

Troilus dies, Pandarus shall die with him; and then she will have "fished fair." <14> He beseeches mercy for his friend:

"*Woe worth* the faire gemme virtueless! <15> *evil befall!* Woe
worth the herb also that *doth no boot!* *has no remedial power* Woe
worth the beauty that is ruthesless!* *merciless Woe worth that
wight that treads each under foot! And ye that be of beauty *crop and root*
perfection <16> If therewithal in you there be no ruth,
*pity Then is it harm ye live, by my truth!"

Pandarus makes only the slight request that she will show Troilus somewhat better cheer, and receive visits from him, that his life may be saved; urging that, although a man be soon going to the temple, nobody will think that he eats the images; and that "such love of friends reigneth in all this town."

Cressida, which that heard him in this wise, Thought: "I shall feele* what he means, y-wis;" *test "Now, eme* quoth she, "what would ye me devise?
uncle What is your rede that I should do of this?"
*counsel, opinion "That is well said," quoth he;" certain best it is That ye him love again for his loving, As love for love is *skilful guerdoning.*
reasonable recompense

"Think eke how elde* wasteth ev'ry hour *age In each of
you a part of your beauty; And therefore, ere that age do you devour, Go
love, for, old, there will no wight love thee Let this proverb a lore* unto you
be: *lesson "'Too late I was ware," quoth beauty when it
past; And *elde daunteth danger* at the last.' *old age overcomes disdain*

"The kinge's fool is wont to cry aloud, When that he thinks a woman bears
her high, 'So longe may ye liven, and all proud, Till crowes' feet be wox*
under your eye! *grown And send you then a mirror *in to
pry* *to look in* In which ye may your face see a-morrow!*"
*in the morning *I keep then wishe you no more sorrow.'"* *I care to
wish you nothing worse* Weeping,

Cressida reproaches her uncle for giving her such counsel; whereupon Pandarus, starting up, threatens to kill himself, and would fain depart, but that his niece detains him, and, with much reluctance, promises to "make Troilus good cheer in honour." Invited by Cressida to tell how first he know her lover's woe, Pandarus then relates two soliloquies which he had accidentally overheard, and in which Troilus had poured out all the sorrow of his passion.

With this he took his leave, and home he went Ah! Lord, so was he glad and well-begone!*
happy Cressida arose, no longer would she stent,
*stay But straight into her chamber went anon, And sat her down, as still as any stone, And ev'ry word gan up and down to wind That he had said, as it came to her mind.

And wax'd some deal astonish'd in her thought, Right for the newe case; but when that she *Was full advised,* then she found right naught *had fully considered* Of peril, why she should afear'd be: For a man may love, of possibility, A woman so, that his heart may to-brest,* *break utterly And she not love again, *but if her lest.* *unless it so please her*

But as she sat alone, and thoughte thus, In field arose a skirmish all without; And men cried in the street then: " Troilus hath right now put to flight the Greekes' rout."* *host With that gan all the meinie* for to shout: *(Cressida's) household "Ah! go we see, cast up the lattice wide, For through this street he must to palace ride;

"For other way is from the gates none, Of Dardanus, <18> where open is the chain." <19> With that came he, and all his folk anon, An easy pace riding, in *routes twain,* *two troops* Right as his *happy day* was, sooth to sayn: *good fortune <20>* For which men say may not disturbed be What shall betiden* of necessity. *happen

This Troilus sat upon his bay steed All armed, save his head, full richely, And wounded was his horse, and gan to bleed, For which he rode a pace full softly But such a knightly sighte* truly *aspect As was on him, was not, withoute fail, To look on Mars, that god is of Battaile.

So like a man of armes, and a knight, He was to see, full fill'd of high prowess; For both he had a body, and a might To do that thing, as well as hardiness;* *courage And eke to see him in his gear* him dress, *armour So fresh, so young, so wieldy* seemed he, *active It was a heaven on him for to see.* *look

His helmet was to-hewn in twenty places, That by a tissue* hung his back behind; *riband His shield to-dashed was with swords and maces, In which men might many an arrow find, That thirled* had both horn, and nerve, and rind; <21> *pierced And ay the people cried, "Here comes our joy, And, next his brother, <22> holder up of Troy."

For which he wax'd a little red for shame, When he so heard the people on him cryen That to behold it was a noble game, How soberly he cast adown

his eyes: Cresside anon gan all his cheer espie, And let it in her heart so softly sink, That to herself she said, "Who gives me drink?" <23>

For of her own thought she wax'd all red, Rememb'ring her right thus: "Lo! this is he Which that mine uncle swears he might be dead, But* I on him have mercy and pity:" *unless And with that thought for pure shame she Gan in her head to pull, and that full fast, While he and all the people forth by pass'd.

And gan to cast,* and rollen up and down *ponder Within her thought his excellent prowess, And his estate, and also his renown, His wit, his shape, and eke his gentleness But most her favour was, for his distress Was all for her, and thought it were ruth To slay such one, if that he meant but truth.

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And, Lord! so gan she in her heart argue Of this matter, of which I have you told And what to do best were, and what t'eschew, That plaited she full oft in many a fold. <24> Now was her heart warm, now was it cold. And what she thought of, somewhat shall I write, As to mine author listeth to endite.

