
May nought endure on it to see for brighte?
Or love the wers, though wrecches on it cryen? 865
No wele is worth, that may no sorwe dryen.
And for-thy, who that hath an heed of verre,
Fro cast of stones war him in the werre!

`But I with al myn herte and al my might,
As I have seyd, wol love, un-to my laste, 870
My dere herte, and al myn owene knight,
In which myn herte growen is so faste,
And his in me, that it shal ever laste.
Al dredde I first to love him to biginne,
Now woot I wel, ther is no peril inne.' 875

And of hir song right with that word she stente,
And therwith-al, `Now, nece,' quod Criseyde,
`Who made this song with so good entente?'
Antigone answerde anoon, and seyde,
`Ma dame, y-wis, the goodlieste mayde 880
Of greet estat in al the toun of Troye;
And let hir lyf in most honour and loye.'

`Forsothe, so semeth by hir song,'
Quod tho Criseyde, and gan ther-with to syke,
And seyde, `Lord, is there swich blisse among these lovers, as they conne faire endyte?`

`Ye, wis,' quod freshe Antigone the whyte,

`For alle the folk that han or been on lyve
Ne conne wel the blisse of love discryve.

`But wene ye that every wrecche woot the parfit blisse of love? Why, nay, y-wis;
They wenen al be love, if oon be hoot;
Do wey, do wey, they woot no-thing of this!
Men mosten axe at seyntes if it is Aught fair in hevene; Why? For they conne telle;
And axen fendes, is it foul in helle.'

Criseyde un-to that purpos nought answerde,
But seyde, `Y-wis, it wol be night as faste.'
But every word which that she of hir herde,
She gan to prenten in hir herte faste;
And ay gan love hir lasse for to agaste
Than it dide erst, and sinken in hir herte,
That she wex somwhat able to converte.

The dayes honour, and the hevenes ye,
The nightes fo, al this clepe I the sonne,
Gan westren faste, and dounward for to wrye,
As he that hadde his dayes cours y-ronne;
And whyte thinges waxen dimme and donne
For lak of light, and sterres for to appere,
That she and al hir folk in wente y-fere. 910

So whan it lyked hir to goon to reste,
And voyded weren they that voyden oughte,
She seyde, that to slepe wel hir leste.
Hir wommen sone til hir bed hir broughte.
Whan al was hust, than lay she stille, and thoughte 915
Of al this thing the manere and the wyse.
Reherce it nedeth nought, for ye ben wyse.

A nightingale, upon a cedre grene,
Under the chambre-wal ther as she lay,
Ful loude sang ayein the mone shene, 920
Paraunter, in his briddes wyse, a lay
Of love, that made hir herte fresh and gay.
That herkned she so longe in good entente,
Til at the laste the dede sleep hir hente.

And as she sleep, anoon-right tho hir mette, 925
How that an egle, fethered whyt as boon,
Under hir brest his longe clawes sette,
And out hir herte he rente, and that a-noon,
And dide his herte in-to hir brest to goon,
Of which she nought agroos, ne no-thing smerte, 930
And forth he fleigh, with herte left for herte.

Now lat hir slepe, and we our tales holde
Of Troilus, that is to paleys riden,
Fro the scarmuch, of the whiche I tolde,
And in his chaumbre sit, and hath abiden 935
Til two or three of his messages yeden
For Pandarus, and soughten him ful faste,
Til they him founde and broughte him at the laste.

This Pandarus com leping in at ones,
And seiyde thus: 'Who hath ben wel y-bete 940
To-day with swerdes, and with sling-stones,
But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete?'
And gan to lape, and seyde, 'Lord, so ye swete!
But rys, and lat us soupe and go to reste;' 944
And he answerde him, 'Do we as thee leste.'

With al the haste goodly that they mighte,
They spedde hem fro the souper un-to bedde;
And every wight out at the dore him dighte,
And wher him liste upon his wey him spedde;
But Troilus, that thoughte his herte bledde 950
For wo, til that he herde som tydinge,
He seyde, 'Freend, shal I now wepe or singe?"
Quod Pandarus, `Ly stille and lat me slepe,
And don thy hood, thy nedes spedde be;
And chese, if thou wolt singe or daunce or lepe; 955
At shorte wordes, thow shal trowe me. --
Sire, my nece wol do wel by thee,
And love thee best, by god and by my trouthe,
But lak of pursuit make it in thy slouthe.

`For thus ferforth I have thy work bigonne, 960
Fro day to day, til this day, by the morwe,
Hir love of frendship have I to thee wonne,
And also hath she leyd hir feyth to borwe.
Algate a foot is hameled of thy sorwe.'
What sholde I lenger sermon of it holde? 965
As ye han herd bifore, al he him tolde.

But right as floures, thorugh the colde of night
Y-closed, stoupen on hir stalke lowe,
Redressen hem a-yein the sonne bright,
And spreden on hir kinde cours by rowe, 970
Right so gan tho his eyen up to throwe
This Troilus, and seyde, `O Venus dere,
Thy might, thy grace, y-heried be it here!'

And to Pandare he held up bothe his hondes,
And seyde, `Lord, al thyn be that I have; 975
For I am hool, al brosten been my bondes;
A thousand Troians who so that me yave,
Eche after other, god so wis me save,
Ne mighte me so gladen; lo, myn herte,
It spredeth so for loye, it wol to-sterte! 980

`But Lord, how shal I doon, how shal I liven?
Whan shal I next my dere herte see?
How shal this longe tyme a-vey be driven,
Til that thou be ayein at hir fro me?
Thou mayst answere, "A-byd, a-byd," but he 985
That hangeth by the nekke, sooth to seyne,
In grete disese abydeth for the peyne.'

`Al esily, now, for the love of Marte,'
Quod Pandarus, `for every thing hath tyme;
So longe abyd til that the night departe; 990
For al so siker as thow lyst here by me,
And god toforn, I wol be there at pryme,
And for thy werk somwhat as I shal seye,
Or on som other wight this charge leye.

`For pardee, god wot, I have ever yit 995
Ben redy thee to serve, and to this night
Have I nought fayned, but emforth my wit
Don al thy lust, and shal with al my might.
Do now as I shal seye, and fare a-right;
And if thou nilt, wyte al thy-self thy care, 1000
On me is nought along thyn yvel fare.

`I woot wel that thow wyser art than I
A thousand fold, but if I were as thou,
God help me so, as I wolde outrely,
Right of myn owene hond, wryte hir right now 1005
A lettre, in which I wolde hir tellen how
I ferde amis, and hir beseche of routhe;
Now help thy-self, and leve it not for slouthe.

`And I my-self shal ther-with to hir goon;
And whan thou wost that I am with hir there, 1010
Worth thou up-on a courser right anoon,
Ye, hardly, right in thy beste gere,
And ryd forth by the place, as nought ne were,
And thou shalt finde us, if I may, sittinge
At som windowe, in-to the strete lokinge. 1015

`And if thee list, than maystow us saluwe,
And up-on me make thy contenaunce;
But, by thy lyf, be war and faste eschuwe
To tarien ought, god shilde us fro mischaunce!
Ryd forth thy wey, and hold thy governaunce; 1020
And we shal speke of thee som-what, I trowe,
Whan Thou art goon, to do thyne eres glowe!

`Touching thy lettre, thou art wys y-nough,
I woot thow nilt it digneliche endyte;
As make it with thise argumentes tough; 1025
Ne scrivenish or craftily thou it wryte;
Beblotte it with thy teres eek a lyte;
And if thou wryte a goodly word al softe,
Though it be good, reherce it not to ofte.

`For though the beste harpour upon lyve 1030
Wolde on the beste souned Ioly harpe
That ever was, with alle his fingres fyve,
 Touche ay o streng, or ay o werbul harpe,
Were his nayles poynted never so sharpe,
It shulde maken every wight to dulle, 1035
To here his glee, and of his strokes fulle.

`Ne lompre eek no discordaunt thing y-fere,
As thus, to usen termes of phisyk;
In loves termes, hold of thy matere
The forme alwey, and do that it be lyk; 1040
For if a peyntour wolde peynte a pyk
With asses feet, and hede it as an ape,
It cordeth nought; so nere it but a lape.'
This counseyl lyked wel to Troilus;
But, as a dreadful lover, he seyde this: -- 1045
`Allas, my dere brother Pandarus,
I am ashamed for to wryte, y-wis,
Lest of myn innocence I seyde a-mis,
Or that she nolde it for despyt receyve;
Thanne were I deed, ther mighte it no-thing weyve.' 1050

To that Pandare answerde, `If thee lest,
Do that I seye, and lat me therwith goon;
For by that lord that formed est and west,
I hope of it to bringe answere anoon
Right of hir hond, and if that thou nilt noon, 1055
Lat be; and sory mote he been his lyve,
Ayeins thy lust that helpeth thee to thryve.'

Quod Troilus, `Depardieux, I assente;
Sin that thee list, I will aryse and wryte;
And blisful god preye ich, with good entente, 1060
The vyage, and the lettre I shal endyte,
So spede it; and thou, Minerva, the whyte,
Yif thou me wit my lettre to devyse:'
And sette him doun, and wroot right in this wyse. --

First he gan hir his righte lady calle, 1065
His hertes lyf, his lust, his sorwes leche,
His blisse, and eek these othere termes alle,
That in swich cas these loveres alle seche;
And in ful humble wyse, as in his speche,
He gan him recomaunde un-to hir grace; 1070
To telle al how, it axeth muchel space.

And after this, ful lowly he hir prayde
To be nought wrooth, though he, of his folye,
So hardy was to hir to wryte, and seyde,
That love it made, or elles moste he dye, 1075
And pitously gan mercy for to crye;
And after that he seyde, and ley ful loude,
Him-self was litel worth, and lesse he coude;

And that she sholde han his conning excused,
That litel was, and eek he dredde hir so, 1080
And his unworthinesse he ay acused;
And after that, than gan he telle his woo;
But that was endeles, with-outen ho;
And seyde, he wolde in trouthe alwey him holde; --
And radde it over, and gan the lettre folde. 1085

And with his salte teres gan he bathe
The ruby in his signet, and it sette
Upon the wex deliverliche and rathe;
Ther-with a thousand tymes, er he lette,
He kiste tho the lettre that he shette, 1090
And seyde, 'Lettre, a blisful destenee
Thee shapen is, my lady shal thee see.'

This Pandare took the lettre, and that by tyme
A-morwe, and to his neces paleys sterte,
And faste he swoor, that it was passed pryme, 1095
And gan to lape, and seyde, `Y-wis, myn herte,
So fresh it is, al-though it sore smerte,
I may not slepe never a Mayes morwe;
I have a loly wo, a lusty sorwe.'

Criseyde, whan that she hir uncle herde, 1100
With dreedful herte, and desirous to here
The cause of his cominge, thus answerde:
`Now by your feyth, myn uncle,' quod she, `dere,
What manoer windes gydeth yow now here?
Tel us your loly wo and your penaunce, 1105
How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce.'

`By god,' quod he, `I hoppe alwey bihinde!' And she to-laugh, it thoughte hir herte breste.
Quod Pandarus, `Loke alwey that ye finde
Game in myn hood, but herkneth, if yow leste; 1110
Ther is right now come in-to toune a geste,
A Greek espye, and telleth newe thinges,
For which I come to telle yow tydinges.

`Into the gardin go we, and we shal here,  
Al prevely, of this a long sermoun.' 1115

With that they wenten arm in arm y-fere  
In-to the gardin from the chaumbre doun.

And whan that he so fer was that the soun  
Of that he speke, no man here mighte,

He seyde hir thus, and out the lettre plighte, 1120

`Lo, he that is al hoolly youres free  
Him recomaundeth lowly to your grace,

And sent to you this lettre here by me;  
Avyseth you on it, whan ye han space,

And of som goodly answere yow purchace; 1125

Or, helpe me god, so pleynly for to seyne,

He may not longe liven for his peyne.'  

Ful dredfully tho gan she stonde stille,  
And took it nought, but al hir humble chere

Gan for to chaunge, and seyde, `Scrit ne bille, 1130

For love of god, that toucheth swich matere,  
Ne bring me noon; and also, uncle dere,

To myn estat have more reward, I preye,  
Than to his lust; what sholde I more seye?
`And loketh now if this be resonable, 1135
And leteth nought, for favour ne for slouthe,
To seyn a sooth; now were it covenable
To myn estat, by god, and by your trouthe,
To taken it, or to han of him routhe,
In harming of my-self or in repreve? 1140
Ber it a-yein, for him that ye on leve!' 

This Pandarus gan on hir for to stare,
And seyde, `Now is this the grettest wonder
That ever I sey! Lat be this nyce fare!
To deethe mote I smiten be with thonder, 1145
If, for the citee which that stondeth yonder,
Wolde I a lettre un-to yow bringe or take
To harm of yow; what list yow thus it make?

`But thus ye faren, wel neig alle and some,
That he that most desireth yow to serve, 1150
Of him ye recche leest wher he bicome,
And whether that he live or elles sterve.
But for al that that ever I may deserve,
Refuse it nought,’ quod he, and hente hir faste,
And in hir bosom the lettre doun he thraste, 1155

And seyde hire, `Now cast it awey anoon,
That folk may seen and gauren on us tweye.'
Quod she, `I can abyde til they be goon,'
And gan to smyle, and seyde hym, `Eem, I preye,
Swich answere as yow list, your-self purveye, 1160
For trewely I nil no lettre wryte.'
`No? than wol I,' quod he, `so ye endyte.'

Therwith she lough, and seyde, `Go we dyne.'
And he gan at him-self to iape faste,
And seyde, `Nece, I have so greet a pyne 1165
For love, that every other day I faste' --
And gan his beste lapes forth to caste;
And made hir so to laughe at his folye,
That she for laughter wende for to dye.

And whan that she was comen in-to halle, 1170
`Now, eem,' quod she, `we wol go dine anoon,'
And gan some of hir women to hir calle,
And streyght in-to hir chaumbre gan she goon;
But of hir besinesses, this was oon
A-monges othere thinges, out of drede, 1175
Ful prively this lettre for to rede;

Avysed word by word in every lyne,
And fond no lak, she thoughte he coude good;
And up it putte, and went hir in to dyne.
But Pandarus, that in a study stood, 1180
Er he was war, she took him by the hood,
And seyde, `Ye were caught er that ye wiste;'
`I vouche sauf,' quod he. `do what yow liste.'

Tho wesshen they, and sette hem doun and ete;
And after noon ful slely Pandarus 1185
Gan drawe him to the window next the strete,
And seyde, `Nece, who hath arayed thus
The yonder hous, that stant afor-yeyn us?'
`Which hous?' quod she, and gan for to biholde,
And knew it wel, and whos it was him tolde, 1190

And fillen forth in speche of thinges smale,
And seten in the window bothe tweye.
Whan Pandarus saw tyne un-to his tale,
And saw wel that hir folk were alle aweye,
`Now, nece myn, tel on,' quod he; `l seye, 1195
How liketh yow the lettre that ye woot?
Can he ther-on? For, by my trouthe, I noot.'

Therwith al rosy hewed tho wex she,
And gan to humme, and seyde, `So I trowe.'
`Aquyte him wel, for goddes love,' quod he; 1200
`My-self to medes wol the lettre sowe.'
And held his hondes up, and sat on knowe,
`Now, goode nece, be it never so lyte,
Yif me the labour, it to sowe and plyte.'

`Ye, for I can so wryte,' quod she tho; 1205
`And eek I noot what I sholde to him seye.'
`Nay, nece,' quod Pandare, `sey nat so;
Yet at the leste thanketh him, I preye,
Of his good wil, and doth him not to deye.
Now for the love of me, my nece dere, 1210
Refuseth not at this tyme my preyere.'

`Depar-dieux,' quod she, `God leve al be wel!
God help me so, this is the firste lettre
That ever I wroot, ye, al or any del.'
And in-to a closet, for to avyse hir bettre, 1215
She wente allone, and gan hir herte unfettre
Out of disdaynes prison but a lyte;
And sette hir doun, and gan a lettre wryte,

Of which to telle in short is myn entente
Theffect, as fer as I can understonde: -- 1220
She thonked him of al that he wel mente
Towardes hir, but holden him in honde
She nolde nought, ne make hir-selven bonde
In love, but as his suster, him to plese,
She wolde fayn to doon his herte an ese. 1225
She shette it, and to Pandarus in gan goon,
There as he sat and loked in-to the strete,
And doun she sette hir by him on a stoon
Of laspre, up-on a quisshin gold y-bete,
And seyde, `As wisly helpe me god the grete, 1230
I never dide a thing with more peyne
Than wryte this, to which ye me constreyne;'

And took it him: He thonked hir and seyde,
`God woot, of thing ful ofte looth bigonne
Cometh ende good; and nece myn, Criseyde, 1235
That ye to him of hard now ben y-wonne
Oughte he be glad, by god and yonder sonne!
For-why men seyth, "Impressiouenes lighte
Ful lightly been ay redy to the flighte.'

`But ye han pleyed tyraunt neigh to longe, 1240
And hard was it your herte for to grave;
Now stint, that ye no longer on it honge,
Al wolde ye the forme of daunger save.
But hasteth yow to doon him Ioye have;
For trusteth wel, to longe y-doone hardnesse 1245
Causeth despyt ful often, for destresse.'

And right as they declamed this matere,
Lo, Troilus, right at the stretes ende,
Com ryding with his tenthe some y-fer,
Al softly, and thiderward gan bende 1250
Ther-as they sete, as was his way to wende
To paleys-ward; and Pandare him aspyde,
And seyde, `Nece, y-see who cometh here ryde!

`O flee not in, he seeth us, I suppose;
Lest he may thinke that ye him eschuwe.' 1255
`Nay, nay,' quod she, and wex as reed as rose.
With that he gan hir humbly to saluwe
With dreedful chere, and oft his hewes muwe;
And up his look debonairly he caste,
And bekked on Pandare, and forth he paste. 1260

God woot if he sat on his hors a-right,
Or goodly was beseyn, that ilke day!
God woot wher he was lyk a manly knight!
What sholde I drecche, or telle of his aray?
Criseyde, which that alle these thinges say, 1265
To telle in short, hir lyked al y-fer,
His persone, his aray, his look, his chere,

His goodly manere, and his gentillesse,
So wel, that never, sith that she was born,
Ne hadde she swich routhe of his distresse; 1270
And how-so she hath hard ben her-biforn,
To god hope I, she hath now caught a thorn,
She shal not pulle it out this nexte wyke;
God sende mo swich thornes on to pyke!

Pandare, which that stood hir faste by, 1275
Felte iren hoot, and he bigan to smyte,
And seyde, `Nece, I pray yow hertely,
Tel me that I shal axen yow a lyte:
A womman, that were of his deeth to wyte,
With-outen his gilt, but for hir lakked routhe, 1280
Were it wel doon?` Quod she, `Nay, by my trouthe!`

`God help me so,` quod he, `ye sey me sooth.
Ye felen wel your-self that I not lye;
Lo, yond he rit!` Quod she, `Ye, so he dooth!`
`Wel,` quod Pandare, `as I have told yow thrye, 1285
Lat be youre nyce shame and youre folye,
And spek with him in esing of his herte;
Lat nycetee not do yow bothe smerte.`

But ther-on was to heven and to done;
Considered al thing, it may not be; 1290
And why, for shame; and it were eek to sone
To graunten him so greet a libertee.
`For playnly hir entente,` as seyde she,
`Was for to love him unwist, if she mighte,
And guerdon him with no-thing but with sighte.' 1295

But Pandarus thoughte, `It shal not be so,
If that I may; this nyce opiouion
Shal not be holden fully yeres two.'
What sholde I make of this a long sermoun?
He moste assente on that conclusioun, 1300
As for the tyme; and whan that it was eve,
And al was wel, he roos and took his leve.

And on his wey ful faste homward he spedde,
And right for loye he felte his herte daunce;
And Troilus he fond alone a-bedde, 1305
That lay as dooth these loveres, in a traunce,
Bitwixen hope and derk desesperaunce.
But Pandarus, right at his in-cominge,
He song, as who seyth, `Lo! Sumwhat I bringe;'

And seyde, `Who is in his bed so sone 1310
Y-buried thus?` `It am I, freend,' quod he.
`Who, Troilus? Nay, helpe me so the mone,'
Quod Pandarus, `Thou shalt aryse and see
A charme that was sent right now to thee,
The which can helen thee of thyn accesse, 1315
If thou do forth-with al thy besinesse.'
`Ye, through the might of god!' quod Troilus.
And Pandarus gan him the lettre take,
And sayde, `Pardee, god hath holpen us;
Have here a light, and loke on al this blaze.' 1320
But ofte gan the herte glade and quake
Of Troilus, whyl that he gan it rede,
So as the wordes yave him hope or drede.

But fynally, he took al for the beste
That she him wroot, for somwhat he biheld 1325
On which, him thoughte, he mighte his herte reste,
Al covered she the wordes under sheld.
Thus to the more worthy part he held,
That, what for hope and Pandarus bihest,
His grete wo for-yede he at the leste. 1330

But as we may alday our-selven see,
Through more wode or col, the more fyr;
Right so encres hope, of what it be,
Therwith ful ofte encreseth eek desyr;
Or, as an ook cometh of a litel spyr, 1335
So through this lettre, which that she him sente,
Encresen gan desyr, of which he brente.

Wherfore I seye alwey, that day and night
This Troilus gan to desiren more
Than he dide erst, thurgh hope, and dide his might 1340
To pressen on, as by Pandarus lore,
And wryten to hir of his sorwes sore
Fro day to day; he leet it not refreyde,
That by Pandare he wroot somwhat or seyde;

And dide also his othere observaunces 1345
That to a lover longeth in this cas;
And, after that these dees turnede on chaunces,
So was he outhre glad or seyde `Allas!'
And held after his gestes ay his pas;
And aftir swiche answeres as he hadde, 1350
So were his dayes sory outhre gladde.

But to Pandare alwey was his recours,
And pitously gan ay til him to pleyne,
And him bisoughte of rede and som socours;
And Pandarus, that sey his wode peyne, 1355
Wex wel neigh deed for routhe, sooth to seyne,
And bisily with al his herte caste
Som of his wo to sleen, and that as faste;

And seyde, `Lord, and freend, and brother dere,
God woot that thy disese dooth me wo. 1360
But woltow stinten al this woful chere,
And, by my trouthe, or it be dayes two,
And god to-forn, yet shal I shape it so,
That thou shalt come in-to a certayn place,
Ther-as thou mayst thy-self hir preye of grace. 1365

`And certainly, I noot if thou it wost,
But tho that been expert in love it seye,
It is oon of the thinges that furthereth most,
A man to have a leyser for to preye,
And siker place his wo for to biwreye; 1370
For in good herte it moot som routhe impresse,
To here and see the giltles in distresse.

`Paraunter thenkestow: though it be so
That kinde wolde doon hir to biginne
To han a maner routhe up-on my wo, 1375
Seyth Daunger, "Nay, thou shalt me never winne;
So reuleth hir hertes goost with-inne,
That, though she bende, yet she stant on rote;
What in effect is this un-to my bote?"

`Thenk here-ayeins, whan that the sturdy ook, 1380
On which men hakketh ofte, for the nones,
Receyved hath the happy falling strook,
The grete sweigh doth it come al at ones,
As doon these rokkes or these milne-stones.
For swifter cours cometh thing that is of wighte, 1385
Whan it descendeth, than don thinges lighte.

`And reed that boweth doun for every blast,
Ful lightly, cesse wind, it wol aryse;
But so nil not an ook whan it is cast;
It nedeth me nought thee longe to forbyse. 1390
Men shal reioysen of a greet empryse
Acheved wel, and stant with-outen doute,
Al han men been the lenger ther-aboute.

`But, Troilus, yet tel me, if thee lest,
A thing now which that I shal axen thee; 1395
Which is thy brother that thou lovest best
As in thy verray hertes privetee?'
`Y-wis, my brother Deiphebus,' quod he.
`Now,' quod Pandare, `er houres twyes twelve,
He shal thee ese, unwist of it him-selve. 1400

`Now lat me allone, and werken as I may,'
Quod he; and to Deiphebus wente he tho
Which hadde his lord and grete freend ben ay;
Save Troilus, no man he lovede so.
To telle in short, with-outen wordes mo, 1405
Quod Pandarus, `I pray yow that ye be
Freend to a cause which that toucheth me.'
`Yis, pardee,' quod Deiphebus, `wel thow wost,
In al that ever I may, and god to-fore,
Al nere it but for man I love most, 1410
My brother Troilus; but sey wherfore
It is; for sith that day that I was bore,
I nas, ne never-mo to been I thinke,
Ayeins a thing that mighte thee for-thinke.'

Pandare gan him thonke, and to him seyde, 1415
`Lo, sire, I have a lady in this toun,
That is my nece, and called is Criseyde,
Which some men wolden doon oppressioun,
And wrongfully have hir possessioun:
Wherfor I of your lordship yow biseche 1420
To been our freend, with-oute more speche.'

Deiphebus him answerde, `O, is not this,
That thow spekest of to me thus straungely,
Criseyda, my freend?' He seyde, `Yis.'
`Than nedeth,' quod Deiphebus, `hardely, 1425
Na-more to speke, for trusteth wel, that I
Wol be hir champioun with spore and yerde;
I roughte nought though alle hir foos it herde.

`But tel me how, thou that woost al this matere,
How I might best avaylen? Now lat see.' 1430
Quod Pandarus; `If ye, my lord so dere,
Wolden as now don this honour to me,
To prayen hir to-morwe, lo, that she
Come un-to yow hir pleyntes to devyse,
Hir adversaries wolde of it agryse. 1435

`And if I more dorste preye as now,
And chargen yow to have so greet travayle,
To han som of your bretheren here with yow,
That mighten to hir cause bet avayle,
Than, woot I wel, she mighte never fayle 1440
For to be holpen, what at your instaunce,
What with hir othere freendes governaunce.'

Deiphebus, which that comen was, of kinde,
To al honour and bountee to consente,
Answerde, `It shal be doon; and I can finde 1445
Yet gretter help to this in myn entente.
What wolt thow seyn, if I for Eleyne sente
To speke of this? I trowe it be the beste;
For she may leden Paris as hir leste.

`Of Ector, which that is my lord, my brother, 1450
It nedeth nought to preye him freend to be;
For I have herd him, o tyme and eek other,
Speke of Criseyde swich honour, that he
May seyn no bet, swich hap to him hath she.
It nedeth nought his helpes for to crave; 1455
He shal be swich, right as we wole him have.

`Spek thou thy-self also to Troilus
On my bihalve, and pray him with us dyne.'
`Sire, al this shal be doon,' quod Pandarus;
And took his leve, and never gan to fyne, 1460
But to his neces hous, as streyt as lyne,
He com; and fond hir fro the mete aryse;
And sette him doun, and spak right in this wyse.

He seyde, `O veray god, so have I ronne!
Lo, nece myn, see ye nought how I swete? 1465
I noot whether ye the more thank me conne.
Be ye nought war how that fals Poliphete
Is now aboute eft-sones for to plete,
And bringe on yow advocacyes newe?'
`I? No,' quod she, and chaunged al hir hewe. 1470

`What is he more aboute, me to drecche
And doon me wrong? What shal I do, allass?
Yet of him-self no-thing ne wolde I recche,
Nere it for Antenor and Eneas,
That been his freendes in swich maner cas; 1475
But, for the love of god, myn uncle dere,
No fors of that; lat him have al y-fere;

`With-outen that I have ynough for us.'

`Nay,' quod Pandare, `it shal no-thing be so.

For I have been right now at Deiphebus, 1480
And Ector, and myne othere lordes mo,
And shortly maked eche of hem his fo;
That, by my thrift, he shal it never winne
For ought he can, whan that so he beginne.'

And as they casten what was best to done, 1485
Deiphebus, of his owene curtasye,
Com hir to preye, in his propre persone,
To holde him on the morwe companye
At diner, which she nolde not denye,
But goodly gan to his preyere obeye. 1490
He thonked hir, and wente up-on his weye.

Whanne this was doon, this Pandare up a-noon,
To telle in short, and forth gan for to wende
To Troilus, as stille as any stoon;
And al this thing he tolde him, word and ende; 1495
And how that he Deiphebus gan to blende;
And seyde him, `Now is tyme, if that thou conne,
To bere thee wel to-morwe, and al is wonne.
`Now spek, now prey, now pitously compleyne;  
Lat not for nyce shame, or drede, or slouthe; 1500  
Som-tyme a man mot telle his owene peyne;  
Bileeve it, and she shal han on thee routhe;  
Thou shalt be saved by thy feyth, in trouthe.  
But wel wot I, thou art now in a drede;  
And what it is, I leye, I can arede. 1505

`Thow thinkest now, "How sholde I doon al this?  
For by my cheres mosten folk aspye,  
That for hir love is that I fare a-mis;  
Yet hadde I lever unwist for sorwe dye."  
Now thenk not so, for thou dost greet folye. 1510  
For I right now have founden o manere  
Of sleighte, for to coveren al thy chere.

`Thow shalt gon over night, and that as blyve,  
Un-to Deiphebus hous, as thee to pleye,  
Thy maladye a-wey the bet to dryve, 1515  
For-why thou semest syk, soth for to seye.  
Sone after that, doun in thy bed thee leye,  
And sey, thow mayst no lenger up endure,  
And ly right there, and byde thyn aventure.

`Sey that thy fever is wont thee for to take 1520  
The same tyme, and lasten til a-morwe;
And lat see now how wel thou canst it make,
For, par-dee, syk is he that is in sorwe.
Go now, farwel! And, Venus here to borwe,
I hope, and thou this purpos holde ferme, 1525
Thy grace she shal fully ther conferme.'

Quod Troilus, `Y-wis, thou nedelees
Conseylest me, that sykliche I me feyne,
For I am syk in ernest, doutelees,
So that wel neigh I sterve for the peyne.' 1530
Quod Pandarus, `Thou shalt the bettre pleyne,
And hast the lasse need to countrefete;
For him men demen hoot that men seen swete.

`Lo, holde thee at thy triste cloos, and I
Shal wel the deer un-to thy bowe dryve.' 1535
Therwith he took his leve al softly,
And Troilus to paleys wente blyve.
So glad ne was he never in al his lyve;
And to Pandarus reed gan al assente,
And to Deiphebus hous at night he wente. 1540

What nedeth yow to tellen al the chere
That Deiphebus un-to his brother made,
Or his accesse, or his siklych manere,
How men gan him with clothes for to lade,
Whan he was leyd, and how men wolde him glade? 1545
But al for nought; he held forth ay the wyse
That ye han herd Pandare er this devyse.

But cerceyn is, er Troilus him leyde,
Deiphebus had him prayed, over night,
To been a freend and helping to Criseyde. 1550
God woot, that he it graunteđe anon-right,
To been hir fulle freend with al his might.
But swich a nede was to preye him thenne,
As for to bidde a wood man for to renne.

The morwen com, and neihen gan the tyme 1555
Of meel-tyd, that the faire quene Eleyne
Shoop hir to been, an houre after the pryme,
With Deiphebus, to whom she nolde feyne;
But as his suster, hoomly, sooth to seyne,
She com to diner in hir playn entente. 1560
But god and Pandare wiste al what this mente.

Com eek Criseyde, al innocent of this,
Antigone, hir sister Tarbe also;
But flee we now prolixitee best is,
For love of god, and lat us faste go 1565
Right to the effect, with-oute tales mo,
Why al this folk assembled in this place;
And lat us of hir saluinges pace.

Gret honour dide hem Deiphebus, certeyn,
And fedde hem wel with al that mighte lyke. 1570

But ever-more, `Allas!' was his refreyn,

`My goode brother Troilus, the syke,
Lyth yet"--and therwith-al he gan to syke;
And after that, he peyned him to glade
Hem as he mighte, and chere good he made. 1575

Compleyned eek Eleyne of his syknesse
So feithfully, that pitee was to here,
And every wight gan waxen for accesse
A leche anoon, and seyde, `In this manere
Men curen folk; this charme I wol yow lere.' 1580

But ther sat oon, al list hir nought to teche,
That thoughte, best coude I yet been his leche.

After compleynt, him gonnen they to preyse,
As folk don yet, whan som wight hath bigonne
To preyse a man, and up with prys him reyse 1585
A thousand fold yet hyer than the sonne: --
`He is, he can, that fewe lordes conne.'
And Pandarus, of that they wolde afferme,
He not for-gat hir preysing to conferme.
Herde al this thing Criseyde wel y-nough, 1590
And every word gan for to notifye;
For which with sobre chere hir herte lough;
For who is that ne wolde hir glorifye,
To mowen swich a knight don live or dye?
But al passe I, lest ye to longe dwelle; 1595
For for o fyn is al that ever I telle.

The tyme com, fro diner for to ryse,
And, as hem oughte, arisen everychoon,
And gonne a while of this and that devyse.
But Pandarus brak al this speche anoon, 1600
And seyde to Deiphebus, `Wole ye goon,
If youre wille be, as I yow preyde,
To speke here of the nedes of Criseyde?'

Eleyne, which that by the hond hir held,
Took first the tale, and seyde, `Go we blyve;' 1605
And goodly on Criseyde she biheld,
And seyde, `Ioves lat him never thryve,
That dooth yow harm, and bringe him sone of lyve!
And yeve me sorwe, but he shal it rewe,
If that I may, and alle folk be trewe.' 1610

`Tel thou thy neces cas,' quod Deiphebus
To Pandarus, `for thou canst best it telle.' --
`My lordes and my ladyes, it stant thus;
What sholde I lenger,’ quod he, `do yow dwelle?’
He rong hem out a proces lyk a belle, 1615
Up-on hir fo, that highte Poliphete,
So heynous, that men mighte on it spete.

Anwerde of this ech worse of hem than other,
And Poliphete they gonnen thus to warien,
`An-honged be swich oon, were he my brother; 1620
And so he shal, for it ne may not varien.’
What sholde I lenger in this tale tarien?
Pleynly, alle at ones, they hir highten
To been hir helpe in al that ever they mighten.

