

THE THIRD BOOK.

To the Third Book is prefixed a beautiful invocation of Venus, under the character of light:

O Blissful light, of which the beames clear Adornen all the thirde heaven fair! O Sunne's love, O Jove's daughter dear! Pleasance of love, O goodly debonair,*
lovely and gracious In gentle heart ay* ready to repair!**
*always **enter and abide O very* cause of heal** and of gladness,
*true **welfare Y-heried* be thy might and thy goodness!
*praised

In heav'n and hell, in earth and salte sea. Is felt thy might, if that I well discern; As man, bird, beast, fish, herb, and greene tree, They feel in times, with vapour etern, <35> God loveth, and to love he will not wern forbid And in this world no living creature Withoute love is worth, or may endure. <36>

Ye Jove first to those effectes glad, Through which that thinges alle live and be, Commended; and him amorous y-made Of mortal thing; and as ye list,*
ay ye *pleased Gave him, in love, ease* or adversity,
*pleasure And in a thousand formes down him sent For love in earth; and
whom ye list he hent. *he seized whom you
wished* Ye fierce Mars appeasen of his ire, And as you list ye make heartes dign* <37>
worthy Algates them that ye will set afire,
at all events They dreade shame, and vices they resign Ye do him
courteous to be, and benign; *make, cause And high or low,
after* a wight intendeth, *according as The joyes that he hath
your might him sendeth.

Ye holde realm and house in unity; Ye soothfast* cause of friendship be also;
*true Ye know all thilke *cover'd quality* *secret power* Of
thinges which that folk on wonder so, When they may not construe how it
may go She loveth him, or why he loveth her, As why this fish, not that,
comes to the weir.*<38> *fish-trap

Knowing that Venus has set a law in the universe, that whoso strives with her shall have the worse, the poet prays to be taught to describe some of the joy that is felt in her service; and the Third Book opens with an account of the scene between Troilus and Cressida:

Lay all this meane while Troilus Recording* his lesson in this mannere;
*memorizing *"My fay!"* thought he, "thus will I say, and thus; *by my
faith!* Thus will I plain* unto my lady dear; *make my plaint
That word is good; and this shall be my cheer This will I not forgotten in no
wise;" God let him worken as he can devise.

And, Lord! so as his heart began to quap,* *quake, pant Hearing
her coming, and *short for to sike;* *make short sighs* And Pandarus,
that led her by the lap,* *skirt Came near, and gan in at
the curtain pick,* *peep And saide: "God do boot* alle sick!
*afford a remedy to See who is here you coming to visite; Lo! here is she that
is *your death to wite!"* *to blame for your death*

Therewith it seemed as he wept almost. "Ah! ah! God help!" quoth Troilus
ruefully; "Whe'er* me be woe, O mighty God, thou know'st!
*whether Who is there? for I see not truely." "Sir," quoth Cresside, "it is
Pandare and I; "Yea, sweete heart? alas, I may not rise To kneel and do you
honour in some wise."

And dressed him upward, and she right tho* *then Gan both
her handes soft upon him lay. "O! for the love of God, do ye not so To me,"
quoth she; "ey! what is this to say? For come I am to you for causes tway;*
two First you to thank, and of your lordship eke Continuance I woulde you
beseek."** *protection **beseech

This Troilus, that heard his lady pray Him of lordship, wax'd neither quick
nor dead; Nor might one word for shame to it say, <39> Although men
shoulde smiten off his head. But, Lord! how he wax'd suddenly all red! And,
Sir, his lesson, that he *ween'd have con,* *thought he knew To praye
her, was through his wit y-run. by heart*

Cresside all this espied well enow, -- For she was wise, -- and lov'd him ne'er
the less, All n'ere he malapert, nor made avow, Nor was so bold to sing a
foole's mass;<40> But, when his shame began somewhat to pass, His
wordes, as I may my rhymes hold, I will you tell, as teache bookes old.

In changed voice, right for his very dread, Which voice eke quak'd, and also
his mannere Goodly* abash'd, and now his hue is red,
*becomingly Now pale, unto Cresside, his lady dear, With look downcast,
and humble *yielden cheer,* *submissive face* Lo! *altherfirste word
that him astert,* *the first word he said* Was twice: "Mercy, mercy, my
dear heart!"

