

## *Troelus a Chressyd: A Translation of the Welsh Adaptation of Troilus and Criseyde*

National Library of Wales, Peniarth MS 106 devotes itself entirely to one of the most extraordinary texts to survive from early modern Wales. The Welsh *Troelus a Chressyd* represents a bold adaptation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* and Henryson's *The Testament of Cresseid*, transforming those works into one continuous drama, complete with character names and stage directions. The play was composed at some point between the mid-sixteenth and early-seventeenth centuries, its only manuscript witness having been copied in two main stints, pages 1 to 135 around 1613 and pages 136 to 231 around 1622.<sup>1</sup>

It draws upon all five books of *Troilus and Criseyde* as well as the *Testament of Cresseid*, having used one of the printed editions in which they were combined.<sup>2</sup> The translation is at times close, but elsewhere whole new scenes are added, such as the judgement of Cressyd (pp. 6-38). The unknown composer of the text, whose dialect suggests he came from North-East Wales, displays excellent understanding of Chaucer and Henryson's texts, albeit in their updated and regularized printed versions, together with considerable learning.<sup>3</sup> Although the stage directions, and in particular one tantalizing reference to the stage (p. 201), show clearly that this work is designed as a drama, it appears to have been adapted for reading.<sup>4</sup> Prose summaries of the action are given at the start of different sections of the work (pp. 22-3, 120-1 and 161-4), and its manuscript, with its frequent use of ornate large initials and rubrics and its spaced-out text, is clearly designed for the reader rather than performance.

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<sup>1</sup> The absolute *terminus a quo* for the play is Thynne's edition of 1532 (*The Workes of Geffray Chaucer* (London, 1532)), as it is clear the text is based either on this edition or one of its successors (the 1542 and 1550 reprints, the 1561 Stow edition (*The Woorkes of Geffrey Chaucer* (London, 1561)), or Speght's 1598 edition (*The Workes of ... Geffrey Chaucer* (London, 1598)); for an overview of these editions, see D. S. Brewer, ed., *Geoffrey Chaucer: The Workes, 1532 (a facsimile)* (London, 1969). Variant readings indicate that Speght's 1602 edition (*The Workes of ... Geffrey Chaucer* (London, 1602)) was clearly not used, but further research is required to ascertain exactly which printed edition was translated. Suggested dates for *Troelus* range from the mid-sixteenth century (R. I. Stephens Jones, 'The Date of *Troelus a Chresyd* (Peniarth 106)', *Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies* 26 (1976), 430-9) to the late-sixteenth or early seventeenth century (Beynon Davies, ed., *Troelus a Chresyd* (Caerdydd, 1976), p. 34). On the date of the copying of the text in the manuscript, see N. Lloyd, 'A History of Welsh Scholarship in the first half of the Seventeenth century, with special reference to the writings of John Jones, Gellilyfdy' (unpublished DPhil dissertation, University of Oxford, 1970), p. 158. The scribe, John Jones, Gellilyfdy, gives dated colophons on pp. 119, 160, and 231. The scribal note on p. 36 of the manuscript indicates that this prolific copier was not the author of the text.

<sup>2</sup> See Stephens Jones, 'Date', 430.

<sup>3</sup> Beynon Davies, *Troelus*, p. 31; Stephens Jones, 'The Authorship of *Troelus a Chresyd*', *Bulletin of the Board of Celtic Studies* 28 (1978-80), pp. 223-8.

<sup>4</sup> Note also the highly effective use of the theatrical context on p. 171 where Diomedes asks Cressyd to give him her favour 'in the presence of these'.

The play has often been derided as a literary and dramatic work, although more sympathetic scholarship has emphasized the power of its tragic focus.<sup>5</sup> This is not exclusive of new humour, as when Cressyd, apparently more interested in Hector than in Troelus, asks Pandar about Hector's welfare (p. 66). Chaucer's Pandar mentions 'in his arm he hath a litel wownde' (Book 2, l. 156). In the Welsh play, Pandar says 'he is well, I thank god, save that part of his face has been injured' ('briwo peth o'i wyneb'). The Welsh play also shows a great deal of metrical inventiveness, being a verse drama mixing existing Welsh metres with those of Chaucer and Henryson.<sup>6</sup> Much of the earlier criticism of the work dismisses it because it is in large part a translation, although the texts on which it draws do not shackle its creativity. *Troelus a Chressyd*'s sometimes clumsily repetitive style, which this translation does not try to eliminate, does yield to real lyric beauty at times, and this is often independent of Chaucer and Henryson.

Despite the lack of a published translation, the full play has appeared in three editions.<sup>7</sup> This translation, which tries to remain as close as possible to the Welsh text without sacrificing clarity, is based primarily on the standard edition of Beynon Davies, with reference to the other editions and especially the corrections noted by David Willis and Ingo Mittendorf. No edition of the text organizes it according to line number, but rather according to the page numbers of Peniarth 106. These page numbers are given here in round brackets for ease of comparison with the editions. To aid comparative work with Chaucer and Henryson, references to relevant sections of the English texts are put in the left-hand margin, TC standing for the *Riverside Chaucer* edition of *Troilus and Criseyde* and H for the text of the *Testament of Cresseid* in Fox's edition of Henryson's works.<sup>8</sup> In certain instances, the Welsh translation is very close to Chaucer and Henryson; elsewhere the adaptation is far freer. In my translation, spelling of names has been regularized, and in the cases of lesser used names anglicized to aid comparison. The sections in

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<sup>5</sup> More negative older criticism includes J. S. P. Tatlock, 'The Welsh Troilus and Cressyd and its relation to the Elizabethan Drama', *Modern Language Review* X (1915), pp. 265-82; A. Le Braz, '*Le Théâtre Celtique*' (Paris, 1904), pp. 63-4. More sympathetic treatments include G. Williams, 'Troelus a Chresyd: A Welsh Tragedy', *Transactions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion* (1957), pp. 37-57, which gives a general overview of the play, and J. T. Ainsworth, 'The Welsh "Troelus a Chresyd": Toward a Better Understanding' (unpublished PhD dissertation, State University of New Jersey, 1979), which focuses particularly on the text's tragic elements.

<sup>6</sup> See Beynon Davies, *Troelus*, pp. 26-30.

<sup>7</sup> The only full translation of which I am aware is that contained in H. P. Tremain, 'The Welsh Troelus a Chresyd' (unpublished PhD dissertation, University of Michigan, 1965), which is highly inaccurate: see Beynon Davies, *Troelus*, p. 37. The editions are Beynon Davies, *Troelus*, Gwyn Williams's edition with modernized orthography (*Troelus a Chresyd* (Llandysul, 1976)), and David Willis and Ingo Mittendorf's online edition, which forms part of a linguistic corpus and provides the only reliable transcription: <http://people.ds.cam.ac.uk/dwew2/hcwl/hafan.htm> A reliable translation of the play's opening scenes is provided in Tatlock, 'Welsh Troilus and Cressyd', 269-275.

<sup>8</sup> Benson, L. D., ed., *The Riverside Chaucer*, 2nd ed. (Oxford, 1988); D. Fox, ed., *The Poems of Robert Henryson* (Oxford, 1981).

prose are given in italics, and square brackets used for editorial additions. The symbol \*\*\* represents a change of scene where such a shift is not made explicit.<sup>9</sup>

A great deal of new scholarship is required to give *Troelus a Chressyd* the attention it deserves. Specifically, new work is needed to localize the text's dialect further and establish the exact printed source it used, although there is also much broader work to be done in assessing the text and its transformation of its sources. Much could be gained through looking at this play both as an early modern response to medieval poems and as a translation, adaptation, and dramatization from English into Welsh in the age of English Renaissance theatre. It is hoped that this translation will encourage Chaucerians and others to engage further with this text.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Williams's modernized edition divides the play into seventeen numbered scenes, but I have chosen not to reproduce such major editorial intervention here.

<sup>10</sup> I would like to thank the staff of the National Library of Wales, and particularly Wyn Thomas, whose generosity and hospitality enabled me to undertake this work.

[PROLOGUE]

- TC I. 1-14 (1) Gracious company, the reason I have come here is to show the sadness of the son of the King of Troy, how he bore the long affliction of love and sadness, and how this turned to joy, and his joy to sorrow. (2) Help me, Tisiphone, who am telling this for him; this man's life has made many fair people cry. You, hellish goddess, I depend upon you; you, cruel fury, sorrowing in pain, help me, who am now a sorrowful agent,<sup>11</sup> to help lovers by lamenting their pain and their suffering. A miserable man will be fearful and awkward, with clumsy words and a dazed, gloomy appearance.
- TC I. 15-28 I am but a servant to servants of love; I cannot myself love because of my fate, yet I am a well-wisher to a lover with my thoughts - let him thank me for this, and let his pain be mine.<sup>12</sup> You lovers who bathe in joy, if there is one drop in you of the merciful matter, think about your sadness before the start of the union, and think about the sadness of others and their misfortune; and be unified in loyalty all the time, and do not think that love cannot cause you to be displeased.
- TC I. 29-42 And pray for those who are in such captivity as Troelus was for Cressyd (you will hear how and in what way.) (3) And pray for me that I might show the sort of pain and sorrow which he endured in the case. Pray for the one who loves in despair: even if everyone were to pray for this one, there is no hope of helping him. And pray for those who wrongly suffer bitterness through the work of wicked tongues, whether male or female. Pray to god, for his great goodness and mercy, to give to every lover good success at last. Pray for those who are outside of love's mercy that god should pull such ones out of the unstable world.
- TC I. 43-56 Pray for the one who lives in peace that he might receive grace to keep going till the end; it is such ones who live with each one satisfying the other – I too would desire to experience this sort of love. Pray for the one who is a servant to love's servants, and himself always living in perfect love. Listen carefully, my dear friends, now I will tell you more of the events, and of the sorrow which Troelus bore, loving Cressyd, and how Cressyd rejected Troelus in the end.

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<sup>11</sup> TC 1.10: *sorrowful instrument*. The sense 'agent' not given for 'achlysur' in *GPC (Geiriadur Prifysgol Cymru)*. Available online at: [www.geiriadur.ac.uk](http://www.geiriadur.ac.uk), but cf. *GPC* s.v. 'achlysurwr' and *MED (Middle English Dictionary)*. Available online at: <http://quod.lib.umich.edu/m/med/>) s.v. 'instrument' 4.

<sup>12</sup> 'Fate' is not found as a potential meaning for 'digwyddiad' in *GPC* (although 'fortune' is given). 'Fate' or 'fortune' seems to be the meaning at several points in *Troelus a Chressyd*.

It is known to many how the Greeks came angrily, with a thousand ships between them full of armed men. Their intention was to destroy Troy and the Trojans, and the war continued for ten years without break. The cause: Paris had taken Queen Helen by force away from her husband to the town of Troy. In this town there was a lord by birth, who was called Kalkas and had much knowledge. This old man knew according to many signs that Troy would be burnt and its people killed. This man fled to the Greeks. He left his only daughter behind him. She was called Cressyd, and Troelus loved her. She in the end was brought to the Greeks. Diomedes won her, and Troelus was deceived. And because of her infidelity towards faithful Troelus, she ended her life among beggars.

Three things are to be understood in this at once: faithful love, fawning love, and perfect fellowship. Three persons represent the three amorous words: these are Troelus, Cressyd, and Pandar. (5) And no-one, says the lady of truth, can be understood clearly but according to his end. Solon<sup>13</sup> gave this answer to the impatient rich man: until his end should be seen, he would not know who was happy. Gather the honey from the flower with the bee, and release the poison through your ears to the spider.<sup>14</sup>

*End of the Prologue.*

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TC I. 64-77 (6) KALKAS, *speaking to himself.*

Heavy and over-heavy is the thought which is like a goad to my heart; it does not allow me to sleep or to have the ease not to do so. Because of great sorrow my necessity to support myself is not beneficial for me. Who could be happy in handling such a dilemma, not knowing which is better, to go or to stay at home? (7) My land is the land of Asia; my residence is in the town of Troy, my family, my companions, and all my dear friends

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<sup>13</sup> Solon (c. 648 BC – c. 568 BC) was an Athenian statesman to whom is attributed a fragmentary corpus of law and poetry. Owens notes that ‘Solon’s greatest practical moral concern was with wealth and its acquisition’: R. Owens, *Solon of Athens: Poet, Philosopher, Soldier, Statesman* (Brighton, 2010), p. 89. Tatlock notes that the line here (‘nes gweled i ddiwedd nis gwydde pwy oedd hapys’, ‘until his end should be seen, he would not know who was happy’) draws on Solon’s reply to Croesus in Herodotus, *The Histories*, Book I, Chapter 32: Tatlock, ‘The Welsh ‘Troilus and Cressida’’, p. 276 n. 5.

<sup>14</sup> A version of the proverb ‘where the bee sucks honey, the spider sucks poison’. Variants of this proverb appear in Welsh writing from at least 1547 onwards: *GPC* s.v. ‘pry copyn’. This was also a popular proverb in English in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: M. P. Tulley, ed., *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Ann Arbor, 1950), p. 38 (B208).

– they and I on the same side, living in the same place. I am lord upon them, a duke or king in stature, their support through true justice, their respect, their leader, and their trust. I myself do not know my wealth, my eminence, nor my sovereignty; and because of this, the world smiles upon me. Unless help comes in time, this will all become worthless.

All Greece is armed – it is angry with Troy. The cause is known – it is acknowledged by all. And the gods do not embrace the doing of too many misdeeds. (8) Despite how valorous Hector, Eneas, and Antenor are, despite how splendid Troelus and the sons of King Priam are, even though there are men in the town of Troy as great as any ever born, some of the Greeks are as great as men can be. And all the strength of the war certainly consists in righteous mastery (?).<sup>15</sup> Because of this, my conscience declares their sin. The falsehood of the faithless and their vanity will be overcome; and, in the end, justice will rule.

If I stay and wage war on the side of the nation of Troy, and defend their sin against my conscience, (9) there will at last come a day when the vengeance will be suffered fully; when the fire will so cruelly burn gentle Troy, and the rivers of men's blood will fill all its streets. There won't be time then to ponder what's best to do. If I reject my creed, my land, my privilege, my wealth, my family and my companions, and go to the enemies, what will be said about me other than "Falseness will destroy him"? And the Greeks will say: "He who deceived his own land without doubt will deceive me, if I should put trust in him." And because of this, I put my trust in Apollo, (10) and I set my mind on following what he commands.