Spak than Eleyne, and seyde, `Pandarus, 1625
Woot ought my lord, my brother, this matere,
I mene, Ector? Or woot it Troilus?’
He seyde, `Ye, but wole ye now me here?
Me thinketh this, sith Troilus is here,
It were good, if that ye wolde assente, 1630
She tolde hir-self him al this, er she wente.

`For he wole have the more hir grief at herte,
By cause, lo, that she a lady is;
And, by your leve, I wol but right in sterte,
And do yow wite, and that anoon, y-wis, 1635
If that he slepe, or wole ought here of this.’
And in he lepte, and seyde him in his ere,
‘God have thy soule, y-brought have I thy bere!’

To smylen of this gan tho Troilus,
And Pandarus, with-oute rekeninge, 1640
Out wente anoon to Eleyne and Deiphebus,
And seyde hem, ‘So there be no taryinge,
Ne more pres, he wol wel that ye bringe
Criseyda, my lady, that is here;
And as he may enduren, he wole here. 1645

‘But wel ye woot, the chaumbre is but lyte,
And fewe folk may lightly make it warm;
Now loketh ye, (for I wol have no wyte,
To bringe in prees that mighte doon him harm
Or him disesen, for my bettre arm), 1650
Wher it be bet she byde til eft-sones;
Now loketh ye, that knowen what to doon is.

‘I sey for me, best is, as I can knowe,
That no wight in ne wente but ye tweye,
But it were I, for I can, in a throwe, 1655
Reherce hir cas unlyk that she can seye;
And after this, she may him ones preye
To ben good lord, in short, and take hir leve;
This may not muchel of his ese him reve.

`And eek, for she is straunge, he wol forbere 1660
His ese, which that him thar nought for yow;
Eek other thing that toucheth not to here,
He wol me telle, I woot it wel right now,
That secret is, and for the tounes prow.'
And they, that no-thing knewe of his entente, 1665
With-oute more, to Troilus in they wente.

Eleyne, in al hir goodly softe wyse,
Gan him saluwe, and womanly to pleye,
And seyde, `Ywis, ye moste alweyes aryse!
Now fayre brother, beth al hool, I preye!' 1670
And gan hir arm right over his sholder leye,
And him with al hir wit to recomforte;
As she best coude, she gan him to disporte.

So after this quod she, `We yow biseke,
My dere brother, Deiphebus and I, 1675
For love of god, and so doth Pandare eke,
To been good lord and freend, right hertely,
Un-to Criseyde, which that certeinly
Receyveth wrong, as woot wel here Pandare,
That can hir cas wel bet than I declare.' 1680
This Pandarus gan newe his tunge affyle,
And al hir cas reherce, and that anoon;
Whan it was seyd, sone after, in a whyle,
Quod Troilus, `As sone as I may goon,
I wol right fayn with al my might ben oon, 1685
Have god my trouthe, hir cause to sustene.'
`Good thrift have ye,' quod Eleyne the quene.

Quod Pandarus, `And it your wille be
That she may take hir leve, er that she go?'
`O, elles god for-bede,' tho quod he, 1690
`If that she vouche sauf for to do so.'
And with that word quod Troilus, `Ye two,
Deiphebus, and my suster leef and dere,
To yow have I to speke of o matere,

`To been avysed by your reed the bettre': -- 1695
And fond, as hap was, at his beddes heed,
The copie of a tretis and a lettre,
That Ector hadde him sent to axen reed,
If swich a man was worthy to ben deed,
Woot I nought who; but in a grisly wyse 1700
He preyede hem anoon on it avyse.

Deiphebus gan this lettre to unfolde
In ernest greet; so did Eleyne the quene;
And rominge outward, fast it gan biholde,
Downward a steyre, in-to an herber grene. 1705
This ilke thing they redden hem bi-twene;
And largely, the mountaunce of an houre,
Thei gonne on it to reden and to poure.

Now lat hem rede, and turne we anoon
To Pandarus, that gan ful faste prye 1710
That al was wel, and out he gan to goon
In-to the grete chambre, and that in hye,
And seyde, `God save al this companye!
Com, nece myn; my lady quene Eleyne
Abydeth yow, and eek my lordes tweyne. 1715

`Rys, take with yow your nece Antigone,
Or whom yow list, or no fors, hardly;
The lesse prees, the bet; com forth with me,
And loke that ye thonke humblely
Hem alle three, and, whan ye may goodly 1720
Your tymé y-see, taketh of hem your leve,
Lest we to longe his restes him bireve.'

Al innocent of Pandarus entente,
Quod tho Criseyde, `Go we, uncle dere';
And arm in arm inward with him she wente, 1725
Avysed wel hir wordes and hir chere;
And Pandarus, in earnestful manere,
Seyde, 'Alle folk, for goddes love, I preye,
Stinteth right here, and softly yow pleye.

`Aviseth yow what folk ben here with-inne, 1730
And in what plyt oon is, god him amende!
And inward thus ful softly biginne;
Nece, I conjure and heighly yow defende,
On his half, which that sowle us alle sende,
And in the vertue of corounes tweyne, 1735
Slee nought this man, that hath for yow this peyne!

`Fy on the devel! Thenk which oon he is,
And in what plyt he lyth; com of anoon;
Thenk al swich taried tyd, but lost it nis!
That wol ye bothe seyn, whan ye ben oon. 1740
Secoundelich, ther yet devyneth noon
Up-on yow two; come of now, if ye conne;
Whyl folk is blent, lo, al the tyme is wonne!

`In titering, and pursuite, and delayes,
The folk devyne at wagginge of a stree; 1745
And though ye wolde han after merye dayes,
Than dar ye nought, and why? For she, and she
Spak swich a word; thus loked he, and he;
Lest tyme I loste, I dar not with yow dele;
Com of therfore, and bringeth him to hele.' 1750

But now to yow, ye lovers that ben here,
Was Troilus nought in a cankedort,
That lay, and mighte whispringe of hem here,
And thoughte, 'O lord, right now renneth my sort
Fully to dye, or han anoon comfort'; 1755
And was the firste tyme he shulde hir preye
Of love; O mighty god, what shal he seye?

Explicit Secundus Liber.

BOOK III

Incipit prohemium tercii libri.

O blisful light of whiche the bemes clere 1
Adorneth al the thridde hevene faire!
O sonnes lief, O loves doughter dere,
Plesaunce of love, O goodly debonaire,
In gentil hertes ay redy to repaire! 5
O verray cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Y-heried be thy might and thy goodnesse!

In hevene and helle, in erthe and salte see
Is felt thy might, if that I wel descerne;
As man, brid, best, fish, herbe and grene tree 10
Thee fele in tymes with vapour eterne.
God loveth, and to love wol nought werne;
And in this world no lyves creature,
With-outen love, is worth, or may endure.

Ye loves first to thilke effectes glade, 15
Thorugh which that thinges liven alle and be,
Comeveden, and amorous him made
On mortall thing, and as yow list, ay ye
Yeve him in love ese or adversee;
And in a thousand formes doun him sente 20
For love in erthe, and whom yow liste, he hente.

Ye fierse Mars apeysen of his ire,
And, as yow list, ye maken hertes digne;
Algates, hem that ye wol sette a-fyre,
They dreden shame, and vices they resigne; 25
Ye do hem corteys be, fresshe and benigne,
And hye or lowe, after a wight entendeth;
The loyes that he hath, your might him sendeth.

Ye holden regne and hous in unitee;
Ye soothfast cause of frendship been also; 30
Ye knowe al thilke covered qualitee
Of thinges which that folk on wondren so,
Whan they can not construe how it may io,
She loveth him, or why he loveth here;
As why this fish, and nought that, comth to were. 35

Ye folk a lawe han set in universe,
And this knowe I by hem that loveres be,
That who-so stryveth with yow hath the worse:
Now, lady bright, for thy benignitee,
At reverence of hem that serven thee, 40
Whos clerk I am, so techeth me devyse
SOM Ioye of that is felt in thy servyse.

Ye in my naked herte sentement
Inhelde, and do me shewe of thy swetnesse. --
Caliope, thy vois be now present, 45
For now is nede; sestow not my destresse,
How I mot telle anon-right the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus heryinge?
To which gladnes, who nede hath, god him bringe!

Explicit prohemium Tercii Libri.

Incipit Liber Tercius.
Lay al this mene whyle Troilus, 50

Recordinge his lessoun in this manere,

`Ma fey!' thought he, `Thus wole I seye and thus;
Thus wole I pleyne unto my lady dere;
That word is good, and this shal be my chere;
This nil I not foryeten in no wyse.' 55
God leve him werken as he can devyse!

And, lord, so that his herte gan to quappe,
Heringe hir come, and shorte for to syke!
And Pandarus, that ledde hir by the lappe,
Com ner, and gan in at the curtin pyke, 60
And seyde, `God do bote on alle syke!
See, who is here yow comen to visyte;
Lo, here is she that is your deeth to wyte.'

Ther-with it semed as he wepte almost;
`A ha,' quod Troilus so rewfully, 65
`Wher me be wo, O mighty god, thow wost!
Who is al there? I se nought trewely.'
`Sire,' quod Criseyde, `it is Pandare and I.'
`Ye, swete herte? Allas, I may nought ryse
To knele, and do yow honour in som wyse.' 70

And dressede him upward, and she right tho
Gan bothe here hondes softe upon him leye,
O, for the love of god, do ye not so
To me,' quod she, 'Ey! What is this to seye?
Sire, come am I to yow for causes tweye; 75
First, yow to thonke, and of your lordship eke
Continuance I wolde yow biseke.'

This Troilus, that herde his lady preye
Of lordship him, wex neither quik ne deed,
Ne mighte a word for shame to it seye, 80
Al-though men sholde smyten of his heed.
But lord, so he wex sodeinliche reed,
And sire, his lesson, that he wende conne,
To preyen hir, is thurgh his wit y-ronne.

Cryseyde al this aspyede wel y-nough, 85
For she was wys, and lovede him never-the-lasse,
Al nere he malapert, or made it tough,
Or was to bold, to singe a fool a masse.
But whan his shame gan somwhat to passe,
His resons, as I may my rymes holde, 90
I yow wole telle, as techen bokes olde.

In chaunged vois, right for his verray drede,
Which vois eek quook, and ther-to his manere
Goodly abayst, and now his hewes rede,
Now pale, un-to Criseyde, his lady dere, 95
With look doun cast and humble yolden chere,
Lo, the alderfirste word that him asterte
Was, twyes, `Mercy, mercy, swete herte!'

And stinte a whyl, and whan he mighte out-bringe,
The nexte word was, `God wot, for I have, 100
As feyfully as I have had konninge,
Ben youres, also god so my sowle save;
And shal til that I, woful wight, be grave.
And though I dar ne can un-to yow pleyne,
Y-wis, I suffre nought the lasse peyne. 105

`Thus muche as now, O wommanliche wyf,
I may out-bringe, and if this yow displese,
That shal I wreke upon myn owne lyf
Right sone, I trowe, and doon your herte an ese,
If with my deeth your herte I may apese. 110
But sin that ye han herd me som-what seye,
Now recche I never how sone that I deye.'

Ther-with his manly sorwe to biholde,
It mighte han maad an herte of stoon to rewe;
And Pandare weep as he to watre wolde, 115
And poked ever his nece newe and newe,
And seyde, `Wo bigon ben hertes trewe!
For love of god, make of this thing an ende,
Or slee us bothe at ones, er that ye wende.'

`I? What?' quod she, `By god and by my trouthe, 120
I noot nought what ye wilne that I seye.'

`I? What?' quod he, `That ye han on him routhe,
For goddes love, and doth him nought to deye.'

`Now thanne thus,' quod she, `I wolde him preye
To telle me the fyn of his entente; 125
Yet wist I never wel what that he mente.'

`What that I mene, O swete herte dere?'
Quod Troilus, `O goodly, fresche free!
That, with the stremes of your eyen clere,
Ye wolde som-tyme frendly on me see, 130
And thanne agreen that I may ben he,
With-oute braunche of vyce on any wyse,
In trouthe alwey to doon yow my servyse,

`As to my lady right and chief resort,
With al my wit and al my diligence, 135
And I to han, right as yow list, comfort,
Under your yerde, egal to myn offence,
As deeth, if that I breke your defence;
And that ye deigne me so muche honoure,
Me to comaunden ought in any houre. 140
`And I to ben your verray humble trewe,  
Secret, and in my paynes pacient,  
And ever-mo desire freshly newe,  
To serven, and been y-lyke ay diligent,  
And, with good herte, al holly your talent 145  
Receyven wel, how sore that me smerte,  
Lo, this mene l, myn owene swete herte.'  

Quod Pandarus, `Lo, here an hard request,  
And resonable, a lady for to werne!  
Now, nece myn, by natal loves fest, 150  
Were I a god, ye sholde sterve as yerne,  
That heren wel, this man wol no-thing yerne  
But your honour, and seen him almost sterve,  
And been so looth to suffren him yow serve.'  

With that she gan hir eyen on him caste 155  
Ful esily, and ful debonairly,  
Avysing hir, and hyed not to faste  
With never a word, but seyde him softly,  
`Myn honour sauf, I wol wel trewely,  
And in swich forme as he can now devyse, 160  
Receyven him fully to my servyse,  

`Biseching him, for goddes love, that he  
Wolde, in honour of trouthe and gentilesse,
As I wel mene, eek mene wel to me,
And myn honour, with wit and besinesse 165
Ay kepe; and if I may don him gladnesse,
From hennes-forth, y-wis, I nil not feyne:
Now beeth al hool; no lenger ye ne pleyne.

`But nathelees, this warne I yow,' quod she,
`A kinges sone al-though ye be, y-wis, 170
Ye shal na-more have soverainetee
Of me in love, than right in that cas is;
Ne I nil forbere, if that ye doon a-mis,
To wraten yow; and whyl that ye me serve,
Cherycen yow right after ye deserve. 175

`And shortly, dere herte and al my knight,
Beth glad, and draweth yow to lustinesse,
And I shal trewely, with al my might,
Your bittre tornen al in-to swetenesse.
If I be she that may yow do gladnesse, 180
For every wo ye shal recovere a blisse';
And him in armes took, and gan him kisse.

Fil Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen
To hevene throw, and held his hondes hye,
`Immortal god!' quod he, `That mayst nought dyen, 185
Cupide I mene, of this mayst glorifye;
And Venus, thou mayst maken melodye;
With-outen hond, me semeth that in the towne,
For this merveyle, I here ech belle sowne.

`But ho! No more as now of this matere, 190
For-why this folk wol comen up anoon,
That han the lettre red; lo, I hem here.
But I coniure thee, Criseyde, and oon,
And two, thou Troilus, whan thou mayst goon,
That at myn hous ye been at my warninge, 195
For I ful wel shal shape youre cominge;

`And eseth ther your hertes right y-nough;
And lat see which of yowshal bere the belle
To speke of love a-right!' ther-with he lough,
`For ther have ye a layser for to telle.' 200
Quod Troilus, `How longe shal I dwelle
Er this be doon?' Quod he, `Whan thou mayst ryse,
This thing shal be right as I yow devyse.'

With that Eleyne and also Deiphebus
Tho comen upward, right at the steyres ende; 205
And Lord, so than gan grone Troilus,
His brother and his suster for to blende.
Quod Pandarus, `It tyme is that we wende;
Tak, nece myn, your leve at alle three,
And lat hem speke, and cometh forth with me.' 210

She took hir leve at hem ful thriftily,
As she wel coude, and they hir reverence
Un-to the fulle diden hardly,
And spoken wonder wel, in hir absence,
Of hir, in preysing of hir excellence, 215
Hir governaunce, hir wit; and hir manere
Commendeden, it loye was to here.

Now lat hir wende un-to hir owne place,
And torne we to Troilus a-yein,
That gan ful lightely of the lettre passe 220
That Deiphebus hadde in the gardin seyn.
And of Eleyne and him he wolde fayn
Delivered been, and seyde that him leste
To slepe, and after tales have reste.

Eleyne him kiste, and took hir leve blyve, 225
Deiphebus eek, and hoom wente every wight;
And Pandarus, as faste as he may dryve,
To Troilus tho com, as lyne right;
And on a paillet, al that glade night,
By Troilus he lay, with mery chere, 230
To tale; and wel was hem they were y-fere.
Whan every wight was voided but they two,
And alle the dores were faste y-shette,
To telle in short, with-oute wordes mo,
This Pandarus, with-outen any lette, 235
Up roos, and on his beddes syde him sette,
And gan to spaken in a sobre wyse
To Troilus, as I shal yow devyse:

`Myn alderlevest lord, and brother dere,
God woot, and thou, that it sat me so sore, 240
When I thee saw so languisshing to-yere,
For love, of which thy wo wex alwey more;
That I, with al my might and al my lore,
Have ever sitthen doon my bisinesse
To bringe thee to loye out of distresse, 245

`And have it brought to swich plyt as thou wost,
So that, thorough me, thow stondest now in weye
To fare wel, I seye it for no bost,
And wostow which? For shame it is to seye,
For thee have I bigonne a gamen pleye 250
Which that I never doon shal eft for other,
Al-though he were a thousand fold my brother.

`That is to seye, for thee am I bicomen,
Bitwixen game and ernest, swich a mene
As maken wommen un-to men to comen; 255
Al sey I nought, thou wost wel what I mene.
For thee have I my nece, of vyces clene,
So fully maad thy gentilesse triste,
That al shall been right as thy-selve liste.

`But god, that al wot, take I to witnesse, 260
That never I this for coveityse wroughte,
But only for to abregge that distresse,
For which wel nygh thou deydest, as me thoughte.
But, gode brother, do now as thee oughte,
For goddes love, and kep hir out of blame, 265
Sin thou art wys, and save alwey hir name.

`For wel thou wost, the name as yet of here
Among the peple, as who seyth, halwed is;
For that man is unbore, I dar wel swere,
That ever wiste that she dide amis. 270
But wo is me, that I, that cause al this,
May thenken that she is my nece dere,
And I hir eem, and trattor eek y-fere!

`And were it wist that I, through myn engyn,
Hadde in my nece y-put this fantasye, 275
To do thy lust, and hoolly to be thyn,
Why, al the world up-on it wolde crye,
And seye, that I the worste trecherye
Dide in this cas, that ever was bigonne,
And she for-lost, and thou right nought y-wonne. 280

`Wher-fore, er I wol ferther goon a pas,
Yet eft I thee biseche and fully seye,
That privatée go with us in this cas;
That is to seye, that thou us never wreye;
And be nought wrooth, though I thee ofte preye 285
To holden secree swich an heigh matere;
For skilful is, thow wost wel, my preyere.

`And thenk what wo ther hath bitid er this,
For makinge of avantes, as men rede;
And what mischaunce in this world yet ther is, 290
Fro day to day, right for that wikked dede;
For which these wyse clerkes that ben dede
Han ever yet proverbed to us yonge,
That "Firste vertu is to kepe tongue."

`And, nere it that I wilne as now tabregge 295
Diffusioun of speche, I coude almost
A thousand olde stories thee alegge
Of wommen lost, thorugh fals and foles bost;
Proverbes canst thy-self y-nowe, and wost,
Ayeins that vyce, for to been a labbe, 300
Al seyde men sooth as often as they gabbe.

`O tonge, allas! So often here-biforn
Hastow made many a lady bright of hewe
Seyd, "Welaye! The day that I was born!"
And many a maydes sorwes for to newe; 305
And, for the more part, al is untrewe
That men of yelpe, and it were brought to preve;
Of kinde non avauntour is to leve.

`Avauntour and a lyere, al is on;
As thus: I pose, a womman graunte me 310
Hir love, and seyth that other wol she non,
And I am sworn to holden it secree,
And after I go telle it two or three;
Y-wis, I am avauntour at the leste,
And lyere, for I breke my biheste. 315

`Now loke thanne, if they be nought to blame,
Swich maner folk; what shal I clepe hem, what,
That hem avaunte of wommen, and by name,
That never yet bihighte hem this ne that,
Ne knewe hem more than myn olde hat? 320
No wonder is, so god me sende hele,
Though wommen drede with us men to dele.
`I sey not this for no mistrust of yow,
Ne for no wys man, but for foles nyce,
And for the harm that in the world is now, 325
As wel for foly ofte as for malyce;
For wel wot I, in wyse folk, that vyce
No womman drat, if she be wel avysed;
For wyse ben by foles harm chastysed.

`But now to purpos; leve brother dere, 330
Have al this thing that I have seyd in minde,
And keep thee clos, and be now of good chere,
For at thy day thou shalt me trewe finde.
I shal thy proces sette in swich a kinde,
And god to-forn, that it shall thee suffyse, 335
For it shal been right as thou wolt devyse.

`For wel I woot, thou menest wel, parde;
Therfore I dar this fully undertake.
Thou wost eek what thy lady graunted thee,
And day is set, the chartres up to make. 340
Have now good night, I may no lenger wake;
And bid for me, sin thou art now in blisse,
That god me sende deeth or sone lisse.'

Who mighte telle half the loye or feste
Which that the sowle of Troilus tho felte, 345
Heringe theffect of Pandarus biheste?

His olde wo, that made his herte swelte,

Gan tho for loye wasten and to-melte,

And al the richesse of his sykes sore

At ones fledde, he felte of hem no more. 350

But right so as these holtes and these hayes,

That han in winter dede been and dreye,

Revesten hem in grene, whan that May is,

Whan every lusty lyketh best to pleye;

Right in that selve wyse, sooth to seye, 355

Wax sodeynliche his herte ful of loye,

That gladder was ther never man in Troye.

And gan his look on Pandarus up caste

Ful sobrely, and frendly for to see,

And seyde, `Freend, in Aprille the laste, 360

As wel thou wost, if it remembre thee,

How neigh the deeth for wo thou founde me;

And how thou didest al thy bisinesse

To knowe of me the cause of my distresse.

`Thou wost how longe I it for-bar to seye 365

To thee, that art the man that I best triste;

And peril was it noon to thee by-wreye,

That wiste I wel; but tel me, if thee liste,
Sith I so looth was that thy-self it wiste,
How dorst I mo tellen of this matere, 370
That quake now, and no wight may us here?

`But natheles, by that god I thee swere,
That, as him list, may al this world governe,
And, if I lye, Achilles with his spere
Myn herte cleve, al were my lyf eterne, 375
As I am mortal, if I late or yerne
Wolde it biwreye, or dorste, or sholde conne,
For al the good that god made under sonne;

`That rather deye I wolde, and determyne,
As thinketh me, now stokked in presoun, 380
In wrecchednesse, in filthe, and in vermyne,
Caytif to cruel king Agamenoun;
And this, in alle the temples of this toun
Upon the goddes alle, I wol thee swere,
To-morwe day, if that thee lyketh here. 385

`And that thou hast so muche y-doone for me,
That I ne may it never-more deserve,
This knowe I wel, al mighte I now for thee
A thousand tymes on a morwen sterve.
I can no more, but that I wol thee serve 390
Right as thy sclave, whider-so thou wende,
For ever-more, un-to my lyves ende!

`But here, with al myn herte, I thee biseche,
That never in me thou deme swich folye

As I shal seyn; me thoughte, by thy speche, 395
That this, which thou me dost for companye,
I sholde wene it were a bauderye;
I am nought wood, al-if I lewed be;
It is not so, that woot I wel, pardee.

`But he that goth, for gold or for richesse, 400
On swich message, calle him what thee list;
And this that thou dost, calle it gentilesse,
Compassioun, and felawship, and trist;
Departe it so, for wyde-where is wist
How that there is dyversitee requered 405
Bitwixen thinges lyke, as I have lered.

`And, that thou knowe I thenke nought ne wene
That this servyse a shame be or lape,
I have my faire suster Polixene,
Cassandre, Eleyne, or any of the frape; 410
Be she never so faire or wel y-shape,
Tel me, which thou wilt of everichone,
To han for thyn, and lat me thanne allone.
`But, sith that thou hast don me this servyse
My lyf to save, and for noon hope of mede, 415
So, for the love of god, this grete empriye
Performe it out; for now is moste nede.
For high and low, with-outen any drede,
I wol alwey thyne hestes alle kepe;
Have now good night, and lat us bothe slepe.' 420

Thus held him ech of other wel apayed,
That al the world ne mighte it bet amende;
And, on the morwe, whan they were arayed,
Ech to his owene nedes gan entende.
But Troilus, though as the fyr he brende 425
For sharp desyr of hope and of plesaunce,
He not for-gat his gode governaunce.

But in him-self with manhod gan restreyne
Ech rakel dede and ech unbryled chere,
That alle tho that liven, sooth to seyne, 430
Ne sholde han wist, by word or by manere,
What that he mente, as touching this matere.
From every wight as fer as is the cloude
He was, so wel dissimulen he coude.

And al the whyl which that I yow devyse, 435
This was his lyf; with al his fulle might,
By day he was in Martes high servyse,
This is to seyn, in armes as a knight;
And for the more part, the longe night
He lay, and thoughte how that he mighte serve 440
His lady best, hir thank for to deserve.

Nil I nought swere, al-though he lay softe,
That in his thought he nas sumwhat disesed,
Ne that he tornede on his pilwes ofte,
And wolde of that him missed han ben sesed; 445
But in swich cas men is nought alwey plesed,
For ought I wot, no more than was he;
That can I deme of possibilitee.

But certeyn is, to purpos for to go,
That in this whyle, as writen is in geste, 450
He say his lady som-tyme; and also
She with him spak, whan that she dorste or leste,
And by hir bothe avys, as was the beste,
Apoynteden ful warly in this nede,
So as they dorste, how they wolde procede. 455

But it was spoken in so short a wyse,
In swich awayt alwey, and in swich fere,
Lest any wyght devynen or devyse
Wolde of hem two, or to it leye an ere,
That al this world so leef to hem ne were 460
As that Cupido wolde hem grace sende
To maken of hir speche aright an ende.

But thilke litel that they spake or wroughte,
His wyse goost took ay of al swich hede,
It semed hir, he wiste what she thoughte 465
With-outen word, so that it was no nede
To bidde him ought to done, or ought for-bede;
For which she thought that love, al come it late,
Of alle loye hadde opned hir the yate.

And shortly of this proces for to pace, 470
So wel his werk and wordes he bisette,
That he so ful stood in his lady grace,
That twenty thousand tymes, or she lette,
She thonked god she ever with him mette;
So coude he him governe in swich servyse, 475
That al the world ne might it bet devyse.

For-why she fond him so discreet in al,
So secret, and of swich obeisaunce,
That wel she felte he was to hir a wal
Of steel, and sheld from every displesaunce; 480
That, to ben in his gode governaunce,
So wys he was, she was no more afered,
I mene, as fer as oughte ben requered.

And Pandarus, to quike alwey the fyr,
Was evere y-lyke prest and diligent; 485
To ese his frend was set al his desyr.
He shof ay on, he to and fro was sent;
He lettres bar whan Troilus was absent.
That never man, as in his freendes nede,
Ne bar him bet than he, with-outen drede. 490

But now, paraunter, som man wayten wolde
That every word, or sonde, or look, or chere
Of Troilus that I rehersen sholde,
In al this whyle un-to his lady dere;
I trowe it were a long thing for to here; 495
Or of what wight that stant in swich disioynte,
His wordes alle, or every look, to poynte.

For sothe, I have not herd it doon er this,
In storye noon, ne no man here, I wene;
And though I wolde I coude not, y-wis; 500
For ther was som epistel hem bitwene,
That wolde, as seyth myn auctor, wel contene
Neigh half this book, of which him list not wryte;
How sholde I thanne a lyne of it endyte?
But to the grete effect: than sey I thus, 505
That stonding in concord and in quiete,
Thise ike two, Criseyde and Troilus,
As I have told, and in this tyme swete,
Save only often mighte they not mete,
Ne layser have hir speches to fulfelle, 510
That it befel right as I shal yow telle.

That Pandarus, that ever dide his might
Right for the fyn that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringe to his hous som night
His faire nece, and Troilus y-fere, 515
Wher-as at leyser al this heigh matere,
Touching hir love, were at the fulle up-bounde,
Hadde out of doute a tyme to it founde.

For he with greet deliberacioun
Hadde every thing that her-to mighte avayle 520
Forn-cast, and put in execucioun.
And neither laft, for cost ne for travayle;
Come if hem list, hem sholde no-thing fayle;
And for to been in ought espyed there,
That, wiste he wel, an impossible were. 525

Dredelees, it cleer was in the wind
Of every pye and every lette-game;
Now al is wel, for al the world is blind
In this matere, bothe fremed and tame.
This timbur is al reedy up to frame; 530
Us lakketh nought but that we witen wolde
A certein houre, in which she comen sholde.

And Troilus, that al this purveyaunce
Knew at the fulle, and waytede on it ay,
Haddhe here-up-on eek made gret ordenaunce, 535
And founde his cause, and ther-to his aray,
If that he were missed, night or day,
Ther-whyle he was aboute this servyse,
That he was goon to doon his sacrifyse,

And moste at swich a temple alone wake, 540
Answered of Appollo for to be;
And first to seen the holy laurer quake,
Er that Apollo spak out of the tree,
To telle him next whan Grekes sholden flee,
And forthy lette him no man, god forbede, 545
But preye Apollo helpen in this nede.

Now is ther litel more for to doone,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to seyne,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the mone,
Whan lightles is the world a night or tweyne, 550
And that the welken shoop him for to reyne,
He streight a-morwe un-to his nece wente;
Ye han wel herd the fyn of his entente.

Whan he was come, he gan anoon to pleye
As he was wont, and of him-self to lape; 555
And fynally, he swor and gan hir seye,
By this and that, she sholde him not escape,
Ne lengere doon him after hir to gape;
But certeynly she moste, by hir leve,
Come soupen in his hous with him at eve. 560

At whiche she lough, and gan hir faste excuse,
And seyde, `It rayneth; lo, how sholde I goon?'
`Lat be,' quod he, `ne stond not thus to muse;
This moot be doon, ye shal be ther anoon.'
So at the laste her-of they felle at oon, 565
Or elles, softe he swor hir in hir ere,
He nolde never come ther she were.

Sone after this, to him she gan to rowne,
And asked him if Troilus were there?
He swor hir, `Nay, for he was out of towne;' 570
And seyde, `Nece, I pose that he were,
Yow thurfte never have the more fere.
For rather than men mighte him ther aspye,
Me were lever a thousand-fold to dye.'

Nought list myn auctor fully to declare 575
What that she thoughte whan he seyde so,
That Troilus was out of town y-fare,
As if he seyde ther-of sooth or no;
But that, with-outen awayt, with him to go,
She graunted him, sith he hir that bisoughte 580
And, as his nece, obeyed as hir oughte.

But nathelees, yet gan she him biseche,
Al-though with him to goon it was no fere,
For to be war of goosish peples speche,
That dremen thinges whiche that never were, 585
And wel avyse him whom he broughte there;
And seyde him, 'Eem, sin I mot on yow triste,
Loke al be wel, and do now as yow liste.'

He swor hire, 'Yis, by stokkes and by stones,
And by the goddes that in hevne dwelle, 590
Or elles were him levere, soule and bones,
With Pluto king as depe been in helle
As Tantalus!' What sholde I more telle?
Whan al was wel, he roos and took his leve,
And she to souper com, whan it was eve, 595
With a certayn of hir owene men,
And with hir faire nece Antigone,
And other of hir wommen nyne or ten;
But who was glad now, who, as trowe ye,
But Troilus, that stood and mighte it see 600
Thurgh-out a litel windowe in a stewe,
Ther he bishet, sin midnight, was in mewe,

Unwist of every wight but of Pandare?
But to the poynct; now whan that she was y-come
With alle loye, and alle frendes fare, 605
Hir em anoon in armes hath hir nome,
And after to the souper, alle and some,
Whan tyme was, ful softe they hem sette;
God wot, ther was no deyntee for to fette.

And after souper gonnen they to ryse, 610
At ese wel, with hertes fresshe and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devyse
To lyken hir, or that hir laughen made.
He song; she pleyde; he tolde tale of Wade.
But at the laste, as every thing hath ende, 615
She took hir leve, and nedes wolde wende.

But O, Fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influences of thise hevenes hye!
Soth is, that, under god, ye ben our hierdes,
Though to us bestes been the causes wrye. 620
This mene I now, for she gan hoomward hye,
But execut was al bisyde hir leve,
At the goddes wil, for which she moste bleve.

The bente mone with hir hornes pale,
Saturne, and love, in Cancro ioyned were, 625
That swich a rayn from hevene gan avale
That every maner womman that was there
Hadde of that smoky reyn a verray fere;
At which Pandare tho lough, and seyde thenne,
`Now were it tyme a lady to go henne! 630

`But goode nece, if I mighte ever plese
Yow any-thing, than prey I yow,’ quod he,
`To doon myn herte as now so greet an ese
As for to dwelle here al this night with me,
For-why this is your owene hous, pardee. 635
For, by my trouthe, I sey it nought a-game,
To wende as now, it were to me a shame.’

Criseyde, which that coude as muche good
As half a world, tok hede of his preyere;
And sin it ron, and al was on a flood, 640
She thoughte, as good chep may I dwellen here,
And graunte it gladly with a frendes chere,
And have a thank, as grucche and thanne abyde;
For hoom to goon, it may nought wel bityde.'

`I wol,' quod she, `myn uncle leef and dere, 645
Sin that yow list, it skile is to be so;
I am right glad with yow to dwellen here;
I seyde but a-game, I wolde go.'
`Y-wis, graunt mercy, nece!' quod he tho;
`Were it a game or no, soth for to telle, 650
Now am I glad, sin that yow list to dwelle.'

Thus al is wel; but tho bigan aright
The newe loye, and al the feste agayn;
But Pandarus, if goodly hadde he might,
He wolde han hyed hir to bedde fayn, 655
And seyde, `Lord, this is an huge rayn!
This were a weder for to slepen inne;
And that I rede us sonE to biginne.

