

THE FOURTHBOOK

A BRIEF Proem to the Fourth Book prepares us for the treachery of Fortune to Troilus; from whom she turned away her bright face, and took of him no heed, "and cast him clean out of his lady's grace, and on her wheel she set up Diomede." Then the narrative describes a skirmish in which the Trojans were worsted, and Antenor, with many of less note, remained in the hands of the Greeks. A truce was proclaimed for the exchange of prisoners; and as soon as Calchas heard the news, he came to the assembly of the Greeks, to "bid a boon." Having gained audience, he reminded the besiegers how he had come from Troy to aid and encourage them in their enterprise; willing to lose all that he had in the city, except his daughter Cressida, whom he bitterly reproached himself for leaving behind. And now, with streaming tears and pitiful prayer, he besought them to exchange Antenor for Cressida; assuring them that the day was at hand when they should have both town and people. The soothsayer's petition was granted; and the ambassadors charged to negotiate the exchange, entering the city, told their errand to King Priam and his parliament.

This Troilus was present in the place When asked was for Antenor Cresside;
For which to change soon began his face, As he that with the wordes well
nigh died; But nathelless he no word to it seid;* *said Lest
men should his affection espy, With manne's heart he gan his sorrows drie;*
*endure

And, full of anguish and of grisly dread, Abode what other lords would to it
say, And if they woulde grant, -- as God forbid! -- Th'exchange of her, then
thought he thinges tway:* *two First, for to save her honour; and
what way He mighte best th'exchange of her withstand; This cast he then
how all this mighte stand.

Love made him alle *prest to do her bide,* *eager to make her stay* And
rather die than that she shoulde go; But Reason said him, on the other side,
"Without th'assent of her, do thou not so, Lest for thy worke she would be
thy foe; And say, that through thy meddling is y-blow* *divulged, blown
abroad Your bothe love, where it was *erst unknow."* *previously
unknown*

For which he gan deliberate for the best, That though the lordes woulde that
she went, He woulde suffer them grant what *them lest,* *they
pleased* And tell his lady first what that they meant; And, when that she

had told him her intent, Thereafter would he worken all so blive,*
*speedily Though all the world against it woulde strive.

Hector, which that full well the Greekes heard, For Antenor how they would
have Cresseide, Gan it withstand, and soberly answer'd; "Sirs, she is no
prisoner," he said; "I know not on you who this charge laid; But, for my
part, ye may well soon him tell, We use* here no women for to sell."
*are accustomed

The noise of the people then upstart at once, As breme* as blaze of straw y-
set on fire *violent, furious For Infortune* woulde for the nonce
*Misfortune They shoulde their confusion desire "Hector," quoth they, "what
ghost* may you inspire *spirit This woman thus to shield, and *do
us* lose *cause us to* Dan Antenor? -- a wrong way now ye
choose, --

"That is so wise, and eke so bold baroun; And we have need of folk, as men
may see He eke is one the greatest of this town; O Hector! lette such
fantasies be! O King Priam!" quoth they, "lo! thus say we, That all our will is
to forego Cresseide;" And to deliver Antenor they pray'd.

Though Hector often prayed them "nay," it was resolved that Cressida
should be given up for Antenor; then the parliament dispersed. Troilus
hastened home to his chamber, shut himself up alone, and threw himself on
his bed.

And as in winter leaves be bereft, Each after other, till the tree be bare, So
that there is but bark and branch y-left, Lay Troilus, bereft of each welfare,
Y-bounden in the blacke bark of care, Disposed *wood out of his wit to
braid,* *to go out of his senses* *So sore him sat* the changing of
Cresseide. *so ill did he bear*

He rose him up, and ev'ry door he shet,* *shut And window
eke; and then this sorrowful man Upon his bedde's side adown him set, Full
like a dead image, pale and wan, And in his breast the heaped woe began
Out burst, and he to worken in this wise, In his woodness,* as I shall you
devise.** *madness **relate

Right as the wilde bull begins to spring, Now here, now there, y-darted* to
the heart, *pierced with a dart And of his death roareth in complaining;
Right so gan he about the chamber start, Smiting his breast aye with his
fistes smart;* *painfully, cruelly His head to the wall, his body to the
ground, Full oft he swapt,* himselfe to confound. *struck, dashed