*Sinon the servant coming at this point.*

Sinon, fetch for me clear water for sacrificing, and bring fillets here to surround the altars. Let frankincense be ready. Mix these with wormwood. Light the fire in them, and go away from them. Threads of three colours are needed here. Apollo shows joy in the wheel of numbers. Apollo, which is better - to go or to stay at home? Apollo, your answer turned the moon to its reverse. And through you, Apollo, Circe worked. (11) Apollo, which is better - to go or to stay at home? Through you, also, Medea received all her craft. Through

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<sup>15</sup> This sentence is uncertain, particularly its final word 'avel'. I take this as a form of *gafael* meaning 'hold, grip, mastery': *GPC* s.v. 'gafael'. H. Brython Hughes and E. Stanton Roberts translate as 'and all the strength of the war certainly consists in having a just cause': Tatlock, 'The Welsh 'Troilus and Cressida'', p. 270.

you Oenone received knowledge and signs,<sup>16</sup> and through you Cassandra prophesies for Troy. Apollo, which is better - to go or to stay at home? You turned the rivers to run upstream; you made the sea, Apollo, without an ebb or flow. Apollo, who will be destroyed - the Trojans or the Greeks?

(12) APOLLO *answering Kalkas*

The Trojans will be overcome, and the town of Troy will be won. It will be burnt entirely, with losses for the Greeks.

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PRIAM *calling* HECTOR, PARIS, ENEAS, ANTENOR, HELENUS and TROELUS *to one place to speak their minds as to whether it would be better to send Helen home or not.*

(13) PRIAM

My sons, my lords, and my bold companions, my whole trust is in your advice and your actions. There are sixty kings ready to fight against us, waiting every hour to burn all our lands and our towns, and destroy, in the end, us, our children, and our women. And the complete cause is that Helen chose you, Paris. What is your advice - to send Helen home (14) and depart from sadness, and live in carefreeness, or to keep her through injustice, and always ask for what's worst, and live as we can despite the Greeks' threats? I pray you to say what you want to do. First, Hector, say what your thoughts and advice are.

HECTOR

I, my honourable king, am obedient to your command. It is not reasonable for the Greeks, through their deception and their guile, (15) and their dark threatening words, to get whatever they want. They are only strangers - it's easy enough to get rid of them. My thought and my intention is that they shall only get what they win. Sir Paris, make a choice - war or peace?

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<sup>16</sup> Cf. TC 1. 652-665.

## PARIS

My dear righteous king, my brothers, and my companions, I have made my choice through your counsel and will. And I will maintain that in spite of the worst the Greeks can give. (16) It's easy for them to talk in their splendour and their clothes. The big words will go from memory before they equip their shining arms; all their greatness and their faith is learnt by rote. Eneas, as a gift, say your thoughts about the peace.

## ENEAS

Honoured company, we need not fear, though kings should come here crossing seas to beseech that Helen should be brought peacefully to her lord. (17) If this does not happen, they will not give themselves to warring and become restless because of a jealous husband. The whole assembly was the desire of her spouse. You know my thoughts and my advice, Antenor.<sup>17</sup>

## (37) ANTENOR

My gracious just king, and all my royal companions, the main reason the strangers have come here is to see the greatness which is in our towns, our lands, and our warbands. And as an excuse for this, they ask for Helen. (38) If she could be got easily by threatening us with war, this would mean triumph for them. Helenus can say further artful things.

## (17) HELENUS

My natural father and my king, this is all against the things which we should do in order to save our lives, and unhinder our men: both to live in the way we did, (18) and to send Helen home to the deprived man who owns her, so that we can receive our peace, our ease, and our carefreeness, and dismiss the strangers to go back along the same route. Think with your wisdom: if we should overcome the Greeks, there is nothing to be gained but having Helen in our grip, and that could not be done without losing some people on both sides. What a magnificent gain, getting an unnatural lady, who would betray her husband to follow the path of sin and would follow strangers and reject the place she was born! Her thought is vanity, her mind is entirely upon lechery. (19) It cannot be that

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<sup>17</sup> Here John Jones, Gellilyfdy, left out part of the text by accident, adding it at pages 36-7 with the following note: 'Most noble reader, it so happened that I, through some unseen negligence, left out Antenor's answer concerning the request which Priam asked for his advice about, regarding sending Helen home. This should be written further back on the seventeenth page, after Eneas's response and before Helenus's.'



misfortune will not come from pursuing adultery for a long time. My thought and my advice is to give to each one that to which they have a right. Troelus, my dear brother, do not defend sin.

#### TROELUS

My gracious father, my exalted king, my comrades in war, bring my brother Helenus to his companion Menelaus. He speaks similarly, and his manner is like a gentleman who has been anointed across the palms of both of his hands. (20) The ointment gives off a smell of eloquence on his tongue. He does not see the damage caused, despite my aunt Hesione (who is as good a young woman as she is) being held in long captivity. Let's make up our minds; let us not believe entirely the one who is predicting the worst for the age and nation of Troy. Let's keep hold of what we have - welcome be the fortune of war.

#### PRIAM

My defenders from weariness, through your good sense and your greatness, (21) my old age has joy through your eternal praise. My concordant faithful ones, and my bold entrusted ones, your harmonious words have awakened my heart, through reporting my willingness to obey your agreement. And don't worry about Helenus's thoughts. He was surely born under some weaker planet, so that he is not as strong in his mind and his actions as Hector, Troelus and Antenor. Because of the wrong they committed against my sister Hesione, I will keep Helen within the walls of Troy, (22) and let her take her choice - Menelaus or Paris.

TC I. 92-105 *Kalkas left his only daughter behind when he fled to the Greeks. She was called Cressyd. At that time there was no rival to her in virtues and beauty. There was a law among the Trojans: whoever should be deceitful to his land or to his king, the closest in blood to him would be sentenced to die through the cruellest death which could be imagined. In accordance with this, Cressyd was to lose her life. And as Priam was ready (23) to rise up from the parliament which he had held about giving Helen back, Sinon, Kalkas's servant, comes and announces that his master has gone to the Greeks, and accuses Cressyd so that he himself might escape from trouble.*

SINON

If it pleases your grace, Lord Kalkas fled suddenly last night to the company of the Greeks. My lords, you must look out so that you're not deceived through being trustful. Cressyd is Kalkas's only daughter and dear one. (24) She does not take to heart either her loss or his wickedness: she probably knew about his departure.

PRIAM

Go off with all haste - fetch the traitor's only daughter to be punished for hiding treachery.

*Priam turning to his sons.*

Unless, my sons, these things are seen to cruelly, (25) and the ready fire which has broken out seen to in time to put it out, unless that should happen, too many traitors will be seen. Punishment must be carried out for this extensively; if not, I fear there will be too much wickedness, and Helenus will be seen to say the bitter truth.

*CRESSYD coming with Sinon, and falling on her knees.*

My gracious lords, you sent for me to be fetched (26) in indignation and anger - I fear misfortune.

PRIAM

Are you the only daughter of Kalkas, the old uncivil churl, who betrayed all his honour at the end of his old age to be treacherous to his honourable land, and go into captivity among strangers? Your conscience and your manner make your falseness known, and you are guilty of all his wickedness. (27) Because of his great evil and his arrogance, I will destroy his kin. I will start on you first, Cressyd. Your blood, your life, your pain, your great affliction, and your cruel death will ease my heart. What do you say, my lords - how shall we kill her?

PARIS

Send her to be burnt for her falseness and vileness, until she is dead - execute the law.

(28) ENEAS

Have her thrown into a deep black pit; burning her is too pure a punishment for such evil.

ANTENOR

Throw her tonight to the lions in the cave; she will nourish the starving lions for one meal.

(29) HELENUS

Send her to a prison-house to endure oppression and sadness, to lament for her whole life inside her prison.

HECTOR

Send her to the Greeks after the old traitor. Let her go where she wants - she cannot do much harm.

(30) TROELUS

Don't unleash vengeance on the innocent on account of the guilty one and his crime; and do not be too cruel - she could be innocent.

CRESSYD

My merciful lords, do not be too eager to spill the blood of one who is innocent and unseeing for the wickedness and faults of someone else. If Kalkas caused you pain, Cressyd was without malice. (31) He defends against a charge of guilt, and I am in innocence (?).<sup>18</sup> The father committing a crime and the daughter enduring vengeance - that's an excessively cruel law, greatly against your nobility.<sup>19</sup> If he had made me aware of his subtle, deceitful treachery, I would not have been waiting in your control in the midst of war, nor would warriors be going past so frequently where I am. As I am an only daughter, a maiden can only lament. He knew, my lords, that he could not trust me, and that caused him to leave so suddenly. Alas, if only my life, despite suffering languishing and great affliction, would be (32) well able to make good that terrible deed, and that no-one from my family, even if they stay, would be reproached on account of the case. My lords, I would not desire you to pardon me now.

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<sup>18</sup> Literally 'Yvo mewn euoc atdeb' seems to mean 'he in a guilty response / defense'. I find it difficult to make sense of the two lines if we take 'atdeb' as an imperative. H. Brython Hughes and E. Stanton Roberts translate as 'He guilty of the charge, and I innocent': Tatlock, 'The Welsh 'Troilus and Cressida'', p. 273.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. TC III. 1016-22.

TROELUS *speaking quietly into his brother Hector's ear*

Hector, my dear brother, defender of the true and poor, I beg that your greatness should defend innocence. Defend Cressyd's life.

(33) HECTOR

It is charitable that you listen to the mournful crying, and have mercy at the lamenting of the guileless maiden. Had she been aware of his deceitful departure, it is naturally owing to keep secret the things which would lose her father his life through great pain. If one will be so cruel, what will the enemies say? Where there is such cruelty, there can be no valour.

(34) TROELUS, *and thereupon he falls in love.*

I will give my life for her if she had a single vice, or had ever practised deceit or falseness. We pray you - give her forgiveness; and from now on I myself, Troelus, pledge my freedom for the honesty of Cressyd.

*Troelus turning to Sinon, who had accused her, and saying to him quietly:*

You, lying abomination, desirous of every accusation, (35) your arrogant plans are to bear lies, and put the blame on a true one through malicious inventions, and to condone crime and wicked life, in order to shake your tail at all sorts of men. If my true natural father were not present, by all the gods, I would put my sword through you.

PRIAM

I will not oppose your desire, even if I were to lose the land of Asia. (36) Go, Cressyd, innocent, and give thanks to my sons. Let us go in to consider what else there is to be done.

TC I. 117-23 HECTOR *to Cressyd after the others leave.*

Walk to your home yonder - do not suffer great sadness. Take your freedom joyfully with your life, and, for as much as I can do, put your trust in me.

(38) *Thereupon, Troelus fell greatly in love with Cressyd, and was for a long time lamenting to himself until Pandar knew of it. He was a lord of the Trojans, and a great*

*friend to Troelus. (39) Then Pandar questioned him thoroughly, and in the end he admitted that love for Cressyd was the cause. And this Pandar was her uncle.*

TC I. 400-13 TROELUS *speaking to himself.*

If love is not, o god, what thing troubles me? If love is, what manner and form is upon it? If love is good, from where does it come to distress me? If love is bad, it's extraordinary to deal with. Between the pain of agitation and fate, however much I drink, (40) my thirst is ever greater. If it is my own lust which burns me, where did my lament-filled crying come from? If I myself am in accordance with wickedness, there is no benefice nor lamenting for me. Oh quick death, my pain, my sweet harm, how do you trouble me, with me and you being in agreement?

TC I. 414-27 If I am in concord with you in love, it's very wrong to complain to you. I am deprived in a ship without sail between two contrary winds. (41) O god, what wonder is overcoming me so suddenly? Languishing for heat in cold, for cold in heat I die. Oh noble lady Love, accept my troubled spirit unto you, or give me a stable nature to obey the mistress of fortune. Her servant and her helper, and her secret admirer - until I am put into a shroud, she will not know about it.

TC I. 519-29 Oh wretched, groaning Troelus, it is your destiny to endure affliction. If your mistress knew of your care, there is no way she would not have pity on you. The slender, beautiful woman is like frost on the clear moon of a winter night. (42) You are the cold snow, melting next to the hot burning fire. God, would that I had been turned to the port of death. Sorrow will finally bring me there. From there I would be comforted to depart from the troubling distress which afflicts me daily. For the long-lasting year there is an end and limit: for my tormented life there is finally an end.

TC I. 551-60 PANDAR<sup>20</sup>

What discordant, sudden and heavy affliction has befallen your life? (43) Time breeds only worry, not happiness nor good health. Oh my lord, what fate? Has a bad deed befallen you? Did the Greeks make your colour and your appearance so wretched so quickly? Or you are remorseful in conscience, having committed to live devoutly, or bearing grievous inherent sorrow for some unnatural sins. May god stand with our towns,

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<sup>20</sup> From here until p. 114, gaps for proper nouns were left unfilled. I largely follow the editorial additions of Davies (see *Troelus*, p. 144), putting the names in the text into square brackets only where the reading is open to doubt.

our children, our wives and our towns,<sup>21</sup> if our young men have fallen to religion because of suffering.

TC I. 568-81

(44)

TROELUS

What thing ordained for you to hear my troubled thinking and my unbearable captivity, which everyone finds oppressive to see? I pray you go from here. Death is certain. It demands acquaintance with everyone. I beg you to go away – the vision is welcome (?).<sup>22</sup> If you think it is fear of men and weapons which is a terror to my body and my troubled thoughts, there is something else which is heavier to my cheeks than fearing the Greeks and their big words. And this cause is fatal because of natural sorrow. Do not put blame on my nature for concealing this - it's reasonable.