`And nece, woot ye wher I wol yow leye,
For that we shul not liggen fer asonder, 660
And for ye neither shullen, dar I seye,
Heren noise of reynes nor of thondre?
By god, right in my lyte closet yonder.
And I wol in that outer hous allone
Be wardeyn of your wommen everichone. 665

`And in this middel chaumbre that ye see
Shal youre wommen slepen wel and softe;
And ther I seyde shal your-selve be;
And if ye liggen wel to-night, com ofte,
And careth not what weder is on-lofte. 670
The wyn anon, and whan so that yow leste,
So go we slepe, I trowe it be the beste.'

Ther nis no more, but here-after sone,
The voyde dronke, and travers drawe anon,
Gan every wight, that hadde nought to done 675
More in the place, out of the chaumber gon.
And ever-mo so sternelich it ron,
And blew ther-with so wonderliche loude,
That wel neigh no man heren other coude.

Tho Pandarus, hir eem, right as him oughte, 680
With women swiche as were hir most aboute,
Ful glad un-to hir beddes syde hir broughte,
And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe loute,
And seyde, `Here at this closet-dore with-oute,
Right over-thwart, your wommen liggen alle, 685
That, whom yow list of hem, ye may here calle.'
So whan that she was in the closet leyd,
And alle hir wommen forth by ordenaunce
A-bedde weren, ther as I have seyd,
There was no more to skippen nor to traunce, 690
But boden go to bedde, with mischaunce,
If any wight was steringe any-where,
And late hem slepe that a-bedde were.

But Pandarus, that wel coude eche a del
The olde daunce, and every poynt ther-inne, 695
Whan that he sey that alle thing was wel,
He thoughte he wolde up-on his werk biginne,
And gan the stewe-dore al softe un-pinne;
And stille as stoon, with-outen lenger lette,
By Troilus a-doun right he him sette. 700

And, shortly to the poynt right for to gon,
Of al this werk he tolde him word and ende,
And seyde, `Make thee redy right anon,
For thou shalt in-to hevene blisse wende.'
`Now blisful Venus, thou me grace sende,' 705
Quod Troilus, `for never yet no nede
Hadde I er now, ne halvendel the drede.'

Quod Pandarus, `Ne drede thee never a del,
For it shal been right as thou wilt desyre;
So thryve I, this night shal I make it wel, 710
Or casten al the gruwel in the fyre.'

`Yit blisful Venus, this night thou me enspyre,'
Quod Troilus, `as wis as I thee serve,
And ever bet and bet shal, til I sterve.

`And if I hadde, O Venus ful of murthe, 715
Aspectes badde of Mars or of Saturne,
Or thou combust or let were in my birthe,
Thy fader prey al thilke harm disturne
Of grace, and that I glad ayein may turne,
For love of him thou lovedest in the shawe, 720
I mene Adoon, that with the boor was slawe.

`O love eek, for the love of faire Europe,
The whiche in forme of bole awey thou fette;
Now help, O Mars, thou with thy blody cope,
For love of Cipris, thou me nought ne lette; 725
O Phebus, thenk whan Dane hir-selven shette
Under the bark, and laurer wex for drede,
Yet for hir love, O help now at this nede!

`Mercurie, for the love of Hierse eke,
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wrooth, 730
Now help, and eek Diane, I thee biseke
That this viage be not to thee looth.
O fatal sustren, which, er any clooth
Me shapen was, my destene me sponde,
So helpeth to this werk that is bi-gonne!' 735

Quod Pandarus, `Thou wrecched mouses herte,
Art thou agast so that she wol thee byte?
Why, don this furred cloke up-on thy sherte,
And folowe me, for I wol have the wyte;
But byd, and lat me go bifore a lyte.' 740
And with that word he gan un-do a trappe,
And Troilus he broughte in by the lappe.

The sterne wind so loude gan to route
That no wight other noyse mighte here;
And they that layen at the dore with-oute, 745
Ful sykerly they slepten alle y-fere;
And Pandarus, with a ful sobre chere,
Goth to the dore anon with-outen lette,
Ther-as they laye, and softly it shette.

And as he com ayeinward prively, 750
His nece awook, and asked, `Who goth there?'
`My dere nece,' quod he, `it am I;
Ne wondreth not, ne have of it no fere;'
And ner he com, and seyde hir in hir ere,
` No word, for love of god I yow biseche; 755
Lat no wight ryse and heren of oure speche.'

`What! Which wey be ye comen, benedicte?`
Quod she; `And how thus unwist of hem alle?'
`Here at this secre trappe-dore,' quod he.
Quod tho Criseyde, `Lat me som wight calle.' 760
`Ey! God forbede that it sholde falle,'
Quod Pandarus, `that ye swich foly wroughte!
They mighte deme thing they never er thoughte!

`It is nought good a sleping hound to wake,
Ne yeve a wight a cause to devyne; 765
Your wommen slepen alle, I under-take,
So that, for hem, the hous men mighte myne;
And slepen wolen til the sonne shyne.
And whan my tale al brought is to an ende,
Unwist, right as I com, so wol I wende. 770

`Now, nece myn, ye shul wel understonde,'
Quod he, `so as ye wommen demen alle,
That for to holde in love a man in honde,
And him hir "leef" and "dere herte" calle,
And maken him an howve above a calle, 775
I mene, as love an other in this whyle,
She doth hir-self a shame, and him a gyle.
`Now wherby that I telle yow al this?
Ye woot your-self, as wel as any wight,
How that your love al fully graunted is
To Troilus, the worthieste knight,
Oon of this world, and ther-to trouthe plyght,
That, but it were on him along, ye nolde
Him never falsen, whyle ye liven sholde.

`Now stant it thus, that sith I fro yow wente
This Troilus, right platly for to seyn,
Is thurgh a goter, by a prive wente,
In-to my chaumbre come in al this reyn,
Unwist of every maner wight, certeyn,
Save of my-self, as wisly have I Ioye
And by that feith I shal Pryam of Troye!

`And he is come in swich peyne and distresse
That, but he be al fully wood by this,
He sodeynly mot falle in-to wodnesse,
But-if god helpe; and cause why this is,
He seyth him told is, of a freend of his,
How that ye sholde love oon that hatte Horaste,
For sorwe of which this night shalt been his laste.'

Criseyde, which that al this wonder herde,
Gan sodeynly aboute hir herte colde,
And with a syk she sorfully answere,
`Allas! I wende, who-so tales tolde,
My dere herte wolde me not holde
So lightly fals! Allas! Conceytes wronge,
What harm they doon, for now live I to longe! 805

`Horaste! Allas! And falsen Troilus?
I knowe him not, god helpe me so,' quod she;
`Allas! What wikked spirit tolde him thus?
Now certes, eem, to-morwe, and I him see,
I shal ther-of as ful excusen me 810
As ever dide womman, if him lyke';
And with that word she gan ful sore syke.

`O god!' quod she, `So worldly selinesse,
Which clerkes callen fals felicitee,
Y-medled is with many a bitternesse! 815
Ful anguisshous than is, god woot,' quod she,
`Condicioun of veyn prosperitee;
For either Ioyes comen nought y-ferre,
Or elles no wight hath hem alwey here.

`O brotel wele of mannes Ioye unstable! 820
With what wight so thou be, or how thou pleye,
Either he woot that thou, Ioye, art muable,
Or woot it not, it moot ben oon of tweye;
Now if he woot it not, how may he seye
That he hath verray loye and selinesse, 825
That is of ignoraunce ay in derknesse?

`Now if he woot that loye is transitorie,
As every loye of worldly thing mot flee,
Than every tyme he that hath in memorie,
The drede of lesing maketh him that he 830
May in no perfit selinesse be.
And if to lese his loye he set a myte,
Than semeth it that loye is worth ful lyte.

`Wherfore I wol defyne in this matere,
That trewely, for ought I can espye, 835
Ther is no verray wele in this world here.
But O, thou wikked serpent, Ialousye,
Thou misbeleved and envious folye,
Why hastow Troilus me mad untriste,
That never yet agilte him, that I wiste?' 840

Quod Pandarus, `Thus fallen is this cas.'
`Why, uncle myn,' quod she, `who tolde him this?
Why doth my dere herte thus, alas?'
`Ye woot, ye nece myn,' quod he, `what is;
I hope al shal be wel that is amis, 845
For ye may quenche al this, if that yow leste,
And doth right so, for I holde it the beste.

`So shal I do to-morwe, y-wis,' quod she,
`And god to-forn, so that it shal suffyse.'
`To-morwe? Allas, that were a fair!' quod he,
`Nay, nay, it may not stonden in this wyse;
For, nece myn, thus wryten clerkes wyse,
That peril is with drecching in y-drawe;
Nay, swich abodes been nought worth an hawe.

`Nece, al thing hath tyme, I dar avowe;
For whan a chaumber a-fyr is, or an halle,
Wel more nede is, it sodeynly rescowe
Than to dispute, and axe amonges alle
How is this candele in the straw y-falle?
A! Benedicite! For al among that fare
The harm is doon, and fare-wel feldefare!

`And, nece myn, ne take it not a-greef,
If that ye suffre him al night in this wo,
God help me so, ye hadde him never leef,
That dar I seyn, now there is but we two;
But wel I woot, that ye wol not do so;
Ye been to wys to do so gret folye,
To putte his lyf al night in lupertye.
`Hadde I him never leef? By god, I wene
Ye hadde never thing so leef,’ quod she. 870
`Now by my thrift,’ quod he, `that shal be sene;
For, sin ye make this ensample of me,
If I al night wolde him in sorwe see
For al the tresour in the toun of Troye,
I bidde god, I never mote have Ioye! 875

`Now loke thanne, if ye, that been his love,
Shul putte al night his lyf in lusartye
For thing of nought! Now, by that god above,
Nought only this delay comth of folye,
But of malyce, if that I shal nought lye. 880
What, platly, and ye suffre him in distresse,
Ye neither bountee doon ne gentilesse!’

Quod tho Criseyde, `Wole ye doon o thing,
And ye therwith shal stinte al his disese?
Have here, and bereth him this blewe ringe, 885
For ther is no-thing mighte him bettre plese,
Save I my-self, ne more his herte apese;
And sey my dere herte, that his sorwe
Is causeles, that shal be seen to-morwe.’

`A ring?’ quod he, `Ye, hasel-wodes shaken! 890
Ye nece myn, that ring moste han a stoon
That mighte dede men alyve maken;
And swich a ring trowe I that ye have noon.
Discrecioun out of your heed is goon;
That fele I now,’ quod he, `and that is routhe; 895
O tyme y-lost, wel maystow cursen slouthe!

`Wot ye not wel that noble and heigh corage
Ne sorweth not, ne stinteth eek for lyte?
But if a fool were in a lalous rage,
I nolde setten at his sorwe a myte, 900
But feffe him with a fewe wordes whyte
Another day, whan that I mighte him finde;
But this thing stant al in another kinde.

`This is so gentil and so tendre of herte,
That with his deeth he wol his sorwes wreke; 905
For trusteth wel, how sore that him smerte,
He wol to yow no lalouse wordes speke.
And for-thy, nece, er that his herte breke,
So spek your-self to him of this matere;
For with o word ye may his herte stere. 910

`Now have I told what peril he is inne,
And his coming unwist is to every wight;
Ne, pardee, harm may ther be noon, ne sinne;
I wol my-self be with yow al this night.
Ye knowe eek how it is your owne knight, 915
And that, by right, ye moste upon him triste,
And I al prest to fecche him whan yow liste.'

This accident so pitous was to here,
And eek so lyk a sooth, at pryme face,
And Troilus hir knight to hir so dere, 920
His prive coming, and the siker place,
That, though that she dide him as thanne a grace,
Considered alle thinges as they stode,
No wonder is, sin she dide al for gode.

Cryseyde answerde,  `As wisly god at reste 925
My sowle bringe, as me is for him wo!
And eem, y-wis, fayn wolde I doon the beste,
If that I hadde grace to do so.
But whether that ye dwelle or for him go,
I am, til god me bettre minde sende, 930
At dulcarnon, right at my wittes ende.'

Quod Pandarus,  `Ye, nece, wol ye here?
Dulcarnon called is "fleminge of wrecches";
It semeth hard, for wrecches wol not lere
For verray slouthe or othere wilful tecches; 935
This seyd by hem that be not worth two fecches.
But ye ben wys, and that we han on honde
Nis neither hard, ne skilful to withstonde.'

`Thanne, eem,' quod she, `doth her-of as yow list;
But er he come, I wil up first aryse; 940
And, for the love of god, sin al my trist
Is on yow two, and ye ben bothe wyse,
So wircheth now in so discreet a wyse,
That I honour may have, and he plesaunce;
For I am here al in your governaunce.' 945

`That is wel seyd,' quod he, `my nece dere'
Ther good thrift on that wyse gentil herte!
But liggeth stille, and taketh him right here,
It nedeth not no ferther for him sterte;
And ech of yow ese otheres sones smerte, 950
For love of god; and, Venus, I the herie;
For sone hope I we shulle ben alle merie.'

This Troilus ful sone on knees him sette
Ful sobrely, right be hir beddes heed,
And in his beste wyse his lady grette; 955
But lord, so she wex sodeynliche reed!
Ne, though men sholden smyten of hir heed,
She coude nought a word a-right out-bringe
So sodeynly, for his sodeyn cominge.
But Pandarus, that so wel coude fele 960
In every thing, to pleye anoon bigan,
And seyde, `Nece, see how this lord can knele!
Now, for your trouthe, seeth this gentil man!'
And with that word he for a quisshen ran,
And seyde, `Kneleth now, whyl that yow leste, 965
Ther god your hertes bringe sone at reste!'  

Can I not seyn, for she bad him not ryse,
If sorwe it putte out of hir remembraunce,
Or elles that she toke it in the wyse
Of duetee, as for his observaunce; 970
But wel finde I she dide him this plesaunce,
That she him kiste, al-though she syked sore;
And bad him sitte a-doun with-outen more.

Quod Pandarus, `Now wol ye wel biginne;
Now doth him sitte, gode nece dere, 975
Upon your beddes syde al there with-inne,
That ech of yow the bet may other here,'
And with that word he drow him to the fere,
And took a light, and fond his contenaunce,
As for to loke up-on an old romaunce. 980

Crisseyde, that was Troilus lady right,
And cleer stood on a ground of sikernesse,
Al thoughte she, hir servaunt and hir knight
Ne sholde of right non untrouthe in hir gesse,
Yet natheles, considered his distresse, 985
And that love is in cause of swich folye,
Thus to him spak she of his Ialousye:

`Lo, herte myn, as wolde the excellence
Of love, ayeins the which that no man may,
Ne oughte eek goodly maken resistence 990
And eek bycause I felte wel and say
Youre grete trouthe, and servyse every day;
And that your herte al myn was, sooth to seyne,
This droof me for to rewe up-on your peyne.

`And your goodnesse have I founde alwey yit, 995
Of whiche, my dere herte and al my knight,
I thonke it yow, as fer as I have wit,
Al can I nought as muche as it were right;
And I, emforth my conninge and my might,
Have and ay shal, how sore that me smerte, 1000
Ben to yow trewe and hool, with a myn herte;

`And dredelees, that shal be founde at preve. --
But, herte myn, what al this is to seyne
Shal wel be told, so that ye noght yow greve,
Though I to yow right on your-self compleyne. 1005
For ther-with mene I fynally the peyne,
That halt your herte and myn in hevinesse,
Fully to sleen, and every wrong redresse.

`My goode, myn, not I for-why ne how
That lalousye, allas! That wikked wivere, 1010
Thus causelees is cropen in-to yow;
The harm of which I wolde fayn delivere!
Allas! That he, al hool, or of him slivere,
Shuld have his refut in so digne a place,
Ther love him sone out of your herte arace! 1015

`But O, thou love, O auctor of nature,
Is this an honour to thy deitee,
That folk ungiltif suffren here iniure,
And who that giltif is, al quit goth he?
O were it leful for to pleyne on thee, 1020
That undeserved suffrest lalousye,
Of that I wolde up-on thee pleyne and crye!

`Eek al my wo is this, that folk now usen
To seyn right thus, "Ye, lalousye is love!"
And wolde a busshel venim al excusen, 1025
For that o greyn of love is on it shove!
But that wot heighe god that sit above,
If it be lyker love, or hate, or grame;
And after that, it oughte bere his name.

`But certeyn is, som maner Ialousye 1030
Is excusable more than som, y-wis.

As whan cause is, and som swich fantasye
With pietee so wel repressed is,
That it unnethe dooth or seyth amis,
But goodly drinketh up al his distresse; 1035
And that excuse I, for the gentilesse.

`And som so ful of furie is and despyt
That it sourmounteth his repressioun;
But herte myn, ye be not in that plyt,
That thanke I god, for whiche your passioun 1040
I wol not calle it but illusioun,
Of habundaunce of love and bisy cure,
That dooth your herte this disese endure.

`Of which I am right sory but not wrooth;
But, for my devoir and your hertes reste, 1045
Wher-so yow list, by ordal or by ooth,
By sort, or in what wyse so yow leste,
For love of god, lat preve it for the beste!
And if that I be giltif, do me deye,
Allas! What mighte I more doon or seye?’ 1050
With that a fewe brighte teres newe
Owt of hir eyen fille, and thus she seyde,
`Now god, thou wost, in thought ne dede untrewe
To Troilus was never yet Criseyde.'
With that hir heed doun in the bed she leyde, 1055
And with the shete it wreigh, and syghed sore,
And held hir pes; not o word spak she more.

But now help god to quenchen al this sorwe,
So hope I that he shal, for he best may;
For I have seyn, of a ful misty morwe 1060
Folwen ful ofte a mery someres day;
And after winter folweth grene May.
Men seen alday, and reden eek in stories,
That after sharpe shoures been victories.

This Troilus, whan he hir wordes herde, 1065
Have ye no care, him liste not to slepe;
For it thoughte him no strokes of a yerde
To here or seen Criseyde, his lady wepe;
But wel he felte aboute his herte crepe,
For every teer which that Criseyde asterte, 1070
The crampe of deeth, to streyne him by the herte.

And in his minde he gan the tymacurse
That he cam there, and that that he was born;
For now is wikke y-turned in-to worse,
And al that labour he hath doon biforn, 1075
He wende it lost, he thoughte he nas but lorn.
`O Pandarus,' thoughte he, `allas! Thy wyle
Serveth of nought, so weylaway the whyle!' 1080

And therwithal he heng a-doun the heed,
And fil on knees, and sorwfully he sighte; 1080
What mighte he seyn? He felte he nas but deed,
For wrooth was she that shulde his sorwes lighte.
But nathelees, whan that he spoken mighte,
Than seyde he thus, `God woot, that of this game,
Whan al is wist, than am I not to blame!' 1085

Ther-with the sorwe so his herte shette,
That from his eyen fil there not a tere,
And every spirit his vigour in-knette,
So they astoned or oppressed were.
The feling of his sorwe, or of his fere, 1090
Or of ought elles, fled was out of towne;
And doun he fel al sodeynly a-swowne.

This was no litel sorwe for to see;
But al was hust, and Pandare up as faste,
`O nece, pees, or we be lost,' quod he, 1095
`Beth nought agast;' But certeyn, at the laste,
For this or that, he in-to bedde him caste,
And seyde, `O theef, is this a mannes herte?'
And of he rente al to his bare sherte;

And seyde, `Nece, but ye helpe us now, 1100
Allas, your owne Troilus is lorn!'  
`Y-wis, so wolde I, and I wiste how,
Ful fayn,' quod she; `Allas! That I was born!'  
`Ye, nece, wole ye pullen out the thorn
That stiketh in his herte?' quod Pandare; 1105
`Sey "Al foryeve," and stint is al this fare!'  

`Ye, that to me,' quod she, `ful lever were
Than al the good the sonne aboute gooth';  
And therwith-al she swoor him in his ere,
`Y-wis, my dere herte, I am nought wrooth, 1110
Have here my trouthe and many another ooth;
Now speek to me, for it am I, Cryseyde!'  
But al for nought; yet mighte he not a-breyde.

Therwith his pous and pawmes of his hondes
They gan to frote, and wete his temples tweyne, 1115
And, to deliveren him from bittre bondes,
She ofte him kiste; and, shortly for to seyne,
Him to revoke she dide al hir peyne.
And at the laste, he gan his breeth to drawe,
And of his swough sone after that adawe, 1120

And gan bet minde and reson to him take,
But wonder sore he was abayst, y-wis.
And with a syk, whan he gan bet a-wake,
He seyde, ‘O mercy, god, what thing is this?’
‘Why do ye with your-selven thus amis?’ 1125
Quod tho Criseyde, ‘Is this a mannès game?
What, Troilus! Wol ye do thus, for shame?’

And therwith-al hir arm over him she leyde,
And al foryaf, and ofte tyme him keste.
He thonked hir, and to hir spak, and seyde 1130
As fil to purpos for his herte reste.
And she to that answerde him as hir leste;
And with hir goodly wordes him disporte
She gan, and ofte his sorwes to conforte.

Quod Pandarus, ‘For ought I can espyen, 1135
This light, nor I ne serven here of nought;
Light is not good for syke folkes yen.
But for the love of god, sin ye be brought
In thus good plyt, lat now non hevy thought
Ben hanginge in the hertes of yow tweye:’ 1140
And bar the candele to the chimeneye.
Sone after this, though it no nede were,
Whan she swich othes as hir list devyse
Hadde of him take, hir thoughte tho no fere,
Ne cause eek non, to bidde him thennes ryse. 1145
Yet lesse thing than othes may suffyse
In many a cas; for every wight, I gesse,
That loveth wel meneth but gentilesse.

But in effect she wolde wite anoon
Of what man, and eek where, and also why 1150
He lelous was, sin ther was cause noon;
And eek the signe, that he took it by,
She bad him that to telle hir bisily,
Or elles, certeyn, she bar him on honde,
That this was doon of malis, hir to fonde. 1155

With-outen more, shortly for to seyne,
He moste obeye un-to his lady heste;
And for the lasse harm, he moste feyne.
He seyde hir, whan she was at swiche a feste,
She mighte on him han loked at the leste; 1160
Not I not what, al dere y-nough a risshe,
As he that nedes moste a cause fisshe.

And she answerd, ¹Swete, al were it so,
What harm was that, sin I non yvel mene?
For, by that god that boughte us bothe two, 1165
In alle thinge is myn entente clene.
Swich arguments ne been not worth a bene;
Wol ye the childish lalous contrefete?
Now were it worthy that ye were y-bete.'

Tho Troilus gan sorwfully to syke, 1170
Lest she be wrooth, him thoughte his herte deyde;
And seyde, `Allas! Up-on my sorwes syke
Have mercy, swete herte myn, Cryseyde!
And if that, in tho wordes that I seyde,
Be any wrong, I wol no more trespace; 1175
Do what yow list, I am al in your grace.'

And she answerde, `Of gilt misericorde!
That is to seyn, that I foryeve al this;
And ever-more on this night yow recorde,
And beth wel war ye do no more amis.' 1180
`Nay, dere herte myn,' quod he, `y-wis.'
`And now,' quod she, `that I have do yow smerte,
Foryeve it me, myn owene swete herte.'

This Troilus, with blisse of that suppysed,
Put al in goddes hond, as he that mente 1185
No-thing but wel; and, sodeynly avysed,
He hir in armes faste to him hente.
And Pandarus, with a ful good entente,
Leyde him to slepe, and seyde, `If ye ben wyse,
Swowneth not now, lest more folk aryse.' 1190

What mighte or may the sely larke seye,
Whan that the sperhauk hath it in his foot?
I can no more, but of thise ilke tweye,
To whom this tale sucre be or soot,
Though that I tarie a yeer, som-tyme I moot, 1195
After myn auctor, tellen hir gladnesse,
As wel as I have told hir hevinesse.

Criseyde, which that felte hir thus y-take,
As writen clerkes in hir bokes olde,
Right as an aspes leef she gan to quake, 1200
Whan she him felte hir in his armes folde.
But Troilus, al hool of cares colde,
Gan thanken tho the blisful goddes sevewe;
Thus sondry peynes bringen folk in hevene.

This Troilus in armes gan hir streyne, 1205
And seyde, `O swete, as ever mote I goon,
Now be ye caught, now is ther but we tweyne;
Now yeldeth yow, for other boot is noon.'
To that Criseyde answerde thus anoon,
`Ne hadde I er now, my swete herte dere, 1210
Ben yolde, y-wis, I were now not here!

O! Sooth is seyd, that heled for to be
As of a fevre or othere greet syknesse,
Men moste drinke, as men may often see,
Ful bittre drink; and for to han gladnesse, 1215
Men drinken often peyne and greet distresse;
I mene it here, as for this aventure,
That thourgh a peyne hath founden al his cure.

And now swetnesse semeth more sweet,
That bitternesse assayed was biforn; 1220
For out of wo in blisse now they flete;
Non swich they felten, sith they were born;
Now is this bet, than bothe two be lorn!
For love of god, take every womman hede
To werken thus, if it comth to the nede. 1225

Criseyde, al quit from every drede and tene,
As she that iuste cause hadde him to triste,
Made him swich feste, it loye was to sene,
Whan she his trouthe and clene entente wiste.
And as aboute a tree, with many a twiste, 1230
Bitrent and wryth the sote wode-binde,
Gan eche of hem in armes other winde.
And as the newe abaysshed nightlingale,
That stinteth first whan she biginneth to singe,
Whan that she hereth any herde tale, 1235
Or in the hegges any wight steringe,
And after siker dooth hir voys out-ringe;
Right so Criseyde, whan hir drede stente,
Opned hir herte and tolde him hir entente.

And right as he that seeth his deeth y-shapen, 1240
And deye moot, in ought that he may gesse,
And sodeynly rescous doth him escapen,
And from his deeth is brought in sikernesse,
For al this world, in swich present gladnesse
Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete; 1245
With worse hap god lat us never mete!

Hir armes smale, hir streyghte bak and softe,
Hir sydes longe, fleshly, smothe, and whyte
He gan to stroke, and good thrift bad ful ofte
Hir snowish throte, hir brestes rounde and lyte; 1250
Thus in this hevene he gan him to delyte,
And ther-with-al a thousand tyme hir kiste;
That, what to done, for Ioye unnethe he wiste.

Than seyde he thus, `O, Love, O, Charitee,
Thy moder eek, Citherea the swete, 1255
After thy-self next heried be she,
Venus mene I, the wel-willy planete;
And next that, Imeneus, I thee grete;
For never man was to yow goddes holde
As I, which ye han brought fro cares colde. 1260

`Benigne Love, thou holy bond of things,
Who-so wol grace, and list thee nought honouren,
Lo, his desyr wol flee with-outen winges.
For, noldestow of bountee hem socouren
That serven best and most alwey laboure, 1265
Yet were al lost, that dar I wel seyn, certes,
But-if thy grace passed our desertes.

`And for thou me, that coude leest deserve
Of hem that nombred been un-to thy grace,
Hast holpen, ther I lykly was to sterve, 1270
And me bistowed in so heygh a place
That thilke boundes may no blisse pace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy bounte and thyn excellence!'

And therwith-al Criseyde anoon he kiste, 1275
Of which, certheyn, she felte no disese,
And thus seyde he, `Now wolde god I wiste,
Myn herte swete, how I yow mighte plese!
What man,’ quod he, `was ever thus at ese
As I, on whiche the faireste and the beste 1280
That ever I say, deyneth hir herte reste.

`Here may men seen that mercy passeth right;
The experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so swete a wight.
But herte myn, of your benignitee, 1285
So thenketh, though that I unworthy be,
Yet mot I nede amenden in som wyse,
Right though the vertu of your heyghe servyse.

`And for the love of god, my lady dere,
Sin god hath wrought me for I shal yow serve, 1290
As thus I mene, that ye wol be my stere,
To do me live, if that yow liste, or sterve,
So techeth me how that I may deserve
Your thank, so that I, thurgh myn ignoraunce,
Ne do no-thing that yow be displesaunce. 1295

`For certes, fresshe wommanliche wyf,
This dar I seye, that trouthe and diligence,
That shal ye finden in me al my lyf,
Ne wol not, certeyn, breken your defence;
And if I do, present or in absence, 1300
For love of god, lat slee me with the dede,
If that it lyke un-to your womanhede.'

`Y-wis,' quod she, `myn owne hertes list,
My ground of ese, and al myn herte dere,
Graunt mercy, for on that is al my trist; 1305
But late us falle aowy fro this matere;
For it suffyseth, this that seyd is here.
And at o word, with-outen repentaunce,
Wel-come, my knight, my pees, my suffisaunce!'

Of hir delyt, or loyes oon the leste 1310
Were impossible to my wit to seye;
But iuggeth, ye that han ben at the feste,
Of swich gladnesse, if that hem liste pleye!
I can no more, but thus thise ilke tweye
That night, be-twixen dreed and sikernesse, 1315
Felten in love the grete worthinesse.

O blisful night, of hem so longe y-sought,
How blithe un-to hem bothe two thou were!
Why ne hadde I swich on with my soule y-bought,
Ye, or the leeste loye that was there? 1320
A-wey, thou foule daunger and thou fere,
And lat hem in this hevene blisse dwelle,
That is so heygh, that al ne can I telle!
But sooth is, though I can not tellen al,
As can myn auctor, of his excellence, 1325
Yet have I seyd, and, god to-forn, I shal
In every thing al hoolly his sentence.
And if that I, at loves reverence,
Have any word in eched for the beste,
Doth therwith-al right as your-selven leste. 1330

For myne wordes, here and every part,
I speke hem alle under correccioun
Of yow, that feling han in loves art,
And putte it al in your discrecioun
To encrese or maken diminucioun 1335
Of my langage, and that I yow bi-seche;
But now to purpos of my rather speche.

Thise ike two, that ben in armes laft,
So looth to hem a-sonder goon it were,
That ech from other wende been biraft, 1340
Or elles, lo, this was hir moste fere,
That al this thing but nyce dremes were;
For which ful ofte ech of hem seyde, `O swete,
Clippe ich yow thus, or elles I it mete?’

And, lord! So he gan goodly on hir see, 1345
That never his look ne bleynte from hir face,
And seyde, `O dere herte, may it be
That it be sooth, that ye ben in this place?'
`Ye, herte myn, god thank I of his grace!'
Quod tho Criseyde, and therwith-al him kiste, 1350
That where his spirit was, for loye he niste.

This Troilus ful ofte hir eyen two
Gan for to kisse, and seyde, `O eyen clere,
It were ye that wroughte me swich wo,
Ye humble nettes of my lady dere! 1355
Though ther be mercy writen in your chere,
God wot, the text ful hard is, sooth, to finde,
How coude ye with-outen bond me binde?'

Therwith he gan hir faste in armes take,
And wel an hundred tymes gan he syke, 1360
Nought swiche sorwfull sykes as men make
For wo, or elles whan that folk ben syke,
But esy sykes, swiche as been to lyke,
That shewed his affeccioun with-inne;
Of swiche sykes coude he nought bilinne. 1365

Sone after this they speke of sondry thinges,
As fil to purpos of this aventure,
And pleyinge entrechaungedен hir ringes,
Of which I can nought tellen no scripture;
But wel I woot, a broche, gold and asure, 1370
In whiche a ruby set was lyk an herte,
Criseyde him yaf, and stak it on his sherte.

Lord! trowe ye, a coveitous, a wreccbe,
That blameth love and holt of it despyt,
That, of tho pens that he can mokre and kecche, 1375
Was ever yet y-yeve him swich delyt,
As is in love, in oo poynt, in som plyt?
Nay, doutelees, for also god me save,
So parfit loye may no nigard have!

They wol sey `Yis,' but lord! So that they lye, 1380
Tho bisy wrecches, ful of wo and drede!
They callen love a woodnesse or folye,
But it shal falle hem as I shal yow rede;
They shul forgo the whyte and eke the rede,
And live in wo, ther god yeve hem mischaunce, 1385
And every lover in his trouthe avaunce!

As wolde god, tho wrecches, that dispyse
Servyse of love, hadde eres al-so longe
As hadde Myda, ful of coveityse,
And ther-to dronken hadde as hoot and stronge 1390
As Crassus dide for his affectis wronge,
To techen hem that they ben in the vyce,
And loveres nought, al-though they holde hem nyce!

Thise ilke two, of whom that I yow seye,
Whan that hir hertes wel assured were, 1395
Tho gonne they to speken and to pleye,
And eek rehercen how, and whanne, and where,
They knewe hem first, and every wo and fere
That passed was; but al swich hevinesse,
I thanke it god, was tourned to gladnesse. 1400

And ever-mo, whan that hem fel to speke
Of any thing of swich a tyme agoon,
With kissing al that tale sholde breke,
And fallen in a newe loye anoon,
And diden al hir might, sin they were oon, 1405
For to recoveren blisse and been at ese,
And passed wo with loye countrepeyse.

Reson wil not that I speke of sleep,
For it accordeth nought to my matere;
God woot, they toke of that ful litel keep, 1410
But lest this night, that was to hem so dere,
Ne sholde in veyn escape in no manere,
It was biset in loye and bisinesse
Of al that souneth in-to gentilnesse.
But whan the cok, comune astrologer, 1415
Gan on his brest to bete, and after crowe,
And Lucifer, the dayes messager,
Gan for to ryse, and out hir bemes throwe;
And estward roos, to him that coude it knowe,
Fortuna maior, than anoon Criseyde, 1420
With herte sore, to Troilus thus seyde: --

`Myn hertes lyf, my trist and my plesaunce,
That I was born, alas! What me is wo,
That day of us mot make desseveraunce!
For tyme it is to ryse, and hennes go, 1425
Or elles I am lost for evermo!
O night, alas! Why niltow over us hove,
As longe as whanne Almena lay by Iove?

`O blake night, as folk in bokes rede,
That shapen art by god this world to hyde 1430
At certeyn tymes with thy derke wede,
That under that men mighte in reste abyde,
Wel oughte bestes pleyne, and folk thee chyde,
That there-as day with labour wolde us breste,
That thou thus fleest, and deynest us nought reste! 1435

`Thou dost, alas! To shortly thyn offycye,
Thou rakel night, ther god, makere of kinde,
Thee, for thyn hast and thyn unkinde vyce,
So faste ay to our hemi-spere binde.
That never-more under the ground thou winde! 1440
For now, for thou so hyest out of Troye,
Have I forgon thus hastily my loye!'