And stent* a while; and when he might *out bring,* *stopped *speak* The
nexte was: "God wote, for I have, *As farforthly as I have conning,*
as far as I am able Been youres all, God so my soule save, And shall, till
that I, woeful wight, *be grave;* *die* And though I dare not,
cannot, to you plain, Y-wis, I suffer not the lesse pain.

"This much as now, O womanlike wife! I may *out bring,* and if it you
displease, *speak out* That shall I wreak* upon mine owne life,
*avenge Right soon, I trow, and do your heart an ease, If with my death your
heart I may appease: But, since that ye have heard somewhat say, Now reck
I never how soon that I dey." *die

Therewith his manly sorrow to behold It might have made a heart of stone to
rue; And Pandare wept as he to water wo'ld, <41> And saide, "Woe-begone*
be heartes true," *in woeful plight And procur'd* his niece ever new
and new, *urged "For love of Godde, make *of him an end,*
put him out of pain Or slay us both at ones, ere we wend."*
*go

"Ey! what?" quoth she; "by God and by my truth, I know not what ye woulde
that I say;" "Ey! what?" quoth he; "that ye have on him ruth,*
*pity For Godde's love, and do him not to dey." *die "Now
thenne thus," quoth she, "I would him pray To telle me the *fine of his
intent;* *end of his desire* Yet wist* I never well what that he
meant." *knew

"What that I meane, sweete hearte dear?" Quoth Troilus, "O goodly, fresh,
and free! That, with the streames* of your eyne so clear, *beams,
glances Ye woulde sometimes *on me rue and see,* *take pity and look
on me* And then agreeen* that I may be he, *take in good part
Withoute branch of vice, in any wise, In truth alway to do you my service,

"As to my lady chief, and right resort, With all my wit and all my diligence;
And for to have, right as you list, comfort; Under your yerd,* equal to mine
offence, *rod, chastisement As death, if that *I breake your
defence;* *do what you And that ye deigne me so much honour,
forbid <42>* Me to commanden aught in any hour.

"And I to be your very humble, true, Secret, and in my paines patient, And
evermore desire, freshly new, To serven, and be alike diligent, And, with
good heart, all wholly your talent Receive in gree,* how sore that me smart;
*gladness Lo, this mean I, mine owen sweete heart."

.
 With that she gan her eyen on him* cast, <43> *Pandarus Full
 easily and full debonairly,* *graciously *Advising her,* and
 hied* not too fast, *considering* **went With ne'er a word, but said
 him softely, "Mine honour safe, I will well truely, And in such form as ye can
 now devise, Receive him* fully to my service; *Troilus

"Beseeching him, for Godde's love, that he Would, in honour of truth and
 gentleness, As I well mean, eke meane well to me; And mine honour, with
 wit and business, *wisdom and zeal* Aye keep; and if I may do
 him gladness, From henceforth, y-wis I will not feign: Now be all whole, no
 longer do yeplain.

"But, natheless, this warn I you," quoth she, "A kinge's son although ye be,
 y-wis, Ye shall no more have sovereignty Of me in love, than right in this
 case is; Nor will I forbear, if ye do amiss, To wrathe* you, and, while that ye
 me serve, *be angry with, chide To cherish you, *right after ye deserve.*
 as you deserve

"And shortly, deare heart, and all my knight, Be glad, and drawe you to
 lustiness,* *pleasure And I shall truely, with all my might,
 Your bitter turnen all to sweetness; If I be she that may do you gladness,
 For ev'ry woe ye shall recover a bliss:" And him in armes took, and gan him
 kiss.

Pandarus, almost beside himself for joy, falls on his knees to thank Venus
 and Cupid, declaring that for this miracle he hears all the bells ring; then,
 with a warning to be ready at his call to meet at his house, he parts the
 lovers, and attends Cressida while she takes leave of the household --
 Troilus all the time groaning at the deceit practised on his brother and
 Helen. When he has got rid of them by feigning weariness, Pandarus returns
 to the chamber, and spends the night with him in converse. The zealous
 friend begins to speak "in a sober wise" to Troilus, reminding him of his love-
 pains now all at an end.