TC I. 582-95 PANDAR

(45) Your sad words have made me sadder. Your ill words have made me ill. Your frailty and your weakness have made me frailer. For the love which has been between us, tell me your secret. It's owing that your dear friend should get to hear of your imprisonment. Have you not recognized your companion? I am Pandar. If I cannot give you help and comfort, I will share in your pain and anguish - each friend must do what can be done for the other. (46) I am as willing to bear suffering as I would be to bear joy, and because of that it does not give a sign to me to suspect unkindness.<sup>23</sup>

TC I. 603-16 TROELUS

Love - the more I should defend against it, the greater will be my pain and sorrow, without hope but greatly wounded sadness, and wretched death wherever I should be. It will cheer me far more - longing for death is upon me - than if I could be chief upon the lands of Greece and Troy. (47) My dear Pandar and my faithful companion, unless this has pleased your heart, for god's sake leave these cold cares hidden from people. There could be

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<sup>21</sup> Perhaps the dramatist struggled to fill out the rhyme here. I am unconvinced by the attempt of G. Williams, *Troelus*, p. 34 to disguise this example of repetition.

<sup>22</sup> This sentence does not quite correspond to Chaucer. 'Erfyn' would normally be third person singular, although it appears to be used with a first-person subject below on p. 111 of the manuscript. 'Gweledigaeth' has a primary meaning of 'dream, vision', but also has a range of secondary meanings, including 'spectacle', 'the act of seeing', 'appearance', 'insight', 'providence', 'foresight', or 'desire': *GPC* s.v. 'gweledigaeth'. None of these seems to fit the context here particularly well, nor do they correspond to Chaucer. Perhaps it is an oblique way of welcoming the sight of death.

<sup>23</sup> Perhaps the sense is that, were Troelus to share his woe with Pandar, Pandar would not think that this was done out of unkindness on the part of Troelus.

injury to us, if anyone knew of them. May joy go to follow you, and may the sadness come to follow me.

#### TC I. 617-30 PANDAR

Have you for such a long time kept this so hidden from your dear kind companion? You could be bearing oppressive, hurtful anguish, when I could help you find a doctor. (48) Do not hide in companionship the things which are relevant. No kingdom was ever given to the mute and dull man. Listen Troelus, my dear one, although I am not the best at speaking, I have seen that the advice of the foolish helps the wise in adversity. I have seen someone fall when walking who could see, and the blind man walking to the same place without a fall or injury.

TC I. 631-644 The greatest understanding of everything through explanation is by contrast with its opposite. Good sense is opposed to well-intentioned foolishness. A whetstone cannot carve wood or cut it: (49) it serves to sharpen the tools which do carve. How could someone recognize sweetness who never tasted bitterness? One who has never been affected by sadness does not know how to experience joy. White is recognized by contrast with black, virtue is made known by contrast with sin. The one is known by the other - it is understood through man's sense.

TC I. 694-700 A wise man says, "Woe to the one who lives cheerlessly by himself - if this man falls, he does not get anyone's help to rise." As you have a friend to be dear to you, give your trust: perhaps he can help you in hardship, rather than sighing and weeping like Queen Niobe - her tears are still to be seen.

#### TC I. 757-60 TROELUS

(50) For all your talk of Queen Niobe's tears, you cannot give me an advantage or help as regards a mistress. Leave old tales to lie in your breast - worldly death is warm to me. Your great ugly words are tales for my cradles (?).<sup>24</sup> This woman is not fickle or wanton - there's no way of being able to win her.

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<sup>24</sup> 'Kewyll' appears to be the plural of 'cawell', meaning 'basket', 'cradle', 'cage': *GPC* s.v. 'cawell'. The plural form, though required for rhyme, makes the sense more difficult.

## PANDAR

TC I. 778-91 (51) Oh god, from where could this come to pass? You are always dwelling in long-lasting despair. If this woman is alive, she can help you, or great wickedness deceives you. For things which cannot be, a hope for relief is not fitting; for those which can be, hope to overcome them. Truly you are mourning like Tityus in eternal hellish pain below; on the heart of this man, you hear of it, the ravens feed themselves. There is never any hope of salvation (52) for this one to get away from his great pain. There is hope, if you should hope it, for you to part from your sickness.

TC I. 799-812 What will be thought of your death if the causes are not known to this woman? War is busy every day - you are dying for fear of the Greeks. Be comforted by your fortune; wake up at once from your doze! What do strong people say? 'Let a thousand devils take his bones.' You can lament to yourself, cry and groan, without anyone knowing about your mourning, and lose the thing which could have been got if you made your complaint. This is clumsy. Many love for many a year in succession, without in that time kissing each other once.

TC I. 813-19 (53) Do you want these, because of such a fortune as this, to resign themselves in a sullen way, and through great evil and intent to kill themselves at the knee of their love? Let them not stop, (?) if they insist on threatening (?). They will commit themselves to their love, and they will serve obediently.<sup>25</sup>

TC I. 841-61 Do not put too much trust in fortune - a blind, foolish, common thing. No less does it fall,<sup>26</sup> according to how it turns out, upon the head of the beggar than upon the king. You will be like [?]<sup>27</sup> in your weariness and your hardship. He would account for losing what he would give to her. Troelus, if my natural sister were sad because of your enslaved thoughts, (54) unless she would do everything as well as possible, this hand would truly kill her. Undo a heart knotted in oppressed thoughts: there is no help from a doctor where the wounds are concealed.

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<sup>25</sup> The final four lines of this stanza are problematic. They might be expected to be exhortative, but use the present indicative '-an' ending. 'Wnan' could perhaps be a form of 'wnaent', and thus imperative. 'Peidian' and 'bygythian' are both taken as verbal nouns in this translation.

<sup>26</sup> I follow G. Williams' emendation to 'anllai', which works well here, and it is easy to see how the dialect form 'anlle' could be mistaken for the common 'unlle': Williams, *Troelus*, p. 39. I cannot make sense of 'unlle' here if the second element is 'lle' ('place'), although it might be seen as a hapax legomenon 'unllai', perhaps with the meaning 'at all less'.

<sup>27</sup> There is a gap in this line for a rubricated proper noun. Beynon Davies suggests supplying 'Cerberus' on the basis of TC I. 859, but it is hard to see the connection here: Davies, *Troelus*, p. 145.



TC I. 873-4 TROELUS

If I now have to say who the woman is who put me in suffering, everyone here knows her - this is the pure and modest Cressyd. Despite languishing, despite pain, despite mourning, even if I have to endure an early death, (55) no-one on earth will learn of this apart from Pandar.

TC I. 878-82 PANDAR

Oh Troelus, despite how long you have dealt with sorrow, love has done a splendid thing for you. In terms of wisdom, virtue, form, and appearance, Cressyd is your match. Is Asia big from every side? Is Greece great? Are its environs large? Is a king great because of his power? It is a greater virtue to serve her.

TC I. 897-903

(56)

Think, Troelus, through natural joy, as Cressyd is good and virtuous, so she will be merciful and wise to you, if you have knowledge of her in necessary matters, and can avoid stirring up her blood. Virtue cannot be one with shame, wherever it should be.

TC I. 946-59 The land which bears the tares and the weeds eagerly, it is the same land which bears wholesome warming herbs. Next to the hot prickly nettle grows the smooth pleasant rose. Next to the valley is the mountain; next to the dark night is the bright day; the wise man is nearer to being skilful than the fool - next to sorrow is joy. Make sure that you are bridled tenderly. To help you in time, let the beach drain; (57) if not, the toil to help you is to no avail. The sensible one who abides is the one who hastens. Be faithful in behaviour, be diligent and subtle. Be obedient and constant to serve your love.

TC I. 960-6 Be skilful in your deeds, and careful in your words. The one who is in every place cannot be in any place. Though he may frequently plant trees or herbs, and pull them up by morning, nothing can grow from his frequent planting, nor can a stone which is rolled along thickets become mossy.

TC I. 976-8 I have read frequently, when thinking for a long time, that there is as much kindness in women as can be, and not a single woman was ever sought to be handled, who was not willing to seek it herself. My hand, my life, to do my best for you, my niece, my dear one, my kinswoman<sup>28</sup> is Cressyd.

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<sup>28</sup> The Welsh *cares* also puns on the sense of 'sweetheart'.

TC I. 1051-57 [TROELUS]<sup>29</sup>

[Pandar], I cannot speak my mind. You are sensible; you know everything. No goad is needed for the ox which walks. You came to defend my life in trouble. Commend the matter to the one woman I love. Even if I should lose my life I would not want to upset her.<sup>30</sup>

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[PROLOGUE]

TC II. 1-14 (61) While rowing through a dangerous sea along the waves, o wind, the weather eases gently. The ship sails laboriously through my skill. I understand it is moving by a mast of despair. Just as there is a calendar at the start of the books, so hope, a model for [Troelus], is to start.<sup>31</sup> (62) O lady Clio, your swift help now. Give success to my tongue to finish from here on. I excuse myself to a dissatisfied lover, that this is not my own invention but the work of learned men. And I, for the goodwill I bore to you, translated it to your Welsh language as well as I could.

TC II. 15-49 For this, I do not expect either thanks or displeasure, but your goodwill, and that of your own accord. Do not judge me if I am lacking in words; I am following the learned as closely as I can. And I am telling of love according to my conjecture; it's difficult for a blind man to be able to judge colours. If you find it wondrous to hear this story - how Troelus won the love of the lady - or wonder at his behaviour in loving, I do not wonder at him at all for that. It would be a marvel to find three people in the world of the same matter, doing and speaking just the same as each other. Some carve in wood, others in stone. I follow the truth. I pray you, be content.

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TC II. 85-6 (63) PANDAR

My lady, may God be a protector upon your book and all your company.

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<sup>29</sup> The following stanza is misattributed to Pandar in the text: Davies, *Troelus a Chresyd*, p. 145.

<sup>30</sup> Pages 59 and 60, which follow, are empty except for a large initial 'A' on p. 59. Space may have been left for a rubricated summary of events to come in the story: see Beynon Davies, *Troelus*.

<sup>31</sup> This appears to draw on TC II. 6 'But now of hope the kalendes bygynne', and perhaps plays on the two meanings of 'kalandr': see *GPC* s.v. 'calendr'.

TC II. 87-91 CRESSYD

Welcome, my uncle, it's a good time when you come. Will you come closer to the light (64) to tell me new tidings? I'll hear news - it's not often that I see you.

TC II. 92-7 PANDAR

My niece, it could go better if god should allow. I wrongly troubled you from your book and your intent. Does it speak of love at all?

TC II. 98-105

(65)

CRESSYD

It writes of the war of Thebes; it does not mention your mistress. It writes clearly of the event of the whole war, and wretchedly of Bishop Amphiaraus, who went mysteriously to hell with the fiend, and how Layus died through the work of his son Oedipus.

TC II. 106-112 PANDAR

This is amusement to pass time away, and to ease wretchedness where it is wont to take root; let's forget about this.

TC II. 153-4 (66) CRESSYD

What news of the Greeks? Is Sir Hector active?

TC II. 155-60 PANDAR

He is well, I thank god, save that a bit of his face has been injured. Troelus, his youngest brother, like to Hector in valour or in the virtue of good sense, and he is the most pure-hearted man of all the sons.

TC II. 161-8 (67) CRESSYD

It pleases me to hear that they are both splendid. Truly, it is difficult to see in a king's son such virtue and that he should be so noble. One's nature is virtuous where there is high birth.

TC II. 169-82 PANDAR

King Priam certainly has two pure, blameless sons; these are Hector and Troelus. Nobody was ever born so far away from wickedness; (68) it is through comparison with him that

every man knows (?)<sup>32</sup> the bad and the good which is upon himself. Concerning Hector, he does not need to be mentioned, nor too many words spoken. He is a peerless sincere knight in many more virtues than all his strength in arms. I know I can say just the same about Troelus.

TC II. 183-9 CRESSYD

Hector has honour, and Troelus has love. Some say truly that he is constantly fighting for his country every day. It pleases me to hear praise of him so frequently.

TC II. 190-209 PANDAR

The valour which Troelus performed yesterday - alas that you did not see it. No help could be found wherever he reached, and the Greeks were fleeing so often to avoid being injured. And the cry in the head of little women: "Troelus is near!" Some fleeing here, some fleeing there - (70) the Greeks were all bloody - and others dead, and some stunned senseless, unable to flee far or speak. And the day he bears arms, nothing but their heels is seen. He is the kindest man of any ever born when he is so inclined. But it's high time for me to go and put your dwelling in order. Is there something you want, finally?

TC II. 213-4 CRESSYD

You won't get permission now; I have more to say.

TC II. 228-31

(71)

PANDAR

Watch out, as you're stopping me from going, in case I should upset you by saying something fickle: I could displease you and stir you up.

CRESSYD

If the intention is good, the words will be harmless. (72) I pray you, let me hear what the meaning of your talk is.

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<sup>32</sup> The passive form 'wyddys' 'is known' is unexpected, especially given the subsequent line. The translation here assumes an emendation to 'wyr' 's/he knows' or a similar active verb.

PANDAR

My words are innocent, and my meaning is without design. What if I should speak of love? But giving an answer would be the worst thing to do, in case I should get some opposition.

CRESSYD

(73) The one who fears to speak, let him fear getting what he seeks. The one who recognizes his illness is easier to help from his illness than the one who does not recognize it. It's no use doing business with one who cannot speak.

TC II. 232-8 PANDAR

My niece, by the learned [Clio],<sup>33</sup> and by Minerva the goddess, (74) by Jupiter who made the thunder roar, by tender, warm Venus, if you listen to my message, I will be at your command until death comes to meet me.

CRESSYD

I will listen to your words; now go on. Watch out for saying certain things against that which you know, and if you do, beware. A woman will be angry and detestable if too much is done against her.

PANDAR

TC II. 316-29

(75)

My niece, Troelus, the dear son of the king, asked a hundred times to entrust to you that he bears such kind will to you that if he does not get your mercy he is but a lost man. The truth must be said about his sadness and his affliction: I do not wonder - he loves you too much. If you let him die, my life will end. On my true honour, I do not say a lie to you. If you do not give a merciful answer to me here, my life will end on the sharp-pointed sword. If, because of our predicament, our lives end, (76) you are to a large extent guilty for my death.