This Troilus, that with tho wordes felte,
As thoughte him tho, for pietous distresse,
The blody teres from his herte melte, 1445
As he that never yet swich hevinesse
Assayed hadde, out of so greet gladnesse,
Gan therwith-al Criseyde his lady dere
In armes streyne, and seyde in this manere: --

`O cruel day, accusour of the loye 1450
That night and love han stole and faste y-wryen,
A-cursed be thy coming in-to Troye,
For every bore hath oon of thy bright yen!
Envyous day, what list thee so to spyen?
What hastow lost, why sekestow this place, 1455
Ther god thy lyght so quenche, for his grace?

`Allas! What han thise loveres thee agilt,
Dispitous day? Thyn be the pyne of helle!
For many a lover hastow shent, and wilt;
Thy pouring in wol no-wher lete hem dwelle. 1460
What proferestow thy light here for to selle?
Go selle it hem that smale seles graven,
We wol thee nought, us nedeth no day haven.'

And eek the sonne Tytan gan he chyde,
And seyde, 'O fool, wel may men thee dispyre, 1465
That hast the Dawing al night by thy syde,
And suffrest hir so sone up fro thee ryse,
For to disesen loveres in this wyse.
What! Holde your bed ther, thou, and eek thy Morwe!
I bidde god, so yeve yow bothe sorwe!' 1470

Therwith ful sore he sighte, and thus he seyde,
`My lady right, and of my wele or wo
The welle and rote, O goodly myn, Criseyde,
And shal I ryse, allas! And shal I go?
Now fele I that myn herte moot a-two! 1475
For how sholde I my lyf an houre save,
Sin that with yow is al the lyf I have?

`What shal I doon, for certes, I not how,
Ne whanne, allas! I shal the tyme see,
That in this plyt I may be eft with yow; 1480
And of my lyf, god woot, how that shal be,
Sin that desyr right now so byteth me,
That I am deed anoon, but I retourne.
How sholde I longe, allas! Fro yow soiourne?

`But nathelees, myn owene lady bright, 1485
Yit were it so that I wiste outrely,
That I, your humble servaunt and your knight,
Were in your herte set so fermely
As ye in myn, the which thing, trewely,
Me lever were than thiese worldes tweyne, 1490
Yet sholde I bet enduren al my peyne.'

To that Cryseyde answerde right anoon,
And with a syk she seyde, `O herte dere,
The game, y-wis, so ferforth now is goon,
That first shal Phebus falle fro his spere, 1495
And every egle been the dowves fere,
And every roche out of his place sterte,
Er Troilus out of Criseydes herte!

`Ye he so depe in-with myn herte grave,
That, though I wolde it turne out of my thought, 1500
As wisly verray god my soule save,
To dyen in the peyne, I coude nought!
And, for the love of god that us bath wrought,
Lat in your brayn non other fantasye
So crepe, that it cause me to dye! 1505
`And that ye me wolde han as faste in minde
As I have yow, that wolde I yow bi-seche;
And, if I wiste soothly that to finde,
God mighte not a poynt my Ioyes eche!
But, herte myn, with-oute more speche, 1510
Beth to me trewe, or elles were it routhe;
For I am thyn, by god and by my trouthe!

`Beth glad for-thy, and live in sikernesse;
Thus seyde I never er this, ne shal to mo;
And if to yow it were a gret gladnesse 1515
To turne ayein, soone after that ye go,
As fayn wolde I as ye, it were so,
As wisly god myn herte bringe at reste!'
And him in armes took, and ofte keste.

Agayns his wil, sin it mot nedes be, 1520
This Troilus up roos, and faste him cledde,
And in his armes took his lady free
An hundred tyme, and on his wey him spedde,
And with swich wordes as his herte bledde,
He seyde, `Farewel, mr dere herte swete, 1525
Ther god us graunte sounde and sone to mete!'"
And Troilus un-to his palays ferde,
As woo bigon as she was, sooth to seyne; 1530
So hard him wrong of sharp desyr the peyne
For to ben eft there he was in plesaunce,
That it may never out of his remembraunce.

Returned to his real palais, sone
He softe in-to his bed gan for to slinke, 1535
To slepe longe, as he was wont to done,
But al for nought; he may wel ligge and winke,
But sleep ne may ther in his herte sinke;
Thenkinge how she, for whom desyr him brende,
A thousand-fold was worth more than he wende. 1540

And in his thought gan up and doun to winde
Hir wordes alle, and every countenaunce,
And fermely impressen in his minde
The leste poynt that to him was plesaunce;
And verrayliche, of thilke remembraunce, 1545
Desyr al newe him brende, and lust to brede
Gan more than erst, and yet took he non hede.

Criseyde also, right in the same wyse,
Of Troilus gan in hir herte shette
His worthinesse, his lust, his dedes wyse, 1550
His gentilesse, and how she with him mette,
Thonkinge love he so wel hir bisette;
Desyring eft to have hir herte dere
In swich a plyt, she dorste make him chere.

Pandare, a-morwe which that comen was 1555
Un-to his nece, and gan hir fayre grete,
Seyde, `Al this night so reyned it, alas!
That al my drede is that ye, nece swete,
Han litel layser had to slepe and mete;
Al night,' quod he, `hath reyn so do me wake, 1560
That som of us, I trowe, hir hedes ake.'

And ner he com, and seyde, `How stont it now
This mery morwe, nece, how can ye fare?'
Criseyde answerde, `Never the bet for yow,
Fox that ye been, god yeve youre herte care! 1565
God help me so, ye caused al this fare,
Trow I,' quod she, `for alle your wordes whyte;
O! Who-so seeth yow knoweth yow ful lyte!'

With that she gan hir face for to wrye
With the shete, and wex for shame al reed; 1570
And Pandarus gan under for to prye,
And seyde, `Nece, if that I shal be deed,
Have here a swerd, and smyteth of myn heed.'
With that his arm al sodeynly he thriste
Under hire necke, and at the laste hire kist. 1575

I passe al that which chargeth nought to seye,
What! God foryaf his deeth, and she al-so
Foryaf, and with hire uncle gan to pleye,
For other cause was ther noon than so.
But of this thing right to the effect to go, 1580
Whan tyme was, hom til hire hous she wente,
And Pandarus hath fully his entente.

Now tyme we ayein to Troilus,
That restele ful longe a-bedde lay,
And prevely sente after Pandarus, 1585
To him to come in al the haste he may.
He com anoon, nought ones seyde he `nay,'
And Troilus ful sobrely he grette,
And doun upon his beddes syde him sette.

This Troilus, with al the affeccioun 1590
Of frendes love that herte may devyse,
To Pandarus on knees fil adoun,
And er that he wolde of the place aryse,
He gan thonken in his beste wyse;
An hondred sythe he gan the tyme bless, 1595
That he was born, to bringe him fro distresse.
He seyde, 'O frend of frendes the alderbeste
That ever was, the sothe for to telle,
Thou hast in hevene y-brought my soule at reste
Fro Flegitoun, the fery flood of helle; 1600
That, though I mighte a thousand tymes selle,
Upon a day, my lyf in thy servyse,
It mighte nought a mote in that suffyse.

'The sonne, which that al the world may see,
Saw never yet, my lyf, that dar I leye, 1605
So inly fayr and goodly as is she,
Whos I am al, and shal, til that I deye;
And, that I thus am hires, dar I seye,
That thanked be the heighe worthinesse
Of love, and eek thy kinde bisinesse. 1610

'Thus hastow me no litel thing y-yive,
Fo which to thee obliged be for ay
My lyf, and why? For thorugh thyn help I live;
For elles deed hadde I be many a day.'
And with that word doun in his bed he lay, 1615
And Pandarus ful sobrely him herde
Til al was seyd, and than he thus answerde:

'My dere frend, if I have doon for thee
In any cas, god wot, it is me leef;
And am as glad as man may of it be, 1620
God help me so; but tak now a-greef
That I shal seyn, be war of this myscheef,
That, there-as thou now brought art in-to blisse,
That thou thy-self ne cause it nought to misse.

`For of fortunes sharpe adversitee 1625
The worst kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperitee,
And it remembren, whan it passed is.
Thou art wys y-nough, for-thy do nought amis;
Be not to rakel, though thou sitte warme,
For if thou be, certeyn, it wol thee harme. 1631

`Thou art at ese, and holde the wel ther-inne.
For also seur as reed is every fyr,
As greet a craft is kepe wel as winne;
Brydle alwey wel thy speche and thy desyr, 1635
For worldly Ioye halt not but by a wyr;
That preveth wel, it brest alday so ofte;
For-thy nede is to werke with it softe.'

Quod Troilus, `I hope, and god to-forn,
My dere frend, that I shal so me bere, 1640
That in my gilt ther shal no thing be lorn,
Ne I nil not rakle as for to greven here;
It nedeth not this matere ofte tere;
For wistestow myn herte wel, Pandare,
God woot, of this thou woldest litel care.’ 1645

Tho gan he telle him of his glade night,
And wher-of first his herte dredde, and how,
And seyde, ´Freend, as I am trewe knight,
And by that feyth I shal to god and yow,
I hadde it never half so hote as now; 1650
And ay the more that desyr me byteth
To love hir best, the more it me delyteth.

´I noot my-self not wisly what it is;
But now I fele a newe qualitee,
Ye, al another than I dide er this.’ 1655
Pandare answere, and seyde thus, that he
That ones may in hevene blisse be,
He feleth other weyes, dar I leye,
Than thilke tyme he first herde of it seye.

This is o word for al: this Troilus 1660
Was never ful to speke of this matere,
And for to preysen un-to Pandarus
The bountee of his righte lady dere,
And Pandarus to thanke and maken chere.
This tale ay was span-newe to biginne, 1665
Til that the night departed hem a-twinne.

Sone after this, for that fortune it wolde,
I-comen was the blisful tyme swete,
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,
Ther he was erst, Criseyde his lady mete; 1670
For which he felte his herte in Ioye flete;
And feythfully gan alle the goddes herie;
And lat see now if that he can be merie.

And holden was the forme and al the wyse,
Of hir cominge, and eek of his also, 1675
As it was erst, which nedeth nought devyse.
But playnly to the effect right for to go,
In Ioye and suerte Pandarus hem two
A-bedde broughte, whan that hem bothe leste,
And thus they ben in quiete and in reste. 1680

Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they ben met,
To aske at me if that they blythe were;
For if it erst was wel, tho was it bet
A thousand-fold, this nedeth not enquere.
A-gon was every sorwe and every fere; 1685
And bothe, y-wis, they hadde, and so they wende,
As muche loye as herte may comprende.
This is no litel thing of for to seye,
This passeth every wit for to devyse;
For eche of hem gan othere lust obeye; 1690
Felicitee, which that thise clerkes wyse
Commenden so, ne may not here suffyse.
This loye may not writen been with inke,
This passeth al that herte may bithinke.

But cruel day, so wel-awey the stounde! 1695
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes knewe,
For whiche hem thoughte felen dethes wounde;
So wo was hem, that changen gan hir hewe,
And day they goonnen to dispyme al newe,
Calling it traytour, envyous, and worse, 1700
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

Quod Troilus, 'Allas! Now am I war
That Pirous and tho swifte stedes three,
Whiche that drawen forth the sonnes char,
Han goon som by-path in despyt of me; 1705
That maketh it so sone day to be;
And, for the sonne him hasteth thus to ryse,
Ne shal I never doon him sacrifyse!'

But nedes day departe moste hem sone,
And whanne hir speche doon was and hir chere, 1710
They twine anon as they were wont to done,

And setten tym of meting eft y-fere;

And many a night they wroughte in this manere.

And thus Fortune a tym ladde in loye

Criseyde, and eek this kings sone of Troye. 1715

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singinges,

This Troilus gan al his lyf to lede;

He spendeth, lusteth, maketh festeynges;

He yeveth frely ofte, and chaungeth wede,

And held aboute him alwey, out of drede, 1720

A world of folk, as cam him wel of kinde,

The fressheste and the beste he coude fynde;

That swich a voys was of hym and a stevene

Thorugh-out the world, of honour and largesse,

That it up rong un-to the yate of hevene. 1725

And, as in love, he was in swich gladnesse,

That in his herte he demede, as I gesse,

That there nis lover in this world at ese

So wel as he, and thus gan love him plese.

The godlihede or beautee which that kinde 1730

In any other lady hadde y-set

Can not the mountaunce of a knot unbinde,

A-boute his herte, of al Criseydes net.
He was so narwe y-masked and y-knet,
That it undon on any manere syde, 1735
That nil not been, for ought that may betyde.

And by the hond ful ofte he wolde take
This Pandarus, and in-to gardin lede,
And swich a feste and swich a proces make
Him of Criseyde, and of hir womanhede, 1740
And of hir beautee, that, with-outen drede,
It was an hevene his wordes for to here;
And thanne he wolde singe in this manere.

`Love, that of erthe and see hath governaunce,
Love, that his hestes hath in hevene hye, 1745
Love, that with an holsom alliaunce
Halt peples ioyned, as him list hem gye,
Love, that knetteth lawe of companye,
And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle,
Bind this acord, that I have told and telle; 1750

`That that the world with feyth, which that is stable,
Dyverseth so his stoundes concordinge,
That elements that been so discordable
Holden a bond perpetuely durning,
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth bringe, 1755
And that the mone hath lordship over the nightes,
Al this doth Love; ay heried be his mightes!

`That, that the see, that gredy is to flowen,  
Constreyneth to a certeyn ende so  
His flodes, that so fersly they ne growen 1760  
To drenchen erthe and al for ever-mo;  
And if that Love ought lete his brydel go,  
Al that now loveth a-sonder sholde lepe,  
And lost were al, that Love halt now to-hepe.  

`So wolde god, that auctor is of kinde, 1765  
That, with his bond, Love of his vertu liste  
To cerclen hertes alle, and faste binde,  
That from his bond no wight the wey out wiste.  
And hertes colde, hem wolde I that he twiste  
To make hem love, and that hem leste ay rewe 1770  
On hertes sore, and kepe hem that ben trewe.`

In alle nedes, for the tounes werre,  
He was, and ay the firste in armes dight;  
And certeynly, but-if that bokes erre,  
Save Ector, most y-drad of any wight; 1775  
And this encrees of hardinesse and might  
Cam him of love, his ladies thank to winne,  
That altered his spirit so with-inne.
In tyme of trewe, on haukinge wolde he ryde,
Or elles hunten boor, bere, or lyoun; 1780
The smale bestes leet he gon bi-syde.
And whan that he com rydinge in-to toun,
Ful ofte his lady, from hir window doun,
As fresh as faucon comen out of muwe,
Ful redy was, him goodly to saluwe. 1785

And most of love and vertu was his speche,
And in despyt hadde alle wrecchednesse;
And doutelees, no nede was him biseche
To honoure hem that hadde worthinesse,
And esen hem that weren in distresse. 1790
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,
That lover was, whan he it wiste or herde.

For sooth to seyn, he lost held every wight
But-if he were in loves heigh servyse,
I mene folk that oughte it been of right. 1795
And over al this, so wel coude he devyse
Of sentement, and in so unkouth wyse
Al his array, that every lover thoughte,
That al was wel, what-so he seyde or wroughte.

And though that he be come of blood royal, 1800
Him liste of pryde at no wight for to chase;
Benigne he was to ech in general,
For which he gat him thank in every place.
Thus wolde love, y-heried be his grace,
That Pryde, Envye, Ire, and Avaryce 1805
He gan to flee, and every other vyce.

Thou lady bright, the daughter to Dione,
Thy blinde and winged sone eek, daun Cupyde;
Ye sustren nyne eek, that by Elicone
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde, 1810
That ye thus fer han deyned me to gyde,
I can no more, but sin that ye wol wende,
Ye heried been for ay, with-outen ende!

Though yow have I seyd fully in my song
Thheffect and loye of Troilus servyse, 1815
Al be that ther was som disese among,
As to myn auctor listeth to devyse.
My thridde book now ende ich in this wyse;
And Troilus in luste and in quiete
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte swete. 1820

Explicit Liber Tercius.

BOOK IV
Prohemium.

But al to litel, weylaway the whyle,
Lasteth swich loye, y-thonked be Fortune!
That semeth trewest, whan she wol bygyle,
And can to foles so hir song entune,
That she hem hent and blent, traytour comune; 5
And whan a wight is from hir wheel y-throwe,
Than laugheth she, and maketh him the mowe.

From Troilus she gan hir brighte face
Awey to wrythe, and took of him non hede,
But caste him clene out of his lady grace, 10
And on hir wheel she sette up Diomede;
For which right now myn herte ginneth blede,
And now my penne, allas! With which I wryte,
Quaketh for drede of that I moot endyte.

For how Criseyde Troilus forsook, 15
Or at the leste, how that she was unkinde,
Mot hennes-forth ben materre of my book,
As wryten folk through which it is in minde.
Allas! That they sholde ever cause finde
To speke hir harm; and if they on hir lye, 20
Y-wis, hem-self sholde han the vilanye.
O ye Herines, Nightes doughtren three,
That endeleez compleynen ever in pyne,
Megera, Alete, and eek Thesiphone;
Thou cruel Mars eek, fader to Quiryne, 25
This ilke ferthe book me helpeth fyne,
So that the los of lyf and love y-fere
Of Troilus be fully shewed here.

Explicit prohemium.

Incipit Quartus Liber.

Ligginge in ost, as I have seyd er this,
The Grekes stronge, aboute Troye toun, 30
Bifel that, whan that Phebus shyning is
Up-on the brest of Hercules Lyoun,
That Ector, with ful many a bold baroun,
Caste on a day with Grekes for to fighte,
As he was wont to greve hem what he mighte. 35

Not I how longe or short it was bitwene
This purpos and that day they fighte mente;
But on a day wel armed, bright and shene,
Ector, and many a worthy wight out wente,
With spere in hond and bigge bowes bente; 40
And in the herd, with-out e lenger lette,
Hir fomen in the feld anoon hem mette.

The longe day, with speres sharpe y-grounde,
With arwes, dartes, sverdes, maces felle,
They fighte and bringen hors and man to grounde, 45
And with hir axes out the braynes quelle.
But in the laste shour, sooth for to telle,
The folk of Troye hem-selven so misledden,
That with the worse at night homward they fledden.

At whiche day was taken Antenor, 50
Maugre Polydamas or Monesteo,
Santippe, Sarpedon, Polynester,
Polyte, or eek the Troian daun Ripheo,
And othere lasse folk, as Phebuseo.
So that, for harm, that day the folk of Troye 55
Dredden to lese a greet part of hir loye.

Of Pryamus was yeve, at Greek requeste,
A tyme of trewe, and tho they gonnen trete,
Hir prisoneres to chaungen, moste and leste,
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete. 60
This thing anoon was couth in every strete,
Bothe in thassege, in toune, and every-where,
And with the firste it cam to Calkas ere.

Whan Calkas knew this tretis sholde holde,
In consistorie, among the Grekes, sone 65
He gan in thringe forth, with lordes olde,
And sette him there-as he was wont to done;
And with a chaunged face hem bad a bone,
For love of god, to don that reverence,
To stinte noyse, and yeve him audience. 70

Thanne seyde he thus, `Lo! Lordes myne, I was
Troian, as it is knowen out of drede;
And, if that yow remembre, I am Calkas,
That alderfirst yaf comfort to your nede,
And tolde wel how that ye sholden spede. 75
For dredelees, thorugh yow, shal, in a stounde,
Ben Troye y-brend, and beten doun to grounde.

`And in what forme, or in what maner wyse
This town to shende, and al your lust to acheve,
Ye han er this wel herd it me devyse; 80
This knowe ye, my lordes, as I leve.
And for the Grekes weren me so leve,
I com my-self in my propre persone,
To teche in this how yow was best to done;
Having un-to my tresour ne my rente 85
Right no resport, to respect of your ese.
Thus al my good I loste and to yow wente,
Wening in this you, lordes, for to plese.
But al that los ne doth me no disese.
I vouche-sauf, as wisly have I loye, 90
For you to lese al that I have in Troye,

Save of a doughter, that I lafte, allas!
Slepinge at home, whanne out of Troye I sterte.
O sterne, O cruel fader that I was!
How mighte I have in that so hard an herte? 95
Allas! I ne hadde y-brought hir in hir sherte!
For sorwe of which I wol not live to morwe,
But-if ye lordes rewe up-on my sorwe.

For, by that cause I say no tyme er now
Hir to delivere, I holden have my pees; 100
But now or never, if that it lyke yow,
I may hir have right sone, doutelees.
O help and grace! Amonges al this prees,
Rewe on this olde caitif in destresse,
Sin I through yow have al this hevinesse! 105

Ye have now caught and fetere in prisoun
Troians y-nowe; and if your willes be,
My child with oon may have redempioun.
Now for the love of god and of bountee,
Oon of so fele, allas! So yeve him me. 110
What nede were it this preyere for to werne,
Sin ye shul bothe han folk and toun as yerne?

`On peril of my lyf, I shal nat lye,
Appollo hath me told it feithfully;
I have eek founde it be astronome, 115
By sort, and by augurie eek trewely,
And dar wel seye, the tyme is faste by,
That fyr and flaumbe on al the toun shal sprede;
And thus shal Troye turne to asshen dede.

`For certeyn, Phebus and Neptunus bothe, 120
That makeden the walles of the toun,
Ben with the folk of Troye alwey so wrothe,
That thei wol bringe it to confusioun,
Right in despyt of king Lameadoun.
By-cause he nolde payen hem hir hyre, 125
The toun of Troye shal ben set on-fyre.'

Telling his tale alwey, this olde greye,
Humble in speche, and in his lokinge eke,
The salte teres from his eyen tweye
Ful faste ronnen doun by eyther cheke. 130
So longe he gan of socour hem by-seke
That, for to hele him of his sorwes sore,
They yave him Antenor, with-oute more.

But who was glad y-nough but Calkas tho?
And of this thing ful sone his nedes leyde 135
On hem that sholden for the tretis go,
And hem for Antenor ful ofte preyde
To bringen hoom king Toas and Criseyde;
And whan Pryam his save-garde sente,
Thembassadours to Troye streyght they wente. 140

The cause y-told of hir cominge, the olde
Pryam the king ful sone in general
Let here-upon his parlement to holde,
Of which the effect rehersen yow I shal.
Thembassadours ben answered for fynal, 145
Theschaunge of prisoners and al this nede
Hem lyketh wel, and forth in they procede.

This Troilus was present in the place,
Whan axed was for Antenor Criseyde,
For which ful sone chaungen gan his face, 150
As he that with tho wordes wel neigh deyde.
But nathelees, he no word to it seyde,
Lest men sholde his affecioun espye;
With mannes herte he gan his sorwes drye.

And ful of anguissh and of grisly drede
Abood what lordes wolde un-to it seye;
And if they wolde graunte, as god forbede,
Theschaunge of hir, than thoughte he thinges tweye,
First, how to save hir honour, and what weye
He mighte best theschaunge of hir withstonde; 160
Ful faste he caste how al this mighte stonde.

Love him made al prest to doon hir byde,
And rather dye than she sholde go;
But resoun seyde him, on that other syde,
`With-oute assent of hir ne do not so, 165
Lest for thy werk she wolde be thy fo,
And seyn, that thorugh thy medling is y-blowe
Your bother love, there it was erst unknowe.'

For which he gan deliberen, for the beste,
That though the lordes wolde that she wente, 170
He wolde lat hem graunte what hem leste,
And telle his lady first what that they mente.
And whan that she had seyd him hir entente,
Ther-after wolde he werken also blyve,
Though al the world ayein it wolde stryve. 175
Ector, which that wel the Grekes herde,
For Antenor how they wolde han Criseyde,
Gan it withstonde, and sobrely anserde: --
`Sires, she nis no prisoner,' he seyde;
`I noot on yow who that this charge leyde, 180
But, on my part, ye may eft-sone hem telle,
We usen here no wommen for to selle.'

The noyse of peple up-stirte thanne at ones,
As breme as blase of straw y-set on fyre;
For infortune it wolde, for the nones, 185
They sholden hir confusioun desyre.
`Ector,' quod they, `what goost may yow enspyre
This womman thus to shilde and doon us lese
Daun Antenor? -- a wrong wey now ye chese --

`That is so wys, and eek so bold baroun, 190
And we han nede to folk, as men may see;
He is eek oon, the grettest of this toun;
O Ector, lat tho fantasyes be!
O king Priam,' quod they, `thuss seggen we,
That al our voys is to for-gon Criseyde;' 195
And to deliweren Antenor they preyde.

O Iuvenal, lord! Trewe is thy sentence,
That litel witen folk what is to yerne
That they ne finde in hir desyr offence;
For cloud of errour let hem not descerne 200
What best is; and lo, here ensample as yerne.
This folk desiren now deliveraunce
Of Antenor, that broughte hem to mischaunce!

For he was after traytour to the toun
Of Troye; allas! They quitte him out to rathe; 205
O nyce world, lo, thy discrecioun!
Criseyde, which that never dide hem skathe,
Shal now no lenger in hir blisse bathe;
But Antenor, he shal com hoom to toune,
And she shal out; thus seyden here and howne. 210

For which delibered was by parlement
For Antenor to yelden out Criseyde,
And it pronounced by the president,
Al-theigh that Ector `nay’ ful ofte preyde.
And fynaly, what wight that it with-seyde, 215
It was for nought, it moste been, and sholde;
For substaunce of the parlement it wolde.

Departed out of parlement echone,
This Troilus, with-oute wordes mo,
Un-to his chaumbre spedde him faste allone, 220
But-if it were a man of his or two,
The whiche he bad out faste for to go,
By-cause he wolde slepen, as he seyde,
And hastely up-on his bed him leyde.

And as in winter leves been birait, 225
Eche after other, til the tree be bare,
So that ther nis but bark and braunche y-laft,
Lyth Troilus, birait of ech wel-fare,
Y-bounden in the blake bark of care,
Disposed wood out of his wit to breyde, 230
So sore him sat the chaunginge of Criseyde.

He rist him up, and every dore he shette
And windowe eek, and tho this sorweful man
Up-on his beddes syde a-doun him sette,
Ful lyk a deed image pale and wan; 235
And in his brest the heped wo bigan
Out-breste, and he to werken in this wyse
In his woodnesse, as I shal yow devyse.

Right as the wilde bole biginneth springe
Now here, now there, y-darted to the herte, 240
And of his deeth roreth in compleyninge,
Right so gan he aboute the chaumbre sterte,
Smyting his brest ay with his festes smerte;
His heed to the wal, his body to the grounde
Ful ofte he swapte, him-selven to confounde. 245

His eyen two, for pitee of his herte,
Out stremeden as swifte welles tweye;
The heighe sobbes of his sorwes smerte
His speche him refte, unnethes mighte he seye,
`O deeth, allas! Why niltow do me deye? 250
A-cursed be the day which that nature
Shoop me to ben a lyves creature!'

But after, whan the furie and the rage
Which that his herte twiste and faste threste,
By lengthe of tyme somwhat gan asswage, 255
Up-on his bed he leyde him doun to reste;
But tho bigonne his teres more out-breste,
That wonder is, the body may suffyse
To half this wo, which that I yow devyse.

Than seyde he thus, `Fortune! Allas the whyle! 260
What have I doon, what have I thus a-gilt?
How mightestow for reuthe me bigyle?
Is ther no grace, and shal I thus be spilt?
Shal thus Criseyde awey, for that thou wilt?
Allas! How maystow in thyn herte finde 265
To been to me thus cruel and unkinde?
`Have I thee nought honoured al my lyve,
As thou wel wost, above the goddes alle?
Why wiltow me fro loye thus depyve?
O Troilus, what may men now thee calle 270
But wrecche of wrecches, out of honour falle
In-to miserie, in which I wol biwayle
Criseyde, allass! Til that the breeth me fayle?

`Allas, Fortune! If that my lyf in loye
Displesed hadde un-to thy foule envye, 275
Why ne haddestow my fader, king of Troye,
By-raft the lyf, or doon my bretheren dye,
Or slayn my-self, that thus compleyne and crye,
I, combre-world, that may of no-thing serve,
But ever dye, and never fully sterve? 280

`If that Criseyde allone were me laft,
Nought roughte I whider thou woldest me stere;
And hir, allass! Than hastow me biraft.
But ever-more, lo! This is thy manere,
To reve a wight that most is to him dere, 285
To preve in that thy gerful violence.
Thus am I lost, ther helpeth no defence!

`O verray lord of love, O god, allass!
That knowest best myn herte and al my thought,
What shal my sorwful lyf don in this cas 290
If I for-go that I so dere have bought?
Sin ye Cryseyde and me han fully brought
In-to your grace, and bothe our hertes seled,
How may ye suffre, alas! It be repeled?

`What I may doon, I shal, whyl I may dure 295
On lyve in torment and in cruel peyne,
This infortune or this disaventure,
Allone as I was born, y-wis, compleyne;
Ne never wil I seen it shyne or reyne;
But ende I wil, as Edippe, in derknesse 300
My sorwful lyf, and dyen in distresse.

`O wery goost, that errest to and fro,
Why niltow fleen out of the wofulleste
Body, that ever mighte on grounde go?
O soule, lurkinge in this wo, unneste, 305
Flee forth out of myn herte, and lat it breste,
And folwe alwey Criseyde, thy lady dere;
Thy righte place is now no lenger here!

`O wofulle eyen two, sin your disport
Was al to seen Criseydes eyen brighte, 310
What shal ye doon but, for my discomfort,
Stonden for nought, and wepen out your sighte?
Sin she is queynt, that wont was yow to lighte,
In yeyn fro-this-forth have I eyen tweye
Y-formed, sin your vertue is a-weye. 315

`O my Criseyde, O lady sovereyne
Of thilke woful soule that thus cryeth,
Who shal now yeven comfort to the peyne?
Allas, no wight; but when myn herte dyeth,
My spirit, which that so un-to yow hyeth, 320
Receyve in gree, for that shal ay yow serve;
For-thy no fors is, though the body sterve.

`O ye loveres, that heighe upon the wheel
Ben set of Fortune, in good aventure,
God leve that ye finde ay love of steel, 325
And longe mot your lyf in Ioye endure!
But whan ye comen by my sepulture,
Remembreth that your felawe resteth there;
For I lovede eek, though I unworthy were.

`O olde, unholsom, and mislyved man, 330
Calkas I mene, allas! What eyleth thee
To been a Greek, sin thou art born Troian?
O Calkas, which that wilt my bane be,
In cursed tyme was thou born for me!
As wolde blisful Iove, for his Ioye, 335
That I thee hadde, where I wolde, in Troye!

A thousand sykes, hottere than the glede,
Out of his brest ech after other wente,
Medled with pleyntes newe, his wo to fede,
For which his woful teres never stente; 340
And shortly, so his peynes him to-rente,
And wex so mat, that Ioye nor penaunce
He feleth noon, but lyth forth in a traunce.

Pandare, which that in the parlement
Hadde herd what every lord and burgeys seyde, 345
And how ful graunted was, by oon assent,
For Antenor to yelden so Criseyde,
Gan wel neigh wood out of his wit to breyde,
So that, for wo, he niste what he mente;
But in a rees to Troilus he wente. 350

A certeyn knight, that for the tyme kepte
The chaumbre-dore, un-dide it him anoon;
And Pandare, that ful tendreliche wepte,
In-to the derke chaumbre, as stille as soon,
Toward the bed gan softely to goon, 355
So confus, that he niste what to seye;
For verray wo his wit was neigh aweye.
And with his chere and loking al to-torn,
For sorwe of this, and with his armes folden,
He stood this woful Troilus biforn, 360
And on his pitous face he gan biholden;
But lord, so often gan his herte colden,
Seing his freend in wo, whos hevinesse
His herte slow, as thoughte him, for distresse.

This woful wight, this Troilus, that felte 365
His freend Pandare y-comen him to see,
Gan as the snow ayein the sonne melte,
For which this sorwful Pandare, of pitee,
Gan for to wepe as tendreliche as he;
And specheles thus been thise ilke tweye, 370
That neyther mighte o word for sorwe seye.

But at the laste this woful Troilus,
Ney deed for smert, gan bresten out to rore,
And with a sorwful noyse he seyde thus,
Among his sobbes and his sykes sore, 375
`Lo! Pandare, I am deed, with-outen more.
Hastow nought herd at parlement,' he seyde,
`For Antenor how lost is my Criseyde?'

This Pandarus, ful deed and pale of hewe,
Ful pitously answerde and seyde, `Yis! 380
As wisly were it fals as it is trewe,
That I have herd, and wot al how it is.
O mercy, god, who wolde have trowed this?
Who wolde have wend that, in so litel a throwe,
Fortune our loye wolde han over-throwe? 385

`For in this world ther is no creature,
As to my doom, that ever saw ruyne
Straungere than this, thorugh cas or aventure.
But who may al eschewe, or al devyne?
Swich is this world; for-thy I thus defyne, 390
Ne trust no wight to finden in Fortune
Ay proprettee; hir yeftes been comune.

`But tel me this, why thou art now so mad
To sorwen thus? Why lystow in this wyse,
Sin thy desyr al holly hastow had, 395
So that, by right, it oughte y-now suffyse?
But I, that never felte in my servyse
A frendly chere or loking of an ye,
Lat me thus wepe and wayle, til I dye.

`And over al this, as thou wel wost thy-selve, 400
This town is ful of ladies al aboute;
And, to my doom, fairer than swiche twelve
As ever she was, shal I finde, in som route,
Ye, oon or two, with-outen any doute.
For-thy be glad, myn owene dere brother, 405
If she be lost, we shal recovere another.

`What, god for-bede alwey that ech plesaunce
In o thing were, and in non other wight!
If oon can singe, another can wel daunce;
If this be goodly, she is glad and light; 410
And this is fayr, and that can good a-right.
Ech for his vertu holden is for dere,
Bothe heroner and faucon for rivere.