She thoughte first, that Troilus' person She knew by sight, and eke his gentleness; And saide thus: "All were it not to do'n," *although it were To grant him love, yet for the worthiness impossible* It were honour, with play* and with gladness, *pleasing entertainment In honesty with such a lord to deal, For mine estate,* and also for his heal.** *reputation **health

"Eke well I wot* my kinge's son is he; *know And, since he hath to see me such delight, If I would utterly his sighte flee, Parauntre* he might have me in despite, *peradventure Through which I mighte stand in worse plight. <25> Now were I fool, me hate to purchase* *obtain for myself Withoute need, where I may stand in grace,* *favour

"In ev'rything, I wot, there lies measure;* *a happy medium For though a man forbidde drunkenness, He not forbids that ev'ry creature Be drinkeless for alway, as I guess; Eke, since I know for me is his distress, I oughte not for that thing him despise, Since it is so he meaneth in good wise.

"Now set a case, that hardest is, y-wis, Men mighte deeme* that he loveth me; *believe What dishonour were it unto me, this? May I *him let of* that? Why, nay, pardie! *prevent him from* I know also, and alway hear and see, Men love women all this town about; Be they the worse? Why, nay, withoute doubt!

"Nor me to love a wonder is it not; For well wot I myself, so God me speed! -- *All would I* that no man wist of this thought -- *although I would*I am one of the fairest, without drede,* *doubt And goodlieste, who so taketh heed; And so men say in all the town of Troy; What wonder is, though he on me have joy?

"I am mine owen woman, well at ease, I thank it God, as after mine estate, Right young, and stand untied in *lusty leas,* *pleasantleash Withoute jealousy, or such debate: (of love)* Shall none husband say to me checkmate; For either they be full of jealousy, Or masterful, or love novelty.

"What shall I do? to what fine* live I thus? *end Shall I not love, in case if that me lest? What? pardie! I am not religious;<26> And though that I mine hearte set at rest And keep alway mine honour and my name, By all right I may do to me no shame."

But right as when the sunne shineth bright In March, that changeth oftentime his face, And that a cloud is put with wind to flight, Which overspreads the sun as for a space; A cloudy thought gan through her hearte pace,* *pass That overspread her brighte thoughtes all, So that for fear almost she gan to fall.

The cloudy thought is of the loss of liberty and security, the stormy life, and the malice of wicked tongues, that love entails:

[But] after that her thought began to clear, And saide, "He that nothing undertakes Nothing achieveth, be him *loth or dear."* *unwilling or desirous* And with another thought her hearte quakes; Then sleepeth hope, and after dread awakes, Now hot, now cold; but thus betwixt the tway* *two She rist* her up, and wente forth to play.** *rose **take recreation

Adown the stair anon right then she went Into a garden, with her nieces three, And up and down they made many a went,* *winding, turn <12> Flexippe and she, Tarke, Antigone, To playe, that it joy was for to see; And other of her women, a great rout,* *troop Her follow'd in the garden all about.

This yard was large, and railed the alleys, And shadow'd well with blossomy boughes green, And benched new, and sanded all the ways, In which she walked arm and arm between; Till at the last Antigone the sheen*
*bright, lovely Gan on a Trojan lay to singe clear, That it a heaven was her voice to hear.

Antigone's song is of virtuous love for a noble object; and it is singularly fitted to deepen the impression made on the mind of Cressida by the brave aspect of Troilus, and by her own cogitations. The singer, having praised the lover and rebuked the revilers of love, proceeds:

"What is the Sunne worse of his *kind right,* *true nature* Though that a man, for feebleness of eyen, May not endure to see on it for bright?
<27> Or Love the worse, tho' wretches on it cryen? No weal* is worth, that may no sorrow drien,** <28> *happiness **endure And forthy,* who that hath a head of verre,** *therefore **glass <29> From cast of stones ware him in the werre. <30>

"But I, with all my heart and all my might, As I have lov'd, will love unto my last My deare heart, and all my owen knight, In which my heart y-grown is so fast, And his in me, that it shall ever last *All dread I* first to love him begin, *although I feared* Now wot I well there is no pain therein."

Cressida sighs, and asks Antigone whether there is such bliss among these lovers, as they can fair endite; Antigone replies confidently in the affirmative; and Cressida answers nothing, "but every worde which she heard she gan to printen in her hearte fast." Night draws on:

The daye's honour, and the heaven's eye, The nighte's foe, -- all this call I the Sun, -- Gan westren* fast, and downward for to wry,** *go west <31> **turn As he that had his daye's course y-run; And white thinges gan to waxe dun For lack of light, and starres to appear; Then she and all her folk went home in fere.* *in company

So, when it liked her to go to rest, And voided* were those that voiden ought, *gone out (of the house) She saide, that to sleepe well her lest.*
*pleased Her women soon unto her bed her brought; When all was shut, then lay she still and thought Of all these things the manner and the wise; Rehearse it needeth not, for ye be wise.