TC II. 330-43 Unless you will be merciful to my brave, dear companion - this is the faithful man and the pure, virtuous knight, and he begs only for a tender look to turn away death from a true and harmless man - what will be said about you everywhere you go? Alas a hundred

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<sup>33</sup> Beynon Davies supplies 'Juno': *Troelus*, p. 74. Williams provides 'Clio': *Troelus*, p. 45.

times for the beauty which steals life and existence. If you will be so, and are so cruel to him that you do not feel anything in your heart for extending his life - he who is so honest in virtuous thoughts - more than for a knave or those with servile natures (?),<sup>34</sup> if you will be so, your appearance and beauty will not make up for cruelty. Take counsel in good time.

TC II. 344-50

(77)

Woe to the valuable stone which has no virtue upon it! Woe also to the herb which does not finally bear fruit! Woe to the beauty which is merciless and foolish, and woe to the person who tramples another under his feet. You, abundant in the attributes of beauty, woe, woe to your beauty, if you take his life.

TC II. 358-64 Understand that I am not wishing to bind you to him in any dishonesty, but that you be so merciful in your speech and thought as to save his life - that is all. Provided his life and his health are in hand, your gift is good - I would not desire more.

TC II. 414-20 CRESSYD

(78) Oh my uncle, I always believed, if I should have happened, through my misfortune, to love [Troelus, Achilles], or [Hector], that you would not have been merciful in your advice, but would have cursed me by completely opposing it. It is not known who is to be believed in the false world.

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TC III. 62-3 [PANDAR]

(89) Look at who's here to see you; not the one who is the cause of your long captivity. Cressyd is in distress, and you deep in thoughts, god that you two were not lamenting in the same place!

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<sup>34</sup> This line draws upon TC II. 340 'Namooore than of a japer or a wrecche'. Without 'anwydau', this would correspond very closely as 'taiog' could be a noun meaning 'wretch'. With the following 'anwydau', it appears to be an adjective, and 'daiog anwydau' perhaps refers to 'those with servile natures': *GPC s.v.* 'taeog'; 'annwyd'.

<sup>35</sup> Pages 79 to 88 of the manuscript have been left completely blank. By the time the text resumes on page 89 we have skipped to Book 3, line 62 of *Troilus and Criseyde*. Tatlock suggests this is due to a deficient exemplar, which is plausible: 'The Welsh *Troilus and Criseyde*', p. 268. Beynon Davies argues that much of the second half of Book 2 is not dialogue, and that it is primarily only the dialogue which is adapted into the Welsh text. This might explain why the material is not included, but does not explain why John Jones, Gellilyfdy left such a large gap: *Troelus*, p. 147. A third possibility is that John Jones, Gellilyfdy had used pre-bought blank books in the manuscript, and had left the final pages of this one empty.

TC III. 69-70 TROELUS

Oh Pandar, my dear one, do not stand between me and Cressyd; (90) let me go on my knees to do my obeisance.

[CRESSYD]

Life is good if the dear son of the King of Asia goes on his knees for a destitute woman from Troy.

TC III. 98 [TROELUS]

Dear woman, oh merciful Cressyd, mercy, mercy to a doleful knight.

[CRESSYD]

(91) He who is merciful at one time, will receive mercy another time. He who has mercy to servants, god's mercy to his soul.

TC III. 127-40 TROELUS

That which ordained for you to comfort me here, the same thing will allow you to listen to me, and to understand the things which were hidden for a long time, and just once to give me a kindly look; (92) and for you to be willing for the true will of the heart, despite anxiety, despite hardship, to take me to your service, as to my proper lady and the one I turn to every day, through all my wisdom and my obedience to the greatest possible extent; and to receive justice as I merit it, good for the best, bad for the worst, and your greatness to do me so much mercy as to command me constantly, as is my desire;

TC III. 141-7 And that I be to you humble and unswerving, to serve you every day as a patient confidant, from one day to the next increasing my efforts and my will serving you. Though I know I will suffer long-lasting anguish, (93) I entrust my service to your sole mastery.

TC III. 148-54 PANDAR

This, Cressyd, is not an unjust wish, nor unreasonable either, to serve you through love. By the good day of Jupiter's birth, if I were a god, I would make this regrettable for you - you yourself seeing his sorrow and captivity, and despite this refusing to take him to your service.

TC III. 159-68 CRESSYD

(94) Oh Pandar, I still remember Kalkas's leaving; I still remember who defended my honour. Were it not for [Troelus] and his nobility, I would be a ruined woman. If I should want anyone's service, it's his service I should have; provided he upholds my honour, his company is welcome. I beseech you for the true lord's sake, and in honour of the truth and nobility, that this grows without deceitful thoughts, and that your will to me is like my will to you. (95) I will do all I can every day to make you joyful, provided there is no sign of any dishonesty.

TC III. 169-81 Despite all this, I warn you, [Troelus], although you are a dear son to King Priam, do not think that you can be ruler upon me in love other than as pertains to a servant. It's easy for us to vex you if we are mocked at all and hurt; your payment will be according to your merit. From now on, my true, blessed knight, turn aside sadness, embrace joy. Secure yourself in this hope - I will do my best to turn this to happiness. For every sorrow and affliction, joy will now come. (96) Let there be a welcome to changeable nature as a servant for my service.

TC III. 185-9 PANDAR

Praiseworthy gods on high, rejoice! Noble people on the earth, take pleasure! You, Venus, and your blameless only son, make amongst us a festival of this day today. If we did what we should, we would ring all the bells, because of this marvel which has just happened.

TC III. 239-45 (97) My closest lord, and my dear righteous brother, god and you know how much concern I suffered, when I saw you pining for a long time in love, and the sadness of cares increasing constantly. I turned my attention entirely to easing your mind, and turning your sadness to this joy.

TC III. 260-73 My true righteous god, I call you as witness that I did not do this for greed or profit, but solely to ease your dejection and hardship, because of which your life was about to be lost. By god, now keep her name without reproach - your companionship is sensible - and keep her honour pure. You know well that her good name is so respected among the people like a holy virgin. (98) No man was ever born who is familiar with doubting her, or knows of any faults in her. Woe to me a hundred times for what I asked for - I deceived my dear niece, the uncle doing deception and treachery to his dear one.



TC III. 288-294 Think, Troelus, what bad things have happened for boasting of such deeds, and what mishaps happen every day for that deed. For which reason the deep, wise proverb came in a godly manner: the first virtue is discernment, the second is holding the tongue.

TC III. 302-8 Oh tongue, you are too often too prodigal, how many times did you make many brightly plaited ladies say 'Woe is me for the sad day I was born', and make many maidens endure wretched sadness for their fate? (99) And the whole thing is an invention by the work of a poisonous heart. It does not pay a boaster to love, but the wise man who can conceal.

TC III. 330-6 Now, my dear brother, let us turn to the matters at hand, and you take the counsels I have spoken to help you. Keep this secret; be joyful in your heart. For all my days I will be faithful to you. Hope for the best - there are miracles in good hope. Things will turn out according to your desire.

#### TC III. 372-85 TROELUS

By my true righteous god, I swear (100) - he governs the whole world as he wants - if I tell a lie, Achilles will split my heart with his spear, even if I had eternal life, if I ever confess these secret tidings to a single earthly man for worldly wealth. I would sooner suffer heavy, painful death by staying in a cruel, confined, dark prison in filth with vermin eating my heart, and be a bound prisoner to Agamemnon's cruelty - and I will swear this in all the churches on the altars to all the gods.

TC III. 393-406 I beseech you, from the true will of my heart, do not think that there are such vain thoughts in me as to suppose that there is much distaste in you (101) for doing this kindness between us. Cressyd is not half so foolish either as to think other than the best of it. He who goes on the same errands out of greed for red gold, call him what you will. What you did stems from gentility, from mercy, fellowship and kindness. The learned one said not to believe in similar things: there is much distinction in nature between similar things.

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#### TC III. 813-26 CRESSYD

(102) Oh god, what is earthly beauty, which Learning falsely calls a happy thing? It is mixed with much bitterness every day, full of vain, volatile joy. If there is joy, who today knows what it's made of? Is there anyone who constantly knows worldly joy? Oh the

brittle wheel, changeable in making man joyful to whomsoever you are supporting! Either he knows about your transient joy, or he does not know anything about your gift. If he knows it, it's a lie. (103) So volatile is the joy which stems from considering it by dark ignorance.

TC III. 827-33 If it is known that joy has a failing ruination, just as all earthly things, he will be fearful in his mind of losing something at every time when he is certain to possess it. No-one can make use of deceitful joy; in keeping it they are anxious, in losing it they are in peril.

TC III. 1191-7 What can the poor lark do when it is in the talons of the hawkish eagle? What can a weak maiden do but lament when great strength carries her? As sure as I was born, one must submit to fate, (104) and your fate, Cressyd, is to endure cares.

[CRESSYD] *hereupon going away, and [TROELUS] coming in by himself.*

TC III. 715-28 TROELUS

If at my birth, tender Venus, the evil look of Mars or of Saturn took place, or you were not governing at that time, beseech your father to turn aside my harm. O delicate Venus, (105) be consoling to me for the faithful love you bore for Adonis. O Jove, for the love you bore Europa, for her you turned yourself into the form of a bull. You Mars, help by the strength of your bloody arms, for the love of Cypris who was your beloved. O Phoebus, for Daphne's sake, be gracious to me - she truly grew fearful, and hid herself between the bark and the tree.

TC III. 729-35 O Mercury, for love of a tender person, because of whom Pallas was enraged with Aglauros, give me help! Diana, I beseech you - do not let this day go by in vain. You three sisters also, who spin the thread of life, give me your help in good time - do not let this day be in vain.

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TC III. 1219-25 [PROLOGUE]<sup>36</sup>

(106) It is now as if the sweet has become sweeter, because long bitterness, which continued ceaselessly, has turned from sombreness to great joy, such joy has not occurred since they were born. For god's sake, I beseech every pure maiden to listen to me, and not to let a wretched man die forlorn out of love for her.

TC III. 1060-4

(107)

I have seen, after a sombre, foggy morning, a clear, warm afternoon following; and after a wet, unpleasant winter's day, the long first day of May coming warmly. After dejectedness and sadness, all the happiness will come; and after heavy showers, victory will certainly come.

TC III. 1310-23 It is impossible for my tongue to be able to tell properly the happiness and the joy which is on both sides. I am speaking innocent tidings according to my conjecture – let the one who has been at such a feast judge it. I beseech and beg that some receive part of my prayers, that no-one who loves will ever meet with a worse bargain than that. Oh happy night, long were you requested, you fully brought great happiness to follow you. (108) Many a pure lad would offer to spend his whole life in sadness to have two hours of such joy. If the world and its compass is large, your nobility is twice as large; if the mountain is very big, the joy is twice as great.

TC III. 1373-9 Oh my lord, could a jealous, covetous villain, who would mock love and hold it in contempt, have one night an event of such lovely, perfect joy as now befell Troelus and Cressyd? Truly I believe - and my belief is thus - that the manifestation of such an event (?)<sup>37</sup> cannot befall a knave.

TC III. 1387-93 May god ordain for every ill-tempered, chattering villain, who cruelly despises the obedient service of love, the enormous long ugly ears of Midas, and the wicked desire of King Crassus, (109) to teach them to recognize that it is they themselves who are in sin, and that the lives of the lovers are good enough. You have heard of the night's joyful event, you must hear something of the sad departure. A wise one said, "The same thing cannot continue constantly - everything which begins must have an end." The night

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<sup>36</sup> Beynon Davies supplies 'Pandar' here: *Troelus*, p. 84. Treamine and Williams supply 'Rhagddoedydd' ('Prologue'): Tremain, 'Welsh *Troelus*', pp. 173-4; Williams, *Troelus*, p. 55.

<sup>37</sup> For the translation here, an order like 'arwydd y fath ddigwyddiad' would be more expected.

turned into dawn, and the dawn transformed into day, and may those who have loved understand what happened in the meantime.

TC III. 1415-21 When the cock, astrologer of the common people, came beating its wings with a warning that the night was at an end, and the star Lucifer, messenger of the bright day, rose in the south, and its beams shone over the whole world - to those that know, this is called *Fortuna Major* - (110) then Cressyd said to Troelus her beloved:

TC III. 1422-35 CRESSYD

Oh my soul in my heart, my trust and all my pleasure, alas the time that I was born that such sadness should befall me, when one morning can separate us from here. Now leaving is necessary or I am lost. Oh night, why will you not be for such a long time without end for me as you were for luxuriant Alcmena when Jupiter was by her side? Oh dark night, you were made as an apparition over a perfect bright day at times, with your ugly desolate dress of mourning, and during your time, everything is designed to be at ease (?) - people and animals can easily find fault with you. The day gives toil here, and you, night, give ease. You fled far faster than your appointed time just now.

TC III. 1443-9 [NARRATOR]<sup>38</sup>

(111) When Troelus heard Cressyd's pitiful words, he shed salt tears down his cheeks, as if marvelling that from such joy and pleasure such heaviness and sadness should so suddenly come. He gave a heavy sigh, and said these words:

TC III. 1450-63 TROELUS

O Cressyd, my beloved, all the world has gone against me. O cruel, cursed day for lovely joy! You are the thief of the night and a thief of love as well. O envious day of cursed coming into the walls of Troy without being sent for once, why do you spy? Did you lose something here? May god make you lose your lustre and your light. Alas, what did lovers do against you that you are always so envious of them? (112) You have obstructed many a fair person through your work, spying. They cannot stay in any place. May the pains of hell destroy you! Why are you offering your brightness for us to borrow? Sell it to those who do not doubt you, those who carve small things.

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<sup>38</sup> No speaker is supplied here by Beynon Davies: *Troelus*, p. 86. Williams offers 'Rhagddoedydd' ('Prologue'): *Troelus*, p. 57.

TC III. 1464-70 O Titan, it was reproachful for every fair person to see you, when you released Aurora from your side so quickly to drive away the lovers, and to make them, scattered, endure longing of the heart. Because of your swiftness in rising, a bad day has befallen us. Instead of a good day and greatness, may there be a bad day for both of you!

TC III. 1478-91 (113) O Cressyd, what shall I do now because of longing-filled love? Now is the time of your sad departure. I cannot live long in such sorrow. Is there ever hope for me other than to endure dejectedness? There is no way that longing will not come greatly upon me, when I now listen to longing before leaving. In truth, my bright gold-plaited lady, if I knew this truly that your obedient servant and your faithful knight were set in your mind as firmly as you, my lady, (114) are in my mind and my bosom, without complaint I would become accustomed to sad longing and sombreness.