`And eek, as writ Zanzis, that was ful wys,
"The newe love out chaceth ofte the olde;" 415
And up-on newe cas lyth newe avys.
Thenk eek, thy-self to saven artow holde;
Swich fyr, by proces, shal of kinde colde.
For sin it is but casuel plesaunce,
Som cas shal putte it out of remembraunce. 420

`For al-so seur as day cometh after night,
The newe love, labour or other wo,
Or elles selde seinge of a wight,
Don olde affecciouns alle over-go.
And, for thy part, thou shalt have oon of tho 425
To abrigge with thy bittre peynes smerte;
Absence of hir shal dryve hir out of herte.'

Thise wordes seyde he for the nones alle,
To helpe his freend, lest he for sorwe deyde.
For douteles, to doon his wo to falle, 430
He roughte not what unthrift that he seyde.
But Troilus, that neigh for sorwe deyde,
Tok litel hede of al that ever he mente;
Oon ere it herde, at the other out it wente:

But at the laste answorde and seyde, `Freend, 435
This lechecraft, or heled thus to be,
Were wel sitting, if that I were a feend,
To traysen hir that trewe is unto me!
I pray god, lat this consayl never y-thee;
But do me rather sterve anon-right here 440
Er I thus do as thou me woldest lere.

`She that I serve, y-wis, what so thou seye,
To whom myn herte enhabit is by right,
Shal han me holly hires til that I deye.
For, Pandarus, sin I have trouthe hir hight, 445
I wol not been untrewe for no wight;
But as hir man I wol ay live and sterve,
And never other creature serve.
`And ther thou seyst, thou shalt as faire finde
As she, lat be, make no comparisoun 450
To creature y-formed here by kinde.
O leve Pandare, in conclusioun,
I wol not be of thyn opiionioun,
Touching al this; for whiche I thee biseche,
So hold thy pees; thou sleest me with thy speche. 455

`Thow biddest me I sholde love an-other
Al freshly newe, and lat Criseyde go!
It lyth not in my power, leve brother.
And though I mighte, I wolde not do so.
But canstow pleyen raket, to and fro, 460
Netle in, dokke out, now this, now that, Pandare?
Now foule falle hir, for thy wo that care!

`Thow farest eek by me, thou Pandarus,
As he, that whan a wight is wo bi-goon,
He cometh to him a pas, and seyth right thus, 465
"Thenk not on smert, and thou shalt fele noon."
Thou most me first transmuwen in a stoon,
And reve me my passiounes alle,
Er thou so lightly do my wo to falle.

`The deeth may wel out of my brest departe 470
The lyf, so longe may this sorwe myne;
But fro my soule shal Criseydes darte
Out never-mo; but doun with Proserpyne,
When I am deed, I wol go wone in pyne;
And ther I wol eternaly compleyne 475
My wo, and how that twinned be we twyne.

`Thow hast here maad an argument, for fyn,
How that it sholde a lasse peyne be
Criseyde to for-goon, for she was myn,
And live in ese and in felicitee. 480
Why gabbestow, that seydest thus to me
That "him is wors that is fro wele y-throwe,
Than he hadde erst non of that wele y-knowe?"

`But tel me now, sin that thee thinketh so light
To chaungen so in love, ay to and fro, 485
Why hastow not don bisily thy might
To chaungen hir that doth thee al thy wo?
Why niltow lete hir fro thyn herte go?
Why niltow love an-other lady swete,
That may thyn herte setten in quiete? 490

`If thou hast had in love ay yet mischaunce,
And canst it not out of thyn herte dryve,
I, that livede in lust and in plesaunce
With hir as muche as creature on-lyve,
How sholde I that foryte, and that so blyve? 495
O where hastow ben hid so longe in muwe,
That canst so wel and formely arguwe?

`Nay, nay, god wot, nought worth is al thy reed,
For which, for what that ever may bifalle,
With-outen wordes mo, I wol be deed. 500
O deeth, that endere art of sorwes alle,
Com now, sin I so ofte after thee calle,
For sely is that deeth, soth for to seyne,
That, ofte y-cleped, cometh and endeth peyne.

`Wel wot I, whyl my lyf was in quiete, 505
Er thou me slowe, I wolde have yeven hyre;
But now thy cominge is to me so swete,
That in this world I no-thing so desyre.
O deeth, sin with this sorwe I am a-fyre,
Thou outher do me anoon yn teres drenche, 510
Or with thy colde strook myn hete quenche!

`Sin that thou sleest so fele in sondry wyse
Ayens hir wil, unpreyed, day and night,
Do me, at my requeste, this servyse,
Delivere now the world, so dostow right, 515
Of me, that am the wofulleste wight
That ever was; for tyme is that I sterve,
Sin in this world of right nought may I serve.'

This Troilus in teres gan distille,
As licour out of alambyk ful faste; 520
And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille,
And to the ground his eyen doun he caste.
But nathelees, thus thoughte he at the laste,
`What, parde, rather than my felawe deye,
Yet shal I som-what more un-to him seye.' 525

And seyde, `Freend, sin thou hast swich distresse,
And sin thee list myn arguments to blame,
Why nilt thy-selven helpen doon redresse,
And with thy manhod letten al this grame?
Go ravisshe hir ne canstow not for shame! 530
And outhert lat hir out of toune fare,
Or hold hir stille, and leve thy nyce fare.

`Artow in Troye, and hast non hardiment
To take a womman which that loveth thee,
And wolde hir-selven been of thyn assent? 535
Now is not this a nyce vanitee?
Rys up anoon, and lat this weping be,
And kyth thou art a man, for in this houre
I wil be deed, or she shal bleven oure.'
To this answerde him Troilus ful softe, 540
And seyde, 'Parde, leve brother dere,
Al this have I my-self yet thought ful ofte,
And more thing than thou devysest here.
But why this thing is laft, thou shalt wel here;
And whan thou me hast yeve an audience, 545
Ther-after mayst thou telle al thy sentence.

`First, sin thou wost this toun hath al this werre
For ravishshing of wommen so by might,
It sholde not be suffred me to erre,
As it stant now, ne doon so gret unright. 550
I sholde han also blame of every wight,
My fadres graunt if that I so withstode,
Sin she is chaunged for the tounes goode.

`I have eek thought, so it were hir assent,
To aske hir at my fader, of his grace; 555
Than thenke I, this were hir accusement,
Sin wel I woot I may hir not purchace.
For sin my fader, in so heigh a place
As parlement, hath hir eschaunge enseled,
He nil for me his lettre be repeled. 560

`Yet drede I most hir herte to pertourbe
With violence, if I do swich a game;
For if I wolde it openly distourbe,
It moste been disclaundre to hir name.
And me were lever deed than hir defame, 565
As nolde god but-if I sholde have
Hir honour lever than my lyf to save!

`Thus am I lost, for ought that I can see;
For certeyn is, sin that I am hir knight,
I moste hir honour levere han than me 570
In every cas, as lover oughte of right.
Thus am I with desyr and reson twight;
Desyr for to destourben hir me redeth,
And reson nil not, so myn herte dredeth.'

Thus wepinge that he coude never cesse, 575
He seyde, `Alas! How shal I, wrecche, fare?
For wel fele I alwey my love encresse,
And hope is lasse and lasse alwey, Pandare!
Encressen eek the causes of my care;
So wel-a-vey, why nil myn herte breste? 580
For, as in love, ther is but litel reste.'

Pandare answerde, `Freend, thou mayst, for me,
Don as thee list; but hadde ich it so hote,
And thyn estat, she sholde go with me;
Though al this toun cryede on this thing by note, 585
I holde sette at al that noyse a grete.
For when men han wel cryed, than wol they roune;
A wonder last but nyne night never in toune.

`Devyne not in reson ay so depe
Ne curteysly, but help thy-self anoon; 590
Bet is that othere than thy-selven wepe,
And namely, sin ye two been al oon.
Rys up, for by myn heed, she shal not goon;
And rather be in blame a lyte y-founde
Than sterue here as a gnat, with-out wounde. 595

`It is no shame un-to yow, ne no vyce
Hir to with-holden, that ye loveth most.
Paraunter, she mighte holden thee for nyce
To lete hir go thus to the Grekes ost.
Thenk eek Fortune, as wel thy-selven wost, 600
Helpeth hardy man to his enpryse,
And weyveth wrecches, for hir cowardyse.

`And though thy lady wolde a litel hir greve,
Thou shalt thy pees ful wel here-after make,
But as for me, certayn, I can not leve 605
That she wolde it as now for yvel take.
Why sholde than for ferd thyn herte quake?
Thenk eek how Paris hath, that is thy brother,
A love; and why shaltow not have another?

`And Troilus, o thing I dar thee swere, 610
That if Criseyde, whiche that is thy leef,
Now loveth thee as wel as thou dost here,
God helpe me so, she nil nat take a-greef,
Though thou do bote a-noon in this mischeef.
And if she wilneth fro thee for to passe, 615
Thanne is she fals; so love hir wel the lasse.

`For-thy tak herte, and thenk, right as a knight,
Thourgh love is broken alday every lawe.
Kyth now sumwhat thy corage and thy might,
Have mercy on thy-self, for any awe. 620
Lat not this wrecched wo thin herte gnawe,
But manly set the world on sixe and sevene;
And, if thou deye a martir, go to hevene.

`I wol my-self be with thee at this dede,
Though ich and al my kin, up-on a stounde, 625
Shulle in a strete as dogges liggen dede,
Thourgh-girt with many a wyd and blody wounde.
In every cas I wol a freend be founde.
And if thee list here sterven as a wrecche,
A-dieu, the devel spede him that it recche!' 630
This Troilus gan with tho wordes quiken,
And seyde, `Freend, graunt mercy, ich assente;
But certaynly thou mayst not me so priken,
Ne peyne noon ne may me so tormente,
That, for no cas, it is not myn entente, 635
At shorte wordes, though I dyen sholde,
To ravisshe hir, but-if hir-self it wolde.'

`Why, so mene I,' quod Pandarus, `al this day.
But tel me than, hastow hir wil assayed,
That sorwest thus?' And he answorde, `Nay.'
`Wher-of artow,' quod Pandare, `than a-mayed, 640
That nost not that she wol ben y-vel apayed
To ravisshe hir, sin thou hast not ben there,
But-if that love tolde it in thyn ere?

`For-thy rys up, as nought ne were, anoon, 645
And wash thy face, and to the king thou wende,
Or he may wondren whider thou art goon.
Thou most with wisdom him and othere blende;
Or, up-on cas, he may after thee sende
Er thou be war; and shortly, brother dere, 650
Be glad, and lat me werke in this materie.

`For I shal shape it so, that sikerly
Thou shalt this night som tyme, in som manere,
Com speke with thy lady prevely,
And by hir wordes eek, and by hir chere, 655
Thou shalt ful sone aperceyve and wel here
Al hir entente, and in this cas the beste;
And fare now wel, for in this point I reste.'

The swifte Fame, whiche that false things
Egal reporteth lyk the thinges trewe, 660
Was thorugh-out Troye y-fled with preste winges
Fro man to man, and made this tale al newe,
How Calkas doughter, with hir brighte hewe,
At parlement, with-oute wordes more,
I-graunted was in chaunge of Antenore. 665

The whiche tale anoon-right as Criseyde
Had herd, she, which that of hir fader roughte,
As in this cas, right nought, ne whanne he deyde,
Ful bisily to Iuppiter bisoughte
Yeve hem mischaunce that this tretis broughte. 670
But shortly, lest thise tales sothe were,
She dorste at no wight asken it, for fere.

As she that hadde hir herte and al hir minde
On Troilus y-set so wonder faste,
That al this world ne mighte hir love unbinde, 675
Ne Troilus out of hir herte caste;
She wol ben his, whyl that hir lyf may laste.
And thus she brenneth bothe in love and drede,
So that she niste what was best to rede.

But as men seen in toune, and al aboute, 680
That wommen usen frendes to visyte,
So to Criseyde of wommen com a route
For pitous loye, and wenden hir delyte;
And with hir tales, dere y-nough a myte,
These wommen, whiche that in the cite dwelle, 685
They sette hem doun, and seyde as I shal telle.

Quod first that oon, `I am glad, trewely,
By-cause of yow, that shal your fader see.'
A-nother seyde, `Y-wis, so nam not I,
For al to litel hath she with us be.' 690
Quod tho the thridde, `I hope, y-wis, that she
Shal bringen us the pees on every syde,
That, whan she gooth, almighty god hir gyde!'

Tho wordes and tho wommanisshe things,
She herde hem right as though she thennes were; 695
For, god it wot, hir herte on other thing is,
Although the body sat among hem there.
Hir advertence is alwey elles-where;
For Troilus ful faste hir soule soughte;
With-outen word, alwey on him she thoughte. 700

Thise wommen, that thus wenden hir to plese,
Aboute nought gonne alle hir tales spende;
Swich vanitee ne can don hir non ese,
As she that, al this mene whyle. brende
Of other passioun than that they wende, 705
So that she felte almost hir herte deye
For wo, and wery of that companye.

For which no lenger mighte she restreyne
Hir teres, so they gonnen up to welle,
That yaven signes of the bitter peyne 710
In whiche hir spirit was, and moste dwelle;
Remembring hir, fro heven unto which helle
She fallen was, sith she forgoth the sighte
Of Troilus, and sorowfully she sighte.

And thilke foles sittinge hir aboute 715
Wenden, that she wepte and syked sore
By-cause that she sholde out of that route
Departe, and never pleye with hem more.
And they that hadde y-knownen hir of yore
Seye hir so wepe, and thoughte it kindenesse, 720
And eche of hem wepte eek for hir destresse;
And bisily they gonnen hir conforten
Of thing, god wot, on which she litel thoughte;
And with hir tales wenden hir disporten,
And to be glad they often hir bisoughte. 725
But swich an ese ther-with they hir wroughte
Right as a man is esed for to fele,
For ache of heed, to clawen him on his hele!

But after al this nyce vanitee
They took hir leve, and hoom they wenten alle. 730
Criseyde, ful of sorweful pitee,
In-to hir chaumbre up wente out of the halle,
And on hir bed she gan for deed to falle,
In purpos never thennes for to ryse;
And thus she wroughte, as I shal yow devyse. 735

Hir ounded heer, that sonnish was of hewe,
She rente, and eek hir fingres longe and smale
She wrong ful ofte, and bad god on hir rewe,
And with the deeth to doon bote on hir bale.
Hir hewe, whylom bright, that tho was pale, 740
Bar witnes of hir wo and hir constreynte;
And thus she spak, sobbinge, in hir compleynte:

`Alas!' quod she, `out of this regioun
I, woful wrecche and infortuned wight,
And born in corsed constellacioun, 745
Mot goon, and thus departen fro my knight;
Wo worth, alas! That ilke dayes light
On which I saw him first with eyen tweyne,
That causeth me, and I him, al this peyne!

Therwith the teres from hir eyen two 750
Doun fille, as shour in Aperill ful swythe;
Hir whyte brest she bet, and for the wo
After the deeth she cryed a thousand sythe,
Sin he that wont hir wo was for to lythe,
She mot for-goon; for which disaventure 755
She held hir-self a forlost creature.

She seyde, `How shal he doon, and I also?
How sholde I live, if that I from him twinne?
O dere herte eek, that I love so,
Who shal that sorwe sleen that ye ben inne? 760
O Calkas, fader, thyn be al this sinne!
O moder myn, that cleped were Argyve,
Wo worth that day that thou me bere on lyve!

`To what fyn sholde I live and sorwen thus?
How sholde a fish with-oute water dure? 765
What is Criseyde worth, from Troilus?
How sholde a plaunte or lyves creature
Live, with-oute his kinde noriture?
For which ful oft a by-word here I seye,
That "rotelees, mot grene sone deye." 770

`I shal don thus, sin neither swerd ne darte
Dar I non handle, for the crueltee,
That like day that I from yow departe,
If sorwe of that nil not my bane be,
Than shal no mete or drinke come in me 775
Til I my soule out of my breste unshethe;
And thus my-selven wol I do to dethe.

`And, Troilus, my clothes everichoon
Shul blake been, in tokeninge, herte swete,
That I am as out of this world agoon, 780
That wont was yow to setten in quiete;
And of myn ordre, ay til deeth me mete,
The observaunce ever, in your absence,
Shal sorwe been, compleynye, and abstinenence.

`Myn herte and eek the woful goost ther-inne 785
Biquethe I, with your spirit to compleyne
Eternally, for they shal never twinne.
For though in erthe y-twinned be we twyne,
Yet in the feld of pitee, out of peyne,
That hight Elysos, shul we been y-fere, 790
As Orpheus and Erudice, his fere.

`Thus, herte myn, for Antenor, allas!
I sone shal be chaunged, as I wene.
But how shul ye don in this sorrowful cas,
How shal youre tendre herte this sustene? 795
But herte myn, for-yet this sorwe and tene,
And me also; for, soothly for to seye,
So ye wel fare, I recche not to deye.'

How mighte it ever y-red ben or y-songe,
The pleynte that she made in hir distresse? 800
I noot; but, as for me, my litel tonge,
If I discreven wolde hir hevinesse,
It sholde make hir sorwe seme lesse
Than that it was, and childishly deface
Hir heigh compleynte, and therfore I it pace. 805

Pandare, which that sent from Troilus
Was to Criseyde, as ye han herd devyse,
That for the beste it was accorded thus,
And he ful glad to doon him that servyse,
Un-to Criseyde, in a ful secree wyse, 810
Ther-as she lay in torment and in rage,
Com hir to telle al hoolly his message,
And fond that she hir-selven gan to trete
Ful pitously; for with hir salte teres
Hir brest, hir face, y-bathed was ful wete; 815
The mighty tresses of hir sonnish heres,
Unbroyden, hangen al aboute hir eres;
Which yaf him verray signal of martyre
Of deeth, which that hir herte gan desyre.

Whan she him saw, she gan for sorwe anoon 820
Hir tery face a-twixe hir armes hide,
For which this Pandare is so wo bi-goon,
That in the hous he mighte unneth the abyde,
As he that pitee felte on every syde.
For if Criseyde hadde erst compleyned sore, 825
Tho gan she pleyne a thousand tymes more.

And in hir aspre pleynte than she seyde,
`Pandare first of Ioyes mo than two
Was cause causinge un-to me, Criseyde,
That now transmuwed been in cruel wo. 830
Wher shal I seye to yow “wel come” or no,
That alderfirst me broughte in-to servyse
Of love, allas! That endeth in swich wyse?

`Endeth than love in wo? Ye, or men lyeth!
And alle worldly blisse, as thinketh me. 835
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupyeth;
And who-so troweth not that it so be,
Lat him upon me, woful wrecche, y-see,
That my-self hate, and ay my birthe acorse,
Felinge alwey, fro wikke I go to worse. 840

`Who-so me seeth, he seeth sorwe al at ones,
Peyne, torment, pleynte, wo, distresse.
Out of my woful body harm ther noon is,
As anguish, langour, cruel bitternesse,
A-noy, smert, drede, fury, and eek siknesse. 845
I trowe, y-wis, from hevene teres reyne,
For pitee of myn aspre and cruel peyne! '

`And thou, my suster, ful of discomfort,'
Quod Pandarus, `what thenkestow to do?
Why ne hastow to thy-selven som resport, 850
Why wolto thus thy-selve, alias, for-do?
Leef al this werk and tak now hede to
That I shal seyn, and herkne, of good entente,
This, which by me thy Troilus thee sente.'

Torned hir tho Criseyde, a wo makinge 855
So greet that it a deeth was for to see: --
`Allas!' quod she, `what wordes may ye bringe?
What wol my dere herte seyn to me,
Which that I drede never-mo to see?
Wol he have pleynte or teres, er I wende? 860
I have y-nowe, if he ther-after sende!'  

She was right swich to seen in hir visage
As is that wight that men on bere binde;
Hir face, lyk of Paradys the image,
Was al y-chaunged in another kinde. 865
The pleye, the laughtre men was wont to finde
On hir, and eek hir Ioyes everychone,
Ben fled, and thus lyth now Criseyde allone.

Aboute hir eyen two a purpre ring
Bi-trent, in sothfast tokninge of hir peyne, 870
That to biholde it was a dedly thing,
For which Pandare mighte not restreyne
The teres from his eyen for to reyne.
But nathelees, as he best mighte, he seyde
From Troilus thise wordes to Criseyde. 875

`Lo, nece, I trowe ye han herd al how
The king, with other lordes, for the beste,
Hath mad eschaunge of Antenor and yow,
That cause is of this sorwe and this unreste.
But how this cas doth Troilus moleste, 880
That may non erthely mannes tongue seye;
For verray wo his wit is al aweye.

`For which we han so sorwed, he and I,
That in-to litel bothe it hadde us slawe;
But thurgh my conseil this day, fynally, 885
He somwhat is fro weping now with-drawe.
And semeth me that he desyreth fawe
With yow to been al night, for to devyse
Remede in this, if ther were any wyse.

`This, short and pleyne, theffect of my message, 890
As ferforth as my wit can comprehende.
For ye, that been of torment in swich rage,
May to no long prolog as now entende;
And her-upon ye may answere him sende.
And, for the love of god, my nece dere, 895
So leef this wo er Troilus be here`.

`Gret is my wo;' quod she, and sighte sore,
As she that feleth dedly sharp distresse;
`But yet to me his sorwe is muchel more,
That love him bet than he him-self, I gesse. 900
Allas! For me hath he swich hevinesse?
Can he for me so pitously compleyne?
Y-wis, his sorwe doubleth al my peyne.
`Grevous to me, god wot, is for to twinne,'
Quod she, `but yet it hardere is to me 905
To seen that sorwe which that he is inne;
For wel wot I, it wol my bane be;
And deye I wol in certayn,' tho quod she;
`But bidde him come, er deeth, that thus me threteth,
Dryve out that goost which in myn herte beteth.' 910

Thise wordes seyd, she on hir armes two
Fil gruf, and gan to wepe pitously.
Quod Pandarus, `Allas! Why do ye so,
Syn wel ye woot the tyme is faste by,
That he shal come? Arys up hastely, 915
That he yow nat biwopen thus ne finde,
But ye wol have him wood out of his minde!

`For wiste he that ye ferde in this manere,
He wolde him-selve slee; and if I wende
To han this fare, he sholde not come here 920
For al the good that Pryam may despende.
For to what fyn he wolde anoon pretende,
That knowe I wel; and for-thy yet I seye,
So leef this sorwe, or platly he wol deye.

`And shapeth yow his sorwe for to abregge, 925
And nought encresse, leve nece swete;'
Beth rather to him cause of flat than egge,
And with som wysdom ye his sorwes bete.
What helpeth it to wepen ful a strete,
Or though ye bothe in salte teres dreynte? 930
Bet is a tyme of cure ay than of pleynete.

`I mene thus; whan I him hider bringe,
Sin ye ben wyse, and bothe of oon assent,
So shapeth how distourbe your goinge,
Or come ayen, sone after ye be went. 935
Wommen ben wyse in short avysement;
And lat sen how your wit shal now avayle;
And what that I may helpe, it shal not fayle.'

`Go,' quod Criseyde, `and uncle, trewely,
I shal don al my might, me to restreyne 940
From weping in his sighte, and bisily,
Him for to glade, I shal don al my peyne,
And in myn herte seken every veyne;
If to this soor ther may be founden salve,
It shal not lakken, certain, on myn halve.' 945

Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he soughte,
Til in a temple he fond him allone,
As he that of his lyf no lenger roughte;
But to the pitouse goddes everichone
Ful tendrely he preyde, and made his mone, 950
To doon him sone out of this world to pace;
For wel he thoughte ther was non other grace.

And shortly, al the sothe for to seye,
He was so fallen in despeyr that day,
That outreyly he shoop him for to deye. 955
For right thus was his argument alwey:
He seyde, he nas but loren, waylawey!
`For al that comth, comth by necessitee;
Thus to be lorn, it is my destinee.

`For certaynly, this wot I wel,' he seyde, 960
`That for-sight of divyne purveyaunce
Hath seyn alwey me to for-gon Criseyde,
Sin god seeth every thing, out of doutaunce,
And hem disponeth, though his ordenaunce,
In hir merytes sothly for to be, 965
As they shul comun by predestinee.

`But nathelees, allas! Whom shal I leve?
For ther ben grete clerkes many oon,
That destinee thorough argumentes preve;
And som men seyn that nedely ther is noon; 970
But that free chois is yeven us everichoon.
O, welaway! So sleye arn clerkes olde,
That I not whos opinion I may holde.

`For som men seyn, if god seth al biforn,
Ne god may not deceyved ben, pardee, 975
Than moot it fallen, though men hadde it sworn,
That purveyaunce hath seyn bifore to be.
Werfor I seye, that from eterne if he
Hath wist biforn our thought eek as our dede,
We have no free chois, as these clerkes rede. 980

`For other thought nor other dede also
Might never be, but swich as purveyaunce,
Which may not ben deceyved never-mo,
Hath feled biforn, with-outen ignoraunce.
For if ther mighte been a variaunce 985
To wrythen out fro goddes purveyinge,
Ther nere no prescience of thing cominge;

`But it were rather an opioun
Uncerteyn, and no stedfast forseinge;
And certes, that were an abusioun, 990
That god shuld han no parfit cleer witinge
More than we men that han doutous weninge.
But swich an errour up-on god to gesse
Were fals and foul, and wikked corsednesse.
`Eek this is an opinioun of somme 995
That han hir top ful heighe and smothe y-shore;
They seyn right thus, that thing is not to come
For that the prescience hath seyn bifore
That it shal come; but they seyn that therfore
That it shal come, therfore the purveyaunce 1000
Wot it biforn with-outen ignoraunce;

`And in this manere this necessitee
Retorneth in his part contrarie agayn.
For needfully bihoveth it not to be
That thilke thinges fallen in certayn 1005
That ben purveyed; but nedely, as they seyn,
Bihoveth it that thinges, whiche that falle,
That they in certayn ben purveyed alle.

`I mene as though I laboured me in this,
To enqueren which thing cause of which thing be; 1010
As whether that the prescience of god is
The certayn cause of the necessitee
Of thinges that to comen been, pardee;
Or if necessitee of thing cominge
Be cause certeyn of the purveyinge. 1015

`But now ne enforce I me nat in shewinge
How the ordre of causes stant; but wel wot I,
That it bihoveth that the bifallinge
Of thinges wist biforen certeynly
Be necessarie, al seme it not ther-by 1020
That prescience put falling necessaire
To thing to come, al falle it foule or faire.

`For if ther sit a man yond on a see,
Than by necessitee bihoveth it
That, certes, thyn opinioun soth be, 1025
That wenest or coniectest that he sit;
And fether-over now ayenward yit,
Lo, right so it is of the part contrarie,
As thus; (now herkne, for I wol not tarie):

`I seye, that if the opinioun of thee 1030
Be sooth, for that he sit, than seye I this,
That he mot sitten by necessitee;
And thus necessitee in either is.
For in him nede of sittinge is, y-wis,
And in thee nede of sooth; and thus, forsothe, 1035
Ther moot necessitee ben in yow bothe.

`But thou mayst seyn, the man sit not therfore,
That thyn opinioun of sitting soth is;
But rather, for the man sit ther bfore,
Therfore is thyn opinioun sooth, y-wis. 1040
And I seye, though the cause of sooth of this
Comth of his sitting, yet necessitee
Is entrechaunged, bothe in him and thee.

`Thus on this same wyse, out of doutaunce,
I may wel maken, as it semeth me, 1045
My resoninge of goddes purveyaunce,
And of the thinges that to comen be;
By whiche reson men may wel y-see,
That thilke thinges that in erthe falle,
That by necessitee they comen alle. 1050

`For al-though that, for thing shal come, y-wis,
Therfore is it purveyed, certaynly,
Nat that it comth for it purveyed is:
Yet nathelees, bihoveth it nedfully,
That thing to come be purveyed, trewely; 1055
Or elles, thinges that purveyed be,
That they bityden by necessitee.

`And this suffyseth right y-now, certeyn,
For to destroye our free chois every del. --
But now is this abusion, to seyn, 1060
That fallinge of the thinges temporel
Is cause of goddes prescience eternel.
Now trewely, that is a fals sentence,
That thing to come sholde cause his prescience.

`What mighte I wene, and I hadde swich a thought, 1065
But that god purveyth thing that is to come
For that it is to come, and elles nought?
So mighte I wene that thinges alle and some,
That whylom been bifalle and over-come,
Ben cause of thilke sovereyn purveyaunce, 1070
That for-wot al with-outen ignoraunce.

`And over al this, yet seye I more herto,
That right as whan I woot ther is a thing,
Y-wis, that thing mot nedefully be so;
Eek right so, whan I woot a thing coming, 1075
So mot it come; and thus the bifalling
Of thinges that ben wist bifore the tyde,
They mowe not been eschewed on no syde.'

Than seyde he thus, `Almighty Iove in trone,
That wost of al this thing the soothfastnesse, 1080
Rewe on my sorwe, or do me deye sone,
Or bring Criseyde and me fro this distresse.'
And whyl he was in al this hevinesse,
Disputinge with him-self in this matere,
Com Pandare in, and seyde as ye may here. 1085
`O mighty god,' quod Pandarus, `in trone,
Ey! Who seigh ever a wys man faren so?
Why, Troilus, what thenkestow to done?
Hastow swich lust to been thyn owene fo?
What, parde, yet is not Criseyde a-go! 1090
Why list thee so thy-self for-doon for drede,
That in thyn heed thyn eyen semen dede?

`Hastow not lived many a yeer biforn
With-outen hir, and ferd ful wel at ese?
Artow for hir and for non other born? 1095
Hath kinde thee wroughte al-only hir to plese?
Lat be, and thenk right thus in thy disese.
That, in the dees right as ther fallen chaunces,
Right so in love, ther come and goon plesaunces.

`And yet this is a wonder most of alle, 1100
Why thou thus sorwest, sin thou nost not yit,
Touching hir goinge, how that it shal falle,
Ne if she can hir-self distorben it.
Thou hast not yet assayed al hir wit.
A man may al by tyme his nekke bede 1105
Whan it shal of, and sorwen at the nede.

`For-thy take hede of that that I shal seye;
I have with hir y-spoke and longe y-be,
So as accorded was bitwixe us tweye.
And ever-mor me thinketh thus, that she 1110
Hath som-what in hir hertes prevetee,
Wher-with she can, if I shal right arede,
Distorbe al this, of which thou art in drede.

`For which my counsell is, whan it is night,
Thou to hir go, and make of this an ende; 1115
And blisful Iuno, thoughgh hir grete mighte,
Shal, as I hope, hir grace un-to us sende.
Myn herte seyth, "Certeyn, she shal not wende;"
And for-thy put thyn herto a whyle in reste;
And hold this purpos, for it is the beste.' 1120

This Troilus answerde, and sighte sore,
`Thou seyst right wel, and I wil do right so;'
And what him liste, he seyde un-to it more.
And whan that it was tyme for to go,
Ful prevely him-self, with-outen mo, 1125
Un-to hir com, as he was wont to done;
And how they wroughte, I shal yow telle sone.

Soth is, that whan they gonne first to mete,
So gan the peyne hir hertes for to twiste,
That neither of hem other mighte grete, 1130
But hem in armes toke and after kiste.
The lasse wofulle of hem bothe niste
Wher that he was, ne mighte o word out-bringe,
As I seyde erst, for wo and for sobbinge.

Tho woful teres that they leten falle 1135
As bittre weren, out of teres kinde,
For peyne, as is ligne aloes or galle.
So bittre teres weep nought, as I finde,
The woful Myrra through the bark and rinde.
That in this world ther nis so hard an herte, 1140
That nolde han rewed on hir peynes smerte.

But whan hir woful wery gostes tweyne
Retorned been ther-as hem oughte dwelle,
And that som-what to wayken gan the peyne
By lengthe of pleynte, and ebben gan the welle 1145
Of hire teres, and the herte unswelle,
With broken voys, al hoors for-shright, Criseyde
To Troilus thise ilke wordes seyde:

`O love, I deye, and mercy I beseche!
Help, Troilus!' And ther-with-al hir face 1150
Upon his brest she leyde, and loste speche;
Hir woful spirit from his propre place,
Right with the word, alwey up poynt to pace.
And thus she lyth with hewes pale and grene,
That whylom fresh and fairest was to sene. 1155

This Troilus, that on hir gan biholde,
Clepinge hir name, (and she lay as for deed,
With-out answere, and felte hir limes colde,
Hir eyen throwen upward to hir heed),
This sorwful man can now noon other reed, 1160
But ofte tyme hir colde mouth he kiste;
Wher him was wo, god and him-self it wiste!

He rist him up, and long streight he hir leyde;
For signe of lyf, for ought he can or may,
Can he noon finde in no-thing on Criseyde, 1165
For which his song ful ofte is `weylaway!'
But whan he saugh that specheles she lay,
With sorwful voys and herte of blisse al bare,
He seyde how she was fro this world y-fare!

So after that he longe hadde hir compleyned, 1170
His hondes wrong, and seyde that was to seye,
And with his teres salte hir brest bireyned,
He gan tho teris wypen of ful dreye,
And pitously gan for the soule preye,
And seyde, `O lord, that set art in thy trone, 1175
Rewe eek on me, for I shal folwe hir sone!'
She cold was and with-outen sentement,
For aught he woot, for breeth ne felte he noon;
And this was him a preignant argument
That she was forth out of this world agoon; 1180
And whan he seigh ther was non other woon,
He gan hir limes dresse in swich manere
As men don hem that shul be leyd on bere.

And after this, with sterne and cruel herte,
His swerd a-noon out of his shethe he twighte, 1185
Him-self to sleen, how sore that him smerte,
So that his sowle hir sowle folwen mighte,
Ther-as the doom of Mynos wolde it dighte;
Sin love and cruel Fortune it ne wolde,
That in this world he lenger liven sholde. 1190

Thanne seyde he thus, fulfild of heigh desdayn,
`O cruel Iove, and thou, Fortune adverse,
This al and som, that falsly have ye slayn
Criseyde, and sin ye may do me no worse,
Fy on your might and werkes so diverse! 1195
Thus cowardly ye shul me never winne;
Ther shal no deeth me fro my lady twinne.