His eye then, for pity of his heart, Out stream'd as swiftest way;
 *fountains The high sobs of his sorrow's smart His speech him left;
 unnethe's might he say, *scarcely "O Death, alas! *why n'ilt
 thou do me deye? *why will you not Accurs'd be that day which that
 Nature make me die? *Shope me to be a living creature!"
 *shaped

Bitterly reviling Fortune, and calling on Love to explain why his happiness with Cressida should be thus repealed, Troilus declares that, while he lives, he will bewail his misfortune in solitude, and will never see it shine or rain, but will end his sorrowful life in darkness, and die in distress.

"O weary ghost, that errest to and fro! Why n'ilt thou fly out of the woefulest
 *wilt not Body that ever might on ground go? O soule, lurking in this
 woeful nest! Flee forth out of my heart, and let it brest, *burst
 And follow away Cressida, thy lady dear! Thy right place is now no longer
 here.

"O woeful eye two! since your disport *delight Was all to
 see Cressida's eye bright, What shall ye do, but, for my discomfort, Stande
 for naught, and weepen out your sight, Since she is quench'd, that wont was
 you to light? In vain, from this forth, have I eye tway Y-formed, since your
 virtue is away!

"O my Cressida! O lady sovereign Of thilke woeful soule that now cryeth!
 *this Who shall now give comfort to thy pain? Alas! no wight; but, when my
 hearte dieth, My spirit, which that so unto you hieth, *
 *hasteneth Receive *in gree, * for that shall ay you serve; *with
 favour *Forthy no force is* though the body sterve. * *therefore no
 matter* *die "O ye lovers, that
 high upon the wheel Be set of Fortune, in good adventure, God lene* that ye
 find ay** love of steel,<69> *grant **always And longe may your life in
 joy endure! But when ye come by my sepulture,*
 *sepulchre Remember that your fellow resteth there; For I lov'd eke, though I
 unworthy were.

"O old, unwholesome, and mislived man, Calchas I mean, alas! what ailed
 thee To be a Greek, since thou wert born Trojan? O Calchas! which that will
 my bane* be, *destruction In cursed time wert thou born for
 me! As woulde blissful Jove, for his joy, That I thee hadde where I would in
 Troy!"

Soon Troilus, through excess of grief, fell into a trance; in which he was found by Pandarus, who had gone almost distracted at the news that Cressida was to be exchanged for Antenor. At his friend's arrival, Troilus "gan as the snow against the sun to melt;" the two mingled their tears a while; then Pandarus strove to comfort the woeful lover. He admitted that never had a stranger ruin than this been wrought by Fortune:

"But tell me this, why thou art now so mad To sorrow thus? Why li'st thou in this wise, Since thy desire all wholly hast thou had, So that by right it ought enough suffice? But I, that never felt in my service A friendly cheer or looking of an eye, Let me thus weep and wail until I die. <70>

"And over all this, as thou well wost* thy selve, *knowest This town is full of ladies all about, And, *to my doom,* fairer than suche twelve *in my judgment* As ever she was, shall I find in some rout,* *company Yea! one or two, withouten any doubt: Forthy* be glad, mine owen deare brother! *therefore If she be lost, we shall recover another.

"What! God forbid alway that each pleasance In one thing were, and in none other wight; If one can sing, another can well dance; If this be goodly, she is glad and light; And this is fair, and that can good aright; Each for his virtue holden is full dear, Both heroner, and falcon for rivere. <71>

"And eke as writ Zausis,<72> that was full wise, The newe love out chaseth oft the old, And upon new case lieth new advice; <73> Think eke thy life to save thou art hold;* *bound Such fire *by process shall of kinde cold;* *shall grow cold by For, since it is but casual pleasance, process of nature* Some case* shall put it out of remembrance. *chance

"For, all so sure as day comes after night, The newe love, labour, or other woe, Or elles seldom seeing of a wight, Do old affections all *over go;* *overcome* And for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho* *those T'abridge with thy bitter paine's smart; Absence of her shall drive her out of heart."

These wordes said he *for the nones all,* *only for the nonce* To help his friend, lest he for sorrow died; For, doubtless, to do his woe to fall,* *make his woe subside* He raughte* not what unthrift** that he said; *cared **folly But Troilus, that nigh for sorrow died, Took little heed of all that ever he meant; One ear it heard, at th'other out it went.