TC III. 1493-8 CRESSYD

O true heart and all my trust, this game has gone so far that the sun shall first fall down from the sky, and the noble eagle pair with the dove, and every rock move from the land and the place where it is, before Troelus should move from the true heart of Cressyd.

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(115)<sup>39</sup> *Cressyd parting from Pandar, and Pandar coming to Troelus.*

TC III. 1597-603 TROELUS *and Pandar*

Oh friend, the most merciful of friends that ever was and truly ever will be, you have brought my mind to heavenly ease from Phlegethon, the hellish fiery river. If I could give my life to serve you, doing that would not be anything compared to what you have merited.

TC III. 1618-31 (116) PANDAR

My true friend, if I did anything for you, god knows that I wanted to do so. Do not take anger or grief from the words I should say - beware of all this which is cheerless. Now your disposition is towards joy and greatness, may you not be cause of mischief for you yourself. This is the worst of all misfortune and wickedness, to be once rich and to fall into poverty. He who keeps his profit is sensible - it's an exaltation to receive a good turn,

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<sup>39</sup> The text jumps forward here to TC III. 1581.

it's a greater exaltation to keep it. (117) Do not be too careless even though the weather is calm: it's most essential to take action when the corn is in the barn.<sup>40</sup>

TC III. 1632-8 If you are at ease, hold yourself through restraint as surely as every fire is red to be seen. There is more craft in keeping a thing than winning it. Worldly joy is joined to a frayed string. It is easy to prove this because of how frequently it breaks. To avoid breaking this in misfortune, it must be taken gently.

### TC III. 1744-57 TROELUS

Love, you have governance on land and sea; love, you have the command of the heavens above; love, you have great freedom and liberation; o love, all obedience is to you! You, love, who knits together every law and company, (118) bind this accord, in case discord should ever come. Love, it brings kindness to the world; it happens to everything in its nature. This is natural for the four elements, which are each contrary to each other. The moon is there at night, the sun over a perfect bright day - each one comes by virtue of love.

TC III. 1758-71 This makes the sea, despite how great the noise of its waves is, recognize its limits. This brings rivers and the falling of streams to fertilize lands and flat clover-covered earth. The easiest thing to forgo is always advice. The most difficult thing to forgo is always love. (119) I beg you, lord, of your mercy especially to put a bond on love and a kindly knot, and to plant in their hearts long-lasting harmony, and that a faithful love grows with its root in the heart, so that there is never reason for them to suspect an unkindly act.

*And thus ends this part of this book, Wednesday the 14<sup>th</sup> day of February in the year AD 1613.*

(120)<sup>41</sup> *At this time, it so happened that the Greeks, constantly fighting under the walls of Troy, captured Antenor, one of the lords of Troy, as a prisoner. Meanwhile, a great longing arose in Kalkas for his daughter Cressyd, and fear in case misfortune could come to the town of Troy very suddenly, and that he would lose his daughter in that. He fell on his knees before Agamemnon and other kings (121) of Greece to make a plea to be given Antenor to exchange for Cressyd, and he showed the great goodwill he bore towards*

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<sup>40</sup> On the translation of 'kymryd ordor' see *OED* s.v. order, n., 18 (not in *GPC*).

<sup>41</sup> Here the contents of the fourth book are summarized before being dramatized more fully on pp. 122-60.

*them with the result that he got his wish. At that point, Diomedes was sent to Troy to see whether King Priam would be willing to make the exchange. He agreed to it. Diomedes takes Antenor to Troy, and brings Cressyd from there. There is now great trouble for Troelus because she has to leave. At last, he fell upon an agreement for Cressyd to vanish from the Greeks on the tenth night, and come to Troy.*

*And at this point the fourth book proceeds.*

(122)

*Prologue of the fourth book.*

TC III. 1807-16 You bright lady, you were deemed Diana's only daughter, may your blind and winged only son, Sir Cupid, listen. And you nine sisters who wait in Helicon in mount Parnassus, hear too my complaints. Up to now you have guided me thus far - if you will not guide me now, I cannot go further to show what happened to Troelus for his service, which now, from here on, gets worse and worse.

TC IV. 1-20 Thanks to Fortune, who is most deceitful when she is supposed to be most true, little did that joy continue. (123) On one person she does not want to look, to another she gives welcome: she smiles on Diomedes, and scowls upon Troelus. Woe is me that it has come upon me now to speak against a woman as pure as Cressyd, and to show her disloyalty.

TC V. 1777-8 I would prefer to tell of the faithfulness of Alceste, or of the worthy life of Queen Penelope.

TC IV. 22-8 Oh you Erinyes, three daughters of the dark night, who lament eternally and remain in torment - Megera, Alecto and also Tisiphone - bring for one hour your sorrow to me. You, Mars, cruel warrior, and father of Quirinus, give your help to finish this of Cressyd and Troelus.

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TC IV. 71-91

(124)

*KALKAS to the Greeks*

Know, my lords, that I am Trojan by birth. Know that I first brought you triumph. Know that I am Lord Kalkas, who did honour to you in all your adversity. I always predicted, to console you, that you would destroy the town of Troy with war before departing. (125) I came to you myself in discomfort to give you all my advice and ingenuity, without

looking once for anything of which you know, but putting all my trust in you. All that I owned in Troy I lost. It is not displeasing for me, thinking that it is for your sakes I lost it all.

TC IV. 92-8 But I left my only daughter innocently at home, when I vanished from Troy, blameless in her bed. I was a cruel and unnatural father to her in that I did not take her with me in just her smock. Because of longing and cares which I have long borne in my heart, I cannot, my lords, now live without her.

TC IV. 113-26 When I was last sacrificing to Apollo, I asked about the war, and his answer was this, (126) that the retribution is soon to befall Troy. I know this as well through the procedure of astrology: there will be fire and sparks cruelly over Troy, and this vengeance is close at hand - before the end of the ninth week. Neptune and Phoebus, the gods, who made the walls around Troy, are also greatly enraged with the nation of Troy - because of this it will be easier to destroy it. Because they would not pay them the things they deserved, the town's walls will be burnt, and its people ruined.

TC IV. 106-112 Many Trojan captives have now been caught - these are in great constraint. If I could have one of these to exchange with King Priam for my only daughter Cressyd! (127) I pray you let me have one of these in my grasp, and I entreat to have Antenor - it's not easy to do without him.

*AGAMEMNON to Diomedes*

Diomedes, go to Troy up to King Priam. Entreat him to give three weeks of peace, so that we can exchange our prisoners. We will give them Antenor to get Cressyd. Less time will not suffice - the most recent fighting has been heavy - to heal those who were injured, and to bury those who were killed.

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(128) *DIOMEDES at this point going to the Trojans and saying thus:*

Noble Priam, Agamemnon addresses you. He asks for time to bury and heal his men. He is also willing for Antenor to be exchanged for the only daughter of Lord Kalkas, Cressyd. If you are satisfied with the peace, and with the exchange, giving Cressyd for Antenor, speak now.

*At this point Priam was sitting in the parliament.*



## HECTOR

Diomedes, I find your wish strange, to give Cressyd in exchange for Antenor. Antenor is a prisoner - you'll get a prisoner for him. Cressyd is free - that exchange is not fair, mistaking your harvest (?).<sup>42</sup> Greek practices are not found here: selling women was never something seen in the town of Troy.

## TC IV. 186-96 ENEAS

(130) Stop Hector, do not make a stand here carelessly to refuse a valiant, wise knight in exchange for an innocent, helpless maiden, when we need men in our adversity. Priam, our royal king, do not be unwise. Our thought and our advice is for you to choose Antenor.

## PRIAM

We have heard, Diomedes, Agamemnon's entreaty: (131) we are willing to discharge this according to his will. And, through the power of this parliament and its advice, exchange with you Cressyd for Antenor. And when you bring Antenor here to Troy, you will receive Cressyd - this is our promise.

*Troelus was in this parliament himself, and hadn't dared say anything. Then he spoke to himself.*

## TC IV. 260-73 TROELUS

O unfortunate Fortune, what provoked you now? What did I do (132) against you, willingly or not? How could I be beguiled to prevent a sinful act? (?)<sup>43</sup> Is there no mercy or honesty in you? If you feel inclined to take Cressyd away from me, the thoughts of your heart are merciless and cruel. Did I not honour you all my life up till now more than all the other gods together? Why are you depriving me of all my joy? O Troelus, what will you be called now but "sadness"? Everyone will call you a wretch after you lose your honour. Until it should lose you your life, he will not lose heavy sorrow for Cressyd.

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<sup>42</sup> The reference to harvest ('kynhaia') here is unexpected here and not paralleled in Chaucer.

<sup>43</sup> This line appears to draw upon TC IV. 262 'How myghestow for rowthe me bygile?' but 'pechodrwydd' ('sinfulness') is very different from 'rowthe'.

TC IV. 274-87 O Fortune, if you bear envy to me inasmuch as I am living my life happily, you could have taken the life of the King and my father, (133) the lives of my brothers, and my own life as well, which now disturbs all the world with its lamenting, pining for death, without being able truly to die. O Cressyd, if I had not seen you, Fortune could not have done me this harm. Through this look it got an advantage over me, now dispossessing me of the one I have loved most. Is it a victory for you that a weak man pines for his life? Leave this, and do your utmost for me.

TC IV. 288-301 O lord, o Love, o my true god, who knows heaviness of heart and heaviness of thoughts, what will I do for my sorrow and my captivity? Should I leave Cressyd whom I bought so dearly? Have mercy on an unfortunate life - (134) I cannot remain long in these heavy thoughts. If not, I will do what I can - live lonely in sombreness and cruel pain, by myself put blame on the unfortunate fortune, where neither rain nor sun nor moon comes. My death will clearly be like that of Oedipus - in darkness, bearing sadness in my life and finally dying in hardship.

TC IV. 302-15 O human spirit, which moves up and down, why do you remain in long slavery? O soul, which languishes in a torment of sorrow, go away, let the heart break in time. Follow Cressyd now, your lady and your beloved: there is no rightful dwelling place for you to stay in the heart. (135) O heavy eyes, your joy was always to look upon Cressyd, her beauty and her loveliness. What will you do, being discomfoting for me? Stand for nothing to shed salt tears? Go away, wretched eyes, there's no hope of a blink for you. The power is not in you - you have lost your power.

TC IV. 316-29 O Cressyd, Cressyd, o noble lady, who will give me just once one consoling word? There is no-one. When my heart breaks, instead of the body, let my spirit serve you. You were merciless to my body - you performed a very merciless act. From now on, Cressyd, be merciful to my spirit. You lovers, who wait at the top of the sweet wheel, may god make your loves steel-like for you, (136) so that your life can be in long-lasting pleasure. When you come by my grave, think of me, and say: "In this grave lies our companion. His fate was to love, though he did not merit love."

TC IV. 330-6 Alas the undeserving old man born before his time! Alas Kalkas, what has happened to you? Now a Greek, you were always seen as a Trojan. O Kalkas, you were born at a bad time for me. Alas that I could not get a hold on you, Kalkas, in a corner. I would make it that you would not take Cressyd into the midst of Greeks.

TC IV. 386-99 PANDAR

(137) Is there within the world any man of all those born who saw in his life such a strange marvel? Who can avoid the things which insist on being? That is how the world goes. Woe, woe to the person who should put his trust in Fortune. Now it is seen, the bad with the good will be fetched. Tell me, Troelus, why you are so mad as to commit yourself to heaviness and captivity? You had your desire with her entirely - this should ease your mind. That would be sufficient for someone who would love, (138) getting only a tender look, nor ever their heart's desire.

TC IV. 400-13 Also, you know this well enough that there are splendid ladies within this town, and as fair in appearance and purity as a woman can attain. Some of these are just as happy to be saved from here. If you lose this one foolishly, you will win another. God does not allow that man always takes joy in one thing and only in that. One can sing, another dance and play. This one is fair, the other has good attributes. Troelus, don't think that one person has everything. Everyone who has virtue should receive honour.

TC IV. 414-20

(139)

What does Zansis, learned in speech, say? That new love pushes out the old. A new case demands a new law to judge it. Such fire is wont to extinguish in time. Since it is just an occurrence of the coming of pleasure, some matters will bear it out of mind, out of sight.

TC IV. 470-6 TROELUS

Sooner can death push out of my heart the life which was dwelling in sorrow so long (140) than can Cressyd ever depart from my soul. I would be found with Proserpina. I will lament there, through great sighing and weeping, how it happened that we bound ourselves in the same place.

TC IV. 743-9 CRESSYD, *by herself*

Woe to follow me, if I must go out from here. Unlucky maiden, you were born to suffer misfortune! Must you depart from the faithful knight Troelus, and live amongst merciless strangers? Woe to the night for darkening, and woe to the day for brightening. (141) Woe a hundred times to the deed which causes me to go.

TC IV. 757-63 What will Troelus do, and what will I do? How will we live without being in the same place? Who now will give him joy? I cannot stay. O my father Kalkas, you are the cause. O Argyve, my mother, you were worse to me than a stepmother. Woe to the hour, woe to the minute, when you brought me into the world.

TC IV. 764-70 Was I born into the world to live in sorrow? If this is true, it is true that it is fated. Can a fish live without water in the river Nile? How can Cressyd live without Troelus? Nothing can live on desire without receiving its nourishment. Everything demands sustenance to supply its nature.

*(142) Troelus coming at this point*

TC IV. 771-84 This will I do, Troelus, the day we should depart: I will not carry a sharpened weapon in case I be held to be cruel. If sadness does not kill me that day, I will refuse my provisions so as to receive death. As sure as I was born, if I have to go from here, this will be my fate so that you can hear of it. And my clothes, Troelus, can be black, as a sign that Cressyd is true-hearted. Think about the words when the events occur - then you will learn of my faithful loyalty. (143) And this will remind you of my faithfulness and hardship, and how it befell Cressyd to lose her life for your sake.