`For I this world, sin ye han slayn hir thus,
Wol lete, and folowe hir spirit lowe or hye;
Shal never lover seyn that Troilus
Dar not, for fere, with his lady dye;
For certeyn, I wol bere hir companye.
But sin ye wol not suffre us liven here,
Yet suffreth that our soules ben y-fere.

`And thou, citee, whiche that I leve in wo,
And thou, Pryam, and bretheren al y-fere,
And thou, my moder, farwel! For I go;
And Attropos, make redy thou my bere!
And thou, Criseyde, o swete herte dere,
Receyve now my spirit!' wolde he seye,
With swerd at herte, al redy for to deye

But as god wolde, of swough ther-with she abreyde,
And gan to syke, and `Troilus' she cryde;
And he answerde, `Lady myn Crisseyde,
Live ye yet?' and leet his swerd doun glyde.
`Ye, herte myn, that thanked be Cupyde!'
Quod she, and ther-with-al she sore sighte;
And he bigan to glade hir as he mighte;

Took hir in armes two, and kiste hir ofte,
And hir to glade he dide al his entente;
For which hir goost, that fliked ay on-lofte,
In-to hir woful herte ayein it wente.
But at the laste, as that hir eyen glente
A-syde, anoon she gan his swerd aspye,
As it lay bare, and gan for fere crye, 1225

And asked him, why he it hadde out-drawe?
And Troilus anoon the cause hir tolde,
And how himself ther-with he wolde have slawe.
For which Criseyde up-on him gan biholde,
And gan him in hir armes faste folde, 1230
And seyde, `O mercy, god, lo, which a dede!
Allas! How neigh we were bothe dede!

`Thanne if I ne hadde spoken, as grace was,
Ye wolde han slayn your-self anoon?’ quod she.
`Ye, douteless;’ and she answerde, `Allas! 1235
For, by that ilke lord that made me,
I nolde a forlong wey on-lyve han be,
After your deeth, to han been crownd quene
Of al the lond the sonne on shyneth shene.

`But with this selve swerd, which that here is, 1240
My-selve I wolde han slayn!’ -- quod she tho;
`But ho, for we han right y-now of this,
And late us ryse and streight to bedde go
And there lat ys speken of oure wo.
For, by the morter which that I see brenne, 1245
Knowe I ful wel that day is not fer henne.’

Whan they were in hir bedde, in armes folde,
Nought was it lyk tho nightes here-biforn;
For pitously ech other gan biholde,
As they that hadden al hir blisse y-lorn, 1250
Biwaylinge ay the day that they were born.
Til at the last this sorwful wight Criseyde
To Troilus these ilke wordes seyde: --

`Lo, herte myn, wel wot ye this,’ quod she,
`That if a wight alwey his wo compleyne, 1255
And seketh nought how holpen for to be,
It nis but folye and encrees of peyne;
And sin that here assembled be we tweyne
To finde bote of wo that we ben inne,
It were al tyme sone to biginne. 1260

`I am a womman, as ful wel ye woot,
And as I am avysed sodeynly,
So wol I telle yow, whyl it is hoot.
Me thinketh thus, that nouther ye nor I
Oughte half this wo to make skilfully. 1265
For there is art y-now for to redresse
That yet is mis, and slee this hevinesse.


`Sooth is, the wo, the whiche that we ben inne,
For ought I woot, for no-thing elles is
But for the cause that we sholden twinne. 1270
Considered al, ther nis no-more amis.
But what is thanne a remede un-to this,
But that we shape us sone for to mete?
This al and som, my dere herte swete.

`Now that I shal wel bringen it aboute 1275
To come ayein, sone after that I go,
Ther-of am I no maner thing in doute.
For dredeles, with-inne a wouke or two,
I shal ben here; and, that it may be so
By alle right, and in a wordes fewe, 1280
I shal yow wel an heep of weyes shewe.

`For which I wol not make long sermoun,
For tyme y-lost may not recovered be;
But I wol gon to my conclusioun,
And to the beste, in ought that I can see. 1285
And, for the love of god, for-yeve it me
If I speke ought ayein your herites reste;
For trewely, I spoke it for the beste;

`Makinge alwey a protestacioun,
That now these wordes, whiche that I shal seye, 1290
Nis but to shewe yow my mocioun,
To finde un-to our helpe the beste weye;
And taketh it non other wyse, I preye.
For in effect what-so ye me comaunde,
That wol I doon, for that is no demaunde. 1295

`Now herkneth this, ye han wel understonde,
My goinge graud lebparlet argunlys ne wase; and, that it mambled bepe;"nd ast mnne
And thale beor the,
Lt arg.eyne;
And seto our seke itl am argund3s 1un,
Wotbring,therethapThe Inoon oum
To ,this,
Anshape we samblAs bittys bufand rin she,may elpeSoth is, tethe hnnMy go ouugostes tweus,ugodht sn love and
ls, whselompanye. gan ganv shynhatofte taand pcompleteyn305ument
Terv shyluel lif
Wher thats,olde llompanne;
Andl
Ther sha ne
For tnoon ou
Tydressendl
t itshe ought ae uphte ay thwn inne, hem oules dr the nuugoso thisinesse.

And Ther shd thshal it, anmuues few31 1140
ther t th,"Ladyn th swete herte dete; ful wel ye and, thatat w ay
For e was,or l s as ful I Lady prois ahh y-fene:e after truesathaol I dwo,
I shal benwelle,
Amnealsly havwere bAhis t my-wthe sew31 1255To clso;mblAhir toat w lif
y ye er winre.

`Aenke han rketh t“hich Cristhat w agher wois.

But! ’

To hmes itoughyn;” 1180
Andn hert th? Byercy, god,rour migher woErt thn arete mythaooae, foaufitoo veraund320elle,
Annneasr l undy ye that r liha desda

Anwdly yele so-gedhis thal nghte dwel140
nne
And thal if s he mun-to hir blol l . 1260
at Ireth ton-lmself
Anwdishalt w el140
e it for the ,un-toc mon hl sone fohCriseyd3, 1Yely, I sshd `But k onr ye `But hewofte soute tho ;
Than shewego
Thshe hooayuther tarett thn arAnnneaebCriseyst mLady
Hiout,resse in saandus t of meY thh thismn thrhing elou,e ad ofAlla33 1260Yelk45
KReweh

`Now I La, anyl itbenwelis.-if
Wher onls, whthatl rhatvered ne;eeweLady

For taner eso
By n al y-fere, hirls, wd som, my dere thi thuhomhiche th,
I nat lholpen foan sla335 ast mnne

And thale beowy,

Any he shynpas ed Orrhing ,oan sin sShal nruel armce dede!W in thwy havtl rhatrvThat in tyedreCuelou,shynhn foan sk onbis

But

For eydir bThat in terd ost, told wemade erds sla3, 1By- the c out m doon, in un wepybothe?e.'

tel ye tl rhatrv

But e ohiche thathe?e.ye.

f thatand kTha

Tydeh

fulloderi thUhattheddoon,mt thnder tketh no foca y-fere.YThan d ost, hal t theew, s no-m5SToriseyd3, 1M d orede botp en;ight,,

YpAttraud el140

me anoonuned E comp,

I rteso y-fere,Gred weus rteso y, for thaore amte,

of swough nfor fom waseke it

Nis hd el140

me apurAttrntp enae uhal tsCriseyd3, 1Ysin ye for tAs bit, he c outful hebyd shewe.

if

Wher iamblep en,`Ladywete herte dee,manat ofy-now lep enTotatthe lim one140

me amosu,e at notmn cnen al y-fere,

olete, meeeweshe oue,

itleory on-yd3, 12l thste, ikketleorn d fl d fromh wel oned ne;eel tif a wsendlibete e soneat le.'tes his washirte for tA,s and with-oat l-fere.

`Andgh th sh
Wer p enough t it magher woYnd lemy mo
of swough nfal np ennhig weseyd36 128mosu,e
To; ho, lemy at we s thater woOrrh

orechge ceat we s thghte d
For d nmake lykm speke, in afal nThaal y?lawe.
For e beowipot as nowour or tade meat Ishd tn d wo,
Theyhat we sho
For aund36 1295Hsly that hn non ot ey lif
id th shelf140
nne
Andaner tnsin yehewe wol notyvinesMI rhatre beoyelk45
; fu,parlyoude mnaeale be;elrithas asThecuelouysy-ere,I,rour mt w Isly sout haddde forgher wnd37 1210
withtnsA,s elf ther-wo,
I washs entghte;
And herkh w lif
tse
Thats,t herene swete.

To Tr,km spover seyn hrly thathdee,mats,fas ad she, an f seto os,eth, v winneis whatopoverth is, m sps asThe th
thh tnd37 1Mwol w ht haarlthe wo,ne anantolpen foaav preye.ay `But geal
me am ye forwete hingv quene wasnt
Ter thaeys ucuelouysy;olde,
Andl
me e dwo,
I thahewedevys rin she,mamoeeatorter which thlsly That in terd nd3, 1Unde utl rhatrv,
I I
Ands mis, eydwel140
rour mipen rustlete, aroaavotestainne,renesthasromh asrn ddc out swouke eydwe114o, the whsrn dd wordrus tls, wh wase, I 1un,s ht hasone aToriseshe, aa bThahal sey3. 1Wow, is, tein terd pron rkethbThaluarfty1-fere.

`At

T

I sh hashah

Ltnunon ou, cel14hape wtl thaterth

Ni,ulestspeke lkswerdomaundethao it mayenesbit mtif a w

Nisr thy;olwo,

I eewet to nut m diotp enn gtCriseyd3, 1`

tesrnedd wo aa bTr whsly e uhal tsCri 1unware, ancoutedeethdus anoonrawl lepmcequenePriamuis mis,dus a wase;"ndbTha, as nesse.

w40

e itodaner tete, aro non ,herte r two,

I waseoe anhge grn `But k tsve h tnd395e140

rour mThaht lhee gan owipeSoth,

I eor to! ast mnneApAtigod,on, in clAnd elve h woOrrcalcuBilwayliv

Bd seketh nothrm whse h;oiDesyr love ldhat I soe gan owipeetcomaunde,e beomadlyr gothat I shal not shaedemaund400fere.

f thatwe s eth nobyte gan orrethaprt le.lohiche thay bestecetean sthat I f"nd aDieso b nut m dete,plukket gan ye forsat ftond

`Mak ganorr dete,bet nut mae upderstonHehe shyshd `ede forgodd wo wel undersaund405 ast mgodd wot ys sp andmphibleogyefthis,,

e itods

`S
As they held the eyeshine, Eewe
For "nufa unmgodd wgotha YPAttrcel14hape wI thaterthshe, aa b in cnwareorwete ond
det ganmoree forgodd wotexno fogloer wnd410e.'

hs sonef anstnoon ou in Dourhoapetete -fene:be;
B not waseome sone evere fene: dus ak trn deles, with-in thouke eydwel
But lsonheweo hig-so yethd I penne.

`For ts, wd beowrit
; ffulland wnd415el140

rne
Andaner tughth Cr love oye ats entghte; aa b in your
`For tughtshe,kinri 1unwareesut m dete, npake han ra weye
me tnwelle,
Antweye
proeft ho, o
Than,
Andweye
we tnwelle,ught apurAttafal nth sh
WFor ;wnd420el14hapwrit
;
As they ou i otend ew hsinessedetha
To Tr,k' But tful hee;e wot rhat tonHeanstnee
Andaner tdevys n
olete, mghte;al r
Bir whwasee a
Wher thatat el14o,
My-s`Bu:be;Thattn,

Woeu i ogo nd425elHl itbe, heis hoyane wasfal is panye.fyn by `Lotherhl itbe, hwrtes 1un, rust nut rthshe, ookspeke it for the nesse

`For w forgrede furien ou in w hge cee.'ghtuneynd `But hopiseshe, alf ther-hean gt th sn43 125there itlomw foraTorohe cdge ce.woot,

An for ride wordea anoonsthe si wyeen inDouyt sp an i osor thinat lsrngreen inRhan rsoh is, trd wo aa b

As npaky n al yinDouyt ;

Am dete,m

det gn your heclAnsaund43 129ye.naw Ing ,o an fnnder t ouhich Cri, ast mnne

And thale t it mth nonoon ou in m

To ;th

`For ws asThe

`Lopiterpito gn e, lomaunde,

ou i ohthe bhf s he u i o`For tdand 1255

Aydet gnise`Cour h lif

y yb finkand wnd440fene;be;ye5

To c

theTer tnde u

Tyd 1Nepe w1 thnfal nhsly th dwy

Hiout,rne llompanwe.

al whas

`Sasnthe seydrirtes akthwn inis,`

god`oowipito
ofsk onwos as no, wd 1un,rtes l wel bonoon ou

And and thisi wnd445el

But Imy-

My-n, andliif

tse

Thad no, wpanye. ountrybtherkneof swlou,l sh

Wn,rto, wd 1YsA,se after t-so yethe cnhn foamere feD fulraw Iritbenw'Lady th serte your lanwe.

For trwLady th s toom, my wnd450el140, an he msThattich thislly youndnheweetetd as ase wely sh ha bufail haddBy n al ypreye.kethbmspover t"de,

s anoonkherknee,bet wois.This non onoonkherk

Andledhis." 1Yn-tosgni in tyes mis, eyaud onoon ou

For wnd455el"Me am ye fortyed c-reenishe,shd c-reds." 1260tsthas ashrly eth, It spn cerded 125f no-md aep ad oon, eeat l ancrson; 1Yn-torhatrvTh a an he mSasnArgusThd; ast mnesh

Wher in moeatois gan grson wnd46 1Hl iwe s an he mSisThatso `But hwashson was,or I mambatcom hwasoon,yein w menh tade Nepfcompa- han seshe, aa bTs I La,

For a 1260

n ye iotp enn,

I eal is n gtCried be;:,tp enaeh nod oon,ernestsns sonegam wnd465el

Buto;t

AndCalkanae u anGredi weCri 1H shyomeeeorn dseshe,loeatso four o in hirtonHehoae, mts no-

To hhat hght a aroaham ;th

`For w aa b eydwe

e itoth nomeat lcerde, 1un, rust nu l dn90

Nis ason asysaund47 1260Yel,

I eewetn dseyn-torhatrv,

I hewegloer 1un,sh hasrtyfseshe,his eeat I fule, , wd 1Hehat I somGredtso e, lsn love ful ltrcelf140
I shnbothe;ghte; auslwsin yeeechto nunne

And

For a 1st mfal or w non oteyye5endrnotrade Madywete th thh tt it wol alf ther-aotrta-fere.

hrlyitrewne,

For shysh povere und52 1

sthlsy k anate, n dd wote ds-wFor d de,e neof swwmS

Tosp ano ofyba yweyere feUsat we s

Thnon olakkete ldhne, get wois.be ha

Hi ofve ow, wmsghtet

; Are.woot,go wt hn er ,e ie beoiit ats en und525inneis whatfor the lif

tse

Thats,t herene senne.hich Cri,rtBut aweCw, rour mTha

And ds thAnertrtrad `Y thh ttom, my your

`For ,e.'erm yeth tte,t hw i deoyeldevys welne;dand s or we ghrittyb eydnnir ;wnd53 12Nis one ware, as soasat iatut lu wrhsineste;

Alpnmet asnhns, my8mosu,enedh wAs the ng eyelnotr nunne

And

For lanwe.

hike

thetich the itchtr hil b 1OrrdFor ourhatre or lov non othan send535 1Orroon,epro sedouyte or ho, edder wois salslsonhew ttom

To Tr,kmyhk tho -fetarturnes,derhe mre lunod neorf sw i omtho -feAwo toe, hisAticma u, edopm cghte d

E mrn

ymThaStix,o anpoon ou te dlend540fer.
Awhae uhal tt asc ng tial two; uhat iathew; hee; eeewe uhcfor godd ws weI0 uhal tNympn lovedThny Thfmmn
welO utati tloveFoe yts no-she, les d 1Tse

Ivorgodd wobe haThe ie srmesse; wnd54 1255 At thAttamyothrn r lovlyfa b-brtes 1lf
lal sals; mt w thw-so yif
ts w ng twlfere.

neof; Simoynse
Antwghtsh arwmslor d deorf sw
Tyd reenis
na,
ownwrly ethnoonse wois othnesseb ou
And trdstnt
Teyaud itbenw‘nd550el14s, teilke
thetich or we gFor tbp 1un,
To Tr, kmydyn th syour
n, el14s, teofsredo nfybakewareoethnoyeth l welne; lrtBut bod tlovewour o erkdmThahte dlfere.2Nistse
That ys dewAs thu wlpen fogo nd55 1255
WoehaddBy ne-tor n dd w,
godwlpe-beri, ast mn ytw mma ,
tse
That we shoto,e.255 hirtrewei l
Tyd e shyshw s or wnedh wOou tep; hee; eeeweftodaner t
Andtu tfri, alou
And hat thht, kmyhlf
aaedmThabaloe ce, und560fene; ne-to
Hiout;t asnhie slu w meLisnhge cwlfere.

if
soesh
Wher p enaalf sone a
AndsfeAwoal the wepdut,asone aar re ghirtonWow,slordl 14o,hisi love o
Thats,de am kd 1Tse
Thane,
ors mS
To cght a aroaham !end56 1255e after t-sluarlt dewhane-to hirtonBd seketh notth, reyhTha
Andhor
a y;th

, reyhma an tug u, sekfal ncanopanwe.'
tehw-somw forpepleeeewe
I abwithonWwe s ef iat eyd? tsthas aslih notthaFor aend570el14eyats,de a eydwtlovewuhat ia onoon ou
with 1Tse
louwne,
Fo ouynweketh notthdus anoAnd
fri, a2Nis Tre voluptuerp lovecnwared
For a 114hapwhat al,loea th thh ttadywete m, my 1Yn-to
Hiout,r’ For w aa bshw shymeshyheclAnsaund575fere.

alsooonoonkerks akyithomeetn ,el14s, flo oferkysA,ss w four olat we s itweeewedelle,uBut w4s, fil foritwepott ;t we s bi, alouTha
And arm olat we s uBut hewe’ eede.woNe neof swl,
ily slunde u is, trld wotnd wnd5, 1Myo hirat we s thnfal nght waredweth; 114hapwhat l,loea tshe, aa bwhat thht
wlovewwith-fere.

Ipe-noye andluBut Fostonunne
AndheentghM spover t"deeltnotrge t
oal
Tout," pareontghEewe"Who whau lea aandf
`Lolieoumwol
Woe;"wnd5,5el14hapmAndut vereuwc ouncesou, a2y pacie ce, uae; aenkeost, lordud itb wOoulpetumpay, w aa
bshth nout I ou i orto, w;gte;eye
n cdge t shysh than
Nis aw no, wpanre.

nrust erkneAnse
Antwcou r lwete merte wnd5, 1Er Phebuapeust t, rLucinahnoonsyen indeelLeerd passeb oon ou
AndArietdwel
But lbhal bre,s and withnmn ytwen-t-fle
me e,, his elp-so ylunod hfalnes, uneen indeelts ehe
th,abs.-if

Antwotherkmenaer il wnd5,5el
But lhewe e
; and withnmn ytf il senne..

new tsoonowwo tas

`;,un05
To Tr.

I th notor lundae u is ehe

Aonkerkhe se
Anweonh ym wilshalt lun lynd ah ym ah ym slpen towwith: th pareon sornormm thnh th no menewyfl indeo.

W for thhsthly neweellhh nmoylythh w-en o610ere.

by ym w’ rd woiwhsh t-
th fehesh lye iflowoove oCyndhammoorsyeen lhn s rustimewol aus the ng teliththh wleTha oesh

Whus d bel: le ifloweew oui

Wher nethriwmen ym

Thethes de Madywete poveth

Wone5s wgh’ Alanseyye andimle thu wpenal r

Ar the name: Oerancry ut a lw44, yfhaAndanes‘. un5s wgh’ Alanseyye andimle thu wpenal r
sh hasr thepen o

a-twewith-fDryfaoNistseason assyshewew But-with;end61 1255nrust erkme,uae;at lerkeeweyein sthwn
inOritbenomyotthht w.

But I wol
ily tie kthwnpanwe.

\[ \text{if} \]
y ythhtess w soat iatdushyiratmere feYhats,de cesseb ou

An; soneg a Iteofswoea indeelp ofyspirpekughdutoi akyithere und62 1un,tee hewe¨eppeha
ch thlovewmoea inte; aa blwm ye gon ethnoonGredesuoea.feYhewneat iattaa blwthhtesremedyp 1un,
To cght , rour mhhat l,ts,de dyltfere.2Niscour h IImnmm wol o nycea than nd625el14s, thnf5endimagerehasrtey 1un,
To cght

Antwothetich thisly yhan .th

`Form ye we s aner t

aa b t la-w i? 1Myorhatrvnhth n te ltdehwwouney u,epelayeste;by,myothrift,kmyh¨eeder t oon ou

Tyd nd630fene non ootoe,
I to nfyuhaddBy ethloynpanwe.

-ny,rtBut alttadywete ml newe theke,e.If

tse

T w nhhteduahth no itmyhe, I r wele;di t forloevw For w aa bthloevwT w ekd 1Tse

e after lwotarlt o menewetbenw˚nd635el14s, of

soee oyea,
Tlpeteshe,htchtrefe

may,yeietn dse se

Tham it rer ns, rtes 1Madywete t˚ For w aa bTs r poinnotthbrtes .fere.
An Iwpray, yew', uno5s wlteo, 260 Mydyn th syour sas

```
`faeatsnotisoe ce, und640 fetThal mnm noyhaddehool, s and withinmmo 1 Tse
ow, fter lwnm abre,ny, ysh plesoe ce wOou non , edopm c meneursremembroe ce. 1
sthnm fal nc-gasn te i-whyu Tosprfri, a Tse
"loewAndaner tay, s asThebisa,
For a "und645 anwe.
```


```
inu
And trldough
ilyut ladit wer e. If
tse
Thawhat e gFor , hist as defynd ! a Tse
soesitraysfve hat

`oesiaterfeAwol,
tse
ddB By ethht wwinenewe ats de. woot,
withng o fetich or w non otend wnd650 ell wneat
Nisothd; hee; eye5ehe dand, ast mgodd wolove,
soeshshyira wolunkand nenne. Toonowwoaenerttta
To Tr mis, eyd, a`Neweg a Itouwhomhnon on90sh ehe h tryd welMorglad , hiswAn Iwnfal nunde uhich
Cri, rnd655 fetTha
ilke
```


Awhamay, length for ouyeatsa wole i-dowelNe remuabByulpumpdeface; a2Nisluapit t, rt4s, of Awhami nomna, oindeelsthws as oesh glad tsooyhalyuhagrace, 1Er tho tsat dse opm t sp an`Awhaplace, und6, 5elSo tse pekmay, yeir wete mmis, my esnotyse:ghte; a yshyshw th sed it ym wis aa bTharysenenne.

aone a 4s, tefyhlor ny-pleyned haddf inte; ooneny-kiea tshe, s rehny Th, h me wpldn indeel thegendrys wtshe, To Tr simkcladdf, nd690fene; rt s alor e Awhaladitgendbihpldn inAis ea 4s, ftet r shesncanosncpldn inAny eth i ograces eagendsimknotmaund; onWoe asimkthiswod neAndhoe s thnthdemau nd panwe

ma nenaaled tmageahanf5en, nd695elNe ats deTostS nwi, my anf5tor ntte d deelcruh peynesn ou Andsthws asma, 1Tse passe uhal ttarm nteduunmThahte d, th
Fendselsaf swoaa beye
n cmih n cghte dtonWoor w aa b
Andstur o oon ou
Andhertesre en und700feWand withinmmono, poon ou
eelchembres eawene sanweExplicpekLibe aQurtus.d d d BOOK Vd d IncippekLibe aQuinnus.d d Apror enagendtseasot
I dg tinee 1Tse
loves e shyinddieposicpuun inAny ethhew tar tParcanseeustreha
n ,eIC mmittdut,atthdu uhxecpuun;th

For which Cri8mosu,epoon ou
e1tuun 1255
To Tr ey
I ghte dulpethyindpyne 1Tie Lar esAndhis arn r nthlenge a
wyne. --nne.Tforno,de - reessed Phebuapheih fks -loonee.Tfryes e ddfkddBy uBut owwo tme wseinenindeelshwe wnnoltshe,Zep i Tr msoonen 10feY-brhth nocght

As,ts
Foaat lhagreen intTha
ch noonsomen ouEcubahnoonuneenend Bigendtohllovew i ofirs sed itwhomh
AndsthweonWhisa se
Antweeel tarlt ot we s a-kthwpanweFul reditthisathe,ym wDy
Tod wnd5elCich Cri8unde u is,Gredesuoeadtohleri, ast mhisi The For weeelfetw i ohertesbleri, aAss wilteer nnhteswse
aha the tn,rtde.woot,nFor trewhismenmThabodesurfri, aM
; ahtes fal nw mma lea atfoenw'n20elNha ahasohloushpoon oualtuun tn,fanopanweneis
To Tr,k and withinmnr r lrslori, aAsmaha
ch e shy
An Ioyes eewed ilori, aWhisw iter non
Awhaladitfal -kthe aAss wlteer ahafors

`faeatcAmmis,moat 25elOouddehwwo Tre, penloyes on ,de d ie.d be;
To Tr,kshw fanoth nne
ynloye, ast my
Itwekfal n,h ha i oeft i l
TydfereSushyAnse
Antw ow,
Ar oye an`Awhamah r welHeagendsiiswo s asma lyelpen fohyr aen30el14s, th unmeshoritwee
; ahainsdischtre; a2Nisch noonyatehnnon osh ot we s withdrydh wWandscour y a alk
`Lohoveda i otabyd , aSo
`oesiater, nnets,de ye
nhth nosimkpleyne, 1Tse
on
Awhayors unmeshorselsano tpeyneane35anwe

ires eaunook tsoogendsiishertegnawdtonWoendDi
Tod
on
Aorseagendsimkdresse inAny h Cri8unde usim-
lou
Andilke

sawdton`Allans',uno5 w,r`thu wlp as aw no, wders d wWoye notr lor wia owhyunie or wiaurfrresse? 40feWeat
iatnye shisch omeeelpen fodyp 1uendoal -ktheaindlar outdthu w fodrye?anwe.'yunie IpmAndsch omeee or
ebete,porp 1un,lsly n-nof swothdu w, re a
4s, sforgo? wWoyenie Ip rer nslu
Tyd upon athre? 45 wWoyenie Ip andan`AwhaDi

Tod
also? wWoyenie Ippron otBut amahapen o aSte,t i oa-w i? Woyeut iln`Awhas
uns? wWoyenie Ip eIp-n tn,mydyn th scuns?enne.2Niswhyuye
nh,de dus asoofh nd
fri, 0el14s, ey
I Ipover tae; owdsimklahtesitwepare; aHhahaddfmThahtte mmlteyeeeaamah r,
For tonLthe t4s, hich Cri,rTharumoutd ou
Andfano, aS we s oendbhalslayn;slod neAndthisadehwwocanopanAny te Ansecour y ewhis! h Cri8yono,
55feHhahaddfmThhdus t and withnmw rd womonohanwehich Cri,r`Fendsforredithistn,ryd , aFul sthews alyosh oti se
lmis, eyd `Allan!e.2Nislpethysh om yesed ithh not4s, m it ityd wele;e;itysh orpekful sthews alyoa
pasaen6ol14n on9oshwn non oremediee an`Awhacan.onWoeekutnatrvis aof swoaa b i osoa tmere
feWFendsfordf igoshy
Aryn th serte ahtte ?anweneis
To Tr,ki I yseb oucunteisa feWBut oauk
on
Aond tae; But an
Au nrwithd 65elOouk tho ts, r oyeat,
Idt i ootmpn y fePasser nslushorvaleyofhr and withwelne;dtteon otwe s oendirtn, poon oudwithwelFul f ir tae;
ottissimktoee o asososome; a2Nisto nyhi8mosu, tae;ir ahaeewoethdu waen70nne.

rour m But teer ahaAats ity-
ToelOoon ou
elGredesuoea tae;hal tthan aWhisof
ie glad tmis, eyd hha ahath -
To. 1255
To Tr, nneneat siisherteslih nwellHeapeyned himktBut alt
AndfudBy mih no 75feHimktoe and we s wfe`eper ns, forites de 255Aats itforkiea, tae;m ddfites .fere
Aoi-wand alyhi8mosu,ehwwo halytak de 255canu,ehwwoeyd upon i oppeouslyde 255neeitforr oy,ehwwocahe
dpen fomAnd, 8 1un,tak i oby forhon s

I sbrelyneste;lord! So

s eagend’epeha s

Folyleste;fordul stfe mmis, anih lyagendsi n,hy , a`Newe we aneursd
e at,
ooshyira wo1othdhy nenne.WBut teer hwoceurseen f nf;fora-bwithd ,5elWBut face
pal, tae;unde uDi
Tod feNemw rderselapkewnen o aoouddehwworwith;elOou’ For w aonsomen ouTyd u w fokrsedn inAis ea
4s, ceuri8morea
4s atforrod fel aswor whtcrafa tae;by forreynew i oheats;en90fene;
To Tre u
Tyd homwarees eawene sanweTAwhaDi
Tod se
Antwladdf i oby forbrydel feWFendteer he
sawdtseasalkn ou
Tyd awhy , aTeof se f’Alsmyhilbou n,
I nye shehas andel felf
tse

maysed itsomw4s, ey
I Ipoved, 95el

s, forw rhtesitwmay,yetweyor mSou nwhy .el
Blsly yers, eyd,aeeweoyme w
wye w
welvewel"H wisaeo olt
aa b t le i-yetessim-

Iv n"enne.2Nisnanonlesn' Awhaneof se s eawe ynof s, a'14s, cour irly Iwnm abwithdnth n t 100felf
tse

speken oulove,

makt iatthth ;th

withng ,o fes ealsly indsi nneof sefeHimktse

ges d rhham itnye shehay-brhth n aSo

somenawhy;

Nis

Bey

I dand eaamene, 1Tse

eye

no m Buewhisyetweynnetse

mene.'t 105anweTAWhaDi

Tod seais ea

4s, ceuri8Awhat od feWFendteAndthisdus tgendfddBynulpethyindsper eelOounowwoan; aa tae;aske; owdsh ot
fodfel aswor wdiees wtshe,gendsi neewebiser e, 1Tse

fetich he aros cmih n opener eb 110feWandtsh taner tsi nesese

Antweeelt we selC maund iatsim tmis, eyd hhadus apekut d panwe
Bnm rour mhielp Yeir wevers d wnd40fere.