But, at the last, he answer'd and said, "Friend, This leachcraft, or y-healed
thus to be, Were well sitting* if that I were a fiend, *recked To
traisen* her that true is unto me: *betray I pray God, let
this counsel never the,* *thrive But do me rather sterve*
anon right here, *die Ere I thus do, as thou me wouldest
lear!"* *teach

Troilus protests that his lady shall have him wholly hers till death; and, debating the counsels of his friend, declares that even if he would, he could not love another. Then he points out the folly of not lamenting the loss of Cressida because she had been his in ease and felicity -- while Pandarus himself, though he thought it so light to change to and fro in love, had not done busily his might to change her that wrought him all the woe of his unprosperous suit.

"If thou hast had in love ay yet mischance, And canst it not out of thine
hearte drive, I that lived in lust* and in pleasance *delight
With her, as much as creature alive, How should I that forget, and that so
blive?*" *quickly O where hast thou been so long hid in
mew,*<74> *cage That canst so well and formally argue!"

The lover condemns the whole discourse of his friend as unworthy, and calls on Death, the ender of all sorrows, to come to him and quench his heart with his cold stroke. Then he distils anew in tears, "as liquor out of alembic;" and Pandarus is silent for a while, till he bethinks him to recommend to Troilus the carrying off of Cressida. "Art thou in Troy, and hast no hardiment [daring, boldness] to take a woman which that loveth thee?" But Troilus reminds his counsellor that all the war had come from the ravishing of a woman by might (the abduction of Helen by Paris); and that it would not beseem him to withstand his father's grant, since the lady was to be changed for the town's good. He has dismissed the thought of asking Cressida from his father, because that would be to injure her fair fame, to no purpose, for Priam could not overthrow the decision of "so high a place as parliament;" while most of all he fears to perturb her heart with violence, to the slander of her name -- for he must hold her honour dearer than himself in every case, as lovers ought of right:

"Thus am I in desire and reason twight:* *twisted Desire, for
to disturbe her, me redeth,* *counseleth And Reason will not,
so my hearte dreadeth."* *is in doubt

Thus weeping, that he coulde never cease He said, "Alas! how shall I,
wretche, fare? For well feel I alway my love increase, And hope is less and

less away, Pandare! Increasesen eke the causes of my care; So well-away!
why n' ill my hearte brest? *why will not For us in love there is
but little rest." my heartbreak?*

Pandare answered, "Friend, thou may'st for me Do as thee list;* but had I it
so hot, *please And thine estate,* she shoulde go with me!
rank Though all this town cried on this thing by note, I would not set all
that noise a groat; *value For when men have well cried,
then will they rowne,* *whisper Eke wonder lasts but nine nights
ne'er in town.

"Divine not in reason ay so deep, Nor courteously, but help thyself anon;
Bet* is that others than thyselfe weep; *better And namely,
since ye two be all one, Rise up, for, by my head, she shall not go'n! And
rather be in blame a little found, Than sterve* here as a gnat withoute
wound! *die

"It is no shame unto you, nor no vice, Her to withholde, that ye loveth most;
Parauntre* she might holde thee for nice,** *peradventure **foolish
To let her go thus unto the Greeks' host; Think eke, Fortune, as well thyselfe wost,
Helpeth the hardy man to his emprise, And weiveth* wretches for their
cowardice. *forsaketh

"And though thy lady would a lite* her grieve, *little Thou shalt
thyself thy peace thereafter make; But, as to me, certain I cannot 'lieve That
she would it as now for evil take: Why shoulde then for fear thine hearte
quake? Think eke how Paris hath, that is thy brother, A love; and why shalt
thou not have another?

"And, Troilus, one thing I dare thee swear, That if Cressida, which that is
thy lief,* *love Now loveth thee as well as thou dost her, God
help me so, she will not take agrief* *amiss Though thou
anon do boot in this mischief; *provide a remedy And if she willeth
from thee for to pass, immediately* Then is she false, so love her
well the lass.* *less

"Forthy,* take heart, and think, right as a knight, *therefore Through
love is broken all day ev'ry law; Kith* now somewhat thy courage and thy
might; *show Have mercy on thyself, *for any awe;* *in
spite of any fear* Let not this wretched woe thine hearte gnaw; But, manly,
set the world on six and seven, <75> And, if thou die a martyr, go to
heaven."