TC IV. 785-98 My faithful heart, eternally I ordain for you to follow Troelus's spirit to lament together. Though our bodies should lie in the earth at rest, our souls will walk together along the merciful fields, which are called Elysium. No pain awaits where Orpheus wanders with Eurydice his love. My true heart, and my true faithful beloved, you have heard how it so happened that I was exchanged for Antenor. I do not know how you can come to terms with this. Release, my true heart, your sorrow as something forgotten. Let me go into oblivion, if you will do what is best. (144) As long as you are always wonderful, I do not care about dying.

*Pandar is with them by now.*

TC IV. 828-40 You, Pandar, were cause of joy more than once, now you are again a cause of sadness. I do not know what I will say to you about this, whether there is a welcome for you or not at all. It was because of you that it befell me to serve love, which is ending between us in misery and cares. You, love, are ending in inherent sadness, as is the ending of every earthly joy. He who does not believe that a sorrowful end can come to joy, let him look

at my life - he will get to see the truth. I hate my destiny, (145) cursing the hour I was born, knowing that my fall gets worse and worse each day.

TC IV. 841-7 Whoever sees me, they see at once sadness - anguish, care, groaning, sorrowful lamenting and weariness. I did not bear envy or wrath to a pitiful person; I did evil to no-one but myself. In my mind the heavens should rain tears, and tears of mercy, over my pain and my cruel life.

TC IV. 1135-41 O Myrrha, Myrrha, though your bright tears went through the bark of the tree from the heaviness and hardship in your heart, no person was ever born until now who can have one minute of experience of hardship like mine. To you, lord, I lament - your mercy to a maiden, and be, lord, merciful (146) to Troelus, wretched knight.

*And at this point fainting.*

TC IV. 1184-1204 TROELUS, *with his bared sword in his hand, intending to kill himself.*

O cruel Jove, crueller fierce Fortune, you have killed Cressyd and Troelus with your envy. This sword will drive my spirit out to follow you, Cressyd, along the Elysian fields. There we will await the judgement of King Minos, as fortune is so cruel, (147) and love again so wrathful. As you have died, I will depart from the world. To wherever you go I will follow your spirit. No lover can ever say about Troelus that he does not dare, for fear of death, to die together with Cressyd. Since we cannot remain here with each other to live close together, suffer our souls to live eternally in the same place.

TC IV. 1205-11 To you, Troy - I lived in you in anguish - and you Priam, and all my faithful brothers, and to you, my mother, I say farewell without you knowing. Welcome, Atropos, make the bier ready for me. Woe, and woe a hundred times, that you would not know how I am at this moment, Cressyd, and how close the cruel sword is to my heart, for your sake.

TC IV. 1212-5 (148)

*Troelus intends to fall on the point of his sword. At this moment, Cressyd awakens.*

TC IV. 1226 CRESSYD

O my beloved, why have you drawn your sword? When the colour is missing, the heart is in torments.

TC IV. 1227-8 TROELUS

If you had not awoken so quickly, this sharp-pointed sword would have been my salvation.

TC IV. 1238-9 CRESSYD

Even to be queen upon everything, near and far, on which the sun shows itself, if I could get it, I would not want this.

TC IV. 1254-60 (149) My true heart, you know now that if one is constantly sighing and groaning without seeking any plan to help him from his pain, this is but folly - the pain increases. Since we two have already met here, it's time for us to make a start and do that which is best.

TC IV. 1261-7 I am a woman, and you know that well enough. I will now tell you what I have thought to do: if we were to advise each other together in measure and time, we would not have to accept half this woe. There is plenty of craft which can help such captivity as this. Do not take unto yourself heavy thoughts - this will all turn out for the best.

TC IV. 1338-44 Do you not know that my father only has great desire to see me for fear that I am living in captivity? (150) He thinks that I live here wretchedly because of the matter of his treacherous departure. Woe is me, god, that he did not know how I am, and how good things are for me in Troy - I know he would never send for me then.

TC IV. 1380-6 I will say to my father that I hid his wealth, in case Troy should be burnt, and for fear of cruel men, and that no-one ever born can get it other than I. He is so greedy - he will not hear of parting from goods. When I come to him, he will believe everything I say. Pretending to fetch furniture, I will come again to you, Troelus.

TC IV. 1373-8 Wise men here say that it is difficult to fill up the wolf and have the sheep whole. That is, that many are so greedy as to spend a shilling seeking a penny. (151) An old man especially is so greedy for the borrowed goods that every day the heart of the miser could be engraved with gold.

TC IV. 1457-63 TROELUS

It's hard to limp before a cripple without it being perceived. Kalkas's cunning is always so prepared for worldly goods, although he has excessive desire. The old craftiness he has perceives deception. You have heard how they say it's easier to deceive a baby than

an old woman. (152) It is hard to blind the eyes of Argos, even if everyone were to help the cause.

TC IV. 1345-51 CRESSYD

Some also strive for and speak of peace between Troy and Greece constantly, and that Helen will be given back, and all her wealth, and everyone will go to their own land again. If there were nothing to console us but to hope for this, this could happen before the end of four days.

(153) TROELUS

Rage increases every day with the shedding of innocent blood. This is the nature of war: making everyone cruel. And this is what the thief hopes when he goes to be hanged, that the law will save him if the tether breaks. Helen will not be given back except in exchange for Hesione. This is a care-filled hope, and this hope breaks my heart.

TC IV. 1307-9 CRESSYD (154)

I know now what I must do, and I will do that even if I lose my life. There is but a small mile between the Greeks and Troy - I will be only an hour walking this.

TC IV. 1593-6 And I will fulfil this truly, if I be alive and well. Be there to meet me at midnight on the tenth day.

TC IV. 1593-6 TROELUS

This is what I fear, and thinking about it is painful: (155) the reason your father is taking you is to marry one of the Greeks. He'll give you to some man who'll be in great honour - the words of the father will force the daughter to the marriage. And to poor faithful Troelus, there will come lamenting, sighing and groaning, with you either living in adversity, or dying in faithfulness. Your father, so as to bring you to this, will scorn us, our town and all our forces, and will say that the Greeks will never go home until they win Troy, and burn its walls entirely. (156) You may tell me that you will make him believe what you want. I fear in my mind that he'll make you believe it all.

TC IV. 1485-91 Among the Greeks you will see many fair knights, full of gentility, amusement and virtuous deeds, so that everyone will be so meek, desiring to please you, that you will not know who to leave nor who to choose. Troelus does not deserve to be one minute in your love, but that he is too faithful, and loves you in his heart.

TC IV. 1534-40 CRESSYD

(157) The day, the hour, or the minute that I am unfaithful to you, for fear of father, for the love of someone, or for anything which can be, may Juno, Saturn's daughter, make me remain eternally with Styx, like Athamas in the hellish pit.

TC IV. 1532-3 In such a way I will be helped by god, when I have the greatest need for it. You are taking these cares to heart without cause.

TC IV. 1541-7 Also, I swear to all the heavenly gods, to the goddesses, to the nymphs, and to hellish authority, to the satyrs, and the fawns - you call them half gods - which always dwell in wilderness. Atropos can first cut (158) the string which she winds, before I should be unfaithful to you, Troelus, whatever is done.

TC IV 1548-54 And you, Simois, which runs like the shaft of the straight arrow by the streets of Troy to the salt seas, be witness to what I say to the son of King Priam the day that Cressyd will be unfaithful to Troelus. On this day you will turn around and will flow back whence you came. My body and my soul will sink to the pains of hell.

TC IV. 1590-6 Believe this: when Lucina, the sister of shining Phoebus, comes out of the Lion, and out of the Ram, as Juno, queen of the heavens, helps me, the tenth night I will be at Troy.

*Cressyd giving her pledge to Troelus that she will come at that time.*

(159) There is a need to have time in hardship to win time for me. Here is my pledge that I will come at midnight on the tenth day.

TROELUS

Receive, Cressyd, these tokens from Troelus. I give you a jewel and a ring; the jewel to remind you to come again, and this ring for thinking about companionship. Wear these all the time where you are wont to look. (160) Farewell, Cressyd, a hundred times, until you come again.

*And thus ends the fourth book of this story, the 11<sup>th</sup> day of September in the year 1622 AD.*



(161)<sup>44</sup> *Diomedes brings Antenor to Troy, and takes Cressyd with him to the Greeks, and on the way there she pretends to love him. Troelus is astonished at her departing from her promise. Diomedes wins the goodwill of Cressyd. Troelus has a dream and sends to fetch Cassandra his sister, to understand the dream, and she says (162) that Diomedes has taken Cressyd, and Troelus sends her away. Then, while fighting, Deiphobus carries Diomedes's tunic to Troy, and, in handling the tunic, Troelus finds the jewel which he had given to Cressyd when parting, set in its collar, and then he knows that Cressyd is deceitful to him. Diomedes fears that she prizes some of the other Greeks, and shouts her out of his sight so that she should never come where he should be. At this point, Cressyd cries out against the gods. Then Cupid sounds a silver bell and calls the gods to the same place, and these take her beauty from her, and (163) give her leprosy and put her in great poverty. In the end she goes amongst lepers, and thus she lives by charity.*

*Troelus comes by from the war, and the paupers ask him for charity. He looks towards Cressyd and is fond of her appearance without recognizing it, and gives her all he had with him. At that moment, she asked one of the paupers who it was, and he said: "It is Troelus." Thereupon her heart broke in seeing his kindness, and from true regret for her unfaithfulness towards him. He found it enormously sorrowful when (164) he heard this, and insisted that she be buried like a lady. And from that point on, he committed himself to dying in the war, and thus he came to an end, but while he lived she did not go from his memory. And so ends the pitiful story of Troelus and Cressyd.*

*Prologue of the fifth book.*

TC V. 1-7 (165) Now the destiny is coming closer and closer, which Jove through his mystery defends. And you, Fates, three wrathful sisters, he commands you to make an end of this. Cressyd is going away, and Troelus enduring pain until Lachesis ceases spinning the thread of his life.

*End of the prologue.*

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<sup>44</sup> Here the rest of the story is summarized, covering the events of Book Five of *Troilus and Criseyde* and all of *The Testament of Cresseid*.

(166) DIOMEDES

Noble lords upon all of Troy and Asia, I come here from the kings of Greece, and bring you this prisoner in exchange for Kalkas's only daughter, as was your promise. They are grateful for the peaceful days, and the agreement will definitely be kept on their part.

PRIAM

(167) Diomedes, you are welcome from King Agamemnon. We stand by the agreement we promised, accepting the prisoner Antenor to freedom, and giving you for him this maiden, Cressyd. Reassure Agamemnon that we will not break that which we promised. A king of Troy never broke any promise he made.

*Troelus meets them going away, and gives a fierce look, and says to himself.*

TC V. 43-9 TROELUS

(168) Why don't I at once make both rich and poor have enough to do before Cressyd goes away? Why don't I bring Troy to sudden war? Why don't I kill Diomedes before threatening him? Why don't I take her away despite them? And why have I for so long not helped my sufferings?

*Troelus going to Troy*

TC V. 106-26 DIOMEDES *to Cressyd*

(169) Cheer up! Why are you so sad? You will be able to see your dear father without delay, he who is grieving in longing-filled cares that you live away from him among his enemies. If you think I can give comfort to your thoughts, I beseech you, and beg, to command me from now on. I know, Cressyd, that it is unaccustomed and strange for you - this is no wonder to those who know about you - exchanging the Trojans, your neighbours, and Troy the place you were born for the acquaintance of the Greeks, who are strangers to you. Do not think that you will not be able to find among the Greeks men as pure (170) as those in Troy and its land, with additional kindness.

TC V. 134-47 I would like you to take me as your innocent brother, and please do not reject my kindness when you come amongst strangers. Although your sadness stems from great causes, perhaps in time I could help you. If not, I know this: I would not increase your sorrow. But I would be sad because of the sadness of your thoughts. Although the Trojans are enraged with the Greeks, and the Greeks every day cruel to the Trojans, both sides

serve the same god of Love, and this god must help both sides. For god's sake, whoever has offended you, do not be displeased with me. I am not willing to deserve your anger nor the worst you have to offer.

TC V. 148-54

(171)

As we are now so close to the Greeks, and to Kalkas's tent, who can now see us, I promise to keep my foolish secret sealed in my mind until some other time. Give me, Cressyd, your hand, your pledge, your promise, that Diomedes can be the closest person to your bosom.

*Cressyd giving her hand to Diomedes*

TC V. 169-75 There are so many knights among the Greeks who are so virtuous, so pure, so noble and so naturally decent, and each one will do his best for all his lifetime in order to win servitude to you, Cressyd. I entreat you, for this pain and toil, to name me in the presence of these, as an obedient servant to you.

TC V. 183-8 CRESSYD

(172) To you, Diomedes, I am especially grateful, because of your trouble and your goodwill I'm obliged, your service, your friendship, your counsels, and I accept well all your kind words. And you can believe this, whatever might happen, my trust will be in you before anyone born.

TC V. 190-5 *At this point she finds her father.*

I pray you, my father, give me your blessing. I have borne great longing for you up till now.

KALKAS

(173) May my blessing upon you prosper, my dear one, and my only ray of sunshine. I did not sleep one carefree night because of my great care for you. Did you get tired coming here? What is the news from Troy? They are but awaiting the adversity which is close at hand.

*Leaving Cressyd with her father*

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TC V. 218-24 TROELUS, *by himself*

Where now is my lady and my love? Where is her appearance and countenance? Where is Cressyd? Where are her arms, and her clean cheerful visage, which used to please you, wretched Troelus? (174) You can easily weep salt tears for her. There is nothing to see here but the floor, the ceiling and the wall.

TC V. 232-8 Who sees you now, my true faithful lady? Who sits at your side, and who calls you mistress? Who is it that pleases your heavy longing-filled heart? Troelus is not there - who gives you advice? To whom can you say "is Troelus alive"? Pandar is sighing and wretched Troelus weeping.

TC V. 239-45 How can I wait ten days this way, when it so difficult for me to put up with the first day? How can Cressyd, who is weaker in nature, pass over a day and night in such sadness? The fair, womanly look will turn green and pale in appearance. (175) I see no way for me to bear with it to wait for the tenth day.