"So that through me thou standest now in way To fare well; I say it for no
 boast; And know'st thou why? For, shame it is to say, For thee have I begun
 a game to play, Which that I never shall do eft* for other,** *again
 **another Although he were a thousand fold my brother.

"That is to say, for thee I am become, Betwixte game and earnest, such a
 mean* *means, instrument As make women unto men to come;

Thou know'st thyselfe what that woulde mean; For thee have I my niece, of
vices clean,* *pure, devoid So fully made thy gentleness* to trust,
*nobility of nature That all shall be right *as thyselfe lust.* *as you
please*

"But God, that *all wot,* take I to witness, *knows everything* That
never this for covetise* I wrought, *greed of gain But only to
abridge* thy distress, *abate For which well nigh thou
diedst, as me thought; But, goode brother, do now as thee ought, For
Godde's love, and keep her out of blame; Since thou art wise, so save thou
her name.

"For, well thou know'st, the name yet of her, Among the people, as who saith
hallow'd is; For that man is unborn, I dare well swear, That ever yet wist*
that she did amiss; *knew But woe is me, that I, that
cause all this, May thinke that she is my niece dear, And I her eme,* and
traitor eke y-fere.** *uncle <17> **as well

"And were it wist that I, through mine engine,* *arts, contrivance Had in
my niece put this fantasy* *fancy To do thy lust,* and
wholly to be thine, *pleasure Why, all the people would upon
it cry, And say, that I the worste treachery Did in this case, that ever was
begun, And she fordone,* and thou right naught y-won." *ruined

Therefore, ere going a step further, Pandarus prays Troilus to give him
pledges of secrecy, and impresses on his mind the mischiefs that flow from
vaunting in affairs of love. "Of kind,"[by his very nature] he says, no vaunter
is to be believed:

"For a vaunter and a liar all is one; As thus: I pose* a woman granteth me
*suppose, assume Her love, and saith that other will she none, And I am
sworn to holden it secre, And, after, I go tell it two or three; Y-wis, I am a
vaunter, at the least, And eke a liar, for I break my hest.*<44>
*promise

"Now looke then, if they be not to blame, Such manner folk; what shall I call
them, what? That them avaunt of women, and by name, That never yet
behight* them this nor that, *promised (much Nor knowe them no
more than mine old hat? less granted) No wonder is, so God me
sende heal,* *prosperity Though women dreade with us men
to deal!

"I say not this for no mistrust of you, Nor for no wise men, but for fooles

nice;* *silly <45> And for the harm that in the world is now, As
well for folly oft as for malice; For well wot I, that in wise folk that vice No
woman dreads, if she be well advised; For wise men be by fooles' harm
chastised."* *corrected, instructed

So Pandarus begs Troilus to keep silent, promises to be true all his days,
and assures him that he shall have all that he will in the love of Cressida:
"thou knowest what thy lady granted thee; and day is set the charters up to
make."

Who mighte telle half the joy and feast Which that the soul of Troilus then
felt, Hearing th'effect of Pandarus' behest? His olde woe, that made his
hearte swelt,* *faint, die Gan then for joy to wasten and to melt,
And all the reheating <46> of his sighes sore At ones fled, he felt of them no
more.

But right so as these *holtes and these hayes,* *woods and hedges* That
have in winter deade been and dry, Reveste them in greene, when that May
is, When ev'ry *lusty listeth* best to play; *pleasant (one) wishes* Right
in that selfe wise, sooth to say, Wax'd suddenly his hearte full of joy, That
gladder was there never man in Troy.

Troilus solemnly swears that never, "for all the good that God made under
sun," will he reveal what Pandarus asks him to keep secret; offering to die a
thousand times, if need were, and to follow his friend as a slave all his life,
in proof of his gratitude.