Pandarus promises his friend all aid in the enterprise; it is agreed that Cressida shall be carried off, but only with her own consent; and Pandarus sets out for his niece's house, to arrange an interview. Meantime Cressida has heard the news; and, caring nothing for her father, but everything for Troilus, she burns in love and fear, unable to tell what she shall do.

But, as men see in town, and all about, That women use* friendes to visite,
are accustomed So to Cresside of women came a rout,
*troop For piteous joy, and *weened her delight,* *thought to please her*
And with their tales, *dear enough a mite,* *not worth a mite* These
women, which that in the city dwell, They set them down, and said as I shall
tell.

Quoth first that one, "I am glad, truely, Because of you, that shall your
father see;" Another said, "Y-wis, so am not I, For all too little hath she with
us be."* *been Quoth then the third, "I hope, y-wis, that she
Shall bringen us the peace on ev'ry side; Then, when she goes, Almighty God
her guide!"

Those wordes, and those womanishe thinges, She heard them right as
though she thennes* were, *thence; in some For, God it wot, her heart
on other thing is; other place Although the body sat among them
there, Her advertence* is always elleswhere; *attention For
Troilus full fast her soule sought; Withoute word, on him alway she thought.

These women that thus weened her to please, Aboute naught gan all their
tales spend; Such vanity ne can do her no ease, As she that all this meane
while brenn'd Of other passion than that they wend;* *weened,
supposed So that she felt almost her hearte die For woe, and weary* of that
company. *weariness

For whiche she no longer might restrain Her teares, they began so up to
well, That gave signes of her bitter pain, In which her spirit was, and muste
dwell, Rememb'ring her from heav'n into which hell She fallen was, since
she forwent* the sight *lost Of Troilus; and sorrowfully she
sight.* *sighed

And thilke fooles, sitting her about, Weened that she had wept and siked*
sore, *sighed Because that she should out of that rout*
*company Depart, and never playe with them more; And they that hadde
knownen her of yore Saw her so weep, and thought it kindeness, And each of
them wept eke for her distress.

And busily they gonnen* her comfort *began Of thing,
God wot, on which she little thought; And with their tales weened her
disport, And to be glad they her besought; But such an ease therewith they
in her wrought, Right as a man is eased for to feel, For ache of head, to claw
him on his heel.

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

She rent her sunny hair, wrung her hands, wept, and bewailed her fate;
vowing that, since, "for the cruelty," she could handle neither sword nor
dart, she would abstain from meat and drink until she died. As she
lamented, Pandarus entered, making her complain a thousand times more
at the thought of all the joy which he had given her with her lover; but he
somewhat soothed her by the prospect of Troilus's visit, and by the counsel
to contain her grief when he should come. Then Pandarus went in search of
Troilus, whom he found solitary in a temple, as one that had ceased to care
for life:

For right thus was his argument alway: He said he was but lorne,* well-
away! *lost, ruined "For all that comes, comes by necessity;
Thus, to be lorn,* it is my destiny. *lost, ruined

"For certainly this wot I well," he said, "That foresight of the divine
purveyance* *providence Hath seen alway me to forgo*
Cresseide, *lose Since God sees ev'ry thing, *out of
doubtance,* *without doubt* And them disposeth, through his
ordinance, In their merites soothly for to be, As they should come by
predestiny.

"But natheless, alas! whom shall I 'lieve? For there be greate clerkes* many
one *scholars That destiny through argumentes preve,
prove And some say that needly there is none, *necessarily
But that free choice is giv'n us ev'ry one; O well-away! so sly are clerkes old,
That I n'ot* whose opinion I may hold. <76> *know not

"For some men say, if God sees all befor, Godde may not deceived be,
pardie! Then must it fallen,* though men had it sworn, *befall,
happen That purveyance hath seen before to be; Wherefore I say, that from
etern* if he *eternity Hath wist* before our thought eke as

our deed, *known We have no free choice, as these clerkes
read.* *maintain

"For other thought, nor other deed also, Might never be, but such as
purveyance, Which may not be deceived never mo', Hath feeld* before,
without ignorance; *perceived For if there mighte be a
variance, To writen out from Godde's purveying, There were no prescience
of thingcoming,