TC V. 295-308

TROELUS *to Pandar*

O Pandar, because of the longing-filled grief which is upon me, truly, I know that I cannot go on for long. It would be a wonder for me to have my life until tomorrow. Because of this I pray you to devise how my grave my will be made, if I must lie there, and to put necessary things where fitting. But concerning the fire and the flame where I will end, and in which fire my body will be burnt to ashes, concerning the festival, the wake, and the funeral games, make as fitting according to the occasion. Charge my horse to Mars (?),<sup>45</sup> my sword to my dear brother Hector, give my shield to Athena (176) - may she protect your honour.

TC V. 309-22 My heart, when it has burnt to ashes, gather together this in one place and be sure to keep it, and put it in a vessel of gold made for that purpose, and take it to the lady whom I formerly served. And show that it is out of love for her that the occurrence occurred. Pray her to keep it to commemorate me. I know by how my pain and sadness took me, and by my dreams, that I must die shortly. Also the owl, which is called Ascalaphus, has

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<sup>45</sup> The exact meaning of 'wrth ordor' here is unclear, but the phrase translates TC V. 306 'offre Mars my steede'.

been screeching above me the last two nights. And you, the god Mercury, when it pleases you, will fetch the anguished soul out of the restless body.

TC V. 344-50

(177)

PANDAR

O Troelus, how do these people put up with it who see their loves, with others wedding them, and also see them in the beds of their husbands? God knows, they have to bear it wisely. Just as there is a time to hurt you, so a time will come to help you. The time is but near at hand - good hope can wait a long time.

TC V. 358-64 Your weakness, your madness, and your troublesome dreams, let them go with all your vain thoughts. These grow from stubborn melancholy, (178) which is cause of troubled sleep. I see this: there is no-one born who can interpret dreams precisely.

TC V. 365-78 Old people say about dreams that it is they which show the mystery of righteous god. Others say they are from hellish sorcery, and others think it is an imperfect temperament, and someone else shows gluttony is the cause. No-one knows for certain which one of these is to be believed. The learned say that impression is the cause of all dreams, as if one should think, and then sleep - the thought repeats itself again in him. You'll find someone to say (179) that it is according to a certain time by the moon, others by the year - it's not fitting to believe them too much.

TC V. 379-85 It is old women who put most faith in dreams, or in augury and the flight of wild birds. Many faint for fear at a raven, when hearing ravens and screech owls howling. Woe is me, god, when things such as this trouble you, and Cressyd is so perfect, and someone [loving her] without hope.

TC V. 393-406

Come, let us speak of the old life in Troy, how we lived before, and will again despite this. Before the tenth hour of the tenth day passes by, this will all turn into long-lasting joy for you. Let us go straight from here to King Sarpedon, to beguile such time as this (180) which brings to mind your sadness.

*Troelus and Pandar going out.*

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TC V. 729-42 CRESSYD, *by herself*

On you, Troy, in longing and sorrow I look, your high towers and your royal splendid-sided walls. I had many a happy day within your walls, and I bore much longing for you. O Troy, woe is me for leaving! O Troelus, woe is me for seeing you! (181) O Troelus, my beloved, do you think about Cressyd? Alas Troelus, that I did not do what you sought! Alas that I did not go as you desired! I would not have given such a heavy sigh just now if it could not be said that I had done a misdeed. I'll get nothing but trouble for bringing this to my mind. The medicine is late after the body has been put in the earth.

TC V. 743-56 It is too late now to speak about this matter. O lady of prudence, where were your three eyes? I remembered that which had passed. I would know about what was at the present moment. I did not build much on the things which were to come, because I could not see them. It causes pain for me. (182) But truly, go this as it may, tomorrow night without fail I will be with him. Either to the South, or the East, or the West, I will vanish to go to Troelus, my beloved. Let everyone say what they want, Cressyd will carry out her intention. Scoundrels will talk about love out of envy.

TC V. 911-24 DIOMEDES *at this point coming to Cressyd*

What do you want to request, my loving lady? Do not speak about Troy or about Trojans. Drive out bitter hope, and be joyful. (183) Raise up your heart and beauty anew. Because Troy has brought itself to disaster, it is only awaiting the sad conclusion which is near at hand. Think of how the Greeks are men as well-behaved, as honest, as faithful, as perfect in love as any Trojan is, and kinder by far in obeying your thoughts, and serving you more faithfully. You gave me permission to express some of my speech to you. Many people say that a sorrowful woman should not be loved.

TC V. 930-45 Let it be known to you, Cressyd, that I was deemed Tydeus's only son, and I am as noble as any Trojan born, and if my father had lived until these days, I would have been king upon Argos and Calydon. His death came (184) when there was the war with Thebes, where Polynices and many of the best were slain. My beloved, since I am serving your honour, and you are the first woman whose mercy I desired, I beseech to be able to speak to you more presently - what causes suspicion but long wallowing in love? There's no need to show my mind - words will only colour the case. If a thing needs to be done, it doesn't matter whether it's early or late.

TC V. 967-73 CRESSYD

Diomedes, Diomedes, you have (185) the decree of my thoughts. Alas that I ever knew about certain things! But there are within the town of Troy men as fair as any who dwell between the Orkneys and India. If it pleases you to speak straightaway, you have permission, and when you come here, you can command a welcome.

*Here Diomedes keeps his appointment and wins Cressyd's favour.*

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TC V. 1016-22 TROELUS, *by himself*

Now the cheerful Venus of bright appearance follows (186) along the accustomed path which Phoebus descended down. Now the moon and her horses pull her wagon, and whirl out of Leo, to the extent that she can. The Zodiac lights up the world with its candles. Now there is a marvel about Cressyd coming here.

TC V. 582-88 O lord Cupid, your mercilessness to me was great, when I remind myself of all my unlucky life, and how you wearied me each day worse than the last. My life comes to pass as a story for all the world. What triumph is there for you in always oppressing me? I submitted myself to you faithfully to have you as a just lord.

TC V. 596-602 Plant in Cressyd's heart the will<sup>46</sup> to come as quickly as you gave me longing and desire to see her. O lord Cupid, do not be half so enraged (187) against the nation of Troy, nor so cruel either, as was the goddess Juno to all the nation of Thebes. This people was destroyed, and this Thebes was ruined.

TC V. 638-44 O my star, you are not shining here: with a heavy heart for you it's easy for me to long. Did anyone ever weep from day to night, from night to day, as I have done, waiting for this tenth night? Come. Are you near? I've been here since the start of night.<sup>47</sup> In a ship without sail is my history, between the rock Scylla and Charybdis.

TC V. 659-665 The days and nights have been much longer than they are always wont to be. The sun has gone awry on its course now, or it's going on its journey more slowly. The tenth day has gone by. (188) Tonight is the tenth night. I will now be seen to be joyful if all the world is faithful.

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<sup>46</sup> A word is difficult to read here.

<sup>47</sup> The text is damaged here from 'come' to 'start of night' and the translation is thus very hypothetical.

*Troelus going away*

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TC V. 1054-64 CRESSYD, *by herself*

Diomedes, Diomedes, woe is me that I ever saw you. I am now unfaithful to the most faithful man ever born. Nobody can help my good name, and my honesty will now be forgotten forever, as I deceived with my falseness the knight of great honour. (189) While water travels the earth, no equal to him will ever be seen.<sup>48</sup> Alas that I was ever born to be unfaithful! No good word will be said about me ever. I will be disgraced in every book and writing, and every tongue will be talkative about me. And women will be most angry towards me: because of me and my deed, trust will never be put in them.

TC V. 1065-78 They will say, because I am so unnatural, that I have eternally ashamed them. Although I am not the first who was unfaithful, this does not help; I know it does not excuse me. Although it is too late now because I was not faithful to Troelus, now I will be true to Diomedes, despite what will be thought.<sup>49</sup> (190) O Troelus, as there is nothing better I can do, but being forced to depart from you, my beloved, I pray to god that he will make everything easy before you, as to the most noble man I have ever known. Although I fell into your hands in great wickedness, while there is a stone in a river, you will not go, Troelus, from my heart.

*Cressyd going away*

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*Troelus heading to Cassandra to understand his dream*

TC V 1234-43 TROELUS *to Cassandra*

One night when I was having rather troubled sleep, Cassandra, (191) I dreamt as I will tell you: I saw myself walking in a forest, and I was weeping out of love for some woman I knew some time. I saw, while walking around, some boar with vicious tusks, and the boar was sleeping, and the sun shining upon it. Kissing this boar I saw Cressyd, and I saw her arms wrapped around him as well. Out of unease and horror at seeing her in such

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<sup>48</sup> The Welsh 'cymar' puns on the sense of 'equal' and 'lover'.

<sup>49</sup> The text is damaged here from 'help' to 'thought' and the translation is very hypothetical.



a way, this fear awoke me from my sleep. Since I saw the dream, I have been anxious and terrified. I beseech and entreat you to interpret it.

*Cassandra making sense of Troelus's dream, and smiling.*

TC V. 1457-70 CASSANDRA

My dear Troelus, if you want to understand this dream, and desire to hear the truth about it, you must listen to many old stories, and the history of lords relevant to this matter. And in this way you will know where the boar comes from, and who is the boar as well, as old books say. Diana is in great wrath and fury with the Greeks, and the reason? Because they would not sacrifice to her. And when the goddess saw she was being despised in such a way, she gave rise to cruelty, and worked evil through a fierce, cruel boar, (193) as big as a fattened ox. This destroys their vines, their corn, and their orchards.

TC V. 1471-84 Many people were summoned to kill this boar. Among these came lord Meleager. He was loving some beautiful, natural woman, who would always wait in the country. Misfortune came to the boar. Through the strength and power of valour, he killed the boar himself, and brought her its head. Because of which, as old books show, great envy grew about the case, and from the line of this lord, Meleager, came Tydeus, and many other lords. It's too long for me to tell of what happened as regards his mother: I'll let this be - (194) it does not greatly relate to the matter.

TC V. 1485-98 Tydeus gathered many people to the same place and brought to Thebes far too much suffering. He himself went as a warrior to Thebes through the doing and advice of his friend Polynices. His brother was Eteocles, who was wrongly ruling Thebes. It is written that there was much bad blood between them. Then Maeon was angry and cruel. Then Tydeus killed fifty knights. Then seven royal kings were pursuing war against the town constantly. Then there was to be seen the wondrous blessed serpent, and many other things which are of no concern today.

TC V. 1499-519 (195) Then perished Archemorus, Amphiaraus, and Tydeus. Then perished Hippomedon, Parthenopaeus, and Capaneus. Then Eteocles and Polynices killed each other. Then Argyve was also weeping every day. Then there was senseless adversity, one brother against the other. Then Thebes finally endured the revenge entirely. And this boar signifies Diomedes son of Tydeus, who descends from Meleager, as you have heard, Troelus. Wherever Cressyd is, your dear lady, she belongs to Diomedes, and Diomedes

to her. You can easily become very ill. This is without doubt: it is Diomedes who is in her mind now, and you, Troelus, are out.

#### TC V. 1520-33 TROELUS

(196) Your troublesome empty words are a lie, sorceress, and all your false ungodly prophecies. You insist that your life and your stories are godly, and yet you make up tales about virtuous ladies. May god ordain sadness for you! Get out of my sight in good time! Truly, perhaps you will be false again before tomorrow. You can as easily say this lie about virtuous Alcestis as to say it about Cressyd. When this woman's husband was in grave danger, either having to die himself or offer someone up to die for him, she decided to endure (197) death for her spouse. I know that Cressyd would do so, before losing Troelus his life.

*Deiphobus coming with armed men with him and Diomedes's tunic, and Troelus finding the jewel.*

#### DEIPHOBUS

Look, Troelus, I have taken the shining weapons of Diomedes. Despite this, the man escaped unharmed from us. There was cruel fighting over there for a little time - a large number were badly injured, and many were killed.

#### ONE OF THE SOLDIERS

(198) What is this jewel and splendour which is bound within his collar? This is a sign that Diomedes is serving some lady.

*By now, Troelus knows she is unfaithful.*

#### TC V. 1673-87

TROELUS, *by himself*

O Cressyd, o my dear one, o my golden-plaited lady! Where now is your promise? Where is your oath? Where's your love? Where is your truth, Cressyd? Diomedes is now getting his joy from you. (199) I would have held this, and I would have sworn this over and over, that, although you should say an untruth, you would never have been unfaithful. Who from now on will believe your oaths, Cressyd? Alas! I had sworn you would never

do this. Who would think there were such a changeable mind in you, or who would suppose that your heart were so cruel as to kill a poor innocent man through deceit and through trust? Woe to me forever that dishonesty has befallen you, Cressyd!

TC V. 1688-701 Did you have no other token to give to please your new love but this? I wept many salt tears on this. I gave it to you to bring back memories of me. And you, out of hatred for me, gave this to Diomedes (200) so that everyone can learn that you have rejected me forever (?).<sup>50</sup> By this I know that I am too unpolished, as you have cast me out of your mind. For all the world I cannot cast you out of my thought for one quarter of an hour. I was born at a bad time, everyone knows this when they hear of it - you being deceitful to me, and I, despite this, loving you.

TC V. 1702-8 Lord, though I should bear great torment, arrange for me to meet with this Diomedes just once. Ordain strength and time for me again. I will make his heart bleed for treachery. I pray you, lord, look for these things frequently. If you allow this without incident, the same thing could happen again.

TC V. 1709-22 (201)

O Pandar, you beseeched me that I should not believe in dreams. See how this has come to pass too truly. See how faithful your dear niece Cressyd is! You said she would fulfil her promise for anything. Often do the gods show these miraculous things, and warn us through our sleep of the things which are against us. On my honour, I will say the truth without extra words. From this day on, as soon as I am able, I will seek my cruel death at the tips of weapons, and my troubled grief will end at once. From now on it will be said that you, Cressyd, are false. No-one will ever be able to say that Troelus was false to Cressyd.

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*Diomedes on the stage, and Cressyd coming there*

H 71-5 (202) DIOMEDES *to Cressyd*

You, a whore for the Trojans ever since you were born, get out of my sight! Let me never see you now playing the harlot more and more amongst Greeks. If you ever come to

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<sup>50</sup> The more usual sense of 'byth' here would suggest 'you never rejected me', but it is hard to see how this fits the context here, and it is not paralleled in Chaucer.

where I am, I will kill you with this sword. No-one could make use of a false-cheeked prostitute! Go away to be a whore! Don't let me see you here again!