"But here, with all my heart, I thee beseech, That never in me thou deeme*
such folly *judge As I shall say; me thoughte, by thy
speech, That this which thou me dost for company,* *friendship
I shoulde ween it were a bawdery;* *a bawd's action *I am not
wood, all if I lewed be;* *I am not mad, though It is not one, that
wot I well, pardie! I be unlearned*

"But he that goes for gold, or for richness, On such messages, call him *as
thee lust;* *what you please* And this that thou dost, call it
gentleness, Compassion, and fellowship, and trust; Depart it so, for
widewhere is wist How that there is diversity requer'd Betwixte things like,
as I have lear'd. <47>

"And that thou know I think it not nor ween,* *suppose That this
service a shame be or a jape, *subject for jeering I have my faire
sister Polyxene, Cassandr', Helene, or any of the frape;* *set

<48> Be she never so fair, or well y-shape, Telle me which thou wilt of ev'ry one, To have for thine, and let me then alone."

Then, beseeching Pandarus soon to perform out the great enterprise of crowning his love for Cressida, Troilus bade his friend good night. On the morrow Troilus burned as the fire, for hope and pleasure; yet "he not forgot his wise governance [self- control];"

But in himself with manhood gan restrain Each rakel* deed, and each unbridled cheer,** *rash **demeanour That alle those that live, sooth to sayn, Should not have wist,* by word or by mannere, *suspicion What that he meant, as touching this mattere; From ev'ry wight as far as is the cloud He was, so well dissimulate he could.

And all the while that I now devise* *describe, narrate This was his life: with all his fulle might, By day he was in Marte's high service, That is to say, in armes as a knight; And, for the moste part, the longe night He lay, and thought how that he mighte serve His lady best, her thank* for to deserve. *gratitude

I will not swear, although he laye soft, That in his thought he n'as somewhat diseas'd;* *troubled Nor that he turned on his pillows oft, And would of that him missed have been seis'd;* *possessed But in such case men be not alway pleas'd, For aught I wot, no more than was he; That can I deem* of possibility. *judge

But certain is, to purpose for to go, That in this while, as written is in gest,* *the history of He saw his lady sometimes, and also these events She with him spake, when that she *durst and lest;* *dared and pleased* And, by their both advice,* as was the best, *consultation *Appointed full warily* in this need, *made careful preparations* So as they durst, how far they would proceed.

But it was spoken in *so short a wise, *so briefly, and always in such In such await alway, and in such fear, vigilance and fear of being Lest any wight divinen or devise* found out by anyone* Would of their speech, or to it lay an ear, *That all this world them not so lefe were,* *they wanted more than As that Cupido would them grace send anything in the world* To maken of their speeches right an end.

But thilke little that they spake or wrought, His wise ghost* took ay of all such heed, *spirit It seemed her he wiste what she thought Withoute word, so that it was no need To bid him aught to do, nor aught

forbid; For which she thought that love, all* came it late, *although
Of alle joy had open'd her the gate.

Troilus, by his discretion, his secrecy, and his devotion, made ever a deeper lodgment in Cressida's heart; so that she thanked God twenty thousand times that she had met with a man who, as she felt, "was to her a wall of steel, and shield from ev'ry displeasance;" while Pandarus ever actively fanned the fire. So passed a "time sweet" of tranquil and harmonious love the only drawback being, that the lovers might not often meet, "nor leisure have, their speeches to fulfil." At last Pandarus found an occasion for bringing them together at his house unknown to anybody, and put his plan in execution.

For he, with great deliberation, Had ev'ry thing that hereto might avail*
*be of service Forecast, and put in execution, And neither left for cost nor for
travail;* *effort Come if them list, them shoulde nothing fail,
Nor for to be in aught espied there, That wiste he an impossible were.
he knew it was impossible that they could be
discovered there* And dreadeless* it clear was in the wind
*without doubt Of ev'ry pie, and every let-game; <49> Now all is well, for all
this world is blind, In this mattere, bothe fremd* and tame; <50>
*wild This timber is all ready for to frame; Us lacketh naught, but that we
weete* wo'ld *know A certain hour in which we come sho'ld.
<51>