"But it were rather an opinion Uncertain, and no steadfast foreseeing; And,
certes, that were an abusion,* *illusion That God should
have no perfect clear weeting,* *knowledge More than we men, that
have *doubtous weening;* *dubious opinion* But such an error *upon
God to guess,* *to impute to God* Were false, and foul, and wicked
cursedness.* *impiety

"Eke this is an opinion of some That have their top full high and smooth y-
shore, <77> They say right thus, that thing is not to come, For* that the
prescience hath seen before *because That it shall come; but
they say, that therefore That it shall come, therefore the purveyance Wot it
before, withouten ignorance.

"And, in this manner, this necessity *Returneth in his part contrary again;*
*reacts in the opposite For needfully behoves it not to be,
direction* That thilke thinges *fallen in certain,* *certainly happen*
That be purvey'd; but needly, as they sayn, Behoveth it that thinges, which
that fall, That they in certain be purveyed all.

"I mean as though I labour'd me in this To inquire which thing cause of
which thing be; As, whether that the prescience of God is The certain cause
of the necessity Of thinges that to come be, pardie! Or if necessity of thing
coming Be cause certain of the purveying.

"But now *enforce I me not* in shewing *I do not lay stress* How
th'order of causes stands; but well wot I, That it behoveth, that the befalling
Of thinges wiste* before certainly, *known Benecessary,
all seem it not thereby, *though it does not appear* That prescience put
falling necessair To thing to come, all fall it foul or fair.

"For, if there sit a man yond on a see,* *seat Then by
necessity behoveth it That certes thine opinion sooth be, That weenest, or
conjectest,* that he sit; *conjecturest And, furthermore, now
againward yet, Lo! right so is it on the part contrary; As thus, -- now

hearken, for I will not tarry; --

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

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

"Thus in the same wise, out of doubtance, I may well maken, as it seemeth
me, My reasoning of Godde's purveyance, And of the thinges that to come
be; By whiche reason men may well y-see That thilke* thinges that in earthe
fall,** *those **happen That by necessity they comen all.

"For although that a thing should come, y-wis, Therefore it is purveyed
certainly, Not that it comes for it purveyed is; Yet, natheless, behoveth
needfully That thing to come be purvey'd truely; Or elles thinges that
purveyed be, That they betide* by necessity. *happen

"And this sufficeth right enough, certain, For to destroy our free choice ev'ry
deal; But now is this abusion,* to sayn *illusion, self-deception That
falling of the thinges temporel Is cause of Godde's prescience eternel; Now
truely that is a false sentence,* *opinion, judgment That thing to
come should cause his prescience.

"What might I ween, an'* I had such a thought, *if But that
God purveys thing that is to come, For that it is to come, and elles nought?
So might I ween that thinges, all and some, That *whilom be befall and
overcome,* *have happened Be cause of thilke sov'reign
purveyance, in times past* That foreknows all, withouten
ignorance.

"And over all this, yet say I more thereto, -- That right as when I wot there is
a thing, Y-wis, that thing must needfully be so; Eke right so, when I wot a
thing coming, So must it come; and thus the befalling Of thinges that be
wist before the tide,* *time They may not be eschew'd* on
any side." *avoided

While Troilus was in all this heaviness, disputing with himself in this
matter, Pandarus joined him, and told him the result of the interview with

Cressida; and at night the lovers met, with what sighs and tears may be imagined. Cressida swooned away, so that Troilus took her for dead; and, having tenderly laid out her limbs, as one preparing a corpse for the bier, he drew his sword to slay himself upon her body. But, as God would, just at that moment she awoke out of her swoon; and by and by the pair began to talk of their prospects. Cressida declared the opinion, supporting it at great length and with many reasons, that there was no cause for half so much woe on either part. Her surrender, decreed by the parliament, could not be resisted; it was quite easy for them soon to meet again; she would bring things about that she should be back in Troy within a week or two; she would take advantage of the constant coming and going while the truce lasted; and the issue would be, that the Trojans would have both her and Antenor; while, to facilitate her return, she had devised a stratagem by which, working on her father's avarice, she might tempt him to desert from the Greek camp back to the city. "And truly," says the poet, having fully reported her plausible speech,

And truly, as written well I find, That all this thing was said *of good
 intent,* *sincerely* And that her hearte true was and kind
 Towardes him, and spake right as she meant, And that she starf* for woe
 nigh when she went, *died And was in purpose ever to be true;
 Thus write they that of her workes knew.