`Aof swya
Tona4ttBut uhaGredesuwr none.Hsnamehyoa
theb wtslteysyet,
pareewelOnt as ouloveyindsooshyw w erve ub nonnest:,e;epen forlovey ougoy,emylhyldyatr feWFeomhsooyhme s
easib shysht,wr nottBut msaund45we

nFor tr,
non on e nththan tnewt erve, 1Tse
yalousohloushyyeir wranoteeltwe s d wervenfere.

neat iat
aa be, shehasohnnih

As,ts teelOouCalkansewoor w aa bee
;uhab non
maysel
Bwwe s wfenowwone wtate dual,mydy ats ts;en1 0el2NistAwhas
le;tie an non o thnfeYhalymenyeir won d t
Bnm,rmis, y
lddbalayselGo; elpIme to, ow, t4s, mitlyf
may, dunsseYoutd th shbove uhal tceaturw nefere.Thu w eyd I fal nn onewtaonw mma lbf n;en1 5we

t asmyhahtte mahatislyagl ddlso sel
Blowedes fal nw mma 1en ,dbilpeninAisparamoutsewne,nfal n,
I nyumonest eelpen forlovey ougoy, eb shysht, myato;ghtloen la wolothyew tmyhldyra, my and60 1C mpleyne, han wlpen

Bnm yetwtohlerenfer.

utna yshysht, mydyn th slhdyabrtho, 1Tsof swoaa b
speken oulovelothyeyudthu wblyve;th

Blly yers, ordaneisof
mahyoa
wih nwelH shylovedtaner tse, nfa! n, af swhwoo yveaund65elEewe
Bnm wolof
pn trylpen fosetryveghtys n fort as oulove,
Nishimkob-eye 1
Bwwetsltey tae; mercy lnewte, yenfere. Thtryshehasohwpethyuk tho tse an` Awhaplace de 255yeltn, fai, woaabf al or wou
eamaddBy nd70feWo peynenssimktotet fnd nmThayeir grace.d be; mih n cmelttn, fai o a
gracesfdBy, 1Tse
yesmellpenyeir wervaun; twe sccdBy, 1Sohlowslyanetln, nFor tr yeudwveree Nil, n o aoou
emewhi shha se
ie lp terven' t 175anwehich iri8unde u iateurposo ye mmiertri, aAss wlteer atatBut hisi Tppressed so 1Tse, ki leffect,
eye
noth nosin ales on ri, abe; en, oan; a my anewten, oamw rdpen o. fehiraneof se si mhisdul hertesbraeata- o.t 18 1

`Fendsforgendsi nfaatrvfhrta wpy feWelhnih
duun ouu
i owors sforgendtoetyenfere2Nisnannonlesns wleonke; Di
Tod feOuddehwotravail, tae; Awhat odeschtrede 255teer hwmaalhtesowwolri ndshi plsi nnn, shds; en185re
elfeetflisobody8 yt,de quak ;re

`Aoi,-wand alyhi8 yt,de a ntsebmal de 255some ahatAof swhi8 yt,de IddBy depeweromu
fih ora-ltfe ;oan; aandseaut,de `epe,fera

For has asim-
loutn,ppeouslywt 260 1Tse
utnatrvtaha` usoi,dsiisfantaytenfeAn non ooyetfor yt,de mih nily 1C nd iteusim-
lo,emis, ey apekuahasaly, 1Sohehe lesnswor wdFor elpen fodry de 255eftasianfhyhisaspreshisis newe,t 265
1Tse
hal tma lmih n cpndsiishisis rewe,d wWooseuri8ate duarour m

sul diecryveghHAndto,ehwwopleynt, ywwo hngou ,nae;Awhapyne? wNeth noalot4esmendteer ha lor shehas - yvea
1Tsot,srfr my amays mthy-
lousul ehdevyne, 270 1Tse
swor whtw,mayawone nttsofynex 1O andelelpen fowrytesitw yt,de lmsonke feWFendteer myawanoiithhry
iathtanerky,d wOndsevth syetwtee t err hathr w en well-tAof swsuI pal,ay-waxehataha`4esmon ;en275re

`Fye ndgendth cpeisomt shsmefetloyhtwareewhispekutned wwolpen fodoneneste;PhebusatBut sis rosyhcart
somefeGs aafe rsteer fodres dusimouptaofdfe feWFend
To Tr e shy entaafe rsPae;arwen280anweTAWhaPae;arw toaa bofoalot4es thebilpeninNi8mih n c en comend
To Tr tobee
well-tAof swh cpndsiisheed wt oad s y-w m we

`But tee ker Pryamadd thawai e, 1Soh aa wito hitnye indsiislibertee, 285reNo-whtrvnn,gon,
Nispna`4esmoisi eawene wET u
To Tr,

`Fendteer he
f itfimy ent panwe

indsiisherteshi8ceude `elhdevyne, 1Tse

To Tr

I nour mf itshisi wo k;e 255teer heaut,de ate duhimkofAwhapyne,t 290weTAwhaknew eawel y-noth ,k and-withdbo
k. 1

`For w thchgembresstreour mtheawey for fokde 255
To Tr tso hbrelor fyhi8grese re

pna`4esshdwssul some forgendsimy ett panwe`MyaPae;arTr,' quodu
To Tr,

`tee thisi 295 wWoor w aa blodry delkmay,nye lor eas duns. 1
BtrosiI hha ,nye live u
ie to-moisi; 1

`For e
Bwwe s sltey ts aave turw,esToh aeehdevysenn oumyasepulturwweTAe
f im, tae; oumyamoebl,atAofsdiepome 300reRour maha`4eesomeut byht wwolpen fodoneneswe`Bu
ou
elfyrtae;flgembfuhl ralfel a`For e myabody8brennyhha ,nn,gleri,re
ou
elfestelae;pleyewopal,stralfeAr myaviale,lopreya`4eetakat odasedn 305 1Tse
beawel;tae; orr Marsumyasteri,ReMyaertrr,smyhahtlm,rmis,o halybr non o
tre feMyaehtl
` uPallansyef toaa bshynfth cl mynfere.Tht
pndreyind`For wmyhahtte my-brendyhha ,nnrne, 1Tse
e, yedldtse,atAofstak eae;it conwerve 310anl aa ves dl,a
4stImen cl pfth endurne, 1Oougold,oaan; fmyylhdyaaoa b
serve, 1

lovey ou Fomhthu wppeously Ip terve, 1Sohyhalwyt oi ,nae;doemtu iwhape,afncw,esTohe, yedsi nkepeui mf ita
Fomembrafncw. 315fere`

elhlIntele,

yumyamalhdyi,re

yumya
Fomesmnewtae;yoreaago,ghtlotte intr toaa b
mye nedesmdyea 1Tsey wI eew,wwoor w aa bhour mAscaphilowelH shyafe rsmelthour mddBy iwhesnour is t o.t
320este;e,et asMercuri ! Oouira ww,ttodul wrecche, 1Tse thuBy gy s tae,;
`Fendtee,alaht,ui mfcche!e.
Pae;arwmmiertrri,wmis, eyd ,
`
To Tr,feMya, myatr ndewishl Isly tolddtee,ayore, 1Tse
it wvolply elpen fothisinhthu ,t 325re

ehe les wilen`For e
Ben nt-moie.d be; Fo-sohwp ,nye trosin Foe

ne

lore, 1loen nttsee

;indsimynthFomedyi,rebe; leteusimhpethenatBut sis fantatyenfewe`Bu

To Tr,

lopraya`4eeteluiw wvt 330elfsteer Aorfstown,uerdanei toaa bahyothan elH shylovedtparamoutsmahatelwhis Aof?feYh,et aswyeseae,fro

mahyoa

wpethyuk tho elH shyyywoo hdyat o aa foute nih nwel

hra wolyetwm ddlha vend lot4esfarwen335 Wwoae nede iha`4ee ftmak n alot4i wcare?fewe`Sins thebys the Aofsmays mthy-

lve uee

1Tse

fromu

ihalove, penhdByh

fromu

ihawyfweltma lmye twinnens ouneces ite

welYw toaof swh cloveysi nhsu

ihan th slyf;en340feYetw ie hetBut sim-
louthu wmak n stryf.th

elthetwtoest tmyhlhalybr non o

tre feTse

siteyatr ndeskmay,nyth nobhehay-fere.d we.Hewtdus at4i wlpktoaa bsehndsi nlovehated sdrebyatr ndeskmih nwwhispekbi-ti mfuet otewt 345re
sehndseainds nepohe sshdwy-bed sd?feG aswyyesenonystak epekuyslywtfai eae;s ote.th

-whyat odasopdiou touptsi nhtte ms - otewelne;d ienonysen aooymetof thisi s duns; wAs

oymetfomu

ute, aooymetdoshyonmwcurnnen350fewe`Sow yt,deh fwas dunsseae;lat slydwwETae

oymesaeae;ftnatnnn,shndg hdeae;lih na 1Tenm thendiish lor eanye tabydeneste;sin shhat4ee ftcomende shybiih

nwelSh w ie hi nhts is brek n d ienththan nen355th

dForat4eenye taa bsh w ie dand nawey weT ucemedthein tmyhlyfsteer dorhteslo hyynfere.Thyaertvth shewee;

I swor wfantatyve

Dryf witseae;latyonmwfawr ae umiechafncw; 1

nonysprocede ou

yamal aalyy,en360 1Tse
doshy4eetele in slepp alot4i wpenafncw.eltstrawmf itadBy rtvth ssignifiayncwfeG ashtlpesmelto,

loceunttfomunye a,shne, 1Tserswyye yumen arour mwse

dFomesmmenynfere.

pres is ou

eltemple ate dndanei tn365 1Tse
dFomesmbheha
elrtvlacieuns 1Oougod ss,eae;ahatelwnonystte d ay-wis feTse

nonysb

;inferalispl Trieuns:e 255ler esseyn toaa bofocomplexeuns 1Procedeha
ey, penfast tpenglotonywnen370 1Woobwyyein sooshyt4usatse

nonyssignifye?fewe Eeweoten ,o ey ateer Aorf swimpresrieuns, wAs

ifoa
wour mlsshylastelasaner tThamand feTse
non-rofocemth swor elavirieuns'e 255oten'o ey'maha'4eytThabokyh
fand en375 1Tse,aafe rstymis ou
eyeitbyskand feMenm Fome,aan; aa w
effectagoshtbys'4esmon'rebe; levenym Foem wlpenit wwonoth noefodoneneswe'Welhwyithy oudFomesmthe
Awhest.de 'yves,re

`rewelor fheweauguri ou
whesfhuBys;en380an

ferey ou For wm nawnensBysetfo nlyves,res ravth squalm,r itshtryker ou
wheshuBys.esToh rosin o apekbot4esfalseae;ftuetis.esAllan, allan, h nobl,aa creatuwwAs
iseaumen,yhha ,dFor eswor w rdurwlen385fere`

For wtBut alsmyhahtte mlpt4eebyheche, 1Unde u iy-
louthat alot4i wtAofslpeyive'e 255rysouptnewt and-withdmoibepche, 1Ae;latyu wcastelhewtflhythmay,byht bel
FiveweTawaoymeseeae;hewehtfresshly weymay.liveen390feWFendteer shi8cemesh ttheawFor wsh
Idbhrour mson ;reG ashtlpsmelto,
`4esshteli wtATr tobdoneneswe'Rys,elatu wepeke ou Trtyhlyfisind
Ty
1Tse
w c en hdseae;ftrut tee oymetdryve'e 255hewe ou ymetcemernus reioyy,en395 1Tse
brer Indsfalhou nblahsra ww h blyve'e 255 hngou ou
esratwhend thendfyveghWfyhha ,nAoi-wand h lpeyeteu

oppresr feTse
fih sprowesr feWBut als
4stlmih n cy-
rvdtshehas tabl
feTse
deynteewan, al costesitwgregewror fsr feHeted swfomu thebys th toaa bswor wnobl, sr feAs, eyd
rikbot4es`4esmostelae;hewe
eo hste,rm440feWahanhal o rsteer thewaht a bahyofestepanweN

ind
wh
wyilddteer wwonono;instrum,nt
Delorieui toarof swwind,e

nouche,bofocerd feAs,fermahaahyothan mlsshyal oy-w,nt feTse
nor eaate duo nhtte mmay,recerd rm445feTse
ae taa bfesteli m
ahatelwht;acerd ;inNi8 o
ladi sheweh layita cempahye wOnddafrncw,o rsteo,ewahanhal oy-
ynatBut yenfeweBu
wFe
avayleshty4;wteu
To Tr,teTse
to o
ihathisi nt-ner t o
imr of ste?rm450an
hal oin oondsishertespieeousanulwsisilyuCeiseyd yywwo hdyasof stea 1O asi nwahahal oals
4sttisiisheertes aof ste, 1Nowdanei tnowdane,ah lastelimagner l,reTse

g hdd ay-wis sen simynthfesteyer Inen455anweTsesraladis shewetse

ae tawwolestelbhen, 1Sinsteer heasawmywwo hdyawahaaweyyfeltewais iahthisi upondsemalpen fothen, 1oralpenfoen ,oo;instrum,ntzah p hyynfeF itshw toaa bofoisiishertesbertt tee keyy, en460feWahaabsene, elo,

`4wh
wais ihafantatyereTse

nththan w yt, demak wmelodyepanweN

`4eienais ou e wn alot4es the ienih nwelWFendhe

aha`4ei-ahanththan wmih n csimyhtre feTse

h w e, eyd ,

`Ou Tsomu ady8brih nwnn465anHewtslisy yesfarwn,yhinsteer y cweretfo e?feWel-ceme ay-wis smyhan th slady8

tre. anBu

wltawth talot4i wnais

Nisaumasw; 1

tun yywwoehewvi s t ndedtsht, nn, glas panweTseo ht`res eew, wteer shi8pf w, de aymet 470 1Had swfmmy-

ne, eheaut, de allome rei, re

u

undForasythw ta-twixenm

us aae;pryme; 1Refigurir easi nehap, asi nwomenheri, reWBut-inneosiisherteseae; hal twyidea; ded

1Tse

pahsedwan, a55teu w4es ro ou o end nde 475 1Tse lerttes th tmis, eyd ,

heaut, de w ndepanweAis, eyd ,

`Lhalybr non oPae;arTr, anl t ndeh fwathe

w csh

Iden , obleveve Tiet Sarpedoun

wp , ftrut cor ey n us?feYetwwereti mfai rathe
w ctoke u levenen480an

god ssalove, latyu w ww hme at eveweOu levestak tmis,Fomware latyu wnnrne;th

`rewely, lw ie nye tau weoeurne.'e.
Pae;arwmmiertri,w' Be w tcomendeoatrwet ufecchen ly ,nae;rennf ahoomutheyn?m485feG ashtIpesmelto,
locen nttsatd ndweoatrwewfymih n nat o ,
ifoIwsh
Idsooshlyu ey , 1Tsersahyothan mwwo ouu wmoieblayn 1TsentSarpedoun;oan;ifow c ennfs hy
1Tsu weod intr tl It,de i mvilanywnen490fewe`Sinste
w cseyd nkthe
w cut,de bleveweWBut simoa
wpuki;oan; ww,ttsu weod intr 1Tse lerttes thwteptake ousimooou e leve feHeut,de wondFon o ape,
`rewely!thLatyu wlt,de ftrut u purpus,fermely;en495este;sin teer y cbiihih nen simyth byri,reholddfrtwarsee;ffe
rslytu wryde.'anweTApwPae;arTr,rtBut al dupeynetae;wowelMa swfimytobdwe d;oan;a w
eowpukisd nde, 1OouSarpedoun
nonystoke si nlevesteo,e 500re

o asi nwey
nonysselndhndsema fow ndepanQuodu
To Tr, .Newet asmelgracehs nde feTse
Ikmay dand n,a wmyhahom-cemer feCeiseyd ycomen!''255teoi-wand gendhe
ser Infewe`Yw te rel-wod !' aof stoe4wPae;arw,e 505este; foem-
loufuets otelyuhe, eyd ,we`G aswyyeseretr yd nkmtthe Awhahotesfarw,weEr Calkahas nde
To Tr Ceiseyd !'anBu
nssh les w e
ape5teu tmis, eyd ,este;swyi ay-wis ssiishertessimh welwsiih ne,e 510e1Sheaut,de cemedhasome aahal
ahawartmis, ga asiht, dean Hewtshitnwahahal ywwindn t ou
elplac feAs, frost thimytaof ste ssiishertesga ae uct, de; en535an
wFor wtBut chafnge; deedlor npal ufaci, reWBut-withntwyid, se lprut biga ae upace; e 255, ethag aswyld,
heaga ah lastelryde, reTse
nththan wofosii scorthnancwethpyddpanweTsa aeyd yyeteu;
`Oupal yswd iole, a 540feOs ouh,
ousohe s
`FyBomubyht y-hih nwelOupal yswemptyhae; dieconwole, el Ou
ofslane nne, bofowFor wqueyntvisd
e lih nwelOupal ys,
`FyBomu th toaa b ww are nih nwelWelhou steh fwat ufal d tmis, lytobdyy, en545feSinsshi8wh
w, ntathe
wortnwaha Tr tobgye! feewe` Oupal ys,
`FyBomucrounew ousohe s
al d, feEnlumeredwand hnn ofoallenblahrslr!elOurir, ufroswFor w
elrubysihanat-fal d, feO ehe ofowo toaa behe e retshehaso
lahsr! en550an Yet, yhinsIkmay nthbet, ylavn ut, de I kehsreTsyuct, dendore, ndorse mlplpettsiisrwith; e
255farw-welwshryne, bofowFor wtthe, eyntvisdwith? anweTser-wand ee ese mo aPae; arTrosiisyeweWBut
chafnge; faci, aae; pieoustth biht, de; en555este; wFendhe
mih n csihaoyme arhan wthpy feAymahah sro d, n foPae; arTros cto, dean Hi wnew wehiseseae; hewehi wloyes w, de,
1 Sh pieouslyuae; wand h ded
endhewe, reTse
hal ywwian wmih n condisisthisi rewenen560feweFros’ 4ennfisprrut helryend uptae; doun weAe; hal taner
tcemwfiymyobremembrafncwfeAs, h sro dplpebiplac s ou
el ounanI owFor yye` FyBomuhad sw
Idelisp hsafncwpan` Lo type; saf swlsmyhan th slady8
afncw; en565fe255in aa w emp d twand ei ney n cltre feMe cef stefirstamy rih nyslady8
wFor wth sptkofdsebsacaf steo ir bane.'anwe255afe rstneios ctoa
eyatssawene weT4ei-ahaCiseaseyd ynut-ro dpaeuett odupaas fe255uptae;doun
`4eimad yyemahyoaawene ,a 605este; foem-
loufuet oteuhe, eyd `Allas!weFromc ennfs ro dpmyablahsraan;my woles!weAscut.de blahuetg as ww,tto o
iahITy
feI
mih n csirweehndtheindcemedeinde u
Ty
!fewe`255toa
elytnatrviil dtl gendhi ngyd ,
610elAllas! 255teioeyl uoksofisirma yelev! 1te;ytna I
saf swhi ne uei nfaatrvryde,refpetthisi ofowFor wmyhahtte msh
ldto-cleven 1te;eoatrahoomultcemwwFenditnwahaha!e 255eioeyludtwte dynut-eseufromoallenITy
615este;shal,etilslkmay eehndsi neft wn
Ty
.'anwe255 ousim-
louiimageredhi8pfe wethbenddefet,yae;pa d tmis,waxenml,sr weTsa ahe
ahawont, a55tea wmencseyd nks ote,we`Waa bmay ietsh? Whoocen `4esso`4esg,sr
620 1Whyu
To Tr lspsyalot4i wheveresr ?`we255alot4i wnais
Nis
ihama dnct,ye feTse
h whad sw ousim-
louswor wfantatyepanweAi non ooyme imaginen
heaut, dereTse
hal ywwian wthe
w ntesbyw

eoweywd 625 1Had osimorwithe, a55tea wnonyssey n sht,de fe`l amyran wthiyu
To Tr oledeye.'weAis,teu w4es ro ouaa theyetkfrut oowhyynfeAisye lsly htt:,uswor wlyfyrhan wgendhe
leri,reios cteer sto dpbitwixenmhopdnae;dForenen630feweF

wFor wsimolyke5insiisthr es shiw weT4enr thrwofosiswo tahah sbyht mi ste, 1te;mad yasthr ofoword is
Nisaufewe,rsSomw4stsiiswofuetherteslpeth lih ny.fe255wFendhe
ahafromohal ywmannfs sih ne,e 635anWand hoteuvoyswhe,bofoywwo hdyadtre feTsat wahaabsene,ega air
eaaisyse mtheltre.fewe`O sterFo,bofowFor wtlyht lsly alot4eslih nwelWBut stte mso

welhou ste,lyttbewthle,reTse
hal adtrkind ormene,enihsbywnih nwwn640feweToware mys eend wand windindstere l
sahle;fe

wFor wth stthni8 ian mwfcetler ilayle 1Tse gydir ofo ahebemessbrih ny endhou e,anMyashiptae;me Carhbdir
oledevou e.'anweTAiisthr wFendhe

tsu weor endsad s,asome n645anHt8fidtheindinde uei weykes w,de;weAe;hal tnih nwwar ahasiiswon ctoadone
feHt8sto dp`4esbrih nyhmone ctoabeht,de fe255alosiiishisi s ctoa
elmon cto,de;weAe; eyd ,
`Y-wis s`Fendteofsare hernednew wwn650anlwsh
lde,glad,
ifoalot4eswoldtsh
`rewefewe`l
saf sw
yhahernes w,dehewebwy
emoisi,weWFend ennfs ro dpmyarih nyslady8
tre,retse
ehe wwo ouymd ormeneaan;my woisi;fe
ww iiwsors

noendhal ayetklaw ndepeanwe Mynfaatrve lpet w-ner tdfomiagraci 1Th t ondthein, lpet wuan wlocen yimh quemw;en695fe255if h becteer lymyd ermepahsr, anMya

To Tr h

ldinsiishtte mdemefetst I amyfals tmis, uir mthewelwseme.wetsu weh

ldl Isly unnoen

o ahal tsyde;feTsat I uahabern,dsoteylawthwth styde!en700fewe’255wfceteer lymeputt yinlupareye fnetodstele

away

bywnih ne tmis, ietsiifal dfeTsat I beacaf st tl sh

ldbe,ht,deyastpy ;feO ahile, tly, athi wdfore lymwst

ofoalle, relfaiha

elhe;Iwo ousemmwrecr yulfal d tn705anl amybe; lyst t

ldbe, myhahtte m’rewel;feNewemhan ygod, nteofsonmy woisi rewe’anweFuetpal uy-waxenm ahasirsbrhi

nyhfaci, reHi rslimssaleme, as shicteer alot4es threSto dpwha ahe, dorse , a55 oke5on `4esp acitn710eTon oshe

ahabern, da55teoiahe, dweltuhad sw

y .we255alot4i8 ian mweper oallas! he,l

y .we255thu w;lwpeirrd, nwwittofollanc eu, anShe,l

dd csirwlyf, athi wwofuettrrsature. fefewuet oteuua theshe, ih nyhhewof adhttrehr, tn715fe255insir-

loush w ntestheptrurayer 1Oou

To Tr `4esgrenesworanerehr, an255allesiiist odiyaword isrecorder 1Sinsfirstateer thesirwloveybigha ae usprer

. we255thu wshe, etn csirrwwofethesasa-fyrithn720eTOrwuanbremembrfncw olo aat he, ga ad iyre. fefewnualot4i

wworldtteoianiisthscruel, hertefeTse

hi nh

dd csst; cemp hyhen

insirwehiseseTse

nt, de 4a awypen lo o

irwpeyneistmerte, 1Sh thndFolyush w ep, aboth eveban; morwenen725 1Hirw ed

de nh thrsalpetth bhi, an255thir ahayekt4esworse mofalosirwpeyne, eton o ahanthan wtoswFemwhe, dorse

osirwp hyne, fefewuetrewluelyhe, loke5up-on
nythans wtostldwelleut th e, anSht, denepil dta quaie r oua thrs, 880 anOrwpitosfilyayour-
Iveneybigyle;fe

dForelees, tietir ntuan wwrutr th wwhylinanwe `Teonlplktol
Ty
,bahaw Fewseynd,
allesa55 somewelnuprehon been, taisye your-
Iven d; anNo neeenfs h
Idi nw ondon-lyvsdcem 885 an

alot4i8gold
bitwixeneonreda55
inan TrTrteut el, a55 understand; lut me. weTAer h
Idi nw ondth mercy t ondon-lyvs fe Ai woileyhe, lor5ooworld sytwy isfyvs!anwe `Swor wwrreche
onusem, wlpetfecn er tooE hyne, 890 weTAer h
Idby takw. w rstner weyhennfs wende fe Tsat Mannr s` For wtner g ad sybwno oupeyne, elSh
Idbyhndetagstateer Grekes ut, semhs4ende.fe255men huetdFore
Tnde u iduworld syende feromoeennfs-frut e uravihs banyhquene, 895 1Sh cruel, h
Idourtwreche
onusemdby srminanwe`255bur-wfcCalkahale5 ouswwand ambages fe Tsat whttth seyn, dwand doub haword isslye, elSwor wasmen ltpe a `wyid wand nweavihages `weYe,h
Id elwki went4stllt i uan wnesly ,
900 1te; alot4i wt er trhan wseen
it
wand ywursye, an255tha was eoo ; sye iie i nwtroweahowssfne; anNewetakwut se d tlpetietir fpetth dome. anwe `Wner weneo ye your
wyseolaan out, deanHandy ven Ant npetfpethyowua eoo ,
905 1 lfd4i8 hswisted ea wn on citee sht, deelDettroye5 been? Why, tna y, tsotmotdtI goo lweHe, knewafuet elwtAer h
Idi nwscapen oo fTeTs

Tyan

is;eae;ftru idugree ml e,anHe,dorse onot,wye dwelteoler er th enen910anwe`Wner woley smhi ww Tfsemwl
dhean e?fLat

Tye a55
Tya afrowyour

htte mpaci!weDryfdoittTsat bittleyhope ha55make goodochere,elAn;cltpe ayeiha
elbeautee ouyourofaci,fTeTsat ye

wand alteottoTs hud

facinen915an

Tye is brof st inewor waulupartyi,fTeTsat,tietth ssly,di wnowunhuremedyinanwe’255 eenkeut el,ye,h

IdinGrekes ferd weAhmoiebparfit

love,w rsinwbewnih nwweTAanbanyh

Toan

is ha55moiebkinde,

920 1te;beetth serven

yowuut, d ondaihamhan .fAe;wfcyevouche

saff,amhel
dhebrih nwweIttolybwnos ctoaserven

yowumy-

Ive,weWe Ye ww hal athanyhe,lor5ooGrec sytw

Ive`feweAn;wand noer word s cgantoawaxenmr d t 925fe255ihai ei weper yaslitelthhan w yqook,elAn;casteda-syd
yaslitelthhan w iisht d we255stinn cawhyli;eae;afe rware awook,elAn;hbrelor

onusi

ytsreww iislook,elAn;eyd ,`l am,
alwbewinwyowunhuloy ,

930feAha entie manbast
nyhthan win
Ty
panwe`

wfcmhfaan oTydius,' he, eyd 'we`Y-livedoe
dd tI h
dd cbeen,t r thir, 1OouCalidoereda55Ar adkir dCeiseyd !elAn:hyhopetl t4stlIth
Idyet,wy-wisnen935anBur he ahaslayn,
allas! Th smhiey4arm ir, 1Unhappilyaat hebesdal e urat fePolymitesda55m
nyha manbtoascat .anwe`Bur htte mmyh,lsint4stlItamuyouremen,ante;beeha
eferse oofowFomdImsr ugraci,e 940feToaserven
you
aios te lybahal en,ante;hal a 4al wwhyllbtoalivewlsly spaci,feSo,w rstner ludepart doittofo aiiisplaci,feYesut, m
ugraunte ttner lumthwo-mhisesfeAnwbettley hys r, el dtowumyeorwen'e 945anweWsat hold
Id el dtisaword istsat h dseyd ?anHe,spak y-now tlpeto8day a wnon meste;weltpreveth el,he,spak sot4stlCeiseyd
anGraunte,don `4esmhises e
hismrequest
an

th spekwnowand eim a wnon leste,e 950 1Sostsat h dnt,deyspekw ofoewor wmatttf;an255thusctoaemwsaesseyd ,
aisye mthwhere:feweAs shictsat h
dd cei nhtte monu
To Tr 1Sosfaste ttner tAer mthwieti ondtraci;we255strafng lybshe,spak,da55
yd ythus'e 955fe`OsDiemedo,bl
loveytnre ilkw placiweTAer I ahabern;eae;loves tlpethismgraci,elDeliverewinwsfne oual ea wd nowinwcare!elGod
tpetutymih nw h leve
it
wol e ufarelwe`Teer Grekes ut,d cei nwrat th monu
Tye
1Sostsat y
y our nti uan wofo aiismattf,fe255wFendyowulist,sye mthwceme here ayeyn;fe255,w rsye gon,thuscmuche
Iw eyeyowuh tf;ان2ios lpwm cPallaswand ei nhtfs ltre elf ـ4a wI sht,de ouanyhGreeweFendroft 1000 1lt sht,de be your-
Iven, bhwmhetrof lelew ـIw ey i nwtthtfhyet ـ4a wI wolyowulovesfeNeelw ey i nwnay,tbe; inconc Trioun, 1ltmeneowol sbygodwtsat iecabove: ـ--we255 eer-wBut-al shiccasted sirshyen,doun, en1005fe255gantoasyke,da55
yd , ـO
Ty
y oun,elYewbidddtl god, wwn quieted a55inmrehterelumthwyowuseen,t
domyhshtte mbrehte. ـfeweBur ineffect,da55htruly lpetth eye feTsiisDiemedomalhfrehhly newe ayeynen1010anGan
prehsrn on,eae;tastedsirsmercy prey ;fe255afe r thir,sthe, hteonlprth seyn,feHir gloveyh
y ook,
ofowFor whe ahaufetfayn,fe255fynally, wFendit ahaawakenmeve, elAn;ahlwah el,he, roohaa55tookw
iiisleve.en1015anweTse bhri ne Venur fplwedoman;ahetaf ste 1Tse wey, tAer brodomPhebusdounhali
ste;fe255 cynthia dsirsc4ar-htr s ov r-raf ste 1Th wFirl doittofo aeeLyon, ewfcshicmi ste;fe255Signifer
iisencrelse,hewed bhri ne,en1020 1Wha aehst!Ceiseyd dTnde uer be5de wentereln-wand ei nfaatfs faire bhri ne
tente.feweReironer tinsirssoulesay upwae;doun 1Tse word isofo aisissoainDiemedo, feHismgrnen
ehtat, da55 perilofo aeteoun, en1025fe255s at he ahaalloneh a55h
dd cnedoanOoufreee;lwos lp;ha55teus bigantoabredoanTh scehe why,sthe, hteonlprth el dwelTs at he tokwfuely
purpos lpetth dwelle, anweTse mhiseacem, da55 goosuly lpetth peke, e 1030feTsiisDiemedomiisceme Tnde
uCeiseyd , feA55htruly, leststsat y
ymhetal mbreki, feSo wol htlppethim-
lve, spak a55
yd , elTs at dtsirsasykeswsoresadounhon leyde. fe255fynally, the, hteonlprth seyn, e 1035anHe, rfretsirsofo
aeegree m oualsirspeyne.feweAn; afe r thirthe, tory el dnd uswelTs at he eimwyafo aefaire baye stede, 1Tse wFor
,h mones uanyofu
To Tr;fe255eewea broche
(a55Ts at ahalitelhnedo)e 1040feTs at
To Trhwah, he yafo aisiDiemedo, fe255eew,a
elbetafromerwsim thureleve, elSse maddtsim woiyaspencela ousiraleve.fewelnder eeweinctori syel
ds-where, elWha aehrof sa
ebodhehurt ahaDiemedom 1045anOou
To Tr stso woepcshicm

nyha tere,eiWha aehat he saf ststisawyd dwoue;lwoble5 ;fe255tsat he tookwthukepen sim goodoh de feAe;ftru oos ldti sim oui seowe wemtte .feMen seyn,dlonot,wt sat he yafoeimwhi nhtte .en1050feweBur ˚rewely,wthe, tory el dnd uswelTser mtdeihal awomma amoiresutfeTsan s wha aehat he false5

To Tr.elSse

yd , `Allas!

nowuis ltnhea-gtfeMy namedoftroft einlove.wftruhal -mh!len1055an

Iwlsly false5oon,tha entieehtereTsat hal awas ha55oon ˚4eswtrutiehtheelwe`Allas,
ofome,
Tnde u iduworld syende feSh
ldneitAer been
y-writenti rsy-soegeanNe goodowor5 wlpetutie bokes ut, mehs4ende.en1060elO,,rol ddth
Idl
beeha ncm
nyha toege;reTsrof s-oitttsduworlدمhebel dth
ldby roege;re255wommen mosu ut, sate m c oualle.anAllas,
ehat wor waucasme sht,de fal dlelwe`Teey
wt, seyn,dinoaismuche
aisinme
is hn1065lelWsly semddomudishoi ur,weylaweylfeAl bedlonoto aeefirsttsat didomamir, 1Wea whilpend noer th doymheblemadawey?weBu rinMseet4erewi wnobwettieyway fe255tsat toalae mi wnowulpedtm ctoarewe hn1070feToaDiaemedomalgpaitl tolybw ˚rewely.anwe`Bur
To Tr ssinlnmnowbetter mth,feA55int4stltteus depart ndy da55I,elYenwprey tl god,wsoty vewyowurhan wgoodoo dayan2ioftru idugentieehte, ˚rewely,wn1075reTsat hal ala ay ctoaserven
feitAfuely,ante;bostocen thwhiis!
dhehoi urukepe:’ --we255wand noer word sse brastaaeontoawepenanwe`255ctteeswyowune h
nen h
ldItihal feAe;freee;lwolove,what h
IdyeeFendofome,
n1080 1te;my goodowor5 w
ldmi stebl
livenmever.fe255,w`rewely,wiut,d csory bean

th seen
yowuinoadversitee.fe255giltelees ltttooct el,lyowuleve;anBur al shal pahsr;ha55teus takw lumysleve;`
n1085feweBur `rewely,whowulogedit ahabitwtnewelTsat he ftr-sockw imwlpetutieDiemedo,feTon 8i
wnonauctpetuel dnd it ltttene.fetakw every manbnowue uveis bokes he5 ;feHewsh
Idi termedferd n,doittofodForenen1090we

thof sa
a whi8bigantoawowdtsirasonewelE
yei nwen,syewt ahatAer mhiy`h done.feweNe m cn clist aiiss lybwomma achyd anFtteAer tha aeh
y tory ut, devysr.feHir name,
allas! lispublishe;hywyd , n1095reTsat lpethirgiltdit of steuy-noebsuffysr.feAe;wfclldmi stebexche hiranyhwysr an

he socsory ahalfpethiruntoft eiY-wis,wiut,d cexche hiryetwfpetroft .anweTsiis
To Tr sahal bifornwlsly told, n1100feTsus dryveth ftrut sahawol aios h
nowmhan .feBltttofnen aha iishtte mhootca55cold,feAe;namely,wther ilkw nynthiwnih nwweWFor ,on `4esmhise he
e
dd ceimsbyhih nfeToaceme ayein:dgodwwot,wfuetlitelhrehte n1105anH
dd ceey`4a wnnih n;di - air th slpeceimseehtea.anweTse laurl -crofnedmPhebus,wand eiishtt
anGan,dino iisc ursesay upware aios wente, 1Th warmensofo aeeestoseet4e wawe wwt
anAe;Nisusdou sterasongwand frehh entenne,en1110 1Wha a
To Trh iisPa55aiyafe r senne;fe255on `4eswal dsofo aetounwnonhepl
yd ,elToalokewf cnonhecen seen
uan wofoCeiseyd .anweTilit ahanoon, theyy toden
f

th see 1Whottner tAer ceme;ha55every manl awih nw n1115reTsat camufrowfer,theyy eyd ndit ahas elTil ea
wnonhecoud cki wen sim a-rhan .feNowu aha iishtte mdul,nowu ahait li st;an255thuscby-iape;toe;ln
f

th staiean2bofe mnof st, tsiis
To Trha55Pa55aienen1120feweToaPa55aius tsiis
To Trhtso eyd ,we’

uan wllwot, wbi-lpeanoon, sikerly, anInde u iirtounwneacemnd i uan w4erewCeiseyd .anSs h
nowy-nowy`h done, whareily, anTh winrenafromei nfaaer, sotroweal; en1125feHir t, de faan owolyetwmakw ei
ndyneelE
ehat he go;dgodwy vew iihtte mpyne!fewePa55aieyanswoid , `ltumthwwol b , ctteeyn; fe255 ftr-utywlae
usdyne, elwnoni8biseche; fe255afe r noon `4an maystw
thofaceme ayeyn.’
n1130 1te; hoomwnonhego, twBut-ofe mmhiey peche; fe255cemem eyein, tbe; loegedmthwtheyy eccheelE
ehat theyyferd ehat theyyyafe r cape; an
tuny semdbhteonceonketh ftry`h lapenanweQuods
To Tr s’ Imseewol now, wtsat he n1135fels tari dwand ei nt, de faan osowellTsat e
he ceme, dit oleneih tevenmbenenCom ftrut sl tolyTnde u iduyatdgh, feTlie ptru urs
beehaunkoner euhai -mh; fe255I tolydoo semdh, den upw iduyatdtn1140feAhai uan wneowore,
al-thof sahe cemalae .feweTse day g nownaste, eae; afe r that cemnd eve, elAn; yetwcemai uan we u
To TrhCeiseyd . anHewloketh ftrutsbyhegge sby`ree sbgyreve, elAn; fer iijsonid ov r theswalhon leyde. tn1145fe255at
thealastedsetoredmedsim, da55
yd . we’ By god, wlttootsirsmeren tnow, wPa55aie! feAl-mosu, wy-wis,
dd ceis dayw n1185fe255
	yd , `I ue;lroe;lwlsly al a-mis.fe

thilkw nian w1wlastlCeiseyd dsth,feSse
	yd , "lth
Idbyhshtte,wfcnoa w1 mth,feE
ehat theymone,eOwdere htte mswtt
!weTse Lyon pahsr,doittofo ais Ariete." n1190fewe

wFor ,shicm
yyetwht,de alsirsbihehte.'fe255on `4esmhise Tnde u iduyatds wente, 1255upwae;down sbywestca55eewebyehte,
Up-on `4eswal dsmaddtsicm
nyha wente.feBur al Ipeanouh n; iishope alweyceimsblenne; n1195an

wFor ,a wnih n,dinoeorweta55ykeswsore,feHewwenteoeimwhoem,dwBut-oe nanyhmhie.anweTsiishope al
!tnehoittofo iishtte mble5de,feHewn
no wher-on nowuleegerfru oosoego;reBur ftru idupeynetsim thof s e hiishtte mble5de, n1200feSo wore hiisehrowe
weharpeta55woe;l
troequen

wFyhsht saf stsats he aboodososooloego,feHewnisueow
a whi8iuggenwofitwmi ste,feSin he e
utsbroke aehat he eimsbihh ne.anweTse ehri5de, ftteAe, fil e,dsixe day n1205fe2fe r tho daye wt n,dof
wFor ,l tolde,feBitwixyhshopeta55dFore hiishtte mlth,feYenwsom-w
a wtiuster euon ei hestehaoelde.feBur wha aht saf sthe nt,de ei termedholde,feHeecen nowuseen
nonooeAeruremedye, n1210 1Bur ftru owehapeciemssone fpetth dye.anweTser-wand noeowikke;pirt
tgodwuwoblesseweweWFor ,ehat men clepeno wode lalofsy
anGantinsim crepe,dinoalo ais hevinesse;an

wFor sby-cehe he ut,d csone dye, n1215anHe,n ee wneodroek,afpethismaleecolye, 1255eewefromevery cempany he fle5de;weTsiis ahatAeslyf,ehat alaeh

ytymehon ledde.feweHe socdefetw ah,wtsat i manl aman
Unneutsmi stebsim ki we tAer s wente; n1220feSo waios ltne,ha55teer-th paleta55wan 1te;flble,a
a whi8walketh bypotenne;fe255wand eiisir mhe
thTrh im
lven hente.feBur who-so ax dmsim wher-офеimwemtte ,feHee
yd , ais harm waioa ablобe mihiishte . n1225fewePryamulfutofne,ca55eewehismo;l
dere,elHis bret4erena55aiissustrencrebresim freyneelWhyase ocsorwfultwaisinalsisichere,elte;w
a wtair t ahatAeseche oualsiispeyne?feBur al lpeanouh n; e nt,de eisscehe pl
yne, n1230 1Bur
yd , aeeele magrevofsmal
dhean2-bofe mihiishte ,ca55fayhsht ut,d cdye.anweSo onoa day on leydebsim dounwnh slepe,feA55o bifel ea win
iisslesptsm thof s e,feTher ina lpeestcfastedseewolktoawepe n1235an

lovetofi

ehat sim thesdupeynehawrof ste;fe255upwae;doun aios the trestosoof s e,feHe mettedseesaf stadbhorwand
nuskeswgre e,feTher sleeptayeinwtse bri stebsonneishtt