Troilus had informed his household, that if at any time he was missing, he had gone to worship at a certain temple of Apollo, "and first to see the holy laurel quake, or that the godde spake out of the tree." So, at the changing of the moon, when "the welkin shope him for to rain," [when the sky was preparing to rain] Pandarus went to invite his niece to supper; solemnly assuring her that Troilus was out of the town -- though all the time he was safely shut up, till midnight, in "a little stew," whence through a hole he joyously watched the arrival of his mistress and her fair niece Antigone, with half a score of her women. After supper Pandarus did everything to amuse his niece; "he sung, he play'd, he told a tale of Wade;" <52> at last she would take her leave; but

The bente Moone with her hornes pale, Saturn, and Jove, in Cancer joined were, <53> That made such a rain from heav'n avail,*
*descend That ev'ry manner woman that was there Had of this smoky rain
<54> a very fear; At which Pandarus laugh'd, and saide then "Now were it
time a lady to go hen!"* *hence

He therefore presses Cressida to remain all night; she complies with a good grace; and after the sleeping cup has gone round, all retire to their chambers -- Cressida, that she may not be disturbed by the rain and thunder, being lodged in the "inner closet" of Pandarus, who, to lull suspicion, occupies the outer chamber, his niece's women sleeping in the intermediate apartment. When all is quiet, Pandarus liberates Troilus, and by a secret passage brings him to the chamber of Cressida; then, going forward alone to his niece, after calming her fears of discovery, he tells her that her lover has "through a gutter, by a privy went," [a secret passage] come to his house in all this rain, mad with grief because a friend has told him that she loves Horastes. Suddenly cold about her heart, Cressida promises that on the morrow she will reassure her lover; but Pandarus scouts the notion of delay, laughs to scorn her proposal to send her ring in pledge of her truth, and finally, by pitiable accounts of Troilus' grief, induces her to receive him and reassure him at once with her own lips.

This Troilus full soon on knees him set, Full soberly, right by her bedde's head,
 And in his beste wise his lady gret* *greeted But
 Lord! how she wax'd suddenly all red, And thought anon how that she would
 be dead; She coulde not one word aright out bring, So suddenly for his
 sudden coming.

Cressida, though thinking that her servant and her knight should not have doubted her truth, yet sought to remove his jealousy, and offered to submit to any ordeal or oath he might impose; then, weeping, she covered her face, and lay silent. "But now," exclaims the poet --

But now help, God, to quenchen all this sorrow! So hope I that he shall, for
 he best may; For I have seen, of a full misty morrow,* *morn
 Followen oft a merry summer's day, And after winter cometh greene May;
 Folk see all day, and eke men read in stories, That after sharpe stoures* be
 victories. *conflicts, struggles

Believing his mistress to be angry, Troilus felt the cramp of death seize on his heart, "and down he fell all suddenly in swoon." Pandarus "into bed him cast," and called on his niece to pull out the thorn that stuck in his heart, by promising that she would "all forgive." She whispered in his ear the assurance that she was not wroth; and at last, under her caresses, he recovered consciousness, to find her arm laid over him, to hear the assurance of her forgiveness, and receive her frequent kisses. Fresh vows and explanations passed; and Cressida implored forgiveness of "her own sweet heart," for the pain she had caused him. Surprised with sudden bliss, Troilus put all in God's hand, and strained his lady fast in his arms. "What

might or may the seely [innocent] larke say, when that the sperhawk
[sparrowhawk] hath him in his foot?"

Cressida, which that felt her thus y-take, As write clerkes in their bookes
old, Right as an aspen leaf began to quake, When she him felt her in his
armes fold; But Troilus, all *whole of cares cold,* *cured of painful
sorrows*<55> Gan thanke then the blissful goddes seven. <56> Thus sundry
paines bringe folk to heaven.

This Troilus her gan in armes strain, And said, "O sweet, as ever may I
go'n,* *prosper Now be ye caught, now here is but we twain,
Now yielde you, for other boot* is none." *remedy To that
Cresside answered thus anon, "N' had I ere now, my sweete hearte dear,
Been yolden, y-wis, I were now not here!" *yielded myself*

O sooth is said, that healed for to be Of a fever, or other great sickness, Men
muste drink, as we may often see, Full bitter drink; and for to have gladness
Men drinken often pain and great distress! I mean it here, as for this
adventure, That thorough pain hath founden all his cure.