This Troilus, with heart and ears y-sprad,* *all open Heard all
 this thing devised to and fro, And verily it seemed that he had *The selfe
 wit;* but yet to let her go *the same opinion* His hearte
 misforgave* him evermo'; *misgave But, finally, he gan his
 hearte wrest* *compel To truste her, and took it for the
 best.

For which the great fury of his penance* *suffering Was
 quench'd with hope, and therewith them between Began for joy the
 amoureuse dance; And as the birdes, when the sun is sheen,
 *bright Delighten in their song, in leaves green, Right so the wordes that
 they spake y-ferre* *together Delighten them, and make their
 heartes cheer.* *glad

Yet Troilus was not so well at ease, that he did not earnestly entreat Cressida to observe her promise; for, if she came not into Troy at the set day, he should never have health, honour, or joy; and he feared that the stratagem by which she would try to lure her father back would fail, so that she might be compelled to remain among the Greeks. He would rather have them steal away together, with sufficient treasure to maintain them all their

lives; and even if they went in their bare shirt, he had kin and friends elsewhere, who would welcome and honour them.

Cressida, with a sigh, right in this wise Answer'd; "Y-wis, my deare hearte true, We may well steal away, as ye devise, And finde such unthrifty wayes new; But afterward full sore *it will us rue;* *we will regretit* And help me God so at my moste need As causeless ye suffer all this dread!

"For thilke* day that I for cherishing *that same Ordread of father, or of other wight, Or for estate, delight, or for wedding, Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight, Saturne's daughter Juno, through her might, As wood* as Athamante <78> do me dwell *mad Eternally in Styx the pit of hell!

"And this, on ev'ry god celestial I swear it you, and eke on each goddess, On ev'ry nymph, and deity infernal, On Satyrs and on Faunes more or less, That *halfe goddess* be of wilderness; *demigods And Atropos my thread of life to-brest,* *break utterly If I be false! now trow* me if you lest.** *believe **please

"And thou Simois, <79> that as an arrow clear Through Troy ay runnest downward to the sea, Bear witness of this word that said is here! That thilke day that I untrue be To Troilus, mine owen hearte free, That thou returne backward to thy well, And I with body and soul sink in hell!"

Even yet Troilus was not wholly content, and urged anew his plan of secret flight; but Cressida turned upon him with the charge that he mistrusted her causelessly, and demanded of him that he should be faithful in her absence, else she must die at her return. Troilus promised faithfulness in far simpler and briefer words than Cressida had used.

"Grand mercy, good heart mine, y-wis," quoth she; "And blissful Venus let me never sterve,* *die Ere I may stand *of pleasance in degree in a position to reward To quite him* that so well can deserve; him well with pleasure* And while that God my wit will me conserve, I shall so do; so true I have you found, That ay honour to me-ward shall rebound.

"For truste well that your estate* royal, *rank Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness Of you in war or tourney martial, Nor pomp, array, nobley, nor eke richness, Ne made me to rue* on your distress; *take pity But moral virtue, grounded upon truth, That was the cause I first had on you ruth.* *pity

"Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had, And that ye had, -- as me
thought, -- in despite Every thing that *sounded unto* bad, *tended
unto, accorded with* As rudeness, and peoplish* appetite,
*vulgar And that your reason bridled your delight; This made, aboven ev'ry
creature, That I was yours, and shall while I may dure.

"And this may length of yeares not fordo,* *destroy, do away Nor
remuable* Fortune deface; *unstable But Jupiter, that
of his might may do The sorrowful to be glad, so give us grace, Ere nightes
ten to meeten in this place, So that it may your heart and mine suffice! And
fare now well, for time is that ye rise."

The lovers took a heart-rending adieu; and Troilus, suffering unimaginable
anguish, "withoute more, out of the chamber went."