.anwete;byo ais bhor,cfastedin iisarmes fplde, n1240feLay kisir tthwhiisl
dhebri stlCeisedy :an

orwetof

wFor , wha aht itwganbholde,fe255 ftr
despyt,hoittofo iisslepecee br
yd ,el255 loud cAescryd onoPa55aius,a55
yd ,we`OPa55aius,nowuki we lcropwae;roeilen1245felwnam bur dnid; tAer ni wnonoeeAerobot
!wewe`Mysl
dhebri stICeiseyd h
nownowuei hete mapayed;weTse blisfullgoddes, tsorf s hirgre esmi st, n1250feHantinmysdFoemdy- hew
dmitwfultrhan .feTsus inmysdFoemdCeiseyd lwlsly biholde` --we255alo ais air th Pa55aius hy
toldenanwe `OmysCeiseyd ,
allas! Wher subtilteenanWher newe Trt,w
a wbeafe e,w
a wscieece, n1255feWher wrattse ofoiust scehe lsly yede ume?anWher giltdofome,
w
a wfelexperienceeefeHand fr ume rafe,
allas! Tihnadverteece?anO tiust,eOwfeyut sOwdepetaseuraece, 1Whoth
nownmi8reftsCeiseyd ,
almyspl
sauce? n1260fewe`Allas! Whysleetlyouafromeenneisgo,an

wFor ,wol neih toittfomyhwitlbr
yd ? 1Whotsh
Idi wy´r we onoanyhoeAesmo? 1Godwwotlttende,eOwl
dhebri st,sCeiseyd ,eITsat every wordt ahago pel ea wyee
yd !en1265feBur whoumthwbet8bigyl n,dyfoeimwlist ,eITsa aht on whom,men weneutsbestde utrist ?fewe`What h
Idlydoo wumysPa55aius,allas!felwfele nowusowehrarpeta newe peyne,feSin tAer i wnouremedie inaehissces,
n1270eITsat bet8wore itlwand mhnhondes weyneelMy-
Iven low,wtsan alweycThTrth pl
yne.fe

throf s mysdeend myhwoweht,de ean anhnd ,eITser every day wand lyf,my-
Ifwl hend `fewePa55aieyanansoid a55


To Tradoun,el255 rol dnd in iishtte me ua55 fro,anHowuhicm

ybestddiscryventei hiis o.fe255totCeiseyd ,

hiis wenel

dhedere, n1315anHe,wroot rhan wthTr,a55

yd aioyicm

y4ere.anwe´Rhan wfrfeshe flour,wFos lwsly beenca55sh

I, 1WBut-ofe nparr ofoel ds-where servysewwewaWand ette ,cbodyw lyf,w Trt, aof st, ae;al; 11,wofultwih n,dinoevery humblenwys n1320elTsats toegedeel dttruhtte mm

ydevysewwewAhaofneohamater cre occupynd place, 1Mi8recemaue;1 Tnde uyoueanoblengrace.anwe´Lykend itwy wy´o wan n,dswtt

ette ,weAhayeewol ki we howuloegedeymehagoon n1325feTher yicmebleftedinasprdupeynehemtte ,feWean ea wyeeewente,dof

wFor ,yetwbot

noo anH

ve lwnonoe

d, bur hal aworsbigoo anro day to day am I,da55otmot dwelle,elWFele itwy wylist,dof

weleta55wo myhwelle. n1330fewe`

wFor ,e uyow,wand dForfulthtte merewe,anletry e,,aios tha wsorwetdryfnd tonwry e,feMyhwo,tsat hal y houee encreend newe,anCempl

yner euas lwdar

canhndyt

.ante;ehat defaced is,tsat m

yyenwyt n1335weTse eeres,wFor ,noer fr umhnhyen reyne,feTher ut,d cspeke,wfcanoa wtkeyycoud ,da55pl

yne.fewe´Y wyfirst8bisehe I,d ea wyoueahyen clerefeTh lookon `4is defouledyennotoholde;fe255oal aalo ais,d ea wyewumysl

dhedere, n1340feWolyvofche-saufe ais lettrewto biholde.wete;byo a scehe eeweofomyhciascolde,feTher sleend myhwit twf cuan wamismeaasttte ,fe

-yhal it mewumyn wenewitt
ette .fewe`louanyhservant dtrsteb

of s e oforhan wn1345

Up-on hiisl
dhepitofly cempleyne,feThen wene l,d ea wor ,of s e b ehat wih nwweConsideredo ais,d ea wy euthesdumone Aes weyneelHannttared, tAer yee

yd n,dsoout nh seyne,feBur daye wt nyenno,d cinwostosoiourne, n1350weBur intwo moneAes yetwyennotore ourne.fewe`Bur fr-as-mfcheoahametmot nedis lykewetl ea wy wylist,dIwdar

notopleyneumhie,feBur humbelyhwand sorwfultykeswyke;feYowywry e or ,myn unrestywsworweswore, n1355anro day to day disyring hal -mhiean Th kien fuey, twfmyouewail it were, elHowuy e eans fttdwae; doo wuwhylyue bett4ere, anwe`ThewFos wel-faiedyandwhiuel ewegodwencreseanIn honoueawor , d ea wupware indegre n1360felt gr we alw ey,dssehat it nhal acesse; anRhan waiyowoueahete mayhcanwumyslyl
dhefree, elDevysewdIwprdy to go5otmotl it be.wete; grauete it ea wy eonntup-on mi8rewefeAhawisly asinall am y wy`rewe. n1365fewe`255wfcyow lykend ki wen ofo ae faieanOfome,
w
os wo tAer m

yno wih nddiscryve, anlecen noumhiybur,sches e ofo every care, elttwywry er euofo ais lettrewlM ahaon-lyve,anttredytoiltmyhwofultgostde udryve; n1370elWFor , l eelay , da55ht, de eimwyetwinonde,

Upon `4essih ndofomatere ofcyoueasonde, wewe`Mynhyen two, inveyn wand wFor , l see, feOfwsworwefulteereresesal marn waxen wel ds; feMyhsong, inpleyn e ofomhndaverseitee; n1375feMyhgood, inharm; umhnhe eeewewaxen hel dtis. feMyhloye, dinowh; lecen seycyow nouh noel ds, feBur turned is,l

wFor , myslyfwlm arie, feEeveror , loyettruesedin iiscontrarierewe`Whor, wand youeacemer euhhomtayeinwto

Ty n1380feY mm

yredrese,da55, umhieya aofsa55yutefe Then hal aor , e

dd . dencrestninme, loye. fe

ahatAer nhal ahete myenwso blyutefeTo ean ais lyf, was lwh

ldbeenecaseswytufeAslyowusee; da55, u aof s i manl arou`4esn1385anCemmhal yow, yenw airkend on youeatrou`4e.fewe`255wfc0 b mysgiltde

utsdeend diserved, anOrwfcyow list i mhiyup-on mi8see, feIn guttdon yet ofo aa wwlisy losyouaserved, anBiseche I yow, mhnhete ssl
lovetofogod, mysri steblo;|l-stttre, eITser deend m

ymake anhnd oualmyhwrerr .fewe’ louoeAerucehe auh nodond yowwfru o dwelle, eITher uand youealetrewyicmebrecemfrte; n1395fe

thof s e ume youeaabseece i wa5 hel dwweWand pacieecewlm ol myhwowcempote ,weA55wand youealetrewofo opewlm ol despote .feNowywry eut sswwtt

,da55iat me

thTrhnotopleyne;weWand eope, trudeend, eelial enowmi8fr upeyne. n1400fewe’Y-wis, myn wenedere htte merewe, anletoot aa , wha ayennexyup-on mi8see, feSh lost Isly lumhnheleta55eewemhnhewe, anCeiseyd sh

Idi uh noconne ki we m

!weY-wis, myn hete ssdaywumysl

dhefree, n1405feSh thTrsteuts

ymyn hete wto biholdefeYoueabeafe e, tsat myslyfwunneut lwoldenanwe’l seyci mhie,

allsly lufru o eyefeto youawol mhietyha aldeel dtm

y;feBur wheteor tsawheed ume liattrudeye, n1410feY toprayalddgod, o yhal yoworhan wgoodseyd.wete;faieutswel, wgoodly fayrewfreshe m

y, weAhayeetsa wlyfwor deend m mm

ycemaue|l: fe255totoyeateoru’4e ayalndmi8recemaue;lfewe’ Wand etle swor , noer, bur ye yhaln mi8n1415wetse same etle, lw

Idnoo etle lsly.feln youalyut swha ayow list ehat it o b , eITse day inowFor , m scloeAenwh

Idmysgrsly. feln yow myslyf, dinoyowumi stufru o sly 1Mi8fromdisesed oualldupeyneaemtte ; n1420wete; faie nowuuel, wmyn weneswwtt

ette !we LeyvostrewT. ‘feweTais letrewfrth

ahaseet Tnde uCeiseyd ,elOf

wFor , sirsanswoiedineffect

ahatAis; feFulpitofslly she troot ayein, ta55

yd , weTher alsoeonttas aat he mi st, y-wis, n1425wesSse ut, d creme, ta55mhnd al ea w ahamis.fete; fynally she troot a55
Wordings from Statius' "Thebais" are used to translate the document.

"Achilles' farewell to his comrades for the last time, just before the battle, is a moving and emotional speech that is both a farewell to his friends and a protest against the futility of war. Achilles' words reflect the depth of his love for his comrades and his hatred for the vain and senseless nature of war. He urges his comrades to remember their friendship and to cherish the memories of their time together. Achilles reminds his comrades that they are fighting for a cause that is meaningless and futile.

Achilles' farewell is a powerful call to arms, a reminder of the fragility of life, and a protest against the senselessness of war. It is a testament to the power of friendship and the importance of cherishing the memories of our loved ones. Achilles' words are a reminder to us all to remember the lessons of the past and to strive for a future that is better than the present.

The poem ends with a farewell to the sea, a symbol of the journey that Achilles' companions must undertake. It is a reminder of the journey of life and the importance of making the most of our time on this earth. The poem ends on a note of hope, with a wish for the companions to return from the battle and to continue their journey together.

The poem is a masterpiece of ancient literature, a testament to the power of poetry and the importance of memory. It is a timeless story that continues to inspire and touch us all.
titantes;we QuarrTrlabetore esineueteswprdlawseptem;we Mox furie Lenne quinto narratur etwanguis;we Arceimoribustum sextouludiqueleguntur;we Der Graios Tsebeseswetwvae mwseptimTrvmbria;we Octauowcecidit TidetTr,sperr,vita Pelasgia;we Ypemeden non mhiitur cum Parrhonopeo;we FulminduperussTr,decim uCapaneus superatur;we Vndecim usesedperimTet per vulnla,a,fatres;we Argiuam fl

ne m narrat duo;lnuswetwignuem.feweSse tt,de eewehouTyd Tr,er ss stente,n1485

Unde u’4esstro euicteeaof Tsebes,anTh cleymehkiegdomofo ae citee,ewente,we

iissfelawe,tndauePolymites,elOf

wFor ,tse broeAer,tndaueEthyc ds,feFultwror fueylaof Tsebes etldu’4esstreng’4e; n1490elTsisstt,de ss byoprocer,

ldbyslieng’4e.feweSse tt,de eewehowuHemhrid suassttte ,feWha aTyd Trs l f s fiftywknhan eswstofe .weSse tt,de eewealo a sprophesy wbyshete ,weA55h wy’hatushalnehkieges,wand i arou’e,n1495feBiseged ny ae citeeealabofe ;fe255folo ae lohyserpent,a55nse uel dwwe255folo ae furier,

Idsse gan eimwttelle,feweOf

Arceimori wburer eua55nse pleyds,feA55h wyAmphiorax fil thr f s nse gr fnb , n1500feHouw Tyd Tr

ahaslayn,

lord ofoArgeyds,feA55h wy’Ypemedountiniltewstofnd feWas dFoyn,tA55deedParrhonopeof

woue;};fe255alsoeoh wyCappaneus a sproud feWand thonder-dint

ahaslayn,

aa wcryd loud . n1505feweSse gan eeweeel dteimwh wy’hatueinol abroeAer,weEthyc dsA55Polimy e
also,elltyawscarmycse,ech e ofo mwsl f s oeAer,we255foloArgyves weper eua55 i ao;weA55h wy’he ttn

ahabreetsstt,de eeewetho. n1510wete;so dischnd nd dountfromges es oldefeTh Diemed,e,a55nsus ss
spawea55toldenanwe’Tsissilde bhor

bitokneutsDiemed,feTyd Trsone,tsat dountdischnd d isanro Mtleagie,

that mad the bhor

to bldd . n1515ante;ehysl
dh,wFer-soese be, y-wis,elTsissDiemedi i ahete we

ut,taA55hduhsianWeep lwnoofawolt,ttruleef;wfrf, olttofoofe ,elTsissDiemediessinne,a55nsofaart ofe
’.anwe’ Tsouaseyist iatusoth,’ quodthe, ’nsosaforcerese,dsn1520weWand alo ay
falsedgootoloprophesyefefThofawonest beencaagre
wdevyneresse;anNowuseestownolutiissfoolofofantasyefePeynend i aon l

dheswfor

to lye?antwey!’ quodthe. ’Tser loves yhal theeborswe!dn1525feThofash
It be fals, paraueter, yewn o-mhrwelfewe’2sawol aofamhan es wlyen on Alces e,feTher uahaof creature, but wmentlye, feTher hal aweren,

kie; lstua55nse best . fe

hanne i ahofsbonde uahainluparty n1530feTo dyeitieim-self, but-wfcs ut, d cdye, weSse cheeses for
eimwto dyeta55gowto hel dwwe255starouano, ahaus a sbokesweel d’anweCahsa55ry gout, ta55s uand cruol hete fe
-yat 4is ut, truangrewofo i nspeche; n1535ante; from isbed
Idso; inly s stete , weAs
thof s allooleimwh
dd y-madha leche. fete; day bysday se gan enquera555
tefeAwsoout ofo ais, wand allis fuele cure; fe255thTrledFyend ftrth
lis slynture. n1540fewe
tune, wFor ehat permutaciounfeOf
`4iegeswe
ut, tas it is i
committedf eTh f s purveyauece55di posiociounfeOf
heih e love, tas re nehaeh
ldbentflittedfero folkwinwfolk, ttruwha a a yaeh
ldbentsmitten, dn1545anGa apuele awoy ae feteore wbri stebof
Ty fero day to daywutil theyobentbarewofoloye, fefe2mhr alo air, teefynofo ae parodi feOf
Ector gan approcAenwutnd
blyve; elTse fat ut, d chis soule slosedeuebodi, dn1550wete; shapente
dd a mene it oittto dryve; elAyeinswFor, fat eimwhelpend nototosstryve; elBur oncaaday to fi stentgan ae uende, feAt
wFor , allas! Hencef steuais lyves ende. wewe

wFor , me

thinkend every manl awhan wn1555eITher hauetend armes of steuto biwayleeITse deend ofo im ea w ahasoenable
awknhan ;fe

arledFof s ahkieg bysthlyntayle,

Unwar ofo ais,Aceil dsathr f s nse maybeel255thr f s nse body gan eimwfor
to ryve;wn1560fe255thTr ais utr ay knhan
ahabr uh noofolyve.wewe

wFem, ahat,d cbokesweel dn us,elWas madhswor ,ut,noa wtor euitmm
ynototel d;fe255namely,`4esshrwebof
To Tr,elTher nextyeimwuahaof utr aindsse uel d. n1565ante;in ais ut gan
To Tru o dwelle,elTher,

wFatufor

shrwe,ta55love,tae;forsueres e,feFultof e asday se ba5his hete wbrest .feelBur iatetler,teofh s gan eimwdi peyre,1te;dr
dd ay`4a weissl
dhewahauntrew ,dn1570feY toayon sirshis hete wgan repeyre.fete;as aeseedlovere wdoor ,4esshf steuaynew feTo geteuayeinuCeiseyd ,wbrf st ofo we.fete;in iishete weewente eir excusiege.elTher Calkas caused alhir taryer e.
n1575fewe255ofeuteym weewahainpurposagreed feHim-selventlyweatpilgrimwto disgysewweTo een sir;butwse
maynotocontreefe feTo beencunik wenofolkw ea w eren wys ,anNe finde excus arhan wthat
maysuffysewdrn1580feIf fo amhr `4esGrekeswki wen ere;we

wFor ,he weep fultof e manyha ter .feweTo i ahe troot yenwofteutym walnew feFultpitosly,4esleftueit i u stuftrusl
f´4e,feBisec4ieghir tser,
sin aatweewawahatrew ,dn1585wseSse ut,d ccmemuateinua55st,de eir trou`4e.wé

wFor ,Ceiseyd yup-on a daywuftrur f´4e,feldeakeuit st,nouc4iege alo air mattt ,anWro eimwayein,ta55

yd as ye mayher .fewe`Cupyd susone,ensampl eofogoodlihed , n1590elOwl 5ofknhan hod,shfrhaof
gentileselfeHowumhau a uhan in ormeet a55in5rydeel255etleeles,yowushnd as yenwgl
dndsse?feldhete lees,L syke,l in5istresse;anSiny uand me,tntrul uand yowumaydel , n1595weYowuneinol ashnd or ,herte maynoretle.fewe `Yhrslettres ful,o ae papi
aloy-ploynt d, anCoceyvedwe
ut myn, herteswpiee e; anl lisy eewe
ynwand tere waldepyntedfe Yhfrslettre, ta55s wy’ hatuyi8requeren, me
1600fTo cemeuayein, wFor, yenwne maynotobe, feBur whywullstunoa wthisslettretue; In ere, an No menciounwne
makeUnowwuftrufer . fewe’ GrevoTru o me, tgodtwoo, is yhfrsueres e, feYhfrshastt, a55nsr,

de goddis ordinauece,
1605weltushmend notoyi8eakeuit ftru oe best . feNtruoeAeru’ 4ieg nissin yhfrsremembrauece, weAs
thinkend me, tbur only yhfrsplosauece. feBur bend nototrooth, a55nsrerlyowubisec4e; we

nserltari , di walf

akkedwspeche. n1610feewe’ Frul Isly hl 5wol mhr ehanul uende, feTouc4iege Tru ut, h wy’ hiegeswe
n y-stoe; ! feWFor, laeh
ldwand 5issimTliege amende. we255bend nou stutrooth, l Isly eeweue; Irstoe; ! , feHowuyi8n cdooy butwst, den, me
in oe;! n1615elBur iowunof
s, l cen notoin yhwgesseelBur alle trou’ 4eea55alle gentilese. fewe’ Cemen l ut, , tbur yetwinhswor, 5isioynteanl stoe; l
as nowwu ea w hatuyierutruwhat daye!Ther thisseh
ldbe,
aa wcanul notoapoynte. n1620weBur inheffect, l prey yhw, ahal may, elOf
 yhfrsgood utrdta55of
 yhfrsfrendshipuay. we

trew lh, wFylwthat myslyfumaydure, weAs
 ftruayfrend, ye mayin, me
 ahsur . fewe’ Y topreyelyowuo yveluyi8n ceake,
1625elTher it is slortwFor, noer lu o yowuwryte; anl dar nor,
nersul am, wol lettres make, anNe rhal ayenwne coud ul uel endyt . feEewegre
weffectwmentrwyteainplacelte. elTsententedi wal, a55nou stut4eslettres space; wn1630fe255farend now
uel, tgodtlsly yhfin iisgrace!we La vostre C.'anwe Tsiss

To Tru hissettreuteoeh e alstraueg ,eWeWha aheut safh ,ta55hrwefueyla4essi ste;feHimuteofh e itlywheatkalendehaof chaueg ;eIBur fnally,4esfullne trowenmhan ewn1635elTher s n ut,d chimwst,den,ther s hi ste;fe

wand fultyveluwil list
eimwto lhaleITher lovend uel,tinhswor ,car,teofh simwgrev .feelBur iatetler,ment
ynnsner,
atut4eslaste,we

anhy`hieg,menthalo a sso a ssee;wn1640wete;swor ,a,car
bitiddt,a55nsersahafas e,feTher
To Truuel ue;lrstood,ther s anNas not st
kie;las aa weir of steube.we255fynally,4eswoot nowwwuoittfedofe ,eITser al is lostunooa wh we
ut beencabofe .n1645feweStood,oncaaday in iismalencolyeweTsiss
To Tr, a55insTrpeciounfeOf
hir f

wFem ae uendewfru o dye.we255so bifel,noa wthr f s-oitt
Ty noun,weAs
was ae gysew y-bhr wahaupa55dounwn1650wet manl acote-armure,tas
ythu`4esstori ,feBiffrn Deipsebe,tinhsigne ofo irvictori ,feefTse wFor cote,tas tel dthuLolliTr,eiDeipsebe itth
dd y-reet fromDiemedeeTse sameaday;a55wha a aiss
To Trun1655weltusafh ,ts gan e u`akenofoitthedee,feAvysiegofo ae leng`4eta55of
tse brede,feA55alnse uerk;butwarlecan bist,de,feFultso;linly sis hete wgan to ce,de,feweAs
ehat ony ae color f
55wand-inneun1660fe2abr cse,noa wh wCeiseyd yyafwthat mhrweelTher s from
Ty most n dehatwinne, welnsremembrauece ofo ima55of
his sorwe; wete; sh chimwl
yd ayeinuhir f
ythu` o bhrewelTt
kepeoitay; but nowwufultwol hewas`e, n1665anHissl
dhenas no lenge aon e u´rist . feelHeddgoothchimwstem, a55gan fultsoneashnd we

Pa55arus; ea55ala aissnew chauecdwwe255ofo aisabr cse, se tt, de eimwutrdta55ende, feCemployniege ofo i
nherteswvariauece,

1670feHisslor eulove, tsisstr  f4e, ua55 iswpinauece; fe255after deend, wand-oitenwutrdehamhr , feFultfas ese cryd,
,tsissres e
eimwto res or . feeweTha aspawe ehTr, `Osl
dhemyn, Ceiseyd , feWher is yhfrsf
yth, a55wher is yhfrsbsies e?

1675feWher is yhfrslove, twher is yhfrstr f`4e, `a4esseyd : fe`Of

Diemede sly ye now aissfes elweAllas, I ut, de sly trowed
atut4eslest . feTser,
sinye no, dein rou´4ee o me stoe; l, feThatuyi8thTrmt, de snwwst, den, me
in oe I dn1680fefewe Whothalanow trowe, oncanyho a hamh? weAllas, I nhal awt, de snww nd,
eru`4is, feThatuyi, uCeiseyd , wcoud u snwchaueg 5so; anNe, tbur lte

dd a-gilta55dooncamis, feSo cruol uendewl notoyhfrsherte, y-wis, dn1685weTo lee, me

thus; eallas, yhfrsnameofo rou´4ewels nowwfrt-doo , a55nsers i walmysrou´4e. wee`Was aer nonuoeeAerubr cse
yowulistesleteeITt

ffe fe wando yofrsnew love, ` quodthe, we` Bur`4iike br cse noer l, wand tere wwe`e, n1690elYowuyaf, tas
fruayremembrauece ofome? feNonuoeAerucause, eallas, ne

dd yeelBur ftrudehpyt, a55eeewef

nsery menteanAl-oitr lhotoss wen yhfrsententelanwe` Tsr f s wFor , laeee noer clene oittofohyhrsmie; ln1695weY u
snwmcart, a55lwne cen nor may, el
al ais utrld, wand-in myn, herte findeel TT
unloven yhwa quarter ofoaaday! wewe Innscurse dutym wI bhnwah, woylaway! wewe Thatuyl, unoer dooncme
al ais utendure, t 1700 fe Y tolowlw best to foany creature. wewe Nowugod,’ quodthe, ‘meashnd yenw legrace wThatuI maycmeten wuand tais Diemedel fe 255trew lh, wfcl Isly mhan ae; space, feY tohalol make, cI lop, tsisssyd suble, I. n1705 we Ougod,’ quodthe, ‘ehat ouan es w akenheedeel Tt
frtheren, tr f’ 4e, ua55 troegeswto spunyc, ‘fe Whheniltowudoonca vengeaece ofotais vyc ?wewe ’ O
Pa55ari, unoer in 5rymeswfor
e u’rist
Me blamedshast, ua55toet arnwoftyup-breyd , n1710 fe Nowumaystowushe noy-selve, wfcnoa wtheeulistie, fe Howutrew i wnow thhenec , wbr i st Ceis eyd! wwe Innsodnrywformer, godlttwoot,’a4esseyd , we ’ Tse goddis s wen bo a sloyea55nenewelnsleple, ua55bhemy5ryme it is nowushnl. n1715 fe w e255certain lh, wand-oite mhr speche, ferom aennes-frth, tas ferfrth
ahal may, el Mynowene deend inuarmes wt, laec4e; welyrecscse notoh wysoneabew leday! wwe Bur ’ rew lh, Ceiseyd, wswe e may, n1720 we WFem I Isly aycaund almysmhan y-served, feThatuyl8th Trdoo, I Isly it i u studisederv, ’ anwe Tsiss Pa55arus, unoer alie taesed hiegswel 5dwwa255was etwol he
yd aysoond ofo 4is, feHe i u stuawu trdtayinutoo ima5wl 5e; wn1725 el For
shyrof
his frendes sorweaheuis, wete; shamed wuftruaiss nec we
ut doonca-mis; wete; stant, uastoe5e sof
tseseucausehatweye, we As
stil dtas toon; uawutrdtne coud uhe
y .feel Bur atut4eslaste8th Trhepaw, ta55
yd , n1730 fe’ My br eAerudere, ul mayctheudoeno-mon . feWher sul d ewl
yn?I lste, y-wis,d Ceisey dy lwe And, god twot, I ut, Iste eir eal mor! fe255t o wthhfme bisouan es wdooncofoyhr, feHaviege Tn- o myn oeoefsnemysres e
n1735 el Rhan no reward, I dide
al aa wtheeul est . feel ‘ If I dide
ou stut4at mhan ewlywen, thee, welt is meuleef; ta55 of
tsisstreson noww
God twot, ther it a sorweais Tn- o m! fe255rydelees, ftruartereswes euofoyh w, n1740 we Rhan faywoldewl amende it,was ’ etl low. we 255fro ais utrld, almhan y godtl preye, elDelivere eir sone; I cen no- mhr s
y .‘anweGret
was ae sorweaa55ployntufo
To Tr;eIBur ftrthchi acofrhaftftuny aycgan to st,de. n1745feCeiseyd ylovend ae sone ofoTyd us,wete;
To Trumototepeoinscare wce,de,weSwor ,is ais utrid;
wFe-so i wcanubi,de,feInsec4ewester i wliteluaerteswres e;
Godthal Truro
e u’akeuit ftru oe best !dn1750feweInsmanyhcrul batayl , oittofodore,feoFs
To Tr, ais ilke noblemen ,weAs
mentmayin,tseseuoldewbokeswred ,feWas
ne isoknhan hodua55 iswgree mhan .fe2555rydelees,ais ire,uday a55nhan ,dn1755feFultcruoly ˚4esGrekesway
abouan e;fe2555alweymost tais Diemedheouan e,feel2555ofteutym , I finde aa wttheycmett
Wand blodhestrokeswa55wandwutrdehagree ,weAssayiege h wyein spere wweren,whett ;wn1760wete;godtittwoot,
uand manyha cruol heteeGanu
To Truupon sis helmwto bene.feBur iatetler,frtuny it i u stun ut,d ,feOfs eAers oe; aa weinol ad
y ntht,de. --feel2555wfcI lsdd y-`akenfor
e uwrytean1765elTse armes of
tsissilke wrthy man,weTha awoldewl of
his batal ds endyt .feBur ftrunoer lu o wryteafirstubiganfeOf
hissslove,tl Isly seydas aa wl cen.feHisswrthry d deh,
wFe-so list
eem aere,t 1770feRee5Dare ,se canutel d
eem alle y-fer .feweBisec4iege eal ysl
dhebri st of
hew ,wete;eal ysgentilswtmmman,uwhat soe be,eITser al be aa wCeiseyd ywahauni rew ,eITser ftrunoer giltsoe be
nototrooth uand me. n1775weY umayei giltnuoeAerewbokeswsee;fe2555gl
dlierul wole wryten,wfcyowules e,fePent,op es trou˚4eea55good Alcest ,feelNewl
y nototsissal-only ftru oes men,feBur most f
wttmen,ther bitrayse5be n1780feTsrf s falsewtlk;godtyevd
kiem sorwe, amen! we Thatuand eir gree wi ae; subtil...
Uponca cros, ahrfouleswfor
e ubeye, we Firstusterf, a55roor, a55sitwin evene a-bove;fe

se nil, falsen no uaan , d5arwl s

y ,wn1845we Thatuul sis herteyala ooelyaon simleye, fe255sin e bestte ulovewir, a55most meke, feWher ee5end f

ye5ilovestwitrossek ?weweLo aere, tofoPayen wcerseduoldewrytes, weLo aere, twoer alle eir goddis may avail
d; wn1850feLo aere, t oes wrecssed utridswappetytes; feLo aere, t oe, fyna55gul 5onfor
eravall dfeOf

love, wAppoelo, tofoMars, tofoswor, rascaill dfeLo aere, t oe, formeofohldewclerkewspechefelnpoetrye, wcye eir
bokeswseche. -- wn1855feelO mhralaGower, a aiisbook I direct elTo `4ee, a55n u`h cp4ilosop4icalaStro; l, feTo
vouchenaff, aeur nedeir, n ucerect, feOfsyhfrsbenigniteeswa55zter gode, fe255to, t4at soeAfas oCeist, ther sterfaon
ro;l, wn1860weWand almyn, herte ofomercy eal I preye; fe255to, t4e I rdtri st toTrul peketa55

ye: feelTshfoo, a55nwo, a55nsree, ee rne on lyv, feToA
wregnesttiain, tsreea55nwota55oon, feUncircumscript, ua55almayst
circumscrive, wn1865elUswfromvisibleoa55invisibleofoonelDefhnd; a55n u` hyomercy, eal or oon, feSo makeuTr, leus, frtu` hyograce dign, el

lovewofomayd a55moderu`4yn, benign ! Amen. feel Explicit Liberu
To ieeoCeiseydis. feel

[E55ofo`
To Trua55Ceiseyd ]feel

aaaaa