And now sweetnesse seemeth far more sweet, That bitterness assayed* was
beforn; *tasted <57> For out of woe in blisse now they fleet,*
*float, swim None such they felte since that they were born; Now is it better
than both two were lorn! <58> For love of God, take ev'ry woman heed To
worke thus, if it come to the need!

Cresside, all quit from ev'ry dread and teen,* *pain As she that
juste cause had him to trust, Made him such feast,<59> it joy was for to
see'n, When she his truth and *intent cleane wist,* *knew the purity
And as about a tree, with many a twist, of his purpose* *Bitrent
and writhen* is the sweet woodbind, *plaited and wreathed* Gan each of
them in armes other wind.* *embrace, encircle

And as the *new abashed* nightingale, *newly-arrived and timid* That
stinteth,* first when she beginneth sing, *stops When that she
heareth any *herde's tale,* *the talking of a shepherd* Or in the hedges
any wight stirring; And, after, sicker* out her voice doth ring;
*confidently Right so Cressida, when *her dreade stent,* *her doubt
ceased* Open'd her heart, and told him her intent.* *mind

And might as he that sees his death y-shapen,* *prepared And
dien must, *in aught that he may guess,* *for all he can tell* And
suddenly *rescouse doth him escapen,* *he is rescued and escapes* And

from his death is brought *in sickness;* *to safety* For all the
world, in such present gladness Was Troilus, and had his lady sweet; With
worse hap God let us never meet!

Her armes small, her straighte back and soft, Her sides longe, fleshly,
smooth, and white, He gan to stroke; and good thrift* bade full oft
blessing On her snow-white throat, her breastes round and lite;
*small Thus in this heaven he gan him delight, And therewithal a thousand
times her kist, That what to do for joy *unneth he wist.* *he hardly
knew*

The lovers exchanged vows, and kisses, and embraces, and speches of
exalted love, and rings; Cressida gave to Troilus a brooch of gold and azure,
"in which a ruby set was like a heart;" and the too short night passed.

"When that the cock, commune astrologer, <60> Gan on his breast to beat,
and after crow, And Lucifer, the daye's messenger, Gan for to rise, and out
his beames throw; And eastward rose, to him that could it know, Fortuna
Major, <61> then anon Cresseide, With hearte sore, to Troilus thus said:

"My hearte's life, my trust, and my pleasance! That I was born, alas! that me
is woe, That day of us must make disseverance! For time it is to rise, and
hence to go, Or else I am but lost for evermo'. O Night! alas! why n'ilt thou
o'er us hove,* *hover As long as when Alcmena lay by Jove?
<62>

"O blacke Night! as folk in bookes read That shapen* art by God, this world
to hide, *appointed At certain times, with thy darke weed,*
*robe That under it men might in rest abide, Well oughte beastes plain, and
folke chide, That where as Day with labour would us brest,* *burst,
overcome There thou right flee'st, and deignest* not us rest.* *grantest

"Thou dost, alas! so shortly thine office,* *duty Thou rakel*
Night! that God, maker of kind, *rash, hasty Thee for thy haste
and thine unkinde vice, So fast ay to our hemisphere bind, That never more
under the ground thou wind;* *turn, revolve For through thy rakel
hieing* out of Troy *hasting Have I forgone* thus hastily my
joy!" *lost

This Troilus, that with these wordes felt, As thought him then, for piteous
distress, The bloody teares from his hearte melt, As he that never yet such
heaviness Assayed had out of so great gladness, Gan therewithal Cresseide,
his lady dear, In armes strain, and said in this mannere:

"O cruel Day! accuser of the joy That Night and Love have stol'n, and *fast y-wrien!* *closely Accursed be thy coming into Troy! concealed* For ev'ry bow'r* hath one of thy bright eye: *chamber Envious Day! Why list thee to espyen? What hast thou lost? Why seekest thou this place? There God thy light so quenche, for his grace!