*Diomedes going away and Cressyd remaining*

H 124-40 (203) CRESSYD

Venus and Cupid, you gave me divine answers that I would be a flower in dear Troy. My beauty and joy turned to cares. I am like a person undeserving of the society of others. Who will cherish me now? What sort of end will come upon me? Diomedes rejected me, and Troelus was hurt by me. You, undeserving boy, your words put me in adversity forever, with your mother Venus, the volatile blind goddess, and you made me believe that love grew in my face that you would keep this love always without it disappearing.<sup>51</sup>

(204) But now the frost has burnt it, and the seed has not thrived for me. Unfaithfulness is the cause - no lover can abide me.

*Cressyd at this point fainting, and Cupid tinkling a silver bell and calling the gods together to give Cressyd a punishment for scorning him.*

H 151-68 **Saturn**<sup>52</sup>

*First Saturn comes like an unpleasant churl, and looks around with a stern, ignoble sight, his face wrinkled, the same colour as lead, his teeth chattering and his mouth shaking, and his eyes at the furthest part of his head. Out of his nose water is running, his lips big and puffy, his cheeks lean, and an icicle was dangling from his hair. His clothes are grey, and worn out by the wind and storm. He was carrying in his hand an enormous bow, and under his belt were arrows with wings of frost and heads of ice. And this is the god and ruler of the wind and the changeable storm.*

H 169-82 **Jupiter**

*Next came Jupiter with a beautiful, loving appearance, (206) the god and governor of the stars in the sky; unlike his father Saturn, with a broad, genial face and a gentle appearance, and upon his head were garlands of green flowers, as if it were the first of*

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<sup>51</sup> I swap the order of the lines here (as per Williams, *Troelus* p. 100). It is probable that John Jones, Gellilyfdy, or his exemplar, made an error here, copying these two lines in the wrong order.

<sup>52</sup> The descriptions of the gods are given in prose, and do not represent dialogue in the play.

*May. His hair was shining like gold, his voice clear, his clothes green and summery, and in his hand there was a spear.*

**H 183-96 Mars**

*The third was Mars, god of wrath, fighting, wars, and cruelty, in tough shining war-gear, and in his hand there was a rusty old sword. He was contorting his brows and his face, (207) and saying many a wrathful word, shaking his sword before Cupid, his face fiery and his eyes like embers. And in his mouth the foam was frothing as with a boar, and, blowing into a horn, the rocks resounded and the earth shook.*

**H 197-217 Phoebus**

*The fourth, Phoebus the sun, like wax candles<sup>53</sup> shining to man and animal. He was comforting and a forbiddener of darkness. In moving, causing life for earthly things, riding (208) in a chariot like a mighty king. Pulling the golden cart with its fiery beams were four yoked horses of various colours. The first had two sorrel-coloured hairs, with its mane as red as the rose. This one was called Eous, with its district in the East. The second, Aethon, with its colour pale white, and its district in the South. The third Pyroeis, with its colour flaming red and its district in the West. The fourth Philologed, with its colour black and its pull to the North.*

**H 218-38 Venus**

*The fifth was Venus, coming to defend her son's case in ostentatious clothing, (209) one half green and the other black, her hair bright yellow, and her colour changing frequently, sometimes laughing, sometimes crying, at one point angry, and at another joyful, mixing dark words and wantonness. And one eye was laughing and the other eye weeping, as a sign that every fleshly love (this is under her control) is sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter, and full of volatility mixed with care-filled joy and false pleasure; sometimes hot, sometimes cold; sometimes joyful, sometimes sombre; now as green as a leaf, and soon weakened and faded away.*

**H 239-52 Mercury**

*(210) The sixth was Mercury. He had his book in his hand, eloquent and delicate in speech, and crafty in arguments; and he had a pen and an ink-horn to remind himself of*

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<sup>53</sup> This word is unclear in the manuscript.

*what he heard, setting down songs, and singing himself loquaciously, and wearing a red hood on the flat of his head, similar to a poet in olden times. He was carrying boxes with many sweet remedies, and his clothing was like a doctor of medicine, in a gown of red scarlet with fur put in it, warm and comfortable, and he was unable to tell (211) lies.*

H 253-63 **Cynthia**

*The seventh and last was Lady Cynthia. She is called the moon, and the fastest in her journey. Her colour was black, and it was as if there were two horns growing from her. And at night she would shine brightly. She borrows her brightness from her brother Titan. Her colour was pale, full of black spots, and there was the image of a man with a burden of thorns on his back in the middle of her: he, because of his theft, could not climb closer than that to the (212) heavens.*

H 264-6 *Then, when these seven gods met in the same place, they chose Mercury to speak for them in this assembly and parliament.*

H 274-87 **CUPID to the gods**

Sirs, whoever scorns his own god wickedly, in word or deed, for worldly misfortune, he does shame and injury to all the other gods, and he should endure a hard punishment. (213) This is what this harlot, Cressyd, did, who was formerly the pinnacle of beauty. Now she finds fault with the work of Venus and me, speaking and complaining with regard to her deserved affliction that my mother and I were the cause of that, calling Venus a blind, changeable goddess, and many other fickle and unruly bad words. She wants to blame her lecherous life on us. To her I always showed as much help as I could.

H 288-94 *And inasmuch as this relates to all you seven, and you seven are sharing in all the spiritual power, whoever did wrong to your high calling you should punish with a heavy punishment. You have never received, I warrant, such dishonour as this. (214) Make an agreement about the revenge you will inflict upon her for the crime.*

H 296-300 **MERCURY**

Sir Cupid, my plan and counsel to you at this moment is to give this to be managed by the highest and the lowest which govern. They will regulate this cruel case, and will inflict on Cressyd such pain as she can endure. This judgement here is yours, Saturn and Cynthia. Pronounce a sentence upon lechery according to what unfaithfulness deserves.

H 309-12 (215) *Cressyd in sleep again, and Saturn above her head speaking like this:*

H 313-22 SATURN

Because of your ungodly talk against your gracious gods, because of your undeserving life and your ungrateful aspects, because you are so antagonistic to the merciful Venus, because you are so false to the true knight Troelus, from now on, Cressyd, I take from you entirely your appearance, your aspect, your beauty, your virtues and all your wealth. (216) I change your joy to continual melancholy, which is mother to every heavy sadness and sorrow, your heat and your moisture to coldness and painful dryness, your vigour and games to insufferable ailments, all your busy splendour to great needful want, and thus you will live without warmth, and die as a beggar.

H 334-43 *The judgement of CYNTHIA*

Instead of physical health, take eternal sufferings. No doctor or physician can ever help your ailments. Each and every day, your sorrow will increase: (217) your heart in the end will break because of long heaviness. And every bad-tongued man will want to acquaint himself with your name. You will be struck on the teeth of every woman for your falseness. Your crystal eyes will be a bloody mixture; your clear, sweet voice will be turned into an unpleasant howling. Along your smooth cheeks, black, disgusting spots will erupt. Wherever you go, people will flee away from there. This will be your life: begging from house to house, with your cup and your clapper, will be your practice from now on.

*Cressyd waking up and taking a mirror to see her reflection, having been transformed.*

H 351-7 CRESSYD

(218) Let everyone who has seen me judge if there is a cause of sadness for me. This is the payment for provoking the gods on high, and for being unfaithful to an obedient, willing knight. Each worldly joy, from now on I reject you. Woe to the hour, woe to the day, and woe twenty times to the tongue. And woe a hundred times to Tydeus's son, and farewell a hundred times to Troelus!

*At this point she goes and seeks straw and a coat, and stays amongst the lepers and the paupers. And the night she came among them, she lamented to (219) herself, and said what follows:*

H 407-15 CRESSYD

O sod of sadness sunk into cares! O Cressyd, undeserving in many ways! Your joy went away; you were put to bear sadness. You were left very bare of all your treasure. Your fate is hard, and your words were grievous. The ointment which will heal your pains is not to be found. Your best has gone past, and the worst has not passed over for you. Alas to god that you had not been buried before this, so that there would not be talk about me, (220) neither in Greece, nor in Troy!

H 416-24 Where is your room dressed with silk? Where are your gold-embroidered cushions and your huge bed? Where are the warming herbs and the wines to console you? Where are the cups of gold and silver shining? Where are your sweet foods and your flat, bright plates? Where are your delicious dishes and every new fashion? Where are the splendid clothes and the many contrivances? Where are the fine linen and the camlet and the golden pins? You received all this, and you lost every bit of it.

H 425-33 Where are your gardens full of splendid steps? Where are the little houses full of green canopies? Where is the flat passage-way adorned with flowers, where you were wont to walk in May and April to take the morning dew at your pleasure and ease, and to listen to the lament of the sweet-songed nightingale with many pure ladies, singing carols (221) beside the green leaves with their even cuts? This was and this passed over - other things must be welcomed in.

H 438-49 Take the beggar's lodging for your lofty golden palace. For your comfortable bed take this cold and wet hay. For your warming foods, and the wines which were brought from afar, take stodgy bread, and sour beer to drink. For your sweet, clear voice and your carols so tender, take a harsh screech - everyone will be terrified at hearing you. For your appearance, your aspect, your beauty, and your loveliness, take a greasy face, blemished and full of repulsiveness. And instead of your lute, make use of this cup and clapper.

H 452-60 You ladies of Troy and Greece, listen to my unhappy life, and do not trust in fortune, my great wickedness, which no-one can overcome. Make a wonder of me in your minds. As I am now, perhaps you too could be. (222) Despite your beauty and your splendour, you



can come to the same end, or to a worse end, if there is worse than the worst. Because of this, let your mind always be focused on the end.

H 461-8 Your beauty is nothing but a transient flower, nothing is your triumph and all you have but wind blowing vanity in others' ears. Your cheerful visage will disappear in the end. Let me be always an example in your mind, which bears witness to all this entirely. Every earthly thing wears away like wind. Because of this, let your mind always be focused on the end.

H 475-80 ONE OF THE PAUPERS

Why are you beating against the wall like that? (223) Are you trying to kill yourself, and not getting better despite that? As lamenting only adds tears to your eyes, my advice to you is to make virtue of necessity. Learn how to turn your clapper up and down, and learn to live according to the law of beggars.

*Troelus and other lords going by*

H 493-4 THE PAUPERS

Merciful lords, for God's sake we are awaiting part of your alms amongst these paupers.

H 495-525 (224) *Troelus giving a bit to everyone, and giving to her a girdle and a golden purse full of gold and jewels, and loving her appearance, and yet not recognizing it, but going away sombrelly. And then one of the paupers said to her:*

H 530-2 ONE OF THE PAUPERS

This lord took more pity on you than he took on all of us here.

H 533-4 CRESSYD

(225) Who was the lord who last went past, who was so merciful as this to us?

H 535-6 ONE OF THE PAUPERS

It's Troelus, a knight from Troy, the son of King Priam, and a most valiant man.

*At this point Cressyd faints, and, upon awakening, says:*

H 546-53 (226) CRESSYD

Is this the son of King Priam? O false Cressyd, and true knight Troelus! Your love, your purity, your nobility, knight, I counted as little when I was young and rich. My mind was full of empty fickle vanity, and every day climbing up to the top of the unstable sky. And this misled me into being unfaithful to the son of King Priam. O false Cressyd, and true knight Troelus!

H 554-60 Out of true love for me you kept your honour, in honesty and worthiness in all society. You were a strong defender of girls and women, (227) and my own mind was upon wantonness and unclean vanity. And this misled me into being unfaithful to the son of King Priam. O false Cressyd, and true knight Troelus!

H 561-7 Lovers, beware and take heed to whom you give your love, and for whom you suffer pain. Understand that there are only a few perfect ones whom you can trust to have faithfulness again. Your toil is in vain, prove this when you will. My advice to you, take them as you find them. You will find them as steady in their deeds and practices as a weathercock which is always in the wind.

H 568-74 Because I know that there is such instability in women as there is in the brittleness of glass. I think this with recourse to myself, supposing that there is the same nature in others without contrast, and the same instability, and as much unfaithfulness - although some are true and honest without wickedness, they are few, and there's too small a number of them. Whoever finds their lovers true will not complain. (228) I am not blaming anyone here but myself.

H 577-81 I beseech you to put my body into hard earth, to feed snakes, toads, and little worms. My cup, my clapper, and all my necessities, share all these amongst my fellow paupers. The gold and silver which Troelus gave me, take that to help bury me.

H 582-91 The ring and the ruby which is worked into the ring, which Troelus sent as a token from him, give this to him as soon as I die, and make him aware of this death. I commend my soul to dwell with Diana, to walk along fields and woods and waterways. O Diomedes, you got all the tokens Troelus sent to me as greetings. You were merciless, o son of King Tydeus! O false Cressyd, and true knight Troelus!

(229) *And thereupon she died.*

## The Epilogue

H 594-608 When Troelus was told of Cressyd's sorrowful death, he pulled out his hair like a madman. When he heard of her weakness, of her poverty, and of her illness, he fell in a swoon out of pity and sorrow. Sighing for her every day he lived, although she was unfaithful to him, he was faithful to her. He insisted that the earth bury her like a lady. He had a grave of marble stone made for her. On her grave he wrote, for everyone who should come there, (230) the following sentence in golden letters:

“See, ladies, where Cressyd of Troy lies, sometime the flower of all girls and women.”

TC V 1806 From that day on, he vowed that he would not stop fighting in war until he died at the sword. In the end he fulfilled all this - he lost his life at the cruel hand of Achilles. Pandar broke his heart from sorrow. This is the end of all these matters.

H 610-16 You virtuous and pure noble women, always be faithful to whoever you are with. Remember Cressyd often in your thoughts, and do not commit unfaithfulness or falsehood to your lovers. Do not make too much use of your beauty and fairness. Your appearance, your looks, and your beauty perish at the turn of a hand.

TC V 1863-9 If you will do what is best, let vain love be, and bear faithful love to the Man who died for you.

*End of the book.*

(231) *And so ends the fifth and final book of this story, the fifth day of October, AD 1622.*