A nightingale upon a cedar green, Under the chamber wall where as she lay, Full loude sang against the moone sheen, Parauntre,* in his birde's wise, a

lay *perchance Of love, that made her hearte fresh and gay;
Hereat hark'd* she so long in good intent, *listened Till at the
last the deade sleep her hent.* *seized

And as she slept, anon right then *her mette* *she dreamed* How
that an eagle, feather'd white as bone, Under her breast his longe clawes set,
And out her heart he rent, and that anon, And did* his heart into her breast
to go'n, *caused Of which no thing she was *abash'd nor
smert;* *amazed nor hurt* And forth he flew, with hearte left for heart.

Leaving Cressida to sleep, the poet returns to Troilus and his zealous friend -- with whose stratagems to bring the two lovers together the remainder of the Second Book is occupied. Pandarus counsels Troilus to write a letter to his mistress, telling her how he "fares amiss," and "beseeching her of ruth;" he will bear the letter to his niece; and, if Troilus will ride past Cressida's house, he will find his mistress and his friend sitting at a window. Saluting Pandarus, and not tarrying, his passage will give occasion for some talk of him, which may make his ears glow. With respect to the letter, Pandarus gives some shrewd hints:

"Touching thy letter, thou art wise enough, I wot thou *n'ilt it dignely endite*
wilt not write it haughtily Or make it with these argumentes tough, Nor
scrivener-like, nor craftily it write; Beblot it with thy tears also a lite;*
*little And if thou write a goodly word all soft, Though it be good, rehearse it
not too oft.

"For though the beste harper *pon live* *alive Would on the
best y-sounded jolly harp That ever was, with all his fingers five Touch ay
one string, or *ay one warble harp,* *always play one tune* Were his
nailes pointed ne'er so sharp, He shoulde maken ev'ry wight to dull*
*to grow bored To hear his glee, and of his strokes full.

"Nor jompre* eke no discordant thing y-fere,** *jumble **together As
thus, to use termes of physic; In love's termes hold of thy mattere The form
alway, and *do that it be like;* *make it consistent* For if a painter
woulde paint a pike With ass's feet, and head it as an ape,<32> It *'cordeth
not,* so were it but a jape." *is not harmonious*

Troilus writes the letter, and next morning Pandarus bears it to Cressida. She refuses to receive "scrip or bill that toucheth such mattere;" but he thrusts it into her bosom, challenging her to throw it away. She retains it, takes the first opportunity of escaping to her chamber to read it, finds it wholly good, and, under her uncle's dictation, endites a reply telling her

lover that she will not make herself bound in love; "but as his sister, him to please, she would aye fain [be glad] to do his heart an ease." Pandarus, under pretext of inquiring who is the owner of the house opposite, has gone to the window; Cressida takes her letter to him there, and tells him that she never did a thing with more pain than write the words to which he had constrained her. As they sit side by side, on a stone of jasper, on a cushion of beaten gold, Troilus rides by, in all his goodliness. Cressida waxes "as red as rose," as she sees him salute humbly, "with dreadful cheer, and oft his hues mue [change];" she likes "all y-fere, his person, his array, his look, his cheer, his goodly manner, and his gentleness;" so that, however she may have been before, "to goode hope now hath she caught a thorn, she shall not pull it out this nexte week." Pandarus, striking the iron when it is hot, asks his niece to grant Troilus an interview; but she strenuously declines, for fear of scandal, and because it is all too soon to allow him so great a liberty -- her purpose being to love him unknown of all, "and guerdon [reward] him with nothing but with sight." Pandarus has other intentions; and, while Troilus writes daily letters with increasing love, he contrives the means of an interview. Seeking out Deiphobus, the brother of Troilus, he tells him that Cressida is in danger of violence from Polyphete, and asks protection for her. Deiphobus gladly complies, promises the protection of Hector and Helen, and goes to invite Cressida to dinner on the morrow. Meantime Pandarus instructs Troilus to go to the house of Deiphobus, plead an access of his fever for remaining all night, and keep his chamber next day. "Lo," says the crafty promoter of love, borrowing a phrase from the hunting-field; "Lo, hold thee at thy triste [tryst <33>] close, and I shall well the deer unto thy bowe drive." Unsuspecting of stratagem, Cressida comes to dinner; and at table, Helen, Pandarus, and others, praise the absent Troilus, until "her heart laughs" for very pride that she has the love of such a knight. After dinner they speak of Cressida's business; all confirm Deiphobus' assurances of protection and aid; and Pandarus suggests that, since Troilus is there, Cressida shall herself tell him her case. Helen and Deiphobus alone accompany Pandarus to Troilus' chamber; there Troilus produces some documents relating to the public weal, which Hector has sent for his opinion; Helen and Deiphobus, engrossed in perusal and discussion, roam out of the chamber, by a stair, into the garden; while Pandarus goes down to the hall, and, pretending that his brother and Helen are still with Troilus, brings Cressida to her lover. The Second Book leaves Pandarus whispering in his niece's ear counsel to be merciful and kind to her lover, that hath for her such pain; while Troilus lies "in a kankerdort," <34> hearing the whispering without, and wondering what he shall say for this "was the first time that he should her pray of love; O! mighty God! what shall he say?"