"Alas! what have these lovers thee aguilt?* *offended, sinned against Dispiteous* Day, thine be the pains of hell! *cruel, spiteful For many a lover hast thou slain, and wilt; Thy peering in will nowhere let them dwell: What! proffrest thou thy light here for to sell? Go sell it them that smalle seales grave!* *cut devices on We will thee not, us needs no day to have."

And eke the Sunne, Titan, gan he chide, And said, "O fool! well may men thee despise! That hast the Dawning <63> all night thee beside, And suffrest her so soon up from thee rise, For to disease* us lovers in this wise! *annoy What! hold* thy bed, both thou, and eke thy Morrow! *keep I bidde* God so give you bothe sorrow!" *pray

The lovers part with many sighs and protestations of unswerving and undying love; Cressida responding to the vows of Troilus with the assurance --

"That first shall Phoebus* falle from his sphere, *the sun And heaven's eagle be the dove's fere, And ev'ry rock out of his place start, Ere Troilus out of Cressida's heart."

When Pandarus visits Troilus in his palace later in the day, he warns him not to mar his bliss by any fault of his own:

"For, of Fortune's sharp adversity, The worste kind of infortune is this, A man to have been in prosperity, And it remember when it passed is.<64> Thou art wise enough; forthy,*" do not amiss; *therefore Be not too rakel,* though thou sitte warm; *rash, over-hasty For if thou be, certain it will thee harm.

"Thou art at ease, and hold thee well therein; For, all so sure as red is ev'ry fire, As great a craft is to keep weal as win; <65> Bridle alway thy speech and thy desire, For worldly joy holds not but by a wire; That proveth well, it breaks all day so oft, Forthy need is to worke with it soft."

Troilus sedulously observes the counsel; and the lovers have many renewals

of their pleasure, and of their bitter chidings of the Day. The effects of love on Troilus are altogether refining and ennobling; as may be inferred from the song which he sung often to Pandarus:

The Second Song of Troilus.

"Love, that of Earth and Sea hath governance! Love, that his hestes* hath in Heaven high! *commandments Love, that with a right wholesome alliance Holds people joined, as him list them guy!* *guide Love, that knitteth law and company, And couples doth in virtue for to dwell, Bind this accord, that I have told, and tell!

"That the worlde, with faith which that is stable, Diverseth so, his *stoundes according;* *according to its seasons* That elementes, that be discordable,* *discordant Holden a bond perpetually during; That Phoebus may his rosy day forth bring; And that the Moon hath lordship o'er the night; -- All this doth Love, ay heried* be his might! *praised

"That the sea, which that greedy is to flowen, Constraineth to a certain ende* so *limit His floodes, that so fiercely they not growen To drenchen* earth and all for evermo'; *drown And if that Love aught let his bridle go, All that now loves asunder shoulde leap, And lost were all that Love holds now *to heap.* *together <66>*

"So woulde God, that author is of kind, That with his bond Love of his virtue list To cherish heartes, and all fast to bind, That from his bond no wight the way out wist! And heartes cold, them would I that he twist,* *turned To make them love; and that him list ay rue* *have pity On heartes sore, and keep them that be true."

But Troilus' love had higher fruits than singing:

In alle needes for the towne's werre* *war He was, and ay the first in armes dight,* *equipped, prepared And certainly, but if that bookes err, Save Hector, most y-dread* of any wight; *dreaded And this increase of hardiness* and might *courage Came him of love, his lady's grace to win, That altered his spirit so within.

In time of truce, a-hawking would he ride, Or elles hunt the boare, bear, lioun; The smalle beastes let he go beside;<67> And when he came riding into the town, Full oft his lady, from her window down, As fresh as falcon coming out of mew,* *cage <68> Full ready was him goodly to

salute.*

*salute

And most of love and virtue was his speech, And *in despite he had all
wretchedness* *he held in scorn all And doubtless no need was him
to beseech despicable actions* To honour them that hadde
worthiness, And ease them that weren in distress; And glad was he, if any
wight well far'd, That lover was, when he it wist or heard.

For he held every man lost unless he were in Love's service; and, so did the
power of Love work within him, that he was ay [always] humble and benign,
and "pride, envy, ire, and avarice, he gan to flee, and ev'ry other vice."